

It was then 9.30 a.m. Cader Idris is a legend already and a small Welsh hill farmer has become immortal.

The morning was overcast but dry as we ascended the steep grassy slopes of Craig Las and into the cloud. We quickly gained the ridge and continued across the undulating top of Craig Las with the clarry fingers of mist wreathing silently around. It was quiet save for a jobbernowl, who shall be nameless, tooting on a tooter. It was becoming noticeably brighter as we progressed, with patches of blue sky appearing. Then suddenly a revelation as the clouds fell away. A dazzling, silently boiling sea of clouds further than the eye could see. An island in the sun with distant, snow flecked summits away to the north being the only other reality on earth. No words can describe moments such as these since the dull physical exertion on a dreary day was so much a preparation. You are a microcosm facing the majesty of the world but also ten feet tall and exultant because we think and feel. The minutia and trivia of life are gone, sunk under the heaving blanket, and the new man emerged bubbling across the slopes to Penygadir. Over the steep northern slopes lay a white blanket of cloud and on it the haloed figure of yourself, the wonderful phenomena of the brocken spectre. \* A spindly marionette figure with coloured rings around the head and a large white bow surrounding the whole group. Cavorting figures making a very strange spectacle leaping up and down as they progressed to the summit. Penygadir was magnificent and we sat there for a considerable time enjoying the rare spectacle that lay around us.

Our way back lay across to Mynydd Mael down past Llyn Aran and across the bogs to the campsite. The evening was spent in the usual manner with some diversion supplied by Strad who supplied an open air shuttle service to the pub, and a truly Welsh gathering who spent the evening singing. Sunday was almost a repetition of Saturday but leavened by two delightful but destructive pastimes. The first, known as 'trundling' is very much frowned upon in the best mountaineering circles, but we found a delightful site aimed at Llyn A Gadair. There are no rules to the game which consists of rolling stones down the hillside. It sounds very tame but choose a very steep slope with a profusion of very large stones. Do make absolutely sure that no-one is in the way! The second diversion was the frozen surface of Llyn Gadair which was excellent sport (see Ex-Chairman's Memoirs, Age, the acting of section III, ice-breaking). Then we went home.

DAFFY DAN

