

**Ceunant Mountaineering Club  
Forty Year Anniversary Magazine  
December 1996**



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## 1996 Committee

*Contact no:*

<b>Chairman</b>	<b>Tony Millichope</b>
<b>Vice Chairman</b>	<b>Paul Green</b>
<b>General Secretary</b>	<b>Adrian Casey</b>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>Nick Oldfield</b>
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<b>Outdoor Meets</b>	<b>Mark Hellewell</b>
<b>Indoor Meets</b>	<b>Andy Ring</b>
<b>Ordinary Committee Member</b>	<b>Joe Brennan</b>
<b>Ordinary Committee Member</b>	<b>Fiona McIntosh</b>

## Foreword

The foreword set out below is adapted from a foreword written by Mike Kerby in the Ceunant Mountaineering Club Journal in December 1965

Mountaineering is now established as one of Britain's National recreations. It is no longer the sport of a few rich men of leisure but rather the pastime of many people from all walks of life.

There is a great deal written in the mountaineering world of Himalayan Giants and grade VI climbs: and much of it makes inspiring fireside reading. Most of us will never reach such heights of nerve and skill, but with a little encouragement could put more into our climbing than we do now.

This journal has been produced to record the modest experiences of a small section of the mountaineering community in the hope of stimulating further interest in this sport.

The articles cover a variety of subjects; some are deliberately humorous: some describe hard climbs and first ascents: others take the reader on explorations further afield.

Thanks must be given to all those who have devoted so much time to producing this journal.

## Editorial

Over recent months I have had the pleasure of being able to read the great wealth of material contained in old club newsletters, magazines, log books and minutes. In this fortieth year it seems appropriate to reprint a small selection of older articles to show the development of the club's culture. I hope that you will enjoy them. One thing is for sure the club has always had fun in a big way, whether that be on official meets or down the Queen's on a Wednesday night. I think this sets us apart from other clubs and long may it continue.

Thanks to everyone who has contributed to this magazine. I particularly thank:

Danny O'Keefe, Joe Brennan, Nick Oldfield (CIC meet), Val Beddard (Family meet), Tony Millichope (Chile), and Martin Bemand (Cornwall meet) and Debbie Sharp for the drawings.

**PAUL GREEN**

## Message from the Chairman

What would someone from "outside", particularly a non climber make of the Ceunant ? They may find us a little odd, unconventional, some would say plain daft ! To see why you only need to look back to the club's origins. In breaking away from the Mountaineering Association the early Ceunant was making a statement. To simply climb was not in itself enough and an escape from the sort of petty restrictions which everyday society seeks to impose on us was sought. On this rather anarchistic note the Ceunant was formed.

Looking through this 40th anniversary magazine you can see that the antics of today are still mirroring those of 30 and 40 years ago. Obviously times change. We don't all yomp over miles of bog, wearing woolly breaches and bobble hats anymore (although some of us do). Sport Climbing, Climbing Walls, Lycra Tights, E-points, all these things were unheard of in 1956. Likewise we continue to draw new members, attracted I'm sure by our active and progressive nature, and the wide variety of our membership. The Ceunant isn't everyone's "cup of tea" (and long may that remain so). Perhaps some of us are misfits ? (see Barbara Bennett's letter of 1971). If not misfits we are certainly not short on character.

Enough rambling, a Chairman's message. What on earth can I say to you lot ?

Keep doing your thing, be it on the rock, in the mountains, up the wall, or simply talking about it in the pub, and have a damn good time doing it !

**TONY MILLICHOPE**

## Notes and notices

### *New members*

Congratulations to the following new members since 1 January 1996:

**John Bunny  
Dave Michels  
Katrina Bergman**

**Richard (Dick) Garbett  
Martin Bemand**

**Martyn Peters  
Alison Crunden**

New provisional members are as follows:

**Andy "Harry" Sharp  
Robert "Frank" Evans**

**Debbie Sharp  
Sally Burnside**

We look forward to seeing you on future meets.

# Celebrations

The 30 year celebrations were reported in 1987 by Tony Mynette:

## On Golden Pond

Thankfully, perhaps, the Ceunant's name is not generally synonymous with prudent and careful planning. It was, therefore, with profound surprise and no doubt, divine cooperation that the Club celebrated its 30th Birthday precisely in conjunction with British Summer Time 1987.

Having due regard to the solemnity of the occasion an advance party of 20 or so 'old guard' assembled for pre-luncheon pink gins at Pen-Y-Gwyrdd. These were dressed, for the most part, appropriately for them and for July in Wales, in 1930's style thick tweeds, stout shoes, etc. (Incidentally, please return the Editor's gear rack lent for the occasion).

After lunch an expanded crowd of guests numbering 30 to 40 proceeded to Afon Glaslyn and Llyn Gwynant where a halcyon afternoon of harmless capering ensued. Under a fierce and unrelenting sun revellers took gratefully to the water, though some more gratefully than others. Of those negotiating the 'Tyrolean' and Elephant Rock traverses (Blondel Robbins and Delboy Grimmitt come hazily to mind) a slightly worrying mix of ineptitude and inebriation ensured early and frequent immersions for most.

How paradoxical, I mused, that most weekends we curse the wet and drive for miles, spending small fortunes to avoid the damp at any cost.

Musing on, I reflected how privileged we were to witness children at innocent play on that golden afternoon. Children of all ages, backgrounds and persuasions happily enjoined in carefree abandon. As shadows lengthened over Llyn Gwynant and dragon flies danced their twilight ritual over limpid pools, I observed, as oft before, how children of 5 to 11 years exercise more restraint and maturity in their innocent game than their counterparts of 25 to 45 years.

In the gathering dusk, safely back inside the laager, camp fires crackled and flickered into life. Soon, the scented air was laden with the aroma of roasting, freshly bagged guinea fowl, mountain hare and Co-op fish fingers. These succulent dishes were washed down with generous flagons of Robinson's barley water, with the occasional hop thrown in.

Following the feast came the traditional barn dance with music provided by local hill folk. Friends from a nearby inn stopped by to wish us well and brought nosegays of purple heather and mountain thyme. A languid moon climbed steadily above Crib Goch and stars twinkled in the heavily scented night sky as the dulcet tones of Hendrix, Jagger and Meatloaf drifted sonorously up to Pen-Y-Pass ..... and down again. This soothing lullaby 'rocked' many a wary valley dweller into slumber that night. Some of these called by the following morning to comment appreciatively on the thoughtful gesture.

As smoke from the dying fires curled upwards to mingle with the ancient yews in the churchyard, a hushed and sleepy stillness descended on that hallowed spot. The tranquillity disturbed only by the occasional distant yap of a dog, the murmur of a child, or the urgent wrestling of a man and wife .....

Note: Special, limited edition prints in sepia are available of this article and the writer. Please apply to the recently established: Sunshine Home for Retired Chairmen, The Snowdon Mouldings Bivi-bag, Third Flat Iron, Boulder, Colorado. Credit Cards very welcome.

## The 40th Bash

Well, we were 40 this year. The club I mean, many of us are nowhere near that. In fact, I should imagine that many in the club only just caught 'The Prisoner' on a re-run, let alone possess original 'Quo' records. I'm not saying that some of the membership are getting on a bit, but I'm told Bill Beddard still knows all the words to "Pictures of Matchstick Men".

Anyway, we (we're back to the club again) were 40, so it was decided that we'd have a 'bit of do'. The garden at Tyn Lon was to be the venue, but considering the unpredictable nature of the Nant Peris weather we needed a Marquee. This was delivered by Dave Balchin, a member of the Ceunant Discovery Owners Club (membership two) and erected, but only just, in the now completely obscured garden. Lighting was installed with yours truly on the wobbly ladder, (talk about a busmans holiday) and the scene was set.

The weather on Saturday was baking hot, and there was a mass Ceunant invasion of 'Mud Rocks' with everyone achieving a 'Sahara like' level of thirst. So with the help of a few hay bales, a liberal sprinkling of bunting and, praise the Lord, no rain, this had all the makings of a great party. A wonderful buffet was laid out and laid waste to in a very short space of time. I don't know who supplied what, but I'm sure I speak for everyone in saying "MANY THANKS".

There was a fair bit of ale on hand but true to form, the Ceunant drank it dry post haste. So Emlyn, that randy purveyor of fine wines and spirits was dragged kicking and screaming from his bed and an emergency ale delivery was made. This too was consumed, but it did keep us going till the wee small hours. The music was supplied by 'The Things That Go Like That' who kept us very entertained. Backing vocals were supplied by 'Baritone Billy Beddard' and 'Rhythmic Roy Eaves', who "Blah Blah'd" their way through many an old classic.

The cross section of folks attending this bash was a joy to behold, with faces new and old all adding to a truly great atmosphere. The only feedback I've heard has been good, with an overwhelming vote of "lets do it again". Now functions like this don't just happen, and a whole lot of people put a great deal of effort into making this one the success it was. To all those people, you know who you are, we say "thank you". A club is only 40 once, but it is true to say that it's also only 41 once, 42 once, 43 once, etc, etc, etc, so lets do it again!!! Perhaps the Ceunant BMW owners club (membership three) could fetch the tent next time!!

Enough said. Cheers - DANNY

P.S. Who's got my grey Puma Jogging Trousers??

## *Annual dinner*

The 1996 annual dinner was a great success and well attended by all (ie new and old members). It was held on 16 March at the Goat Hotel in Beddgelert. As those who attended are well aware, the owners got very rattled by the high spirits. This was primarily due to the water pistol fights which were exacerbated by the use of Clive Powells atomic powered model which was fitted with metered water supply, night vision and laser guidance systems ! Retaliatory action by Graham Suttons's puny squirter was futile against this. A good blasting for anyone winning a raffle prize then followed (ps. thanks to Fred Hall once again for his, and DMM's kind generosity in contributing prizes). This sort of behaviour is not new to the club and has become an annual dinner trademark. It was first recognised in 1964, when the editorial in the newsletter contained the following:

A complaint was brought before the committee recently about the behaviour of certain members at the Annual Dinner held at the Prince Llewellyn Hotel in Beddgelert. During the dinner, and particularly when the club's speaker arose to reply to the guests a steady stream of projectiles were hurled from certain quarters of the room. The shooting was generally poor, probably due to the amount of liquor imbibed by the gentlemen concerned and the hail of wet serviette balls aimed at Roger Lavill did nothing except make watery splodges on the wall behind him (although the chairman was later observed to fish one out of his lap). However, certain members and their private guests were hit (probably by mistake), and they, like Queen Victoria, were not amused..... it was not new ..... the editor (I.D. Corbett) has distinct recollections of a dry biscuit whistling past his ear at the Dolbadarn function the year before.

Notwithstanding the above the evening was excellent fun and a large proportion of members took the trouble to dress in 1950's style outfits together with Elvis hairpieces. The most outrageous was worn by Steve Coughlan. The remainder of the evening was spent dancing to a rock band (and drinking of course !), which resulted in the inebriated pair, Tim Slater, and Graham Sutton thinking and acting like they were the original members of the Blues Brothers. Thanks to everyone who assisted in making the arrangements for this event.

# First impressions of mountaineering

Remember your first days out or your first exposure to the club's activities. Below are two articles on this subject. Mountaineering in general is well covered by an article written by a young Mr. J. Brennan (yes it is possible) for the 1965 Journal. As regard the Ceunant, or Protoceunant, the second article was written recently.

## First Impressions

by Joe Brennan

Late one Friday night two figures, weighed down with huge sacks, left Llandudno station and headed towards the low hills along the coast past Conway. This was to be our first weekend camping, our first introduction to the hills. The previous week, bored with the repetitious trivialities, we had suddenly thought of camping and so after borrowing the required amount of money bought a tent, a spirit stove and two rail tickets to Llandudno.

It took us two hours to pitch the tent that night. We had not thought of such things as a torch, a groundsheet or knots in the guy lines. Our food was sufficient for only one day. Fortunately the weather that weekend could not have been better and the sight of huge mysterious mountains further inland was enough to stimulate our imaginations and make us forget our discomforts. These mountains we would have to visit and explore for ourselves.

That was the beginning. Other weekends followed in which we learned a little about mountains and the art of camping. It was later that we became interested in Climbing as something to make up for the feelings of disappointment when the mountains of reality failed to measure up to the mountains of imagination. We went in search of a country that was wild, untamed and beautiful. Our heads were filled with the romantic ideas that the imagination conceives before experience can curb its wilder wanderings. It was inevitable that we were to be disillusioned. We did not go to the mountains to see the crowds of sensation seekers in the Llanberis Pass or to hear the noise of the Snowdon Railway that destroys the peace of the mountains on a fine summer's day. It was a shock to find the mountains so popular and the crowds so hard to escape. However, all was not a disappointment for we did find occasional tranquility and a land that was certainly beautiful. But the image of large areas of wild country, free from the sights and sounds of civilisation, which in our ignorance we had sought, was not realised.

Therefore, denied the pleasures of visiting and living for short periods in such a land, we turned to rock climbing. This sport certainly seemed to have the excitement and challenge that the mountain areas themselves could not provide for us, criss-crossed as they were with roads and other works of man.

We learned how to use a rope and how to trace the lines of weakness up the cliffs that before had seemed so featureless and terrifying. They were no longer the play-ground of madmen. The jargon of the rock climber began to have meaning. A whole new world was opened; the feeling of satisfaction after completing the hard move, the over-coming of what was to us difficult rock, of gaining height and looking out over the hills from what seemed vantage points in the very sky itself. It was only now that our satisfaction was complete; the mountains could be climbed, their crags scaled and places could be visited that were previously inaccessible to us. We were getting to know the mountains in their every aspect. We began to understand the meaning of the phrase "freedom of the hills".

As the months passed, so our appreciation of the mountains grew deeper. Moments were experienced that will live long in memory; the sudden brief glimpse of the valley through the mist; a day spent climbing in the shadow of Sron na Ciche and the view, on reaching the crest of the ridge, of the Outer Hebrides silhouetted against the last rays of the setting sun. It is moments such as these, as pleasant in recollection as in actual experience, that help to give mountaineering a depth and raise it above the merely physical aspect of the sport that some rock climbers cannot or do not wish to see beyond.

Gradually, as this world of mountaineering becomes known, small doubts began to grow - doubts about ourselves and other climbers. Had we really captured the true spirit of the sport? Did we not sometimes enjoy climbing on the cliffs of Llanberis in front of the gaping tourists who seem so much a part of the place in summer? Was self-glorification part of the attraction of mountaineering? There seemed a remarkably high proportion of climbers whose interest in mountains extended no further than the rocks they climbed on. One could only suppose that their enthusiasm would endure only as long as their youth. But these thoughts are small when compared with the whole. From mountaineering we receive satisfaction, fulfilment, challenge and something worth striving for in the improvement of our standards, however modest these may be.

## Protoceunant

It's the 1960's and my first meet. The broken and collapsing Cwm Eigiau Dam, site of the meet, seemed in no better condition than the array of knackermobiles which had pitched and tossed their way up a very rough track deep into the Carneddls late that Friday evening. This was a gathering of the Ceunant hairy ones. Four of us fairly hairless fledgelings had the dubious privilege of travelling in Basil's ancient A35 van. This had the disconcerting habit of belching oily fumes into, rather than outside the van. This quietened our youthful exuberance considerably. Secondary smoking had nothing on this. Most of the other motors were in even worse condition. The worst was the filthiest and most unreliable Rolls Royce in the World. It was actually a cannibalised twin of two models run by Harold Jupp, the spectacularly absentminded owner who seemed to be keeping them as a nature reserve for spiders.

On one occasion, Bill Yale, King of the walkers was asleep against the door in one of these monstrous jaloppies on a Skye trip. The door opened quietly without warning. Bill fell out. The door blew closed again with RR precision and quietness. Harold did not notice his missing passenger until a pit stop 70 miles later.

I was one of an influx of young members which was destined to change the nature of the Ceunant for good. Up to then it was predominantly a club of determined walkers. Hairiness predominated. Great hairy breaches covered mighty hairy legs. Large pipes, smoking at industrial levels, were thrust into great hairy beards at frequent intervals. And that was just the women. In fact the few thornily garbed females were hardly distinguishable as such in this hirsute world. The elite, a small group of good rock climbers kept their cliquish distance from the bobblehatted majority and were no help to us whatsoever in learning the ropes.

Urban Yob, I was looking for some action. After all I had given up the opportunity to play in two football matches that weekend, not to mention the delights of the local Palais de Dance. Roy Jennings, who had persuaded me against my better judgement to forgo all these attractions didn't turn up. I was suspicious.

The wrong kind of action started straight away with a bump start for the reluctant van. The driver, Basil, asked if my politics were left or right. I was nineteen. I asked if he spoke plain English.

Soon we stopped in a pub where pre-breathalyser quantities of beer were flung down throats, lubrication for the robust singing of songs of stunning obscenity and startling anatomical description. This went on for some time. Torrential rain lashed against the windows. Thrown beer lashed against everything and everyone. Two old ladies lilted to the uplifting melodies of the songs, totally unaware of the savage filth of the lyrics. Mike ..... got onto a table to tell a joke about exposure. The joke was real, culminating in a full frontal. The landlord looked as if this was all routine. The old ladies continued lilted and sipping their winter warmers, completely unfazed.

Well beyond closing time we embarked on the last hundred miles of the journey from Birmingham to Wales. Through the lashing rain we bump started the trusty A35 whose headlights were now becoming distinctly dim. A flat battery was diagnosed. No matter. On we went through the monsoon darkness, belching black fumes, steering by catseye bumps. Progress was enhanced by tagging onto the tails of rather worried but fully illuminated family cars. These would pull over periodically to let us past only for us to follow them closely into laybys waiting for them to start again as reluctant and now panic stricken guides. Hours later we took a steep rough track out of the Conwy valley which seemed to head straight across the mountains. Basil, blinded by wind and rain and darkness, kept hitting the sides of the track accompanied by howls of protest from passengers being flung around in the back of the rapidly deteriorating van. Outside, dim shapes loomed, unwary sheep being van herded. Eventually we arrived at some God-forsaken sodden bog, home for the weekend.

I was camping with Dave Stokes. We thought we had the last word in tent technology, a Bucta Falcon, subtitled "Defies the Elements. Braves the Storms." A lack of a groundsheet seemed to bely this claim. The wind whistled under the tent's skirts like a hovercraft. Balancing our meths stove in a puddle inside the tent, we tried for a brew of tea. Shortly the stove was over, spilling burning meths everywhere. Dave's hair was on fire. In our panic we thrashed wildly, vainly trying to douse the flames and at the same time get out of our kapoc sleeping bags which were also aflame.

"You clumsy Paddy Ploughman"



As the flames licked around me I thought that this outburst could well turn out to be an unkind epitaph.

A mighty gust, defying the Bucta's claims, flattened the sodden tent and snuffed out the flames. After this Dave's hair became permanently frizzy. That's why he keeps it short. Have you noticed ?

The rest of the night was spent squelching in our smouldering sleeping bags, draped in the remains of a shredded tent as the wind threw curtains of rain across our benighted forms. The Palais de Dance was well ahead on points at this stage.

Morning dawned. The rain continued unabated. We shivered and breakfasted on dough like white bread, oozing water like sponges. But at last we had the first signs that the Ceunant had noticed our existence. They were going to take us climbing despite the weather. Also a bunch of the new wave had arrived that morning with much noise and ribaldry. John Pettet, Chris Wilkinson, Tony Mynette, Pete Holden and others all clinging to the sides of Fred's van, all with fags sticking out of mouths at insouciant angles. All were wearing full dress formal top hats. This lot had joined the club sometime earlier than Dave and me. Ignoring us novices completely they soon disappeared, no doubt bent on some exotic plans.

My man, who, because of what comes later, should remain nameless. Like most of the Hairy Ones he was a great block of a man bourn along on massively muscled legs. I struggled in his wake, falling further and further behind, trying to wolf a last piece of decomposing dough, the remains of breakfast.

We were going to do Amphitheatre Buttress on Craig yr Isfa.

When I eventually arrived there I was impatiently tied on with a piece of nylon cord, wrapped several times round my waist. After rebuking me several times for perceived weaknesses the Mighty One started up the first pitch. Progress seemed strangely uncertain, even allowing for water cascading down the rocks. Periodic fits of shaking seemed to wrack his frame. Pace was funeral. I was soaked and frozen.

Pitch followed pitch up what seemed a waterfall. at one point I was asked to select a belay. I chose a sort of rounded spike.

"Very good. You obviously have an eye for these things." At which point the spliced sling promptly fell off and disappeared down the crag.

We were almost half-way by now and the Mighty One became increasingly prone to puzzling bouts of shaking whilst poised on holds. Doubts started to leak into my mind. Eventually, "We will retreat, conditions are too bad. We will abseil down the side into Amphitheatre Gully."

My panic stricken voice raised an octave or two. "I haven't done any abseils before."

"No matter. Follow instructions."

The rope was coiled round my legs and shoulders. I was about to be introduced to the Classical Abseil Method, for real.

"Not enough for a safety rope, I'm afraid, but you'll be all right. Stop wittering. Off you go."

Fear overcame pain as I slid to nowhere.

"I've reached the end of the rope and I'm only half way down."

Could that hysterical voice be me ?

"Ok. get off the rope and hang onto the rock."

Terror stricken, I clung to a lump of soaking grass sticking out of the rock, waiting for the arrival of Him. All the while what strength I had was slipping away. I was down to my last dregs as the second abseil was arranged. After somehow getting back into the cat's cradle of the classic method I somehow reached the scree, trembling and unaware of the pain of ripped flesh.

The Great Instructor arrived and promptly opened his sack for a gourmet lunch of all sorts of niceties. I stared, hungry, cold, shaking with fear. Not a crumb was offered. So this was climbing.

Saturday evening saw about twenty of us all hanging off the sides of Fred's van for a rough journey down into the Conwy fleshpots. The evening was a repeat of Friday evening re-enacted in a different pub. A sporting element was added as the local lads inexplicably seemed to resent our contact with the local girls. Excellent stuff, something I felt at home with. The evening ended anticlimactically with us back in our soaking sleeping bags, still tentless.

Sunday was deemed to be for walking. The ace rock climbers had already disappeared in case they got roped in with any of us liabilities.

The Hairiest One, Tony Daffern, led us at a searing pace across what seemed every mountain in Wales. On each summit Mike repeated his exposure joke. Amidst much guffawing I had to drop out, legs convulsed in cramp, exhausted, having lived off only beer and mouldy bread for two days. With mighty strides the party moved off, leaving me to half crawl my way back to camp. Even so I was still last to arrive amidst much hilarity, having taken an involuntary detour into the wrong valley.

Sunday night was a repeat of Friday night and Saturday night. This time we stopped in a pub which was only a hundred miles from Birmingham. Mike told his exposure joke again. The transport arrangements posed the same dangers to health. I was beginning to get the picture.

## Why ?

So why do we climb ? This has provoked some very interesting responses over the years. The following article has been extracted from the January 1971 magazine which sets out one particular viewpoint.

### **WHY CLIMBERS CLIMB: By Barbara Bennett**

I have had plenty of time to work out why climbers climb. Being married to one gives me ample time to ponder the question, whether I'm flat on my back in a two foot cave, sardined between snoring but happy climbers, or alone at weekends in a cold double bed; whether I'm pounding climbing socks into the rocks of a mountain stream in Corsica, or watching them as they rotate between shirts and levis in the spin dryer at the local launderette. Certain conclusions have been forcing themselves upon me so, although they are not new I will set them down.

Basically climbers are misfits, in some cases drop-outs. They are not examples of the Average Male. They are either too small, or too large, too shy or too boisterous, too boring to comply with the exacting standards laid down by society. They come from both ends of all sorts of scales, but never from the middle. You just have to sit in the Prince of Wales on a Wednesday night and look around you, as I have done, to see what I mean. The Club comprises the oddest collection of people I have ever seen, all drawn together by a need to belong somewhere, to be accepted, if not as themselves, as climbers. On Wednesday nights, at any rate, they have an identity, they have companions who talk the same language, and think in the same way.

It is this need for identity, I think, which drives the climber, particularly the fanatic. When he was younger he must have felt in some way that he could not compete with his contemporaries. Perhaps he was no good at games or he found or he found schooling difficult. Maybe it was hard to make friends or he was unhappy at home. There are all sorts of possible reasons, but the effect has always been the same - it has developed a need in the man to prove himself. He must find an area in which he can excel, something unusual which will test him and prove him competent. More competent than those against whom he struggled in childhood. He is thus able to overcome his feelings of inferiority and gain the respect he has sought so long.

I am sure that very few climbers would say "I climb to overcome my inferiority complex, to prove my identity". On the contrary, they would explain that they enjoy the outdoor life and that the challenge of rock is irresistible; they may try to describe the exaltation felt in conquering fear and defying nature on a route just within their capabilities; or they may content themselves with the pleasures of the pub and the darts board. But if you examine it, it all boils down to the same thing. Climbers climb in order to overcome a basic feeling of inadequacy forced on them when young, simply because society cannot tolerate any one who is slightly different. I must add, however, that despite all this, I like people who are different. An Average Male is an extremely boring animal.

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For those of you who do not own a copy of the BMC publication "On Peak Rock", that professor of grit and club member Trevor Stevens, has been illustrated by the guidebook committee in their introduction to the section covering "Grit for Thugs".



DEBBIE  
SHARP

## A welcome to the hut !

The following introductory message from the Rev. Allun Jones has been extracted from the second newsletter in 1958 following our move into Tyn Lon. Rev Jones was the Rector of St. Pedann, Llanberis and St. Peris, Nant Peris and with the occupation of "Tyn Lon", we were his parishioners in both parishes. He was also attendance at the official opening of Tyn Lon in due course as were a number of the villagers.

### A VOICE FROM THE CHURCHYARD

We peer over the wall to behold our new neighbours, and are pleased to observe that they look quite human, even though we may look rather other-worldly from your point of view. We pen these few lines to welcome you as new residents to TYN LON at NANT PERIS. I gather that you are no strangers to the district but you are getting yourselves a new home, and I am confident that the old house will be quite a show place by the time you've been at it a few weeks. I am confident also that you can do much to brighten the life of the hamlet of NANT PERIS, so that when the people talk about B-Climbers, they will mean, bright, breezy, benevolent and all other kinds of beautiful things.

To ensure this sort of harmony will you allow the parson to write parsonically, and exhort you to:

- (1) Respect the mountains - or you may find yourself resident on our side of the Churchyard wall;
- (2) Respect the traditions of the Village. Now you will be very much in the public eye, and it will be to your advantage to become as native as possible in sympathy and interest (Welsh hats optional);
- (3) Respect the Church. It is there for the worship of God whose wonderful Creation you so obviously enjoy.

Your new home is next door in the Ancient Church of St Peris. Little is known of Peris, but he was one of those numerous sixth century saints. There has been a Church on the site since those early days, and there was probably some other kind of religion flourishing before Christianity came, as the presence of the old well testifies. Very often an old holy well near a Church implies that it was a centre for some form of pre-Christian worship. After all, it's instinctive to worship some kind of God. The present Church building is mostly fourteenth and fifteenth century. The old beams and the screen are, of course, really ancient. The date of the bell is 1610 so you need not climb on to the roof to find that out. But why bother you with these things, if ever you want to look up the history of the place you will find it in a frame in the Church, where you can refresh your memory about these things, whenever you want to.

Well, that must be all for today. I am looking forward to meeting you all from time to time and I may be allowed a corner in the News Letter again some time, so for the time it must be merely to say,

CROESO I TYN LON - Welcome to Tyn Lon!

The Rectory,  
Llanberis.

Alun Jones  
Rector

*Editors note: for an understanding of the politics and meaning behind the term "grade B climbers" see the history of the club below.*

## Quotations and extracts - part 1

"Christ, it makes Pontesford look like the bleedin' Eiger" - Peter Langley, June 1969 referring to a day out at Harrison's Rocks.

"Mogul - an Eastern potentate sitting in the middle of the piste: and "Jet Turn - normally only achieved by airline pilots and air hostesses" from Bill Martin's dictionary of Skiing terms in March 1976.

"I understand the nice man who pilots the helicopter will take our rucksacks up to hut" Nick Oldfield, February 1995, during negotiating the use of the CIC hut for the annual club Scottish winter meet.

"We went here - we went there, we went this way and that way, up hill and down dale, through fords and on tracks, until after two hours of continuous cycling we arrived at a pub  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from our starting point". At the time Mike (Tanker) Tolson confessed to "a slight error in navigation" despite the "patent Tanker map bracket fitted to his handlebars". Taken from notes of the 1990 Ceunant London to Cambridge cycling expedition with Angus Murray, Tanker, and "John (Bignose) Russell".

"I did think of The Bull Sheet but there's plenty of that in the articles already" Roger Lavill referring to the potential renaming of the club magazine after moving the Wednesday night pub meet to The Bulls Head in Five Ways in 1982.

"There's only three things in this world that smell like fish - and you're one of them" Dennis Jordan to Jim Fairey after ascending the Old Man of Hoy in 1991.

"Pronounced halfway between ki (as in kite) and kay, not as ~~koy~~ .....like kaynant" Derek Grimmit, 1991, referring to the Welsh (and possibly correct) pronunciation of Ceunant.

"I put my left foot on the right foothold, and my right foot on the left foothold. I then placed my left hand on the right handhold and my right hand on the left handhold, and then fell off" John Pettet, March 1976 referring to "Big "D" on Brant Direct".

"I eventually caught up with them on the wrong floor of my works building attempting to chat the drawers off a 50 year old receptionist - who it must be said prefers older men." Graham Sutton, referring to Messrs Brennan, Jordan, and Mynette who were temporarily lost in Sutt's works building when picking him up for the Easter 1990 "European Skiing and Climbing Spectacular".

Navigation - J. Brennan, Dec 30 1995 on a day out on Parsley Fern Gulley "got lost and descended down the railway line in a white out. He subsequently accurately located the door of the Vic, had great difficulty in locating the exit, and had extreme difficulty in locating his wallet." March 1996 Newsletter.

Pembroke guidebook 1996 p798 - list of first ascents: 1985 May 11 RED ALERT - J. Brennan, M. Lund - "The result of being totally lost due to the inability to follow a guide without pictures"

"Members and guests are requested to observe reasonable quiet after 11.30pm" - Hut rules published Sept. 1965

"Put your climbing days behind you?"

"Don't" says FRANCE NUYEN

"Hauling up your own weight is fine for developing a firm pretty bosom"

(Prospective Members please note) - February 1960 Newsletter

## Outdoor meets

The following is an extract from the December 1965 *Club Journal* which stated that it was on sale on Wednesdays (5/-) or by post (6/-) from A.M. Daffern. At the bottom of the first page it said the journal was an *ideal New Year present for climbing friends!*

July 30 - August 1 1965

Llanberis - TynLon

A good meet attended by twenty members and guests. Those who drove through to the cottage, without stopping for fortifying refreshments in Llangollen were rewarded with an excellent sunset over the Snowdon Horseshoe. This in itself was enough to convince one enthusiastic club member that the bleak face on Dinas Mot looked inviting. He was last seen scrambling eagerly towards the cliff base wearing a look of acute determination.

Saturday dawned fine and dry, several people making frantic endeavours to obtain pre-alpine fitness, strode off in the direction of Snowdon, whilst others contented themselves with a day's climbing on the three cliffs. Four members had an excellent day climbing the "Diagonal" and "Direct" routes on Dinas Mot, finishing with "Main Wall" in Cwm Glas. The evening entertainment was very limited, the main drinking venue being the Vaynal. This place has finally lost all of its original character, and the majority of people it now caters for would appear more at home in some bar on the promenade at Blackpool.

Sunday saw the arrival of another fine day. The Daffern protegee Neil, (looking very much a mini-Michelin man draped in his extra lightweight climbing rope), lead a group off over Glyders whilst others again climbed in the pass. This area was rebuked by several people who considered it far too "grotty" a place to spend the day which must lead one to consider whether the pass as a climbing area is not losing its original appeal through "overpopularity". To be able to experience solitude whilst on the cliff, is to my mind a very essential feature of the sport.

To obtain this feeling of isolation, a very determined band set off to climb the Pillar of Elidir, which lies below the summit of Elidir Fawr. Unfortunately they were all overcome by the previous day's exertions and finished by festering the day in complete lethargy on the shore of some obscure lake.

D. J. Stokes

## CIC hut- March 1996

After last years poor conditions we got the weather we deserved. Clear skies every night meant crisp conditions each morning.

Thanks to some forward planning on the gear rationalisation front the walk in was tolerable allowing us time for a quick play on the ice flows in Coire-na-Ciste. Adrian showed us how good his new axes were by falling off almost immediately.

No.2 gully was ascended. Not hard but a long standing tick for Ade and Nick, this was the first time it had been without an enormous cornice. Tuesday saw us back in the same area via Garadh Gully to climb Comb Gully. Fortunately the mist parted for long enough for us to see it was too steep for us sappy sassenachs so we diverted up Raeburns Easy Route. Guess which word was so attractive. Unfortunately we missed the top of No.4 Gully in the mist and ended up going down the Red Burn. The long walk back only partially compensated by ideal bumsliding conditions.

The next day Andy and Nick were back on Garadh Gully to retrieve a dropped piton, dropping another in the process. Eventually this too was retrieved and with a full complement of pegs, if not ability, it was off to North Gully.

Meanwhile Ade and Paul were having a real epic on Central Trinity and had to leave a peg in on retreat. They did North Gully too, finding it easier than Nick and Andy, possibly due to the large sized dents left by Nick as he navvied his way up.

Our final full day saw Ade and Paul on Tower Ridge; another long standing ambition. This is a route where traditional skills outweigh any amount of modern gear. Paul and Ade managed it in a creditable six hours. Nick did ledge route while Andy selflessly volunteered to stay behind to guard the hut, in the process adding to his large stock of found jackets when someone left one on the roof of the hut.

## **South Pembroke - April 1996**

The recent cold weather and the anticipated pollution caused by an oil tanker meant that only a handful of members turned out for this otherwise popular meet venue. As it turned out it was a meet not to miss. The weather was glorious (the T-shirts were out!), and, apart from in a small number of confined inlets, there was no sign of any oil. In addition the absence of large groups at the popular spots and a limited number of people on the St. Petrox camp site made it a very pleasant climbing weekend. In addition, there were 840 routes to choose from in the fat new guidebook for North and South Pembroke.

First to arrive on Thursday night were Adrian Casey and Martin Bemand, who having made an early start, put Friday to good use by setting off for St. Govans Head and climbing the magnificent route *The Arrow E1 5b*. Meanwhile, Friday arrivals in the form of Andrew Ring, Julie Duggan, Roger, and Nick Oldfield were busy watching Fiona McIntosh throwing racks of nuts into the Atlantic in the Bow-Shaped Slab area whilst on routes such as the three star *Bow Shaped Slab HS 4a* and *Bomb Corner D*. Jonathan Haine and his brother were creditably busy climbing the stiff steep 120ft pitch of *Deranged E2 5b* at St Govans Head. The club spent the evening in the St. Govans Inn hearing from the landlord first hand accounts of past misdemeanours of Steve Coughlan. Mark Applegate also surfaced in the pub no doubt having heard that a framed print of himself leading an *E3 6a* had been included in the pubs climbing gallery.

Saturday - another blue sky and glorious warm sunshine. Paul Green, Alison Crunden, Adrian and Martin set off for a day at Saddle Head on its Upper Tier. The two main routes ascended during the course of the day were *Sea Mist* an enjoyable *HS 4a* with a hard start, and the very testing *Pink 'Un VS 5a* up a prominent and imposing corner.

On Sunday, whilst John Dunne (with his photographer - David Simmonite) were preparing a hopeful new route on an outrageous overhanging slab (rated at *E9 6c*) at Bosherton Head, Adrian and Martin, complete with headtorches attempted *Preposterous Tales HVS 5a*. Its name, its odd route description, and the fact that it was purportedly first routed on April 1 (1995) ought to have dissuaded them. It is also unfortunate that the warnings of accidents on this route in *On the Edge* and the *Birmingham Post* were not printed two weeks earlier. The majority of the 190ft route is "indoors" within a cave system which leads to a blowhole at the cliff top a remarkable 40 ft from the cliff ledge.

The first pitch is a rising and tricky 5a traverse above choppy waters. It leads into the cave where the walls close in rapidly and the light fades quickly. It was also exceptionally damp. On this occasion there was also danger from rampant firemen in the form of Mark Helliwell and Danny O'Keefe who happened to be passing. With the knowledge of who was in the gloomy darkness below, they threatened to add to the general dampness with a well aimed pee down the blowhole. This was a place where even a bat may have felt uneasy and was consequently where their problems started. Not knowing the way ahead and with no sign of light in any direction above a decision had to be made. It was about this time when Paul and Alison, at the blowhole entrance, heard Adrian's muffled and concerned shouts of "*Paul- Do Not Go*". They were obviously having problems. It had been decided to reverse the route. This, although being quite tricky, was immeasurably more sensible to a 150ft dark and confined wet cave pitch in a direction which could not be determined. In the absence of this information however Paul rigged up a good anchor point above the blowhole which may have been required in the event that the climbers could not reverse the previous pitches and added a second rope to the abseil point.

Later, Adrian could be seen commencing the exposed traverse back in reversing the first pitch and was heard to say - "I don't like it here, I want to go home". Around four hours after starting the route, and after some committing downward traversing, the original belay stance near the waters edge was located. With a second rope now in situ, a steady joint ascent using a Shunt and prussic loops saw them safely to the surface. Perhaps one for another day?

Meanwhile, new arrivals Mark Helliwell and Danny O'Keefe made quick work of the two pitch Saddle head three star classic *Blue Sky VS 4b,4b* which gives exhilarating climbing on monster holds.

On Monday the weather closed in with rain and drizzle. Consequently, most of the party opted for an early drive home.

### ***Family Meet - 15 June 1996***

The family meet was a great success and has been requested for a repeat performance next year. It was nice to meet Pete and Kathy Davis who had not been to Tyn-Lon for 10 years, being otherwise occupied producing three lovely boys, all very excited to see the cottage and putting up the "family" tent. Dave and Paula Tonks were with their two lovely daughters. Emily and Alison Brady brought their dad and Bill and Val borrowed a niece and friend. The weather was glorious, we had a barbecue and swimming in the river. So, take note all you mums and dads, and make a note of this meet next June.

Congratulations to Adrian and Paula on the safe arrival of baby Daniel and Jan and Julia on the birth of Claudia.

## ***Chile***

### **Memories of a mountain, Lomo-Larga, Chile 1996**

"The mountain we want to climb is over there, farther on not here!!" Despite our protestations the Mules are unloaded with Lomo-Larga off in the distance. The Mule-man communicates that this is as far as the Mules will go from here to will have to walk.

There was nothing particularly special in our decision to attempt Lomo-Larga (5380m), the small amount of information we had obtained in the UK told us precious little about the peaks in this area, and in some respects this was one of the attractions. The general plan was to spend a few days climbing Lomo-Larga and possibly Cortaderas (5200m), two peaks in the Morado group of mountains near to the mining town of Banos Morales in central Chile. Then attempt Marmolego (6100m) a larger peak on the Chile/Argentine border, all in a 3 week trip! As we stood among unloaded rucksacks with Lomo-Larga off in the distance the scale of these mountains began to dawn on us.

This part of the andes is extremely dry. Rubble covered glaciers wind their way down long almost sterile valleys, the rapidly retreating glaciers which feed them produce complex and unstable icefalls, with only the highest peaks holding a significant amount of snow. It was through this inhospitable wilderness that we now had to carry all our tents, food and other equipment.

Walking the following day the mountain seemed to get no closer, the combination of a heavy rucksack, heat and altitude, means that we drift slowly up the endless sea of moraine in an almost semi-conscious state. Several hours later we reach a rise in the glacier, the moraine begins to give way to more snow and ice, huge unstable icefalls hang from the mountainsides around us, their snowfields covered with neve petentais (strange spikes of ice which can exceed to 2m in height). We are now at about 3600m and whilst the days are warm the temperature drops dramatically once the sun goes down. Camping sites are cleared amongst the ice and rubble and we settle in for our second night.

Because of the very cold nights and mornings late starts become the order of the day, two of the party, Bill and Val Beddard decide that they are going to sit it out and wait for us at this camp. After some lengthy debate as to the best route the remaining six of us set off up the glacier, never steep but in places crevassed, and covered with petentais. Late in the afternoon we are confronted by a huge crevasse, which cutting the glacier from side to side threatens to halt our progress. Carefully picking our way across smaller crevasses and beneath seracs Joe Brennan pioneers a relatively safe passage through to comfortable moraine terraces on the left bank of the glacier below a Col at the foot of the west ridge of Lomo-Larga. Above and to the east lies the striking peak of Meson-Alto (5287m) and behind us the bulk of Lomo-Larga.



We are now at well over 4000m and only four days ago where virtually at sea level. As a result some serious headaches are on the go, and after a further night Joe and Andy decide not to go any higher. Four of us set off for the summit with the intention of putting in one further camp either on the Col or somewhere on the ridge itself. As we move up onto the Col and the wind swept slopes of the broad ridge, the ground is clear of snow but composed of loose shale. Eventually at almost 5000m we place our fourth camp. There is little shelter from the wind and it is extremely cold, an uncomfortable night.

The first early start of the climb, after a luke warm brew and forty-five minutes trying to eat a frozen power bar we set off about eight, it is bitterly cold and a night at 5000 metres is not good for your "little grey cells". At least the rucksack's lighter! Initially the ridge is simply steep loose shale, blown clear of snow by the wind. Higher up it becomes more defined. We rope up, moving together most of the time we climb the increasingly insecure ridge, on a mixture of rotten rock, shale and snow. As the day wears on clouds begin to gather and the weather threatens to close in. Within a few hundred metres of the top James and Hillary decide to call it a day, have they done the right thing? Steve and I barely say a word but press on. Rope length follows rope length, knife edges of crumbly rock, flanks of steep loose rock and snow. Eventually at about two o'clock we reach the summit, a huge crumbling block overhanging the Northern face of the mountain. The afternoon clouds obscure any summit views but the obligatory summit photos are taken with frozen fingers. After five days on this mountain we don't feel much elation, just relief at getting to the top, and an eagerness to get down in one piece.

Any elation comes later. The following evening as we stumbled into our base camp over 2000m below us, the beam on Joe Brennan's face when I told him we'd made the summit, or the seemingly endless mugs of tea made by Val Beddard.

You keep your memories forever. Tony Millichope.

## Expedition Report - Chile, February 1996

On 2nd of February 1996 14 of us assembled at Heathrow airport to fly out to Santiago-de-Chile for a 3-4 week mountaineering trip to the Chilean Andes.

On arriving in Santiago, Jim Brady, Oliver Rooke and Celia flew south to Patagonia. Roger Stanton, John Bunney and Frank (Bob Evans), travelled by road to Mendoza in Argentina for an attempt on Aconcagua. The rest of us, Bill and Val Beddard, Joe Brennan, Andy Dowell, Steve Harvatt, Hillary and James Kennedy and myself (Tony Millichope) headed for a group of 5000 to 6000m peaks surrounding the mining town of Banos Morales, a few hours drive from Santiago.

### Summarises of success:

John Bunney, Rodger Stanton, Frank.

Reached 6800m on "Aconcagua" (6960m) normal route.

*The original plan of an ascent via the Polish glacier was rejected on account of the extremely poor conditions (a South African party had just spent 15 days on it!). An attempt was made via the normal route. Unfortunately after difficult weather conditions (cold and high winds) all but destroyed the tent the climb was abandoned at circa 6800m.*

Steve Harvatt, Tony Millichope  
(James and Hillary Kennedy  
reaching within a few hundred  
metres of the top)

Ascent of the west ridge of "Lomo-Larga" (5380m)

*First climbed in 1946 this peak has had few ascents, and as yet we have no record of any other British ones.*

*A gruelling 4 day approach over moraine, snow, ice and scree led to a mixed ridge of dangerously rotten rock. The summit being reached on the 5th day.*

*One of those climbs you appreciate after the event!!*

Joe Brennan, Steve Harvatt  
Hillary Kennedy, James Kennedy  
Tony Millichope

Ascent of the smouldering volcano, "Volcan-San-Jose" (5880m)  
*The plan had been to attempt Marmolejo (6100m) but after getting well knackered on Lomo-Larga this proved an interesting alternative. A relatively popular climb with Chileans, no real technical difficulty but a long and arduous 4 day trek to a great height.*

Jim Brady, Oliver Rooke, Celia

Trekking onto the "Patagonian" ice cap.

Bill and Val Beddard, and Joe Brennan spent their fourth week trekking in the Chilean lake district. John Bunney and Frank spent the week white water rafting.

All of use at some stage sampling the varied day and nightlife of Santiago, whilst managing to avoid what remains of General Pinochet's Secret Police.

Volumes have been written about Patagonia and Aconcagua, but very little is known about the other mountains of central Chile. For anyone thinking of visiting the area the following may be of interest:

- These are big mountains, 5000 - 6000m, and with a few exceptions not many people climb them.
- They are very dry, with most snow falling in May. This makes the area virtually a mountain desert.
- The glaciers are retreating at an alarming rate, not unlike the southern areas of the Alps, ie. The Dauphine or Vanoise.
- All the rock we found was unbelievably rotten.
- Bad weather consists of high winds and intense cold - be warned.
- Access is generally very easy for such big mountains. Chile has a good transport system, and mining roads can take you deep into the mountains but the roadheads can be quite low (circa 2000m), and be prepared to carry all your own supplies and equipment.

## ***Cornwall - 25 / 27th May 1996***

With a mixed opinion on the weather forecast a large majority of the Ceunant braved the Bank Holiday traffic chaos and headed off down south to Cornwall for a rock climbing, beer swilling, sunbathing (hopefully), sightseeing weekend. Ade C, Kev (Mr NZ) and myself arrive at Kelnack campsite during the earlier hours of the Saturday morning, put up the tent, then tried out our newly gained flower arranging skills by redecorating Paul Greens Black BMW in nice hint of grass and weeds. By the morning proper most people had witnessed our craftsmanship and had a chuckle except for Paul who was still snoring away in his pit, but saw the funny side once awake.

After much deliberation about where to head for in the morning sun most bodes (Ade, Kev, Paul, Alison, Trev, Clare, Mark, Andy, Nick and myself) ventured to Sennan where the classic routes of *Hayloft (H.S 4c)* and *Donna (H.S 4B)* were conquered by most. Ade and myself then climbed *Demo Route (H.S 4B)* while being amazed by Mark Helliwell climbing his first route of the year, *Samson (E3 6A)*, getting to the top and saying it was a bit poky!?! - how does he do it? Into the afternoon, most people were having siesta in the sun, while others had a bouldering photo shoot down by the sea (the Ceunant 1997 calender should be fun!) and the secret sack rocker of ole sennan cove filled most individuals sacks!?

The evening and night had its usual beer guzzling extravaganza in the 'Star' at St Just, followed by drunken walk back in darkness across some fields to the tents. On Sunday morning the blue sky and sun had gone and in came mist, drizzle and wind (not from Trev's rear!). Trev, Ade, Kev, Mark and myself decided to stay keen and attempt a mass ascent of *Commando Ridge*, - V.Diff with an E2 6A start.

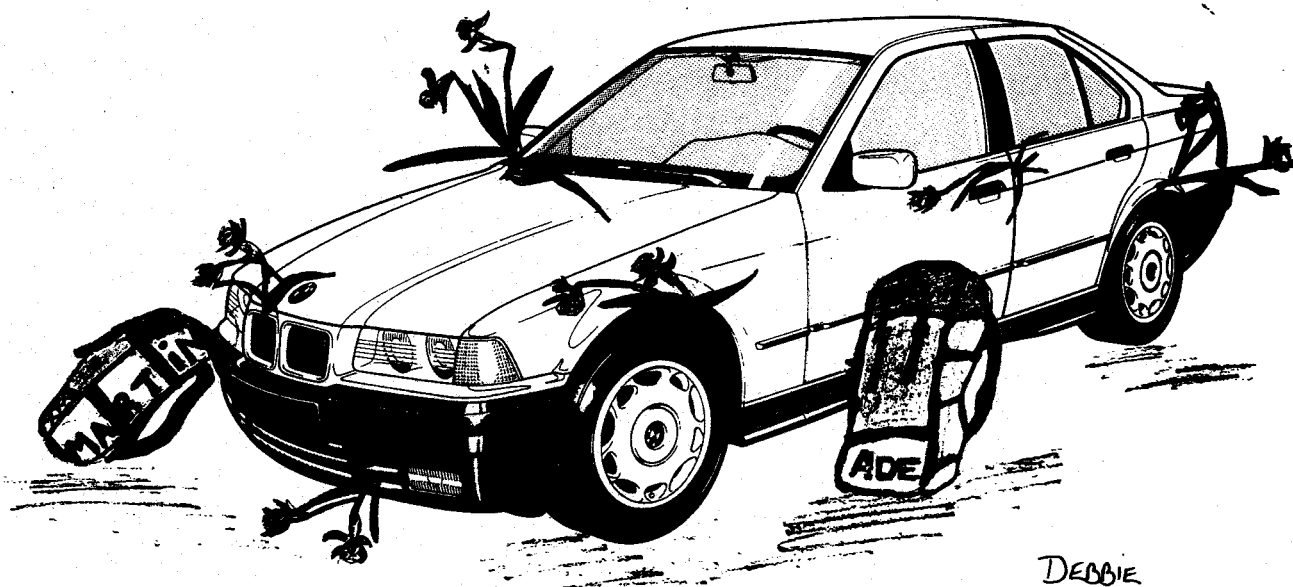
The start saw some of the finest demonstrations of climbing technique, (for a limbless man) you could find. Ade led the

way, having to be rolled up onto a ledge by other members of the team below - nice style Ade, keep it up! Once up the going was easier and excellent fun. Other members of the Ceunant went different ways during the day, including Penzance and as many cream tea shops as possible.

Monday morning again saw excellent weather, and most people went different ways. Trev and Kev went to 'Chair Ladder' but ended up at 'Bosigran' due to high tide. Ade and myself went back to 'Sennan' and climbed *Vertical Crack (H.S 4C)*, watched some people get soaked during an epic on *Slippery Slab*, then were joined by Paul and Alison for a mass assault on *Donna (H.S 4B)*.

Later on, back at the campsite, goodbyes were said and people started to make their way back home, after another thoroughly enjoyable weekend in the best of company and fantastic surroundings.

P.S Not mentioning any names but Mr Helliwell was responsible for the rocking of peoples sacks and a car outside the Queens Tavern the following Wednesday: punish him at will!



## Wye Valley Meet - August 1996

This meet was a late change from the advertised mid-Wales venue and, although it didn't break any climbing records, it was very successful. In summary the meet began and ended at the same location with not a lot in between. This was at *The Ostrich Inn* in Newland. The crag didn't get a look in. Once Joe Brennan and Dennis Jordan had noticed a healthy (and during the next day distinctly unhealthy ! ) selection of eight well kept real ales an early start (7pm on the Friday) was encouraged. A special route card was prepared to record one's progress. Dennis Jordan's card is reproduced below:

Route	Grade	% alcohol	Tick list		
			On site (1)	Second (2)	Dogged (3)
Wye Valley Bitter	M	3.5	√		
Otter Bright	D	4.3	√		
Marstons Pedigree	VD	4.5	√		
Exmoor Gold	S	4.5	√		
Shepherd Neame Spitfire	VS	4.7	2 √		
Freeminer Speculation Ale	E1	4.8	√		
Morland Old Speckled Hen	E3	5.2	√		
Ringwood Old Thumper	E6	5.8	2 √		

**Notes:**

(1) Three points for clean lead, two on second or subsequent lead  
 (2) One point for half pint  
 (3) Half point for drinking other people's beer (nb. only applies to J. Brennan)

**Total score** 30

In addition to the chief troublemakers, Dennis and Joe, the meet was attended by Martin Bemand, Danny O'Keefe, Val and Bill Beddard, Luke, Roger Stanton and family, James and Hillary Kennedy, Martyn Peters, Dave Michels, Steve Coughlan, Jim Brady and Maggie McAndrew. Navigation skills were at a premium during the meet. A very drunken and confused Danny apparently passed the campsite several times in an effort to locate his tent late on the Friday evening. In a desperate effort to avoid falling asleep on a roadside kerb desperate action was required. Consequently, a final battle through the farmers prize hedge and accompanying barbed wire finally saw a rather war torn Danny back to his tent.

After a day of recovery, Saturday night was much like Friday night !

## *Club History*

In view of the fact that this is the fortieth anniversary this article is being reproduced for the third time. It sets out very well how it all began.

Dr. Johnson defined a club as an "assembly of good fellows meeting for a common purpose". One such club is the Ceunant Mountaineering Club. It was inaugurated more than forty years ago under its old name of The Birmingham and District Group of the Mountaineering Association.

In Spring 1953 Pete Tongue, a member of the Mountaineering Association received letter from J.E.B. Wright suggesting that a local members group should be formed. After discussions between Pete and other members in the area an inaugural meeting was held at the Friends Meeting House, Bull Street in the autumn of 1953. All those invited were members of the Mountaineering Association. The first committee meeting was held in February 1954 at the Digbeth Institute under the chairmanship of Keith Holdsworth.

The Group constitution was a rigid one and hampered rock climbing activities. Only members who were certified as competent leaders by the Mountaineering Association ("MA") panel of Training Officers could lead on club meets. In 1956 the MA decided that only those who had passed Intermediate training courses could remain members of the Group and gave the remainder until January 1958 to obtain passes. The majority of the Group, deploring this restrictive attitude, decided to secede from the MA and form a separate club.

The Ceunant Mountaineering Club was formed on the 9th May 1956, the name being taken from the cottage, Pen Ceunant, which had been transferred from the old Group. The object of the new Club was to "provide facilities for the pursuit of mountaineering in all its aspects" and the constitution, though more flexible than the previous one, still hampered rock climbing activities. Members were classed either as "Grade A Competent Climbers" or "Grade B Mountain Walkers". A "Grade A" member had to be able to "act safely as leader or second on V.Diff. climbs" and a "Grade B" member was not allowed to climb on club meets unless he was led by a "Grade A" member and had the meet leader's permission. One present member, while soloing Diff's., leading V.Diff., and following Severe's, was only granted Class B membership, by a rather inactive Rock Climbing Sub-Committee. At the 1957 A.G.M. common sense prevailed and the offending clause was removed from the constitution.

Perhaps the most memorable events in those early days were the weekends at Pen Ceunant and the coach meets. Pen Ceunant was transferred to the new Club from the old Group and, under the wardenship of Brian Ruston, became a very comfortable retreat. It was a friendly establishment, though more primitive than Tyn-Lon, with tea in bed in the morning and sing-songs round the fire in the evening. The Friday night dash up the hill from the coach to secure the best beds was excellent training for the weekend activities.

As the only private transport in the Club was John Urwin's old and somewhat unreliable van, coaches were used for most weekend meets. Sometimes the Club had a coach to itself, but more often than not shared one with either the Stoats (Birmingham University) or the Cave and Crag Club. Though a rather expensive and relatively slow means of travel, coach meets were very popular, the rather boring journeys being livened up by free for all's, poker schools and the Stoats' excellent repertoire of disgusting songs.

The first three Annual Dinners were held in Birmingham at the Crown, Corporation Street; the Imperial, Union Street; and finally the White Horse, Congreve Street, where the antics of one of our distinguished guests caused the demolition of half of the gents toilet. It was decided after this to hold future dinners in Wales.

Indoor Meets were held at the Friends' Meeting House, Moseley, once a fortnight and it is to the great credit of the organisers that there were very few meetings without an outside speaker on some subject related to Mountaineering. One of the early Meet Sheets included the South Georgia Expedition, Trevor Jones talking, Norway, and Slides of North Wales and the Lake District.

1957 was a most depressing year. Many of the original members were dropping out and very few new members were coming along. Membership at the beginning of the year stood at 59 and was only 60 at the end. It was realised by the majority of the Club that changes would have to be made and the Club brought up to date and in line with rival clubs. We were fortunate that at the A.G.M. in 1958 John Knight was elected Chairman. The next two years have proved to be the most progressive in the Club's short history and there is no doubt that this was mainly due to John's quiet guidance. Early in John Knight's reign the Club became affiliated to the British Mountaineering Council, thus achieving recognition in the world of mountaineering clubs and paving the way to official representation on the Council's Committee.

In April two observant members, we believe they were Stan Storey and John Urwin, noticed an empty property in Nant Peris and on making enquiries found that it was for sale of the princely sum of £150. An appeal was made for £220 to be on loan from members and such was the response that by mid-May and after some Arab-type bartering the cottage was ours for £130. It was a superb piece of one-up-man-ship over several rival clubs who did not move quickly enough. Possession was gained just before the August Bank Holiday and a party of stalwarts set to with great will to demolish as much of the inside of Tyn-Lon as they possibly could. This was followed by many arduous weekends of re-plastering, drainage construction, plumbing and decorating, until finally the cottage was ready for occupation during Whitsun 1959.

Another innovation, with time sponsored and edited by Mike King, was the Newsletter, which was first published on the 4th June 1958 and contained in the first lines of the editorial a quotation from Sir Ernst Shackleton's Editorial on the "South Polar Times" to the effect that the contributions by all its readers was essential for the success of the paper. It was at this time that the climbing standard of the Club began to improve and one member in particular did a great deal towards raising the standard and inspiring others to greater effort. This was Dan Davis, who in less than a year from starting to climb was leading the hardest of the pre-1951 routes in the area. By 1959 there were several other members regularly climbing V.S., all inspired by Dan. There was now more private transport in the Club and coach meets unfortunately had to be discontinued. Mini-buses were hired and there were many exciting and eventful trips to and from North Wales and the Lake District.

In 1960 Colin Coleman became Chairman and carried on John's good work. By now the work of the past few years was showing reward and there was an influx of new, keen members. An inspiring Outdoor Meets programme was produced and most of the meets were well attended. Colin Coleman introduced the "Three Thousanders" meet and more campaign meets were included. The Annual Dinner was held for the first time in North Wales at the Dolbadarn Hotel and the party was so well behaved that we were invited to come again next year.

One of the schemes put forward to attract new members was that the Club should meet in more pleasant surroundings and so a room was hired for an experimental period every Wednesday night at the Cambridge Public House. This proved to be so popular that the Friends' Institute was soon abandoned in favour of the new venue. The highlight of the year was the organisation of a public lecture by Eric Shipton in the Midland Institute. Tickets were sold to other clubs and at the door, and a reasonable profit made on the venture.

1961 saw Mike Kerby installed as Chairman. Although the general climbing standard of the Club did not improve during this year, camping meets were well attended as more members, both young and old, bought the necessary equipment. In November 1961 we gave up Pen Ceunant and it was taken over by one of our members, Ken Reynolds, who has now carried out extensive modernisation.

The next year of Mike's reign was a better one with more new members coming along and Mike Connell and one of two others climbing at quite a high standard. The first dance was organised and though not very well attended, was a social success if not a financial one. The demand for membership was increasing and as our numbers are limited to 100, Prospective Membership was introduced.

The Tyn-Lon loan was finally paid off in 1963, five years ahead of the estimated repayment time; the Club is now firmly established in the mountaineering world and provided we can still continue to attract keen, young members there is no reason why we should not continue to flourish for many years to come.

## *Matters of interest*

### **The Great debate**

On November 6 1963 a large gathering of members and friends attended a debating session at the Cambridge. The key moments were recorded in the December 1963 newsletter by I.D. Corbett in an article entitled *The Great Debate*. The chair was taken by the organiser of the event, Tony Daffern, who drew the subjects from a hat. The proceedings started at 8.30, and anyone who had entertained doubts as to the success of this venture were quickly proved wrong, as the first subject brought a proposer and opposer fairly scuttling to their places. Set out below is an extract of the first two motions. The first is amusing. The second, with the benefit of hindsight is amazing !

Motion No.1 was "This Club considers the Snowdon Mountain Railway should be demolished"

John Pettet, proposing, said the matter really needed very little argument. All the railway did for the mountaineer was to make a general mess of the whole thing. The Snowdon Horseshoe had been described as the finest ridge walk south of the border, but it was spoilt by this terrible monstrosity, the railway terminus, at its very centre. John said he used to wonder why no one climbed on the cliffs below Snowdon summit, but now he had seen the piles of garbage tipped down the North face, he knew. All the railway did was bring to the summit crowds of litter scattering, bottle throwing tourists, who had no appreciation of the mountains; and this should be stopped. He said that, as a purist, he considered the whole thing should be torn up and thrown into the lake, and the rails melted down and converted into karabiners! Robin Costello, opposing, said that he thought the railway should stay, for the following reasons:

- a) It keeps all the tourists together. These people had an outlet on Snowdon, which, if denied, would probably lead to tourist facilities being provided on other mountains.
- b) It uses the least interesting route up the mountain.
- c) The track provides a useful way of descent in foul weather.
- d) It has proved extremely valuable in rescue operations.
- e) It brings a certain amount of prosperity to Llanberis.
- f) It gives the second something to moan about while waiting for the leader, thereby contributing to human happiness.

Regarding climbing, Robin said that nobody wanted to climb on the Snowdon north face anyway. Mike Connelly said he though the main function of the railway, which made its retention worthwhile, was the carrying of beer and lemonade crystals to the summit and the half-way station.

Mike Kerby said that Joe Brown had found a good use for the railway - sliding down the centre on a flat rock.

Dave Stokes said a point we were losing sight of was that the railway did bring a lot of happiness to people who would not otherwise be able to visit the summit of a mountain.

Some exchanges followed, centred round whether or not Snowdon was a good mountain. The point was made that the peak had probably degenerated, as a mountain, since the railway was built. A vote was then taken, and the motion was defeated by 11 votes to 8.

Motion No.2 was "This Club considers that the technical limit in free rock climbing has now been reached"

C. Scragg, proposing, said that over the last ten years climbing had felt the benefit of Joe Brown, who had put our standards far above those of other countries. There was no doubt that Joe Brown is in a class of his own, and no normal human being can equal his feats. Therefore, since most of us are, in this respect at least, normal, Joe Brown's efforts represent the limit of free climbing.

Roger Lavill, opposing, said that all through climbing history it has been repeatedly said by the bearded sages that "surely we have now reached the absolute limit". Joe Brown's routes may be of a very high standard, but they are not unsurpassable. For instance, Joe Brown is a very small, strong man. Some day, a tall, strong man will appear, who can reach holds which Joe Brown can't, and put up a whole series of new routes. Then there is the matter of footwear. From nails we advanced to rubbers, then to P.A's. In future some sort of adhesive boot may be used, boots which can ignore wet or grease, etc. (Shades of climbers with rubber suckers on hands and feet! - Editor.) Although Joe Brown has put up routes, these are being followed. He is getting older, and a successor will be found - maybe, suggested Roger, from among those present in the room!

Martin Pritchard said that he thought we were ignoring other good climbers of the day who had not had the publicity which Joe Brown has had. He thought that harder routes would be done, although he didn't know how!

Mike Connelly said he couldn't tolerate derogatory remarks about "St. Joe Brown". Those who had been able to scramble up some of his easy routes thought he was marvellous. Inevitably, though, standards must continue to go up. Although, probably, the greatest development had now taken place, there must still be room for a little more.

C. Scragg entered the discussion again to say that it was all a matter of engineering principles. A man weighting 160 lbs, standing 9" away from a vertical wall was physically certain to fall off unless there was something for him to hold on to. It was all very well talking of very small people, very large people, or altogether superhuman people, but for most of us, the standard has been reached.

Pete Holden said that a lot of the harder routes were cracks, involving lots of use of friction, not holds as such. The limit of friction depends on strength, and Joe Brown can't have reached the ultimate in strength for one individual. He thought there was still scope for improvement.

Roger Lavill wondered what would have happened had, say, Nijinsky taken up climbing, with his ability to leap great distances. He should have done well (having made sure there was something to jump on to). Roger agreed with Pete Holden that there was no limit to the angle of crack which could be climbed, given sufficient strength.

The vote was taken, and the motion was defeated by 14 votes to 2.

## Tales of clinical and exacting climbing

No doubt we would all like to earn lots of climbing style points- a well racked harness; solid gear placements; excellent ropework; thought for the second- each allied with inventive movement and finesse. We have not all quite achieved this yet as the following article taken from the November 1991 newsletter demonstrates :

### THE DANGEROUS BROTHERS AT CHUDLEIGH

Nick Oldfield

I was visiting my brother in Dorset, and, his appetite having been whetted by the Ackers (God knows why) he had suggested a spot of climbing at the local crag.

After a fairly standard crack of midday start we arrived to find one, possibly two, school type minibuses. Undaunted we carried on to the bottom of the crag and homed in the suitably macho sounding "Scar" at Hard Severe. Twenty feet up without any gear and no protection cracks I thought to myself, "If only I had a number 1 Friend I could put it in that pocket I've got two fingers in ..... if only I could bring myself to take my fingers out".



Five feet further up there was a tree stump I could put a sling round. Two desperate moves and I grabbed the stump ..... It moved. Pause for thought putting as little weight as possible on the tree.

"Er, James, I think we're on the wrong route, I'll come down".

Fortunately there was another party where I thought the route went so we went to try "Barn Owl Crack" now that it was free from brats. The first half went OK but the top part was one of those where you had to back and foot and perform a 180 degree turn half way up. This was absolutely desperate as it had been polished to a fine sheen by the hoards of flailing trainers, which caused much amusement to the assorted bystanders.

When we returned to the bottom James's friend, Nick Fennell, who had expressed an interest in climbing, had turned up for a baptism of fire. So, with initials like NF, "Wogs" seemed a good one to do, added to which I had the advantage of having done it before. As I neared the stance James, who was standing 30ft out from the bottom keeping the rope tight called up,

"All your runners have fallen out!"

The triangle of force strikes again.

"That's alright I'm near the top". I called back as I scabbled nonchalantly for safety. I don't know what it is about abseiling that attracts novices but both lads insisted on abseiling back to the ground from the stance rather than scramble through the ivy.

Next item on the agenda was "Never on a Sunday". I felt safe as it was only Saturday. The book says "Climb to the caves and move awkwardly out of the right hand side one onto the slabs". Never one to go against the book I did it very awkwardly, mainly in a kneeling position. Nick had trouble too. As I had only brought one spare harness and pair of boots I got Nick to take them off and throw them down to James. Being a novice he had no doubt assumed this was standard climbing practise, and quite happily sat on the ledge with his feet dangling while I lashed myself securely to the crag. Much hilarity ensued trying to explain to James at the top of my voice how to tie a bowline. Eventually the whole crag must have had a good idea how the rabbit, rabbit hole and tree relate to one another.

Nick and I sat there discussing the merits of motocross and trail bikes while I absent mindedly took in the rope and swearing at any moment when suddenly a flat hat (you have to remember he drives an open car) followed shortly by James appeared.

"How did you get here?"

"Oh with the rope above I just went for it and it wasn't too bad."

He obviously had more confidence than me in proxy knot tying.

The top pitch went OK for me and James but Nick (who had meanwhile continued to sit on the edge admiring the view) missed the traverse line and thrutched up an impending corner, doing an impression of a seal at the top.

A mass top roped assault (failed) on "Seventh Veil" by the HVS+ variant convinced us it was time to take a suitably dangerous drive back to Nick's for the staple diet of tea and toast.

## *Literary section*

Over the years we have seen great variety in the articles submitted for inclusion in the clubs communications. Among other things, this has included poems and other strange literary pieces prompted by the editor at the time. The idea of an outdoor meets log in the late 1980's created new material in which it was intended to include articles of interest. It is understood that this developed into "*an organ for alcoholic and hallucinatory expressionism*". This style of writing however was not new to the club. Below is an article which appeared in the June 1969 newsletter and written by Robin Kirkwood. If anyone has an idea what he was on about put your answers on a postcard.

### **TRANSITION IN MIND**

Fifteen years in concrete wilderland of phallic beasts of stone and sponge lead in muddled procession of existence working the daylight life till dark end. For all are bound in traps by dark-aged men in power of time ahead. Trample small and wins veneer of happyland. Small pennies bets no little bread. And why stand sound and bear all ? Why I say ?

Seven years greener berries than red I found upon a stone hedge of grey slab leaves. Wire netting trees abound in circles on ridge and pond that fall down into bigger mines of eyesight. Round knights discuss blood from hands of sinking swords upon texture silver blue. Twin pyramids of days grown old. But steel brings successors off to place of golden eagle, old man. Hidden and idle remain for time short and good ogle snips away. Wander down strewn granules of glacier weather to torrents of winking eyes up open dusk tween highs and back to traps, trampling and sound.

A more recent article has been submitted by Mr. Styles:

### **THE BALLAD OF THE IDWAL SLABS** **BY SHOWELL (PIP) STYLES**

I'll tell you a tale of a climber  
A drama of love on the crags  
A story to pluck at your heartstrings  
Tear your emotions to rags

He was tall, he was fair, he was handsome  
John Christopher Brown was his name  
The very severe, just bored him to tears  
About girls he felt just the same

Till one day whilst climbing at Ogwen he fell!  
(just a figure of speech)  
For the presidents beautiful daughter  
Mary Jane Smith, what a peach!

Her figure was slim as Napes Needle  
Her lips were as red as Red Wall  
She was a regular Tiger  
Who had been up the Eiger, North Wall  
Without any pitons at all

Now Mary had several suitors  
Tho' never a one would she take  
Though it seemed that she favoured one fellow  
A villain! called Reginald Hake

Now Hake was a cad who used pitons  
Wore a long silken moustache  
Which he used so they say  
as an extra belay  
(Though perhaps we are being too harsh)

Now John took Mary climbing on Lliwedd  
He proposed on Mallory's Slab  
It took him three pitches to do it  
For he hadn't much gift of the gab

He paused for a moment and said  
Tell me fair maid, when you're properly belayed  
(There is a little spike close to your knee)  
Would you care to hitch up with me?

Said Mary it's really a toss up  
Between you and Reginald Hake,  
The man that I am going to marry  
Must reform some great deed for my sake

I shall marry the boldest of climbers  
Who must excel at the following feat  
Climbing head first down Hope  
Without rubbers or rope  
At our very next climbing club meet  
Now the committee ratified the decision  
And the president had to agree  
He was fond of his daughter  
But thought that she "oughter"  
Get married you see

Now mobs came from Bangor in buses  
And cads came from Capell in cabs  
The Pinnacle Club in new hats,  
Sight to remember, an Alpine Club member  
In very large crampons and spats

The weather was dry for a wonder  
The rock was as dry as a bone  
Hake arrived with a crowd of his backers  
While John Brown strode up quite alone

A coin was produced and they tossed  
Have I won? cried John Brown  
When the penny came down  
No, you fool hissed his rival  
You've lost.

So Hake had first go at the contest  
He went up by the Ordinary Route  
And only the closet observer  
Would have noticed a slight bulge in each boot

In control down cam Hake  
Applying his moustache as a brake  
"Your time was 10 seconds" the president said  
Consulting the treasurer's watch

"Now come along Brown  
If you'd win you must beat that"  
So posing as though for a snapshot  
Not a hair of his out of place  
Our hero John Brown started wriggling down

But see what a change on his face  
Reg Hake had cut holes in the toe of each boot  
And filled up each boot with soft soap  
On his way down the climb  
He had covered in slime  
Every handhold and foothold, on Hope

The Friction was something terrific  
There was smoke pouring out of his slacks  
He couldn't relax, till he'd passed the twin cracks  
But it's not the expected that happens in this sort of story at least

His braces pre-war and elastic  
Caught on a small rocky knob  
And so safe and sound  
He came gently to ground  
To the deafening cheers of the mob

"Your time was 5 seconds"  
The president said  
Take her my boy you win  
While Hake slunk away and swallowed a bottle of gin

They were wed at the Church at St Gabbro  
And the Vicar, quite carried away  
did a hand traverse into his pulpit  
And shouted out let us belay

Now the morals we learn from this story  
Are several I'm happy to say  
Keep you head uppermost when you're climbing  
If you must slither be on a rope  
Beware of the places  
That sell you cheap braces  
And of the fellow that uses soft soap.

## *Quotations and extracts - part 2*

*"Bill Martin could be seen from time to time wandering slowly along the lower track with the guide book open in front of him, in an attitude of deep meditation. With his cap crammed down over his long hair, his beard and his far away expression, he looked for all the world like a poet, seeking quietude of mind in verse. Someone shouted down to him, enquiring whether he had found anywhere to climb. Bill stopped, gazed into the distance for a few seconds, then lifted a benevolent gaze to the party on the cliff path. "I've found a diff" said the gentle voice in tones of suppressed excitement, "and I'm on the point of finding a moderate!". From an article on a trip to Froggatt edge in Sept. 1963 in the October Newsletter.*

*"At last the club has an "Excess" leader. Mike Connelly has had a very successful season, his climbing including Cenotaph Corner, Diagonal, and Anthropology in the pass; The Fang and Barbican at Tremadoc; a number of fine routes on Gimmer and White Ghyll in Langdale; and the difficult routes on the Main Wall at Avon Gorge. These latter included a two day ascent of the Girdle Traverse of the Main Wall, his second being Mike Manser." December 1962 Newsletter.*

Other notable achievements from that good year in 1962 were:

*J. Brennan, D. Stokes, R. Jennings  
J. Daffern*

*R. Reeves, J. Thompson  
W. Martin, M. Walters*

*T. Mynette, J. Pettet, C. Wilkinson,  
K. Rice-Jones  
M. Connelly*

*R. Cadwallader*

*A. Daffern*

*There were other good achievements from A. Fowler, J. Buckmaster, P. Hay, T. Briston, D. Batson, W. Yale, and B. Jones.*

*Cioch Direct in Cuillins*

*Zinal Rothorn from Zermatt. Also attempted The Dom and the Matterhorn but turned back by bad weather.*

*Marmolada and Marte Cristello, in the Dolomites*

*Cigne D'Arolla, and traverse of Mont Blanc de Cheillon. Attempted Zinal Rothorn but turned back by bad snow conditions.*

*Climbed ten peaks in the Oetzal Alps.*

*Dauphine Alps - Superdirect, S Face Dibona, S Face Direct, Meije (with R. Cadwallader).*

*N. Face of the Aiguille de Plan, N Face of the Aiguille de Midi (with bivouacs), Mere de Glace face of the Grepon.*

*Aiguille de Chardonnet, and, Left EDge, Girdle Traverse of the West (Cloggy).*

## *Between a rock and a hard place - notable achievements , struggles, and epics*

The first article has been extracted from the December 1965 club journal

### **Main Wall**

The earlier sunshine had raised our hopes and led us on in an expectancy of shirt sleeved, casual, summer climbing, and, indeed, on Dinas Mot it had been so. But now on the way up to Cwm Glas the dark, heavy clouds were already touching the summits of Crib y Ddysgll and Crib Goch, silently floating over the empty cwm, driving away the placid life world of sunshine, and bringing instead the dead hollow world of impersonal movement, or - at least - so it seemed to me, conditioned by the morning sunshine.

Main Wall had, for a long time, been an ambition of mine, and naturally, in looking forward, I had framed the occasion in perfect conditions; experience having no say in the matter. Of all the climbs in Wales that I could attempt, Main Wall was probably the finest. I had heard much of it. I wanted everything to be right, and did not even consider that it would not be so. As I watched the mountains disappear under the cloud blanket, the earlier desire for movement and action gradually faded; the excitement and vigour was gone, replaced by an empty useless feeling. Reality - these clouds - with all their latent threat - had struck a body blow. I crumbled under its effect.

The sunlit world is a personal thing, glad of your existence, welcoming movement, talk, life, the air itself is alive. Everything strives together for harmony, and each facet of breeze, light, movement and life, a compliment to each other; the whole is complete. But with an unexpected change you become the victim of an unliving world, indifferent, even hostile to your fate, your movement is a discord in its own empty internal strife. Enclosed in a small sphere of mist horizons there is nothing, only the green wet rock stretching upwards and unknown past the mist ceiling. The grey black clouds, heavy in their menace, are the neutralisers of light and shadow, the damp ashes of a dead fire.

Under the cloud I felt the huge crag brooding, waiting: he and the elements, allies, looking down on those who dared to intrude.

We uncoiled the ropes in an atmosphere of mounting tension - for two of us, anyway - hurrying, under the darkening sky.

There were four of us, split into two parties. The two who had previously climbed this climb before were together and went ahead of us. The open corner up which the route lay at the start was a natural water channel, already streaming and covered with green slime. Everything was greasy, dirty, cold. The others went ahead; I was the last.

Alone, on the ledge, I watched the cloud base creep lower over Crib Goch. The pinnacles were already completely out of view; the breeze became stronger and more erratic, coming in gusts and falling back again, whispering, sighing, disappearing. I put my hands in my pockets for warmth. The first drops of rain began to fall. I could not break the spell. My cloud of gloom had grown, exaggerating everything. The rocks glistened, metallic, stretching upwards to the unknown. I hated these long waits - the mind is left to wander unchecked. The vast cliff face impressed itself on me, seeming impossible, bristling with overhangs between which our route must somehow find its way. I sank deeper and deeper into the dark cloud of my own making. Everything fused, moving sluggishly, lacking definition, submerged by the overall overwhelming feeling of insignificance. Nothing. The world would rotate slowly on, would not even know of me, forces beyond me moving. There was no comfort here, everywhere I looked, nothing, no life, I could only shrink closer to the dripping rock for shelter. I would receive no help from the world, it was up to myself, and I was useless, powerless. The nagging doubts about my competence in the rain at this standard, I could not ignore. Water dominated the world. I sank deeper and deeper into the black turmoil.

A jerk on the rope signalled me at last an end to this killing wait. The climbing, to begin with, I did not find technically difficult, but my fingers objected to the cold wet rock, and I did not have much faith in my feet staying friends with their slippery partner. Gradually, however, warmth was returning, stimulated by unnecessarily energetic movements. Climbing as fast as I could, I moved forwards, needing a change of scene, desperately curious about what lay ahead.

It was a long pitch, but soon over, and now it was my turn to lead out across a delicate traverse and up a steep groove. The traverse I managed sketchily, but the groove was black and streaming, and was, I found, the hardest part of the climb. I struggled so far, the water running down my arms, and then I was stuck, in that position, my arms above my head - water channels. Everything was racing, images insane, fading, changing, my mind sinking, falling away, swirling in empty turmoil. I looked away out across the Cwm, across the sky and shale, but received no answer, only the silence of emptiness, wind whisper, an eternity of time, an eternity of sounds passed. The solution lay with myself alone. I knew it was not really the technicalities, the dead weight of my gloom was dragging me down. The spell had to be broken, it had lasted too long. The course facing me could not have been more clearly defined, in contrast to the vague and vacuous thoughts which had submerged me. The struggle was mine alone, against mine own worst enemy, myself. Suddenly, for the first time, I saw things clearly; I moved at last.

The ledge I arrived on was a perfect belay position, set in the middle of a vertical wall, an eagle's perch, about one foot wide and perfectly flat. The rain had stopped without my realising it while I was still in the groove; it had not even lasted very long, and out here the rocks were clean and dry. The lower rocks were probably dry only rarely, water usually draining on to them. Ha! The rain had been nothing. I slouched casually against the wall, watching Dave climb the groove, and - I am glad to say, climbing being a competitive sport - having difficulty in the groove, but he soon joined me. We climbed on the exposure increasing all the time.

The rock was really fine, sound, dry, rough and, above all, steep. Another upward traverse led to a pointed perched block, and on round a corner overlooking the dark gully that flanked the right-hand side of the buttress. I climbed this block with difficulty and balanced awkwardly on the top, being pushed out by the wall above the block. Looking down I caught my breath - it was here, at this point, that the very real exposure, which had been increasing progressively as we gained height, reached a climax. Under my feet there was nothing, but the gully bed four hundred feet below, which the rock here overhung. Anything falling here would have an uninterrupted passage all the way to the ground. I paused for a while, then moved on quickly, excited, exhilarated, glorying in my position, in the air, between heaven and earth. The distance above, the distance below, they could be equal. I could not comprehend the scale of things, I did not care. On, quickly upwards, deliberately pushing my body away from the rock, touching lightly with fingers and toes, courting gravity, laughing my heels at space. The breeze was gradually lifting the clouds of Crib Goch. Freedom.

J. Brennan

Roger Haworth wrote the following in the January 1989 journal:

### A Dream of White Horses

I'd heard a lot about the "Dream":- "VS climbing in extreme situations", "a fall by either leader or second on the final pitch could cause problems", "the best climb of its grade in Wales".

Farles fixed up the ab. rope assuring James and myself and anyone else who was prepared to listen what a bomb proof block it was.

Start the ab. and your hit by instant exposure, the enormous walls of Wen Zawn towering above you and below you down to the sea. 130ft. and you arrive at the Wen ledges. It was the first time I'd been there and I felt unable to move. After a while I put a sling round a flake and tied into it. I felt a bit steadier then.

James came down and seemed suitably impressed. As the tide was in I took an arbitrary decision not to make a second ab. to the sea level ledges.

The Farles' had disappeared off down to the start of Wen but another party was doing Quartz Icicle so we were not completely alone.

James led off up the steep wall to the start of the traverse to the left and brought me up. In my enthusiasm to do pitch two in style I completely missed the protection peg and by the time I got to the hanging stance in Wen I was well frightened. James came across to join me not too worried by the poor protection I had left him and he was soon off again up a flake crack rising leftwards.

I found this pitch desperate, not being able to work out whether to have my hands or feet in the crackline. Towards the end of pitch 3 you have to climb down 20ft. or so to reach the stance in the concrete chimney. At this point in the climb the great overhangs above and below the final pitch dominate the scene most impressively.

Arriving at the stance I suggested to James that we might need to be rescued from here but he seemed keen to continue (it was my lead) so off I went on the most sensational looking traverse line I'd ever seen.

First you traverse left on a steep slab under a roof. Clip the rusty peg and semi-layback down a strange 'fin' of rock to cross the line of T Rex.. Go up to a good spike and continue traversing first up, and then down, and then up again and finally delicately down onto a slab perched above nothing. I moved up left on the slab to a roof, pulled left into a groove, clipped a protection peg and then bridged up in the groove. a steep pull out left and it was over. I'd done The Dream.

And, from the Newsletter of January 1971:

### I Must Go Down ..... By Ken Hipkiss

As self preservation and almost reckless abandon are integral components of my personality, the decision to go and have "a good do" on Gogarth with Harry Smith was not easily reached.

However, despite prolonged bleatings concerning health, lack of strength and the fact that I hadn't done anything hard for ages (which is, after all, only the groundwork laid down by all participants in this particular sport before embarking on a route of some difficulty, with a new partner, to preserve one's image in case the outcome is one ghastly mess of clawing fingers and shaking limbs) I found myself, along with the company of two Cave and Crag competitors and one female spectator being herded across the heathery moors in the general direction of the crag.

Mr Smith was looking resplendent in his Ex W D jacket and boots. He was sporting a fine array of Krabs which would certainly be labelled as "collectors items" if they should ever come up for sale.

Upon arriving at the crag Mr Smith stated that we would "do this Scavenger thing" which partly relieved my somewhat anxious feelings as it was only graded V S. 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!

"Haven't you forgotten your PA's? I enquired,

"I don't go in for these new fangled rubber things" he replied.

"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 party "organised" as he put it. A good swell, turning tide and strong onshore winds, are perhaps ideal conditions for surfers but not, I'm afraid, for sea level traverses, and so by the time we eventually arrived at the perched block of Pentathol, we were, to say the least, a little damp. As our companions prepared to tackle Pentathol Harry turned to me and said, "Well, it looks like we won't be able to get round to the start of Scavenger so we'll go up this 'ere wall and traverse round to join it".

"Er ..... Harry, this 'ere wall happens to be Syringe".

"I don't go in for these 'ere names you know".

"But ..... it's graded Extreme, and it's supposed to be quite hard at that".

"I don't go in for these 'ere grades".

"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 planting immaculate runners every three or four feet.

After one particularly trying sequence of moves he leered down at me and said, "I'm going to have to pull you through a karabiner to get you up this young 'pkiss".

"Oh!" I said.

Whilst Mr Smith had been engaged in overcoming the difficulties of the fist pitch, a round rubber ball plopped up out of the sea and watched his efforts with the detached interest of a barman viewing the antics of the regular drunkard. 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", cried Mr Smith from above.

After fifty feet of nonstop grip on the steepest wall I have ever had the misfortune to be on I managed to slip my right foot into a sling to have a short rest. Unfortunately this was not to be, for no sooner had I placed all my weight in the sling when the nut shot out of the crack rapidly followed by me. Fortunately (for the image, you know) I was able to grab a hand hold and stop my decent before Mr Smith was aware of what had happened and so honour was saved.

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

"Well done, Harry", I managed to gasp when I reached him, "not bad for an old un".

"Yes, it was quite a do. Surprising what the kids get up to nowadays. We won't have time to finish it so if you climb about 30 feet up the next pitch and get something in we'll be able to pendule into the top of Pentathol".

When this was achieved and I was securely belayed I told Harry "to do his thing". This he did. To save time he climbed hand over hand up the rope and swung across to me. This was quite a remarkable feat as the pitch was gently overhanging.

Three quarters of an hour later saw us jangling our way across the cliff tops to join our friends waiting at the tope of the decent gully.

"How did you manage?" enquired a feminine voice.

"Well. You've put me in quite a difficult position there Sandra, as you seem to think he's a bit of goer or something and I don't want to spoil anything for him", he grinned.

"Thanks a lot Harry", 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.



Roger Bennett contributed the following in the May 1973 newsletter:

### Le Cirque Volante by Roger Bennett

For many years I had noticed a small island on the foreshore of Land's End by the name of Ynys Dodnan. This island has a delicate arch on its seaward face that appears to consist of good solid granite; a rarity in the area just to the south of Land's End.

Other cliffs and projects claimed Joe's and my attention until the winter of 1972 when we had a large team of people collected together especially for the expedition. The team was very carefully chosen, each member had particular talents that would be of use in any situation. The consisted of the following personnel:

- Stephen Beresford: Mancunian. A climber whose fortitude when faced by amorous seals had been severely tested. Indeed he had not been found wanting. He also seemed to enjoy falling into the sea.
- Peter McCombie : Mancunian. A climber of an extremely phlegmatic nature and therefore an ideal man to have around when all others are panicking.
- John Rooker : A snow and ice expert of renown. Ideal for dealing with the suet pudding nature of rotten granite.
- David Irons : The strong silent type. You know that with Dave along at least one person won't be shouting his head off all the time.
- Joseph Brennan : Celtic Bard. Useful for invoking divine assistance and maintaining a healthy sense of the ridiculous.
- Roger Bennett : A climber of whom it has often been said ..... Also the instigator of the project and so useful as someone to blame if things went wrong.
- Jon De Montjoye : Hates getting his feet wet as a result of tardy nappy changing during childhood. This phobia of water may be useful in keeping the rest of the party dry.
- Elaine Hindle : Back up team to Jon.
- Pauline : Official Photographer and Press Officer controlling the bewildered tourists on the backshore cliff who thought it was a rehearsal for Monty Python.

The team lurched along the clifftop path from Land's End to a pile of large boulders on the clifftop overlooking the island. We had badly miscalculated - the tide was in. I tried to explain that this was a deliberate policy to maintain excitement and not as a result of my bad planning. They didn't believe me and so I had to go first.

The rope just reached the boulder beach at the bottom of the zawn. I was encouraged to start by Brennan explaining that I was the only member of the party who was insured for climbing and a push.

On the way down it became apparent that there would be only one way back up ... a long tiring prussic. I kept this information to myself as I wanted to make sure that I was not deserted. Whilst the others were abseiling down I scrambled across the boulder beach to the channel separating the island from the beach.

As the majority of us were very reluctant to get wet we decided that it would be best to set up a tyrolean. The problems were, who would swim across and who's rope would be used. The former was quickly settled by Beresford who immediately removed all his clothes except for an old sweater. The second by snatching a new length of 11mm perlon from a sobbing Brennan.

Beresford hurled himself into the foam, and, to his intense disappointment, reached the other side unmolested. (The seals were breeding further down the coast). It was some considerable time before he could be persuaded to set up the tyrolean as he seemed to be preoccupied with some kind of search as a result of the low temperature of the sea.

Now that a reasonably dry path had been set up to the island John Rooker consented to abseil down from the backshore cliff. He had refused to come earlier as he was convinced that he would have been used to either set up the tyrolean or divert sharks from the rest of the party.

Once again I was expected to test the equipment and I was sent across first. This landed us on the steep rotten landward side of the island and we had to traverse at sea-level to the northern end of the island where there was a level wavecut platform.

The climbing was straightforward but it was very difficult to avoid the waves that were accentuated by the fact that they were washing round either side of the island and then meeting just by us in a crescendo.

It was not possible to traverse round to the arch and so we would have to get on top of the island and walk across the arch and abseil down to the route. The way up was obvious but unpleasant looking. It consisted of a narrow stepped ridge of particularly rotten looking granite. This would obviously require a snow and ice man. We all looked at Rooker. With complete aplomb he disdained the honour as it would be *"Beneath the dignity of a man of his experience to waste his talent on such a simple problem. It would, however, be ideal training for an up and coming lad like young Brennan."*

Fortified with a north wall hammer and the dreams of a glorious obituary in "Wilson's Weekly" Brennan lurched his unsteady way upwards. After twenty foot he halted and began to witter about rotten holds and lack of protection. After forty foot he started hacking steps in the rotten granite. Eventually he disappeared over the top.

The ridge certainly was unpleasant being basically unsound and covered in slime and bird droppings.

The summit was something of an anticlimax. No flower speckled meadow greeted our gaze but rather a flat plateau of soil covered by pebbles and bird droppings.

We walked across the plateau, over the arch and abseiled down the seaward face of the arch. The soaring pillar of perfect granite that had tantalised us from the backshore cliff had shrunk to a thirty foot groove of indifferent grot.

Several sweaty minutes later we had reascended this to the top of the island. We had done it ! Nearly two thousand foot of various climbing techniques to reach a thirty foot severe !

The traditional cairn was built on the largest boulder and retreat considered.

The ridge we had used was uninviting and so an abseil was considered. The only abseil point was the boulder that we had built the cairn on. It seemed to be held in place only by the bird droppings and the weight of the cairn. Beresford volunteered to test it and as he survived the experience the rest of us agreed to follow.

The 100ft. abseil landed us at the seaward end of the tyrolean now rendered obsolete by a retreating tide. Whilst Joe whispered loving words of care to his rather careworn rope the rest of us returned to the bottom of the backcliff.

Again, as it had been my idea I was sent up first. The prussicking was straightforward, if strenuous, and only took some twenty minutes. I then fixed another rope so that two people could ascend at once. Joe and Pete were next. Joe seemed to have no trouble at all but Pete's progress decreased to a complete stop at about 100ft. It appeared that he had made himself a harness incorporating a shoulder strap. Every time he tried to stand up the shoulder strap would tighten forcing him to bend double. Eventually he reached the top with the assistance of a rope from above.

The antics had deterred the others who were beginning to mill around the base of the cliff like a herd of sheep. Suddenly, with a cry of triumph, Beresford hurled himself into the waves and reached a ramp leading up to a groove line. The others followed. Elaine suffered, what she assured us was an unpleasant experience, when a wave caught her whilst she was bridging two boulders. Jon De Montjoye became mildly hysterical at being so close to water but bravely pressed on and reached dry land.

Beresford managed to find a way up a section of very rotten granite running out 150ft of rope without a runner and brought up the rest of the party.

As we were sitting on the cliff top sorting out the gear I noticed an island about two hundred yards out. "Joe. Look at that face on the eastern side." "Hmmm. Looks rotten." "Nonsense. All we need is some lilos and a reasonably calm sea ....."

## *The Gritstone top ten*

Set out below for all you "tickers" is the editors views on the top ten gritstone classics below E1 - each a must for aspiring gritstone leaders. Although everyone might not agree on this particular top ten there are certainly some quality routes here. They are in no particular order.

<b>Route</b>	<b>Grade</b>	<b>Location</b>	<b>Comments</b>
<b>1. Pedestal Route</b>	VD	Roaches	<i>An outstanding two pitch route with pleasant climbing in airy and fine situations underneath the overhang containing the Sloth . Place careful runners on the second pitch to avoid getting your ropes jammed. "The best VD on grit ? "- Steve Ashton in the 100 best Gritstone Climbs.</i>
<b>2. Central Climb</b>	HS 4b	Hen Cloud	<i>Can be climbed in three or even four pitches. More like an expedition so take a packed lunch with you. This can be consumed high up on a large terrace which has fine views over the surrounding countryside.</i>
<b>3. Inverted V</b>	VS 4b	Stanage	<i>A superb V groove cut into the overhanging Robin Hood's Right-Hand Buttress leads to the "Birdcage". Traverse out to the right (not left) and finish up the wide crack.</i>
<b>4. Goliath's Groove</b>	HVS 5a	Stanage	<i>Nominated by the master of Gritstone rashes, Trevor Stevens. Bridging and laybacking are required for this magnificent route which has two distinct parts up to and over a small halfway ledge. Protection becomes more possible as height is gained.</i>
<b>5. Valkyrie</b>	HVS 5a	Froggatt	<i>A wide variety of Gritstone skills are required on this jem. Hard jamming on an awkward slanting crack leads to a hand traverse and a belay ledge. A bold move onto the nose above is followed by an easier ascent of crinkly rock to the top.</i>
<b>6. Valkyrie</b>	VS 4c	Roaches	<i>Two pitches of the very best. The first finishes on a huge hanging flake. Next follows the crux at a time of great exposure on the edge of an overhang. Delicate climbing above in an excellent position follows.</i>
<b>7. Great Western</b>	HVS 5a	Almscliff	<i>Situated on the North-West face (right side). A dramatic and strenuous route with great exposure requiring a high degree of commitment. An undercut corner is jammed and laybacked to arrive at the start of an exposed hand traverse. An unhelpful crack leads to a gargoyle from which an exit is gained via a bulging crack.</i>
<b>8. Pisa Superdirect</b>	VS 4c	Shining Clough	<i>A bulging arete on Pisa Buttress has an exhilarating line tackling the bulging rock head on. Excellent protection and climbing throughout using a variety of cracks and foot ledges.</i>

9. Suicide Wall HVS 5b Cratcliffe Tor *A serious and hard but magnificent route. It climbs a series of cracks on a high but steep face of the crag. It is sustained throughout and consequently very wearing.*

10. Great North Road HVS 5a Millstone *An imposing corner line with a hanging top corner is complicated by ramps and ledges. Significant exposure threaten's the move under the overhang. A gritstone equivalent of Cenotaph Corner?*

Close contenders were: *Heather Wall (S) - Froggatt, Lover's Leap Chimney (HVD) - Brimham, Overhanging Groove (VS 4c) - Almscliff, Flying Buttress (VD) - Stanage, Black Velvet (HVD) - Roaches*

## 1996 Tyn Lon Logbook entries

The following records some of the notes made in the hut logbook during 1996. Two matters are evident - not enough mention of members climbs are being made during the year and the handwriting of those who do record their outings is getting worse and sometimes atrocious. Let's hope that both improve during 1997.

Jan 21 - James, Hilary and Bella make the most of the pleasant weather by lugging huge rucksacks round the pass in training for the Chile meet.

Feb 5 - Nick and Andy supervise Manweb in a well timed weekend of gales and rain which brought down the power cables. Joined up with Trevor on the 6th for a trip into deep powder snow at Cwm Las. Andy and Nick had further fun with deep snows on the 7th and 8th in a visit to the Idwal Stream.

Feb 19 - 9 members of the regular Stuffin's party enjoy

a delightful weekend.

Feb 21 - Mark and Sue make a snowy ascent Great Gully on Snowdon.

Mar 11 - Mick Edge and Paul Johnson have their boots filled with water in atrocious conditions and heavy mist at the foot of the Devil's Kitchen.

Mar 24 - Tim Brighton, Steve Hall and Keith enjoy spindrift, hail, sleet, snow, wind, and even some sunshine on a large circuit of the Carneddau. Noted "one lady wearing Hush Puppies" attempting to ascend the very icy paths leading to the summit of Snowdon on a sunny 25th.

Mar 15-17 - Danny and Mark - "We came, we saw, we drank far too much beer, and as for you childish bleeders who were throwing food and squirting water, well - we hope your bloody proud of yourselves"

Mar 17 - Nick and Andy top rope a route at Dali's Hole. Julie and Fiona have second thoughts and make a sharp exit to Pete's eats.

Apr 4-7 - Angus meets lots of terrified walkers on Crib

Goch in icy conditions.

Apr 20-21 - Bill, Val, Leo, Steve and a wholly illegible person beginning with M spend an excellent day on the North Ridge. Leo and Steve climb Bryants Gulley on the Sunday.

Apr 26 - Adrian and Joe at "Mudrock" climb Olympic Slab (V Nice) and Stromboli (H V Nice). Meanwhile Paul Green has a pleasant walk round the Snowdon Horseshoe before joining the team on the ropework course at the Beacon. Martin Bemand and Tony M make the most of the Beacon by teaming up with Paul on the climbing wall.

May 4 - Ian Makin suffers at the hands of "Clive the De-toaster" when attempting to make cheese on toast for six of his party. On the Saturday he climbed Gambit Climb on Clogwyn Y Ddysgl.

May 6 - Mick Carr complains that he is the only one who comes to the cottage on his bike and notes following some climbing in the pass that "Ade was confused - there were no red holds, no green, yellow blue or pink holds, only grey holds".

May 10 - Paul and Val go for a walk on near Cloggy and note the fine stand of Daffodils and well mown grass in the garden. Keith and Hazel climb Yogi, Merlin with Direct finish, and Shadrach. Vaseline recommended for the bum squeezing chimney on the first pitch!

May 11 - Paul H heads off to do an "obscure route that no-one has done for a while" - Angel Pavement.

May 12 - TS and KTM climb Main Wall on a fine day.

May 26 - Danny avoids the drive to Cornwall but spends the weekend getting soaked (in more ways than one) following desperate weather.

June 8 - Nick and Andy climb Slanting Buttress Ridge route on "Llewd".

June 15/16 - Twenty of ages two to rather a lot walk around Cwm Glas and other places on the family weekend ending up on the beaches of Anglesey.

**June 18/19** - Baking sunshine - Dick Garbett and Ken Priest climb Christmas Curry - Micah finish, and go on to watch that famous 4-1 English football victory over Holland at the Heights.

**July 1-4** - Haydon Bridge High School lower 6th Biology A level class enjoy the cottage in a week of "working and learning together (Ahem)!"

**July 6** - the fortieth bash. Amy Millichope, "Laura, Emily and Alison filled some balloons with water. We hid them in the grass and Joe Brennan sat on them". During the day Danny and Sandie climb Olympic Slab, Helsinki Wall and Stromboli. Hut book records many thanks to Bill and Val, etc, etc.

**July 7** - The Vaynol runs out of Best bitter due to the Ceunant's excesses at the fortieth celebrations.

**July 27** - Joe and John experience the delights of Angels (Devil's) Pavement on Craig Bera. "Recommended to lovers of impressive exposure on moving rock after an approach of loose scree".

**Aug 3** - Adrian Wilkinson leaves at 3am to successfully conquer the Welsh 14. Meanwhile Ade and Martin have an excellent weekend climbing Cenotaph Corner, Spiral Stairs, Last Tango in Paris. Five weeks earlier they had climbed Cemetery Gates. Left Wall would appear to be their next target.

**Jul 29-Aug 4** - John Green enjoys a week of walking

with excellent conditions in the Carneddau.

**Aug 17** - "Tense or what?. Joe assisted by Sirhc - Tensor and Craig Du Wall Megadirect".

**Aug 17/18/19** - Ray Siseman and John Green climb numerous routes up to E1 at Cloggy and Gallt y Ogof in stunning weather. Also climb at Cwm Glas Bach "the crag behind the cottage - excellent value, rough rock, good holds, and well worth it".

**Aug 18** - Mick Edge, Rachel E, Kevin E, Tony W, Paul W and Nina "embarked on another epic trek to the pub, followed by a climb to the top of the bar which afforded excellent views". The log book also carefully records their warning "When you get to the top of Snowdon - watch the seagulls cos they nick your food, the Miners track is quite nice cos of lakes, but whatever you do **DON'T GO DOWN THE LLANBERIS TRACK**, it is really steep and it kills your feet".

**Aug 24-26** - Val reflects on the 40th believing the gods to be on our side since there was no wind or rain when the eight strong party erected the giant marquee hired from Shell Island Sailing Club in the garden. "Thank you to Margaret, Pam, and Julie Brady for helping to prepare the food and decorate the marquee". Despite being damp this bank holiday weekend, Bill and Val eventually found the sun at the Lost Village on the Lynn Peninsula.

**Aug 26-30** - John Green and Geoff Reed spend three days on Gogarth in sunshine and heat which involved some

desperate girdle traverses around the HVS / E1 grades in Smurf Zawn.

**Sept 7/8** - Debbie, Steve and Leo climb Grooved Arete on Tryfan and Cracks on Dinas Mot.

**Sept 22** - Elly, Mick and Sarah climb Tryfan and back to the pub to "numb their blisters". Also Martin Bemand and his dad creditably ascend all 15 Welsh peaks over three days.

**Sept 28** - Martin, Ade, Debbie and Harry Sharp climb Phantom Rib VS4c, Equinox VS 4c, and Massambula E2 5b. "Had a few in pub-eth and got drunketh".

**Oct 28** - The West Midlands Fire Service battle with 70 mph winds on Snowdon while sharing the cottage with the Falmouth Road Runners Club who were competing in the Snowdon Marathon. Friend of the club Martin Riley comes 8th.

**Nov 2** - Nick, Ben, Andy and Paul - after a session at Pete's enjoy the extensions to the climbing wall at the Beacon. It was also the bonfire meet. Amy Millichope - "there were lots of fireworks - it did rain but they still worked - I liked the sparklers best because you could write your name".

**Nov 9** - Harry, Debbie Sharp, Paul G, and Alison Crunden climbed on Tryfan Bach - "Very chilleth on the willeth - windy and hail - Harry blew bubbles with his nose (snoteth) - fingers and toes froze - solid as the rocketh itself - pub-eth on night - plenty of beer".

Danny and Sue, wiser, went off for a "bimble" up the

North Ridge of Tryfan, and came across far too many orange packamacs for their liking.

**Nov 10** - Harry, Debbie, Alison and Paul were in danger of behightment whilst doing a route on the Milestone Buttress ("thank god we packed the headtorches") after the abseil rope jammed. Debbie records - "it was as black as pitch of the nighteth it waseth".

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And finally - he's done it before and he's doing it again. **Dennis Jordan** has trogged from Santander on the North coast of Spain, via all the tapas bars in the country to the Southern coast - a reported distance of 1100 miles. Dennis utilised pilgrim routes and had the support of a Spanish charity for young addicts. His walk has creditably raised money for this foundation. Well done Dennis.