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CAPTAIN CHARLES INGLIS CLARK

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER 1929.

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THE CHARLES INGLIS CLARK MEMORIAL HUT.

BY DR W. INGLIS CLARK.



AMONG the many happy memories of a long and rich life, the opening of the Club Hut on Ben Nevis stands out prominently. This outstanding event in the Club's history seems an appropriate occasion for recording my own lifelong interest in the mountain, the varied types of rock climbing obtainable on it, and its educative value as a snow and ice practice ground.

CVIII. A

My first visit to Fort William was when I was sixteen years of age. At that time the village was much less pretentious than at present, and visitors were chiefly accommodated in the houses of the main street. Even yet one may see the sunken level of the old houses, for the highway had been raised as an embankment at a level from 4 to 6 feet higher than the foundations of the houses. My companion, of my own age, and I had come with the intention of climbing Ben Nevis, at that time a mountain of some mystery. At least one guide existed in Fort William, and anyone who professed to have ascended the Ben without "the guide" was sure to be told, "Aye, but ye'll no' hae been at the verra tap." Of course, the pony track did not exist till many years afterwards, when the Scottish Meteorological Society erected the Observatory on the summit. I am glad to think that I was one of the original subscribers to the path.

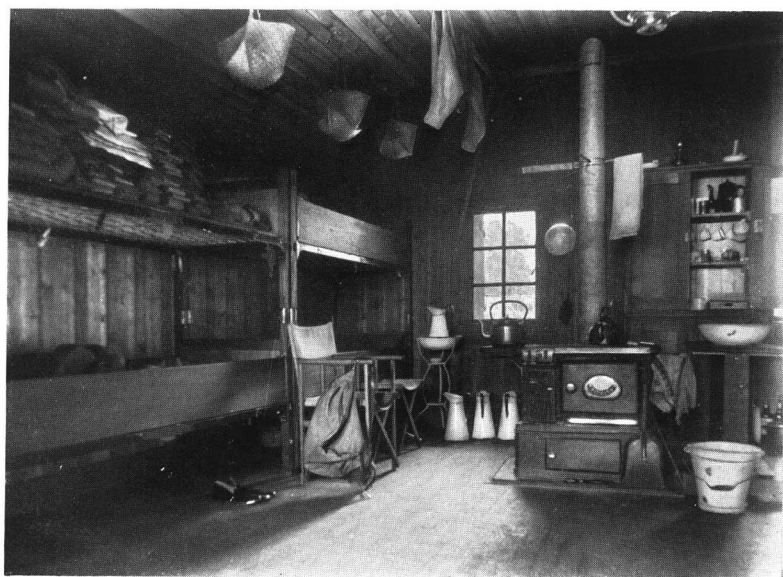
As a preliminary to the Ben we had some strenuous days on the hills of the Mamore Forest, and, as it was necessary to walk from Fort William, it is not surprising that our daily task required from twelve to fourteen hours. My imagination had been excited by my uncle, Charles Simson Inglis, who told me he had ascended the Ben forty-five times, needless to say, not by the stern precipices on the north face. He urged that we should make our way by the Allt a' Mhuilinn in order to enjoy the marvellous rock scenery, and finally by the Carn Mor Dearg Arête reach the summit. As we approached Coire Leis, a dense cloud hung in the corrie and hid the Arête from view; but, nothing daunted, we entered the cloud, and apparently ascended by the steep rocks, generally avoided by those who make for the Arête. To boys unaccustomed to real rock climbing, and without rope, the ascent was difficult and even perilous, so that progress was slow. Seated on a ledge we ate our luncheon, when suddenly a mass of rock bounded over our heads and fell with terrifying roar into the cloudy abyss below. Again and again the rocks fell, and we, crouching in shelter, were afraid to proceed. A lull in the bombardment occurring, I left my companion and made my way up rapidly, to



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THE CHARLES INGLIS CLARK MEMORIAL HUT

C. W. Parry



INTERIOR OF HUT

find the cloud thinning, and finally my head emerged into sunshine. The cloud was sharply cut off at the line of the Arête, and while my legs were enveloped in cloud, my arms were in the clear light above. A voice said, "What devil is this piercing the cloud?" and, stepping on to the Arête, I met Professor Heddle and Colin Philip, our distinguished artist and former Vice-President of the S.M.C. They accompanied us to the summit. Such was my first introduction to Ben Nevis.

It was not till long after, when the S.M.C. came into existence, that my ambition to climb the Ben in winter became possible; for up to that time I had met with no one bold enough even to attempt winter climbing. At that famous meet of the Club at Fort William in 1896 I seemed to be among giants of the climbing world—Collie, Collier, Slingsby, Hastings, and Kennedy, besides many others of our members. The ridges were draped in snow and ice, and presented a most formidable appearance to one who, at that time, had not even tackled them in summer conditions. It was Kennedy (afterwards Sir Alex.) who, exulting after an attack on or ascent of the Tower Ridge, said, "Look here, Clark, you ought to be climbing these ridges to-day!" "They are too difficult for me," I replied. "Not at all," said he. "I wager that some day you'll be up on these cliffs." Little did I imagine that the day would come when the cliffs of Ben Nevis would be more familiar to me than those of any other mountain.

The Tower Ridge, in company with Parker, was my first introduction. On that memorable occasion the Recess Route on the Tower proved almost too much for us, the ice-filled ledges and grooves requiring infinite caution; but, as a signal of success, a halo encircled the figure of Parker as he was silhouetted above me against the sky. I rather imagine a cross was also in the halo—a rarer optical effect. The eager pursuit of photography made me soon familiar with the ridges and corries. In this connection I may relate that W. L. Howie, that first-class photographer, commandeered me to carry his rucksack with camera and kit weighing 35 lbs. He

afterwards told me he had never found anyone willing to do that a second time. This time we made our way up the Allt a' Mhuilinn and into Coire na Ciste, the boulders being difficult with their coating of snow. Howie was very impressive as to caution in bumping the outside pocket of his rucksack; but, in spite of all care, I slipped and crashed against a rock. A cry of despair from Howie, but not for me or his camera. Soon arose the odour of "Mountain Dew," and an examination of the pocket produced the shattered remains of a flask, at that time carried even by teetotalers like myself as a *sine qua non*. For those who wish details of many of the climbs on the Ben, I refer to the very numerous papers from my pen which have appeared in the *Journal*. This mountain is unique in the vagaries of its climate, so that the climber may leave the valley in summer conditions and be faced with glazed rocks before the summit is reached.

The North-East Buttress is associated in my mind with a summer ascent in company of my wife. Some distance up, a 40-foot chimney is encountered, which is one of the enjoyable parts of the climb. On this occasion sunshine turned to snow and glazed rocks, so that when the 40-foot chimney was tackled not a hold was obtainable, and it seemed as if the glassy rock was going to beat us. But, fortunately, my wife braced herself at the bottom. I climbed on to her shoulders, and finally balancing on her head, I was just able to reach a first hold, which led us to the top. Raeburn was much associated with our climbs on the Ben. With him my wife and I had a thrilling time in climbing the North-East Buttress from the absolute bottom point direct to the first Platform. With him also the attacks on the Comb and No. 3 Gully Buttress led us into positions of extraordinary difficulty and interest.

Our present President, Glover, is associated with a memorable week spent on the Ben, using the little hotel (now of the past) as our resting-place. Perhaps the most wonderful of our climbs was the Tower Gap Chimney (or Glover's Chimney). The climb commenced in Coire na Ciste. A finger of ice, some 30 feet long, projected over a

" bergschrund " and enabled us to step on to the undercut and water-worn rocks, where a waterfall came down from the snow fields. Glover leading, my wife stood in the waterfall for many minutes, perhaps twenty, till the leader reached a safe position. The sun sank (June) and set before we had fairly reached the Tower Gap Chimney, the rocks of which were hot to the touch. The chimney itself was a joy, and as we reached the summit midnight had come, and our dinner ushered in a new day. As the sun travelled along just below the horizon, we seemed to see its glow behind Rum and Skye and the mountains of Sutherland till it emerged somewhere over the Moray Firth. But the Ben has not alone been associated with stern and difficult climbing. An experience of a different kind recalls the ascent of No. 3 Gully in difficult and snowy conditions. A party of three, roped together, had taken a more eastern route than that usually followed, and the upper part proved impracticable. A large number of members were on the plateau above, and it was decided to lower a rope. Unfortunately, this was fastened round the waist of the leader, instead of to the rope of the party. The result was that, when the thirteen or more on the plateau pulled steadily, the leader was dragged over the edge in a breathless condition, the other two hanging suspended from his waist.

The Castle Ridge can, under snowy conditions, be severe enough, and on one occasion, when about 14 inches of new snow had fallen, my daughter led me up, the ascent taking seven hours in all. Another outstanding expedition was the ascent at New Year of the Moonlight Gully, some sixteen hours in all. The Moonlight Gully ascent was chiefly notable for the many hours spent on highly glazed vertical rock faces, when handholds and footholds had to be cut in the deep jelly-like ice, and the formidable cornice at the top was only conquered in time to enable Gibson and myself to reach Fort William about midnight.

The immediate association of my son with Ben Nevis leads me to conclude these reminiscences with the thrilling ascent of the Tower Ridge by Goodeve, my son, and

Macintyre, who is still with us. The conditions were icy, and a heavy coating of hard snow covered the Ben. My son had suggested to me that he would attempt the ascent, and had left Fort William early in company with the others. Harry Walker and I arrived by the early train and went straight up to the foot of the Tower Ridge, which we considered impracticable. As evening passed on and there being no word of the party, Sang, Morrison, and I started, about 11 P.M., to climb to the plateau and, if possible, rescue the climbers, as we believed they might have found the final cliff impossible. Furnished with electric torches, 200 feet of rope, blankets, bottomless wine bottles for horns, and food and brandy, it was not till some hours after midnight that we reached the plateau. Hastening along the corniced edge, our trumpet calls awakened no response. At last the Tower Ridge was below us, and there on the edge were to be seen some footprints pointing inwards. We lowered a lantern for about 80 feet, but without response. The party had reached the summit. Breathlessly we tracked the footsteps across the plateau and down the face looking to Glen Nevis. After descending about 600 feet, conditions became so icy that we decided to return to the plateau, whence by prearranged signals other search parties were directed along that side of the mountain, and with success. Raeburn's party found the exhausted trio in the morning, and they reached Fort William thirty-one hours after their start. Personally, I shall never forget my indebtedness to all who took part in this very exhausting expedition, and to Sang and Morrison, who accompanied me to the plateau.

With such varied experiences, it is little wonder that I came to look on Ben Nevis as the most educative mountain in Britain. Indeed, some have thought me unduly disparaging to the Cuillin when I have remarked that the rocks of "Nevis" require a higher standard of climbing than those of Skye. But consider the greater height of the Ben, its liability to semi-Alpine conditions, its often glazed rocks, its ridges frequently covered with fog crystals, and the generally less rough character of



June 1902

BEN NEVIS AND CARN DEARG FROM THE ALLT A' MHUILINN, NORTH OF THE HUT

W. Inglis Clark

the rock, and add to these the heavily corniced plateau and the frequent avalanches, and I think you will perhaps come to my way of thinking. Speaking of avalanches brings to my mind one Queen's Birthday (24th May), when, with my wife and some friends, I entered the Castle Corrie to ascend the gully between the Castle and Castle Ridge. The corrie was full of snow, and I remarked, "There seems to have been some avalanche tendency here," pointing to the hummocks of snow. "We had better hurry over to the foot of the gully"; and this we did. Perhaps four minutes later we heard a clap like thunder, and, looking up to the Carn Dearg precipice above, we saw a vast block of rock spring into the air, about 800 feet above us, and jump clean into the corrie, which we had left but a minute before. It was accompanied by huge masses of ice and snow, and a cloud of ice mist rose from the corrie for some minutes like a rising cloud. When we could again see, we found that the bed of the corrie had been cleared out to the rocky bottom, and that the tumultuous rocks and ice had found a resting-place far below at the level of the "Luncheon Stone."

When the Great War took away so many of our comrades, my wife and I thought of some way to commemorate our son's passing and to benefit the S.M.C., which, to my family, has been a source of joy and love. It was Maylard who suggested to me some four years ago that a suitable memorial would be a hut erected somewhere on Ben Nevis. It seemed an easy solution, but unexpected difficulties have made its accomplishment only possible by the loyal co-operation of so many in the S.M.C. It so happened that our application for a site coincided with the transference of ground around Ben Nevis from the Abinger Trustees to the North British Aluminium Co. Ltd., and legal red tape delayed negotiations. Meanwhile our indefatigable Hon. Secretary, George Sang, had not only hurried on matters, but had got from Messrs Mears & Carns-Wilson, architects, a plan of the proposed building. This at first was designed to accommodate twenty, but had to be considerably curtailed owing to the excessive cost.

It was a red-letter day when Sang at last, on 28th July 1927, got permission to proceed with the erection, and plans were issued to various contractors for estimates. The cost of transport was the most serious problem, and this may be realised from the fact that, while the cost of a ton of anthracite at Fort William might be £5, when landed in the hut the cost amounted to about £25. Sand to make cement had also to be carried up from a distance, and the only means of transport was by pony. Aeroplanes were suggested, but found impracticable. A very active Committee was empanelled under the leadership of Sang, and I wish here to indicate the names, with the special duties undertaken by each:—

Rev. A. E. Robertson	.	.	.	<i>Keys.</i>
W. N. Ling	.	.	.	<i>Rules.</i>
R. E. Workman	.	.	.	<i>Advisory.</i>
H. MacRobert.	.	.	.	"
R. R. Elton	.	.	.	<i>Transport.</i>
P. Donald	.	.	.	<i>Furnishings.</i>
A. Harrison	.	.	.	<i>Bedding.</i>
W. A. Morrison	.	.	.	<i>Sanitation.</i>
E. C. Thomson	.	.	.	<i>Finance.</i>
J. H. B. Bell	.	.	.	<i>Heating and Lighting.</i>
G. Sang	.	.	.	<i>Organisation and Secretary.</i>

We were fortunate in our contractors, and I consider that the erection of the hut was a labour of love by Messrs Gibson of Glasgow. W. T. Gibson, of the S.M.C., actually stayed for about six weeks at the site while operations were going on. The first load was taken up on 7th May 1928, and by the month of June the foundation of massive stone had been laid and most of the woodwork had been carried up, the erectors living in bothies. It was a proud day on 8th June 1928 when my wife and I first reached the site and saw the rising walls. By 8th October 1928 the building was complete. But the labours of the Committee were not yet ended, and the furnishing of the interior received the most meticulous attention, so that when the opening day, 1st April 1929, arrived, the hut was practically complete inside and out.

My wife and I had just returned from Algeria, where we had opened two small mountain hotels, not yet finished, in the Aures Mountains, and we had attended the festivities at Ballachulish in connection with the coming of age of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club. On 31st March we reached Fort William, to find that our guardian spirit, Sang, had engaged ponies to take my wife and self up to the hut. Fortunately the weather was fair, with the exception of a sleet shower, and Jeffrey, with self-sacrifice, carried my rucksack and camera, while guiding the pony from Inverlochy. It was a joyous moment, on arriving at the hut, to find our old friends, Glover, the President, Goggs, Ling, Harry MacRobert, and A. E. Robertson, with Elton, warden of the hut, in possession. Snow lay around, and MacRobert made a Christiania swing down the slope, as he hurried to give my wife a helping hand when she alighted from her pony. Elton was cook-in-chief, and MacRobert made an excellent second, not despising the more menial office of washer-up. How refreshing the tea was, and served in such romantic surroundings! Outside, snow flurries filled the air with the flakes of heaven, but inside all was peace, or at least jollity. The anthracite stove, a paragon of neatness and efficiency, was soon burdened by no less than six steaming cooking vessels, and expectation grew high as the dinner hour, 7 P.M., approached. A more perfect menu could not be imagined:—

MENU:

Kidney Soup.	Tomato Soup.
Tomato and Egg Salad.	
Sausages Parfaites.	
Fruit Salad.	
Tea and Biscuits.	

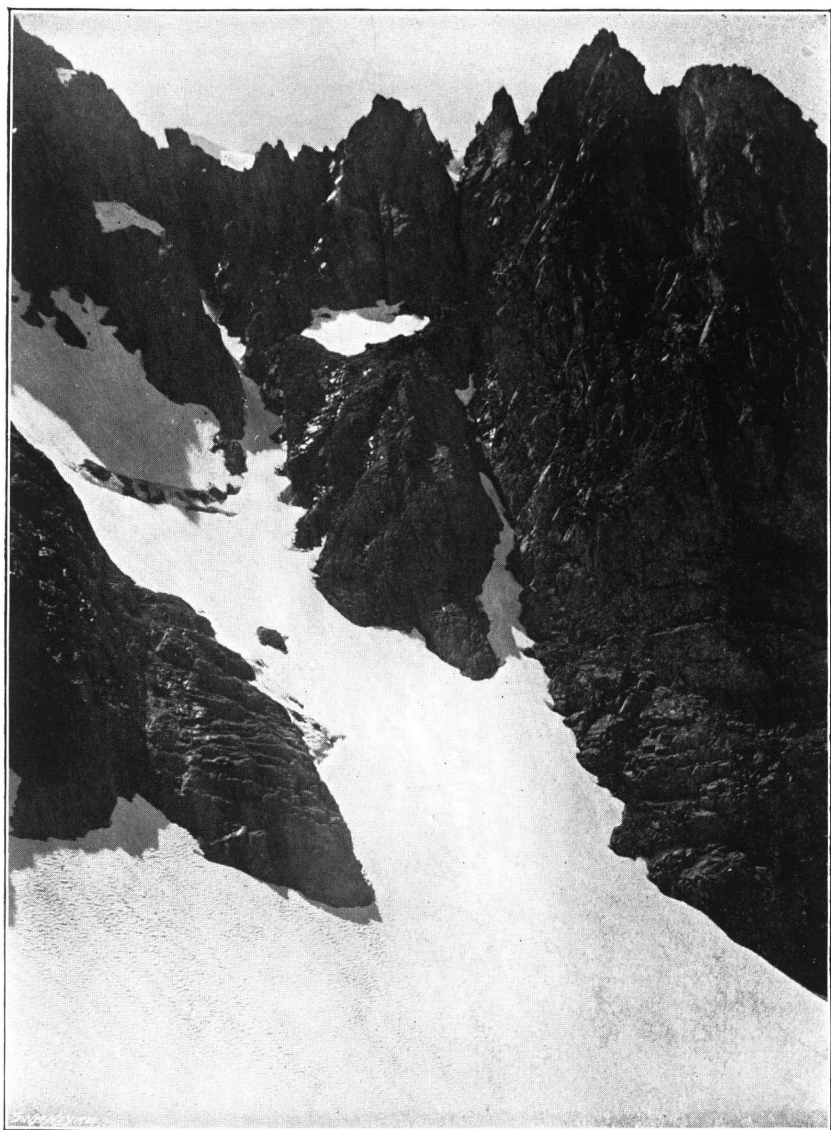
Before commencing to this repast, our padre, Rev. A. E. Robertson, asked a blessing, and prayed that the hut might be a refuge in time of danger.

As tea was being served a dramatic incident occurred. The inner door of the hut was violently thrust open, and two stalwart climbers lurched in, covered with snow and

evidently in a state of exhaustion. A few minutes later they were able to tell their story. They had ascended the Observatory Gully and, near the top at a difficult pitch, had fallen, lost their ice axes, and been carried down in a sort of avalanche for 600 feet or more. The light in the hut window was a beacon of refuge, and after rest and refreshment they were sufficiently recovered to make their way to Fort William. Thus early our hut had justified itself in time of danger.

To those who have not yet visited the hut I may explain that its dimensions are 26 feet by 24 feet, the ceiling being 9 feet 6 in. from the floor. The walls are $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, of local stone and cement. Inside this is the wooden hut separated from the stone walls by an air space. The attic is reached by a ladder, and affords convenient storage room. The door which faces the precipices opens into a small hall intended to prevent excessive snow and wet being carried into the living-room. Eight teak bunks with wire mattresses and luxurious bedding are provided, each having a fold-down front to complete the comfort. The anthracite stove stands well into the room, and is capable of cooking for a large party, while a Primus stove is a good alternative. Lockers, tables, a barometer, emergency electric light, first-aid case, writing-desk, and small library all add to the completeness of the equipment. The substantial table, the work of and present from A. E. Robertson, claims immediate notice. The very handsome writing-desk and bookcase from the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, the barometer from the Junior Club, and the Bible from our beloved "father of the Club," Naismith, are only a few of the numerous valuable presents which add to the complete efficiency. The excellent air-pillows secured complete rest, and the hurricane which blew outside was unnoticed, although the open windows would have satisfied an "air fiend."

The opening ceremony is described elsewhere in this *Journal*, but I should not like to close this article without expressing the deep appreciation felt by my wife and myself of the magnificent banquet given in our honour,



June 1902

W. Inglis Clark

THE COMB FROM THE CORRIE

and the kind words said by the President in proposing our health.

It now only remains to express our profound wish that the hut may be a favourite resort of our climbing friends. Its position at the foot of these superb precipices will enable climbers to start the day's work without the long trek from Fort William. But, even for those who have no ulterior object, the view from the door is by far the grandest in Great Britain, and well worth the effort involved in reaching the hut. The pictures illustrating this article will, I am sure, support this opinion.

BEINN TARSUINN AND THE BRITISH "THREES"

BY JAMES A. PARKER.

SOME people would call it mere peak bagging, and in many of its stages it certainly was; but the climbing of my last hundred or so "threes" in the British Isles proved to be extraordinarily interesting, apart altogether from the mere fact of getting to their summits and entering them on the list.

As was recorded in the *Cairngorm Club Journal* (Vol. XI., p. 290, etc.), I climbed my last "Munro," Ben Hope, on the 19th July 1927—at least, I believed that it was the last—and my position with regard to the bigger problem was then, as some would say, 286 up and thirteen to play. Of the thirteen, two were in Ireland, one in England, and the remainder in Wales. The three Irish and English hills were secured in September 1927; but bad weather prevented an attack being made on the Welsh ones, which had therefore to be postponed for a year until the conclusion of my trip round the world.

On returning home in October 1928, I learned to my chagrin that during my absence an alleged 2,970-foot Scottish mountain had grown to the extent of about 110 feet, and had thereby acquired the rank of a "Munro." This was very annoying, more especially as Gordon Wilson and I had walked all round it on the 4th April 1927 on our way from A'Mhaighdean to Sgurr Ban and Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair. Its great height had certainly impressed us, but as the "Guide Book" stated definitely that its height was 2,970 feet, we were glad to have an excuse for dodging it, as its ascent would have added about 850 feet of ascent to our itinerary of well over 6,000 feet. It would have been too big a price to pay for a hill that was not a "Munro." As it was, our expedition took twelve hours, and we finished up

by rowing across Loch Maree in semi-darkness. The hill is, of course, Beinn Tarsuinn,* on the north shore of Lochan Fada, near Kinlochewe, and the figures now produced by Inglis and Corbett convinced me that it was well over 3,000 feet in height, and therefore must be climbed forthwith. It would never do to have climbed all the "Munros" *except* Beinn Tarsuinn.

The first chance that offered was just before Easter, and on the 21st March, R. T. Sellar, Gordon Wilson, Mr Notcutt (a Cambridge chum of Wilson's), and myself met at Kinlochewe. The weather was not promising, and on the 22nd we had to content ourselves with walking up the Grudie path to Coire Mhic Fhearchair. On the way back the weather, however, cleared up, and from a known point on the Grudie path I was able to make an observation to the tops of Beinn Tarsuinn and Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, which just showed up over the flat to the left of the peak of Slioch.

Saturday, the 23rd, was very wet. In the afternoon there was a clay pigeon shooting competition on "the Village Green," which we attended, and at which it was proved to us conclusively that beginners have no chance against professionals, and that the pastime is both painful and expensive.

Sunday, the 24th, was dry but dull, and we went for Beinn Tarsuinn, visibility being fairly good with no mist on the tops. Motoring to the Heights, we reached the east end of Lochan Fada at 12.30 P.M., and going up via the Bealach Odhar, reached the top of Tarsuinn from the east at 2.15 P.M. We saw no signs of Inglis' "great perfectly flat circular plateau" on the east ridge; but from the summit we saw a very pronounced flat table on the west ridge, which I think must be what he refers to, and which is evidently the feature called on

* In the Guide Book in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. IX., p. 90, its height is given definitely as 2,970 feet, and Inglis in his Article on p. 274 of the present Volume states that I am the authority for that height! This is surely a case of adding insult to injury, as I certainly never had anything to do with the matter.

the 6-inch map, Suidheachan Fhinn (Fhinn's Seat). There was very little snow on the hills, but there were certain small patches on Tarsuinn and the Mullach, which we had seen from the Grudie path, and which proved that the small peaks that we had seen on the 22nd were the actual tops of the two mountains. Sellar and I left the summit at 2.50 P.M., and reached Lochan Fada at 4 o'clock.

I was now in possession of four observations as to the height of Beinn Tarsuinn, which, when worked out later on, fully confirmed Inglis' conclusion that the height of the mountain is about 3,080 feet. (For details see Appendix I.)

But to return to the party on the top of Tarsuinn. The north face is very steep, and the narrow couloir mentioned on p. 122 was filled with hard snow, and would have given a good snow climb. In the interest of the aneroid Sellar and I returned via the Bealach Odhar to Lochan Fada; but the two "boys" made for the Mullach by traversing across under the steep north face of the intervening hump, Meall Odhar. From the top of the Mullach they proceeded down its south-east ridge and climbed over the crest of the rather fine-looking group of pinnacles on that ridge, which Inglis refers to in his article. The ridge at the pinnacles proved to be quite narrow and somewhat rotten, and one of the pitches had to be turned by going out on to the south side, as the party did not have a rope. Wilson and Notcutt went pretty fast, and overtook Sellar and myself before we reached the Heights.

So that finished off the Scottish "Threes." At least, I hope that it has, and so does Sellar, as he has been under contract with me for some years, and still is, to climb my last "Munro" with me. We don't desire too many more, although we are quite prepared to tackle a reasonable number. Sellar has now done two, viz., Ben Hope and Beinn Tarsuinn.

Well, I was now 290 up with only ten to play, and these ten were very conveniently placed in Snowdonia in North Wales. After Easter I selected a short spell of good

weather, and, working from Bangor and Pen-y-Pass, spent a most delightful week climbing them and exploring the district. Tryfan, 3,010 feet, was my last, the 300th, and was climbed on the 19th April.

Although it is somewhat outwith the scope of our *Journal*, the Editor has given me permission to say a few words about the 3,000-foot mountains south of the Border and across the Irish Sea. A complete list of them is given in Appendix II.

The English ones are, of course, very well known. Sca Fell is the most interesting; but after having read so much about the rock climbs on it, I was rather disappointed with the height of its precipice. Doubtless the climbs make up in difficulty for what they lack in height. The feature of Skiddaw, my last, is the magnificent path up it from Keswick; but its ascent, if combined with Saddleback, affords a pleasant and not very strenuous expedition.

All the Welsh "Threes" are confined to the district known as Snowdonia, which is a very compact group just about the same size as the Lochnagar Group extending from Ballater to the Spital of Glenshee. It contains fourteen summits over 3,000 feet, of which two, in my opinion, can hardly be classified as separate mountains, viz., Foel Grach, 3,195 feet, and Garnedd Ugain, 3,493 feet. There are three distinct groups named from N.E. to S.W.—the Carnedds, the Glyders, and Snowdon.* The first group, which is the least interesting, consists of a long ridge about 7 miles in length, with six 3,000-foot tops, two of which—Carnedd Dafydd and Yr Elen—have very fine northern sides. The summit ridge affords a very delightful high level walk over quite easy ground, and must command magnificent views in clear weather. Smoke from the Midlands, however, is apt to be common, and is almost as bad as the smoke from a Canadian forest fire.

* For full information as to the mountains of North Wales one should consult "The Mountains of Snowdonia." Edited by Messrs Carr & Lister (John Lane, The Bodley Head Ltd. 1925. Price 25s.).

The next group, the Glyders, containing five 3,000-foot summits, runs generally from W.N.W. to E.S.E., and presents stoney or grassy slopes to the south and a magnificent range of precipices to the north. The highest point is Glyder Fawr, and the most interesting one is Glyder Fach, with its famed masses of huge stones on the summit and its very fine north-east ridge running out to Tryfan. This group is possibly best climbed from Pen-y-Pass Inn at the top of the Pass of Llanberis, 1,169 feet.

Snowdon itself is magnificent, and in its east and north faces has few rivals outside of Skye. The same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the other sides of the mountain, or of the cog-wheel railway to the summit; but these have little to do with the climber who puts up at P.Y.G. or P.Y.P. The round of the Horseshoe is fascinating, that is, up the east face of Crib Goch and along its knife edge arête and pinnacles to Crib y Ddisgl and Y Wyddfa (the summit of Snowdon), and then back along the narrow summit ridge of Lliwedd. For an "off day" one might motor to Croesor, 6 miles beyond Beddgelert, and from it climb the little peak called Cnicht, 2,265 feet, which bears a strong resemblance to Errigal in Co. Donegal, and, like it, commands a magnificent view.

If Snowdonia is compact, the mountains of Ireland are absolutely the reverse, and the three-thousanders are placed a long way apart over an area extending from Co. Wicklow to Co. Kerry, a distance of 200 miles. County Wicklow vies with the English Lake District for beauty, and its mountains form a long group running south from near Dublin for some 30 miles. The beauty of the district lies in its glens and lakes, as the mountains themselves are devoid of any striking features. Lugnaquilla, 3,039 feet, is near the south end of the group, and is probably most conveniently climbed from Drumgoff near Rathdrum. It is the only summit in the group that exceeds 3,000 feet in height.

Proceeding westwards, the next 3,000-foot mountain is Galtymore, 3,018 feet, at the south-west corner of Co. Tipperary. I climbed it (my last Irish "three") from

Caher by driving along the Mitchelston road for about 10 miles to a point from which a poor road led north towards the east side of Seefin, beyond which the ascent of the hill was perfectly simple. It is important to note that there is a very good hotel at Caher, as such things are at present somewhat scarce in Ireland.

Seventy miles further west we come to the finest group of mountains in Ireland, Macgillicuddy's Reeks, which runs westward from the Lakes of Killarney, to Glencar, a distance of about 12 miles. The highest point, and the highest in Ireland, is Carrauntoohil, 3,414 feet, which, with Beenkeragh, 3,314 feet, three-quarters of a mile to the north, and Caher the same distance to the west, forms a horseshoe enclosing the loughs of Coomloughra and Eagher. Running east from Carrauntoohil for about 3 miles is a long high ridge containing five 3,000-foot tops, none of which are named on the 1-inch map, but to which the general name of Macgillicuddy's Reeks is applied on the map. The finest part of this is the rocky ridge at its eastern end overlooking Lough Cummeennapeasta. Only two definite heights are marked on the Ordnance Map, namely, the eastern end, 3,062 feet, and the western end, 3,141 feet; but I made the height of the middle top, which is certainly the highest point, to be about 3,200 feet. The dips between the five tops are not material. The highest point of the Caher Ridge I made to be about 3,300 feet, the Ordnance Survey point, 3,200 feet, being a lower point at the extreme west end of the ridge. The Reeks therefore may be taken as having four separate 3,000-foot summits, viz., the 3,200-foot top and the three peaks at the west end. The finest feature of the group is the magnificent northern precipice of Carrauntoohil dropping down 1,000 feet to the little loch called the Devil's Looking Glass.

And then, 25 miles north-west from the Reeks, we come to the most westerly 3,000-foot mountain in the British Isles, Brandon Mountain, 3,127 feet, and a very fine mountain it is. It stands near the west end of the Dingle Promontory, and the most interesting route up it is probably up the east face from Cloghane, while

the most comfortable is from Dingle, where there is now a good hotel. In September 1927 I drove from Dingle northwards to Ballybrack, and then climbed up the south-west side of the mountain by the Saint's Road to the summit, and was rewarded with the view of a lifetime. On the summit there is an Oratory, a Holy Well, and Penitential Stations, and when I arrived I was interested to witness a peasant doing penance by walking the Stations, and after each walk going into the little Oratory and praying, his dog looking on all the time. I had not the heart to photograph him.

The east face of Brandon Mountain is very fine, with one good-looking ridge running out in the direction of Cloghane. From the summit I returned to Dingle, over Brandon Peak, 2,764 feet, and Ballysitteragh, 2,050 feet, a delightful walk of about 8 miles. The Irish Mountains deserve to be better known than they are.

APPENDIX I.

Observations as to the Height of Beinn Tarsuinn.

1. Careful aneroid readings up and down from Lochan Fada, 1,000 feet, corrected for air temperature. The mean of the two readings, which differed by 70 feet, made the height of the hill to be 3,136 feet.

2. An observation from a known point on the Grudie path, allowing for curvature and refraction, made Beinn Tarsuinn to be about 240 feet lower than Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair or, say, 3,087 feet.

3. An observation from the summit of Beinn Tarsuinn to the top of Sgurr an Tuill Bhain and the tops of Ben Eighe, allowing for curvature and refraction, made the height of Beinn Tarsuinn to be about 3,050 feet.

4. The dip to the Bealach Odhar between Beinn Tarsuinn and Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair I made to be about 750 feet, being the mean of two observations.

On my return home, in hope of getting more accurate information, I wrote to the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey on the 9th April, stating the position, and asking if they

had any definite height for the hill. He replied on the 15th idem, stating "that no further information is available than that shown on the 1-inch map, Sheet 92. This height was only approximately determined, and for this reason is not shown on the large scale plans."

APPENDIX II.

List of the Mountains in the British Isles 3,000 feet or over in height.

	Feet.	
<i>Scotland</i> —As per S.M.C. List of		
1921	276	
Add Beinn Tarsuinn . . . c. 3,080	1	
	—	277
<i>England</i> —Scafell Pikes . . . 3,210		
Sca Fell . . . 3,162		
Helvellyn . . . 3,118		
Skiddaw . . . 3,053		4
<i>Wales</i> —Y Wyddfa . . . 3,560		
Carnedd Llewelyn . . . 3,484		
Carnedd Dafydd . . . 3,426		
Glyder Fawr . . . 3,279		
Glyder Fach . . . 3,262		
Pen yr Oleu-wen . . . 3,210		
Yr Elen . . . 3,151		
Y Garn . . . 3,104		
Foel Fras . . . 3,091		
Elidir Fawr . . . 3,029		
Crib Goch . . . 3,023		
Tryfan . . . 3,010		12
<i>Ireland</i> —Carrauntoohil . . . 3,414		
Beenkeragh . . . 3,314		
Caher . . . c. 3,300		
Macgillicuddy's Reeks . c. 3,200		
Brandon Mountain . . . 3,127		
Lugnaquilla . . . 3,039		
Galtymore . . . 3,018		7
Total	300	

THE LOMONDS.

By J. H. B. BELL.

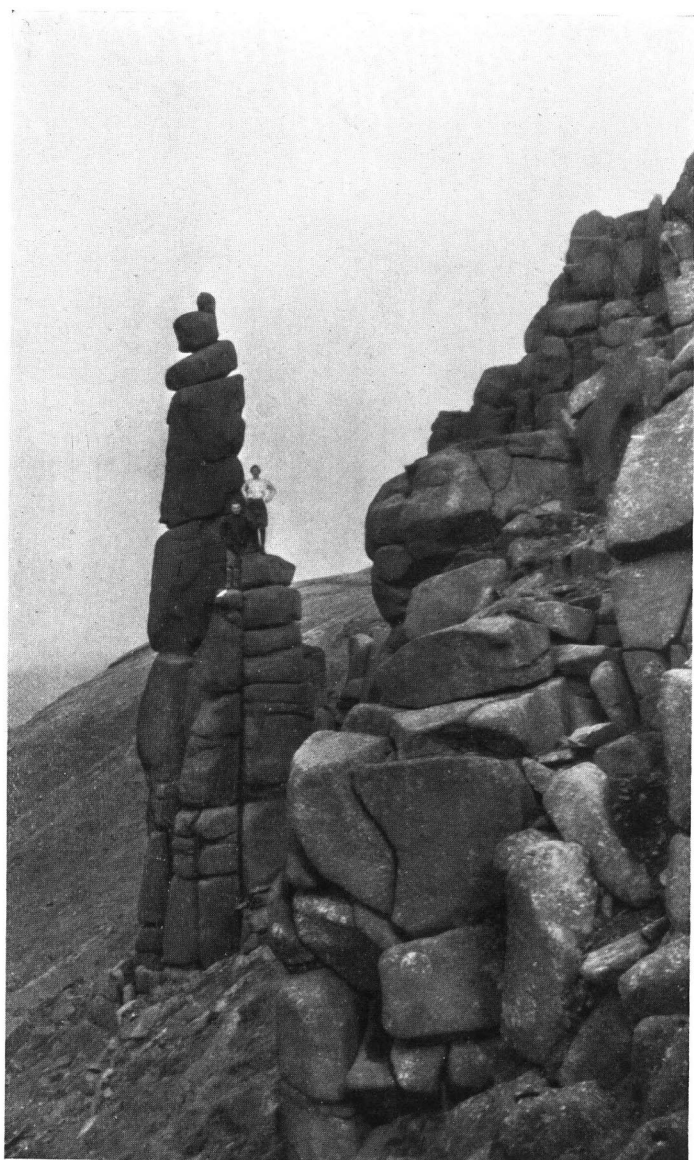
(The first part of this article appears on p. 280 of the present volume.)

IT is with some degree of diffidence that I now take up the rôle of devil's advocate, in recommending the Lomond rock climbs to a Club with such a long record of high adventure and safe achievement. We have all heard, however, that most Alpine accidents happen to untrained people who seek for edelweiss on steep grass slopes. I might venture to suggest that no true ultramontane of the Lomonds will ever slip down a harmless grass slope, even when wearing shoe soles of soft soap. The carefulness and soundness of the habitué of Lomond dolerite cannot fail to contrast most favourably with the suicidal rashness of the gabbro fiend of Skye. The Lomond rock is still decaying rapidly, and it is well for the second man to wear goggles in dry, windy weather, to guard against the minor sandstorms discharged by the leader. On the other hand, wet weather has its perils too, especially in summer. After such weather, only highly expert parties should attempt certain of the climbs, and crampons should be worn for the more vegetatious pitches. Generally speaking, the climbs are short, but for the Split Nose a run out of 60 feet is necessary for the leader. There are also several short climbs on white sandstone. This rock is cleaner and supports less greenery than dolerite, but it is often much more friable.

Having probably said enough to warn off all save mountaineers, I will now proceed to describe the climbs. They are best grouped as follows:—

- (a) Craigengaw Climbs.
- (b) Bishop Hill Climbs near middle summit.
- (c) Outlying oddments.

The last group will be rapidly dealt with at once.



September 1928

J. H. B. Bell

CARLIN MAGGIE FROM WEST



May 1929

J. L. Aikman

GARBH COIRE—BEN ALDER

GROUP C.--OUTLYING ODDMENTS.

1. Some way beneath the westmost summit of the Bishop is a small dolerite face, which yields one or two routes. That by a right-angled corner is nearly vertical, and is probably unclimbed. The length is about 20 feet. The others are easier.

2. Just S.E. of the West Lomond summit a rounded, grassy ridge runs down to a dolerite outcrop. This affords some 40 feet of scrambling in two sections, one above the other. The steepest way up is interesting, and is a pleasant route from the eastern plateau to the Lomond summit.

3. In the narrows of Glenvale a terraced cliff of white sandstone occurs on the east side. In the centre of this is John Knox's Pulpit. The sandstone is none too firm in places, and there are fairly easy ways between the different galleries. From the Pulpit to the amphitheatre above, a good 15-foot pitch can be got to the left, or a very hard way can be made up the right or south side of it. The amphitheatre above has a number of caves. A very hard pitch (15 feet) leads straight up to the top of the cliff. There is an easy way at the south end.

4. The Maiden's Bower is a curious white sandstone rock on the north slope of the West Lomond, at a height of 800 feet or so. The regular easy path up the hill passes close by it. The rock is well worth a visit. The bower is a circular cave with a floor on ground level, and a vaulted roof about 8 or 9 feet high. On the other side of the rock is the distinctive Bannetstane, a mushroom-shaped block of sandstone, well balanced, but the narrow stalk is continuous with the main mass. It can be gained from the side next the main rock by a stride and a good hand pull. There are one or two entertaining traverses on the east side above the Bower, where there is also a circular rock window. Certain types of wish are granted to the correct people who pass through the window. I have never heard of anything happening in this connection; it is impossible for me to be more precise. The formation or construction of the Bower, Window, and Bannetstane

would be interesting matter for argument ; but these notes are about climbing, and the only slightly entertaining climb is up the steep arête on the N.W. side of the base of the Bannetstone (not over 25 feet).

5. The last outlier is in a class by itself. When going from the Maiden's Bower to Craigengaw there is visible, high up on the N.E. slope of the hill, a curious double rock pinnacle. This affords a good climb from the valley side, where a narrow crack is entered, which leads upwards and through to the upper side of the gap between the pinnacles. This point is, unfortunately, on the upper ground level. The climb now proceeds up the gap between the two pinnacles, and the easiest finish is on to the top of the lesser pinnacle. An 18-inch gap to the larger can be stepped across—airily. It is rather harder to ascend the main pinnacle direct, as there is not much handhold on the top. Near the top of the lesser pinnacle is a loose flake of rock. This must not be removed, as the creed of the Lomond ultramontane forbids the cleaning up or defacement of climbs, unless in extremis. The lower crack is 9 feet long in the steep part, and then 8 feet to the middle platform. From this to the summit is 15 feet. The presence of certain birds may explain the climbing name of the peak—the Corboff Pinnacle. It is painful to have to add that there is another easy way to the top of it.

GROUP B.—THE BISHOP CLIMBS.

There is a dolerite cliff just north of the middle summit of the Bishop Hill. The rocks are rather inconspicuous from below, as they lie in a concave part of the edge of the plateau, and just below the rim. Consequently, the main feature of this group, that weird and fascinating needle known as "Carlin Maggie," was a comparatively late addition to my Lomond ambitions. The climbs on the main mass are a series of dolerite chimneys. The best of these is some way to the east of "Carlin Maggie." Twelve feet up is a slab on the left, above which the left branch of the chimney runs out to the top in 16 feet of

pleasant climbing. Most of the other chimneys are unsound, or too steep, but I have climbed another three. Of course, this rock face has been less often examined with a view to climbs. Opposite "Carlin Maggie" is the Pinnacle Ridge, which gives 30 feet of sound climbing, the latter part being quite airy and exposed. It is not very easy to describe the place more minutely. The ridge has no pinnacles itself—it is opposite the pinnacle.

"Carlin Maggie" herself attains the comfortable elevation of 42 feet from the lower side. The easy neck, however, is only 23 feet below the summit. There is a most entertaining and difficult crack from the bottom up to this easy neck. It is fairly sound, if one is careful to let sleeping blocks lie. Above the easy neck a traverse can be made to the right, and a ledge gained 12 feet higher. This movement is not easy, but is fairly sound. The ledge leads out on to the vertical north face of the pinnacle. The next part is a holdless and nearly vertical block, about 8 feet high. From above this the summit would be attainable.

A careful traverse on the north side from this ledge has suggested that if a man were held by a rope passed across the higher ledge, he might make use of some small holds and perhaps gain the next step. On the other hand, the north face is exceedingly exposed. It would certainly be better that "Carlin Maggie" should remain unclimbed than that such undignified methods of lassoing the summit should be adopted, as ensured the conquest of the Aiguille de la République on the Charmoz. Perhaps combined tactics would succeed where crude individualism has failed, but, so far, "Carlin Maggie" has had the last word.

GROUP A.—THE CRAIGENGAW CLIMBS.

The main mass of dolerite on the West Lomond consists of the cliff of Craigengaw, which lies N.E. of the summit, and beneath the rim of the plateau. The place is most conspicuous as the scene of a recent landslide, which has carried away a considerable mass of the rotten

rock on the east side of the wide gully between the cliffs. There is one little pinnacle on the east side, which has been climbed, but most of the rock is too rotten even for the Lomond ultramontane.

The east and north faces of the Craigengaw cliff meet along a nearly vertical rock edge. This is rather conspicuous, as it is a sort of double edge enclosing a right-angled groove or chimney, which is the central feature of the principal climb on Craigengaw, and has been called the Split Nose. To the west of the Split Nose no routes up the cliff are known. The rocks there are exceedingly steep, mossy slabs with occasional grassy ledges—and from above is heard the derisive cawing of rooks.

The first route to be discovered was the Moonshine. This was first climbed one moonlit evening in November. The lower part of the route has since been lengthened and improved. On that occasion there was no exit to the climb, and the help of a second party from above was needed to remove a number of loose blocks, and effect the through passage from the upper cave. The total height of this climb is 125 feet. The start is up an easy 15-foot crack. The next prominent feature is the Great Chimney, which is of similar length and is very sporting. Some grassy ledges above lead to an easy passage beneath a chockstone. From above this a 10-foot crack on the right leads to easier ground, and so to the top cave pitch which calls for a careful wriggle at the finish. The route is so easy that its original name of Moonlight Gully was soon familiarly reduced to Moonshine.

To the left of the Moonshine exit a large isolated block of rock is visible, which rises vertically out of the Great Gully. This has been called "The Anvil," and for a long time the rock was deemed unclimbable from the gully. Then, one evening, an abseil descent was made from the top of the Anvil into the gully, and several things were learned. The total drop was just over 40 feet. Several months later the direct ascent from the gully was effected. This is much more difficult than the Moonshine or the Corboff. There is a troublesome initial pitch, and a difficult and well-balanced pull is necessary to

gain the ledge which runs round the outside of the base of the Anvil. The climb is best completed by traversing this sensational ledge and reaching the top from the S.E. side. On the upper side the Anvil presents no difficulty. The 12-foot crack which splits the Anvil midway along the eastern ledge has not been climbed.

It remains to describe the most finished and desperate ascent on Craigengaw. This climb, the direct ascent of the Split Nose, calls for the display of all the arts of the Lomond ultramontane. No descent has hitherto been effected.* So far, a rope has not been employed throughout this climb, and it is doubtful if it would be of much service. Only once have I started up on the rope, but the results were not encouraging. The weather had been wet, the month was August, and the vegetation was most luxuriant. A pair of ordinary walking shoes did not lessen the difficulties. Suddenly two handholds and two footholds yielded simultaneously near the foot of the Split Nose chimney, and I dangled midway down the Introductory Crack. No harm was done, except to the fingers of my good friend Findlay, who paid out enough rope to check the descent. The lesson was learned, and I now recommend crampons for this ascent.

There are two alternative introductory cracks (each 25 feet) leading to the indefinite ledge below the Split Nose. The easterly crack is the easier, but both are difficult. The next pitch is the Split Nose (close on 60 feet), which is exceedingly steep and exposed throughout, with no good resting place. It is really only in the first few feet that vegetation is most troublesome, and the greatest care should be taken at this part. Perfectly sound rock holds can be got higher up, but they are never superabundant, and are often rounded and wet. The upper 15 feet of this section is a narrower chimney, which is almost overhung, and the exit is by a sensational movement outwards, and across the eastern wall. This

* This has since been done by the author in October 1928. He does not recommend it.

leads to the Copestone of the Split Nose, which is a rounded block on the crest of the ridge.

This point can also be reached by the Lateral Split Nose route, which is less difficult, and starts from the Great Chimney on the Moonshine, yielding 30 feet of good hard climbing to the Copestone. The Lateral Route has the most troublesome pitch near the bottom. The holds and resting places are quite adequate near the top. Looking at the matter from the Lomond point of view, there is no ground whatever for the captious criticisms as to lack of belays, insecurity of holds, etc., which have been launched by Matheson and Mackay, who took part in the second ascent of this excellent climb.

From the Copestone a delicate traverse leads round to the rather grassy rocks on the west side of the Nose. The crest of the ridge is regained 16 feet higher on the unmistakable Nettleshelf. From this point some cracked slabs lead back across the ridge, and so upwards, through 20 feet, to the end of the climb. The climb throughout has been on, or close to, the same vertical line, and has furnished an entertaining sequence of cracks, chimneys, slabs, and traverses. The finish is on a large, sloping slab. This, the Outlook Slab, is a sort of promontory on the cliff, and commands a wide prospect. It is a worthy finish to a good climb.

Topographical Note.

None of the Craigengaw climbs are cairned. The Split Nose which separates the easterly and northern faces of the cliff is, however, unmistakable, and the introductory cracks are to be found right at the angle of the cliff. The Moonshine is not so easy to find. The start is up a little chimney a few steps up the Central Gully from the foot of the Split Nose. The Great Chimney on the Moonshine is unmistakable, and the Lateral Split Nose route is followed easily from there to the Copestone. The Anvil is very prominent, and the direct ascent starts from the foot of the cliff right below it.

BEINN CLEITH BRIC.

BEN KLIBRECK, 3,154 FEET

BY GEORGE SANG.

IF one is correct in contending that a man is outstanding by accident of birth, surely one may equally well argue that Ben Klibreck is outstanding through accident of erosion. I know of no other reason why one should pay any attention whatever to so uninteresting a hill. Its neighbour, Ben Laoghal, 2,504 feet, is infinitely more attractive and, from Tongue, looks twice the height of Ben Klibreck. Its fellow "Munro," Ben Hope, which is only a Munro by 40 feet, looks like a mountain, whereas Klibreck, 114 feet higher, is unimposing from almost every aspect, except perhaps from Loch Naver, and, in some lights, from Loch Choire an Fhearnan, a pleasantly wooded lochan nestling under its south-eastern flank.

There is, however, one thing in favour of Ben Klibreck; its ascent presents no difficulties. The road from Lairg to Altnaharra winds round its western base at a very reasonable height above sea level. There is a convenient road-maker's quarry about half-way down Strath Bagaisteach, and into this I turned my car on Friday, 7th June, rather thankful for an interval of rest and peace, having had to curb my impatience and travel at the rate of 4 miles an hour as the unwilling tail of a circus caravan at least 7 miles of the road north of Lairg. No amount of honking, hooting, or yelling seemed to be of the least use in inducing the drivers of the seven vehicles, which were strung out at intervals ahead of us, to give way. We only succeeded in passing them when they drew completely off the road, here much too narrow for more than one vehicle at a time, and settled down to the preparation of their mid-day meal. This unavoidable delay made us somewhat late in starting

our climb, and it was 1.30 before we had changed into boots and started off across the moor.

A very cold and strong westerly wind was blowing, and we thankfully took advantage of such natural folds in the ground as gave us some little protection from the icy blast.

We made as direct a line for the summit as we could once the ground started to rise steeply. I think the best description of the hill I could give is that it presents to the west one pretty continuous steep side, in parts very steep and very loose, but if care be taken in almost no place unclimbable. There is a great quantity of fairly thick heather, blaeberry, and short herbage; therefore, by using the hands as well as the feet, it is simple to ascend the steeper places on all-fours. About 600 feet under the summit one comes to a wide ridge which connects the northern and true summit, Meall an Eoin, with the southern peak called Carn an Eild, which is about 300 feet lower. This ridge, running in a gentle curve roughly north and south, swings eastwards at its northern end, and towers up steeply to Meall an Eoin, an unprepossessing hump with the appearance of an unstable heap of flat stones, very tiring to walk over.

I expect our progress must have been particularly slow, for I see that the time occupied in the ascent was two and three-quarter hours, and this despite the fact that there was no inducement to linger anywhere because of the excessive chill and the pestiferous violence of the wind. Even on the actual summit, where there is an outcrop of some weather-worn rocks, we were unable to find shelter from the icy gusts, and a very few minutes sufficed for a hasty and much-delayed lunch. Leaving the summit at 4.25, we walked a little way eastward in order to see down on that side of the hill which, although much less steep, looked on this occasion, probably because of the direction of the wind, less repulsive than the other. The visibility was, however, poor. We saw ringoussel, snow bunting, ptarmigan, and, we thought, redstart; but the wind made our eyes water so vexatiously it was difficult to use the glasses. At the same time, I am

bound to admit that, given a clear atmosphere, the view from Klibreck must be quite outstanding. Being much the highest hill in the district, one looks over a remarkably barren country of moorland, bog, and loch to Ben More Assynt, and to the high mountains in the south. One also sees to great advantage the remarkable forms of Foinne Bheinn, Hope, and Laoghal, with the Atlantic Ocean glittering in the gaps between the headlands along the northern shore.

The return to the car occupied one and a quarter hours, and consisted in sliding down the steep sides of the mountain accompanied by a very considerable quantity of reddish earth, large stones, and other debris. I am under the impression that our route could not be followed with comfort in an ordinary season, for on this occasion there had been no rain in Sutherlandshire for eight weeks, and the bogs were dry and hard on the surface, the lochans and rivers exceptionally small, and the going everywhere on the flat remarkably hard and wonderfully dry. The grass in many places was parched brown, and the sheep were getting little feeding and looking poor and out of condition. This state of affairs was, however, put right for the rest of the summer that night, for we had hardly taken up our night quarters on the shore of Loch Hope when it commenced to rain, and the aquatic display which continued for the next two days reassured us that the average rainfall for the year would be well maintained.

I have asked several people who have been up Klibreck for their impressions of the mountain, and among them all there has not yet been anyone who has admitted to any other reason for climbing it than that it happens to be the highest hill in the neighbourhood. One thing we are agreed upon, my wife and I, that we have climbed Klibreck, and that finishes it.

THE CARN DEARG DIRECT.

BY ALEX. HARRISON.

WE made up our party at Callander—W. Nimmo Allan, A. Harrison, and G. Murray-Lawson—and started on a perfect June afternoon, taking the road by Crianlarich and Bridge of Orchy for Kingshouse. Although we had given Mr Fairley no notice of our arrival, he gave us an excellent supper, and, fortified by this nourishment, we stretched ourselves on the boulder before going to bed.

We were up early next morning and made Fort William, where we laid in a three days' supply of provisions and, thus heavily laden, started for the hut. It was a bit of a struggle up the path, and more than comfortably hot, but we reached the hut at last, luckily just before the rain began. We had meant to do a climb that evening, but the weather put a stop to any such idea, and we busied ourselves in the hut, airing blankets and getting a meal ready.

We even tried to start the clock, but the display of a dish-cloth did not make it go. There is a notice under the clock which says this is an infallible method of starting it.

When we turned in the rain was still falling, but when we woke in the morning it had stopped, and the mist gave signs of breaking. We had our bathe in the burn before breakfast—that is to say, two of us, not the Sudanee. There is a religious taboo against bathing in the Sudan which has to be observed by all good Moslems. It is supposed that water in which one has washed is bad for cotton.

The mist gradually dispersed and we set out for the Carn Dearg with the general idea of doing the Cousins Buttress climb.

After traversing under the Carn Dearg rocks for a short distance, we came to quite a pleasant-looking grass and scree slope running up to the rocks, with a small pinnacle

to the right. This seemed a good place to start at, so we put on the rope and commenced. At the top of the slope a conference was held and a possible route noted. First we ascended about 12 feet of rock, and this brought us to a rake. A further ascent of 8 feet or so brought the leader on to a sloping ledge, which led up and to the left, and seemed to give a possible route to the top of the first face. The water was pouring down the cliff and across the ledge, and it was judged more prudent to leave this route for a drier day. To the right of us we observed a chimney of about 100 feet, slanting up between the cliff face and a pinnacle. The chimney did not look altogether inviting, as there was a considerable amount of water coming down it.

After consideration the leader decided to tackle it, and eventually arrived at the top in a more or less soaking condition. The pitch at the first of two chockstones gave quite a lot of trouble, and he got water down his neck and arms as he struggled in the narrow pitch with his legs beating the air. Having reached the top of the chimney, the leader thought it would be a pity to deprive the other two of a share in the aquatic joys, so he unroped and went to the top of the gully to prospect (so he said), leaving the other two in the shower-bath. The whole party eventually arrived at the top, the rucksacks being taken up on the rope, and, after a scramble of about 60 feet, arrived at the neck between the pinnacle and the cliff face. We then saw that we were to the east of Cousins climb.

A rake was seen to run back to the left, and this we followed for about 70 feet, and again made up on the rocks. Two or three hundred feet of easy going brought us to a cirque (containing a snow patch directly in line with the summit), and here we ate a well-earned lunch. After lunch we roped again and made up the middle of the cirque, still to the east of the Cousins route. Easy going on the rocks on the true left of the stream in the centre of the cirque took us to the final rocks, and we chose as our route the chimney which leads right to the summit.

A through route was found for the first chockstone pitch, and the next turned on the true left over rather

doubtful rocks. The route then led straight up the gully, until a steep pitch was reached with an overhang on the right and a holdless slab on the left. This was turned on the true right arête over two enormous detached flakes, apparently quite unentitled to remain in position. The gully was regained above the smooth pitch, the upper part of which, as viewed from above, seemed impossible.

The last pitch was at the very top, and after the leader had tested the chockstone and found it loose, he turned it on the true left. A few feet of easy rocks led the party on to the summit ridge a few yards from the cairn. The upper part of the climb contains a large quantity of loose rocks and stones, and it requires a great deal of cleaning.

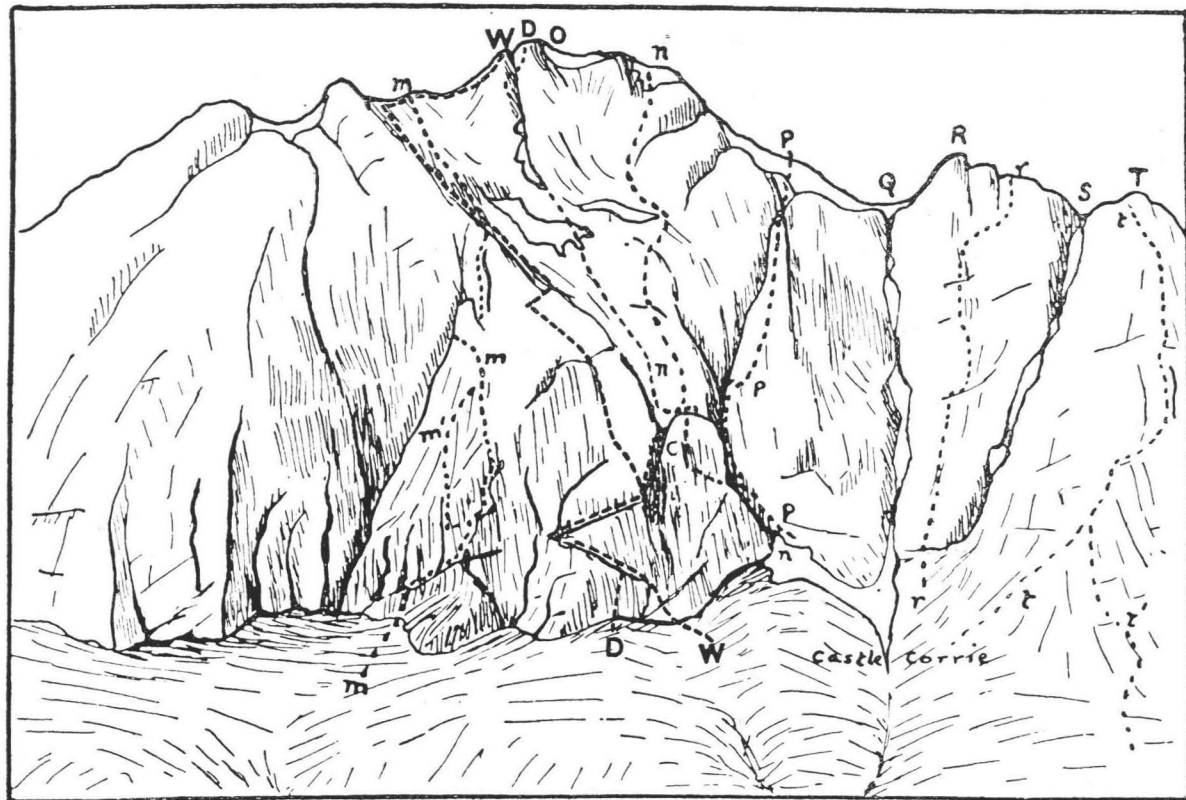
The time taken was four and a half hours, 100 feet of rope being used.

We descended by the Moonlight Gully, and erected a cairn at the start of the climb.

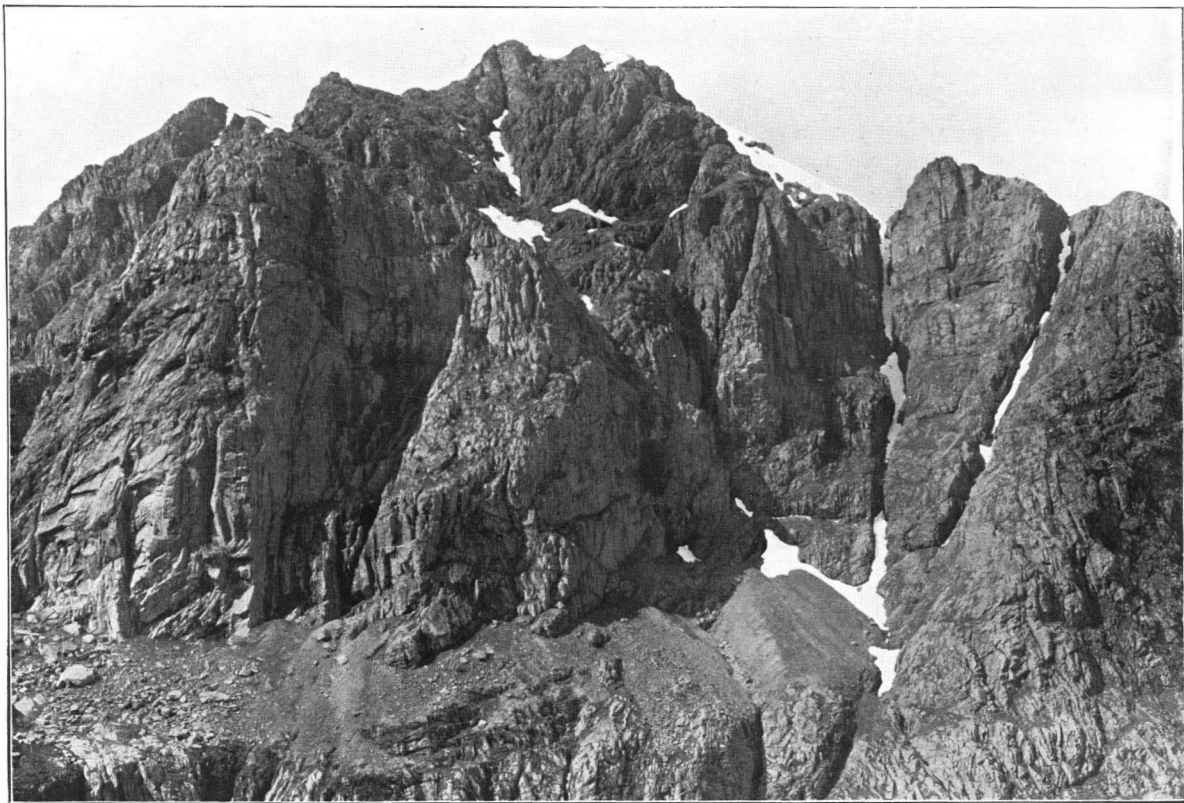
It appeared as if the climb could be commenced further to the right, directly underneath the first chimney, but this should be reserved for dry weather, as we found it to be a watercourse.

The climb gives an interesting variety of moderate going, the most difficult pitch being the first chockstone in the lower chimney.

No account of this climb appears in the "Guide Book," so it appears to be new. Dr Lüscher's climb, described in *Journal* 93, is to the east of our climb.



CARN DEARG DIAGRAM



June 1902

CARN DEARG OF BEN NEVIS

W. Inglis Clark

BLAIR ATHOLL TO ABERDEEN VIA BEINN
A' GHLO.

BY WILLIAM GARDEN.

THE man who suddenly discovers from the Index to the first ten volumes of our *Journal* that he joined the Club thirty-two years ago is unfortunately forcibly compelled to look around for devices for revisiting the summits of his youthful days by means other than "shanks mare," so far as that is possible. Indeed, I am not sure now that I do not regret having been joint-author of that rather dry volume of facts, or, at any rate, that part of it which renders it so easy to ascertain when some of us older members joined the "jolly band of brothers." But there is an old Scotch saying that "Facts are chieles that winna ding," and so we had better face them cheerfully.

Perhaps it was, with this serious fact before me, that I considered whether it was still possible for me to revisit Beinn a' Ghlo in a short week-end from my native city, and so on a Saturday evening in August last I found myself along with a fellow-member, J. C. Lyon, and our friend, C. P. Robb, a non-member, comfortably housed in the Tilt Hotel, Blair Atholl.

In the short, but busy, summer season in Scotland, one is always unwilling to ask the overworked staff of a Highland hotel to be too energetic on a Sunday morning, and so it was with no little hesitation that we suggested, very politely, to our hostess if it could be arranged that we might have breakfast next morning at 7.30 prompt. To our great satisfaction the good lady of the hotel rose to the occasion by making no evasive answer to our somewhat cruel request; and sure enough at that hour we sat before a sumptuous meal, fitted to carry us on for many miles. At 8.15 we were comfortably ensconced in a car bound for the North. Our route lay by Bridge of Fender, and the rough hill-road leading to the sheep-farm of

Shinagag, and passing by the north end of Loch Moraig. At a point about a quarter of a mile east of the 1,443 contour, on sheet 49 of the "Popular Edition of the O.S. Map" (1 inch to 1 mile), which, by the way, is a most excellent piece of cartography, and just where the road begins to turn in a south-east direction, we said farewell to our expert chauffeur, and at 8.40 we took to the open moor. We had risen over 1,000 feet in our short run from Blair, and it felt like it. There was a tang in the air this August morning more like that of an October day, forming a striking contrast to the close atmosphere of the Garry Valley, which we had left below. We were reminded of Miss Blanche Hardy's lines, where she expresses the longing of a child of the North for the Homeland in her poem "To Scotland from Italy":—

" The skies are grey in the tender North,
And the distant hills are blue:
Purple and red the heather blooms,
And the hearts are kind and true.

O North Wind, blow from the hills I love!
Come whistling over the wold:
Bring courage and strength and memory
Of the reckless days of old."

With light feet and hearts, therefore, we bore away over the heather in a north-east direction, with Càrn Liath and Beinn Beag to the left of us, and keeping parallel to, and slightly above, the true right of the Allt Coire Lagain. If we had to do it again, however, we should keep nearer the burn than we did, because, when we reached its tributary between Beinn Beag and the southern slope of Beinn a' Ghlo itself, we found that we had risen gradually rather too much, and so we had to negotiate a considerable drop in order to cross the deep gorge which had been made by this tributary. The gorge crossed, however, the ascent in earnest began, and at 2,700 feet we got into the all too familiar close, woolly mist. Soon a strong north-east wind sprang up, and blew heavy clouds against the hillside, so that an occasional glimpse of Loch Valigan,

on the other side of the valley, was the limit of our view, and it too soon disappeared. Presently we reached what was undoubtedly the main ridge, which is quite well defined, and the summit of Airgoid Meall was surmounted. A very slight descent from this top, followed by a walk for about a mile along a broadish saddle which culminated in a gentle rise, brought us to the summit cairn, Càrn nan Gabhar, or the Goat's Cairn, 3,671 feet. This point we reached exactly at midday. The mist was driving fast, and as the surrounding gloom occasionally lessened, and apparently the sunshine was not far off, we waited patiently on the leeseide of the cairn in the hope of a temporary clearing, but after twenty minutes' halt with no result, we decided on a descent to the Tilt, by way of the Glas Leathad and the Allt Fheannach.

To those going north from the main top of Beinn a' Ghlo, I think this must always be the wise descent; because, many years ago, when I climbed the hill from Braemar, by wading first the Tilt, at the Bedford Bridge, and then the stream from Loch Lochy, which joins the Tilt about a mile to the south of the Bedford Bridge, I found, on the return journey, that the Tilt had risen so much that it took the party all its time to ford the Tilt in safety. It must be remembered that the Tarf and the Tilt drain a very vast area, and therefore any of them, or both, is likely to rise very suddenly. If, however, the weather is settled, then undoubtedly the route from the main top, over Meall Charran, is the quickest and easiest descent to the north. Indeed, the going is so good that one can run down most of the way, and the views both towards the Tilt valley and across Loch Lochy are very beautiful.

Dropping down then towards the Glas Leathad we very soon got below the fog, and out of the rather chill wind. A halt was made for lunch exactly at the junction of the first important stream which joins the Allt Fheannach from the right—and a lovely spot it is. Deep down in its gorge the gurgling stream rushes along, forming a series of delightful cascades as it passes over its rocky bed. The wind had ceased, and the Sun had forced his way through the threatening clouds which still raced over the

heights behind us. On the steep hill face opposite the sheep scrambled on perilous pedestals of protruding rock and scree, and wandered far up the slopes that lead to the summit, named Braigh Coire Chruinn Bhalgain, the brae of the round bag-shaped corrie, 3,505 feet.

Fed and rested, we resumed our descent by the true right bank of the Allt Fheannach, which, from here to the Tilt, has cut for itself a deep and beautiful course; and as we went down we crossed a small, unnamed tributary, with a magnificent waterfall of at least 150 feet in height. It is most important to note—for it is not noted on any of the O.S. Maps—that there is a good bridge over the Allt Fheannach, just at its junction with the Tilt, so that no matter how flooded it is—and there is abundant evidence that it is very flooded at times—it is always possible to get across it, and so cross the Tilt itself by the very excellent bridge, with stone piers, just south of the junction of the Allt Fheannach with the Tilt. Mr Goggs, very usefully, points out the existence of this bridge over the Tilt, which, of course, is the key to the situation for those wishing to continue their journey from this point, either north or south along the west side of the Tilt. (See *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. X., p. 359.) As a matter of fact, without this bridge we would have had considerable difficulty in negotiating the Tilt on this occasion, for it was running very full.

We now continued our journey northwards, along the well-known Glen Tilt Path; but, before doing so, we halted for a moment to take a last look of the view down the glen towards Forest Lodge. Though nowhere is the scenery so rugged and desolate as that of the famous Larig Pass, surely this valley has a claim all its own! On the one side were the steep slopes running up towards the Beinn a' Ghlo ridges, and, on the other, the less wild but grassy braes forming the western rampart of the glen. Bright shafts of sunlight pierced the heavy clouds as they rolled across the valley and lighted up the dark hillsides with a wealth of colour, and added an indescribable distance effect to the whole scene, making the Tilt, as it flows southwards, glitter like some endless and priceless silver cable

twisting along the bottom of the glen. But the day was passing, and we had to turn to the north. At 5 P.M. we halted for afternoon tea on the grassy sward, where the Tarf joins the Tilt, under the shadow of the Bedford Bridge. Lyon, ever mindful of the commissariat and the needs of his companions, produced from a copious "Thermos" a glorious brew of China tea that would have delighted the heart of the veriest tea-bibber! We basked in the sunshine in a veritable paradise till 5.30, and right loth were we to foot it once again for the final stage to Bynac Lodge, where we welcomed the sight of Lyon's car. But the weather is always fickle, and by the time the car was reached the clouds had gathered round once more, and all was gloom. Leaving Bynac at 6.50, we went along very cautiously, past the White Bridge and on to Linn of Dee, where the well-known motor-swept road to Aberdeen has its source. Passing through Braemar—at this season the hub of fashion, and certainly no place for a man without even a spare collar!—we reached the little unpretentious inn at Inver at 8 P.M. After a halt of half an hour for tea we arrived in the Granite City at the respectable hour of 10.35 P.M., after an absence of just 33½ hours, and the exhilarating effect of another day on our Scottish hills.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET, 1929—FORT WILLIAM.

THE Easter Meet of the Club was held at Fort William from Friday, 29th March, to Wednesday, 3rd April, and there was a very good attendance, the following members and guests being present :—

Members.—Arthur, Bartholomew, J. H. B. Bell, Rainy Brown, Campbell, Inglis Clark, Clapperton, Cumming, P. Donald, D. S. P. Douglas, William Douglas, Elton, Galbraith, T. Gibson, Glover, Goggs, Graham, Grove, A. Harrison, J. Harrison, Hutchison, J. Gall Inglis, J. S. M. Jack, Jeffrey, Lawson, Ling, H. MacRobert, A. Ross M'Lean, J. G. M'Lean, R. W. Martin, Matheson, Maylard, Nelson, Ormiston Chant, Parry, Priestman, Riley, A. E. Robertson, Sang, Scott, Solly, E. C. Thomson, T. E. Thomson, Williamson.

Guests.—Aitken, Gavin Douglas, Hirst, Hotchkiss, R. M. Gall Inglis, G. Jack, I. Jack, Marr, Munro, Mothersill, O'Brien, A. G. Paton, E. E. Roberts.

This Meet was a special one in the history of the Club, and it will remain in the memory of every one who was there as a Meet of outstanding importance, because at it there took place the opening of the Charles Inglis Clark Memorial Hut on Ben Nevis, an event which may be said to start a new era in the Club's activities. As a fitting sign of the importance of the occasion, we invited representatives of Kindred Clubs to be present with us at the Meet, and accordingly we had, on behalf of the Alpine Club, our fellow-member, Mr W. N. Ling; for the Rucksack Club of Manchester, its President, Mr Mothersill; for the Yorkshire Ramblers, Mr E. E. Roberts; and for the Fell and Rock, Mr John Hirst. A dinner was held after the Opening Ceremony, to which

Dr and Mrs Inglis Clark were invited as the Club's guests of honour, and these events alone would have made this Meet quite different in its nature from any previous Meet. But in addition to this, twelve miles away, at Ballachulish, the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club were celebrating the coming-of-age of their Club, and as Saturday evening was spent by a great many of our members at the ladies' celebration dinner, it therefore seemed as if actual climbing had, for this occasion, sunk to a level of quite minor importance.

This may have been the reason why the appointment of an historian of the Meet's activities was quite forgotten, or it may simply be that the average member is becoming a wary bird and knows to avoid that dangerous question, "Who is going to chronicle the Meet this time?" However that may be, there began to accumulate in the Editor's office towards the middle of April, in response to a circular from him, the most wonderful collection of hieroglyphics that has ever been seen outside the British Museum. It is not known what weird qualifications the Editor looked for before pouncing on his unfortunate victim, unless it was that the writer's contribution was quite beyond the deciphering of any man.

The weather in the first quarter of this year was so phenomenally fine, that great hopes were entertained for the Meet week-end. It must therefore be acknowledged that while on any ordinary Easter we would have been well satisfied, this year it was hardly up to the wonderfully high standard of weather that prevailed during Spring. However, the rocks were found to be in almost summer condition for the first two days of the Meet, and of this full advantage was taken. The Tower Ridge was climbed on both Friday and Saturday, while on Friday a difficult climb was done on The Castle. It is to be hoped that this latter expedition will find expression in a special article, for the particulars supplied were merely sufficient to stimulate interest without being adequate for repetition by a third party. On Friday, too, the Moonlight and No. 2 Gullies were both climbed, the only reported expedition elsewhere being described by one of the party as "a

pleasant expedition . . . over that particularly revolting horseshoe of peaks which hem the upper corrie of Garbhanach above Steall."

Saturday being a day of almost midsummer heat, a number of parties were tempted further afield, the furthest reported being to Sgurr Eilde Mor, while the people that traversed Na Gruagaichean appear to have been almost as numerous as their subsequent attempts to spell it. Nevertheless, there were still plenty parties left to tackle the North-East Buttress and Slingsby's Chimney, the Observatory Ridge, and the Castle Ridge. The popularity of Na Gruagaichean was due to its convenience as a port-of-call on the way to Ballachulish, for which many of us were bound in order to attend the Coming-of-Age Dinner of the Ladies' Club. A most enjoyable evening was spent in the ladies' company, when the pioneer days of their Club were recalled in a number of very interesting and amusing speeches. We returned safely by ferry and char-à-banc without any serious loss of life!

On Sunday afternoon the weather completely broke down under a strong, cold wind from the south-west, and the conditions high up on the Tower Ridge became exceedingly severe, a strong party finding it advisable to retreat owing to the badly-glazed rocks on the little Tower. Another party, which had set out with the avowed object of climbing Stob Choire Claurigh, got so battered by wind and hail coming off Stob Ban that it made straight for home. One gust came so suddenly that all members of the party except one were picked off their feet simultaneously and deposited on the sharpest of angular quartz blocks, to the huge amusement of the remaining member who was sitting in complete shelter watching the proceedings from the col.

Monday being the day of the Ceremony, all activities were confined to the Ben and Carn Mor Dearg, and after the Ceremony we all returned to Fort William to attend the dinner to Dr and Mrs Inglis Clark, which was held in the Palace Hotel in the evening.

With the passing of Monday there was a large exodus of members, but there were still enough left to make a

party for An Garbhanach and Am Bodach, while two parties, who were lucky enough to be motoring home, did Sgor nam Fiannaidh and Am Binnein respectively. The weather further west was very wet, and a small party which climbed Garbh-Cheirm of Ardgour was unable to tackle a route by the rocks. The last of the members returned home on Wednesday, the only reported expedition being a solitary one from Steall over the Easains to Spean Bridge.

The account of this Meet would be incomplete if it did not mention the elaborate and careful work of furnishing the Hut that went quietly on behind the scenes by Percy Donald, and the indefatigable and untiring efforts of our Secretary, who worked unceasingly to make the Meet the outstanding success that it was.

E. C. THOMSON.

THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE CHARLES INGLIS CLARK MEMORIAL HUT.

IN order to facilitate the arrangements for the opening of the Charles Inglis Clark Memorial Hut, the venue of the Easter Meet, 1929, was changed from Aviemore to Fort William. Although the Hut structure was completed by autumn 1928, the full equipment of furnishings and utensils was only installed by April 1929. However, all was in readiness for the opening ceremony, which was fixed for Monday, 1st April 1929, at 3 P.M.

The first party to occupy the Hut arrived on the preceding day, and consisted of the President, Col. G. T. Glover, both Vice-Presidents, Rev. A. E. Robertson and H. MacRobert, Past-Presidents W. N. Ling and F. S. Goggs, the Hon. Custodian of the Hut, R. R. Elton, and, of course, the generous donors, Dr and Mrs Inglis Clark. The above names were entered with due ceremony in the Visitors' Book, and the first page containing the names of surreptitious pre-opening visitors, members of the baser sort, was pointedly ignored in the hope that the Hon. Custodian would thereafter cut it out and consign it to the Allt a' Mhuilinn.

The morning was fine and the sun shone brightly on the hills above Corpach. About a foot of newly-fallen snow lay on the ground, and in front the Carn Dearg buttress stood out above the blue sky like an impending pinnacle, its base a wreath of fleecy clouds. Soon a stream of visitors arrived, mostly *en route* for the summit, some bringing their lunch, and enjoying it in the comfortable shelter of the Hut, for a piercing wind prevailed. Meanwhile the workers inside were busy coaxing the anthracite stove and cleaning up Primus stoves, with a view to providing gallons of hot water for tea. The timely arrival of a pony laden with two gallons of milk, basket loads of cakes, cups and saucers, etc., was hailed with a shout of relief. The Hut gradually filled up owing to the wintry conditions prevailing outside, but at 2.55 P.M. punctually it was emptied and the door locked. The President, Col. Glover, opened the proceedings, and after referring to the steps which had led to the erection of the Hut, called on Rev. A. E. Robertson to offer up a prayer of Dedication, which he did in a few wonderfully appropriate and satisfying words. Thereafter we all joined in singing the 121st Psalm:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid."

Dr Inglis Clark then, in a few brief words, formally asked the President, in name of the S.M.C., to accept the Hut as a gift from Mrs Inglis Clark and himself in memory of their son Charlie, who had received so much inspiration from the Club. Dr Clark then handed the key to his wife, who, amid cheers and the ticking of amateur cinemas, unlocked the door and declared the Hut open. All then entered the building for tea. At one time nearly 100 were actually inside, and the cooks calculated that 400 cups of tea were issued and every scrap of the mountain of pastry, etc., devoured.

In the evening of the same day the Club entertained Dr and Mrs Inglis Clark to dinner in the Palace Hotel, Fort William. Most of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, who were at Ballachulish, were also present as

guests, so that the company assembled round the tables was certainly the cheeriest and most representative gathering of the "fraternity" ever seen in Scotland.

The dinner began at 8 P.M. and, thanks to the mountaineer's keen appetite, was successfully met and overcome with few mishaps. Our President, admittedly a man of few words and bashful withal, rose to the occasion—for the second time during the Meet. Clutching his cider firmly in his right hand, his glasses and notes in the other, he voiced the feelings of his fellow-members in words which rang true and to the point, and must have been deeply appreciated by those to whom they were specially addressed and in whose honour we were gathered together that night. Dr Clark replied in his usual happy style, but Mrs Clark, who was with difficulty persuaded to speak, was the success of the evening. Her short reply to the toast was just right in every way.

The Club Song was sung by Stuart Jack, and Hirst, that unfortunate renegade, favoured us with one of his own inimitable topical songs, "A Few Toasts," to the tune of "Here's to the Maiden." Not to be outdone by a Sassenach, Stuart Jack returned to the charge and retorted with another topical song to the tune of "When Johnny comes marching home again." This being of a personal and provocative character, as may be seen from the few verses passed by the Editor for publication, the meeting came to a delightful if disorderly end.

H. MACROBERT.

SOME NOTORIETIES OF THE S.M.C.

(To the tune, "When Johnny comes marching home.")

OH! I'll sing you a song of good companee,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

For a jolly good club is the S.M.C.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

From the Cheviot right to the northermost Ben

We've climbed the hills—and we'll do it again,

For we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.

Yes! we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.

Now Glover, of course, is the President bloke,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Oh! He's the man that's fond of a joke,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 But the joke referred to in this refrain
 Is a host of ladies to entertain,
 So we all feel jolly well bucked *he* belongs to the S.M.C.
 Yes! we all feel jolly well bucked *he* belongs to the S.M.C.

MacRobert and Robertson—they're a pair!
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Vice-Presidents, both—beyond compare!
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 If they are our vices you'll wonder with me
 Why! What in the world must our virtues be!
 Oh! we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.
 Yes! we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.

Our Secretary bold is Sandy MacSang,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Oh! His is the job that goes with a bang,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 And when he sends word that the Easter Meet
 Is to be at Fort William—we're in for a treat!
 And we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.
 Yes! we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.

It's the Treasurer's duty to nobble your sub.,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 It's a lucrative billet, but here's the rub,
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 If a LIFE member slips on an icy slope,
 It's his bounden duty to cut the rope,
 And we all (except one!) think it jolly good fun to belong to the
 S.M.C.
 Yes! we all (except one!) think it jolly good fun to belong to the
 S.M.C.

From a glut of officials we gladly turn,
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 To sing of the doings of Ronald Burn,
 Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee!
 On all Gaelic names he can offer advice,
 And I'm told that he's even climbed Blaven twice,
 So we all feel jolly well bucked *he* belongs to the S.M.C.
 Yes! we all feel jolly well bucked *he* belongs to the S.M.C.



September 1929

A. E. Robertson

BEN NEVIS—THE TWIN RIDGES BREAKING THROUGH THE MIST
(NOTE THE HUT IN THE FOREGROUND)



June 1929

A. E. Robertson

DAWN ON THE NORTH-EAST BUTTRESS

This verse I'd have you especially mark,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
It's to Doctor and Mrs Inglis Clark,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For wherever the hills that we care to roam,
They've built on Ben Nevis our Home! Sweet Home!
And we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.
Yes! we all feel jolly well bucked to belong to the S.M.C.

CLUB ROOM.

The removal of the Club Room from 12 Castle Street to a room on the ground floor in our Hon. Secretary's premises at 3 Forres Street was made in the beginning of May. Several attempts have been made by those in office and others to straighten things up, and it is hoped to have the place presentable before the winter season commences. The fact that the room is on the ground floor should be appreciated, although it might be said that the benefits of a visit are now only intellectual and æsthetic, whereas before the benefits had been mostly physical.

LIBRARY.

The following have been received since the last issue of our *Journal*:—

Alpine Journal. Vol. XLI., No. 238.
Rucksack Club Journal. Vol. VI., No. 3, 1929, No. 23.
Canadian Alpine Journal. Vol. XVII., 1928.
Les Alpes. March to September 1929.
Bulletin of the Appalachian Mountain Club. June 1929.
La Montagne. March to August 1929.
Sangaku (Japanese Alpine Club Journal). 1929, No. 2.
Italian Alpine Club Journal. January to June 1929.
Bulletin Pyrénéen. April to September 1929.
American Alpine Club Journal. 1929.
Svenska Turistforeningens Arsskrift. 1929.
Bulletin du Club Alpin Belge. March to June 1929.

Den Norske Turistforenings Arbok. 1929.

Zeitschrift Des Deutschen und Osterreicheschen Alpin-Vereins. 1928.

New Zealand Alpine Journal. Vol. IV., No. 16, December 1928.

"Climbs and Ski Runs," by F. S. Smythe. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh. Price 21s.) Presented by the Author.

No books have been purchased.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

Seven slides of the Mont Blanc district have been presented by Mr Alexander Harrison, while three have been made from negatives kindly lent by Mr James F. Anton, of Dundee.

REVIEWS.

The Cairngorm Club Journal, Vol. XII., No. 67, 2s.

The Cairngorm Club appears to be a vigorous body both as a Club and as individuals. The Club had five official expeditions in addition to the usual Club Meets during 1928, and the attractive articles in this number of their *Journal* show that the members are filled with a gratifying keenness.

One is not accustomed to associate the Cairngorms with rock-climbing, but two interesting and instructive articles on the rocks of the Lochnagar group clearly indicate that there is yet much to be done in that district, and although it seems that the rock is not entirely free of vegetation, we look forward to further accounts of climbs on the excellent material that is provided at a convenient distance from centres of civilisation.

Perhaps nowhere in Scotland is there so much opportunity for pleasant ridge walking as in the Cairngorms, and an article by James L. Duncan ought to suggest plenty of expeditions for those who are attracted by this enchanting form of mountaineering.

Without in the least detracting from the very excellent letterpress, we wish to pay a tribute to those who furnish the photographs with which the *Journal* is tastefully furnished. Those illustrating an article by J. A. Parker on "British Columbia" will be of especial interest to any who may be seeking playgrounds outside the British Isles.

The *Cairngorm Journal* is always a welcome addition to mountain literature, and the present number is no exception.

A. M. M. W.

The New Zealand Alpine Journal, Vol. IV., No. 16.

We have been favoured with a copy of the sixteenth number (Vol. IV.) of the *New Zealand Alpine Journal*, now—as we gather from its title-page—in its sixteenth year, it being issued once a year; but it was at a date considerably anterior to this that the pioneers of the sport turned their attention to the conquest of the New Zealand Alps.

The writer's acquaintance with New Zealand is confined almost entirely to the larger towns mainly on the eastern coasts of the North and South Islands; and the only occasion upon which he had even a glimpse of the higher ranges was while journeying from Oamaru

to Dunedin, when a fellow-passenger in the train pointed out to him, in the far distance, and almost entirely obscured by clouds, a range which he was told was that of the "Remarkables," which lie close to the east of the lower stretch of Lake Manatipu.

If the writer is not mistaken, the happy hunting-grounds of the New Zealand Club are to be found mainly in the western and south-western parts of the South Island, where the peaks range from 8,000 or 9,000 feet, until they culminate in the giant peak of Mount Cook, which is 12,349 feet in height; there are, of course, other groups of lofty mountains, both in the North and South Islands, but those dealt with in the pages under review are all in the districts indicated above. Situated as these are, at a considerable distance from the main centres of population, and in regions subject to sudden and violent storms, mountaineering as here described is necessarily of a more strenuous character than we are commonly accustomed to in Scotland; but the members of the Club seem to live up to the motto inscribed on the cover of their *Journal*—"Perge et Perage"—which may be translated, somewhat freely, we admit—"Get your nails into it, and hang on."

Among the many interesting articles in this present number is a record of an expedition undertaken by the President of the New Zealand Alpine Club, Mr Arthur P. Harper, A.C., who was accompanied by Mr L. C. Amery, at that time Dominion Secretary in the British Cabinet. Unfortunately, an attack upon Mount Cook was frustrated by the weather conditions, but Mr Amery was rewarded by the sight of many of the wonders of the district. Other articles deal with ascents of Mount Aspiring, Mounts Castor and Pollux, etc., and are all full of interest.

In conclusion we would congratulate the Editor, Mr T. A. Fletcher, and other office-bearers of the Club upon the get-up of their *Journal*, and upon the photographs, beautifully reproduced, with which it is illustrated.

T. F. C.

The Canadian Alpine Journal, 1928, Vol. XVIII. \$1.75.

This most attractive publication gives evidence of an extremely robust membership in the Alpine Club of Canada. One could almost suspect, too, that the Club were starting a "Come to Canada" movement, for the articles and photographs, of which there are a great many, are all of a most excellent character.

Descriptions of climbs over unknown peaks have always more appeal to the imagination than those of familiar friends, and to us all the climbs were unfamiliar. There is apparently in Canada a wealth of mountain country of all grades of difficulty, and from the article on "Scrambles Around Maligne Lake," it is manifest that "peak baggers" can have the added joy of bagging first ascents and of naming their own mountains.

We cannot attempt to select any article for special mention for all of them were read with the utmost interest. The Alpine Club of Canada draws its members from over a wide area. Its playgrounds are equally extensive, but the appeal of the mountains goes far beyond the country, and when an improved air service brings Canada to our door, we shall find the appeal being answered in fact as it is now in imagination. If that is the object of the Alpine Club of Canada, their Journal most certainly lays a strong foundation for the realisation of that object.

A. M. M. W.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. VI., No. 3, 1929, No. 23.
Editor, J. H. Doughty. (Charles H. Barber, 2A St Ann Street, Manchester. 4s.)

Here is a *Journal* well worth buying. Mr Doughty's delightful digest on the "A.C. Knots for Climbers" alone makes it well worth the money, and there is plenty else besides of outstanding interest. The excellence of the illustrations and the general finish are things to be aimed at.

We would specially commend to rock climbers Pigott's excellent account of the conquest of a stiff climb on the West Buttress of Du'r Arddu—an exceptionally *ard(d)uous* climb, in fact—showing some wonderful leading on the part of Longland of the Cambridge group.

Mr Benton's description of the Brigaglia Group, and Mr Arthur Burns' of a more or less high-level traverse from Zermatt to Chamonix, sounds too good to be true, till one notices that they chronicle Club doings in 1928.

Hirst gives some valuable up-to-date information on Hut conditions in the Ortler Group.

Eustace Thomas includes a list of Four-thousands, and Corbett a list of what are now known as the Twenty-fives.

G. S.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, Vol. V., 1929, No. 18.

Having read this number I feel at a loss in the space allotted me by the Editor to do each contributor ample justice. I advise our readers to borrow the *Journal* from our Library, or purchase it from the Hon. Librarian, Y.R.C., 10 Park Square, Leeds, price 5s., and am certain that it will provide an evening's instruction and entertain-

ment. "A Raid on the High Atlas," by Messrs W. V. Brown and Beetham, was carried out during the Easter Holidays (1928). London was quitted on 3rd April, the actual mountaineering commenced on the 12th and finished on the 21st. They left Casablanca by aeroplane to Toulouse on the 27th, and arrived in London on the afternoon of the 29th April. The article fully justifies its title.

An article by Mr F. S. Smythe describes a very determined attack by himself and party on the West Buttress of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu in Wales. It went after several attempts.

"Twixt Sunset and Dawn: A Night Out with the Yorkshire Ramblers," by Mr H. V. Hughes, is evidently written to justify the Club's title as "Ramblers." There appears to be an ancient and traditional "three peak walk" in the county, which apparently consists of bagging Penyghent, Whernside, and Ingleborough (I hope I have got it right) in a certain limited time. To prompt the reader's curiosity, I might mention the night in question was one in January. For further information read the *Journal*.

Mr F. S. Smythe has several notes on climbs in the Alps during the summer of 1927, each one of which might have made an interesting article.

Other articles of interest are: "Some Peaks by the Lake of Como," by Mr W. A. Wright; "Gaping Ghyll, Whitsuntide and September 1927," by Gantryman; and "Gaping Ghyll in 1904," by Mr M. Botterill.

The Editor is to be congratulated on the excellence of his *Journal* both in the letterpress and illustrations. G. M. L.

The Alpine Journal, Vol. XLI., No. 238.

It is not possible to touch on every one of the numerous and interesting articles contained in this number, and attention must therefore be confined to those of special interest.

There is reprinted an article by the late Miss Gertrude Bell on the "Engelhörner." This was published in the *National Review* of December 1901, and is full of interest. Then we have an article by Professor T. Graham Brown, which includes amongst other climbs an account of the direct ascent of Mont Blanc to Courmayeur from the Brenva Glacier. This remarkable climb was led by F. S. Smythe in 1928. The illustrations to this article are specially interesting.

The article by E. R. Blanchet on "The Spare Rope in Theory and Practice" contains many useful hints. One is inclined to question if his abseil on the east face of the Pointe Beaumont was justifiable.

F. S. Smythe contributes an article entitled "Some Physical Characteristics of Snow Avalanches," and this will prove of value not only to mountaineers, but also to ski runners.

Lastly, there should be mentioned the account of the Russo-German expedition to West Turkestan in 1928. This expedition was undertaken to explore and map this little-known range of mountains, which include points over 7,000 m. in height.

The *Journal* includes several articles on the late Capt. J. P. Farrar. By his death the Alpine Club has lost both a great man and a great mountaineer.

A. H.

NOTES AND EXCURSIONS.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.



DONALD BELL, ROADMAN.

To those of us who frequent the road over the Black Mount, the old roadman was a familiar figure, as was his little hut, barely 5 by 6 feet, wherein he lived summer and winter. Quarters were so congested that, on his own information, cooking in bad weather had to be done while he lay in bed. This year we looked for him in vain, and inquiry revealed the fact that Donald had been admitted to the poorhouse hospital last winter, where he died a month later.

Donald Bell was one of the first to drive a passenger coach through Glencoe, and was known and appreciated by all the neighbourhood. Though perhaps to most of us he was only known by sight, we will, nevertheless, miss his genial shout and wave of the hand, and we are bound to feel that the road has lost one of its charms.

L. ST. C. B.



SNOW IN OBSERVATORY GULLY, BEN NEVIS.

Having made a summer ascent of the Observatory Gully (Tower Branch) on three separate occasions, a note on the snow conditions may be of interest.

Below the buttress which separates the Gardyloo and Tower Branches of the Observatory Gully, there is a precipitous outcrop of rock stretching from the Tower Ridge across towards the Observatory Buttress. It diminishes as it crosses and disappears finally into the narrow gully which runs up and forms the Gardyloo. In winter photos of the Ben this outcrop can be seen plainly as it leaves the Tower Ridge. It gradually disappears under an unbroken sweep of snow.

In September 1911 I made a solitary ascent. The summer had been unusually fine and dry, but there was the then usual large field of old snow lying from just below the tops of both the Gardyloo and Tower Gullies for some 700 feet down the main gully. I kicked steps up and over this outcrop almost without noticing it.

In August 1928, with Mr and Mrs Sang, we found perhaps 300 feet of snow. This time also we went up without difficulty on continuous snow over the outcrop, but keeping well to our left. We finished up the Tower Branch, making use of the bergschrund between the old snow and the rocks, as, of course, we had no axes.

In September 1929, Stuart Jack and I found the outcrop entirely uncovered and only a strip of snow in the narrow gully which runs up on the extreme left. Below this there was a small patch, perhaps 100 feet, almost pure ice, and about 6 to 8 feet thick. We went into the gully and immediately climbed out to our right and up the outcrop on smooth but easy rocks. We then walked round to our right on a broad ledge which led right on to the Tower Ridge below the Tower. So far as we could see in the mist there was no snow in the Tower Gully above us. To reach this broad ledge and so effect an easy escape from a bad finish to the Tower Ridge (as referred to on p. E.24 of the "Ben Nevis Guide"), one should go along the Ledge Route on left of Tower. This route is reached by going as high as possible without difficult climbing, on the left of the Tower. There is a small break in the ledge, and 12 yards beyond this there is a large boulder on left, and in front, and slightly above the through route, under a large slab which has fallen across the ledge. To get into the Observatory Gully one turns to the left at the large boulder and descends a few feet on to the broad ledge referred to. Continuing along this into the main gully, a glissade should take the climber to the Allt a' Mhuilinn. In Howie's famous panorama of the Ben this route is clearly shown on snow. Under summer conditions also it is therefore an easy walk from the Tower Ridge into the Observatory Gully.

H. M.

TOWER RIDGE, NEW ROUTE.

C. W. Parry writes: Lawson, Cumming, Matheson, and myself accomplished this route on the 29th March inadvertently, owing to Lawson's treacherous memory. That abstract quantity, combined with the blind trust of the party in its correct functioning, supposed that the easy gully on the east side of the ridge commenced some hundreds of feet higher than was the case. Actually we started on the rocks a little above the level of the top of the Douglas Boulder, at the highest point in the Tower Gully, from which it seems possible to reach the ridge. The rocks are not very good low down, being steep and loose. The climber is forced to move constantly to the right owing to overhanging rocks. The climb is steep owing to this traversing movement, and looks nearly vertical from above. There are two entertaining pitches—one a long stride across a rather holdless gully, and the other the final chimney, a corner crack, of

some 10 feet, which would be impossible if iced. This chimney leads to the ridge proper, about 300 feet (estimated) above the Douglas Boulder, this height representing about the length of the climb. Owing to the necessity of clearing and testing every hold, and the large party of four, we occupied over two hours. The climber reaches the ridge just above the darkest rock mass seen on the left of the ridge on the photo (*S.M.C. Guide*, "Ben Nevis," p. 28) by Gilbert Thomson.

For us the rocks were dry, and we were more or less sheltered from a strong wind, which greeted us on the ridge proper.

This variation is considerably harder than anything to be found on the ridge higher up if the east route is followed.

BEN ALDER GROUP.

J. W. Baxter and the writer, with G. C. Williams and A. R. Lillie (J.M.C.S.), had a most enjoyable week-end here from 17th to 20th May 1929. An excellent camping site was discovered far up the Uisge Labhair Glen, and the weather was on its best behaviour. On the Saturday the party, after ascending Beinn Bheoil, climbed Alder by a long snow gully in the Garbh Coire. This gully—the central one in the corrie—gave about 700 feet of very steep, hard snow—in parts overlying ice—and was crowned by a cornice which was practically continuous along the whole of the northern and eastern faces. From the cairn the whole of Scotland seemed to be visible. On the Sunday the ridge from Beinn Eibhinn to Carn Dearg (Pattack) was traversed, and Geal Charn (3,688 feet) was found to possess an extraordinary flat top and many snow gullies on its northern slopes and rocky ribs, which invite further exploration. On the Monday, Baxter and Aikman climbed Sgor Gaibhre separately, the latter viewing therefrom the sunrise over Alder. This is a district which is well worthy of many visits, there being numberless arêtes, gullies, and ridges on Alder that might give good climbs.

J. L. A.

ASCENT OF TOWER RIDGE ON NEVIS.

On Sunday, 18th August, Mr E. C. Roberts, A.C., and the writer, favoured by excellent weather conditions, made the ascent of the Tower Ridge on Ben Nevis, including the direct ascent of the Douglas Boulder from the lowest rocks along a straight line to its summit from a point on the Coire Leis about 100 yards above the Clark Hut. There is only one section about half-way up where a

traverse to the right was necessitated by a vertical rock wall of about 60 feet. It is just possible that this may be climbable, but it would be very severe. Continuing up the Tower Ridge the Great Tower was ascended direct from the ridge below to the summit. This climb is rather exposed in various places, but the holds are small and sufficient. We left the Clark Hut at 1.10 P.M. and were on the summit about 5.20 P.M. When completely straightened out the Tower Ridge is a splendid mountaineering expedition, even in summer conditions.

J. H. B. B.

CENTRAL BUTTRESS BUCHAILLE ETIVE MOR.

On Saturday, 6th July, the writer met A. Harrison at Kingshouse. An interesting ascent, probably new in part at least, was made of the Central Buttress on Buchaille Etive. A start was made on the lowest rocks on the northerly side of the buttress. After a difficult 20-foot right-angled corner, some excellent steep climbing on good holds landed us on a sloping terrace overhung by an upper Crag of exceeding steepness. Careful climbing up the corner of this for about 40 feet led to a sloping sort of cave, from which it was necessary to traverse downwards to the right before progress was again possible. Two vertical chimneys were in evidence above us, and we selected the most direct, which proved to be overhung and fairly difficult. This was finally overcome by a suggestion of combined tactics on the left wall. Above this steep and interesting climbing led to easy rocks, and our buttress finished against the upper section of the Curved Ridge. Thence we climbed the Crowberry Tower and reached the summit of Buchaille Etive at 10 P.M. We had left Kingshouse at 6 P.M. and motored to the Coupal Bridge. A pleasant bathe in the Etive at 11 P.M. was the climax to a delightful evening.

On Sunday we again made for the Central Buttress, but for its southern extremity. There we ascended in succession two semi-detached rock buttresses, the second of which, in particular, afforded 200 feet of difficult face climbing on firm porphyry with very small holds. Beyond this was a small col, attainable by an easy scramble. The climb proceeded upwards to and fro on the broken slabby rocks above the steep lower section of the Central Buttress. The climbing was henceforth interesting, but not very difficult. We finished on the broken rocks below the Crowberry Tower, and ascended the latter by the deep black vertical chimney which cleaves the south-east face just below the summit. This chimney is rather difficult and had to be cleared up somewhat, and we would be grateful to know if it has been ascended before, and if so, when, and by whom. The gardening operations which we effected proclaimed an unjustifiable neglect of such a sporting route up the Crowberry Tower.

J. H. B. B.

“SUB-MUNROS.”

“DEAR MR EDITOR,—

“In the last issue of the *Journal* (April 1929) an interesting article appears by Mr J. H. B. Bell on the ‘Lomonds of Fife.’ He used the word ‘Sub-Munro,’ not a very euphemistic expression, but sufficiently significant and suggestive to direct attention to a class of climbs hitherto but little recognised. There can hardly be any doubt that Munro’s list of mountains in Scotland of 3,000 feet and over in height has somewhat usurped the position that many a hill of less altitude might occupy when considered from a purely climbing point of view. Take, for instance, Ben Cruachan; it is little more than a steep hill walk in places, in order to reach the summit from the Pass of Brander. Yet there exists an interesting little climb R. A. Robertson, Gibson, and I had many years ago up a gully on the north face of Beinn a Bhuiridh (2,936), the hill at the back of Loch Awe Hotel, not a ‘Munro.’

“Mr Bell’s article conveys the suggestion, I think, that, like Munro’s list of ‘three thousanders,’ a table of ‘Sub-Munros’ might be compiled which would indicate where good climbs could be had although the altitude in some cases might be far short of 3,000 feet. Indeed, I would venture to suggest that ‘Sub-Munro’ climbs should be taken into account when considering the merits of a candidate’s application for membership. I should imagine that a careful compilation of ‘Sub-Munros,’ based solely on the climbing merits they possess, would add greatly to the amenities of the Club. They might be divided into two classes: one, rock, chiefly for summer expeditions; and the other, snow gullies, etc., for winter and early spring climbing.

“Without wishing to cast any reflection on those who consider ‘peak-bagging’ one of the chief objects to be attained in climbing a mountain, I own to a feeling that greater credit is due to those whose ambition is to overcome physical difficulties needing courage, care, and skill, rather than to reach the top of a mountain because it is at least 3,000 feet high. However, I do not forget that our Club has objects in view other than those concerned exclusively in climbing, whether the summit to be attained be high or low. Not only do we encourage physical exercise, but we ask from our applicants for membership that they love our hills and dales which give the artist scope for his brush, the naturalist material for science, and the heart a response to the beauties of nature around and above. These are sentiments which, in the minds of some, may transcend the more material and physiological exercises of man’s lungs and muscles. Pleasure and healthy recreation is what we all seek, and it matters little how we individually strive for it, so long as it supplies us with what we most need and enjoy. But enough of this philosophising! I hope the example which Mr Bell has set in his article on ‘Sub-Munros’ will receive some additional support in this rather too long letter.—I am, etc.,

“A. ERNEST MAYLARD.

“KINGSMUIR, PEEBLES.”

S.M.C. ABROAD.

THE BRITANNIA HUT.

A notice has been received from the Association of the British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club, asking for financial support in aid of the reconstruction which is now nearing completion. £800 is required, of which £600 has been subscribed. Subscriptions should be sent to W. M. Roberts, 21 Westmount Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

NOTE ON FORM OF STRETCHER USED IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

An accident occurred in the beginning of August to one of our party, and the following note on the type of stretcher used may be of interest to members :—

The stretcher consisted of a stout pole, about 20 feet long, a strong blanket, and a light rope. The pole is placed on the ground and one edge of the blanket nailed along the middle of it. The injured person is then placed parallel to the pole and the blanket drawn tightly over him, and the opposite edge of the blanket nailed to the pole. The injured man is thus contained in a sort of hammock. Cord is then wound round the blanket so as to take the weight off the body. The advantage of this form of stretcher over the type employed in this country is that there is no fear of the injured person falling out even on the steepest gradients, and half a dozen men can easily be employed in carrying the stretcher. It has been found in practice that on rough ground two men are quite inadequate to carry an injured man for any length of time.

A. H.

F. S. Smythe and I arrived at the Montenvers on 27th July, where we met J. H. B. Bell and C. W. Parry. Bell went home on the Sunday, and after lunch Parry, Smythe, and I went to the Requin hut, where we spent the night, with the intention of doing the Dent du Requin next day.

The morning was dull and misty, and so we decided to make direct for the Refugio Torino at the Col du Geant and do something there, if the weather would permit it. The day was very misty, and had not La Vierge cleared at a convenient time and showed us our correct route, we might quite easily have followed footsteps over the Col de Toule. When we got to the hut the weather was not sufficiently good to permit anything being done, but next morning the weather was fine, and we had a training tour over the Pte. Helbronner, Gd. Flambeau, and the Petit Flambeau.

On the Wednesday we started out with the intention of doing the Rochefort Ridge, but it was so windy that after waiting for two hours beneath the final rocks of the Aiguille du Geant we abandoned the attempt and returned to the hut.

It snowed all Thursday, but conditions were slightly better on the Friday, and we started out to do the Aiguille du Midi. The weather got worse and threatened a storm, and after going some distance towards the Aiguille du Midi from Le Gros Rognon by compass, we returned upon our footsteps. The mist was so dense at times that we could barely see 12 feet.

Saturday was a better day, and we had a most interesting ascent of the Tour Ronde.

On Sunday morning we started for the real objective of our expedition, namely, the ascent of Mt. Maudit by a couloir on the south face. We crossed over into the Brenva Trough by the Col de la Fourche, and found that Dr von Kehl's two guides had just cut steps for about 700 or 800 feet up to the top of the Col. This helped us considerably, otherwise we should probably have made the ascent by the rocks. The rocks on the west side of the Col are distinctly insecure. The bergschrund at the east side of the Col de la Fourche presented considerable difficulty, but that on the south face of the Mt. Maudit was in good condition. We found a good place for a bivouac beneath the steep rocks to the east of the couloir at about 12,500 feet, and after an hour's work we made a very comfortable platform. The weather, which had seemed doubtful, remained uncertain till about midnight, when the whole sky cleared, except that there were a few clouds in the south, and there was every prospect that we would have a good day for the final 2,000 feet of the ascent. The weather changed completely about 2 o'clock, when the whole mountain became enveloped in mist, and slight snow commenced to fall. The snow thickened about 4 o'clock, when we had breakfast, and we commenced the descent as soon as it was light enough to do so, which was shortly after five. It took us about three hours to descend the 500 feet of mixed rocks and snow, and we had considerable difficulty in crossing the avalanche trough of the couloir. Harrison was caught by a snow avalanche when traversing this, and had to hang on until it ceased. The party crossed the trough in the intervals between avalanches. There was no difficulty in crossing the bergschrund, as it was filled up in many places by the newly-fallen snow. It would have been practically impossible to have crossed by the Col de la Fourche, and the mist was too dense to find Smythe's usual route by the Tour Ronde, and so a descent was made by the Brenva Glacier. The descent by this glacier is not to be recommended if there is any alternative. Opposite the Mt. Noir de Peuterey, Parry came away with some rocks on the glacier, and a large rock following went over both his arm and leg. Smythe descended for help and brought up six porters and a stretcher from Courmayeur. The party eventually reached Courmayeur at 9 o'clock

at night. Although we had descended to Courmayeur by an entirely unauthorised route, we had no trouble from the authorities, and every assistance was given in getting Parry down. Parry's injury luckily turned out to be less serious than was at first thought, and he was very lucky to get off so lightly. We spent a day resting at Courmayeur, and on the Wednesday Parry went to Chamonix by motor, and Smythe and Harrison went back to the Torino with the intention of having another attempt on the Mt. Maudit, should the weather permit it. The weather at the hut did not look promising, and so we went on to the Requin to try and pick up letters. The weather that evening did not look promising, and there was a storm during the night followed by rain in the morning, so we descended to the Montenvers. The weather next day was just as bad, so we packed up our luggage and came away.

Both the Torino and Requin huts are bewirtschaftet.

A. H.

On 22nd July J. H. B. Bell and C. W. Parry arrived at the Montenvers in brilliant weather. Taking full advantage of the promising conditions they left early next morning for the Nantillons Glacier and the Charmoz-Grepon Col. An attempt on the Charmoz was spoiled by taking the wrong route, and as the party had reached the col, it was decided to traverse the Grepon alone. It may be here mentioned that as a mountaineer, like an army, moves upon his stomach, a good lunch is necessary. We found ours to be singularly deficient, a circumstance which improved neither our climbing nor our temper. After three days of bad weather, on Saturday we ascended La Nonne from the Charpona Glacier and descended by the Talèfre Glacier.

Features of this delightful expedition were the verglas on rocks and the appalling looseness of the gullies. We returned to find Harrison and Smythe awaiting us. The next day Bell left for England, whilst Parry continued with the others, whose doings are related by Harrison.

C. W. P.

J. Y. Macdonald and his wife spent six weeks in Switzerland. Their first stay was at Adelboden, where, together with many shorter expeditions, the following ascents were made:—A traverse of the Wildstruble and Steghorn, with Chr. Pieren as guide (this was the first ascent of the Steghorn this year); the Gsür, guideless; the Tschingelochtichhorn, again with Pieren. From the last, a descent was made to the Hotel Wildstruble on the top of Gemmi Pass, where a few days were spent, the Daubenhorn ascended, and the Roter Tetz traversed. Bad weather prevented the more ambitious attempt on the Gross Rinderhorn. This hotel can be highly recom-

mended for a short spell of guideless climbing, but it should be avoided over the week-end on account of a brass band which collects from the villages round, and plays throughout the whole night. Three days were then spent at Zermatt, and the Matterhorn attempted with Simon Julien. An approaching storm, however, compelled a retreat from just below the Solvay Hut. Finally, they spent a fortnight at Saas Fee, but very broken weather was encountered and, apart from a visit to the St Joderhorn by the Monte Moro Pass and a glacier tour to the Britannia Hut, nothing was done.

On the afternoon of 5th July I arrived at Isenthal, Canton Uri. For the next three days the weather was very bad, but on the 9th I managed to ascend the Oberbauen (6,960 feet). The ascent is toilsome, and the last part I found none too easy. On the afternoon of the 10th I started with a guide for the Urirothstock (9,620 feet). Taking the Grossthal route, we slept at the Biwald Hut. Starting from there about 2.45 A.M., we reached the top at 9 A.M. The abnormal amount of snow made our progress slow on the last part of the ascent. The view from the top was marvellous, and included the Bernese Oberland, Titlis, Dammastock, and Sustenhorn groups, Range of the Tödi, Glärnisch and Sentis, with part of the Lake of Lucerne far below. We descended by the steeper Kleinthal route.

Next day I travelled by the mail motor over the Klausen Pass to Linthal, and walked up to Tierfehd, at the head of the valley. On the 14th I started for the Tödi (11,887 feet), with a guide and porter from Linthal. We walked in five hours to the grandly situated Fridolin Hut, and starting from there at 3 the next morning, we reached the summit at 8 A.M. The view far surpassed even that from the Urirothstock. Towards the south-east and east we saw the Bernina and Ortler. In the opposite direction the Oberland was clearly seen, but it was far surpassed in grandeur by the glorious Zermatt group, Monte Rosa, Mischabel, and Weisshorn, the last-named looking especially magnificent. To the right of it, Mont Blanc was clearly seen. I make the distance to be 119 miles. We descended by the same route, reaching Tierfehd early in the evening. Under good conditions, the Tödi presents no serious difficulty.

Next day I recrossed the Klausen Pass to Altdorf. From there I took train to Amsteg, whence I walked to the Hotel Alpenclub, Maderanerthal, engaging a horse to carry my luggage. There is no carriage-road through the Maderanerthal. On the 18th I started with a guide and porter for the Oberalpstock (10,926 feet), an easy mountain. On the way up to the Cavardiras Hut we were caught in a prolonged thunderstorm. During the night, however, the weather righted itself. We started at 2 A.M., and, the snow being in good condition, reached the summit at the early hour of

4.30, witnessing a fine sunrise over the Tödi. We were back at the hotel at 10.15.

On the 22nd I went down to Amsteg, with the intention of attempting a solitary ascent of the Bristenstock (10,086 feet). It will be remembered that this is the mountain on which Messrs Hardy and Kennedy got into difficulties in 1857, but these difficulties were entirely due to their deviating from the proper route on the descent. Leaving Amsteg at 2.45 A.M. on the 23rd, I had considerable difficulty in finding the way up the lower slopes in the early hours. "Conway and Coolidge," on which I was relying, is now misleading, as new paths have been made. I had the additional excitement of being chased by a huge dog! At last, however, I got on the right track. Passing the huts of Bristenstäfeli and Blacki Alp, I went up to the moraine at the foot of the final peak. Then, turning to the right, I got on to the more westerly of the two ridges which enclose the little glacier on the north face. This I followed up to its junction with the other ridge, and not long afterwards gained the summit at 10.40. There were several places on the ridge which nearly turned me back, but a party of two or three should experience no difficulty. It is, however, a very rotten mountain. There was scarcely any snow when I made the ascent. The view from the top was very grand. I again saw the Zermatt peaks to perfection, but Mont Blanc was just out of sight. I descended by the same route, reaching Amsteg about 5.45. As Amsteg is only 1,713 feet above sea-level, the ascent of the Bristenstock is toilsome, especially as there is no proper hut on that side of the mountain. As I realised too late, the best plan is to stay at Bristen, which is 900 feet higher up than Amsteg, and where there is a good little hotel.

On the 25th I left for England, just as the weather seemed again to be breaking.

C. R. P. V.

W. N. Ling spent a month in the Alps, but was hampered by bad weather. Joining two fellow-members, J. W. Brown and P. J. H. Unna, in Maderanerthal, a charming valley, the Oberalpstock was ascended in good weather from the Cavardiras Hut. Next day was wet, as was the following one, but, backing their luck, they went up to the Hüfi Hut in the afternoon for the Dössistock. New snow and bad weather drove them down next morning.

The following day was doubtful, but improved later, and, full of hope, they went up to the Windgälle Hut for the Windgälle. They were again disappointed. It was now decided to move over to Linthal, and they again went up to the Hüfi Hut. Starting at 3.20 next morning, they had a fine walk up to the Clariden Pass, from which they ascended the Claridenstock and got a fine view. An easy descent to the Clariden Hut and a delightful walk from there brought them to the Tödi Hotel, Tierfehd, at the head of the Linthal. Here

they were joined by Gordon Smith, fresh from exploits with the Cambridge Mountaineering Club in Tyrol. Unna was unfortunately called home. The next two days were wet, but the day after was better, and the party went up to the Fridolin Hut for the Tödi. The ascent was made next day in fine weather, but the wind on the summit was cold. A fine view was obtained. The following day was wet, and abandoning a projected attempt on the Bifertenstock, the party moved on to Curaglia at the foot of the Lukmanier Pass. From here the Medelser Hut was gained and the Piz Medels ascended, summit unfortunately in mist. The Lukmanier Pass was crossed in the post motor to Olivone, a pleasant village. Three wet days and then a fine one let the party go up from Dangio to the Adula Hut, whence the Rheinwaldhorn was ascended and a fine view obtained from the summit, between two periods of mist.

Through the Gotthard Tunnel to Göschenen and up to the Göschener Alp was the next part of the programme. From there the Damma Hut was gained, but the weather again broke, and as time was nearly up, the party moved on to Zürich and home.

The bag of five peaks was a meagre one, and might easily have been doubled in more favourable weather, but some new and delightful country was seen, and the time was not altogether wasted.

W. N. L.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1929—SPEAN BRIDGE

THE Easter Meet of the Glasgow Section of the J.M.C.S. was held at Spean Bridge from Friday, 29th March, to Monday, 1st April.

The following members were present: Barr, Dixon, E. Elton, Forrest, Lillie, M'Laren, Sharp, Shearer, Williams, and Hutchison; Greig, Knox, and Macgregor of the Edinburgh Section were also present.

On Friday, 29th, M'Laren, Dixon, and Lillie climbed Aonach Mor and Aonach Beag from Spean Bridge. The evening train brought Elton and Sharp who, having broken their journey at Corroul in order to climb Stob Coire an Easain Mhor and Stob a' Choire Mheadoin, had rejoined the train at Tulloch.

Several other members arrived on Friday evening. Three parties were climbing next day on the Aonachs. They were Forrest and Barr; Sharp, Elton, and Coventry; Greig, Williams, and Shearer. M'Laren, Dixon, and Lillie trained to Corroul, from there climbed Stob Coire an Easain Mhor and its neighbour, and afterwards walked back to Spean Bridge. In the evening the members were strengthened by the arrival of Hutchison, Knox, and Macgregor. Next day, Sunday, the weather, which had hitherto been fine, broke. Elton, Sharp, Forrest, Barr, Coventry, Shearer, and Lillie went by cars to Glen Nevis. They, with the exception of Lillie, had an amusing time on Ben Nevis, Sharp and Elton providing the amusement. Lillie had left the hotel in an absent frame of mind, but was awakened in Glen Nevis by an

S.M.C. party, who took him over three of the Mamores by way of bringing him back to earth again.

Hutchison, Greig, Knox, and Macgregor climbed Stob Choire Claurigh and the ridge to Laoigh, while Dixon, M'Laren, and Williams, following on their heels, did the same. A massed attack on Stob Coire Sgriodain and Chno Dearg was made on Monday by Dixon, Forrest, Barr, Elton, Shearer, Knox, Macgregor, Greig, and Coventry, after the completion of which all returned home by the evening train.

Hutchison, Lillie, M'Laren, and Williams attended the opening of the Ben Nevis Hut, where the hot-cross buns were enjoyed. The Meet was very enjoyable, although the absence of much snow was disappointing.

The Club wishes to record its appreciation of the arrangements made for its comfort by the staff.

JULY MEET, 1929—FORT WILLIAM.

A MOST successful Meet was held at the Charles Inglis Clark Memorial Hut from 13th to 15th July 1929. There were present: J. L. Aikman (S.M.C.), W. H. Dinsmore, W. D. Forrest, J. G. MacLean, D. M'Pherson, D. Ross, and G. C. Williams (J.M.C.S.).

The first arrivals at the Hut late (very) on Friday evening were Aikman, Williams, and Ross, who were followed early (very) on Saturday morning, about an hour later to be precise, by Dinsmore, Forrest, and MacLean.

On Saturday morning Williams and Aikman set off to climb the Tower Ridge by way of the Douglas Boulder. They started up the Boulder at its lowest point on deceptively easy (?) slabs, but were forced, after some 250 feet of climbing, to traverse to the left into the gap. The Tower Ridge was then followed, and the Tower itself circumvented by way of the Eastern Traverse. After reaching the Cairn, it was found that some articles had been left on the Ridge, which was descended again

to collect these. Ross, who had climbed to the summit by way of the Arête, joined this party on the descent. The downward climb over the lowest pitch of the Ridge, above Douglas Boulder, was found to be decidedly harder than the ascent.

Meanwhile the other party, composed of Dinsmore, Forrest, and MacLean, with the addition of M'Pherson, who had arrived shortly after breakfast, was proceeding up the Castle Ridge—at a jog trot. This climb did not come up to expectations, so they decided to climb the Douglas Boulder. They started at the north-west angle of the rock on a rib running parallel with the gully or chimney on this side, and beginning with a very fine 100-foot pitch. This is apparently a new climb, and is reported to be fairly difficult. The descent was made into the gap and down the gully on the south-east side.

On Sunday, Dinsmore, Ross, and Forrest, armed with axes, climbed up the Gardyloo Gully to the foot of the big pitch to recover some lost property. They were quite successful; then they followed MacLean and M'Pherson up the Tower Ridge. Williams and Aikman were meanwhile very busily engaged in Slingsby's Chimney, which was found to be rather damp, and the last pitch was turned by an exhilarating route up the left wall. From the first platform they climbed up the North-East Buttress to the right for about 150 feet, but finding that it was getting rather late decided to make a retreat, and returned by way of the easy traverse to the east.

Monday saw two parties bent on the ascent of the North-East Buttress, the first of these being Dinsmore and M'Pherson, who were leaving that afternoon. Williams and Aikman followed, but went too far round into Corrie Leis, and spent some time negotiating a subsidiary buttress before reaching the first platform. The Buttress was then followed and very much enjoyed; the Mantrap being found to be rather stiff. Ross, MacLean, and Forrest bagged Carn Mor Dearg, and MacLean and Forrest descended by the Arête, while Ross went further afield to bag the Aonachs and one or two other peaks.

On the Tuesday morning, Aikman, Williams, and Ross, who were the only occupants left, spent the morning tidying up the Hut and scrambling at the foot of Douglas Boulder, to descend leisurely in the excessive heat of the afternoon to catch a train home.

This Meet was conspicuous by the excellent weather which prevailed and the energy and joviality of the party—one to be long remembered.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1929—FORT WILLIAM.

The Easter Meet of the Edinburgh Section of the J.M.C.S. was held at Fort William from Saturday, 13th, to Monday, 15th April.

The following members were present: Ainslie, Cox, Cram, Elliott, Greig, Lindsay, M'Pherson, Pearson, Robertson, and P. Donald of the S.M.C.

The long journey from Edinburgh possibly accounted for the comparatively small turnout of members.

The first arrivals were Donald, Lindsay, and M'Pherson, who arrived on Friday night. Greig, Pearson and Ainslie arrived yawning by the early morning train, and the two parties proceeded to Achantee Farm in a hired conveyance. The latter trio intended to stay at the Hut, and were therefore heavily burdened. To add to this, an attempt to present the barometer to the S.M.C. in the person of Donald on the platform had been sternly repelled. On arrival at the Hut in an exhausted condition, the attempt was renewed, but the "Hut Furnisher" would take no responsibility, so the instrument was interred in a cupboard until further notice.

After disposing of some of the hard-earned provisions, Donald, Lindsay, and M'Pherson proceeded to the top of the Ben via the Moonlight Gully, having to cut steps most of the way. They then returned to the comforts of the hotel. After a long rest Pearson and Ainslie followed the steps made by the first party, and reached the

top in one and a half hours at 6 P.M. The descent was made by the same route in failing light.

On Sunday, Greig, Pearson, and Ainslie climbed Carn Mor Dearg and the two Aonachs, returning by the lower end of the Allt a' Mhuilinn. A short but snappy climb was obtained on the Carn Mor Dearg Arête, Greig achieving success after the other two had failed. Cram, Elliott, and Robertson, who had camped at Achantee, arrived at the Hut about 11, and thence climbed Nevis by the well-trodden Moonlight Gully. Donald, Lindsay, and M'Pherson climbed Carn Mor Dearg and then descended to the Hut, where they found Cox, who had arrived by car that afternoon. All the Meet, with the exception of Cox, spent Sunday night at the Hut. As there are only eight bunks, M'Pherson spent the night on the table, but must have found it very comfortable, judging by his reluctance to make way for breakfast.

An early start had been decided upon for Monday in order that the majority of those present might catch the 4 o'clock train south, but the presence of too many embryo cooks, and M'Pherson's disinclination for early rising, caused the start to be rather later than intended. Cram, Elliott, and Robertson made a gallant attempt to reach Aonach Beag, but time was too short, so Cram proceeded to the summit while the other two dashed for Fort William, arriving just in time, thanks to a welcome lorry. Greig, Pearson, Ainslie, and Lindsay climbed Nevis by No. 3 Gully, the rope only being used for the cornice. Cox was met on the descent while the party was indulging in the luxury of a bathe. His kilt caused many anxious moments until he drew near enough for his sex to be distinguished. Donald and M'Pherson, after cleaning up the mess at the Hut, proceeded to climb No. 2 Gully. It took them four hours, and every step had to be cut. As they apparently had unlimited holidays, they spent the night at the hotel, and were of great help in recovering the lost and scattered property of the rest of the Meet.

The weather during the whole week-end was ideal, and the Hut made an exceedingly comfortable residence, which added greatly to the pleasure of the Meet.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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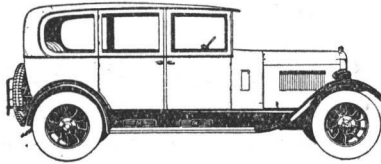
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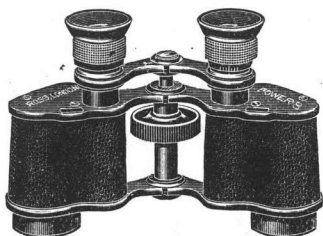
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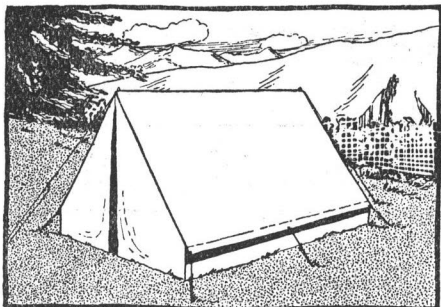
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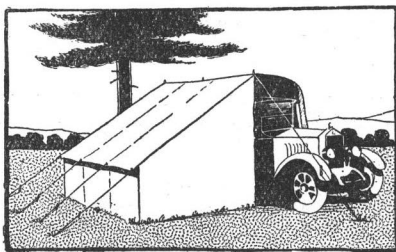
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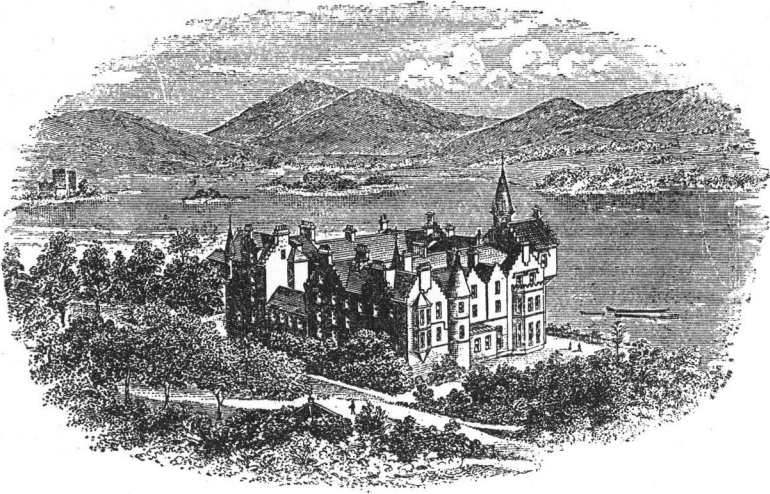
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