

CEUNANT NEWSLETTER

Winter 2013

IMPORTANT news about the upcoming Ceunant **AGM** and the agenda

What date? 15th March 2014

What time? 4:00pm

Where? Baskerville Hall
Clyro Court
Hay-on-Wye
Powys, HR3 5LE
(01497 820033)

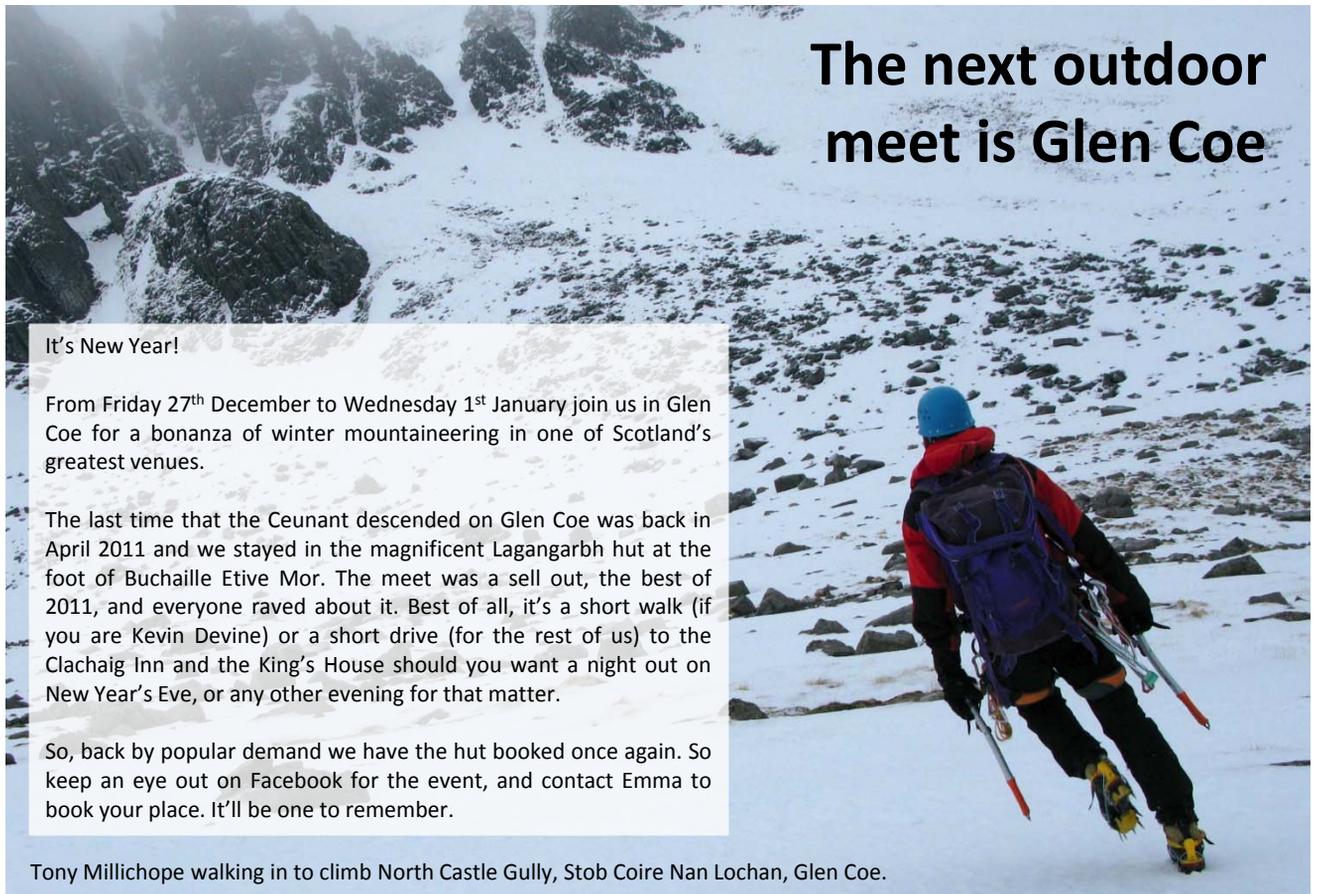
Can I raise an item to be discussed?

Yes, but you must send your item to Fiona Devine on or before 7th Jan 2014

Please send your item to me, Fiona Devine, the club secretary, on or before 7th January 2014. You can Email me secretary@ceunant.org or post it to me at 52 Shelsley Way, Solihull, B91 3UZ



Fiona Devine
Club Secretary



The next outdoor meet is Glen Coe

It's New Year!

From Friday 27th December to Wednesday 1st January join us in Glen Coe for a bonanza of winter mountaineering in one of Scotland's greatest venues.

The last time that the Ceunant descended on Glen Coe was back in April 2011 and we stayed in the magnificent Lagangarbh hut at the foot of Buchaille Etive Mor. The meet was a sell out, the best of 2011, and everyone raved about it. Best of all, it's a short walk (if you are Kevin Devine) or a short drive (for the rest of us) to the Clachaig Inn and the King's House should you want a night out on New Year's Eve, or any other evening for that matter.

So, back by popular demand we have the hut booked once again. So keep an eye out on Facebook for the event, and contact Emma to book your place. It'll be one to remember.

Tony Millichope walking in to climb North Castle Gully, Stob Coire Nan Lochan, Glen Coe.

Visit our web page at...

WWW.CEUNANT.ORG

ABOUT
HISTORY
CALENDAR
MEETS
NEWSLETTERS
PHOTOS
TWITTER

Inside

This Issue

- 03 A report on the Ceunant Peak District Meet by Stewart Mpoody
- 04 Jim Brady and MacCeunant raise money for MacMillan
- 05 Dan Ashfield talks about his winter Alpinism in New Zealand
- 08 The Women's Climbing Symposium 2013 report by Naomi Walker
- 09 Emma Bastock unveils the 2014 outdoor meets itinerary
- 10 2014 subs and how to pay them
- 10 A report on the Autumn work meet at Ty'n Lon
- 11 Richard King shares his experiences of a summer kayaking trip to India
- 13 The Ceunant notice board
- 14 Your update on the Ty'n Lon gate fund

Welcome to latest newsletter folks. After a great summer I'm sure some of you have some fine winter plans in mind, I hope this New Year's meet at the Lagangarbh Hut will satisfy your thirst for winter mountaineering. Looking further ahead, and to whet your whistle for 2014, our outdoor meets secretary, Emma Bastock, has put together a great calendar of events ranging from Cornwall to the Cairngorms with plenty in between. Whether you prefer camping or huts, climbing or walking, mountain bikes or road bikes, or just being sociable around a campfire or in the pub there should be something in there that sparks your interest. And don't forget to keep submitting those articles or newsworthy titbits to Stew Moody for publishing in the next newsletter.



**Kevin
Devine**
Chairman

In attendance

Emma Bastock, Richard King, Martin Jolley, Tanker, Stewart Moody, Heather Eyre, Richard Greaves, Cliff Phillips, Ian Smith, Jules Cahill, Richard Hubbard, Elly Holmes, Neil Colquhoun, Eileen McBride

The Peak District Meet

Carlswark Cottage, Stoney Middleton

11th -13th October 2013



“The meet could be summarised very easily indeed. It rained. It rained a lot. And not just rain showers either. Oh no. This was, as Forrest Gump would say, “big old fat rain”, and it didn’t stop all weekend”.

Photos, clockwise from top left – Heather Eyre strikes a pose whilst doing a pub crawl from Hathersage to Stoney Middleton. Tanker and Jules Cahill poke fun at Ian Smith’s muffin top. Neil Colquhoun and Richard Greaves contemplate 16 across in the Times crossword puzzle in the hut, Carlswark Cottage. Richard Greaves, Neil Colquhoun and Eileen McBride having fun in The Moon pub, Stoney Middleton.



So what do you do for two days in The Peaks (ahem! sorry, The Peak) if it is hammering it down with rain? You go to Hathersage of course, and get stuck into some retail therapy. And then you spend lots of time in the café and then the pub.

Climbing was off the cards, so on Saturday Stewart and Heather decided to walk back to Stoney from Hathersage via the Barrel Inn (in the middle of nowhere) and the Miners Arms (in Eyam). In the mean time Richard Greaves cooked up a feast for everyone in the hut. Emma Bastock went to the BMC Clubs meeting and Martin and Tanker went for a local walk. Richard King drove up to Leeds to buy a canoe. Ian Smith spent the afternoon in bed, no doubt recovering from shock of seeing the price tag on his new Arc’teryx jacket (ouch!). On Saturday most people headed over to the pub where Steve Couglan joined us. Those that stayed in the hut took part in impromptu yoga exercises (hey, what happens in Stoney stays in Stoney!). Come Sunday morning the rain hadn’t ceased, so after breakfast and an altercation with the landowner everyone slowly made their way home.



MACCEUNANT RAISE MONEY FOR MACMILLAN



In a major departure from Ceunant tradition on the 15th November an Early Start was made on the first Ceunant charity walk. 11 of us did the Pygminer up Snowdon while Naomi and Catherine walked up to Idwal.

The walk was done to raise funds for MacMillan cancer relief. A total of £370 was raised enough to keep a MacMillan cancer nurse on the road supporting people with cancer and their families for a couple of days.

It was great fun, we got the early bus up to Pen Y Pass and was up and down in around four hours. The weather was nice most of the the way, maybe a touch bracing at the top. The day was finished off with a fine group meal prepared by Emma Bastock.

I don't think the early starts will catch on but I hope to fit in another MacWalk next year. A big thanks to all the walkers and those who chipped in.

Donations can still be made at
www.justgiving.com/maceunant

Jim Brady



Top, the Snowdon contingent of MacCeunant back in the Pen Y Pass car park after their ascent.(L-R) Andrew Fisher, Kristyna Kvasnickova, Kevin Devine, Fiona Devine, Caz, Nick, Heather Eyre, Nick Toberg, Emma Bastock. Middle, the ubiquitous summit photo (back L-R) Caz, Heather Eyre, Kevin Devine, Kristyna Kvasnickova, Fiona Devine, Nick. (front L-R) Andrew Fisher, Jim Brady, Emma Bastock, Nick Toberg. Bottom, the long walk up Snowdon, passing Llyn Glaslyn.



On the retreat from Mt Mallory



Dan Ashfield takes the plunge into the dark world of winter Alpinism

Long ago I said I'd never try winter alpinism. "It's mad" I said. "It's too cold and dangerous" I said. "You need to be able to ski" I said. Well as it turns out, I lied, although the last part wasn't too far off the mark.

I can be ambitious, each climbing scheme more extreme in its objectives and more optimistic in its timescales than the last. There is always that desire for the next great objective.

Over the years this drive to climb faster, higher, harder has seen crags become jagged buttresses and soaring mountain walls; snow plods become vertical ice and stomach churning mixed. In line with the trend, classic euro-alpinism became technical mountaineering and it was only a matter of time before the mercury would fall and I would look out at a white world with ribbons of blue that betray the season's lines through otherwise inaccessible precipices. Yet my early forays into winter alpinism were tame compared with my intention to climb high mountains in the sub-zero grip of a New Zealand winter.

There was mist. A swirling, sleeting, swathe of grey covering the South Island's famous mountainous west coast, with total disregard for the plans of two miserable would-be climbers. The bottle of ginger wine lubricating our lament was all but empty. Helicopters don't fly in clag or wind or rain, and we had it all in plentiful quantity. We bedded down for a few hours of rest, hearts heavy with the thought of returning to Christchurch without elevating above the edge of the sodden coastline.

But moods can quickly change after the celebrated coupling of breakfast and an improving weather report. Ryan and I threw our cautions to the wind and our gear and supplies into the helicopter's hold as the first rays of sunshine dried the ground.

Point zero five flight time saw us elevated into the blue above an inversion carpet, point zero nine and the gape of giant crevasses draped by winter whizzed by, point one two and we hovered over the thick white blanket of snow. As we landed the helicopter sank up to its aluminium belly in soft snow. With our cargo flung into the powder, the rotors carried the metal bird away, abandoning us to knee deep snow and pristine mountains of another world entirely.

The solitary flag where we stood marked the helipad and was a quarter kilometre from the almost buried Pioneer Hut. Tints of red metal were just visible between the drifts and windscoops atop Pioneer Ridge on which the hut balances. Have you ever considered the logistics of trying to wade with a banana box of food and full winter gear for a quarter kilometre along a ridge top? We envied the handful of skiers, also disgorged by the helicopter, who telemarked about as we struggled with our luggage.

The south face of Mt Douglas lay three glaciated kilometres south east of Pioneer ridge. It is a great pyramid with two halves of the face split by a narrow buttress ridge which joins the mountain below a final headwall plastered in ice. A reconnoitre mission revealed the nature of the beast, but not before hours of travel through the cold white with each carefully measured step resulting in the chilling of shins, knees or in the worst cases, torsos. The face was laden with the deposits of winter storms making the line even more daunting. Douglas' South Face is a route of about TD+ in euro speak. Although only 600m or so in stature, when viewed from the western icefield it is sheer, sustained and often devoid of reliable protection. The peak is a prominent diamond of main divide rock. It is the first in the queue for any notorious Southern Alps storm and is amongst New Zealand's highest mountains. Looking up at it from our snow hole we were struck by a sense of having nowhere left to hide.



I often find these early morning hours pass rapidly, and so it was that Ryan and I find ourselves beneath a black and white colossus obscuring the fairy lights of the universe above us. We climb the lower face entirely on snow which steepens to an angle of defiance sooner than anyone would care for. The moonlight is brilliant and makes head torch beams feel akin to fireflies. It is calm and clear as we ascend through the bergschrund and surmount the initial icewalls. A runnel in the face provides access through the first snow encrusted rock band. It is an intriguing steep feature with hard ice at the back and soft snow scooped walls defying gravity. The stillness of the night is broken only by the chip, chip, thwack of picks indulged in their raison d'être, and the jangle of meagre ironmongery intended to prevent our unintentional departure from the face.

We are well established now. The dawn breaks in a spellbinding display of orange hue's and turns white ice to pink. Now some 250 meters up the face, I had been enjoying a brief revelry. It seemed we could climb this hard and respected classic without needing to evoke any dramatic adjective for the retelling of the ascent. Thoughts of tea and medals are rudely dashed by a sound like tearing tissue paper. I jerk dangerously as my axe tears through an icy crust spraying my face with shards and sending white missiles down towards Ryan.

The pace slows to an upward crawl. Perfect snow ice gives way to crust and powder. Picks are quickly blunted by blows against the underlying rock. Ice has not formed on the upper mountain. We are reduced to insecure scratching in an upwards direction. Protection? I hear you wonder. Forget it. Screws can be palmed into the polystyrene like snow but all that is achieved is a lightening of our harnesses as the winding handles are pointlessly spun.

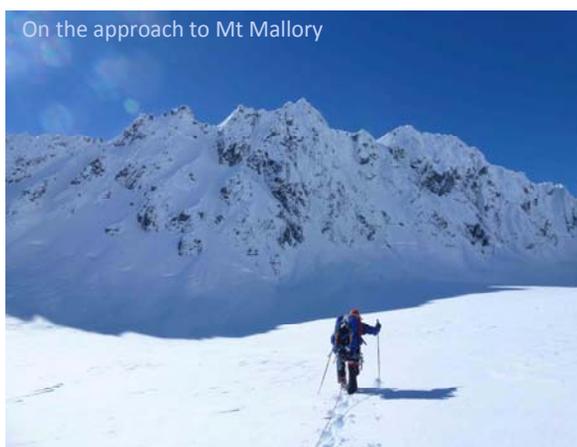
The sun arrives with good intention, but succeeds only in releasing a whole new experience of hell. Heavy spindrift avalanches begin and do not stop. Ice begins to clatter down past us. The runnel in the face is flowing with the hoar of a cold night set free to fall like a river dashing down. We hunker beneath a vague outcrop and tentatively tangle axes and ice hooks with which to secure our minds if not our bodies to this suddenly violent and mobile mountain. Occasional ice bullets 'bull roar' past our exposed heads and with them all illusion of control and safety has gone. I suggest we wait it out and so we stand on our tiny ice steps, ducking the windfall from above.

We wait, and we wait.

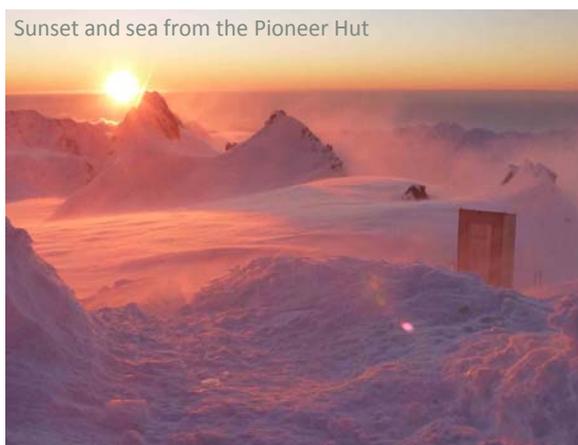
The winter storm arrived entirely unexpectedly. A cryocryptic breeze became an ice laden wind threatening to glue us permanently to our perch. Ryan's extremities suffered terribly in the new found chill. Then the danger intensified; clouds moved fast and blotted out Mt Tasman and most of the southern skyline. No question remained now as we joined the tumbling ice in a rapid retreat from the mountain.

Much of the ground was soloed due to the absence of anything solid to abseil from. One abseil above the bergschrund proved worthwhile as the bridging snow collapsed underfoot allowing an airborne Ryan to examine the interior. We regained our snow hole and donned every stitch. The storm closed around us and denied any view of this humbling place. We retreated back to the sanctuary of the Pioneer hut via a rapidly disappearing line of footprints.

The storm swept the mountainside for a day and a half. Winds whipped waves of new snow across the ridge. We occupied ourselves with shovelling duties and the fixed of a line to the toilet platform, not that anyone would wish to brave the maelstrom to use it with a bucket option available. The wine was ceremoniously opened at 9:30am and remained so. Ice formed on every surface in the hut and snowdrifts built against windows blocking out the light. The hut's air vents froze open. Cups and stoves froze to bench tops. Frozen boots remained frozen. The thermometer read -20.



On the approach to Mt Mallory



Sunset and sea from the Pioneer Hut



Walking back to Pioneer Ridge





Dan on belay whilst dodging falling ice on Mt Mallory



Ryan climbing hard in the runnel



Ryan at the Pioneer Hut

By breakfast on the day following the storm the sun shone bright on a newly sculpted sea of snowy waves. Mt Mallory was accessible with only a few kilometres of wind battered travel across avalanche prone glacier. We figured it may be holding more ice than Mt Douglas.

The glacier crossing was vigorous but by mid-morning we dug our excess baggage into a snow hole and embarked up the face in 80 meter pitches. I led the initial steep ice which was a joy after our incarceration in the hut. The crisp white coat hid the deep blue ice which even saw fit to accept a screw or two. However, on reaching a chimney in the centre of the face I could once again push whole ice screws in to the hilt with very little effort. The wind, pausing only to emphasize its power over mere climbers, increased to a gale once more. I shivered uncontrollably as ice found its way through my armour and on to my clammy skin. The airborne snow clogged every breath. As I belayed Ryan from a collapsing ledge from four useless anchors the icefall became unbearable. Despite a desire to continue we feared worsening conditions and with no room for error we agreed to sound the retreat. More down climbing and a heart-stopping abseil from a snow stake later and we began the plod back to our ridge mounted home. Wind-blown snow filled the air in mesmerising waves of white against the sunshine.

More time waiting for conditions to improve meant our mirth and the wine supplies both drained away.

With our last weather window dawning we stood beneath the now wind scoured Mt Alack. Ryan took to the ice with me following in simul. We moved together up 200 meters of 70 to 80 degree ice, Ryan burying a screw every 20 meters or so. High on the face I heard an exclamation from above and spotted a screw tumbling down to my right. Quickly, I flicked my axe out of the ice and halted the screws earthward charge by snagging the clipping eye on the tip of the pick. I stared at the renegade screw with surprise and delight, momentarily forgetting my surroundings and situation. With a final push we emerged onto the summit, into sunshine, and tried to shake warmth back into chilled limbs.

The beauty and harshness of the Southern Alps in winter is unsurpassed in my mind. Every moment in that place left me in awe. As the helicopter lifted us from the ice flow, the lurching motion provided something to focus the mind, but it could not dismiss the sense of loss at leaving, or the satisfaction of achieving a winter mountain ascent. A return to the soft, warm world of the coast should have meant happiness and contentment drawn from our achievements. No such elation came, only melancholy. As we drove through gorges and thick green forests the thought of our return to urban Christchurch ignited my heart's desire for the next great objective. It seems that a week in the high mountains in the middle of winter is not enough to grant a reprieve from such life shaping impulses. And as for Douglas, well, there will be more ice next winter.

Mt Douglas - the main objective



THE WOMEN'S CLIMBING SYMPOSIUM TWENTY 13

...outrageously sexist or an amazing opportunity?

by Naomi Walker

On 2nd November I and two friends from the Solihull Mountaineering Club got up at stupid-o'clock to take a train to London and the WCS13 at the Arch Climbing Wall. There's been some discussion over the year about female only climbing events versus the strides that women have made to be accepted in what is still a male-dominated activity. Many years ago I participated in a women's only learn to lead climbing weekend that was organised through the Ceunant by Sue Traynor. I wonder now how that proposal was received! Of course to have any sort of exclusion is an 'ist', whether it is sexist, racist or, as I felt in a room of 20-30 year old women, ageist!

Interestingly though, take away the men and so you take away some classic excuses for not being able to climb a route such as, 'it's easy for you, you're a man', 'you're taller' or 'you're stronger' or, 'I don't have the upper body strength that you do'. But we girls are generally lighter and more flexible. We all have to play to our strengths and find ways of overcoming our weaknesses. This is a lesson in life, not just climbing.

“The organisers’ objectives are to inspire and develop climbing among women”

Women in a group, by human nature, bond in a different way to when men are around – just go to any new mum's support group and you'll see this in action. So, the Women's Climbing Symposium is like a support group for women who want to climb. The organisers' objectives are to inspire and develop climbing among women, whether your climbing partner is male or female.

It is an amazing opportunity to meet and learn from Europe's top female climbers. You hear that top climbing athletes become top by working hard and training and, for whatever goals you have, you too will have to have to work to achieve them. Your goal could be to stay at the same standard that you are at now or to improve by a half to several grades. It doesn't matter. By the end of the day, you realise that the only thing that stops you from achieving your goals, is you.

I found Eva Lopez's change in mental approach as she progressed through the grades particularly interesting: shifting from achieving the goal to the process of achieving the goal. There was a technical lecture on injury prevention and some harsh realities of the physiological differences between men and women, and how we are more prone to certain injuries. If you've met me, then you'll know that at just over 5'1, reach is a challenge for me and so good footwork is essential. I thought that mine was not too bad but I learned a lot from that particular coaching session.

Guys, I'm sure that there is a lot that you would have got out of a day like this and if anyone wants to see them, the presentations are available on the Women's Climbing Symposium website.

<http://www.womensclimbingsymposium.com/#!wcpresentations/c228l>

My full report on the day can be read in the January 2014 edition of Climber.

Naomi.



2014 Calendar of outdoor meets

Glen Coe

NEW YEAR - 27- December 2013 - 01 January 2014 - Lagangarb Hut
See the front cover for more details of this meet. It will be awesome

Burns Night

18/19 January (third weekend meet) - Ty'n Lon
Climb, hike or cycle during the day, then join us for a Burns night supper and party

Cairngorms

1/2 February - Badaguish Wigwams
A weekend of winter mountaineering in the Cairngorms

AGM & Dinner

15/16 March - Baskerville Hall, Hay-on-Wye
Have your say on how the club is run, vote in the new committee, and then join us for dinner and dancing

The Peak

29/30 March - Hardhurst Farm Campsite, Hope Valley
The first club trip to The Peak in 2014 will be a camping meet, most likely near a great pub

Cornwall

EASTER - 18/19/20/21 April - Kelynack Campsite
Bring on those sea cliffs and beaches for climbing and kayaking, coastal walking, and coasteering

Glen Coe

FIRST MAY BANK HOLIDAY - 3/5 May - venue TBC
What else can you say about Glen Coe other than it has a lot of stuff to keep everyone busy

The Lakes

SECOND MAY BANK HOLIDAY - 24/25/26 May - Wallabarow Crag
The annual club pilgrimage to the Lake District has been a sell out for two years on the run

Wye Valley

14/15 June - Beeches Farm Campsite
Accessible crag climbing and open fires at the camp site, what more could you want?

Wild Camp

12/13 July - Craig Yr Isfa, Snowdonia
Wild camp at the base of the splendid Amphitheatre Buttress. If it rains? All retreat to Ty'n Lon!

South Devon

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY - 23/24/25 August - venue TBC
A very popular club destination. You can climb on the Tors or Dewerstone, or walk on the moors

Llangollen

13/14 September - Abbey Farm Campsite
Who needs to drive 3 hours to go sport and trad climbing when Llangollen offers it on your doorstep

The Peak

11/12 October - Carlswark Cottage
Some of you loathe 'em, most of you love 'em. The gritstone meets are here to stay by popular demand

Work Meet

1/2 November - Ty'n Lon
The work meet, followed by a Halloween party. Free hut fees and food and drink on Saturday night.

Family Meet

6/7 December - Ty'n Lon
Bring the kids to Ty'n Lon for the family oriented meet and help decorate the Ceunant Christmas tree

New Year

NEW YEAR - 27- December 2014 - 01 January 2015 - Ty'n Lon
This year we are back at our home away from home for New Year. Always popular



Payment of annual subs

Naomi Walker - Treasurer

It is great that so many of you are now paying by standing order at the start of January but please check that you are paying the correct amount. In 2014 membership fees are £25.

Membership fees for 2014 are **£25**



If you do not pay by standing order, you can use the following options listed on the right; online payment or payment by cheque. Or fill out the direct debit form attached at the back of this newsletter and send it to your bank, this is probably the easiest option for you and for the club.

Late payments

In 2013 we continued to receive a substantial number of payments for membership long after March. This is unsatisfactory. You should be aware that payment of membership fees after 31 March may mean that you will have to pay additional fees or ultimately your membership being terminated (if payment is not received before 30 June). If there are extenuating circumstances, you are advised to contact the Treasurer or the Chairman and these will be taken into consideration.



Online payment into the Ceunant account, sort code 30 00 03, account number 00062519. Then email me at treasurer@ceunant.org with a brief explanation of what the transfer is for.



Cheques can be made payable to The Ceunant Mountaineering Club and sent to Naomi Walker, 8 Broad Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 7XE.

Autumn Work Meet 2nd November 2013

Thanks to everyone who took part in the Autumn work meet on the 2nd of November. It's true to say that you don't have to be a DIY superstar to help keep Ty'n Lon ship shape. This time there were loads of jobs that were knocked on the head by the crowd of willing volunteers. The bathroom was a big focus point, the taps no longer drip, the floor is cleaner than ever before, and the toilet seats are fixed. The kitchen was given a deep clean, the staircase to the bedrooms was sanded and the wobbly chairs in the dining room were fixed. And then, of course, the barrel was cracked open and the food was rolled out. It was a great meet, and since the weather was so rubbish what else was there to do?

In attendance - John Beddard, Kevin Devine, Fiona Devine, Andy Ring, Julie Ring, Lucy Ring, Emma Bastock, Ellie Bastock, Bob Ellis, Carl Baker, Carl's mate "the carpenter", Tony Mynette, Andy Gill, Caroline Maynard, Andy Bevan, Mike Deft, Sanna-Maija Deft, Erja Nikander and Bill Beddard. If we've missed anyone off the list we can't apologise enough.





Paddling on the roof

of the World

I climbed back into my kayak which was sitting on the rocks at the side of the Zanskar River and pulled my neoprene spray deck over the cockpit. I was breathing hard, short shallow breaths and my heart beat was going like a steam train, I still couldn't get used to the altitude, it had spent over a week traveling in the Indian Himalayas above 3500 metres to get to the Zanskar River and my body was still adjusting.

We got out to inspect Mothers Mercy, the first major rapid and the beginning the Zanskar Gorge, it was huge, bigger than any rapid so far, in fact bigger than anything I had ever done before. One of our group decided to walk around it and I was in too minds. I saw a line through the middle, even if I came out of my kayak it was going to wash me out and hold me in its claws. As long as I got the line right and went centre left through the middle and over or under the 10ft recirculating wave I'd be fine.

I pushed off from the bank and followed Karl and Darren, I hate being last down, if it's a numbers game it is the last man down who gets it, but hey, this rapid had a clean line down the centre, nothing was going to go wrong. I felt very small in my kayak, the gorge was closing in, the mountains on both sides where way above the 4000 metre mark and vertical from the waters edge, the only way out now was through the rapid.

The water was pretty flat to begin with, although fast running at 250 cubic metres per a second. It soon began to pick up, waves forming and becoming bigger, bouncing off the sides of the gorge and rolling back, forcing me off my intended line. I paddled hard and kept Darren in my sights, then he disappeared over the horizon line, I marked the spot where I last saw him, "that's where I need to be". I aimed for it and saw Karl at the same spot on the horizon. I was going to make it, I'd got the line right, the horizon line came upon me all too quickly and I saw Mother's Mercy waiting for me below.

A kayaking expedition to Zanskar,
India by Richard King





19. 8. 2013 12:50

Oh hell this was it, I aimed for the centre and bang, the impact was massive, it took the wind out of me and I lost the grip on my paddle. I was upside down holding onto my paddle with one hand, there was nothing but the noise of the water in my ears. I opened my eyes, it was pitch black, I had gone deep but was moving down river. I began to panic until I saw shades of light and resurfaced upside down. I was getting thrown about in the violent water. I set up for an Eskimo Roll, it failed, the paddle blade didn't even reach the surface, I tried again and felt the paddle blade go light where it had broken through, but it failed again, the water was too violent and current too strong.

That was it, my last breath, I had to bale. The last and only option was to swim, I pulled my spray deck and the water rushed in and the river sucked me out and pulled me down. I held onto the cockpit of the kayak which was more buoyant than me and reached for the surface and breathed again. I looked around, I was moving fast down river towards more rapids and saw one of our guides paddling towards me. I grabbed hold of the back of his kayak and he paddled to the bank. I climbed onto the rocks and watched as the other guides rescued my boat and 2 other swimmers.

Wow, this was just the first rapid of the gorge; I had another 4 days in here and the only way out, the river. We spent the next 4 hours paddling hard grade 3/4 rapids, some as big as Mother's Mercy, but this time I kept close to the guides and followed their line to the inch. No more swims that day and just some of the best and biggest white water in the world.



Probably the best camp site in the World



Richard King (behind the sign) with his fellow paddlers

16. 8. 2013 12:27

All in all we spent 2 weeks in the Indian Himalayas and 8 days on the Zaskar River, wild camping, sleeping under the stairs, avoiding rock slides, dealing with altitude sickness, drinking homemade beer from the monks and eating curry for breakfast, lunch and dinner (I lost a bit of wait on this trip).

Would I do it again? in a heart beat. But there are more challenges and horizons to explore, I'm still young, well young at heart. Bring on the next one!

Big thanks to Ian Dallaway who made this trip happen and Darren Clarkson-King who organised and led the trip.

...that was it, my last breath, I had to bale. The last and only option was to swim, I pulled my spray deck and the water rushed in...



Riding the Zaskar river, a paddlers eye view

Notice Board

Keep an eye out on our Facebook pages for updates, impromptu gatherings, banter and invitations to meets.

facebook

Membership News

We have one new prospective member Samantha House, who is new to climbing outdoors but has already led classics such as Bramble Buttress at Tremadog - Fi.

Gate Fund...

...the fund for the new gate at Ty'n Lon remains at £423

Changed Address?

Don't forget to tell us... ..if you've moved house or changed any of your contact details or you're not sure if we have your most up to date contact details. Please send your update to the Club Secretary - Fiona Devine - email secretary@ceunant.org

Safe as houses

Following an incident at a bunkhouse in Snowdonia, the North Wales fire service have inspected all climbers huts in the National Park. We passed! On the whole they were very impressed with Ty'n Lon and made a few comments and observations for the committee to action - Kevin.

BIG WINTER EVENT

Tuesday 14-01-2014, 5 Till 9.30

Student Deals
Winter Climbing
Specials
Gear Testing

BRING ALONG YOUR OLD KIT AND HAVE DMM TEST IT TO DESTRUCTION



Creation
Experience the way of life



TY'N LO

Your update on the garden gate fund

As you know, the committee are going to commission a new gate for the back garden of Ty'n Lon and employ the services of Luke Perry, a well established iron sculptor and Ceunant member. The totaliser hasn't moved since the last newsletter. But that's ok, as the MacCeunant event which Jim Brady organised was a great success.



THE CEUNANT MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



ESTD. 1956

Ceunant Mountaineering Club

Standing Order Mandate

Please complete in BLOCK CAPITALS **and send direct to your bank**

To _____ Bank Sort Code ____ - ____ - ____

Branch Address

Account Name _____ Account Number _____

Tel No (work) _____ Tel No (home) _____

Organisation to be paid

Name of Organisation: **Ceunant Mountaineering Club**

Bank and Branch Name: **LLOYDS BANK PLC,
Colmore Row Branch,
114-116 Colmore Row,
Birmingham B3 3BD**

Account Number: **00062519** Sort Code: **30-00-03**

Reference _____

About the payment

Amount of payment: **£25**

Amount of payment in words: **Twenty Five Pounds**

First payment to be taken: **on 1st day of January 2014**

And thereafter every year until further notice and debit my account accordingly.

Customer(s) Signature(s) _____ Date _____