

and were well seen from the Panossière hut, so we learned on arrival, where our long delay on the ice-slope was not envied. The glacier below was deep with snow, and notwithstanding our having out 120 feet of rope and the most stringent attention being paid, Omer Balleys, who, as the lightest, was leading, went through into a longitudinal crevasse, *i.e.* *along* the line of march, so that the rope cut through the roof almost to my feet before the slight jerk came on me who had instantly squatted in the deep snow. It took us twenty minutes before he emerged, very cold but perfectly unabashed, hauled at the finish, sheer, by the mighty arms of Fynn. Our descent through the ice-cliffs is slightly different from that marked, as we got on to the ice-block shown and came down on its right-hand side (descending). The route is all right for an ascent, preferably with crampons, but might not be very safe later on a hot day.

J. P. FARRAR.

BEDDGELERT IN SEPTEMBER.—II.

By THE EDITOR.

It will be remembered that to the poet Wordsworth

‘ ’Twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet’s scanty patch of ground.’

Our pastime is now to be bound within the narrow limits of Snowdonia. It is sometimes objected to members of our Club that they think little of their home hills, but there never was a greater calumny. None of us is blind to their attractions and beauties, and when we cannot visit the Alps ‘how salutary, how very salutary,’ it is to visit North Wales!

On September 6, 1915, I revisited Beddgelert. All then promised well—for not only was Moel Hebog’s head clear of clouds, but the local augurs used smooth words of the weather. As I strolled about in the evening the familiar trees and streams and mountains gripped my imagination as strongly as ever. I had meant to spend the next day in comparative idleness, but when I found a charming lady lamenting that to-morrow was her last day amongst the hills, that she had waited for a week in vain to ascend Snowdon, what could I do but offer to act as guide? She was quite inexperienced, but another young lady who joined her was a very good walker and climber. So the next morning, September 7, Mr. Pullan drove us in the hotel motor to Rhyd-ddu, and we started from Snowdon station accompanied by the hotel dog, an eager climber and, contrary to the most of dogs, a persistent centrist as far as the path was concerned.

The day was beautiful, so were the views—so varied, so familiar—so—one might almost say—domestic. We reached the top in quite good time, surveyed the world, ate our lunch, and then descended by Sir Watkin Wynn's path. The inexperienced member of the party had some trouble with her boots and I fancy suffered considerable discomfort, not to say pain, but stuck to her work courageously. When we reached the dip between Y Wyddfa and Lliwedd, I succeeded in finding a projecting rock on the end of the Lliwedd ridge from which we got a perfect view of that mountain's famous rock-face above Llyn Llydaw.¹

The skill and daring of those who have succeeded in conquering its slabs and gullies were emphatically impressed upon us as our eyes climbed from foot to summit. We then followed the rough path past the disused slateworks. Near the waterfall we paused to look across the Gwynant Valley. In the sloping meadows on the far side, owing perhaps to the light effects, each individual tree had a pose and presence at once attractive and impressive. Before we turned the corner to our right I looked back and formed a plan for climbing Lliwedd, which I afterwards had the good luck to carry out. As we passed Sir Watkin's sheltered chalet we all of us commiserated the glorious thickets of rhododendron which had just been heavily pruned.—I think my companions would have said 'hacked.' They were choice varieties and not merely the ordinary *poniticum*. But the gardener's hand must often be heavy on over luxuriance, however much toil he may have expended in producing it. Then we reached the road and the oakwood, where the bright green of the countless ferns was set off by the brown carpet woven of the leaves of past autumns. When we reached the road there was Mr. Pullan with the motor, and we were a minute within the time agreed upon for meeting him. To him the ladies expressed their pleasure. So it was a thoroughly contented party that sped home through the pleasant sylvan country by the side of Llyn Dinas.

The next day, September 7, I determined to devote to crossing Moel Hebog. I did not take either of last year's routes, but, going a short distance along the Aberglaslyn road, turned to the right through a little iron gate just beyond the derelict railway bridge. I made no attempt to keep to any recognised route, though I started on one. The way led through a little coppice carpeted with wood sorrel and many ferns, where the air was warm and scented, then past a little farmhouse to steeper country and a pest of flies. Wall-climbing was soon necessary. This is an art gradually acquired. One of the things to look out for is a big rock built into the fence. Here a crossing is often comparatively easy. On an unusually

¹ For a description of Lliwedd's wonderful cliffs, see Mr. A. W. Andrews' article entitled 'Climbing on Lliwedd' (with three illustrations), *A.J.* xxiv. pp. 564–70.

high wall this morning I brought down a number of stones, including a heavy one which cost an effort to replace, for one never likes to leave the wall in partial ruin. Now through bracken above a stream, now across the stream and over dry slopes, and I go almost straight up to the centre of the great wall of the mountain.

Here I made a careful examination of the cliffs, and, turning to the right, found a way up, a little steeper than last year's, where hands occasionally come into play.

From the summit I gazed out on many a famous hill and on the wide-watered shore of Cardigan Bay.

Soon after passing the summit I came upon a family party—father, mother, and two daughters—engaged on luncheon. We exchanged friendly greetings and congratulations on the fine weather, and passing on I saw a hawk mobbed by jackdaws. By this time I had made up my mind to descend to Portmadoc, or at any rate to Tremadoc.

A long way below was Llyn-cwm-ystrallen, with many white seagulls sweeping over and into the northern end of its waters, while two boats were busy fishing on other parts of the lake. I did not go to the lake, but made for the farm at the other end from that haunted by the seagulls, where I could see a road. The mountain was in places decidedly steep, but offered no difficulties till I came to stone walls. Here, by finding places where big boulders formed part of the wall, I managed the escalade without trouble. Here—a 'dreary gleam about the moorland'—I saw a curlew. Beyond the seagulls were deserted slate quarries, which doubtless accounted for the desolation of a line of cottages in ruin, and their melancholy neighbour, a grass-grown road. At the farmhouse I inquired the distance to Portmadoc from a man who had just driven up in a trap. After a brief discussion with the labourer who was taking his horse away he said, 'Seven miles.' I thanked him and went on along what soon became what I have heard called a life-like road, for it had many ups and downs. The country seemed well cared for. At the lake farm there was a French barn, and I noticed many of them afterwards. One of the features of the view was a huge building like a roofless church, which I believe had some connection with the slate quarries. Cornfields and marshy pastures with many comely cattle followed. The road had frequent gates, one of which I held open for a postman on a bicycle. After passing the postman I came to a very pretty sight. The stone-built fence on the right of the road was full of ferns of many kinds. They had been cut along with the grass early in the summer, and young fronds had shot up and made a delightful feathery garland of fresh greenery. Later there were blackberries. By and by I got into the main road from Carnarvon to Tremadoc. Here I met an old man who, on being asked the time, produced a fine gold watch that I might see for myself; when I asked how far it was to Tremadoc he was very careful to tell me the exact distance—2½ miles. The children I

met looked well cared for. Blackberries were now plentiful, and evidently many wayfarers had tasted and tried, approved and feasted. I now began to walk fast, for I had an idea that a motor for Beddgelert passed through Tremadoc about half-past five. I arrived there before that time, and sat down on the steps at the foot of the signpost in the centre of the market-place, and watched the birds perched on the weathercock of the church. As no motor appeared I went on along the road to Portmadoc. Here, as in so many places to-day, Mars (in khaki) and Venus were walking together. The station supplied me with tea and newspapers, and after the arrival of the Paddington express I returned to Beddgelert in the motor. Moelwyn and Cynicht looked dim but impressive in the misty evening air and made me resolve to traverse the former.

The morning of September 9 I spent in the shade of the trees at Aberglaslyn, and watched one or two trout enjoying a lazy meal. The afternoon was devoted to the meadows. That morning one of the visitors said that he had seen a cow fall down a steep slope—almost a wall—in the rough pasture ground (well seen from the hotel entrance) above the Colwyn valley road. The landlord on hearing of it, with true neighbourly feeling, sent a man to help, but his services turned out to be unnecessary, for what had really been seen was a great truss of bracken fern, not liable to broken legs.

In the evening there arrived at the Goat an old pupil of mine, who very kindly offered to drive me in his motor-car any or every morning to the foot of any mountain which I might want to climb. So on the 10th the motor took me to the entrance to Sir Watkin Wynn's domain, and I proceeded to put into execution the plan I had formed for climbing Lliwedd. Instead of going up to the ruined slate quarries, I crossed the stream and turned straight up the hill on the near side of Craig Ddu, and so without difficulty reached the E. ridge of Lliwedd. The view into the cauldron of Llyn Llydaw detained me for a few minutes, and I then followed the arête to the gap between the mountain and Snowdon, went up Snowdon, enjoyed a glorious view, and descended to Rhyd-ddu, where I found a landlady who quickly supplied me with a good tea.

On the 11th, I took the hotel motor to Portmadoc, and then the narrow-gauge railway to Tan-y-grisiau, to traverse Moelwyn.

Tan-y-grisiau is blessed with very narrow thoroughfares, and directions are difficult to understand, but I managed to find the little stream that descends from Cwm Orthin and followed the road by its side. I passed quarry works on the left, but did not go as far as the lake. Instead I turned up leftwards by a row of cottages now only partially occupied. They possessed rude gardens with the most miscellaneous fencing, some of the material employed consisting of iron bedsteads. We know what purpose

‘Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,’

might in the poet's imagination have served, but could his bedstead have suffered a worse degradation than to keep the vagrant pig from the half-grown turnip! It was a melancholy spot; it had almost a touch of Avernus about it, but I soon forgot it as I began to climb up the rough slopes on Moel-y-Rhudd's eastern face. It was interesting work to pick the easiest way, and I think it quite possible that one unused to mountains might have chosen gullies which would have repulsed him at any rate temporarily.

Once, on the top of Moel-y-Rhudd, which I fancy is about 2,000 feet high, I surveyed the vale beneath me, on my left, and admired Moelwyn Bach's bare slate flanks. I then descended to the dip between my mountain and Moelwyn Mawr, and then mounted again to the top of the latter without any trouble.

Here I sat down and regaled myself with sandwiches and the apples I had bought at Portmadoc, now to my taste almost Hesperian fruits.

Cynicht looked almost forbidding; Snowdon, far away, like a poet's creation only faintly shadowed. Then I descended, down slopes where nibbling flocks were straying, to Cwm Croesor, the only obstacle being a high stone wall. The view to my right front was grim, but the floor of the valley was bright green. When I got just below the village of Croesor the trees and meadows made a pleasant picture, and Cynicht towered in the background with quite the flair of greater mountains. I followed the tramway down to the road to Pont Aberglaslyn; the lower part was bordered with splendid ferns, and blackberries were abundant. Once or twice when I was gathering them I found young cattle regarding me with mild incurious eyes. The rest of the walk to Beddgelert was familiar ground. But no familiarity can detract from the pleasure of looking back on Cynicht in his most royal aspect.

The next day the motor bore me to Pen-y-pass and I climbed the Glyders, marvelling much at the wild rocks of Glyder Fach and Castell Gwynt, which no doubt has often been likened to a little Chamonix Aiguille. I went down to Pen-y-gwryd, and after tea went back to Beddgelert by the old road—one of the most beautiful walks in Wales, or indeed in any country. From one spot I had a perfect view of Snowdon, with his two great satellites, Lliwedd and Crib Goch, showing every point and pinnacle in naked pride; at another a sight of Yr Aran, high and haughty, as though he defied his suzerain, Y Wyddfa. The soft sylvan scenery of Lake Gwynant contrasted strongly with the bleakness and bareness which had surrounded me on the Glyders, and in fact the seven miles from Pen-y-gwryd to Beddgelert afforded an unusual variety of green and gracious scenes.

On other days I had passed many silent Zions and Salems, but on this quiet Sunday evening before the chapel just below the turn for Sir Watkin Wynn's chalet there were vehicles lined up in the road in which worshippers had travelled from distant outlying



G. P. Abraham, F.R.P.S.

Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.

SNOWDON FROM ABOVE LLYN GWYNANT (EARLY SPRING).

farms. I heard singing and then a preacher's voice, and contrasted the homely chapel with the many-coloured Church processions which one sometimes meets in Italian Alps.

On September 13 I did not climb, but G. P. Baker arrived in the evening in time for dinner. We thereupon planned to cross the Trifaen, on which we had spent a memorable day thirty years ago—a day which we both delight to look back upon. Unhappily the 14th was wet, and we were confined to a tramp past Llyn Dinas. Next day Moel Hebog refused to show his head, but yet it looked as if the weather might improve, so my friend's motor-car took us past Capel Curig to the foot of Trifaen.

When we began our climb the rain was holding off, but before we reached the top the mists had come down. We looked back at the Carneddys—

‘Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest.’

Alas! to-day they evidently intended to stay for a rest-cure. Baker knows the gullies on Trifaen thoroughly, but we kept for the most part on the north arête. The Cribben Ridge of Glyder Fach looked well before the mist settled down on it. We had intended to traverse the Glyders, but in the fog and drizzling rain it was no time to

‘Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise’

that the clouds might lift, but to get to Pen-y-gwryd we had to find the little stonemen which had been built to guide travellers on such a day as this, and, when we lost them, search till we found them again. So we recovered Pen-y-gwryd. There tea refreshed us. Afterwards we set out to Beddgelert in the rain. After walking less than two miles, behold, the motor-car met us! Could philanthropy go further? I think the answer is in the negative. That evening we recalled other visits to Snowdonia—exploits of rock-climbers—eulogies of the scenery—perhaps most vividly the genial presence of C. E. Mathews, whose admiration for Mont Blanc never dulled his appreciation of the Welsh mountains. The next day the weather had broken. So we departed somewhat abruptly—Baker to Harlech, and I to York.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS PASSINGHAM.

IF, almost any time in the 'seventies, an English mountaineer had been asked to name the hardest men of the whole climbing fraternity, the answer, without a moment's hesitation, would have included