

EDITORIAL

Many of you will be reading this Newsletter for the first time at the AGM, hence this is an appropriate time to take a critical look at the health and spirit of the Club. Last November we celebrated twentyone years of existence as boisterously as ever at the Dinner and many fine phrases were flung around looking forward to equally fruitful years to come. We hope that this will indeed be the case and that the Club will move from strength to strength. It is clear that the Club as we know it comes from the farsighted enthusiasm of it's older members who have spurned the conventional framework of climbing communities. As Eric Byre wrote in "High Peak", referring to the early expeditions organised by Creads: "It is perhaps difficult to realise nowadays what a psychological and social breakthrough this was, or how much character it required."

Fine though these achievements may have been, it is equally clear that conditions have changed so radically that the essential character of the Club must change if we are once again to be seen as pacesetters. The privations of earlier days which tended to throw fellow climbers together have largely disappeared and as with life in general the sport has become too comfortable. Is the age of the extrovert personalities who did so much to kindle enthusiasm now lost to us? Perhaps the concept of a club is the antithesis of vitality - certainly the front runners of today's climbing scene tend not to be club types. However we believe that this outlook is far too narrow-minded and that the club retains a place to foster a true spirit of the hills and a belief in mountaineering as very much of a way of life.

Nevertheless there are clearly rumblings of discontent about the role of the Cread today and our correspondents, Trevor Bridges and Sue Taylor, propose ways of tackling the problem, while "Tricouni's" musings on leadership are topical enough at the time of the AGM. The recent publication of the revised membership list prompted us to enter the ring with a highly subjective statistical analysis which can hardly be treated too seriously, but at least offers plenty of scope for discussion!

MALE

Elder Statesmen (i.e. over 45)	11	
Master Craftsmen (30 - 45)		
Active, hard - climb to high standard	9	
Active, not hard - mainly walkers	9	
Cut occasionally - mainly walkers	19	
Aspirants (15 - 30)		
Active, hard/moderately hard - climb to high or reasonably high standard	11	
Active, not hard - do not climb sufficiently regularly to maintain a reasonable standard	11	
Cut occasionally	3	
Not known	<u>20</u>	93

FEMALE

Active, rock climbers	5	
Active, only walkers	16	
Non-active, camp followers - occasional ramble	18	
Not known	<u>2</u>	<u>41</u>
		<u>134</u>

It wouldn't be fair to read too much into these figures, but they do show that the Club still owes much to the older members. No one among the aspirants can really claim to be in the van of modern climbing; competitive enthusiasm of the kind Trevor Eridges mentions is virtually non-existent. Hence it is inevitable that we must ask: what of the future - "Where have all the Young Men gone?"

Fourteen Creads gathered at Dave Appleby's on 17th February to decide where the Alpine Meet should be held. Discussion centred round four alternatives: Lauterbrunnen, the Zermatt Valley, Bernina-Bregaglia and Courmeyer. The discussion could hardly be described as very decisive, but gradually opinions hardened and finally the Zermatt Valley emerged as the choice after a couple of votes. On the first count Bernina-Bregaglia and Courmeyer both gathered two votes, Lauterbrunnen three and Zermatt seven. On the second count, with the first two eliminated, Zermatt emerged a clear favourite with eleven votes against three for Lauterbrunnen

Discussion had centred round, firstly, the needs of family members; but in all the areas mentioned, these can be met by merely choosing the appropriate venue. More important was the need for an area with plenty of choice of routes. The Zermatt valley, set against a backcloth of fine peaks, is one of the Alps greatest centres and the area provides a host of fine mountaineering routes. The meet will be held during the last week of July and the first of August. Camping may be at Tasch if the new road is open that far, otherwise at Zermatt itself. But more details of all this will appear in a later issue. Meanwhile, as a reminder of seasons past we have in this issue accounts of Corsica 1970 and Fiz Badile 1964.

Finally, a reminder that this Newsletter depends on your contributions - please get writing abusive letters to the Editors, poetry, accounts of those special epics - all will be welcome.

FOOTNOTE:

Here are some more useless statistics - showing how Creads are distributed geographically:

Nottingham - Derby axis	-	86
North & Scotland	-	13
Sheffield area	-	12
Birmingham area	-	11
Cheshire & Wales	-	7
South	-	3
Abroad	-	2
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		134

So what should be done? There are two possible answers to this question. In fact a club exists for the benefit of its members and one well aware that all will take into happy collaboration together and that therefore the climbing ability of the club is of no

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

I have read with interest your comments on the state of the Oread in past Newsletter Editorials. Since you are obviously hoping for replies here are my observations for what they are worth.

In general I do not agree with you when you denigrate the past of the Oread, but like yourselves I am afraid for the future. At present the Oread is a club to be proud of; but will it be so in a few years time?

If a climbing club is to retain its 'hard image' I believe it must retain within itself a nucleus of keen young climbers. The age group of the nucleus must normally be 16 to 25 (which lets you out Pete) since these are the years of comparative freedom from responsibility (polite word for wife, children, home, garden, etc.) and nearly all one's spare time can be diverted to climbing. The size of the nucleus must be such that an element of competition creeps in between individuals and I think this means a minimum in the nucleus of 8 to 10 people. Since by the laws of nature individuals are continually leaving the nucleus from the top end, it is obviously necessary to recruit into it preferably at or near the bottom.

Climbing clubs are normally formed by such groups of individuals, but if a club fails to continually replenish its young nucleus then a form of creeping paralysis sets in. For a few years all will seem well on the surface and the hard image will remain for a while but eventually it is doomed to become what you so aptly described as 'a skeleton of a club composed of faded heroes'; a joke among the more virile clubs of the day.

How does the Oread fit in with this picture? When I first stepped through the doors of the Wilmot to meet the Oread my eyes were greeted by a bevy of beautiful birds. To digress for a moment; for a while I was amazed at the way the Oread managed to attract them unto itself, though I now appreciate this is entirely due to the magnetism of certain senior members. When I looked round for the young men who ought to have been hanging round these birds I could see very few - no more than a few glowing embers in a once vigorous fire. Admittedly a not so young as it used to be group were and still are putting up a pretty good smoke screen which tends to hide the trouble underneath. Unless something happens however, I believe the Oread is doomed to obscurity in not too many years time, at least from the climbing point of view.

So what should be done? There are two possible answers to this question. In that a club exists for the benefit of its members one can well argue that all will fade into happy oblivion together and that therefore the climbing ability of the club is of no

consequence. If this is the decision then nothing need be done. If it is decided however, that the good name of the Club does matter then it needs to recruit young people as quickly as possible while it still has a name that means something. This will be a hard job for the committee and it will mean a change in the attitude of the whole club. The Oread does not make male strangers feel welcome. This is not my opinion since I was fortunate enough to know quite a few members before joining. It is the opinion I have heard expressed by several younger people in the Wilmot. Even Chris and Pete hint at difficulties in getting to know people (February Editorial 1970). If the Club wants more young members everyone will have to endeavour to make them feel a bit more welcome. I do not mean mollycoddling every bloke who looks in the door. I just mean making a little effort to chat to newcomers and also helping them along in the field a bit.

Finally, I should like to point out to Chris and Pete that in addition to climbing there is at least one other delightful way of passing the odd hour or so. For most men this eventually leads to loss of freedom and the acquisition of the responsibilities previously mentioned. These men have left or are about to leave the nucleus. They have served their turn and should be left to "witter on about passes" in peace. In any case one of you looks dangerously close to joining their ranks in the not too distant future!

TREVOR BRIDGES.

Dear Sirs,

Having been given the job of typing the Newsletter I obviously have access to copy long before it goes into print. Therefore on reading Trevor Bridges letter to the Editors and re-reading that hard hitting editorial (April 1970), I have had chance to collate a few ideas.

So, the Oread is lacking young enthusiastic climbers! It's not really surprising, as we have little or no existing young and enthusiastic climbers to recruit these new members!

Surely Mr. Bridges does not maintain that the senior members of this Club should run a publicity campaign at local colleges, youth clubs and universities, in the hope of attracting this 16-25 year old ambitious nucleus? This would be doomed to failure from the start as climbing nowadays is vastly over-publicised and the majority of these new recruits would prove to be a flash in the pan; resulting in a complete waste of time for those members who had arranged the "hard sell". Besides, if the Oread is all it makes out, then would-be

members should come to us...we should not have to go out looking for them. Perhaps I have just hit the nail on the head and my statement corroborates what Mr. Bridges said in his letter. Male strangers are not made to feel welcome and unless their face fits and they have got a few hard routes under their belt, then they have little or no chance of making it to the ranks of contemporary Oread statorship. These potentially enthusiastic climbers, then presumably go away and find someone who also wants to get to grips with the rock, and each discovers that he can persue an enjoyable pastime without the neccessity of waving a club banner. So the Oread loses out!... and will go on doing so until it's attitude changes, or is adapted. How can we hope for a strong nucleus when month after month, year after year, breakaway groups are being formed for Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide and the Alps.

If this Club is to survive then it must repair the foundations before building up the framework. In other words, give the exsisting younger members a crack of the whip. Let them have a say in the running and organizing of the Oread, and then maybe, we will see a spark of enthusiasm flicker into life. If they do not prove capable - then is the time to look outwards.

SUE TAYLOR.



LEAD US, OH FATHER, LEAD US.

TRICOUNI

It was during a short walk in the lower British hills that my rambling thoughts chanced on the forthcoming A.G.M. and its associated change of leadership for the Club. As at this time every year, thoughts of the achievements of the past administration, crowded upon speculation and hope for the coming session.

In these difficult times for the Club, caught in limbo between being intimate and flexible, as a group of friends with a common interest, and being a club of larger and more varied membership, with the interests and opinions of minority groups contributing towards a wider scope of activity for the virulent members. Such a state, however, can only be achieved by active and inspired leadership, dedicated to avoiding that ominous state in which the limbs become larger and heavier and the brain smaller and less comprehending-----a veritable dinosaur,...and we all know what happened to those ponderous creatures.

What form should this leadership take and how can it be described? Fieldmarshall Montgomery, calls it

"The capacity and will to rally men and women to a common purpose."

Contrary to the old saying that leaders are born, not made, the art of leading can be taught and can be mastered. In essence the main characteristics of leadership are as follows:

CONFIDENCE: If a leader does not believe in himself, no one else will. Two thousand years ago Hannibal believed that he could lead an army of 60,000 men and scores of elephants over the Alps in the depths of winter to attack the Romans in the most daring march in military history. That confidence was planted and nurtured in Hannibal by his father, the great Carthaginian general, Hamilcar.

ENERGY: A leader must be willing to do more than he asks of his followers....carry the extra burden, go the extra mile, concentrate longer. This energy comes from within. John Wesley was a frail man, only five feet four inches tall. Every morning he rose at 4.00 am., delivered his first sermon at 5.00 am., and was on the road by 6.00 am. Each year he travelled 5,000 miles on horseback with his message. Men loved him and followed him for it.

TIMING: "No man thinking thoughts born out of time can succeed in leading his generation."

So wrote Woodrow Wilson whose own career was dramatic proof of this.

CLARITY: A leader must be able to reason logically, make decisions and then be able to convey his thoughts lucidly.

"The man who cannot think," said Pericles, "and does not know how to express what he thinks, is at the level of him who cannot think."

TENACITY: Courage, it has been said, is the capacity to hang on for five minutes longer. Leaders must possess and inspire this quality. Winston Churchill never flinched from telling the people the truth even when it was appalling.

"No man in history has made such grim utterances, yet given his people such strength and exuberance."

MAGNETISM: This quality defies analysis. It is that which draws men to a leader, making them trust him and eager to work and sacrifice themselves for him. Trust and eagerness cannot be bought by threat or harrassment. Magnetism is not restricted to men of good will, Hitler had it, so does the Devil. One of the shortest and most thrilling stories of magnetism comes from the New Testament. Matthew, the tax-collector was seated in the 'Custom-house', enjoying a position of power and wealth. A stranger passes by, looks into his eyes and quietly says, "Follow me." "And" says the testament "Matthew rose and followed Him." A quiet word from an unquestionable leader was all that was required.

CONCERN: Men will not follow unless they feel that the leader cares about them and their opinions. Concern for others is a sign of imagination and vision, both qualities of the successful leader.

FAITH: Above and beyond all, a leader must believe in his followers as individuals as well as the goal towards which he tries to steer them. Napoleon's confidence in the valour of his troops never wavered. At the seige of Toulon, he ordered a battery of cannons to be placed in such an exposed position that his staff objected. To man the guns would be suicide....no soldier would do it. Napoleon ordered a large placard to be placed beside the guns, and rode away giving no further thought to the matter. The placard read, "The Battery of Men Without Fear." The guns were always manned.

The potential rewards are enormous for those who are willing not just to drift in so-called leadership of a club such as the Oread, but to approach its' problems with vigour on two fronts. Firstly in formulating definite goals and aims for the club in the realms of climbing and mountaineering, to the exclusion of all non-contributory, doubtful or hindering activities and attitudes. Secondly, and equally important, the leader must recognize the right of individuals and small groups to their own opinions, and must realise that irresponsible derision and dismissal of all comments from the body of the club, even of a seemingly ludicrous and non-constructive nature, is tantamount to a form of dictatorial government to which even God dare not aspire.

Let no-one think that leadership is easy. Often it is a lonely and a difficult business, as Nietzsche said,

"Life always gets harder towards the summit.... the cold increases, the responsibility increases. There is never any guarantee of success."

Rather apt for a mountaineering club!

CORSICA

A dark shadow swept across the glittering snow, the black vulture of Corsica was watching our ascent as it floated effortlessly above this silent land. Margaret and I watched him in turn from our exposed, dizzy position on the upper West Face of Mount Rotondo. We were feeling very tired due to the merciless sun, but certainly not exhausted enough for the attention of the vulture. Within the hour we had gained the summit of this lofty peak which at 8,750 ft. was the second highest mountain on the island. The mountain world of Corsica lay at our feet.

To the North, across the great forests of Venaco and the rushing waters of the Tavignano River, rose the Monte Cinto massif, culminating in the highest summit on Corsica at 9,020ft. Nearer at hand the frowning granite walls of the Punta La Porte, 2373 metres, towered above the ice covered walls of the Lac de Melo 2,500 ft. below us. Our gaze followed the line of waterfalls and river below the lake, down over the boiler plate slabs, so reminiscent of Skye, and onto the road, head of the Restonica Valley from whence we had started our climb almost six and a half hours earlier.

This day, the 21st May 1970 would live long in our memory. We had left our tent in the dark forest of Restonica at 4.00 am. Less than an hour later we were on the rough track leading to the Lac de Melo and Mt. Rotondo. As we settled into an Alpine pace the granite needles on either side of the valley turned pink and then red in the rising sun.

The silence and grandeur of Mountain Corsica is hard to describe but, like the Alps, once seen is never forgotten. We were soon crossing large snow patches and then up the steepening slabs on the right hand side of the Tavignano river. Just before the final steep rocks guarding the plateau where the lake lies, we noticed avalanche debris below us and to our left, (where the usual route would go in summer). This consisted of large and small blocks of ice and also some broken trees.... a sobering sight! The tourist pamphlet to the lake and environs warns walkers not to take the route by the slabs, but after heavy snowfalls or early in the season it is the most enjoyable route. The lake was still in shadow and was almost completely covered over with snow to a depth of over two feet. On the left, falling ice or rocks from some steep cliffs had broken through the surface snow and a slow thaw was spreading its way across the lake. The view was very impressive. Beyond the lake a wide snow basin curved upwards, flanked by the rock towers of Punta La Porte on the right, and the sweeping snow and ice of Mt. Rotondo on the left. At the head of the coomb was the snow peak of Punta Mozzello, 2342 metres and behind these peaks the backcloth of sky was the deepest blue I have ever seen.

I picked a line that looked interesting and not too difficult, and we cramponed up a fairly steep slope of excellent snow and ice to reach another plateau about 400 ft. above. The snow here was of such a

depth that, although there are no glaciers on the island, minor crevasses had formed in several places. We crossed the snow bowl by the left flank and roped up at the foot of the cold, dark West Face of Mt. Rotondo.

The French guide books on climbing in Corsica contain accounts of summer routes only, when the peaks are free from snow and ice. Any routes therefore in winter or spring have an aura of real adventure about them. This, coupled with the lack of rescue facilities, and the fact that in two weeks mountaineering we saw not another living soul beyond the tree line, gives a certain seriousness to the climbing.

We decided to climb more or less direct up a wide concave couloire and to traverse right on the steep upper section to reach the gendarmes of the South Ridge. The slope was still in shadow as we cramponned up, moving together for about a thousand feet. We then made a rising traverse to the right above some steep rock buttresses. This section, although now in full sunlight, still contained many large patches of bare ice and was very exposed, and it took a good hour and a half of step cutting and belaying to reach the pinnacles. The rock here was excellent granite which provided an enjoyable route along the ridge of mod/diff standard in places and plenty of scrambling over minor summits, until the main rock point, 8,750 ft. was reached.

For an hour we lingered on the summit in temperatures well over 100 degrees, seeking what shade we could, in the jumbled rocks. The view was marred by the now familiar heat haze, but we could make out the outline of Southern Corsica stretching towards Sardinia. Two days earlier we had been down there on the beach at Porto Vecchio in temperatures of 112 degrees at noon. Looking South Easterly we could see 8,000 ft. Mt. Cardo, which we had climbed the week before, and beyond Cardo, the Corsican Dolomites, thrusting above the Bavella Forest into a hundred or so rock minarets dancing in the heat haze - enough rock climbing there to keep anyone busy for a fortnight. As an extra plum, we decided to traverse our mountain and descend by the East Face. This proved much more interesting than I had anticipated, and although not as steep as our route of ascent, it involved much more step cutting on bare ice. It was a great relief to reach the lower slopes and the softer snow. We then traversed southwards and over the col Stazzanelli. The rest was easy and at about 5.00 pm. with the sun still scorching away, we arrived back at the Restonica Valley Head and the welcome shade of the great forest.

The following may be of use to any club members intending to visit Corsica. Nice to Corsica (Ajaccio) 7 hours - Fare £38 return for a medium sized car with four occupants (4th class). List of fares, boats etc. is available from: The French Line, Cockspur St., London. There are plenty of campsites on the coast and in the mountains. The roads are reasonable, apart from the 50 odd miles from Calvi to Porto. The people are friendly and the mountains are high. The easiest routes entail a strenuous day unless a bivouac is planned. The French guide book 'Monte Cinto Massif' by M. Fabrihant costs £2.50. It contains a good map and a hundred or so rock climbs from Facile to Extreme. (Only a fraction of what the island offers). These are mostly long mountain routes and in April or May crampons and ice-axe are essential. This must be one of the most beautiful mountain islands where one can climb in consistent good weather.

(PIZ BADILE 1964)

We arrive at Promontogno, a sleepy Swiss village lying in a narrow valley surrounded by towering granite mountains...

...our objective is as yet hidden, but as we step out of the car into the cool of the Continental evening a familiar sight greets the eye: a mini-van with two English climbers; greetings are exchanged and the inevitable question is posed in a guarded fashion: "You've been up to the Sciora Hut then?"

"Yes, we've been up, but it's pretty bad on the Badile."
.....hearts sink; so it's out of condition; disappointment floods in but is quickly changed to apprehension when...

"We tried it yesterday, but there's a body up there; we came across it and couldn't face the thought of going on; retreated from the snow patch; there was a big rescue a week ago, steel cables and everything..."

...the conversation goes on; anxious questions, dubious replies; despite this we say goodbye to the English climbers and take the car up the tortuous hairpin bends to the 'Car Park'. Conversation runs in circles....

"...bit off-putting...we'll go and have a look anyway..."

At the Sciora Hut a day later the Piz Badile raises its huge shield of granite slabs 3,000 feet, gleaming dully in the morning sun, soon to be cast into shadow for the rest of the day; the snow patch is just discernable; we are very impressed. The day is spent lazing in the sun at the hut, our gaze forever being drawn to the slabs of the Badile. Suddenly our minds are made up; a hurried meal - don't feel like eating it though - force it down. Food, water bivy equipment, pegs krabs, two ropes, torches: all are thrown into one sac; going to be heavy, should have brought two really, still can't be helped. The others wish us good luck and we stumble off across the moraine in silence, each with his own thoughts....

...across the moraine and up the glacier. The foot of the wall is sheer where we walk under it; could get three Malham Coves in that little lot; not a fracture or natural line anywhere. We move gingerly along the glacier at the foot of the face and come to the yawning bergschrund; Corti's mate fell down this, better be careful. We don crash helmets and rope up for the crossing of the bergschrund; - Exclamation from John.....

"There's blood on the snow here, and a fragment of bone too." Bits of tattered equipment lie scattered around on the snow. Hell! this place is 'the absolute berries', better not turn out like this for us. We kick up the last few feet of hard snow and step across the gap onto rock; that's better. We wander up the first easy pitches looking for the bivouac spot; instead we find a torn rucksack and a boot, raisons lie

scattered on the rock; more jitters; too late to turn back now before it gets dark; where's this bivouac spot? A shout from John and I traverse across to find him standing down behind a large flake; perfect spot for two; looks safe enough from stones, can't fall out either. We don duvets and crawl into sacs as the sun sinks in a blaze of colour behind the granite needles of the Bregalia. Silence....the body gradually relaxes....suddenly we hear them coming; a high pitched whirring heralds the arrival of some big stones; nerves scream and remain taut long after they have gone past, many feet out from the rock; only a trickle of dust and gravel remains. We try to settle down and gradually drift off into a fitful sleep only to be awakened again by a hideous crashing and rumbling....silence again...I look at my watch, the luminous dial reads one o'clock; getting cold now; I wish dawn were here. Another three hours of alternate dozing and waking follows....

....half past four! Dawn IS here! We scramble stiffly to our feet. A cloudless sky. Well, this is it. Excitement grips the whole body; I shiver violently. Could it be nervous tension as well as the cold? Breakfast is forced down; don't feel like climbing, in fact I feel decidedly rough. Still, who does feel like climbing at this time of the morning?

John leads the first diedre. I haul myself after him with the sac; hard going. I climb clumsily across the slabs; don't feel any good yet. An overhanging groove; my lead; must force myself to lead it, although it's agony at first. But as the blood begins to flow I warm to the climbing and soon arrive at the first Cassin bivouac; feeling better now. Away we go across now sunlit slabs, pitch after pitch; slabs, grooves, diedres, threading our way up the wall. Apprehension gives way to elation, driving us ever upwards; like a sunny day in Wales this; then we remember the drop below us and take a bit more care.... but the driving force is there and we settle down to climbing a great Alpine classic.

NEW ROUTES

SLANTING GULLY GROOVES 300 FEET HARD VERY SEVERE

FIRST ASCENT; 30th August 1970. Nat Allen and Derek Burgess.

The climb follows the steep green slab, which is to the left of 'Hyrib' (CC.New Climbs 1967) and above the steep right wall of the upper section of Slanting Gully.

Start at a point approx. 100 ft. up the upper section of Slanting Gully, gaining a subsidiary groove left of the main slab.

1. 70 ft., climb the groove, grassy at first, then a good crack to an

obvious move out right to a stance and peg belay, below the slab.

2. 110 ft., Move up and out onto the left edge, to a cut away. Using the slab and holds round the edge, and a piton runner (in situ), gain a small ledge. Good holds on the inset slab above, lead to a step left into a grassy corner. Move up, to a peg belay at a small pedestal.

3. 120 ft., Climb the groove above, pleasantly to a steep section, then continue up an awkward corner to stance on the ridge.

ATTENTION LADIES!

You are invited to join the Coventry Mountaineering Club Hen Meet, making it a joint meet, on their annual spree in the mountains.

The date: Friday 30th April to Sunday 2nd May 1971.

The venue: The Oread Club Hut at Rhyd-Ddu.

NO COOKING on Saturday evening....down to the Saracen's Head, Beddgelert for a meal, (price approx. 25/- per head, choosing your own meal).

Men and children not allowed!!

If you are interested please contact Shelagh Bridges or Ushy Hobday. (Trevor will always give me a message, preferably in writing please.) or telephone Derby 59428.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Tony Hutchinson has now moved to: 20, Wigginton Road, Tamworth, Staffs.

Sue Taylor has now moved to: Flat 1, 4, Tavistock Drive, Mapperley Park, Nottingham.

TEAM ALPHA REPORT

GEOFF HAYES.

DECEMBER

Many thanks to all who purchased raffle tickets at the dinner, they helped raise £8 for the team's radio fund. We have almost reached the total of approximately £140 for a new radio which will be purchased soon.

If any Oread had had the fortune to walk in Dovedale on a certain Saturday afternoon in November, and look up towards the crags of Tassington Spires, he would have seen a fair maiden in distress. But she was not upset for too long, for some 15 or so virile Oreads of team Alpha were soon on the scene. Belays were arranged, and without much delay our damsel was soon separated from her companion (Dave Greenwood), who was abseiled off the small perch. A rescue stretcher was hoisted up and lashed in place and our victim soon bound hand and foot by 'Medic' Bill Cooper. A kiss of life, and she was lowered, with John Dench riding 'Jocky', down the limestone cliff to the steep screes below, where other enthusiastic team members soon shot the stretcher down to the riverside footpath. It was dark as the convoy traversed Lovers Leap....Dave Weston suggested Oil Drums lashed to the stretcher runners to shoot the flooded stepping stones!

Eventually our maiden was safely deposited in the car park and Marge was reunited with her Dave who had of course done his share of carrying in the practice.

Thanks for being such a willing and charming victim Marge. It proved to be an interesting and instructive exercise. I'm sure every team member learnt something even if it was only NOT to be on the river side of the stretcher, especially when the Dove is in flood!

Those taking part were:- C. Hooley (with radio) Margaret Hooley (manning radio control) P.Gardiner (radio 'Op') C.Cully, B.Cooper, D.Brady, D.Williams, G.Hayes, D.Greenwood, D.Weston, M.Wren, D.Guyler, S.Bramwell, P.Craddock, J.Dench, H.Johnson.

CHRISTMAS TAN-Y-WYDDFA 1970.

SUE TAYLOR.

I prayed for a white Christmas and got more than I bargained for. When Pete and I set off from Yorkshire on Christmas morning to drive to Wales, there were five inches of snow on top of the car. We left behind a mammoth snow dog which we'd built in the garden on Christmas Eve, and were looking forward to snowball fights at the hut, and a healthy plod to the top of Snowdon, under winter conditions. However it became increasingly obvious, as we neared the end of our journey, that the Arctic conditions which we had braved up north, had not penetrated the Welsh valleys.

We trudged up the miners track singing carols and calling

merry Christmas to all and sundry. We scrambled up the side of Crib Coch and returned to the car via the Pyg track. At the hut meanwhile, Ronnie and Ernie Phillips had been very busy putting up decorations and lighting fires so that by the time we arrived all was warm and festive. The only thing that marred our joy was the absence of gas. One cylinder was completely empty and the other was soon to join it, so we trooped off to spend Christmas night at the Saracens Head, with John Fisher and Mary, Robin Reeves and not to mention Simon Dec and his family.

Saturday saw the arrival of Roger Kingshott and Andy Dunham so Pete, John and myself teamed up with them to walk up Snowdon. By the time we reached the South ridge I was feeling puky (hangover?) so I left the men to it and turned back. They continued on over Snowdon and down the back of Cloggy.

The Gardiners and the Welbournes had arrived by this time, bringing with them the biggest turkey I have ever seen. Doris Andrew arrived with her 'hairy hound' and the hut was a hive of activity.

No doubt, John Fisher was looking forward to a juicy steak after a hard day in the hills, but his luck was out. The steaks and the sausage, which he had so carefully hidden under a slate in the garden, (why, we shall never know, because the kitchen was like a refrigerator), had been found by an equally hungry dog and instantly devoured. Pete and I stretched our evening meal four ways, supplemented by Betty's turkey, so no-one went hungry. A gallon of my home-made blackberry wine was drunk in record time, followed by a bottle of Paul's scotch. Radders arrived in the midst of the festivities, and games were organized for the children, followed by a bawdy sing-song when they were safely tucked up in bed. John Welbourne was seen sneaking off to bed at a very early hour but the party progressed well into the morning with much dancing and merry-making.

On Sunday the only persons to arise before midday were (you've got it!), the Welbournes, but I must admit that it was nice to come down to a roaring fire and the kettle on the boil. There was a walking party including the Gardiners, the Welbournes, John and Mary, Ernie and Ronnie, which disappeared due West to explore the old railway track. Chris, Doris, Andy, Roger, Pete and myself traversed the Nantle ridge. (Thick snow all the way.) Eric and Merle were at the hut when we returned and they had with them their baby daughter, Nicola, just seven days old. We spent another cosy afternoon by the fire until the time came for us to drive home, leaving the luckier ones to the remainder of their holiday.

A really marvellous Christmas and I think everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

CHRISTMAS 1970 KESWICK

NAT ALLEN

This Christmas saw an enlarged contingent of Oreads and associates, billeted out in cottages of various shapes and sizes, spread around the Borrowdale valley. Something like twenty members and a further thirty wives, friends and children made up the motley crew. It would be true to say that the cottages were well appointed, having most things, hot and cold and running....but most of them didn't have them all the time. Varying complaints were aired in the bar of the pub at night, ranging from

"Fred had to fetch fifteen buckets-full to flush it down," to Kath who managed hers with one bucket-full. So with varying levels of comfort, most seemed to be well placed, although Brenda did say she preferred a rug in front of the fire.

The weather was snowy and good for walking, with all hands working the beer off nicely with long flogs over the Lakeland fells. This was the return of College to the hills, from a long three months on 'the washing machine game' when, on the first day, he slumped to the ground below Scafell Crag. All permutations of 'goodies' were tried without success, to revive him, until Handley poured half a cup of Omo down him, pressed in his programme, which immediately saw him tearing off up Mickledore.

Christmas dinner at the Watendlath cottage, the largest of the frugal dwellings, was its usual riotous occasion. The climax was a hand written Appleby song, toasting the ladies, which seemed to be stealing the limelight from a noisy 'Gaylard Handley', whose face took on a most peculiar expression. He shuffled away from the table like a Chinaman in tight shoes. Later a search party found him gazing hopelessly at the shattered remains of his distinctive underpants. It appears that in trying to trump Appleby's ace song, he overstrained with disastrous results.

We all drifted home in worsening weather, having had a good Christmas.

NEW ROUTES

BEESTON TOR: In between 'Lynx Wall' and 'Ocelot Groove' an obvious line runs up to the final crack of Lynx Wall. Start twenty feet to the right of Ocelot.

'THE FOX' 165 FEET VERY SEVERE

1. 120ft. Gain an obvious ledge and after a slabby section cross an overlap to another ledge. Ascend leftwards to a grassy break. Move right onto a rib which is climbed to trees on Lynx Wall.
2. 45ft. As for Lynx Wall

FIRST ASCENT: D. Burgess and Nat Allen on October 18th 1970.

TEAM ALPHA REPORT, JANUARY

G.HAYES.

22 DEAD 14 SERIOUSLY INJURED 1 UNHURT

The above was the total of an air crash on Bleaklow one night in January. All Mountain Rescue teams were alerted, and assembled in the Glossop car-park at 3.00 am. on Sunday morning. After a briefing by Peak District Mountain Rescue Patrol members, teams were sent out to search Bleaklow and rescue any person left alive.

It was just like the 'call up' again, and Digger Williams thought he was back in World War One, as Oread team Alpha, seventeen strong, were transported in an R.A.F. 5 ton truck up to the summit of the Snake road. The time was 4.30 am. with snow falling fast and a cold wind from the West. As luck would have it Alpha had been given the area from Grains in the Water to Bleaklow Head and Bleaklow Stones to search. Visibility was deteriorating as the team set off via Devil's Dike. Almost immediately a radio call told us that a search dog and Handler had found the main group of injured and dead about one mile due north of Grains, just south of Bleaklow Stones. Two dead were found before reaching the scene of the crash. --- Bags full of paper marked with the numbers 16 and 10!

The injured were scattered around - lying in the snow. The time was approximately 6.00 am. and pitch dark. It took over half an hour to find the eleven seriously injured and carefully carry them into tents to await the arrival of stretchers and field ambulances. (The R.A.F. must have found eleven of the heaviest men in the service.) A helicopter had been promised at 10.00 am. As it grew light the medics' arrived. Alpha once more set off to look for the remaining dead and eventually all were found. All that remained was the carrying of a stretcher, complete with 14 stone casualty, back to the Snake road and awaiting ambulance. As seventeen tired men arrived back at advanced Base a helicopter was seen to land on Bleaklow to evacuate other more seriously injured. It was to be a perfect day with a cloudless sky but Alpha were past caring, it was back home to an early bed.

By far the most realistic exercise for the team yet.

FOR SALE

Joe Brown Mk.2. Climbing Helmet. Blue. £1.50. see Ron Chambers

Dachstein climbing/walking boots. Size 4½. New.£5 see Rosie Grayson

Terray-Fitzroy climbing boots. as new, Size 5, £8. see Rosie Grayson

The Roaches meet provided a good start to 1971. Although the Saturday was rather murky Ron & Andy managed a couple of routes on Hen Cloud. Sunday however brought better weather and whilst most people decided to climb, I managed to assemble a small walking party. Our original objective was Shuttlingsloe but by the time we reached the top of the main edge it was becoming obvious, with stops for photographs and to allow stragglers to catch up, that we would have to modify our plans. Chris Radcliffe decided it was Shuttlingsloe or bust so he, Doris Andrew and the dog set off at a fast trot. The remainder, Gordon & Margaret, Dave & Marge, Kath & myself, took a more leisurely pad down to Gradbach for dinner. We then made our way round to Hanging Stone, catching a glimpse of a wallaby on the way, and back over the Roaches at sunset.

The weather was exceptionally warm for the time of the year and an equally good day was had by those who stayed on the rock. Nat Allen worked off a hangover soloing most of the routes. Geoff Hayes removed most of the skin from the back of his hands on Sauls Crack, and frayed his nerves participating in an Oread mass assault on the Valkyrie, lead by Pete Scott. The majority of easiest graded routes were ascended by one Oread or another. Mike Wren made one of his few appearances and was seen being led up the slabs by Sue.

The campers who braved the heat of an English January were. Ron & Kath, Gordon & Margaret, Andy, Chris, Howard, Kath & myself.

BY CALVER MILL

ROSIE GRAYSON

Looking out on a cold, grey morning
 I see the trees, the distant crags,
 and running water passing by.
 A new day, a different day, as all days are different;
 Filled with fresh thought, a new life and things to do.

Step out and feel that crisp air of Autumn;
 Stimulating though the day be grey
 What shall we do today? work or play, you and me.
 Together we will walk into the day.

Our sun will not shine in the valley,
 Though far above we know she shines.
 Some people can see her bright light-
 I wonder what their day is like.
 Will they work, will they play?
 Are they rejoicing in this new day?
 I am rejoicing for I can see the light
 There is no sun, but the day is bright.

PRESIDENTS MEET

D. BURGESS

Tan-y-Wyddfa 16th JAN 71.

"Where oh where have the Oread gone?"

That was the thought of Don and I as we downed our pints in the Gwyrd.

"Seems they've all dashed off to the hut to get beds."

That was not however the case and members trickled into the hut until the early hours.

The good weather, booked for the weekend, was remarkably absent and there was little enthusiasm to rush out into the morning murk. 'Aim low' was the order of the day and most parties headed for the Aberglaslyn and Canyon Rib. This route was ascended, descended, soloed, alpined and generally beaten into submission.

Not to be thwarted, the original plan, a day on Gogarth, was adhered to by a select few who, after an hours drive, eventually set up base camp in the Cambria Arms. A slight improvement in the weather, coupled with closing time, saw us heading crag-wards with the intention of a sea level traverse. The effects of the beer were soon felt, the slabs were vertical, walls overhanging and the overhangs...
....SPLASH !!! I was in.

Undaunted, we continued until a zawn blocked the way and forced a retreat to the cars in the evening sunshine.

Eventually, at night, we all met up in the Saracens. Ray Handley arrived, having driven over from Yns-Ettws where he turned up to lead his meet-----one week late! Back at the hut, now in the party spirit we had a swinging time into the early hours, a party which is now traditional on the Presidents Meet.

Sunday was heralded by Welbournes early morning rattle round -- a new form of protest? The weather was no better but an improvement at midday tempted us all out with Cwm Sylin as the objective. The crag was located in the swirling mist, much to Hayes surprise, and parties attacked Outside Edge, the Ordinary route and I conned Don into an ascent of Upper Slabs. All reached the top, despite the greasy rock and Geoff and Paul; Don and I walked back to the hut, although the latter party was much later and nearly benighted.

However, it was a worthwhile weekend inspite of the weather which is becoming traditionally bad on this traditional meet...there must be an answer somewhere. Twenty-two members turned up; Thankyou for your support and also to Derek Carnell for the music.

A fine body of men and women could fairly describe the eager bunch of Oreads at the Ilam start. The presence of Welbourne, walking his native dales again (alas, not often enough), helped to make the meet enjoyable. He came complete with critical grumbles in his inimitable way, "where was Pretty, Janes, Handley and Burgess?.....what's happening to the Welsh Hut - never any kindling wood, no calor etc. It was good to see the Gadsby's out of hibernation, and in short, a fine turn out of sixteen strong.

The weather was showing signs of snow as we set off in, what seemed on paper, a straightforward route....but of course, anything can happen on my meet and we were soon on devious territory and up to the crutch in! All good interesting terrain. The Manifold was in spate and the traverse below Beeston Tor was interesting. By this time Messrs. Radcliffe, Russell and Cowan, with Ann and Geoff Hayes in hot pursuit, were in the van and out of ear-shot. As for the rest of us, we took a short cut to the George at Alstonfield - after a course correction by Wendy Allen. Eventually the full team arrived in a flurry of snow, only to find the Ashcrofts and the O'Briens firmly ensconced in the bar. Sacrilege was committed by drinking pots of tea and ale to wash it down. A very pleasant half hour or was it an hour!

The departure from the George in the wrong direction, was a bit embarrassing for me, but Radcliffe led us off into the foulest quagmire imaginable, which ended in a route with every man..and woman for themselves. The ground was white over and the descent into the Dove was a slithering affair. The 'A' team could be seen pressing on for Hartington while the 'B' team made up good time and joined forces on the outskirts of the village. Another pot of tea in the cafe with nostalgic reminiscences of Welbourne's nocturnal bunk up in the Co-op. All was now set for phase three of the, by now, critical path. Another on the spot deviation brought both 'A' and 'B' teams eventually homing onto the Orpheus Hut, dead on course by exemplary navigating through a S... ridden farm-yard and up the Tissington trail.

Coming into a warmed up hut was a treat, and our thanks are due to the hut members present, for their friendly welcome. A very pleasant evening, highlighted by a typical Radcliffian 'critique' on the state and prospects of the Club. This was delivered in an ever increasing volume level and he nearly had to be gagged, but all good stuff. We turned in after a grand nosh-up and full marks to the ladies, battling with primitive pots and pans and looking after the inner man. Gadsby tried in vain to rig up a double bed and apart from someone falling down the 'one in one' staircase around 1.00 am. we passed a quiet night.

Welbourne rose at the crack of dawn and mashed for a bleary eyed lot, all up around 10.00 am. A spasmodic turn out for the return route down the Tissington trail (not yet officially open) but Rusty waved a blind eye. This trail gives a good elevated Derbyshire scene and it is hoped that walkers will be given priority on this route.

Continued at bottom of the next page.

LANGDALE

K.HODGE.

Those of us who arrived early on Friday found a reasonable area and managed to snatch five minutes sleep before the start of the endless stream of late arrivals, with the accompanying bedlam of who could put their tent up in the noisiest time. Needless to say, Hayes, out on one of his rare solo weekends, arrived as everyone else was just settling down, and had to prove to those present, that there was no truth in the rumour, that he's forgotten how to pitch a tent!.... and to cap it all we were awakened again at 6.30 am. Saturday by someone who decided to give an 'A to Z' account on how to cook breakfast and what to take out for the day!

Rusty, out to prove that one can survive without the five star luxury of Arctic Guineas and Mountain Tents, was ensconced in the remnants of a kiddies (15/- plus 2 Kellogs Tops) play tent, with the added luxury of two lilos, (one to keep the place afloat).

As Saturday's weather didn't look too promising climbing wise, most people decided to make it a walking day with one party traversing Bowfell, and the rest,----- girls plus Hayes, headed for Pavey Ark.

In the meantime Brian Cook arrived to keep a 'fatherly' eye on 'son' Hayes.

Any hangovers from a night at the Britannia, Elterwater were worked off on White Ghyll and Scout Crag on Sunday morning before the rains came.

Those Present:- Doreen Gadsby, Dick & Andrea Saw, John Dench, Tom Green, Geoff Hayes, Brian Cook, Clive 'Rusty' Russell, Andy Dunham, Terry Lowe, Mick Blakemore, Bob Burton, Wendy & friend Sandra, W. Holland and R.Haywood.

Dave & Pam Weston and family camped in their new tin tent at Blea Tarn.

Continued from previous page.

The Derbyshire Walk was attended by:- Geoff & Ann Hayes, Gordon & Margaret Gadsby, Paul & Christine Craddock, Trevor & Shelagh Bridges, Neil Carter & Wendy Allen, Dave Greenwood, Chris Radcliffe, Don Cowan, Clive Russell, John Welbourne & Self.

Part-timers:- Ashcrofts, O'briens, Nat, Derek Carnell & Les Peel.

Thanks to all, for making the meet such an enjoyable one.

DIGGER.

YORKSHIRE CRAGS AND WELSH HUT MEETS

Chris Radcliffe

The advance party of eight Creads and friends - Ron & Kath, Speedy & Rosie, Roger Kingshott, Tony Hutchinson, Janet Collins and myself - gathered at The Flying Dutchman, Summerbridge one Friday night last September, prior to camping close to Brimham Rocks - a new venue for Creads. It was a memorable weekend, beginning on Saturday at Cow and Calf Rocks, Ilkley. Several of the classic routes here and in the Quarry were climbed, including -

A-Climb, Ferdinand, Valewska, Josephine, Blucher and Botterills Crack. A diversion to assist a tyro who had fallen off Fairey Steps and broken a wrist, then a trip to Tommy's Caf, Otley, before a good afternoons workout on Almscliff. Birds Nest Crack, Traditional, Stomach Traverse, South Wall Traverse, Parsons Chimney, Z climb, Central Climb, Overhanging Groove, Great Western and Franklands Green Crack were ascended by various parties while the girls also did several routes on Low Man. The meet was now at full compliment with the addition of Pete Scott, Sue Taylor, Paul & Christine Craddock, Paul & Jean Bingham, Brian & Pat Hopper, Derrick Burgess and Ray College. A pleasant evening followed, once again at the Flying Dutchman.

After a nights drizzle, Brimham Rocks on Sunday were rather greasy but Pete made a confident lead of Allans Crack and Speedy led a team up Hatters Groove. Further down the crag the rock was less wet and a number of leads were made on Lovers Leap Buttress, including Birch Tree Wall, and on Cracked Buttress.

The Welsh Hut in February provided a different kind of venue, but equally enjoyable weekend. Twentyseven Creads and friends were present and activities on Saturday included an ascent of Horned Crag route on Lliwedd by Pete Scott and party; an ascent of Snowdon by Sue Taylor and friend Gail Gordon; a Hayes special - over to Gwynant, up Lockwoods chimney and back via Lliwedd - while others went to Anglesey. An evening at The Saracens Head found us suitably primed for "shooting the bulsh" with various collections of slides. On Sunday a large party went to Tremadoc and a variety of routes on Dwlch y Moch and Craig y Gesail were ascended, while Nat Allen led a select few up a vertical garden on Llechog after a vain search for a prominent rib recommended by College - this must have disappeared in the Dark Ages. All returned as heavy rain set in, but this had held off long enough to get in a good days climbing.

Present were: Trevor Bridges, Dave Guyler, Don & Shiela Cowan, Chris Radcliffe, Pete Scott, Sue Taylor, Gail Gordon, Ray College, Paul & Christine Craddock, Tony Hutchinson, Geoff and Ann Hayes, Gordon & Margaret Gadsby, Chris & Bernice Culley, Paul Bingham, Nat & Tinsel Allen, Mike & Jane Mortimer, Ron Lake, Hugh Brown, Lorna Roberts, Charlie Draccup.