



OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB MAGAZINE

AUGUST 2020



The first official Oread meet since lockdown. Wednesday walkers on Parkhouse Hill. Photo Chris Radcliffe.

Editorial

Walking and cycling meets are starting up again and both our huts are now open for members and their extended households/social bubbles or whatever the latest term is. Different rules apply due to the separate legislation in force in England and Wales. If you would like to book in to either hut contact Hut Booking Secretary Michael Hayes to make it work for you.

This issue has more amusing articles from early newsletters; memories of Molly Pretty and a plea for information about our Honorary Members. We have a double dip into Scottish winter with vivid memories of a glorious family day on the Ben and a hitch-hiker's guide to reaching Glencoe Youth Hostel in the mid '60s. More up to date – a new Roof Route in Duffield, brand new gear for sale and a write up of the first official post lockdown Wednesday walk.

Extra special this month a Quiz! In addition to the much discussed answer to Rusty's last puzzle and his next challenges we have "Mountaineering Quotations" to keep you on your literary toes.

Looking forward to hearing from you all. **Copy Deadline 24 September.**

Forthcoming meets 2020

The meets programme for the coming year is temporarily suspended but limited walking and cycling meets are now happening - see below.

Michael Moss. Email for Meets Secretary remains oreadmcmets@gmail.com

Wednesday 5 August Walk Goyt Valley Area Peter Amour

Start Point :- Derbyshire Bridge Car Park GR SK 0185 7155 (Free)

Time 10-00am for a 10-15am start.

I plan to take the remains of the former Buxton/Macclesfield Line, and then branch off on the Goyt Valley's eastern ridge, Burbage, heading north to connect onto the former railway trackbed. Continuing on to Burnsall Cob, footpaths will be used along the eastern valley side to then cross the Fernilee Reservoir Dam. The route will then head towards the ruins of Erwood Hall and take the higher ground onto Shining Tor before dropping into the valley and back to the start point. Around 12 miles in all. I shall take a packed lunch.

I look forward to seeing you there, hopefully the dale should be displaying its heather hues. If you planning to join us you **must** give me a call on 07827 378147, or email me onpeter@amour02.force9.co.uk so I can ensure the walk is organised to comply with current regulations and so I can keep an eye out for you at the car park.

Monday 17 August Mountain Bike Ride Spenser Gray

I will be running a mountain biking meet on 17th August starting from the car park at the southern end of Darley Abbey Park at 6.00pm. The route will head up onto Morley Moor before making a return journey via Ockbrook Wood, Waterloo Plantation, Ockbrook and back along the riverside with time to stop at the Smithfield for a swift pint (or two for those who can ride from their front doors).

The route is shown here:

<https://www.plotaroute.com/route/1206051>

Distance is 20 miles and there is 326m of ascent in the route so it's a fairly gentle ride with all of the climbing done by the point where the rider leaves Locko Park, I've ridden the route before and found it quite enjoyable, suitable for anyone with a hardtail or full sus mountain bike. There are a couple of short (200-300m) sections which would likely prove unsuitable for a gravel bike but I will happily wait for someone to push their bike through these if required.

To keep the size of the group manageable the meet will be limited in size to six people. If successful I will consider running further mountain bike meets which will similarly follow easy trails including the Nutbrook Trail, The Cloud Trail or the Erewash Valley Trail. I will also consider running some touring meets which will cover between 25 and 35 miles per day, these will probably recommence once we are allowed to share things like tents again.

Spenser Gray Email spenser.h.gray@googlemail.com Tel.07534 821500

Wednesday 9 September Walk Grindleford

Details in next month's newsletter.

Sunday 20 September Peak District Boundary Walk Langsett – Low Bradfield Pip Leach



I am writing this article in mid-June, while we have 'easing' of restrictions, 2m distancing, no more than six people meeting outdoors and no car sharing, unless from your own household. By September, who knows what the advice will be? Will restrictions be eased further, or will there be a second wave? Obviously there is a need for flexibility. The plan will change as necessary to comply with the regulations.

The route is 10.5 miles, 1,346ft/410m ascent, from Langsett to the pretty village of Low Bradfield, passing through Bolsterstone, there are some lovely views along the way and a couple of road sections, if this affects your choice of footwear. When I did a recce, pre-lockdown in March, it was really muddy underfoot

(after our incredibly wet winter) of course it will have baked hard in the spring sunshine and then got wet again in recent rain.

Personally, I'd rather avoid public transport, and bus routes, to connect the start/finish require going in to Sheffield and a change of bus, so I think shuttles, of sorts, will be needed. If I am unable travel in anyone else's car, I will use my bike, as I did for the recce. It's a great bike ride, but not for the faint hearted, as it goes up the Strines road, used in the 2014 Tour de France, with killer hills!

My suggestion, for those who can share lifts and can do a shuttle, is to meet at Low Bradfield at 10.00am (Dark Peak Explorer map OL1 GR SK 263920) there is ample parking on the bottom edge of the cricket ground. A couple of footbridges take you to a village hall and some public toilets, a bit basic and may/may not be open. Cars then need to be taken to the start at Langsett. Those who did the previous section may recall, there is a water authority car park (free but I'm not sure if it's open) just off the A616, go over the dam, turn left (GR 211004)

I would like to make the official start just outside the Bank View Café, the one with Tour de France 'King of the mountains' red polka dots on it! It may or may not be open for anyone wishing to have a cuppa. (Opening hours currently 10-3). We start by walking over the dam, opposite.

We will need to follow the current guidance at the time as regards numbers and social distancing. This is a shame, as our walks are normally so sociable, but there again, people naturally fragment into twos, threes and so on, as we go along.

In terms of lunch stops, depending on time, there is a short diversion to the trig point at Salter Hills (249973) it has superb views. Alternatively, there is a bench on the way in to Bolsterstone, just after the track turns to a lane, or as you descend the steep hill, after Bolsterstone, on the right. Both benches have sufficient grass around to keep a 2m distance.

Please let me know if you are thinking of coming along, nearer the time, so I can ponder on the logistics. If you have transport sorted amongst yourselves, that would be great, if you need transport, let me know, but we'd have to see nearer the time if we are permitted to travel in each other's vehicles with masks!

Really looking forward to seeing everybody,

Pip. Email: pippasleach@gmail.com tel. 07941 395856

10 October Peak District Boundary Walk John Gwyther

Details in next month's newsletter.

10 -11 October Heathy Lea 50th Anniversary Celebrations Pam Storer

We really hope to be able to have some sort of gathering and celebration at the hut. Details to follow when we have a clearer idea of what will be legal and sensible but put the date in your diaries now!

Member's Corner

Does anyone fancy a regular short walk with friends?

Shirley Wainwright writes:

I would love to get out more with the Oread but these days I cannot do the distances or match the speed of the Monday and Wednesday walking teams. Are there others who, like me, would enjoy three or four miles at a gentle pace in good company, in varied surroundings? If you are interested please be in touch and as soon as things return to something like normal we can give it a whirl.
Shirley Wainwright. Tel 01159 279384

Gear for Sale.



Suggested Prices below but offers welcome:

Unused Items all brand new but stripped of shop tags/wrappings etc.

Assortment of 6 Pegs - £15.00 or £4.00 each

Warthog - £20.00

Deadman - £15.00

DMM Dragon cam size 6 - £50.00

Set of 6 Black Diamond Micro Wires - £45.00

1 Dry treated 50m x 8.5mm half rope - £50

Little used items all in excellent condition

2 x Micro Camalot sizes .1 and .2 - £40 each

1 pair Dry treated 60m x 8.5mm half ropes - £100.00 for the pair

1 Jumar £30

Scarpa Manta - £100.00 used twice only on Mount Kenya and N Wales - size 12, however, I take size 10.5 to 11 street shoes and these boots fit me well with plenty of room inside.

Scarpa Omega double boots - £60.00 used in the Himalaya and Scotland - size unknown but similar fit to above, these have seen more use but still not enough to show wear at the heel.



Please give me a call on 07795 511582 if interested. Steve Bennett

Oread Honorary Members

We would like to get all the dates to do with all the honorary members that are in or have been in the club correct. Some are missing, please could you let me know if you know of any of the missing dates, or if anything is incorrect. I believe the ones without a joining date may not have been members prior to being awarded Honorary membership, but had been helpful to the Oread in various ways. Thanks.

Nigel Briggs nigel.briggs@btinternet.com or 01283 732925

	Joined Oread	Became Hon	Comment
Nat Allen	?	1963	Deceased 1995
Alf Bridge	?	1956	Deceased 1971
Laurie Burns	1953	1971	?
Eric Byne	1950	1953	Deceased 1969
Ray Colledge	1968	Pre 2013	Deceased 2014
Ken Griffiths	1950	1989	Deceased May 2012
Chuck Hooley	1957	1984	Deceased 2014
Margaret Hooley	1957	1984	Deceased Dec 2015
Pete Janes	1954	1998	Deceased April 2019
Sir Jack Longland	?	1956	Deceased Nov 1993
Cyril Machin	1949	1951	Deceased 1963
C.D. Milner	?	1973	Deceased 1991
Ernie Phillips	1953	1989	Deceased Oct 2011
Harry Pretty	Founder 1949	1960	Deceased 2003
Molly Pretty	Founder 1949	Pre 2013	Deceased Dec 2019
John Shreeve	1976	1995	?
George Sutton	Founder 1949	1959	Deceased 2019
John Welbourn	1952	1984	Deceased Jan 2012
Jack Ashcroft	1953	2019	
Derrick Burgess	1953	1993	
Paul Gardiner	Founder 1949	2014	
Dennis Gray	?	1993	
Colin Hobday	1959	1993	
Dave Penlington	Founder 1949	1989	
Robert Pettigrew	1951	2019	
Chris Radcliffe	1968	2005	
Tony Smedley	1974	2004	
Reg Squires	1967	2014	

Past Times and Old Friends

Tony Moulam, recent contributor to these pages, and well known to many older Oreads, would be delighted to hear from old friends and has asked for his contact details to be made available.

Email tonymoulam@gmail.com Tel. 01993 705888 07702 355109

Given his extensive knowledge of post-war climbing history and personalities some interesting conversations /correspondence could develop.

Here is a final article from the first newsletter of the club, June 1953

Baslow May 2nd/3rd D.C. (Charlie) Cullum

This meet which replaced the feebly supported Ogwen Meet, was blessed with perfect weather, and many were the severes and very severes which fell beneath the victorious boots of the Oread horde.

Gardom's seemed to be the favourite rendezvous. Here Johnny Fisher did a fine lead on Och Aye Wall, which he now agrees is best done in crampons. Elliot's Buttress is now minus its ironmongery, thanks to the same gentleman. Ernie Marshall was plastering the Edge with new routes, much to the detriment of a certain nylon rope.

Chatsworth Edge was also visited. "Ph" Phalkner went up the Empress's Crack, and the Emperor's too, "after the manner of his kind".

Those who camped behind Froggatt's farm, were beset at sunset on Saturday by an enormous swarm of large flying beetles. An expert coleopterist who was present identified these as dung beetles. No conclusion can be drawn from this fact.

Later there was a gathering in the "Robin Hood" but the singing was not of its normal fine quality. It seems that new songs are urgently required.

Dave Penlington visited us for a short time on Sunday. I gather he doesn't care for the Army very much.

Colin Morris and other newcomers were also around, doing great deeds. Watch this lad – he'll develop stripes any time now.

Some of us did pay Birchen's a brief visit. When the last of us departed the Edge had a strangely forlorn look. And, in accordance with tradition, a good time was had by all.

The following issue contains an account of the next Peak outing:

Chaos in Camp – trousers tied to tree-top

The woods below Froggatt contain many interesting wild creatures. On Saturday June 6th these included rats, a small snake, and several species of rare birds, including a number of that interesting nomadic species, the Tent-dwelling Oread. The campsite was an idyllic spot on an arboreal ledge by a little stream just below the Edge.

Some climbing was done on Saturday afternoon with such tigers as Colin Morris again showing off their skill while others, including Ed (whoever he may be) found most of the routes beyond them.

On Sunday morning a wild, bearded figure, “clad only in his shirt-tails” was seen climbing a tall tree. This turned out to be Mike Moore, whose trousers had inexplicably become entangled in the top-most branches. His donning of these garments at a great height was a spectacle wonderful to behold.

And where was Penlington?

Highlights of Sunday's activity were a club meet on top of the pinnacle, and the finding of a hawk's nest with five eggs in Hawk's Nest Crack. Many other routes were done, the tigers again burning bright, their glory also illuminating Phil Falkner, Ken Wright, Mike Moore and others.

An enjoyable weekend, helped by the traditional Oread fine weather.

Profile: Molly Pretty

from Newsletter November 1953 contributed by by George Sutton

Molly shares with Nan Axon the distinction of being one of the Club's two feminine founder members. She is a woman whose charm has endeared her to many Oreads, and whose intelligence is built into the very foundations of the Club.

One remembers the happy adventures – how she and Harry helped me to pitch a tent in the Allt a Mhuillin and then went to the pictures; how she led us blithely across the high pass to Torridon; of a glorious sunny walk from Malham Cove to Ingleton, and Drambuie that night in the “Wheatsheaf” - and a score of other days and nights.

Her 21st, for instance. Celebrated in a haze of rum at our spiritual home, Baslow, this inspired a moonlight ascent by a band of Oreads, not strictly sober, who clawed, hauled, pushed, cursed and sang their way gloriously to the top, Uncle Eric in the lead.

Those alone who shared the Lyngen/51 adventure will know just how much it owed to her help as a typist, and even greater service as hostess to the ever-hungry horde of conspirators who converged on Woodbine Cottage for their meetings. As her friend I know it took courage and greatness of heart and friendship of the highest order for her to approve, and even aid her husband's response to my appeal, “Come North and be damned.” Rarely are we privileged to witness such qualities in the normal round of our lives.

In recent years Molly has held office as a committee member and Hon. Treasurer, and brought feminine grace, and understanding to committee meetings, not previously notable for their quietude.

Molly was never a Tiger, nor the brightest star in the Oread firmament; that is not her nature – but the Club would be the less friendly and the less rich without her.

Molly's daughter, Laura, adds: “at the time of writing, George would not have known just how much extra typing and general “stuff” was to come in preparation of the South Georgia Expedition, to a lesser extent, the Derbyshire Himalayan Expedition, and latterly, the 50th anniversary journal, as I know, witness the boxes of files of hand typed letters I have at my house which I hope will eventually go into the archive in Matlock. I spent many a night falling asleep

to the sound of the typewriter, and days scooting around stacks of boxes of provisions accumulating prior to expedition departure in August 1954.

Lockdown Tales and good times remembered

A memorable family day out. Tony Smedley



Neil Weatherstone's delightful account of a happy family day out in last month's issue put me in mind of the outing behind one of my favourite photographs. This one of Barbara and me was taken on the top of Ben Nevis after the famously snowy winter of 1963. Fiona was 14 at the time and Vince 16. Vince and I were keen to do something a bit technical so we made our way up to the CIC hut and then to the summit via the Carn Mor Dearg Arete. Meanwhile Barbara and Fiona made their way up the Tourist path. By good luck – or was it good judgement? – we reached the summit pretty much at the same time. The photo shows the old rescue shelter in the background. (Grid Reference 167713). It was built to provide shelter to benighted or injured climbers but sadly it was so badly vandalised it was later demolished.

Then we set off down and soon discovered that lots of people were glissading down past the Red Burn so we sat on our anoraks and slid down in style!

My second photo is another from that same year, it shows Vince tackling a big snow patch on Snowdon.

I wonder if this will trigger other members' memories of special days, sharing the mountains with their children?

On the Road Again Dave “Snod” Helliwell

There was a wonderful magazine for aged climbers, some Oread members amongst its clientele, called **Loose Scree**. Now sadly defunct.

In one of its latter editions was an article about Jim and Ingrid from Glencoe Youth Hostel. We knew them quite well and in the mid 60s hitch-hiked up there frequently, particularly for New Year. I foolishly said to the Hon. Ed. that I would do an article of anecdotes for Loose Scree about our hitching exploits, but sadly Loose Scree finished before I got round to it.

Now Hon. Eds are like elephants **I trust he is referring to their brains???* Ed. and this was thrown back at me: “We are short of copy for the newsletter – get writing your hitch-hiking article.”

In the '60s hitch-hiking was a well known means of travelling to the crags and we visited many areas using this technique. A coiled rope around your shoulders put you well up the pecking order for lifts, only trumped by a delivery driver with trade plates under his arm or a serviceman in uniform. Even for a week long trip, all our possessions, including food liberated from our parents, and such little climbing gear as we possessed, fitted into a normal Joe Brown day rucksac. Today even a weekend at a climbing hut sees the the car rammed with food, more food, climbing gear, spare clothes, boots etc. etc.

We hitched to Glencoe over several years, winter and summer but I'm afraid I can only remember the winter trips. My companions, Gobbo, Rance, Mean Jim and Rod the Odd Bod were not much help when questioned. The object of these trips was mainly the partying, but each year in Winter we had an unsuccessful attempt on Clachaig Gully, usually in appalling conditions, and an equally dodgy traverse of the Aonach Eagach Ridge which one year we escaped from, in a howling gale and blizzard, down to Kinlochleven, arriving back at Glencoe hostel about 10 o'clock at night.

The first year we went (and often in subsequent years), Rance's mum drove us to the top of the Donny bypass on Christmas Day night and we slept on what I now know is a bearing shelf under an overbridge. We started hitching Boxing Day morning and Gobbo and Rod were soon away. Rance and I were next and we got a lift all the way to Glasgow – not bad. We ended up at Loch Lomond Youth Hostel – a fine castle, and now a five star hotel.

Next day was spent at the bottom of the drive – no lifts forthcoming. We were just about to give up, cold and hungry, Rance was tucking into a can of cold baked beans, when we got a lift to Ardlui, then a series of short lifts to Tyndrum. By now it was late and snowing so we spent the night in the phone box. We arrived at Glencoe the next morning at about the same time as Gobbo and Rod who'd also spent the night in a phone box at Lochearnhead, only to find, in the cold light of day, a closed hotel with a large covered patio where they could have

spread out.

Not long after, Mean Jim arrived on the back of a coal lorry accompanied by the Hemel girls – a group of girls from Hemel Hempstead who we subsequently met up with several times!!! We had all left at about the same time and arrived within an hour of each other after a 350+ mile journey!

Other interesting escapades – I can't remember the years – were spending the night in the cells at Hamilton – the desk sergeant saying we must be gone by 7.00 am before the inspector came in – we even got a cup of tea.

An interesting journey with Mean Jim. We got dropped in a really rough area of Glasgow and we could see a gang of youths eyeing us up – I said to Jim “Get your ice axe ready – there may be trouble”. Two of them came up to us and asked if we had any cigarettes. We told them (the truth) we had no ciggies or cash and we were starving. That seemed to be ok and off they went. Ten minutes later they came back with fish and chips and some ciggies for us. Just shows how wrong you can be!

Not long after we got a lift in a car and were asked if we could contribute to the petrol as they were broke as well. When we ran out of petrol we helped them shove it down the bank. Stolen perhaps?

The most exciting trip was a return from Edinburgh. Bullet and Pip were Brummies, we knew them from previous trips, they were Navy trainees and took us back from the youth hostel to Rosyth. We somehow got across Edinburgh and onto the A68. It was late, around midnight when a Sunbeam Rapier pulled up. Gobbo and Rance got in the back to find there wasn't really a seat, just a bench. I got in the front in a proper bucket seat. He set off like a bat out of hell and I thought – He's drunk. We're going to die. He then explained his name was Peter Harper and the car was his Rootes factory entry into the Monte Carlo Rally!! That was a very fast trip to Berwick.

Hand in hand with these trips are memories of the wonderful transport cafes we visited: the one on Bowes Moor, The Jungle on Shap, the one at Beattock with the revolving doors and, of course the tea room at Luss on Loch Lomondside. Cars and lorries didn't have much in the way of heaters in those days. In winter you opened the door of these places and the blast of heat nearly put you on your back.

One final hitch-hiking anecdote: I was hitching from Birmingham to Sheffield for a weekend's climbing with the Parnassus. Older members may twig this. I was picked up in Derby by two girls going to the Cock Inn in Ripley on a Friday night. They were the entertainers. I knew nothing – but they asked me to go with them and help backstage!! A night to remember!!!

Surely someone else out there must have some stories for the magazine. I'm getting writer's cramp.

Roof Route: Moderate 3a Some dangling required (to the Cornice) Mike Wren



The lockdown has been a great opportunity to catch up with jobs around the home that may have been put off for years, and neglected in favour of climbing or other fun activities.

Quite satisfying when you fix things, so better get stuck in and make a virtue out of necessity.

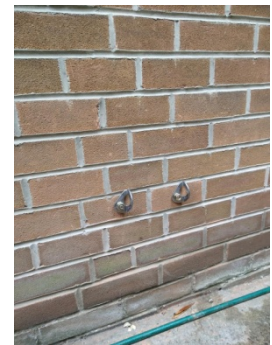


But it seemed difficult to inject much challenge or fun into exercise within the curtilage of your property.



How many times can you vary fingerboard work? In the absence of outdoor facilities like Simon's hand built garden creation, (not jealous, honest), what could one find?

Being a climber, one's gaze often strays upwards. Replacing the mortar that had fallen out of the dormer roof verge some years back looked like a useful project to involve some climbing, and even use of a



rope.

We could regard it as the cornice on the East face of the North East Buttress of Wren Towers roof. So an expedition to repair it was mounted.

Access will be from the north by the North East Couloir. Simple to install a fixed ladder bridging the bergschrund between the subsidiary Garage roof and the main one.



But, two hands will be need to effect repairs. What about gravity? Mmmm? Solution was to redeploy two bolts from the fingerboard to the south house wall, to effect solid anchor points.

Using the technique observed in "Saving Lives at Sea", a few throws places a line over the house, enabled a fixed rope to be put in place in the couloir.

After inspection, and much googling, replacing the cornice (mortar based verge) with a "dry verge"

was selected as the solution.

The system selected was difficult to source early on in the depths of the lockdown.

Chrissie at Roofgiant Ltd in Market Harborough, and her boss Dave, both working from home, came up trumps, and got the plastic sent in a few days, even getting replacement material sent, when the manufacturer initially sent the wrong stuff. A top firm if you ever need roofing stuff.

Foot access was required right up to the roof apex, and some ladder hooks from ebay, enabled a short spare ladder to fill the bill.

So on with the job. The fibre cement board disintegrated on handling, so a roof batten was needed to complete the job.

Jewsons in Derby had just opened, with a skeleton staff. They did a phone order for me, and left the batten (sawn in half) out for me to collect from their spookily empty yard. They had saved the day, and the batten and new dry verge were duly fitted in glorious weather.

It was good using the shunt in anger again. First time to the summit ridge since putting a telly aerial up in the 70s.

Inspection from the ground shows the matching Cornice on the West face of the North West ridge is still in perfect condition. Would be nice to have them matching, but ...

We are back on the crags now (Yippee!) so the plastic bits for that side can stay in the garage, available for a similar route - if we ever have another house arrest session.



Historic Mountaineering Quotes: a Quiz. Pete Scott

Here are some well known mountaineering quotes. Test your knowledge on who said them and under what circumstances.

Answers and background information in the next newsletter.

QUESTIONS

- 1 Which mountaineer, 1855-1895, said in his biography, 'My Climbs in The Alps and Caucasus', "It has been frequently noticed that all mountains appear doomed to pass through these three stages:
An inaccessible peak,

The most difficult ascent in the Alps,
and third”?

- 2 “I have not lost the magic of long days, I have them, dream them still.
Still am I master of the starry ways, and freeman of the hill”
Who wrote this during WW1 and why did he carry on to write?
“Shattered my glass, ere half the sands have run,
I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won”
- 3 This president of the AC (1935-1938) had local family textile connections.
What was his name and to what mountain was he referring?
“The –still unclimbed- continues to be an obsession for the mentally deranged of almost every nation. He who first succeeds may rest assured that he has accomplished the most imbecile variant since mountaineering first began.”
- 4 This I have often quoted to myself on desperate climbs or working in the garden’.
“Climb if you will, but remember that courage and strength are nought without prudence, and that a momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime. Do nothing in haste; look well to each step; and from the beginning think what may be the end”.
Edward Whymper wrote this in the concluding paragraph to his Autobiography, Scrambles Amongst the Alps, 1871.
He made the first ascent of The ridge of The
Disaster struck when of the party of seven fell to their death.
- 5 Who said this as an introduction to the debate on training and certification at a BMC conference I attended many years ago.
“If you’re not prepared to don’t go climbing”.
Allegedly another of his quotes was “Slow drivers cause accidents.”
- 6 WP Haskett Smith 1854-1946
Made the first ascent (With whom!?) of
“My next thought was one of wonder whether getting down again would not prove far more awkward than getting up.”
- 7 A letter written in 1921 to Geoffrey Winthrop Young.
“We are just about to walk off the map.”
Who wrote this letter? Where were they? What were they looking for?
- 8 Which two members of the Oread, during a miserable bivouac with pouring water and rock fall, agreed, “we’re not ever coming back up ‘ere again.”
Three days later they did and made a successful ascent of this North face.

Who? Which North Face?

- 9 Which single word links the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the approach of the Nanda Devi Sanctuary?

News and Reports from Meets

Earl Sterndale Wednesday 1st July 2020 John Green



Socially distanced walking on the way to Chrome hill. Photo Chris Radcliffe.

A small but experienced group of Oreads gathered outside the “Quiet Woman” pub in Earl Sterndale at 10.00am, ready for the day's challenge. In addition to the usual problems of hill walking in the UK, today we also had to stay two metres apart which was a challenge in itself. This was the club's first walk after lockdown as an official meet.

The weather was good and after the steep descent of Hitter Hill we started up Parkhouse, a hill that was once defended by a farmer with a shot gun! The climb went without incident but the leader found the descent quite hard, using more infantile techniques in places.

All reunited at Dowel Dale we set off up Chrome Hill, less of a technical ascent, it was great for the views especially after the early lunch on the summit. A descent from here took us out to Tor Rock and a lesser used track over to the road at point 416m. A little road walking was endured by the participants before the climb over Hindlow brought us to the B5053 which was crossed before the final slog up the bridleway at the side of Hindlow Quarry then back down Fernidale to our cars.

I think it fair to say most enjoyed it. Not a big walk by any means but certainly

an achievement. 11k with 445 mtrs of ascent according to my tracker. It would be a real deal in winter conditions, but I may be a little too old now! Thanks to everyone who came, it was great to have company again on the hills.

The News from Wales 19 – 21 July Ruth Gordon

We decided to let the Sunday beach trippers get away ahead of us so we left Derbyshire at 1.00 pm and headed for Tan yr Wyddfa. The day became brighter and sunnier by the moment so 4 pm saw us heading, not for Rhyd Ddu, but to Ogwen where people were leaving in hordes and we parked easily below Milestone Buttress. We encountered a large Indian family, little girl Ama, racing joyously up the rocky path, ignoring the warning cries of mother and aunties: “You will slip!”

“She just does not listen!” her mother told us. Go for it Ama!

A fine new boulder path is being constructed here and unwisely we followed this too high and ended up bog and boulder skipping before descending to join the Idwal slabs track where, surreally, we were passed by a crocodile of four - father in perfect black suit, and three sons, dressed down in pristine white long sleeved shirts, all wearing little black skull caps.

Then we had to flog directly up to the bottom of Sub Cneifon Rib. That felt like hard work – but the route, in the evening sun was as idyllic as the guide book says. The rocky descent down a stream bed less so, and after rejoining the Idwal track and meeting the herd of delightful and friendly Welsh ponies that now graze the area, another long bog trot back to the faithful Panda. It was 10.30 before we reached the hut!

Monday morning was mercifully cloudy, I was so stiff from the day's exertions I could barely climb the stairs. So we got on with cleaning up the hut – the spiders had taken possession. Pretty, delicate spiders that, when threatened, threw themselves into frantic whirling – we tried to clean up their excess webs without harming them. After all there was evidence that they had been keeping house for us. Plenty of dead insects on the window sills. We also removed all the pillows, mattress covers and towels in accordance with BMC advice.

Come afternoon we finally acknowledged that neither of us felt up for climbing so we headed for Criccieth. Sun, sea and sand. Paddling, rock pools, hermit crabs and superlative ice creams from a guy who lives just below Cader Idris and walks up there most mornings – back before work! Back at the hut we fell out on the weeds that had sprung up between the slates around the back door and cut the hedge – someone taller than us will need to nip off the bits we couldn't reach! Tuesday we cleaned and tidied up and left by 11 am. We left the fire doors to the bedrooms propped open, to allow air circulation. It would be a good idea if they are left that way after each visit. Otherwise some rooms might not be opened for a long while.

Back to Ogwen. Harder to park at this time of day but we found a space and headed up to Milestone Direct. We were following a party of three but they were well ahead and we never caught up. The route was as stunning and varied as I

remembered but so, so polished. It seemed impossible that feet would stick – but somehow they did. We slided our way up to the top of the chimney pitch – to find a very new abseil sling in place. We did the top pitch and the trad descent down a nasty wet gully – also well equipped with abseil tat – which we were glad to use. The midges were biting by the time we got down and drove us rapidly down to the breezy lake side. Late lunch at 4.30 pm and head for home.

Verdict: Snowdonia is very busy. Choosing where and when to park and climb needs a bit of thought, luck, timing and flexibility. There are a lot of camper vans about and a lot of camp sites are still closed, even for vans, so they are tending to fill up laybys. The cafe carpark at Tremadoc isn't available so parking there is very limited. On the other hand we found parking in Ogwen and Criccieth and never felt uncomfortably close to people, even in the ice cream queue on the sea front! Go and enjoy!

Hut Bookings.

All bookings for both huts will be separated by three days.

TAN-YR-WYDDFA

Now open for bookings by members and their households/social bubbles. The regulations in Wales are more restrictive than in England and are subject to change, hopefully for the better! As of now a group can stay in the hut and/or in a camper van with its own facilities in the car park.

The grass was cut on 1 July by local man, Matt Williams, and will be cut again in early August, so no worries about having to tackle a hay field if you visit!



HEATHY LEA

Now open for bookings by members and their households/social bubbles.

All queries and outstanding payments should be addressed to Michael Hayes, the Hut Bookings Secretary: 179 Starkholmes Rd. Starkholmes, Matlock DE4 5JA Mobile 07771 700913. Email: michaelhayes6688@gmail.com

Reciprocal Rights

We have been informed that at present the FRCC has suspended Reciprocal Rights with kindred clubs and, like us, are only allowing their own members to book their huts. It is likely that many clubs will be making similar arrangements in the short term.

Information on Member Activities

Chris Wilson helpfully gave us all a completely garbled version of his new email address last month!

His correct new address is chriswilson48.cw@gmail.com

Rusty's Puzzle Corner

Last month's puzzle solution:

There was a pleasing response from Laura Booth, Roger Chapman, Mike Hayes and Snod to last month's puzzle. Those who put pen to paper and reply I believe are the tip of the iceberg and an indication that far more read it than actually respond. Since adding interest to the club correspondence is more important than actually winning or losing then it would seem that we are fulfilling our aims.

Firstly I accept Roger's amendment that 2000 ft rather than 1500 is the lower height limit for a mountain. All realize that since the Ben at 4406 only contributes 8 points from the first two digits, then the 2 and 3 thousanders, with greater contributions from the less significant digits will provide the winner. Snod and Roger both chipped in with Aonach Mor at 3999 on the old map but, as Roger pointed out, this has been re surveyed at over 4000. Other responses were from Roger Chapman (Illgill Head at 1999) , Mike Hayes with Derry Cairngorm at 3789 and Laura Booth (Bein a Chlaidhemh at 2999).

With regard to the question of amended survey results, my feeling is that any published height from a source considered authoritative at the date of publication should be admissible, regardless of later events and so I declare Snod and Roger the winners by a single digit with a score of 30, the highest mathematically possible in the UK mountains, with Laura a gallant runner up. Thank you all for giving it a go.

This month's puzzle

The Oread of course has a thriving sub culture of motorcyclists, and it was agreed that Derek, Ruth, Snod and myself should meet for a day's riding. The suggestion was that we should assemble at a point such that we all travelled the same distance to the meeting point. The crude coordinates of our homes were myself 18 54, Snod 03 79 Ruth 30 61 and Derek 38 37. It seemed at first impossible to find a point equidistant from the four and so we tried to be chivalrous and lessen Ruth's journey by carrying out the exercise for the other three. Being idle, I set the computer to do a trial and error process. It tried out a few million random squares whilst I had a cheese buttie and came up with a location near the balmy scenery of Rotherham at which point we abandoned the plan and decided on a sensible local rendezvous with a car park. Looking at the map though I realized belatedly that the process was to draw a circle through the three points and meet at the centre. By this time it had become a purely academic exercise and it was clear that any circle through three defining

points would not necessarily pass through the fourth point. The stock of red Leicester was considerably depleted before a process to find a point equidistant from the four homes was devised. How should this be done and what geometrical form would be required?

**And for those who prefer their puzzles pictorial:
Who? Where? When?**

Who is this hero powering up the overhanging crack? He might recognise himself? Or perhaps you recognise his companions, the route, the crag?



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