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CHRISTMAS AT PEN-Y-GWRYD.

By A PEN-Y-GWRYDIAN.

December 24th.—Walk up from Bettws-y-Coed. Glorious morning. Some of the party show symptoms of pugilism (the most friendly) not a mile from the hotel. Others (under fifteen) must needs climb the Swallow Falls, without ropes or delay. We take the old road to Capel-curig. A few visitors at Cobden's. The Royal apparently empty. Snowdon is invisible*; there is no snow anywhere on the hills. At the door of Pen-y-Gwryd we receive from the Principal Resident a warm welcome (the last visitors left a week ago). We start up the Pig Track, and once more watch the curtain on Lliwedd. We return. The Secretary has arrived, with his familiar suite. The Christmas party is growing. The health of the Club is drunk, by special order, at 8.0 p.m. (Pen-y-Gwryd time).

December 25th.—Snowdon still invisible. Christmas joy increased by the apparition of rough towels. Some of the party are *hors de combat*, so to the copper mines (approval of the party under fifteen). Mr. Cobden, Junior, has commenced digging the foundation of his new hotel at Pen-y-pass. The copper mines show signs of activity; new lines of wire. It is beginning to blow.

December 26th.—When the Club was started we heard something about a branch for botany and geology. Wonder if these are forgotten? Will the Editor like my journal if I do not put in more climbing? Resolve, if he does not, to support the claims of a Crag-Walking Club. To the Cwm Dyli Falls, and up the eastern end of Lliwedd. The air at P.Y.G. has been so thick with C.C. talk that the Impartial Outsider observes to-day that "The Club will wreck Snowdon." A fearful wind-storm at night. It is supposed that the inn would have been blown away, had not a yachting friend of the Secretary's got up in the night and tightened the pegs.

December 27th.—Snowdon still invisible, and a gale blowing. Some of the party up Crib Goch and find no wind there. Others up the Miners' track, across the Gribin, to the foot of the Tŵll Du. Nant Ffrancon is in full flood. The Kitchen roaring like a broken reservoir. Home over the shoulder of the big Gwyder.

*December Bradshaw announces that trains will run on the Snowdon Railway "as required."

Sunshine at last, and Snowdon in full view for the first time since our arrival. The *h-de-cs* spent the morning exploring the Beddgelert road; which is again in requisition for observing the eclipse at 10.0 p.m. in a cloudless sky.

December 28th.—To Ogwen Cottage, and home by Llyn Idwal and the Gribin. Ogwen Cottage is without visitors. At dinner to-night the enquiry is raised as to where the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Owen have gone to, which were once at P.Y.G? Memo for the Secretary, who to our grief has left us this morning: Could the portraits not be recovered? Snowdon invisible all day.

December 29th.—Rain. Full dress parade on the Eckenstein stone. Some of the party attempt the gullies on the N.E. arête of Crib Goch. The *h-de-cs* sally to Llanberis. Much consternation, as the Principal Resident has characterised all who come to P.Y.G. as "a little odd." At a late hour our correspondent discovered a whist party, three of the participants in which were apparently asleep. It will never now be known what were trumps.

December 30th.—The hills all round are sifted with fine snow. There is no cloud in the sky. Some of the party inspected Clogwyn dur Arddu. The *h-de-cs* took Ogwen Cottage as their objective, and were rewarded. The russet browns by Bronheulog glowed as though they were molten. Some one hazards the remark that it is one of the most perfect days he has ever known. How many days here in each season can each of us certify as coming up to this standard? Probably about one a month.

December 31st.—Rain, more persistent, but less harmful; for the larger section of the party are driving for the train.