

**3<sup>rd</sup> April 1983**  
**Gwynfynydd**

Not many people turned out as did for Cwmystwyth, but, nevertheless, this meet was well attended.

We got changed in the pine forest somewhere between Dogellau and Blaneau, then came upon the mine from behind so as to escape detection by watchman.

We entered by the top level, which we noted had been cleared since our previous visit in 1980, and made our way to the top of the internal incline. Incline descended, we were in the working level and found to our surprise and jubilation, that quite a considerable mining operation was taking place.

With it being Easter Sunday there was no one about so we gave the level a thorough inspection. Three separate headings were being driven, two along what appeared to be a very wide quartz vein which was liberally endowed with a yellow metallic looking mineral thought, at the time, to be gold, but was probably pyrite. The third heading was being driven through very dark shaley ground. McFadzean, Jones and Wickenden took photographs.

We arrived at the top of the deep incline, which descends from the head frame on the main level, and discovered that it had been pumped out. Mike Maher went to the bottom and reported that some work was going down there, mainly clearing old tunnels of mud and silt, which was waist-deep in places.

At this point confusion beset the group as we were divided into two parties. This was brought about by the manifestation of what appeared to be the watchman opening the gate at the level mouth. We could see him standing in the adit portal several hundred yards away. Four of our members panicked and made a mad dash for the ladder way back to the top level (Blundell, Murphy, C.H. Jones and friend) while the intrepid C.D Jones and McFadzean stood their ground and awaited the return of Maher and Wickenden from the lower incline. The two groups were later re-united in a tiny chamber just inside the top level entrance where the intrepid group found the timid group huddled in a corner wringing their hands and pulling their hair.

Later on in the day, when we had changed and assumed a more respectable appearance, we walked up the road to the mine buildings and took photos of the plant installation. We also had a look at Princess Maria Mine further up the valley.

Alen McFadzean