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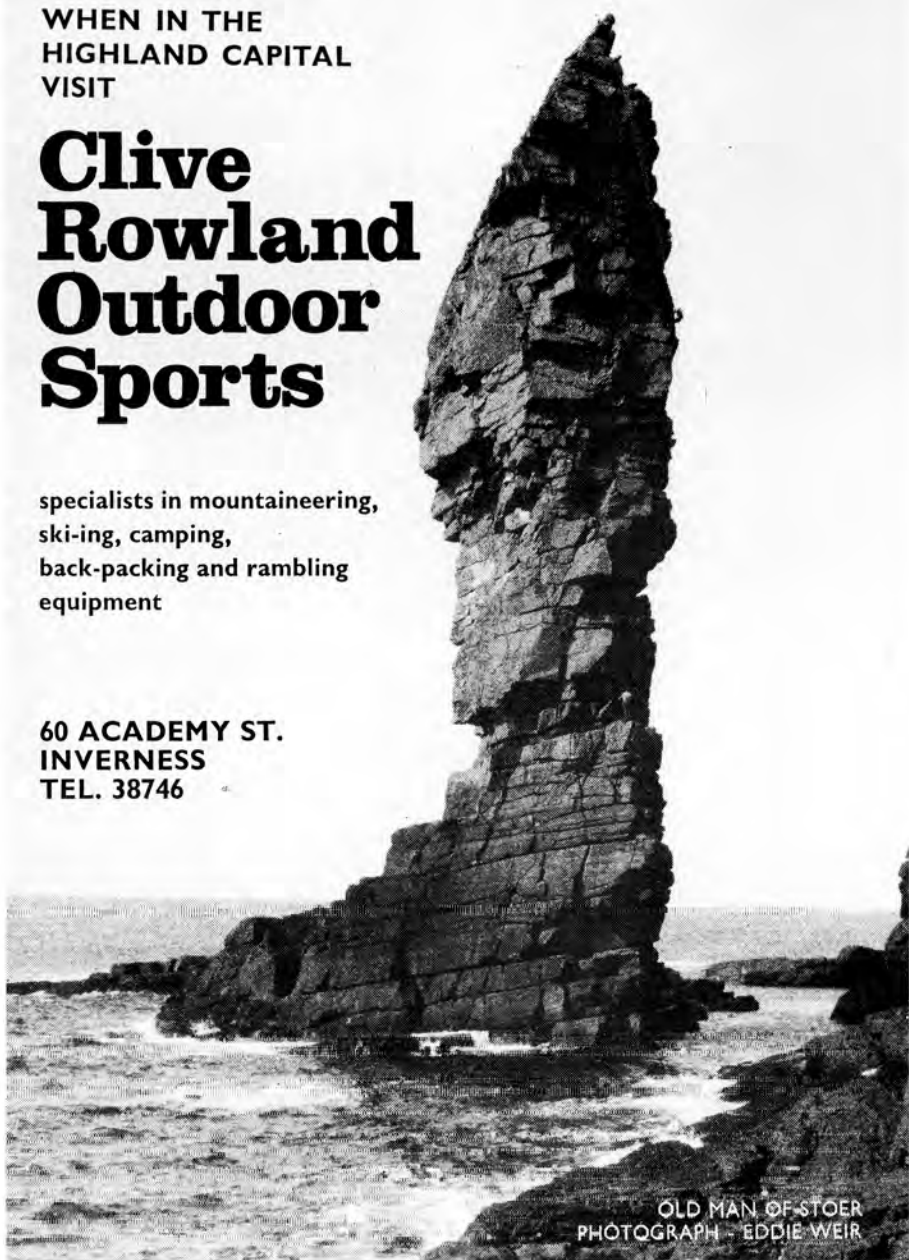
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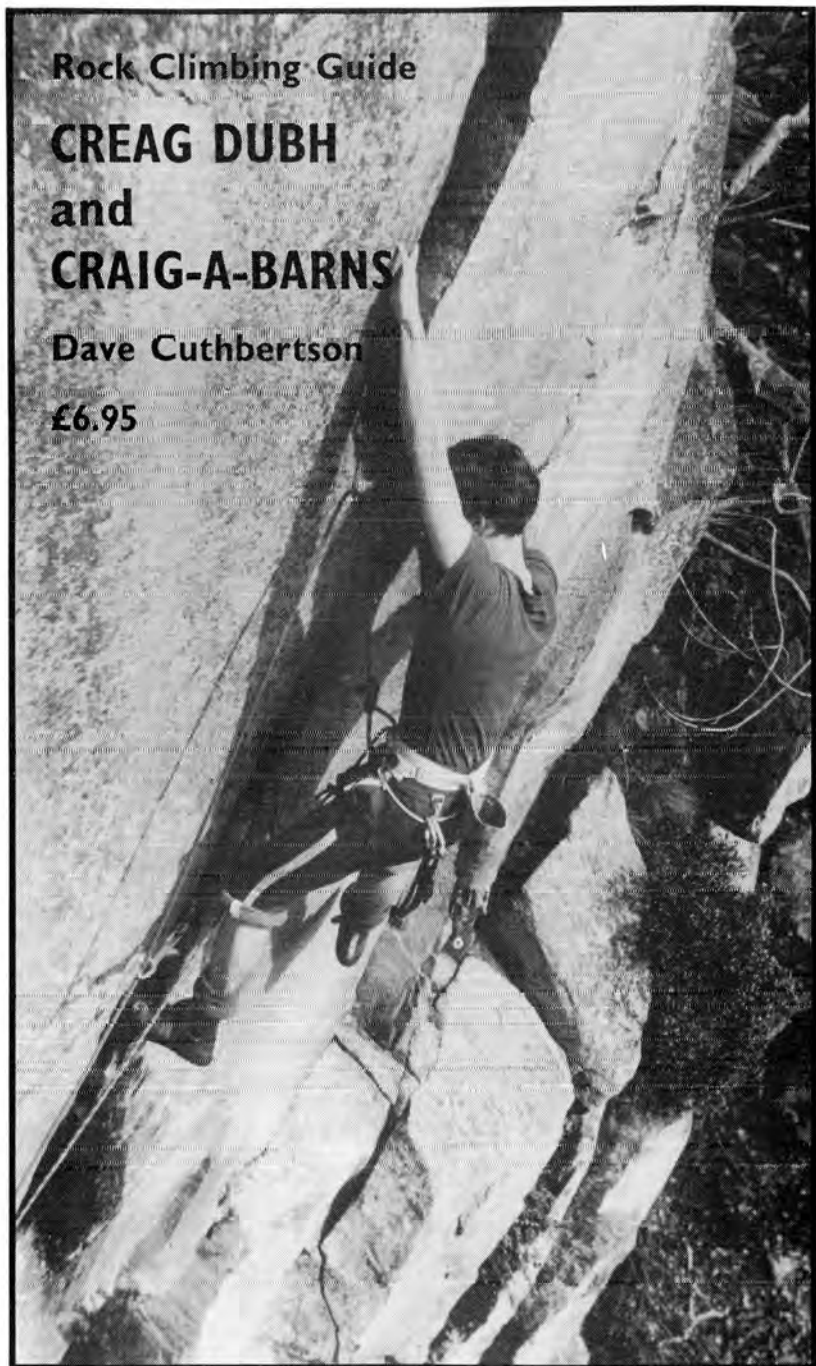
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Loch Torridon from Liathach

Photo: Richard Gibbens

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A SCOTSMAN'S TOUR

By Graham Little

'THIS is my first visit to a foreign land,' Pete informed me as the 'England' sign flashed by. 'What's it like?'

'Oh, much the same as Scotland apart from less rain, better beer, more people and smaller crags.' I knowledgeably informed him.

As my battered Renault rattled down the M6 we discussed our itinerary for the next few days. It was to be a grand tour of the Peak District, a relaxing round of classic routes, no long walks with heavy sacks, nothing too hard, just plenty of quality climbing.

Sixty pence for fish suppers at Chapel en le Frith (Pete was now really convinced we were in a foreign country), a couple of pints at Hathersage and we ended in a camp below Stanage.

Long wreaths of frosted hoar draped the gritstone edge, copper tinted birches, the epitome of changing seasons, flanked the high ground casting a carpet of leaves and rotting branches between the green pasture of the valley and the wilder grassland of the rock spattered moor.

Unable to convince our English friends that 8 a.m. was a good time to start, Pete and I headed for the rock, even the chill morning air failing to temper our enthusiasm for this first encounter with the legendary crag. 'It's helluva small,' I commented as we arrived at the start of *Right Unconquerable*.

'A bit of an anticlimax right enough,' Pete rejoined. 'Hardly worth a rope.' Having not done much climbing for some time I opted for a rope.

'It's a bit brass monkey,' I observed as the cold rough rock first bit into my tender fingers.

'Climb it quickly before you get too cold,' Pete helpfully suggested. Slipping in a Friend, I committed my unfit body to a bold layback up a stepped, vertical flake crack. Having gained

footholds below the final bulge I fumbled for a runner, my rapidly numbing fingers repeatedly failing to unclip the crab.

'Christ, it's like Scottish Grade VI,' I half joked. After several half-hearted attempts, I located the hidden hold and heaved my shivering carcass onto flat hoar-frosted slabs at the top of the crag to be blasted by a freezing wind. This just wasn't part of the plan, I mused, as Pete grunted and grappled his way up. By mutual consent, we decided to stroll along the base of the Edge, awaiting the warming rays of the sun.

Now jamming is something that climbers in Scotland rarely need to perfect whereas virtually every climb in Stanage and indeed gritstone requires a good jamming ability. *Goliath's Groove* (VS. 4c), is no exception and although a splendid line is a bit of a swine. Getting off the deck is quite a problem, not aided by the total absence of holds.

'This type of climbing is all in the mind, Pete; just think your way up.' My encouragement was to no avail as he slithered down, minus the odd bit of skin. On the third attempt brute strength won through.

A few climbs later, we arrived at *Black Slab*, almost beginning to enjoy the climbing at a grade or two below our normal standard.

'Hey Pete, this one's in 'Classic Rock.' It's supposed to be very fine.' It was Pete's turn to lead so, taking the minimum of gear, with uncharacteristic slowness, he established himself on the right corner of the slab. Now I'd experienced the flexibility of the term slab before, knowing it signified holdless rock at any angle! After much moaning about lack of protection, lack of holds and unrealistic grading Pete belayed close to the edge, hoping perhaps to see me struggle. It was only Severe, I told myself unconvincingly, as I failed to get off the ground. *Black Slab* is only about 50ft but it goes on forever, with few positive holds and perplexing route-finding – it's hard to believe but true!

'Christ, Pete,' I gasped, as I sprawled over the final rounded bulge. 'These grades are all inverted, I bet the V. Diffs are bloody desperate!'

After a dozen routes at Stanage, our hands were beginning to look as if they'd been through a mincer, yet our English friends' hands sported hardly a blemish.

'What's the secret, Tim?' I casually enquired.

'It's all a matter of technique,' he replied, with a smile. Feeling none the wiser, Pete and I headed off to Millstone Edge for a quick route, before the light faded.

Discussing the day's climbing, in 'The Scotchman's Pack' (sic), Sandy suggested that limestone climbing might suit the

Scottish temperament better than gritstone, in that it did have holds and its general verticality should remind us of home.

'Is it anything like Swanage,' I enquired suspiciously?

'No, not at all, Graham; High Tor is the place for you – fantastic climbing and the Bell Inn serves the best pint of mild in the country.'

'Sounds like my cup of tea,' I agreed, turning to Pete. 'We can do *Valkyrie* (Hard Rock mentality) first thing tomorrow morning before heading to Matlock.'

'That's OK by me,' Pete agreed.

Now man, being of high intellectual capacity, is supposed to learn from his mistakes but alas this is not always so. An Alpine start took us to a damp, cold, Froggat Edge, cloaked in a grey shroud of dew-laden mist.

I have to admit that *Valkyrie* was not my finest hour. I had obviously contacted an acute case of the gritstone grips. The first pitch was a greasy, ferocious-looking jam crack which Pete offered to lead. He got up but tore a few more layers of skin from the backs of his hands in the process. Fearing an end to my piano playing potential, I opted for a variation start. Pete swarmed up the second pitch praising its quality, assuring me I'd love every minute of it, even likening it to Arran climbing! I suspected that he was bullshitting but no, it was a most enjoyable pitch – for gritstone!

High Tor is a great shield of vertical white limestone flanking the east side of the Derwent valley just south of Matlock, providing many high quality climbs.

Crossing an obvious footbridge, we found ourselves inside a factory yard.

'Perhaps we've misread the guide book,' Pete ventured. 'Just look as if you belong here.' We wandered through a couple of buildings, full of machinery, to gain a narrow alley between the rearmost building and a vertical cutting. After further route finding difficulties, not normally experienced in Scotland, we reached the base of the crag.

Sandy had recommended *Original Route* as a fine introduction and indeed it did look most impressive. Originally done as an aid route, it is now completely free at H.V.S. The first pitch was little more than a scramble to a tree belay and Pete scuttled up rather sharpish. 'Are you trying to tell me something, Pete?' He grinned. The main pitch was three star to say the least – small positive holds, fantastic exposure, very sustained, enough protection and indeed, although I hate to admit it, quite as hard as many a Scottish extreme! I hung from the belay, blood draining back into my pumped arms.

'Good lead, Graham,' Pete gasped as he joined me. 'That was a brilliant pitch.' A short traverse, a touch of vertical looseness and we were up.

The cafe, on top, with its promised pints was shut so we headed down. 'How about a route at Black Rocks before dinner,' Pete suggested.

'The lad's enthusiasm knows no bounds,' I muttered under my breath, and brightly said 'OK, I was just thinking that myself.'

There's an unwritten rule that says short cuts never are. Ours involved crawling through an almost impenetrable jungle and abseiling 75ft from a rotting tree down a crumbling vertical cliff onto a factory roof (no kidding!).

In contrast to High Tor, Black Rocks is a dark brooding outcrop of massive gritstone, strangely alien among its rustic surroundings. A hasty glance at the guidebook and I opted for a classic Mild Severe; a chance to regain my confidence on gritstone, I reasoned.

A rounded layaway with toe scrapes on the wall, the inevitable jamming crack and a delicate traverse—it threw everything at me! I got up OK, but not without a lot of effort. 'It must be my old age, Pete, but I can't remember Severs ever being so hard and that description was a load of rubbish.' Pete was rolling around in uncontrollable mirth—you've guessed it; I'd climbed the wrong route! It wasn't even in our selective guidebook, but nevertheless superb and, as we discovered later, a sustained V.S.!

'Well, Sandy, you didn't lie about High Tor and this pint is worth the drive from Glasgow—a creamy consistency, a nutty flavour and as smooth as gritstone is rough.'

It's said that one can't have too much of a good thing but there are exceptions. Alcohol is one!

Saturday morning saw us back at High Tor, this time by the conventional approach. *Debauchery* has a common start with *Original Route* and I was soon securely attached to the tree. In two pitches it takes a diagonal line across some very blank-looking rock, in a sensational position. That other routes criss-cross its line is of no consequence—they are all harder!

Apart from committing and strenuous layback moves midway, Pete did the first pitch in convincing style.

'You know, Pete, my arms are really knackered,' I groaned, as if this admission would somehow make the pitch easier. It was pathetic and I felt really annoyed with my performance. I floundered up to Pete's little ledge, tiring myself even further.

Trying to pull myself together, I swung up past an old peg to a good rest, acutely aware of a veritable host of climbers preparing for other routes, viewing my progress from below.

'Where does it go now,' I enquired, which was just a ploy to delay tackling the next few moves. Pete fumbled and dropped his guide book – a good omen! 'I guess I'm at the 5b crux, Pete, all the holds face the wrong way.' I attacked the rock with poor technique, rapidly failing strength and surging adrenaline. Then I blotted my copybook again, by hanging on a sling before the move onto easier rock. My jellied arms hung limp and useless, even the final traverse scared me stiff. It was a truly magnificent climb but a disgraceful piece of climbing. Pete came up with relative ease, informed me of all the peg runners I'd missed and even hinted that my mental preparation for the climb was inadequate – cheeky devil! Still we did get up it.

The last straw was the woman in the cafe trying to charge me for doing the climb. I just couldn't believe it and I certainly didn't pay!

We gazed up in amazement at a climber on *Supersonic* (6b) standing on nothing, as cool and relaxed as if he'd been sitting down here with us munching his lunch. Then the answer came to me in a flash – it was the dipping of hands into the little pouch; they all did it. It was obviously some primitive ritual to calm the nerves – to give endless strength – a powder endowing the dipper with supernatural powers!

'We'll be back again,' I assured our English friends as we bade our farewells. 'Get yourselves up to Scotland for some ice climbing this winter. We won't make you suffer too much!'

A brief visit, for a spot of soloing, to Birchens Edge and we pointed the car northwards.

Our short tour of the Peak did more than bruise our hands and egos; it gave us a jolt and made us realize that modern rock climbing is a subtle game, more akin to ballet than all-in wrestling. Like any pastime requiring skill it becomes more enjoyable the better one does it. We vowed to get into training and I even fleetingly contemplated acquiring a wee magic pouch. The trip had been a great success – good weather, great climbing, and although our English friends might see us off on their outcrops when it came to long boggy tramps to inhospitable crags – well, that would be another story!

THE ROSS CROSSING

By Paddy Buckley

THE NAVIGATOR was in a nostalgic mood. He spoke of Ben Alder Cottage and his two unsuccessful attempts to ski across Scotland. 'We ought to take skis with us this time – just in case,' he said. My heart sank at this last-minute change of plan. He had been a difficult man to pin down. The original plan had been to do Sandy Cousins' walk in the reverse direction: Glasgow to Cape Wrath, in early June. Then he became interested in retracing Bonnie Prince Charlie's wandering. His many other activities gave him little spare time. A week or so was the most he could manage. So I had offered to guide him through the hills of Ross, confident that my local knowledge would get us safely through, no matter what the weather.

This confidence did not extend however to a winter journey from Fort William to Mount Keen, especially on skis. It was no use me telling the Navigator of my lamentable inexperience. 'If you can run,' he declared, 'you can ski.' There was no time to argue. His house was 23 minutes drive from Heathrow, and the shuttle to Glasgow was due to take off in 25 minutes. The Navigator had arranged to be that evening at Conicavel village hall, near Forres. In 1976 The World Orienteering Championships had been held in Darnaway Forest. The BBC had made a splendid colour film of the event, and it was this film which the Navigator was to show to the people of Darnaway, in appreciation of their help and co-operation.

We left Glasgow, with the film, in a Swann hire-car at 4 pm on 14th January 1977. Dark already, the roads grew steadily worse as the snow increased. By Dalwhinnie we appeared to have the road to ourselves. At Kingussie we stopped for a haggis supper. Here in this land of mountain and glen, the picture on the chippy wall was a print of Constable's *The Haywain*, painted less than a mile from my Suffolk home. Beyond Aviemore the drifts deepened and trees had broken with the weight of snow. A police notice at Grantown declared that the road to the north was closed. We crossed our fingers and drove on. The Navigator had once taken part in the Monte Carlo Rally. The hired-car became the Wells Fargo stagecoach. 'The mail must get through!' was the cry. We arrived at Conicavel at 9.10 pm to loud cheers, warmth, drams and a packed hall.

Next day the view across the Moray Firth was so despiriting that the Navigator decided to leave the skis in Inverness. We took the train to Bonar Bridge. There was ice on the shore at

Ardgay, and hard-packed snow on the roads. The Navigator seemed unwilling to leave civilisation, and thought that perhaps we should have a last drink or two in the pub. We began our epic trek across Scotland by getting Jimmie Fraser, the local taxi driver to take us as far up Strath Carron as conditions would allow. Jimmie was a mine of information: he discoursed on forestry, stalking, depopulation, electricity supply (he didn't regard pylons as eyesores, more as harbingers of progress) and, of course, the Clearances. He advised us to visit the church at Croick. We did so and, scratched in the east window, we found the names and messages of the Glencalvie families who had been evicted. The Navigator was in a pensive, not to say dilatory, mood. I was keen to get started on our journey; to reach the bothy before dark. I went on ahead through deep powder snow and left him to follow my tracks. By the time he reached Alladale, I had fetched water, made a fire, and gathered a huge pile of firewood. He was shouting and swearing as he approached the bothy. 'We're going the wrong way.' Apparently we should have gone back to Inverness as ski conditions were the best in living memory. I was in no mood to retreat, so early in the venture, and so late in the day. Tactfully I suggested that we should eat first, and then discuss the matter of returning to Inverness for the skis. The arguments proved long and bitter, and the issue remained unresolved until 11 am the next day. Eventually we agreed that he would return alone to Inverness and bring back both pairs of skis.

It was otherwise a pleasant day, with sunshine and blue skies. I met the Deanich and Alladale stalkers, feeding the deer. The stags obliged me with some close-up camera shots. I went part-way up Gleann Mhor to reconnoitre the next leg of the journey.

Morning came cold and clear. I ran down the track to Amat. The Navigator was in good spirits having overcome so many obstacles to be at the rendezvous on time. He demonstrated the basic ski-ing action - 'Just like running through a bog.' I put on the Japanese cross-country boots, clipped into the narrow Finnish skis, and loped off - tentatively. Hey! this was fun. I progressed to more advanced techniques - the standing turn and the bumstop.

We came to the junction where I had dumped both rucksacks. The Navigator had to make minor adjustments to his bindings, and I needed to take off the Japanese boots, which were a size too small. 'How far,' he asked, 'to the next bothy?' I guessed 10 miles. He converted this distance into kilometres and announced that he would be there within two hours, as he could ski at 8 kph. I had done a partial recce up the glen the day before, while the Navigator had been occupied with the problems of rural transport in Easter Ross. So I set off on foot, carrying my skis.

By the Deanich Bridge I was a good mile ahead of the skier. Away from the track the snow was very deep, so it now made good sense to go the rest of the way on skis. I was pleased to observe that the experienced Navigator was having just as much difficulty as I was in negotiating the gullies and peat hags. Daylight ended, and we continued by torchlight. It was a transformation quite magical. The ridges and hollows and boulders which we had so far cursed for the difficulties they gave us, became an ethereal wonderland of beautiful sculptures, with ice crystals glistening in reflected light. all around lay a deep silence, broken only by the sound of skis on snow; no wind, no bird calls, no stags roaring, no steams gurgling. I knew from summertime visits how difficult the river crossing could be. This night we just glided across. Our head torches picked out the outline of Glenbeg bothy. It had taken us almost six hours.

Later on, with food in our bellies and a good fire in the grate, we luxuriated in the snugness of our refuge. Outside the snow was thigh deep, and there was perhaps 20 degrees of frost. The entries in the log-book showed that there had been only one traveller, Irvine Butterfield, since my last visit in August. The sense of isolation was very strong. The Navigator took from his pack a large box, and instructed me in the art of waxing. Before one could apply the correct wax, one had, it seemed, to scrape away all the old layers. I could tell he was in a happier state of mind.

The wind next day had shifted to the east: it was still cold and dry. We needed to reconnoitre a way over the main watershed. Travelling light was marvellous—so much easier to get upright again after a tumble. I practised the whole of my ski repertoire and at last began to move easily and with some confidence. On the rim of the watershed we peered through the spindrift into Cadha Dearg. It looked a fearsome place, suitable only for pick and crampon. We searched to the right and then to the left, but there was no exit for our limited talents. Four ptarmigan demonstrated to us how better adapted they were to the conditions.

Back at the bothy that evening we studied the map. By going west from the head of Gleann Beag and climbing 350 feet higher than yesterday's bealach, we could, with careful navigation, pick our way along gentle evenly-spaced contours, and descend northwards into Glen Douchary. A roundabout route certainly, but with no great obstacles. We marked the course and the bearings, and once more waxed the skis.

We rose at 6 am and set off into a calm clear day. We made steady progress up to the high ground and were blessed with sunshine, dramatic views and excellent snow conditions. Once more on the watershed, we took commemorative photographs. Behind us the rivers drained to the North Sea; ahead the Atlantic

took the flow. We picked a way through a narrow pass, dropped onto a broad saddle, contoured to the west of Carn Mor, and descended easily into a wide valley. Taking a break in the lonely ruins of Douchary (the bothy was blown up in the 1930's to discourage poachers) we looked back with satisfaction at the hills we had crossed.

Nearing the deer fence at Rhidarroch Old Lodge, we startled a hind who time after time charged the fence until at last she broke it down. At dusk we met the stalker Finlay Forsyth, clearly surprised to learn that we had come from the east. He said we could doss in his hay barn. After our meal we went up to his house. The Navigator still had some Glenmorangie and offered a dram to the Forsyths. The heat in the cottage was overwhelming. With free electric power from the stream there was no need for economy. We chatted for hours with pleasure and interest. We were shown an item in the latest newspaper. Dougal Haston had been killed whilst ski-ing. It was an abrupt reminder of the outside world.

Late to bed, and so late to rise. After mid-morning coffee we set off down the track, treacherous with ice. Skis in Ullapool are not a common sight. There were messages for the Navigator at the Post Office and at the hotel. He was required to write an obituary for Dougal.

The Navigator is a great believer in contrasts. For me, anyway, coming to the comforts of the Royal after the simplicities of Glenbeg bothy, was perhaps a touch extravagant. But he was in his element; telephones, people, a well-stocked bar, and the civilised use of knife and fork. After an excellent meal we were entertained by a folk group, Gaberlunzie. Their strongly nationalistic fervour went down very well with the audience. 'Scots wha hae' was almost a war-cry, proud and passionate. Afterwards in the bar, the Navigator persuaded Gaberlunzie to take our skis back to Inverness.

The first part of our journey was over. Before us lay the lovely hills of Wester Ross and four more days of solitude.

THREE TALES OF THE GENRE

By P. D. Burnett

IMMANUEL KANT, who many would rate the greatest modern philosopher, spent his entire life within thirty miles of his home town of Königsberg, a precedent which the SMC was beginning to follow on its way through the doors of the George Hotel in Edinburgh. Awakened from dogmatic slumbers, in the latter case to the wastes of Cairngorm, they imbibed a soporific which put them to sleep again. Kant, however, awoke to a world of cognitive gymnastics, the realm of rock and ice left entirely untouched by him; a fault, perhaps of the weather. Thus, he spent years pursuing obscure problems in ethics⁽¹⁾ avoiding the greatest problem of all—'what ought you to do while sitting in your car on a windswept Cairngorm car park during a slight thaw.'

I can find no reference to this problem⁽²⁾ in either the climbing or philosophical literature, even when 'Cairngorm' is substituted by 'Glencoe' or, more surprisingly, 'Golf.' We must, therefore, rely upon personal experience and widespread discussion amongst fellow sufferers. Immediately, you can discount trivial solutions like 'not enough gear,' 'no boots' or, more subtly, but just as devastatingly, 'wet socks,' upon which a vast literature exists. Instead, you find a recurrence of three themes, of which the tales below can be taken as examples of the genre:

(1) Kant's work in epistemology is well known though its application to the theory of bivouacs has only been recognised comparatively recently.

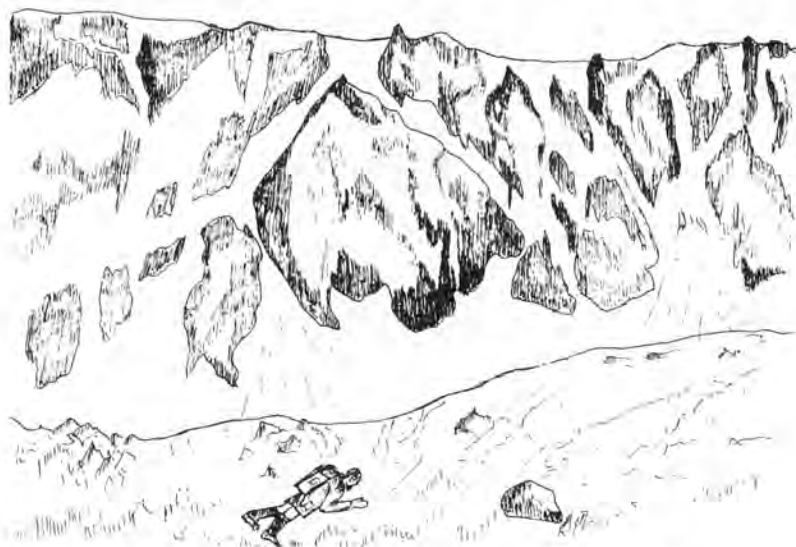
(2) Many references exist on the problems of ice climbers marooned in big cities. In fact a large chunk of psychiatry is devoted to it.

THE LESSON: Badly in need of its annual service, the car had sweated its way up the ski road, perspiring freely as it lurched past the sentry box. The natives had huddled together in small groups at the far end of the compound in a forlorn attempt to protect themselves from gravel whipped up by the fierce gale. Fascinated, we observed as, one by one, members of the tribe broke cover and, with their characteristic hobble, converged behind a large unfinished temple. Minutes later, with wooden planks strapped to their feet, they emerged onto the snow slopes beyond, where what appeared to be an elaborate courtship ritual ensued.

Meanwhile, the very same gale had progressed up the compound, spied its prey and accelerated towards us. A great gust lifted a malicious pebble from the surface and hurtled it

straight at the windscreen. With the sound of the cash register still ringing in my brain, I nursed the car towards a space with the shattered screen facing the hill (thus, incidentally, exposing the rear windscreen to further attack). Several of the natives who had been momentarily diverted by this incident, grunted appreciatively, and then returned to complete their preparations for the ceremony. One of their number though, approached us in an unfriendly, aggressive manner. He was dressed rather differently from the rest, almost human in fact, except for a very large leather pouch hanging from his neck. I almost threw a few crumbs towards him when I remembered that we were a bit short of food ourselves. We tried various offerings, including diamonds (actually windscreen chips), until we showed him some money, when his eyes lit up and his hand shot out towards it. A further second, all that was required to transfer it to his pouch, and he was off like the wind itself.

Thirty-five minutes passed, during which time we discussed Darwinian theory and then, as the real problem at hand became more apparent, switched to the ethical and then practical implications of the weather, the hill, the car and our state of mind. During one of our calm, logical spells, Spinoza was considered, then rejected, since we didn't fancy meditating in the car for six hours. Likewise Aristotle, since we had been hillwalking all autumn, and, not wishing to die young, quickly



"... LIKE DRUNKEN MOUNTAINRANKS."

passed over Rousseau. During one of our irrational spells (the final one in fact), the satanic figure of Nietzsche appeared and roared us into action.

Clearly the real enemy was the mountain, its henchman, the wind. We would take our revenge upon both. A route up a winter gully would not be sufficient punishing for this; the snow and ice would have provided a protective insulation against our wrath. It had to be a buttress, stabbed and hacked repeatedly with sharp ice axes and crampons. Thus, five minutes later, two grim jaws set off round the shoulder and pointed towards *Aladdin's Buttress*. There and then, an unholy alliance of wind and mountain was revealed. Each step, each small rise, was doggedly resisted, and every ten yards or so (it varied at random), the wind would instantly drop, thereby allowing us to topple forwards like drunken mountebanks. Just as we reached the lip of the inner corrie, we picked ourselves up for the two-hundredth time, and propelled ourselves forwards. Only on this occasion, the wind had suddenly and mysteriously died for ever, and we hit the floor for the two-hundredth and first time. The buttress rose above us, smiling.

THE CATASTROPHE: After its recent service, the motor was throbbing with excitement at the thought of the steep ski road ahead. It shot forwards under a blue sky, the gale force wind having little effect upon its progress. Past the sentry box, across the rough surface (fingers crossed), and neatly parked at the end of the row. I closed my eyes at the thought of the magnificent white material ahead of us, and of the razor sharpness of the Terrors, now twitching with excitement in the bag behind me. I took a deep breath and slowly began to open the car door.

At one inch, the gale went under starters orders, at ten it was on its way and building. At half open, it struck. The door tore out of my hand and slammed forwards against its hinges.

A brand new, well oiled set with perfect mountings might have survived, but imagine hinges which had already seen one hundred and thirty thousand miles (equivalent to nine thousand seven hundred and forty openings) with badly rusted mountings running from door mirror to sill. They had about as much chance of survival as an aspirant member of the female gender being admitted to the SMC.

The door now hung at an angle of at least five degrees to the sills and therefore would not mate with the metal frame, which was the car. A well known ice hammer was brought into play and skilfully applied to the errant hinge. Just as the five degrees became three, the pick snapped off the head, leaving a toothless dinosaur in my right hand. This cruel, double blow would have broken all but those who have studied Zeno the stoic, or were

born Glaswegian. Doubly qualified, we confirmed that the door could still be forced shut, and agreed that routes could be climbed with slightly less than a full set of equipment. So the sacks were packed, socks, gaiters then boots entered, and balaclavas donned, when a quick last minute inspection of the car revealed three inches of seat belt caught outside the driver's door. If the whole of Scotland had shouted 'leave it!' I couldn't have heard, because I walked across, inserted the key and pulled the door backwards. I leave the result to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say that this third cruel blow proved to be the crusher. Even a six-foot-two giant from Clydebanks with a head of blond tight curls—a description which neither of us fitted—would have wilted. At least, we concluded, the route would still be there next year.

Later, when reversing the car to sadly turn for home, an illustrated man in the car opposite snorted—'obviously a hired ski.'

ENLIGHTENMENT: If it had been a day trip we could have stopped off at the Tartan Haggis before retreating, but this was a four-day trip and it was April. In any case, we both knew that the best trips always started at the lowest possible ebb, and this one was notably low—the usual weather plus sixty-pound bags for humpin' o'er to the Garbh Choire bothy. Our only consolation was that the weight might provide some stability against the Auld Enemy. Selfishly, I decided to combine this with some slipstreaming. Under the pretence of checking that the car door was locked, I safely tucked in behind Kevin as he led towards the Chalamain Gap. Suddenly there was a stone in his boot, curious considering the extent of the snow cover, and two minutes later he took station just behind me as I now led towards the Chalamain Gap.

Time passed, and there was much contemplation. A curious idea occurred to me—although Kevin was a mere two yards behind, the strong wind ensured that conversation would be in one way only, from me to him. Since I had asked some particularly interesting questions and was awaiting his answers, I was keen to reach the bothy—still some four hours away—as soon as possible. Therefore, I concluded that, instead of a mere two yards away, he might just as well have been four light hours away (later corrected to only two hours with light). Further profound insights occurred regularly. If the mind was so unwilling, and the body was certainly unwilling, then why did I continue onwards? I wondered if my body had a mind of its own. I pondered a third question, and then became entangled in the last few pages of one of Bill Murray's classics. The two of us, now fully converted zombies, strode past the Sinclair Hut, over the roo, right round the corner and almost fully into the corrie before we noticed the darkness.

There was no sign of the Garbh Choire refuge. Resignedly, we switched on our torches and commenced a sweep search, only abandoning this after a solid one and a half hours patrolling. At the precise moment of final despair, an empty packet of Bircher-Muesli, which had swept out of the Garbh Choire, tumbled past us and halted momentarily beside a large boulder. We followed, reaching it just before it blew away – all I could glimpse was the date stamp – ‘Dec. 1965.’ I straightened up, and there, right in front of me, stood the hut. Instantly, we had the door open and soon the long johns were ballooning above two roaring primuses.

This heat treatment was to be repeated on the following two nights after abortive attempts at locating sugary gullies veiled in thick mist. According to the syllabus, those same gullies should have been in a state of utter perfection, a far cry from the unnamed, unmapped, unknown buttress from which we retreated in disgust.

Now, with full packs and itchy legs, we surrendered the bothy on day four, to a party of public schoolboys and their masters, and inched our way across the river and up the contours of Braeriach. Curiously, we could see a full thirty yards, and then higher up, at least fifty. Something strange was happening. The mist was slowly moving in all directions at the same time and I couldn’t detect its presence on my skin. At four thousand feet it vanished, and our steps became silent on the dusting of powder glistening under a powerful yet benign sun. Movement was like a dream, an effortless, barely stable hallucogenesis. I remember seeing twenty-four jinas crossing ahead of us, yet on reaching the position, finding no evidence of their passage. We moved onwards, in a perfect graceful arc, until the summit stones appeared. Below us, the cloud slowly simmered and rolled, as far as the eye could see.

A gentle yet irresistible sense of consummation invaded our minds. I took another deep breath and turned towards the eastern horizon.

THE CAIRNGORM TORS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

By David Sugden

(Dr Sugden, of the Department of Geography, Aberdeen University, is the author of several papers on the glaciation of the Cairngorms and other areas).

THE HALLMARK of Cairngorm scenery is the presence of gently rolling slopes which are sharply truncated by cliffs related to the action of glaciers. Particularly interesting are the wart-like excrescences of bedrock, or tors, which sprout from the gentle slopes. Such tors are common in several parts of the Cairngorm. The finest examples occur on the broad backs of Beinn Mheadhoin and Ben Avon, while more accessible examples occur near the top of the White Lady chairlift and the summit of Cairn Gorm. Other examples occur on Bynack More and on the ridge leading northwards from the summit of Sgòran Dubh Mòr.

Generally the tors rise abruptly from the overall slope of the mountain and the break of slope is clean cut. With the exception of some rather rounded tors in the west, their borders are obviously limited by *joints*,⁽¹⁾ usually aligned northwest-southeast and southwest-northeast. As a result the tors may present a tabular form when seen from a distance. Most often the tors are solid and coherent with few loose boulders or rocking stones. Those that do occur are usually rounded and similar to the boulders lying on the plateau surface in the vicinity. Most tors are 3-10m high and about 10-30m across. Of the bigger ones, Clach Bhan on Ben Avon is 100x50m in size while the Clach Bun Rudhtair tor rises some 15m above the surrounding slopes. The tors are dissected by two sets of deep, straight, vertical joints usually parallel to the outer faces of the tors. However, in addition there is extensive development of *sheeting*⁽²⁾ 10-130cm apart whenever vertical joints are widely spaced. It is this sheeting which causes the overlapping effect so often encountered on tors and summit crags in the Cairngorms and which, together with vertical jointing, produces the so-called 'woolsack' rock formation. On all the tors the sheeting lies approximately parallel to the gentle slopes in the immediate vicinity. This is well illustrated by the tors on the top of Beinn Mheadhoin where the

(1) Cracks or fissures intersecting a mass of rock usually in sets of parallel planes, dividing the mass into more or less regular blocks.

(2) A type of jointing which may separate large rock masses such as granite into tabular bodies or lenses, roughly parallel with the rock surface and becoming thicker with depth—probably caused by pressure release as once deeply buried rock is brought near the surface by erosion.

sheeting exposed in several tors can be seen to parallel the sweep of the brow of the summit, dipping to the northwest on one side, lying horizontal in the middle and dipping to the southeast on the other side. In the Barns of Bynack it dips at approximately 19° in sympathy with the hillside.

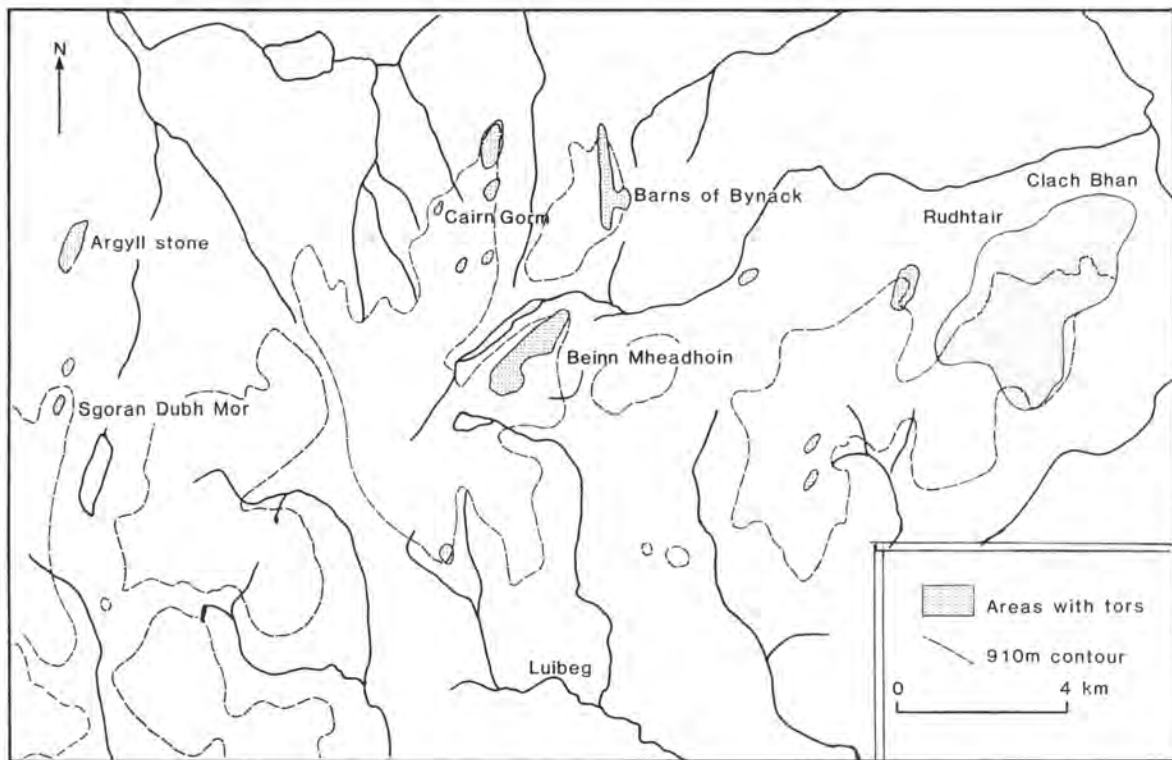
The surfaces of many tors support weathering pits or 'potholes,' usually with near perfect semi-circular cross sections. Many are only a few tens of cm in diameter and depth but in places they reach remarkable sizes. Indeed the Lady of Fingal is popularly supposed to have bathed in one of the strange rain-filled cavities on Clach Bhan (The Women's Stone), where some pits are 1.5m in diameter and 1m deep. In some the whole of one side has disappeared and the hollows are dry and resemble armchairs. Indeed as late as the mid-19th century those on Clach Bhan were used as such by pregnant women who hoped thereby to ease the labour of childbirth. Generally they hold no stones, but this is perhaps not surprising in those used as baths and armchairs! Occasionally, fresh crystals of quartz and felspar can be seen.

Hypotheses concerning tors.

Scientific interest in the Cairngorm tors dates from the last century when the local Dartmoor name was adopted as a scientific term. Since then they have generated a lot of controversy both in terms of their origin and of their relationship to glaciation during the ice age.

There are two main hypotheses. The first is that they are primarily due to weathering beneath soil cover and have since been exposed at the surface. This view was argued persuasively by David Linton in 1955. He argued that in relatively warm, and humid climates chemical weathering within the soil is rapid. Ground water penetrates down joints in the bedrock and decomposes the parent rock. Remnants of fresh rock may be left where joint spacing is far apart. The unweathered remnants of rock within the soil vary from small rounded corestones to large residual buried 'tors' of bedrock. Eventually the decomposed material may be removed by erosion exposing the tors and corestones. Such a process of deep rotting is well known in the humid tropics and sub-tropics and, indeed, bulldozers associated with civil engineering projects may excavate to great depths without blasting. Rocks like granite are particularly susceptible to chemical decomposition because of the high proportion of biotite in the rock.

The second hypothesis has its roots in polar and high altitude regions which are not inundated by snow, commonly called



Main Locations of the Cairngorm Tors

periglacial. In such regions downslope movement of soil, aided by the saturation associated with the seasonal thawing of frozen ground, is the dominant form of landscape lowering and is known as *gelifluction*. In such circumstances, bedrock which is resistant to freeze-thaw processes, particularly on hill and ridge crests, may take on a crenulated or tor-like form. A very good example of such a landscape which has become well-known recently occurs in the Falkland Islands. Many will recall the craggy hill tops around Port Stanley which are in effect hill tors carved out of resistant quartzite. Angular quartzite boulders derived from these hilltop tors have been moved downslope over less resistant shales to form vast accumulations of boulders in the valley floors.

There are two contrasting hypotheses concerning the relationship of tors to glaciers. One view developed by David Linton for the Cairngorms was that tors could not survive the passage over them of glaciers. He argued that the tors were old relict features which must have formed in the warmer wetter conditions before glaciation and it followed that, in general, tors could be used to define areas that had escaped inundation by glaciers during the Ice Age. The Cairngorms became a case example of such an 'unglaciated enclave.' The idea is still much alive in North America. In view of the difficulty of reconciling this suggestion of an unglaciated enclave in the Cairngorms with the present-day severity of the climate and other evidence of widespread ice sheet action in north-east Scotland, it has been tempting to suggest that the tors may have formed since the last glaciation. Such an argument has tended to reinforce those favouring a periglacial origin for the tors.

An alternative hypothesis concerning tors and glaciers is that it is quite feasible for fragile bedrock structures to survive beneath glaciers. Preservation or erosion beneath a glacier depends on a temperature threshold. If the ice is at its melting point (pressure melting point in view of the overlying weight of ice) then there is a film of water at the bed and the glacier slides over its bed rock and can erode. No tor would survive such conditions unmodified. But if the ice is colder than the melting point, then there is no water present at the bottom. Under such conditions there can be no sliding at the rock-ice interface and, instead all glacier movement is by internal ice deformation mainly in the layers just above the bed. This is the situation where 'fragile' bedrock forms can withstand overriding ice. Indeed there is no real mechanism for removing them unless they are unattached to bedrock. If this hypothesis is true then there is no reason to regard tors as indicators of unglaciated enclaves. Indeed they can survive great thicknesses of overriding ice.

The Cairngorm evidence.

In view of the contrasting views about tors and their significance, it is hardly surprising to find a wealth of varied interpretations in the Cairngorms. Although there are still considerable uncertainties, it does seem that the evidence points to a pre-Ice Age origin for the tors and their subsequent preservation beneath ice sheets.

There are several lines of evidence favouring a pre-glacial origin, probably due to deep weathering. Everywhere the tors are associated with gently rolling slopes. Since these slopes are truncated by all forms of glacial erosion, common sense suggests that they pre-date glaciation. Such a view is backed up by two features associated with the gentle slopes. The first is the sheeting which is parallel to the gentle plateau slopes and exposed in tors and cliff tops, for example on the north side of Loch Avon. Characteristically the sheeting appears to be less closely spaced and less well developed with increasing depth from the summit surface. Near the surface the sheeting is closely spaced and intervening sheets a few cm thick have partially or completely split off from the parent rock. At a depth of about 3m the sheeting is less obvious and 30-50cm in thickness. Below 15-30m it is rare. The presence of such sheeting parallel to old topographic surfaces and its increasing separation with depth have long been noted. In New England granites it varied from a few cm in thickness near the surface to over 2m at a depth of 6m. Indeed in North America it has been used to reconstruct the form of the pre-glacial relief and the thickness of the sheets as a means of estimating the amount of rock lost by glacial erosion. Since the Cairngorm sheeting appears to accord with relatively minor undulations on the gentle slopes and since it is dense near the surface, one is led to believe that the pre-glacial surface over much of the Cairngorms is faithfully preserved and that little can have been removed by subsequent erosion at these higher levels.

A second feature associated with these gentle slopes is rotted rock. A good example of this occurs at the head of Coire Raibert where there is a cutting in red material. Examination reveals quartz veins and joint faces typical of granite bedrock. The difference is that the granite is red and so decomposed that you can excavate it with your bare hand. This rotted bedrock is part of a mantle of which is widespread in eastern Scotland. Recent work on such exposures of rotted rock throughout north-east Scotland by Adrian Hall from St. Andrew's University has revealed that it contains a clay content typical of sub-surface chemical decomposition and that much of it is of pre-glacial age. One excellent example which can be seen to be preserved beneath glacial deposits occurs just east of the Bennachie car park. In such exposures it is possible to identify unweathered corestones and bedrock exposures which are, in effect, buried tors.

An origin wholly due to periglacial activity seems unlikely in the case of the Cairngorm tors. An essential part of tor formation under periglacial conditions is their close association with gelifluction slopes. Typically they stand on hill crests or on escarpment edges at the head of regular concave-upwards or straight slopes. In the Cairngorms many tors occur haphazardly over many slope facets, convex-upwards and straight, and protrude above the ground without interrupting the regular line of the slope. Although gelifluction is likely to have been important in removing material from around the tors, nevertheless some other factor such as deep weathering must be invoked to explain their original distribution.

However important gelifluction may have been in exposing the tors, it appears to have been unimportant since the last glaciation. On the narrow northern spur of Sgòran Dubh Mòr schist erratics from 1cm across to as much as 25x15x2cm in size can be traced up to an altitude of around 835m in the vicinity of the Argyll Stone and several other small tors. The presence of erratics on the ridge top suggests that little gelifluction has taken place since their deposition. Had the crest top been lowered, one would expect to find the erratics well down the hillslope. Certainly it seems certain that the 3m-high Argyll Stone on the ridge top cannot have been exhumed since the last glaciation. It is likely that weathering in post-glacial time is responsible only for the detailed forms of the tors. Weathering pits, fretting associated with the sheeting and frost-shattered boulders on some tors may represent the ravages of 10,000 years of postglacial time.

Although there is much work to be done, at this stage the great age of the gentle Cairngorm slopes and their association with deeply rotted bedrock points to a pre-glacial origin. Since the tors are also on this surface it is reasonable to favour Linton's view of the origin of the tors. Probably in pre-glacial times there was a thick mantle of soil on the Cairngorms, encompassing areas of fresh rock, perhaps where joints were widely spaced. Subsequently, perhaps mainly during the Ice Age, most of the weak rotted material has been swept off the hills exposing the tors, either by ice, gelifluction or water.

The problem is to explain how such relatively fragile pre-glacial forms survived inundation by ice sheets on several and perhaps as many as 17 times during the last 3.3 million years of the Ice Age. Such preservation is remarkable when in the same mountain massif are deep glacial troughs like that in Upper Glen Avon. There seems little doubt that the mountain summits were submerged by an ice sheet. The glacial troughs, large hills with their lee eastern sides quarried by ice action, meltwater channels and the distribution of glacial erratic boulders in north-east

Scotland all point to the former existence of an ice mass moving broadly north-eastwards across the mountains. Theoretical reconstructions of the Scottish ice sheet also place the Cairngorms beneath ice with the highest summits covered by as much as 500m of ice.

A possible explanation of the immense selectivity of glacial erosion demonstrated by the landforms of the Cairngorms has emerged from study of ice sheets. In a nutshell the hypothesis is that erosion takes place only in those parts of the ice sheet where the basal ice is at the pressure melting point and can thus slide over and erode bedrock. Intervening areas are overlain by basal ice which is colder than the pressure melting point and thus cannot slide over the bedrock. Temperatures in ice sheets are influenced by many factors but two critical ones are depth and velocity. Temperatures will tend to be higher in those areas where the ice is deepest, for example over pre-existing valleys and where ice is channelled and flowing at higher than average velocities, again over pre-existing valleys. It is possible that under certain conditions most of the ice sheet is frozen to the bed but at a few selected points the ice reaches the pressure melting point and begins to erode a trough. Once started the process is self-generating. The deeper the trough, the more ice is channelled through it, and the more likely it is that the basal ice will remain at the pressure melting point. The inverse happens over the intervening plateaux where flow is likely to be reduced as the troughs carry increasing amounts of ice. Such a hypothesis has been tested in the Northern Highlands by modelling the former Scottish ice sheet and the scenario described above was found to apply over Ben Wyvis. In the west of Scotland, however, where ice velocities were higher, basal ice at the pressure melting point was the norm and erosion was widespread. This difference in temperature of the basal ice of former Scottish ice sheets is probably the fundamental reason for the contrast in scenery between the mainly smooth pre-glacial form of the eastern Highlands and the knobbly, glaciated forms of the western Highlands.

In terms of this hypothesis the Cairngorms represent an interesting intermediate landscape type in terms of glacial erosion. Whereas the pre-glacial forms of the gentle slopes were preserved beneath cold-based ice (and protected from periglacial activity), ice reached the pressure melting point only over the sites of the main glacial troughs such as Upper Glen Avon, Glen Einich and the Lairig Ghru. The presence of tors on the gentle slopes is of especial interest because they provide dramatic evidence of the selectivity of ice sheet erosion. The only comparable scenery elsewhere in the world, complete with tors, is in eastern Baffin Island and northern Labrador. It is for these

reasons that the Cairngorm tors are such a vitally important component of the Cairngorm scenery and that the Cairngorms themselves are a landscape type important on a world scale.

Grandpa on the Mountain – A Heartless Tale

He checked all our gear and he hushed all our chatter,
 For 'Climbing a mountain's a serious matter.'
 Then we lined up behind him while *he* set the pace,
 For 'Climbing a mountain should not be a race.'
 It wasn't a race, but we wanted to know
 Why climbing a mountain should be quite so slow,
 And I said as I shuffled along in the rear
 We'd get on much better if Grandpa weren't here.

As we tramped up the ridge in a long crocodile
 With Grandpa in front of the slow moving file
 He stepped on a treacherous cornice of snow
 Which promptly collapsed and he shot off below.
 We watched and applauded this singular trick,
 For we'd never seen Grandpapa moving so quick.
 He crashed to the bottom and lay there quite still;
 So we went up for lunch to the top of the hill.
 The view was delightful, the company good,
 The weather was fine, and so was the food,
 And I said as I gobbled up Grandpapa's share
 'We're getting on better now Grandpa's not there.'

B.S.F.

MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND

By G. J. F. Dutton

'BARKING,' said the Doctor. 'Must be a dog.' We agreed.

We were engaged in a delicate traverse on Cir Mhòr; unfamiliar ground, but we had long looked forward to this week in Arran. We hoped for a good haul of routes, classical and spontaneous.

'Still barking,' said the Doctor. The pitch of canine communication reached a fresh urgency. 'Howling: blasted thing must be stuck somewhere.'

We scrutinised the crag above and below us. No sign. Yowl; yowl.

Five minutes later we passed a fierce rib (a triumph for the Apprentice, who took us round on a tight rope) and entered an echoing cacophony of distress.

'Down there—on the ledge below that slab. Poor brute. Could have been howling for days.' We other two felt that the vigour of its summons indicated a healthy, recent and presumably uninjured beast, but followed down the Doctor's compassion, the Apprentice muttering rebelliously. A fine traverse ruined.

The Hippocratean oath did not specify dogs but, as the Doctor pointed out, there might well be a human casualty it was guarding. Greyfriars Bobby and all that.

But the dog was alone. It looked up at us appealingly as we descended the plump granite on small holds, the Apprentice keeping a good belay. 'It has the sense to lie still. Sagacious hound,' observed the Doctor. Its appearance was nondescript, a sort of Labrador collie, coffee and black and what could have passed, after a prolonged bath, for white. It lay quivering, tongue out, eyes rolling up at us.

'There, there, now, old chap, don't worry, we're coming for you,' cooed the Doctor soothingly as he slithered the last few metres.

His kennelside assurances turned to alarm as soon as he landed. For then the beast leapt up, barking and shrieking, slapping him all over like an ice cream cone with its tongue. It was a good five feet of fervid hairiness, and a difficult partner for so exiguous a slab.

'Get down, blast you, get down—Groogh!'

The Apprentice held us taut. 'Seems grateful,' he said.

The Doctor fought off the gratitude as best he could and sought to encircle the convulsive belly with a sling. 'He seems—gerroff, poogh—he seems uninjur—foogh—uninjured; we'll have a job, though—hoogh—keep still, damn you, groogh—he's heavy.'

Gratitude, however, did not seem to include being roped up. The beast disengaged itself and retreated to the very end of the ledge, lay down, muzzle between paws, and whimpered, rolling eyes again.

'Come along, laddie, come along, then,' wheedled the Doctor, inching closer and wiggling his fingers persuasively. A rude gaffaw from the Apprentice above. 'He's panicky,' explained the Doctor, 'could throw himself off any minute. Poor creature.' He advanced slowly, whistling and beckoning, along a ten-inch ledge on eight hundred feet of rock towards a bunched and apprehensive dab of fur.

Then just before he reached it, the dab exploded, leapt up past him (he grabbed the rope, I grabbed the rope, the Apprentice leaned on his belay—miraculously we all stayed put) and with a horrible scrabbling of claws the animal writhed up a groove at the edge of the slab, up a longish rake, bounded over a crack, scrabbled some more and then stood above us on another ledge, looking down, feet apart, barking loudly and tail wagging furiously.

'Nothing the matter with the bloody brute,' bellowed the Apprentice, getting his breath back.

The Doctor was not so sure—some mental derangement—perhaps it had fallen on its head. 'No such luck,' grumbled the by-now hostile Apprentice, dodging a shower of fragments loosened by the tail above.

Indeed, as we painfully clambered up towards its new ledge, the beast, joyfully exclaiming, leapt about upwards and downwards with astonishing freedom. To prove its point, it even revisited, briefly, its original ledge and marked it in conventional canine fashion. True, it slithered about a lot, and rolled over once, but was quite obviously at home. It needed nothing from us.

Bitterly, we resumed our traverse, having lost a good hour and a half. The remaining couple of hours were devoted to completing the route and cursing the dog. For it did need, apparently, company, and appreciated ours greatly. Barking above us, slavering (and worse), was the least of its demonstrations. After a tricky crossing of some wall you were met by a jumped-up fusillade of paws. If you grabbed it, it would clutch delightedly back and both of you would swing perilously over the abyss, held by your other two companions. Curses were instantly

filled with (extremely dirty) hair. You would select the next foothold, step confidently towards it when, horrifyingly, a coffee and cream object would flash between you and the rock, brushing you off, and eagerly occupy the very place, slobbering down at you with pleasure as you sucked your knuckles and tried to clamber back. Kicking and beating were of little avail. They could not be too vigorous, for reasons of personal equilibrium, and the prods and punches we could give were accepted enthusiastically as part of the fun.

When we at length stepped on to the ridge the scree provided us with more pointed argument; we beat the brute off, determinedly.

'I-say-I-say-I-SAY: what d'you think you're doing, eh?'

A string of disapproving tourists, wrapped in new cagoules and waterproof accents (it was of course raining by now), on their way back from the summit, stood and eyed us severely. The men were tight-lipped; the ladies murmured together. All fresh from Cruft's.

Too full for words, the Apprentice and I left the Doctor to explain, and trudged towards our next climb. He did not convince, and returned dejectedly, swearing beneath his breath. We heard bursts of barking along the ridge and cries of 'Heel, sir!'; and hoped.

But no. We were only halfway up our route when the damned creature appeared again. We were the preferred companions. It was a climbing dog.

This route was obviously too severe even for it, and it leapt about above, below, on all sides, yelping excitedly. It dislodged showers of stones, some quite large.

'Keep that bloody tyke under control,' roared a helmeted Glaswegian voice from below. 'You should all be on a — — — lead,' confirmed another. Further comment was extinguished by a basinful of gravel sent obligingly in their direction by our companion. We made haste. I saw a disapproving member of the Club on a nearby line.

And then there was an even louder noise from above. The all-too-familiar barkings were interspersed with shriller yappings, and then with feminine (human) screams. We groaned. A dog fight.

The racket increased as we neared the top. The Apprentice was greeted there by the boisterous hound and three shrieking women, clutching each other's windproofs. The altercation deepened with the Apprentice's own angry baying, so we hastened up, the Doctor, our diplomat, leading through.

'O - your - dog - your - horrid - dog has chased poor Manfred over the edge. O he is killed - listen to him, listen to him . . .'

The dead animal was yapping nonstop below us. It was a miniature pug, or some such affair, on a miniature ledge. It had obviously been led there by our - NO, not *our* - *the* great gangling brute, and couldn't get up. Its leader danced about, roaring advice.

The Doctor gave up trying to make himself heard, patted the least unattractive lady on the arm for comfort, nearly got assaulted by all three, and fled down to the puglet's ledge. He was still roped and a spare coil flicked the creature a few feet further below. Renewed and intolerable squealing from the trio.

'Shurrup!' bellowed the Apprentice, somewhat rudely. Open-mouthed silence. He felt he had to add something: 'let the man concentrate . . .'

The man concentrated, on picking the furious Manfred up with least damage to himself. Carrying it was impossible - it wriggled, spat and snapped continually. So - to bubbling terror from above - he bottled it, probably upside down, in his rucksack. He knotted the loops with satisfaction. Then he climbed back up, undid the loops and offered Manfred to the bosoms of his family.

'O, O he's fainted, there, there, there - ow! - poor, poor Manfred - ow! - he's so shocked!'

We were pleased to see that Manfred's irritations included his owners. He bit unhesitatingly. A most unpleasant little beast. Fortunately they managed to fix a lead on him or he would have been off again with his companion, who sat regarding the scene benignly. He was dragged away protesting, chewing his lead with rage.

Animosity was general. 'Would you believe it, not a word of thanks . . .' 'They all deserve each other.' 'Fancy letting a dog like that run about on a place like this!!' Etc.

We had had enough, and turned down to the glen. We were too dispirited to kick, and throwing more stones was pointless. Whether they hit him or not - he was extremely agile - he brought them all back in triumph and ran off backwards, shouting for more. We had looked forward to food on the way down, but our pieces were in the Doctor's rucksack, and his oaths, unseemly for one of his clinical experience, gave us to understand that Manfred's excitement whilst confined had been intense. We washed the outraged equipment in a burn. Rather than let the hound enjoy our pieces we flung them into a deep pool. But he was looking and, leaping in, devoured them paper and all before they touched bottom, emerged grinning, and shook himself all about us at intervals for the next hundred feet or so of descent.

Our tent was fortunately fairly high up the hill, away from any of the day's human contacts. The dog squatted, damp and odoriferous, outside it. It had tried to enter several times, but was beaten back; its claws had been difficult to disentangle from the flysheet, and its smell still remained. We did not feed it (any more), but it did well enough off the Doctor's mince, put – for a fatal forgetful halfminute – outside to cool, and a slab of mint cake left in the Apprentice's rucksack. Everything, bar the dog, had to come in, and we spent the night cramped and apprehensive. Circumambulant sniffing and probing, punctuated by ominous and probably three-legged silences, plagued us and drove the Doctor, the unfortunate owner of the tent, to despair. Once he undid the door, shoved out his boot and struck a snuffling object; it was a sheep. But he woke the dog.

The next day we decided to traverse Arran, if necessary, to escape. We packed up everything and staggered under the weight towards the N.E. face. Our companion trotted behind, tail erect with well-fed affection.

At a signal, we stopped, abseiled down, traversed slab after slab, raced round the cliff, over the ridge, down, up and down again. We followed burns, splashing and tumbling with laden sacks, to shake off the scent. Up, and down again. Somewhere beyond Caisteal Abhail we paused. No sight or sound. We pitched camp, illegally, in some remote glen. We trembled and spoke in undertones. We encircled the tent with pepper, and slept with our food inside.

The next morning the sky was blue, the wind soft. Silence, glorious silence. The cliffs stood clear above, perfect. We climbed off, happy once more.

Then, the Doctor froze. We heard it, too. Barking. Just up on the left, halfway among the slabs.

A terrible outburst of oaths was preparing, and the Apprentice had looked out a specially-sharpened piton, when we saw a line of climbers on the path below us. We waited and scrutinised them. They were ideal. Not VS men. Decent, washed, guidebook-clutching, mild-eyed. They doubtless fed blackbirds and cheered Royalty. They had pleasant innocent English voices and clean ropes.

The Doctor went over and explained. There seemed to be a poor dog trapped on the cliff over to the left. We would have liked to have rescued it but the way looked steep (we sat on our ropes and krabs) and his companions had injured themselves (our arms were stiff from hurling rocks): did they think *they* could . . . ?

Hook, line and sinker. They set off with a springy philanthropical step, thanking us for the opportunity, and marvelling amongst themselves at the probable agonies of the wretched abandoned animal. 'Remember to feed it well,' called the Doctor. 'And see it safely off the hill . . .' They waved, happily. They had a first-aid kit.

We did a small dance, and moved rapidly to the right.

©GJFD

direct

much is given
to be lacked. today
the hills collect
no thunder, heaven
is bare blue sky, so high
that rock is cracked, winds
whistle at its sharpness.
near the top
one who set it up
climbs with delicate hands
gap to gap,
glad of the almost absence.

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AFRICAN CLIMBS

By Bob Barton

1. KILIMANJARO: HEIM GLACIER DIRECT.

28/30 December, 1977.

GIANT groundsel stood sentinel round the Umbwe hut as we picked our way across the Great Barranco and up the dizzy paths to where Kibo waited, a sleeping elephant on a plinth of scree. The day dawned fine, but afternoon found us toiling up the endless scree below the Southern Icefields in a clinging wet blanket of mist. Our hopes for a fine view of the face were never realised, and the sudden African night forced an optimistic bivouac here in a scoop beneath a boulder. I have a hunch we are beneath the Kersten Glacier, the central and most massive of the trilogy of Heim, Kersten and Decken, but the moon never penetrates and the crash of seracs is the only evidence of the wall above. The weather has not been helpful so far. The three days packing huge loads up the Umbwe route in torrential rain were something of a trial, and when, some days later, we climbed the Western Breach, our sodden boots had us close to frostbite. Our only brief view of the fabled Breach Wall was a rent in the clouds revealing big powder avalanches thundering down the line of the Breach Icicle from the Diamond Glacier but, despite the frustrations of the weather, I suppose I'm hooked. Our bivouac on the crater rim was really staggering. I had this preconception that Kilimanjaro was a sort of overgrown Lakeland fell, but once the clouds dispersed, evening light on the Northern Icefields—infinite ziggurats of fluted ice—and the explosion of sunrise over Mawenzi were as breath-catchingly beautiful as anything one could hope to see.

Above us now, the face promises a line, a link to be forged, but still the mist hangs over us, dulling the full moon to a vague luminosity.

We got away in the usual pre-dawn gloom. Islands of moonlight in a sea of cloud confirmed our position by revealing the very prominent twin icicle on the Heim Glacier that we had seen from the hut and which we hoped to follow through the rock barrier. We started to climb as night ebbed, soloing up fine steep névé, the rhythm only broken by occasional rocky steps. As we moved higher, dawn seeped into the east, only Mount Meru rising above the rolling clouds into the dishwater sky. The first feeble rays liberated tinkling fragments of ice, so we sheltered under a rock band, uncoiled the rope and eyed the barriers above. Down at the hut, the evening view of the face had made

it seem clear that the trajectories of the ice above would miss our line up the twin icicle, but here, with the safety catch off, things don't look quite so clear cut, and only a sort of collective momentum keeps us going. The next two or three pitches drift past, steep awkward, but dominated physically and psychically by the barrier pitch above. The icicle has the brittleness and shape of a Giacometti sculpture, twin icicles spindling up into an encrusted torso. The pitch and the place have an incredible aura, and I'm truly gripped, seeking refuge in routine, racking and re-racking the gear till finally I'm away, bridging up between the pillars, with the same old realisation that it is much, much steeper than it looks. I baulk at a bold swing about 20 feet up, and when a tentative axe-blow liberates several hundreds pounds of ice, I take the hint and scuttle back down again. Everything is clear. The ice is terrible, the rock even worse and we are over 17,000 feet. Retreat whispers persuasively.

I still don't understand what happened next. I suppose it is a cliché to say that 'I suddenly found myself 40 feet up,' but like all clichés it has a core of common experience, the quantum jump of commitment that surely and irretrievably follows 'just having one more look.' Of course, the problem is that this sudden release of upwards energy never lasts long enough, and one is left empty and apprehensive in the middle of nowhere. The following moves up brittle candle drips of ice to an off-balance rest were tense and worrying, and the last few placements above were harrowing to a degree—they had to be right first time, strength draining away, sand through the fingers, until, merciful release, it was over and I was there, gasping, spent, but lashed to a huge ice bollard and an overdriven peg in an orgy of security.

The pitch had taken a long time, and whilst we'd climbed, the cloud had rolled in and wet snowflakes began to fall. It was worrying to be on such complex terrain in the poor visibility that prevailed, but although the subsequent pitches were steep, each one was of lesser stature than the one before, and things were obviously easing off, until above the final seracs nothing remained but the endless upper slopes. We pitched it, to break the monotony and to give a yardstick to the distances treadmilled through the disorienting glare of the cloud. Suddenly, the glare seemed to lessen. I looked up and there was deep blue sky at last, looked around, and there was a superb cloudscape of towering cumulus, sharply outlined by the westering sun, and the more wonderful for its contrast with the sensory deprivation of the whiteout beneath. It was a fine moment, high above Africa, but the icy wind and the fleeting daylight allowed us only snatched glances at the view, fragmentary but intense memories. We found a bivi by headtorch on a disintegrating rock outcrop high on the summit icefields.

The night was cold and uncomfortable, and we woke to several inches of new snow and visibility of only a few yards. The ice above was unexpectedly steep and we had a few adventures trying to pass a big ice cliff that seemed to open beneath us, but a hairy abseil down a huge hanging icicle and a surprisingly short stroll landed us at the plaques and faded flags of the summit.

Shortly, cloud boiled in the crater, and it began to snow again.

Far below the forests were waiting.

II. MOUNT KENYA: WEST FACE OF BATIAN – DIRECT ROUTE.

10/11 January, 1978.

From just above Two-Tarn hut, evening light reveals the structure of the West Face of Batian. The Forel Glacier is perched with an air of impermanence in a steep scoop between the West and South-West ridges. Access to and exit from this glacier are the keys to an ascent of the West Face. Caukwell and Rose on their first ascent in 1955 took the only obvious line, using the tiny Heim Glacier as a way past the Forel seracs. Climbed without modern aids, and with the added worries of an approach during the Mau-Mau emergency, this route was a superb achievement, but, tragically, Rose was killed by a collapsing ledge on the descent. Twenty-five years later, different attitudes and different techniques led us to look for another line which might exploit some of the ground between the 1955 West Face route and the West Ridge of Shipton and Tilman. The only way through the lower rocks appeared to be a very narrow ice-runnel leading to the left-hand end of the Forel seracs, which we thought might be passed on the left. The exit from the main icefield looked as though it too might be difficult, but at least we knew that similar ground had been climbed further right by West Face parties.

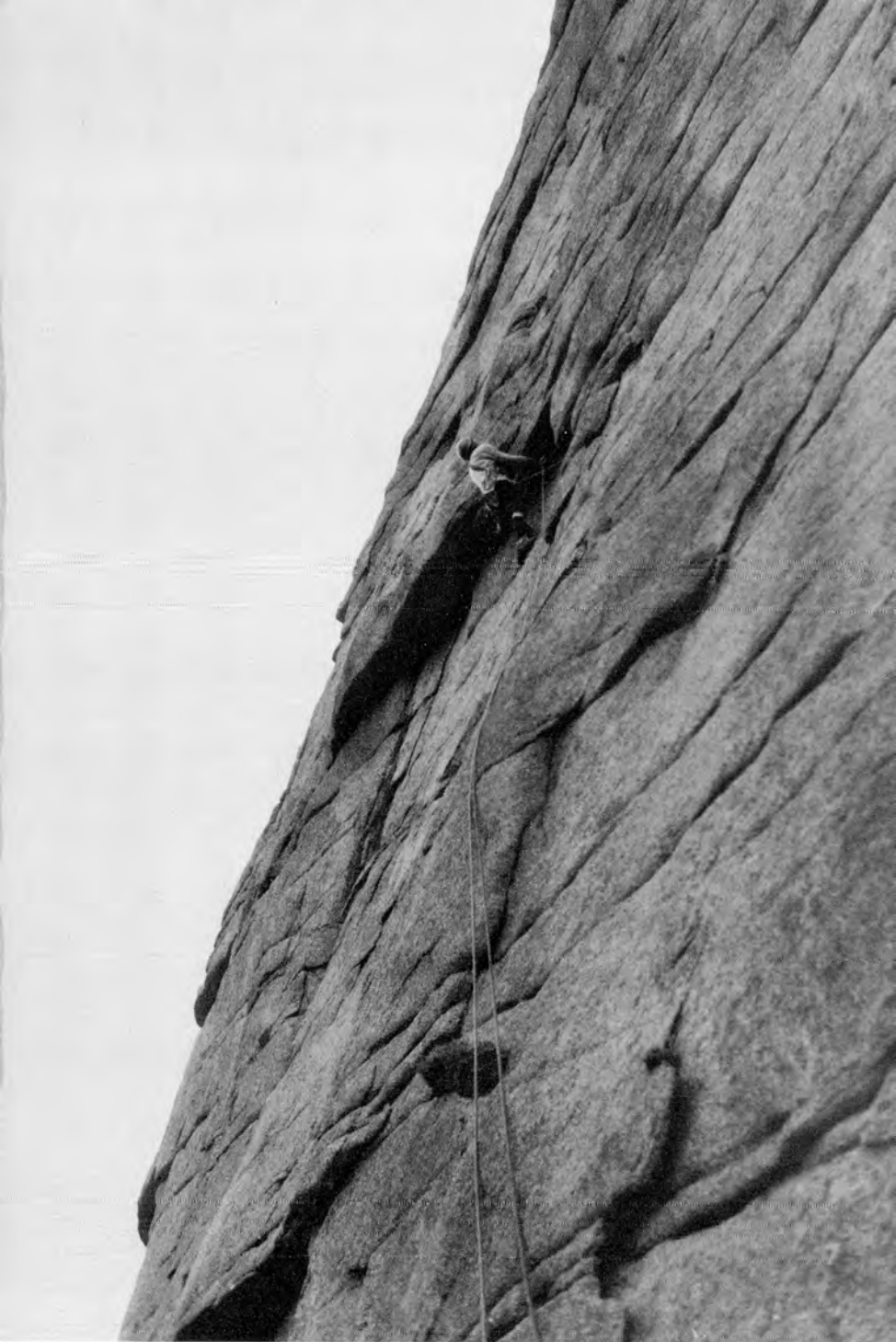
At close quarters, the ice runnel looked distinctly unattractive – both unrelentingly steep and with some threats from the seracs and icicles above, but Dave didn't share my growing enthusiasm for the 1955 route so I reasoned secretly that if I humoured him and made an attempt on this line, it would peter out very quickly and still leave enough time for the *voie normale*, and so, after a false start, I set off up the first pitch to belay in the secure depths of a beautiful ice-cave. Pitch two looked much more worrying, with very little to head for, and I smugly worked out my abseil anchors, until with a definite sensation of being conned, I realised that Dave was slowly but definitely getting up the pitch, and after a while the 'on belay' confirmed the worst.

The pitch was one of those where if you put your feet and hands just right it is possible to stand in near-balance after every pull-up, but where the slightest false move or any effort to place protection brings back the strain on the arms. I arrived to find him hanging in a coffin-like recess between an overhanging rock wall and an equally steep pillar of grey-green, glassy ice. It was quite a scary place and a few tentative swipes established the extreme brittleness of the ice above.

Well, all hard ice pitches engrave similar memories on the mind; memories of sickening lurches as points scrape and picks slip and settle under load, sharply etched details on the background of accumulated tension, and this one was no exception. The worst moments were high on the pitch, above the pillar, where the ice had narrowed to a two-foot wide smear, hollow over crackless rock, with the sun only minutes away, and soon, after a brief overture of whirring ice, the heat was turned on. Above, tiers of icicle-fringed seracs leered and creaked and everything started to drip. If there had been anything to retreat from, or if I thought I could have climbed back to the runner way beneath, I would have been down like a shot, but there was no hope that way, and all was despair, until, like the awakening from a bad dream, a scrap of cloud drifted over us, quenching the fierce equatorial sun, and quieting my racing pulse. I continued, the mist thickening, and as I looked for anchors on a shattered rock band, the risk of stone and ice-fall felt less immediate.

Dave led an exciting pitch to beneath the Forel seracs, where our chosen line broke out to the left, but when I arrived at his perch an intriguing second possibility appeared where, out to the right, a narrow ramp, overhung and undercut, sliced through the main serac wall and disappeared into the mist. It was impossible to work out whether it reached the icefield above or merely petered out into nothing, but we decided to have a look anyway. In retrospect it seems a moment of delicious uncertainty, the essence of sport, but of course at the time the mind is full of little but the tension between worry and hope and one wishes away the uncertainty.

A long, rising traverse, tiringly steep and very exposed, let out to the ramp, and after I vandalised a beautiful ice-curtain for somewhere to crouch, Dave went past, moving rapidly through the gloom beyond until a pitch later we stood on the lower edge of the Forel icefield, jubilant and relieved. A short way above we stumbled across a superb ice-palace in a bergschrund, and the idea of a leisurely and comfortable night seduced us into any early stop. Evacuating and levelling the cave was grand work, a gothic architect's dream of colonnades and porticos of fibrous green ice.



Ulysses Coire Nan Ceum
G. E. Little contemplating the crux of the first pitch on the first ascent



Photo: Garry Latter

Dave Cuthbertson on the first free ascent of *Cyclops*, Dumbarton Rock

As evening approached the sky cleared and the views beyond Point Dutton were tremendous. For me this was the finest moment of the climb, absorbing the atmosphere and presence of a remote, never visited place. The calm was complete, the surroundings perfect, but the memory still held the struggle below, the imagination that above.

Next day, we were soon back on steep ground, dodging about the flutings, but apart from a brief but expensive interlude to juggle with a camera lens, the middle section of the face passed quickly and uneventfully, and soon we found ourselves beneath the tenuous matrix of steep rock and buttressed ice which was to be our link between the top of the Forel and the slopes above. The climbing was superb, a true mixed pitch of dry rock and good ice, hard and absorbing, but safe, with none of the worries of yesterday, and with the intricacy that pure ice can never give.

Above, the face eased a little, but the climbing was still demanding, right up to a nervy, hollow bulge 50 feet below the summit.

I suddenly felt tired as we descended from Batian and I was happy mechanically to follow Dave's rope towards Ian Howell's bivi shelter on Nelion. The day was closed, the experience complete, and it was almost routine, until I rounded the last corner onto the Gate of the Mists and there, uncanny, preternatural, was the cauldron of shifting colours that slammed me back to a day on the mountain fifty years before. Thus Shipton:

'... all about us were spires and wild buttresses, floating, moving, and above, infinitely high, the rocky dome of Batian. The level rays of the sun had broken through. We looked towards the east and saw there a great circle of rainbow colours, sharp and clear framing our own dark silhouettes. It was the Spectre of the Brocken—the only one I have ever seen. Mountains have many ways of rewarding us for our pilgrimage and often bestow their richest treasures when least expected. For my part all disappointment, all care for the future were drowned in the great joy of living that moment.'

Time moves on, the routes change, but the paths remain the same.

THAMASERKU WEST RIDGE—AN ATTEMPT

By Sandy Allan

PEMBA and I eventually staggered into the carpenter's house at Phunki, many prayer scarves tied around our necks, obviously too much ceremonial *Ratchi* inside our bellies after the good luck ceremony in Namche Bazar. Sherpani Doma stated that she wished to sleep with me; I watched her bend low over the converted oil drum which served as a stove, blowing into the fire, hurrying on the flames. Her black pony tail curving gently down to her waist. Studying the profuse arrangement of material there, I could not work out the unwrapping process! That, plus 24 other people in the tiny room, vague thoughts of honesty, responsibility and respect to Nepal and a pretty girl back home made me responsible for the expedition's first failure.

Leader of the 1983 Scottish Nuptse Expedition Mal Duff, Martin Hind and I had ridden on top of a lorry cab, sheltering under umbrellas, smoking 'Yaks' and munching on Nebico glucose biscuits to the village of Namdu, then the most describable approach march to Namche Bazar. Our plans were to try and ascend the west ridges of Nuptse and Thamaserku. Thamaserku being the lower, we opted for it first. Mal described our first views:

'Fortunately our planned route, the west ridge, and indeed the whole mountain, spent most of its time hidden in the dense monsoon clouds. When occasionally we got an early morning glimpse of the serried ranks of gendarmes atop the ridge I suddenly realised why this potential route had impressed itself upon me the previous year. Scenically wonderful but frankly unlikely from a climbing point of view. I enthused the virtues of being ambitious more and more avidly whilst the comments of my comrades contained more than a slight trace of acidity. They, from what I could gather, doubted both the workings of my mind and in addition expressed concern for my eyesight!'

My birthday, the eighth of September, took me up to Thyangboche in order to spy out a suitable site for a base camp. Conversations with many locals and passers-by and lucky stumbles across various tracks let me return to Thawa lodge, Namche. Relating to Mal and Martin, who were still lying on the same sleeping bags on the same beds, that I had found a good route to a suitable base, I suggested hiring porters rather than yaks as the final approach seemed a tricky one. Martin and I

with three Sherpas and Sherpani porters made our way to base camp; Mel opted to collect our mail from Khunde Hospital and follow on later. After getting hopelessly lost and spending the night in a damp cave he arrived. Meantime, the dog that had bitten me did not die during our stay in the area so I assumed that I had not contracted rabies.

'Base was perched eagle eyrie-like, on a knife edged ridge. The lads had done a great job in managing to get tents to stand at all, especially as no flat ground existed. My exhortations to above all site a safe base had been dramatically undertaken. More amazing was a 20ft-long tree trunk, that Dawa—our cook—had carried up to act as a roof support for the kitchen tarpaulin. Several days elapsed generally spent in early morning reconnaissance, an art which Sandy seemed to have refined to a point akin to mysticism, thus guaranteeing that he got all the really dangerous sections, Martin and I being quite content to erect a cairn trail in his wake. Afternoons huddled in rain-lashed tents whilst the monsoon tattooed stormy impressions on taut, wet flysheets.'

4 am: off up the cairn trail, Martin having to stop several times to relieve himself and two hours later arriving at the glacier he announced he'd have to return to base. Sadly Mal and I handed him the extra gear and went on. My first Himalayan run out went on until 3 pm that day, a good one too! Martin and I had previously explored the lower half of the glacier and estimated that access to the most suitable line on the north face would be quickly executed that-a-way. However, once we began to probe into the icefalls—well, Mal continues:

'Four hours later we stood on the epicentre of a collapsed and collapsing depression, contemplating this grievous miscalculation; five hours later, frying from white hot sun reflections, I watched rather impressed as S climbed the vertical face of a 40-foot serac, much more impressed when, on struggling to the top myself, I discovered that the front face was actually a detached flake of ice. Admittedly I had dimly wondered at the rather exotic noises caused by my progress!'

Eventual arrival at the foot of the face was a fine reason to rest. Ice layers made the decision to dig a small cave obvious, but a comfortable night was had. Moist snow fell, but later it became drier.

Early next morning, we were away again, the rope semi-taut, climbing together now, placing screws as we went. The slopes got steeper. Fresh snow made for unsettling thoughts; loose snow on steep rock, feet struggling to keep purchase, ice axe shafts driven full depth in attempts to step upwards. We were belaying the

pitches now, Scottish grade III/IV with perhaps a couple of really technical ones. Mal led two pitches of terrible snow, then we transferred from our primary runnel into other ones. I got to lead two fantastic pitches of interesting climbing, over-protecting and eventually belaying on my Charlet jammed into a crack. As Mal came up, I prayed he'd not come off.

'A good lead that.' I was exhausted now. Mal led two pitches of slightly easier but still steep climbing. I led another, but fifty feet up my body gave in. Improvising a belay Mal climbed up and past for one more pitch, steep and grade five-ish.

'Swinging leads we crept upwards, always deceived by clear air distances—an explosion of visual stimulus as our views expanded over the ridge northwards—Everest, Lhotse and Nuptse—idle thoughts of the future—up and up . . .'
and later

'Joyous howlings swirled down through the mist. An initial rope-tightening response, then realisation that S was out on to the ridge somewhere high above. Follow the rope snaking a small buttress, to stumble into a cave depression—S grinning through a fringe of ice—the wind a mere distant whispering. Home—dig like crazy. A day's climbing of intensity level 10. Mutual and self congratulation.'

It was about 4 pm by then. Monsoon clouds were low but we had a brief glimpse above and were most impressed. We secured ropes and dug a narrow cave. We eventually had to sleep feet to feet in this cylindrical snow tube.

My tiny quartz alarm buzzed our reveille, we brewed and brewed and on crawling out of our not-so-frozen hole we saw lay-back cracks and steep snow ice ramps below the rock steps leading away to the North Summit. Mal led the first hard pitch.

'No warm-up as I moved into the vertical plane. Every move becoming harder, time distorted as progress slowed. Every movement was a whispered internal plea for survival. Lay-back on a blunt edge with loss of style as crampons bit granite. Verging on unconsciousness, I lassoed a block. A life-time away.'

I followed with difficulty, pack-heavy—but still appreciating that it was a good place to be. My pitch came, A lay-back on some blocks. We, the blocks and I, cascaded down the south face. Mal stopped me. I was pleased. Once I regained stability and stopped sweating I climbed on. A Friend slotted into a wee crack. Then a balance along a rock rib to a snow ridge and up a steep hollow meringue of white ice to some rock—more hollow snow—50ft from my runner now; front points stabbing on slabby rock; arms thrutching above my head, looking for placements—snow breaking below my heels; searching for alternatives. The others were not for me. Mal describes:

'The south face was echoing from whirring stone fall.

'Jeeze, that was close, OK? OK?'

With a shaky reply S went bck up the rope to regain his runner. Continue, continue, push, push, until a mutually perceived moment, when we had crossed the line, sure control had been lost and the imminent threat of severe physical damage became an increasing certainty.'

Reversal and abseil, 30 points of solid scare. Glacial white-out and a lucky calculated guess to find the uptracks. We had reached about 2,000 ft short of the 21,800 ft summit. Now it was back to base camp and the Sherpas, sleep, the descent to Namche and preparations for Nuptse. We weren't going back to the west ridge of Thamaserku.

FIFTY ONE YEARS AGO

By Graham Tiso

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB GUIDES

— The Western Highlands.

Another well produced Guide by the S.M.C. . . . At the end of the Guide is an interesting article on the wanderings of Bonnie Prince Charlie through this area, from which one gathers he was no mean mountaineer . . . Why don't the Scotch (sic) take pity on the poor Englishmen and include a pronunciation guide as well! Guide is procurable from W. B. Speirs . . . price 6/3d (post free).

How will a review of Donald Bennet's new *Western Highlands Guide* compare with this I wonder. In price, not favourably! but the note on the wanderings of Bonnie Prince Charlie is still perpetuated. Why fifty one years ago? An anonymous lady recently handed one of my staff a box containing a number of magazines. They had been found amongst the possessions of a grandparent recently deceased and she thought they might be of interest. They are.

Volume I, Number 1, of the *British Mountaineering Journal* published in June, 1932, contains the review of the then newly published *Western Highlands Guide*, but this wasn't the only interesting item in this historic *Journal*.

This *Journal* must have been quite expensive in its day at 2/6d and one wonders whether it was commercial pressure, or commercial success, which caused the price to drop to 1/3d by 1935. How long did the *Journal* last? Perhaps someone will

enlighten us. The layout and style are somewhat reminiscent of *Mountaincraft* which, of course, was the forerunner of *Mountain Magazine*. Perhaps William Speirs can help, the Editor, Carl K. Brunning, thanks him in his editorial for help, advice and encouragement in getting the *Journal* off the ground.

Part of the first *Journal* is given over to a Guide Book which eventually was produced as a separate volume. The area chosen is the Idwal Slabs by J. M. Edwards. In a note on the *Journal's* intention regarding Guides, it is suggested that the first series will be accomplished in about fifteen to twenty booklets and will take three or four years to complete. One wonders if Guide Book writers in those days worked with greater haste than today. In the same note it is stated:

'At the present moment the only new Guides of any use are being published by the S.M.C. for Scotland and it is intended to leave this country in their hands.'

Of great interest is a section headed 'The Clubs—Secretaries are asked to send reports of Clubs . . .'

The Cambridge University Mountaineering Club somehow persuaded Mr J. H. B. Bell to come and talk to them on the subject of Glencoe and the Caucasus! At that Club's Easter Meet they climbed 'nearly all the recognised climbs in Buachaille Etive Mor and almost every conceivable route on Sron na Creise.' — (indeed! — Ed.).

The Grampian Club report various excursions and note 'shortage of snow was manifest during the season and obliged the members to concentrate on rock faces.'

The Junior Scottish Mountaineering Club (sic) report of their New Year Meet at Crianlarich: 'This year the weather was the worst on record and it rained continuously and heavily from Thursday evening till Monday.'

The Midland Association of Mountaineers held an informal debate 'Need one visit Switzerland?' — 'Decided in the affirmative by about sixty votes to thirty.'

The Rucksack Club enjoyed a lecture by T. Graham Brown.

The Scottish Ski Club, secretary W. B. Speirs, report that 'very little snow fell during January, February and March so the Easter Meet arranged for Braemar had to be cancelled. During the winter a hut was erected on Beinn Ghlas, Killin, at a height of 2,500 feet.'

The Wayfarers Club report 27 members attending a Fort William meet. Amongst those present were J. M. Edwards, F. Spencer Chapman, J. L. Longland, A. B. Hargeaves, C. F. Kirkus and E. W. Hodge.

'The meet seems to be a success. J. L. Longland made a brilliant ascent of the Tower Ridge followed by nine others and an equally brilliant ascent of the North East Buttress. Some hardy souls slept on the Ben - Kirkus excelled himself by scorning the luxury of a tent and sleeping outside The Observatory, rising at five to amble up and down the North East Face before commencing any really serious 'climbing'.'

They also record feats of various cars which were used, reporting that 'one even succeeded in traversing the Mamores!' Hodge arrived three days late owing to oil trouble!

The articles, particularly Longland's dissertation upon Clubs, tend to be rather boring but two comments stand out. An article entitled 'The Technique of Falling' by A. W. Bridge contains the statement 'however, I am confident that if climbers will only give the art of falling their serious consideration, it may be of help to them at some time.'

In an article 'Some Aspects of Ski Mountaineering in January' by W. A. M. Moore, after discussing equipment and roped-up ski-ing a paragraph occurs entitled 'ROCK CLIMBING WITH SKIS' and opens 'Here is a third problem which some expert might well take up.' With hindsight one can see that the government policy of the day concerning imports has had little effect. In a review of a German camera, the comment is made 'it's one drawback is that it bears the 50% tariff imposed by the government to protect the more clumsy English products.'

As always the advertisements are interesting. One could acquire a government surplus ice axe with a wrought iron head 1' overall length with an ash shaft 3' long, packed and delivered for 12/6d. The ordinary camper's model of the Wanderlust Tent cost 2 guineas. The 'Hurricane Strength' version, 'suitable for Himalayan expeditions,' was 3 guineas.

Lillywhites listed a fully clinker nailed, hand-made climbing boot the weight of which, judging by the illustration, would have kept most people's feet firmly on the ground, for 55/-. 'This price applies to present stocks only'! Another boot manufacturer claimed to have over 9,000 pairs of customers' private lasts in stock!

Those wearing Grenfell fabric anoraks were well protected - 'Byrd and Grenfell have used it extensively in the Arctic region and it has served them well even in temperatures 100° below in high winds.'

Ski-ing in those far-off days was already a controversial subject. Longland talks about 'the aggressively summer climber who will very lordly NOT LEARN TO SKI.' The review of the

Scottish Ski Club Journal states 'Both the articles and the illustrations are poor' but to redress the balance the article on Ski Mountaineering ends by suggesting 'it is to some the Finest Sport in the World.'

Is the Scottish Mountaineering Club mentioned? Yes, it is, under 'Clubs.' The entry reads 'Scottish Mountaineering Club, Secretary Alexander Harrison, 21 Rutland Street, Edinburgh.'

A PACK OF METROS

By Ivan Waller

THE METROS are definitely metric, but certainly not Munro's, who's guardians have ordained that they shall remain historic with a minimum height of 914.4 metres. The time will come however when 3,000 feet and over will be as archaic as twenty shillings to the pound.

The Metros are the 52 Tops between 900 and 914.4 metres, and have been listed for the benefit of those who find 900 easier to memorise, and who have run out of hills to climb. They include 22 Corbetts plus the demoted Beinn Chumain, all of which are listed as separate mountains, and 29 subsidiary tops including the worthy 899-metre borderline case of Carn Meall Tionail on Carn Ealar, which has been added as an insurance. Aonach Buidhe is the joker.

Pursuers of 'the lesser heights' will no doubt object to 22 of the best Corbetts becoming Munros—sorry, Metros—but by bringing the lower limit down from 762 to 750 metres (an easy figure to memorise) they might be able to discover a few extra Corbetts to compensate for the 22 lost.

The Donalds are in a very strong position, for they include all the Corbetts 'South of the Forth-Clyde Canal' and would not be affected if further Donalds became Corbetts. Furthermore, additional Donalds would undoubtedly be found if their lower limit was rounded off from 610 to 600 metres, and the mind would boggle furth of the border.

Just for reference, here is a relevant conversion table:

<i>Metres</i>	<i>Feet</i>
1000	3280
914.4	3000
900	2952.75
899.16	2950
762	2500
750	2460.6
609.6	2000
600	1968.5

(The Editor points out that for those who, like him, strive for simple solutions to the world's complex problems, the 1000-metre contour has an attractive decimal and metric purity. There are only 135 full Donaldsons listed in the latest edition of the Tables and even the 1000-metre Tops total no more than 229).

The Metro Table of Tops between 900 and 914.4 metres

1:50,000

O.S. Sheet No. Map. Ref.

Section 1

Beinn an Lochain	56	218079
(Beinn Bhuidhe) N.E. Top	56	213194
(Stob Binnein) Stob Creagach	51	458230

Section 2

Beinn Odhar	50	338338
Beinn nan Oighreag	51	543414
Meall Buidhe	51	426449
(Tarmachan) Creag na Caillich	51	562377
(Carn Gorm) N.W. Top	42	624505

Section 3

Ben Maol Chalum (c.904 not 847)	41	135526
(Albannaich) N.W. Top	50	166446
(Buchaille Etive Mor) W. Top	41	213542
(Creise) Sron na Creise	41	239521
A'Chailleach	41	190580

Section 4

The Fara	42	598844
Leum Uilleim	41	331641
Beinn Chumain	42	463710
(Mullach nan Coirean)		
Meall a Chaorainn	41	114657

Section 6

Beinn Mheadonach	43	880758
Beinn Bhreac	43	868821
Ben Vuirich	43	997700
Leathad an Taobhain W. Top	43	822858
(Carn an Righ) Stac na h'Iolair	43	017772

(Carn Bhac) Carn a Bhutha	43	033820
(Carn Ealer) Carn Meall Tionail (899)	43	891848
Carn Ealar S.E. Top	43	910830

Section 7

(Glas Maol) Monega Hill	43	186757
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Section 8

Culardoch	43	193988
(Ben Avon) Meall Gaineimh	36	167052

Section 9

Beinn Teallaich	34	361859
(Carn Sgulain) Meall a Bhothian	35	662057

Section 10

Streap	40	946863
Sgurr an Fhuarain	33	987980
Sgurr a Choire-bheithe	33	895015
Ben Tee	34	241972
(Sgurr a Mhaoroich) Sgurr Thionail	33	984089
Am Bathaich	33	988077
(Meall na Teanga) Meall Coire Lochan	34	214920
(Ben Sgriol) E Top	33	844124
(Meall Chin-dearg)		
Sgurr Coire na Feinne	33	027093

Section 11

(Ben Attow) Meall an Fhuarain		
Mhoir N.W.	33	995201
(Ceathreamhnan) Stob Froach Choire*	33	052253

Section 13

Ben Damh	24	983502
Ben Dearg	24	985608
Fuar Tholl	25	975489
(Liathach) Stuc a Choire Dhuibh Bhig	25	943582
(Beinn Eighe) Craig Dubh	19	985607

Section 14

Beinn Dearg Mor	19	032799
(An Teallach)		
Bidean a Ghlas Thuill N. Top	19	069850

Section 15

(Seana Braigh) S.E. Top	20	288872
(Faochagach) Carn Gorm Loch	20	319801

Section 16

Foinaven, Ganu Mor	9	317507
Ceann Garbh	9	313514

*Possible addition***Section 12**

Aonach Buidhe (899)	25	058324
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*Name doubtful.

NEW CLIMBS SECTION

Descriptions have been received for a number of routes on various slabs in Arran. It appears to the jaundiced editorial eye that certain of these slabs could soon be described as 'climbable anywhere'; the descriptions have therefore been held over till next issue so that they can be checked out in more detail.

In addition some routes on Beinn Fhada have been held over.

ROUTE NAMES. One of our illustrious predecessors deplored that 'any old ephemeral, private jokey rubbish seems to satisfy,' so it still is with some of our contributors. We would exhort first ascensionists to try to think of names worthy of their routes. Sometimes, of course, this may be just what they do, with the sorry results we can all read. While we recognise that it is the prerogative of the originators to christen their climbs we would remind them that it is an editorial right to exclude from these pages any name that falls below what is acceptable. We would point out that a directive was issued from the last AGM that '*The SMC will not in future accept route names of an obscene or suggestive nature.*' You can't really get more definite than that!

NEW CAIRNGORMS CLIMBERS' GUIDE. The provisional date for completion of the manuscript of the new Cairngorms guide is 31st October 1983. The authors, Allen Fyffe and Andrew Nisbet, wish the guide to be up-to-date and would appreciate being sent new route descriptions from winter 1982/83 and summer 1983 by the end of September 1983. Comments and opinions about any route are also very welcome.

Addresses: Allen Fyffe, Glenmore Lodge, nr. Aviemore, Highland Region.
Andrew Nisbet, 13 Orchard Walk, Aberdeen AB2 3DT.

WINTER GRADES—Grade VI in the Cairngorms, Comment by Andrew Nisbet. There seems to be broad agreement for the principle of having a grade VI in Scotland, because there are routes which are candidates for grade VI. The problem can never be as 'simple' as in summer because conditions on a route will vary, and that variation becomes most critical at the top end of the scale. It is comparatively easy to grade a route according to how you found it on the day, but this is inadequate.

As an example, take *Crypt* and *Eagle Ridge* on Lochnagar. *Eagle Ridge* in normal conditions (unconsolidated snow) is grade V and well worth it. The first ascent of *Crypt* was done in powdery conditions (there was a hint of ice) and was a grade harder than *Eagle Ridge*. The second and third ascents of *Crypt* were done in a week when conditions were exceptionally good and so the route has also been graded V. Yet in that week *Eagle Ridge* was only IV. So to the dilemma; does one grade these routes the same despite the fact that on any single day, they will always be a grade apart? Or does one grade *Crypt* VI and say it can occasionally be easier, although when it's easier is when folk will be climbing it?

The former would appear to me to be the lesser of two inaccuracies, particularly since climbing in powder is unfashionable. Using that method it is hard to justify many grade VI's. Very few (in my opinion) of the recent 'big name' routes in the Cairngorms, climbed in excellent conditions, are a grade harder than *Eagle Ridge* under powder. Even if you climb a route which is a grade harder than *Eagle Ridge*, there is no automatic justification for grading it VI, without considering conditions past (and future). The position in the west may be different, since the routes are not amenable to climbing under powder (no grass!) but I don't feel qualified to comment. The recent, unjustified, upgrading of classic ice routes by some 'southerners' is certainly confusing the issue in the west.

ISLANDS

LEWIS, Creag Dubh Dhibadail – Take Two. 120m. Extremely Severe (E1).
S. Victoris & C. Watts. June 1981.

Start up slabs at the foot of the rightwards slanting ramp right of *Solitude*.

Climb the ramp until an awkward move left leads to a ledge. Climb corner, move right round bulge and up to a narrow ledge (21m, 4c). Climb up and right to a black niche. Move round right then left and up steep quartz rib to large sloping ledge. Climb thin groove, move left to cramped niche (24m, 5b). From the stance move left onto pedestal. Make strenuous move up to top of slanting crack line. Continue up trending right over blocks and flakes to belay at right end of a leftwards slanting ramp line (39m, 5b). Up ramp and surmount overhang. Continue to foot of obvious square cut chimney corner (probably usually wet). Climb this to the top (36m, 4c).

NORTH HARRIS, Strone Ulladale – Flakeway to the Stairs.

S. Victoris & C. Watts. June 1981. 127m. Hard Very Severe/Aid.

This climbs the flakes to the left of the obvious inverted staircase.

Climb diagonally left along a fragile ramp to overhanging and detached block flakes. Climb these strenuously to small belay ledge beneath roof (36m, 5a). Traverse right beneath roof (3 points aid on Friends). Climb crack on the right of the flake until it fades. Move left to second flake and climb wide crack (24m, 5a). Descend left and round corner. Move left and up wall to ledge (3 points aid), (21m, 5a). Move right and up loose blocks. Turn overhang on its right. Traverse right and climb leftwards trending ramp leading to easier ground (38m, 4c). Scramble to the top.

RHUM

TROLLAVAL, Triangular Buttress – The Wandering Botanist.

D. Bearhop & A. Tibbs. 25th March, 1982. 36m. Hard Severe.

Climb *Zigzag Route* until the overhanging recess is reached. From here step left onto a wall and climb it till an overhang is reached. Traverse left under the overhang and finish up a crack which is the finish of *Botany Crack*.

ASKIVAL, Clough's Crag – Satisfaction.

24m. Very Severe.

D. Bearhop & A. Tibbs. 29th March, 1982.

Twenty feet right of *Eyrie Arête* there is another prominent ridge. Traverse onto the ridge from the right hand side and climb onto arête (crux). Move up the arête until a good block is obtained. Move back right and take up the obvious line, finishing by a prominent hand-wide crack.

BARKEVAL, South Crags – Aficionado.

51m. Severe.

D. Bearhop & A. McClintoch. 30th March, 1982.

The wide gully to the right of *Honeycombed Arête* has a small subsidiary gully on its left with a chimney at the back. The route takes the prominent crack running up the right slab from this subsidiary gully. At 27m a large overhang niche is reached – belay. Take the overhang direct. The angle eases thereafter and an obvious intrusive band of rock is followed as it traverses round to finish on easier ground (24m).

SKYE

SRON NA CICHE, East Buttress—*Confession*. 60m. Extremely Severe (E3).
D. Cuthbertson & G. Latter. Summer, 1982.

Takes an impressive line up the right wall of *Kinloss Gully*. Some dubious rock.

Up small groove (wet) and continue up corner to uncomfortable belay at the start of obvious traverse (15m, 5a). Traverse right and climb crack to top (45m, 5b). Cleaned and inspected by abseil.

—*Vulcan Wall Direct Finish, The Chambre*
Finish.

D. Cuthbertson & A. N. Other. 24m. Extremely Severe (E2).

Where the normal route goes left onto easier ground, ascend the thinner and left-hand of two parallel cracks above (24m, 5b).

—*Zephyr*. 84m. Extremely Severe (E4).

D. Cuthbertson & D. McCallum. Summer, 1982.

This fine climb follows the obvious right arête of *Creag Dubh Grooves*. Start just right of that route at a slab leading to a small roof. Turn roof on left then follow flakes and grooves to large ledge and belay (42m, 5a). Gain small ledge on arête. Ascend to horizontal break, then move left round arête into slim, bottomless groove. Up this and slab to small ledge and belay (21m, 6a). Move left and up wall to top (21m, 4c). Cleaned and inspected by abseil.

—*Magic*. 45m. Extremely Severe (E3).

D. Cuthbertson & G. Latter. Summer, 1982.

Some way up from *East Buttress Route* is an area of recessed rock. *Magic* takes the left-hand of the obvious cracks. A superb, well protected pitch. Up big flake and slab leading to a small overhang in a corner. Move right and up the crack to gain corner which is followed to top (45m, 6a).

—*Team Machine*. 168m. Extremely Severe (E4).

D. Cuthbertson & G. Latter. Summer, 1982.

A fine girdle of the East Buttress. Start as for *Kinloss Gully*.

Climb *Kinloss Gully* (30m, 4c). Follow horizontal crack to belay on a slab under a roof just beyond *Confession* (24m, 5c). Up to right end of roof and follow a thin descending crack which leads into the corner of *C.D.G.* Belay on large ledge above (42m, 5b). Gain small ledge on arête and ascend to thin horizontal break. Follow this to a junction with *Snake* which leads to a ledge and belay (30m, 5a). Finish up *Snake* (42m, 4a).

COIRE NA CREICHE, Coire a'Mhadaidh—*North Gully*. 120m. GRADE III.
S. Kennedy & N. Morrison. 20th February, 1983.

Follows the leftmost of three obvious gullies cutting the slabs at the back of the coire. The gully gave a fine ice pitch at mid-height and a through route leading up to Bealach na Glai Moire.

WATERSTEIN AREA. Much of Skye consists of basalt lava flows of little interest to the discerning climber. However, at Waterstein on the most westerly point of the island an area of sedimentary rocks is exposed beneath the basalt. Intruded into these sediments are two sills of dolerite which form two parallel crags totalling two miles in length.

The crags have been known for over twenty years (*S.M.C.J.* Vol. XXVII No. 153 and *S.M.C.* Regional Guides). They are approached from a small car park overlooking Neist Point. A footpath down to the lighthouse gives convenient access to the lower crag.

Lower Crag: The lower sill has its base below sea level and is generally less than 30m high, but in the region of An t-Aigeach (The Stallion) it rears up to form an impressive face about 100m high.

The northern end of the crag offers scope for numerous short routes. Further south, near the approach path, a narrow ridge, by the end of a stone wall has been ascended. A rightward trending line in the middle of the north-east face of the large bay by the approach path, has also been climbed, but it finished on very loose shale.

The crag now turns a corner and runs south-west. This section is dominated by the Stallion's Head Crag which is climbed at its highest point by *Supercharger* (see *S.M.C.J.* 1982 p.258). The routes below are described from here working south.

Immediately south of the Stallion's Head Crag is a narrow ridge terminating in a prominent pillar. The following two routes are on the south side of this ridge.

Descend ridge (by abseil, stakes in place) then abseil from ridge to platform at base (low tide). At high tide start from convenient ledges 6m up.

– *Unnamed.* 33m. Extremely Severe (E1).

P. Whillance & Party. December, 1981.

About 10m right of pillar is obvious corner with large overhang at 15m. Up corner to overhang, traverse right a few feet and pull up into another corner crack. Follow this to top (33m, 5b).

– *Unnamed.* 30m. Extremely Severe (E1).

P. Whillance & Party. December, 1981.

Start 6m right of previous route at prominent V groove. Climb groove passing awkward, small overhang at 15m (30m, 5b).

Further south again there is a small square-cut bay backed by a boulder beach. Descend by abseil stakes (in place) to reach the next five routes. Traverse along north side of bay (passing under *Side Step*) and round corner to reach first route.

– *Two Step.* 36m. Hard Severe.

M. Geddes & N. Williams. 17th December, 1977.

Climbs the prominent slab ramp line with two short steep sections, the first being the crux. Finish up steep rock on good holds.

The next route is on the north side of the actual bay, i.e. nearer the boulder beach than *Two Step*.

– *Side Step.* 30m. Hard Very Severe.

M. Geddes & N. Williams. 17th December, 1977.

Climb a poorly protected wall and then move left below a small roof and finish up overhanging rock (5a).

The next three routes are on the south side of the bay.

– *Unnamed.* 33m. Extremely Severe (E1).

P. Whillance & Party. December, 1981.

Takes the most prominent crack line, just left of centre of wall. Climb short wall and rib to left of crack for 12m (start of crack wet). Step right and follow crack to top (5b).

– *Wind & Wuthering.* 33m. Hard Very Severe.

Less prominent crack, 6m right of previous route. Start up crack, pass large wedged block to ledge on right. Follow groove and crack line above, to easier finishing crack (5a).

- *Cold Turkey.*

33m. Hard Very Severe.

P Whillance & Party. December, 1981.

Start 6m right of previous route from a platform at a slightly higher level. Up chimney crack to a ledge. Continue up jamming cracks to finish up an open, left-facing corner (5a).

Further south again a long, narrow inlet just north of the lighthouse gives an easy descent. Several short problems have been done on the walls.

Traverse into the next inlet to the south for the following route.

- *Lightning Corner.*

24m. Hard Very Severe.

Climb chimney/crack line on right wall of inlet to platform. Move right and climb groove over small overhang to top by corner of lighthouse wall (5a).

Upper Crag: The Upper Crag is one mile long and attains a maximum height of 36m. It lies generally north of the car park. It is only directly above the sea at its southern extremity and so has fewer access problems. At present only a handful of lines have been climbed but there is great potential for many more.

At the northern end of the crag, just below the crag proper is an 'elegant spire' - the Green Lady. It is best approached by walking northwards from the car park along the top of the crag and then descending a grassy gully, north of a small lochan.

- *The Green Lady.*

30m. Hard Severe.

There are three variations, all of which finish up at the south-west corner.

- (a) Follow S.W. arête.

or

- (b) Squeeze up fissure between S.W. arête and main pinnacle. Then traverse right and climb up to gain lodgement on S.W. corner. (First Ascent: T. Patey & F. Harper, 26th August, 1961, *S.M.C.J.* Vol. XXVII, No. 153).

or

- (c) Start up weakness in S.E. face and at half height traverse left to S.W. corner.

All variations finish by climbing a bulge on the S.W. corner. There is no satisfactory abseil anchor.

South-west of Green Lady a smaller pinnacle gives a pleasant scramble.

On the crag proper immediately behind the Green Lady a line has been climbed starting left (north) of a grassy gully.

- *Unnamed.*

21m. Extremely Severe.

B. Kerr & N. Williams. 26th April, 1981.

Step off large block and make some hard moves to reach a line of undercut holds which leads up left. Reach bulge and climb over this on poor holds. Traverse right to finish (5c).

South-east of the car park where the southern end of the upper crag meets the sea, a knife edge spur of rock (*The Fin*) forms the south west wall of a gully.

- *California Dreaming.*

36m. Extremely Severe.

P. Whillance & Party. December, 1981.

Takes obvious crack line in gully wall opposite *The Fin* (5b). Belay/abseil stake in place at top of route.

— *Unnamed.*

39m. Extremely Severe.

P. Whillance & Party, December, 1981.

10m right of previous route is a steep open groove. Easily up to below groove then follow very thin crack in right wall of the groove to reach ledges. Short easy corner to top. Belay/abseil stake in place at top of route.

Waterstein Head. The obvious seaward arête has been climbed by Mick Fowler and party (1980) and graded Hard Severe, 225m. The route is not technically hard but the rock is basalt and of poor quality.

NORTHERN HIGHLANDS

SHEIGRA SEA CLIFFS

About five miles beyond Kinlochbervie is Sheigra, with a camping place by the sea at the very end of the road. 'The gneiss cliffs are on the N.W. slope of the hill just to the N.'

— *End Geo (North) – Black Rake.*

45m. Very Severe.

P. Nunn & R. Toogood. 29th May, 1982.

At the low tidemark a Severe ascent can be made up a diagonal ramp and wall (T. E. Howard late 1970's). Below, a steep sea-washed corner can be climbed onto an overhung and undercut slab leading rightwards in a lower diagonal. This gives a delicate and exposed pitch.

The **Second Geo (North)** has a number of existing climbs of good quality, particularly the black corner crack (VS if reached by abseil or an A2 pendulum from the back of the Geo—R. Dearman, R. Toogood and P. Nunn mid 1970's) and a wall climb on the yellow wall on the left (P. Nunn, D. Fearnough, 1978, IIVS, 55m). Between is the Geo cave capped by a roof and steep grooves.

— *Dark Angel.* 60m. Very Hard Severe.

P. Nunn & R. Toogood. 2nd June, 1982.

From the stance above pitch one of the black crack (abseil) cross the crack and climb the flying rib on the left. Move left to the left most of two grooves and climb a fine crack to the stance. Finish on the right, or take a more difficult direct line.

FOINAVEN, Dionard Buttress 1 – Millenium.

305m. Extremely Severe (E2).

A. Livesey & P. Nunn. 30-31st May, 1982.

The route takes the overhanging wall just right of the centre of the crag for three pitches to the central slabs, then the left to right slanting fault through the great roof to the upper slabs. Starts right of the overhanging central groove.

Climb a short wall to a right-trending break. Follow it to a stance, peg belay (35m). Climb to a wet scoop on the left and up through steep walls to a groove. Go right to a stance under an overhang, peg belay (40m). Climb the overhang above, moving right or direct, then continue more easily to the slabs (45m). Go left and up to a steep groove leading right. Climb with difficulty to a stance (40m). Follow the undercut ramp through the roofs and exit onto grey slabs (45m). Climb shallow grooves and slabs to finish (100m).

The route was repeated on 1st June by Crawshaw & R. Toogood in eleven hours.

SEANA BHRAIGH, Feich Coire – Sagittarius.

400m. GRADE II.

A. Kimber, J. Mount & R. Townsend. 2nd January, 1983.

From Coiremor bothy this obvious, thin gully line lies almost due south. It is situated on the eastern end of the steep, broken, southern wall of Feich Coire. On this ascent the initial 150m of overlapping slabby ground was not complete and a steep excursion into the heather garden on the right was used to gain the upper part of the gully. If the lower slabs were ever iced up, the grade could well be higher. The upper reaches of the gully gave good climbing on steep snow with one or two short pitches.



February, 1983

Coire Mhic Fhearchair

Photo: Richard Gibbens



February, 1983

Beinn Eighe—Sgurr Bàn from Bodaich Dubh

Photo: Richard Gibben

BEINN DEARG. Both the routes below are scrappy, but reportedly no worse than the other routes recorded between the main gullies.

— *The Centre Party.*

220m. GRADE III.

P. Barrass & A. Nisbet. 28th December, 1981.

Lies on the buttress containing *Wee Freeze Gully*, i.e. between *Emerald* and *Fenian Gullies*. Just right of *Fenian Gully* is a large shallow recess, climbed from bottom right to top left. Above this is a shallow gully trending right for a pitch to easier ground. Go straight up to a large roof system which is bypassed on the left (scrambling).

— *The Wall of Retribution.*

250m. GRADE III/IV.

A. Nisbet. 28th December, 1981.

On the right wall of the *Tower of Babel* is a very vegetated scoop with an icefall high up. The line is spoilt by a large easy terrace which leads from the foot of *Rapist's Passage* below the scoop to the buttress crest.

Start at the lowest rocks and climb either of two icefalls to the terrace. Cross the terrace directly and climb the scoop to easy ground. The upper icefall is unexpectedly steep.

THE FANNICHS, Sgùrr Nan Clach Geala, East Face – Number 3 Buttress.

R. Arnott & A. Nisbet. 13th February, 1983.

250m. GRADE IV.

This route takes a line of low resistance on the buttress but still gives good climbing in its upper half. The crux pitch is much harder than the rest.

Start on the left about 20m right of *Beta Gully* and climb vegetation for 60m. Go left and climb a short, easy ramp which ends on a platform close to *Beta Gully*. Traverse right to gain the buttress crest (40m). Climb a steep groove immediately left of the crest (20m, crux). After this the angle eases; follow the crest approximately.

Garbh Coire Mor – Ravenshead.

210m. GRADE V.

D. McCallum & A. Russell. 28th February, 1981.

Climb first pitch of *Crystal Tripper* then move right to obvious icefall. Climb icefall on left side on mixed ground until too difficult to continue (24m). Step right onto thin ice and climb this followed by centre of icefall until under obvious ice pillar. Climb pillar until possible to step left into groove (crux). Climb bulge to peg belay (60m). Climb mixed ground moving right to follow ice rake (45m) step right and over block. Follow mixed ground via ice rakes to top.

Due to a change in a water course high on the crag, the above route is now in condition much more often than *Crystal Tripper*.

Glen Docharty – Helter Skelter.

240m. GRADE IV.

W. Bridges, D. Butterfield & D. McCallum. 26th December, 1981.

On the Achnacheen Kinlochewe Road. This is the first gully below the car park on the west-side of the watershed. Only in condition after a prolonged freeze. The gully contains six pitches of which the fourth and fifth are particularly noteworthy. An enjoyable outing.

BEN WYVIS, Coire Lochain. G.R. NH 487 707.

Access is gained by first gaining permission at the gate house and then driving up a very rough road by the shores of Loch Glass to Wyvis Lodge. Follow a track by the Allt Corravachie to reach the corrie by striking across the hillside.

The corrie is arcuate and concave with large cornices on the western half. The corrie faces due north and is very often in condition. The crags are about 120m high and rather slabby and featureless with a thin icefall on the left, slabby

walls in the centre and an inverted triangular buttress on the upper right which is bottomed by two broken sections interspaced by snow rakes. Broken ground lies right of this tapering off into a very steep snow wall. The cornices are usually greatest above the triangular buttress.

— *Caberfeidh*

150m. GRADE III.

G. Corner & J. Mackenzie. 31st December, 1982.

Start below the broken sections and climb these over the snow rakes to gain the much steeper top half. Take the inverted triangle centrally by a long pitch over ice and mixed ground to rock belays on the left. Continue up right of the belay to beneath the cornice and traverse left for several metres to where it may be surmountable, snow belays. Continue over; on this ascent it was double but well frozen and provided interest.

A pleasant climb with a fine outlook higher up.

BEINN DEARG MHOR, Coire nan Clach — *Deranged*.

80m. GRADE III.

J. Bennet & L. Bowie. 1st January, 1982.

Start to the left of Flake Buttress above a prominent spur. Climb a 6m icefall then continue up ice for another 30m. Climb on snow then mixed ground (two pitches). Take the left hand branch and finish in two pitches.

BEINN A' CHAISGEIN MOR, Carnmore Crag, Lower Wall — *Black Magic*.

C. Dale & A. Dyth. 20th May, 1982.

120m. Very Severe.

Start at the foot of the left-hand short black corner in the heathery bay of *Black Mischief*. Ascend the corner but before it finishes exit right on to a gangway. Ascend this and the parallel cracks above passing through two bulges to belay underneath the obvious large overhang (33m). Traverse horizontally right for about 6m and climb the obvious rightward trending crack system behind the vestigial tree (30m). Continue to the central bay (57m).

— *Dandelion Days*.

C. Dale & A. Dyth. 21st May, 1982.

120m. Extremely Severe.

Start at the foot of the left-hand corner of the prominent *Balaton* recess. Climb the corner groove for about 25m. Then when over the band of overhangs and slightly below the second stance on *Balaton*, traverse leftwards across the wall and ascend into the obvious niched overlap. Surmount this and up the crack to belay on the pinnacled arête (33m). Ascend the slab and pull over the overlap to finish up the obvious hanging curved groove (30m). Continue to the central bay (57m).

— *Running Bear*.

D. Dinwoodie & J. Wyness. 1st April, 1981.

105m. Extremely Severe (E1).

Climbs the rib and groove between *Balaton* and *Boo-Boo*. Start just left of *Boo Boo* and climb up onto a tall block. Move left over a bulge and climb straight up the rib for 12m until a traverse line leads right to small ledges. Climb *Boo Boo* past a mantleshelf move into a corner then climb back up left to belay at the top of a crevasse above the rib (142m). Climb the bulge above and go up left into the groove. Climb this to slabs and belay (24m). More slabs lead to the Central Bay. The first pitch could maybe be improved by bold climbing straight up the rib. The crux was 5b.

— *Naughty Alien*.

D. Dinwoodie & J. Wyness. 2nd April, 1981.

90m. Hard Very Severe.

A direct route taking an obvious break in the roof right of *Boo Boo*. Start at the foot of *Boo Boo* and move right up slabs and across under an overhang. Work upwards by fluted slabs to belay under the roof. Traverse left and climb through the break in the roof to gain a groove. Climb this to vegetative slabs where *Botanist's Boulevard* winds a way. Probably the best finish would be to gain the rib of *Boo Boo* on the left as soon as possible and finish up this.

AN GROBAN: This cliff is at G.R. 838753 on Sheet 19 of the second series. It is easily approached from Gairloch via Flowerdale in about 1 hour. With the base of the cliff at 230m and the route lengths between 110-160m its attractions for a short day are obvious. It has a north-west aspect.

Four routes have been climbed by D. McArthur & C. Higgins in May 1973. Climbs are described from left to right.

– *Slipway.*

Very Severe.

Start at a black wall at the left end of crag. Climb to ledge then by a groove surmounted by a bulge which is taken direct. Continue to top.

– *Blackgang.*

Very Severe.

Climb the open wall between *Slipway* and *Hatman*. Cairn.

– *Hatman.*

Very Severe.

At the lower right end of crag is a prominent overhang. Climb directly into overhang at its left, exit on same side then by a crack until easier climbing leads to the top.

– *Straker.*

Severe.

This climb is the obvious groove flanking the main face right of *Hatman*.

Climb groove, then direct to top.

BEINN EIGHE, Coire Mhic Fhearchair – East Central Wall. 370m. GRADE IV. P. Barrass & A. Nisbet. 22nd December, 1981.

The route follows the easiest line up the East-Central Wall finishing probably by the summer line of *Fulmar Chimneys*. Fine situations.

Start by the steep, narrow chimney of *East Central Gully*. Take the right fork of the gully about 30m above the chimney and gain the top of 'the Tower' in three pitches. Go up leftwards on broken ground until about 10m below and right of the very prominent crack. Traverse 5m right along an overhang ledge to the base of a chimney. Climb this and a further right-slanting chimney pitch to reach a triangular bay with ice in the overhanging corner at its top. The ice is very steep and it is easier to take a shallow chimney to the right of the bay to reach easy ground.

– *The Cool Cleft.* 120m. GRADE IV.

R. Arnott, E. Clark, A. Nisbet & S. Thirgood. 12th February, 1983.

The route climbs the shallow gully immediately to the right of *East-Central Ribs*. The start is easily reached from *East-Central Gully* at the level of the top of the Tower. The first pitch was an icy chimney (30m). The continuation was steaming with water so the rib on the left was climbed, as for *East Central Ribs* (25m, crux). The original fault was regained by a traverse right and followed to easy ground.

The route was reached by climbing the right end of an extensive area of steep icefalls on the lower tier of *East Buttress* (80m, IV). This icefall would have been worthwhile on its own.

LOCH TORRIDON, Diabaig: Previous routes on this cliff are described in *S.M.C.J.* 1981, pp.153-155.

– *Foil.*

87m. Very Severe.

C. Moody & R. Sharples. 24th April, 1982.

Start right of *Route 1*. Climb directly to apex of roof. Through this using right slanting crack to ledge (33m). Up crack at black streak until 1m short of grass, then traverse up left to base of steep crack. Up crack to ledge (42m). Up easy wall and slab (12m).

- *Boab's Corner.*

84m. Severe.

C. Moody & R. Sharples. 24th April, 1982.

Climbs wall right of *Charlie's Tower*, then the biggest corner above. Start just right of the 'prominent stepped corner' to the right of *Charlie's Tower* at undercut wall. Up wall using left facing corner (hard start can be avoided by traversing in from left). Belay at base of large corner (36m). Up corner (18m). Pleasant scrambling to finish (30m).

- *Plunge.*

57m. Hard Very Severe.

D. Hayter & C. Moody. 23rd May, 1982.

About 100m right of *Boab's Corner* is a buttress containing an ash tree; a large scoop runs up left to the ash. Start below base of scoop, up to scoop (this includes a jump). Follow scoop to belay at holly bush (21m). Up to and over overhang directly above then follow buttress to large grass ledge (36m).

BEINN BHAN, Applecross, Coir' Each - Donkey's Derby. 160m. GRADE IV.

P. Anderson & K. Murphy. 7th February, 1980.

Takes the line of an obvious narrow gully in the centre of the main face.

The initial icefall was climbed direct for 18m until a 5m bulging section was avoided by a short corner on the left. The gully was then re-gained and followed for 22m to a peg belay (45m). The gully was followed to the base of an ice-choked chimney (28m). Make a short traverse right followed by a short chimney and grassy groove for 40m to regain the main gully just above the ice-choked chimney and a prominent chockstone (42m). Straightforward climbing to the top

Coire Na Feola - Crab Nebula. 275m. GRADE IV.

D. Dinwoodie & A. Williams. Winter 1980.

The main back wall of the corrie curves round left into a prominent gully, *Easy Gully*, split into parallel runnels by a narrow ridge with an apparent tower.

Crab Nebula takes the line of the hanging snowfield in the huge buttress right of the gully.

The two lower tiers are avoided by traversing a snow terrace right, starting at the base of the gully. A line of ramps or grooves was taken up right in two pitches then the snowfield was gained by breaking left up a final short wall. A short ice-pitch at the top of the snowfield led to a higher snow-patch. Here a traverse was made to gain a bulging icicle formation. In the dark two rock pegs were used for aid to reach easier ground. Steep snow slopes led to the plateau.

- *Guttersnipe.* 245m. GRADE IV.

D. Dinwoodie, C. Jamieson & E. Todd. 14th February, 1983.

This line is well right of *Crab Nebula* and is the left-most of the obvious runnels on the back-wall of the corrie, the crux being a hard ice-pitch up a steep barrier rock-band at 90m. Otherwise little difficulty.

- *Rory-Pory.* 75m. Very Severe.

D. Dinwoodie & R. A. Smith. 4th August, 1981.

The triangular buttress left of *Easy Gully* has been called *Suspense Buttress*. The big steep lower rock-band was avoided on the right on the winter ascent and is sub-divided into three subsidiary buttresses by two steep wet recesses. This route takes the left rib of the left-hand buttress (just right of a grassy chimney and minor broken rib).

Start at the toe of the rib and go up to climb an obvious crack-line up slabs. Surmount the bulge at the top direct (just right of a grassy recess) and so to a terrace and belay. Start up the left side of the rib and move right over into a groove system. Climb grooves to finish up the furthest left groove. There is a fair amount of scope for other two pitch routes on the walls right of this route.

Coire na Poite – The Adventures of Toad.

D. Dinwoodie & A. Paul. 26th February, 1983. 400m. GRADE III.

Climbs the big buttress between *March Hare's* and *Mad Hatter's Gullies*, starting up on the left.

The first steep little ice pitch of *March Hare's* was climbed then a zig zag line taken first away right then away left and up to a terrace below a formidable rock band. A right traverse along the terrace for a full pitch led to a more broken area in the band with an obvious breach where the terrace rises up. Above this a direct line was taken to the easier crest of the buttress. A big route for its grade with interesting route-finding.

– *The Cooler*. 330m. GRADE V.

D. Dinwoodie & A. Paul. 24th February, 1983.

Takes an icy runnel lying immediately right of *Silver Tear* and slanting slightly right.

Steep ice towards the right side of the *Silver Tear* fall leads to a snow pitch then a chimney in an icicle formation leads directly up into the fault proper. Another ice-pitch up the runnel leads to easier climbing.

CAIRNGORMS (NORTH)**NORTHERN CORRIES, Coire an t-Sneachda – Cruising.** 215m. GRADE IV.

R. Anderson & K. Spence. 8th November, 1980.

Follow the groove and crack system on the right side of the buttress overlooking *Broken Gully* to the right of the chimney line of *Fluted Buttress Direct*.

Climb up easy ground to spike belay at the foot of a tongue of rock extending from the main buttress. Move round left and up to the base of the main buttress (36m). Climb up stepped walls and ledges to belay below a niche (18m). Climb into the niche and up to belay on a ledge overlooking *Broken Gully* (21m). Move up and step left to follow a crackline to a ledge running across the buttress (21m). Move left and up the buttress, joining *Fluted Buttress Direct* (36m). Continue up buttress to easy ground which leads to a finish up *The Runnel* (40m and 43m).

LOCH AVON BASIN, Cairn Etchachan – Bastille.

GRADE IV.

S. Allan & A. Nisbet. 15th January, 1982.

A direct line on the main face, loosely based on *Bastille*. The crux is very hard technically but short and well protected. Start in the initial gully of *Red Guard*. Climb it for 5m, move left on to the buttress and round the crest to follow a ramp system ending at the snow patch on *Route Major* (below the constricted chimney). Traverse right and up to the double corner of *Bastille*. The first corner was climbed using a Friend for aid and the second (crux) by strenuous axe jamming. (The second corner was not climbed on the first summer ascent but has been done since in drier conditions – Very Severe). Take a line of ledges and short shallow chimneys immediately above, following the natural winter line which trends slightly right to reach the top end of the ramp of *Red Guard*. The collar-shaped overhang of *Bastille* (summer) is immediately above this point but would be very artificial in winter so a finish to the left was made.

The original finish to *Route Major* involved the *Battlements Groove* but it is more common to finish rightwards, coinciding with this route at the top end of the ramp of *Red Guard*.

Upper Tier – Python.

GRADE V.

P. Langhorne & A. Nisbet. 9th December, 1981.

A sustained, technical climb under powder via the summer route.

– *The Hairpin Loop.*

110m. GRADE IV.

S. Allan & A. Nisbet. 16th January, 1982.

On the wall between *Pagan Slit* and *The Battlements* groove. Start 35m right of *Pagan Slit* at a right to left slanting fault. Follow the fault and exit right on to a large ledge (25m). Above the ledge is steep ground. Go up and right to a triangular recess, then traverse back left about 10m above the belay (including a short descent) until it is possible to go upwards, then rightwards to a stance on the crest overlooking *The Battlements* groove (40m). A short crack now leads leftwards to easier ground and the top. It may be easier to avoid the traverse by climbing directly from the ledge to its left end.

– *Nom-de-Plume.*

GRADE V.

P. Langhorne & A. Nisbet. 23rd December, 1982.

Very steep and strenuous, by the summer line. The crux (summer crux) had overhead protection. A finish independent of the top pitch of *Python* could possibly be made by going right above the diamond-shaped block.

Shelter Stone Crag – The Spire.

R. Anderson & M. Hamilton. 5th May, 1982. 296m. Extremely Severe (E3).

Climbs the first three pitches of *Steeple* to belay below a groove midway between the crux pitches of *Steeple* and *Needle* (110m). Climb the groove, pull right over the bulge at the top and continue up to the *Steeple/Needle*, belay (45m, 5b). Climb directly up above to belay by a large pointed block (10m). The corner on the right is *Steeple*, above is an obvious ramp. Gain the ramp and follow it and cracks above to belay to the left of the large blocks sitting at the foot of the *Steeple* corner (45m, 5c). Climb short crack above to belay of *Haystacks* (10m, 5a). Climb up rightwards across the wall via grooves to the arête overlooking the *Steeple* corner and to grass ledges (10m, 5a). Finish as for *Steeple* (36m).

– *The Run of the Arrow.*

T. Furnis & P. Whillance. 24th July, 1982. 99m. Extremely Severe (E5).

Takes the giant crackline in the slab between *Snipers* and *Cupid's Bow*. Start from the Low Ledge.

Easily up rightwards for 10m as for *Cupid's Bow*. Move left around the rib and follow a crack up into the base of the *Thor* dièdre. Climb the dièdre for 6m to in situ peg belays (42m, 5a). Swing left onto the rib and move up left to a thin crack line. Follow this and the slab above to reach two in situ wire nuts (relics from a previous attempt by another party). Make delicate moves up and left to gain a small ledge in a scoop. Step left and up a crack to belay on sloping ledges on the left (33m, 6b). Follow the obvious rightward slanting line to a junction with *Cupid's Bow* just below its final flake crack. Finish up this (24m, 5a).

Hell's Lum Crag – Second Sight.

R. D. Barton & A. Fyffe. 3rd August, 1982. 171m. Hard Very Severe.

This climb lies between *Devil's Delight* and *The Omen* and gives good climbing but is often wet. It follows crack lines which run up to the left side of the huge triangular niche. Start about 10m up the diagonal fault of *Deep Cut Chimney*.

Cross the steep wall and gain the right-hand of two cracks above. Climb this then a short shallow corner to a huge triangular block (42m). Climb the block to exit from the recess then work left and into the crack (often wet) which leads to the bottom left of the huge triangular niche (30m). Follow the same fault line via corners to reach the grass ledges of *The Haven* (24m). Go left and climb the crack line left of the pink crack (taken by *The Omen*). Trend up and left via bulges and cracks to some jammed blocks (34m). Climb directly up the fine grey pillar above the easy rocks to the top (42m).

Stac an Fharaidh – *Après-Moi*.

90m. GRADE III.

R. Anderson & K. Spence. 7th December, 1980.

Climbs ice smear and falls; approximating the summer route in three pitches of 30m.

– *Hasty-Toity*.

166m. GRADE IV.

R. Anderson & K. Spence. 7th December, 1980.

Follows the obvious rising right to left line above the overlaps starting in the gully at the start of the overlaps.

Climb ice smear as for *Après-Moi* (30m). Traverse left to belay down and left of a corner with an icicle, on the lip of the overlaps (45m). Traverse left and go directly up to belay below the upper headwall (40m). Traverse left to belay below narrowest part of headwall (30m). Break through wall up short chimney and so to top (21m).

– *Spare Ribs*.

R. Anderson & A. Russell. 22nd February, 1981.

120m+. GRADE II/III.

Climb the rib just left of *Mack's Dilemma* which overlooks a gully. Gain and climb a square-cut gully in the rib to pull out onto the rib which is climbed to the top of the crag.

– *Nosey Parker*.

Hard Very Severe.

R. Anderson & A. Taylor. Summer, 1981.

Follows a line between *Bellows* and *Pushover* giving eliminate type climbing. All pitches are nearly full rope lengths (crux 5a).

Start up *Pushover*; Break out left to gain overlap which is climbed by a small corner; up to next (big) overlap; Belay. Move left and climb back right across the wall of the overlap until it can be surmounted. Up to next overlap; belay. Direct to top in two pitches.

CREAGAN A'CHOIRE ETCHACHAN, The Crimson Slabs – *Sabre*.

S. Kennedy & C. MacLeod. 28th July, 1982.

45m. Very Severe.

Right of *The Sheath* are two obvious corners. Follow right hand corner starting up awkward pale slab. Pass bulge at 25m and finish up deep cracks in slab to terrace.

LAIRIG GHRU, The Palette – *Gadd's Route*

150m. Extremely Severe (E1).

J. Gadd & Mrs Gadd. July, 1955.

D. Dinwoodie & G. Strange. 22nd August, 1981.

This, the original line on the slab, has now been climbed without aid, and is 150m long and 5c (not 250ft as given in the old guide). Rockfall has altered the lower part of the route creating a prominent white corner.

Go up slabs to the foot of the corner. Climb the right hand rib of the corner using grassy cracks (alternatively the corner itself should give a fine pitch, probably easier but with some loose material). Continue directly up slabs and up an overlap to a prominent cracked nose at a weakness in the overlap. Surmount this by a short overhanging corner (containing an old ring peg) on the right. Technical but well-protected. Continue up slightly right to a heather patch and climb the final overlap to gain the easy upper slabs. Here it is convenient to traverse off right.

– *Tickled Pink*.

120m. Extremely Severe (E2).

D. Dinwoodie & G. Strange. 22nd August, 1981.

Right of the white corner is a fine sheet of slab with several waterwashed pink streaks. This route takes the less steep right-hand streak. The padding is not too thin but the climbing is unprotected above an overlap.

The lower part of the slabs has a prominent crescent-shaped overlap. Start up slabs to pass this overlap at the right end and continue up slabs leftwards to

gain a long grass ledge. Belay below and left of the pink streak. Go up to overlap. Step up this left of the pink streak and traverse right along the lip under a minor overlap to gain and climb the streak past a hole to belay ledges. Continue straight up the slabs above and break through the next overlap and up slabs right to belay under overhangs in the next bigger overlap (wet area). Traverse left to surmount the lap by a short overhanging crack, and continue up right and up slabs to easy ground.

BRAERIACH, Garbh Choire Dhaidh – The Culvert.

GRADE IV.

P. Barrass & A. Nisbet. 17th December, 1981.

This route forms an icefall parallel with the *Great Rift* and comes into condition early in the season. It gave four pitches on steep water ice reminiscent of the best on Hells Lum Crag.

Coire Bhrochain – Babylon Rib.

GRADE II.

P. Barrass & A. Nisbet. 18th December, 1981.

A winter ascent via the summer line. Awkward to start under deep powder. Later in the season the route may merge somewhat with *Tigris Chimney* on its left.

– Ebony Chimney.

80m. GRADE V.

C. MacLeod & A. Nisbet. February, 1982.

One of the best short climbs in the Cairngorms. Very steep and sustained, yet full of variety. Follow the summer route throughout; the through route does not fill up although a little excavation may be required to gain the entrance. The chimney is normally very icy and protection may be poor.

– Braeriach Direct.

270m. GRADE III.

E. Clarke & A. Nisbet. 30th January, 1983.

An interesting route but marred, as in summer, by the intrusion of the Slab Terrace. The lower tier was climbed by a fine icefall (90m) which had formed about 25m right of the summer line. The slab corner (as for summer) was spectacular but straightforward in good conditions. The final slope from Black Pinnacle to plateau was rendered safe by avalanching while we watched from the pinnacle.

BEINN A' BHUIRD, Garbh Choire – Slochd Left Hand.

108m. Hard Very Severe.

R. J. Archbold, H. M. A. Towler & D. J. Wallace. 31st July, 1982.

A variation on *Slochd Wall*, staying in the main corner system.

Climb the first two pitches of *Slochd Wall* (15m and 30m). Continue straight up to the next overhang, traverse left beneath it, then follow the corner until it is possible to step right onto a large ledge (the last few feet are common to *Helter Skelter*) (13m). Climb the rib at the left end of the ledge for a few feet then swing left to regain the corner. Go straight up, turn the overhang on the left, then move diagonally left to gain the arête of *Chindit*. Belay a few feet higher (20m). Continue up the edge and finish on the frontal face as for *Chindit* (30m).

– The Crucible Direct.

190m. GRADE V.

C. MacLeod & A. Nisbet. 11th February, 1982.

A more direct version of *Crucible Route* (S.M.C.J. 1979, p.404), taking advantage of icier conditions. This route climbs directly into the *Crucible* by the left-hand twin icefall. Poorly protected.

Start as for *Crucible Route* by the short ice gully, then go up to steep ground. The left-hand icefall flows down a very steep wall on to a slab. Climb up to and follow rightwards a shallow corner which is formed by the junction of slab and wall. The corner crosses the icefall to gain a large block, almost a

pinnacle (belay). Go diagonally leftwards heading for the icefall above its steepest section. The line ends on a grass ledge 2m right of the icefall. Use a poor, low peg to gain the inches needed to reach grass beside the icefall (a 260cm reach is required to eliminate the aid but a direct ascent of the ice, occasionally in condition, would be more worthwhile). Follow the icefall and the left side of the snout to reach the cornice, avoided on the right.

— *Chindit Direct Variation.*

D. Dinwoodie & C. Jamieson. 31st July, 1982. 12m. Extremely Severe (E1).

Instead of going left onto *Gurkha* step right and up to overlap to make a difficult mantelshelf move into the obvious small corner. Now traverse out from the corner up left to join cracks which are rejoined by *Chindit* coming back out of *Gurkha* (12m, 5b).

This variant makes *Chindit* similar in quality to *Slochd Wall*.

Coire an Dubh Lochain – The Last Tango.

R. F. Allen & A. Nisbet. August, 1982. 85m. Very Severe.

The route follows the right-hand of two thin cracks on the slabs right of *Tearaway* (the left crack is *Come Dancing*). Pleasant, but a little artificial. Gain the ledge at 5m either by the start of *Come Dancing* or, if dry, the *Streak*. From the centre of the ledge climb straight up the slab to the start of the crack. Follow the crack, or the groove on its right, to a belay ledge (40m, escape possible here). Above is a vegetated groove. Traverse left 10m on to the face and climb shallow grooves about 5m right of *Come Dancing* to vegetated ground above the slabs (40m). To descend, traverse right off the buttress.

The Dividing Buttress – Streaker's Root.

89m. Hard Very Severe.

R. J. Archbold, H. M. A. Towler & D. J. Wallace. 30th July, 1982.

Takes the obvious groove some 10m right of the corner of the *Jewell-Kammer* route (see Regional Notes).

A grassy rake runs up the left side of the lowest slabs towards the start of the *Jewell-Kammer* route. Start in this, level with a steepening at the top of the lowest tongue of the slab. Move right, layback up a short corner, then climb an awkward groove to reach a ledge below the main groove (23m). Climb slab to reach groove, then continue to a wide ledge beneath a steep wall (33m, a fine pitch). The direct continuation via the left end of the wall was heavily vegetated and proved difficult to clean beyond the first 5m. An alternative finish was made from the right-hand end of the belay ledge by climbing diagonally right and then up left over easier ground to a stance in line with the direct finish (33m). This was then cleaned and climbed by the 'third man.' A lead of this cleaned pitch would take the route from being low in the grade to fairly high.

Coire na Ciche – Quickstep. 130m. Hard Very Severe.

R. F. Allen & A. Nisbet. August, 1982.

On the right side of the lush, green gully between *Lamina* and *Vatican Steps* is a prominent diamond-shaped block lying against the slab (*Vatican Steps* goes right from here). Start on top of the block. Climb directly up slabs, hardest at the start, to reach the left edge of a large shallow depression high up in the slabs. Keep to clean rock (poor protection). Continue up rippling slabs left of the depression to the top (no protection, but easier).

— *Neptune's Groove.* 100m. GRADE IV.

A. Nisbet.

To the right of *Trident* is a prominent 20m V-chimney with an overhung top; a natural winter line. Climb the chimney and swing strenuously out left at the top on to a strip of grass in the slab above. Climb this and the easy corner above, then move left onto a larger corner (junction with *Trident*), followed to the plateau.

– *The Grinder.*

G. Strange & H. Towler. 24th July, 1982. 90m. Extremely Severe (E1).

Climbs the slabby rib left of *Trident*. Scramble up vegetated groove of *Trident* and belay below the lower of two steep corners which breach the left wall. Climb this corner up round a bulge and follow crack to small stance above higher corner. Continue up crack until it fades into slabs. Move left and climb grassy corner to easy ground (39m). Easy climbing leads to the plateau. (Corner and crack cleaned by abseil).

– *Joker's Crack.*

D. Dinwoodie & K. Murphy. 1st August, 1982. 52m. Extremely Severe (E1).

The jam-crack on the right side of Hourglass Buttress. Climb up broken ground of *Sickle* to belay under the crack. Climb the steep crack until it eases after 12m and find a belay a little higher (21m 5b). Finish up in the same line to the top (30m).

CAIRNGORMS (SOUTH)

LOCHNAGAR, Tough Brown Face – *The Outlands.*

104m. Extremely Severe (E3).

D. Dinwoodie, B. Lawrie & W. Todd. 7th September, 1981.

Takes a line straight up the cliff in the line of the first *Crypt* corner. One of the best routes on the face. The difficult section is short and protection always good.

Climb pitch one of *Crypt* (30m). Continue straight up the corner over a bulge and up onto the top of the *Dirge* flakes. Continue up the groove as for *Dirge* to grassy ledge, and then move right as for that route and up onto the grassy ramp where there is a peg belay and good stance (30m).

Climb the wall directly from the belay to gain a good flake crack. Step down left and across onto a small slab-ramp running up to the overhangs. Move left round the bulge and up into a diagonal crack (crux) in the upper slab. Go up this then move up left and back right by a finger flake and up to grassy belay ledges (22m, 6a). Continue straight up the slab to gain the final groove which slants up right. Finish up this, still a bit messy, to *Tough-Brown Traverse* (22m).

A previous attempt failed at the crucial crack which was grass-choked. Gardened by abseil.

– *Nevermore.* 114m. Extremely Severe (E2).

D. Dinwoodie & R. A. Smith. 31st August, 1981.

Takes a line up into a very prominent triangular niche high in the middle of Tough Brown face (between *Mort* and *Post Mortem*). Belay at big blocks of *Mort*. 6m right of this make a mantelshelf move up left onto a shelf. Climb up more shelves then detour out right into a crack-line (often wet) then return left and finish left up a shelf to the Terrace. Move right along this to belay as for *Mort* (36m). Go up grooves of *Mort* to the tooth of the roofs and move left round this into a recess. (It was hoped to gain this point independently up the thin slanting crack). Move up and pull over the bulge using jam-cracks. Move straight up the crack-line to exit onto the next grass ledge just left of twin cracks of *Mort*. Move left down the ledge to belay in a recess under a groove-system (21m). Move into the groove above from the right rib and climb it up onto a grassy patch under a mossy leaning corner. Climb the corner into the niche (21m). The exit left out of the niche is the crux. Arrange runners in the bulge and step back down left from the base of the niche to a sloping ledge. Step up left onto the wall and climb back up towards the runners and over the bulge into a

shallow groove. (The second man climbed the bulge direct with tension). Step out left at the top of the groove, move up, then exit out left by a flake onto the ramp of *Post Mortem*. Gain a grass platform and belays above (18m, 5c). Finish up *Post Mortem* in 18m.

The pitches into, and out of, the niche were cleared by abseil. Pitch one also pre-cleaned but first climbed later during an attempt on *Crazy Sorrow*.

— *Crazy Sorrow*.

D. Dinwoodie & C. McLean. 23rd July, 1982. 122m. Extremely Severe (E3).

The crack line right of *Mort*. Start up first pitch of *Nevermore* and belay at right side of big block, just left of a huge standing block with a gap behind it. From the top of the smaller block move left and up to the crux roof (seldom completely dry under the roof). Surmount the roof to gain the crackline where it is possible to take a hanging belay on good nuts if desired. Continue up the crackline to reach a grass-ramp and belay at top (36m, 6a). (Just right of the grass-ramp of *Mort*). The last pitch was an escape due to darkness. From the belay make an awkward traverse rightwards by ledge and rock-steps to crest of ridge. Hopefully a direct finish from the belay will be possible. (An independent first pitch has been gardened, in the same general crackline but not climbed since it is nearly always wet).

— *Rolling Thunder*.

R. D. Barton & A. Fyffe. 5th August, 1982. 92m. Extremely Severe (E1).

Between *Mort* and *Tough-Brown Ridge Direct* is a white rock-fall scar. This route climbs straight up to the scar then works diagonally leftwards to reach the Great Terrace. Start near the right end of the lowest terrace below a jutting roof.

Climb the wide crack on the left of the roof then work up left to a small terrace. Traverse right under a small roof to a horizontal crack which allows a vertical crack to be gained. Follow this to the next terrace (24m). Move back right and climb short corner and continuation crack to the scar, move right and up to next terrace (20m). Climb the fine crack leading left, where it ends continue left then up to below slanting roof. Climb crack below roof to gain grassy trough (18m). (Last part common with *Crazy Sorrow*). Move left round edge, gain higher slab then cross overlap above, continue via cracks and corners to easy ground. A very good pitch (30m).

Black Spout Pinnacle — *Katsalana*.

B. Findlay & G. Strange. 31st July, 1982. 210m. Extremely Severe (E1).

Start 10m down from and left of *Pinnacle Face*. Climb prominent left-trending groove passing left of pale scar to reach recess marked by twin water streaks (27m). Continue up corner then go right and traverse left to reach the fault-line of *Winter Face*. This leads via big flake to large grass stance on *Pinnacle Face* (27m). Climb left-hand crack of *Pinnacle Face*, traverse left below bulge and go up right on good holds. Make delicate traverse right then continue up and right to belay ledge beside spike (39m). Climb up right round rib and continue with one awkward move to easy ground on *Route 1*. (Part of the first pitch was cleaned by abseil after an earlier attempt was abandoned. The climb from its junction with *Winter Face* had previously been climbed by D. Dinwoodie & G. Strange in August, 1978).

— *Drainpipe* — *Crack*.

D. Dinwoodie & C. McLean. 4th August, 1982. 34m. Extremely Severe (E2).

The right-hand of two obvious one-pitch lines in the steep wall below the chimney of *Route Two*. Both lines are slow to dry out. *Drainpipe* is the fine wall crack, climbed almost exclusively by jamming.

Climb the crack up into a recess under the final overhangs, possible belay point. Climb the overhang awkwardly up right (crux) into a final jam-crack and so to the grass bay (34m, 5c).

Gardened a few years previously and climbed in 1981, but in two stages due to wetness.

– *The Vault*. 34m. Extremely Severe (E1).

D. Dinwoodie & C. McLean. 4th August, 1982.

The left-hand chimney line. Climb a stepped wall up into the base of the wide chimney which has rotten rock in the back. Move up the chimney and exit left onto a flake-formation and finish up the crack and groove line (34m, 5b).

Gardened a few years previously.

CREAG AN DUBH LOCH, Hanging Garden – winter variation.

F. Harper & A. Nisbet. 24th February, 1983.

GRADE IV/V.

The following route takes a line just left of *Labyrinth Route* (summer), sharing a short section. Between *Hanging Garden Route* (right fork) and *Labyrinth Left Hand* (S.M.C.J. 1979, p.420), the buttress is cut low down by two shallow, vegetated faults. The right one is *Labyrinth Route* (summer); the left is taken by this route.

To gain access to the fault, climb the grassy rake right of *Hanging Garden Route* for 30m. Step right and pull awkwardly into the fault (40m). Continue up the fault to a steep wall and traverse right to a spike belay under a short wall (20m, junction with summer route). Pull through the bulge, go left and up a short corner (old peg). The summer route goes rightwards now. Go left again and up to the right end of a big roof with a notch in it. (*Hanging Garden Route* (summer), which traverses right below the roof, has now been crossed). Traverse left immediately under the roof into a short corner and pull out leftwards at the junction of corner and roof (crux) – 40m, very awkward stance. Climb straight up vegetated slabs to the cornice (30m).

Central Gully Wall – *The Israelite*.

J. Moore & P. Whillance. 5th June, 1982.

120m. Extremely Severe (E4).

Climbs the smooth, waterworn groove left of *Goliath*. Start as for *Goliath*.

Traverse easily right across slabs to a small stance and peg belay below the groove line (part of *Goliath* first pitch) (24m). Climb the slab above, then slightly leftwards until a traverse right can be made to a crack leading up to an overlap. Climb the overlap on the right to enter the main groove and follow it direct to where the angle eases. Traverse right to the belay of *Goliath* (45m, 6a). Up the obvious thin crack in the centre of the slab to a large ledge and belay below the huge corner (18m, 5a). Climb the corner direct to the top (33m, 5b). Scramble to the plateau.

– *Bombadillo*.

136m. Extremely Severe (E3/4).

R. Anderson, M. Hamilton & P. Whillance. 31st May, 1982.

Follows grooves in the nose of the buttress, right of *Vertigo Wall*. Start as for *Goliath*.

Traverse easily right across slabs to a grass ledge and peg belay below the huge corner of *Vertigo Wall* (part of *Goliath's* first pitch) (15m). Step down and right, then up to gain the slab above. Climb the slab and shallow groove to exit left by a rock scar to ledges. Move right and climb a slab rightwards, then up a hidden flake crack to gain a niche. Move left and pull up into a prominent V groove. Climb this and continue up to a large ledge. Belay 6m right along ledge (45m, 5c). Climb the broken wall rightwards to a ledge below an overhanging groove. Hand traverse left across a steep wall and pull up onto the slab above (poor peg runner). Traverse delicately back right to the groove (peg runner) and climb it to where the angle eases. Follow an obvious leftward slanting ramp line to the arête, move left to a crack, then up to a ledge and belay (43m, 6a). Up a vague crack above the belay for 5m, then traverse right to an obvious thin crack. Follow this until a good ledge leads right onto the arête. Up the arête to the top (33m, 5b). Scramble to the plateau.

— *The Naked Ape.*

126m. Extremely Severe (E5).

R. Anderson, P. Botterill, M. Hamilton & P. Whillance. 1st August, 1982.

Climbs the big arête, right of *The Giant*. Start below a groove leading directly up to the main corner system of *The Giant*.

Climb the groove and where it forks keep right up a flake crack to reach a ledge and belay at the top of the initial ramp of *The Giant* (33m, 5b). Climb the smooth groove above the belay, mainly via its left-hand rib, to reach a peg runner on the right at 10m. Move up right onto the steep slab, traverse right to the arête and step up to a peg runner. Continue traversing right along an obvious footledge and step up to a good ledge and belay (junction with *Ascent of Man*) (27m, 6b). Follow the leftward slanting, slabby corner to a niche below a roof and place a runner in the lip. (A tall climber may be able to pull over at this point). Climb delicately down leftwards to a good foothold near the arête. Step up left and climb a break in the overhang to gain a sloping ledge. Up a short steep wall (peg runner) to a ledge and belay in a niche (24m, 6a). Climb the overhanging crack above to a large ledge. Step up right and climb cracks to enter a groove system. Follow this to a grassy terrace at its top (42m, 5c). Scramble up right (as for *Cougar* to the plateau. (Peg runners were placed whilst climbing and left in situ).

— *The Wicker Man.*

R. Anderson & P. Whillance. 4th April, 1982. 144m. Extremely Severe (E3).

Takes the conspicuous crackline in the centre of the wall, left of *Vertigo Wall*. Start as for *Vertigo Wall*.

Climb up for 6m, to a grassy bay below a leftwards trending groove. Follow the left wall and rib of the groove, to a ledge and belay at a large perched block (30m, 5a). Step right and climb thin cracks in a giant groove to a ledge below a small square-cut overhang. Climb the thin right-hand crack into a sentry box, then up the wall above to a ledge. Up the obvious corner crack to a belay on the right (33m, 6a). Continue up the corner and slabby groove above exiting right at the top. Up grass ledges for 6m to belay at a large embedded flake (24m, 5a). Move left around the corner and follow easy ledges leftwards and then back diagonally right to reach a belay below the bulging headwall (30m). Move up right onto a glacis and climb the overhang at its narrowest point to reach a rightwards slanting groove. Climb the crack on its right to the plateau (27m, 5b).

— *The Ascent of Man.*

R. Anderson & M. Hamilton. 24th July, 1982. 123m. Extremely Severe (E4).

Climbs the obvious groove and crackline between *Cougar* and *Giant*.

Climb a crack for 3m and traverse right along a ledge to gain the lower groove. Follow this up and traverse left across a slab to regain the crack. Climb this to the break in the roof, peg runner (relic from a previous attempt), and pull into the groove above which is followed to a hanging peg belay—in situ (27m, 6b). Step up and move across right to gain a subsidiary groove. Climb this and move left to climb a crack which leads to a leaning wall. Step up left (this is where *The Naked Ape* belays at the end of its second pitch), climb the short crack above and hand traverse right into a groove. Belay at the top of this (27m, 5c). Climb the short corner above to reach the traverse line of *The Prowl*, follow this up left along a slab and down into a recess occupied by a large detached block (this is where *The Naked Ape* climbs up via a steep crack below) (36m, 5a). Step back up right and climb cracks to enter a groove system which is followed to grassy terrace (33m, 5a). Scramble off right.

- *Raptor*.

D. Dinwoodie & J. Wyness. 23rd June, 1981. 215m. Extremely Severe (E1).

An eliminate line between *Vampire* and *Predator*. Climb the first pitch of *Predator* to belay under the short wall. Climb the wall, go up the slab then traverse left over the top of the slab below a steeper slab. Climb up the centre of the slab until a horizontal traverse right leads onto the block-strewn ledge of *Predator* (36m). Return up left across a slab and climb the slabby wall above by a crack leading onto a slab. Move up left to join *Vampire* at the first bulge of its slab section. Climb this route to belay before the toe-traverse (43m). (The second man stepped right at the top of the slabby wall and climbed slabs by lichen-choked cracks to join *Vampire* just below the belay—much superior but hard and still requiring some cleaning). Continue directly up the groove above to reach another blueberry stance (18m). Move on up slabs and straight up a bulging wall section of a big overlap to a ledge. Lay back directly over the lap above and up slabs to a belay ledge (common to *Catwalk*) (21m). Move left round cracked blocks and work fairly directly to easy ground in two pitches, climbing not far left of a grass-choked groove. The line merges with the direct finish of *Vampire* in this last section. (The hardest climbing is 5b).

For the record, the 1969 Hardie/Clough attempt in this area zig-zagged up rock later taken by the three lines of *Predator*, *Vampire* and *Raptor*. Attempting the first main slab of *Raptor* they were forced back left into *Vampire* corner. Climbing this they then traversed away right across *Vampire's* slab-section onto the upper reaches of *Predator* (where they bivouacked and roped off next morning, above the main difficulties).

- *Predator Direct Start*.

D. Dinwoodie & D. Renshaw. Summer, 1978. 25m. Hard Very Severe.

Starts up a break in the wall down right from the ordinary start, from where a shelf leads right towards *Mousetrap* recess. Climb twin-cracks in the vertical wall above a higher shelf to join the normal route. An old peg was found near the end of the shelves, possibly from an early summer attempt on *Mousetrap*.

(The winter ascent of *Mousetrap* started up the first groove of the normal *Predator* start, but then traversed the higher shelf round under the twin-cracks and vertical wall to gain the *Mousetrap* recess).

False Gully Wall - *Slantibantfast*.

85m. Extremely Severe (E5).

R. Anderson, M. Hamilton & P. Whillance. 30th May, 1982.

Takes the most prominent crack and groove line in the centre of the *False Gully Wall*, some 18m left of *Sans Fer*. Scramble up (as for *False Gully*), to reach a slanting grass terrace below the smooth barrier wall. Start below a crack in the middle of the wall.

A ledge on the wall, just right of the crack, gives access to a small groove. Climb the groove until it peters out. Follow the crack and shallow corner, moving right at the top to belay on sloping ledges (21m, 6b). Climb the obvious corner, containing three small overhangs and belay on a slab above (21m, 6a). Continue in the same line, via steep cracks, to the top (43m, 5c).

WHITE MOUTH, Eagles Rocks - *The Drool*.

60m. GRADE III-IV.

D. Dinwoodie & A. Williams. Winter, 1980.

This is the icefall which forms on Plateau Buttress; often distinctly blue and quite prominent. The conditions on the first ascent were very favourable.

Mixed icy ground at an easy angle leads to the fall. A zig-zag line through the bulges was taken.

GLEN CALLATER—*Snip-Snip*.

152m. GRADE III.

G. Mackenzie, S. Mackenzie, G. Peat & N. Quinn. December, 1981.

On the NE spur of Carn an Tuirc, running out from Coire Kander and facing down towards the head of Loch Callater there is a burn running through a small gorge. In freezing conditions this produces an ice fall some 150m high.

Climb the icefall in a number of pitches by the line of least resistance to enter the upper gorge. (The first ascenders used pitches of 55m, 52m and 45m). The upper gorge was a bit of an imposter and consisted of several vertical steps 6-10m high connected by level sections passing through magnificent ice scenery.

GLAS MAOL, Caenlochan Glen—*The Ramp*.

200m. GRADE II/III.

R. J. Archbold & W. S. McKerrow. 4th January, 1983.

Half a mile SE of the summit of Glas Maol there is a corner of the Caenlochan Glen, just to the NW of the ruined shack at the unnamed point 3184. From this corner, an easy gully rakes down beneath the undercut base of a north-facing buttress. The only obvious weakness in this overhanging wall is the prominent ramp which slants diagonally right for 60m. Above this, the route follows the couloir between two large rock ridges, and finishes on convex snow slopes. The shack provides a rather draughty lunch spot.

LOCHABER AND BADENOCH**GARBH BHEINN OF ARDGOUR, Upper Tier**—*Tru-Cut*.

R. Anderson & M. Hamilton. 13th June, 1982. 52m. Extremely Severe (E3).

Starts midway between the groove of *Chela* and the obvious black streak running down the wall to the left.

Gain the groove above the initial overlap from the left, follow this to pull out left and continue up until a move right enables a ramp/groove to be reached. Follow this over the initial bulge to reach a belay or continue to the top (52m, 5c).

—*Menghini*.

R. Anderson & A. Taylor. 20th June, 1982. 30m. Extremely Severe (E1).

Climb the obvious crack just left of *Peeler*.

—*Sala*. 30m. Hard Very Severe.

R. Anderson & A. Taylor. 20th June, 1982.

Climb a flange/crack just left of *Menghini* to where a diagonal crack comes in from the right and continue up to a ledge, move right and climb the wall to the top.

BEN NEVIS, North-East Buttress—*Bayonet Route*.

GRADE III.

I. Griffiths, E. Jackson & C. Stead. 7th March, 1982.

An ice groove on the line of the summer direct start was followed and the summer route rejoined, the final part of the rib being avoided by a left traverse to the arête.

Minus Three Buttress—*Right Hand Wall Route Variation*.

C. D. Grant & C. Stead. 22nd March, 1982.

GRADE IV.

The rib of the 1935 *Variation* was followed.

Psychedelic Wall Area – Stormy Petrel.

160m. GRADE V.

D. Cuthbertson & R. Kane. Winter, 1982.

Climbs the big open corner to the right of *Albatross*. Start at the foot of the corner.

Ascend rightwards up a shallow ramp then direct to a rock spike under overlap (30m). Make horizontal traverse under several rock ribs to belay at the roof of an impressive corner (21m). Up steep left wall of corner and gain big slab above. Ascend steeply rightwards to gain another open area of slab and belay in a shallow runnel (39m). Ascend rightwards turning a corner and roof on right and belay at the foot of another corner (15m). Up corner and trend leftwards through bulges. Move back right and ascend steep chimney to belay on the final slope (40m). Easy to top (15m).

Number Three Gully Buttress – Venus.

20m. GRADE IV.

M. Duff & A. Nisbet. 28th January, 1982.

Follows the arête forming the right bank of *Green Gully*. A 60m rope is recommended to avoid poor stances. Start at the base of *Green Gully*. Climb ice on the rib on the right (60m). Follow the well-defined arête above (60m, crux). The continuation arête is defined but artificial. Climb a groove on its immediate right (this may be common with *Aphrodite* but there is another groove 20m further right) to regain the crest and follow it to the top via a short amusing wall.

No. 5 Gully Buttress – Five Card Trick.

40m. Very Severe.

T. McAulay & N. Muir. 1st August, 1981.

Between *Crack & Chimney Route* and *Easy Chimney* is a large crack; climb crack direct to top of buttress.

South Trident Buttress – The Minge.

105m. Very Severe.

T. McAulay & N. Muir. 2nd August, 1981.

Between *1944 Route* and *Joyful Chimneys*, just right of a curving black crack, there is an obvious crack in the middle of the face. Climb lower buttress to belay on grass ledge (30m). Step left into crack, climb straight up crack, onto slab and belay in crack (33m). Climb slab, traverse right into other crack, climb crack to belay (42m).

CREAG MEAGHAIDH, Pinnacle Buttress – The Midge.

430m. GRADE V.

G. Harper & A. Nisbet. 19th February, 1983.

A superb route, tackling the huge front face of the Pinnacle. Probably in condition more often than the *Fly Direct*, the only critical features being ice in the initial corner and the presence of the upper icefall. It is also at the bottom end of its grade in good conditions.

Start at the same point as *Nordwander*. Instead of traversing out right, climb straight up a steep, icy corner to reach the left edge of a big snow patch (80m). Climb a short groove above, then move left and climb iced slabs right of a big, right-facing corner (which holds little ice) to reach another snow patch (60m). Traverse left across the snow for 40m. Go up to enter another right-facing corner (which leans to the right initially – old peg here). Exit left from the top of the corner and go up to belay under a roof (50m). Pass the roof on its immediate right and go 3m left before trending right to reach *Appolyon Ledge* (40m). Traverse left 30m to join *The Fly*, which offers the easiest way through the steep upper rocks. The rest is common with *The Fly*.

Climb a chimney and exit right under a big roof. Go diagonally right to belay (40m, old peg here). Traverse left on ice and go up to the base of a steep icefall (belay on left in an awkward position, 30m). Climb the icefall (crux) and move left to reach an easy snow groove leading to the summit (20m, 40m).

The *Fly Direct* was climbed on the same day in good style by M. Fowler and T. Saunders.



Photo: Garry Latter

Mark Worseley on *Marjorie Razorblade*, Upper Cave Crag, Dunkeld



Mark Worseley, *Chalky Wall*, Polldubh

Photo: Garry Latter

BINNEIN SHUAS, East Sector, Lower Tier—*Foxtrof*. 70m. GRADE IV.
J. Jeffrey, S. Kennedy, C. MacLeod & M. Slater, 10th January, 1982.

Three prominent icefalls form on the lower tier. Follow the central and largest icefall in two pitches to finish on terrace (below *Differential*).

GLENCOE AND GLEN ETIVE

CREAG A' BHANCAIR—In the 1981 *Journal* p.159 we published a route entitled *One Step Beyond*. Concerning this P. Whillance writes: 'The route which appeared in the 1981 *S.M.C. Journal* was in fact named *The Risk Business*, and it has four pitches not two. A full description of this route and a good direct start to *Carnivore*, which was climbed around the same time are as follows:

— *The Risk Business*. 99m. Extremely Severe (E5).

Pitches 1 & 2—R. Parker & P. Whillance. 28th May, 1980.

Pitches 3 & 4—P. Botterill & P. Whillance. 24th August, 1980.

'Takes the obvious leftward slanting fault/groove line, just right of the central red wall. Start at the foot of this line by a small tree.

'Move up left to a ledge and poor peg runner. Traverse left 3m to another poor peg runner then up and left to better holds. Continue following the fault till a short traverse left leads to a ledge and peg belays below the prominent upper groove (24m, 6b). Climb the groove to a grass ledge on *Carnivore* (15m, 5c). Walk 6m left along the ledge and up a short wall to a ledge below a small overhang. Take the overhang on its left and climb a short groove to where it ends at another small overhang. Pull over this and up to a ledge. Climb the shallow groove line above to a grass ledge and belay (30m, 6a/b). Continue up in the same line to the top (30m, 4b). (Peg runners and belays were left in place).'

— *Carnivore Direct Start*. 27m. Extremely Severe (E4).

D. Jamieson & P. Whillance. 31st July, 1980.

Starts 10m right of *Le Monde* and just left of the central red wall.

Up a short steep wall to a ledge at 5m. Continue directly up the wall above to an overhang barrier, and pull over into a prominent rightwards slanting crack. Follow the crack where it ends, climb steeply over a bulge and up to a grass ledge. Peg belay on *Carnivore* (below the 'Green Scoop') (27m, 6a).

STOB COIRE NAN LOCHAN, North Buttress—*Financial Times*.

R. Anderson & A. Taylor. 19th February, 1981. 120m. GRADE IV.

Follows a line up the frontal buttress right of *Evening Citizen*. Start just left of the toe of the buttress.

Climb up to gain and follow right slanting groove to belay by large blocks (40m). Climb up and then left to gain the edge, following this via a flake to ledges in the centre of the face (23m). Climb large pinnacle above, starting on its right (8m). Gain groove on left and follow this by the line of least resistance to the top of the buttress (40m). Easy ground to top.

Central Buttress—East Face Route.

R. Anderson & M. Hamilton. 20th March, 1982. 120m. GRADE V.

Climbs the obvious steep shallow gully systems left of *Central Grooves*, overlooking *S.C. Gully*.

Climb gully and step up left to belay on edge (18m). Climb gully to a restricted stance (15m). Make a hard swing round the arête on the right and go up and right to gain the gully running to the top. Belay on right (30m). Follow gully to a belay beside the crest on the right (45m). Move right and follow crest to top (12m).

GEARR AONACH, East Face—*Mome Rath Direct.*

GRADE IV.

R. Anderson & R. Milne. Winter, 1980.

This route appears to take a more direct and virtually independent line from that of the original winter ascent. It is more in keeping with the summer line.

Climb direct into the gully/chimney fault probably as for the first pitch of *Outgrabe Route* in summer; belay. Climb the gully/chimney fault in two pitches keeping to the left of the icicle fringe on the second pitch.

AONACH DUBH, North Face—*Darwin's Dihedral.*

240m. GRADE V.

D. Cuthbertson & M. Lawrence. Winter, 1983.

Climbs the obvious icefall and big right-facing corner to the left of *Venom*.

(*The above route, Venom, Viper Start, and White Snake lie on the buttress level with and further right than the North East Nose. See S.M.C.J. 1980, p.64; rumour has it that Nicholson was active around here some yers ago—Ed. New Routes.*)

BEINN FHADA, East Face—*The Bubble.*

60m. GRADE III/IV.

S. Kennedy, C. MacLeod & M. Slater. 2nd January, 1982.

After a prolonged cold spell a prominent icefall forms low down on the east side, well seen from the road. Follow the icefall in two pitches to finish up short groove.

BIDEAN NAM BIAN, West Top—*Closer.*

75m. GRADE IV.

C. Dale, A. Kassyk & D. Talbot. 18th February, 1982.

Climbs a prominent steep chimney left of and below *The Gash*. Ascend over four bulges to belay in a cave recess above a small chokestone (39m). Continue over bulges direct to top.

GLEN ETIVE, Trilleachan Slabs—*Mistaken Identity.*

R. Anderson & A. Taylor. 1981.

196m. Extremely Severe (E2).

Climb as for *Jaywalk* over two bulges, step left at groove and up to belay (36m, 5a). Traverse right to a crack on edge and climb this to blocks on edge, step back left and continue in the same line to step down right onto the upper of two grass ledges (small sapling) (45m, 5a). Climb grooves up and leftwards to reach and climb the obvious wide crack in the overlap, above which is the belay (small sapling) (43m, 5a). Step left, up to gain and follow small quartzite seams up rightwards across bald slab, long runoff. This is between two large moss streaks. Belay under final walls (36m, 5a). Traverse right crossing moss streak to reach the final chimney of *Claw*. To the right of this is a groove and wall which are climbed to a large recess. Exit this by a rightward dangle to reach easy ground (36m, 5a).

—*Fast Approaching.*

R. Anderson & A. Taylor. 1981.

192m. Extremely Severe (E2).

Scramble up to tree belay at the right-hand end of the ledge on which *Ecstasy* and *The Big Ride* start.

Climb slab on right to gain base of groove that *The Big Ride* traverses into on its first pitch, traverse right and step down to belay at left end of main overlaps (24m, 5b). Step up left to climb the overlap and traverse right to join *The Valkyrie/Swastika Direct*. Climb up to left of *Swastika* belay ledge, traverse left and up to the *Frustration* abseil ledge (30m, 5b). Climb directly behind belay to small flange and up ensuing corner. Traverse left to heather ledge and up right to belay at left end of overlap (43m, 5b), (from the top of the corner it should be climbable direct when dry). Surmount overlap, move right and climb directly to overlaps above passing the left end of a turfy crack (40m, 5b). Surmount overlap at stepped break (as for *Valkyrie*), and gain *Ecstasy* to finish (53m, 5b).

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS

STOB GHABHAR – *Capricorn.*

60m. GRADE III.

P. Mitchell. 31st May, 1982.

The rib bounding the *Upper Couloir* to the north. Climb rib keeping to edge overlooking couloir until rib narrows. Now follow the crest of a knife-edge arête which gives fine situations and culminates in a tiny pinnacle at 60m, about 30m below the summit of Stob Ghabhar.

– *North Face of North East Spur.*

42m. GRADE III.

P. Mitchell. 31st May, 1982.

A short distance north of the summit this spur projects north-east into the corrie, and may be approached from the lochan via a series of minor outcrops. The spur terminates in a small buttress, on the north side of which is a rock face. Start from a narrow grass ledge above the lower broken rocks and climb up the centre of the face. After 24m the angle eases and in a further 18m the climb finishes on a narrow undulating arête which abuts the mountain proper.

BEN UDLAIDH – *Land of Make Believe.*

75m. GRADE II.

N. Muir & T. McAulay. 19th December, 1981.

Start below and right of *Peter Pan*, climb up trending right to belay. Continue right to small gully, up and left to belay at top of gully. Traverse hard right to block, step up and go straight up to top.

AUCH GLEN, Beinn A Chaisteil – *Jimmy Dewar's Ice Fall.* 210m. GRADE IV.

T. McAulay & N. Muir. 10th January, 1982.

Go up past Auch Farm, take right branch of track up Auch Glen until opposite small forest on left. High up on the right there are rock faces and in the centre a prominent icefall.

Climb ice direct to belay (36m). Climb direct for 45m to belay, go left into gully for 45m to belay, continue up gully to headwall, climb headwall and continue to top (84m).

– *Valkyrie.*

215m. GRADE IV.

T. McAulay & D. Sanderson. 20th February, 1983.

Immediately right of *Jimmy Dewar's Ice Fall* is a deep-set gully. Climb this gully in its entirety for 215m. There are at least four nice wee ice pitches.

– *Berkshire Hunt.*

240m. GRADE IV.

T. McAulay & D. Sanderson. 20th February, 1983.

This chimney-buttress climb lies just left of the first icefall as you walk up the terrace after obvious main gully. Climb chimney for 45m to belay at cave. Traverse left over cave then diagonally right (30m). Follow buttresses and icefall's ascending rightwards (45m). Climb up right to large wall (30m). Climb up to amphitheatre to belay, before final icefall (45m). Climb icefall to finish (45m).

ARROCHAR, Creag Liath – *Pig Face.*

36m. Very Severe.

S. Kennedy & C. Moody. 15th April, 1982.

Start below a small roof immediately right of *H'eck*. An airy rightward traverse leads to a bulge surmounted on good holds. Trend right into obvious groove and climb to large holly tree. Continue up short wall (awkward) to finish by short steep wall on right.

ARRAN

CIR MHÓR, Upper East Face – Labyrinth. 120m. GRADE IV.

S. Kennedy & C. MacLeod; G. Harper & A. Nisbet. 5th February, 1983.

An excellent and sustained route. The summer line was followed.

Upper NE Face – Maclay's Chimney. 75m. GRADE II.

S. Kennedy & C. MacLeod (both solo). 5th February, 1983.

One ice pitch in narrow upper section.

– *North East Face Route.* 255m. GRADE III/IV.

A. Nisbet & G. Harper; S. Kennedy & C. MacLeod. 5th February, 1983.

A fine route, sustained in its upper reaches. The intention is to gain the Upper Shelf at its lower, right-hand end by either *Shelf Gully* or *Maclay's Chimney* (better).

From its lower end follow the upper shelf towards its termination above the *Eastern Stone Shoot*, traversing under and well beyond the more prominent plinth of rock. Reach a small snow bay immediately right of large slabby buttress to belay in short, narrow chimney on right (containing large chockstone) (105m). Climb a short groove to left of chimney then trend left and up steep grooves to large snow ramp abutting steep slabs above (45m). Negotiate slabs by climbing steep, narrow ramp to reach further snow ramp and cave belay (crossing *Naismith and Haskett-Smith's Route*) (36m). Exit out right and trend left up steep, mixed ground to gain upper groove of *Bell's Groove*. Continue up immediately right of groove to belay (45m). Follow groove diagonally up left over slabs then back right to finish on summit (24m).

Upper East Face – Pinnacle Gully Buttress. 50m. GRADE III.

G. Harper & A. Nisbet. 7th February, 1983.

The summer line was followed, with an 'interesting' finish up the final wall. The left edge of the east face of the summit tor (just round the corner from *Brodict Gully*) was also climbed, but was somewhat trivial, although there was some ice (GRADE II/III).

North East Face – Shelf Gully. GRADE II.

G. Harper & A. Nisbet. 7th February, 1983.

The gully gave two short pitches.

– *Bypass Route.* 230m. GRADE II.

G. Harper & A. Nisbet. 8th February, 1983.

The route follows a natural line of snowy grooves on the right of Pinnacle Ridge. Start on the left at the base of the *Western Stone Shoot*. A succession of grooves, each slightly right of the previous, leads to the final col of Pinnacle Ridge. The last groove is the top of *Garrick's Route*. The subterranean passage made an entertaining finish; the rest of the route is rather uninteresting.

– *Stoneshoot Buttress.* 190m. GRADE III.

G. Harper & A. Nisbet. 8th February, 1983.

Take the easiest line on the buttress, starting centrally and linking the two snow patches on the front face. The second snow patch slants right towards the top. The vegetation must be thoroughly frozen.

Western Stone Shoot (GRADE I) and *West Gully* (GRADE II) were used as descents from the above routes.

CIOCH NA H'OIGHE, Coire na Ciche (Punchbowl) - Outrider. 90m. GRADE II. S. Kennedy & C. MacLeod (both solo). 6th February, 1983.

Follows the icefall immediately left of the most southerly buttress on the south-east face and 30m right of the obvious gully at the back of the corrie.

(The 'obvious gully' seems to lack a name; it was descended by S. Kennedy & C. MacLeod on 6th February, 1983, and they suggest the name, *Pinnacle Gully*).

COIRE NAN CEUM - Ulysses.

52m. Extremely Severe (E2).

G. E. Little & W. Skidmore. 9th May, 1982.

Takes the pale wall dominating the left half of the crag.

Scramble along grass terrace from the left and start 10m right of the obvious vegetated crack, terminating at a roof. Climb slabby wall, trending left, until below right end of long roof. Move left under roof to good thread runner. Surmount roof direct and wall above, with some difficulty, until a short left traverse can be made to a small ledge and bolt belay (26m, 5c). Traverse right to crumbling flakes. Climb these, crack above and awkward wall to wire chock (*in situ*) at small flake. Traverse hard right for 7m to shallow corner cracks. Up these, take peg runner, and traverse left for 3m under bulging rock. Strenuous moves lead over the bulge and short rock steps are then climbed to flat top of crag with thread belay (28m). Though relative short, this route is very fine and technically as difficult as any in Arran (26m, 5c). Pre-cleaned by abseil.

GOATFELL - From its summit, Goatfell throws a blunt but well-defined ridge which runs due south towards lower Glen Rosa. About 200m from the summit along this ridge one reaches the most prominent of the several tors on it. It is well defined with a slabby west side (45m), a short steep east side (8m) and very steep slabby flanks to north and south.

The long west side was climbed more or less straight up its centre in September 1968 by W. Wallace & G. H. Wallace. It gave a pleasant climb on clean rock of about Difficult standard. ('We called it *Forgotten Tor* as I forgot to put it in the 1970 Guide').

The east flank of the ridge is steep and slabby. From a distance there appears to be no continuous rock. Closer inspection, however, reveals, towards the south end of this flank, a tilted 'U' shaped belt of continuous slab about 60m high. The climbing is of the slab variety similar in general angle to the Rosa Slabs. Its main features are a long clean slab on the right and a series of small overlaps on the left curving from left to right.

Two routes were done in July 1974 by W. Wallace & E. M. Wallace.

- *Introduction.*

78m. Difficult.

Up middle of long clean slab on the right to belay (42m). More or less straight up by slabs and corners to finish (36m).

- *Encore.*

60m. V. Difficult.

Arrow. Start 8m left and slightly higher up than the start of the previous route. Up smooth slab to right curving groove along which then over a lap and straight up to a spike belay (36m). Straight up to bigger lap (runner) round corner on right to surmount lap and finish straight up (24m).

These are pleasant little climbs which will enliven the day for the older climber out with his or anybody else's kids for a day on Goatfell.

SOUTHERN UPLANDS

GALLOWAY, Dungeon Hill (GR 460 850).

The first two routes are on the longest continuous buttress, on the South Face of the hill. On the right-hand side of this buttress is a prominent dirty corner. To the right of this is an obvious crackline.

— *Cyclopath*. 120m. Hard Very Severe.

J. Fotheringham & P. Whillance. July, 1982.

Start at the foot of the corner. Climb a groove in the slab, just right of the prominent corner, and where it ends move left onto the wall and up flakes to the start of a crack. Follow the widening crack up to a ledge and belay on the right (42m). Up the slabby wall behind the stance for 12m to where a thin crack cuts through a bulge. Climb this past a large spike to grass ledges and continue up to below the final wall (45m). Take the most obvious crackline in the centre of the wall to an awkward finish (33m).

— *The Highway Man*. 120m. Hard Very Severe.

J. Fotheringham & P. Whillance. July, 1982.

Follows a system of cracks and grooves up the middle of the front face of the buttress. Start 10m left of the prominent dirty corner. Take the obvious crackline for 12m, then go right to a groove. Climb this to a ledge, then continue up a crack alongside a rib and over a bulge to heather ledges (45m). Go up slightly rightwards and take the central crack above to reach heather ledges. Easily up to a belay (45m). Move up to the final wall. Follow a crack and groove on the left side of the wall to the top (30m).

On the eastern flank of the hill a long broken ridge runs down to the Gala Lane. The south side of this ridge contains a conspicuous white wall, reached by scrambling up terraces.

— *Saddle Tramp*. 72m. Extremely Severe (E2).

J. Fotheringham & P. Whillance. July, 1982.

Start at the foot of a large clean slab below the centre of the upper wall.

Climb directly up the middle of the slab to a grass ettrace and belay on the right (18m, 5b). Step right and follow an obvious crack/groove in the slab to a bulge. Pull over and continue up the crack to a grass ledge. Belay below a prominent rightwards slanting crack in the steep upper wall (24m, 5a). Climb a groove, just left of the slanting crack, to a horizontal break and move up right into a large triangular niche. Follow the crack out of the top of the niche to a large sloping ledge. Move up leftwards to a thin curving crack in the scooped wall. Climb this to the top (30m, 5c).

OUTCROPS

POLLDUBH. The following seven routes were all climbed by D. Cuthbertson & G. Latter in summer, 1982. The routes were cleaned and inspected first.

Lower Gorge Crag — *Cosmopolitan*. 30m. Extremely Severe (E4).

Climbs the obvious groove and thin crack in the middle of the overhang wall. Ascend up and right to groove which leads to ledge and belay (15m, 5c). The crack above is gained from the right and climbed (15m, 6c).

— *Conscription*. 30m. Extremely Severe (E1).

Climb the obvious big crack to the right of *Cosmopolitan* and exit right to finish up on easy chimney (5b).

– *All Our Yesterdays*. 30m. Hard Very Severe.

Climb the obvious corner crack to the right of *Conscription* and exit right up easy chimney (5a).

– *Travelin Man*. 36m. Extremely Severe (E2).

Climbs groove on left edge of buttress. Start at the foot of obvious steep groove in arête. Up groove to ledge and belay (12m, 5b). Up corner and thin layback to steepening groove. Move left and up grooves to top (24m, 5c).

– *In The Groove*. 36m. Extremely Severe (E2).

Climbs the first pitch of *Travelin Man* (12m, 5b). Up *Travelin Man* then take lower ramp on right leading onto the overhanging wall. The ramp steepens and thins out, at which point an awkward exit leads to the top (24m, 5c).

Upper Steall East – Spreadeagle. 42m. Extremely Severe (E2).

Climbs the longer left-hand of two grooves bounding the right side of the crag. Start at the foot of a left-trending scoop. Up scoop to good holds. Make a difficult right traverse to gain the foot of a right-facing corner. Climb this (see page ???) and pod to finish. A belay was taken before the finish (42m, 6a).

– *Slipway*. 30m. Extremely Severe (E2).

Start at foot of obvious groove right of *Spreadeagle*. Up groove and crack to ledge and belay (18m, 5c). Move left to finish up pod of *Spreadeagle* (12m, 5a).

DUMBARTON ROCK – Eldorado. 30m. Very Severe.

D. Macdonald & T. McAulay. 3rd September, 1981.

Start on buttress just right of *Longbow* beneath overhangs. Step off stone, climb overhangs until possible to step into groove, climb groove to corner of *Desperado*, carry on up *Desperado* to top.

KNAPDALE, Creag Nam Fitheach. (GR Nr 782848).

This crag mentioned in the *S.M.C. Southern Highlands Guide* (p 113) can be reached in about twenty minutes from Kilmichael of Inverlussa by following a rough path, on the north side of the Lussa Water. It faces south, dries very quickly and provides good climbing on rough angular rock.

The following routes were all climbed by G. E. Little either solo or in the company of either P. Linning or C. Ritchie between 5th June, 1982, and 10th October, 1982. The climbs are described from left to right. Some may have originally been climbed by A. C. D. Small in prewar days.

– *Moby Dick*. 45m. Very Difficult.

Climb the slabby face forming the left-hand side of the obvious arête.

– *Crucifixion Crack*. 15m. Extremely Severe.

Lies on the right wall of *Moby Dick* arête. Start immediately right of rowan tree. Up to triangular niche then hand traverse diagonal crack to gain arête (5c).

– *Pocket Wall*. 22m. Extremely Severe.

Climb centre of wall on obvious pocket holds, trending left to finish (5b).

– *The Razors Edge*. 25m. Very Severe.

Start at base of third buttress from the left with obvious flake crack on its right flank. Up rib to ledge. Gain and climb fine flake crack and short corner above (5a).

– *Trundle Crack*. 22m. Severe.

Start at pinnacle, in corner, to the right of *The Razors Edge*. Climb groove and crack on the right wall.

— *Metamorphosis*. 27m. Extremely Severe.

Climb the obvious 'pod shaped' groove to large hanging flake. Using peg on the left wall (in situ) gain good holds on the left edge and up (5b).

— *America*. 30m. Very Severe.

Start in groove to the right of previous route. Climb to top of big flake on the left. Go directly up for 3m, move right into crack and follow it to top.

— *The Trial*. 30m. Extremely Severe.

Start to the left of enormous leaning block. Climb rib to small bush. Surmount overhang to gain roofed niche. Climb wall above directly (5c).

— *The Prow*. 33m. Hard Very Severe.

Tackles the obvious jutting rib. Using flake on left, gain and climb finger crack (running parallel to the edge). Up exposed arête and short, difficult, wall above (5b). A good route.

— *The Corner*. 11m. Hard Severe.

An obvious corner bounds the left side of the rightmost buttress. Climb it.

— *Baffin Crack*. 11m. Severe.

Climb clean rib, past tiny sapling, and crack above.

— *Badile Crack*. 11m. Hard Severe.

Climb heathery rock and clean vertical crack above.

— *Chamonix Crack*. 11m. Very Severe.

Up short wall and diagonal jam crack above.

— *Eastern Groove*. 11m. Severe.

Ascend flake to right-trending groove. Climb it.

REGIONAL NOTES

Northern Highlands

Tollie Crag, Poolewe—Paul Nunn notes that the corner left of *The Handrail* gives two fine pitches to a small stance but the upper section appears not to have been climbed, or only done using tenacious heather for the last thirty feet. A suitable finish is a 'Boulder-like' pitch (Cloggy Boulder) going diagonally left across the upper wall, giving a fine HVS overall, (Nunn/Livesey, 5 June, 1982). The section to the last belay (end of pitch 2), had been climbed but a variety of (difficult) finishes are then available. It is very doubtful whether they have actually been done.

Beinn a 'Chasgein Mor, Carnmore Crag—Paddy Buckley notes—The inescapable line is a rarity at Carnmore. Those that do exist are all relatively short. But once a climber is familiar with the crag, some magnificent expeditions can be enjoyed by creating links between the best sections of several traditional routes, thereby sustaining both difficulty and quality. Such a combination of old and new was the basis of the two long girdles, *Odyssey* 1730ft (1974) and *Ulysses* 2040ft (1975), both of which require a fairly detailed local knowledge to follow. However, there are two other composite routes which do not need such a close familiarity with the cliff. P. Buckley regards them as the best that Carnmore can offer. The originators were less restrained in their praise.

Ring of Bright Water—Angela Faller & Martin Harris, 16th April, 1974. 1200ft Hard VS. Start as for *Fionn Buttress* and follow that route to the end of the traverse (470ft). Move right to the foot of *Connie Onnie* (30ft). Climb the main pitch of *Connie Onnie* (130ft). Climb a D-shaped slab to the top of *Green Corner* (50ft) and continue up *Fionn Buttress* to a shelf. Move right to a corner (60ft). A grassy ledge leads to a small col, and thence down to join the top pitch of *Abomination*. Up this until a traverse right can be made onto the top pitch of *Dragon* (60ft). Reverse the crux of *Dragon*, descend the drooping flake and cross right to the pulpit on *Gob* (90ft). Follow *Gob* through the overhang and traverse above the roof to shattered pillar (130ft). Continue the traverse below a bulging wall to an exposed stance in *Carnmore Corner* (80ft). Climb the second pitch of *Carnmore Corner* until a delicate finish can be made on the right wall (100ft).

Achilles—Paddy Buckley & Colin Warnham, 25 May, 1975. 1060ft Hard VS. This is the longest vertical route at Carnmore. It takes a direct line up the right-hand side of *Fionn Buttress*, traverses across its retaining wall and finishes up the superb groove of *Abomination*. Start as for *Original Route*, which lies between the *Great Chimney* and the *Red Scar*. To the left of the base of the *Red Scar* fault, above some introductory slabs, lies a black-streaked wall bounded on its left by a less steep system of crack and groove, vegetated in parts. Start at a 15ft nose, just left of the groove system, and about 40ft left of the base of the *Red Scar*. Climb the nose and enter the chimney on the right. Climb the chimney to a wall, past an old peg and into the groove (110ft). *Original Route* continues up the vegetated groove, but it is better to traverse right and climb the crest of the rib to rejoin *Original* at the overlap. Belay in niche with two stairs below a hanging crack (150ft). Climb the hanging crack, hard traverse left, then back right and up to a niche topped by a split level overhang (70ft). Climb the hanging crack, finger traverse left to a crack, then climb a lichenous wall to an abandoned eyrie (70ft). Leave the eyrie on the right. Climb a corner to a shelf and move left outside perched rocks to exposed pulpit stance (40ft). Up shallow rib and under oblique overhang to emerge on the *Fionn Buttress* traverse at its right-hand end (60ft). Climb above the belay for 25ft, then traverse right onto the slabby scoop below the main section of *Connie Onnie* (50ft). Climb the corner of *Connie Onnie* (80ft). Straight up a groove for 10ft then move right into a shallow

bay. Move right again and follow a slightly descending traverse line across the lower wall of *Green Hairy Corner* to its junction with a slab (70ft). Cross the slab to the ledge common to *Dragon*, *Abomination* and *Sword* (150ft). Climb the crux of *Abomination* (110ft). Continue up the groove to a square-cut roof. Move right and ascend the wall above to the summit of the crag (100ft)—a finish common with *Dragon*.

Most of the new links had been worked out during earlier explorations by P. Buckley and Mike O'Hara (pitches 4, 5, 6), B. E. H. Maden (pitch 10), Bob Smith (pitches 7 and 9).

Cairngorms

Beinn 'Bhuird, The Dividing Butress. *The Jewell-Kammer route*:

To the left of *Sentinel Route* there is an expanse of slabs, containing a prominent right facing corner above which a fault line runs diagonally right. This is believed to be the line of an unrecorded climb made in the 1970's by John Jewell and Phil Kammer. Hamish Towler, Dave Wallace and Rob Archbold repeated this route in July, 1982, and found it to be a worthwhile VS. The first part of the corner was bypassed by a slab and wall leading up to the right hand end of the big roof.

Coire an Dubh Lochain:

A. Nisbet and G. Strange note a winter ascent of the slabs high up on the left edge of Bloodhound Butress (Tail-End Slabs, 80m Grade III).

Braeriach, Garbh Choire Mor:

C. Bruce and A. Nisbet note a winter ascent of *Michaelmas Fare* by the ridge direct (Grade III) on 5th December, 1982. The cornice was bypassed by traversing into *Solo Gully* (where it had previously fallen).

Creagan a' Coire Elchachan:

N. Morrison and A. Nisbet note a second winter ascent of *Djibangi* on 11th December, 1982, using the original start and direct finish. The corner had previously been repeated but that party escaped down the terrace.

Creag an Dubh Loch:

G. Harper and A. Nisbet note an ascent of Labyrinth Left Hand (*S.M.C.J.*, 1979, p.420) on 24th February, 1983, with an excellent variation in the upper section. From the 'big roofed corner,' the main corner on the left was climbed to the plateau in two pitches (80m, Grade IV).

Lochnagar: *Post Mortem* received a free ascent by S. Kennedy and A. Nisbet (2nd August, 1981) at a Grade of E1 5b, with two peg runners on the second pitch. The crux section (pitch 2) is slow to dry.

Centrist received a free ascent by S. Kennedy, N. Morrison and A. Nisbet (20th February, 1980).

Black Spout Pinnacle: *Last Exit*.

In August, 1981, Hamish Towler and Rob Archbold found an exit from the top of the central fault above the *Springboard* which is probably easier than either the crux of *Hood Route* or the corner of *Epitome*. Below the latter there is a large downward pointing block. From the top of this, it was possible to swing left round the arête (VS). It then looked feasible to work diagonally left towards *Route 1*, but better climbing was obtained by staying on the steep pillar, first centrally, then leftwards and then back right to rejoin *Epitome* below the delightful mantelshelf.

Glen Clova, Corrie Fee of Mayar—The winter excursion, *The Wild Places*, recorded in *S.M.C.J.* 1980, p.58, would appear to follow the same region of cliff and vegetation as used by the summer route *Hooker's Joy*, although perhaps not exactly the same line. The winter description should probably read as in *S.M.C.J.*, 1981, p.157, i.e. 'The approximate summer line was climbed.'

Pass of Ballater—We note a free ascent of *Bluter Groove* by Hamilton, Whillance and Anderson at E3, 6b.

Glen Etive

Dalness Chasm in Winter. Andrew Nisbet writes: 'The *Dalness Chasm* via the *Left Branch* has now had all its pitches climbed but awaits a complete ascent. II. MacInnes and party previously climbed the whole route bar the last pitch (which was bare). On 9th January, 1982, S. Allan and A. Nisbet climbed the route but avoided the barrier pitch. The following description applies:

'The lower gully gave a series of ice pitches, some precarious on nests of icicles covering a substantial flow of water. From the junction (left/right branch junction) the left branch starts with a 60m ice pitch of medium angle, then low angled ice for another 60m to an icicle pitch. This was passed by a separate icefall on the right and a grass ramp to reach the barrier pitch. This was bare of ice (the water seems to drain underneath it) and very intimidating, so was avoided by leaving the gully. A short abseil (to the top of the icicle previously avoided) gave access to a chimney which exited from the gully at a point below a vertical wall well out on its left bank. The gully was entered as soon as possible above (easy). Snow leads to another icicle pitch and then a huge icefall (visible from the road). This was the hardest pitch, 40m of 70°-80° ice. 100m of snow ended the climb. Grade V overall.'

Dave Cuthbertson was active in the *Central Branch* and sends the following description:

Dalness Chasm, Central Branch.

100m. Grade V.

D. Cuthbertson & E. McCallum. Winter, 1983.

After the big ice pitch (before the *Bifurcation*) an easy gully leads rightwards to the narrow *Central Branch*. Four pitches lead to an opening from where a short steep ice pitch on the right is taken. Easier climbing leads to the true gully bed and a huge *cul-de-sac*. A right traverse and a steepening ice pitch lead to the easier upper section. One short pitch then easy climbing to the top.

Southern Highlands

The Cobbler: T. McAulay notes that *Lobby Dosser* is 90m not 65m as recorded in *S.M.C.J.*, 1981.

Arran

Cioch na h'Oighe: Graham Little notes the elimination of three points of aid from *Abraxas* (*S.M.C.J.*, 1981, p.162) in the company of C. Ritchie. However, there are still nine points left to eliminate.

Digitalis: (*S.M.C.J.*, 1982, p.264) is now completely free (P. Linning/C. Ritchie), the twin roofs on the top pitch being turned on the right. The revised grading is E1, 5b/c, 5a, 5b, 5b.

Outcrops

Dumbarton Rock – Dave Cuthbertson and Neil Cockburn made a free ascent of *Cyclops* at E5, 6b. One peg was preplaced and left *in-situ*.

Auchinstarry Quarry – Dave Cuthbertson notes an ascent of *Nijinski* with Neil Cockburn, after cleaning and inspecting . . . without opposing runners!!

Poldubh, Buzzard Crag – Dave Cuthbertson notes a free ascent of *Groanangasp* in the company of Gary Latter at E5 (5c, 6b) after cleaning and inspecting.

MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

Grand Prix Langlauf—Memoires de la premiere Fois.—Adam Watson sends the following meditation on lone ski-ing: The 1981 *Journal* (p.177) contained a note from Tim Walker that G. Boyd and N. Keir had gone round the six tops of the Cairngorms on skis (in spring 1980). The note said known previous attempts since my tour in 1962 had 'faltered for lack of a long enough interval of settled conditions whose rarity makes this trip a serious undertaking for the lightly laden skier . . . But more remarkable still remains Watson's solo effort in a faster time, with an earlier mode of cross-country equipment and a heavier sack.' Here are a few comments that may be of interest to ski mountaineers.

1. Settled conditions occur nearly every spring, and you need only one day of them!

2. To a lightly-laden skier the tour is a serious undertaking even in settled conditions.

3. As long as the weather is not downright bad, snow conditions are more important than weather. Even in good weather a tour is difficult on snow too soft, too hard, a continual mixture of both, or too ridged. Snow was good on most of my 1962 tour, but bad on some parts. Much better conditions occasionally occur over a big area and altitude range. In the best conditions, skiing is almost effortless, but such conditions are rare in Scotland; I have seen them only on one trip in the last three years.

4. Weather can be too settled. One likely reason why the 1980 tour took two hours longer than mine is that it was too calm. Calm weather makes you sweat and turns the snow soft. On the day of the tour by Graham Boyd and Norman Keir, I went ski-ing from Loch Muick over the hills to Glen Tanar, but it was too calm for fast going. A breeze does wonders for the body and the snow, and even a fairly strong wind drifting the snow can be good as long as it's not in your face most of the time.

5. It costs less energy if you are alone for a long trip on ski or foot. You vary your pace throughout the trip according to how you feel at the moment, not according to your companions' pace at the moment.

6. Equipment is relatively unimportant. In April 1958 I toured from Luibeg by Cairn Toul, Braerlach, Cairn Gorm and Ben Macdui back to Luibeg. Despite having very heavy old skis, at a comparable stage in the tour I was far less tired than in 1962; I was fitter because I had done much more cross-country ski-ing over the previous few weeks. The only reason why I didn't go to the last two, easier, eastern tops in 1958 was that I hadn't risen early enough in the morning; going on would have meant floundering back through deep heather in Glen Quoich in the dark without a torch, and that would have spoiled a good day. On my six tops tour I had light wooden skis, though not nearly as light as some modern plastic skis. Plastic has advantages, and often surpasses wood, but wood in the right conditions gives faster and more secure ski-ing if you are alone. What is the best equipment is a topic for endless inconclusive argument. But whatever equipment makes you feel better will be less tiring for psychological reasons. And on a long day it's how your mind feels that is crucial in deciding how you are enjoying things and hence how much further or faster you want to go.

7. I could have taken less time by not taking photographs, looking at views and wild life, and talking to people. In 1958 I saw only one person, but in 1962 spoke to people on Moine Bhealaidh, Loch Etchacan, Ben Macdui, Cairn Gorm and Corrour Bothy. I could have pressed on and avoided them, but saw no point. Continual checking of time destroys my enjoyment of a hill day. The 1962 tour could have been shorter by starting at Loch Builg, but if I had made too many preparations I would never have done any long tour. The best days on the hill are the ones you snatch unexpectedly, without much planning.

Greenland Expedition—Nick Rose sends the following resumé of a recent foray into East Greenland: 'The Edinburgh University East Greenland Expedition 1982, which received financial aid from the Sang Award, spent 10 weeks in East Greenland during July and August 1982.

'We arrived in Angmagssalik on the 29th June to discover that the pack-ice was very severe and even encroached the town harbour. Any attempt to travel northwards by boat seemed bound to fail, so we had to rely on helicopter transport to get us out of town. Fortunately we were able to share the cost of two helicopter flights with an Italian expedition, and on the 10th July we were dumped, along with all our equipment, in the middle of the Pourvoi-Pas Glacier.

'Despite being surrounded by an impressive array of unclimbed peaks we had to press on to our objective, the mountains at the head of the Kruuse Fjord, which lay 95 miles to the north. It took us 17 days to cover this distance, including 5 days getting bogged down in a crevasse field.

'On arrival at the Kruuse Fjord we were lucky to experience 5 days of good weather, during which time we climbed 5 peaks by a total of 6 routes. This mostly consisted of mixed climbing up to around AD+ standard and was accompanied by rock collecting.

'For every peak climbed there were at least 50 which we would have liked to have done as well. Needless to say every route done in this region is a guaranteed first ascent. The whole of this region of East Greenland has great potential for future exploration for anyone who perseveres enough to get there. The area around Tasilaq Fjord has been fairly well explored, but a few days sledging is all that is needed to reach unclimbed territory.

'We left the Kruuse Fjord on the 10th August having been stormbound for 5 days. The return journey turned into a slight epic since we had to abandon a lot of equipment and undertake a forced march in order not to miss our rendezvous with a fishing boat at Tasilaq. We then got inextricably stuck in the pack-ice for several days. Still, all the 6 members enjoyed themselves and will no doubt attempt to return to Greenland at some time in the future.'

The Year of the Great Intersection. This year the number of Munroists has exceeded the current number of Munros. This has provided us with the perfect solution to the 'clandestine problem' which has troubled the Heralds of the Lyon Court of Munrology for some time. It is known that there are many deliberate non-reporters at large, others who refuse to compleat their final Munro and still others, equally obtuse but more metaphysical, who claim that they don't know that they have already compleated the Munros. It had originally been our intention to hunt down these dissidents and subject them to registration. In our last issue, however, (243) R. O'Donovan suggested that one number should be reserved for 'The Unknown Munroist.' That number must obviously be 276—the same as the present number of Munros. From now on all dissemblers, amnesiacs, *dissafficionados* and people who claim they can't count will be allocated to number 276. Thank goodness that Gordian knot has been cut. The only blemish on this comprehensive solution is that 276 is not an odd number as it surely should be. Since, however, it is connected to the *actual* number of Munros it will retain the required degree of uncertainty and be liable to change with the growth and shrinkage of the Munros themselves. This approach also points to the natural termination of recording the names of Munroists. The list must surely close at 665 because the next number has less than happy connotations (Revelations, xiii, 18) and not even a Munroist would want to be saddled with it, unless of course a reincarnation of our former member, Aleister Crowley, appears on the scene.

Compleat unto themselves. The following have committed the act of compleation and are thus elevated to the peakage. The number in parenthesis preceding each name is a somewhat error-prone indication of the order in which compleation has been attained. The dates that follow refer, in order, to the date of compleation of the Munros, the Tops and the 'Furth,' that is the Munro equivalent in Ireland, Wales and England.

- (264) Norman McDonald, 1965, —, 1966;
 (265) Martin Hudson, 1981, 1981, 1982;
 (266) Patience Barton, 1982, —, —;
 (267) Winnie Reid, 1982, —, —;
 (268) David Reid, 1982, —, —;
 (269) Robert Durran, 1982, —, —;
 (270) A. M. Snodgrass, 1982, —, —;
 (271) Edward MacGregor, 1982, —, —;
 (272) David Phillips, 1982, 1982, —;
 (273) Gerry Knight, 1982, 1982, —;
 (274) Ewan C. Douglas, 1982, —, —;
 (275) Donald Ross, 1982, —, —;
 (276) THE UNKNOWN MUNROIST
 (277) Jim Wyllie, 1982, —, —;
 (278) Chris Andrews, 1982, —, —;
 (279) Christine Dale, 1982, —, —;
 (280) Michael Dale, 1983, —, —;
 (281) Simon Dale, 1982, —, —;
 (282) J. L. Campbell, 1982, —, —;
 (283) Donald McCall, 1982, —, —;
 (284) Catherine MacMillan
 1982, —, —;
 (285) Jim Braid, 1982, —, —;
 (286) D. L. Sands, 1982, 1982, —;
 (287) Kenneth J. MacIver,
 1982, —, —;
 (288) Donald Macleod Duthie,
 1982, —, —;
 (289) Kathy Murgatroyd,
 1982, —, —;
 (290) W. G. Park, 1982, 1982, —;
 (291) D. M. Inglis, 1982, 1982, —;
 (292) Wm. A. Mitchell, 1982, —, —;
 (293) Matthew Moulton,
 1982, —, —;

(93) K. R. Cox has compleated the trinity and is now 1969, 1969, 1983. He may also be recorded twice. (113) K. R. Cox in the current Tables may be his after-image. (113) Donald Smith has topped up and is now 1973, 1982, —. The following have also achieved the full set: (207) Ivan Waller and (246) Ken Hay who are now 1980, 1981, 1982 and 1981, 1982, 1982 respectively. (107) B. K. E. Edridge has done it twice and is now 1972, —, — and 1982, —, —. (216) J. J. C. Fenton has been abroad and picked up outliers and is 1981, —, 1982. Abject apologies are also offered to the shade of (13) W. M. Docharty, the first person to achieve the full trinity whose name has been misspelled in the 1981 edition of the Tables. (98) George Chisholm has also been missed out of the current edition by the 'Malevolent Master of the Tables,' a phrase with a nice ring to it used by one of this year's commentators.

The following material has been selected from the accompanying correspondence. (264) Norman McDonald compleated almost twenty years ago but did not know that anyone bothered recording names. He is obviously among the better type of Munroists. One letter begins: 'After some thought on the subject I have decided to confess that I have compleated the Munros.' There are also various 'records' to be noted. (281) Simon Dale, at fourteen years old is the youngest known Munroist. (282) D. M. McCall whose last was Sgurr Dhonuill writes: 'I can join the presumably small number fortunate enough to be able to conclude on an eponymous peak.' Possibly the largest final summit party to be recorded is that of (288) W. S. Park, which numbered 45. The most champagne (4 bottles) may have been consumed by (270) A. M. Snodgrass's party. The scale of the celebrations and alcoholic consumption of the participants marking the act of compleation seems to be increasing. There are also on record some dark hints from the Editors' of the Tables that they should be invited to such parties in order to make the act of compleation official.

The Munro archives are now voluminous and full of quaint and curious lore. They await the attention of a Club historian.

A technical note is sent in by (207) Ivan Waller who suggests that the Irish three-thousanders should be spelled 'Munroes' on the analogy of Irish 'whiskey.' Ivan Waller also makes the truly inspired suggestion that in the Club's centenary year the top of the Inaccessible Pinnacle should be blown off so that 'Sir Hugh T. Munro would posthumously become the first Munroist.'

There is also a rumour that the Ordnance Survey are going to bring their own list of Munros. With any luck the 'magic pigs' (*S.M.C.J.*, 1981, xxxii, 174) will remain uncounted and the fog will thicken. Another rumour has it that a rich Munroist has left a large sum in his will to endow the first Chair of Munrology at a Scottish University.

Another Long March—Kathy Murgatroyd of the LSCC sends us the following notes on an impressive exercise in Munro Completion.

Start: 1st May, 1982—Ben More, Mull; **Finish:** 11th September, 1982—Sgurr MhicCoinnich, Skye; **Statistics:** 1,250 miles walked; 1,000 miles by folding bicycle; one day with a canoe (Ben Lomond); 460,000 feet of ascent; public transport only used for access to Mull and Skye—walked, cycled, canoed all the rest; 80 peaks accompanied, 196 solo.

Accommodation varied; mostly camping or bothies—two hotels, two club huts, one bivouac (international!), five hostels, two private houses. The route taken was different from Hamish Brown's, preferring for the most part, low level camping and cycle trips, although it included one solo traverse from Ben Nevis to Mount Keen.

Had to give up my job to do the walk. No regrets. Support party helped me to do most days without carrying gear. Worked on an original plan of one day off per week but this was not strictly adhered to because of weather, linking up with support party, etc. Used the new Munro's Tables, i.e. 276 Munros. Did all the preparation in France during the winter—while a ski instructor there. Came back with few days to sort out the food. Re routed myself (was to have finished on Ben Hope) because ran over time and was going to interrupt stalking, so went up to Hope and came back for Torridon and Skye. Had done 154 Munros prior to the trip, over a few years from 1970-1981. The rest were unseen. Longest time out alone before trip—four days!

Highlights of the trip: (1) The traverse from Ben Nevis to Mount Keen; (2) being able to photograph a deer calf; (3) being offered a cup of tea by some fellow campers, then being given freshly caught crab on toast; (4) bumping into Hamish Brown *twice* by accident en route (!!!); (5) my first view of Kinloch Hourn; (6) the snow bunting singing on the trig point on Macdui; (7) the ascent of Ben Alligin in atrocious weather; (8) my last Munro (but not the last of the walk) the 'In Pinn'; (9) Coire Lagan on the way back down having completed the walk.

Gathering Clouds. What happens in the U.S. of A. today often arrives here in a few years. We are already all too aware of the pressures on free mountaineering. We print below a chillingly cheerful circular letter received from 'Event Walks International.' It is easy to see how the curious pastime of Munro bagging could fall into the hands of similar ambitious organisers and predatory bureaucrats. If you think this far-fetched just take *S.M.C.J.*, 1975, xxx, off the shelf and read pages 396 to 399 to remind you that in our own land there is no shortage of dedicated organisers ready to turn the private activities of harmless eccentrics into big business or state-run co-operatives. The sadim touch (*S.M.C.J.*, 1977, xxxi, 197) is the curse of our times and spreading.

NOW READ ON . . .

If you are a seeker of healthy outdoor exercise and are too insecure to go for a walk impromptu you may enter the lists by completing this form which has a large number of little boxes awaiting your impatient pen. You must first select the route length(s) you wish to walk from eleven distances ranging from a mere 2 miles to an exhausting 50. However, the mode in which you perform the exercise is clearly important, for you must also check which type of Walker/Hiker/Sportsman you are. Among the 29 categories which will presumably be used for the labels participants will proudly bear, are some intriguing designations. It is easy enough to conceive the role of the *hiker*, *stroller*, *long distance walker*, *jogger*, *orienteer* or *backpacker*, and even the mode of their progression. More imagination is required for the *walkathoner*, the *walkabout*, the *wanderer*, the *volksmarcher* and the (wait for it) *Pep stepper*. But the mind really begins to boggle when we envisage the involvement of some of the others. Does the *messenger* maintain communication along the length of the crocodile, and if so, is he in competition with the *mail carrier*; does the

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Event Walks International

April 8, 1983

An Invitation To Walkers Of The World

Dear Hikers, Wanderers, Ramblers, Volksmarchers, Walkathoners and Walkers of all kinds:

We would like to invite your organization and its members to participate in America's first national Walking Event, The Blue Cross/Blue Shield New York Event Walk May 21-27. The walk week or weekend in New York City can serve as a super walking vacation. It can also be combined with the 60th Anniversary '83 Conference of the Appalachian Trail (May 27-June 3). This Event Walk will be a meeting place for walkers and hikers from over the world including many hikers who will be attending the Appalachian Trail Conference 1983. So, if ever there was an opportunity to see New York City and its natural environs on foot, this is it.

Enclosed is a registration form which you can reproduce in your newsletter or make copies for distribution as many times as you would like your members or readers can also receive registration forms and information, including a free tips sheet on "Good Walking Techniques" by sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Event Walks International, Inc., P.O. Box 888, F.D.R. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

The New York Event Walk Organizers have arranged for substantial hotel discounts and air fare for those who attend the Event Walk. The Grand Hyatt Hotel will give a 25% discount on room rates. For those calling Hyatt from within the U.S. call 212/883-1234, 800/228-9000. Outside the U.S. contact your nearest "Hyatt Worldwide Reservations telephone number". Specify with Hyatt that you would like the "Event Walk" discount. For those who fly from within the continental U.S., Pan Am, the official air line for the N.Y. Event Walk will give approximately a 40% discount. For those coming from outside the U.S., contact your local Pan Am office for economical and convenient reservations. Be sure to bring a copy of your Pan Am ticket as it will entitle you to special prizes. For those traveling by Pan Am from within the continental United States call 800/327-8670, in Florida 800/432-2533.

Event Walks is a promotional organization for its sponsors and for walking and hiking clubs of all kinds. EW grants participating organizations the opportunity to distribute their own walk information in its Walk Information Packet. Further, EW acts as a national clearinghouse for Americans and others to receive information regarding the location of the nearest walking club or walking exercise clinic. Your organization can also use the Event Walk as a fund raiser for itself. Please write or call us regarding the fund raising aspect of the Event Walk.

Finally, regardless of your participation in the Event Walk, Gary Yanker the official spokesperson for the Event Walk Series would like to receive news and information concerning the walking related activities of your organization for his national walking column and for Walking News in American Health Magazine (See enclosed letter).

Sincerely,

Theresa Dziorny
National Information Officer

roller-skater wear his skates, the *snow-shoer* his snow-shoes and the *portage walker* or *porter* carry the communal pack? Does the *marching band member* provide an accompanying drum beat or fanfare, and finally does the *constitutionalist* declaim or merely walk?

By this time you will be saying 'Oh really! Pull the other one!' But we kid you not. All this is set down here so that you will not be too taken aback if the concept of directed togetherness already lurking on the horizon in the forms of Ultimate Challenges and Long Distance Walkways burgeons into something more overwhelming. Great oaks from little acorns grow!

BARRICADES

THE LURCHERS GULLY AFFAIR

As everyone knows, the outcome of the lengthy Public Enquiry described in our last issue was a refusal by the Secretary of State to allow the proposed ski development to go ahead. This decision to accord with the evidence presented at the Inquiry is good news for mountaineering interests but has enraged both the Highlands and Islands Development Board and the Highland Regional Council. The former were swiftly to the fore in commenting that the Secretary of State was declaring against the interests of the people of the Highland Region. This insistence that the HIBD's actions are always right for the people of the Highlands is interesting in view of the opposition to the Lurchers' scheme from the Newtonmore and Kingussie areas.

Perhaps more sinister is the reaction of some members of the Highland Regional Council, who appear to resent the idea that some features of the Highland landscape might be resources of *national* value and therefore not fully under their own regional control. Exhortations of 'know who our enemies really are' have been made and anything which can be related to conservation interests has fallen completely out of favour. Previous grants made to the National Trust of Scotland and even to innocuous and worthy bodies like the British Corps of Conservation Volunteers have been called into question or discontinued. The Nature Conservancy Council have been moved to publish a report setting out the facts; namely that over a number of years, very few planning applications in the Highlands have been opposed on conservation grounds, and even fewer have been frustrated. As soon as the future of the Knoydart area emerged as a conservation issue, the HIBD, HRC and STB all sprang to attention and expressed an interest which did not seem to exist before. *Now read on . . .*

THE KNOYDART AFFAIR

By Donald Bennet

THE announcement in 1981 that the Knoydart Estate was for sale did not at the time arouse a great deal of interest. True, some conservationists voiced their concern as to the future of this delectable corner of the Western Highlands, but no buyers appeared with a satisfactory offer, and the asking price for the estate which had started at £2.5 million was rumoured to have dropped well below £2 million by mid-1982.

This figure was hardly likely to be attractive to the present owner, Major Chamberlayne Macdonald, who during his years of ownership of the estate had made several major capital investments: a small hydro electric plant, a fish farm and forestry plantings. Knoydart under Major Chamberlayne-Macdonald's ownership has been a very different place to the Knoydart of previous landowners. Local people have found work in forest and fish farm work, resettlement of isolated crofts has been encouraged and access to the district has been much less problematic. Visitors to Inverie nowadays are assured of a much better welcome from the present factor than they might have expected from previous landowners. Major Macdonald has also given his consent to the restoration of Sourlies bothy and the Carnach River footbridge.

The first real expression of interest in Knoydart from conservationists came in 1982 when Chris Brasher (TV commentator, journalist and former Olympic athlete) proposed with Nicholas Luard the formation of a John Muir Trust which would enable Knoydart to be purchased and managed in such a way as to conserve its wilderness character while at the same time obtaining revenue from its resources, in particular stalking which would be managed on a time sharing basis. These proposals, however, did not attract the necessary support and the idea of the John Muir Trust never gained momentum.

Nothing much seemed to happen until late 1982 when the Ministry of Defence expressed an interest in acquiring Knoydart as a military training area. Seemingly, in the post-Falklands era, Knoydart was seen by at least one junior minister as having all the characteristics of the Falklands, climatically and topographically, so that the epics of Tumbledown Mountain might be re enacted on Ladhar Bheinn, and Inverie might grow to rival Port Stanley. The Ministry of Defence proposals were horrifying: several hundred soldiers at a time would undergo battle training, bivouacking in the glens and firing live ammunition at radio-controlled targets. The principal areas would be Gleann an Dubh-Lochain, Gleann Meadail and the Carnach glen, and the rights of way through these glens (vital to long-distance walking through the Western Highlands) would be declassified, i.e. cease to exist as rights of way. Training would last for ten days during each fortnight for about nine months from March to November each year. In effect Knoydart would become a no go area for climbers and walkers.

Ministry of Defence interest did, however, have the effect of galvanising others into action. In particular, the National Trust for Scotland came to be seen as possible purchasers and saviours of Knoydart. During December 1982 many senior officials of the Trust and of the Countryside Commission for Scotland made stormy crossings to Knoydart and looked at those parts of the estate which were visible beneath a heavy blanket of rain and cloud. The newly-formed Scottish Wildland Group also showed interest and some of its members visited Knoydart. Other commercial interests south of the border were also rumoured to be interested, but they never showed their faces. As 1982 ended the competition seemed to be between the Ministry of Defence and the National Trust for Scotland, and it was thought that the deadline for a sale would be mid January 1983.

Early in January a newcomer in the scene was the Knoydart Foundation, formed the previous month by some members of the Scottish Wildland Group after their visit to Knoydart. The Foundation seems to have been a successor to the John Muir Trust, and Brasher was one of its founders. Its objectives were to safeguard and manage the Knoydart estate, create opportunities for employment and settlement along the coastal perimeter and conserve the wilderness qualities of the interior. In pursuing these objectives, the founders hoped to act on behalf of the National Trust for Scotland, with whom a joint approach would be made to the National Heritage Memorial Fund for £2 million, the likely purchase price of Knoydart.

As mid-January approached, the Ministry of Defence suddenly and with no explanation announced that they were no longer interested in Knoydart. Possibly Mr Heseltine's recent move from the Department of the Environment to the Ministry of Defence may have had something to do with this change of heart;

equally possibly, it may be that the Ministry realised the remoteness of Knoydart would make it a particularly expensive training ground. It may also be that opposition to the Ministry of Defence takeover from many sources—the inhabitants of Knoydart, several agencies and organisations such as the Countryside Commission for Scotland, the Mountaineering Council of Scotland etc., many letters in the national press and possibly also letters to MP's—had their effect. (Just about the only support for the Ministry takeover came from a few voluble members of the Scottish Landowners Federation, who seemed to regard National Trust for Scotland ownership as a form of land-nationalisation, and Ministry of Defence ownership as a benefit to the local community).

Thus by mid-January, with the Ministry of Defence out of the running the way seemed to be clear for a joint effort by the National Trust for Scotland and the Knoydart Foundation to seek the necessary sum from the National Heritage Memorial Fund to purchase Knoydart and manage the estate in a way that promised to be generally acceptable—to maintain and possibly develop commercial activities such as stalking, forestry and fish-farming; to encourage the working of the farms and crofts and at the same time conserve the wilderness character of the mountainous interior.

Unfortunately, the hoped-for co-operation did not materialise, and within a few days the Trust and the Foundation appeared more as rivals than as partners in the quest for National Heritage Memorial Fund money. The reasons for this unhappy situation are hard to explain. One possibility is that the Trust were reluctant to become involved in a partnership in which they might have the financial responsibility while the Foundation would (according to its own proposal) undertake the management of Knoydart. It is very unlikely that the Foundation could by itself have carried out its objectives, and while these objectives may have been admirable, the Foundation lacked credibility and its prospectus showed a certain naivety and lack of realism.

At a time when efforts should have been made to promote good relations and co-operation between the parties concerned, the Mountaineering Council of Scotland (who were in the position to act as honest brokers) took the side of the Foundation and again criticised the past record of the Trust in its management of mountain properties. This and other criticism of the Trust's record of mountain property management can hardly have encouraged members of the Trust's Executive and Council to become involved in another mountain property, particularly one with such considerable problems of management, viability and profitability as Knoydart.

The main stumbling block in the way of Trust acquisition of Knoydart has not been the purchase price, which would almost certainly have been met by the National Heritage Memorial Fund, but the annual operating losses in running the estate, expected to be about £100,000. This would be an intolerable financial burden on the Trust. The Countryside Commission for Scotland has made an offer of £50,000 per year for a limited period to help to cover these losses, and a similar offer from the Highlands and Islands Development Board or some other source might well have been enough to persuade the Trust to take the plunge. But no such offer has been forthcoming, and neither the Highlands and Islands Development Board nor Highland Regional Council have made any significant gesture to help to solve the Knoydart problem.

Finally, as these notes are written in mid-April, the Trust has not unexpectedly decided to make no offer to purchase Knoydart, and at present the situation appears to be back to square one. There is no sign of a prospective purchaser, but there may of course be developments in progress unknown to the writer. As far as is known Major Chamberlayne-Macdonald is still seeking a buyer for his estate.

The Knoydart affair has raised again the question as to whether or not there should be a national agency with the powers and finance to purchase land on

behalf of the nation and hold it either permanently or until a suitable owner can be found. The Countryside Commission for Scotland does not have these powers. As noted earlier, powers such as these would, in some people's eyes, look very much like land nationalisation. Is that what we want for our remote mountain areas and their inhabitants?

KINDRED CLUBS

FROM time to time (Vols 23, 27, 28 and 29) the *Journal* has included descriptions of other Scottish clubs, their origins and activities. Mountaineering society is organic in nature and it is therefore hardly surprising that new clubs come into being while others decline and disappear. The overall trend, however, is of continued growth in the total and presumably this is itself a reflection of increasing numbers of people participating in mountaineering and hill walking.

The Mountaineering Council of Scotland was constituted in 1970, inheriting the role of the Association of Scottish Climbing Clubs as the National Body in Scotland for Mountaineering. By 1970 there were 50 clubs in membership and by 1982 there were over 80. These include not only the old, well kent names but many new ones ranging from the relatively mundane to the evocative. The activities of the *Bank of Scotland Hill Walking Club* seem quite apparent and equally explicit is the title of *The Geriatrics MC*. What, however, do the *Desperadoes MC* get up to and are *The Glasgow Festerers MC* made up of unacceptable residues consigned to them by other clubs? Do *The Tuesday Club* climb only on Tuesdays and *The Eight Miles High MC* reach their declared altitude by balloon ascent or just by 'highs' induced by alcohol or worse? The title of *The Crane Fruehauf HC* kindles our curiosity and *The X-S Mountaineering Club* must surely earn our respect if it lives up to its name.

In this issue we invite two kindred clubs to explain themselves through their secretarial pens. The B.F.M.C. is not the same as the club of those initials described in Volume 29 of the *Journal* although it has some kinship origins.

THE BRAES OF FIFE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

By Mary McLeod

IT HAS been said of followers of hazardous hobbies, 'there are old practioners and bold practioners, but no old, bold ones.' In some respects this may be true, but I feel that it all depends on one's definition of bold - what is bold for some is not even remarkable for others. The B.F.M.C. is the kind of club that welcomes young and old, bold or not.

May 1973 saw an assorted group at the Maiden Rock, St. Andrews, all enjoying at their own level, the delights of a summer's evening climbing or spectating. Hamish Brown was the common denominator. He, while working for Fife County Council had formed the Fife Mountain Activities Association through the education channels of schools and youth and community services. However, the call of the wild (the stultifying restrictions of administration and desks proved too much for him) caused him to vacate his post as Mountain Instructor/Advisor to the County, but not to cut off the interest he had generated. A nucleus for a climbing club serving central, south and west Fife was formed and November 1973 saw Tom Weir as the inaugural speaker of the B.F.M.C. His slide lecture set a high standard which we have tried to maintain and there has been an admirable list of distinguished talks by well known mountaineers and others in allied pursuits.

For some years the Club has had a membership of around 50. It meets weekly in the Harbour Bar, Kirkcaldy, where slide talks also take place thereby allowing some members, who are unable to attend outdoor meets, a chance to keep in touch and enjoy mountaineering experiences. There are at least two week-end meets every month, providing a variety of venue and scope for all aspects of mountaineering. Hut meets are always popular, likewise the occasional use of bothies, the link with the Mountain Bothies Association being forged by our special interest in maintaining Guardalan Bothy, now a traditional Hogmanay Meet. Informal meets are arranged and members further their particular interests enthusiastically from Munro bagging to raft racing, not to mention the 'wet weather alternatives' offered by hostels throughout Scotland.

Despite, at inception, a heavy proportion of teachers and Mountain Leadership Certificates, the Club now has a more balanced membership; a wide social and age range whose interests genuinely cover all aspects of summer and winter mountaineering. Members are active at home and abroad, from Norway to South Africa, from the High Atlas to the Andes as well as the Alps, Pyrenees, Dolomites and Himalayas. Mixed membership has provided at least three marriages between members, the most recent wedding being that of one who was at the Maiden Rock in 1973 as the youngest founder member. Members seem to be prolific and there is no shortage of 'happy events,' some of which cause temporary absences from the scene. Families often come on camping meets, at one point a four-year-old girl was genuinely outstripping members on a Glencoe meet! Like any other club no doubt, we have had our share of unhappy episodes, some of them funny and sadly one or two serious - 'objective dangers' can cause upsets. However, we do try to offer assistance with advice and gear to novices and training weekends are run regularly. These are informal (but organised) and will hopefully help to make members more aware of the pleasures and pitfalls they may encounter.

Suffice to say the B.F.M.C. is fairly young in terms of years of existence, but can offer a fair body of experience. Hamish alone, can tot up a formidable amount of time spent mountaineering and in allied pursuits. There are at least three artists in the Club as well as keen photographers, skiers, walkers, ramblers, rock-climbers and canoeists. We also have 'friends of the Club' who turn up regularly at our Annual Dinner Dance and enjoy the speakers and the social event. I for one, hope that the B.F.M.C. will continue to thrive and offer interested persons an outlet into the wide and satisfying world of mountains and mountaineering at all levels of ability and age.

THE JACOBITES MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

By Andrew Lawson

THE Jacobite Mountaineering Club, although of recent origin, is now well established as one of the active clubs in Edinburgh.

The Club itself was founded in 1973 by a number of recent immigrants to Edinburgh, who founded the older established clubs too inactive and socially exclusive. The new Club's core were Martin Plant, Noel Williams and Maggie Hardy, all from south of the border. Originally meeting in 'The Randolph,' a small group of climbers and walkers grew into a substantial Edinburgh club, moving to 'The Covenanter' and finally to 'The West End Hotel' which has been its venue since 1982.

The origin of the name 'Jacobites' lies largely in the fact that the Club was formed as a breakaway from the J.M.C.S. in Edinburgh and as such looked for a name representing a breakaway group in Scotland. The name was also suggested by the fact that the original club met in the 'Covenanter' lounge in the High Street. Because of mistaken association between Covenanters and Jacobites, the name was established. (This was probably due to the ignorance of the largely English founder members).

For many years the Jacobites have maintained a reputation for activity and within the Edinburgh area have been largely responsible for visiting lecturers such as Chris Bonington, Doug Scott et al during winter seasons. It should be noted that most of the lecture activity is due solely to the labours of Martin Plant, who has done so much over the years to publicise Jacobite enterprises.

The Jacobites have always had a broad base of mountain activities and the membership has come from climbers, walkers, ski-mountaineers and fell-runners. Although all-round mountaineering has been stressed as a Jacobite aim, the Club's origins are in climbing and we have always had a vigorous core of hard climbers.

In the short life of the Club, activities have spanned trips to the Alps, South and North America, Greenland and Norway; and the development of 'les voies nouvelles' in Scotland. Amongst foreign ventures, a concrete boat trip to Patagonia, visits to East Greenland, the Brooks Range of Alaska, Yosemite and Lyngen in North Norway are the most notable. In addition, Alpine trips to Chamonix, the Bregalia, Courmayeur, and the Julian Alps have featured as Club meets, although the favourite venue of recent years has been the Dauphiné.

New Route activities have been sporadic and limited to a handful of individuals. A number of hard winter ascents have been pioneered by R. Milne (*Epitome*, Lochnagar 2nd ascent; *Pink Elephant*, Creag An Dubh Loch) and Noel Williams (*Central Route*, *Minus Two Buttress*, etc.). In summer, Pete Hunter has been very active in Skye, while Noel Williams and Willie Jeffreys contributed to *Supercharger* on Neist Point, with Ed Grindley. Other routes have been pioneered on Creag Meaghaidh, the Cairngorms and Glen Clova, as well as significant development of local crags such as Rosyth Quarry, Ratho Quarry and Dalmahoy Hill. In addition, I would note that recent Jacobite activity this winter includes the following routes on Ben Nevis alone: *Bobrun*, *Hadrian's Wall*, *Point Five Gully*, *Tower Scoop*, *Douglas Boulder - SW Ridge*, *Vanishing Gully*, *Italian Climb*, *Glover's Chimney*, *Comb Gully*, *Green Gully*, *Ledge Route*, *The Curtain*, *Waterfall Gully*, *Castle Ridge*, *Jubilee Climb*.

The John Curran Sponsored Event must also be mentioned. Two years ago John Curran, an active Club member, fell while climbing on Buchaille Etive Mor. John is now paralysed from the neck down and requires substantial support from equipment and friends. The Club organised a sponsored event in June 1982, designed to raise funds to provide equipment for John. This event involved climbing all of Scotland's Munros by individuals, Jacobites and members of interested clubs, and thanks to miraculously hot weather, on the 3rd and 4th June all of the Munros fell to the participants. £8,000 was raised, and the proceeds have been gifted to John and the Spinal Unit of Edenhall Hospital.

To conclude, I am happy to say that although there are fewer than a hundred of us, the Jacobites are still thriving, active, and established as a permanent feature of the Edinburgh climbing scene.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS, 1982

JOHN HINDE has again coped with the formidable task of collecting and collating the mass of accident information from about twenty different sources. One of the problems this presents is that many different organisations – over twenty-five this year – make a contribution to mountain rescue activities. The widely differing background and experience of those involved make it difficult to maintain a common standard in reporting incidents. John Hinde has made great efforts to overcome this problem by encouraging teams to report promptly and in a standard format. This is not easy as a busy rescue team may be too concerned about the next rescue to wish to spend time accurately reporting the last one. Nevertheless, reliable reporting is important, both as a means of understanding accident trends and causes with a view to prevention, and to correct misconceptions about mountain rescue which tend to develop in the minds of the public and the bureaucracy.

He writes: 'Figures for 1982 are higher than usual, but probably less in proportion to the numbers using the hills. I was amazed, on 14th February '83, to count over 100 climbers actually engaged on routes in Coire-an-t' Sneachda. I photographed them, in strings like ants on every popular route in the corrie. There were 10 in Fiacail Couloir alone. What would happen if the top guy fell off with axes and crampons I dreaded to think. However there appeared to be fewer than usual rock-climbers in Skye.'

'The weather has had a particular importance in 1982 when so many avalanche incidents occurred. Nine avalanche incidents have killed four people and injured nine others, and there may well have been more.'

46% of all incidents occurred in winter conditions, almost the highest such proportion ever recorded. Five incidents involved organised parties.

Needless to say MRT's have been involved in many occurrences which are not of a mountaineering nature. These have been omitted from the statistics. We are grateful to John Hinde for his work in collecting the information and also to the mountain rescue services in general, for their assistance to people who require help in the hills. We have compiled the usual tables.

SEASONAL DISTRIBUTION

	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Winter</i>	<i>Total</i>	
Hillwalking	43	26	69	60%
Scrambling	9	8	17	15%
Climbing	8	19	27	23%
Other	3	1	4	4%
TOTAL	63	54	117	

CONTRIBUTORY CAUSES OF SOME INCIDENTS

Navigation	3	River Crossing	3
Separation	1	Glissading	3
Compass	1	Abseiling	2
Torch	2		
Ice Axe/Crampons	11	Rockfall or Break	5
		Cornice Collapse	1
Slips/Stumbles	35	Avalanche	9
on paths	4		
on grass/rough ground	10	Falls	16
on scree	3	on rock	8
on rock	5	on snow/ice	8
on snow/ice	13		

REGIONAL DISTRIBUTION, 1982*The geographical divisions are as used for District Guide Books.*

REGION	CASUALTIES (of which fatalities bracketed)				INCIDENTS Other Rescues Call Outs					TOTAL INCIDENTS	Non- Mountaineering
	Injury	Exhaust/Exposure Heat Exh./Frostbite	Illness	TOTAL	With Casualties	Cragfast	Lost	Overdue or Benighted	False Alarms		
Northern Highlands	1	—	—	1	—	—	—	1	—	2	5
Western Highlands	1	2	—	3	3	1	—	—	—	4	—
Ben Nevis	25 (7)	10	—	35 (7)	19	2	—	2	1	24	—
Glen Coe	16 (5)	—	—	16 (5)	14	—	1	1	1	17	—
Other Central Highlands	3 (1)	2	—	5 (1)	4	1	—	—	—	5	—
Cairngorms	17 (3)	5	—	22 (3)	18	—	1	5	1	25	6 (1)
Southern Highlands	13 (2)	4	6 (4)	23 (6)	22	3	1	2	1	29	5
Skye	7 (3)	—	—	7 (3)	7	2	—	—	—	9	1 (2)
Islands (Arran)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 (1)
Southern Uplands	1	—	—	1	1	—	—	1	—	2	2
ALL AREAS	84 (21)	23	5 (4)	113 (25)	89	9	3	12	4	117	21 (4)
1981 TOTALS	76 (15)	13 (3)	34 (3)	93 (21)	80	2	6	15	4	108	24

ACCIDENT LIST

NORTHERN HIGHLANDS

- APRIL 7th—Two male climbers overdue on *Old Man of Stoer*. Abseil rope stuck causing re-climb to summit.
- JUNE 8th—Boy hillwalker (14) stumbled on scree on south slopes of Stac Pollaidh. Head injuries. Dundonnell MRT. 102mh.
- APRIL 17th—Loch Duich. In good weather five youths got too close to top of Creag an Tairbh on the Totaig to Ardintoul footpath, probably due to lack of direction signs in forest which was planted ten years ago. Ages 15 to 16. One fell, hung from arms over cliff edge and was rescued, but a rucksack fell down. Three got cragfast trying to retrieve this, had to descend to the beach. They could not round a rock promontory and were rescued by boat. Other two returned to Totaig. No injuries. Glenelg and Kintail MRT's. 12mh.
- APRIL 17th—Man (30) stumbled when glissading 800 feet below summit of Sgurr na Moriach, Five Sisters of Kintail. Broken leg. Stretchered down. Kintail MRT. 24mh.
- AUGUST 31st—Two men (28, 23) hill walking Glenfinnan to Tarbet area of North Moray. Delayed and exhausted due to burns in spate. Estate helicopter. Mallaig police. 16mh.
- NOVEMBER 6th—Three people. Males (36, 20), female (19) separated from four others descending steep slopes near NW Ridge of Sgurr Fhuaran, Five Sisters of Kintail. Benighted because they had no torches. Helicopter rescue at first light. Female had slight exposure. Kintail MRT. 70mh.

BEN NEVIS

- JANUARY 1st—Two experienced climbers benighted in area of *No. 4 Gully*. No injuries.
- JANUARY 4th—Leader fell from top pitch *Comb Gully*. Belay failed and whole rope of three fell to foot of gully. Male (20) fractured both ankles. Two uninjured though one of them received a severe head blow which smashed his helmet. Lochaber MRT. 80mh.
- JANUARY 5th—Two climbers at foot of *Point Five Gully* in obvious avalanche conditions triggered off a large slab avalanche which carried one down into *Observatory Gully* uninjured. The other was stuck above the avalanche crown wall from where he was airlifted by RAF Sea King. Lochaber MRT. 40mh.
- FEBRUARY 15th—Good weather but avalanche conditions obvious. Fresh falls of snow overnight lying on hard snow/ice. Two pairs were climbing *North Castle Gully* and a third pair were at the junction of *North* and *South Castle Gullies* below them. An avalanche (thought to be from above) affected all but the man highest on the climb. He lay flat with axe plunged in and was not swept down. The next three (47, 32, 22) fell 500 feet sustaining bruises and torn ligaments, and were rescued from ledges below the junction (but well above the foot of the cliff on the *Castle Ridge* side of the gully). At least one was held by rope trapped in debris. The third pair (42, 35) at the junction were buried, but both died of injuries, not suffocation. All five airlifted by RAF Wessex. Lochaber MRT. 16mh.
- FEBRUARY 15th—Avalanche in *Gardylloo Gully* swept four down from below the pitch. Two went down into *Observatory Gully* of whom one (m20) was injured, dislocated shoulder. The other pair was unfortunately roped, because the rope held on a boulder 50 feet down, stopping the fall; but killing one by breaking her (f19) neck and injuring the other (m20) by fracturing a femur. RAF Wessex took four Lochaber MRT to below site, then airlifted casualties later. 40mh.
- FEBRUARY 15th—Party of two avalanched from *No. 2 Gully*. One had an arm broken. Made their own way partly down then airlifted by the helicopter already engaged in rescues from *N. Castle* and *Gardylloo Gullies*.

FEBRUARY - On 22nd February two bodies were seen below the Castle Coire by a PLM helicopter working in the area. One Lochaber MRT member was flown in by same to evacuate the two. Both male (25, 23). No identification so three MRT searched, finding a name in a rucksack. Bloodstains indicated fall down most of *N. Castle Gully*. 20mh.

FEBRUARY 27th - Woman (35) separated from party of seven going up south side of Nevis from the Gorge. She descended alone. On rock slabs of SSE Ridge a handhold came away and she fell 50 feet, breaking her neck. Her party descending later found her when they heard her whistle blasts. Lochaber MRT carried out rescue with considerable difficulty on slabs in darkness, rain and fierce winds. Neither a PLM chopper nor an RAF Wessex could reach her because of the weather. 110mh.

MARCH 4th - Man (19) caught crampon in clothing on steep slope below *Point Five Gully*. Fell 100 feet. Minor injuries. Airlifted from CIC Hut by PLM helicopter. Lochaber MRT. 24mh.

MARCH 7th - After climbing *Slalom* man (28) sprained ankle going down Red Burn. Foot went into hole. Carried by companions two-thirds of way down. Lochaber MRT. 48mh.

MARCH 17th - Two men had climbed *Cresta* and were descending SE Ridge to CMD Arête. At ref 169711 they were 15 feet from edge of cornice when it fractured further back. One fell a short way. Other (45) fell 1,000 feet fracturing nine ribs with internal injuries. Team doctor set up a saline intravenous drip at CIC Hut which was kept up during airlift by RAF Sea King. Lochaber MRT. 70mh.

APRIL 9th - Leader (36) fell from just below cornice of *Tower Gully*. Held by second on a Dead Man belay, but broke ankle when a crampon caught in the snow. Lochaber MRT. 40mh.

APRIL 24th - False alarm. Valuable equipment found near Red Burn sparked off token search. Lochaber MRT. 6mh.

MAY 20th - Walker (68) descending Tourist Path slipped and broke three bones in his foot. Lochaber MRT. 40mh.

JUNE 5th - Tourist (m37) collapsed with heat stroke descending Tourist Path. Lochaber MRT. 20mh.

AUGUST 14th - Tourist (f57) exhausted on Tourist Path. Lochaber MRT. 5mh.

AUGUST 31st - Family of four climbed to somewhere near Nevis summit by Waterslide and SE Ridge, then got lost descending in cloud and were cragfast at 1,800 feet on steep slabs on S. Face of Carn Dearg SW. Father separated and went upwards then down for help. Mother (35), son (15) and daughter (12) were reached at 23.00 with great difficulty by Lochaber MRT. A helicopter could not get there. They were rescued by one team member carrying them all down separately 300 feet three times in 'Tragsitz' type lowers. A further very steep walk of 1,500 feet ended at 03.30 hrs. 90mh.

SEPTEMBER 1st - Son (14) slipped on wet slab descending Nevis Gorge track sustaining head injuries. Father (43) tried to stop boy but fractured pelvis when both fell 25 feet. Lochaber MRT. 18mh.

SEPTEMBER 4th - Boy (15) sprained ankle on Tourist Path. Large party. Carried to Halfway Lochan then down by tracked vehicle. Lochaber MRT. 10mh.

OCTOBER 20th - Walker (m27) slipped on hailstones and fell into gully in Coire Eoghainn (above Glen Nevis Waterslide). Back injuries, airlifted out.

OCTOBER 24th to 25th - Woman (44) and man (23) started at 12.30 hrs to climb *Tower Ridge* under light snow cover. Benighted on top of Great Tower. Finished climb next day and went to Youth Hostel at 14.05 hrs. Search by RAF Leuchars helicopter and Lochaber MRT. 12mh.

OCTOBER 30th to 31st - Mixed party of ten (14-21) left valley at 14.00 to spend night in summit refuge. Tourist Path ascent took a long time in heavy rain and high winds. They could not find refuge. Went down 400 feet from plateau where eight bivouacked and two went for help. Large number of Lochaber MRT walked up by 01.30 and took eight down to Halfway Lochan, all in bad shape from exhaustion exposure. RAF Sea King airlifted them out, not having been able to get to plateau in such bad conditions. 180mh.

DECEMBER 27th—Four men avalanched 400 feet from near the top of *No. 3 Gully*. One injured (spiked through knee by crampon) and stretchered down to tracked vehicle. Others had cuts and bruises. Windslab avalanche. There had been no windslab at foot of gully, generally good snow conditions. Lochaber MRT. 20mh.

DECEMBER 31st—Woman (23) on her first winter route fell 800 feet from Carn Mor Dearg Arête into Coire Leis. Fatal. Good snow conditions. Gale. No crampons. No helmet. Party of four (with one instructor) had been well spaced and going from CMD to top of Abseil Posts. Girl was third. Instructor and second man stopped to rope up where the arête narrows. Fourth man caught up but there was no sign of the girl. Stretchered to CIC Hut then airlifted by RAF Wessex. RAF Kinloss MRT. 60mh. Lochaber 12mh.

GLENCOE

JANUARY 15th—Previous weather is important. A lot of spindrift in E. corries of the Grey Coires (not too far from Glencoe) on 13th January created a very unstable top windslab soft layer on 14th with freezing level 1,700 feet. East wind on 15th. On 15th two men swept down 200 feet in avalanche at ref. 145542 just below summit of Bidean nam Bian. One sustained a bruised back, a third went for aid. Glencoe MRT.

JANUARY 25th—Man's body found below the W. Face of Aonach Dubh near the foot of a small waterfall. Died from crushed chest. Search initiated from a windscreen note. Glencoe MRT.

FEBRUARY 18th to 19th (search on 19th)—Sron na Lairig (above Lairig Eilde) ref. 164534. Man killed by 100-foot fall from slip on icy rock. Glencoe and Lochaber MRT's. RAF Leuchars helicopter. Six SARDA dogs. 80mh.

FEBRUARY 20th—Man walking on ice-covered ridge of Bidean nam Bian without crampons slipped and fell 300 feet down snow slope. Broken leg. Glencoe MRT.

MARCH 5th—Call-out for two climbers descending by an alternative route (Gleann Fhaolain) into Glen Etive from Stob Coire nam Beith in adverse weather. False alarm. Glencoe MRT.

MARCH 8th—Three climbers traversing snow slope to descend *Curved Ridge* of Buachaille Etive Mor when two were avalanched for 250 feet. Glencoe MRT.

MARCH 14th—Girl fell 300 feet. Uninjured. Walking on hard snow without crampons. Stob Coire nam Beith. Lost.

APRIL 8th—Good weather. Man glissading *Broad Gully*, Tob Coire na Lochan fell 350 feet, suffering bruising. He called up for his two female companions to help him and they both fell down too. (Unroped) suffering bruising, grazing, nose and ankle fractures. Glencoe MRT.

APRIL 12th—Party of five males climbing *Crowberry Gully* of Buachaille Etive Mor without crampons, axes or ropes. One was killed when he slipped and fell 1,000 feet. Glencoe MRT.

MAY 14th—Man climbing snow face on Stob Coire nam Beith. Slipped when 30 feet below cornice. Fatal fall of 400 feet. Glencoe MRT.

MAY 28th—Three males overtaken by darkness in *Clachaig Gully* on long rock climb. Benighted. Glencoe MRT.

MAY 31st—Unroped party of two climbing *Clachaig Gully*. Man slipped and fell 30 feet fracturing clavicle and spraining ankle. Glencoe MRT.

MAY 31st—Hillwalker (male?) slipped and fell several hundred feet on rocky ground. Fatal. Sgurr na h'Ulaidh. Glencoe MRT.

AUGUST 1st—Coire na Tulaich, Buachaille Etive Mor. Walker descending stumbled over a rock which fell on his leg breaking it in two places. Glencoe MRT.

AUGUST 5th—Male fell on scree on Clachaig Rock, Sgòr nam Fiannaidh. Head and leg injuries. Glencoe MRT.

SEPTEMBER 26th—Descent from Aonach Eagach into Glencoe between Meall Dearg and Stob Coire Lèith by 'Stone Shoot.' Woman (with a companion) fell 100 feet on scree and was concussioned. Glencoe MRT.

OCTOBER 21st—A hillwalker's rucksack bumped against a rock outcrop when he was descending a steep slope on Stob Coire nan Lochan. Overbalanced and fell 100 feet. Head and back injuries. Glencoe MRT.

NB—*Buachaille Etive Mor incidents are included with Glencoe traditionally, although the mountain is wholly in Glen Etive and should be included with 'Other Central Highlands.'*

OTHER CENTRAL HIGHLANDS

JANUARY 7th—Ben Alder area. Two of three youths became exhausted and sheltered in a bothy while the third went to Dalwhinnie for help. Serious frostbite (the coldest night for years). RAF helicopter and local doctor.

FEBRUARY 15th—Party of three swept down *Raeburn's Gully*, Creag Meaghaidh by an avalanche. Climbing instructor (34) (Welsh centre) broke his ankle. Airlifted by RAF Wessex. Note the other incidents on the same day.

FEBRUARY 15th—Man fell 500 feet on Am Bodach, Mamore Forest. His body was found at midnight and recovered next day. Lochaber MRT.

JUNE 8th—Party of two females cragfast on West Face of Sron na Creise, Black Mount, when descending. Glencoe MRT.

JULY 16th—Creag Dubh, Newtonmore. Man slipped when setting abseil. Serious head injuries. Police and ambulance. 2mh.

CAIRNGORMS

JANUARY 13th to 21st—Experienced hillwalker (m41) found dead, buried in an open slope, slab avalanche on 21st January, with only one hand protruding above hard-packed debris. NN966755 north slopes of Beinn a'Ghlo (Meall a'Mhuirich) above Glen Tilt. He had left home on 13th January intending to return 17th January. Searches lasted from 18th to 21st January. Tayside Police and Civilian MRT's, RAF Kinloss and RAF Leuchars MRT's and helicopters, tracked vehicles, SARDA dogs, Grampian and Northern Police, Rannoch School, Cairngorm, Glenmore Lodge, Strathclyde Police MRT's. 1,424mh.

JANUARY 26th to 27th—Services party of three men (37, 33, 26) went wrong at Luibeg Bridge in dark after coming off Ben Macdui. Found their own way to Linn of Dee but went via White Bridge! Initial search and teams alerted. Grampian Police, Braemar and RAF Kinloss. 14mh.

FEBRUARY 13th—Experienced hillgoer (42) slipped on good snow, climbing *Easy Gully*, Winter Coire of Driesh, Glen Clova. Fell 100 feet and broke his wrist and ankle. Rescue by RAF helicopter. Tayside MRT's. 48mh.

FEBRUARY 24th—Leader (25) fell 30 feet from 2nd pitch of *West Gully*, Lochnagar. Two ice screw runners held, as did the wire chock belay of his second man, but a crampon caught on an ice ledge fracturing a fibula. Help summoned by red flare. Second went to phone at Spittal of Glen Muick and back to *West Gully* in 2¼ hours! Airlifted out by RAF. Grampian Police, Braemar and RAF Leuchars MRT's. 80mh.

FEBRUARY 27th—Leader (23) fell from the cornice of *Raeburn's Gully*, Lochnagar, after being photographed from above cutting through the cornice. His second (23) was belayed 50 feet below to a Dead Man but this pulled out and both men fell to the foot of the gully, sustaining rib and other injuries. One walked out and the other was stretchered to a Snow Trac. Grampian Police, Braemar MRT's, RAF helicopter. 130mh.

MARCH 8th—Hillwalker (m24) evacuated by road from Luibeg Bothy after doing Braeriach Horseshoe with two nights in bothy and tent. Exhaustion. Grampian Police MRT. 2mh.

- APRIL 7th to 8th—Solo man (42) lost on Sròn na Lairig, Braeriach, due to lack of compass. Survived severe weather in the lee of a rock. Found by teams. Night operation. RAF helicopter, Cairngorm MRT, Glenmore and RAF MRT's, SARDA. 88mh.
- APRIL 10th—Youth (13) twisted ankle. Day outing with two others on Auchterhouse Hill, Sidlaw Hills. Tayside Police MRT.
- APRIL 18th—Hang glider pilot seriously injured by crash on Meall Gorm, Glen Shee. RAF helicopter rescue. Non mountaineering.
- APRIL 18th—Climber (18) abseiled a short way down *West Gully*, Lochnagar, and retrieved a karabiner from a sling, which he had seen from the summit plateau. He could not climb back up, even after his companion had moved the abseil rope to an apparently easier route. After about three hours he said he was getting tired and would climb down. He abseiled to the bottom of the rope, walked about 25 feet down the snow-filled gully, then fell about 700 feet total. Wearing trainers (boots in rucksack). No helmet. No axe. Very severe injuries. Evacuated by RAF helicopter. Aberdeen, Braemar, Grampian Police MRT's. 87mh.
- MAY 9th—Walker (29) sprained his ankle descending near the burn outflowing from Lochan nan Eun, Lochnagar. Airlifted by RAF. Braemar and Grampian Police MRT's. 13mh.
- MAY 18th—Injured climber on Lochnagar evacuated by RAF helicopter. Aberdeen MRT.
- JUNE 13th—Two walkers from a large party on Ben Avon, went to Inchroary instead of Loch Builg. Turned up safe. Aberdeen, Braemar, Grampian Police MRT's. 50mh.
- JUNE 14th—False alarm. Search for geologists near Loch Brandy, Clova.
- JUNE 16th—School party incident. Sliding on a snow patch in Coire an Lochain. Minor head injuries. Glenmore Lodge MRT. RAF helicopter.
- JULY 16th—Walker with broken leg evacuated by RAF helicopter from Shelter Stone area. Glenmore Lodge MRT.
- JULY 21st—Four schoolboys on a Lairig Ghru expedition camping with short stages. One (16) was ill on third day at Allt a'Choire Mhoir. Dehydration and hypoglycaemia. Rescued by Argocat and Landrover. Braemar and Grampian Police MRT's. 104mh.
- SEPTEMBER 14th—Hillwalker (52) broke her ankle on a path near Luibeg Bridge. Grampian Police MRT. 2mh.
- OCTOBER 4th to 5th—Solo man (59) overdue from S to N Lairig Ghru crossing. Found safe in Sinclair Hut. Could not cross a burn. Braemar, Cairngorm, Grampian Police MRT's. 36mh.
- OCTOBER 9th—Hillwalker (2) slipped on rock slab descending Lurcher's Crag into Lairig Ghru fracturing skull and lumbar spine. His companion gave an uncertain location, so a dog and team search was required at night on steep ground. Airlifted by RAF Sea King. Cairngorm, Glenmore, RAF Kinloss MRT's.
- OCTOBER 16th to 17th—Overnight stretcher rescue of two (of three) Venture Scouts, both girls aged 16, suffering from exposure in Upper Glen Callater, Braemar. In rain, wind and mist they had crossed Jock's Road from Glen Doll in a larger party carrying tents (not poles) and sleeping bags, but only polythene bivvy bags had been used. Casualties were found wearing only wet sweaters and trousers. Braemar, Grampian Police, RAF Leuchars, Tayside MRT's. 183mh.
- OCTOBER 22nd to 23rd—Two hillwalkers missing (male and female). Fell in river and ruined torch. Located by SARDA in early hours at N. end of Lairig Ghru. Glenmore Lodge MRT.
- NOVEMBER 21st—Woman walker (25) fatigued and fell in water of Allt an Dubh loch. Walked out with her party, but overdue. Aberdeen, Braemar and Grampian Police. 11mh.

DECEMBER 12th – Leader (24) of a rope of three fell off the top pitch of an ice pitch in Winter Coire of Driesh, Glen Clova. Second (26) was 25 feet below, belayed to a rock piton which failed to hold. All three men fell about 300 feet. Second fell on to rock (fatal). His helmet had fallen down the climb just before the accident, and although he had head injuries he died of internal injuries. Others fell on snow. Leader had shock and third man (23) a broken ankle. All three airlifted by two RAF Leuchars Wessex helicopters. Tayside and Police MRT's.

DECEMBER 22nd to 23rd – Two novice youths (both 18) lost in Coire Raibert, survived a calm, cold night in a hole. Only one was fit to leave the hole at first light. He was found by an RAF Sea King, which he directed to rescue his companion who had hypothermia (core temp 19°C) and frostbitten toes. They had left Cairngorm Car Park at mid-day, so the plan to go to Loch Avon and back that afternoon was over-ambitious. Cairngorm, Glenmore Lodge, RAF Kinloss, Aberdeen, Braemar, Grampian Police MRT's. 296mh.

DECEMBER 31st – Man (24) with two companions tripped over a crampon when descending the S. flank of Braeriach above the Garbh Choire Bothy. Died during rescue. Evacuation by RAF Sea King. Braemar, Cairngorm, Glenmore Lodge MRT's. 57mh.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS

JANUARY 30th – Party of ten left planned route due to bad weather and descended East Face Meall nan Tarmachan. Youth (15) slipped on steep, wet grass. Fell 50 feet. Broke leg. Stretchered off. Killin MRT. 24mh.

FEBRUARY 4th – Two men abandoned plan due to bad weather and descended NW Face Stuc a'Chroin. They had left ice-axes and crampons in car! When scrambling down mixed rock and snow, one (25) fell 150 feet and broke his leg. Lowered and stretchered off. Killin MRT. 114mh.

FEBRUARY 13th – Party of ten left planned route due to bad weather and descended East Face Meall nan Tarmachan. Deep snow. Woman (27) fell 15 feet over a rock face suffering slight injuries. Helicoptered out. Killin MRT. 48mh.

FEBRUARY 25th – Search for two men (47, 22) separated on S. Peak of The Cobbler. Found own way back. Dumbarton Police and Arrochar MRT's. 18mh.

FEBRUARY 26th – Two male CB enthusiasts wanted their aerals to be on a high vantage point, so they camped on Ben Cleugh summit. At 02.00 their tent was blown down in a blizzard. Radio distress call received by a motorist. Inadequate gear. Suffered slight exposure. Rescued by Ochils MRT. 36mh.

MARCH 7th – Experienced hillwalker (male 41) slipped on snow in rain and wind, died from a fall of 600 feet, over an edge when walking with two friends on Stuc a'Chroin. Airlift by RAF Wessex.

MARCH 7th – Man (37) fell on W. Side of Ben Vorlich, on wet grass. Broken ankle. Stretchered off.

APRIL 12th – Man (41) fell when descending(?) Meall Garbh, Ben Lawers, with a companion. Fatal. RAF helicopter evacuation.

APRIL 14th – Party of three descending NE Ridge of Ben More. Woman (67) without axe or crampons slipped on snow/ice and fell 100 feet. Injuries slight. Airlifted off. Killin MRT. 24mh.

JUNE 2nd – Man (70) died of heart attack on W. side of Ben Vorlich. RAF helicopter evacuation.

JUNE 12th to 13th – Good weather search along tops of Campsie for a party of six boys (12 to 16) overtaken by darkness (*in June!*) and slept out at a low level, failing to phone in. Lomond and Dumbarton Police MRT's. 298mh.

JUNE 13th – Man (47) with illness rescued by RAF helicopter. Walking from Lochgoilhead to Coileasan. Dumbarton Police and Arrochar MRT's. 34mh.

JUNE 17th – Woman (49) slipped on grass on SE Ridge of The Cobbler (well below the climbs). Fractured tibia and fibula. Stretchered off. Dumbarton Police and Arrochar MRT's. 44mh.

- JULY 6th—Body of man found by Army personnel on exercise, SE Ridge of Beinn Narnain, had been missing since 19th October, 1981. Cause of death not stated. Recovered by Army helicopter next day. Dumbarton Police MRT. 4mh.
- JULY 28th—Camper (male 18) collecting firewood on a crag. Handhold came away and he fell 20 feet injuring a leg. Campsites above Lennoxtown. Dumbarton Police and Lomond MRT's. 22mh.
- JULY 31st—Man (27) in town wear cragfast near top of a loose and dangerous 250ft crag. (Craig Foot Crag, Aberfoyle). Good weather. Rescued by walking him off at top, using fixed rope and Prusik sling. Lomond MRT. 30mh.
- AUGUST 6th to 7th—Night and day search for experienced hillwalker (58) crossing Dumbarton Muir. He was found by an RAF helicopter near Burncrooks Reservoir, dead from a heart attack. Dumbarton Police and Lomond MRT's. 252mh.
- AUGUST 16th—Confirmed positive sightings of red flares on Ben Cruachan. Party found which denied all knowledge. Oban Police MRT. 20mh.
- AUGUST 26th—Overnight camping expedition on Ben Ledi. Party of ten. Boy (12) slipped on grass on E. Face, receiving cuts. Stretchered off. Killin MRT. 24mh.
- SEPTEMBER 1st—Hillwalker (male 66) died of heart attack on summit of Cnoc Coinnich (2,497 feet). Stretchered off by Arrochar MRT.
- SEPTEMBER 6th—Hillwalker (male 58) died of a heart attack on Allt Sugach path, Arrochar setting out for Beinn Narnain.
- SEPTEMBER 11th—Girl (14) walking on Ben Lomond with a large school party slipped and broke her ankle. Lomond MRT. 36mh.
- SEPTEMBER 17th—Party of three scrambling unroped up *Great Gully* on E. Face of N. Peak, The Cobbler—not really a summer route. A moss handhold gave way! Man (22) fell 20 feet and broke ankle. Stretcher lower and carry by Dumbarton Police and Arrochar MRT's. 36mh.
- SEPTEMBER 18th—Illness. Woman (21) collapsed 900 feet below summit of Schiehallion. Stretchered off by Rannoch School MRT.
- SEPTEMBER 19th to 20th—Twenty-four TA soldiers on night exercise on Ben Lawers became exhausted in storm conditions. Rescued by RAF helicopter. Non-mountaineering.
- SEPTEMBER 25th—Woman (24) slipped on steep grass in good weather, breaking her leg. Shooting party. Stretchered off. South side of Meall Dhuin Croisg, Glen Lochay. Killin MRT. 10mh.
- OCTOBER 31st—Girl (16) stretchered down from a track on Ben Venue, Trossachs, suffering from exhaustion/exposure. Unconscious for 45 min. Competitor in a *Sunday Post* organised hill climb (Yomp) the route of which went to over 2,000 feet. Rain, heavy at times. Cloud base 500 feet. Enough wind to make it cold. Over 400 competitors on the 14-mile route. Lomond MRT, SARDA, TA Paras. 59mh.
- DECEMBER 28th to 29th—Party of four (male 24, 20, 19; female 17) cragfast on icy rocks in darkness near the summit of Stuc a'Chroin. Assisted down peak by ground searchers. Good weather(?) Killin, Tayside Police and RAF MRT's, RAF helicopter. 77mh.
- DECEMBER 31st to JANUARY 1st—Youth (18) in difficulty descending steep snow on SE Face Stob Coire and Lochain (a top of Stobinian). Crampons had been left in valley! Companion went for help taking torch down, and gave location in the NE Coire, so first night search was unsuccessful. Found next day suffering from exposure. Bivvy bag had blown away but he had plenty of gear except over-trousers. Lowered down slope, walked to bealach, then airlifted by RAF Wessex. Killin and RAF Stafford MRT's. 141mh.

SKYE

- APRIL 6th – One schoolboy (13) of a group, cragfast on sea cliffs near Uig. Cliff rescue by HM Coastguard. 18mh.
- MAY 15th – Woman (21) descending track in mist, down main ridge of Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. She was ahead of a male friend and used her hands on a large slab of rock to slide over it. She was killed when the rock came away, fell on her and sent her 600 feet down the mountain. Airlift by RAF. Skye MRT. 11mh.
- MAY 20th – Leader (46) on *King's Chimney*, Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. Fell off the wet rock, pulling out a block runner from a crack, and so fell 30 feet, fracturing his skull. Airlifted by RAF. Skye MRT. 123mh.
- JUNE 2nd – Boy (11) separated from his parents in good weather hillwalking on Marsco, Red Cuillin, ignoring calls to stay with them. Probably got lost and was killed by falling 350 feet down a gully on N. Ridge. Found by RAF helicopter and airlifted out. Skye MRT. 110mh.
- JUNE 9th – Hillwalker (29) seriously injured when she was struck on the head by a rock dislodged by one of her two companions. *The Table*, Quirang, North Skye. Stretchered out. Skye MRT. 18mh.
- JULY 27th – Photographer (46) attempting to get a picture of a rare tree, climbed beyond his capability and got cragfast on Càrn Mor (above the narrow Elgol to Camasunary coast path). Rescued by cliff lower. Very hot weather. Skye MRT. 48mh.
- SEPTEMBER 11th – Walker (21) took short cut across a rocky slope and fell 180 feet to his death. Near the end of the low peninsula south of Loch Brittle. Helicopter evacuation. Skye MRT. 31mh.
- SEPTEMBER 26th – Man (65) abseiling down *Inaccessible Pinnacle* of Sgurr Dearg, fell 10 feet when belay failed. Fractured pelvis. Stretcher carry and RAF airlift. Skye MRT. 167mh.
- DECEMBER 7th – Ill-equipped male walker (23) slipped on ice and fell down steep, icy slope for 200 feet. Injuries to wrist, ankle, head, kidneys.

ISLANDS (ARRAN)

- FEBRUARY 19th to 21st – Search of Arran foreshore for a boy (11) drowned from a rowing dinghy. Arran MRT. 30mh. Non-mountaineering.
- MAY 16th – Hazardous rescue of a man (26) who fell over the edge of a quarry in darkness. Multiple injuries. Arran MRT. 2 mh. Non-mountaineering.

SOUTHERN UPLANDS

- JUNE 7th – Hillwalker (21) injured leg when climbing fence with heavy rucksack on his back. Near Lamb Hill Bothy, Cheviots, 803129. Stretchered out. Border SRU. (Scottish or English statistics – *depends on which side of fence he fell off!*).
- JUNE 26th – Two parties of four CCF girls overdue in bad weather on a Lammernmuir Hills expedition. SARDA, Police, Lothian, Tweed Valley MRT's, RAF Wessex helicopter. 48mh.

IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE BAILLIE

GEORGE BAILLIE died suddenly on June 27th, 1982 at the age of seventy-six after a full and happy life. Like many, he came to the hills through the Scout Movement, being an assistant scoutmaster (and piping instructor) to the troop attached to Queens Park West Church. He joined the J.M.C.S. towards the end of the war and the Club in 1954.

He was Salvationist in the true mould and though very reticent and quiet in manner, he was a good and reliable companion on the hills in all weathers. In the days of the SMC/JMCS 'bus meets he was a familiar figure, together with his wife and her small dog, at all times of year.

He wrote occasional articles for local newspapers and was a great advocate for the use of snow-shoes, in the use of which he was something of an expert.

His interests were many; after he retired as manager of the Shawlands branch of the Savings Bank of Glasgow, he became very keen on golf. He died only a matter of weeks before he and Elizabeth were due to celebrate their Golden Wedding. To her, we offer our very real sympathy in her loss.

R.R.S.H.

BEN HORSBURGH

With the death of BEN HORSBURGH in 1976 the Club lost a most popular member. In the twenties he took to doing long distance walks, for example, down the Great Glen and through the outer islands from Lewis down to Barra. He gradually gravitated to Munro-bagging, summer and winter, including some of the standard rock-climbs on the mainland and Skye. He finished the Munros in the sixties. He had a bright personality and was much in demand for his renderings of Scottish songs and his reciting of poems by Burns and Service.

G.G.E.

A. G. HUTCHISON

ARCHIE HUTCHISON died suddenly on 26th February 1983, less than six weeks short of his 80th birthday. Born in Glasgow he attended Kelvinside Academy before going to Sedburgh. It was there that he met 'Bobbie' Woodhouse, the physics master, who introduced him to rock climbing in the Lake District. He became an apprentice engineer at Fairfield Shipyard in 1921 and that summer began what was to become almost a habit. When work stopped at 12 noon on Saturday we got home, changed and by mid-afternoon were on our way to Arrochar on bicycles. There our tent was pitched by the Sugach Burn. On the Sunday we would climb the Cobbler or Narnain before cycling home to Glasgow to be ready for work at eight on Monday morning. In 1922 he became a member of the S.M.C. and for many years was a regular attender at Meets.

Glasgow Fair holidays were mostly spent climbing in Glen Coe, on Ben Nevis or in Skye. He reached the top of every peak in the Cuillins but never quite managed a non-stop traverse. During the 1925 Fair holiday we went to the Bernese Oberland with Arthur Rusk. In the 1975 number of the *Journal* Archie tells how Rusk 'was bursting with a new idea—a new mountaineering club.' That

idea produced the J.M.C.S. During the next few months Arthur was active in Edinburgh and Archie in Glasgow and the new club was formed. The first meet was held at the Narnain Boulder on 30th August 1925, and since then the J.M.C.S. has gone from strength to strength.

After completing his time at Fairfield, Archie was employed as works engineer by James Marshall, the firm that produced Farola and other cereals. He worked for them through the years when Clydeside was bombed by enemy aircraft in the Second World War. It was in 1952 that he took the courageous step of giving up a secure post and devoting his whole life to the work of Moral Re-Armament. This took him to widely different parts of the world—Switzerland, India and the U.S.A. In these places his thoughtfulness for others combined with a good sense of humour won him many friends. He is survived by his wife and their five daughters who share many happy memories of their husband and father.

R.N.R.

PERCY E. MACFARLANE

Those of us who attended the SMC/JMCS week end bus meets after the war will remember PERCY MACFARLANE as a frequent attendee, silvery haired and fresh complexioned. At the Friday night winter lectures he master-minded the projector, and was always good for a bright quip. It was my good fortune to spend many happy days and summer holidays with him. Behind his always good humour was a quiet determination.

Although not a rock climber, he loved a scramble in summer and winter, but his main interest was just to be among the hills. Sadly he was denied the high tops in his 50's by a heart condition, which diverted his interests to golf and less strenuous pursuits.

A Committee member from 1953-56, and Assistant Secretary from 1955-59, he also acted as distribution manager for the Journal for 13 years, ending in 1962.

I have a memory of him at Loch Etchachan, stripped to the buff, enroute to the Shelter Stone, on a weekend when the high tops were at their best and he was at peace with the world. His was a happy nature, and those who knew him well will miss him much.

His association with the Club meant much to him, and his services to it were gladly given.

I.D.McN.

GERRY SMITH

1983 was marred by the death of GERRY SMITH on Ben Nevis. Gerry had a close association with the Inverness section of the JMCS and it is one of their members who writes:—

'Gerry was instrumental in the re-forming of the Inverness section and remained one of its leading activists until his premature death. For a long time climbing had been a major part of Gerry's life, reflected by the numerous hard Scottish climbs he had done. What he would ultimately have achieved must remain conjecture; but he did have many climbing ambitions still to be fulfilled.

For a long time to come the section, and whole club, will remember his drive and enthusiasm for the hills and also for the development of the group.'

and another personal tribute

Gerry,

Remember that time on 'Yo Yo' when I forgot my rock boots? Its crazy but I'm sure we had more fun with one pair of boots between two. Ironical really - I was the organised one, you were so unreliable! And what about 'The Bat' - hot sun, endless dry rock; you and me out there with our dreams. We ran down the hill like kids, when it was done, sad yet elated.

How come you always smiled when things got tough? 'Minus One Buttress Direct' in winter - you laughed when I was gripped and made it easy.

They weren't just climbs we did together, they were bonds; bonds of experience and happiness, of love for the mountains that killed you.

Just a couple of months before the end we'd talked of the Himalayas, the big hills. We'd have done it together - no problem. Laughing all the way.

I'll miss you.

G.E.L.

It is with regret we record the death of ANGUS M. SMITH. A memorial notice will appear in the next issue.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB

Easter Meet 1982 - Ullapool

AFTER many years we returned to Ullapool for the Easter Meet which was based at the Caledonian Hotel and attended by 22 members and 6 guests.

The weather was good. The following ascents were reported: - Seana Bhraigh, Eididh nan Clach Geala, Ceann Garbh, Meall nan Ceapraichean, Beinn Dearg, Cona Mheall, Meall a' Chrasgaidh, Sgurr nan Clach Geala, Sgurr nan Each, Ben More Coigach, Cul Mor, Cul Beag and Quinag.

Present were: *Members* - T. B. Fleming, R. G. Folkard, C. C. Gorrie, J. M. Hartog, J. N. Ledingham, R. C. S. Low, J. R. Marshall, H. H. Mills, M. Morrison, W. Myles, I. D. McNicol, K. Macrae, D. H. McPherson, T. Nicholson, I. H. Ogilvie, D. Piggott, G. S. Roger, C. R. Steven, W. T. Taylor, I. Walker, G. Ward and C. Warren and *guests* - R. Allen (A.C.), J. Broadfoot, N. Hetherington, P. Myles, J. Nicholson and O. Turnbull (A.C.).

It was a very enjoyable and successful meet and we thank the Manager and his staff for looking after us all so well.

G.S.R.

New Year Meet 1983 - Bridge of Orchy

THE New Year Meet held at Bridge of Orchy Hotel was attended by 12 members and 4 guests.

The weather was somewhat rough with strong winds. The following ascents were reported: - Beinn Dorain, Stob Ghabhar, Stob a' Choire Odhair, Beinn Odhar and Meall a' Bhuiridh on skis.

Present were: - *Members* - President Slessor, H. Brown, S. Cousins, B. Fleming, N. Ledingham, H. Mills, W. Myles, I. Ogilvie, G. Roger, D. Scott, I. Smart and D. McPherson and *guests* - I. Cumming (J.M.C.S.), C. Knowles, J. Broadfoot and E. Sondheimer (A.C.). Others who called in were Chris Bonington, Robin Campbell and Bill Wallace.

It was a very enjoyable meet. The President piped in the New Year and set a good example for 1983 by climbing the Upper Couloir of Stob Ghabhar with Iain Smart. Our thanks to Mr Bisset and Mr Sutherland and the staff at the hotel for looking after us so well.

G.S.R.

C.I.C.Meets Winter 1982/83

THESE winter weekend meets continue to be as successful as ever. This is confirmed by the attendance figures for the six meets spanning December to March. These attracted 70 members and 18 guests in total.

February provided the best ice conditions for a decade, and as a result the Ben was under assault by an army of aspiring combatants, including many from across the Channel. With this pressure on the precipices members had to resort to early starts. 6 a.m. departure was needed to enable prior claim on your route. Most of the major routes received ascents and all are virtually now classics.

The tragic death of Gerry Smith, while descending *North East Buttress*, after completing an ascent of *Minus Two Gully* came as a cloud to all of us. (See In Memoriam).

Today's climbing standards may be higher but the above accident emphasises the risks involved, and no one is safe until level ground is reached.

D.F.L.

Reception 1982

A RELATIVELY quiet occasion only about seventy people attending at the Golden Lion Hotel in Stirling. In a departure from the usual slide-show the 'Entertainment' consisted of short films. Both of these had some pretensions to be more than merely amateur in presentation. One was an eminently forgettable display of ego polishing concerning an expedition to the Baltoro Towers. The other was of more direct interest, being based on Robin Smith's seminal article in the 1960 *Journal*. 'The Bat and the Wicked' (incidentally, it's shameful that a Club Circular should label it 'The Bat and the Wicket,' almost as bad as the Combe Gully that has appeared in the CIC Log Book in recent years).

Although the business of this reporter is not film criticism, this was well received despite the erasing of Dick Holt's part in the initial exploration of the route. A nice attempt at a period piece. However, the choice of this film may have contributed to the relatively poor attendance, especially by younger members, as it had previously been shown in Edinburgh.

The buffet supper was excellent and the Reception again provided an appreciated opportunity to meet fellow Club members and their, in many cases, more socially vivacious wives.

A.G.M. and Dinner

THE 94th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the Coylumbridge Hotel on 4th December, 1982 under the Chairmanship of Neil Quinn and was attended by about 60 members. As the following Dinner was attended by over a hundred people and the weather that day was pretty foul, a certain lack of dedication to Club affairs may be indicated. Those who attended witnessed a fairly standard example of the Club A.G.M. with several hares being started, run round in circles at great length and then eventually being allowed to escape the nets of resolution and action.

The reports showed the Club to be in good financial health although membership remains fairly static. An interesting issue arose during the report of the Publications Sub-Committee. Ron Hockey suggested that many of the route names on Creag Dubh of Newtonmore were such that publication in Club Guides might leave us open to prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act. As we have been publishing routes of 'prurient appellation' for several years this seems unlikely, but the principle was worth debating. A degree of warmth was apparent on both sides of the question but the eventual consensus was that we could do little about past cases but that we should gently discourage future first ascensionists from a permanent recording of their youthful(?) obsessions.

Other topics generating heat were the continuing problem of the National Trust for Scotland vis a vis the Unna Rules and the possibility of the military acquiring Knoydart. Both these topics illustrate the way in which the Club is becoming more aware that matters outside its own immediate concerns are impinging on Members' activities.

Members' activities also emerged, for some forgotten reason, when a senior member, suspecting that Modern Youth was becoming insular, asked for a show of hands by those that had been in the Alps in 1982. He appeared surprised by the resulting thicket of upraised arms. (If he had asked for a show on Greenland or Alaska or Yosemite he would have got a response on those too). Maybe we are still, in some ways, a mountaineering club.

The 1983 Dinner venue was announced as the Grosvenor Hotel in Glasgow, which having a facade which is a reconstruction of burnt-down Victorian stonework in modern glass fibre reinforced concrete, may have a message for us all.

After an interval for refreshment and contemplation of the passing scene in the hotel foyer we eventually went in to what was to prove a long and hot occasion. Enjoyment of a fairly good meal was spoiled by slow service and an inadequate ventilation system. Neil Quinn making his final address of his Presidential stint commented on the emergence of conservation as an active issue during his Presidency and also gently deplored the stability in the numbers of Club members at a time when the number of people engaged in mountaineering is increasing.

This year's rendering of the Club Song was notable for Robin Campbell's elaborate and tasteful piano work. (Much to be preferred to his harmonica version at 4.35 a.m. next morning, although the alternative lyrics might have made an interesting contribution to the debate on salacious route names). This was followed by an addition to the normal programme when Jamie Stormonth Darling, retiring Director of the National Trust for Scotland addressed the Club. In the course of a, necessarily, largely historical discourse he pointed out the links of common personalities who had served both the Club and the NTS from the latter's beginnings even although the SMC was not formally represented on the NTS council till 1949. He also commented on the way in which poverty and lack of communications within Highland communities generated political pressures for 'development' which was, in many cases, at odds with a conservationist viewpoint.

Bill Skidmore, paying the penalty for missing a committee meeting, carried out the annual exhortation of the Guests and Kindred Clubs. This was gently and humourously done, perhaps over gently in view of what was to come. The reply was made by a gentleman who will probably prefer to remain anonymous as his continuous stream of salacious jokes(?), although perhaps acceptable in Juvenile mountaineering circles, on this occasion went down as limply as the rubber object that dangled from his sweating fingers.

It was well after midnight before Malcolm Slessor, in accepting the badge of Presidential Office from Neil Quinn, restored our good humour with a brief speech and released us into a cooler and more oxygen-rich atmosphere.

J.M.C.S. REPORTS

Edinburgh Section. - 1982 was a year of disappointment. Membership remained low and a reasonable programme of meets was supported by only a small hard core of people. As ever, the most successful meet was the week meet in May, held once again at Carnmore where in spite of indifferent weather, some reasonable climbing was achieved. The summer programme of midweek and Sunday outings continued and was generally well attended. Fortunately this downward trend appears to have been reversed and with membership on the increase, we look forward to a much more rewarding year.

Work on Jock Spot's the Section hut at Newtonmore, has proceeded slowly but steadily. The property is now weathertight and lockfast and we hope to continue with further interior work and a necessary extension this year, once some frustrating delays over planning consent are resolved.

The annual dinner was a quiet affair at the Coshieville Hotel near Aberfeldy. However, the traditional New Year festivities at the Smiddy were well attended and in good spirit.

Office Bearers—*President*, K. McCulloch; *Vice-President*, F. Fotheringham; *Treasurer*, N. Grant; *Hon. Secretary*, J. R. R. Fowler, 4 Belgrave Terrace, Edinburgh.

Glasgow Section.—The Glasgow Section has enjoyed an active year despite the non-appearance of the 1981/82 winter. Visits were made to Ben Nevis, Skye, the Cairngorms, Kintail, Arran, Rhum, Torridon and Glencoe, the weather as ever being the deciding factor in the success of the meets, but by the end of the year the score was about even.

The Coruisk Memorial Hut in Skye has recently been fortified to an almost C.I.C. level of security after the inability of some people to accept that it is neither an open bothy nor a mountain rescue post to which they should have free and easy access. Hopefully the situation will now have resolved itself.

On the social scene the Burns Supper was a great success with over sixty attending. The dinner was, as usual, held in 'The Kinghouse' and the main speech of the evening was given by W. H. Murray, OBE, the honorary member of this section.

The Glasgow Section and the Western District of the S.M.C. continue to have a close working relationship and have again held joint lectures during the winter.

Several members of the section were abroad during the year. Anderson Foster and Mark Garthwaite went looking for that rare combination of sun and hard rock in the Verdon Gorge. Davie McDonald, Hamish Henderson and Peter Hodgkiss enjoyed a spell in the Gran Paradiso National Park.

Dr Alistair McGregor, Neil Marshall and Coll Finlay made up the club's meet to the Yosemite Valley. Despite their full preparations for sun-scorched rock, they encountered one of the worst periods of weather the region has known in a September. Notwithstanding this they managed to climb some notable routes, learned how to avoid bears and even managed to understand the lingo of 'the valley.'

The section has rarely had so many prospective members and the future of the Glasgow Section as a male climbing club looks very secure. Membership stands at around ninety.

Office Bearers—*President*, Jim McLaughlin; *Secretary*, Dick Eddie, 74 Leamington Terrace, Edinburgh EH10 4JU; *Hon. Member*, W. H. Murray; *Hon. President*, Iain McLeod, *Hon. Vice-President*, Peter Hodgkiss; *Vice-President*, Benny Swann; *Treasurer*, Neil Marshall.

Inverness Section.—The summer of '82 was significant for its activity in two quite different areas. There was a lot of enthusiasm on many of the small crags around Inverness with wholesale gardening or even landscaping before some quite good, short, quality routes appeared. The other part was for far flung meets which were all well attended and included a very hot weekend on Arran, a much wetter weekend in North Wales, the Lakes and Skye. Members, as always, have been active in small groups all over the Highlands in between 'official' meets.

The Winter meets didn't get the best of conditions but there continues to be a small group of members who will set off in the face of an appalling forecast and sometimes find forecasts wrong.

The section Journal made its first appearance last September running to 15 pages. Material for the next addition is being gathered for what is hoped will become an annual.

President, Mike Birch, The Gunroom Castlelead, Strathpeffer; *Secretary*, Fin Adams, 66 Perth Road, Inverness.

Lochaber Section.—The club membership has remained stable over the past year at around the 60 level, of which the majority are local.

Outdoor meets are held monthly visiting a wide range of locations in Scotland, as well as occasional forays across the border. The standards in the club vary from beginner to hillwalkers through to rock and snow and ice climbers, as well as covering a broad band of age groups.

This year saw the clubs second Alpine meet in three years when several members camped for two weeks at Ailefroide in the Dauphine.

Major renovation works to the clubs huts at Steall, Glen Nevis are programmed for May 1983 after which it is hoped that the hut will rival the best in Scotland to go with its magnificent surroundings.

Club facilities available to members, besides cheap indoor and outdoor meets, are the free use of the club hut and the club library of mountaineering books, journals and guidebooks.

Office Bearers for 1983—Hon. President, D. Watt; President, N. Hitch; Vice-President, W. Munro; Treasurer, H. Campbell; Secretary, L. Houlker, 3 Treslaig, Fort William (03977-633); Steall Hut Custodian, I. Walker, 12 Grange Terrace, Fort William (0397-3512).

London Section.—Current membership stands at 58, a slight decrease on the previous year. However most of this loss is in the area of vestigial inactive members and in no way reflects any real atrophy.

Weatherwise the year started well, for the South and the mountains were in the grip of winter from the first day. In fact the New Year holiday found many members active amid good snow and ice. Although not lasting the whole winter through, these conditions returned several times and the Whole Club A.G.M. and Dinner weekend hosted by London at Ullswater was also blessed with good weather; brilliant sun and still some snow. The A.G.M. itself was dominated by the constitutional crisis and subsequently, a few weeks later, the President and Secretary made the journey North to the Whole Club Committee meeting at Strathclyde in late April.

During summer, in addition to the normal programme of Welsh based meets, successful gatherings were held on the southern limestones of Swanage and the Wye, nearly all in glorious sunshine. The weather Gods showed their other face however when the Section came North to Skye for an extended meet, to which members were to come and go over a period of a fortnight. It rained almost continuously for the two weeks! The wet followed us back South and went on well into the autumn. That season is traditionally a time when the keener and fittest extend themselves on hard rock, but although a few good routes were done the weather was distinctly damp and unsympathetic right through to the Section A.G.M. at the 'Waterloo' in November.

Involvement in the affairs of the B.M.C. has gone on through active representation on the South East region committee and the features of devolution in the new constitution allowing for participation of areas such as the South East in decisions affecting the mountains remote from the region are due to the J.M.C.S.

No organised meets were held abroad this year, but individuals have climbed in the Himalayas, North America and the Alps. The year has seen the growth of interest in ski mountaineering and it is anticipated that this trend is likely to continue.

Office Bearers—Hon. President, Joe Della Porta; President, Sandy Steele; Vice-President, Robin Watts; Treasurer, David Edmunds; Hon. Secretary, John Turner, 7 Relko Court, Epsom, Surrey (Tel. Epsom 28560); Glanafon Hut Booking Secretary, P. Whitechurch, 20 St. James' Road, Tonbridge Wells, Kent.

Perth Section. — Membership decreased by 3 to 66 and Meet attendance was down slightly on last year. A planned meet to Jura ended in Applecross, not due to bad navigation but, as a result of difficulties with the ferries, the location had to be altered at the last moment. The Annual Dinner was held in May in the Lynwllg Hotel, Aviemore, with accommodation in Milehouse. The Section hosted the local Mountain Mind Quiz which was won by the Grampian Club.

The Joint Annual Lecture with the Perthshire Society of Natural Science was held in the Old Peoples Hall, Perth in January. Irvine Butterfield gave a well illustrated talk on the development of Mountain Shelters in Scotland.

The Annual Meeting was held in Perth in November at which the following office bearers were elected — *Honorary President*, Chris Rudie; *Honorary Vice-President*, David Wares; *Honorary Members*, Walter Pethers, Iain Robertson; *President*, Jeff Banks; *Vice-President*, Bob Ross; *Treasurer*, John Rogers; *Secretary*, Joe Stewart, Flat 1, Duntrune House, Duntrune, Dundee (Tel. Kellas 391).

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

The Alps

D. J. BENNET writes: 'My recent trips to the Alps have not been proper 'seasons' in the accepted sense, but rather short flying and occasional weeks added onto family ski-ing holidays. At the end of August 1981 a long weekend with Bob Peckham (one time of Strathclyde University) saw us at the Albert Helm hut, surely one of the most accessible in Switzerland. The South Ridge of the Gletschhorn proved to be a very enjoyable climb on superb rock, and next day the traverse of the Galenstock (up the south-east ridge, down the north ridge) gave another good, varied route. The traverse of the Portjengrat at Saas Fee two days later did not quite live up to expectations; a long exposed scramble with occasional good pitches, but not nearly as good as the Gletschhorn. After Peckham had returned to his place of work on the shore of Lake Maggiore I walked up the Binntal, over the Offenhorn and down to Alpe Devero on my way back to Italy.

'Another weekend in July 1982 saw us back in Saas Fee, and the Lagginhorn and Nadelhorn were bagged. (No other word seems more apt to describe the ascents of these two easy peaks by their easiest routes).

'In April 1982, with Chris Ford and John Lagoe (FRCC), and also occasionally with Gordon and Susan Mackenzie when they were not way ahead, I skied through the Haute Maurienne from Val d'Isere to Meribel, calling at the Carro, Averole, Fond de l'Aussois and Pecllet-Polset huts, and climbing the Levanna Occidentale, Albaron and the Aiguille de Polset. That was a perfect six-day journey to complete our ski-circumnavigation of the Vanoise, started three years earlier.'

Greenland

STUART SMITH writes 'Ed Jackson and I climbed in a group of mountains bordering the Karole Gletscher north of Angmagssalik on the East Coast of Greenland. We travelled north from Angmagssalik, after several days land-bound by heavy ice, in an inflatable boat in the company of Doug and Andrea Anderson and their child Aurea.

'After a couple of days in the boat Ed and I were deposited ashore while the Anderson's went exploring various Fjords and settlements. Two days walking then ski-ing found us at 'base-camp' and marked the beginning of a period of poor weather. Despite this we climbed an unnamed peak and also had an excellent and very long 'day' climbing *Storebror* by a classic style ridge. The summit views were quite magnificent.



Photo: Donald J. Bennett

Ben Nevis—Tower Ridge, The Eastern Traverse



Photo: Bob Barton

Bhagirathi III and the line of the route
North Ridge is the left skyline

'Various members of the party also had enjoyable days on the 'Munro' style mountains both around Angmagssalik and elsewhere. Generally we were not impressed by the quality of the rock although there did appear to be some notable exceptions.

'Several other parties were also in the region but their reliance on local transport cost them dearly in terms of both time and money. Although the Greenlanders took some quiet amusement from the inflatable it was clearly a great asset to have independent transport.

'We also found that skis were extremely useful on the glaciers, (ours attached to mountaineering boots), especially for travelling during the day when the glaciers were covered with deep snow or slush. Crevasses were not a major problem although Ed did manage to fall into the same one on three separate occasions!

Around the coastline the 'Ecofreak Stove' (see SM CJ 1981 p.174) was rendered unnecessary by the occurrence of large amounts of driftwood which made very satisfactory bonfires.'

[*The whole point of the ecofreak stove is to avoid using up driftwood by having 'bonfires'—Ed.*]

Bhagirathi III showing the line of the route and bivouac sites

1. Brown Tower
2. The Steps
3. Pendulum Ledge
4. Disappointment Bivi
5. Good Ledge
6. Last Ledge
7. Excavated Ledge
8. Shale Ledge

The Himalayas

Scottish Bhagirathi III Expedition Gangotri—This account comes from BOB BARTON and ALLEN FYFFE who together mounted this expedition.

'Our original idea was for a lightweight expedition to the Gangotri region of the Western Garwhal. The actual objective, Bhagirathi III, was given to us by Doug Scott. Permission was obtained from the IMF in 1981 and the peak paid for. The sudden increase in January 1982 of this fee to 7,500Rs was a severe blow to our finances and only the generous grants from the MEF, SIRT and the MC of S allowed us to continue with our plans. Drawing on our experiences on Kalanka in 1978 we planned to take all our equipment with us as accompanied baggage and buy the bulk of our food in Delhi.

To this end Allen flew to India at the end of August to meet our Liaison Officer, visit the IMF and make the necessary purchases. At this time he stayed with Mandip Singh, our LO from 1978, who helped enormously in Delhi and gave us valuable information. Bob arrived a week later and almost immediately we set off by bus to Rishikesh then Uttarkashi. There we bought more food, hired porters and ran into our first problem. Part of the road ahead was missing. This meant we had to hire a bus for our porters and ourselves and carry over the landslide-affected section of about 5kms. After that followed a nightmare journey on one of the two buses trapped on the next section of road. A 35-seater bus that took over 80 passengers plus gear, on a monsoon-swept dirt road at night was probably the most dangerous part of the expedition. This took us to Lanka and the following morning after a short carry and a further 9kms by bus we reached Gangotri, the road-head. We then walked on excellent paths to Bhujbas where we stayed the night at an Ashram and by noon the next day had reached our Base at the head of the meadows at Tapoban.

After a day of rest and organisation an Advanced Base Camp was established on the meadows below B.III. This was about 4 hours from Base across the Gangotri Glacier. A porter was kept on for three days to help with this and Mr Negi, our LO, also assisted. A Snowdon Mouldings Limpet tent was put up here and when sufficiently stocked we moved in. The only problem was the lack of water which had to be carried from the glacier. The next move was to establish a dump below our proposed route up the obvious SW Pillar. Working from photos supplied by Doug Scott our original intention was to follow an obvious gully to below the route. However, we were out much later than when the photos were taken and the snow had gone. We had to work out a route that zig-zagged up slippery shale screes and loose cliffs. The final section of this up a gully to the Brown Tower required a fixed rope. After one carry this rather open bivvi site on the screes was occupied and we could get to grips with the climb. We had decided to follow the left-hand margin of the pillar as it offered what appeared to be a continuous line to the ice-fields and seemed safer from stone-fall than lines to the right which were, however, shorter.

The day we arrived at the Brown Tower we were keen to get to grips with the route to see what it was like. Accordingly we took our gear and began work on the first step. Climbing in shirt-sleeves and rock boots on sun-warmed granite was a pleasant change from load carrying. Two pitches were climbed and the rope left in place. The next day two further pitches took us to the first broken section. The climbing was both free and aid on generally solid clean rock and the broken section was solvable on cracked slabs and big screes. An immediate and varied pitch above this took us onto the ridge where the climbing was easier but much more snowed-up. By re-arranging the ropes only four were needed to cover the seven pitches climbed. On the third day from the Brown Tower two more pitches were added and this used up all our available rope. We were then in the obvious steep recess on the left of the face. That evening as we descended a huge rock-fall raked the right-hand side of the Pillar and confirmed our choice of routes as the safest one.

We then retired to Base and rested for a day then returned to ABC with more food. That evening heavy snowfall began and the next day the storm showed no signs of abating so we retreated to Base across a snow-swept glacier taking twice as long as usual. It was four days before sufficient snow had gone to allow us to return to ABC. The day we left we could see Nick Kekus and Richard Cox on the NE Face of Shivering. It was only when we returned two weeks later that we learned about the accident that had killed Richard.

Back at the Brown Tower the scene was very different. There was much snow everywhere and the screes were heart-breaking. We slipped and scrambled through cold powder overlying the shifting screes under large sacks. The rope in the final gully had been cut by stone-fall 30 feet from one end. Our etrier, jumars and other gear which had been left at the foot of the lowest fixed rope was under about 5 feet of snow. That evening we dug for several hours. That evening it snowed, the next morning we dug again and eventually retrieved everything. The job then was to get our gear to a bivouac site near our high point. We both carried heavy sacks with food and fuel for 12 days and dragged a haul bag weighing about 70lbs. On the steep smooth granite this was hard going, on the broken slabs and scree it was purgatory. After along hard day we reached a site at the start of the second broken step. This we called *The Step* because of its configuration. That afternoon and evening it snowed.

The morning was fine so we returned to our high point and broke up and right from the recess but after two pitches the weather again turned bad. However, Allen abseiled down and right to reach the obvious snow ledge which was a reasonable site. The following day in good weather we moved all our gear to *Pendulum Ledge*. This took two trips because hauling was so difficult and the ropes had to be re-arranged to reach this site. Although limited in size, this turned out to be one of the better places we had to spend the night. Above, the rock was steeper and icier as it lay in the shadow of the Flake Pillar and did not get the sun until noon. Rising at dawn it was usually two hours later before we started moving. We climbed in a conventional fashion but the leader took three ropes. He led on two 50m 9mm ropes and trailed a 45m rope which was fixed at the top of the pitch. The second then jumared and cleared the pitch and carried extra gear and ropes for the next section. Once a bivouac site was found everything was moved up and the ropes and anchors removed. The climbing was now steeper and mostly on aid (up to A3) in heavily iced cracks. Three hard cold pitches took us up then left to gain the obvious open corner and the sun. Again we had evening snow which slowed down the next day's jumaring but two more pitches took us to the top of the Flake Pillar where we had hoped to find a good ledge system. This was not the case so *Disappointment Bivouac* came into being. On return to *Pendulum Ledge* it was found that a stone had torn Allen's bivouac bag and sleeping bag. These were repaired using the first-aid kit.

We moved up and stripped the ropes the following day, the sixth on the face. Two poor ledges about 20 feet apart were constructed and snow for water collected. Fortunately, we had two gas stoves with us which made this separation less inconvenient than normally would be the case. That afternoon we had some good rock-climbing on sun-warmed rock up a vague climbing-line in the steep well above. Three pitches took us to the excellent *Good Ledges* on the left-hand margin of the face. These were occupied the next morning and after the unusual treat of a leisurely lunch we began work on the well above. Again this was in a chimney which gave both aid and free climbing (A3 and VS in parts) and after three pitches took us to a small ledge. As usual it was about dusk when we returned to our bivouac but at least this time it was a good one.

The seventh day saw us up the granite. Three more pitches, the last of which was up stacked flakes perched on the edge of the face, took us onto shale where Bob led a further pitch. This confirmed our fears; it was loose, soft and unpleasant. Only the veins of white granite rock gave any semblance of security. We decided not to push on any further but return to *Last Ledge*, one pitch below

the shale and moved all our gear up from *Good Ledge* to this cramped and exposed spot. The next day we climbed a further pitch up the shale and hacked two ledges out of the rock. It was so soft it could be cut with an axe. Everything was then moved up and we rationalised our equipment. The two 50m ropes were kept as were the Friends, some rock pegs, a few nuts, ice screws and our karabiners. All else was packed in the Forrest Haul Sack and lashed as tight and secure as possible. This was then thrown down the face on the left. After one bounce it fell clear for 2,500 feet before hitting the ice-field and sliding to a stop below the bergschrund. We hoped we could find it again. That afternoon further climbing was prevented by a heavy snow storm but fortunately it cleared by dusk to give a cold, clear night.

The next morning we set off with very heavy packs. We were still carrying a Goretex tent (minus poles) in case of a bad storm plus all our other gear. There was a foot of powder over hard, black ice but fortunately it was not excessively steep and we climbed three pitches each before changing the lead. Ice pegs were used for belays and runners but where possible rock outcrops were utilised. We worked up and left close to the edge of the ice-fields using front-points and curved tools; the second still used jumars as he carried the heavier of the two packs. After seven pitches of this extremely tiring ice work we hit the snow ridge running down from the apex of the wall on our left. This proved easier going and we found a flattening where a pair of ledges could be constructed. True to form it was snowing at *Shale Ledges*.

The last day on the route: a dawn start with cold feet as usual but the snow on the ridge was better than the ice had been. The packs felt enormous and we felt very near the limit of what we could do safely with such heavy weights. Another five pitches and we reached the top at noon finishing up the narrow corniced North Ridge. The summit was not what we had expected, merely a sharp corniced top. We had been assured by several Indian mountaineers that B.III had been climbed several times from the east and that it was an easy snow and glacier face. This was not what we found, with steep faces and ridges in all directions and obvious bad weather fast approaching. After a hurried conference, a look around and some summit photos we started down the North Ridge. Soon the wind rose and heavy blown snow swept the ridge. We tried to keep to the east side to shelter below the cornice but the snow was deep and treacherous there and belays merely illusionary. On the west side the snow was slightly better but exposed to the full force of the storm. We crept cautiously down in poor visibility until dusk when we found a vague trough below the cornice where we could bivouac. This was our worst night with wet sleeping bags and extremely cold feet but at least we got the sun first thing in the morning. Unfortunately this soon turned the snow into porridge. We continued down the ridge to the col then set off down the East Face. This was a series of very steep shale walls separated by wide terraces of fine scree and mud all overlaid by wet snow. Abseils were difficult to set up with poor anchors and the ropes soon began to get stiff with mud and hard to handle. By noon visibility was further reduced by clouds and snow. That day dragged on and on: abseiling, soloing, climbing, always looking for a safe descent until we eventually reached the glacier at dusk after a physically and mentally demanding descent. The worst either of us had ever encountered.

The next day we walked down the east fork of the Chaturangi glacier to Nandanban then on to Topoban and eventually arrived at our Base in the dark after 10 hours of walking. Our feet had suffered badly on the last two days and we had to resort to the use of pain killers on the way back. After two days rest Allen returned to ABC, then to below the face where he found the jettisoned gear which he carried back to ABC. From there with the help of Mr Negi, Bhudi Singh and Malcolm from the Kharchakund expedition everything was returned to Base. The following day Mr Negi left to organise porters; two days later they arrived and returning the way we had come, we reached Delhi on the 20th October and on the 25th we were back in Aviemore, finished.'

REVIEWS

3000 PLUS, A Wallchart of Scottish Peaks over 3000 feet. Designed and drawn by G. D. Henderson. Distributed by the Scottish Mountaineering Trust. Price £2.95.

This map, which is for the wall at home and not the rucksack, is designed for aspiring Munroists who will be able to see at a glance the task that lies ahead of them. Only the important mountains are included; Corbetts and the other irrelevances are ruthlessly ignored.

The cult of Munroölogy flourishes, aided and abetted by the SMCJ, and this map will doubtless become an essential item of Munroquiptment. It might even (heaven forbid) oust the Tables as our top-selling publication. Munros and Tops are all shown, numbered and listed; no excuse for missing any of them, although one might be forgiven for climbing Carn Bhac and thinking it was An Socach. There is the usual crop of Gaelic spelling mistakes, but only a pettifogger would quibble. Presumably they will be corrected at the second printing. Rail travellers will find a few unscheduled changes in our dwindling network.

Enterprising equipment suppliers will no doubt now be preparing the *Compleat Munro-bagger's Gift Pack* for next Christmas: One copy of the Tables, one copy of Mr Henderson's map, 276 red-topped pins, 241 green-topped pins, 44 black-topped pins (for those no longer with us), a large roll of Elastoplast, a packet of glucose tablets and a half-bottle of champagne.

D.J.B.

Classic Walks—Mountains and Moorland Walks in Britain and Ireland—compiled by Ken Wilson and Richard Gilbert. (1982; Diadem, 272 pp., 79 chapters with map. £17.95).

Ken Wilson's big books have rather passed me by. I do not mean my proper omission as a contributor. I mean as a reader.

Once, in Marshalls, whilst the Editor's attention was diverted by an extreme ice-hammer, I peeped round the corners of 'Hard Rock,' palms sweating. Once, in the Editorial villa I found on a small table the more meaningful 'Classic Rock.' After two minutes, it was removed to safety. 'The Big Walks' I had never heard of. 'Cold Climbs,' which I understand to be excellent, still eludes me in the local library. Now, I have this one to review, if in double-quick fashion. The Editor understands all over capabilities and aspirations; sometimes I think he allocates them.

You will understand what kind of book this is when I tell you that of its 269 pictures (154 in colour, 115 in monochrome) no less than 225 are taken in brilliant sunshine, 30 in landscapes dappled with sunshine and scanty cloud shadows, a mere 13 in dull weather, and only 1 where anything damp falls from the skies (a smirr of sleet in Connemara). I almost forgot, one *church interior* may be sunshine or electronic indirect flash. I could not even find a rainbow. I am told that modern cameras and film allow fine pictures in the wildest weather.

When I started through the chapters I happened to use a bookmark a tourist pamphlet, 'A day in the Spey Valley—places to visit, things to do.' Well, how appropriate like you seldom see it.

This is not a book of 'things to remember.' Youth aspiring to our 'less serious mountain and moorland expeditions' would be better advised to buy the necessary O.S. maps and study the austere mysteries of the S.M.C. guide-books. Better buy an ice-axe or a set of Damart underwear for the same price.

Moreover, the memories will be of mild days, over cuppies of tea. Not hard days, over drams. Bell would have grunted. Patey would have parodied.

Notwithstanding, individual contributions (with exceptions like a disappointing Eric Newby) are of a high standard, some by our own pals.

Happy memories were raised by the Pentlands, the Glyders, Hadrian's Wall, Crossing the Cuillin: inspiration too, I suppose. I may never aspire to regard the Isle of Man as a tax-haven but I might, with spare time, go to see the T.T. How pleasant, it seems now, to add the 'spine of old slate hills' and 'the largest water wheel in Europe.'

Overall, very 'Scots Magazine.' However, the lack of guidance on tea-rooms with home-baked scones and home-made jam must not be overlooked.

Thoroughly recommended for Sheltered Housing commonrooms. No Church of Scotland Eventide Home should be without it.

Not for the library of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, though.

J.M.T.

Men on Ice by Andrew Greig (1977; Canongate Publishing, Edinburgh, 51 pp., numerous illustrations, £1.95).

This is an immensely entertaining romantic epic poem written by a member of the Smith-Haston generation—indeed it is dedicated to the latter who is also one of the main symbolic hero figures. The author recounts the progress of his various hero archetypes through the dangerously convoluted intellectual and emotional undergrowth of the valleys until they emerge as survivors in the less complicated regions of snow and ice above the tree line where they more or less sort themselves out. They are helped over various impasses by the Zen Climber materialising as an amicable bear who instructs them in additional uses of old hemp rope. The author has a light touch with some fairly heavy metaphor and a good ear for the double and triple entendre. The digressional autobiographical stories and general disorderly progress of the eponymous party are reminiscent of a somewhat similar embassy in Hogg's *Three Perils of Man*. The book is well produced with some excellently romantic illustrations by James Hutcheson. This little volume is recommended for the attention of the ultramontane literati in the Club who are looking for an intellectual mild severe.

I.H.M.S.

Cold Climbs—The Great Snow and Ice Climbs of the British Isles, compiled by Ken Wilson, David Alcock and John Barry, (Diadem, £17.95).

There is a lot of good . . . no, excellent reading jammed into this historical heavyweight, (280 pp., 3 lbs. avoirdupois) a literary landmark on British winter mountaineering. A long time coming, it measures up to, and—because it is about the climbers and climbs I know personally or by repute—for me surpasses the other 'ice books.'

The introduction does a well-researched job in relating, as it says, a selection of the major events in route development, technique, equipment and communications which have contributed to the current remarkable state of the art. I would also have mentioned the post-war increase in living standards which played a central role in raising climbing standards at all levels; e.g. more time off work, car ownership growth, is no longer a figment of the imagination. Marine grade 4's do not exist on North Sea margins in cold weather. Nor should the translated works of Alpine climbers go unnoted, particularly Buhl, Bonatti and Harrer for the part they played in the historical sequence.

In this regard, one of the most important noted influences in the development has been and remains communications, because climbing is above all a social activity, depending on shared knowledge of others' experiences. The written word from previous men of action and vision still provides a powerful mechanism for inspiring those who choose to climb. That's why the absolutely inexplicable absence of *Komik*, *Pentthowff* and *Crabs*—the illustrious names of sequential issues of the Journal of the Etchachan Club 'men of action and

vision'—is curious, especially when there is no mention of the last named edition in the blank space under the printed heading 'Bibliography,' in the margin of the essay which includes chunks of an article originating in the pages of *Crabs*! Only a public apology will satisfy the 'men of action and vision' from Aberdeen. However, there is no room for parochial, provincial or even national smugness about standards of ability; globe-trotting climbers from different original bases can and do safely climb with each other at the highest standards. This book, itself, contributes to such world-wide development. Yet, methinks a chapter will be closed with its publication, as history confronts us with mass unemployment, falling living standards, slump, bank debts, trade war, leading to amongst other reaction a standstill in climbing standards, a re-emergence of 'Victorian Values' complete with alpenstock . . . until the next great leap forward?

The first impact of the book is, like its sister publications, its photographs—244 of them (no index), 62 in colour not counting the dustcover. They are just as informative as the interwoven text. Indeed, they offer some pointers to untrodden territory. (Thankfully, however, some magnificent cliffs and climbs have escaped the limelight which this book will undoubtedly bestow, and have therefore, hopefully retained some mystery, peace and quiet away from the pilgrims).

Quite naturally, the lion's share of accounted routes belongs to Scotland, from which a wide distribution has been taken—though the choice will always be open to argument. There are no real surprises; most of the routes are already classics attracting out of town climbers. This book will, of course, reinforce the queue at the bottom of these routes. The only answer is to come midweek or explore elsewhere. Say, Wales or the Lakes, which according to the book offers some sport, not unlike our own but a lot nearer the pub. (Maybe that makes them harder).

Readers may well be mildly disappointed that there are not as many different authors as there are routes described. The same names pop up throughout the book. This suggests at first glance that either few can climb at this standard or few can write at this standard or both! I have a sneaky suspicion that all the Scottish contributors are SMC 'men of action and vision' with perhaps one honourable exception, hand picked precisely in order to give (false) credence to this hypothesis. This is 1983, not 1883.

For many readers, similar memories to those recounted will be evoked; all pleasure and no pain is imbibed as the various storytellers unfold their, sometimes hoary, tales. Some not for the first time but they stand retelling. Take the first ascent by the underrated Raeburn of *Green Gully* on the Ben. Recall apprentice days learning to fashion nicks, jugs, pigeon holes, buckets, bollards, whatever was appropriate . . . even when the use of early (somewhat brittle) lobster-claw were commonplace. Not until the revolutionary hooked pick to hang on with was made available (or made at local blackie's), was this ancient regime of step-cutting popularly deposed. Daggers or substitutes were never really successful—with chance exception. Raeburn did indeed prefigure the need for short hand tools on steep climbs, calling for the re-introduction (sic) of the tomahawk-like hatchet kept in the belt when unused.

Or take Grassick's belated but welcome unveiling of *Sticil Face*—how he and Nicol cheated Patey, who 'was not too pleased.' Having made a pact with a certain Oil Man to rendezvous in the Fannichs to specifically make the first ascent of unique Lofty Buttress, having driven Aberdeen-Glasgow Aberdeen-Dundonnell that winter's day and night to arrive on cue, then to 'learn about the coup,' perpetrated ahead of schedule with other 'men of action and vision,' I know what Patey felt like. Unfortunately, I could not 'studiously ignore them for months,' because next day I needed one of them to climb with. (By the way, on *Sticil Face* diagram, *Raeburn's Buttress* is not marked on *Castle Wall* but to the immediate left of *Sticil Face*. And the *Scorpion Start* is not marked but to the right. Still, it helps to maintain the confusion, lest route finding like stepcutting becomes a redundant skill along with all the others these days).

Or take Jerry Smith's tongue-in-cheek write-up with Brooker's splendid photos. I wonder if Smith revealed his etrier for the crux in the same manner as Murray and Bell did with their hush-hush piton on the first ascent? (yes, he did - *Ed*). And Patey's borrowed clothes for the occasion, reminded me of a personal predicament which occurred at Allt-na G. At least he hadn't forgotten his boots. They are quite useful if you want to climb.

But these represent only a glimpse of the tip of the iceberg of thoughts this book will produce for a long time to come . . . until a new phase is opened up with the invention of the elusive winter skyhook for vertical verglas.

There are some girms which are hardly worth mentioning, but I'll mention one or two anyway. The mountain Cairn Gorm is two words, the range is one. The graded list is self-indulgent silly pseudo science and cuts no ice up North.

N. Keir.

Skisters - the Story of Scottish Ski-ing by Myrtle Simpson (Landmark Press).

This has not reached us for review but it was borrowed as it is of some interest to Scottish mountaineers. The origins of ski-ing in Scotland are of course rooted in our own Club and the well known names - Naismith, Raeburn, *et al* stud the early pages. It is a pity that accuracy seems to be the victim of enthusiasm for ski-ing in this book. The impression given is that the first Scottish mountaineers rarely ventured in the winter hills and that their real exploration had to await the coming of skis! Later the casual reader is left with the idea that the Lomonds were a ski club. Even so, this an entertaining read if only for the old photographs and the familiar faces that leer from the pages.

The activities in the 'thirties and early post war years are chronicled, as is the piecemeal development of mechanical uplift years later. As in most historical accounts, events telescope drastically toward the end but the multi faceted nature of modern ski-ing interests is brought out, even if their almost universal commercialism is muted.

Perhaps nothing brings home how far the bulk of modern ski-ing has shifted from its original underlying philosophy than to read that entry qualifications for the Scottish Ski Club once required at least five different ski tours each of 15 miles distance and 3,000 ft of ascent or more, to be carried out successfully by the aspirant.

W.D.B.

Mountaineering - The Freedom of the Hills, Fourth Edition. (The Seattle Mountaineers, 1982 - Cordee £9.95).

This is a 500 page compendium of all you need to know for the mountains. Well almost - there are no hints on how to deal with the angry disturbed gamekeeper in these pages. Not surprisingly there is a North American emphasis but the bulk of the technical content is applicable everywhere and appears to be up to date. Explanations and descriptions are sometimes (to a European) almost tediously detailed but they are enlivened by innumerable illustrations of engaging little action men, usually with big boots and bone-domes just like the squads of instructed juveniles that one occasionally sees on our own domestic outcrops. However, this probably the best manual around and includes much useful information on first aid, food requirements, equipment, comparative grading systems, mountain geology, etc, etc, which cannot be found elsewhere under one cover. A notable and peculiar omission which will be regretted by some and welcomed by others, is of any ski mountaineering or ski touring. I was unable to find the word 'ski' used anywhere and 'skier' only once!

W.D.B.

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Snowdonia Rock Climbs—by Paul Williams (1982, Extreme Books & Design, £6.95).

Both Paul Williams's new selected guide and the revised and reissued Ron James are designed for the occasional visitor who wishes to avoid the expense of buying the more exhaustive Climbers' Club guides. Since the Scottish Climber is usually an infrequent visitor to Wales, both because of the distance and the attractions of large quantities of Scottish rock, the two guides are obviously in direct competition for his custom. In fact, there seems to be little doubt that Williams's guide, attractively produced and of a relatively pocketable size, will replace James, initially because it has the appeal of the new but also because its author is a contemporary climber whose approach is in tune with that of his audience.

However, Williams's guide has more concrete advantages; it describes more routes overall and gives better coverage of the more popular areas such as Llanberis Pass, Tremadog and notably Gogarth where Williams describes sixty two routes in detail—some seventeen per cent of the total in the book. One of the best features of the guide is its photo-diagrams which are clearly photographed and a very useful asset to anyone trying to find his way through the maze of 'start twenty feet right of . . . ' on an unfamiliar crag. It is possible, as it is with any new guide, to find errors, for example, some of the abbreviations which appear in the text have not found their way into the list at the start of the book, but in general this is an informative, clear guidebook. It is only sad that it has the modern vice to go with its modern virtues, namely that wit and ambiguities that make Ron James entertaining reading are mostly absent.

G.P.M.

Mountains of the Pyrenees by Kev Reynolds (Cicerone Press. 150 pp., numerous illustrations, no price shown).

This book is intended primarily for those who already know the Pyrenees and agree with the author that the range is not a second rate substitute for the Alps but is, in its own right's, a fine and exceptionally varied area of impressive mountains and splendid valleys. Difficult snow and ice climbing is available only in winter, but apart from that the Pyrenees have something for everyone from the hard rock climber to the mountain tramper. Peace and quiet can still be found there more easily than in most European mountains of such quality and, according to the author, who devotes an interesting appendix to the subject, the flora of the Pyrenees is 'incomparably richer than in any other mountain area in Europe.'

Kev Reynolds has written the first connected historical account in English of Pyrenean climbers and climbing. He starts by introducing us to the pioneers—from Ramond, the Rousseau-esque scientist of the late 18th Century, to the brothers Ravier, the rock climbing tigers of today, and including among more orthodox figures the eccentric Count Henry Russell who excavated seven grottos high up on the Vignemale where he would live for weeks on end and entertain visitors wearing evening dress! Thereafter the emphasis falls on the climbing: dividing the range into five areas he outlines the mountaineering history of each, enriching his account with maps, photographs—not very well reproduced—and quotations from early climbers, the more welcome as their writings are not easily accessible elsewhere.

Newcomers to the Pyrenees will turn to the appendix that contains in small compass much useful information on centres, huts, guidebooks, maps and articles that have appeared in club journals. The author has doubts whether he should thus be making it easier for every Tom, Dick and Harry to enter his favourite solitudes but, cautioning them to tread softly, he opens the door to them. There is a glossary of Pyrenean terms, better for the French than for the Spanish side and a bibliography of works published in English which will keep the reader busy for a long time.

B.S.F.

Pembroke 1981 by Littlejohn & Harber, **Supplement to the above 1982** by Harber & de Montjoye, (Climbers' Club, £5.50 and £1.45).

South Pembroke has emerged over the last three years as one of the major rock climbing areas in Britain. The Guide situation kept up with the incredible pace of development with an excellent Guide in 1981 and a 1982 Supplement which the Climbers' Club is to be congratulated upon as the importance of these cliffs cannot be over stated.

North Pembroke is also covered in the Guide, but those of us from the North seeking climbing early or late in the year will find the South coast most attractive. Due to its exposure to South-west storms, the coastline is very striking with great zawns, caves and arches cut from the limestone. Climbing is often to be had in sheltered south facing bays. Numerous cliffs are tidal, and this can present a problem, though parts of St. Govans, Trevallen Cliff and Stennis Head are not.

I strongly recommend anyone to visit this superb coastline and make use of the excellent Guide for it is only by use that the quality of the Guide becomes obvious.

M.H.

Journals of Kindred Clubs

M.A.M. Journal 1981/82. - The Journal begins with 16 historical pages which are, no doubt, of great value to members of the UBMC and MAM.

Thereafter, interest waxes and wanes, with articles, some good and others indifferent. The going is a little tricky in places where the numbering of the pages is somewhat unorthodox.

J.C.D.

The Climbers' Club Journal, 1981 and 1982. Apart from the gummed binding which means that these journals begin to fall apart on the second read, these are impressive publications. Each consists of 160 pages, mainly of shortish articles but with the usual pieces of poetry, reviews, occasional humorous notes and some attractive pen and ink drawings. There are also no fewer than 54 pages of photographs in each journal compared with our own paltry count of 7. The emphasis is heavily on rock climbing, some of it historical but mainly modern - and hard. Here and there your reviewer found himself well out of his intellectual depth, as when he encountered 'rockclimbing's quintessential paradigm case' in 'Zen in the Art of Climbing.' However, don't be put off, the CCJ is an excellent read if you can get to it before it falls to pieces.

W.D.B.

The Rucksack Club Journal 1981 Sixty pages, and an hour of pleasant reading. Dedicated climbers will probably find Tim Leach's article 'Climbs in Alaska,' dealing with two difficult ascents, the most interesting. However, the Rucksack Club have varied interests, and there are also articles on caving, travel in Iceland and Ladakh and midwinter igloo-building on the Scottish mountains. All good, clean fun.

D.J.B.

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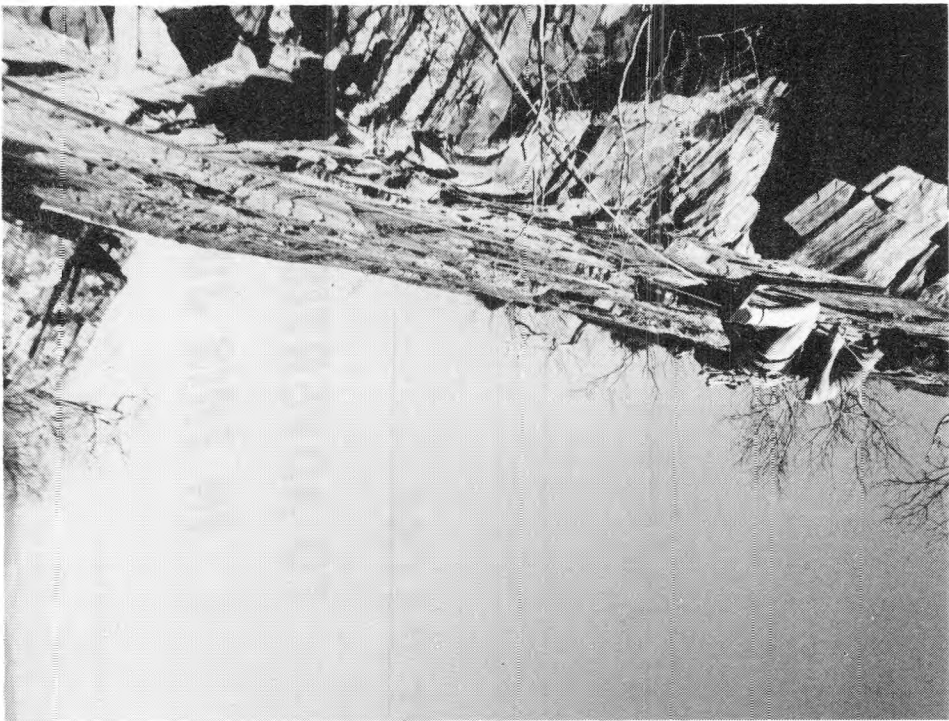


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