

Saturday started off misty-damp-rainy-cold sort of weather and like a fool I decided to join the party going up Scafell Pike. After about one and a half hours the party split into two (this was planned) – a slower group and a faster one. Unfortunately I was in the first half when we split, and we went stomping up the mountain at a hell of a pace. (The route was by way of Glaramara and Esk Hause). Soon after splitting up we reached the snow line and almost at once it started snowing. From then on, conditions got worse and worse and worse, it was bloody murder most of the time. The worst part was the wind, which fortunately was mainly behind us but strong enough to knock you off your feet on the exposed ridges. The snow did not fall, it blew horizontally across the ridge and sometimes upward from the valley. Visibility was about 30 yards at best from 12.30 to 3.00 pm. I had no gloves, and with only a scarf and a hat for my head (which blew off several times) I was ill-equipped! At about 2.00 pm we stopped to take shelter on the lee side of the ridge and decide what to do. Conditions had been just about bearable until then but were getting worse. After a lot of humming and hah-ing the hike leader decided to go on! This seemed crazy to me but apparently the only safe way down was by the Corridor Route from Scafell. It was impossible to turn back because the wind would have been right in our faces. At about 3.00 pm we reached a place called Broad Crag where we sheltered behind a cairn for a few minutes. I thought this was Scafell Pike so was feeling pretty pleased with myself only to find it was 'another 200 feet away'. From Broad Crag, it was possible to reach the Corridor Route but we stalked around in circles before it was eventually found (October 1968).

.....on the way down, the weather cleared and it was absolutely incredible – the lakes looked really beautiful and through the breaks in the white cloud you could see the shining surface of the sea and sweep of the Anglesey coast. And there were miles of hills, hills and valleys all in the soft damp colours of Autumn – greens, browns and the gentle red of the dead heather. From the top of Lliwedd you could see a rainbow, stretching in a massive horseshoe shape, right from one end of the cwm to the other, and right in the middle of it, a completely circular one, the first time I have ever seen that. It was really great – all light and shadow, black rocks and blue lakes, mists and brilliant sunshine. So that was it, a really memorable day. I should love to push Dad around the Horseshoe – I think he'd like it- perhaps at Easter? (October 1969).