

Lincoln Mountaineering Club

2018 August Bank Holiday BBQ Meet Report

It was on a damp but drying Friday that we made our way to the LMC hut, turning off the 'Gogarth super highway', the Snowdonia peaks rearing into view, clouds still clinging to their tops from the earlier deluges.

Tim, Ron, John Oaks and John Turner had battled traffic to make it over a day early and so on Friday, minus John Turner, they set off to Bethesda to do a walk circuit in the Carneddau. Walking in via the Cym Llafar valley they ascended the acclaimed scramble of Crib Lem (Llech Ddu Spur). Ron and Tim had done this scramble during the Easter meet in winter conditions and now fancied a summer round, extending the walk at the top of the ridge. Having gained Carnedd Dafydd summit with rain showers, the intrepid trio turned left and followed the main Carnedd ridge to Carnedd Llewelyn, which was in cloud. The idea was to head left to pick up the narrow ridge to Yr Elen, though due to some 'navigational anomaly' the ridge was missed and instead a steep grassy sloped decent was followed back into Cym Llafar, now in driving rain. A long day in the Carneddau with the only other people seen being two distant silhouettes.

With the hut fast filling up, the Carneddau trio were back stoking the fire, drying John's socks, and sitting down to some food. As the last few members were arriving, the thought of a quick dash up some dry slate was too much for Joe and Tom to resist.

With barely time for a route, and the tough crack of Joe's *Fools Gold* (E1) still damp, Tom was left to tackle the slab of *Gnat Attack* (E1). Armed with only two quickdraws and a midge net that fortunately wasn't required, Tom made his best attempt at pretending to have technique, and before long Joe was tying in to second. After some amusing flailing for a now invisible foothold in the fading light, Joe dashed up, and so with climbing appetite whetted, it was time to join the others in the hut.

It was set to be a good weekend, with the buzz of nearly 20 members and some typical mixed Welsh weather, but crucially Saturday evening was due to be dry for the BBQ. Saturday dawned overcast so rather than shower dodging around Llanberis, members spread far and wide, south, west and north, to enjoy drier hills and coastlines.

Pete Moore and Tim headed to the North East Llyn Peninsula to meet up with Nick & Sheila (and Pippa, inadvertently renamed Claire!) to walk along the coast paths near the Rivals, including an exploration of the Iron Age fort below Yr Eifl, in dry sunny conditions.

Six members headed for Gogarth; Scott and Ollie had their sights set on Wen Zawn and the ever popular *Dream of White Horses* (HVS). First to arrive at the crag, they decided to wait for the sun to come round onto the slab and the sea to go out so all the pitches of *Dream* could be enjoyed. The pair decided to abseil into *Britomartis* (HVS) for a warm up, only to find the sea higher than the 1ft predicted! After waiting at least 45 minutes to let the sea drop from washing the bottom of the route, Scott took the lead on his first taste of Gogarth quartzite. As is common on a Gogarth HVS,

they reported pleasant climbing on big holds, with slight pump placing gear, but climbing wise straight forward for the grade by their harder NE Scotland standards!

Meanwhile, Joe and Tom, accompanied by Rocket Ron and John Oaks, made their way to South Stack. A clear sky, sun and a sea breeze greeted them as they trotted down to the abseil point above *Lighthouse Arête* (VS). Upon finding what seemed to be half the population of Holyhead at the racking up spot, Joe and Tom put on their brave hats and 'warmed up' on the top pitch of *North West Passage* (E1), while Ron and John turned back towards the friendlier prospect of Holyhead Mountain. While queuing for the abseil, Joe and Tom showed off their radios to much intrigue of the other climbers, particularly when giving a rendition of "Rubber Duckie this is Seal-Wen, come in Rubber Duckie"! The route itself gave much interest, yet Tom still managed to add to it by going slightly off-route as usual. Joe had his own troubles when his normal style was interrupted by an epic bout of 'Elvis leg', only resolved at the top when his partner kindly gave him a sharp punch to the thigh, what a good friend!

Back over at Wen Zawn, Scott and Ollie headed to *Dream*, but being the most popular route on Anglesey, unsurprisingly it had lots of climbers on it. They waited for a team of 3 to move on from the first pitch before abbing in. Ollie led the first pitch and Scott led the traverse to the *Wen* (HVS) belay, however the team of 3 were taking an age and were still on the *Concrete Chimney* (HVS) belay. Realising that they would be late for the BBQ, Scott and Ollie decided to head up *Wen* instead. The last pitch and a tricky traverse added some much needed spice, maybe Gogarth wasn't always so soft after all.

After persuading themselves not to tackle the death trap that is *Mousetrap* (E2), Joe and Tom headed up *Anarchist* (E1). To the disappointment of a crowd of tourists gathering to watch, neither of them fell, and they declared it one of their favourite routes at Gogarth and worthy of a third star. Surprisingly, being the partnership of Gunter and Lord Admiral Faffington only a few weeks earlier, the pair were at the car early, only to find no Ron or John in sight.

Ron and John had a delightful time at Holyhead Mountain ticking off multiple great routes and pushing themselves just the right amount. The pair were enjoying themselves so much the meet up time was long forgotten. Eventually the pair did appear, perhaps rumbling stomachs alerted them to the need for a BBQ.

With dry weather as promised, the BBQ was lit and soon food was being bustled about, with everyone chipping in and making themselves busy (thanks). Joe was given BBQ duty to keep him out of trouble. Despite the stream of perfectly cooked meat being devoured, there were certainly more than a few jealous looks at the delicious veggie and pescatarian options, including halloumi and salmon. Once again there was a debate over whether Tim's 'roast tatties' belonged at a BBQ, but after tasting them everyone seemed to be won over!

With it being a little nippy outside, most people were enjoying the ambience inside the hut. However, a change of wind direction interrupted proceedings as BBQ smoke came billowing through the open doors followed by a torrent of light-hearted abuse aimed in Joe's direction, who informed us he was just kindly bringing the BBQ experience inside! Scott and Ollie finally arrived back from Gogarth and were pleased to find plenty of food left over as well as supplying haggis of their own.

Scott also made a makeshift cranachan with strawberries, cream, oats and brandy, which went down a storm despite not being entirely traditional.

The Sunday morning started very wet but looked to be clearing, so Tim joined prospective members Richard and Harry Craig to guide them on an exploratory bimbble around the Dinorwic slate quarry. Tim turned out to be rather bolder than one might expect as some of the rusted through ladders that he confidently led them to were adamantly avoided by the youngest of the trio.

Scott and Ollie also headed to the slate quarry on Sunday morning, but found the weather more conducive to Llanberis gear shops, the slate museum and of course Pete's Eats. Resentment from historical injustices seemed to die hard in Llanberis as they learnt in the museum of how an English aristocrat 'stole' a mountain, and then later saw a leaflet pinned to Pete's eats notice board asking 'summer slate partners wanted! Call me on this no.....but no Tories'.

Joe and Tom gave John and Alison (Joe's parents) their first tour of the slate quarries. The fact they didn't bump into the other two groups is a testament to the scale of the slate quarries, or perhaps the scale of the faffing it took to leave the hut! A damp route was grabbed by Joe at Bus Stop quarry where he used his full arsenal of micro cams and nuts... all in the last 2 metres; at least he looked photogenic as always against the moody sky.

Monday morning came around so Tim, diligent as always, undertook some 'data capture' prior to the forthcoming Hut maintenance weekend before returning home with Ron.

Scott and Ollie headed to Tremadog but hit showers on the way, so with a damp crag waited in Eric's cafe and met the amenable new owner. The main crags still looked damp as they walked up to have a look at *Falcon* (E1), psyche levels dropping they headed up to the upper tier... which was still damp. Psyche levels to do anything hard now non-existent, they made the trip worthwhile by doing all the VSs, which both Scott and Ollie thought were all full value.

Joe and Tom chose the opposite direction, making their way back North East to the perfectly dry Great Orme. The chatter of tourists and surprisingly good live vocals coming from the nearby pier made for a very different atmosphere as the ropes were flaked out. Yes, ropes plural as they were stubbornly sticking to their trad climbing bias, despite the plethora of great sport routes. Instead they ticked off two of the classic trad routes of the crag, *Precious Metal* (E1) and *Excursion* (E2).

Despite the on/off weather, everyone made the most of the meet. A lot of walking, exploring and climbing got done, the BBQ was a success, and there were many laughs with new members and old.

Thanks to all who attended.

Attendees: Keith Archer, Scott Herrett, Ollie, Paul Woodhouse, Jon Hobbs, Conor Hobbs, Ron Crowe, John Turner, Tim Smith, Pete Moore, John Mills, Alison Mills, Richard Craig, Harry Craig, Nick Hill, Sheila, Pippa, Joe Mills, Tom Redwood.

P.S. Apologies for missing what many of you did but with 19 attendees it was hard to keep track!
Thanks to those who sent notes and photos.











