



OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 2014

Lots of Oreads in action (or not as the case may be) at the best attended evening meet of the year: Windgather on 25 June. On the rock are Simon Pape and Chris Wilson; Rusty Russell and Mike Wren on an epic two pitch ascent of High Buttress Arete, and Snod Helliwell on Heather Face. Feet on the ground are Gil Male, Derek Pike and Sally Dipple. (See inside for more on this meet.)

Editorial

On one of the most relentlessly wet Bank Holiday Mondays I can recall I'm rapidly recovering from my disappointment at not making it down to Pembroke this year – it's just the day for putting the newsletter together!

Alas it is too soon to have any stories from the Alpine meet to Ailefroide, though I hear it was well attended and lots of climbing done – we'll have those tales to look forward to next month *Hint, hint*.

This issue brings us info on forthcoming meets to Welsh limestone, and a competitive weekend at Heathy Lea – time to hone your slack lining and pudding making skills! The traditional end of season curry meet will be followed by trips to Gogarth and Coniston, and of course, advance notice of the Annual Dinner – get the date in your diary.

We have some amusing contributions to the write-ups section, plus an inspiring account of success at the 6th attempt on Vector and two fine tributes to Chuck Hooley who achieved so much for the club over many, many years.



What's on.

Wednesday evening meets

The last of the evening meets for the season will kick off with

3 September	Millstone Edge	The Millstone
10 September	Colehill Quarry	The Royal Oak
17 September	Black Rocks	The Boat, Cromford
24 September	Wildcat followed by a visit to the County and Station and the traditional curry in Matlock Bath (see details below.)	

If wet it will be Wirksworth Wall and the Royal Oak as usual except on 24th.

Clwyd Limestone 13-14 September Derek Pike

Following my successful booking of good weather for this meet two years ago I am hoping that am still in favour with the Weather Gods.

This is basically a climbing meet to sample the delights of the various crags on the limestone escarpment from Trevor to World's End, overlooking the pretty Vale of Llangollen and offering steep trad as well as bolted routes. Other Oreads who may prefer a long walk to a pub or just a wander around the beautiful Dee Valley will also be made most welcome.

Any Oreads who may wish to come just for the day will be made most welcome too and they can find out where we will be by phoning or text to my mobile on the day.

We shall be camping, caravanning, motor homing, at the Carrog Station Campsite some seven and a half mile west of Llangollen by road just to the north of the A5. [S.J. G.R.116436]. This is a pleasant site with basic facilities i.e. toilets and tap, its own nearby railway station and the Grouse Inn five minutes walk away, where I shall be found on the Friday night testing the beer.

You will need to book your own pitch direct to site, I have told them we are coming.

Carrog Station Campsite- enquiries@stationcampsite.com

Telephone 01490 430347 mobile 07977211046 office hours 9-20.00

Post Code LL219BD

Hope to see you all there. Any more info required phone 01332 670459 my mobile number is 07876238312.

Derek.

Heathy Lea Competition 20-21 September Joint meet with the D.M.C. Tony Fidler/Eddie James

The following events have been organised by Oread and Derwent members and are suitable for all abilities.

SATURDAY:COMPETITIONS starting at 10am from Heathy Lea.

This year there are three courses - a climbing competition (The Edges) , a

navigation competition (The Three Moors challenge) and a Treasure Trail. The first two courses will test the climbing and/or navigation skills and physical ability of even the most experienced mountaineer. The 'easier', predetermined treasure trail route (around 6.5 miles) heads north to Calver and will be suitable for all, including those just wanting a walk but will also include a café stop and some optional challenges for the more competitive.

Return to Heathy Lea for 5pm for tea and cakes and prize presentations to the winners of the three competitions.

EVENING PARTY Around the Fire - Including BBQ, puddings and slack-line competitions

The BBQ will be lit around 6pm. Please bring your own food / drink, along with your suitably presented pudding entry for the competition which the meet organisers will be judging!

There will also be the inaugural DMC vs Oread slack-line competition... Who will bring the trophy home and, joint members, where will your allegiance lie?

SUNDAY:

CLIMBING / WALK

Climbing at Gardoms Edge, or a short walk from Heathy Lea

Please feel free to join us for part or all of the weekend.

It is in your own interest to let Eddie or Tony know if you will be there for tea on Saturday – there might not be enough cake!

If you want to stay at Heathy Lea on the Friday or Saturday nights please can you reserve your bed spaces with Derek Pike as normal.

Eddie James: email: eddiejames_uk@yahoo.co.uk tel. 07958044092

Tony Fidler: email: tj4fid23.1er@btopenworld.com tel .01246 278460 mobile 07875150850

Matlock Bath Curry Meet Wednesday 24 September Simon Pape

The evenings are drawing in and it will soon be time to retreat to the climbing wall for another winter.

In order to allow us all to "train heavy" over the winter, we will start the autumn eating season in the normal manner at Matlock Bath Balti. The quality was verified by several Oreads recently and the table's booked for 8:30. This should allow time for a quick route beforehand, followed by a quick pint in the County and Station. (Alternatively, I believe you can miss the pint, but that involves blundering off the crag in the dark, risking life and limb. If anyone's interested in this option, Snod's looking for a partner.)

If you want to come, please let me know by Monday 22nd so I can warn the Balti.

Simon. Tel. 07813 616563 email: s.pape@virgin.net

Gogarth 4-5 October Dave and Victoria Mawer

The cliffs of Gogarth are home to classic single and multi-pitch routes of all grades, but mainly VS plus and not for the faint of heart. Once again we will base ourselves at the "Valley of the Rocks" campsite, Portdafrach Rd, Treardurr Bay, Isle of Anglesey, LL65 2LL [Tel:01407765787](tel:01407765787). This site is within walking distance to the nearest beach, a 10-15 minute drive to Gogarth/Rhoscolyn and sports its own public house which will probably see more use this time of year. Let me know if you intend joining us by text 07790715520 or by email dtmawer@yahoo.co.uk

Coming Soon!

Kalymnos 14-28 October Pam Storer

If you need any information on this meet please get in touch.
Pam Storer tel. 07584493349 email: pam_storer@hotmail.com

Oread Annual Dinner 15 November: Advance Notice

The Annual Dinner will take place on **Saturday 15th November** at the Bluebell Inn Tissington; as for the last few years. I will circulate the details of the menu etc as soon as I can. At this stage I will be asking you to let me know if you want to attend and to choose your menu options.

Lets get a really good turn out and meet up with old friends again.
Tony Howard

Coniston 21-23 November Tony Howard

For the last couple of years we have had a meet in Patterdale in late November / early December. In previous years we were based in the Church Hall Coniston at the same time of year. For most of these meets we have been blessed with very good weather and mountains dressed in snow! This year we have relocated back to Coniston and thanks to Steve Bennett, we will be based at the excellent MAM hut in the village. Twelve beds have been booked.

Coniston offers excellent walking and mountain biking and with enough ice provides good climbing opportunities. It also has, in my opinion, the best pubs and restaurants in 'the Lakes' for a truly memorable social weekend.

If you would like to come along, please let me know ASAP. We can sort out the details nearer the time.

Tony Howard Home: 01332 273307 Mobile 07762 268181 email: tony.howard46@btinternet.com

News, Articles and Reports from Meets.

Windgather Meet 25 June 2014 Clive “Rusty” Russell

When editor Ruth put me in an arm lock and “suggested” that I should do a write up for this meet, I was at a loss (having performed poorly on the crag), to identify any attribute rendering me suitable for this task. I can only view it as a crude example of bullying the oldest person, lowest in the pecking order. The virtues of the location in fine weather and the enjoyable evening we had do however merit a description to encourage the rest. Most of my own evening climbing has been in small groups on easy venues, principally on Dolomitic Limestone but I was encouraged to go to the official meet at Windgather because there is a range of easy climbs there with overhangs and artificial much thinner lines to attract climbers of ability. This worked well on the night with those of the ilk of Radders, Simon Pape, Chris Wilson, Gil Male, Snod, Sally, Ruth and others, some of whom I do not know owing to the generation gap, ascending the steeper lines. whilst there were more basic alternatives available if required. This situation does not exist on the larger Mountain Limestone crags. It was also a beautiful mid summer evening and the view is unspoilt by the hand of man in sharp contrast to the Harborough factory and wind abominations for example. It may not be pertinent to mountaineering, but after a convivial drink at the Swan, I had a beautiful ride home in twilight, down the Goyt on the motor bike, being halted by a Barn Owl in the middle of the road by the Goyt. Such matters are part of the general ambience of the area. Oh, I almost forgot, there were a few midges!



The post climbing team at the Swan. Photo Sally Dipple.

Le Tour de Yorkshire: (and bits of Derbyshire too). Ruth Gordon



Photos show part of the Oread contingent settling in for the afternoon's entertainment plus a brief snap of the action.

It is July: time for that familiar signature tune to call the faithful to ITV4 for their annual fix of the crazy travelling circus that is the

Tour de France with all its attendant dramas, scandals, triumphs and tragedies. This year there is more: this year the tour is coming to us. Yorkshire is ablaze with yellow bikes, yellow sheep, red and white spotted pubs, banners and bunting.

We eye up an empty stretch of verge above Dale Dyke Reservoir, and pull onto the long grass.

“Might be an idea to turn round now, it's going to be hell getting out of here at 5 o'clock.”

We perform this manoeuvre and as we do so another dozen cars roll in behind us and the parking area is full to busting.

We set out up Mortimer road, immediately part of a festive pilgrimage of cyclists, walkers, children, dogs making its way up the valley. Yellow shirts galore; jangling cowbells, braying trumpets, a carnival atmosphere already in the making. As we reach the Penistone road junction flags flutter from the roof of a landrover upon which someone has set up a garden bench for a bird's eye view. Camping stoves fill the air with the enticing odour of bacon butties; families sit on blankets enjoying their picnics. We settle down among the bilberries, a little Oread enclave, surrounded by a multicoloured throng stretching off along the

roadsides in either direction, as far as the eye can see.

A flurry of excitement – a group of French Gendarmes on their motorbikes, hooting and waving, is followed by cars bright with sponsors' slogans. Then peace for a while as the great tumbling clouds splatter the patchwork of green fields and moorland with an ever-moving pattern of sun and shade. Fantastical floats follow, advertising everything from Carrefour supermarkets to Bic biros, Haribo sweets and of course Yorkshire Tea (which gets the biggest cheer); throwing their largesse of souvenir samples and polka dot hats to the crowd. Police bikes from Devon and Cornwall, Cumbria, Wales all follow on, blasting their sirens and getting a cheer – the atmosphere is electric.

Five helicopters sweep in and unbelievably, all land in the field right by us. Elegant VIPs emerge with their minders, to be ushered into cars and chauffeured off to some elite vantage point. A swarm of children rush over to investigate the helicopters and nobody seems to mind at all.

Any minute now, for sure. The road sweeps up into the distance and we finally glimpse the breakaway group racing down towards Ewden Bridge. Children are hoisted onto shoulders, cameras poised and a wave of cheering washes over us. A wild confusion of colour, wheels, spokes, tortured faces and in the space of a moment they are gone. Shell-shocked, we take barely a breath and here is the peloton. Crouched low to get a photo between the legs of taller spectators, wheels seem inches from my nose. Wave after wave of cyclists, all cheered on with equal vigour. By the time the last two or three come through the crowd has already started to disperse, welling out onto the road which is cleared by urgent marshalls shouting “More bikes! More bikes!” We give these last stragglers, drained, injured, bandaged, the biggest cheer of all, urging them on to catch up. “Ce n'est pas facile, le Yorkshire.” they say. It has certainly sorted the men from the boys!

Time to go home. An hour's struggle back down the road, choked with cars, cyclists and pedestrians. This is going to take time. A man struggles to take his jacket off while hanging onto his bike, two small children balanced precariously on the cross bar. We hold the bike while he completes the manouvre and wish him luck as he wobbles on his way. Cars sunk in muddy rutted verges get good-humouredly shoved out, sprouting bracken and nettles from their doors. They join a queue back to the main road that will take several hours to clear.

It would have been so much easier to watch it on the television. We would have seen the whole story, not one fleeting moment – but the atmosphere – well that was something else – savour the moment.

Information on member activities

Applications for full membership have been received from Enan Kenyon and Jade Slater. Would anyone who has an objection to either of these applications being approved please get in touch with a member of the committee.

John Salmon has just moved house: his new address is;-

Letter to the Editor: re Reg Squires (Not an obituary!)

Dear Editor,

Seeing in the June newsletter that our old friend Reg (henceforth to be known as Mr. Squires) (*The Right Hon. Mr Squires?* Ed.) had been elected as an honorary member, I thought it might be appropriate to publish an old archive photograph of him in typically dynamic mode. My own recollections over many years are of a climber lost, forgetful and ill equipped – even, on one occasion, with only one boot in his motor car and having to improvise with a basketball boot on the vacant foot.



His navigation skills would make Digger or the late Laurie Burns seem like Marco Polo. He was never, though, short on bonhomie, good humour or companionship. Being in the financial industry one would assume that Reg was reasonably well heeled. He is however strangely reluctant to meet my price for the copyright of a number of photographs of him which are markedly less flattering than the one currently on view

Yours etc.

Rusty

N.B. The views expressed by correspondants are their own and not necessarily those of this esteemed organ. Ed.

Something on my mind. Paul Gardner

This article was originally published in an Oread journal of the late 1970s. As a tribute to Paul's enthusiasm for climbing, and determination to achieve his objectives, it seems appropriate to reprint it here.

If there was ever any doubt that climbing was all about what happened above your neck, then my experiences on Vector should seal it. Five times I had made it to the large spike but as soon as I stepped round to the foot of the Ochre Slab, my resolve evaporated, I had shakily retreated to the spike and abbed off into defeat.

This time I felt more confident than I had ever done before, except perhaps the first time, when I didn't know what was involved. We had arrived in Wales the previous day after several weeks of wet weather, and the crags had only just begun to dry out. We had dispatched Nexus, Superdirect on the Nose and a wet Black Spring without any great hesitation, and so felt ready to blast the mental barrier.

It had rained in the night, but by the time we arrived at Tremadoc, and drunk a

cup of Mrs Jones' tea, the rock was dry except where the drainage leaked from the overhangs.

There was no question but that I should have the middle pitch. It was mine – it had large quantities of my sweat on it, not to mention lost abseil slings.

John (*John Blackledge, I believe. Ed.*) led steadily up the first pitch. Only V.S. but damp and greasy where the leaves practically touched the slabs. A few layaways and incuts and we were both ensconced on the stance with John lashed tightly in. Coming out of the trees the heat was making itself felt, and one layer of clothing was bundled together and tossed down.

Out across the first wall. The moves were imprinted on my mind, and I had total recall. Step onto the sloping hold, reach up right for the good jug and get rested. In went the bomb-proof runner – the first of many. Tight finger-jams led up right. A quick swing and I could sink my arms in deep. Leaning out a large hex bit the dust before I heaved up onto the spike and draped it with a long tape.

This was pretty much as far as I had ever got before and I took a breather, trying in vain to fit a nut above my head. Fortunately, I didn't get too involved in this fruitless exercise but poked my head around the corner. Apart from a passing resemblance to my blackboard at the end of a busy day, it seemed to have footholds that hadn't been there before.

I knew the move around the corner by heart and it went as smoothly as anything dreamt about so often should do. On sight it must be one of the hardest moves on the route. Now for the stopper move. I determined to have a look, stepped up, reached into the crack, laybacked up, and found myself bridged onto the Ochre Slab.

“Christ, John, was that what all the fuss was about?” Eight years of mental block dropped away.

Slot a nut and examine the peg. It was an ancient ring, so curved it was almost moulded to the rock – the original? Tiptoeing up the slab, using the crack under the overhang, there was a balancy move when the crack closed, but soon the peg was bypassed and I had my fingers in the famous crack round the overhang.

With feet a bit higher, I sank another wedge in, and laybacked round until the left wall reappeared to bridge onto. More of the same and I only had a short traverse left to accomplish.

At this point, I encountered water for the first time. The sloping footholds were wet, but with good horizontal fingerholds, and the haven only a few feet away, this presented little difficulty. A long reach got a jug on the edge of the cave, but gave me a shock. It felt wet – but on re-examination turned out just to be the first chalkless hold for 80 feet. And so the cave. Strapped in tight, I relaxed to a rich feeling of satisfaction. An old ghost laid.

John came up with disarming ease for one who only gets out a few times a year. After a quick rest he set off on his pitch – and it looked wet. It took a moment to decide on the point to cross the overhang, but his body soon swung out of sight and the rope rapidly ran out.

“It's dry.” came a relieved voice.

Then he stopped. By this time someone else had arrived. John had reached the infamous final crack, and the first moves were wet.

“Any ideas how I get going?”

“Layback on the undercut.”

“Yeh – but how do I reach it?”

“Well!”

We could chuckle – we were safe.

Finally a rapid run of rope and John announced that he was up. Moving over the roof was amazing – an enormous jug, full of water, and then an easy traverse to the final dripping groove. It was a bit problematic to reach the undercut flake, but once there the sharp layback holds led up – no mud nowadays. And so the top. Big grin – right chuffed. And a very tasty piece of crumpet coming up One Step. What a route!

Chuck Hooley 1928-2014



Chuck and Margaret, taken in 1977. Photo Derek Carnell.

Chuck Hooley: an appreciation by Bob Pettigrew (as given at Chuck's funeral.)

It seems unlikely that Chuck was actually christened “Chuck”, unless Chuck’s dad insisted upon it!

But I have never known his given name! Some-how the name Chuck absolutely suited the man.

And what a man he was!

I am privileged to be asked to pay this tribute to him, and to honour his memory.

As some of us have known for many years, and as some of us will undoubtedly learn more now of his fulfilled life, Chuck was a polymath – a multi-tasker – attributes that are more often found in ladies rather than men but Chuck was the exception that proved the rule. A man with an extraordinary range of talents, pure and applied! – and who appeared to this lesser mortal to be able to turn his

hand to anything and make it work.

He had the rare gift of translating theory into practice that he continuously employed in the many spheres of his life of voluntary dedication and service to the fellow enthusiasts in quite different fields, spanning the whole of his adult life.

Already accomplished and experienced, mountaineers, hillwalkers and cavers, which Chuck described as: "Mountaineering in reverse" – Chuck and Margaret joined the Oread M.C. in the late 'fifties during one of my periodic employments abroad in Malaya and India.

On my return from several months as a palace-guest with the Muslim king the Nawab of Khurwai, I was welcomed by Chuck sporting the same facial adornment, a full and luxuriant black beard! Naturally I greeted him with: "Salaam Allah Khum" – before making a rapid exit!

Fortunately I was back in time to participate in the last few meets, and eventual eviction from Bryn yr Wern, the mysterious old rectory deep in the Pennant Valley in the shadow of the mountain Moel Hebog, where the Oread MC had established their first mountain base in Snowdonia.

It was reputed to be haunted of which I was sceptical until the night I stayed there with Chuck, Margaret and their beloved cocker spaniel – the perky, intelligent, and usually obedient "Kim".

At bed-time however, Kim mutinied and refused to climb the stairs despite the firm and insistent commands of his master, in his new life-time role as the Hut Warden of the Oread MC. This status was unknown to Kim, by now hackles standing bolt upright, growling defiantly, and clearly detecting an unfriendly presence unseen by mere humans, Kim firmly stood his ground and won the day since Chuck then took the decision that we bold mountaineers should all sleep downstairs for the sake of the dog!

Transferring his wardency talents to first the new Welsh hut, Tan yr Wyddfa, and secondly the Eric Byne Memorial Hut, in Derbyshire, Chuck spent the rest of his life in that important role thus rendering a sterling and invaluable service to the Oread Mountaineering Club, which is a record quite unequalled by any other club in the country.

When later in life Margaret, a constant companion in the hills, was debilitated by a severe stroke, Chuck shouldered the massive extra burden of caring for her, and carried on in the same spirit he brought to his voluntary work portfolio.

A word of explanation for non-mountaineers before reading the poem which concludes my tribute.

There is a love-hate relationship between mountaineers and mountain rescuers.

As a national serviceman I served in the Royal Air Force Mountain Rescue Service that collaborated with teams like Chuck's.

As a Himalayan mountaineer I once spent eight days being evacuated on a

stretcher because my accident occurred at an altitude above the range of the helicopters of the Indian air force, so I have sympathy with both sides!

On the day that the German Mountain Rescue Service has just succeeded in bringing to the surface safely an injured caver who was 3,000 ft below the surface of a Bavarian mountain, here is the poem featuring humorously our own celebrated cave rescuer!

To Chuck:

Imagine three Oread MC amateur drag queens, female impersonators, somewhat worse for drink, singing the words to the tune of: "Hang down your head Tom Dooley!" at an Oread Annual Dinner:

"Rescue me Chuck Hooley
For I'm gonna scream
Rescue me Chuck Hooley
With the Alpha Alpine team

We're stuck up on this mountain
Our lives not worth a cent
Bring up Johnny Corden
Not your dirty President

It was in the Bell one Tuesday
We met your climbing club
There was Pretty, Janes and Williams
Now we're in the pudding club

Hurry up Chuck Hooley
We're lying on the scree
Hurry with your coolies
Or there'll soon be six not three!

Chuck Hooley: memories of his life in the Oread by Colin Hobday

It was probably in the late Fifties, when I first met Chuck, though Margaret always insisted on calling him Charles!!

I was then a new member to the Oread and in those days it was expected of new member to attend working parties. The Oread had just purchased Tan-yr Wyddfa, which required an enormous amount of works and helping hands at all levels. In those days, up-stairs used to be a huge bathroom with an enormous enamel bath in it and not much else. Whilst attending one of those working parties, I will always remember seeing Chuck wallowing in the bath after a hard day's grafting, with his black beard just above the soap bubbles. Chuck and Margaret plus their delightful cocker spaniel "Kim" did a lot of hard walking in those days, and on a Sunday evening back home, Kim would disappear into the airing cupboard with sore paws from the grit stone, or Welsh slate, only to reappear by Wednesday,

ready for the next outing.

In 1961 they also joined John Fisher, Jack and Janet Ashcroft, June Walker and I for a holiday in the Bernina Alps, being based at the Marinelli Hut. A great time was had by all with plenty of glaciers crossed and peaks ascended.

In 1962 Chuck became Hut Custodian for four years, taking over from Dave Penlington and Fred Allan. Chuck's second stint of being a Hut Custodian was to last for around 30 years. At about the same time I joined him as booking secretary and member of the Hut Sub Committee. This resulted in a close working relationship, e.g. lengthy phone call discussions, later progressing to E-mails, to sort out the various problems at the huts.

After the successful negotiations with the Chatsworth Estate, initiated by Harry Pretty, which resulted in us acquiring Heathy Lea, Chuck then became Hut Custodian for both properties. I remember Chuck well for his negotiating skills with the Estate Agent of Chatsworth Estate.

By that time Margaret had already had her massive stroke which disabled her totally and from that time onwards she needed 24 hour care. Chuck took very early retirement from Rolls Royce, in order to look after Margaret full time. He coped amazingly well, especially as he managed also to fit in all his other commitments. This obviously stopped all mountaineering activities.

Eventually the running of the huts was divided for two custodians, so Chuck was able to concentrate more on Tan-yr-Wyddfa. He did sterling work, negotiating for over a year with the Gwynedd Council, on the new regulations for "Houses with multiple occupation" Other negotiations were fire and safety regulations, purchasing land from the local farmer for our new car park, and negotiating with the Welsh Highland Railway when we lost our car park. The WHR helped in creating our new car park by filling in the site with waste rubble.

In general we owe Chuck an awful lot for the facilities at the hut as they are now. He would persist in his negotiation when he thought he was right and he would never take "no" for an answer. Due to his previous job at Rolls Royce as a buyer, he always got the best price too and the best deals from contractors. He was meticulous in following up outstanding letters, estimates or unfinished jobs, and was a mine of information on who to contact as regards the Council or the Chatsworth Estate, etc. He was very thorough in everything he did and kept records of everything.

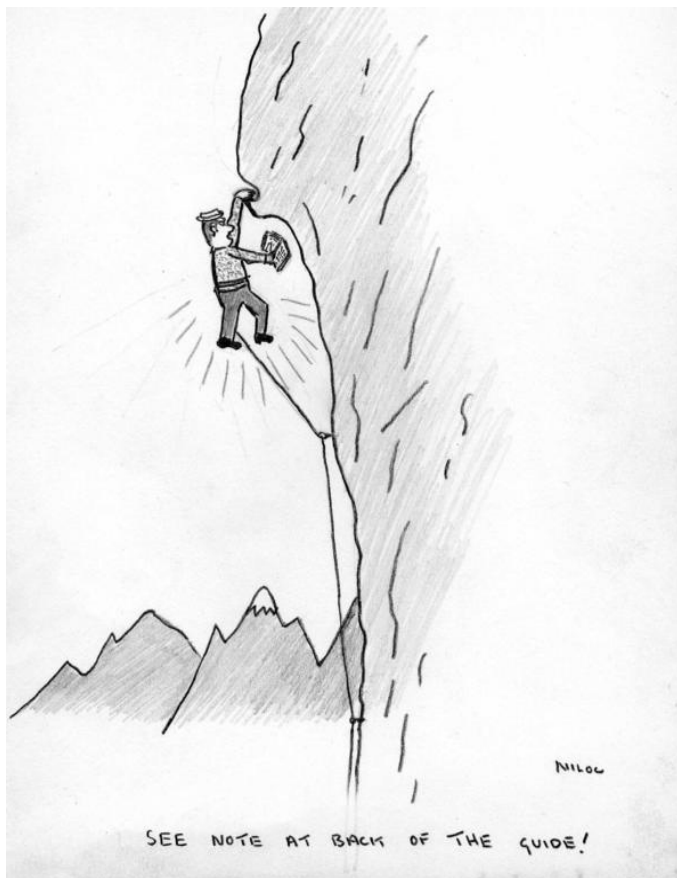
In the mid-Sixties, Chuck also founded and co-ordinated Team Alpha Mountain Rescue Team for which 30+ Oreads had volunteered. The team was on call in the Peak District with lots of Practice Exercises and Call Outs for real. Chuck was a fantastic organiser and motivator.

Another one of Chuck's many skills, not widely known, is that he served an apprenticeship with Smith Clocks in Derby as a clock maker. Later in life he was always willing to look at friends' clocks and watches and always seemed to get them working again, even if they were a hundred years old.

Margaret is now in a care home in Brighton to be nearer her only relation, so we shall miss them both, especially Margaret's cheerful smile at working parties, shouting "tea's up" at least four times a day. She was a champion tea maker. This is now the end of a long lasting "Hooley" era, both of them will leave a lasting legacy for future Oreads to enjoy when they visit the huts and appreciate all the work and effort that has gone into achieving what we have to-day.

I know other people are also preparing their own tributes to Chuck and these will be very welcome for a future issue. Ed.

Hobday's humour:



Hut Bookings September.

TAN-YR-WYDDFA

September 5-6 Kendal Fellwalkers
September 12-13 Clitheroe M.C.
September 19-20 Innominata M.C.
September 26-27 Dave Mawer.

HEATHY LEA

September 5 Vibram M.C.
September 9-11 Roy Sawyer
September 19-20 Oread joint DMC
September 26-27 University of East Anglia?

“Whole Hut” includes the Oread room!

“Sole use – children present” means you may not stay overnight, even in the Oread room.

All queries, payments and bookings should be addressed to Derek Pike, the Hut Bookings Secretary:

Derek Pike, 19 St. Johns Drive, Chaddesden, Derby. DE216SD

Tel. 01332 670459 Email: derepike1234@btinternet.com

Hut News

Which will you try first? Both huts now have spangly new showers for your delectation, the uni-sex facility at Heathy Lea features an elegant glass screen and the new men's shower at TyW is modern, hot and efficient (or so I am reliably informed by no less a connoisseur than Mr Hopkinson!)

Heathy Lea awaits your inspection this month as you will need a good hose down after the rigours of the Competition! Believe me – those DMC competitions are tough – one of my team last year sat down, a mile from home and declared she could go no further! That was the easy course.

Fortunately the thought of tea and cake spurred her on so you need not fear tripping over her whited bones.

Tan yr Wyddfa has been well used by Oreads over the summer and is looking splendidly, almost scarily, spick and span after a working visit in early August by eight dedicated members who carried out an impressive list of tasks over five days. Pam Storer, Nick Evans, Pam and Nodge Norris, Pete and Ali Kennington, Rock Hudson and Keith Gregson between them gave the whole hut a thorough cleaning inside and out, repaired and repainted parts of the external rendering and paintwork, painted the dining room ceiling, painted and varnished many doors inside and out, tidied up the garden and car park area and, among a host of other tasks the work book records:

“ Front drain grate unblocked. (Mouse buried.)”

We eagerly await the full story, hopefully with order of service, list of mourners, and menu of funeral tea.

A big vote of thanks to all who have worked so hard on the hut for the benefit of the whole club.

Rusty's Puzzle Corner

Last month's puzzle.

The bizarre activities of some well-known members of the club caused much consternation and a variety of suggestions were made as to the possible meaning of such behaviour. Among the printable ones were “sun- worshipping”; “uttering prayers of thanksgiving for a meet to God's Own Country (Yorkshire)”; “being bowled over with shock at the cost of the campsite in aforesaid county”; and - my

favourite: "Comparing the Meercats".

The truth was revealed by email as follows:

"Thank You very much for the newsletter. It always brings me so much of fun and joy!

To your question (of WHAT ON EARTH they are doing?), I would love to answer, that the dear people present are trying the third rite of Five Tibetans. (Sadly, they appear to look more like worshipping Martians.)

Shall I have a guess, that this morning mania was instigated by wild Pete Lancaster?

Bring a tried and trusted recipe from the East.... and everyone can turn into a climbing beast!

Love, Martina"

This month's puzzle:

What is the name of this obelisk and where is it to be found?



Forthcoming Meets: Chris Radcliffe

2014

September			
13 th – 14 th	Clwyd	Limestone cragging	Derek Pike
20 th – 21 st	Joint with DMC	Heathy Lea	Ed James
October			
4 th – 5 th	Gogarth	Valley of the Rocks	Dave Mawer
14 th – 28 th	Kalymnos	Hot Rock	Pam Storer
November			
1 st	Bonfire Night	Heathy Lea	Mike Hayes
2 nd	Dovedale Dash	Fell Race	Rob Tresidder
15 th	Annual Dinner	Bluebell, Tissington	Tony Howard
22 nd -23 rd	Coniston	MAM Hut	Tony Howard
December			
6 th – 7 th	Bullstones Meet	Long Walk	Pam Storer
10 th	Black Rocks	Night Climbing	Rob Tresidder

Message from the Meets Secretary

I am now working on the 2015 Meets List and would welcome any requests, offers to lead meets or opinions on the current Meets programme. Is there a favourite area that you think we should visit? Would you prefer more camping meets or more obscure venues? Any comments would be helpful.

Chris Radcliffe.

Email chris@farfields.co.uk tel 01246 569134 (home) 07770 883259 (mobile)

Stop Press News! Huts available to our members.

The Climbers' Club has announced a major change of policy on their huts. The following huts are available now to be booked not just by the club as a whole but also by individuals and small groups.

Climbers' Club Huts available for outside bookings 2014

South & South-West

Climbers' Club Hut: Bosigran Count House

Location: Bosigran Farm, Pendeen, PENZANCE, Cornwall, TR20 8YX Grid Ref: SW 422 365

20 places, mixed. Facilities include hot water, showers, heating, drying room, cutlery, crockery, fridges, oven, hobs, and microwave, £12 per night. This hut is suitable for use by people with disabilities. No persons under 18. Not available for bookings throughout July and August or at bank holidays.

Further details at <http://www.climbers-club.co.uk/venues/count-house-bosigran/>

Peak District

Climbers' Club Hut: R O Downes

Location: Froggatt, Derbyshire, Grid Ref: SK 249 772

10 places mixed. Facilities include hot water, showers, heating, cutlery, crockery, fridges, oven, hobs, and microwave, £12 per night. No persons under 18. This hut is suitable for use by people with disabilities. Not available for bookings at bank holidays.

Further details at <http://www.climbers-club.co.uk/venues/ro-bob-downes-hut-froggatt/>.

Wales

Climbers' Club Hut: Helyg

Location: Ogwen Valley

Grid Ref: SH 694 601

13 places mixed, you may book exclusive use of this hut. Facilities include hot water, showers, heating, drying room, cutlery, crockery, fridges, oven, hobs, and microwave, £12 per night. No persons under 18. Not available for bookings at bank holidays.

Further details at <http://www.climbers-club.co.uk/venues/helyg-ogwen/>

Climbers' Club Hut: R W Lloyd Hut, Ynys Ettws

Location: Llanberis Pass, Grid Ref: SH 624 568

12 places mixed. Facilities include hot water, showers, heating, drying room, cutlery,

crockery, fridges, oven, hobs, and microwave, £12 per night. No person under 18. Not available for booking at weekends or bank holidays.

Further details at <http://www.climbers-club.co.uk/venues/ynyws/>

Climbers' Club Hut: Cwm Glas Mawr

Location: Llanberis Pass, Grid Ref: SH 619 569

9 places mixed, you can book exclusive use of this hut. Facilities include hot water, showers, heating, cutlery, crockery, fridges, oven, hob, and microwave, £12 per night. No person under 18. Not available for booking at bank holidays.

Further details at <http://www.climbers-club.co.uk/venues/cwm-glas-mawr-llanberis/>

To book the huts:

E mail bookings preferred to: hutbooking@climbers-club.co.uk

Applications To: Ruth Ashton, 77 Claude Road, Chorlton, Manchester M21 8DE.

Tel: 0161 860 6198, 07818 043 953



Simon and Snod on the superb Mermaid's Ridge H.S. Kinder, back in June.

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