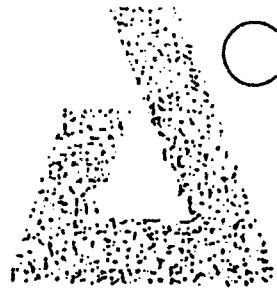



ceunant  
mountaineering  
club



**Magazine**  
**November '90**



Hello and welcome to the November issue of the Ceunant magazine. No, you haven't missed any, there haven't been any for a while. Some months ago your Committee persuaded me to put this issue together and, with some trepidation, grave reservations and deep suspicions, I agreed. Since then I've received a lot of encouragement and a few articles. Many thanks to those who provided either or both.

Now look in a mirror, put on a stern frown and read this aloud,

WRITE SOMETHING FOR THE NEXT MAGAZINE!

Everything will be gratefully accepted and (probably) printed. Medical evidence confirms that putting pen to paper is not as bad for you as drinking, climbing, sex or almost anything else. So how about a letter, article, poem, anecdote, cartoon etc. etc. You've always consoled yourself with the thought that short ones are as welcome as long ones, this time it's true! And legibly handwritten offerings are fine so you have no excuses!

To provoke a thought or two, can anyone tell me why Ceunant climbers invariably compare airborne rocks to electrical appliances? You know, "It just missed me. It was the size of a deepfreeze (fridge, t.v. set, toaster, steam iron, heated roller etc.)." Senders of the least plausible and most libelous reasons will receive free copies of the next issue.

Contributions to  
Sue Traynor  
5, Balliol Road  
Coventry  
CV2 3DR

or to any Committee member

With a few days off between contracts for Manpower I had decided to take a trip to Froggatt for a bit of soloing. Working my way along the cliff redoing all the tricks in my book I heard a voice waft up to me from "Gamma".

"Are you will wearing that same T shirt? It must be awful smelly by now."

The voice sounded familiar, anyway talking like that it must be a friend of mine. I turned round to see Paul a friend of Mark's who I'd met two weeks ago, and yes, I remembered I had been wearing the same shirt. (washed in the meantime I hasten to add.)

Paul decided to do "Great Slab" and in the manner of Joe Brown soloed it with a rope attached to make the feat respectable. The rest of the party followed glad of the top rope. Now, I had always fancied that I could do this route, I mean you stand at the bottom and look up and you can see HOLDS! so it can't be that bad....can it? Any way with a top rope I found it to be quite reasonable, sequency climbing on spaced but good holds leads to the crux, a tenuous step from one good foothold to another via sloping apology for a hold with nothing for the hands, then easy climbing to the top.

With the euphoria of reaching the top I intended to go straight back down and do it properly. I laced my boots tighter than ever before and looked up at the route.... No way Jose I'm not going anywhere near THAT! I started to think what I could do next. Suddenly without realising what I was doing I got to my feet and walked to the bottom of the route. Damn, that's blown it I thought, they've seen me, I can't stop now. Everything went OK up to the crux then upward momentum stalled. Just like Jim Perrin on Coronation Street I realised too late the folly of my ways. I didn't feel able to reverse down so two options seemed open to me, a probable nasty fall or suffer the ignominy of being rescued. Put like that the choice was obvious, I stepped across and quickly scrambled up before Rigor Mentis could set in.

On the train home I kept dozing off, each time it was to dream of falling off Great Slab only to wake with a start as I hit the ground. Still, I'd done it now, and chalk free!

The Ogre, the Monk and the Virgin, an unholy trinity like characters from some Swiss morality play. Appropriately the Monk separates the other two, an alpine chaperone in the sky. Add a little mountain railway and hey presto, there you have it, International Tourism spelt with a capital F for Swissfranc.

By contrast the fine Mittellegi Ridge on the Eiger stands remote from all this, flanking the eastern side of the North Face. Just before our arrival the face itself was climbed by Mark Helliwell and Sandy, an epic and controlled ascent over five days in very bad conditions. Well done lads and it was their first route of the season!

For our more humble objective, the Mittellegi bivouac hut must first be reached. This is the finest situated garden shed in the universe with thousands of feet of vacant space on either side of its high rise position. The novel approach begins by popping out onto a glacier terrace through a hole below the viewing windows of the Eismeer station inside the Eiger. Here the unpaid entertainment begins immediately for the excited passengers behind the double glazed windows with a heady cocktail of stonefall, serac collapse and monster bergshunds - the menacing arse end of the Eiger.

Moving fast through a death rattle gulch area we eventually got to a point below the ridge where the guidebook (file under 'fiction') blithely states: 'leave the ice to gain sloping rocks.' Handjamming a crack between a thin vertical blade of ice and the rock - the ice was too fragile to touch with an axe - gained us access to a pleasant concoction of brittle, shattered, debris covered slabs with no holds or security. O.K. so we might have been off route. Once established on this happy mixture we heard a loud CRUMP as the load of ice blocks we had used as a snow bridge over the 'shund collapsed with impeccable timing.'

Eventually we arrived at the hut where about a dozen German speaking climbers already in residence had to be elbowed out of their territorial imperatives. Not far away a long, loud and sustained rumbling announced the end of something big.

That night a big storm blew up with us as Guy in the middle of a celestial firework display. Close up the lightening made curious flapping noises rather than big bangs, like being hit on the ears with wet pancakes. Blap, blap, blap. The hut conductors were working overtime. I could see Generating Board Steve thinking electrically: how to harness this lot through some sort of Eiger sub-station, into the National Grid and yet another promotion. One person at least stood to gain from privatisation.

Morning dawned spectacularly with the ridge armour plated in new snow and ice. The ski season could have started there and then. Everyone was preparing for retreat, an uninviting prospect down snow covered high angled guano. Steve has much better mountain judgement than me. Basically he is prepared, to climb anytime, anywhere in any conditions. "It will only take a couple more bivis, that's all".

Germany was very impressed.

"Your friend, how you say he ist mad, ja?"

"Radio rental".

Seven hundred feet of extreme skiing without skis and three abseils take us across yesterday's collapsed snow bridge and onto the glacier terrace. On the way back we see the result of the loud noise of yesterday evening. Half of the Greenland icecap seemed to have careered across our tracks, with the other half waiting in serac lines above. This is where the Ogre keeps his monsters, creaking to be unleashed like mad dogs down the slope - an Eiger sanction we could do without.

What goes through the mind whilst tripping daintily through this lot? In my case nothing organised, just a few shreds of thoughts drifting unconnected through hollow empty spaces: pop songs; the friendly jungfraus by the side of the Grindewald pool; Steve's cooking; a new pair of boots so that I can at least die in comfort.

Despite this mental schrapnel we might still have set a new world record for the hundred metre sprint - no steroids but definitely wind assisted, Linford Christie eat your heart out.

Safely back in the hole in the Eismeer, we emerge into a large crowd of curious Japanese viewers. The train is like something from the Tokio rush hour. We are the only Euros. "We'll get away with the fare here Steve, just mix in, bend your knees and squint".

Having successfully committed the ultimate crime in Switzerland - not paying - we arrive at the Jungfraujoek. Yes, we have a sportsplan 'B'. The Jungfraujoek 'facility' is like a high altitude New Street Station without the charm. Not at all a nice thing to have done to the flanks of a young lady. Close by could be heard a terrible braying and growling. We thought we were about to be caught but it just turned out to be a load of huskies in a cage at the end of a tunnel. They were being watched by a large number of touroids, taking in an authentic experience of Olde Switzerland.

On the glazier outside the world gathered from its four corners - trepid Americans wondering whether to step onto the ice, Japanese ladies falling over in high heels, immaculate French, dressed darkly and trying to look poised as they slipped arse over tit. Large Italian families sounded as if they were having huge rows but were really having a splended time. There was even a sprinkling of Islam in purdah. Black chastity against a white backdrop. I'm not sure if the Monk would approve of Islam but the Jungfrau would probably go along with the sentiment. The Swiss just got on with it in their own efficient way and took the money.

We took a left turn, away from huskie rides, skiing and ice palaces, Monch bound. We might still bag a peek at this late hour. Monks for some reason have always been associated with the carnal in popular mythology. Sure enough this particular one leered a face South East towards the Jungfrau. It was the right hand retaining ridge of this face to which we were going.

"Vere are you from Englander?"

"England".

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaa, Haaaaaaaaaaaa, Haaaaaaaaaaaa."

They're great ones for the guffaw, these German boyoos, straight to the guffaw, no time for the quiet chuckle.

"Is this the way to the Eiger, pal?"

"Haaaaaaaaa, Haaaaaaaaa, Haaaaaaaaa".

And their English is good.

"Vee haf been up your Ben Kneewis."

"Sounds like you have given me sole ownership of a mountain joint."

"Eh?" But not that good.

From the summit of the Monch we would clearly see a completely snow plastered Eiger west flank.

"There's your decent route, Steve, I bet your glad we didn't do the route now?"

"We could have made snow holes in that lot for bivi's."

"You could have been the first man to make a snow hole in an avalanche".

We decended without incident, although of two parties we had seen slide on steep snow on the ascent, one (German) had disappeared and the other (English) was still sitting stunned below their last fall point. Not far below a party of six earnest Germans, all roped together, seemed intent on doubling Whympers Matterhorn score. Ever willing to help our fellow man, we vamoosed pretty pronto - we had a train to catch.

Back at prole city on the Jock we again slid in amongst a crowd of Japanese bound for the oriental express but alas this time we got caught. My attempt at impersonating a six foot, blond haired, blue eyed Japanese with freckles appeared to have failed. An eventful day where we had managed to avoid injury was now about to cost us an arm and a leg. There is no realistic way back to Kleine Scheidegg other than the train. Much poorer, we took a well earned rest amidst the unrelieved ugliness of Kleine Scheidegg, sipping applesaft and dreading the final graunch down to Grindlewald. Only millionaires and climbing shop owners can afford to ride all the way. A touroidial type goat, possibly suspecting that we were not sufficiently inculated in Calvinist values, wandered up to my rucksac which I had carelessly dumped some way off. Watched by impeccable Swiss children it proceeded to shit and piss in unbelievable volumes all over my rucksac. The final indignity.

"Listen you well mannered little sods, why didn't you kick it in the tits rather than watch it shit on my sac?"

"That's the side next to my back as well."

We stumbled off, past unsmiling children, me now high on essence of goat, down into the evening and Grindlewald.

Back at the campsite, sitting outside the tent I could look directly up at the Mittellegi Hut, just visible to the naked eye if you knew where to look, thus completing a (train aided) girdle traverse of the Eiger. Returning my gaze to ground level, all I could crowding in on us were the small tents which had appeared in our absence, chocker full of grinning Japanese. Time to nip on.

THOSE MOMENTS

Mark Applegate

Those moments  
Hung in the balance  
Finger tips  
Smears  
On a steep wall  
Tension applied  
Though body ties  
And I dug deep  
Like a plough into the soil  
And deeper still  
Right in the depths  
Though to my whole being  
This is seeing  
And then  
Pulled through  
This rush  
I feel  
All things buzzing  
Keeps me still  
Until I'm bridged out  
Worn out  
But scoured clean

Picture the Scene

- (1) A mountain restaurant above Vald'Isere. She strides purposefully up to him and spits out the words, "You two-timing bastard, you leave me in the valley on my own on our honeymoon and the next thing I find you chatting-up two birds. I hate you" Coughlan is totally speechless.
- (2) The Ceunant Annual Dinner at the Royal Victoria Hotel, "Well I was tired. I saw the key in the door. The bed had not been slept in; so I got in and went to sleep. Next thing some bloke and his bird were standing at the bottom of the bed asking me what I was doing in their room. I told 'em to sod off. The Manager was called, he said the key was left in the door for their late arrival. He frogmarched me to the front desk made me book in and collected the £9.00 in advance..."
- (3) First Person "What training are you doing before you go to the Himalayas?"  
Second Person "Oh I'm tap dancing twice a week now."
- (4) An Austrian mountain hut just before dusk in winter. 200 people packed tight - absolute drunken merry mayhem with burghers baring their bums to the sound of guitars and accordians. The door opens. In walks our hero. His mouth drops in wonder; the konk glows merrily. It starts with one or two close to our hero; they point their fingers at him and sing, "Ally, Ally, Oop, Oop, Oop" His vacant expression turns into an inane embarrassed grin as the chorus turns into a roaring crescendo as the whole room points fingers at him and pat the top of their heads, all singing, "Ally, Ally, Oop, Oop, Oop" over and over again. Eventually someone tells him in English to take off his silly wollen hat and the whole incident ends.
- (5) Brant Direct, "Well...I was finding it a bit hard. First I put my left hand on the right hand hold. Then I put my left foot on the right foothold. I felt a bit off balance so I put my right hand on the left handhold and started to shake, so I then put my right foot on the left foothold..... and fell off."
- (6) Tryfan in the mist and fine rain. The top is crowded with trippers so the Ceunant party sits just below the summit. He starts eating his cheese sandwich. He holds up his cheese sandwich, "..hey look - I've got a piece of Cuttle Fish bone stuck in my teeth from my cheese sandwich." Later when the Ceunant party gets to the summit, a large solemn party is seen having a religious service around an empty casket upon which is written, "The Last Remains of....." Our cheese eaters stomach heaves.
- (7) The Gower on an idyllic summers day, directly below a very loose crag. First lady says, "...you know even malt loaf has those 'orrible 'E' numbers." Second lady, "...yes, they can kill you, you know" just before they leap apart as an enormous rock crashes onto the spot where they had been sitting.



The Hotel Foucaud in Marrakech is the start or finish point of many an African expedition. So it happened that last April I arrived there with fellow members of the 153 Club for a 2 week trip into the Atlas Mountains and the Sahara Desert. (Strictly the last two words are a double waddyacallit, as Sahara is simply the Arabic word for desert). Arriving at the Foucaud around midnight, there weren't too many people about, so it came as a bit of a surprise next morning to see people checking out complete with ice-axes, skis, crampons, etc. The view from the roof soon showed shy ----- the distant mountains were completely snow covered, gleaming Golden pink in the morning sun. The Foucaud virtually overlooks the main square of Marrakech, and this is a sight not too be missed. I'd last been there about 12 years ago, but things hadn't changed much - if at all. The snake charmers, musicians, scribes, beggars were all there, along with the pliers of many traders - from tooth puller to wood carver, all willing to be photographed (for a small fee --- or a large one if you're gullible enough).

The three Landrovers we'd hired arrived that afternoon, complete with our Moroccan Drivers/Cooks/Guides ----- apparently it isn't possible to hire a landrover without a driver in Morocco. Anyway, they were very useful as it turned out. We crossed the Atlas via the Tizi n'Test pass to our first camp site on the "dry" desert side of the mountains. The ground was rock hard but fortunately the tentpegs were made from reinforcing rods! It was a beautiful clear night with countless stars, and the "Milky Way" clearly visible as we settled in for the night. By about 2 a.m. things had changed - the heavens opened Gale force winds blew, and the torrential rain soon turned the whole area into a kind of shallow lake. Several tents crashed down in the wind; ours stayed up but the water coming in from all directions we weren't much better off. (The tents were supplied by the Landrover company and were a bit knocked about, and had no flysheets. By 6 a.m. the flapping of the tent and the damp forced us to get up. The whole area was a quagmire, but our trusty drivers had a fire going and hot boiling water!

The weather improved after that episode, though we were to get sandstorms, and even stronger winds, at least we had no more rain. Several days after this storm, there were still fast flowing rivers in the desert wadis, and we saw many Palm trees washed down along their banks. For the next two days we crossed a wide plain fringed by high arid mountains. The only people living in the area were the occasional Bedouin family group, with their traditional Nomad tents, and herds of goats. Morocco is inhabited by several racial groups

- a) The Bedouin, these are nomadic and travel throughout North Africa, recognizing no frontiers.
- b) The Berber, these are mountain people, the purest of whom have fair hair and blue eyes.
- c) The Arabs.
- d) The Touareg, tall, dark people who traditionally dress in blue, and live in the desert areas.

The main language is Arabic, followed by French. the Berber have their own language. The people are friendly and easy going.

A few days later, travelling, via Rissani and Merzouga, we reached "Erg Chebbi" in the Sahara. This area has the highest sand dunes in Morocco. They extend over a vast area, and are truly spectacular. We stayed here for two days, and I decided to walk to the top of the highest dune which was 2 or 3 miles away. It took several hours to get there as I had to follow the crests and ridges to avoid losing height. At times I thought I'd never reach my dune. Several times I had to slog uphill through knee-deep sand, but eventually I made it, and it was well worth it. The views were magnificent, and I've got the photographs to prove it! That night, after an all - over wash in half a cup of water, I hiked back into the dunes to spend a night alone under the stars. this was just as well, as a bunch of "Kraut" tourists arrived at dawn to see the sunrise over the dunes, making the kind of racket that only Krauts make. Unfortunately for them there was a sandstorm which completely obscured the sunrise. It also made me get up rather than risk getting buried alive in sand. It was at times like this that the Touareg headcloth which I'd bought in Rissani proved it's worth. They (the headcloths, not the Touaregs) are about 5 yards long, made from a very light cotton dyed with indigo. The indigo dye often runs and stains the skin, hence the Touareg are known as the Indigo men.

That day we travelled through the Erfoud and Tineghir regions to the Todra Gorge. This is one of the most spectacular areas in Morocco. The Gorge is a small version of the Grand Canyon, at times having steep sided towering walls, and at other times opening into spectacular vistas. I spent the whole of the next day walking far into the Gorge. Various nomads live there and few Westerners venture more than a mile or so into the Gorge, so I was a bit of a novelty. By the time I got back to camp I'd given away all the odds and ends from my rucksack, - elastoplasts, soap, clothes pegs, sweets etc., reckoning they were a lot more use to these people than to me. Near the entrance to the Gorge some French climbers were performing a public service by levering out a man-size block of stone from about 80 feet up the vertical wall. I don't know if they were successful or not. The rock is interesting, it looks like a sandstone but is as hard as granite. The Krauts had just arrived when I got back from my trek, and the first thing they did was to set up their mobile beer and sausage caravan. After filling up with Wurst, Saurkraut and beer they had an hour to "see" the Gorge, followed by a talk from their Leader. They left at six next morning, and that was the Todra Gorge "done". Maybe they didn't like the weather; there was still snow on the upper parts.

Over the next few days we travelled back to Marrakech via the town of Ouarzazate and the Tizi - N - Tichka pass. The snow here was very deep, and the wind knife - edged. The road through the pass was open to 4 wheel drive vehicles only, with Police roadblocks to stop anyone else attempting it. The scenery in this region was as good as any I've ever seen. The Berber villages perched on the mountain sides looked like they were straight out of the Himalayan travel brochure.

Morocco is a country of contrasts with high mountains, vast plains, deserts; the scenery is always interesting and often spectacular. The people are colourful and friendly. Usually we camped in remote areas well away from any sign of civilisation, yet invariably within about 20 minutes we had an audience of men, women and children who arrived from goodness knows where. Sometimes they brought us goats milk, bread or dates. We always gave something in return postcards, pens, and cigarettes were in greatest demand, but anything was acceptable. All in all, a very interesting country, and well worth a visit.

The above trip was organized by the "153 Club". This Club is named after Michelin Map No. 153 which covers the Sahara and surrounding area. The club consists of people who have travelled in that area.

'ME A MOUNTAIN'

Mark Applegate

I sat there thinking  
That I'd like to feel those mountains  
Grow out of the plain  
Folding and weaving their secrets  
Piercing turbulent skies  
With those magnificent spires  
Silent in their approach  
To age, self taught

How old  
How long have I been sitting here  
Could I be that old  
With this air of timelessness  
Glaciated beard  
Huge impending roofs  
Hiding my eyes  
But still I hear the plain's insufferable cries

But aloft and cool above the heat  
And human endurance above the plain  
Shrouded in mist  
I feel forgotten  
I'm too high  
Too remote  
For that last glimmer of hope  
For plain dwellers to cope

Imagine a sunny valley; quiet, peaceful, a smooth-flowing, gently-murmuring river; clusters of trees in which shade is gratefully received. A glance in any direction gives views of granite slabs, towers, crack systems all glistening and glimmering in the sun.

A walk through undulating valley pastures is a tonic for the soul, lush green grass interspersed with wild flowers, the only sound is the humming of a bee, orange body flashing, caught by sunlight and only surpassed by the technicoloured butterflies. These aflight on your face, tickling, teasing your senses, as you lazily lie back arms behind your head. Nature's immense pleasures on the threshold of your tent.

This is the slow life of Mello. It captures you, wraps its beauty around your mind, Mother Nature sleepily unfolding delights, magic carpets to take you away for a while on a secret journey, full of surprises healing all kinds of city stress.

As night stretches its blue inky-stained fingers across the sky, after a perfect day diamond jewels appear, dancing fireflies capture you with their display as you walk enveloped in the warm feeling of a contented day, down to the village for some well earned beers.

This is how I found Mello, to say nothing of the climbing; friendly people and cheap food plus beer.

The valley is unspoilt as it is off the beaten track, from the popular tourist spots of Lake Como. It has its fair share of visitors, Sundays are most popular with daytrippers from Milan. However mid week it is normally quiet.

You can pitch your tent (for free) in the many secluded spots among trees near a burbling brook. Cow bells will clang and chime at supper time when you're eating locally made bread, butter and cheese.

Once past the car park there are only footpaths to follow, unwinding pleasures and delights of timeless beauty. Take time to swim or dabble your feet in cool, clear, green rock pools, lap up the tranquil atmosphere after the excitement on the crag.

The village of St. Martino has everything you need, from shops, banks, bars, pizzas and even a small climbing shop. The village is an excellent location for sipping coffee before you wander down to the boulders.

'Bouldering' is not quite the word, most will dwarf Burbage in height and the largest, Sasso De Remo, is more than a rope's length high. Here all routes are normally bolted, with quality routes of all grades on excellent granite. Just twinkle your toes and unfurl your fingers, delightful days can be spent here relaxing, climbing and chatting to local Italian climbers, while you have a rest from the larger valley routes.

Mello traditionally has a policy of keeping bolts to a minimum. Slab routes are normally bolted, but are well spaced (20 ft is not unusual). However there is superb crack climbing all on solid granite.

These unshakable monoliths can vary in length from 4-5 pitches to 11-13 pitches which can be comfortably climbed in a day. So take your time and enjoy the stillness and freshness of the views. Stemming up these cracks is a sheer delight, movement can flow, systems are go, as you constantly reach up for perfect jugs, jams, laybacks and bridges.

The slabs can be technical, quite steep and bolt protection spaced. A cool head is needed as you sometimes rely solely on friction for feet and hands, moves with palms pressed downwards are not unusual.

### INFORMATION

- Guide books - Rock Climbing in Italy - Al Churcher (Italian Rock)  
Sasso de Remo (guide to the boulders) - available  
in the climbing shop in St. Martino  
Italian guide books (topo) - also available in the shop
- Gear - Shorts and 'T' shirt hopefully, Rack of quick draws (bolts),  
usual wires, large nuts (rocks) and friends useful in  
the crack systems.
- Camping - Free if you camp in the valley pastures or trees, 20 min  
walk to the bars in St. Martino, Val de Mello is the  
best place to camp, turn right as you go through the  
end of the village up a small hill.
- Location - Mello is in Northern Italy above (north) and east of  
lake Como, 2-3 hours drive from the Mont Blanc tunnel.  
It is a mountain climbing area and because of this  
there are huts in the higher valley to form a base for  
climbing or walking the larger mountains or ridges.
- Enjoy yourselves if you decide to go, but please respect  
the beauty of Mello, it can easily get spoilt, like  
Chamonix?

Or "I Followed a Rock Star."

Wednesday night down the Crown we were as usual deciding where not to go \*\*\*\*\*  
Actually we were at a fun packed indoor bowls meet at the Fountain Inn and  
Simon won both competitions (jammy bastard - pure fluke) so nobody wants to  
know about it.

Me, Sirhc and Mick decided that North Wales Slate was to be our destination,  
"climbing in December, you must be mad."

We did our best to persuade an unenthusiastic bunch to join us. Fat chance.  
The excuses we were given.

"I've got to buy a new house."

"My girlfriend is coming (I bet she is) this weekend."

-since when has climbing waited for women. Take her to Wales to watch you  
climb man.

"You don't get three good weekends at the cottage on the trot."

"It will be cold."

"I need a new rope!!!" (Joe Brown's, Great Arete, etc)

Friday night, I sit at home in front of a roaring gas fire. Its freezing  
outside and Mick is an hour late.

"Please, please, I hope he's decided not to go, I don't want to freeze in Wales."

A knock at the door. "Oh no, he's here." Next stop Sirhc's house.

"Where've yo bin youth, I thought yo'd wimped out like them lot."

We leave Sirhc's place and join a 15mph motorway. Mick's foglamps try to  
lure 747's to a new runway. Two hours later and we're nearly at Shrewsbury.  
This is really boring - next stop Nesscliff and we guzzle Pedigree.

Several pints and pisses later we leave but "oh no" another queue of 15mph  
traffic. This time its too much - a well oiled overtaking machine goes into  
action.

"Come on Mick, take him, TAKE HIM!"

"But I can't see"

(Sensible non-drunk driver comment)

"Fuck that, there's a straight here, its ok."

(drunken back seat drivers.)

"Are you sure?"

"Yer, TAKE IM, GET YER FOOT DOWN"

And so the Ceunant suicide team pull out.

"Aaaaargh - go for it"

A bend immediately arrives but so what, do you think we are stopped so easily?

The remaining journey was quite exciting but completed quickly and competently.

"How can the bastards see, they shot straight past us?"

"They must be mad"

"HEY, HEY, HEY, the demon drink, I see no mist"

Saturday dawns. Inside Tyn Lon its freezing, stay - inside - sleeping bag weather but no I am woken by the figure of Sirhc thrusting a mug of tea at me!

"Get up youth, lets hit the rock."

"Whot?"

Off to the slate; 15 minutes to defrost le voiture. No walking in for us. If the car cannot be used as a belay anchor, at least let us have a flat walk-in.

The day was brilliant, shirt sleeves climbing weather. I did "Gadaffi Duck", then its follow Sirhc time.

An E4 6b, only some miserable twerp has stolen the first bolt meaning that the 6b crux is a protectionless terminal crater move until the next bolt at 40 ft can be clipped!

No 'gripper clipper' for Sirhc. I think he was having a fag whilst he nonchantly clipped it.

"Oh, a bolt, may as well use it, seeing as its here."

Another hard route then the sun disappears.

"Jesus, its cold."

Back to Tyn Lon and food.

Saturday night. Standing outside the Vaynol at 8.10pm waiting for a bus to Pen Bont.

"Where's the bleeding bus, its fucking cold."

"Be here in a minute."

"I can hear it. I can here its diesel engine."

A dimly lit tractor rumbles past, a grinning Welshman at the wheel.

I check the time table.

"Dunderhead, its 7.50 the bus comes at."

"Bollocks, it were 8.10 last week.

"Perhaps they've changed it."

As if by magic to prove me wrong a big green empty bus glides into view. We argue with the driver because he tries to undercharge us! Yes, seriously folks, its true. Bigger the 10p discount if it means we will have to walk. At Llanberis a bunch of nutty kids get on.

"Mr. Mr. how old am I?"

Mr. Mr. my mate's English"

Mr. Mr. where do you come from?"

"Birmingham"

"Mr. Mr. where's Birmingham?"

A young girl ("16 years and 1 month, actually") sits beside me and tells me how she likes queers, wants her head tattooed and has been moved down two years at school.

"Mr. Mr. I know what sex is like."

We booze like crazy at Pen Bont. We taxi home. £5. Cheap when Mick pays!

Sunday dawns. Another red hot day (at least between 11.30am and 3.30pm).

We drive in Bus Stop Quarry, stagger off to Manatese level and abb down to another level. I want to do 'German Schoolgirl' and so do we all.

"Give us your rope Mick."

"Eh".

"Give us yer rope".

"Oh, its at the top."

"XXXXXXX. XXXX, give us yer rope Sirhc."

A wicked laugh is heard.

"So, you bastards, only I have brought a rope down."

Rock star (apprentice) that I am, I climb with one rope. No problem, except that I run out of chalk

"When yo get up, chuck us me fags down" was Sirhc's only comment.

We finish the route and abb down again for Sirhc to lead a line he fancies.

One and a half hours later no success. The route is too pokey for Sirhc. Later we read Pete's Eats New Route book and talk to a real rock star and discover that the route is E7 7q.



When heavily questioned later Sirhc cannot remember what holds he had stood on. 'Imaginary ones'. Me and Mick couldn't see any. There were not any!

"Rock over on the imaginary hyphen and pull on the undercut sliver. Pass the bolt and there is a hold on the left."

The rest of the day was spent on interesting routes details of which would bore you. The last route we did has no name. I would call it 'Green Nuclear Furnace! The green slatish rock it followed was cracked and hollow sounding and red hot, I mean it was really warm. I'm sure Dinorwick Power Station has something hidden in there.

Back at Tyn Lon I write up the hut log and Mick cooks sausage on egg on mushrooms on cheese on toast. Heavily peppered naturally.

Of course we stop at a boozier on the way home. Why waste time till 10.30pm. We stopped at two establishments - only to relieve Mick's boredom of a long drive you understand.

"Two pints of Pedigree and a coke for the driver please."

ROCK TALK

Graham Spenceley

Rock talk  
Beer crazy  
Bass head  
No money  
No time  
Too much work  
Pumping arms  
Sun on back  
Shorts and tee shirts  
Earl grey  
Chalk bag  
Elastic trousers  
Green trees  
White rock  
Good friends  
Turbo technics  
Squealing tyres  
Fast lane travel  
Overtaking  
Fresh snow  
Ski talk  
Balls out  
Stir fry  
Fresh fish  
No meat  
Dirty women  
    Hopefully?  
Who are we?  
Adrenalin junkies  
Is it worth it?  
    WHY?



Small ads.

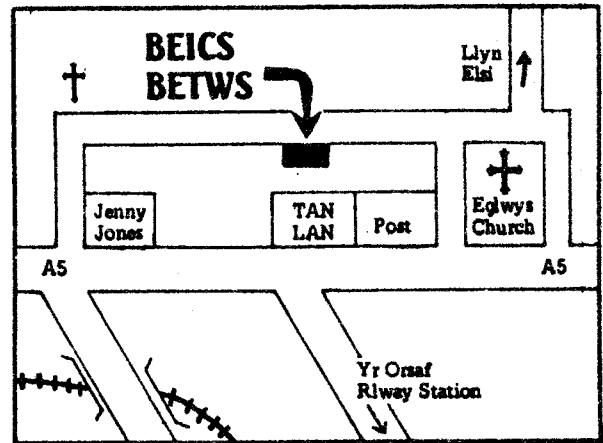


TAN LAN,  
BETWS-Y-COED,  
GWYNEDD,  
LL24 0AB.

☎ (06902) 766

**Y GANOLFAN LLOGI BEICIAU MYNYDD YN ERYRI**

**THE MOUNTAIN BIKE HIRE CENTRE IN ERYRI**



For sale: Asolo boots, size 8, jade green

As seen on K2 but these have only been to the top of Snowdon and back, once. Genuine reason for sale (more money than sense).  
£120 o.n.o.

Also: Karrimor Jaguar S65 rucksac, jade green and navy, brand new  
("I know it's too big for me but it goes with the boots.")  
£80 o.n.o.

Prospective buyers: leave a message for Zoe Green on 08600 51215

Colorado, summer 1991: If you're interested in joining a group for 3-4 weeks,  
contact Sue Traynor 0203 444891. Dates and itinerary negotiable.

The Indiana Jones Traverse (of the slate quarries): Photocopies of  
Mark Helliwell's route description and sketch map as taken from  
the Tyn Lon Log are available from Sue Traynor, please send s.a.e.