

# 97th Entry Expedition

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	L/A.A. Tonge	A.A. Gosnell
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	L/A.A. Lee	A.A. Sussex
	L/A.A. Watling	A.A. Hazel

The expedition started at five o'clock on Friday 30th August. We were picked up from camp and transported by R.A.F. coach via Hereford to Brecon where we were dropped on the A.70, half-way between Brecon and Libanus. This was at approximately 2200 hrs. and we hiked on through Libanus to a little farm near Cymelyn, where we obtained the permission of a farmer to use his field for the night. Although it was extremely dark not much difficulty was found in pitching the tents cooking a meal and bedding down for the night.

The rain overnight was reasonably heavy.

The next morning we arose at 0600 hrs. and were on our way by 0700 after thanking the farmer. We struck out in approximately a S.S.W. direction for Pen-y-fan first encountering a fast-flowing stream called Glyn Tarell, the crossing was made by means of a bridge formed from two trees.

Immediately after this stream we climbed a steep wooded slope and broke out into the open with Pen Milan (1,822 ft.) straight in front of us. I heard someone singing a pop song entitled "I'll never get over you", and almost felt like agreeing.

However, after a climb through a fern "forest" which was wet with dew it didn't seem so bad and we gained height by walking up the side of the hill and after skirting Pen Milan reached an obelisk dedicated to a Peter Jones who had apparently lost his life up there.

We rested here for a while and had time to admire the view down in the valley to our right was a cym (Ilyn-cym-llwch) which didn't look particularly large until we saw the size of the sheep grazing beside it and realised that we had climbed a fair distance. This particular valley is one of the strangest I have seen. This can be explained by the fact that it was obviously a claciated valley.

Shortly after moving from the obelisk a mist descended on the hill tops. We continued to climb following narrow sheep tracks until they petered out. All this time a steep slope, more like a cliff, was at our left hand side and very soon another appeared to our right. The gradient began to get really steep. Eventually we reached a peak, which turned out to be Corn Du. To reach Pen-y-fan we had to rely completely on compasses. We climbed down a steep slope from Corn Du and then up again to Pen-y-fan. When we left Corn Du our visibility was cut down to 15 yards, so, naturally, our progress was slow and cautious.

