



# The Gwydyr Mountain Club Newsletter

May 2021

Edited: Chris  
Harris

## At last, some mountain action.

Following the lifting of some of the Covid restrictions Bill Morrison suggested and coordinated the introduction of more Thursday and Saturday walks to help members get mountain fit again. These are visible on the club website and to date some have successfully taken place. It was agreed at the last Committee meeting that we should add in more of these walks as the Covid pandemic is not yet fully over. So, if you can lead a walk in the near future please tell Bill and he will add it to the programme.

I've asked for the Winter Scottish meet for 2022 to be added to the meets list, core date will be from Sunday 20th Feb which avoids Scottish Half term but covers English Half term and assumes that the usual offers will still apply at the hotel and Covid restrictions do not interfere with our normal activities.

I've started this newsletter with an Excellent article by member Christy Miles, followed by reports of recent walks listed below.

2 May	Central Clwyds - Dave Edwards
6 May	Y Garn - Glenn Grant
9 May	The Berwyns - Bill Morrison
13 May	Snake Pass - Bill Morrison
15 May	Conwy Mountain - Chris Harris

At the end is a report about the UFO in Llandrillo, the village we started the Berwyns walk from, (the Welsh Roswell) in 1974. If you can find the original TV report it is very "1970's Welsh village". It seems to have been taken off the internet, presumably by order of HM Government.

## 1) When did you last sharpen your axe? - by Christy Miles

*Solivagant – (adj) wandering alone, a solitary wanderer. A person who revels in the act of wandering alone—preferably in destinations and locations they have not previously visited*

2003 - The sun was beginning to set; the light was changing before my eyes. It was that time of day known as the golden hour, the light turning redder and softer. The last few people on the fells were making their way back down to the valley, perhaps looking forward to a thirst-quenching pint, and a warm by the fire in the pub. It was autumn time, and the temperature was beginning to drop, I pulled on another layer to protect myself against the cold. A raven squawked and circled above my head, my tent was pitched, I had some water on the boil and soon I would be alone in the fells, under the stars for the night.

2018 - The sun shone through the gaps in the leaf canopy, the leaves themselves dancing in the wind. Deer passed through the bottom reaches of the forest, unaware of my presence, stopping every now and then to smell the air. My hammock was set up, I had lit a small fire and perched myself on my sit mat next to it. I could smell the pungent odour of wild garlic, damp leaves and earth on the forest floor surrounding me. There was no one else around, I closed my eyes and breathed in through my nose inhaling the fresh crisp early March air. The light was beginning to fade, soon the birds would begin their final territorial proclamation before nightfall and I would be alone in the forest, under the tree canopy, for the night.

Two of many, very beautiful experiences I have had, wild camping in the “Great Outdoors”. I have loved being outdoors since I was a small child. I have fond memories of walking in forests and the countryside with my Mum & Dad from a very early age. My Dad would point out different plants and trees, naming them as we walked past. He could even identify a bird from the song it was singing. I remember picking blackberries from the hedgerows with my Granny and returning to her kitchen to make jam, these experiences filled me with awe, firing my curiosity and passion for the natural environment, eventually leading me to seek a career working in the outdoor environment.

I can still remember my first walk in the mountains. It was with school; I must have been around 11 years old. We were staying in Snowdonia for a few days, camping. One of the days involved a walk up Snowdon, it was pleasant day weather wise, I can't recall the route we took. I sat by a small waterfall, watching the water flow over the rocks, glistening in the sunshine as it made its journey downstream. I can remember a helicopter flying below, as we approached the summit and the cafe. But the one thing that sticks in my memory above everything was walking away from the groups gathered at the summit and finding my own space to sit down and eat my sandwiches. I looked down into the valley and could see a car weaving its way down the pass, it looked tiny. I looked at the fields and mountains stretching out into the distance; they looked like patchwork, the different shades of green and brown. I was so mesmerised by this view that had opened up before me, I had never seen anything so amazing before. I could feel the breeze on my face and for a few minutes I was truly in that moment in time and nowhere else.

It is very easy to look at the romance of the mountain and forest experiences I recall above, picturing the perfectness of both situations. Let us now return to the first experience in the fells and press play to continue.

I was woken by the sound of the wind; my tent was moving as the wind hit the side. The wind had most definitely picked up. “I've had worse” I thought to myself, recalling times when I had been rudely awakened by the top of my small two-man tent hitting my face as it was compressed by the force of the wind being funnelled up the gullies from the valley floor. I unzipped the tent door to investigate further. Angle Tarn which I had pitched my tent by, was partially concealed by a blanket of low cloud whirling around in the wind. “At least it's not raining” I thought. I had backpacked along the tops from Ambleside the previous day, taking in the Langdale Pikes and a few other Wainwrights on the way. This was my first solo backpack; I was getting experience under my belt for my Summer Mountain Leader training. The plan was to continue over the tops, bagging some further Wainwrights and finish off dropping down into Elterwater, walking back up the valley to the Great Langdale Campsite and head to the Old Dungeon Ghyll for some well-deserved refreshment.

I got dressed and packed the tent away, the low cloud had now clagged in and I could not see the opposite side of the tarn. The path I was heading for ran up from Angle Tarn to Ore Gap, where I would re-join the main path to the summit of Bowfell. I had walked up the path before, but back then it was a clear and sunny day. This time my navigation skills would be very much put to the test. I looked at the map locating my exact position and then took a bearing in the direction of the path, it was not a major path, in this clag it would be less obvious, I needed to be precise. I set off following the bearing, the wind had started to get up slightly and droplets of rain started to hit my face. I pulled my hood up and eventually located the path.

Continuing along the path which weaved between rocky outcrops and boulders, I looked around and visibility had now dropped to around 15 metres in all directions, I just remember thinking how grey everything looked, all the rocks were dark and shining with the rain. My waterproofs were holding up well, the rain had started to come down heavier. I had my wrists through the hoops of my walking poles, they helped with the weight of the rucksack when walking. I knew I was not too far from the summit now; the terrain was rugged, and the rocks were becoming increasingly slippery with the amount of rain falling. I placed my pole and went to step forward, I slipped slightly and due to the weight of my rucksack fell sideways, at this point I realised my pole had become jammed between two rocks and as I fell, my arm twisted quickly and awkwardly behind me, I heard a snap and paused, waiting to feel pain, but it must have been the walking pole that had made the sound. I could not release it as my wrist was still through the loop. Luckily enough the rucksack protected the bottom of my back from the pointed rocks I fell on to and I managed, eventually after a minute or so to release my arm from the pole. I breathed a sigh of relief, as I had fallen various thoughts rushed through my mind. What if I break my arm, hip? The weather is deteriorating, it will be a while before someone will get to me, do I have a signal on my phone? What have I got in my rucksack that would help? I wish I were off the fell and sitting by the fire in the Old Dungeon Ghyll...

I stood up, dusted myself off and took a moment to compose myself, it had certainly given me a shock. There was no one around at all, I continued to walk up the path and eventually got to the summit of Bowfell. Visibility had not improved, the rain continued to come down heavily. I looked at the route I was planning to take. I felt cold and located an extra layer in my rucksack to pull on. I began to accept the inevitable, I was not going to complete the challenge I had set myself. Anyone who knows me, will know at that moment in time, how disappointed I was. "Maybe it will be fine, I'll just carry on..." I knew that before crossing the Crinkle Craggs I had an option of an "escape route" down The Band back into the valley. It seemed the sensible thing to do, although my ego was screaming for me to continue, I looked out from the summit. The skies were grey, and the clouds were passing quickly overhead as the wind speed increased, the rain was sheeting down. The decision was begrudgingly made, I would head back down to the valley.



It was not until I got to the Old Dungeon Ghyll later that afternoon that I began to reflect on my experience. As I sat with my pint by the fire it dawned upon me, just how horribly wrong it could have gone up there, on my own. I had been lucky, worst case scenario, I would have still been up there, with no phone signal, undiscovered and injured. If I had focused on the what ifs, I probably would never have set foot in the mountains again on my own, and that would have been a great pity. I then began to think of all the positives, I had gained valuable experience that I could not have acquired any other way than just being out there in the mountains. I had learned some valuable lessons, all of which, as with other situations and adventures have added to my own experience as a Mountain Leader. I also learnt a lot about myself too, and how I react in challenging situations.

I love being in the mountains on my own, it gives me space to think, time to just be in the moment, with nothing else to focus on other than getting from A to B safely. The risk, for me, most definitely does not outweigh the benefit. I have, as have many of us, been in some hairy situations in the mountains over the years, a few most definitely where I have wondered if I was going to make it down alive, but that has never stopped me from donning my rucksack and heading to the hills.

*"To refuse the adventure is to run the risk of drying up like a pea in its shell"* George Mallory, Mountaineer.

The British Mountaineering Council states *"The BMC recognises that climbing, hill walking and mountaineering are activities with a danger of personal injury or death. Participants in these activities should be aware of and accept these risks and be responsible for their own actions."*

Why do we take risks? William Glasser, an American psychiatrist specialising in behaviour management, believed that all our behaviour, is the best we can do at the time to meet our five basic needs. So, if one of the five basic needs is survival, then why do we take risks? Is it to satisfy our four other basic needs? Is it the *freedom*, is it to do with *power*, is it for *fun* or the need *to be accepted*? Or is it to be the person we believe we are meant to be? Whatever the reason it is important to recognise that, every time we go into the mountains, whether that be alone or in a group, we should be accepting and aware of these risks and individually taking responsibility to do everything within our capability to minimise them.

In 2019, Heather Morning, mountain safety advisor for Mountaineering Scotland - one of the most respected and experienced figures in her field. Stated that since 2013 there had been 114 deaths in Scotland's mountains, with only 10 of them women.

*“Research over the past seven years shows that the number of female fatalities in the mountains is a tiny percentage compared to the number of male fatalities,” she said. “This low percentage is not reflective of the number of females who are out enjoying the Scottish Mountains. Therefore, it would be too simplistic to suggest these numbers reflect the numbers of participants. In my opinion the reasons are multiple and complex. There is no doubt that women tend to be more risk averse in the mountains, will often even underestimate their own ability, and be over cautious. Whereas men generally will take a more ‘gun-ho’ attitude towards risk and perhaps also be more influenced by peer pressure and the drive to succeed at all costs. Women may often be more prepared within a group to share their feelings of reservation, rather than be blinkered to the dangers around them.”*

She finished by stating *“A really important thing any mountaineer can do to help mitigate risk is to be humble.”*

*“Risk taking is not only critical to the learning process, but it is also essential to the maintenance of the human spirit”* (Liddle, 1998. p61)

*“But when I say our sport is a hazardous one, I do not mean that when we climb mountains there is a large chance that we shall be killed, but that we are surrounded by dangers which will kill us if we let them” -*  
George Mallory, 1924

Risk is the potential to lose something of value, while competence is the collection of skills and abilities that are applied against risk to result in a positive outcome. It is therefore vital that we seek to gain competence in the collection of these skills, to make sure every time we step out, we have done everything within our power to encourage a positive outcome. So, what can we do?

- **Self-Awareness.** To be self-aware is to recognise what you might be feeling, what you might be thinking, what might motivate you to act a certain way. If you become aware of how you act in different situations, then you can decide what the motivation is behind any decision regarding risk you take in the mountains. Is the decision motivated by ego and if so is that the best course of action, at that precise moment in time? When I was younger, I often struggled with ego and the need to carry on, driven by peer pressure at times, but often by my own standards I set myself and trying to be the person that I believed I was meant to be.
- **Be Humble.** Have an awareness of your own capabilities and limits. We all have limits, whether they be knowledge, experience or ability based. We should be assessing ourselves constantly. Where are the gaps in our knowledge and ability? Navigation & Map reading skills, knowing exactly what to be putting in a rucksack every time we head to the hills? If we are leading a walk with the club what are the expectations kit wise for individuals, is this discussed. Is it taken for granted that when out on a “group” walk that the person leading is fully competent to deal with an emergency should it arise, or that everyone has the appropriate kit? What if something happens to the leader, or you are separated from the group, are you capable of getting yourself off the hill? Do you have the knowledge of what to do in an emergency? Do you carry your own map and compass, and can you use them?

Over previous years, it became apparent to me that, I had for some reason, began to struggle with exposure. I knew I needed to address the situation, so I went out with a trusted friend who was also an experienced mountaineer and scaled Crib Goch early one morning, I then continued to seek out routes that would help me to work with and address the struggle.



- **Personal Development.** Do you rest on your laurels (rely on one's past achievements or accolades to remain relevant or successful) or do you actively seek to continue to learn and develop? Personal Development consists of activities that develop a person's capabilities and potential and enhance quality of life and the realisation of dreams and aspirations. I am lucky to have a job that takes me out into the hills, which also means I need to keep my skills up to date and relevant. I certainly cannot afford to rest on my laurels when taking individuals out, as I once discovered years back, luckily it only resulted in mild embarrassment and a lesson in the relevance of "pride before a fall".
- **Safety Precautions.** If you do venture out on your own, do you have the skills and experience to do so. Have you let someone know your route and an estimated time as to when you should be back down off the mountain? What safety kit are you taking in your rucksack? First Aid kit? Survival Blanket? Extra layers of clothing and Emergency Rations? Sufficient water and a Hot Flask? A Map and Compass and knowledge of how to use them? Do you know if you can get a mobile signal in that area? Have you checked the weather forecast?

All the above-mentioned points add to our competence levels and ensure that when we do head to the hills that all the skills and abilities available are applied against risk to result in a positive outcome.



I have recently been awarded provider status by the Mountain Training Association to deliver their Hill & Mountain Skills courses. The Mountain Skills course is an ideal choice for people interested in exploring mountainous terrain and wanting to develop their confidence and skill set in the mountains. Also, a great refresher for those who want to sharpen up their skills. Participants should have some basic hill walking experience and a reasonable level of fitness. A Mountain Skills course is a great way to learn the essential skills you will need, to enjoy the mountains in the UK safely. Whether you would like to feel more confident using a map, you have ambitions to climb Everest or become a Mountain Leader, a Mountain Skills course is a great first step. You will be introduced to the skills and techniques required to enjoy mountain walking in your own time. Throughout the two days there will be plenty of opportunities to practise these new skills as well as learning more about the environment and how to manage the risks associated with mountain walking.



After speaking with Glenn Grant recently, I would like to offer the course to the club, for any members who want to improve their confidence and skill levels. Do you always head out on a walk led by someone else? Would you like to have the confidence to go out and enjoy the mountains personally without having to rely on others to lead? Or do you just want to refresh your skill set and keep relevant? If so, then Mountain Skills could be the ideal way forward. There will be an email sent out shortly with more information, in the meantime if you have any questions, please feel free to email me: [wayofthewild42@gmail.com](mailto:wayofthewild42@gmail.com)

### **I will leave you with this:**

Two woodcutters were in a competition to see who could cut down more trees by the end of the day. The first was an experienced woodcutter older in years and the second was a younger, stronger man eager to prove his ability. Both men set out to chopping. After about an hour or so the more experienced man paused, sat down to take a break and invited the other to join him. The younger, stronger woodcutter replied, “No way! I’m going to keep chopping and I’m going to beat you.”

“Suit yourself,” said the experienced man. This pattern repeated itself several times throughout the day. Every so often the experienced man would pause his chopping to rest, while the younger stronger woodcutter kept chopping away.

At the end of the day when the two woodcutters compared to see who had chopped more wood, the younger & stronger woodcutter was astonished to find that the older woodcutter who kept taking breaks had chopped a significantly greater amount of wood. He said, “How is that even possible? You spent far less time chopping than I did. I am stronger and never once stopped cutting down trees. What is your secret?” The experienced man said, “every time I sat down, I was sharpening my axe.”

### **When was the last time you sharpened your axe?**

Hope to see you out on the hills soon.  
Christy.

### **2 ) Sunday 2nd May. Clwyds walk- Led by Dave Edwards**



Dave led the first post lockdown walk. A 9.30 start in the Llanferres layby for a 10 mile walk West into the Clwyd's to ascend Foel Fenlli from the south, north to access quieter paths in the Clwyd Forrest to cross Moel Famau, north to Moel Dywyll & down to Moel Arthur carpark, dropping west partially into the valley, turning south along a set of balcony paths which, like the outward ridge walk, gave expansive views of the Vale of Clwyd into Snowdonia.

### **3) Thursday 6th May. Y Garn led by Glenn Grant - written by Chris Harris**



Be at the car park nearest to Ogwen Cottage for 8am the chairman said. Richard and Kay Smith, Helen and Glenn Grant, Fiona and Liz and me arrived to see snow topped mountains, wondering whether we had sufficient kit. The route: up the South West ridge to the summit of Y Garn then descend via Devil's Kitchen. Route to be extended if time allows. It did allow, so we added ascent to Glyders Fawr and Fach, descending via the miners track to Bwylch Tryfan and then down to Ogwen cottage. A lovely taste of winter, it was 3C at Lakeside start and significantly cooler on top but not too windy. The icing on the cake was the fresh snow, which Richard tested for snowballability much to Kay's dismay. Due to lockdown it was the only mountain snow most of us have seen this year.

### **4) Sunday 9th May. A Windy Day on the Berwyns - by Bill Morrison**



Following nearly five long months of drab winter lockdown it was refreshing for both body and soul to get back out onto the Welsh hills. I'd decided a return to the Berwyn mountains would be a good choice for this outing, my first club walk of the year. I find these upland moors offer a rare combination of solitude and brooding wilderness. You can trek across the Berwyns all day long and meet hardly anyone. It's a varied and dramatic landscape; bleak, undulating moorland, 800m peaks with excellent views and deep, glacial carved valleys hiding dramatic waterfalls. An outstanding place to walk and clear the mind.

We met at Llandrillo for an 8.00am start on a Sunday morning. The Met. Office was forecasting cloudy skies with occasional showers, a big improvement on Saturday's unremitting heavy rain which had prompted me to delay the walk by 24 hours. A good call as it turned out. As we were about to set off, one of the local residents turned up to open the community toilets. Asking if we were heading up to Cadair Berwyn he took some delight in informing us that the last occasional shower they had lasted for 3 days!

So it was with this warning we began walking eastwards out of the village, climbing up the valley side on a tarmac road until we picked up the green lane that runs directly across the Berwyns. From this track we got our first views of the day - over the River Dee and across to Snowdonia. The walking was easy now we had gained some height and the surface firm underfoot. Some of the streams crossing the lane were a bit wider and deeper than usual, swollen with several days worth of heavy rain that was now draining down off the hills but these were easily forded.

As we pressed on deeper into the Berwyns we passed pine forest, upland fields and finally moorland. It was around 6km before we reached the Wayfarer Stone, our first waymark of the day. Here we had a short break to take on some water and extra calories. This small monument was placed in memory of Walter MacGregor Robinson, a pioneer of off road and trail cycling. Robinson would write about his adventures under the pen-name of "Wayfarer". I believe the greenway was one of his favourite routes.



Refreshed and rested, we left the track behind and struck out south across the moors towards our first peak - Cadair Bronwyn. The path was fairly easy to follow and firm underfoot at first. Crossing a number of small knolls it gradually wound its way towards the start of the Berwyn ridge. There were a few places where it got unpleasantly boggy, small hollows and natural drainage channels, etc, but nothing too bad and it wasn't long before we began the climb proper. It's a fairly easy ascent of around 250m from the Wayfarer stone to the summit cairn of Bronwyn (785m) over a distance of around 3km. From this cairn the path continues southwards along the main ridge towards Cadair Berwyn (830m). Despite the overcast skies we had far reaching views on this section of the walk, eastwards over the hills towards Oswestry, southwest to the Aran ridge and Cadair Idris and west to the mountains of Snowdonia.



The wind had picked up by this time and as we approached Cadair Berwyn, we were constantly battered by strong gusts. As you get closer to Cadair Berwyn the western side of the ridge falls away into a near vertical slope which brings with it a real sense of height and space. Thankfully the wind was coming in from the east that day, blowing us away from the edge.

We took our lunch and rested inside the rough stone shelter near Cadair Berwyn summit. This gave us some respite from the wind and also a chance to consider our options for the next part of the walk. After a discussion it was agreed that we'd tackle the path heading south off Moel Sych and visit the Pistyll Rhaeadr waterfall in the valley below. This would be a dog leg extension to our route as the only way back to Llandrillo was via a reascent of the mountain.

Packing up our flasks and lunch boxes we made our way from Berwyn over to Moel Sych summit (827), the third peak of the day. From here the southward path provides a steep descent down into the valley below. This track was well worn, muddy in places and it was here we encountered the first fellow walkers of the day. They had been visiting the waterfall and decided to summit Moel Sych before returning home.



The top of Pistyll Rhaeadr is hidden within a small patch of woodland at the edge of a hanging valley. Here there are a series of small rock pools and rapids after which the water plunges down the gorge, passing through a rock arch before it hits the plunge pool at the bottom. A total drop of around 74m. On a sunny, warm afternoon this is a great place to sit and bathe your feet after a long day on the hills.

At the bottom of the falls there is a cafe serving refreshments and the lure of a coffee and an ice cream was too much of a draw for us to resist. This extra descent was worth it to see the falls in full, take a rest and enjoy a choc ice.



With an eye on the time we couldn't linger too long and had to get back on our weary legs for the re-ascent of Moel Sych. It is a 400m climb back up to the summit and it took about an hour of walking. Regrouping at the top we set off to contour around the western side of Cadair Berwyn and pick up the path leading from its summit down towards the Afon Geidiog river. This is a muddy, boggy track that runs down the gently sloping moorland which makes up much of the western side of the Berwyn mountains. It was here we caught the only real rain of the day. Moderately heavy, and with absolutely no place to shelter we had to stop and put our waterproofs on. Thankfully it didn't last 3 days.

Towards the bottom of the track, at around 17.30, we met two fellow walkers coming up the other way. They were anxious to know if they were on the right track for Pistyll Rhaeadr. It seems they had parked their car there earlier in the day and had gone walking in the hills with no map or compass nor much by way of wet weather gear. Luckily for them the cloud base was high and visibility good that day. The moors to the west of the mountains are featureless and would be very difficult to navigate in low visibility. We pointed out their route, gave them directions to the waterfall and left them to continue on their journey with a long walk ahead of them.

Continuing on to Llandrillo our path crossed a number of swollen streams and a few marshy sections of moorland which left most of us with wet feet. Eventually we met up with a rough unpaved track at the edge of the Berwyns nature reserve and followed it down into the village, the track turning into a tarmac road as it approached Llandrillo. We arrived back in the carpark at around 19.15.

This was a good day out, around 11 hours in total with approximately 1600m of altitude gain and total distance of 28k. It was long and tiring, a bit of a challenge, but a really great way to get back into the hills.

## **5) Thursday 13th May Snake Pass Walk - Bill Morrison**



Another early start, 8.00 am at the top the Snake Pass just east of Glossop where the Pennine way crosses the A57

The route was in 2 circular sections:

The first section started by heading north across the moorland up to the Higher Shelf Stones and the B29 crash site. It then descended west down Shelf Moor before returning to the Pennine Way via a climb up the Doctors Gate path. This was about 7 miles in length.



The Boeing B-29 Superfortress crashed at Higher Shelf Stones on the Bleaklow moorland plateau near Glossop in Derbyshire on 3 November 1948. The aircraft was on a routine daytime flight with two other aircraft, leaving RAF Scampton near Lincoln at about 10:15 and heading to the US Air Force base at Burtonwood near Warrington. The pilot Captain Landon Tanner and co-pilot Captain Harry Stroud were flying by instruments as the area was covered in low cloud. Based on the flight time, the crew believed it had passed the hills and began to descend. At about 11:00 the aircraft hit the ground at 610m above sea level, 300m north east of the summit of Higher Shelf Stones and it was engulfed in flames. All 11 crew and 2 military passengers perished in the crash. When the aircraft failed to arrive at the Burtonwood airbase, the nearby RAF Mountain Rescue Service was called to search for the missing aircraft. Already on a training exercise upon the Kinder Scout moors, the RAF Harpur Hill rescue team headed to Bleaklow and located the crash site at about 16:30, by which time the light was fading. The debris of the aircraft was scattered with only the tail section intact. The aircraft was carrying the \$7,400 wages for the Burtonwood airbase. The money survived the fire and was recovered at the crash site by the American Military Police.



The second section continued along the Doctors Gate path descending southwards into the Lady Clough woods. At the southern end of the woods the route turned west following the course of the River Ashop. This is a secluded valley running below the northern escarpment of the Kinder Scout plateau. Return to the car was via the Pennine Way.

## 6) Saturday 15 May. Conwy Mountain led by Chris Harris



A wet start to a reasonable walk on a reasonable day. The slightly later start (9am) and less ambitious the ascent and distance drew a crew of 15, so a bit of a worry whether we would fit into the parking area at the Sychnant pass but it was OK. Following an anticlockwise "circle" we headed to Groesfford, Bryn Dowski, the mast and trig point on Bryn Locyn and down to Conwy, where Mr and Mrs Reynolds managed a quick pint in the Liverpool Arms and Doug, a tray of chicken nuggets and chips. Then a bit of coast, a climb onto the not a mountain of Conwy mountain, taking in Castell Caer Seion (and some food). Nearing the car park there was the option (most of us opted in) to climb to the hill fort of Alltwn, about 100metres of steep ascent, where the sun came out at full force illuminating the 180 degree views. The sun was still shining on the righteous when we got to the car back so a quick rain check we agreed to have the first GMC off the hill pint for a very long time in the Fairy Glen hotel, down the road. Unfortunately Doug had to go for an off the hill second job at Chester race course.

Apologies to my followers for a couple of "deviations" where I picked up sheep tracks rather than paths, I like to think of it as lions led by sheep.

## UFO Crash: Llandrillo, Wales, UK, (Berwyn Mts.) 1974



On the 23rd of January, 1974, an extraordinary event took place in Llandrillo, North Wales, United Kingdom.

On a winter's night, a great terrible noise was heard by many of the village, and the first thing that came to mind was that there had been an explosion of some type.

As some of the villagers went outside to see what had occurred, they were amazed by the scene of blue and

orange lights near the mountain of Cader Bronwen.

From witness statements, and the next day's press, came this explanation, "There was a huge explosion a few minutes after 8:30 PM. From various accounts, this preceded, some say by up to two or three minutes, a violent shaking of the ground, like a medium-sized earthquake - objects inside houses were knocked off shelves."

In a very similar scenario to the Kecksburg crash, authorities rushed to the scene; police first, followed by Royal Air Force personnel. Immediately, the area around the crash was cordoned off with nobody allowed to enter.

This operation seemed like overkill; the area being so remote, and uninhabited. This search and rescue lasted for several days in the Berwyn Mountains.

One witness, who was working at a hotel in Bala, stated that a group of men had arrived at the hotel, and stayed several days. They were involved in the operations at the crash site, but refused to answer any questions about the activities there.

One of the most compelling accounts of the events in Wales came from a lady who was a nurse living at Llanderfel.



She was asked by local police to assist in a plane crash near her house.

Gathering her things together, and not having any one to watch her teenage daughters, she took them with her to the location given by the police.

She was driving on B4391, which goes from Bala to Llangynog. The road was nearly deserted, being at 10:00 PM on a cold, wintry night. As she proceeded up into the mountains, she was

astonished at what she saw next...

There was an object "quite intact" which was large, circular, and glowing an orange color. Her and her two daughters were within a few hundred feet of it. She could not be mistaken at what she saw, a UFO.

She could also see police and military personnel, which were much closer to the UFO. They instructed her to leave the area, even after she explained why she was there.

Afraid for her and her daughters' safety, she left without argument. Authorities escorted her from the site.

The roads around the site of the unusual object stayed closed for a number of days afterwards. The nurse talked to some of the local shepherds who complained that they were not even allowed to tend their flocks.

She and others were convinced of a military and governmental cover up of what really happened on January 23, 1974 near the Berwyn Mountains.

Was the explosion a mechanical failure of the orange glowing craft, or did another UFO crash? We may never know for certain.

(B J Booth)