

GRUNTLE IN EXCELSIS (What Ron did next!)

The journey to Cader Idris was uneventful and by 4 a.m., on a very dark night we were asleep at the camp-site.

The peace was shattered early on Saturday morning with the beginning of the longest stream of abuse I have had the good fortune to hear. Without resort to actual profanity he produced the most fascinating monologue without apparently drawing breath.

What the devil is the meaning of this? Who told you to camp here? This is private land, this is my farm, > I live here, this is my field. Who the devil do you think you are, get off my land, what the devil is this? < Get off my land, the wife and myself were up until 2 o'clock, why didn't you ask permission? If you're not off my land in ten minutes I'll send for the policeman from the town. You're all from London I suppose you do this everywhere, you can't get away with it here though, this is my land. (f) How would you like it if I came and camped on your land in London (?). You come here disturbing my sleep, breaking down my fences.....

"But", said Ron, "there seems to be some misunderstanding. This is Llanarmon-Dyffryn-Ceiriog Farm!" (shows Welsh letter with map).

To the devil with you, this is my farm. What is this paper, you can't camp here. Ll etc Farm is down the valley. I wake up this morning and there you are - what the devil is this I say.

He retreated to the gate as postman arrived, waving stick. We, some of us, packed up. Meanwhile diatribe continued from the front door of the farmhouse some 50 yards away, with wife joining in. Note rose as Chris George and Soaps plod across the field, away from the gate. Man says, "that isn't the way, come back to the gate, you can't get out that way." They carry on walking across the field having more recent knowledge of another way in, i.e. the way we entered the field the previous night.

We wandered up the road festooned with half-packed equipment like a one man bazaar, where Soaps met a benign gentleman strolling down the road and negotiated another campsite (Camp III).

