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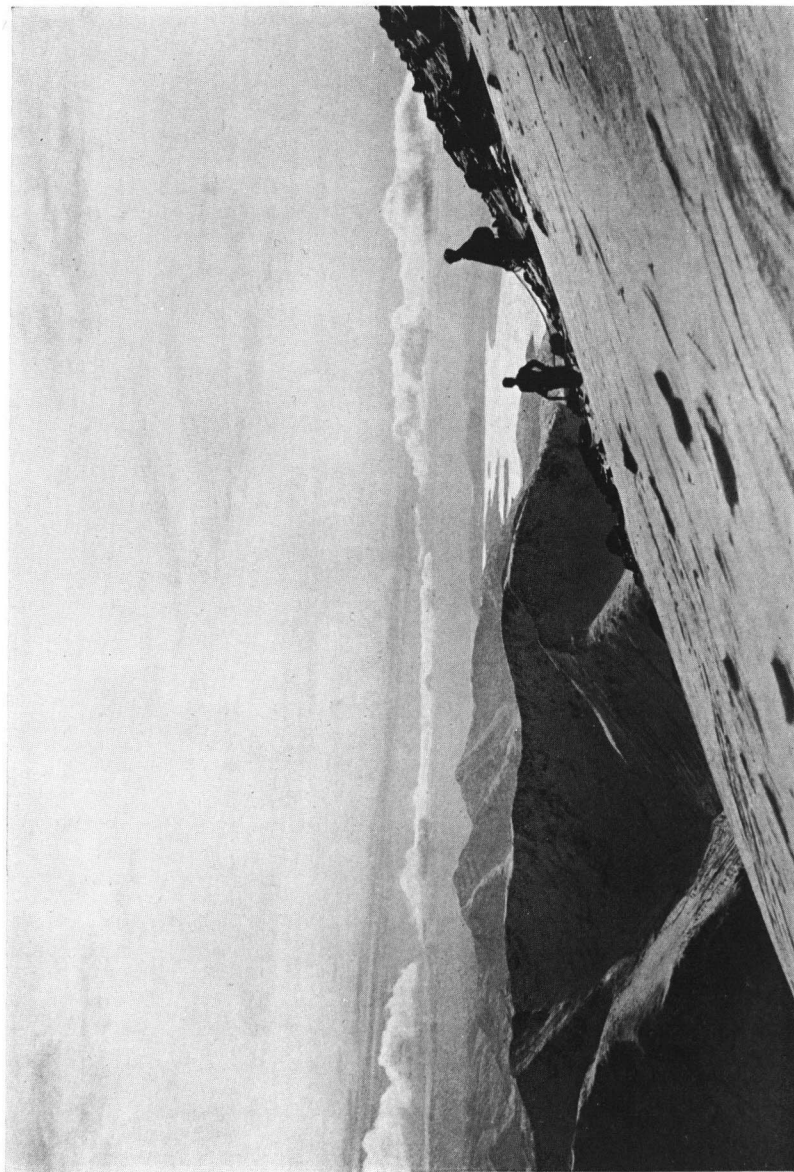
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LOCH LINNHE FROM THE HEAD OF COIRE LEAS

J. Y. Macdonald

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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DAYS THAT ARE PAST.*

By J. GALL INGLIS.

I.—1856 AND 1882.

“THE old order changeth, giving place to new.” Such was the thought that sprang into my mind when approaching the Kyle of Loch Alsh one superb September afternoon in 1907. A quarter of a century had elapsed since I last sailed the Kyle, and memory had been busy reconstructing the scene as I last viewed it. On the Skye shore, the ruins of the old Norse castle; the white lighthouse at the dangerous part of the Kyle, with the ridges of the Red Coolins as background, the sharp peak of Scur nan Gillean peeping up behind them. On the northern shore, the solitary ferryhouse with its low stone slip, the foreground to a rugged ridge glowing green and gold and grey in the sunshine—once seen spanned by the very broadest rainbow I have ever seen, its great breadth due, as I have recently found, to the unusual smallness of the drizzle-drops forming it. Then:—it was a place of peace and restfulness, everything suggestive of the “back of beyond,” one of the last places to fall into the clutches of civilisation.

And now? The white lighthouse still gleamed ahead, with its mountain background. The old castle still defied

* In part a talk to the J.S.M.C., given a few years ago.

the ravages of Time—what were twenty-five years in its centuries of existence? The rugged ridge on the northern shore glowed green and gold and grey as of yore, but the foreground—oh, what desecration! Where the ferry-house had stood rose unsightly tenements: the ferry slip had grown into a substantial modern truck-encumbered wharf. Cranes swung to and fro; chains rattled; coal crashed from buckets into the hold of a steamer. The charm of the place was no more.

The impression was heightened an hour later, on cycling to Dornie. Twenty-five years before, I had left a characteristic Highland clachan—a straggling row of low poor-looking stone cottages, with the smallest of windows, and rather tatterdemalion-looking thatch roofs. They were comfortless and unhealthy, certainly, but picturesque, and in keeping with their surroundings.

Now:—it was with something of a shock that I saw good slated two-storied stone houses stretching along the shore. The Crofters Act and the genii of modern civilisation had conjured away the Highland clachan, and substituted a commonplace modern village, wholly out of keeping with the grandeur and rich colouring of the scenery. Progress is good, but sometimes one heaves a sigh at the cost.

* * * *

As one whose climbing days are nearly at an end, it may be of interest to the younger generation to know something of the enormous change in the conditions since I climbed my first "Munro" in the seventies of last century: incidentally, also, something of the primitive life of a Skye village in which I spent a summer holiday in my student days, and from which we set out on what to us was an adventurous tramp to the eastern watershed of Scotland—providing a sequel to "A Pedestrian Tour in the Highlands, 1856," which appeared in the *Journal* some years ago. The younger generation have little idea of what it meant to go tramping in these days: so far as I know, very few ever attempted it. Even when the "good old ordinary" bicycle came in twenty years later it was found quite unsafe for the

steep stone-strewn Highland roads—one of my class companions was killed when he lost control on a short but steep hill, being thrown over a bridge at the foot—and the average road was too rough for the cumbrous tricycles of the time. The safety bicycle may be regarded as the key which unlocked the door of the Highlands to all and sundry, and motor car and cycle have now trebled the possibilities of what can be done within twenty-four hours, owing to new and improved roads. But the Highlands of to-day are not the Highlands of my early days.

In the 1856 "Pedestrian Tour," already referred to, we have an interesting glimpse of some touring conditions of the time—the "excitement" of a steamer travelling 17 miles an hour; the Crinan Canal boat drawn by horses with scarlet-coated drivers; the wonder at three gentlemen setting forth with only knapsacks into the wilderness of great mountains. At that date the Highland Railway was incomplete: there was no Callander and Oban or West Highland Railway to whirl one away to the hills and back the same evening. Coaches there were, during the very short season, over the more important routes, or at least mail gigs, but off these routes one had either to trust to one's own legs, or hire a special conveyance—which last was as a rule quite beyond the financial resources of any energetic youngster who wished to visit the mountains. And sometimes not even a wagonette was available, and to conserve energy for a very long tramp, recourse was necessary to an ordinary farm cart, which—judging by my one experience in the days of my youth along a *good* road—must over bad Highland roads have been a somewhat painful experience! And travel was a slow process eighty years ago, 50 or 60 miles consuming a considerable part of a day. Finally, the Ordnance Maps did not exist, and even the best maps available might give no indication of whole ranges of "Munros," or make rivers run the wrong way.

Such was 1856. At the end of the seventies matters had progressed somewhat. The Callander and Oban line had just been opened, assuring speedy access to what

is now a popular " hunting ground " of the Club. The main Highland Railway was now complete, though it took an hour or so longer to reach Inverness than now, having to go round by Nairn. Ross and Sutherland were now comparatively quickly reached, the former especially, as the railway now extended to Strome Ferry. The achievements of the early pioneers in the Alps, and—I cannot help thinking—the recent era of Arctic exploration, showed how men could overcome the difficulties of inhospitable regions, and mountaineering was beginning to be recognised as a regular British sport. And though the time had not yet come when our precipices were regarded as things to be attacked, not avoided, the seedling tree of our beloved sport was beginning to spread forth its branches. As for maps, the Ordnance Survey east of Oban and north to about Inverness had been published, so that the mountains could be freely climbed without the risk of being entangled in an unknown wilderness. It was in such conditions that I set out for Kyle Akin in Skye towards the end of July 1882.

(To be continued.)

A CLIMB ON BEN NEVIS.

By E. A. M. WEDDERBURN.

“Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.”

ALL the blame rests with the Honourable Secretary, for it was he who introduced me to the charming party whose deeds I have to recount, and therefore from the start it must be understood that all the time I had the classic feeling that there was a fourth man on the rope who alone would have to account for all that happened. That these words are written without consulting him only goes to show that my high sense of duty overcomes the regard that I have for him and forces me to lay the whole facts before the Club.

In conformity with the high ideals of our guests the C.I.C. Hut alarm-clock was set for 5 A.M., in spite of the sad look in Bell's eyes and my remarks about dangerous precedents. Being a thoroughly experienced clock, however (I dare not suspect foul play), it stopped during the night, and it was not until the relatively civilised hour of 6.30 A.M. that the party began to stir. Two hours later the three of us, Marko, Edo, and myself, moved off up into the mists round the North-East Buttress; the “fourth man” on the rope was, of course, not astir at that early hour—indeed even Bell was still at breakfast. Marko and Edo were from the Eastern Alps, and, under their proper names, most of us are probably familiar with the more startling of their exploits. No wonder, then, that I feared for the Ben—but he was able to give a good account of himself even to these invaders.

My idea had been that we should spend the day being suitably impressed in the gully between the North-East Buttress and the Observatory Ridge, but on arriving in the gully at the level of the conspicuous light-coloured

chockstone my good resolutions vanished. The gully might be very nice if it was quite dry or filled with snow, but to-day it did not appeal. Accordingly we traversed out again on to its true right bank for about 10 feet and started to climb directly up. The fun began at once. After a lead out of over 50 feet up a delicate slab the rock provided no belay. A sound as of hammering came from above, but looking round I was able to distinguish the approving smile of the fourth man, and so I held my peace. Then Marko climbed the pitch. In the various articles which have been written about her climbs she has been likened—or rather her method of climbing has—to a squirrel and to a spider. Clad as she was in someone else's trousers, her movements were as striking as they were skilled, but it would be unkind to use any similes. After a wait it was my turn, and, as befits the last man on the rope, I made speed my aim; but the pitch was distinctly tricky. Arrived at the piton I hung there until Marko had vacated the only available stance. The next pitch was also difficult, but it eased off towards the top and ended at a splendid belay. Fifty feet more, up the right-hand edge of a nice slab, landed us on a ledge where we all gathered. This pitch had no hand-holds for part of the way, and it did my heart good to hear the satisfied comments of Edo and the unreportable (but only because they were in Jugo-Slav) remarks of the lady. But for some reason the mountain was displeased—I suspect that he had not expected that slab to be climbed—and it started to rain. The next pitch, up an open chimney, was not very difficult, but as it ended in a slight overhang with no belay, a sound of hammering was heard again. Shouts came up from below, but it was only Bell at the foot of the Observatory Ridge—the fourth man was still quite complaisant. Above our chimney the angle fell off and we came out on to easier ground.

Just as we were starting the next pitch the rain began to fall in earnest. The pitch was quite difficult, especially the first 10 feet, and by the time Edo and Marko had gathered on a ledge some 60 feet above, the whole cliff

was pouring with water. But it evidently rains in the Eastern Alps, too, for I heard none of the unkind comments that I expected. But the Ben was not going to be beaten, and tried a really unsporting trick. It is my painful duty to report that he started to throw stones—a thing which all readers of Slingsby must know is the prerogative of the members of the Alpine Club—and he threw them with a shrewd aim. A retreat was sounded from the more exposed rear, and after ten minutes spent in descending, during which more stone-throwing went on, we retreated round the corner and waited for the torrents to subside. The mist lifted, and down below we could see Bell, lucky man, nicely sheltered below a large overhang. Half an hour was spent in a miserable attempt to light cigarettes and in contemplating the rather formidable appearance of the cliffs above. We seemed to have made remarkably little height. At last the rain slackened and the eye of faith was able to discern a diminution in the water supply. The pitch above was climbed again. "What would you like most now?" Edo called down. I shivered: "A hot bath." "All right." A movement to the right, and before I could even pull at the rope Edo was plunging through a large waterfall which joined the main gully just below. Although there is a possible route to the left, it is for dry weather only, so we needs must follow. Mercifully, after this pitch the climbing became much easier and our progress more rapid. We bore to the left first of all, to avoid an overhang, and then worked back to the right, and after that kept as close to the true right bank of the gully as possible. Although the climbing was never very difficult after the waterfall it was always interesting. At one place what French climbers most delightfully term a *courte échelle* was necessary, and, in spite of my innate courtesy, I was thrust forward into second place. The rock of the upper part of the Ben is very rotten, and so cairns without number were built. Arrived on the top, we found that Bell had beaten us to it, but we were too cold to stop and hurried down the Càrn Mòr Dearg ridge to the Hut.

My companions were suitably impressed by the character of the rock, which is, of course, very much sounder than the limestone of the Eastern Alps, and by the standard of the first few pitches which Edo had led; I, for my part, have seldom had the pleasure of climbing with two more skilful and delightful climbers.

NOTE.—*Pitons and Pitonery.*

On our first pitch we had a choice of three courses: we could have descended and abandoned our route; we could have continued up the difficult and unknown rock without any belay for the second man; we could drive in a piton to be used as a belay.

One must distinguish between two entirely separate ways of using pitons: as direct aids to climbing, as in steeple-jacking, or as safeguards where the natural rock provides no belay. Although the first method has already made its appearance in British climbing (in the Lake District), I can only say that it does not appeal to me. But I have been able to satisfy myself that the use of pitons in the second way, that is, purely to safeguard, is, on new climbs at least, unexceptionable.

SHORT DESCRIPTION.

Climb starts at the level of large light-coloured chockstone in gully between North-East Buttress and Observatory Ridge and some 10 feet out on the true right bank of the gully.

First Pitch.—50 feet to small stance and piton.

Second Pitch.—Move slightly towards the (climber's) right and then up to left into easy chimney to stance. 60 feet.

Third Pitch.—Difficult movement to right to edge of tilted slab, which is climbed without much hand-hold, and a traverse made, 5 feet, back to left, to a good platform. 45 feet.

Fourth Pitch.—Directly up an open chimney to below slight overhang. Piton, 45 feet.

Fifth Pitch.—Easy 100-feet pitch leading to right over broken ground to near edge of gully.

Sixth Pitch.—Slab climbed straight up for 70 feet to small stance with no belay.

Seventh Pitch.—Up into overhanging corner, and then move to right across torrent bed and up the steep rocks on its far side. 60 feet.

After this the climbing is easier and less defined. The general direction on the first ascent was a short move to the left and then back to the edge of the gully, and then straight up. There are many cairns on this upper part, but the route here is capable of infinite variation.

Time.—Effective climbing time of party of three moving fast was three and a half hours.

Standard.—Judged by its hardest lower pitches it is probably a good "very difficult" on Welsh standards; that is to say, a good "4" as things go in Skye. It seemed to me to be more difficult than any of the routes which are described in the "Guide Book," but, of course, it is hard to judge the value of a new climb, and the conditions were none too good. It should be done again before being classified, if it must be classified at all!

Parties repeating the climb should take a couple of carabiners.

DUMYAT.

By J. H. B. BELL.

MANY a rock climber must have been fascinated by the seamed and rugged appearance of Dumyat, the picturesque western outlier of the Ochils, particularly as the hill is seen from the Alloa-Stirling road. A first visit may well be disappointing. The climber may find himself impaled upon a face of such appalling and slithery rottenness that he vows never to look near the place again if the gods will but grant that the poor remains of holds may not altogether vanish before he is safely down. Recollections of a first visit bear this out—and another moral as well. The leader has come up a place of exactly this nature on the most easterly part of the crag nearly overlooking Menstrie. He belays his second as he fills his pipe and allows the second to come on whilst lighting it. Barely a quarter of a minute elapses before a half-strangled and terrified shout is wafted upwards. The human pendulum swings about for a bit, pulls out half a dozen pieces of conglomerate like plums out of a pudding, and at last gets hold of a good one. Gasping, he emerges on top, and with touching, childlike gratitude, thanks the leader for not being one of those people who are just engaged in lighting a pipe at the moment when the second man falls off!

This actually happened, and is like to be the fate of any rock climber who, with impious hardihood, ventures to assault the precipices of Dumyat as if he were going for an evening stroll up the slabs of Sron na Ciche or Clach Ghlas. Dumyat has a charming assortment of perfectly sound rock climbs, but the mountain is rather coy, and the good routes are often hard to find. The climbs, of course, are rather short, but the technique is often fairly advanced. The mountain resents being pulled about. The key to success lies in careful balance climbing, using push-holds as far as possible.

Dumyat is most friendly and approachable. A car can be run through the little village of Blairlogie, along a little side road with a miniature but spring-breaking water-splash, through a loose gate, and along the grassy boulder-strewn verge below the crags. From this point it is an easy uphill stroll into the recesses of the Great Glen, which divides the main and south-westerly summits. The best climbing is to be found on the upper eastern side of this glen. As the routes are legion and fairly short, a sort of guide-book flavour is inevitable in this article. From the historical as well as from the climbing point of view, special interest attaches to Raeburn's Gully and to Raeburn's Pinnacle. They are both situated on this face, and are conspicuous from the upper slopes of the opposite side of the Glen, the point from which the photograph has been taken. The right-hand narrow gully is Raeburn's Gully; the left-hand wider gully has been named the Cirque Gully, as it widens out behind the lower narrow section into a sort of bowl of steep rocks and turf. It contains no climbing, but is bounded on the north side, at the neck, by the wall of Raeburn's Pinnacle.

Raeburn's Gully makes an interesting climb of about 120 feet. The rock is fairly sound. A short pitch above the lower looseness leads to a platform of wedged blocks. The next few yards are hampered by a bonny briar bush, pretty well avoidable—except, perhaps, in the height of the season—by orthodox chimney technique. Above this a good pitch over a projecting piece of rock leads to an excellent stance. The gully widens here and a choice of routes is available. A steep sloping ledge under an overhang runs upwards and backwards to the left. The holds are very small, and the situation is exposed, but this is really the best finish to the gully. Once the climber is round the corner all difficulty is past and upward progress is easy. Directly above the good stance a short climb leads to a conspicuous flake of rock. Straight above the rock is very rotten, steep, and finally, overhung. This direct route out of the gully is very difficult; the last 6 feet, being nearly impossible, is only climbed with a pull from above. The third way out is to step across

to the right from the flake and climb up a steep wall of rock and grass to the top of the gully. Only turf stances are available to belay the second man.

Raeburn's Pinnacle is very easily ascended by a short secure chimney in the wall of the Cirque Gully. The direct route up the face from below has been done with the aid of a rope from above, but is probably unjustifiable otherwise, as the rock is unsound. A better route from below is to get into a little gully on the left side of the face route. The top of this is divided by a jammed mass of rock. The right-hand pitch is simple, the left rather severe. From a grassy platform on the right a short climb leads under a slight overhang to a narrow cleft leading to the summit of the Pinnacle. The ridge continues above the Pinnacle but offers no further climbing. The height of the Pinnacle is about 60 or 70 feet.

Two other chimneys above Raeburn's Pinnacle and on the same side of the Great Glen are technically very interesting. The first of these has been named the Fork Chimney, and gives a pretty difficult climb of about 45 feet. It is easily recognised, the main difficulty being reached just at the fork, where only the left-hand branch seems possible. The holds are by no means all reliable, but wedging tactics win through. Above this, again, is the short 20-foot Knife Chimney, quite a pleasant little problem in itself.

One other route calls for mention on the east side of the Great Glen. Some distance below Raeburn's Gully is a steepish oblique gully on the same side, overhung on the left by a rounded boss of rock. The gully soon narrows and provides a very good pitch, where there is a bulge on the left wall, at a point above which the gully widens to form a grassy plateau ahead and a slabby vertical wall on the right. The problem is to find a lodgement on the rocky boss to the left of the gully. A bad step across is negotiated, with an awkward pull up the face of rock to follow. The grassy slope may now be followed to the upper portion of the gully, which is crossed to a grassy ledge on the right. This leads up to

the Hornbeam Gully, which is really the right-angled corner between a steep cliff on the left and a very steep, smooth slab on the right. The pioneers named the climb after the large tree in the lower part of the gully. Later on, the tree was more correctly identified as a type of mountain willow, but to the artistic spirit of the mountaineer the first choice has continued to seem a much more attractive name. The start of the climb is on the right wall slab, but one is gradually forced inwards towards the corner and amongst the branches of the tree. The last section of the climb lies up the corner, a good platform being formed above the first pitch by the roots of a second but smaller tree of the same variety. The climbing is interesting throughout and about 100 feet in height.

The west side of the Great Glen is less satisfactory. The upper terrace of cliffs is almost vertical, but it presents practically no loopholes for a successful assault. One rather loose and unsatisfactory gully has been climbed. Some distance above the level of Raeburn's Gully is a boss of easier rock, where one can obtain a 120-foot climb of the face-scrambling variety. Beyond this again are a group of impressive vertical chimneys. These all seem to be quite hopeless. If one now returns beneath the cliffs along this upper terrace in a southerly direction, and round the corner to the west, one more good climb will be discovered. This is the Black Crack. It is a most impressive little problem of about 60 or 70 feet, fairly easy in its lower part but difficult near the top. Generally speaking, the rock is fairly sound, and careful wedging tactics land the climber at the top, where there is a good belay for the leader.

Probably the most disappointing part of Dumyat from the climbing point of view is the upper terrace of cliff to the east of the Great Glen. This is most impressive, but comparatively few climbing routes have been effected, some of which are rather dangerous owing to the looseness of the rock. Some distance eastwards from the Great Glen there is an easy gully which offers no climbing. A few yards farther on, the rock face divides into a group

of small pinnacles, the largest of which bears a striking resemblance to a lizard. Between the pinnacle and the main mass of rock behind is the Lizard Chimney, only a 30 to 40 foot problem, which is replete with technical interest, as the upper section is quite sound and rather difficult. Beyond this point the quality of the rock deteriorates. The largest face, of which the upper part bears a striking resemblance to a mushroom, proved practically impossible. The upper chimneys of the Mushroom Wall are all overhanging. The appalling nature of this face is well appreciated from a little out-jutting pinnacle beyond it. From this point one gets a most impressive view of Stirling, the Abbey Craig, and the winding Forth framed against the precipice of Dumyat.

Beyond this again, and near the corner overlooking Menstrie, the terrace is a good deal lower. The rocks are very unsound on the whole, but at least two climbs have been done. In one case a 40-foot rib of reddish conglomerate was ascended, with a very awkward pull out at the top. Near the extreme eastern edge a direct and difficult crack of about 60 or 70 feet has been climbed. The exit is about the most difficult part of the climb. The rock at this end of Dumyat must be treated with extreme care.

Throughout these short notes on Dumyat the terms left and right are always used with reference to the ascending climber. The author does not see the merit of talking about "true left" or "true right" as if gullies or chimneys bore any resemblance to rivers. If there happened to be much water there, it would certainly not be safe to climb them.



Photo

J. H. B. Bell

DUMYAT—ROCKS OF THE GREAT GLEN

Extreme right, Raeburn's Gully. Centre, Cirque Gully with Raeburn's Pinnacle on its left



Easter 1933

G. Graham Macphee

THE TRIDENT BUTTRESS OF CÀRN DEARG FROM THE PINNACLE
BUTTRESS OF THE TOWER

SOME RECENT ROCK CLIMBS IN
SCOTLAND.

By G. GRAHAM MACPHEE.

THE idea of making a new climb up the east wall of the Crowberry Ridge was not new or hastily conceived. Long before the end of 1933 attempts had been made, and Williams had explored the rock and had actually ascended the route, although at the difficult part he had been safeguarded by means of a rope held from above.

In November 1933 I was invited to join a party to make an attempt on "Rannoch Wall," after the Annual Dinner of the Club. Such a preliminary was hardly the best training for a hard climb, still less was an early start at 4 A.M. after a short and troubled rest. On reaching Buachaille, in spite of intermittent rain and a not too promising weather forecast, we sweated up the slopes to the Crowberry Ridge. Our chances of success seemed remote. On closer inspection, the rocks were found to be iced, snow lay on all the little ledges, and the leader, who knew the climb and the difficulties it involved, simply refused to go on. A hopeful suggestion made to me that I should attempt the climb, having never even seen it before, was treated with the contempt which it deserved.

After some longing, lingering glances, we continued our way to the top of the ridge, where we were greeted by an incipient blizzard. Even the simple process of eating sandwiches was unpleasant, and we felt truly thankful we were not festooned on Rannoch Wall. When the violence of the storm had abated somewhat, we contoured southwards to let me see the Chasm. It really looked delightful (or should one say delectable?), with each pitch a solid frozen waterfall, and snow plentifully bestrewn on all available ledges. Much as we should have liked to make—or attempt—the ascent, time did not

permit. So the first round went to Rannoch Wall and the weather, and I travelled 600 miles not to do a new climb.

The next attempt, so far as I was concerned, was fixed for Whitsuntide 1934, which coincided with the Glasgow Spring Holiday. There were dark rumours of rival parties who, with the complete absence of the competitive spirit which characterises true mountaineers (the absence, not the spirit!), were alleged to be preparing to forestall our efforts. However, again we assembled, and again the weather was ready for us. All night it rained in the glen and snowed on the mountain. The outlook was so hopeless that we spared ourselves the pain of toiling up the Shepherd. Instead, we decided to visit a conspicuous crag, low down in the glen, opposite Altnafeadh, locally known as Creag a' Bhancair.

On closer acquaintance, this rock had the appearance of the side of a tunnel ventilating station, a smooth, sheer wall, without windows or chimneys. Even the broken-up, left-hand portion of the crag, which looked easy from a distance, was quite forbidding. However, I had not come 300 miles for nothing, so with no little murmuring from the tail of the party, a climb was commenced up the easiest looking part, a shallow gully. This consisted at first of gigantic steps, thickly carpeted with vegetation, which tended to peel off at the least provocation. It would have delighted the heart of one of those Welsh climbers who "take a pride in developing their turf technique." Parenthetically, I may comment with some satisfaction on modern Welsh rock climbers carrying into practice the principles advocated so wisely many years ago by our distinguished member the late Harold Raeburn, in his "Mountaineering Art." These ledges brought us to an overhanging chimney which, under the foul conditions then prevailing, nearly proved my undoing. However, I am not too proud to use my knees, like some rock-gymnasts of my acquaintance, and I do not undertake rock-climbing garbed in shorts or a kilt, so all's well that ends well. It was a satisfaction to find that other members of the party did not find that chimney a walk.

By this time the weather had improved, and a watery sun was doing its best to brighten the proceedings. We went on to a spur known locally as Stob Coire nan Tuileachan, and visited a rocky buttress on its north-easterly ridge. Two routes were made up the buttress, one an easy climb on the left-hand or eastern part, the other quite a hard ascent on the north-west edge, overlooking a steep wall.

The promise of this fine evening was not fulfilled. Next day it was wetter than ever. We motored disconsolately down Glencoe to "look at the hills." One realised the aptness of Hobbes' concept of laughter, for we were appreciably brightened by the spectacle of four campers sitting in a saloon car by the roadside and looking like death chilled down, while their tent, pitched on sodden ground, bellied in the gale.

After some delay, due to the disinclination of the party to get wet, Williams and I set off for Gearr Aonach by way of Coire Gabhail, and after being drenched in a waterfall we were rewarded by some magnificent rock and boulder scenery, the presence of which could scarcely be suspected from the high road. Presently we were joined at the foot of the rocks by Todd and Jack. After luncheon Todd led us up a chimney which forms a conspicuous feature of the north-easterly corner of this mountain. Fortunately an easy route of descent was found. Soaked to the skin, we were soon back at our base. Thus the second round went to Rannoch Wall, but we had these minor achievements as compensations.

We knew that a new "Glencoe Guide" was in process of publication, and had hoped to do the big climb in time for insertion, but on hearing that the Guide Book was in the press, our object was now to put it out of date. On 3rd June 1934 Williams led the first ascent of Rannoch Wall in great style.

In the mysterious way in which information is secretly circulated in climbing circles, we got hold of a rumour that it was still not too late to have the new climbs included in the forthcoming Guide Book. By the usual diplomatic approaches the subject was broached,

and word was sent back that the Whitsuntide climbs were "not worth recording," while a footnote might be allocated to Rannoch Wall.

The best way to compare the merits and difficulties of various climbs undoubtedly appears to be for the same person to lead them under reasonably similar conditions. How anybody who has not even been up a climb can presume to dismiss it as "not worth recording" is simply astounding. However, it is not for us even to suggest any criticism of the powers that be, and their action gives us the satisfaction of being the first to put the new Guide Book out of date, so that already the Guide Book has fulfilled its function; for, as somebody once said, climbing guide books are only made to be put out of date. But it is a shameful indignity for one of the best climbs on Buachaille to be relegated to a mere footnote!

All this time my conscience had been pricking me with regard to Ben Nevis, for it was "the Ben" which ought to have been my bodily as well as my spiritual home. Several carefully planned visits had come to naught (not through my fault), and a Sunday call (from Liverpool) resulted merely in the ascent of No. 5 Gully, for all the rock-faces were coated with ice, and we could not even get on to the Castle in the limited time at my disposal.

Another visit, when an Italian friend came all the way from Paris to have a week-end with me on the Ben, was a washout—literally. The new route I had planned for his delectation was impracticable under the weather conditions, and we had to be content with an ascent to the Garabh na Ciste in a direct line from the Hut, up a ridge to the right of a gully overhung by the main wall—a route of which I have not seen a record of any previous ascent.

We continued up the Pinnacle Buttress of the Tower, and so to the top of the Ben. The rain got so heavy that all the cliffs seemed to be spouting water, and I have seldom been so wet, and my Italian friend certainly had never experienced such conditions.

After other abortive attempts at achievement, my patience was rewarded last June by a reasonably dry week-end. Having reached Ben Nevis in a day from Liverpool, by way of Snowdon and Scafell Pike, I considered the ascent of the Castle next day, after the rocks had partially dried, sufficient to satisfy honour. The relics of the Easter accident were collected for sending back to the relatives.

The third day, with Williams as trusty and trusting second, we went up Raeburn's Buttress. I can find records of only three previous ascents of this fine climb, and one of these ascents may have been only partial. The Staircase Climb was next tackled. I was much intrigued at the Guide Book description of a 12-foot wall that had never "gone." It was found to be lubricated with dark green slime, which perhaps explains its inviolability. Not liking the description of a damp descent into an insanitary gully on the left to outflank the pinnacle on the east, I had a look at a 30-foot crack straight up the front of the pinnacle, and found that it was quite straightforward and landed me exactly at the right spot, at the neck of the tower, near the foot of Gibson's Chimney. This straightening-out of the Staircase Climb appears to be new, or at least unrecorded so far as my inquiries have led me to believe.

An easy traverse was discovered which leads from the top of Raeburn's Buttress south-eastwards, past the top of the Staircase Climb, to join the Ledge Route just above the top of Route I., whence an easy descent can be made to the foot of No. 5 Gully. This useful route saved much time.

Next day the second ascent of Route I. provided a magnificent climb. Williams was duly impressed by the technical difficulties of the penultimate pitch of the second section, and we both enjoyed the remarkable variety of climbing which this course affords. After lunch we decided to "look at" the lower southern buttress of the Trident, for a veteran "ace" had assured me that, after several attempts, he considered it quite impossible.

We started at the very lowest point of this buttress, and after rounding a sensational corner to the left about 100 feet up into a gully, and climbing out again, an airy traverse to the right had to be made over a series of large loose blocks. The protests of the unfortunate Williams during the passage of this section needed to be heard to be believed, but I refused to be put off.

We duly arrived in a large recess where two impossible-looking routes offered themselves. One, from the top of a large block, was so difficult to start and looked so hopeless that I wisely retreated. At this point the disgruntled second suggested that we were stuck, had no time to attempt to go on, and could not get back. Such cheerful remarks always add to the gaiety of the climb, if not to that of the leader, and are particularly effective if they happen to coincide with one's own secretly cherished but wilfully ignored inner thoughts. The demoralising effect of the wrong word at the wrong time is considerably greater than the uplift of the right word at the right time.

However, "nothing daunted, the little climber pressed on." An attempt was made up and round a bulge on the left of our recess, and I was rather surprisingly rewarded by 90 feet of delightful climbing on perfect rock, getting progressively easier to a good corner below a steep and fearsome-looking crack. Here discretion proved the better part of valour, and the finish of this section of the climb was made round a corner on the left. From this point the foot of the ordinary route up the central section of the southern buttress of the Trident was easily attained. We raced down to the Hut, Fort William, and Glasgow, and so to Liverpool.

At my next visit to the Hut the party was considerably augmented. We arrived in rain, and in the evening two of us climbed the central portion of the southern buttress of the Trident. The conditions got worse and worse, and finally we were almost blown off the ridge and were, of course, soaked to the skin. Next day the weather was better, and we explored the northern section of the Trident. The only climbing worthy of note was

on a fine buttress near the top, which we encountered in trying to find the ordinary route. This buttress had holds all sloping the wrong way, and a series of overhangs which kept one out of balance most of the time. It appeared to be virgin rock, and although only 60 or 70 feet high, was entirely satisfying, climbed in one run-out. It remains as one of my most pleasant memories of that day.

Such visits, meteorologically satisfactory on only one or two occasions, let us see how much opportunity remains for original exploration on Ben Nevis. Even many of the already climbed courses have all the charm of novelty if no precise information is gained previously from the Guide Book or elsewhere. One might well be making first ascents for all there is to guide one in the way of nail-scratches, except, naturally, on such favourite climbs as the Douglas Boulder or North-East Buttress.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS

By A. HARRISON.

THE numerous reports of fatal accidents in the Alps which for many years have appeared in the newspapers during the summer have ceased to cause surprise, but fatal mountaineering accidents in this country are a somewhat new feature.

A review of the details of the circumstances of recent accidents may be profitable if it serves us as a guide and warning for the future.

The first accident which comes to my mind occurred on Ben Achaladair on 22nd March 1925.* A party of three, the eldest member of which was aged 30, started from Inveroran to climb Ben Achaladair from Achaladair Farm. They were well clothed and equipped, and carried ice axes. None of them had had any previous snow experience. The day was fine but cold; although there was not much snow on the hill the rocks were iced. They started early, but delayed a long time over their breakfast; so much so that one of the party, feeling the cold, did not sit down but walked about during the halt, and eventually started off ten minutes before the others were ready to move. He passed out of sight, and it was only after three weeks that his body was found. All the evidence goes to show that he slipped on iced rocks and fell or slid at least 150 feet.

The next accident occurred on the 1st or 2nd of January 1928 and involved two members of the J.M.C.S.† They were both of good physique, well clothed, and had had considerable experience of snow work. They started from Achnacoichin on 29th December. Their original intention had been to stay at the lower bothy in Glen Einich, but their plans were altered and they spent three nights

* See *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XVII., p. 179.

† See *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XVIII., p. 162.

at Corrour Bothy. The cold in the bothy must have been intense. Probably their primus stove did not work well, and they got little hot food, so that when they started out on the 1st for Glen Einich they were ill-nourished. A blizzard appears to have broken over Braeriach about 4 P.M. on the 1st. On the morning of the 2nd, Baird was found alive but practically unconscious a little south of the lower bothy, but died a few minutes later. Barry's body was found about three months later on the hillside about a quarter of a mile from the upper bothy. It is not known if either had had an accident, which retarded progress and caused exhaustion, or if death was due solely to exposure.

The next accident I have to relate happened on 13th September 1930.* One of our members, Norman Mowbray, had led a difficult route on the Crowberry splendidly; the rope had been taken off on reaching the easy ground above the finish of the actual climb. He was traversing across some rocks to the right of the usual line of ascent when apparently his foot slipped, and he came off and fell into the Crowberry gully. His boots were newly nailed and he seemed well acquainted with the rocks he was traversing, and he made no suggestion that there was any difficulty. Mowbray had only started rock climbing a few years before, although he had walked the hills for many years, but he was keen and was developing rapidly into a strong, brilliant climber.

For our next accident we must come back again to the Cairngorms.† On 1st January 1933 Alistair Mackenzie and Duncan Ferrier started from Glenmore for the Shelter Stone. Mackenzie was a Scout leader and lived in Grantown; Ferrier was a Rover Scout from Forres. Mackenzie was acquainted with the district and had made several ascents in the Cairngorms. Ferrier was younger and less experienced. Mackenzie wore breeches, an army tunic, and light raincoat. His shoes had no nails. Ferrier wore only a light trench coat over a Scout uniform, which included shorts, a light pull-over, and ordinary

* See *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XIX., p. 107.

† See *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XX., p. 40.

shoes with a few protectors in the soles. They were bare-headed, and neither had ice axes. They crossed the ridge just to the west of Cairngorm, and the records in the notebook at the Shelter Stone show that they arrived there at 3.30 P.M. on the 1st after a hard climb over ice and against a stiff head wind, and that they started out for Glenmore Lodge at 11 A.M. on the 2nd. Instead of taking the easier route by Glen Nethy, they returned by the same route as they had taken on the previous day. This was in spite of the fact that the dawn was wilder than on the 1st and that the mist was driving before a fierce gale. Even down at Glenmore the keeper had difficulty in facing the storm.

Evidence shows that they had struggled over the ridge and were within measurable distance of safety when they were overcome by the storm which raged throughout the 2nd. They had followed a snow-covered burn for 500 or 600 yards, and it is probable that the snow gave way beneath them and they fell at least 10 feet into the burn and were too numb to rise.

On 8th June 1933 a party of young climbers, with very limited rock-climbing experience, started on the central Gully Sron na Ciche in Skye. The conditions were perfect. On the pitch which begins at about the level of the top of the Cioch the leader gave warning that he was finding it too difficult and then fell off into the gully. His fall was about 25 feet, but not sheer. The climb was not severe.

The accident occurred about 1 P.M., but it was not until 11.45 P.M. that he was got down to Glen Brittle where he died from head injuries. Great difficulty was found in getting him down, although the accident took place on comparatively easy ground; this was mainly due to most of the helpers having had little rock-climbing experience.

On 31st March 1934 Messrs C. F. Kirkus and M. Linnell climbed the Castle of Càrn Dearg. Kirkus, aged 24, and Linnell, 25, were both very experienced rock climbers and had climbed before on Ben Nevis in winter. Both had a good deal of Alpine experience, and

in the case of Kirkus, Himalayan in addition. The climb, when iced, is difficult, and much of the top rock is slabby without satisfactory holds. This year there was an unusual quantity of snow and conditions were typically Alpine. Probably the snow conditions were not so good on the 31st as they had been a few days previously. Alpine line was used.

Kirkus, who was leading, and about 50 feet above Linnell, was only 12 or 15 feet from the top of the vertical cornice when his steps gave way and he slid off the hard snow underneath. He was unable to stop himself with his axe, and after a slide of about 50 feet went over a cliff.

Apparently Linnell's belay was pulled out, and the two slid and fell about 300 feet. The fall was stopped by the line catching round a cone of hard snow. Kirkus sustained serious injuries, mainly to his head, and Linnell was killed instantly by temple injuries and a broken neck. When Kirkus regained consciousness he climbed to the top of the Castle.

On 5th May 1934 J. Lawrie, N. M'Leod, and C. Smith, all aged 23, camped near Derry Lodge, and on the following morning ascended Ben Macdhui by Loch Etchachan. At Loch Etchachan, M'Leod and Lawrie left their packs, intending to return to pick them up and then go on to the Shelter Stone. The weather was overcast and there was a heavy wind blowing. They reached the top at 9.30 A.M., and there Smith left them with the intention of going down to Corrour Bothy. Soon after Smith departed, and before the other two left the top, a blizzard from the south came on with great violence and dense mist. Smith, steering by compass, found his way with some difficulty, and reached Corrour Bothy, where he spent the night. For a time M'Leod and Lawrie sheltered behind the Cairn, until they became thoroughly chilled, and then decided to make for lower ground, and gave up the idea of returning to Loch Etchachan. Their compass had been left in their pack at Corrie Etchachan, and they appear to have gone north-west. The wind was so strong that it would have been almost impossible to

have faced it. There is an escarpment where the hillside steepens to descend into the Lairig Ghru, and the two slipped here on hard snow or ice and slid about 200 feet over rocks and snow. M'Leod struck some rocks and collapsed, and almost at once lost consciousness. Lawrie put him in as sheltered a spot as he could find and made a shelter of stones. His attempts to revive his companion failed, and after waiting about one hour the mist cleared and he was able to see his surroundings, and he set out for help. He reached Aviemore at 6 P.M.

On the 10th, M'Leod's body was found near the boulder where he had been left, and about 1,000 feet above the Pools of Dee. The body showed little injury, and it is thought that shock and exposure were the cause of death.

M'Leod had considerable climbing experience and knew the Cairngorms well. Lawrie had not so much experience. They were warmly clothed. They wore boots which, however, were not too well nailed. M'Leod wore a kilt, but it is very doubtful if, under the circumstances, the wearing of breeches would have made any difference. They did not have ice-axes or woollen helmets.

Of the nine men killed in these accidents, seven were killed in winter, and of these seven, five in the Cairngorms.

Falling stones and avalanches, which are dreaded by professional guides as risks which often cannot be guarded against, were responsible for none of these.

All the accidents occurred to young climbers.

I have only narrated those accidents which proved fatal, but for every fatal accident there have been several with more fortunate endings. Indeed, most of us who have climbed for any length of time can recall the occasion when a trusty friend on the rope has checked our fall, or a lucky bounce has caused a stone to whirr harmlessly past our heads instead of ending our climbing days. Probably we can recall a storm when just that little extra reserve of strength and the perfect team work of our party has tipped the balance and made the difference between a catastrophe and a life-long memory of comradeship.

It is only to be expected that youth should be adventurous and eager not to miss an opportunity of experience and achievement, but it is significant that the Scottish Mountaineering Club, which pioneered mountaineering in Scotland for forty years, did it without a casualty; perhaps it was because the Club was formed by men who had experience of Alpine climbing, and who had the privilege of learning their craft from seasoned guides and amateurs.

Mountaineering is becoming more and more popular, and it is essential that no avoidable casualties should check its growing popularity. It is therefore incumbent upon us to stress the lessons to be drawn from these accidents, which are :—

1. For winter climbing, warm clothing must be taken and plenty of food.
2. There should be at least two maps and compasses in every party. There should be no possibility of mistaking the south-seeking end of the compass needle for the north-seeking end.
3. A party of two is not large enough for winter, especially in such wide areas as the Cairngorms. Three or four is necessary. If there are only two and one is injured, there is no one to stay until help comes. If an unconscious injured man is left on the hillside, it may be difficult to find him again. Unmistakable landmarks are uncommon.
4. Camping out in remote spots in winter is undesirable. The weather may change with remarkable suddenness, and the storm reach a fury which must be experienced to be realised.
5. Members of a party should never separate on the mountain, annoyance is the least possible result.
6. Do not become careless after the serious work is over, or on a climb which you know well. At least two very famous Alpine guides have been killed in this way.
7. Never trust to luck, but use every available precaution. If new snow lies on ice or hard snow,

cut right through the new snow and into the old snow. Never have a long run out of the rope if a short one will do.

8. If a climb is too difficult it is not cowardly to turn back. In many cases it requires much more courage to turn back than to go on.
9. In a new country, study weather conditions. It is as important for a stranger to study conditions in Scotland as those in the Alps, Himalayas, or New Zealand.
10. Lose no opportunity of learning from an experienced guide or amateur. The Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland wisely appoints experienced climbers as their Honorary President and Vice-President.
11. In conclusion, remember that to incur unnecessary risks may cause, at the very least, trouble and inconvenience not only to one's friends but also to perfect strangers. It is difficult for anyone who has not taken part in rescue expeditions to realise their arduousness and the terrible strain and anxiety imposed on all the members of the party even under the best conditions.

A NEVIS DIARY—MARCH 1934.

By J. Y. MACDONALD.

Tuesday, 20th March.

IT is midnight, we are dog tired, and the hut is in a state of chaos which is amazing considering that only three people's belongings are scattered about the floor. But the main thing is that we are here, with full supplies for seven days, and the southern town we left this morning a very distant memory.

It has taken us five hours to plod up from Achintee through deep heavy snow, and a further two hours to get a hot drink. First, of course, the stove would not light, then we could only discover a few drops of paraffin, and lastly, dig as we might, we could find no water. It takes a long time to melt snow, and a lot goes a little way, so that when the first melting turned out brick-red owing to rust in the milk-binns, the author decided on tomato soup and said nothing to the others about valuable iron tonic it contained. Finished the day with final hunt round for paraffin and pyjamas; neither to be found.

Wednesday, 21st.

First thing is to check up on paraffin. All tins carefully examined, but forced to conclude have found all there is. This is sad blow. Here we have made terrific effort to bring up seven days' supplies in one journey and find only two days' supply of fuel. Then we notice our guest, Dr West, eyeing a pair of skis under bunk, and decide to resort to cunning. Point out that two of us can easily put hut in order; that it is a pity snow is so soft or we would think nothing of strolling back to Fort William; that really there is nothing for third person to do. Doctor nibbles at bait and asks whose skis these are. Tell him very kind-hearted person who has left

them for just such an emergency. He tries them on. Situation saved.

Spend morning tidying, stocktaking, and digging fine water-hole. Should not weary for light reading, as some benefactor has bestowed on hut recent copy of Glasgow Telephone Directory.

Take short walk after lunch and examine cave-pitch in Gardyloo. Decide it would go, but would take too long, so glissade down. Snow foul, waist-deep in places and insecure in others. Get back at 5.30 P.M., no sign of West, who is now half an hour overdue. Two hours later we remember that it is early closing day in Fort William, and picture him waiting doggedly for shops to open. Eight o'clock, and a weary figure appears. He has carried his skis most of the way, but he has got the paraffin, even if most of it has leaked over rucksack (author's).

Thursday, 22nd.

Discover that our supply of butter will not last out at present rate of consumption. Suggest our guest might like to see if snow is any better for ski-ing to-day, but it seems he prefers to go on short rations. Being fine day, propose Càrn Mòr Dearg for view, but Doctor wants to be able to say he has been to the top of Nevis. Tell him if he tries boasting about this he will be told of grandmothers who went up at age of eighty. However, decide to explore possibilities of Ledge Route. This proves easier than Castle Ridge, but very much finer, being a true ridge with magnificent views down each side. Finished by climbing over knife-edge of glazed rock, and walk to summit. Find square hole in snow where observatory used to be, and suggest tableau, "Courtauld emerging from ice-cap." This rouses no enthusiasm, so we start down the North-East Buttress. Tell Doctor we went there for view, and proceed to find correct route down Coire Leas. Snow still bad, but seems to be hardening in the shadows. Think it will be good to-morrow.

Friday, 23rd.

A start is made up Coire Leas in bitter wind, as a protection against which we have applied lard to our faces, and find it most effective. Turnbull has put it on his hands too, presumably to make the climbing more difficult. Walk up usual foul snow to conspicuous little gully at lowest point of Càrn Mòr Dearg arête, which is seen to be completely blocked by vast chockstone. T. is with difficulty dissuaded from commencing tunnelling operations and deflected to rocks on right. Here author spends best part of two hours admiring view while two eminent A.C.'s are excavating holds in the snow up above. Progress from here to the top of Càrn Mòr Dearg is shrouded in mist, but party is spurred on by thought of wonderful glissade to hut. The snow, as usual, proves too soft, and author following sedately in rear collects assortment of hats, puttees, and garters shed *en route*. The Doctor is in an extravagant mood to-night, and we find his money in the coal-scuttle and his trouser-button in the frying-pan.

Saturday, 24th.

We heard our guest moving at an unearthly hour this morning, and woke again to find he had gone—to catch a train that one of us thought used to run at 10 o'clock. Off before ten ourselves, making for supposed new climb between Nos. 3 and 4 Gullies, in drizzle and thick mist. Here we spend the next two and a half hours playing snakes and ladders with the first pitch. First, Turnbull is planted in soft snow and firmly tied to his axe, while author starts to make ladder. Almost immediately his hat is removed by well-aimed snowball and returned to the base. Author, however, continues upwards, and dodging subsequent bombardments gets about half-way up a 10-foot bulge of sopping slush. After exploring unpromising little cornice of incoherent snow at the top of this, he treads on a large snake and goes back to the beginning again. Next, Turnbull buckles on a pair of crampons and turns to the attack. It takes him a long

time to climb the now broken ladder, and much longer again to get about two steps farther. Just as he is trying to make up his mind to rush the last section he finds he has lost the feeling in his fingers, which have escaped through the tips of his gloves. He therefore beats an orderly retreat, and we retire out of range of the snow-balling to revive and reglove them, and to refuel ourselves. As we have already spent an hour and a half on the pitch we do not dawdle over lunch, and T. returns to the attack. The ladder has rotted considerably since he left it, but he thinks it will still do. Author fields him neatly at the base. Next time nothing will stop him, and in a bare half-hour he is over the top, having apparently trusted entirely to finger-holds in the slush. Author follows, trusting entirely to the rope.

And now, when only easy slopes lie ahead, the sun shines out and the mist thins to disclose views of the ice-draped cliffs, which transcend anything we have encountered in the course of five winter visits. We cry aloud for a camera, but, alas, one was damaged two days ago and we have brought no films for the other! So we return to the hut where we light the stove, indulge in our Saturday-night shave, and stroll out to where we can see our gully and try to think of a name for it. Resolved: that those who approve of numerical nomenclature will call it No. 3.75, but we won't; that "Sunlight Gully" would be strictly according to precedent, but sounds soapy; that "Boomerang Gully" describes its shape and the accuracy with which it returns its pitchers to the well, but that it would probably not live up to its reputation. Decide to sleep over the question, so return, relight stove, cook enormous meal, and go to bed.

Sunday, 25th.

Wake up at truly Sabbatarian hour of 9.30. Proceed in leisurely fashion to breakfast and general tidy-up. Find puzzle about aeroplanes and make short work of it, while Turnbull lights stove to save time in evening. Set out after lunch for Sunday afternoon walk. This involves

trying to take straightest possible route to top of Douglas Boulder, defeated by snow and ice on lower slabby rocks. After wandering about on these for an hour, find ourselves on West Ridge, follow it up, and rattle down East Gully. Stove burning nicely, so put more coal on. It does not seem to like this, and we spend the next hour relighting it. Another enormous meal, sausages and sardines. To-morrow is our last day. Predict that snow will be perfect, sun will shine, and we will go for a terrific climb—N.E. Buttress probably. Find puzzle about motor car but can make nothing of it. Either it is more difficult than the aeroplanes or have had too many sardines.

Monday, 26th.

Apparently it was the sardines. Do not feel up to much, and decide on Gardyloo. Feeling brighter by the time we get to Douglas Boulder, and suggest we might do No. 2 instead, then we could have another look at new route we have been examining on Secondary Tower Ridge. Knowing that once Turnbull has bit between his teeth nothing will stop him, this is tantamount to admitting that disease has been severe attack of customary laziness. Anyway, when he starts up snow gully a little beyond Douglas Boulder, author follows meekly. At first ice-pitch, notice that T. has crampons strapped to rucksack. Think this odd place for them at moment, but say nothing. A little later we turn to right up little chimney, whose floor is composed of thin snow lying on thin ice on thin moss on slabs. Notice T. still has his crampons on his back. Do not understand this, as he is climbing mostly on his tummy, but suppose there is some reason. Anyway, he cannot be doing it just to make it more difficult, for a jolly little flurry of a snowstorm provides him with all the trouble he wants. Lunch at historic spot where we shivered three years ago. Still seems to be cold here, so we push on quickly, and are soon involved in sensational struggle with elements, for while we are engaged on exposed 80-foot traverse a violent hail-storm transforms the rocks into a hissing white cataract,

and produces scene which would have done credit to
"The White Hell of Pitz Palu."

Descend by the Tower Ridge, the lower part of which, even in winter, only provides two real pitches, and we are soon down. Find hut in possession of Cambridge University, but explain to them this is not the reason we have decided to go home to-morrow. Spend a jolly, frousty evening, and find it difficult to realise that it is all over.

"SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS GUIDE BOOK."

ANY members having photographs that would be of interest for the "Southern Highlands Guide Book" might be good enough to forward copies to the "Guide Book" Editor, James C. Thomson, 116 Hope Street, Glasgow, C.2.

The "Southern Highlands" comprise Sections 1, 2, and 3 of the Munro List; everything south of a line from Kingshouse by Rannoch and Tummel to Perth, east of the new road from Kingshouse to Bridge of Orchy, and east of a line from there to Loch Awe, west of the line Perth, Stirling, Balmaha, and the Firth of Clyde.

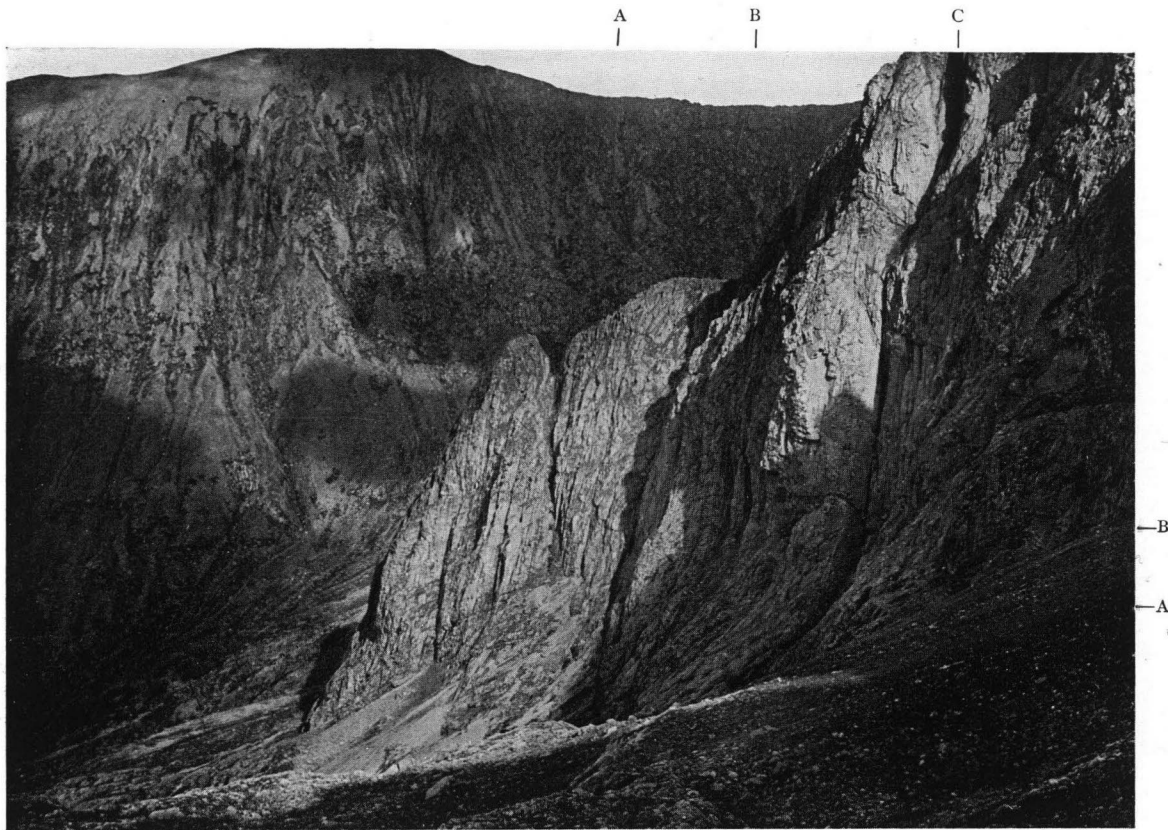
The "Guide Book" Editor would also be glad to receive any notes on new climbs or paths or bridges in the area.

In Memoriam.

PRINCIPAL HUGH STEWART, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
M.C.

WE regret to report that Principal Hugh Stewart has died at sea whilst on his way home from New Zealand. Stewart joined the Club in 1905, but after a distinguished career at Edinburgh and Cambridge Universities he was appointed Professor of Classics at Canterbury College, New Zealand, and so severed his active association with the Club.

When the war broke out he came over with the Anzacs and served both in Gallipoli and France. By the end of the war he was in command of the 2nd Battalion of the Canterbury regiment, and had been mentioned in dispatches five times, awarded the C.M.G., D.S.O., and Bar, M.C., and Croix de Guerre. He returned to New Zealand after the war, but was later appointed Professor of Latin at Leeds University, and finally, in 1930, Principal of University College, Nottingham.

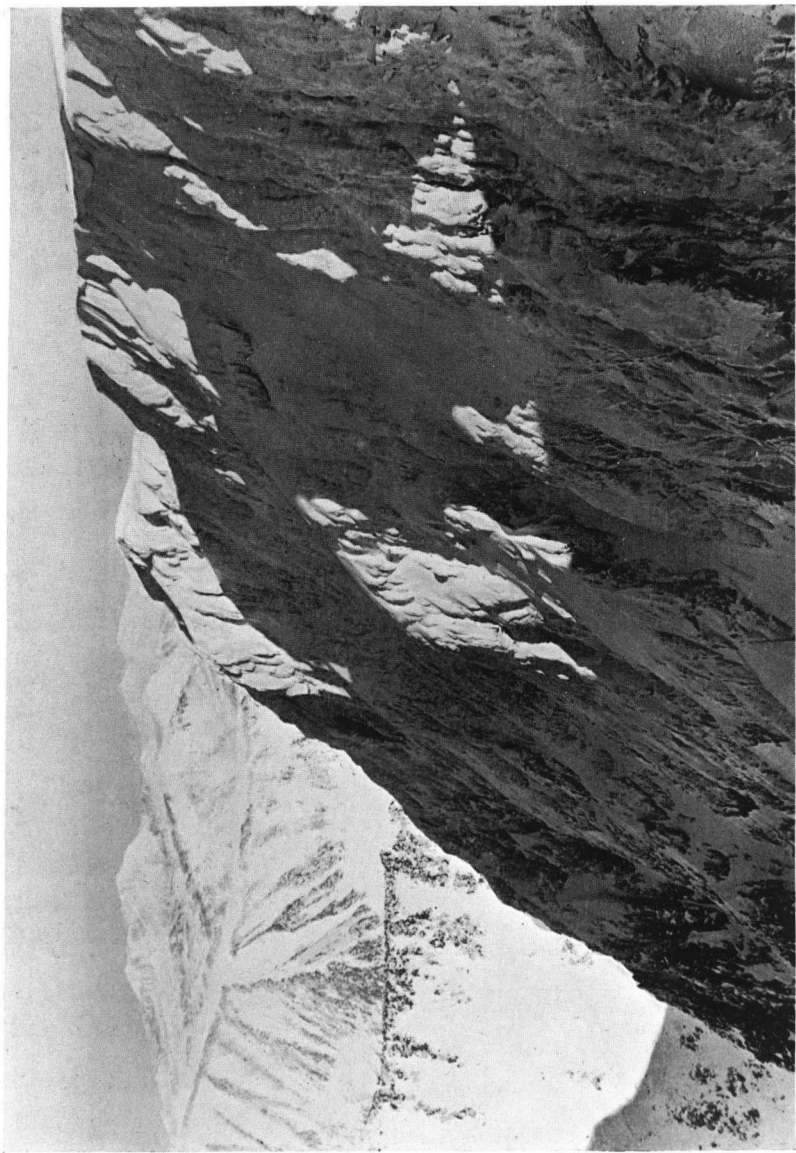


August 1932

J. Y. Macdonald

SECONDARY TOWER RIDGE AND DOUGLAS BOULDER FROM COIRE NA CISTE

A-A is the start of the 1934 Route; B-B, that of 1931. C is the great gully which separates the first from the second summit. (See page 279)



March 1931

TOP OF THE NORTH-EAST BUTTRESS, BEN NEVIS

J. Y. Macdonald

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET, 1934—BRAEMAR.

THE Easter Meet was held at Braemar, when we stayed at the Fife Arms Hotel. We were extremely well looked after at this hotel, and the writer remembers with particular relish a most excellent dinner being served up to himself and others after a very late return from Lochnagar.

There were no first ascents at this Meet, and indeed no novelties of any kind—unless one counts Ling's new hat, which would certainly win a high award at any Alpine *Concours d'Elegance*.

The high percentage of members who answered the tea-time roll call might have depressed a serious-minded mountaineer, but we need not worry about this too much. As Para Handy would say, "Every one was in fine, fine trim," and certainly the Meet was greatly enjoyed.

The following details of climbs have been prepared from information supplied by various press agents, and accordingly their accuracy is not guaranteed:—

On Friday Macphee and Solly did Glas Maol and its two tops, and Macphee also did Creag Leacach with, if not on, skis.

Parker and Robb accounted for Beinn a' Bhùird.

Aikman, Martin, Watson, and Dickson did Càrn an Tuirc, Cairn na Glasha, Tolmount, and Fafernìe, returning by Loch Callater.

Lawson, Hunt, and Sturm found their way to the north and south tops of Beinn a' Bhùird.

Lindsay and Evershed Thomson, after instructions from Jeffrey and Hird, conquered Càrn Aosda on ski.

Ling, Glover, Allan, and Sandy Scott did Cairn Toul. A day or two before this Ling and Glover did

Ben Avon, and Glover is stated to have forgotten his lunch.

Unna and Anderson did Beinn a' Bhùird and accounted for all the tops except the summit cairn, which was missing. (Very odd.)

Howard *père et fils* and Allan went up Gleann an t'-Slugain and ascended Càrn na Drochaide.

The President and Charles Walker ski-ed up the Devil's Elbow. The Devil did not seem to mind, and the President says he quite enjoyed it. They also did Meall Odhar and Glas Maol, and ski-ed right back to the road.

Hird and Jeffrey reported excellent ski-ing conditions when they ascended Carnwell and Càrn Aosda.

Corbett states that he climbed a hill in Aberdeenshire called Culardoch, which is 2,900 feet—and after all, why not?

Jack Ainslie and Hamish Wilson (guest) did Lochnagar from Glen Muick, starting from Edinburgh at 5.30 A.M.

Arthur *frères* started from Blair Atholl and did Beinn a' Ghlo, and were thereafter picked up by Aikman, who brought them to the Meet.

The list of Saturday's climbs was taken down by some one other than the present chronicler, and is largely indecipherable. However, to the best of our knowledge and belief the achievements of our members were as follows:—

Allan, Ling, Glover, and A. E. Howard did Derry Cairngorm and some other mountain whose name is illegible.

Solly accounted for Beinn Bhreac.

Parker, Marshall, Robb, and Professor Hunt (guest) scaled Ben Macdhui.

Anderson, Cumming, and Unna found their way to the top of Lochnagar.

Sturm (guest) and Murray Lawson did Stuic buttress under icy conditions.

Crosthwaite and Jack MacLean came over from Glenmore on skis and push bicycles.

Blackie, Paterson, and Marshall carried their flag to the summits of Ben Macdhuì and Derry Cairngorm, while Donald and Hedderwick scaled Cairnwell and Càrn Aosda.

Ainslie, Wilson, Aikman, and Sandy Scott clambered to the top of Beinn a' Bhùird and Elton, and the Arthur Brothers accounted for Ben Macdhuì and Derry Cairngorm.

Dickson did Derry Cairngorm, and MacRobert, Walker, Hird, and Jeffrey did Glas Maol and Cairn na Glasha on skis.

Macphee and Lindsay did Beinn a' Bhùird also on skis.

Campbell, Evershed Thomson, Watson (guest), Martin, and Maurice Cooke (guest) had a very interesting time in the Black Spout Gully on Lochnagar, where icy conditions were encountered.

Corbett collected an alleged Munro called Bhatha.

The incompleteness of these records may be regretted by some, but the writer has made the best of the scanty material at his disposal. A complete list of the climbs is apt to make rather tiresome reading, and the only thing that really matters is that the Meet was a great success. The President was his usual genial self, and went his way distributing cigars with abandon. He evidently realises the truth of the old Spanish proverb which says, "A mountain is only a mountain, but a good cigar is a smoke."

I. M. C.

LIBRARY REPORT.

The following, all presented by their publishers, have been added to the Library:—

- "Beyond the Great Glen," by F. R. Corson. Oliver & Boyd.
- "Tramping in Derbyshire," by W. T. Palmer. Country Life.
- "La Nuit des Drus," by Charles Gos. Victor Attinger.
- "Bergsteiger Biwak," by Fritz Schmitt. Rud. Rother.
- "Sommerski," by Fritz Schmitt. Rud. Rother.

- “The Songs of Skye,” collected by P. H. Humble. Eneas Mackay.
 “Mountain Days in the Isle of Skye,” by J. E. B. Wright. Moray Press.
 * “Everest, 1933,” by Hugh Ruttledge. Hodder and Stoughton.
 * “Alpinisme Anecdotique,” by Charles Gos. Victor Attinger.
 * “Mountaineering” (Lonsdale Library), edited by Sydney Spencer. Seeley, Service & Co.
Mountaineering Journal, edited by C. K. Brunning. Willmer Bros.

The Librarian has also received the publications of the following Clubs: Alpine Club, American A.C., Appalachian Mountain Club, Belgian A.C., Cairngorm Club, Cambridge University M.C., Fell and Rock C.C., French A.C., German and Austrian A.V., Himalayan Club, Italian A.C., Japanese A.C., Midland Association of Mountaineers, Ladies A.C., Mountain Club of South Africa, New Zealand A.C., Norsketouristforening, Rucksack Club, Scottish Ramblers Federation, Sierra Club, Swiss A.C., Swiss Ladies A.C., Tararua Tramping Club, Yorkshire Ramblers Club, and also the *Journal of Scottish Gaelic Studies*.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

E. A. M. Wedderburn has kindly presented eight slides illustrating the technique of modern rock-climbing, three of the Mitre Ridge of Beinn a' Bhùird and thirteen of the Alps, mostly of the Arolla peaks. An interesting view of the Crowberry Ridge from the North Buttress has been gifted by Alex. Harrison. D. M.

* Will be reviewed later.

REVIEWS.

Beyond the Great Glen. By F. Reid Corson.

This is a book which admirably fulfils its purpose. It is a way-faring guide to the Highlands beyond the Great Glen, and it has a number of features which are seldom found simultaneously in books about the Highlands, *e.g.* :—

1. It is arranged in a logical way according to a carefully thought-out plan.
2. It is full of practical information.
3. It is free from sentimentality.
4. The author has no particular bees in his bonnet, or if he has, he keeps them to himself.
5. It is written in a pleasant and unaffected style.
6. It is well illustrated, some of the photographs being exceedingly good. (Though I do not think the general standard is quite so high as in the S.M.C. "Guide Books.")
7. It is attractively bound and well printed; an asset to any book-case, though rather bulky for carrying in a rucksack.
8. The author is obviously a master of his subject.

He divides his territory into districts and deals with each district in successive chapters. The first chapter is about Lochaber and Lochiel, the second deals with Ardgour, Morven, Sunart, and Ardnamurchan, and so on, working up the west coast (including a chapter on Skye) until we reach Cape Wrath, when we round the north coast and come down the east to Inverness, and finally down the Great Glen, to Fort Augustus.

Each chapter is built on the following plan :—

It starts with a few pages of descriptive matter giving a general outline of the topography of the district covered by the chapter, with notes on the history of the district and other matters of interest. The history is presented in a most racy and attractive way.

Then details are given of the communications in the district by rail, road, and sea.

Then follows a paragraph headed "Accommodation." It gives a list of hotels, "other accommodation," and Youth Hostels in the district.

Finally, details are given of the principal walks in the district. This part of the chapter is divided into two sections: (a) "Walks by Road," and (b) "Walks Over Hill Tracks."

The routes are more numerous and detailed than those given

either in Walter A. Smith's "Hill Paths and Drove Roads in Scotland," or in the "Western Highlands" Guide Book of the S.M.C. Many useful details are given, which show that the author must have had personal experience of most of the routes. The routes given are, for the most part, shorter than those in Smith's book, the average distance being from 10 to 15 miles. There are a number of rough sketch maps in the text which enable one to follow intelligently the descriptions of the routes. Also, at the beginning of each chapter the numbers of the relevant Ordnance Survey 1-inch and Bartholomew's $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Maps are given.

Though routes up one or two hills are described (those chosen being regarded by the author as the best view points) the book in no way competes with the S.M.C. Guides, being intended purely for walkers. However, it is a book which many members of the S.M.C. will wish to possess. To quote the Foreword written by our own Rev. A. E. Robertson, "It is quite the fullest and most detailed account from the walker's point of view of the region be-north and be-west of the Great Glen that has yet been published."

W. G. P. L.

The Midland Association of Mountaineers, Bulletin No. 2, March 1934.

The second Bulletin of the Association shows the energy of the members. The number is not large, but the contents are varied.

The first article, "Ways and Means in the Alps," by C. E. A. Andrews, should be invaluable to members who are thinking of going abroad for the first time. It contains many useful remarks, such as the better value which will be got from the cheapest *pension* rate at a good hotel as against the same rate at a smaller hotel. Also the probability that it would be more economical to take *pension* rate at an hotel rather than pay for odd nights at hotels and buy provisions for the nights spent in huts.

The adventures of Mr Sheldon and his companions on the Drus, and the ascent of the Dent Blanche by the Vierseelgrat make interesting reading. On this latter ascent the members of the party carried food and clothing in their pockets, which is surprising, as it is generally supposed that these can be carried more conveniently in a rucksack, which need not weigh more than 1 lb.

There is a particularly beautiful photograph of the Chardonnet by G. S. Brettell, which accompanies his article on "Climbing Round Argentière."

During the year the Club appears to have been remarkably active in the number of Meets which have taken place and the lectures which have been given.

A. H.

The Alpine Journal, Vol. XLVI., No. 248, May 1934.

Those who have read Sir Claud Schuster on "Men, Women, and Mountains" will turn with expectation to his article, "An Abstract Alpine Subject," and they will not be disappointed, as he shows his usual charm and keen observation. He writes most interestingly on the relationship between ski-ing and mountaineering.

Mr Odell writes at length on climbing within the Arctic Circle, and Mr B. R. Goodfellow contributes an intensely interesting article on five traverses in the Dauphiné, a district which is not sufficiently well known to most British mountaineers. Another comparatively unknown district is dealt with by Mr G. F. Abercrombie in "The Picos de Europa," in the north of Spain. Other articles deal with Canada and Sierra Nevada of California.

As it seemed probable that the next Everest expedition would be delayed for some years, Messrs Longstaff, Green, and Crawford have contributed articles on the lessons to be gained from the last expedition. These findings should be of permanent value to all climbers who consider doing high mountaineering.

The number contains numerous other articles, including obituary articles on Albert I., King of the Belgians, and Douglas W. Freshfield.

Altogether the number maintains its reputation both in text and illustrations.

A. H.

New Zealand Alpine Journal, Vol. V., No. 21, June 1934.

The *Journal* is now over 200 pages and grows each year. The illustrations show an improvement, and some are excellent, but we are sure that even finer results could be obtained from the magnificent subjects in the New Zealand Alps.

The amount of exploration which is being done seems to show no abatement, and nearly every article gives examples of the severity of the conditions, mainly owing to the weather, but also due to the unknown nature of the country, long distances, sparse population, and the density of some of the bush.

Miss K. Gardiner, in an interesting article, "Tasman from the West," describes how her party spent eight days in a tent whilst the storm raged, their only shelter being afforded by the crevasse in which they pitched their tent.

The help that an aeroplane can be to a search party is described in the article by A. Dickie, "From Hollyford to Arawata," but an experiment of delivering stores and tents by aeroplane was not so successful.

The whole production is most interesting and testifies to the vigour of the Club.

A. H.

In Your Stride. By A. B. AUSTIN. Country Life. 3s. 6d.

This welcome addition to the literature of the hills bears a marked resemblance to the works of H. V. Morton, in that the author has the same happy knack of combining information of scenic, historical, and topical interest, and has a most attractive style of writing. The districts described cover most of this country with frequent excursions to the Continent—France, Switzerland, and Spain. A glance at the Index will give some idea of the extent of the author's acquaintance with foreign countries. The book is an account, written with great insight and keen observation, of walking rather than climbing, and forms the ideal companion to a purely mountaineering guide. It is charmingly illustrated with pencil sketches by Margaret Dobson, and is altogether one of the most attractive books of its kind that we have read for many a day.

C. W. P.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. VII., No. 4, 1934, No. 28.

This number contains thirteen articles in addition to the Proceedings, Reviews, Editorial Notes, etc., and embraces a wide variety of subjects and places. Wilson Hey opens with a dissertation on fear, a subject which he discusses fully from a physical and psychological standpoint. His conclusions will find an echo in the minds of many readers. Perhaps the best article is B. R. Goodfellow's "Southern Alps of New Zealand," most interesting and instructive throughout. R. A. Eastwood writes on "Desert Ways," which we find, somewhat to our surprise, are in Iceland. Of great interest to the S.M.C. is John Wilding's "Hours on the Tower Ridge." One might imagine it to be a description of some peak in the Alps, so Alpine can Ben Nevis become under winter conditions. A short account of the Dolomites by J. F. Burton, and a rather longer description of the same region, "The Eastern Alps in 1933," by E. Moss; a charming and retrospective article by Priestley Phillips; "An Ascent of Parnassos," by J. A. Stewart; "The Sierra Nevada of Spain," by G. A. Dean, and a delightful commentary on Surveying by F. M. Little, bring us to the new climbs on Clogwyn du'r Arddu by A. S. Pigott, and on Scawfell by the late M. Linnell. Memorial notices to Morley Wood, Maurice Linnell, and John Evans follow. We offer our deep sympathy to the Club on the great loss they have sustained by the death of these members. May we suggest that the answer to the Hon. Editor's question in the last part of his notes lies in the foundation of Clubs akin to our J.M.C.S. We wish the new Editor the same success in his work as has attended that of J. H. Doughty, and look forward to the continuance of the high literary and pictorial standard of this *Journal*.

C. W. P.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, Vol. VII., No. 21.

There are several articles on cave exploration in this *Journal* which should prove of special interest to climbers who have as yet had no experience in this variation of mountain craft. There is also a list at the end of the *Journal* describing new cave climbing discoveries in eighteen different places, so that by assimilating all the knowledge thus made available one ought to become a fairly convincing cave man.

An article by the first President, entitled "Forty Years On," describes the formation and rapid development of this flourishing Club. There is also a very good account of an excursion to the Drakensberg in South Africa, which describes the particular difficulties which are to be encountered in an expedition of this kind.

The quality of the photographs is rather mixed, but some are good.

I. M. C.

The Himalayan Journal, Vol. VI., 1934.

The 1934 number of this *Journal* is of outstanding interest, as it contains accounts by the Leaders of the Mount Everest Expedition of 1933, and also of the Marco Pallis Expedition to Gangotri and Leo Pargial. In addition, there is also a most interesting account of the flight over Everest by L. V. Stewart Blacker, and many other accounts of expeditions of varying importance in the Himalaya.

Both to the mountaineer and to the layman Mr Rutledge's account must rank as the most interesting article in this number. He has compressed his story into a bare sixteen pages, and while we regret that the article should be so short, yet one effect of this condensation is that we are the more readily able to grasp the essential features of the expedition. Each phase is briefly and simply described, and one is left with a very clear impression of the various stages of the expedition and of the difficulties which were encountered and how they were dealt with.

Lieutenant Oliver's description of his expedition to Dunagiri and Trisul is an interesting account of how the minor expeditions are carried out in the Himalaya, and the figures and costs which he gives in an appendix are particularly instructive. The party consisted of Lieutenant Oliver and Mr David Campbell, 8 Bhotias, 20 Agency coolies, and a cook. Equipment, including tents and outfits, for the five porters who were taken to the high camps, came to £123. Transport to and from the climbing area cost £39, while the portorage on the actual mountains cost £42. A further £48 was

required for provisions. It will thus be seen that each member of the party had to pay £61. 10s. for equipment (which could presumably be used again) and £64. 10s. for transport and food. The expedition lasted from 23rd May to 28th June, so it would appear that the costs compare favourably with those of a guided holiday in the Alps.

The photographs in this number are outstandingly good, especially those taken on the Mount Everest Flight. I. M. C.

Cambridge Mountaineering, 1934.

This *Journal* is especially to be recommended to those who think that the post-war generation is lacking in initiative and enterprise. The Cambridge Club pursues its mountaineering activities with vigour and enthusiasm in all parts of the globe, and this number of their *Journal* provides very interesting accounts of Expeditions in Iceland and Corsica, Greenland and Glen Brittle, Newfoundland, Norway, and Everest itself. When you consider that this Club automatically loses a third of its members every year, you will agree that the record of their achievements should give the S.M.C. a lot to think about.

The account of the Ski-Mountaineering Meet in the Bernese Oberland is very instructive. At this Meet the proportion of experienced ski-mountaineers was very small, yet the record of achievement was really excellent.

The account of climbing in the Cherryhinton Chalk Pits describes rather an unusual variation of mountaineering. This type of climbing apparently demands a special technique, for the article concludes with the sentence: "The domestic poker with a sharp end has been used as a piton, but the chalk was found deficient in holding power and the poker in rigidity."

A number of the photographs are exceptionally good.

I. M. C.

Tramping in Derbyshire. By W. T. Palmer. Country Life. 3s. 6d.

This is the latest addition to the "tramping" series of pocket guide-books. For a guide-book it is unusually readable, and anyone contemplating a visit to the Peak District would find it an admirable companion.

La Nuit des Drus. By Charles Gos. Editions, Victor Attinger.

As this is the third edition of this most excellent novel, probably it needs no further recommendation. It tells the story of a traverse of the Drus and of a night spent in an involuntary bivouac just below the summit of the Grand Dru. Although it is fiction it is grippingly real, and no one, mountaineer or not, can fail to be thrilled by the suspense which they will feel on that precarious ledge. Monsieur Gos is well known as a fine mountaineer, but while he is not unique in that, he is one of the few who can wield an expert pen as well.

The Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District. 1933. Vol. IX., No. 3; No. 27 of Series.

"It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest." While we would hesitate to describe our kindred Club as an ill bird, there seems no doubt that the second part of the proverb applies to the last number of its *Journal*. It is surprising to read in the article, "More of Arfon," such depreciation of Lake District climbing and such fulsome praise of Welsh climbing. Many expert rock-climbers will disagree with the personal and possibly prejudiced views expressed in this article, but the slur upon the Lake District remains. Comparisons are odious.

The remainder of the *Journal* is of the usual general interest. We are glad to see more Lake District material than is usually included in the contents of this *Journal*. "Then—and Now," by C. F. Holland; "Some Half-Forgotten Cumbrian Climbs," by J. A. Musgrave; "Dog Day," by W. Heston Cooper; "Esk Hause," by W. T. Palmer, and "On Guide Writing," by C. J. A. Cooper, come into this category, as well as "Climbs Old and New," by A. T. Hargreaves, and "The Year with the Club," by L. H. Pollitt.

"Himalayan Mountaineering" and "Everest, 1933" are dealt with by General Bruce and J. L. Longland respectively. E. W. Hodge writes of "Canna and Rum," W. T. Elmslie of "The Two Thousand Footers of England," and J. F. Burton of "Königspitze, Zeburu, and Ortler."

Poems by G. W. Young and C. P. Lapage help to complete an interesting number.

The illustrations are, on the whole, satisfactory. It would be invidious for the present reviewer to discriminate, but the pictures in the Mont Blanc Portfolio were highly praised by no less an authority than Dr Thurstan Holland.

We would like to congratulate Mr Speaker, the new Editor, on the success of this, his first "Fell and Rock" *Journal*.

G. G. M.

The Songs of Skye. An Anthology, edited by B. H. Humble. Eneas Mackay, Stirling. 3s. 6d.

These verses have surely caught something of the enchantment of an island which bids fair to rival the Isles of Greece as a fount of bardic inspiration. The poems are of varied moods, and to those who know *Eilean Àrd a' Cheò*, they call heart and memory Westward, perhaps to watch again peak and corrie in sun or shadow, to dream of "far-off things and battles long ago," or even to feel once more the hands tingle to the rasp of gabbro.

The arrangement of the book is good, the verses being supplemented by prose notes, and grouped as Wayfaring, Legendary and Romantic, Mountains and Moorland, etc. The illustrations are first rate.

D. M.

Mountain Days in the Isle of Skye. By J. E. B. Wright. The Moray Press. 12s. 6d.

This, so far as I am aware, is the first book on mountaineering written by a British Mountaineering guide. Most of us who earn our living in less interesting ways will envy Mr Wright for the obvious pleasure he takes in the exercise of his profession. If only Swiss guides took a similar delight in the mountain landscape we would be saved the long arguments which arise when the guide wants to return to the fleshpots in the valley and the tourist wants a little more of the view. The book is well written. It is interesting throughout, frequently amusing, and in places quite charming. The reader who has yet to visit Skye cannot fail to have his interest and curiosity stimulated. Those of us to whom the Cuillin are familiar, as we follow Mr Wright over those well-known faces and ridges, have the double delight of the narrative and of reviving the memory of our own thoughts and experiences on the same ground.

Mr Wright has hard things to say about the S.M.C. stretcher at Glenbrittle. He calls it, in fact, a "damnable invention." Can it be that we have erred in this matter, that it is easier to transport an injured man on a light bamboo stretcher than suspended from a long rigid pole? Here is material for much argument, experiment, and several meetings of the appropriate Sub-Committee.

The illustrations in the book are really excellent. One of the Appendices, however, purports to give the phonetic equivalents of our Cuillin names. Gaelic is an intractable language to the English ear, but surely something nearer than *varelack* might have been found for the word *bealach*, and is it not rather unnecessary to disguise our old friend *Coire Lagan* as *Corrie Lagan*? The statement on the wrapper of the book to the effect that Mr Wright was

the first professional guide in this country is hardly accurate. The late John Mackenzie of Sligachan, and Gaspard, who was guide in the English Lake District, can both claim priority in this respect.

M. M.

[In 1929, after an accident on the Brenva Glacier, one of our party was carried 4,000 ft. down to Courmayeur on a stretcher of the pole type referred to in the above review. The guides informed me that it would have been impossible to have accomplished this descent with a stretcher of the "light bamboo" type advocated by Mr Wright. The installation of the pole type at Glenbrittle was greatly determined by the knowledge of such persons as these guides whose opinions on matters of this sort are, without question, the most valuable obtainable.—Editor's Note.]

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.



CLIMBING DOWN.

I HAVE just been enjoying your article in the April *Journal* on "Climbing Down," and I am in such agreement with it that I feel urged to express a seconding of it. I think the two main causes of so little descending of climbs among our members must be: (1) Never having done it, and consequent ignorance of the enjoyment to be had from it; (2) desire for not too long a day (euphemy for laziness?), appetite for ultra-montane stuff satisfied by the climb, and therefore a turning to a quick and easy descent.

I have thought that once one got over the unfamiliarity of climbing down, on the average it should be no more difficult than climbing up, that although the descent of some climbs may be more difficult than the ascent, others are vice versa. In some respects climbing down is more enjoyable than climbing up, giving just as good sport with less exertion. Also, it should, if anything, be slightly safer than climbing up, as in a descent the second or third man can often give the leader (the last man down) useful advice and directions.

This letter, too, gives me the pleasure of expressing a grumble which I might have made more than once in the last two or three years when I have been the only one in the party who has been keen to climb, but for harmony's sake have fallen in with the wishes of the majority for getting down quickly and easily. Although all grumbles should be stillborn, I shall indulge myself in expressing this one at this late date. Perhaps the few people concerned may remember and regret the pleasures they missed on those occasions.

Yes, climbing down should be practised and enjoyed much oftener than it has been.

I. G. J.

ISLE OF MAY.

The following notes may be of interest as a supplement to Ross M'Lean's article on "The Isle of May." They are the result of visits to the island in June 1933 and 1934, but as the primary object

of these visits was not climbing, they cannot be regarded as complete.

The western landing-place is immediately to the north of the cliffs, and any climbing north of this is confined to short scrambles. Immediately to the south of the landing-place is a large buttress which can be climbed. The first 10 feet require some effort with the arms. A break in the cliff follows, and then another buttress of the same height (70 or 80 feet). This gives three good climbs. It is divided in the middle by a deep cleft, which gives a strenuous foot-and-back pitch, and on each side of this cleft is a buttress, each of which is climbable. The foot of the buttress is accessible at low water, and even at high tide a descent can be made by one route and the return by another. The rock is sound and clean. Beyond this, and again accessible at low water, is a series of easy ledges by which the base of the cliffs can be followed for a considerable distance. The route eventually passes through a cleft in the rock to a little cove, beyond which further progress is barred, except to swimmers. Just before the cleft there is a corner which runs to the top of the cliff, and looks climbable, especially in the autumn when the rock is cleaner. The only danger on this traverse is from falling eggs, dislodged by frightened birds above. No other route on the cliffs was observed till near the lighthouse, where there is a big break. Beyond this they rise again to their greatest height, sheer at first, but farther on relenting a little. At this point a scrambling descent can be made to the foot, down a shallow groove, and no doubt harder variations could be worked out. Not far beyond this is Pilgrim's Haven. The pinnacle here was climbed in 1934 to the gap between its twin summits, about 12 feet from the top. Except for a section of moderate difficulty about half-way up, this was quite easy. Some of the rocks near the top are unpleasantly sharp for bare feet, and this defeated an attempt on the south top, while the combination of an east wind and a wet bathing costume prevented an exploration of the north top, which looks difficult and highly sensational. On the cliffs overlooking the stack there is a smaller pinnacle, about 20 feet on its shortest side, which gives a difficult climb. There are a number of large stacks on the east side of the island, opposite Pilgrim's Haven, but a hasty inspection revealed no feasible route on any of them.

J. Y. MACDONALD.

THE SECONDARY TOWER RIDGE.

An attempt was made on 26th March 1934 to climb the Secondary Tower Ridge by a more direct route than that taken in 1931. A start was made about 50 yards beyond the Douglas Boulder, up a series of shallow grooves. This part was not difficult, though care

was needed on account of ice underlying the snow. When about half-way to the crest of the main ridge, we turned sharply to the right up a chimney which is the true continuation of the Secondary Ridge Corridor, although very much reduced in size. This section was not easy, and might retain its difficulty in summer conditions. It is, however, quite adequately belayed. This led us to the Corridor, which we crossed to the Ridge; and this we followed to the level of the ice-fall in the Corridor. Progress was here barred by a little icy chimney, which necessitated a difficult traverse to the left, over slabs, involving the run-out of the full 80 feet of rope. The return traverse at a higher level, and the remainder of the ascent to three small summits, offered less difficulty despite the steepening rocks. The sudden downward view of the majestic gully that separates the second from the first summit is the surprise of the climb. From the third summit the Tower Ridge just below the Little Tower was easily accessible. The Secondary Ridge is again at this point intersected by a gully, beyond which, though the corridor could easily be followed to the Great Tower, the Ridge itself is too broken up to yield any continuous climbing. The route described makes an interesting variation to the lower part of the Tower Ridge, and is a much sounder mountaineering proposition than the 1931 route.

H. W. TURNBULL.

J. Y. MACDONALD.

BEN MORE ASSYNT, BEINN AN FHURAIN CHIMNEY.

In approaching Ben More Assynt on 24th June 1934, contouring up Beinn an Fhurain from Gleann Dubh, W. L. Coats (J.M.C.S.) and I noticed on Beinn an Fhurain, in the corrie between it and Conival, some crags of a dark grey which promised better rock than the surrounding whitish Cumbrian quartzite. We tackled the conspicuous chimney in the longest part of that face and found (for us) quite a stiff climb of about 150 feet.

A featureless 10 feet led to the narrow chimney, about 20 feet up which were small chockstones. We took the through route behind them. Deep-chested people, or those with corporations (if any of the latter climb) would find this rather tight, as we of ordinary slim build had only about an inch to spare. The outside route did not seem very practicable or very much wider. Above the stance on these chockstones the tight chimney continued for 10 feet, then the next few feet, where the chimney closed, were rather exposed until one gained a good platform above. Four feet to the right we continued up an almost vertical large flake with small but good ledge-holds,

and although its top was a few inches out from the face, it seemed perfectly sound. An unstable-looking tower a few feet to the right looked as if it might topple over some day. From the top of the flake the angle lessened and the rock was more broken up.

The lower part of the climb was vertical, the platform half-way up, where the chimney closed, being directly over the start. Care was necessary in the choice of holds and belays, but the holds used which did not seem quite sound were adequate, being in the security of the chimney.

The climb is certainly short and therefore insignificant, but our excuse for mentioning it is that it lies on the line of approach to Ben More from Inchnadamph, and, although short, it gave enjoyable sport to a day which seemed likely to be only a hill-walking one (although even without that sport Ben More would have satisfied with its view and its architecture of ridges and depths). On that account we thought it worthy of mention for the information of any who might be interested. Some other routes on that face looked possible, though mostly even shorter.

I. G. JACK.

A THIRD "TOP" FOR SGÜRR A' MHAIM.

I strongly suggest that Stob Coire a' Mhail, the culminating point of the Devil's Ridge on Sgürr a' Mhaim, be included as a "top" in the next revision of Munro's "Tables," as it has all the characteristics of a good "top": individuality, well-marked gradient, and considerable dip on each side.

Traversing Sgürr a' Mhaim in August this year, the following were my aneroid readings:—

Sgùr an Iubhair	.	.	.	3,300 feet.
Col	.	.	.	3,070 „
Stob Coire a' Mhail	.	.	.	3,280 „
Col	.	.	.	3,070 „
Sgürr a' Mhaim	.	.	.	3,600 „

My readings agree closely with Corner's (Vol. X., pp. 356-357): "In between Sgürr a' Mhaim and Sgùr an Iubhair is a peak about 3,300 feet high, separated from each by a col about 3,000 feet high. A hill presenting such individuality . . . merits recognition."

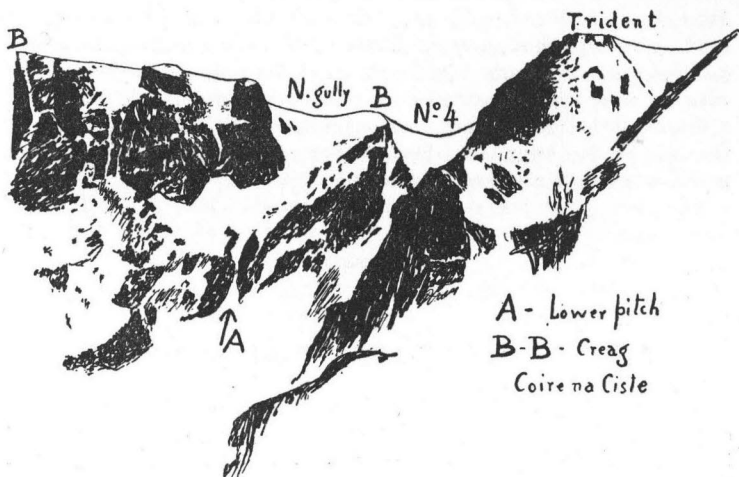
Special mention of this "top" is made in the S.M.C. "Central Highlands Guide Book," and also in the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, Vol. II., p. 389.

ROBT. M. GALL INGLIS.

BEN NEVIS.

NORTH GULLY, CREAG COIRE NA CISTE.

What appears to be in part a new ascent was made on 24th March 1934 on the cliffs between Nos. 3 and 4 Gullies. The climb starts at a height of about 3,575 feet up a conspicuous little gully, which leads from Coire na Ciste through the lower rocks of the buttress and gives access to a large snowfield, which, in turn, sweeps upwards to the right in the form of a wide gully or couloir reaching the summit



plateau immediately to the south of No. 4 Gully. It is just concealed from the hut by the Trident Buttress. While the upper portion is perfectly simple, and its cornices probably avoidable in most years, the lower gully provides an excellent ice pitch very similar to that on the Stob Ghabhar Couloir. Its crux is a 10-foot bulge, very steep, at the narrowest part of the gully, which took over two hours to negotiate under thawing conditions. The rocks immediately flanking the pitch are difficult, but would probably "go" under summer conditions. There is a record in the "Book of Climbs" of a forced descent somewhere about here, the party having evidently mistaken the head of the upper gully for that of No. 4 in misty conditions.

As there appear to be several well-marked climbs on this cliff, we think it should be named, and, after consultation with the Rev. A. E. Robertson, we suggest that it should be called "Creag Coire na Ciste." The climb just described would then be the "North Gully."

H. W. TURNBULL.
J. Y. MACDONALD.

The Cambridge University Mountaineering Club held an Easter Vacation Meet at Kingshouse during the week 19th to 26th March. Eighteen members were present, including E. A. M. Wedderburn (for one day), P. D. Baird, E. J. A. Leslie, and K. W. Simmonds. The new management dealt admirably with the trying needs of a large, wet, and hungry climbing community, and the comforts provided added greatly to our enjoyment.

A heavy fall of snow made all expeditions long and strenuous, several parties returning well after dark, but a lengthy glissade could usually be found to finish the day. Night frosts and day thaws served to consolidate the snow slightly in the gullies, and remove it to a great extent from steep rock towards the end of the week. Weather conditions were mainly fine and the views superb, while the spring sun on white expanses of snow caused a real need for tinted glasses.

Under these conditions the Aonach Eagach ridge was an excellent and popular expedition, times averaging about eight or nine hours for the complete traverse: latterly, however, climbers were inclined to find toboggan runs on slabby sections where a series of snow steps was desirable.

Sròn na Creise under snow, as viewed from Kingshouse, tempted several parties to attack the face, but on the whole this was disappointing, though a small slanting gully defeated three assaults on its one and only pitch.

Stob Dearg was a tough opponent during the early days of the week, and such easy summer ascents as the Curved Ridge and the North Buttress yielded hard, exciting climbing. The Crowberry was climbed by the ordinary route under very wintry conditions, and on the last day, when the rocks were much more free from snow, by the direct route, though the slabs were still in a very tricky state. This party was able to rescue an axe left accidentally by the former on the Crowberry Tower in their anxiety to avoid being benighted.

Leslie attempted an attractive-looking gully on Stob na Bròige, but found it wet and quite impracticable. He also investigated the fault gully on Ant-Sròn which gave little difficulty, as it was entered high up above the steep section.

Some more interesting climbs are detailed below.

AONACH DUBH—WESTERN FACE.

Crofton and Evans ascended a gully situated second to the right or south of the Dinner Time Buttress, reporting twelve pitches of step-cutting and scrambling, the climb taking six hours. They then glissaded down the neighbouring gully, which became alarmingly steep, so they retreated over the ridge into Coire an Lochain.

BEINN FHADA.

A small ridge at the head of the Lairig Eilde, seen end on from the main road, made an amusing route to Beinn Fhada and thence to Bidean. It narrows sensationally at one point, and on the cliffs on the west side, about half-way up, rock climbs can be made: one of these, on a projecting rib, though short, was quite stiff. Two parties, Baird and Coulson, and Allberry, Kendall, and T. M. Wedderburn, did this ridge.

STOB COIRE NAN LOCHAN—S.C. GULLY.

This was climbed by two ropes, Baird, Leslie, and Fynes-Clinton on the 23rd, and E. A. M. Wedderburn, Greenwood, and A. F. Bell on the 25th, taking five, and two and a half hours respectively. From a small pinnacle, approached in soft snow, the climb started up a rock rib near the true right wall of the gully, thus avoiding a pitch of vertical ice: snow had to be cleared off all the rock holds. The main ice bed, which was at an angle of 50° to 60° , was now followed for about 70 feet to a rock belay. Directly above this the angle steepened hopelessly, but to the right was a convexly curving ice-fall separated from the belay by a short vertical wall. This was the crux of the climb, but by using rock handholds and ice footholds a part-ascent, part-traverse could be made till the ice-bulge was reached and pure step-cutting resumed.

For 50 feet the ice continued steeply, then the angle eased to 45° , and a covering of snow appeared in which steps could be sometimes kicked, sometimes slashed. No further pitches occurred, and the exit was made to the left, up a little chimney without a cornice, though overhanging the true left wall of the gully were some terrible waves of snow.

Both parties agreed that this was the most enjoyable Scottish winter gully climb they had experienced. P. D. B.

ORDNANCE SURVEY OFFICE NOTES ON
CONTOURS, HEIGHTS, ETC.

The following extracts from letters sent by the Director-General will be of interest, as they clear up some dubieties and indicate that where 250-foot contours appear on the maps they have been instrumentally determined, and can therefore be relied on.

In Munro's "Tables," the height of Beinn an Lochain is given as 3,021 feet, on the authority of the original 6-inch Map. Subsequent editions of both 6-inch and 1-inch Maps all give it as less than 3,000 feet, and many have come to doubt that it has a right to be included in the "Tables." This is now finally cleared up.

Slioch has also come under suspicion, doubts having been expressed as to the actuality of the 3,250 contour, but in view of the fourth paragraph below, this must have been definitely measured.

The Càrn a Bhutha reference is to an entirely new 3,000-foot contour, shown in the new Popular Map, at the west end of the Càrn Bhac Ridge—a new “Top” to be added to the “Tables,” noted in the recent “Revised Tables.”

O.S. OFFICE, SOUTHAMPTON, 27th July and 17th August 1933.

“The Popular Edition of the 1-inch Map of Scotland has superseded the old hill-shaded edition, and this latter will not be reprinted.

“The new 1-inch Scottish sheets are on the Cassini projection. The origin of projection is Delamere, Long. $2^{\circ} 41' 03''$ W.

“It is the practice of the O.S. not to publish any heights unless these have been determined either trigonometrically or by levelling.

“On the other hand, the contours above 1,000 feet on the 1-inch Popular Edition have only been instrumentally surveyed at every 250 feet, intervening contours are interpolations from form lines visually surveyed at the time of the original survey.

“Consequently, as stated on the map, such intermediate contours are approximate only, and where a peak is very nearly 3,000 feet the highest reliable contour is that at 2,750 feet unless the height of the summit has been instrumentally determined as stated above.

“*Beinn an Lochain*.—There is a trigonometrical height of 3,021 feet on this hill; this will be attended to on the next edition.

“*Foinaven*.—There are instrumental heights all along the ridge, and 2,980 feet is the height of the highest peak (Ganu Mor or Ceann Mor).

“*Càrn a' Bhutha*.—There is no instrumental height recorded on the original 6-inch. On the original hill-sketching, however, a figure of 3,000 is recorded, and this probably refers to the summit as the estimated height, as the 3,000-foot contour is not penned in, implying that the peak just reaches 3,000 and no more. . . . We only show such spot heights where instrumental levelling has been taken.”

J. G. I.

THE SWISS GUIDE.

The Swiss guide's note-book usually consists of brief and unimaginative accounts of the climbs up which he has conducted his patrons. There is a monotony about most of these narratives which seems to offer an oblique criticism of the spirit of guided mountaineering: “Hans — was very kind and helpful throughout . . . we were back in Zermatt by tea time.” “He is very courteous and efficient,” and so on. It all rather reminds one of the refrain in Lily Morris's song, “He's a nice, kind, clean, old man.”

From time to time, however, there comes an Alpinist endowed with the highest literary gifts who is able to describe for us the true history of some epic climb (*Tariff fcs. 90*). It is my privilege to present two such accounts culled from the note-book of a well-known Swiss guide. All names are excluded, but the accuracy of the accounts is guaranteed by the writer and another member of the S.M.C. The first narrative is as follows:—

“A girl’s best friend may be her mother—but when it comes to Matterhorns and such like, I would think of no one this girl would rather have around than —. Having saved us from several fates worse than death, he still remained cheerful.”

“Now,” as Para Handy would say, “let us pause and consider.” This guide appears to have exercised a vigilance even greater than a mother’s care and to have saved the young lady from *several* fates worse than death. That makes you think. How one would like to have further details, but perhaps she sold her exclusive story to the *News of the World*.

Here is the other account:—

“I have known — three years now, and each year I get to like and know and trust him more. But it can’t go on much longer as I already like and know and trust him so well already. On the 16th of August 1932 we did the Wellenkuppe, and I never felt safer in a ballroom! Thanks to —.”

Here we have another problem. When the tourist’s *schwarmerei* has been raised to the n th power does it explode like a burst balloon and drop to zero or perhaps even change to antipathy? The poignant words “it can’t go on much longer” suggest that a revulsion of feeling might be imminent. But a more comforting solution is available. It is possible that the tourist means that his powers of admiration have reached saturation point (x''), and that henceforward any advance is physically impossible but that the admiration will remain constant at x'' . I wish I knew. X. Y. Z.

BROCKEN SPECTRE AND BOW PHOTOGRAPHED.

On 21st June last year I ascended Càrn Mòr Dearg from the Hut to see the sunrise and get photographs of Ben Nevis. While standing on the cairn (4,012 feet) the morning mist, which filled Glen Nevis, swirled up over the arête, and a fine Brocken Spectre and Brocken Bow were projected before me. I pressed the trigger of my camera in the hope of getting a photograph of it. On the spool being developed the negative showed the apparition very clearly. The shadow of Càrn Mòr Dearg and my own on its summit were projected sharply against Ben Nevis through the mist, and the Brocken Bow was distinctly reproduced as well.

Unfortunately it was not possible to make a good reproduction of my photograph, but the second illustration on page 120B of the S.M.C. "General Guide" gives a fair idea of what was seen, only my shadow was very much smaller in the negative than that illustrated in the Guide.

I wonder if any other member has succeeded in photographing a Brocken Spectre.

ROBT. M. GALL INGLIS.

SOME NEW ROUTES AND VARIATIONS IN THE GLENCOE DISTRICT.

ARCH GULLY—STOB COIRE NAM BEITH.

From the account of this which appears in the "Central Highlands Guide" it is not clear whether the upper 120-foot triple chimney pitch has actually been climbed or not. The whole gully, including this pitch, which was taken direct, was climbed by C. M. Allan and J. H. B. Bell in December 1933. The only really difficult section lies in this upper pitch, where the chimney is for a stretch so wide as to necessitate very slow and tiring progress by the back and foot method. The pitch is severe, and resembles the upper part of the Devil's Cauldron in the Chasm of Buachaille Etive.

DEVIL'S CAULDRON; CHASM: SIDE EXIT.

Owing to the prevailing type of weather in the West Highlands, it must be very seldom that the Devil's Cauldron is sufficiently dry to justify the direct ascent up the stream bed. Several parties have made exits up the south wall, generally making use of combined tactics for the ascent of a nearly vertical difficult chimney with a half-closed top. This chimney is by no means clear of unsound holds and loose rock. In June 1932 C. M. Allan and J. H. B. Bell found a route by traversing out of the chimney on difficult slabs and returning to its upper part. This was rather severe also. In June 1934 a sound and satisfactory solution to the problem was discovered by C. M. Allan, J. H. B. Bell, and Miss V. Roy. The leader and the rest of the party can be safeguarded throughout the climb. The lower part of the chimney is climbed for 20 feet or so. The leader is then safeguarded from above as he traverses out on to the true left wall, rather a difficult movement, on to slabby rock. The traverse continues upward towards the back of the Cauldron until it is possible to climb straight upwards to a good belay. The party can be safely brought up to this point. The route then goes straight up steep rocks for about 20 or 30 feet to a ledge, which, from a point a little to the left, gives access to a steep little chimney leading to the top of the wall quite near the top of the Lady's Pinnacle.

CENTRAL BUTTRESS—BUACHAILLE ETIVE.

The most direct route up this buttress as described in the "Central Highlands Guide" and climbed by C. M. Allan and J. H. B. Bell in November 1931 is rather unsatisfactory, as a considerable traverse to the right is made in the lower section below the Heather Ledge. On 21st July 1934 an improved and more direct variation was effected by a party consisting of C. M. Allan, J. H. B. Bell, and Miss M. B. Stewart. The route is the same to the point about 60 feet above the small semi-detached pinnacle, where the traverse to the right starts on the former route. Directly upwards the cliff face would not go, but a very short traverse to the left afforded much better prospects. The route there went straight up on exceedingly steep rocks, but with adequate holds and belays, to the southern end of the Heather Ledge. Probably this is about 250 feet above the pinnacle. The big, bleached rock waterslide is now on the left, and it is clear that the pioneer route on the Buttress must have ascended the next tier of rocks before traversing slightly downwards to the left under a steep, smooth rock face and up ledges beyond it, until it would be possible to work back into the upper part of the "dry" watercourse, and so to the top of the buttress. The present party had no difficulty with the first tier of rocks above the Heather Ledge. The following and final wall of rock affords the crux of the climb in a severe pitch of about 90 to 100 feet. Allan gave a magnificent lead—at first obliquely up to the left on minute holds towards a somewhat loose spillikin of rock projecting from a slab. A short severe section follows, with practically no holds, to a corner on the right, which is furnished with such a perfect belay as to justify the climb. Above the corner is a 15 to 20 foot smooth, holdless chimney, where the leader has to take a shoulder. This is very difficult, but it has been discovered by the last man that the chimney can be avoided by climbing the face on the left, where the precarious balance is relieved at the critical moment by one perfect hold for the right hand. Above this point a short and fairly easy scramble leads to the cairn on the top of the buttress.

CUNEIFORM BUTTRESS—BUACHAILLE ETIVE.

CENTRE CHIMNEY.

The Cuneiform Buttress was first climbed by J. H. B. Bell and A. Harrison in June 1930. In the upper part there is a conspicuous central chimney, which was avoided by the pioneers by an interesting traverse route on the west side of the buttress. On 1st September 1934 J. H. B. Bell and E. A. M. Wedderburn reascended the Buttress. Wedderburn led the chimney, which contains a severe pitch of about 50 or 60 feet in height. The approach to the chimney is a little loose and turfy in parts. There is a belay just below the start of the chimney. The chimney itself is nearly vertical, and the holds are rather small. As some of the rock is not perfectly sound, great care is necessary. There is no difficulty above the chimney.

AONACH DUBH—LOWER N.E. NOSE.

This climb was done by C. M. Allan and J. H. B. Bell on 2nd September 1934. The total height of the climb is probably rather under 300 feet, but it took several hours. It has the further merit, to the lazy man, of starting at a level of 1,500 feet or so. It is also almost certain that other entertaining routes may be found on the same rock face. From the Glencoe road, just below the Chancellor, this nose of rock is unmistakable. On the left the rock wall is nearly vertical and has a glazed appearance. There is a conspicuous chimney, which separates the glazed wall from the more corrugated part of the left face close to the actual nose separating the north and east faces. The route finishes up this vertical chimney, which contains two conspicuous trees of which the lower one is larger. The first trouble is to reach the big tree a bit below the base of the chimney. The route lies up one or two lower narrow chimneys, the entrance to one of which is blocked by another rowan tree. The whole face nearly overhangs outwards. Above the main tree is a difficult 20-foot pitch leading to a large flake of rock, which forms a wonderful belay just where it is needed. The bottom of the vertical chimney starts from here above a small grassy recess. It is the only way out and looks pretty bad, as the first 20 feet is about 9 inches wide, the walls being quite holdless. Stocking soles and wedging tactics are necessary. Soon it is possible to use push footholds on the face outside the chimney. The next severe section is where some wedged blocks necessitate an outside pull. The blocks are not above suspicion. An inside route follows to the base of the small upper tree. This tree is a bit rotten. Thereafter sound rock, without much in the way of a belay, leads to the next chockstone pitch. This goes fairly easily, and a short scramble up the good sound right wall leads easily to the top of the buttress.

J. H. B. B.

MANTELSHELF BOULDER—COIRE LAGAN, SKYE.

On the south-east side of Coire Lagan, practically in line with the start of the West Central Gully and close to an outcrop of ice-worn rock, stands a large boulder crowned with a cairn. There are several obvious ascents, and a traverse can be made round three sides; the fourth side overhangs slightly, and is convenient for practising abseiling. In these respects the boulder is hardly worthy of special mention.

It possesses, however, one rather unique little problem which provides an excellent study in balance. On the overhanging side there is a small sloping mantelshelf, which might more appropriately be termed a niche, and the problem consists of a traverse from this shelf round the corner on to the south-west face. The absence of nail-marks suggests that it may not have been previously done,

although the boulder has obviously been visited. It would certainly repay a visit from any party with half an hour or more to spend in the corrie, and this, coupled with the popularity of Coire Lagan and the fact that in the latest "Guide" boulders are not considered unworthy of mention, suggested that the present note might be of interest.

W. L. COATS.

The following sets of the *Journal* are available, as stated under :—

Vols. 1 to 19 and the three Guide Books, with the Index to Vols. 1 to 10. Neatly bound, cloth sides, morocco backs, leather titles; price £18. 10s. (eighteen pounds ten shillings).

Vols. 1 to 19 and Index to Vols. 1 to 10. Uniformly bound in art linen, leather titles; price £16. 10s. (sixteen pounds ten shillings).

A good set can also be supplied of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, Parts 1 to 75, bound in 12 vols., with the last four parts in paper covers, price £7. 10s. (seven pounds ten shillings). John Grant, Bookseller, 31 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.

FOUND.

A graduated sky-filter in black metal mount to fit a lens of approximately 1 inch outside flange diameter. This can be obtained by applying to the Hon. Editor.

NEW CLIMBS ON BUACHAILLE ETIVE MÒR.

CREAG A' BHANCAIR—CENTRAL CHIMNEY.

This crag is situated low down near the bottom of the glen almost opposite Altnafeadh, and is well seen from the main road.

The climb is the only obvious route up the centre of the crag, and starts at the top of a conspicuous cone of turf. It leads upwards by a series of gigantic steps, heavily covered with sheets of loose, mossy vegetation. Near the top a cave is reached from which a black overhanging chimney proves to be the crux of the climb. Under the cold and wet conditions prevailing on 28th May 1934 this chimney was found to be very hard.

Climbed by G. G. M., G. F. T., G. C. W., and I. G. J.

STOB COIRE NAN TUILEACHAN—N.E. RIDGE.

To the east of the Creag a' Bhancair, the north-easterly ridge of Stob Coire nan Tuileachan rises into a prominent rocky buttress about half-way up, with steep faces on either side, particularly the west side.

On the northern edge of this steep west face a route was made keeping close to the edge and at times actually crossing on to the face. Considerable variation is possible to the left, and an easier route was made on the more broken-up rocks to the east.

Climbed by G. G. M., G. F. T., G. C. W., and I. G. J.

S.M.C. ABROAD—1933.

In July of 1933 I spent three weeks at Fionnay, in the Val de Bagnes, a charming and unspoilt district. My chief objective was the Grand Combin, and I managed to accomplish this towards the end of my time. With my guide (Louis Felley) and porter I slept at the Pannossière Hut, and next day made the ascent by the usual Corridor route, which is entirely a snow and ice expedition. I had thought of descending either by the steep south face (and thus to the Chanrion Hut) or else by the west arête (on which steep rocks are also encountered) to the Col des Maisons Blanches, but, owing to the bad state of the rocks, we decided to return by the Corridor route, although such a proceeding is against all the canons of mountaineering, owing to the risk of ice avalanches in the afternoon. Fortunately we got down safely, and Felley told me that, wonderful to relate, no accident has ever happened here.

I also ascended, under Felley's guidance, the Pointe de Rosa Blanche, Combin de Corbassière, and Mont Pleureur, the last-named with Mr D. F. O. Dangar, a member of the Alpine Club. All these expeditions were rendered extremely toilsome by an abnormal quantity of snow, and an intended ascent of the Ruinette had to be given up owing to bad weather.

C. R. P. VANDELEUR.

S.M.C. ABROAD—1934.

In June of this year W. B. and G. R. Speirs spent a fortnight in the Bernese Oberland, with Emile Perren of Zermatt as guide. The weather was not too kind, and there was a lot of new snow, but, in spite of this, a most enjoyable, if not very ambitious, programme was carried out, as shown below.

On 18th June we arrived at Lenk and walked up to the Wildhorn Hut.

Next morning we ascended the Wildhorn, the going being good

over fairly hard snow, and the weather was perfect. We descended by the Glacier de Ténchét to the Rawil Pass, and so to the Wildstrubhel Hut. Shortly after our arrival at the hut the weather broke, and it rained all afternoon.

Snow fell all the next day, and we stayed on in the hut in the hope that it might clear, but the following morning it was still snowing, so we abandoned the idea of climbing the Wildstrubhel and descended to Iffigenalp. From there we crossed the Hannenmoos to Adelboden. The weather was gradually clearing up, so we continued by post-auto and train to Kandersteg.

On the 22nd the weather was perfect, and in the afternoon we ascended the Gemmi Pass to Schwarenbach Hotel, where we spent the night.

Next morning we were away at 1 A.M., and, ascending by the Schwarzgletscher and the Zagengrat, we reached the summit of the Balmhorn at 5 A.M. The snow again was hard and the going perfect. We descended to Schwarenbach, and thence by the Gasterntal to Kandersteg, where we caught the train to Grindelwald. Here we collected our skis, and, having purchased a large quantity of provisions, we took the train on the afternoon of the 24th to the Jungfrauoch.

Next morning we left the hotel at 3 A.M. and crossed the Jungfrau firn on skis to the steep snow below the Rottal Sattel, where we left the skis and ascended the Jungfrau on foot. When we got back to the hotel the mist came down, and we had to postpone an attempt on the Mönch. Next morning it was very misty and snowing slightly, so about 10 A.M. we gave up hope of climbing the Mönch and set off on skis for the Concordia Hut, and we had a good run down in spite of the handicap of heavy rucksacks and the rope. At midday it cleared up, so we made an expedition on skis to the Grünhornlücke.

We were up at 5 next morning, and, with our baggage, climbed again to the Grünhornlücke, where we left our skis and climbed the Grünhornli. There was a good deal of soft new snow lying on rotten rocks, so that the climbing was not very pleasant. However, we had a fine ski run down to the Finsteraarhorn Hut.

At 2.30 A.M. we left the hut on foot, lighted by a full moon shining in a cloudless sky. The snow was perfect, and we climbed rapidly to the foot of the rocks at the Hugi Sattel. These were covered with snow in places, but at 5.20 we reached the summit. The view was perfect, but the summit was very small and it was cold, so we did not delay long and arrived at the hut at 6.45. After breakfast and a rest we packed up and set off on skis to the Grünhornlücke. The snow was still hard, so we unroped and had a fine run down to the Concordia Platz. The surface, however, was rapidly softening, so we roped up again and climbed slowly up to Lötchenlücke. Just as we reached the Hollander Hut, clouds came up from the west, and within a short time the rain was falling.

We wakened to find 2 feet of new snow and a thick mist. At 7.30

visibility had improved slightly, but as the barometer was falling rapidly we left for Fafleralp. Conditions were too difficult for ski-ing, so it was very hard work going down the Lötchenfirn in the driving snow carrying skis and a heavy rucksack. We understood that there was a post to take our skis from Blatten to Goppenstein, but on arrival we found that it was a feast day and even the post was on holiday! So there was nothing for it but to continue with our burdens for the remaining 5 miles.

In spite of this we consider that skis are very useful to the climber in the early summer, and they saved us a great deal of time and labour in crossing the high glaciers, where, during the day, the traveller on foot is often sinking to the knees. It is also possible to make very pleasant expeditions on skis immediately after bad weather, when the rocks are impossible because of new snow.

W. N. Ling was in the Zillerthal and Hohe Tauern districts at the end of July and beginning of August with P. J. H. Unna and R. Corry, members, Miss I. M. Corry, of New Zealand and Dolomite fame, and J. W. Brown. The party experienced very broken weather, but achieved the ascents of the Feldkopf (Zsigsmöndy Spitz)—a fine rock climb—Kitzsteinhorn, Wiesbachhorn, Bratschenkopf, and Glockerin. A visit to Carinthia was without any mountaineering result owing to bad weather.

Robert Jeffrey sends the following note:—

My wife and I were at Courmayeur from 6th to 21st July, and had on the whole very good weather—only two short breaks. On 7th and 8th July as training walks and for views we climbed Chétif, Mont de la Saxe, and Tête Bernarde. On 9th July we were joined by our guide, Alphonse Chenoz, with his son Attilio as porter, and in the afternoon we went up to the Gamba Hut. On 10th July we traversed L'Innominata from the Col Fresnay, and on 11th July the Aig. Joseph Croux from Col L'Innominata. The weather broke in the afternoon, and remained unsettled until 14th July, when we spent the day toiling up to the Torino Hut. On Sunday, 15th, it snowed all day, which interfered with our plans, as we were anxious to climb Mont Blanc by either the Brenva or the Pétérét route. On the 16th we started late and climbed the Aig. du Géant. We found it quite amusing, as the fixed ropes and ledges were covered with new snow and small icicles, which the guide sent down on our unfortunate

heads. On 17th July we climbed the Aig. du Midi, and on the 18th the Tour Ronde, the latter by a snow couloir.

On the 19th, the big ridges being out of condition, we decided to climb Mont Blanc via Mont Blanc du Tacul and Mont Maudit. We left the Torino Hut at 2 A.M., and reached the summit of Mont Blanc at 9.15 A.M. The conditions were not easy, as there was a good deal of wind slab on underlying powder snow, and, as is well known, the whole route is very steep. We reached the Vallot Hut at 10 A.M., where we spent an hour, then crossed the Dôme du Gouter and descended by the Dôme arête towards the Aig. Grises, thence by the Dôme Glacier to the Dôme Hut, which we reached at 1.45 P.M. We left the Hut at 3.45, and descended by the Glacier de Miage to the Val Veni, and reached Courmayeur at 8.15 P.M. It was a glorious day, although there was the usual cold wind on the summit, and we had very extensive views. The weather broke again shortly after we reached Courmayeur, and we left for home in pouring rain, and thunder. We were therefore very lucky in getting so many peaks in so short a holiday.

G. Graham Macphee was abroad with a Swiss party in August. The following climbs were accomplished: Bieshorn, Besso, traverse of Marmout (an off-day), Zinal Rothorn (from Mountet Hut), traverse of Grand Cornier from Col de la Dent Blanche to Moiry Hut (starting from Mountet Hut), Pointe de Mourtry, and Pigne de la Lex. He then joined Smythe and Parry as below.

C. W. Parry was at Kandersteg for a week, where he traversed the Morgenhorn and Weissesfrau from the Blumlisalp Hut: was defeated at 11,000 feet on the Blumlisalphorn; ascended the first to photograph; ascended the Birrehorn; traversed the North Ridge of the Balmhorn from the Wildelsiegen Hut; traversed the Altels, and was defeated by time on an attempt on the unclimbed north face of the Prattlespitz.

Smythe, Macphee, and Parry then went to Zermatt, where they ascended Monte Rosa (the Signalkuppe, Zumsteinspitz, and Grenz-gipfel twice, and the Doufourspitz once); Macphee ascended the Riffelhorn; all three ascended the north side of the Col Tournanche, traversed the Tête du Lion, and traversed the Matterhorn (up Italian Ridge and down Swiss Ridge—four days on the mountain owing to storm forcing the party to spend two days in the Solvay Refuge); Macphee and Smythe ascended the Rimpfischhorn, and all three traversed the Adlerhorn and Strahlhorn. Macphee then went home, and Parry and Smythe, after travelling to Chamounix *en route* to the Torino on the Col du Géant, found very bad conditions, and returned to England a day or two later.

During this summer I was fortunate enough to visit West Greenland and Baffinland on an expedition led by J. M. Wordie (S.M.C.), and including Dr T. G. Langstaff and M. H. W. Ritchie (A.C.).

We climbed several mountains, the most interesting being the Devil's Thumb, a fine rock tower in West Greenland. A rather facetious message home led the newspapers to publish this as a first ascent, which it was not. The summit was cairned, but we could find no record, and, as no mountaineers seem to have visited that district previously, I can only hazard the guess that it was climbed by some enterprising Scottish whaling sailors.

Ritchie and I climbed a 5,000-foot snow dome in Baffinland to gain a view for survey purposes, but had some steep crampon work near the top to add interest to the ascent.

There was an amazing jumble of fantastic rock peaks here, and we could have spent several weeks of pure mountaineering.

But time was short, and so is this note, as a detailed and colourful account of these climbs, together with ascents of other Greenland "Munros," is appearing under nobler authorship than mine in the next number of the *Alpine Journal*.

P. D. BAIRD.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF
SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

EASTER MEET—HELD IN THE C.I.C.
HUT, 7TH TO 10TH APRIL 1933.

Friday, 7th April.—The Club met in the Station at Fort William on Friday, 7th April, at 8 P.M. There were present the following members: P. D. Baird, E. J. A. Leslie, D. G. Sutherland, R. N. Traquair, and J. Bell (guest).

The night was fine, and for anyone who did not find the exercise too exhausting, there followed a delightful walk in the moonlight. The Hut was reached at 11.35 P.M., and here the Meet met Roger Hutt and D. A. Howath of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, who, with Baird and Leslie, were already in residence.

Saturday, 8th April.—Morning dawned cold and brilliant (or so it is believed, for nobody claims to have seen it), and above a rising mist the company set forth to the attack.

Leslie and Hutt, followed at a respectful interval by Traquair, Sutherland, and Bell, climbed the Tower Ridge, of which more anon.

Baird and Howath achieved a victorious ascent of Càrn Dearg by Bell's Chimney and the Staircase Route, returning to the Hut at a reasonable hour.

The Tower Ridge, however, gave trouble; each member of both parties has his own horrible tale to tell. Hutt alone returned without a grumble.

Leslie found the traverse leading to the Recess Route difficult, owing to the shaky-looking soft snow.

Traquair made a determined effort to force a Salvationist passage along the Eastern Traverse, but in the end was defeated by the wintry conditions and the total absence of any belay. The rest of the party, benumbed by the prolonged waiting in the cold and the contemplation of the horrible abyss, took its revenge on the leader by delaying him for a very long time under a convenient waterfall, which poured relentlessly down his neck. The party, now wet, miserable, and befogged, addressed itself to the Recess Route, which was not overcome without further excitement, due chiefly to the lack of rope.

Eventually the top was reached, and the climbers turned to the serious business of finding the Summit Cairn and bagging the Munro. Only one of them had been on the top before, and he, with that acumen peculiar to the hour of 7 P.M. of a misty April evening, conducted his companions to a small heap of stones peeping delicately through the snow.

Sagely remarking that the Observatory must be covered in the snow, and that the stove pipe must have been blown away, he told them that this was the Summit, and an enormous cairn lay buried beneath their feet. Obediently they turned and followed him down the hill, and the Hut was reached without incident save the usual comic relief afforded by those members of the J.M.C.S. who will try standing glissades on snow that just won't go well.

G. Welch arrived at the Hut during the afternoon.

Sunday, 9th April.—Overcome by their exertions of the day before and discouraged by the weather, which was now very wet, the party breakfasted late, and what remained of the forenoon was dedicated to the cleaning of the Hut. While this sacred duty was being performed, two parties were seen mounting the corrie below; of these one visited us, took some tea, and departed on its way; the second passed us by, and then a lone climber appeared. He came into the Hut and showed us some interesting nails which he was wearing in his boots, and then he, too, departed. After he had gone it was noticed that Mr Graham Macphee had signed the book.

In the afternoon Baird and Traquair left for the valley,

while Leslie led Welch, Sutherland, and Bell over the traverse of the Douglas Boulder from east to west. After the descent a monstrous feast completed the celebrations, and this, perhaps, explains why no climbing was attempted the following day.

Thus ended a most successful and enjoyable Meet, for which our thanks are due to the Senior Club for their kindness in granting us the use of the C.I.C. Hut.

R. N. T.

MEET AT GLENBRITTLE—22ND JULY TO 4TH AUGUST.

DUE to the breaking of one or two legs, fingers, motor cycles, etc., the Club, almost without exception, either didn't turn up or arrived late, and so when Stobie arrived on the 22nd he found that he *was* the Meet, and so on—

Monday, 23rd, he found two companions, J. K. Annand and his brother, and they climbed the Cioch by the Cioch gully.

Tuesday, 24th.—Stobie had to go, and so the Meet ceased to be, until—

Wednesday, 25th, when Ogilvie arrived.

Thursday, 26th.—Ogilvie and J. K. Annand did Collie's climb on the north face of Sgurr Alasdair in mist and driving rain.

Friday, 27th, in the same weather, the same party climbed the Window Buttress of Sgurr Dearg.

Saturday, 28th.—Annand left, and Ogilvie with D. Lowe set out to walk to Coruisk, but a temporary ray of sunshine enticed them up the Sron na Ciche ridge, where they were duly rained upon for their trouble. But, nothing daunted, they followed the ridge over Sgurr Sgumain and Sgurr Alasdair, and returned by the stone shoot.

Stalker and Brown arrived in the evening.

Sunday, 29th.—At this point the Meet became a flourishing concern, and the whole party, all three of it, climbed the Window Buttress in thick mist, and then

traversed the Inaccessible Pinnacle from the short side to the long.

Monday, 30th.—A long series of exactly similar gullies showed below the mist at the foot of the Sron na Ciche precipice, and after much deliberation Brown and Ogilvie started to look for the Cioch. After three and a quarter hours, the same party emerged from the mist into Coire Lagan and watched the clouds rise. There was the Cioch, exactly where they thought it wasn't. During the course of their wanderings the party seems to have climbed the better part of the Cioch gully, the central gully, the central gully arête, the amphitheatre arête, and the amphitheatre wall. They also did one impossible pitch, and several highly improbable ones; in short, everything but the Cioch.

Gorrie arrived in the evening.

Tuesday, 31st.—Ogilvie and Gorrie reached the Cioch by the Cioch gully, and then climbed to the top of Sron na Ciche by the eastern gully. On Sgurr Sgumain they met Brown and Stalker, who had climbed it by the north-west buttress. The whole party climbed by the western ridge to Sgurr Alasdair, and returned home by the stone shoot.

Wednesday, 1st.—Ogilvie and Stalker did the south wall of the Banachdich gully, but Gorrie, who is a strong swimmer, led Brown up the gully. The first three pitches were climbed by submarine tactics, but at the fourth pitch—

Both parties climbed Sgurr na Banachdich, where they had the only view obtained from the tops, and descended by Sgurr nan Gobhar.

Thursday, 2nd.—Ogilvie and Brown had a most enjoyable climb on the Cioch west on wonderfully solid rock. They reached the Cioch, and after a prolonged wait met Gorrie and Stalker.

A certain member of the Club seems to have failed to adhere to the rules of progressive climbing, viz., first day stuck on a No. 2, next day stuck on a No. 3, next day on a No. 4, but the Cioch by the east gully is not a No. 4.

Friday, 3rd.—For some obscure reason the party set out at a late hour to do the nearest climb, the Window Buttress. At a very slow pace they reached the foot of Coire na Banachdich, where mist provided the required excuse, and some fine new ascents were done on a large boulder. The party's conscience soon began to prick it, however, and a complete tour was made of the corrie in mist, but the mistake was soon rectified and the Window Buttress duly climbed.

Saturday, 4th.—We went our way wet, but resolved that all the water in the Banachdich gully would not keep us away for long.

EASTER MEET, 1934—BEN NEVIS.

THE first party to take up residence at the Hut for the Edinburgh Section's Spring Meet consisted of the Secretary and R. Stalker, and we understand, on the reliable authority of the former, that, recalling his previous visit, and applying the wisdom of the old saying "once bitten twice shy," the ascent was made in the early part of the day in order to take advantage of the light of day to locate the whereabouts of the building. The next day, the 12th April, falling snow and blizzard compelled the occupants to remain storm-bound, but with the weather clearing somewhat, a successful attempt was made on the Castle Ridge on the following day, the route taken being direct to the top and the descent made via No. 4 Gully. This expedition is worthy of special mention, inasmuch as it proved to be the only climb of the Meet, a strong thawing wind from the south, and miserable wetting rain, preventing any further serious climbing on either rock or snow.

About midnight the Meet was augmented by the arrival of D. G. Sutherland and R. B. Black, the latter a guest, and to whom credit is due for ploughing through the snowdrifts in the Allt a' Mhuilinn in the darkness within a week of baking in the Red Sea.

On the 14th, continued bad weather encouraged late starting and discouraged outdoor entertainment. About 4 P.M., however, a heroic effort was made, and the party proceeded towards the Douglas Boulder up soft snow in the West Gully to the col, Traquair and Sutherland proceeding thence to the top of the Boulder and hurriedly retreating again to the comparative shelter of the gully, the descent thereafter being made in record time.

In the late afternoon the Hon. President arrived in solitary state muffled like an Arctic explorer, and at midnight further intrusion was made by R. Brown, B. Horsburgh, S. N. Wilson, J. R. Hewit, and G. E. Wilson.

Sunday morning showing no improvement, desperation alone drove the entire company out to seek exercise. Traquair, Stalker, the Hon. President, Black, and Sutherland making for No. 2 Gully, but, deciding that the imminence of avalanches was too great, turned to No. 4 Gully, and ultimately emerged on to the plateau and into a biting wind. Sutherland and Stalker proceeded under extremely unpleasant conditions towards the summit of the Ben, but it is doubtful if they actually reached their objective, visions of the Hut stove and shelter from the blast prompting them to glissade down No. 4 as the shortest route to comfort. The other three departed via the Lochan Meall an t-Suidhe, where the Secretary is believed to have lost control in an excess of zeal in a standing (?) glissade, and returned, eventually, in a somewhat bedraggled condition. The other party ascended the West Castle Gully and glissaded down No. 4 Gully, where the snow by this time was very soft and wet, and dislodged pieces of ice from the rocks added to the general unpleasantness.

The success of the Meet was undeniably the colossal feast celebrated in the evening, approximately seven courses of more or less edible food being consumed with apparent satisfaction and appreciation.

The entire party departed in good order on Monday afternoon in the only decent weather experienced during the Meet.

D. G. S.

GLASGOW SECTION.

EASTER MEET—FORTINGALL,

30TH MARCH TO 2ND APRIL 1934.

THE weather was good, with plenty of snow lying above 2,000 feet. The attendance was about twenty, excluding guests. Several members who were returning home on the last day of the Meet did not leave a record of their intended climbs, contrary to the usual custom.

Friday.—Coats, MacLeod, and Russell arrived at Fortingall on Friday night, after a memorable journey. MacLeod, the proud possessor of a newly acquired motor car, had offered to convey the other two to Fortingall Hotel. He took them by the Stockiemuir road, where the winds were such that Russell, who was seated in the back and reduced almost to a corpse through exposure, afterwards declared that the icy blasts which sweep the face of Lawers were as nothing by comparison. By the time they left Aberfoyle for the new Trossachs road, darkness had completely descended upon them, and as he negotiated the tortuous corners above Aberfoyle, MacLeod gaily confessed that he had never driven a car in the dark before, and would he freewheel downhill? His passengers shivered visibly at his next remark: "That is Loch Achray beneath us, for which we are heading at the moment." In the course of the journey Russell was called upon to give frequent legal opinions on the law affecting motor cars and their owners, particularly in relation to (*a*) the killing of cats, (*b*) collisions with other vehicles, (*c*) the necessity for side lamps being illuminated, and (*d*) the reporting of accidents at the nearest police station. Needless to say, his advice was usually disregarded.

Saturday.—M'Lusky, Stewart, and MacAllum motored to Invervar with the avowed intention of doing

the Càrn Mairg ridge. According to one report, they passed out of the mist into sunshine on Meall Garbh, but mysteriously missed the other party, who claimed they had done the ridge in the reverse direction. Neither party saw the other at any time during the day's proceedings. The only evidence of the presence of human beings was a golden trail of orange-peel for which neither party took credit. This climb is regarded with a decided element of suspicion, and the chronicler of the Meet does not take any responsibility for it.

M. F. Rodger and J. B. Home (an Edinburgh member) both skied in the forenoon from the Beinn Ghlas Hut. In the afternoon Rodger continued ski-ing and Home climbed Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers.

A. M. Smith, H. Bevan, and D. L. Campbell climbed Schiehallion in the afternoon.

D. G. Kellock (an Edinburgh member) and J. Campbell climbed Meall Ghaordie.

D. Lillie and J. N. Ledingham climbed Schiehallion and Creag Mhòr.

Harvey, Coats, MacLeod, and Russell set out to do the Càrn Mairg range. On the way up, Coats, seeing a keeper and hearing several shots, wanted to take shelter in a wood in case he would be shot, but was persuaded by his more intrepid companions to proceed. After ascending a considerable distance in the mist, the others were offering mutual congratulations upon reaching the summit, in which congratulations Harvey pessimistically refused to join, when the mist lifted and disclosed the summit still three-quarters of a mile away. On reaching the summit of Creag Mhòr, MacLeod, who was under doctor's orders not to climb at all, was stricken with conscience and went back to the hotel. Heartened by the clarity of the atmosphere the rest of the party continued and did Càrn Mairg, Meall Garbh, and Càrn Gorm.

Sunday.—M'Lusky, Stewart, and MacAllum motored to the foot of Beinn a' Ghlo. M'Lusky and Stewart bagged all three peaks, but MacAllum only the first, owing to new-boot blisters.

Home, Kellock, and Rodger also climbed Beinn a' Ghlo.

J. N. Ledingham and D. Lillie bagged some peaks on the Càrn Maigr range. There were two other parties on the same ridge, J. A. Brown and Thomas MacKinnon, and also Wilson and Carmichael.

D. L. Campbell, A. M. Smith, and H. Bevan went on a peak-bagging expedition. They did Meall a' Choire Léith, Meall Corranaich, Beinn Ghlas, Ben Lawers, and Meall Garbh.

Harvey, J. J. Murray, and two guests climbed Meall a' Choire Léith and Meall Corranaich from Lochan na Làirige, and then J. J. Murray and one of the guests climbed Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers.

Coats, MacLeod, and Russell, reinforced by Cecil Anderson, a guest of the Club, set out for Lochan na Làirige in MacLeod's car, with a pair of skis generously lent by Rodger. Leaving the car by the roadside they made on foot for the col above Ski Club Hut. There Coats, an entire novice at the sport, was left to practise with the skis while his companions ascended Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers, the former of which they re-ascended on their return journey, just to show their contempt of walking round an obstacle. And on their return to the col, Coats astonished them with the proficiency of his performance. Leaving the skis to MacLeod and Anderson, Coats and Russell ascended Meall Corranaich and Meall a' Choire Léith. On one face of the former a magnificent snow climb, culminating in a fine cornice, invited ascent when there was more time to devote to its conquest. It was late before the party regained their motor car by Lochan na Làirige. Some of the Club said that it was owing to the obstinacy of the "Swift" to leave the serene beauty of the glen that certain other mountaineers enjoyed after-dinner motor runs to Glen Lyon and Loch Tay which were wholly unexpected. Other members of the Club accounted for the late return of the party in quite a different manner. According to them, the whole trouble was due to Coats, who explained that as his ski-ing would not bear the

light of day he had recourse to the resourceful expedient of practising in the dark.

Monday.—M'Lusky, Stewart, and MacAllum climbed Meall Greigh and Meall Garbh. Then they descended to the Allt à Chobhair and climbed Meall a' Choire Léith.

Kellock, Rodger (on skis), and Home climbed Meall Corranaich, Meall a' Choire Léith, and Beinn Ghlas.

Lillie and Wilson climbed Ben Lawers, Beinn Ghlas, and Meall Corranaich.

Coats, MacLeod, Anderson, and Russell finished their week-end on Meall Greigh and Meall Garbh in time for afternoon tea at the hotel. Coats was seen benignantly departing in a baby Austin and not in the car by which he had arrived, but we believe this was not wholly a matter of his own choice!

F. C. M.

FAIR MEET—C.I.C. HUT, BEN NEVIS,

13TH, 14TH, 15TH, AND 16TH JULY 1934.

Present.—R. Anderson, J. Banford, J. Brown, B. H. Humble, J. Lyall, T. D. MacKinnon, D. Scott (Members), and D. MacLean (Guest).

Friday, 13th July.—Lyall arrived first, and having neither key nor dynamite, was discovered by Anderson, Banford, Humble, Scott, and MacLean wooing sleep on the cold, hard doorstep of the Hut.

Saturday, 14th July.—A glorious day. Two parties—Banford, MacLean and Lyall, and Scott, Anderson and Humble—climbed the Observatory ridge. Banford and MacLean then went off to bag Càrn Dearg (S.W.), while the other four returned leisurely to the Hut via the No. 4 Gully. At 7 P.M. Banford arrived with the information that MacLean had lost control while glissading in No. 3 Gully, fallen into a bergschrund, and broken his leg. The Hut stretcher was immediately detached and

prepared, and with first-aid kit, etc., taken up the mountain. MacLean was reached about 200 feet from top of gully at 10 P.M. The party had a difficult time getting him off the snow, as they had no ice axes. They were reinforced at Lochan na Ciste at 1.30 A.M. by Brown and MacKinnon, who had arrived in the late evening, and eventually got MacLean to the Hut at 3.30 A.M. He was immediately attended to by Dr MacIver of Fort William, who was waiting for him there.

Sunday, 15th July.—The whole party, aided by other two climbers, carried MacLean down to Achintee, from which he was taken to the Belfort Hospital. The remainder of the meet got back to the Hut at midnight, carrying the stretcher with them.

Monday, 16th July.—The morning was spent in cleaning up the Hut; everybody left in the afternoon.

F. C. M.

PERTH SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 31ST MARCH TO 2ND APRIL 1934.

Present.—Bisset, Dickson, Scott, Sellar, Kilpatrick.

The Inveroran Inn was made the headquarters for the Meet by all except Sellar, who preferred the superior comforts of Tyndrum Hotel. The journey from Perth was made on Saturday afternoon, Scott and Kilpatrick travelling by car, and Bisset and Dickson by train to Bridge of Orchy Station, thence on foot to the Inn.

On Sunday the weather promised to be good for climbing, and the party set out early for Glencoe. They were met at Bridge of Orchy by Sellar, Scott (S.M.C.), and Sellar (S.M.C.). Buachaille Etive Mòr was climbed from the Glen Etive road. The snow was firm and dry,

and, generally, climbing conditions were very good. Some fine views were obtained from the tops, the surrounding mountains being clearly visible in all directions. It was too cold, however, to delay long on any of the tops. Scott and Sellar (S.M.C.) were late on arriving at the first top, and decided to descend slowly from there and join up with the others at the cars. The remaining members of the party pushed on and climbed on to the two other tops in good time.

A party consisting of about seven members of the Glasgow Section were also staying in the Inn, and with them the evening was spent comfortably in the smoke-room.

On Monday morning Scott set off in his car to have a look at Glencoe from the road. Sellar did not join up with the main party, preferring to do some climbing closer to Tyndrum. Bisset, Dickson, and Kilpatrick set off early from the Inn, on foot, to climb Stob Ghabhar. The climb was made by the ridge nearest to the Inn, and some difficulty was experienced on account of a wind that reached gale force at times. It was, indeed, almost impossible to maintain an upright position on some of the steeper slopes where the snow was hard and slippery. At the summit the wind dropped mysteriously for a short period, and lunch was taken under pleasant conditions. The views of the surrounding mountains were very fine and were duly admired. The descent was made by the east ridge skirting the north corrie. Excellent glissading was obtained on the lower slopes, which are steep, and appeared to be reasonably free of projecting rocks. A climb of Stob a' Choire Odhair was then made without difficulty, although the wind was again very strong. From the top a fine view was obtained of the wide expanse of the Moor of Rannoch with the old and new roads winding across it. The descent and the walk back to the Inn were made in good time, and after a hearty meal preparations were made for the return journey. Kilpatrick and Scott journeyed home by car, while Bisset and Dickson followed by train.

The week-end was a most enjoyable one. The weather

throughout was dry, although cold. Climbing conditions were good, and all the climbs of a most interesting nature. The old Inn, though not the last word in comfort, is charmingly situated and convenient for many climbs.

J. S. K.

MEET AT THE C.I.C. HUT,

26TH TO 28TH MAY 1934.

Present.—Barker, Dickson, Kemp, Kilpatrick, M'Intyre (S.M.C.).

Barker, Dickson, Kemp, and M'Intyre left Perth on Friday night in M'Intyre's car, and arrived at the Hut some time in the small hours of Saturday morning. On Saturday an ascent of the Moonlight Gully was made under rather difficult conditions, the snow being soft and unreliable. On the descent M'Intyre showed the party how cornices can be negotiated in an interesting and unorthodox manner. Kilpatrick arrived at the Hut late on Saturday night, having travelled from Perth to Fort William by train.

The weather on Sunday was thoroughly bad; rain fell almost continuously and the mountain was enveloped in mist. Visibility was limited to about 200 yards, and climbing on a serious scale was almost impossible. Barker, Kilpatrick, and M'Intyre made a tour of the Douglas Boulder, ascending the West Gully and descending the East Gully. Thereafter some scrambling on the rocks was indulged in.

On Monday the weather conditions were little better. A thick mist still hung over the mountain, and nothing of the peaks and cliffs was visible from the Hut. Determined to climb something, Barker, Kemp, and Kilpatrick set off about 11 A.M., leaving Dickson and M'Intyre to clean up the Hut. The arête was climbed without special difficulty, and the ridge was then followed to the summit cairn. The going towards the top was heavy on account of the softness and wetness of the snow. The

visibility at the top was limited to about 100 yards. Some time was spent exploring the observatory and at the indicator, thinking of the views that might have been obtained. On the descent the tops of most of the gullies were identified, but little could be seen in the mist. The path was followed more or less down to Achintee Farm, where Dickson and M'Intyre were waiting with the car. The journey back to Perth was made by the Glencoe road. The weather had improved by this time, and much of the fine scenery was seen under very good conditions.

J. S. K.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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