

OREAD
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB

NEWSLETTER

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EDITORIAL

The decision to start a Newsletter was made in early summer 1953 during the course of a committee meeting at 14 Queen's Drive, Beeston, and Charlie Cullum was appointed Editor by unanimous assent. I remember quite clearly feeling slightly envious of Charlie in having been given the opportunity of breaking completely new ground, and I wondered what kind of a job he would make of it. In his five years of Editorship he has set a standard far higher than I would have thought possible and, as his successor, I do very sincerely find myself beset with doubts as to whether I can adequately maintain the degree of excellence and originality that has come to be associated with Newsletter Editorials. There is of course an obvious escape route and doubtless I shall use it as expediency demands. A Newsletter, by definition, does not of necessity require an Editorial and, having accepted that, my escape route is wide open. I realise however, that an Editor who merely arranges things, puts in a few commas and dots a few 'i's, is losing sight of the real significance of his task. Charlie Cullum has illustrated only too clearly how an Editor can impress the stamp of his own character upon the Newsletter as a whole - and I shall do all I can to maintain this spirit of Editorship that has already been established.

As you may know I accepted the job on the understanding that the Newsletter becomes a quarterly issue. This announcement has raised a minor storm of protest and some controversy over the costs that are involved. I think every Oread including myself, wishes to see a Newsletter every month and in this respect I intend to use my discretion. It is not only a question of money (if 50% of the outstanding subscriptions were paid this situation would be greatly eased), but there is also the question of time. The production of a Newsletter is no minor affair and for those who only get as far as reading the result of other peoples efforts (I wonder if they are the same people who don't pay their subscriptions) it might be worth pointing out who now does the work. My wife does the typing (Marion Cooke has also helped in this respect), and Ruth Welbourn does the duplicating, the collating, and the sending out to members. Presumably John Welbourn is also involved at some point or other - but I'm not too sure just where, or how.

To be the Editor of any journal is, I think, a considerable privilege. The Editor of even such a restricted publication as this Newsletter must never lose sight of the fact that the character and spirit of the Oread will often be estimated by others from what appears in these pages. If you go climbing, or caving, or walking, and no word of your activities ever leaks, then a general impression soon develops that no-one goes climbing anymore. It is probably hardly necessary to admit that "writing about it" is of little importance to most climbers, and there are many who think, with some justification, that there is far too much written about mountaineering already. But the fact is that carry this conviction to its logical conclusion and there will not be a Newsletter at all - and we shall have lost something that has come to have real significance in the lives of most Oreads.

This Editorial is probably over-serious as a first attempt and I hope in future issues to produce something in a somewhat lighter vein. I have as a matter of fact only recently had another letter from Carmello O'Higgins, a Brazilian lady of Irish-Castillian extraction, who you may remember once wrote a memorable reply to our late Editor's disparagement of Brazilian mountaineering mistresses. There is apparently some possibility of Senorita O'Higgins and party visiting this country en route for Uzbekistan where they are hoping to make the fifth ascent of "Capitalist Oppressors of the Proletariat Workers Peak".

H.P.

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SULLVEN - June, 1958

Fred Allen

Peter Janes and myself left our communal family camp site at Achmelvich Bay in his Morris Minor about 9.0.a.m. for Lochinver. After shopping for a few groceries we left Lochinver via a third rate road, and later a track past Loch Druim Suardalain to a point near a cottage - this being the nearest we could get to Sullven by car.

The gentleman in the cottage asked us if we were fishing. I wonder why he asked that? may be he was the local bailiff. On being told we were not, he only too readily gave us some directions. Sullven cannot be seen from this point, indeed we did not see it for another $\frac{3}{4}$ hour's walking.

We arrived at the foot of the rock face about 11.30.a.m. after walking about 4 miles. What a stupendous sight Sullven presents from this angle, undoubtedly the best viewpoint. The front and both sides rise a full 1,000' vertical in one lift of rock. We sat and ate lunch in silence looking at the face and wondering whether we were capable of climbing this giant. At this point I must add that we did not possess a guidebook to this mountain, indeed if one exists, nor knowledge if it had been climbed before, to us it was a virgin peak.

After lunch we cached our sacs, uncoiled our two 120' medium weight ropes, tied our rubbers to our waists and walked over to the centre of the face, having decided to climb the first 200' to a grass ledge, at which point we would investigate the main face. Leading through pitch for pitch we found the rock dry, giving very good friction. The holds were rounded and the climbing similar to gritstone. The only disconcerting feature was the apparent lack of runners, we only used four on the complete climb.

The 200' took us about 2 hours and we arrived on the grass ledge, which appeared to encircle the face, thoroughly enjoying the climb. At this point we should have decided whether or not to go on, but somehow the thought seemed to have got lost. We were each examining the face for any apparent weakness. We were on the climb and intended to reach the summit of the mountain via the remaining 600' - 700' of vertical face which now towered above our heads. The right hand side of the face looked our best bet, apart from a line of overhanging rocks which we should have to turn, as we had no equipment to surmount them. However, the mountain seemed to be looking

on us kindly, and we thought it would yield a route to us.

I led off; belayed; Peter climbed; led through; on and on for hours,--the climb seemed neverending. From one of the few good belays we looked at three possible ways of climbing upwards, none of which looked very inviting. After trying the one I favoured most three or four times, I asked Peter if he would like to look at it, which he did. After manouvering about for a few minutes he went up with a quickness which astonished me, and probably himself. He used an entirely different technique from me and when it was my turn to climb I tried it myself and felt much safer. However, back to Peter. Almost immediately he came up to another impasse which he simply had to climb as he could not reverse what he had already done. After some feretting about and dislodging a few lumps of grass he found a minute hold which enabled him to surmount a tricky mantleshelf, then he was away out of sight for another 70'.

The overhanging blocks which had caused us some misgivings were passed by traversing towards the centre of the face. After passing them on our right we gradually traversed back again to the right. It was getting on for 7.p.m. when Peter with a shout announced we were near the top, another pitch, and we were on easy rock. After scrambling up another 100' or more we were on a grass dome, not very wide, indeed one could walk from edge to edge in a few seconds.

It was now 7.0.p.m. and after sitting on the summit for about 15 mins. looking at the view which was somewhat obscured by cloud, we decided to descend. We walked from the summit to the col which separated the main peak from the rest of the mountain and descended down the right-hand side. It was very steep and the going tedious, I was not sorry when we started to contour round to the place where we had stowed the sacs containing our remaining food - we were very hungry by this time. After eating our few remaining crumbs and a last look at Suilven we trudged triumphantly across the moor back to the car arriving back at camp about 10.p.m. after what surely must be one of my best days on the mountains.

Grading this climb on the hardest pitches, we thought it would be mild severe.

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BY WAY OF A CHANGE

Chuck Hooley

During the past months several members of the club have been exploring some of the workings of the Ecton Hill Copper Mines, and for those who are not familiar with the place I will give you an account of their history.

Ecton Hill and its mines lie at the north end of the Manifold Valley in Staffordshire, but they are of close interest to the Derbyshire people because of their long association with the Duke of Devonshire who still holds the mining rights.

They are none operative now. The date when work ceased is put at 1887 or 1889. There was certainly no work after 1900. From 1760 - 1768 they yielded copper to the tune of £57,000 and from 1776 - 1817 the value of copper was over £677,000 the ore yielding approx. 15% of copper. The Cornish mines in the 1770's only yielded 12%. The total produce of all the Cornish mines in 1871 was 66 Tons per week approx. while Ecton Hill alone produced 12 Tons per week.

Ecton Hill 58 years later is just a catacomb, the spirits of the miners seem to be watching as one traverses the vacant depths and in imagination they can be heard chanting while they labour at the ore. Possibly their voices have left a permanent sound track on the water which can be heard cascading from the heights and seeking escape through various outlets and half flooded passages.

The first mine to be explored by us, was the Clayton Adit. This goes very straight and true for 800 yards opening out into a large cavern, the floor of which, at first sight looked smooth and level in knee deep clear water. Here was the danger. Under the water in the centre of the cavern, in concealment, was a flooded shaft reputed to be 960 ft. deep. It is said that a Cornish Beam engine was installed here keeping the lower levels dry. Beyond the shaft a stone and mortar built chimney can be seen reaching up to the roof.

The main passage leads off to the right from the flooded shaft and continues to twist and turn for 1/2 mile before coming to a halt. Roughly 20 yds. up this passage a sharp right turn brings one to another flooded shaft of unknown depth which completely fills the passage from side to side. Beyond this the roar of water can be heard. An old railway line has been placed across the mouth of the shaft and is crossed by doing a balancing act with the body facing one wall, steadying with the hands, and shuffling along the line with the feet. Further along one finds oneself standing crutch deep in water at the bottom of a vertical shaft which vanishes up into the heart of the hill. Here nature has been at work, covering the scars wrought by the drills and picks with her own special design of dress - knitting together earth and rock with beautiful formations of calcium deposit in colours of copper green and (rusty) iron carbonates tinged with white and black calcite.

About 10 yds. further on and still in deep water, the passage takes a sharp turn to the left. Roughly 4 yds. away the water (the roar of which now makes speech difficult) spurts forth from under an arched roof 4 ft. high. As we had previously discovered before turning left, the passage straight on finishes in a dead end, so the water course was the only route open to us. A swift duck down, forward on hands and knees, and then through, standing upright with the water hammering on the knees. Up and to the right the water pours over what looks like a ledge, but straight in front a calcite waterfall rises far into the roof at about 80°. This is dark brown in colour and quite a remarkable sight.

A short climb up the water course finds another short passage, a crawl through a pool, another archway to duck, then another climb up the water course to a good ledge. The first climb was about 20 ft. and the second 30 ft. approx. A short climb off the last ledge, a further 20 yds. of passage, and the end of the system is reached. At this point the passage opens out, the roof rising to about 80 ft. high and 40 ft. wide. A shaft was found leading upwards vertically and daylight could be seen. I place the height at about 100 ft. According to the history of Ecton we had progressed through the Clayton Mine into the Chadwick Mine and this shaft was probably the Chadwick drawing shaft.

Our next venture was Deep Ecton. Ernie plunged into the passage waist deep in water ice cold. I followed, chest deep. This was possibly due to Ernie being that much taller. A series of dams had been built across the passage. I think these were used in dumping whey or in storing water for the now disused cheese factory above.

Ernie having progressed rapidly I found him virtually marooned on top of the third dam. "My !!!!! suit leaks" he cried. A tourniquet having failed to stop the water from flowing up his leg from the punctured foot of his exposure suit we decided that I should press on to see if the water was any shallower. This actually happened and eventually the floor rose and I was only ankle deep. Having established that we could clear water I set off back to Ernie, who on my arrival announced that he would float out on his back thereby reducing the pressure on his foot. Aiming Ernie feet first at the entrance we returned to the Day, myself shuffling along chest deep in water and supporting Ernie under the shoulders.

We shall go again soon to penetrate Deep Ecton and with no punctures we hope!! We shall go to see the vast cavern which housed a water wheel, 32 feet in diameter and 6 foot wide on tread, to work the pumps for draining the lower depths. These are reputed to extend 480 feet below Adit level, which is approximately river level. The ore was brought up by one man who worked a winch and who usually worked naked. These lower levels will now be flooded.

The club members who took part were:- Ron and Ernie Phillips, Laurie Burns, P. Gayfer, P. Morris and Margaret and myself.

Ernie and I, on Whit Tuesday, visited Giants Hole, we spent three hours baling nearly 3,000 gallons of water into the dams and succeeded in opening the back wash sump. We got through by removing our helmets, with heads touching the roof and bottom lips just out of water. We had a quick survey as far as Garlands Pot and then returned to the entrance, about five hours in all. We think of this as something of a record.

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WASDALE, WHITSUNTIDE

Chris. Martin

John Haywood (prospective member) and myself with Kay White as chauffeur arrived in Wasdale at 1.15.a.m. on the Saturday and followed the road up to The Green. Disturbing some climbers who were just about to get into their bug-bags we were informed that the Volkswagon of Fred's was further down towards the lake. Turning about we went down the road until we came across the track leading up to Brackenclose. There, at the side of the track, was parked the Volkswagon, so we decided to pitch Kay's tent forthwith. We just managed to get the tent firmly erected before it started to pour with rain which did not cease all night. It was still raining when we awoke at 10.0.a.m. The rain eased up a little and after breakfast John and myself managed to get our own tent erected.

In the vicinity of our tents we found camping Peter Janes and family, Fred Allen and family, Derek Burgess, Ray Handley, Don Shapman complete with plaster cast, Wilf White, Nat Allen and Jack and Janet Ashcroft. Later we were joined by Geoff Hayes and Annette. Further down the valley Mike Turner and wife, John Bridges and wife, Ron Dearden and wife and Jim Kershaw (unaccompanied) had pitched their tents.

Since the afternoon was dull and showery Kay, John and myself all climbed into the A.35 and went over to the coast to have a look at Calder Hall. The weather was much the same there so we soon returned back to our tents. Sat. evening was spent in the Wasdale Head Hotel which was crowded with an army of Paratroopers and climbers.

After a rather stormy night Sunday morning brought an improvement and Geoff Hayes, Annette, Jack and Janet Ashcroft set off for Pillar, later to be joined by Jim Kershaw, John Bridges, Kay, John (H) and myself. The weather improved as the day went on, the sun came out, and the clouds lifted off nearly all the peaks. We all met at the mossy gully just under the rock and started to do a non-graded climb up to the West face of Pillar Rock. Geoff, Annette and Jack were on one rope. Jim, John (B) and Janet on another, and Kay, John (H) and myself on a third rope. We spent some time doing little problem climbs before finally climbing up the scree to the West face of Pillar. By the time we arrived the others were quite a way up the New-West climb on two ropes led by Jim Kershaw and Geoff Hayes.

Another party of three men were following the others up, and as time was getting on we decided to call it a day and walk up onto Pillar Fell. We waited sometime for the others coming off the top of Pillar but with no sign of them we proceeded on our way.

We arrived down at the Wasdale Head Hotel at 8.30.p.m., had a drink, and then returned to the campsite. As the others had not arrived at the "W.H.H." by 10.0.p.m. thoughts were turned to organising a search party, but at approx. 10.15.p.m. Geoff was seen approaching the "W.H.H." - too late to get any beer, they had to make do with lemonade. Lord Jim Kershaw was actually

seen staggering out of the "V.H.H." with 6 bottles of LEMONADE!
- Poor Jim.

It had taken the gallant team 5 hours to climb New West. According to those who had climbed it, it was probably severe in places as the rock was so wet. The guide classes it as Diff.

Monday turned out bright as the same party except John Bridges, trudged up to the foot of Scafell to attempt Moss Ghyll and Slingsby's Chimney Route.

With a scramble up the scree to the traverse a rest was taken while it was decided who was going to climb and who was going to walk. With the North face of Scafell in shade it was not very warm, so Annette decided to walk up to the summit. Jack, thinking Janet would want to walk after the previous days escapade, decided to walk himself and was taken aback when Janet expressed a wish to climb. He was however, given permission to go with Annette, both by Geoff and Janet.

The climb was started by scrambling over some small but awkward rocks and then up into the very loose Moss Ghyll. Here we all roped up and Geoff led the first pitch with Janet and Kay on his rope. Waiting in Moss Ghyll we became very cold and damp. Cloud began to descend until the view over Lingmell, Gable and Scafell Pike was obscured. With Geoff and his party underway I led across to the first belay point and brought John (H) across. I then moved up to the second pitch, and John brought up Jim who was complaining about the cold. At this second pitch (the crevice for those who know the climb) Janet had some difficulty in reaching across to an insecure foothold, but she finally made the move and climbed up to the foot of the chimney. Kay started to struggle up the chimney and was followed by Janet. Jim and John were now very cold from being in rather exposed positions. I was more fortunate in having the shelter of the crevice.

At this stage it was decided to go no further 1) because it was cold and damp 2) we had rather a bulky rucksack which would have proved awkward in the chimney and 3) we had an inexperienced climber in the party. So we slowly descended by the way we had come. The others completed the climb safely and eventually found Jack and Annette on the summit of Scafell.

Tuesday turned out to be very warm and sunny and we packed our gear into the van and left the campsite by 12.30.p.m. on a tour of the Lakes via Coniston, Grasmere, Ambleside and Windermere before finally setting course for home. Apart from seeing one fatal accident on A.1. we had an uneventful journey, arriving in Nottingham at 10.30.p.m. after a very enjoyable Whitsuntide meet.

Post Script

Jack Ashcroft has also taken the trouble to send me a few notes on the Whitsuntide Meet and since he was in the same party most of his comments are a repetition of Chris Martin's account. He mentions by way of addition, that Ray Handley and Derek Burgess etc. were climbing on Scafell and Micklore on the Sunday, and on Pillar during Monday. A few of the Brackenclough group visited Gable and climbed Kern Knotts on Tuesday before returning home.

I observe in Chris Martin's account that Ron Dearden was accompanied by "his wife". I wonder if Miss Ashcroft has heard about this? - or for that matter has Miss Dearden heard about Mrs. Ashcroft? No - that can't be right since Miss Dearden is now Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Ashcroft was a Miss McHarg - hm! It is all very confusing and what with all this intermarriage and the possibility of incredible permutations from future cross breeding it is likely to become worse - I give up anyway - and so will John Ashcroft when Ashcroft junior (male) ups and marries a Miss Dearden and there is a progeny of second generation Ashcrofts - and what relation will they be to the first generation Mrs. Turner? - what a genealogical shambles! - Ed.

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THE WELSH WALK 5th/6th JULY

An anthology

Instead of walking from Penmaenmawr to B-y-W, as in previous years, the Meet Leader decided that on this occasion we should walk from Aber to Rhyd Ddu so that those who aren't enthusiastic about long walks could start tearing down sections of the new hut. Since mountaineering is still the most important part of our activities the following account is restricted to the adventures of the walking party.

The Meet Leader having, so to speak, prepared the ground didn't actually do the walk but volunteered to drive Mike Turner's van back to Rhyd Ddu from Aber, where we were deposited at about 06.00 hrs. on Saturday morning.

It was a warm and humid morning and the sky showed promise of a bright day to follow. As the early morning cloud cleared it became hotter and hotter and our sufferings were almost certainly due to this fact and the lack of any breeze on the tops. During the approach to Foel Fras up the Anafon valley it became quite clear who was going to do the complete round as apart from those who were content to reach Rhyd Ddu by the easiest possible route. Falkner, Hayes, Ashcroft, Janes and Turner were on the summit of Foel Fras whilst Pretty and Burns were still climbing up to the saddle S.W. of the Drum. Pretty was heard to admit that he felt "nigh on death" and Burns was of the opinion that in his condition Snowdon might just as well be 200 miles away as 20. However, this ancient pair, spurred on by the distant spectacle of matchstick figures running along the Yr Elen ridge,

moved steadily on and, denying themselves the charm of this latter summit ("it looks like a bloody sore thumb stuck out there"), reached Glan Dena just as Falkner and Hayes were moving off.

Eric Byne did a magnificent job and denied himself a morning's climbing to produce a constant and limitless supply of tea for those who staggered into Glan Dena between the hours of ten and eleven. It was a fine gesture for which we were extremely grateful.

By this time the party was beginning to break up into groups and from here on it was every man for himself.

John Ashcroft describes his traverse of all the three-thousanders with Geoff Hayes:-

"We passed over the summit of Foel Fras, our first peak at 07.00 hrs. The morning air was fresh and invigorating with good visibility and a series of excellent sun lit views as we passed onto the summit of Foel-grach at 07.50 hrs. Carnedd Llewelyn was attained at 08.10 hrs. bringing back memories of last years dance and "its in the bag" declaration by Pettigrew. The trek out to Yr Elen was then undertaken, followed by the return to Llewelyn and the delightful high level walk round to the summit of Carnedd Dafydd by 09.10 hrs. The path was followed to our last Carnedd peak Pen-yr-Cleu-Wen by 9.30 hrs. The heat of the day was by this time beginning to make itself felt as we made the rough descent to Glan Dena at approximately 10.00 hrs

Before scrambling up the N. ridge of Tryfan a very hospitable half-hour was spent at Glan Dena with tea laid on by Eric Byne. Geoff attained the summit of Tryfan within an hour, but I was forced to take a rest sometime before the N. peak. I felt like death warmed up, with cramp in both legs, a stomach rebelling against the recent liquid refreshment, and Gad Sir! - the heat! The anti climax was soon over and joining Geoff on top we scrambled up Bristly Ridge onto Glyder Fach for 12.35 hrs.

We consumed a tin of fruit each on Glyder Fach then Elidir Fawr at 12.50 hrs. Glyder Fawr 13.15 hrs. Y Garn approx. 14.00 hrs. and the ridge-like summit of Elidir Fawr 14.50 hrs. An incident that comes to mind during this section of the walk was Geoff making some crack about a "Hayes" filter as I fumbled to take a photograph on Y Garn. The significance didn't dawn on me until 11. o'clock that night back at the hut. I must have felt tired up there.

Having reached Elidir Fawr we felt well on the way to success, particularly with Geoff's assurance that good refreshment was to be had in the tea shop in Nant Peris. The descent to Nant Peris wasn't exactly a quick one. It is a grim slope to come down when feeling weary. However, refreshment soon I thought, but what a miserable experience. The tea shop in Nant Peris was closed.

Grib Goch appeared to tower powerfully above us as we walked up the road towards Cwm Glas at 16.15 hrs. It was an extremely wearisome pull up to Llyn Glas, but once there we were gifted with some magnificent views in the late afternoon sun. We slowly made our way up to the col by the pinnacles and from there went back onto the summit of Grib Goch for 18.30 hrs. We arrived at precisely the same moment as Widdows, Pretty and Burns and Mike Turner who promptly made us envious with stories of having sun bathed most of the afternoon. They had just approached the summit from Pen-y-pass.

A 10 minute break, a bite to eat, and the final effort had to be made. Crib-y-Ddisgl was attained 19.25 hrs. with Geoff reaching Snowdon, a few minutes ahead of me at 19.40 hrs. The 14 peaks, covering a plan distance of just over 20 miles peak to peak, and approx 11,400 ft. of ascent had taken us 12 hrs. 20 mins.

The refreshments offered by the summit hotel were then taken. No qualms about that!"

Phil Falkner and Peter Janes were behind Ashcroft and Hayes - Phil writes as follows:-

Mike Turner and I were on Foel Fras 07.30 hrs. Foel Grach 08.00, Carnedd Llewelyn 08.20 hrs. Yr Elen 08.40 - 08.45 (5 min. halt) Carnedd Dafydd 09.40, Pen-yr-Cleu-wen 10.00, Glan Dena 10.30. Peter Janes was a few mins ahead.

Janes, Turner and myself set off for Tryfan at 11.00. The high speed over the Carnedd's had taken it out of us, and we were not going at all well. We were hot, thirsty and Janes kept bemoaning the loss of his thermos of tea which he had shattered on the Carnedd's. About 1/3rd of the way up Tryfan Mike Turner dropped behind (I gather that he omitted Y Garn, Elidir Fawr and joined the Pretty Group.

Janes and I stuck together from here on. Summit of Tryfan 12.45. plagued by thirst. At Bwlch Tryfan we descended a short way to the spring for "gulpers" and washed our feet; great relief (13.15 - 13.25).

Glyder Fach 14.00., Glyder Fawr 14.30; more gulpers at the Twll Ddu stream 15.00 and rest till 15.15. Y Garn 15.45., still thirsty, found another stream between Foel Goch and Elidir Fawr. Tom Frost and a friend joined us here and stayed more or less with us as far as Y Wyddfa.

Elidir Fawr 17.00 descent mainly by "arsading" down steep grass. Timed our arrival at Nant Peris nicely. The Vaynol Arms had just opened. Pint shandies and biscuits and cheese 18.00 - 18.45 - road walk 18.45 - 19.15. Started up Cwm Glas 19.15. I was feeling ill, perhaps too much shandy. Grib Goch 20.45 - there I was sick and afterwards felt better. Carnedd Ugain 21.40, Y Wyddfa 22.00. still open, thank God, mugs of tea;

(I leave H.P. to describe the frippett), Descent rapid whilst the light lasted, then more slowly in the dark to Hut at midnight."

As for Burns, Widdows and the Vice President - they lounged in Cwm Tryfan, crossed Glyder Fach, and on the far side discovered a magnificent waterfall above Llyn Cwm-y-ffynnon. Some of you may have seen the results in series of alarming photographs that were circulating in the "Bell" recently. It is possible that the Photographic Meet might bring to light even worse indiscretions. In the Pen-y-Pass tea was taken in a leisurely fashion and the party, augmented by Mike Turner, eventually left for Grib Goch - on the summit of which they joined up with Hayes and Ashcroft.

To most of us the traverse from Grib Goch to Ddisgl had a dream like quality. Laurie was sick several times, everyone suffered from excessive weakness and over-susceptibility to exposure; and Pretty remarked that he remembered very little between leaving the Pinnacles and seeing a young lady in a mauve jumper in the summit hotel. The same young woman immediately took us (in a metaphorical way of speaking) to her bosom - and there were those who could still resent the metaphorical manner of her taking.

Our descent to Rhyd Ddu paralleled the setting sun - it was one of those wonderful dull orange summer nights, but most of us were too far gone to really appreciate it.

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DIAL 999

Ruth Welbourn

Have you ever been rescued by a fire-engine? This is what nearly happened to Brian Lee and Doug Cook recently.

The Welbourn menage spent Sunday climbing the wonderful green rocks of Cratcliffe. (Brian and Doug, John and Malcolm Hunt plus assorted wives) In the late afternoon all but the first two adjourned to Mrs. Bailey's for a cup of tea and then a walk back to Rowsley. Along the road we could watch the antics of Brian and Doug on Bramley's Traverse. Brian, leading, had surmounted the crux of the climb and was safely belayed. Doug however, could not summon up the courage to swing off the broad ledge and frequently sat down on it. All this was watched with great concern by the occupants of two cars. They approached us and said "That boy has been up there for 45 minutes and must be stuck. We are thinking of calling the police or fire-brigade" We were able to talk them out of this, but they remained quite unconvinced of the safety of Doug on his ledge.

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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read in "Comment" in the April Newsletter your views on the future of this publication. I feel however, that there are one or two points which require clarification.

It was stated that I suggested that the cost of the Newsletter is about 12s.0d. per member per year; what I think I said, and what I intended to say is that the cost of the Club publications now seems to run at about 12s.0d. per year per member. This includes Meets Circulars, Notices for A.G.M.'s, S.G.M.'s, etc. in addition to the Newsletter. I should think that the portion due to the Newsletter is something under 10s.0d. but as some of the cost is common to all items it is not possible to be specific.

The reason why I drew attention to this matter is that the cost has increased considerably during the last 18 months as a result of the increasing price of paper, postage, envelopes, ink etc., and if the present trend continues, as it seems likely to, the Club's expenditure will soon exceed its income.

It seems to me that the amount spent in this direction at the present time is not excessive - after all this is what the subscriptions are for - and as long as we leave sufficient in the funds to cover such items as Lecturer's expenses, nuptial tankards, Annual Dinner liabilities etc., and the other odd items which arise, this is the best use to which the income could be put.

We next come to the question of how costs can be reduced without degrading the service, and this seems to be a problem for Geoff Thompson's "Organisation and methods" department! The only way to combat rising prices on a fixed income is to increase efficiency, or reduce one's standards; a considerable effort is being made to increase efficiency, and Meet Leaders can help in this by sending details of Meets to me well in advance. The issue of circulars and Newsletter can then be synchronised.

Maximum efficiency being obtained, it remains to be seen whether the high standard of the Club publications will have to be degraded.

Yours faithfully,

ERNIE PHILLIPS

The week end of 28th/29th June provided us with a remarkable and perhaps a unique occasion. It was the 30th Anniversary of Eric Byne's advent to climbing. To mark the event The Oread, The Peak, and the Mountain Club held a Joint Meet on Birchens Edge. Never have so many tents been pitched at Moorside Farm - approx. 60 I believe. On any other occasion it would have been nothing less than appalling - unless you like having some other person's guy lines running over, through, and across your tent. Ernie Phillips, hemmed in on all sides by tents of a lesser vintage than his own, resembled a light opera "Gypsy King" struggling to maintain the dignity of his Boer War W.D. surplus "equippage", Mike Moore close by might have been one of his profligate sons.

Eric was there of course and appeared to be suffering from the royal malaise of overmuch hand shaking. There were people who hadn't been seen in years - Albert Shutt, Don Morrison, Eric Morrison - and a score of others. Dick Burger was to be seen, looking more Burgerish than ever. Nan and Keith Axon were there, and all in all it was a splendid gathering. For once, there was none of the usual ennui when "for he's a jolly good fellow" caught on towards the end of the party at the "Prince of Wales". There were close on 200 climbers, active and retired, at the party and I doubt if there was a single one who did not have some reason to be grateful for the circumstances that led Eric Byne to find his spiritual home on the watershed moors of his native city thirty years ago.

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John Adderley was involved in a motor cycle accident some weeks ago. My latest information is that he is still in hospital. One of his legs has been considerably damaged, particularly around the knee, but we sincerely hope that he will make a complete recovery. His address for anyone who will take the trouble to write is c/o Allesley Hospital, Coventry.

Oliver Jones recently had his remaining teeth extracted, but I don't think it was a Fisher job. I understand that he expects to be equipped with a full set before his Skye holiday. It is reported that in the absence of teeth Oliver has been unable to absorb his daily 5 lbs. of best steak and has therefore been suffering serious malnutrition. His temporary (I hope) physical weakness was the only reason he did not turn out on the Byne Anniversary Meet - his doctor advised that in his weakened state he might not survive the hazards of travelling.

Don Morrison (of Sheffield) has recently returned from Canada where he has been climbing and working. At Eric Byne's instigation he discovered the grave of Cliff Moyer in the R.A.F. Cemetery at Neepawa, not far from Winnipeg. Moyer was killed in a flying accident during the last war and apparently is well remembered by the people round about.

Several Creads made a recording for the B.B.C., Midland Region, during the recent week-end at Birchens. The emphasis of the short recording was amended by the Producer when he heard of the reason why so many climbers had congregated at one place. He decided to include Eric in the programme and record on the spot rather than at Stanton-by-Bridge which was the original idea. The recorded conversation very briefly covered the change that has come about in gritstone climbing during the last 30 years, and went on to discover what (theoretically) happens to youngsters when they first enter the orbit of a mountaineering club. Of the Oread, Ernie Phillips, John Wolbourn (using his South Col voice), Malcolm Hunt and Harry Pretty spoke. Laura Pretty, not to be outdone, contrived to drop a hard object onto a tin lid during the live recording. It was nicely timed to suggest a clanger being dropped in the background at the end of her father's peroration.

Tony Smith married Margaret during June, and they are now living in Burton-on-Trent. The whole affair was carried out with considerable caution in case any Oread got to hear of it, and hardly a thing leaked out before the actual event.

Nan and Keith Axon - both originally Boulder Members of the Oread are re-applying for membership. We welcome them back, and note that they have not been entirely idle since their temporary retirement. They now have three children. The Axons shared Woodbine Cottage, Egginton, with the Prettys for two years, and will remember such distinguished Oread occasions as the time when Gibson, in a familiar condition, was handed in through a window from the street - and the time after a night of seances when Pettigrew would not go down the garden to the privy on his own (Moore eventually held his hand). Woodbine Cottage is the only structure that I have seen permanently damaged by the noise of a musical instrument - viz., the Oliver Jones bagpipes which in a confined space will give rise to almost visible blast waves.

Mike and Alison Harby have not gone away on a protracted cruise as rumoured in the "Bell" recently. Mike admits to having been "tied up with stag costings". I hardly dared to enquire what this entailed, but it is probably an entirely new field of study and allows ample scope for the imagination. He has denied however that he is working for a poaching syndicate.

James Kershaw wishes to announce that there is absolutely no foundation of truth in the report that he is setting up an Employment Agency of his own. This is rather a pity as it would seem to be a possible solution to the notorious Kershaw predicament. James has gone to the Arolla district for four weeks with some Nottingham persons.