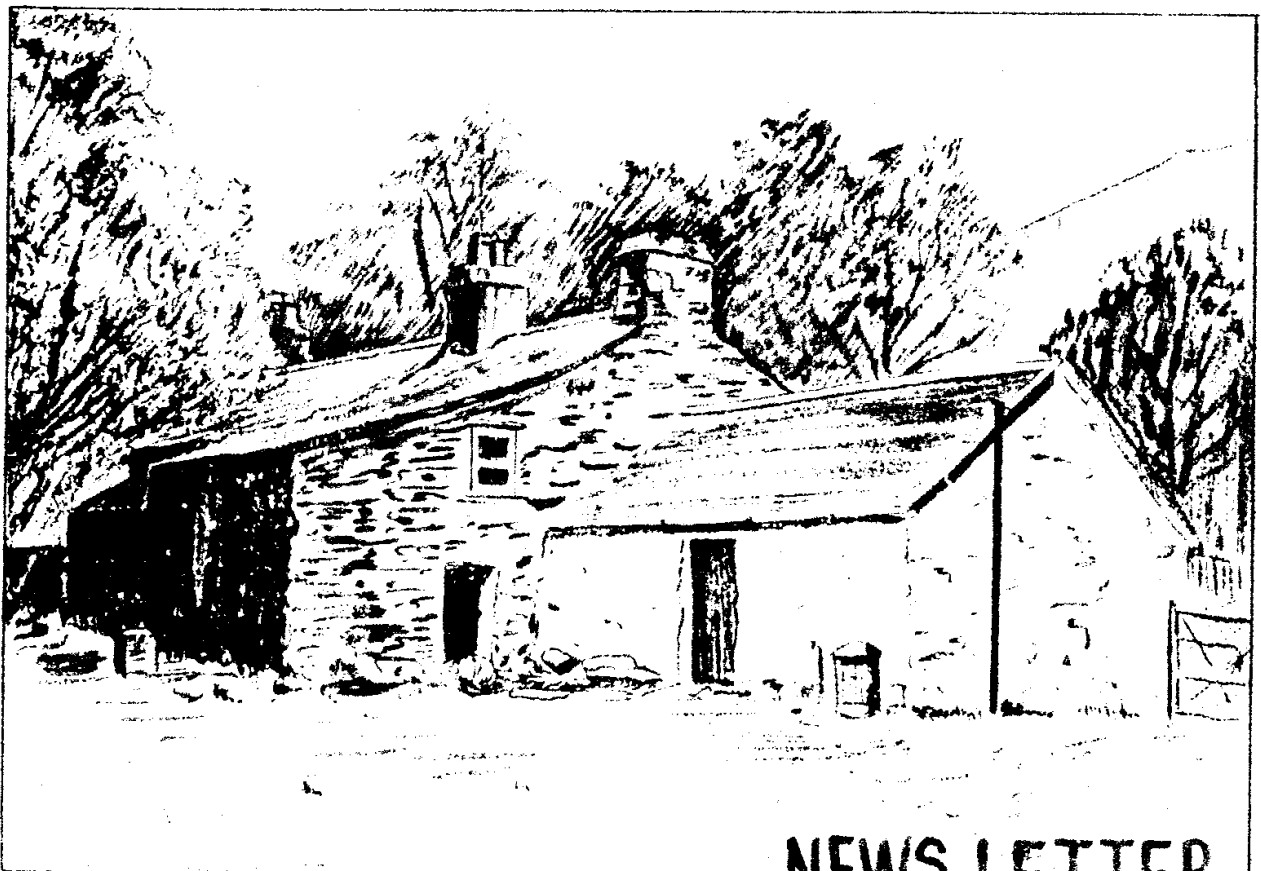


The **Ceunant** Mountaineering *ULUB*



NEWS LETTER

OCTOBER, 1963

E D I T O R I A L

We seem to spend most of our time these days complaining about the weather. Even the Continent has brought little escape this year; from the Alps and the Riviera, as from England, come stories of rain, flood and disorganisation.

Whatever it is that curtails Club meet attendances these days, however, it appears not to be the weather. Our members are nothing if not versatile. On a recent waterlogged meet to Ffestiniog, a party spent half a day exploring, of all things, a disused railway tunnel! And it was not even dry inside. Another Club group in Brecon started a full scale caving expedition, including crawling around in narrow, confined spaces in deep mud.

So if you are washed off the rocks, there is no need to kipper yourself in a Tyn Lon armchair, or sulk in your tent. The World is full of adventure. Have a care, though. It would be infra dig to have to report that a member had tripped and injured himself whilst exploring the aesthetic delights of a Nuclear Pump Storage reservoir which a thoughtful Authority had planked down in the National Park - even if it was done on a wet Sunday.

There are some activities which are definitely inferior to getting soaked on a mountain!

Since our comments in the last issue concerning poor meet attendances, we have been shown just what can be done in this direction by an enthusiastic, knowledgable and energetic Meet Leader. The meet to the Gower Peninsula at the end of August, led by the Chairman, attracted the largest attendance at a weekend meet since the Annual Dinner - and this despite the fact that it was a new venue for the club, and in a region little known as a climbing area. Another practical disadvantage from the Leader's viewpoint was that the Wednesday before the

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meet - the traditional final gathering time of meet participants - was lost to him because of the 'motor rally'.

The gathering of support for this meet, however, had been started several weeks before. Members were given a short illustrated lecture (well advertised beforehand) showing the potentialities of the area, and a small guide book was specially prepared, all this being done by the Meet Leader personally. Before the weekend arrived, the Leader even knew how many bottles of milk were required by the party, and had organised their delivery!

In short, this meet had a LEADER, as distinct from a slightly disinterested taker of names on a Wednesday evening.

The result was extremely gratifying. We hope that future meet leaders will take the point.

Except where otherwise stated, the opinions expressed in this Newsletter are those of the Editor, and are not necessarily endorsed by the Committee.

Publications Editor: I.D. Corbett,
420, Shirley Road,
Birmingham, 27.

CLUB NEWS

As Members will have observed, the Cambridge public house stands in an area scheduled for redevelopment. Most of the adjacent property has already gone, and the pub. itself is due for demolition, we are informed, in about one year's time.

The Club have therefore set up a Sub-committee to consider the problem of a new Wednesday evening meeting place, as and when the need arises. These gentlemen have been given the job of going on an authorised pub crawl

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(at their own expense) to examine rooms, prices and possibilities at various hostelryes in and around the City. The task will not be easy, and it may not be possible to get a meeting room quite so central and convenient as the present one.

If any members are able to assist in the search, or have private knowledge of suitable rooms which may be available, we shall be very pleased to hear from them.

Following his move to the south of England, Stan Storey has retired from the office of joint honorary auditor to the Club, a position he has held for the past three years.

Prior to becoming the checker of the Club's accounts he was in charge of them, and his several years as Treasurer included the difficult period of the acquisition and financing of Tyn Lon.

We should like to express our thanks to Stan for the work he has done for the Club, and hope that, in spite of the distances involved, we shall still see him from time to time.

At the request of the Committee, Basil Jones has agreed to fill the vacancy on the audit team caused by Stan's retirement. The other joint auditor is Tony Mynette.

As a result of a room collection at the Cambridge, the Club has made a further contribution of Five Pounds to the Glen Brittle Memorial Hut Fund.

Members are reminded that, if they wish to support a new application for membership, it is now necessary for them to send the Committee a formal letter proposing or

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seconding the new member, giving their reasons for wishing to do so.

If any member should discover that he has a guide book to 'Great Gable' which does not belong to him, will he please report to the Editor, who will put him in touch with the owner!

Elected to membership in September :-

J.D. Parker,
[REDACTED]
Hampton-in-Arden.

INDOOR EVENTS

The Autumn Club dance will be held on Wednesday 27th November. The arrangements have not yet been finalised, but members who may be interested should keep this date free.

OUTDOOR EVENTS

October 20th.	SYMONDS YAT	Day Meet. Leader, P.Holden.
November 1st-3rd.	LLANBERIS	Bonfire Party. Leader, A.Fowler.
November 17th.	DOVEDALE	Day meet, Pegging and walking. Leader, A. Daffern.
November 29th- December 1st.	TREMADOC	Cave & Crag Hut, or camping. Leader, J. Brennan.

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friends with the workmen who were busy doing nothing on double time. They showed us around the pumping station and down the sluice-gate chambers, which are of a considerable depth. Their offer to give us a lift down into the valley in the 'bus was readily accepted, but unfortunately the General Foreman didn't seem to appreciate the Gangers' generosity and heated words in Welsh were exchanged - the workers sticking up for us. Amid shouts of victory we boarded the 'bus and proceeded downhill in precarious fashion. The driver didn't want to, or was not able to, stop at the required place, so we alighted by kicking open the back door and jumping.

Back at the camp the sun appeared, and it was decided to go out again to explore a mile-long disused railway tunnel. The air vents had become water falls, but three people did not seem to mind being repeatedly saturated. After stumbling for over three-quarters of a mile in the dark, damp and dirt, a stone wall blocked the way. It turned out that this was all that held back the reservoir which had flooded the upper end of the tunnel.

In the evening some of the party went for a quiet booze in Ffestiniog while others drove to Portmadoc in search of the gay night life. For the first time in years, the dance was cancelled - I wonder why? Not to be outdone, 'S' and 'B' succeeded in chatting up two Welsh maidens and proceeded to give a petting demonstration outside the Town Hall. The locals were most impressed.

Even heavier rain on Sunday, and once again Clogwyn-yr-Oen was the scene of the activities. Some tried to console themselves in the wet by saying that it was only a shower while others spurred themselves on by muttering 'Alpine training' every five minutes. The parties from the previous day swapped climbs, and in addition Slack and Pied Piper had caravans pass up them. Lessons were then given on how not to handle a rope and abseil amid the jeers from the softies sheltering in their cars.

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A short break in the monsoon enabled us to strike camp and head for the Mytton in time for opening.

It is surprising that this was the first Club meet to Ffestiniog as there are plenty of good climbs here on excellent rock, plus a very pleasant camp site. A meet here at least every other year is recommended.

3000's Meet 12th - 14th July by Bill Yale

The 3000's meet this year was probably the most successful one to date, when six out of the eleven starters completed the course. This was the highest number yet and also the highest percentage of starters, and Robin Costello broke all previous time records for the Club by clocking nine hours from Snowdon to Foel Fras.

The weather, too, was almost perfect for the "long walk", though perhaps not quite as good as last year. Starting from Pen Ceunant at approximately 6.00 a.m., we encountered a little light rain on Snowdon and Carnedd Ugain, but the clouds were high and the little mist which was obscuring some of the tops was intermittent. During the first part of the walk I found my speed greatly reduced, as did the others, by very greasy rock, but after leaving Elidir Fawr the rocks began to dry off and the going became much better. Fortunately, although there was quite a bit of sunshine, it was not excessively hot throughout the day.

There was no last minute mind-changes on this occasion as there were last year, due, presumably, to the fact that members were not officially offered the alternative choice of a pre-Alpine course. Tony Fowler, however, led a small private Alpine training party, consisting of John Pettet, Pete Hay and Pete Holden, and they spent the day on the Idwal Slabs and Glyder Fach, but preferred to spend Saturday night in a Tyn Lon bed instead of the usual bivvy.

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It was quite obvious soon after starting up Snowdon that we had a very strong party this year. We reached the summit, by way of the railway track, in 1 hour 20 minutes, and even here the record-breaking Robin was straining at the leash. A short time later, from the summit of Crib Goch, I watched him rocket down the screes of the North Ridge at a fantastic speed. The majority of the party, however, appeared to be very well matched, and this showed itself later when, apart from Robin, all those completing the course arrived at Bont Newydd together.

On arriving at Tyn Lon I learned that Robin had already left 15 minutes earlier. The weather steadily improved across the Glyders, but immediately after leaving the summit of Glyder Fach the mist came down and my visible world shrank to a few feet in diameter. Confident that I knew the summit well and that I was making for Bristly Ridge I pressed on. A few minutes later the mists cleared and I discovered, with a shock, that I was heading straight back for Castel y Gwynt, having turned completely round.

At Ogwen I was informed that Robin had left about two hours previously - "going like a bomb", and had disappeared over the ridge overlooking Ffynnon Lloer in half an hour.

I left Ogwen a few minutes later than the others and was able to keep the party in sight all the way across the Carneddau. Basil was way out in front. I saw Joe, Roy and Nick stop on the Saddle and wait for me. I had apparently misled them into thinking there was a path on to Yr Elen from there, and they wanted to know where it was. As we toiled up this outlyer together we met Basil, who was on his way down. "That one's a bastard, isn't it", he commented as he passed us. We caught up with him again on Carnedd Llewelyn. As I was once more determined to get inside the twelve hours for the fourteen peaks, even though I could not improve on my last years time, I pushed on ahead. I arrived on the summit of Foel Fras with 10 minutes to spare, and 10 minutes later was joined by the others.

We made the journey down the Afon Anafon together, completely shattered. Mary, Bill and Harry, with the supply of bottles, were waiting to feed us and ferry us back to Tyn Lon. Robin was already there, of course, having come down by way of the Aber Falls. On his walk across the Carneddau he had been accompanied all the way by Roger Lavill, who was just recovering from an injured ankle!

A special note of gratitude is necessary to the support party, consisting of Mary Kahn, Bill Martin and Harry Foster for a very fine effort indeed. Mary did a most efficient job with the catering. Bill Martin wanted to attempt the walk, but sacrificed his chance in order to give us invaluable assistance with his Land Rover, and Harry, although he could not get away from work until Saturday mid-day, made the journey to North Wales just to assist in the Aber pick-up.

The following is a list of the times, from Snowdon to Foel Fras :-

Robin Costello..... 9 hrs. 4 mins.
Congratulations to Robin on setting up this Club record.
Bill Yale.....11 hrs. 50 mins.
Basil Jones.....)
Joe Brennan.....) 12 hours exactly
Nick Gavin.....)
Roy Jennings.....)

E.Mason, J. Mason and G. Ladell completed the Snowdon Group, whilst D. Stokes and F. Castle completed the Snowdon and Glyder Groups.

The weather the following day made us realise just how lucky we had been. Sunday was a day of continuous torrential rain and strong gales. One stout heart, however, braved the elements. Pete Holden managed to swim up the Llanberis Llechog to Snowdon - without the aid of an aqua-lung!

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THE GOWER PENINSULA 30th August/1st September
by M.R. Kerby.

A new venue is always a bit of a doubtful case. So it was a pleasant surprise when, on the final count, it was found that thirty members and guests had arrived at this previously unvisited area.

Having 'navigated' their way south without much mishap, the party encamped at Oxwich on the Friday night. Saturday morning was sunny, and the early risers looked around at what they had 'come for to see'. After the usual C.M.C. breakfast shambles the party sorted itself out and set off to find the climbs. The weather darkened, and soon a tempest of great ferocity attacked the happy band as it made it's way along the beach. One member (who shall be nameless) had an umbrella, which everyone wanted to share - but the cry of 'ladies only' saved the day. The storm soon abated, however, and a watery sun appeared to smile a welcome and encourage a start to the day's serious activities. The party divided up, some members examining 'The Little Tor', while others carried on to try the delights of 'The Great Tor'.

Routes fell thick and fast under many feet - Tri Cornel, Two Rib Route, Y Gantaff, Central Flake, Eastern Arete and a host of others, while all the time, below the climbers, a hungry sea waited for a false move and the subsequent 'Peel-Off'.

Soon, it appeared, there was nothing left to do on this section of the coast. The sun warmed up, the sea looked inviting from beach level - so in they went:

Bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
With such a commotion they plunged in the ocean
Wearing trunks, scanties, panties, or nothing
at all. (*)

(*) Goodness me! - I can't wait to see the pictorial record of this part at the meet at the next members slide evening - Editor.

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Having now cooled off, some artistic members tried their hand at sand sculpture - the product being a life size reclining female figure with nothing on but the wireless! So realistic was this masterpiece, that in the evening, one prominent member made the feeble excuse that he had lost his watch somewhere on the beach during the day. He therefore had to go and look for it - by moonlight. It is strongly suspected that he only wanted to return to feast his eyes on the sylphlike figure before it was finally devoured by the advancing tide.

Later in the evening a visit was made to Mumbles for the express purpose of having a few 'Noggins' and visiting the local dance hall. The 'Noggins' were o.k; very prolific in some cases, judging by the state of a nameless few when they returned to the camp-site later, after having threatened to 'Fill-in' one of the Mumbles Constables! The would-be dancers were thwarted, however, by a 'Members Only' sign on the Dance Hall door.

Sunday morning, like Saturday, was clear, and happily it remained warm and sunny throughout most of the day. A visit to Worms Head was suggested, and, all being in agreement, a great ensemble set off to see the wonders of the headland. As is usual, a late start had been made, so by the time the party had returned to the mainland, the intended visit to the coast South of Rhossili for some exploratory climbing was cancelled in favour of another bathe. In they went again - "The long, the short etc."

After this, members started to drift off towards home. The week-end was rounded off by a short stop at a hostelry outside Ross on Wye. Here it was agreed that the Meet had been successful, another visit to the Gower would be worthwhile, and all the party were a lot cleaner than before they went.

FROGGATT EDGE September 8th. by I.D. Corbett

Transport on this meet caused slight chaos. The Meet Leader had had his car pinched; the transport equalisation reserve, Fred Price, was unable to attend; and letters poured into the ML's residence from all points asking for transport in respect of people who could not get to the Cambridge on Wednesday. Some of those who wrote didn't turn up, and at least one person who the Meet Leader had forgotten all about did. However, there were enough seats to get all the people who arrived at the H.O.M. safely to Froggatt, these numbering nineteen out of an original twenty-four takers.

Drizzle filled the air as the cavalcade left Birmingham, and the forecast was gloomy; but for once the Met. Office, having predicted rain, was wrong. The sun shone on Froggatt, and continued to do so all day.

The main party gathered at about mid-day in the vicinity of 'Browns Eliminate', and numerous climbs were done on both sides of this cliff. Climbers and spectators all had a great time, and, as is usual, out of a mass of good climbing, a few moments of high comedy arose. As, for instance, when one young lady was escorted on her very first rock climb. This undertaking required the combined efforts of four other climbers; one holding her top rope, one going ahead to forge the trail, another coming up behind (presumably to catch the body if all else failed) and one of the Club's tigers skipping up and down the adjacent rock face, now above the advancing neophyte, now below, giving close advice on the placing of hands and feet. Eventually the lady was 'landed' at the summit amid scenes of great jubilation from a vast public.

Another lady, being taught the art of abseiling down a very easy looking section of cliff; looked over her shoulder and said 'Why am I abseiling down here, I could walk down this!' A second later she lost her balance, and dangled with her back to the rock, hanging on desperately with both hands. It was decided that she would be safer if she did walk down.

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The Meet Leader, climbing third on a route of about Diff. standard, came to a point half way up where there was a choice as to further progress. The left hand route, over a rather scrambly looking slab, was the way numbers one and two had gone. The right hand way, an exposed step into a short chimney, the ML now decided to explore. Unfortunately, the cleft above was much narrower than he had bargained for, and for a few minutes it appeared that he might become a fixture. One more pullover, or an additional sandwich at lunch, and he would have been there now.

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!'

The afternoon wore on, and with plenty to do and no worries about the weather for once, nobody thought of anything except climbing and relaxing in the soft afternoon sunshine.

One young guest, turning momentarily from the strenuous activities of the day, gazed across the valley, to where the River Derwent wound lazily through the soft meadows.

'Wish I'd brought my rods', he murmured.

Suddenly someone half way up a climb discovered that the afternoon had gone, and that it was half past six. This caused something of a scurry since the

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problems of forcing one's way past the Chatsworth Sunday trippers, and stopping for the usual stoke-up at Sudbury (which unfortunately everyone didn't have time for) did not promise a very early night. Even so, it was well after seven when the last of the party left the edge, after what had been the best attended and most enjoyable day meet of the present session.

EVENING TREASURE HUNT 28th August by D.Stokes

This evening, to add to Mr. Marple's dilemma, The Ceunant held a treasure hunt. At approximately 6.55 p.m. members of the club were ejected from the Cambridge Inn, protesting that they required another drink to steady their nerves, and formed up in their vehicles, ready for the start. Instruction sheets and envelopes were handed out, and at precisely 7 p.m. the "Brennanmobile" and its unfortunate passengers disappeared in a cloud of black smoke. The remainder of the eleven cars followed in more sedate fashion at one minute intervals.

The route involved 41 miles of driving in the Bromsgrove, Redditch and Tanworth areas. There were three controls, at one of which the entrants were required to estimate the height of a pole.

The final control was at the "Black Boy" Inn, on the A.41. It was here at precisely 9.15 p.m. that the first vehicle, with its occupants looking suitably shattered, arrived. This was followed immediately by the Daffern fire engine, with its harrassed driver babbling something about watches being incorrectly synchronised.

By 10 p.m. the small room at the back of the inn was crammed to capacity with people eating steak pies (which are to be highly recommended), and downing their beer. Everyone appeared to have enjoyed themselves, and if the hunt did nothing else, it brushed up most people's map reading. At 10.30 everyone began to wend their way home, with only one car being unaccounted for. Rumours to the effect that this vehicle and its occupants were seen in some dark siding,

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engaged in what could hardly be called route finding, were later claimed to be unfounded.

The final result of the hunt was:

1st:	A.M.Daffern	10 points
2nd:	R. Bearman	26 points
3rd:	F. Price	28 points
4th:	F. Castle	28 points

The 3rd and 4th positions were decided by F.Price's slightly more accurate estimate of the height of the pole, which, incidentally was 3'5".

Finally, our thanks to R. Bagley, and his friend Arthur, for the tremendous amount of work they incurred in organising this highly successful treasure hunt.

A GREATER EFFORT
by R. Lavill

It was with profound interest that I read Mr. Costello's article on a new route in a recent Newsletter and it prompted me to recall a first ascent I was once involved in on a little known crag in the Clamberin Mountains.

Just behind the picturesque Welsh village of Aber Notherwononmy lies a crag of unrivalled precipicity - Craig Pant y Gwynedd - the cliff of the breathless bird. I visited this crag a number of times during the late summer and early winter of 1962 with that most durable of hard men I.P. Beer. As I sped towards the hills one weekend on the back of Beer's motorbike I knew that this was going to be a day to astonish the climbing world. In his usual carefree manner, Beer left the road and steered the machine up the screes toward the rock, with me hanging on to the gear. Once the bottom of the cliff was reached Beer left the bike and began pawing at the rock,

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trying to find a start to the proposed climb. I was soon sorting out the equipment. We had ten slings, fifteen karabiners, twelve pegs and forbodings. We roped up and Beer soon climbed the first holdless overhanging section but then found his way barred by a steep wall. At first this defeated Beer but then he had a brilliant idea which had not previously occurred to him: he would descend again and remove his crash helmet and gauntlets. This done he was soon up the wall. We were both so engrossed in the problem that we did not notice how much rope he had left and it was not until I saw my karabiner dangling above my head that the thought struck me - I had tied on to the krab but had not clipped it through my waist length. I tried several times to jump up and grab it but was stopped by Beer who seemed none too sure of his position. Eventually he managed to descend a short way which enabled me to reach the rope. Beer had no belay but he made himself as secure as possible and I climbed carefully up to him.

Beer said he thought the best way to protect the next section would be for me to belay to a peg. I inspected the crack and decided to use the thinnest one I had. Then it dawned on me that I had in fact left them at the bottom. The situation appeared desparate but Beer was the man for the occasion, he jammed both fingers to a fissure where he had previously had only one and thus secured bade me abseil on the rope from his waist.....

I rejoined him some two hours later and inserted the peg - I had cunningly saved further time by bringing the hammer as well. Thus held Beer was ready to withdraw his fingers from the crack and tackle the problems ahead. Now he has been called the greatest exponent of finger jamming in Wales and second only to a certain Royal personage in the whole country! Be that as it may, he had certainly achieved astounding security, for hard as he pulled he was unable to effect dislodgment. It was myself that came to the rescue this time; my hammer is one of those with a claw for extracting difficult pitons and it worked on Beer's fingers. Sadly, however, he was unfit for further leading. He fastened himself to the peg therefore and I took over.

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Above us was a shallow, tilting chimney, I started to climb this by the back and knee method, facing outwards. I soon found, however, that while I had good friction for my back there was nothing for my knees and it was only by grasping Beer's head with my hands that I held myself from a nasty fall. Facing sideways proved much better and I was soon upon a small ledge which ran diagonally downwards. As I crept along the ledge grew wider, I found a belay and Beer joined me. I continued for another rope's length and found a very comfortable belay on a saddle. Once again Beer joined me, started up the machine and rode down the scree whilst I coiled the rope.

I have recently repeated the climb and added a direct start, taking five minutes in all by gaining the sloping ledge from the top of the cliff and running down it., This is less interesting than the original route.

B.M.C. NEWS

Grouse Shooting Season

The Peak Park Planning Board are reminding visitors that right of access to the open country areas of Kinder, Bleaklow and Langsett is officially withdrawn on certain days during the shooting season, which extends from 12th August to 10th December. A comprehensive programme of shoots has been drawn up, and walkers are asked to arrange their routes so as to avoid areas where shooting is scheduled to take place.

Details of the restrictions will be put up on the Club notice Board, and members wishing to visit the region are asked to consult this before finalising their plans.

STOP PRESS

The Autumn Dance will be held at the Variety Artists Club, Perry Barr on Wednesday 27th November. Dancing will be from 8 p.m. until midnight.

The Working Party at Tyn Lon has been changed to the week-end 23rd - 24th November, 1963.