

ALPINE REPORT 1972

As reported below, the Alpine meet was held last year in the Bregaglia-Bemina area. Although an enjoyable meet, indifferent weather and an accident early in the holiday meant that there are few achievements to record. For Gordon Wright the season must have been particularly frustrating. Having attended the club meet, he went on to attempt the Eiger by the Mittellegi ridge with his son Brian and the Shreckhorn from the Strahlegg hut with three members of the Bangor University Climbing Club, but bad weather foiled both attempts. He went on to climb Gross Zinig, 2771 metres, from Matrei in Ost-Tirol with Pauline, while waiting for higher peaks to come into condition, but deep snow failed to clear and foiled his two attempts on the Gross Venediger. Full marks for trying, nevertheless!

Elsewhere, Colin and Uschi Hobday visited Grindlewald and their report follows. Dave Guyler, Pete Scott and Chris Radcliffe visited the Tre Cima di Lavaredo in the Dolomites where Chris and Dave climbed the N.E. ridge of the Cima Grande, but Pete and Chris had an abortive attempt on the Comici on the same mountain. Deciding to cut their losses, they moved over to Chamonix and Pete and Chris managed to climb the Walker Spur on the N. face of the Grandes Jorasses (4208 m.) in a period of fine weather. After this, however, it deteriorated and while Pete and Sue left to visit the crags at Fontainblau, Chris and Dave did a couple of walks in the Chamonix area before leaving to call in for a day's climbing at Freyr in the Belgian Ardennes, joining the Burgess', Oakdens' and Carnells who were returning from Vicosoprano.

Undoubtedly the best weather of all was enjoyed by Gordon and Margaret Gadsby whose idyllic holiday in Norway is also recorded in this issue.

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My thanks are due to Sh. lagh Bridges, Uschi Hobday and Sue Scott for their help in typing this issue of the Newsletter.

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At the A.G.M. I shall be retiring from the position as Editor of the Newsletter. All being well, Paul Bingham will be taking over, so any future contributions should be sent to him at 135 Brisbane Road, Mickleover, Derby.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all who have helped me with the chores of typing and collating, and especially all those who have contributed.

Chris Radcliffe

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ALPINE MEET - 1972
JULY 23RD - AUGUST 3RD, BREGAGLIA - BERNINA

J. Ashcroft

Campsite.. VICOSOPRANO - to be thoroughly recommended.

Present. Derrick Burgess and family
Don Cowan and family
Jack Ashcroft and family
Andy Oakden and family
Pat and Derek Carnell
Trev. Bridges and family
Colin Pritchard and family
Gordon Wright and friends
Peter and Karl.

The meet got off to a bad start with an accident due to a stone fall on the lower third of the East Ridge on the North face of Piz Palu (3905 m.). About 5.15 a.m. on 25th August, Peter and Karl were swept off E. flank of E. Ridge by stone fall. Peter had to be rescued from burgschmund very seriously injured. Karl was seriously injured. Both had to be evacuated from mountain by helicopter. Derek Carnell and Trevor Bridges received minor injuries, but were able to walk back to Diavolizia Hut.

Peaks and passes attained and attempted.

NOTE: Weather was generally unsettled from 26th August on. Snow down to 2500 m. most of time.

MOUNTAIN/ROUTE

CLIMBERS AND COMMENT

1. Cima di Rosso 3366 m.

N.W. Face

D. Burgess
D. Cowan

S.W. Flank

T. Bridges
C. Pritchard

2. Monte Del Forno 3214 m.

South Ridge

J. Ashcroft
G. Wright

Interesting with verglas!

3. Pass Da Casnil (N) 2975 m.

Forno Hut to Albigna Hut

J. Ashcroft
G. Wright

Done same day as ascent of Monte Del Forno. Intended to pull in Piz Casnil, but unfavourable weather on pass - also late in day. Pleasant walk over pass, but recommended in reverse direction to way done.

4. Pass Di Cacciabella 2395 m.

Sciora Hut to Albigna Hut

J. Ashcroft
G. Wright
T. Bridges
C. Pritchard

Went up to Sciora Hut with either Dentro or Cima Della Bondarsa in mind. Storm changed our minds and we simply traversed Pass Cacciabella in inclement conditions.

5. Colle Viale (Vial) 2160 m.

Sass. ~~Hub~~ Hut to Sciora Hut

D. Burgess
D. Cowan

Went up to attempt N. Ridge, Badile. Storm put route out of condition.

Conclusion.

Sad report. Best conditions and weather were experienced personally on visit to Torino Hut - by cable car on journey home!

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BIBULOUS BANQUETING IN BREGAGLIA

Derek Carnell

I peered unsteadily through a blood-red haze. The pounding, booming sound in my head slowed and became words: "You'll have a dinner won't you I've ordered you a dinner. Yes ah yes twoo dinners please sure you won't have one Gordon it will be very good youknow. And beer yes beer we ought to have beerdidatwe?". Thus did our mono-lingual leader set about organising us and the staff of the Forno hut, his actions interposed with Churchillian gestures to ensure the quantities were clear.

I slumped heavily (how else) on to the seat, ate three Coedine and felt decidedly 40%; up to a hut two days after heading a large block into goal on the Piz Palu was a little too soon it seemed.

Jack clucked around us and waves of other conversations washed over me. I squinted around in the half light --- God, they start 'em young these days --- the place was full of twelve year olds, mostly girls. I drank some coffee and tried to perk up a bit. The electric lights, already low, dimmed still further and lightning crackled round the hut. The metal flagpole outside was encased in thick blue spirals of St. Elmo's fire and the inside of the hut smelt of a mixture of ozone and unburnt Calor. Gordon opened another can of ale, quoting cheerfully about how much cheaper it was to buy it in the valley than at the hut (he was the only one who'd carried any up!) and Ashcroft in retaliation bought me one from the hut warden. As I lowered it from my lips, I was able to see the Warden's daughter stagger in with our first course - the Soup - contained in the hut bath. At two gallons apiece, it looked as though my bladder was in for a distended night.

Jack dipped the accompanying bucket into the steaming lake and we played the 'numbers game' as the pasta swirled to the surface. We never did reach the bottom because, after the ninth bowlful, a dustbin lid piled high with the total cabbage production of a couple of Alps was wheeled in. Squatting on top, like some poor man's 'Cinque Torre', were a couple of blocks of greasy bacon and the whole cullinary delight was accompanied by a large bowl of what can only be described as 'Sheepsh' - dark brown in colour and having a consistency akin to a Kinder clough after heavy rain !! Two large oranges for dessert arrived and, in the face of the other stuff, I promptly ate them! The detritus was boldly (?) attacked by Ashcroft, burbling happily about his delight of Continental cooking and I made a mental note to have a word with Janet about the hedge clippings - I was sure he'd find them fantastic.

I peered through the gap in the cabbage mountain in front of me and watched fascinated as Jack's glasses steamed up each time he raised his spoon. "Enough of this", I thought and strode firmly out into the driving snow in search of the Bog. A bolt of lightning anchored itself to the nearby weather station and a corona of blue light appeared round the toilet chain --- Well, would you have stopped to pull it?? "It's snowing", I announced, fastening my flies under cover of the table, "and Burge isn't here, so we can't blame him this time." Ashcroft lowered his head and chopped more cabbage. The pile didn't appear to have got any smaller while I had been away and the 'Sheepsh' was untouched.

"We'll go up to the Forno", he said. "It's a snow plod, 2½ hours, you'll LOVE it Derek."

"You only want me as a bloody steanroller." I sneered and Jack subsided, hurt that people could view mountains like that. In truth I was feeling unwell again and preparing to brave the elements outside in preference to the waves of nausea I was getting in the stuffy hut. I shambled to the door, bent over like Quasinodo. "God, I must be ill" I thought, then discovered outside that I had my shirt trapped in my trouser flies. I straightened up and tottered through the crowd of people who were trying unsuccessfully to photograph the corona round the flagpole and out into the falling snow.

"Stick the Forno" I thought through my misery and, as if to answer my blasphemy, a large slab of wet snow leapt off the sloping roof and smashed me to the ground alongside the tap I'd had my head under.

Squeezing water from my 'pully', I thought of those other words of J. Galsworthy (1867 - 1933) on 'An Alpine Pass':-

..... Take heed all travellers in plight;
Be brave against the awesome sight
Of mountains grim, and snow that clogs,
And falling down too near the BOGS.
Hold fast the night, come fill your belly,
For those outside are wet and Snelly....!!

In the early morning, the weather had improved, but I had not, so Jack and Gordon left to climb the Forno. They were followed to the pass by the youthful, singing 'Wanderweggers' who were crossing to another hut. I tailed up behind the last of these to the col, then returned to chat up the warden and his daughters. I was 'rescued' from this by the return of the summit team, the strident voice of the leader demanding 'Teewasser' to assuage his thirst. With his charisma glowing, he announced success

and indulged in an orgy of photography as only he can. Gordon opened another of his hoard of beer cans and, as I looked at their glowing, boyish faces, I was moved to remember the words of Kipling once again:-

Be well assured that with the best
Our challenged Mountains fight,
Though headlong wind and soaring crest
Can make Our Sport a fright;
Through force of weather, not of war,
In jeopardy we steer.
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall appear
How in all times of our distress
As in our triumphs too,
The Game is more than the player of the game
And the Team is more than YOU.

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GRINDELWALD 1972

C. Hobday

This year our holiday was to be a family one. We decided to hire a chalet which proved to be a very difficult task, as everything seemed to be booked for the most popular months of July and August. Anyway at long last we succeeded and on July 28th we were battling our way down the various Motorways having to put up with the usual traffic jams and frustration, including the heat and the radiator boiling over, but we were not the only ones. We arrived in Grindelwald in the early evening where Uschi's parents were already waiting for us.

At the time, we were quite pleased not having to camp as it was quite cold and damp and the campsite seemed rather sodden. Our chalet was situated right on the outskirts away from all the tourists and roads. To get to the front door, you even had to walk a few hundred yards through a meadow. The parorame from here was magnificent. Looking to the North one saw the Wetterhorn and Fiescherhorn, to the South the Eiger and Jungfrau and far below, the little village Grund with the Eiger campsite.

The following days, the weather was very mixed with lots of cloud and outbursts of heavy rain, so we spent the time walking through the woods to various high level alps where the cows and pigs are kept, climbing a small peak near the Faulhorn (2500 m.). We never saw the summit of the Eiger for a whole week. During this week, a big rescue operation was under way, trying to bring down two Japanese climbers who had fallen to their death somewhere on the wall.

On the 1st August, it was the Swiss National day and everybody turned out at night, all the children with lanterns lit by candles. The programme contained a lot of folk music and dancing and finished off with a big firework display.

Our first day on our own was to be a walk up to the Gleckstein Hut. The weather looked reasonable in the early hours, so we set off hopefully. We left the car at the Wetterstein Hotel, from where we walked up to the Milchbach. There you normally pay a fee for using some magnificent wooden ladders to get to a high viewpoint. Just after climbing those ladders, you more or less crawl through a hole in the rock which brings you to the Oberer Grindelwald Glacier which you have to cross to get to the Gleckstein Hut. As the glacier has shrunk such a lot in the last few years, the only way of getting on to the glacier is by abseiling down a rock face into the bergschrund and then climbing out on to the glacier. It was very broken and we had a job finding the way across. The weather deteriorated, it poured with rain and great clouds of mist kept sweeping over our heads. Anyway, we got off the glacier alright and climbed from there another three hours to the hut. By that time it was snowing heavily and in no time at all, the path was completely covered and we never saw the hut, until we stood right in front of it. The people in the hut were quite surprised to see us, they had watched us crossing the glacier whilst they were coming up the normal route and of course, were up a long while before us. We only stayed half an hour as we didn't want to get snowed in. Late in the afternoon we got back down almost soaked to the skin in spite of all our waterproofs.

On one of the first good days, we took the chair lift up to the First (2200 m.). It is a superb viewpoint, one of the few green peaks in the area. We took the path to the Bachalp See about an hour away from where we had a long and gradual descent across meadows, through pine forests, along quiet rock pools, back into Grindelwald - a day trip which I would recommend to anyone.

It got increasingly hot and the next day we walked up to the Pfingstegg (1391), (grandparents and children went up via cablecar) from where a high level route partly with fixed steel ropes took us to the Stieregg Hut. The walk takes you mainly along the Lower Grindelwald Glacier, but high up in the rocks. At the Stieregg Hut, the children refused to go any further it was so hot. From here there is a beautiful view of the Ochs and the Fiescherhorn. Normally you carry on to the Strahlegg Hut, another two hours away. On our return down the valley, we were fortunate to see a Steinbock (Ibex) only a few yards away on a rocky ledge below the paths, completely unmoved by all the onlookers and photographers.

With the weather still holding good, Uschi and myself set off early the next day, took the short cuts across the meadows down to Grund Station and caught the first train to the Jungfrau Joch (3454 m.), the usual first stop being the Eiger Fenster where everybody dashes out for a glimpse and a photograph of the Eiger North Face before arriving at the Jungfrau Joch Station at 8.46. A quick walk down the Spinx tunnel brought us out into the dazzling sun and snow of the glacier. (I still don't know how "Digger" could have possibly got lost up there and taken the wrong exit for the Mönch). Anyway we soon got up to the Ober Mönch Joch from where the actual climb starts. Here we roped up. The ridge was very broken at the start, but we soon found ourselves on steep snow on the left hand side of the ridge. We had not bothered to fit crampons and felt a bit uneasy now. So it took us quite a while making steps before regaining the ridge. Pleasant scrambling followed, then changing into a steep snow arete, so we fitted our crampons. Also it turned very cold and we had to put all our available woollies on. Far below, the Jungfrau Joch was shrouded in cloud with just a few summits around us peering out above, bathed in sunshine. After this arete, the angle of the ridge eased and a pleasant snow ridge led us to the summit of the Mönch (4099m).

It was even colder on the top and we were disappointed not being able to stay longer apart from the Summit photograph and a quick breather. Our descent was trouble-free and no sooner were we back on the Jungfrau Joch, we were enveloped in thick mist, so there seemed little point in hanging around. A train was waiting in the station, but there were so many people that all climbers were transferred to the guards van, which meant we were all sliding to one corner the moment the train moved downhill. We stopped at the Kleine Scheidegg for a celebration beer.

Towards the end of our holiday we had another good walk from Alpiglen back to Grindlewald via the Unter Grindlewald Glacier. I had been earlier in the week with Uschi and we liked it so much that this time I took Stephen and grandparents who used to be good climbers in their day. The walk takes you along the face of the Eiger and you descend via fixed ladders, where we put Stephen on a rope.

We had a final day swimming and shopping in Interlaken before another frustrating drive back to Munich. The holiday we finished off with a visit to the Olympics, which was very worthwhile.

All in all we found that Grindlewald is an ideal area for walkers and climbers alike and we should have liked to stay another week at least, to do all the things we had planned.

THE A66 "IMPROVEMENT"

Just before Christmas, Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, Secretary of State for the environment, approved the A66 proposals - nine months after the ending of a mammoth 7 week public enquiry and one of the hardest fought actions by conservationists.

This is what it means:

Converting the Cockermouth-Keswick-Penrith road into a major route linking the industrial West Cumberland development area to the M6 near Penrith.

Dualling the road along the west side of Bassenthwaite Lake using the former railway track and constructing an embankment 90 feet into the lake for almost $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Building a by-pass on the north side of Keswick, with a vast interchange, carving through the slopes of Latrigg hill and crossing the Greta on a 100 ft viaduct.

Dualling, levelling, embanking, new bridging, intersections and roundabouts to provide a faster route.

The objectors make the following points:

A major highway carrying industrial traffic should not be brought through our prime national park at any cost, and that the whole policy of roads within national parks needs thinking through.

The vast construction and engineering work is completely alien to the close and intimate Lake District setting.

(Continued on the back page)

ARCTIC NORWAY 1972

Gordon Gadsby

It was 1.30 p.m. on Sunday, 18th June as the S.S. Blenheim sailed into the harbour at Kristiansand. Suddenly the leaden coloured sky opened and torrential rain swept the upper decks, sending hundreds of passengers scurrying for cover. What a welcome to Norway! and Welbourne had assured us it would be hot. The rain continued unabated for over twenty-four hours and then settled into showers and bright periods, very similar to the weather we had left behind in England.

On Wednesday, after two and a half days steady motoring, we unpacked our tent from a grossly overloaded Morris Traveller and set up camp in the silent grandeur of the Okstindan Mountains, twenty-five miles south of the Polar Circle. My aunt and uncle, Albert and Madge Hankin, both in their seventies, we had installed in a log cabin type chalet near the Swedish Border at Umbukta, seventeen miles away. From there they hoped to enjoy their sport of cycling on the almost traffic free roads, their bikes having been carried on the roof rack from England.

The Okstindan glacier covers an area of seventy-six square kilometres and is capped by the highest peak in North Norway - Oksskolten 1915m, a horse-shoe ridge which contains a hanging glacier. The easiest approach to the peak is from Kjennsvass Lodge which is reached by a very rough car journey of twenty-two miles from Umbukta. We camped after seventeen miles, the road being impassable further on due to deep snow. On Thursday, we walked to the Lodge (which was still closed from last autumn) and scrambled up an un-named peak on the way. We returned to a magnificent sunset over Lake Åkersvatnet and sighted a golden eagle on a dead tree near the tent.

The following morning we were awakened by a series of grunts outside the tent and I peered out to see we were almost surrounded by a large herd of reindeer with several small white ones that appeared to be only a few days old. In the ensuing rush to find the camera in the back of the tent, I must have made a lot of noise and I emerged just in time to see the last of the deer galloping madly into the nearby birch forest. These turned out to be the only wild ones we saw during the whole three weeks holiday, although we often heard their calls whilst in the arctic hills. We decided to cash in on this unexpected early call and soon Margaret and I were making our way up the main valley alongside some thunderous waterfalls. The weather was still a little unsettled and although we were in hot sunshine, most of the time the possibility of a violent storm was always there. Two and a half hours hard walking brought us to an un-named lake at 765m. The lake was almost completely frozen over and the far side lost in low cloud. Above us we could see several peaks merging into ominous black clouds. You could almost feel the remoteness and charm and the haunting silence.

We decided to go for the nearest peak, a satellite of Oksskolten called Stolltind 1216 metres high. We traversed the perimeter of the lake and then ascended a long snow slope, followed by a broad but rocky ridge to the cairned summit. Just as we reached the cairn, a wind sprang up, followed seconds later by driving rain and rumbles of thunder, so I snatched a quick photograph and then we hurried back down the way we had come. Ten minutes later the mountains mocked our caution as the whole range was bathed in glorious sunshine, whilst a delicate rainbow appeared over Oksskolten's hanging glacier! This was the last rain we were to see for nearly three weeks.

Early Saturday morning we packed up camp, picked up Albert and Midge and in glorious weather motored north over the Polar Circle and into Arctic Norway. The famous arctic highway (E6) which we had followed all the way from Oslo was still a good metalled road with the luxury of a yellow line for most of the way. Soon we reached the first ferry terminal of the journey at a small place called Sommerset. The distance from Kristiansand was 1,025 miles.

The crossing was smooth and swift and in twenty minutes we landed at Bonnasjoen. The North Cape road from here on was rough, gravelled and potholed. The sun was scorching down whilst every car that passed left a great dust cloud and showered us with gravel chippings.

Forty miles on we set up camp at a place called Tommerneset to the East of the Arctic Highway. In the West we could see a fabulous group of peaks called Veggfjella. Behind them the sky was streaks of purple and gold filled with red as the evening sun hung above this arctic land. Looking South-West, the snow capped peaks of Stordalstindan were bathed in a delicate alpen glow. Hours later at midnight the sky was even more glorious as the sun, now hidden behind the mountains, sent the heavens a deep blood red.

After a leisurely morning spent around the camp site (a large field with several log chalets and a small shop) we packed our rucksacks and Margaret and I set off for the Veggfjella massif. The first problem was to climb a steep escarpment guarding the plateau from which the mountain group rises. The only weakness in this craggy rampart seemed to be at the lowest point where the river Lielva plunged over the 800 ft. drop in a series of three spectacular waterfalls. We climbed this with some difficulty about 50 ft. right of the waterfall, the terrain being very similar to parts of Tremadoc but without the larger crags. Here and there the numerous birch trees hung dizzily over the cliffs seemingly having their roots in the solid rock. After a two hour battle with dead trees, lush vegetation, brambles, smooth slabs, mosquitos and clegs, we thankfully reached the top of the plateau and the welcome shade of some large boulders. The sun was scorching down from a clear blue sky. Away in the distance we could hear cuckoos rivalling each other in song, near at hand the sound of grasshoppers and the constant drone of flies and bees filled the air. Was this the Land I'd read about in Tom Wier's "Camps and Climbs in Arctic Norway" when every climb they did seemed to include water squelching in boots and cold cloudy days with little sunshine!

After dabbing our arms and necks with evil smelling mosquito repellent (on sale in every small shop in the arctic), we set off across the four miles of scrub and birch forest that separated us from the Veggfjella peaks. This was the life! No tourists, sign posts, cairns or tracks, nothing to indicate that man had passed this way at all. About halfway across on top of a rocky knoll we found a fine set of reindeer antlers, bleached white by the arctic weather. The peaks seemed as far away as ever and as we tramped on, I thought about the only other recorded visit to these mountains by an Oxford University Expedition in the early 1960s - had they in fact traversed this plateau or had they approached by the seaward side? According to their report, all summits over 1,000m. had been climbed during a six week stay in the area, but many ridges and faces were still virgin.

We had now reached the edge of a ravine separating us from the mountain proper. A good spot for a halt and a decision on which line to take. The most obvious route was almost directly in front of us, a huge curving whaleback of a ridge which narrowed considerably near the very sharp looking summit. Climbers visiting this area would I'm sure have chosen this as the finest route to the top. Anxious to break new ground if possible, I decided we would try and scale the face between this ridge and the easier looking north-east ridge. This I hoped would bring us out via the upper snowfield to a notch on the south ridge just below our intended un-named summit, Point 1051m. It was just after 5.00 p.m. as we emerged out of the far side of the ravine and set off up the first rocks of the South-East face. By careful route finding, we reduced the ascent to a mere scramble only putting on the rope for the last two hundred feet to the summit. This was reached in three hours from the ravine and made a fitting climax to one of the best days ever spent in the mountains. The view from this airy spot was magnificent, the arctic sun was still full of power and the sharp shadow of our peak made an impressive sight across the landscape far below. Looking South we could see range after range of mountains as far as the eye could see, dominated to the most part by the spectacular peak of Krakotind 924m, a truncated volcanic plug of solid rock, similar in appearance to Half Dome in the Yosemite National Park. No ascents have been recorded on this unusual peak except by the easy East side. Eastwards the jagged peaks of the Stolotindan 1195m. took the eye, though not nearly so impressive as when we had first caught sight of them from the rocky terrace half way up the face. Beyond the Stolotindan massif, the silent snowfields of arctic Sweden beckoned us as they slowly turned a delicate shade of pink in the evening sun. I thought what a vast and lonely land this is, forests and mountains everywhere, a myriad lakes shining like jewels all round us, several lakes joined like pearls on a string below Krakotind and all this great wonderland virtually untouched. I was brought back to reality very quickly when Margaret said "Can we go down, it's nearly half-past eight!". Half-past eight, I could hardly believe it, we'd been on the go for nine and a half hours and still had to get down. The descent went much better than expected thanks to a few small cairns we had built at crucial spots and we were soon striding back across the plateau, disturbing as we went numerous Ptarmigan from their nests in the heather and scrub. It was 12.15 a.m. when we arrived back at our Tommereset camp, the sky was a glorious deep red and the tourists were out along the banks of Sagfjorden with their cameras and tripods. I thought of the day we'd had and what they had missed, then helped Margaret prepare a welcome meal by the light of the Midnight Sun.

The following day was so hot we spent the time exploring and sunbathing by the Rotvatnet Fjord and its environs, also photographing the numerous magnificent waterfalls from the river Lielva, a testimony to the hot weather and fast melting snowfields. In the evening we downed camp and set off for the ferry terminal of Bognes to catch the late boat to the Lofoten Islands. The sea crossing took one and a half hours and afforded us some wonderful views of that incredible obliisk Stetind 1381m. across the waters of Tysfjord. Little did we realise that a week later when we sailed back across this fjord that the air would be filled with the acrid smell of wood smoke from thousands of acres of birch forests on fire all along the coastline. The fires were caused by the hottest spell of weather in living memory and in a three week period, destroyed over 40 years of reindeer grazing land.

Later the boat approached the town of Lodingen on the island of Hinnoya in the northern Lofotens; the time was almost 10.00 p.m. but the sun was still glaring down from a cloudless sky. A photograph I took directly into the sun to get the island skyline was exposed at a thousandth of a second at F16. As I drove the car off the boat and on to the quayside, I felt the car bumping on the concrete. The gravel roads had taken their toll, our first puncture! - not bad really after well over a thousand miles with a heavy load. We all got out and were immediately surrounded by the younger members of the local population; these boys and girls were all brandishing notebooks and scraps of paper and it was soon evident that we would get no peace until we had all signed our names and addresses many times over. Two of the older boys helped me change the wheel and they escorted us through the town to the only garage, where they chatted up the owner to allow me to use the free air equipment to increase the tyre pressure. At 11.15 p.m. we said goodbye to our new found friends and headed north on a good metalled coast road. Four miles on we turned left and motored North-West into a glorious evening sky, passing after two miles the coloured county stone marking the border between Nordland and the most northerly area of Norway-Trons. We soon reached the highest point of this mountain road, with its breathtaking views on all sides. The southern aspect was best, ridge after ridge of saw-toothed peaks black and purple blue against the midnight sky, the narrow slit of the famous Raftsund Fjord just visible about ten miles away. In front of us were a score of rocky peaks and snowfields and behind them the majestic spires of Moysalen 1266m, the highest summit in these arctic islands.

We camped below the former at a place where the road curved round the head of Gullesfjord, having first obtained permission from the owner of a small group of fishing chalets and a rather battered looking cafe. It was an idyllic spot, our tent was on a lush green promontary by the water's edge, cowslips and buttercups growing all around with here and there a wild hyacinth or two. Behind us the edge of the birch forest and beyond the forest the whole area was ringed with peaks. It was 1.30 a.m. when we finally crawled into the tent having received some help from the landowner's teenage children. No one seems to go to bed before 2.00 a.m. - the children told us the summer is so short they have to make the most of it while they can. My Aunt and Uncle were nearby in a fisherman's log cabin all to themselves. Summer visitors to this part of the world are few, but in the winter months of February and March, these islands are thronged with fishermen from many countries, the cod fishing being the best in the world. The main bulk of the catch is hung up to dry for several months on huge frames, particularly at the main part of Solvaer. Then it is exported to places like Spain and Latin American countries where it is in great demand.

As a precaution, after hearing of exploits of others in this region, we had brought with us a large mosquito net for the front of the tent. Before finally retiring for the night, I fixed this up for the first time on the holiday. At 6.00 a.m. next morning, the inner tent was like a furnace as the sun blazed down. I opened up and there behind the outer net, dozens of flies and mosquitos were already buzzing around attracted by the extra heat inside. Morning and evening were the worst, but this was an exceptional year for them. I shudder to think how we should have managed without John Welbourne's net.

We spent several lazy days around the camp site environs and swimming in a nearby lake. We also made an abortive attempt to climb a fine looking peak called Vestbotind 936m, but were turned back by a combination of excessive heat, flooded rivers and tangled undergrowth.

After seeing us return from this latter expedition, one of the local fishermen told us that three Italian mountaineers had spent three weeks here, earlier in the year, and had not climbed a single peak - I was beginning to understand why.

The continuance of the very hot weather made it difficult to overcome the lethargy this brings and also destroys any keenness to tackle the ridge infested birch forests, but after much surveillance through binoculars of the various peaks and possible lines of ascent, we set off to try and climb two peaks on the West side of Gullesfjord called Konstind and Karstind. In the early morning, we battled with the birches and undergrowth disturbing numerous ptarmigan in the process. Then up easy angled boiler plate slabs, reminiscent of Skye, to the shade of a large rock overhang, the time was 12.30 p.m. We stayed under here for two hours while the sun boiled away outside. At half past two, we started to scramble up a steep rocky buttress interspaced with several large snow patches. This soon brought us to the crest of a broad ridge and from this point, a short walk eastwards on snow took us to our first peak in the Loftens, the modest summit of Karatind 568m. The view down the length of Gullesfjord was an impressive sight, the calm waters reflecting perfectly the low hills of the eastern part of the Hinnoya Island. North and South we could see the sharp summits of a dozen or so peaks, most of them un-named, all of them shimmering in the hot afternoon heat haze. In the West the upper snowfields of our main objective, Konstind dominated the scene and a long sharp ridge curved up the left hand edge of this from where we stood. Konstind from this angle bore a strong resemblance to the Lagginhorn 4010m. when seen from above the Weisnies Hut in the Valais.

It wasn't long before we were scrambling up this delightful ridge. It was easier than it looked and the rope was only needed over two short tricky sections. Soon the ridge merged into the upper snowfield and at 5.00 p.m. we stepped on the highest point of a fine snow dome at an altitude of 929m., a minor peak by alpine standards, but in these islands a very worthy summit. We also visited a cairned rock summit about a hundred yards away, where the north ridge reached the base of the snow dome. We lingered here for about an hour, the sun not quite so hot now, as we sunbathed and took in the magnificent surroundings of our peak. From the top of the snow dome we had looked down on the tottering pinnacles of the West ridge, a route still awaiting its first traverse. At the far end of this dragon's back was a splendid chisel shaped peak still unclimbed the locals said and no wonder! - sheer on all the sides that we could see, it did look virtually impregnable. Behind this bastion, were range after range of mountains disappearing into the heat haze. We too reluctantly disappeared from the scene and left the arctic summits for the last time on this holiday.

A few more days were spent exploring around the islands when we visited Harstadd in the north of Hinnoya and Sortland on the island of Austavoy. The good weather never faltered. On the long journey back to Kristiansand, we camped for three days in the Jotunheim (Home of the Giants) and climbed the North Peak of Skagastoltind 2168m, again in perfect weather conditions. We were told this was the first really good weather in Central Norway for nearly a month.

We finally said goodbye to the mountains of Norway as we packed our tent on an alp called King Olaf's Hill about 800' above Turtagro. Scattering the cold ashes of our last camp fire, we headed back down the Sejnelfjell road to Oslo, Kristiansand and home, secure in the knowledge that one day we would return to this magic land.

* * * * *

Members of the Orand have only had rare glimpses of the activities of our latter day Livingstone, Reg Squires, in his recent safari to Africa. However, by enlisting the inventive mind of Tricouni all was revealed.....

BIG REG

TRICOUNI

It was during a short walk in the lower British hills, that the steady plod of foot behind foot brought to mind those feet to cap all feet; the hooves of the mighty Soj Quires. Enquiries revealed that they were last seen alive by Dennis the Gray, whose graphic and vivid accounts of their activities revealed to me the following adventure, which can best be expressed to the tune of 'Big John'....

Every morning at the crag you could see him arrive,
He stood six foot one, and weighed one seventy five;
Kind of broad in the instep and narrow in the purse,
Full of hay-fever and inclined to slurp...Big Reg!

Chorus

Big Re-eg; Big Bad Reg

Nobody knowed where Reg called home,
He just drifted around like a force fed gnome,
Breathin' Park Drive through a nicotine lung,
And preachin' the works of Mao-tse-Tung....Big Reg!

Chorus...

Some said he came from Africa-way,
Where he had some trouble with a man named Gray;
So's Gray came back like a scalded cat,
Leavin' Reg in the bush as the club-king-rat....Big Reg!

Chorus...

Then came that day high up on a crack,
When a chock came out, and there was no way back.
Nylon was frayin' and hearts beat fast,
And everyone thought as they'd breathed their last....'cept Reg!

Chorus...

With all of his strength he gave a mighty shove,
And a climber yelled out, there's a boot jammed above;
And twenty men scrambled from a would-be grave,
And now there's only one left down there to save....Big Reg!

Chorus...

With Chuck and Prussik they started back down,
When they felt that tremour running through the ground,
And up came Reg at a furious pace,
Shew'rin rocks to the ground, and with a bright red face...Big Reg!

Chorus...

They never re-led that worthless pitch,
They just placed a marble stand in front of it,
And on that stand they had these words put;
"At the crux of this climb stood a Big, Big Foot....Big Reg!!

ODE TO A WELSH WALK
(July 7th-9th)

PAUL BINGHAM

I've often heard old members talk
Of the Oread club's annual Welsh Walk,
Of the incredible mileage and innumerable beers
Consumed by it's members throughout the years.

With Jack Ashcroft I sped at a great pace,
(Dropping Chris Radcliffe in Lichfield-with ease)
Knocking hell out of his luxury car
To reach the New Inn in time for a jar.

We managed to make it before the pub closed,
And there in the lounge bar the Oread posed,
Allen, Williams, Janes and eternal old Pretty,
Ogging smart birds from Birmingham city.

On being cast out into the dark night
We drove very quickly to the bivouac site.
After pitching the loaders brand new marquee
We all had a brew and then a last pee.

Crafty Pete Janes produced a camp bed
And crashed down between Jack Ashcroft and Fred.
T'was thus on the old R.R. craylene
That we spent a good night, both dry and serene.

At seven we awoke, bitten by clops,
Williams complained, he'd forgotten the eggs.
Ashcroft's proposals were rejected - "too far"
So the first two thirds were traversed by car.

We finished the drive in a forest near Bryn,
Got out the stove and picknicked again.
After helping the shepherd round up a stray
The actual Welsh walking got under way.

As soon as we started down came the rain
(Evening was the next time it cleared up again)
So on with the 'caggys' and off up the track,
The start of the pains in my legs and my back.

Pretty brass monkeyed on a barbed wire fence
And walked with a limp from that point hence.
Still poured the water out of grey skies.
Right in the sphagnum up to my thighs.

The first sign of trouble came at the top
Which was the way to the essential tea shop?
Ashcroft's curt order was to traverse on high
"Down to the valley" was Pretty's reply.

All except Jack did what Harry had said,
And spent a good hour in a forester's shed
Waiting for Digger's empty gas stove
To heat up the tea in this pine scented grove.

Increasing the pace so not to be late
Through the dark forest and over the spate
Until we arrived at our targetted caf.--
Ashcroft had been there an hour and a half.

We argued the merits of both of the routes,
(Neither avoided waterlogged boots).
After a brew and a leer at the birds
Again we split up - this time without words.

The 'A team' set off to climb up Plynlimon,
The party consisted of Jack, Digger and Bingham,
The 'B team', in order the others to snub,
Went over the col to be first at the pub.

When we turned up at the two star hotel,
The 'B team' were there, giving it hell.
Fred Allen announced with beams of delight
That the wily old trio had booked for the night!

We needed four pints to get over the shock,
And when eight-thirty arrived on the clock
The three of them went for a bath and a meal
Whilst we poor purists took to the field.

Not thirty yards from this immoral inn
We found a good barn and there entered in.
Plenty of hay would ensure a good kip
So we quickly cooked meals then returned for a sip.

The six of us drank till the brass clock struck one
Discussing world problems (with solutions to none).
At last the old barmaid called it a day.
Three to soft beds, three to dry hay

We barn dwellers slept like three drunken swine,
And none of us woke until half past nine.
But we were just about ready when Fred arrived
Just making sure that we all had survived.

Five course breakfast remains in board,
Pretty led off as the sunshine appeared.
We followed the gorge down to Parson's Bridge
And then struck up left to regain the ridge.

The day progressed at a leisurely pace -
None of yesterday's blistering race.
Many stops and bites to eat
Oh what comfort to poor sore feet.

We ploughed through a bog to by pass the bull
(This part of the walk was a strenuous pull).
A stream in the valley was the Party's next goal
Which Harry achieved doing a forward roll.

A group of girls walked on the other side
'Drop 'em' screamed Janes, but not one replied.
Harry left us for the short route home
Whilst we the gorge began to roam.

The gorge got narrow, the water deep.
Along the rock walls we were forced to creep.
Just as the traverse got extremely thin
Poor old Fred put both feet in.

Our final exhausting uphill flog
On steep heather followed by bog.
A tuneful march on the forestry road
Back to the cars we merrily strode.

Pretty (who'd taken the short cut home)
Arose from his sleep like a hairy gnome.
We changed our clothes and packed the car
Then back to our wives - via the bar.

Now this event was my first Welsh Walk
How did it live up to the Wilmot talk?
Perhaps shorter in miles, but one things clear
I'm sure it was equal in banter and beer

To all you Oreads who stayed at home
If you would like a worthwhile roam,
With never ending wit and beer
Book your hotel for the walk next year.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SOUTH CAIRNGORMS

With reference to the comments on poor attendance on meets, one meet in 1972 which had no mention in the last Newsletter was the Easter Meet at Lin of Dee in the South Cairngorms.

This was attended by a large number of Oreads and in spite of the inclement weather a great time was had by all. During the weekend the President visited "The Colonel's Bed"* and a group of stalwarts tramped up Meall Odair in superb snow conditions. John Fisher had a set-to with the game-keeper, while Chris, Dave Ghyler and Mike Key traversed Ben Macdhui, 4296ft.

The most amazing sight of the holiday, however, was to see Snake Hips Radcliffe in full flight down the steep lower slopes of Meall Odair! Other skiers stared open-mouthed as the immaculate all-black Christopher hurtled past. Never a turn, no attempt at a stop, just pure unadulterated speed until finally crashing in a beautiful fountain of snow and broken skis.

On the last evening of the holiday, 17 Oreads had a fine meal of Rainbow Trout and other Scottish fare at the Fyffe Arms in Braemar. What a story it would all have made if only the meet leader had not been in Malawi.

Oreads and friends on the meet were Paul, Betty and Douglas Gardiner, Chris Radcliffe, Mike Key, Dave Ghyler, Chris and Helina Martin, Frank and Shirley Goldsmith and family, Dave and Janet Penlington and family, John Fisher, Dave Jacobs, Gordon and Margaret Gadsby, Anne Hayes, Michael and Peter Hayes, Frau Kall, Stuart, Kath and Juli Bramwell, Paul and Chris Craddock, Norman and Judy Millward, Kretia and friend, Tom and Sue Frost and children.

* The Colonel's Bed is a cave like recess in the rock wall above the Ey burn and on the path to Carn Liath 2676ft. John Farquharson, the Black Colonel of Inverey who razed Braemar castle in 1689, remained hidden here for many months after the battle of Killiecrankie. The hill track continues past the bed to the ruins of Altanour Lodge, four miles on, and from there to Ben Mhor 3424 ft. and Ben Intharn Bheag 3121 ft.

Gordon Gadsby.

FLASH NEWS ITEM

Will all interested parties consult pages 6 and 7 of the Mothercare catalogue Spring and Summer 1972, where none other than our own Sue Taylor-Scott in person, will be seen in a previously un-revealed role, modelling bra's for that illustrious concern. No-kidding.....take a look!

TINSEL

by SUE SCOTT

Tinsel would a model be
For Radcliffe's school of photography.
This cameraman with film and flash
Would pay young Tinsel good hard cash
To pose in the altogether
And, braving Derby's winter weather
Assume the role of Aphrodite
Goddess of love - but minus nightie.

Tinsel went into the hall
And on command, she showed her all
To the cameraman, who raised a cheer
At a sight to daunt a mountaineer,
Dazed by dizzy peaks to scale.
But Tinsel's charms were somewhat pale.
She had a sun-tan...but like a chump
She'd let her bikini shade her rump.

Radders said with doleful voice,
"Tinsel luv, I have no choice
But to sack thee on the spot,
I do agree you've got a lot
Of what it takes: but films looked faked,
Thy 'ot cross bum's cum out half-baked!"
A saddened Tinsel left the hall
To get a suntan overall

To Black Rock sands she was persuaded,
And there she sun-bathed...in the nude,
To the joy of the local people,
Who climbed every hill and steeple
To catch a glimpse of this marvellous show
Of suns rays melting the mountain snow.
Her fame spread far in city and town
As her charms sizzled softly from white to brown.

Today young Tinsel turns down vast fees
From Radders - who on bended knees
Begs her to be this months Playmate,
But Tinsel has a more lucrative fate:
A Rock and Ice man she has wed.
So, girls, it can be truly said:
"If you wish to catch your man
First acquire a one-piece tan!!"

MEET REPORTS JULY - DECEMBER 1972

There were a total of 20 meets, but only 5 reports have been received and I would appeal once again to meet leaders to submit some kind of report, however brief, to record the occasion.

Venues have been as varied as usual: hard climbing on Cloggy, or hard walking in the Rhinogs. Off-beat places like Symonds Yat, or Whitestones Cliff in Yorkshire as well as the more usual areas like Borrowdale or the Welsh Hut. Attendance and enthusiasm has been like wise varied. On four meets (i.e. 20%) the meet leader wasn't present (mostly for a good reason, but unfortunate nevertheless since the success or otherwise of the meet often depends on the meet leader).

In Wales there were small enthusiastic groups on the walks in July and October and at the Cloggy meet in August. The Cader Meet was well attended and the Welsh Hut Working Party managed to achieve a lot by a few. Not many attended the November hut meet and there were fewer than usual at Christmas. However in the Lakes only two members from the Derby area actually attended the Borrowdale meet in September. This was the only meet in the area on the card although some members were up at Christmas; despite the fact there seems to be little enthusiasm from members for the "birthplace of British rock climbing". Anyone any comments?

Of the other outlying areas, I believe a few went to Symonds Yat but there has been no feed back. The Yorkshire meet, however, proved very enjoyable for all who went.

Local meets usually get a reasonable attendance, but the most successful meets - Agden Rocher and Edale - were those where an effort was made to get out for the weekend. Others, such as Heathy Lea and Stanage in July, Ravensdale in August, lose a lot in my view because people only come out for the day so that there is no real meet at all. Perhaps we should exclude all such meets off the card altogether & rely on individuals to make their own arrangements, since this is what really happens in practice. I believe that if a meet is on the card, it should be treated as a weekend meet and the meet leader should drum up support on that basis: otherwise what is the point of having a meet?

More recently, a few stalwarts put in a good effort at a working party at Heathy Lea and there was a record gathering at the Hags Head prior to the November Derbyshire Walk which then followed a traditionally arduous pattern.

It goes without saying that the two best attended meets were the social high points - the Photo Meet and the Dinner. Both were highly successful as usual.

RAVENSTANE

9th August 1972

Erebor Bridges

The meet's leader, always one who likes to be up to date, decided to follow the latest fashion started by the Vice President, by not turning up on his own meet.

The weather organised for the occasion was impeccable by last year's standard. Dry, warm and somewhat sunny even, it was a complete contrast to similar meets earlier in the year.

In all ten climbers turned up, well supported by wives etc. Climbing standards varied considerably with some of the easier routes being climbed as well as the favourite harder routes. The latter included Nephistopholes, Via Vita Ploy & Deluser.

NAME

September 1st to 3rd 1972

Chris Radcliffe

Reasonable weather and a good turnout made this one of the more successful events of recent months. The venue, as the year before, was at Upper Booth. It was disturbing to find on arrival, however, that casual camping is now forbidden to all except certain exempt organisations such as the Caravan Club or the Camping Club of Great Britain. Once again the pressures on the amenities in the area have caused the authorities to curb our freedom in one more small way. On this occasion some fast talking persuaded the farmer to let us camp so that we appeared to be part of a host run by the Camping Club of G.B. However, the message for the future is clear and the Committee has approached the B.M.C. to represent our interests in this sort of situation.

Fred, Ron, Don, Andy & myself arrived on Friday night and as Saturday was fine we tramped over to the Howfallow Area and climbed several good routes on Linder Buttress & Great Buttress, both little visited crags nowadays. By the time we returned to the campsite most other people had arrived and later all had a convivial evening at the Taps Head. Next day parties visited Nether Tor and Upper Tor, while others went rambling in the area.

Thanks to all who attended - Paul, Betty & Douglas Gardiner, Derrick, Janet & Gary Burgess; Fred, Brenda, Peter and the twins; Ron & Beth Chambers; Pete & Sue Scott; Dave & Pam Weston; Alan & Porcen Lodge; Norman & Judy Milward; Bev & Cath; Jack Ashcroft; Stewart Brannall & Frank; Mike Day; Andy Dunham; Tom Green; & Billy Seyridge.

PHOTO 1972

October 7th 1972

George Reynolds

This report is for those one or two members who didn't attend. There were over 90 members and friends present and I even tried to persuade Princess Anna to attend as she was galloping by in Chatsworth Park during the afternoon.

As usual there was a late start, but once Ned Kelly had settled down to the Oread hanters, it was a very enjoyable evening. I think that Ned had a very difficult task. As usual the standard of photography was very high, but according to young Simon Pretty it was a pity that the bear was not of the same standard (he was heard complaining to Harry about his bear being flat).

It was also interesting to see some changes in the members winning the competition.

The results were as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| At Home, Gen. rels: | 1st - Graham Foster |
| | 2nd - Radders (with a slide rejected by Milner) |
| | 3rd - Reg Squires. |
| At Home, Action: | 1st - Dave Weston |
| | 2nd - Pete Scott |
| | 3rd - At great expense: i.e. |
| Abroad, Action: | 1st - Radders (but he had to use an Eiger Nordwand one). |
| | 2nd - Pete Scott |
| | 3rd - Don Cowan (who had to be brow beaten to enter at 3 pm on Saturday afternoon). |

(Continued on back page)

THE CASE

It was during a short walk in the lower British Hills that my glance chanced to dwell on the gentle and rhythmic undulations of the female posterior in the person of Math Chambers who by design was presiding my ascent of a well known "pop". What urges were stirred within my semile breast by the sight, and by the imagination of the hidden delights of female architecture concealed beneath her mountain garb. But how could this be the product of Mr. Darwin's evolution? Was not the male the 'peacock' of the animal kingdom? Why should the endowment of the human female be so pronounced? Consideration of this most fundamental of problems led me at last away from the theories of evolution for the sake of pure survival, to the more applicable theories of Morgan as expressed in "The descent of woman" (into what has never been revealed). Shattered was the myth that woman developed her charms to please her mate. Why should they not have been the direct result of her own and her children's dire needs in an unfriendly primate world, with a definite touch of the "stuff you's" to the reproduce-to-survive jazz?

The problem is easily resolved by unconditional acceptance of the aquatic theory of evolution first put forward by Professor Sir Alister Hardy in 1960, as a half way step in the move from the trees as monkeys and onto the plains as man. Hardy argues that wading in water explains not only our erect posture but also the increased sensitivity of the finger tips through foraging about beneath the murky surface. Moreover the best way of keeping warm in the water is to develop a layer of subcutaneous fat all over the surface of the body. Man alone among the primates has developed this layer. The more one thinks about it the more difficult it is to believe that when he started to hunt on the plains, man ridged himself of the fur which kept him warm in the trees, but at the same time developed an inner fur coat of fat to overcoat him in the chine.

Marxists conveniently forget about kids. It is many months before an anthropoid baby can be 1 ft alone, particularly in the trees. Its fingers are strong enough however to cling to its mothers fur and so leave her free to go about her business. But it is ONLY in the sea that a mother could afford to dispense with fur, for the baby would be quite capable of remaining afloat (after practice) whilst clinging to its mothers long hair. The father had little time for his kind of thing, nor the inclination, besides he has a tendency to baldness. Whilst on the subject of babies, lets take a look at breasts (scientifically of course). A chimpanzee suckles its young from perfectly adequate FLAT breasts, but chimps are hairy. The theory most in favour to explain the enlarged breasts of the woman is that it acts as a sexual stimulus to the male. Not. It's like saying that a woman walks with a wiggle for the same reason. In fact she only wiggles because her kids are so hairy that the resultant disproportionate enlargement of the pelvic ring has prevented her from adapting fully to bipedalism. If we consider the enlarged female breast from a more logical angle, we must surely start from the view point of the beneficiary, the child. A whale can squirt milk to its pups, but in the water your newly aquatic dare is strictly in the beginners class. She wades up to the beach for the ten o'clock feed, sits up straight with water dripping from her mammary locks, sits his nibs on her knee with his head cradled in her arm, and expects her to get on with it. What the stupid woman forgets is that times have changed. She no longer has a nice covering of fur for the nipper to haul himself up on. Don't think it's easy for the little perisher arms too short to go round, no hair, and a pint to suck and yet so far. So what happens?

Since the kid and the mother is really what evolution is all about, what you need you ultimately get ... the lovely pendulous breasts that are as easy to hold onto as Appleby's

So far, so good. We have a fairly watertight explanation for the 'Tendy Bottomly' - Raquel Gordon phenomenon, but what of those apples of Mr. Robinson's eye, the cheeks?

The tanzanist again argues for the extended buttock in the human in terms of the muscular control and power necessary to the hunter both in the chase and in the necessity to accurately launch the spear. I would like to consider the results rather than the cause.

In your four footed friend, the Whoopsies are a protected area. The tail mostly covers them and they are slung nicely out of the way. Indeed, even for a tree living tree footer it's an efficient arrangement as long as he's small enough to curl up on a branch or in a hole to go to sleep. The big-uns, however were unable to find a branch big enough to curl up on and instead chose the crook of a branch. For 8 hours a night, 140-00 lbs supported through the cheeks onto knobly bark 7 days a week 52 weeks a year. After some discomfort a nice pair of leathery posterior pads were provided, often in bright colours (i.e. Robinson, Siphilus Monkey, Peter James etc.). Now we can't be exactly sure when the female mono-sep took to the water, but it was certainly after she had lost her tail, or the kid would have used it in preference to her hair; and so we can guess that she too was equipped with pretty (?) coloured cheek pads. But here was a different problem. Sitting on the pebbles and the rocks and the coral and the barnacles with a fast growing infant on her lap must have been hell. Fortunately this stage didn't last long due to the sea-born improvements which were going on at this time. The first was the layer of sub-cutaneous fat. I can bet that as she was using it to keep warm and to keep junior happy, she was also laying down a pair of cheek cushions just as fast as evolution would allow.

Simultaneously another change was taking place in the female. When she began to stand upright rather than on all fours, the 90 deg. angle between body and back legs was increased to 100 deg. -- As was to be expected this resulted in the displacement of a number of her internal organs. The vaginal passage naturally moved forward and at the same time retracted further into the body, probably as a defence against abrasive sand and salt water. Whilst after all these new-a-del adjustments she was at least able to sit about quite comfortably, the old man was beginning to look on her with a pretty jaundiced eye. Can you imagine Hendley with his well known right hand thumb being cast up on a desert island full of gorgeous left hand threads? Look at it this way; the normal primate mating number and position had been from behind for many's the year, but all of a sudden he wasn't getting any. She was getting to the stage where she found it hard to support over her own weight on all fours, and her legs were growing so close together that at times he couldn't even see daylight.

Now obviously the old latcher would begin to wonder where it was all going to end, and whether in the finish she was going to fuse herself together into a single streamlined column like the one old Ford had had to put up with. When there were the curves, I mean she was obviously taking it a bit far, I mean imagine trying to get at your mate the old way through the side of a barrage balloon. So you can see we're led inevitably to the frontal approach; an approach that is unique among land mammals, to the human tribe. We all know the accepted theories covering this phenomenon the acceptability of the male to incoming signals from eyes and lips; as if Mr. Chimp thinks any less of his dearly beloved

wife at the moment of coupling than an OREID president at the initiation of it's latest female member. All aquatic mammals however, use the frontal approach.

So where does all this get us? I have tried to show that the modern phenomenon that we know of as the 'bird' is a result of necessity rather than of sexual cunning. Why then does she strut about waving whatever she has in the air as though she had just thought it up? Personally, if I'd developed a bloody great swelling on the bun, a sudden collapse and condensation of a perfectly adequate flat chest, legs so close together that you could strike matches there at the trot, and a bloody great crop of fungus growing out of the top of my head, I'd be more interested in hiding it than showing it off. --

RHINOGS

October 13th - 15th 1972

Paul Gardiner

Owing to the splendid research and organisation on this meet everyone found the rendezvous and got some sleep in on Friday night.

Eight o' clock on Saturday morning revealed seven walking members three walking guests and one lady in the support party plus one child. Fred arrived at the site just after nine accompanied by Wendy and Penny, the latter two to strengthen the support group.

By 9.30 a fair pace was being set towards Dalch Eyddiad, at which place Felburn had to break ranks for a hiatus which, in duration, was quite reminiscent of Manley's best.

Rhinog Pass summit was reached in good order, the wind was very strong from the West and there was a rapid production of Huddy hats, gloves, duvets etc. for the descent (a thousand feet of it) to Dalch was arduous.

From here Gordon Wright plumped for the direct ascent of 700' heather and moss, a delight which caught Felburn's liver at its throat, venting wrath on the terrain, the pace, the wind (natural), the wind (personal), none of which he could get anyone else to take seriously. Two of our guests pushed the pace along to the extent that at one stage the creft was actually seen to take his hands out of his pockets.

Lunch was taken in the lee of the top of Rhinog Fach and then the descent was made past the twin lakes and so on to Y Llothr. Before the back markers (including the last leader who was for the most part leading from the rear), could collect their wits the pack was off to Diffys, the summit appearing suddenly crested by at least four other people.

A final descent was made by the Afon Gwlan, a fine wooded valley, new to most of the party. The pace slowed due to the profusion of blackberries the size of cherries and contact was made with the support group at 5 pm. for a strong communal brew.

Saturday nights' campsite was only a comfortable 200 yd stagger from the nearest pub, surely a factor contributing to Mark Hayhurst having the screens and hankers all night. --

Sunday was fine. Mark remained pit bound, Fred, Wendy and Penny departed for the Eid Wales Bloodstock sales and the remainder, (again at a hot pace) set off up the Afon Gwlan. The uphill grind was fairly relentless but provided fine views of the Rhinogs and Cader before lunch was called for at 1.00 pm. prompt.

There followed a more enervating thrutch than one could ever imagine making to achieve the top of a round and modest 2,400 ft. in height -- two and a half miles of bog, rocks and Turks head grass to gain 1,400 ft. of height.

Everyone finally got up in Llanfachreth having gorged blackberries and dumplings on the way down.

So that was it. Perfect walking weather, marvellous scenery, clock-work organisation, good transport, beer available, attractive campsites and an attendance of about 8. If this isn't what you want in the way of meets then get off your backsides and tell the committee what you do want.

Thanks for attendance to: Wendy and Betty, our three guests Frank, John and Peter, also Fred Allen, Jack Ashcroft, Mark Hayhurst, Colin Hobday, Reg Squires, Gordon Wright and John McIlbourn.

YORKSHIRE MOUNTAIN

October 27th - 29th 1972

Pete Scott

This meet was a new venue and highly successful. Sutton-under-Whitstone-Cliff turned out to be a small village nestling under the escarpment edge of the North Yorkshire Moors. The pub was a friendly-open-hearth-and-log-beams-affair with plenty of seats and ale.

President Paul, Betty and Douglas Gardiner were first to arrive and pitched camp. Later on Friday evening, meet leader Scott and Sue followed by Chris, Derek, and I both got up in the pub. The campsite was set on a quiet farm well away from the road but sported flush bogs, hot water by the gallon, a deep freeze, fresh food and milk. Next morning Ray Colledge arrived and shortly after Jo Fuller (Pinnacle Club).

Everyone including women and children walked in bright sunshine to Peak Sear via an elevated section of the Cleveland Way, a distance of approx. five miles. The crag although somewhat gloomy of aspect provided some excellent routes up to 70 feet on sand limestone -- the majority of the standard hard routes were completed including the girdle traverse by Chris and Ray. The President completed a vicious v.diff. in his stocking feet. The favourite route of the day, however, must have been the classic "Jan with Sam" W.S. completed by all these climbing.

The walk back was idyllic in the setting sun except when Burgess lead the team on a predictable "leave it all to me chaps" disaster-course down into a thicket, shoulder-high-fern and swamp infested ravine which must have cost us half an hour.

Sunday dawned blustery and drizzly but some fine routes were completed on the forbidding White-Stones-Cliff quite close to the campsite. The cliff was fairly extensive, approximately 100 feet high and very steep. It appeared to comprise overhanging yellow mud into which even a balls had been fired. On closer inspection the rock was surprisingly firm and the climbing steep and exhilarating. The performance of Colledge leading the top pitch of Night Watch (VS) was a bit too exhilarating for Burgess and Scott on their tiny belay ledge 80 feet from the ground. Burgess was seen to quickly spray the rock with at least six more belays in as many seconds while Scott quietly untied from the rope as footholds and handholds crackled and snapped off under the leaders weight. Later Burgess made a fine lead of the first pitch of the Leash (VS) and the meet leader was rescued off the final pitch of Leash.

Chris and Ren worked steadily through the routes, Sue and Jo walked around the foot of the crag, the Gardiners went for a walk and Kath stayed in bed.

Thanks for coming -- see you all next year.

Those attending:- Pete and Sue Scott, Ren & Kath Chambers, Paul, Betty and Douglas Gardiner, Derek Burgess, Chris Radcliffe, Ray Colledge, Jo Fuller.

PHOTO MEET (Continued)

Abroad, General:	1st - Reg Squires 2nd - Pete Scott (not again) 3rd - Trevor Bridges
Club Interest:	A typical Burgess farce, but universal acclaim went to Howard Johnson showing Burge in the altogether.
Overall Winners:	1st - Pete Scott 2nd - Chris Radcliffe 3rd - Reg Squires.

THE A66 "IMPROVEMENT" (Continued)

The dual carriageway along Bassenthwaite Lake is intolerably intrusive and would destroy its natural setting.

The Keswick bypass, with its viaduct and large cloverleaf interchange would alter the whole character of the town - and would not solve its traffic problems anyway.

There is a valid alternative route avoiding Keswick and the National Park. This would sweep NE from Cockermouth along the A595 then turn SE on an improved B5305 to meet the M6 north of Penrith. The so-called Sebergham route. It is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles longer than the proposed route, including 3 miles on the M6.

The whole concept is inconsistent with the purpose of the National Park.

The problems of successfully opposing such schemes are massive and very costly, but they are not impossible. They depend on massive commitment on the part of the public. It is for us to decide on what kind of society we want to live in and to demonstrate our opinion in an active way.

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