

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

As you will recently have learnt, the Club is trying to acquire a house in Rhayddon for use as a hut, and loans of money from members are urgently required. The sum required averages about £7 to £8 per member, but in my mind there may be some few members who are out of the country, leaving the Club or serving in the armed forces in difficulties. I am appealing to all of you who are in employment in this country, to contribute at least £10. I know that this sounds a large sum; I know that this probably comes at an inconvenient time - appeals for money invariably do. I know that it may mean that you will have to delay buying that new camera or new pair of boots for a few months.

FOREAD

MOUNTAINEERING

CLUB

MONTHLY

NEWSLETTER

I do realise that for some of you, finding even £5 may present a real problem, but I am quite certain that the effort, in a couple of years' time, when you have spent many happy weekends at our new hut, you will, I am sure, be damned glad that you made your contribution, and not in the least sorry that you went short of beer and cigarettes, or couldn't afford new boots in February, 1958. I honestly feel that this is the best chance we've had, and we shall not get another like it for a long time. If we succeed, we shall have a permanent home in the Welsh hills, no longer at the mercy of unpredictable landlords or landlords.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

As you will recently have learnt, the Club is trying to acquire a house in Rhyd Ddu for use as a hut, and loans of money from members are urgently required. The sum required averages about £7 to £8 per member, but bearing in mind that there may be some few members who are out of work, out of the country, serving the Queen or serving a prison sentence, or otherwise in difficulties I am appealing to all of you who are in "gainfull employment" in this country, to contribute at least £10. I know that this sounds a large sum; I know that this appeal probably comes at an inconvenient time - appeals for money invariably do. I know that if you send £10 now, it may mean that you will have to delay buying that new camera or new pair of boots for a few more months.

I do realise that for some of you, finding even £5 may present a real problem, but if we are successful in raising the money I am quite certain it will have been worth the effort. In a couple of years' time, when you have spent many happy weekends at our new hut, you will, I am sure, be damned glad that you made your contribution, and not in the least sorry that you went short of beer and cigarettes, or couldn't afford new boots in February, 1958.

I honestly feel that this is the best chance we've had, and we shall not get another like it. If we fail now, any further talk of buying a hut will be utterly futile. If we succeed, we shall have a permanent home in the Welsh hills, no longer at the mercy of unpredictable landlords or landladies.

And, with any luck, you'll all get your money back well inside ten years.

FOR SALE: Ski boards slightly used but in good condition, Kandahar type bindings and sticks, as new. £5 o.n.o., proceeds to the hut fund - P.R.Falkner, 14 Queen's Drive, Beeston, Notts.

No Oread verse this month. Will ours be the smallest anthology ever, with only three items? It's up to you. All verses and other contributions to the Hon. Ed., D.C.Cullum, 4, Longnor Rd., Hazel Grove, Cheshire.

BRASINGTON-MEET. FEB. 1st.-2nd. ERNIE PHILLIPS

Although Ronni, Pete Gayfer and I arrived at the rocks rather later on Saturday than we expected, the camp site was as deserted as the Mountains of the Moon as we flogged up with the gear. As we pitched the tents however, Big Jim Kershaw and Derek Burgess arrived together with Janet and Jack Ashcroft. By this time it was dark and we had eaten, so we adjourned to the Gate where the Bar parlour was found to be as comfortable as ever, and Owd Roger helped on the games of darts and dominoes.

Later on in the evening Ronni went out to the nearby fish-and-chip emporium and ordered three fish and forty six pennyworth of chips for kicking out time. This rather odd indent should have given some forewarning of what was to come, but it transpired that the management of the place had been taken over by two young damsels who were identified as the two daughters of mine host at the Gate, but they could hardly have been prepared for the mass of Oreads who later descended upon them. Now augmented by the Gardiners, they went in like the Hordes of the Philistines full of quips and strange oaths (at least we hope they were strange to these apparently unsophisticated maidens) and the whole business was rapidly reduced to chaos.

Eventually we tore ourselves away and repaired to the camp site where we all crashed into the pits. I did not even have time to adjust the pressure in my lilo, which was too hard, with the result that I had severe back-ache in the morning. Sunday morning was quite pleasant, although the rocks seemed to be completely lacking in friction as a result of the recent bad weather. Most parties did the Long Climb first, and followed this by other odd climbs here and there. After eating, a large party walked over to Jeffcoats Pinnacle where Jack Ashcroft had the rest of the party rolling on the ground at the sight of his efforts to abseil from the top. By the time everyone had offered him advice on what to do and what not to do, he came to the conclusion that it would be better to spend the rest of his days on top.

Eventually he came down and we all went across to Pinders Rocks, but on the way Jack had an altercation with one of the local landowners as the result of his leaving open the gate into the field. He put this down to the fact that "Penno" was talking to him but we suspect that he was still in a vapour as a result of his efforts on Jeffcoats. A shower of bodies fell upon the Pinnacles of Pinder and I eventually found myself seated upon the left-hand summit, when I was delighted to hear Nobby Milward announce that the whole of the top was completely rotten. There was much scratching and scurrying as everyone moved well out of range and I then gingerly descended. A good life insurance is a prerequisite for climbing on this particular masonry.

As the shades of night were now beginning to fall we all

went back to the camp site to collect our gear and then dispersed to our own havens of rest, to lick the wounds of the day after a very enjoyable meet.

LLANBERIS INCIDENT

The beer had been in excellent condition at the P.Y.G. on Saturday night, and thanks to a lift from Ernie Phillips we returned to Llanberis externally dry and inwardly fortified against the weather. Life was a great deal more pleasant than the previous evening when we had alighted from the bus to pitch our tents in the deluge of a rapid thaw.

Hatchett, Moore and Pretty were sleeping together on the Cooke Llanberis site, and myself a safe distance away in a sheepfold. After a prolonged search for the entrance to the fold in pitch darkness I reached my tent, the remainder of the night's events being related to me on the following day.

It appears that shortly after my departure two cars drew up in the Cwm Glas Mawr drive and spewed eight assorted Londoners into the Welsh midnight. The good neighbourly feelings of M. P. and H. were naturally aroused particularly as two of them happened to be women, one Greek and one Australian. Pretty, after unsuccessfully offering the hospitality of his tent listened with fatherly interest to their story of their journey from the Smoke, how eight individuals from the teeming millions of Greater London were gathered together in two cars, projected northwards through the winter night armed with a Salami sausage and a loaf of bread, and disgorged in Llanberis before the tents of the Oread.

I awoke on the Sunday morning, had a leisurely breakfast and getting up was surprised to see a crowd gathered around Pretty's tent. I walked over and soon realised that something extraordinary was going on. Moore and Pretty were slaving away over hot stoves in the tent entrance frying sausages whilst Hatchett was sawing away at a crumbly loaf with a blunt knife. Naturally, in no time at all the place was knee deep in crumbs and hot sausages, and those were being thrown to a crowd of hungry Londoners assembled on the river bank. I claim no religious significance in this event, but it is certainly true that no more than a pound of sausages and a loaf of bread were originally at hand, that everyone present was fed to repletion, and that the inhabitants of Nant Peris complained to the local farmer about the tidal wave of sausages and breadcrumbs which surged down the stream and through their streets on Sunday morning. I'm beginning to wonder a bit about Hatchett.

I now began to hear the story of the party at first hand. They were all students of one kind or another, some sculptors, some architects and mostly bearded. I rather think that the architects were the driving force behind this northerly migration,

being engaged in a project of designing a mountain hut and coming to see the country in its unpleasant reality. Pretty greatly disillusioned them on the existence on a Welsh snowline, and the practicality of a hut for four people where you had to cook outside (Seeing off most of the orange juice which they had brought in tins whilst doing so).

The sculptors, the Australian and the Greek had apparently been snatched at random from the London thoroughfares, and there seemed to be some consternation amongst the ladies about the inconvenience of the place.

Fortunately the sculptors showed little interest in local material, Welsh-English relations are difficult enough without another Scone Stone incident. The thought of the Cromlech Stone being knocked about in some London garret would enrage any Welsh patriot. Actually they worked in concrete as a medium. I was interested to hear this as I have been working in concrete myself recently, not that I claim any results of great merit as one is rather limited with a shovel, a corporation wheelbarrow and an old plank. I could, however, recommend sculptors in wood to investigate the Loch Mullardoch area of Scotland where driftwood pineroots have been smoothed by rock and water into shapes which would not disgrace any Henry Moore exhibition.

At this point Phil Falkner came over and offered to act as a guide and lead a conducted tour of Ynys Ettws, Moore was finishing off the Salami sausage and orange juice, Pretty was offering to lecture in London, Hatchett was passing round tea; a kaleidoscope of bearded Oreads, architects and sculptors, an Australian and a Greek or too thrown in, saints and sinners all milling round a tent with Snowdon as a backcloth - quite an interesting week end really.

RECENT ARRIVALS

Peter Allen on the 9th. Feb. We gather this is Brenda's best yet.

Jean and Margaret Cooke on 4th. Feb. Both at present in incubators. Will not get up to Spondon until about Easter time. One way of getting someone else to do the work!

Dearden is engaged to Ashcroft's sister. Jack is uncertain of his feelings about this, but as everyone knows who was at last year's Easter meet, he only has himself to blame.

When winter comes and it is too cold for me to sit at the foot of a climb, we often leave the rope behind and spend the week-end wandering over old tracks and discovering new ones.

Last October we walked to Stanage from Foxhouse and pitched the tent in the last light on our familiar campsite. On Sunday morning we set off in crisp cold air with the sun shining and followed the track below High Neb to Stanage End. Down to the road to Cutthrest Bridge and up over the moors to the Wheelstones. Following the ridge, we visited all the stones on the way to Abbey Clough. A couple of miles over rough ground and we are on the track to lower Bradfield. It leads over a lonely part of the moors and dusk is just falling as we reach the road. There's a cafe to provide tea and a warm fire to sit by. The last two miles to the bus stop we walk in brilliant moonlight, reflecting itself in the reservoir and silvering all the trees. Agden Edge looms up black on our left.

During December we camped in the wood under Froggatt Edge on Saturday night. On Sunday we woke to find the bracken and trees covered with frost. We soon broke camp and set off to Grindleford. From here up Sir William Hill, where a short snowstorm overtook us. But we took time to slide on the ice on the road! Then we went along the road to Eyam and downhill to Stonay Middleton. A break to look at the caves and then for a big mug of tea at the cafe. The climb out of Coombs Dale to Bakewell is a pleasant stroll with the spire of the church to guide you down to catch a bus home if it hasn't already gone.

In January we camped at Gradbach after walking from Buxton. We left along the old road through Burbage, skirted Axe Edge Moor and dropped down to the river at Three Shires Head. It's a very romantic place to be, when the moon is shining! From here the track leads past Knarr Farm into the Dane Valley and to the camp site. Our first objective on Sunday was Lud's Church. This is a well hidden cleft in the rock up to 50 ft. deep. No wonder I've looked for it in vain several times; you nearly fall into it before you see it. We retraced our steps through the Dane Valley and then attacked the hill up to Flash. I've never timed myself yet, but it seems to take hours! From Flash a footpath supposedly runs to a farm just below the "Travellers' Rest", but so far we've only found part of it. At this point you have your choice of refreshment: a farm offering tea, and the above mentioned hostelry. Passing over Washgate Bridge we were very annoyed by motorcyclists on trial runs and retaliated by shutting some of the gates. (At a recent trial somebody turned a signpost round and five cars got stuck at Washgate.) A nice cart-track leads over High Edge, from where Park House and Chrome Hill look most fierce. Over the moors lies Harpur Hill and it's only a couple of miles downhill and back to Buxton.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor.

Dear Sir,

Your Comment in the December Newsletter moved me to write in support of what you state. It is unfortunately quite true that one or two younger climbers and newcomers to the sport have left the ranks of the Oread, but it is not necessarily the fault of all members. They have left, I believe, because there were not enough members of their own ages, 16-20 years in the club, and they feel out of place with the older members.

There is certainly a scarcity of members in this age group almost as though the Oread has misused an age. Perhaps the club has realised too late that they are not encouraging enough youngsters.

It is in the later teens that people are most keenly attracted to mountaineering and club life, and naturally they will prefer to join a club with friends of their own age, and if this club cannot supply these friends, they will find one that will!

It is therefore up to all members to encourage aspiring climbers in every way they can NOW, for if they do not, the club, in time, must die.

Yours sincerely,

Geoff. Hayes.

CHRISTMAS AT BRYN-Y-WERN

RONNI AND ERNIE PHILLIPS

Present:

Molly and Len Hatchett plus children, Elizabeth, Jennifer and James. Harry and Molly and Laura Pretty, Paul and Betty Gardiner, Ruth and John Welbourn, Chuck and Margaret Hooley. Janet Hughes, David Penlington, June Telfer, Malcolm Hunt, Derrick Eurgess, John Fisher, Peter Gayfer, Geoff Thompson, Margaret Hall and Tony Smith, Laurie Burns & Taffy, Mike Moore, Ernie & Ronni Phillips.

On arrival at Bryn-Y-Wern we found Laurie and the Prettye already established; they were sitting in the dining room surrounded by balloons of various colours and shapes. It was found that when we rubbed the balloons, static electricity was created and the balloons would stick anywhere on the body. It was suggested that some of the ladies should strap and do a balloon dance, something after the style of the Dance of the Seven Veils, but somehow we did not get round to it. By 2.30 a.m. on Christmas morning every one had arrived safely, the last arrivals being Chuck Hooley, who had sat in with Tony Smith and Margaret in their car as Tony is not yet a qualified car driver, and they had trouble with the car lights. The time between the first and last arrivals

was spent in decorating the lounge with paper chains which the Hatchett children had made, and Mike Moore produced some very attractive pictures, which are still hanging in the dining room.

Christmas Day dawned, breakfast was eaten, some of the men cut fire wood and some were despatched to fetch the milk, which turned out to be a long errand as they were unable to pass the Cross Foxes without entering and sampling its wares. Some went climbing and walking and the rest of us, mainly the women, started to prepare our Christmas dinner. 90 potatoes were peeled, 180 Brussels sprouts and 15 Spanish onions were prepared. 60 bacon rolls were stuck on skewers, 10 pints of soup were made, 6 chicken were carved and their stuffing removed, 16 tins containing peas, beans and carrots and 10 containing fruit for fruit salad were opened by John Fisher (I gave him this job to strengthen his arm in readiness for when he begins snatching teeth in earnest). 6 Christmas puddings were boiled, copious quantities of bread and rum sauce and gravy were made. Cheeses, biscuits, butter rolls and coffee were laid out. By 6.45 p.m. David arrived with the ice cream and by 7.0 o'clock everything was ready and we all sat down as one big family to eat. I don't think anyone complained about leaving the table still feeling hungry. The washing up and deck clearing operations were organised by John Fisher as usual and everyone finally collapsed in the lounge where desultory drinking continued until the early hours of the morning.

The rest of the holiday period was marked by many and varied activities. Parties climbed on Silyn and Tremadoc and the Snowdon Horseshoe was circuited under excellent conditions, although Pretty only managed to stay the course after ministrations of hot soup on the summit by a boy scout!

June Telfer was "initiated" on the summit of Snowdon by the Vice-President and Secretary, but the details of the ceremony are known only to those present; members may wish to consider at the next A.G.M. whether Pretty should be elected to the office of Honorary President of Vice!

Most of the members present had a look at Cae Amos, above the old quarries behind the Hut and Pretty and Phillips ran round in tight circles with surveying equipment trying to look as professional as possible, with the object of finding the elevation of the place above the nearest water supply.

Two sorties were made by parties intent on finding a new hut, with varying degrees of success; if anyone wishes to cultivate a crop of first class gastric ulcers, this pastime can be thoroughly recommended! However the situation is not without promise, although whatever eventually transpires it is certain that the new place will be fundamentally different from B-y-!.

The nine gallons of Worthington "E" went dry by the weekend and Wally Richardson was despatched to the nearest Hostelry with

a large rucksack for further supplies, which enabled the party to survive.

Eventually the time came to clear up - the magnificent Christmas tree was taken down and burned, the decorations taken down and stored for a future occasion, the rooms tidied and swept out and the hot water system drained. No-one who saw what came out of the bottom of the boiler is likely to use the hot water tap for drinking purposes in future - it looked more appropriate to the bottom of a sick cow!

THE RUBAIYAT OF GEORGE SUTTON - VII

1. At Christmas Gillean and I took bus to Glasgow, and train to Arrochar. Climbed the Cobbler, and moved up to Skye, where we had one wonderful day on Sgumain and also climbed Banachdich, Greadaich, Gars-Eheinn, Sgurr Nan Gobhar, and Beinn Staic. After that we moved back to Fort William and went up No. 3 Gully on Ben Nevis, finally moving down to Crianlarich for the ascent of Ben More.

The holiday also included several walks, one out to the S.E. headland of Loch Brittle, on a wild day, very suited to the scenery. We saw eight swans on a remote pool that day and Gillean nearly tripped over another. Several days of hard frost had made conditions on the hills such as I had never seen them before - everywhere ice; small burns, every little pool, the moisture on the surface from the last rain, all frozen, every blade of grass seemed a spike of ice, and there was no more security on the mountain paths than off them, sometimes less.

We had hoped to link up with Weir and Scott and Murray on New Year, but this was not to be, but we did meet J.H.B. Bell.

2. Gillean Howarth is now the Hon. Sec. of the Derbyshire Adventure Club.

3. The D.A.C. is holding its first Annual Dinner at the Church Hotel, Edale, on March 8th. A specific Oread guest has been invited.

4. Some ladies sent me £5 for my fund for taking boys into the country. The same fund is my reason for not supporting the new Oread Hut Fund.

5. I hope to take two ex-members of my boys' club to the Pyrenees in July. One of them is leader of our Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

6. Ten of my club boys are doing one and three days expedition under the Duke of Edinburgh scheme, of which John Hunt is the National Secretary.

7. I dislike the wording in the A.G.M. in this month's circular - it implies, in general, that nominations are only required for four places on the new committee, whereas in fact nominations can be submitted for any of the places - we don't have to be saddled with the committee's pets.

8. I hope someone has proposed Robin Hodgkin for membership - then next year we can get him to speak for the club instead of for the guests at the dinner!

9. While wishing the hut well I feel it looms too large in the lives of many - how many, I wonder, will view the proximity of 'Cloggy' as an advantage? Then again isn't it asking the plutocrats a bit much to stagger 80 yds. with their kitchen sinks, etc. Thank goodness it's in a slightly more hopeful position for the non-plutocrats - I only ever saw B.y. Vern once, so there are no nostalgic feelings on my part, except for the spirit of the days before the hut. I hope to recapture it, but not with the Oread.

10. My liver is in good order thank you.

11. All adverse comments should be sent to 287, Mill St.
- I have seven waste paper baskets and a stout heart.

CHAPTERS FROM AN OREAD JOURNAL - 11 (Concl.) ERIC BYNE

The skill and daring Jones now possessed plus the popularity of his book on "Rock Climbing in the Lake District" had decided him to work on a companion volume dealing with the climbs to be found in North Wales, and with this object in view we find him once more in the Ogwen District accompanied by the Abraham Brothers. This was the Easter of 1899 and we find quite a party of climbers at Ogwen Cottage.

One day was devoted to an ascent of Clogwen Du Gully in the nameless Cum of Glyder Fawr. It was a light hearted party of thirteen which left Ogwen for the climb. There were four ladies and several of the remainder were novices. Jones afterwards confessed that the climb was a piece of bad judgement, the account of which gave scarcely fit reading for earnest climbers. The snow and ice were in difficult conditions and the ropes insufficient. A pocket knife produced by the ever resourceful J.W. Puttrell was the nearest approach to an iceaxe which they possessed, and their garments were better adapted to a summer's day on the warmer southern slopes of the Glyders. The day resolved itself into frequent periods of dreary chilly waiting whilst Jones patiently chipped away with the penknife, bombarding the others incessantly with ice chips and snowballs. The exit from the cave of the right hand gully was tricky. It was covered with snow and the left wall was draped with hard blue ice. The four hours which were spent in the gully proved so exciting to several of the novices that it is recorded they climbed no more, Darkness was now falling when the party reached the summit and their

adventures were by no means over.

They were partially lost several times on their way valleywards, finally concluding by a weary stumble and flounder through the waterholes and bogs which lie between Gribin Passet and Ogwen.

It had been a day of bad judgment retrieved only by the safe return of the party, an escapade similar in many respects no doubt to what so many of us have experienced sometime or other.

The whole of this Easter week was cold and wet, yet despite this a goodly number of climbs were done. It was only natural that the Devil's Kitchen should be visited, for the second ascent had yet to be made, and both Jones and George Abraham were very keen to be the second party to accomplish the exit.

The party was a strong one, consisting of O.G. Jones, J.W. Puttrell, F.V. Hill, and the brothers Abraham. The first boulder pitch was ascended easily by using the back and shoulders of Puttrell as a human ladder to save roping up. George Abraham ensconced himself on the top of the pinnacle and belayed from there whilst Jones led the cracks in effortless style until the small stance opposite the traverse was reached. This was the point from which Jones had retreated during his earlier explorations and it was here once more that uneasiness came over him. The cause of his hesitation was the complete lack of anchorage which made it impossible for him to support any following climber, should there be a slip.

After considerable excavations and gardening efforts a thread hole was unearthed and with this to belay on, the whole situation was changed. George Abraham was brought up the cracks, and to avoid any complicated manoeuvres on the small stance, was persuaded by Jones to continue to the block on the traverse and finish the climb right out. The remainder of the party followed in due course. The finding of the thread belay had most certainly added to the safety of the climb and gave the party a feeling of satisfaction for a good day's work.

A few days later, a visit was paid to the upper cliff of Glyder Fawr which at this period received little attention except by J.M. Archer Thompson and his friends. Jones led a large party in which were several females up the Central Gully. There was a large amount of fallen snow to add to their difficulties. The severe pitch where the great slab chokes the gully gave them considerable trouble and was unclimbable by ordinary methods. Archer Thompson and Hughes had pushed a rope through a hole in the roof of the cave and this seemed the only solution on this occasion. Jones spent considerable time standing on George Abraham's shoulders and prodding away at the roof with the shaft of an iceaxe. At last a hole was made, the rope pushed through and the end tied to Jones. Climbing up that icy rope required more energy and strength than even Jones possessed and his grip gave way and he fell clear to dangle helplessly on the rope.

note were then tied into the rope and by the aid of these Jones at last managed to ascend to above the difficulty.

The Eastern and Western Gullies of Glyder Fawr were also ascended this Easter and Jones was of the opinion that the Western Gully was the hardest of the trio.

A couple of visits were paid to Tryfan and three new climbs were added to the bag. Jones' lead of the Milestone Buttress was the first ascent of what today is the most popular small crag in North Wales, for who can say that after a visit to Ogwen, he has never climbed the Milestone?

The East face of Tryfan had contributed nothing new since Archer Thompson's lead of the second Pinnacle Rib, five years previously. Jones, George Abraham and J.W. Puttrell saw possibilities. They ascended and recorded the ordinary "North Buttress" climb. They looked at the Terrace Wall also, and tried the Belle View Bastion. It looked promising at first, then suddenly difficult rock ahead turned them back. They then moved left towards the "Cheek". Jones used the head and shoulders of the second man. It was drizzling with rain, but after a great deal of trouble it suddenly went and they were up to the first ledge.

For the upper portion they took the second half of the "Long Chimney" and so the "Terrace Wall Variant" was discovered. They considered it tremendous and unjustifiable and feeling a sense of responsibility would not officially record it. This seems strange when one considers the much greater difficulties to be found on several of O.G. Jones' routes on Scawfell Pinnacle. Certainly the "Terrace Wall Variant" was perhaps discovered a little before its time and was undoubtedly the hardest and most advanced climb in the district.

The remainder of Jones' visits to Ogwen this Easter of 1899 was chiefly spent in the Cwm Idwal areas. He tried to force a route a few yards left of the "Introductory Gully" on Idwal Slabs, but after much progress was defeated by an overhanging bulge of rock. There was no safeguarding belay and Jones after making vain attempts whilst standing on George Abraham's shoulders, had eventually to admit defeat.

The final fling was then directed at the great cliff of Clogwen y Geifr whose only break so far was the deep chasm of the Devil's Kitchen.

The two great clefts of the "Hanging Garden Gully" and the "Devil's Staircase" attracted their attention. The former was climbed without any great difficulty although the great wall pitch earned considerable respect. The Staircase was left until the last day of their holiday. O.G. Jones had promised to lunch with one of the Bangor professors that day so an early start for the climb was indicated. It was 7 a.m. when they arrived at the foot of the first

pitch, and here they received a rude awakening. Their confidence was badly shaken for after repeated attempts they completely failed to make any headway with this portion (in fact another seven years were to pass before this pitch would be made to yield by a party led by W.R. Reade). Feeling wet, hungry and miserable and after many attempts they gave it up. Eventually they clambered up to the entrance of the "Kitchen" and from here traversed along the syncline platform to the foot of the gully above the portion which had defeated them. The gully was ascended without much trouble, the only excitement being a falling rock which whizzed out of the so-called "Drainpipe" on the last two pitches. They came out into warm sunshine and racing down to Ogwen, arrived about 11 o'clock.

So ended a most eventful week in the climbing history of Ogwen. Five new climbs had been added to the district and there seemed every possibility that Jones would return in the near future to explore for further possibilities.

His tragic death on the Dent Blanche only four months later was undoubtedly a serious loss to British Mountaineering. Had he lived, his great skill and daring would no doubt have been the means of furthering the explorations yet to be made on any rock face in England and Wales.

THINGS TO COME

R. WELBOURN

With spacetravel, rockets and satellites whirling through my mind, I wonder if you have ever thought what effect they might have on rockclimbing, means of transport and our trusted pieces of equipment?

Imagine the pitying looks on the faces of your great grandchildren as they look at your Gilwell Canteen and think of their "meal-on-a-tray" in the refrigeration compartment of their latest "Heli-caravan". And how much will they give you for that Icelandic if they can sleep on a luxurious bed that rocks you to sleep and whose heat is thermostatically controlled? And why bother to wash in a cold stream if a shower bath is an optional extra in your heli-caravan and is so reasonable?

Of course, someone might start a fashion of doing things in the old way and borrow all your old pieces of equipment.

How about a service of rocketbuses to the French Alps? Or a longer weekend in the Atlas Mountains? Just think of the lovely excuses you have for being late home on Sunday night: "There was a queue for the rocket in Paris!"

Access to the Moon! will take the place of Access to the Roaches! And with the inauguration of climbing on the moon a new

technique will be evolved. You can't "sniff out" holds with a space helmet on your head. Holds on the climbs will be there to stop you floating to the top and abseiling will resemble the Indian Rope Trick!

You never know! We might live long enough to see it all!

SPRING IS JUST ROUND THE CORNER

JIM KERSHAW

I've been in the local reading room a lot lately, looking for work of course. The bad old days when the genuine workseeker left home at 5 a.m. and arduously wore out his clogs on the cobbles of his native town in pursuit of that phantom employment are fortunately gone for ever. (At least so we are told). Nowadays you wear out your eteys instead on the fine print of the ad-columns the higher toned press and Trade Journals, and return to a hungry wife and family considerably less fatigued.

Reading rooms in winter always exhume a distinctive smell unwashed bodies and old clothes. Old men in caps and mufflers sit at tables perusing the popular press, some gravely weighing the views of the Financial Times before going out to cedge the prize a night's lodgings, others declining with affronted dignity to surrender the Frankfurter Allgemeine, or the New York Herald Tribune to more interested citizens.

A paper held in the hands is a sign of studious intent and open eyes belie other symptoms of slumber.

A signed notice on each table "Any person offensive in manner or dress will be requested to leave", obviously refers to somebody else. Sandwiches which I have seen produced in less well regulated establishments are not allowed and one is denied the spectacle of crumbs being scattered on the august pages of the Economist, or a figure "drumming up" in a corner on the flames of the Methodist Recorder. Silence reigns for the most part, and is only occasionally broken by a death rattle cough or an outburst against the injustice of the world from the bearded man with a cast in his eye - "It was bloody freezing last night, nobody should've to sleep out in this! I'll break a window and get locked up tonight, I'm not standing it, we'd be better off under the Russians."

Nobody takes any notice, least of all the cadaverous man with a gaberdine buttoned up to his neck, who always seems to be sitting with him.

Although these tables have an angular shape and the "knights" seem a little down on their luck, I like to think that this is how they sat in Arthur's time before sallying out in the Spring in a quest for the Holy Grail.

The bald man stares with sightless eyes through his news paper, far beyond the grey winter afternoon into some toil-free dreamland of eternal summer.

Perhaps he's thinking about the clothes he'll wear in Spring, the style decreed at tenth remove by some long dead Dior.

"Staw hats with hinged lids, and dented shiners are dated somewhat nowadays. Striped jerseys, toeless boots and spotted hankies with sticks are positively Victorian. The well dressed gentleman of the road of 1958 will be wearing a calf length cast-off coat in faded gaberdine, a gravy-trimmed scarf, a cloth cap or shapeless felt hat, self-supporting trousers, and down-at-heel boots or shoes to match. Shirts are dirty, and the man of taste will disdain underwear or socks. Gas mask case accessories are all the rage this year."

I wish him luck and a pleasant Summer, but regret the enchanted window he holds before his eyes always bears the symbol Times or Telegraph.

I suspect the Slagley Chronicle or Dredgefield News would serve him equally well, and facilitate my early return to the grindstone.

ADVT.

I have for sale two ex Commando rucksacks (one having detachable wheels and folding handle, which I once wheeled through Switzerland and Italy) Price about 30/- each.

Also one Blacks "New Guinea" tent with fly sheet and A poles sewn-in ground sheet, press-studded door, cost £19 two years ago and very little used. Price about £14 or offer.

Also one ex-army prismatic compass, NOT liquid filled, 15/- Offers considered for any of the above.

Jim Pury

Apologies for the delay in getting this issue to the printers. This has been due to: the Editor's double dose of flu; the temporary typist's double dose of labour!

PLEASE NOTE: The Editor's house has no name - "Craigmore" should be omitted from the address - which is, once more -

4, Longnor Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire.