

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER 1970

Edited by Pete Scott and Chris Radcliffe

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EDITORIAL

At last the Newsletter is out after a long summer recess to enable the Editors to do some climbing. The Alpine season has come and gone; the mid-week climbing enthusiasts having spent most of recent evenings in the pub anyway have finally given up the pretence and now spend the whole evening there. With the hut opening/photo meet in a few weeks time giving the boozers an opportunity for non-stop drinking from noon to midnight, the standards of the social season seem to be set for an all time high (low). Before we finally submerge into a beery haze it is appropriate that we look back on the summer season.

Whit was mainly enjoyed by those who went south to Cornwall and had first rate climbing in continuous sun while the teams opting for the northern outposts suffered from equally continuous rain. A fine period in late June and early July nevertheless gave the opportunity for some good weekends climbing and walking in Wales, while the local crags were 'knocked dead' mid-week. However, the main focus for many was, of course, the Alps and the varied accounts in this edition of the Newsletter show how widely spread Oreads were this summer. Once again Ray College writes of a great Oberland North face, this time the Groshorn north face which he climbed with Dennis Davies under very hard conditions. Over in Chamonix the early pioneering spirit was recaptured by 'Digger' Williams who writes of an ascent of Mont Blanc by an Oread team. Forty Oreads and friends attended the club meet at Chamonix and it seems to have been generally agreed that this was a successful occasion with several quality routes climbed in spite of fairly unsettled conditions, while another group of Oreads were active in the Dauphine.

To some extent the pundits forecast that the Alps would be quiet this year because of the absence of the star teams either recovering from Annapurna or away in the Caucasus, has been justified, mainly by the weather conditions which were predominantly unstable with frequent, almost daily, thunderstorms. This put all the big routes out of condition, although for routes that could be completed within the day conditions were reasonable enough. One major storm caught out many parties and a total of twelve people were killed during that night. It is to be hoped nevertheless that overall there will be a less disastrous accident record than for last year when there were reported to be a total of 55 dead or missing and 138 injured in the French alps alone. Of these 37 dead and 45 injured were on "other than easy climbing routes". Such statistics may be of dubious value in isolation, but they do underline the fact that the Alps remain a serious environment.

The rising standards, breaking down of old psychological barriers and increasingly casual approach that has been characteristic of the British scene over the last few years, seems to have been transferred to the Alps as far as many British parties are concerned and once again this prompts the question: "Quo Vadis Bergsteiger?" Typical of the new attitude, one party consisting of 3 Germans and one British climber was seen to be only a third of the way across the second icefield on the North face of the Eiger at 1.30 p.m. Conditions were mild, the face in exceptionally wet condition and a thunderstorm beginning. Most people would regard their position to be serious because at that rate of climbing they would be exposed to heavy stonefall on the Flat Iron at the worst

time of the day. Nevertheless the party reached the summit after two further bivouacs and so acquired the kudos of having made an ascent of the Eigerwand. However, contrast the furore which was aroused by Brian Nally when his attempt with Barry Brewster in very similar conditions was cut short by Brewsters fall and subsequent death. Perhaps it is the right of the critic to "Damn when Dead" but does the attitude of the Anglo/German party really represent mountaineering competence or just a lot of 'neck'?

This ambivalent attitude is clearly demonstrated in Heinrich Harrer's story of the Eiger North Face, 'The White Spider'. It is extremely readable and in many ways an excellent book, but on the one hand he is ready to heap praise on successful, but epic, ascents such as that by the party including Hermann Buhl and Gaston Rebuffat, and on the other hand quick to condemn the failures of parties like that of Corti and Longhi. In fact the difference in competence is probably not so marked as he suggests. Clearly Rebuffat was utterly gripped and had to call for a rope from Buhl. Their party succeeded by a very small margin and hardly justified the romantic eulogies surrounding the 'International Rope' which Harrer writes of. On the other hand, Jack Olsens account of the Corti/Longhi episode suggests that much of Harrers criticism is equally misplaced.

Nevertheless it is perhaps human nature to recognise that nothing succeeds so well as success itself. In this connection we can mention three notable ascents of the Eiger this summer. A party consisting of Cliff Phillips, Eric Jones, Pete Minks and Leo Dickinson succeeded in climbing and making a film of the Eigerwand for Yorkshire T.V. They spent 8 days on the face so it should make good televiewing. Earlier in the season a Scots party, sponsored by the Scottish Daily Express, succeeded in forcing a new route directly up the pillar separating the Eigerwand from the Lauper route, using expedition tactics. Finally, Gordon Hibberd from Sheffield made a solo ascent of the Lauper route. Conditions must have been far from perfect and he lost a crampon en route. It is surely a more formidable achievement than the solo ascents by British climbers last year which were primarily on rock routes and made in the company of other climbers. Incidentally it was Gordon's first season in the Alps!

This editorial began with some mildly facetious remarks about the social season. Seriously though, it does sometimes seem that we have lost sight of the basic reason for being a mountaineering club. In an earlier edition of the Newsletter we attempted to set down in fairly aggressive terms a few home truths about the Oread as we saw it. Hopefully we anticipated some equally beligerant replies, either defending the status quo or at least putting forward a different point of view. It is regrettable that we have not in fact had a single response - does this mean that all we said was true? It is certainly the case that the image and reality of the climber have changed. No longer is he the impecunious vagabond depending on the club for means of transport to the orags. But surely the club must be more than a mere social centre, it should rather be the means of stimulating enthusiasm among novices and hard men alike. By all means lets have a swinging social season, but lets see some good turnouts on winter meets as well.

On behalf of the club we offer our congratulations to Sir Jack Longland on his inclusion in the recent Honours List.

NEWSLETTER - SEPTEMBER 1970

TRISTAN DA CUNHA - 1970 (EXTRACT)

JOHN FISHER

Although it is all rather in the past and nowadays serves only the occasional opportunity to dine out on the experience, my visit to Tristan was still thought to be of some interest to members even at this late stage, hence this article. To be quite truthful, Tristan da Cunha is not a place of any real moment to climbers but nevertheless it is a very remote part of the world and as such has something in common with our activities in a more general sense. At the very least it makes a change from nuts, verticality, commercialism and the howls of yobs.

The island of Tristan da Cunha and its two uninhabited satellites lie just North of the "Roaring Forties" on latitude 37° S, 1,500 miles from the Cape of Good Hope and 2,000 miles from Buenos Aires to the West. The remoteness of this group is very obvious, more so I suppose in some respects than the South Pole. The island is one of the visible manifestations of the submarine Mid-Atlantic ridge running from Greenland in the northern hemisphere to Bouvet island in the South; on the way throwing up Ascension and St. Helena. With its typical volcanic structure, Tristan island has been likened by some cynical observers to an ash cone with grass on the sides supporting a population of 250 souls. So much for the romance which has always been a feature of Tristan commentary, misplaced though it is at the present time. There is of course some considerable justification for the aura which surrounds the place but I suspect this is partly reminiscing from a distance and partly the very real fact that prior to the last Tristan and its people were quite unique, the inhabitants possessing at that time some of the desirable social characteristics which are rapidly disappearing in our materialistic urban society.

Enough of the background save to say that when the opportunity came to go the temptation was impossible to resist. A two minute decision, a couple of months waiting for grant authority to come through and a desperately hectic five weeks organising equipment and so on found the writer exhausted on the liner to Cape Town. On board the Windsor Castle recovery from the recent labours involved leaving a trail of beer bottles on the ocean floor and marks on the dance floor. Sunbathing and the usual shipboard activities took up most of the remaining time. The only depressing event was a broken toe suffered in a rough-house during a "crossing the line" ceremony. Twelve days of this and I reached Cape Town, once more with responsibilities and work.

In spite of the minor disability the next two days or so in the capital of the Cape were most enjoyable and included an ascent of Table Mountain by one of the moderate ridges in the company of some South Africans. Eventually all good things come to an end and the reckoning time arrived when I took passage in the M. V. Gillian Gaggins 600 tons for Tristan da Cunha. The "G.G." as she is called, is one of the two fishing vessels which twice a year visit the Tristan islands from South Africa for two periods each of six months to fish for crawfish.

These periods cover the months October to April whilst a supply ship calls on two other occasions. Contact with the outside world is therefore very thin, amounting to four mails per year. Aircraft cannot land on the island. The romance of the sea soon became dissipated as sea-sickness took hold, the writer succumbing to the bunk for most of the five days it took to reach the island. An indescribable experience. Eventually Tristan appeared and, in the words of A. E. Baker, a chronicler of the Peak District, showed as "a prospect of unmitigated gloom", cloud, rain, a heavy swell and much to the chagrin of the writer, no possibility of landing that day owing to the heavy seas. The ship therefore retired to what ~~lee~~ there was to await improvement.

Improvement there was the next day and the cargo including myself was off-loaded with a sense of profound relief on my part. On the whole, my stay of three months on the island was interesting but the fact remains that it is a small and rather limited place. Not only is the island small, about seven miles across, but has a singular sameness in its features as would be expected of a volcanic cone. It is, in general, treeless, often wet, almost always and mindlessly windy, and with a high level of humidity which has a devastating effect on metal equipment. The variation in land flora and fauna is very small, relieved to some extent by the profusion of sea birds and fish, including whale and shark. To be perfectly objective, Tristan is not much of a place except in three respects, its rather unusual and romantic background described by Brander in his book "Tristan da Cunha 1506-1908", the impressiveness of the combination of mountain and sea emphasising the remoteness and finally, most interesting of all, the people who have jumped from the 19th to 20th century in a very short period of time. Hence they are interesting from medical and sociological points of view, notably in relation to the effects of isolation. Especially interesting is the fact that since the population is small and their geneology completely known, such a group readily lends itself to the study of some aspects of human genetics. My own interest lay in the dental condition of these people.

It hardly needs saying that one of my own personal objectives was to climb the peak. This did not prove possible and will always be a regret. Unfortunately the authorities insisted that to ascend the peak one must be accompanied by a capable islander and these were never available, in spite of promises, on the very few days when an ascent might have been a prospect. An ascent of the peak in fact would have presented no technical problems, being really an exhausting walk. The real problem was that of assessing weather since this was extremely erratic and frequently bad, especially at that time of the year. Further, any mistake in route finding could have been catastrophic because of hard going through tree fern and the high prevalence of gullies, steep deep and shattered, which radiate from the ash peak. Half of the island periphery even now has not been traversed by land. My job anyway was to obtain co-operation of the authorities, not alienate it, so the temptation to go off on my own was resisted. Nevertheless on the quiet the padre and myself went about 3,000 ft. up almost to the edge of the ash to gain a good view of the top itself. Even this we found quite a performance.

When all said and done though, it is just an ash lump - really not of much consequence in a mountaineering sense.

One way and another the three months went by, time not spent working was occupied wandering about the more accessible parts of the island, an odd day out in the boats, visiting islanders, collecting rocks and generally pottering about. The new volcano which erupted next to the settlement of about 60 houses was a curiosity and had to be visited. About 300 ft. high with a triangular outflow extending to the beach, it hardly looked impressive at that time but by all accounts was quite terrifying at the time of eruption. To reach the top was an easy matter, the actual summit being a true one not the conventional crater rim. The debris hereabouts was sulphurous, still fumed slightly and was hot to the touch in parts. Even by that time, five years after eruption, mossy vegetation had already colonised a small patch on the volcano side. It seems that the eruption was only the most recent of several which had occurred since the island was first formed. As for the islanders, it is no part of my purpose to attempt any undue sociological comment on the inhabitants - we get enough of this in our own world. It is sufficient to say that they are a relatively unsophisticated, racially heterogeneous rural group, modified by their isolation as to their outlook and activities. They are of limited ancestry, this latter having the implication of inbreeding. Within this society are the usual extremes of ability, character and behaviour as in others. Of particular interest is the language, speculatively described as Dickensian English and a curious system of non-hierarchy, resulting in a remarkable lack of leadership.

Ten days before Christmas I left the island (following a wait of a week to allow the weather to settle), to the accompaniment of tears and kisses from the ladies and handshakes from the men. Quite throatcatching though it seems, such an emotional demonstration usually goes on when visitors leave the island since they so rarely return. Perhaps it was relief! After eight rather less wearing days on the fishing vessel, though surprisingly much more stormy, we arrived in Cape Town to certain summer and sunshine.

JOHN FISHER AND MARY OBERMASS
HAVE JUST BECOME ENGAGED
HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS
FROM
US
ALL



BRITISH VARASHAM EXPEDITION

TRICCUNI

It was during a short walk in the lower British hills whilst the men of the CREAD were away in the high alps, that the bizarre nature of the whole "adventure" set-up became so evident. The wild, excited eyes and open mouths of a devoted climber faced with new and exciting peaks, gives credence to the maxim that:

"The only difference between a goldfish and a climber is that one mucks about in fountains....."

Not that climbers are alone in their peculiarities. Speiliologists are undoubtedly worse. Mind you, I wouldn't say that all potholers are perverts, but they do put those rubber things on and stuff themselves down little holes in the ground!

Surely though, it is the expedition more than any other activity of "civilised" man, that destroys the barriers of reason, establishes pseudo-religious fervours, and inevitably makes a Patrick Moore out of the most reticent participant. Throughout modern, and not so modern, history, the human animal has rallied with relish to the "call to arms", where service in far distant lands is promised. Perhaps this instinctive need of organised man for battle - for life as a hunter in a hostile environment, encourages the unmistakable flavour of the Colonial Force in expeditions of all sizes and all degrees of formality

Pettigrew as Caesar of Rome

Radcliffe as Gordon of Khartoum.....

Quires as Horrible Hannibal the Heliphantine Hun

So it was with the most recent of British expeditions. As members will know, Mr. Janes and Mr. Pretty have just returned from a long absence from the British climbing scene, purportedly from a mid-European state of dubious political motivations. In fact this news letter is able to reveal the true unexpurgated facts concerning their leadership of a small, but highly organised expedition to the little known mountains of the Varasham in central Asia. Brilliantly formulated, but unfortunately unsuccessful, its conception, organisation and untimely demise are well summarised in the first hand account of our Asiatic correspondent, which is reproduced below

'One day, Handley was sitting in his bath, contemplating his lot and the achievements of the Cread. All of a sudden he jumped up and called to Janes (who was holding his runners at the time) "I've just had a thought", he said.

"Oh yeah?" cooed Janes cautiously.

"Yeah; well you know how we feel about expeditions and things, and how pleased we are now that we've conquered the whole world and everything?"

"Here's your runners Ray".

"Well, what I mean is, we haven't; I mean we've forgotten Varasham - Pretty isn't going to like this you know!"

Word spread, and a couple of days later Pretty was at a first division drinking match between Oread and Rock and Ice United, when a lad called Hodge, who had heard the news, felt that the time was right to break it to Pretty (OREAD were 3 pints up at half time and an orgy was scheduled for after the match).

"Er - Pret old pal, er, you know this expedition business and all that, and how we've done the world over?"

"Yeah", said Pretty, picking up another peanut.

"Well, we haven't actually, we've forgotten somewhere!"

"Where, for Chucks sake", cried Pretty, sitting up and spitting nuts at College over the bar.

"Varasham", said Hodge, looking uncomfortable.

Far from being angry, Pretty was delighted, so that was that. Pretty was soon on his way to Varasham at the head of his good old army. Europe was nice, and although they had a bit of trouble with the Deutsche-Bundespost over food parcels, the trip went fairly smoothly. When they reached Varasham, not unexpectedly they had a few stiff passes to climb, and not unexpectedly one or two natives to co-erce, but within a very short time the area was fully Anglicised and Pretty was marching up and down the country looking for hills to climb.

Anyway, to cut a long story short; one day our lad was marching along at the head of his army on his way to visit a "daughter" of his in Vodrograd, when he happened to glance up at a hill he'd been thinking of bashing up for some time, and there, standing on top, as large as life - blow me down if there wasn't a Mercury Man, complete with bicycle clips and Ramblers Club card. The Mercury Man coughed, and shifted from one foot to the other. Now a bit further down the line, it suddenly occurred to Under-Bergsteiger Thomas Green that they hadn't actually climbed that hill, and that the Mercury Man was obviously determined to defend it at all costs. He passed this information on to Ober-Bergsteiger Burns, who was picking his nails with his ice axe at the time. Burns passed it on to Janes, and Janes told Pretty, who was very angry at the cheek of the chap, and yelled "Oi, what do you want on our 'ill?"

The Mercury Man cleared his throat and yelled back "One OREAD, one Mercury and a wet slab!"

Now Pretty allowed himself a chuckle, and called up one of his best wet rock men to knock-off up the hill and "sort that bloody cyclist out!"

Scottie smiled to himself as he sauntered up the hill and over the brow. Pretty lit his pipe and confidently awaited the return of our hero. To his surprise, however, it was Scottie's tissue in bits and pieces that came back, rolling down the hill and coming to rest at his feet. When Pretty looked up, there was the Mercury Man, as fresh as a daisy.

"One Mercury, Ten OREADS, Pega at ten paces", he shouted down.

Well, Pretty was astounded. "You cheeky billiard player", he shouted back, and immediately despatched ten of his best peggers up the hill. The fight lasted about fifteen minutes. All that Pretty could do was listen to the furious sounds of battle from above. To his utter amazement, one by one, the burps and clogs of his lads came rolling down the hill followed by their battered helmets. After a while the noise ceased and the Mercury Man reappeared over the brow of the hill, his peg hammer bent and his helmet all dented. He was definitely still in one piece as he called down to the speechless Pretty -

"One Mercury, a hundred OREADS, Ice axes and Ice daggers at arms length."

Well, night was drawing on, so the OREAD made camp. Pretty had long since forgotten all about his "daughter" up the valley.

"I'll be a laughing stock", he thought. "I'll never be able to look the committee in the face again!" He went right off his food, even refusing a plateful from Wendy A. who was serving the blokes that night, though she was supposed to be in Switzerland.

Come first light, there was the Mercury Man standing patiently, axe in hand, waiting for the hundred OREADS. When Pretty ordered Janes' mob up the hill, he got very little response. Most of them pretended to talk amongst themselves or look in the other direction and fiddle with their crampons. At last after a bit of backside kicking by Pretty they all shuffled off up the hill, each one doing his best to keep at the back of the line. The battle that eventually took place was horrible to hear. The carnage lasted all morning, while Pretty stood at the bottom of the hill with his hands over his ears. One by one, axes, daggers and such-like came rolling down the hill, followed by battered OREADS.

A sobbing Pretty counted them; "Ninety seven - Oh no! 98 I can't believe it, 99, it's all over." But wait, - a ray of hope?" Pretty looked anxiously up the hill. Only ninety-nine. Dare he hope - could it be? At that moment, a bleeding Janes appeared at the top of the hill, staggered a little, and groggily made his way down to Pretty's Houdah, clutching the shaft of an axe, that all too evidently to our 'Arry, went straight through him.

"Harry, Harry," he groaned, pulling up his Y-fronts with his free hand.

"What is it man, what is it?" screamed Pretty (who was pretty much in a state by now), as the unfortunate man sank to his knees before

his beloved leader.

"Harry, Harry - It's a trap, it's a trap, there's two of the bastards!"

STANAGE JULY 18/19th

NAT ALLEN

Camping at Calver with a guaranteed hot night out in Edith's room at Eyam, should have attracted a staggering crowd of Oreads: However a rather pathetic, if not miserable team of nine members, camped and enjoyed the massed pipes and bands of the North Staff's M.C. at the pub.

The proposed Edges climbing and walking group completed the course accompanied by the works 'Elastoplast' maintenance team.

MEMBERS WALKING: 'Committee' Chambers, 'New Boots' Johnson, 'Hangover' College, 'Bandy' Andy, 'Honorary' Nat and the reluctant aspirant, 'Jock Strap'.

FROGGATT/CURBAR AUG.22-23rd.

K.HODGE

Whilst sitting here on this sun drenched Pembrokeshire campsite gazing idly at the shimmering sea I have plenty time to reflect on the success of the weekend's meet.

After an enjoyable evening in Edith's room at the Royal Oak, Sunday dawned misty which proved to be the forerunner of a very hot day. Apart from a few odd bods, the Oread had Froggat to its self and the crag was attacked with enthusiasm. I think special mention should be made of Roger and Beryl Turner who arrived during the morning and 'knocked-off' the classics in their own inimitable way. Handley was sadly missed but didn't let us down however, for he was found wandering around the campsite when the active members returned to strike camp. Present: Derek, Janet & Garry Burgess; Ray & Maria Handley; Pete Scott; Chris Radcliffe; Sue & Chris Taylor; Nat & Tinsel Allen; Doreen Gadsby; Ron Chambers & Kath; Andy & Joan Oakden & children; Roger & Beryl Turner; Geoff Hayes; Tom Green; Colin Hobday; Clive Russel; John Dench; Chris Culley & Bernice; Wendy Allen; Speedy and Rosy; Tony Hutchison; Paul & Jean Bingham; Roger Kingshott & Janet; Brian Hopper; et al.....

MATTERHORN ZMUTTGRAT

ROGER KINGSHOTT

The 'Zmutt' was first climbed in 1879 by Mummery and Burgener. Every year people are killed on the Matterhorn either through bad luck, lack of experience, or lack appreciation of size and difficulty of the undertaking. Last year (1969) was no exception when at least six people fell off the so called 'tourist route' the Hornli ridge, two girls disappeared during an attempt on the Zmutt and a Guide fell to his death from the North face. A combination of steep rotten rock and smooth verglassed or snowy slabs make this 14,800 ft. mountain a very serious climb.

Roger climbed the 'Zmutt' with three of his Polaris friends during the summer. The following comprises extracts from an original script describing the more interesting moments of the climb. The four walked up to the Hornli Hut one evening and during a 'reccy' of the approach to the Upper Matterhorn Glacier beneath the North Face :-

..... what had seemed a small barrier of 150 feet was actually nearer 400 feet high

After bivouacing that night at the hut, the four of them set off at 12.50 a.m. on the approach to the Zmutt.

..... much to our surprise, we found a fixed rope leading up a small ice wall. Once above this we were on the 50° slope which gives access to the Upper Matterhorn Glacier, and we began to fully appreciate the scale of the undertaking to which we were committing ourselves. The slope was hard ice, over which lay vertical ribs of snow three rope lengths later we emerged on the plateau beneath the North Face. The time was approximately 2.30 a.m. the snow here was reasonably hard and the going proved relatively easy. Minor consternation was caused when the rut we were following was discovered to be a small crevasse and not a trail

After losing half an hour searching for the way round a 30 foot wide crevasse, they reached the bergschrund below the Zmutt at 5.30 a.m.

..... as last man on the rope, I was told to jump into the 'schrund and belay the others; they had discovered that the 45° slope leading to the ridge was hard ice. Bob led across this to a block frozen to the surface, followed by Ian and Geoff. I was left freezing in 'schrund! About 3,500 feet directly below me were the remains of the Zmutt Glacier and the track leading along the moraine to the Schonboel Hut. Further across the sun was just reaching the summits of the Dent Blanche and Weisshorn. The sun had risen way above the Alphubel, but we were not yet basking in its rays because of a bank of cloud. It was quite cold and I was wondering how much longer it would be before the call came for me to follow.

My emerging over the upper lip of the bergschrund coincided with the first rays of the sun and almost immediately rocks started falling from the ridge above. With 300 feet of exposed traverse to reach the safety of the rock rib, we moved together across the slope on front points at 7.30 a.m. we finally reached the long snow ridge leading to the Zmutt teeth we set off up the ridge and after an interminable plod, reached the first of the teeth. The time was 9.00 a.m. and we were at 12,800 feet crampons were removed and we climbed together in pairs. This part of the ridge was very reminiscent of parts of the main Cuillin Ridge a party of four (Japanese?) seemed to be in difficulties on the North Face and were descending very slowly to the Matterhorn Glacier. Cloud was piling up on the Italian side of the Dent d'Herens, but it stayed that side of the border. By midday (they must use speeded-up clocks in the Alps; either we were grossly unfit or we hadn't adjusted to the scale of things over there) we had negotiated the teeth and were at the foot of the ridge leading to the Zmutt Nose, about 700 feet above us

This next section of 700 feet took them five hours to climb. The smooth overlapping slabs were verglassed and covered with melting powder snow.

..... we were at 13,600 feet and the time was 6.30 p.m.
..... from this point we had a reasonably clear view of the ground ahead; a small ice gully led to ice covered slabs, then a wall underneath which a traverse right could be made to reach another ice gully, the ascent of which gave access to the 'Galerie Carrel' and the Tiefmatten slabs, the latter being hidden above the overhangs of the Zmutt Nose

After bivouacing for the night on a 1' 6" wide icy ledge the team continued the climb to the 'Galerie Carrel' and across the Tiefmatten slabs. A horizontal traverse then led left to the Zmutt ridge. All this section was extremely icy.

..... Bob had his second "gripper" of the morning, when the peg which he was using for balance whilst cutting a foothold in the ice came out
..... we rejoined the ridge just as the sun moved on to the slabs. The time was 10.15 a.m.

The last section of the ridge to the summit was not as easy as they expected. Deviations on to the North Face to avoid difficulties gave them possibly the hardest pitch of the entire climb.

..... it seemed a case of "upwards, upwards, ever upwards". One set ones mind to moving and tried to ignore the fact that time was passing fast; so near yet so far - Where! oh where was the bloody top!?

..... the last part of the ridge was soft snow overlaying ice. I forced my weary legs to carry me upwards. "Oh for a drink!" Geoff and Ian were already there; one rope length to go, Bob was there, my turn now, over an icy slab, up a 6 foot chimney, I'm there! The time was 2.45 p.m.

There were eight people on the summit and another dozen coming up the Italian ridge. We walked to the cross on the Italian summit and rested a while. An Italian guide said to Geoff, "the Zmutt ridge, a very good climb, you have done well."

"Sorry, we started yesterday," replied Geoff.

The guide shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, Anglais!"

GROSSHORN NORTH FACE 1970.

RAY COLEDGE.

(EXTRACT)

Leaving the car at Stechelberg in the upper part of the Lauterbrunnen valley, we commenced our heavily laden ascent to the Schmardri hut. Fifteen minutes later, rain and black clouds drove us back and we opted for coffee and gateau in Wengen instead.

Next day being August 1st and Swiss National Day, we were reluctant to leave the valley. However, the weather, though very doubtful all day, was not bad enough for an excuse and so off we went ~~to~~ to the Schmardri hut. This was an interesting and delightful hut walk, marred only by the black clouds looming over Lauterbrunnen. My companion, Dennis Davis, wondered if we would beat the rain. Yet it did not rain, although two other British climbers who arrived later, Robert Collister and Robert Ferguson, reported that rain in the valley caused them to delay their departure until quite late.

The hut ~~was~~, one of the best I have seen, and far from the maddening crowd. Here at least, I thought, no other OREAD member had penetrated: until we saw the hut book.

D. Carnell, N. Allen and others had slept there, and done the West Ridge of the Breithorn in 1968.

By 2 o'clock when we left the hut, the sky was clear and with head torches made good progress to the foot of the Grosshorn North Face, the two Roberts being grateful for our guidance in the darkness. Dennis and I having arrived early enough the previous day, had reconnoitred the route over the moraine and through the crevasses.

The initial slope took us to the first bergschrund which presented the usual difficulty but which was crossed at first light. A steep slope of thin soft snow, then ice, went up to the second, somewhat easier, bergschrund. The slope above steepened appreciably and consisted of bare hard ice, except for a ribbon of thin soft snow on the ice to take us most of the way to the overhanging rock nose in the centre of the face. We were very

fortunate to find this ribbon of snow. It had been visible from the hut and without it the climb would have been harder. Dennis had already crossed on to snow and whilst I was cramponning across on the ice a shower of stones whined down. If Dennis had had a belay I could have penduled across and out of the way but we were moving together and Dennis could not help me and so I hung on, head down. A heavy blow on my elbow was not serious but we were worried about the other two out of sight beneath the bergschrund. At last an answering shout confirmed they were unharmed.

Cramponning together up the thin layer of snow, we ran on to hard bare ice towards the rock overhang. At this point we had a choice of ways. Either the original Welzenbach route to the right of the nose, or the Feuz/Von Allmen direct route to the left through a belt of icy rocks with a pitch of V. We chose the Direct route, partly because it looked the logical way and partly because it looked easier. By now we knew that the North Face of the Grosshorn was not in condition and was as hard as it could be. From now on it was to be hard bare ice, very difficult to crampon on, and the Direct route then was preferable if only because it was shorter. In the event we at once found a way through the rocks by an ice gully and perhaps a rock pitch of III, although the gully required step cutting and took time.

Having broken through the rock band we were now on the great ice slope beneath the summit tower and we began to think we might have cracked it. Another ribbon of snow took us up about a hundred feet, then a length or two of crampon work before the ice became very hard. The other two moved into the lead now to take their turn. They started step cutting for the long diagonal traverse to the left side of the overhanging summit rocks. The ice was hard and threatened to flake off as one put in an ice peg.

Dennis and I moved into the lead again. The great slope was endless. Behind us the usual dense black clouds obscured the Lauterbrunnen but always the Grosshorn was clear. At one time an apologetic little cloud coated us with snow, but quickly the blue sky appeared again overhead. At last we arrived at the side of the summit rocks, only to find another three rope lengths of steep hard ice up the side. Here the two Roberts took their turn and cut steps to where the slope eased off into snow.

We climbed the snow with head torches to arrive on the summit at 10.40 p.m. The summit was so pointed and covered with soft snow that care was needed in the darkness. Once balanced on the point, one carefully turned round, then moved backwards with equal care until able to step down on to the South Ridge ten feet lower. A hundred and thirty feet or so down the South Ridge we found a small rock platform and here we made a comfortable bivouac for the night.

Next morning easy frozen snow took us quickly down to the remote Lotschental and a delightful walk to Blatten and a post bus to Goppenheim for a train back to Lauterbrunnen.

We had to wait an hour in Blatten and as Robert Collister pointed out, a lot of beer can be consumed in an hour.

Grosshorn

EDITORS NOTE: ~~Grosshorn~~ North Face - 21 hours in difficult ice conditions - probably a first British ascent. - (if Talbot has done it with Martin Epp, that would be an Anglo/Swiss ascent).

~~They~~ also climbed the West Ridge of the Nesthorn in 7 hours.

Colledge

AUSTRIA 1970

RUTH WELLBOURNE

After leaving Chamonix at the end of the first week, we motored across Switzerland to Bludenz in the Austrian Raetikon. We were hoping to do a walking tour with Lisa and Helga and at the same time visit the peak that for a whole year has tantalised us: ZIMBA.

MONDAY: We took a hair raising trip by postbus and cable rail way to the Luner See. This lake is surrounded by peaks all reflected in the smooth waters. The OAV Hut at the lake is more like an hotel and we quickly left to follow a good track across a steep hillside. Some of the gulleys still had large snow patches but otherwise the flowers were at their best. After reaching a col, the path dropped steeply to the Heinrich Hueter Hutte, where we spent the first night.

TUESDAY: The path to the Zimba Joch started up a short but very steep scree slope and then went in zig-zags across a rock wall. John and I had one of the girls each on a short rope and we made good time scrambling across the rocks to the col. Zimba at close range is rather disappointing, as it consists of fairly loose lime stone. At this point we had climbed about 650 metres. The descent to the Sarotla Hutte for the second night, again was very steep, over an extensive scree slope and vertical rock faces.

WEDNESDAY: A leisurely descent down the valley back to the campsite.

The children obviously enjoyed their trip and were unaffected by the altitude (2500m) at the highest point. Even with frequent stops, the distances were covered in very little more time than those given in the Guide Books. Our last three holidays have been spent in Switzerland and France but we definately prefer Austria. We feel that Austria has more opportunities for families like ourselves. Climbing in the Alps is limited to the male members of the club, leaving the girls behind. There must be other women like me who would welcome the opportunity of a good walk and a visit to a pleasant OAV Hut.

I vote for an Austrian summer meet in 1971.

MONT BLANC 1970 VERSION (EXTRACT)

DIGGER

Messrs. ASHCROFT, BURNS, DENCH, SAWYER, REEVES, WILLIAMS.

To commemorate the virgin ascent made in those stalwart days of 1786 by Jacques Balmat, it was considered fitting that the Oread, albeit some of the "venerable" members together with some young blood, should try to capture a little of that past glory by repeating the venture. We cannot however, justifiably associate ourselves with such admirable men of the past - as from the start we by-passed the approach grind by way of Telepherique and further more by train to the Nid d'Aigle station (2386m).

The ring leader for this abortive start was Ashcroft ably supported by that old codger Burns. ~~who no doubt thought it an opportunity to meditate his navel in the comfort of the train. However casting aside my guilt complex and the day being still young (11.00am.)~~ we set off for the Tete Rousse Hut 3hrs. guide book time away. The weather was holding despite some thundery cloud and it was good to be alive.

(sic.) After the usual wrangles about where the route went - my instinct pointed the way and we set off at the cracking pace of 1 mph. The snow was a bit softish but we arrived at the hut around 2 pm. and promptly ordered soup for the six of us. This simple culinary request sparked off a little dispute between Burns and myself the gist centreing on quality not quantity and the rights of the individual to have his soup the way he wants it. ~~Obviously~~ The altitude was beginning to tell, or was it my cooking for the previous fortnight! Burns stuck to his guns and refused on principle to drink watered down soup which the rest of us gobbled down eagerly whilst Burns secretly resolved not to 'pee' for the next 12 hours. To add insult to injury we were staggered by the 16Fr. charge and despite our official interpreters efforts, John Dench was unable to pay her in kind and so we paid up and left.

The route to the Gouter Hut lay across a snow basin which crosses a small couloir which is prone to stonefall, especially at this time of day. We met with no real difficulty but from all accounts a sharp look out is necessary; we learned later that a fatality had occurred that same day. We could see the hut at the top of the most shambly rock face approx. 2,000 ft. high. The route is marked and is best attempted unroped to avoid stonefall and is, in parts, pleasant scrambling. We arrived around 4.30pm. in various degrees of "knackeredness" which none of us was prepared to admit but it is significant that once in the hut none of us went out for the next two hours. We noticed there was a fair amount of talent around which proves we weren't too far gone. Ashcroft was interested in a bird about fifty, well preserved but accompanied by a tough looking character. The rest of us were admiring the two young au pair girls, particularly attractive in their knee-length tight breeches; my pulse was working overtime as it was.

Once more we consumed fluids in the form of beer, soup and lousy tea. We experienced no more trouble with Burns, and the soup although the quality was the same. From the hut veranda at 3817m. one looked almost straight down to St. Gervais. The sunset was magnificent. The bog detached from the hut is in a particularly exposed spot and doing a "Captain Oates" would be dead easy if taken short in the early hours; surviving this the pong can be avoided by stopping breathing. Our stalls had been allocated so we turned in hoping to snatch a few hours. Overcrowding was again the understatement and Burns, being last in had to make do in transverse posture with sweaty feet for company. Ashcroft saw the headless horseman at least once during the night but we were warm and must have slept for a good five minutes.

The dreaded hour soon arrived and by two-thirty a.m. the place was like the black hole of Calcutta. The whole hut was seething with bods all intent on filling any blank floor space and it was every man for himself. From this chaos we emerged like neolithic throwbacks and set off in exemplary fashion, some with crampons and some without, but at least we had our own gear. The night was clear and promised a fine dawn. The ridge behind the hut is about two feet wide but fairly level, overlooking the Tacconnay glacier. We could clearly see the lights of Chamonix, a fine sight. The route was straight forward with no crevasses and we soon topped the Dome du Gouter. We were surprised at the apparent nearness of the Vallot hut. The dawn was absolutely superb as I am sure some of the shots will confirm. We were indeed lucky with the weather and the snow was firm and glistening. At the Vallot hut Burns despatched himself to evacuate, ~~but I still~~ but I still hold the blue toilet ribband, as I was taken short a bit higher up. Ashcroft now took the lead as I was slowing down, almost into reverse. Roy Sawyer was surprisingly fit, almost running for the top. (perhaps April can supply the answer).

A very fine ridge lead up to the summit providing a magnificent situation along the narrow crest for the last 300 ft. or so. By 7.00am. six of us had made it and although only by the facile ordinary route, felt a great inner satisfaction and joy at being there, which I am sure none of us will ever forget. Every step of the grind was amply rewarded by the wonderful panorama which fortunately for us the glorious weather allowed. Although by the exploits of other Oreads this was only playing at mountaineering but I'm sure they will all agree when we pay tribute to the original alpinist who got there all the way on foot and without a night in a hut.

CHAMONIX ROUTES 1970

Mont Blanc - via. Gouter Hut

(see article)

Mont Blanc - Old Brenva

Peter Scott Chris Radcliffe
Ray College Dennis Davis

Aig. du Midi	- Frendo Spur	Peter Scott	Chris Radcliffe
Aig du Chardonnet	- Forbes Arete	Trevor Bridges	Mervyn Sarsons
		Howard Johnson	Geoff Hayes
		Ron Chambers	Andy Oakden
		Peter Scott	Chris Radcliffe
		Don Cowan	
Traverse of Les Dorees		Trevor Bridges	Mervy Sarsons
Aiguille de L'M	- NNE ridge	Trevor Bridges	(+ friend's wife)
Les Courtes	- traverse	Geoff Hayes	Howard Johnson
Tour Noir	- W ridge	Ron Chambers	Andy Oakden
Aig. de Tour	-	Don Cowan	Dick Saw
		Paul Bingham	Digger Williams
		Iol Burns	Jack Ashcroft

WESTERN DOLOMITES

COLIN HORDAY

In early June we crossed the Brenner Pass to Sterzing in Italy and thence to Waidibruch. From here a narrow unmetaled road climbed steeply up to the Seiser Alm, providing to some interesting driving on 1 in 4 gradient and through a single track tunnel.

The Seiser Alm belongs to the Italian National Park. It is a large plateau of woodland and meadows covering ten square miles, and in June the meadows were carpeted with flowers of all species including orchids. The area is surrounded by the peaks of the Langkofel (3181 metres) and Sihlern (2564 metres). There is no official camp site in the area and it is necessary to approach a local farmer for permission to camp. We found a wonderful spot complete with a supply of fresh milk.

The area is excellent for a family holiday, offering good walking, easy peaks and climbing on the Langkofel and Sihlern. During our stay at the Seiser Alm we ascended many peaks, including the Sihlern, which still held a winter snow. We also made a traverse under the rock walls of the Langkofel. This was very good except for the regular afternoon thunder storm.

From the Seiser Alm we drove over the Sella Joch and down to the camp site at Canazie. From here we climbed to the summit of the Pardio Spitze 2952 metres, though bad weather and the winter snow made it impossible to go further.

Our last day in the Dolomites was spent walking up to the glacier on the Marmolata.

DAUPHINE 1970 (EXTRACT)

D. BURGESS

An 'odds and sods' team comprising Oread, Rock & Ice and Summit members, spent a pleasant holiday in the Dauphine this summer. We camped near Briançon, a historic walled city of Vauban fame, at a delightful 4 star camp site. From our base we had relatively easy access to the Ailefroide and La Grave areas, with delightful open air swimming pools, numerous bars and clubs popular with Tinsels jet set.

Our first excursion was to the Alpe hut reached by a level $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour walk from the Col de Lauteret - surely the easiest hut approach in the Alps. The route we chose (the south face of the Pavé) was good, mainly rock. Characterised by a long approach; gripping abseils over rimayes and an endless walk back to the hut in a storm. The storm had a serious bearing on the trip as on reaching the Lauteret we were faced with the sign 'Route Barre'. Whacked as we were, this meant we had a 160 mile drive back to the camp site. As opposed to a ten minute coast down hill. Ray Handley was not so lucky. He had left earlier - not having been on the climb and was trapped between two avalanches therefore having to abandon his vehicle. The gravity of that situation can only be described by Ray in his own graphic style.

The Selé hut above Ailefroide was the next objective from which the Aiguille de S was traversed. This gave delightful climbing on granite, not unlike that of Cornwall with snow covered rocks at the top, (a memento of the previous night's storm) to add interest.

Our final excursion was to the Alpe hut again with the Montagne Des Agneux as our objective. The 'Calotte' as the French call the Coolidge route, had a perfect slope of frozen snow reaching to the summit, which we reached at the ungodly hour of 8.00 a.m., after a 2.00 a.m. start. The easy descent took us back to the Glacier Blanc hut from which we had intended another route the next day. However, lethargy dictated a descent to Cezanne and a journey back that finished the trip for me except for a leisurely 2 day drive home and a meal of snails - ugh!

Routes: S. Face Pavé	D. Burgess S. Smith	T. Lewis Nat Allen
Trav. Salaoize	S. Smith T. Lewis D. Burgess	Nat Allen R. Handley
Agneux	D. Burgess S. Smith P. Brown	R. Handley Nat Allen 'Tabs' Talbot
Pelvoux	D. Carnell	L. Peel
Ailefroide	M. Talbot	P. Brown

BELGIAN ARDENNES

NAT ALLEN

A small party deflected from the west side of the Dauphiné in rapidly deteriorating weather, making for a spot in Belgium between Beauring and Dinant, outside a village called Falmignoul, the now infamous Freye 'Buvette', (a beer bar). The camp site is 100 yds. south of the car park, which is also the position of the Belgian Alpine Club hut. Permission to use the hut or camp site is yours on producing an Alpine Club card of any nation. The camp site is free. The main snag is that there is no water within a couple of miles of the place, but there is a tap on the right hand side of the road before Dinant. As you have to carry all camping gear 100 yards, the job is made bearable when you take a beer at the Buvette after each lap. The camping is superb, a really pretty spot, high above the River Meuse.

The Climbing.

A good guide with route descriptions can be bought for £1. 0. 0. from the Buvette, with a beer. The crags are below the camp site and the Buvette (descent gullies are well marked). The crags are limestone and generally 250 - 450 feet high, very firm, and all pegs, where marked, are in situ. The gradings are quite hard, especially on the trade routes where the rock is becoming polished.

<u>Routes</u>		<u>Crag</u>
La Hermetique	D	Rocher du Merinos
La Pino-Prat	TD	Rocher de S Anes
La Pape	TD	La Pape
Le Spigolo	D	Rocher - Al'Legne
Le Fakir	TD	Rocher Louis Philipe

All these routes are to be recommended.

NEWS FLASHES

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Lennie Gray,
21, Victoria Road,
Guiseley,
Yorkshire.

Dennis Gray's book "Rope Boy" is due out on October 1st. 1970.

T-BAR Q.

ROGER TURNER.

There may be a few who will recall my earlier monograph concerning the technique of riding the T-Bar. Since then a number of thoughts have been bobbing up in my mind. (For those purists among you who prefer to take their skiing standing up rather than sitting down, I will substitute the word popping for bobbing). Now, where was I? Oh yes! although I don't like to admit it, I blushed to the roots of my Piz Buin when I thought of large numbers of first year skiers well versed by my guidance on T-Bar riding with no hint at all on how to get to the point of contact and in order to relieve my conscience, I have decided to provide you with a few points of T-Bar Queuing.

It might not be taking things too much for granted to assume that you have already learned to walk on your skis. Frankly, I would rather see you in action before passing an opinion on this, but if any of you are in doubt, please see me afterwards with your skis and it will take but a moment for my experienced eye to discern whether or not you are falling over when you walk on your skis, and if perhaps you could just shuffle up a bit for the time being, or if you are not too happy about that, go and have a Gluh Wein and don't worry about it, I'll see you at lunch time and well have you swinging along in no time at all and you will be able to come up the hill with the rest of us this afternoon.

Those of you who have the forward lean and heel raised an inch for avalanche competition boots with the heels clamped down in a set of grip-tight for bumps piste bashing bindings, don't stand much of a chance at all from a standing start against those more fortunate in having floppy lace boots with cable bindings. With F.L.B.'s and C.B.'s you can readily imitate that effortless swinging glide of the Langlauffer and on sheer style alone you can get up well past the tail enders in the queue before they have even realised what has happened. It is more than an even bet that when you slide past your average tail ender he is still admiring the scenery at this early stage in the queue, or too busy cooling off his brakes to notice you go by. If he does happen to look your way, he will be thrown off guard in his admiration of your superior cross-country style to raise anything in the way of an objection.

If you are an aspiring super fast down-hill-only man and unable to lope in with a stylish Langlauf, I suggest that you aim for the queue with plenty of height advantage (and therefore speed) having previously learned how to brake; do so, before reaching the tail enders, and glide gently in to the lift line. I should add here that Royal Christies (even if you CAN do them) are not to be recommended in close proximity to a lift line, and although I must agree that a scythe like movement might be likely to get you well up to the front of the queue, I can tell you in the light of experience that there is a chance that your approach might be treated with some objections on the part of the management and possibly by others in the queue who might not be too dazed to make comment.

Having secured your place in the queue, all that remains to be done is to move up and take your turn. There is a possible danger of being overtaken by other skiers if you don't keep moving up or if you don't learn to recognise the potential overtaker and deal with him before he passes you.

Perhaps the most frequent overtaker is the one that comes in at waist height. Most of them are about three foot in their boots and two foot six in their socks. It is most unlikely that you will see them without boots on; if you do you don't need me to tell you how to deal with them. It is no good if you do not keep a backward and downward observation all of the time and prepare to deal with this type of overtaker as he approaches. It is usually possible to stop them with a well timed "Achtung" or by a (gentle) grab at the scruff of the neck. Even if you are keeping a good look out, don't forget that if your skis are more than about nine inches apart, this type can pass quite easily without your realising it at all. There are many other types of queue jumper: the scrum forward, the flashy blonde that pulls your eyes over her wool and the novice who passes on by because he doesn't know how to stop. You can make up your own counters for all of these without any help from me. But there is one special type of queue jumper against whom there is no successful counter. He (or she) is not difficult to recognise. They usually wear a brightly coloured sweater with a large brooch pinned to the chest. These are the Double-0 series and they are licensed to kill queues.

Most of these special types are very tactful in the use of their privileges and you should not attempt to interfere with their progress as they move up alongside the head of the queue. Notice how they let half a dozen or so through first before taking their turn, a charming touch which for some reason is frequently appreciated by those not included in the half dozen who precede them.

I have described some of the characteristics of the Q jumper in order that you may recognise him and take any necessary counter action rather than to inspire you to imitate them. Those of you who have decided to ignore this recommendation and take to sneaky Q jumping might like to note the following incident which my informant declared to be true. I may add, true or false, it deserves a wider audience.

It was weekend in the Tyrol - azure sky, crisp snow, the sort of conditions that make your skis tingle even at the thought of it. It was fine, except for one thing; there were one or two local hot shots who were frequently 'buzzing' the visitors, and in particular they were jumping the T-Bar Queue. Now the young man operating the T-Bar found this embarrassing, mindful no doubt of the effect of such bad behaviour on the visitors. He had a quiet word with one of the Double-0 series.

Very shortly the instructor turned up and jumped to the head of the queue, whereupon the lift operator shouted at him: "I am no more to keep having you here before the other people who are the most patient to wait for their turn to come" - or words to that effect, and he went into his little hut and reappeared with a huge logging axe and proceeded to chop up the instructors skis from under him. For a moment everyone in the queue was horrified, but not for long, for the instructor had put on an old pair

of skis which he didn't mind being broken up. He and the lift boy could contain themselves no longer they both rolled over and over in the snow with hoots of laughter.

21st. ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
OF THE NEWSLETTER

HARRY PRETTY, PETE SCOTT, AND CHRIS RADCLIFFE REQUIRE SUGGESTIONS, IDEAS AND DISCUSSION WITH CLUB MEMBERS WHO THINK THEY CAN HELP OR CONTRIBUTE ARTICLES.

ANNAPURNA
WHILLANS AND BOYSEN

7.30pm. TUESDAY 20th OCTOBER

ALBERT HALL
NOTTINGHAM

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM:

ROGER TURNER, CAMP & SPORT, CHRIS RADCLIFFE,
DOUG SCOTT, PETE SCOTT.

EIGER LECTURE
RAY COLLEGE

7.30pm. WEDNESDAY 7th. OCTOBER

ART GALLERY
DERBY

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM THE COMMITTEE

DAVE GUYLER and ANDREA SAW were recently made Full Members of the Oread.

B.M.C. CIRCULARS

A large volume of B.M.C. literature is sent to the Secretary. It is hoped this will be made available to all Oread members. The circulars will be pinned to the notice board in the lounge. More important news and information will still be brought to your attention through the medium of the Newsletter.

B.M.C. Circular No. 604. Life of Kernmantel Ropes.

Recent tests have shown that some kernmantel ropes are liable to a serious loss of performance in use in British conditions. It is not yet known whether all makes of kernmantel are subject to this kind of deterioration, but it has been observed in both Edelweiss and Viking ropes, the only makes so far tested. The cause of the deterioration is not yet known, nor is it clear whether it is related to time or to the amount of use. There is no observable indication of the loss of performance which has been found to be serious after 50-100 days of use over a period of two years in British conditions.

Until more is known of the performance of kernmantel rope under British conditions and/or remedial measures are taken by the manufacturers, we suggest that kernmantel ropes be discarded after two years or 50 days' use, whichever is the earlier.

There is no evidence that hawser-laid ropes to B.S.3104 (which use nylon in a different form from that used in kernmantel) are subject to this kind of deterioration.

B.M.C. Circular No. 605. Karabiners.

Karabiners approved to the U.I.A.A. Standard are now available, and climbers are advised to use only Karabiners conforming to this Standard. They can be recognised by the letters "UIAA" which is a Registered Mark. Karabiners of lighter construction and inferior performance may be satisfactory for some applications (e.g. as direct aids in artificial climbing) where there is no risk of their being subjected to the substantial loads that karabiners may have to withstand in the event of a fall by a climber.

The Standards compiled by the Commission du Matériel de Sécurité of the U.I.A.A. covers both steel and light alloy karabiners, and the performance requirements may be summarised:

Minimum acceptable load.

1. STATIC TENSILE TEST

(a) LOAD APPLIED ON MAJOR AXIS, KEEPER OPEN

Keeper not to pass through latch	1,100 kg (2,420 lb)
Must withstand	1,200 kg (2,640 lb)

Minimum acceptable load

(b) LOAD APPLIED ON MAJOR AXIS, KEEPER CLOSED

Design load (no permanent deformation)	1,400 kg (3,080 lb)
Must withstand	2,200 kg (4,820 lb)

(c) LOAD APPLIED ON MINOR AXIS

Keeper closed	600 kg (1,320 lb)
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2. IMPACT TEST

Energy absorbed:	Steel	22.5 kg m (163 ft lb)
	Light alloy	11.0 kg m (80 ft lb)

In addition, the Standard requires quality control procedures to ensure that this performance is maintained throughout production.

There is widespread belief that a karabiner used to attach a rope to a waist line must be more substantial and stronger than a karabiner used for a running belay. This belief is mistaken, and in the event of a fall, the load on a running belay will always exceed that on a falling climber's waist karabiner.

OCTOBER 11th.1970.

3.00 pm. OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE ERIC BYNE MEMORIAL HUT;HEATHY LEA.

7.00pm. GENERAL MEETING - ROYAL OAK BAKEWELL - INCREASE IN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION.

8.00 pm. PHOTO MEET - ROYAL OAK BAKEWELL - C.DOUGLAS MILNER JUDGING: ORGANIZER PAUL GARDINER.

ANNUAL CLUB DINNER

GREEN MAN AT ASHBOURNE ON NOVEMBER 14th. 1970: TICKETS FROM L.LANGWORTHY

Situation and comments from Hut Custodian.

Over the last few months, and in particular more recently, the Welsh Hut has been criticised by one or two members because they say it has reached a static state. Cods Wallop!

Now let me get one thing straight. Any member who comes along and makes a worthwhile suggestion, an offer of help or offers any idea on improvement, will be welcome and this will be discussed by your Hut Sub-Committee and action may be taken. But remember we now have two Huts, a bigger membership and a bigger and more complicated administration. Therefore we have to be careful with the money and what we do with it - after all, it's your money.

At the moment we are fighting the damp and as most of you know, storage heaters are being installed to help combat this. Let's get this done first and leave the bloody picture windows and Swedish type furniture until the main priorities are overcome.

We know the beds and bedrooms are in need of attention, (but it's no good until we get rid of the damp). We know that we require new tables to eat off, we know that the fencing around the house needs attention! But the majority of people don't know that we might have to have a chimney removed and part of the roof repaired before we can eliminate the damp! This is still a "perhaps" until further investigations have been made. The former jobs I have mentioned will be done but due to the cost of the possible repairs to the roof, the money will have to be watched.

So let's have some bloody help from those idle sods who criticise one of the best huts in the country from behind pints in the Wilmot, and who work more energy off with their mouths than they do with their hands on a working party.

I suppose on the next Working Party, the same old stalwarts will be there, and we owe a lot to them, but I'm hoping to see some fresh faces - especially you buggers whom I'm getting at. I've got some lovely jobs lined up for you!

Now for some general information. We may, (and I say may), lose our car parking facilities. Permission has been granted for the re-opening of the railway line from Beddewert to Rhyd-Ddu, but as far as I know at the moment it will terminate at the National Park Car Park. At the moment it looks as though we won't be affected. I will keep my eye on this situation and let you know of any further developments. This now means that we shall have to be extra careful about parking, to avoid the attention of the authorities and new owners of the Railway. Therefore, please park beyond the post and try and double up in cars to avoid having a large number of cars parked adjacent to the hut.

I am at the moment having discussions with the Mountain Club concerning reciprocal rights with them between our two huts - Tan-y-Wyddfa

and Bryn Hafod in Cum Cowarch. I will keep you posted of the developments.

If you have any spare crocks, knives and forks, or any kitchen utensils which you don't want- the hut does. Also rugs, curtains, carpets and smallish items of furniture; old photographs of mountains and/or members which may be hung in the hut. (Not literally, of course!) Our supply of coke is at an end - (this applies to the whole of North Wales). Therefore we have to think along other lines as regards fuel. So at the moment please be sparing with what we've got and use the coke which is in a pile outside, below the drying room window, first.

When using the hut let me know please when you are going (to avoid double bookings), and let me have your money within 14 days of return. On leaving the hut, leave it clean and tidy (that includes the clearance of all ashes in fires and toffee papers and "things" under beds). The hut is being used at the time of writing on the following weekends.

October 16th - 18th (other club).

October 23rd - 25th (Oread meet booking to D. Appleby).

SEPT 1970 WORKING PARTY - TAN-Y-WYDDFA

DAVE APPLEBY

A turn out of 13 people comprising members and non-members turned up on this last (official) working party of 1970. Saturday was sunny and found most people working outside. John 'Lump Hammer' Welborne was in his eyeholes putting up a new fence while Pete Scott and Burgess sealed the bad outside walls and slapped on stone paint. Tony Hutchinson, Paul Bingham and Dr. Cockshot partially insulated the roof (this to be completed within the next two weeks), also they put up a new gutter and down pipe.

The girls completely cleaned the hut from top to bottom, fitted new curtain rails and painted all the bedrooms and lounge. Geoff and Ann Hayes arrived on Saturday evening with the new wooden bunks which were erected on Sunday. Bushes and trees were pruned and the grass cut. Sue Taylor spent the whole weekend in the kitchen and gave it a good clean including the walls, pans and calor gas rings. So please try and leave it as you find it. Ruth Welbourne was on her knees again and gave all the floors a good going over and they now look very clean indeed, so lets try and keep these as they are.

Many more jobs were done, too numerous to mention here, but I would like to thank all of those who came and did a good job
Present: John and Ruth Welbourne, and children, Geoff and Ann Hayes and children, Tony Hutchinson, Roger Kingshot, Janet Collins, Sue Taylor, Pete Scott, Paul and Jean Bingham, D. Burgess and D. Appleby.

The grim forebodings of the Meet Leader were completely dispelled by the bright sunshine of the Saturday morning and the bright shiny faces. A large party set out for the mountains which were already revealing themselves thro' the heat mist. Eventually the party split into four basic groups which seem to persist for the rest of the week-end.

The main target was to be the crags of Craig Las. Scotty and the Radish 's'elancent vers' Route 2 fully equipped with Boots and Rucksacks as for a Nordwand. By the amount of rubbish falling on myself and Burgess on the adjacent Route 1, they were either trying to simulate actual conditions, or kicking it to death.

Nat and Derek Carnell were having an extremely grubby time gardening in a very nasty place which not surprisingly had escaped the notice of previous generations.

Previous to this they had knocked off Hyrib. When the 2 previous named parties reached the summit cairn, Nat was just cleaning his finger nails and trowel prior to instructing Burgess in his agricultural habits. After these two had repaired to the route in question, the mountain resounded to the echo of rebounding rock and vegetation for the rest of the afternoon. The route was completed and declared a public right of way the next day and has been called "Slanting Gully Grooves" for its trouble. I would have preferred the "Hanging Garden of Babylon". In the meantime Howard, Andy and Brian had completed the Cwfwry arete whilst Messrs. Handley, Radcliffe and the Scott-man did Rib and Slab.

Sunday's early promise was not maintained and after gradual deterioration the rain eventually came about tea time. Parties were again active, principally on routes recommended in the "Gwerman" on Saturday night. Scott followed his chin and Radcliffe over the summit of the Mountain and disappeared into the valley below. What they did I don't know. Personally I think they were a little piqued that they hadn't been asked to participate in the new route, but still they've plenty of time left for gardening! Ray Handley, Fred Allen, Don Cowan and Myself went over to Mynydd Moel to do Triad and West Rib.

Altogether a very enjoyable weekend, which saw 23 Oreads and friends. A large number of these stayed over for the Monday but unfortunately the weather was unkind. When I left on Sunday evening, Burgess was inspecting his flies prior to a little fishing. I must ask Janet if he caught anything!

Those present: Derek, Janet & Gary Burgess; Pete Scott; Sue Taylor; Chris Radcliffe; Kath Tobbet; Wendy Allen; Fred Brenda, Peter & Twins Allen; Don & Sheila Cowan & family; Andy & Joan Oakden & family; Ray & Maria Handley; Chris Cullley & Bernice; Howard Johnson & Margaret Day; Brian Hopper; Pete Janes; Nat & Tinsel Allen; Derek & Pat Carnel.

FOOTNOTE: Unfortunately we do not have space in this issue of the Newsletter to include Nat Allens description of his new route, Slanting Gully Grooves. It will appear, in full, in a future edition.