

ORREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

Volume 20, Number 2.

July 1973

C O N T E N T S

President's Meet .....	Paul Gardiner .....	Page 2
Blencathra .....	Clive Russell .....	3
Opening Of The Geoff Hayes Barn .....	Paul Gardiner .....	4
Lakelands In The Sea Of Tourism .....	Daily Telegraph .....	5
A.G.M. ....	Paul Gardiner .....	7
Langdale .....	Dave Appleby .....	8
Pembrokeshire .....	Gordon Gadsby .....	8
"Umleitung" .....	Coon Trikey .....	10
Eigg And Rhum .....	Laurie Burns .....	11
Cwm Eigiau .....	Reg Squires .....	11
Obituary - Fred Heardman .....	Nat Allen .....	13

---

Editor: Paul Bingham,  
135, Brisbane Road,  
Mickleover,  
Derby.

This edition of the Newsletter is the first under the new editor, Chris Radcliffe having retired from the post at the March A.G.M.. I would like to thank Chris for the work and effort he put into the publication in order to achieve such a high standard.

The Newsletter, I feel, should serve two purposes. Firstly, the Meets Reports provide the only historical record of the club's activities and so, in this respect we have a "history letter". The second purpose is to provide a medium whereby members' news, views, moans and groans can be expressed to the whole club, not just to their particular Wilmot clique.

In the first case, Meets Reports, the Newsletter is performing a better (but not perfect) function than in the second case, news, views e.t.c. Like previous editors, I appeal to all Meet Leaders to submit some sort of account of their meet. Currently Paul Gardiner and Jack Ashcroft are writing a history of the club for inclusion in the book to be published next spring: their main source of material has been all the past Newsletters. If Meet Leaders ignore this part of their duty then any future history will be lacking in many epics which, despite frequent moans to the contrary, still occur from time to time, and, consequently will be the worse for it.

In the second case, news, views e.t.c., the supply of material is abysmal and has just about dried up. Meets Reports are historical and provide the skeleton of the Newsletter, but what gives the thing true body are the witty articles, slanderous letters and short items of news. These we no longer seem to get. How many of you, out of a membership of approx 130, can say that you have ever contributed anything other than a Meets Report to the Newsletter?

I am not capable of writing all the articles myself (nor am I prepared to do so) so put pen to paper - you don't have to be a Shakespeare - anything is better than nothing. Too many members are content to take from the club and put nothing back in return.

I would like to produce the Newsletter every four months, but it is not worth going through the rigmarole of production if the end product is only 5 or 6 pages. The only alternative, if current circumstances do not alter, is to have longer periods between issues, by which time most of the material is out of date and interest is lost.

---

DATES TO ADD TO YOUR MEETS CARD

September 1st - 2nd	Heathy Lea Working Party
November 24th	Annual Dinner

---

SUBS WERE DUE ON JANUARY 1st. IF YOU HAVE NOT YET PAID, THEN DO SO OR BE STRUCK OFF THE LIST OF MEMBERS, AS UNDER RULE 15 IN THE HANDBOOK.

ALSO THERE ARE SEVERAL OUTSTANDING HUT FEES. COUGH UP. THE CLUB NEEDS THIS MONEY. IT DOES NOT RUN ON THIN AIR AND IOUs.

PRESIDENT'S MEET - January 6th-7th, 1973

Paul Cardiner

Bodies drifted into Heathy Lea at intervals during Saturday. Some reported thick fog en route, a fortunate few found sun and dry rock at Stanage. Fires were stoked to the point where smoke caused the lower rooms to be evacuated in favour of the 'Wheatsheaf' as early as 6.30 p.m. By 10 p.m. we were some forty strong and in rising spirits despite the damp.

Back at Heathy Lea hot dogs, mince pies etc. were dispensed, helped along with a good supply of lubricant and the Carnell mobile disco accompanied a considerable flexing of normally unused muscles until nearly 2 a.m.

Sunday was not very inspiring; walking seemed to be the order of the day, though reports did filter in of a route or two being trodden down. Baslow cafe did a good trade.

Basically a social meet I suppose, but it was good to see so many faces. Thanks to all who attended, particularly thanks to the lady cooks who laid on the food.

OWM GLAS COTTAGE !!! - January 19th-21st, 1973

Trevor Bridges

As most people probably know the C.C. had to cancel our booking of the cottage and so the "sportsplan" was revised to a camping meet in Ynws Ettws field.

Accordingly 5 members and 1 prospective member (John Woaden) set forth, loaded with camping on Friday evening. The five members met in the P.Y.G. having battled their way through a blizzard. Most fortunately Sue was with us and the four male members decided we could not subject her to the rigours of camping in the Pass under the prevailing conditions. Sue's protests that she was quite prepared to do so fell on deaf ears and about 11p.m. the party was established in the Oread room. John arrived after closing time, went down the Pass and had to camp because he could not get out again. He eventually joined us on Saturday evening.

Late Saturday morning we decided to brave the elements to do a route on Craig Cwmbychan on the back of Myndd Mawr. A rising traverse up the north side of the mountain proved exhausting over snowed up bracken and boulders. We eventually settled for a walk to the summit and slithered back down to Rhyd Ddu. Chris Radcliffe turned up just after we had left and went for a walk on the Nantlle Ridge.

Sunday was brighter at first though the snowstorm soon returned. Chris suggested a gully on Llechog as a way up Snowdon and this seemed to find favour. He set off like a high spirited stallion and only Gordon Wright seemed to challenge his fitness. We left them trail breaking until they were "broken in" and then took the lead in turn. We never recognised a feature on Llechog and eventually made our way up a steep shale slope to the South Ridge of Snowdon. Pete Scott galloped into the fore obviously having scented the summit. Not sure of the way, John and Paul Bingham took

over and eventually John recognised the cafe cess pit and thus was the summit found.

We returned by the Llechog Ridge without incident. never was so much energy expended by so few accomplishing so little. I said there may be snow in my circular but I didn't expect feet of it falling on the tops while we were there.

---

The following appeared in the North Wales News:-

A ROAD UP SNOWDON?

The North Wales Tourism Council are to give further consideration to an idea for building a road to the summit of Snowdon.

The proposal was put forward at a council meeting by Mr. David Irons, of Llansadwrn, Anglesey. "Properly controlled," he said, "with a gate and a substantial toll, such a road would be a great tourist attraction."

He quoted a case in America where people could drive to the top of a 20,000 foot peak, saying it had created great interest among tourists.

---

BLENCATHRA - February 2nd-4th, 1973

Clive Russel

Following my last meet in the area, when only Jean, Bev, Cath, and Chris Radcliffe attended I was somewhat surprised to wake up and find about 50 people at the Mill Inn at Mungrisedale. However, the situation was restored to normal when I found myself alone on the hill at about lunch time on Sunday. The reason finally came home to me later when a mangy dog sniffed my crutch and then cleared off in disgust (Does it mean "bugger off" or "body odour")

The level of activity was about normal for a club in the last stages of decadence. Various groups on Saturday approached Blencathra by different routes many continuing to Skiddaw House and beyond. Reg Squires, Simon Crosse, Sabina and myself opted for a short but interesting day by descending Sharp Edge. Lounging in a sheltered spot besides Scales Tarn we discussed most of the world's problems and solved none (an irresistible crib from Whillans' ghost writer, whoever he may be). Saturday evenings boozing was most competently carried out and afterwards the bladders of Messrs Williams, Jones, Burgess and co. pointed out the error of their ways when I locked them in the bicycle shed where they were domiciled for non-payment of fees and general insubordination.

Sunday saw the ascent of Bowscale Fell, descending by the other side and returning via a collapsing bridge. Near the top of Bowscale Fell I suddenly lusted for the females in the rearward party and returned to assist them for the last few hundred feet. Those whom I had left promptly fled into the gloom and those whom I sought hid below the summit. This virtually concluded the weekend's activities, but I shall never think of this weekend without visualising the scene when the lady of the house

wheeled her bicycle over Digger's airbed at about 10a.m. on Saturday.

In conclusion I must agree that the Oread is dying, Panther said it in a Newsletter in August 1965, Radcliffe said it again in 1972, but with a turnout of 49 adults on a winter meet 160 miles from home we at least have the consolation of an uncommonly healthy corpse.

---

OPENING OF THE GEOFF. HAYES BARN - March 3rd, 1973

Paul Gardiner

This function, the culmination of eighteen months of decision making and effort was marked by the presence of Anne, Mr. & Mrs. Walter Hayes, Geoff's sister, Barbara, and Mrs. Kaal.

Five minutes before the opening a steady drizzle began much to the annoyance of those present and the photographers amongst them in particular.

The simple plaque was unveiled by Anne who then, having said a few words, opened the Barn door officially and everyone managed to squeeze inside for shelter and to hear a speech of appreciation from Mr. Hayes.

The final working party had put the Barn in splendid order, the newly lined roof making a vast improvement and everything appeared clean and shining; a fine tribute to the man commemorated and a credit to the Heathy Lea Warden, Ron Chambers, his sub-committee and all who have turned a hand to the numerous jobs.

Mr. Hayes generously donated the new gas heater which gives heat at the turn of a tap; better than the cottage where one has to chop the wood and forage for "kindling"!!

Tea and biscuits were dispensed efficiently by a team of Oread ladies, principally Margaret Johnson, Tinsel, Kath Chambers and Janet Reynolds. The visitors book was passed round and a count up showed some seventy-five in attendance.

This Barn provides a valuable increase in accommodation at Heathy Lea and should relieve some of the congestion in the cottage kitchen. It is to be hoped that, with the initial cost of Heathy Lea now accounted for, members and their bona fide guests will make increasing use of the cottage and barn, making them not only financially viable but also the meeting place of the Oread and a fitting tribute to those who are no longer with us on high hills.

---

NEW HANDBOOK

A new Members Handbook is being prepared. If communications from the club are being sent to the wrong address, or if your address is about to change, then notify Rusty. Home telephone numbers may also be included. No additions or amendments will be accepted after September 1st.

### LAKELANDS IN THE SEA OF TOURISM

The season has started: the separate tables are laid, the bed-and-breakfast signs out, the shop tills oiled. In Keswick, the Shamrock Chinese Restaurant is ready for action, the "Sorry, no rucksacks" cards are in some pub windows and at Ambleside the swans seem more supercilious than ever. Englands oldest tourist area - the Lake District - swings into this year's action.

More than 120 years ago, James Payne, commenting on the Lake District, wrote: "Our inns are filled to bursting, our private houses broken into by parties desperate for lodgings..... a great steam monster ploughs up our lake and disgorge multitudes upon the pier..... our hills are darkened by swarms of tourists, our lawns are picknicked upon by twenty at a time."

What would he make today of the Lakes, which face holiday hordes from a catchment area, only three hours driving time away, containing nearly 21 million people? There is Glasgow and Edinburgh to the north: in the South Merseyside, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Manchester and the industrial area stretching from Yorkshire up to Tyneside.

In 1971 there were well over six million visitors, this year the figure is expected to be considerably higher.

How does Englands largest national park, roughly 30 miles by 30 miles, extending over three counties - Cumberland, Westmorland and Lancashire - cope? Sadly, say the conservationists deep in their hearts, while at the same time preserving an outward cheerfulness. Well, say the hoteliers, taxi-drivers and shopkeepers, who think of the poverty that would come without tourism.

Predictably, both sides take completely different views of the latest development in this area: permission for the conversion of the A66 from Penrith to Cockermouth into a major industrial highway that will link the M6 to West Cumberland. Despite a furious fight from the Lake District Planning Board, the Countryside Commission, the Council for the Protection of Rural England, the Friends of the Lake District, the Ramblers Association and a dozen or so other societies, despite a possible alternative route in the form of the road from Penrith via Sebergham to Wigton, the Secretary of State for the Environment, Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, gave the go-ahead to a £12 million scheme that will be, assert the conservationists, disastrous.

Work is due to start this autumn. It will involve creating a major by-pass about a mile north-east of Keswick, where a great chunk of farming land and several cottages in the upper Naddle valley will be sacrificed to make room for a two level interchange with embankments, cuttings, bridge and convolutions.

If the A66 weren't enough to depress most conservationists, the likelihood of yet more "road madness" follows. This arises from the future of the A591, which runs right across the Lake District from Kendal via Windermere, Ambleside and Grasmere to Keswick. It is a winding, twisting, very dangerous road that runs through some of the loveliest and most dramatic country in England. But with the completion of the link from the Kendal by-pass to the M6, traffic will come thundering on to it at 70 mph which is not only hazardous but totally inappropriate.

Present policy, according to one of the Friends, is to turn the A591 into another major highway. He and others want to prohibit lorries, which can legally be done, and preserve it as an "internal distribution

route for the requirements of residents and tourists." They admit some improvements are needed but balk at the idea of a dual carriageway.

Fortunately there is time to fight for this, though Mr. George Bott, a schoolteacher who settled in the Lake District 20 years ago because he came, saw and loved it. When pressed, he admitted that deep down he felt the whole of the Lake District was gradually being submerged beneath a sea of tourism, though it was still possible, even on the most popular day, "to find peace and quiet."

His views are not shared by a local restaurant owner, Mr. Neil Hunter, who has announced that he was not opening his restaurant again on a Bank Holiday, so enormous and impossible were the crowds. He'd rather lose financially, he said, than try to deal with the flood that was outside his place on Easter Sunday.

Since the National Trust is the largest landowner in the Lake District, with over 87,000 acres under its protection, it would be reasonable to suppose that much of it is well preserved. And so it is, though there is an increasing threat of erosion on some footpaths, due to sheer human wear and tear.

Other dangers also loom over the Lakes: the rising price of property resulting in figures that "locals" cannot afford, the extension threat to the Haweswater reservoir, the noise and speed of craft on Ullswater.

Mr. Roland Wade, chairman of the Friends, instanced another danger which he considered would need careful watching: the threat of mineral workings, particularly since last years' Mineral Exploration Act.

The largest single problem in the Lake District is traffic. Sooner or later, as everyone from hotelier to hiker knows, there's got to be some form of traffic management. Last year the Friends commissioned a report as to how this should be done. This year the Government is supposed to be setting up a working party to study traffic in the area. The Friends are pressing it to get on with a job that should have been done "years ago" Meanwhile, the local bookshops merrily sell two books, one for the north region and one for the south, oddly though aptly entitled "Lake District Walks For Motorists."

---

#### MOTHERCARE - CONTINUED

As a result of the so-called "Flash News Item" in the previous edition of the Newsletter (requesting interested parties to consult certain pages of the Mothercare catalogue) I have to report that three Oread couples became so interested that they are now expecting additions to their families in the autumn/winter. The arrivals are so timed as to provide regular monthly booze ups throughout the social season.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, ROYAL OAK, BAKEWELL - March 3rd 1973 P. Gardiner

The thing about an Oread A.G.M. is that one never knows what to expect, many of us have witnessed the cut and thrust, the argument, the voices raised in protest in previous years but I suppose this meeting could best be described as a sensible one.

The various officers presented their reports, the finances certainly showed an improvement, (at least on paper) with the initial cost of setting up Heathy Lea written off at the expense of the General and Rhydd Ddu accounts. John Welbourne proved to be the star turn of the evening, outlining his plans for the five star Tan-yr-Wyddfa and Ken Hodge nearly had part of his report ruled out of order when he said that those attending the December Bullstones meet actually enjoyed themselves!

Les Langworthy, in his report as representative on the North Wales Committee of the B.M.C., outlined some quite alarming schemes proposed or approved for execution in the Snowdonia National Park, particularly the ones involving Llyn Peris and Llyn Padarn and the operations proposed by R.T.Z. in connection with mining.

There was an election for members of the Committee and Nat Allen took over the chair to preside over A.O.B., of which there was none. A number of members took the trouble to apologise for their absence from the meeting; many, I regret, apparently did not have either the time or the inclination to do so.

---

Club Officers Elected/Re-elected at the A.G.M. for 1973/4

President:	Nat Allen
Vice-President:	Paul Gardiner
Hon. General Secretary:	Peter Scott
Assistant General Secretary:	Peter Jones
Hon. Treasurer:	Laurie Burns
Hon. Meets Secretary:	Clive Russell
Welsh Hut Custodian:	John Welbourne
Derbyshire Hut Custodian:	Ron Chambers
Hon. Editor (Newsletter):	Paul Bingham
Committee:	George Reynolds
	Colin Hobday
	Gordon Gadsby
	Reg Squires
	Dave Weston

YOU have elected the above people to run the Oread Mountaineering Club. If YOU have any ideas, comments or suggestions about any aspect of the club then put it to the Committee- the more information they have about the attitudes and opinions of the club members the better the Committee will function.

LANGDALE - March 23rd-25th, 1973

Dave Appleby

Well!- what a washout. Everybody from Lands End to John O'Groats sat in offices, worked in shops or factories the week before the meet - the sun beating on us as we were all tied to our duties. Friday was even better as we all went north, arriving on a clear starry night. Handley, Judith and I were the first to arrive in the Langdales after the usual 100 plus up the motorway in the R.H. flier. Soon we were joined by the others in dribs and drabs. After a few pints we set off for the campsite only to find it like East St. in Derby on the Saturday before Christmas. Anyhow, we collared the warden and managed to find a quiet corner - we pitched and went to kip.

The morning dawned with Handley opening his eyes and muttering the words, "Who's ringing that bloody till?" - he'd pitched next door to the shop! On looking outside, the bag was down and the rain was falling: and so it was for the weekend, rain and quite cool.

Parties went on to Pavey and did a circular tour taking in Gwyn's Chimney in horrible conditions. Others went to Bowfell, Loughrigg Fell, Side Pike and some shopped - Brenda Allen treating all to tea and buns.

Most people were off down to the pub early - Handley being in first at 7.25p.m. with Gordon and Bev last at 9.50p.m. due to their late evening on Raven Crag.

Sunday was the same if not a little worse. Fisher came out of his tent at 10.30a.m., grinned and uttered, "Il faut que nous avons l'amour." Gritting his teeth he went back in for his breakfast.

Penlington ate Ashcroft's breakfast; Carnell went back to Derby to play golf; Handley threw a brick in the shop and quietened the till; various parties went for short wet walks; Fred wasn't to be seen, although a report came through that his van was seen leaving at 7.30.a.m. with Fred driving still in his pyjamas.

Why on earth we don't go to Eskdale I do not know. Perhaps now Burgess is off Committee we might stand a chance - Langdale, I'll leave that for the occasional Christmas -1984

Those present were: J.Ashcroft, D.Penlington, Don Cowan, Fred and Brenda Allen with twins; Gordon and Margaret Gadsby, Ray Handley, Bev and Kath Abley, Gordon and Pauline Wright, Derek and Pat Carnell, Les Peel, Graham Foster, John Fisher and Sally, Dave and Judith Appleby - 20 in all. Many thanks for coming.

---

PEMBROKESHIRE - Easter 1973

Gordon Gadsby

After driving round Spaghetti Junction in a hail storm and then motoring South West into ever darkening skies, it was with some relief that we arrived at White Sand Bay on a clear Good Friday night. Saturday dawned bright and sunny but with a bitterly cold wind.

Margaret and I with my nieces, Amanda and Stephanie, Margaret's cousin, Stuart and his Mexican wife, Cuqui, explored the coastal path north of White Sand Bay. Mike Wren and Andy Dunham went looking for new routes

whilst Mike's wife, Sue, and baby Lucy made the round trip to St. David's complete with push chair. Roy and April Sawyer followed our path some hours later having brought the beach buggy on it's first long trip. Frank Goldsmith and family explored the coast south of White Sands. The weather remained good all day and we even found a warm sunbathing spot on St. David's Head. After tea the whole party assembled on the beach for football.

Sunday was another bright morning and 16 of us went round to Marlowes on the far side of St. Bride's Bay. We spent an hour in the pub having hot pies and pints before setting up a base on the beautiful Marlowe Sands - the cliff scenery here is superb and some of the filming of "The Lion In Winter" was done on this beach. Eight of us set off to do some climbing on a nearby pinnacle of red rock rising from the sea and called Gateholm Stac. Frank and Roy set off up a route we had done 2 years before and then I followed with Margaret, Shirley and Stuart. Meanwhile Mike and Andy were trying a new line up the south side (later abandoned due to loose rock and hail). Just as the four of us reached the top all hell let loose with horizontal sleet and hail followed by driving rain. The descent on the seaward side was interesting to say the least especially as it was Stuart's first ever rock climb. It was a very wet party that eventually arrived back at St. David's later that evening. The rain continued throughout the night.

Monday morning was damp and dismal. All the campers headed for home except ourselves and the Goldsmiths. We had a surprise call from Nat Allen en route from Devon to Ireland and he had a coffee before catching the 2 p.m. boat from Fishguard. After having looked round Solva harbour we set off for Porthmynawyd Cove. The weather was fast improving and I was keen to see this area I'd read about in John Cleare's recent book "Sea Cliff Climbing In Great Britain". In the book he mentions some Chamonix type pinnacles and scope for climbing at about Diff to V.Diff standard. Details of access to the cove were vague and we had several adventures in scrub and ten foot high brambles before breaking out on the coastal path midway between Solva and Newgales. A further walk of about a mile brought us to a secluded cove with a superb beach. On the north side of the cove a line of jagged cliffs reached out into the sea (these are well seen looking north from Newgales Sands). Frank, Shirley, Margaret and I scrambled to the top of these and gained the sharp crest. On the other side, the cliffs fell sheer into the sea forming a vast amphitheatre facing west and being 80 to 100 feet high. Frank and I searched for a way down and eventually Frank found a weakness in the form of a ramp running from top to bottom of the cliff. The two of us climbed down this on good holds (Mod with one Diff move halfway). The sun was now out in full force and the bowl of rock was a veritable sun trap! The rock scenery was as fine as I've seen in Pembrokeshire, black slabs encircling a fine large hole looking straight into the sea, some steep looking walls and several good cracks, while just across the zawn and looking rather inaccessible (from where we were) were two superb pinnacles twenty to thirty feet high and one of them from this angle strongly resembled Rapes Needle. With not much time at our disposal (it was already 6.30 p.m.) and the girls getting anxious up above, we had to abandon any hopes of reaching the pinnacles let alone climb them. We settled for a route to the right of the ramp and, after tossing a coin, I won and led off up the right hand edge of the black slab. This eventually led to the awkward step on the ramp and then I gained the ridge crest by a short steep crack on magnificent holds. Within the hour we were on our way back up the coastal path towards the car and St. David's. From a day that had promised nothing we had gained so much.

"UMLEITUNG"

Coon Trikey ?

Oreads going to the Zillertal this year may, in Germany or Austria, encounter the sign "Umleitung". This is not directions to the home of a Chinese girl of easy virtue but a device to prevent motorists from entering their cities. My first experience of this Teutonic trap initiated a series of misfortunes.

Entering Augsburg a large yellow sign pointed left. "Umleitung", it said. Turning into a side street, we found another sign, smaller and less obvious; left, into an even more "side street", another sign; straight ahead took us into what appeared to be a cross between a Wimpey building site and a terminal moraine. No more signs. Leaving by the only exit possible to a wheeled vehicle we found ourselves on the eastbound carriageway of the Stuttgart-Munich Autobahn and had to do a total of 58km. to return. Re-entering Augsburg, there it was again, "Umleitung", turn left. Not willing to do that sodding lot again, we went straight on: an unwise decision as it was a one-way-street and we were reversing it. After staring into the accusing headlamps of a large Benz bus, we hurriedly backed out, nearly maladjusting the o/s front wing of an opulent black Mercedes.

The driver, a miserable looking b..... in rimless glasses, came to give us the benefit of his comments. However justifiable, they were not welcome. Our "love thy neighbour" spirit was a bit tattered at the edges, but our best collection of Anglo-Saxon four letter words was wasted as he understood not. Then he was reinforced by his Frau - a granite faced bitch of great superiority. She did not address us personally, but whatever she said was relayed verbatim through Herr. By his obsequious manner he was obviously afraid of the old bat and expected us to wither in consequence of all this; but he retired defeated to his car, where he and the Queen stared at us through the windscreen like two frustrated hens.

Then the law arrived, highly polished, both doors opening simultaneously in true official style. Now was the time to try the Faulkner technique. However multilingual these characters may be it does not include Welsh - the fact that you yourself can't speak it either is immaterial, so long as you can think of some good Welsh place names like Penrhyndeudraeth or Ilechwedd Byniau Defaid.

They stood back a bit, decided on the evidence of our GB plate we were English, and with great deliberation said, "DRI VING LI CENCE". But this, when produced, was of little help as it was a W.D. licence and with great economy bore the legend, "51 BVD WST COMD - Return if found to MOD". Then the old saw took a hand, and after perusing at some length a "Book Of Useful Phrases" made us understand that Herr was a member of the Deutschland Automobile Touring Club and, in consequence, of some importance. This we countered with an R.A.C. membership card (expired). Then they said, in Deutsch equivalent, "P-ss off while you are still free." and discretion still being the better part of valour, we wen' back on the Autobahn. But this time we went to Ulm on the return instead.

The writer is now more experienced and mature and does not admit to mistakes, so he prefers to remain anonymous.

EIGG AND RHUM - Whitsuntide, 1973.

Laurie Burns

Last years visit to Rhum, although in the vilest weather, gave us a taste of small island life, and the island impressed us with its wildness and unsophistication. This year we decided to visit Eigg as well. The journey on Friday night and Saturday was made in high winds and torrential rain which was not reassuring; the Bens had a snow covering down to about 1,500ft, but nearing Mallaig the sun shone spasmodically and, staying near Arisaig overnight, we were rewarded with a lovely evening, the two islands we were to visit black against the setting sun. A cold north-easterly wind kept the rain away and this was the pattern of the whole holiday weather. The 12 mile sea passage gives wonderful views of Skye and the mainland hills.

On arrival we made haste to find a sheltered site before it rained (which it did not) and the one we chose was idyllic, looking over the small but lovely woodland on Eigg across the sound of Arisaig- and when clear, far into the mainland hills.

The west and north-west of Eigg is rough and wild with many small but lovely lochans. The east coast is a long plateau about 900ft. high with unbroken cliff line down to the grass above the shore. Beer is sold and drunk at the Post Office and, judging by the mountain of empties, in great quantity. On Saturday, the weather still fine by virtue of the continuing north-east wind, we crossed to Rhum. There is no real choice of campsite as there is very little campable ground, but what is there is superbly situated, against the sea and protected from the westerly and south-westerly winds by the only woodland on the island: a pity the wind blew from the north-east.

I found the going rough, steep and knee deep in heather but kept active, visiting most of the island, the west and south-west coasts making an 18 miles round trip. One day we reconnoitered the east side of Halival to find a small hut placed there by the Nature Conservancy for anyone wishing to stay overnight on the mountain to see - or rather hear - the 100,000 odd manx shearwaters returning to their burrows during the night. We located it and Doug Cook used it for this purpose that night, staying high on the mountain until the birds had been and gone away again. He assures me that the sensation and noise as these birds come in their thousands all shrieking and whistling in the dark is one of the weirdest experiences anyone is likely to encounter.

This attractive island and the unhurried pleasant way of life of the islanders makes a very fine holiday; but it rains a lot and has its quota of midges and clegs - so don't go unprepared.

---

CWM EIGIAU - May 18th-20th, 1973

Reg Squires

A promise of big crags, high mountains, a remote crag and a hut of character - well we've heard that before, they're all like that in the write-up, so why did anyone come? Maybe it was the bit about "safari drivers only" that really freaked out the Great Motor Club members.

Determined drivers converged on the approaches, variously equipped with four-wheel drive, pump-up suspension, and pushers. The target was the hut. No one rated the easy route. Well, Bev and Kathy were seen heading away from the hut late into the evening, muttering darkly. Meanwhile, the leader had opted for the comforts of Roland's Citroen (purely to ensure early arrival with the key). All the best laid plans of mice and men. Having negotiated a 1 in 6 road with smoking tyres and Mike Wren sitting on the bonnet, we arrived in a peat bog and slowly the nasty feeling dawned that down there, hidden in the dark, was the Bilio reservoir, not Cwm Wigiau.

There were excessively dark mutterings from the assembled party of squatters waiting around the hut at midnight, and unpleasant suggestions for late key holders. Lights continued to flash across the moor for some time as stragglers wandered in.

Saturday dawned brilliant and something like a travelling circus set out up Amphitheatre Buttress, the procession of tangled ropes continuing most of the day, regaled from time to time by Chris and Paul on Mur y Niwl. Eventually the whole party made the ascent, except Sabina who remained behind as hut guardienne.

The rare spectacle of visible peaks in all directions, lit by the warm evening sun, prompted a circuitous return to the hut in traditional mountaineering style - over the summits of Llewellyn, Yr Elen, and back to Foel Grach and Foel Fras. Gargantuan thirsts were shepherded down the final slopes, and at this point the value of Mike Key's Landrover became apparent: inspired by thoughts of a convivial evening, Mike had risen early, taken courage, and braved the terrors of rotten bridges and large boulders to drive our supplies to the hut, and some 70 pints, mostly Wrights Burton Ales, began to disappear.

The glowing red coke stove, roaring primi, and Tilley lamps hissing black and smelly were essential precursors of Sunday morning's floating headaches and late risers, following a night of wind and the sort of rain that caused Noah to think, "God, I must build Noah's Ark".

Just the time to do Great Gully. The ancient formula for such climbs as "drunk and by moonlight", was ignored, but the bit about "large party, preferably incompetent" was fulfilled in good measure. Great Gully's joke is that an incompetent can arrive almost irreversibly at the last pitch, late in the day, and find that it is nasty. Almost everyone tried to lead the boulder below the cave (encouraged by the wily old Fred Allen, who didn't) and discovered they couldn't, until Gordon Wright (the reluctant hero) leapt up, almost into the arms of Radcliffe, quietly surveying the sorry scene from the top.

SUMMARY - WIGIAU, MAY, 1973

Ascents: Amphitheatre Buttress (II, with hard grass pitches)  
Great Gully (III, possibly II sup in wellingtons)  
Mur y Niwl  
The Grimmett  
Agrippa

Party: Chris Radcliffe, Paul Bingham, Gordon and Pauline Wright,  
Bev and Kathy Abley, Mike Key, Mike Wren, Simon Crosse,  
Sabina Keogh, Fred Allen, Roland Anthony and Reg Squires.

OBITUARY - FRED HEARDMAN

Nat Allen

Fred Heardman of the Rucsack Club and Edale died at the age of 77 years at the end of the first quarter of 1973.

Fred, for many years licensee of the "Church" and "Nag's Head" hotels in Edale, was a pioneer of many of the now famous Peakland walks, earning for himself the nickname of "Fred The Bogtrotter". His marathon walks often made in the company of such characters as Cecil Dawson, Harold Gerrard and Eustace Thomas, began after the 1914-18 war. In 1922 he invented, and walked, of course, the Three Inns walk, which in modern times has been varied to include four or even five. In 1926 he walked the 73 mile "Colne to Rowsley" in a time of well inside 24 hours.

The 1930's saw Fred Heardman on the Rural District Council, fighting a successful and almost lone battle, to stop the building of a giant steelworks in his beloved Edale valley - an act which placed him in "coventry" with the locals who were strongly in favour of the idea. He was an outstanding worker with the C.P.R.E. and was a mine of information from behind the bar of the "Nags" when it became a Peak Park's information centre.

For the 1952 Rucsack Club's Jubilee, Fred invented the "Tan Hill - Cat and Fiddle" walk, which five of their members completed. He compiled the booklet "Walks Around Edale" and in later years became the B.M.C.'s Peak Committee man on the spot, rarely missing a trick when the vandals or planners stepped out of line.

For his work he was awarded the O.B.E.. The late Alf Bridge would always refer to him when talking of walking, as his "mighty yardstick". Peakland walkers and climbers have indeed lost a champion and friend.

---

IMPORTANT NOTICE: CHANGE OF TUESDAY EVENING VENUE

AFTER A FEW SUMMER EVENING SAMPLE SIPS, THE "SONS OF SUCTION SAMPLING SOCIETY" (alias the Committee) HAS DECIDED THAT, FROM TUESDAY SEPT. 4th, THE TUESDAY EVENING VENUE WILL BE "THE MOON" AT SPONDON. THE ALE IS BETTER, THE ROOM IS BETTER AND THERE IS MORE "SPARE"

DIRECTIONS: From the Derby end of the Borrowash By-pass head towards the "Wilmot" and turn right at the first island (down towards Celanese) whence the "Moon" becomes visible.

---

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Application for membership has been received from Pauline Wright, 57, Beacon Rd., Rolleston. Proposed by Reg Squires, seconded by Andy Dunham. Anyone having any views on the above person's suitability for membership should write to the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible.