

Oread Mountaineering Club Magazine

May 2012



Remember the sunshine? A magnificent day for the Spring Stride.

Editorial.

Thanks for all the kind words on my first, slightly problematic issue. I had the file size much too big for some people's mailboxes. I know what I did wrong and hope this one will reach you with less hassle than the last. Ever the optimist me! If you did not get the April issue please let me know and I will send it on.

So we have had a stunning early Spring in March, followed by a brief return to Winter, and then the deluge..... still it is early days. Even though the first outdoor meet was comprehensively washed southward from Lawrencefield, where one might well have drowned in the pond, to Wirksworth Wall, where the vertically challenged needed snorkels for the return trip to the car park, and subsequent ones have been little better, we all know the sun will shine soon – don't we? Lots to go at in May – 5 Wednesday evenings, a May Day weekend in Coniston, a trip to Northumberland where, on a fine May night it hardly goes dark – you could climb half the night in the gloaming – if you can resist the lure of the lovely local hostelryes....And then it is onward to the Spring Bank holiday and the lure of sea, and sun-warmed rock in Cornwall. Surely June will be kind to us all – course it will, special orders from Her Majesty.

What's on.

Wednesday evenings.

Five weeks in the month, surely some of them will be warm and welcoming?

| | | |
|--------|----------------|------------------|
| 2 May | Wildcat | County & Station |
| 9 May | Gardoms | Robin Hood |
| 16 May | Stoney | The Moon |
| 23 May | Roches | The Rock |
| 30 May | Earl Sterndale | Quiet Woman |

Low House Coniston-May Bank Holiday 4/ 5/6th May 2012

Steve Bennett

Still a few places left at Low House for the Bank Holiday weekend. The hut is close to the centre of Coniston and only a few minutes' walk from a choice of four pubs and the local shops. To find it, travelling from Ambleside, continue through Coniston village and over the river in the direction of Torver. Pass firstly a petrol station and secondly a fish and chip shop, the road now narrows and bends to the left and Low House is the white painted wall on your left hand side. Turn sharp left at the end of the white painted wall, the car park and main entrance are to the rear of the building.

As I will be travelling from Scotland I will leave you all to bring the desired weather along, thereby relieving myself of all such responsibility.

Please contact me on my mobile for any last minute bookings: 07795 511582.

Northumberland 18-19 May

Dave Helliwell

The meet will be at Demesne Farm campsite and bunkhouse, Bellingham Northumberland, NE48 2BS. Beds are complete with duvets and bed linen. It is limited to 15 people and cost is £32 for the weekend. Check out the website. Good climbing, walking and cycling which I think Chris and Gill will vouch for. I hope to have some local experts for the climbing and, weather permitting, have one day on Crag Lough. I will try to make sure the pub does not run out of beer.

The weather will of course be dry as most crags are in the mythical Cheviot rain shadow!! More info and to book a place contact Dave Helliwell on 01298 812753. Dave.Helliwell@stirlinglloyd.com

Cornwall 2-5 June 2012

Roy Eyre

We are booked in again at Trevaylor campsite which is between St Just & Botallack. So, for the people who want sun warmed rock, walking the coast path, swimming, not forgetting the Cornish pasties and cream teas,(no midges), this is the place to be. Please ring me on 01623 469658 as soon as possible so I have some idea of numbers as the campsite is going to be very busy on this weekend.

Anyone requiring an electric hook-up please get in touch direct to the campsite on 01736 787016.

I will be away from May 22nd sorting out the good weather.

Reiff Sea Cliffs "Rogue" Meet 4th - 8th June, 2012. - Dave and Victoria Mawer.

If you fancy a trip to "Stanage by the Sea" we will be staying at Port A Bhaigh campsite <http://www.portabhaig.co.uk/> in the hamlet of Altandhu. Please book the site yourselves and put (Oread) after your surname and the campsite owners will reserve us pitches near to each other. Email me at dtmawer@yahoo.co.uk or phone/text Dave on 07790715520 or Victoria on 07947832986 if you need any other information/inspiration.

Alpine Meet: Val Ferret 28 July – 12 August 2012.

Pete Lancaster

We have chosen Val Ferret as the venue for this year, on the south, Italian, side of Monte Bianco. It has all the things that a club alpine meet could want for climbers and their families. There are the big mountain routes, smaller mountain routes, long bolted granite rock routes in a true mountain environment, 'roadside' cragging and excellent walking which could include sections of the Tour de Mont Blanc. I am intending to book the same campsite that we used last time which was comfortable and not too expensive and there is the town of Courmayeur just down the valley for some homely comforts and farther down the valley there is the ancient town of Aosta. If any of you are intending to attend, even if not yet certain, then please let me know soon. In that way I will be able to make (hopefully) a booking with approximate numbers.

Contact me at: petel1952@hotmail.co.uk or on 01142 301136.

News, Articles and Reports from Meets.

AGM and the new committee.

David Roscoe

The AGM, 24th March, 2012, took place at the Robin Hood, Baslow and was well attended with 35 members present. For the Gen. Sec., the highlight of the evening was certainly his dinner of lambs' liver - a better lambs' liver he claims never to have eaten! That apart, it was reported that the club is in rude health in all of its aspects - financial, hut condition and usage, membership and, last but not least, club activity. As ever, various members complained about the lack of water heaters, but these were seen off with arguments carrying the force of logic.

The main change for the club was the election of Pete Lancaster as the new President - whose light touch is bound to be much appreciated (especially by the Gen. Sec.).

Your new committee is:

President: Pete Lancaster

Vice-President: Chris Wilson

General Secretary: Dave Roscoe

Assistant General Secretary/ Membership Secretary: Reuben Dakin

Treasurer: Michael Bate

Meets Secretary: Derek Pike

Newsletter Editor: Ruth Gordon

Hut Custodian, Tan yr Wyddfa: Tony Howard

Hut Custodian, Heathy Lea: Mike Hayes

Huts Booking Secretary: Colin Hobday

Committee Members: Richard Hopkinson, John Green.



Spring Stride 2012

Pete Lancaster

It was a fairly small group of Oreads that left Heathy Lea on Sunday morning; it was also cool start, shrouded in the mists of a temperature inversion. As we moved along the base of Chatsworth Edge, Tony Howard, Chiz and Reuben joined the bunch, the first of several to swell the ranks during the course of the day.

The base of Birchens was still in the gloom so we decided to walk along the path on top and, as hoped, we emerged from the clag to amazing views – the whole of the Derwent valley was in the white mist and we were in the sun with the drips of water on the vegetation shining like jewels and the air crystal-clear. Curiously there were few folk about the crag, presumably put off by the cold fog. We dropped down off the

far end of Birchens and headed off up to White Edge picking up Rob and Jane Tressider and Mike Moss and



dog.

The sun still shone on us as we moved along chatting with this person, then that, as one does on these walks; I reckon we get to know more about each other on occasions like this than at any other type club event. White Edge followed with barely a soul in sight and a welcome descent to The Grouse and refreshments.

Did you know that this pub has had only seven landlords in two hundred years? Always friendly with good beer, good food and a fabulous outlook, what more could you want? Whilst there we were joined by Roger Larkam, whose normally vociferous presence at the AGM the previous night was noted by his absence!

The return took us over the familiar tops of Froggatt and Curbar edges then over the top of one of my favourites, Baslow edge, quiet, lovely little climbs and definitely getting into the spiritual home of our club's climbing history with quite a number of first ascents by members past and at least two still present (Derek Burgess and Derek Carnell for those who didn't know). While walking along here we had a good view of Gardoms and a distant view of Birchens edges, both prominent in the clubs history too: Apple Arête shining out in the sunlight and a climb up with the very best of gritstone VSs, first ascended by one of the club's early luminaries, Dave Penlington. I mention this mainly for those newer members who are not aware of our history and long connection with this area and would urge you to seek these climbs out. Dave put up many fine routes hereabouts and his Finale Groove still has 'attitude' even with today's sticky boots and



protection;

Keith Axon's climb Oread, also on Gardoms is a real gem; perhaps it is apposite that I give President's Wall a go this year, put up by Cyril Machin, a past president, I believe it is stern stuff... This a plug for one of the Wednesday evening meets coming this May.

While passing the Eagle Stone, not many could resist the temptation to scale it, however, only one was victorious, the mighty Mike Moss. I am sure that thing has got harder!

The day was hot and pleasant so we decided to drop down to Baslow for ice creams and were they good? A pleasant stroll through the estate brought us back to our hut, the most fitting place to begin and end a walk that follows our AGM. It was a great day in great company with amazing weather and, looking out of the window as I write this, I am wondering, where has it gone?

Also present were: Snod, Chris and Jan Wilson, Ruth Gordon, Mick Hayes, Pete Amour, Sue and myself.

Tan yr Wyddfa - 11th and 12th Feb, 2012.

Roland Smith

Management Summary:

The weekend fell roughly into the same pattern it always has done whenever I have been to TYW.

The weather is a bit better on Saturday, but only to the extent that just one set of climbing gear was to leave the rucksack that day. You can probably guess the owner.

Everyone else goes for a walk, usually up Snowdon.

Sunday did diverge from the norm a little. Usually it is raining and we all stop off at Bewys-y-Coed on the way home. This time it was raining and we went to Pete's Eats in Llanberis.



Rhiannon, Chris and Aiden blissfully ignorant of the ordeal they were about to face.

And for those who will admit to having time to read more than one paragraph.

True to the new Age of Austerity that we are constantly being told we must all adapt to (bankers, fat cats and Cabinet Ministers excepted of course), we arranged for four of us to drive to TYW in Simon's car. I have to say that I was glad to be sat in the front, as I hadn't realised that Simon likes to go the scenic route via the Cat and Fiddle. It is probably quite a good way to go when there are only two in a car, but when doing it student-style, I think Angela and Rhiannon in the back might have preferred the A50. It was the first time arriving at TYW when Angela has not made enthusiastic noises about making it for last orders.

The Snowdon-summiteers on Saturday were Simon, Michael, Rhiannon, Aiden and Chris S. That's pretty good going, but they had managed to lose Tony on the way up, shortly followed by Chris and Jan. To be honest, in all the excitement they didn't seem quite sure if they had lost them on the way up or just left them

tying their shoelaces back in the hut. Never mind, they eventually all made it back for the main event in the evening.

Simon is something of a Rugby fan, so he had to feed the addiction by heading straight to the Pub after reaching the summit. The other summiters pressed valiantly on to the col after Crib y Ddysgl where Michael turned round and retraced his steps back to the roaring fire of TYW. Chris, Rhiannon and Aiden made the fateful decision to continue along what was nearly the Ridge of Death (aka Crib Goch). Fortunately it is not their near-deaths of which we speak, but that of an incompetent couple in trainers who, no doubt confused by being in the near-permanent state of having “a domestic”, took a wrong turn on their way to the pub and managed to get themselves half-way up the aforementioned Ridge-of-Death, a position from which they were able to proceed neither up, nor down.

Being considerably more competent mountaineers and generally decent people, Chris, Aiden and Rhiannon felt morally compelled to help the Crib-Goch-two back to a position of being able to continue their valuable contribution to society in front of the telly. When it eventually became clear that no deaths would be claimed by the mountain that night, the more traditionally-minded amongst us might have expected a word of thanks, possibly even in liquid form, but instead our two incompetents just climbed quickly into their 4x4 and rushed off to see if they could make the end of “Strictly”. Not even a lift down the hill from Pen-y-Pass was proffered. At least our three heroes were able to content themselves with the warm comfortable feeling that comes from knowing you have done the right thing.

Meanwhile, the rest of us had been having to make do with the warm comfortable feeling that comes from eating delicious food in the company of good friends gathered around a roaring fire. How jealous we would have been if we had been aware of the excitement that was unfolding a few miles away.

As this was billed as being something of a gourmet evening, it would be remiss of me not to include a mention of what we had for dinner that night. The menu had been agreed in advance in order that it should all come together into a wonderful 3 course culinary delight.

The first course was prepared by Chris and Jan; Their Focaccia was as light and airy as I have had, and their broad-bean and basil hummus made a delicious accompaniment to it. They also brought along a range of other dips and starters suitable for spreading on Focaccia. We were now pretty stuffed, and could have managed with just the starter, or at least we could have if we had taken an executive decision to assume that our three missing members had just stopped off for a meal in a pub somewhere and would not be needing any more food. Fortunately, for them, there were still two more courses to go.

Tony had brought along a rich and tasty Beef Bourguignon that was accompanied perfectly by Simon’s colourful and delicately fragranced courgette and tomato layer bake, contrasting wonderfully with Angela’s beautifully creamy potato Dauphinois.

A few protested that they could not manage a pudding, but I was pleased to see that hardly anyone resisted when I unveiled my lemon tart. It seemed to go down very well, although it would have been better had it not had to travel to North Wales prior to consumption, having been made three days in advance.

Tim was unfortunately unable to join in the aforementioned spectacle of food, but he had us all salivating when he revealed his signature home-made Bean-feast.

When our three heroes eventually returned from their ordeal, having added Dave to their number along the way, they were mighty pleased to see that the rest of us had left them a decent quantity of food. They must have been very hungry because I don’t recall any reheating taking place.

As usually happens when a few people get together to prepare a good meal between them, we all ate better than we could have done in any moderately priced restaurant. It goes without saying that we all ate a hell of a lot better than the usual tinned meat and rice that is the staple fare of club-trips. Even if no one had put much effort in, it would still have been a great way of spending a Winter’s evening in TYW. As it was, we

all put in the effort required to ensure it was great food all round, and I believe we all agreed that it should be repeated next year.

On Sunday it rained and we went home via the gear-shops and full breakfasts of Llanberis.

I cannot help but reflect on how close the weekend might have come to being significantly less good if our three good Samaritans had not managed to get the incompetents down safely. Not so much because of what might have happened to the incompetents, but because in this day and age you can't help feeling that if one of them had been hurt they would have inevitably blamed their rescuers and summonsed them to court. What a sad indictment of our society if that is true. Should they have just called the Mountain Rescue, and left them to it? Answers on a postcard please.

Fontainebleau/French Bolt clipping – Easter 2012

Roger Gibbs.

Team Gibbs trundled south to meet friends for another adventure this Easter in their ancient camper van. At some point the President informed me over a beer that it was my meet, so here are my already fading recollections.

We treated ourselves to a luxury full English on the ferry crossing, I remember that. I was just tucking in when the phone went. Our American guests were already at Fontainebleau station and we were five or six hours away. Whoops, they fly half way around the world and beat us there! Eventually the mighty Gibbs camper van rumbled into Fontainebleau station forecourt and ignoring any traffic regulations we bundled two slightly confused looking Americans into the back.

It was only a few minutes to the campsite, which was good because we were all keen to get out and run around. We leapt out to be greeted by kisses and handshakes all round. We had arrived at last! Chris and Amy and friends were already there, veterans of many "Font" trips, plus Oreads Pete and Sue Lancaster, Dave and Will Roscoe, Mike Mowbray. More friends arrived later.

It was a fantastically sociable trip with visits to Franchard Isatis, Franchard Sablon, Bas Cuvier, Rocher Canon and others. The more discerning members also took in assorted artistic places of interest.

The A team battled manfully with the slopers and the razor sharp crimps to send some impressive problems (I don't really know what that sentence means either). Mike's *unquenchable* enthusiasm saw him complete his circuit despite having to do the last few in the rain (see what I did there?). Ben (2 ½ years old) didn't manage a full kiddies circuit but he loved the tunnels and caves and his mum raced around faster than her spotter. Will Roscoe showed us he had taken all the talent he'd inherited from dad and added plenty more of his own to bag some *bloc tres dur*.

The weather was generally kind but the nights were clear and starry so it got very cold after sunset. Fortunately Dave's state of the art duvet jacket was up to the task of keeping him warm and he didn't get arrested for vagrancy either. Mike and Pete also donned period clothing but theirs had at least been washed since the 1960's.

Chris had a dream finish to his trip, ticking his project with the last attempt of the last day. As most folk headed home, a hardy few trucked further south and managed a few routes in between the showers at Saissois, before the sun returned and we managed a day clipping bolts with our tops off. If the sheep were frightened they didn't show it. A splendid trip with something for everyone, topped off with a fantastic slap up feed in an ancient building which was once the Duke of Bourgogne's bank.

Burgundy bolt clipping

Ruth Gordon

Off we went with a depressing forecast of overcast, rain, rain, overcast, for as many days as we could bear to look at. Drove south in glorious sunshine, it can't be true! Chris, Jan, Ruth, Tony and Snod made it to the delightful little town of Nolay and set up camp at Camping la Bruyere – a most excellent site with heated sanitaires and dining room. Spoiled by the early spring back home we felt a bit nesh in the mornings. Our first day at Culles les Roches started cold and wet, but we stuck with it and managed a great day on this short, well bolted quarry. By evening Richard and Martin had joined us, the forecast for St Victoire being too dire to justify the extra miles. So next day it was Cormot, a big, scary, grown up crag with most routes over 30 metres. Magnificent climbing, so good that Richard and Martin just kept going back for yet another 12 star day!

Unfortunately Tony felt so ill when he got to the crag he decided to see a doctor, and next thing we knew he was diagnosed with diabetes and incarcerated in Beaune Hospital on an insulin drip. Some people will do anything to get out of climbing! He should count himself lucky it was the excellent and efficient new hospital, not the famous medieval one we visited on the wet day, where he would have been treated with powdered woodlice and an eye-watering enema machine. The rest of us kept on climbing in the sun, two more delightful, and very different, crags at Remigny, a quarry with wonderful pocketty holds and the short steep fingery Mont Rome Chateau. Some of us enjoyed a day's walking with magnificent views before it was time to pick up Tony's car and move back north via a last day's climbing on granite at Vieux Chateau in the Serein river valley near the town of Avallon, where we found another friendly, pleasant camp site. It was all good fun: do a route, get rained on, hang about a bit, do a route, get hailed on...etc. Such lovely crags, towns, camp sites; so lucky to cheat the forecast and get 6 good days out of 8; so happy that Tony was back home soon after us and feeling a great deal better than he did a week before. Great holiday, excellent climbing, oh and the food and wine come highly recommended. Can't wait to go back.



Left: Chris on Captain Fantastico at Cormot.

Right: Snod and Jan in action at Remigny, where Jan would have found the route so much easier without Snod's advice to "Move left. No, no not **that** left – the other left – the right left."

ETAPE DU TOUR – July 11th and July 17th 2011

Chris Radcliffe

In July 2011 I once again entered the Etape du Tour. This year there were two stages of the Tour de France on offer: Mondane – Col du Galibier – Alpe d’Huez, followed six days later by Issoire – Saint Flour. Whereas last year I had entered the EDT through a specialist French travel company, this year I entered on line and made all my own arrangements. I arranged to stay with a friend who has a villa at Lodeve, not far from Montpellier, between the two events. Hence I had quite complicated logistics to arrange for local accommodation before each event, ensure my rental car was at the end of each stage and a lot of driving around France. Originally I was to participate with Hereward Tresidder and Roger de Faye, but both put themselves out of contention with mountain bike accidents.



The Alpe d’Huez stage is one of the most iconic stages of the Tour de France. Although relatively short at 114 km, there is a sustained climb up to the Col du Telegraphie, a small respite through Valoire, then another long climb up to 2566m Col du Galibier before a long and thrilling descent to Bourg d’Oisans, then the final ascent up the classic “21 bends” leading to Alpe d’Huez. – total climbing of 4,245m. The weather was superb for this stage which took me 6:35, excluding a stoppage to allow a helicopter to land a pick up a seriously injured cyclist who had crashed on the descent.

The second stage is located in the Massif Central and had a quite different feel. It was a much longer stage at 209km and instead of major climbs, there were eight categorized climbs, the highest being the 1,309m Col du Peyrol. However the overall amount of climbing was not a lot less than the alpine stage – 4,225m. The main issue for me was that the weather was very poor with rain at the outset which continued throughout the

day, albeit more showery later on. I got very cold and could barely operate the brakes coming into the first feed station at 70km.



Fortunately I warmed

up a bit after this and it was good to be encouraged by Pete & Judy Scott who braved the elements to cheer on the riders on the slopes of the Col du Peyrol. The ride took me 10:45 and I was pleased just to finish within the elimination time as half the field had dropped out. Overall I was 289 out of just 314 riders who completed both stages, first 65+ although not too many in this age group.

- Photos: 1 Climb to Alpe d’Huez.
- 2 Conditions on approach to Col du Peyrol
- 3 Judy Scott in support
- 4 EDT – Acte 2, Issoire to Saint-Flour



The Rhinogs.

Bill Kenyon

Ann Kenyon has kindly shared with us Bill's vivid re-creation in verse of the Rhinogs fell race.

From the sea.

A laboured run through gorse and heather,

Scattering sheep bereft of tether.

Then relentless on to each false summit
To see the gulls from cliff tops plummet.

A last look back with half-shut eye
To Barmouth's roofs and a cirrus sky
Along the ridge of rock and heather
And cling faint hope for seasonal weather.

Green turf unfolds by farmer's fence,
With lamb and ewe bereft of sense,
Allowing views but refusing shelter,
They run in opposites helter-skelter.

Blood coursing and backs bending,
The distant mountains foretell an ending.
From acid bog to rock and peat,
Beware cruel snares for innocent feet.

Along the ridge.

From the crest of the ridge the eyes unfold
A distant patchwork of green and gold.
The gaudy rape and sheep-cropped turf
Bounded by ancient walls of stone and swirling surf.
Below, the slate-blue lake of polished agate
Reflects white clouds and crags in majestic state.

Down tumbling scree with step so light,
From rock to ledge like goats in flight,

A well-earned rest to take our food
Whilst spirits sing in silent solitude.

From Llyn Dulyn, the lake of beryl,
Precipitous slabs so fraught with peril.
Then up and up to Llethr's crest,
The highest summit, yet full of zest.

Brooding peaks and shining jewels, set amidst such desolation,
The Rhinogs rising, cleft asunder, allowing man his destination.
Emerald firs in haunting, serried ranks
Stand guard as sentinels along river banks.

Under lowering cloud and soft, fine rain,
Atop of Fawr huddled, we drink again.
A compass bearing to Llyn Dryfed
Airy steep to spagnum bed.

Strange voices heard and tinkling laughter
Yet no-one spied before or after.
Can it be some wraith long dead
Or effect of mountains in one's head?

Through rocky waste and scattered ground,
Erratic boulders perched and round
O'er glacial pavements worn smooth by time
Thrown up from eons of alluvial slime.

A pause to find, in secret places,
Pale blue violets with cat-like faces.
Nature's secrets nurtured by absent feet,
So different from our Peakland beat.

A glimpse of cuckoo whilst on Clip,
Chased by the obvious meadow pippit,
A silhouette like cardboard cut-out
Of nuclear menace and cable stretch-out.*

(*The power station at Troes Ffyneth.)

Information on Member Activities.

Reuben will be producing a new membership list very soon so make sure he knows of any recent changes to your contact details.

Hut Bookings for May.

Please note that hut fees should always be paid to me and no one else. "Whole Hut" includes the Oread room! Thanks, Colin Hobday.

TAN-YR-WYDDFA

May 4/7th B.H. vacant

May 11/12th. Gentian MC 16 beds

May 18/19th. A.B.S.A.C. whole hut.

May 25/26th vacant.

June 1/4th Scunthorpe MC 10 beds.

HEATHY LEA

MAY 4/7th. May Day vacant.

May 18/19th St. Barts & Royal London Alpine Club. Provisional booking cottage/barn

Forthcoming Meets

| | | | | |
|-------------|---|------------------------------------|----------------|--------------|
| May | Sat 5 th Sun | Low House Coniston | Steve Bennett | 01332 516367 |
| | 6 th | | | |
| | Tues 8 th | Committee Meets Royal Oak Ockbrook | | |
| June | Sat 19 th Sun 20 th | Northumberland | Dave Helliwell | 012980812753 |
| | Sat 2 nd Tues 5 th | Cornwall | Roy Eyre | 01623 469658 |
| | Tues 12 th | Committee Meets Royal Oak Ockbrook | | |
| | Sat 16 th Sun 17 th | Heathy Lea Working Party/BBQ | Mike Hayes | 01530 231401 |
| | Sat 23 rd Sun 24 th | Tan yr Wyddfa BBQ | Tony Howard | 01332 273307 |
| | Sat 30 th Sun 1 st | Yahoo Group arranged meet | Yahoo Group | |
| July | July | | | |
| | Sat. 8 July | Walk & climb the edges | Gil Male | 0784 5591069 |
| | Tues. 10 July | Committee meets Royal Oak Ockbrook | | |
| | Sat 14 Sun 15 | Gogarth | Dave Mawer | 01332 512459 |
| | Sat 21 Sun 22 | | Yahoo Group | |
| | Sat 28 Sun 29 | Alpine Meet starts | Pete Lancaster | 0114 2301136 |

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