

Regulars on the Welsh meet were confused by the bright light in the sky and an absence of gales and torrential rain. Although there wasn't much snow, what there was proved excellent and there was an abundance of sunshine. We stayed in the Gloucester MC hut Cefn Goch, above the village of Deiniolen, a venue that provided comfort and plenty of room for the 19 attendees.

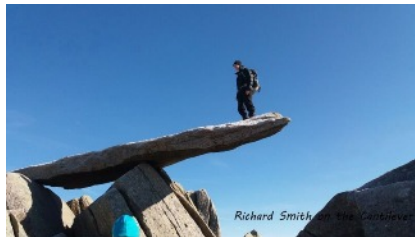
Two early comers spent the afternoon climbing Mynydd Mawr from the west and by mid evening all but one had arrived. Plans were made for the morrow and most retired to bed at a reasonable hour.

Parties were off early on Saturday morning. Three went to Ogwen, one nursing a sore ankle. They lost one member of the party very soon, not finding him until the end of the day. He had spent a happy few hours with his camera. All three encountered difficult icy conditions underfoot. Carol was rescued by a Guardian Angel who picked her up and tossed her across the ice flow to safety. George Spenceley used to contrive to get rescued by young women, Carol seems to be continuing the tradition with young men.

A lone walker set off to walk down to Llanberis, planning then to go up the track to Snowdon. He never made it to Llanberis, having got lost in the intricacies of the forest and quarries. Eventually he abandoned the attempt and finished the day taking in the spectacular scenery of the quarries.

Three set off from Nant Peris, doing a circuit over Y Garn, Foel Goch, Carnedd Y Filiast, Mynydd Perfedd and Elidir Fawr, very little snow but glorious weather.

Two carloads drove round to Capel Curig and seven walkers traversed the central ridge in its entirety. They crossed just below Gallt yr Ogof, then over Foel Goch to Glyder Fach,



Richard Smith was the only one brave (foolish) enough to scramble onto the ice clad Cantilever.

Tryfan from the slopes of Glyder Fach



After Glyder Fawr crampons were required for the first 100 ft or so of the very steep descent to Llyn y Cwn. All had crampons but some had never used them before; it is a fairly challenging place to learn!

At the Llyn, one member was becoming agitated about the impending kick off time for the 6 Nations Scotland England match, so two forged on ahead over Y Garn, alongside Foel Goch (another one) then over Carnedd Y Filiast and Mynydd Perfedd before a steep descent to the reservoir and a long walk down to Deiniolen. The rugby fan might have wished he'd stayed up on the tops- England were thrashed.



Rory Newman arrived in the afternoon, completing the meet list and all sat down to a convivial meal of leek and potato soup, sausage casserole and lemon tart.



Sunday dawned equally fine and most people made the most of a short day before setting off home. Five went to Moel Siabod and four enjoyed an excellent scramble up Daer Ddu, the south ridge.

One set off to Mynydd Mawr and two more took the path from Capel Curig towards Crafnant, enjoying great views of the Snowdon Horseshoe.





The monstrous regiment of Smiths (plus one) walked up to an icy Aber Falls, climbing high above it before returning by a circular route to the valley.

This was a most successful meet, carrying on the trend of good weather we have enjoyed so far this year.

Richard Dover and John Sutcliffe

TJ

Attending:	Fliss Roberts	(G)	John Sutcliffe	Richard Taylor
	Harvey Lomas		John Whalley	Rory Newman
Alan Clare	Helen Smith		Michael Smith	Tim Josephy
Carol Whalley	Iain Gilmour		Mick Borroff	
Derek Clayton	Ian Crowther		Richard Dover	
Fiona Smith	John Jenkin		Richard Smith	
	(PM)			

Meet Report

Glencoe

15th - 18th
March

The weather during the journey northward was promising and the forecast suggested strong winds would dissipate during Friday. On arrival at the MCoFS Alex Macintyre hut in Onich, just west of Ballachulish, the warden and his wife were in the throes of departing following news of a family bereavement that day.

I drove just round the corner to the Loch Leven Hotel, stepping down to the old ferry jetty and musing on the last time I travelled up this brae. It was in June 1965, several days before I celebrated my fifth birthday near John O' Groats. But this was not the time to toast these long ago