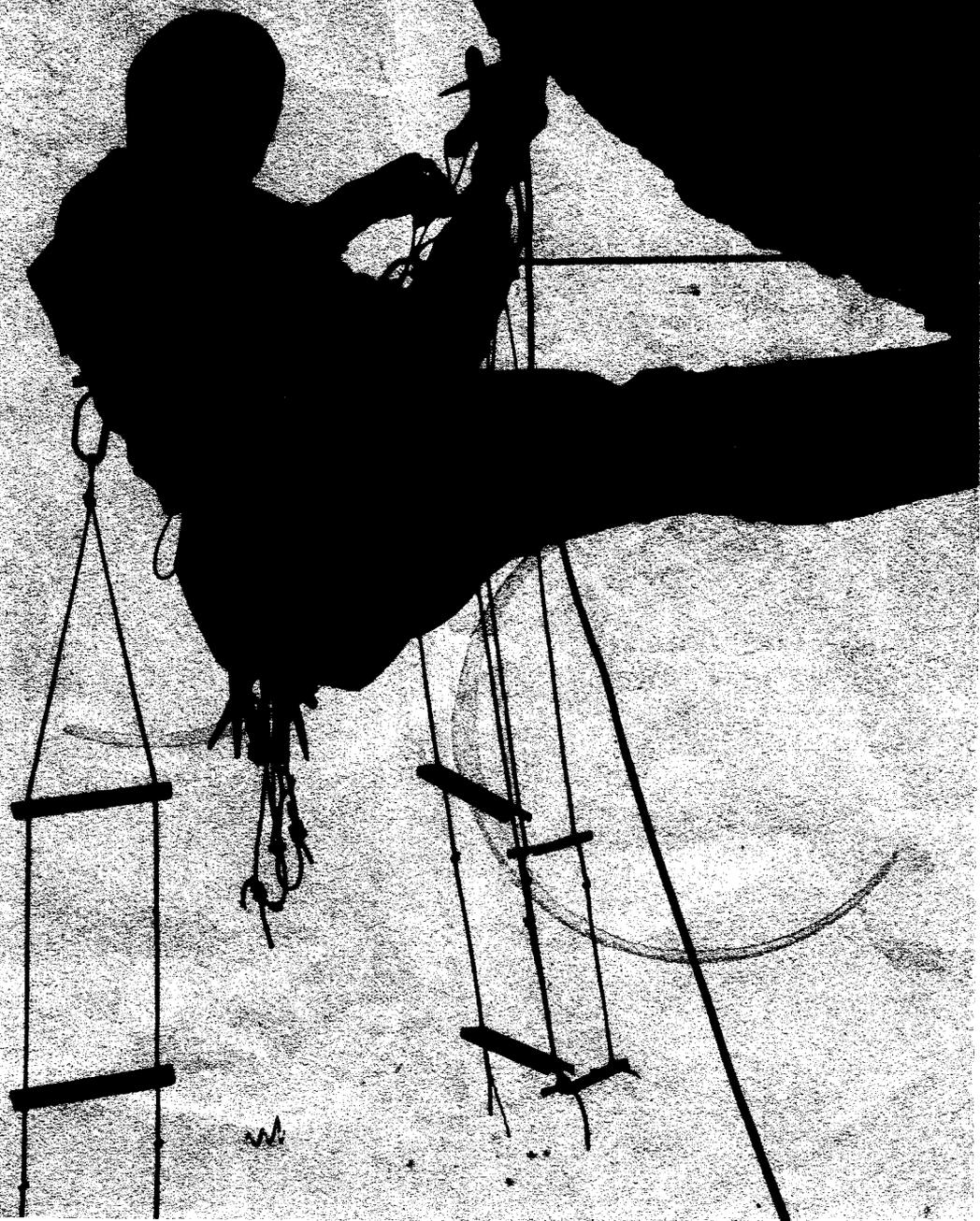


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NEWSLETTER

MAY, 1971.

EDITORIAL

This edition of the Newsletter contains contributions from a great variety of members of the Club and I can only hope that this represents the beginnings of a trend towards more people setting down their experiences or feelings on paper.

The "provocative" editorial in the last issue has provoked an excellent reply from Lew Devlin, whilst Clive Powell's Outdoor Meets Report reflects a very active beginning to the Club Year. Derek Grimmitt has examined the functions of a climbing club and its members at some length and Martin Smith has produced a cross-word.

I have tried another innovation; namely the reprinting of articles in past newsletters, and will be interested to hear what people feel about this.

All suggestions concerning the Newsletter will be welcomed and in actual fact are vital to its continued publication. I can only print information and articles that I am given, especially as my own climbing interests tend to be away from the mainstream of the club.

I will be very pleased to hear from members who cannot get into the "Prince of Wales" on a Wednesday evening so that I can keep people informed of their activities in various parts of the country.

Finally, my thanks go to those people who provided material and suggestions for this edition.

Roger Bennett.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH: D. Irons on an un-named route on the Left Wing of Gordale Scar, Yorkshire.

SECRETARY'S REPORT Andy Dowell

The A.G.M held on the 24th March was poorly attended with only about 35 people being present. This was probably due to the fact that members were not informed of the occasion by post, although an announcement was made at the Dinner.

The new Committee is as follows:

Chairman:	H Richards
Vice-Chairman:	D. Grimmitt
Treasurer:	A. Williams
Secretary:	A. Dowell
Indoor Meets:	L. Devlin
Outdoor Meets:	C. Powell
Hut Warden:	J. Beddard
Hut Secretary:	D. Bailey
Member:	K Beddard
Member:	C. Salt
Editor:	R Bennett

Other posts being R. Ellis as Librarian and R. Hay and R. Fenton as Auditors.

The meeting was short and to the point, the chair being taken by R. Bennett.

The Dinner was an excellent affair and enjoyed by all present. (Approximately 75 people). Our thanks go to the organisers R. Lavill and D. Grimmitt.

New members of the Club are W. Beddard and B Meese.

Could all members (?) who have not paid their subscriptions for the year 1971-2 please do so or their membership will be withdrawn.

INDOOR MEETS: PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION ... Lew Devlin

There will be a photographic competition held for Club Members in November. There will be four classes:

- Black and White Scenery
- Black and White Action
- Colour Transparency Scenery
- Colour Transparency Action.

The subjects must be concerned with mountaineering.

A prize of £1 will be awarded to the winner of each class, the winner being chosen by a vote from the audience.

Application forms will be included in the autumn newsletter.

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LIBRARY

Ron Ellis asks that any books, guides or magazines on the subject of mountaineering would be well received if any members would care to donate them.

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OUTDOOR MEETS REPORT Clive Powell

Two official meets have been arranged so far. At Langdale 20 members and their guests appeared, some in time for a pint at the O D.G. Tents were pitched with much p taking and nicking of pegs; (I left mine behind).

Saturday dawned with a clear sky and a very hot sun. The group split up and routes were done on Raven's and Gimmer whilst the majority saw an attractive way to the tops via the snow-filled Bowfell Gully.

In the shade of the gully snow conditions were reasonable until we reached the large cornice and found it to consist of very soft snow. One member had traversed to the side of the gully and, judging by the fact that his rope had mysteriously appeared from his rucksac, was in difficulty. Let it be clearly stated that no aid was requested. A belay was made and an attempt to pull our hero through the cornice failed when his chin caught under the hard lip and his muffled cries of 'You're breaking my back' were heard. When he was landed on terra firma like a big wet fish we resumed snow balling the slower members of the party lower down the gully.

Sunday was mist and rain and it was decided that we should all walk to Pavey Ark, except for Lew and Martin. They spent seven hours on Raven's in a high wind and driving rain finally getting off the crag at seven o'clock.

Some members spent Easter in Cornwall, others at Tyn Lon, in the Lakes and Scotland. Because most members had arranged to go to these places some time ago it was awkward to arrange an official meet. I think that most Bank Holidays will be the same because of differing interests.

At Cwm Silyn the weather was very bad. Full credit must be given to the Beddards, Andrew, Mark, John, Ross and Garth for camping well up in the cwm in foul conditions. Routes were done and various mines inspected. A great time was had in the 'Vic', the locals being beaten at darts and singing. The highlight of the weekend was the attempts of the local widow to seduce Ronnie Ellis. On Sunday the Cwm and Tremadoc received attention. Altogether 26 members stopped in the Cwm or in the Mercian Hut.

The Lakes seem to be very popular for future meets and negotiations are in hand to rent A.R. huts for the autumn. A joint meet with the Mercian at Malham Cove has been arranged. Mid and South Wales will receive attention. Further suggestions will be greatly appreciated.

I feel that a few words would not go amiss here in answer to the editorial in the last newsletter as they concern outdoor meets. It was stated that the club was becoming extinct because of the attitude towards Tyn Lon. When you look in the log book of the hut you will find the names of 30 or so very regular users. The two meets so far were only attended by members who use the hut. The facts speak for themselves.

The members who do not use the hut do not normally go anywhere if you discount sixty foot quarries an evening's drive from home. What have they got to do with mountains anyway ? We hope to see some of the non-hut users on outdoor meets in the near future. Let us hope that they have not stagnated too far.

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INFORMATION

The AVON GORGE guidebook compiled by Ed Ward-Drummond has been shelved as a "Pirate" guide is well advanced by a person or persons unknown. Word has it that there may be drastic regrading of routes, the tendency being towards undergrading.

Anyone climbing on BOSIGRAN and doing AUTUMN FLAKES should treat the belay after the second pitch with extreme caution. The crack available for the belay peg is gradually widening and is in a very dangerous condition.

An excellent campsite has been found on the GOWER coast. It is situated at Port Eynon. One drives down to the beach, turns right into a large car park and follows tracks through a field to a pleasant campsite next to the Youth Hostel.

Ken Ipkiss and Tom Leppart have been asked to compile the DEVIL'S KITCHEN section of the new Cwm Idwall Guide and would naturally appreciate any comments anyone may have on any of the climbs there.

A large party connected with the Club is off overland to NORTHERN INDIA this summer. It will probably consist of Ken Ipkiss, Sandra, Steve Jones, Dave Irons, Tom Leppart and Peter and Angela Holden. I hope to obtain a regular report of progress from Ken and Dave which will be printed in the newsletter at regular intervals.

My remarks concerning WYNDCLIFFE must now be disregarded as the authorities have asked that no one climbs on the vegetated areas of rock as the area is of considerable natural interest.

It would appear that Roger Lavill's route "Free and Easy" in DOVEDALE has had a previous ascent, though it has been graded Very Severe as opposed to Roger's grading of Severe.

GURNARD'S HEAD was visited by club members over Easter. The rock is killas or baked slate and is extremely unreliable. Holds or blocks that have been rigorously tested seem to suddenly decide to part company with their parent when they are used.

A REPLY Lew Devlin

Although it is understood that the last editorial was deliberately provocative in tone in order to excite some response, it must be assumed that the content reflects the writer's thoughts. Whilst agreeing with one or two points, I am unable to follow the logic of some of the observations. To say that "the club is rapidly becoming extinct as a functional unit" prompts me to ask if it is desirable that the Club be a functional unit. Can you imagine the attendant chaos if 120 Ceunanters invaded Tyn Lon, the Vaynol or the Grochan ?

All clubs have their active members, their social members and a few hangers on. It is my view that the active members are the most important people in any club. This is not to decry the sterling efforts of people like last year's treasurer and chairman who have devoted a great deal of time to administrative affairs whilst not being actively engaged in climbing.

The editor probably had in mind only the active members as the "functional unit"; though I'm not really quite sure what he meant by this phrase. This would reduce the numbers by half, about sixty, which is still a very large number of people to be climbing and drinking en masse.

I think it is inevitable that a club of this size will tend to foster, within itself, groups of individuals who find their own special friends among people of similar outlooks, standards of behaviour, outside interests etc. It is obvious that there are, within the club, two distinct active groups, and as each group tends to follow its own inclinations, the activities of one group are not apparent to the other.

To say that genuine interest in mountaineering is on the wane and that the club tends to revolve around Tyn Lon are rather conflicting statements. Tyn Lon is in the midst of the finest mountaineering country most accessible from Birmingham. So that the Club revolving around Tyn Lon serves to illustrate the fact that people are keen to get into the mountains.

Many members, if not the majority, will feel as I do, that the free weekends are for spending in the mountains of Wales or the Lakes. Sunday or other one day trips are for the grit or limestone outcrops and quarries.

Official club meets should be enterprising and imaginative, giving the older and more experienced members the opportunity to pass on their hard won knowledge of distant places.

I agree that arguments about who stole cutlery etc. from Tyn Lon are time consuming and unnecessary. Most of us have served a long apprenticeship under canvas and never found the weight of a knife, fork, spoon, mug and billy too much. If there was no cutlery at the hut, people would bring their own, wash it, and take it home again, thus obviating the need to spend hours arguing about who didn't do their washing up, admittedly rarer now that we have three separate sources of hot water.

I feel that Tyn Lon is the focal point of the Club, it is our permanent home. Many of us have spent much time and labour improving the hut, under the able direction of our hut warden; and the suggestion that we sell it in order to buy a hut in a more inaccessible area appals me.

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FROM OGWEN COTTAGE TO THE VAYNOL ARMS . . Martin Smith

So far this winter there had been little snow on the hills of Snowdonia. However, during last winter one particular day has very pleasant memories for me.

On the week-end in question I travelled up with Ken and Matt and, the cottage being full, Ken kindly allowed us to stay in his caravan with threats of a high rent. Saturday morning dawned with Ken and Matt up early to go to Anglesey and, three not being a very good number for a climb, I set off for Ogwen armed with the usual climbing gear, snowgoggles and an ice axe. Having flagged two or three lifts to Ogwen I was surprised at the amount of snow lying on the hills. Earlier on I had thought of doing a bit of rock climbing, but on seeing the snow I had a sudden urge to get to grips with the white stuff. It was a fine day as I walked into Cwm Idwal and, at first, I thought I was alone, but, looking round I noticed one or two bits of fluorescent orange here and there. I walked along the familiar path past Y Gribbin and up towards the Slabs where a big pile of snow had drifted against the face. The scenery was so fine that I stopped for a few minutes and took the covers off my ice axe, put on snow goggles, had a bite of Kendal Mint Cake and did all the other things one usually does before setting off in earnest.

I had not been there long when three blokes came walking up the path and exchanged the usual greetings and they asked me if I would like to accompany them up to the Devil's Kitchen. I gladly accepted and the four of us started up towards that impressive gash in the cliffs. Soon we were at the bottom of the Kitchen and I could see why it had inspired those mountaineers of old, when Welsh climbing began nearly one hundred years ago. The scenery was very impressive, the rock rose either side of us, black and streaked with ice. In some places long horizontal icicles had formed wierd gargoyles .

The four of us climbed up into the Kitchen, the snow varying from hard ice to thigh deep mush. We carried on as the walls came closer together and we knew that we must be nearing the top. Alas! At the top was a forty foot wall of melting snow and ice with a waterfall

in the middle. So, having another bite of mint cake, we came down reluctantly. Once at the bottom we decided to climb one of the rakes that go right up from the Kitchen. The snow here had a good hard crust on it and, although the drop on our right became quite considerable, the neve gave us a good deal of confidence. We came into a gully which soon emerged on the top in bright sunshine. As my friends had to go down again I decided to walk over the top and down the Pass. As I tramped along in virgin snow, the summit of Y Garn looked quite near, so altering course slightly to starboard, I walked over and bagged a peak for the day. The view from the top was magnificent I could see the back of Snowdon one way and the Carneddau the other.

Unfortunately time was getting on and I started to walk down towards Nant Peris. As I got nearer the valley floor it became much warmer and suddenly the Vaynol Arms was in sight, I quickened my pace and walked inside the door just as opening time and, taking a long drink out of my pint I realised yet another weekend was half gone, still what a fantastic day.

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THE GOAT A. M. Daffern

(This is a reprint of an article discovered in the June edition for 1959 - Editor).

The Goat was beginning to look rather thin. It had been roaming across the middle slabs of the Grochan for the past three weeks, fertilising the bluebells, soling the hand-holds, and eating the old chocolate wrappings and cigarette packets. Moreover, its bleating had been disturbing the campers below, and so it was decided to fetch it down.

Four stalwarts, led by Harry Smith, set out just after breakfast, with full stomachs, and umpteen feet of rope. Harry soloed the first two pitches of Nea and, eventually, in record time, and after much swearing and struggling, the rest of the party joined him on the large ledge at the top.

Meanwhile the Goat, stationed at the foot of the crack pitch on Spectre, was watching these proceedings with interest, occasionally giving a dismal bleat of approval. Or was it disapproval?

After a certain amount of knitting, chockstone placing, and more swearing Harry descended, like a Praying Mantis, on the wretched animal. The Goat uttered a despairing cry and threw itself over the edge of the crag. The spectators turned away in disgust, and the rescue party cursed the suicidal animal.

However, all was not lost as there was another ledge only a few feet below. Harry, more cautious this time, descended further. The Goat made a wild rush; Harry made a wild grab; but the animal was too quick for him, and all that was left was a good portion of his finger on the wall behind. The next sortie, however, was more successful, and Harry and the Goat became one seething mass of arms and legs, suspended from a tangle of ropes. Finally, Harry emerged from the folds of one well and truly tied up Goat which was heaved over the edge and lowered swiftly to the ground to be released by those below.

Without even a bleat of thanks the emaciated Goat raced across the scree and was last seen disappearing at a great rate round the far end of Craig Ddu.

After unravelling the knitting the rescue party returned to the inevitable brew, their consciences satisfied.

Baden Powell would have been proud of them.

The sun shone from a cloudless sky, the sea was blue and the thick grass was covered by a thick jewel-like carpet of dew. It seemed a crime to spoil it with the worry and trial of a long hard pegging route.

Dave was adamant. "Why always do your pegging in winter ? Why not enjoy it in perfect conditions ? This will be our only chance and we're not going to miss it".

My apprehension and Dave's determination stemmed from a conversation in Corsica with Matt Peacock. I had been browsing through New Climbs and had drawn the others' attention to the section on Baggy Point in Devon. The route that had particularly caught my eye had been Wilmot's 'Heart of the Sun', a three hundred foot A3 route up a long narrow slab. My enthusiasm waned when Matt mentioned that Wilmot had graded the 'Exploding Galaxy' A3 as well and if it was anything like that we had better look to our insurance policies. This only seemed to encourage Dave and, as I had originally suggested the idea it was difficult to back down without considerable loss of face.

So here we were, at the top of the zawn looking across to the other side where a long narrow slab of buff coloured slate cut its way up an otherwise broken and complex cliff. A pure line of order amidst a mass of chaos.

We scrambled down the steep grass to the beach and walked across to the foot of the slab. When viewed objectively it was a marvellous sight; rising steadily above. Unfortunately, my impending more intimate contact with it tended to cloud the enjoyment.

Dave donned the gear, including a large number of old thin stubai pegs that we had been informed, in the description, would be necessary, whilst I found a reasonably comfortable seat to spend the long wait whilst he led the first pitch. The first twenty feet were free to a peg left in place by the first ascensionists. From here he pegged up another twenty feet until he could make a few free moves and then a continuous ninety feet of pegging to a belay in etriers. This must have taken some two and a half to three hours during which time I was relieved by Dave Sheldon whilst I relieved myself and took photographs, smoked several cigarettes and wondered what it would be like.

At this early hour the zawn was a cool damp place with tantalising glimpses of sunlight on rock and grass high above. The first sunlight to penetrate was situated at the top of the slab beckoning us upwards.

When it came to my turn I was surprised how easy it was. The angle was similar to that of the Embankment routes at Millstone Edge, with the depegging problems being no worse. The difficulty of leading soon became apparent when I saw that most of the pegs were tied off half way along their length and some of the reaches and placements very awkward.

We had not realised that the area was a local beauty spot of some note and, being Bank Holiday, many people were walking about the cliff tops. This was brought home to me when I was having particular difficulty with a peg that had bent in a crack and would not come out. After several minutes of struggling I resorted, predictably, to cursing it loud and long. Dave's voice broke through my abuse advising me to look behind. To my surprise there must have been between a hundred and fifty and two hundred people gazing in mild surprise in my direction. Sun glinted off camera and binocular lenses, fathers pointed as they explained to offspring the intricacies of how climbers employed winches and portable ladders, mothers worried about their skin or the dinner, lovers languished full length in the grass worrying about nothing and children ran about the cliff tops with alarming unconcern for the danger. In fact, life carried on there as on any other day with us being the outsiders, spectating in.

On reaching the belay I made myself as comfortable as possible and Dave started up the next pitch. At first it looked fairly straightforward until he came to a small overlap. Several minutes were spent in searching for the correct combination of peg and crack. He eventually put an alloy wedge into a crack under the overlap. When his weight went on to this however, it came out. Fortunately he was able to leap down on to the next peg. This problem was eventually solved with the use of a skyhook, leaving a long tape hanging down from the next peg as I did not possess a skyhook. He carried on, more easily, until the rope ran out. The guide book had said it would go in two pitches but he was still some thirty feet below the top. He belayed temporarily on a peg and I moved up to the overlap to take a new belay. At first I moved very slowly as life painfully returned to legs that had spent some two hours sitting in etriers.

The last ten feet of the route lay up vertical subsoil to a grassy finish and

a large iron stake. Having followed the guide book's advice we had employed Dave Sheldon and Mike Cooke to hang a rope down over this section so that we could prussick up over it.

Dave soon reached this and gradually moved up the rope and out of sight.

By now I had acquired a large number of pegs and krabs and I fixed them to a prussicker which I attached to the climbing rope. The only disadvantage of this system being that if there was any slack in the climbing rope I became hopelessly entangled in the gear. This situation soon took place and I was trying to communicate with Dave when two German tourists peered over the edge.

"It iss goodt. Ya?"

"Tell him to take in".

"He iss ver bissy. He talks to friends. I vill tell him".

The rope is taken in and I free myself and continue to the last peg. Before taking that out I moved the etriers on to prussickers on the static rope. As soon as I put my weight on to it however, I dropped down about a foot.

"What the hell's that? Is that rope safe?"

"Don't worry. Just stretch"

The last peg removed I started up. Another drop of a foot and then another. I speeded up my prussicking considerably to flop panting over the edge and to find that the others had been holding the rope and letting it out in jerks.

"Thought we'd give you a bit of fun".

"*****"

"We got some Coke for you in case you were thirsty but we drank it".

That was the last straw. I collapsed on the grass gasping down a cigarette. Once fully recovered we dumped all the gear into a rucksac and high-tailed it for the nearest pub.

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We ploughed, one foot in front of the other, through the thick clinging mud. The snow lay thin on the ground and the trees were sparsely furnished. The firm bite of the cold was present though not painful, the river drove its way past us, determinedly. Another day had awoken and its short, white, wintery hours lay before us. Pegging was the inevitable day's pursuit.

We soon reached the bridge and crossed tentatively, to the clean, steep, impressive promontory of Ilam Rock. An exacting scramble up a steep muddy embankment brought us to the foot of the rock, whereupon we dumped the ironmongery and looked up at the line of the White Edge. I felt relieved that we were the only contenders for the route, and I could not help feeling excited as I sorted out the gear.

My second's belay was quickly arranged and I started up the route. As I clipped into my second peg, for some reason my eyes fixed on the rope and knots trailing away from my harness. To my horror I realised that it was incorrectly tied. With desperate speed my mistake was rectified and, sitting in my third peg, I felt I was going quite well. The route seemed to be quite straightforward. A close inspection and a couple of blows with my hammer pronounced the insitu wedge above me fit for use. I clipped in and, with youthful ignorance of such matters, climbed into my top step and leaned back on a cow's tail to insert the next peg. I hit the peg a few times and then, without warning, I was flying backwards through the air. I bounced off the ledge where my second was belaying me, and slithered down the muddy embankment.

I felt angry with myself for being so careless, my leg hurt, my whole body was shaking and I felt completely shattered. I struggled back up to the ledge and sat down exhausted. I felt my leg. There was nothing broken just bruises. I picked up the wedge. The angle of it was ridiculous. It is a wonder that it ever held at all. I threw it into the river in disgust.

After about five minutes I started back up the route, but this time

things seemed different. I was slower, more cautious, and had no confidence as to the pegs' hold capacity. I suppose it was the suddenness of the fall. There was absolutely no warning. One minute I was there and the next I was on the floor. On reaching the place where I had come off, I banged in one of my own wedges right up to the hilt and moved up to the peg I had been putting in. I got on to that and rested, undecided whether to carry on or retreat. I looked up. The route seemed to go on for ever, but eventually I decided to carry on and see how it went. Peg followed peg, and I began to enjoy it. After what had seemed an age I found myself at the top of the White Edge. The day was now drawing to a close, as I hastily arranged a belay and my second began to climb. The rope crept through my hands with aching slowness and I had plenty of time to notice how cold it was. By the time we were both on the top I was a shivering wreck of frozen bones. We quickly crossed the top of Ilam Rock and abseiled down in to the darkness. We were both tired, but nevertheless completely contented; a good day's climbing and a good route were behind us.

I must tell you of just one of the many incidents that happened to me on one of our climbing weekends. After a journey full of swear words and dirty jokes, we arrived in Wales. Everyone unpacked their things in the cottage, and I was nominated to make the tea (as usual), and it wasn't long before we all settled down and went to sleep.

I was awakened on Saturday morning with "Get up, Sue. I want my breakfast", swiftly followed by a kick in the back. After eating, washing up and making more tea, everyone got the climbing gear together and we made our way to Bramble Buttress. Now I thought that this climb would be fun, but soon changed my mind when I couldn't reach a hold half way up the climb. I tried everything (and it's not that I'm very slim), Martin tried pulling me up, somebody else was pushing, but soon I realised that it was useless. There I was, completely stuck with all the lads laughing at me. I became very upset. I must have looked a real sight, then Martin shouted, "Hey Sue". I looked up, tears streaming down my cheeks, then snap ! he took a photograph of me. He made matters worse. I decided that as there was no way up I should get down. I was absolutely fuming. Back on the ground I was the laughing stock of the whole crowd, so I lit up a cigarette to calm my nerves.

I can laugh about it now, but honestly up there I was really worried, still I put it down as an experience, and certainly something to joke about when we all go away together.

I wouldn't miss a weekend away with them for anything.

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It has been said that mountaineering clubs in general only last for a generation; this I believe to be substantially true, although many instances can be quoted to the contrary. There are clubs, such as the Climber's Club, Fell and Rock, Alpine Club, S.M.C., which began with the inception of mountaineering as a pastime and are still thriving today. They have become almost national institutions in the climbing world, but there are also many other less well known clubs which, if they have not reached the stature of the august bodies previously mentioned, have a history which spans a great deal more than one generation. Why then do some clubs have the ability to outlive their allotted life span and ensure their own continuity as a corporate body?

A club may be defined as an association of individuals who share a common interest and who, by this association, seek to further this interest. From this one may infer that this association is of value to those that subscribe to it and, unless the activity it serves is of a transient nature, or the members who formed the club wish it to cease with their lapse of membership, then, given certain preconditions, the club will not only be of value to members - past, present and future, but also to the activity itself. In this last statement is contained the reason for the continuity of some clubs and the transience of others: any club which serves an interest will always attract those who share that interest, irrespective of any specific period in time, they in turn will seek for means to ensure its survival as a thing of value to that interest. In this way a club can become objective in its purpose and thus will try to reconcile any factions within it to the common function. Those clubs who tend to be subjective, who exist for a particular group and that group only, will inevitably exist for a limited time (immortality accepted); they will have no reason for applying themselves to the most fundamental task of all clubs wishing to survive; that of replenishing its numbers. For, with the demise (in persons or interest) of the original members so will the reason for the club's existence cease. A club can be either an association of people who (at a particular point in time) share a common interest, or, an institution which, in seeking to preserve and promote an interest, will always have members. This latter statement I can best illustrate in the following manner; if one assumes

that mountaineering has an equal appeal to each new generation then - given that the resources of each succeeding generation are equal to the original - there is no reason to suppose that any club must flounder, it will only do so when it no longer fulfills its purpose.

In the foregoing paragraph I have stated why I believe clubs either support the opening statement or deny it, but before elaborating on this I must first make it clear that neither, subjectivity, nor objectivity, are good or bad, these are purely relational terms which I shall consider later. If the proposition in the previous paragraph is accepted, for it to be of any use in enabling a club, wishing to survive, to determine the category into which it falls, there must be a set of general rules that can be used in this determination, these I will now enumerate. The ways in which a club may become subjective as opposed to objective may be taken to be the antithesis of the following:-

1. The club must not become "institutionalised", that is, it must not regard itself as the object of its own existence.
2. Any particular group within the club, must not seek to make the club subservient to its own interest and the club as a whole must always try to prevent such an occurrence.
3. Modes of behaviour, particular and general attitudes, or policies, which are in the short term interest of the club, but adverse to the well being of the pastime as a whole, must not be adopted.
4. Encroachments upon the liberty of its members (or the liberty of the pastime as a whole) to pursue and widen their legitimate interests, should not be accepted without good reason and the club as a body, must always be willing to join with others to promote the well being of the pastime, even when its own activities are not involved.
5. The means for change and adaptation, must be inherent in the governmental system of the club; rules and persons must be removable when they no longer serve a purpose.

The most obvious example of the first rule is the club that is dominated by the committee, committee members and regulations; far in excess of that which is needed to manage the club, in government this is called bureaucracy. It is not only important to recognise this state in a club, but also to know how it comes about. Why does a club whose declared intention is to serve the interests of mountaineers and mountaineering expend more energy on itself than that which it professes to serve? At first sight this state of affairs would appear to be strange, in a sphere in which the "organisation man" is rare, but on closer examination the causes are not difficult to discover and prove moreover, that mountaineers are quite ordinary people, with the propensities of ordinary people. These causes are two-fold, the first is this; when a club has a large selection of its membership whose interests in mountaineering has declined to almost nothing, but, who still remain attached to the club itself; the energy of these people will tend to find an outlet in 'running' the club. They will either try to expand the committee to accommodate all those who want to join it, or, internecine strife will ensue to determine who goes or stays, the club will be the less in both cases. The ideal condition is one where enough 'retired' members - who being aware of the desires and needs of the members and the pastime - apply themselves to the furthering of these aims, effectively and unobtrusively. The next other cause, of the two, is more complex and in describing its complexities I take into account 'rules' two and five, for the three are inextricably bound together. The basis of this second cause is the desire of a faction to dominate, this is a tendency, not always true, which is a fault in human society itself and therefore its appearance in clubs is a likelihood, that it will cause dissention is also likely, however, this need not depress us too much, as with many problems, when it is recognised it no longer seems so insuperable. Most clubs are wholes composed of parts, in a mountaineering club these parts are composed of various sectional interests, such as hill walkers, rock climbers, 'social members' and others, in an objective club these factions would be reconciled, in a manner that would enable each to pursue its own activity without detriment to the others.

A group will try to gain ascendancy when it feels its voice in the club is being stifled, or, because it is intrinsically selfish, I am a sufficient optimist to believe it is usually the former. Though the causes of the two differ, their effect will be the same; the club - when it has been

made to comply with the needs of those in authority - will be held to be inviolate, to alter it in any way being to imperil all. Recognition of this state of affairs is the first step to its remedy, the members, in electing a committee, must consider the general interest and regard it of paramount importance; for only when the committee fairly represents all sections of the club, can it pursue the aims of its members, without internal conflict in the club. A club which has a democratic means of electing its officers will always be able to reflect changing attitudes and remove obsolescent rules, it will also be able to rid itself of the type of committee member who thinks he is there by divine right and does not have an obligation to fulfil. That a thing is 'traditional' is not a good reason for retaining it.

Rules 4 and 5 are bound up with the uses to which a club, properly run, may be put, so I will consider them together. Individuals may be supposed to have joined a club because, in it, they can find a means of pursuing their chosen activity in an enhanced way, a club therefore, must try to provide its members with that which they cannot obtain as individuals, if it does not, there would seem to be little need for it to exist.

The provision of amenities, both material and intrinsic, is its obvious function, the material things are huts, meeting places etc., the intrinsic thing it provides is, others to climb with. What material aids the club provides, will depend on the circumstances and wants of its members, this I can safely leave to your imaginations, for I want to direct your attention to the one aspect of clubs that is all too frequently overlooked; that is, the protection of the members' ability to continue with their activity. Mountaineering, as with most other things, does not exist in a vacuum, it is continually clashing with other interests, sometimes it is the predator, sometimes the victim; it is generally occupied with seeking an accommodation with those it encroaches on and those who would encroach on it. Instances that come readily to mind, are the farmer who seeks to bar access to his land - frequently not out of spite, but because he is sick of seeing his land converted into a rubbish dump and his walls broken down, arrogance and squalor are a virtue amongst many climbers, and the naturalist, who is intent on the preservation of a species of flora or fauna. In most of these cases a compromise can be effected which is agreeable to all, and can usually only be brought about by an organised body, those, whose

attitudes to clubs is contempt, or, indifference, often do not see this fact, or prefer to ignore it. Implicit in indifference, is acquiescence, the member of a club who sees wrong in it, would better employ his energies in remedy rather than scorn, nothing is worsened by well intentioned criticism.

In all that I have said it will be observed that there is a common theme; it is the difference between selfishness and unselfishness. What frequently appears to be a gain in the short-term is not always a gain in the long-term; it is only in this context that an action can be said to be good or bad. For that which is good for the immediate interests of a few may not be to the ultimate good of the many, a few of the ways this can occur I have tried to illustrate, no doubt most of you can think of many more yourselves.

* * * * *

CROSSWORD Martin Smith

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	A							B				E			S
19	K	E	T			20	G	A	B	B	A	O			

CLUES ACROSS

- 1. Metal Hut near Llanberis ? (3,3)
- 8. Drinks in small mouthfuls (4)
- 12. They should be informed after an accident (4,2,3)
- 19. Gear (3)

- 5. On some climbs I use one for aid (3)
- 10. Tear into strips (5)
- 13. Ridge (5)
- 16. Runners for madmen ? (4)
- 20. Type of rock (6)

R-K-N

CLUES DOWN

- 2. Canine cry of pain (4)
- 4. What I do at high altitudes (4)
- 7. Prominent hill seen when travelling to Wales (6)
- 12. Climb not far away on the Grochan (3)
- 15. Napoleon was exiled here (4)
- 18. Tibetan (3)

- 3. Paddles (4)
- 6. Mother's ruin (3)
- 9. Musical Group (6)
- 11. Confused noise (3)
- 14. Employs (4)
- 17. Consumer (4)

NEW ROUTES

This is a brief note on some of the new routes done by club members since the last Newsletter.

DERBYSHIRE

FRIED PARROT. This is a pleasant A1 on the Upper Circle of Watercum-Jolly. It takes a right facing corner ten feet right of Christmas Cracks. The route then goes up left and up a short wall to a tree. First Ascent: P. Robins and A. N. Other.

CORNWALL

ARMERIA MARITIMA. This takes the left side of the buttress just east of the Fox Promontory. It follows the crack and corner system on the right of the arete overlooking the zawn alongside the Promontory. It is 100 feet long and about cornish H.V. Diff. First Ascent: J. Brennan and R. Bennett (Alternate leads).

XANTHORIA This is on the same buttress and takes a parallel crack line to the right. Only some 70 feet long at cornish mild Severe. First Ascent: J. Brennan and R. Bennett.

PORTHCRAWL This, and the next, are on the Porthgwarra Buttress. This takes a line on the seaward end of the wall containing Dowsers route, starting below a prominent overhang in a groove and going up to a cave system in the summit blocks. It then traverses left and up an exposed wall. A good route, some 130 feet long at about cornish V. Diff. First Ascent: J. Brennan and R. Bennett (Alternate leads).

HELIOS A slight, though pleasant, route up the seaward face of the same buttress to the left of Porthgwarra Face route. It takes a line up the extreme left edge of the seaward face. It is about 110 feet long at cornish Diff. First Ascent: J. Brennan and R. Bennett (Alternate leads).