

# THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

EDITED BY J. H. B. BELL



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THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
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## EDITORIAL NOTES

**Guide Books.**—*Cairngorms*: owing to recent circumstances outside the General Editor's control this Guide will not be published until midsummer. The same circumstances make it impossible yet to determine the price, but if members will remit 15s. to the Guide Books General Editor, 36 Blacket Place, Edinburgh, before 30th June 1950, they will receive one copy. This sum is a maximum estimate of the preferential rate for this Guidebook, and the General Editor hopes that it will be possible to return a balance when the published price is fixed.

*Central Highlands* will follow later in the year; members will be advised nearer the time of publication of the preferential rate. *Northern Highlands, Islands, and Lochaber* Guides are on next year's programme, and photographs covering these areas will be welcomed by the General Editor.

**This Journal** is very late in being issued, partly because the printers are still very busy but principally because, although there are some prompt and virtuous contributors, there are also others whose "stop-press" tactics may yet lose us our advertisers, and yet we need their bricks to complete the building. There is no adequate reason for delaying to send in accounts of S.M.C. Abroad, New Climbs, Notes or J.M.C.S. Reports.

Please send as much as possible by October and all but the last items by New Year 1951.

**Communications** about distribution should be sent to **P. E. MacFarlane, 217 Crofthill Road, Glasgow, S.4.** John Wilson deals with advertisements only (**Auchinlay House, Dunblane**). The Editor's address is **3 Park Place, Clackmannan**. There is also a good stock of back numbers of the *Journal* available from Mr MacFarlane.

**Garhwal Expedition.**—The first all-Scottish climbing expedition to the Himalayas is now on its way. The Club will watch the fortunes of its four members (all S.M.C.)—T. D. Mackinnon, W. H. Murray, D. Scott and T. Weir—with confident goodwill and interest.



THE BUACHAILLE

*Douglas Scott*

# THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

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## VIGNETTES OF EARLIER CLIMBERS.

By Lord Mackay.

AFTER a busy boyhood of holidays on hills, chiefly on the old Cairngorms, and after a wholesome education at Cambridge under G. W. Young into snow and rock work at English centres, I became somehow shuttled (by happy chance) into the great company of the early pioneers of Scottish climbing.

Here, then, will be a hotchpotch of clamorous memories, made always to centre round some figures, and dependent practically entirely on personal contacts; but the task of selection—with so many reminiscences clamouring at the door of memory—has been a hard one. I have abjured all reference to exact science, as recorded in diaries, or in the veracious pages of Douglas' *S.M.C. Journal*, and what follows will be (I hope) living impressions.

It remains to say that (alack that it be so!) the great bulk of those figures which I limn are gone from us; and to some younger members, even, they may now be museum pieces enshrined in the precious volumes of the *Journal* of our pride. If any that we have mentioned are alive and well, and if they shall ever "heard sib" of these remarks, I sincerely hope that they will act with gracious pardon and will not take my sketch as a caricature.



I. NAISMITH. I commence with him as he was, to my eye of memory, the best embodiment of Scottish keenness. He was to me the perfect knight. His, I think, was the real ultimate volcanic force which (with the help of others whom he put forward and stimulated) set the early S.M.C. as a far-advanced focus and shining light to the innumerable clubs that have followed.

He was a human being of the finest steel, modest and self-effacing. Whatever new feat was in "contemplation," whatever party was made up to attack it, Naismith, whose *vis vivendi* was at its root, would normally hold back from the leadership to which he was so well fitted and go second to some other. He would deprecate his right to lead.

1. *Efficiency and alertness* in every move. I went many climbs second to him on the rope, and it is almost right to say that I never remember him making a false step, his having to withdraw a tentative start, or his making a slip that required some helpful move of the party to counter it.

2. *Physically*, small build—compact—small feet which seemed made to go into or on the tiniest holds, also small hands. No great reach like other climbers, no ability like Geoffrey Young to expand, as it were elastically, and to become for a critical moment a greater man. But his neatness and mental sureness seemed to call for no such film-star-like effects.

3. *Mentally*, the almost perfect temperament. Sunny, sufficient to all emergencies. I never remember him growling at a bad sky, or discouraged by a bad bit. Out he went, on he went, gaily always, and the condition just yielded to optimism. He never had a boast—hence some of his best efforts, like the Tooth itself, passed at first as if ordinary affairs.

Thus, of the Bhasteir Tooth climb, what says the *Journal*? "Our worthy Treasurer who, when not engaged in collecting subscriptions, must be bagging something, proceeded to pick up the last part of the Coolin Ridge that required straightening out."

Lastly, he always admitted insufficiencies in gay and pleasing style. I remember him discoursing on the

power of fog or mist in Scotland and the impotence against it of even the best man, and confessing that on at least two occasions (map and compass and all) he had been completely lost, and once benighted. Here I would like to bring in my first personal incident. I would say a word on the Bhasteir Tooth climb.

You of to-day will not so easily imagine the mystery of undone jobs in the later nineties. Everything unattempted, however marvellous the feeling of youth in its flattery of man in struggles against all the forces of straight-down earthy gravity, was then apt to be thought undoable. Witness the "Inaccessible" Pinnacle. You, the youth of to-day, regard everything as necessarily "done" or just "to be done" at the next opportunity, even if by the help of stockinged soles, iron spikes, or other devices which we did not use.

Naismith took me, a younger man with whom he had done the Forked Chimney of the Bhasteir Corrie Face of Sgùrr nan Gilleann, and one or two other climbs, along to the Bhasteir's flattish but steep-sided top. He "would like a look at it"—the Tooth. I encouraged him. Looking from above over the edge, it did really seem to me undercut. But I roped him, and then I lay, squatting far back, and let him down gingerly over the sharp edge. Slowly Naismith used the rock hand-rail which goes sloping down in a westerly direction for about 25 feet to the first rest. And I do not know if any feat of nerve needs more stiffening than to be the first to dangle on a hand traverse. It's all the worse, believe me, going down.

Back he came and reported all well so far, but had grave doubts of the approaches below. Down the long leg to the Lota corrie we went and up to the col, and quite soon we were far out on an almost level stretch. One thing which photographs rather fail to make clear (but the sketch given in Vol. V., p. 168, is some good) is the alarming rate at which the scree drops away there, so that when you have gone out what looks like only 30 yards, you already have a direct fall of apparently 200 feet or more to hard-looking gabbro boulders.

From that point Naismith became more doubtful, the

middle pitch looks so very steep. But I bade him go on till he was stopped, and that I was sure he could do it—"or (I said) let me try." On he went, and this portion proved to have good holds, although monstrous steep.

All at once, it seemed, he was at the hand traverse, and tackled it forthwith, and I admired his little toes scraping, and no more, on the rough incline. But now he was triumphant. It could go. And at this late stage I looked down; taking a splint of rock, I stretched out my hand and let it drop. I have heard scepticism of this, but I still record that my estimate of the course of that splay is that it struck no solid rock until it fell at least 300 or 400 feet and had almost reached the down-sloping scree below.

I do think, in recollection, that outside the limestone of the Dolomites it is the steepest long climb known. We sliddered along merrily with our toe-scrapes, and came at last to the very curious sensation of having to get up from a pendulous position to one where, as the body ascends, there is nothing in front but air. You feel so curiously unsupported, having lost the quite fraudulent appearance of a support from a perpendicular face of rock against you. So "Naismith's climb" was done. I have always regarded this original feat as being rather an *act of faith* on Naismith's part than merely a physical success. For, in the end, the Bhasteir Tooth climb is much more spectacular than technically difficult. It will always call for a determined hopefulness.

II. A. E. MAYLARD. From Naismith I pass to one of the great figureheads of our Club at the time of my initiation.

1. *Physically*, tall, with a tendency to seem to grow taller as he discoursed on this, that and the other controversial topic. Bearded, with a growth so carefully tended that it seemed as if he couldn't be the man himself if you took and shaved him.

2. *Mentally*, a little aloof, but fatherly in manner, so that I for one—though then 22 years of age—felt by him as a youngster—always felt almost a terror in joining a controversy, especially if one's timid opinion tended to

differ from his. He was high-minded and determined for justice to all. He might be the embodiment of what we lawyers call Broad Equity. All human affairs must ultimately be solved, such was his high belief, if regarded as part in a broad scheme. Hear him discourse on such a subject as the reconciliation of a Scotsman's right to roam his mountains, and the need for the roving stag to be sheltered and sanctuaried, or the grouse, that tended to overflow the moors, to be kept in subjection.

III. GILBERT THOMSON. Here was a Civil Engineer practising in Glasgow, and one of the highest skill.

1. *Physically*, he was of a tall, sparse build which somehow always seemed to typify his strong and upright character, with a tall, long neck that carried a small head on top, but that neck was full of character. The eyes in the head had a queer sudden trick of swivelling upon one, with a specially sharp, alert look. When any good point was made the head and neck seemed somehow to me to stretch more and more, up and up as difficulties were involved, so that when he became for a short time our first Scots casualty by having a considerable stone come down a gully and fall on his top, I could almost imagine the neck expanding upwards to meet it, as a something to be scorned.

2. *Mentally*, he was a man of almost superhuman honesty. Nothing of trimming or exaggeration, whether of a difficulty or of a position of danger, was allowed to pass himself; or, indeed, could survive his scrutiny if tried on by any other. And with that, an inflexible will that could never admit defeat.

It may complete my sketch of this unusual man if I tell a little story. It arose out of a legal problem. Thomson was the expert engineer employed to prove the deleterious output of a factory chimney-stack in the Highlands, which output was said by the proprietors of the adjacent shooting-grounds to be ruining their heather. Thomson thought that proof might be difficult to obtain, and to satisfy himself on the validity of the landowners' claim he selected the highest factory chimney in Glasgow which had the same sort of effluent, and

without advice made the ascent of it using steeplejack's equipment. At the top he projected his head into the rising fumes. Result ? It was, I believe on the strength of his private story, near to a tragedy. The fumes were such as to knock him almost unconscious. He confided to me afterwards that this was the nearest thing to throwing away his life in the whole of that adventurous career.

IV. SHERIFF SUBSTITUTE (SANDY) GILLON. Here was an Oxford product turned out of a Celtic mould. This constant companion of Lord Tweedsmuir, then a younger man than when the public knew him best, in mighty gambols over the Border hills, was a great asset of the early Meets I speak of.

He was, along with Munro's flute and Rennie's big mellow voice, our music producer. (I believe I myself once ventured a fiddle.) The verve and spirit of Gillon singing " Donald the Hunter-McGilligan Mor " deserved, and always got, vociferous encores. We all became, in an instant, whole-hogging Gaelic Celts.

Again the same youthful, and particularly in this case, mental vigour brought about a phenomenon surely. His projects (and, I add, the invariable achievement of them) for covering in each one day an enormous area of country and a fearful number of tops (for he reacted rather as a salvationist than as a rockman) were such that, after the first day of several of the Meets, Gillon, general favourite as he was, was left to make a party by himself alone. Even Lawson, the long-legged walker of phenomenal achievements, went no more with him.

V. HAROLD RAE BURN. (Note, I am not writing encomiums ; I am still trying to picture with the pen.) He is too well known to need any introduction. Physically and mentally hard as nails, trained by solitary sea-cliff climbing after birds' haunts, he was certain, unyielding and concise in every movement, both mental and physical.

1. *Physically*, before all climbers known to me he was possessed of two exceptional assets. He could keep his lithe body closer to, and in almost complete contact with any rock he had to deal with. And he had a capacity of grip that was astonishing. He was possessed

of strong muscular fingers that could press firmly and in a straight downward contact upon the very smallest hold.

His method was largely composed of these elements, and was almost the antithesis of that other which I learned with Young—the method of balance, contrasted pressures, and of keeping the body centre of gravity as far out and as free as possible from the terrain, so as to ensure adaptability in all situations.

2. *Mentally.* In his mental get-up Raeburn was as sure of himself and as close to realities as he was in physical habit. In controversies as to routes or as to times required, he was a stern opponent. His notes of recorded times in every climb achieved, and his constant comparisons by small seconds with the time of to-day, were often anathema to me, who preferred to enjoy the hopes and the passing incidents at large, without being checked by the watch. His complete self-confidence when a climbing party was in the making and however strong—I think quite unconsciously relying on his strength—made Raeburn assume or accept the lead on almost every occasion. Something, I sometimes thought, of Stalin was in his make-up. Even you could see his mind, acting as Molotov's, as it came back and back to his original assertions. And yet he was ultimately fair in debate.

All in all, a splendid man and climber. I need only record my belief that, in my time at least, he was the best all-round equipped man on the mountains that Scotland produced. When he proceeded (after his Caucasus visits) to join an Everest Expedition, I have always felt sure that, had he been younger, his method and special knowledge might well have led to its conquest. He had certain strong views of his own, as I learnt at an Alpine Club Dinner, on how this unconquered peak should ultimately "go." It has never actually been attacked according to his prescription.

There are in my mind many anecdotes of Raeburn, but the following must suffice:—

1. There is a place of ill-omened reputation called the Black Shoot on the back of Ben Eunaich, out from Loch Awe. You will find it described "the Black



Shoot in White" by Raeburn himself in Volume 6. Well, when I joined the small party at Loch Awe Hotel, and not yet a full member, we made the second attempt to do it, and he was good enough to take second place and send me up to lead. There is a horrid finish up what is not a gully so much as a very dirty earth crack with two walls pressing you like a sandwich between them; and down that crack cold snow-water, on that day, was pouring. All went well with my ascent till, at this top reach, my foot got turned toe-in and jammed between the walls. It would not (try as I could) extricate itself for quite a time, and meantime my clothes and body were in the channel, for, as it seemed, all the snow-water on Ben Eunaich to run down. At long last I got my leg turned and all went well to the top. But if any of you think to try the Black Shoot now, beware of that spot for any man with boots bigger than No. 8's. Yet Harold commended my leading.

2. For the finest ascent I enjoyed with Raeburn, that of the Barrel Buttress of Quinag, which he led up with Ling and myself, I must be content to refer you to the memory picture I painted after his death. See the appropriate volume of the *Journal* (Vol. 18, p. 207).

3. Harold hated being forced to a pace that outdid what he thought reasonable. Now, Lawson was a tremendous long-legger. He covered more ground than anyone except Gillon. Raeburn, Lawson and I were coming down Glen Rosa after a long, tiring, but successful day. Lawson was leading at about six miles an hour when Harold suddenly sat down and refused to go another inch unless the pace moderated. Lawson did not agree. So he said, "Just go on, I'll wait." Lawson went on and, if anything, increased his pace. I (torn between) lengthened my step and kept up with Lawson. In due time and in complete darkness we arrived in the square of light before the door of Corrie Inn. We turned to one another to wonder what had become of Raeburn, and looked round casually. There he was, just at our backs, on the edge of the same square of light from the inn door. That again, I think, is a bit typical of his pertinacity and endurance.



*October 1948*

THE NORTHERN CULLIN  
(From Blaven)

*M. Conyngham Greene*



VI. GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG. I climbed much with this great man ; I learned from him.

He had classical features, with a full smile that lit up readily. He then wore a nice-looking Imperial beard. His hair was worn rather long and poetic, and framed his face beautifully. He was swathed in a burnous of classic lines, with a soft scarf filling the hollows of the neck. A notable picture—a beautiful man. Might have seemed soft or too placid or even effeminate to some, but see him once on the mountains with a new problem to tackle, and he was life and iron itself. No one in all my experience rose to a difficulty, a danger or an insoluble problem as I have seen Young rise. He was, of course, a poet, and particularly a poet of the hills. The poetry of “ Wind and Hill,” his “ On High Hills,” the “ Collected Poems ” and his writing on hills and burns down to the latest introduction to Mr Smythe’s offerings on his climbs, will be known to most or all of you.

In physical feats performed on the specially prepared walls of our studies at Cambridge, his strength and performance were prodigious, and he quite outdid the gymnast Owen Glynn Jones who visited us there. On the rocks, I have already mentioned his particular methods, but I will pronounce him the ultimate master of the method of “ pat-pet.” He did not look for rock-holds or the like. He could use a mere corner of vegetable. He could mould and bring to use a frozen patch of snow hardly adhering to anything. Bar, pat, pet and shape it. One had to see him fondle and pat such a matter until, both for himself and his party to follow, the niche seemed as safe a place to rest on as any on earth. That is what I mean by “ pat-pet ” climbing.

He and I went to Killin, and the last climb of a long day was an open gully on the broad side of the big circular corrie of the Tarmachan. It proved, in heavy snow, very difficult. The great pitch at the last nearly caused a return downwards, and now in the dark. But Young started his “ patting ” practice. Out of nothing he built together a sort of ledge of hard patted snow (nothing more substantial, I assure you). He made of

it a ledge fit to pull up by, placed his ice-axe as a sort of solid wooden edge along it and pulled himself up and over. He succeeded. Alas, I in turn imitated and tried to do as well. The first man had tramped away much of the artificial and insubstantial ledge. In trying to pull myself over by my ice-axe, laid also lengthwise, away it went; down it fell 300 to 400 feet at least. Followed a breathless struggle, hanging on, as it were, to nothing. By faith mostly, and aided by tugs on the rope, I managed to struggle up. And so home. Geoffrey insisted, and rightly, that I should go up next morning alone and recover my weapon, for penalty of my carelessness. And recover it I did.

What I'd like best to tell you about at this juncture is a little story of Lliwedd, the great north-east face of the Snowdon massif. Its horrid, slabby, slate precipice has been the scene of many near things. This was one of them. You all know "Alice through the Looking Glass." It came out from the mind of an Oxford don, only shortly before we foregathered at Cambridge. Everyone quoted it. Like Shakespeare and a very few others, it provided an apt passage for every exceptional event. You may recall that Alice picked up the White Queen from the shovel, in order to place her on the table beside her squeaking child, the White Pawn. The poor Queen, still breathless from her journey, called down to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, "Mind the volcano!" "What volcano?" "Blew me up," panted the Queen; "mind you come up the regular way; don't get blown up."

We were tackling a particularly obnoxious climb on the centre buttress of Lliwedd, Young leading and I second. We were all but up when a rounded bluff or belly of rock beat him. He belayed and fought long, but finally called up a man Claque, who in those days was a school champion jumper, and put him at the top of the rope. I remained second and had a pretty secure stance with a fine belay.

Claque jumped, stuck fast, as it were belly to belly, and there could move neither down nor up. I could do nothing, but foresaw disaster following. There were

fully 25 to 30 feet of rope out above the belay. After hanging for a breathless space, responsive neither to exhortation nor to question, the leader ultimately came off. Down he went past me, past the others and disappeared from all sights. After a silence, out of the sightless depths of those slaty crags came the following words, gaily uttered, "Mind you come down by the regular way. Don't get blown down by the volcano."

Young, as you probably know, lost a leg in the First World War. He has never lost his interest in us all or his poetic passion for the beauty of the hills. And this may not be so well known—he is the only climber who has made the whole ascent of Mont Blanc upon one of nature's legs and a completely artificial limb. I should think that is a marvellous feat of endurance.\*

These little memories are too apt to spin out. I have only time for a few short remembrances of others of the grander, older type—a feeling of apology that I cannot afford time to gather them in; but I would not care to fail to mention:—

RENNIE, trolling out at every gathering the wonderful old perversion of a negro song, "O my big hob-nailers!"

MUNRO, the delightful gentleman of ancient Highland family—generous, inspiring, salvationist by profession and shuddering at the cold-blooded onslaughts on unknown crazy adventure which we talked of doing, but ever ready, all the same, when invited to join on to a rope, and never defeated. The first to think of topping all the tops, and the discoverer of that now mystical line (the 3,000-foot contour) which divides the great from the unmentionable lower in Scotland.

PARKER, recently gone from us, but also a teller of times to the mere last second, a repository of all knowledge and one of the great hill lovers.

WILLIE DOUGLAS, always modest but indispensable.

INGLIS CLARK, the sturdy carrier, as I remember him, of enormous cameras which never rendered him unfit to lead up if necessary, and the source of infinite suggestion.

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\* I learn that he has climbed several other giants, but has now given it up after a serious but successful adventure on the Schreckhorn.

W. N. LING—he who went along with Raeburn to the Caucasus and, believe me, whose marvellous certainty on his feet on hills was merely cloaked by Raeburn's brilliance. I rather think he is the only one among all the wraiths that I have been moving who still wanders abroad and goes, alone or with others, on hill-walking holidays.

NORMAN COLLIE, with whom, late in the year, I ventured to attempt Ben Macdhui via the Lairig Ghru, when we were completely beaten back by a blizzard from the south.

HARKER, the Englishman and geologist, who was the first to teach us how the Gaelic should sound and how it should be appreciated.

Their wraiths press upon me clamouring to be written about, but I have occupied too much time already. All these and others, by their vivid human brotherliness, made up the little parties in the smaller hotels of which I have spoken, and which have blossomed into the great fraternity of clubs of to-day—with the enormous mass of aspiring entrants pressing on behind, to become your members of the future.

I would wish to finish up this symposium of rather disjointed recollections by the pronouncing of my own *credo*. It has been my luck and fate to be fairly to the fore in many sports and pastimes, and in ball games of almost every sort. I have loved them all. But I have ever said, and here and now I repeat it again, that with its pleasure, its struggle, its marvellous colour and pageant of nature, and its call for true comradeship at all stages—through easy co-enjoyment up to the last companionship of danger—mountaineering is the finest sport of them all.

In authorising these random lights to be printed in the *Journal*, I should almost necessarily add here that whatever of fun I have drawn from some of my figures, it must be taken that I loved and admired them one and all.

**SNOW ON THE CUILLIN.****By Tom Weir**

A FROSTY spell of weather with snow on the Cuillin was what we wanted. We abandoned all hope of fixing a date, but bided our time, ready to drop everything connected with work whenever the constant south-westerly gales and dreadful rains of winter 1948 should change to the conditions that delight the heart of the mountaineer. Twice before I had been to these Skye peaks in winter and obtained truly Alpine conditions. The complete ascent of the Pinnacle ridge of Sgùrr nan Gilleán under icy conditions seemed to promise great things if only we could strike lucky.

On 4th March I was off to meet Arthur MacPherson at Kyle of Lochalsh. It was a dreich day, but our faith was pinned to a north wind, plus a weather report which foretold frost and snow. No use looking for the Cairngorms as the train sped along the Spey. Mist was down to the railway line and my spirits were correspondingly low. At least we had an outhouse of Allt Dearg to sleep in, which was better than camping, for the hotel at Sligachan was closed.

Things began to happen after Inverness. At Achnasheen it was brilliant and I was agog with excitement. All the high peaks were shining their snow cornices against vivid skies. One of these crystal days when the lochs are blue, the rocks warm with light, the moors a richness of browns and russets, birches truly silver, and the red of pines contrives to outshine one's most vivid memories of the Highlands.

There is a glimpse of Liathach to be had as the train pulls out of Achnasheen. Snow-plastered, it loomed into view, a great arc scored with ribs of sandstone reaching up to a glistening crest. Now to Achnashellach and another fine mountain, Fuar Toll. Its quartz crags and vertical-seeming snow gullies made me wish to leave the train and get up to that silver ribbon of summit, especially as one can step out of the train almost on to the mountain.

Strathcarron, its loch calm as glass, reflecting the rolling clouds and snow peaks, was a splendour of colour, of golden seaweed sprinkled by emerald green shores, backed by rocky knolls and glowing moorlands where birches were scattered. Then Beinn Bhan came into sight, a peak of deep corries where unclimbed crags abound. It held my eye till the Cuillin extended themselves beyond Loch Carron, and with a thrill I saw the gleam of snow on their flanks.

Plunging through rocky jaws, in and out the train dodged, until at last the game of hide and seek was over and we were in Kyle of Lochalsh. To my delight, Arthur's boat was drawing in to the pier, and in glee at our good fortune we crossed the ferry and caught the bus for Sligachan. We agreed that we had never seen a more colourful day in the west.

But a change was brewing as we wound round the lochs to Sligachan. Overhead, a great body of dirty cotton-wool cloud had formed, obscuring the sun and making desolate the waste of bog and rock at this edge of the Cuillin. We walked up the Mam to view the pinnacles in profile. Wan and powdered with snow, the soot and whitewash effect made them seem grim indeed. These were the five pinnacles we hoped to climb. Clearly the conditions were all we had asked for.

As we sat on a stone, contented with the world, a little bat flew over, lured out, no doubt, by the unusual warmth of that day. Then a pair of woodcock rose from our feet. But better was to come when a hen harrier flickered over the heather, balancing now and then, wings upheld in a flattened V. Flocks of duck whistling over and a sudden burst of wren song made us feel that nature was in our favour, especially as the rain waited for us to get indoors before drumming down in an increasing flood.

No point in rising early to look at the weather. The noise of the rain told its own story. Late afternoon, and we set off for the Eagle Crag since it was the only thing below the mist which promised a rock climb. The rocks were streaming wet, but anything is better than inaction. The route we chose proved interesting, not

only for its technical difficulty but for the striking views of the resident golden eagle which wheeled splendidly over us, its ragged wings uptilted and great neck out-thrust. It was dark when we splashed across the Sligachan river to our base, but we had scraped our nails on gabbro and felt good.

Cheerfully we cooked breakfast. All the signs were for a good day—no wind, and blue sky in the north-west. Glimpses of sun showed whilst more and more of Sgùrr nan Gilleann was being unfolded. The snow-line was lower than before, showing that there had been no thaw up there.

It was a joy to walk up the straggling moraines, watching the clouds drift over the Red Hills, or looking back to see the blue ridge of the Storr and its leaning spire. Fragments of pinnacles were merging solid for a moment, then broken again by wisps of cloud, till, quite suddenly, the peak was clear, the pinnacles grouped together against the sun, bristling in fierce effect. The main mass of cloud now buried Blaven, but the splinter of Clach Glas was free, a real *Aiguille* for the time being.

A halt for photography and we got to grips with the rocks of the first pinnacle, an interesting little scramble leading us over the second pinnacle to where frozen snow lay on the ledges and filmy ice had formed on the gabbro. The climbing called for care, and soon we were hacking steps in the frozen snow of a little gully and scraping ice from handholds to reach the top of the third pinnacle.

The next part of our route looked grim, for the wall we had to descend was severely iced. Round a convenient knob of rock the rope was hooked, and we lowered ourselves a rope length, repeating the performance to the col.

Knight's Peak, the name given to the fourth pinnacle, was the next obstacle. This was great fun, calling the ice-axe into play continually for the manufacture of hand as well as foothold, as the rocks were submerged in the best kind of iron-hard snow. Even the smallest niche made a dependable hold, so it was exhilarating work. We made height steadily, enjoying our airy situation and its grim setting, yet revelling in the wealth



of moorland tints stretching to blue seas on which rode the snow-capped peaks of Kintail.

I cannot describe the fierce brilliance of the neighbouring Red Cuillin except to say they were not red, but of a lighter hue between pink and warm grey. Where these hills merged with Blaven the contrast was extreme. The latter peak was now free of cloud, a purpleness of hanging cliff soaring to a double head lightly powdered with snow. Clach Glas, the intermediary, was outdone completely.

Descent of Knight's Peak was ticklish, even with roping-down tactics, but the Sgùrr proper, our last pinnacle, was the demon. The whole face was plastered, and it took quite a bit of forcing. It was a delightful problem, involving long rope lengths of delicate climbing and careful selection of route. Fortunately, one could invariably dig out a belay at a convenient spot.

How glorious at last to step out into sunshine and scramble on to the summit, and see the ridge curving away in a fierce southward sweep! Arthur was thrilled by this first glimpse of the whole Cuillin chain under snow and ice, and exclaimed right and left as the camera clicked merrily. Sgùrr Dubh na Da Bheinn and Sgùrr Dubh Mor, rising from the hidden depths of Loch Coruisk in a wall of shadowy crag to shining summits, were the last word in inaccessibility. Around us, slow coils of mist drifted in spectacular fashion.

Leaving the top we traversed the Western Ridge, treating the Gendarme with care, and climbed on to Am Basteir for a view of the sunset. The Outer Islands were clear, dark against a coppery sky. On the sea itself bars of gold were being drawn as the low sun strengthened its light against the screening clouds. A look at the Tooth was sufficient to put it out of the question for to-night.

Now for the joys of the descent. We anticipated a fine glissade and we got it. Balancing on our feet, we slid effortlessly downward to the floor of the corrie above the Bhasteir Gorge, nearly a thousand feet of undiluted joy, the perfect finish to a mountain day.

Stopping now and again to look up at the pinnacles





*January*

*W. S. Thomson*

DESCENT OF KNIGHT'S PEAK, SGURR NAN GILLEAN

(Taken on the third day of an assault on the Pinnacle Ridge, a section being climbed each day)

in gathering darkness, and jogging downhill contentedly, we made our way down to the hut for a feast, for we had eaten only one small sandwich all day. Replete and snug in the sleeping-bags, we made plans for an epic day to follow.

Alas for our hopes. The wind veered south-west again and, though we climbed in the two days remaining to us, there was no real pleasure in the work. The peaks were back to rain, snow and mist, but we came away well satisfied with our reward. We might wait a lifetime to get such another.

## **EASTER 1947 ON BEN NEVIS.**

**By Michael Ward.**

THE morning was grey with leaden clouds. A few snowflakes floated down lifelessly as John Barford and I left the dark and dripping hut to plod up Observatory Gully. On our right, streams of snow were hissing off the sombre overhanging quadrangle of Echo Wall to fall with a faint spurt on the gully floor.

Fully three-quarters of the way up, Observatory Gully is crossed by a broad, sloping, horizontal band of snow, which on the left bisects Observatory Buttress and on the right is continuous with the eastern traverse of Tower Ridge.

We moved leftwards on to the buttress and immediately the feeling of exposure became more pronounced, enhanced by the swirling clouds, out of whose depths iced rocks jutted. As we kicked steps slowly along this band we looked for the narrow gully which is the key to this barrier of forbidding rock. We hoped to climb this gully and then traverse right by an ice pitch, where it petered out, on to the upper rocks of the buttress, thus following the Good Friday climb. As it turned out, we made a variation leftwards from the gully, being unable to climb the ice pitch.

A few hundred feet passed, and then in front of us we saw a stream of snow pouring in a continuous sheet from a steep gully. We turned upwards and began climbing this moving slope of snow which slid tuggingly, like the backwash of a wave, round our ankles. The top 2 inches were moving continuously—under that were 4 to 6 inches of *névé*. Our steps were invisible as soon as we finished cutting them, so we made height slowly.

The gully closed in. We were left in a world of swirling snowflakes backed by grim black walls, from whose every projection an icicle hung. We climbed in silence for about 200 feet, and then an overhang ended the gully. Here the right wall was an ice pitch 20 to 30 feet high, down whose face a cascade of snow was pouring.

John belayed in the bed of the gully whilst I cut diagonally upwards over the steepening ice towards a weakness in the ice curtain. I made a few steps upwards in this steep section, but cataracts of snow filled my eyes, neck, sleeves and pockets. Sometimes I disappeared completely from view, but as there was no strain on the rope John presumed I was still ice-borne.

After retreating with difficulty, I gave the lead to John, who went into the shower bath. He came back after a struggle and looked at the overhanging end of the gully. Here he found a good rock belay, and we thought things over. Retreat would be unpleasant but not impossible. Anyway our blood was up, and there was no reason why the left wall should not be climbed.

I retreated a few feet down the gully and studied the left wall and, being well belayed from above, felt much safer. I espied a possible route which seemed to depend on the adherent properties of the snow on a fairly steep, narrow slab. If the snow peeled off, the way would be impossible.

I cut steps gingerly up this slab, striking the rock a few inches down. At the top there was an overhang. I had to go delicately left round a corner on to another snow-covered slab. Luckily the night thaw had not penetrated so high; the snow held and I landed on a short narrow ridge.

The broad face of the buttress was a pleasant change from the narrow gloom of the gully. In the distance, appearing and disappearing through the clouds, I could see the crest of a ridge, which turned out to be the left end of Observatory Buttress.

John followed with *aplomb* and verve, treating my steps abominably, so it seemed. We then traversed upwards and to the left for 300 feet, gaining the ridge I had seen. A few rope lengths took us to the cornice. This overhung considerably, so I cut away a goodly portion and looked over the top. A raging, stinging inferno of wind and ice particles struck my face. Visibility was about 10 to 20 feet. I retreated to the complete calm and peace below the cornice.

We had to decide our route off the mountain before going on to the plateau; for, once on it, we should have to keep moving. The Carn Mor Dearg arête was out of the question; we could not steer such an accurate compass course. Our only hope was to cut straight across the plateau and go down to Glen Nevis.

We climbed on to the plateau and fought our way painfully—crawling where we could not walk—against the wind. Icicles formed on our anorak hoods. It was nearly impossible to see, so blinding were the particles blown into our eyes. Our only contact with the outside world was the compass, but to look at it was agony. Luckily we fell over nothing high or steep.

After what seemed an eternity, we emerged below the cloud level and were physically impressed by the calm and peace which reigned here. Only later did we discover that rain was falling continuously. It took us some time to get our bearings, but in the distance, through cloud rents, we could see the falls that divide the upper and lower parts of Glen Nevis. To face the wind again was impossible, so we decided to circumnavigate the Ben at our present level, hoping to gain the path at the top of the zigzags. This took us a long, weary time up and down gullies, over ankle-breaking heather and boulders covered with a thin, deceiving layer of snow. Many times we strayed, but at last the hut appeared at the top of a long slope. We were very tired. John

lagged, for it was his first day, and then we got in, undressed and ate a little. An hour or two later the other party came in after a similar walk, and we had to dress again to help one of their number who had collapsed some way down the Allt a Mhuilinn Glen. In all, the climb took about four hours, and the walk six to seven hours.

Next day, Easter Sunday, we were flooded out by hordes of wet visitors from Fort William. The day after, John, Bill Murray and I wandered on to the east face of the North-east Buttress by mistake and came back very impressed. That night Bill and John went down whilst I stayed in the hut with Donald McIntyre. On Tuesday the clouds were higher on the mountain, and it had been freezing hard during the night. After a critical inspection we set off up Coire na Ciste for Comb Gully.

This is a narrow uninviting cleft running up Comb Buttress to the right of No. 2 Gully. To-day it was lined with glistening ice—a repellent but imposing challenge. We thought it unclimbed, but it had been done a few years before.

We kicked hurriedly out of the abominable snow in the corrie and went 150 to 200 feet up the gully. Here a 10-foot ice pitch loosened us up and we then entered a steepening 3-foot-wide ice runnel. This curved upwards for 80 feet and ended in a 30-foot chimney whose opposing walls were rock, coated with ice and fog crystals. At the bottom of this chimney I found a rock belay, and Donald began the hard business of the day. After a long struggle he managed to cut steps for his feet on the left wall and backed up most of the way. At the top, as the right wall moved away and the left overhung, he took some time. Then he disappeared, shouted that he had a belay and I went up.

I found this pitch difficult and, on emerging at the top, saw his ice-axe only 1 foot in the snow ice. However, he had also cut an ice bollard, which we enlarged before I tackled the next pitch.

This was about 50 feet high and steep. The lower portion was a glistening, bluey-green ice bulge. This

barred the way most effectively. Luckily I could demolish most of the lower part of the bulge with my ice-axe. Then I changed over to a slater's pick, borrowed from Bill Murray, and started nibbling at the upper part of the bulge. Soon I was able to effect a lodgment by a peculiarly serpentine movement. Donald regarded this apprehensively.

From now on the cutting was very hard, the ice tough and rubbery. The pick stuck each time and had to be wriggled free. My wrists and forearms burned, as I was keeping my balance with handholds. Flakey ice then appeared, but the angle steepened. For security I had to cut large and deep steps, making a space for my knees and shins. The last few feet were the steepest and, as they were narrow, I was able to bridge. This saved step-cutting, as shallow nicks only were necessary. It must have looked sensational from below. Finally *flat* ground appeared and I gratefully plunged my axe in up to the hand, for I was feeling rather exhausted.

Donald followed quickly with no seeming difficulty, and I was well humbled. He cut steps up the rest of the gully and we emerged into a world of grey silence. The day was calm, the snow unruffled and a light breeze cooled our faces. Our strivings and contortions in the gully seemed so unimportant. In this fashion we wandered slowly to the top of No. 3 Gully, recollected ourselves and descended it quickly to Coire na Ciste.

## MEETS, 1897-1950.

By W. N. Ling.

The Editor has called upon me for some reminiscences of the hundred meets I have attended between the above dates—an arduous task, to recall incidents which happened over fifty years ago.

THE first meet I attended was the Yachting Meet of 1897, and arose from a fortuitous meeting in the Lakes with H. G. S. Lawson, who took me along as his guest.

We were to have anchored in Loch Scavaig and climbed from there, but a strong south-west wind ruled otherwise. After a day in Rum, where we climbed Allival and Askival, we took shelter in Loch Hourn, which gave us an opportunity of approaching Ladhar Bheinn and other rather inaccessible mountains. My clearest remembrance of this Meet is that Lawson and I set off for Inverie, the nearest telegraph office, as he had an urgent telegram to send. We did not pick a very good route and, on the way back in the dark, we had difficulty in going round the head of the loch. We had to wade many burns in spate, arriving on the shore nearest the yacht at 10.30 P.M. They heard our "ahoy" and sent a boat. Fortunately I had a box of fusee matches, which smokers affected in those days, and was able to guide them to our rescue.

The following year I was elected to the Club. The next two Easter Meets were at Kinlochewe, long days with no motors to shorten the approaches—one in particular with Lawson and Munro to A'Mhaighdean and back, about 28 miles in addition to the ascent. I have also a clear recollection of a fine climb over the Northern Pinnacles of Liathach in icy conditions, a party of six, from which we got back to Kinlochewe at 10.50 P.M.

In 1901 at Fort William the Ben was in difficult condition. An abortive attempt was made on the Observatory Gully, and later on the Observatory Buttress. On the latter occasion we went on to the Observatory in a blizzard by the Carn Mor Dearg arête for tea,



and had a stiff job to get off the mountain and back to Fort William at 10.45—14 hours. My companions were Raeburn, Douglas and Rennie.

Easter 1903 at Sligachan gave us very unsettled weather with heavy blizzards and cold winds. Raeburn, Harry and Charles Walker and I had one good twelve-hour day from Sligachan to Glen Brittle over the Dubhs, Thearlaich, Alasdair and Sgumain.

At Easter 1906 Raeburn and I had an interesting climb in the Chasm on Buachaille Etive Mor, which was well filled with snow. We had arrived at Kingshouse at 12.45 and at once started off. The snow helped us over some of the pitches. At one place the rocks were so slabby that Raeburn had to take off his boots and climb in stocking-feet. We got up to the last great pitch 200 feet high, of which 100 feet were full of snow. We looked over the bergschrund, down into which the water was falling 100 feet. Even if dry the slabiness and overhang of the rocks would probably have proved insurmountable. We found an escape on the left wall, reached the summit at 5.25 and were back at Kingshouse by 7.15. Next day we climbed the Crowberry Ridge.

The Easter Meet at Inchnadamph in 1907 was remarkable for the perfect weather we enjoyed, and good use was made of it. Raeburn and I had a good climb from the south end of the west face of Suilven and a traverse over the three tops. The next day Solly, Collins and I had a good new climb up the north-west buttress of Stac Polly, in parts sensational. The best day we had was the ascent of the Barrel Buttress of Quinag by Mackay, Raeburn and myself, of which a vivid account is given by Lord Mackay in Vol. 18, p. 207, of the *Journal*.

The New Year Meet in Fort William in 1908 brings a memory of the rescue of the party, who were out all night on the Ben, fortunately without any damage, and of a grand day also on Garbheinn of Ardgour.

Easter at Braemar recalls an attempt on the Douglas Gully of Lochnagar by Raeburn, Goodeve and myself, where a sudden change of wind and a thaw put us in jeopardy from ice and hard lumps of snow falling from



above. We were hit, but, fortunately, with little damage ; we climbed the Black Spout instead.

At Easter 1909 we were again at Fort William. In those days it was possible to get breakfast when we wanted it. We had ours at six and set off for the Tower Ridge—Raeburn, Gibbs, Mounsey and I. We were at the Douglas Boulder Gap at 12.45 and found the ridge icy and the Tower not too easy. The Recess route was quite difficult. Mounsey accused me of sending stones down on him. It was quite true, but the stones were enclosed in dates which escaped from a box in my rucksack which had been torn. We reached the summit at 5.15 and had a wonderful view. We then ran down to the gully beyond the Red Burn for a fine glissade and a delightful walk back to the Alexandra, 7.40.

Easter 1910 at Kinlochewe was notable for a fine new climb on Beinn Airidh à Charr, Martha's peak, in perfect weather. Our party was R. Corry, H. Walker, Glover and myself. There is an account of this in the *Journal*.

At Easter 1913 we were at Aviemore. E. Backhouse and I had crossed over Braeriach, Angel's Peak and Cairn Toul to Derry Lodge, intending to come back by the Larig next day. There had been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and it snowed more or less all day with a strong driving wind, which made it difficult to see, so that we were driven into the Garbh Choire. We sheered north into Coire Bhrochain, where we had a laborious ascent to the cornices which we hoped to force. We were unable to do so, and had to descend again to the Larig. It was now late and darkness was coming on, so we decided to return to Derry Lodge. It was difficult to see and we crossed the Dee several times. Below the Bothy, which we could not see, we finished our food. The moon now came out, and we got on better, reaching Derry Lodge at 12.45 A.M. with our clothes frozen on us. We knocked up Fraser, who came down in his night-shirt and exclaimed: "Eh, gentlemen, it's God's mercy you have got back." We agreed with him. We crossed next day in fine weather but heavy going, taking ten hours. Four strenuous days.



May 1948

CLIMBING THE EAGLE RIDGE, LOCHNAGAR  
(The lower figure is at the crux)

*W. S. Thomson*

At Easter 1914 I had an experience of an avalanche on Ben Nevis. Sang, Tyndale and I set off from Fort William in rain, sleet and strong wind. We lunched at 12 o'clock at the foot of No. 3 gully, still in rough weather. We proceeded up the gully unroped, as the snow was in good depth and we could drive the axe in to the head. The top was steep and the last bit quite perpendicular, so Tyndale, who was leading, turned to his left to a curving ridge of snow which would have brought him out. I was about 10 feet below and Sang about the same distance to his right. He had only about 3 feet to go, when, suddenly, the whole top of the gully peeled off to the depth of 2 or 3 feet, and we were swept down with it. Our axes were torn from us and we were covered and blinded by the snow, but kept swimming. At a steep place, where the gully narrowed, we were off the ground for a moment, then went on for about 600 feet before we came to rest where the angle eased, and we jumped out. We had to grind up again to recover our axes, but were no worse. We were lucky to have stopped where we did, as there was a big drop below. I was conscious of the possibility but had been testing the snow, which seemed safe. One never knows.

The May Meet at Achiltibuie was very enjoyable, and we got good climbs on Cul Beag, Stac Polly and Sgurr an Fhidleir. The two meets at Lindertis, as the guests of Sir Hugh Munro, were also very pleasant.

At Easter 1919 at Braemar the brightest memory is of a glissade from the top of Cairn Toul to the Dee. And so the years went on. Cluanie brings memories of long days and fine ridge walks. Corrour Lodge in June 1933 was most enjoyable and enabled us to reach many hills otherwise inaccessible. Ullapool was another fine meet.

But I have written enough of the joyous days I have spent with the Club; and of the many friendships made, which led to so many expeditions in addition to the Meets. Now that climbing days are over, the memories remain as an abiding consolation.

**CHANCELLOR GULLY.****By Campbell R. Steven.**

OUR mood was frivolous—which probably explains why Hamish was allowed to have his way. He was all for exploring the long gully which scores the face of Am Bodach, eastern top of the Aonach Eagach. Easily distinguishable by the slanting, square-cut chimney which hangs above it at mid-height, this gully at first follows an obvious course, then a leftward trend higher up obscures its finish near the base of the Chancellor. It is well seen as one rounds the corner at the cottage beyond the Study, although even from here its great length cannot be properly appreciated.

It appeared that Hamish had been yearning for years to launch a serious assault and couldn't understand why nobody else had thought of it first. We could think of any number of likely reasons and were not slow to elaborate them. But it was all to no purpose, and in the end we resigned ourselves to an afternoon of futility.

By way of a gesture to the lightheartedness of our approach, we began by climbing through the culvert under the road. As, however, the great drought of 1949 had been running its course for many weeks, this pitch was not more than moderate. Nor was the more orthodox entrance to the gully—a staircase up polished rock, wet with spray and brown as Munich beer—less than five minutes above the road. At least we could not complain of being tired out before we started.

Hamish and Tom had set off at a rollicking pace, but they soon discovered that even the outer defences of this formidable gully had to be treated respectfully. Their speed slackened, and at Pitch 2 George and I caught them up. Thereafter we worked closely together, finally linking up as a quartet.

Both of the first two pitches gave a spicy foretaste of what was to come: a steep tussle on unhelpful holds, with water splashing playfully past the left ear, then a 30-foot corner, smooth as the side of a bath, with one satisfying handhold for the final grasp and heave. With varying degrees of agility and grace we surmounted the

obstacles in turn and emerged into the amphitheatre above. Then we came to a halt.

Pitch 3 looked as though it had nothing to commend it. The central waterfall—90 feet of slimy bulge—was obviously out of the question, while it needed no second glance to size up the severities on the left. On the right—where Hamish put in his attack—there seemed little more comfort, with loose, wrongly sloping holds leading to a vertical vegetable garden. After some 40 feet of tenacious struggle there was plainly nothing for it but a rope from above, and Tom accordingly made his way aloft by a heather buttress on the right. Even with this help, which could not be given from directly above, the final manœuvring looked—and doubtless felt—highly sensational. It must be admitted that the pitch is not a pleasant one, though it should be stressed emphatically that it was the one and only blemish on the whole climb. It is to be hoped that some satisfactory solution will one day be discovered on the left wall.

It was about this point that we began to grow seriously alarmed about the state of Tom's trousers. I have no doubt that, when originally found, these still showed traces of workmanlike construction, though when their prime was, probably not even their present owner could say. Earlier on in the day we had noticed certain rather ominous signs of things to come, but we had not been prepared for the wholesale disintegration which now began to set in. Hamish, in the lead, was spared the full significance of this tragedy, but for George and myself there was no averting of the horrified gaze. Facts must be strictly adhered to, even if the veil which we would so gladly have drawn must take its discreet place in the record of our subsequent doings.

Facing our troubles resolutely, George and I followed up the next two pitches. Number 4, with its awkwardly spaced holds, turned out to be a deceptive 20-footer right in midstream, whereas its successor, though longer, was comparatively easy by way of a right-hand alternative. They led to broken ground at the leftward bend in the gully—if we had but known it, a breather before the real business of the day.

So far the climbing had been rather reminiscent of Clachaig Gully, though not so deep-set into the mountain-side. Now its character changed. Instead of continuing narrow and shut in, the gully half opened, letting its left wall sweep skywards in a huge curtain of slabs. Momentarily I thought of Idwal, without the scars and scrapes of the great Welsh trade routes. Here was something worth waiting for, something to provide the *pièce de résistance*, or else bolt, bar and seal the door on the whole climb.

Forty feet up there was a sill, and Hamish lost no time in working up to it. The light of battle was in his eye as he straightened up and called imperiously for his rubbers. Then, as soon as he had been joined by Tom, he set off leftwards towards a brown-lichened boss and the steeper face above. Sundry pleasantries about the south face of the Täschhorn floated down to George and me as we waited, but we were too engrossed in watching the moves above to respond with any lively repartee. There was a dour enough battle going on, and 100 feet of rope were run out before Hamish, moving with the stealth of a cat-burglar, crept over the crowning gutter.

Tom, still booted, chose to follow the watercourse route to the right. No doubt he had some reason for this, best known to himself, but he evidently had cause to regret it. A succession of grunts and unintelligible monosyllables marked the stages of his upward progress, which appeared to consist of balance moves on a vertical ladder of ferns. It was with some relief that we watched him complete this variation with a heave that landed him like a spent salmon beside Hamish. There was no need to wait until he had recovered his breath to realise that his recommendation would be for the "fresh air" route; George and I would have chosen it in any case. Soon we were sampling its delights, suitably reduced to stocking-soles.

It is about this point that the conspicuous square-cut chimney comes in as a tributary on the right. We found it, in fact, to be more of a gully than a chimney, defended by a steep pitch about 100 feet high, which dripped like



a tropical river-bank in the monsoon. Farther up, however, an optimistic survey made out a new and attractive field for exploration—perhaps a pleasant variant of the future.

I am reliably informed that the pitch that followed the Great Slab was one of the hardest of the whole climb, and most certainly severe in boots. It apparently was of 40 feet, on the left of the watercourse, but truth compels me to admit that I remember nothing of it. I have a clearer picture of the pitch above, an awkward rib which took us to yet another lofty slab. On the latter we became most reprehensibly strung out at the full extent of our two ropes without any obvious safeguard. The "thinnest" section occurred at three-quarter height, and it was with pardonable anxiety that we watched the vanguard work up it, then cross to better holds on the right. The idea of defeat here, with little help for roping down, was singularly unattractive, and the eye travelled with ominous ease down the grey sea of slabs at our feet. As if to stir the imagination still more, one or two fragments of rock spun past us with the hum of angry wasps.

Up to this point the outcome of the climb had been in doubt. Had the final moves of this second big slab pitch been more exacting than the middle section, we might have had to retreat. Not that withdrawal would necessarily have involved descent of the whole gully, for, unlike some other routes of comparable length and difficulty, escape seemed quite feasible at a number of points. But it would have been failure which, after coming so far, would have been particularly bitter.

Once above the slabs, however, we knew for certain that our luck would hold. The gully narrowed again, the wall on the right arching over our heads to form a dank grotto. The way lay up a great grey central fin, wet and slippery, but now without exposure. There was obviously nothing here to stop us and, as he straddled merrily up the knife edge, Hamish seemed almost to be purring for sheer delight.

Still this amazing gully led up and on. I remember another wall of water-worn slabs, too wet for rubbers in the stream-bed and awkward enough where we found the



line of least resistance on the left. Then came a chockstone pitch, on classic lines that suggested the Black Shoot of Beinn Eunaich or the North Gully of Tryfan. The route went behind and on to the chockstone, and a strong plea for gentle treatment was sent up from the tail of the rope. Actually this was unnecessary, as even the moss turned out to be agreeably stable, and one after the other we took off from the block on to a most accommodating ledge that easily cleared the parapet. We walked freely again, worked up an easy broken staircase and there, at last, on a platform of turf and scree, the climb ended. It had taken precisely six and three-quarter hours from the road.

As we coiled the ropes and relaxed in a comfortable glow of satisfaction, we thought back on the luck that had been with us all afternoon—the luck to have chosen this gully at all and to have found not only that it would go, but go with supreme enjoyment from start to finish. No doubt we had also been fortunate to find it as dry as it is ever likely to be, though we should not likely have made the attempt if it had been otherwise. It will be highly interesting to follow its future history; to see whether it is possible at all under non-drought conditions and to learn what refinements are added to its pleasures.

We made our way leisurely up screes to the ridge east of the Chancellor and duly reached the cairn of Am Bodach. It was a dull, mild evening and all colour was drained from the views. Nevis and the Mamores had a parched, barren look about them, and westwards the island hills had the unreality of shadows. It was too late to rest long—even for those who were feeling their years—and soon we were far down the eastern corrie on the way to the road. The day's last memory is of dinner at Inverarnan, a battle between sleepiness and the greed inspired by an enormous dish of blaeberrries and cream.

This ascent was made on 17th July 1949. The standard is certainly Severe and unlikely to depreciate much with the passage of time. It may not be possible at all, unless after a drought.—C. R. S.

## DEEP GASH GULLY.

By Hamish G. Nicol.

FROM our vantage point on the col between Sgùrr Thuilm and Sgùrr a' Mhadaidh, we could inspect our objective at leisure, while enjoying the morning sun that streamed unevenly over the high tops. The gully looked very steep, and the whole length of its 200-foot high bounding wall lay in complete shadow. Adventure would certainly be there, but that most ascetic kind that goes with gully climbing, sunless and dripping wet.

In thirty minutes we were at the foot of the first pitch, and surveying it glumly. A mass of large chockstones had jammed in the narrow walls some 30 feet up, leaving an unpleasant overhang of at least 15 feet. We turned without a word to the gully's right wall. There, if a way could be found up steep slabs, it might be possible to regain the gully higher up. A convenient ledge enticed us upwards, and all looked well. Presently I wondered why Allan was making such poor progress, and, as if in answer, a shower of foot and hand holds peeled off to bounce merrily on the screes below. Evidently the whole face was tottering, and we descended at once to *terra firma*.

Our only hope lay now in the direct ascent of the cave pitch. Evasion here seemed impossible, with steep, smooth walls on both sides, running with slime and water. At first we were at a loss, but gradually our plans began to crystallise round a high jammed stone on the very top of the overhang which might well take a running belay. Accordingly I back-footed up to it, placed a sling and snap-link, then retired for further contemplation. It was now Allan's turn, and I settled down to enjoy an interesting spectacle; for the problem was to swing under the chockstone and surmount it from the outside without footholds.

Like an acrobat performing on the high trapeze, Allan grasped the sling firmly with both hands and lunged outwards. Instantly he must have grasped a handhold higher up, and now his legs only were visible

to me, silhouetted against the clouds, scraping and seeking for a hold that was not there! Now he had his left foot in the sling and was obviously up. The rope ran smoothly on for 20 feet, and halted. I thought his invitation to "come on" had an expectant, almost a gloating note, and understood when I attempted to repeat his manœuvres. Like a stranded fish I sprawled over the top, gasping and dripping wet. We both prayed fervently that nothing of equal difficulty lay ahead.

The second pitch, now fully visible, was about 70 feet high, again presenting a formidable overhang of not less than 25 feet. On its right lay a steep crack. Here again evasive tactics were tried, which failed. We therefore repaired to the base of the cave for a direct attempt, which would repeat on a larger scale the features of Pitch 1—the long upward and outward traverse, back-foot between smooth narrow walls, then the surmounting of a final overhang with 20 discouraging feet of atmosphere underneath.

Once again Allan set off, making good progress for 25 feet, where a thin crack on the right wall gave satisfying tricouni notches. Here he paused, placed a running belay and, using the sling as a handhold, reversed his position in the chimney. The fissure was at this point only 2 or 3 feet wide and very smooth. Cautiously he wormed himself outward to the extreme edge and reached up with his hands, seeking a fault in the defences. Now he let go with his body and swung out of sight. He was up.

After a pause, in which the art of hauling a large rucksack up a small chimney was perfected, I followed. The hardest part was undoubtedly the back-and-foot traverse beyond the running belay. Here the left wall overhung slightly and contained only one tiny hold, in which it was necessary to change feet. The climber, supported by his back and right foot, feels quite air-borne and is almost reluctant to grasp the massive bollard, which swings him into a more orthodox position and brings him to the top.

We now continued jubilantly onward to what appeared to be the final obstacle to our success. This was a steep

double tier some 100 feet high, first a cave, then a vertical chimney.

The attack started at an isolated jammed boulder, reached from the sandy cave floor by a delicate left traverse. From this point it was possible to straddle upwards for 50 to 60 feet to the base of the final chimney. *En route* lay two small overhangs, the first streaming with water, generously contributed from a waterslide on the right wall. Here I remained, puzzling out the way for some two or three minutes, while the waters playfully enveloped my already wettened surface. Finally, exasperation drove me up, now completely drenched.

The last test looked and was a hard one. A narrow chimney, cut away at its base, overhung the recess in which I now found myself. Taking up a strategic position between the drips, I drew in Allan's rope, then beckoned him onwards. He descended 5 feet, placed a foot on the right wall and transferred his weight carefully on to it. It was then possible to climb up steep loose rocks to a small piece of trap jutting out from the face. From this jumping-off springboard (which obeys the laws of all good springboards in vibrating when touched) the next move consists in transferring the body into the chimney and jamming it there. Further progress is effected by arm pulls and jamming of the knee, until the top is reached.

We knew now that the gully had nothing more in store for us. Its walls lay back at a benign angle, and at last rays of sunlight could be seen playing on rocks only 100 feet away, almost within our grasp! There were, it is true, three further pitches about which I can remember nothing save the long rest on the top of the last, our clothes steaming in the heat of the afternoon.

Deep Gash Gully, first climbed by H. G. Nicol and A. S. Parker, 20th September 1949. 400 feet. Very Severe. Pitch description in brief as follows: (1) v.s. 40 ft. cave; (2) v.s. 70 ft. cave; (3) D. 20 ft.; (4) v.D. 20 ft. left traverse; (5) S. 40 ft.; (6) v.s. 40 ft., both cave and chimney type; (7, 8, 9) D. to v.D., 55 ft. total. No escape is possible until Pitch 7.

**THE BLACK SPOUT PINNACLE, LOCHNAGAR.****By William D. Brooker.**

FOR over a year D. A. Sutherland and I had been attracted by the Black Spout Pinnacle. We had examined its face for weaknesses which might allow us to make a direct route from scree to summit. At last, in August 1949, we had an opportunity to attempt the climb. Our mood was gay and carefree until we reached the loch and caught sight of our quarry. We remembered that the date was the 13th, and all the old doubts came to mind. The weather, however, looked fairly promising and the mists which had concealed the crags all morning began to disperse. Taking this as a good sign, we pressed on *regardless*.

The Pinnacle presents a very steep, slabby face of about 600 feet to the corrie. The right half of this face plunges in a sheer wall to the Black Spout. The left is rather more broken and less steep. The lower 200 feet consists of a smooth wall of slabs, at the top of which is a prominent green ledge. We dubbed this ledge the "Springboard," as it was obviously the jumping-off place for any attempts on the upper face. From the Springboard two chimneys slant slightly leftwards. The right-hand one comes to an abrupt end after 200 feet, beneath a great overhang. The left chimney peters out amid a welter of ledges and corners, high on the sloping roof of the Pinnacle. To reach the Springboard we chose a fault in the wall of the Black Spout about 150 feet from the entrance.

While Sutherland applied his ingenuity to the first pitch I applied mine to the construction of a magnificent cairn. He climbed a 50-foot crack to an overhang, just to the right of a shallow cave. Mumbling an excuse about greasy rock, he drew forth a *piton* and, in spite of my dutiful protests, for an argument like this can only be one-sided, hammered it into the coping slab above the overhang. From the *piton* he traversed left for 15 feet and, after some hard work with the hammer, succeeded in converting a rather unlikely-looking knobble into a

passable belay. I joined him, removing the piton *en route*, and led up a grooved slab to the top of a column of rock. From a stance on top of this Sutherland made short work of an 8-foot wall. A moment later he stood on the Springboard.

We chose the right-hand chimney as it was the more direct, and I ran out 100 feet of rope without any particular difficulty. The next 30-foot pitch looked formidable, but Sutherland climbed it without hesitation, backing up a narrow chimney and surmounting its overhung top by means of some well-jammed blocks. Here the chimney seemed unclimbable. After attempting a shallow scoop to its right I retired in favour of Sutherland. He went into action with a *piton* and, after 30 feet of severe climbing in the scoop, regained the chimney at a tiny platform. When the hammer was being lowered on the rope to allow me to remove the peg, it suddenly came adrift. Whanging viciously past my head, it disappeared in one great bound to the screes 300 feet below. With a clumsy lump of granite and a shattered nerve, I retrieved the *piton* and reached the platform. The upper half of the right-hand chimney was extremely steep and exposed; consequently our position was precarious. The true chimney was in the form of a crack which overhung for 40 feet and appeared impossible. Slightly to the right a vertical crack petered out in a smooth, convex slab which swept up to the great jutting overhang, 50 feet above our platform. I could make nothing of the pitch, but, with a shoulder, Sutherland gained a footing in the right-hand crack and, using a *piton*, climbed it until it merged with the pitiless slab. He decided that life was too sweet to throw away on an attempt to traverse beneath the overhang, and descended to the platform. I was of the same mind, and so we left a sling, roping down for 60 feet to a point about 100 feet from the Springboard.

It was annoying to derive no benefit from the hard and exciting climbing up to the overhang, to say nothing of the time wasted, but we were all the more determined to try our luck elsewhere. Accordingly, I traversed into the left chimney and made good progress for 60 feet.



We stood below a 12-foot wall, upon a ledge furnished with a large pointed block. I used the rather doubtful belay afforded by the block, while Sutherland stood upon its tip to survey possibilities. Rather carelessly he placed a foot on its mossy back, and when the moss gave way he slipped. Somehow, in falling he detached the belay loop. By great good fortune his hands caught on the sharp edge and saved him from pulling me off as well, over the steep slabs and into the next, and perhaps a better world. The wall proved invulnerable until excavation behind the block revealed a cleft which gave an excellent belay. This allowed me to offer a shoulder from a rather precarious stance on top of the block.

Just above this the chimney disappeared, and it seemed possible to work our way to easier rocks on the left above Pinnacle Gully 1. We wished, however, to reach the crest, and so I climbed right along a huge flake to a recess. Using my unfortunate companion as a foothold, I ascended a short wall to a platform almost directly above the great overhang. Sutherland set off on a traverse right, but the presence of a sheer drop and the absence of adequate holds caused him to return very quickly. Once more I used him as a step-ladder to scale a greasy right-angled corner at the left edge of the platform. A further 150 feet of climbing, diagonally up to the right, by a succession of corners, walls and vegetated chimneys, brought us to the crest of the Pinnacle at a point directly above the junction of the Black Spout and the left-hand branch. A wall, an arête and we reached the summit.

The completed route required one *piton* on the first pitch, which might be unnecessary under perfectly dry conditions. There was a good deal of vegetation, but the rock was firm throughout and the belays adequate. Once started on the climb, there appears to be no way of escape until the top of the left-hand chimney is reached and the principal difficulties are overcome. We spent six and a quarter hours on the ascent.



# BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL

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## North Wales Hydro Electric Schemes

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It is now almost certain that, barring an unexpected change in policy, the British Electricity Authority will introduce into Parliament in November, 1950, a Bill authorising these Projects.

Since it is unlikely that M.P.s generally will feel sufficiently strongly about the merits of the case to reject it on the first reading, it will have to be fought on the Committee Stage before a Committee of the House, when our case can only be put by counsel supported, if necessary, by expert witnesses.

This procedure, is however, a very expensive one, the minimum cost being about £1,000, and a good deal more than this if the hearing is a long one.

Since no single club or association can possibly afford a sum as large as this, it has been agreed that our Petition shall be in the name of the "North Wales Protection Committee" which is a joint body representing all clubs interested in preserving the amenities of North Wales. The major partners on this Committee are at present:—

- (a) Standing Committee on National Parks of the Councils for the Preservation of Rural England and Wales.
- (b) Merseyside Advisory Committee of Open Air Organisations.
- (c) Birmingham Open Air Societies' North Wales Committee.
- (d) British Mountaineering Council.

It will be the task of these bodies to raise the necessary funds, and arrange for the briefing of counsel and witnesses.

The B.M.C. therefore appeal most earnestly to all clubs to support this fund as generously as possible.

It is obviously difficult to try and allocate the share of this burden among the various constituent members of the Protection Committee since the financial resources of the different associations vary so widely. The B.M.C. feel that we should aim at contributing at least £300 as our share towards the basic figure of £1,000, without which our Petition cannot be launched. This will work out at about one shilling per head if all club members subscribe.

But, as stated above, the length of the hearing before the Committee may be prolonged, in which case even more money will be needed. The B.M.C. therefore ask all clubs to do their best to beat the minimum figure by as large a margin as possible.

## IN CONCLUSION

- (1) Please remember that there is not much time between now and next November for the large amount of preparatory work which has to be done. And, that the Protection Committee cannot really start this work until they have reasonable hopes of sufficient funds.
- (2) That upon the result of this fight will depend the fate of Snowdonia for generations to come. If the Committee reject the Bill, it will stand little chance of passing if re-introduced at some later date.

IF HOWEVER THE BILL PASSES, NOTHING FURTHER CAN BE DONE TO SAVE THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTH WALES. THIS IS OUR ONE AND ONLY CHANCE. THERE WILL BE NO SECOND CHANCE.

- (3) Please give all you can spare, and quickly. If it is only a small fraction of what the Welsh mountains are worth to you personally, it will give us all the funds we need.

The B.M.C. and the Protection Committee will see that every penny is spent to the best advantage, and that there will be no waste.

Please send your contribution to your own Club Treasurer, or if preferred, direct to:—

Honorary Treasurer,  
North Wales Protection Committee,  
93A Scotland Road,  
Liverpool, 3.

In order to save expense, receipts will not be sent unless specially requested.

If you have already contributed to the fund through any other body of the Protection Committee, please ignore this appeal.

A. S. PIGGOTT,  
*President.*

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

15 North West Circus Place,  
EDINBURGH, 3.  
10th May, 1950.

Dear Sir,

HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION

In response to the circular letter of 30th March asking members to supply on loan certain articles of equipment for the expedition in which W.H. Murray, T.D. Mackinnon, D. Scott, and T. Weir are taking part, the following items have been received:-

4 Sleeping Bags.  
7 Ice Axes.

In addition, £85:15:0d. was received in cash, and this sum has been disbursed as follows:-

Base tent and groundsheet.  
All stoves and cooking gear.  
Porters' equipment.  
Medical supplies.  
Crookes Glasses.  
2. Doz. Kodachrome Films.

The members of the expedition, who sailed for Bombay on the 20th ultimo, wish to convey to you their sincere appreciation for all the help and good wishes they have received.

ALPINE CLUB

There will be no A.C. Meet this year.

SWISS CURRENCY, 1950.

Through the good offices of the Alpine Club, members may obtain Swiss currency without producing proof of hotel bookings. In the first instance, members should obtain application forms from the Authorisation Office for Travel to Switzerland, 11c Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. The forms should be duly completed and sent to the undersigned, accompanied by: (1) the necessary fee (postal order), and (2) a stamped envelope, addressed to the Authorisation Office. Members may submit one additional form for a companion who, this year, may be any relative or friend.

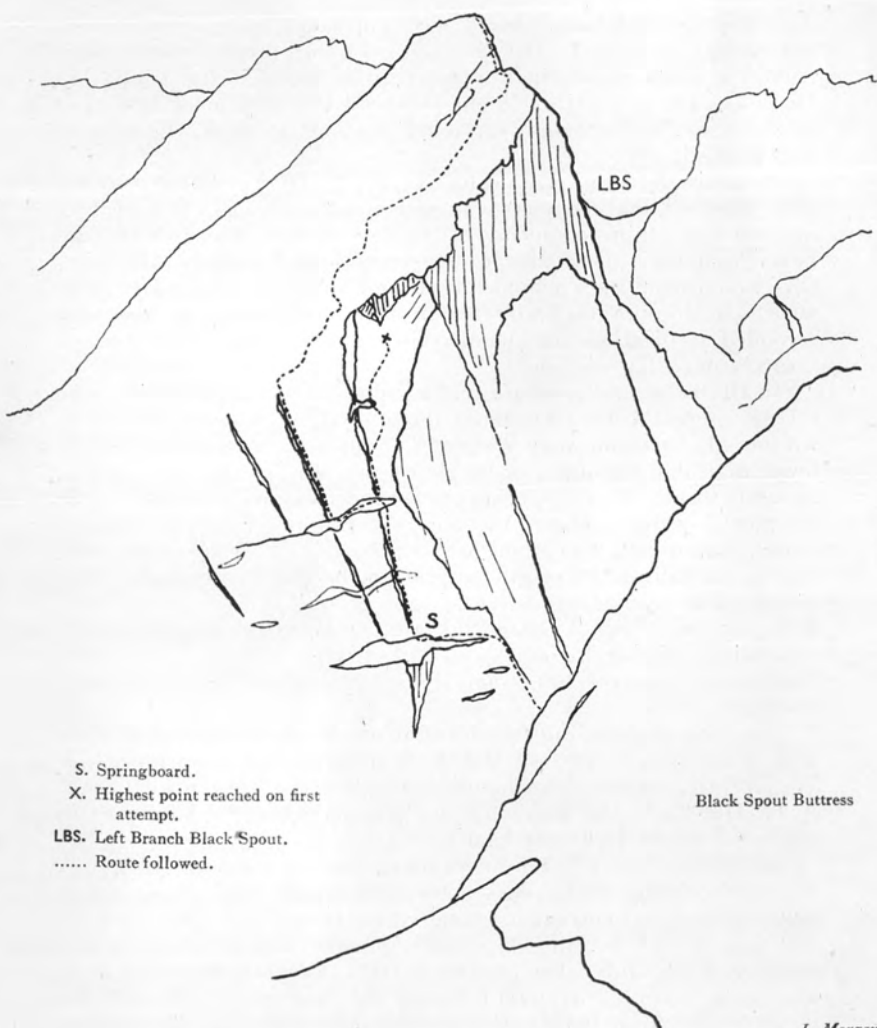
AUSTRIA

If you are interested in travel to Austria, particulars of the Austrian Alpine Club may be obtained from the Organising Secretary, Major Walter J. Ingham, U.K. Branch, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Yours sincerely,

IAN G. CHARLESON,

Hon. Secretary.



- S. Springboard.  
X. Highest point reached on first attempt.  
LBS. Left Branch Black Spout.  
..... Route followed.

Black Spout Buttress

BLACK SPOUT PINNACLE AS SEEN FROM LOCH

*J. Morgan*

## THE GROWTH OF THE S.M.C.

By E. C. Thomson.

Two recent events have made it seem opportune to look back to our beginnings and survey the emergence of our present membership from the band of original members who founded the Club. In December 1948 we celebrated our Diamond Jubilee Dinner, and early in 1949 we lost our last surviving original member, Edward J. McCandlish.

Accordingly, a sort of genealogical tree has been prepared, starting with those original members who have either themselves proposed for membership or our present members or have proposed others who in turn have "put up" those who in due course have led to the 318 members who formed the whole membership of the Club at 2nd December 1949! No account has been taken in the table of those who have only seconded applications for membership or of those ex-members whose "succession" has died out.

In all thirteen different original members have contributed to make up the present Club. Of these thirteen, three, namely Naismith, Inkson Maconnachie and Walter A. Smith, are responsible for no fewer than 266 members, or nearly 84 per cent. of the membership, between them. In very general terms they may be described as the "fathers" of the Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh members respectively. Interesting exceptions to this rule are T. D. Mackinnon, who, having an Edinburgh origin, appears to be the "forefather" of a young, growing, and very active Glasgow group; to a less extent G. C. Williams, who, with a Glasgow origin, is responsible for a similarly expanding Edinburgh group; and Parker, who, introduced by Gilbert Thomson of Glasgow, has proposed a substantial number of Aberdeen members.

The most outstanding fact brought out by the preparation of the table is the influence of the J.M.C.S. on the growth of the membership, as evidenced by the large number of members "descended from" A. G. Hutchison and Bartholomew, who played such a large part in the formation of the Junior Club.

Senior members will note with regret that the name of our former Secretary, George Sang, does not appear in the list. Sang did so much to help and encourage young climbers that it is remarkable to find that he did not himself actually propose anyone who is still a member of the Club. The passing of D. G. Romanis while this table was being compiled has also removed the name of his proposer, Sir Hugh Munro, from the list of original members who have present-day descendants. Dr Ernest Maylard, too, one of the three founders of the Club, is only represented by one present member, W. Wickham King, who joined the Club in 1891. The compiler of the table would feel rewarded for his labours if this member were yet to introduce some active candidate who would ensure the succession of his famous progenitor!

S.M.C. GENEALOGICAL TREE.

\*(Professor F. O. Bower.)

G. G. Macphee, 1927.  
 J. W. Baxter, 1928.  
 E. W. Hodge, 1936.  
 T. H. Tilly, 1940.  
 C. S. Tilly, 1945.  
 [D. H. Maling, 1947.]

\*(Rev. Colin Campbell.)

(Harry Walker, 1894.)  
 Harry Giles Walker, 1896.  
 (Professor Steggall, 1918.)  
 [Professor Turnbull, 1930.]  
 R. S. Low, 1902.  
 (James Sime Greig, 1906.)  
 G. R. Donald, 1908.  
 Frank G. Young, 1923.  
 Rev. Alan C. Smith, 1927.  
 William H. Valentine, 1929.

\*(T. Fraser S. Campbell.)

I. B. Mowat, 1927.  
 W. G. Blackie, 1930.

\*(Howard Hill.)

[Charles W. Walker, 1900.]

\*(Alexander Inkson Maconnachie.)

(William Brown, 1891.)  
 (George Duncan, 1896.)  
 (Sir Henry Alexander, 1908.)  
 Guy Barlow, 1921.  
 James Gray Kyd, 1923.

(Charles Ruxton, 1891.)

William Garden, 1896.  
 J. McCoss, 1914.  
 W. Malcolm, 1931.  
 J. E. Bothwell, 1938.  
 Marshall J. Robb, 1919.  
 Dr D. P. Levack, 1920.  
 A. Leslie Hay, 1929.  
 Ronald Gibson, 1931.  
 J. E. MacEwen, 1941.  
 G. Roy Symmers, 1931.  
 Garth Lorimer, 1947.  
 A. E. Anton, 1949.  
 E. W. Smith, 1949.

(W. Lamond Howie, 1892.)

(W. Inglis Clark, 1895.)  
 C. W. Nettleton, 1901.  
 G. E. Howard, 1908.  
 Robert Jeffrey, 1911.  
 Simon B. Henderson, 1915.  
 A. Harrison, 1918.  
 Donald MacKay, 1928.  
 A. L. Cram, 1930.  
 [Dr W. Blackwood, 1935.]  
 J. B. Home, 1936.  
 J. W. Glen, 1938.  
 I. G. Charleson, 1938.  
 W. E. Forde, 1947.  
 T. H. Gibson, 1930.

\* Indicates an original member.

Brackets indicate a former member.

NOTE :—In these tables, each member was proposed by the member one column to the left and above his own name, thus :  
 D. H. Maling (on line 7) was proposed by C. S. Tilly (on line 6), and C. S. Tilly by G. G. Macphee (on line 2).

\*(Alexander Inkson Maconnachie)—*contd.*

| (W. Lamond Howie, 1892)—*contd.*

| (W. Inglis Clark, 1895)—*contd.*

| Robert Jeffrey, 1911—*contd.*

| A. Harrison, 1918—*contd.*

| John Geddes, 1931.

| Jock M. S. Roberts, 1931.

| Paul Fletcher, 1943.

| R. L. Gwilt, 1944.

| Victor I. Russell, 1945.

| H. I. Drever, 1946.

| Dr D. G. Duff, 1946.

| Rev. R. J. V. Clark, 1947.

| H. M. Kirkland, 1948.

| G. L. Bartrum, second time, 1944.

| John Hirst, second time, 1944.

| F. G. Bennett, 1948.

| T. G. Longstaff, second time, 1947.

\*(Dr A. Ernest Maylard.)

| W. Wickham King, 1891.

\*(W. W. Naismith.)

| (James Maclay, 1892.)

| R. Ernest Workman, 1899.

| James Craig, 1909.

| Hugh James Craig, 1912.

| E. N. Marshall, 1921.

| (F. S. Goggs, 1901.)

| H. M. D. Watson, 1908.

| A. Ronald G. Burn, 1916.

| H. MacRobert, 1905.

| Paul Scoones, 1911.

| (T. R. Marshall, 1912.)

| R. C. Paterson, 1916.

| T. C. Donald, 1932.

| R. J. Hedderwick, 1932.

| A. G. Hutchison, 1922.

| W. J. Bannister, 1924.

| K. K. Hunter, 1924.

| J. K. W. Dunn, 1947.

| C. E. Andreae, 1925.

| W. B. Speirs, 1927.

| G. R. Speirs, 1928.

| B. H. Humble, 1936.

| Robert Anderson, 1945.

| James Banford, 1945.

| A. I. L. Maitland, 1945.

| Angus M. Smith, 1945.

| I. M. M. MacPhail, 1947.

| J. B. Nimlin, 1947.

| David Easson, 1947.

| R. A. Peel, 1948.

| D. H. Steven, 1928.

| Malcolm Aitken, 1931.

| J. H. Calder MacLeod, 1931.

| J. Allan Steven, 1928.

| Harry Bell, 1931.

| J. Bento Miller, 1931.

| R. W. B. Morris, 1931.

| D. S. Anderson, 1948.

| J. Gordon Robinson, 1931.

| I. G. Jack, 1933.



\* (W. W. Naismith)—*contd.*

(James MacLay, 1892)—*contd.*

H. MacRobert, 1905—*contd.*

(T. R. Marshall, 1912)—*contd.*

A. G. Hutchison, 1922—*contd.*

W. B. Speirs, 1927—*contd.*

J. J. St Clair, 1931.

James Dawson, 1933.

G. F. Todd, 1931.

W. D. Forrest, 1932.

W. C. Watson, 1933.

D. J. S. Harvey, 1934.

Campbell R. Steven, 1934.

Colin M. Steven, 1938.

N. K. Easton, 1947.

Theodore Nicholson, 1948.

J. Logan Aikman, 1928.

G. C. Williams, 1930.

George Arthur, 1933.

Drummond Henderson, 1936.

Robert Grieve, 1944.

David Aitken, 1945.

J. Russell Marshall, 1945.

Thomas Weir, 1945.

P. E. Macfarlane, 1948.

Lord Malcolm A. Douglas-Hamilton, 1947.

D. H. Haworth, 1947.

I. A. T. McPhail, 1948.

J. R. Hewit, 1947.

Dr D. B. McIntyre, 1947.

Dr J. G. Parish, 1947.

J. S. Berkeley, 1948.

William Waddell, 1931.

G. Gordon Jackson, 1932.

Arthur Dixon, 1929.

Rev. Ronald B. Neill, 1931.

James E. MacLaren, 1929.

T. G. Robinson, 1929.

J. B. Shearer, 1929.

W. H. Dinsmore, 1930.

J. Arthur Ramsay, 1931.

D. W. Robinson, 1930.

A. M. Stephen, 1931.

J. S. M. Jack, 1919.

Herbert Tomkinson, 1921.

D. Rainy Brown, 1929.

R. W. Graham Kerr, 1931.

Peter H. Brown, 1945.

A. N. MacLaurin, 1924.

A. G. W. Thomson, 1924.

A. Colin Russell, 1925.

R. R. Elton, 1926.

D. R. A. Hotchkis, 1930.

R. R. Macdonald, 1935.

S. J. L. Hardie, 1933.

J. L. Innes, 1936.

Gordon Manley, 1937.

Edwin Ker, 1944.

J. N. Ledingham, 1945.

W. C. Carmichael, 1947.

Duncan McArthur, 1949.

\*(W. W. Naismith)—*contd.*

(James Maclay, 1892)—*contd.*

H. MacRobert, 1905—*contd.*

J. N. Ledingham, 1945—*contd.*

A. J. H. Miles, 1949.

R. R. S. Higgins, 1946.

W. R. M. Watson, 1946.

John E. Blow, 1947.

Professor T. Graham Brown, 1948.

(Godfrey Solly, 1894.)

T. C. Ormiston-Chant, 1920.

J. M. Davidson, 1937.

Lord Mackay, 1898.

Stair A. Gillon, 1902.

J. W. Buchan, 1906.

(J. C. Thomson, 1905.)

J. W. W. Drysdale, 1924.

J. C. Maclaurin, 1924.

J. G. Carruthers, 1931.

J. W. Dallachy, Jun., 1931.

A. G. Murray, 1931.

G. B. L. Motherwell, 1920.

W. Ross McLean, 1928.

Thomas Aitken, 1930.

Ian W. McInnes, 1931.

Allan Arthur, 1909.

A. R. Anderson, 1913.

Wilfred A. Stewart, 1936.

J. W. R. Murray, 1928.

J. Campbell Davies, 1931.

J. S. Maclean, 1932.

J. M. Thomson, 1933.

\*(Colin B. Phillip.)

(Dr J. Norman Collie, 1891.)

G. P. Baker, 1898.

\*(Professor G. G. Ramsay.)

(Hely Hutchison Almond, 1890.)

(J. S. Napier, 1895.)

(R. G. Napier, 1896.)

Dr R. N. Rutherford, 1922.

A. J. Frazer, 1924.

G. T. Glover, 1898.

\*(R. A. Robertson.)

(Harry G. S. Lawson, 1896.)

W. N. Ling, 1898.

R. W. Worsdell, 1905.

A. C. McLaren, 1911.

(D. W. Inglis, 1920.)

C. E. E. Riley, 1923.

Leslie G. Shadbolt, 1911.

R. G. Elwell, 1919.

D. Campbell Allen, 1947.

R. C. S. Low, 1947.

Euan B. Robertson, 1901.

\*(Principal Sir George Adam Smith.)

(H. C. Boyd, 1893.)

E. W. Green, 1895.

Harrison Barrow, 1897.

(J. H. Bell, 1894.)

Edred M. Corner, 1897.

Professor E. Luscher, 1921.

\* (Principal Sir George Adam Smith)—*contd.*

| J. M. Wordie, 1912.

\* (Walter A. Smith.)

| (William Douglas, November 1890.)

| (Sheriff Alexander Nicholson, March 1892.)

| (Walter Brunskill, November 1892.)

| (G. Bennett Gibbs, 1896.)

| W. A. Mounsey, 1901.

| (W. Backhouse, 1907.)

| A. H. H. Ross, 1920.

| (Howard Priestman, 1892.)

| Walter Barrow, 1894.

Rev. A. E. Robertson, 1893.

| (J. W. Drummond, 1895.)

| (W. Galbraith, 1908.)

| (G. B. Green, 1911.)

| G. Mure Wood, 1919.

| Dr James H. B. Bell, 1922.

| (R. M. McIntyre, 1933.)

| D. Barker, 1935.

| Dr David Myles, 1933.

| J. D. B. Wilson, 1943.

| W. A. W. Russell, 1948.

| A. H. Hendry, 1944.

| G. J. Ritchie, 1947.

| W. H. Murray, 1945.

| J. W. Cortlandt-Simpson, 1948.

| A. C. D. Small, 1945.

| James R. Wood, 1945.

| H. A. Nicholson, 1923.

R. M. Gall Inglis, 1929.

Robert M. Scott, 1932.

| T. D. Mackinnon, 1936.

| W. M. Mackenzie, 1937.

| J. F. Hamilton, 1944.

| D. D. Paterson, 1948.

| Douglas Campbell, 1949.

| W. G. Marskell, 1944.

| G. S. Roger, 1944.

| Douglas Scott, 1944.

| Dr J. C. Henderson, 1949.

| A. M. MacAlpine, 1945.

| Daniel McKellar, 1945.

| John A. Brown, 1945.

| R. D. Walton, 1945.

| William Bennet, 1947.

| Dr Robert O. Scott, 1947.

| C. D. Crosthwaite, 1933.

A. Fraser, 1895.

| A. W. Russell, 1896.

| (A. J. Rusk, 1921.)

| (Robert Brown, 1928.)

| (W. T. Yeaman, 1929.)

| J. F. Anton, 1929.

| D. M. Isles, 1933.

| J. Y. Macdonald, 1928.

| Thomas McQuillen, 1932.

| D. G. Turnbull, 1949.

Sir Hugh McPherson, 1929.

Alasdair R. Wilson, 1931.

| (E. A. M. Wedderburn, 1932.)

\*(Walter A. Smith)—*contd.*

(William Douglas, November 1890)—*contd.*

A. Fraser, 1895—*contd.*

A. W. Russell, 1896—*contd.*

Alasdair R. Wilson, 1931—*contd.*

(E. A. M. Wedderburn, 1932)—*contd.*

P. D. Baird, 1933.

Dr R. N. Traquair, 1934.

Lieut.-Colonel J. M. L. Gavin, 1940.

G. S. Russell, 1947.

S. F. M. Cumming, 1905.

I. H. Ogilvie, 1934.

C. C. Gorrie, 1937.

George Peat, 1938.

J. McK. Stewart, 1938.

R. O. H. Down, 1945.

J. K. Annand, 1947.

F. E. O'Riordan, 1947.

James Marjoribanks, 1949.

(Harold Raeburn, 1896.)

J. W. Burns, 1903.

N. D. Walker, 1948.

(Charles Inglis Clark, 1906.)

J. H. Buchanan, 1909.

Eric P. Buchanan, 1910.

G. Murray Lawson, 1915.

John Harrison, 1920.

E. C. Thomson, 1920.

Lieut.-General K. G. McLean, 1921.

J. A. Scott, 1923.

L. St C. Bartholomew, 1924.

R. W. Martin, 1925.

I. M. Campbell, 1927.

Maurice H. Cooke, 1938.

P. R. L. Heath, 1947.

T. M. Wedderburn, 1947.

D. H. McPherson, 1929.

I. C. Monro, 1929.

G. G. Elliot, 1931.

Richard Brown, 1947.

B. Horsburgh, 1947.

A. Geddes, 1931.

Professor J. Drever, 1947.

J. G. Osborne, 1931.

J. P. Pattullo, 1931.

Norman Sandeman, 1931.

W. G. P. Lindsay, 1932.

Alan Horne, 1934.

Barclay S. Fraser, 1945.

D. G. Kellock, 1934.

D. J. Fraser, 1936.

T. C. Dow, 1947.

J. Neil Orr, 1933.

A. J. Paton, 1922.

J. F. A. Burt, 1925.

Andrew Muirhead, 1930.

C. W. Parry, 1926.

T. Evershed Thomson, 1927.

C. G. M. Slessor, 1948.

John Dow, 1928.

C. G. Andrews, 1934.

\*(Walter A. Smith)—*contd.*

(William Douglas, November 1890)—*contd.*

(Harold Raeburn, 1896)—*contd.*

(Charles Inglis Clark, 1906)—*contd.*

Eric P. Buchanan, 1910—*contd.*

G. Murray Lawson, 1915—*contd.*

John Dow, 1928—*contd.*

R. L. Beveridge, 1940.

Dr R. S. Peill, 1934.

(Hugh Gardner, 1921.)

F. D. Campbell Allen, 1933.

S. Pointon Taylor, 1937.

William A. Morrison, 1902.

D. H. Menzies, 1910.

Denis F. Pilkington, 1925.

(J. H. Wigner, 1903.)

P. J. H. Unna, 1905.

(David Clapperton, 1910.)

W. M. Younger, 1929.

(William C. Smith, December 1890.)

(Scott Moncrieff Penney, 1892.)

Lord Macmillan, 1903.

\*(Gilbert Thomson.)

(J. A. Parker, 1893.)

James Bruce Miller, 1908.

(A. M. M. Williamson, 1920.)

J. G. McLean, 1929.

A. R. Lillie, 1930.

W. Lennox Coats, 1934.

W. F. McAllum, 1935.

R. G. A. Hemming, 1936.

M. F. Rodger, 1946.

R. T. Sellar, 1925.

D. S. P. Douglas, 1926.

Gordon Wilson, 1927.

E. M. Davidson, 1929.

Alexander Henderson, 1936.

F. F. Cunningham, 1947.

H. G. Dason, 1932.

W. A. Ewen, 1934.

Dr W. T. Hendry, 1949.

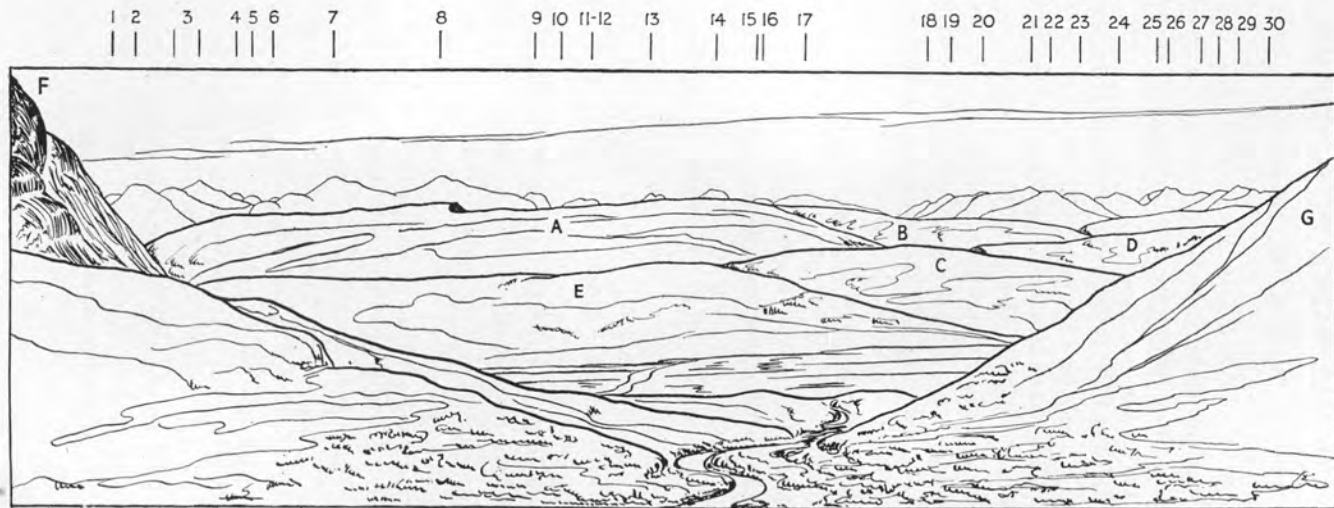
J. D. MacLennan, 1937.

**THE VIEW FROM THE C.I.C. HUT.**

The Hut has been there for twenty years, but so far no estimate of the view looking down the Mhuilinn Glen has appeared in the *Journal*. The view will seldom appear the same twice, different lights show up details invisible on other occasions; hence this sketch has been gradually filled in on successive visits and finally drawn by W. A. Ewen.

	True Bearing (Degrees).
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B. Mullach Coire nan Geur- oirean, L. Arkaig (2,373). . . . .	F. Castle Ridge.
C. Beinn Bhan, Glen Lochay. . . . .	G. Carn Beag Dearg.
D. Meall Bhclair, L. Arkaig. . . . .	

ROBT. M. GALL INGLIS.





**NATIONAL PARKS IN SCOTLAND.**

By J. K. W. Dunn.

THE report of the Scottish National Parks Committee and the Scottish Wild Life Conservation Committee was published as a White Paper (Cmd. 7235) as long ago as July 1947, but so far it has excited little serious comment among members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. It is said by climbers that the establishment of National Parks would confer on them little benefit by way of enhanced facilities for their recreation; hence the tendency among mountaineers to dismiss National Parks as a planner's pipe-dream. Yet, in fact, such a view is ludicrously myopic, as I shall attempt to show.

There are at work at the present time two agencies which have already wrought great changes scenically and economically in the Highlands, and whose influence will in the next twenty-five years be even more profound. They are powerful and within their own spheres extremely efficient; properly directed they will confer great benefits on the Highlands; but if their activities are not co-ordinated with other developments they will but complete that destruction of the Highland scene and Highland way of life which began 200 years ago with the clearances.

The first of these two agencies is the North of Scotland Hydro-Electricity Board, whose manifold activities and their scenic effect I do not need to describe. Their main job is to generate electricity, partly for local domestic consumption and partly for industrial use, and I would be the first to admit that the job needed to be done and that the Board has made a most promising beginning. But in two or three years' time the Board will be generating surplus electricity for which the only outlet will be via the grid to England, which, except for the output of one or two schemes, was never intended. The intention was that electricity generated in the Highlands should be used in the Highlands. The Board has certain powers which permit it to encourage and even to assist in the development of industry using electric power, but these powers have so far not been used to any great extent;

even if they were used, they are too circumscribed to enable the Board itself to develop adequate outlets for the electricity it generates. There is obviously a link missing here, a means whereby the damage which will be done to beautiful places by future operations may be curbed and whereby an outlet can be found for the electricity which is to be generated.

The other agency is the Forestry Commission. Although its operations are neither so spectacular nor so obvious as those of the Hydro Board, they will, within the next twenty-five years, have expanded enormously. Some idea of the expansion contemplated may be gathered from the numbers to be employed in forestry; when fully developed, approximately the same number will be employed in forestry as there are in coal mining; present numbers are rather less than one-quarter of this figure. There is no doubt that the Commission's operations are, broadly speaking, necessary and beneficial. Hitherto, however, the Commission's plantations have not been notable for either variety or beauty of lay-out. Moreover, naturally enough, where trees have been planted on hillsides, access to the hills is restricted, and the danger of fire involves the prohibition of camping in the neighbourhood of plantations. With the enormous increase in planting contemplated, these restrictions are bound also to increase, and from the scenic point of view the character of huge stretches of country will be completely altered, not always for the better. The Department of Agriculture advises the Secretary of State on the land to be allocated for forestry, but, so far as I know, that is the only check on the operations of the Commission; presumably the Department is not greatly concerned with the preservation of beautiful places in their existing state, but rather judges the Commission's proposals from the point of view of the usefulness or otherwise for agricultural purposes of the land involved. Here, again, there seems to me to be a link missing.

It is clear, then, that the operations of the Hydro Board and the Forestry Commission are not at present adequately controlled so as to prevent undue damage to beautiful scenery, nor are they allotted their proper

place in the economic development of the Highlands. These two considerations, however, do not exhaust the factors which must be borne in mind when a National Parks policy is formulated. Indeed they are by no means the most important.

No one, I believe, not even the most romantic of sentimentalists revelling in empty and derelict solitude, would assert that the Highlands and the Highlander are in a satisfactory state to-day. The truth is, of course, that the Highlands, through being devoted almost exclusively to the raising of sheep and deer, have been during the past 150 years brought to the very verge of ruin. The land which, 200 years ago and more, carried literally huge stocks of beef cattle and supplied a large part of the meat for the central lowlands is now sheep-sick, sour and derelict; and the population which enjoyed a very reasonable standard of life is now decimated and exhausted. The Highlands are, in fact, largely a man-made wilderness. No plan which has any right to be called a plan for the Highlands, or even a part of them, can ignore these unpleasant facts. The remedy is simply enough stated—create jobs in sufficient variety and quantity and provide houses with reasonable comfort and amenities—but it requires imagination, a long-term plan and money to carry it out. The proposed National Parks cover 10 per cent. of the Highlands, and all are part of the Highlands and inherit their problem. If there is ever to be regeneration in the Highlands, the National Parks must share in, or better still, lead it. And it seems to me that the failure to make the best possible use of the Highlands for food production is indefensible at the present time and in the foreseeable future.

National Parks being created for the enjoyment and recreation of all, the provision of facilities for recreation must not be overlooked among the other functions they will be called on to discharge. To some, apparently, National Parks are synonymous with the organised hearty raucousness of holiday camps. This view is due, I can only suppose, to ignorance and prejudice. What is required, and what is actually proposed, is the provision

of holiday accommodation at farms and cottages and at inexpensive hotels, where people can enjoy a quiet holiday in their own way. Apart from the planning and provision of such accommodation, the main function of National Parks from the point of view of recreation should be to ensure that access to the hills, lochs and beauty spots is freely available to all who wish to enjoy them.

It should be possible to summarise in general terms the functions which a National Park should perform in its area :—

1. To preserve the natural beauty spots in the park.
2. To plan and develop the proper use of the agricultural land in the park.
3. To co-ordinate the operations of the Hydro Board and Forestry Commission with agricultural development.
4. To provide for the establishment of suitable country and home industries so as to ensure employment in adequate variety and quantity.
5. To provide for holiday accommodation for visitors and to ensure free access to all parts of the Park.

I suppose it may be objected that 2, 3 and 4 are not functions which are within the purview of National Parks. It seems to me that such objections would be the result of having a preconceived notion of what a National Park should do, and then rigidly applying that notion to the Highlands, where, as I hope I have shown, it just does not fit the prevailing needs of the country or the people.

A criticism of the White Paper can now be attempted in the light of the conclusions set out above. I am conscious of presumption in criticising the findings of such an experienced committee, but I must plead that only by criticism can the true value of any plan be assessed or improvements on it suggested. A detailed criticism is beyond the scope of this article, but I propose to indicate on broad lines where, in my opinion, the White Paper has gone wrong.

The main point I wish to make is that the National Parks Committee have looked at the Highlands in

general and the proposed Parks in particular as museum pieces to be preserved in their present state for all time. A quotation from paragraphs 7, 8 and 9 of the White Paper will show what I mean :—

“ 7. The Survey Committee gave the following definition of a National Park: ‘ A National Park is an extensive tract of country of outstanding natural beauty . . . owned or controlled by the Nation . . . administered by or on behalf of the Nation, to the end that its distinctive values may be preserved unimpaired for the enjoyment of this and future generations.’

“ 8. We kept this definition in mind and also the view that the preservation and accessibility of the distinctive beauty and interest of a National Park does not preclude the maintenance or even the extension of such economic uses of the land as are consistent with the primary objects, that the fostering of the rural industries . . . should not be overlooked . . . and that one of the prime duties of a National Park administration should be to preserve the continuity of rural life in the communities concerned.

“ 9. With this conception of a National Park we are in full agreement . . . ”

Although paragraph 8 seems to hold out some hope of a properly integrated plan for National Parks, it is, I fear, little more than lip service to an ideal. Is the National Parks Commission, which is to be the body for administering the Parks, given either the powers or the financial resources to attain the ideal? No; the definition in paragraph 7 is the one which the White Paper keeps in mind and provides for, as any who care to read it may see. There might be some justification for this view if the present state of the Highlands is one to be proud of, or if the proposed Parks were barren, uninhabited tracts of country incapable of rendering service to the community except as places of recreation. But the Highlands have been correctly described as a man-made wilderness, to our shame, and the proposed Parks are neither uninhabited nor barren.

Other points of criticism arise in the White Paper,

but they all stem from the one I have elaborated above. They concern mainly inadequate provision for co-operation between the National Parks Commission and other agencies concerned in the development of the Park areas, insufficient powers for the Commission and insufficient finance; it would be out of place to enlarge on them here.

In conclusion, may I recommend the reading of the White Paper (which can be had from H.M. Stationery Office) to Scottish Mountaineering Club members, for it concerns us closely. Whether we like it or not the Highlands are going to show great changes in the next twenty-five years. National Parks provide a means for making those changes so that they benefit the whole community in the area which they control. Without the Parks I fear that the Highlands will be given over, not to sheep and deer, which have nearly depopulated them, but to the new monopolies of hydro-electricity and the marching conifers.

## FOOD.

By Pat Bell.

SELECTING food for a week-end which will be spent in a tent, hostel or hut is for most walkers and climbers a haphazard affair. One finds or filches whatever portable food can be come by in the store cupboard or larder, or buys what one can *en route*. Food for a week's camping receives a little more consideration perhaps, but in either case the results are too often deplorable from every point of view, not least dietetically. A week's holiday, or even a day and a half's break, should set one up physically, and it is likely to lose half its effect if you persist in giving your body all the most unsuitable foods, cooked in a frying-pan. A little forethought will save a vast amount of weight and cooking time, which are both important considerations, and will provide a better and more satisfying diet from the nutritional point of view.



First, then, let us consider what sort of food one needs, and afterwards the most convenient way to carry it. When climbing and walking all day one expends a good deal of energy, and the main requirement in one's diet is for energy-producing food, that is, carbohydrates. Most people take too little of these and run short of bread. Fats are also energy producers, and help to make the carbohydrates palatable. Vegetables are, of course, essential in a normal diet for health, but may be left out for a short week-end. Their disadvantage is that preparing and cooking them takes too much time, and that they are heavy and bulky. Some fruit is good. At last we come to the proteins—meat, peas, beans, cheese, eggs, etc. A small quantity is desirable, but a large amount is neither necessary nor desirable. Many people tend to eat proteins instead of carbohydrates for producing energy, and thereby give their kidneys a deal of extra and unnecessary work.

There are two limiting factors which must never be forgotten when selecting food that has to be carried: the length of time required to cook it, and the weight. If you are carrying your own cooking fuel these two factors become one. When you are using huts and hostels, fuel economy should still be studied; even when the huts are near the road, care should be taken to use as little fuel as possible. Far too often primuses flare away, boiling unnecessary kettles. Remember that hot water is not required for washing up, except for greasy plates and utensils, and even these can be dealt with in other ways.

In order to save weight food should be carried in a dry form when possible. For the carbohydrates—macaroni, spaghetti, rice and oatmeal—all swell considerably when cooked in water, and give a good bulky meal for a low dry weight. Used with the haybox type of cookery, which will be referred to later, they do not require much fuel for cooking. Bread, of course, is needed, if only for carrying on the hills. Brown bread is much more satisfying and goes further. In ordinary housekeeping one eats about one-third less bread if brown is used instead of white. The least bulky and most satisfying



is Allinson's bread, made with a stone-ground wholemeal flour. Dried potato flour is useful and requires only the addition of boiling water and no other cooking. Potatoes themselves are not really practical; they take a long time to boil, and are best cooked at home beforehand in their jackets. They carry thus quite well, will keep a couple of days and can be heated up again. Butter and margarine, of course, will be included and some jam or honey for use with the bread.

As to the vegetables, although necessary for a balanced diet, they are too heavy and troublesome for a week-end, or even a week's camping, and are best left out unless they can be got locally. If you do use them, cut them as small as possible so that they will cook more quickly, use very little water and keep the lid on your cooking pot all the time they are cooking. It is better to content oneself with raw salads. Lettuce, well washed beforehand and shaken dry, is light and carries well in a plastic bag; if it is required for more than a day it will keep fresh in a burn. Raw carrots, scrubbed and well masticated, are also good; so are raw brussels sprouts. I have never found a satisfactory method of carrying tomatoes. They invariably squash all over the contents of a rucksack. Dried fruit is invaluable, if you are able to persuade your housekeeper to part with some points for it. Prunes, apricots, sultanas, raisins, dates and figs can all be eaten raw and dry, or you can soak them in a little water overnight to soften them. Fresh fruit is always acceptable, of course, and, though heavy, it is worth taking some. Apples and oranges carry best. If you are out for longer than a week-end, a small bottle of orange juice or hip juice is well worth taking. It will provide you with vitamin C, and a little of it added to tea makes a very refreshing drink which is much pleasanter than using tinned milk. Tins of evaporated milk are heavy, and, as it tastes so horrible in tea, it is really not worth taking.

Raw meat does not keep and should never be carried. If cooked beforehand it should be eaten in a day or two; tinned meat and tinned peas and beans should be used sparingly as they are comparatively concentrated.

Pemmican, an extremely concentrated form of protein, is made by Bovril Ltd., and only a small quantity, probably not more than an ounce or two per day mixed with other foods, is a maximum. Cheese is a great standby, as it requires no cooking and is excellent for carrying on the hills. Eggs can be carried in small aluminium containers made for the purpose, and are very useful. For those who do not want to be bothered with meat, peasemeal will provide the necessary protein in soups, and cooks quickly. The various vegetarian nut-meals are light to carry, quick to cook and good meat substitutes. Nuts are a highly concentrated form of protein, and, without shells, are good to carry on a hill. They also provide fats.

This brings us to soups. Personally, I never make them when camping as I dislike dried and tinned soups, but with many they are popular. Tinned soups contain a lot of water and are comparatively expensive. It is far better to carry dried soups, and supplement them with any bits of meat, cheese or other oddments that you may have. I have even heard of sardines and white puddings, disembowelled, being added to the brew!

Water is only too plentiful in Scotland, and it is never worth while carting it about with you. So, carry your food in as dry a form as possible. Leave out those tins of soup and stews, and forswear tinned fruit and tinned milk. You will nearly break your back carrying them, and they will vanish in the twinkling of an eye. In my opinion the only tins worth carrying are the very small tins of tomato purée. Tinned tomatoes are said to be the only fruit or vegetable (except pineapple) which retain their vitamin C when canned. The small tins are stocked by any chemist, and are made by Nestlé's and Heinz, especially for infants! But don't let that deter you! They are invaluable for brightening up a dish of macaroni, spaghetti or rice.

Hay-box cookery is very useful for dealing with starchy foods. A hay-box itself is not, of course, necessary, though every climbing hut might well be equipped with one or two, even if only to use for cooking the porridge overnight. The method is this: heat the food to boiling

point and boil for a few minutes; take it off the stove and immediately wrap a piece of paper round the pot and quickly swathe it with spare pullovers, sleeping bags, balaclavas, spare socks; or if none of these are handy pack it well round with dried grass. This will keep the pot hot for some time, during which the food will be cooking. Oatmeal porridge made like this in the evening will be completely cooked in the morning, and require only heating up.

The following simple recipes may perhaps help those unaccustomed to cooking. I give first the basic ones, then suggestions for additions to make them palatable. The quantities given may be sufficient for two people, but that, of course, depends upon how hungry you are!

*Porridge*.—Three tablespoonfuls of medium oatmeal. One pint of water. Mix a little water with the oatmeal, boil the rest of the water and to it add the oatmeal. Stir and boil for a few minutes, then put in hay-box. This method avoids lumps, and the oatmeal is not scattered all over the place as when it is added dry. The result is indistinguishable from the orthodox method.

*Rice*.—Put half a cupful of rice into two cups at least of water, bring to the boil and boil for five minutes, add a pinch of salt and wrap up in your hay-box. Do the rest of your cooking, then bring the rice again to the boil, and, if it is not cooked, boil until it is tender. Then drain off the water and add a little margarine.

*Macaroni*.—Put a cupful of macaroni, broken into short lengths, into some salted water, bring to the boil and cook for five minutes. Proceed as for the rice.

*Spaghetti*.—Put a cupful of spaghetti, broken into small pieces, into salted water, boil for five minutes and proceed as for rice.

Any of the following additions, or others, can be made to rice, macaroni or spaghetti after they have been cooked:—

1. Cut up or grate cheese on to it.
2. Tomato purée—add and stir well.
3. Fry well in a covered pot some chopped onions, and add.

4. Cut up any small pieces of meat, and add.
5. Make dried soup with very little water, and add.
6. Break in one or two eggs and stir well. They can be used in conjunction with any of the other things.
7. Perhaps pemmican could be used. I have no personal experience of it.

Let me conclude by mentioning the great omissions in these notes ; sausages, bacon, black and white puddings are perhaps the chief. Well, everyone knows all about them, so there is no need to include them, as the aim of this article is partly to try to divert attention from the frying pan, to suggest new ideas to those who are not accustomed to cooking daily and perhaps to bring a little variety into camp food.

Every climbers' hut has a plea that no perishable food shall be left there. There are two reasons for this. It will attract mice and other vermin and go bad and decay. Last August I turned out a cupboard of decaying food from the C.I.C. Hut. Later, I heard that a friend had performed the same service three months previously. There were flour, oatmeal, semi-liquid salt, rancid fats, Creamola puddings in paper packets (requiring three hours' boiling!), smelly dried soups, sticky sugar, stinking cocoa and chocolate powder, nearly all stored in paper bags or limp cardboard packets in a hut that is invariably damp! Flour should never be taken to a hut or camp ; with an unimportant exception I know of nothing that could be cooked with it. If stored in airtight receptacles, tea and sugar will keep a long time. Tinned goods will keep until the cans rust away. Flour and oatmeal will keep only a few weeks. Steamed pudding mixtures are useless, as they require too much cooking. Remember never to leave any food in paper bags or cardboard cartons ; unoccupied buildings are unventilated and always damp.

Let me wish you *bon appetit* on your next camping expedition!

**A CLIMBING HAZARD.**

**By Ian W. Craig.**

LAST May a companion and I scrambled around Sutherland. Day followed exquisite day, until the morning after that long slog to and from Suilven by Ledbeg made us think on easier things.

Behind Inchnadamph, their rocks still veined with snow, Connival and Ben More Assynt lured us invitingly. We pictured an easy day along the ridge, with perhaps a plunge in the River Traligill on the way home. So we thought—but there's aye a something . . .

The day was warm and the visibility was superb. A grand lazy day it was for us; a day of many halts. One particular pause lives in the memory. No, not because of the view, the mood, the conversation—or even the lack of it—but solely on account of the company. Our party at that moment increased to three. The recruit was a week-old lamb. Where it came from we could not discover. But it liked us. Where we went it went. Mary had nothing on us.

We were then on the last vestiges of grazing land. Only the splintered ridge lay above us, and that lamb would persist in following us. We sat down to consider the situation. The new arrival was also in no hurry. Our Harris tweeds seemed to comfort it, and it merely snuggled close. No, I'm sure we did not smell like that! Its contentment perplexed us and its attentions disconcerted us. How does one forcibly wean a lamb?

We walked. We ran. So also did that four-legged beast, only it did it ever so much better. Barefoot it was more than a match for our nails.

Below us, grazing quietly, were some sheep with lambs. "Let's walk our lamb through the flock and thus lose it," we thought. "Reintroduce it to its brethren." It was not so easily done. Even walking on the straight and level had its dangers. The frisking lamb was a movable stumbling-block. It loved our feet and it was happy hurling its tiny body between our clinkered hooves. Amusing it was indeed, that dear

little thing. The sight of a climber fully equipped to face the rigours of a Scottish hill being grassed by a lamb is highly entertaining to an onlooker. And we both took turns at onlooking. On the far side of the flock we emerged, and so did our frolicsome infant.

What could we do next ? I'm sorry to relate that we contemplated a murder. But it was too good a day for such a foul deed—and there would have been talk. Firmly and forcibly we did push that small animal over a sharp little declivity and then took to our heels and ran uphill. When we recovered our breath there at our feet was that lamb again, its eyes brimming over with shy, demure innocence. Definitely it liked us. We're sure it even smiled at us in a happy sort of way. "Do that again," it seemed to say, "it was great fun!"

What next ? Fortunately we then spied a ewe with a dead lamb. But how does one propose adoption to a distraught mother ? We smoked a pipe over this problem, but still that lamb snuggled close to us. Perhaps the pungent tobacco smoke deloused it. Perhaps some lambs have no sense of smell. The nearest we were to exchanging our quick for its dead was when that ewe came over and, sniffing our youngster, emitted a motherly "meh." Our dear little lamb answered politely—a plaintive little bleat of sympathy and respect—but remained with us.

Somewhat sheepishly we gave up the thought of the summit ridge and turned down the glen. We took turns at leading. It was tiring work stepping over that lamb and choosing a foothold that did not move. Some more experienced climbers move tirelessly with a rhythmic grace, but we lumbered on with an astonishing lack of stability.

Dogged perseverance does bring its reward in the end. That little beast tottered bravely to the last. Well, almost to the last, for, within knocking distance of the shepherd's door at Glenbain it suddenly recalled that it had left its mother somewhere and, gaining a new lease of life, it darted away from us out of sight. I don't know if I'll be able to face a lamb chop again—if ever I have the opportunity. But, *revenons à nos moutons*, how does one wean a lamb from Harris tweed ?

## NEW CLIMBS.

## BEINN NA SEILG ARDNAMURCHAN:

## North Peak, West Face.

THIS cliff was explored on 17th April 1949 by R. E. Chapman and G. H. Francis (both O.U.M.C.).

Viewed from the west the cliff is divided into two masses by an area of easy scrambling, the Central Break. To its south, Hebrides Wall stretches to the South-West Buttress. This wall narrows at its centre to Gabbro Slab, which provides an easy way to or from the summit. To the north of the Central Break lies Cuillin Buttress. The rock is rough gabbro like that of the Cuillin, suggesting a grading similar to that of the "Skye" Guide.

From south to north the climbs are as follows:—

*South-West Buttress.*—This is mentioned in the Guide. It forms the right-hand boundary of Hebrides Wall. The best route stays close above the wall from the start to the summit. Standard: Moderate.

*Faradh Dubh.*—165 feet. Very Difficult. Start below the prominent crack on the right side of the wall.

1. 60 feet. From a small ledge near the bottom of the crack move steeply up to the left. Small belay.

2. 60 feet. Straight up to two bulges, turn the left-hand one and continue to a small overhang.

3. 30 feet. Traverse left until the overhang can be climbed, then up to the right. Thread belay.

4. 15 feet. Easy rocks lead to the crest of the South-West Buttress.

*Trident Climb.*—125 feet. Very Difficult. Start at three prongs of rock between Faradh Dubh and Gabbro Slab.

1. 35 feet. Up the prongs. From a shaky spike above make a big stride to the right. Gain a roomy ledge by a mantelshelf move. Belay on the left.

2. 50 feet. Traverse right to a small crack. Follow it for 8 feet, then turn a small overhang on the left. Block belay.

3. 35 feet. A choice of routes leads to easy ground.



*Gabbro Slab.*—50 feet. Moderate. Start from the highest ground at the foot of Hebrides Wall. Up the slab above, keeping to the left. Various belays. Easy rocks lead on.

*Geologist's Groove.*—100 feet. Difficult. Start half-way between Gabbro Slab and the Central Break.

1. 40 feet. Up a heather-filled crack until it overhangs. An excursion is made to the left, and back to a wide bay. Belay.

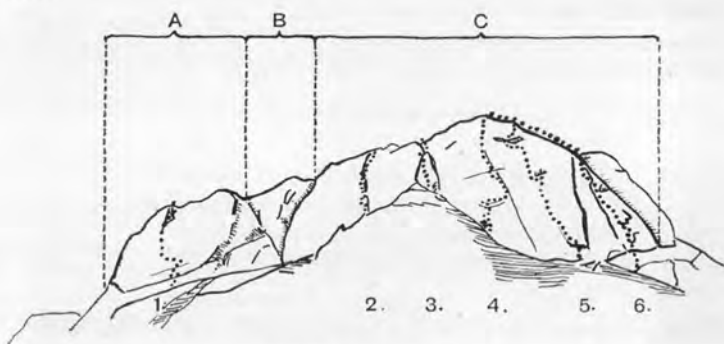
2. 60 feet. Onwards by the direct continuation of the crack, thence by easier rocks to the top.

*Sunset Wall.*—145 feet. Very Difficult. Start on the grass terrace below Cuillin Buttress half-way between the Central Break and a large rock step. (Cairn.)

1. 65 feet. Up inclined ledges to a grass platform.

2. 55 feet. Traverse left, then up steep rocks to a pulpit.

3. 25 feet. Up the slab on the right. Belay above, left.



BEINN NA SEILG.

A. Cuillin Buttress.

B. Central Break.

C. Hebrides Wall

1. Sunset Wall.

3. Gabbro Slab.

5. Faradh Dubh.

2. Geologist's Groove.

4. Trident Climb.

6. South-West Buttress.

### SKYE.

*Sgùrr na Uamha, South-West Face.*—The line, chosen to obtain the maximum of continuous climbing, lies south of Murray's route and is roughly in direction of summit from lowest point of Druim nan Ramh ridge. The cliff is arranged in three distinct tiers. The lowest

is very broken, the middle is the main face and the upmost the summit rocks. Go up a groove on to very steep slabs for nearly 200 feet, to line of vertical rocks. From below this use a diagonal traverse left to the first steep, smooth groove. The wall is Severe. The main face is straight ahead. Climb up until left traverse feasible along a line of trap, then up into a deep, square-cut groove, visible on skyline from bottom of this section. Follow this for 200 feet to summit ridge. This gives 400 feet of difficult rock. Easier scrambling of about 300 feet gains the summit.

*Sgùrr a' Ghreadaidh, Coruisk Buttress.*—This stands up boldly to the right of Collie's route. A single line of weakness runs upwards obliquely from left to right. This determines the route. The start is at the lowest tongue of rock, about the centre. Traverse up left to main weakness and follow it diagonally right by steep grooves until checked by small overhang beneath a big black one at 200 feet. Escape on right and up more continuous grooves, one of the hardest moves on the route. Soon there is a smooth, vertical wall above and an overhang below. The next crux occurs at 400 feet. Continue on same line until it seems possible to traverse off the face, instead of which climb for 200 feet or so the first easy crack going straight up. The climb is Severe, with high angle and continuous difficulty.

*Sron na Ciche, Rib on left of Crack of Doom.*—This rib is visible from the Cioch. Lowest section is very steep and smooth. It can be avoided by first groove of Crack of Doom. Then one gains the edge by a subsidiary groove. Follow the Rib to the top. The exposure is great and standard Very Severe if Rib is strictly followed.

(The above three climbs were done in June 1949, the first two by C. M. G. Smith and R. C. Putnam and the third by Smith and A. Cleland.)

*Sgùrr Coire an Lochan, Shelf Route.*—The north-east face of this mountain is a complex mass of short, steep walls without major features, except the great vertical section of the north face opposite Bidein. Seen from Druim nan Ramh in early morning sunshine, an inclined

shelf, nearly 300 feet long, is visible. It starts as a 5-foot ledge, broadens to a sweep of slabs 30 to 40 feet high, and lies just above the overhanging part of the north face. It can be approached from below by a line of weakness from right to left, which continues beyond the shelf. The shelf itself slopes up from left to right, and the only practicable escape appears to be from its extreme right edge up steep rocks for about 60 feet to the easier rocks near the summit.

The first ascent was made on 23rd October 1949 by J. D. G. Davidson (J.M.C.S.) and F. R. Brooke (R.N.S.M.C.) sharing leads. It was just Severe in rubbers.

Here are a few details. The start was by a traverse from the right, but could be directly from below. The shelf was reached 150 feet above the start or 250 feet from the lowest rocks. The shelf was climbed in three pitches, each requiring a runout of 110 feet. Difficulty gradually increased, especially when rounding a corner beyond which the shelf broadens out, where slabs were hard and smooth with few positive holds. Rubbers or stockings are best. From the top of the slabs an easy traverse leads to broken rocks at right end of shelf. Climb steep and difficult rocks directly for 40 feet to a ledge and block belay. Variation is now possible. The party went up a 20-foot wall of slabs to the right with a hard move at the top. Climb another short wall, after which scrambling on north ridge leads to the summit. On the hard parts belays are scarce.

### LOCHNAGAR.

*Giant's Head Chimney, Direct Variation.*—Classification: Very Difficult. This was climbed on 27th August 1949 by W. D. Brooker and D. A. Sutherland. From the place where original route goes out to the right, climb to overhang which blocks chimney and traverse beneath it on cracked blocks to recess on left (*Cairngorm Club Journal*, vol. 12, p. 191). Climb straight up for 50 feet until you can enter final crack by delicate move round dangerous poised block. Then climb crack, 100 feet, on good holds to block belay on left. Chimney becomes a wide, grassy depression. Zigzag traverse right to crest of an arête and proceed to top of final tower of Shadow Buttress A.

*Parallel Buttress, Direct Start.*—This 200-foot Severe start was made by W. D. Brooker, D. A. Sutherland and J. Morgan on 22nd October 1949. Starting a few yards to right of Parallel Gully A at foot of a wide, indefinite chimney, climb wall, mantelshelf and groove to ledge 45 feet up chimney. Back up narrow chimney to top of flake on right wall. Then climb awkward grass-topped bulge to platform. Chimney now develops into deep-cut twin grooves. Traverse right, across head of a chimney, and along ledge to deep chimney which starts at lower level. Climb this by straddling to exit with belay on right. Still trending rightwards two short wall pitches, each needing a shoulder, lead to ledge with huge block. Go diagonally left on easier ground up to Tough-Brown Traverse.

### GLENCOE.

*Sgor na h'Ulaidh, Red Gully.*—On 26th February 1950 R. Anderson, Currie Henderson and Douglas Scott (leading) climbed this gully in winter conditions. The total estimated height was 650 feet from first pitch to cornice at the top. The gully was named from the prevalence of pink-red rock at the entrance and in the gully. There were four ice pitches, and it proved a hard climb which occupied six hours. Tom Weir and Anderson first looked at it in October 1947. In March 1948 Scott and Anderson with Allison and Black of the J.M.C.S. climbed it on clean, reddish rock, the third pitch being Very Difficult. It ended in a snow slope below the cairn. Conditions were excellent on 26th February 1950, with long snow slopes running up to the first pitch.

The main difficulties were as follows: (1) A 30-foot pitch of ice, snow-ice and powder snow. (2) The crux with a 100-foot run-out which finished on an insecure slope of dry powder snow on frozen turf. (3) The third pitch was avoided by a traverse to the right (westward) to a rib. (4) Strenuous work on airy positions led to a remarkable corner, above which all moved together on easier rocks, rejoining the final slopes of the gully.

Powder lying on hard snow made slow work. The party reached the top at 6 P.M., in time to see the last embers of a gorgeous carmine sunset with wonderful visibility over Rum and Skye, and probably a glimpse of Hekla and Ben Mhor of Uist. They descended by moonlight.

This is *not* Haworth's gully mentioned in *Journal*, 1948, page 77. In March 1948 Anderson, Black and Allison descended this; good glissading with one or two short pitches. Not knowing that it had been climbed, they called it Vixen Gully, as such an animal crossed their path near the foot of it.

*Garr Aonach, Chimney and Face.*—Douglas Scott climbed this prominent thin chimney, high in the centre of Garr Aonach (as seen from the road), on a fine day of August 1949. The chimney has three pitches and is sound but exposed. It is guarded by a steep slope of rotten rock and poor turf. Above the upper terrace the party was forced to the right, a less difficult but delicate and exposed face. The total height of the climb is estimated at about 450 feet. It was climbed in boots. It has many fine situations.

*Beinn Fhada, North-west Face.*—The north-west face of the main peak of Beinn Fhada (3,120 feet), which lies half a mile north-east of Stob Coire Sgreamhach (3,497 feet), and between it and the point marked 3,064 feet on the O.S. 1-in. map gives several enjoyable, though short routes on sound, clean rock. The face is not continuous for much more than 300 feet below the summit, but many strenuous scrambles can be had when approaching by the somewhat lengthy way—directly up from the Lost Glen. A preferable line would be by Nimlin's Echo Crag, then following the crest over 3,064 feet, and traversing right to the lowest point of the rocks, half-way across the north-west face of Beinn Fhada, to the start of:—

*The Direct Route* (250 feet), which goes more or less directly to the cairn.

Points of interest are: 2nd Pitch, 80 ft. run-out—finish by right traverse across outward sloping slab, then traverse left; 4th Pitch, under-cut crack reached by long step left from detached block, followed by two short near-vertical walls with good holds. Climbed by A. Hill and N. Tennent (J.M.C.S.), September 1949.

*South-west Rib* (200 feet).—Start 20 yards to the right and 50 feet above Direct Route by climbing steep nose to crest of the rib. The lines of weakness of the rock run upward to the right, so that the route tends that way, with left traverses between pitches, and keeping fairly close to the right-hand edge of the buttress. The angle is less, but the holds are as painfully rough as on the other parts of the buttress. Climbed by W. W. Clarkson and N. Tennent in May 1949.

Further rock-climbing may be found on the Sgreamhach side of the Stob Coire Sgreamhach-Beinn Fhada Bealach, by working across the face to the right of the usual route when coming from Beinn Fhada. The rock is much less reliable and dirtier.

### BEINN FHADA, KINTAIL.

*Needle's Eye Buttress*.—This prominent buttress is readily identifiable on photograph in 1947 *Journal* facing page 443, as the one to the left of the triple buttress under the highest point, with its right face (in shadow) overlooking a deep gully. It was first ascended by R. Grieve and R. Brown on 9th June 1949. The route goes pretty close to the edge between lighted rock and shadow on the photograph, and affords 350 feet of rock climbing. It took the party three and a half hours—careful testing of holds, not always sound, being essential. Half-way up the skyline is a square projection pierced by a circular hole. This suggested a name for the route. The standard is generally Difficult with one or two harder places.

The general line was along the edge. Below the Needle's Eye the pitch was hard and steep, and a short traverse was made to the left. A move leftward under a great cantilever led to a flake and so to the top of the square projection. Above this the climb was at its steepest and thinnest with one pitch of 35 feet to a small flake, the next on very small holds over a bulge and up a long flake on the edge, and the third compelled the leader to descend about 10 feet, cross a scoop on plant holds and climb its far side. It was a most enjoyable and interesting climb.

Mr Grieve adds several comments on the other cliffs. Dealing with the main buttress below the highest point (1947 *Journal* photograph), he suggests that the seemingly vertical gully on the left appears to have two pitches at the top, but otherwise small rock outcrops and grass. The face of the larger buttress seems unsound and has much vegetation on it, with a boiler-plate structure.

### ARRAN.

*The Stachach Buttress, Goatfell.*—Mr E. W. Rudge and his party approached this from the big corrie above the White Water. Two buttresses descending from the fourth Stack (nearest Goatfell) offered continuous climbing, of which the right-hand one (facing the Stachach) gave about 350 feet of amusing but slightly artificial climbing. The other could also be climbed. Conditions being wet, the first pitch from the *toe* of the buttress was not climbed. Slabs were streaming with water and many holds were insecure. The start was made somewhat to the left. The climb was just Difficult. Various pitches are avoidable on grass. The interesting ones, alone, are noted.

(1) 35 feet. Step up and traverse right to a gap in crest. Short slab and pull-up. (2) 40 feet. Chimney blocked by chockstone leads to breach in wall ahead. Chockstone is awkward to surmount. (3) 50 feet. Go right and climb chimney to chockstone leading to a cave under jammed block. This pitch needed much gardening to unearth good holds. (4) 30 feet. Cleft appears ahead and slightly to right, and is climbed. (5) The face of the Stack gives an easy and enjoyable finish. There are various problems on the Stachach Ridge on the way to North Goatfell.

*Am Binnein, The Slabs.*—These give artificial but amusing scrambling. They lie near the summit, towards Coire nan Larach, descending the corrie face in three parallel ridges. Two hundred feet of slab work, in wet conditions, was enjoyed on the set nearest Coire nan Larach. The others also offer some climbing; the middle set was explored.

Mr Rudge found that the Ingledene Hotel at Sannox (Mrs McKinnon) was exceedingly comfortable with a happy atmosphere.



Three parties ascended the *Rosa Slabs of Goatfell* on 24th September 1949: (a) J. Black and Miss J. M. Mowbray; (b) H. Convery and J. Connor; (c) A. Taylor and J. Rankin. The start was a 70-foot pitch up a groove, diagonally to the left. Then up rib to protruding sill with left traverse to a ledge, whence up a wall on small knobs of rock. At the finish was a hollow slab with a port hole in the middle. It is mostly friction climbing. The Editor with C. C. Gorrie and G. A. Collie climbed these slabs in May 1945. They are difficult to describe, owing to lack of prominent features, but the middle and finish seem familiar.

### BEN NEVIS.

*The Crack, Raeburn's Buttress.*—This is the most striking feature of the slender pinnacle called Raeburn's Buttress, running straight up the middle of the vertical face, ending at about 300 feet where the angle eases off and the Buttress forms a ridge. It is a strenuous climb with good holds, outstanding situations and no escapes, 280 feet to the easy section. The standard may be Very Severe on pitches 1 and 3. It was first climbed by H. A. Carston and T. McGuiness, in boots and a continuous drizzle, on 16th June 1946.

(1) Scramble up grassy ledges for 50 feet or so. A series of short overhanging rock steps, taken diagonally left to right to stance and belay 15 feet below foot of Crack. (2) 50-foot pitch mostly in Crack, belay above first overhang. (3) 70-foot pitch in Crack, now narrow and overhanging, but easier later. Finish in grassy recess. (4) 30 feet, another overhang. (5) 80 feet in widening Crack to easy ground, where Raeburn's route comes on to buttress from gully on left.

*Raeburn's Arête, Macphee's Variation, More Direct Start.*—On 16th April 1949 Messrs S. Tewnion, J. Black and H. Convery believe they have made a more direct start to Macphee's route or a new route from the start of Raeburn's. The approach to the crux was a crack which widened to form a niche with chockstone floor. A piton was used as belay. The next 20 feet were the crux, starting to the left up a slab with small holds and getting easier up to a big ledge. After 100 feet of easy rock the Green Hollow route was joined by a traverse. The

standard is assessed as Hard-Severe in boots, 120 feet of rope being required for the leader.

*The Tower Cleft.*—Messrs G. Pratt and J. Francis succeeded in climbing the long, deep cleft in Observatory Gully (next rocks of Tower Ridge), where the normal route continues up easy snow slopes on the left; and if Tower Gully is the objective it is entered by a traverse to the right on fairly easy slopes above the Cleft. The party made a third and successful attempt on the Cleft on 17th February 1949. It was mainly snow-filled, the angle varying from 45 to 60 degrees. This could be climbed for nearly 200 feet and light entered through two openings in the roof, the one being a steep tunnel, possibly unclimbable at the top. The other was climbed by a very steep, short ice wall and easier ice to a snow saddle overlooking the first tunnel. Other shorter ice pitches solved the problem after three and a half hours of climbing. The party, later, roped down the Cleft.

*Caterpillar Crawl, Carn Dearg, North Buttress.*—This variation of Route A. (J., 23, 140) was climbed on 29th June 1949 by Misses Brenda Ritchie and Rosalind Hill along with John Mills and Christopher Pattinson. After three pitches of Kellett's route they appear to have traversed right, then ascended the wall and finished on Green Terrace. The Crawl is the traverse and the climb was very Severe.

*Harrison's Climb, Carn Dearg.*—I. M. Brooker and A. D. Lyall followed this route to the neck joining the Pinnacle top to the face. They went up a grassy chimney to the right, climbed a chockstone pitch and then a harder pitch. There was a narrow cave with a glimmer of light beyond. They crawled under two chockstones and ascended inside to an exit. The cave is 18 inches wide and 40 feet long. The way now continued by a traverse across the face to a flake and pitch. They reached the gully to left of Raeburn's Buttress. This had only one pitch. The gully opened and loose rock pitch led to ridge at top of Raeburn's Buttress. This Very Difficult climb took four hours.

The previous two records are from notes in the Climbs book of the C.I.C. Hut.

## NORTHERN HIGHLANDS.

As the revised "Northern Highlands" Guide will not appear before summer 1951, the next issue of the *Journal* will contain a complete review of rock-climbing in the area. The following list of new climbs, not previously reported in S.M.C. publications, may interest members intending to visit the North-west this year. These are arranged in the order adopted in the 1936 Guide:—

1. Sgórr Ruadh: Academy Ridge (bounds Couloir on its south).
2. Beinn Bhàn: A' Poite.
3. Liathach: (a) East Face, Central Chimneys; (b) P.C. Buttress (centre of Parry's panorama, *Journal*, 20, 444).
4. Beinn Eighe: (a) East Buttress, four variations on lower half; (b) East Buttress, Far East Gully (extreme left of quartzite section); (c) Central Buttress, variation (mainly left of Pigott's Route).
5. Slioch: Main Buttress (right of Stepped Ridge).
6. Beinn a' Mhùinidh: Zigzag Gully (on same crag as Dr Bell's Double Flake Route).
7. Beinn Dearg Mhor: Central Gully (between two highest points; may coincide at least in part with Glover and Ling Route).
8. An Teallach: Fiona North Crag (bounds Fiona flank of bealach between it and Bidein a' Ghlas Thuill).
9. Ben Wyvis: Double Climb (on Spur No. 2, Coire Mor, as numbered from mouth of coire).
10. Stac Polly: Traverse Variation.

Routes numbered above 2, 4 (c), 10 and one of 4 (a) led by A. Parker; one of 4 (a) by W. H. Jones; one of 4 (a) by N. Ridyard; 7 by H. R. Gartside; remainder by F. F. Cunningham.

Members and others who may have useful information, general, topographical or concerning new routes in the Northern Highlands area, are requested to send this directly to Mr F. Cunningham, Royal Academy (or 23 Glenburn Drive), Inverness.

## **In Memoriam.**

### **EDWARD JOHN McCANDLISH.**

MR E. J. McCANDLISH, our last surviving original member, died on 30th March 1949 at the age of 81. He was born and spent his life in Edinburgh. He was known to a wide circle, mainly for his connection with the Church of Scotland as one of their law agents. He continued in business until the end, when he was senior partner in the firm of Cowan & Dalmahy, W.S.

Although interested in mountaineering, he never went in for serious climbing, and although he carried out some expeditions in Switzerland in his youth, it has been found to be impossible to come by any definite information about them. They were undertaken in company with his brother-in-law, who was a member of the Alpine Club, prior to 1889 when McCandlish "stood in" as a keen sympathiser at the formation of our Club.

Since that date he has been interested in the open-air life, chiefly from the aspects of shooting and fishing, and he has frequently spoken of his interest in the doings of the Club. Many years ago I was introduced to him by Murray Lawson at one of our Edinburgh Club Room evenings, and he attended the Jubilee Dinner of the Club in 1938.

THE EDITOR.

### **GEORGE DUNCAN.**

GEORGE DUNCAN, C.B.E., M.A., LL.D., Hon. F.E.I.S., J.P., died in Aberdeen on 30th September 1949 in his eightieth year.

He was a partner in the firm of Morice & Wilson, Advocates, Aberdeen, for more than twenty-five years until 1922, when he joined the firm of James and George Collie, Advocates, Aberdeen, in which he remained until his death, at which time he was the senior partner. His professional career was a distinguished one. He was Lecturer on International Law in the University of

Aberdeen, and was a member of the University Court. He was Honorary Sheriff-Substitute of Aberdeenshire, and held many other appointments in his professional capacity.

He was particularly interested in all matters pertaining to education in Scotland, being Chairman of the Aberdeen Education Committee from 1919 to 1930, President of the Education Authority Association from 1926 to 1929, and a Trustee of the National Library of Scotland. He wrote, with Professor Oswald Dykes, K.C., the "*Principles of Civil Jurisdiction*". Apart from his public work, George Duncan had few interests other than the study of history and a great love of the hills.

He became a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club in 1896, and was a member of Committee, 1912-14. Although never an active snow or rock climber, he had climbed in Skye and in Switzerland. His chief joy lay in the Cairngorms, which he knew so well, and where he spent many happy days with his climbing friends in Aberdeen. His active participation in expeditions had to be given up ultimately, but he maintained a keen interest in all climbing matters, and attended, as a member of the Cairngorm Club, all local functions and many of the Meets for many years.

He was a good companion on the hills, with a great desire for knowledge, and a keen sense of humour, together with a dry wit, best appreciated by those who knew him well. His companions on many expeditions were James A. Parker, William Garden, Walter Reid and J. R. Levack, all contemporary with him in their active climbing days.

George Duncan was enjoying a holiday in Braemar, in August 1949, when he became ill, although he had been very well and quite active, if somewhat failing physically. Arterial trouble developed in a leg, necessitating amputation. He stood this well, but died peacefully and rather suddenly some time after the operation.

My first recollection goes back to 1906, when I climbed the Cairnwell for the first time with George Duncan and my father. Most of his climbing contemporaries have gone now, but many younger and more active friends

remember him as a good companion and a pithy commentator on many an expedition, and we regret his passing.

D. P. LEVACK.

### LORD MONCRIEFF.

1870-1949.

I KNEW Lord Moncrieff for some sixty-seven years. He was my oldest friend. We were at school together—the Glasgow Academy—and thereafter at Glasgow University.

In my teens I had become a keen cyclist, and ere long I introduced him to what was then a novel experience. He soon became an expert cyclist, and we explored great tracts of the Highlands together on our cycles. As a lad I had begun climbing in the north, and ere long he took it up as well. He was a strong walker, and soon, under my tuition, became a steady and sure climber, alike on snow and rock. He joined the Club in 1899 and attended many of our Meets and Dinners.

After the close of the Fort William Meet in 1895 we undertook what was then a very interesting and unknown trek into Knoydart and Kintail. We often stayed at Clachaig Inn, and had many climbs on the Glencoe Hills. One New Year we walked over from Rannoch Station to McCook's cottage at the south-west end of Loch Ericht, and Ben Alder became familiar ground. He was one of the party with Solly, Rose and myself when we explored and almost finished the Rose Ridge on Sgoran Dubh. He was with me in September 1901 when I completed the collection of all the Munros in Scotland, on the summit of Meall Dearg on Aonach Eagach in Glencoe. We recorded this event on a card and inserted it into a (empty!) champagne magnum. This bottle was to be found until recently, hidden in the cairn.

Lord Moncrieff was a very successful advocate and was raised to the Bench in 1926. In 1947 he became Lord Justice Clerk; as a judge he was distinguished.

But it is as my friend and companion on the hills that I shall always think of him. He never let me down



LOCH ETCHACHAN

*Alan Johnson*



either on rock or snow. I have never known him slip or come on the rope. In the big events of my life, alike grave and gay, he stood by me. Life to me is the poorer for his passing, and I shall ever miss him.

A. E. ROBERTSON.

### JOSEPH MURISON DAVIDSON.

1871-1949.

THE sudden death of J. M. Davidson, while on a walk with the Wayfarers Club on the Welsh hills, has taken from us a distinguished mountaineer.

He was probably not well known to many of our members, as he only joined the Club in 1937. He was at the Sligachan Easter Meet in 1936, when he climbed Sgùrr nan Gilleann, Pinnacle Ridge, Inaccessible Pinnacle and the Cioch. He was also at Tomdown at Easter 1939, where he was very active. During the war years he was not able to come to the meets.

He did a lot of climbing in North Wales and the Lakes, and served as President of both the Wayfarers Club and the Yorkshire Ramblers Club.

In the Alps he had a wonderful list of ascents. Beginning in 1901 he climbed for six years with guides, after which most of his climbing was guideless, with such well-known mountaineers as E. E. Roberts, E. A. Baker, J. P. Farrar, W. A. Wills, Claude Wilson, Robertson Lamb, J. V. Hazard and M. G. Bradley.

He joined our party, R. Corry, Unna and myself, in 1937 and also in 1939 in Tyrol and Maderanerthal, where we had some good climbs. He was also with Unna and myself in 1947, 1948 and 1949 in Maderanerthal, where we were content to walk up to the huts and on the glacier. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1912 and served on the Committee in 1929.

He was a most competent mountaineer, equally good on rocks and ice and snow, absolutely safe and reliable and a most delightful and considerate companion. His death leaves a sad blank in the lives of his many friends.

W. N. LING.

**J. ROOKE CORBETT.**

72 THE well-known, kindly face of J. Rooke Corbett will no more be seen in our midst; a giant among hill lovers has made his last ascent. It is not likely that his record of Scottish ascents will ever be broken.

Corbett joined the Club in 1923 and played his part in its activities, serving both on the Committee and as joint Editor of the "Northern Highlands Guide." Although he lived in Bristol, it was rare for him to miss any of the Club Meets. He was the second to climb all the separate mountains and tops in Munro's Tables, and in 1935 was joint "discoverer" of the only summit over 3,000 feet not recorded therein. Not long before the heart attack, in 1943, that ended his climbing but happily not walking days, he accomplished a long-cherished ambition of completing the ascent of every 2,000-foot eminence in Scotland.

A District Valuer by profession, he was keenly interested in matters scientific, and an article on "Aneroids and Munros" covers only a very few of the careful observations he made on the heights of the tops in Munro's Tables, many of which estimates appear over his initials in the footnotes in recent editions of the "General Guide."

Though quiet and retiring by nature, he was a good companion on the hills, and it is typical of his cheerfulness and patience that his many friends were quite unaware of the gradual approach of a paralytic affection in his hands, even as far back as 1935. His passing, at 72 years of age, leaves a gap in our midst which will not be easily filled.

R. M. G. INGLIS.

**ALAN JOHNSON.**

21 ALAN JOHNSON was killed on the Allalin Glacier on 22nd August 1949, only a few days before his thirty-first birthday. A phenomenal stonefall overtook the guided party, of which he was a member, shortly after leaving the Britannia Hut with the intention of traversing the Allalinhorn and Alphubel to Zermatt.

He joined the J.M.C.S. in January 1947, became a

Committee member of the Glasgow Section in December of the same year, and was elected Honorary Secretary in December 1948, which office he held until his death. From the very first Alan gave generously of his time to the interests of the Club, and he attended almost every Meet and meeting. As Secretary he devoted special attention to the encouragement of new members.

To his intimate friends Alan will always be remembered for his unfailing good nature, his cheering sense of humour and the piquancy of his conversation, which was not limited to climbing matters, for he was the most erudite of companions and took delight in anything connected with the arts and sciences. His enthusiasm was infectious, and it was the greatest pleasure to share something of his appreciation and fine intellect.

Alan's climbing started before the war in the Lake District, and it was only after his demobilisation after six and a half years in the army that he began to climb in the Highlands. It is difficult to say which was his favourite district, for one with such catholic tastes, but perhaps the steep rock ridges of Ben Nevis and the vast sweeps of the Cairngorms—such contrasting forms—were nearer to his heart than any others.

In 1948 Alan spent his first Alpine season at Arolla, but, owing to bad weather, little was achieved other than a guideless ascent of the Aiguille de la Za and a guided traverse of the Rimpfischhorn. In 1949, however, all his climbs from Saas-Fee, except the final expedition on the Allalin Glacier, were guideless—the Fletschhorn, Laquinhorn, Weissmies and Nadelhorn. Perhaps it is fitting that the last of these should have been his highest peak, and the summit view the most extensive of all.

Even though it would be out of place to mention all Alan's ideals in life, his aims in climbing were clear to all. He was no hill walker, although he loved every rising shape; he was no rock climber, but rocks for him were meant to be climbed; he was no accomplished ice-man, whereas mountains lacked an essential quality when free from snow. He was a true mountaineer, and mountains gave to him, and took back from him, all that life can afford.

T. J. RANSLEY.

**PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.****EASTER MEET, 1949—BRAEMAR.**

IN one way the Easter Meet at Braemar made Club history. For the first time private buses were hired by the Club to transport parties of Edinburgh and Glasgow members to and from an "official" Meet, as well as to and from the foot of the hills from the hotel. True, the immensely long "centipedal" bus from Glasgow stuck at the hump-backed bridge at Inverey, while the smaller bus was sent back to its base at Perth, but otherwise this experiment of our enterprising Meets Secretaries was greatly appreciated by the members. We hope that, with this much easier mode of access available, Braemar may now take its turn more frequently in the succession of Meets.

For the third time in succession we were favoured with glorious weather, and Easter Sunday in particular will long be remembered for its warm bright sunshine and magnificent panoramas, even though the soft west wind had melted what little snow there was into a condition of sheer slush, so that no snow climbs were tackled throughout the period of the Meet.

Most members were accommodated at the Invercauld Arms, where the attention and comfort could not have been exceeded. A few stayed with the "Juniors" at the Youth Hostel.

The following members and guests were present at the Meet: The President, Professor Turnbull and Messrs F. D. C. Allen, J. K. Annand, C. G. Andrews, J. W. Baxter, I. M. Campbell, W. C. Carmichael, I. G. Charleson, A. Dixon, J. Dow, R. R. Elton, B. S. Fraser, D. J. Fraser, W. Garden, R. Grieve, D. Henderson, R. S. Higgins, J. N. Ledingham, W. N. Ling, J. Y. Macdonald, P. Macfarlane, D. Mackay, K. G. McLean, G. G. Macphee, J. R. Marshall, R. W. Martin, F. E. O'Riordan, G. R. Speirs, W. B. Speirs, S. P. Taylor, E. C. Thomson, T. E. Thomson, P. J. H. Unna (members); and Preston Jones, C. G. Macdonald, K. Macrae, O. Turnbull (guests); also Messrs Bishop,



LOCH CALLATER  
(Looking East)

*W. A. Ewen*

Kerr and Young (guests and J.M.C.S. members). This attendance of 40 in all, including 33 members, was divided between the Hotel and the Youth Hostel, which housed 6 members.

### **Expeditions.**

*Thursday, 14th April.*—Ling and Unna climbed Morrone; Campbell Allen, Preston Jones and Pointon Taylor were on Derry Cairngorm; Macphee did Driesh, Mayar and Mount Keen.

*Friday, 15th April.*—Ben Macdhuì was visited by many parties: I. M. Campbell and E. C. Thomson; Elton, McLean and Martin, who also did Beinn Mheadhoin; Dow, Mackay, Andrews and Baxter; Allen and Jones, who also visited the Shelter Stone. Beinn a' Bhuird was the next favourite, being visited by T. E. Thomson and K. Macrae, by the President and Oliver Turnbull and also by Charleson, Annand O'Riordan and the Frasers by the Sluggan route. Ling, Taylor and Unna went to Carn a' Mhaim. Macphee climbed Ben Avon and five northern tops. The Macdonalds were on Cairnwell, Carn nan Sac and Carn a' Gheoidh.

*Saturday, 16th April.*—Two parties, the Macdonalds and the President with Charleson, were on Ben Avon; Mackay, Macphee, Dow, Andrews, Baxter were on Carn Cloich Mhuilinn and Ben Bhrotain, while Ledingham and Carmichael with Young and Bishop (J.M.C.S.) included also two tops of Monadh Mor; Henderson and Marshall were on Carn a' Mhaim. Many parties went to Lochnagar. T. E. Thomson and Macrae started from Stuc Buttress, doing all tops; the Speirs brothers and Higgins included four tops of White Mounth; Allen, Taylor and Jones took the main top, going round Coire nan Eun; Annand, O'Riordan and the Frasers went from Invercauld over Lochnagar and returned by Callater; Campbell, Martin and Elton did Glas Maol, Carn o' Claise, Tolmount, Cairn Bannoch and Cairn Taggart. Others were on the Cairnwell group, including Carn nan Sac, Carn a' Gheoidh, but McLean and E. C. Thomson included Carn Aosda, whereas Dixon went over Carns Bhinnein and More, descending by the Baddoch burn. Ling and Unna walked up the Garbh Allt from Ballochbuie.

*Sunday, 17th April.*—Five people took an off day. Many of the others went by bus towards Derry Lodge. Higgins and W. B. Speirs climbed Devil's Point, Cairn Toul, Monadh Mor and Ben Bhrotain; E. C. Thomson and Elton did the first two and McLean climbed Cairn Toul by Coir' Odhar; Ling and Unna were on Cairn Gorm of Derry; Dixon and Marshall climbed Beinn a' Bhuird; Charleson and the Frasers were on Ben Macdhuì; Annand and O'Riordan did Carn a' Mhaim. Carmichael and Ledingham cycled by Bynack, climbing An Sgarsoch and Carn Fhìdhleir. Dow, Baxter, Andrews and Mackay climbed Carn Bhac; Henderson and Bishop did the White Mounth, and Macfarlane Lochnagar.

The Macdonalds were also there, including Cairn Taggart and White Mounth. Grieve did the Cairnwell peaks, including Beinn Iutharn Bheag.

*Monday, 18th April.*—Elton, W. B. Speirs and Higgins did all the Cairnwell tops and Henderson did three of them. Marshall and Kerr were also there and included the Socachs. Martin and Campbell were on Morrone. Carmichael and Ledingham did Tolmount and Tom Buidhe from the Cairnwell. T. E. Thomson and Baxter did Carn an Tuirc, descending Coire Kander; Dixon did Glas Maol and Creag Leacach. Annand and Frasers did this with addition of Carn o' Claise and Carn an Tuirc. Charleson and Grieve ascended Lochnagar from Callater. Andrews and Mackay went to Lochnagar over Cairn Taggart, but Dow only did the latter peak. Allen and Jones did Cairn Toul and Braeriach; Taylor did Cairn Toul and Devil's Point. Macphee did six tops of Macdhuil, four tops of Ben Mheadhoin and Derry Cairngorm (not all listed).

*Tuesday, 19th April.*—Macphee ended the proceedings with a long day from Loch Callater over Cairn Taggart, White Mounth, Broad Cairn and Carn Balloch (twelve tops in all) in an effort to keep his vice-presidential end up.

### NEW YEAR MEET, 1950—ARRAN.

ON Thursday, 29th December, Ling, Jeffrey, Campbell Allen and Hodge went to Arran and found Unna. The day was dark, hazy and raw, so little was done. On Friday conditions were similar, but the top of Goatfell was visible with a few streaks of snow in gullies. All except Unna made for Goatfell, though Ling did not complete the ascent. Carmichael, Ledingham, Geddes and Dr West traversed Goatfell on their way to Corrie. On Saturday the numbers were complete, and in the evening all assembled for dinner at the Corrie Hotel, in order to honour Ling on the occasion of his hundredth Meet.

Harry MacRobert gave the toast of "Long Life and Health to the S.M.C.," and Jack contributed a limerick and a set of verses, while Ling recalled his earliest Yachting Meet in 1897 and his election to the Club in 1898. It is interesting to recall that the first Arran Meet was at Brodick in January 1892, attended by J. G. Stott, R. A. Robertson, W. Douglas, J. H. Gibson, T. Fraser Campbell, with Dr Leith and H. Fleming as guests. At the Corrie Meet in 1907 Ling, MacRobert, Unna and



Jack were present, and in 1922 at Brodick Ling presided; and Jack, MacRobert, E. C. Thomson and Rutherford were present—to name only those who were at the 1907 and 1922 Meets and also at this one.



*Joan Rix Tebbutt*

CIR MHOR

## W. N. LING

OUR leader in a hundred fights,  
 Our guide, our counsellor, our king,  
 Companion of long days and nights,  
 Our well-belovèd Willy Ling.

Where snow is soft or rocks are steep,  
 When on some holdless face we cling,  
 We know he'll hold and safe us keep,  
 Our safe, sure leader, Willy Ling.

Let Chinese boast his art and grace  
 Of Han and Chou and Tang and Ming;  
 They yet must yield the foremost place  
 For climbing grace to Willy Ling.

And so we hail thee, trusted friend.  
 And when our visions fair take wing,  
 They see you steadfast to the end,  
 Our well-belovèd Willy Ling.

So in this Centenarian Year,  
 In joyful chorus let us sing  
 And raise a mountaineering cheer,  
 "Long Life and Health to Willy Ling."

The following were present at the Meet: The President, Professor H. W. Turnbull, and Messrs F. D. Campbell Allen, W. C. Carmichael, I. G. Charleson, M. H. Cooke, R. R. Elton, A. Geddes, Ross Higgins, E. W. Hodge, R. G. Inglis, J. S. M. Jack, R. Jeffrey, J. N. Ledingham, W. N. Ling, D. McArthur, Harry MacRobert, J. R. Marshall, I. H. Ogilvie, J. G. Osborne, J. G. Robinson, R. N. Rutherford, Douglas Scott, E. C. Thomson, T. E. Thomson, P. J. H. Unna, W. Waddell, W. R. M. Watson (members); and D. Fasmer, H. A. Hetherington, A. W. Laughland, A. H. Read, Dr R. West (guests)—in all 27 members and 5 guests. Of these, Jack and MacRobert stayed at Brodick, where they had commenced their climbing in 1891 with the round of Ben Nuis and Caisteal Abhail.

No rain fell until New Year's Day, Sunday, but the weather was unattractive. Virtually everyone ascended Goatfell, but no serious rock-climbing was done, not even the Cat Stone or Elephant Rock. On Saturday Ling and Jeffrey visited the Fallen Rocks, whereas Waddell, Ledingham, Carmichael and Hodge walked



NEW YEAR MEET, 1950—CORRIE

*Douglas Scott*

*Back Row, left to right—T. E. THOMSON, I. H. OGILVIE, R. G. INGLIS, D. MCARTHUR, W. WADDELL, J. N. LEDINGHAM, A. W. LAUGHLAND*

*Middle Row—M. H. COOKE, D. FASMER, R. HIGGINS, J. R. MARSHALL, E. C. THOMSON, E. W. HODGE, Dr RANVARD WEST*

*Front Row—W. R. M. WATSON, R. JEFFREY, H. W. TURNBULL, W. N. LING, P. J. H. UNNA, J. G. OSBORNE, H. A. HETHERINGTON, CAMPBELL ALLEN*

to Loch Ranza, and Geddes, West and Cooke inspected the sanitary arrangements of Lochranza Castle.

On Sunday Waddell, Robinson, Ogilvie and Rutherford climbed A'Chir and the Castles. The longest expedition was on Monday, when Laughland, Fasmer, Marshall, Charleson and Read traversed Suidhe Fhearghas, the Castles, A'Chir and Chliabhain to Glen Rosa in about eight hours, returning by car. Higgins went with them to the first top and retired, owing to a strained tendon. Jeffrey and Unna explored extensive caves, originally limestone workings above Corrie wharf.

Everyone left Corrie with much regret after a most enjoyable Meet, and appreciation of the comfort provided by Mrs and Mr MacInnes. The bulk of the party, who left on Tuesday, had a painful surprise when the boat left them behind on Brodick pier, although it was not overcrowded. An extra boat appeared a few hours later, some say as a result of the resourceful telephonings of one member, but possibly aided by the help of the pier-master. E. C. Thomson enjoyed the warm approval of his fellow-members, who also recognised that Arran would be an excellent place for an Easter Meet.

### **ANNUAL MEETING, RECEPTION AND DINNER, 2nd December 1949.**

THE Report on the Sixty-first Annual General Meeting has already appeared in the *Bulletin*. All three events were held in the Central Hotel, Glasgow.

The Reception was attended by 76 members and guests. There was a show of colour slides by Hamish Hamilton, which was much appreciated.

The Dinner in the evening was attended by 80 members and guests, with Professor Turnbull, President, in the Chair. The President proposed the toast of the Club, after which Stewart Jack led the singing of the Club Song. Peter Lloyd proposed the toast of Mountaineering, to which Dr Macphee made a suitable reply. E. C. Thomson proposed the Guests and Kindred Clubs, replied to by Mr W. M. Duff, President of the Cairngorm Club. Finally, Stewart Jack proposed the toast of J. G. Osborne, the retiring Treasurer of the Club.

**S.M.C. AND J.M.C.S. ABROAD.**

THE President, with a family party, was in Switzerland for the last days of July and three weeks of August, based first on Zinal, then on Gruben in the Turtmannthal and finally on Zermatt. From Zinal, with D. G. and M. J. Turnbull, he climbed the Besso mainly by the ordinary route, but including a more direct start on the lowest tier of rock. From the Mountet Hut, with D. G. Turnbull, D. Henderson and a party from the A.C. Meet, he climbed the Rothorn by the north ridge, on rocks entirely free of ice, D. G. Turnbull and he returning to the Mountet while the others descended to Trift. From Gruben the two Turnbells climbed the Bruneghorn by its north-west arête, this being the President's second ascent by the same route in consecutive years. On this occasion the rocks were free of snow, but more difficulty was experienced with the bergschrund, and the total time taken was the same as during the previous year. He and his wife had a splendid day crossing the Augstbordpass from Gruben to St Niklaus. From Zermatt the new Rothorn hut was visited. With his son he spent a stormbound day at the Hörnli. Next day, in diminishing wind, they ascended the Matterhorn, and as a last expedition D. G. Turnbull and his wife ascended Monte Rosa from the Bétemps Hut.

Mr B. H. Humble writes: All too brief five days' camping at Chamonix in July. An excursion on the Bossons glacier, a "climb" of Le Brévent (all the way by Téléferique "and a pub on the summit!") and a traverse of Mont Blanc—Refuge Gouter to Grands Mulets via summit in five and a half hours.

W. H. Murray writes: On 14th August F. Baker and I climbed the Grands Charmoz. On the Nantillons glacier we had a narrow escape when an ice-cliff fell above us. We jumped into a crevasse and the avalanche went roaring over the top. On 17th we climbed the Aig. du Plan and the Dent du Réquin with R. E. Meyer (C. C.). On 18th we went to the Torino Hut and on 19th traversed the Rochefort Ridge. The same afternoon was spent carrying dead bodies down from the Aig. du Géant. The following day Meyer and I went to the bivouac on the Col de la Fourche, and on 21st climbed the frontier Ridge to Mont Maudit, descending by the Corridor, Grand Plateau, etc.

J. M. Davidson, W. N. Ling and P. J. H. Unna were in Maderanerthal in July, where they made several small expeditions. Davidson then went on to Macugnaga, while Unna and Ling went east to the Tyrol. After Ling had gone home, Unna continued to the Zillerthal, where he made some expeditions from the Berliner Hut, including the Schönbicklerhorn.

R. W. Martin and T. E. Thomson were in Norway in July. From the Sognefjord they travelled to Turtagro, from where they attempted

Store Skagastolstind but were stopped by Hefty's chimney. A day was spent on the Ringstinderne, including an ascent of the Store Ringstind and another on the Dyrhaugstinderne. Thereafter they walked to Skogadalsboen, Eidsbugaren, Memurubu and Glitterheim, and thence over the top of Glittertind to Roisheim.

During a combined family and climbing holiday in August, G. Graham Macphee climbed the Aigs. Javelle, du Tour and d'Arpette; traversed the Aig. du Chardonnet and Tour Noir; and crossed from the Trient to the Neuvaz Hut by the Fenêtre de Saleinaz and the Col de la Grande Luis. Thereafter he took three children from the cabane d'Orny to the cabane de Saleinaz by the Col des Plines. He also took three novices over Mont Blanc and up the Dent du Réquin. With the Chamonix guide, Joseph Burnet, he crossed from the Torino Hut to the Refuge du Col du Midi in eleven hours by the Aigs. du Diable and Mont Blanc du Tacul.

J. E. MacEwen joined the A.C. Meet at Zermatt during the second period in August, with headquarters at Täsch. With others of the Meet, in good but often cold conditions, he ascended the Wellenkuppe, Rimpfischhorn and Allalinhorn. On this last ascent the party traversed the Feejoch and Feekopf, some of the members continuing to the Alphubel. He also climbed the Matterhorn by the Swiss ridge with the Zermatt guide, Albert Furrer.

J. H. B. Bell and his wife were in the Göschener Alp region from 4th to 16th September, the weather being good on the average but bad for the last three days. Glaciers were extremely open and steep, snow very icy. It is an excellent region for guideless work. They climbed Schyn, Lochberg (very easy), Hinter Feldschyn (good rock), Sustenhorn (with wonderful views over a cloud sea), Dammastock (3,634 metres), the main peak of the area, by Dammafirn and east wall (a hard climb), descending by Rhonefirn, over Tiefenstock and Tiefen glacier in bad weather, to Albert Heim Hut. This made a fifteen-hour day. Bad weather only permitted ascent of Salbitschyn by a fairly easy route.

W. A. W. Russell climbed with a St Andrews University party from 11th to 22nd July, during which time they did the Bieshorn from the Tracuit and the Zinal Rothorn by the north ridge from the Mountet. Crossing the Col Durand to the Schönbühl, and thence to Zermatt, they ascended to the Täsch Hut. On 19th the Alphubel was climbed via the Alphubeljoch. On 22nd the party climbed the Matterhorn in excellent, though cold, conditions. Russell then joined the A.C. Meet at Täsch. On 24th with two others he traversed Castor from the Monte Rosa Hut by the Felikjoch to the Schwartztor, contouring Pollux *en route*. On the descent of the north ridge of the latter they found evidence of an accident. This party was located in a gully above the Zwilling's glacier. Two of its members had been killed and the third died shortly afterwards. Later, Russell went with

three C.U.M.C. members to Gletsch, walking over the Grimsel to the Lauteraar Hut, and crossing the Strahlegg Pass.

Flying Officer J. G. Parish spent thirteen days with the R.A.F. Mountaineering Association in the Chamonix district from 1st August. Parties climbed the Petits Charmoz, Grépon (via Mummery Crack), Aig. de Blaitière and Aig. du Peigne. Later, Le Moine and Les Courtes were ascended from the Couvercle Hut and Mont Blanc via the Dôme de Gouter. Roger Simond, a Chamonix guide, acted as route-finder, but the Grépon was traversed guideless.

On 27th July P. A. Fletcher and A. Harrison reached Arolla, where they joined A. G. Murray and J. Harrison. Next day they climbed the Aig. de la Tsa by the Col de Bertol, descending by the Col de la Tsa. M. H. Cooke arrived that evening. An abortive attempt was made on the Petit Mont Collon by the N.N.W. arête, but bad snow conditions and worse rock made the complete ascent unjustified. Two days later they had an enjoyable ascent of the Evêque, thereafter quitting Arolla for Zermatt, which latter they reached by the Cols de Bertol and d'Hérens and the Tête Blanche. From Zermatt A. G. Murray traversed the Matterhorn by the Swiss and Italian ridges, with Oskar Perren as guide. Once on the Italian side, he descended still farther, by cable railway, to a hotel and celebrated well, maintaining that the Anglo-Italian relations were thereby much improved. The same day, Cooke, Fletcher and Harrison ascended the Wellenkuppe from Zermatt. Cooke and Fletcher followed this by climbing the Weisshorn by its east ridge with Felix Julien as guide, while Harrison took his family to the Gornergrat. On another occasion, with Cooke, Harrison took his family (youngest member aged six) over the Findelen glacier.

D. McKellar, Kenneth Dunn and A. McAlpine were at the A.C. Meet at Meiringen, McKellar being a leader. Fritz Immer, a Meiringen guide, acted as instructor to the Meet. The three S.M.C. members, based on the Trift Hut, climbed the Weiss Nollen, Eckstock, Schneestock, Dammastock and Kilchlistock. McAlpine and Dunn also climbed the Diechterhorn and McKellar was up the Thieralpistock. From the Lauteraarhütte in the second week they climbed the Scheuchzerhorn and the Finsteraarhorn, this latter involving a sixteen-hour day from the Finsteraarhorn Hut and back to the Lauteraar Hut.

Mr C. C. Gorrie was in the Arolla district from 7th to 19th August, along with I. H. Ogilvie and J. Ward. They established a camp at Satarma. On 8th August they traversed the Petite Dent de Veisivi, and on the 10th moved to the Cabane des Vignettes, from which they climbed the Evêque. The 12th was stormy as they crossed the Pas de Chèvres to the Cabane des Dix. From here they ascended the Mont Blanc de Seilon in a gale, returning to their base camp. On





BIDEAN NAM BIAN  
(From Callert, Loch Leven)

*W. S. Thomson*

the 15th they went to the Cabane de Bertol, Ogilvie and Gorrie climbing the Za on the 16th. Then all three crossed the Mont Miné and Ferpècle glaciers to the Rossier Hut, climbing the Dent Blanche by the Wandfluh on the 17th, on two ropes with Pierre Anzevui of Arolla, in cold, windy weather.

C. G. M. Slessor, with H. G. Nicol and D. D. Stewart (J.M.C.S.), was in Chamonix for a week early in July. Weather and conditions were excellent. The following climbs were done: Traverses of the Grands Charmoz, Aiguille du Plan, Dent du Géant and Tour Ronde. Slessor had to leave for Lucerne, but the other two went to the Couvercle Hut to do Aiguille du Moine (south-west ridge), Pointe Isabella and Petite Aiguille de Triolet, Les Droites and the traverse of La Nonne. Stewart had earlier been in Zermatt with S. J. Cairns (J.M.C.S.), where the Dom, Matterhorn and Rimpfischhorn were climbed.

Tom MacKinnon and George Roger climbed together in the Alps. They did the Aiguille du Géant, Aig. du Midi, Aig. de l'M., the Petits and Grands Charmoz and the Aiguille du Peigne. MacKinnon did Les Courtes with another party, and Roger climbed Mont Blanc with a guide. The period was between mid-August and mid-September, and included one week of bad weather.

G. J. Ritchie was in Chamonix in July, doing Nonne-Evêque traverse with F. Sanson, S.A.C. From Zermatt with G. Williams, from Rothorn Hut, they went on Zinal Rothorn, but did not complete the expedition. Then, with R. Hopkins, from Täsch Hut he traversed Dom and Täschhorn. On another occasion he took his two children on Findelen glacier.

Drummond Henderson was with Ian G. Charleson part of the time, spending two weeks at the Alpine Club Meet at Täsch (in Gilbert Peaker's party) when they climbed the following: Dom, Alphubel, Traverse of Allalinhorn (Täsch to Britannia Huts), Traverse of Rimpfischhorn (same huts). Charleson then left the Alpine Club Meet, but Henderson traversed the Trifthorn to Mountet and the Zinal Rothorn back to Zermatt.

Alone he visited Cabane d'Orny from Champex, where he met Macphée—all in excellent weather. He met the President on the Rothorn.

Charleson climbed also in the Chamonix district, with Charles S. Tilly and André Roch. (A few days before, Tilly had climbed the Bouquetin.) They climbed on the Plaque Route of the Réquin and on the Caiman, east face. On 11th August, from the Col du Midi, they traversed Mont Blanc du Tacul, Mont Maudit, Mont Blanc and the Dome du Gouter.

### Central Africa.

A. L. Cram writes: In March 1949 I went by air to Arusha, Tanganyika Territory. I walked up Mount Meru, a great cone of volcanic ash with steep precipices to the north. An aneroid read 15,100 feet on the top. On the way down a bull elephant caused some trouble. From Moshi I walked up the next peak in the chain, Kibo (Kilimanjaro). There are three huts, the property of the Mountain Club, on the way up, the highest being about 16,300 feet. From this hut to the rim of the crater lie steep and exasperating scree, the final ascent resembling the walk up Ben Nevis from the head of Glen Nevis. A walk of two hours round the crater brings one to the Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, the highest point, some 19,500 feet. Recent air surveys suggest that this, the highest point in Africa, may exceed 20,000 feet. For its size, the mountain must be one of the easiest in the world, although one is affected, in breathing, by the altitude.

The glaciers are retreating rapidly. In places, near to the ice, hot viscous substances ooze up. The glacier to the north showed an immense forest of ice trees. *Nieves penitentes* made walking difficult. The next peak to the east is Mawenzi, 17,500 feet. This is a rarely visited, complex, raw and difficult mountain with ridges resembling the edges of broken crockery. The precipices to the east are unusually smooth, unbroken and lofty and near to the vertical. I have never seen such tremendous cliffs, even at Chamonix. A very loose ridge on the west face was followed to an earthy, snowy slope above a 1,000-foot cliff. At a corner we entered a gully with a floor of rotten ice. Falling stones deterred us from going on to the twin summits, about 600 feet higher. I have since learned that a safer route lies up the true left side of the couloir on good rocks. One of the troubles is the huge temperature variation. The cold is intense before sunrise, but by 11 A.M. it is uncomfortably hot on unshaded rocks. Another is that the difficulties commence well over 16,000 feet, where one needs acclimatisation before tackling severe rocks. The traverse of the summit ridge of this mountain will present very serious problems. It has not been done. Later, we climbed some rock towers on the south ridge. The rock was not as bad as we had been led to believe.

I also had some walks on the Aberdare Range, which rises to 13,000 feet to the west of Mount Kenya. The approach to these mountains is through dense cedar and bamboo forests where buffalo cause anxiety. The crest of one peak, called the "Elephant," some 11,000 feet, is narrow and used by rhino. On one occasion a rhino drove us to the top of a convenient rock knoll. In December 1949 I walked up Mount Elgon, 14,200 feet. The summit is a "Lost World" mesa which, but for an easy scramble at one place, would be very difficult to reach. Farther north is semi-desert leading to Lake Rudolf and the Sudan and Abyssinian borders. This great area is a "closed district" and permits to enter are required—one strong reason being that it is easy to get bushed or bogged down in

the sand without water. I was able to walk up the Imagit peak of Mount Moroto, some 10,000 feet. By contrast with the immense hot plain, the mountain was an oasis of greenery and coolness.

I was lucky enough to obtain permission to visit Kadam (Debasien), a long range of rough and Coolin-like peaks 60 miles away from Moroto. There is dense bush but good water on the mountain. We scrambled over several tops but failed some 200 feet below the summit of Depso on a fine gabbro-like ridge. This is a remarkably fine east-facing ridge, most probably unclimbed. The approach through the impeding bush is very tiring, and it is essential to reach camp before dark. We abandoned the attempt at 5 P.M. There are more *mesas* and peaks to the north, and I hope, by establishing a camp between Depso and Kadam itself and taking a European companion, to try more of these first-rate climbs.

The Tpetth tribe live on the base of the mountain, and are good porters. Their physique is magnificent. The men wear no clothes at all and the tribe has little or no utensils. They are a happy, delightful people. The craters of the Rift Valley, of some 7,000 to 9,500 feet, afford easy hill walks, Menegai being the second largest in the world—the largest being Ngorongoro to the south in Tanganyika. Mount Kenya, 17,041 feet, is a difficult, glaciated mountain, greatly resembling the Schreckhorn. I have not yet been able to find a suitable party for this peak.

### **J.M.C.S. Abroad.**

IAN W. PURVIS and I were in Norway for the last three weeks in August. We spent a fortnight at Turtagrø (2,895 feet) in the Western Jotunheimen. Apart from two wonderful days, the weather was poor, with fresh snow and mist.

On our second day we joined forces with three Norwegians, Henry Berg (guide to the Romsdal district), Lars Arentz-Hansen, and Per Sylow, and reached the Skagastøls Hut at Bandet, 5,751 feet, in a blizzard. Store Skagastølstind ("Storen"), 7,876 feet, was climbed by Tønsberg's route under bad snow and ice conditions. A long abseil down Tønsberg's route resulted in the ropes becoming jammed and, owing to the lateness of the hour and general fatigue, the guide cut off 30 feet from his own rope and we descended to Bandet in darkness. Turtagrø was reached at midnight, where the spirits were suitably revived.

In brilliant weather we traversed Riingsbreen and climbed Store Riingstind, 6,956 feet, by the normal route (easy), which provides magnificent views of mountains and glaciers.

We also did the following climbs from Turtagrø under poor conditions: Nord Skagastølstind, 7,085 feet; Fannaraak, 6,773 feet; and Dyrhaugsryggen, 7,038 feet, but were defeated by the conditions on the south face of Sydlige Dyrhaugstind, 6,792 feet, and on the north-west ridge of Store Styggedalstind, 7,817 feet. Skagastøls Hut at Bandet was visited on five occasions.

Towards the end of our stay the weather changed and we were rewarded with warm sunshine and a cloudless sky. We traversed the Skagastølsbreen to reach Bandet Hut in the company of Ola Fuglesteg, the Turtagrø guide and hon. member of the Norsk Tindeklub (Norwegian Mountaineering Club), who made coffee while we sun-bathed and ate our sandwiches. "Støren" was climbed once more by Tønsberg's route, and we recovered ropes, karabiner and piton left behind ten days previously. We were surprised to discover that the nylon rope was thickly coated with ice while the Norwegian hemp was comparatively free. We descended by abseiling from a perfect bollard belay down Heftyes chimney, which was thickly coated in ice, and returned to Turtagrø in time for dinner.

The following notes may prove useful to others visiting the district:—

1. Total cost per person from Newcastle via Oslo to Turtagrø £18 return. Accommodation at Turtagrø 15s. per day.
2. Turtagrø Hotel is comfortable, well heated, and built of wood; accommodates 100, and is open for four months during the summer. English spoken.
3. The food in the hotel is excellent: butter, eggs, cheeses, cream, salmon and a large variety of meats. No rationing.
4. No alcoholic drinks are obtainable, Western Norway being mostly "dry."
5. Norwegian Tourist Club Huts are available to all. Reduced charges for members. Cost per bed per night 2s. 6d., food extra.
6. N.T.C. Huts are situated at Fannaraak, 6,773 feet (staffed), at Bandet, 5,751 feet (poor condition and no staff), and at Skogadalsbøen, 2,731 feet (staffed).
7. The Skagastøls Hut at Bandet is ideally situated, being in the centre of the best climbing district. It has thick stone walls, and is equipped with kitchen utensils and sleeps four persons. It is, however, draughty, but provides a shelter in bad weather.
8. Best period of the year for climbing is between 15th July and 15th August. There appears to be ample scope for numerous new routes.
9. Cost of a guide varies with the standard of the climb—normally between 15 and 35 krs. per climb (1 kr. = 1s.).
10. The magnificent Norsk Tindeklub Hut is situated below the Skagastølsbreen. Climbers are only asked to stay there under special circumstances.

T. HENDERSON.

## NOTES.

## Accident List, 1949.

*4th January.*—Miss H. Hendry (22) (N.), Glasgow, collapsed on Schiehallion.

*13th February* (Cairngorm Club).—Two roped parties, Hendry and Still and Matheson and Anton, carried down by breaking of cornice, top of Raeburn's Gully, Lochnagar. Hendry and Anton received minor injuries. Rescue helped by R.A.F. mountain rescue team.

*14th March.*—Alexander Mathieson (N.), Edinburgh, fell when descending Scorie Hill, Glen Clova; injured knee; improvised stretcher used.

*14th March.*—Alison M. Bard (18) (N.), party of four (roped), St Andrews University M.C., avalanched on Nevis; concussion, died in hut.

*30th March.*—George Swift (25) (E.), novice, started from Kinlochleven over Mamores to Fort William *wearing rubber shoes*; fell and hurt back; managed to reach Upper Steall on the Saturday; there alone till Monday; brought in by stretcher party.

*7th April.*—Florence Stoddart (18) (N.) and Margaret Baird (20) (N.) left Braemar Hostel and climbed Lochnagar; *no map or compass*; descended to Glen Clova by mistake and reached hostel there. Returned next day, and met large search parties including R.A.F. mountain rescue outfit.

*24th April.*—Audrey Webster (22) (E.) with two men (E.) climbing Gardyloo Gully, last man slipped and rope broke. Two fell down and girl received a knee injury; managed to reach C.I.C. Hut and spent night there. Fort William next day.

*12th June* (Creag Dhu).—James Allan (17) (N.) and George Alison (19) (N.) killed on Central Buttress, Buachaille Etive Mor; hold gave way.

*12th June.*—Kenneth Winram (20) (N.), accident in one of N.E. corries, Lochnagar. Broken ribs, bruises and shock.

*13th June.*—Dr I. H. D. Johnston (S.), ex-J.M.C.S., fell when descending Creag Mhor, Glen Lochay, about 30 feet. Fractured wrist and back injury. He reached Killin and was later taken to Stirling Royal Infirmary.

*19th June.*—John Connelly (14) (S.), with other two 14-year-old boys; sandshoes; slipped and killed, Campsie, near Benclloch Mains.

*22nd June.*—Miss May Watson (68) sprained ankle, Pentland Hills; stretcher party out.

*29th July.*—Large party traversing the Dubhs in Skye split up in mist. One lot returned to hostel, other two stayed put, returned next day under own power. Large search parties out.

*1st October.*—Pat Bass (E.) lost alone in Cuillins; two search parties out. Returned next day under own power.

*2nd October.*—Ian Robertson (S.), Auchterarder. Killed on Sgor na h'Ulaidh, Glencoe. Rescue parties out.

*10th December.*—Dr Alan Hird, J.M.C.S. Killed on Am Bodach at 9 A.M., descending after a moonlight traverse of the Mamores. Rescue party from J.M.C.S.

(E. means English, S. Scottish and N. Novice.)

### **"Glencoe and Ardour" Guide.**

SINCE the publication of the Guide the following additional information has come to Mr W. H. Murray:—

**Garbh Bheinn.**—J. Lomas reports that on the day he and Barber made the first ascent of the North Face they also descended a narrow, curving gully between the North Face and the North-East Buttress. The gully was so narrow in parts as to be a tight chimney. It was impossible to avoid water-line. Party had a narrow escape from drowning.

**Collie's Climb on Buachaille.**—W. Russell reports that the 80-foot face referred to as unclimbed in the Guide was, in fact, climbed by A. Slack and Russell in June 1939.

The following corrections should be made to the Guide:—

*Page 159.*—Under July 1946 the height of B. Buttress North Wall should be 350 feet (not 150).

*Page 162.*—Under July 1939, Route II. should be classed Severe (not difficult). But it may be only Very Difficult if a traverse is made leftwards from below the unstable block.

### **The Munros and "Tops."**

THERE is no doubt that collecting Munros and visiting tops other than Munros is an honourable occupation, requiring much more persistence and energy than rock climbing and conferring an unrivalled knowledge of most of our Bens and Glens. The following list, compiled by R. G. Inglis, records the names of those who have climbed all the Munros, in order of completion of performance, those printed in *italics* having done all the tops as well: A. E. Robertson, *Ronald Burn*, J. A. Parker, *J. Rooke Corbett*, *John Dow*, G. G. Elliott, *A. L. Cram*, John Hirst, E. W. Hodge and B. Horsburgh.

### **New Climbs in Rum.**

Mr J. G. PARISH, referring to W. H. Murray's notes on New Climbs in Rum in the 1949 *Journal*, points out that his Ptarmigan Crack is probably the same as Fat Man's Agony, *Journal*, 1948, page 47, although there may be an initial variation. Mr Parish agrees that Ptarmigan Crack is a better name for it.



## Two Interesting Snow Climbs.

Mr M. B. NETTLETON refers to two interesting snow climbs enjoyed in April 1949. The first, with Derek Lambley, was on the north side of Sgurr Fhuaran from Glen Croe. A gully was filled with good hard snow, offering a splendid route straight up to the summit between the cliffs of this abrupt northern face. They had a brilliant, sunny day and enjoyed a glorious panorama of the Cuillin and mainland mountains. An attempt to descend by another gully was abandoned after the fall of some rocks.

The other climb was from the head of Loch Etive up the northern corrie of Ben Starav. This wild corrie was full of hard snow and gave a good climb to the summit. There would seem to be several other possible winter routes. A considerable cornice was found at the top of the climb.

## BOOKS AND JOURNALS.

THE Hon. Librarian wishes to express the thanks of the Club to Mrs Strutt for presenting the following books to the Library:—

**Guide Books.**—*The Central Alps of the Dauphiné*, Coolidge; *Les Alpes du Dauphiné*, Gaillard; *Le Alpi, val Grosina*, C. A. I.; *Le Brenta Dolomiti*, C. A. I.; *Regione del Bernina*, C. A. I.; *Regione dell' Ortler*, C. A. I.; *Die Zillerthaler Alpen*, Delago; *Die Stubaier Alpen*, Hohenleiter; *Les Alpes de Savoie (Le Massif du Mt. Blanc)*, Gaillard; *Mont Blanc-Tour Ronde*, Vallot; *Les Aiguilles de Chamonix*, Vallot; three volumes of Kurz, *Guide to the Valais—Collon-Theodule, Theodule-Monte Moro, Strahlhorn-Simplon*; two volumes of *Bernese Alps—Bietschhorn-Aletschhorn, Petersgrat, Finsteraarjoch-Studerjoch*; two volumes of *Bündner Alpen—Monte Disgrazia to S. Bergell and Bernina Group*; *Garhwal Himalaya*, by André Roch.

**Maps.**—A comprehensive collection of Alpine Swiss and Austrian, the Balkans and a few Himalayan maps. There is also a large 8-foot roller map of Switzerland and a number of S.A.C. and Himalayan Club Journals.

**Books Received from the Publishers.**—The first three have already been advised in the *Bulletin*:—

*First on the Rope*, by R. Frison Roche (Methuen, 10s. 6d., 268 pp.). An exciting tale of the Chamonix guides.

*Swiss Life and Landscape*, by Emil Egli (Paul Elek, 12s. 6d., 161 pp., with 94 illus.). A concise account of the different regions and the life of the people.

*The Early Alpine Guides*, by Ronald Clark (Phoenix, 15s., 184 pp., 27 illus., 3 maps).

*The Cairngorms on Foot and Ski*, by A. V. Firsoff (Robert Hale, 15s., 279 pp., 49 illus.) This is an excellent book, one of the best ever written on the Cairngorms. The last chapters are on skiing and a discussion on forest parks. The author is very well informed on the district.

*Beyond the Great Glen*, by F. Reid Corson (Oliver & Boyd, Second Edition, revised, 10s. 6d., 240 pp., 8 double-page illus. and 9 maps). This is a wayfaring guide to the North-west Highlands from Lochaber to Cape Wrath. Rev. A. E. Robertson, than whom no one knows these hill roads and paths better, contributes a foreword. Most of the plates are beautiful studies by R. M. Adam. It is a most useful book, excellent and detailed.

*The Breaking Strain*, by Hugh Merrick (Constable, 10s., 312 pp. (fiction)).

Members may also be interested in an article from *Glaciers and Climate*, by Gordon Manley, on "The Snowline in Britain," of which a reprint has been received. The conclusion is that the probable height of the glaciation level near Ben Nevis about the year 1930 would be 1,615 metres (=5,300 feet), at which height the mean June-September temperature would be 3.2° C. This *theoretical* glacial level seems to have risen by about 300 feet since the period 1884-1903. The climate would appear to be getting milder.

**Periodicals Received.**—We express our thanks to kindred Clubs, both those with whom we regularly exchange periodicals and some which come to us unexpectedly. The list is similar to that in the 1949 *Journal*. We regret that lack of space does not allow of special comments.

**Our Own Publications.**—Members and readers may now obtain from Douglas & Foulis or any bookseller two long-awaited new Guide Books:—

*Rock Climbing Guide to Glencoe and Ardgour*, by W. H. Murray (7s. 6d., pocket size, 164 pp., numerous diagrams).

*The Southern Highlands*, by J. D. B. Wilson (15s., 45 illus.). The first of these is everything that a rock-climbing guide should be, carefully detailed climbs and drawings, list of first ascents and references. The second is an excellent detailed guide for the hill walker to many little-known hills, with appendices occupying about a quarter of the book dealing with the rock climbs.

**Forthcoming.**—Messrs Oliver & Boyd will shortly publish *A Progress in Mountaineering*, by the Editor of this *Journal*. The book is mainly descriptive, about two-thirds Scottish, a chapter on English Rock Climbing and the rest Alpine. It deals with Technique and is amply illustrated by text drawings, maps and photographs.

## THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

THE five sections of the Club continue to flourish, and there are prospects of reviving the Inverness Section. The total membership is between 400 and 500 but, in some quarters, there are misgivings at the high proportion of those whose membership appears to be little more than nominal.

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner and the New Year Meet, organised by one sorely tried member from Edinburgh, were held at South Ballachulish and attended by some three dozen members, Perth and Lochaber being, unfortunately, not represented. The A.G.M. was held *after* the excellent Dinner, taking longer than usual as a result. After the customary rites at midnight the first hours of 1950 saw some energetic country dancing in the moonlight, the beauty of the background compensating, to some extent, for the vile lack of polish in the performance and the primitive nature of the music.

Wet and misty weather did not prevent enjoyable climbing. On 1st and 2nd January the bus ran up Glencoe, and parties were on Aonach Eagach, the Bidean group and Beinn a' Bheithir. A reliable observer on the second day saw the ugly form of a crocodile scaling Dinner-time Buttress and thereafter making for Stob Coire an Lochan. The writer is glad to say that he neither formed part of nor witnessed this phenomenon.

J. S. S.

**Glasgow Section.**—There are almost 200 members. There were seventeen bus Meets. In addition to the usual places, the English Lakes, Blair Atholl and Braemar (at Easter) were visited. Some success was gained in affording to novices an adequate opportunity for guidance in rock-climbing. Regular evening meetings included a dinner, smoker and a photographic competition.

The year was, unfortunately, marred by two fatal accidents. Alan Johnson, Secretary of the Section and one of its keenest members, was killed in the Alps and, in December, at a Meet on the Mamores, Dr A. J. Hird was killed.

The present Secretary is J. Stanley Stewart, 10 Whitefield Road, Glasgow, S.W.1.

**Edinburgh Section.**—The Section continues to grow in numbers and activity. Membership is now 85 and increasing. Week-end bus meets are now being run every third instead of, as formerly, every fourth week, and the buses are well filled. Meets have been held at Killin, Dalmally, Fort William (twice), Arrochar, Glencoe (three times), Kingussie, Kinlochleven, Crianlarich and Glen Clova. In addition, there is much independent climbing.

During the summer a few small meets were held, notably in Skye and the North, West and Central Highlands, enabling members to climb together on holiday. The proposed Austrian Meet was insufficiently supported and had to be cancelled. It is felt that, with the assistance of experienced Alpinists, the response would have been greater. Nevertheless, independent parties paid their first visits to the Alps. One party climbed several Zermatt peaks, including the Matterhorn, another visited the glaciers and peaks of the Western Graians, whilst a third went to Chamonix and the summit snowfields of Mont Blanc.

The S.M.C. lectures have been well attended by Section members, and several social evenings have been held. The Annual Dinner was very successful at the "Wee Windaes" Restaurant.

The Secretary is Charles L. Donaldson, 88 Saughtonhall Drive, Edinburgh, 12.

**Perth Section.**—Membership is now 27 with prospects of an increase for next season. The Section is healthy financially. Successful meets were held each month, except July and August. Glencoe, Glen Falloch, Dalmally, Glen Clova, Dalwhinnie and Balquhidder were visited. The Section lost a keen young member as a result of an accident in Glencoe.

The Secretary is T. P. Kemp, 151 South Street, Perth.

**Lochaber Section.**—The Section looks back on a successful year of increasing membership, which is now almost 40. Evening Meets were held in the summer months, around Poldubh, in addition to standing week-end Meets. Work on the bridge over Nevis gorge nears completion and visitors to the Mamores will appreciate this fine engineering effort. Work on Steall Hut continues with interior painting. The *Lochaber Climbing Times* is once again in circulation, bringing news to members exiled in the Forces or in the South.

The Secretary is James Ness, Armadale Buildings, Fort William.

**London Section.**—Membership has fallen off a little and now stands at 54. The Hon. President, Mr R. O. H. Down, has, unfortunately, had to resign. Lack of support and high cost have prevented the arrangement of meets in the main climbing centres, but many have been held on the sandstone outcrops. Parties of members and individuals have been active in Scotland, the Lake District, North Wales and abroad. Finances are healthy and there are no changes in subscription or entry fee.

The Secretary is Dr J. P. Wiltshire, 16 Wimborne Gardens, Ealing, W.13.



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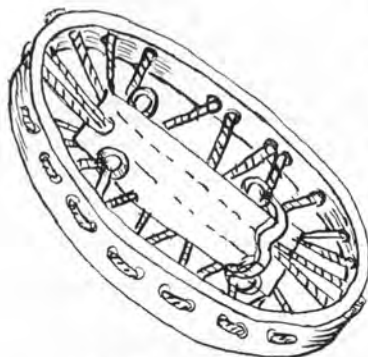
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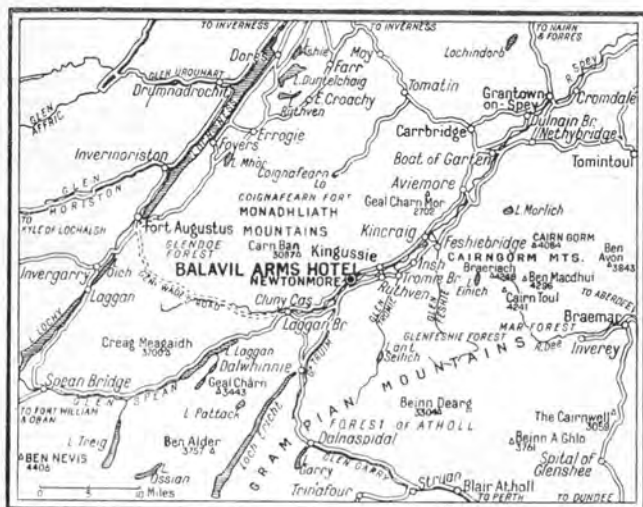
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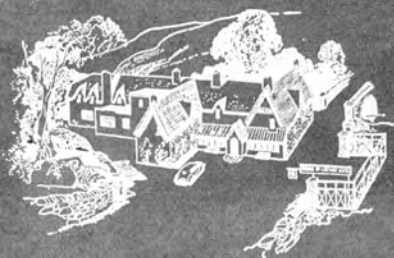
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