



Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association Newsletter

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LOCAL WALK

Sunday 2nd August 2020. Meet at Formby Station at 11:00 AM, you can drive there or take the train.

Ray Mc will be leading a walk, going north towards Southport than returning on the train. You can do all or part of the walk, there are other stations to use if you want to return sooner.

It is important to respect social distancing guidelines at all times. Keep spaced out on the walk.

Meeting at asset.store.front (what 3 words)

Will H

SOCIALLY DISTANCED COACHES

The question was asked on Facebook about the possibilities of future organised socially distanced coaches in order to be able to organise future walks. Everyone would have a double seat with nobody else to the front, back or side of you.

This would see only 24 members allowed on a coach and therefore the cost would be £20 per head to pay for the coach. Some feel this price is too high, but any other price means we would just be losing money.

There are enough who are willing to pay the price to have the day out.

Unfortunately, we currently only have one leader (Helen) happy to go out and therefore we can't take this on at the moment. We would need B and C leaders as a minimum.

What3words

Do you have the App on your phone, you should.

The app helps you find, share and navigate to any precise location. The world is divided into 3 metre squares and each 3m x 3m square has a unique 3 word address.

For example ///filled.count.soap marks the exact entrance to what3words' London headquarters.

Using the app, enter a place or postcode then navigate to down to the 3m squares to find the 3 words. Enter the 3 words to find a place.

Could be very useful if you need to inform the mountain rescue of your position.

THE WELSH 3000s

The Welsh 3000s are the 15 mountains in Wales with a height over 3,000 feet (914.4 m). Geographically they fall within three ranges, but close enough to make it possible to reach all 15 summits within 24 hours, a challenge known as the Welsh 3000s challenge. All 15 are classed as Furths by the Scottish Mountaineering Club, meeting the criteria for a Scottish Munro, and are on the official list of SMC Furths.

Background

The length of this challenge (from the first peak to the last) is about 26 miles (42 km), but including the walk to and from any start point, it will total some 30 miles (48 km). Most people undertaking the challenge walk it, and many achieve it in much less than 24 hours. The record for the challenge (from first peak to last) stands at 4 hours 10 minutes and 48 seconds, set by Finlay Wild in 2019. On 5 August 1989 a ladies' record was set by Angela Carson with a time of 5 hours 28 minutes and 21 seconds. On 17/18 June 1978 John Wagstaff of West Bromwich Mountaineering Club completed a triple crossing in 22 hours 49 minutes, a feat which has yet to be repeated.

The walk is also known as "The 14 Peaks": Carnedd Gwennlian (or "Garnedd Uchaf") is not always included, as it has the least relative height, being little more than a bump on the ridge rather than a separate summit in its own right. Many people choose to make the small diversion to include it on their traverse. There is also an option to include a sixteenth top, Castell y Gwynt in the Glyder range, which has been reclassified as a Nuttall since a survey in 2007.

The Snowdonia Society maintains a public database of persons visiting the 14 peaks in a single journey.

The Challenge

The Welsh 3000s Challenge involves standing on top of all the 3000 ft peaks within 24 hours, using no transport. While challengers can choose any route and summit the mountains in any order, anyone seeking to beat the record must start on Snowdon. Many walkers and runners prefer the alternative route, starting with Crib Goch, then visiting Garnedd Ugain before summiting Snowdon. Some challengers ascend Snowdon the night before, and sleep on the summit; others use the Mountain Railway to ascend Snowdon. Those who wish to climb all the mountains, rather than just standing at all the summits, often choose the Crib Goch route, starting at Pen-y-pass.

Now read on, as back in 1993.....

14 PEAKS

Back in the summer of 1993 we decided to attempt the 14 peaks challenge walk. This should be achieved in one day, however we decided we would do it in 24hrs' giving us the opportunity to have a sleep in the hours of darkness. The arrangements and thus the adventures were down to me. Now, the walk begins and ends at the tops of the first and last peaks thus we could access Snowdon by the railway (why would you climb 3000ft before the start?).

Well we all arrived by private transport at the appropriate hour. A friend and his wife were to look after my car, thus enabling access at points along our route. One member had no money he would not accept offered assistance and set off on foot. Still in travelling clothes, I went off to purchase all the tickets. Upon return I was delighted to find that my car and walking gear were on the way to Llandudno for a shopping trip! Then it started to rain, marvellous. Someone had a spare jacket suitable for a ten year old. Dave Newns lent me his and coats were swapped till we were all in straightjackets.

Eventually we set off on a very pleasant trip up the mountain on the railway and arrived without incident.

SNOWDON (3560ft). Alighting at the summit station, my crew were told to be at the actual summit, touch the trig point and set off all together at 12 noon. Our impecunious friend, having made a speedy ascent, arrived as me and a few others set off at the prescribed time. Back at the station we met up with the rest of the miscreants, freshly out of the café. Told that they had to start at the top they reluctantly scuttled off. Eventually they returned and we set off, or so I thought. One whom I will call Alf, was still taking photos and it was gone 12:30 before we got going. I had to wait a minute or two for him at the finger post, barely 500 yards from the station.

GARNEDD UGAIN (3494ft). Traversed without incident though me and Alf were still lagging. We soon reached the Crib Goch arête where I managed to catch up with the others just short of the peak, only to be called back, Alf was in trouble. Back over the arête I found Alf, he was ten foot above, just standing there. He was frightened of heights!

"Take your rucksack off and drop it to me it'll be easier to climb down"

I caught it and was near dragged over the edge with the weight. Alf successfully down, with a bit of coaxing, I asked,

"what the ---- have you got in here?"

"Just my cameras and some water".

Looking into his rucksack I discovered two 2L bottles, apparently, I'd told everyone to drink plenty. I poured away 3L and we set off along the edge again.

CRIB GOCH (3028ft). Eventually we arrived at the peak where everyone else had departed and Alf proceeded to film with a large movie camera on his shoulder. Next he produced his SLR camera. He'd promised films to all his sponsors, I promised to throw him over the edge. The descent of the Northern edge was quite tricky and some of the others waited for us on the scree at the top of Cwm Uchaf. This was where I decided I could safely get away from Alf. Tennis shoes had not been a problem till now, having to empty scree from them every five minutes was. Somehow, we all arrived safely at the Nant Peris car park where to my delight I was reunited with my car and contents. Recriminations over, refreshed, water bottles replenished and me suitably attired, we set off again.

ELIDER FAWR (3031ft). It was a bit of a slog getting to the top and a couple dropped out along the way.

Y GARN (3107ft). Seeing me flagging a bit, Tommy Reilly kept with me saying at regular intervals, "come on".

GLYDER FAWR (3284ft). Now that badly eroded scramble hurt-- "come on".

GLYDER FACH (3261ft). Straight over and down to Bwlch Tryfan where we regrouped, with the addition of some of the non-participants. They were all happy to chew the cud here, but it was getting dark and as we were to return to this place, we left our rucksacks with Brian Eassom and others.

TRYFAN (3010ft). Adam or Eve duly touched we reversed our course in the gathering dark. At the turn off for the Heather Terrace, I insisted we descend steeply straight down to Cwm Tryfan. It was now dangerously dark

but we got down, all of us in one piece, and negotiated our way to the campsite. Bearing in mind this was before the age of the ubiquitous mobile phone, I was relying on the camp followers to bring down the rucksacks, but they'd all gone and left Brian with a dozen or so rucksacks. Volunteers among the helpers went back up the valley and intercepted Brian struggling under his load. We dined on cold, tinned rice pudding and Bernie, our chairwoman and senior nurse, did health checks before a welcome sleep.

PEN-yr-OLE-WEN (3209ft). At first light, six survivors plus a few others sallied forth up alongside Afon Llor to Bryn Mawr and scrambled up to the Carnedd plateau. At this point the bulk of the climbing was behind us.

CARNEDD DAFYDD (3425ft). No problem, straight on, "come on".

CARNEDD LLWELYN (3491ft). It was here I made a classic error. The mist had come down, visibility was poor. My intention was to contour Llwyn straight to Yr Elin. Knackered, I was reading my compass backwards, "It isn't working properly". After blundering around for a while, "Come On Tommy" took control, we climbed and serendipitously found the top of Llwyn.

YR ELIN (3156ft). The mist lifted, we made Yr Elin in quick time and without pause, returned, contouring the northern edge of Llwyn and on to –

Foel Grach. (3199ft) No time to explore the shelter and on to Foel Fras - or so I thought.

CARNEDD UCHAF (3035ft). Has since been renamed Carnedd Gwenllion and is now the 15th peak even though it is just a pile of stones. Now as I was taking a direct route to Foel Fras the rest were over to the left clambering over Uchaf and celebrating the finish. Irritated I made my way over to them, to be greeted by Dave Newns (Dave has since passed away he was a great servant to the club for many years and is sadly missed). Anyway, Dave had come up from Aber to greet us at Foel Fras. Pointing to our objective I was told it was in fact Drum. "Ok Where's our ----- trig point then? I'm off to Drum" and I stormed off—stiffly.

FOEL FRAS (3097ft). After a short while they all caught up with me (the first time I'd been in front). Approaching the trig point, I noticed Tommy making his way off to one side and Chris Grice to the other. Suddenly they sprinted to the trig point to be the first to finish, not sure who won. (Chris too is recently gone, sadly missed and so young. Back then me and especially Tom took him under our wings on many a ramble). And so six of us achieved our goal at 11:25am. and promptly made another error of judgement. We lay down and dozed in the sunshine till Barry Dooley woke us up to complain that he was "paralysed"- none of us could get up! It took me ages to get on my feet and every step down towards Aber was painful. My dearest, Pat, had unexpectedly driven from home and up from Aber with a bottle of bubbly, thus saving me the extra mile.

Those completing the challenge :-

Tom Reilly, Chris Grice, Ann Wilson, Gary Wilson (son), Phil Smith and me, Ray McIntosh.



KEEP SAFE Ray Mc