

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

Edited by Pete Scott and Chris Radcliffe

JULY 1970

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EDITORIAL

Already 1970 has proved a great year for mountaineering. Whatever reservations one may have, it cannot be denied that a new and exciting era in Himalayan mountaineering has begun. The normal cycle of development has been short circuited as expeditions have moved from 'peak bagging' by the easiest routes to tackling the most difficult faces and this year each of three biggest faces in the world - Everest, Annapurna and Nanga Parbat south faces - has been climbed.

The Japanese do not appear to have won a straight victory on the south face of Everest. Early on they reported difficulties of oxygen masks misting up while pegging! They switched their objective to the South Buttress and then loose rock forced them on the S.W. ridge by which route they reached the summit. Meanwhile another party of Japanese were busy ski-ing down Everest. Government sponsored and unashamedly nationalistic, these activities are inclined to seem rather like the circus come to town although very fine achievements in their own right.

The success of Bonnington's party on the South face of Annapurna has already been well chronicled. The biggest and most expensive expedition to leave these shores since Kanchenjunga in 1955, yet by comparison with the Japanese and Germans it gives the impression of having been run on a shoe string and by far the most casual in approach. Nevertheless, Annapurna having the biggest and possibly the most technical of all three big south faces, the pundits gave Bonnington the slimmest chance of success. Hence Whillans and Haston's effort of reaching the top, unroped, on May 27th, a day when the rest of the party decided to sit it out in their tents, was a fine achievement indeed.

Just one month later, on June 27th, four members of Dr. Herlingkoffers eighteen man team reached the summit of Nanga Parbat after a successful ascent of the Rupal face. This was a hard won success for it came after two previous expeditions had gone out to reconnoitre the route.

These successes were in each case marred by tragedy. One Japanese climber and five sherpas killed on Everest by avalanche; Ian Clough killed by ice fall on Annapurna and then, on Nanga Parbat, an avalanche carried away Gunter Messner, brother of the famous Austrian solo climber Reinhold Messner, just after they had together reached the summit. Modern aids have nothing against objective danger; the ultimate penalty remains high and it shows mountaineering to be still essentially an adventure sport.

In a sense this aspect is less of a motivation than it was. The achievements this year expand the potential of mountaineering and yet, by virtue of their success, seem to be leading to ultimate sterility. One senses a situation developing in Himalayan climbing that we have already seen on crags at home - more and more new routes on 'impossible' rock and yet, paradoxically, the result is an increasingly tedious mass of eliminates that lack the sheer audacity of early routes put up by climbers such as Menlove Edwards or Colin Kirkus whose lines stood in total isolation. The challenge, the excitement and the achievement remain, yet the challengers are so good one feels that any route - on Himalayan giant as on local outcrop - can be forced. Much is gained, yet one feels something of the essence of mountaineering is lost.

With the Alpine holiday close at hand it is perhaps inevitable that we should give an Alpine bias to this edition of the Newsletter. Looking further ahead, we are planning to produce only two editions after we come back. The first will be a bumper edition covering Oread activities throughout the Alps and the second will be a special 21st Anniversary Year edition to be brought out in time for the Annual Dinner. This will be bigger and glossier than general and Harry Pretty has agreed to help us in the production of this issue. Please may we have articles, on any subject whatsoever, for the Anniversary edition - to the editors or to Harry.

Finally, back to this issue. Our thanks are due to Sue Taylor who helped with the typing and to J. Hammond who designed the cartoon.

THE DEAD

DENNIS GRAY

(For E.B., J.McA., Dr.Tom & I.C.)

The tidy dead,
Not seen,
Not heard to cry,
Their laughter stilled,
No flesh left,
Bones in the ground,
The clothes sold,
Secured beneath a stone,
As a rabbit's skull in the hills,
Or a dead birds carcase,
Yet they are not gone forever;
For in the star of the night,
And the cast of the sun,
In winter's frost or blizzard,
Summer's heat and rain,
Their memory will be alive.

RAST' ICH, SO ROST' ICH!

TRICOUNTI

It was during a short walk in the lower British hills, that the above quotation from the philosophies of Martin Luther seemed at once so immediate and pertinent;

"If I rest, I rust!"

The annual pilgrimage to the Alps only weeks away, and the sad and feeble performance of the overfed and over-aged body that lay claim to my undisciplined mind, was surely indicating yet again that it had had enough; that this was the last year; that "its cribbage from now on my lad!" And yet come next year, the same pretence will surely start again or will it?

Read if you will of the astounding facts of your fellow man; of the exploits of the legendary, who must be twice your age; of how X and Y began this silly game of climbing at such and such an advanced age, and look what they can do. I know a chap of 64 who can still do 50 press-ups and run a mile faster than I So what, I've got my own teeth!

Perhaps then the animal cunning that develops over the years, is encouraged as the body finds a thousand short cuts, and the crafty mind finds excuse upon excuse to justify yet another round of "You must be bloody daft, we did that years ago!" The trouble is that like Luther's rust, once started, the process of decay is all but un-haltable, and certainly not reversible. The first "cry-off" inevitably leads to the second, the first "One more pint instead of one more route" leads down that easy and devil lined highway to your promised land of coronary, liver wort and corpulence.

Consider for a moment the words the golden words of Mr. Wainwright

"Climb till the prudence of years tempers the activity of youth to the point where easy paths hold challenge enough where once were crag and scree.

Then walk the dales!

Yet if you would tarry within the special world of climbers without participation, and do nought but linger within the social round of coach-house and hotel, then nothing is more certain than that good ale and good wine will rob you of remaining youth, as surely as your loosed and bragging tongue will sweep aside that small respect in which you may be held.

Take care - for indulgence of the flesh and lofty summits are uneasy partners!"

"Then walk the dales" - perhaps there lies the answer to the problems of advancing years; a gradual decline of activity to that final awful moment when the great leader in the sky takes in your slack and belayed to the pearly gates, safeguards the last great ascent! Yet imagine the shame and frustration of the intervening years, fighting through the hoards of "Aunty Mabel's, Little Willies, Uncle Berts and Fru-Fru Poodles for a mere glimpse of your beloved mountains!"

In the face of such alternatives, who could do otherwise but follow dutifully the annual pilgrimage to the Alps; and we may go on next year's, but what of the year after, and the year after that? Should a being, once devoted to the art of climbing, but now increasingly diverted by the widening attractions of advancing years, climb on with steadily worsening achievement and gradually lessening satisfaction until, at length, nought is left but memory, the odd not-so-funny story, and rheumatism? Perhaps Schiller sums up the inevitable course with adequate resignation.....

"Das alte stürzt, es ändert sich die zeit,
und neues leben blüht aus den ruinen".

"The old falls, time changes, and new life blossoms out of the old."

"The old falls" Perhaps this is the way; if fate fails to weed out the ageing with the relentless pull of gravity, perhaps a leap to a glorious grave will solve the problem. The trouble is, when it comes to jumping, you never can, so perhaps total and sudden retirement from climbing will suffice in its stead. This of course raises the question of when should Mr. Average, the middle man of any club, call it a day and step aside for the 'Tigers' of the next (or in some cases, next but one), generation? Perhaps Elizabeth I had the answer when she penned

"Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,
If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all."

Coronary seizure, however, can surely not be relied on in this instance as a satisfactory alarm clock, with wonder drugs and transplants such a feature of our every day lives, that as someone said at Cwm Cowarön

"We're all so full of drugs these days,
that eventually someone will die of health!"

So what course is left open to the 'oldies' of the club? I believe that a searching appraisal of the ranks of the club, reveals that a handful of senior members have obviously been faced with this problem, and have approached it in widely differing ways, but with equal success. The old at heart could do worse than follow their example.

Geoffrey Nicholas Hayes approaches the problem with typical enthusiasm, single mindedness and total disregard for gossip. He refuses to climb with anyone over 21 years of age. In this way, Mr. Hayes enjoys immense boosts to both ego and reputation alike. Not resting at the foundation of nursery classes to ensnare and nurture his young partners, he spreads his net ever wider into the ranks of kindred clubs. Perhaps the ease with which the young people are duped into "short days," and the innocent trust with which they introduce to him their female acquaintances, contributes significantly towards Mr. Hayes' excellent retention of youthful vigour. His reproductive record and fresh sturdy complexion are a credit to his 38 years. Mr. Hayes cleans his top teeth first.

Mr. Raymond Joshua College approaches the problem differently. Methodical in all things, it is obvious that from an early age, it was his intention to emulate in all respects the excellent example of the "Tortoise and the Hare" and to restrain rapid development. At the age of 19, some 51 years ago, Mr. College completed his first climb, successfully soloing and reversing the route in and out of his high chair. A carefully planned training schedule (with "stops of exactly 10 minutes every 100 miles on the autobahn") led through climbs of increasing difficulty to the left hand spiral route on the near stair of an Edinburgh tram at the age of 28, and to his first face (the famous north wall of the Bruxelles Nord Station toilet (first class). Not until over the years of "youthful exuberance" did Mr. College feel satisfied that he was, at the age of 35, of sufficient standing to afford the amount of clothing required for a change at the end of each route, and sometimes each pitch. The later record of Mr. College is well known to members, and indeed shows the wisdom of his untaxed youth. Mr. College cleans his bottom teeth first.

Mr. Cecil David Appleby is the epitome of vibrant youth. His dulcet tones, and peach-like tanned skin are but adornments of his well proportioned and multi-purpose body. At 38, he illustrates remarkably his philosophy that active body hormones brought about by frequent sex changes; the continuous wearing of comprehensive corsetry beneath exquisitely elegant ski clothes (even in the bath); and page 27 of the Perfumed Garden, contributed equally to his regal bearing. Mr. Appleby will give no details about his frequent face lifts, but does reveal that "John's Red Barrel is just the job for getting bat's blood off your teeth."

Perhaps somewhere here we may find what we all seek -

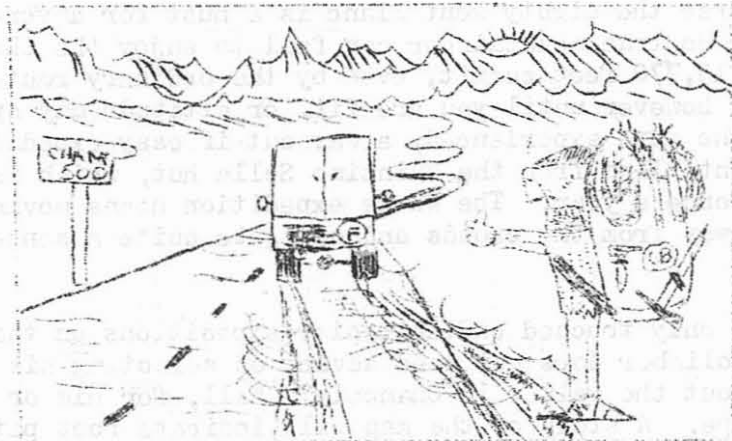
"Vitea Precepta Beatae"
(Directions for leading a happy life).

Me - it's back to bloody training!

ARGENTIERE 1970

25TH JULY-8TH AUGUST

Chris Radcliffe and Pete Scott are going to Chamonix on the 17th July and during the week before the official Oread Meet will chose a suitable campsite somewhere between Argentiere and Chamonix. If a suitable site is available in Argentiere they will naturally chose it, but failing this the next likely village is Les Praz between Argentiere and Chamonix. They will leave a message in the Bar National (next to the Post Office in Chamonix) and in Snell Sport across the road. They will leave some sort of sign and a message at the campsite chosen. Look out for Chris's car, an Austin 1300 NOK 593F. See you there!



RAMBLING WITH RAYMOND

RAY COLLEDGE

Peter Scott has asked me to write about this year's Oread venue, the Chamonix Valley, and in particular to combat the idea that Chamonix is an unpleasant holiday centre. This idea has perhaps been spread by Oread members who are more interested in night clubs than in walking or climbing, and such people might be happier on skiing holidays. For myself, I will admit that Courmayeur and Zermatt have more attractive buildings, but I cannot see that the climbing at Chamonix is any less attractive. Rather the opposite in fact and that is surely all that matters on a mountaineering holiday. For married members, of course, other factors arise, but that is another question.

Argentière is a mountain village with hotels and shops, but hardly the place to browse around whilst relaxing from a climb. Chamonix itself is a small mountain town with a large number of shops catering for all tastes and easily reached from Argentière. The important thing however is that enormous numbers of climbs for all tastes are concentrated in the area. An electric railway runs the length of the valley so that personal transport is not essential for anyone wishing to move about.

For anyone staying at Argentière and with limited experience, the Tour Noir from the Argentière hut offers a good training climb by the ordinary route, although Derek Burgess and I traversed it by the West ridge in 1963, finding no difficulty. Further north there is the easy Aiguille du Tour from the Albert Premier hut and, of course, the delectable Aiguille Dorées traverse. From the Couvercle hut the traverse of Les Courtes gives another fine expedition, whilst from the same hut one could recommend the Moine by the rocky south west ridge. In doubtful weather, one can always climb the Aiguille de L'M by the N.N.E. ridge or traverse the Petit Charmoz and these are short day expeditions from the Montenvers.

Of course the mighty Mont Blanc is a must for anyone who has not yet climbed it. No true mountaineer can fail to enjoy the thrill of arriving on the 15,770 feet summit, even by the ordinary route. Please don't attempt it however until you are fit, or altitude may spoil the pleasure. For the more experienced, a way out if easy expedition is the Miage face of Mont Blanc from the Tuintino Sella hut, which is only visited perhaps once a year. The whole expedition means moving over remote ground, away from the crowds and one gets quite a sense of isolation.

I have only touched on the easier expeditions on the grounds that the more expert climber does not need advice on selecting his climb. However, what about the walker in Chamonix? Well, for him or her, there is unlimited scope. A study of the map will indicate foot paths along both sides of the valley. One can ascend by téléphérique, walk with the valley far below and then descend by another téléphérique some hours later. There is the easy walk to the waterfalls of Barberine on the Swiss border, the ascent to Pierre à Berard chalet, or the Lac Blanc, whilst the Brévent gives a fine viewpoint for the photographer. All these are easily accessible without a car, due to the excellent electric line, but they do mean getting up at say 8.00 a.m., and such early rising is not a Oread characteristic.

My favourite from Chamonix is to motor through Les Contamines to Notre Dames de la Gorge where the car is parked. A wide path leads up through a forest past one or two coffee houses to a flat open alpe, on which one can walk in a southerly direction as far as the Col de la Croix de Bonhomme. A delightful and easy outing but again one must decide the day before to go, because it means early rising and that one cannot do after a session in a night club.

Details of all these walks can be obtained from brochures readily available from the excellent Bureau du Tourisme in Chamonix. This office also displays an excellent weather chart with the daily forecast.

For those who have done their climbs, or for the family man, there is the 65 miles drive via Cluses and the Route des Alpes, to Thonon les Bains on the Lake of Geneva, or to Geneva itself. An early start should give a long day on the beach and a swim in surprisingly warm water.

It is obvious that I have not touched on all the possibilities that Chamonix has to offer. For real climbing advice ask those two Chamonix experts Derek Burgess and Ray Handley. Many years ago, when Dennis Davis and I were visiting Chamonix for the first time, we were asleep in a crowded hut dormitory, dreaming of the climb we hoped to do next day, suddenly everyone's sleep was shattered by the noisy entrance of several English climbers, with one Englishman being particularly noisy. Dennis Davis has never forgotten this man and only recently told me his name. It was Ray Handley. In those days I was too young and innocent to be a member of the R.H. circle.

BIOLLAY CAMPSITE

The free campsite next to the graveyard in Chamonix was closed last year after climbers of all nationalities received the following epistle from the mayor:

I regret to have to inform you that your stay in the Biollay's grove gives rise to dissatisfaction and complaints more and more numerous from the population because of your scorn of the more elementary rules of public health.

Furthermore I confirm the indications written on the panel standing in the access path, that, the right place where you are now is easily flooded, if a storm blows up on the Nantillons' glacier and brings the overflowing of the Grepons torrent.

So, I find myself constrained to put into operation the decree n° 32/68 of 31 of July 1968, where it is said that CAMPING IS FORBIDDEN in Biollay.

Consequently, I ask you to clear out this place without delay. In case you would not, we'll call upon Police forces.

LE MAIRE.

THE MUCH DESPISED AIGUILLE DE L'M T.F. BRIDGES.

In their recent lecture on the Mont Blanc area, Pete and Chris spoke with derision about the Aiguille L'M on more than one occasion. Now I once spent a very pleasant afternoon on the Aiguille L'M so I thought I would use this medium to redress the balance a little.

As a result of making better time in the car than we expected, a friend of mine - Alan Rainford - and myself arrived in Chamonix reasonably early one glorious sunny morning. It seemed a pity not to be climbing but it was obviously too late for any high climb. A quick flip through the guide book brought to light the N.N.E. Ridge of the L'M, which looked ideal for a short day. At Difficile it promised an interesting route at about the same length as a climb on Cloggy. Obviously it was considerably easier than Cloggy, but this suited the altitude anyway.

We gathered together gear for several days and boarded the train for Montanvers. At the terminus we left our gear in the hut by the hotel and walked round the track to the Aiguille L'M. A short slippery snow slope led up to the foot of the N.N.E. Ridge where we roped up. It was about 1.00 p.m. by this time.

The climb starts with very pleasant slabs and the occasional deep groove and little wall. There is a Vinf pitch hereabouts but I don't remember it so it couldn't have been very hard. After a few pitches a large ledge is reached. At the back of this is a steep thrutchy corner crack which I remember quite well though it isn't grade V. The altitude was my excuse.

Beyond this crack two grooves about 30 ft. high give an interesting but not serious problem and then a few easier pitches enable the summit to be reached.

The summit is sitting room for one only.

Having sat on the summit we climbed down to the Col de la Blüche and then sojourned the Petits Chamois to finish the day. The return to Montanvers was quite easy and safe despite the lateness of the hour.

So, there it is. Most certainly not a climb for a good day, nevertheless the Aiguille L'M has its good points if you are left with a part day sometime or if the weather is lousy.

SELECTED CLIMBS

D.BURGESS

Chamonix & Yes at last the Oread have, after several Alpine meets arrived at what is the mecca of the Alps. Call the meet. Arve Valley, Argentière or what you will, this year we are going to Mont Blanc and that means Cham.

What's wrong with Cham?... is anything wrong with Cham? This is the one question that can only be answered by the individual. Admittedly it is full of tourists, super-markets, trinket shops and all the paraphernalia of a French Blackpool but it is also situated beneath Mont Blanc. It's snow capped summit dominates the town at the entrance to the Mer de Glace, the highway to the hills.

It is steeped in history and tradition and the meeting place of the cream of the worlds Alpinists. No doubt all the meet will spend a considerable time there, swilling ale at the National, chatting at the corner cafes, swimming, skating and generally festering in a variety of ways but the decision to camp at Argentière is a sensible one.

Deep down we all look for something a little quieter and more Alpine and at Argentière we should find it.

Will we lose out on the climbing by camping there you may ask and the answer is no, definitely not. Argentière is at the foot of a glacier leading to one of the finest mountain cirques in the Alps; it's glacier being dominated on the left bank by the impressive north faces of the Verte, Droites, Les Courtes, Triolet and Leschaux. However the other side offers easy routes up the Tour Ronde and Argentiere, all offering magnificent views of the north faces opposite. Higher up the Arve is Le Tour from which the Albert ler. hut can easily be reached, using a telepherique if needs be for the initial pull out of the valley.

The peak from the l.er. is undoubtedly the Chardonnet with its justly popular Forbes Arête. A good short rock route is the West Face of the Purtschellar, a 'Terray' route and a good introduction to the more serious rock routes on the Aiguilles. These two routes would make a good start to the holidays and give a good yardstick to ones ability on the bigger stuff. From the l.er. hut there are excellent high level walks over the 'three cols', the Trient Plateau, a great trek that can be started from Vallarcine with a night at the Trient hut (C.A.S.), and finishing back at the l.er., all of which can be coupled with the easier peaks around the plateau.

The main road in however is the Mer de Glace. Tradition once dictated a walk up from Chamonix in the name of training, finance or just plain masochism. The train obviously saves time and energy for later.

Huts are legion: Possibly the best for the 'new lad' to the area would be the Couverdle, a huge modern hut situated at the foot of the Moine. The Moine itself offers good routes on it's East Face

graded (TD), or South West arete (D). From the hut a classic route is the Verte by the Whympier couloir or Moine ridge, both rather serious. The Droite is a fine route with an excellent traverse and for a first visit the Courte traverse is recommended and also the Ravanel and Mummery, a rock climb of about severe standard with some pleasant abseils in rather remote surroundings.

The Envers hut offers more serious climbs up the East Face of the Aiguilles: of these the Mer de Glace face of the Crepon is possibly the easiest and most suitable for fast moving parties competent to severe standard. The Requin hut should certainly be visited and the ascent of the Requin from here is an easy and attractive climb amidst superb scenery.

Where to stop when writing like this is difficult as there is so much to do that the mind simply boggles. One must ascend Mont Blanc by any route. The final plod up from the Vallot will never be forgotten, (either from sickness, fatigue or the view.) Be prepared for a shock as Mont Blanc rises head and shoulders over any neighbouring peaks and is without question the monarch of the Alps.

Across the Arve valley, easily accessible by telepherique or numerous paths, is the Brevent and Aiguilles Rouges. Delightful walks for off days all with the unique backcloth of Mont Blanc, majestic and white, towering above the valley.

A word generally about the meet. Pete Scott and Chris, who travel out a week early, will locate a campsite that is suitable for Oread needs (whatever they are!). They intend leaving a note at the National Cafe, near the Post Office in Chamonix and will no doubt put up some marker in Argentiere. Food and camping tends to be rather on the expensive side in France. It is also worth joining an Alpine club for hut reductions and possibly arranging additional insurance etc. Ice axes, crampons and the usual equipment will be required. Choose an easy climb as a starter and most of all lets all have a damned good time.

CONFESSION!

The President thanks the editors for their profile of him in last issue's EDITORIAL but emphatically denies that he is STERILE!

MOUNTAIN RESCUE

Those familiar with the Alpine Game will know only too well that in the event of climbers getting into difficulties in the Alps an efficient rescue organisation swings into action.

Professional guides and helicopters are normally employed to facilitate rescue and consequently huge bills are often presented to the rescued. Therefore it is wise to take out some insurance; This may be obtained through membership of the various continental Alpine Clubs and also through certain British insurance organisations.

In this country rescue is of course free --- relying on the various voluntary Mountain Rescue Teams and the RAF...even if the lost and distressed parties are enjoying breakfast in a local hotel when located!!...which reminds us of the ballad concerning that well known Orad from Lancashire Sej Quires.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
Sej Quires, who bore, mid snow and ice
A banner with a strange device
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
But pressing on..brave little fellow!
He cried 'They'll never call me yellow,
Get up that Alp.'

'Try not the Pass!' the old man cried
Sej Quires with baritone voice replied:
'Go fry your face you silly old nit,
For nowt will keep me from t'summit !
It's that or bust.'

'Beware the pine trees withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasants last goodnight.
Sej Quires roared back from up the height:
'Get knotted mate!'

At break of day as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered their oft repeated prayer,
Sej Quires cry clove the startled air,
'Send up the brandy!'

The monks despatched a faithful hound
By whose keen nose Sej Quires was found.
'lets have that barrel chum,' he cried,
'and you and I will get cockeyed,
Or I'm a Dutchman.'

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Stoned, the boon companions lay,
And from the topmost of the peak
Sej Quires voice was heard to squeak,
'Exshelshior!'

Any similarity to persons alive and kicking is entirely intentional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Tel: (Work) - Chesterfield 77211, extension now 217.
- Pete Scott - Tel: (Work) - Derby 61422, extension now 803, 805
or 807.
- Dave Brady - 4, Avenue Road, Duffield, Derby.
Tel: Duffield 3171.
- Mike Moore - "Greenway", Ryeford, Western-under-Penyard, Near
Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire.
- Bob Pettigrew - We don't have his new home address, but Bob can be
contacted :
c/o The Hampshire County Council, Room 119,
The Castle, Winchester.
Tel: Winchester 4411, extension 518.

MISSING PAGES

We try hard to avoid missing out pages when making up each copy of the Newsletter, but, being human, sometimes an odd page is left out or one is included which has only printed on one side. If this happens to you, please tell Chris at the above address as there are usually several spare pages and he will then send you another one.

BUTTERMERE MEET

LLOYD CARIS

MOENHOL.H

The northern section of the Oread had a good weekend at Gatesgarth and enjoyed some excellent weather on the Saturday, if not Sunday.

My guest member of the meet, Jim Kilduff and myself did an excellent snow gully along with two rock routes in Birkness Combe namely Harrow Buttress and Rib and Wall. Not climbs of a high grade but under the iced conditions quite interesting.

Upon arriving back at the farm where the Caris family were staying (apart from the hardy meet leader who was camping !) we found Brian Cooke and Tom Frost relaxing in the dining room awaiting dinner. They too had booked in for some good farmhouse hospitality and looked like making the most of it.

Brian had spent the day with Tom in Borrowdale on Shepherd crag helping him to get his feet bedded back into the old trusty boots once more. They had had a good day working through most of the 'old faithfuls' and were quite pleased with their exploits.

Sunday saw Brian, Tom and myself setting out for the day in the direction of Gillercombe. It was snowing lightly and became progressively worse as we gained height towards the crag. The idea to tackle the Buttress was quickly shelved so we started up the gully which runs immediately to the left of the now obliterated route. This gully proved to be quite an epic with true Lakeland tradition being followed by Brian sliding and sitting on the meet-leaders head. These manoeuvres were deemed necessary due to pulging wet ice, which along with water running through made the going somewhat awkward. The three stalwarts however made the top and were not long in bombing back down into the now nearly flooded valley, only to find that the Seathwaite Tea Shop was closed. Those people were right when they said climbers must be mad!

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD IN APRIL ISSUE

NEEDLES A STITCH
 I N O A G E R A
 GREEN LEGENDARY
 H R G V R T I M
 TIGHTROPES ANNA
 S Y O G S I K
 DIGSASTANCE
 I K R O T A G R
 CONNOISSEUR
 Y A P S T K F
 ROVE PINTOFBEER
 O E C P E I N E
 CUSTODIAN RIDGE
 K I L N E S A L
 SENDDOG TOTALLY

YORKSHIRE THREE PEAKS
April 24th-26th 1970

H. JOHNSON

Twenty-six adults and three children finally assembled at the Golden Lion, Horton in Ribblesdale on the Friday evening to discuss, over the usual pints the time for departure on the Saturday morning. Times suggested ranged from the unrealistic 6.00am. to the acceptable 10.00am.

On Saturday morning however we were greeted with low mist and heavy rain. The only sign of life appeared to be in Don Cowans tent where he discarded egg shells on the grass at regular four or five second intervals. At 10.30 am. with the rain still persisting someone shouted "They're open" and a mass exodus was made to the bar. The next four hours were spent drinking (obvious), chatting, Handley trying to prove himself 'King' of the dartboard and much frenzied activity on the football machine.

At kicking out time with the rain having almost stopped, snow showing on the peaks a party set out to the summit of Pen-y-Ghent, namely, Pete Scott, Chris Radcliffe, Don Cowan, Chris Taylor, Ray Handley and Derek Burgess plus one dog. Lol Burns, Digger Williams and Mark Hayhurst departed for Ingleborough but after a spate of Digger's map reading they found themselves on the top of Simon Fell. The remaining crew consisting of myself, Margaret Day, Anne, Sue & Chris Taylor, Wendy Allen, Andy, Dave Guyler Geoff & Ann Hayes and the kids, and Mike Wren left for the waterfalls at Ingleton.

A rare evening was spent in the Golden Lion with Mike Wren providing the guitar accompaniment for an uproarious chorus of Oread singing.

Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny with patches of cloud. Subsequently the majority decided to motor over to Malham Cove. Digger's party managed to find the summit of Pen-y-Ghent, yours truly watched the annual Three Peaks Fell Race.

The distance given for the race is twenty-two miles with a record time of two hours forty minutes thirty-four seconds. Phew!!

This years race was won in a time of two hours forty-eight minutes eleven seconds, an excellent time considering the heavy conditions and snow.

Congratulations also to Oread member George Rhodes running for Stafford A.C. who finished 5th in a time of 3hrs.2mins.56secs. to win the veterans (over 40) first prize. An excellent performance.

Thanks to all who attended this meet, one which has not appeared on the Oread meet list for some years and maybe next time the walk can be completed.

JOHNSON

BEESTON TOR MEET
16th-18th May 1970

PETE SCOTT

Chris, Sue and myself arrived at Beeston Tor in the small hours of Saturday morning and sounded like practicing camponologists as we tried to fit the tent poles together in the dark. This obviously annoyed the inmates of a nearby tent who retaliated by playing a boisterous game of football three hours before we had intended to get up.

Chris, camp cook, (now succeeded by Sue Taylor) prepared breakfast and we were on Central Wall by 10.00am.

The first of the Oreads to arrive were Chris and Anne Taylor and their son Mike, closely followed by Roger Kingshott and Tony Hutchinson. Tony, Roger, Chris and Sue went off to do Chimney and Traverse taking with them a new prospective member who, incidentally, has not been seen since!!

After five hours continuous climbing we returned to the campsite for a brew and found that numerous people had arrived. Namely Ray College, Derek & Janet Burgess, John & Les Dench, Reg & Ann Squires, Andy and the Hayes.

For the rest of the afternoon the entire crag was festooned with Oreads while the dulcet tones of the Dench's baby floated over the still air. (Much to the frustration of Anne Taylor and Ray College who in three hours did not succeed in shutting him up!).

By 8.00pm. car loads of happy climbers were seen heading in the direction of the George at Alstonfield for much partaking of liquid refreshment. We were joined by Howard Johnson & Margaret Day, Ron & Kath and Les and Speedy who were camping in the field at the back of the pub. A merry evening was had by all supplemented by the innumerable jokes of Geoff Hayes and John Dench. Chris Taylor, who had spent a dry evening writing examination papers in his caravette, continued to have a dry evening when his supposed bringer of good cheer returned empty handed from the pub. (see the ballad of Sej Quires.)

Sunday dawned bright and sunny and with it a few more Oreads. Paul & Chris Craddock, Dave Brady, Mike Wren, Chris & Bernice, Colin & Ushi, Bill & Margaret Cooper, Wendy & Sheila and Tim Lewis.

Chris and myself, Derek and Ray and Geoff, Mike and Andy did several routes on Thors cave then meandered over to the other crag to do Cumberbund. The womenfolk spent a very enjoyable day walking and sunbathing interspersed with the making of frequent brews for the never ending procession of climbers taking a respite from the heat.

By 6.00pm. most people had packed up and left but the few remaining Oreads spent an amusing hour singing folk songs until we were finally driven out by attacking midges and ended up in the White Lion for a quick pint before going home. Many thanks to all who turned out and helped to make it an extremely successful and enjoyable meet.

WORKING PARTY WEEKEND 5-7th JUNE 1970

TAN-Y-WYDEFFA

DAVE APPLEBY

This first working party found 11 Oreads and two children at the Welsh hut ready to do battle with the selected jobs which had arisen during the wet winter. The week previous had found DA. charging about Derby and Nottingham collecting boilers, chairs, radiators and the like in a clapped out one ton van. With ex-tank driver Burns and Mrs. A we managed to get the whole lot - van and all safely to the hut by 10.30 am. on Saturday - to find the ladies had cleaned the hut from top to bottom.

Coke merchant Johnson had been 'riddeling' all morning - Dave Williams had started slapping his 'brush' up the outside walls - Ruth Welbourne went through the lounge like a tornado after being given instructions to burn anything tatty (anybody got a carpet and 16 chairs).

Hookey was like horse manure - all over the place doing fine jobs with brush and bitumastic. Welbourne of course spent the whole weekend assisting the ladies up ladders but also armed with cement and bricks helped Howard on the coal-house roof and it is now hoped that the damp has been eliminated. The Hobog and Mynedd rooms were in a shocking state as all members know. They have been cleaned down but not waterproofed (sealed) or painted because we want any existing moisture in the walls to dry out first, so for the time being we will have to put up with grotty walls, (but we hope, dry ones).

LIST OF JOBS DONE.

Roof/Barge boards sealed/painted.

All outside woodwork painted.

Small dividing partition built in coalshed.

Old coke (use first) sifted and stored back of house.

Asbestos shield fitted behind stove in lounge.

Consumer (electric) board fitted in kitchen.

Some outside walls painted.

Garden tidied up.

The whole hut cleaned, including curtains, blankets washed and all bedding aired by the ladies.

Please keep the hut clean, wash all pots, pans and minut mop floors before leaving. If not the chances are that you will be 'dobbled' by the ladies who grafted over the weekend.

MEMBERS PRESENT

Margaret & Chuck Hookey, Margaret Day & Howard Johnson, John, Ruth, Elga & Lisa Welbourne, Dave & Iris Williams, Laurie Burns and Judith & Dave Appleby.

A small turn out but the party got a lot of jobs done and important ones at that and I'm sure that all members using the hut will find it a better place to stay to enjoy the crags and hills. Thanks for coming.

DAVE APPLEBY.

WELSH HUT CUSTODIAN.

WELSH WALK

PAUL GARDINER

By 10.30pm. on Friday night the following team had assembled at the 'Black Lion', Llangurig:- L. Burns, D. Williams, J. Welbourne, D. Burgess, D. Cowan, P. Janes, M. Hayhurst, W. Richardson, Paul & Betty & Douglas Gardiner.

From the pub we motored up to the Nant-y-Moch reservoir on the N.W. side of Plynlimon Fawr and bivvied at the roadside on a fine night.

On Saturday morning we were away at 9 am. for an initial blow out up Plynlimon, unfortunately the top was in mist and we were denied a view but during the descent on the N.E. side this cleared and we dropped into a splendid isolated valley in bright sunshine.

The remainder on Saturday's route was Northward heading for Machynlleth via broad valleys and high ridges through what must be some of the most delightful and little visited country in mid-Wales. Even Laurie Burns was heard to pronounce that he had not been there before!

The last five miles into Machynlleth, along twisting ridges gave us constantly changing scenes of valleys radiating in all directions, large forests and precipitous slopes which were new to all members of the party.

The weather, which had been fine all day but with a breeze, deteriorated into the usual evening thunderstorm but we just beat the rain to a cafe in town.

By the time the cafe closed, the pubs were open, so, whilst Betty ferried Derek and Laurie back to fetch their cars, the remainder took the opportunity to get some fluid down.

Enquiries to the barman found us a splendid private camp site on the north side of the river Dovey with a fine view of the valley and by 9.00 pm. a car load was on its way back to town for more lotion.

Sunday morning was bright and sunny as we struck off due north bound for the summit of Taren-y-Gesail (2187ft) which was reached just before noon. By this time Peter's new boots had broken in his feet and Derek found it necessary to perform a function of which Raymond would have been proud.

The party then split up, the main group heading for Cader, the remainder being diverted to swimming, tea drinking etc.

The final rendezvous was made near Tal-y-Llyn at about 6.00 pm. and the return journey was made easier due to the fact that a lot of Sunday drivers were off the road watching one of the World Cup matches.

Altogether a memorable weekend in new territory with ideal weather.