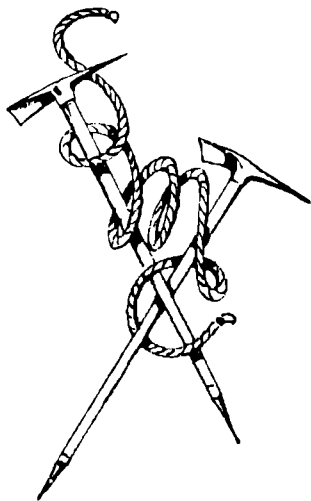


THE SCOTTISH
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THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

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FRANK SIDNEY GOGGS
(Hon. Editor, 1909-20)

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XVI.

APRIL 1921.

No. 91.

FRANK SIDNEY GOGGS,

HONORARY EDITOR, 1909-20.

(*An Appreciation.*)

YOU would hardly have thought that F. S. Goggs, our good Editor, who has just demitted office, had been piloting the Club *Journal* for eleven years. For myself, I find it difficult to believe that it is so long since William Douglas retired to honourable repose. We have been like some jolly Continental glacier party, all on one rope. Douglas gave over the lead, and Goggs came forward so nobly to his footsteps, kicked the snow and cut the ice so diligently, that we, who followed in the clean substantial holds, lost sight of the nervous energy, anxious care, and unremitting toil constantly exercised in front, accepting it all as a matter of course. There was never any doubt in our minds that our *Journal* would be published timeously and up to standard, no matter what fate might find for the kindred clubs. We were never disappointed.

Following the example set by the historical and now almost mythical author of the Club song, Goggs has ever striven to make the *Journal* pre-eminent amongst its contemporaries as the chief exponent of purely national mountaineering. In this aim he has had the full sympathy of the Club, and we can reflect with satisfaction how successful he has been in maintaining the individuality

of our own special publication. In the leader's place he has been a tower of strength and a pillar of reliability, and his followers were supremely content. Now he has asked relief from his duties of office, and sadly we must let him go in his turn, and put our trust in a new leader in whom our hopes and our confidence are centred for the future.

Look back on these eleven years! They have encompassed some of the most trying days of our lives. Years when mountaineering as a sport seemed to dwindle to an illusive memory of happy days far beyond recall. It was only the periodic coming of the *Journal* that nourished this memory, and kept it alive against the dawning of such time as we might, once more, have leisure to draw breath and look around us on the realms of sport. For a while it looked as though that time might never come. Yet Goggs and his ceaseless labours triumphed in the end.

Under what difficulties he did his work we shall never know. Though an exile from his adopted land, he laboured for us with a heart as full of the love of the Scottish hills as any clansman's, and a pen perhaps the more fervent owing to his enforced absence.

There, under the shadows of some cornice on Ludgate Hill, he still wheedled, badgered, aye, and bullied articles out of members labouring under the multitudinous demands of a nation at war, merely asserting that, if they were working eighteen hours a day, he was working twenty-four. He will tell you that he has been loyally supported by the Club throughout the period of his office, but we know that he has had to work for that support with the sweat of his brow, otherwise there would not have been any *Journal*, and without a *Journal* the Club itself would have tottered.

His active blue pencil was a safeguard, not only against any chance glint of information which might have been of use to the enemy, but also against any lapse from decorum which, through the crudity of an age of strife, might have crept into hurried writing under the thin veiled guise of humour. Biblical references

likely to offend the ultra sedate were censored with a ruthless chalk, and broad humour, if noticed, was treated with a like severity.

How much we owe to Goggs we can never tell. Look back over these five volumes—all high standard work and superbly illustrated. Look at his delicately handled “Memorial Number,” and remember at the same time how, with the muttering rumble of increasing costs ever at his ear, he was handicapped by lack of funds. Remember these things, and say if you do not feel a pride in having such a man as a fellow-member and a friend.

Widely travelled, with a knowledge of the world, and an insatiable love of the mountains, he has rendered the Club great service as Custodian of Slides, as Librarian, and finally by these eleven years of Editorship. Surely now, as he passes on his pen to another, not because he is tired of his labour, for it has been ever one of love, but because he sadly realises that the Editor must live in the heart of the Club's activities, meeting daily those members whose mouthpiece to the public it is his privilege and pride to be, we can ask him to accept an expression of thanks as cordial as it is unanimous. He has had one motto throughout all these years, “For the Club's benefit,” and he has acted up to it all the time. May good fortune be his.

THE HON. SECRETARY.

THE DUBHS AND SGURR ALAISDAIR FROM
CORUISK.

BY J. H. BELL.

THIS is one of the finest mountain tours in Scotland, but until the much desired hut is set up in Coruisk it must be a long day. It can best be done as a traverse between Sligachan and Brittle, but in August last year all the accommodation at Brittle was booked, and our party from Sligachan had to look forward to the return over the Bealach a Mhaim at the end of the day.

The last account in the *Journal* of a traverse of the Dubhs from Coruisk ended with the description of a wet and dark night spent on a ledge on the slabs of Corrie Grundha. The story of the "Unseen Corrie" makes very good reading, but the authors were prepared to admit that their night out will remain as a warning against starting at 10.30 A.M. for this tour, and then, despite the late start, spending much time photographing Coruisk.

We were virtuous enough to be up for a seven o'clock start, but, as the sequel will show, even that was not soon enough to bring us home in daylight. For that perhaps the fact that we were rather slow on the rocks was partly the cause. We were a party of three—Dr Lüscher of Berne, Captain Cuthbertson of Annan, and myself. Dr Lüscher is an expert climber who, in the course of a first visit to Skye, had in three weeks been on all the peaks of the main Cuillin ridge, except Sgurr Dubh na Dabheinn, and had besides made solitary ascents of some of the hardest climbs in the Cuillin, such as the Black Chimney on Sgurr nan Gilleann and the third pinnacle from Bhasteir Coire. In him we had a first-rate leader. Cuthbertson, though keen, had done no climbing until July of this year, and I had done very little serious climbing and few long expeditions for many years.

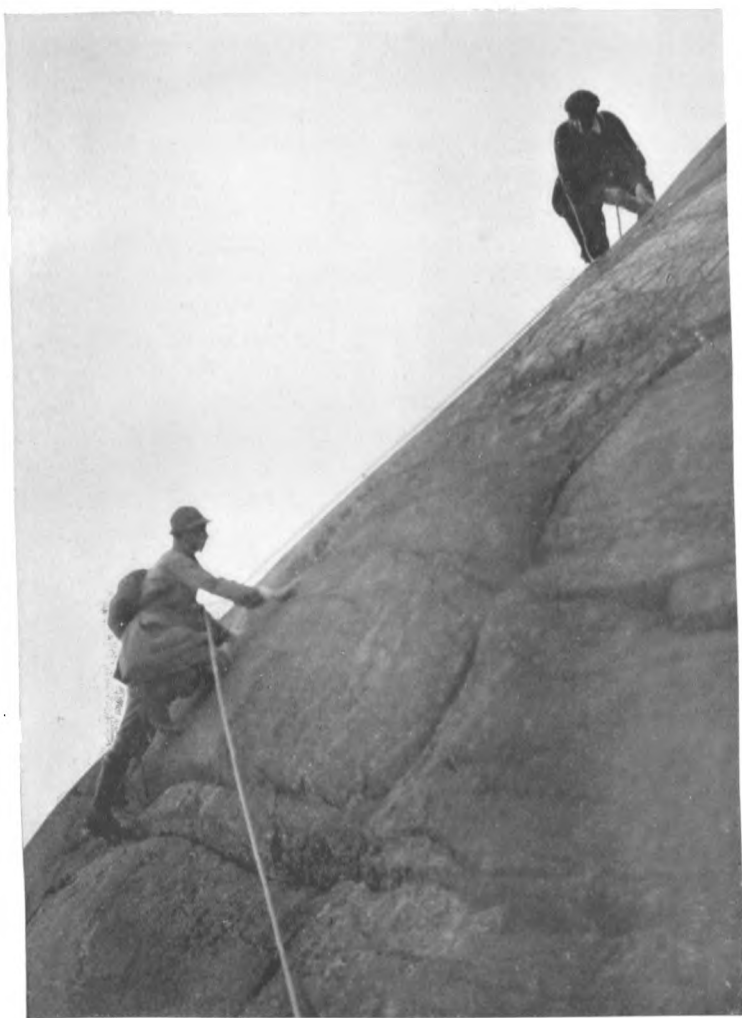
The weather of August at Sligachan had been very broken, so that when, on the 18th, the wind went into the north, we thought we should take the chance for a long day among the South Cuillin. The expedition over the Dubhs to Alaisdair or the round of Corrie Lagan were discussed as perhaps the two finest ridge walks in Skye. We decided for the first, as it made a round tour from Sligachan, would give Cuthbertson an opportunity of seeing Coruisk, and would take Dr Lüscher over the only section of the main ridge he had not covered, namely, that from Sgurr Dubh na Dabheinn to Alaisdair.

When we were ready to start at 7 A.M. on the 19th, though the north wind was still blowing, it was driving heavy showers before it up Glen Sligachan. Patches of blue in the sky and the direction of the wind were, however, quite enough for the fishermen to assure us that it was our day and not theirs. They were quite certain that there would be no weight of rain to fill the burns for them. So after waiting to allow one particularly violent shower to pass up the glen, we set off in its wake at 7.15 A.M. On the way up Glen Sligachan several more showers caught us up, and the last of the day fell just as we reached the shore of Coruisk at the foot of the Allt a Choire Riabhach. I had been twice before at Coruisk, but never had I seen it to such advantage. A black cloud, which was not too dense to hide the form of the hills and driving rain, gave the wild scene all that sombre and gloomy grandeur for which it is famous. Then within ten minutes the north wind had blown the cloud away, the Loch was sparkling blue, and the rain-washed cliffs glistened in the sun, while a rainbow spanned exactly over Coruisk from Dubh to Druim nan Ramh. Cuthbertson was highly favoured. He might have come to Coruisk a hundred times without seeing it to such perfection in its two aspects—its beauty and its grandeur—and here, on his first visit, he had seen both within ten minutes.

After a very short halt under a rock while the shower passed we walked on to the south end of the loch and crossed the Scavaig river, and then continued up the west

side of the loch as far as the stream—nameless in the 6-inch Ordnance Map—which flows between Meall na Cuilce and Sgurr Dubh Beag. We reached the stream at 10.45, three and a half hours from Sligachan, and there had a second breakfast at a very pleasant spot out of the wind and in the sun. At 11.30 we packed up and started for the ascent of Sgurr Dubh Beag, by the long slabby ridge which falls from the summit in one sweep to the shore of Coruisk. The angle is not very great, but it is sufficient to make the ascent by the ridge one which would be quite impossible on most kinds of rock. The rough texture of the gabbro, however, gives such a good grip that the slabs can be ascended without serious difficulty. In the lower part, where the slabs are steepest, they would, I think, be awkward to descend as, in order to get as much friction as possible, it is necessary to plant the flat of the foot on the rock. This would not be easy to do while preserving the balance and facing outwards on a descent.

On the south side of the ridge are steep broken rocks above Garbh Choire, intersected by several grassy rakes. We gained the ridge by the lowest grassy rake and a steep chimney of magnificent gabbro at its head. Further up, above the lower and steeper part of the ridge and at a place where one of the higher grassy rakes joins the ridge, we came upon a good sized cairn. This may indicate the best way off in a descent by way of the rake. On the other hand it may have been built at the top of a climb out of Garbh Choire. If the builders of the cairn chance to read this, perhaps they will be good enough to send a note to the next issue of the *Journal*. Above the cairn, easy scrambling took us to the top of Sgurr Dubh Beag at 2 P.M. Here we halted for a rest and to enjoy the wonderful panorama. From nowhere else that I know is there a view of mountains and of sea to equal that from the ridges of the South Cuillin. As seen from the foot of Coruisk on a dark day, the impression of the Cuillin is of a uniform sombre tone, but as seen from the summits in sunlight the impression which is deepest is of an extraordinary richness of colour. Perhaps the impression arises partly from the contrast between the dark rocks around one and



1911

J. R. Young

ON THE SLABS OF SGURR DUBH BEAG ABOVE CORUIK

the glittering blue and green of the sea below, with the softer colours of the islands and of the mainland hills beyond fading in the distance into the faintest shades and outlines.

We had this wonderful view before us in changing aspect during the whole of the nine hours which it took us to traverse from Coruisk to Brittle. No doubt the long day and the need for rest had something to do with our frequent halts, but not all. Stronger still was the feeling that such a feast comes but seldom, and must be enjoyed to the full. On leaving the top of Sgurr Dubh Beag we had to turn our attention to the most sensational bit of our climb—the drop on to the ridge to Sgurr Dubh Mhor. Though not such hard work as the “gap,” there is more difficulty in finding the way when taken downwards, even in clear weather. In mist the place would, I think, be very impressive. I would like to quote here the description by the “Humorist” (*Journal*, Vol. XII., p. 79).

“Now in the *S.M.C.J.* it is written that at this place ‘there is a little climb of ten or fifteen feet.’ That was, of course, many years ago, and in those days there were giants in the land. Viewed, however, through the swirling mists, things looked rather serious. First came some ten feet of steep, easy rock, giving access to a broad ledge, which sloped downwards to the left (south). This, at its lower extremity, ended abruptly above an undercut drop, the bottom of which was lost in the mist. At the upper end, however, it was found possible to get down to the right, and then work back under a slight overhang to the top of a difficult gabbro slab, which sloped steeply over into space. Hand-holds at the lower edge, however, made it an easy matter to swing down on to the top of a detached block or pinnacle, which abutted against the cliff face. Here again the direct route was undercut, but a short descent on the right led to a precarious landing, from which it was easy to traverse back to a boulder just above the col. The whole climb is distinctly difficult, judged from a ‘ridge’ standpoint, and although the overhanging bit is only about ‘ten or fifteen feet,’ the trifling fact that this is in the middle of an 80-foot climb gives spice to an otherwise more or less simple descent. There was little in the expressions of the Humorist to connote his title, as he swung down over the gabbro slab on a hitched rope, and the knowledge that more than an hour had been wasted on the ‘little climb’ did not improve matters.”*

* It appears that the direct descent can be avoided by retracing one's steps down the east ridge, and then traversing round on the south face, below the summit.

From the col below Sgurr Dubh Beag a long ridge rises to Sgurr Dubh Mhor. At this time the north wind was rather strong and cold, and to avoid it we followed a series of ledges below the ridge on the steep south face of the mountain. These were quite easy going, and it was delightfully warm in the sun, but the highest ledge ended against some precipitous rocks about 50 feet below the summit, and we had to climb a very steep chimney to avoid retracing our steps. Along the narrow summit ridge of Sgurr Dubh Mhor and on the descent to the col between it and Sgurr Dubh na Dabheinn there is quite a lot of scrambling, and then little more than a walk over Sgurr Dubh na Dabheinn to the steep pitch below the Alaisdair Dubh Gap. The approach from this direction gives one of the finest views of Alaisdair, the monarch of the Cuillin. It is impossible to decide what is a top and what is a separate mountain, but for me Alaisdair is the whole massif from Sgumain to Mhic-Coinnich; and though it is convenient to have separate names for them, the other three tops are but outliers and supporters of the dominating peak, as the domes and aiguilles cluster round Mont Blanc, or the Dru, with its mighty cliff, buttresses the Aiguille Verte.

The pitch below the "gap" is very steep, but by traversing a little to the left round a corner good holds will be found, and then when the angle eases, the ascent of a few feet of loose rock brings one to the top of the short vertical side of the gap. I remembered that in 1896 our party crossing the "gap" in the opposite direction had found considerable difficulty in the ascent of this 25-foot wall.

Going towards Alaisdair as we now were, the descent is made safe and easy by the use of a doubled rope. The doctor as our last man came down in that way, and I also made use of the rope above me, though Cuthbertson managed to climb down without coming on the rope. There is no doubt that the traverse of the "gap" is a good deal easier in this direction, though there is some hard work in getting up the long Alaisdair side. This side is usually called 80 feet high, but that must include the



SGURR DUBH

Norman Collie

shelving piece above the steep part, as there was about 25 feet of our 80-foot rope to spare when our leader was at a good anchorage above all difficulty.

From the "gap" little more than ten minutes was sufficient to take us to the top of Sgurr Alaisdair, which we reached at 7 P.M. Clouds touched the tops of the northern Cuillin from Sgurr nan Gilleann to Mhadaidh, but south of that all was bathed in glorious sunlight. To the west we could see the Outer Hebrides over a strait of bright gold sea, and just below us the green oasis of Glen Brittle looked very peaceful and happy. We wished it were to be our haven for the night, but, as we were bound for Sligachan, we left the summit after all too short a stay, and going back to the top of the "Stone Shoot" made the best of our way down that awful place. Dr Lüscher can go at a tremendous speed downhill, so that we commissioned him to go on in front and ask Nicholson, the gamekeeper at Glen Brittle, whether he could give us tea. We reached Glen Brittle at 8.45, and were met by the doctor with the welcome news that though Nicholson was no longer in Glen Brittle, we were to be entertained to tea in Glen Brittle House.

Despite the fact that the light was rapidly failing, we took an hour to do full justice to the tea, a smoke, and a rest, and at 9.45 set out much fortified for the last stage of our tour. After tramping about three miles along the road we were fortunate in hitting the start of the track over the moor for the Bealach a Mhaim. By this time there was very little light, and it was not long before we lost the track, which even in daylight is not easy to follow on the south side of the Bealach. Dr Lüscher had his Alpine candle lantern with him, and at this point it was got out of the rucksack, fitted together and lighted. By its aid we were protected from stepping into bog holes or falling into streams, but still progress was slow. There seemed to be quite a number of small streams running across our path, and in the darkness we had a knack of coming upon them at places where they ran in small gorges, into which we had to climb carefully down and out again. The night was moonless

and dark but clear overhead, and we could see the dim outline of the hills round Corrie na Creiche, and the dip in the skyline which was the col for which we were aiming.

After about an hour following the lantern we hit upon the better marked part of the path near the stream coming from the col, and soon after that we ran into the big cairn on the south side of the col. It had been plain for some time that our one candle was not going to see us through. On the north side of the col the path is much better defined, and we pushed along it as quickly as we could in the hope of passing the bad places on the path while we still had the light, but the candle ran down too quickly for us, and when our leader estimated that it might burn for five minutes more, he blew it out in order to have some light in reserve should we get into a difficult place. It was then five minutes past twelve, summer time, and we were on the start of the steeper part of the path, about three-quarters of an hour's going from Sligachan in daylight.

We sat down for a smoke and a rest, and then got out the rope and roped together before restarting. The path keeps close by the burn, and in several places one step off the track would be sufficient to send one down steep heather and rocks into the burn. At the worst place there is a vertical drop of about 40 feet from the path straight into a pool at the foot of a waterfall. We knew these places well in daylight, but in the dark we thought the rope a wise precaution and we used it with care, keeping it tight between us so that if anyone did fall over he would be checked at once. In these circumstances the progress was slow. We could not see where we were putting our feet, and stumbles were frequent. We soon found ourselves too far from the burn and off the path. To regain it we turned directly towards the burn, and went very carefully down rather steep ground towards the sound of a waterfall. This brought us on to the path exactly at the worst place. We moved over it one at a time as if we were on a difficult bit of a climb, and all felt some relief when it was behind us.

Perhaps half an hour later, when we hoped that we were getting near Allt Dearg cottage, we saw a square shape against the sky on our left, and made towards it ; but it was only a big stone, and we were off the path once more. About this time we sighted a light in Sligachan, and perhaps it was a tendency to go straight towards the light rather than follow the small meanderings of the path that led us astray again. With patience, however, all things come to an end, and about 1.45 A.M. we came to the real Allt Dearg cottage, and at 2 A.M. were back at Sligachan.

The light which we had seen from the hill was in the drawing-room, and we wondered if anybody was still about in the hotel. As we came round the end of the hotel we saw that there was another light in the hall and the hall door was not locked. Nobody was about, but the drawing-room light had been left as a beacon for us, and somebody had also left part of a bottle of whisky and three glasses on the hall table. At first we thought this, too, had been meant for us, but then we noticed that the glasses had been used. However, at that time in the morning we waived aside that objection, and helped ourselves to a whisky and soda each before locking the hall door, putting out the lights, and turning into bed.

A JUNE NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY WALTER A. SMITH.

*(Reprinted by permission of "The Scotsman" from their
issue of 19th June 1920.)*

THE days were too blazing hot for climbing. From a shady corner one looked with longing eyes, blinking in the fierce sunshine, on the great, massive heights, still with glistening fields of snow in the rocky corries. But as the evening cool came on we left our cottage in the birch wood at 9.30 P.M. The loch below the house was like a sheet of glass, and very, very still. The lower hills on the other side and the trees were clearly reflected in its calm and shining water. We took the old green high road behind the Priest's farm, and round the pine wood to the old stone bridge over the rushing river in the lovely wooded hollow, and then struck up the big glen between the big brown hills, now purpling in the warm sunset glow. At 11 o'clock we reached the gate into the deer forest at the foot of the steep wood ravine of the Red Burn, and slowly climbed up the old path among the pine trees high above the stream, whose cheery and tumultuous rattle reached us from below in the still night air. Another hour found us on the bare hillside above the last of the fir trees at a height of 1,800 feet. A strange and impressive midnight silence was all around. But the light was wonderfully good. The whole sky was brilliantly clear, a few stars were shining brightly, and all round the west and north horizons, opposite where we stood, the wonderful level glow of yellow and purple gold still illuminated the soft clear distances above the rolling outline of the encircling hills. Slowly but surely, and steeply ascending still, first through scanty heather and then over granite boulders and beds of lichen and white gravel scree, we reached a little comparatively level plateau some 700 feet below the summit ridge, and creeping cautiously here, as we were rather in the shadow of the rocky steep side of



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"THE WILD LOCH . . . SOME 2000 FEET BELOW"

J. H. Buchanan

the high hill of the "White Cairn" on our left, we scrambled round through the rocks into the grassy basin below the top of the "Peak of the Winds," the bourne of our endeavour. A great field of snow lay to our right on the slope below the top, and yet the air was not really cold.

The remaining 500 feet of the climb were soon achieved, and shortly after 1 A.M. we sat down on the narrow rocky peak (3,658 feet) to look down the great ribs of black cliff into the tremendous hollow below us on the other side of our hill. So clear it was we could see the water of the wild black loch at the foot of the hollow some 2,000 feet below, and we heard the roar of the waterfalls into the unseen head of the loch. This and the occasional croak of some ptarmigan were the only sounds that broke the solemn silence of the night. And across the deep narrow glen loomed to the east the great mass of "The Speckled Brac" (the third highest hill in Great Britain), with its range of wild and snow-corniced corries, and then, as we gazed across from our ridge in admiring awe at the weird and wonderful scene, a strange and dramatic thing occurred. Suddenly, above the highest of the black cliffs opposite, a bright, small, but increasing light appeared in startling brilliance against the black rock. It was, of course, the rising of the half waning moon. But we did not expect it to appear with such startling and theatrical effect. It slowly climbed into the clear sky and considerably increased our still wonderfully good light as we turned leisurely along and down the long ridge of the Black Sgors to the north.

Gradually, as we descended, between 3 A.M. and 4 A.M., the light increased (it had never been really dark all night; indeed, in the far north-west the red glow of the vanished sun had lingered all the time), and by the time (4.30) we got round to the stony top of the Crag, where the path goes down to the little glen of the boundary-burn, the sun at last rose again in a blaze of red and gold below an azure sky of lovely blue, tinged with delicate faint yellows and purples. We got off the bare hills again, and enjoyed a meagre preliminary breakfast at the familiar lovely spring

beside the great green blaeberry beds at the top of the woods down through which the path leads to the low country. And what a wonderful sight that country was at this early morning hour! The great heat of the previous day, followed by a little ground frost during the night, had caused great level seas of pure white mist to form all along the low grounds. And so the great strath, as far as we could see, from west to east, was for the time transformed to a seeming long and beautiful white lake studded with rising wooded or heathery islands of varying and unusual shape and height. But as the heat of the sun increased, and its warm rays got farther and lower down into the glens, these strange white mantling mists slowly and gradually dissolved, and finally disappeared before we got comfortably home. This we reached by the "Thieves' Road" through the woods to the old Stone Bridge again. We truly enjoyed our breakfast at 8 o'clock. But still more greatly had we enjoyed a most beautiful and memorable night, and with wonderfully little fatigue owing to the delightful coolness and freshness of the glorious mountain air.

THE ISLAND OF HANDA.

BY R. C. PATERSON.

THIS island is probably unknown to many, and it must be confessed that, until recently, the writer's knowledge of it was gathered chiefly from certain entries in Messrs MacBrayne's tourist programme relating to a "Swift Steamer."

Handa is situated outside Scourie Bay, on the west coast of Sutherland, and about 20 miles south of Cape Wrath. The nearest point on the railway to the township of Scourie is Lairg, 44 miles away. We had motored from Invergordon, and at Invershin took the road to Lairg, on the south side of the River Shin, in order to see the Shin Falls, which can only be reached from the lower road. They are situated about four miles from Invershin station, and are close to the road. A narrow and steep path leads directly down to a rock just above the falls, which are about twenty feet in height, and resemble those at Cora Linn, Lanark, although not so wide. The large, deep pool formed below is a favourite one for salmon fishers, and during our half hour there we saw two fish hooked, although neither of them was landed.

From Lairg the road leads successively along the shores of four lochs, through a wild mountainous country, the road surface only permitting an average speed of about 10 miles an hour. Passing along Loch Shin, Ben More Assynt is on the left and Ben Klibreck on our right. Further on, opposite Loch More, are the remarkable blue-grey slopes of Coire Mhic Dhughaill. Later, the prominent mass of Ben Stack is rounded. At Laxford Bridge, some 6 miles from Scourie, the road turns west, twisting by many small lochs amidst stretches of rocky moorland and short heather, very characteristic of this western side of the county.

We arrived at Scourie on Saturday afternoon, and, as we wished to make arrangements for going to Handa, we

interviewed the hotel proprietor on Sunday, not having had an opportunity of doing so on Saturday evening. He, however, refused to discuss any such disgracefully secular matter on the Sabbath, saying that we must wait till Monday morning before any arrangements could be made. It is recorded that, some years ago, a visitor to these parts, upon an occasion when he could not obtain accommodation at an hotel, was offered a room in a cottage for the weekend, on the condition that he spent the whole of Sunday in his bedroom with the blinds down. The hotel at Scourie is a very well run and comfortable one, and good and varied trout fishing is to be had on a large number of lochs, there being as many as twenty-five names on the hotel roster. The deep-sea fishing seems to be phenomenal, and from the stories one hears, the duration of the day's sport is regulated only by the holding capacity of the boat.

To get the best view of Handa, you must hire a fishing-boat, and sail out round the west and north sides, returning by the narrow sound between the island and the mainland. We started on the morning of Monday, 19th July 1920, and a favourable breeze soon took us past the entrance of the Sound to where the cliffs rise sheer out of the sea to a height of over 300 feet. The back swell from these cliffs causes a most unpleasant joggle, which tosses and rolls the boat hither and thither until the northern side of the island is rounded. Just here is situated the Stack of Handa, a solid pillar of rock as high as the cliffs, and about 25 yards square, separated narrowly on all sides from the island itself. Migratory sea birds nest on the Stack in the summer months, and cover the rock in their thousands. They are chiefly puffins, guillemots, and razorbills, though there are many other species, including some fulmar gulls from St Kilda. The fulmar gull was unknown in Handa till about eight years ago. We were able to get our boat quite close to the Stack, and endeavoured to take a photograph, but the movement of the boat was not very conducive to correct manipulation of the camera. We passed on down the east coast of the island into the Sound, and landed at one of the several sandy bays. The island is about a mile square, and affords quite good pasture for



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R. C. Paterson

THE COAST BETWEEN SCOURIE AND HANDA



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R. C. Paterson

THE CLIFFS OF HANDA

a few hundred sheep. No one lives on it, but we were told by our boatmen that the few cottages, now in ruins, were inhabited about eighty years ago. There had been no rain for six weeks, and we crossed dry shod, mounting up gradually over the grassy slopes past three small lochs on the higher ground, till we arrived opposite the Stack.

The highest point on the island, named Sithean, is 406 feet above sea level, and lies to the south-west of the Stack, a short distance back from the edge of the cliffs.

The day had clouded over, but it was still clear to the north-west. We had a very pleasant prospect, over the intervening water, of the various rocky points stretching towards the north, and the hills on the mainland with Foinn Bheinn most prominent. To the west, the view was obscured, but on the previous day, from a hill beside Scourie, the Old Man of Stoer showed up very clearly, with the northern part of the Long Island outlined on the horizon. The view to the south was also hidden, which prevented our seeing Canisp and Suilven or any of the hills round Dundonald and Loch Broom. We spent a long time watching the birds, much amused by the penguin-like struttings of the guillemots and the comical expression of the puffins. Retracing our steps to the place where we had landed, we found that, owing to the rising wind, our boat had been forced to seek the shelter of another bay. By the time we had reached the entrance to the Sound, the wind had attained considerable force, and we were drenched with spray as we made the final long tack which took us back into Scourie Bay.

The Island of Handa is well worth a visit, and we retain very pleasant memories of our interesting day there.

THE MENACE TO RIGHTS-OF-WAY.

BY GEORGE SANG.

WE live in curious times. The old boast that the British Government does nothing by Act of Parliament to limit the liberty of the subject has been suffocated under a mass of oppressive legislation. One day a new idea germinates in the misty lobbies of the "House," and shortly thereafter the unfortunate individual finds he cannot get liquid refreshment, run a motor car, or keep a bee. And the extraordinary thing is that every man takes it all mildly, and without protest submits to limitations and overcharges, as though he were terrified of the democracy he has set up to govern him—as indeed I am inclined to think he is.

Here I come, pestering our long-suffering Editor to let me cry "Wolf, wolf!" from the shelter of his pages. I am convinced, however, that I have a good reason for my scare.

A great scheme is on foot for the utilisation of water power in the Highlands to provide electricity—a scheme which, if successful, will doubtless save our country thousands of pounds, tens of thousands of tons of coal, and bring employment to hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. We welcome it with open arms. Who would not? We even shut our eyes to the fact that certain beauty spots in the heart of our Highland hills will be scarred with ugly embankments and aprons, and rendered unsightly for two or three generations at least. The benefits to come are worth all these sacrifices. We are to have electricity everywhere. Light of a night in country hamlet and cow-byre. Tweed mills by the banks of our mountain streams. A dawn of cleanliness and healthy occupation, all most excellent and fair to dream upon.

The charging stations in connection with this scheme will be located, one at the west end of Loch Rannoch, where the River Ericht falls into the Loch, the other not far from Blair Atholl, on the banks of the Bruar. The

whole scheme is to be carried out in the course of five years at a cost of about £2,000,000, to be supplied by shares or debentures taken by the public in the Grampian Electric Supply Company, which will have compulsory powers to take the lands it needs for its operations, and probably to pay for it in shares of the Company.

The first steps have already been taken by the Company. See the Provisional Order which sets out in detail the intricate operations necessary to collect a head of water sufficient to perform the marvels before alluded to, and more. It is a brain-clogging description of catchwaters, aqueducts, conduits, reservoirs, roads, and sites, murdering the English and the Gaelic languages with equal impartiality.

Let us look, briefly, at the main details of the scheme.

There will be three dams, two at the south-western end and one at the northern end of Loch Eriicht. When these are finished the road from Dalwhinnie to Ben Alder Lodge will probably be submerged, but as a new road is to be made to take its place and another one to the boat houses from the Loch Eriicht Hotel, posterity will be unlikely to complain. The path from what the map calls "Loch Eroch Lodge" to Ben Alder Cottage will also probably disappear, but as it has wellnigh done that already, who is to care? Anyhow, it is all private, and the public have no voice which will be heard from the wilderness.

In like case is the dam across the River Pattack, which, to the mere layman, looks like increasing Loch Pattack to about thrice its present size, and submerging some of the boggy ground which lies at the foot of Ben Alder immediately to the south of the loch. It will also submerge the private road, but another road is to be constructed in its place. It is to be hoped that the public may gain the right of using this charming route from Dalwhinnie to Laggan, down the exquisite folds and reaches of the Pattack, to the woods of Strath Mashie. It is one of Scotland's beauty spots, and one would think that permission to drive over the road would do little harm. Loch Pattack is to be made to change its mind after all these

years, and get rid of its surplus water in the opposite direction.

Loch Cuich is to be increased, and its waters diverted towards the Tromie ; but no one who has trudged up the glen to this loch will care over much what becomes of it.

Loch Garry is to be raised in level. This will flood ground to the south, and probably inundate Duinish. My recollection of Duinish is that such is its chronic condition, and what anyone wants with more water there, is a mystery. The through route from Laganaisgair Cottages and Craiganour Lodge will be cut. I don't suppose many people use this route, and it is not a public right-of-way, so far as I am aware ; also the higher up one keeps, the drier the going, as a general rule, in that district.

Then comes the reservoir at Badnambias House, on the Edendon. Then the extension of Loch an Duin to induce it to flow in the wrong way. Next come a group of reservoirs in the moors to the east of the Edendon Water : one in Glas Choire, somewhat to the north-east of Cam a' Mhurraich ; another just west of Bachd Bàn, on the Allt Dearg ; another on the Allt a Mhuilinn, just to the south-east of Bachd Bàn ; and another on the Allt a Chireacham, between Meall na Maoile and Leac Liath. All these are harmless and, when time has softened the traces of man's handiwork, may even add a touch of beauty to the landscape.

A new reservoir is to be constructed by damming back the Bruar Water just south of Bruar Lodge. This will submerge both the road and the footpath which connect with the through route to Gaick forest and the Tromie. I am told this is a right-of-way. Several people use it as a pleasure excursion from either end.

Loch Mhairc, a lonely tarn to the north-west of Braigh Sron Ghorm (2,882), close to the upper reaches of the Tarf Water, is to be enlarged. So far as the roads to Sronphardraig Lodge and Bruar Lodge are concerned, any encroachment upon them will be made good by the construction of alternatives.

And now I come to the principal cause of my outcry. The Tromie is to be dammed somewhere about the narrows



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LOCH AN T' SEILICH

J. H. Buchanan

to the north of Loch an t' Seilich. Most of us must know the loch well—a little gem, cradled in the south-western Cairngorms. I do not suppose that the apron will eventually do much to spoil the appearance of the glen, and it is even possible that the new Loch an t' Seilich will be a grand and extensive sheet of water. What I do wish to say, and say emphatically, is that if we don't see to it now, the old right-of-way from Tromie Bridge, up the Tromie past Gaick Lodge, over the pass and down the Edendon Water to Dalnacardoch on the Blair Atholl-Dalwhinnie Road, will be cut not only at Gaick, but also by two of the reservoirs already referred to, namely, that at Badnambias House, and the extension of Loch an Duin.

Rights-of-way are chancy things in Scotland. They have got to lead from one place to another. Unlike worms, if one end is cut off they cannot grow another head, but wilt and die. And you have got to keep going over them such a long time if you would germinate them from the lap of privacy.

Section 29 of Provisional Order has the effrontery to claim for the Company the right "to stop up and discontinue for public traffic any footpaths, bridle-paths, drove roads, or other tracks on, over, or across the lands shown on the deposited plans and described in the deposited book of reference, or which will be submerged or affected by the construction of the works by this Order authorised; and upon the stopping up and discontinuance for traffic of the same respectively, the sites and soil thereof respectively shall be by virtue of this Order vested in the Company, so far as they are the owners of the adjoining lands on both sides *free from all public and other rights-of-way* or passage in, over, or affecting the same."

You may say that there is no cause to worry. Things will be put right. If the Company does cut a right-of-way, it will have to make a new one, as was done in the Manchester Water case. It may be, but I refuse to listen to you. If we agitate—and agitate to some purpose—*now*, it may be that we can get Section 29 altered, so as to ensure that the public rights-of-way are *not* affected. In these days there

are many active minorities which make themselves so objectionable at times that we, the great body of the British public, have to suffer for their crankiness. Let us be cranky for a spell, and at least keep our rights.

We must remember that this is only the beginning of what may in the end prove an immense scheme for harnessing all the mountain waters of Scotland for electrical purposes, and it is consequently advisable that the public should be warned of the risks which their ancient privileges may run, if the succeeding Orders are framed with similar clauses to Section 29.

In conclusion, let me say, in no uncertain voice, that we, who have the care of the public's interest in the Scottish hills in our keeping, must take action now. Taking our courage in our hands, we must rise and crush the spirit of Section 29, and its like, so that there shall not be permitted to breed the spawn of the dragon that would rob us of our ancient privileges. If we do not we shall find other Provisional Orders framed and proceeding on similar lines to the one at present under review, and the day will come all too soon when no one will be able to go upon any hill without direct trespass, or the revolting procedure of writing to obtain permission from some all-powerful company. If every member who knows a representative of the House will see that that representative appreciates our standpoint, or will get access to such county councillors as have the matter in hand, and make them understand that the disregard of the public's rights-of-way is a matter not to be lightly dealt with, we shall be on the right path to maintain our privileges, and will, in the end, earn the blessings of all lovers of freedom and the recreative glories of our beloved hills.

In Memoriam.

GEORGE GILBERT RAMSAY.

By the death of George Gilbert Ramsay, who passed away at St Andrews on the 8th March, in his eighty-second year, the Scottish Mountaineering Club has lost a member whose name is interwoven in the very fabric of its history.

Born in 1839, the third son of Sir George Ramsay, ninth Baronet of Bamff, he was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Oxford, and in 1863, when only twenty-four, he was appointed to the Chair of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, thus adding to the lustre of a famous name the tradition of scholarship so firmly established by his uncle, Professor William Ramsay, his predecessor in the same chair. Though of a vigorous frame, he had been for many years before his death in somewhat indifferent health. In 1906 he resigned his chair, but his mind remained alert and, in 1915, he published a translation of the "Histories of Tacitus," while almost to the very end he devoted himself to the study of the Classics. Of a ripe scholarship and with a strong personality, he made a mark in the life of his University which will long be remembered; and the community of Glasgow is indebted to him for much that he did towards a widening and strengthening of its civic life.

It is so long since Ramsay was able to take any part in the proceedings of the Club that to many of the younger members his name can be little more than a tradition; but though absent in person he was ever mindful of it, and his last act in this connection was the cheery message of greeting which he sent to the President on the occasion of the last dinner. Devoted to all manly sports, and especially to climbing, he was elected in 1876 a member of the Alpine Club, of which, it is interesting to note, his brother, Sir James Ramsay, is, though not

an original member, the oldest living member, having been elected in 1859.

As is known, the Scottish Mountaineering Club was founded in 1889, those responsible for its inception being, among others, Professor F. O. Bower, Maylard, Naismith, Gilbert Thomson, and Joseph Gibson Stott—all of whom are still happily with us. When approached on the subject by Maylard and Bower, Ramsay took up the project with enthusiasm, and perhaps no better example can be given of his naturally breezy, entertaining, and attractive way of speaking and writing than by extracting, from the paper he wrote in the *Journal* on "The Formation of the Scottish Mountaineering Club" (Vol. IV., p. 73), the account, in his own words, of his first introduction to, and association with, the Club:—

"It was on a gloomy, foggy morning in the last week of January 1889 when I had just finished my morning lecture—I had perhaps been telling my class that Horace had blundered in calling the hill behind his Sabine farm *Lucretilis*; that he probably had no idea and didn't care what its name really was; and that I was quite sure he had never climbed a hill in his life—that I was informed that a gentleman was waiting to see me in my retiring room. 'A deputation,' I thought, 'wanting me to give a lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association, or to take the chair at an anti-Disestablishment meeting!' To my pleasure I found Mr Maylard and a friend. They asked me, 'Had I seen the letters in the *Herald*?' 'Alas!' I replied, 'yes, yes; far too many of them; more letters than ever, and written in worse English than ever. But on what subject? Has the *Herald* been attacking the University with more than its wonted vivacity?' (We could think of nothing but University Bills in those days.) 'Oh, no,' says Mr Maylard; 'about forming a Scottish Alpine Club.' This was indeed a delightful surprise, and then I heard the whole story of what had happened."

This paper of Ramsay's should be read, marked, and inwardly digested by every mountaineer, and by every one who aspires to be a mountaineer, for in it is contained, in language worthy of the subject, the very gospel of mountaineering. In this article a graceful tribute is paid to Professor Veitch, who was a personal friend, as was also Hugh Munro. These three were the first three Presidents of the Club, and all are gone. Each in his particular sphere was instrumental in creating the Club

as it at present exists, but to none is due a greater meed of praise than to George Gilbert Ramsay, our first President.

Even prior to the formation of the Club there were many mountain climbers, as there are still many who owe no allegiance to the Club; but there was no recognition of climbing in Scotland as a definite form of sport, and there is no doubt that the formation of the Club gave it an impetus and a cohesion which had hitherto been lacking. Leaving Skye out of account—and Skye as a climbing centre was then more or less unknown—the alleged necessity of ropes and axes to make the ascent of the Scottish mountains was looked upon as rather childish, while those who made winter ascents were apt to be classed as mere freaks. Under these conditions, Ramsay was essentially the man. He brought to his work unbounded enthusiasm and the courage of his opinions, a passionate devotion to his native mountains, a ready wit, a strong sense of humour, and a cultured intellect.

For many years Ramsay regularly attended the dinners, and even if not “billed” for an address he was sure to make an impromptu speech. Throughout the evening his hearty laugh would ring through the room, shaming the feebler noises of fork and spoon and the clatter of plates. As an after-dinner speaker he will be remembered by all who were privileged to hear him, and to those who were present at the First Annual Dinner, in 1889, his Inaugural Address was an inspiration.

Though a graduate in the school of Alpine climbing, his sympathies were wide; and though doubtless a disciple of the “Ultramontanes,” he was not without a strong leaven of “Salvationism,” and he was as ready to take to his heart a true lover of the hills, who yet would have quailed at the prospect of having to climb the “Cat’s Nick,” as one in whom familiarity had bred contempt, and who had learned to regard the Matterhorn as merely “an easy climb for a lady.”

Of the Meets, too, he was a pretty constant frequenter in the early days, and his cheery presence was always

welcomed on the hills, as in the smoke-room after dinner. I am not sure—and the information is not available to me at the moment—whether he was at the First Official Meet which was held at the Crook Inn, Peeblesshire, near the home of our second President, Professor Veitch ; but I know that he was at the First Meet in the Highlands, in 1891, at Dalmally. “Snug Dalmally”—the casket of so many happy mountain memories !

At the Annual Meetings, whether in the chair or “from the floor of the house,” he was sure to add something of interest to the matters under discussion, and to those of the baser sort his friendly wrangles with Hugh Munro were a source of pure delight. They were neighbours in their country homes, and fast friends ; but they were both born fighters.

There are many members of the Club who have done it yeoman service—service greater, perhaps, than any which Ramsay rendered ; and since his day the field of the Club's operations has immensely widened, and its achievements have increased. But Ramsay came to it at the time of its inception, bringing to it, as I have already said, a great enthusiasm ; a gift of eloquence ; a shrewd wit—caustic at times ; a wide knowledge of affairs, of places, and of men ; and a cultured intellect. Of all these gifts to himself he gave lavishly to others, and it is very certain that the position which the Scottish Mountaineering Club now holds must have been a gratification in his declining days to one who did so much to shape its fortunes.

And now he has passed to the great beyond. He died beside the “many sounding sea,” but his body rests in Glenisla, among the hills which he had loved so well.

T. F. C.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE meeting was held in the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, on Friday, 3rd December, the President, Mr W. N. Ling, being in the chair. The Secretary read the minutes of last Annual General Meeting, which were approved and signed.

THE HON. TREASURER made a report on the financial position of the Club with reference to the statement annexed to the notice calling the meeting. He explained that the accounts were more elaborate this year, because they had included in them, over and above the ordinary business of the Club, the results of the publication and sale of the "Guide-Book," Section E, and the money ingathered for the War Memorial. He mentioned that the cost of the last had now been fully met, and that the "Guide-Book" had virtually paid its expenses. Things had been economically managed this year, and he saw little hope of materially reducing expenses, except by cutting down the cost of the *Journal*, a course which did not appeal to the Club. He was heartily thanked for his work in connection with the Club's finances for the past year.

THE HON. SECRETARY read a report on the membership of the Club. The membership of the Club at the date of his last report stood at 182, which figure included two Honorary Members. During the year just finished, the Club had lost by resignation two members, Professor William Boyd and the Rev. Colin Campbell; and by death six members, D. S. Campbell, of Montrose, Edmund John Gunn, Hugh S. Ingram, Rev. George Reith, Herman Woolley, and James Reid Young. This reduced the membership to 174, but during the year by postal ballot, conducted after the Committee's meeting at Fort-William

in April, six new members—Messrs H. P. Cain, John Harrison, John Easson M'Intyre, John Bernard Meldrum, Thomas Clement Ormiston-Chant, and Captain Theodore Howard Somervell—had been admitted, while by the ballot last month twelve new members—Professor E. C. C. Baly, Messrs R. A. Frazer, Joseph A. Garrick, David Wood Inglis, M.D., D. P. Levack, G. B. L. Motherwell, A. H. H. Ross, Thomas Shaw, R. F. Stobart, E. C. Thomson, C. R. P. Vandeleur, and A. M. M. Williamson—had been added, raising the membership to 192, or 10 in excess of last year.

The most important work undertaken by the Club during the year was the publication of the first number of the "Guide-Book." It was a very great misfortune that the Club should have lost, at the very start of his work, Mr Young, general Editor of the "Guide-Book." An endeavour had been made to find an editor to take his place, but so far no appointment has been effected. The Hon. Secretary was confident that the publication of the "Guide-Book" had gone materially to strengthen the Club's position and popularise it generally.

The Conference at Monaco had also considerably strengthened the position of the Club, especially as the Club's representatives there were its President and one of its Vice-Presidents. Their attendance had given the Club a national importance, and brought out its existence in a way which could not but be advantageous.

The Secretary next referred to a proposal which had been made by Mr Geoffrey Young, that all the Climbing Clubs and kindred societies in Great Britain should band together to protect, by means of a Central Council, the interests of their sport generally, and also, to reduce the exceptional cost of publication of separate Journals, by combining for the publication of a representative periodical which would supersede the separate organs of the various societies. This latter proposal had not met with the Committee's approval, on the ground that the *S.M.C. Journal* represented a national interest.

The Club's War Memorial, which was the cause of much anxious thought, had at last been erected in the Club-Room, and was unveiled by the President on the 2nd of November. It was found necessary, in order to add to its appearance and increase the effect of the casting, to provide it with an oak frame. This had added considerably to the total cost, and the Club had to thank the generosity of a few of its members who had subscribed to clear the amount required above the sum collected by the levy authorised at the last General Meeting. The expenses of the War Memorial had now been met entirely from funds collected for its special purpose.

An anonymous donation of £50 had been given to the Club for the purpose of a further Memorial, the terms of which were as follows:—

Firstly.—Towards the cost of the proposed *further* Memorial to the fallen members. Failing materialisation of this proposal,

Secondly.—Towards the cost of publication of the Club's "Guide-Book," dedicated to the fallen members. Which failing,

Thirdly.—To some specific object of the Club, which, in the opinion of the Committee, might be identified with the fallen members.

The first eventuality, in the opinion of the Committee, was not feasible. They had therefore fallen back on the second, and decided to apply the donation towards the expenses of the "Guide-Book," a suitable dedication to be inserted on the title-page of the first section.

Mr ERIC BUCHANAN made a report on the *Journal*, explaining to the meeting how the present rates for printing and paper had raised the cost of the *Journal* to £1. 1s. per page. He put before the meeting his reasons for the seven suggestions which appeared on the agenda paper, and invited discussion on each head. The PRESIDENT thanked Mr Buchanan for his report, and asked the views of the meeting on the points in question. After discussion it was agreed that, subject to the discretion of the Hon. Editor, the size of the *Journal* be limited to forty-eight

pages; that the lowest estimate for publication, consistent with satisfactory printing, be sought and accepted; that the quality of paper be kept as near to its present standard as possible; that the price of the *Journal* to the general public be raised to 2s. 6d. per copy; that the *Journal* be issued twice a year; that advertisements be sought and inserted; and that a Special Committee be appointed for the purpose of pushing the sale of the *Journal* in quarters likely to prove productive of orders.

Mr GREEN reported on the condition of the Library and Club-Room, stating that a new book-case had been bought, thus enabling him to arrange the bound periodicals to better advantage. During the past year only one new book had been added to the Library.

Mr MURRAY LAWSON read a report on the slides, stating that several slides had been added, mainly to the foreign collection, which was growing, that a new case had been purchased, and that he had finished cataloguing the new slides. He was cordially thanked for his work, and a suggestion was made that exhibition of the slides be made at the monthly meetings, to enable him to decide which slides should be discarded to make room for better ones.

Mr MACROBERT made a statement with regard to the "Guide-Book." The Committee's recommendation for delay in the appointment of an Editor was accepted, and the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary were appointed a Special Committee for the purpose of publishing Section "A" (General), and such of the following sections as were now in manuscript. The meeting agreed to the Committee's recommendation that the General Section should be dedicated to the memory of members killed in the war, and the anonymous gift of £50 be used towards defraying the cost of publication. After some discussion, it was agreed that the cost of Section "A" be fixed at 7s. 6d. per copy.

The question of choice of places for meets was next considered. The meeting decided on Killin and Fortingal for the New Year Meet, and Ballachulish and Glencoe for Easter.

There being no counter proposals, the Committee's recommendations for the appointment of

Mr Eric P. Buchanan to the post of Editor, and Messrs J. H. Bell, R. Ernest Workman, and Robert Jeffrey to the three vacancies on the Committee,

were approved and sanctioned by the meeting.

The SECRETARY was directed to convey to Mr Goggs, the retiring Hon. Editor, an expression of the meeting's keen appreciation of his services and devotion to the Club's interests during his long period of office.

The meeting approved the Committee's suggestion to appoint certain members, who had attained the age of seventy, to the position of honorary membership.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER.

On the termination of the General Meeting the members adjourned to dinner in the same hotel, where the PRESIDENT read a message of good wishes from Professor Ramsay, the Club's first President.

There were seventy-three gentlemen present at the dinner, including among the guests Mr Rooke Corbett, representing the Rucksack Club. Apologies for absence were received by the Secretary from various members, including Professor Norman Collic, Mr Colin B. Phillip, Dr J. R. P. Sclater, Mr Edward Backhouse, Mr F. C. Squance.

The toast list was as follows :—

"The King" - - - - - The President.

"The Imperial Forces" - - - - - Mr G. B. Green.

Reply—Lieut.-Col. Sir Bruce Seton, Bart.

"The S.M.C." - - - - - The President.

"Kindred Societies" - - - - - Mr A. E. Maylard.

Replies { The Alpine Club—Mr W. W. Naismith.
 { The Rucksack Club—Mr J. Rooke Corbett.

"Our Guests" - - - - - Mr J. H. Bell.

Reply—Principal Sir J. Alfred Ewing.

RECEPTION.

Prior to the Annual Meeting, a Reception was held in the Albyn Rooms, Edinburgh. An exhibition of lantern slides was given, and was much enjoyed by a large gathering of members and friends.

DINNER IN LONDON.

The Third Annual Dinner of the London members was held on 31st January 1921, at Pagani's Restaurant. On the conclusion of the dinner, an adjournment was made to the Alpine Club-Rooms, where the members and their guests were welcomed by Professor Collie. During the course of the evening a menu card was signed by all present, and forwarded by the Secretary to Professor G. G. Ramsay, who passed away a few weeks later. That this mark of remembrance was appreciated by Professor Ramsay is evidenced by his reply, in which he says: "No words of pride and gratification can express my feelings of pleasure at being remembered in this most friendly and spontaneous way by the members of the dear old Club."

Present.

W. N. Ling (*Chairman*).

Dr E. A. Baker.	R. Jeffrey.
R. W. Brant.	W. P. Ker.
G. P. Baker.	Sir Alex. Kennedy.
R. Corry.	C. W. Nettleton.
R. A. Frazer.	G. Sang.
F. S. Goggs.	L. G. Shadbolt.
G. F. Gregor Grant.	G. A. Solly.
G. E. Howard.	P. J. H. Unna.

And six guests.

ELECTION OF HONORARY MEMBERS.

The distinction of Honorary Membership of the Club has been conferred upon the following gentlemen:—

Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart.; Dr Benjamin N. Peach; Sir James Ramsay, Bart.; and Major-General Wavell, C.B.

NEW YEAR MEET AT KILLIN—1920-21.

PRESENT—*Members*.—W. N. Ling (President), Allan Arthur, J. H. Bell, E. P. Buchanan, W. Inglis Clark, D. A. Clapperton, J. Craig, H. J. Craig, W. Galbraith, J. A. Garrick, S. A. Gillon, G. B. Green, F. Greig, A. Harrison, J. S. M. Jack, R. Jeffrey, G. M. Lawson, H. MacRobert, J. MacRobert, T. R. Marshall, R. C. Paterson, H. Raeburn, A. H. H. Ross, G. Sang, E. C. Thomson, P. J. H. Unna, J. M. Wordie. *Guests*.—J. W. Arthur, K. G. McLean, E. N. Marshall.

Seldom have the mountains showed a less wintry aspect than they did on the last days of the old year of 1920 to S.M.C. members hurrying—as fast as the Oban line trains would allow them—to Killin. There was no snow at all on the lower slopes, and glimpses caught of Stuc a Chroin, of the hills away up Balquhidder, and even of Ben Lawers itself when it came into view, showed only patches even on the tops. Many thought it the most snowless New Year Meet on record. But memories are short. Raeburn, on his arrival, at once reminded us of a Meet at Killin (New Year, 1909), when there was almost as little. Yet there was some snow on high tops, in gullies, and on northern slopes; and where there was none, at any rate the going was easy, and, except for one day, fairly dry. Certainly the absence of snow did not destroy the success of the Meet, but what can do that for an S.M.C. Meet?

The early bird of the party was S. A. Gillon, who arrived on 27th December. On Tuesday, the 28th, he traversed the Tarmachans; on Wednesday went up Meall Ghaordie in mist and was not rewarded by any views. On Wednesday, Lawson (by motor bicycle), Galbraith, Green, and Wordie arrived.

Thursday proved a bright, sunny morning. The whole party hired the hotel motor, and set out for Ben Lawers, going nearly a mile up the Lochan na Lairige road before they began to use their own legs. Gillon and Lawson made for Beinn Ghlas by its western ridge; Galbraith, Green, and Wordie by the south-western one; after a time Wordie forged ahead, and joined the other two at

the top of Beinn Ghlas. The views were magnificent: first Ben More and Stobinian, then Ben Voirlich and Stuc a Chroin, and, as soon as the top of Beinn Ghlas was reached, all the hills that could be seen were clearly in view. Ben Nevis in particular was conspicuous, but with snow only to about the 3,750 contour. Later, from Meall Garbh, however, the Cairngorms showed one uniform field of snow. The drop and rise from Ghlas to Lawers was soon accomplished. On Lawers there was snow down to about 3,600 feet on the south side, and almost to 3,000 feet on the north. The party, in two divisions, went on over An Stuc to Meall Garbh; then Green dropped off straight down to Lawers Inn, thinking Meall Gruaidhe unworthy of further toil. He was repaid by a 300 feet glissade on hard snow—hard, indeed, to judge by its effect on his raiment. All five arrived at Lawers Inn within a quarter of an hour or so of each other. One at least was rejoiced to hear that Gillon, who reached there first, had not only ordered tea, but also telegraphed for the motor, which arrived in little more than half an hour, and conveyed the party back to Killin. Gillon, who, after all, did not take full advantage of his own forethought, was picked up half-way.

That evening Allan Arthur and J. W. Arthur arrived, having ascended Ben Lui by the big corrie *en route*. They reported that there was plenty of snow in it. Other arrivals were the President and the Secretary, Garrick, Harrison, Jeffrey, Clapperton, Unna, and Bell. The morning was disappointing, with a heavy and steady downpour of rain, but, in spite of it all, the members present went out, except Gillon, who returned home. Two parties went over the Tarmachans, the first composed of the President, the Secretary, Unna, and Bell (though the last named did not finish the course), the second of Garrick, Harrison, and Lawson. The Arthur brothers walked up Meall Ghaordie. Galbraith and Green, overtaken by Clapperton, walked about four miles up Glen Lochay, and then essayed to cross over the hills to Glen Dochart. They reached the watershed and descended to a farm, and only there learnt that they were again in Glen Lochay—not much to their sorrow, as they were several miles nearer

home than they thought. No one who was out that day will deny that it was wet. Jeffrey accompanied Mrs Jeffrey to Lawers Inn, and walked back. The evening train brought Thomson, M'Lean, the two Craigs, the two Marshalls, Raeburn, Paterson, the two MacRoberts, Greig, Jack, Inglis Clark, and Buchanan, with whose accession the party reached its maximum number.

New Year's Day produced some improvement in the weather, especially in the afternoon, and every one was more or less active. Garrick, Harrison, Lawson, M'Lean, and Thomson went to Tyndrum—Lawson and Harrison by motor cycle, the others by train—and ascended Ben Lui by the big corrie. It is reported that the last man of the five found hardly enough snow left in which to make steps. Lawson's bicycle broke down on the return journey, and had to be pushed a mile or more to Luib Hotel, whence he and Harrison footed it to Killin. After all, trains are safer, but some people like lots of exercise. The Craigs, the Marshalls, and Paterson went over the Tarmachans, beginning with Craig na Caillich. The two MacRoberts, Greig, and Jack motored practically up to the Lochan na Lairige, and then came over the Tarmachans from Meall nan Tarmachan. They gained so much by their motoring that they almost finished their day by lunch time. The President and Inglis Clark walked up Glen Lochay by the left bank of the river, returning by the right. Galbraith and Green had a short tramp up and down the lower spur of Craig na Caillich, and were back for lunch. Galbraith left by the 1.30 train. Buchanan and Jeffrey walked up Meall Ghaordie. Allan Arthur and his brother left by the morning train, getting out at Crianlarich and climbing Ben More on their way home to Glasgow. Bell and Clapperton went up Glen Lochay, and then on to the end point of the Tarmachans to the south-west—Meall Dhuin. It was a calm day, and practically no rain fell, but the tops were never clear of cloud. A few members left by the evening train.

Sunday brought much the same weather; no rain and no wind to speak of, but cloud, at any rate above

2,500 feet, though some distant views were got from one point or another. The President, Unna, H. MacRobert, Bell, and Jack driving some distance up the Lochan na Lairige road, went over Beinn Ghlas, Ben Lawers, An Stuc, and Meall Garbh, and then as dark was approaching, went as fast as they could down into Glen Lyon, reaching Fortingal in time for dinner, where they stayed the night, with the members who had met there. Garrick and Harrison also went up Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers, descending direct from it, and returning by the road. Thomson and M'Lean did the same, whether with them, or separately, the writer does not know. Clark, Buchanan, Clapperton, and Green driving out rather late in a waggonette, went almost to Lochan na Lairige, and then up Meall nan Tarmachan and over Meall Garbh. They descended from the col between it and Ben nan Eachan, straight to Killin by tea-time—a nice, easy day, in which our ex-President showed that he can still move as fast as any reasonable mountaineer wants to. Greig, the Marshalls, and Paterson went up Meall Ghaordie, and the two Craigs had a stroll up Glen Lochay. The Secretary and Raeburn took four members of the Ladies' Club up some rocks above Lochan na Lairige, and then on to Meall nan Tarmachan; the Secretary's motor car made the road work easy. Ross arrived that afternoon, having walked from Luib.

On Monday several members departed. Of those that were left, Raeburn took Garrick, Harrison, and Lawson to climb on Craig na Caillich. The Marshalls and Paterson went up Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers. The President and his party—except one, who preferred to return by boat—went from Fortingal up Glen Lyon, and then over Coire Liath and Meall Corranaich to the Lochan na Lairige road, finishing in steady rain.

The next day (Tuesday) was very fine. Gall Inglis (who had come from Fortingal on Monday by boat), with his son, aged ten, Bell, and Unna went up Meall Ghaordie, and enjoyed a clear view in every direction. Greig and Ross went by train to Luib, and up Coire Choarach to below the peak of Stobinian, which they reached by a slope

of hard snow. They reported that it was freezing hard on the top. They had good views, especially of the Cairngorms. They returned over Ben More, on the north-western shoulder of which there was no snow, and saw the Brocken Spectre well while on the top. They went down to Crianlarich and to Killin by train. The next day saw the departure of all the party that remained.

Altogether it was a successful Meet. No doubt the weather was not perfect, but there were two really good days, and only one very wet one, while the absence of wind was a great blessing. More snow would have added interest to the climbing and have made the hills look finer, yet its "uniformly scandalous condition" was not a subject of complaint, and perhaps the bare grass and rock was quicker going. More members might have been present at the Meet, and many familiar faces were missed, yet it was very satisfactory to observe the youthfulness of many of those present, and especially the keenness and energy of the younger members—a good augury for the future of the Club.

G. B. G.

FORTINGAL.

If Killin was a congested centre, Fortingal certainly was not; in fact, the Meet there was one of the smallest ever held by the Club. The three members who attended it found it, however, to be an ideal centre, with plenty of big hills within easy reach of the hotel motor, the only drawback being the long drive from Aberfeldy. The members who attended the Meet were G. Ednie, J. Gall Inglis, and J. A. Parker.

Ednie was the first to arrive, and on the 31st December he climbed Schichallion via Coshieville and the Glen More path. The hill was shrouded in mist with heavy rain falling, and after descending the south face of the hill with the view of crossing the hills direct to Fortingal, Ednie found the fording of the Allt More to be impossible, and he had to return by the route he had followed in the morning.

Inglis and Parker arrived on the evening of the 31st, and on the 1st January, with Ednie, made the complete traverse of the Carn Maigr group. The hotel motor took the party up Glen Lyon to near the U.F. Church, from whence the top of Carn Gorm was reached in thick mist via the shoulder to the west of Coire nam Fraochag. In view of the reputation that Carn Maigr has for misleading parties in dense mist, very careful steering by dead reckoning was adopted for the stretch over An Sgor to Meall Garbh, and the party therefore did not make the mistake of assuming the former to be the latter, as has been done by experienced climbers (see *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. II., pp. 113-116). At Meall Garbh the weather improved, and after a run out to the top of Meall Luaidhe, in the interests of the "Guide-Book," Carn Maigr was traversed from Meall a Bharr to Meall Liath. Creag Mhor was then crossed in rapidly gathering darkness, and from its eastern top a direct course was set for Blackcroft in Glen Lyon. All went well until the thick plantation called the Coille Dhubh was entered, and the struggle through it with the light of one lantern was the one outstanding incident of the day. The hotel was reached shortly before seven o'clock.

On Sunday, the 2nd, Ednie and Parker motored to Invervar, and climbed Meall Garbh of Ben Lawers in hope of joining forces with a party that was coming over from Killin. Shortly after arriving at the cairn, they were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of half a dozen members of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, who were traversing the main ridge from Meall Gruaidh towards Ben Lawers. After waiting at the cairn till two o'clock with no signs of the Killin party, Ednie and Parker set off for Meall Gruaidh, passed that top at 3.15 P.M., and reached Fortingal via the long ridge (which terminates at the little Lochan Creag Madaidh) shortly after five. The Killin party, consisting of the President, J. H. Bell, J. S. M. Jack, H. MacRobert, and P. J. H. Unna, arrived in detachments round about seven o'clock, and reported that they had not reached Meall Garbh till 3.15 P.M., and had descended to Invervar so as to get off the hill before dark.

On Monday, Bell and Inglis left by motor and steamer for Killin. Ling, MacRobert, Jack, and Unna motored up Glen Lyon with the object of traversing Meall Corranaich, &c., to Killin; Ednie climbed Meall Gruamach, and left for Aberfeldy in the afternoon; and Parker made a solo ascent of Schichallion via Coshieville and Glen More, and left for Aberfeldy the next morning. J. A. P.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB GUIDE. BEN NEVIS SECTION.

THIS Section—Section E—was published at this time last year, the price being 5s. per copy. Only 1,000 copies were printed, and the Hon. Secretary still has for disposal about 400 copies. The edition has been mainly bought up by the outside public, and there are many members who have not yet applied for a copy. To prevent disappointment it would be well that they should do so now. A remittance for 5s. 3d. sent to the Hon. Secretary at 4 Forres Street, Edinburgh, will bring a copy of Section E by return. There is no doubt that the “Ben Nevis Guide” is well worth the price asked, and it is likely that, following on the publication of the other Sections of the “Guide Book,” the remaining copies of this limited edition will soon be bought up.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

The monthly meetings at the Club-Room were resumed in October, but they have not been largely attended. A suggestion was made and approved at a recent committee meeting that the Custodian of Slides should utilise these meetings for the purpose of going through the Club slides and subjecting them to the criticism of the members present, with a view to discarding any which were considered imperfect. This suggestion has been followed with good results.

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY.

The following volumes have been presented by Mr P. J. H. Unna, to whom the thanks of the Club are due for his gift:—

- A "Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa." By J. D. Forbes. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1858.
- "A Physician's Holiday; or, a Month in Switzerland." By John Forbes. London: John Murray. 1850.
- "Voyages dans les Alpes." 4 Vols. By Horace Bénédict de Saussure. Neuchatel. 1780.

The following additions have been made:—

By purchase—

- "Mountaineering Art." By Harold Raeburn.
- "Mountain Craft." Edited by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. London: Methuen & Co. 1920.

By exchange—

- Alpine Club Journal. November 1920.
- Climbers' Club Journal. 1920.
- Cairngorm Club Journal. January 1921.
- Mazama. December 1920.
- La Montagne. August-September, December 1920 (Nos. 142 and 143).
- Club Alpino Italiano, Rivista Mensile. April-July, August-October, November-December 1920 (Vol. xxxix., 4-12).
- L'Echo des Alpes. July, August, September, October, November, December 1920; January 1921.
- Bulletin Pyrénéen. April-June, July-September, October-December 1920.
- Club Alpino Español. Anuario 1920.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

The Club tenders its thanks to Mrs Harry Walker, who has very kindly presented to the collection a large number of her late husband's slides. These embrace both home and foreign subjects.

BACK NUMBERS OF JOURNAL FOR SALE.

There are still remaining in the Library a fair quantity of the following numbers, to be sold at the original price, viz., Nos. 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 32, 34, 36, 50, 51, 52, 53, 59, and 60.

Only one copy remains of Nos. 12, 15, and 31; two copies of 33 and 57; three of 37 and 55; and four of 45 and 49. Naturally an increased price will be asked for these numbers. In addition, Mr R. C. Paterson has presented the Club with Vols. IX. and X. complete; each contains rare numbers, Vol. IX. in particular the Skye number (54), and Vol. X. the Arran number (56). The price of each volume is fixed at £1.

Mr P. J. H. Unna has also placed at the disposal of the Librarian for sale to members at a reasonable price the following sets:—Vols. IV. to XI., bound; Vols. IV. to XI., bound, uncut, gilt tops; Vols. VI., VII., IX. to XI., and index to first ten volumes; and Vols. IV. to IX., unbound. Mr W. W. Naismith has kindly presented, for sale to members, the following numbers of the *S.M.C. Journal*:—2, 10, 20, 25, 60, and 61; and also No. 100 of the *Alpine Club Journal*. (*Note*.—No. 2 has been sold.)

Application to purchase any of these sets or individual numbers should be made to the Librarian, who can also supply a few of the numbers not mentioned above from stocks placed at his disposal by members. After No. 60, with the exception of 61, all numbers can, for the present at any rate, be supplied at the original price.

Members are reminded that by buying old *Journals* they will not only gain themselves, but also will give assistance to the Club's finances.

LECTURES IN THE CLUB-ROOM.

On Tuesday, 11th January, Mr Harold Raeburn gave a lecture on his "Himalayan" experiences. His audience was particularly impressed by his account of the great difficulties which must be overcome in completing the ascent of any of the higher Himalayan peaks.

On Tuesday, 1st March, the President lectured on the "Caucasus," giving an interesting description of some of the climbs accomplished in these mountains by Mr Raeburn and himself.

Both lectures were illustrated by a selection of excellent lantern slides, and were much enjoyed.

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"MOUNTAIN CRAFT." Edited by G. Winthrop Young.
xvi+603 pp. Methuen. Illustrated. 25s. net.

THIS is a mountaineering handbook containing the doctrine of our craft, as taught by the Editor thereof. The headings of the chapters practically indicate its scope. They read as follows:—

Management and Leadership.
Guided and Guideless Mountaineering.
Rock Climbing.
Climbing in Combination.
Corrective Method.
Ice and Snow Craft.
Reconnoitring.

These seven chapters occupy some 380 pages.

Then we have three chapters occupying some 50 pages in all:—

Equipment for the Alps. By Captain Farrar.
Mountain Photography. By Sydney Spencer.
Mountaineering in Tropical Countries. By Dr Wollaston.

A chapter, "Mountaineering on Ski," by Arnold Lunn, takes 74 pages.

The remaining chapters have been undertaken by "experts" in knowledge of the particular district described. "Their intention is to give just the amount of practical information which we all need, and which we find it so hard to procure, when we are in process of making up our minds what region we will visit":—

	PAGES.
Spitzbergen (Sir Martin Conway) -	9
Caucasus (Harold Raeburn) -	11
Corsica (George Finch)-	5
Himalaya (Dr Longstaff) -	14

	PAGES.
Norway (W. Cecil Slingsby) - - -	12
New Zealand (Malcolm Ross) - - -	8
Pyrenees (Claude Elliott) - - -	16
Rockies (A. L. Mumm) - - -	21

We specially mention the number of pages taken by each chapter, so that it may be seen, roughly, to what extent the various writers go into detail.

The book was ready for publication in June 1914, but the "chance of battle" has delayed its appearance, and the last sentence of Mr Young's addendum to his 1914 Preface reads: "I can now let the opinions go with much less hesitation, since from the annual demonstration of their deficiencies by their most obstinate critic they must, in future, be exempt." As climbers we can sympathise with Mr Young in his disability arising from the war, but his loss has gained him a greater measure of our esteem. The writer of these notes has been compelled to read the book, not, it is true, at a single sitting, but more or less continuously, and he warns all concerned that "Mountain Craft" is not a work to be dealt with in that fashion. We do not know whether Mr Young is a follower of Herbert Spencer, but his style reminds us somewhat of that of the philosopher. In many places it is distinctly heavy. Take one sentence at random: "The more of these subconscious associations which a climber can succeed, by practice, in establishing, as between familiar sequences of holds and automatic adjustments of his motions to their requirements, the fewer calls will he have to make upon nerves and will" (p. 69). Those of us who are not possessed of an agile mind will probably have to read this sentence over more than once to grip its meaning. The book demands quiet study. The dose ought not to be more than twenty pages at a time. It should, as the author suggests, be used as "something of a book of reference and reminder." He himself half apologises in his preface for "multiplication or repetition of detail," but states that "it has been inserted for the better illustration of some underlying principle" (p. x).

The book, however, is not intended to be on the lines

of "Adventures in the High Alps" or the "Playground of Europe"—easy reading for a well-earned hour of repose. "Mountain Craft," so far at any rate as regards Mr Young's own chapters, is a serious scientific manual dealing with our favourite pursuit, and must be read and judged from that standpoint. No climber can read the book without gaining fresh ideas or clarifying some already possessed. Mr Young is such a brilliant exponent of the craft that his views are entitled to great respect, and no mountaineer worthy of the name will rest content until he has read and digested the contents of the volume. The following excerpts will find few cavillers:—

"Three things only are necessary for the salvation of a mountaineering holiday: good health, good fellowship, and good climbing" (p. 3).

"A whole summer tour in a bad season of soft snow has been lightened by a large bag of acid drops, reappearing each day at weary moments with a new delight" (p. 7).

"Never to have almost heard the strange expectancy that fills great snow fields before dawn with questions never uttered and never answered . . . never to have watched the night widen and the edges of the world draw closer round, as the peaks begin to darken and the glaciers to pale . . . never to have known something of only this one hour of an Alpine morning would have been to have missed the most vivid moments of living and to have deprived our working and our evening hours of their most 'faithful comrade memories'" (p. 281).

"That a mountaineer is not only one who climbs mountains, but anyone who likes to walk, read, or think about them" (p. vii).

Or that "ability to smoke . . . should be among the qualifications of any climbing companion" (p. 9) might be debated.

What think you of this definition of style?

"Style is the mastery of rhythmic movement, movement continuously secure and continuously effortless over every modulation of hold during a long day" (p. 171).

The true belief as to guideless climbing is fully discussed in Chapter III. Solitary climbing is discussed on

pp. 151-152. The use of crampons is strongly recommended in the chapter on Ice Craft. The advisability of facing outward on descending "so long as is conveniently possible" is insisted on (pp. 187-188); and every other question which has ever vexed climbers will be found discussed somewhere or other in Mr Young's 380 pages.

Scotland, naturally enough, is only casually mentioned. The word Skye appears on p. 152. The sea cliffs of Sutherland and of the east of Scotland are mentioned on pp. 181 and 182, and on p. 342 a paragraph appears: "Among the Scottish mountains, practice of a very useful character in our snow craft can be had during the winter months, &c. . . ."

A satisfactory index completes the volume

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Cairngorm Club Journal, January 1920 (Vol. X., No. 56).—One of the most interesting contributions to this number is an article by Mr A. M. Macrae Williamson, entitled "A Rock-Climbing Novitiate in Skye." It describes the experiences of some young members of the Cairngorm Club on their first visit to the "Misty Isle." A whole day was devoted to the Inaccessible Pinnacle, which was climbed by every known route. The article breathes a spirit of real enthusiasm. Other articles are: "A Summer's Night on the High Tops," by Mr Seton Gordon; "Holidaying at Windermere," by Mr Robert Anderson; "From Garbh choire to Glencoe," by James H. Bell; and "The Làirig Dhrù in Calm," by Mr James A. Hadden and Mr James Conner. The number also includes some attractive verses, entitled "The Curlew," by Mr A. F. Leslie Paterson.

The Climbers' Club Journal, 1920 (New Series, Vol. II, No. 4).—This is a good number. Mr Winthrop Young gives an account of a first ascent of the Nesthorn. The article, like everything which comes from Mr Young's pen, is delightfully written. Mr G. I. Finch, who, we understand, is to be one of Mr Raeburn's companions in the Mount Everest expedition, contributes a thrilling description of a traverse of the Aiguille du Dru. The shortcomings of the last man of the party, L——, at various critical stages of the climb, are disclosed with some frankness in this interesting article, but the author himself admits that an "unknown quantity," in the shape of a climber of erratic habits, "is not always an unwelcome addition to a climbing party." Mr R. Bicknell contributes some delightful verses on "Climbing Companions," in which he satirises, in kindly fashion, a few of those lesser failings from which the climber is no more immune than the rest of mankind. The opening lines, descriptive of the sluggard, are particularly apt. The other interesting items, which complete the number, include an article by Mr G. S. Bower, on "A Climbing Tour of the Highlands," and an article, entitled "Snowdonian Place-Names," by Mr E. W. Steeple.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

SKYE.

THE following new routes were made during the latter part of August and early September 1920 by a party consisting of G. Barlow, A. H. Doughty, and E. W. Steeple.

SGURR A' GHREADAIDH.—*The Terrace Gully, Coireachan Ruadha*—This gully is situated in one of the lower buttresses of Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh, and faces Sgurr Coire an Lochain. It provides a difficult but highly delectable climb in dry weather. Under wet conditions it may become impossible.

SRON NA CICHE.—*Western Buttress, Parallel Cracks Route*—This route, which was climbed in shoes, is near the western end of the buttress, and follows steep slabs and cracks in a direct line for 500 feet. It gives very enjoyable climbing on clean and rough rock. Owing to its position it differs from most of the climbs on this buttress in that it does not encroach upon or intersect other routes.

SRON NA CICHE.—*South-East Face—Coir' a' Ghrunnda*—There appears to be no previous record of any definite climbs on this face. The crags here bear some curious points of resemblance to those in Coire Lagan, but are smaller and of a less imposing character. They have, however, the advantage of a greater amount of sunshine.

The cliff may be roughly divided into two sections, the North and South Crags, separated by a water course.

South Crag.—A little to the right of the centre there is a well-marked narrow gully, which contains several interesting pitches of moderate difficulty. At a height of 400 feet a rake is crossed, above which the gully dwindles to a mere crack, and it is pleasanter to climb the rocks to the right.

North Crag.—*The Stack Buttress*—This lies immediately to the right of the water course, and is divided from the main part of the North Crag by a large gully. An excellent climb may be had by keeping up the angle of the buttress nearest to the gully. The ascent of the Stack itself is delightful.

A second route was made, commencing a little nearer the water course. A wall of red trap rock was surmounted, followed by a broken rib of gabbro, and a long, shallow chimney.

North Crag Gully and Black Knight's Wall.—The gully above referred to widens out in its upper part into a sort of

amphitheatre. A wet cave pitch was avoided by climbing the rocks in the centre of this, aiming at a prominent upright block—the Black Knight. An impressive view of the Stack was obtained on the ascent.

North Crag.—The Slab Buttress—The North Crag Gully is bounded on the right by a prominent buttress which extends well down into the corrie, and is crossed by two rakes. The lower part consists of open slabs with a splendidly rough surface. The ascent was made in shoes, and gave a very attractive climb of moderate difficulty.

E. W. STEEPLIE.

NOTES ON WEIGHT OF BOOTS.

One or two questions were discussed at the New Year Meet which may be of interest to those members who were not present. One was Mr Raeburn's theory regarding light boots. In the last number of the *Journal*, No. 90, p. 349, Mr Gilbert Thomson states a principle which goes to the root of the matter, but the reason for this principle is not clear at first sight. He says, "Weight on the feet is in the most objectionable place—compare a 20-lb. rucksack with a 10-lb. weight on each foot." In order to arrive at some definite data I made a few observations while ascending Beinn Glas from the Loch Tay road on 2nd January last, under summer conditions, so far as snow was concerned. On average ground the President was taking seventy steps to the minute, and Mr Bell sixty-seven. Both were unconscious that I was timing them. The results work out roughly as follows :—

Total distance as the crow flies—2.6 miles = 13,730 feet.

Summit level, 3,657 feet ; road, 621 feet ; rise, say, 3,030 feet.

Average slope, slightly less than 1 in 8 for the first mile ; slightly steeper than 1 in 4 for the rest.

Time (excluding halt)—the President, 125 minutes ; Mr Bell, 130 minutes.

Total number of steps taken—the President, $70 \times 125 = 8,750$

Mr Bell, $67 \times 130 = 8,710$

Mean = 8,730

Average length of step— $13,730 \div 8,730 = 1$ foot 7 inches.

Weight of body, clothes, and rucksack—say, 165 lbs.

Effective work done— $165 \text{ lbs.} \times 3,030 \text{ feet} = 500,000 \text{ ft.-lbs.}$ nearly.

Consider the effect of heavier boots, each having an extra weight of 1 lb., and assume that the foot is raised and lowered to the extent of 3 inches at each step, thus making what Mr Raeburn calls a

step-pound equal to a quarter of a foot-pound. It is certainly not more than this, on the average :—

$$\begin{aligned}\text{Work done in raising extra weight} &= 2 \text{ lbs.} \times 3,030 \text{ feet} = 6,060 \text{ ft.-lbs.} \\ \text{Add } 8,730 \text{ steps} \times 1 \text{ lb.} &= 8,730 \text{ step-lbs.} \quad 8,730 \div 4 = 2,200 \text{ ,,} \\ \hline \text{Total} &= 8,260 \text{ ft.-lbs.}\end{aligned}$$

One must not compare the figure of 8,260 ft.-lbs. directly with that of 500,000 ft.-lbs., but must consider how much of the reserve of power is used up in performing the former amount of work.

$$\begin{aligned}\text{Rate of ascent} &= 3,030 \text{ feet} \div 127\frac{1}{2} \text{ minutes} = 23.8 \text{ feet per minute} \\ &= 1,400 \text{ feet per hour nearly.}\end{aligned}$$

Two thousand feet per hour is considered really fast going, but it is probably doubtful if either the President or Mr Bell could have kept that pace up throughout what proved to be an eight-hour day. Assume that if they had been exerting their utmost consistently with pleasure throughout the day, they might have ascended Beinn Glas at an increased rate of, say, 200 feet per hour. Then the figures work out as follows :—

$$\begin{aligned}\text{Actual output of power} &= 500,000 \text{ ft.-lbs.} \div 127\frac{1}{2} \text{ minutes} \div 33,000 \\ &= 0.119 \text{ effective H.P.}\end{aligned}$$

Note.—One H.P. = 33,000 ft.-lbs. per minute.

$$\begin{aligned}\text{Reserve of effective power} &= \frac{200 \text{ feet per hour} \times 165 \text{ lbs.}}{60 \times 33,000} \\ &= 0.0167 \text{ H.P.}\end{aligned}$$

Effective H.P. required to deal with extra weight of boots = $8,260 \text{ ft.-lbs.} \div 127\frac{1}{2} \text{ minutes} \div 33,000 = 0.0019 \text{ H.P.}$ This is but little more than one-ninth of 0.0167, the reserve of power. To follow up this line of argument to its logical conclusion, it would be necessary to multiply the extra weight by 9, that is, to add 9 lbs. of extra weight to each boot. This is manifestly absurd, and so a different reason for the disadvantageous effect of heavy boots must be looked for.

A certain amount of momentum has to be given to the extra lb. of weight at each step forward. If the foot be not dropped vertically on to the ground at the end of the step a portion of this momentum will be lost. All the momentum has to be transmitted from the trunk of the body to the boot by means of the muscles of the leg at the commencement of every step, and the portion not lost at the end of the step returned to the leg by the same medium. This will to some extent tend to tire the muscles, but the power necessary to generate the momentum is sufficiently small as to be nearly negligible. The figures have been worked out, but it is scarcely necessary to give them here.

The leg is the pendulum suspended at the upper extremity of the thigh. An additional weight at its lower end will tend to increase its

period of natural swing. If the period be materially lengthened by wearing a heavier boot, the general rhythm of the motion of the body might be interfered with. I have timed the period of swing of my own leg with a stop-watch. Ten complete swings without a boot on take 16 seconds if the swings be short ones, and 17 seconds if they be of a length approximately corresponding to that of an ordinary step. The addition of a climbing boot weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. lengthened the time by 2 seconds in each instance, that is by about 12 per cent. It is not easy to see what the actual effect of this may be, as the swing of the leg when walking is not a natural, *i.e.*, not an unforced one. The point of suspension is moving over the ground at a nearly uniform rate, and the foot is stationary on the ground for one-half of the period of swing. However, it is doubtful if the lengthened period can have much to do with the matter.

Neither of the two last mentioned reasons could possibly apply in the case of a man climbing a ladder. A bricklayer's labourer can carry 20 lbs. of bricks up a ladder without much difficulty if he uses a hod, but he would not get on so well if he tied a 10-lb. weight to each boot instead. Where does the difference come in? In the first case he raises his own weight, plus 20 lbs. of bricks, through the height of one rung at every step. In the second one he raises his own weight through the height of one rung, and 10 lbs. through the height of two rungs. In both cases he performs the same amount of work, but there is this difference. When the weight is on his shoulder, all the work is done by means of the leg on which he is standing. This leg is in a state of compression, and being straightened while performing work. On the other hand, when the extra weight is on the boot, he only lifts his own weight with the leg mentioned: the 10 lbs. is dealt with by the unemployed leg, to use a skating term. The unemployed leg is in tension, and being bent while performing work; and it may possibly be the case that the muscles of the leg are not designed with the view of their doing work, or even merely supporting a weight, while they are in this state. This is an anatomical—or should one say physiological—question, which a surgeon may be able to answer. It may possibly afford a solution of the problem, as a man wearing a pair of diver's clogs is hampered to a greater extent when walking than can be accounted for by their actual dead weight; and although anyone can stand for hours without much discomfort, one would not be very happy sitting on a stool for a similar time with half one's weight, less twice that of the lower part of the leg, say 50 lbs. net, hanging from each boot. The weight supported in each instance would be identical, but in the one case the legs would be in compression and act as struts, and in the other they would be in tension. May not this account for the fact that a pound in the boot equals two in the sack?

P. J. H. UNNA.

MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION.

Several paragraphs have appeared recently in the newspapers in regard to the expedition to Mount Everest which is being organised by the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. Political difficulties have heretofore proved an insuperable obstacle to the carrying out of expeditions through Nepal or Tibet. We understand, however, that, owing to the efforts of Sir Francis Younghusband, these difficulties have been overcome for the present.

A preliminary expedition, under the command of Colonel Howard Bury, is to proceed to India this year for reconnaissance purposes, though, if a suitable opportunity occurs, an attack on Mount Everest may be made. The expedition will work in conjunction with the Indian Survey, and will approach the north side of the mountains through Tibet. A second expedition will probably go to India in 1922, with the object of making a direct attempt to reach the summit.

It is of particular interest to members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club to learn that the leadership of the mountaineering section of the expedition has been entrusted to Mr Harold Raeburn. Knowing, as we all do, his wonderful capacity as a climber, and his outstanding qualities of leadership, courage, and endurance, we appreciate how wise a choice the organisers of the expedition have made in selecting Mr Raeburn. Mr Raeburn will take with him on his travels the good wishes of all his fellow-members in the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

THE LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB.

There has been no lack of activity in the Club during the past year, and the Meets and hill walks have been an undoubted success. Though the Easter Meet at Tyndrum was a small one, Beinn Dubhchraig, Ben Oss, Ben Lui, and Cruach Ardran were climbed. Corrie (Arran) was chosen for the Summer Meet, and the neighbouring heights were explored. New Year found a considerable company gathered at Lawers Inn, from where expeditions were made to Ben Lawers and the Tarmachan group.

Loch Awe was visited at Easter, while there will be Meets at Arrochar in June, and at Crianlarich at New Year 1922. The usual hill walks throughout the year have been arranged.

Any information regarding the Club will be given by the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. Murray, 49 King's Park Avenue, Glasgow.

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE CLUB.

The active work of this Club was suspended during the war. We are glad to learn from Mr R. S. Low that the Club's activities are being renewed, and the publication of its Journal resumed forthwith. Mr Low, whose address is 67 Banbury Road, Oxford, will be pleased to answer any inquiries in regard to the Club.

LUIB STATION TO STRATHYRE.—On 19th February W. Galbraith and G. B. Green, who were spending the week end at Strathyre, took the morning train to Luib station, and went over Ben More, Stobinian, and Stob Coire an Lochan to Balquhiddy, and down the glen to Strathyre. At Luib station J. A. Garrick met them, and, after ascending Ben More in their company, went from the col to find a snow climb on the north side of Stobinian. He was successful in doing so, but it is worthy of remark that on neither of the tops was there a trace of snow, and not very much in sheltered places on the northern sides. The times of the walk may be useful to readers of the *Journal*. They were as follows—Luib station, left at 10.10; top of Ben More, 12.30; col below Stobinian, 12.55; lunch to 1.30; top of Stobinian, 2.0; Stob Coire an Lochan, 2.15; down Corrie Cornaig to road by Loch Doin (including seventeen minutes' rest), 3.48; tea from 4.10 to 4.48; Strathyre, 6.56; seven and a quarter hours' walking, excluding halts.

G. B. G.

Mr H. Kellas writes that his brother, Dr A. M. Kellas, who is in India, recently made an attempt on Kamet (25,447 feet), and reached a height of 23,600 feet.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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PANORAMA FROM SGURR DUBH NA DA BHEINN

Rev. A. E. Robertson

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SGURR A' GREADAIDH.

BY D. H. MENZIES.

ONE of the central summits of that magnificent and impressive ridge, the Black Cuillin, Sgurr a' Greadaidh, is well known to climbers; but its Coruisk face, to which these lines relate, is by no means overrun, nor are the holds polished by excessive use. On the east, its pedestal of rock commences at no great height above the shores of Loch Coruisk, famed for the wild grandeur of its setting; while, on the west, steep grassy slopes lead from Glen Brittle into a corrie enclosed by the bare ribs of An Dallaid and Sron nan Gobhar, with this Sgurr as the central apex.

During a holiday at that climbers' paradise, Glen Brittle, in 1920, Morrison and I, tempted to renew our prehensile activities after six years' abstention, decided to attempt the long climb from Coruisk on this Sgurr. This climb is dealt with rather vaguely in the *S.M.C. Journal* and other works.

The morning of our ascent was one of beneficent sunshine; the yellow broom on the banks by the cottage glowed brightly, and from a tree near by the rich and varied notes of the smeorich (mavis) thrilled through the clear air. A bathe in a flower- and fern-girt pool in the Allt a' Mhuillin preceded a ten-o'clock breakfast of good wholesome porridge, cream, and eggs. Previous to our meal, sore and stiff as we were from the exertions of previous days, our programme had been very modest indeed. Now,

however, a touch of pre-war ardour coursed through our veins. We flung out our chests, looked as if some one had patted us on the back, and, without hesitation, determined to make for Greadaidh. Morrison, always with an eye to eventualities, quietly insinuated into the sack a 40-foot cord along with 20 feet of what appeared to be stout twine, which, he gaily stated, was very tough. Armed thus, and with three small scones apiece and two slices of jammed slabs, we sallied forth in search of adventure.

An easy pace landed us in an hour's time well into Corrie Banachdich, and we made straight for the foot of the gully. The day continued perfect, and the sun was now high in the heavens. Just then we almost stepped into a large pool of the most pellucid water. A natural bath such as this the true mountaineer can never resist, and each, looking at the other, knew at once that, however good might be our resolutions to push on to our climb, they had only been formed to be broken in face of such temptation. Before many minutes we had plunged into the limpid water, and were soon stretched to dry on a warm, red gabbro slab. Giving ourselves up to the pleasure of the hour, time slipped joyously past till we bethought ourselves of the work before us. Morrison, however, missed his collar-stud, and the proverbial "needle in a haystack" was quoted. Not dismayed, up and down and round about the huge slab he pattered in "the altogether," and at last a crow of victory intimated that his efforts had been rewarded.

The Banachdich Dearg Col was our first objective. An hour's scrambling brought us there at 2.45 P.M., and we immediately plunged down the scree slope of the upper Coireachan Ruadha. Here the rock scenery is marvellous, and soon drew us up to admire those terrific precipices of Sgurr Dearg and the great, gaunt pinnacles, enfiladed by narrow defiles deeply floored with snow, on the Banachdich side of the col. Having gazed our fill, we trundled down the scree to the water issuing from the rocks near several titanic boulders, then bearing slightly to the left, arrived at a spot commanding a view of our climb, the south-west ridge of Sgurr a' Greadaidh. Immediately we realised the vagueness of the published descriptions, but,

Greadaidh



SGURR A' GREADAIDH FROM TOP OF LOCH CORUIK

Rev. A. E. Robertson

undismayed, proceeded to demolish two of our scones, which looked and felt smaller as the magnitude of the work in store for us became more apparent. Visions of a late return were already looming on the horizon, so it behoved us to husband the larder. An hour slipped unnoticed away in pleasant fashion amidst such magnificent surroundings, practically the whole of the Coolin, both Black and Red, being within our purview. Around our mossy couch lay scattered blocks of heavy red rock, deposited, no doubt, in dim and distant ages far beyond human ken. When struck by the nailed boots, these blocks gave forth a keen metallic ring, and it is curious that one does not find such rock in mass while climbing.

A drink from the cool waters of the swift-running Allt refreshed us, and we sped quickly downwards by its side; then, crossing a chaos of gabbro boulders to the burn draining from the Banachdich Thormaid Greadaidh section of the Coireachan, we mounted a steep grassy slope for 200 or 300 feet, to the base of a great buttress cleft from top to bottom by a very deeply cut gully. The climb we were in search of was described as "commencing on the south side of a stream flowing from Coire an Uaigneis," and now we were confronted with a view of several dry stream courses, one just beside us draining the water from the great cleft referred to, and others at some distance and at considerably lower levels.

Time was pressing, the hour being already 5.40 P.M., so, although quite certain it was not the climb of which we were in search, we decided to commence operations. This was at a height of 1,150 feet, and some twenty yards on the south-west of the watercourse issuing from the deeply cut gully. The last remaining scone and a portion of the jammed block were consumed, and, although we were already tired and weary, a start was forthwith made, after a very small cairn had been constructed.

Some 15 feet from the start, a diminutive rowan tree clung to the rocks, and what looked easy climbing turned out the reverse, the rock being water worn and smooth. This caused us to make a considerable traverse to our left to a narrow gabbro ledge. This gave a fore-

taste of what was to come, as these ledges turned out to be the feature of this face. They always curved upwards to our left, and sloped outwards, causing their passage, especially with a rucksack, to be not always comfortable or easy. The ledges were generally overhung from above at such a level that progress was only possible by crawling, and sometimes by still more undignified methods of locomotion. Between the ledges and the overhang ran worn-out dykes of a nature the antithesis of gabbro, and the sharp, slippery remains of this obnoxious material frequently carpeted the ledges, much to the detriment of our knees. From the first of these ledges a stiff perpendicular pitch of 10 feet or so was tackled, followed by some easy rock to another awkward little pitch bearing to the right. This led to the foot of a steep chimney of which 100 feet or more were visible. Owing to the limited extent of rope and the obvious absence of halting-places, the leader decided to return after taking out our 60 feet of cord twine. Retracing our steps to the first ledge it was regained by an easy route to the left of the 10-foot pitch. Some distance along the ledge, an outlet in the shape of another steep pitch bore us upwards to another ledge.

To gain height at every opportunity we tackled very steep pitches inclining to the perpendicular between the ledges. These pitches fortunately were usually of good gabbro, and the holds, always of the tiniest description, firm, and just sufficient when chosen with circumspection. At an early point in the proceedings, the twine, in which the leader placed so much faith, had been requisitioned; but, on the whole, owing to the continual traversing and the minute nature of available hitches, little use could be made of the rope. In fact the party would have been safer without it; but custom dies hard, and the second permitted the dainty twine to encircle his waist throughout, not, it is true, with any intention of testing its breaking strain, and so proving the leader's assertion that this was some cwts. In one respect the cord and the twine were more useful than the Alpine strand, as they hitched behind tiny excrescences which would have been beneath the notice of any climbing rope of conventional habits.

Ledge after ledge led us diagonally round the precipitous face overlooking the Coireachan Ruadha. Dusk was gathering, and the possibility of our progress becoming barred was forcing itself uncomfortably on our notice when, at the end of a ledge, we reached a shallow cave which afforded a welcome and well-earned rest. A very steep wall rose on the right of the cave, while on the left an A.P. wall in a most sensational position did not look by any means promising. Naturally, the leader in the circumstances took to the least trying-looking wall on the right, but a short examination convinced him that was not the way. Our hopes now centred on the sensational wall to the left. Out went the leader who, by the way, had on a previous occasion been expatiating on his want of head, and had successfully reconciled this failing with a preference for face climbs to gullies. His argument was that on a face climb one always has holds, but in gullies one has frequently to do without such aids. Here was a very good instance.

The perpendicular even presented a slight bulge in the central regions. Sitting in the cave the second could hear a grunt of satisfaction, from which he gathered gabbro had been struck, followed by other sounds of an opposite nature and the whirr of a flying stone. At last from what was evidently a long pull the legs drew upwards, not with too much assurance, the second thought, but with great care, till finally the hobnails disappeared. Some scrambling followed, then silence. When the second's turn came, he stepped cautiously out of the cave, found a fairly satisfactory foothold, then a very trying upward step with no handholds. The body and outstretched arms hugged lovingly the gabbro wall till the step was accomplished, then from two minute fingerholds high up, a long pull and a swing to the right landed a tired climber above the roof of the cave he had left. This was no doubt the finest tit-bit of the climb, and it raised our hopes.

The angle lessened very considerably and there appeared a somewhat rickety arête, from which we judged the face had been conquered and so it was. This arête led us to easy ground, where, throwing ourselves down, we were soon

gazing with bated breath on the remainder of the jammed block, now shrunk like the *peau de chagrin*. It was 9.15 P.M. and our height only 1,800 feet. "Dora" had accordingly to be put into operation, and a small segment of the block was carefully repacked in the rucksack along with the twine, and a sigh of relief from the second.

Far below, little white ribands of streams joined each other and were finally lost in the black waters of Coruisk. To the west and north, the light was still strong on the jagged ridge, and almost every peak on the Cuillin stood clear and sharp against a bluish-green sky, while the great eastern corries grew darker each moment. Above us, a ridge sloped at a very gentle angle and gave easy going till we reached at 10.15 P.M. a height of 2,400 feet. Here a steep, imposing bluff, undercut at the base, barred our way. It extended far to our right, and formed the commencement of the final rocks, which consisted of gabbro and dykes in alternate layers; the structure being similar to the face first surmounted. This bluff was turned by climbing out to our left and then back to the ridge. As the dusk had deepened, considerable care was now necessary until at 11.30 P.M. we struck the Cuillin ridge a short distance to the south of the southern main top of the Sgurr.

On the summit a deep, soft bed of moss afforded a pleasant resting-place the while we stowed away our meagre supper, but needless to say, there was no complaint over the depleted state of the commissariat. A joyous exaltation, the result of victory won, pulsed through our veins as we leaned comfortably on the top stone and enjoyed our utter isolation. Around us just enough light was diffused to enable us to distinguish each other. No breath of wind disturbed this airy region where solemn silence reigned. The depths below and the firmament above were enshrouded in the deepest darkness, but away in the south-east a yellow star gleamed, while in the north the rosy hue of sunset still prevailed. To add to the glories of the night there rose like a beacon on the centre of Blaven's summit :

"That orb'd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon."



"THE BLACK WATERS OF CORUIK"

Rev. A. E. Robertson

Like a newly kindled fire she mounted until gradually the half-moon stood as if balancing on the crest and threw her refulgent rays over a mysterious world.

Having enjoyed this nocturnal display, the refreshing coolness of the air reminded us of a certain cosy shieling far below in Glen Brittle where it now occurred to us a lady well known to members of the S.M.C. with a name commemorated in the song commencing "Kind, kind and gentle is she" would anxiously be awaiting our return. Progression along the knife edge of the summit ridge in the dim light of the midnight hour brought strongly to mind "The Cat that Walked by Itself" in Just-So Stories. All went well, however, and in an hour or so we were looking down the black chasm of An Dorus. To test its character we threw stones into the inky depths, and as the result decided, wisely or unwisely, that it was no place for us. Shortly afterwards Eag Dubh appeared, where the writer, to show his gratitude to the leader for guiding his feet to the holds, planted his mailed heel on the leader's eye, luckily without material damage.

Easy scree followed and fairly good progress was made into Corrie Greadaidh, especially when one or other occasionally stepped on a slippery slab under the shadowy impression that it was turf.

Day boiled o'er night's brim when we were traversing the turfy slopes of the lower corrie round the base of Sron nan Gobhar, and as the road was reached where the Allt Coire na Banachdich runs gently past the sheep fank, the eye naturally followed it upwards, and there stood the great majestic grey peaks beckoning us back to another contest with their glorious crags.

At the farmhouse the cocks were crowing and the dogs barked at the sound of hobnailers at this unaccustomed hour. The sough of the sea sounded soothingly in our ears, the sweet notes of the mavis amidst the broom quivered in the morning air, and the turf of the meadow was balm to our feet. What more was required to fill our cup of happiness to overflowing but the welcome of an ever-watchful hostess, her fears allayed; a good meal; then oblivion—and all these were ours.

THE CHASM—BUCHAILLE ETIVE.

BY R. F. STOBART.

ON 13th April 1920 a party of three (Mr and Mrs Odell and the writer) left the hotel at Kingshouse, Glencoe, to try conclusions with "The Chasm" on Buchaille Etive, of which they had read the description in Abraham's "British Mountain Climbs," and which they understood had never been climbed throughout. The day before had been spent in reconnoitring from the left side, and a descent had been made into the couloir, and one of the 100-foot pitches about half-way up the Chasm had been climbed. A rope had been left on this pitch to save time next day as the expedition promised to be a long one.

The party, determined to make use of all the daylight available on the rocks, set out by lantern light, and entered the Chasm at 6.15 A.M. A good deal of water was coming down, and ere the first pitch was conquered wet clothes and feet were the order of the day. This pitch rises in three stories and they were all wet.

The next pitch was guarded by a pool about 3 feet deep. The leader plunged through and under a shower bath and started up. The last man, dreaming he was in a pot hole, pensively removed the stones that formed the dam, allowing the water to drain away before his turn came. Two huge cave pitches followed. These were turned on the left wall, which is here covered with patches of heather and is rather loose. Then came a pitch of treacherous red slabby rock about 60 feet high, which led to the first patch of snow, then another very wet pitch and then more snow. At the head of the last snow patch, which contained a big schrund, a tributary joins from the right. From here a 100-foot chimney in which the rock was rather rotten led the party to the point at which they had entered the Chasm on the previous day. At this point a halt was made at 10.20 A.M. for breakfast, and some hot soup was brewed. Above the breakfast place was the staircase kicked on the previous day, and this was quickly mounted to the foot of the pitch on which the fixed rope had been left. At least one of the party blessed that rope, as, with numbed

"The Chasm"



BUCHAILLE ETIVE—SHOWING "THE CHASM"

R. E. Workman

fingers, he found the landing anything but easy. The foot of this pitch is marked by two eroded trap dykes branching out of the gully at right angles on either side. This must be the point reached by the first party of 1898. The mists which earlier had been playing hide-and-seek round the mountain with the Chasm as base now tired of the sport and stayed at home, spoiling the view for the rest of the day.

The spare line having been coiled, a move was made to the next pitch. This is a small cave which was turned on the left wall on clean, sound rock. About 200 feet of snow followed, the walls coming gradually together till they were back and foot distance. The snow ended in a cave, and the walls being somewhat overhanging, combined tactics became necessary to overcome the obstacle. On the right wall, about 6 feet above the snow, is a small stance sufficient to hold one man, who can from here bridge to the opposite wall with his arms. Number three took up this position, and the leader climbed on to his shoulders, found a hold on the opposite wall, and went ahead to another small stance above. Number two then followed, and passing below the leader, traversed into the head of the pitch. Then the leader called for the sacks, which he hauled up. One of the sacks slipped as it was being untied and rushed off down the snow, and had to be brought back by number three. It then, after being hauled up about 10 feet, suddenly returned on the head of the man below who was lighting a pipe. He spoke severely to that sack, and it behaved as a sack should for the rest of the day. Number three was then coaxed up the pitch with much boot scraping and joined number two. The leader then came down from his perch. Above this pitch a gully branches out up to the true left to a gap below what is taken to be the pinnacle of the "Four Days' Ridge," mentioned in "British Mountain Climbs."

A further stretch of snow led to what, scenically, is undoubtedly the finest part of the climb. The walls here are more than 100 feet high and the gorge is narrow. This was taken to be the reputed "Cauldron." The waterfall was frozen into magnificent icicles and was quite impracticable. A 120-foot chimney on the right wall appeared to be the only exit. At the top of this the leader found

difficulty with the landing, and number three proving unsuccessful, combined tactics were again employed. From here onwards, except for one ice-decorated pitch, the snow masked any rock difficulties.

The whole party were soaked early in the day, and were more than chilly when, at 5.20 P.M., a halt was called at 2,900 feet. The mist was still very thick and the Chasm had disappeared, so a start was made for home. As often happens, one of the party was certain he knew the quickest way down, and the others resigned themselves to the inevitable loss of time. The hotel was reached at 8.30 P.M. It is thought that the following notes may be useful to those who wish to visit this climb. The heights were taken with an aneroid which was set at 800 feet at Kingshouse Hotel. The difficulty of the pitches—1, severe; 2, moderate; and 3, easy—is given as this party found them, but they must vary considerably with weather and snow conditions.

No. of Pitch.	Notes.	Aneroid Reading.	Difficulty.
		Feet.	
	Foot of chasm - - - - -	1,150	
1	In three stories. Wet - - - - -	1,240	3
2	30 feet. Very wet. Climbed right of chockstone - - - - -	...	2
3 }	Big cave pitches. Climbed on true left	{ 1,300 }	2
4 }	wall. Steep. Loose. Heathery	{ 1,380 }	
5	Red slabby rock. 60 feet. Treacherous. Time, 8.45 - - - - -	1,420	2
6	Very wet. Time, 9.15 A.M. - - - - -	1,520	3
7	Rotten rock. 100 feet. Climbed by chimney. Branch gully from true right - - - - -	1,600	2
8	Climbed on true left of waterfall. Bad landing. 100 feet (fixed rope left on previous day) - - - - -	1,900 (top)	1
9	Small cave. Turned on right wall. Sound - - - - -	...	3
10	Combined tactics necessary. Climbed on true left wall - - - - -	2,100	1
11	"Devil's Cauldron." Turned by chimney on true right wall. 120 feet - - - - -	2,520	1
12 & 13	Masked by snow and ice - - - - -	...	3

N.B.—Right and left refer to the true right and left of the "Chasm" regarded as a stream bed and not to the right and left of the ascending climber.



March 1910

BUCHAILLE ETIVE—MORNING MISTS

J. H. Buchanan

THE START.

BY GEORGE SANG.

[It is our practice and our pride jealously to preserve the Scottish character of the *Journal*. Though this article has something of an Alpine flavour, the moral is there for all to read. I am confident, therefore, that no member of the Club will cavil at its inclusion in these pages, and that it will be greatly appreciated by all readers of the *Journal*, members and non-members alike.—ED.]

A WET day at Sligachan makes me long for the brilliant sunshine and glittering snows of Switzerland. But oh, how Switzerland makes my heart yearn for the clean, small hills of Skye!

It is 3.7 A.M., and the hotel porter has thundered upon the door of room No. 46 the summons to arise. This might not particularly matter, but I, alas! am the only occupant of No. 46. He has not wakened me. I have been tossing under the elephantine caress of the all too short and too fat *douet* ever since 12.30. That was the hour my talkative neighbours in No. 47 ceased their hunt for a missing collar stud or rehearsal of a scene from "The Tavern Brawl," or whatever other diversion caused them to make night hideous and drive sleep from my open window. I have been tossing and wondering if it were 3 A.M. yet, whether that was the blessed rain or merely the fountain, whether that were wind laden with snow or only the snores and fluff in the lung of No. 45. Now the horrid reality has come. It is 3.10 A.M. and neither raining nor blowing. There are even a few stars, and from behind a light cloud the first quarter of a healthy moon. I shall have to get up. I said I would. Yet why should I rise at the very moment when bed has become really attractive and sleep might be wooed and won were I to lie thoroughly relaxed? Am I not here on holiday? Is holiday not the doing as you feel inclined at the moment? No, evidently not. Is that the sound of hobnailed feet upon the stones outside? I fall from bed and stagger to the window. The balcony is chill and

comfortless. Looking down I can see the shadowy form of Reckless Supertaxo (sohn Greedi) stopping his calabash with a piton and reckoning up additions to the tariff by aid of the fitful gleam of a folding lantern. I must hurry or he will add in the date, and this is 1921. Where are the matches, Ollendorph? They are under the wardrobe. Do not shake the wardrobe, it is tied back with string. I have found a match on the floor. It is not very damp and may light. I strike the match. It hits back. So, grasping it firmly in the left hand, I commence dressing. As I turn to seize my waistcoat the match bursts into flame—when it struck back it only burst into stink. I search for the candle. It has rolled out under the door and is half-way down the passage. I see it when the door is open, and the match and I go out together. I take a deep breath and strike another match. I complete dressing and put on one boot. The match then flames and I light the candle. I observe that I have not put on my socks and remove the boot. Then comes the search for things put ready the night before. The glacier paint, jam, ice-nails, butter, goggles, cheese, woollies, and that repulsive-looking chunk of hard, sour bread. All is silent. The true hut etiquette of the early morning start. Where is the cooker? Is it on the bed? It was on the bed. It is now hitting the floor. By Maeterlinck, but it makes a noise! There were raw eggs in it. What is that other sound? Is it a chicken? No. Revenge is sweet, it is No. 47 cursing bergsteigers in duet. I seize my rucksack, candle, boots, ice-axe, putties, water-flask, rope, steigeisen scarpetti sparghetti—no, not spargetti—and banging my bedroom door, fall downstairs *comme un mouse*.

Do you know that, 3.45 A.M. feeling and how you hate all men? How you regard the sleepy hotel porter with absolute venom? Do you remember the taste of the coffee he *réchauffés*? The dust-strewn butter and the weary with watching bread? How even the flies are asleep in the honey? You know the way the porter forgets about the milk and won't understand that biscuits are to be taken as proviant. You ask for milk and biscuits and he produces a large tumbler of the former. "Where are the biscuits?"

you ask, with some asperity. "Ah," he explains, waving the coffee pot to the detriment of the red and white table-cover, "I place a beeg glass of him in the meelk." La la, what it is to be a confessed Scot. Whisky and milk at 3.50 A.M. But there are worse early morning breakfast drinks. This coffee is one. Much.

How uncomfortable and full of feet are one's boots, and what an insult is Supertaxo's greeting of "Good-morning, Herr Englander! Do you sleep well?" "Is it going to rain?" you inquire hopefully through chattering teeth as you shiver in the chill night air that sweeps the dust across the forlorn veranda. Your guide assures you it will be a day "of a brilliance," and you curse him in your heart as he dispels your last hope of a night's rest.

The porter, having packed his own food and the bottles of wine for himself and the guide, studies the horizon and resolutely neglects your little load, forgetting the crisp sentences of English which fell so glibly from his lips when you engaged him yesterday. With a groan of self-pity you shoulder your sack and stumble into the dark.

The acid smell of sulphur matches, the guide's calabash, and the alarming proximity of the inevitable manure heaps insult your nostrils as you wend your perplexing way through the clustered chalets. Already the black redstarts are trying their morning carol, and the horror of the hour of dawn is at hand. The swinging lantern gleams for a moment in your eyes, and your bemused and sleep-laden mind fails to direct your erring feet. You stumble over logs of wood and water channels, and the hasty breakfast wars in your interior revoltingly. You are painfully aware that for three long hours you must continue to plug upwards. Depression fills your heart, and with your whole soul you loath mountaineering and mountains and mountaineers, and long for the Broads or the sound of the ebbing tide. Very soon your trudging becomes automatic and your brain gets active. The difficulties of the day ahead loom enormous and threatening. The black reputation of that famed chimney grows out of all proportion (you have to ask which was it afterwards), and you experience the tremors of the lamb led to the slaughter.

Then out of the east and from behind a veil of cloud overtopping that jagged ridge comes the sun. From being pleasantly cool it soon gets hot, and your clothes become irksome. You long for a pause to readjust your burdens, but the inexorable guide and porter sweat contentedly into their fustian, and yet another discomfort joins your party.

Oh, for the sweet, small, cool hills of Skye !



June 1920

AN TEALLACH—MAIN RIDGE

T. Howard Somervell

THREE WEEKS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY T. HOWARD SOMERVELL.

FOR years I have envied those fortunate members of the S.M.C. who can afford the time and money to step into a first-class sleeper at Euston and wake up the next morning in the Highlands, returning after a week-end to their avocations. Such is not my lot; but when my brother and his light car had a three weeks' holiday in June 1920 which coincided with mine, we had no hesitation in making for the North. Moreover, as we were blessed with exceptional weather, we were able to do a fair amount of climbing, and voted it the best holiday of our lives.

Starting at Kendal about 11 A.M., we reached Lochearnhead in time for dinner, and went on the next day to Clachaig. Here we were unfortunate enough to have two days of wet weather, and nothing more formidable than the north-west ridge of Buchaille Etive was attacked. We then went on to Fort William, where we stayed three days. The first day was spent on the Tower Ridge, when a route up Douglas' Boulder was made. This route is not recommended, however, as very loose rock was encountered. Rain was streaming down during the whole ascent, and even large masses of 20 tons and more moved on being touched. The pieces I sent down on my brother's head were luckily of smaller size than this; but none the less we were glad to get off the Boulder and on to the ridge. This has been aptly called "a typical Swiss climb," which is exactly what it is.

The next day a north wind brought the fine weather which was to last three weeks. We had a delightful climb up the Castle of Carn Dearg, and at the top enjoyed the most extensive view in Britain on what must have been one of the clearest days of the whole year. It was a magnificent sight, which I shall never forget.

After leaving Fort William we made Ullapool our objective, passing along the atrocious but beautiful road

beside Loch Ness, and sustaining our first puncture on the desolate moorland between Garve and Ullapool. The following day, being attracted by the precipitous western side of Cuil Beag, we found on this mountain what is probably a new climb. We started at the foot of what appears to be the highest piece of continuous rock-face, and went from ledge to ledge by varied face-climbs. On several occasions we were defeated on difficult pitches, but these could always be turned by traversing along the heather ledges. The climb led out into a shallow, steep gully, followed by a short ridge which landed us only a few yards south of the summit. We left cairns here and there, though owing to the formation of the rocks it is unlikely that our exact route will be followed by subsequent explorers; but wherever they go on that face they will be assured of entertaining climbing for about 1,000 feet on firm sandstone.

We went over the moors to Dundonnell the same evening, and next day explored the ridges of An Teallach, a fine mountain, where there must be a lot of rock-climbing; but such as we saw seemed usually to be too steep for the defiance of gravity, or too loose for the preservation of intact crania. However, the Einstein people tell us that gravity has got to go; perhaps, by dint of their efforts, the climbs on Teallach will "go" too. Apart, however, from rock-climbing, the ridges of Teallach are finer than any in the British Isles outside Skye, and are very well worth a visit. Moreover, the view is extremely good, and gives one an especially clear idea of the topography of the Torridon sandstone mountains of the North-West Highlands. Mention must also be made of Dundonnell Inn, which is an ideal inn of its kind.

In the evening we motored on round the coast to Gairloch, and on to Loch Maree, where we spent the night; and next morning saw us on our way to Glen Torridon, whence we climbed Ben Eighe. Skirting around the western end of this mountain, between it and Liathach, we contoured round to Coire Mhic Fhear-chair, and beheld for the first time the mighty buttresses



June 1920

AN TEALLACH—ROCK PINNACLES

T. Howard Somervell

of Ben Eighe, surely the finest rock-scene in Britain. We had designs on a direct ascent of the Eastern Buttress, the sandstone portion of which has only been done from its eastern side. In vain we tried several places on the front of the buttress. These were all quite easy for 50 feet, and then became impossible. Finally we were forced to go further east than we had intended, and got up a stiff chimney and an easy glacis of rock to the grass terrace which divides the quartzite summit rocks from their Torridonian foundation. Here we traversed to the right until the crest of the buttress was reached, and made our way up beautiful rock, easy alternating with difficult, steep with sloping, but always climbable and enjoyable. The rock scenery is so splendid that, in order to see more of it, we went part of the way down the Central Buttress. From the top of this part of Ben Eighe we had the best scree glissade imaginable into Glen Torridon, followed by a bathe at the foot of the mountain.

Rejoining the car, we went as rapidly as possible to Strome Ferry by way of Achnasheen, where we stopped for a meal and a bolt for the rear spring of the car (our only breakdown on the trip). Here we stayed a night in the homely but comfortable inn on the north side of the strait, and spent the next morning getting thence to Sligachan with amusing scenes on the ferry and in the villages, where nobody had ever seen a Morgan three-wheeler before. What a pity it is that they had not! Why should the hundreds of owners of such cars not think of spending a little time amid the finest scenery of the British Isles?

At Sligachan we joined Geoffrey Howard and spent a day on Sgurr nan Gilleann. (The Sligachan Gully isn't as hard as it is made out to be!) Next day we went by car to Glen Brittle, and went very well too; the ford was a bit deep, but the engine and magneto kept dry, and we took less than three-quarters of an hour from Sligachan to Glen Brittle. Here we divided between the Chisholm and Campbell régimes, and the day following attacked the Inaccessible Pinnacle by every possible route, finding the

100-foot south-west crack an excellent little climb. The direct route up the Cioch, the Water-pipe Gully, and other climbs were also done before it was time for my brother to go home. This he did by train, leaving the Morgan with me. Our race for the boat at Broadford, with a flattish tyre and three on board the car, I shall not soon forget. We caught it, however, without breaking springs, and I returned to Glen Brittle to join Cain, G. Wilson, Walker-Jones, and Chant (all of the Fell and Rock Club), with whom I did a few more climbs, including the Crack of Doom above the Cioch; this latter is formidable but most enjoyable.

By this time we felt our condition was almost as fine as the weather, and an attempt on the whole ridge of the Coolin was mooted; it met with a hearty verbal response, and with more than this on the part of Graham Wilson, who started out with me one morning at 7 A.M. Our times for the ridge-walk are recorded in the *S.M.C. Journal* of a year ago; I shall therefore only say here that it was a fine expedition, the finest, without doubt, we had done outside the Alps, and one to be recommended for the sure-footed. In actual ascent it is not over-strenuous, but it is hard work, and sure-footedness is necessary to keep up a good pace on easy rock such as that on Mhic Choinnich, Greadaidh, and Mhadiadh. The only fly in the ointment was thirst, which was not often relieved by snow, as the exceptional weather had only left three or four patches on the whole range within easy reach of the summit ridge. The rest of our party gave us encouragement at Sgurr Dearg, but we got no water from them, either because we wished to do the ridge unaided, or because they hadn't got any—I forget which. The following day we rested ourselves by returning to Glen Brittle by way of the Slanting Gully and Mhadiadh.

A few days later the party broke up, and Walker-Jones and I returned to the Lowlands by way of Clunie Bridge, Tomdoun, Loch Laggan, and Kinloch Rannoch; Schiehallion, owing to bad weather, being the only ascent we made. We had several rather trying punctures, but no other mishaps, and the car landed us back at

Kendal, having done over 1,100 miles with no breakdown save one broken bolt, which was replaced in twenty minutes. The roads north of Perth are all poor, most of them bad; even main roads such as that along Loch Ness are pot-holed and loose; but the three-wheeler Morgan made light of all obstacles, and incidentally went from Sligachan to Glen Brittle in shorter time than was taken next day by a Rolls Royce. Any readers who possess a light car are heartily recommended to try a holiday on similar lines; they won't regret it.

In Memoriam.

DR ALEXANDER M. KELLAS.

MOUNTAINEERS all the world over will have read with the utmost regret of the death of Dr Alexander M. Kellas, which took place on 5th June 1921, at Kampa Dzong.

The thoughts and good wishes of all climbers are at present with the Everest expedition, whatever be its ultimate result, and, had life been spared to Dr Kellas, it would only have been his just reward that he, at any rate, should have been one of the party to reach the highest altitude on, if not the summit of, the great peak.

Though with no surprise, it was with no little pride that the members of the S.M.C. found that two of its members had been chosen for an expedition of such outstanding importance. More particularly, the Aberdeen members looked to their townsman as holding, to a large extent, the fortunes of the expedition in his hands.

Dr Kellas was an Aberdonian. He became a member of the S.M.C. in 1898, and his younger brother, Mr Henry Kellas, Advocate in Aberdeen, is also a member of our Club. Dr Kellas received his early education at the Aberdeen Grammar School. Thereafter, he studied in Edinburgh at the Heriot-Watt College and University. He was a B.Sc. and D.Sc. of London University, and took his Ph.D. at Heidelberg with distinction. Ultimately, he held the position of Lecturer in Chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School. From the days of his early youth, Dr Kellas was a keen hill-walker, and very soon the Scottish hills fascinated him, and claimed him as one of their most ardent admirers. His expeditions in his native land—many of them long and arduous—followed up by a Swiss training, great natural aptitude for the craft, together with an abnormal bump of locality and a gift for exploration, soon placed him in the first rank of explorers and mountaineers of the present day. It is probably not too

much to say that no man had a more thorough and complete knowledge of certain districts of the Himalaya than Dr Kellas, and it is certainly the case that no man has ever done so much single-handed work in India with Ghurkas as he did.

It is only a few years ago since the writer had the privilege of listening to Dr Kellas at a private exhibition to the Aberdeen members of the Club of his Himalayan pictures when he described his wonderful achievements in the most modest and unassuming manner, for such was the man.

As in so many cases, the Great War may be said to be largely responsible for his early demise, for, besides being an explorer and climber, Dr Kellas was a scientist of no ordinary capacity, and, as such, did much valuable work in London during the war. So hard did he work that he was driven to rest in his native city during the winter of 1919-20. In the beginning of 1920, however, he again went to India, where he remained until his death. Many great peaks there were trodden by him for the first time, including Chomiumo (22,450 feet), Kanchenjhou (22,700 feet), Lango Peak (22,800 feet), and Pawhunri (23,180 feet).

Dr Kellas was the companion of Major Morshead of the Indian Survey when they attained the height of 23,600 feet on Kamet, one of the highest peaks in Garhwal, and, but for a hitch which prevented them starting sufficiently early in the season, they would probably have reached the summit, 25,400 feet. An interesting account of this expedition appeared in a recent number of the *Royal Geographical Journal*.

On account of Dr Kellas' unique geographical knowledge and the valuable experiments which he had conducted on climbing possibilities at great altitudes, by aid of carrying oxygen, it was only natural that he should be requested (both by the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society) to join the Mount Everest expedition. During the whole of last winter he was busily occupied at Darjeeling getting ready for that expedition, and working experiments on the Sikkim Mountains with and without his oxygen cylinders, the result of which seems to have been that any

advantage gained by carrying these was more than counter-balanced by their additional weight. His photographs of Everest taken in the course of his Sikkim expeditions were of great value, especially one of the north-eastern ridge, by which it was evidently thought at one time that the summit might be reached.

Of medium height and slim, Dr Kellas had the build of the real mountaineer. The line of least resistance made no appeal to him, and when he might have chosen the less arduous means of a mule's back to footing it, he invariably chose the latter. Commendable as this may have been, such strenuous exercise must, at his time of life, have tended to enhance that strain on his fine physique and great reserve power which ultimately hastened the end. Yet, if we knew the man aright, probably his death was the one he himself would have wished—to end his days among his beloved mountains, and within sight of the great peak which he had set his mind to conquer. We leave him there, midst the great silence of the snow giants, with memories that inspire us with reverence and profound respect for a noble man, a great explorer and scientist, a lover of the everlasting hills, and—last, but far from least—a genuine and unselfish friend.

W. G.



April 1921

ON BEN BHEITHIR

H. MacRobert

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET—GLENCOE DISTRICT, 1921.

THE following members were present :—

AT BALLACHULISH HOTEL.—President (W. N. Ling), A. R. Anderson, J. H. Bell, R. A. Brown, A. M. Buchanan, Wm. Galbraith, G. T. Glover, Francis Greig, A. Harrison, Geoffrey Howard, J. Gall Inglis, R. S. Low, H. MacRobert, T. R. Marshall, W. A. Mounsey, R. C. Paterson, A. K. Reid, Geo. Sang, G. A. Solly, Prof. Steggall, Gilbert Thomson, E. C. Thomson, C. W. Walker, G. M. Wood. *Guests*—J. Harrison, Dr E. Lüscher (Berne), K. G. M'Lean, Major Simpson, M. G. Taylor.

AT CLACHAIG.—E. A. Baker, A. E. Maylard, C. P. Vandeleur.

AT KINGSHOUSE.—(Friday), Geoffrey Howard. (Sunday), C. W. Walker, R. S. Low. (Tuesday and Wednesday), J. H. Bell, Dr E. Lüscher.

AT TARTAN, KINLOCHLEVEN.—(Monday), J. Gall Inglis, Prof. Steggall.

No record of an Easter Meet is complete without some reference to the weather. Much of it was poor—two days, Friday and Sunday, gave some sunshine, but after that it was frankly deplorable, the heavy, mild rain of Monday belonging to July rather than to March. Previous to Friday night, the hills were as clear of snow as in June, but after that, as a member expressed it, one was tired of watching the change from black hills with white waterfalls to white hills with black watercourses, and vice versa. It was not a Meet suitable either for satisfactory snow or rock work.

Thirty-two (twenty-seven members and five guests) were present at the Meet, scattered throughout the glen, and to show the sustained interest in the Club, the number included two original members (Maylard and Thomson) and four presidents (present or past) were on the hills. Ten A.C. members also were present, showing that perhaps due heed had been taken of the reproof administered at Garve Station over twenty years ago when the then president, espying two unknowns armed with ice-axes (a much rarer sight at Easter in Scotland in those days), entered into conversation, and, wishing to be civil, asked if they were members of the A.C., only to receive the crushing retort, "No, we climb without guides." After this the strangers vanished in the direction of Altguish Inn, where, so far as history relates, they may remain to this day.

Scotland naturally contributed most members, nineteen; from England came six (chiefly presidents and members of committee, present or past), whilst two came from outside Britain, from an island where hills are reserved for other work than mountaineering just now.

On Thursday, in fine weather, Messrs Solly, Mure Wood, Galbraith, and Major Simpson opened the Meet by ascending Ben Bheithir (3,392 feet) by the east ridge, doing two tops and then descending into and returning by the corrie. The President and Bell arrived during the day, and took a training walk along the Kinlochleven road, returning through Strathcona policies, thus assisting to maintain a right-of-way. This walk was a severe piece of work when it is recollected that it involved a tramp twice through the "weary" village of Ballachulish Quarries. In the evening ten more members turned up, and the hotel began to assume the normal aspects of a Meet.

Friday may be described as a "Bidean Day"—a very full brake set off for Clachaig at 9 (by the way, the Secretary was invaluable, and no expedition, by land or sea, failed to leave at the exact hour scheduled). On arrival at the inn, a party for Bidean, led by the President and including Bell, Glover, Mounsey, Simpson, and Solly, all tired of the monotonous grind into Coire nam Beith so

often done in former years, traversed along the south side of Loch Triochatan into the Alte Coire Gabhail, then along this and up snow to the column between Beinn Fhada (3,064 feet) and Bidean nam Bian (3,756 feet). Five of the party bagged the summit of Beinn Fhada, whilst Glover went on to the top of Bidean, where the party re-united and descended along the ridge of Beith and down the tedious slope of Ant 'Sron to Clachaig.

On the summit of Bidean a gathering of thirteen took place—the above six, and Sang, Greig, Marshall, Paterson, Reid, also Galbraith and Wood—no unlucky number, as the weather was fine and the views grand, although the absence of snow undoubtedly gave less sport than usual. Sang and Greig came up by the great gully below the Church Door buttress, and here the unusually small quantity of snow lent some interest to the pitch below Collie's pinnacle. The snow above the buttress was the only point at which any step-cutting was required. This is quite a record for a Meet of this size so early in the year. Marshall and his party came up by the same route, whilst Galbraith and Wood left the others when the coire was reached, and struck eastward to the col between Stob Coire an Lochan and the summit. No glissading could be indulged in, except one rapid effort by a member which ended safely.

At Clachaig C. Walker and Low arrived from the south with a timeous six-cylinder car, which took the President and a lagging member into Ballachulish. E. C. Thomson and M'Lean completed a circuit of Ben Bheithir, and descended to Ballachulish East. A. M. Buchanan and two Harrisons (A. and J.) had meantime arrived from the south, leaving the train at Duror, and ascended Ben Bheithir *en route* to the hotel.

After dinner the excursion most favoured for Saturday was by motor boat to Inversanda, in order to climb Garbh Bheinn (2,903 feet).

A decided change in the weather was noted on Saturday, there being a sprinkling of fresh snow on all the tops, with a strong westerly breeze and ominous clouds. Sang, true to time, mustered the S.M.C. crew of nine—the Presi-

dent, Anderson, Buchanan, Galbraith, Glover, Marshall, Mounsey, Sang, Simpson, and Solly—and they set out into a nasty, choppy sea as the tide was ebbing strongly against the wind. The hotel party watched the proceedings with interest, and were not surprised when they saw the boat heading for the pier again, where Galbraith left the sea and went with Mure Wood for another round of the Ben Bheithir massif, to which they were commendably constant throughout the Meet, ascending three times in four days. The bow was then turned towards Kinlochleven, and, after one or two fine bracing showers, the party finally debarked at the rickety pier of Caolasnacan, where evidences of “boche” prisoners and their occupation were plentiful. Thence Anderson and Marshall walked to North Ballachulish via Kinlochleven. Glover and Mounsey went up the corrie to the col at the east of the Pap of Glencoe (2,430 feet), thence to the summit and back.

From Caolasnacan the President led Buchanan, Sang, Simpson, and Solly up Gleann a Chaolais to Meall Garbh (3,080 feet), over Sgor nam Fiannaidh (3,168 feet), and down to the village, where the three leaders caught the train home to Ballachulish Ferry. This would be a great means of avoiding a dreary walk if trains were more numerous. The two Harrisons, M'Lean, and E. C. Thomson made a small party in a large brake to Clachaig, when they ascended Bidean, M'Lean and Thomson bagging Stob Coire an Lochan *en route*.

Howard arrived on Saturday evening over the Pap of Glencoe from a lonely vigil at Kingshouse, where on Friday he accomplished the meritorious ascent of Beinn à Chrulaiste, quite the dullest hill amongst unrivalled mountains around. Every one reported poor weather, high, cold wind and heavy sleet showers that day.

A few members arrived late on Saturday night and were lucky to get one good day on Sunday, as thereafter the weather broke completely.

On Sunday the brake for Clachaig was filled to repletion, starting about half an hour later than on other days in deference to hotel feelings. The snow was down to within 300 feet of the road at first, but as the day wore on there

was enough sun to move the line another 1,000 feet or so higher. Near Clachaig, Maylard and Vandeleur were met *en route* for kirk, which three other members also attended—a creditable percentage, almost improved by two members had not their hearts failed them on arrival to find a Gaelic service, whereupon they turned to the worn path up Ben Bheithir (third time for each). From Clachaig, the President led his party—Glover, Howard, Mounsey, and Simpson—through the midden over the Cona and up Gleann Leac na Muidhe, intending to climb Sgurr na Ulaidh; but too late a start had been made, and together with the amount of loose snow and the prospect of a long day on Garbh Bheinn on Monday, they turned after completing Aonach Dubh a Ghlinne, Stob an Fhuarain (3,100 feet by aneroid). No glissades were possible, as below 2,700 feet there were only 6 inches of snow all fresh. There appear to be two rock ridges running up to the summit of Ulaidh from the north-west, which possibly might give a short scramble.

Bell, Lüscher, MacRobert, and Sang went to Bidean via Coire Beith, and after much scuffling in loose snow, managed to work out a route to the ridge joining it east of Stob Coire nam Beith, thence to the summit of Bidean on to Stob Coire an Lochan and so home. They reported grand views of the Ben and surrounding country under snow.

Brown, Buchanan, and Greig from Clachaig had a good climb on the ridge in the high north-west wind with much loose snow, going over Meall Garbh and on to the cairn at Meall Dearg, finding a good scree route, down which enabled them to reach the road in thirty-five minutes.

M'Lean and E. C. Thomson went up Scuirr na Fiannaidh and Meall Garbh down to the Garbh-Dearg col, back over Meall Garbh and down to Loch Triochatan.

Six were on Beinn Bheithir during the day—Galbraith and Wood in full retreat from the Gaelic service, Anderson, Marshall, Paterson, and Reid. The going near the summit was heavy with soft new snow.

C. Walker and Low motored to Kingshouse, where they had a climb on Sron Creise, much cumbered with loose new snow. Next day they motored home.

Monday, 28th inst., was absolutely hopeless—steady pouring rain with clouds clinging to the hillsides a few hundred feet above the loch. A dozen members left by train, the remainder staying indoors until the afternoon, with the brilliant exception of Inglis and Steggall, who took the boat to Kinlochleven, remaining the night there and returning on Tuesday.

The Ballachulish party dispersed on Tuesday, 29th March. The President, despairing of the weather, went south by train; Sang and Greig motored home; Solly went on to join the party at Clachaig; Bell and Lüscher to Kingshouse, and the remainder left by train.

The meet at Clachaig consisted of three—Baker, Maylard, and Vandeleur, afterwards joined by Solly for a couple of days.

On Friday, 25th, all three ascended the Pap of Glencoe, then along to Sgurr nam Fionnaidh and down to Loch Triochatan. On Saturday, 26th, the same party went to the head of the glen and back. On Monday, 28th, the weather was beyond despair. On Tuesday, 29th, Baker and Vandeleur set off for Stob Coire nam Beith, but found the weather too bad. On Wednesday, 30th, the same three, reinforced by Solly, ascended Bidean by Coire nam Beith, thence up to the column between Bidean and Stob Coire an Lochan. The weather was very bad, with much new loose snow and some ice on the mountain, so that this expedition was the best one of the Meet. In descending in the storm the party kept too much to the south-west, thus missing the ridge along Stob Coire nam Beith, with the result that they found themselves on unfamiliar ground, above Glen Fhaolain, regaining Clachaig by crossing the col south-west of Bidean rather than face the summit again.

Bell and Lüscher were out on the Buchaille on Wednesday, 30th, where they experienced the same wild and wet weather, ascending by the south-east ridge and through some rocks to the south-east of the "chasm." Snow was at 1,500-foot level.

On the 1st, Ronald Burn and Mr Easter (guest) arrived at Kingshouse and took five days on the hills, thus prolonging

the Meet. They bagged, amongst many other peaks, Stob Dearg, Buchaille Etive Mhor, Stob an Doire (3,360 feet), Stob Coire Altruim (col. 2,999 feet), Stob Na Bhroige, Meall a Mhuiridh, Stob a Coire (3,600 feet), completing their section of the Meet on April the 6th, and on this day the glen resumed its normal deserted state, all the S.M.C. parties having left.

We have again to thank all the landlords for their permission to traverse their estates, and many members regretted particularly that no visit to Garbh Bheinn was possible, as not only had the M'Lean of Ardgour permitted the ascent of this gem, but promised to show an eagle's eyrie to those interested. Impossible weather alone prevented us from crossing to Inversanda to thank him in person.

At Ballachulish Hotel everything was done by Mrs Fearnside to welcome the members and to make every one comfortable.

Indoors, the evenings were neither disturbed by the weather nor by the need for the organisation of any search parties for gallant climbers left out all night.

The President, at his select table, received a different set of members and guests each evening at dinner, and on one evening we hoped to see four presidents together, but it was not to be. The Club song has apparently passed into disuse.

The Everest expedition was the chief subject discussed around the fire after dinner. All were glad that Raeburn had accepted the position for which he is, of all men, so well fitted, and hopes were freely entertained that our President would join him, and that these two would give Everest the same treatment they have dealt to many other difficult summits.

Inglis, *en route* for home, met with the chief adventure of the Meet. He considers that members should be warned not to take their seat at Connel Ferry in the rear carriage of any train which comes in from Oban, or (like him) they may find themselves proceeding in the wrong direction—what time their luggage speeds southwards, whilst the owner spends (like Inglis) a kitless night in Oban.

No Meet in the glen can fail to be a success, but on this occasion the weather was so wet and wild that no real sport was obtainable. The days of the obvious first ascents—Buchaille climbs and the Church Door buttress—are gone, but many and difficult climbs doubtless remain to be worked out by the younger generation, who are evidently capable of enduring hardships, as witness the climbers who occupied the box seat of the Clachaig brake, minus hat or gabardine, in Scottish Easter weather.

G. T. G.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

By arrangement with Mr Douglas, a volume of manuscript articles by Mr J. G. Stott has been placed in the Club Library.

Mr Douglas has kindly presented to the Club a copy of his pamphlet, entitled "Fast Castle and its Owners" (reprinted from the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 1921).

The current numbers of the following Journals have been received :—

Alpine Club Journal.
La Montagne.
L'Echo des Alpes.
Svenska Turistföreningens Arsskrift.
Bulletin Pyrénéen.
Club Alpino Italiano-Revista Mensile.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

The custodian reports that no additions have been made during the past six months. New members, who are photographers, are urged to send prints of their best photographs to the custodian, with a view to having slides made of any which he considers suitable for inclusion in the Club collection.

The thanks of the Club are due to Mr H. MacRobert for his kindness in presenting the block for the illustration facing page 77.

REVIEWS.

Cairngorm Club Journal, Vol. X., No. 57 (July 1921).—The articles in this number are of varied interest. They include "An Excursion to Beinn a' Bhuid," by Mr Marshall J. Robb; "A Walk Up Glen Affric and Glen Shiel," by Mr James Stewart; and an article on "Motoring and Camping in the Highlands," by Mr David P. Levack. Mr James M'Coss contributes some "Climbing Notes," which contain many useful hints on knots, map reading, and steering by compass. The various points with which Mr M'Coss deals are explained with admirable simplicity, and the article is well worthy of study, particularly by the younger generation of climbers for whose benefit it was expressly written. The account of the Club's Easter Meet reveals the fact that no fewer than eight of those present at the Meet were members of the S.M.C.

Yorkshire Rambler's Club Journal, Vol. IV., No. 14 (1921).—This is the first number under the editorship of Mr Ernest E. Roberts. We wish him all success in his new office. Of the attractive articles provided, that which interests us most is one entitled "Concerning Arran," by Mr C. E. Benson. Few of us will admit that the quality of the climbing provided by the Arran peaks is so unsatisfactory as Mr Benson would have us believe. We are at any rate glad to think that he succumbed to the charms of A' Chir, and that he found "Bell's Groove" to be "30 feet of very hard work."

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.



The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

KNOTS.

FOR the middle of the rope the harness hitch (*cf.* "Mountaineering Art") is probably the best, but no tests appear to have been made to determine the extent to which this knot weakens the rope as compared with others. The disadvantage of the middleman noose is that it is theoretically a slip knot if the pull comes on one of the two ends of the rope. This is not so in practice, because before the knot can slip the pull has to be transmitted through the part of the rope round the body, where the friction is sufficient to prevent any mischief arising. In any event, if the knot did start to slip, the initial tightening of the rope round the body would increase the friction and so tend to prevent further slipping. The overhand knot is said to be deficient in strength, and does not come undone easily. The fourth alternative is the bowline on a bight, which must not be confused with an ordinary bowline tied in the middle of a rope by doubling the rope at the bight. The latter is not recognised as a knot at all. The only apparent objection to the bowline on a bight is that to have two parts of the rope round the body is somewhat clumsy, and uses up an extra few feet of rope. As is often the case with knots, both the harness hitch and the bowline on a bight may be capsized into slip knots if not tied properly.

For the end of the rope the objections already stated for the overhand knot also apply, but such is not the case with a knot on the principle of the middleman noose. But the best knot seems to be the bowline, if a half hitch be taken with the running end. If this be not done it is found to be liable to work loose. The four photographs of bowlines given in "Mountain Craft" were discussed at the last New Year Meet. According to the notes explanatory of these pictures, the one in the top left-hand corner of the page is tied correctly, and the others incorrectly. As these notes may lead to some misunderstanding it may be well to explain that of the four knots illustrated the two lower ones are not bowlines at all, any more than a granny is a reef knot. In fact, if the bowline be started in the proper manner, *viz.*, by placing the running end over and across the standing end, neither can be tied. The two knots shown on the top of the page are both bowlines, the only difference being that the one

in the left-hand top corner, noted as correct in the illustration, is such as would be tied by a left-handed man, the running end being held in the left hand, and that in the top right-hand corner, and noted as incorrect, by a right-handed man. The confusing part is that rope laid left-handed has been used in the illustrations, whereas that most frequently used for climbing has a right-hand lay. With rope laid right-handed the right-hand bowline should be used, if the question of tying a knot with the lay of the rope, whatever that may mean, really has the importance attributed to it. As stated, this is the knot shown in the top right-hand corner of the illustration referred to.

P. J. H. UNNA.

SKYE.

July—August 1921.—My wife and I were at Sligachan and Glen Brittle from 19th July to 15th August. Until the last few days the weather was stormy. Besides some days on the moors and in the corries, the following tops were visited:—Glamaig, Deargs, Marsco, Garbh-bheinn, Sgurr nan Gilleann pinnacle ridge and west ridge, Bruach na Frithe and ridge to Castle, Druim nam Ramh with central and north peaks of Bidean, Mhadaidh highest peak, Cioch a Sgumain, Nan Eag, Garsven. My wife was on Garbh-bheinn, Bruach na Frithe, and Nan Eag. Among the visitors at Sligachan while we were there were Mr Howard Priestman (S.M.C.), with his friend Mr C. O. Becker, and Mr Becker's son, Mr M. Becker, the Messrs Martin from Glasgow, and Miss E. Milne, a young lady of sixteen and a very keen climber. At Glen Brittle were Mr A. M. Williamson (S.M.C.) and Mr Mackintosh from Aberdeen, and Mr Porter and Mr Hilton from Yorkshire. We had the pleasure of the company of each of these friends on one or other of our days on the hills.

Mhadaidh.—The day on Mhadaidh was the wildest of the month—high wind and very heavy rain all day. Under the conditions Mr C. Becker, Mr Martin, Miss Milne, and I were content with the ascent of the highest peak by the Thuilm-Mhadaidh col and the ledges on the Corrie Ghreadaidh face of the peak. There is a small point with respect to the exact height and position of the highest top of Mhadaidh which needs clearing up. In the "Guide Book" (*Journal*, Vol. IX., p. 319) it is said, "South-west peak of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh has two tops—the one to the north is 3,014 feet and the south top is about the same height." On p. 325 in the list of peaks the height of Mhadaidh is given as 3,014 feet, which apparently refers to this north top of the south-west peak, but on p. 344 it is correctly stated that the southern top is the highest. My aneroid made the north top 2,990 feet and south top 3,020 feet, a difference of 30 feet. I doubt if it is really quite so much. The north top is above Corrie Tairneilear and the south top, about 100 yards away, with a very slight dip between, is above Corrie Ghreadaidh. Its exact height is to be

determined, and it should take the place of the north top in the list of peaks as the true summit of Mhadaidh. On returning from Mhadaidh the floods were out in the valley. The stepping-stones over the small stream from Loch Caol were completely out of sight, and we had to go about a quarter of a mile up the stream on to the moor before we forded it with difficulty. The Red Burn itself was a roaring torrent, which encroached upon the road close to Allt Dearg cottage.

Druim nam Ramh to Bidcan.—This makes a fine expedition with very fine views of Blaven, Coruisk, and the Southern Coolin, and the central peak of Bidean towers up very grandly above the ridge. This precipitous nose has not yet, I believe, been climbed direct, though Dr E. Lüscher last year descended it, abseiling down two pitches. The difficulty is passed by ledges on the Coruisk face. From Mr Naismith's description (Vol. XII., p. 176), I gather that it is usual to take a lower ledge leading either to the south-west peak or to the gap between it and the central peak. There is a higher ledge reached by scrambling up some easy rocks which leads easily to the main ridge on the central peak well above the gap. We followed this upper ledge as did Mr Tough long ago (Vol. III., p. 286) and no doubt many others. The descent of the central peak direct to the gap between it and the north top gives a fine steep bit of climbing, and as it was new to our party we were in some uncertainty as to the way. We found it best to keep as near as possible to the crest of the ridge until the drop above the col is reached, when one must go down some slabs and two steep steps slightly on the Harta Corrie side. The north peak is also steep, but is easily traversed.

Cioch a Sgumain.—This was my first ascent of this wonderful rock. I was indebted to Mr Williamson for leading me up it. On the same day my wife walked out to Rudh an Dunain, the southern point at the mouth of Loch Brittle. While there with two friends they watched for some time a sea otter playing in the sea and on the rocks below the cliff.

Corrie Ghrunnda.—My wife and I ascended Nan Eag from Bealach Garbh Corrie which was reached by Corrie Ghrunnda. My wife was much impressed by the grand rock scenery of the corrie with the tremendous slabs below the sill. The main stream comes down on the western side of the corrie, and on the eastern side is a minor stream close under the wall of Nan Eag. Two huge slabs, one above the other, each acres in extent, stretch across the floor of the corrie between the two streams. It is usual to pass the slabs on scree on the western side above the stream. We took a route up the floor of the corrie which is quite easy, and gives one a good view of its unique architecture. We went over easy slabs on the western side to the foot of a small waterfall off the first great slab, then traversed below the slab to the eastern stream, scrambled up boulders in the bed of the stream till above the second slab, and then traversed back under the final wall below the sill of the corrie to the usual route on the

western side. On the descent from Nan Eag we had a wonderful view of mountains, clouds, islands, and sea.

"Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks, and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together . . ."

J. H. BELL.

WEIGHT OF BOOTS.

MAY I make a suggestion as to the true bearing of the weight of boots on fatigue, which is under discussion just now? Foot-pounds, tons, step-pounds, &c., are entirely off the track. The whole question rests with the relative strength of the muscles which extend and flex the thigh and knee. If one had to carry 1 lb. on one's little finger for long, the whole body would feel intense fatigue because the muscles involved are not used to such a strain for a long time. Now the muscles which lift the feet are only able to support about a quarter the weight which can be supported by those which extend the leg; any weight, therefore, which has to be lifted on the feet causes four times as much fatigue as the same weight would if carried on the back or on the body in general. In the latter case the very strong extensors of the lower limb bear the strain of getting it up a hill; hence a weight of 2 lbs. on the boots causes as much fatigue as 8 lbs. or so in the rucksack.

T. HOWARD SOMERVELL.

BEN NEVIS—CARN DEARG BUTTRESS.

IN August 1920 Dr E. Lüscher, of Berne, made a new climb on the Carn Dearg Buttress, between the Staircase and the Cousins' Buttress. Full details are not to hand, but it appears that the solitary climber started in the recess half-way between the foot of the Cousins' climb and the foot of the prominent grass ledge which runs diagonally across the bare cliff towards the staircase. At one difficult traverse boots had to be removed. The climb is roughly parallel to the Cousins', and finishes on the same easy rocks.

ROCKS OF CORRIE SUGACH.

D. BIGGART and I visited these rocks under perfect conditions on 30th April 1921 and worked out a route on the "TCB" buttress, starting from the floor of the corrie. The rock is splendid, and the climbing of a high order, but against these merits must be placed the obvious weakness of the wide grass terrace which divides the buttress into two distinct parts about one-third of the way up, and

the possibility of avoiding some of the difficulties in the upper part by easier variations.

We started up steep slabs from a rock platform (where a small cairn was found) about half-way along the base of the lower part of the buttress, and the leader took out nearly 80 feet of rope before reaching a comfortable grass-floored niche with a magnificent belay on its right wall (looking out). Using this belay as a take-off, a steep and exposed slab with small holds led us to a heather patch, and thence by a well-defined grassy gully to the wide grass terrace. Above us, the "nose" of the buttress overhung considerably, and it was necessary to walk a short distance up the terrace until the rocks assumed a more reasonable angle. Starting up again we climbed a difficult slab to a capacious platform. The next pitch offered a choice of two routes, one from each end of this platform. We tried the right-hand route first, since it led up on to the "nose," but despite persistent efforts we could not get higher than a point about 10 feet below a small withered bush growing on the lip of a heathery recess. The left-hand route lay in or near a crack which sloped up to the left, and the climbing was quite good until near the top of it, when turf was encountered. We were now at the southern end of the ledge mentioned in the account of the original ascent (*S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. VII., pp. 72-73), and could regain the line of ascent from which we had diverged lower down by traversing to the right along the ledge. This descended slightly and crossed the top of the recess with its withered bush. Rising abruptly from the top of the recess were two ribs, separated by a grassy crack, and terminating at a small rock ledge; either may be used, but that on the right is the easier. Continuing our route, a low vertical wall above the rock ledge was turned by a chimney on its left, and a short traverse to the right brought us once more to the angle of the buttress below a very steep slab. This was in no way inferior to the pitches lower down; the holds gradually diminished as one ascended, so that the finish was a very good problem indeed. Easier rocks then led to the "knife-edge" arête, which we took as a finish to the climb.

J. A. GARRICK.

S.M.C. ABROAD.

Mr SOLLY completed the following climbs:—Mount Tendu with Mr Corry; Aiguille du Béranger with Mr Corry and Mrs Solly; Aiguille du Moine with Mr Corry; the Col du Geant to Torino Hut, the Aiguille du Geant, and the Col du Geant to Montanvert in three successive days with Mr Meldrum and Mr G. S. Bower; the traverse of the Aiguille du Grépon with Mr Meldrum, Mr Bower, and Mr Somervell; and the Aiguille de P. M. with Mrs Solly and another lady.

Mr CLAPPERTON writes:—My wife and I reached Lac Champex on Sunday, 21st August, and found this charming spot very full of

visitors. The weather had been uncertain, and climbers were grumbling. We explored the paths through the splendid pine forests which extend in all directions, our walks including a visit to the Gorge Durnant. On the 26th things promised better, and I went with a friend to the Cabane d'Orny over the Col de la Broya. The path is one of the most strenuous I have ever travelled to a hut. We pushed on to the Cabane Dupuis and climbed the Pointe d'Orny, from which a splendid view was obtained, returning to Lac Champex the same evening. The weather remaining better, a climb was arranged, a party of three starting on 28th for the Cabane Dupuis with a guide and porter. The next day we climbed the Aiguille Dorées, making for the famous tight couloir on the Aiguille Javelle. It is a very pleasant rock climb after crossing an easy glacier. The couloir, however, is one of the most sporting rock climbs in the Alps, and is notorious for its difficulty, rivalling, I am informed, the famous Mummery Chimney on the Grépon. Certainly our party found the rope very necessary. To the summit is a further ten minutes, and one is rewarded on a fine day with a splendid view extending to the Italian, Zermatt, and Oberland peaks. This concluded my climbing experiences this season. We spent a day up the Val Veni, and were much interested to see the devastation caused by the avalanche from Mont Blanc during the winter. It had wiped out a considerable stretch of forest, and the chalets at Purtrud had escaped destruction by a narrow margin. The River Doire has been diverted out of its normal bed. Later, we crossed the Theodule Pass in magnificent weather, the views (especially on the Zermatt side) of the famous mountains being superb. The last week-end we spent in Paris, my only "climb"—a most repaying one—being the towers of Notre Dame on the Sunday.

Messrs UNNA, GOGGS, and GOGGS, jun., joined forces with Messrs MOUNSEY, MOUNSEY, jun., and R. B. GRAHAM (non-member) for a month's climbing in Valais.

Unna and Goggs, jun., left on the 8th August and went direct to Grengiols, walking thence to Binn, where it rained continuously for two days. They were trusted to meet the others at Saas Fee, and proceeded over the Saflisch Pass to Bérisal, Simplon, and Kulm, thence to their destination via the Margerlücke and a gap to the north of the Simeli.

The Mounsey party and Goggs, sen., meantime traversed the Mittelhörn just to the north of the Sonnhorn. The whole party attended the ceremony at the Britannia Hut on the 17th (see account on p. 97).

On the 18th the Mischabel Hut was slept in, or rather occupied, along with thirty-odd other persons, and the Nadelhorn secured on the 19th, bad weather coming on just before the party finally left the main ridge.

Rain ensued, and the next climb attempted was the Mittaghorn-

Egginer ridge. A snowstorm on the Mittaghorn, which was traversed, prevented the Egginer being secured; the next day the Britannia Hut was again reached, but a heavy fall of snow (a foot or more) and dense mist prevented any climbing.

As the twelve days spent in Saas had produced so few peaks, and the weather seemed as broken as ever, a move to Zinal was determined on.

The next night was spent at St Niklaus, and the following day saw the Jung Pass crossed to Gruben. From the pass a small peak called the Rothorn was climbed in mist. A day was then used for visiting the Turtmann glacier and prospecting a route along the sky-line of Les Diablons as seen from Gruben.

The following day the traverse of the peak was successfully made, and so far as the ascent on the Gruben side was concerned, gave a most interesting climb.

Work at Zinal started by a visit to the Mountet Hut, Lo Besso, by the south-west ridge, being the following day's objective. All went well till within 300 feet of the summit, when a change in the weather made it necessary to descend, and the main glacier was reached under familiar Scottish conditions. Unna now had to return home.

Two days later the Mountet Hut was again reached, and the following day the Zinal Rothorn was attempted; an awkward exit from the glacier by rocks to the Le Blanc Col was made, and the narrow western snow arête followed to the summit ridge. Again a threatened change in the weather, combined with a biting cold wind, made the leader think it advisable to retreat without forcing the last 300 feet. The next day (Saturday) a start was made for the Grand Cornier at 5 A.M. The hut-keeper told the party that the ice fall guarding the Col du Grand Cornier had, so far as he knew, been only once forced this season, and no trace of any tracks remained. Mounsey led the attack with equal zeal and ability, and two and a half hours from the base of the fall saw the level snow-field attained. The rocks composing the southern face of the east ridge were then climbed till the ridge itself was struck about 400 or 500 feet from the summit. After a little, ice caused the ridge to be abandoned, and steps were cut across an ice patch on the face to rocks which finally gave access to the summit at 2 P.M. A descent in a snowstorm by the western face was made till a sensational traverse enabled the snow-field on the foot of the north-west ridge to be attained. The weather cleared, and the Bouquetin and Pigne de l'Allé was soon surmounted; the stream at the foot of the Col de l'Allée was reached at 8.5 P.M., and by dint of much casting about, with the aid of lanterns, the hotel was finally gained at 10.30 P.M.

Goggs and his son now left for Arolla by the Col du Torrent; they traversed the Petite Dent de Veisivi, ascending by the Hopkinson couloir, and finally rejoined the Mounseys at Sion by the Pas de Chèvres and the Dix and d'Héremence valleys.

In the meantime the Mounsey party traversed the Tête de Millon from the Col de Tracuit.

As will be seen from the above account the weather conditions were always unsettled, and that fact, combined with the previous exceptionally dry weather and its effect on the glaciers, made guideless climbing more strenuous than usual.

Mr EDNIE writes :—My wife and I spent a few weeks this summer at Montreux, Saas Fee, and Simplon Kulm. I found living in Switzerland cheaper than I had expected. In the neighbourhood of Montreux I walked up the Rochers de Naye and the Dent de Jaman (from Montreux), the Grammont (from Roche), and the Tour d'Ai (from Yvorne). At Saas Fee I did the usual short excursions, including the Plattje, the Mellig, and the Lange Fluh, and also ascended the Joderhorn from the Monte Moro Pass.

With the guide Ludwig Supersaxo I traversed the Mittaghorn along with the Egginergrat, the Portjengrat, and the Allalinhorn.

On 11th August the fine weather came to an end, and the ascent of Monte Leone from Simplon Kulm had to be abandoned.

W. W. NAISMITH spent ten days of perfect weather among the Western Pyrenees in July, and climbed le Mont Perdu (10,994), Pic de Néouvielle (10,146), Pic du Midi (Bigorre, 9,439), Madamette (8,130), and La Piquette (7,530).

Mr SANG writes :—I was out in Switzerland for a good long time this summer, but did only a little climbing. My only excuse for this apparent laziness is, that the weather was of the class that encourages one to sit about and enjoy the glory of the bright sunshine and clear air. On the longest day I climbed the Allalinhorn from the Britannia Hut and back to Saas Fee with two guides. We had a snowstorm and it was very cold indeed. The new snow and the numerous crevasses on the Fee gletcher made me glad of the guidance. Following that I had a hot and sunny day over the Mittaghorn and Egginer arête, also with a guide. This was a mistake, as the only sport in the climb would be trying to find one's own way. There is only one bit of climbing on the whole grat, and the guide pulled me up that and so spoiled the day. I wanted to get the Dom, but the new snow had put it out of action for the time being and I went to Arolla. There I only had one excursion, and that through the kindness of a fellow-climber, a most enjoyable day on the Aiguille Rouge, the partial traverse only. It was a little bit awkward getting on to the rocks owing to the quantity of ice and the soft state of the snow. I then went to Brig and met the President. We spent a night in the Ober Aletsch Hut and got part way up the Aletschhorn next day. It was very tough going owing to the heat and the state of the upper gletcher, and we thought it wiser to stop when about 500 feet from the top. We then crossed to the Lotschental and spent a night in the Nesthorn Hut, and had an absolutely perfect day on the Bietschhorn by the south-

west arête, returning the same way. A delightful climb though rather on the long side! I lost my axe, which added interest to the descent. We then went to Martigny and met H. C. Bowen, who used to be one of our members. With him we made an unsuccessful assault on the Mont Dolent. We got off the correct route and had to be content with a minor peak on the immensely serrated south-east ridge which leads up to it. We then crossed the Grandes Col Ferret into Italy and went up to the Grandes Jorasses Hut. We got hopelessly stuck by a huge crevasse on the Jorasses gletcher, and as the weather looked doubtful, and we were satisfied that the peak was beyond our powers under prevailing conditions, we returned to the valley and so on to Val Tournanche. We spent a night at Breuil with the Gemelli in view, but the weather looked nasty and the hut was full, so we crossed the Col des Cimes Blanches to Fiery and from there sweated up to the Quintino Sella Hut under the Castor. It was fuller than most wilks!

Next day we traversed the Lyskamm, ascending the south-west ridge and descending the east ridge and so down to the Gnifetti Hut. From there we visited the summit of the Vincent Pyramide and then on to the Signal Kuppe, spending the night in the Margarita Cabane. It was blowing a gale and the sky was brilliantly clear. The hut-keeper told us that was why the bread was so hard. Fortunately it was not quite so hard as an ice-axe. Next day we crossed over the Zumstein and Dufour peaks and descended to Zermatt. The ridge was icy and required caution, but the rocks were in perfect condition.

The gletchers everywhere required great caution, especially in the evening, and snow bridges had sometimes to be swum over. The President and I left Zermatt, and the weather, unable to contain itself any longer, broke down distressingly and wept so at our departure that it damaged the railway near St Niklaus. We had the pleasure of meeting Professor Ker and Hirst at Zermatt.

Mr RAEBURN has recently furnished the following notes on his Himalayan expedition in 1920:—

I took part in two Himalayan expeditions, having Darjeeling in British Sikhim as their base.

The first party, starting on 22nd July, consisted of Colonel H. W. Tobin, D.S.O., and myself, with twenty-four coolies. The object was the examination of the south-east outliers of the Kangchen group, the complete traversing of the Talung glacier, and the reconnaissance of Kangchen's south-east face. The route to the Guecha La via Jongri proving impracticable, owing to swept-away bridges, a new route from Yoksun was devised from information obtained from a Goorung (Nepalese) shepherd. This led up to the Arralong ridge (15,000 feet) and eventually to Alukthang, a meadow below the Kabru-Pandim glacier cirque.

The Guecha La was then crossed (16,400 feet) to Tongshyong-Pertam. Fine views of Pandim and of Kangchen, but conditions hopeless for climbing—mist and new snow. The Talung glacier was descended and the right wall of the enormous gorge below the snout followed for seven days, constant heavy climbing and cutting in dense, trackless jungle with nearly perpetual rain and mist. On the seventh day from the glacier the highest village—Lepcha, or aboriginal—of Tingla was reached, and the exhausted coolies recruited. Thence a good track led down this wonderful valley to its junction with the Teesta. The homeward route led by Gantok and the Teesta Valley back to Darjeeling.

The second party, Mr C. G. Crawford, I.C.S., A.C., of Assam, and myself, left Darjeeling on 2nd September with thirty coolies, and permission having been most kindly granted by the Nepalese and Indian authorities, proceeded directly north along the Singalilla ridge. Entering Nepal by the Chumbab La (15,900 feet), the party crossed the Semo La (Cold Pass), 15,300 feet, and ascended the Yallung valley to the deserted village of Tseram—one semi-ruined Yak-hut. After ten days' delay Mr Crawford, having unluckily caught a chill, and the party having to seek a more genial climate lower down, the weather much improved. Camp was gradually shifted up the 13-mile Yallung glacier. The highest camp made was right under the highest peak of Kangchen (28,150 feet) at about 20,000 feet and next day about 1,000 feet higher was reached, but food for the coolies was running short, and the only possible routes which could be discovered were judged to be too dangerous. The whole south-west face of Kangchenjunga is very steep, and every possible-looking way of access seems to be dominated at this season by overhanging ice masses, from which the avalanches fall almost ceaselessly. Time and food now running out, a retreat was made to the highest Yak pasture at Ramser (15,000 feet).

Here the main body of the coolies was despatched by the outward route, back to Pamionchi, under the charge of the Sirdar Gyaljen. Crawford and I, with three picked and booted coolies, then crossed the frontier by a new pass (proposed name the Rathong La, 18,000 to 19,000 feet) just under Kabru, and forcing a way through soft new snow and heavy moraines of the upper Rathong Cirque reached grass at dark.

Next day we ascended to Jongri and took the usual route to Yoksun Pamionchi and Darjeeling. Many photographs were taken of the upper reaches of the great Yallung glacier. The Sirdar and coolies worked cheerfully and well and gave no trouble beyond that caused by their inexperience and over-confidence. The expedition returned to Darjeeling on 9th October. Up to 22nd September the weather was generally bad with rain or mist and new snow down to 14,000 feet, after that nearly always fine except for snow showers at night soon licked up even at 18,000 feet by the powerful sun.

Crawford and several of the coolies went well and easily at 20,000 feet, the former even taking part of a young coolie's load in addition to his own at that height.

A photograph of steep rock-climbing at nearly 21,000 feet was obtained in which Crawford and the Sirdar figured. Every kindness and assistance was received from the responsible authorities and not the smallest accident occurred.

MEMORIAL TABLET—BRITANNIA HUT, SAAS FEE.

Mr GOGGS sends the following account of the unveiling of this Memorial Tablet in August last :—

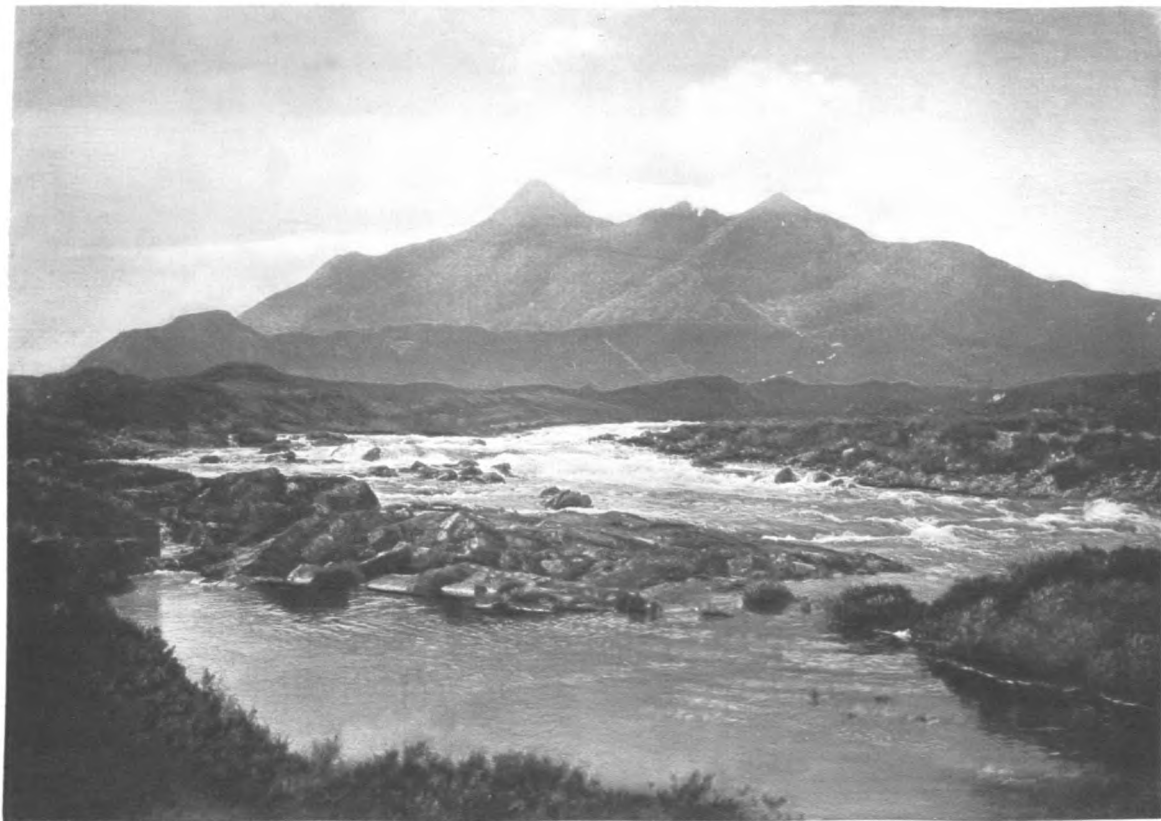
Several members of the S.M.C. are also members of the Swiss Alpine Club, and they, in particular, and other members in general, will be interested to learn of a function which took place at Saas Fee on Wednesday, the 17th August. You may possibly remember that in 1912 there was opened the Britannia Hut situated some 4,000 feet above Saas Fee. This hut was gifted to the S.A.C. by its British members and other British climbers who wished to show their appreciation of the hospitality enjoyed in Swiss huts. The Geneva Section of the S.A.C., under whose care the hut was placed, wished to commemorate those British members of the S.A.C., who were killed in the Great War, by placing a suitably worded metal tablet on the outside of the hut in question. The unveiling of the tablet was fixed for the date mentioned above. The British Section of the S.A.C. welcomed all British climbers to the ceremony, and as three members of the S.M.C. (Messrs Mounsey, Unna, and myself) happened to be staying at Saas we thought it only common courtesy to show our appreciation of the kindly thought of the Swiss by putting in an appearance. We started at five up the good track to the Plattje Hotel, thence along a delightful level track traversing the Egginer massif and giving fine views of the Weissmies group and the Oberland peaks. Dr Dübi, the Editor of the Swiss Alpine Club, over seventy years of age, we passed *en route*. A zigzag over the Kessjen glacier landed us at the Britannia Cabane (3,030 metres), where we were warmly welcomed by the Swiss. Unfortunately the mist had come down and it continued thick all the time we were there. On the arrival of General Hutton C. G. Bruce a rocket was fired, and soon some sixty of us (men and women) filled every corner of the hut, and did our best to eat up the very liberal supply of lunch provided by our Swiss friends. Then in the dense mist and bitterly cold wind M. D'Arcis of the Geneva Section of the S.A.C. made an eloquent speech in English, and drew the covering flag away from the plaque. General Bruce followed, his speech being subsequently rendered into French by M. D'Arcis. The Rev. Lancaster consecrated the

memorial, and the ceremony concluded with the singing of the Swiss National Anthem and much cheering.

After signing our names three times over, we returned to Saas direct by the Kessjen and Fee glaciers.

In the evening a dinner was held in the Grand Hotel, Saas Fee, General Bruce in the chair. Mr Mumm, Mr J. A. B. Bruce, Mr Reginald Graham, Professor Roget of Geneva, Dr Dübi, the President of the Dutch Alpine Club, and a number of prominent members of the Geneva Section of the S.A.C. were present.

Professor Roget made an eloquent speech in English in proposing the toast of the A.C. He stated that the British love of the mountains was founded on their love of the sea—the love of immensity being the foundation of both. Speech succeeded speech and we did not break up till after eleven. One felt that the friendly feeling which has always existed between Swiss and British climbers had been still further strengthened, and that a very interesting day had come to a close.



Howard Chandler Christy (May 1920)

Photographer: Anson

The Higachan Burn in Spate