

THE SCOTTISH
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EDITED BY G. J. DUTTON AND R. N. CAMPBELL

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A. McKeith

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DEDO DO DEUS

By Malcolm Slesser

A TENDENCY to indulgence, whether in food, mountains or liquor has, happily, always been a feature of the members of our Club. Never are we better than when flouting danger or offsetting some discomfort with the knowledge that in the valley lie groaning tables and exquisitely distilled malts. Age may alter the relative balance of such immoderation, but the Club spirit is unassailable. It will be perceived, therefore, that I, an ageing member surrounded by the bald granite precipices of Rio de Janeiro with gin at five bob a bottle, experienced little difficulty in fitting into my new environment. It is true that when viewed on a cold winter's night in Scotland, pictures of these sun-drenched precipices draw forth fire and bold talk. But when seen in reality with the sun almost vertically overhead and temperatures oscillating a degree or two about the hundred, the alternative of a Brazilian gin tonic in half-litre mugs seemed the saner course. Nevertheless my S.M.C. conscience would twinge now and again when the sun set behind some glorious vertical precipice, or when one day poised behind a beer on the summit of the Sugar Loaf (it has a téléphérique) I suddenly saw the Finger of God. I felt an instant admonishment. Moreover, it was an American professor, a stranger to climbing, who brought me to its foot.

The Dedo do Deus (5300 feet), to give it its Brazilian name, is a 600-foot finger of vertical granite set on top of a steep jungle-clad spur, the second of a series of five peaks that grace the east flank of the Organ mountains some fifty miles from Rio city. It was climbed first in 1912 by Aceio de Oliveira and a large body of comrades in the days before incoming Czechs and Austrians gave Brazilian climbing the tone it has today. It was time I, too, climbed it, for Brazilians on learning of my pretensions as a climber would smirk

and say, 'Ah, but have you tried the Dedo do Deus? Of course, it is only for experts!'

Harvey's Chevrolet purred its expensive U.S. way through the deserted streets of 4.00 a.m. Rio with myself and Carlos Costa Ribeiro in the back seats. Carlos, a student of physics, was a renowned climber, having had a go at the recently-discovered highest mountains in Brazil on the Venezuelan border. As a youth in Austria he had been introduced to kletterschube and dolomite. Harvey and he talked about the benefits of Communism while I slept.

We parked at a roadside shrine at 2500 feet in the depth of the slowly waking forest, and looked up to see the momentary sun blush on the Finger, which poked censoriously out of a palisade of trees. One day—I thought in the putting-off frame of mind 6.00 a.m. always instils in me—we must have a go at the east face. Thank God, the normal route is round the other side. For several hours at least one could press on assuming it was easier.

'That's our way' declared Carlos pointing to the east face. 'The original route would bore you.'

Tamely and silently I followed him as he led into the jungle along a vague trail designed for pygmies. However, five minutes into the jungle and the plants on the floor gave up trying to live. One could stand up without being swiped in the eye by bushes, or throttled by hanging lianas. A prey to fears, I looked anxiously about for anacondas, rattlesnakes or cor-de-rosas, and faced with what strength I could the thought of beating off Onças. I took it as a matter of course that my skin would be swollen with insect bites, and that the ensuing nights would be spent in mad scratchings.

The first pitch loomed out of the gloom, a sebaceous groove whose crucial move was executed by a monkey-like swing from the fragmentary root of a once-noble Ipé tree. I was soon to learn that were it not for trees, Brazilian climbing would be impossible.

More gloom. Then slabs, and for a moment we broke into sunshine, and saw the north wall dripping with cornices of moss, gravatas, and other nameless growths that lent an air of Fester outdoing Coire Ardair at the height of summer.

Another half hour of gloom and sweat and then Carlos paused.

'We leave sacks here.'

Personally, I never felt less like parting with my belongings. Reluctantly I changed boots for P.A's, and draped on a few tape étriers, hammer and pegs.

'You won't need these.'

I smiled. Reports I had heard of Brazilian belay techniques would have scandalized Tennent, far less the author of a slide-rule work on running belays.

Carlos then led across an avalanche chute. These are common hereabouts, though mud and old trees take the place of snow. The débris is unstable, and often can be jarred into further movements. The consequences are too awful to contemplate. Soon we were on mud of inconceivable steepness, barely held in place by lush growth. With one hand on the north face, we slithered, groped, pulled, yanked, sweated and clawed our way up mossy grooves, rotting trees and holdless chimneys. Harvey did it all on his fingers. Carlos enjoyed antigravity. Then suddenly I was face to face with a mass of deep red orchid blooms, and it was worth it. Soon shouts from ahead spoke of light, and following a tunnel in some dense bushes I found my two companions sitting on a small rock tower looking up at the east face of the Finger of God.

It seemed to be composed of four totally detached pieces of rock that, like some child's puzzle, fitted together into a mountain. What route there was must lie along the interlocks.

The climbing, when it came, was delicious. Here, right on the Tropic of Capricorn, even at 4700 feet there is never any frost. The rock, though the finest granite, is almost totally lacking in incut holds. Nor does it ever have the roughness of a Chamonix slab. Rather, it seems to have solidified from a pitted syrup, and been up-ended. The few cracks lay along the interlocks, or where massive chunks had broken loose. Resolute trees had managed to worm long tough roots far into the interior of the Finger and I found them useful as runners and belays. Much needed too, for my companions showed a complete lack of interest in such procedures. Harvey had no experience, and was in any event by this time utterly exhausted. He had climbed fully 2000 feet from the car largely on his hands. Carlos used ritual belaying. I looked for peg-cracks, and found none. The drop beneath us was impressive; the landing a green umbrella of branches.

By now the nearer of the northern peaks, which stretch for a thousand miles or more, were visible; they included fine summits in a neighbouring valley which contains some virgin walls, and at least one unclimbed peak. We could now look over an intermediate ridge to the National Park of Teresopolis, and the attractive town of that name beyond, sequestered 3000 feet in a knot of little ridges. Harvey was breathing stertorously, and Carlos was lassoing spikes in Whymper fashion.

We reached a cave and thankfully crawled into the shade.

'Up?'

'Out.'

Out right under an overhang I saw the first of several bolts. Like half inch carriage bolts, these Brazilian things are made to last, and to take the weight of about ten people. The whole philosophy and safety of Brazilian climbing hinges around them. The rock being holdless, it is their answer, and not a short-term one.

Harvey allowed his eye to dally a moment, and then undid the rope and started down. The Luso-Scottish elements, scandalised, called him back pointing out the commonplace that the party does not split up, adding the rider that the majority were in favour of going upwards. Harvey, no traditionalist, gave way only when he found we wouldn't give him a rope to rope down. Carlos led, and vanished. Whatever instructions he subsequently offered were lost in the wind, and Harvey was dangling on the first tape before he had time to reconsider. I fear we were brutal. When Harvey wisely announced that he had neither strength nor skill for this sort of thing, and that he would come down, Carlos instantly slackened the rope. Harvey slid wildly to the right, and, being a scientist, was at once aware that gravity was going to spring him out under an overhang, and not back to me.

'What do I do?' he shouted.

'Impossible to get back,' I shouted encouragingly.

But Harvey was a U.S. citizen; and Carlos knew how to give a friend a helping hand. The grunts that ensued might have lured a female hippopotamus. And when my turn came I appreciated the difficulty. This pitch, called the 'maria cebolla' was led by a Czech immigrant called Drahomirubas. What he held on to while putting in the expansion bolts is a mystery. The last 20 feet are a slanting crack between an overhang and a vertical wall calling for uncritical faith in hand jams. I found Carlos contentedly gazing at the view, belayed to a cactus whose roots I was able to lift with one hand.

Thereafter we climbed within, not on, the mountain. Often as much as ten feet from the outer face we chimneyed for two long pitches, crept up a slab and reached the top of a plinth. A huge rock crevasse, overhanging above us like a bad rimaye, was all that lay between us and the top. We climbed it the only way anyone has yet found—by a ladder. Half a century's weathering had exchanged iron for rust, but to make assurance doubly sure, the top was tied with decayed electric flex to an expansion bolt.

The summit is as flat as a navy's thumb, with a forest large enough to keep visitors in firewood for decades. We all, for various reasons, were very happy. From here one can see some of the superb faces on the north side of the range. Some, like Garafao, are virgin and over 1500 feet high. We dined off gammon (from the PX) and bruised pineapple, and slid down the ladder for the start of the descent by the *voie normale*: a series of chimneys on the west face with ledges between. Harvey wouldn't climb, so we had to rappel. He lost his spectacles, and their glassy tinkle could be heard from the bowels of the mountain for minutes after. On the third rappel, the steepness of the pitch, and absence of foreground nearer than 1000 feet, caused Harvey to ask for a safety line, and my rope was put in play. I had descended, and was enjoying a quiet contemplation of cavorting mists and mysterious walls, when the

rasping noise of Harvey's skin on the rope stopped, and he started gurgling badly. The safety line had jammed in a karabiner.

I shouted to him to haul himself up on his arms while Carlos freed it, but his arms were done.

'Cut the rope,' he demanded in a high-pitched voice that was not like him at all.

'Wait a minute.' One is not born in Aberdeen for nothing. Moreover Tiso's was at least eight weeks postage away. I climbed up and tried to lasso Harvey and haul him onto a higher ledge. However, having discovered a solution he was single minded in demanding it.

'Cut the rope'—a cry which, as he slowly went blue, he modified to:

'Cut the rope. I'll buy you a new one. I'll buy you as many ropes as you like, but cut the rope . . .'

I nodded, and Carlos cut, and Harvey landed drunkenly beside me, while I coiled 40 feet of useless nylon.

There were no hard feelings. The dusk was brief and beautiful, and we groped down the festering jungle on all fours, and made the road three hours after darkness. I had been neither attacked nor bitten. Next day, Harvey, a good colleague if ever there was one, offered to send to New York for a new rope. 'Forget it. Just one of those things.' We worked on, while his cigar smoke coiled lazily in the cold air of the air conditioner.

'Malcolm, you get whisky?'

'No.' To all except diplomats it was £8 a bottle in Brazil.

'A case any good to you?'

If the Finger of God wagged at me, I never saw it.

THE LOOSENING-UP

THE Doctor was leading. At least, he was in front. The Apprentice was below me. We all waited. We were all, so far, on a dirty face beneath Càrn Rìgh. The time was a grey east-windy November afternoon and far too late. This excursion had begun as a loosening-up for the winter and the Doctor, loose enough, had suggested a final scramble up the sputter of crags before we snuffed the day out with Càrn Rìgh. 'I brought a rope anyway, in case,' he said.

So here we were. Càrn Rìgh, tired of waiting, had turned back into mist. But the weather was becoming interested in us. Gusts sniffed, and I swore I saw snow. That east wind . . .

'What the hell's the matter?' I shouted again. The rope, ridiculous twins of baby nylon, twirled up round an assemblage of idle blocks, among frozen slime and the queasy comforts of the less vascular plants. It was a perfectly easy scramble but for the verglas. And the Doctor had tricounis. He loved them. Their toothless gums gnashed gallantly of his youth. 'Much more reliable than vibrams. Especially on ground like this. Now where'—fixing severely the interjecting Apprentice—'where would crampons be on ground like this?' We agreed that, on ground like this, we did not know where crampons would be. So the Doctor had led off, scraping pointedly, impressing the moss, while we slid and clutched behind, nimble in fleeting soles. The angle had steepened, to frozen turf, enamelled slabs, and then these lounging blocks. So we had roped up, and the Doctor went on.

That was twenty minutes ago, and there had been no further medical bulletin. The Apprentice gazed about morosely, iron-less. His Rodney Street hoard was at home. This was only a loosening-up, and he had come—like me—because of the Doctor's car and considerate habits at bars on the way back.

The blocks eyed us genially, winking with an occasional fleck of snow. Still silence. 'Pull the bloody rope,' suggested the Apprentice. I pulled, quite hard. Shortly after, an irate tug indicated distant displeasure.

'Go up and see,' suggested the Apprentice. I moved off.

'I'll come, too,' said the youth. 'I'll stop you if you slip,' he added generously.

We acknowledged the boulders, patted the liverworts, and progressed slowly, scolding the little ropes as they ran into holes and behind spikes. At the top of a long sleeping block we met the Doctor, folded in a niche.

'Well, you're up at last,' he said. 'Not bad, for vibrams. Now wait here and I'll go on again.'

We persuaded him it would be quicker and safer to move together. Darkness and snow were approaching arm in arm, chanting on the wind. To please him we retained the twins, but whipped them into temporary obedience. If we slipped, the thoughtful blocks would sooner or later remember to stop us.

We reached the top of the heap. A few more gaping jumps, and then the greasy plates of summit scree, already well floured. And then, of course, he stuck.

'My foot!' he shouted.

It was well in, out of sight, between the last two big snoring blocks. The Apprentice and I pulled and pushed without avail. We beat thinly at tons of granite. Snow chilled our hands. Wind blew down our necks, telling us so.

Hoods up, we regarded the Doctor. He wiped slush from his eyes.

'Blast,' he remarked.

'Well, you can't stop here,' said the Apprentice. 'You'll have to get the boot off, or the bloody foot or something.' He produced a large bowie-knife, looked enquiringly at the prisoner, who wiped away more snow, and then he poked it down, sharp end first, beside the ankle.

'Mind my foot.'

'It's the laces first, anyway.'

But he dropped the knife. It clattered irrecoverably.

'We'll have to make a sort of tent,' said the Doctor, 'anoraks weighed down with stones. And I'll be the pole.'

He was most brave. But it was nearly dark and the snow was that thick felted horizontal kind that means to get you. He had to come out. So we pulled, wrenched, back-broke him, until the startled knot peered up; fortunately the laces had been white. My penknife sawed away. A pencil worked under the tip of the tongue.

'Now pull yourself out of the boot.'

He lay back, contracting intensely, remembering the correct muscles.

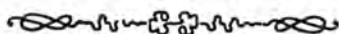
Astonishingly—he was out. The boot dropped hollowly within. We fumbled at various darknesses for it, but it was well boxed. He hopped, cursing. We all cursed, gratefully. With oaths and a lace we bound a scarf round the outraged sock and led him off, but not before he'd scratched a mark on the impassive pedal sarcophagus, so that he could come back later with a crowbar.

We hirpled, baby nylons riding our shoulders, over the ridge on the tide of the night, and down rough soft leeward slopes to the eventual road, the blizzard singeing past into tall heather. We fell and rolled and were merry. The Apprentice found a torch in his sack, and it lit. Every flickering burn or so we tied up the scarf, wringing it out. But the foot was warm, thrilled with importance.

'A remarkable thing,' said the Doctor. 'In thirty years on the hills, it's never happened before. And they were going so well, far better than your vibrans. I suppose it was almost a Route. Do you know,' he said, 'I think we should call it The Clam.'

Wetheral _____

Pleasant Evenings Committee.



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[Advertisement for the lecture which is quoted in the article opposite. From a M.S. notebook of Ling's lectures, kindly given to the Club after his death].

HARD LINES FROM THE PAST

(1) THE ZMUTT RIDGE OF THE MATTERHORN,

1906

By W. N. Ling

Last issue, in *Hard Lines from Abroad*, we published contemporary feats by present members. Now it is the turn of absent members. The first of these hitherto unprinted accounts takes us sixty years back to a village hall in Cumberland, where a small excited audience hushes to expectation as the lights lower and Mr Ling, of the great guideless S.M.C. partnership of Raeburn and Ling, famous in Scotland, Norway, the Alps and the Caucasus, begins a lecture on their latest exploits. We may creep in and hear a part of it.

... THE weather was now improving and though there was still rather too much snow on the Matterhorn we had not much time left and decided to try our luck. The Zmutt ridge, which is but seldom climbed, and is innocent of artificial aids, was the route we had chosen for our attack. It meant sleeping out a night high up on the mountain and an early start the next morning. We engaged two porters to carry our sleeping bags and provisions up to the bivouac and at six on a fine Monday morning the party of four set out from Zermatt. Up the beautifully-wooded path to the Staffel Alp, then along the moraine we went, loading up with wood before leaving the tree limit. After this we took to the snow and made for the foot of the huge *couloir* or gully. One of the porters was going badly, partly, we thought owing to having anticipated his reward the night before in the wine-shop, so we roped up to keep the party together. He went slower and slower, so my friend and I lightened his load and added to our already sufficiently heavy burdens. After a time my friend unroped and went on to find a suitable shelter for the night, while I towed the two porters. Fortunately the rocks we were climbing were not difficult, but we had to cross one or two places where stones were apt to fall and thus haste was necessary. At 3.30 we found a place at a height of 11,000 feet which afforded shelter. We made tea, fed our porters and sent them back to Zermatt, which they reached late that night. The choice lay between abandoning our blankets and keeping the porters all night, and it was a choice easy to make.

It was a glorious sight that met our gaze as the eye swept from peak to peak. Left of us towered the mighty Italian ridge of the Matterhorn, and we could just see the roof of the hut which we hoped would shelter us the next night. Before us lay the Dent d'Hèrens, its avalanche-riven slopes glittering in the sunlight, while to our right the Dent Blanche reared its shapely head. The stones,

loosened by the sun from the height above us, buzzed past like rifle bullets on either side of our sheltering stone, and when we went for water, which was fortunately near, we had to be careful to keep under shelter.

We levelled the floor of our bivouac as much as possible and built a low wall to prevent our rolling out in the night, then made a fire and cooked our evening meal. The sun stayed with us till nearly eight o'clock, then sank slowly to rest behind the Dent Blanche. We did the same, and rolled in our blanket bags were fairly warm, but although we tried to ease its roughnesses by careful arrangements of the ropes our couch was hard, and the pleasurable excitement of the coming day kept us awake. Overhead the stars were shining brightly and the silence was ever and anon broken by the muffled roar of the avalanches which poured from the Dent d'Hèrens.

We were up in good time next morning and lit our fire and made breakfast. We left our blankets, wood, and surplus bread for whomsoever should come next and at four, in bright starlight, we left our camp. We were provided with crampons, and though we measured the angle of the slope to be 42° we were able with their aid to ascend the ice slope to the ridge without cutting steps, a great saving of time. Once on the ridge we made good speed to the foot of the first tower—6.15. We climbed over the first two towers on good rocks, then turned the third by cutting across the face to the gap of the fourth tower—7.40. We then kept the edge of the ridge and had to go carefully owing to the amount of snow on the rocks. At nine o'clock we had reached a place on the ridge where we could stop, and after five hours' hard work we felt that we were justified in taking a quarter of an hour halt for our second breakfast.

Our bread and jam consumed, we proceeded on our way. The mountain was in bad condition and we had to fight for every foot of height we made, but my leader was undaunted and steadily fought his way upwards. The next 500 feet took us two hours and a quarter. After this the rocks got worse, slabbier and slabbier, and more snow, but—like the tortoise—if our progress was slow it was sure, and we took no risks. The ridge now soars away in a tremendous overhanging cliff, whose beetling brows are quite unscaleable, and we had to turn across the face into the huge couloir which divides our ridge from the Italian ridge. There we were hailed by a cheery Frenchman who was descending the Italian ridge. There was a lot of ice in the couloir, but we fortunately found a chimney, comparatively free, which let us reach the upper slopes without having to traverse so far into the couloir as our predecessors had done. Easier ground now led us back to the ridge above the cliff, and fighting on we reached the top at three o'clock after a battle of eleven hours with only a quarter of an hour halt. The battle was won and the Zmutt ridge conquered, and nothing else mattered. The giant raises its

head 14,700 feet above the sea but its head was under our feet, and we were very happy. We were also very hungry and some of the weight in the heavy rucksacks was quickly transferred to another place, as they say in the House of Commons. Ours was a house of short commons. For half an hour we lay on the summit. North, east and west of us the sea of peaks glittered and sparkled in sunshine, but south over Italy dark clouds, threatening a storm, rose out of the valleys, and as our way lay southwards it behoved us to be getting down.

At 3.30 we commenced the descent. The Italian ridge is appallingly steep, but in the worst places ropes are fixed, which are a great help in the matter of speed. It was not long before the storm broke, and the thunder rolled and the lightning played about us, while at the same time it snowed. It was not altogether pleasant when our axes began to hiss like angry bees with the lightning, and my friend was struck slightly, as if someone had hit him in the face. Fortunately the electric energy did not last long or we should have been compelled to put our axes down and get away from their neighbourhood. The soft snow made the rocks very wet, and they were two rather bedraggled mortals who finally entered the hut at eight o'clock. We had it to ourselves, and soon had the soup ready, and rolled up in blankets were soon asleep.

It was a most interesting expedition and the first time it had been done by a guideless party

So much for the well-beloved Willie Ling, 'hero of a hundred fights.' Let the curtain fall back, on the level voice and the rattling lantern.

The second extract takes us back only six years, to another unforgotten shade. The editor of the *Edinburgh University M.C. Journal, 1960-61*, brow-ploughed, stub-biting, to fill his pages in the night drafts out an adventure on the Nordpfeiler of the Fiescherwand. We lamented once before that we could never again publish Robin Smith. But, by kind permission of a later *E.U.M.C.J.* editor, here he is for positively the Last Performance, in prose not barbed and hardened to his final quality, but still unmistakably Smith doing, in 1960, the same sort of unconventional things as Ling in 1906; but being Smith, and being 1960, several more degrees on the wry side. His companion was Wakefield, of the E.U.M.C.

They leave the crowded, undecided hut

(2) GOOFY'S LAST CLIMB

By Robin Smith

. . . . Out of this confusion Goofy and I turned up our collars and loped into the big night wild with stars. We nosed through moraines and crevasses and looming cliffs of rock and ice away up and round,

and sat on the snow as the light came slowly, fumbling into bitter crampons under the long schrund of the Fiescherwand.

The North Wall of the Fiescherhorn is snow and ice and bits of rock, miles long by 3000 feet of climbing. The spur in the middle looked to be the best (but not the fiercest) line, for all the wall was quite plastered but less so out on the spur, with the angle a little less and the line more defined and less threat of loose stones or avalanches down your neck. Fiercely therefore leaping the schrund, we flung ourselves upon the spur. (Only first try, Goofy fell in the schrund, for he was half asleep, and so he stayed throughout this insomaniacal sorty).

From here till the end of the day we were lost in the wrinkled humps of spur, shambling ribs and grooves and shelves, great bulges bald or bristling, sly sidlings round the sides, crusty snow and rubber ice and piles of crumbling rock, axes picking or hacking at almost every step, always threading, thrutching, balancing, bumbling, cun-ning, where to go, how to save, will it hold, will it go, with always the next bit of hump hiding the spur that lurked above, and awesome gauge of height-not-gained in views to left or right over the sweep of the vast ice walls of the Fiescherwand. And most of all, those slopes of ice too hard and steep to climb without holds, but dotted all over with inset stones from bigger than yourself to the size of your thumb; and saving hours of cutting steps, you plot a course from stone to stone, from tip-toe on one to leap for another, from scarty slab to thumbnail mantel, cutting maybe once or twice to clear the top of a stone, creepy-crawling heart in mouth and trying to push not pull. The ground went down, the day ground on. Huge slow hissing mists coiled around us. Unfit, ill-fed, necks half-wrung, we fluttered up with axe-arms flapping, until at last the spur hardened and reared into one last fearful hump. Sheer rock walls fell away to the right and a grisly couloir swept the left, leaving no ways round, and above, the bulges piled out of sight and threatened a full stop; but a questioning scoop curled up and rightwards, and blindly we slow-wormed through its folds, champing and pawing at bits of ice as always the bulges thrust us right, and little white mice of panic whispered round the walls of the brain that the light was beginning to go and the scoop was going nowhere. Then we came out at 300 feet at an overhung ledge on the teetering edge of the spur, with no way up, and no way right, and was there, was there, yes there was, a spidery ledge swung back leftwards through the gloom over the bulges under an overhang onto the crest of the spur. By now the sun was buried and the last light going. With seized-up arms and rumbling bellies, we fumbled leftwards under the overhang past the one and only piton we found on all the climb to 30 feet of do or die on knees and elbows up the great hold of an overhanging flake and round the lip of the overhang into a short steep icy groove which twisted up and right to a neck at the top of the last hump of



A. McKeith

Dennis Gray doubtful. First winter ascent of Apollyon Ledge, Creag Meaghaidh.



J. Renny in Gardyloo Gully.

A. Squirrel

the spur. And there above us a prow of snow soared the last 300 feet into the vast luminous cornice booming out of the night.

But here, as we broke the back of the spur, in us, too, something snapped. We hadn't brought any bivouac gear, because we had planned to be down in a day; and now that we were stuck for the night, we could have thrashed on to the cornice and burrowed for ever into the deep snow; but we hadn't eaten any goodies all day long, so now all light-headed we just nodded around the neck, Goofy like a totem pole swaying in a dozent trance while I went round about in a mumbling delirium. The neck was a right-angled rock step, 6 feet horizontally and then 4 feet vertically, cutting into the profile of the narrow crest of the spur, but filled in with a triangular ridge of crusted powder snow, the shape of one of those crummy one-man tents. Abysmal steepness fell to the right, and the icy groove up which we had climbed twisted back down to the left into the bulges below us. A chill wind blew no good from the right, so starting from the top of the groove we hollowed out the ridge of snow till only the crust was left. There wasn't room for us side by side, so thoughtfully I stood aside for Goofy to sidle in and li lo. Then, classically bridged across the groove, seat on one bump of ice, feet on another, and nothing under my knees, and thinking of Goofy's toes turning black in the night, I took off my crampons and my drooling boots and socks and wrapped my feet in a spare jersey and put them all into my rucksack and knotted the sack into a great club. By now Goofy was asleep, but not for long, for seizing hold of him, heaving and shoving, I struggled by every mounting method to get myself into the one-man tent. But I couldn't get over his great knobbly knees, and all I came near to was demolishing the tent and rolling us over in a stotting clinch back down 3000 feet of steps. And so I reverted to the classic bridge, muttering unmentionable spells to hypnotise my knocking knees to lock in animated suspension between my back which slowly gelled to one spine-chilling wall of the groove and my great club-foot planted on the other with crampons boots socks feet and jersey milling about inside. However, I was firmly belayed, to 300 feet of rope, lying in fankles under Goofy, sleeping again, grinning like life-in-death, and lashed to an axe thrust to the hilt through the crust of the far wall of the tent. And so the night rolled on, with Goofy like a pupoid grub while I wriggled in the open like an early worm, and all the while vulturous mists wheeled slowly around us, and sometimes, through them, lights, incredible as stars, winked from the lost world of valleys and resorts, and so till the ghoulsh shrouded daylight rose again from the grave.

Then for half an hour, while Goofy rubbed his eyes, I chewed four tasty socks and two boots and crampon straps. When they could bend I battered them on, then we rose all weak and creaking, kicked our happy home to bits, and dragged up 300 frostbitten feet

of steepening prow of deepening snow to inside the open beak of the biggest bit of the beady-eyed double cornice. We thrashed through the lower cornice, up to our waists in powder snow, folded under the upper cornice curling 30 feet outwards over our heads. But now that it was light of day, we didn't want to burrow for ever, and away to the right a break in the cornice looked like saving time. And so for 100 feet of rock-gymnastic nightmare, we bridged, straddled, chimneyed, lay-backed, mantelshelved and stomach-crawled through convolutions of floating snow friezed by demoniac winds, along the tunnel between the cornices, through the break in the upper cornice, out of the climb and onto the summit ridge.

To the left, the summit of the Fiescherhorn called from swirling clouds on high. So turning right, we widdled off homewards. It was just a walk, but miles around, and mostly in the mist, with fleeting pools of sunshine, into which we belly-flopped for sleeps. Half way down we found another hut, and people, who fed us; and then we stopped for 40 winks and hours later staggered on, and then a labyrinthine ice-fall tramelled us for hours and hours, and just one hour from home, night fell, all mist and dripping; and so for hours and hours we huddled in a sodden cave, with that inhuman fellow Goofy sleeping again. But daylight came, and we petered on, and there was the hut, and all the teams, and bits of bread, and down below there were cafes, with chandeliers and tailored waiters and menus as long as your arm, and bars; and as for Goofy, ever since, all he does, he drinks as well as sleeps.

MORE LINES

The chief value of a journal like this is in the delineation of our fourth dimension, so we can follow this pursuit—illustrated above in prose—into verse.

Two observations, not unrelated, from an older, and from a younger, member.

Two Generations on Goatfell

Huge, grey granite boulders strewn around
 Where I stand with my girl and boy,
 Glad that there's such a view for us to enjoy
 But wondering too,
 As the wind blows steadily up from the Sound,
 How it must seem to them—all of it strange and new.

Down in the bay the steamers ply like toys,
 Much as they must have done
 Thirty-odd years ago when first I won
 To the very top,
 A boy among other girls and boys,
 Happily unconcerned that time will never stop.

Now that I look on the view as an old friend,
 What is my loss, or gain?
 Certain things have been taken, some remain
 And memory
 Adds a dimension in the end
 That time, for all its power, can never take away.

DOUGLAS FRASER,

The Article

If it were done
 as I would wish
 If it were done
 To crush this mundane crust
 (The flash of an ice-axe
 in the sun)
 With that which I know best
 That which mocks
 That endless power of hills and rocks
 Which does not know me
 If it were done.

Such a blow
 Synthesising
 Sky and stream and stones and snow
 Compensating
 My transience.

But these bare rejected words
 of fatuous feats
 simper of ego
 and only bleat
 and only bleat.

IAN ROWE.

STRONE ULLADALE

By John Grieve

IN the west of the Island of Harris lies the Strone, one of the greatest pieces of rock architecture in the British Isles. The impending nose of Strone Ulladale, in one bold sweep, forms Britain's largest overhang, rising to one thousand feet above the beautiful Loch Ulladale. Running from the nose is the massive West Wall, after half a mile petering out into the South Buttress with its diagonal gangway. This 800 ft. wall is seamed with dozens of grooves, topped by overhangs, up which the eye of faith can trace lines of intricate beauty, waiting for the tread of P.A.'s and as yet unviolated by hammer and peg.

The East Wall is just as steep but soon runs into the great gash of the Recess and the unclimbed Great Gully. From the lochan the general impression is of a solid rock triangle resembling Buachaille Etive Mòr seen from Kingshouse. The atmosphere among the wild cat boulders under the 800-foot nose is Dolomitic. Two eagles keep constant watch high above the crag. The rock is a very solid grey gneiss. In fact, the Strone is a Tiger's paradise.

The best way to reach Strone Ulladale is to take the Husinish road from Tarbert as far as a dam road that leads to Loch Chlioster a mile before Amhuinnsuidhe. From the dam a good stalker's path leads past Loch Ashavat over a bealach and then down into the superb Glen Ulladale. The crag lies at the end of a spur that runs north-west from Ullaval. As you walk over you see the top of the West Wall, which gradually drops away until the stunning nose of the Strone comes into view.

A history of the early climbing in the area can be found in the *Islands of Scotland* Guide. Since its publication, R. B. Evans has climbed a route near Great Gully and a long diagonal rake, the Midgard, which cuts its way from right to left across the West Wall, as well as odds and ends on the South Buttress.

The first route to seriously attack the challenge of the Strone was Inversion, climbed by Marshall Reeves of the Lochaber J.M.C.S. and Jack Ball from Manchester in 1965. This route is left of the Nose and goes over several fine roofs free of aid. The Nose itself will probably require a great deal of aid and will provide the greatest route of its type in the country, unless surpassed by sea-cliff climbing. The scope for magnificent routes on the right wall is tremendous, and makes the Great Buttress of Càrn Dearg shrink to the Rannoch Wall.



M. Reeves

A first ascent on Strone Ulladale. J. Grieve on the 2nd
pitch of Aurora — see pp. 17-18.



M. Reeves

The great West Wall of Strone Ulladale ' . . . waiting for the tread of P.A.'s and as yet unviolated by hammer and peg.'

The first week of June last year saw a big team gasping over the col en route for the big crag, weighted down with a week's food and enough artificial gear to do a new peg route on the Civetta, in case bad weather forced us to peg up the Nose for something to do in the dry.

The next evening, a glorious one, Marshall Reeves and myself decided to find Evan's Midgard, a *V.Diff.*, which we thought we could bomb up before supper. In June you can climb until eleven at night and still come down in daylight. We started climbing at eight o'clock on what was considered to be the Midgard. Half way up we crossed a big rake and I continued up a bulging wall which looked hard. Great big jugs and pleasant severe climbing led easily past the barrier and Marshall climbed on through to an area of great rough grey slabs, up which we whooped with delight. After an hour and a half and 600 feet of climbing we were suffering from P.A.-hobble on the way back to the tents. Later we found that Midgard took the big ramp and we had made a new route, Prelude.

The next afternoon saw us underneath a faint line of grooves on the West Wall, where Marshall and his wife had climbed about 120 ft. two years before. Soon I was singing up fabulous grey rock with loads of runners. Progress stopped at a bulge, but the old *bergführer* below said he'd used a peg. The rock was wet, so I took his advice and soon arrived at a clean-cut stance already equipped with a peg belay, bale-out evidence from two years before.

'Where the hell do you go from here?' I politely asked, glad that he now had the sharp end, only to be informed that the way was obvious: up a steep little wall on the left that looked impossible. A crack up the wall would have taken pitons, but he wanted to do it without. At times he gets obstinate. Ten minutes later a lump of rock wedged in the crack had been demolished; it went to make way for a nut, a nut to end all nuts. This nut disappeared into the most perfect hole imaginable. He was happy; I stopped looking at the peg belay.

Half an hour later another similar hole having failed to materialise, Marshall was fed up, so I went to work with my 'Ugly,' a revolting metal hammer given to me by The MacInnes. One almighty smash, a nut, a baby nylon over a small spike, and a poor peg, and I landed on a superb clean flat ledge 150 ft. above the ground. The peg fell out the moment Marshall touched it It was now night and we were hungry so we each crashed home another peg and had an abseil race.

It rained next day and we had a *prusik* sprint up our respective ropes in a deluge. The crag was a waterfall, so we sat on the ledge throwing rocks until the sun came out. A great shout from below heralded the unexpected arrival of Big Ike from The Fort (Eric Jones), in his best clothes and minus food, tent and sleeping bag.

Late in the afternoon the hot June sun had dried out the next pitch and ourselves; sitting in our underpants we forgot the high-power telescope the girls had back at camp As soon as the keen man stepped foot on the next pitch the Heavens opened again and the abseil stakes began once more.

The next afternoon in grand weather the team returned with that valuable boost to our morale, Ike. We had first to teach him to prusik. A good introduction—150 feet without touching the rock. Sixteen stones of Ike arrived a few minutes behind the leader very much out of breath but rather unimpressed.

Marshall led the next delicate pitch very fast, and soon I had struggled into the lead again. Steep easier climbing led leftwards with few runners until I stopped beneath a short wet slab. It was a long way down and my last runner was out of sight. After pawing the rock with my wee magic boots I decided I was frightened. Ten minutes later I had progressed: I was now very frightened. I told myself I was a coward, think of the club, the honour, it was easy. It was no good; my no-runner device had triggered; dead stop. Suddenly a hole at my feet winked a chrome-molly invitation. In a few seconds a fat angle was belted home. The slab was now easy. Up the slab, along a traverse, to stick my head into a great pile of perched blocks roofing the slab. After ten minutes' gibbering I decided that they were not going to part company with the mountain in general so with a belay round them all I brought up Marshall, who skidded along a horrible ledge. At its end was an overhanging crack, something like that on Sassenach. A sling on a chock brought Marshall to a better ledge, with easy slabs above to finish off the route, which we decided to call Aurora. It had turned out a very good one, of technical interest but no excessive difficulty.

We enjoyed one more day's climbing before we left the Strone. Ike and myself did a direct route up the South Buttress. Superb rock and an atmosphere less serious than the main walls should make this route a classic. The final pitch went over a ridiculous overhang, free, with ease and provided a fine finish. Ike and I concluded the holiday by getting 'lagged up' at the dance in Tarbert and ate lobsters at a nearby croft until the boat left. We hope to return this year to try some of the lines nearer the Nose and perhaps to have a look at Creag Dubh Dhibidail in Lewis, reported to be as impressive as The Strone itself.

[Recent references to Strone Ulladale in this *Journal* have been: xxiv (1948); 52; (1949), 96; (1949), 104; (1951), 308; xxv (1954), 225; xxvii (1962), 280; xxviii (1966) 227].

A GENTLEMAN'S TOUR IN SKYE

Being an Account of an Abortive Attempt to Traverse the BLACK CUILLIN, with some Useful Information of a Practical Nature, and Some Comments on the Inadequacy of Guide Books

By Michael Plint

IT was on the ninth day of June 1965 that the Author, being in his forty-fifth year (and old enough to have more wisdom) decided to essay the well known Traverse of the *Cuillin*. Taking the advice of MYLES MORRISON, *Esq.*, a Scottish Gentleman of great experience in these matters, it was decided to make the Expedition from North to South.

The Author was accompanied by Mr RIPPINGALE, a young and enthusiastic Mountaineer then in his twentieth year.

They left the *Sligachan Inn* at 9 o'clock of the morning, the glass being high and the weather promising Great Heat. The morning Mist cleared within the hour, and it was with the liveliest satisfaction that the travellers beheld the summit of *Sgùrr nan Gillean* serene and cloudless in the Azure Firmament. Extensive snow patches, with which the Upper Regions were still adorned, contrasted strangely with the summer climate.

The travellers took the *Tourist Route* (*sic*) which pursues its way amid Stupendous Boulders and Impending Crags towards the East side of the Mountain, the whole region, upon this June day, being a Veritable Cauldron of Heat.

The *South Ridge* of the mountain, gained towards the middle of the day, was but a little less Torrid and it was with satisfaction that, at half past twelve in the afternoon, the Summit of *Sgùrr nan Gillean* was trodden by the party.

In every direction a Vast Prospect was disclosed, whilst on all sides the mountain fell away in Frowning Precipices or slender airy Ridges. The remainder of the *Cuillin*, some of their more distant summits mantled in Cloud, lay plain in view.

After a brief Repose the party left the summit by the *West Ridge*, to make the first encounter of the day with Human (or, indeed, with any living) Creatures. A party of five Youths, who had left *Glen Brittle* early the previous morning, were toiling skyward up the Ridge. Their description of the Route was in Stirring Terms, and their warning as to the interpretation to be placed upon the directions given by the *Scottish Mountaineering Club* for the guidance of Travellers was soon confirmed by the Experiences of the

party. To put it plain, the guide book is a singular manifestation of the Scottish Character, reflecting as it does the capacity of that Formidable Race for understatement (carried, dare it be said, to the very Borders of Mendacity), together with their astounding Energy and Agility, neither of which can be approached, let alone Equalled, by other Races.

Thus (said the Youths), a climb described in the Guide Book as *Moderate* is such as would, in the gentler hills south of the *Border*, be deemed *Severe*.

The matter was soon put to the test of Experience, when the party were compelled to pass the *Gendarme*, an obstruction of a Formidable Nature but little regarded in the description of the climb, yet well calculated to arouse a Tremor in the bosom of any not nurtured North of the *Border*.

The ascent of *Am Bàsteir* was closely followed by a descent, craven no doubt, by the Same Route, as an alternative to suspension by Rope from the horrid *Western Precipice*.

After a simple meal in the *Coir' a' Bhàsteir* the further summits of *Fionn Choire*, *Brùach na Frìthe* and *Bhàirnich* were passed without event, although, truth to tell, not without some Fatigue and in the Sweat of the Brow.

The Author was not prepared, from the study of Photographic Representations of the scene, for the Obstacle to further Progress presented by the next summit, *An Càisteal*. This peak, a true Prank or sport of Nature, indeed resembles a castle, and the storming of the Battlements required the use of the Rope.

It being now by half past four o'clock in the afternoon, it was decided to avoid the beetling peaks of *Bidein*, passing instead across the head of *Coire na Creiche*, where a few drops of precious Water were to be found.

The Party thus arrived at the northern extremity of *Sgùrr a' Mhadaidh*, and were not a little put about by the Aspect of that black and Sinister Mountain, rising, as it did, in a Confusion of precipitous summits fairly athwart the way.

The Author, however, with Confidence but little justified by the Event, led boldly off from the *Bealach* by a Ledge, which shewed some mark of human foot, and which subtended the horrid *Western Precipice*.

In due course the nature of the Ledge, tending ever higher and steeper, aroused grave Disquiet in the bosom of the Author, and progress was suspended for a time. At length, however, bold counsels prevailed, and in a Trice the narrow spot was passed and easier terrain appeared in view.

Alas, difficulties now abounded, for scarce had the *First Peak* been passed and the second attained beyond a difficult Gap, than the

nature of the remaining two peaks of the *Fox's Mountain* became clear.

The *Second Peak*, on the summit of which the party now reclined, had on its Eastern Flank an immense precipice descending towards *Coruisk*, on the West a like precipice and on the South, where lay the Path, a third, some twenty fathoms high, separating the peak from its Neighbour which was itself likewise isolated from the fourth and highest Peak beyond.

Over all the Sun shone in splendour, but little did his light cheer the Hearts of the party whose thoughts, if truth be told, were centred on the Pavilion, well stocked with Food and Drink, that had been erected by Mr MORRISON (assisted by two Noble Ladies) upon the summit of *Banachdich*, but a mile away, yet now separated from the party by Impassable Chasms.

Alas, here, as elsewhere in these Savage Hills, the path was but little obvious. Legend has it that the barbarous Clansmen of MACLEOD, from the West of the Island, when desirous of proceeding to the East for the purpose of doing Battle with their neighbours, of harrowing a Village or carrying off some sheep or Women, would pass by this *Bealach*. It came to the mind of the Author that such Warlike Purposes must indeed have been compelling in view of the difficulties of their Realisation.

The party's Descent, after some casting about, led down a rocky Bluff, seamed deeply by a gully, whence the party drew sorely needed Drink. Fatigue was becoming evident, for twelve hours had now passed since the friendly door of *Sligachan Inn* had closed behind the Author and his Companion, and the beauties of the Scene, the wild rocks rising in gigantic Piles about the head of the corrie, and the glory of the setting Sun, made little appeal to hearts set more on Drink, Hot Meat, and a warm Bed.

No matter, the Author and his trusted and persevering Companion cheered one another with brave Words, and set stoutly forth. The *Fox's Peak*, however, had further difficulties in store, in the form now of a Precipitous and Ill Favoured Ravine, whence the waters of the corrie pass to the lower Morasses.

Unkind were the Thoughts and Foul the Language of the party as they passed that gloomy place, firm was the Resolve to have done with Mountains for the future, the Author, be it confessed, planning the Destruction of his climbing Boots, the use of his rope for hanging Clothes, and the passage of subsequent holidays in the Low Countries.

The spirits of the party were not raised by the prospect of several Waterfalls, the passage of which entailed much weary Toil, but in due course the party emerged to see a Footpath, a sight most rare and welcome in the *Isle of Skye*, that tended Homewards.

A halt was called and the remaining Food, to wit a little Chocolate, flavoured by an unfortunate conjunction, with a Medicament

carried in the first aid Box, and two old Sandwiches, was eaten hungrily.

At once the Spirits of the party rose, the Blasphemous and unnatural Thoughts of a few minutes before were solemnly renounced, and at eleven o'clock, in the warm light of the northerly Sun, the party set off around the extensive and trackless Marsh that borders the Range.

Yet, the length of the path being Considerable, bitter thoughts on the Folly of the Enterprise crossed the minds of the party and it was with an Oath that, at one o'clock of the Morning, the Author descended into a Bog in the purlieu of *Allt Dearg Lodge*, the first Human Dwelling seen by the party since their departure from *Sligachan*.

No matter, the End was in sight, and at half past one o'clock the party entered (feloniously and by the Back Door) the friendly *Inn*.

Food and Drink consumed by the party comprised two Packed Lunches, one bar of Mint Cake, some Acid Drops, five Oranges and six Bottles of Beer. Loss and Damage sustained included a pair of Braces, destroyed by a Convulsive Movement of the Author when reaching for a Hand Hold, four pairs of Socks, perforated at the Heels, and in addition the sum of 18d. was forfeit on the beer Bottles, left upon the mountain.

On considered reflection, the Day was deemed a Success. To any who may follow, the Author gives a final word of advice: take more Beer than he did. If (though 'tis barely possible) more be taken than suffices to quench the thirst of the party then the overplus may be given (if you be saintly), or sold at Great Profit (if you be covetous), to those encountered on the way.

SESTO GRADO AND BEYOND

By B. W. Robertson

I HAD tried the north edge or spiggallo of the Torre Di Valgrande before, but without success. Last year we had the material and weather, but my friends from Sheffield had different ideas about forcing routes up overhanging walls.

The line was obvious from the path which threaded its way below the great N.W. wall of Monte Civetta for nearly six miles, from the Rifugio Coldai at the north to the Rifugio Vazzoler in the south. From the gully between Torre d'Alleghe and Torre Di Valgrande a crack like a vine sprang towards the summit; half way up it lost itself, leaving a large blank of limestone. After this section, the

most prominent feature of the climb began—a huge overhanging black dièdre finishing in a series of overhangs. This ended the overhanging section; the rock, then grey, eased back for 300 feet until the final pitch steepened to the summit ridge. We estimated that the whole climb was 1500 feet long and overhung by some fifty feet.

We were in tents just below the Rifugio Tissi on the Cima Di Col Real, 3000 feet above the little village of Alleghe. Over many years in the Dolomites, particularly in the group of the Civetta, I had become very friendly with the people of the village, and any of my friends who came to climb on their mountain were automatically treated with kindness and respect. The villagers knew we were after a new line on the Valgrande and were very interested. To some such as Ermanno, the owner of the *Pensione Coldai*, that interest had its more practical aspects, one being a greatly increased trade during the times we were in contact with the cafe over the walkie-talkie. On the final push we transmitted three times a day down there to our 'Geordie' friend Neil Wilson, telling him our progress and finding out about the weather. Our conversation was then translated in French, German, and Italian to the assembled crowd of 40 to 50 people.

James Fullalove *alias* Daniel Boone was my climbing partner; a mere youth but one of the 'nova' stars of the closely-bonded élite of the Rock and Ice. This was to be his first season in the Dolomites and my fifth.

We set off for our big climb like tourists, in short shorts and clean shirts. We strolled through the green meadows in the early afternoon and heard the heartbeat of the Civetta: the deadly crack of the falling stones. Our rucksacks were light with just ropes, stirrups and a few pegs, and karabiners; we only intended to cover a few hundred feet already climbed and pegged last year. Excellent free climbing from the snow-filled gully led us to the yellow corner. Dan sat on a small wet ledge secured firmly to two bolts as I laboured my way up the corner from wedge to wedge. Below the large roof above I had last year secured a large ring ice-peg to the start of the exposed rightward traverse. I swung from peg to peg, each one pounded in vertically, a hundred feet directly above Boone's wet bottom. The last 10 feet of the wall were on good pegs until I could heave my body on to the ledge, last year's bivouac platform. No wooden wedges in the yellow corner were removed; Boone was very happy, the American angles and the Cassin pegs came out like a dream and in no time he was with me, draped in his armour, glittering in the dying sun. The ropes were securely fixed to numerous pegs, then we abseiled off in the twilight on to the easy broken rocks below the N.W. face.

We returned to the equipment ledge early the following morning, hoping to reach the start of the big dièdre several hundred feet above us. It was still oozing water, and the drips spun into space 50 feet

out from our ledge. The next pitch was a good 'warmer-upper'; easy pegging assisted by a few original wedges finished at a tiny ledge. At this point last year we began to retreat. This time, we reviewed our position: to the left, the wall sloped inwards, giving a 440-foot free fall into the snow-filled gully; to the right, an enormous smooth wall bulged into the battleship-blue morning mist. We both agreed that the latter looked least unfavourable. Directly above, the rock was similar to the Matterhorn-'tott', so it would be safer to climb right, where the rock was sound.

Our section was still in shadow, dark and cold. All around, the titanic walls hung silent in golden drapes and the wooden boats of the people of Alleghe far below made white lines on the green lake. I was on my third crack-tack and I was scared. Boone would be all right: nothing can move him. Slowly I eased further and further to the right of my partner. Now, three good bolts decreased the possibility of a zip. I was on the way; where, no one knew. I found a hole—a hole in the rock, not a dirty hole but a good clean hole just the right size for my only wooden wedge which Dan had collected somewhere on the way up. By this cunning implement I swung down ten feet to reach a good crack. Quite soon afterwards a thanksgiving ledge appeared in an unexpected place, set amidst the swirling white clouds; our own Olympus. As we expected, the crack-tacks came out quite easily and a few pegs were left in place. We decided to get-the-hell out of here; we did, leaving the ropes.

It was cooler the following day; it started off by snowing, then later turned to rain. This slightly delayed our progress for we hoped to gain the summit with only one bivouac near the top.

I could not help thinking of Harlin as I squirmed my way through the air, relying so greatly on a perlon rope fixed to the mountain 120 feet above; just one failure could turn me into a mere smear on the Monte Civetta's unforgiving surface. Most of the afternoon was spent hanging from three-quarter inch bolts, the rest on ridiculous American realisations. They enabled us to rise another 150 feet, to a ledge just big enough for two pairs of boots standing close together. A long bolt was placed above the ledge and two fantastic pitons secured me and a rope, hanging completely free, to a freezing-fullalove on the ledge below. To retreat without fixed ropes would be at this stage practically impossible. Within the hour Boone arose out of the mist and rain, wet and cold. Meanwhile, two little dots had appeared, wandering on the scree; using karabiner brakes, we slid down the fixed ropes in under ten minutes and were with our females within an hour.

The call of the ice cream was very great, so we had a day off. In the early afternoon the call was still great in me but not so in Boone. With a bundle of flowers for Signora Cesare, the wife of Cesare Pollazzone—the most famous climber of this area in the 'thirties, I approached Ermanno's place. A group of people clustered round

the big x50 telescope, and my great friend Termanini had the viewer. Gian Carlo Termanini is a huge fat round man who is always happy, and insists on hugging and kissing. He wears the sweater of the guides of Cortina—'the Scolatoli,' a group of which he was a member in his thin youth. He said that he had been watching us all morning through the telescope. Fearing the worst, and knowing full well that below the big wall, underneath a stone, lurked a group of orcs from Glasgow, I had a look. What everyone had been watching for four hours were in fact two black marks on the rock. By six o'clock that night, we and my ice cream started back to the advance base camp, together with Ermanno's walkie-talkie.

The perlon twanged and strain was on the bolts as Dan swung out into space; the Jumars gripped and Alleghe gyrated 4000 feet below his boots. This was the fourth day, the umbilical cord was cut; we were now committed. We had nearly reached the big corner; the first barrier was a gigantic loose bulge. No cracks were on the limestone, and we must try to avoid bolts if we were to reach the summit this season. Using the extremely hard 'crome-molly' lost-arrows I pounded the pins directly into the surface and tied them off. We overcame this section by brute force, which enabled us to join a classical crack. Hard free climbing allowed us to belay below the big black corner. Dan made a comfortable little temporary home out of a bong semi-stirrup belay while I laybacked up the first part of the corner. Its crack got wider and wider, then decreased, forming a sort of gigantic split pea-pod. The exit was blocked by a large bulge high above on the sky line. Black ooze dribbled down the pea-pod as I slowly pushed my way up. All of our bongs and angles had to be mustered for maximum protection; this meant that Boone had to move 40 feet up the corner to a stance where all the drips and slime collected. Shortly afterwards, it occurred to me that this was all madness: in this condition the right wall proved impossible to climb free. Helped by small nylon loops (tie-offs) over minute spikes I moved up and started pegging again. Wet Boone disappeared from sight as I made my sodden exit from the corner into the land of overhangs. Just over the overhang that finished the corner, was the most exposed belay stance I have ever encountered. I hung in stirrups from a single bolt and two angles as Dan gurgled and cursed his way up to a point 5 feet below me; then I clattered on.

On the horizon, the setting sun illuminated the vast areas of rock from the mighty Tofana to the Marmolata, Queen of the Dolomites. A thousand lights of houses shone through the blue evening mists, and a faint sound of music came up from the 'Chalet' of Alleghe. Boone and I were bivouacking separately in stirrups between heaven and earth. We were going to have a feast of cheese and an orange, but he dropped them. During the day we had tuned into Wilson and given him our latest progress; the only bad news we

got in return concerned a cold front speeding toward the Valgrande. I had a very good night in my perlon cocoon, except when Boone woke me up twice to tell me that he couldn't get to sleep.

In the early morning sun, he surmounted the hard free section below my epic bivouac. We were now about to crack the route, for just above the rock turned grey, and that meant the end of the overhangs. Easy but very strenuous pegging took us to a beautiful ledge at the start of cracks and chimneys. Most of the ironmongery was piled into one rucksack, and with food and wine for dreams I squeezed my way up the chimney.

We sprawled on a soft grass ledge waiting for the radio's noon transmission. We were quite certain that we would reach the summit within four hours and the Rifugio Coldai by five o'clock. All this we told Wilson, who spurred us on with news that a party headed by Gian Carlo was just about to leave for the Rifugio with food and wine. Little did we know that the final crack would prove, technically, the hardest section.

For, within reach of the summit ridge, we were faced with an extremely compact rock bulge. There was no option, no way out. Here, though, American pitons showed their superiority over the soft steel Cassin, for in a situation such as this where the continentals, with their technique, have to use bolts, the micro 'cromemollys' and crack-tacks were invaluable. However it did take time, and the beginning rain made the last layback crack even worse.

The wind bit cold and the rain fired like bullets as we approached the final ridge. Our French nylon suits had kept us dry but we were frozen, hungry and tired and our ropes, now sodden with rain, were heavy. Lightheaded, we swayed down to the only abseil on the descent. After forming part of a waterfall for 40 feet, my comfort was further decreased by a bed of slush. I therefore enjoyed immensely the descent of a dripping fullalove, especially when his cagoule entwined a karabiner.

It was late when we arrived at the hut. Our welcome party from Alleghe had left, leaving hot rum-laced wine and food. Anna, the hut mistress, too, had prepared a large quantity of spaghetti and soup. Then, through 3000 feet of night woods, the twinkling Alleghe below drew us like moths.

Our friends were waiting for us at Ermanno's place; it was past 11 p.m., and everybody was happy. Me and my rucksack disappeared into Termanini's hug, and some female got hold of Dan, and we all got drunk

A BIT OF THE BLARNEY

Impressions of the Irish Munros

By Hamish M. Brown

BLIZZARD on Snowdon, sordid camping in drear valleys, a rescue, then Wales receded astern.

On landing we were lined up and sprayed for foot and mouth. They did our gymshoes, sandals and shoes. In the box our boots lay undisturbed. All of us forgot! We had reached Ireland!

Unsprayed vibrams* three hours later gripped the lawn, edged with snowbeds, which was the summit of Lugnaquilla. North Prison, Percy's Table and Carrawaystick Mountain were our stormy neighbours. We lay-backed down the wind to the car. Driving west we tore hungrily at hot crusty bread and dodged dogs, cats, ducks, hens, children, donkeys, gypsy caravans and haystacks which dallied on the endless lanes. A grim tale tells of the owner of an invalid car going up one of these lanes, running out of petrol and nearly starving before being found. Wide-eyed Augustus John waifs gazed after us. The map ran out so we steered by the sun. Foulksrath Castle: *Private, members only* on the gatehouse, *Key at farm, make yourself at home* on the back door. PARK IN MOAT.

Wind again for Galtymore. Photos prove we were walking at an angle of 45°. Golden plovers crying. Deer eluding us. By Killarney, which has a moist Glencoe reputation (and eggs 2/- a dozen), the wind gave up.

The MacGillycuddy's Reeks gave a fourteen-mile traverse, about 6400 ft. of ascent: definitely worth importing. The other two solitaires were mere Ochils rising like knees from a patchwork eiderdown of undulating cultivation. The Reeks are oft steep as Torridon, whiles narrow as the C.M.D. Arête, aye as good as the best Mamores. Carrauntoohil, 3414 ft., is Ireland's top point. Of few others I recall names: Knockoughter, Beenkeragh, Cahernaveen, Knockacuillion, Barrabwee, Knocknapeasta, Carrigacashlaunbaun. The first of those names was invented by our Willie Docharty from Glasgow way, and the fourth by another member, E. W. Hodge. Docharty's massive tables, the largest scale maps, 1/3-inch O.S. (Suirbhéireacht Ordanáís), and Eric-Maxwell missives were our only sources of information. We never saw anyone on the hills, not even the little people.

We traversed the Reeks from Hag's Glen and from the western outliers returned to Carrauntoohil to find girls playing ring-a-roses

*This was *before* the recent English epidemic; we are assured that this was a 'peace-time' precaution—HON. ED.

round the cairn. We were relieved to hear this Bacchanal summit rite was merely an attempt to keep warm. They went down for their car and met us in the Gap of Dunloe on horseback; Ireland is like that. An old cottage (with John Kennedy and Pope Paul as pin-ups) supplied endless tea and fresh scones.

Loo Bridge was a collectors' piece for the Y.H. card. Painters were in and they really were closed but bless us, we were squeezed in. Ah, the singing and the blethering . . .

The S.W. of Ireland in many ways is like the N.W. of Scotland—but used, peopled, rather poor, history-drenched (Roddy McCortly was juke-box favourite along with Seven Drunken Nights before it was banned), untidy as north Italy, unhurried as the Desert, so friendly (everyone waves and talks), uninhibited, culturally and morally independent. Scotland, tak' tent!

Brandon . . . 'Brandon the blessed,' mystified in memory by pseudo-Celtic twilight and Geoffrey Winthrop Young, dreamt of as the last 3000' der till Welsh weather won, was still utterly delightful. We merely plodded up the Saint's Road. The Three Sisters rose from the sea, and the heather ablaze drifted purple smoke lines across Mount Eagle. We lunched at Brandon Creek and looked out to America, but it was so hazy we couldn't see Ireland's 'young brother.' We came down again, singing, to Ballinskelligs. We sang a lot in Ireland. Brandon's summit oratory had foot-long ice crystals and the cliffs were white topped. (The barefoot children were shy as fawns by the walls of Ballybrack).

There is plenty of rock-climbing waiting to be done in Ireland; Connemara of the Pins being the 'In' place these days. Ours was just a mixed foursome over to see what we could see and to polish off the British Isles' 3000' ders—which has become far too much of a female monopoly this past decade!

How can one suggest the atmosphere of Ireland and its 'Munros', and also be factual? in a thousand words? This has proved a bit of the blarney. Coming up to a main road the sign simply says 'Yield.' We did; an unhurried, unprepared, yielding to a charming country and people. It would repay a visit for whatever one wants. And St. Patrick and the thousand saints attend thee.

LOGISTICAL POSTSCRIPT — Naturally some preparation was done at home. We drove to Wales, climbed, then went on to Holyhead to garage the car and hire another for a week in Ireland. It met us off the ferry. I should hate to do the peaks faster than our four days and I suppose we were lucky with weather and in having relatives and friends in Dublin. You can fly to Dublin or Limerick, of course, and cars can be hired from the airports.

We planned to camp (very easy) but the hostels were friendly, quiet and not at all hidebound, and we simply used them to a large extent.

The 3000'ers lie in four areas. Lugnaquilla, 3039 feet, is less than 20 miles south of Dublin (as the 'fly crows') in the Wicklow Hills. It can be ascended from Glenmalur to the east or the Ballinabarny Gap to the west. Galtymore, 3018 feet, is also part of a gentle range, looking down to the north on the rich Vale of Aherlow and Tipperary. Approach is probably easiest from the south, but an east-west traverse would be finest. This is over 100 miles south and west from Dublin.

The same distance again, beyond Tralee and Killarney, furthest west, is Brandon, 3127 feet, on the Dingle Peninsula. It is one of those unique peaks, as Stac Polly is unique. It is worth circling the peninsula by road and the peak by foot. One side, like the Ben, has the gentle ascent, the other is cliff-girt. The rock seems poor '... holding together with elbows and knees what we climbed with fingers and toes,' as Winthrop Young put it.

West of Killarney of the lakes are the MacGillycuddy's Reeks: ten peaks forming an impressive array; a west-facing horseshoe at the end of the long 'Ridge of the Reeks.' Only Docharty or Maxwell are capable of exact descriptions: transferring it to the map provides fun, especially as 1-inch Irish O.S. maps are only being invented now. There is a Scottish grandeur (and climate) in this range; spare time and a rope will accompany us next visit. Two cars would be useful for the full traverse. We took nine hours. It is very heavy going from the eastmost top, Cruach, to the Gap of Dunloe. With one car our approach from the north is probably easiest, making for Beenkeragh, then the fine ridge to Carrauntoohil; Caher involves a pleasant out-and-back. The ridge drops to 2390 foot before the six miles of The Ridge of the Reeks. These miles are straightforward until the end, where the Cruachs are narrow and fine. Descent can be made back to the north, or to the south (a Y.H.), or to the Gap.

The first impression of this land is of a green rolling sea (Irish indeed...) through which rise islanded ranges, each satisfyingly different in character.

LOOKING BACK OVER THEM ALL

By W. M. Docharty

THE Alpine expeditions I was tempted to undertake between the wars, on journeys home on furlough from Egypt, soon taught me to appreciate the wealth of unfolding achievement provided by the traverse, compared with the limitations of the simple up and down excursion. When the traverse, too, could be planned on a northerly course, I discovered the eyes were unhampered in their enjoyment of the crystal-clear scene which lay extended before them, for then they were not blinded by the blazing sun and equally blazing reflec-

tions from snow and ice beating upon them, nor frustrated by the resultant depressing haze. Thus it was that in the middle thirties, when I found myself at home for good, the long northerly hill- or ridge-walking expedition, embracing a series of tops, became the favourite objective. In this I was fortunate to find the ideal companion and abettor in John Montgomery Thomson, son of Gilbert Thomson, one of our Club's three Founder-members. What splendid expeditions we have had together, guided also by the corollary, equally important when there is no sun, that we should try to keep the weather on our backs!

From those earliest days I have paid equal tribute to Main and Subsidiary Tops on compound mountains, and by 31st May, 1948 had stood upon all those named in Sir Hugh Munro's Tables. To commemorate that milestone, early the following morning John and I were landed on the rocks at Dibidil by dinghy from Mr Alex. MacLennan's m.l. *Royal Scot* for the traverse of the Rhum Ridge, and in the evening at Loch Scresort we re-embarked for Mallaig aboard the same friend's m.l. *Bounty*. With that first organised traverse over lesser hills, a new era opened up with my 891 '2500-under 3000 ft.' Independent Mountains, their Tops and Outriders in the four countries, but that is another story which had to await 20th May, 1960 for its completion. By 1949, however, I had added the 30 odd Irish, Welsh and English 3000 ft. summits to the 545 in Scotland.

THE BRITISH & IRISH MOUNTAIN TOPS OVER 3000 ft. IN HEIGHT

	SCOTLAND		IRELAND		WALES		ENGLAND	
	Sep. Mtns.	Tops	Sep. Mtns.	Tops	Sep. Mtns.	Tops	Sep. Mtns.	Tops
Munro's Tables ...	277	268	-	-	-	-	-	-
D. C. Maxwell's Tables ...	-	-	5	6	8	6	4	3
My own Lists ...	-	-	8	5	9	5	4	3
	545*		13 or 13		14		7	

TOTAL.—577/579 Mountain Tops

*Of these 545 Tops in Scotland, 12 stand higher than 4000 ft.; and 98 exceed the height of Snowdon, 3561 ft., the highest point in the other three countries.

I also like to suggest that the hills do not care to be regimented, and while the mathematician might claim that as these countries' contribution to the overall 3000 ft. total is under 6%, their hills are thereby of small account. For my part I consider the hilly regions of Ireland, Wales and England have a very special individuality and character peculiarly their own, whereby our mountain heritage is quite disproportionately enriched. Encouragement for this view was found recently when I discovered that fully 17% of my days on homeland hills were spent south of the Border or in Ireland.

In England this inheritance is dominated by Wasdale Head, grand in its approach by road, but infinitely more so when the noble cirque of highest fells (Scafell Pikes, 3210 ft.), and on the amphitheatre floor, the jigsaw of the massive stone walls, lush green pasture, tiny church and the few scattered dwellings reveal themselves as the climax to a long traverse from Eskdale, Langdale, Borrowdale or Buttermere, over many a lesser fell, grazed by Herdwick or Blackleg sheep. But the best prospect of all is from the west in the evening from the slopes of graceful little Yewbarrow, 2058 ft. Here too at Wasdale Head is paradise for the climber on the magnificent Rock by Pillar Fell, 2927 ft., on Great Gable, 2949 ft. (where also stands the spectacular 70 ft. Napes Needle), and on the north face of Sca Fell, 3162 ft.

Turning to Wales, Snowdon, with its splendid eastern ridges of Crib Goch, 3023 ft., and twin-topped Y Lliwedd, 2947 ft., is pre-eminent, but great days can also be enjoyed exploring the ridges falling westwards to Rhyd-ddŷ, where there is a very tiny S.S.W. Top, 3050 ft. contour, above Cwm Tregalan. While the Carnedd Group (Carnedd Llywelyn, 3485 ft.) and the Glyders (Glyder Fawr, 3279 ft.), north and south of the Nant Ffrancon Pass, provide long traverses, I still like to claim that thrice-crowned Tryfan, 3010 ft., rich too in its splendid rock courses, is the most graceful of all home-land mountains. But Snowdonia has no monopoly, for when I moved south, what pleasant surprises awaited me on the Moel Siabod/Moelwyn Mawr Group, 2860 ft., and especially on Brecon Beacons, 2906 ft. when, with wild ponies close by, I looked out over the northern cwms to the colourful patchwork of field, llyn and woodland, in many a way reminiscent of Ireland. As in Lakeland the amazing rock faces of Y Lliwedd and Clogwyn du'r-Arddu on Snowdon, and Clogwyn y Geifr embracing Twll Du or the Devil's Kitchen, at the head of Llyn Idwal on Glyder Fawr, are there in their fastnesses to be wondered at as I passed on my way.

In Ireland a perpetual green softness tints the scene, but Lugnaquilla, 3039 ft., is greener than that, and with its 4 under-3000 ft. Tops, provides pleasant walks on the crown of Co. Wicklow. From Galtymore, 3018 ft., from most other hills, and even from Brandon, 3127 ft., overlooking the Atlantic in the far south-west, the outstanding characteristic in the Irish landscape is the persistent green maze, woven by the Lilliputian fields and their borders of neglected hedge or thick wall, polka-dotted by the little white farmhouses, all seemingly so out of proportion with the massive cumulus clouds sailing above in the lofty blue firmament. In the moisture-laden atmosphere, deep carpetings of moss flourish, faintly colouring even the uppermost parts of the lofty MacGillycuddy's Reeks with that soft greenness. Up there on the crests, however, these carpetings, with a tendency to collapse or avalanche, are minor hazards against which the ridge-walker should be on his guard. Brandon stands

four-square to the Western Ocean, and its little rounded N.W. Top, Masatiompan, 2509 ft., gives the impression of inviting the rollers to sweep on and under the walker's boots, as also they seem to do, 2200 ft. below, when he is on Croaghaun in Achill Island. En route there, I traversed Croagh Patrick or The Reek, 2510 ft., the Holy Mountain from which St. Patrick, with his bell, banished all noisome reptiles from Ireland. In Connemara, the mountain scene changes with the quartzite cones of The Twelve Bens (Benbaun, 2395 ft.); and the 15-mile long Maumturk Range from Maam Cross to Killary Harbour (highest point, 2307 ft.), whose chain of Tops has by contrast throughout the ages, been so much less successful than The Twelve Bens in withstanding the erosion of the elements. Here, long hard traverses await the walker, with deep saddles and persistent roughness underfoot, where too, the occasional wild billygoat may be encountered. But MacGillycuddy's Reeks are supreme by virtue of their 10 summits over 3000 ft. on three distinct ridges, separated by deep corries, each with its lough scooped out in glacial times. Of the 10 peaks, to 5 only have the Ordnance Survey of Ireland conceded heights upon their map, so the remaining 5 have to be assessed by aneroid, the 'pocket liar' to quote John Rooke Corbett. Perhaps when the Survey of Ireland is completed the Reeks will be credited with Ireland's 8 highest Tops, and Brandon claiming 9th place. It may therefore be of interest to readers to have the following list, the unlevelled points having been agreed by John Dow and me, one of the purposes behind my second exploration in the autumn of 1956. We averaged the heights given by the three aneroids we carried, and our findings are supported by a series of Leica sequences I exposed in clear weather on the same visit. On the map too, only 3 peaks bear names—Carrauntoohil, Beenkeragh and Caher. Nomenclature is, therefore, also inconclusive, sometimes even varying between one side and another of the same hill. Many of these names appear in my Lists, but here I quote first choices only:—

ORDNANCE SURVEY OF IRELAND $\frac{1}{250000}$ Sheet No. 20—(V)

	Feet	Map Ref.		Feet	Map Ref.
Carrauntoohil	3414 S/I	804/844	Knocknapeasta	c. 3250 an.	836/841
*Tiny N.W. Top	c. 3175 an.	801/845	Knockacullion	3141 S/I	823/834
Beenkeragh	3314 S/I	801/853	Tiny N.E. Top	c. 3080 an.	828/836
*Knockoughter	c. 3160 an.	799/848	Barrabwee	c. 3200 an.	832/838
Cabernaveen	c. 3300 an.	794/838	Crom Cruach	c. 3100 an.	841/845
*Tiny E. Top	c. 3225 an.	796/839	Cruach	3062 S/I	841/848
Caher	3200 S/I	789/840			

The 5 Separate Mountains take precedence in the leading position, and their 5 Tops are indented. The 3 Tiny Tops, immature nameless features, are still further indented.

S/I—Ordnance Survey of Ireland.

*—Not recorded on map.

c.—Approximately.

an.—Aneroid estimation.

In Scotland, the Pearl of Great Price is Skye where I have been so indebted to the patience and steady hand of my friend, George Sydney Prentice. On the swinging, serrated crestline of the Main



Looking down over
it all. Scottish
climbing — Tower
Ridge on Nevis,
'with the red stripes
down the side of
Càrn Mòr Dearg
running into the
Allt a' Mhuillin . . .'

Dennis Gray



S.M.C. Slide Collection

The Man Himself. Munro (*centre*), with subsidiary tops (*left to right*), Gilbert Thomson, A.W. Russell, (?) Rennie and Goggs, at the Dundonnell Meet of 1910.

Cuillin Ridge stand 20 of the roughest of rough entries in Sir Hugh Munro's Tables, and 11 others in the 2500-under 3000 ft. bracket. The Wild Olive Wreaths, however, are reserved for the gallant few who achieve the Marathon of the Greater Traverse, including, beyond Glen Sligachan, that grand separate group of Garbh-bheinn, Clach Glas and twin-topped Blaven. With so much bare rock, the geology too is fascinating, and evidence of intensive glaciation is clear for all to see. But the high-level appeal in Scotland is almost inexhaustible: the north-western Torridonian Sandstone zones, Suilven and Stac Polly, and, jauntily capped by quartzite—last traces of the surface which once overspread the land—Quinag, An Teallach, Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, Liathach and Beinn Eighe; A'Mhaighdean, queen of the pageantry of that remotest wilderness of mountain, moor and loch, so recently spared the bondage of alien cement and steel, and the laying waste—by tarmac, pylon and overhead electric transmission line—of the primeval defences to her splendid isolation; Glen Affric, Cluanie and Kintail, the Cairngorms—lofty plateaux evolved into mountains throughout the ages—with 9 peaks between 4000 ft. and 4300 ft., part only of the far-flung Grampian Massif, with its wealth of high level, long distance hill-track crossings or mounths, rights of way from ancient times; Ben Nevis, with its tremendous cliffs plunging down to the Allt a'Mhuilinn, and Glen Coe (Buachaille Etive Mòr, Bidean nam Bian and Aonach Eagach); Argyll and Perthshire, the lesser hills of the other Western Isles, and the Lowlands. And when aloft, the zealous walker can claim half-a-dozen, and sometimes even a dozen, Munros, while never allowed to forget he is in the Realm of the Wild as he catches sight of Red Deer, Ptarmigan, Fox or Golden Eagle, bent upon the missions entrusted to them by their Maker. Soon also will he begin to recognise that the Celtic place-names upon his map, distorted and mangled though they may be, are word-pictures of what lies all around as he holds upon his way.

Thus, in every shade of weather, so gratefully and so fully, have some 625 days of golden memories been spent exploring the 3000 ft. Mountain Tops throughout these islands—and, in response to their persistent call, the unfolding attractions of the less exalted, with emphasis nowadays on the ridges and crests of those in the 2000-under 2500 ft. range.

In common with all considerate hill-folk, my friends and I avoid Grouse Moor and Deer Forest areas in Scotland from the beginning of August until Mid-October when shooting leases expire; and later, as the economy proceeds to hind-shooting, we obtain prior permission before intruding. Among the hills in Ireland, Wales and England I have remarked no such restriction, voluntary or otherwise, and in Ireland prominence is given to the freedom of access. In Wales I have noticed a very natural sensitiveness on the part of foothill-farmers for their stone walls, but to avoid all possible risk of

damage there are always the gates or gaps through which the sheep pass to and from their grazings on the hills.

As part of the same insular complex, while the weather may vacillate sharply within any district, I have found it remarkably similar, rain or shine, throughout the four countries. In regions of extreme humidity, such as the far south-west of Ireland, care should be taken to see that moisture has ceased to form on the lens of the camera before venturing to expose. When activity is curbed by unsatisfactory weather, say out of the westward, it may be well worth while going off in that direction for the day in the hope of meeting improving conditions for exploration, or even for an off-the-cuff excursion. Mid-May holds the best prospects for long, dry, clear days and high skies—the earlier afoot the better—and there is the chance of a fine spell with lengthening autumn shadows in the glens around late September and early October.

Apart from our own popular areas such as Ben Nevis and Glen Coe, it is only in Lakeland and on Snowdon that I have seen people in numbers: on good days in Lakeland at weekend and holiday times, the paths are very busy, with queues awaiting patiently at the climbs. Elsewhere I have gone for days on end without meeting a single soul.

Save for two widely contrasting scenes, of long ago but still scintillating so vividly in my mind's eye, which words fail me, even to this day, to describe with the justice they so richly deserve, I like to think every other reflection I have about these homeland hills, has, somewhere or other, found a place in my books. Should, therefore, any of my friends who gave me pleasure by providing homes for the Trilogy, see this article and detect a familiar ring in what they read, then, I beg of them, please to bear with me.

FIRST FOOTIN'

A New Year Avalanche

By Graham Tiso

'POP' LANGMUIR, Eric Langmuir's physician father, answered the phone and in his best bedside manner assured the caller, who was reporting that his friends had not returned from the hill, that he had no need to worry. They had, he plausibly suggested, probably stopped off for a drink on the way back.

I had gone to Glenmore Lodge for social reasons. Dave Bathgate was there, too. We hoped that we might work off a little of our New Year excesses with a gentle walk on the Wednesday.

Eric joined us, having overheard the conversation from his bath. He enquired how we would enjoy a search; and we all laughed and set off for that festerer's haven, the Aviemore Centre.

We returned merrily to another phone call informing us that the man's friends had not, after all, returned. We trusted they might appear by dawn; but no, we were woken at eight-thirty and told to be ready for 'the off' at nine o'clock Baked beans and egg are not inviting, so we fill up with cornflakes and tea, tea, tea Collect some butties, stock up with fags, and we're away up the hill, four of us, Langmuir, Bathgate, Douglas Briggs and myself.

I hide my scorn for the uplift and ascend without effort, or payment, to the shoulder of Cairngorm. Our route is down to the Saddle, along Loch Avon to the Fords of Avon bothy, and then back by the Lairig an Laoigh track, with an alternative return down the Nethy.

The wind on the plateau is fierce and we look forward to the easier ground dropping to the Saddle. Ploughing a three-foot channel through powder snow is not easy, but surely it can't all be like this? There is no sign of life at the Saddle and we plough on down to Loch Avon. There should be a path, but it's under three feet of powder. Intolerable going, boulders here, holes there but all under white, smooth amorphous snow.

The loch is frozen, tempting and flat. Langmuir tries a tentative foot; an ominous crack, and an expostulation. 'It's only thin at the side.' An axe is proffered, and goes in four or five inches. Does that mean it'll hold us? We hope so; let's risk it. 'Oh for an Alpenstock,' cried the aged one, probing with the Scots version of that most ancient weapon in the mountaineer's armoury. We go in, not far, but far enough; wet feet on a day like this are not to be recommended. We decide it's madness, and become landlubbers once more.

At the end of the loch we try the radio but there's no response from Glenmore Base. The wind shrieks its contribution to our conference. If we can't get to the Fords of Avon bothy it's unlikely *they'll* be there. The Lairig an Laoigh won't go, and seven miles down the Nethy is a numbing thought; Coire Raibert seems the sensible alternative. Anyway let's try it, there's always the Shelter Stone to fall back on. This powder weakens the mind as well as the legs; the loch beckons and we are tempted. At first it's a slow shuffle through its slush, but then we learn to read the ice ahead and stride boldly on. Occasionally our confidence deserts us and we flee to the feather-soft bosom of the shore, only to be lured back to our hard seducer. The ice fails where a burn flows in, and we are driven again to the land, but not before tasting the ultimate frigidity of our temptress. But it's lunchtime, and spindrift sandwiches, topped off with hot tomato soup intended for the lost souls, fortify us for

the coming battle. The east bank of Coire Raibert is broken by small buttresses; we therefore traverse upwards on its west slopes. At first the wind's not fierce, but suddenly a venomous blast from the north halts us. Out with the map to take a bearing, and it's snatched away by a demon in the spume. We know we must go head into this wind, and Bathgate produces a rope from his sac lest the demon pluck one of us away.

We struggle on, heads down, able only to follow the heels in front, stopping when they stop, moving when they move. Langmuir leads, Bathgate puts Briggs between himself and me.

The heels stop and suddenly I am pulled out and down. I realise I am on my stomach and braking hard, and am thankful for good training. Sometimes I almost stop, but always I am hauled on and down by the rope round my waist. I feel the axe go slack in my rigid grip and realise the shaft has broken. It must have struck a rock; I curse myself as all I have said about MacInnes and his metal shafts flashes through my mind. I am turned head over heels, I am under the snow and my face is forced into the side of my cagoule hood; damn these waterproof cagoules, I can't breathe: I must get out. I fight, I remember to swim; and then suddenly all is still, I am sitting on the top and thankful to be alive. I look about me and see Douglas sitting a few feet away. I see a hand come up and wave and then another somewhere else, and I shout, one, two, three, four; Eric, we are all here and okay. I sit for a few moments, trying to collect my spinning thoughts and am puzzled that Eric doesn't reply.

I shuffle down to him and when he still doesn't speak, I realise he can't breathe. His head's out, but only that, and one arm is flailing. I dig frantically and his chest comes clear. The compressed bellows expand and life returns. Eric pushes me to Dave and I know I must go for now that arm has stopped waving.

I find the crumpled cloth of a blue cagoule and orange rucksac barely visible above the snow in a shallow depression. Humble's horror pictures of frozen bodies on Nevis flash through my mind and I dig frantically, but I don't know which way round he is. I dig at this side and then at that and eventually find the face, devoid of all life. I dig frantically at the chest but the snow goes into his mouth and has to be cleared away twice. I lift the head again and see that the lips are blue. My God it's close, I must get him out and it's up to me, I shout for help and dig furiously. After an eternity the bellows start; soon the eyes and mouth open, and the jumbled thoughts of a man returning from another world pour out.

It takes another fifteen minutes to free these two; the snow has tightened to the solidity of icing sugar. At least we are safe, although we know it's the Shelter Stone and a cold night for us. I stand up to leave and then for the first time realise that something is wrong with my ankle. A bottom-shuffle takes me to the corrie; each slide down a hidden drop is agony, but to carry me is impos-

ible; so I must struggle on. Langmuir tries the loch but she jilts us completely this time and he is left clinging to a boulder up to his thighs in ice water. The journey through the boulder field beneath the Shelter Stone is a nightmare, as each likely howff is scrutinised and rejected; eventually we find the right one and mercifully it isn't snowed up. Once inside, we relax a little and take stock. For such a party our emergency gear is lamentable: two torches, a few sandwiches, a flask of cold tea, a rescue blanket, a Mars bar, some treacle toffee and a much battered rum fudge. But the saving grace—something had made me buy a carcinogenic quantity of the bivouacker's only friend, the Cigarette: I normally take 20 spare, this day I had 40

What a party, what a situation, what incompetence, what degradation Bathgate, climber of Point 5, leader on Alpamayo, prospective candidate for that Eiger of the southern hemisphere, Hondoy. Eric Langmuir, Principal of the Scottish National Outdoor Training Centre, author of a series of three articles on Avalanches, who had gone to great pains to point out that they were not acts of God, they were predictable. Myself, who in last year's *Journal* had spoken disparagingly about the knowledge of Scottish mountaineers on the subject of Avalanches Would we ever live this down, what would the papers say

Langmuir cleaned the snow off the radio and tried it. We picked up a conversation between Glenmore Base and a group stranded in the Nethy. We chipped in and explained our predicament, relieved that our families would know we were safe, but apprehensive of the organisation required to extricate myself from this fearful spot under prevailing conditions.

I bagged an inside berth as I was the cripple and likely to be there a long time. Bathgate secured the remaining cosy niche and we slept, while the others chattered teeth like the proverbial castanets.

Liam Carver at Glenmore Lodge was going to try for a helicopter but it seemed hopeless in a full blizzard. I didn't relish the alternative of an almost certain two-day carry out. Happily, at 8 a.m. they told us the 'chopper' was on its way to the Lodge. We hadn't ventured out, but we knew that the wind had turned; it was now filtering through to us.

The 9 o'clock radio call announced that the helicopter was due to leave for us any minute. The fine weather was clouding rapidly, but within a few minutes we heard the drone and dug ourselves out. It landed under a clear blue almost windless sky a few hundred feet from the Shelter Stone; an evil-looking wicker-work stretcher and a crew man were deposited. I was trussed up in this device and slid down the snow to a suitable spot and then, attached to the airman's waist, I was hoisted skywards with a smoothness that would do credit to the elevator at the London Hilton.

I waved to the others, abandoned to their long walk; but they said it wasn't too bad, the loch had frozen hard and the snow consolidated. For myself, I am convinced that a helicopter is an essential item of mountaineering equipment.

We had been out looking for three people who left word that they were either going to Ben Macdhuì or were going round the tops of the northern corries of the Cairngorms. A reasonable plan for a fair day. In fact, they had decided to descend Coire Domhain to the head of Loch Avon and one member had been avalanched going down it. They realised that the best way out then was down the Nethy, but were overtaken by darkness and bivouacked near the Saddle. They turned up at Glenmore Lodge at 2.30 p.m. the next day, to much abuse from non-climbers for not sticking to their plan.

No-one can deny that leaving a note of one's intentions behind could be valuable if an accident occurred; indeed it is vital that leaders taking parties of young people should both leave a detailed plan and do their utmost to stick to that plan.

The people for whom we were looking had not stuck to their plan and in my opinion cannot be taken to task for this. I don't think their decision to descend to the head of Loch Avon was sensible, but I must reserve the right of any individual mountaineer to go where he wishes, and do what he wants to do, in the mountains. We should never be in the position of having to climb a mountain or take a particular route because we have said we will do so. We should never be in the position where we cannot do something because we have not indicated it on our itinerary. The individual mountaineer must consider his responsibilities to others but if, in his opinion, it is safe and practicable to deviate from any plan he may have left behind, then it is imperative, if mountaineering is to continue the free sport that it is, that he be free to do so.

My bivouac in the Shelter Stone was the first enforced night-out in 19 years of mountaineering. I have had a number of epics, many times returning to camp long after sundown. Somehow we have always got back, somehow we have escaped 'exhaustion, exposure and death.'

The modern teaching is that exhaustion and exposure are killers and that it is not wise to fight one's way back to base. In the event of encountering bad conditions the pundits recommend us to seek shelter and stay put at least until daylight, preferably until conditions improve, and therefore this we must do. If the three people for whom we were looking *had* pushed on, it is most likely that they would have been stretcher cases in one form or another.

We must accept that more people are going to be benighted, we must accept that we are going to be called out on seemingly unnecessary searches. Surely better this, than people should die in the mountains.

THE LOST LEADER

(with apologies to the shade of Browning and to at least 73 others)

Just for a handful of summits he left us,
 Just for a 'Dearg' to tick on his list.
 Thus Munro's Tables have slowly bereft us,
 Changed Ultramontane to Salvationist.
 Raeburn was with us, Collie was of us,
 Ling, Glover were for us—they watch from belays.
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 Climbs up his mountains the easiest ways.

We shall climb prospering—not thro' his presence,
 Leads will inspirit us—not on his rope.
 Deeds will be done while he boasts his collection,
 Ben Vane to Braeriach, Mount Keen to Ben Hope,
 Blot out his name then, record one lost soul more,
 One more peak-bagger to collect them all.
 Pelt him with pitons and crown him with crampons,
 Leave him spreadeagled on Rubicon Wall!

D.J.F.

MUNROS AND MUNROISTS

There is no doubt that Sir Hugh's Tables, first published in this *Journal* in 1891 at the behest of that hard 'taskmaster' the first Editor, have a curious fascination. Every one of us, running however sardonic an eye down the prim competent lists, has felt an itch to tick off this and that, just to see, of course, how many—during our more tigerish and estimable exploits—how many we have done And it starts, naturally, that way.

This *Journal* has carried often enough in past numbers the *pros* and *cons* of the pursuit, and divers observations thereon; and also a tentative series of listings, not of Munros, but of Munroists. Last issue we promised to print a full list of those we knew to have 'done' them all—a list asked for by very many people. We print it below, thanks to the unstinted co-operation of Mr Eric Maxwell, Keeper of the Gate, who has ticketed much information from those on the way in, and whose previous remarks may be found in recent issues. We would emphasise that the Munroist list only has value from its bearing on the Tables, and that these Tables only have value—to climbers—as a 'wet-day material reason for going out' and as an iron framework for ensuring that we do visit the least visited parts of Scotland and of ourselves.

What happens when you've 'done them all'? By then, you are so addicted that stronger doses are necessary. So these are further lists, first put out by Parker (*S.M.C.J.*, 1929, xviii, 336), then by Mr D. C. Maxwell (see *S.M.C.J.*, 1962, xxvii, 321) and Mr W. M. Docharty (see *S.M.C.J.*, 1956, xxvi, 98 &

1964, xxviii, 66, and this issue), detailing the 3000-foot Mountains and Tops in the British Isles 'furth of Scotland.' Many have completed these as well. We print in this issue two accounts by such Munroists back from abroad, H. M. Brown and Docharty himself, which illustrate the peculiar pleasure of these extramural jaunts.

It seems best to preface the bare list of Munroists with extracts from earlier *Journals* commemorating certain landmarks by which later voyagers have set their sights.

We must obviously begin with the Rev. Aeneas Robertson, the first, and the first to apologise (*S.M.C.J.*, 1902, vii, 10).

Peak-bagging and record-breaking are somewhat, I fear, looked down upon by the members of the S.M.C. . . .

he confesses, then explains how he began to slide:

. . . . The campaign has been a desultory one, and has occupied about ten years. It was begun with no thought of ever climbing them all, but simply from a desire to obtain a general knowledge of the Highland hills. In this way about a hundred, scattered up and down through the country, were climbed. In 1898 a three months' holiday added some seventy-five to the list. The thought then occurred to me that the thing might be completed, and another three months' holiday in 1899 in which some seventy-two new hills were 'bagged,' brought the goal in sight, which was at length attained this autumn

Then follow descriptions of the most rewardingly difficult areas to *climb* in, and eulogies of those long lonely nineteenth-century bicycle rides over knobbly unfrequented Highland roads; praise of the rare inhabitants, and of their 'sly fun':

. . . . 'Well, Donald,' I remarked one evening as we sat with our pipes over the peat fire, 'this must be a wild place in winter.' 'Oh, yes, sir, a wild place in the winter time.' 'Big storms, I daresay.' 'Hoo, yes, storms.' 'And wrecks?' 'Ach, aye, wrecks, the weemans will be taalking about them whiles; but it will be years since she didn't see any.' 'And strange animals, perhaps?' 'Heuch, aye, strange beasts and wild beasts.' 'Serpents?' 'Yes, serpents, aye and sea serpents, great sea serpents. There was waane, it wass two years ago, her heid cam thro' the Kyle on the 7th of June, and it wass the 12th of August before her tail passed oot. I wass tired waatching her'

A long time elapsed before this feat was repeated—and extended—by a most energetic Salvationist. The Note in the *Journal* of the day suavely records his compressed excitement (*S.M.C.J.*, 1923, xvi, 329).

REV. RONALD BURN writes:—On 20th July with the two tops of Beinn a' Chròin I completed all the hills over 3000 feet, *i.e.*, all the mountains and tops contained in both editions of Munro's Tables, 558 in all (including, therefore, those omitted from revised tables). I believe I am the first and only one to have done everything.

Corbett repeated this, and then Parker, who first stalked 'furth of Scotland,' but who discovered a disconcerting tendency in his native hills (*S.M.C.J.*, 1929, xviii, 336):

. . . . I climbed my last 'Munro,' Ben Hope, on the 19th July 1927—at least I believed that was the last—and my position with regard to the bigger problem was then, as some would say, 286 up and 13 to play. Of the 13, two were in Ireland, one in England and the remainder in Wales. The three Irish and English hills were secured in September 1927; but bad weather prevented an attack being made on the Welsh ones, which had therefore to be postponed for a year until the conclusion of my trip round the world.

On returning home in October 1928, I learned to my chagrin that during my absence an alleged 2970-foot Scottish mountain had grown to the extent of about 110 feet, and had thereby acquired the rank of a 'Munro.' This was very annoying, more especially as Gordon Wilson and I had walked all round it on the 4th April 1927 on our way from A' Mhaighdean to Sgùrr Bàn

After this, there was really nothing left to do. For, said Dow (*S.M.C.J.*, 1933, xx, 113):

. . . . To complete the ascent of the 277 Scottish Munros under modern road conditions is very far from being in the slightest degree a feat Never once did I fail to return to a hot bath and a comfortable bed, and very rarely did I even miss dinner

However, there were grounds for self-congratulation:

. . . . No one before me has climbed the 277 mountains without the assistance of a beard

and for musings on the summit:

. . . . There was always in my mind the thought that on this peak four grave and reverend men have at one time stood, and that over

this cairn, on four great days of the past, four dignified and (more or less) flowing beards have wagged

We are less fortunate. There have now been at least 73 chins, haired or otherwise, over our cairns. Let us tabulate all of them we know, in chronological order as far as possible. The dates following the name refer to (i) Munros, (ii) Tops, (iii) 3000-foot mountains in British Isles furth of Scotland (no distinction is made in this position (iii) between 'separate mountains' and 'tops' furth of Scotland, but those who have completed the Scottish 'tops' have usually gone on to do the 'tops' furth of Scotland). * indicates a member, or former member, of the S.M.C. The information is as accurate as we can make it: corrections will be welcomed.

	(i)	(ii)	(iii)		(i)	(ii)	(iii)
(1) *A. E. Robertson	1901	—	—	(38) Miss A. J. Littlejohn	1960	1960	1960
(2) *A. R. G. Burn	1923	1923	—	(39) Miss A. D. Miller	1960	—	1961
(3) *J. A. Parker	1927	—	1929	(40) *T. Nicholson	1960	1961	—
(4) *J. R. Corbett	1930	1930	—	(41) Mrs K. M. Watson	1960	—	—
(5) *J. Dow	1933	1947	1956	(42) J. R. Watson	1960	—	—
(6) *G. G. Elliot	1938	—	—	(43) *J. C. Donaldson	1961	—	—
(7) J. Robertson	1938	—	—	(44) P. A. Larder	1961	—	1961
(8) *A. L. Cram	1939	1939	—	(45) P. N. L. Tranter	1961	—	—
(9) J. Hirst	1947	1947	—		<i>and</i>	1964	—
(10) Mrs Hirst	1947	1947	—	(46) *J. C. I. Wedderburn	1962	—	—
(11) *E. W. Hodge	1947	—	—	(47) J. M. Burnett	1962	—	—
(12) *B. Horsburgh	1947	—	—	(48) A. E. Robinson	1962	—	—
(13) *W. M. Docharty	1948	1948	1949	(49) K. D. Shaw	1962	—	—
(14) W. D. McKinlay	1948	—	—	(50) Miss L. Ticehurst	1962	1962	1962
(15) J. Campbell	1949	—	—	(51) K. M. Andrew	1962	—	—
(16) *C. V. Dodgson	1951	1951	—	(52) *G. H. Smith	1962	—	—
(17) H. Hampton	1952	—	—	(53) *G. M. Smith	1963	1966	—
(18) *G. S. Ritchie	1953	—	—	(54) *W. L. Wood	1963	—	—
(19) J. S. Anderson	1953	1953	1958	(55) J. A. Robertson	1963	—	—
(20) *G. G. MacPhee	1954	1955	—	(56) J. Cosgrove	1963	—	—
(21) *P. L. J. Heron	1954	—	1956	(57) *J. N. Ledingham	1963	—	—
(22) *J. F. Hamilton	1954	—	1956	(58) *A. R. Thrippleton	1964	—	—
(23) *M. Hutchinson	1955	1955	—	(59) J. G. Fleming	1964	—	—
(24) E. I. Lawson	1955	1955	—	(60) W. D. Fraser	1964	—	—
(25) W. T. Allan	1956	—	—	(61) *H. M. Brown	1965	1965	1967
(26) *J. Mallinson	1956	—	—	(62) *W. T. Taylor	1965	1966	1967
(27) *John Ferrier	1956	—	—	(63) R. M. Milne	1965	—	—
(28) *G. Peat	1957	1967	—	(64) H. S. K. Stapley	1965	—	1965
(29) *J. A. Watt	1957	—	—	(65) R. Hutchison	1965	—	—
(30) E. Maxwell	1957	1957	1958	(66) G. C. Sime	1966	1966	—
	<i>and</i>	1966	—	(67) W. D. Nicholl	1966	—	—
(31) *J. Y. Macdonald	1958	—	—	(68) *D. C. H. Green	1966	1966	—
(32) C. G. Macdonald	1958	—	—	(69) *G. King	1966	—	—
(33) A. McKenzie	1958	—	—	(70) *D. Barclay	1966	—	—
(34) J. C. Grant	1959	—	1961	(71) D. Hawksworth	1967	—	—
(35) T. P. Kemp	1959	—	—	(72) A. M. Fraser	1967	—	—
(36) Mrs J. Ferrier	1960	—	—	(73) A. C. Gardner	1967	—	—
(37) Mrs M. J. Linklater-Shirras	1960	—	—				

Now suppose you have filled in (i), (ii) and (iii), what then? Force of habit may compel you, like Nos. 30 and 45, simply to begin again; but there are other lists waiting for the real mainliners. Corbett produced (*S.M.C.J.*, 1952, xxv, 45 and 1953, xxv, 137) a list of Scottish mountains of 2500-under 3000 feet requiring a reascent of 500 feet on all sides (219), and Donald a list of the 2000-foot hills (86) and tops (133) of the Scottish lowlands. These are collected in the Scottish Mountaineering Trust's *Munro's Tables* (revised edn. in preparation). Mr W. M. Docharty, that *doyen* of sensitive hill-explorers, has detailed in his remarkable and eloquent *Trilogy* (available in the S.M.C. and certain other libraries, private and public) all of the following, which should fill in the available lifetime of any competitors staggering from the other lists. We will leave you with the 'Corbochartys', as Dr Bell has termed them, but, remember, we will *not* gladly print lists of Corbochartists . . . !

<i>First List</i>	Scot.	Irel.	Wales	Eng.
Independent Mountains, 2500-under 3000 ft.	295	22	14	35
Subsidiary Tops of these, 2500-under 3000 ft.	310	16	19	30
*Mtns. and Tops 'of interest,' <i>under</i> 2500 ft.	78	36	11	25
	Total			
		891		
 <i>Second List</i>				
Independent Mountains, 2000-under 2500 ft.	427	85	45	50
Subsidiary Tops of these, 2000-under 2500 ft.	252	51	32	34
Mtns. and Tops 'of interest,' <i>under</i> 2000 ft.	84	39	12	10
	Total			
		1121		

(of which 99 are listed in * above).

[Docharty has completed his First List, and is now into his Second. Up to the end of 1967 his careful logbooks have revealed that, in the British isles, he has covered 5,863 miles on foot; 2,133,890 feet of ascent; and climbed 1,819 different mountain tops . . .]

KINDRED CLUBS

THE CORRIEMULZIE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

OUR rise and decline might be construed a classic case. We have had our prophet, a voice crying in the wilderness, the disciples, the creed, the Promised Land and the Golden Age. Now the prophet is dead, the masses are decadent, the Church is weak, and The Ardent Few hold impatient sway.

The nascent C.M.C. could be found in the activities of the Ben Dorain Club, since banned, but in 1956 a flourishing Edinburgh Academy climbing club. Here were first associated Tranter, Wedderburn, Fleming, Kemp, Chalmers, Martin and Fraser. In 1957 the group broke up, its members being dispersed principally to Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities.

The spring of 1958 saw the first movements, a hard fortnight of camping and climbing in Knoydart by Tranter and two stalwarts which was called 'The First Feich Trip' and established a tradition which lasted through 17 occasions up until 1966. The second was in autumn of that year and the third discovered Canaan in Corriemulzie in the spring of 1959.

Then came Abergeldie, a coincidence that saw probably the real emergence of the Club as an integral group. There, on the Queen Mother's estate, an assembly of grouse beaters took place, consisting of Tranter and some St. Andreans. The latter regarded this event as an annual perk, for the Royal hospitality was extremely generous. Here were many friendships made; these were consolidated on the 5th Feich Trip in March 1960. This lasted three weeks and covered 100 miles between Carnmore and Corriemulzie.

In the summer of 1960 a search party was organised to look for an unfortunate from Edinburgh Academy who had been lost at Cluanie the previous New Year. Here the group was supplemented by Alistair Park, who became our Guide Book Editor and whose enthusiastic work was later to be much appreciated by Mike Fleming and myself. The search failed and the party moved en masse to Skye, where we traversed the ridge 'in traumatic circumstances and thereby taught ourselves to rock climb.'

Tranter graduated from Edinburgh and became an ill-paid civil engineer at Taynult, taking it upon himself to organise weekly meets. Not only that, but to act as bus-driver. Tranter and his ubiquitous mini-van were inseparable. A precedent was established at Ben Lui one Sunday. With four aboard it left for Edinburgh at 11.30 p.m. on a night plagued with black ice and fog. Then to Glasgow, to return to Taynult in time for work. This was not a record by any means, for when he later moved to Dornie he would gladly rendezvous at Perth and drive to Foinaven for a two-day weekend.

Feich Trips continued on average twice a year and recruitment took place annually at Abergeldie. The 8th was especially horrific, with deer falling dead on the tent in a storm near Loch Mullardoch, a location which was nicknamed 'Anthrax Alley.'

New Years were spent in remote bothies in the North West. In 1962 the group's sense of humour approved the singing of *O, You Railway Station* in monotone, but the next year standards improved by the addition of a short-sighted drunken guitar player from Kirkcaldy named Blyth Wright. Blyth was the first of the proletariat, an anarchist who sowed the seeds of sybaritism and whose punditry elevated him to the position of Club Idiot.

After 1962 the emphasis was on the ascension of the many unclimbed lines which the group had discovered on the Feich Trips. The 13th Trip tackled the icy secrets of the Luchd Coire of Corriemulzie and made a dozen fine routes. These have been followed by the rocks of Alladale, Chno Dearg and Foinaven, and the winter Fannichs.

I first met the group one November in 1964, towed to Laggan by Wright. They sat perched on stools in John Small's bar drinking half pints and spouting with a knowledge I did not possess. Words like 'A Vidgin,' 'Feich trip/man/pan,' 'blot,' 'flog,' and 'nally' (n-alley: the successful, long ten-man tent which Tranter designed and which was assembled by Liz McLaren, our smooth-kneed secretary); the nicknames—'Uncle,' 'Montezuma,' 'General Factotum,' 'Wang,' 'Fish' and 'Yokel.' I was bolshie, and wavered. Next day I did a new route with Tranter and was converted.

It remained only to constitute the Club officially and this was done at Nest Bothy in the Fannichs that New Year. In May 1965 we joined the A.S.C.C. It was a constitutional aim to keep the emphasis on the exploration of the North West. In the summer of 1965, Tranter, Wedderburn, Fraser and Johnstone went to the Hindu Kush and returned with nine new peaks, all over 17,000 feet and two over 20,000 feet. This was classed as the 16th Feich Trip, and indeed was carried out in that walk, camp and climb style.

We have four members who have climbed all of the Munros, including Tranter who did them twice to make sure and most of them three times for fun. In early summer 1966 we planned to climb every Munro in Scotland in a day. This dreadful scheme did not succeed, for myself and others had

greater interests; besides, 'Bugs' McKeith had threatened to guard the Thearlaich-Dubh Gap and prevent John Wedderburn from completing his stage.

Since then two tragic events have occurred. On the 17th Feich Trip, at Foinaven, Park was killed attempting a new route, and in the autumn of that year (1966), Tranter was killed in a car accident in Northern France while returning from a climbing trip to Turkey.

The achievements of these two have tangibility in our Guide Book to Easter Ross, and I hope in the S.M. Trust's Climbers' Guides which will follow. Tranter's unparalleled knowledge of the North West and his journalistic facility are great losses. As a club we have lost two great friends, and as professional and social pressures become more intense their enthusiasm is sorely needed. Whether or not the Club survives I think we have succeeded in increasing awareness of the possibilities of the North West, and that to some extent is our satisfaction.

IAN ROWE.

Mr BLYTH WRIGHT adds a few comments

. . . . 'to correct some serious perversions of historical fact and, especially, to refute the more outrageous mis-representations of my character enshrined in the above pernicious article.

'I have no specific objection to being characterised as a drunken guitar player, an anarchist or a sybarite. I would suggest, however, that this is a gross oversimplification, a purely conjectural figmentation based on a shadow of apparent truth and on Rowe's inability to think otherwise than in Personality-Types, an insecure need to categorise into black and white. As a merely grammatical point, the position of club idiot was an honorary distinction, carrying no executive or administrative responsibilities. It does not, therefore, merit the status of capital letters.

'That the C.M.C. was ever wont to drink half-pints is a libellous imputation without any basis in fact, a wild flight of romantic fancy which entirely denies the spirit of those halcyon pre-Rowe gatherings at Laggan. Nor should it be thought that his conversion was as immediate as he would have us believe. In fact, his wavering extended over several weeks, during which advantages, positive and negative status factors and other prestigious imponderables were appraised with great heart-searching.

'It becomes increasingly obvious that this article is no more nor less than a scurrilous attempt by Rowe to vindicate his judgment in the eyes of an unknowing public and to re-write history in accordance with the dictates of his ego.

'Again, his attempt to identify himself with the professional and the socially active classes is a betrayal of the proletarian philosophy which he professes. I have long suspected Rowe of hypocritical bourgeois aspirations'

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Views expressed are those of the correspondents).

SIR—The news that the B.M.C. has recast its Constitution and that the S.M.C. no longer has the right to nominate a Vice-President might seem at first glance no more than an overdue shedding of vested interests for the good of the majority—something in keeping with the mood of the times. We are

told that the B.M.C. is to widen its scope and bring into the fold all sorts of peri-montane bodies for whom mountaineering is not the main thing. The B.M.C. has long, and especially under the leadership of Lord Hunt, sought to maintain a voice for Britain in mountaineering, and to some extent has succeeded. But if, say, the Institution of Electrical Engineers wishes to speak for British qualified electrical engineers, it doesn't try to bring into its ranks the technicians and the tradesman electricians. This is not snobbery. It is just that it is a professional body dealing at a high level with one thing. Surely the same should apply to mountaineering.

In Scotland we have the A.S.C.C., which is represented on the B.M.C., but has no vote. The only Scottish Club on the B.M.C. committee is the S.M.C., and it looks as if it could very easily happen that for now onwards there may be no Scottish Club on the committee, the S.M.C. having lost its privileged position. This is serious if the B.M.C. is going to speak for BRITISH mountaineering. The more so when one considers that the bulk of British mountains happen to be in Scotland. Though I should hate to see a withdrawal from the B.M.C., unless the Scottish clubs (as formerly through the S.M.C.) have a powerful voice in the control of the B.M.C., do we really want to be associated at all? Better that the B.M.C. speak unitedly for English mountaineering with an open heart, than pretend to speak for British Mountaineering, and not really be doing so.

Of course the B.M.C. does some excellent committee work on things like ropes, safety, guides and so on. But there seems now to be more than a political case for withdrawing from the B.M.C., and making our own voice known. The A.S.C.C., a somewhat feckless body, would have to pull up its socks. And it might.—Yours etc.

M. SLESSER.

[This letter was shown to Mr Iain Ogilvie, whose stout work for the S.M.C. and Scottish mountaineering is well known and who, as his reply illustrates, is well qualified to answer].

SIR—As an S.M.C. representative on the B.M.C. for a number of years, more recently as the S.M.C.-nominated Vice-President and as chairman of the sub-committee which drafted the new constitution, may I answer some of Malcolm Slessers's points and supply some background to what has been done?

We had in fact two objects in mind. First 'as seemed at first glance' (nothing more sinister) to modernise and in fact to democratise the B.M.C. and secondly, to broaden it and make it more truly representative of British mountaineering.

The B.M.C. was formed by a small number of large clubs with the right to nominate representatives to the management committee and a small group of small clubs who could nominate only candidates for election. The S.M.C. and the A.C. also nominated office-bearers. With the increase in climbing and of member clubs, a situation had arisen whereby 11 clubs nominated 13 representatives and about 100 clubs scrambled for the 6 remaining committee places. With the co-operation of those who so willingly relinquished their rights, this has been remedied. The A.C. still nominates one member, not by special right but because with their special contacts abroad he can be useful. This should not be confused with representation on the council on which all clubs are represented, as before, on the basis of their membership.

Often the B.M.C. has been criticised for rule from London, perhaps not entirely without reason. Area-committees have existed for some time but have not always enjoyed the support of local clubs. We have tried to strengthen these committees so that they can handle local matters while the

management committee deals with those of national and international importance. Our success will depend on the co-operation of our one-time critics.

Scotland has no B.M.C. area-committee, nor should it, while the A.S.C.C. performs its useful function*. Scottish member clubs however (the S.M.C. at present is the only one) nominate one representative to the management committee and may, in common with others, nominate for the elective posts. If other Scottish clubs join the B.M.C. they will share this representation. But should the S.M.C. object to this? The facts are that I have been Vice-President for almost 5 years (the constitution allowed a maximum of 3) because the S.M.C. could find no replacement. On the resignation of Charles Rose from the committee they could find no replacement and it was suggested that a member of the London J.M.C.S. might fill the post but this was unconstitutional and it took many months to fill it. In the last five years, the S.M.C. has not been fully represented at the council meetings due to its failure to nominate representatives. Would Scotland not be better represented with the help of other clubs?

As to representing British mountaineering, we are certainly expected to do this by many foreign bodies and by government departments at home. Financial help given to sporting organisations only goes to national bodies and the B.M.C. claim was a bit thin. And many mountaineers have benefited from the B.M.C.'s work but have not contributed towards it, and in fact have not been able to do so. We have been supported by the clubs alone. Now we have made room for these people. Those who are real mountaineers can become members but with a lesser representation than the clubs. The 'peri-montane' bodies (we called them 'other bodies') can become associates only and have no say in our affairs. We have problems in common; access to mountains, rights of way, amenities. In the past we have co-operated with them; sometimes. We could be more effective, organised.

In conclusion, what have we, the S.M.C., the B.M.C., and the A.S.C.C., achieved together? We are apt to forget these things but to give one example only, the best hut in the country was built at Glen Brittle with funds raised by the B.M.C. and with Scottish management.

And of the future? Again only one suggestion: (I am grinding a personal axe) should we look at the B.M.C. Guides' Certificates? Should a rock climbing guide be superior to a mountain guide? Should there be mountain guide certificates for Cornwall where there are no mountains? Should an A.S.C.C. endorsement for 'winter climbing' have any relevance or is this a basic requirement for a mountaineer? When these certificates were first considered the Scottish clubs did not want to co-operate. We could have done better!

IAIN H. OGILVIE.

**B.M.C. Constitution*. Extract from Clause 15.

'... The committee of management shall not come to any decision on any matter so far as it concerns Scotland without prior consultation with the Association of Scottish Climbing Clubs.'

[Dr Slessor, as opener of the correspondence, was allowed the customary one-sentence concluding remark]:

SIR—Notwithstanding the merits of a British attitude to mountaineering in Britain, the problem remains that a long physical distance separates mountainless London from mountainous Scotland (and Mr Ogilvie's comment on Scottish non-co-operation underlines this), and that even though the B.M.C. must first consult the A.S.C.C. on Scottish affairs (why not also British affairs, since Scotland is part of Britain?), then whenever Scottish

opinion differs from English on Scottish affairs, the inbuilt tiny Scottish representation on the B.M.C. will be hard put to to carry the day, and the practical outcome will surely be that the B.M.C. avoids bringing up the possibly embarrassing issues peculiar to Scottish Mountaineering, and so far from being a help may become a dead hand?

MALCOLM SLESSER.

NEW CLIMBS

Two of the guidebook editors have asked me on their behalf, to make various points about the reporting of new routes or crags. I have also a few observations of my own. All the points concern the way contributors can ease the various tasks of the various editors.

Firstly, by checking old journals and guidebooks to ensure as far as possible that new routes are really new, and, where the crag in question is not covered by a current guidebook, by giving references in a covering letter, to the sources checked, if there are any.

Secondly, by exercising some judgment on whether or not the climb is of any real worth. Opinions vary greatly about the quality of climbs, of course, but we do feel that for the Average Scottish Crag (say, 1½ hours from the road and about 400 ft. high) some self-imposed limit of length should be adopted unless the climb has some special interest or value. As a rough guide to our own norms we will suggest 150 ft. or so as a candidate for that lower limit.

Thirdly, by describing the climb or crag so that other people, e.g. bemused guidebook editors, can find it. To do this properly is certainly no easy task. However, the editors suggest the following general principles. Give an 8-figure map reference if the crag is new and unchronicled. Indicate the starting-point as precisely as possible (fill pages—we won't print them, but we'll use them), and describe the general line of the route in relation to the prominent natural features of the crag and the lines of flanking climbs, if any. Then, if necessary, give a blow-by-blow description. This last point is extremely important, in our view. J. M. Edwards, reviewing the second series of Lakeland Guides (*C.C.J.*, 1937, V, 153) made the same point very clearly, deploring the unsupported 'travelling spotlight' type of description.

Fourthly, the guidebook editors would like to hear from anyone who would be willing to help, particularly in the Northern Highlands (write to Dr A. W. Ewing, address under Office-bearers). They point out that the area covered by such volunteers need not be vast; so long as it constitutes some sort of mountainous whole from the point of view of access, it can be as small as they like.

Lastly, a point of protocol. As from next year, signatories to new climbs will be assumed jointly responsible, unless otherwise indicated, and their names printed in alphabetical order. Those wishing to draw attention to their own skill or to their second's lack of it should insert (ldr.) after their names.

ROBIN N. CAMPBELL.

HARRIS

Sgaoth Ard, No. 1 Buttress.—*Hauds.* 234 ft. Very Severe. H. Small & J. W. Graham. July 1966.

This is the vertical nose mentioned by G. S. Johnstone in *S.M.C.J.*, 1954, xxv, 226. Start in steep narrow gully right of nose, below steep groove in left wall. Cairn. Climb steep groove (peg runner) to belay on top of pinnacle

(60 ft.). Climb the steep wall above to block belay (70 ft.). Scramble up easier rock going right to visit a small pinnacle overhanging the gully (114 ft.).

Strone Scourst.—(*Unnamed*). 300 ft. Mild Severe. C. G. M. Slesser & D. J. Bennet. 5th August 1967.

A direct line was taken up the west end of this great rock promontory. Under the steepest part of the cliff an old fence ends at a smooth vertical wall. Start a few yards north of fence up more broken rocks with a rightward traverse to a vertical chimney. Go up this for 15 ft. then traverse right to exposed ledge. Climb more or less directly up steep rocks to broad ledge 150 ft. above start. Continue slightly rightwards to short awkward groove. Above this point the climb deteriorates.

Strone Ulladale.—*Prelude*. 600 ft. Mild Severe. M. A. Reeves & J. Grieve (alternate leads). 28th May 1967.

A good route, which starts in the same general weakness as Midgard, crossing this and taking a direct route up the wall. Start on West Wall, just left of light-coloured tongue of rock about 100 ft. left of South Buttress gangway. Climb obvious cracked groove left of pillar then up rightwards to ledges (120 ft.). Up right a few feet then back left up a sort of gangway to weakness in bulges above. Step up and traverse about 30 ft. horizontally right by smooth sloping ledge to easy groove. Up this and bear left on slabs (120 ft.). Go straight up with increasing interest, keeping in the centre of clean ribbon of slabs (360 ft.).

—*Aurora*. 680 ft. Very Severe. J. Grieve & M. A. Reeves (alternate leads) & E. Jones. 31st May 1967.

A fine route, technically interesting and in good position. Start at vague weakness of grooves 40 yards left of *Prelude* (arrow). Climb easily at first towards small triangular overhang. Peg for aid used to reach good holds over bulge. Move right, then straight up groove to sloping rock stance on right. Peg belays (120 ft.). Step back left across groove to steep wall. Climb this and exit left to excellent rock stance (2 pegs & 2 slings), (35 ft.). Use a shoulder to reach ledge up to the right. Move right under bulge, up and back left above it and so up groove to good rock ledge on left. Peg belays (40 ft., 1 peg runner). Move a few feet right to corner crack and climb this to long narrow grassy rake. Cross this and climb steep slabs trending left towards overhang-capped bay. On reaching bulges pull up (peg runner) and traverse right to small stance below large perched blocks (145 ft.). Traverse right to overhanging corner-crack and climb this (2 slings), pulling out right beneath the roof to good ledge (40 ft.). Follow slabs and grass to easy ground (300 ft.).

—*Eureka*. 440 ft. Very Severe. J. Grieve & E. Jones. 1st June 1967.

A good route on superb rock taking a direct line up the front of the South Buttress. The route follows a line of grooves on the lower tier and then goes up the bulging nose above the top of the Gangway. Start directly under nose of upper tier at a line of thinly-defined cracks a few feet right of brown bulge at left end of lower tier. Go straight up grooves for 60 ft. until a traverse can be made to overhung slab ledge on left. Belay on nuts and pegs (70 ft.). Move right from stance and climb short wall to small ledge beneath steep brown groove. Climb groove to heather Gangway (80 ft.). Climb directly up steep nose above and move left to pull over bulge to gain recessed slab, which climb to its top right corner. Belay (150 ft.). Climb alarmingly overhanging crack on magnificent holds (40 ft.). Finish up easy walls and ledges above (100 ft.).

J. Grieve, Lochaber J.M.C.S., who supplied these descriptions, notes that various other routes on the South Buttress were climbed but were too discontinuous to merit recording. See also his article in this issue.

SKYE

Blaven; East Face.—*The Horn*. 400 ft. Severe. D. D. Stewart & D. J. Bennet. 21st July 1967.

This is the east face of Naismith's Half Crown Pinnacle. Start at small cairn at toe of buttress and climb 100 ft. beside gully on left. Then traverse right by steep wall and continue up north side of buttress. The final band of overhangs is turned on the right by a steep exposed wall above the north face of the pinnacle.

Clach Glas; West Face.—*Slab Route*. Moderate. H. M. Brown, W. W. Simpson & S. D. Menmuir (both B.F.M.C.). 17th June 1967.

Halfway between Arch Gully and Black Cleft a gully falls from the lowest point of the ridge, Athain Gully (see below). Above, left of it and cut off from the rest of the buttress by a wall is a rising line of slabs. Start at foot beside the undercuts of wall; moderate with steps higher up, the last being turned by a gully, left, or a narrow traverse ledge, right. (Direct is Very Difficult).

Athain Gully is without interest but right of the deep-cut chimney at its foot a more defined arête also gives a moderate route to the ridge.

Slab Route is recommended as a pleasant way on to the ridge, straight slabs instead of scree.

Nead na h-Iolaire; North Face.—*August Rib*. 300 ft. Severe. C. J. Rumball & A. J. Rumball. August 1967.

The route lies up the right side of the face and starts a little way up a scree gully at a short slanting crack in the east wall (arrow). Go up crack for 15 ft. then awkwardly left round onto rib which follow to stance and belay. Follow rib on right in two short sections to another good stance (peg belay). Climb clean exposed rib on right to walk-off ledge. Easy rocks remain to top.

Coire a'Mhadaidh.—*Thor*. 800 ft. Very Severe. C. Boulton & A. C. Cain. 14th May 1967.

Starts 40 ft. right of Slanting Gully and goes straight up through the overhangs towards Shining Cleft, whence it finishes by that route. Start at short gangway leading left into undercut corner. Into and up this corner to stance (80 ft.). Continue in this dyke-fault to easy traverse-line 30 ft. below lower overhangs, go up right for 40 ft. to stance on wide sloping ledge with ancient peg belay. Move up left onto wall above which traverse left to old ring peg. Cross with difficulty an overhanging dyke to sloping ledge on left. Continue up steep corner directly above to step left at top to stance (100 ft., pegs for protection, crux). Continue directly towards large corner which splits upper buttress, climb this for a few hundred feet then finish up right-hand arête.

Coire a'Ghreadaidh.—*Diagonal Gully*. 900 ft. GRADE II. W. Robertson & R. J. C. Robb. 31st December 1967.

Summer route throughout.

Coire Lagain; Cioch Upper Buttress.—*Pearly Gates*. 580 ft. Very Severe. A. C. Wilmott & R. Ratcliffe. 27/28th May 1966.

This is a girdle of the buttress. Start 30 ft. along ledge from Eastern Gully and 20 ft. left from Left Edge Route. Traverse right for 100 ft. Cross dièdre to ledge and peg belay. Traverse with difficulty for 30 ft. Pull over overlap to peg and from this, lower 40 ft. to ledge. Traverse right to large slab and ascending traverse across slab to belay on Integrity. Right across Trophy Crack to belay on Wallwork's. Move across and up Archer Thomson's Route to belay in the niche. Move right and finish by Rib of Doom.

RHUM

Barkeval, South Face.—Exploration showed this to be better than the *Guide* makes out. There are some quite clear features and as nothing in print helps, the following names and descriptions are suggested. The main ridges are fairly easy, but the one real route done was on fine rock. Best viewpoint is from well up Glen Harris. A big overhang just west of the summit (hard free routes possible) hangs above a wide scooped gully, usually a Waterslide. At the foot of the Top Rocks this vanishes and becomes the main scree shoot descending to Glen Harris. Left of the Waterslide the Top Rocks will yield routes. Right lies the big, but easy Broad Buttress, followed by a distinctive arête (Narnia Arête) and then the long West Ridge which drops well down into Glen Harris. East again the larger East Ridge drops down similarly. These are more edges than ridges, whose east faces will give routes. Below Broad Buttress and the Waterslide is a grass-scrub Rectangle which is a convenient starting-point. In 1967 a cairn with a red flag marked its top right corner. Access up from Glen Harris, down Broad Buttress (loose) or by going down west from the summit by a terrace and cutting back under the Top Rocks and above the Black Buttress and the more broken rocks west of it. A conspicuous Green Patch left of the Waterslide is a good landmark (Western Isles Buttress is right of it and Rose Root passes left of it). There are a few lesser edges towards the Allival Col. The main ridges were climbed as below, also one face route.

—*Western Isles Buttress*. 350 ft. Difficult. J.M.
18th May 1967.

The buttress left of the Waterslide. Start at cairn, top left of the Rectangle and follow best line to top.

—*Broad Buttress*. 450 ft. Moderate. J.M., H.K.C.
22nd May 1967.

The buttress whose base forms the top edge of the Rectangle. Not as fine as it looks and lines can be taken at will. Wall on east, starting in the gully, should be a good face route. A possible route from the summit, but loose.

—*Narnia Arête*. 350 ft. Difficult. H.M.B., A.T.R.
22nd May 1967.

Start at top right of Rectangle and scramble up to cairn where ridge becomes conspicuous arête; more intriguing than difficult. Keep to the crest for full enjoyment!

—*Rose-Root Slab and Crack*. 260 ft. Severe. J.M.,
H.M.B., I.M. 18th May 1967.

West of Western Isles Buttress is a bay with a 60 ft. slab to left. Climb it (steeper than it looks) and 20 ft. on in same line to overhanging nook. Break right over this to grassy ledges (just left of the Green Patch). Right up small slab under a face to base of deeply-cut chimney, 50 ft., fine crux. From stony shelf above finish straight up for 60 ft.

Allival: S.E. Face, Bottom Tier.—*Diamond Corner*. 70 ft. Very Severe. J.M., H.M.B. 19th May 1967.

Start 25 ft. left of Gargoyle Chimney, at groove with diamond-shaped overhang, cairn. Up corner, pass overhang to right, bear left to crest and follow to top.

—*Sunny Side*. 70 ft. Hard Severe. J.M.,
H.M.B. 19th May 1967.

Start 45 ft. left of Diamond Corner beyond grassy gully; cairn in centre of wall almost under overhanging prow. Up to pedestal, on to pock-marked band to bear left a few feet and on up crack slightly right. Fine clean climb.

—*Breeze*. 65 ft. Hard Severe. J.M.,

H.M.B. 19th May 1967.

The right hand side of Oxford Groove is a smooth slab which breaks into cracks higher up. Start at extreme right and climb straight up.

Summit Tier.—*Frustration*. 70 ft. Severe. J.M.,
H.M.B. 19th May 1967.

The first obvious double-decker incut corner on tier right of escape from the V Gully. Climb the corners. N.B. The V Gully falling from Middle Tier is an easy break. Traverse right over slabs to green gully (above Amaranth) and so up to Summit Tier.

Ruinsival; Green Wall.—*Claymore*. 265 ft. Very Severe. J.M., H.M.B.
24th May 1967.

Start, cairn, 15 ft. right of Face Route. Along right on trap dyke for 12 ft. to small platform from which break left up crack on face to perched block. Terrace. Cairn at foot of continuing cracks on wall, 80 ft. Cairn. An easier 50 ft. wall to larger terrace. Sporting finish up crack on nose, 80 ft.

The above routes and comments were supplied by H. M. Brown. The other initialled climbers are J. Matyssek and three B.F.M.C. members, I. Moreland, A. T. Rollo & H. K. Cook.

Allival; South-East Face.—*Choochter Rib*. 200 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough
& K. A. Ross. 22nd May 1967.

This climb lies on a band of rock below the three main tiers which for the most part is too broken to offer good climbing. It follows the tallest and most continuous piece of rock, a blunt rib with a slabby right wall, directly below Oxford Groove to which it provides an interesting approach. Start from lowest rocks and keep close to rib. Climb 10 ft. slab on right, gain ledge on left and mantleshelf onto flake on nose. An awkward move lands one on a ledge in an overhung recess, belay (60 ft.). A short chimney then right and up crest (50 ft.). Climb ridge above.

Askival; Lower South-East Crags. The following routes are on the same line of crags as Consolation Crack and Right Hand Buttress Direct. They are on the flank of the spur which extends eastwards below the foot of the East Ridge proper, at a height of approx. 1500 feet.

—*Dribble*. 130 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough. 24th May 1967.

About 50 yds. left of Right-hand Buttress, a cairn and arrow mark the start of an obvious corner. Probably often wet.

—*Eyrie Arête*. 130 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough, K. A. Ross & Niki Clough. 24th May 1967.

Starts about 40 ft. left of Dribble (cairn and arrow). Climb slabs and crack on right flank of arête to small overhung ledge. Round arête and climb to grassy ledge and block belay (80 ft.). Go right and climb left slanting gangway to top.

—*The Candle*. 140 ft. Mild Severe. I. Clough & K. A. Ross. 26th May 1967.

A short distance left of Eyrie Arête is a tall pillar set in a niche in the wall. Climb the left crack of the Candle to its top, move right and climb crack to ledge and belay (70 ft.). The obvious corner directly above was avoided on the left to a grass terrace (70 ft.). The climb may be continued up the Upper Tier (100 ft. Diff.).

On the Upper Tier, directly above Right-hand Buttress, are two routes up twin buttresses separated by a grassy gully:—

—*Amble Arête*. 100 ft. Moderate. Mrs Clough & K. A. Ross. 24th May 1967.

From cairn below right hand twin buttress climb pleasantly up the crest on good holds.

—*The Ramp*. 100 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough. 24th May 1967.

Start at left hand twin buttress cairn. Climb up obvious steep ramp, move right and climb crest.

Well to the left of these climbs the line of cliffs is broken by a grass slope and stream before continuing to the left once more. The following three climbs are on the big buttress before this break in the cliffs.

—*Trap Chimney*. 190 ft. Difficult. I. Clough & J. R. Greenwood. 26th May 1967.

Near the right edge of the buttress is a deep narrow trap chimney with a cairn and arrow marking the start. Climb chimney to ledge on left (60 ft.). Continue up fault above, passing under two large chockstones.

—*Fluch*. 200 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough & K. A. Ross. 24th May 1967.

Start at cairn below big corner about 30 ft. left of Trap Chimney. Strenuously up crack to ledge and belay (40 ft.). Continue up corner to reach belay on grass ledge under twin cracks (70 ft.). Up right hand crack and up into a bay on left (50 ft.). Climb corner to top.

—*Fuarr*. 210 ft. Difficult. J. R. Greenwood & Mrs Clough. 24th May 1967.

Start about 30 ft. left of Fluch (arrow). Up slab to corner. Climb right hand crack to large grass ledge and belay (100 ft.). From ledge above trend leftwards over slabs.

Lower North-East Crag.—Overlooking the lochan of Coire nan Ghrund on the north flank of the spur which extends eastwards from below the foot of the East Ridge proper (i.e. on the opposite side and at about the same height as the Lower South-East Crag) is a long escarpment of small cliffs. At the left end of the crags is an obvious buttress split by two prominent cracks.

—*Calder Chimney*. 110 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough & J. R. Greenwood. 21st May 1967.

The left hand crack (arrow). Climb chimney to ledge on right then traverse left across chimney to climb left arête to big blocks and belay (60 ft.). Follow chimney to top.

—*Fylde Crack*. 130 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough & Mrs Clough. 23rd May 1967.

Start at arrow right of right-hand crack. Climb up then leftwards by narrow slanting crack to join main chimney. From top of chimney climb slab on right.

—*Striding Edge*. 100 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough & J. R. Greenwood. 23rd May 1967.

Start at slabby arête about 20 yds. right of Fylde Crack (arrow). Climb arête and cracked wall above to ledge and belay (60 ft.). Up overhanging crack and awkward groove above.

—*Grunt*. 40 ft. Severe. I. Clough. 23rd May 1967.

Just right of Striding Edge a crack slants up a smooth wall. Climb it.

In the middle of the escarpment is Central Buttress which has several fierce unclimbed cracks of over 100 ft. To the right again is a prominent roof-capped corner and three short climbs marked by arrows:—

—*Tyke Arête*. 70 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough. 25th May 1967.

Climb arête left of roof-corner.

—*Layback Crack*. 60 ft. Severe. I. Clough. 25th May 1967.

A prominent crack in the middle of a shallow bay right of the roof-corner. Climbed by semi-layback.

—*Grease Crack*. 70 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough & J. R. Greenwood. 23rd May 1967.

A crack-cum-chimney a few yards right of Layback Crack.

Stac nam Faileann.—This sea-stack on the south east coast gave an interesting climb (40 ft., Difficult) by a groove on the landward side, possibly the easiest way. Another more shapely stac a little south was climbed (Difficult) after descending the sea-cliffs for 100 ft.

EIGG

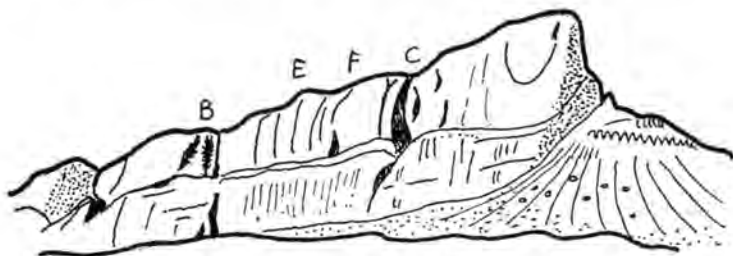
The Scur of Eigg.—Ian Clough writes: 'The Scur of Eigg, a fine mini-mountain and the highest point on the island, is almost completely encircled by cliffs. There are one or two attractive possibilities on the north side and facing east the cliffs reach maximum height in a fantastic overhanging nose (c. 500 ft.) which appears completely uncompromising. The splendidly situated South Wall is a great rampart about a mile long, broken by easy grassy gullies to the west. The rock is columnar pitchstone porphyry—sound on the chimney lines followed but possibly loose on the open faces.'

'The following four climbs are on the long face to the left of the nose, before the first grass gully leading to the summit ridge. This section of cliff is cut across by Long Ledge at a little less than half height and below the steepest part of the face. The upper wall, on this section, is split into three by two deep recesses, Collie's Cleft and Botterill's Crack (see diagram).'

South Wall.—*Collie's Cleft*. 200 ft. Severe. I. Clough & C. Greatwich. 13th April 1967.

This climb follows the large corner recess immediately west of the uncompromising columnar wall which bounds the nose of the Scur. Gain it by obvious heather gully, the entry to which is awkward.

At the back of the corner a deep chimney leads to ledge and belays (80 ft.). Continue up vertical left chimney which has a most unpleasant exit (120 ft.).



THE SCUR OF EIGG

B: Botterill's Crack; E: Eagle Chimney; F: The Flue; C: Collie's Cleft.

(From a photograph by I. Clough)

—*Eagle Chimney*, 250 ft. Hard Severe.
I. Clough & C. Greatwich. 14th April 1967.

There are several crack and chimney lines on the wall between Collie's Cleft and Botterill's Crack. Eagle Chimney is near the centre of the wall and prominent. There is another chimney further right which becomes more distinct higher up. Eagle Chimney is most distinct in its lower half. Gain start by approach to Botterill's Crack and walk rightwards across Long Ledge.

Climb the chimney, the first pitch of which is continuously difficult (110 ft.). The best climb on Eigg to date.

—*The Flue*, 270 ft. Very Severe. D. S. Nicol & P. Gunn. 18th June 1967.

This is the chimney right of Eagle Chimney, most distinct in its upper half. Approach via Long Ledge. Climb heathery rocks and gain base of chimney (35 ft.). Follow shallow chimney then steep wall on right which leads to restricted stance at back of second chimney (70 ft.). Up chimney on good holds to terrace (80 ft.) then trend left up pleasant slabs to top (85 ft.).

—*Botterill's Crack*, 170 ft. Severe. I. Clough, J. P. Davidson & C. Greatwich. 12th April 1967.

A heather gully leads to a big bay at the level of the Long Ledge. In the bay are three well-defined chimneys and cracks and two further chimney lines start some way up the left wall. This climb, named after M. Botterill who made an attempt in 1922, follows the left hand of the three main lines. Recommendable.

Northern Eigg.—'There is an almost continuous line of cliffs on the eastern, northern and western faces of the moorland plateau which fills the centre of the northern half of the island. Extending for about six miles, they vary in height between 100 and 500 feet. For the most part they are disappointing, being broken into tiers by grass terraces. However, there are two very impressive sections of cliff (one on the north face and one on the east face) which might repay further investigation. The following climbs are on the west face, overlooking Cleadale and the Bay of Laig.'

Cleadale Face.—'The most prominent feature of this face is a tall pillar culminating in a crazy pinnacle. Laig Buttress is a clean flying buttress on the extreme right. There is a small Sphinx-like pinnacle to its right and a pleasant little rock amphitheatre behind.'

Laig Buttress.—*Grit*, 150 ft. Severe. I. Clough, C. Greatwich, J. P. Davidson & Mrs Clough. 11th April 1967.

From a cairn climb groove to ledge (peg belay, 40 ft.). Move up right into corner, up into overhanging niche on left and swing up left again to stance (peg belay, 60 ft.). Continue to top.

—*The Pod*, 150 ft. Very Severe. I. Clough & C. Greatwich.

Start at broken groove 30 ft. left of Grit. Climb groove which culminates in short overhanging corner crack, providing crux. More easily to top.

Poll nam Partan Crag.—'There is a line of crags overlooking the bay of Poll nam Partan (just north of the pier of Galmisdale). Although they are comparatively short (about 70 ft.) they are steep, and broken up into numerous cracks and chimneys which provide climbing very similar to Gritstone.'

ARRAN

Beinn Tarsuinn: Meadow Face.—*Bogle*. 820 ft. Very Severe (6+, A2). I. G. Rowe & I. Dundas. 22nd July 1967.

The route follows the right-hand of the two great parallel cracks splitting the face. The left-hand crack is *Brachistochrone* (S.M.C.J., 1967, xxviii, 318). Previous attempts at both these routes by Greenock M.C. members ended where the cracks cleave the large overhang at 250 ft. The right-hand crack continues above the overhang as the cave pitch of *The Rake* and continues on *The Meadow Slabs* where the crack divides, splitting the large square summit block. Scramble up 50 ft., belay and continue in line of crack with few and minor variations for two pitches until a slab is reached below the large overhang (190 ft., 4, 5). Here the crack bulges and passes the overhang on the right. Move up onto pedestal at 6 ft. and climb crack for 20 ft. (3 peg runners, 6+, strenuous, slimy, *étrier* used on last peg). Move 10 ft. right (peg) and climb parallel crack (15 ft., 3 pegs, A2). Belay on ledge above. Continue in crack (80 ft., 4) and climb slimy cave above by contortionate through route (40 ft., 5) (common to *The Rake*). Move left up inclined slab and belay above it (20 ft., 3). Scramble up below *Meadow Slabs* (200 ft.). Climb continuation of the crack up to large summit block (160 ft., 4, 5—). Here the crack divides; climb the two left-hand cracks (80 ft., 6—, 5).

Cloch na h-Oighe.—*Klept*. 300 ft. Hard Very Severe. A. J. Maxfield & R. Wilde. 25th May 1967.

A route of high technical interest and position. It follows a great crack, the main weakness up the front of the Bastion. Start from top of *Coxon's Route* on Ledge 3. A right-angled corner is climbed (1 peg) to small ledge and belay (70 ft.). Climb obvious chimney on right, move out of crack, go right and climb slabs to short wall, which climb to 10 ft. wide grass ledge. Peg belay at main crack (70 ft.). Follow crack to belay in small cave on left (35 ft.). Stay in crack for 30 ft. then use smaller crack on left to reach grass ledge and thread belay (50 ft.). Follow grass ledge to Ledge 4 (75 ft.).

Tòrr Nead an Eoin.—*Eilethya*. 220 ft. Mild Very Severe. A. J. Maxfield & R. Wilde. 26th May 1967.

The route follows a small gangway left of the schist tower right of the main face and continues by an exposed wall to the top of the tower. Start 40 ft. up left side of tower. The gangway has trees at its base. Climb gangway (100 ft.). The gangway now becomes grass-filled. Move right and climb wall on good holds to perched block (100 ft.). Move right 10 ft. to corner and up this easily to belay (20 ft.).

Goatfell: Intermediate Slabs.—*Rosa Slabs* and *South Slabs* are separated by two belts of more broken slabs divided by a central water-course. It is probably worth reporting this one route but no more, please.

—*Staravation*. 310 ft. Severe. R. N. Castro & S. M. Carruthers (both *Starav M.C.*). 23rd September 1967.

Start at lowest point of slabs (arrow). Easily up to peg belay on grassy strip beneath overlap (130 ft.). Go past overlap on right and climb line of holes into obvious groove. Climb groove up to and over small overlap then up and right 20 ft. to nut belay (130 ft.). Left and up bald slab to finish (50 ft.).

NORTHERN HIGHLANDS

Foinaven: Creag Urbhard.—*Crawlie Mouzie*. 850 ft. Severe. D. Bathgate & W. Pryde. 8th July 1967.

Start at the right-hand end of the tree terrace, midway between The Sickie and K.W.H. Climb pink wall by the line of least resistance, keeping well to right of obvious pinnacles and corners (500 ft.). From heather ledge climb dièdre (well seen from Loch Dionard) in centre of grey wall right of Zigzag an left of The Sickie's Handle. Move right above dièdre to belay beside jammed blocks. Continue straight up then 90 ft. right to avoid roofs to finish (350 ft.).

Creag Alasdair.—*Left Edge*. 900 ft. Very Difficult. J. Brumfitt & B. Sproul. 20th May 1967.

Start at lowest rocks of arête which descends from left side of summit of the crag and forms skyline when approached from Loch Dionard. Up easy rocks for 250 ft. then up steeper rock to belay in corner below roofs and left of slab. Step out right then up slab to terrace. Climb further slab by crack 20 ft. from arête. Scrambling to summit.

Strathbeg: Creag Shomhairle.—*The Cage*. 700 ft. Very Severe. J. Brumfitt & B. Sproul. 21st May 1967.

The main feature of the crag, as seen from Strathbeg, is the Great Slab. This has an obvious corner at right side running directly up the cliff. This is the line of the climb. Start at lowest slabs. A direct line up widest part gives sporting climbing. Cross slab into corner proper. Climb corner in three pitches, with loose rock in bay at 80 ft.

Alladale Slabs.—*Snowdrop*. 600 ft. Very Severe. A. Fyffe & J. Ingles. April 1967.

This route lies on the East Wing. Start near wet recess in centre and scramble to small corner and belay. Climb to near right-hand corner of diamond-shaped depression. Follow line parallel to edge past grassy groove on left to corner above top of depression. Climb this and exit left to reach stance. Follow narrow quartz band to below overhang and traverse left to large grass ledge (crux). Move down ledge to small overhang and some quartz and continue to top by short walls, corners, grooves and traverses to finish by some trees. Peg belays throughout.

Beinn Dearg: Inverlael Glen.—*WhatawaytospendEaster*. 400 ft. GRADE I. B. Sproul & A. McKeith. 25th March 1967.

This is the first of several gullies on the right as one ascends Inverlael Glen.

—*Rev. Ian Paisley Memorial Gully*. 400 ft. GRADE I. B. Sproul & A. McKeith. 25th March 1967.

The second gully on the right.

Glensquaib Cliffs.—*Nomad's Gully*. 1300 ft. GRADE III. D. W. Duncan & J. E. Ingles. April 1966.

This is the main gully on the eastern sector of the cliff but cannot be seen till well past the true corner of the West Buttress. Numerous small ice pitches and one big one (80 ft.) at the start.

Sgúrr Mór: North-East Corrie.—*Wol Gully*. 450 ft. GRADE III. R. Graham & R. Warrack. 2 hours. 9th April 1967.

On the West Face of Beinn Liath Mhòr Fannaich there are three climbable gullies: this is the leftmost of the three. Two pitches, the first a long ice ramble, the second a cave pitch lead on to snow which continues to the top.

—*Easter Gully*. 800 ft. GRADE II. B. Brand & O. Bruskeland. 1½ hours. 10th April 1967.

The south corner of the east face of Sgùrr Mòr. A straightforward snow-gully.

—*East Face*. 1000 ft. GRADE III. R. Graham & R. Warrack. 3 hours. 11th April 1967.

Climb a shallow groove in the face which winds its way summitwards. The groove gave four pitches, the first of which was the hardest. This and the previous two routes were climbed by Heriot-Watt U.M.C. members.

Beinn a'Chaisgein Mòr; Tòrr na h-Iolaire.—*Skeleton Corner*. 220 ft. Severe. J. R. Jackson & M. Shaw. 1st August 1967.

Two big steep corners break the centre of Carcase Wall and are well seen from the barn. This line is the left one. Climb it in two pitches.

—*Skull*. 190 ft. Very Severe. J. R. Jackson & R. Carrington. 3rd August 1967.

Takes the rib right of Skeleton Corner, a prominent feature of which is a steep red slab split by a thin crack.

—*Wishbone Rib*. 140 ft. Very Severe. R. Carrington & J. R. Jackson. 3rd August 1967.

The next rib right of Skull, past a large unclimbed corner.

Lower Buttress.—*Y Crack*. 340 ft. Severe. J. R. Jackson & M. Shaw. 1st August 1967.

Takes the line of a prominent crack on the right side of the buttress. Above the crack finish up a little buttress by a V-chimney then up some slabs.

Carnmore Crag, Upper Tier.—*Gyean Corner*. 290 ft. Very Severe. A. G. Cram, R. Schipper & W. Young. 27th May 1967.

The route follows the big corner running up to an obvious roof about 50 ft. left of the Dragon. It passes the roof on the left and finishes on Fionn Buttress.

—*St. George*. 345 ft. Hard Very Severe. A. G. Cram & R. Schipper. 28th May 1967.

Follows a prominent crack line in the centre of the wall between Dragon and Gob. Where the crack line meets Gob continue left and through the overhangs as for Gob but where Gob goes right finish directly up a corner.

A'Mhàighdean; Ghost Slabs.—These slabs lie at the west end of the Dubh Loch (Ref. NG 977756). The following two routes take lines up the right-hand mass.

—*Doodle*. 700 ft. Very Severe. R. Carrington & M. Shaw. 2nd August 1967.

Start at tongue of grass below and left of tree-filled bay, at left edge of the mass. Up slab to tree belay in bay (140 ft.). Climb rib on left to flake belay (140 ft., 70 ft.). Climb direct above flake to peg belay on sloping slabs right of overhang recess (100 ft.). Turn overhang on right then back left and up to ledge and peg belay (60 ft.). Straight up slabs to pass roof on left and finish by waterslide (110 ft., 90 ft.).

—*Leviathan*. 900 ft. Very Severe. J. R. Jackson & I. Fulton. 2nd August 1967.

Start below and right of the tree-filled bay at smooth water-streaked slab. Up slab to left side of grass ledge (70 ft.). Straight up (peg runner) to below jutting flake, right and up slab to belay (90 ft.). Up slabs to belay below small triangular overhang (140 ft.). Up wall on right to large ledge, up rib on right to flake belay (110 ft.). Up steep wall to belay at birch tree below first big

overlap (100 ft.). Right along grass ledge to break in overlap, up this (peg runner) to holly tree belay (70 ft.). Up corner to arête on right. Up this and right to large ledge and tree (70 ft.). Up mossy wall rightwards then straight up to a loose flake. Move right beneath it then up to ledge. Right to cracked overhang and up this (1 nut, loose rock) then slightly right to belay beneath enormous roof (70 ft.). Pass roof on left then right to an arête and up this to top (80 ft., 110 ft.).

Creag na Gaorach, Carnmore.—*Sliver*. 220 ft. Very Difficult. D. T. McLennan & D. C. Forrest (both Starav M.C.). 16th July 1967.

The small buttress just below the col, left of Nanny Goat Buttress.

Carnan Ban, Carnmore; West Face.—These two routes are on the mass of slabs left of Barndance. The rock is superb.

—*Strider*. 360 ft. Mild Severe. D. T. McLennan & D. C. Forrest. 17th July 1967.

Above a great pointed pinnacle in a gully is a leaning rectangular block. Start just left of block. Up slabs to recess, out right and up to rock shelf (80 ft.). Up gangway on left, out under an overlap. From left end go up past pinnacle to grass ledge and belay on left (90 ft.). Step right, up short crack, over bulges and up reddish slab corner. Out left when this is wet and up to shelf and loose flake. Up behind this flake and climb bulge by crack to shelf and belay (130 ft.). Scrambling to top (60 ft.).

—*Balvog*. 340 ft. Mild Severe. D. T. McLennan & D. C. Forrest. 17th July 1967.

Start as for Strider. Follows a line of cracks, trending first right then left and finishing up slabby walls.

Beinn a'Mhùinidh; Waterfall Buttress.—*The Alley*. 300 ft. Severe. I. G. Rowe & A. J. Trees. 1st July 1967.

The climb takes a line to the right of the Original West Climb and is more direct and less vegetative. Climb pillar and short walls to triangular ledge of West Climb, then right and back left by chimney, finishing up steep groove left of some overhangs.

Bonnaidh Donn.—The large buttress at the corner of Gleann Biannasdaile. Its steepest and most compact part is a smooth red wall left of the corner. The Red Wall is defined on its right by an obvious chimney-corner system and on the left by a bulging buttress and corner-crack.

—*Safari*. 470 ft. Very Severe. I. G. Rowe & A. J. Trees. 2nd July 1967.

The chimney-corner system, mentioned above.

—*Virus*. 450 ft. Severe. P. Nunn & C. Rowland. 30th May 1967.

Takes a line of cracks, grooves and chimneys up the Red Wall about 100 ft. right of the corner-crack mentioned above, passing from the overhanging section of the Wall up some grey slabs.

—*A Walk on the Wild Side*. 420 ft. Very Difficult. A. J. Trees & I. G. Rowe. 2nd July 1967.

Leads by a steep wall and easy scrambling on to the bulging buttress left of the Red Wall, the crest of which is followed to the top.

Liathach; Spidean a'Choire Leith, North Corrie.—*Hillwalk*. 1000 ft. GRADE II. B. T. Hill, J. H. Clark & J. Boothroyd. 10th March 1967.

The gully left of the most northerly buttress of the corrie on its eastern bounding ridge.

— *George*. 800 ft.
 GRADE III. I. G. Rowe & Miss M. Kelsey. February 1967.

The gully to the immediate east of the North Spur of the Spidean.

Coire na Caimhe.—*Soor Ploom*. 350 ft. GRADE III. J. Littlewood & P. Macdonald. 11th February 1967.

The gully between the central and right-hand of the three biggest of the Northern Pinnacles as seen from Coire na Caimhe.

An Ruadh Stac; North-East Face.—*Footrot*. 600 ft. Mild Severe. D. Stone & B. T. Hill. 21st August 1967.

This route lies to the right of The North Face (see *S.M.C.J.*, 1961, xxvii, 160) up an ill-defined buttress of ribs and grooves just left of a large black cave on the bottom Terrace which debouches in a huge amphitheatre right of the second tier mentioned in the earlier route.

Ben Damh; Creag na h-Iolaire.—*Aquila*. 350 ft. Severe. J. L. Cardy & G. Halkyard. August 1967.

The crag forms the end of a northern spur of Ben Damh (Ref. GR 885519). The route starts from the left end of a terrace, above a steep initial tier and follows a fairly obvious line of corners, chimneys and grooves, continuing over wet slabs, a steep corner and a short wall to the top.

Editor's Note . . . As we are short of space and *Guides* to the area south of the Ullapool - Garve road are due to be published soon, most of the descriptions to climbs in this area have been severely pruned. The originals will, of course, be handed over to the *Northern Highlands Rock Guide* Editor.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS

An Caisteal, Loch Hourn.—An Caisteal is a small rocky hill (just over 2000 ft.) about 1½ miles south of the narrows between lower and upper Loch Hourn and forms part of the ridge north of Glen Barrisdale. The party visited the area with the intention of exploring the summer climbing on Ladhar Bheinn but can only confirm that except for one or two very hard possibilities these cliffs have virtually no rock climbing potential.

An Caisteal, however, has a large slabby north face rising from the corrie formed by the neighbouring tops of Càrn Màiri and Meall nan Eun. This face attains a height of about 700 feet with a magnificent central sweep of clean slabs which give excellent Eive-like climbing on sound rock. The wings of the cliff are broken by grass ledges but possibly good climbs could be made here also. The following two climbs take the central sweep. Pegs for belays as required.

—*Battlement Slab*. 640 ft. Very Severe. D. S. Nicol & P. Gunn. 22nd June 1967.

Start below and right of the toe of the central sweep at a brown slab capped by overhang (arrow). Climb easy rocks rightwards then traverse left delicately to ledge (50 ft.). Take watercourse groove above to large grass ledge (50 ft.). Up to large ledge below impressive slabby scoop (40 ft.). Climb scoop trending left for about 40 ft. Move up rightwards until a delicate step enables one to reach a block. Climb smooth greasy corner above (peg) to nose and go back to flake belay (80 ft.). Take curving crack above and pull round block overhang onto grass (60 ft.). Walk up to broken corner which trends slightly left towards centre of big sweep of slabs (50 ft.). Now take impressive corner ramp which sweeps up left to small stance (110 ft.). Move left across

slab and go up corner on good holds. Pull out left past overhanging grass then up easily passing short wall to belay below small overhang (80 ft.). Go left across short walls and belay under steep corner (40 ft.). Ascend the corner and lay away round overhang block, traverse left on obvious line to finish up small ramp (80 ft.).

—*Portcullis*. 675 ft. Very Severe. I. S. Clough & B. Rex. 22nd June 1967.

Follows a fairly direct line up the left edge of the central sweep of clean slabs except for a grassy leftwards divergence, an escape made necessary by bad weather conditions, near the top.

Start about 50 ft. left of Battlement Slab. Climb short steep crack to rovan and up groove to thread belay on ledge under overhangs (35 ft.). Move right and through break in overhang whence groove leads to grass basin. Climb clean slab directly above to grass tuft and traverse left to grass ledge (70 ft.). Climb delicately up slab, slightly right, then left beneath overlap, to break (peg). Delicately up right to small ledge, place another peg runner a few feet above and move left to climb groove to grass ledge and peg belay (70 ft., crux). Traverse right a few feet then follow line of pock marks and quartz knobs, moving right finally to gain ledge at foot of prominent groove (50 ft.). Climb groove to small grass ledge and belays (40 ft.). Climb thin crack directly above bulge to grass and go up to below left hand of two short grooves (50 ft.). Go up left 30 ft., rightwards a few feet on narrow grass gangway, then climb to ledge under prominent band of pink rock and belay beneath recess (80 ft.). Go round right over large perched blocks to climb overhanging niche, then up left to grass ledge above start. Climb a further 40 ft. directly above by flake and short groove to another ledge (80 ft.). Steep rocks continue above but were avoided by following grassy grooves and ramps leftwards to gain top in a further 200 ft.

Meall nan Eun, Loch Hourn.—On the left hand side of the coire formed by Càrn Màiri, An Caisteal and Meall nan Eun (on the slopes of Meall nan Eun) is a line of crags, more broken than those of An Caisteal. From right to left are a rocky cone-shaped hummock, two buttresses slightly set back in a bay and, left again, a big buttress consisting of numerous rock ribs which culminate in a big slab. All these are separated by grassy gullies. The following climb lies on the right-hand of the two buttresses set in the bay.

—*Round House*. 480 ft. Mild Severe. G. A. White & J. A. Gillcrest. 22nd June 1967.

Climb centre of steep slab to grass ledge (120 ft.). Traverse right to good rocks right of grass gully then left across gully to large grass ledge (120 ft.). Continue directly to belay on another grass ledge (120 ft.) then more easily to top.

Sgùrr a' Mhùilinn: Creag Ghlas.—Favourably mentioned in the *Western Highlands* Guide, this did not quite come up to expectations. There are two buttresses: the East Buttress is about 800 ft. high, but ill-defined and grassy; the West Buttress is about 450 ft. high and is steep, compact and slabby. The rock is immaculately sound but poorly provided with holds. Natural belays are almost totally absent.

West Buttress.—*The Lizard*. 450 ft. Very Severe. D. Bathgate & R. N. Campbell. August 1967.

A prominent rib divides the buttress into smooth slabs on the left and steep walls and grassy corners on the right. The route follows this rib. Climb to broad rock terrace in two pitches, keeping to crest (130 ft. & 70 ft.). Climb enormous slab above in two pitches, keeping close to right edge (100 ft. & 100 ft.). Walk left up glacis and climb short steep wall to finish (50 ft.).

East Buttress.—*Oh!* 800 ft. Mild Very Severe. J. Renny & M. Strong. August 1967.

The buttress is roughly triangular in shape. This route follows the left-bounding edge more or less closely, and starts at slabs immediately right of the gully on the left. Climb slab directly and delicately for 40 ft. and continue up and right of grassy fault to grassy ledge (130 ft.). Easily now to belay below another steep slab (150 ft.). Climb this by thin rightward-sloping crack then go up easier ground beyond (120 ft.). Continue up to belay below steep wall (130 ft.). Climb wall, stepping left after 15 ft. then up to final rocks to belay at large flake below short corner (140 ft.). Climb corner and step out left then up right to finish (130 ft.).

CAIRNGORMS

Beinn a' Bhùird: Coire an Dubh Lochain.—*Mayday Route.* 600 ft. GRADE II. N. D. Mc. Keir & B. S. Findlay (Etchachan Club). 2½ hours. 15th January 1967.

Natural winter line was followed, giving interesting route-finding near the top. No special difficulties.

Garbh Choire.—*North-West Couloir.* 450 ft. GRADE III. M. Rennie & D. W. Duncan (Etchachan Club). 3 hours. February 1967.

The shallow gully right of North-West Gully. The first pitch was 100 ft. of water-ice, the second 150 ft. of snow-ice. An exposed slab on the right was traversed below the unstable cornice.

Ben Macdhuì: Càrn Etchachan.—*Crevasse Route (VARIATION).* Severe. P. Macdonald & G. Johnstone (Corriemulzie M.C.). September 1967.

Instead of climbing the 'large, leaning block,' continue left up wide sloping shelf past overhang to extreme edge of buttress and then go straight up this (peg runner). Superb situation.

Creagan a' Choire Etchachan.—*Red Chimney Direct.* GRADE IV. I. A. Paterson & S. P. Hepburn. 7 hours.

A first-class winter gully, comparable with Polyphemus Gully on Lochnagar. The first section, to the snow bay, was heavily covered in ice. The upper pitches (previously unclimbed) threaded through the ice overhangs mentioned in the *Cairngorms Guide*. The final pitch lay up a snow-filled corner to the cornice, which provided the hardest move of the climb, due to a blank rock slab to which no snow or ice adhered.

Braeriach: Garbh Choire Mòr.—*Phoenix Gully.* 300 ft. GRADE IV. J. J. Light, G. McGregor, M. McArthur & D. Halliday. 19th March 1967.

A classic climb amidst fine surroundings. The huge cornice (40 ft. up, 20 ft. out) dominated the route. Above the first 250 ft., a steep and varied snow-slope, the gully-bed contained thick, firm and continuous snow-ice. The base of the crux was reached easily in 40 ft. after an awkward initial step. This was 20 ft. of straightforward snow-ice at a high angle. The angle eased above before steepening for the remaining 50 ft. of less solid snow to the base of the cornice. Here a crescent-shaped slit led into a beautiful 15 ft. high ice cavern inside the cornice. From this an exposed traverse led out left to a gap behind a detached snow-flake and so to the top.

Garbh Choire Dhaidh.—The next three climbs lie on the rocks between St. Andrews' Climb and Boomerang and follow obvious fault lines.

—*Kookaburra*. 450 ft. Severe. J. McArtney & B. Lawrie. June 1963.

Follow prominent rib on immediate right of St. Andrews' Climb and finish up edge of steep wall.

—*Koala*. 450 ft. Very Severe. D. Duncan, A. Fyffe & J. McArtney. June 1963.

Climb prominent corner splitting the cliff in two pitches, breaking through a nest of overhangs when exiting to right. Finish up centre of the same steep wall.

—*Kangaroo*. 400 ft. Severe. J. McArtney & B. Lawrie. June 1963.

A prominent V-chimney left of Boomerang. Follow curving rib to below chimney. Climb this and proceed with care to below and right of final pitch of Koala. Climb cracks to top.

—*Pisa*. 500 ft. GRADE II. D. W. Duncan & S. P. Hepburn. 2 hours. April 1967.

Summer route followed throughout on powder snow lying on ice. The cornice, which was huge, was by-passed on right.

Coire Bhrochain.—*Ebony Chimney*. 280 ft. Severe. P. Macdonald & D. K. Stephen. 10th September 1967.

The left-hand branch of The Great Couloir. An entertaining climb, well worth groping through the initial 20 ft. of overhanging slime. Surmount first big chockstone and continue up fine chimney above, until way is blocked by another enormous chockstone, passed by traversing out right. Above, enter magnificent through-route, emerging higher up beneath great roofs. Go rightwards along ledge and climb smooth wall to stance and belay. Then go right into steep groove overlooking The Great Couloir and follow this groove to easier ground.

—*Bhrochain Slabs (DIRECT FINISH)*. 180 ft. Severe. D. J. Pullin & J. Thomson; B. T. Hill & I. T. W. Sloan. 8th July 1967.

Climb straight up the 'huge slab,' normally avoided, keeping within a few yards of the gully on the right to poor belay and stance below small curving corner. Climb round edge of this and go straight up to plateau.

Lochnagar: Tough-Brown Buttress.—*Mort*. 700 ft. Very Severe & A2. M. Forbes & M. Rennie. 11th June 1967.

The route takes the line of a fault running slightly rightwards up the massive holdless slabs of the buttress. Start at large pointed block below centre of slabs. Climb up then left to groove and step right at top onto broad terrace. Belay halfway along this in corner (110 ft.). Climb cracked groove for 30 ft. (1 peg) to break in long low roof. Up this (2 pegs) then layback to small ledge. Above is a short vertical rib. Use a peg in its right side to swing round into its lefthand corner and continue to small ledge (2 pegs). Step right, then swing up to another terrace (1 peg) (100 ft.). Step right round corner into grass niche, pull onto wall and traverse into continuation groove above small pointed block (4 pegs). Follow groove taking the easiest line to large perched block on grass ledge (140 ft.). Continue to level of Tough-Brown Traverse (350 ft.). Easy ground remains to plateau.

—*Crypt*. 280 ft. Very Severe. M. Rennie & M. Forbes. 16th September 1967.

Follows the two main dièdres just left of the centre of the face. Climb right-hand dièdre to exit on left along thin ledge and reach stance in left-hand one. Peg belay (120 ft.). The corner above is very wet and mossy so step left

into perfect layback crack. Follow this to regain the corner by an awkward mantleshelf. Climb corner to stance at small ledge (60 ft.). Follow corner for 15 ft. then traverse left to rib. Follow cracks to regain corner in 20 ft. Belay beneath overhang (3 pegs, 60 ft., wet and vegetatious). Step left round overhang and follow easiest line to exit on terrace just right of Parallel Gully B (40 ft.). This may be the 'very problematical line' mentioned in the *Cairngorms Guide*.

Black Spout Pinnacle.—*Grovel Wall Variation*. 600 ft. GRADE IV. J. Bower, A. Corbett, R. Simpson & G. Strange. 7 hours. 3rd March 1968.

Follow Pinnacle Gully I, but continue cave traverse out onto face. A line of iced grooves and ledges ascends rightwards. Climb these to reach crest and finish by last pitch of Route I.

Creag an Dubh Loch: Central Gully Wall.—*The Four Corners Route*. 250 ft. Severe & A1, wet. R. Sharpe & K. Spence. July 1967.

This route links up four corners on the small buttress near the top of Central Gully. Start 100 ft. or so above start of Sabre Edge below small corner with blocks in it. Climb this for 25 ft., traverse right a few feet then go up to grass ledge (1 peg). Scramble up and left below second corner (80 ft.). Climb this corner to ledge and belay (60 ft.). Traverse left and go up to third corner. Climb this for 25 ft., traverse right to arête and go up below fourth corner (70 ft.). Climb this for 15 ft. (pegs), traverse right to easy ground and scramble up to belay (40 ft.).

Main Face.—*The Blue Max*. 1200 ft. Very Severe. B. W. Robertson, A. Fyffe & W. T. Wilkins. 16/17th September 1967.

The most direct route to date on the Dinosaur slabs. Start right of Dinosaur and scramble up obvious grass rake to above and left of large block, 15 ft. right of second pitch of Dinosaur. Follow rightward-trending crack system to small overlap, surmount this and continue for 15 ft., traverse right to small stance (75 ft.). Move right into corner then climb directly to small ledges, 40 ft. below largest overhang (75 ft.). Climb up slightly then traverse smooth slab into shallow groove on right, up this to below roof and traverse steep wall right to break through overhang. Continue up crack system to stirrup belay (120 ft.). Traverse left to below huge triangular block in overhang. Jam up right corner (nut runner), swing up left to hand-traverse for 10 ft. to overlap. Surmount this to small ledges. Use a rarp to swing over and lasso small spike, pull up, move left then up to large stance (120 ft., crux). Go left then follow crack system to grass ledge below huge black overhang (150 ft.). Move right then climb up to grass terrace. Climb up right over grass to flat platform below obvious corner (150 ft.). Climb up corner 20 ft. then move left past smooth groove, surmount next groove and follow crack system above to grass stance (130 ft.). Move right then up to large flake, return left over smooth slab to corner, climb this (A1) for 10 ft., swing out right to wall, climb this and step left into groove, continuing up right to small stance (80 ft.). Step right and continue straight up to grassy grooves (30 ft.). Climb rightmost groove to below steep corner and traverse steep right wall to rib (70 ft.). Scramble to plateau (70 ft.). Peg belays used throughout.

—*Culloden*. 470 ft. Hard Very Severe. A. D. Barley & R. R. Barley (both Manchester U.M.C.). July 1967.

Takes the 'exceedingly steep face above Broad Terrace.' In the centre of the face is a series of overhangs one above the other. The route follows a line of cracks and grooves about 50 ft. right of these. Scramble for 400 ft. up Broad Terrace to just below its highest point. Climb easily up leftwards to large platform (50 ft.). Up groove behind and its continuation to block belay (60 ft.). Climb crack left of detached block and continue up wall on flakes,

moving right to peg belay on top of monster flake (90 ft.). The objective is the steep groove directly above. From left end of flake climb layback corner to resting place. Use a peg to gain slab on right and another to tension into groove. Up this to good stance and peg belays (90 ft.). Up shallow grooves above for 40 ft. to bulge and surmount this (2 pegs) to small perch and peg belay (60 ft.). Continue up short groove above, going leftwards up greasy walls to top (120 ft.).

Eagle's Rock.—This cliff lies opposite Creag an Dubh Loch, the main climbing being on the most continuous section to the right of an obvious waterfall. The routes lie up fine, clean granite and are described from left to right.

—*Lethargy*. 450 ft. Hard Severe. J. McArtney & D. Duncan. 14th June 1967.

Start right of waterworn slab (arrow) and climb slab up through chimney and grooves. Move left of watercourse onto wall and stance with peg belay (140 ft.). Follow watercourse in 3 pitches on perfect rock with fine corner near top.

—*Indolence*. 450 ft. Very Severe. J. McArtney & D. Duncan. 14th June 1967.

Start 15 ft. right of Lethargy (arrow). Go up slab then follow corners to sloping stance and peg belay. Move awkwardly right for 6 ft. and climb grooves and corners to large block belay 20 ft. below overhang. Climb overhang and continue up corners.

—*Nomad's Crack*. 500 ft. Very Severe. J. McArtney & D. Duncan. 16th June 1967.

Start at right edge of slab (arrow) and trend right on faith and friction towards green grassy cracks which follow to belay (140 ft.). At this point one is only 25 ft. above gully floor. Climb grooves above to stance below prominent V-chimney. Climb this, emerging on right, move delicately up slab for 20 ft. to stance. Move diagonally up crack and climb directly up to wide chimney and V-crack. Climb the flakes on the left and traverse horizontally left to stance. Climb grooves on left, move round corner and climb V-chimney to top.

—*Abstention*. 350 ft. Very Severe. A. Fyfe & J. Glennie. Date uncertain.

Scramble up easy broken slabs right of Nomad's Crack to a steepening with two corners. Climb the right one which slopes left, is pink and arched. Up awkwardly onto slab and thence to obvious ledge system leading right into smooth pink leftward-sloping corner. Climb this to below huge nose, step awkwardly and delicately left and continue to top.

Glen Callater: Creag an Fhir-Saighde.—*Central Slabs Cleft*. 370 ft. GRADE III. B. S. Findlay & N. D. McC. Keir. 3½ hours. 24th December 1966.

The cleft, being a natural watercourse, provides sustained ice-work early in the season. Start at summer stance and continue to first chockstone (100 ft.). Then go over iced chockstones (crux), (100 ft.). Continue till cleft widens (70 ft.). Steep ice to finish (100 ft.).

Glen Clova.—The following descriptions have been supplied by D. F. Lang of the Carn Dearg M.C. (see also *Cairngorms Notes*).

Glen Clova: Red Craig, The Doonie.—*Guinness*. 200 ft. Very Severe. Carn Dearg M.C. party. 1958.

Start at prominent rib on left of face and climb to ledge below crack containing 2 bolts. Climb past bolts and under overhang to ledge and belay. Finish up crack on right.

—*Special Brew*. 200 ft. Very Severe.

G. Malloch & party. Date uncertain.

Start 10 ft. right of Guinness. Climb ramp and make for recess level with Guinness belay. Up to ledge then climb crack using sling on spike. Move right past peg runner to ledge with large loose blocks. Climb directly to top.

—*Export*. 200 ft. Very Severe.

Start at wall left of Ant Slab. Climb to level of thin crack. Insert peg runner and climb free to good spike hold (hard). Belay on ledge. Climb obvious rib and belay at tree. Finish up top wall via niche.

Other routes on this crag are Jake's Jungle Route, Elephant Slab, Corn-foot's Corner, Mewat's Renege and Slab Gully, to mention a few.

North-West Crag, Lower Section.—*Proud Corner*. 150 ft. Hard Severe. G. Malloch.

On wall right of Dander climb prominent rib from lowest rocks to large ledge. Move left onto face and climb to triangular-shaped slab (peg runner). Climb up pocket holds to mantleshelf finish.

Upper Section.—*Zig-zag (DIRECT FINISH)*. 50 ft. A1.

From belay on High Level Traverse climb open corner above and exit on left. VARIATION to Zig-zag (70 ft. Very Severe.). Start below big overhang, left of original start. Climb to shelf (peg runner), move right into crack and finish up slab.

—*Roman Candle*. 80 ft. A3. D. Crabb, J. Howe & D. F. Lang. Spring 1964.

This route ascends the big overhang directly (pegs & wedges).

—*Alder (VARIATION)*. 50 ft. Severe.

From quartz ledge belay on Hanging Lum climb that route a few feet, move right and climb crack in steep red wall.

Central Crag.—*Upper Parapet*. 120 ft. Very Difficult.

Starts from the gully on the right of the crag. Climb slab and move left to corner. Climb recess to reach parapet and finish up wall on right.

South-East Crag.—*Parapet Route (DIRECT START)*. Hard Severe.

Start at lowest rocks below original start and climb to terrace then climb wall on right of original start.

Driesh.—*Scorrie Buttress*. 400 ft. Mild Severe.

This is the broken buttress defining the right-hand side of Winter Corrie. It gives good sport and many variations are possible. Exciting when the rocks are wet and slippery.

CENTRAL HIGHLANDS

Creag Dubh, Newtonmore: Main Face.—*Minge*. 450 ft. Very Severe (6, A3). A. McKeith, I. A. MacEacheran & W. Pryde. 21st May 1967.

An improbable zig-zag line between Inbred and Migraine, starting in the broken groove immediately right of the fence. Climb groove (3+) to grass platform below start of Inbred, then traverse up rightwards (4-) to tree belay (70 ft.). Climb wall above directly (5) to narrow ledge below bulge and traverse rightwards (5+) to below short, shallow groove with ring peg. Climb

groove (A3, 4 pegs & 1 sling) leaving rightwards with a hard move (6) from a sling balanced on a bump. Belay on slabs of Migraine (100 ft.). Finish as for Migraine.

—*The Hill*. 360 ft. Very Severe.

K. Spence & J. Porteous. September 1967.

Start 15 ft. left of Inbred at rusty broken rocks. Climb these and continue to shallow vertical weakness (2 peg runners). Climb this to flake runner and traverse 15 ft. right to triangular niche of Inbred (80 ft.). Return to weakness and continue for 15 ft. Then trend left (peg runner), back right and go up to ledge on 'leftward-trending groove' of Inbred (70 ft.). Surmount bulge above and continue to ledge and belay (60 ft.). Easy ground to top (150 ft.).

—*King Bee* (VARIATION). 90 ft. Very Severe. K. Spence & R. Gaff. September 1967.

Instead of traversing left where existing first pitch steepens, continue straight up over overhang (peg runner) and so to belay.

Sprawl Wall.—*Stoop So Low*. 230 ft. Very Severe. J. Porteous & K. Spence. September 1967.

This route lies up the belt of rocks about 100 ft. right of Slanting Groove. From huge quartz flake climb small groove on left and follow system of ledges and walls to shallow scoop below obvious broken corner (60 ft.). Up left and climb corner to large ledge (70 ft.). Climb small slab on left, traverse right a few feet, surmount overhang at obvious break and go up to grass ledge (40 ft.). Finish up walls above (60 ft.).

Binnein Shuas.—This modest hill turns its back on Loch Laggan but shows a fierce face to Lochan na h-Earba in Ardverikie Forest. D. F. Lang, Carn Dearg M.C., supplied the following comments, routes and diagram. The recommended approach is from the A86 about 10 miles west of Loch Laggan Hotel. Follow the true right bank of the Amhainn Ghuilbinn until a fence crosses the moor. Follow the fence to a good estate road which follow to Lochan na h-Earba. The crag is about 20 minutes' walk from the head of the loch. It is about 500 ft. high and composed mainly of micro-granite and feldspar. On approaching the crag one is faced by a huge wall with massive overhangs at its right end. This is the Fortress and the wall the West Sector. Behind this wall is Hidden Gully (probably Gimcrack below, but we'll put them both in just now) and beyond the Gully is Ardverikie Wall on the East Sector.

The climbs are described from left to right.

West Sector.—*West Chimney*. An obvious watercourse.

—*Blaeberry Grooves*. 250 ft. Very Severe.

17th September 1967.

Lies up the imposing wall between West Chimney and Broken Gully. Start at obvious crack line in centre of face. Up crack to ledge and thread belay (peg runner) (100 ft.). Gain slab above and follow central crack line easily to top (150 ft.).

—*Broken Gully*. The obvious gully below West Chimney.

—*Cube Wall*. 400 ft. Hard Severe. 17th September 1967.

Start at an obvious corner below a recent rockfall. Climb corner-crack to ledge on left, move left from obvious quartz cube (peg) and up to diagonal fault. Follow obvious line into large corner and up to grass (110 ft.). Climb wall above to terrace (70 ft.). From large boulder on right climb short layback crack and an easy groove crossing Kubla Khan to belay at quartz knob (130 ft.). Finish directly up slab (80 ft.).

—*Kubla Khan*. 370 ft. Hard Severe. 25th June 1967.

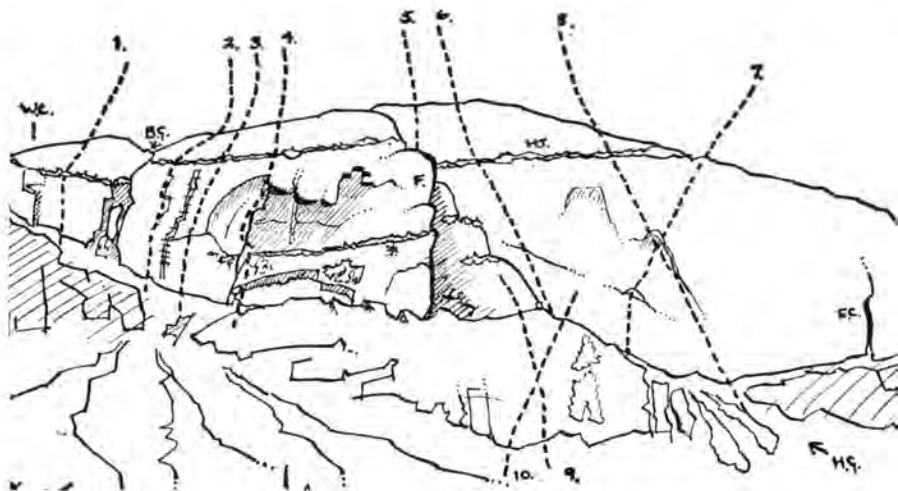
This route is on the slabby wall left of the Fortress and starts to the right of a dyke at a ledge below the first wall left of the huge overhangs. Climb steep grooved wall to juniper bush on large ledge (60 ft.). Climb grooved slab above until forced to move left onto small ledge and enter recess (150 ft.). Leave recess, continue over terrace, climb overhang and lichenous slab above (160 ft.).

—*The Keep*. 450 ft. Very Severe. 16th July 1967.

Follows the left edge of the Fortress. Start at crack on left wall above a rowan tree on the grassy ramp. Climb outside wall of crack (40 ft.). Continue up grooves on edge of buttress to two vertical cracks. Climb left-hand crack using 2 pegs and slings. From top peg enter right-hand crack to reach large flake, continue up this fault, passing loose block, to emerge on slab then easily up to grass patch and belays (140 ft., crux, very exposed). Climb up slab to terrace and belay in small cave (100 ft.). Climb hogsback ridge on right to top (170 ft.).

—*Hidden Gully*. 450 ft. Very Difficult. April 1967.

Climb numerous short chockstone pitches, passing biggest on the left (crux). This is almost certainly *Gimcrack*, climbed in 1965 by C. Doake, P. Tranter & J. Gilchrist but not reported to us. They note that it has been climbed in winter as well but was unsatisfactory. There is also a rumour that T. W. Patey has climbed a route in the region of the Fortress, but we are tired of rumours.



CLIFFS OF BINNEIN SHUAS

1. Blaeberry Grooves; 2. Cube Wall; 3. Kubla Khan; 4. The Keep;
5. Merrydown; 6. Flypaper; 7. Hairline Grooves; 8. Ardverikie Wall;
9. Cross; 10. Criss.

(Diagram by G. N. Hunter)

East Sector.—*Merrydown*, 170 ft. Hard Severe. 24th June 1967.

Start at the junction of the terrace with Hidden Gully above the gully's crux. Climb rib, move right and up past small overhang to ledge and belay (70 ft.). Climb wall above then easy to top (100 ft.).

—*Flypaper*, 370 ft. Very Severe. 24th June 1967.

Start at cairn in Hidden Gully about 200 ft. up where it begins to narrow. Climb steep red wall on small holds, continue over small overhang to small birch tree in corner. Short of the tree go rightwards to ledge and thread belay (130 ft.). Back horizontally left for 25 ft. (peg runner) then up 30 ft. and leftwards to terrace (90 ft.). Climb prominent Red Streak above to flake runner. Leave flake on small holds to layback crack which follow to top (150 ft.).

—*Hairline Grooves*, 400 ft. Severe. 17th September 1967.

This route follows a thin crack line across Ardverikie Wall. Start at obvious waterworn fault at the foot of Hidden Gully. Cairn. Climb left of a flake spike, move up and go right to a line of cracks which follow to black rocks and gravel ledge. Belay here or at prominent white scar above (90 ft.). Climb up from the right of the scar until a crack can be discerned and climb it up to and through an overlap to belay on third pitch of Ardverikie Wall (120 ft.). Step off belay flake and continue up faint crack to perfect thread belay (130 ft.). Easy to terrace (60 ft.).

—*Ardverikie Wall*, 550 ft. Mild Severe. 24th June 1967.

Takes a direct line up the centre of the main buttress. Start at the lowest rocks right of Hidden Gully and some 25 ft. left of a large boulder forming an arch. Cairn. Climb rib then heather to belay in niche (40 ft.). Regain rib and climb it direct to slab. Trend right, then back left to ledge and flake belay (130 ft.). Up slab into scoop below overlap, climb overlap on large holds or move right to ledge, then up to flake belay (100 ft.). Move right from belay to holds (crux) then slightly leftwards up ill-defined rib to belay below large scoop (125 ft.). Up and over small overlap to quartzvein which follow to terrace (55 ft.). Finish up easy slabs (100 ft.).

Lang comments 'This route can be considered a classic. Its appearance belies its grading and, with the exception of the first pitch and some lichen on the rib, it is on perfect rock throughout with magnificent situations. The pioneers can think of no other route of the same grading of comparable quality.'

—*Criss*, 200 ft. Mild Severe. 15th July 1967.

Climb rightward trending crack (see diagram) in two pitches to top.

—*Cross*, 180 ft. Mild Very Severe. 15th July 1967.

Start at first fault right of Criss. Climb straight up then left crossing Criss and follow corner till it overlaps. Break through overlap and finish directly.

All the above routes were first climbed by D. F. Lang & G. N. Hunter in various orders.

Chno Dearg, Meall Garbh: East Face.—We unearthed these routes from an old Corriemulzie Club Journal. They say, 'Credit for the discovery of this cliff must go to P. Tranter, who nearly fell over it. The crag, some 500 ft. high, seems to have escaped the notice both of climbers and the Ordnance Survey, with complete justification.'

—*Watcher's Wall*. 250 ft. Severe.
P. Tranter & I. G. Rowe. 10th October 1964.

The cliff is cleft in the middle by an obvious diagonal gash. To the right or north of this gash is a deep black chimney which starts at the bottom of the cliff and converges with the gash at a prominent cave. Above this cave the gash continues to another, bigger cave. Climb the gash to first cave then traverse right on wet and slippery ledge till it would be possible to ascend easy rotten terrain to second cave if that were desired. Instead, go further right by obvious through-route which leads round right containing ridge of gash to easy ledge. A short way along this one comes to the foot of a deep-cut chimney. This is the start of the climb (!). Climb chimney to small deep cave and chockstone belay (80 ft.). Continue in chimney for 40 ft. to grass below only obvious weakness in steep wall above. One is now close to the upper cave. This weakness is a chimney groove and has not been climbed. Belay below it. Climb a few feet up groove, then go horizontally right for 25 ft. to another chimney which climb past awkward overhanging projection to easy ground.

—*Inspiration*. 400 ft. Severe.
W. Fraser & A. Park. 10th October 1964.

50 yds. left of the gash a grassy ledge slants up right. Climb this to split corner and up this for 25 ft. Trend left to obvious corner which follow to grass and belays (100 ft.). More grass, then a large obvious block and gain ridge on the right (100 ft.). This steepens to form crux. Easy rocks beyond.

Stob Gabhar: South Face.—*H.P. Gully*. 300 ft. GRADE I-II. D. J. Pullin & B. T. Hill. 23rd April 1967.

Near the head of the southern corrie and on its west side is a steep, narrow, conspicuous couloir. Climb it; there may be an ice-pitch and will be a steep finish.

BEN NEVIS

Ben Nevis: North-East Buttress.—*Ruddy Rocks Route*. (FIRST WINTER ASCENT). J. R. Marshall, R. Marshall & R. N. Campbell. 3 hours. March 1967.
Summer Route followed; much snow, little ice.

Observatory Buttress.—*The Liquidator*. 600 ft. GRADE V.
I. A. MacEachern & J. Renny. 7 hours. 20th February 1965.

The route follows the line of steep iced grooves on the right edge of the buttress. The climbing is serious and sustained throughout, the crux being the big obvious bulge.

—*Psychedelic Wall*. 600 ft. Very Severe. J. R. Jackson & R. Marshall. September 1967.

Takes the slabby wall about 60 ft. left of Gardyloo Gully. Start below large detached flake and go up to it. Get on to flake from right and climb up and right to ledge. Climb slabby arête on left (peg runner) to ledge and spike belay (110 ft.). Climb arête on left to mossy ledge. Peg belay at left end (100 ft.). Up corner above (10 ft.), traverse left 10 ft. and gain ledge above by 20 ft. wall. Climb corner-crack above to enormous block (70 ft.). Climb groove and cracks rightwards to ledge below prominent corner with deep crack (80 ft.). Climb crack to beneath large block at 20 ft., move right and climb loose chimney above to stance (90 ft.). Gain good slabby rock above and finish up one of three corners in final wall. Scrambling remains to plateau (150 ft.).

South Trident Buttress.—(*Unnamed*). 300 ft. (FIRST WINTER ASCENT). J. R. Marshall, R. Marshall & R. N. Campbell. 3 hours. March 1967.

This route follows what was mistakenly thought to be Kellet's Groove Climb on the Middle Tier of the buttress, the very marked groove to the left of the crest. The groove was followed as far as an overhung recess (150 ft.). Leave the groove for chimney on right, tunnel through chimney to the other side of the crest and go up to ledge (80 ft.). Climb short wall to easy ground and top of tier (50 ft.). (See *Ben Nevis Notes*).

GLENCOE, GLEN ETIVE & ARDGOUR

Beinn Chaorach; Creag Chaorach.—This compact granite crag faces south-east towards Stob Coire an Albannaich. It is clearly seen in profile from the summit of Buachaille Etive Mòr, which makes its neglect surprising. The best approach is to follow Glen Ceitlin till it forks, then scramble up the gorge into the corrie between Stob Coire an Albannaich and Beinn Chaorach, passing a striking pinnacle on the way. A well-defined area of cracks and deep V-grooves divides the crag into two portions: to the left of these faults is an expanse of steep slabs, to the right are three narrow buttresses. The leftmost buttress has a striking pink slab, capped by a line of overhangs. The two routes reported lie on this buttress. The rock is sound and nowhere difficult.

—*Central Rib*. 400 ft. Difficult.
J. R. Marshall & R. N. Campbell. April 1967.

Takes the line of least resistance up the buttress, finishing up the rib bounding the prominent pink slab on the right.

—*Eezay Edge*. 350 ft. Severe. J. Brumfit & B. Sproul. 13th May 1967.

Follows the left edge of the buttress throughout.

—*Patey's Old Man*. 70 ft. Unclassifiable. I. Rowe & B. Sproul. May 1967.

The striking pinnacle mentioned above. It protrudes from the left wall of the gorge. Lasso the top and climb the rope. Treat it gently.

Beinn Trilleachan; Etive Slabs.—*Curses*. 490 ft. Severe. A. Kirk & C. Kilpatrick. 23rd April 1967.

The route lies up a slab about 300 yds. right of the main slabs beyond a small ravine and about level with the foot of the main slabs. It ends among steep heather, trees, grass, etc. and descent is accomplished by an abseil. Begin at lowest tongue of slab. Climb to vertical flake edge (peg runner) then diagonally right along a groove and over a lap to belay in groove above (115 ft.). Climb the groove (peg runner), follow band of red rock running right then go straight up to poor peg belay (90 ft.). Follow 1-inch quartz-band diagonally right for 55 ft., then go up just left of black water-streak to belay at a vertical flake (105 ft., crux, no protection possible). Follow grass ledge rightwards then go up rock rib to belay (100 ft.). Climb rib for 40 ft. then traverse right to heather and tree belay (80 ft.). Bar this, peg belays throughout. Abseil into grassy gully on right.

Buachaille Etive Mòr; North Buttress, East Face.—*Girdle Traverse*. 300 ft. J. R. Jackson & K. Robson. September 1967.

Climb faint diagonal fault just right of start of N.E. Zigzag until a right traverse leads to the sentry-box on Shackle Route (120 ft.). Cross Shattered Crack and Crow's Nest Crack until a steep groove can be descended for 10 ft.

(as for Mainbrace Crack). Continue rightwards to belay above first pitch of White Wall Crack (60 ft.). Step across Bottleneck Chimney to ledge with small juniper bush. Traverse this, step down to smaller ledge, move round corner into the scoop of Gallows Route just above the first roof. Up the scoop to ledge, traverse this rightwards (crux) to mossy groove. Up groove to block belay (120 ft.).

Great Gully Buttress.—*Sundown Slab*, 170 ft. Severe. I. Clough & party. 23rd August 1967.

Climb leftmost of two grooves below and left of Great Flake Route. Go left by delicate slabs and open grooves to the top.

Geàrr Aonach: Lower East Face.—*Bunny's Route*, 450 ft. GRADE III. I. Clough, C. & G. Kynaston. 29th March 1967.

Approach gully fault of Bunny's Route proper by the series of short walls below (see Harry, *S.M.C.J.*, 1966, xxviii, 223). Avoid first two walls by snow gangways just left of the start of Harry. The face was heavily plastered in snow.

Upper East Face, Lower Wall.—The largest of the walls directly below the 'alp' under the main face is split by two cracks. The more prominent crack is a rightward diagonal crack-groove, usually wet. Left of this is a thin vertical crack.

—*Flake Groove*, 240 ft. Very Difficult. I. Clough, G. Brown, J. G. Donnison & R. A. Logan. 12th June 1967.

Climb the diagonal crack-groove past large pinnacle-flake to ledge and belay (90 ft.). Traverse left across exposed wall and move up to small stance and thread belay (30 ft.). Left and up slabs and wall to belay (120 ft.). Scramble to top.

—*Slimcrack*, 200 ft. Severe. I. Clough & C. G. M. Slessor. 17th October 1965.

The thin vertical crack, hard at mid-height, then slabs and scrambling to the top.

—*M*, 200 ft. Severe. J. Knight & J. Renny. 6th August 1966.

Below and to the left of Rainmaker is a wall capped by an enormous roof. The route lies to the left of this roof. Start 30 ft. left of roof at a cairn and arrow. Climb grassy crack up and right to ledge, traverse and surmount bulge then trend right to break in roofs above. Climb roof using 1 peg to belay below prominent chimney (130 ft.). Climb chimney breaking out right to finish (80 ft.).

Main Face.—*Slithy*, 400 ft. Hard Severe. I. Clough, P. McLeod & R. Morgan. 18th August 1967.

The route takes the wall between Smersh and Outgrabe Direct. Start 30 ft. left of Outgrabe Direct below twin grooves (cairn). Climb left-hand groove with difficulty to belay (60 ft.). Follow cracks above (90 ft.). Continue up fault to bulge then go left to belay below obvious chimney (100 ft.). Climb chimney and exit left to grassy bay then finish by big flake and easier ground (150 ft.), or (DIRECT FINISH. W. Thomson & party. 23rd August 1967) move right at top of chimney into groove leading to top.

—*Annie's Route*, 400 ft. Very Severe. D. A. Knowles, D. R. Knowles & J. Loxham. 21st September 1967.

Start 15 ft. right of Whimsy (*S.M.C.J.*, 1967, xxviii, 335) below steep wide crack. Climb crack to belay (80 ft.). Climb wall above, then traverse right to foot of groove (60 ft.). Up right wall of groove, over bulge, then leftwards into the crack, which follow for 40 ft., then up left to large stance (100 ft.). Go back right into the crack and climb it to easy ground (150 ft.).

North Face.—*The Late Late Show*. 510 ft. Very Severe. K. Spence & J. Porteus. August 1967.

The route lies up the Nose between the lines of Preamble and The Knee-pad. Start midway between the starts of these routes below most prominent groove. Enter groove from left (peg runner), climb it a few feet, exit right, go up steep wall, surmount bulge and cross slab to gain small leftward-slanting ramp (80 ft.). Peg belay. Climb ramp and steep wall beyond to easier ground leading to belay on the main girdling ledge (80 ft.). The next two pitches follow a system of cracks and grooves immediately right of the black groove of Preamble and lead to a peg belay on a slabby ledge (160 ft.). Climb steep black wall on right and continue to belay (90 ft.). Easier ground to finish (100 ft.).

—*Agoraphobia*. 800 ft. Very Severe (5+), M. Galbraith & A. McKeith. 11th June 1967.

This route, a high-level girdle of the face, is continuously and spectacularly exposed, but unfortunately does not maintain its standard. Climb Easy Route to grass ledge above first band of red rock. Follow ledge rightwards to start of climb, 30 ft. before prominent black cave. Climb up diagonally rightwards then slightly downwards above roof of cave past shallow chimney to belay on sloping shelf (4), (120 ft.). Move along shelf, cross steep wall by diagonal crack (5+), and continue up shelf to belay at tree on skyline (140 ft.). Walk and climb horizontally for two rope-lengths (3), then finish diagonally rightwards in 3 rope-lengths on excellent rock (3). Pegs for belays and protection.

Stob Coire nan Lochan: Summit Buttress.—*The Duel*. 300 ft. Very Severe. I. G. Rowe & B. Sproul. 18th June 1967.

Two well-defined ramps rise up the right flank of the buttress above Scabbard Chimney. The line of the climb is the lower ramp. Start at the foot of slab left of Scabbard Chimney and climb slightly rightwards by cracks and grooves (5—). Pass through break in overhangs and climb slab above by its right edge until a step rightwards can be made on to the lower ramp (5—), (110 ft.). Continue by groove above (3) to chimney-crack, gained with difficulty (5+), and follow this to the finish.

South Buttress.—*Tilt* (VARIATION START) 130 ft. Severe. Mr & Mrs I. Clough. 25th June 1967.

Start just right of the Direct Route. Climb a line of cracks to foot of deep-cut chimney (70 ft.). Up chimney to below the groove of Tilt (60 ft.).

—*Unicorn*. 365 ft. Very Severe. J. R. Marshall & R. N. Campbell. June 1967.

The route follows the huge monolithic corner near the right edge of the buttress. Climb corner for 20 ft., move right onto rib, climb 15 ft., re-enter corner to place cowardly peg then follow corner to stance and belay (100 ft.). Continue in two pitches to crest of buttress (60 ft. & 130 ft.). Climb loose chimney to easy ground (75 ft.).

Aonach Dubh: Lower North-East Nose.—*Freak-Out*. 300 ft. Very Severe (6, A3). D. Bathgate & A. McKeith. 1st July 1967.

A grand route for a wet day (sic) following the obvious crack in the pink wall to the right of Boomerang. Scramble up the lowest rocks to ledge and belay, below and right of the crack (30 ft.). Follow crack by small overhang and short corner (6) then more steeply (A1, 1 peg, 2 nuts) until a right traverse (5+) leads to sloping ledge where peg belay and stance in ropes can be arranged (80 ft.). Climb subsidiary crack (A1) back leftwards to right side of overhang recess. Surmount this on the left (A2), continuing up overhanging crack (A2) to cross a double roof (A3, loose). Peg belay at tree on ledge above (100 ft.).

15 pegs, 1 nut, 1 sling). Climb directly up wall above (5+, wet) and scramble to top. All aid removed.

—*Girdle Traverse*. 270 ft. Very Severe. J. Porteous & K. Spence. August 1967.

Start about halfway up Little Boomerang. Traverse right between two lowest overhangs, cross steep wall and descend to belay in Boomerang (40 ft.). Reverse Boomerang crux on right wall and follow obvious descending fault across the white wall to peg belay on Freak-Out (50 ft.). Climb groove above 15 ft. and traverse right across steep wall to large ledge and belay (40 ft.). Climb short crack, cross Original Route and ascend rightwards to top (140 ft.).

North Face.—*Rabbits' Hole*. 355 ft. Very Severe. J. R. Marshall, R. Marshall & R. N. Campbell. 9th July 1967.

This is the gully lying directly above the access pitch to Pleasant Terrace. Climb central chimney-crack for 25 ft., traverse right into another crack then go up belays in the Hole (100 ft.). Continue to dark cave and belays (75 ft.). Move out and, with the aid of slings, negotiate huge chockstone to gain stance above. Continue up and out to chockstone belay (30 ft.). The gully now opens out, but was abandoned in the teeth of strong wind and rain for an escape route up easy rocks on the left (150 ft.).

—*Way In*. 300 ft. Very Severe. C. Higgins (C.D.M.C.) & B. Sproul. 23rd June 1967.

Takes crag above Pleasant Terrace left of Rabbits' Hole and above Clevedon Way. Start up broken rock of corner to belay on top of loose pinnacle (80 ft.). Then go up 10 ft. then right over slab to continue corner and belay above overhang. Walls and more broken ground follow to the top.

—*Yak*. 180 ft. Very Severe. H. Small, J. Graham & R. Marshall. July 1966.

The deep-cut V-groove at the west end of the cliff. Start below the groove, 30 ft. left of Clevedon Way. Cairn. Climb groove to ledge and belay of Clevedon Way (90 ft.). Climb square corner on left to Pleasant Terrace (90 ft.).

—*19th Nervous Breakdown*. 250 ft. Very Severe. H. Small & K. Haggerty. August 1966.

Start in loose corner a few feet left of Yak below wide overhanging crack. Cairn. Climb corner a few feet then go up and left to small ledge. From left-hand edge climb down 10 ft. (peg runner) and traverse red wall to jammed block in wide crack. Climb crack to niche and belay (100 ft.). Go left from niche to large ledge then climb gangway on left of big V-notch to poor stance and peg belay (70 ft.). Climb steep chimney crack on right (1 wedge) to Pleasant Terrace.

—*Tober* (VARIATION START). H. Small & K. Haggerty. September 1966.

Climb two overhanging flakes above initial slab and continue up loose groove to belay above first pitch.

—*Flip-Out*. 320 ft. Very Severe (6, A3). D. Bathgate & A. W. Ewing. 19th June 1967.

The route takes the line of the crack in the left wall of Ossian's Cave, starting just above the top of Ossian's Ladder. Climb free for 70 ft. then use 4 pegs to reach ledge and peg belay on left (100 ft.). Use 4 pegs to leave belay, trending left to ledge on arête (80 ft.). Pleasant scrambling to Pleasant Terrace (140 ft.).

West Face, E. Buttress.—*The Tumbler*. 380 ft. Very Severe. K. Spence & J. Porteous. August 1967.

Start 20 ft. left of Hee-Haw. Climb groove for 15 ft., traverse left across steep wall and go up to large grass ledge (90 ft.). Peg belay. Climb small flake

pinnacle on the right for 10 ft., step left on to wall and go up to belay on Trapeze below the steep wall (130 ft.). From the right-hand side of ledge climb up rightwards and continue up overhanging wall (peg runner) to reach a groove/crack system, which follow to join Trapeze at the 'slab beneath an overhang.' Continue as for Trapeze (110 ft., 50 ft.).

—*Girdle Traverse*. 800 ft. Very Severe (5+). M. Galbraith & A. McKeith. 24th June 1967.

Start on the nose of the buttress at the foot of Original Route. Scramble up right for 30 ft. to slab above overhang and traverse horizontally right for 100 ft., descending two overhanging corners in passing (5) to join Big Top above the 'slabby corner' on the first pitch. Follow Big Top for 300 ft. or so (5+) until it becomes possible to traverse easily right onto Trapeze slab at midheight. Cross slab at that level to ledge (4), (100 ft.). Climb straight up to the 'well-defined platform' on Trapeze (4), (50 ft.), then finish as for Trapeze.

Stob Coire nam Beith: No. 1 Buttress.—700 ft. GRADE II. I. Clough & party. 2 hours. 9th March 1967.

Takes the line of the prominent chimney, mentioned in the description of the summer route, directly. Several short ice pitches.

Sphinx Buttress.—*Direct Route*. 500 ft. Severe. Mr & Mrs I. Clough & J. Simpson. 8th August 1967.

Begin about 100 ft. below the normal start, by a groove near the prow of the buttress (arrow). Climb this groove, go up left and take groove on right to grass ledge and belays (70 ft.). Directly above is a prominent groove. Climb up right of this into short subsidiary groove leading on to upper right wall of main groove. Up this delicately to ledge and belay (50 ft.). Go up to big ledge below crux of normal route (40 ft.). Follow this to beyond pinnacle-flake (100 ft.). Traverse diagonally right to foot of big corner (100 ft.). Climb corner which overhangs at first (70 ft., crux) and continue directly to the top.

Garbh Bheinn: Great Ridge, South Face.—*Plod*. 700 ft. GRADE I. B. T. Hill, D. Stone & M. Durham. 10th December 1966.

The initial chimney of South-East Chimney was climbed to the terrace and the route continued below the South Wall to the top.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS

The Brack—*Mammoth*. 280 ft. A3 & Very Severe. W. Skidmore, R. Richardson & J. Crawford (all Greenock M.C.). 23rd September 1967.

Follows the impressive left enclosing wall of Great Central Groove. A demanding artificial climb, requiring dry weather and about 8 hours. Start 20 ft. left of G.C.G. second pitch at overhung recess, reached from left by ledge. Cairn. Leave by sling on high spike, take to right wall, swing round edge and gain narrow grass ledge. Climb deep crack, finishing awkwardly at large ledge and belays common to G.C.G. (55 ft., 5). Back and foot for 12 ft. then pitons up overhanging crack into small V-recess. Cross short slab and surmount split overhang (wedge in place) to good ledge and peg belay (50 ft., A2). Up rightwards onto grass ledge, then easily to higher ledge followed rightwards to climb's chief morsel: The Long Crack. Good stance and thread belay (35 ft., 4—). The crack is wide all the way and takes only big angles and some bongs with free moves and bulges involved. Several wedges in place Good stance and peg belay in isolated cave high on face (90 ft., A3). Gain a cramped ledge above the cave awkwardly, then up crack line on threaded slings (1 peg) to reach grass. A short corner leads to gallery and belays. Very exposed with good protection (50 ft., 5, A2).

—*Great Central Groove*. (FIRST WINTER ASCENT). W. Skidmore & R. Richardson. 7th January 1968. 7 hours in nails.

The groove comes readily into condition (earlier than Elephant Gully) building up ice almost irrespective of snow conditions, given a freeze. On this ascent both ice and snow were present in abundance and a splendid sustained climb ensued. The first moderate summer pitch was turned on the left by a ledge. Thereafter every pitch offered increasing difficulty. The summer crux was very arduous and required two blade pegs and several threads. A peg was also used at the start of the long slab pitch. The final pitch was turned using combined tactics on the short overhanging wall.

Craig-y-Barns: Upper Cave Crag.—*Girdle Traverse*. A3 & Very Severe. G. & R. Farquhar. 20th August 1967.

Start at large platform on The Ramp near left end of crag. Follow horizontal crack level with platform to dark groove. Climb groove and belay on small ledge beside overhang (60 ft., A2). Move right and under small overhang, descend for 8 ft. using étriers to small vertical crack (retrieve by fifis). Go right to point 3 or 4 ft. below large detached block, traverse overhanging wall to scoop of Mousetrap just under big overhang, descend 8 to 10 ft. on étriers then move across to stance of Ratrace (55 ft., A3). Up 6 ft. then go right to downward-sloping diagonal crack. Down this till it dies, then cross to edge of overhanging part of the crag (5 bolts, in place). Move round to small stance and belay (50 ft., A2). Up scoop of Squirm Direct then across to foot of Coffin Corner (50 ft., 5—). Up Coffin Arête to finish (50 ft.).

Polney Crag.—*The Way Through*. 100 ft. Very Severe. K. Spence & R. Sharpe. July 1967.

Start at tree 10 ft. left of Wriggle, climb wall and overhang behind tree (peg runner), climb second overhang to right (peg runner) and go up to cracked blocks below the Groove. Finish by Piker's Progress.

—*Coathanger*. 80 ft. A2. J. R. Dempster & K. J. Martin (both J.M.C.S. Perth). 3rd June 1967.

Start at arrow well to right of Myopic's Corner. Climb up rightwards to main roof. Go a few feet left, then up roof and rightwards to top. Climbing exclusively aided.

NOTES

Skye Notes

Maps.—The Ordnance Survey have recently forecast that the 2½-inch maps of The Cuillin will be published in autumn 1968. These will presumably supersede the Club Map.

Rhum Notes

Prospectus.—H. M. Brown writes: 'Having Ann Littlejohn, Ian Clough and the B.F.'s all on Rhum at once was not noticeably overcrowding. Allival, Middle Section, Central, holds some promising hard lines. Bulging Wall, the first crag left of the top of Giant's Staircase (Ruinsival) is still unclimbed. The left wall of the Northern Section of the Middle Tier on Ruinsival will probably go only with artificial aid. Three lines, that on right starting immediately

above the crux of Seoras. Blocks for runners [Nuts, one supposes—Ed.] are useful in Rhum, where walls and cracks will give many fine routes yet. There are also the sea-cliffs! An independent guide to the island might be a coming necessity; but for spacing, small hard routes and the lesser easier routes would have to go. Some 'classics' could be retained. Ann Littlejohn is at present collecting notes of routes, etc.'

Justice.—Brown also remarks: 'Pimply editing: (*S.M.C.J.*, 1967, xxviii, 321), line 37 'right,' should be 'left'; line 40, read '40 ft. left of rake leading up right.' No editorial comment

Arran Notes

As well as their routes reported in this year's New Climbs, A. J. Maxfield and his party report several climbs on **Maol Donn** and a Girdle of **Tòrr Nead an Eoin**. There is also a route from another English party on the main face of the latter crag in the vicinity of the perplexing Grey Wall. Our Man in Arran, W. Wallace, will sort out the last two routes for next year but Wallace feels, and so do we, that, though the Maol Donn climbs are interesting from a technical point of view and worth a visit on a wet day, they do not merit detailed description.

Wallace also notes that Trundle (*S.M.C.J.*, 1965, xxviii, 111) is wrongly assigned to Rosa Slabs, being on **South Slabs** and, though reasonably well-described, is over-graded at Hard Severe. He also suggests that the time has come to call a halt on South Slabs. One can climb almost anywhere on these slabs and the existing descriptions will serve.

Northern Highlands Notes

Guinard Jetty Buttress.—We have reports of two routes on this buttress (see *S.M.C.J.*, 1963, xxvii, 386). *Dunnit*. (180 ft. Very Severe). D. Crabb & D. F. Lang. July 1966, is the steep imposing thin crack starting 15 ft. right of the left boundary fence. *Dougal*. (150 ft. Very Severe). B. Sproul & A. McKeith. March 1967, starts from the lowest rocks and continues by a shallow depression and a bulging rib to a grass ledge, thence finishing rightwards.

Tollie Crag, Loch Maree.—Several new routes on these lochside crags are confusingly described and possibly duplicated. They will be held over until the next issue or until the *Guide* appears. I. G. Rowe, the *Guide* editor, has promised a rationalisation.

Western Highland Notes

Glen Orrin.—Stale from a night's revelry in Strathconon Inn, 'Screw-taps or whisky, boys?' D. Bathgate and R. N. Campbell crossed to Glen Orrin to examine Creag a'Ghlastail, inspired by the words of T. M. Crowley's 'O'er the Hills and Far Away' (*Moray M.C.J.*, 1935, i, 23), 'it towers steeply above the glen and today looked like some grim awful sentinel guarding the upper fastnesses of the upper Orrin basin.' It turned out to be a big sprawly crag, about 1000 ft. high, but spoiled by heavy vegetation. They thought, however, that many good routes of 300-400 ft. might be made. They also thought they saw a mature white-tailed eagle but an ornithological friend assured them that this must just have been a trick of the light beer

Cairngorm Notes

An Garbh Choire.—We seem to have omitted to mention the presence of a refuge in this area, constructed by the Aberdeen University Lairig Club and partially financed by the Club. It is situated halfway up the Garbh Choire glen, M.R. 959986, and is an improved version of the St. Valèry Refuge, being 7 ft. high, 9 ft. long and 7 ft. wide.

Clova Area.—D. F. Lang notes that **Slanting Gully, Corrie Fee** (last year's *Journal*, p.328) has been climbed many times before by local climbers, possibly for the first time by F. Old and a Càrn Dearg M.C. party who, unlike last year's *aspirants*, climbed the true first pitch and found it Very Severe.

In addition to the climbs reported in this year's New Climbs on **Red Craig**, Lang mentions other routes: on **North-West Craig**, Lower Section, the crack to the right of Twenty Minute Route, *Johnny Milne's Crack* (50 ft. Mild Severe), the wall to the right of this, *Rowantree Wall* (100 ft. Mild Severe) and, between this route and The Wander, *The Gander* (100 ft. Mild Very Severe), which starts in an overhung recess and finishes up the wall left of The Wander. Still on the Lower Section, the overhanging buttress beyond Monster's Crack holds two routes, one up the right wall of the crack and a peg route through the overhangs, *Witch's Mate*. W. & S. Chimney, on the Upper Section, is overgraded and generally thought to be only Mild Severe. On **Central Craig** the left edge affords a climb and there is a second route from the gully of, but beginning higher up than, Upper Parapet. The extreme right edge of **South-East Craig** gives 400 ft. of broken climbing.

Ben Nevis Notes

South Trident Buttress.—J. R. Marshall notes that in summer, 1964, he and J. Stenhouse climbed the long groove left of Original Route on Middle Tier, mistakenly thinking it to be Kellet's Groove Climb. The groove turned out to be Severe, finishing up a steep, loose cave. In fact the Groove Climb lies much further left, up the wall left of Sidewinder.

Pollidubh, etc.—J. Grieve, Lochaber J.M.C.S., takes up our suggestion of last year and intimates that, financed by his Club, he will compile a guide, similar to the Tiso Eastern Outcrops Guide, to the Glen Nevis area, the Onich Slabs and Stob Choire a' Chearcaill.

Glencoe Notes

J. R. Marshall notes that many of the shorter routes of this year's **Bidean crog**, for instance some of those on the Upper East Face of **Geàrr Aonach**, are probably not first ascents. In the original exploration of the area many lines were climbed but not reported. In fact, the *Glencoe Guides* constitute, in certain areas, a selection of known routes and contributors should perhaps bear this in mind.

Aonach Dubh, West Face.—Hee-Haw, on E. Buttress, has a first pitch probably more difficult than those which follow. In fact, this is rather artificial since easier variants exist up the flanking ribs of that pitch.

Miscellaneous Notes

A Sea-stack for Two.—Campbell *qua* contributor writes, 'With Bathgate to Fast Castle to retread ancient ways. Marry, guano—o vile sea weed—let's away! A tiresome place. So we leave, hover over Hawk's Heugh and swoop on The Souter, a winsome pinnacle looking up to Fast Castle and down to The Brander, scene of many a hoary adventure. Too fragile for hobnailers, The Souter soars in sullied splendour for 100 feet above the briny, a mini-Patey still unphotographed. Opportunity Knocks for David and I on this unstable door, till now unbolted.

'No tricks, no Tyrolean Traverses, no fishy dives, we walk and then I climb, a mere 30 feet up its flaky landward flank to belay below an impasse but with prospects to the East. Bathgate bangs along the chosen ledge and gains a greater where he sticks. I join him and return South again, regaining our first-choice face by the creaking corner. Up rattling flakes to the final cornice; not easy—I tiptoe on the highest decoration to flop on the flat top. Going down is the worst of all—

'Should all else fail
one can always abseil
from a frail
sling
round a sharp flake.
But how frightening
Should it break!'

TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION.—Start at the leftmost point of the south-west face. (1) Strenuous armpulls into and up a prominent crack lead to a commodious foothold and rattling good belay (30 ft.). (2) Thence, go round the ragged edge and cross a tiny dwindling ledge by thumb-pricks and a tongue-tripping toe-traverse. When completely dwindled, insert a peg above and arrive strenuously on a higher and larger ledge. Peg belay, or something (30 ft.). (3) Go back along this ledge, stomach occasionally useful, and heave round the edge to perch on jugs above the first belay. Gain the monster flake above, fearfully difficult here, and go easily up to the overhanging summit block. The solution of this 10 ft. problem is left as an exercise for the reader (no aid required) (50 ft.). (4) Abseil down to the seaside.

N.B. The writer found an effective means of dealing with the vexatious fulmar petrel, frequently encountered on important ledges. The method, which may be of great value to future explorers, is extremely simple. One clears one's nasal passages and spits squarely between the bird's eyes.

Cliffs on Islay.—Showell Styles writes: 'During recent wanderings in Islay and Jura I spent a morning investigating the cliffs at Sanaig on the N.W. coast of Islay (see *S.M.C.J.*, 1902, vii, 179). The cliffs are not very high (300 ft.) but the scenery is very fine. I saw no likely routes on the seaward faces; the cliffs are a series of headlands deeply indented by long gullies sloping from the landward side, and the gully walls show good but small crags with possible scrambles of 50-100 feet. The only longer climbing hereabouts would, I think, be on a face standing back a little from the coast above Tràigh Bhàn (M.R. 57/215694); access by motorable lane to Sanaigmore farm, 2 miles away.

'A wander round the cliffs of the Mull of Oa, farther south on Islay, yielded a discovery. A superb arête of clean granite drops from the cairn on Beinn Mhòr at 658 feet straight to sea level. It would give at least 500 feet of climbing, probably free for most of its height; the bottom hundred feet seemed

to fall vertically to the waves, but I couldn't get near enough to see whether artificial methods would be needed here. East of this are at least two other good steep granite ridges, of some 300 feet length. The whole area of coast east of the American Monument would repay examination with a rope.'

Visit of Czech Mountaineers.—In early October, the Club, together with Glenmore Lodge acted as hosts to a group of eight Czechoslovak mountaineers led by Dr Ludek Koupil. The Lodge was their first stop in a three-week tour of Great Britain and though the climbing accomplished was not of a high order the entertainment was, and they left us two days later fortified to face the rigours of gritstone. It was disappointing that the visit was arranged to coincide with the scenic doldrums, but we hope that this will just be the first of a series of exchange visits between British and Czech mountaineers.

ERIC LANGMUIR.

Polish Map of Hindu Kush.—Mr Jevy Wala, of Kraków, has very kindly sent to the library a copy of his excellently-detailed map of the Hindu Kushe Boland region of the Hindu Kush, prepared from material collected by the Polish and other Expeditions into that area, and from cartographical sources.

University of St. Andrews West Greenland Expedition, 1967.—This, the 8th post-war Greenland expedition from the University, was led by Dr P. W. F. Gibbon and, like the previous one, acknowledged mountaineering as one of its main objectives. Upernivik Island, at 71°N, was the base, and 19 peaks were climbed there, 18 being first ascents: the 19th, the highest, had been previously climbed by Slesser and Ransley in 1950. The mountains were mainly on the narrow chain west of the lake, and on its west-running ridges. The gneiss rock ridges were usually very good, and allowed 1250-2500 feet of excellent climbing above the high central snowfields. Ascent times varied from half an hour to 27 hours, the last being the West Horn by the N.E. ridge. Other major peaks included the East Horn, Elit, Stentor, Excalibur, Gnomon and Whaleback. Members operated as two 4-man, independent, parties.

As Ithers See Us.—Without comment, but with permission, we quote a few unsolicited asides from recent correspondence.

'Your Journal currently enjoys a very high place among mountaineering journals—if not the highest!' (Allan Austin, Dec., 1967).

'I greatly admire the verve of the writing generally, in *S.M.C. Journal*. It is easily the most readable of all current Club publications—or so I, a Sassenach and non-member, find.' (Showell Styles, June, 1967).

'I think yours is the best climbing journal in the British Isles. I'm a Sassenach, so am not unfolding a secret Scots banner: it just is.' (Janet Rogers, June, 1967).

'I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the latest issue of the *S.M.C.J.* I realise how much work goes into such a publication and am continually amazed at the consistently high quality of the *S.M.C.J.* (Peter Crew, July 1967).

'I am deeply impressed with the amazingly high literary quality of your publication.' (Royal Robbins, Sept., 1966).

Respite Post Te, Hominem Te Memento (TERTULLIAN, *Apologeticus*, 33) the other writing is lamentably bad—standards in the *S.M.C.J.* have fallen severely in recent times.—*Alpine Journal*, 1967.

Photographs.—The District Guide Book Editor is looking for black and white photographs of the Northern and Central Highlands for the new revised editions which will appear within the year. Dr Slesser writes: 'All the photo-

graphs in the original editions have been lost and we have to start from scratch. Any photographs showing features useful or intrinsically beautiful would be welcome. Members would receive acknowledgment should their photograph(s) be chosen for publication. In the first instance, please send a small print and let me know whether if we chose your photograph you would be prepared to enlarge it yourself or whether you would like to send the negative to us. We would meet any out of pocket expenses. Send to Dr Malcolm Slesser, 241 Nithsdale Road, Glasgow, S.I.'

Changes of Office.—This last year J. Stanley Stewart resigned as Hon. Secretary of the Club. His carefully-placed lapidary humour, steered by four glinting eyes, has for the last seven years flattened foolish suggestions and weighted sensible ones. His work has been invaluable at a time when the Club has managed (just!) to change the tablecloth without spilling the cups. We welcome Donald Bennet as his successor.

Last year, also, Frank Yule, Advertisements Manager to the *Journal*, had to resign, and we thank him for ably conducting the most thankless task of the lot—to cadge like an Editor, to threaten like a Treasurer (yet be cursed by both these Personages) and, after everything, to be sent to the back and numbered in italics He is succeeded by W. M. A. Sproul (who 'did' last year's issue, too).

Honorary President.—This post of honour, vacant since the death of Stuart Jack, is now filled by Alexander Harrison, C.B.E.—who, as readers of last year's *S.M.C. Abroad* will know, is still climbing in the Alps at 76 years plus. Harrison was Secretary 1931-35, Vice-President 1936-38 and President 1945-48 and, as Bennet says ' . . . it is fitting that the post . . . should once again be filled by one of the Club's most distinguished members.'

Scottish Mountain Accidents 1967

Our correspondent writes:

'Reports were received from Rescue Teams, R.A.F. M.R. Units, Police, Clubs and individuals.

'70 incidents were noted, involving more than 120 climbers or hill walkers with more from England than from Scotland.

'In these incidents, 48 people were injured and 11 killed, and there were some 15 searches for lost or benighted folk. As in former years, Glencoe was the chief accident area with 22 incidents, putting a great strain on the Mountain Rescue organisation there; more information is required in this area.

'Certain of the large-scale searches involved hundreds of people: one was estimated to cost over 3000 man-hours.

'Thanks are due to the fine selfless work of our voluntary Rescue Teams, to the Police and to the Kinloss and Leuchars R.A.F. Teams, while much help was given by Army units and others.'

NORTH AND WEST HIGHLANDS.

27TH JANUARY — P. Sheenan, instructor with party from Moray Outward Bound Sea School. Mam Sodhail, Glen Affric, roping students down 45° snow slope, pulled off axe belay by avalanche; injuries.

24TH MARCH — Messrs. Nimmo and Noble (both 50) from Edinburgh, benighted by Loch Morar; search parties, helicopter, out; lifeboat alerted; men arrived on own next afternoon.

14TH MAY — Jennifer Pounder (12), Dundee, with her father to Falls of Glomach. Wearing plimsoll shoes, slipped and fell about 200 ft.; death instantaneous.

26TH MAY — David Mason (30), Aberdeen, walking on low hill by Kyle of Lochalsh, with companion, *wearing light shoes with plain leather soles. Slipped on wet grass*; injured. Stretcher party.

10TH JUNE — An experienced instructor took a party from Reay Youth Club to Creag Lucharaidh, Strath Conon (ref. 259512). Belay broke when tested, rock struck Elizabeth Calder (18) and rolled her down, also struck Mrs Warner (30). Serious injuries to first, both carried down by party. Police say rock, although appearing healthy enough, was rotten and unsuited to novices.

8TH JULY — George Mack (40), Stockport—a hill walker with wide experience in Britain and the Continent left Inchnadamph at 10.45 a.m. leaving detailed route card. This indicated he intended to traverse Beinn Uidhe, Conival and Ben More Assynt. Thick mist, wet and very windy day. From 9th to 16th July extensive searches made by many teams, and others including Mack's club members, H. MacInnes with dogs and Dr Patey over Eagle Rock, Càrn nan Conbhairean, Ben Mor Assynt, Conival, Beinn Uidhe and Glas Bheinn. Caves at Inchnadamph also searched by Scottish Cave Rescue Organisation. Body not yet found. He was wearing blue anorak, Bedford cord shorts and vibram-soled boots and carried map and compass.

14TH JULY — David Parkes (26), London, left car in Glen Torridon and went towards Spidean a Choire Leith, Liathach. Weather misty and windy with strong gusts. Shouts heard at 11 a.m. Kinloss team called on, with the MacInnes' and search dogs. Dogs located body several hundred feet from handlers, lying about 50 ft. from steep cliff—had died from head injuries and had a dislocated hip. Watch stopped at 12.55 p.m.

3RD SEPTEMBER — Wilfred Picard (55), experienced hill walker—left Achintraid 5.30 p.m. for a short hill walk—weather wet and cold with at times gale force wind. Search in the morning found him below Meall na h-Airde—suffering from shock and exposure. Had lost path and cut short across hill. Scaling slabs had fallen; lay unconscious for a long time, then bivouacked and tried to return.

30TH OCTOBER — J. MacArthur (22) and W. MacEwen (27), Glasgow, with three women left Loch Duich to traverse the Five Sisters of Kintail. When they reached Sgùrr Fhùaran the women descended because of bad conditions. The men continued to Sgùrr na Ciste Duibh and attempted to descend to Glen Lichd. Burns so high they had to retrace steps repeatedly; navigating competently and adequately equipped, but benighted. Still attempting to descend when found by the Team next morning. Burns in high spate and party had to wade waist deep to get up the glen.

BEN NEVIS AREA

12TH FEBRUARY — Michael Watson (17), Edinburgh, slipped and fell about 100 feet when leading in Jubilee Gully, Ben Nevis; very hard snow; fully equipped, wearing crampons; crash helmet probably saved him from serious head injuries. Lochaber Rescue Team called by phone from C.I.C. Hut—man able to walk down unaided.

15TH FEBRUARY — P. Reinsch (24), Yorkshire—with companion traversed snow slopes into Moonlight Gully about 150 feet above its foot—well equipped, rope, axes and crampons. Reinsch blown off his feet, fell, dislocated his shoulder braking with axe. Companion went to C.I.C. and raised party. Assisted along fixed rope and then by stretcher.

18TH FEBRUARY — Alasdair MacDonald (19), and Gordon Black, with Glasgow J.M.C.S. party at C.I.C. Hut, left Hut around noon for Tower Ridge;

reasonably clear but almost gale winds. Seen towards Little Tower at 4 p.m. and on East Traverse at 5.30 p.m. Did not return—wind increased overnight. Parties from Hut at first light; met Black walking down uninjured, told others MacDonald in Observatory Gully. Body carried to Fort William. When crossing Great Tower in high wind, MacDonald, leading, had slipped and slid about 30 feet, his second holding him on axe belay in hard snow. MacDonald recovered and climbed up a little, then in strong wind slipped again and fell. Black dug a snow hole, put feet in sack, pulled cagoule over knees and sat out night eating food at intervals. At daylight, felt weak but jumped across Gap and returned via arete. Black had climbed in winter for five years. MacDonald rather inexperienced in winter. Black wore crampons. MacDonald wore instep crampons and *though he had a helmet had lost it earlier in the day, had severe head injuries.*

2ND MARCH — 5 members of Wednesday M.C. (West Bromwich) started up Nevis by tourist path. Three gave up. D. Tethington and M. Davies continued to summit. Due to adverse weather conditions they missed the way down. At 2.30 p.m. Tethington fell through cornice into soft snow, uninjured, abandoned attempts to rejoin Davies, unable to contact him by shouting, so descended to Steall and reported Davies missing at 7.30 p.m. Meantime, Davies had shouted down through cornice—got no reply—waited, then prepared snow hole. At 8 a.m. next day he returned to summit and descended to Achintee, physical condition excellent. Both well equipped. Many search parties; Hamish MacInnes and dog avalanched in Steall Gully.

1ST APRIL — Messrs. Richardson and Philipson, both experienced climbers, in bad conditions on Nevis: strong gusty wind and new snow. Set out to climb No. 3 gully but found themselves too far right, so traversed further right to No. 4 gully. About 2 p.m. snow above them avalanched, and they were carried down, on the surface a few seconds before being covered, about 500 feet; when stopped, both buried. After about 9 hours Philipson freed himself and went down to C.I.C. Hut—Oxford University party there—told them where Richardson was buried, and phoned Fort William. Shortly after midnight the Oxford party found Richardson and dug him out, suffering from exposure; had difficulty in walking—carried down to Hut in stretcher. Neither suffered any injury except slight abrasions and frostbite. Abrasions caused by trying to escape—frostbite on hand exposed on surface. *Both very well equipped, wearing long wool underpants, wool shirt, three sweaters, wool breeches, two pairs stockings, knee-length canvas gaiters, anoraks.*

2ND APRIL — J. Dewhurst and R. Silver (both Birmingham) climbing on Mamore Hills. One returned to Kinlochmore and said companion was in an avalanche corrie south of Binnein Mòr; went back himself though obviously in distress. Parties and helicopter called out. The two were in a snow hole when they saw it and realising a search was on returned and met parties.

5TH AUGUST — Isaac Wallace (69), Mallaig, walking alone down Ben Nevis path—slipped and twisted leg; down by stretcher.

18TH AUGUST — Lady tourist slipped and overbalanced when crossing burn on tourist path of Nevis at about 1000 feet; fractured skull.

2ND SEPTEMBER — Ben Nevis Race—Kinloss M.R. Team on exercise at request of Ben Nevis Race Association. Weather conditions—thick mist above 2500 feet; on summit, wind 30 knots, constant rain. Of some 140 runners, many retired from race without attaining the summit. *Very few runners carried any light weight windproofs and most were dressed in vests and running shorts.* Four Rescue parties were stationed along route. Patients: No. 1—exhaustion and exposure. No. 108—exhaustion and serious exposure, knee lacerations, unable to see or speak. No. 98—exhaustion, exposure, incoherent, 'resisting succour.' MacInnes stretcher No. 3, with wheel, on trial—highly successful, enabling faster evacuation with fewer carriers. All

these had reached the summit and were on way down. Other runners were asking for windproofs, balaclava helmets, hot drinks, etc. while two poorly-clad girl spectators were helped off the mountain.

CAIRNGORMS AND LOCHNAGAR

28TH FEBRUARY — Glenmore Lodge party on Survival Course returning down Strath Nethy at 7 p.m., 1 mile S. of Nethy Bothy met three London youths immobilised; J. Heather (21) and R. Chambers (19), dazed, barely able to walk. Poor equipment. Blizzard conditions. Had started from Y.H. and climbed Cairngorm but had taken wrong route on return, probably because of fierce wind. Heather put into dry duvet, sleeping bag and polythene bag, and given food and hot drink brewed on the spot. Using polythene bag as sled, taken to Nethy Bothy. Both evacuated. *But for chance meeting very doubtful if either would have survived the night.*

25TH MARCH — Alistair Wilkinson (15), Aberdeen, with father—hill walkers—on Ben MacDhui; boy fell through cornice, Spùtan Dearg. Father went for help while other climbers helped boy and gave shelter. Very bad conditions; injured arm and frostbite.

20TH APRIL — Brian Goring (20), Salford. Left Car Park, Cairngorm, at 2 p.m., to be back around 6 p.m. Last seen ascending Fiacall a' Choire Chàis. Weather rapidly deteriorating, with heavy snow and violent wind through night. Goring was student at Durham with three previous visits to Cairngorms. *He had no ice axe and had left map and compass in car.* Searches for 8 days by many parties, dogs and helicopters. Body found 10th June by hill walkers near Allt a' Gharbh-Choire, between Braeriach and Cairntoul. No injury. Wearing 2 pair stockings, short cotton underpants, T-shirt and one jersey, with a cagoule 200 yards from body.

23RD APRIL — James Thomson (17), Aberdeen, beginner, with two friends on Lochnagar, cutting steps on snow slopes below Eagle Ridge when slipped, slid among boulders; bruising. Rescue by teams.

19TH JUNE — Wilfred Walker (33), with son (9) on Lochnagar. Both standing on a wreath of snow to have photos taken. Boy slipped. Father tried to steady and slipped also. Both slid to among rock. Boy uninjured but father unconscious for 7 days. Rescue by teams.

24TH JUNE — Flora Baín (48), Edinburgh, left Linn of Dee 8 a.m. intending to walk via Glen Geldie to Glen Feshie, previous experience in Cairngorms, did not arrive. Large parties called out; located near the beach by helicopter and evacuated. Carried a sack weighing 40 lb. containing sleeping bag, and much equipment. At confluence of Eidart and Feshie she mistook direction, crossed bridge and turned up the Eidart towards Monadh Mór, decided to retreat to Linn of Dee, then found.

8TH JULY — Alan Smythe (27), Tynemouth, said to have 7 years' mountaineering experience, with group of Senior Scouts descending from plateau via Coire an t-Sneachda. Boys shown easy way down; apparently tried to rope down himself. Boys out of sight, heard a fall and found him dead in small bergshrund below Aladdin's Buttress. *When found he had a nylon sling round his waist with karabiner attached. His rope passed through the karabiner and he was approx. at the middle of his rope.* His rope was a very heavy hemp or manilla, did not seem to be a regular climbing rope and was awkward to handle, while abseil method not a known one. May have abseiled half-way down and slipped, as the position where found indicated he could not have fallen full length of buttress.

11TH JULY — John Birse (21), Aberdeen, a medical student, east slopes of Braeriach, high up; as summer, no axe, but well clad, spare clothing; wore kilt. At 5 p.m. slipped on large snow patch and fell about 300 ft. to scree. Compound fracture of right leg and multiple cuts and abrasions. From relics

of an aeroplane crash fashioned effective splint. Overnight, dragged himself 2000 ft. to the glen, reached at 5 a.m. next day; took 2 hours to climb the last 50 ft. to Lairig path. Found there at 11 a.m.

12TH AUGUST — S. Wood (35), Dufftown, lost way on return from Macdhuì to Cairngorm in mist, descended to Lairig Ghru, waited until daylight and returned under own power. Teams alerted.

18TH SEPTEMBER — A. Lawtie (18), Aberdeen, and 4 others on Craigendarroch at Ballater. Lawtie wearing *smooth-soled rubber shoes*, missed way down, separated, tried to slide down, slipped and fell; came to rest against a tree. Several hours before shouts attracted attention; fractured spine.

28TH SEPTEMBER — L. Pietzmann and others climbing on Craigallie (Aviemore), wearing *worn rubber-soled shoes*—slipped and fell about 100 ft. Injuries.

5TH NOVEMBER — Charles Gow and David Aitken (both 20), well equipped, Lairig Club, set off from Car Park, Cairngorm, to climb Cairn Lochain and Braeriach. Bad conditions, wind, mist and deep snow. Decided to return from Cairn Lochain but from faulty compass work drifted down to Loah Avon. Then returned up Coire Raibeirt and descended to Coir an t-Sneachda. Dark by this time and rather exhausted so they bivouacked behind a boulder. Next morning crossed to Coire Cas and Car Park. Full search instigated overnight.

27TH DECEMBER — Miss Z. McBride (43), London, on hill walk west of Kingussie lost herself in mist and torch gave out. Back next morning. Search parties called out.

27TH DECEMBER — Alan Scott (Northumberland), a skier, climbing in Coire an Lochain, Cairngorm. *No ice axe*, unroped to companion, slipped in gully and fell—killed.

28TH DECEMBER — Mrs Ogilvie (Cumberland) and Miss Davies (Wales) hill walking on Cairngorm, found a skier, J. Law (23), Forres, lost. On way back party benighted. Women well equipped, *Law only ski pants and anorak*—Parties called out—Law with mild exposure.

GLENCOE

5TH JANUARY — Member of Durham University M.C. fell descending Am Bodach of Aonach Eagach, multiple abrasions; own party got him down. Other members benighted when descending Buchaille Ètive Mòr—team met them next day.

Oxford University M.C. party benighted in D Gully—waited for daylight.

10TH JANUARY — P. Segebarth (23), and 2 others (one said to be an instructor), stuck in Clachaig Gully, tried to get out at side, walked down when located by search-light.

13TH JANUARY — J. MacDermott (20), inexperienced, missed rest of party on Beinn Fhada when he stopped to tie lace—lost and waited till daylight; no torch.

2ND MARCH — E. Byden (19) and T. Crisp (20), said they were experienced and had taken 12 hours to climb Clachaig Gully (one wearing smooth-soled Tuf shoes). Very uncertain if had climbed gully. While team searching gully, came down at side and missed team.

7TH APRIL — D. Musgrove (17), Leeds, out of control glissading head of Lost Valley. Pick of axe caused severe injuries. Rescue team, misdirected, went up wrong valley—meantime casualty came down Lost Valley with help of friend.

20TH APRIL — E. Young (23), paratrooper at Bealach between Bidean and Stob Coire an Lochain with one other—Young threw pack down to see if icy

and thought, O.K.; tried to descend, slipped and fell, fractured leg, spinal injuries and exposure. Had sleeping bag in pack which had stopped above him and managed to drag himself to and into it. Other got down by another route; accident, 2 p.m.; man located 11 p.m.; was *wearing army boots and had no ice axe or crampons.*

13TH MAY — D. Martin (23), Kirkcaldy, leading Shattered Crack North Buttress, Buchaille Etive Mòr—fell off crux, held by second, but swung and struck rock—head injuries: *equipment excellent but no helmet.*

19TH MAY — J. Cumming (19), Leeds, left Kinghouse Hotel to 'walk round the Buchaille.' Did not return. Hard snow, blizzard. Extensive searches for four days; one search party involved in avalanche. Cumming arrived at his home, 21st July, exhausted and distressed. Detained as voluntary patient.

24TH MAY — Glasgow hill walker slipped on greasy rock, Lost Valley; broken ankle.

25TH MAY — Climber from Leeds (22), fell leading Central Buttress Buchaille Etive Mòr; greasy rock.

3RD JUNE — Climber fell when climbing solo on outcrop; wet conditions; bruises.

17TH JUNE — J. Haresnape (23) and E. Husband (23), both Liverpool, tried to descend from Aonach Eagach opposite Loch Achtriochtan on line shown by diagram in Poucher's book *On Scottish Peaks*—stuck. Rescue team called out, attracted by whistles—the two lowered 200 feet.

10TH JULY — Mrs Connors (51), Surrey, *wearing shoes*, slipped on wet grass near Meeting of the Three Waters. Team called out, injuries.

15TH JULY — A. Angus (21), Glasgow, leading Grooved Arete, Rannoch Wall, came off 120 feet above second; held by second but just reached the ground; lacerations and fractured pelvis—may have been saved further injury by helmet; had fallen about 200 feet; second had bad hand burns.

17TH JULY — D. Brash (20), Glasgow, abseiling from Ossian's Cave, rope slipped off bollard and fell 200 feet, severe head injuries.

2ND AUGUST — Dr Mary Houston (45), Edinburgh, slipped Pap of Glencoe; broken leg; sand shoes. Team out.

9TH AUGUST — K. Beard (44), Bath, with Ramblers Ass. party on Beinn a' Bhèithir—helping girl down when rock knocked on him; broken arm, fractured skull. Team out.

13TH AUGUST — School party from Corbie in Lost Valley. Teacher instructing in scree-running; 3 boys could not stop, two injured; one slightly, Tom Wilkinson (13) more so.

17TH AUGUST — Joyce Brown (20), Cheshire, with party at head of Lost Valley descending steep scree off proper route, slipped and fell; broken leg.

25TH AUGUST — Miss Scrivener (34), Essex, slipped in Lost Valley, slithered down hillside over rock into burn; killed.

9TH SEPTEMBER — Party of 11 from Greenock on Aonach Eagach, aged between 18-26, under leadership of H. Maclean (22) whose experience was limited. Although they had two maps, two compasses and 150 feet No. 2 nylon rope they were inadequately equipped for mountaineering: *at least four were wearing ordinary shoes, few had gloves and none had torch or whistle.* Progress very slow; as darkness fell they thought they were on Sgùrr nam Fiannaigh and started to descend. Ground became difficult and leader decided to stop for night. Tom Driscoll (26) on his own left party and with great luck reached the foot. Team reached party about 1 a.m. at ref. 149582; lowered them 300 feet down a gully.

CENTRAL HIGHLANDS, CRIANLARICH AND ARROCHAR AREAS

12TH FEBRUARY — G. Beattie (17), Clydebank, with party had climbed gully on Ben Lui east of Centre Gully, cutting steps all way. After unroping went to look over top of Centre Gully, slipped and fell to bottom, hitting rock on way. Others reached him almost at once and, when joined by more, went to Coninish for stretcher. Accident at 1 p.m. Beattie taken away at 4.30 p.m. and at Coninish at 8 p.m.; semi-conscious—fractured skull; taken to Vale of Leven Hospital.

18TH FEBRUARY — I. Duncan and M. Munro (Ayr), both 20, both members of Glasgow University M.C., Raeburns Gully, Coire Ardair, Creag Meagaidh. Munro leading on last pitch towards top of gully, axe belay to Duncan, new snow on old base. Avalanche, as Munro moved up, threw him down slope, pulled out axe, and dragged Duncan with him. Both finished in snow at bottom of gully having rolled down some 300 ft. Whistles brought no response, and eventually reached road—one with wound in back caused by own axe.

22ND MAY — R. MacLennan (56), Edinburgh, S.M.C., did not return after day on Ben Vorlich and Stuc a' Chròin. Search parties plus dogs; body found below pinnacle on Stuc a' Chròin; presumed vibrans slipped on wet rock.

1ST AUGUST — J. Sutherland, in Scout party from England on Ben More, separated from others when descending and trying to rejoin them slipped over rock face; severe injuries.

9TH SEPTEMBER — Two hill walkers, G. Allen and Betty Matchett, left Glen Clova Y.H. intending to go to Lochnagar by Jock's road and return by Glas Allt and Sandy Hillocks. Overtaken by mist and darkness, got lost, spent night on Tom Buidhe. Located in Glen Doll by helicopter next morning.

SKYE

3RD JUNE — Joyce Seeley (56) and Anne Wolfe (53), both London area and members of Ramblers Ass., both experienced in Scotland, had reached summit of Sgùrr Dearg in thick mist but lost way on return and bivouacked somewhere near pinnacles on west ridge; stayed there till near dawn and heard rescuers but could not contact them. They returned to summit and took correct route to foot of Inaccessible Pinnacle but failed to keep true left at the cairned ledge and went straight down the false Stone Chute. When they reached the steep water slides Ann Wolfe was frightened and stopped there while Joyce Seeley carried on; Wolfe found at 4.15 a.m. next day; exposure.

Mr and Mrs Boag of London and Dr Adert, Derbyshire, left Torran to walk to Coruisk and over 'Dubhs' to Glen Brittle; descended from Sgùrr Dubh into Coire an Lochan; went back towards Coruisk and bivouacked above the loch. Reached Coruisk Hut at 3 a.m., stayed there till 5 a.m., then had to walk round the head of Loch Coruisk because ford over River Scaviag flooded, thence to Camusunary and Elgol. Weather wet and misty. Parties out.

5TH AUGUST — English party of three, aged 18, 19, 20, benighted on Median Route, Sròn na Ciche; inexperienced, lost route.

18TH AUGUST — A. Forbes (18), Forres, Moray M.C., with others on ridge between Sgùrr Dubh na Dha Bheinn and Caisteal a' Garbh Choire, was slightly off route when he trod on a loose block which collapsed. *Was wearing a crash helmet which split but possibly saved him head injuries; fractured pelvis and severe lacerations.*

ARRAN

27TH JUNE — R. Rogerson (55), Blackpool, an experienced hill walker, alone in good conditions on the A' Chir ridge, slipped and fell a short distance—when trying to scramble back to path fell about 50 feet; was found by climber. Rescue party; injuries.

27TH JULY — Catherine Harvie (18), Glasgow, novice wearing shoes with leather soles slipped when descending Goatfell, twisted leg; team called.

8TH SEPTEMBER — Mr and Mrs Thomson (78) and (79), from Lancashire, overcome by exhaustion on Goatfell: man—tweed suit, shoes, smooth leather soles; woman—summer dress, coat, hat, shoes semi-high heel.

SOUTHERN UPLANDS

17TH MAY — 5 Ayrshire boys taking part in a Duke of Edinburgh Award Expedition in Galloway Hills—one collapsed from exhaustion. Two to Newton Stewart for help. Rescue party got others back.

24TH JUNE — Party of 67 students from Consett Technical College, Co. Durham, set out on walk over Cheviots from Langlee Ford to Byrness in Northumberland. Rain and hill fog. Rescue teams found six boys and one girl at Upper Hindhope and 11 at Peelinick, one girl in collapse; many inadequately clothed; several had walking shoes and one had sand shoes. A large number had no compasses, and maps issued were poor small-scale photocopies blurred in rain. *Report criticises organisation of the walk.*

16TH JULY — D. Young, Hethpool, climbing with a friend at Hen Hole, fell 15 ft. down rock face—fractured leg. Rescue teams.

SEA CLIFFS

15TH OCTOBER — Training Meet of Aberdeen University Lairig Club, near Longhaven village, Aberdeenshire; J. Paterson (19), Aberdeen, and A. Hamilton (20), Kent. J. P. competent rock climber, other new member. Set off to climb Diagonal Crack (VD and exposed) on Red Wall. Appear to have gone off route on to one of higher standard involving traverse across indefinite ledge littered with bird nests and droppings. A. H. led this safely, took a poor belay 50 feet away on a small spike. When crossing ledge nest gave away under J. P.'s feet and he fell, dragging A. H. with him. Clear fall of 120 ft. to bottom of rocks; both killed.

IN MEMORIAM

ARTHUR W. RUSSELL, O.B.E., W.S.,
1864-1967

THE name of Arthur Russell may not be familiar to many present members of the Club but he took a notable part in its activities and was a regular attender at meets from the time of joining in the year 1896 until the outbreak of war in 1914. He was selected, under the Presidency of Sir Hugh Munro, along with other well known men such as Raeburn, Slingsby, William Garden and Harry Walker. The *Journals* contain a number of carefully prepared notes by Russell of expeditions and ascents in Scotland, in the Alps and in Norway and he has left with the Club excellent slides of early climbs. He served on the Committee from 1904 to 1907, was Custodian of Slides in 1909, Librarian from 1910 to 1918 and Vice-President during the years 1923 to 1925. He was also a member of the Alpine Club. Although no cliff-hanging acrobat, he was a sure-footed dependable mountaineer whose company was welcomed by the leading climbers of his time and for whom no day on the hills was too long.

Russell's interest in the Scottish hills remained unabated to the end of his life. Shortly before his death he along with his sons, three of whom are members of the Club, and other members of his family presented the Indicator

now situated on the summit of Allermuir. He himself attended the unveiling ceremony although dependent upon the use of a Land Rover for transport.

Closely associated with many aspects of public service Russell was for many years Secretary of the Scottish Rights of Way Society and took a prominent part in the foundation of the National Trust for Scotland. He also served on the Council of the Scottish Geographical Society.

It was largely through Russell's interest in the work of the National Trust and in particular as a result of the close association between himself and others with the late P. J. H. Unna that so much of Scotland's mountainous country and so many well known peaks are now in the ownership of the Trust.

Russell played a large part in the Trust's acquisition of Glencoe in 1935 and with considerable help from Unna and other members of the British mountaineering clubs Dalness was acquired in 1937.

As a result of the firm friendship thus established between Russell and Unna, funds were provided for the Trust by Unna which enabled the Trustees to acquire Kintail in 1943 and Ben Lawers in 1950. Further 'Unna monies' have recently played a large part in the Trust's acquisition of the Torridon hills shortly before Russell's death.

A man of sterling character, reliable in business as on the mountainside and with a strong sense of duty evinced by his participation in much charitable work in Edinburgh, he was one of the last of the great band of climbing men of the pre 1914 era, and the last of those who joined our Club in the 19th century.

R.W.M.

(Russell appears in the photograph opp. p.33—*Hon. Ed.*).

R. W. MACLENNAN

'WHEN we are all dead and gone,' wrote MacLennan in the last issue of this *Journal*, 'a surviving Slesser could well produce a masterly series of entertainingly-slanted character sketches.' But MacLennan is not a sketch to die in some neglected book. He did die, suddenly taken from us when stravaiging alone on Stùc a' Chròin and we resent it too much to poke fun at his engaging character. Bob was like his criticisms of Books, Receptions and Meetings. He allowed no false propriety to blunt what he thought, and yet with that truly Gaelic touch he made it so entertaining that none dare admit offence for fear of incurring more ridicule. What, for instance, he wrote in *We Happy Few* (*S.M.C.J.*, 1960, xxvii, 32) was pure libel. Fortunately his only near equal had just become Editor, and readers enjoyed an *exposé* of character so blissfully apt, so devastatingly to the point, and so fundamentally sympathetic that it brings back those fading hairy faces much more forcefully than do the smoother versions now trotted out at Annual Dinners. When MacLennan 'dipped his pen in vitriol' the result was howlingly funny, and disconcertingly true.

Bob was a man for mountains, rather than a mountaineer. He chose his companions with the care he chose his words, and those who went with him were indeed a 'happy few.' He ventured occasionally in the Alps, widely in Scotland—nearly every weekend—yet took so little of the cult seriously than when finally he chose to write about a mountain peak had to be a very special one. It took the writer three hours of a 1967 August evening in North Uist to discover Beinn a' Bhàile. From a rapid reading of MacLennan's description of it (*S.M.C.J.*, 1954, xxv, 221) one looked for 'a summit reminiscent of the Grand Cornier . . . a western face like Beinn Laoigh.' He chose the lesser of the two tops for himself—Sgùrr Mhic Ghillinein. The other, a

little higher, he characteristically named after his smaller companion ('in inverse ratio to their own respective altitudes'); it, also, was composed entirely of sand, and was 72 feet above sea level.

Bob never married. He lived with his sisters. A recent fall (not on a mountain) left him with occasional dizzy turns. But that didn't keep him away from the mountains he loved nor, as his contribution to the last *Journal* shows, did it blunt his critical faculties. We offer our sympathies to his family.

C.G.M.S.

The above sketch by the survivor, at the invitation of the deceased, will appeal greatly to the ironic shade of MacLennan. Since he and I, over the solemnities of Glenlivet and shortly before that night of storm on Stùc a' Chròin, had agreed to write—or, better, undertake—our respective obituaries, then I as another temporary survivor (he has had too many) should add my own few stones to the cairn on Sgùrr Mhìc Ghillinein.

His power of phrase and perception, his impartial sanity, is clear in all he wrote and needs no more than a reference to the necessary pages, given below*. But there was much else. His rock-solid physique must have weakened little throughout his 57 years. He delighted in testing it, thrashing it on the hills, starving it in his portable cell, tempting it with periodically-forbidden drink and tobacco, terrifying it on loose verticalities. There was much of a saint in MacLennan, and much of a saint's reward. But his face, crag-like, Red-Indian-prowed and remote, could at an instant drop to rubbered animation, his voice plunge from a holy drone to huge Crochallan laughter, and his conversation switch imperturbably from logical drill to ribald Urquhartry and invention. Master, comrade and crony, European in travel and reading, he drank from Hume in philosophy, Cockburn in politics, Hogg in exuberance; and in spirit, from that *Gaidhealtachd* to whose flying and preaching he might have so thunderously contributed. MacLennan could have belonged to no nation but his own and, despite his dispassionate modernity, probably to any time better than the present. Yet even with the secondhand rubble of contemporary Scotland, he fashioned a commanding enough habitation.

And, predictably, it housed a sensitive fastidious being, occasionally wilful, gentle always, and of astonishing humility. But this being never emerged before puff, cant, or the easy plausibility of heids o' departments; then it fled, the doors banged, the drawbridge rattled up, the eyes switched off, the nose sought altitudes even more rarefied and MacLennan withdrew into freezy courtesy, perhaps to stem a little the torrent of undesired eloquence by presenting a small neat card,

A. Gog, Esq.

Joining the Club in 1954, after larval years in the J.M.C.S., he later refused the *Journal* editorship but was driven to be Eastern District Secretary at a time of acute Eastern District indigestion; he manned the chaos as no one else could, cracking brilliant *Bulletins* that brought Smith to heel and awed the revolting mob. Then, he gave it up. Presumably because with this and his daily chores as Chief Clerk somewhere or other, Caesar was getting too much attention.

He had all the broad qualities needed for outstanding public success and strength enough to have suppressed, if he had wished, those finer qualities which inhibit it. I think he had no regrets from his choice, certainly no bitterness. Dark nights he must have had, alone at that height, but so had his usual companions—close-printed Germans stuffed in his pockets with old cheese, Alasdair MacMhàighistir Alasdair, Rob Donn and John MacCodrum,

crammed with violence and compassion between his (unwashable) messin and his (unreadable) map. There was thunder and lightning on that last night, wind and drenching rain. He was fortunate in the meteorological symbolism of his departure though no doubt embarrassed by the scale of it.

In the great silence which has followed, any scraping together of a testimonial for posterity is irrelevant and offensive. Simply, we thank him here for being the man he was. Drain the glass, and leave him with the resonances he loved.

*Deoch an doruis
Deoch an t-sonais
Deoch an deagh thuruis;
Ni dona chan 'eil againn
Ni math bu mhath leinn
'S air ghaol sìthe 's air eagal conais
Thugaibh deoch an doruis dhuinn.*

G.J.D.

*S.M.C.J., xxv, (1954), 221; xxvii, (1960), 32-42, 91-92; (1961), 190-192, 201; (1962), 415-416; xviii, (1964), 61-3; (1967), 370-1.

RALPH DICKSON, J.M.C.S.

It is with great sadness that we have to record the premature death in an accident of Ralph Dickson, of Leeds. He was descending after a climb in Llanberis Pass on 20th August, 1966, when a large hold came away. He fell, receiving severe head injuries, and died two days later without regaining consciousness. Ralph, who was just 19, had been a member only for six months, but his generous and happy nature had already endeared him to all who knew him. He was a most talented, and ironically enough, most careful climber and was regarded as one of our most promising youngsters. He had just left school, but he died too soon to learn that he had been accepted into Leeds University Medical School.

Our deepest sympathy goes to his family and friends.

J.D.P.

P. L. J. HERON, 1907-1968

PATRICK HERON, who died suddenly on 23rd January 1968, was descended from a long line of civil engineers. After graduating with honours from Queen's University, Belfast, he worked for several years in the Midlands before coming to Lochaber in 1938. In 1940 he founded the firm, which now has over 200 employees and has to its credit the construction of many miles of roads and other works in the Highlands and Western Isles.

An enthusiastic cyclist in his younger days, he spent his holidays in Scotland and on the Continent. He held several Irish cycling records including one of 208 miles in twelve hours (unpaced), an achievement unsurpassed for many years afterwards.

Joining the Lochaber J.M.C.S. in 1950 and the Club in 1954, Paddy started serious mountaineering at an age when lesser mortals retire to their arm-chairs. His ambition to do the 'Munros' was accomplished in under three years. Many peaks were traversed with his friends but his most constant companion was his spaniel Barney. Although exceptionally fast on the hill,

he would always wait for those of slower pace. He appeared little affected by adverse weather, always urging on the faint hearted, who might be contemplating a return to sea level. His article in the 1954 *Journal* is a masterpiece of understatement. He acknowledged the debt he owed to his wife, who often drove long distances to meet his party several 'Munros' away from the morning's departure point. Subsequently he completed all the 3000 ft. mountains in the British Isles, those in his native Ireland occupying him just one long weekend away from Onich.

In 1951 a Lochaber party did Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon within 24 hours, when Paddy's amazing endurance won the admiration of the whole section. Not only did he ascend the peaks but drove the whole distance, maintaining the somewhat alarming pace necessary for the undertaking.

A confident rock climber, he enjoyed both summer and winter routes, a favourite one being the Aonach Eagach on a short winter day. In the Alps in 1953 he climbed the Pigne d'Arolla, Aiguilles Rouges, Aiguille de la Zsa and other peaks from Arolla. Previously he did guided ascents of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau.

He found time for voluntary projects such as the Steall access bridge, various hut renovations and for seven years served in the Lochaber Mountain Rescue Team.

Paddy's last climb was the Great Ridge of Garbheinn of Ardgour in 1957. Shortly afterwards he became seriously ill and although he eventually recovered sufficiently to direct the activities of his firm, to ski with his family and to pursue his hobby of gardening, he was never able to climb again.

In all walks of life Paddy was never content to rest on his achievements, for there was always a fresh challenge waiting. He will be greatly missed by his many friends in the Club and the Lochaber J.M.C.S. We extend our deepest sympathy to his wife and family in their bereavement.

M.H.

H. M. D. WATSON

HARRY WATSON joined the Club in 1908. He took a keen part in its activities prior to the 1914/1918 War, attending meets in Scotland and with some good climbs to his credit in the Alps and in Norway in company with men such as Sang and Goggs. His last attendance at a Club Meet was at Kinlochewe at Easter 1915.

It is not possible at this distance of time to do justice to Watson's qualities as a mountaineer which were considerable but he retained throughout his life a warm affection for the Scottish hills and particularly for the Cairngorms where he loved to walk until a few years before his death.

A man of reserved nature, possibly subdued by being one of the youngest of a distinguished family of eleven, yet a man of strong character and inflexible integrity, he made his mark both in his profession as a Chartered Accountant and in private as a valued supporter of many good causes.

R.W.M.

We regret to report also the deaths of **James Craig** (1909), **W. Malcolm** (1931), **A. G. Waldie** (1955) and **J. Clarkson** (J.M.C.S.), for whom obituaries are not yet available as we go to Press.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB

Easter Meet 1967—Kinloch Laggan

A few early arrivals were out on Wednesday and Thursday in high winds and cloud, and intermittent snow showers. The majority arrived on Thursday, and the rearguard on Friday, an atrociously wet day when only a few ventured out. The remaining days were little better, and most people only had one day's climbing.

Tops visited were: Creag Pitridh, Mullach Coire an Iubhair (Geal Chàrn), Beinn a'Chlachair, Beinn a'Chaoruinn, Càrn Liath (Creag Meaghaidh), Geal Chàrn (Monadh Liadh) and Càrn Liath (Beinn a'Ghlo), the latter en route to the Meet.

Present were J. W. Baxter, W. L. Coats, W. L. G. Duff, A. Geddes, J. F. Hamilton, R. M. G. Inglis, J. N. Ledingham, M. Morrison, D. D. Paterson, T. J. Ransley, G. S. Roger, G. M. Smith, J. S. Stewart, J. D. Sturrock, W. T. Taylor, J. R. Wood and F. E. Yule, with guests B. Braithwaite, A. L. Coats, K. McCrae, L. Poolman and D. Taylor.

W.L.C.

Reception

The speaker was our own George Roger and the subject his own Alpine trips, a remarkable succession of Grievian Great-Days stemming from a remote Kodachromed past of indigo skies and orangepeel rock right up to last summer; and all described with an ageless gusto that forced us to realise how mountaineering is there to be, simply, enjoyed. A benign and salutary reminder.

Annual General Meeting

One of the subjects discussed this year was revision of the qualifications expected of candidates for membership of the S.M.C. Perhaps by next year we shall be able to publish the standards recommended. Of interest to observers must have been the determination of certain hard-bitten Salvationists to raise the technical levels required, and the desire of most Ultramontanes to keep them more reasonable. Another subject was the representation of this Club, or any Scottish national organisation, on the B.M.C.—dealt with capably by Ogilvie's letter in this issue. New members welcomed were John W. Cook, John Gillespie, Robert R. Shaw, Daniel D. Stewart, David Stewart, Peter J. Thomas, Alan A. Thrippleton, John Wedderburn and John A. Wood. Of the Huts, justice forces us (see last issue!) to record that Lagangarb's bed-nights rose, but still 'little used by S.M.C. or J.M.C.S. members'; use of the Ling Hut fell remarkably; general Hut finances are sound enough to permit future improvements. The Hon. Editors and the Hon. Secretary played tennis with The Responsibility for Asking The Darien Press Once Again What Happened To The Club's Block Collection, with the ex-printers, who apparently Lost Them (?), still outside the Court, keeping mum. The Western District Clubroom has been given up for the amenities of Strathclyde University, while the National Clubroom, beating off demolishers, amateur and professional, thrives independently in the elegant squalor befitting the

Hie Street of Embro. An attempt, by the trembling spokesman of an anonymous bunch of middle-aged cowards, to reorganise thinking on the Annual Dinners, evoked much muttering, a little applause and at least one anguished exit, but somewhat lost its force when the organisers of this year's

Dinner

pulled a very good one out of a hitherto unsatisfactorily grubby hat; it was the 79th, and held at St. Enoch's Hotel on the 2nd December, 1967. Our correspondent says 'the food was excellent and, wines being included, the service was swift and pleasant. The President (unworried by last year's Damp-Eared Critic) made a long, rambling and thoroughly enjoyable speech, John Cunningham proposed 'The S.M.C.' in suitably caustic terms, Slessor lauded 'Our Guests' skilfully in an excellent sortie to which Common replied in commendably brief and polished terms, and Brown sang the Club Song with great nostalgic *éclat*. The Breathalyser cut down conviviality to some extent, but I think everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.'

New Year Meet 1968—Glencoe

PROSPECTS for the Meet were viewed with some apprehension due to a lack of snow and to possible restrictions on account of the Foot and Mouth epidemic. Fortunately the latter did not come north of the border, and only a few members from the south were prevented from attending. The snow arrived just before us and there were considerable falls of snow on the high ground during the Meet, so that the going in places was somewhat tedious. The end of the Meet was heralded by several superb days of cold clear weather, but by that time all but one or two had departed.

Climbs included Am Bodach (Aonach Eagach), Beinn a' Bhèithir, Beinn Sgùlaird, Sgòr na h'Ulaidh, the Pap, Bidean nan Bian (including Stob Coire nan Lochan and Stob Coire nam Beith), Buachaille Etive Mòr (curved Ridge and Great Gully Buttress), Meall a' Bhùiridh, Clachlet (including all the tops).

Present were, at Glencoe Hotel: W. L. Coats, R. R. Elton, A. H. Hendry, J. N. Ledingham, J. E. MacEwen, G. Peat, G. S. Roger, J. D. B. Wilson and F. W. Wylie with guests, R. Hollingdale, B. Soep, R. Soep and T. Wright; at Lagangarbh: D. J. Bennet, H. M. Brown, A. G. Cousins, J. Mattysek and W. H. Murray, with guests, R. Aitken, The Rev. R. Blackwood, J. Lawton (Australia), R. Rankin and D. Riddell (A.C.).

W.L.C.

J.M.C.S. REPORTS

Edinburgh Section.—While the disappearance of the bus from our Meets has caused some disappointment, the result has been a more active membership able to venture further afield and make better use of the time available over weekends. Attendances varied from 29 at Glen Derry to 7 at Arrochar and averaged 18 over a total of 15 Meets.

The Victoria Holiday, which was spent on Rhum, maintained its reputation as one of the wettest meets of the year, while a lengthy trip to Llanberis for the Autumn Holiday provided many with an enjoyable introduction to Welsh climbing. Dundonnell, for both the New Year and Spring holidays, was a popular venue. Here we have leased the Smiddy, which has been derelict for many years, and hope to adapt it as a climbers' hut as soon as our finances, the transportation difficulties of the intervening 220 miles and the inclination of our members will allow.

The well-known centres of Glen Coe, Ben Nevis, Lochnagar, the Northern Cairngorms and Buttermere were not neglected. Among the less familiar areas visited were the worth-while Northumbrian outcrops at Crag Lough and the Wanneys. When the 'Mona Lisa' refused to sail forth from Anstruther a projected meet to the Isle of May was scattered by the high winds to explore the climbing potential of the Fife mainland. The fallibility of guide-books was evidenced by the Annual Dinner at the Coshieville Hotel when the service proved as dismal as the weather shrouding the Glen Lyon hills.

Evening meets for rock-climbing practice on the local crags were generally favoured by good weather and, at times, overwhelming support. Numbers were greatly reduced for two early-morning meets on Salisbury Craigs. A programme of slide-shows with commentaries by past and present members and guest speakers in conjunction with the S.M.C. and E.U.M.C. at the clubrooms was well received by large audiences.

The membership for the past year was 57 Ordinary and 7 Associate Members. 18 new members were elected, 10 were ejected for arrears, 2 transferred to other Sections, and 2 former members were re-instated.

Office-Bearers.—*Hon. President*, R. M. McDonald; *Hon. Vice-President*, G. J. Tiso; *President*, J. H. Clark; *Vice-President*, J. S. Thomson, *Secretary*, D. J. Hogarth, 21 Crawford Road, Edinburgh, 9.

Glasgow Section.—The Section had an excellent year, with 25 members joining during the year, from some 45 enquiries. The membership now stands at 148, an increase of 11 on last year.

Not only has the number of members increased, but so has the quality, and standards of climbing, winter and summer, have risen noticeably. Attendances at meets has also increased.

The year was marred by the tragic death of one of our younger members, Alasdair MacDonald, in an accident on the Great Tower of Nevis in February. The Club offered its sincere sympathy to Alasdair's parents.

Twenty-seven meets were organised and most were well attended, with the exception of a winter meet to Dalmally and the Fair weekend at Ling. Both of these, with no participants, were cancelled. The meets were of considerable variety, ranging from Glenbrittle to North Wales, and from Arran to Lochnagar.

The Section sent a large party down to the Whole-Club Dinner and A.G.M. at Wasdalehead in March, when 17 members enjoyed a most strenuous social weekend, even if the climbing suffered somewhat.

The Section has also shown a welcome burst of activity in mountain hut building, having been successful in obtaining permission for and erecting a small hut in Coire Ardair at Creag Meagaidh. The hut, which sleeps 5, cost approximately £100 with a most welcome contribution of £35 from the S.M.C. towards the cost. The young newcomers to the Club were well to the fore in the labour of carrying, and the joinery work was pre-fabricated by George Wilkinson and Johnny Blackwood. It remains to be seen if the hut will survive the usual vandalism, and to this end it has been left unlocked.

Office-Bearers.—*Hon. Member*, W. H. Murray, O.B.E.; *Hon. President*, J. W. Simpson; *Hon. Vice-President*, G. S. Roger; *President*, A. G. Cousins; *Vice-President*, D. E. Whitham; *Hon. Secretary*, G. S. Peet, 6 Roman Way, Dunblane; *Hon. Treasurer*, D. E. Whitham, The Glen, Balerno; *Coruisk Hut Custodian*, R. J. Watters, 376 Dumbarton Road, Glasgow, W.1.

London Section.—Meets were held at least monthly throughout the year, nearly all of them in Wales. Most were well attended but some indifferently so, particularly since the onset of the foot and mouth epidemic, which virtually closed the hills for climbing. Some of the best meets were in fact unofficial ones that just 'developed!' One of the most memorable gatherings was that

at Cwm Silyn in June when the Section, present in strength, enjoyed two days of Mediterranean type weather. The Great Slab was almost too hot to touch and the Llyn below resembled a nudist camp! Membership stands at 104 although the active climbers seen at meets number about half this figure. However, in recent years there has been an influx of keen young climbers and standards have gone up considerably. This is a most welcome development since several years ago there was a very real danger of the Section becoming an old man's club. It is also becoming more of an English Section rather than just London, with very active nuclei in Birmingham and Leeds. Groups of members went independently to the Alps and Pyrenees.

A notable social occasion was the A.G.M. and Dinner of the whole Club, held for the first time in England at the Wasdale Head Hotel. For the vast majority of us this was the first opportunity to meet other sections in any number, and celebrations went long into the night. Despite this some reasonable climbing was done on the Sunday.

The hut in Bethesda continues to become more civilised due to the active work and bullying of the Hut Custodian. It was well used up to the outbreak of foot and mouth disease, but outgoings on improvements considerably outweigh bed-night receipts. We are, of course, always glad to see S.M.C. and other Section members who may be visiting, or working temporarily in England or Wales.

Office-Bearers.—*Hon. President*, R. Purslow; *Hon. Vice-President and Midlands Meet Convener*, T. Carroll; *Hon. Treasurer*, J. Della Porta; *Hon. Secretary*, H. Jordan, Waytes Cottages, Layhams Road, Keston, Kent.

Perth Section.—The past year has shown increasing interest being taken in the activities of the Section, by both existing members and new members who have pushed the total membership of the Section up to 45. The successful formula of a meet once a month has been adhered to, leaving other weekends to be used as members think fit, and in many cases this appears as further activity on the hills. Of the twelve meets, eight were weekend meets, notable amongst them a long—but worthwhile—drive to Kinloch Arkaig and a midge-blighted trip to Ardgour.

A Section tradition of some years standing came perforce to an end during the year when the Annual Dinner weekend was spent at Derry Lodge for the last time. Forty members and friends spent two perfect days amongst the late spring snows of the Cairngorms. Our regrets at being denied further use of Derry have not been mollified by the fact that it appears to have been taken back by the estate to stand empty and idle.

During the winter the Section held a lecture in conjunction with the Perthshire Society for Natural Science. This was given by Robin Chalmers of the Glasgow Section and it dealt with the expedition to the Andes of which he was a member.

Office-Bearers.—*Hon. President*, Chris Rudie; *Hon. Vice-President*, John Proom; *President*, Kenneth Simpson; *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer*, Iain A. Robertson, 'Charleston,' Bridge of Earn, Perth.

Lochaber Section.—From a late report we gather that 'over the past year the Section has been fairly active. Last summer several members were in the Alps, including Dave Smith and Tom Brown, who stayed out for six weeks. Bill Robertson has enjoyed an interesting winter season on 'The Ben.' He made full use of living at the foot of the hill, and every time conditions were right he pounced.'

Office-Bearers.—*Hon. President*, D. G. Duff, F.R.C.S.; *Hon. Vice-President*, Miles Hutchinson; *President*, Richard Grieve; *Vice-President*, Arthur Hill; *Hon. Secretary*, W. Robertson, 1 Montrose Square, Inverlochty; *Hon. Treasurer and Hut Custodian*, Will Adon, 87 High Street, Fort William; *Meets Secretary*, J. Spalding.

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

North America

ALASDAIR MCKEITH writes: 'August is not the month to visit Yosemite, but I had no choice. Spring or late fall would be ideal. August is the hottest month. Daily temperatures of 100°F in the shade, and more, are perfectly normal. In the sun, the heat is both stifling and unbearable; the rock often too hot to touch, with temperatures of 130°F. Notwithstanding, we climbed and suffered on the Royal Arches Slabs as an introductory route. Rather long and exhausting, as was the descent, but otherwise pleasant with one frightening moment on the 'rotten log' pitch—a delicately balanced dead tree trunk breaching a 30-foot overlap.

'Two short climbs, Swan Slab, a good introduction to artificial technique, and a sobering ascent of Little John, one of the best of many such climbs on the base of El Capitan. Lower Cathedral Spire, a dolomitic spire of granite, is surprisingly hard even by its Regular Route, but is undoubtedly a classic worth including.

'Half Dome even by its Tourist Route is a 22-mile round trip from Camp 4, but there is absolutely no doubt in my mind that this is a must for any visitor to Yosemite. The first part of the John Muir Trail leads through magnificent scenery; granite domes and waterfalls framed in pine trees, to the foot of the final dome, surmounted by an iron ladder set in 1000 feet of 50° slabs, a frightening experience in the face of an electric storm. The view down the N.W. face and back towards the valley, takes some beating.

'Heat and increasing lethargy seemed to indicate a move to the 'high country.' With Rick Sylvester from Beverley Hills and Al Klein from New York, Mt. Whitney, 200 miles to the south became the next objective. Driving through Yosemite National Park towards the 10,000 foot Tioga Pass, we began to realise that the Tuolumne Meadows could boast far more exposed rock than the entire Yosemite Valley; nothing quite as spectacular perhaps, but an unending array of domes and spires. Just another of many places to re-visit.

'Mt. Whitney, 14,495 feet is the highest peak in the U.S. excluding, of course, Alaska. A solo ascent of Thor Peak, 12,300 feet, to acclimatise, with a slight disappointment on the summit. It had only had its first ascent a year before. Incidentally, this peak affords one of the best viewpoints for Mt. Whitney's East Face, our main objective. This is a 2000-foot cone of granite, defined on the right by a deep couloir leading to a ridge and the summit: the Mountaineer's Route. This I soloed, the following day and made a literally 'hair-raising' retreat from the summit in the heat of an electric storm. And finally we all climbed the East Face Route by the Fresh Air Traverse, a spectacular and satisfying route leading directly to the summit, and yet not involving any particularly difficult passages.

'Thereafter I deteriorated into a tourist and spent the rest of my vacation gazing at the other, mechanised, half of the States.'

W. M. DOCHARTY sends us the following account of the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition, 1967: 'My connections with Canadian climbing derived from the Memento copy of my Mountain Trilogy which I inscribed for The Alpine Club of Canada, a club of some 1260 members of both sexes drawn from all parts of the Dominion and abroad. The immediate reaction of the then President, Bob Hind, was to invite me over in 1966 to their annual camp to be held that year close to Mount Assiniboine, 11,870 ft. That icy pyramid,

'The Matterhorn of the Rockies,' as Canadians like to style it, majestically dominates a group of lesser, yet grand, snow and rock peaks; a series of unbelievably blue and green glacier lakes; and dense primeval pine forest with occasional 'meadow' clearings deeply carpeted with Alpine flowers, through which wound the trails of the pack-horse trains by which the camp, at 7100 ft. was sustained. At that Camp it was my pleasure to be the bearer of greetings from the President, Bob Grieve, and all members of the S.M.C. to the Alpine Club of Canada. Arising from that visit I was elected to Life Membership of the Club, and later learned I had been selected to attend the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition, 'Y.A.C.E. 1967,' part of Canada's Centennial Year Celebrations, generously supported financially by the Centennial Commission, the Provinces and Territories.

'The primary objective of the Expedition was a romantic one. A hitherto unvisited, un-named range in the 10,000/12,500 ft. bracket in the Icefield Ranges of the Saint Elias Mountains near the Alaska Border (claimed to be the third vastest system in the world) was chosen for exploration by climbing teams drawn from Canada's ten Provinces and two Territories. This virgin range was given the name 'Centennial,' and its thirteen peaks, when climbed, were to be named after those Provinces and Territories, 'Centennial Peak' being reserved for the highest. A fourteenth peak, 15,700 ft. likewise unclimbed and un-named on the Alaska Border, was also to be attempted by a joint American and Canadian team, and given the name of Good Neighbour Peak, as 1967 was also the centenary of the purchase of Alaska from Russia by the United States.

'Approach to Camp was via Whitehorse, Yukon Territory (five aircraft in my case), and after delay arising from impassable mud-slides by Kluane Lake on the Alaska Highway, by Yukon Territory transport to a Staging Camp at Mile 1064, and, the following morning, on to Mile 1111. Here a semi-amphibious open truck, for so it turned out to be, conveyed us and our dunnage by the roughest of tracks deeply bitten into by creeks as they tore through it, to a 'heliport' at the divide between Quill and Maple Creeks. Here little Bell Helicopters lifted us, two by two, over the vast Donjek Glacier river system to the tented camp, magnificently sited on treeless tundra alongside the southern lateral moraine of the surging Steele Glacier at about 5700 ft. and within the sweep of the cirque embracing Mounts Walsh, 14,800 ft., Steele, 16,644 ft., and Wood, 15,885 ft. Eighteen months previously this Glacier had been unexceptionable, moving normally, 20/30 ft. below its lateral moraine. Some time before we intruded, however, the accumulations in its upper reaches and tributaries, held fast for years by the intense cold of the 8-9 months long winters, had collapsed and sent down an entirely new glacier of ice, rock and mud atop the original one, upon which it was now riding 200/250 ft. above the lateral moraines, with estimated movement of 50 ft. per day, and the formation of glacier lakes with miniature icebergs like the Märjelen-See by the side of the Aletsch Glacier in Switzerland. A truly amazing sight, which barred us off from the northward, save for the intervention of the ubiquitous little helicopters which could put us across in about four and a half minutes. Apart from the vaster proportions of the surrounding snow and ice peaks and glaciers, the terrain upon which the camp was pitched must have been very like what our own Fort William and Cairngorm areas looked like during the last ice-age, 10,000 years ago, so ably lamented in the previous issue of this *Journal*; no trees, little vegetation except for mosses, the roughest of grasses and stunted willow-scrub, with bigish glaciers in the main valleys, and tributaries coming down from the lateral valleys and corries.

'The Expedition was organised in three phases, the first, or 'Centennial,' superbly supported by two Helio Courier and one Beaver fixed-wing aircraft, and helicopters. Despite inclement weather conditions, all Centennial Peaks (excepting Mounts Saskatchewan and Manitoba), as also Good Neighbour Peak, were achieved between mid-June and July 24th.

'The Centennial phase was neatly dovetailed into the first General Climbing Camp at Steele Glacier, which, as with the second Camp, was dependent solely on the Bell Helicopters. Although confronted with continuing unsatisfactory weather, a number of first ascents were made by this Camp and Mount Walsh climbed by one party.

'The second General Climbing Camp (the one I attended), by contrast, was favoured by a vast improvement in weather conditions, and we were tent-bound for one day only, with the last week or ten days sunny and comfortably warm, which, in turn, proved invaluable for the dry evacuation of all the camp equipment between August 12th and 14th. This Camp, in addition to a number of first ascents, was also successful in three further attempts on Mount Walsh; two on Mount Steele (with a Japanese climber in the first party, and two ladies, American and Italian, in the second); and one on Mount Wood.

'In all 33 peaks were achieved by the Expedition, of which 27 were first ascents.

'Apart from the Centennial climbs, about 120 major excursions were mounted from the two General Climbing Camps.

'A total of 238 climbers were lifted into and out of the camps, and it has been claimed that coupled with the Expedition's accident-free record and the number of first ascents achieved, Y.A.C.E. proved itself to be unique in its achievement and in mountaineering history.

'It was my privilege to convey greetings from the President, Bill Mackenzie, and all members of the S.M.C. to those attending the second General Climbing Camp, which paid me the compliment of singing 'Happy Birthday to Willie Docharty' for my 72nd, which fell at that time. For me perhaps, the happiest aspect of the adventure was the good comradeship which surrounded me throughout. In addition to friends whom I had already met at Assiniboine in 1966, many new friendships were forged at Y.A.C.E., including those with tent-mates Dave Wessel, the American who was Frank Smythe's young companion in his *Climbs in the Canadian Rockies*, had been a member of The Scottish-Canada Coast Range Expedition 1965, and on this occasion was one of those to climb Mount Steele; Neal Carter, the Map-maker of a vast area of British Columbia; Maurice Haycock, the Arctic Islands geologist and artist; and Stan Paterson (late J.M.C.S.), the glaciologist, who could tell us that 80 glaciers in the Yukon and Alaska were presently in a state of surge like Steele, and who took part in the successful ascent of Mount Wood. I also received the greatest kindness at the hands of John and Margaret Tewnton—from Scotland—as also from Roger Neave, President of The Alpine Club of Canada, and his two brothers, Ferris and Hugh, all three again in camp together for the first time in twenty-five years. Dave Wessel and John Tewnton were the two members subsequently chosen for The Alpine Club of Canada's Silver Rope Award, for leadership at Y.A.C.E. and earlier camps.

'I was one of those worked out of camp on August 11th, by which time despite the lovely weather, the first harbingers of approaching winter were to be noted, overnight films of ice on the buckets by the tents and fresh dustings of snow on the southern flanks of the mountains on the far side of Steele Glacier. Word too, had come in that the 'B' Camp tents at about 7200 ft. had been flattened by a heavy local fall of snow.'

P. D. BAIRD was also on this expedition, but apparently did not meet Docharty, for he writes:

'I believe I was the only member of the S.M.C., though certainly not the only Scot, to take part in the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition to the St. Elias mountains in 1967. This was an official Canadian Government centennial project, and we attempted to climb 13 new peaks in the range running west from Mount Lucania to the Alaskan border—one named after each province or territory of Canada, and one, the highest, called Centennial

Peak. These ranged from 10,000 to 12,500 feet in height and turned out to be a good deal more difficult than we expected, with rather insecure rock, and poor snow and weather conditions in July. We did achieve all except two of the peaks however. I was leader of the Northwest Territories Peak, and Mike MacCallum, now of Vancouver, another Scot, the leader of our neighbouring summit, 'Mt. Yukon,' over which in fact we had to go to get to our peak. My team also included Jim Ferguson a recent Scottish immigrant; Bob Paul was leader of Nova Scotia's successful team.

'We were 27 hours out from our base camp in both of our attempts on the mountain, the first turned back by worsening weather and the weather holding. But on the second try we were all in good shape and the weather held. I believe I was the only grandfather in the combined teams but we had a grandmother also. A full account of the expedition will be published in the 1968 edition of the *Canadian Alpine Journal*.'

Norway

M. H. COOKE and THEO NICHOLSON spent 10 days in Norway, at first in the Øye (Norangdal) area and later at Leirvassbu in Jotunheimen. Unfortunately the weather broke in Leirvassbu and forced an early return to Bergen.

In Norangdal, Slogjen 5241 ft. was climbed (from sea level) on a very warm day and by the usual route. For the first 2700 ft. the very narrow track goes straight up through dense scrub birch and juniper: later is an enjoyable ridge walk and some mild scrambling for 150 ft. or so before the top. A day or two later, from Fibelstadhaugen up the 'dal' and 1000 ft. above sea level, a good day was spent over Lilla Nebba, 4650 ft. and Kalvskred Nibba, 4850 ft. Extensive snow fields lay deep above 3500 ft. From Leirvassbu (approximately 4500 ft.) in mixed weather and in hard snow, an enjoyable first day was spent traversing the Austre, Midre (6875 ft.) and Vestre Högvagltindene returning over the Högvaglhøe. Next day, in bad weather and after much fresh snow, the shapely Kyrkja (6650 ft.) was climbed.

Turkey

J. GRIEVE, J.M.C.S., was in the Chilo Day mountains of South-East Turkey for a short time last summer with an English expedition. This area, previously visited by Weir, is limestone, very attractive and rises to 14,000 ft. The expedition travelled by lorry and made the 4,000-mile journey in a week. Several peaks were climbed but the main objective, the North Face of Resko Teppe was abandoned through lack of time.

The Alps

B. W. ROBERTSON writes: 'Winter: Rusty Baillie and I arrived in Chamonix at the beginning of February; our equipment didn't, the French Rail lost it; we had to wait 5 days. Baillie and I soloed a new 3000-foot snow and ice route on the Aig du Midi to the right of 'Route Central' involving one Bivouac at 10,000 feet.

'With Michel Marchal and his friend Lionel Dard we left the Midi téléphérique for an attempt on the Grande Jorasses via Point Croz. Marchal and Dard went by ski, Baillie and I by snow shoes. After staying one night in the new Laschaux hut, Dard returned to Chamonix and we went to the Jorasses. The deep snow prevented us from moving fast and we reached the start of the face at 3.30 p.m. While Marchal prepared our bivouac, Baillie and I climbed

the first 400 feet of snow and ice then we fixed ropes ready for the following morning. I led the next day, while the lads Jumaré. After two bivouacs we reached half-way; the intense cold froze my Pentax solid and the packs, carrying food for eight days were very heavy. We were forced to retreat, due to remnants of a large stone fall and worsening weather. We retreated to Chamonix, arriving two days later.

'After that, Rusty left for home and the weather continued bad so I went to the flesh pot of Leysin and spent a few days bolting and pegging a new route on the Torr Di Eye. Returning from our climb by ski, I managed to sprain both knee and ankle, putting my right leg in plaster for eight days; and then I returned home.

'*Summer*: I had a very competent American client for the first two weeks in July. With Bill Wilkins we managed in the Dolomites to climb on the Cinque Torre—Torre Lusy, Via Lusi-Pompanin; Torre Grande, Via Miriam O'Brien and Dimai-Degasper; Cima Ouest, Via Lacedelli. Catinaccio—Punta Emma, Via Piazz and Bernard-Mase Davi; Torre Delago, Via Piazz-Gloser; Torre Piazz.

'I went to the Civetta next to meet James Fullalove (R. & Ice). Waiting for Fullalove alias Dan Boone, Neil Wilson and I made an attempt on a new route in the Castello Di Valgrande but returned due to loose rock. At this point, the strap on my camera broke, sending it to a glorious death on the scree 1500 feet below. With J.F., made the first repeat of the McKeith-Rowe on the Torre de Valgrande. We made a variation to the start and finished in a thunderstorm. Next, we completed the N.E. edge of Torre di Valgrande in 3½ days (see article in this issue).

'We moved on to Chamonix and completed a new direct on the N. face of the Aiguille du Peigne and tried a new route with the Japs on the Blaitière but retreated due to bad rock.'

IAIN OGILVIE visited the Dauphiné with CHARLES WARREN and Ivan Waller and from Ailefroide and the Glacier Blanc climbed the Roche Faurio and the Barre des Ecrins. They then went to La Bérarde and attempted the Ailefroide by the Glacier Gris route on the west face but turned back at the Brèche des Frères Chamois due to lack of time. This is a long, loose and unpleasant route and should be avoided.

An attempt to traverse the Meije was defeated when Ogilvie slipped on a slab and dislocated a shoulder before even reaching the hut. At least the weather remained perfect!

E. I. THOMPSON and D. J. BENNET with Mrs Bennet and D. Lindstrom (U.S.A.), were in the Bernese Oberland for two weeks. 'From Murren we crossed the Sefinenfurke and climbed the Gspaltenhorn by the N.E. Ridge (voie normale). Then we crossed the Gamchilucke to the Mutthorn Hut and climbed the Tschingelhorn and the Breithorn. On the latter peak we were caught in a thunderstorm that raged over the Alps and killed a climber on the Allalinhorn to the south of us. Several days later, after a few more thunderstorms and a debacle on the Galenstock we went up to the Oberaletsch Hut and climbed the Aletschhorn, next day we crossed the Beichpass and walked down the Löttschental to Kippel.'

G. J. DUTTON, in a 4½-day October micro-vacation between continental meetings, enjoyed several Uri summits from Engelberg; an excellent base for the prestissimo soloist at that time of the year—after the tourists have gone and before the uphill machinery has stopped; rain and thunderstorms in the leaf-dropping valley, blue sky and thin new snow on the tops.

J. MCK. STEWART writes: 'I joined a A.A.C. party for two weeks in the Stubai and Ötztal Alps from the 2nd September. From the Sulzenau Hut our route was westwards with one or two nights at the Dresdner, Hildeshimer, Martin Busch, Hochjoch-Hosp, Vernagt and Braunschweiger Huts.

'Peaks climbed included the Wilder Freiger (2nd attempt), East Daunkogel, Stubai Wildspitze (first top), Kesselwand-Sp., Wildspitze (traverse south to North Arêtes combined with 16 km. high-level crossing of the Vernagt, Taschach and Mittelbergferners—a perfect day), finally the Innere Schwarze Schneide. Fresh snow, night frosts, blue skies above 3000 m. combined with good company gave an excellent holiday.'

He adds 'Once the high Swiss peaks become too hard a day (in a few months I shall be 60), with the possible slowing-up of other members of the rope it is good to continue with the Austrian Alps, particularly the Tyrol—and the advancing years are kept at bay for a little longer! I thoroughly recommend all declining Tigers to keep going, for there are many happy years ahead when one begins to enjoy life more with a bit of comfort here and there, and experience takes on from youth—or should I say, middle age!'

HAMISH M. BROWN, with friends 'to *Meiringen*. Tierbergli from Steingletscher to traverse Sustenhorn and Sustenlimmi to Göschernenalp. From Engstlenalp traverse the Titlis and cross Joch Pass. In *Bernina* over Piz Murtel to Piz Corvatsch and down Val Roseg. From Diavolezza race storm over fine Piz Palù, 3905, to expensive Marco e Rosa Hut. Retreat down the Foura to Morteratsch Glacier. Plus J. Prosser to *Zermatt*. Traverse Dom, 4545, up the icy Festigrat. Alone over the Ober Rothorn while others S.E. Ridge Alphubel and are bombed off the Hörnli. To *Oberland*. Unsettled weather led to unplanned 32-mile traverse from Fafler Alp to Grimsel: passes of Lötschenlücke, Grunhornlücke, Gemslücke, Oberaar Joch with Oberaarhorn, 3638, only peak possible. Others end holiday with Breithorn, 3782, H.M.B. over Gemmi Pass, Kandersteg to Leukerbad. Lastly traverse fine Bietschhorn, 3934, up west ridge, down north ridge and Nestgletscher. H.M.B. and 2 others within over-large A.B.M.S.A.C. party; 26 hours to and from the Bietsch hut hints at a complex tale. Festering, concerts, sails and travels home as usual.'

DONALD MILL, with a friend, went from Argentière to Saas Fee on ski in March 1967, the line taken being the now classic winter High Level Route: Day (1) Grands Montets/Col du Chardonnet/Fenêtre de Saleina/Trient; (2) Fenêtre des Chamois/Val d'Arpette/Champex; (3) Bourg St. Pierre/Val-sorey; (4) Plateau du Couloir/Glacier d'Otemma/Vignettes; (5) Col de l'Evêque/Col du Mt. Brulé/Col de Valpelline/Schonbiel; (6) to Schwarzsee in a snow-storm; (7) avoiding Zermatt and its machinery by the upper and lower Theodul glaciers/Gornergletscher/Mte. Rosa hut; (8) Adler pass/Saas Fee. He apologises for mistaking for a 'Bunch of Krauts' a Glaswegian party encountered slogging up the Col du Mt. Brulé . . . the visitors' book at the Schonbiel revealed their legendary names that evening. Later, from the Panossière, they climbed Petit Combin and Combin de Corbassière, and finished with a frost-biting traverse of the four tops of the Grand Combin in weather so bad as to be almost Scottish.

At least four members of the Lochaber Section of the J.M.C.S. were in the Chamonix area at different times last summer—DAVE SMITH, RICHARD GRIEVE, CAMERON MACNAUGHTON and MARSHALL REEVES with his wife. Among the routes climbed were the Brown-Whillans on the Blaitière, the North Ridge of the Peigne and the North Ridge of the Charmoz. It should be noted that the last route mentioned is considerably harder and more serious than the English guide would lead one to believe.

BOOKS

No Tigers in the Hindu Kush. By Philip Tranter (edited by Nigel Tranter). (1968; Hodder & Stoughton. 155 pp., col. frontispiece, 31 photographs. 35s.).

Philip Tranter is now a legendary figure in Scottish climbing. Tales of his astonishing energy and enthusiasm multiply ('just for love of it, certainly not for records—remember how he did all the Mamores, Grey Corries, the Aonachs and Nevis—36 miles and 20,000 ft.—in 23 hours?'), and some are recorded under *KINDRED CLUBS* in this issue of the *Journal*; for Tranter was perhaps the most powerful of the many driving forces of the Corriemulzie Mountaineering Club. In 1965, four young members of that Club, including Tranter, motored to the Central Hindu Kush and, carrying their Saltire to almost completely unknown country, made the 2nd ascent of Koh-i-Krebek (6290 m.) by a new route and climbed for the first time another of 20,000 ft., 7 over 18,000 ft., named 12 more, crossed 5 new passes, and discovered a new mountain group and 16 glaciers; and then motored back.

This book is unobtrusively edited, by his father, from Tranter's Hindu Kush diary, and well conveys the zest of a straightforward climbing holiday—with a rather longer drive than usual—in which the four humped their packs from camp to camp and peak to peak, just as they did in Wester Ross. Some of these peaks were difficult, and they had their share of luck as well as of skill. It is, as the editor recognises, a happy book, and unforcedly so; independent, and quite free from either self-importance or 'the provincial cringe.' Endearingly, they named their peaks after familiar Scottish ones—though only the family could see how the noble young Moruig, fierce in frontispiece colour, takes after the dreich old sponge of Glen Carron; these names have subsequently been put into Farsi, so the Gaelic goes back easily a little way to its roots with Koh-i-Morusg, Koh-i-Sisgeikh (from 'Sheasgaich') and drags a somewhat bewildered Norse with it in Koh-i-Ainshval and Koh-i-Askival—but resounding titles all, and better than Mt. Morningside Crescent. . . . There was fortunately little 'science' on this expedition: Appendix 'D', on 'Birds', begins encouragingly: 'The main problem with the birds was to identify them.'

Though far from egotistical, the book bounds with Tranter's personality (on the way down, rather than hang around, he set off overnight to the parked Land Rover—43 miles . . .), and may serve not only as a record of the Scottish Hindu Kush Expedition, 1965, but also as a memorial to a remarkable man. (And another thing he did, he walked—nonstop—right across . . .).

G.J.D.

Conquered Peaks. Moscow, 1966.

This is a comprehensive, 400-page, illustrated collection of all aspects of Soviet mountaineering for the period 1961-64. Included are accounts of all notable Soviet expeditions and climbs during these years, a section on 'Science & Climbing,' treating such topics as 'High Altitude Problems' and finally a very full bibliography and reference section giving full data on climbs and climbers.

Of main interest to British readers is the chapter entitled 'Flags of two countries over the Pamirs,' dealing with the 1962 British-Soviet expedition. This chapter, by E. B. Gippenreiter and A. G. Ovchinnikov, is dedicated to the memory of Wilfred Noyce and Robin Smith.

Although not differing in point of fact from the 'Red Peak' account, and though not throwing any new light on the tragic incident, the Soviet version

gives a serious, compassionate description of the expedition, relieved in part by humorous flashes and one or two light-hearted glimpses of the British climbers. But the predominant impression in these pages, written some time after the tragedy, is that the sense of loss was felt equally by British and Soviet climbers, and that these lines are a fitting tribute to Noyce and Smith.

D.D.

On Top of The World. By Showell Styles. (1967; Hamish Hamilton. 278 pp., 190 photographs, 32 in colour, 12 diagrams. 105s.).

Rock and Rope. By Showell Styles. (1967; Faber & Faber. 174 pp., 9 photographs. 25s.).

It is superficially unlikely that these two books could have been written by the same man. In the first, the author has given us a history of the climbing of the world's highest mountains together with comments on the sociological cultural aspects of this development. In the second, he describes his personal relationship to mountains, scurrying happily around insignificant little crags, championing the right of the veriest incompetent to call himself a climber. Showell Styles seeks to emphasize the common ground which exists between Buhl's great virtuoso stroke on Nanga Parbat and John Smith, solicitor's clerk, who spends his weekends training for the Milestone Buttress. 'Mountaineering and rock-climbing do not reserve their chief delights for the ace climber only—the unambitious Rabbit may satisfy his mountain appetites as freely and fully as the agile and rapacious Tiger.' Doubtless there are many who will agree wholeheartedly with this point of view and, in the second book, Styles writes well and amusingly of the thrills and pleasures which have come his way in many years of assiduous pottering. However, Styles' personal identification with the 'unambitious Rabbits' unfortunately colours the first book a faint shade of green: and although appetites are equally satisfied, the blasted Tiger gets the best meals!

If you are an incompetent Rabbit (Styles' terminology, not mine. Incidentally, it is surely time to drop it; nobody likes being called a Rabbit, and Esso have long ago tanked the Tiger), then you will possibly enjoy the first book, since it is written with you as implicit audience. 'You won't ever get near any of these magic mountains, old chap, so I shan't bore you with any unnecessary references or maps or the like and I won't bother to be awfully accurate; facts are such a bore, anyway. So what, if I say Bonington and Clough rescued Brian Nally before conquering the Eiger, when it was really Bonington and that awful Whillans on a totally different attempt (p. 143)? My way reads better.' There are many inaccuracies along these lines and the enormous corpus of Alpine literature might never have existed as far as this book is concerned. Thus, if you are not an incompetent Rabbit, or if you harbour any Ultramontane aspirations, then *On Top of The World* will cause you a deal of pain. Another criticism one might make is that the lavish black and white photographs are not all that well reproduced. Possibly for technical reasons, though I doubt it, they have all been produced with low contrast and stark Himalayan giants which should stand out searing white against a pitch-black sky are reduced to douce greyness. However, having said all this, *On Top of The World* should do well with the lay public; Commander Styles spins a very good yarn and, in with the well-trodden classics (Mt. Blanc, Matterhorn, Everest, etc.), he has mixed stories of other mountains (Annie Peck and Huascaran, The Sourdoughs and McKinley, Rev. Green and Mt. Cook) which deserve to be better known.

Rock and Rope, however, succeeds exactly where the other does not. The author seems much more at home here, giving an honest committed account of his struggles in mountaineering's byways and approaching more serious mountains with admirable trepidation, 'The Tow'ring Alps We Try!' He communicates adroitly and humorously the enjoyment which he and his

companions have drawn from achieving their modest objectives and the enthusiasm with which they have approached them. At less than a quarter of the price of *On Top of The World* it is a far better buy.

R.N.C.

Everest—The West Ridge. By Thomas F. Hornbein. (George Allen & Unwin. £6: 6s.).

This is a book and a half. On pages measuring 13" by 10½" are printed nearly a hundred superbly reproduced colour plates, some of breathtaking magnificence. At £6: 6s. this does not seem unduly expensive. The highly glazed paper used for the illustrations, chosen no doubt for technical reasons, may not be to everyone's taste but the general standard of production (it is a Sierra Club Exhibit Format book) is undoubtedly high. This being so, it is curious to find that page 21 appears twice in our copy.

The book is not the official account of the American Everest Expedition of 1963 but a highly personal account of the first ascent of the West Ridge and the events leading up to it. A great deal of conversation and discussion is included and we can be sure that it is all accurate because everything was tape-recorded at the time. Surely only an American expedition could include a member whose job was to be logistical planner and head of sociological study into motivation. Each climber had to complete a daily diary recording his emotions and evaluating them on a numerical scale ranging from plus to minus five. In the event, the author and his companion achieved the magnificent feat of traversing Everest up the West Ridge and down to the South Col. They pressed on, aware that they would be caught by darkness and on the way down overtook two others who had reached the summit from the South Col. The four bivouacked without tent, oxygen or food at 28,000 feet on a calm night. We are told that one night out of fifty on Everest is windless. Had they been there on any of the other forty-nine the account would have been written by someone else.

Such a story cannot fail to grip but this is primarily a picture book. The illustrations, of great variety and uniformly high standard, cover all phases of the expedition, so that many of the photographs are without relevant text. The expedient has been adopted of setting opposite some of the pictures pieces of fine writing from various sources, such as Ecclesiastes, Ruskin, Pope Pius XI and W. H. Murray, not necessarily in that order. Anyone allergic to this sort of thing can enjoy the pictures and leave it at that.

D.J.F.

White Horizons. By Myrtle Simpson. (1967; Gollancz. 191 pp., 28 photographs, 2 maps. 32s. 6d.).

The Scottish Family Simpson cross the Greenland Ice, without pegs, or dogs or other artificial aids. This time, in contrast to previous trips, the children get left behind but join up at the far side for a back-to-nature holiday, tenting with Mrs and a friend among the Eskimos, while Father and the two other male members of the party, Roger Tuft and Bill Wallace, embark on a long and hazardous canoe-trip. One can only wonder at the effort, the enterprise, the total success of the party in attaining practically all of their objectives and, for the Simpsons at any rate, having a remarkable family holiday. At no less cost, fat businessmen fly their families to the Caribbean to fatten further in over-heated Blackpools. They should read *White Horizons* and go buy a tent! Myrtle Simpson has told their story well. Her style is engagingly direct, the content informative and never the purposeless padding which stuffs so many expedition books. I was particularly taken by the surprisingly earthy humour of many of her observations, often self-directed.

One doesn't expect a woman to be in an icy desert like that in the first place; given that she is, one thinks, 'Ah, a Tamara Press or some such' but the author is always female, often exaggeratedly so!

As a whole the book comes over very well indeed, despite the disjointed nature of the events it describes. The Crossing itself is never dull and becomes comic at one point when the party descends, bearded and filthy, craving fresh fruit and bread, on a U.S. DEW-line station, improbably situated deep in the Inland Ice. Mrs Simpson is at times amused, at times disgusted, by the way in which Americans adapt their surroundings to meet their norms, rather than *vice-versa* and here she has a field day, though not, of course, objecting to their hospitality. . . . Later, with the children, she fishes, collects flora, befriends Eskimos, sipping coffee spiced with seal-blubber, and one night flees with her brood from the uncertain attentions of a marauding musk-ox! All stirring stuff and good copy, too.

The worse half, Dr Hugh, recounts the canoe-trip in a style remarkably similar to his wife's. They slice down startling rapids, traverse fierce fiords, fish fruitlessly and poach profitably—an astonishing performance: one would have thought that the Ice Crossing with its attendant dangers and cruel physical toll would have been enough for one summer. But no. . . . One falls back from the book exhausted. May the Simpsons have many more family holidays! Spitzbergen, Guyana, Iceland, Greenland: where next? Might we suggest, there are large unclimbed mountains in New Guinea—

R.N.C.

Selected Climbs in the Mont Blanc Range, Vols. I & II. (By R. G. Collomb & P. Crew). 35s. and 28s.

Selected Climbs in the Dauphiné Alps and Vercors. (By J. Brailsford & E. A. Wrangham). 28s. (1967; West Col Alpine Club Guide Books).

Dents du Midi Region. 18s. (1967; West Col Alpine Climbing Guide Books).

The *Selected Climbs* series, as originated by the Alpine Climbing Group was meant to stimulate the interest of younger British climbers in the hardest Alpine climbs by providing information in their own language. The production by the Alpine Club of the series in its present form and extended range will be welcomed by alpinists. Good guidebook coverage helps both the novice and the highly-organised to recognise the possibilities of particular areas, those where climbs are recorded and those where the absence of data suggests the possibility of exploration; to spot the 'Last Problems'; and to avoid climbs outside their present experience and capabilities.

By its very nature this selection will never replace the native guides and journals as final works of reference but it will be invaluable during winter preparations for summer campaigns and, later, on the climbs themselves. It provides an admirable inventory of interesting and worthwhile climbs with due cautionary admonition on their standards and objective dangers and on the equipment required. The editors assume, however, a knowledge of Alpine conditions in their readers, and a climber conditioning himself mentally over the winter to a programme solely on the times provided in the guide may be gravely disappointed. British climbers need to be reminded of the effects of a late or bad season, of the need for an early start whenever possible and the perils of late starts and overloading.

Even as armchair reading matter the two Mt. Blanc volumes are attractive. The information regarding access and huts is excellent. The coverage of the area is full. The climbs include established favourite routes and a high proportion of new or less-frequented climbs of high standard. Those climbers who will never attempt the East Face of the Eckpfeiler Buttress and other like climbs will doubtless be gratified by the assumption that they might. A high

percentage of the descriptions follow lines different from accepted directions for climbing well-known routes. The reader should reflect, however, that apart from alterations in the rock and ice formations, weather conditions and personal techniques will in the end dictate the optimum line for any particular party. The diagrams are clear and adequate. The Dauphiné and Vercors guide should encourage even more British parties to visit the Dauphiné area. It pursues the policy that the very best is good enough for British climbers and includes climbs of such standard as the Couzy route on L'Olan, the North Face of the Pic Sans Nom and the North-West Wall of the Ailefroide as well as others more within the powers of the average alpinist. The selection is representative and the descriptions lucid. The diagrams serve to illustrate the climbs but a few sketch-maps illustrating the mountain structure of particular localities would be helpful. The volume includes a selection of climbs of E.D. and T.D. standard in the Vercors area on the grounds that this is an ideal centre when the 'Grandes Courses' are not in condition. One hopes that the climbers will be. There is a similarity in treatment between the Dents du Midi Region guide and those of the Alpine Club, explained by the fact that West Col productions and some of the editorial staff are concerned with both. If together they increase the Alpine Guide coverage for British climbers much will be gained. Despite the proximity of this region to other climbing centres it is little known to British climbers. When disillusionment or safety dictates a departure from Chamonix, the easiest of moves would be to this area. Personal fulfilment might be attained in particular by disciples of Dr Bell, who has laid it down that 'Any fool can climb on good rock. It takes a climber to succeed on bad.' The guide does not yet cover the Argentine region but contains all the material which will enable the visitor to work up to the pièce de resistance of the region, the complete traverse of the Dents du Midi.

G.J.R.

The Himalayas—An illustrated Summary of the World's highest Mountain Ranges. 32 pp., 28 photographs, 3 panoramas. D. Mordecai of Daw Sen & Co., Private, Ltd., Calcutta. Post free, 17/6.

The Himalayan equivalent of the Scottish Munro's Tables, listing 568 peaks of, and exceeding, 20,000 feet in height, in descending order. The general location, latitude and longitude, date of first ascent of each peak, with names and nationality of the expedition making it, are given. There is an alphabetical index. The book is illustrated by 28 photographs both in colour and black and white of peaks, ranges and panoramas, together with photographs of the members of the 3rd Indian Everest Expedition, of whom nine reached the summit.

R.G.I.

Landscape of Delight: Poems in Scots and English. By Douglas Fraser. (1967; MacDonald, Edinburgh. 48 pp. 6s.).

Despite its ominous recommendation by certain acquaintances who 'can't be bothered with modern poetry' and even by one, of obviously wider reading, who 'detests all poetry', the reviewer enjoyed this book. Its author is one of several members of the Club who write good verse and who can produce even poems, unexpected and gratifying as a burst of sunlight on Scottish hills. (We would print them more often, but we have many older readers for whom a poem in the *Journal* sticks out like a piton on the Crowberry Ridge: 'it's all very well in its place, but not here—and even when you take it out, you can see where it's been'). Make up then, for this dearth, buy and read Fraser's collection, in forms from Standard Habbie down to Betjeman, but all held

firm by that characteristic wry gladness we have met before in the *Journal*. And tied, of course, by that characteristic self-deprecation:

I'm no the first tyke to hae lifted a leg
Fornest this indifferent wa' . . .

Much of it (though not those two lines . . .) deals with Scottish climbing. May we have more by the same author.

G.J.D.

European Alpine Flowers in Colour. By T. P. Barneby. (1967; Nelson. 239 pp., 96 colour plates, 2 maps. 70s.).

The object of this book according to its author, a former High Sheriff of Herefordshire, is to provide recognisable coloured pictures of as many flowers as possible. In this he has succeeded remarkably well, and has provided his fellow amateurs with a useful and beautiful book. The 96 plates each contain 6 coloured photographs of 3" x 3". This works out at less than 1½d. per illustration, which seems extraordinarily good value, putting the price of 70s. into perspective. Also included is an orchid-identification drawing, and a glossary of Latin, German, and French names, as well as short descriptive notes on each flower. The clarity of detail is generally good and the colour renderings, with few exceptions, are fairly true. For the few poor pictures such as that of heather (*Calluna vulgaris*), which is grey peelly wally, there are a dozen which are a joy to the eye, for example the whole *Ranunculaceae* section.

The book is more fitted for the rucksack than the pocket, as it is large (10" x 8") and weighs just over 2 lbs. As its title indicates, it covers only the flora of the European Alps, although many of the flowers it illustrates also occur in our own air. With the increasing intellectualisation of rock-climbing it is to be anticipated that the demand for this type of book will increase.

I.H.M.S.

Other Books recently received by the Library and not reviewed in this issue (presumably because of their great interest the reviewer is still reading them, or his friends are), include *Orienteering*, John Disley (Gollancz); *At Grips With Jannu*, J. Franco & L. Terray, trans. H. Merrick (Gollancz); *Bregaglia West*, Collomb & Crew (West Col Alpine Climbing Guidebooks); *The Geology of the Grampian Highlands*, G. Scott Johnstone (H.M.S.O.); *Langdale*, J. A. Austin and *Scafell*, G. Oliver (F.R.C.C. Guides); and Joe Brown's *Hard Years* Next time, perhaps

Journals of Kindred Clubs.—*Alpine Journal*, 1967: There is never much to say about the A.J. these days. If you're planning a trip to the back of beyond, then this is where you look for maps, photographs, etc. What's more, the information will probably all be correct and indispensable. However, if all you want is a good read, or something to amuse or puzzle you, then you'll look in vain, get lost in a fog of footnotes, theodolite measurements, map and journal references. Harben to the A.J.'s Beeton is *Ascent*, 1967, published by the Sierra Club. This is an eclectic journal publishing past or present mountain writing of literary or philosophical interest together with articles on local or contemporary mountaineering. For a first issue it hardly puts a foot wrong. If there is such a thing as the perfect mountaineering journal, then this is it. It is free of advertisements and beautifully illustrated, including a brilliant photographic essay by Glen Denny of strange shapes and shadows in Yosemite. The articles cover all sorts of mountaineering ground: particularly good were a well-written account by the Editor, Alan Steck, in the form of a letter describing his experiences on the ascent of Humming Bird Ridge on

Mt. Logan, and the best thing yet on climbing ethics, a really thorough *descriptive* piece of work by Lito Tejada-Flores—just compare this with A.J.'s sole article of this sort, Sir Douglas Busk's *Two Faces*, full of speculation about what long-dead X and Y might have done to recent route Z, given a bag of bonges and saying nothing very surprising about the attitudes of old to new or new to old. The *Alpine Journal* has a new editor next year, Alan Blackshaw. It would be nice if Mr Blackshaw could broaden its scope a little. *Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal*, 1967: the F.R.C.C. have decided to publish their journal biennially—every two, not twice a—for an experimental period. A great shame, for it is a fine journal and will be missed. This issue has much of interest to a Scottish reader; Geoff Oliver writes enthusiastically about Zero Gully, Donald Murray reviews the Club's Scottish Meets and F. Alcock does a verse send-up of Gaelic spelling; done before, of course, but this one is better than most. Other good things were some excellent old Abraham photographs. Although modern exponents of the art like Ken Wilson and John Cleare have added a new dimension to portraiture and action photography, it seems to me that as far as studies of individual crags are concerned, Abraham's work has never been bettered. *Climbers' Club Journal*, 1967: This year's issue boasts 65 pp. of New Climbs and Notes, so the Editor has my sympathies. The English are indefatigable in hunting down ever-diminishing crags: we are learning fast, of course. The articles suffer rather from topographical irrelevance—only one of the eleven deals with Wales, Moulam's 'A New Route Year.' Best was what looked like a self-debunking piece, an anonymous narrative of the efforts of an expedition to rid itself of a supposedly-unwanted member, 'A Short Siesta on the Upper Slopes.' *Yorkshire Ramblers' Climbing Club Journal*, 1966: This has two interesting Scottish articles on the Whitsun Meet to Knoydart and on an Easter trip to Wester Ross. Other articles deal with Turkey, Japan, Stromboli and numerous pots, ghylls, caves and hohlen. At least one of our members should enjoy 'With a Boy Scout Troop in the High Atlas' by A. M. Parr. . . . The *Y.R.C.C.J.* is usually good, with a distinctive Club flavour, and this number is no exception. *Irish Mountaineering*, 1966: has changed its format yet again. It now resembles the B.M.C. publication, *Mountaineering*, than which probably nothing could be duller. However, *Irish Mountaineering* is much better than that. There are articles on the North-West Ridge of Rakaposhi, Tasmania, Iceland, the Bernina and Ben Nevis as well as a fair Irish crop, showing that the new Irish international outlook has been extended to mountaineering as well. Those who raised their voices at our recent A.G.M. to protest at the high standard of our proposed new qualifications will gain great comfort from the manifesto of the Spillikin Club (p. 47), 'to remain a member . . . one should climb at least 8 climbs commonly regarded as VS in the year succeeding election.' *New Zealand Alpine Club Journal*, 1967: This is an enormous journal with 43 articles and innumerable photographs. There is a fine pioneering flavour about many of the articles and their pithy titles, 'A Mountain Called Smith,' 'A Mostest for Aspiring,' 'Spotlight on the Arrowsmiths' which contrasts pleasantly with the overly self-conscious approach to mountaineering of the Editor and some of the other contributors, e.g. 'it should be remembered that mountaineering is more than simply a sport . . . It often gives [mountaineers] a means to live as a part of, and at the same time to contribute to, society.' In fact, there is an astonishing amount of National Parking, conservation, regimentation and safety-conscious humbuggery—astonishing, given that the problems which provoke these societal reactions are not nearly as acute as they are in our own countries. The section of this journal which I found most interesting was the Club Proceedings, published in full; minutes, accounts and all. It is fascinating to compare their domestic squabbles with ours, Hillary's A.G.M. technique with Mackenzie's! *Ladies' Alpine Club Journal*, 1967. *Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club Journal*, 1968: Both these journals hold accounts, by Elizabeth Parry and Esmé Speakman respectively, of the 1966 Sat Dag Expedition and the remarkable events which accompanied it, the traverse of The Great Snake

Marsh, the Attack of the Brigands and their subsequent rout by Miss Speakman's laxative pills. An incredible tale, well told in both journals. Miss Speakman also writes about an ascent of Demirkazik in the Ala Dag Taurus. This extraordinary woman is an extremely competent climber and writer. The *L.A.C.J.* has other good things, of course; Sylvia Glentworth describes a spring visit to the Langtang Himal and Loulou Boulaz her attempt on the North Face of the Eiger with the Vauchers and Michel Darbellay. However, even better is the Scottish journal, though this is, of course, only an occasional publication. It begins with an obituary and appreciation of Mabel Jeffrey, the Club founder, who died last year; Mrs Jeffrey's links with our Club, through her father, W. Inglis Clark, and her husband, Richard, are well-known. It is pleasant to note that the journal has a high proportion of Scottish articles, all of them interesting. Lately, there has been a dearth of good writing on the Scottish mountains. There are also two short articles on Norway (one on the Sunmore Alps, the other on Jaekevarre) and some verse by Ann Murray.

Other journals received, with thanks, were: Appalachia, 1967, Canadian Alpine Journal, 1967, Journal of the Mountain Club of South Africa, 1966, Polar Record, 1967/68, Jahrbuch der Alpenvereins, 1966, Himalayan Club Journal, 1965, Mountaineering, 1967.

R.N.C.

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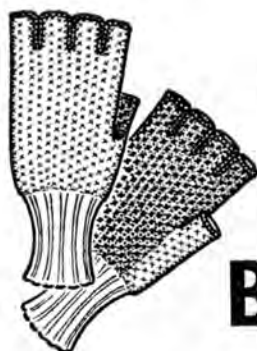
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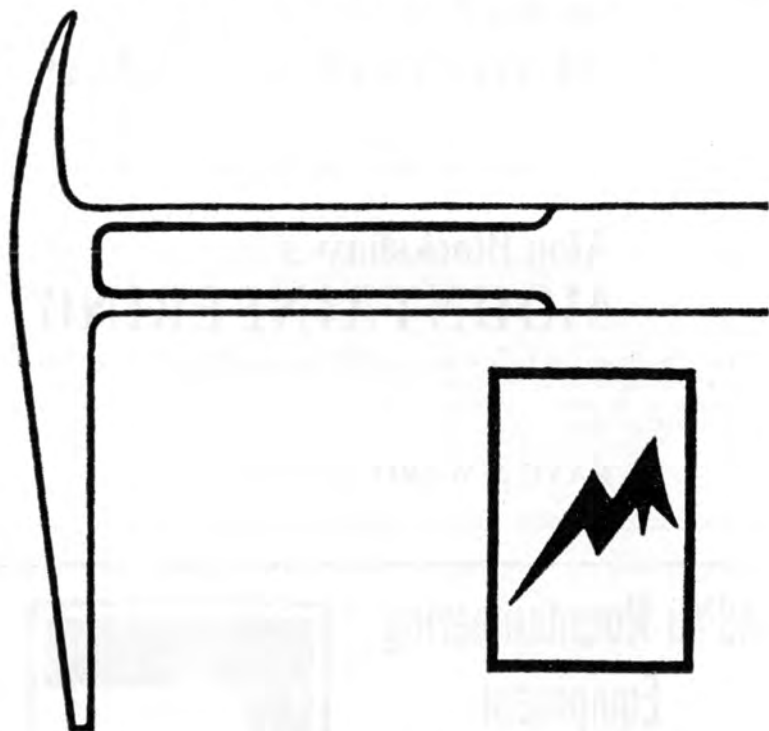
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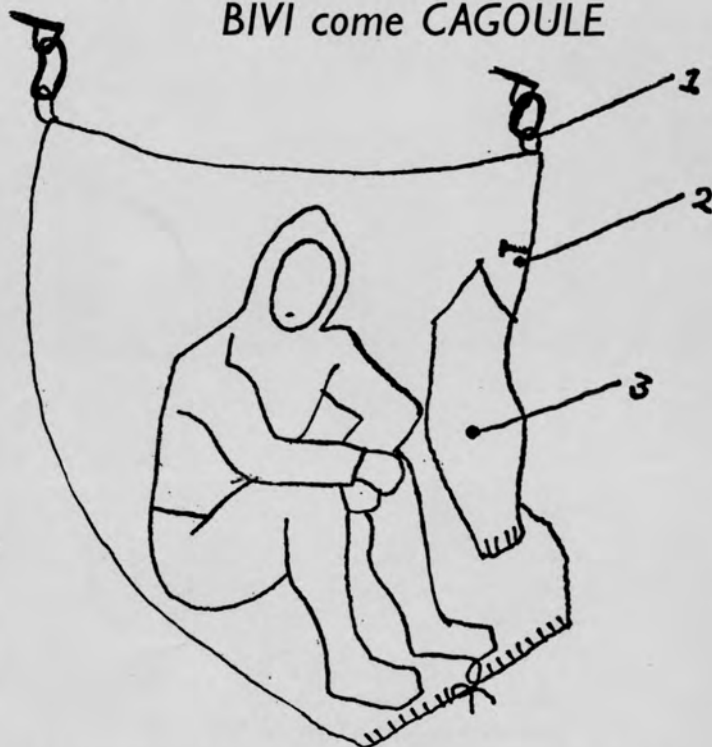


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