
* OREAD MOUNTAINEERING *
* CLUB NEWSLETTER *

EDITED BY PETE SCOTT AND CHRIS RADCLIFFE*****

*****FEBRUARY 1970*****

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL.....PAGE 1.

GREENER GRASS?.....Tim Lewis.....PAGE 3.

CWM EIGAU.....Dave Weston.....PAGE 5.

DOVEDALE DASH.....Ron Chambers.....PAGE 6.

THE DINNER.....Paul Gardiner.....PAGE 7.

21st ANNUAL DINNER.....PAGE 8.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.....PAGE 8.

A CLIMBING CROSSWORD.....Pete Scott.....PAGE 9.

HOT ICE....."Triccouni".....PAGE 11.

CHRISTMAS AT TAN-Y-WYDDFA.....PAGE 12.

CHRISTMAS 1969 KESWICK.....Nat Allen.....PAGE 13.

INFORMAL DINNER AND SOCIAL.....Geoff Hayes.....PAGE 13.

INDOOR MEETS.....PAGE 14.

FUTURE INDOOR MEETS.....PAGE 14.

MISCELLANY.....PAGE 15.

EDITORIAL

"The Oread? You want to steer clear of them, they're a cliquey lot" said this character we met in the pub. Undeterred we visited the Wilmot and after a few weeks we managed to get a foot in the door. Soon we began to appreciate the very considerable depth of experience and variety of outlook which characterises the Oread. We found that this unique club comprises climbers whose mountaineering experience extends over many years and at the same time many whose ambitions do not extend beyond a few rigorous walks; many members who are prepared to devote hours of time in the thankless tasks which are necessary to make the club tick; a lively social life; an original approach to meet venues. All this contrasted strongly with the "hard-mans" club we had come from. That club was a 'clique' personified - venues were limited to the current vogue areas, social life limited to beery confabs. The collective experience of the Oread amounts to a living tradition. Whilst we have the greatest admiration for this tradition, it seems fitting to ask if it is one that will live on into the seventies and is it an appropriate tradition for the new era?

The Oread was formed in 1949 and thus it bridged two famous eras in the history of British mountaineering. Members are still active whose associations were with the pace setters of the pre-1950 era: Arthur Dolphin and Peter Harding and the pace setters of the era that followed: Brown, Whillans and the Rock and Ice. The link the Oread has with the development of climbing in the Peak District is an essential part of its character and it is fitting that the club included among its members the late Eric Byne whose unparalleled contribution to Peak District climbing began in the pre-war era. Within two years of its formation the Oread formed an expedition to Arctic Norway in a period of post war rationing long before expeditioning became as straight-forward as it is today. Other expeditions followed to Arctic Norway, Spitzbergen and South Georgia and ten years after the initial expedition the club was organising a major expedition to the Himalayas. In spite of the virulent way in which the club has contributed to the British climbing scene, it is nevertheless true that it has played no part in the modern era of climbing.

The modern era can be said to have started in 1959 when a fine summer encouraged a new generation of climbers to repeat the great routes put up by Brown, Whillans and their companions in the fifties. The early years of the sixties saw a development of new routes at a rate unparalleled before. Nothing was barred - every scrap of unscratched rock was subjected to a bombardment from the new tigers. Inevitably a lull followed but the 'discovery' of Gogarth rekindled the flames which burned fiercely until the crag reached maturity in only two years. Since then new heroes have emerged and left their mark but with ever decreasing areas of unclimbed rock the impetus has been lost. However, new trends are now emerging which will set the pattern for the seventies. The factors behind the latest trends include on the one hand the impact of new techniques, particularly the nut revolution, and on the other hand the fantastic increase in the numbers of climbers who consistently climb to a high standard. Thus now, as pointed out by Dennis Gray¹, there is an increasing emphasis on 'style' - that is the way in which climbs are done. The pace setters in earlier eras have always had a strong consciousness of 'style' which has been copied by the nucleus of elite climbers surrounding them. The problem today is that there are so many elite climbers, a strict and uniform code of ethics is more difficult to maintain. Gray aptly contrasts the solo ascent of Muir Wall at Yosemite by

Royal Robbins in nine days with the prolonged siege of the direct route on Trolltind Wall by the French. Thus Al Harris, writing about the modern Welsh scene states blandly²: "Boredom is behind it. Mere extremes are becoming commonplace...everyone is good...the only way to be noticed is to climb very quickly or be an eccentric." Emerging from this is a trend which some find disturbing - the soloing of the hardest rockclimbing routes in Britain and the Alps. Last year Richard McHardy soloed 14 routes in one day, including Vector at Tremadoc; the first solo ascent of this route was coveted by several solo climbers in a blatantly competitive expression of this latest trend. In the Alps Eric Jones and Cliff Phillips soloed many fine routes including the Bonatti Pillar and the N.E. face of the Piz Badile. Is this a passing phase of a few "nutters" or has it come to stay? So far no-one has been killed and no-one would question the competence of the climbers who practice it. As standards rise it is inevitable that the innovators will be pushed on to a sharper and sharper knife edge. Thus Paul Nunn writes³, "if climbing extremes is easier because of the protection, then the protection must go. Missing runners while leading endangers the second so he must go. A rope makes retreat easier, perhaps it should go too. To solo revives the real relationship between man and rock".

Is this the highest form of climbing or are there other alternatives? Certainly the less gifted who nevertheless want to excell will be driven to pursuing activities further afield in mountaineering - unexplored crags in Scotland, alpine style climbing in the greater ranges and so on. But what of the ordinary club member who only wants to climb at weekends? We do not suggest that everyone should go out and practice solo climbing - essentially this is something which should only be done by those at the very peak of performance, nor even that everyone should aim to climb the hardest routes - it is important that each individual makes a personal decision about his own approach to climbing. But we do think that a club which has a tradition of innovation should, at least, be aware of modern developments and whatever ones standard one should be conscious of 'style' and avoid, for instance, downgrading climbs by an excess of protection. The achievements of solo climbers are based on the essential characteristics of competence and style and these elements are applicable to all forms of mountaineering.

Turning now to this issue of the newsletter, we should like to introduce 'Tricouni' to our readers. He has of late taken to walking in the lower British hills, giving himself time to ponder on the Oread and mountaineering in general. 'Tricouni' has kindly offered to commit his musings to paper and contribute a column to each edition of the newsletter. 'Greener Grass?' has been contributed by a non-club member, T.I.M. Lewis. Tim, a first class rock climber is fresh from the North Wales scene where he has been studying at Bangor University. He has taken a lecturing post at Derby College of Further Education and is well known to several members of the Oread. The cartoon, which first appeared in the Leeds University C.C. Journal, is from an original by John Hammond.

Finally the editors are extremely grateful to all members of the club who have contributed to this issue.

- References: 1. Rocksport, April 1969. 2. Rocksport, June 1969.
3. Rocksport, October 1969.

These days it's no good moving from one climbing area to another and expecting to have an effect like Prometheus bringing fire down from Olympus to the mere mortals. You're more likely to suffer his fate - drinking all night and having your liver pecked out next day by the local vultures (or something that feels like that). The days of Gods descending from the clouds in climbing circles are gone. Climbing has now reached the communist ideal - a classless society where no-one's impressed by anyone else's status, in public. Now, don't get me wrong. The only reputation I have to precede me is best left behind. I can always tell when it's arrived there before me, instead of a red carpet, dancing maidens and a cup of good cheer, I get a sustained raspberry, locked doors or more usually a blank and disgusted stare.

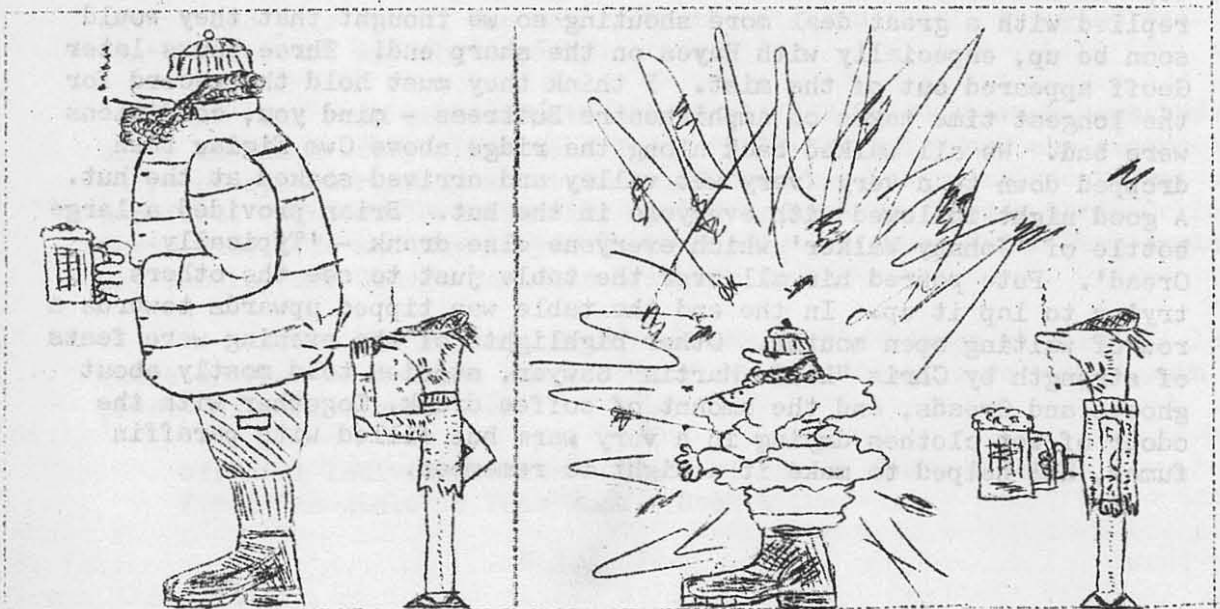
Enough blasts on my own trumpet. The editors asked that I point my trumpet Derby-wards. Now if I blew it a hundred times more often than the seven times that fixed Jericho, Derby and Rolls-Royce wouldn't bat an eyelid. First things first. I've seen them play often now: Mackay is still impressive, Macfarland's learning well, but who are the pygmies at the front and back? As a forward line they make a good circus act - with Shetland ponies and followed by sea-lions. What next? Oh yes. The clubs. This town's got more than Arnold Palmer. It took me some time to work out the difference between the Mercury and the Oread and why they were connected. I've got it sorted now, I think. This old guy told me in a pub. He said, and I've no reason to believe he lied, "A long time ago the Gods came down from the North (I think he meant Manchester) and gave three gifts to us, water, the wheel and iron. We'd no use for the first, having found better brews ourselves, so one lot took the wheel and the others iron. Now the lot with the iron needed some means of moving so they conned the lot with wheels into letting them join. The lot with wheels didn't want iron so they felt aggrieved and eventually both sides had recourse to water substitute to sort out their problems. That's the way it's stayed. As I said, I've no reason to believe he lied; an extraordinary story for an extraordinary set-up. Finally then. I was warned before coming to Derby about them: I was prepared to believe it, but the truth was worse. They don't think they run the town they just ignore it. It's the feudal overlord story all over again. Still, come the revolution I'll have a director polishing my handcart with a toothbrush. In case you hadn't guessed I'm talking about the aerial, mechanical, elastic band emporium, scotch-you-know-whose motors.

Well that's half my quota gone in painless reverie and I'm stuck. Unlike some I daren't get too personal because the council own my glass house so I'll have to stick to climbing.

Coming after a few years in Wales the Peak is great. Civilisation, maximum of half a days camel ride to the crags and it's all over inside half the usual distance. Mind you on some climbs that's a good thing. Another half like the first and I don't think I could manage the lot together often, old Irish proverb. What's really pleasant though is the variety and choice of climbing available which prevents the boredom which sets in in Wales after a number of years. When you've done the good and only the bad and ugly remain, life becomes tedious don't it? What heightens the enjoyment for me is that for the last four years I've barely been here and it's all new

ground. What sometimes makes this pill hard to swallow though is the ease with which a certain middle-aged man and his partner, the climbing sponge or 'the man who looks least likely to succeed', scamper up these little "bits" leaving me frantically searching for a jug and contracting another dose of athlete's hand. (That'll cost me.) I see I promised myself not to do this but while the irons hot lets get in the thick of it, old Chinese proverb, and pass a few more snide asides, The number of skiers, especially elderly and delicate ones, is impressive but some of them apparently must be confused about the nature of snow. It's white, lies on the ground - if it lies on the ceiling it's distemper, on the walls paint and on the bed it's Christmas - and should be about six inches deep. If it's brown it's not snow, and if the cap fits wear it. Then there's another party; I call him that because the first time I met him he was a one man celebration and asked me the second time what he'd said. God bless you sir, and your penguins. The rest of the Club seems to have remained uncontaminated; do yourselves a favour and remain that way.

Well, I've nearly done and I've not said much about climbing in this climber's newsletter. Disregarding the cries of "That's because you've not done much", he passed on. I think, I hope I'm right, that the reason for this is the diversity I feel in this club. It has more opportunity for becoming inbred than most other clubs, because of its nature and the area it operates in. The climbers seem to climb, the ramblers to ramble and both to discuss anything other than that when not in action. It also seems to have a healthy sense of inter-personal vituperation - gossip to you madam - which does not prevent it from being friendly. Thanks to all who have helped ease my entrance to a new area, especially those I've had a swing at. I've only one criticism to make: in the breathalyser age why does the club meet so far out of town. Not good thinking for good drinking.



CWM EIGIAU.

DAVE WESTON

What a great night it was, as we arrived in the Eigiau valley, after the rough track we had motored over. I was quite relieved when I saw the familiar shape of the Dam wall. I didn't fancy telling Lol that we had gone wrong and would have to return over that track. Once up and down is enough for anyone in a weekend. There was a sharp wind blowing and once Lol and I had prised Roy and April Sawyer out of the car we gathered our gear and set off for Eigiau Cottage; Roy staggering a little under the weight of his 'Tilly Twosome' stove and Gaz cylinder. "The only luxury I am allowing myself this weekend" had been his statement. The walk up to the cottage was not too hard really and having a fine moonlight night made it quite pleasant. The others stood and moaned whilst I took 5 minutes to get the door open, but once inside we realised what a grand place it was. While we lit candles and took the shutters off the windows, Roy set up his luxury to make a brew. I think it burned for all of 30 seconds before going out, and Lol declared the cylinder empty. "Thought it had felt light when I lifted it out of the car" he said. I was still laughing when the door burst open and Geoff Hayes, Colin Hobday, Mark Hayhurst and Wendy Allen came in. They reported that Pete Scott, Chris Radcliffe and Tom Green were camped down at the dam wall.

Mike Wren and Brian Hayley arrived early Saturday morning, just before 6.00am. Later they told us they had walked over the tops from Ogwen, starting about 1.00am on Saturday morning. They seemed to have had the best of the weather as by now it was raining fairly hard. We all set off from the hut up to Craig-yr-Ysfa. It had stopped raining now, but it was very misty and very wet underfoot. Geoff led us straight to the foot of 'Amphitheatre Buttress' - a big party since we were all going to do it. I was just thinking it would be the second time I'd climbed on this crag and not seen a thing, when Geoff and Roy, who were up the first pitch, decided that there was not enough rope so April and I walked round, and very pleasant it was until we got to the top and had to wait for the others. We had shouted down and they had replied with a great deal more shouting so we thought that they would soon be up, especially with Hayes on the sharp end! Three hours later Geoff appeared out of the mist. I think they must hold the record for the longest time taken on Amphitheatre Buttress - mind you, conditions were bad. We all walked back along the ridge above Cwm Eigiau then dropped down to a very, very wet valley and arrived soaked at the hut. A good night followed with everyone in the hut. Brian provided a large bottle of 'Johnny Walker' which everyone else drank - 'Typically Oread'. Pete poured his all over the table just to see the others trying to lap it up. In the end the table was tipped upwards towards a row of waiting open mouths. Other highlights of the evening were feats of strength by Chris "Louis Martin" Sawyer, stories told mostly about ghosts and Oreads, and the amount of coffee drunk. Together with the odour of wet clothes drying in a very warm hut filled with paraffin fumes, all helped to make it a night to remember.

Sunday brought more rain and mist. Pete, Chris, Geoff and their apprentice (Tom Green) set off to do Great Gully on Craig-yr-Ysfa. Brian and Mike also went, via the Gully, back to Ogwen and must have been very wet by the time they reached the road where their car was parked. The Great Gully under these conditions must have been quite gripping and humping ones weekend gear up it as well was quite an achievement. The rest of us set out for the shelter on top of Foel Grach, hoping that the weather would get better, but as usual our luck was out and it got worse. After fighting our way against a strong head wind and fairly thick mist, it took us all our time to find the shelter. It certainly made me wonder if it could be found in really foul conditions, unless its exact location was known. Once inside we found about a dozen young lads, wet through to the skin and all shivering. They were smoking what seemed to be their 'last fag'. The two chaps leading them must have got them all safely back to the valley because there were no exposure cases on Foel Grach that weekend. After a bite to eat we bombed off back into the Eigiau Valley just in time to meet Pete, Chris, Geoff and Tom returning from the crag, then back to the hut for the big clean up.

As usual the weather was getting better as we got ready to leave for home. Everyone was able to change into dry gear and walk down the track to the cars in comfort. As we put the shutters back at the windows and locked the door, I was thinking that although it had been VERY wet, it had been a great weekend at a great little hut and wondered when we should be here again - perhaps not quite so late in the year.

ILAM DASH, NOV. 2ND - RON CHAMBERS.

Sunday morning broke to see a dozen or so Oreads lining up with the professions, easily recognisable though by their somewhat unorthodox attire and pale faces, due mainly to the ale and trifle trenched the night before at Appleby's party.

The race started with the usual life or death rush down the drive in which Wendy Allen went for a "ball-of-chalk" and she swears 50 pairs of spiked running shoes trampled over her before she could get to her feet. The field eventually opened up however, seeing Chris Culley, Chris Radcliffe and Roy Sawyer in promising positions, with Dave Appleby, Ray Handley and George Reynolds bringing up the rear.

After the run the next race was to the George at Alstonfield where chicken sandwiches and accounts of the 'Dash' were washed down by plenty of well earned beer.

Official Individual Winner - Jeff Eley - Derby & County
First Non-Athletic Team Home - Rock & Ice

Second Non-Athletic Team Home - Oread - Chris Culley, Chris
Radcliffe and Roy Sawyer.
Third " " " " - Climbers Club.

I would like to thank all members who attended the meet,
particularly those who 'made the effort' and ran.

20TH ANNUAL DINNER, ASHBOURNE.

PAUL GARDINER

A write up of the 20th Annual Dinner could be kept to just a couple of lines saying who wasn't present. However, for the benefit of the few unfortunates who couldn't make it, and for the record, it went something like this.

The pre-dinner bar crush was the tightest yet and left barely enough room for one to raise glass and elbow. When everyone was seated, 162 places were occupied and the 'Green Man' staff once again dealt speedily with the serving of a meal, hot and not lacking in quantity; indeed several people, having gone to visit the 'Room Below' between courses, returned to find that the sweet course had passed them by and had to pursue the waitresses to get what they required

The President opened the speech making and gave a comprehensive review of the club's activities, rightly congratulating the Nordwand men and his address could best be summarised as 'A Bloody Good Year'.

Chris Radcliffe got stuck into the job of introducing the guests in a refreshing manner. He had obviously done his homework and no one was left off as he recalled their exploits, both reputable and not so.

Tom Patey, replying on behalf of the guests, commenced by announcing that he had only made one after dinner speech previously and was about to give it for the third time!! He touched on subjects ranging from Joe Brown straining his back weeding the garden to a somewhat involved account of a tame seagull on a film set. Everyone was pleased that Tom had made it down from Ullapool and it was a pleasure having him at our table.

After a break, as everyone was awaiting the next speech, that well known theatrical agent, Nat Allen, mounted the rostrum to announce that, in response to great demand, the 'Lady' who had appeared at the recent Photo meet, had been persuaded to join us and Miss O'Higgins Appleby came slinkily in un-ably supported by Harry Pissy. It is still not clear how 'H' endeavoured to assist Miss O'Higgins with her strip show without igniting his beard.

What followed can only be described as something of an anti-climax. Don Whillans rose to speak and propose the toast of the Oread M.C., and whilst those nearby may have been able to read some continuity into what was said, most of the remarks were lost to those at the more distant tables. Obscure references were made to the Oreads cycling days - do you remember taking part????

Following this, Dave Appleby, now restored to normal appearance - and that suit, rose to speak. There was some confusion for the first five minutes as to whether the speech was being made by Dave about Ray Handley or by Ray himself. Considerable back chat took place before Dave put in the hard word, undaunted by the "hard tack and incendiary bombs" bit.

Oliver Jones gave his usual guidance to the newly weds, the tale of the petrol in the jerry got yet another airing and the President got in a few sly crimps as the tankards were presented.

Sunday was cold and bright and by 11.15 about 30 members and guests had left the Peveril car park for Milldale via Ilam and the Manifold.

Accountant Squires, superintending the purchase of tea at Milldale, was heard to mutter that he had made a loss on the transaction and one of our friends from Coventry disliked the tea so much that he proceeded to wash the floor with it.

The walk back down Dovedale revealed Oreads, many in hung over condition, all along the way - the President even getting on to the rock with Uncle Nat.

To sum up - another good 'do', roll on the 21st D .

21ST ANNUAL DINNER.

This years Dinner will be held on 14th November, NOT 28th November as reported in the last issue of the Newsletter, at the Green Man, Ashbourne.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

It won't be any good waiting until the Dinner before you pay up - the Committee are going to operate their version of the "squeeze" - SUBS ARE DUE ON 1ST JANUARY EACH YEAR. "Subscriptions shall be paid within six months of becoming due, and any member who fails to pay within this period shall be, at the discretion of the Committee, struck off the list of members" (Rule 15 - O.M.C. Handbook) - so watch it!

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

It won't be any good waiting until the dinner before you pay up - the Committee are going to organize their version of the "agony" - and we are in the money each year. Subscriptions shall be paid within six months of becoming due, and any member who fails to pay within this period shall be, at the discretion of the Committee, struck off the list of members. (Note 15 - O.M.C. Handbook) - so watch it!

CLIMBING CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1. He's not so bad on snow and rock. (6,8)
- 9. Hot place in shade? (5)
- 10. Ben hung upside-down on this climb. (3)
- 11. This is ruddy'ard. (2)
- 12. A Yankee rat I destroyed in Europe. (7)
- 13. Prominent feature of a mountain. (4)
- 16. Instruction for finding Craig Bwlch-y-Moch (in English of course) (4,3,4)
- 18. Precious rock found in poor environment? (3)
- 20. The north-east starts a new prefix (That's a mixed up one!) (3)
- 21. Laid fuel can in confusion cause an accident. (6,1,4)
- 24. It's wind in the wood and reeds is high pitched. (4)
- 26. Counting Russian money after tea can lead to an unpleasant situation (7)
- 28. Early climber might have started Ochre Groove. (1,1)
- 29. ... Where to sleep in a cottage. (3)
- 30. Climbed Central Buttress. (3,1,1)
- 31. Take a hint, and rest, and so rise for the famous traverse. (14)

DOWN

- 2. A ghostly climb? (7)
- 3. Hermann had an epic on this Himalayan peak. (5,6)
- 4. When the water recedes, start everybody bathing. (3)
- 5. Language spoken in country adjoining Himalayas. (4)
- 6. A star is only reached through hard work. (5)
- 7. No G.C. and non-British? That's crazy he's a British climber. (5,9)
- 8. Injure chest around rock on Carreg Wastad. (10,4)
- 14. In other words it is unclimbable. (2,4,3,2)
- 15. This way you cannot fall. (2)
- 17. River where most meets 19 15. (3)
- 19. A friend, but not before Saturday. (3)
- 22. Starts at the head of upper valley; dangerous at high altitudes. (1,1)
- 23. I need a bus and a tow for this route on Cloggy. (7)
- 25. A hundred followed by a confused uproar received a cable. (5)
- 27. Affection from a rodent. (4)
- 29. Function of a backward society. (3)

LAND WALKER

612

ABANDON

INDUCE A

EALZ

It was during a short walk in the lower British hills, that a question posed itself in my mind; was it sufficient to accept the inadequacies of the British climate with its obvious effects on the climbing scene? Indeed, was it true that winters were colder, summers hotter in grandfathers day? Apparently so - 1903 was a memorable year for arctic ice with the sea freezing at Brighton; 9 years later another surge of ice contributed to the Titanic disaster, while in the late 1880's the Thames froze for the last time some 50 years before significant industrial warming. Can any material changes be brought about quickly and cheaply to the benefit of the ski-ing and mountaineering fraternity? Short of man's deportation, or mass importation of snow and ice, the theories put forward by the Swedish scientist PETERSON perhaps give more hope.

PETERSEN has recorded strange happenings in the depths of GULMAR FJORD. As the Atlantic waters press in towards the Baltic, they sink to the floor of the inland sea, allowing the fresher warmer waters to roll out above. The line dividing the two currents is surprisingly sharp, yet subject to strong pulsing waves directly related to tidal patterns. A similar tidal pattern occurs, according to PETERSEN, in the north Atlantic arctic waters, where huge submarine waves disturb the deep waters of the polar sea. Great quantities of warm Atlantic water may then press deep into the Arctic under the ice, filling the Labrador current with broken, drifting ice moving south. This in turn he argues, would have the effect of bending the warm Gulf Stream further south and east, removing at source the warm blanket normally cossetting the North European land mass, and accounting for the periodic sharp changes in climate of this area, contrary to the steadier pattern of world weather. ---- Quite a theory.

History does however seem to give credance to PETERSEN'S theories, with extra strong tidal conditions occurring at 9 year intervals, with theoretical maximum conditions at 1800 year intervals. The most recent period of strong tide and therefore cold conditions is recorded about 1430 AD, with warm conditions and weak tides about 550 AD. Thus the next cold spell is due about 2400 AD, whilst it is established beyond doubt that a major change in arctic climate set in about 1900 AD, becoming surprisingly marked around 1930, showing that the top of the world is indeed warming up.

So what can be done? Need we wait until the mid 21st century for the return of eternal snows and glaciers to our native peaks, with fine ski-ing snow in Bramcote and Roger doing a fine trade in everyday town gear for the populace at large. If PETERSON is right, could not a dedicated few with sufficient effort create a large enough aquatic disturbance to bend a bit of Gulf Stream? I rather think so, but the scepticism and disinterestedness common to most OREADS creates it's own problems. With co-operation the job could be done by eight stalwarts, for what ocean could withstand the Squires foot, the Janes nose, the Welbourne tongue, the Radcliffe press-ups, the combined bosoms of Appleby and Kath Tavell, Pretty's gut, and the obvious attributes of J. Crosse Esq., exporter and proliferator extra-ordinary.

The job's as good as done

CHRISTMAS AT TAN-Y-WYDDFA 1969.

The Cullum family arrived first the weekend before Christmas. It rained for four days. The hills were saturated with water and so were certain parts of the hut. Tales were heard of brooks babbling down the bathroom wall, down the lounge wall and across the floor. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day found the majority of the Club well established.

From Christmas Day onwards the weather was very cold and fine. Pete Scott and Doug Cullum climbed Bracket Gulley on Llewedd in very icy conditions. Chris Radcliffe, Geoff Hayes, Tom Green and Dave Brady climbed Reade's Route on Crib Goch in snowy conditions, the apprentice was quite impressed. The severe frost made driving in the Nant Gwynant the most hazardous event of the weekend, at least according to 'suicide seat' passengers. The usual treck up the back garden to the summit of Snowdon was accomplished on both Saturday and Sunday by the majority of those attending the meet. Climbs in the sunshine were achieved at Tremadoc on Craig Bwlch Y Moch and Pant Ifan.

Evenings were spent at the Royal Goat, Saracens Head, the hut or Eric and Merle's place, eating, drinking and dancing. Further entertainment at the hut was provided by a series of aquatic games organised by Geoff Hayes ably assisted by Tom Green. The evening was crowned by Messrs. Hayes and Green's 'piece de resistance', when they glided feet-first upstairs and then attempted to swim fully clothed in a bath of cold water.

The holiday was apparently just a little too much for Ernie Phillips who suffered from nightmares "there I was changing trains on this large station. I'd already transferred one item of luggage from one train to the other - (this dear reader was that everyday piece of luggage that one always carries when travelling by British Rail an OSTRICH)- when, just as I was half-way between platforms and trains transferring my second item of luggage - (wait for it)- a LARGE OXYGEN CYLINDER, an announcement came over the public address system indicating that British Railways had found it necessary to test the driver of the train towards which I was now staggering. The test involved the driver shunting his train as fast as possible to yet another platform.....".

Quote of the holiday came from John Welbourne fresh from 'burglar patrol' in Bangor-Is-Y-Coed, when he announced to the assembled company..... "You know really I'm the chief screwer in our village".... REALLY.

Altogether about twenty-five souls had a thoroughly enjoyable weekend in Wales.

It may seem unusual to include a chapter about holidays that are not Oread meets. As the Welsh hut will not hold all the Club and its friends, our little group obtained a couple of cottages and defected to the Keswick area. One group containing the Reynolds were near Portinscale, the other group in a large bungalow at Watendlath, comprised the Handleys, Applebys, Colledge and the Allens, together with various 'Summit' and 'Rock and Ice' friends.

It was of course an excellent holiday for weather, the Lake District being at its scenic best. Our team agreed in a drunken haze on a damp Christmas Eve to 'get-up-Gable-somehow'. This we did, and in improving weather had an excellent day. Christmas dinner cooked by our dedicated ladies was hilarious, with a 'blotto' Handley creating havoc during the meal with the ladies bra-straps. Boxing day was fabulous and we all completed a circuit round the ridge past Blea Tarn to Greenup, across High Raise to Stake Pass, returning down Langstrath to Borrowdale and Longthwaite and hence back up to Watendlath. Ray Colledge not to be outdone by Handleys efforts of the previous evening was plastered before dinner. Speeches were the order of the day, and we were all treated to a Colledge lecture on Handleys apprenticeship as an electricians 'mashing lad'. Colledge dished out the 'After-Eights' and together with Tinsel he demonstrated the latest dance he had perfected during his Alpine season. It is known as the 'Exit Crack Cha-Cha'. It seemed at first an ordinary high speed affair, but it ended dramatically with some high-speed cornering; the body was horizontal and his feet ran across the back of a seven-foot setee. I think alcoholic weightlessness is essential. Saturday saw circuits of Skiddaw and Saddleback, with some pulling in a route on Shepherds Crag.

The Reynolds threw a wild party at their place that night. The Sunday was damp, so we all left early for a much needed rest.

INFORMAL DINNER AND SOCIAL - JAN 3RD

GEOFF HAYES

The back room at the Royal Oak in Bakewell was the scene of a very good evening of food, drink, games, music and dancing. Sixty-five familiar faces sat down to a leg of chicken, chips and peas with a helping of apple pie to follow. As soon as this was demolished the tables and chairs were moved away and it was 'on with the music' with everyone in party mood. The excellent music was provided by Paul Gardiner and his electric box of tricks. Paul and Fred Allen recorded the tapes which went swinging away until just after midnight without pause. There were plenty of strenuous games - Chris Cully was Limbo Dance champion and Chris Radcliffe Press-up champion. Paul Gardiner proved he had the biggest draws when he won the giant balloon blowing contest. Wendy Allen was judged the most undressed female of the evening and Anne Hayes the to have the shortest mini in the room (but only after dropping her slacks). Almost evryone in the room got a lick of chocolate in the dice - throwing game arranged by Pam Weston. In fact the evening was such a success it could well have a permanent place on the Oread list.

The Derbyshire Hut provided shelter for a large crowd after the social and the new foot deep foam on the matrazenlager helped to heal many a thick head during the night.

Naturally it was rather a late start on the Sunday with a group of members motoring out from home. A perfect frosty winter's day with the sun coming out to warm the rocks for climbing; Nat Allen lead a large group of hard men to climb routes on Gardoms, Baslow, Curbar, and Froggat, finally ending up at Stoney Middleton for a route before tea at Erics Caf'. The ladies went walking and drinking and Harry Pretty was seen exercising the Kiwi over the heather.

INDOOR MEETS

At the December meet a few of us enjoyed a first class lecture by Martin Harris on climbing in East Africa. The Great Rift Valley had innumerable crags of British proportions which were virtually unexplored from a rock climbing point of view. Martin had some fine slides of first ascents on one of these crags, of a tedious plod to the summit of Kilimanjaro and of a mini-expedition through rain forest and giant groundsel to the unique Ruwenzori, the 'Mountains of the Moon'. The best mountaineering was to be found on Mount Kenya where Martin achieved the second ascent of the N.E. Pillar of Nelion and showed some remarkable slides demonstrating how the north and south faces on the mountain reverse their roles of snow-clad and snow-free faces as the sun moves from one side of the equator to the other. It was a pity support was lacking on this occasion.

The January meet was an occasion for the showing of members slides. Various recent meets were portrayed together with some 'Golden Oldies' by Geoff Hayes.

FUTURE INDOOR MEETS

THE FIRST ASCENT OF ALI RATNI TIBBA Chris Radcliffe 10th February

This peak was first looked at by Ray Handley and Dennis Gray on the 1961 Derbyshire Himalayan Expedition, and Bob Pettigrew did the first circumnavigation investigating various lines of ascent in 1965. As the "final peak of the area" it was finally climbed by the Scottish Himalayan Expedition in 1969.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE FORTRESS John Gregory 10th March

This formidable peak in Patagonia was first climbed by an expedition led by Ian Clough in 1968. John Gregory was one of the summit party and is a first class lecturer.

MISCELLANY

No Comment!

Sir, - I read in the article in your newspaper (November 11th) the reference to two climbers having fallen down from Gordale Scar in Malhamdale recently and suggesting that danger signs should be posted there.

Surely, the people concerned in both these incidents know that they are taking risks and must be prepared to accept the possible consequences. Anyone with a grain of intelligence does not need to be told that the practice of climbing any crags is an unsafe pursuit and I fail to see why notices should be stuck all over the countryside, just because a minority happen to choose this way of death.

Personally, I think climbers should only be allowed on a few selected rocks; this would probably confine them to a more suitable terrain with supervision and there would be no necessity for notices. I am sure the general public do not want them.

Yours faithfully,
P.C. QUIN.

Leylands Lane, Bradford 9.

- With acknowledgement to the Yorkshire Post.

Climbing in the Americas.

For years now climbing in the distant ranges has meant the organisation of an expedition with all the paraphenalia of budgets, grants, patrons, begging letters, stores lists, equipment lists and so on. There has tended to be quite a gulf between 'The Alpine Game' and 'The Expedition Game' (See GAMES CLIMBERS PLAY by LITO TEJADA-FLORES, 'Mountain' March 1969).

Like so many things on the climbing scene this situation is changing - here are a couple of "good buys" which give British climbers a realistic opportunity to play 'The Continuous Rock-Climbing Game', 'The Big Wall Game' and 'The Super-Alpine Game' without organising a full scale expedition:-

1. Yosemite. ROCKSPORT are arranging a three week trip to Yosemite, California (provisionally September 19th - October 10th) by jet plane and 'Greyhound' coach for less than £100. Also organised is the camp site and a discount of 10 - 15% on the purchase of climbing gear locally. Food extra at \$ 2.50c - \$ 3 per person per day. Anyone interested write to:-

John Parry,
Rocksport Circulation,
29, Merthyr Road,
Tongwynlais,
Cardiff CF4 7LF.

2. Andès. The Andean society are arranging charter flights in a Boeing 707 and Convair 990 for the last three weeks of August and first two weeks of September 1971. Costs are not yet fixed but will be around the £100 mark. For more information, see Les Langworthy.

Climbing at Tremadoc.

Craig Pant Ifan lies in a nature reserve and anyone climbing there is supposed to have a permit. We have had the opportunity to get a bulk quantity of permits and Les Langworthy has written off for 30, so apply to him if you are likely to climb on this crag.

"Spatz-m" at the Derbyshire Hut.

Those enjoying "deep sleep" comfort at Heathy Lea should have the greatest admiration for Harry Pretty's powers of persuasion. The "spatz-m" have been provided by K-foam in recognition of the important part Heathy Lea plays in the mountain rescue activities of Team Alpha!

The foam was delivered to Harry at home and on Boxing Day he took a load to the hut strapped to the top of his car. It was freezing hard and when filling up at a local garage, the attendant cynically commented: "You're a bit of a pessimist aren't you?"

We are faced with a bit of a problem, however - trying to keep them clean, so anyone wanting to try their hand at making covers should contact Harry.

Guide Book News.

1. Climbs in the Peak. Vol. I (Stanage), Vol II (Chew Valley) and Vol III (Froggat) are all out of print now, but are being revised by various characters who should all complete their manuscripts by the end of this year. Printing sometime in the future.

Vol. IV (Gritstone - including Birchens, Chatsworth, Cratcliffe, Black Rocks, the Ambergate quarries and also Brassington Rocks) is at the proof stage and will be printed in the next month or two.

Vol. V (Limestone I - north of the Wye including Castleton, Cheedale, Water-Cum-Jolly-Dale, Ravensdale and Stoney Middleton) is printed - Nat has seen one - and should be in the shops anytime.

Vol. VI (Limestone II - south of the Wye including the Matlock crags, Dovedale-Manifold crags and others such as Lathgill Dale) is in course of preparation, which might mean anything.

2. West Col Coastal Guides. At present available are Anglesea-Gogarth (Crew), Gower Peninsula (Talbot), South Devon (Biven) - all at 28/-.

In preparation are Llynn Peninsula and North York Moors and Coast.

3. West Col Alpine Guides. At present available are Mont Blanc (2 vols), Pennine Alps (2 vols), Bernese Alps, Dauphine & Vercours, Bregalia West, Bernina, Graians West and East, Central Switzerland, Otztal, Maritime Alps, Ortler, Dents du Midi, Engelhorner and Salbitschijen. With all these possibilities there is really no excuse for us to be like sheep trekking to the same old areas.

In preparation are the Dolomites (2 vols), Kaisergebirge and Bregalia East.

Any of these Guide Books can be obtained through Geoff Hayes.
