



 OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
 NEWSLETTER
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C O N T E N T S

Editorial Page 1

President's Meet Nat Allen 2

Scottish Sun Tan Paul Gardiner 3

Pembrokeshire Diary Gordon Gadsby 4

Oread Mountain Rescue Team Frank Goldsmith 8

Eskdale Derek Burgess 9

Notes On A Coast To Coast Walk Jack Ashcroft 10

Welsh Hut Working Party Colin Hobday 12

Crag Lough Margaret Cooke 12

The Welsh Walk 1974 Jack Ashcroft 13

B.M.C. Hut List 14

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Since February, when the last Newsletter was issued, we have seen the successful launching (and complete sellout) of "Climb If You Will" followed by very favourable reviews in the climbing magazines. Obviously it is of great interest to Oreads, but it has acquired wider acclaim on the basis of it's being a welcome change from the usual autobiography and/or expedition book. Here is a book which 'ordinary' climbers can read and identify themselves with people, places and climbs instead of reading about far away places that they are never likely to visit and pop star climbers whose way of life is so greatly different from their own. I am sure the Club would like to express its thanks and appreciation to the "Book Team" for two years hard slog resulting in a fine tribute to Geoff and a graphic chronicle of the Oread's first 25 years.

On another note, also since February, there have been 20 meets for which only 5 reports have been received. (Although I know of 2 that have gone adrift in our ever deteriorating postal service). At least if I were given reports for all meets I would be under some pressure to produce the Newsletter more frequently. As it is shortage of material remains my best excuse for the lengthy time period between issues.

For a change the Alpinists seem to have been blessed with good weather, resulting in successful holidays - more details about their European exploits should be contained in the next issue.

At home the increased cost of fuel does not seem to have affected meets attendances: we have had the old mixture of very well and very poorly attended meets, with matching contrasts of good and bad weather. In this issue you will find a list of huts available for use by BMC club members - How about leading a meet to a new area/hut? - Novelty is a major factor in getting a good turnout.

The Social Season approaches but that is no excuse for sitting back and growing fat(ter). We now have the climbing wall available at the Derby Sports Centre and their other facilities may also be used to improve your Dash times. October sees the Photo Meet which should be good value since, at the time of last year's show, a lot of potential winners were imprisoned at Kodak. So this year we should have a double dose of celluloid spectaculars. In November we have the most popular social event - the Dinner - this year the 25th. No doubt that merry band of strolling players will come up with an appropriate happening to mark the occasion.

Well what of the future? During the last twelve months we have seen a very welcome influx of keen, active, young prospective members so the forecasts of death and decay of the Oread by the prophets of gloom would seem to be delayed a little longer. (Such predictions, I am told, have been made annually by the pessimists ever since the Club's first birthday!)

PRESIDENT'S MEET - January 4th-6th, 1974

Nat Allen

A few of us gathered to test the quality of the beer in "The Wheatsheaf" on Friday evening, with Freddie Allen finally pronouncing it fit for consumption the following night.

Saturday started wet, and after spring-cleaning the barn, the cottage and the elsan, we had an excellent session on the greasy rocks of Gardoms - Birchens being joined later by "Gaylord" Handley and Dennis Gray.

The pre "barn dance" gathering in the pub grew as a large horde of Oreads collected. We left for the hut on time, to be greeted by a full Norwegian table, a vast selection of ales, Carnell's music and Tinsel and Handley's games and spot events. It was an excellent evening and everyone present seemed to have a very good time. Miss Oread '73, accompanied by Ashcroft, started the dancing; Handley was thrashed by "Tubby" Appleby in a trial of strength; Mike (man about town) Key and Jean Russell won the musical knees, and "Radders" the drinking contest.

Next morning saw mopping up and tin squashing teams busy. Later the full team moved off climbing on Birchens, Paslow, Curbar and Froggat Edges. Rain caught us out on the way back, giving us a soggy end to a very good weekend.

My thanks to all who came along, especially the ladies for the grub, and Derek Carnell for the music. We missed Harry Pretty who was down with water on the knee. A pity, he could have joined Brenda Allen who came with a swollen gland!!

FROM THE ROLLS ROYCE SUGGESTION SCHEME - concerning RHhhh.. you know who.

Suggestion Scheme No. 4518

From: W.Collins ref: G.Dickens/W.C.

In order to alleviate congestion during peak hours, it is recommended that we purchase one personal commode, as per sample attached.

Will you please arrange to give this an extended trial.

Cost: £16.00

Estimated Saving: 45 mins per day = 250 hours p.a. x £2 per hour = £500 p.a.

Plastic collector bags supplied free.

SCOTTISH SUN TAN - Easter 1974

Paul Gardiner

Despite their being no official Scottish meet this Easter a total of twenty-one members, prospective members and freinds were in the Cairngorms over the holiday.

Prior to our arrival the area had experienced three weeks of near heatwave and these conditions continued during the weeks before and after Easter. Temperatures in excess of 65° F were reported in Grantown-on-Spey and the pattern of nights of hard frost followed by days of sun and blue skies was constant throughout the stay.

Allens, Penlingtons and Gardiners took up residence in caravans on the weekend before Easter and the rapidly dwindling snow was beaten to death by skis and the occasional backside. Early starts were the rule in order to catch the snow whilst still frozen on top, as, by 11a.m. the conditions became decidedly "mushy".

Good Friday saw the arrival of the Milwards, Dave Weston (overnight sleeper - straight on to the slopes), Roland Anthony, Peter Kenyon and Julian (Herman) Dunster. Some spent Saturday on skis, Penno took Julian on a twelve hour boot breaking flog up Glen Linich, over Braeriach and back down the Lairig Ghru whilst the writer paid his respects to the Fords of Avon and the Shelter Stone.

At an undisclosed time during the weekend Peter, Barbara, Ray and Maria arrived, having been delayed by Ray being stricken by 'flu, which, following liberal applications of malt whisky, he was able to pass on to Peter.

On Easter Monday Fred, Julian and Penno bagged a snow route on Coire an Lochain (Dave muttering to Fred about failing to bring his crampons, only to find he had come without his own). Most of the remainder skied except Janes who was flat on his back in a sick bed. It was learned during the day that Roland, on a course at Glenmore Lodge, had impaled his shoulder on an ice axe - watch this publication for a full account of the gore!

The remainder of the week was, apparently, as good as the previous one and of those who stayed on there are reports of Fred Allen's solo to Ben Macdui and Braeriach and the Janes to Macdui.

Altogether a holiday to remember and the best continuous spell of hot weather experienced in Scotland, summer or winter.

Powdermill Shire Library - Easter 1974

Gordon Gadsby

Easter Saturday

The man in the red cap strode briskly across the campsite accompanied by his aide. "Why aren't you camping in the top field?" he said. As I began to explain he was already disinterested and began making some Tony Jacklin style swings with an imaginary club, his mind obviously set on greater things. His aide gave me a run down on members and friends on the meet and this amounted to over 60 persons including children, not a bad turn out for a long distance meet.

Evidently Friday had been a good day for weather and those members who had been there had made good use of it, mostly on the beach, although George Reynolds and Ken Hodge did get in a grand day's climbing on Craig Coeton. Most of us had arrived on Friday night after a wet drive from Derby/Nottingham fearing the worst after the gloomy weather forecast.

It was already obvious that Saturday was going to be another fine sunny day so a large party, including the man in the red cap, set off for the Red Cliff where we enjoyed a magnificent day's climbing. Others walked the cliff tops, sun-bathed and swam.

In the early evening a twelve a side football match took place on Whitesand Beach with the Meet Leader's team playing against the Bev Abley All Stars. Frank Goldsmith in goal made some magnificent one-handed saves for the latter team thus forcing a seven all draw. After the match most of us spent the evening in the Ship Inn, Solva. The man in the red cap was conspicuous by his absence - it was rumoured that he was drinking at the St. David's Rugby Club Pavillion Bar.

Easter Sunday

Another glorious morning. In dazzling sunshine about 30 Oreads and friends assembled on the lifeboat slipway at St. Justinians. Another group already there were 15 members of the Nottingham Climbers Club without their intrepid leader D.K.S. who, believe it or not, was at home decorating! We eventually sailed for Ramsey Island at 10.30 a.m., but not before the man in the red cap had been round to check that all the climbers would be leaving the mainland. He wished us Bon Voyage, announcing that he would not be coming along as he had to check in at a secret crag somewhere in the vicinity.

On landing on this delectable island everybody dispersed to their favourite climbing ground or walked the coastline. Pete Scott and Ron Sant climbed the fine VS called Gannet on the main cliff. On this same crag Paul Grainger and Guy Lee (both ex Oreads) put up a new HVS route. Paul Bingham, Bev Abley and I walked to the highest point of the island, Carn Llundain, before going our different ways. I joined

Margaret, Stephanie and young Robert Grainger in a walk across the island to team up with Colin's party at Foel Fawr. Frank and Colin had rigged up a slanting rope stairway across some easy sea cliffs, so that the youngsters could be taken down for a closer look at the grey seals in the cove. From the bottom of the easy cliffs it was possible to make an exposed traverse further into the cove up a sloping shelf of rock, then down and over a boulder strewn beach to reach two fine pinnacles. Colin Hobday, Paul Craddock and prospective member, Ken Bryan, climbed the east face of the furthest pinnacle, a possible new route which they called Lost Arrow. I climbed the easier but more spectacular tower by a moderate route belayed by Shirley Goldsmith, ^{who} ~~who~~ bears a remarkable resemblance to Thor's Hammer on the Kvanndalstind ridge in Romsdal, Norway. Later we explored the area and Colin found some excellent crystal specimens in a secluded cave.

All too soon it was time to make our way back to the harbour and prepare for the short but exciting crossing of Ramsey Sound. Imagine our surprise as we rounded the track above the harbour and saw a queue of over a hundred people on the jetty. A strong wind had set in and this, together with a freak tide ("only once a season", the man said) was making it impossible for the launch to get in close enough to load passengers. We settled down out of the wind to watch the fun. Two rubber dinghies had been utilised and, with powerful motors, were taking five passengers a time out to the launch which was in sheltered waters. At first they zoomed through a natural arch in the fast current known as The Bitches, but later one of them caught the rocks underneath and this route had to be abandoned. The launch had come into more turbulent water and this made getting aboard interesting to say the least. We eventually all made it but some of us were two hours later and nobody escaped a wet posterior.

Easter Monday

The early part of the morning was taken up with the mammoth task of collecting the camping fees. Again the weather was all one could wish for. Charlie Cullum's son, Michael, decided to spend the day fishing with his friend. Some creeds would be heading for home, the rest of us were off to the sea cliffs between Solva and Newgales where Frank Goldsmith and I had done a couple of routes last year. The man in the red cap was once more going to his secret crag somewhere in the locality of the lifeboat station. Our Newthorpe counter-spy, George Reynolds, did manage to gain admission to this well guarded area on the pretence of recording bird and animal sounds. He was lucky enough to hear the muffled call of the Lesser Shafted Peg Hammer in action and also caught a glimpse of a pair of Greater Helmeted Rock Doves high on the slabs. One was stationary for such a length of time that he was captured in glorious Kodacolor on the Reynolds Instamatic. It is fervently hoped that the recordings will be heard on Radio Derby during the summer months. There was no sign of the man in the red cap or his aide except for a crumpled signed photograph of Tony Jacklin, lying in the nettles beside an empty bottle of De Witts backache pills!

About 30 of us spent a fabulous day based at a small cove near Newgales and marked Diras Fach on the map. Some swam, the kids played, most of us had a sail in Frank's rubber dinghy. Almost all the adults did a route, including the following ladies, Sue Scott, Margaret Gadsby, Yvonne Taylor, Shirley Goldsmith, Margaret Bryan and Kathy Abley. The youngest climber in action was Gary Burgess who seems to have inherited his Dad's impeccable style. We reluctantly left this lovely spot at around 6p.m. and then played chase the chip wagon along the main road towards Haverford West. Alas we failed. But then Paul Bingham mentioned a place in Solva, so we hastened back and piled into the quaint Harbour Restaurant for a good meal at a reasonable price. The evening was rounded off nicely at the Ship Inn and so ended a truly grand day.

Easter Tuesday

The early part of the morning was spent packing (before it got too warm) although Pete Scott, Ron Sant and Charlie Cullum were away early to climb the Pembrokeshire classic, Reptillian. The man in the red cap came round to make a tape recording of the meet leader's nostalgia at leaving this lovely spot. He told us he had been up early and already made a reconnaissance of our Newgales climbing area in case there were any crumbs left worth picking!

Most of us spent a few hours on the beach at Whitesands, saw a safe return of Scott and crew and then headed for home. Charlie and Mary motored to North Wales to join Bev and Kathy Abley for some climbing in the Pass etc. Their subsequent account of these climbs is to be found in the Tan Y Wyddfa log (April 74) but the climbs themselves are overshadowed by an amusing description of Arnold Wexler's theory of belaying a falling lightmeter and a bunch of keys (or something like that). Don't forget to read it on your next hut visit.

Highlights of the Meet

1. The fantastic weather.
2. Pete Scott trying to get his legs into Frank's dinghy.
3. Paul Craddock on rock after umpteen years.
4. The return trip from Ramsey.
5. Burge with his fishing tackle whilst the rest of us were climbing.
6. Yvonne Taylor's display in the back four.
7. Margaret and Shirley's coastal voyage in the dinghy.
8. The man in the red cap.

The main highlight for me was the sighting of a rare visitor

to Britain - the snow Goose, seen on the small tarn below the mountain, Carn Llundain, on Ramsey Island.

Oreads and friends on the Meet.

Bev, Kathy and Mrs. Abley, Ken, Margaret, Chris, Linda and Jennifer Bryan, Paul, Jean and Michael Bingham, Derek, Janet, Gary and Loretta Burgess, Derek and Pat Carnell plus Friend, Paul and Christine Craddock, Charlie, Mary and Michael Cullum plus Friends, John Doughty, Gordon and Margaret Gadsby plus nieces Mandy and Stephanie, Frank, Shirley, Susan and Julia Goldsmith plus Simon Smeeton, Paul, Wendy, Robert and Daniel Grainger, Colin Uschi, Stephen and Annette Hobday, Ken and Doreen Hodge, Colin and Jean Morris, Les Peel, Andy, Joan, Nicola and Neil Oakden, John, Pauline and Sarah Ponberth, George and Janet Reynolds, Pete and Sue Scott, Ron Sant, Yvonne Taylor and Steve.

Some climbs done during the meet.

Silmaril, Central Route, Wall Climb, Zig Zag, Corridor Route, Subsidiary Crack, Slab Route, Reptillian, Gannet

Possible New Routes

Sea Jade plus three unnamed climbs by Derek Carnell, Les Peel and Friend.

Cream Groove, MVs, Pete Scott, Ron Sant and Charlie Cullum. Kathy, Hard Diff, Bev and Kathy Abley.

Lost Arrow, Hard Diff, Colin Hobday, Paul Craddock and Ken Bryan.

Thor's Hammer, Mod Diff, Gordon Gadsby and Shirley Goldsmith.

Escape, Diff, Gordon Gadsby, Ken Bryan, Frank Goldsmith.

Thank you all for coming and I hope to see you on next year's meet.

OREAD MOUNTAIN RESCUE TEAM

Over the last couple of years there has been a widening gulf between Team Alpha and the powers that be - basically a clash over the role and training requirements of the team. A meeting of team members was held in July to decide what course of action, if any, should be taken. As a result of this meeting the following letter has been received by the Oread Committee. The Newsletter will keep you informed of any further developments.

Dear Pete,

I have been asked to write to the Oread Committee, through yourself as Secretary, to keep them informed as to the decisions taken at a recent meeting of the members of "Team Alpha".

The team decided that, in view of 'differences' between the Peak District Mountain Rescue Organisation and Team Alpha, the team will terminate its affiliation with the PDMRO. This decision was taken in view of the very strict, almost regimental training conditions of the PDMRO, so much so that the team found these to be completely unacceptable. The PDMRO had previously informed us that, in their opinion, we were 'non operational' as a team because of our reluctance to accept their training programmes.

It was further decided that the team will be retained within the club, dropping the title of "Alpha" and simply be known as the OREAD MOUNTAIN RESCUE TEAM. They will maintain their own training schedules and offer their services through the Countryside Wardens Service, which is outside the jurisdiction of the PDMRO. It is also intended to retain our registration with the Mountain Rescue Committee.

Obviously, in view of these changes, there must be some internal reorganisation, and for this purpose there will be a further meeting on Monday, Sept. 16th. 1974 at the residence of Mr. John Crosse, 20, Candleby Lane, Cotgrave, at 8p.m.

May we request that the information contained in this letter be included in the next issue of the Newsletter, so that all members are aware of the changes taking place, and should any member wish to join (or rejoin) the team, contact the undersigned.

I will continue to keep the Committee informed.

Best Wishes etc.,

Frank Goldsmith,
Secretary,
Oread Mountain Rescue Team.

ESKDALE - May 24th-27th, 1974

Derek Burgess

"Will you write up the meet? Handley's organising the campsite and we don't really need a leader for a Bank Holiday meet." The President's words came to mind as I stared blankly at the NO CAMPING sign on the gate at Brotherkeld farm, our venue ("idyllic" raved Handley) for the weekend. The headlights picked out numerous scraps of paper pinned to the gate; surely someone had left a note, but no, no word of the Oread, although Fred and Dave(?) were at Wasdale and half the other clubs in the land seemed to be featured. A hard word from inside the car jolted me back to reality, the image in my mind of Handley stretched on the rack faded and I was faced with finding a campsite - quickly! Like the majority on the meet I drove back down the valley and was very pleased to locate Ray and the rest on the campsite at Spout House, and all worries soon disappeared over hot cups of tea.

Ray and Maria, Ron and Kath, Pete and Angela Holden, the Wrights, Keith and Rock(?) Roland, Stuart and Ray Colledge all arrived the first night; the Appleby's, Caris's, Chris Radcliffe and Fisher arrived the next day, whilst Paul, Bev and Kath, Rusty and Jean and Brian Cooke having arrived earlier were on the campsite at Boot.

The luxury of a sunny day could not be missed, so most parties left early on the Saturday heading for the 'big hill', Scafell. And the weather held, despite some light cloud, for the full weekend. Most parties visited Scafell and Pikes Crag, where C.B. with the Nazgull finish was climbed by Pete and Ron. Morning Wall and Moss Ghyll Grooves were also ascended by Oread parties. Roland alarmed the locals by clearing all the debris from Moss Ghyll. Esk Buttress provided several good days; Roland and Gordon had a good day on Bridge's and Bower's Routes; Pete, Chris, Ron and I climbed the Central Pillar and the Red Edge, although Chris, on a short weekend, had to rush off back before the last route.

The Wright ensemble visited Gable and climbed Eagle Nest Ridge and Tophet wall, a real Lakeland classic, whilst Gordon walked up Scafell with Pauline. Roland's late appearance caused some consternation in the pub, but on his return, just in time for a last pint, he was able to allay the rumour that the Needle had been knocked down.

Most of the meet left on Monday evening, a wise decision as Tuesday was wet. Before leaving, the family teams (accompanied by R.H.) visited Ravensglass (even by the railway) and spent a pleasant afternoon admiring the rhododendrons and birds(!) in Muncaster Castle gardens. A lunchtime session in 'The Ship' accounted for the later wilting of certain plants!

My most striking memory of the weekend was the 'bird-man' who leapt off the top of Yew Crag and soared over Brotherkeld on his kite. As Pete said, "If climbing can give you kicks, what the hell do you get from that?" I think he has now enrolled on a course.

Although we all met for a drink in the evenings, it was a pity the meet was split, so if you or your exploits don't feature, worry not - perhaps next year there will be a meet leader.

NOTES ON A COAST TO COAST WALK -
RAVENGLASS TO RAVENSCAR

Jack Ashcroft

I suppose it all began at the Tan Hill Inn when doing the Pennine Way in 1973. We met three RAF air crew well and truly grounded doing a walk from Ravensglass to Ravenscar. A glint came into Penlington's eye and at the Dinner meet in November it was still there. That was the planning I suppose.

We met at the 'Nameless Inn', Ravensglass at 9.30p.m. on Friday, 24th May. The party was Dave Penlington, Jim Winfield, Roy Darnell, Chris Shcoler and myself.

The first 4 miles of the walk were done to Eskdale Green between 10p.m. and midnight on the Friday night. It was about the most tedious part of the whole distance I was told. I neatly missed this bit in establishing a campsite for the family at a farm in Eskdale Green.

Briefly the walk went thus:-

Saturday

7.30a.m. start from Eskdale Green, traversing Scafell, Scafell Pike, Thunacar Knott, Dunmail Raise, Fairfield and Raven Crag to the Kirkstone Pass, 7.50p.m. Mixed grill at the Kirkstone Inn was consumed by the roadside due to the density of bodies inside the building. Bivvy below Raven Edge.

Sunday

6.40a.m. start. Traversed The Beacon, Harter Fell, Adam Seat, Great Yarlside, Shap Top, Borrowdale Edge, Fell Head, The Calf, Cautley Spout to Low Haygarth. 9.10p.m. Hospitable farmer. Bivvy in barn.

Monday

8.10a.m. start. Traversed Swarth Fell (in the mist) Sails and Great Shunner Fell to Keld, 5.10p.m. Families met us. Camped for night.

Tuesday

6.20a.m. start. Walked down Swaledale through Reeth and Marrick. Tedious clamber through the lanes and fields of Hudswell and Colburn. Waded River Ouse. Dinner B&B at Catterick Bridge Transport Cafe.

wednesday

7.15a.m. start. Road walking day. Ellerton Hill, Danby Wiske, Brompton to Osmotherley, 1.15p.m. Lunch at the Queen Catherine. Rest afternoon. Families met us. Camped for the night.

Thursday

4.50a.m. start. Lyke Wake Walk via Whorlton Moor, Green Howe, Chop Gate, Bottom Head, Rosedale Head, Glaisdale Moor, Wheeldale Moor, Lillon Howe, Beacon Howes into Ravenscar (and sea mist) 7.20p.m.

We celebrated the end of our walk at the Falcon Inn on the A171. Comfortable hostelry and good food. Distance walked would be about 170 miles, walking time nearly 70 hours including

many and varied stops.

The weather was good throughout, except for a cold misty traverse of Swarth Fell on the Monday.

We bought Wainwright's Coast to Coast guide halfway through the walk. We approximated to his route (St. Bees to Robin Hood's Bay) but chose the tops whereas he valley a bit more and generally avoids the high level route.

If we did the walk again I think, for completeness, we would pull in Wild Boar Fell and certainly make a better job of route finding in the Richmond-Catterick area.

Is the walk worth doing? - Yes. It traverses three National Parks with exceedingly fine countryside in the first two thirds of the distance.

For me, as, no doubt, for the others, memories are many. My choice would be traversing Scafell, Broad Stand and Scafell Pike with the place to ourselves (moral - get up early in the morning); walking over the Beacon and Harter Fell above a sea of cloud in early morning sunlight: the small but exquisite group of hills topped by the Calf, north of Sedburgh: the fine vantage point of Great Shunner Fell - and Swaledale - surely one of the finest of the Yorkshire Dales: the kindness of the proprietress of the King's Arms Hotel, Reeth, who served five hungry walkers with cod, chips and ale at 10.30 in the morning. The least savoury part of the walk - the plain of Mowbray. Barbed wire - antagonistic farmers - evasive licensee - bulbs - asphalt - the vagueness of public rights of way. Yes all the trappings of civilisation as found in the rural English countryside.

Other memories include; excellent meal at the Queen Catherine: the hard baked trade route of the Lyke Wake Walk which played hell with our feet. Two further thoughts, out of context - the four crossings of Catterick Bridge in search of food and an economic night's rest, saved by Chris's casual enquiry of a local resident in his garden. Answer:- "There's a transport cafe 2 mile up the road". Penlington's little joke in guiding the party to a temperance hotel at the end of a 14 hour day.

It was all good clean healthy fun but I fear for Penlington's future. He's developing into either a hare or a hound. And, oh yes - our wives say that they won't do it again.

WELSH HUT WORKING PARTY - June 8th-9th, 1974 Colin Hobday

A total of 13 people (Oreads and prospective members) arrived at the hut on Friday evening loaded with paint, wall-paper and wooden floor boarding, the object of the weekend being to finish off all the work that had been started over the previous working parties.

Prior to our arrival at the hut Chuck and Margaret Hooley had spent a few day's holiday at the hut during which time Chuck fitted a double power point in the kitchen so that the electric kettle and the toaster may be used together.

Saturday morning saw the work party split into groups, one group, consisting of John Welbourn, Stuart Firth and Colin Hobday working on the floor boards in the two front bedrooms, while Gordon and Margaret Gadsby set about papering the lounge and Ken and Margaret Bryant painting the passage and food rack area. Pete Kenyon arrived late Saturday morning, his van loaded with wood and plaster board which he had collected from the Welbourn's.

The rest of Saturday and Sunday was spent fixing the plaster board in the lounge and dining room ceilings so that the decorators could move in to finish off.

A start was made to fix a new coal house door but lack of time prevented us from finishing the job.

Special mention to Ruth Welbourn for the endless supply of tea, coffee and soup.

Thank you all for coming.

CRAG LOUGH

Margaret Cooke

A cold depressed cliff,
A precipice to the lake below,
Diminishing in size; reeds devouring all;
Silver boughs sway, bare of leaves:
Autumn is near.

As predictable as the next blade of grass
For the sheep on the hills,
The unchanging posture of ~~the~~ climbers on the rocks.

Wind tearing at their clothes,
As they proceed strategically across the face.
A clicking of hammers against metal,
An occasional word catches one's ear on the wind -
Climbing jargon, relevant only to climbers!
Ropes strung across, uniting
The elements of achievement.

THE WELSH WALK 1974 or A LEPRECHAUNIC
WANDER AROUND THE SHROPSHIRE HILLS

July 5th-7th, 1974
Jack Ashcroft

Pete Janes led a Welsh Walk in Northumberland so it didn't seem too outrageous to plan a Welsh Walk within 2½ miles of the Welsh border, and so on Friday night, 5th July, a dozen Oreads were found sleeping in the comparative comfort of a derelict farm below Pontesford Hill, south of Shrewsbury. There was rain in the air and a heavy dark cloud hung over the area. This cleared during the night and we were awakened early Saturday with bright sunlight streaming through the flimsy fabric of the barn. The sun was to be with us for the rest of the day, giving us unrelenting fine panoramas of the Shropshire countryside (as well as a little toil and sweat).

We traversed Pontesford Hill, the Devil's Chair on the Slipperstones giving some good rock scrambles. We walked down to the Sun Inn, Norbury, for a lunch hour break, followed by an afternoon walk along the lanes to Wentnor and on to Pole Bank, the highest point on the Long Mynd. A convenient barn was found for our night's rest and a convivial hour or two spent at the Horse Shoe Inn, Bridges.

On Sunday the weather was dull but a pleasant walk was followed over Stitt Hill to Castle Pulverbatch and a lunch hour break in the luxury of the White Horse Inn (licensee, Peter Janes and Dave Williams and a doggerel about pretty girls)

We were back at the farm below Pontesford Hill for 2.00p.m., followed by a couple of hours "giving the crag hell" - to coin a Presidential phrase.

I think all enjoyed the walk: the proportion of road-walking was high - 40% of the 25 mile circuit. The map reading was casual - not really orienteering type of stuff, but we were out for a walk and a few detours mattered not (I think). "Give me the map, Ashcroft." (Nat Allen). "May I have a look at the map". (Pete Scott).

The walk ended with Radcliffe muttering about a girl called Stella; John Crosse kept seeing large rats and Dave Williams wanted to buy a local farm worker's hat.

The team: Nat Allen, Roland Anthony, Laurie Burns, Ron Chambers, John Crosse, Simon Crosse, Stuart Firth, Les Peel, Chris Radcliffe, Pete Scott and Dave Williams. - Who's for cricket. (Umpire - Jack Ashcroft?).

B.M.C. HUT LIST - December 1973

The following list is a condensed version of the list of Mountain Huts Available To B.M.C. Member Clubs published in B.M.C. Circular No. GEN/7.12.73.

Further details such as Booking Secretaries addresses, hut capacities and facilities are available from Pete Scott.

ENGLAND

- ALSTONFIELD (Derbyshire) Cave & Crag Club
George Hotel, Alstonfield, Derbyshire. G.R. 111/132557
- BOSIGRAN COUNT HOUSE (Cornwall) Climbers' Club
Bosigran, Pendeen, Cornwall. G.R. 422365
- BOWDLERTONE COTTAGE (Cumberland) Northumbrian M.C.
Borrowdale, Cumberland. G.R. OS Lakes Tourist 255164
- R.O. DONNES HUT (Sheffield) Climbers' Club
Calver, Near Sheffield. G.R. 249772
- DUBS HUT (Cumberland) Keswick M.C.
Dubs quarry, Fleetwith, Borrowdale. G.R. 209135
- SKIDDAW HOUSE (Cumberland) Morton School F.W.C.
Near Keswick, 2 miles east of Skiddaw summit. G.R. OS 82 288291
- FALLCLIFFE COTTAGE (Derbyshire) Univ. of London M.C.
Grindledford/Hathersage road. G.R. OS Peak 240792
- HIGH MOSS (Lancashire) Rucksack Club
High Moss, Seathwaite, Broughton-in-Furness. G.R. NY 237967
- THE KNOWE (Northumberland) Northumbrian M.C.
Crindledikes, Bardon Mill. G.R. OS 77 782674
- LOW HALL GARTH (Westmorland) Yorkshire Ramblers' Club
Little Langdale G.R. 309029
- LOWSTERN (Yorkshire) Yorkshire Ramblers' Club
Clapham, Yorks. G.R. 732691
- NEWHOUSES (Westmorland) Fylde M.C.
2 Newhouses, Little Langdale. G.R. 315029
- NEWLANDS HUT (Cumberland) Carlisle M.C.
Newlands Valley. G.R. NY 229177
- N.P.F.S. CLUB COTTAGE (Lancs) North Peak Fellwalking Soc.
4, Wool Rd., Dobcross, Oldham.
- RUTHWAITE LODGE (Cumberland) Sheffield Univ. M.C.
Grisedale, Near Patterdale. G.R. NY 354135

STAIR HUT (Cumberland) Fylde M.C.
Stair, Near Keswick G.R. 237211

TRANEARTH (Lancashire) Lancs. Caving And Climbing C
Torver, Near Coniston G.R. 281954

WALES

ADWY WEN South Cheshire C.C.
Capel Curig. G.R. OS 107 732567

BEUDY MAWR Rucksack Club
Nant Peris G.R. 616576

BLAEN Y NANT Myndd Climbing Club
Crafnant, Trefriw, Llanrwst. G.R. approx 738603

BRYN HAFOD The Mountain Club
Cwm Cowarch, Nr. Dinas Mawddwy. G.R. SH 853194

CASEG FRAITH Univ. Of London M.C.
Gwern-y-Gof Isaf, Capel Curig. G.R. 684602

CEFN GARW Oxford M.C.
Pentrefoelas.

CEFN GOCH Gloucestershire M.C.
Gallt-y-Foel, Deiniolen. G.R. OS 107 583625

CHAMOIS HUT CHAMOIS Club
Tyn-y-Maes, Near Bethesda. G.R. 636638

CWM EIGIAU COTTAGE Rugby & Leicester M.C.'s
Cwm Eigiau, Dolgarrog. G.R. 107 714638

EMILLY KELLY HUT Pinnacle Club
Cwm Dylli, Nant Gwynant. G.R. 654537

FRONWYDYR London M.C.
Nant Peris. G.R. 605587

3 GEFNAN MYNNYDD LLANDEGAI Peterboro & Wellingboro
Bethesda

GELLI IAGO South Essex C.C.
Nantmor. G.R. 647478

GLANAFON No. 18 J.M.C.S. London Section
Bethesda

HELYG Climbers' Club
Capel Curig G.R. 694601

R.W. LLOYDHUT (YNYS ETTWS) Climbers' Club
Near Nant Peris G.R. 623568

MAEN Y GASLEG
Cwm Silyn

Mercian M.C.
G.R. 491512

PANT IFAN
Tremadoc

Cave & Crag Club
G.R. 570408

PEN CEUNANT UCHAF
Llanberis

Chester M.C.
G.R. 581591

A.T. REEVE MEMORIAL HUT "ABERDERI"
Corris Uchaf, Near Machynlleth

Coventry M.C.
G.R. 117/128 734089

SOUTH CHESHIRE C.C. HUT
Capel Curig.

South Cheshire C.C.
G.R. 732567

TAL Y BRAICH
Nant Francon

Mountaineering Club of N. Wales
G.R. 491512

TAN Y CELYN
Tyn-y-Maes, Bethesda

Manchester Univ. M.C.
G.R. 635639

TYN LON
Nant Peris.

Geunant M.C.
G.R. 607583

SCOTLAND

C.I.C. HUT
Ben Nevis.

Scottish M.C.
G.R. NN 167723

CLUB HUT
Glen Doll, Angus.

Carn Dearg M.C.
G.R. OS Sheet 41 286757

GLENLICHT HOUSE
Glen Licht, Kintail, Wester Ross.

Edinburgh Univ. M.C.
OS Loch Arkaig 005173

LAGANARBH
Buchaille Etive Mor

Scottish M.C.

LING HUT
Glen Torridon.

Scottish M.C.
G.R. NG 957563

SAMON BAY FISHING BOTHY
Findhorn, Near Forres, Moray

Findhorn Trust

TOMBAIN FARM - Two cottages
Grantown-on-Spey

Mrs. MacRobert

IRELAND

BIGNIAN COTTAGE

No details of position.

Queens Univ. Belfast M.C.

THE BLOAT HOUSE

Dunnywater, Annalene, Co. Down.

Irish M.C. (Belfast Sect.)
G.R. J 355225

SLIEVE-NA-GARRACH COTTAGE

Bloody Bridge, Newcastle, Co. Down.

Glenfossany C.C.
G.R. 386266

The B.M.C. List also contains details of a few other places available, mainly in Scotland e.g. bothies - see Pete Scott for details.

CLIMBING WALL

The Wall at the Derby Sports Centre is now open and the Club has become a member. Club membership gives us cheap rates (10p per person off peak, 15p peak - a saving of 5p) We will be booking the wall for one Tuesday evening towards the end of October. Oreads can go along at any other time but it is advisable to phone beforehand to make sure that the badminton court immediately below the wall is not in use. (tel. 363686). Entrance to the building is 5p, in addition to the wall fee.

SUBS

SUBS WERE DUE ON JANUARY 1st. THERE IS OVER £100 STILL OUTSTANDING - PAY UP; BILLS ARE MOUNTING UP AND OUR CREDITORS ARE NOT AS PATIENT AS LAURIE.

ASHES TO ASHESDUSTIN KRAPPMAN. X

Since 'our mans' last visit to that most celebrated mountains of all mountains, the Matterhorn, certain facts have come to light. It appears, on talking to an official from the Ministry of Tourism in Basle that he has set them a bit of a problem, causing much confusion as well as some considerable cost. It all revolves around his last ascent of the Hörnli ridge. So much congestion was caused by his habitual and selfish 45 minute stint that something just had to be done. Consequently, the ministry have poured in thousands of francs into a rare convenience- a fully functional gas-powered lavatory which converts human waste into dust. It is situated just below the fixed ropes above the shoulder. As most of you know (either by actual ascent or by guide book) there are seven in number therefore the loo has been situated at the side of the rope that is popular with the Americans (he never has liked them since the day they entered 'themselves' into the last war).

Recent statistics show that on a good day some 150 climbers attempt the peak so you can imagine the problems, the hold-ups 'our man' causes on that knife-edge ridge. So after many months of research & development they came up with the gas-powered loo. A trial run was made in the latter part of the '74 season but the loo was not an unqualified success due to a temperamental burner setting, a rarefied atmosphere and failure to supply operating instructions in several languages.

An official explained, " as soon as you have finished you put down the seat lid and the contents start burning- there's an electric battery, a cylinder of compressed gas and a 7foot chimney. We are using this type of loo every day in the valley, and have done for many years but since your mans last visit to the mountain the ministry had to do something". He went on " It took the International Environment Corps seven weeks to get it up there and a further two weeks to get it going". He looked at me with a pained face- " Weve heard he's coming back this year, can't you suggest to him that he goes to another area ". "I'll see what I can do ", was my reply, " But he has this thing to prove to Wilson- something to do with the older generation and all that ".

The official mopped his brow and then raised his head and looked up at the mountain. " Then theres the telephone ", he said. "What telephone", said I, looking rather enquiringly. "Whats this about a telephone", "Well, a couple of years ago a violent storm hit the ridge and blew away his pigeon loft (used for worldwide communication), it was situated just behind the Solvay Hut, pigeons were scattered everywhere- in all directions, it was a disastrous affair. Well, your man came along and insisted that we make amends or offer an alternative system of some kind. He kept on shouting, ' Do you know who I am ' and started mentioning names like Herr Pettigashen and Frau Welbunz. Are they polititions in your country", he asked. "No" I said, "but they can be just as amusing".

The last report is that instructions in seven languages have been fitted to the loo (under the seat) and may be used by all, but the telephone is for the use of 'our man' only, unless someone returns the last breeding pair which were last seen in the bar at the Lady-Bower Inn.

Post script. See next mag for actual details on the loo & telephone.

PROFILE

GEORGE RHODES

George "see em off" Rhodes is first on our list in this reinstatement of PROFILE.

He is known by most Oreads but probably our recent generation recognise him as the man who comes up well with the leaders in the Dovedale Dash. George set the early record for this event and donated the trophy which is competed for each year.

He joined the club in 1962 at the age of 67 just after having major transplant surgery, namely two bullocks legs in place of the common or garden sort that we lesser mortals have to put up with. It was not long after this that Handley gave up serious running.

George's natural ability, his ever will to win along with stamina, guts, competitive spirit and mile after mile of training, led him to represent England at the Empire Games in 1934 (that dates him and a few more besides!) It can only be to his credit that he has run in many major events up and down the country, always with splendid success. But the Dash always remains his favourite and we can be sure that for many more years we shall see his stocky figure weaving its way up to the front of the field where it belongs. George will be changed back into his whistle and flute having consumed at least three pints of the 'girlies' tea before Tom Green and Dave Williams turn into the bottom of the drive for the final tortuous finish.

Last year he was still tucking them under his belt by taking three major 'veterans' titles. First was the Three Peaks Race (Pen-y-Ghent, Ingleborough and Whernside); secondly in the Edale "Skyliner" which I believe takes in Grindsbrook around to Brown Knoll, Lords Seat over Mam Tor, Losehill, Winhill-about turn, right hand up a bit over the edges and so back to Edale. Last but not least he went on and took another over-40's title in the Three Towers Race which I believe is a mere 20 mile amble around Cannock Chase.

On the climbing scene, and that's why he joined the Club, George has always been a competent mountaineer, and I'm sure he will agree, he has never claimed or even desired to be one of those fearless tigers that one finds in climbing who get more pleasure at it than Fisher does throwing bricks at plate glass windows. He spends a lot of time in Wales, with his family, where he has a delightful cottage in the Betws-y-Coed area. As well as the Oread he's also a member of the Rucksack Club.

In between all these activities he runs a very successful garage and motor car concern - altogether a most delightful companion, a first-class athlete and a valuable asset to the Oread Mountaineering Club.

I trust you have enjoyed this edition of your newsletter - if so, just put pen to paper, send it off and I'll get my fingers worn down to the bone again - with pleasure.