

**THE CEUNANT
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB**



Ceunant Magazine 2018



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Introduction

Here we are in the New Year of 2019. New adventures lie ahead and hopefully a peaceful , healthy and happy New Year for everyone.

This little booklet, and that is all we can call it, hopefully provides a small insight into the adventures the Club Members have experienced. However, it has to be said that the older generation is outdoing the younger one when it comes to putting “pen to paper”.

Let’s hope that 2019 will see a change of heart as for a “Club” we should be sharing our experiences widely amongst the members.

So get writing NOW, you know who you are.



WE WANT YOU!

P.S. Now realising the paper is rather larger than anticipated – thanks to all the “Golden Oldies” and a lovely lady with 3 pups ...

Morning followed with a visitation to Mrs. W's, there to ponder the breakfast trinity of cheese/beans/egg on toast. A select party were once treated to bacon!



Tony Mynette – that must be you!

No mention of the Olde Worlde Cafe is complete without reference to the bevy of sylph-like maidens who attended your table. Mrs. W seemingly had first call on the county's prettiest girls, strictly fifteen to eighteen years old, all possessed of flawless peaches and cream complexions which mirrored the unblemished beauty of their surrounds (ahem, moving swiftly on..).

The climbing is exceptional, frequently sensational. The hardest grit stone Rock Jock can't fail to be impressed by the quality of the carboniferous limestone, its perfect friction, abundance of cracks and razor-sharp incut holds. The approaches, too, are impressive with descents often scarier than the climbing. A first abseil on

Mowing Word, Mother (s)Carey's Kitchen or the Devil's Cauldron is not quickly forgotten.

Nor are the attractions limited to climbing. There is stunning coastal walking, beautiful beaches e.g., Barafundle, Broad Haven and of course the justly famous Bosherton Lily Ponds. I once spent an enchanting hour there with others, utterly mesmerized, watching three otters chasing one another along the bank, in and out of the water.



Mark Lund, I guess , as Joe would not have worn pink !

Mrs. W. was the fount of all local knowledge and gossip (natch!). Nothing in and around Bosherton escaped her attention. We arrived late one Friday evening in an autumn squall and hatched a crafty plan to avoid camping by sneaking into St Michael's after closing time

We crept in clutching doss bags, but to our surprise stumbled across three or four sleeping figures already huddled around the font. We joined them, and awoke early next morning with the cleaners sweeping deftly around us, anxious not to disturb 'the weary pilgrims'. With dues left on the collection plate we repaired to the Cafe for breakfast. A concerned Mrs. W enquired how we'd coped 'camping on such a wild and stormy night', before adding with a mischievous glint in her eye that she'd observed several suspicious looking characters sneaking into church the previous evening. Our collars well and truly felt!

If these reflections suggest a hint of nostalgia so be it (there's lots to be nostalgic about at my age). And lest you think they're mere ramblings of an old has-been then on your next visit to T'yn Lon take a look at a group photo on the Common Room wall. It was taken in the 80s and epitomizes the 'Pembroke scene' described here. The pic shows a group of typical Pembroke regulars on a balmy summer's afternoon, lolling and cavorting on a grassy sward above Triple Overhang Buttress - between climbs of course.

Halcyon days..



Attachment:

*Excerpt from Western Telegraph July 2016
'Tearooms legend...'*

Photos(courtesy, Joe Brennan):

Mark Lund/Tony: Blue Sky (VS), Saddle Head

*Joe/Tony: Welcome to the Cruise (HVS), Triple
Overhang Buttress*

A hanging belay somewhere

Bosherston as seen many Moons later A fresh view unrelated to us Oldies

Sarah Wheelan

PEMBROKE BANK HOLIDAY MEET MAY 2018

This was my first outdoor meet with the club, so I was really looking forward to it. I had just got my new VW campervan and awning and travelled through early Saturday morning, with my 3 little sausage dogs (who'd never been camping before). So everything about the weekend meet was new and never been done before. I was going on my own to meet the rest of the club and felt really confident and happy.

DAY ONE - When we arrived and found the field I ended up having to set up further away from the other club members as other campers were there. At the time I felt disappointed I couldn't be near them, but later down the line I was quite glad. It was a very hot day so I got the pups out of the van and took them for a wander round the field, but no one was about as they'd gone out for a day's activity. So I got my van set up. Put the pups in their cage and tried to get the awning up, bearing in mind I had never put it up before. Oh my life, how stressful. The wind decided to blow and kept taking my awning away, with the sun beating down I felt I was going to get heat

stroke, the pups constantly barked and just would not shut up. I was totally soaked with sweat, lost my temper, threw my teddy in the corner and said, "I'm never ***** doing this again". 3 hours later (or more) I was set up and completely done, feeling shattered and in need of a drink. So, I took the pups for a wander into the village and found the local pub.



I had a pint and the pups had water. Whilst relaxing there, some of the other club members came along on their way back from a day's climbing, so that was nice and great to meet other members I'd not met before. We didn't stay long, even though the beer was going down too easily.

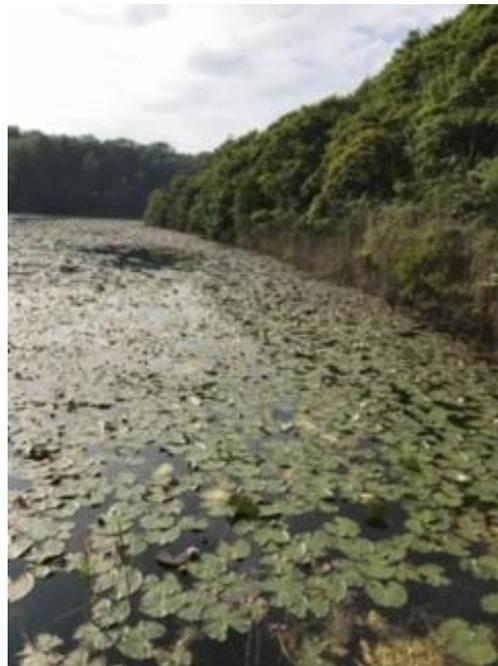
There was a BMC event on that evening and a female climber was there to talk about her experiences. So those who wanted to attend did. I tried to chill with the pups instead and needed to keep them entertained. I took them for a walk and played with them to stop them from barking at something and nothing. I was now glad I was parked up down the bottom of the field and far away.

DAY TWO:- We had an awesome night's sleep so my first night in my campervan got big thumbs up. Most of the group went rock climbing, whilst the others went walking. In the morning the pups and I took off for a few hours, heading over towards the cliffs.

On route, just outside the village, I come across a large sign, "St Martins military range, when red flags up do not proceed!" I had been here before. I couldn't believe I was back here. The last time I was working, wearing camouflage and firing down the range. What a turnaround hey. Anyway, we got to the cliffs and saw there was a few climbers around. I noticed their ropes were tied to hooks at the top, with their bags, right next to the footpath, which looked almost abandoned with no one in sight. My health and safety brain kicked in, thinking how anyone could just untie

them or pinch their bags. I'd never seen this before, but apparently, it's how it is done and is a trust thing?!?!

We had a good explore round that morning and was out for a few hours walking and looking at the amazing scenery. Later on, after food and a rest, we met up with Pierce and little Pierce and went for a walk down round the lily ponds heading out towards the beach. There were some lovely views with all the lily's. Lots of little bridges to cross and it appeared to be a very popular destination for visitors. The beach was heaving!



The 3 sausage dogs loved it. In fact, they loved it so much they had to bark at everyone and drew a lot of attention with the noise they made. It didn't take me long to decide to take them away and go exploring up the cliffs. Once at the top I looked down onto the beach and saw Pierce with this little sand boy. Little Peirce loved it that much he had decided to face plant the beach and was covered head to toe in sand. I'm not sure if his Dad quite knew what to do though, but it was funny to see. We then went and spent more time walking around that area and having a good look round.

That evening we all had a little get together on the field, which was quite pleasant. By the end of it, those who were left, finished the night looking through a star gazing phone app trying to see what the stars were called. I've tried the app since and it even picks up stars in my living room from the lamp lights. So, I am not actually sure what we were looking at that night, but we all had a laugh.

DAY THREE:- Not a lot happened this day. It was the bank holiday Monday, so most of the group headed off back home quite early on or went walking

first before heading off.

I eventually enjoyed my first meet once I got settled. It was nice to get to know more members, some whom I had not met before. I left looking forwards to my next meet with the club, to get to know folk more and to get more involved in day activities with everyone.

The Old Man and the Sea Kenneth Hipkiss

When I was first contacted by Katrin Bergmann/Brennan requesting that I contribute to a forthcoming News Letter I was, to say the least, quite surprised. This was because; although I have been associated with the Ceunant Mountaineering Club for well over 55 years (Man and Boy) I have not been very actively involved with the sport for quite a few years now. This has been through body failure rather than lack of desire. (This is due to a lifetime of impact sports resulting in a general arthritic skeletal frame, particularly regarding the Homo Sapiens curse; one's lower back) Still, I am able to ski in the mountains, which saves the day).

Consequently, what could I write about that would be of current interest? Nothing much, so it would have to be something historical. Then, boring old fart talk, here we go.

“To Begin At The Beginning” -

Just thinking of what to write has been the catalyst for fantastic Ceunant memories spanning many decades. These have been regarding feats of derring - do on the mountains and

almost as many off! As an example, when I first met a certain Mr Joe Brennan back in 1960, a large group of Ceunanteers were staying in a spacious holiday homes set up in Sunny Corner Lane, Sennen Cove. I was introduced to Joe by a club member, (Roger Bennett) and we three spent a very enjoyable day climbing on the gorgeous granite cliffs on the cove's headland. Driving home up the hill from the cove in Joe's Mini Cooper S, we came across a large pig that had escaped from the field at the top of the hill (which is now the overspill car park). With shrieks of delight, Joe was transformed into a mad “Pig Dog” and used his driving skills to round up the pig and get it back into the field. Then for the next ten minutes or so he played “One man and his Mini” with the unfortunate animal, (he lost points with his “Fetch” though).

That evening a team had a good night in the Inn at St. Buryan, so good, that another club member, Chris Wilkinson wrote off his E type Jag on the way back home to Sennen. (But that's another story.)

Roger's wife, Barbara, was a committed friend of the earth person who would champion the cause of the Lesser Spotted Jack Toad etc so, when she heard of Joe's activities via "Locker Room Banter" she was not amused. Consequently, for the rest of the holiday there was indeed a large "Pig in the room"!

This climbing holiday in Cornwall, taking in classic routes on Bosigran, "The Cliff of the Overbearing Grand Mother" (sorry!), Chair Ladder, Lands End and Pedn-Men-Du, was the start of my life long attraction to sea cliff climbing!

Cornwall was soon followed by most popular West Country locations but it was not until events in the spring of 1967 that really opened the door to my climbing Nirvana; that being the sea cliffs of Anglesey.

But just before we leave Cornwall I would like to quote one of Joe's prophetic observations as we set off to climb on Sennen's headland leaving the oily smell of "Piz Buin" wafting across from the beach of White Sands Bay. Seeing all these pale holiday people basking in the sun, Joe said "It just goes to show that some believe that being brown is beautiful. (provided of course that you acquire it rather than been born with it!)"

My first route at Gogarth was on Castell Helen under the following circumstances:-

In 1967, the club's Annual Dinner was held in the Dolbadarn Hotel, Llanberis and the guest speaker was, the then editor of Mountain Magazine, Ken Wilson. He turned out not to be very entertaining but his enthusiasm for the sport could not be questioned. As Pete Holden was the Chairman of the club, it fell upon him to converse etc with Ken. Somehow, via this engagement, having established our climbing CV's, Peter and I were invited to join him and another Climbers Club member, Brian Croft, to a climbing day in an area known as Gogarth. Not knowing just what to expect, early next morning we collected them from Ynys Ettws and having taken an early breakfast in Wendy's cafe, we set off across Anglesey and arrived at the South Stack car park.

Ken then led us off down a very loose un-adopted path down to the derelict Castell, where we sorted out the ropes and gear. My heart was in my mouth as I looked across towards Red Wall thinking that this undertaking might be comparable it its length and steepness.

We then descended a very loose scramble to reach the abseil point. I didn't like the **tat** that was in place at that time, so I hammered in a large ring peg to supplement what was already there. (The peg remained in place for many years to come! and so it was a reminder on subsequent visits of this first encounter!)

Ken set off, carrying an extra rope to tie onto the first which enabled us to reach the sea level in one go. On the way down; as this was before the development of, "these 'ere abseil device things" (see below) Pete managed to burn through the shoulder of his brand new Helly Hansen anorak.

When we were all standing on the belaying ledge just above the sea (which was a little lively), looking around me, all I could see was vertical/overhanging walls, sea, oh, and a lighthouse. All this emphasised just how committing this venture was going to be!

Ken and Brian set off on what I now know as being Pel. Pete and I Climbed Rap. (Rappel, get it?)

When fully engaged in the actual climbing we were able to appreciate just how fantastic this new playground really was. So we really were enjoying "Dancing beneath a diamond sky...." We were well and truly hooked.

When Pete and I were belayed at the half way ledge, Pete took some great photos. He later sent them to Ken who went on to publish some in his 1977, Mountain 57 Gogarth edition.

Following this extravaganza, the door was now well and truly open for many of us in the club. Gone were the days of being bitten to death by midges on the damp Lech Ddu. Being scared to death on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu and Castell Cidwm, or having to queue for climbs at Tremadog. This was now the renaissance of real climbing again - not fully knowing just what to expect when abseiling into Gogarth's Zawns etc.

For quite some time following this introduction, both North and South Gogarth and all that is contained therein (Rhoscolyn etc) became Pete Holden's, Tom Leppert's and my default climbing location. This continued for many years due to there being new areas discovered almost monthly. Consequently, the attraction outlined above was able to be re-enacted time and time again.

I could write forever regarding actual Gogarth climbing anecdotes, as my last Talley was in excess of one hundred ascents over various grades and quality, peaking at E3, (a walk in the park these days!)

My only claim to fame was in making the first ascent of a direct start to Hombre with Les Holliwel in 1968. This straightened out the route and enabled it to be accessed via Easter Island Zawn rather than the often tide affected approach from the main cliff.

I could also nearly write forever regarding events of a none climbing nature, undertaken by the Ceunant's "Game for a laugh" teams. Such as when a large team of us, (including, of course, a certain Mr. Joe Brennan) descended the cliff between Yellow Wall and Penlas Rock, complete with a large canoe. We went on to launch Derek Grimitt into; at that time, a placid Irish Sea. However, as is normal for this area; the sea can change in an instant and Derek nearly drowned - and we all laughed!

There are many Club members who are aware of such stories but strangely enough, Joe seems to be a common denominator!

But that's another story.

The Harry Smith connection:-

Harry was a member of the Rock and Ice Club who had regular contact with the Ceunant in the 60's. He was very active in the Tremadoc area, making several first ascents such as – Pear Tree Variation 1955, (a name given because he had difficulty in pronouncing Peuterey, as in Poor Man's Peuterey) Stromboli 1956, Merlin Direct 1959,

Dwm, 1960, and Valerian in 1965. He was, and still is, (see below) a real character. He was also the inventor and developer of modern protection chocks. The first being reamed out nuts. These were all new at that time.

I first met Harry in the kitchen at T'yn Lon, in early 1960's. He was with his wife, Shirley, who was a fit, robust climbing Gal with, fortunately, a great sense of humour. The (single) kitchen sink was blocked, so he turned to me and said "I'll just have to get our Shirl to blow down it. That'll clear it!"

We were later to undertake some climbing together. The first being Stromboli, around 10 years after his first ascent, followed by Dwm on Castell Cidwm, 15 years after his first ascent with Joe Brown.

In June 2018, Tom Leppert invited me and Mari to attend Harry's surprise 90th Birthday celebration in his now home village of Flash, Derbyshire. It was very well attended with representation from both villagers and climbers. The Ceunant was represented by Pete and Angela Holden, Steve Coughlan, Mari and me.

He presented as still the same old Harry. Looked quite fit and (unlike me!) his memory was still very much intact. This was shown when he recounted the time when he swore he needed to pull me though a karabiner to get me up a pitch that he had led!

Therefore, as homage to Harry and Gogarth, the following is an amended version of an article I wrote for the Club's News Letter, back in the day.

I was a lot younger and impressionable at this time which comes across in the text but, Hey Ho, They were the best of times!

So come on all you young guns, forget about Trump and Brexit. Have a break from the comfort of the climbing walls and Social Media. Just take some advice from my hero ***

*“Take me disappearing through the
smoke rings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of time
Far past the frozen leaves
The haunted frightened trees
Out to the windy beach
Far from the twisted reach of
crazy sorrow
Yes, to dance beneath a diamond
sky
With one arm waving free
Silhouetted by the sea
Circled by the circus sands
With all memory and fate
Driven deep beneath the waves
Let me forget about today until
tomorrow” ****

I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN

As self preservation combined with the necessary degree of risk taking are integral components of my (and of many other aspiring climbers) personality, the decision to go and have, (what a certain Mr Harry Smith would call,) “A Good Do” on Gogarth was not easily reached.

However, despite prolonged bleating regarding being unfit and not having climbed anything hard for a while, I found myself, along with Harry, two Cave and Craig competitors and (mon-ami), Sandra, leaving the comforts of Tyn Lon and heading for the car park at South Stack.

It's interesting to think that, at this time, maintaining one's image was second to fearing that you may die on these escapades!

Upon arrival at the car park we could not resist going down to take another peek at Red Wall and attempting to make out its line up this intimidating piece of rock. We did have a Joe Brown moment regarding climbs such as Winking Crack saying, “Come on if you are hard enough.” Unfortunately, given our present environment, it was more like a Siren's call! *

Setting off from the car park, we were headed across the heathery moors in the general direction of the crag. Mr Smith was looking resplendent in his ex. W.D. jacket and boots, which fitted in quite well with his Joe Brown Balaclava woollen hat.

At the descent gully staging area, with the air of a magician producing wondrous things from a top hat, Mr. Smith proceeded to sort out his gear, "Could all that be contained in one little ex. W D sack?" Soon he was sporting a fine and extensive array of bespoke chocks and slings which would certainly be labelled as "Collector's items" if they were ever to come up for sale.

When I proudly started to sort out my mine, Mr. Smith exclaimed, "Christ all bloody mighty, is "that" all the gear you've brought" These are big routes you know.

"Oh!" I said.

Mr. Smith then proclaimed that we would do this "Scavenger thing" and then have a look round for something else. This partly relieved my somewhat anxious feelings as it was only graded HVS.

Good! I said.

About to descend the gully, I noticed Mr Smith was still wearing his W D boots "Haven't you forgotten your P A's "I enquired "I'm not too keen on using them new-fangled rubber things on easy routes" was his reply.

"Oh!" I said.

Soon we were making the initial moves on the sea-level traverse but as most of it was in fact below sea-level, this task proved to be quite difficult. However, Mr. Smith being a born leader soon had the parties organised, as he quickly dispatched the Cave and Craig lads back in the direction of the climb, Gogarth .

A good swell, turning tide and strong offshore winds are perhaps idyllic conditions for surfers but I'm afraid, not for sea level traverses but undeterred, Mr Smith pushed on and I meekly followed thinking that at anytime I could become an honorary member of the Wolverhampton Sub Aqua Club! Consequently, by the time we reached the perched block of Pentathol, we were, to say the least, a little damp!

After this, things got much steeper so, with waves now clawing their way up the cliff to the left of us Mr. Smith turned to me and said

“well, it looks like we can’t get round to the start of our climb so we’ll climb up this ‘ere wall and traverse round to the start of the second pitch.”

“But Harry,” I said “This ‘ere wall happens to be a climb called Syringe and it’s known to be quite tricky.”

“I don’t go in for these ‘ere names you know” was the reply.

“Oh!” I said.

“Well, I believe its graded E3 too” **

“I don’t take much notice these grade things” He said.

“Oh!” I said.

On this pitch Harry showed his brilliance as a rock climber as he moved slowly but steadily up the impressively steep grey wall on deceptively rounded holds, planting immaculate runners every three or four feet. After one particularly trying sequence of moves, he leered down at me and Shouted, “I’m going to have to pull you through a karabiner to get you up this young “lpkiss”

“Oh!, Bother” I said.

Whilst Mr. Smith had been engaged in overcoming the difficulties of this first pitch, a whiskered, round rubber ball popped up out of the sea. Through translucent eyes, he watched us with the detached interest of a barman who was viewing the antics of the regular drunkard. Then with an almost audible yawn, he rolled over on his back, pulled out his plug and sank to his cool retreat at the bottom of Gogarth Bay.

“Climb when you dare” Called Mr. Smith, from above.

“Climbing” I croaked.

After 50 or 60 feet of unrelenting difficulty up this very steep wall, strength was beginning to forsake me, so I managed to unclip a couple of linked slings and slipped my right foot into one of them to have a short rest. Unfortunately, this was not to be. No sooner had I placed my weight in the sling when the nut shot out of the crack, rapidly followed by me. Fortunately (for that image maintenance you know) I was able to grab a reasonable hand hold to stop my descent before Mr. Smith was aware of just what had happened and so honour was saved.

The sling, or to be precise, two slings and two alloy krabs which were linked together, landed on the perched block of Pentathol. These were soon collected by a climber with a keen eye for “swag” but only to be later recovered in a diplomatic confrontation at the top of the crag!

“Well done Harry, not bad for an old - un” I managed to gasp after around 140 feet of sustained difficult climbing before reaching the belay.

“Yes, it was a bit of a do, it’s surprising just what the kids’ get up to these days” was his reply.

(10)

Looking at the difficulties of the next pitch, I was quite relieved when Mr. Smith said, “We won’t have time to finish it so, if you climb about 30 feet up the next pitch and get something good in, and we’ll be able to pendule across to Pentathol and finish up that”

“Yes!” I said.

When this was achieved and I was securely belayed, I told Harry to “do his thing”. This he did. To save time, he just climbed hand over hand up the rope, stripping my runners as he went. He then lowered off the last one and swung across to me. This was quite a feat, as the pitch was gently overhanging.

We bombed up the last pitches of Pentathol and jangled our way across

the cliff tops to join our friends who were waiting at the top of the descent gully.

“How did he manage”? Enquired a female voice.

“Well, you’ve put me in a difficult position there Sandra, as you seem to think he’s a bit of a goer or something and I wouldn’t want to spoil anything for him”, he grinned.

“Thanks a lot!” I said.

“Anytime son, anytime”

“Oh, by the way Harry”, I said, “Can I just take a look at the guidebook to see what it says about the route?”

“I don’t go in for

“Oh!” I said

Mr. Smith then asked what I was doing the next day, as he’d seen this big crack line he fancied.

“Oh NO”! I said.

***Mr Tambourine Man (Bob Dylan)

**The significance of this being that E3 was the hardest grade at this time. (Now graded E4 6a)

*The Red Wall siren's call was answered the following year by Pete Holden, Tom Leppert and myself, which was another, "Bit of a Do."!

But that, my friends, is yet another story!

Ken Hipkiss

February 2019.



Harry Smith, seen here at his 90th Birthday Celebration - July 2018

Sent from Ken Hipkiss

He's holding up some of the protection nuts he developed in the late 1950s -60. Note the proto type aluminium "Moac design" on the left.



Photographed By Peter Holden - July 2018

Having witnessed a near fatal episode involving Peter's semi-soloing fall on Meshach at Tremadog, Harry remarked:-

"Holden, you are going to have a brilliant but short career"

(Peter now says he was wrong on both counts!)

Memories of Fantastic Times

Valerie Beddard

As Kat appears to have a problem receiving articles from Club Members, I thought I would reminisce about the GREAT backpacking trips we did with fellow members of the Ceunant Club.

Bolivia

First backpacking trip ever at age 48, Bill 49. A wonderful experience, arriving in La Paz, the capital at ca. 13,000 ft above sea level after two days travelling there. The Bolivian Alpine Club was very helpful, organising transport, Llamas to carry our gear into the mountains. We stayed for a month, camping and hotel when in La Paz. Trip to Isle-de-Soll, walking from top of a mountain down to the jungle where streams were warm. After that a very scary return on the back of a lorry along one of the most dangerous roads in the World. So many memories, never to be forgotten!

Chile

Flew to Santiago in February, summer in the Southern Hemisphere, catch a bus into the mountains, then walking into the mountains with ponies carrying our stuff. Even in the 1990's a glacier was receding, sure it will have all disappeared by now. Great walk

with Joe Brennan from the Chilean lake district over the border with Argentina and camping overnight. Walk back into Chile. We bought bus tickets. Joe went to buy bus tickets for the "lake district" when a small earthquake happened. Joe was wondering what he had done when the office girls dived under their desks!!!

American National Parks

Stunning Trips1 Yosemite, where "El Capitan" looked an impossible face to climb, half dome, walked up from the back.

Wyoming, Wind River Range, beware of the bears! We had nasty weather, so retreat to Climbing Area. In Pinedale, we were dancing to Cowboy lines, stayed in a Tepee, cheap as putting a tent up! Jackson Hole, travel into the Titons, a wonderful range of mountains, lupines in the meadows, Alpine flowers up high! We saw moose and 2 baby bears feeding on berries - where was Mum???

Page, Arizona

We stayed the night on the floor of a hostel, our motor had broken down, so emergency accommodation, then drove across Monument Valley, sandstone butts as seen in the old Cowboy Films.

Paria Canyon, Utah

Several of the team did a 2 -day walk in this famous Canyon, if it rains a 100 miles away, it can cause the canyon to flood. Myself and Tom Pettit drove 60 miles to meet everyone at the exit, great relief when they appeared, everyone covered in mud as the photograph in T'yn Lon does proves.

Devil's Tower, Wyoming

All climbers in the party climbed this iconic rock, three thought they would be benighted as they were still on the top when it was dark! Amazingly, the moon came out, they rappelled safely, using fixed pegs. Felli, Oliver, Dennis Jordan made it to the bar, all were happy to see them. Felli and Ollie now live in New Zealand. Castleton Tower was climbed, we stayed in Moab, Mormon country, selling strange-tasting beer.

We also drove across Death Valley, the hottest desert in America to Las Vegas where we caught our flight home. Climbs were had in Red Rock National

Park, itinerants were on the campsite, so stayed in Las Vegas for 5 nights.

Last Trip with Kat & Joe in 1998

Walked some of the Canyons, walked down Angels Landing, a wonderful mountain side, carved by Indians.

This is just a short résumé, just stunning trips, wonderful memories and forgive any mistakes made.

Val Beddard

(Editor's note: one of the earliest contributors - end 2018)

A Voice from Beyond

Scripts from the Journey to Bolivia in 1992

By late Joseph Brennan

Editor's Note: I would like to explain that I have tried to read Joe's handwriting, which is mostly legible, but I will not be able to give or spell Place Names accurately – however, the descriptions of the journey are clear and should make some sense of impressions and life in the places visited.

Therefore Joe's account will be in inverted commas!

"18/19 July

Two days of befuddlement, sleeplessness and semi-suspension, petty officials in superabundance a flitter, making every molehill loom large.

Via Viasa to Caracas, Bogota, Lima and a good bivi under the public address system.

Everyone very friendly and helpful so far apart from the odd official arsehole.

Free breakfast somehow, on Aero Peru. Last lap on Lloyd Aero Boliviano, a bit late but soon to take off to complete the state of semi-suspension. By now

we are fully lagged. No real hassles. Smartly dressed Emigration Manager wanted tin of corned beef and security asked us not to put films through X-ray zapper!

La Paz is an infested ant hill of humanity, 800 people under a bridge. A man passes with a stuffed alligator under his arm. Streets are crowded without overbearing attentions of Asia. A fruitless morning trying to fix up transport to the mountains and buy fuel. No real affects of altitude in the way of headaches. A little breathless on hills. Hotel Residence Rosario brilliant, no gut rot yet.

-new day

July 21st

Trip to Valee de Luna, a fantastically eroded badlands, now being desolated by refuse tips and shitty housing overflows. What chance the environment against the utilitarian mind?

Tuesday 28th July

5.30 alarm and shortly away, trashing through the vegetation in half darkness, no rhythm, only bigger and better headaches. The peak, Yapuchanani 5525m, is very effectively guarded by complex glaciers and crumbling faces.

There has apparently been no snow last summer, so the glaciers were bare ice, with thin ice bridges spanning abysses dark and dismal. Time started to press as we had to weave an intricate line through ice walls and crevasses. Eventually single pitches over very dangerous terrain with many hidden crevasses, longitudinal and lateral, took all the time we had. We reached a high point of about 5300m before reluctantly retreating. About ½ mile of difficult glacier separated us from the summit.

To go on would have probably resulted in being caught in darkness. There is no rescue back-up in these wild hills and no room for heroes either.

The glacier was becoming increasingly dangerous in the afternoon sun, so a slow careful retreat was dictated by circumstances. Tony stumbled against an ice blade (called Penatente in Spanish), maybe cracking a rib.

Once released from the icy embrace, Dennis took off on a frolic of his own, leaving us to search up and down and wonder if anything had happened.

After 2 hours of this we descended to find him sitting in luxury in base camp, waited upon with drinks and goodies. A good duffing was in order.

The smoke from the burning below had risen up, filling our valley with smoke, making it worse than a pub at closing time.

The evening was spent sitting with 3 Llameros playing Bolivian pipes, supplemented by Dennis and me on the mouth organ. A real late night session, we did not get to bed until 9 pm.

Thursday 30th July

Our usual prompt start, 10.30 am for the long graunch up to the Janapeti glacier at 5,600m. 7 hours of drudgery with a 50 pound sack. Allowing for the inevitable wrong turnings we eventually collapsed on the glacial col at 5.30pm just as the sun disappeared and the temperature plummeted instantly to ice age proportions. A hurried meal and dive into the tents for a night to remember. Graham and I had one of the worst nights ever, with searing headaches, breathing palpitations and general malaise. No sleep, only restless trashing.

Friday 31st July

By the morning we were seriously altitude lassitued. Dennis and Steve were ok and climbed.... Graham and I bumbled downwards in search of oxygen. Weather seems to become more unstable. We are really fed up about missing the peak.

A strong and intermittent wind rattled the frozen fly sheet. Cooking was not entirely a pleasure. Steve's stove packed up, resulting in 4 relying on ours. Melting snow took ages and the stove would list like the Tower of Pisa into its unstable foundation of snow.

That night we managed a bonfire with the dry, spiky grass which is the dominant plant hereabouts. Fast and all over quickly, like burning hay. "

Editor's note: I feel it best to finish here as there are many more pages to be typed up. Maybe, these can be incorporated into another Ceunant Mountaineering Paper in the future. Food for thought !!! And Action

Climbers Scrapbook

Our 8 day Rock Climbing Road Trip - July 2018

Ann & Tony Millichope



Our rental Renault Twingo near Buis-les-Baronnies.



Last climb of the trip; La Glière in the Aiguilles Rouges



Ann, Climbing at Baume Rousess



- Crag List:**
- Baume Rousse - Provence**
 - Ubriex - Provence**
 - Les Petits Dalles - Ailefroide**
 - La Draye - Ailefroide**
 - La Glière - Chamonix**



A "Selfie" on La Glière



Breakfast in the Chamonix valley



Late night, apres climb, beer & pizza



The Ceunant, Ailefroide Meet



Ana & Ann, climbing at Les Petits Dalles

Thanks to everyone who has contributed to this Magazine, I am sure there is a lot more to say!

I promise, if I am still a sort of “Editor”, that I will pester people for articles and that I will learn the Publisher programme as it has taken me far too long to complete all this.

Many new and OLD stories to hear about so please have a think and

GET WRITING !!!!

We all are very nosey and would like to know what you have been up to. So keep going, walking, climbing, meeting up, experiencing the outdoors and party.

Have fun – lots of love, Kat and dogs, and Joe in the sky !!!