

November Weekend at the Kestrel.

The last weekend in November saw the Unit meeting outside the hut on Friday night preparing to go down to South Wales for the weekend. We set off for South Wales and when approximately half way there we stopped for refreshments at "The Inn For All Seasons." Just before we were due to leave I called for silence and said, "I've forgotten my sleeping bag." The reaction was mixed, some laughed and some sat there not knowing what to say. We arrived at the Kestrel at around 02.00 and went to bed. We arose early (or late, according to what time you are used to rising,) and after breakfast decided on what we would do. Fred and Pete went canoeing, Paul T, Paul T and I went caving, while the rest went walking, Charlie included, who decided to phone his Mum and reverse the charges; On being asked what he was doing, the answer received in London was "I'm talking to you."

The cavers, on failing to find Ogof-Y-Darren Cilam eventually went down Eglwys Faen, a fairly simple cave with one crawl. We all arrived back at the Kestrel and after changing, settled down to an excellent meal, after which we washed and went across the road for an entertaining evening, the highlight of which was Pete's attempt to down a yard of ale, but alas failed. We got to bed eventually at around 02.00 onwards.

The following morning there were promising signs that the Unit would be out and about by around 10.30. 12.00 arrived and breakfast was eventually over and a decision was taken to arrange some activities. Pete, Fred, John Walsh and Charlie decided to tackle some Rock Climbing while Richard 'Volunteered' to lead Paul Tedder, myself and two other people down Ogof-Y-Darren Cilam, the cave we failed to find the previous day, which was said to have a 1000 foot crawl. The cave entrance was less than one foot high, and the cave itself was never more than three feet wide, averaging something like 2ft. It wasn't a complete crawl but turned out to be not far off it. After about 300 feet we decided to return to the outside world. On the return trip we met J.B. who had forgotten part of his wet suit and his electric lamp. The previous night I discovered that I'd forgotten my towel, (where did they find 'im?,) not very clever considering the second cave was a wet one. We packed bags and van and then J.B. presented Paul Tedder with his Venture badges and we set off home, and finally crawled into the 'Railway' at 10.31.

Ewen Anderson.