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March 1930

J. A. Parker

CREAG AN DUINE, SEANA BHRAIGH, FROM THE NORTH-WEST. (*See page 73*)

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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CREAG AN DUINE, SEANA BHRAIGH.

By J. A. PARKER.

IT is curious how some hills more than others exercise a strange fascination, and, ever since I visited it in 1927, Seana Bhraigh had called strongly for a second visit—the special attraction, of course, being Creag an Duine, the top of which I had failed to reach on my first visit.

As indicated in my previous article* the upper part of Seana Bhraigh consists of an incline, about half a mile in width, rising gradually towards the north-west and cut off sharply on the south-west by the crags which hem in the wild Gleann a' Chadha Dheirg, and on the north-east by the steep precipices of lonely Luchd Choire, on the far side of which juts out the imposing spur of Creag an Duine. To the north-west, beyond the summit, the mountain falls away in more or less gentle slopes to Strath Mulzie.

But it is one thing to think of climbing Seana Bhraigh and quite another thing to do it, for the mountain is a long way from anywhere—the nearest points on public roads being Inverlael, at the head of Loch Broom, distant $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in a straight line, and Oykell Bridge on the Invershin-Inchnadamph road, distant $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles. As the special object of this further visit was to examine

* “Beinn Dearg, Ross-shire, and Seana Bhraigh,” *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XVIII., p. 143.

the north face of the mountain it was evident that Oykeall Bridge would have to be the starting-point.

A suitable chance occurred last March, when Gordon Wilson and I had arranged to go to Inchnadamph for a few days' climbing. Oykeall Bridge was reached on the morning of the second day's run from Aberdeen, and after engaging rooms and ordering a late dinner, we made anxious inquiries as to the condition of the road up Glen Einig to Corriemulzie (if any). The reply was that there was a road as far as the Lodge, but that it was in very bad condition and had four fords, one of which was a biggish one, and that motor-cars could be taken as far as the Lodge but no farther—a distance of about seven miles. The road turned out to be little better than a cart road, and in addition to the four fords was ornamented with hair-pin bends, precipitous grades, and sensational benching on steep slopes. Time and care, however, saw us safely through, although the run to the Lodge must have taken nearly an hour—much time being lost on account of the necessity of stopping the car frequently to discuss the feasibility of the next bit of road.

Corriemulzie was reached about 11 o'clock and we turned and left the car at the new Lodge, which is about quarter of a mile north of the shepherd's house. Getting away at 11.20 A.M. we followed a good track up the west side of the Corriemulzie River for 4 miles, to its junction with the Allt a' Choire Bhuidhe. Creag an Duine was now fully in view and looked very attractive—quite a sharp peak with what seemed to be an interesting ridge rising up to the summit, which latter showed up as a minute sharp pinnacle. The weather up till now was good, and the photograph which accompanies this article was taken from near the ford over the Allt a' Choire Bhuidhe.

We now struck an easy rising gradient to the entrance to the Luchd Choire, where we stopped for lunch at 1.30 P.M. There is a fairly well-preserved terminal moraine across the mouth of the corrie and we took shelter behind it from the gale of wind that was blowing out of

the corrie—for the weather had now gone all to pieces and it was snowing hard. After having come all this distance we were not going to be beaten by a simple snowstorm, so after lunch we tackled the steep north-west slope of the Creag and soon reached the ridge. This proved to be a broadish shoulder, and though steep was quite simple. About half-way up the weather got very bad and we seriously discussed the wisdom of going on; but fortunately we decided to go just a little bit farther and that, of course, meant going the whole hog. For the upper 300 or 400 feet the ridge became quite definite, with steep slopes falling away on either side. Difficulty there was none except at one point, where Wilson, who led, and has an effective reach of 8 feet, set me one or two—to him easy—problems in rock climbing. The top part of the ridge is level and leads to the foot of the broken-up rocks of the final pinnacle, which we reached at 3 P.M. There was no view, and quite 2 inches of snow must have fallen since we left the lunching place.

Thus far our route had followed throughout the profile of the Creag shown on the view opposite page 148 of Vol. XVIII. Passing over the top, on which there was a heap of large stones, which looked like a sort of cairn, we soon reached the edge of a sharp drop down to the neck, which cuts off the Creag from the main mass of the mountain. We had no rope and at once decided that the drop in its snow-plastered condition was not good enough, so we retraced our steps over the top for a little distance and descended the steep snow slope on the east side of the ridge until we were able to traverse across to the neck. From this latter the direct ascent of the next pitch did not look feasible, and we were compelled to traverse across the west slope to a point from which an easy climb took us on to the shoulder of the main mass of the mountain. In good weather, and with a rope, the ridge could probably be followed throughout.

All this had taken time, and it was now necessary to push on with speed, as the prospect of having to drive back from Corriemulzie to Oykell Bridge in darkness was too awful to contemplate. The summit of Seana

Bhraigh was reached at 4 P.M. There is a big cairn there, placed with just sufficient room for one to walk between it and the edge of the Luchd Choire precipice. There was a fine cornice but no view. My aneroid, which had been carefully set on the top of the Creag, read 60 feet higher, so that the height of Creag an Duine must be about 2,980 feet.

Little time was spent on the summit, and setting out a course slightly east of north we came out of the mist at about 2,000 feet, and got a faint idea of what the view of the Luchd Choire must be like in clear weather. The drop from the summit to the loch is about 1,500 feet, and girt round as it is by precipices, Luchd Choire must be one of the finest on the mainland.

In due course we reached the Allt a' Choire Bhuidhe and rejoined the path to Corriemulzie, which we reached about 6 P.M. Here the shepherd told us that the Creag had been climbed before, but from the south by a ledge, or, in other words, by the way that we had come off it. He had never heard of anyone having climbed its North ridge as we had done, and certainly no one had ever done it with such weather conditions. He called the Creag the "Sgorr." His wife very kindly offered to give us tea, which, in view of the rapidly failing light, we had reluctantly to decline. The car was reached at 6.20 P.M., and, leaving ten minutes later, we managed to get over the worst part of the road before it was necessary to switch on the headlights. Oykell Bridge Hotel was reached shortly after seven. We were their first visitors for the season and they did us right well. [Not in Aberdonian fashion!—ED.]

Apart from the drive to and from Corriemulzie the expedition was very delightful and interesting, although the weather was a bit wild at times.



May 1903

BEN LOYAL. (*See page 77*)

A. E. Robertson

BEN LOYAL.

By WM. B. SPIERS.

IT was a fine day at the end of June when our party of five alighted at Alltnaharra from the motor lorry which had brought us from the railway at Lairg. A crowd gathered round as we began to unload the five push bicycles, packs, and other small baggage. Some one asked why we came by lorry when we all had cycles, but we had cycled in the Highlands before with heavy loads, and we intended to make Tongue before night. Sure enough, after we had gone about half a mile, we had to dismount and walk about two miles to the top of the hill. At the summit Ben Loyal came into view, which, according to plan, was to be our first climb. But surely these long, undulating slopes, covered with boulders and peat hags, did not form the hill which had been described to us in such glowing terms? * A feeling of disappointment which had engendered this question remained with us as we continued along the desolate Loch Loyal and over the hill to the village of Tongue. A short distance down the road which leads round the Kyle we found a good camping site among the birches which bordered a pretty burn, and after the work of pitching camp had been finished, we paused to take in the prospect. To the south was Ben Loyal—but how different it looked now! Four buttresses rose steeply out of the moor, the ridges behind them forming the sides of three perfectly shaped corries and finally joining to form the summit of the hill. It reminded one of the ridges of Bidean nam Bian, but not so cruel and severe. The manner in which they rose out of the plain seemed to add to their height. So we were not to be disappointed with the hills of Sutherland after all, and it was with regret that we turned from the scene and went in for the night.

* Vol. XVII., p. 343.

Next morning was fine, and we had a perfect view of the mountain as we cycled along the road towards the Kinloch River. We stopped just short of the river and set out across the moor to Loch an Dithreibh, in order that we might catch our supper before commencing the ascent. This course gave us the opportunity of viewing the mountain from a different place, and from near at hand it did not disappoint. At the far side of the loch a small bluff, which was covered with trees, rose out of the water, and behind it the buttresses of Ben Loyal, their lower slopes clothed with birches and rowans, dominated the moor.

After the supper had been caught, we walked along the foot of the steep ground till we came to the burn coming out of the centre corrie, and we followed this up till we went over the lip of the corrie, and the remainder of the slope up to the summit was revealed. The summit was at the top of the ridge which formed the north-east side of the corrie, and the obvious way lay up this ridge, but at this moment fate intervened. An eagle came sailing over from the east and, on sighting us, wheeled round and round above us, uttering loud cries, and at this his mate rose up from the steep face on our right. Immediately we presumed that here must be the eyrie—who has not longed to see this secret of the wilds?—so we set off up the steep face of the ridge on the south-west side of the corrie, till at length we reached the spot where the eyrie should have been. But it proved to be like the rainbow; you see it at a certain place, but when you get there it is gone, so we climbed the remainder of the way to the top of the buttress, and here we were rewarded for our labours. The south-east side of the buttress fell away in a tremendous precipice to a lochan about 500 feet below. It was very steep and smooth, something like the east face of the Crowberry Ridge, and it looked far out across the open moor, which added to the awe of the scene.

After a rest we made our way slowly along the ridge towards the summit, and although it was grassy and no climbing was necessary, it had all the delights of ridge-walking, like the Teallachs or Beinn Eighe. We expected

the summit to be comparatively flat, but here again the mountain had a surprise for us, for out of the summit plateau rose a square rocky tower, which from the south looked well-nigh unclimbable. However, when we got nearer we found that the south-west corner was broken by a narrow gully, and up this we forced a way. The summit of the tower was flat and grassy, and we lay down on the turf to admire the view of hill, moor, and sea.

However, as we had no food with us, hunger began to make itself felt, and soon we got up and commenced the descent into the corrie. It was not long before we reached the floor of the corrie and went over the lip and down the steep bracken-covered slope and then through the birch wood to the moor. It was a shame to turn our backs on the mountain, but hunger, and storm clouds which had appeared, drove us on, and we made our way rapidly across the moor to the road where the bicycles were hidden in the bracken. We plodded up the road to the top, and here a strange sight greeted our eyes. A motoring party had set up their tent and were having their evening meal at the side of the road, and they were seated on camp stools round a small table! This was too much for us, and we leapt on to our cycles and fled rapidly from this incongruity. Reclining in the manner of the Romans, with the turf of the moor for a table, all five gorging out of the frying-pan, we felt the spirit of the place supped with us.

When we had finished our meal, a fine drizzle was falling, and Ben Loyal had withdrawn behind a veil of mist as if to prevent us from learning any more of the secrets hidden in its corries.

SOME LOCH BROOM HILLS.

By J. GALL INGLIS.

II. *Meall nan Ceapraichean, and Cona' Mheall Mysteries.*

WE had planned to have two other days on the hills during that week at Ullapool, and our hopes were high as the weather seemed settled and the barometer was steady at 30.2. But alas! on Tuesday night the wind suddenly rose in a furious northwesterly gale, accompanied by low driving clouds discharging sheets of drenching drizzle, which lasted almost without intermission till Thursday at noon. On Friday morning, however, the wind had moderated, the sun was trying to come out, and though the mist was half-way down the hills at the head of the loch the weather seemed to be improving, as the barometer had risen, and was now at 30.3. So we decided to have a try at Cona' Mheall and Meall nan Ceapraichean, but delayed starting till 10 o'clock to give the mist time to lift.

At Inverlael we turned the car into a tolerable side road that turns off just west of the Schoolhouse, and in about half a mile came to a grassy rush-grown platform, evidently intended as a parking place. Though the road appeared motorable for a little farther, it seemed as well to stop where it would be easy to turn, and, leaving the car, we set out for the five-mile tramp up the glen, hoping that the mist—which was still hovering on the ridges—would depart as the day grew older.

The glen through which the River Lael flows—which, curiously enough, does not bear the name of the river, but is given by the O.S. as Gleann na Sguaib (The Sweeping Glen)—was found to be, in its lower reaches, just a typical heathery Highland glen. The ridge on its southern side, however, is steeper than the northern one, and more or less rocky, and at its Loch Broom end terminates in the fine precipitous promontory Strone Nea, which, on the way

back, was seen to be cut off from the main ridge by a deep gash, making it a kind of "Cioch." The bridle path up the glen was broad and very good, and shortly after passing Glensguaib shooting-lodge or keeper's house, it climbed steeply up the hillside, soon bringing into view the whole of the long straight glen—in which the map marks waterfalls in two places, not far from the path.

At the head of the glen was a pass, bounded on the north by a long rounded hump with rocky sides: the mist was drifting on it, and we surmised that it would be the lower slopes of Meall nan Ceapraichean, but later it was seen to be the main ridge of the hill. The south of the pass was formed by a fine rocky buttress of Beinn Dearg, which must be well on to 1,000 feet in height: when first seen it had an average angle of about 50° , which gradually steepened to 60° or more when viewed nearer at hand. On it also the mist was drifting with fine effect.

About three miles from Inverlael the path forked when it was just abreast of the Eas Fionn, the gleaming white top of which had long been a prominent object ahead. The best-made branch of the path turned north-east uphill to Eididh nan Clach Geala; our path kept straight on, parallel with the river and fairly level, but gradually degenerating in quality. Three-quarters of a mile after the fork, two broad impetuous streams were crossed with some difficulty—after heavy rain they would probably be rather awkward propositions—then the path became rather indefinite as it entered a somewhat boggy half-mile level stretch, beyond which rose a waste of stones.

By this time the hills were almost entirely clear of mist, and the path, such as it was, had brought us close under the Diollaid a' Mhill Bhric spur of Beinn Dearg—an imposing rocky wall, the top of which looked much higher than the 500 feet or so allowed by the contours. It terminated in the great buttress of Beinn Dearg already referred to, and as we went along we both remarked that there would be little, if any, possibility of descending on that side from the long wall-like ridge. About a mile after crossing the streams, however, near the small Lochan Làthail (6-inch map), we were surprised to find that the

cliff was completely cleft from top to bottom by a remarkable perfectly straight narrow gully, the existence of which was not suspected until we were almost up to it. Its sides were perpendicular walls of smooth dark rock, guessed as being perhaps 50 or 60 feet high and a similar distance apart all the way up: its floor apparently smooth green grass at a uniform angle, without pitch or roughness of any kind, so far as we could make out: its top appeared to emerge on the ridge.* There was no sign that water ever came down it, which seemed strange, considering its steepness, and had we been bound for Beinn Dearg it was a route we would certainly have felt tempted to investigate. Our plans being otherwise, however, we went on, admiring more and more the great buttress before us, which now in its outline and general type recalled Aonach Dubh at the entrance of Glencoe, as seen from the west: at one point in the ridge, just before the buttress, there was even a formation much resembling Ossian's Cave. We probably missed the best of the scenery, however, as presently the mist trailed down again and veiled the buttress from view. One thing rather puzzled us: Cona' Mheall, according to the map, lay beyond the pass, but all the way up the glen not a vestige of any hill in that direction had been detected, even when Beinn Dearg was practically clear of mist.

At the end of the level stretch we were glad to pick up a good path again, for a wilderness of stones rose above us for hundreds of feet, in a succession of terraces. The surmounting of these *au naturel* would have been a laborious and wearisome task, but the friendly path, zigzagging among them, enabled us to traverse them in comfort, though we saw nothing of what was around us, the mist having now descended to a lower level than it had been since the early morning. We were thus unable

* This gully is evidently the Cadh an Amadain (The Fool's Steep Place, or Pass), shown on the 6-inch map; and also that referred to by Robertson as "filled with ice and snow, with several ice pitches," Vol. VI., p. 37. On the 6-inch map, the head of the gully is some distance west of Lochan Làthail, and the height of the ridge thereabouts 2,772 feet.

to study the climbing possibilities of the great buttress, the distant view of which had given grounds for suspecting that it might be a hunting-ground for the ultramontane—as Robertson also suggests in the article already mentioned.

After passing the tiny lochans marked on the map—each of which indicates the foot of a steep stony terrace—we came out on the shore of a larger one, and found that the path ended. By the contours this lochan was just over 2,750 feet, by our aneroids about 2,800 feet, but unfortunately the exact height was not noted, as it seemed very unlikely that the O.S. would deign to measure the height of such an insignificant sheet of water. The 6-inch O.S., however, gives its name as Lochan Uaine, and its height as 2,787 feet—a useful reference point from which to measure the neighbouring “approx.” Munros.

We now looked for signs of Cona’ Mheall, which the map said rose in front of us, but we looked in vain: nothing was visible beyond the Lochan but a flat waste, dimly seen through the mist, with not the slightest indication of rising ground in that direction. This greatly puzzled us, for the mist was thin enough for Ceapraichean and part of Dearg to loom faintly through it. After discussing the situation, we decided not to waste time in searching for the elusive Cona’ Mheall in the mist, but rather to make sure of Ceapraichean at any rate, for, just before the mist came down, the appearance of the hills to the west seemed to indicate that the day would soon break down.

Accordingly we turned north-west, up easy grass slopes with occasional stones—the stones are troublesome more to the east, as we found when returning—and skirting the precipitous western face of the ridge arrived at what the hill-shading seemed to indicate as the top. According to Burn, in the Tables, the height of this hill is 3,192 feet approx.: both our aneroids made it about 50 feet less, rather to our surprise, for we thought we had certainly climbed more than 350 feet from the Lochan. However, there was no disputing what the needles recorded, so we proceeded down the broad grassy north-eastern ridge to bag the top at its far end, Ceann Garbh, where an O.S.

height was available, and after ten minutes' easy descent reached a col, evidently that before an undulation in the ridge indicated by the hill-shading. It proved to be merely a shoulder, however, as the rise was slight and the gradient gentle, but we were again rather puzzled to find that both our instruments made the height only about 10 feet lower than the top we had just left, and we could only conjecture that in the mist the descent had appeared greater than it really was. Some ten minutes farther on the aneroids said we had descended to 3,010 feet, then the ground began to rise gently, and presently we found ourselves on the broad flat top of Ceann Garbh, which our barometers made 3,070 feet: the O.S. height is 3,063 feet, so that they were evidently recording pretty accurately, though only set at sea-level.

We were jotting down our observations, when suddenly there was that curious brightening of the gloom which so often tantalises the mist-encompassed mountaineer with promises of clearing that fail to materialise. For once, however, the Fates were kind: the mist to the east thinned and broke, revealing first the bare rounded top of Cnap Coire Loch Tuach (2,871 feet, 6-inch O.S.), a mile or so away, then gradually disclosing a great lump of a hill to the right of the Cnap, just across a corrie. Though the top of its long dark ridge was shrouded in very dense mist—with a curious woolly-looking lower edge—it was obviously higher than we were, and we both stared at it in sheer bewilderment, for it stood well apart from everything in its neighbourhood, and we knew of no high hill just to the east of Cona' Mheall, which we supposed lay behind us.

On consulting the map, however, the mysterious stranger was found to be the missing Cona' Mheall; the ridge we had come along in the mist had curved round so much that we were now nearly north of that hill. There was little opportunity for studying it, however, for in a few minutes the mist closed in again. It may be mentioned here that Ceann Garbh seems to have no right to appear in the Tables as a "top," as, so far as we could judge from above, it has no particular individuality, and the

drop to the col behind it is only 50 or 60 feet at a slight angle. Like many other mere shoulders, it owed its insertion to the vagaries of the O.S., which often registers the height of a named shoulder but ignores the true summit.

We turned to retrace our way to the Lochan, and, intending to go on to Cona' Mheall, kept down the eastern side of the ridge, but soon the slope became so stone-encumbered that we returned to the top of the ridge, consoling ourselves that anyhow our observations could be repeated. We were approaching the half-way shoulder when, without warning, the mist in front of us suddenly parted, revealing behind the shoulder, to our great surprise, a top soaring above it to a very great height; it looked so high that we began to wonder if we had really been on the summit, but presently, as the mist cleared away, its apparent height diminished to more reasonable proportions. It was with much curiosity that we consulted our aneroids on reaching the top of the shoulder: they gave exactly the same height as three-quarters of an hour before, making it clear that when we were on the summit the atmospheric conditions had been temporarily abnormal, as there was no doubt now that the shoulder was much lower.

As we went up the remaining ascent it was most interesting to see how the mist cleared off the hills. Beinn Dearg and the hills to the north and east were soon entirely clear, but the top of Cona' Mheall remained awhile wrapped in a very dense drifting shroud. Lying in the lee of Dearg, the mist evidently condenses more heavily there and persists longer—thereby furnishing a probable explanation of its previous invisibility.

When we reached the top of Ceapraichean both our instruments registered about 82 feet higher than before, making the height of the hill 3,223 feet approx. (160 feet above Ceann Garbh, 80 to 90 feet above the shoulder, and 436 feet above the Lochan, which, on returning, was again made about 2,800 feet). This is about 30 feet higher than Burn's figures.

Having made our oblations to the God of cartography, we turned to study the view. To the south, across the pass,

Beinn Dearg, with its great precipices, towered dark and grim: the light was poor, and detailed study impracticable, but its serrated north-eastern ridge recalled memories of the eastern ridge of Blaven, seen from Clach Glas long years before. Westwards the country was mostly concealed by mist and rain: while from north-west to south-east the prospect was a wilderness of grey desolate hills, mostly low, with no point of interest that claimed particular attention except Eididh nan Clach Geala—which well merits its name, “The Covering of White Stones” (Vol. XVIII., p. 148)—standing up prominently above its lesser neighbours.

Finally we came round to Cona' Mheall, which was now emerging from its misty shroud, and got the last surprise of the day: it proved to be a hill with *two* tops, apparently situated in distinct ridges, and separated by a col some 150 to 200 feet below the lower top. On returning to Edinburgh, however, the 6-inch O.S. cast doubts on the separate ridges, and examination of a photo with a magnifying glass revealed that the low col was an optical illusion due to the poor light! A sharply defined and nearly continuous dark line of vegetation or rock, or both together, curved upwards towards the lower top in such a way as to convey the impression that it was the outline of a ridge (see photo). Both tops are on the same ridge, and the col is only some 75 feet below the lower summit (Parker).

The northern and main top was a long hump, rising in a gentle uniform slope from the slight col between the tops to its culmination at the northern end: beyond the top, the ridge rounded off in what appeared to be a steep rocky buttress—so far as the drifting mist permitted examination. The side of the hill facing us showed indications of steep rock outcrops, especially at the northern end, but for the most part it rose in what appeared to be stony screes, which, though not steep, gave promise of exacting much wearisome toil from the mountaineer who would set foot on the summit. The 3,200 feet approx. height in the Tables seemed probably pretty near the truth, but there was nothing by which an estimate could be made, except that

the top of Am Faochagach (probably) just showed above the ridge, about half-way along to the top.

The lower top was the summit of the remarkable rocky ridge we had seen from Am Faochagach a few days before, though practically none of that ridge was visible from where we stood, as we were almost end-on to it, and on the far side of the top: the slabby cliff continued on this side also. Seeing that at the col between the tops the character of the hill changes completely, the stony waste of the main top giving place to precipitous slabby rock, the writer considers that this lower top is to be classed as such and not as a mere shoulder, though the dip to the col is less than 100 feet.* It seems also to be rather over 3,000 feet, judging by its probable position in the hill-shading of the O.S. map. Its appearance can be judged from the last two of the accompanying small photographs—all were taken in very poor light—showing it from the north and the south, respectively: the graceful peaked ridge of Meall nan Ceapraichean is seen to the west in the view taken from Am Faochagach.

The mist and rain seen in the west were now fast approaching up the glen; it was getting late, so we abandoned our intention of tackling the stony slope of Cona' Mheall under such conditions. We had barely reached the shore of Lochan Uaine when both descended upon us, and lasted the rest of the evening: evidently in that region a high and rising barometer does not portend fine weather!

But in spite of our curtailed projects, and the misty veil drawn over the scenery at times when we most wished its absence, we were more than satisfied with our day's

* In support of this view is Robertson's translation of the name Cona' Mheall, "The Double (peaked) Hill" (Vol. XVIII., p. 148). Mr John Mathieson, late of the O.S., and an authority on Gaelic place names, explains it in a similar sense, "The coming together of several lumps, or hills, or the meeting of the hills, from *Con*, coming together, or meeting, *Meall*, a lump, generally applied to a rounded hill." No doubt the reference is to the great hump of the main top meeting the narrow ridge culminating in the small rounded top seen in the photographs.

outing among these hills, and as we went down the glen in the drizzle said to them with emphasis "Au Revoir!"

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO PART I., p. 17.—It was recently pointed out to the writer that as far back as 1920 Burn had found the height of Carn Gorm Loch to be 3,010 feet, and that Munro himself had a pencil note in his copy of the Tables that the hill was over 3,000 feet (Vol. XV., p. 339). Its 3,000-foot status thus seems trebly checked, and the question arises as to whether it is a "top," or a "separate mountain," the col to Am Faochagach being below 2,500 feet; by the map Gorm Loch seems to be fairly well separated from Faochagach. The 'south top' of Faochagach, referred to by Burn on the same page, is quite unworthy to be classed as a 'top,' there being practically no dip behind it.

The writer was puzzled how he had missed Burn's paper, as he had turned up every reference to the Loch Broom Hills given in the various indices of the *Journal*: on investigation, it was found that by some strange mischance that important geographical paper has never been indexed—in its details, at least.

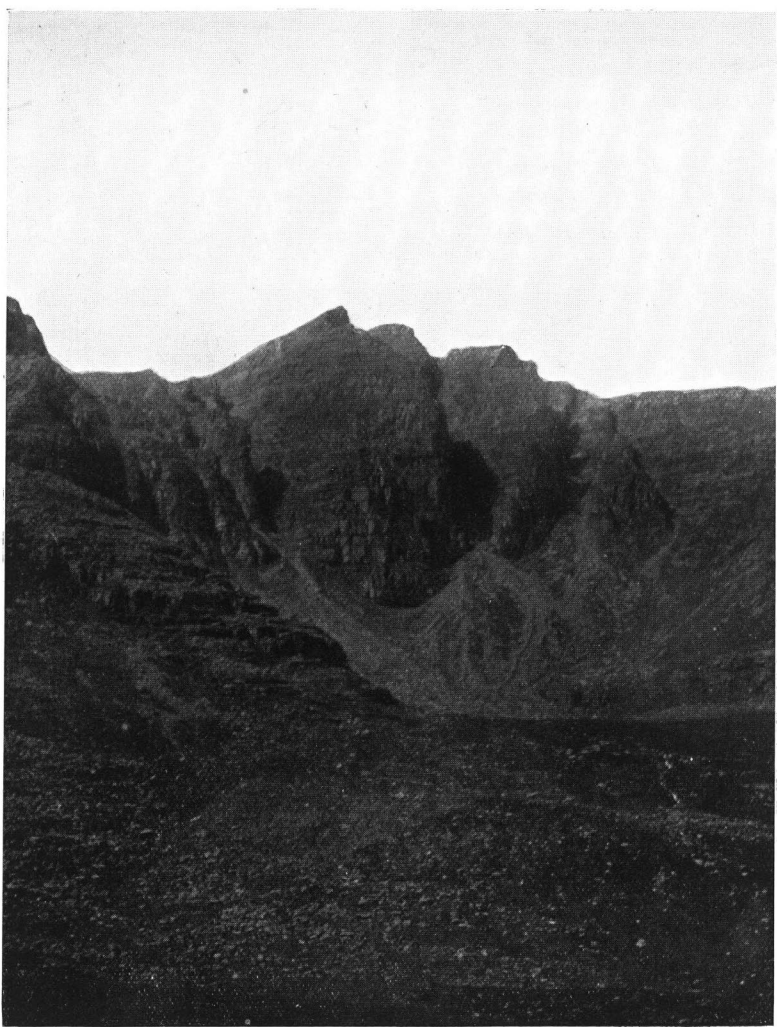


June 1929

J. Gall Inglis

1. MEALL NAN CEAPRAICHEAN AND BEINN DEARG FROM
NEAR THE EAS FIONN
2. CONA' MHEALL FROM MEALL NAN CEAPRAICHEAN
3. BEINN DEARG AND CONA' MHEALL FROM AM FAOCHAGACH.

(See page 80)



June 1929

BEINN DEARG MHOR. (*See page 89*)

E. C. Thomson

OVER AND AROUND AN TEALLACH.

By E. C. THOMSON.

“ No haughty feat of arms I tell.”

THE mountains around An Teallach are no paradise for the out-and-out cragsman, yet the cliffs rising from Loch Toll an Lochain form one of the grandest and most impressive corries in Britain, and both An Teallach and Beinn Dearg Mhor should give under snow conditions a number of climbs of a very high order. These mountains are, however, at their best in good weather in early June, when the scenery is amongst the finest on the West Coast of Scotland.

We established ourselves at Dundonnell, my wife and I, and planned to spend our best day on An Teallach, and to use the remainder of our time in exploring the outlying district. The first morning was deemed unsuitable for An Teallach. A cold wind blew up Little Loch Broom accompanied by a mist from the sea which persistently covered the hills from 2,000 feet upwards. We set off on our bicycles with the vague intention of visiting Ullapool, but with the possibility that with any encouragement from the weather we might strike off and climb Beinn Ghobhlach. “ The Forked Mountain ” dominates the peninsula which separates Loch Broom from Little Loch Broom, and its summit is the highest point of this region (2,082 feet). Seen from the road over Druim nam Fuath from Gruinard Bay, its appearance is very striking, and when I first saw it in 1921 I made up my mind that some day that mountain must be climbed.

You must imagine us now sitting at the top of the pass from Dundonnell to Aultnaharrie enjoying a well-earned rest, after pushing our bicycles for four miles up the long hill. This pass is the neck of the peninsula separating the two Loch Brooms, and our way either lies north, down

the hill to Loch Broom and across in the ferry-boat to Ullapool, or west, down another long hill to the north shore of Little Loch Broom and the tiny village of Badrallach. The north route looks attractive, and the view of the south-east face of Ben More Coigach has burst upon us with the suddenness of a revelation, but to the west lies the prospect of a "first-recorded" ascent of Beinn Ghobhlach—for I rejoice to say that I have searched the indices of the *Journal* and can find no reference to a previous ascent of this mountain.

Beinn Ghobhlach won the day, and we were soon tearing down the long hill into Badrallach. Here the road marked on the map gives way to a dotted line, and here also the fun begins, for this path, which is constructed for transport by horseback, forms one of the most delightful cycling paths possible. It hangs closely to the cliff face, following all the little indentations of the coast, but constantly varying its height, so that you will free-wheel down a little hill which seems about to plunge you straight into the sea 100 feet below, when round it goes into an unsuspected creek, or up a precipitous little pitch to the next surprising view-point. For $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Badrallach we followed this path to Creag a' Chadha, and would gladly have done so as far as it would go if our time had been unlimited, but Beinn Ghobhlach now lay just behind us and, as the path now plunged in a long hill right down to sea-level, there was no point in losing all the 100 or 200 feet of height we had gained. So we parked our bikes on a ledge of rock on the cliff face and struck straight up to cross the ridge separating us from the burn flowing out of Loch na-h-Uidhe. This being soon done brought us in sight of our mountain. The reason for its name, "The Forked Mountain," was at once obvious, as indeed it had already been from the map, for two great parallel spurs ran out to the west, separated by a shallow corrie and connected at their eastern ends by high ground. The summit is on the nearer southern fork, but it was the steep northern one that attracted us most, and we made a straight course for it, as just at that moment the mist had lifted from its

crest. A small herd of wild goats came prancing along, and, stopping when they saw the two strange bipeds, galloped off with as much agility, if not the same grace, as a herd of deer. Closer acquaintance with the north-west buttress showed us, as we had expected, that it was extremely rotten, so my wife made straight for the north top from the corrie, while I went round to the north side to look at the cliffs. Unfortunately the mist fell once more and I was unable to obtain a complete view of them, and the rocks were quite unsuited to climbing alone, but the extreme rottenness of the Western extremity did not continue, and in the first 50 to 100 yards along the north face the band of cliffs increased greatly in height. It might well be that there are rock courses on this cliff that are at least as good as the general run of climbs in this part of the country, and the situation and merits of the hill are such as to warrant a visit from a stronger party. Returning round the base of the cliffs into the corrie I rejoined my wife on the north top and we did the semicircle of the corrie to the summit of the mountain on the south fork. There was nothing to tempt us to linger in the cold damp wind and mist, so we hurried down to Loch na-h-Uidhe. The view must be magnificent on a clear day, as Beinn Ghobhlach is ideally placed for seeing up and down Loch Broom, out to the Summer Isles and the distant mountains of Harris, as well as across to Gruinard Bay and Sàil Mhòr. Much of this we did see from just below the summit both before and after going into mist, and the entrance to Loch Broom looked so charming that I felt that one of the most delightful days in Scotland would be to sail from Achiltibuie across Loch Broom and climb Beinn Ghobhlach from the north side. Far across The Minch the hills of Harris were in bright sunshine—as they always are except when you are amongst them!—and they looked so beautiful that we must have taken a record length of time to push our bikes back up the long hill from Badrallach to the top of the pass.

Next day we decided would be an off-day, and, encouraged by our discovery of the cycling path to

Beinn Ghobhlach, we thought it just possible that we might have similar success with the path from Dundonnell over to Strath na Sheallag on the south side of An Teallach, so we made up our minds to explore it. It was at a very early stage in the proceedings, however, that we came to look upon the bikes as vile encumbrances and dumped them in the bracken by the side of the path, continuing our way on foot to the 1,250-foot point, where a fine view of the hills to the south is obtained. An Teallach and all the hills to the south were wrapped thickly in mist down to the 1,800-foot level, but I thought that having come so far I might as well continue down into Strath na Sheallag and inquire whether any accommodation could be had in the glen. Arranging, therefore, with my wife that she should return slowly homewards by 5 o'clock if I had not put in an appearance, she settled down to enjoy a lazy day at the top of the pass, while I went down into the Strath.

Strath na Sheallag is an ideal place for a holiday. It is absolutely remote, the sole habitations consisting of three keepers' houses, each separated by about a mile from one another. It is surrounded by high mountains. An Teallach occupies the north side of the glen, while Beinn Dearg Mhor and Beinn a' Chlaidheimh form the southern rampart. The last two are for all intents and purposes inaccessible from anywhere else, and both I was particularly anxious to climb. Beinn Dearg Mhor is a mountain of beautiful lines and great attractiveness, but Beinn a' Chlaidheimh has nothing whatever to recommend it: in fact its presence was evidently so particularly obnoxious to the cartographers that they omitted to give its height, even although that was within a few feet one way or the other of the magic 3,000. Of course such a glaring omission has only stimulated the interest and curiosity of all decent people with a proper passion for exactitude, and so Beinn a' Chlaidheimh has been raised from the position of an ugly slag heap to become one of the great unsolved problems of the Scottish Highlands. A number of attempts have been made to establish its place on the great list, but alas! the evidence has been

conflicting, and the present guardian and editor of Munro's Tables was unable to say whether it was above 3,000 feet or only reached 2,999.

"Which was which he could never make out
Despite his best endeavour.
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever."

When, therefore, I had fallen in with Gall Inglis, senior, at Garve, I had been presented with his superaneroïd and invited, if I should find myself within range of the elusive peak, to climb it and bring back further evidence of its elevation. It seemed to me that I would earn the heartfelt gratitude of all those enthusiasts who claim to have climbed every "Munro" in Scotland if I could establish Beinn a' Chlaidheimh's claim to a place on the list and give these gentlemen an opportunity of visiting once again this beautiful district. Accordingly I had readily undertaken to climb the hill and add my contribution to the evidence of its height. Mr Robert MacDonald of Achneigie at once kindly gave me permission for his, the east, side of Beinn a' Chlaidheimh, but asked that, as he himself was quite new to the district and its customs, I should also ask at Larachantivore for the other side if I was going to the summit. This involved nearly two miles across the bog, including fording the river, but I also put in a call at Shenavall, where I discovered that when the lodge at Gruinard is not open one may be put up there for a day or two. Mr Mackenzie of Larachantivore readily granted permission for his side of Beinn a' Chlaidheimh, so with No. 4 of the Club Rules fully satisfied, the co-operation of proprietors or their representatives duly obtained, and the proprietary and sporting rights surrounded by a perfect halo of respect, I set off about 4.15 in the afternoon to climb Beinn a' Chlaidheimh.

The Hill of the Sword was sheathed in mist from about 2,000 feet upwards, and, uneventful as the climb turned out to be, I noticed that it was narrowing down

to a ridge, which simplified the finding of the summit. I watched the aneroid carefully as it approached 2,900 feet, and the slope began to ease off. A top was met at 2,980 feet, and the problem began now to be rather exciting as I felt my way forward and the ridge once more began to rise. Surely I was higher than the last little top. I looked—3,005 feet. On once more, and there was this time a decided rise, and I sat once more on a top at 3,020 feet. At that moment there was a sudden strengthening of the light and I caught a glimpse of the ridge plunging ahead down to the Sgurr Ban Col and back over the slightly lower tops I had traversed. My labours were over and I sat indeed on the highest point. I looked over a sea of mist to beautiful weather in the south-east, and almost, it seemed, to the Cairngorms. The mist closed over again, and I ran down to Achneigie, where I arranged with Mrs MacDonald to put us up on the night of the following day, and trudged back to my bike, and so in due course to Dundonnell, where I arrived, tired and hungry, about half-past nine, after hardly as restful an off-day as I had anticipated when I set out.

Next morning the sun shone in a cloudless sky. The perfect day for An Teallach had come. Glas Mheall Mor and the highest summit were reached without event except our seeing every one else who was on holiday in the district. We lazed on the summit enjoying the incomparable view and then dropped down by pleasant scree to the sandy shore of Loch Toll an Lochan for a bathe. We arrived in the evening at Achneigie, where we were greeted by Mrs MacDonald with a hearty welcome and real Highland hospitality.

The weather had now determined to make complete amends for its former sulkiness, for the next morning we awoke to find a cloudless blue sky. It was, in fact, too good for photography, and the pictures we took of Beinn Dearg Mhor give no idea of its height or impressiveness. We crossed the river near Shenavall and the Abhuinn Gleann na Muice at Larachantivore and climbed laboriously up into the corrie, for the day was grilling hot. It is wonderful how a really hot climb will stimulate one's

interest in botany, and many were the shady ledges which required investigation as we made our way upwards to the saddle north of the main top. There was indeed every reason to go slow, for the cliffs of Beinn Dearg Mhor are very impressive, and the opportunity to climb here does not come every day. After visiting the north top we lay for an hour or more on the summit (2,974 feet), basking in the sun and enjoying the view and the splendid sight of a golden eagle soaring above us. Then, slowly making our way along the top of the cliffs towards the east, and admiring the great gullies from above, we eventually came to an easy rake, leading down into Gleann na Muice, and so in due course to Achneigie. Next day we walked back to Dundonnell, and so ended a glorious week amongst the mountains around An Teallach.

ROAD RECONNAISSANCES FROM
BRAEMAR.

By J. Dow.

THE Editor has suggested that I might put into the form of a brief article some notes which I made when at Braemar during the early part of June. Road conditions often change so very rapidly in these days that I am afraid that my information may possibly be to some extent out of date before it is printed; but if any part of what follows is not, after five months, absolutely accurate, I hope that at any rate none of it will be actually misleading.

The road west from Braemar we found exceedingly good to the Victoria Bridge, and quite good to the Linn of Dee. After crossing to the north side of the river it deteriorates, but is in quite reasonable condition, although narrow, except for the last mile to the White Bridge in which the surface is in parts very rough; but as the road is level there is no serious difficulty, although passing in wet weather would be troublesome. There is abundant room for parking on both sides of the White Bridge, the ground being firm and safe unless perhaps after prolonged heavy rain.

The road continues past the White Bridge to the junction of the Bynack and the Geldie, and on Sheet 49 of the new one-inch map it is shown as forking there, one branch going on west to Geldie Lodge and the other south to Bynack Lodge. I cannot speak from personal knowledge as to the condition of the road after the White Bridge, although it is probably passable—judging from the appearance of the first 100 yards south-west of the White Bridge—as far as the fork; after that I believe that it is pretty hopeless.

We used this road rather more than we would have done had the Derry Lodge road been open as it used to be. The White Bridge road is not so good as the Derry

Lodge road, nor is the Glen Dee path up the glen from the White Bridge so good as the Lairig path west from Derry Lodge. For all of the Cairngorm tops, except perhaps Carn Cloich-mhuilinn and Beinn Bhrotain, the road via Derry Lodge is not only easier but also shorter; but the Glen Dee path makes an interesting variation, and while in parts not very clearly marked it is not difficult to follow with the help of occasional (very small) cairns.

In April last the Derry Lodge road was closed by an aggressively new-looking padlocked gate which effectively bars out motor cars, although an ungated opening about 4 feet wide has been left at the side of the gate so as not to infringe the bridle-path right of way. This opening will admit cycles, either motor or push, and presumably these might be taken over the road without objection. In addition to the erection of the gate, all the spots on the side of the main road near the foot of the Derry Lodge road which might have been used for parking have been enclosed, so that the difficulties of the unfortunate motorist attempting to get as near as possible to his goal before being reduced to the use of "shank's mare" are considerably increased. Beside the gate a notice-board has been erected intimating that the road is closed, and bearing the legend "It is dangerous," these last three words being enclosed in inverted commas presumably to show that the statement is meant to be taken legally and not literally. The road, as a matter of fact, was in excellent condition when I walked over it, and contained quite a reasonable number of passing places, being considerably better than, say, the average Sutherland main road.

The next side road leading off the County road on the north side of the Dee is that up Glen Quoich, but this is only a cart-road which even the most reckless motorist would probably hesitate to try to take his car up. In any case, after a little more than a mile it ceases to be even a cart-road, and it finally vanishes at the site of the old lumber camp after which we were unable to find anything which could be called a path, the going being exceedingly rough right up to the foot of Beinn a' Bhuird. There is, however, ample parking space at the foot of the Glen

on the west side of the bridge carrying the County road over the Quoich.

The nearest point to Ben Avon to which it is practicable to take a car is Loch Builg. The Strathdon road joins the main Ballater road near Crathie by two forks, of which the eastern one, *i.e.*, the one nearer Crathie, is the better. The direct road to Loch Builg goes off to the left just north of Bridgend of Bush, there being a gate across it a few yards above the fork, but it is better to keep to the Strathdon road and to rejoin this road by a cross-road about a mile farther on. From Coulachan Burn where the cross-road comes in the road is only moderate, but quite driveable as far as Corndavon Lodge, after which it gets progressively worse to Loch Builg, four water splashes having to be negotiated. There is a locked gate in the deer fence before reaching Loch Builg Lodge, and there would be difficulty in turning a large car at this point, particularly in wet weather, while if one arrived here to find a car already in possession serious difficulty might arise for both, as the first car would occupy practically the whole of the turning space available for the second one. If a car is taken beyond Corndavon Lodge it would generally be safer and better to leave it beside the bothy at the Wester Shenalt where there is plenty of room, and walk the last mile and a half.

The road leading from the main Glen Clunie road to Lochcallater Lodge is fairly good and quite driveable, but there are not many places where passing is possible. When we were in Braemar it was generally thought there that if the closing of the Derry Lodge road were held to, this road would also be closed in the near future, but it is understood still to be open. From the Lodge the Tolmount right of way path can be followed easily for about a mile south-east of Loch Callater, but afterwards it is difficult to trace, as far at any rate as the Crow Craigies, where we left it.

The road up Glen Ey is one over which it will not normally be possible to obtain permission to take a car, as although there is no padlocked gate it is kept strictly private. In any case, however, the road is not good

south of the point where the Connie and the Ey meet, there being a steep, rough hill to surmount, although after this hill has been negotiated the road is easily driveable as far as the bridge, erected comparatively recently, which crosses the Ey where the stream turns from north-east to north-west—this bridge is shown on one-inch Sheet 49, but is marked as a ford on the older maps including the special O.S. "Cairngorms" sheet. Above this point it seemed to me to be quite impossible for motors, although the keeper told us that during the shooting season a car is regularly taken right up to Altanour; the explanation no doubt is that during July and early August a squad of men is turned on to the road, thus making it temporarily practicable for a month or two, after which it reverts to its normal condition of a near approach to nature until the following July.

The path up the west side of the Connie is quite good, and although it is not marked on the one-inch map south of the junction of the Allt Cristie Mor it actually continues as far as the base of the north-east shoulder of Carn Bhac.

While the closing of the Derry Lodge road is a serious impediment to the comfortable exploration of the central Cairngorms, it should not be forgotten that there is another side to the matter besides the popular one. It is the case that both on this road and on the Glen Callater one the shooting tenant has been put to considerable delay and inconvenience through the thoughtlessness of some motorists in not keeping a look-out far enough ahead, and consequently failing to stop at a point where passing is practicable; and it must indeed be annoying to the man who is paying a large rent for the enjoyment of properties including the use of a private road to be forced to back his car for considerable distances, and even to take it off his own road, by people who have no right there. It is obviously not always possible, when a motorist is met, to distinguish the shooting tenant from the ordinary tourist, even if both the mien and the car of the former are more aristocratic, or more plutocratic, than those of the latter; but so long as the use of private roads to shooting

lodges is allowed to the public during the remainder of the year it would in my opinion be only courteous and fair that motorists should not use them during the shooting season unless after having first made arrangements to do so at such hours as will not inconvenience the rightful owners.

I must conclude these somewhat scrappy notes by expressing my grateful thanks to Mr Henry Alexander, the acknowledged authority on all matters relating to the Cairngorms, both for preliminary assistance and for very kindly, from his own wide knowledge, checking the facts as set out above.

THE MAM SOUL GROUP

By GEORGE SANG

THE substantial group of mountains which lies on the County march between Ross and Inverness, south of Lochs Lungard and Mullardoch and north of Loch Affric, is usually designated by the name of "The Mam Soul Group," and comprises some eighteen named points over 3,000 feet high. Whether this preference for Mam Sodhail be a tribute to the attractive unexpectedness of its name singling it out for notice amid all those Carns, Clachs, Strones, and Bens, or whether it is because, as seen from Glen Affric, Mam Sodhail obtrudes upon the eye, dominating the landscape by its immensity and bearing the heavens upon its ample shoulders to the extinction of its loftier consort Carn Eige, it might puzzle our pundits to explain. At one time Carn Eige was counted the thirteenth highest hill in Scotland, and perhaps its unlucky order of incidence in the list had something to do with its failure to acquire a just popularity; now, however, that doubtful place has been accorded to Mam Sodhail itself, and Carn Eige is reckoned the twelfth peak. It remains to be seen whether this advancement brings its due reward. Carn Eige is 3,877 feet high. It lies actually on the County boundary, and were it not for that, would hold the proud position of the highest hill in Ross-shire.

Much has already been written, and well written, on the group. On referring to these interesting papers, I find that they partake more of the personal experiences of the gifted authors than of actual descriptions of the peaks themselves, and for that reason I am emboldened to add my quota to the toll of praise, my sole excuse being the command of the Hon. Editor.

A reference to the very artistic diagrammatic sketch which accompanies this effusion, for permission to

produce which I have to accord my heartiest thanks to that wonderful man of many parts, the Hon. Secretary (it occupies the space which otherwise I should have to fill with another three hundred laborious words!), it will be seen at a glance that the group covers an area of some 19 square miles, with very nearly a separate "Munro" to each. Truly an ideal playground for the a- and per-spiring salvationist! It will give him an abundant supply of "the exercise he's wantin'," the glory of one of the most superb series of views in the world on a clear day, and on a misty one compass practice that, done successfully and completely, should qualify him for the post of helmsman on the upper reaches of the Forth at low tide. The task he must set himself is to get on the hills at the beallach between Coires Lub nam Meann and Allt Toll Easa—which, may I remind you, is a public right of way—and having reached and located Toll Creagach, turn in his tracks and visit all of the other seventeen peaks, finishing up with Benula (spelt Beinn Fhionnlaidh for short!). With ordinary caution he is most unlikely to damage himself, except by overstrain, and unless he fall a victim to the frolic of the puissant Boreas, I would defy him to fall off anywhere. True, if he follows this plan, he will have to cross at least seven of the peaks twice, but as they look quite different and, as a rule, prove very much steeper on the return journey, the reconquest of their summits feels at the time like adding so many more scalps to an already bulging bag.

One of the characteristics of the group is, to my mind, its almost continual gentle undulations. Once the beallach before mentioned is attained, the walker rarely descends below the 3,000-foot level till the last peak is left behind. There is a constant succession of swelling domes like the track of an ant on the more terrestrial side of a sow, and on each eminence there is more than probably a time-devouring hunt for the authentic cairn. Of course, if the weather be clear, the pedestrian revels, for every fresh turn reveals some soul-inspiring beauty to his enraptured gaze, and with the change of shadow and the necromancy of colour the hours fly past on the

swift wings of adoration. The purple of the hills, the glint and shimmer of the snow, the azure of the sky reflected from the slumbering mirrors of the tarns, fringed round with russet rocks and deep embosomed in the jade of the mossy corries, wake in the soul of the lonely wanderer an adoration too deep for words and move his mind to poesy. And if at the end of a day of such heaven-steeped glory, Nature should see fit to send her amber moon rolling the ridges where the red deer stand in silhouette, that a man does not go fey and cast himself prone in worship of a Deity whose very presence pulsates in the wondrous silence, is only because his carnal appetites and the frailties engendered by a life devoted to mercenary routine interpose barriers before his yearning soul, and by shrieking "food, food, and rest" turn him valleywards and force him once again into the iron mould of Mammon.

The whole group is at present in the possession of the Trustees of the late Mrs Annie Cecilia Chisholm of Chisholm, and as a portion of it is under sheep, visitors to the hills who do not actually abuse their privileges by wandering the ridges during the shooting season, find more latitude and privilege than prevailed some years ago.

Remember that a right of way exists up Glen Cannich and through Kintail to Killilan and Loch Alsh. A leisurely hour's drive from Glen Affric Hotel at Invercannich will land the pedestrian at the new Benula Lodge, situated on the north side of the river at the west end of Loch Mullardoch. On leaving Invercannich after the somewhat forbidding first hill is negotiated, where the road rises steeply over a mountain spur west of Strath Glass and descends again into Glen Cannich above the narrows of the river, the chief difficulty may be said to be over, thereafter the road meanders by river and lochside through pretty scenery with occasional glimpses of the hills as one nears Loch Mullardoch. There is plenty selection of camping sites in the neighbourhood of the farm, which used to be the old Benula Lodge, on the south side of the river, and it is from there that the right of way commences which leads southwards over the shoulder of Tom a Choinich to Gleann nan Fiadh.

and Loch Beinn a Mheadhoin. According to Sir Hugh Munro's note, there was at one time near the summit a shelter built on this path where gillies resided during the summer season to watch the movements of the deer, and, as he suggests, to prevent tourists straying upon the hills and disturbing the game. For some reason or other particular care was exercised in this district over the movements of the stags, for Finlayson, the keeper, informed me that he had, when a young man, spent five months continuously on the summit of Mam Sodhail, where the ruins of a substantial shelter still exist, his duty being to note the position of the herds and the grazing-ground of the finer stags. He had during those sojourns many days when a few feet only was the compass of his view, but he made good use of his time for he appears to have read almost all the works of Sir Walter Scott. For an imaginative man this dwelling on the mountain-tops with so romantic a companion must, one would think, have at times proved a severe test of sanity and self-restraint.

As has been indicated before, there is little difficulty in following the main contours of the ridge when one turns westwards from the beallach, and it is only for a short distance, as the pedestrian passes above the head of Coire Domhain with its little lochan and its steep screes, that he encounters anything in the nature of broken ground. The ascent of the steepish part at the East end of Scron Garbh still bears the remains of a very evident constructed stone stairway, which, I fancy, may have been made to facilitate the movements of those particular members of the German Royal House who occasionally took pleasure in stalking the deer that were so carefully shepherded in the surrounding corries. Shortly after this point and as one approaches Creag na h-Eige, the ridge narrows and becomes for a short distance almost encouraging to the rock climber. Huge splintered blocks lie tumbled in evidence of some awesome upheaval, and if the actual ridge be followed, some little scrambling may be forced upon the wayfarer. The sides of the blocks are spotted, lichenous, and



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TOLL CREAGACH FROM LOCH MULLARDOCH. (See page 102)

George Sang



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MAM SODHAIL AND CÀRN EIGE, WITH LOCH UAINÈ. (See page 101)

George Sang



June 1929

George Sang

SRON GARBH. (See page 104)



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George Sang

CÀRN EIGE. (See page 105)

slippery. Occasionally their span is sufficient to impress and suggest the wisdom of going round by the easier way. In the hollows of these rocks are many charming little plants, silene acalis with its beautiful cushions of close-packed blossom, and several varieties of the Alpine saxifrage. Creag na h-Eige itself is little more than a high plateau, and a very broad ridge leads to Carn Eige, which is only 24 feet higher. The summit of Carn Eige is rough, stony, and uninteresting, and the walker's attention is naturally directed southwards to where Mam Sodhail stands prominent and imposing only about half a mile away.

Deep down in the basin of the corrie which separates the peaks lies the dark Loch Uaine, which, seen from that viewpoint, appears to nestle more closely to the north-eastern flanks of Mam Sodhail, and usually has the remains of a winter snow-field sliding from the slopes of Mam Sodhail and overhanging and feeding its dark waters. It seems that the old statistical account bore some reference to a "lake" in this district which had the reputation of being perpetually frozen. Perhaps very similar to the reputation which Loch Ness has of never being frozen. At any rate, the statement proved of sufficient authenticity to arouse the interest of a late Bishop of Bristol, once President of the Alpine Club. His memoirs contain reference to an expedition in which he discovered in this same Loch Uaine the ever-frozen "lake." *

The crossing from Carn Eige to Mam Sodhail occupies less time than appearance would lead one to believe. The dip between the two is only something like 500 feet. It seems much more than this on the way back! The summit of Mam Sodhail is mossy and well broken up with hollows and convenient shelters from any wind. An excellent place for the making of a cup of tea, with snow not very far off to provide the necessary water.

A little care must be taken in leaving the summit if the pedestrian desires to take the shortest way to Sgur

* This has already been referred to (see *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XIV., p. 59).

na Lapaich, for there is rather a tendency, as he drops below the sky-line, to mistake An Tudair for that peak, and only find the error when it has to be rectified by an unnecessary 100 feet of climbing. The ridge between Mam Sodhail and Sgur na Lapaich is simple and pleasant, the distance is very little over 2 miles and the view is, as ever, soul satisfying. Once Sgur na Lapaich is climbed there is nothing for it, of course, but to retrace one's steps in order to reach the connecting ridge to An Tudair, Ciste Dubh, and Creag a Chaoruinn. To descend from Creag a Chaoruinn to the shores of Loch Affric would be a simple matter indeed, but that would leave unclimbed the most north-westerly peak, Benula, which rises to 3,294 feet. It is necessary, therefore, to retrace your steps over Stob Coire Coulavie, Ciste Dubh, Mam Sodhail, and Carn Eige, thence over the Stob Coire Lochan, and up the steep slopes of Benula. The distance is 4 miles, or perhaps slightly more, taking into consideration the many detours from the direct line. It is quite possible to cut out Carn Eige by a traverse on the west side, but it is very questionable whether there is any great advantage obtained by doing so, because the going is very rough and tiring owing to the exceptionally stony nature of the ground and the fact that several shallow ravines have to be crossed. The charm of the view is also lost, and the mountaineer is dogged by the general feeling that he is not exactly conforming to the strict rules of the game.

Benula is a remarkably steep hill, in fact possibly the steepest of the whole group, and from its summit the valley appears tantalisingly close. It is a simple matter to run down its steep flanks and find oneself on the path between Loch Lungard and Loch Mullardoch within forty-five minutes. After this is done, it will be very noticeable what a tremendous difference of temperature exists between the airy summit at 3,294 feet of altitude and the 800 feet fly-infested air beside the waters of the Loch. Another twenty minutes and one is back in camp, or cranking up preparatory to the return run down Glen Cannich.

THE BUCHAILLE ETIVE ACCIDENT.

IN the autumn of 1929 we had a week-end with Mowbray at Kingshouse, and so when Mowbray suggested that this should be repeated we fell in with the idea.

The party met at Stirling about midday on Saturday, the 13th September 1930, and there we picked up Mowbray's car, and made for Kingshouse with an abundant supply of fruit and the other *et ceteras* which add to the pleasures of hotel sandwiches.

Jeffrey had never been on the Crowberry, and so we decided to have a shot at it that same day. No time was lost at Kingshouse, and we just stayed there sufficiently long to change our clothes. There was not too much time to waste as we wanted to be off the hill before dark.

The afternoon was dull, but it was not actually raining, although the mist extended to below the rocks. We got to the foot of the rocks about five o'clock, and roped with Mowbray leading and Harrison second. The whole party was in excellent form, and Mowbray led splendidly. At Abraham's Ledge he led a route in between Greig's Ledge and Speirs' route, and although we tried it we did not feel inclined to complete it, and so went round by Greig's Ledge. The climb was otherwise uneventful, and about six o'clock the rope was taken off on reaching the easy ground above the finish of the actual climb. It was intended to re-rope for the descent of the Tower into the gap.

After a few minutes halt we proceeded to walk up the grassy slope. Mowbray bore slightly to the right and commenced traversing across some rocks while the others continued up the steepening grass. Mowbray had just gone round a corner, out of our sight, when without warning of any kind he came off and fell practically clear into the Crowberry Gully. He had made no suggestion that there was any difficulty, and whatever happened must have taken him entirely unaware.

Getting no reply to our shouts we descended by the Curved Ridge as quickly as possible, and traversed under the Crowberry Ridge into the Crowberry Gully, which we ascended until stopped by the unclimbable first chock stone pitch. Dusk was now falling, and there was a good deal of mist in the gullies. We turned the pitch on the Crowberry side with a view to re-entering the gully higher up, but found this was impossible, so we ascended the Ridge to the Abraham Ledge, where the usual traverse to the right was taken. The subsidiary buttress on the true right of the Crowberry Gully at this point was then ascended, and on reaching what we thought to be the top of the buttress we found Mowbray's scarf. This confirmed our worst fears that he had fallen clear over the Ridge into the lower part of the gully. We then descended the buttress, but until the level of the usual traverse from Abraham's Ledge was reached about 8 P.M. it was impossible to see into the gully. At this point in the semi-darkness Harrison thought he could distinguish Mowbray's body in the bottom of the gully, just above the chock stone pitch, but as it was impossible to be certain owing to the darkness and mist, and equally impossible in the conditions to descend the overhanging walls of the gully, all possible speed was made to Kingshouse, which was reached about 9.15. The only available car was a motor lorry, and in this we hastened to Bridge of Orchy only to find that there is no night telephone service there, and we had to go on to Tyndrum, which we reached a little after 11 P.M. From there we were able to arrange for parties to start at once—one from Glasgow under H. MacRobert, and another from Edinburgh under G. Murray Lawson. We also advised the local police of the accident.

The parties arrived shortly after dawn on Sunday morning, and consisted of H. MacRobert, J. Stuart Jack, R. R. Elton, J. A. Steven, G. Murray Lawson, M. Matheson, D. Mackay, and J. H. B. Bell. A start was made at once for the hill, where four members of the Junior Club, namely, N. Sandeman, T. S. Stobie, W. G. P. Lindsay, and Alan Horne, who had been

camping at Coupal Bridge, joined as volunteers. Mowbray's body was found about 10 A.M. lying above the chock stone pitch as was anticipated, and the sad and difficult task of bringing him down begun. Thanks to the willing and able assistance of the rescue parties, this was accomplished by about 4 P.M. When the road at Coupal Bridge was reached a doctor from Ballachulish was awaiting our arrival, and after examination pronounced that death had been absolutely instantaneous. There were also waiting on the road Col. Dundas of Ochertyre, a cousin of Mowbray, and Mr D. S. Carson, one of his partners in business, who had at once motored North on hearing of the accident.

A. HARRISON.

R. JEFFREY.

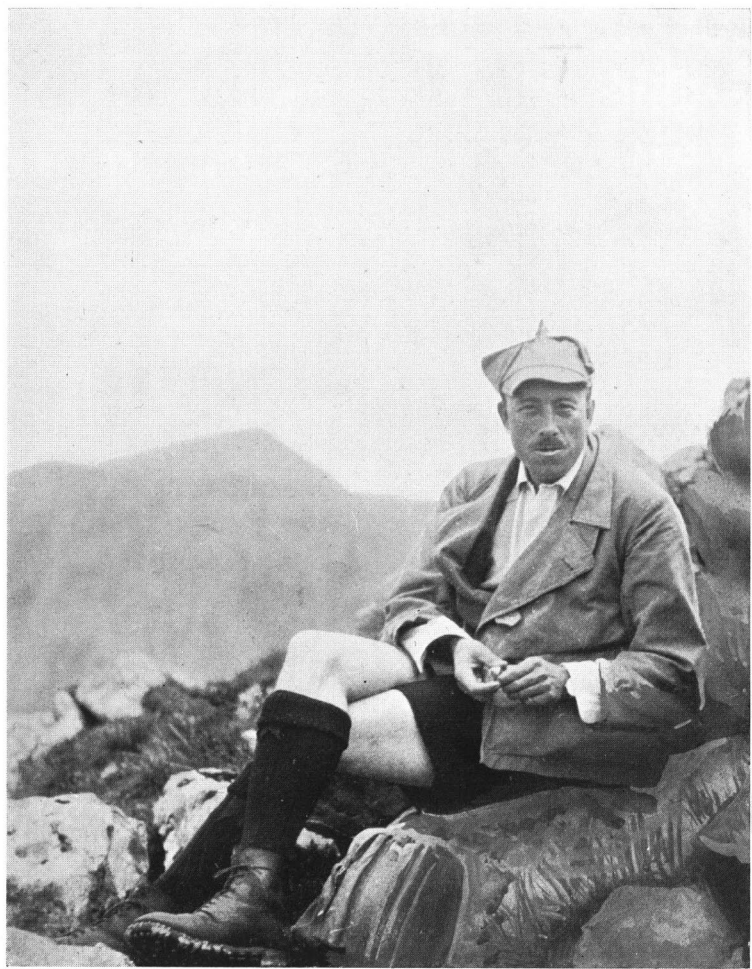
In Memoriam.

NORMAN WIGGIN MOWBRAY, 1897-1930.

WHEN Norman Mowbray joined our Club in 1928 it was at once apparent that an original and forceful personality had come into our midst. On the outbreak of the war the Scottish Mountaineering Club was showing signs of becoming middle-aged: at the close of the war the position was alarming—we were distinctly elderly. There were few members under forty years of age, and a dangerous gap had opened between what was left of our younger men and the new generation just growing up. Fortunately, however, one or two youngsters were attracted to the fold, and these few brought more and still more, so that by 1928, ten years after the Armistice, the Club was younger and more enthusiastic than it had ever been. Norman Mowbray came in with this flood of youth, and at once made his mark. At his first Meet, Crianlarich, New Year 1929, his cheery nature and restless energy attracted considerable attention. Any uncertainty as to the position he would take, however, was speedily banished on a closer acquaintance, as the better one knew Norman Mowbray the more one liked and admired him. He was perhaps intolerant, like all strong young natures, and expressed his views forcibly, but no one was more eager to learn and more capable of benefiting by instruction and by experience.

I first met Mowbray on the moors below Buchaille Etive Mor. He had just climbed the Crowberry Ridge and was as usual full of enthusiasm for the Mountain, the Ridge, and the wonderful scenery. We climbed it again the following day, and a fortnight later found us once more back at the same mountain and on the same ridge.

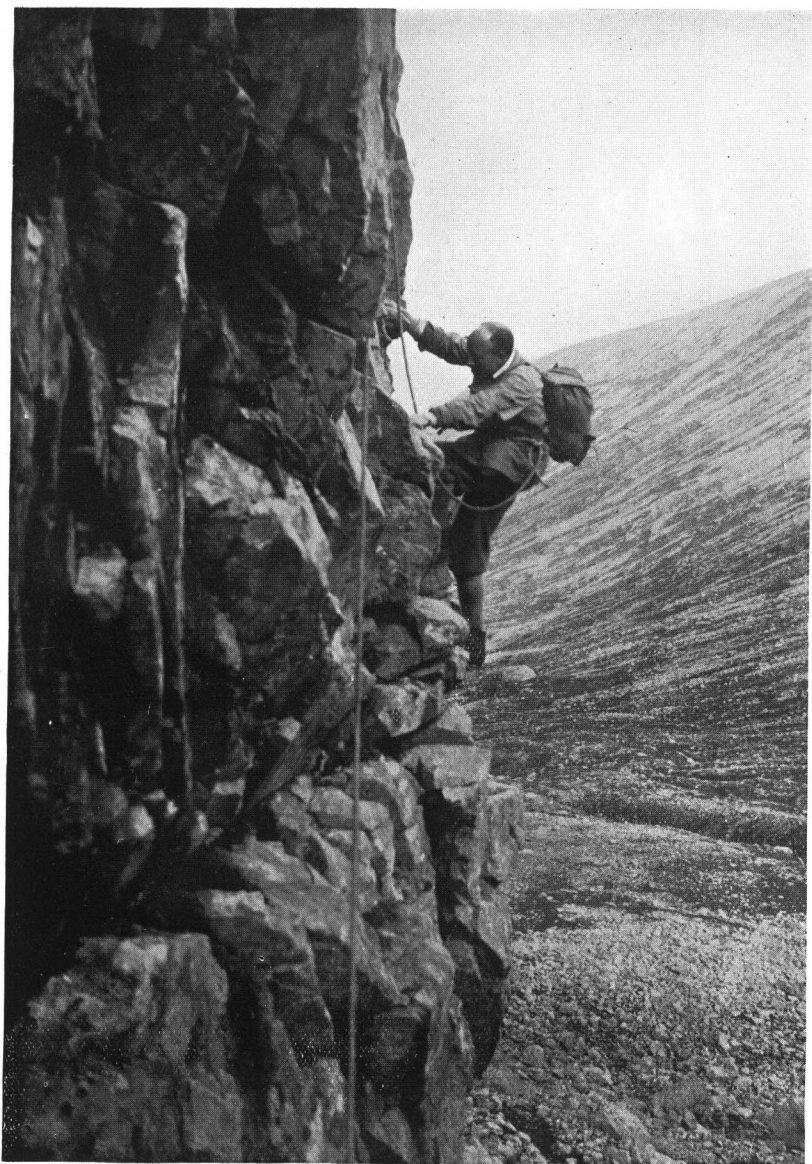
Mowbray was not, however, merely an "ultra-montane"—he was a real lover of hills, and a year after our first meeting we spent three days ridge wandering, only putting on the rope to practice the technique of rapid scrambling on easy ridges. We rushed over the Aonach Eagach Ridge in forty minutes.



June 1930

NORMAN W. MOWBRAY

Alex. Harrison



August 1930

W. B. Speirs

NORMAN W. MOWBRAY ON THE NORTH-EAST BUTTRESS, BEN NEVIS

I had never seen Mowbray on difficult snow or ice, but no doubt he would have taken to ice-work as quickly as to rock-climbing. On rocks he was neat and fast with very strong forearms and fingers, and as a hill walker he was tireless.

As many members of our Club are aware the Scottish Ski Club was revived last winter and the moving spirit here was Mowbray. Scottish Ski-ing appealed specially to him; the hard work, the strenuous weather, and the dare-devil rush down past rocks and over heather patches were meat and drink to him. He spent three weeks with our party in Switzerland last winter, and there he set himself resolutely to master his skis. He brought all his boundless energy to bear on the subject and never missed a single day, fair or foul, on the hills. When he returned in the afternoons the remaining hours of daylight were spent skating and playing ice-hockey with the children of the party. He took endless pains to teach them the game, and they all loved him. A man can have no better recommendation than this.

In this *Journal* we are only concerned with Mowbray as a mountaineer, but it is gratifying to know that in the more serious business of life he was as successful as in his sports. He was just old enough to serve in the Great War in which he was wounded, and after the Armistice he took up the profession of Accountancy. In the brief space of seven years he had qualified as a Chartered Accountant and become a partner in one of our best known firms. Mowbray was also an enthusiastic Territorial and a Captain in the 7th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

It is sad to have to record in our *Journal* this first fatal accident to one of our members, but it is comforting to know that it was not due to any fool-hardiness or lack of ordinary precautions. Most of us have had our falls or slips on easy ground and got off with nothing worse than minor bruises, and it was only a cruel misfortune that Mowbray's should have had this tragic end. As he himself said, however, just the day before his death: "We've all got our own way of going out, and that's as good a way as any."

H. MACROBERT.

THOMAS JAMES CROMBIE.

TOM CROMBIE was known to comparatively few members of the Club, but those few have lost the companionship of a rare spirit. He was never seen at the Club Meets, and rarely at dinners, but his interest in the *Journal* was deep and lasting. An ardent lover of the hills, he was enthusiastic in exploring both the Highlands and the Border districts, and for scenting out interesting routes both on high and low ground he had few equals. Rock climbing and snow work seldom came into his programme, these forms of exercise leaving him rather cold. One article of his in the *Journal* revealed the touch of a man of letters. A further glimpse of his gift of picturesque expression may be gained from the following little appreciation of the Lake District taken at random from one of his letters written just before the war. He wrote:—

“ I am just back from a second visit to the English Lakes, and have returned with confirmed conviction that it is an absolute paradise for crocks. With a very little ingenuity one can avoid the high tops altogether, and yet the passes are sufficiently stiff to save the little rags that are left of one’s self-respect. The diversity of routes is only equalled by the variety of the houses of call. No bothering about sandwiches in the morning (ever a horrid grind), no worry about flasks, no official time-table, no far-distant objective, yet no lack of elasticity in the programme. The whole place is in sections that can be built up like a Wernicke bookcase, so exactly do they correspond in dimension. The spacing between pubs is ideal—all just about a pint’s length. Every distance recorded on the signposts is 5 miles, so regular are they that they would suit a blind man well enough.

“ We had a nice route. Last time we started from the western boundary, this time from the eastern at Shap, at 2.30 on Friday, to Mardale Green at the Head of Hawes Water by Naddle Forest. Saturday, a lovely morning, by the long ridge of Rough Crag to High Street, 2,600—great view—descent by Hartsopp—exquisite corner—to Patterdale, head of Ullswater (best 1s. 6d. lunch in the

world). Noble rhododendrons (no connection with lunch). Over the Styx Pass to Thirlmere—a dreadful, gruelling track rising to over 2,000, although the bee-line is only a few miles. Saturday night at Fisher Place, Dalehead, very comfortable and moderate. Sunday morning to Armboth and over the pass to Watendlath, easy and very picturesque, milk at a typical old farmhouse—oaken door of great age, studded with iron, deep porch with slate seats in the ingoing. On over a low col to Rosthwaite in Borrowdale. The view from this col was very grand and imposing; as a set picture it was without flaw, perfect in composition and wholly exquisite in detail. From this point homewards it was a slow descent to the commonplace by Lodore, Keswick, &c., to the nadir of our descent, Hawick.”

Our sympathy is respectfully offered to his relatives.

S. F. M. CUMMINGS.

JAMES ROSS PHILIP,
1891-1930.

By the death on 15th October 1930 of J. R. Philip, the Club have lost one of their most active members. Philip was educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh, where he played in the 1st XV. and 1st XI. He was a very keen footballer and cricketer. He captained the Panmure Rugby XV. and played for Forfarshire Cricket Club. After leaving school he joined the Dundee Rambling Club. All through the war he served with the 4/5th Black Watch, and distinguished himself as a courageous and able officer, gaining the M.C., and was twice mentioned in dispatches. In post-war days he became a very active and popular member of the Dundee Rambling Club, and was a most enthusiastic climber. In due time he qualified for membership of the S.M.C., and was a frequent attender at the Club's Meets. He had a great love for the hills, and acquired an extensive knowledge of climbing and Nature's moods. He was never happier than when either climbing amongst the hills or talking about them, map in hand. He was a great sportsman and a very fine companion.

J. E. M'INTYRE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET, 1930—AVIEMORE HOTEL AND GLENMORE LODGE.

THIS Easter Meet, held at the Hotel, Aviemore, and Glenmore Lodge, in the heart of the Rothiemurchus Forest, will long be remembered by all on account of the exceptionally wild and wintry character of the weather, and by those fortunates who stayed at the Lodge on account of its wonderful situation as a climbing centre.

Once again the Club has to thank its Secretary for the thought and labour he has spent in ensuring a successful Meet, and seldom, if ever, can he have surpassed his achievement in obtaining as headquarters Glenmore Lodge. A finer centre for a winter climbing holiday would indeed be hard to find, and its proximity to the hills and beautiful surroundings combined with the really excellent attention given by Mr and Mrs Cameron, the caretakers, made it ideal. The Club is deeply indebted to the Forestry Commissioners for the privilege of using the Lodge.

In order that as many as possible of the members present might enjoy its advantages, the period of occupation was limited, and a first party stayed till the Saturday when they vacated in favour of a second party.

The Meet extended over a long period, the first arrivals settling in on Wednesday, 16th April, and the last to depart leaving on Saturday, 26th April.

From first to last the Meet was attended by the following forty-three members and six guests :—

First Glenmore Lodge Party—G. T. Glover (President), L. St C. Bartholomew, S. F. M. Cumming, J. Dow, A. Harrison, J. Harrison, K. K. Hunter, R. Jeffrey, G. M. Lawson, W. N. Ling, M. Matheson, I. C. Monro, N. W. Mowbray, A. J. Rusk, and J. A. Scott.

Second Glenmore Lodge Party—J. F. A. Burt, A. Dixon, R. R. Elton, F. S. Goggs, R. W. Martin, D. H. McPherson, G. G. Macphee, C. W. Nettleton, T. C. Ormiston-Chant, A. E. Robertson, G. A. Solly, E. C. Thomson, T. E. Thomson, and E. Elton (guest).

Aviemore Hotel—J. L. Aikman, A. Arthur, W. J. Bannister, G. Barlow, R. A. Brown, I. M. Campbell, G. E. Howard, J. S. M. Jack, D. C. Macdonald, J. E. MacLaren, J. G. M'Lean, W. R. M'Lean, H. MacRobert, P. J. H. Unna, and as guests P. H. Brown, J. Hotchkiss, S. I. Jack, J. L. Lawson, and A. G. Smith.

Many of those included under "Lodge" parties stayed at the Hotel either before or after their visit to the Lodge, but the changes are too numerous to detail.

The first arrivals on Wednesday the 16th were the President, Ling, and Barlow, who stayed at Aviemore overnight, and Bartholomew, Hunter, Monro, and Rusk, who reached the Lodge in the evening.

Thursday, 17th April.

The President and Ling walked through the forest to take up quarters at the Lodge.

Barlow, who was staying on at the Hotel, spent the day at Loch-an-Eilein.

Bartholomew, Hunter, Monro, and Rusk set off for Cairn Gorm but "took the wrong turning" as they naively express it, and found themselves on the ridge near the top of Creag an Leth-choin. This blow to their prestige so affected them that they returned incontinently to the Lodge, where they had brought a large case of beer.

Eight more members reached the Hotel, and the remainder of the Lodge party arrived in the evening.

Friday, 18th April.

The weather was not very inviting. A bitter wind from the north-east drove intermittent snow showers over the higher tops. The lower tops were clear, and some good views were obtained at times.

Solly, Unna, Howard, Macphee, Bannister, and Campbell motored west to the Monadhliaths, and leaving their cars at Garva Bridge, climbed Geal-Charn. They saw as far as Nevis between showers. The expedition appears to owe its chief interest to the frivolity of the car-drivers, who showed a spirit of rivalry which the Corriyarrick road was not built to encourage.

Goggs and Arthur walked over Carn Eilrig and down to the lower bothy. From there they crossed a 2,500-foot col on Sgoran Dubh, and returned to Aviemore by the Allt a' Mharcaidh and Loch-an-Eilein. Barlow walked up the Lairig and climbed Lurchers' Crag, returning by the same route. Dixon broke his journey north at Dalwhinnie and climbed Sgairneach Mor alone, being rewarded by some fine views to south and west. Martin and T. E. Thomson, who motored up, stopped in the same neighbourhood and went up Ben Udlaimean and Marconach. E. Elton walked up the Einich Glen, climbed Carn Eilrig, and went on to Sron na Lairig, returning via the lower bothy. Nettleton paid a visit to Loch-an-Eilein and Loch Gamhna.

M'Pherson, another early train arrival, got out at Kingussie, and had a long day over Carn Ban Mor, Sgor Gaoith, and Geal-Charn, before dropping down to Loch-an-Eilein. The northerly gale made hard going of the walk over the plateau.

From the Lodge, Mowbray, Jeffrey, and the two Harrisons climbed Cairn Gorm on ski. They found the snow very hard and wavy, and had an adventurous time returning down the first 1,000 feet in the teeth of a blizzard, which prevented their seeing any distance, and made ski control very difficult.

Bartholomew, Hunter, Monro, and Rusk took the right turning this time and put "paid" to Cairn Gorm's account. They have, however, no comment to offer on the ascent.

The doings of the individual remaining members of the Lodge party are not definitely known, but some climbed Bynack More and some reached Ben Macdhu.

A caber-tossing competition was held, judged by the President, and won by Jeffrey.

By night the majority of members and guests had arrived. Those at the Hotel were treated by — to a thoroughly interesting exposition of the gentle art of Income Tax evasion—speaking from theory only. The subject seemed a trifle beyond the reach of most of his audience, who went to bed with reeling heads.

Saturday, 19th April.

This day was agreed by all to be one of the worst ever experienced. From morning till night, a whole gale sweeping bitterly from the north, and carrying stinging showers of hail and snow, made climbing very arduous; the dense mist on the tops was so white that it was at times impossible to distinguish it from the snow, and it was frequently a debatable point where one's next step would lead one.

The longest expedition of the day was made by MacLaren solo. Starting from Blair Atholl at 8 A.M. he set off to reach Corroul Bothy. Thinking his time too long, he decided to climb Ben-a-Ghlo *en route*, and did reach one top before the north wind gave him pause, and showed the work which lay ahead. He then spent a very trying time pushing through Glen Tilt against the wind and in heavy snow. The bothy was only reached after dark and in mist, but MacLaren felt that his effort was rewarded when he found it occupied by the Kilmarnock Mountaineering Club in full strength of four members, who offered him a royal hospitality.

Solly, Howard, and Nettleton motored up to the lower bothy in Glen Einich and climbed Sgoran Dubh. Howard maintains that this was the 1,833rd ascent since the war, but could find no auditor to vouch this.

Arthur, Goggs, and Unna motored up with Solly's party and climbed Braeriach, making a circuit of Loch Coire an Lochan. The first two walked home and Unna motored back with Solly's party again. Aikman, Campbell, Bannister, and the M'Leans also climbed Braeriach, and went on towards Cairn Toul, but were beaten off by the weather, and had some good glissades down towards the bothy.

MacRobert joined six members of the British Ski Club, who also stayed at the Hotel, and spent a very rough and tumble day with them on Braeriach, conditions both underfoot and overhead making ski-ing almost impossible. Glover and Ling left the Lodge and walked up the Lairig, whence they climbed over Sron na Lairig and descended to the lower bothy.

Many of the Braeriach parties enjoyed a very welcome cup of tea at the bothy, where the ski-ing party had lit a fire.

The two Jacks, the two Browns, and Hotchkiss motored to the lower bothy and climbed Sgoran Dubh by one of the gullies in very soft snow. Undaunted by the weather they continued over Sgor Gaoith to Carn Ban Mor, and walked back to Aviemore by the Feshie valley. Macphee spent the morning motoring parties up to the bothy, and the afternoon exploring Glen Feshie with Barlow. The two Harrisons, Jeffrey, and Mowbray climbed Bynack More on ski before leaving the Lodge in the evening.

E. C. Thomson, Dixon, and the Eltons walked up the Lairig and on to Creag an Leth-Choin with the intention of continuing from there to Cairn Gorm. They succeeded in facing the blizzard as far as Cairn Lochan, but at this point any further progress seemed pointless and a direct descent was made to the Lodge.

T. E. Thomson, Martin, and McPherson motored to the Lodge, and thence climbed Cairn Gorm descending by Coire an t-Sneachda.

The first Lodge party vacated in the evening, some transferring to the Hotel and others going home. Cumming, who had intended staying on at the Hotel, found himself minus his climbing boots, which Scott had unknowingly carried off to Edinburgh in his car, and he left immediately to seek retribution.

Before going, he presented to the Club an alpenstock which he had bought in an Edinburgh pawnshop for 1s., and on which were engraved its Alpine ascents. The question of its transport to the Club-room in Edinburgh seemed insoluble until Unna, whose general knowledge

and mathematical ingenuity seem to be boundless, demonstrated that it came within the parcel post dimensions prescribed by the Postmaster-General. It was left to him to persuade the local post office that this was so.

Sunday, 20th April.

There was some improvement in the weather on low ground, but on the tops the blizzard still raged until the middle of the afternoon.

Unna, Howard, the two Jacks, and Hotchkiss motored to the Lodge and climbed Cairn Gorm, where they met Parker with some Cairn Gorm Club members, who were holding a Meet at Nethy Bridge. They returned to the Lodge and sampled an excellent tea before going on to Aviemore.

Glover, Ling, MacRobert, Mowbray, and the two Browns climbed Braeriach from the lower bothy.

Jeffrey and the two Harrisons also climbed Braeriach.

Aikman, Bannister, Campbell, and the M'Leans motored up Glen Feshie to Tolvah. Campbell and W. R. M'Lean climbed Carn Ban Mor and returned direct. The other three walked on past Achlean, climbed Meall Dubhag, and continued in the mist over Carn Ban Mor, Sgor Gaoith, Sgoran Dubh Mor, and Geal-Charn before descending.

This western group was throughout the Meet the happy hunting ground of peak baggers, and Carn Ban Mor rejoiced in an unmerited popularity. The path marked right to its summit may have accounted for this to some extent.

Arthur took Unna's rucksack on a motor run to Inverness, leaving Unna on Cairn Gorm to calculate the mathematical probability of his ever seeing it again.

Solly and Goggs represented the Club at church in the morning, and in the afternoon Goggs and Nettleton walked to the Lodge.

From the Lodge, E. C. and T. E. Thomson, Dixon, Martin, M'Pherson, and the Eltons climbed Bynack More and A' Choinneach. In the mist the latter hill

seemed to possess many tops, but eventually the right one was found. There the party split up, Martin, T. E. Thomson, and R. R. Elton going on over Cairn Gorm, while the others walked back down the Nethy and through Ryvoan Pass to the Lodge. The interesting fact emerged that it is apparently quicker to return from A' Choinneach via Cairn Gorm, as the former party was back and changed before the latter reached the Lodge.

Ormiston-Chant, Burt, and Macphee ascended Cairn Gorm in 2 hours 52 minutes with the wind behind them, and descended to the Lodge again in just over two hours.

MacLaren completed his solitary pilgrimage by walking through the Lairig to Aviemore.

In the evening, the Club had as guest at dinner in the Hotel, Colonel J. D. Grant of Rothiemurchus, to whom it is indebted for the freedom of the Glen Einich Road and the use of the lower bothy. Mrs Grainger Stewart must also be thanked for the privilege accorded to the Club of using the estate roads.

Monday, 21st April.

Monday morning continued the week-end weather of gale and mist, but towards afternoon the wind abated, and the mist cleared away to afford to those who were still on the hills one of the finest possible evenings. Bright sun and a snow-cleared atmosphere brought joy to the hearts of those who had suffered the previous days' buffetings, and marvellous views were opened up on all sides. Unfortunately many members left by the afternoon train and missed the best of the day.

Glover, Solly, and Unna motored up to the lower bothy and climbed Sgoran Dubh.

The two Jacks and Hotchkiss also went up Glen Einich and made the round of Braeriach and Sron na Lairig.

MacRobert, Mowbray, and Jeffrey joined the British Ski Club party in an expedition on Braeriach, and had a fine day's sport on snow which was good in parts.

Smith and Macdonald motored up Glen Feshie and paid Carn Ban Mor yet another visit.

Ling, the two Browns, Matheson, and Dow also motored up Glen Feshie to Achlean, and climbed Mullach Clach a' Bhlaire and Meall Dubhag. Ling and the Browns then descended, and the other two continued their conquering career over Carn Ban Mor, Sgor Gaoith, Sgoran Dubh, and Geal-Charn. There, unfortunately, the hills came to an end, and they had perforce to descend.

Barlow walked up Glen Einich and made a lone ascent of Sgoran Dubh.

Aikman, Bannister, and J. G. M'Lean motored to the Lodge and ascended Cairn Gorm. From there they went on to Ben Macdhui, arriving on the top just as the sun broke through. They were rewarded by magnificent views embracing Cruachan, Nevis, Wyvis, and the Ochil Hills. A glissade down the Allt a' Choire Mhoir brought them to the Lairig, and they walked back to Aviemore. Aikman left for town at 1 A.M. and was further rewarded by a very fine display of the Aurora Borealis.

Dixon, E. C. Thomson, and the Eltons climbed Cairn Gorm, but had to descend for the afternoon train just as the weather cleared.

Sang, Goggs, and Burt walked through Ryvoan Pass and made the circuit of Bynack More, A'Choinneach, and Cairn Gorm, enjoying very fine views from the latter.

Nettleton made a direct solo ascent of Cairn Gorm.

MacLaren, exhausted in his efforts to reach the Meet, spent the day archæologising, and left in the evening.

A. E. Robertson arrived at Aviemore, and nearly every one else left. No reflection on Mr Robertson is intended.

Tuesday, 22nd April.

Barlow, Solly, Robertson, and Unna went up to the Lodge to savour its hospitality, and spent a fine day in the forest.

Goggs and Nettleton walked through Ryvoan Pass, and returned to Aviemore over Meall a' Bhuachaille and two other tops, in time to catch the evening train home.

Macdonald and Smith motored to the Lodge and

climbed Bynack More. They report seeing a heron and the Rev. A. E. Robertson.

Matheson descended from the sublime to the ridiculous (?), and climbed Carn Eilrig before leaving for home.

Wednesday, 23rd April.

Unna went home by the early train, and Barlow, Robertson, and Solly climbed Cairn Gorm in mist.

Macdonald and Smith motored to the lower bothy and went up Braeriach, returning by the Lairig. They left in the evening.

Thursday, 24th April.

Barlow walked through Ryvoan Pass and climbed Bynack More, returning to Aviemore in the evening.

A. E. Robertson walked up the Lairig and back to Aviemore. Solly left.

G. Murray, Lawson, and Matheson, who had motored up overnight, made a somnambulistic ascent of Cairn Gorm from the Lodge.

Friday, 25th April.

A. E. Robertson motored up to Loch Einich.

Lawson, Matheson, and Dow walked through the Pass of Ryvoan and climbed Bynack More.

Saturday, 26th April.

Lawson and his brother, Matheson, and Dow left the Lodge in the morning and climbed Sgoran Dubh with the aid of the car up Glen Einich.

The Meet was a great success. Although the weather was so wild as to prevent any attempts at serious snow-climbing, it did not damp the enthusiasm of members, and many long expeditions were made. The snow was exceptionally deep on the hills, which were quite white to below 2,000 feet. Members will remember the comforts of the Hotel at Aviemore, and those who stayed at Glenmore Lodge are not likely to forget the really splendid time they had there.

R. R. ELTON.

CLUB ROOM.

Last season's series of club-room meetings was completed by an evening in the Mont Blanc area under the direction of Mr Alex. Harrison.

LIBRARY.

Since the last issue of the *Journal* the following have been received :—

- Alpine Journal. Vol. XLII., No. 240.
- Climbers' Club Journal (New Series). Vol. IV., No. 2.
- Climbers' Club Bulletin. April 1930.
- Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal. Vol. VIII., No. 2.
- Rucksack Club Journal. Vol. VI., No. 4, 1930; No. 24.
- Canadian Alpine Journal. Vol. XVIII., 1929.
- Sierra Club Bulletin. February 1930.
- American Alpine Journal, 1930.
- Himalayan Journal. Vol. II., 1930.
- Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa. No. 32, 1929.
- Italian Alpine Club Journal. February to March 1930, and May to July 1930.
- Svenska Turistföreningens Arsskrift. 1930.
- Till Fjälls, 1930 (Svenska Fjällklubbens Arsbok).
- Den Norske Turistförenings Arbok. 1930.
- Les Alpes. March to September 1930.
- Sangaku (Japanese Alpine Club Journal). Vol. XXV., Nos. 1 and 2.
- Bulletin du Club Alpin Belge. Vol. VII., No. 18.
- Bulletin, Appalachian Mountain Club. June 1930.
- Bulletin Pyrénéen. April to September 1930.
- La Montagne. March to August 1930.
- Scottish Ski Club Journal, 1930.

No books have been presented or acquired by purchase during the last six months.

The Hon. Librarian would again remind members that he has a considerable number of old Club *Journals* for sale, and would refer members to the notice concerning them appearing in his Report last April.

REVIEWS.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. VI., No. 4, 1930; No. 24.

No, Sir, it can't be done! Review a Journal in July—nonsense! Journals shouldn't be published in July, or if they are, they shouldn't be reviewed—with tennis and gardening, and little enough time to read the *Bulletin*. But the *Journal* arrived and with it a wet evening, and soon one was wandering away in the Pyrenees and Switzerland, Ireland, the Lakes, the "Pot Holes," and the Highlands, lured by the most interesting and informative articles and some splendid pictures.

These pictures are well done, and one of Liathhach will gladden the heart of our President. The *Journal* opens with an alluring article on a traverse of Suilven; then comes the "Piz Bernina" in winter (when the Piz won) and in summer. Next the mountains of the West of Ireland are laid out for us. The Swiss Meet follows, beginning with the Aletchhorn and ending with the Zinal Rothhorn, with a substantial "bag" in between.

The review of Prof. Einundzwanzigstein's Birsteigungs "Encyclopædie" portrays a formidable volume; then comes a most interesting account of an expedition in the Pyrenees, with an ample bibliography. Back to Switzerland again, with the Fletchhorn figuring; up to new thrills of fresh Gritstone climbs (very clearly illustrated) and down to Alum Pot and its subterranean allurements, with the Club proceedings and Meets and several "Excursions" to serve as coffee and liqueur. A most satisfying and interesting repast, Mr Editor, and ample reward for the job.

J. S. M. J.

The American Alpine Journal, No. 2, 1930.

This number of the *American Alpine Journal* offers a fine variety of interest. The greater part of the *Journal*, as is proper, is concerned with climbing and exploration on the American Continent, where American climbers are fortunate in having peaks still unclimbed, and in being only at the beginning of the making of more difficult routes up peaks which have already been ascended. There are accounts of three notable first ascents: Mount Sangai (17,464 feet), an active volcano in the Andes; Mount Sir Alexander (10,900 feet), in the Northern Canadian Rockies, and Mount Copprecorn (10,218 feet), in the Purcell Range.

The leader of the party who made the first ascent of Sangai, Mr Robert T. Moore, gives an interesting account of his party's

ascent, probably the second, of the great mountain Chimborazo (20,720 feet), which was ascended for the first time by Whymper so long ago as 1880.

One writer, speaking of climbing among the Rocky Mountains of the United States, says, "... about the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century . . . the more energetic climbers turned their attention to ascents which were attractive because of their technical interest rather than because of altitude."

The "ultramontane" is well catered for by descriptions and photographs of the climbing on the "Grand Teton," the "Wind River Range," the "Beartooth Mountains," "Longs Peak," and the "North Palisade." Three articles deal with climbing outside the American Continent: "Travel and Mountaineering in the Caucasus"; "A Traverse of the Dent Blanche," by the Viereselgrat, which in a note has an appreciative reference to Harold Raeburn's description of that climb; and a lively account by Miss O'Brien of her first season in the Oberland, when she did a series of difficult climbs with Adolf Rubi as guide.

Mr Walter D. Wilcox discusses in an interesting manner the probable cause of the unusual formation of the dam at Moraine Lake in the Canadian Rockies, and suggests an explanation.

A distinguished climber, Mr Noel E. Odell, tackles the difficult task of making "Reflections on Guideless Climbing," but not, we think, with much success, apart from his quotations from Guido Rey, Arnold Lunn, Wintrop Young, and Mummery. Another author is somewhat heavy-handed, too, in a humorous attempt to describe the "Joys of Mountain Climbing."

J. H. B.

The Canadian Alpine Journal, 1929, Vol. XVIII.

The Canadian Rockies still provide plenty of opportunity for mountaineers who wish to tread unknown lands and ascend mountains which have never even been charted. In this *Journal* the first ascent of Mount Sir Alexander MacKenzie is chronicled in an article full of descriptive interest. A sketch map shows the route taken by the party, and it is interesting to note that fourteen days were required, mounted on horseback, to reach the mountains from Devona. The actual climb was full of difficulty, a steep couloir of exceedingly severe gradient taxing the powers of the party to the utmost. The top was reached at 4.50 P.M. after thirteen hours' climbing from the base camp, and another ten hours was required for the descent. The modesty of the writer somewhat veils the achievement of what must have been a first-class climb.

Further work of delineating the boundary along the great rocky divide between Alberta and British Columbia is described in an

article by H. F. Lambert. In modern surveying the aeroplane now plays a large part, and much of the country's topography which lay hidden from man's ken is now being charted. The huge glacier base from which the pyramid of Mount Sir Alexander rises, and which covers an area of 35 square miles, thrilled the airmen, and the description of the vast panorama of ice and mountain gives further indication of the achievement of the intrepid party who first scaled its top in July of last year.

The members of the S.M.C. will find interest in the notes of the Annual Camp which took place in the Selkirk range from 15th to 31st July 1929, and which was attended by 142 members and friends. Among the less welcome visitors were the bears which raided their stores and evidently caused quite a lot of trouble.

The *Journal* is profusely illustrated, 31 pages being devoted to mountain photographs reproduced by half-tone blocks. The letter-press runs to over 132 pages.

R. A. B.

The Alpine Journal, Vol. XLII., No. 240.

The May number of the *Alpine Journal* opens with a description by Dr N. S. Finzi of a new climb—the Sheidegg Wetterhorn by the N.W. face. Dr Finzi and his guides are to be congratulated on the careful reconnaissance and skilful climbing which led to their success. The outstanding and unusual feature of the climb is a series of lengthy traverses on outward sloping ledges of polished and holdless rock. It is not a climb which is ever likely to become “an easy day for a lady.” Settled weather, absence of snow, and *Kletterschuhe* are essential.

The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery contributes a fascinating description of some arduous climbing in the Canadian Rockies, undertaken in the course of a trip from Lake Louise to Jasper. “Who’s Who” tells us that Mr Amery is fifty-seven years of age. We cannot but admire his undiminished physical powers and his still boyish enthusiasm for the wild places of the earth. The *Journal* contains accounts of difficult expeditions on the Aletschhorn, the Furggengrat, the Bietschhorn, and the Triglav (Julian Alps), all contributed by continental climbers of the modern school. With the aid of pitons, *Karabiners*, and *rappels*, they play dangerous games with the law of gravity, and their exploits make exciting reading. M. Blanchet’s description of the descent of the Furggengrat is almost capable of inducing an attack of vertigo! On the Triglav a party spent *four* successive nights out on rock ledges before the top of the N. face was gained.

Want of space forbids individual mention of a number of other articles, but the *Journal* is, as usual, interesting from cover to cover. On pages 121-2, however, appears a ferocious criticism of the “Pitz

Palü " cinema picture, which should not be taken too seriously. For the sake of the magnificent mountain photography of which the film is mainly composed, one could have wished that the comparatively harmless solecisms of this production had been treated with a little more indulgence. Members of the Club should make a point of seeing the picture when an opportunity occurs.

M. M.

The Climbers' Club Journal, New Series, Vol. IV., No. 2.
Price 5s.

The miscellaneous nature of articles to be found in the pages of this number make exceedingly instructive reading. The opening article by Brigadier-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce deals with the historical progress of climbing and exploration in the Himalayas, and it is not for me, in my humble capacity of reviewer, to make any comments on an article coming from such an authoritative pen. Controversial matter is supplied by Mr Arnold Lunn's " The Religion of a Mountaineer," in which he arrives at the patent conclusion that mountaineering is the finest of all sports, but not a religion. Apparently the fact that a mountaineer may possibly belong to one or other of the numerous religious sects is not admitted by the author.

Another bone of controversy appears in the Review section on the old question, " Why should descent be more difficult than ascent ? " Assuming that the proposition is correct, as I think most climbers will admit, the reviewer goes fully into the question, confining himself to rock alone. I think some mention might have been made of ice or snow. The article reviewed is Mr Lewin's " An Analysis of Descents," appearing in the *Individualist*, 1923. Other matters of interest are, " Norway in 1896," by Sir Thomas Rose; " Snow Climbing at Mount Cook," by Mr D. O. W. Hall; and " Another April in Corsica," by Mr J. D. Hills. The illustrations throughout are excellent.

G. M. L.

Perth Section Diary.

A most interesting compilation, bound between magnificent covers, has come into our hands. This is the detailed history of the brief but busy existence of the Perth Section J.M.C.S. It reflects great credit on the energy of the members of the youngest section, and the apparent readiness with which they appear to be disposed to chronicle their doings faithfully. [Members of other sections, please note!] Those who consider that the description of one ascent is

much like that of another might expect an endless monotony about the succeeding narratives, but this is not the case. Perhaps this is because the subject is a new one with the writers, and the tale of the hills cannot too often be told, or else it is by reason of the occasional quaint phrasing and the frequent excursions into poetry with which the notes are seasoned. At any rate, the record is one of enterprise, seeking for whole-hearted enjoyment, and the writers have apparently found it.

This is not the place to record the doings of the Perth Section. They will be found elsewhere. Nevertheless, it would not be out of place to mention that among those entries, all of which have been made within the last two years, there are some remarkable instances of good sound mountaineering endeavour in which the participants have gone about their work in the true acquisitive spirit of learning by their own experience.

We hope this interesting diary will be continued in the same thorough and detailed way in which it has been begun. A. G. H.

Himalayan Journal, Vol. II.

This is a large book of over 200 pages, and is full of interest.

The first article, by Lt.-Col. Tobin, gives the history of exploration and climbing in the Sikkim Himalaya, and mentions the expeditions of our late members, A. M. Kellas and Harold Raeburn, the latter of whom Col. Tobin accompanied on one of his journeys to Kangchenjunga. The second article relates the attack on Kangchenjunga by the German Expedition, a spirited attempt which was brought to naught by adverse weather conditions.

Other articles deal with gem stones, birds and shikar, the Shyok flood, and journeys of exploration.

An interesting analysis of the chances of this year's international attempt on Kangchenjunga by Col. E. J. Norton shows remarkable prevision of the event. The rest of the volume is made up of notes and reviews, and the whole production reflects the greatest credit on the Editor, Major Kenneth Mason. The illustrations are admirably reproduced.

May the Club and its *Journal* go on and prosper! W. N. L.

The New Zealand Alpine Journal, Vol. IV., No. 17.

This interesting *Journal* gives to us in its descriptions of expeditions a chance of appreciating New Zealand climbing conditions with their pleasures and hardships. Long distances, dense bush,

precipices, slabs, glaciers, and snowfields have all to be dealt with, also, unfortunately, much bad weather. Were it not for this, we would feel sorely tempted to go out and have a try at some of the unscaled peaks, but after our experiences of this summer . . . !

The report of a serious Alpine disaster, fortunately a rare occurrence in these parts, contains some interesting observations on the possible part played by lightning in such accidents.

A feature of this number is a detailed record, compiled by Mr A. P. Harper, of first ascents and explorations in the mountains of the Hermitage district, one of the most popular climbing areas.

L. ST C. B.

Climbs on Mont Blanc. By Jacques and Tom de Lépiney. Translated by Sidney Spencer, Esq., Hon. Secretary, Alpine Club. Edward Arnold & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

This is an interesting little volume containing an account of the doings of the brothers Lépiney, so well known for their enthusiastic and intrepid climbing, especially in the Mont Blanc district of the Alps. The book has been translated into simple English, following as nearly as may be the lines of the original French, and thus forms most fascinating reading and a succession of hair-stirring ascents. It is illustrated by numerous photographs of a rather disappointing order, and it might be greatly improved by the inclusion of a map. Nevertheless we can thoroughly recommend it as an addition to the climbing library.

G. S.

Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, 1929,
Vol. VIII., No. 2.

This *Journal* ably demonstrates the high standard of the Club's activities, which range in this number from Lofoten to Corsica, from Himalaya to British Columbia and even into the realms of imagination. We must commend the protective attitude of the F. & R.C.C. towards their beloved fells, twenty-five pages of the *Journal* being devoted to this question—"The Lake District: a National Park?" In this article a scheme is discussed under which owners continue to enjoy the profits, rents, and sporting and grazings rights, but are powerless to develop the land as a building estate, or for industrial purposes, thus preserving the natural beauty.

The "fearful joy" of solitary climbing is apparent in the description of a tour—or race, as admitted by the author—round the major crags of the district. We cannot but admire his energy and skill,

although the ascent of Kern Knott Crack, Needle, Pillar, Pikes Crag, Scafell, Bowfell, etc., against time—twenty-four hours—does rather suggest the “dirt track.” This is preceded by a charming poem, “Doe Crag”; in verse there is also a very clever parody of “If,” written from a severely practical standpoint. Pride of place has been given to a spirited and humorous description of an ascent of Mont Blanc by the arduous Bouillard Ridge by Dorothy E. Thompson—the first woman to traverse this route.

Other articles and notes, such as “Climbs Old and New,” add to the interest of this number, and demonstrate the energy of the Club Members. The illustrations are, as usual, an attractive feature, but betray a regrettable tendency to come adrift—they are worthy of better binding.

W. A. M.

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.

J. ROOKE CORBETT.

THE Members will wish to congratulate Corbett on completing the ascent of all the "3000 foot tops" in Scotland, an achievement hitherto accomplished only by Ronald Burn. HON. ED.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON ON PENTLAND HILLS.

On 14th April 1930 I was approaching the summit of the West Kip after sheltering from a twenty minutes' rain storm, when, happening to look towards Carlops, I saw smoke rising behind Green Law. I was so certain that it was heather burning that I mentally resolved to change my route, when all at once, over the ridge in front of me, thin smoke began to rise, which grew thicker every moment. On attaining the ridge, I discovered, to my amazement, that the "smoke" was caused by the evaporation of the moisture on the ground by the heat of the sun. When the sun disappeared, the steam ceased, only to begin again when the sun came out.

I have seen this occurrence on a small scale, such as the drying of pavements or grass plots, but never imagined that it could be so copious as to be taken for burning heather.

I wonder if any others have ever seen anything similar to this.

R. M. GALL INGLIS.

BUCHAILLE ETIVE MOR—CENTRAL BUTTRESS.

In looking over my copy of Vol. XVIII. of the *Journal*, which I have just had bound, I note on page 379 a description of an ascent by Messrs J. H. B. Bell and Harrison of Buchaille Etive Mor by the Central Buttress, followed by the ascent of the Crowberry Tower by "the deep black vertical chimney which cleaves the south-east face just below the summit." Mr Bell says that they would be grateful to know if it has been ascended before, and if so, when, and by whom.

On 10th April 1898 Mr J. S. Napier, Mr Geo. Higginbotham, and I ascended the Crowberry Tower by a steep chimney on the

east face, which we approached from the Central Buttress (*Journal*, Vol. V., p. 90). We described our route as "a very steep climb of about 100 feet, ending at the Cairn."

This route is referred to again in the *Journal*, Vol. V., p. 237, where, speaking of the Crowberry Tower, it is said, "From the east its direct ascent gives a very steep climb of about 100 feet, ending in a vertical chimney 40 feet high." I think it is probable that Messrs Bell and Harrison's route is the same as ours of 32 years ago, and like them I have been surprised that in the intervening years "such a sporting route up the Crowberry Tower" has apparently been neglected.

And now, Sir, that I have my pen in hand writing to you, I would like to make a few remarks suggested by Mr Maylard's letter on the following page (380) of the *Journal*, with reference to "Sub-Munros." I have often amused myself, and I imagine that many other members of the Club may have done so also, by drawing up lists of the aristocrats among the mountains of Scotland on the lines of the "best hundred books." I have been struck by the number of "Sub-Munros" which I would have to include in any list coming far short of a hundred, or even fifty. The ten mountains noted below would, I suggest, come high in any list, and I have no doubt that there are others:—

Bidean Druim nan Namh.
Garsven.
Askival (Rum).
Suilven.
Stack Polly.
Garbhbheinn of Ardgour.
Sgurr Dhomhail of Ardgour.
Cobbler.
Goat Fell.
Cir Mhor.

Most of these offer first-rate climbing. All of them are wonderful viewpoints. If the survey is to be widened to "Sub-Munros" outside Scotland, I think that all of us who know the Lake District would agree that "Pillar," "Gable," and "Bowfell" are inferior to no English mountain except, perhaps, "Scafell."

J. H. BELL.

THE EASTERN NEVIS GROUP.

I spent the first week-end of May with a member of that enthusiastic body, the Perth Juniors, at Roy Bridge Hotel, where Mr Macdonald made us very comfortable in spite of the fact that the displenishing of the hotel had already been partially carried through in preparation for his retirement to a sheep farm at Whitsunday. The weather was fine on the whole, and we managed to cover all the tops in Munro's

list between the Carn Mor Dearg ridge on the west and Loch Treig on the east, all being either clear when ascended or visible at close range.

On the first day we drove over Spean Bridge and back east along the south bank of the Spean to Corrie-coillie, and thence without much difficulty up the Allt Leachdach Road as far as the almost abandoned hut village just north of the light railway. It would be possible to take a light car a good deal farther up this road, which we followed on foot for about a mile before taking to the ridge on the west side of valley; the road was quite practicable to the point where we left it, and seemed to continue so through the glen. There is a gate across it near Corrie-coillie, but we were informed there that it is never padlocked, and that no objection is taken to motors being driven over the road (this would probably not apply, however, in the shooting season). The tops were taken in the following order: Stob Coire Gaibhre, Stob Choire Claurigh North Top, Stob Coire na Ceannain, Stob Choire Claurigh, Stob Ban, Stob a Choire Leith, Stob Coire Cath na Sine, Caisteal, Stob Coire an Laoigh, and Stob Coire Easain, the return journey to the car being made along the Beinn na Socaich ridge, the light railway being reached at the bridge over the Allt Choimhlich and followed back to the hut village. The ridge nowhere presents the slightest difficulty, but the going is generally hard owing to big scree; the taking in of Stob Ban involves leaving the main ridge, a dip to below 2,700 feet, and a toilsome reascent of the main ridge. It might be noted that Sheet 47 of the new 1-inch map is incorrect in showing the summit of Stob Coire na Ceannain as flat, this top being a shapely and comparatively sharp one falling away on all sides. The North Top of Stob Choire Claurigh appeared to us somewhat flattered in having a place in the Tables, there being two adjacent points on the ridge of almost equal height, with very little dip between them and the main summit to the south. On the north face of Stob Coire an Laoigh there is a fine row of crags.

On the second day the car was taken via Inverlair to the north end of Loch Treig, the road passing a small golf course at Persit which boasted the roughest greens either of us had ever seen, but on which Sunday golf was in progress on our return. This road is moderately good all the way, but it might have made our day a slightly easier one had we left the car about a mile short of its terminus. From Loch Treig we gained the ridge on the west, close to the point where there is a cement obelisk, and followed it to the summit of Stob a' Choire Mheadhoin, a walk all the way except for a rocky outcrop from 2,200 to 2,400 feet, which could easily be turned if desired. On this day the mist was low, not dispersing until late in the afternoon, and both Stob a' Choire Mheadhoin and Stob Coire Easain were crossed "in the clouds," but without any difficulty in following the route—rather curiously it was both calmer and warmer on the summits than at the lower elevations, which we put down to the fact that we must have been close to the upper level of the mist. We

agreed that to take credit for two separate Munros, as the Tables allowed us, was hardly fair without adding something to make weight (Stob a' Choire Mheadhoin might, we thought, justifiably be ranked as a top only), so we descended from Stob Coire Easain north-east to take in Sgurr Innse (2,650 feet), a beautifully proportioned rocky hill on the east side of the Lairig Leacach which we had admired the previous day, and found it a more interesting mountain than most of its loftier neighbours, being steep and rocky on all sides. The return to the car was made by a direct descent from the top of Sgurr Innse to the Allt Laire glen, returning over the Creag Fhiachlach ridge to the car at Loch Treig.

On the third day the car was taken via Spean Bridge to the ford over the Allt an Loin beside Leanachan, whence a path south was followed over the light railway, and the Tom na Sroine ridge ascended, the tops being taken in the following order: Tom na Sroine, Stob Coire an Fhir Dhuibh, Stob an Cul Choire, Aonach Mor, Aonach Beag, Stob Coire Bhealaich, Sgurr a' Bhuic, Sgurr Choinnich Beag, and Sgurr Choinnich Mor, descent being made from the last named to the valley of the Allt Coire an Eoin, which was followed to the light railway, the stream being crossed below the falls on a concrete wall thrown across it by the Power Company in connection with their extensive works here, and considerable assistance being derived thereafter from the branch and main light railways on the return to the car. It might be noted that Stob Coire an Fhir Dhuibh is 1 mile E.N.E. of Aonach Mor, not N.E. as in the Tables; we made the height of this top (mean of two aneroids) 3,325 feet. The ascent from the lateral ridge to the main ridge of Aonach Mor was made in mist, which finally cleared later as we were descending from the top of Aonach Beag; this ascent included a fairly steep snow slope in which, however, steps could be kicked, while fortunately the final cornice was not troublesome. The only other part of the journey calling for notice was the descent from the col between Stob Coire Bhealaich and Sgurr a' Bhuic to the lower col W.S.W. of Sgurr Choinnich Beag, which had to be made down a long snow slope involving three-quarters of an hour of step-kicking; the slope at the top was probably 40°, but eased off lower down to 30° (in summer there would, I should imagine, be no difficulty whatever). We noticed with interest that the water of the Allt an Loin at the Leanachan stepping-stones was about 9 inches higher on our return at 8.30 P.M. than it had been on our outward journey at 9.30 A.M. although the day had been a very fine one, the explanation, of course, being the melting of the snows.

The new 1-inch maps Sheets 47 and 48 do not show the light railway which runs east to Loch Treig, with a branch up the Cour valley for a mile or so, but the railway is an appreciable help towards the exploration of this area, affording, as it does, an easy walking route along the north side of the range and providing bridges across the numerous gorges emerging therefrom.

J. Dow.



June 1929

COIRE DOMHAIN. (*See page 104*)

George Sang



June 1929

COIRE DOMHAIN FROM TOLL CREAGACH. (*See page 104*)

George Sang



23rd June 1930

A. J. Rusk

MITRE RIDGE, BEINN A BHUID, FROM NORTH-WEST. (See page 135)

NOTE ON MITRE RIDGE—BEINN A BHUIRD.

On 23rd June Hutchison and Rusk, inspired by Parker's article in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XVI., No. 95, paid a visit of investigation to the Mitre Ridge. The approach was made by Inchrory, which was reached by a very reasonable motor road from Tomintoul. The car was left near the lodge and a walk of an hour and a half took the party to the junction of the Avon and the Allt an Sluichd Mohr. The party was heavily loaded to this point at which bivouac equipment was dumped, and a further hour and a half took the now lightly equipped party into the Garbh Coire. The route followed was up the path on the west side of the glen, on the slope of Stob an Sluichd. Although good at first, this became very awkward, and a better route would be to follow the floor of the Slocht the whole way to the corrie. The first appearance of the ridge was exceedingly forbidding, and it occurred to the feeble-minded member of the party that "Mit-notre" would be a more apt designation. The south-east side is composed of obviously hopeless slabs, but as the party worked up the corrie the profile took on a more broken aspect. Further investigation showed that the north-west side possessed one or two alternative systems of cracks and ledges, which appeared to offer the only possibility of attack. On endeavouring to work a way by means of these it was found that the absence of sufficient landing-places, and the roundness of the granite slabs, required a sustained effort which was beyond the powers of the party. Cracks that looked comparatively simple from below on closer acquaintance proved to be severe or impossible owing to the extreme steepness and the loose moss which crowned their upper exits. The party started from the screes up an obvious breach almost immediately in a line below the first platform on the north-west side, and worked upwards to the left over broken rocks, gaining a mossy ledge. Further progress even in theory would have required climbing of extreme severity, involving a run out of 50 feet for the leader, with the probability of finding no resting-place at the top. The means of further progress were invisible from close quarters. It is not inconceivable that detailed investigation by means of a roped descent might enable a possible though excessively severe route to be worked out, but to tackle the climb in a straightforward way would be almost certainly impossible, owing to the great improbability of finding resting-places throughout the climb and the extreme difficulty involved in making any progress.

In spite of the failure of the main object of the expedition the party feel very grateful to Parker for inducing them to visit one of the most attractive spots in the Cairngorms.

CREAG NA LETHCHOIN.—These crags were climbed by the same party as above from the Lairig, and although no definite route was followed, the rocks offered sufficiently attractive climbing to make this a most interesting way of approaching Beinn Macdhui.

A. G. HUTCHISON.

THE MOONLIGHT GULLY—A GUIDE-BOOK AMBIGUITY.

On page E20 of the "Ben Nevis Guide" the following words appear: "The Carn Dearg or No. 5 Gully (see *N*, diagram, p. 10) . . ." On turning to the diagram referred to, *N* is stated to indicate the Moonlight Gully, and no mention is made of No. 5. These statements are not quite irreconcilable, for the letter, though immediately above the centre of No. 5 Gully, is approximately at the spot where Inglis Clark and Gibson finished their climb. This finish, however, appears to have been determined by the state of the cornice, the Moonlight Gully properly ending on the North Trident Buttress somewhat to the left. As some confusion is likely to arise, it is well to emphasise the fact that the obvious line of ascent from the hut is No. 5 Gully, and that the Moonlight is neither so well defined nor anything like so easy to climb. During a recent visit to the hut a friend and I were attracted by the romance of the Moonlight Gully, and struck up straight for the letter *N*. Only on our return did a careful comparison of our experience with the descriptions in the "Guide Book" show that after all we had only climbed the prosaic No. 5 Gully. That we are not alone in making this error would seem to be indicated by the "Book of Climbs," which records no attempt on the easy Carn Dearg Gully, but which abounds in descriptions of lightning ascents (and even descents) of the far more difficult Moonlight, under all sorts of conditions and by all sorts of parties.

J. Y. MACDONALD.

The Editor has sent me the above note for any observations.

I agree with the writer that the topography of No. 5 Gully and the Moonlight Gully has been obscured by the omission of No. 5 Gully from the diagram on page 10 in the Club's "Guide." It would have been better had the diagram shown *N* as No. 5 Gully.

The difficulty arose from the fact that neither No. 5 nor the Moonlight were well-defined gullies running up to the summit ridge. In fact the latter is, strictly speaking, only a subsidiary gully on the rocks to the south of No. 5, and leads nowhere, losing itself under steep rocks of the North Trident Buttress. The first party retreated from this point late on a winter evening, and descended on to the large snowfield to their right. It is in this snowfield that No. 5 Gully loses itself, and the so-called finish of this gully at the extreme north corner is really a small branch gully.

As No. 5 Gully is practically a walk under almost any conditions it was decided to give the honour of a distinctive letter on the diagram to the more difficult if rather indeterminate climb—the Moonlight Gully.

In any revision of the "Guide Book" it would be advisable to show *N* as the easy No. 5 Gully with a more difficult variation on the rocks of its South Wall—the Moonlight Gully.

H. MACROBERT.

THE PINNACLE BUTTRESS, CORRIE ARDER.

Reference to the past numbers of the *Journal* will afford practically no evidence of new routes on the Corrie Arder cliff since Raeburn's climb, recorded in Vol. IX., pp. 141 to 147. I was a member of a party which repeated Raeburn's climb up the gully to the south of the Pinnacle Buttress in June 1927. The scenery was most impressive, and a second visit seemed to be called for. A good spell of dry weather made conditions very favourable for D. C. Macdonald and myself on 8th June 1930. We started at 7.30 A.M. from Blair Atholl, left the car at Aberarder about 9.30 or so, and strolled up the Corrie path. Lunching at a large boulder above the Lochan (used also as luncheon spot three years before), we were soon in the throes of climbing on perilous schistose vegetated ledges. We started just to the left of the lowest part of the cliff as seen in the sketch in Vol. IX., p. 131. A difficult chimney was ascended, and above this things seemed to get more and more hopeless. The first intention was to try and work up obliquely to the right. Subsequent inspection of the face led to the possibility of working up more to the left and, by a fortuitous coincidence of suitable ledges, gaining an upper narrow terrace. This is the continuation to the right of the terrace started by Raeburn from the gully south of the buttress. The climbing will be very difficult, and with few or no belays, and all the holds will have to be carefully tested. I cannot help thinking that there are distinct possibilities of a very fine route up this appallingly steep schistose face, if the conditions are perfect and time is no object. To continue the story, Macdonald and I retreated and made our way to the wide, easy gully between the Pinnacle Buttress and the main Central Buttress which contains the Posts. We were able to take to the rocks on the left at once and get right on to the true edge of the buttress, as seen by anyone descending to the Lochan from the Window. In many places the climbing was indefinite and turfy, and a number of places called for intricate negotiation. The rocks from below on our left seemed very difficult. Soon we were above the lower, steeper section, and worked quietly onwards and upwards to where the ridge on which we were, abuts against a steeper one, springing right up to the summit pinnacle. Here we followed our ridge and thus avoided the excessively steep lower part of the final ridge, although we got back on to the true ridge as soon as possible by a very delicate traverse on unsatisfactory ledges. The upper short section below the summit, again, could not be taken quite direct, but involved a slight traverse to the right. Altogether about two hours were taken from the foot of the gully to the summit. The climb has indefinite sections and turfy sections, easy and difficult; but it is a main obvious route to the summit along the edge of the buttress. The lowest section was later straightened out by ascending a 30-foot chimney direct from below. We completed the day by going over to the summit of Craig Meggie,

and descending by the Window, where we had some short but excellent glissades. The car was regained about 7.30 P.M. and Blair Atholl at 9 P.M.

J. H. B. BELL.

THE CUNEIFORM BUTTRESS OF BUCHAILLE ETIVE.

This entertaining buttress occupies the true right half of the upper part of the Great Gully of Buchaille Etive. It is separated from the North Buttress by a wicked-looking, thin rift of a chimney, which has, so far, not been climbed. The buttress itself gives about 350 feet or so of varied climbing, mostly pretty difficult, with few belays and somewhat too much turf for comfort.

On the evening of 14th June 1930 J. H. B. Bell and Alex. Harrison started up the lower easy section about 7.30 P.M. Where the slope steepens boots were removed and rubbers and scarpetti used. Looking at the buttress from well below in the Great Gully there are two chimneys at this point, and the route is on the rocks to the outside of the west chimney. Higher up a traverse is made to the left into the upper continuation of the chimney. The climbing is by means of small ledges and holds which slope outwards. A green chimney is then climbed, and some distance higher the leader was delighted to find excellent anchorage on a capacious crowberry ledge. Above this it was necessary to prospect. Prospects were good on the side overlooking the Great Gully, but an attempt had to be made to force the direct route, which was on the left, up slabby rocks to a fearsome chimney, which about 20 feet higher seemed to hold out hopes of an easier route on the left. The leader was unable to force the chimney, which threatened to overhang considerably. A traverse farther to the left revealed no better prospects. Repulsed, the party retreated to the ledge, and tried the other route, which went beautifully. The holds were still very small, but the rock was excellent. Progress was made up a very steep ledge, hardly a chimney, overlooking the vertical West face of the buttress. Above this it was possible to turn in to the face, work up an easy chimney, and finally a wall which landed the party on the summit of the buttress at 10.15 P.M. After erecting a handsome cairn, the upper section of the overhanging chimney was examined from above, and its evil nature confirmed. The party descended by the Great Gully, bathed in the Coupal at 11.15 P.M., and reached Kingshouse by midnight still very dry, and so to bed.

J. H. B. BELL.

BUCHAILLE ETIVE MOR, THE CROWBERRY TOWER,
EAST CLIMB.

J. Gordon Robinson and Geo. F. Todd (of the J.M.C.S.) did the following climb on 12th July. It involves some 200 feet of extremely enjoyable climbing and provides a very fine finish to the Crowberry Ridge.

The start is reached by leaving the crest of the ridge at the point where the slope eases off, before the final scramble up the Tower. The figures in E. R. Beard's photograph (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XVII., p. 4) are at this point. From here one contours to the left, along the foot of the east face of the Tower for some 40 yards, to a point about 15 yards before a short, grassy chimney. At this point, marked by a cairn built against the rock face, the climb commences. It lies, therefore, between routes 4 and 1 of Kynaston (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII., p. 47).

The first pitch led up slightly left, to an obvious grass ledge about 100 feet up, where a good belay was found. The second pitch was more indefinite. From the grass ledge the leader climbed up to the left to a belay some 80 feet higher. The stance was only large enough to hold one, but No. 2 found a belay immediately below the leader, and managed to make use of it by accommodating himself on a small ledge. The third pitch was short. Rounding a rib of rock on the left, the leader climbed straight up for some 30 feet, whence easy scrambling led upwards, joining the usual route a few feet below the summit of the Tower. A cairn marks the finish of the climb.

The climb is sensational and exposed, but the rock, although loose, provides adequate holds. This route forms an excellent finish to the Crowberry Ridge, and is greatly to be preferred to the usual scramble up the crest of the Tower.

GEO. F. TODD.

THE SCORRIE BUTTRESS OF DRIESH IN CLOVA.
FIRST ASCENT.

This buttress was climbed by R. M. M'Intyre (J.M.C.S.) and myself on 27th July last. Scrambling leads to a conspicuous overhang, forming a cave, low down on the rocks. Broken rocks on the right of this allow a steep shallow depression to be gained, ending in a vertical chimney 15 feet high, giving out on rather difficult slabs below a grassy terrace. Above this scrambling leads from terrace to terrace. The direct route is best, all easier-looking ways to the left or east being rightly punished by slabs with heathery cornices affording dubious holds for the final pull. The route is indefinite, but I remember one chimney affording back and foot work for 20 feet, with quite a difficult finish. The last pitch was ascended

by a steep rib of rock 100 feet high, with small but good holds. This was the best part of the ascent, situated on the crest of the buttress with an outlook over deep Glen Doll and the Winter Corrie of Driesh. The rock was schist and mossy. No rope was used, but one is recommended for wet weather.

ALASTAIR L. CRAM.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND ORIGINALLY SCOTTISH.

In response to a suggestion for an advertisement of his hotel in this *Journal*, the following interesting reply was received from an hotel proprietor in the Lake District:—

“ I am sure it would be wise for me to give you a negative answer, because I think your Scottish friends are too patriotic (or clannish) to come, but I will make the experiment, and if you can get your Editor to insert an article telling how Cumberland and Westmorland used to be part of Scotland and were ceded to England on exceptional terms in the reign of Henry II. (so that it is time Scotsmen came South to re-annex them), we might gain the interest of your friends.

“ You can quote it from the ‘ Secret Valley ’ (Titus Wilson & Sons, Kendal, 2s.), and I think it will be news to a lot of people and quite interesting.”

OSSIAN'S CAVE.

J. H. B. Bell, L. St Clair Bartholomew, and Alexander Harrison visited Ossian's Cave on the 31st of August 1930 and found the tin containing names of visitors rusted up. The tin was removed and opened, and the following is the list of names found:—

		1897. W. Cecil Slingsley.
18th July		1898. J. H. Bell.
”	”	H. C. Boyd.
”	”	W. Douglas.
”	”	W. W. Naismith.
”	”	I. C. Napier.
”	”	R. G. Napier.
”	”	Geo. T. Parker.
”	”	H. Raeburn.
27th June		1902. Rev. Archibald E. Robertson, B.D.
”	”	Arthur W. Russell.

- 27th Sept. 1902. Arthur C. Brown, 2 Grosvenor Terrace, Dundee.
 " " W. A. Brown.
 " " Alastair C. M'Laren, Humble.
 9th June 1905. Alastair C. M'Laren.
 " " Leslie G. Shadbolt.
 " " Osmund P. Shadbolt.
 29th " Francis Greig, 31 Falcon Avenue, Edinburgh.
 " " Walter Greig.
 " " Adam Smith, jun.
 " " P. C. Morris.
 " " John E. Davie.
 27th Aug. 1905. Hugh Stewart, Trinity College, Cambridge.
 " " C. R. Beard.
 " " H. MacRobert, Clifton, Kilmacolm.
 Easter Sun., 1907. R. W. Worsdlie.
 " " G. T. Glover, 55 Eldon Street, Newcastle.
 6th June 1908. L. G. Shadbolt.
 " " Alastair C. M'Laren.
 1st Aug. 1909. David C. Stuart.
 " " James Keay.
 " " E. V. M'Lean.
 17th July 1914. G. Bulkeley, Helensburgh.
 " " H. I. Bulkeley, Royal Engineers.
 15th Oct. 1916. George Paul.
 " " Lawson Paul, 82 Buccleuch Street, Glasgow.
 4th April 1920. George Paul.
 " " Lawson Paul.
 23rd July 1920. Wm. Redpath, c/o M'Kay, 3 Hope Park
 Crescent, Edinburgh.
 " " J. H. Bell, Auchtermuchty.
 18th Aug. 1920. H. F. Godwin (F. & R.C.C.).
 " " G. E. Smith (F. & R.C.C.).
 " " Ilse M. E. Bell, Auchtermuchty.
 13th Sept. 1920. B. Ward-Thompson (per proxy), Blackburn.
 " " A. S. Pigott.
 " " Morley Wood.
 " " John Wilding.
 21st June 1922. Wm. T. Elmslie (F. & R.C.C.), Christ's
 College, Cambridge.
 1928. E. Burt (on Quittance No. 111), Cabane de
 Bertol.

ALEX. HARRISON.

CLACH GHLAS FINAL TOWER—MORE DIRECT ROUTE.

In ascending the above from the north with J. R. Henderson (J.M.C.S.) on 18th June last, instead of traversing round the upper rocks by the "exposed corner" above the "30-foot pitch," as described in the "Skye Guide," p. A.116, two difficult parallel cracks were climbed from the angle of the "scree-covered ledge" and to the left of the corner. The cracks were on a vertical wall 20 feet in height, and led to an easy chimney connecting up with the crack in the slabs in the described route.

An 80-foot rope is fully stretched between the ledge and the cracked slab. This appears to be a more direct route from the col to the summit of Clach Ghlas.

ALASTAIR L. CRAM.

NOTE ON THE SUMMER CONDITIONS IN No. 1 BUTTRESS GULLY, SGORAN DUBH.

A successful attempt to recover a hitched rope from this gully on 17th August last confirmed previous impressions. The whole is curiously unpleasant, wet, and dirty, and in the upper reaches grow weeds more frequently associated with rubbish heaps than Munros.

But for one 60-foot pitch the gully would be but a slabby scramble. The best line of ascent is by the grooves worn by the waterfall burn, but should the usual amount of water be coming down, a less wetting but more tricky way lies up the greasy slabs to the right. The same applies to the pitch referred to, which lies about 200 feet from the mouth of the gully. Though set at an easy angle, it possesses holds earthbound and slippery, but with sardonic humour provides a belay right under the fall. It is rather difficult to descend.

Just below the pitch there is a break in the right wall, apparently leading easily to the crest of the North Buttress above the unclimbed slabby front.

ALASTAIR L. CRAM.

BEINN NAN OIGHREAG: ANOTHER NEW "MUNRO."

On Good Friday the writer and his son visited this hill, which lies just behind the Tarmachans. The 2,978 point was found to be merely a shoulder, as had been suspected from the hill-shaded map, the actual top being about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile farther north, and 100 feet higher, making the true height of the hill 3,078 feet, approximately.

Some difficulty was found in identifying the points, owing to the

featureless nature of the hill, but as Ben Voirlich was seen to be nearly level with Creag na Callich when viewed from the shoulder, calculation shows that the shoulder must be about 2,980 feet, otherwise Voirlich would have been seen lower than Callich. It is to be hoped that some one will verify our observation.

J. GALL INGLIS.

(Note.—Another member, also a Master of Mountains and Measurements, after having carefully examined the upper part of the hill, disagrees with the above figures, and is being supplied with further data which may lead to agreement.—HON. ED.)

BEINN TARSUINN.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—A careless compositor or other outside agency [meaning the Honorary Editor! But the proof sheets being destroyed, no conviction can now be obtained!—ED.] is responsible for the inaccurate ascription of authority for the height of Beinn Tarsuinn in the footnote to my article on p. 274 of Vol. XVIII., and complained of on p. 337 of Vol. XVIII. When the proof left my hands it read “Parker, *on the authority of Douglas* (Vol. IX., p. 90).” Douglas referred me to Colin Phillip, who furnished me with the information in the latter part of the footnote.

I may also point out that the “circular plateau,” referred to on the same page, was looked for on the East ridge by misapprehension. My paper described Tarsuinn as seen from the top of Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, not from the top of Tarsuinn itself, and it states that from the top to the Mhic Fhearchair col—the Eastern ridge—Tarsuinn is “easy, grassy slopes.”

J. GALL INGLIS.

EDINBURGH, *August* 1930.

S.M.C. ABROAD.

According to the *Glasgow Herald*:—“Mountaineers, now opening the Alpine season, travel more lightly nowadays than did some of the early pioneers of climbing. When Albert Smith and three friends set out to climb Mont Blanc ninety years ago each took four guides, together with twenty porters, to carry provisions. Modern climbers can only gasp at the commissariat arrangements. They took twenty loaves, ten cheeses, four legs and four shoulders of mutton, six pieces of beef and one of veal, four dozen fowls, large quantities of accessories, including chocolate, sugar, and dried fruits, sixty bottles

of *vin ordinaire*, some dozens of bottles of choicer vintages, including champagne, and an ample supply of brandy. Evidently Smith believed that climbers, like soldiers, travel on their stomachs."

ACROSS THE CAUCASUS IN JULY 1930.

1930 has been a bad Alpine season, and July 1930 has been bad in the Caucasus. I am afraid the following short note is more an account of travel than mountaineering. I was the guest of a party of Russian scientific men, all sturdy hill walkers and some good climbers. Unfortunately, we lost eight days to start with, owing to a delayed Scientific Congress, but we finally left Moscow for Naltchik on 9th July. Thence we travelled up the fine Chegem valley, with its magnificent limestone gorge, and camped at the northern base of the splendid rock peak Tikhtengen, 15,300 feet, only once ascended from the south-east by Rolleston and Longstaff in 1903. Professor Delaunay and I tackled it from the north, but were rebuffed by foul weather and abominable snow after bivouacking one night in a thunderstorm. Bad weather and lack of provision to serve until the weather changed prevented another attempt, but I still believe the north face route is sound, and it would be about the most interesting route on the mountain. However, we next crossed the Tuiber Pass (about 12,000 feet and easy) to the Asian side, and Professors Delaunay, Tamm, and I bivouacked on a moraine before attempting the bold rock peak of Bashil Tau, 13,685 feet, justly compared by D. W. Freshfield to the Dent Blanche. Bashil Tau has also only once been climbed, and again by Rolleston and Longstaff in 1903. Their route was from the Leksur Glacier on the west, by the north ridge. We were on the east, and coveted the long south ridge, which was mostly rock towers with snow cornices between. On 21st July we attained our objective, but in bad weather and thick mist; the ascent occupied eight hours, the descent to the bivouac place six and a half hours; mostly hard and difficult going. The condition of the snow had been better, but was certainly getting worse again. We then descended to the Mulkhua valley, and so to Mestia, the capital of Suanetia. We left the mountains by the picturesque gorge and magnificent forests of the lower Ingur valley to Sugdidi. One day we spent in Batum in excessive heat, and then returned by boat to Novorossisk, and so to Moscow on 1st August. The Caucasus is full of magnificent peaks with virgin routes, and in many places virgin peaks as well, though the greater ones have all been climbed. A serious mountaineering expedition must, however, occupy at least two months as communications are difficult. July is almost certainly too early to tackle the greater peaks.

J. H. B. BELL.

Donald Mackay and I left for the Pyrenees on 7th June, arriving at Ax-les-Thermes on the 9th. The lateness of the season this year was unprecedented and considerably interfered with our plans, but the unsophisticated country, the interesting inhabitants, the splendid scenery, and (when we were not using our sleeping-bags) the primitive but homely and comfortable inns all contributed to a fascinating holiday. An attempt to cross the mountains from Ax to Formigueres, involving a bivouac, was defeated by bad maps and soft snow. We retired gingerly from some dangerous ground and retreated to Porté, where we climbed the Pic de Col Rouge. A walk through Andorra to Seo de Urgell in Spain followed; this is a magnificent excursion. We then moved eastward to the Canigou and had two bivouacs on this mountain—one ascending and one descending. We tried it from the south (in summer there is a path to the summit on the north side), but were held up within 100 yards of the top by a gap in the sharp summit ridge which, with heavy sacks and no rope, was impassable. A thunderstorm helped to quicken our descent. We then migrated to Porta, and after a night in the unbelievably primitive *auberge* at this village, climbed the Pic de Campcardos. Mackay then had to return home. I carried on for another fortnight or so, visited Gavarnie and Luchon, and in the course of a series of lone, but happy cross-country wanderings, did the Pic de Pimené, the Pic de Céciré, the Cap des Hounts Sec, and the Pic de Sauvegarde—all minor summits. An attempt on the Tusse de Montarqué was frustrated near the summit by the strength of the wind, which it was almost impossible to stand against. I also crossed into Spain and out again by the Brèche de Roland. For the latter journey I took a guide. The scenery of the Aragas valley in Spain, where we put up for a night during this expedition, is something to marvel at. The snow-line in the Pyrenees during June of this year was amazingly low. In order to follow even the mule paths in the higher valleys, one invariably became involved in a series of traverses on steep snow, and I saw no climbers, British or otherwise, during the whole trip.

MALCOLM MATHESON.

G. D. Valentine was in the Bernese Oberland at the end of August and beginning of September. The weather was superb, and the snow was in good condition, though icy in places. From Kandersteg he ascended with Robert Ogi the Blümlisalphorn and the Balmhorn, proceeding from the latter along the ridge to the Altels. The disadvantage of this interesting traverse is that it brings one down on the wrong side of the torrent. They found this unfordable on a hot afternoon, and were constrained to reascend over very rough ground to the ice. From the Eggishorn, Valentine had a five days' excursion over the glaciers under the guidance of Johann Ogi, of

Kandersteg, during which they climbed the Finsteraarhorn and the Jungfrau. Owing to the clear weather the views were exceptionally fine.

W. N. Ling, with P. J. H. Unna and J. W. Brown, spent a month in the Alps from the middle of July to the middle of August, but was unfortunately dogged by bad weather. In the Maderanerthal, after two abortive attempts on the Grosse Windgälle, they crossed the Dössistock in mist after a late start, owing to bad weather, down to Somvix in the Oberrheinthal. After a fine day at Ilanz, they moved on the Splügen, and from there climbed Piz Tambo, also in mist. Crossing the Splügen Pass, they had a charming drive to Maloja. Full of hope, they went up to the Forno Hut with two days' provisions, but were greeted by snow and then more snow, 18 inches round the hut, and after two nights, returned to Maloja with nothing to show. After another bad day the weather cleared and they had a fine walk up the Fexthal with new snow at 8,000 feet.

The following day they returned to the Forno Hut, again with two days' provisions, and next morning climbed Monte Sissone, from which they had a splendid view—the only summit view they got—of the north face of the Disgrazia, climbed just twenty years ago with Raeburn, and the Bernina-Scerscen group. They went on to the Cima Rosso, but by that time the mists were down again, and it was raining before the hut was reached.

Next morning, in doubtful weather, Ling and Unna climbed Monte Forno, mist again, and had a very wet walk from the hut to Maloja. As the weather showed little sign of improvement, the party broke up and returned home.

D. A. Clapperton and Mrs Clapperton spent three weeks in Switzerland in September walking around Engelberg (Hotel Hess). They report uncertain weather conditions, but a thoroughly satisfactory holiday.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

“ AND THAT’S J.M.C.S., SIR! ”

It is now five years since the J.M.C.S. was founded, and, as must needs be, our original members have almost all passed into the parent body. It has therefore been suggested that for the benefit of both those who are ex-members and now rather out of touch with the J.M.C.S. and those who are new members and somewhat hazy about the origin of the Club, we should review these last five years. No doubt the reader will find numerous good climbs done by members of the Club not described herein, but that is only the fault of those who will not reply to the repeated entreaties of the harassed scribe.

The J.M.C.S. was the outcome of a visit to the Alps paid by the members of the S.M.C. in the summer of 1925. These three, Rusk, Hutchison, and Rutherford, later incorporated Bartholomew, and it was agreed to start a Section in Edinburgh under Rusk and Bartholomew, and a Glasgow one under Hutchison and Rutherford. The founding, constitutions, and original Meets have been described in an earlier number of the *Journal* and need not be referred to here. The Sections decided to meet together at New Year, and the following New Year Meets were held: 1926, Crianlarich; 1927, Tyndrum; 1928, Crianlarich; 1929, Tyndrum; 1930, Killin; and Loch Awe is proposed for 1931. These Meets were all well attended and show a steady increase in numbers. But members have not confined their activities to New Year, and it is interesting to note some of the climbs done by members anxious to qualify for the Senior Club.

Most of the Glasgow Section have served a pretty useful apprenticeship on the Cobbler and the Spearhead

and the Jamblock Chimney on Ben Narnain, and Edinburgh's nursery has been the Salisbury Crags. Perth, of course, have an ideal situation, and they have any number of good climbs within easy motoring distance.

Skye, that Mecca of mountaineers, has monopolised many summer holidays, and some really good climbs have been done there. The Cioch, the Inaccessible Pinnacle, the Window Buttress, and the Tearlach-Dubh gap have all proved irresistible and have been climbed several times. J. G. Robinson and Todd did the Cioch by the direct route from Coire Lagan, and also "A" gully on Sgurr Tearlach. Robinson also led a different party up the Inaccessible Pinnacle by the South-West Crack and the Parallel Cracks on Sron-na-Ciche. Members from the Perth Section were also in the Misty Isle and did several of the better-known climbs.

The Inglis-Clark Hut has been greatly appreciated by members, as it makes the cliffs of Ben Nevis much more accessible. The North-East Buttress, No. 3 Gully, Slingsby's Chimney, the Tower Ridge, and the Castle have all been done, and also the Observatory Ridge up which Williams and Aikman claim to have made a new route for the first 250 feet. Glencoe has also had visitors, and several members of the Club have climbed the Crowberry Ridge by three different routes. Cram made a successful attempt on the Central Buttress of Buchaille, but was defeated by the Church Door Buttress on Bidean nam Bian. Not to be beaten by Perth, Glasgow also tried it, but with the same result. Several members have also done some of the other climbs in the Glen, such as Ossian's Cave and Collie's Pinnacle, while Robinson and Todd, led by W. B. Spiers of the S.M.C., tried the Chasm on Buchaille Etive Mor, but failed at the 100-foot central pitch, which has not yet been climbed.

Other climbs done in Scotland include the descent of the south face of Liathach and the Eastern Buttress of Meall a' Chinn Deirg, which were done by members of the Perth Section. They also claim a first ascent of the Scorrie Buttress in Glen Clova and Nos. 1, 3, and 4 Gullies of Sgoran Dubh. The Central Gullies of Ben

Alder and Ben Lui have been successfully tackled and the " Y " Gully on Cruach Ardrain. Other snow gullies, numerous and nameless, have provided many enjoyable days on the hills, and many an unknown rock scramble has gladdened the heart of the would-be mountaineer.

The activities of the Club have not been confined to Scotland. Aikman, Hon. President of the Glasgow Section, in the course of a voyage to New Zealand worked in such climbs as Papan-pajan in Java, Mount Donna Buang in Australia, and a hill in New Zealand with the unfamiliar (?) name of Ben Lomond (5,750 feet). He also tried Table Mountain, but was defeated by the clock 600 feet from the top. Williams, late President of the same Section, did some very good climbs in the Lake District, all of which are " severe " or " very difficult." On Gimmer Crag he ascended by " A," " B," " D," and " E " routes, and also the Asterisk and the Chimney Buttress, and descended the Juniper Buttress. On Great Gable he did Napes Needle and the Eagle's Nest Arête, and on Pavey Ark the Lake-end Chimney. Moss Ghyl on Scafell and the Arête Chimney and Crack on Doe Crag were also done.

Ward and Rodger were in Switzerland this summer and had some excellent climbing. Rodger, from Riffelalp, climbed the Matterhorn and the Rimpfischhorn with guides, and the Riffelhorn without professional aid. Ward, who climbed without guides, did the Rotheegg, the Engelberg Rotstack, the Reissend Nollen via the Joch Pass, and the Büttlassen in the Oberland.

A. R. Lillie was also in Switzerland in the beginning of June with the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club. From Les Evettes Hut he climbed the Pointe Mezenile, Pitz Tonnini, Pointe de Chalaison, Pointe d'Albarron, and Mont Seti; from the Vittoris Sella Hut the Grand Serz and Cogne. An unsuccessful attempt was also made on Grivola, which provided the best climbing of the lot.

From these notes it will be seen that the Club is in a very healthy and flourishing state, and one hopes the aims and ambitions of the founders are being maintained.

Edinburgh now has forty members, Glasgow seventy-five, while Perth, though officially recognised only this year, is going strong. The composition of the Club is bound to change, so we look to members as they themselves pass into the S.M.C. to bring others to take their places and pass on the traditions of the hills.

No résumé of the activities of this young Club would be complete without grateful appreciation of the cordial way in which the S.M.C. has acknowledged its existence and generously allowed space in the *Journal* for a brief chronicle of its doings. In common with others, the J.M.C.S. looks to the oldest mountaineering Club in Britain for advice and encouragement and it has not failed to find it.

D. W. ROBINSON.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1930.

Held at the C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis. Present: Ainslie, Bartholomew, Elliot, Greig, Geddes, Paris, Patullo, Robertson, Sandeman, Stobie, and Waterston.

The first to set out from town were Greig and Bartholomew, who left on Friday morning with the fond hope that evening would find them safely at the Hut, but the Sunbeam had some disagreement with its magneto, so the night was spent at Kingshouse. Sandeman, Waterston, and Patullo, leaving in the evening, spent the night at Inveroran, and met the first party next morning in the "main street," Glencoe (there being at that time several roads or, shall we say, bogs in Glencoe). A race was agreed upon, but Bartholomew was disqualified for bribing the driver of a traction engine to pull his Sunbeam out of a bog.

Reaching Fort William and calling at a grocer's to inquire whether the provisions had been successfully delivered at the Hut, they were not a little abashed to find that no reply had been received from the worthy at Spean Bridge, who had been asked to provide a pony.

Temporary consolation was, however, taken in imbibing

hot coffee, given free as an advertisement for some brand, the name of which no one bothered to ask.

The provisions were collected, and after an abortive attempt to hire a pony at Achantee, the party went on to Ben Nevis Distillery, and were kindly given permission to garage the cars there. It is not remembered whether it was Bartholomew's keen eyesight or whether a hint was given out, but just as every one was reluctantly packing provisions into rucksacks, a pony was sighted at a plough in a not distant field. The owner eventually agreed to unyoke the pony from the plough and have the provisions transported to the Hut. We hope that, in the present depressed state of agriculture, this matter will not be brought up in Parliament.

The first party were closely followed by Ainslie, who had, as usual, missed the 4.30 train and had arrived via Ballachulish in such a famished condition that grave doubts were entertained as to the adequacy of the provisions. Shortly afterwards, Geddes arrived from Carn Mor Dearg, and gazed with dismay on the confusion that reigned in the quiet spot where he had spent the previous week in work and meditation. The next arrival was Stobie, who staggered in about 9 o'clock in a dishevelled condition, but he was soon revived with large quantities of sausage prepared by our indefatigable chef, Patullo.

The cook was again called to work at 11.30 by the arrival of Elliot and Robertson. As all the bunks were fully occupied, the last arrivals had no alternative but to sleep on the floor amidst a mountain of blankets and a strong smell of sausage.

The lighter sleepers were rudely awakened at 5 next morning by an icy blast which preceded the entry of Munro with the news that he and two companions had spent the night in the hole in the snow which in summer is called the Observatory. Geddes, Patullo, and Bartholomew set out, after a hurried breakfast, to bring food and guidance to the hungry sufferers. They returned to the Hut about midday, having safely guided their charges to the path. Geddes then departed to the

comforts of the hotel to make room for Paris, who was due to arrive in the evening.

The remainder of the party had, with difficulty (the cook being absent), prepared breakfast and set off at 10.30 in two parties. Sandeman, Greig, and Ainslie left with the avowed intention of climbing No. 4 Gully, while Elliot, Robertson, Stobie, and Waterston departed in the direction of Carn Mor Dearg and the Aonachs. The first party, after some steady plodding through soft snow and thick mist, came to a fine gully which, after some argument, they decided was No. 4. Except for the looseness of the snow, no difficulty was encountered in the ascent, and after lunch in the Observatory, the party returned to the Hut via the Arête and Carn Mor Dearg, Paris being met on his way to the summit of the latter hill. The second party found the going very severe, but climbed both the Aonachs. On their return, however, the ridge leading from Carn Mor Dearg to the Aonachs was mistaken for the Arête, with the result that their return to the Hut became a race against the darkness, which ended in a dead heat. On their return, they found the others in a distended and comatose condition, but were soon on more than level terms. It is perhaps opportune to state here that the outstanding recollection of the Meet was the quantity and quality of the food, for which we had to thank Patullo and the pony. After a short interval, to allow the effects of the meal to wear off, the party gave a talented exhibition of an Eightsome as it should not be danced, and the Hut shook and trembled with the sound of Elliot's mouth-organ and the raucous "hoochs" of four gallant lads and four fair and dainty lassies.

Monday dawned, with no sign of the mist lifting and still less sign of the stove humming, which may have been the reason for the tardy start at 11. As all, with the exception of Bartholomew and Greig, had to return that day, it was resolved to make a massed attack on the Ben by No. 3 Gully, leaving the lucky pair to climb No. 2.

No. 3 Gully was climbed without incident, except for the discovery of unmistakable traces of the steps cut

by the party who had climbed No. 4 (?) on the preceding day. The warm argument which followed proved a useful antidote to the gale which was met on the top. Sandeman, Waterston, and Patullo returned by the same route to collect their kit and car, while the rest of the party pushed on to the summit. On returning in the direction of the Red Burn, a detour was made to investigate the head of No. 2 Gully, where Bartholomew and Greig were discovered, looking small and cold in the shelter of a huge cornice. After considerable shouting in the teeth of the gale, they decided to accept the help of the proffered rope and were hauled up in a bruised and breathless condition. The day was completed by a determined rush for the train, which was caught with little time to spare, and was found to be even fuller than is usual on the Easter Holiday.

Although the weather was rather disappointing, the Meet was a thoroughly enjoyable affair, and the Hut was again proved an ideal climbing resort.

Although there have only been two official Meets of the Edinburgh Section, that at New Year and Easter, and though the proposed summer Meet did not take place (which seems to be the rule now rather than the exception, probably because there is no summer), members have been fairly active during the summer.

The Craggs were well attended on Saturday mornings whenever the weather and the alarm clock permitted. It is surprising that more members do not avail themselves of the pleasure and experience which can be obtained with so little trouble every Saturday before 8 o'clock.

GLASGOW SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1930.

The Easter Meet of the J.M.C.S. [Glasgow Section] was held at Inveroran from 18th to 21st April. From first to last there were present :—

Members—Elliot [Edinburgh Section], Forrest, Lindsay [Edinburgh Section], M'Allum, M'Laren,

C. MacLeod, F. MacLeod, Morris, Neill, J. G. Robinson, Todd, Waddington, Williams, C. Woodburn, and N. Woodburn.

Guests—Peatty, Ward.

The earliest arrivals were Ward, who, on Friday, did Stob Ghabhar and Stob a' Bhruaich Leith, and Elliot, Lindsay, and Peatty, who did Dorain and Dothaidh. On Friday evening Elliot and Peatty left, while Forrest, C. and F. MacLeod, M'Allum, M'Laren, Robinson, Todd, and the Woodburns arrived.

Robinson and Todd were first afoot on Saturday. Leaving Inveroran at 6 A.M., they arrived at Kingshouse in time for breakfast. Thereafter, they spent the day on Stob Dearg. Their objective was the Crowberry, but finding the wind too strong, they scrambled about and, after being "within a stone's throw of the top"—whether up or down is not stated—had a fine glissade down the lower part of "B" Gully. Forrest and Lindsay bagged Ghlas Bheinn Mhor, Stob Coir' an Albannaich, and Meall nan Eun. Forrest, being awed by the views which they obtained, and encouraged (doubtless) by the recent reduction in the price of films, is reported to have taken twenty photographs. This party also put forward the somewhat hackneyed claim to have seen an eagle. M'Allum, M'Laren, and Ward climbed Achaladair and Dothaidh. Although possessing only one axe and one stick between the three, they descended the well-known 1,000-foot glissade on the west slopes of Dothaidh. Waddington, accompanied by the brothers MacLeod and Woodburn, visited Meall a' Bhuiridh and Clachlet. Morris, arriving late, found the others gone, but bagged Stob Ghabhar and Stob a' Choire Odhair. Except for a very strong wind, the weather was otherwise fine.

On Sunday, the wind, though still strong, was not so vigorous as on Saturday. Forrest and Lindsay were first afield, and climbed Clachlet and Meall a' Bhuiridh. Just past Victoria Bridge this party was overtaken by Robinson, Todd, and Williams, who had stopped a passing car to good effect. This latter party proceeded to discover what they claimed to be an unexplored crag, and made a

new rock climb on it. The climb apparently involves, *inter alia*, a very steep arête and a chock-stoned chimney with a through route. They refused to divulge the position of the crag, as they intend to explore it more thoroughly at a later date. In due course, they will doubtless report in the *Journal*. They returned via Clachlet, and at Ba Bridge, Todd, being the youngest member of the party and the least unpleasant to look upon, was detailed to stop the first car travelling towards Inveroran, to produce a winning smile, and to beg, borrow, or steal a lift for the party. Some ten minutes later his efforts were crowned with success. It might be added that the Robinson-Todd outfit had reduced to so fine a pitch the art of beguiling the passing motorist that, out of six journeys to and from the hills, they had to walk only once. C. MacLeod and Morris, being desirous of working off some superfluous energy, went farther afield, climbing Ghlas Bheinn Mhor, Stob Coir' an Albannaich, and Meall nan Eun. Nearer home the peak-baggers were at work. Two different parties—the first consisting of F. MacLeod and the Woodburn brothers, the second of Neill and Waddington—visited Stob a' Choire Odhair and Stob Ghabhar. M'Allum, M'Laren, and Ward also did Stob Ghabhar, proceeding thence by Clachlet.

Monday was an ideal day, with little wind and a strong sun. Williams, Todd, and Robinson claimed to have had a sun-bath on the summit of Dothaidh. Fortunately, they have been able to produce some confirmatory photographs. This party reached the summit by a gully on the north face, the cornice at the head of which did not give much trouble. The other members of the Meet were attacked by the primitive instinct of peak-bagging. The Woodburn brothers bagged Achaladair and Dothaidh, and in company with Robinson, Todd, and Williams, descended Dothaidh by the Great Glissade. Neill and Waddington climbed Dorain and Dothaidh, while F. MacLeod and Morris did these two in the reverse direction. M'Allum, M'Laren, and Ward confined themselves to Dorain. Forrest and Lindsay bagged Stob Ghabhar and Stob a' Choire Odhair. They desire it to be placed on

record that, on the descent, they indulged in a bathe. It is to be noted, however, that they have produced no corroborative evidence.

With the exception of Ward, who went on to Tyndrum, the rest of the Meet returned home. In the opinion of those present, this was the most successful Easter Meet that they had attended. Much of the credit for this, however, is due to Mrs Cameron, who spared no pains to make us extremely comfortable. Indeed, judging by the serried ranks at the breakfast table, she had made the majority too comfortable!

G. F. T.

During the course of the summer Meets were arranged for at the following places:—

May	.	.	Arrochar.
June	.	.	Arrochar.
July	.	.	Inglis Clark Hut, Ben Nevis.
August	.	.	Arrochar
September	.	.	Inglis Clark Hut.

With the exception of the last one, these summer Meets were very poorly attended, probably owing to the fact that members preferred to arrange their own outings.

At the September Meet the following six members of the Club turned up: J. L. Aikman (Hon. President), A. R. Lillie, G. G. Jackson, D. W. Robinson, J. G. Robinson, and G. C. Williams. MacLean and Yemens of the S.M.C. were also there, the latter bringing Isles as his guest. The weather was all that could be desired, and the climbing included the North-East Buttress, the Tower Ridge (Recess Route), the Douglas Boulder (Direct), Observatory Buttress (unsuccessful), and Carn Mor Dearg and the Aonachs. Altogether a most pleasant week-end was spent, and Saturday's sunset was a revelation in itself. Other members appear to have been in Arran, but failed to forgather, a mischance which also occurred to two members of the August Meet. If members at a recognised holiday week-end wish to get some climbing either at an advertised Meet or elsewhere, they should

get in touch with the Secretary, who will let them know of others in the same position. This precaution will prevent such an occurrence as mentioned above.

PERTH SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1930.

Present: Allen, Andrews, Cram, Henderson, Howe, M'Curragh, M'Intyre, M'Nab, Rude, and Garnet (guest).

The Meet was held at the Ben Nevis Hut from 18th to 21st April 1930.

Owing to the heavy mortality among ponies, due to carrying excessive loads of provisions to the Hut the previous week, members, perforce, had to carry their own supplies when they started from Achantee at dawn on Friday.

Nevis, via a staircase hewn close to the North-East Buttress, attracted every one that morning, and later the round was made in sun and wind over the snow-covered Arête to Carn Mor Dearg.

Even terms of endearment having failed utterly to light the stove in the evening, one degree of frost was registered inside the Hut on Saturday morning. A full gale was blowing up the corrie, and, continuing with short intervals throughout the day, blighted all hopes of serious climbing. Even crossing the Arête became trying in the furious squalls. Repulsed from the Aonachs, a return was made in the afternoon by a ridge over the gusty top of Carn Mor Dearg.

That night the Hut was only a tiny island in a vast ocean of drift that filled the corrie to the height of its roof, but its lights shone out steadily on the wild dark. The great ridges flew banners of snow and from the smoking gullies tinkled icicles and lumps of névé almost down to the level of the Allt a' Mhuillin. The wind, dominant, rumbled among the miles of huge crag . . . and into

this impressive night stumbled, muffled up, those unfortunates detailed to bury refuse and draw water, the bitter cold making the interior all the more attractive with its warmth and cheer.

A misty Sunday morning discovered Andrews, Cram, Howe, M'Intyre, and Rude descending to Polldubh to climb Sgurr a' Mhaim. A strange reticence concerning the ascent precludes investigation into the trials of the "sliding scree," but it is gathered that only the two first mentioned tasted the joys of a ridge narrow and snowy leading to Stob Ban.

The ascent to the Hut at night proved rather trying, especially for Rude, the remaining portions of whose nether garments made but a poor attempt to form an alliance in the face of descending tourists.

Monday dawned the sunniest day of the Meet. Andrews, M'Curragh, and M'Nab ran up and down the Ben by the enduring staircase in Coire Leis, while Cram, M'Intyre, and Rude found time to spare from their domestic duties to scale the snow and iced rocks of the Douglas Boulder before descending to Achantee and home.

SUMMER MEET, 1930.

Present: Annandale, Cram, Dawson, Henderson, D. W. Howe, E. Howe, M'Curragh, and M'Nab.

This camping Meet was held from 1st to 21st June 1930. From Glen Torridon ascents were made of Beinn Eighe (seven tops), Liathach (six tops), Beinn Alligin, Beinn Liath Mhor, Sgurr Ruadh, the Eastern Buttress of Meall a'Chinn Deirg, the North or Pinnacle Ridge of Liathach, and a descent of the south face of the Fasarinen Pinnacles. Beinn a' Chasruinn and Sgurr Choinnich were ascended from the Pollan Bhuidhe during a raid on the "Simplified 'Nros." An Teallach (nine tops) was climbed from Dundonnell, and Slioch (west side) from Loch Maree.

In Skye the whole of the Main Ridge, along with Clach Ghlas and Blaven, was climbed in six consecutive days, including an "off day." This included the Pinnacle

and West Ridges of Sgurr nan Gilleann, the traverse of the Bhasteir Group, the four tops of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh, and the three tops of Bidein Druim nan Ramh (south to north). The Cioch Pinnacle was climbed by the Eastern Gully of Sron na Ciche (except lowest pitch), and a finish made up the south-west ridge of Alasdair. The Inaccessible Pinnacle was taken from east to west, and the final tower of Clach Ghlas direct.

In all, fifty-nine notable tops were scaled, one member of the party having the good fortune to reach each one.

The Meet, aided often by the sunniest of days, was most successful, and, marred by no untoward incident, ran perfectly to schedule, except that a few days of really bad weather prevented the entire programme being carried out.

REVIEW : JANUARY TO AUGUST 1930

Conveniently situated for access to the east, north, and west, the Section has been quick to take advantage of its opportunities. On every week-end since the beginning of the year, some members at least have been engaged in climbing.

During the winter months one-day Meets were arranged each week-end. These were very successful, and the numbers were generally very satisfactory, as many as fourteen being present on one occasion.

A great many straightforward buttresses and gullies were climbed in all weather conditions from the Isla to the Orchy, but owing to the novitiate state of most of the parties, little serious work could be attempted. The sunniest days were enjoyed in January and the hardest snow encountered in March, when even the buttress of Stuc a' Chroin took over two hours' constant step-cutting to ascend.

Indoor Meetings have been held once a month, and a Dinner celebrated the official recognition of the Section on 2nd March, at which we were happy to welcome Mr Donald Mackay, S.M.C., who first suggested the Section.

With the advent of the (calendar) summer, camping Meets were begun, and with an occasional hiatus these have taken place since the beginning of May. These allowed us farther afield, and though only a provisional programme was drawn up, before the end of July we had climbed from the Cobbler in the south to An Teallach in the north, and from Sgùrr na Banachdich in the west to Mount Keen in the east.

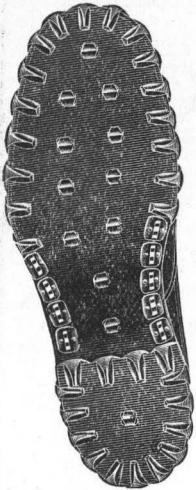
A great many rock climbs and scrambles are reported from Glencoe to Lochnagar. Among these may be mentioned Colin Allen's remarkable feat of ascending the Crowberry Ridge by Greig's Ledge, alone, an ascent of the same ridge by the Abraham Traverse, the Central Buttress (twice) on the same peak, and determined efforts to force the Church Door Buttress.

Besides these, numerous scrambling excursions have been carried out to the Sidlaws, Ochils, and Lomonds. The 200-foot rock face of Moncrieff Hill, Perth, was explored in the course of about nine evenings, and the rock, besides which Craigengaw on West Lomond is almost sound, was found to give excellent practice to porphyry merchants.

An excellent climbing ground was discovered on Meall Dubh, 2,500 feet, in Glen Almond, Perth, and the numerous climbs on the 600-foot face are in process of being worked out. These are technically very difficult as the schistose rock possesses but minute holds, nor is sensation lacking. A guide-book is in preparation for this fine hill, better than many 500 feet higher, and it is hoped that it will be produced after the climbs can be gone over in winter as well as in summer conditions.

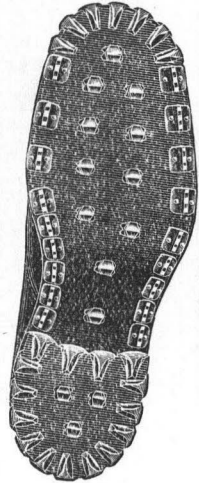
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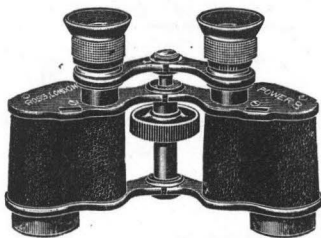
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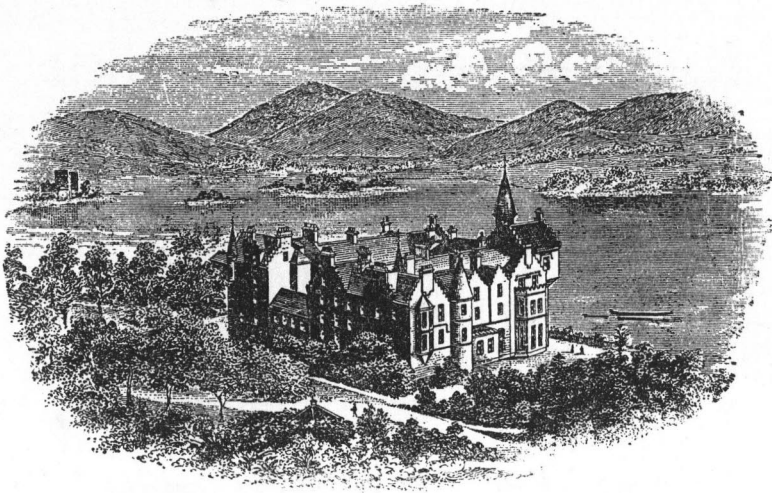
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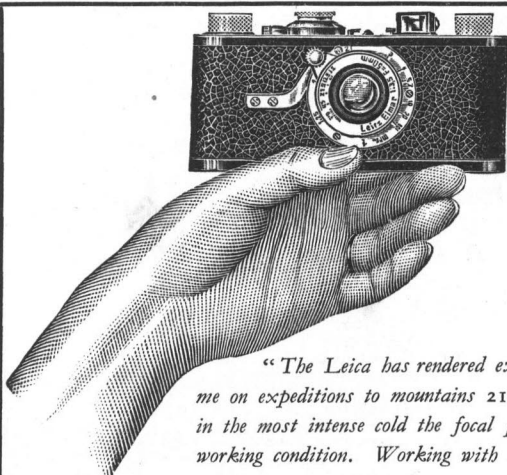
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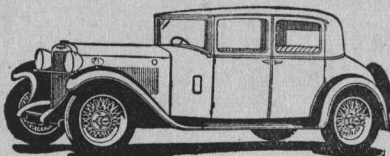
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