



OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 2021



Inspirational – Paul Gardiner shows the way on the final leg of the Peak District Boundary Walk. Photo Peter Amour.

Editorial

A real bumper issue this month with a full meets programme for the rest of the year – though there are several meets still needing a leader – can you help?

There is also the winter lecture programme to be organised- last year's Zoom sessions were much enjoyed – how about sharing some of your holiday memories with members?

Elsewhere tales of derring do on a Pembroke E4 and a gruelling cycle ride on pages 7-9 followed by no

less than eight meet write- ups, including of course the Boundary Walk finale. There are also further tributes to Digger Williams, and sad news of the death of another old member, Mike Berry.

Copy Deadline 20 September.

Forthcoming Meets 2021

Michael Moss: email: mamoss@btinternet.com Tel 07932 420414

August	27-30	Pembroke or N Wales	Tan yr Wyddfa	Dave Helliwell
September	8	Wednesday walk	Calver	Chris Radcliffe
	10-12	MAM Hut	Ogwen	Leader needed
	16	Thursday short walk	Gratton Dale	Ruth Gordon
	24-25	Lowstern hut Clapham	Yorkshire Dales	Nigel Briggs
	25	Weekend walk	Monyash	Stuart Firth
	28-3 October	Working party	Tan yr Wyddfa	Dave Helliwell
October	3	BARMY competion	Peak District	Michael Moss
	6	Wednesday walk	Ashover	Peter Amour
	9	Working Party	Heathy Lea	Chris Wilson
	16-17	Curry meet	Tan yr Wyddfa	Leader needed
	23	Weekend walk	South Derbyshire	N & J Briigs
	29-31	Strawberry Cottage	Glen Affrie	CANCELLED
	29-31	Replacement meet	Tan yr Wyddfa	Leader needed
November	1	Indoor evening climbing starts	Climbing Unit Derby	
	3	Wednesday walk	Brassington	John Gwyther
	5	Working party and Bonfire	Heathy Lea	Chris Wilson
	13-14	Cwm Eigiau	Snowdonia	Janet Briggs
	20	Weekend walk	Venue TBD	Peter Amour
	26-27	Fylde MC hut swap	Little Langdale	Dave Helliwell
December	1	Wednesday walk	Wetton Mill	Rusty Russell
	4	Annual Dinner	Fox & Goose	Chris Radcliffe
	5	Post Prandial Walk		Leader needed
	10 -12	Bullstones		Leader needed
	15	Black Rocks evening meet	Cromford	
	18-19	Weekend walk	Venue TBD	Pip Leach TBC
	24 – 3 Jan	Christmas/New Year	Tan yr Wyddfa	
	26	Boxing Day Walk	Miners Arms Brassington	Gathering. No leader.
January	1	New Year's Day walk	Peak District	

Winter 'Zoom' talks

The summer has not yet ended (although it does feel as though it may have done today) and my thoughts are moving onto the winter. After the series of successful Zoom talks that was run last winter we are looking at running a series this winter, starting in October. More details will be in a future Newsletter, but if anyone would like to volunteer to give a 'slide' show and talk over Zoom to club members please get in touch with me. It does not have to be a full slot, if anyone has an interesting short tale to tell we can run a couple, or more, in a single session.

The success of these talks relies on people volunteering to talk.

Nigel Briggs. email: Nigel.briggs@btinternet.com tel. 01283 732925

27 – 30 August Bank Holiday Tan yr Wyddfa Snod Helliwell

Tan yr Wyddfa is booked so just get onto the new web site and reserve your bed – and let me know you are coming. It is so easy to do even I managed it! Here's hoping the long-awaited heat wave will choose this weekend and Cloggy will beckon – or Black Rock Sands if you just want to play at the seaside! Hope to see lots of you there. Remember to take a Covid lateral flow test before you come.

Dave "Snod" Helliwell tel 01298 812753 email fingertipdave@outlook.com

8 September Wednesday Walk Calver Chris Radcliffe

Meet at Calver village by the Bridge Inn for a 10:30 departure. Grid Ref: SK2473 7438. We may be able to park in the pub car park, but there are usually a number of places near the school. The route follows the Derwent north to Froggatt Bridge, then a section of the "Grindleford Gallop" through Eyam to Longstone Edge. Stunning views from the Edge which we traverse and then descend through Rowland to Hassop. A short road stretch leads to Bank Wood ridge and back to Calver. About 20 km with 550 m elevation. As several folk will be away at this time, it would be helpful if you could let me know by text or email if you are interested to join me for this walk.

Chris Radcliffe email chris@farfields.co.uk Tel. 07770 883259

10-12 September Glan Dena MAM hut Ogwen

We have 12 spaces reserved in this excellent and well-situated hut and a meet leader is needed. Please contact Michael Moss to book your place.

Michael Moss: email: mamoss@btinternet.com Tel 07932 420414

Thursday 16 September short walk Ruth Gordon

This will be a wander taking in Long Dale and Gratton Dale, past Mouldridge Mine to Pikehall, and following the trail back to the cars.

Park at Friden car park on the High Peak trail SK 173 609 for an 11.00 am start.

About five miles, no big hills and taking in a national nature reserve.
Ruth Gordon email alistair.ruth@btinternet.com tel. 01629 56636

Saturday 25 September Monyash walk Stuart Firth

This will be a magical mystery meander from Monyash and might involve Magpies. Meet at the Old Smithy Cafe at 10:30 GR150 665. A quick glance at OL24 reveals that we may walk off the edge of the map and who knows what might happen then. Approx 10 miles. Bring lunch.
Stuart Firth tel. 07977 458048

24 – 25 September Clapham, Yorkshire Dales Nigel Briggs

We are holding a meet at the Yorkshire Ramblers Club's Lowstern Hut, just outside Clapham, Yorkshire. We have 16 spaces available in the hut for the Friday and Saturday nights. The hut is well situated for many activities. There is plenty of climbing, both sport and traditional in the area, the well known venues such as Malham and Gordale are a short drive away and some other less well known crags such as Giggleswick, Attermire and Twistleton are closer.

There is excellent walking to be had from the hut as you are on the edge of the Three Peaks area. Any one, two or all of the peaks are achievable in a day from the hut (all three would be a 'good' day out). Or, if so inclined, the area offers excellent running. The area is rich in cycling challenges both for road and mountain bikes. If none of the mentioned attractions appeal you could always go cave spotting!

Please be aware that the hut has a single large dormitory so you will be sleeping in the same room as others. Alternatively there is a large parking area where you could sleep in a van if you have the means. As with other social gatherings we request that you do not attend if you have any of the symptoms of Covid, and that you take a lateral flow test, and return a negative response, within two days of the meet. This is for everyone's peace of mind and safety.

If you are interested in coming along please get in touch with me.

The area is also rich in Tea Shops and cafes and you may be able to find curd tart, now **that** is worth searching out!h

Nigel briggs email: Nigel.briggs@btinternet.com tel. 01283 732925

28 September – 3 October Tan yr Wyddfa Working Party Snod Helliwell

The hut is booked from Tuesday 28th to Sunday 3rd including the Sunday night for a working party with time for some fun as well. Nobody is expected to work all the time, particularly if the sun is shining and warm rock beckons. Hope to see lots of folk there, please let me know if you are coming.

Snod, email fingertipdave@outlook.com or phone me on 01298 812753 and leave a message.

Sunday 3 October 10.30 am BARMY Competition Peak District Michael Moss

BARMY, or best all round mountaineer of the year, puts the emphasis on ground covered. The format will be similar to previous years, with categories for climbers, runners, walkers, and for this year, bikers.

Points will be awarded for crags visited, climbs done, triangulation points reached. Additional points for stone circles, monoliths, pubs and cafes visited. There will be bonus points for visiting both grit and limestone, for pinnacles climbed, for top technical pitch, max. altitude reached, for clipping a bolt or peg, swims taken and maximum crow flying distance from the car park reached. There will be a handicap in favour of the 70+ and for for each child completing the course. There may also be points for wearing traditional dress: breeches or bright lycra spring to mind, where supported by photographic evidence. It will be a team event. if you are looking to join a team please advertise via Facebook and/or the Oread io group. Duration is up to 7 hours. The competition will start at the NT car park between Froggat edge and the Grouse Inn. Convenient for a social at the Grouse after the event.

Scoring scheme...

The goal is a good day out in the Peak. There will be separate categories for climbers, for runners/walkers, and for those using bikes. The scoring is the same for all:

10 points per crag visited,

10 points per per climb, increased to 11 for one star, 12 for two star and 15 for three star routes.

20 points for each of patronising a pub or, crossing stepping stones, visiting stone circles or monoliths, clipping a bolt or peg, taking a swim, and for visiting both grit and limestone.

20 point handicap in favour of teams including the 70+ or children (40 if you manage both).

50 points for trig points, pinnacles, longest as-the-crow-flies distance from the car park and hardest technical pitch.

-2 points per minute over 7 hours.

20 points for completing period costume (britches, bright lycra..) or fancy dress.

Boulders count, but climbing teams must take a rope & gear.

Michael Moss: email: mamoss@btinternet.com Tel 07932 420414

Wednesday 6 October walk from Ashover Peter Amour

I plan to start the walk from the free car park in Ashover Parish Hall Car Park, Milken Lane. Meet up at 10-00am for a departure 15 minutes later.

The 10.5 mile meandering, undulating route will pass through/near the following places: Farnhill - Alton - Littlemoor - Handley Lodge/Handley - Woolley - Woodhead Grange - Littlemoor - Milltown - Overton Hall - Goss Hall - Marsh Green - Rattle and (hopefully) back to the cars. I sense one of the three pubs will welcome us with open arms for a liquid top up after a change of footwear.

Should you wish to contact me my number is 07827 378147. I look forward to seeing you there.

23 October Weekend Walk, South Derbyshire, Nigel and Janet Briggs

For our October weekend walk we thought we would drag you South from the Peak District to explore some of the area around Calke Abbey and the surrounding hills and parts of the National Forest. If the weather is good there should be some fine views over the Trent and Dove valleys and in the other direction towards Charnwood Forest. There will also be an opportunity to look at some of the old tramway tracks and associated lime kilns at Calke. More precise details will be in the next newsletter when we have done a recce of the route.

News, Articles and Reports from Meets

The George Starkey Hut Patterdale

Paul Hudson of ABMSAC would like Oread members to know that the hut is now open again and places can be booked via george-starkey-hut.com by small groups of Oreads outside of our official meets. Although the hut is fairly busy at weekends weekdays are often available. Please use the Booking Code Oread 8249-72. This will allow him to recognise that the booking is from an Oread member.

Wildcat Robbery Martin Lancaster



A heads up to those of us who casually leave our rucksacs at the base of Wildcat.

I returned to my sac to find my apple half eaten. My first suspect was my climbing partner Chris (Wilson). Chris put up a good defence pointing out that the bite didn't match his dental records. The culprit had very small teeth and obviously a very acute sense of smell. Strong enough to smell the apple through two layers of

rucksack nylon then chew through the nylon to feed on the apple. Squirrel or rat? I prefer to think it was a squirrel. I chucked the remains of the apple and disinfected what was left of the top pocket. Bring fruit at your peril.

Pan Roger Gibbs

The gull looked at me quizzically. It almost seemed to be sneering.

“You? Down there? You’re having a laugh aren’t you?”

We had checked out No Man’s Zawn a couple of times already, once on the way back from an adventurous day climbing at Lydstep Point. Lydstep had involved quite a lot of wandering around to find the correct abseil and that fun feeling of venturing into the unknown but fortunately my partner has an unerring sense of direction and dropped into the right ledge perfectly. No Man’s Zawn, by contrast, is pretty easy to find, but decidedly tricky to actually see. We’d ended up traipsing around the far end of the zawn and trying to peer back in from the seaward end. It was pretty difficult to work out what was dry and where anything went. Then the in situ bore trapped us to talk at us about how his mate had fared on the route. Let’s just say it didn’t inspire confidence.

The next visit was one of those snatched moments which will be all too familiar to those used to combining family trips and climbing trips.

“Go on then,” she said.

“Er, ok.” I won’t uncork that bottle just yet then. The obvious advantage being that there was no time to worry about what was coming up. We grabbed the kit and scarpered before anyone changed their mind. We didn’t bother with the long-range scoping operation this time, despite the rain the previous day and night. I rigged the abseil and gingerly lowered myself a few feet over the edge. Blimey it looked steep. And wet. Really wet. I hauled myself back out and passed on the bad/good news. Chris (not an Oread member) repeated the inspection process and even his immense enthusiasm and general disregard for anything as trivial as water running off the rock had to acknowledge that it wasn’t happening today. We debated something easier, something drier but this was the real prize and there seemed little point burning pass outs and good will on a passing fancy. We might even enjoy ourselves. Back to the campsite for dinner and fun.

Maybe these abortive attempts had lulled me into a false sense of security, because I was certainly feeling pretty relaxed when we checked in for the third visit. It was another evening session, I’d already been running (!) and in the sea rather than lying down in a dark room which is what I probably needed. It looked ok (or at least it looked dry) and I was soon sliding down to join Chris. He had volunteered to set up the belay as he could remember roughly where the route went from a previous attempt back in about 2013. I descended slowly, trying to make the route description fit. From studying comments on UKC, it was clear that route finding was a real challenge on this wall. I strapped in, still none the wiser as to where we were going. Oh well, Chris is going first so I can just follow his chalk. Maybe.

It was cold in the hidden depths and my leg went to sleep at one point but Chris made steady progress. My left foot felt like it was made of wood, so I wriggled and squirmed to try to get some life back into it. Was this a good enough excuse? The gear looked mighty spaced from here. I recalled an article penned by Steve McClure about flashing a Birkett desperate in the Lakes called Impact Day. He’d talked about how the challenge of these routes, apart from climbing the damn

things, is making all the elements line up – willing partner, weather, conditions. I might not be back here for a very long time. Everyone I know has done the thing now. I've got to get on it. The tide was nearly out and the sand at the bottom of the zawn was starting to emerge from the waves. At least I won't have to lower off into the sea if it all goes really pear shaped.

Chris had topped out now. I couldn't really tell what he was saying over the noise of the sea, but he was clearly pretty chuffed. He shifted the abseil a little and slid back down, removing the gear.

"I can leave this one in if you're feeling a bit wiggy, it's bomber," he said indicating a wire six feet above the belay.

"No, it's fine," I replied with a confidence I didn't feel. No warm up, feeling decidedly chilly and with a dead leg. Fine. Something about the crux of the route being getting on it crossed my mind. And how you've just got to ignore the factors that are against you and simply try your best.

I set off on one of the best routes I've ever done. One of the most memorable adventures so far. The climbing was positive but steep and "in your face" right off the belay. I battled to get the bomber wire that Chris had just removed back in. Nothing was slick and I was all fingers and thumbs. Peering up, already concerned at the rising pump I considered the disturbing distance to the next likely gear spot. Everything leaned and it was impossible to get any weight off my arms. There was a cam slot Chris has used. I hate cams on limestone. Above that there looked to be a stout pull past the deep break and then a long way to a hand crack before the long traverse left.

I dithered some more. There was no flow, no commitment. I was gripped. I was forced to rest. With hindsight I should have lowered back to the belay and started again for a much more satisfactory experience. After resting, I pulled back on and looked across. I now had a reassuring chunky cam in the crack at head height and some vague feeling in my finger. Worryingly, the overhanging scoops to the left seemed to slope crazily in all the directions you don't want. The next obvious gear was miles away. I set off, lurching up to good holds. After a few moves I managed to get a bridged semi rest. No runners. Just breathe. Now the machine started to hum a little. I was still pretty terrified and it took some time to pluck up the courage to continue. A half decent cam and a thread. Alright, let's go. I hope that tiny pillar has holds. It did but I was properly boxed now. Another move or two and I'm into the groove heading back right. The holds are massive but I'm fully into survival mode now. A chunky wire in a chunky crack. If I was fresh this would be fine but I'm going very deep indeed. The buckets keep on coming but the angle has steepened again. I can see the exit onto grass above me. One last wire. I stand up on top of the flake and twist floppy feeble fingers into the grass. If the plants rip I'm going miles. Using teeth and desperation I manage a knot in the abseil rope and clip a quickdraw into it. I roll over onto the top panting.

Another gull eyes me from the other side of the zawn, as mocking as his mate. A long way from perfect but what a belter. What an adventure. I gaze back down. Did I really just climb that?

I staggered back to the campsite as the real world crept back in.

A little research in the guidebook. Pat Littlejohn had probably wandered into the bottom of the zawn, knocked the sand off his boots and set off. No chalk, all on

sight. Now that would have really been an adventure! He did another new route on the same day too!

Does 425 matter? Nigel Briggs

At the end of my article about my ride in the 2019 24 hour time trial championship I left it with the question as to whether covering 425 miles mattered to me. With no '24' in 2020 I had plenty of time to think about it and in the end I decided 425 did matter!

So on the 17th July at 13:41 I was starting the 2021 National 24 hour championship. The event coincided with the hottest weekend of the year with the temperature in the 30's for most of the event, really only dropping to comfortable conditions in the early hours of Sunday morning.

The conditions took their toll and out of the 57 starters only 37 completed the event of which I was one. I finished with a distance of 412.97 miles and I won my age group category (60-64, I was not the only one!) and it was a pb for me by 2.93 miles! So all in all I was pleased with the ride particularly given the conditions.

The men's event was won with 521.68 miles (Robbie Mitchell) and the women's with 490.28 miles (Christina Murray) which was a new competition record.

Thanks to my support team (Janet Briggs, Mark Briggs, Jeff and Sue Bowler) for keeping me fed, watered and motivated and most importantly cool!

425 will have to wait for a future year!



In full flight on my way to 412.97 miles – I had an extra water bladder down the front of my jersey!

26 June The Limestone Way - The Southernmost Stretch Peter Amour

Mike and Helen Hayes, Stuart Firth, John Gwyther and myself found the first footpath in Ellastone and promptly lost the second, the day was to be one of meet leader bungling and obstructions through the infrequent use of footpaths. The route from Ellastone to Roston would see us taking terrain of residential back gardens, growing crops and pasture land, almost always bounded by high vegetation, including fully grown nettles and the like. The meet leader wasn't unduly concerned, he was wearing trousers, unlike John and Stuart who were in shorts.

As we passed through Roston I told Mike of my last Roston visit over 40 years ago when I arrived in a car-sized van with my father-in-law, thinking that I could be bringing back some live poultry but found the old boy had purchased a Shetland Pony, which was then enticed into the back of said van - could you imagine explaining to an insurer if the driver had been distracted by the equine passenger!

We left Roston to get a close view of more unusual livestock, Alpacas, path side, some of which were displaying their surging libido, to the expected level of comment by Oreads. The next section had me "lead" the mis-led through land more suited to an Indiana Jones set, a machete would have been a good aid. Our next significant port of call was the pleasant village of Marston Montgomery, our arrival coincided with lunch time - I offered sitting in the church grounds to nosh but was over-ruled by the pub being next door, so pints it was.

Post lunch we progressed through a mix of pastures, small woods and parkland, skirting Abbottsholme Public School to briefly join the Staffordshire Way Dove side and enter Rocester with it's huge JCB presence. It's in this village that the Limestone Way commences, with the finishing point some 46 miles to the north in Castleton, we would complete only a short section today by walking north towards our finish point in Ellastone during which time we could see the more familiar pennine uplands of the Weaver Hills, recently trodden by Oreads. Thanks to my companions for the company.

3-4 July - Bleaklow Summer Bivi - Team Ashopton Viaduct Peter Amour

(Chris Seaman, Wim Clarke, Pippa Leach, John Gwyther, Peter Masters & Peter Amour)

Weather forecast - heavy prolonged rain - up to 30mm of rain/hr accompanied with lightning. My enthusiasm was sinking, especially as one sensible Oread had already done the rational thing and found better options for the weekend, and others were considering theirs.

As John Gwyther and I arrived at Ashopton Viaduct the prospects were lifting, Pippa, Pete Masters and Wim Clarke had pulled up immediately behind us. We kitted up, a shower came and went before we started up Crook Hill, and the skies took a more kindly tone.

Skirting the edge of Hagg Side Forest we entered the open moors heading for Alport Castles. Whilst on this stretch I glanced back to see a small group following, displaying full bivi kit, my concern was they were looking for the *same* home for the night, I urged my party to increase speed slightly. On reaching “The Castles” three Peregrines gave us a display by soaring the air currents before our course turned towards West End Valley and up to the Lower Small Clough cabins. The combination of much better weather than expected and finding unoccupied accommodation brought about broad smiles.

After dropping the heavy gear and enjoying refreshments we left LSC to a clap of thunder and headed for Swains Greave via Barrow Stones - to the source of Derbyshire's principle river, which Pete Masters spotted with its cairned sign post. This extra was pleasantly dramatic, as we witnessed storm activity to the north, east and west but managed to avoid all of it, returning to LSC dry with Team Glossop arriving shortly afterwards.



Swains Greave in the twilight – the source of the River Derwent. Photo Wim Clarke.

Following an uncomfortable night and an early start we assailed Helen with a croaky “Happy birthday” song, bade Team Glossop farewell and moved on down the Derwent Valley to outrun the midges. The day was looking good with little

sign of bad weather and the upper Derwent valley as reward. At Abbey Clough the group departed the reservoirs and ascended the moors to Bradfield Gate Head, prior to taking in Derwent Edge and complete the weekend with nowt more than an odd shower or two. Phew!

Thanks to all who came along, the weekend seemed to be enjoyed by everyone.

Team Glossop Spike Johnston

(Brian West, Spike Johnston, Helen Griffiths and Roger Larkam)

Our objective was to have a bit of a caper on Bleaklow and the plan involved starting and ending at Glossop and meeting up with Peter Amour's group at Lower Small Clough cabin late on Saturday night.

Morale was low on Saturday morning with the rain bouncing out of the bird bath at home and the expectation of a wet weekend, but when we reached Old Glossop the weather had cheered up, as we did after visiting the wonderful Queens Arms to finalise our route.

We set off at 4pm up to Cock Hill and then took a pleasant trip around the northern perimeter of Bleaklow, taking in Torside before heading towards Bleaklow Head. At this point Brian disappeared into the distance heading in a *southerly* direction. Roger, Helen and myself couldn't figure out why he was not going East towards Lower Small Clough. It turns out that shortly after this Brian also wondered why!



Lost in space: .Team Glossop on Bleaklow. Photo Spike Johnston

We reached Wain Stones, and decided that we would make our own way, and meet Brian later. After retracing our steps to Bleaklow Head, we went via Bleaklow Stones and Grinah Stones where we found lots of cloudberries that were unfortunately not quite ripe. With the fading light, the lightning was

spectacular in the Barnsley direction. Just after 10pm we arrived at Lower Small Clough where Brian had recently arrived, and Peter Amour and Team Ashopton Viaduct were already established.

We enjoyed our gourmet meal and mineral water from the local stream, before a brief sleep and return to the Queens Arms. Amazingly we had kept dry until we left the pub when it was throwing it down. We enjoyed our walk and bivi, and had a good caper!

PS there is a video of Team Glossop's weekend

<https://youtu.be/NuooqeFM9Us>

Wednesday Walk - Bonsall 7 July Sue Todd



A somewhat mixed forecast for the day, but a great turnout, and in time for coffee and cake at the Fountain cafe before our departure.

Climbing out of Bonsall Dale, we joined the Limestone Way, then deviated to Jugholes natural cave and lead mine, over the hill. Armed with torches, the intrepid amongst us, which was most of the party, slid down the muddy entrance into the cool of the cave to inspect the rock formations. Gill noticed a bolt and was probably planning her next route! For the botanists amongst us, the near entrance was dotted with pale pink spotted heath orchids amongst the tall grasses, delightful. On the descent, Stuart's cave exit was investigated after his caving experience in Jugholes a few years ago.

*The Intrepid descending into Jugholes.
Photo Chris Radcliffe.*

Admiring the wonderful view, Will Shore's iconic tree on top of Oker hill was pointed out and the fact that the geology of the hill is sandstone is most unusual in this area, the same as that under Nottingham castle. Evidently quite unstable, hence the fissure in the closed road through the village.

With sunshine and increasing humidity, we walked into beautiful Wensley Dale, taking a break and a welcome drink. A short pull out of the dale and across a barley field brought us to the top of Cambridge Wood. The eco holiday house, built into the ground, was investigated and the views were admired before the

muddy descent into the valley bottom. Norwegian deer are commonly seen here, but unfortunately none were spotted today. After a short climb into Clough Wood we had lunch by the now renamed, Roman Colosseum, (really just a splendid remnant of mining days).



Lunch at the “Roman Colosseum”. Photo Chris Radcliffe.

As we got deeper into the wood the amassing black clouds caught up with us, time to don waterproofs. By the time we emerged from the canopy, on to the bracken hillside opposite Winster, the rain had stopped. Back down into the dale in various states of wet shorts, nettle stings, horse fly bites and bramble scratches, we ascended into Winster with a welcome stop at the village shop. With the sun now shining and the promise of local ice cream, what could be better. We were then entertained by watching a group of D. of E. lads with the usual massive packs, sitting outside the Old Bowling Green pub eating pineapple rings out of a tin. Strange choice but quite healthy really. They were filling in time before they were allowed at their camp site in Birchover. Such a wonderful legacy the Duke has left the youth of today and tomorrow.

Following the Boundary Walk out of Winster, we joined up with the Limestone Way again. Fantastic views and an amazing, very threatening sky scape surrounding us, we continued in sunshine all the way back to Bonsall. Eventually with a clap of thunder, the torrential rain caught up with us ten minutes before the car park, but who cared by then! Some light refreshment at the local pub finished off a most enjoyable day. Thank you to every one that joined me; Stuart, Chris, Gill, Nigel, Janet, Rusty, John Gwyther, Tony and Roma.

Wednesday evening at Masson Lees 14 July Mike Wren



Left: Dave Mason and Victoria Mawer. Right More of the team on the “amenable wall”. Photos Mike Wren.

A good gathering of happy members enjoyed a splendid traditional Oread Wednesday evening meet in the sun “grubbing about in a quarry”, (some even visited on bikes). mainly on a surprisingly amenable wall of 4s and 5s, accompanied by Bourbon who welcomed everybody with gusto.

On this occasion none of the participants pulled the crag down or needed rescuing.

On the downside, only three Mike's attended, and the designated pub, the Barley Mow in Bonsall was shut. A reduced contingent apparently completed proceedings in the Boat.

Heathy Lea Saturday 17 July Chris Wilson

By the time you read this you might be forgiven for forgetting those wonderful hot steamy days of late July, when the sun shone continuously and temperature records were broken on a daily basis. Lots of Oreads went on holiday, others took to the hills and beaches and some turned up to help at Heathy Lea.

Nigel's excuse for not making it was that he was doing a 24 hour time trial that Saturday with Janet as his support. They turned up two days earlier and fitted

an intumescent strip to the living room fire door and whilst we enjoyed ourselves at Heathy Lea, Nigel cycled over 400 miles! Michael Hayes said he was unavailable for the full day so mowed the grass en-route to the crag on Friday. And to ensure that the barn was hygienic enough for celebrations to mark the final PDBW leg Stuart and Sue carried out an advance recce of the facilities. By the time Jan and I arrived on Saturday work was already underway with Paul Gardiner vigorously attacking the vegetation.



All the barn furniture was taken out to bask in the sunlight before being thoroughly cleaned and woodworm treated. The barn's cobwebs were brushed away along with copious quantities of dust. The windows and woodwork were cleaned and loose paint brushed from the walls (which are somewhat damp). Woodworm killer was applied to affected timbers. The barn floor was pressure washed and scrubbed, liberating copious quantities of decades old beer, a reminder of past parties. All the windows were washed inside and out and the gutters cleared.

Meanwhile in the cottage windows were being cleaned and painted and the whole building given a thorough spring clean. The cupboards were tidied, the bathroom left spotless, bedrooms cleaned and the kettle put to good use on numerous occasions as tea, coffee, cake and biscuits were dispensed, together with melting ice lollies. Drawing a very short straw John Dobson chose to clear up the yard (behind the kitchen and bathroom). At times this looked like an archaeological dig but he stuck at it and by the time he was finished not a weed, moss or speck of dirt remained. Mike Wren set to work sorting out leaks in the outside toilet's creaking plumbing system. We reached the conclusion that most

of the room's damp is probably coming through the rear wall and that the French drain behind needs renewal – a job for another working party. Finally the drive and surrounds were strimmed, fire alarms fitted in the barn and new door mats installed. A great day's work left Heathy Lea looking superb and the workers hot, dirty and satisfied. The Oread owes them a huge vote of thanks. The Roll of Honour: Jan, Pete Amour, John Dobson, Paul Gardiner, Sue Todd, Stuart Firth, Spenser Gray (on his bike ride home from Sheffield), Mike Wren, Mike Moss, Nigel and Janet Briggs (efficiently early), Michael Hayes (who stayed longer than intended).

Peak District Boundary Walk Final leg 24 July Paul Gardiner



The last miles of the last stage of the P.D.B.W. on East Moor. Photo Peter Amour.

Well, it finally happened. The day long awaited since November 2017 and one which, in an unguarded moment on the top of Teggs Nose or somewhere, I had volunteered to lead. The morning was dull following some days of 30's heat. As people gathered in different locations some had decided to make the final leg a complete circuit itself which immediately reduced car shuffling. Superfit 1 - Chris W, Jan, Stuart, Sue, Chris R, Gill and Angela left Heathy Lea at 08.30. Superfit 2 Peter Amour and John Gwyther left Robin Hood at 08.45. At 10.00 Douglas and I were at Shillito Woods, the 'proper' start for the day, soon to be joined by S/fit 1 and 2 right on cue. By now 11 were in the starting blocks and, as Peter was checking the location of John Green, Nicola arrived in some haste after fighting road closures. So, by tarmac, track and field on to Millthorpe where

John Green waited with Sylvia and a coffee break was taken. Sylvia departed to HL directly and word had it that Colin and Uschi had left before us at 10.00 to get a head start. At times I was asked how many were out but, by this stage every time I counted, the result was different.....Outside the Royal Oak the final leg started, proceeding by tarmac (boring), Smeeckley Wood and Hewetts Bank in greatly improved weather, we hit tarmac again and shortly encountered our esteemed President Nigel and Janet going, as planned, in the opposite direction. Doing a smart about turn they joined on as we plodded down the minor road to the A 621 admiring orchids and other flora along the way. On the moor approaching Birchen we deviated from the low level path, (as guide book) to fight vegetation up to the top of the crag where, as we stopped for lunch, as if out of nowhere, Colin and Uschi appeared asking what had kept us! Assembling in front of 'Victory' for a final group photo Stuart enlisted the help of a passer by to take the all inclusive shot below.



Descending steeply to the Robin Hood, and with all finally seated, my head count was 17. Orders were shouted to a very patient table server and drinks, courtesy of Jack Ashcroft and A.N. Other, were enjoyed in an hour of banter and creeping green things! Eventually the cream tea team set off to prepare a spread at HL and the rest followed shortly after. Full marks to Stuart and Sue for plates full of calories and fresh fruit eaten outside to round off a very satisfying end to the PDBW. Thank you everyone for coming. Rumours that Stuart is planning to do the walk again in reverse have not yet been confirmed.....
Here follow some (interesting or boring depending on your point of view)

statistics courtesy of Stuart and Radders: PDBW started 26.11.17. Distance 220 miles. Ascent more than 10,000 metres. Official stages 20. No. of Leaders 15. No. of Participants 85. Bent Screw nomination : Radders and Gill, doing a catch up stage twice, having left the the keys to shuffle car 1 in shuffle car 2.

Wednesday Walk 4 August Clive “Rusty” Russell



On the rocks at point 310m

Wednesday, August 04, 2021

Lunch stop on the rocks Photo John Green.

It is always pleasing to be allowed to indulge my preferences for the western part of the Peak District, and there was a pleasing attendance of regulars at this meet.

After assembling at an unofficial car park by the entrance to Moss End Farm we traversed some uncultivated ground to pick up the course of Blackbrook which we followed upstream before following a clockwise arc to reach the south end of the Roches Ridge. We traversed the crest of the ridge, taking shelter from a short squall before we reached the trig point, then continued north beyond Roach End before taking permissive (I think) paths down to Ludd's Church.

Here we introduced Sue to the noisome depths of the historic gorge before pausing at a pile of rocks to variously eat, sleep or demonstrate a woeful lack of scrambling expertise.



In Ludd's Church – photo courtesy of a passer by, equipped and instructed by Stuart.

After re crossing the brook and approaching Gradbach my electronic map temporarily failed and I had to rely on my colleagues to navigate the final passage of rough ground back to the vehicles. As a matter of principle I like to use these infrequently followed rights of way in order to keep them open Those present Sue Todd, Jan Wilson, Janet and Nigel Briggs, Peter Amour, Stuart Firth, John Green, Derek Pike, John G (I can never remember nor pronounce his surname, let us assume G is for Gaelic)

Pinnacle Club Centenary Friendship Meet Nigel and Janet Briggs

As part of their centenary celebrations the Pinnacle Club invited representatives from their kindred clubs to a meet at their hut in Cwm Dyli, Snowdonia. The invitation came to Nigel, as Oread president, we accepted and headed to Cwm Dyli for the weekend of 26th/27th June. The meet was originally going to be hut based, but due to Welsh covid restrictions at the time was a camping meet, with tents (including ours) on the grassy areas outside the hut and vans nearby.

We arrived on Saturday morning to find plans for the day developing over breakfast. As there were not any other takers for a walk over Lliwedd (our original preferred option), we got sucked into the enthusiasm for a filmed ascent of Lockwood's Chimney. As this route has been a Pinnacle Club tradition over the years we got into the spirit of the occasion by wearing some traditional clothing from the 50's and 60's, fortunately ropes, protection and footwear were more modern. The first challenge was to find the route, this involved an easy walk down the valley then a tenuous overgrown path up the hillside, our progress aided by a variety of gardening tools.



Lockwood's Chimney party (and a few others) trying to recreate the 1960's look.

We went up the route as two ropes of four, the first pitch starting pleasantly before a slippery corner, with meanders through trees between. The second pitch involved getting into the 'rift', we had been warned that this was a bit of a polished thrutch but in fact it was very pleasant, reminiscent of caving days without the water and wellies. A wander through the rift led to a climb back out into daylight and a short but pleasant upper slab.

We then wandered back to the hut and in due course were provided with afternoon tea consisting of tea and scones with jam and cream. Numbers were boosted with representatives from the following clubs: Gritstone, Climbers, Fell and Rock, Yorkshire Ramblers, Vagabonds and Midland Association of Mountaineers, as well as Lynn Robinson, recent president of the BMC, and a number of current and past presidents of the Pinnacle Club.

A sociable evening was spent, with toasts to the Pinnacle Club, and to

continuing friendship with kindred clubs; followed by a barbeque before midges drove us all into tents or vans. On Sunday morning, after a leisurely breakfast everyone went their own way, we walked down the valley to Llyn Gwynant for a swim then stopped off for some sport climbing just off the A55 on the way home.



Thank you to the members of the Pinnacle Club for inviting us and to them and members of the other kindred clubs for a sociable weekend.

Past Times and Old Friends

Honoraries – Tony Moulam

Further episodes are held over due to the large quantity of articles received for this issue.

Richard Genner writes:

The second edition of my 'digital book' *Seeking Simple Shelter* is now complete. The new content is highlighted by using a sandy gold colour in the title or first few words of added content. There is a new Part 2 in Chapter 6 on a slightly different theme, which I hope will, nevertheless, also be of interest.

I continue to distribute the 'book' by word of mouth/e-mail, it seems to work and I enjoy the e-mail chats that follow, and so far, it is achieving the low profile that I seek. As always, comments, corrections and suggestions of additional material will be welcome. If you would like to read the book please email me on rgatrg11@gmail.com and I will be pleased to send you a pdf copy.

Mike Berry



Sadly Mike Berry passed away recently, on or around 7 August. He was 83 and had been unwell for some time. No further details are known at present.

He joined the Oread in 1957 and was author of the opening chapters of "Climb if you will."

Memories and photographs would be welcome for future issues.

In this photograph, taken by Gordon Gadsby in 1962, Mike is seen on the Aonach Eagach Ridge

David "Digger" Williams: a tribute from David Appleby as read at the funeral.

I first met Digger in circa 1969. Peter Janes brought him down to the Wilmot Arms, the then Oread Tuesday night venue. He was naturally quiet and took it all in.....smoking his pipe....easy to speak with. I noticed a man who was very intelligent.....thoughtful.....and eager to soak in new experiences and friendships.

He soon became a very popular member of the Oread Mountaineering Cluband in particular a very dear and close friend to a lot of people and especially to those who eventually became the Thursday Group. Digger was a ONE OFF.....HE WAS UNIQUE.....you will never get another ONEDigger was a gentleman.....also a GENTLE MAN. Kind, considerate and understanding. He was supportive of many of the young people who joined the Oread club.....always encouraging.....advising....and setting an example.

HE WAS A LOYAL MAN.....HE HELD NO MALICE

I could tell you very many funny/colourful stories about Digger....but today is not the time to do so. They will have to wait.

David was married to Iris until he lost her far too soon. I know he was totally devoted to Iris and supported her until her passing. He never had the desire to marry again and had a bachelor style of life.

He came up to Derby from the Welsh Valleys and got an apprenticeship at Rolls-Royce. Following National Service he returned to Rolls Royce and later transferred to the nuclear side and the design of Britain's Nuclear Submarines.

He enjoyed a varied and satisfying career, problem solving being his forte. He was well admired at Rolls Royce and Associates

Now.....a lot of people have always asked how did he get the nickname of Digger. Well when he moved up from the valleys to work in Derby.....his choice of pipe tobacco was Digger Shag.....so Digger Williams he became.

Digger had one vice.....Charity shops which led to a very severe case of hoarding. He never really parted with anything..... One day he came round to our househe had just been to Anchor Supplies, the Army surplus store in Ripley,he had purchased two very fine prisms that came from the sighting from the gun turret of a Chieftain Armoured Tank.....I asked him what he was going to do with them..... "Admire and just look at the them and admire them" he replied. I asked him why he had bought them.....He replied....."Because they were a bargain !!!!"..... Some day, David and Ruth, you will find them.....they are worth a lot of money.....but you've got to find another Digger to sell them to.

He was never a rock climber... I never rock climbed with him.....I don't know who did. But he was in his element with the likes of crossing the Mignant on a bleak dark misty night.

Or in Torridon on Ben Eigh. and many others

He loved the Alps, having many good peaks bagged - Mont Blanc, The Monch, the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn and Monte Rosa to name a few.

For many years he would visit the Alps, on his own, taking a month of exploration mainly around the Täsch Area and Wengen. He befriended a lady in Täsch who allowed him to camp in her spacious garden without charge. I know that he did the occasional odd job for her as rent to place his tent for the month. He had many mountain experiences in this way,

I and others also skied with Digger both in Scotland and the Alps. Not a pretty skier but a very brave skier. He just followed us every where, ignoring and dealing with any difficulties and always avoiding mishap and trouble - well not all of the time!!!! I and others here remember him getting up Snowden on his 80th Birthday.....a remarkable effort.....Spent.....until food was put in front of him.....Happy memories.

He had a love of music. He was extremely well read and possessed an infinite knowledge of science especially in the heavens.....Having built his own telescope he revelled looking at the Stars and the Planets..... Einstein was his god. He understood his theories and ideas..

Once I was walking with him from Crowdicote to Hartington... Now, I have a very basic knowledge of Einstein's theory of relativity but Digger wouldn't let it go.....we got onto the string theory, quantum mechanics and space time. I found some solace when we were joined by David Weston.....and more solace when I lengthened my stride a good deal to disappear over the horizon. He, along with Ernie Phillips visited many a science museum and model engineering exhibition. I was speaking with John Fisher over the weekend and he remarked that Ernie stated that Digger was one of the most intuitive and knowledgeable engineers he had ever met.

Along with his deep love of good music and his love of Railways..... Perhaps he should have been an engine driver. He travelled far and wide by train.....to see family and friends.....exhibitions, museums of all varieties.

So Digger....this is your final journey.....Imagine you're the engine driver of.....say....The Flying Scotsman Peter Janes is your stoker.... Iris in a first class carriage behind you.....Go to the stars and galaxiesChuff Chuff Chuff through space time.....see if the light bends and the cosmos is really expanding.

I'm sure if you sound the whistle it will emit the shrill of ...
HOWABOUTAHOTWATERBOTTLEBIDDLE.

Some will know what this means ! We all loved you Digger.

See page 26 for a further tribute.

Hut Bookings.

Both our Welsh and Derbyshire hut bookings have now moved online at the Oread website www.oread.co.uk.

The new system allows you to see up to date bed availability details and make your own bookings.

Please remember to sign in as members first before making your bookings as you get access to the Oread beds and rates and you don't have to enter lots of details required for external bookings.

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

Our preferred method of payment is via bank transfer to our Lloyds account – Sort Code 30-98-97 Account number 62584068. Please use the 'Reference' box to say what the payment is for. **In particular please say which hut, ie Hut fees HL, or Hut fees TyW.** Your name is not necessary in the reference, unless it is different from the bank account name.

Alternatively you can post a cheque, payable to Oread M.C. to the above address.

Information on Member Activities

Welcome to new Provisional members Tom Larkam and Jacob Wright. We hope you will enjoy many happy times with the Oread.

An application for full membership has been received from Jae Yeon Oh. If you would like to comment on this application please contact a member of the committee.

Shirley Wainwright has a new address: 9 Dixon Place, Buntingford,Herts. SG9 9BZ Tel. 01736 661943

Shirley says she has moved to be near her daughter and family but misses Derbyshire and all her friends. It would be great to hear from you or have you come and visit.

Rusty's Puzzle Corner

Digger: puzzle solver.

I have regarded our departed friend Digger with affection over the many years since meeting him at Black Rocks, along with Messrs Janes and Millward, during my schooldays, (probably in about 1960). One aspect of our friendship was his participation in my puzzle game and I especially remember posting him a winner's book token from Glenbrittle, probably about 25 years ago, when his correct answer to a numerical puzzle put to shame the efforts of several others who might well have laid claim to a more advanced mathematical education. Fumbling amongst my disordered papers a month or so ago, I stumbled across what was probably his last reply to me, a neatly written answer and diagram about the fictional geometry of a club hut operation along with his usual good humoured greetings. This was a poignant discovery. I shall join many of you by continuing to remember and miss him.

Last month's puzzle solution:

The photograph was of Via Media on Stanage, taken in 1963.

I was relying on the moleskin breeches from Arfon Jones in Capel Curig as a guide to the year. Also, those who knew my cv might have inferred that I was to be found on Stanage between 1961 and 1964 whilst I was at Sheffield.

Answers specifying the location were received from Michael Hayes, John Fisher, Snod and Derek Pike. All suggested dates in the 50s and 60s (proper rock boots were beginning to take over from plimsols in the early to mid sixties on the feet of the more opulent). The actual date was 1963 and Snod, with this, was spot on.

This month's puzzle

Which Oread member has:

- 1 Climbed to an altitude of 15000ft or more.
2. Completed a 26 mile marathon run.
- 3.Traversed the Cuillin Ridge including the Inaccessible Pinnacle.
- 4.Used a BSA Bantam as sole personal transport.

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