

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB MAGAZINE

MAY 2015



Your Hon. Ed., Tony Howard and Snod Helliwell having fun on La Roumpo Quieu via ferrata, D+ Rocher St Julien, Buis les Baronnies. (Photo: Richard Hopkinson.)

Editorial

This newsletter is a bit late – sorry – I've been off out enjoying myself again as you can see from the picture above! More of that later in this issue.

Coming up in May are a working party and barbecue at Heathy Lea, and a trip to a new venue near Alnwick in Northumberland in mid May. The following weekend will be the Spring Bank Holiday so -with, no venue on the meets list - if the weather is kind perhaps an opportunity to stay on in Northumberland or head further north?? June will bring us the annual Children's meet at Heathy Lea and another new venue for us booked in the Lakes, at Thirlmere.

Also in this issue: memories of Scotland in winter, France in the spring and sadly, tributes to Gordon Gadsby who gave so much to this club over so many years. Whenever I met him, usually at the indoor meets over the winter, he always went out of his way to say something kind and encouraging about the newsletter. If you have memories of him you would like to share please let me have them for the next issue, hand-written is fine if you prefer.

What's On

Coming Soon	UK		Abroad	
May	Wed	6	Stoney Middleton [evening meet]	
	Thur	7		
	Fri	8		
	Sat	9	Working Party & BBQ Heathy Lea, Derbyshire Mick Hayes	
	Sun	10		
	Mon	11		
	Tue	12		
	Wed	13	Stanage High Neb (evening meet)	
	Thur	14		
	Fri	15	Joiners Shop Alnwick, Northumberland Dave (Snod) Helliwell	
	Sat	16		
	Sun	17		
	Mon	18		
	Tue	19		
	Wed	20	Willersley (evening meet)	
	Thur	21		
	Fri	22	Spring Bank Holiday No meet Leader required	
	Sat	23		
	Sun	24		
	Mon	25		
	Tue	26		
Wed	27	Evening meet via Yahoo Group		
Thur	28			
Fri	29			
Sat	30			
Sun	31			
June	Mon	1		
	Tue	2		
	Wed	3	Froggatt (evening meet)	
	Thur	4		
	Fri	5	Kiddies Meet Heathy Lea, Derbyshire Neil Weatherstone	
	Sat	6		
	Sun	7		
	Mon	8		
	Tue	9		
	Wed	10	Windgather (evening meet)	
	Thur	11		
	Fri	12	Smithy Hut Thirlmere, Lake District Chris Radcliffe	
	Sat	13		
	Sun	14		
	Mon	15		
Tue	16			
Wed	17			
Thur	18			
Fri	19			
Sat	20			
Sun	21			

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- **See below for details of these meets.**
- Use your Yahoo group to see what members are doing on a day to day basis.
- See the Oread website <http://www.oread.co.uk/> for the full meets calendar.
- Help your club by leading a meet. Contact Gil Male - tel. 07958 169389 – email gilemale@gmail.com

Wednesday evening meets.



A sunny start to the year's evening meets at Harborough on 8 April – don't be fooled by Rusty's woolly hat – it was quite warm till the sun went down.

Here are the planned venues for the month – weather permitting.

6 May	Stoney Middleton	The Moon
13 May	Stanage High Neb	The Millstone
20 May	Willersley	The Boat, Cromford
27 May (Bank Holiday week)	Yahoo Group to choose venue	
3 June	Froggatt	The Grouse
10 June	Windgather	The Swan, Kettleshulme

9 - 10 May Heathy Lea Working Party and Barbecue Michael Hayes

We will once again be doing our annual spring clean of the Derbyshire hut on the weekend of the 9th May. This year's working party will be a mixture of cleaning, painting and woodcutting. The Hut is in a good condition and just needs a tidy up to see it though the next 12 months. I would like to encourage as many Oreads as possible, both Full and Prospective, to turn up and help, I will be there from 10.00 am on Saturday morning so please come along and give your support - even an hour or two will make a real difference. Please feel free to bring your own gardening tools and chain saws! The weather will of course be good so I plan on having the usual large bonfire on the Saturday evening to get rid of the rubbish. Bring your BBQ and Solid and Liquid refreshment and join in the party. As usual it will also be a good occasion to grab a few hours out on our local crags over the course of the weekend. So please make the effort and come along to help and support (tea making is appreciated as well!) If you need more information or

just want to confirm that you will be able to help then please give me a call on 07771700913. Michael Hayes, Heathy Lea Hut Custodian.

16 - 17 May Northumberland. Dave Helliwell

Oreads need no introduction to the county. Set in the Cheviot rain shadow, good weather is guaranteed. Excellent walking, cycling and rock climbing can be found. We are stopping further north this time, near Alnwick, not far from the coastal path and nearer to crags such as Bowden Doors, Kyloe and Berryhill. I will arrange for some local experts to show us the best offerings.

We are staying at the Joiners' Shop, Preston, near Chathill, just off the A1 and seven miles from Alnwick. It appears to be well equipped for cooking and eating, has an open fire, hot showers and 18 bunk beds in rooms of two to three. There's covered storage for bikes and you can even bring your dog!
More info at www.bunkhousenorthumberland.co.uk/

The cost will be £10 a night.

Places are limited so you had better book early.

Snod. Email dave.helliwell@stirlingloyd.com or text 07976517216

6 June Children's Climbing Meet Neil Weatherstone

The idea is to have a meet for small Oreads so they can have fun climbing together.

Climbing is at Birchen Edge. Starting out from Healthy Lea at 10am with a picnic lunch. Some of us will be staying over at Heathy Lea on both Friday and Saturday night, so let me know if you want to stay over (cottage is already full). We'll be having a bonfire and BBQ on Saturday evening. If the weather is too wet for climbing on the Saturday I plan to set off at 10am for a walk along the edges instead. I'll be climbing and staying over with my children who are now aged four and six.

Neil Weatherstone email Neil.weatherstone@btinternet.com tel.07946825798

13-14 June The Smithy, Thirlmere Chris Radcliffe



This meet is something of an experiment. I have booked The Smithy Hut (Gritstone Club) which is located in Thirlmere, a part of the Lakes which is some distance from the main watering holes and therefore rarely visited as a first

choice venue. It is a small hut so I am hoping for a convivial group keen to explore the local possibilities. If there is a massive demand to join the meet, there are three campsites close-by.

Location: Thirlmere - NY315194 Post Code: CA12 4TG

Facilities: Two bunk rooms, two shower rooms, two WCs, drying room, fully equipped kitchen, solid fuel stove and space heating, off road car parking.

Capacity: 9 in lower bunk room Rates: Non-Member £7 per night.

The hut is close to a path leading to Sticks Pass, north of Raise on the Hellvelyn range so there is immediate access to the Eastern Fells.

The key attraction is the rock climbing in the immediate vicinity. The most well known crag is Castle Rock of Triermain. Unfortunately there is a potential for a massive rockfall on the left of the crag. A crack is opening up and has been monitored for some time. All routes to the left of May Day Cracks should be avoided, including the classic Overhanging Bastion. The latest update from the FRCC is dated 12/3/2015 and includes the following observation from Trevor Langhorne:

It may be wisest to avoid the whole of the North Crag. If/when the collapse takes place it will be an impressive sight, if you are unfortunate enough to be on one of the routes when it collapses I believe the correct thing to do is shout "way to go dude"!

Although this is disappointing, there are a number of enjoyable easier routes on the South Face.

On the opposite side of the valley there is the steep and impressive Raven Crag. This includes a couple of classic reasonable routes: Anarchist and Communist Convert, and a number of much harder routes of which the most reasonable is Totalitarian (E1+). There is also Lower Swirl Crag. This is described as looking like a rather insignificant large boulder. However there are four routes (HVS to E2) which are said to combine quality with brevity.

If the weather is very fine and it seems preferable to head for a high mountain crag, then we could easily drive over to Patterdale to climb the mega-classics on Eagle Crag.

Please get in touch if you would like to join me and take up the limited number of places at the hut.

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

1-15 August Dolomites for the summer Alps Trip

Roger Gibbs

Located in northern Italy, and representing a true mix of Italian and Austrian culture, these so-called 'Pale Alps' contain climbing of every shape and size. Single pitch sport crags lie beside kilometre-long traditional routes, with climbs which are steeped in history running parallel to modern bolted lines. The area is also renowned for its via ferrata, cabled routes predating the Great War which

give superb access to some of the World's most striking summits. The metal wires, interspersed with breathtaking ladders and unlikely suspension bridges, provide aerial assault courses which combine the thrill of an ascent on rock with the security of a protected mountain scramble.

Tofana di Rozes is one of the most striking mountains in the Dolomites. Although rare to see it without a halo of cloud on the summit, it dominates the landscape and can be seen from miles around. It is actually the smallest of the three mountains which form the Tofana group and, at 3225m, it stands just a few metres shorter than the neighbouring Tofana di Mezzo and Tofana di Dentro, yet its dominating form has captivated the hearts and minds of climbers for over a hundred years. Like much of the area around the Falzarego Pass, the Tofana group did not remain unscathed during the First World War, and there are numerous war tunnels around the mountain's base. The Castelletto area suffered another bout of mine warfare; from here the Austrian troops were able to control much of the Val Travenanzes and thus much of the movement through the area. Over a period of six months, the Italian military dug a 500m long tunnel and laid a charge of dynamite, blowing away the summit of the Castelletto tower. Forty years later, the tunnel was used to equip the first section of via ferrata Giovanni Lipella. As well as the via ferrata, Tofana di Rozes has some excellent climbs, generally in the upper grades. These are located on the south face on a series of large pillars. More recently some high quality modern semi-bolted routes have been opened, all of which are technically challenging and on excellent rock. They are a credit to their creators. The length and difficulty of all the routes on this mountain, combined with the high altitude of Tofana di Rozes itself, means that none of them should be taken lightly, and experience in moving quickly at a high level is essential to avoid a night-time epic. Route finding is generally not too difficult although, like many of the classics, there are numerous variations to the routes which can lead to confusion.

The Sella Towers are iconic in Dolomite climbing and are an exceptionally popular venue. Perched high up above the Sella Pass, they look particularly impressive, providing a good photogenic backdrop for the coachloads of tourists frequenting the area. The Sella Towers are made up of four towers although the 4th is not particularly well known in for its climbing and not covered in this guide. 1st Sella Tower - This is the smallest and most popular of the three towers with the sunny south face stealing the show as the most frequented in the group. The routes are shorter, very accessible and, almost without exception, excellent. This tower is a victim of its own success, and an increasing amount of polish is found on the routes here. 2nd Sella Tower - The 2nd Tower is famous for its steep north face and very compact rock. The Messner (North Face Direct) route is featured in Reinhold Messner's book 'The Seventh Grade' and is notorious for its committing nature. The Kasnapoff route that starts up the north face and moves round onto the northwest ridge has become a classic. 3rd Sella Tower - This is the largest of the three towers and is home to the Vinatzer route, another famous one which is well worth a look.

Iconic symbol of the Dolomites, the Tre Cime are world famous in the climbing community and as such need little introduction. For the uninitiated there are in fact eleven or so towers that make up the group, but it is the three monoliths and their north faces that have captured the imagination of tourists and climbers

alike for years. Cima Piccola, as the name suggests, is the smallest of the three and is found on the east side. Cima Grande is the largest at 2999m and its north face makes up one of the prestigious six classic north faces of the Alps. Cima Ovest on the west side of the group completes the famous trinity and has a somewhat enigmatic persona featuring several hard routes that are rarely repeated. The climbing here is some of the best in the Dolomites, certainly for the situations and surrounding scenery. From a geological perspective the north faces here are impossibly steep, often overhanging for an imposing and daunting 500m vertical height. Here you get a true big wall climbing experience that is hard to find elsewhere in Europe. The climbing isn't all about the north faces though and there is some excellent climbing of all grades to be found on the sunny south and east faces. The approaches are simple making the routes very accessible. The Tre Cime themselves are perched on a pedestal giving fantastic views of the surrounding area once on the climbs. All this comes at a price however; as the tourist icon of the Dolomites don't expect peace and quiet down at the base of the towers, or in fact on the routes themselves! Climbers have become a major attraction for those coming to view the Tre Cime so expect a small army of telephoto lenses aimed your way for most of the day when climbing any of the classic routes. From a climber's perspective there are five towers to be considered: Cima Piccolissima, Punta Frida, Cima Piccola, Cima Grande and Cima Ovest. To the north and northeast of the group lie Torre Toblino and Monte Paterno, a pair of small but impressive peaks that are home to two excellent via ferrata. Both Delle Scalette and Sentiero de Luca are highly recommended for those wanting to have a relaxing day viewing the north faces as the scenery is nothing short of stunning. The routes are usually in best condition from August to October (the south-facing routes can generally be climbed earlier). Make sure you check the conditions in the descent gullies, which can hold snow late into the season. A standard rack is sufficient for most of the routes at the Tre Cime, although for routes like Comici-Dimai you will need at least 16 quickdraws if you wish to clip all the fixed gear. Some parties on the more difficult climbs (generally VIII+) opt to haul gear, especially if going for the onsight attempt. Because the routes and abseils are overhanging on the north face a set of prusiks is mandatory.

If you're not inspired yet, check out James Rushforth's paean to the area:
<http://www.rockfax.com/climbing-guides/books/the-dolomites-rock-climbs-and-via-ferrata/>

The glamorous fleshpots of Cortina provide alternative attractions, plus walking, biking and sightseeing.

We plan to go from about 1st – 15th August. Campsite details to follow. Let me know if you're going to join us!

Rog, Sharon and Ben

Roger Gibbs: roger@tilda.com . Tel. 07770 2372708.

News, Articles and Reports from Meets.

A few facts regarding the latest addition to the Tan yr Wyddfa photo gallery. Pete Janes



The photo was taken by myself in 1956 on the Alphubel (4205 metres) The figure is a 35 year old cramponed Ernie Phillips.

Ernie is contemplating the early morning mist which is spilling over the summit of the Rimpfischhorn (at the top of the photo). His interpretation of this phenomenon was that our attempt to 'bag' a 'four thousander' 'was doomed'. Thirty minutes later and 500 feet higher he was

proved right, and we descended in a freezing fog to be re-united with Messrs. Colledge and Handley at the Tasch hut.

Their experience had been similar in their attempt to traverse the Taschhorn. The sequel to the story is that in 1957 I entered the above photo and three others (all featuring 'Ernie') in the Oread photo competition held at the 'Prince of Wales' in Baslow. The quality of composition was judged to be of an order which attracted first prize. Even if I say it myself they were brilliant. Unfortunately none of them are in my possession today.

It was therefore a very special moment when I re-engaged with this framed copy after 58 years at the Welsh Hut on the 21st March this year.

Pete Janes.

Scottish winter days. Roger Gibbs

A satellite in geostationary orbit travels so much faster than the traffic on the M25 that it needs software to correct for the effect of time dilation. So your Satnav relies on Einstein's theory of relativity to tell you how long that jam is going to take to clear. Apparently NASA were so sceptical about Einstein's calculations that they had the option of switching the software off in the first satellite they launched. [Brighter readers than me (so all of you) will be able to tell me over a beer if any of this is true.]

I don't know if Albert did much ice climbing (well he was Swiss) but I pondered this as we trudged slowly back down the Allt a' Mhuilinn in glorious late afternoon sunshine. Was it really only yesterday morning that we'd walked up this track with much fresher legs? Behind us the Ben looked magnificent in

glittering winter garb. Other climbers scampered past. Once out of earshot I muttered:

“Well, he clearly hasn’t been climbing hard enough.”

Vignettes of the weekend track through my mind. The walk in on Saturday morning had been fine after a luxurious night in Hotel Volvo. We’d got the tent up in fairly short order and the queue for Hadrian’s Wall didn’t look too long. It was certainly shorter than the line for Point Five. A climber heading in that direction complained:

“It’s only 9 o’clock. I thought we were early.” Nope, try 5am.



As we precariously help each other into harnesses on a tiny ledge, Dave is plotting something. “We could scoot up there,” he points. We check the guide. Sickle, a little harder than Hadrian’s Wall and more sustained, but there is no one on it and we can get going

right away. Crucially I work out that I should be able to manoeuvre Dave into doing both the crux pitches. Game on.

(Photo above, Dave on Sickle.)

I realise I’ve been scowling for the last two pitches. Dave’s first lead had been steep but well behaved, but I can’t seem to relax. I’m burying every axe placement up to the hilt, then fighting to get them out again. Feet scart off what should be perfect ice. Now, tip-toeing up the long ramp on pitch two, I’m feeling the exposure. The ramp sweeps across a huge rocky buttress to the foot of another steep icefall. Another screw winds into perfect ice. I’m starting to enjoy myself. The scowl relaxes.

It’s soon back as I contemplate the crux of the third pitch. I take the gear out and contemplate the overhanging traverse ahead. I look again, maybe just vertical then. Footholds appear and I scamper across. I realise, as I pull onto easier angled ice, that the pitch is superb.

Long pitches of easier snow follow, with helpful blobs of blue ice for gear. There’s

a sting in the tail with another steep pitch to gain the plateau but I've guessed perfectly and it's Dave's lead once more.

We enjoy the sun for a while on the virtually windless summit, before trudging down the Carn Mor Dearg arête and back to our tiny tent. A pasta feast and a stunning night sky follow. We're soon asleep, but have to synchronise rolling over in the cramped space. Despite the frost on the fly sheet we're both too hot and have to strip layers off in the middle of the night.

I'm grinning as I unwind another of Dave's ice screws from the first pitch of Harrison's climb on a perfect Sunday morning. I play with body shapes, bridging across the tube shaped groove. The ice is perfect, the sun shines, there is no wind. A wad has already scooted through in front of us, solo,

"11th route in three days," he explains, "I'm running out of things to do." Dave raises an eyebrow and gets to work. My pitch now and it looks steeper. I move to step up but somehow the lanyard of my axe has got tangled around the rope. I reckon it will sort itself as I step up. It doesn't. Dave's tone becomes a little more urgent. I step down and get established. Time off. Breathe. I'm a bit intimidated but up I go. Perfect first time placements ease the tension. *(Photo of me on this pitch right.)* I force myself to stop and place another ice screw. A few more moves and the angle eases. I romp up through stunning scenery, breathing hard, to reach a perfect stance. Dave comes up and coos about the luxury belay – it even has rock gear, the first time this weekend. Dave's pitch



droops down and across before reaching another short icefall. Clanking like an arthritic knight he sets off. This takes us into the upper corrie and easier ground but we have to move together with some creative protection for a very long way to reach the summit.

Later, on the descent, my world has shrunk to eight foot diameter circle of white. Methodically, I plunge axes into the soft snow and kick my feet in a little lower. The descent gully seems to go on for ever, with glimpses of the tiny tent below teasing me. Wait a minute, I'm supposed to be enjoying myself. I stop and look around. What a stunning place: steep rock walls and curtains of blue green ice. A

little lower, I can see teams following in our footsteps on Harrison's and on Boomer's Requiem next to it.

Eventually the angle eases and I can walk in comfort back to the tent. Dave is on his fourth cup of tea. I accept my mug gratefully and we pack quickly. Time to go back to the world.

(Thanks to Dave Mawer for the photos.)

Gordon Joseph Gadsby.

There follow two appreciations of Gordon's life and the unique contribution he made both to the Oread and other local clubs. He will be sorely missed.

Both contributions were originally written to be read at Gordon's funeral on 1 April 2015 and have been slightly edited for publication in writing. The photographs have been kindly supplied by Rick Eagles, Margaret Gadsby's brother.



Gordon's Legacy Colin Hobday

I felt very privileged to be asked to speak at the funeral, saying farewell to my dear friend Gordon, with whom I have shared well over 50 years of friendship, holidays and adventures.

I want particularly to reflect on the legacies he has left behind for us to continue, as walkers, cyclists and photographers. Gordon was one of the first of our group to retire so his endless energies and enthusiasm for the great out-doors, really

took off even more so, especially when he started the “Monday Walkers”. Initially just a small group met regularly, but as more and more people retired, the group grew and grew, and it was nothing unusual to have 15+ keen walkers. The pattern of the day was always, start with morning coffee, followed by a good walk in the Peak and often finishing with a bar meal. A real social occasion. The group was unique in as much as anybody could come along and was made welcome,



Gordon encouraged so many people to join the great outdoors, who would have never done so without his enthusiasm and persuasiveness. In later years, after Gordon’s two knee replacements from which he recovered amazingly well, he started yet another walking group for those with new joints, only the walking distances and bike rides becoming shorter.

When Britain was savaged by the Foot and Mouth Disease many years ago, Gordon’s quick answer and solution was: “If we can’t walk over the hills, we shall cycle over the hills” And so we did. Gordon, always full of fantastic ideas, was also a brilliant organiser with Margaret being his wonderful efficient secretary and so the “Pedalling Pensioners” was formed. The first foray, which took an amazing amount of organising for a group of 16+ people, was the week long Coast

to Coast bike ride, which took us over the Lakes and Pennines, finishing with dipping our wheels into the North Sea.

Many, many more bike rides took place over the years, brilliantly organised by the Gadsby Team. We covered the Scottish Isles, the Hebrides, the Border Counties, and, one of the highlights, a trip to Orkney. We always had a fantastic time under Gordon’s brilliant guidance. At the end of each trip we would have speeches and the presentation of the “chain of honour” (an unused cycle chain adapted to take small medals which had the leader’s name, date and place engraved on it. Needless to say Gordon’s name appears on a regular basis).

Gordon has also been the leading light of the Stapleford Camera Club, He was chairman for more years than I can remember and his enthusiasm, brilliant lectures, and stunning photographs, his choice of guest speakers for the annual program, introducing guests and generally holding the fort made this club so

successful. He was an excellent photographer who had many photos and articles published in magazines and books. His love for photography and good cameras inspired all of us; however, Gordon never really took to Digital Photography until the last couple of years or so. He had a wonderful gift of persuading club members to give their own presentation to the club. Without his enthusiasm and encouragement, most of them would have never had the courage to do so. One of the highlights at the end of club year was the Annual Trip to North Wales staying at the Oread Club Hut, which was always very well attended and a great success.

One thing was always certain, whether walking or cycling whenever you went on a trip with Gordon, abroad or at home, the sun would always shine.

To conclude, I just want to reflect on Friday 13th March.

We were travelling back home from Oakham/Rutland at about five o'clock in the evening and as we travelled towards Melton Mowbray straight into the setting sun which was a huge blood red disc in the sky with a thin veil of mist across the field, creating a beautiful atmosphere and a very photogenic setting, I thought to myself, "Gordon would have stopped to take a photo."

Then our peace was disturbed when the mobile phone rang with the news that Gordon had passed away. As we climbed out of the shallow valley at Melton, the sun had gone and so had our dear friend Gordon and we continued our journey home in silence and the gathering darkness.

Gordon has touched my life in so many ways, I am sure most of you will feel the same. We are privileged to have shared so many happy experiences with such a wonderful person.

An Appreciation by Robert Pettigrew

Outstanding Alpinist, staunchest of companions, superb organiser, gifted artist and photographer, eloquent lecturer and mountain lover par excellence!

All combined in a personality that seemed to possess a natural magnetism for attracting soul mates! From the earliest days of Gordon's debut as a climber and mountaineer I count myself very fortunate to be such a soul mate!

In the immortal words of Rudyard Kipling:

"One Man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother,
And it's worthwhile seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other!"
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you!"

Gordon was just such a man and to be counted one of his friends was a very precious and uplifting gift he bestowed on his friends too numerous to list, and which lasted undiminished throughout his lifetime.

Gordon had a voracious appetite for friendships which he assiduously cultivated through clubs and societies, some of which he founded and served to the very end. As recently as January last he was lecturing at Stapleford on "Paris in the

Spring and Mountain Days!”

The Nobel prize-winning writer Rudyard Kipling also produced memorable verse about the love of mountains, and of the lasting friendships which it engenders and which would undoubtedly have applied to Gordon the Mountaineer”:

“So, and no otherwise, - so and no otherwise, – hill men desire their Hills!”

And,

“He who goes to the Hills goes to his Mother”

That mutual passion for mountains and the sport of mountaineering brought Gordon and me together in 1952 when I was a student at the University of Loughborough, and chairman of the University Mountaineering Club. If that seems an unlikely combination it was the era of National Service and I had, straight from the VIth form, already completed two years in the RAF Mountain Rescue Service first at Harpur Hill, Buxton in the Peak, and second at RAF Valley in Snowdonia, with a secondment to Chamonix in the French Alps before entering the flatlands of Loughborough and the portals of the University.

Concurrently Jerry Wright, founder of the Mountaineering Association, had created with Ken Wall, Inspector of Schools in Nottingham, an L.E.A.

Mountaineering Course based at the Lenton Primary School on Gregory Boulevard where I was appointed lecturer. The first mature student to enrol was Gordon, closely followed by the 14-year-old Doug Scott, who became the first Briton to summit Mount Everest, since Sir Edmund Hillary ranks as a “Colonial”! The stout wall bars of the school gym served as belaying points for the teaching of rope techniques whilst the High Peak was our outdoor laboratory! The rest, as they say, is history! Gordon was an avid student and excelled at converting theory into practice, and I am certain that I learned as much from him as he did from me, hence the old adage – “By your students will you be taught!” By profession he was both schooled and skilled in working at heights!

I introduced Gordon to the Oread M.C. and he took to the Club as an extended family, becoming President in 1975. Take photography, an inevitable concomitant of mountaineering. I fancied myself as a competent photographer and even carried off a few trophies at the Club annual photographic competitions using then two Leicas, an M3 and an M2. The Oread took the competition seriously and for several years in succession called upon C. Douglas Milner, the best mountain photographer in Britain and a member of the Alpine Club, to judge the entries. But the seemingly self-tutored Gordon rapidly overtook and easily outclassed my efforts. He then switched to a Nikon single-lens reflex, and humiliated me seriously. So I abandoned the Leicas and bought a Nikon SLR. It made no difference. In the end I was saved by banishment to India. In the meantime Gordon joined the Stapleford Photographic Society where ultimately he became life-Chairman and died in harness – a clear example of his practical love of communities and societies with a purpose.

The years rolled on and my job with the British Council took me first to Malaya and then to India during which period Gordon made a truly massive contribution to both the Oread Mountaineering Club, and the Stapleford Photographic Society (as it then was). Simultaneously he was always in demand as a lecturer throughout Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire and well beyond those borders

always accompanied and supported by Margaret in the vital role of Gordon's helpmeet and agent.

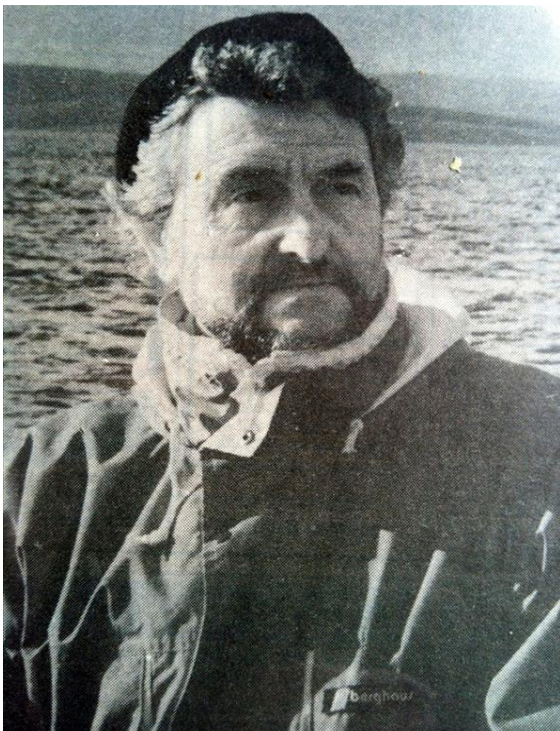
I did not return to Derbyshire until the 'eighties and felt it was high time Gordon became a member of the Alpine Club, founded in 1857 as the first alpine society in the world, whose aims and objectives are: "To promote mountain climbing and exploration in good style throughout the world, to develop a better knowledge of the mountains through literature, science and art and through its meetings and publications, to encourage protection of the mountain environment and to conserve the Club's heritage."

To this end I advised Gordon that candidates for election must fill in their application forms clearly and fully since the forms constitute part of the permanent historical record of the Club and as such are likely to be consulted! So I have Gordon's application here, dated...7th September, 1985 – 30 years ago.

Beginning in the season 1960 when I introduced Gordon to the Alps with an ascent of the Weissmies, and traverses of the Mittaghorn and Fletschhorn with Doreen Gadsby and Wally Smith there follows, in virtually every season up to 1984 (the year of his application to the A.C.), a rich cornucopia of alpine expeditions ranging across the European Alps from Norway in the north to Corsica in the south and the High Tatra in the East.

As early as the season immediately following his alpine debut Gordon took Doreen and Geoff Hayes to the Pennine Alps with his eye on the Matterhorn at Zermatt. Of the classic alpine courses the Hornli route on the Matterhorn is not the hardest, but it must never be underestimated. It is prolonged, the route finding is difficult, and there is little protection, especially on the shoulder where most accidents occur. And yet Gordon persuaded Doreen to accompany him!

Himalaya! The greatest physical feature on the surface of our planet – imagine the west end of the range, the Karakoram, placed on London, then the east end, the Assam Himalaya would reach Moscow! Gordon realized his longheld ambition to



trek and climb in the Kulu region of the Punjab Himalaya when a group of the Oread MC decided to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Club by attempting the traverse of the classic "Kalaheyini" (Black Ice) pass at c. 16,000 ft. in the post-monsoon phase of October 1997. When Ernie Phillips, who knew Kulu from an earlier trek with Digger Williams and me, was told that I had accepted an invitation to lead the trek he responded with characteristic dry humour: "Ten Oread in the Himalaya! It'll be like herding cats!"

For veterans Gordon, George Reynolds, John Welbourne and me, there were adventures and misadventures too numerous to relate, but the finest account of the highlight of the expedition is drawn from the pen of Paul Bingham, mountaineer, ornithologist,

photographer and author, himself an Oread veteran

“Wednesday 20th October 1997...

At 1300 hrs, after one hour on the ice, the pass was reached. And what a pass it was! The view to the north and east was breathtaking. Before us, across the Kulu valley lay the Great Himalaya Divide stretching away in a series of fading infinite horizons. Mountains familiar from photographs and literature became reality- Deo Tibba, 19,450 ft, Indrasan, 20,410 ft, and Ali Ratni Tibba, 18,013 ft, had all featured previously in the history of the Oread and were now part of our present. The magnificence of it all, the vastness, the clarity of the air, and the achievement of our major objective cranked up the emotions and made for several lumpy throats.”

For Gordon, the consummate mountain artist these words of the eminent Lakeland poet John Ruskin seem to me to be particularly apt:

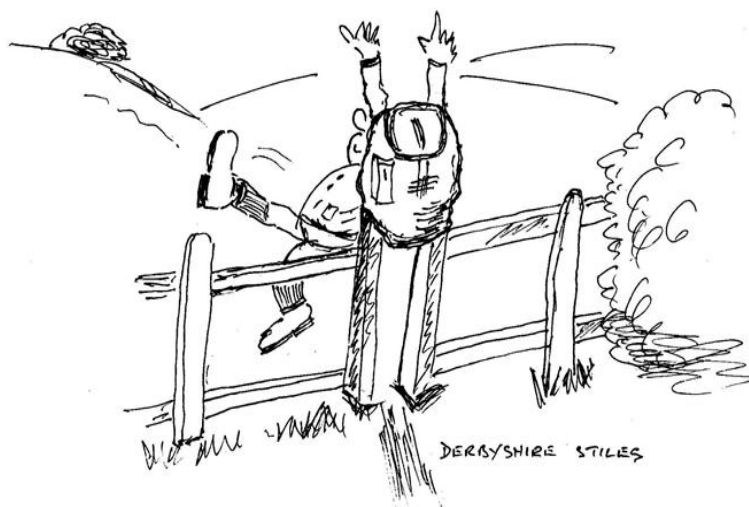
“These great cathedrals of the Earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars”

Thank God for mountains and the fulfilled life of Gordon Gadsby forged on their flanks!

Information on Member Activities

A warm welcome to provisional members Judith Dey and Mark Steel. We hope you will enjoy the club and look forward to getting to know you on meets.

Hobday's humour:



Hut Bookings February - March.

On your next visit to the huts you will notice that both huts are now equipped with police-approved key safes for the use of visiting clubs. The clubs are now supplied with a code (changed regularly) to access the key, thus avoiding the risks associated with posting keys. **You, as members, are not affected by this change**, you will continue to access the huts with your own key as normal.

TAN-YR-WYDDFA

8-9 May Cambridge Hillwalking Club
14-16 May Notts Wildlife Trust
22-29 May Kev Sarson

June
6 June Roches UK
12-13 June ABMSAC
15 June Notts Fire Service

HEATHY LEA

9 May Working Party and Barbecue.
15-16 May Jake Surman

June
5-6 June Neil Weatherstone
9-10 June Elaine Sutherland

“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: hutbookings@oread.co.uk

As from the 23rd April Derek is away for a month so all hut bookings to Pam Storer please.

you can reach Pam by the above email address or on her mobile at 07584493349.

Rusty's Puzzle Corner

This month's puzzle:

Less prolix this time – but easier? - I think not! (Ed.)

What is the name and location of a gritstone edge, unexplored by climbers so far as I am aware, which lies on the watershed of England, arguably on the shortest line between the sources of watercourses flowing to the East and West coasts?

Last month's puzzle:

Those who know my habits will be aware that I eat and sleep on Chrome, Parkhouse and Ecton hills. (Only the lack of the necessary cooperation has prevented the completion of the trip) Those who did not immediately recognise the photograph as Parkhouse could therefore make an intelligent guess. The Quiet Woman at Earl Sterndale is therefore the nearest hostelry, (distance 900m) The view, in shadow at 2pm, is the northern aspect and so the 'photo was taken from a point 900m to the North, beside the River Dove, which is feasible. The height is 360m, and the shoulder was specified as 750 ft. The vertical extent of the elevation is therefore. 131m. With 35mm format, the height of the film or sensor in the camera is 36mm, and the image, with the subject 900m distant and a 50 mm lens focused at infinity, would be of height $131000 \text{ times } 50 \text{ divided by } 900000$ or 7.3mm., 20% of the height of the frame. The height of an image printed on A4 paper (landscape) would therefore be 20% of 203 mm or about 40mm. Confused and possibly intoxicated at the time, I mixed the description of Diagonal Route on the Mot, in the Climbers Club guide, with Wainwright's description of Lords Rake on Scafell. Ashcroft, with time on his hands, will easily reach these conclusions.

The Cuillins (again).



Reverting to serious comment for a change, may I say how pleasing it was that a light hearted puzzle led indirectly to Jack's excellent description of the 1964 Sligachan meet, and the information therein about the ascent by respected former member Brian Cooke, later completed with Geoff Hayes.

Again, Jack's diaries and records have proved to be first class.

This is Sgurr MhicCoinnic seen from Sgurr Alasdair -don't know who the scramblers are – just one of the finest places I know. (Rusty.)

Tales from Les Baronnies: Four have fun in France

Ruth Gordon

Ooh, there's just a little bit of space left at the end so here's a few highlights of our post Easter trip to sunny (?) Provence. Team of four, Richard Hopkinson, Tony Howard, Snod and myself headed south out of glorious sunshine around Dijon into the gathering storm! It was fine as we set up camp on the Municipale at Buis les Baronnies but rained later. Nothing like what we got on Sunday- the village's annual fell race was conducted in a downpour of biblical proportions - trapped in a cafe for nearly two hours we wondered why we'd come. Meanwhile, as the flood coursed through my tent, Richard was silently offering up thanks that he hadn't managed to get a race entry.

Even on the worst two days we at least managed a walk, a couple of drizzly mornings yielded a good afternoon's climbing – the rock just dries **so** fast! A return to one of the stunning new via ferrata on St Julien was a must on another iffy day. At D+ the Roumpo Quieu was spectacularly steep even without the optional ED variation! Otherwise we had nine days of superb climbing, everything from a gentle warm up on delightful single pitch sports routes to some



challengingly bolted four pitch routes on the magnificent Rocher St Julien.

For Tony it was the most and best climbing he'd done on a holiday in years; Snod's rat was well fed on the steep cracks of Dierdre de Provence, Chaine de Gigondas (pictured, left); La Grotte and Espadon. (For extra excitement he took up catering: Spag Bol for the team single-handed on a camping stove – twice). It may have been more exciting for the rest of the team, particularly after he knocked my wine glass over for the second time.... Richard packed in the experiences, running, cycling, collecting snails and hiding them in people's shoes/tents etc plus some fine leads, notably the desperate top pitch of Pilier Gris – 5+? We think not!

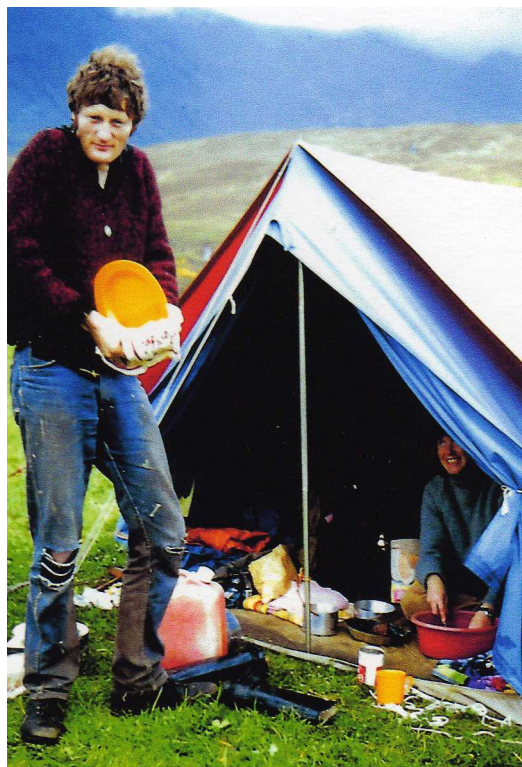
For me, a return to my all time favourite climbing holiday

venue. Beautiful places, good company, lots of laughs, fantastic climbing and more great memories to add to the bulging file that is Buis les Baronnies.

Happiness, distilled like lavender and bottled in my head. In retrospect even the Flood and lingering primeval swamp beneath the groundsheet begin to gain a certain charm.



From the archives



*And what of this groovy guy? (Is that a hat or a wig???)
(Photo courtesy of Jack Ashcroft).*

Forthcoming Meets:

Note there are some changes from the list published last month.

2015

May			
6 th	Evening meet	Stoney Middleton	Yahoo Group
8 th	Heathy Lea	Working party & barbecue	Mick Hayes
13 th	Evening meet	Stanage High Neb	Yahoo Group
16 th – 17 th	Northumberland	Joiners Shop, Alnwick	Dave Helliwell
20 th	Evening meet	Willersley	Yahoo Group
23 rd – 25 th	Spring Bank Holiday	No meet	Leader required
27 th	Evening meet	TBA	Yahoo Group
June			
3 rd	Evening meet	Froggatt	Yahoo Group
6 th – 7 th	Kiddies Meet	Heathy Lea	Neil Weatherstone
10 th	Evening meet	Windgather	Yahoo Group
13 th -14 th	Thirlmere	Smithy Hut	Chris Radcliffe
July			
7 th - 10 th	Tan yr Wyddfa	Working party	Dave Helliwell
11 th – 12 th	Gogarth	Camping	Dave Mawer
August			
1 st -15 th	Alpine Meet	Dolomites	Roger Gibbs
29 th – 31 st	S Pembroke	Camping	Pam Storer
September			
12 th – 13 th	Wye Valley	Camping	Derek Pike
19 th -20 th	Heathy Lea	Joint with DMC	Eddie James DMC
23 rd (eve.)	Curry Meet	Matlock	Simon Pape
26 th – Oct 3	Lundy	The Barn	Derek Pike
October			
TBA	Morocco	Tafraoute	TBA
November			
1 st	Dovedale Dash	Fell Race	Rob Tresidder
7 th	Bonfire Night	Heathy Lea	Pam Storer
14 th	Annual Dinner	Matlock Golf Club	Leader required
21 st – 22 nd	Coniston	MAM Hut	Tony Howard
December			
5 th – 6 th	Bullstones Meet	Long Walk	Rob Tresidder
16 th (eve.)	Black Rocks	Night cragging	Rob Tresidder
25 th – Jan 1	Christmas/NY	Tan-y-Wyddfa	TBA

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