

CEUNANT NEWSLETTER

November 2012

Work Meet Review– 17-18 November 2012

The recent work meet attracted a good crop of mountaineers willing to lend their DIY skills to the upkeep of Tyn Lon.

It was a busy day on Saturday, with kick off officially marked by the distribution of Cumberland sausages, fuelling everyone into action. The main tasks of the day included:

- The bathroom tiles were given a thorough clean.
- Two bathroom doors were stripped and re-varnished.
- The broken lounge window was replaced.
- The lounge ceiling was repainted.
- A new shelving unit was built in the kitchen.
- Small item shelves were built above the beds along the back wall of big bedroom.
- A new light fixture was put into the living room above the photo board.
- Re-pointing of the front of the building.

Amidst the chaos of the day there was ample time for cups of tea and a splendid chocolate cake made by Naomi. The beer was flowing by about 6:00pm, and dinner was served at 8:00. The main courses were prepared by Holly Beckett and Emma Bastock, and a desert of key lime flan was made by Karina Bogucka.

But it wasn't all work-work-work. There were a few games of kerplunk and jenga on Saturday night, as well as a (drinking) game called 21. Come Sunday morning a few people went out climbing in Llanberris Pass, whilst others were happy to relax in the hut.

Role of honour:

John Beddard
Emma Bastock
Naomi Walker
Mark Eddy
Stewart Moody
Paul Jepson
Andy Bevan
Michael Peerless
Karina Bogucka
Tony Millichope
Val Beddard
Bill Beddard
Luke Perry
Natalie Perry
Ander Broadman
Jo Wheatley
Mike Deft
Sanna-Maija Deft
Erja Nikander
Ian Smith

Thanks to all who attended and grafted.

Redevelopment of our web site

Over the past 12 months the committee have been discussing an overhaul of the Ceunant web site to bring it up-to-date with our peer sites. Naomi Walker has re-written a lot of the copy, and Kevin Devine did his magic as webmaster. We've now got a Twitter feed (@CeunantMC) on there, and the calendar is embedded. And there is a great piece about the history of the club which I recommend everyone takes a look at. It's your web site, I hope you like it.



**Ian
Smith**
Chairman

WWW.CEUNANT.ORG

IMPORTANT DATES STILL TO COME IN 2012

Month	Date	What & Where
Nov	Fri 30 th – Sun 2 nd	Family Meet , Tyn Lon.
Dec	Wed 12 th	Christmas Curry , The Spotted Dog, Digbeth.
Dec	27 th onwards	New Year , Tyn Lon.

A round up of some of the other recent meets...

Little Langdale saw a group ascent of Striding Edge, amongst rumblings of “it isn’t that scary”, as well as groups heading off to Dow Crag, Gimmer Crag, and a few other places. The hut was packed, and members were ‘creative’ with their car parking efforts.

There was a good turn out for **Llangollen**, with about 20 people attending. Climbing was done at World’s End and Trevor, whilst a few people headed out on bikes. Sunday was characterised by most people heading to the Blue Lagoon, whilst James Walker and Stewart Moody did their best to beat all the road blocks to climb at Trevor.

The **Wye Valley** wasn’t as well attended as usual, attracting only a handful of members. Tintern quarry was the venue for Saturday. See the photos on the next page.

We filled all but one space in the Don Whillans Memorial Hut at **The Roaches**, and everyone had a blast. It drizzled a lot on Saturday morning but that didn’t deter everyone heading for some of the easier routes on the lower tier for some collective fun. As things dried out and people became bolder we headed to the upper tier. Sunday saw more climbing, and a mini-epic for a couple of our members.

Changing Address?

Don’t let your newsletter and copy of Summit magazine get lost in the post. If you are changing your address, don’t forget to update the Ceunant’s Club Secretary as well as your bank manager. Email your new details to Fiona Devine at her Ceunant email secretary@ceunant.org

Please keep an eye out on Facebook for updates and invitations to meets.



How much are the Hut Fees?

Members = £5
Prospective Members = £5
Guests = £8

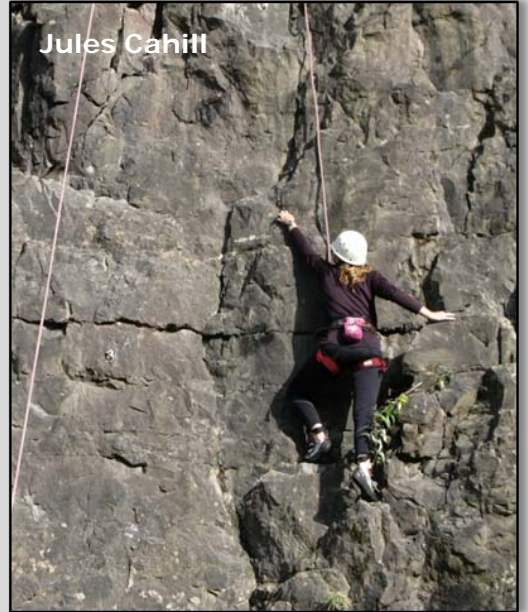
Outside bookings affiliated to BMC = £10
Outside bookings not affiliated to the BMC = £12

Photos from the Wye Valley Meet

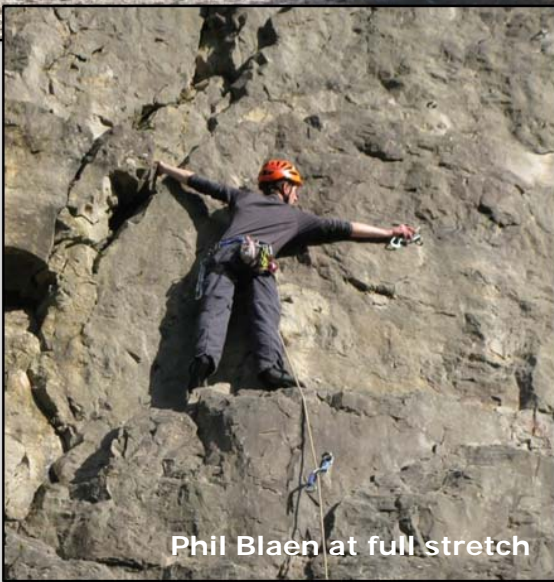
(Left to right)
Richard Greaves
Kerstin Voelz



Jules Cahill



Phil Blaen at full stretch



Kerstin Voelz Leading



(Left to right)
Jules Cahill
Kerstin Voelz



Early morning mist at
the camp site



Outdoor Meets in 2013

Month	Date	Venue	Camp or Hut
January	26 th -27 th	Scotland - Lochnagar – Braemar Lodge Bunkhouse	Hut
February	8 th -10 th	Scotland – Ben Nevis – CIC Hut	Hut
March	16 th -17 th	AGM - Tyn-Lon	Hut
March	Easter 29 th -1 st April	Cornwall or Scotland – Snow conditions dependent	Camp
April	13 th -14 th	The Peak District – Hope Valley	Camp
May	Bank Holiday 4 th -6 th	Scotland - Torridon	Camp
May	Bank Holiday 25 th -27 th	The Lake District – Duddon Valley	Hut / Camp
June	8 th -9 th	Wye Valley	Camp
June	29 th -30 th	Mid Wales – Dinas Mawddwy	Hut
July	13 th -14 th	Wild Camping – Cwm Silyn	Camp
August	Bank Holiday 24 th -26 th	Yorkshire Dales – to be confirmed	Camp
September	7 th -8 th	Swanage – Square & Compass	Camp
October	12 th -13 th	The Peak District – Carlswark Cottage	Hut
November	2 nd -3 rd	Workmeet – Tyn-Lon, with fireworks	Hut
December	7 th -8 th	Family Meet – Tyn-Lon	Hut
December	New Year 27 th -1 st Jan	Scotland – Glen Coe, Lagangarbh Hut	Hut

And don't forget that much loved cornerstone of the Ceunant meets program, the third weekend of each month at Tyn Lon. See you there.

Improvements to the big bedroom

For those of you who haven't been recently, the big bedroom is in better shape than ever before, having been panelled on two sides and insulated.



The Adventures of Paddy Buckley

Bob Ellis waxes lyrical

In July, three foolhardy Ceunant members undertook to do the Paddy Buckley round. This ultra-endurance event is aimed at fell runners; taking in 47 peaks throughout Snowdonia and including 29,000 feet of ascent and decent. The challenge is to complete the round in less than 24 hours. We aimed to do it over 5 days backpacking; fuelled mainly on fags and pork pies. The following chronicles our adventures, through the medium of poetry:



*We had planned, packed, stashed and repacked a dozen times,
Little did we know, we would pay for our crimes.
Lingering mid warm cottage, we had no plan B,
Exhausted excuses... to the hills, we'll see what we see!*

*Day 1, Glyders and Carneds, sure rolls of the tongue,
Feet squelching, bent double, what had we done?
We slipped down Bristly gulley and shivered up Tryfan
Dripping wet at Ogwen, when we saw the bus we ran!
The magic of the cottage replenished our powers and reason,
Tomorrow we shall fight another day (after all, tis the summer season)*

*Day 2, Long shadows and high spirits transported us across the Carnedia,
Dancing over rock, beneath twirling peregrines, a tear in my eye.
Wild horses could not drag me away...
Pit-stopping at the pinnacle, we powered over Moel Shabod, - hooray!
To bivvy in hazy sunlight, the horseshoe at our feet,
Rare moments, like these, in North Wales - such a treat*

*Day 3 dawned grey and damp,
The never-ending-bog-of-doom enveloped as we left camp.
Dreaded swamp had leeches the life right out of us,
John was coming down with a severe case of titty-babby-itis!*

*Exhausted, bedraggled and muttering were we,
"Am never fookin comin tow shitty Wales eva-a-fookin-gain!" said he.
Bent pole and histrionics later, the party was over,
Their decision made, on I grumbled, alone through the clover.*

*Determined to return victorious or broke,
As soon as they'd left, I wished I'd not spoke.
Repeated wringing of socks and air drying my only salvation,
Wildly stumbling on in resigned desperation.
Sweet fortunes rays breathed life back into my weary body,
Bathing in the suns tonic renewed my lust for this folly.*

*Shortcuts though forests rarely pan out as intended,
As I soon learned, swimming through bracken, undefended.
Bedding down amongst swamp ants beneath soaring eagles,
Narcotic sleep soon enveloped as I dreamt of seagulls.*

*Day 4, time without time, the day the music died,
Deathly silence, mist draped, dawn broke, the curlew cried.
Hot, still weather devoured my hydration,
Deliriously thirsty, bearing blindly into the unknown of my imagination.
Ticks for company, nipples chaffing, white, dead, lifeless feet;
Flesh crumpled by trench-foot, agonising folds of stinking meat!*

*Y Grym, small hillock, but so aptly named
I broke myself upon your flanks that never shall be tamed.
Knee-jarring decent, wobbling weak frame, nerves be-jangled.
...is this a pub I see before me?
New found love and hope in the Cwellyn arms of a landlord,
The crackle of the fire was such a sweet chord.*

*Day 5 held no fear, for the depths had been plumbed,
Off we strode, lightly laden, merrily we hummed.
Snowdon and friends were dispatched with a zeal
The wondrous transformation from having a good meal
There could be no question now, the Heights were so near
And beckoned us homeward with scratching's n' beer.*

*Victorious, yet hobbled, we drank in Wales' splendour,
Satisfied with our self-made-boys-own-adventure.
Now mended bodies, tell not of our ordeal,
Fond jumbled memories, now seem so surreal.
Future Bob Graham, the target, already anointed,
Come join us, the craic, you'll no' be disappointed!*



New members and Prospective Members

We are pleased to welcome new members Claire O'Reilly, Neil Colquhoun, Richard Hubbard, Kirsten Voelz, Serena Bacuzzi, Giulio Curioni, Magda Slupska, and Dave Simmonite, who have all become full members since May 2012. Our prospective members are Jo Wheatley, Ander Broadman, Michael Peerless, Phillip Blauen, Luke Perry and Natalie Perry.

Pembroke Meet Review – 25th – 27th August 2012

By Stewart Moody

On the August bank holiday the Ceunant descended on South Pembroke's Meadow Farm campsite near Tenby for three days. There were 25 members in attendance, including Gaz and Steph's daughter Emily, who at the tender age of 12 weeks, was on her first Ceunant camping meet.

The weatherman got Saturdays forecast completely wrong, and everyone enjoyed a fine dry day. I went climbing at Crickmail Point with James Walker, Ian Smith, and Andy Bevan. Having abseiled into my first route, my spirits were dampened when I was hit by a wave on a ledge that was, according to the guide book, non-tidal. James Walker described the location as "atmospheric". "Yeah", I thought, "I was up to my knees in atmosphere". Later that day Ian and I climbed the much lauded Aero, whilst James and Andy topped out on an adjacent E1.

Upon return to the camp site I heard that the rest of the group had opted for swimming in the sea, walking/scrambling around the beaches, or climbing at Giltar slabs. Later that evening a few of us strolled into Tenby for a few pints of Doom Bar in one of the pubs.

Sunday was a stunning day, and the wind-free ledges around Stennis Head and Saddle Head felt like an oven at times. Eleven people headed to Saddle Head, including Richard Hubbard, who paired up with Madga Slupska to give his new rope its maiden voyage. Andy and Julie Ring (who you may recognise from their double page photo in the Pembroke Stackpole & Lydstep guide) were climbing, so too were Tony and Ann Millichope. Kerstin Voelz, Serena Bacuzzi and Phil Blauen climbed as a three. Karina Bogucka, nursing a sprained foot, was in charge of photography and ensuring that everyone ate enough food. I climbed with Ian again, and after much shouting of "watch me", "take" and "are you paying attention, Ian" conceded defeat to the technical crux of Pink Un (VS 5a). I lowered off with hushed mutterings about preferring a nice overhang. Ian, preferring delicate technical routes, took to the challenge, and finished the job off in fine style.

We stopped at the tea shop in Bosherton, before taking a walk next door to the pub. One last stop, this time for fish and chips, was all that stood between us and a few beers back at camp. Later that evening, amidst rumours that the Swedish Olympic volley ball team were in town, various people vanished into Tenby for a pint or two in the pub. I was knackered, and was in bed at a most un-Ceunant-like 10:30pm (gasp!).

That night the heavens opened, and the rain on Monday morning was unrelenting. We couldn't complain though, we'd been luckier than expected. A team effort saw the club shelter packed in less than 5 minutes. By 11am everyone was packed and on the way back to the Midlands. A few of us stopped off at Morrison's in Carmarthen for a fry-up.

**Richard
Hubbard**



**(Left to right) Magda Slupska, Julie ring,
Andy Ring, Richard Hubbard, Tony
Millichope, Natalie Davies, Anne Millichope**



**Kerstin
Voelz**



**A few shots of the Ceunant
in action taken by Karina
Bogucka at Saddle Head.**



**(Top to bottom)
Stewart Moody
Ian Smith**

**(Top to bottom)
Richard Hubbard
Andy Ring
Tony Millichope**

