

**Trip Report: The Berwyns****Date:** 19th November 2005**Group:** Mike A (leader) Jim G, Lesley and Chris Jones**Route:** The Berwyn Ridge from Llandrillo circular route**Total Distance:** 15 miles**Total Ascent:** Unknown**Weather:** Brilliant sunshine and extreme frost (Temp -7C at start)

A small group arrived on the sharpest frosted day you've ever seen when the metal gates looked to be covered in suede and the grass was coral like.....oh well onto the technical stuff. Leaving Llandrillo the party soon approached Pen Bwlch where a visitors book was to be found in a nailed down tin (just in case we had brought Tony the Scouse with us). Lesley inscribed a suitable sentence-she couldn't leave her gloves off for long for fear the pen would stick to her fingers. Up and up they went, a steady, exhilarating climb to Moel Sych which has the notable fame of being the only peak from which you can see Lake Bala—in fact it looked beautiful though shrouded in mist due to the extreme temperature. We were allowed a lunch break of 15 minutes by the walk leader (which surprised me coming not long after a 10 minute coffee break—maybe the BUMS are getting soft. As usual the Arrowsmith's enjoyed pork pies-the stuff of real mountain food.

A steady decent brought us across board- walked clad bog and we soon realised our luck at walking in such frosty conditions where the ground was as hard as stone—at least for the most part though Lesley did manage to crack the crusty surface with her boots and ended up with some very muddy trousers---where were those gaitors when she needed them most?

There was a shortened route but given the superb fitness of the group a decision was taken to go the whole hog and get in a very smart 15 miles. There were few complaints (apart from Lesley) on the way down though the youngest of the party, Chris -who seems to be exhibiting 'old women' qualities, saying frequently....'in my day...' and 'I don't know what the world's coming to', was heard to say that he had had enough.

The day on the Berwyn's complete it was a rush back to the Dysart to meet Tony who had been trying to lay a floor but failed. There was much reflection on the glorious day spent on the hills, probably, next to High Street in the snow in February, was the best day out weather wise the BUMS might ever see. Well done leader, a great choice

Lesley