

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

PERIODIC NEWSLETTER

SUMMER 1960

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EDITORIAL

The time has come round again when many of us are travelling, for the first time perhaps, to "The Alps". Whereas the true meaning of the word is an upland or mountain pasture, the sensation of the word encompasses all our strivings of the last six months - the winter ascents on rock, on ice and snow, the Easter pilgrimage to the far north, the marathon training walks and the regular summer evening outings.

For one brief period in the year the Alpine mountaineer mingles with the everyday crowd and with the normal tourist as he journeys southwards. With only a bulging rucksack he might be off for a couple of weeks "lustige wandering" in the Black Forest. But it is the crampons, wearing their wellington boots and poking out of every crevasse, and the ice axe which betray the seriousness of his vacation.

There he is in the flesh, the epitome of the man they read about in the papers having climbed Everest. What is the reaction of the man-in-the-street to this apparition - is he surrounded still by a halo of crankiness, or irresponsibility, or is he at last an accepted and understood part of the English sporting scene?

Recent utterances, in the papers, on the BBC etc., have indicated that a subtle change is occurring in the relationship of mountaineering to the other accepted sports and past-times. For instance, a picture of Ralph Jones bringing some unfortunate Russian master of sport up Ginner was given front page honour in the Sunday Times about six weeks ago, thus pushing out of the picture Cowdrey's latest square cut. And indeed the Russian's visit is something of a milestone if only Mr. K. will forgive Choggy for her rude rebuttal of communist infiltration. Let us hope for even

more numerous cultural exchanges. What about letting Hayes take a group of them on the Welsh Walk next year - a little safer but oh how tiring. And again The Guardians heading "climbers face extra hazard (lightening)" of a few weeks ago might easily have been "rain stopped play (in Roses match)".

That which clinched the argument for me was the simile drawn between the antics of a spiderman, erecting steel girders for a new building, and the "steel nerves of a mountaineer" in a recent documentary film on rebuilding London city. In future we shall have such household phrases as "as bald as a belay" and "jolly alpenstocks".

How does this all affect us? - Not one little nail scratch I hope. It just enables me to put a respectable front to the usual load of nonsense contained hereinafter.

This edition of the newsletter has the new look. For the first year of my editorship I have had to rely on typing and duplicating by willing helpers. I would like to thank all those who have done this service. However, in order to spread the load we have often had two or more typists for an edition and the standard of presentation has inevitably fallen. Now the Committee has decided to allocate some of the Club funds towards having the job done by an experienced typist. We have taken the opportunity to alter the layout to a neat booklet form and I hope you will like the change. Within the next few months we hope to have a suitably designed cover to match.

The President (retiring) started his report in a satisfactory manner by sitting on the floor amid gusts of joy from all around - he must have imagined himself back with the Llamas of the Himalayan foothills.

However, on recovering his dignity, we all sat in a bath of reflected glory as he related of the wondrous doings of the Oread in the Alps and at home. Come the day when we shall all have to stand up and applaud some specific feat being reported with suitable shouts of "Rhubarb, Rhubarb"!

We were reminded of the horrible fate which befalls Mountain Club members who turn up for meets in cars instead of the official coach, and also of the iniquity of climbing outside the Oread circle.

Tales were told of lonely Laurie Burns on his solo Mid-Wales Meets, of the triumph of the fair sex on the Welsh Walk (already immortalised in Oread poetry - September issue, 1959), and of the successful sausage and mash Meet at Alstonfield - successful at least for D. Burgess who was presented with his week-end grub free and for his hangers on, piton collectors etc., who no doubt attempted at least some fairness in the ensuing distribution.

Some oblique remarks were made to the present Oread Newsletter regarding his newsletter and in particular, Editorial presentation. If R.G.P. is not careful his Teo Fibbia epic will be punted in invisible ink on paper liberally dotted with RGP/RIP watermarks.

Turning now to the material assets of the Club, the President, at last in the erect position, thanked all those who have, and are, turning Tan-y-Wddfa into a rest

home for tired out mountaineers. In particular there was one group of people to whom we should be grateful for their efforts.

We were reminded of the danger of the Club becoming a loosely-knit Association of Mountaineers and we were left to consider the desirability of restricting the size of the Club and of restricting membership of the Club to those known, by prior appearance on meets, to a reasonable number of the active members.

Despite the other stuffy attractions in the Bell which no doubt precipitated the Presidents hurried flight to Duffield, RGP suggested that, due to overcrowding, consideration should be given to meeting in another private? room on Tuesday night. It was subsequently complained on. The President having stolen most of what the others were intending to say, sat down in a dignified manner, i.e. without sitting on the floor first.

The Secretary (also retiring, but not modest) reported that the membership was 98, mentioned the Glen Brittle Hut Appeal (already brought to member's notice in a newsletter - with little effect), and was so glad to get it all over that he sat on the floor on his way back to his seat. He was subsequently adopted by Paul Gardiner to the dismay of "The Bud".

The Meet Secretary stated that nine gallons of Worthington beer were consumed at the Christmas meet on the premises and many more at the Quellyn Arms. Other than that there was nothing much else to say, for RGP had bagged most of the material. However, two suggestions were heard for future meets, which merit attention although of course this was not the place for suggestions. The plebs could have their chance to speak later.

However, the suggestions were firstly, that a cleaning-up-of-litter meet could well be held at Baslow and secondly, what about an alternative place in which to hold the A.G.M. - Wales perhaps. Goodness knows who supplied the former, but Tony Smith was the author of the second.

The Hut Warden (Fred Allen) now rose to his feet to announce the results of the first year's full working at Tan-y-Wddfa. It had been a very successful year with over one thousand bed nights and £190 gross income. However, most of this had gone towards improvements and repairs - the latter including re-guttering, bricking up and plastering the hole left by the removal of the old dining room grate, which had all been done by a local builder. Improvements, all done by Oread working parties, of which there were ten in all, included installation of the kitchen boiler and hot water system, painting and decorating generally, installation of eating room fire grate.

Heating in the lounge, or should we call it the drawing room, is by a monstrous free standing cast iron stove, big enough in which to hide a standard Oread member. It is rumoured to have cost only £1, but the repairs necessary to the brick work behind appear to have rather outweighed this bargain.

Fred then, as is his wont, read us a long lecture about what to do with the dustbins and stop taps which made some of us feel as though we had gate-crashed on an Urban Council monthly meeting. A rousing peroration about snowceming, wallpapering and reflooring during the next year finished off Fred and incidentally us as well.

The rest of the evening was spent in arguing whether those responsible for the Hut improvement should be

answerable to the A.G.M. for their actions during the year, in eventually throwing out two amendments to the rules (Nos. 6 & 8) and in carrying a motion proposing to create a Hut sub-committee.

Many Oread members were seen on the crag during the weekend, though few appeared to be camping at Frogatt Farm.

Jack
Ashcroft

NANT-FRANCON MEET (19th - 21st Feb)

About 20 Oreads gathered in the valley for this meet. My only regret is that the other 80 or so did not attend to experience this popular area in excellent weather conditions.

The valley was full of snow with the road above Capel in deep rutted condition - "simply cracking condition" as somebody remarked. Only mishap however, was with the Burgess A.35 van, tested for its resistance to Welsh stone walling.

Most people stayed at Glan-Dena but a hard-core of youth (Hayes, Hob day, Wallace, Margaret Lowe, under the joint directorship of veterans like Welbourne and Winfield) shunned luxury for the humble accommodation offered at Tyny-Shanti.

Saturday a cold wind persisted but the sun was in evidence most of the day. Parties trekked over peaks on both sides of the valley. Most of those choosing the south climbed Y Garn by various gullies suited to temperament of parties, then continued the round of the Glyders. Those who chose the north side of the valley approached the Carneddau via Craig-yr-ysfa. Derick

and Doug Cooke had intended doing Amphitheatre Buttress but were unable to reach the foot of the crag due to waist-deep snow. - Looking down on the pinnacles from the top presented a fine spectacle of snow and ice wreathed rock but obviously not meant to be climbed that day

A furious snow storm was experienced Saturday afternoon. This only lasted an hour or so, after which the sky cleared, the sun shone, giving splendour to the whole valley as evening approached. It was the Gwryd for most people Saturday night - cramped but congenial.

Sunday gave us better weather than Saturday. The cold wind had gone and the sun shone constantly. Jones, Pettigrew, Handley and Burgess took to ski for the day. Ask Bob how infuriating it is when a ski comes off just before attaining the top of a 500 ft. slope!

Which ever way one went, one was bound for a memorable day of Ogwen at its wintry best. The pedestrian parties strode off in various directions. John Welbourne and party up Tryfan, others up Pen-y-rol-wen. Mike and Margaret Turner, Janet and myself took the easy gully on to Y-garn. The snow was't in first class condition and when all interest was centred on breaking through the cornice, what appeared to be a collapse of the cornice about 200 feet to our left occurred. We then came to realize that someone had fallen through the cornice and hurtled some 700 feet down the gully. He came to rest in the midst of an ascending party, seriously damaging himself and causing minor injuries to the others. Why do people wander out on to cornices?

Save for the above black spot Sunday was a magnificent day. Descending Tnyfan late afternoon, I joyously realized that although the weekend was over I had two further days in the hills. (Jacks my name). Unfortunately most Oreads were east bound. Our venerable President was to be found enquiring around Glan-Dena for a lift to Derby. Apparently due to an over-sight, lack of fore-sight or some such thing, he was in it - his weekend

companion had had to return to Derby without him. I believe somebody found room in a boot.

Mike and Margaret Turner, Ron and Joyce Dearden, Janet and myself (what a happy little family we are), spent Monday and Tuesday at Rhyd-ddu. Ski-ing was the main interest with Ron and Joyce making the effort to walk up Snowdon on Monday.

The weather remained unbelievably excellent and we returned home Tuesday evening well sun tanned after four magnificent winter days in Snowdonia.

A HAZY PORTRAIT OF A MOUNTAINEER

He's a funny sort of fellow
With a funny sort of face,
The kind that makes you wonder
If he's in his rightful place.
I'm not really suggesting
That he might be from the zoo
But when he wears that ratter
I begin to think it's true.
And under it there's all that stuff
That some folks say is hair,
I call it "Bristly Ridge" myself
- I think I'm nearer there.
The state of it is awful
And that tuft is quite absurd
- Reminds you of a plover but
that's an insult to the bird.
You think that's pretty awful
Till you've seen him grow a beard
And there's no way of describing
The sight that then appeared.

His clothes are most peculiar
- All this ex-army stuff
Creates quite an impression
Which is just one massive bluff.

He's supposed to be a driver
Since he somehow passed his test
But once he's on the highway
He's just a thorough pest.
He's driven coppers crazy
From the Trent Vale to the Spey
And he's just a racing madman
On the Preston Motorway.

He confesses he's no camper
The understatement of the year!
His tent is worse than useless
But you want to see his gear.
His temperamental primus
Which will hardly ever light
Can become a raging fury
And give you such a fright.
There's no scope for decent cooking,
And you must be pretty neat
To salvage all the contents
When it collapses at your feet!
There's no reason then to wonder
Why his pans are in such states
For he's never heard of washing
And black grease accumulates.
But now we must give credit
Where credit's rightly due,
For there's not a cook can match him
When it comes to curried stew.
The contents are a secret
Far better not to know;
But there's nothing like this curry
For giving you the "go"!
It's the secret of his fitness
His amazing mountain speed,

For he knows that when he gets back
He'll have curry in his feed!

He calls himself a mountaineer.
With that we must agree
For there's not a crag defeats him
And he's lightning on a scree.
When he can't get out on gritstone
He'll traverse his bedroom wall
Or climb the embossed pattern
That's papering the hall.
Wherever there are mountains
You will often find him there,
For well we know to our dismay
That Hayes gets everywhere.
You get up in the morning
And the sun is shining bright,
You climb a special mountain
And you marvel at the sight.
You want to take a photo
To prove you've really been,
And once again it happens -
That "Hayes" obscures the scene!
But it isn't fair to blame him
As he cannot help his name
You can moan about these Hazes
But it's not spelt quite the same.

His reputation's pretty black
Among the Oread,
For judging by the tales we hear
This Hayes is quite a cad.
If you talk to Harry Pretty
He will tell you quite a tale
Of Hayes and all his exploits
Which will send you rather pale.

But when I think it over,
He doesn't seem so bad

Even though his camping's chaos
 And his driving's raving mad;
 Though his clothes are most peculiar
 And his hair's a tufty mess,
 Though his beard gets rough and bristly
 And I like that even less;
 Though he flogs across the mountains
 At a pace no-one can keep
 And drags me up the rock face
 When I ought to be asleep;
 I still can't help admitting
 One thing that's very plain
 Though why on earth it is so
 I really can't explain,
 But I like his hectic camping
 And I thrive on curried stew;
 I don't moan about his driving
 Even if others do.
 I don't really mind him moaning
 When I can't get up a climb;
 I still like it in the mountains
 When they're "hazy" all the time.
 His Bristly Ridge quite suits him
 His beard adds the final touch;
 I can tolerate his trousers
 Though they are a bit too much!
 In short he's quite "extinguished",
 "Emanculate" and tall,
 And Hayes without these items
 Would not be Hayes at all.

MARGARET V. LOWE.

Footnote:- "Emanculate" - Paul Gardiner's
 latest addition to the Oread
 dictionary.

SCOTLAND - EASTER

Geoff Hayes

The Ashcroft's went to Nevis without Ice Axes!
 Anyone reading this has a right to say "that's going to
 be some mountaineering holiday". But thanks to terrific
 weather and pooling of axes we did at least get Jack and
 Janet up Nevis.

Margaret Lowe and myself arrived in Glen Nevis at
 2 a.m. Good Friday to find the pre-arranged camp site
 occupied by a concrete mixer, so we decided to kip in
 the van for what was left of the night. We awoke to
 find someone had written in the road grime on the back
 window "Tom is here". Tom frost with Sue, Mike Doyle
 and friend (female) had arrived at 6.30 a.m. Paul and
 Betty Gardiner along with the Ashcroft's arrived a short
 time later and we decided to pitch further up the glen.

The weather looked fairly settled so we decided
 the Terminal Gully on Stob Ban would be a good warmer
 up for the holiday. The Gully proved to be easy with
 the snow not as soft as feared. On the Summit we were
 greeted by Doug Scott and friend. They were using the
 barn at Polldubh as a base. Later we traversed the
 "Devils Ridge" to Sgurr a Mhaim and glissaded part of
 the way back to the glen.

Jim Kershaw found us that evening. He had walked
 over from Dalwhinnie in three days almost having to swim
 the Burns which were in spate.

Saturday was fine and frosty. An early start saw
 Jim, Margaret and myself off up No. 5. Gully on the Ben.
 This offered two thousand feet of snow in good condi-
 tion. We reached the summit, blistered by the sun.
 Margaret came to our rescue with "Nivea" and Jim plas-
 tered his "hooter" with the stuff. Later we traversed

the ridge to Carn Mor Dearg, then on down the East ridge. The rest of the party went up the Allt a Mhuilinn to the col, and so to the summit of the "Ben".

The weather was still good, so Jack, Jim and myself on one rope and Tom and Mike on the other did Tower Ridge on the Sunday. Sue and friend went to pray for us and the others spent an enjoyable day motor-ing in the north. The Ridge proved to be easy. On the Summit we met Oliver Jones who gave us an account of his attempt on Gardeslouz Gully.

The Ashcrofts and Gardiners had to return to Derby on Monday, and Margaret and I collected Ray, a friend who had been camping on the other side of Nevis, and drove round to Glencoe. The weather was still good. We decided on "Bidean", and went up a gully on Stob Coire nan Lochan. We had left putting up the tent un-til after the climb. We decided on a place close to a group of Girl Guides, but they wisely moved on before our tent was erected. It must have been the sight of Ray, not me!

Although we had to return to Nottingham the follow-ing day, we had just enough time to do the Lonach Eagach in 3½ hours return. I had hardly cooled off before we were passing through Glasgow.

I think the others will agree with me that it was the best Easter yet. Still, I predicted good weather in the meets circular!

OREADS IN SHORTS

It is reported that:-

Mr. Hebog Jack Ashcroft and Miss Suzanne Tom Frost (Sorry, read either (a) Miss Suzanne Harper or (b) Mrs. Tom Frost) have started a dancing school to revive such old favourites as "Show a knicker".

OREADS IN SHORTS - SUMMER 1960

'.....Several of which (Oreads) even took baths and danced on the table-cloths.....'

Letter from Devonshire Arms
Hotel following Annual Dinner
November 28th, 1959.

Ray Handley had a mouth operation just before Christmas. This was considered by some to be necessary.

Do you want instruction in the use of exposure suits for caving in the comfort of a friendly home in- stead of the cheerless classroom? Ernie Phillips will oblige. All enquiries through agent, one R.G.P.

Mike Moore and Meg Cooke were married March 5th at Kingsheath, Birmingham. Congratulations.

A 'no climber's' notice at Tyn-y-Coed was recently removed by an Oread and may be viewed on application.

Mike Berry's main concern after falling 500 ft. through a cornice was his anorak.

or

"THE ISLAND THAT EVER GOT BIGGER"

The first of these can be only my poor retort to HP's heading of two years ago and has been obtained at the expense of signing away my freedom for ever. This however, is domestic, but what is much more important to the club is the taunt contained in the second title. It must here be related that of the nine Oreads on the Easter Nevis Meet (and this includes RGP who turned up when everybody had disappeared) only one, supported by wife, friend and Mike Doyle, was willing to get his feet wet. "What a nice camp site" said Jack (a little island in the middle of River Nevis dotted with trees) "but I remember being flooded out in Skye by a rising river". This started the rot, so with shaking heads and such remarks as "you can always climb up the trees", the Ashcroft-Gardiner-Hayes sect camped in comparative safety on the river bank. Comparative safety for they were at no greater altitude than we, and were in danger of having the river bank cut away from under their bottoms by a flooded river. Suffice it is to say that during the remaining four days of the holiday the channel of water which we had to cross to the Island became smaller and eventually dried up. So it is not without reason that Ashcroft is forsaking the mountains at Whit in order to mess about with Janet in boats.

Somewhere else in this issue you will find the official meet leader's account so this must be considered as filling in the juicy bits which Hayes missed the day he did Gully 5 with Big Jim.

For on that day the Gardiners, the Ashcrofts and the Island contingent went round to do Nevis up to the

col between Meall An Suidher, Nevis proper, down into the Allt a Mhuilinn. Up into Coire Leis during which Ashcroft assured me that he had used some do-it-yourself sticky stuff in order to mend the bog seat in the caravan, the name of which he conveniently couldn't remember. As can be expected, this produced much rude hilarity which enlivened the flog up. On the upper snow slopes leading out of Coire Leis on to the junction of the Carn Mor Dearg and Nevis, Jack brought us to a halt with a loud yell, only to tell us that he had that instant remembered the name of this 'sticky stuff' only to forget it in the excitement of the moment.

And so into the sun and a wonderful panorama of the central Highlands. Over to the S.W. stands Bidean where two years previously on Easter Sunday we had stood in similar conditions. Easter in Scotland will always be associated with the marvellous weather on these two peaks. To use Joe Brown's dictum (of the scenery at 28,000 ft. on Kanchenjunga) "you have to be a mug not to appreciate the surroundings". Perhaps therein lies the answer to "why do you climb".

Even Nevis is suffering from the popular upsurge of mountaineering, for there was quite a crowd on top, including some hardy tourists and one remarkable family of man, wife, and two kids of five and seven. What a gentle place it seemed, though the presence of an aluminium shelter buried in Nevis's snow cap six feet deep was a reminder that the fiercest conditions in Europe are experienced here.

Then off towards Carn Dearg, pausing to watch a multitude of ropes on Tower Ridge queuing up for the tricky traverse on snow of the Tower, little thinking that we would be doing the same on the following day in worse conditions. We located the tops of all the gullies observing the various escape route over (and through on No. 3) the cornice. An exciting glissade took us quickly down the col and thence to food and rest.

Back at camp we noticed that Ashcroft had erected two tents, one of which he claimed to be a store tent - for Janet perhaps? The sound of Ashcroft beating his wife one morning seemed to point to some need for segregation until Janet's hitherto silence was broken by a yell from Jack as retaliation was explored and presumably harmony restored.

On the Sunday, Geoff, Big Jim, Jack, myself and Mike Doyle again went round into the Allt A Mhuilinn with intent on big things. Tower Ridge was selected, however we elected to miss out the Douglas Boulder, so up Observatory Gully we went in order to traverse on to the ridge above the gap. This we did, finding the rock liberally covered with thawing snow. In fact, the whole of Nevis's winter garb appeared to be on the move which did not bode well for conditions farther up. Little difficulty was experienced up to the foot of the Great Tower, apart from that created artificially by our parallel ropes becoming intertwined. Who ever said that vibrams won't hold on a trade route saturated with melting snow. There at the foot of the crux we had ample time to survey the route ahead while Geoff's rope led of a traverse on a snow banked ledge between overhanging walls, first descending to a corner, is the first feature. A good line of steps in the snow bank had already been made by former parties, but these were rapidly deteriorating due to the general thaw and the steady rain of drops from the walls above. One is acutely aware that a slip lands one up under the underhanging walls below with difficulty of reascent. Prussick loops and a foot sling at the ready are a wise precaution here.

The traverse was safely completed, though the snow steps gave way at one point during the passage of a subsequent party depositing the lucky climbers on a ledge a little way down, instead of under the overhangs. The last lap now lay ahead - a narrow horizontal ridge with a gap half way along reminding one of the upper part of Amphitheatre Buttress on Graig-y-rsfa, then the final

snow slope steepening over the last ten feet to the vertical in a wonderful climax, and abruptly depositing the happy and excited climber on the level summit plateau.

A perfect finish to a route of great character and amid rock, snow and ice, grandeur such as I have never seen before in the Alps or elsewhere.

Our last day could only be an anti-climax. However, Mike, myself, Suzanne and Allison (Sue's friend), and Big Jim did Terminal Gully (nice and wet again) on Stob Ban, sent two tired females down into the valley from the col, and finished a grand holiday by a wettish glissade off Sgurr A Mhaim.

INDECISION

Anon.

I've been with you when the mountains are dark with metal tipped rain, when the wind keens forlornly round the deepstoned granery, when the sun crisply sharpens the river boulders at Easter time and the water runs coldly flickering. The many scenes climb through the mind giving hope to uncertain and doubting inexperience. The questing and queasy mind awakened to critical analysis and goaded on by a fear of mistake struggles against a blackness of ignorance. I think one must leap into the gorge and trust that the river will be noon heated beneath the narrow shadow.

QUOTES & NOTES

"What's this cream of the Oread" - "is it the scum that floats on top" (Ex. Committee member)

10.30.p.m. Flying Butress Area (Stanage):-

"Oh Roger - just one more"

(Beryl Turner)

The Secretary of the Gritstone Glimbing Club has written asking for information of any new routes done in the Peak-District and Derbyshire, in order to complete a guide book on Limestone climbs in this area. The deadline is November this year, so any information would be welcomed, to be sent to:-

G. West.

14 Stayley Drive,
Stalybridge,
Cheshire.

To The Committee, Oread Mountaineering Club.

Dear Friends,

(Extracts only)

This is to tender my resignation from the Oread Mountaineering Club. Apart from a few scattered weekends I have never really taken any part in the doings of the Club since the end of my first year in Climbing, 1955 and I think this is an opportune moment to resign. However, I should like to express a few thoughts which come to mind.

The Oread was the first group of people in the climbing world with whom I was associated. George Sutton and Mike Moore introduced me to the Club, and I met many people within the circle of the Oread whom I hope to con-

tinue seeing at various places in the hills, especially Fred and Brenda, Ernie and Ronni, Laurie and Ray, Nobby, Chuck, Jim, and of course, John Welbourne. It was through the Oread that I met Walter with whom I did all my best climbs and had my most memorable holidays, so this gives me the more reason to be glad I was in the club

I have always found the newsletters extremely interesting and read them with great pleasure. I appreciate being kept up to date with future meets etc., in spite of my being a very tardy attender.

Bryn-Y-Wern was in a superb location, and for me opened up a part of Wales that I shall always be glad to know of its existence, and visit.

Unfortunately, I agree with all the newsletter's spasmodic comments about characteristics of the Club such as "clique-ness", insensitivity and misplacement of effort. From my earliest days with the Oread I have sensed this barrier which surrounds the nucleus of the Club, and definitely repels the exploratory advances of all but the most brash and extrovert new members to gain admission. Other people have mentioned this to me, so I am not the only one to have suffered from the insensitivity of several of the inner circle to the plight of an eager newcomer in the Bell for the first time.

It seems to me that far too much effort is expended on building a posh club hut. Doubtless there are several superficially powerful arguments in favour of this policy (notably reciprocal rights) but to get down to fundamentals, this is a CLIMBING CLUB. O.K. So a hut at the foot of the hills is a good idea so that folk can spend a dry night in Wales as a change from pitching tents in a storm at 1.a.m. on Saturday. O.K. so we buy or rent a HUT, and the deal takes one month. At the end of one month (when the hut is "sure") can we start visiting and climbing from it? Oh no. 'This weekend is a working party!' We have to spend this and many other weekends pulling down walls, putting in

grates, tiling, plastering, plumbing. Some members spend the weekend climbing and are roundly castigated in the next newsletter, and accused of lack of club spirit. Surely a climbing hut should stay a hut and the energies of members should be expended in climbing from the hut instead of making it into a 5-star hotel for "Pretend Climbers" which are the type of people largely attracted to the Oread of late, it seems.

Phew! Well, I hope this doesn't cause me to leave the club under too black a cloud. My criticisms are all well-meaning and I hope constructive, as I should like to see the Oread continuing to gain ground.

As I mentioned before, I have many reasons to be glad I was in the club, and I hope to continue seeing you all on the crags for a long time yet.

Yours sincerely,

BRIAN N. RICHARDS.

The above letter of resignation has been received by the Committee and it has been decided that, having now received the writer's permission to publish it in full, it should be made available to members and discussion invited.

[See Nov '60 Newsletter for replies]