
 OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
 NEWSLETTER
 Edited by Chris Radcliffe
 JULY 1971

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EDITORIAL

Once again the Alpine season is with us. Many will be attending the club meet which this year is to be held at Zermatt - some details of this are given below. Although the recent spell of fine weather has encouraged good meets, and the main bank holiday meets at Easter and Whit were exceptionally successful, the poor weather in June has certainly curtailed our activities. Nevertheless the Derbyshire crags have had a good work out and the Wednesday evening activists have only been frustrated by the weather on one occasion.

A significant development over the last few months has been the publication of the guides to Chatsworth Area Gritstone and Southern Limestone. Other volumes in the 'Climbs in the Peak' series are to follow to cover Kinder, Roaches, etc., but the most popular areas are now covered by guides and some of the more secluded haunts known to Oreads will inevitably face an invasion (see Derek Carnell's article).

~~EDITORIAL (C. RADCLIFFE) - NEWSLETTER JULY 1971 (EXTRACT)~~

~~Another side effect will be on the routes themselves - here of course I am thinking primarily of limestone. It seems to work both ways. At Stoney Middleton, which has seen more activity than any other limestone crag, most of the routes have become quite safe and old peg routes are now led free, some at quite a reasonable standard. Even so, another problem is the polishing of holds on the most popular routes - Windhover comes to mind as an example. On the other hand certain routes on other crags are becoming positively dangerous with increasing use. The detached flake on the first pitch of Debauchery at High Tor and a similar feature on the first pitch of Campanile in Dovedale are both getting very loose. It seems extremely likely that sooner or later there will be a serious accident.~~

What can be done about this? On the continent, where climbers are far more organised than in this country, many of the pegs on outcrops such as the Ardennes in Belgium or the Vercours in France, are real "stoppers" that have been cemented in place. These would be considered very major crags indeed if situated in this country and the operation of cementing in pegs must be quite an undertaking. Surely it would be quite justifiable for a similar practice to operate on routes such as Debauchery? Perhaps it cuts across the grain of normal British thinking, but with the increasing popularity of such routes a change in attitude in this respect could be timely.

ALPINE MEET

This years Alpine meet, July 24th - August 7th, will be held at Zermatt itself. Camping is at the official site close to the town. The road is not fully open all the way to Zermatt and it is usual to leave cars at St. Niklaus which is $\frac{3}{4}$ hour journey down the line. However, it is said that one can drive without restriction to Randa further up the line where there is easy parking.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(C. RADCIFFE)

NEWSLETTER JULY 1971

Dear Sir,

Your categorisation of club members according to age and activity in the March editorial was quite interesting. Also there can be little doubt about the category to which I was relegated.

It does however prompt one question. Is there any significance in the fact that whereas you know only 78% of the male members of the Oread sufficiently well to categorise them, you are apparently quite well acquainted with 95% of the females?

Yours etc.,

Trevor Bridges.

RECIPROCAL RIGHTS

Reciprocal rights have now been negotiated with the Climbers Club and the Mountain Club for use of their huts, which are among the finest available in any mountain area. Brief details are set out below; for any further information, contact Pete Scott.

The Mountain Club.

BRYN HAFOD

Situated: At the head of Cwm Cowarch near Dinas Mawddwy in Merionethshire.

Maps: O.S. 1" - 116 & 117. Ref. SH 853194.

Application for use to the Hon. Hut Secretary: R.A. Chapman, The Dell, Barn Bank Lane, Hyde Lea, Stafford. (Tel. Home, Stafford 3690; Work, Stafford 3232, Ext.140).

Fees: 15p per night.

The Climbers Club.

Application for all Welsh huts: C.E. Davies, 31, Lynton Drive, High Lane, Disley, nr. Stockport, Cheshire. (Tel. Home, 0663.2.3475; Work, 061. CEN 5075 & 5257).

Fees: 25p per night.

HELYG.

Situated: South of A5, 2½ miles from Capel Curig.

Accommodation: 17. Men only.

Continued on Page 18.

CORRECTION

Page 14 - Route 62D should read as 'BOOMERANG'

NEWSLETTER - JULY 1971

The Great Gardiner Gungey

Tricouni

It was during a walk in the lower British hills that the chance sighting of one of those large blue fertilizer bags that you see here and there in the great out-doors, caused my companion to reveal to me an episode and resulting saga, which has lain carefully concealed in the minds of a chosen few OREADS for many years the saga of the Great Gardiner Gungey.

It started in Scotland, just ten years ago,
and by chance to an OREAD man,
when Paul, who'd been ill
was out on the hill
with his wife and a new lad named Sam.

Being strong walkers; in those days quite hard
they were soon quite high on the Ben,
with no-one aware
of the secret they'd share
or the thing that they'd bring down again.

The phenomenon known as the Great Gardiner Gungey
was discovered by innocent Paul
as he stopped for a pee
at the top of a scree
in the lee of a tall dry-stone wall.

In the clear mountain air it shimmered and shone,
as it drifted down into his sight;
like a sack filled with gas
a candle of glass
or a coral pink rubber clad kite.

It fluttered to earth, not making a sound;
one end of it right at his feet
while the other came down
all bulbous and round
at a distance of twenty-three feet.

Now Paul is a miser as everyone knows,
and just can't resist a few bob,
and the sight of this thing
and the cash it could bring
seemed rather like Manna from God.

So quick as a flash, when he'd finished his slash,
he set about rolling it up.
It was into his sack
and onto his back
'fore anyone knew what was up.

They'd stopped for a breather at three thousand feet
when Sam took a fancy to food,
and before Paul could stop him
he'd found it; eyes popping
at the sight of a Gungey so huge.

Sam wasn't convinced by the tale that Paul told
of how it came down on the fell,
and he said so that night
in the pub when quite tight
though he swore that ne never would tell.

The thing was produced for all there to see,
the men thought it funny and lewd,
while the female reaction
was one of contraction
at the sight of a Gungey so huge!

The troubles then started for innocent Paul,
now the fame of his Thing was unfurled,
and plots they were made
and schemes they were laid
in the night by the women and girls.

Paul woke with a jerk at a quarter to two,
and could see as they parted the flap,
the two hungry women
intent on their sinning
disturbing his nocturnal nap.

He leaped from his bag like the star of a 'drag'
thinking thoughts that were carnal and rude,
but the look in their eyes,
and their languishing sighs
were too much, and soon changed his mood.

The women advanced on innocent Paul,
who retreated as far as he could
not sure if relieved
or thoroughly peeved,
that Betty had slept at the pub.

Now Paul is no chicken as everyone knows,
but the two rampant nymphs were too much!
He fled past the pair
though indecently bare
to escape from their ravishing clutch.

The glen was alive with a feminine hoard
some were just curious to see
while others desired
to be fully en-sired
and were willing to pay a stud fee.

All night Paul was running from pillar to post
pursued by the petticoat hounds,
till at last he fell spent
at the door of his tent,
on his face, on the warm summer's ground.

The women encircled; a quivering mass,
each one of them dying to view
what filled out the Gungey
which made them so hungry
for posture three hundred and two!

Paul was rolled over: the women all gasped,
the collossus they'd hoped for was missing.
He was quite well endowed,
with a right to be proud
But not at all what they'd been wishing.

In deep consternation the women searched round
for the Gungey that started the trouble.
They found it at last,
with this label stuck fast
to the base of the wonderous bubble ...

"Will the finder return to the address below,
post-paid by ourselves on receipt.
To N. A. S. A.,
Department D K,
Houston, Texas, East 43rd Street."

PHOTO COPY

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NEWSLETTER - JULY 1971

THE PEAK HORSESHOE WALK 1971

GEOFF HAYES

Eric Byne in "High Peak" wrote at some length about the epic Peak Horseshoe walk, first done by Sumner and Lambe of the Mountain Club of Stafford in 37 hours in 1953. Long before this book was published the Oread had attempted the same marathon walk. The first attempt started from the barn at The Roaches early one Saturday morning in '59 (I think). It ended for some at Buxton in the foulest of weather, with Gordon Gadsby being transported from Whitehall seated in a wheelbarrow. Ashcroft, Frost and myself did get as far as Edale, but a night at Poltergeist Barn in pouring rain put paid to us and we got the train to Grindleford before limping to Rowsley.

The second attempt, about a year later, was a little more successful. This time we started from the Roaches on the Friday night and slept later at Three Shire Head. The Saturday was spent walking to Bull Stones Cabin, but we avoided Bleaklow and crossed from Edale to the Snake and then over Alport Castles. Rowsley was easily reached on the Sunday.

After a ten year lapse I decided in a weak moment to lead the meet once again. A few weeks before the date I was regretting the decision, but lived with the belief that no other Oread could be interested in doingsuch a slog. It was therefore with much surprise that on Friday evening, 19th March this year that I saw assembled at Trevor Bridges home in Derby the following young and not quite so young Oreads and friends: Dave Williams, Paul Gardiner, Clive Russell, Chris Radcliffe, Trevor Bridges, Niell, Doris and Dog!

The same faces also appeared in the pub at Upper Hulme before leaving at about 9.30 p.m. for a barn close to Three Shire Head. The night was dark and the bogs in prime condition as we sloshed over the top of the Roaches and later up the Dane valley. After a slight loss of route and an encounter with a large horse guarding a farm (Williams muttering about the Black Horseman) the barn was reached about midnight. This barn provided everyone with a comfortable nights kip and led to a far too leisurely start on the Saturday. However the Cat and Fiddle road was soon reached and then the A6 close to White Hall. Combs Moss was crossed and the low cloud began to clear as we descended to Dove Holes and a rendezvous with Shiela Bridges and Jean Russell. After hot drinks and eats, the team set off for Sparrowpit. Doris and Dog retired, much to the relief of Williams who had spent most of his time lifting the dog over the numerous stone walls which blocked our way. It was then up and over Brown Knoll and on to Kinder Low with the pace slowing down as thick cloud spread in again. Kinder Scout was reached as it began to rain and blow in earnest. From here the party began to split up and the arrival at the Summit of the Snake saw us in some disarray and with a faltering spirit. It was quite cold and getting dark fast, so it

was a miserable crowd hunched in the shelter of the support car. Here the party decided to split and Trevor, Chris and myself decided to carry on as best we could, with the others hoping to find shelter at the Barnsley Hut or at Heathy Lea.

It was pitch dark as the three of us set off for Lower Small Clough by about the most direct route via Grains-in-the-Water and the Westend. All went well with the map reading and about 10 p.m. the Cabin was found. Don Cowan was in residence just drinking the last of the tea having decided that we wouldn't make it. Don had walked from his home in Sheffield. After another good night and late start it was down to the Derwent, then up to Bullstones and Margery Hill. The weather was an improvement on the previous day and a fast time was made over the Derwent Edges to the Ladybower Road where our support party was a little surprised to find that we had survived the night. Here we were joined by Rusty who had walked up the Edges from Baslow to walk back with us for the remainder of the walk. All that remained was an easy run in over Stannage, Burbage, Foggatt, Curbar and Baslow to the hut at 6.45 p.m., having spent a total of 25 hours walking.

Well, there is still the chance for the Oread to do the complete Peak Horseshoe. The main parts we missed were over Bleaklow Head and round the head of the Derwent, and if there is a purist in the party, the section from Baslow to Matlock as was done by the Mountain Club in 1953!

TREMADOC MEET - MARCH 28TH 1971

DAVE APPLEBY

About fifteen Oreads attended this meet and the gents spent the weekend climbing on Bwlch-y-Moch and Pant Ifan where all the most popular routes, and as many not so popular routes, were knocked off.

The ladies shot off in all directions. Shopping was first on the list - Judith A. Maria Handley and Margaret Day spending £25 apiece in Caenarvon on stuff you could buy at half the price on the Derby Market. The beach was the next on the priority list and they finally finished off at the foot of the crag sipping tea from the 'Caf' by the bucket full.

Saturday night was spent in Beddgellert - 1½ hours in the Tanronon, 1½ hours in the Prince Llewellyn - we had to leave the former because we thought R.L.B. College might get stropky with a drunken Welshman who was wearing a wig and dark glasses - as R.L.B. put it: "a poor welshmans version of Jason King."

Climbing again on the crag on Sunday was superb and it was a pity to leave in the late afternoon, but we all had a good week-end - thank you all for coming.

YORKSHIRE THREE PEAKS - APRIL 24TH. HOWARD JOHNSON.

A total of thirteen people assembled Friday night at the Crown Hotel, Horton-in-Ribblesdale. The weather was typical for the Three Peaks, hence tents were erected in torrential rain.

Saturday morning was no better so after a late breakfast, a 'mass' invasion was made to the pub. After several games of darts and chats the rain eased off so it was decided to have an afternoon walk. Everybody assembled in wet gear, walked via Simon Fell to Ingleborough and then over to Gaping Gill pothole, thence back to Horton.

Sunday morning was bright and sunny, Jack Ashcroft, Mark Hayhurst and myself walked to the summit of Pen-y-Ghent; the last stretch among fell runners competing in this years annual Three Peaks race. The remainder on the meet motored over to Malham for a days climbing. Several routes were completed on both the East and the West wings together with an ascent of the Super Direttissima.

So, as last year, the full circuit was once again not completed. Who knows, maybe one year the weather will be fine!

Members and friends present: Derrick Burgess, Jack Ashcroft, Ray Colledge, Mark Hayhurst, Roger Kingshott, Chris Radcliffe, Pete Scott, Sue Taylor and friend Janet, Tony Hutchinson, Doris Andrew and Dog, Margaret Day and Yours Truly.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Jean and Clive Russell,
Rookery House,
Smithey Lane,
PARWICH,
Nr. Ashbourne Tel. 033.525.369

Reg and Ann Squires,
P.O.Box 612,
NAIROBI,
Kenya.

(Reg reports the arrival of Denis and Leni Gray in Kenya, also Ian Howell fresh from Everest - within three hours of landing he was back on rock! There is a very enthusiastic group of ex-patriate climbers and acres of unclimbed rock - sounds good!)

FOR SALE

Vango Force Ten Mark iv Tent. Used Twice. Reason for sale - purchase of Mark v tent. Price £19.

John Fisher,
c/o Dental Hospital,
St. Mary's Row,
Birmingham 4.
Tel, evenings: 021.454. 8028.

DIURNAL DABBING IN DOVEDALE
(NEW GUIDE TO LIMESTONE)

NEWSLETTER JULY 1971 - D. CARNELL (EXTRACT)

At last a Guide to Dovedale!! To those of us who have, in the past, had the pleasure of quiet weekends in the Dales of Derbyshire, the words have a deadly ring about them. Already the horde, despite our attempts to price them out, are gathering; the first vanguard of nutter-bedecked 'Guidos' nervously twisting their plastic covered guidebooks have arrived. Their presence over the last few weeks has led to a certain amount of feverish activity amongst the Grass Tugging Devotees, Soil Scramblers, and Machete Weilding Boulder Bouncers who have, without exception, been lurking, albeit not quietly, amongst the rocky spires of our section of the 'Lower British Hills'.

"Get dug in" and "You dig that, Man?" have taken on a wealth of new meaning lately, and the Last Great Problems have literally been unearthed from their covering mantles.

Secrecy has been intense - Nat Allen has been observed Covering Up partly excavated rock to keep it from the prying eyes, and once, to avoid drawing attention to the area being worked, several members of the G.T.D.S.S. and M.W.B.B. were seen catching the rocks as Burgess threw them off . . . !

As 'local experts' we have been able to deflect the first initial assault on the area by means of various subterfuge and recommencation - "Have you done so-and-so?" - "There's a great climb on the next buttress down." - "You should be able to get up such and such". (All these climbs are usually miles away, or very hard!) But, with the advent of about Sixty Quids' worth of Guidebooks milling about the scene, time is running out for the Veterans.

We did contemplate stringing nets across the gullies to prevent the rocks rolling down on to the path, and also to prevent the rich, guidebook owners from ascending, but we were outflanked before we could complete the Plan.

Already our first line of defence is breached. We have surrendered such fortifications as Campanile Pinnacle, the Col du Turd, Silicon, John Peel, and Simeon. The pristine whiteness of these areas reverberates with shouts and the clink of Alien gear. Foreign hands clutch at unworn holds, Moacs bite at sharp-edged cracks, rucsacs cluster together for safety, and equipment lies in bright-hued heaps. We are forced higher and higher into uncharted country in our search for seclusion.

With aching hearts we turn to the areas that are left us - green, mossy walls, slimy cracks, and shattered rock. Were all those other routes once like THIS before we came? We scabble on, seeking to

EXTRACT)
excavate a niche for ourselves; mindlessly, but with an awareness of the others far below, we hack and hew and dig and pray, seeking our own individuality; seeking to carve from the jungle a route worthy to be done by the future generations of 'Guidos' - seeking to finish before we are overwhelmed by time and the inexorable pressure from below.

Hanging from a rose bush by one hand, and with a grass sod in the other, spitting out soil dislodged from above and twisting sideways to avoid the limestone block that is about to fall on your knee, you shake your head sadly, and promptly fill your eyes with dirt from your hair. Centipedes scurry across the back of your hand, and a snail drops from nowhere down your neck. "Could do with a helmet if only to keep off the soil," you think, and then your spirits soar as the rock (which missed your knee) lands with a crash on to the spare coils of your rope far below, breaks into several lethal chunks, and smashes on to your seconds' shin-bone! Good job you'd got him tied to that tree - he might have been able to get out of the way otherwise!

You shake the tears (caused by the laughter and the soil) from your eyes, and make another despairing move up. Out comes the rose bush and you're back where you started - holding sweet fanny adams and gazing myopically at the runner flake.

Down below, your second is wearing an agonised expression and the rose bush. He suggests you leave the route for posterity. Talking of that portion of your anatomy reminds you how much load you've got on the runner, so you descend, 'dusting off' the ledges and holds.

"It'll be all right when I reach the big dead tree," you mutter cheerfully to your second, and get a fleeting vision of him wearing THAT. Figures appear on the ridge above, creeping silently along like Indians - The Burgess/Allen team have ripped another way through. Other figures appear far below clutching Guidebooks, and we melt quickly into the undergrowth in case they see us. "Come back next week" we say to each other "and finish 'em all off then." We collect our gear and race down the gully to the river path, wash off the worst of the black soil, and mingle with the day trippers out sight-seeing. Numerous 'Guido's' eye us suspiciously but we brazen it out. "This area's about played out for us," says one of our number. "We'll have to go back to the Arenigs."

Never mind we've at least made the New Guide book Obsolete....!

NEW ROUTES. SOUTHERN LIMESTONE. DOVEDALE.
TISSINGTON SPIRES, CHELSEA BUTTRESS AREA.

A few yards upstream from the ruined pumphouse path leads up a narrow valley. Go up this path for about 50 yards, then fork right up a scree slope to reach the obvious buttress, CHELSEA BUTTRESS, split by a large converging chimney. The same spot may also be reached from the back of the Campanile Pinnacle by moving up leftwards over a grassy knoll, and down the grass gully at the side of the buttress wall capped by an obvious overhang (Slime Traverse and Roaring Forties go over this overhang). The climbs are described starting from the Chimney.

1. Veterans Chimbley: 60 feet - Severe

Climb the converging chimney (seldom dry) facing right. Pull over the top on good holds and climb to the ridge. Tree belay on the ridge higher up. First Ascent; D. Carnell and L. Peel, 3.4.71.

The right bounding front of the buttress provides the next climb. Start at the large tree to the right of the front of the buttress.

2. Thunder Rib: 75 feet - Very Severe

Climb up to a crack on the right flank of the buttress. Climb this and the flake above to a ledge. Layback the crack above and move left to a steep finish on good holds. Stance and tree belay on the ridge. First Ascent; D. Burgess and J.R.(N) Allen, 21.3.71.

3. Pensioners Groove: 70 feet - Very Severe

Just to the right of the last climb is a groove. Climb into this and ascend direct, moving slightly left above a sapling to an easier finish. First Ascent; D. Burgess and J.R.(N) Allen, 3.4.71.

Higher up the gully, the clean wall is capped by a sickle shaped overhang. At the lowest left hand end of the wall an obvious depression with a swallett hole at about 15 feet gives the line of the next climb.

4. Roaring Forties: 45 feet - Very Severe

Using the pockets in the depression, climb up into the hole. Standing in the hole, a thread runner (in situ!) up on the left can be reached. Continue up the line to the roof (large thread) and surmount the overhang using the peg in place for aid. Finish up past the tree. First Ascent; B. Metcalfe and H. Harrison, 21.3.71.

5. Slime Traverse: 70 feet - Very Severe

Start from the top of the gully at the right hand end of the curving scar. Climb pleasantly up to the fault line (thread) and traverse left past a thread in situ. With aid from the peg in place, climb to the tree on 'Roaring Forties'. Finish as for that climb. First Ascent; D. Burgess and J.R.(N) Allen, 3.4.71.

TISSINGTON SPIRES, THE SENTINEL AND THE KEEP AREA

Climb up North Gully past the Campanile Pinnacle and the rock wall of 'Fetish'. Straight ahead the gully narrows and passes between the twin buttress's of THE KEEP on the right, and THE SENTINEL on the left. Obvious landmarks are a wide crack on The Keep, close to the gully, and an old brown Yew (deceased) over half way up the face on The Sentinel.

Access is also possible from Chelsea Buttress Area by going over the grassy cols on either side of that Buttress, and descending into North Gully above the Campanile Pinnacle.

SENTINEL BUTTRESS

Start at the lowest point of the buttress, about ten feet to the right of the big Ash tree.

62A Topsy Turvy: 100 feet - Very Difficult

Climb the wall and move right above a small tree to a break in the bulge above. This leads to a flake with a small sapling behind it, from where a traverse left can be made to the old Yew tree. The wall behind the yew leads directly to the summit and tree belay.

First Ascent; D. Carnell and L. Peel, 3.4.71.

62B Sentinel Crack: 50 feet - Very Difficult

Ten feet left of the Ash tree, and twenty feet left of the last route, is a crack leading up to a small bay level with the old Yew. Climb this crack, to the bay, move left into the corner, and climb this on excellent holds to the ridge above and a tree belay.

Alternative starts. The curving overhung crack 15 feet left, and the clean wall between, give shorter, but harder starts. The centre of the wall is the hardest at about Severe and leads

straight up to the finishing corner of Sentinel Crack. It is also possible to traverse to the Yew tree from the bay.

First Ascents; D. Carnell, A. Oakden (Alternate) and L. Peel.

KEEP BUTTRESS

Start below the obvious crack a few feet right of the big tree in the gully bed.

62C Keepers' Crack: 50 feet - Very Difficult

Climb the awkward groove to a grassy ledge, (it is possible to traverse in from the left to here). Climb the wide crack and the slabby rocks above it to finish at the tree.

First Ascent; J.R.(N) Allen and D. Burgess, 1965.

62D Boomerang: 100 feet - Hard Severe

Start as for the last climb, step up the awkward groove then traverse right across the slab to a tree stump on the corner. Climb up the slabs on the right to the foot of the corner crack. Climb this on good holds to the top, or swing round left just under the top for an exposed finish.

First Ascent; J.R.(N) Allen and A. Oakden, 17.4.71.

TISSINGTON SPIRES: SOUTH GULLY AREA

To the right of 'Stanley Wall' on the First Pinnacle is a broken line with a couple of caves at its' foot. Start right of the caves, at a tree.

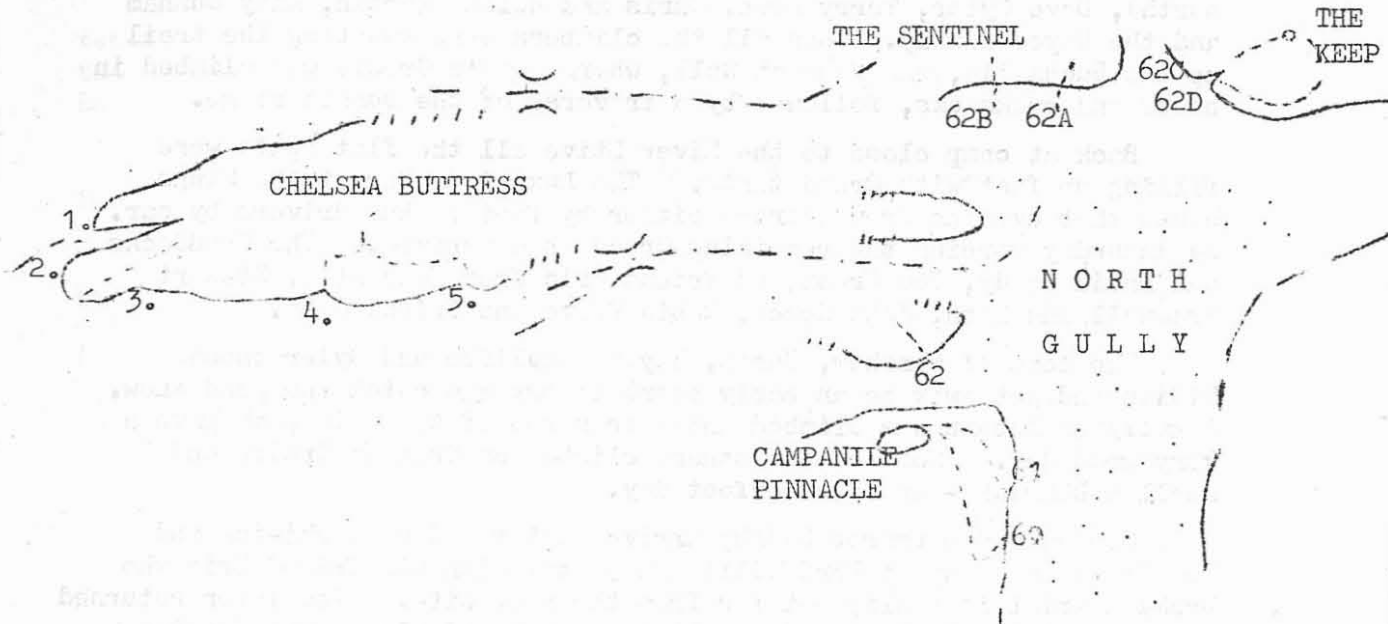
71A Nutcracker: 110 feet - Very Severe

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the crack above past a small tree until a clean slab can be crossed to the left into a cave. Stance and belay.
- (2) 70 feet. Move back down and traverse left on to the break, (small tree runner). Ascent the wall leftwards to a recess, with a steep crack. Climb the first part of this crack with the aid of nut runners, and free climb the upper section until a move to the right can be made on to a grassy rake. Stance or scramble to the ridge.

First Ascent; D. Burgess and J.R.(N) Allen, 21.3.71.

1(A) 40 feet. Wet Start. Begin as pitch (1) but move left to the edge of the lowest cave, move up and leftwards in to the crack line which is climbed to the stance and belay in the upper cave. A harder start.

First Ascent; D. Burgess and J.R.(N) Allen, 3.4.71.



CHELSEA BUTTRESS

1.	VETERANS CHIMBLEY	- 60 FEET	- SEVERE	
2.	THUNDER RIB	- 75 FEET	- VERY SEVERE	
3.	PENSIONERS' GROOVE	- 70 FEET	- VERY SEVERE	
4.	ROARING FORTIES	- 45 FEET	- VERY SEVERE	
5.	SLIME TRAVERSE	- 70 FEET	- VERY SEVERE	
60.	CAMPANILE	- 110 FEET	- SEVERE) CAMPANILE PINNACLE
61.	WHACKO	- 80 FEET	- A1 AND SEVERE	
62.	FETISH	- 45 FEET	- SEVERE	
62A.	TOPSY TURVY	- 100 FEET	- VERY DIFFICULT) THE SENTINEL THE KEEP
62B.	SENTINEL CRACK	- 50 FEET	- VERY DIFFICULT	
62C.	KEEPERS' CRACK	- 50 FEET	- VERY DIFFICULT	
62D.	"	- 100 FEET	- HARD SEVERE	

Glen Coe - Easter 1971

Geoff Hayes

Recalling the finest weather in 15 years of Scottish Easter climbing, is about the best way to start this meet's report. Hazards were heat exhaustion, sun burn and grass fires. All the five days were sunny and hot with the nights clear and frosty.

Camping in Glen Etive on the Friday morning were Lloyd Caris, Jim Kershaw (who had walked from Glasgow (almost) across the passes to attend this meet), Chris Radcliffe (now claiming the fastest drive north), Dave Gyler, Terry Lowe, Chris and Helena Martin, Andy Dunham and the Hayes family. Soon all the climbers were sweating the trail up the Buchaille, and Rannoch Wall, where Agag's Groove was climbed in boots and rucksacks, followed by a traverse of the summit ridge.

Back at camp close to the River Etive all the flat spots were filling up fast with Oread tents. The Luxurious Bar at the Kings House that evening drew everyone either by foot or the drivers by car. By Saturday morning the remaining Oreads had arrived. The Craddocks and David Brady, Tom Frost and friend Eric from Newcastle, Stewart Bramwall and Kath, John Dench, Robin Reeve and friend John.

The team of Kershaw, Caris, Hayes Radcliffe and Gyler chose Bidean and got away to an early start to try and catch the good snow. A gully on Lochan was climbed and a traverse of the main peak gave a very good day. Most of the others climbed on Sron Na Creise and Meall a Bhuridh - another perfect day.

Gordon and Margaret Gadsby arrived later and went ski-ing and Tom Frost ended up at Fort William Hospital with his friend Eric who broke a wrist in a slip not far from the camp site. Tom later returned to camp and the following day collected Eric and also managed a tea on the National Health. Tom still looks underfed, it's a wonder they let him out at all! Kresia and her brother arrived later.

Sunday saw Dench, John and friend up Bidean, Lloyd and Jim climbing on crags in the Lost valley, Dave Brady and Chris Radcliffe on the Etive slabs and the Gadsby's, Martin's and Hayes's on Ben Starav (First Oread ascent?).

A brilliant morning on Monday and the Craddock's, Gadsby's, Stewart, Kath and Kresia set off for the traverse of Bidean for a long day out (they returned at 10.30pm). John Dench, Robin and John traversed the Aonach Eagach. Dave Brady and, Dave Gyler and Terry found a good North facing snow gully on the Sron. Hayes and Radcliffe climbed Red Slab on Rannoch Wall and Jim Kershaw and Lloyd got up the Chasm on the Buchaille (the best gully in Scotland).

The weather was still good on Tuesday as most set off for home. A few stopped off in the Trossacks and Geoff Hayes and Andy Dunham did a route on the Cobbler, followed by a traverse of the three summits.

I'm sure the 24 Oreads will never forget this Easter meet.

Spring Holiday 1971 - Cornwall

Fred Allen

To say this was an Oread meet would not be true, for in addition to about 40 of us we had "The Swanage Lads", Richard, Winky and Peter with wife, together with Speedy, Midge and Tina, Bud, Ron Cummerford and family from the Rock & Ice.

Most people had arrived by breakfast time on Saturday, but what a depressing outlook. Instead of the promised sun we had drizzling rain and wet grass two feet high.

However, after steam rolling the grass with the cars and erecting tents most people turned in for a few hours sleep. By the afternoon the sky had lightened and the climbing party moved over to Chair Ladder and were suitably impressed.

After flexing their muscles on one or two of the easier climbs, the party retired to the Logan Rock Inn to slake their thirsts.

That night it blew a gale and Sunday saw one or two tents being baled out. Fortunately the fine weather promised by the meet leader materialised by mid morning and held for the rest of the week. Hence the climbing party was active on rock for eight consecutive days. Although the relaxing southern air almost got the better of Radcliffe who on one occasion emerged from his pit one hour after the party had left for the crag. The look of hurt astonishment on his face was laughable.

It is doubtful if any of the listed climbs on Chair Ladder was left unclimbed by the end of the week. Even Bishops Buttress and Excelsior both extreme, fell to Speedy and Midge; Chris, Richard and Winky. Another delightful day was spent on Fox's Promontory in the hot sun. This had several fine routes and a girdle traverse in exposed positions over the sea. Several excursions were made to Bosigran and climbs done there included three in the Great Zawn. West face, A1, Speedy and Midge, Bud and Chris, Variety show - mixed artificial and free - Speedy and Midge: Gangrene chimney - as green as its name - Richard, Winky and Ron Chambers. We also spent a few hours at Sennon one day, with most of the party posing for a shot on Demo Route. The remainder of this day was spent walking back to Porthcurno, about 7 miles, exploring the coastline and doing a few routes on Pordenack Point.

The Ladies section made full use of the good weather with excursions to the various beaches, walks along the cliff paths and visits to nearby resorts. They would stagger back to camp in the late afternoon, nursing their wounds, or should I have said - sun-burn. By the time their men returned from the climbing area they would be washed and groomed with a meal ready, and all set for an evening out at one of the local pubs.

Most of our friends returned home Saturday evening or Sunday, after a very enjoyable and satisfying holiday.

Members attending were:- Les and Ron Langworthy, Chris Radcliffe, Andy, Wendy, Fred and Brenda, Ron and Kath, Howard and Margaret, Rosie, George and Janet, Dane & Pam, Rusty and Joan, Lloyd and Mary, Geoff and Anne. Friends attending were Joyce and Hank, Mervyn, Niell, Richard and Janice, and various children.

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Spring Holiday 1971 - Arran Meet

C. Craddock

A few 'hardy' Oreads complete with 'lightweight' sacks arrived at Ardrossan, very bleary-eyed, to catch the early boat on Saturday morning to Arran. After consuming several delicious bacon-butties on the boat, we arrived at Brodick and struggled along the pier with our gear and went to hire some bikes.

My parents, who had taken their car on to the island, were soon way-laid by these 'hardy' Oreads who found that their so-called 'light weight' gear, was not so. However, after some persuasion (!!) from my parents, they succumbed to allowing their gear to be taken by car to the campsite in Glen Rosa.

After getting over the formalities of pitching the tents, a few of us went on a bike ride, whilst Gordon, Margaret and a new prospective member, Malcolm, felt more energetic and went to climb Goatfell.

On Sunday the weather was not very promising, but undeterred we all cycled to Glen Sannox and did a very fine ridge walk, which included Cioch na h-Oighe and Mullach Buidhe. We finished with a stop on the way back to Glen Rosa, for a very good meal at the Boathouse Grill.

Monday, (well I hardly dare mention this epic day), for Gordon 'Guido' Gadsby suggested an easy day cycling over to the beach at Drumadoon Bay. This so-called bike ride commenced with a 3 mile walk up the hill to Blackwaterfoot. However, we did spend a pleasant afternoon on the beach playing football and sun-bathing. After stopping at a pub for 'refreshment' (minus the Bridies, which we had especially been promised!!) we started on our journey back, along Gadsby's 'easy route' via Slidery Glenscorrodale and Lamlash. After cycling for about 7 miles, or should I say walking for it was mainly up-hill, we were confronted by a sign - Lamlash 9 miles - We were soon to discover this consisted of 7 miles up-hill and 2 miles free-wheeling into Lamlash.

It was about 11.00pm when Lamlash was invaded by several Oreads, who at the sight of a mobile fish and chip van, unsaddled their mounts and after an almighty cheer, gave their orders for 'fish suppers' !!! We then cycled a further 4 miles to Glen Rosa and finally arrived at the campsite at approximately midnight (one puncture and broken chain later) - so much for an easy day!!

Most of the Oreads went home on Tuesday, but Paul, Marje and myself stayed until Friday and consequently we were able to do one of the finest walks on Arran - namely, the Main Ridge.

I thank everyone who attended this meet and hope it will be as popular in the future. Those present were Paul, myself and my parents; Gordon and Margaret Gadsby; Malcolm Love, Dave Brady and girl-friend Pauline; Tom Green & girl-friend Pauline; Tom Green and girl-friend Bridget; Marje Graham; John Cross and family, including Simon.

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Continued from Page 2:-

YNWS ETTWS

Situated: Llanberris Pass, 700 yards below Cromlech Bridge.
Accommodation: Men, Women being negotiated for (I believe).

CWM GLAS MAWR

Situated: Llanberris Pass, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile below Cromlech Bridge.
Accommodation: 10. Men and Women.

Cornwall - BOSIGRAN COUNT HOUSE

Situated: 7 miles south of St. Ives. Grid ref 422365 on O.S. 189.
Accommodation: 20. Men and Women.
Applications to:

J.W. Smith,
5, Rosewall Terrace,
St. Ives,
Cornwall.

Tel. St. Ives 5867

Fees: 25p per night.

Derbyshire- BOB DOWNES HUT, FROGGATT EDGE.

Situated: $\frac{3}{4}$ mile above Chequers Inn.
Accommodation: 12 Men, 10 Women.
Applications to:

D.K. Morrison,
30, Cherry Bank Road,
Sheffield S8. 8RA.

Tel. Home, 0742 54460
Work, 0742 52379

Fees: 25p per night.