

Trip Report: Anglesey

Date: 17th May 2008

Group: Jim W, Leader 2 toilet stops, Jean 3 toilet stops, Ian 1 toilet stop, Colin 1 toilet stop, Richard 1 toilet stop, Jim G 1 toilet stop, Elena 3 toilet stops and another in the Dysart, Chris G 3 toilet stops, Selina 1 toilet stop, Mike no toilet stops!!, Tony 1 toilet stop, Roxy, Molly and Tillie - goodness knows how many toilet stops including some in my garden before we set off

Route: South Stack

Total Distance: Unknown

Total Ascent: Unknown

Weather: Unknown

A 7.30am start from Jim and Jeans house proved a bit confusing as three BUMS unexpectedly turned up, and one expected BUM(ETTE) stayed in bed nursing a hangover. Now I am too much of a gentleman to name names, but unless she provides me with a large glass of red at the next meeting, I may inadvertently let it slip, and ruin an angelic image!!

The journey was not too inspiring as we encountered heavy rain on route, but Anglesey was fair, although there were many sceptics when Jean put on sun tan lotion at the beginning of the walk.

Now one rule of decorum is that if you are going to wear shorts then it is best to show a well muscled, tanned, and honed leg, (or so Ian says), but we cannot have everything, and possibly for the first time this year Richard and Tony exposed their extremities to the elements.

The walk set off beside a car park and public toilets. To show his feminine side Jim G used a public convenience and not his normal behind a bush stance. He will be wearing make up next and joining Ian and me on stage!!

The walk itself followed the Anglesey coastal path with much dramatic scenery. I am beginning to have serious doubts about my fellow BUMS, and this was further emphasised when Tony confided to me that he had recently enjoyed a talk on flora and fauna, and weren't the wild flowers which were in abundance on this walk beautiful.

Now we usually rely on Lesley to provide the quote of the day, but in her absence this crown was taken over by Ian. Crossing a field full of wild horses he asked me whether he should put his dog on a lead to keep her away from the cows. Let's hope he never tries milking.

An early coffee stop was taken, and by this time the sun was coming out, along with the sun tan lotion for all. Elena and Selina got a bit excited

around about here as the coastguards were practising rescues, and the sight of muscular men abseiling, had them both crying out to be rescued. The walk progressed alongside majestic cliffs and spectacular views until we came to the next highlight - another toilet block. Scores are being kept and are revealed at the end of this report.

Colin by now started to get excited as I advised the group that we were going to look at birds through a telescope. You should have seen him move. The RSPB site was fantastic and the telescopic view of hundreds of guillemots' had to be seen to be believed. Rounding the corner even more spectacular views were seen over the lighthouse South Stacks.

Up till now the walk was reasonably flat which led Ian to muse on forming a break away group from the BUMS, and between us we came up with the name BOLLOCKS - Bunbury Outdoor Low Level Orienteer's Canals Keeping Straight. Much amusement followed in designing a logo, but as this may be read by more impressionable people I will draw a line under it. However the smile was wiped off Ian's face when we started climbing the cliffs and then Holyhead mountain. At 220 metres this is the highest point on Anglesey, and thus Jim G was happy that we had fulfilled our duty as mountaineers. Lunch was taken here in glorious sunshine, with the usual protection against the dog thief Roxy.

A short detour on the way back was taken to see North Stacks, to add to Jim G's growing collection of lighthouse photos. (Well you have to take up a hobby when you retire). We descended a track which brought us back out beside a toilet block (still counting) and a café. The latter was resisted by all, although Richard appeared keen.

We went back along the cliff tops, with the women once again admiring the coastguards, plus a group of men who were coasteering, and canoeists. Selina at this point advised me that it was not an offence to look at or photograph a man's chest, or in any case that was her excuse.

We came back to the beach which was our start point to find an ice cream van. Now I know that we have two hard men in our group in Mike and Jim G, but they were both quickly in line at the ice cream van. Interesting fact - a 99 is so called as the flake measures 99 centimetres, or so the Welsh ice cream man told us.

A final toilet stop and it was back in the cars for the journey to the Dysart. After the sunshine of Anglesey it was a shame to drive most of the way back in the rain, but only the three drivers saw this as the others were sleeping.

A great day out and one which by popular request we should repeat.

Jim W