

Trip Report: Snowdonia

Date: Friday 26th July 2019

Group: Jim G (Leader) Mike W, Selina, Lesley, Mike A, Ian (Deputy Leader), Ann, Ray (newby)

Route: Bwlch Tryfan – Y Foel Goch – Gallt yr Ogof – Cefn y Chapel

Total Distance: 11 miles

Total Ascent: 2755 ft.

Weather: Warm, dry, blustery wind, swirling clag, clearing later

An early 7.30am departure from Bunbury with an uneventful drive to the start at Ogwen Cottage car park.

The route starts off heading for Cwm Idwal before turning left onto a clear path towards Bochlwyd Buttress, the path climbs steeply up the righthand side of the waterfall issuing from Llyn Bochlwyd.

Crossing the stream, a clear path wends its way through crags and boulder fields to eventually reach a thick wall and a stile at Bwlch Tryfan. Here we take a coffee break, admiring the views down the Ogwen Valley with Bristly Ridge to our left and Tryfan to our right.

Refreshments taken, we now continue along this Miner's Track but not without incident as we are one man down when Ian takes a tumble off the path! Continuing we reach Llyn y Caseg-fraith (The Lake of the Piebald Mare). We have been following the Miner's Track, used to get to the Snowdon copper mines that operated between 1810 and 1816, miners walked from Bethesda along this route to and from their homes at weekends, in all weathers.

We continue onwards to the grassy summit of Y Foel Goch, our high point of the day, then some mild bog trotting is required as we make our way to our second summit Gallt yr Ogof.

We are now dropping down, following feint to non-existent paths before we find a relatively sheltered spot where lunch is taken. The weather is improving with glimpses of the sun and the wind is easing down.

We drop down onto the lovely low-lying ridge that leads to our last summit, Cefn y Chapel, this proves a bit boggy in places, as our newby Ray discovers with a boot full of bog juice (second man down). We follow this largely pathless ridge to the end and then drop down using vague paths and tracks. There are reports of a third man down! This is Mike W who allegedly managed to do a belly flop into a bog without getting covered in crap! We eventually emerge at the river, Afon Llugwy and turn left onto Nant y Benglog. This used to be the old coach road along which mail was carried from London to Holyhead, bound for Ireland.

An easy walk takes us back to the cars at Ogwen Cottage. Where a brief stop is made for the squad to eat a well earned Solero Exotic ice lolly, Ann claims this is better than a drink in the Dysart (heat stroke?)

An uneventful drive sees us back in the Dysart at 4.45pm for rehydration. We are joined by various others and it is warm enough to sit in the garden, quaffing several beers. Good news I managed to strong arm Chris Green to cough up his £10 membership fee (please note Mr. Treasurer)

Jim G