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Sgùrr na Làpaich



Easter 1932

THE EAST END OF LOCH AFFRIC. (*See page 399*)

A. E. Robertson

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XIX.

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THE MOUNTAINS OF HARRIS AND LEWIS.

By J. A. PARKER.

How often from the mountains of the mainland and of Skye have we looked across the Minch to, and admired, the distant hills of the Outer Hebrides—Beinn Mhòr, Hecla, and Harris. How seldom do we read in the *Journal* of any member of the Club having visited them. Ascents of Beinn Mhòr and Clisham are recorded; but there is little mention of the other hills. Why this want of attention during the forty-three years of the Club's existence? Has it been due to the fact that the hills were regarded to be too low, or is it possible that the S.M.C. men have been afraid of the Minch? With the advent of the R.M.S. "Lochness" on the Stornoway route no one need now fear the Minch, although with a stiff north-east wind there is usually a pretty bad "sea" just before the steamer gets under the lee of the Eye Peninsula. Personally, I must admit that the fact that a good boat was running on the Stornoway route was the deciding factor in my decision to visit Harris last June. The temptation to visit what to me was an unknown part of Scotland was then irresistible.

I crossed from Kyle to Stornoway on the 3rd of June, and on the following afternoon went by motor bus down to Tarbert, Harris, for a fortnight. Returning then to Stornoway for a couple of nights, I crossed the island, also by motor bus, to Ardcoil, on the south side of Uig

Bay, where I had been fortunate to get accommodation in a private house for four nights. The following is a brief description of the principal hills, and some account of what I did.

The island is 59 miles in length from Rodel, in the south-west, to the Butt of Lewis, and it consists principally of archæan gneiss, with some granite, small intrusions of volcanic rocks, and at Stornoway a patch of old red sandstone. The north part of the island is very flat, and is mostly covered with layers of peat. The southern part is extremely rugged, and the mountains there fully make up by their character for their want of mere altitude. Many of them have well-defined summits and steep rock faces of splendid texture, and there can be no doubt that there must be numerous crags on which difficult first ascents await the rock climber.

Water—either fresh or salt—is, as is well known, a great feature of the island. The inland parts of the island contain innumerable fresh-water lochs; and the sea lochs, of which there are many, frequently run for great distances into the heart of the land. In some cases these sea lochs almost meet from opposite sides of the island. The two lochs at Tarbert come within three-eighths of a mile of each other; Loch Seaforth, which penetrates into the land for 16 miles, comes within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the head of Loch Erisort, itself 10 miles in length; and the head of Loch Roag is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the head of Loch Resort.

The mountainous part of the island lies principally to the south of Loch Erisort and Loch Resort with, however, an important group of fine hills on the west coast, north of Loch Resort and west of Loch Roag. Dealing with the former first: the portion lying east of Loch Seaforth is called Park, its highest hill being Beinn Mhòr (1,874 feet), but the hills do not seem to be of sufficient interest to attract the mountaineer, which is perhaps a good thing, because the area is difficult of access owing to the scarcity of roads and the want of accommodation. West of Loch Seaforth a much better state of things exists, and there are quite a number of

interesting hills that exceed 2,000 feet in height, the highest being Clisham. These are the Harris hills proper. They are divided into four distinct groups by three deep glens running north from West Loch Tarbert.

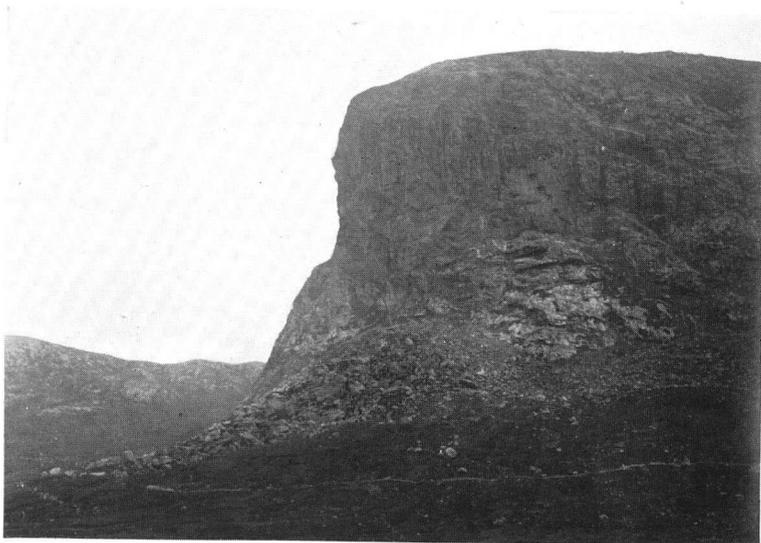
Clisham (2,622 feet).—Clisham is the highest point of the eastern group which lies between the lower reach of Loch Seaforth and the glen which runs north from the derelict whaling station on Loch Bun Abhainn-eadar to Loch Langavat. The ascent is easily made from Tarbert Hotel by driving to a convenient point on the Stornoway road, say Loch a' Mhorghain, or the bridge over the Maaruig River, and climbing up the south-east slopes of the hill. The final part and the summit consists of a narrow ridge just broad enough to support the big Ordnance Survey cairn. On a clear day, as I had it on the 6th June, the view from the summit is very fine. It includes a long stretch of the mainland, the Coolins, and in the far west, just on the horizon, the islands of St Kilda some 65 miles off. The narrow summit ridge runs south-east to north-west. The north-east slope of the hill is steep and stony, and it is fringed with crags towards the top.

From the summit the main ridge dips down quickly, becoming a stony slope leading down to a long grassy bealach (*c.* 1,980 feet), from which an easy ascent leads to a small grassy top (*c.* 2,280 feet) called An t-Isean on the 6-inch map. Seen from the south, this little top shows up as a well-defined peak with very steep, slabby rocks descending into Coire Dubh. From An t-Isean the ridge becomes narrow, consisting of grass and rock, and leads to the next dip (*c.* 2,190 feet), whence it rises up very steeply with grand rocks, which afford an easy and interesting ridge climb to the next summit, Mulla-fo-dheas (2,439 feet). From the latter the main ridge turns to the north, and is fairly narrow, with plenty of rock. It leads over a dip (*c.* 2,110 feet) to the top of Mulla-fo-thuath (*c.* 2,360 feet), a fine summit, with some good crags on its western face. From Mulla-fo-thuath, which I reached at 2.30 P.M., there is a very interesting view to the north-west. The most attractive features

being the great headland of Strone Ulladale and the remote Loch Dibadale, both of which I at once resolved to visit. On the return journey I recrossed Mulla-fodheas and descended its southern shoulder to the Abhainn Eadar, and on to the derelict whaling station and home to Tarbert by the very hard and stony main road. The trip took in all about ten hours; but a lot of time had been spent in taking photographs and making notes.

Gillaval Glas (1,544 feet) and *Sgaoth Àrd* (1,829 feet).—The hills which rise immediately north from Tarbert form an interesting group, and they can be conveniently climbed in a short day from the hotel. *Gillaval Glas* and *Sgaoth Àrd* are the principal summits, and they, with *Sgaoth Iosal* (1,740 feet), form a horseshoe surrounding the glen of the Skeaudale River. The southern slopes of the hills consist of highly glaciated rock interspersed with grass, etc. To the east the hills descend steeply to Glen Laxadale with two fine crags, *Creag na h-Iolaire* and *Sròn an Toister*, on both of which good rock climbing could possibly be had. The northern face of *Gillaval Glas*, and especially of its western extension, *Cnoc Eadar Dà Bheinn*, is precipitous, and it is cleaved by several gullies, the biggest of which ought to afford a long climb, while the intervening buttresses would doubtless afford some sport, although, perhaps, holding too much vegetation. The northern faces of the two *Sgaoths* are steep and very rocky, and they look as if they would give scope for any amount of rock scrambling.

Toddun (1,731 feet).—This hill is the highest summit between Glen Laxadale and Loch Seaforth, and its ascent from Tarbert is quite an interesting excursion. By the route described below, it involves about 4,000 feet of ascent. First by the Kyles Scalpay road to the bridge at the outlet of the middle Loch Laxadale, and then by a good bridle track in a north-easterly direction to the bealach (*c.* 950 feet) across the north shoulder of *Beinn a' Chaolais*. From a short distance beyond the bealach the track drops down very steeply in zigzags to the head of Loch Trollamarag, at which point one is again at sea-level. It is, however, well worth while to come this way



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STRONE ULLADALE FROM THE WEST. (See page 376)

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CLISHAM FROM ABOVE LOCH LAXADALE

The hills from left to right are:—SGAOTH ARD and SRÒN AN TOISTER, CLISHAM with AN T-ISEAN just showing in the dip on its left, CREAG CASMUL on extreme right. (See page 373)

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SGAOTH ÌOSAL

The north face from the west. (See page 374)



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STRONE ULLADALE

from the north-east, showing the great gully. (See page 376)

as the scenery is very fine, the narrow Glen Trollamarag being overhung by the steep rocks of the north-east face of Trollamul. From the head of the loch a recently constructed bridle path zigzags steeply up the north slope; but there is the old path along the face of the hillside which avoids the steep ascent, although it crosses one or two places where a steady head is required. Both paths join before Gary-aloteger is reached. From the latter the climb up Toddun should be made by its south-east slope and ridge. The view from the summit is rather fine, including, as it does, the greater part of Loch Seaforth. The south-west slope of Toddun is steep, with considerable rock faces. On the return journey one should go down the west slope of the hill, keeping rather to the north to avoid the rocks, cross An Reithe (*c.* 1,400 feet), and then make the best way possible, over quite good ground, to the small footbridge across the stream near the outlet of the upper Laxadale Loch.

Glen Laxadale.—An interesting grass-grown old road leads up this glen, along the west side of the upper loch, crosses the bealach (*c.* 450 feet) at its head, and, after dropping down to the Maaruig River, rises up to join the modern road above Maaruig. This route could be used as an approach to Clisham, or for reaching the north end of the Gillaval group.

Uisgnaval More (2,392 feet).—This is the highest point of the long group of hills which lies to the west of the Clisham group, and is bounded on the west by Glen Meavaig. Uisgnaval More and its immediate neighbour to the north, Teilesval (2,272 feet), show from the south-east as well-pointed hills. I did not climb any of the group, as my examination of them from the hills on either side did not disclose any special features of interest. Uisgnaval More, however, throws out a long shoulder to the north-west, terminating in Strone Scourst (1,608 feet), a fine rocky bluff overlooking the head of Loch Scourst. The west face of the Strone has an inclination of about 45°, and is very rocky. As seen from the loch, it did not look to me as if it would afford any very definite climbing. I did not see Craig Stulaval (1,684 feet) at

the north end of the group ; but the map indicates a steep rock face overlooking Loch Stulaval, which might be worthy of an examination.

Oreval (2,165 feet) and *Ullaval* (2,153 feet).—The third group of hills stands between Glen Meavaig and Gleann Chliostair, and stretches from West Loch Tarbert to the head of Loch Resort, a distance of 8 miles. Oreval is the highest hill, and it has a steep craggy face, overlooking Loch Scourst, on which some rock climbing might possibly be obtained. The only other feature of the hills, and by far the most important, is the wonderful rock headland of Strone Ulladale (1,398 feet), which terminates the north-west summit ridge of Ullaval and towers above Loch Ulladale. The total height of the Strone above the loch is 1,205 feet, and the rock face must be 750 feet high at least. The angle is exceedingly steep, the upper part actually overhanging possibly as much as 20 feet. East of the overhanging part a great gully, containing at least half a dozen narrow chimneys, runs up the full height of the cliff, and, if possible, should give a difficult and first class rock climb. High up, between the gully and the overhanging nose, there is a large recess which might, perhaps, be reached from a platform just below the overhang, and by this way (*sic*) a route might be found to the summit. Strone Ulladale is worthy of attention by rock climbers in search of a new and probably first class rock climb. It can be reached very conveniently by driving from Tarbert to Amhuinnsuidhe, from which it is only 5 miles, by a good path, to Loch Ulladale at the foot of the Strone. The above description of the Strone is based on a careful examination that I made on the 8th June by walking round the foot of it and examining the face with powerful binoculars. Possibly my description may not be perfectly correct ; but I am convinced that at least one good climb could be had on it. The route that I followed on the 8th June was to drive to Amhuinnsuidhe, and thence walk up through Gleann Chliostair by the path, past the three lochs, to Loch Ulladale. The scenery of the glen is rather fine, especially after the summit beyond Loch Ashaval is passed,

when the Strone comes into sight on the right. After rounding the foot of the Strone, I climbed up the eastern slope of the north shoulder of Ullaval and on to the top of the latter. From this an easy course took me to the top of Oreval. I continued south over the top of the little hill with the curious name of Bidigi (1,637 feet), and from beyond it dropped down to the outlet of Loch Scourst, and thence down the glen to the main road, where the hotel motor met me. Altogether a most interesting round.

Tirga More (2,227 feet).—This is the highest point of the fourth group of Harris hills which extends from Gleann Chliostair to the Atlantic. I did not climb Tirga More, as it did not appear to have any interesting features beyond the corrie on its south-east side, which holds Loch Maolaig, Creag Chliostair, which has a bold rocky face overlooking the glen, and, to the north-east of Tirga Beg, Creagan Leathan, overlooking Glen Ulladale. The last mentioned might repay an examination by rock climbers. I was told that Glen Cravadale, to the west of Tirga More, is very fine, and the map indicates that the north-east face of Husival Mòr, overlooking the glen, has a long range of precipitous crags. I had not time to visit the place. It could easily be reached from a convenient point on the road to Husinish.

South Harris.—The only hills in South Harris which are apparently of interest form a group on the south side of West Loch Tarbert, and to which the general name of Ben Luskentyre is applied on the map. The hills rise steeply from the shore of West Loch Tarbert. The eastern summit, Uamaslett (*c.* 925 feet), has a very steep northern face of good rock, which should give scope for some interesting rock scrambling. It is within easy reach of the hotel. Farther west, the deep corrie, or rather steep valley, called Beesdale is very fine and well worth a visit. It can be reached by a rough path which runs from Tarbert along the slope of the hills, a few hundred feet above the shore. There are, however, one or two awkward places on the path, especially after passing Geo Beg. By following this path to Beesdale

one could then climb up to the top of Beinn Dhubh (1,654 feet), which is the highest point in South Harris. It commands a fine view of the Harris hills and of the Atlantic. I climbed the Luskentyre hills on the 11th June. A friend gave me a lift of 4 miles along the Rodel road, and I then walked out to Luskentyre, passing on the way, near the summit of the road, a large number of burial cairns which is said to be the biggest group in Scotland. From a point on the shore one mile north of Luskentyre I turned east, and had a perfectly easy climb up to the top of Beinn Dhubh. From it I continued along the summit ridge to Mullach Buidhe and Ceann Reamhar (1,529 feet), and from the latter direct to Tarbert. The traverse of the tops was done in thick mist and drenching rain, and I saw very little. This was the only bad day that I had.

In all, I spent a fortnight at Tarbert, and I found it to be a very delightful place. It can be very easily reached by direct steamer from Kyle of Lochalsh in six and a half hours, or by steamer to Stornoway, and bus thence. The hills are mostly under deer, so that climbers should avoid the sporting months.

On Saturday the 18th June I returned to Stornoway, and after a couple of nights there went by motor bus to Ardrol on the south side of Uig Bay on the west coast of the island. These motor buses are a great feature of Lewis. The mail vans leave Stornoway very early in the mornings, but they do not convey passengers. On the other hand, dozens of small motor buses come into Stornoway every forenoon from all parts of the island, and return home in the late afternoon. My bus did not leave town until after seven o'clock, and what with stopping to pick up and set down passengers and to deliver goods, we did not reach Ardrol till after eleven at night. Here I was very comfortably accommodated in a private house for four nights, and was thereby enabled to explore the fine group of hills lying between Uig Bay and Loch Resort.

The principal summits of this group stand on either side of the remarkably straight glen which runs south-



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LOCH RAONASGAIL FROM NORTH
 From left to right :—TAHAVAL, TEINNASVAL, BEALACH
 RAONASGAIL, CRACAVAL, and SLOPE OF MEALISVAL
 (See page 379)



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MEALISVAL
 The north face of MULA MAC SGIATHAIN from the east
 (See page 379)



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THE WEST FACE OF TEINNASVAL FROM THE BEALACH BETWEEN
MEALISVAL AND CRACAVAL. (See page 379)



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LOCH DIBADALE AND THE TAMANAIVAL CRAG FROM THE NORTH
(See page 374)

wards from Uig Bay to Loch Tamanavay, a distance of 8 miles. The glen is not named on the Ordnance Maps, but doubtless it is called Glen Raonagail, as that is the name of the considerable loch in it. The highest summit, Mealisval (1,885 feet), stands on the west side of the loch, while the second highest summit, Tahaval (1,688 feet), is almost immediately opposite on the east side.

Mealisval (1,885 feet) and *Cracaval* (1,682 feet), &c.— These hills form the western group, and as a rule have steep, and in places precipitous, slopes to the east, and flatter, uninteresting slopes facing the Atlantic. The principal feature is Mula Mac Sgiathan, which is the northern end of the north shoulder of Mealisval. Its northern face, called Creagan Thealastail on the 6-inch map, is a great precipice overlooking Loch Mòr na Clibhe. The height of this face must be nearly 1,000 feet. It is cleaved by one big gully, and would doubtless afford several good rock climbs. To the east of the steepest part the angle eases off considerably, and affords an easy and interesting route on to the top of the north shoulder of Mealisval. The higher rocks of Mealisval are granite, and the summit of the hill is crowned by a crest of big rocks which remind one on a small scale of the rocks on the summit of Glyder Fach in North Wales. Cracaval, the next summit, lies $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles to the south. The route to it lies down the very stony south slope of Mealisval to a rather interesting rocky bealach (*c.* 975 feet), containing three small lochs, from which a fairly steep rocky scramble takes one up to the summit of Cracaval. The east face of this hill, overlooking Glen Raonagail, is very steep, but it would probably not afford any very definite climbing. South of Cracaval, the hills of the western group lose interest, the highest summits being the two Liavals (1,625 and 1,645 feet), and at the south end, overlooking Loch Tamanavay, Griomaval (1,625 feet). From the summit of Cracaval an easy slope leads down to the Bealach Raonagail (*c.* 850 feet). On the way down one will notice some big rocks, one of which is an almost perfect cube about 8 feet on edge. A little to the north of it, and on the same

level, lies a big ice-worn granite boulder, rather a curious contrast as the cube is not ice-worn.

Tahaval (1,688 feet), &c.—The eastern group contains three summits over 1,500 feet. The farthest south is *Tamanaisval* (1,530 feet), which stands three-quarters of a mile south-east of the *Bealach Raonasgail*. Its only feature of interest is its north-east face, part of which is an extraordinary vertical precipice which must be quite 350 feet high. This precipice overlooks the upper end of *Loch Dibadale*, and was noticed by me from *Mulla-fothuaith* on the 6th June. The precipice is manifestly too steep for climbing purposes. It is called *Creag Dhúbh Dhibadale*.

Working north, the next summit of the eastern group is *Teinnasval* (1,626 feet), the top of which is flat and rocky. The western face of this hill is very steep, with a grand rock face, called *Sgorran Dúbh Theinneasbhal*, overlooking the glen. The steepest part of this face is cleaved by one big gully and three narrow chimneys or cracks, all of which, or the rocks between them, would manifestly afford difficult and possibly excellent rock climbing.

Tahaval stands three-quarters of a mile farther north and, while possessing a steep rocky west face, it has nothing so interesting to show as *Teinnasval*. Both these hills are so much broken up with good easy rock that all walking over them is interesting. Three-quarters of a mile north-east from *Tahaval* stands the rocky little hill called *Tarain* (1,347 feet) which, while of no great height, is very rocky and should give an interesting scramble.

North of *Tarain* stand what might be called the foothills of the eastern group, which are not named on the 1-inch map, although the general name of *Eadar Dha Fhaoghail* is applied to the vicinity. There are three of them in all; but only the two eastern ones merit attention. On the 6-inch map the eastmost one is called *Beannan a' Tuath* (775 feet), and the other *Beannan a' Deas* (825 feet). These two little hills rise up very steeply, with clean rock, to the south of *Loch a' Bheannain*, with a boldness that would be a credit to many a higher mountain.

To add to the interest of this little group of hills there are several small lochs cunningly placed in the hollows. Altogether they form a charming group, and, being within easy distance of Ardmoil, would give scope for interesting rock scrambling for an off day. To reach them I took the road to the boathouse at the north end of Loch Suainaval, and climbed Beannan a' Tuath by its north ridge, continued over it to the south, and then climbed Beannan a' Deas from the south, and down its west side to the small loch there, and straight back to Ardmoil by the moor, the going on which was quite good.

Suainaval (1,404 feet).—East of the Tahaval group lies Loch Suainaval, and between it and Little Loch Roag there is a big stretch of hilly country of no particular interest. Suainaval, the highest point, has a steep face overlooking the loch. The most interesting hill, and apparently the only one, is Sròn ri Gaoith (824 feet), which rises very steeply from the east shore of the loch. It would probably afford a good rock climb.

In all I spent three days in the Uig district. The first was devoted to going right round the sky-line of Glen Raonagail; but omitting Tarain for want of time. On the second day I walked by road through the rather remarkable Glen Valtos to Meavig and Cliff, and thence by peat road, etc., to Aird Uig and Gallan Head, where there are some fine cliffs, and home by a rather hard road. The third day was rather doubtful, but in the afternoon I got sufficient good weather to explore the two foothills of Tarain, as mentioned above.

The Uig hills may not be of great elevation, but they are full of interest, and I am certain that should anyone go to them for rock climbing he will not be disappointed.

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SRON NA CICHE—ENGINEERS' SLANT.

By D. L. REID.

YEARS ago I gave a sailor five shillings, requested him to get me 80 feet of rope and no questions to be asked, so preparing for my first rock climb. That summer I used my leisure when third on the rope to consider the men who made first ascents, to marvel at the care with which they planned their attacks, and the skill and fortitude whereby they accomplished their ends. Later I read how X. and Y. in face of tremendous difficulties forced a route up some hitherto impregnable precipice; now I am constrained to record how mere carelessness led to a new route on Sron na Ciche.

A strand of carelessness ran right through that holiday; four of us set out for Skye, one twisted his ankle coming down from his office, and another drove his car into a wall at Invergarry; but, finally, we arrived at Glen Brittle in marvellous bright weather, to settle down at Mary Campbell's. We read our "Skye Guide," and we read Miss Campbell's visiting book, and felt rather proud to find that Steeple and Barlow, who figure so prominently in the former, appeared with equal regularity in the latter.

On the 16th June we set out, not in the cool of the morning but in the noontide heat (more carelessness, we seldom left Glen Brittle cottage before eleven or returned before ten at night), to do the Girdle Traverse of Sron na Ciche. Progress was as slow as might be expected with three men, none of whom knew the route, and each of whom was convinced he knew as much about it as the next. We laboured on, and presently found a shady spot near the Cioch where the rock was cool enough and smooth enough to afford a comfortable seat; here, after the usual comedy about a key for the sardine tin, we had a meal, and here, as it was six o'clock, we decided

we could not finish the climb and had better get off the rock fairly quickly in order to get down into Glen Brittle at a decent hour for once in a way. We traversed to the Terrace, climbed down the 100-foot chimney, across the Hexagon Block, and so into Central Gully. Proceeding with the utmost dispatch we arrived at the foot of the crag at 10 P.M., and cantered down into Glen Brittle with a prodigious respect for Sron na Ciche, a resolve to finish the route next day, and to do it with more dash than we had hitherto displayed.

In order to make our subsequent actions show some slight semblance of rationality, it should be recorded that several times we had tried to go up or down the lower half of Central Gully and failed, either because of lack of time or incompetence in route finding. On the 17th we set off to complete the Girdle Traverse, and Sale and myself, in our pride, decided to rush up Central Gully whilst Brown and Wood ascended the easier slopes of Cioch Gully, the parties to meet where the two gullies joined, which spot was approximately the place where we had left the Girdle Traverse the day before. Sale and I were to be the commissariat. It was a neat plan, well conceived and easy of execution. Low down in Coire Lagan we looked at our diagram of Sron na Ciche, and we looked at the crag.

"That," said the commissariat, pointing, "is Central Gully."

"Nonsense," replied the advance guard, "Central Gully's much farther east."

When they spoke the commissariat had not been certain that the crack at which they were looking was Central Gully, but Brown's remark convinced them of their infallibility, and off they went, arriving at the foot of their climb shortly before the other two, moving eastwards towards the Cioch, passed the foot of Central Gully.

"... the cleft is steep from the beginning. A chimney which calls for careful movement is soon reached," thus the Guide.

"This seems to answer to the description in spite of

what Brown said," observed Sale, as he surmounted the first pitch and found a steep chimney straight ahead. I followed, led the next pitch, and looked ahead to see the route continue slanting steeply upwards to the left. After a couple more pitches of equal rigour and delight, we began to have doubts: were we really in Central Gully? If not, then where were we? West Central? If so, why were we making such heavy weather of it, for we had found the climbing difficult, and how should we do if we ventured to tackle something that was admittedly superior to West Central? We decided that we were not going to retrace our steps merely to find out how wrong we were; an hour had slipped by. "Brown," we said, "will be rushing round the Amphitheatre wondering where we are," and we moved on. The groove in which we climbed continued straight ahead, very tempting, and soon we began to notice that it was not nail scratched. After two hours we were still climbing steadily, sure by then that we were not in Central Gully, and thankful too.

"Our friends," we agreed, "having no food will be heaving rocks down Central Gully, *pour encourager les autres*," and we tackled the next pitch. Another hour was passed very pleasantly in good steep climbing on good sound rock; we came upon some nail scratches and thought we heard faint echoes of shouts from up above.

"Wood," Sale remarked, "must have smoked at least eight pipes by now," and he pulled in the slack of the rope. Soon afterwards the shouts became unmistakable.

"Brown," I confided, "is rushing wildly round the Amphitheatre uttering encouraging cries," and I climbed another 10 feet. So, finally, we came upon them on a ledge at the top of a grassy chimney, almost exhausted with shouting and lack of food, but with sufficient spirit left to take umbrage when we remained unrepentant for having kept them waiting.

"Where have you been?" said they.

"Oh, just doing a new climb," we replied, although at the time we could not really believe it.

We ate, and then, for the careful spirit of scientific inquiry was sadly absent, we went on and finished the Girdle Traverse instead of ascertaining exactly where we had been or trying to proceed to the top of Sron na Ciche by a chimney straight ahead, an obvious continuation of the way we had come.

Before the summer of 1932 many things had been decided: that there is no place like Glen Brittle on a fine day in June, that we really had been on a new route, and that we must finish it out to the top of the crag; also that there are few pleasanter ways of rock climbing than two men doing a new climb on the Cuillin and leading alternately. Each has the responsibility of leading and the excitement of route finding, and each in turn can sit and smoke and look at the Hebrides whilst the other does the work. The ease of the idler is at times ruffled by a nervous anxiety when the leader is out of sight with 60 feet of rope run out, and one does not know what lies ahead, when the rope is still for minutes at a time, and the passage of these minutes is marked, perhaps, by a slow monotonous drip of water from an overhang, drop after drop; then, suddenly, a scrunch of nails, and the rope moves.

June 1932 arrived, and we came down into Glen Brittle again in glorious weather; little change except preparations for planting the west side of the glen with trees. Loch Brittle was a brilliant blue, Rhum still the background and still a foreground of straggling hawthorns or a white horse, or both; but principally the blue sky, "unknown and divine virtues arose within us at the sight of this unbounded blueness." We—Sale, Brown, and myself—strode swiftly up to Sron na Ciche and built a tiny cairn at the foot of our first pitch.

The first pitch starts, and starts steeply, at the top right-hand corner of the area of scrambling about the bottom of West Central Gully. One begins in a chimney; works out to the left up slabs for a foot or so until he is forced back into the chimney; then up over a couple of chockstones to a good stance about 60 feet from the start. The second pitch, another 60 feet, is similar to this. It

was guarded by a loose block in one wall of the chimney, this we would have dispatched but for the presence of a party in West Central Gully, immediately below us. The third pitch was about 20 feet, the only one in the first seven that was not both long and steep. We followed faithfully the cleft that slants up above West Central Gully, and it was considerably steeper than it looks on the photograph of Sron na Ciche in the "Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide to Skye."* The work was varied, sometimes a crack or chimney, sometimes slabs, and somewhere about 200 feet up a nasty little basalt wall with tiny holds. After 400 feet of climbing, approximately, for we had forgotten to take a pencil, and it was extraordinarily difficult to memorise the number of pitches, and our guesses at their length, when one of us might be at the top of the sixth ("Say, 70 feet") and the second at the top of the fifth ("Well, split the difference and call it sixty"), whilst the third was being roused by tugs on the rope from a pleasant siesta at the summit of the fourth ("What, how long the fourth? Allowing for the rucksack about 2,000 feet"), after about 400 feet, then, we came upon signs of another route, a small cairn, 10 yards away to the left, and probably on the Median. In 1930 we had taken the easy traverse to it, then regained our course by a movement upwards and to the right; this time Sale spotted a ferocious crack straight ahead, and, doubtless inspired by the "unknown and divine virtues" of Karel Capek, climbed it. The crack was steep and arduous, like some on the Cioch Direct, a "Faith, Hope, and Gabbro" pitch to anyone accustomed only to the smoother rocks of Cumberland.

After this the angle eased off a little, and we soon reached a sloping platform bounded by an overhang on the right and slabby stuff on the left. Here we had lunch, patiently transferring honey on the blade of a

* See diagram facing p. 102, "S.M.C. Guide to Skye." The climb starts on the West Central Route (*n*), branches to the right just before the second *n*, continues to the left between the letters *q* and *r*, and joins the Amphitheatre Arête (*k*) near the summit.

pocket-knife, for the *specialité de maison* that day was compounded of bread, butter, dates, and honey, a dish with a subtle oriental charm, a triumph of Celtic imagination, for it was invented by a young Welshman. It was exceeding good, but both gourmands and those who recommend sugary foods for mountaineering will be disappointed to hear that the next two pitches proved longer and more exacting than we expected. By this time we had left the untrodden tracks behind and were back on the map, on the Zigzag route, with part of which our course coincided. We followed it up a crack, climbed with the feet on either side, and up its final grassy chimney to the West Central Arête. As we emerged from the chimney we could see, straight ahead and at the other side of the wide shallow gully between Amphitheatre Arête and West Central Arête, the continuation of our route, another chimney leading out to the top of the crag. We scrambled up the side of the gully, crossed it, left the chimney that finishes Mallory's Slab and Groove climb on our right, and tackled the one which, if it went, would finish ours. It did go, it brought us out near the end of Amphitheatre Arête, at the top of Sron na Ciche. This final section, we felt, lacked the length, the steepness, and the difficulty of the first portion of the climb, but it ended in the right place, at the top of the crag.

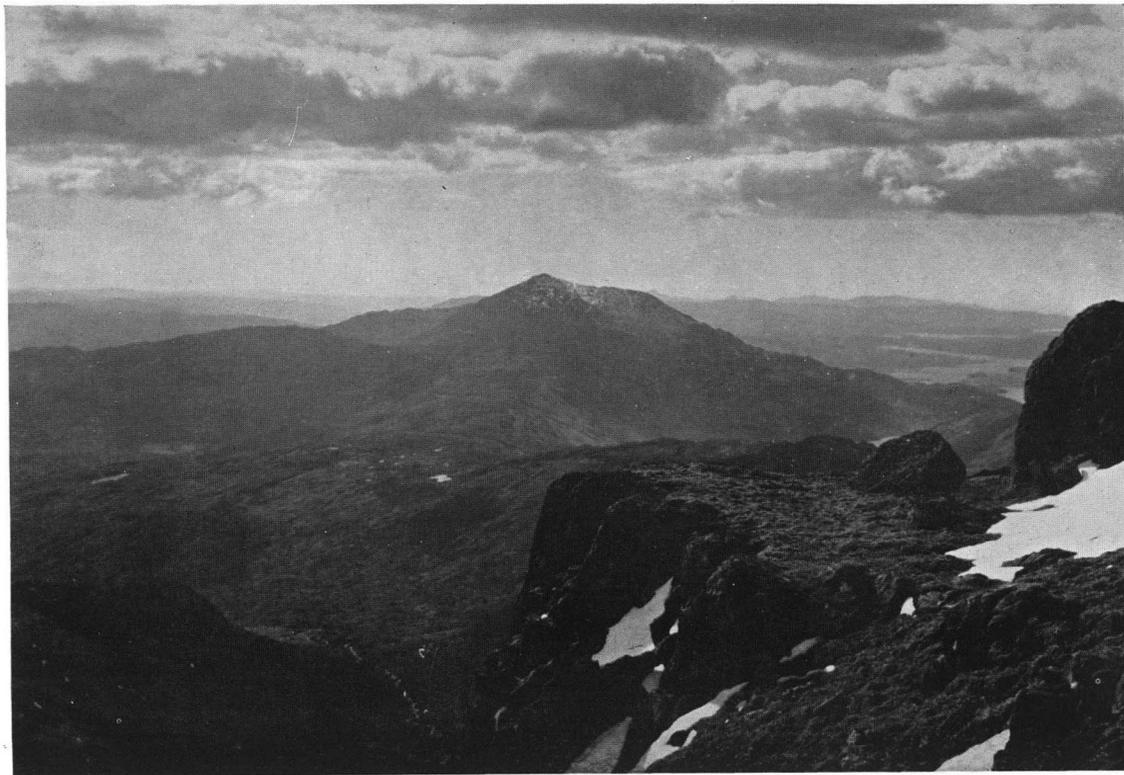
Sale was exploring his rucksack.

"Oranges," we demanded.

"All right," he said, "but have some of this first," and solemnly we wetted the climb with a few drops of rum left over from an expedition 400 feet below the level of a Yorkshire moor, in Gaping Ghyll.

At one time to name a route was easy enough, either one was a Collie and sufficiently illustrious for it to bear his name, or one was geographical and christened according to the points of the compass. Nowadays when one face of Pillar Rock has its South-West, its Old West, New West, West Wall, North-West, and North-West by West, things are not so simple, and there is a regrettable *fin de siècle* atmosphere about some of the names allotted

by what one might call the left wing of climbers, Hiatus, and Blasphemy Crack, and the Mermaid, that starts well, but tails off. The excuse for our choice, Engineers' Slant, is that of the older school in another branch, the vocational, still not exhausted despite the Doctor's, Professor's, and Smuggler's Chimneys of the English Lake District.



April 1932

BEN RESIPOL, THE FOOT OF LOCH SHIEL AND LOCH MOIDART
FROM SGURR DHOMHNUILL. (*See page 389*)

Hugh Gardner

SGÙRR DHOMHNUILL AS A
VIEW-POINT.

By HUGH GARDNER.

IN No. 100 of the *Journal* (October 1925) Mr Ronald Burn drew attention to this fine peak, which had evidently not received the attention it deserved. I read his article with interest, as I had a year previously been struck by its bold summit as seen from Ben Resipol and also from the lower part of Loch Shiel. It stands, like Great Gable in Cumberland, a peak of just the same height, at the head of several radiating valleys, two of which, the Strontian Valley and Glen Scaddle, it dominates. A peak with such a personality should be worth closer acquaintance for its own sake, and when it is so placed it is sure, in addition, to command a fine view. Mr Burn was evidently unlucky in the matter of visibility on the occasion of his visit, and we registered a resolve to approach the mountain on the very best day we could secure. Such vows are easy to make, but a certain amount of good fortune is necessary if they are to be carried out. As fortune was exceptionally kind to us in this matter, I am expressing my appreciation by trying to reproduce some impressions of the beautiful view we had in the pages of the *Journal*. Mr Burn has dealt with the approaches to the mountain, and further help is given in "The Western Highlands Guide Book." That from Inverscaddle is evidently long, and lacks convenient headquarters. Glen Gour looks attractive, but possibly boggy. The approach from Strontian, however, has no disadvantages. There is an exceptionally comfortable little hotel at the mouth of the Glen, a beautifully wooded valley over which Sgùrr Dhomhnuill displays its best side, and, last but not least, a well-engineered, grass-grown miners' road, which goes nearly all the way to the foot of the mountain, and takes one up the first thousand feet in luxury. Furthermore, the excursion from Strontian is not even unduly long.

Strontian is an excellent centre. Ben Resipol, Garbh

Bheinn, and Creach Bheinn are all within easy reach, and there are good lower-level walks along Loch Sunart on both sides and over to Polloch on Loch Shiel. We arrived, a party of three, on 11th April 1932 in a snow-storm. The next few days were days of cold winds with sunshine and showers, and afforded fine views of Sgùrr Dhomhnuill across Loch Sunart, as well as giving us an opportunity (aided by the omnibus) to explore Coire an Iubhair and that very fine pass which leads over to Gleann Feith 'n Amean. On the 16th a very good day was spent on Ben Resipol. An excellent route up, not given in the "Guide," leaves the road at Camasine, about half-way between Strontian and Salen. The view was very fine, especially up Loch Shiel. Towards Sgùrr Dhomhnuill the effect was somewhat different from the one we had had on our previous visit (see the photograph on p. 20 of "The Western Highlands Guide"). The weather being clearer, the giant form of Ben Nevis had come into view, shining white behind Sgùrr Dhomhnuill, and dwarfing all the nearer ranges.

This was our training walk for the next day. It began fine and clear, with good visibility and very little prospect of a break. We followed the miners' track up to the site of the mines, now a harmless pile of grass-grown stones, crossed the stream, and proceeded up the grassy ridge marked in the 1-inch map as Druim Leac a'Sgiathain. As we wanted all the time available for enjoying the view from the top, we skirted the peak of Sgùrr na h'Ighinn instead of taking the obvious, but rather longer, route over it. The final cone of our mountain is steep enough to give interesting walking when there is snow about, though it is not actually a climb. The other side would, no doubt, be considerably steeper.

The view was worthy of the mountain and of the day. To the north, peaks were sharp and clear away into Ross-shire. Over Glen Scaddle Ben Nevis was obviously the "monarch of mountains," its head rising well over the various Carn Deargs. To the left of Ben Nevis was the white, but flat-topped, Creag Meaghaidh, while between the two, and quite 70 miles away, was another line of white, which could be nothing but the Cairngorms. They

were so remarkably clear that they could be easily seen in a photograph taken from the top. One of the most beautiful features is the glimpse over the top of Beinn na h'Uamha of Loch Leven, with the Glencoe peaks behind. The Loch Leven view is perhaps even finer from Garbh Bheinn, as we saw a few days later. Farther to the south Cruachan presented a very characteristic shape, clear enough to be easily recognisable in several photographs. Mull looked quite near, while between Ben Resipol and the mountains of Moidart, Rhum and Eigg were posing for their portraits. Among the more distant objects, which looked well through a field-glass, were the Paps of Jura and Schichallion, the latter looking more than ever like the gable-end of a roof, with one slope perfectly white and the other almost bare of snow.

We returned the way we had come, better pleased than ever with Sgùrr Dhomhnuill, now that we knew that it was not only a shapely mountain but an excursion which was easy and simple without ever being dull. Conditions had been perfect, there had been no cold wind, and we had had time to spend on the top, enjoying the view to the full.

It may be thought that after visiting two view-points under such good conditions, the possibilities of one holiday in this direction would have been exhausted. By no means. The season was a fortunate one. Four days later an equally beautiful view was enjoyed from Garbh Bheinn, and a few days later again an even clearer distance was revealed from Creach Bheinn, when through the glass the crags of Ceùm na Cailleach in Arran could be plainly made out. On this occasion, however, our pleasure was somewhat marred by a cold wind, which led up to fairly heavy snow showers.

My final suggestion is this. If you want a delightful mountain top which is not overcrowded, where the view is extensive and beautiful, and the sense of remoteness just right; if you can enjoy a summit which does not call for climbing skill, then do not be put off with exaggerated accounts of distances which in such a district as the Cairngorms would be thought quite small, but go and take the delightful walk up Sgùrr Dhomhnuill.

APRIL CLIMBING IN SKYE.

By ALASTAIR L. CRAM.

THE winter of 1932, although generally regarded as one of the least severe experienced for many years, yet afforded me the roughest and longest period of bad weather I have ever had on the hills. Towards the end of March scarcely any snow lay upon the western hills. Northern slopes carried masses of wet snow, and gullies were filled, but the summits were bare. The clear, frosty weather Blackwood and I had hoped for, was poorly represented by heavy warm days in Torricon. The sky was ominous with evil clouds that never seemed to be able to make up their minds to break, and the upper air levels were warm. A few hail showers bespattered us on Liathach, but it was not until we arrived on the Sgurr Fiona of An Teallach that the snow came on in earnest. At midday the wind shifted a few points to the north, and in half an hour the ridges were mantled in a thick covering of snow. It was a case of "long foretold, long last," and we had scarcely a good day for the next three weeks.

The fall was heavy even on the low ground at Corriehallie, and, mantling our tents, made matt-white filigree work among the birch trees in the gorge. Now was the time for Skye! Rare it is, indeed, that the climber sees the Cuillin in full dress for the levée of King Winter. Early next morning we set off to purchase stores at Inverness, apparently just making the ascent to Dirrie More before the snow blocked the road. Excess kit, left at Kinlochewe, had now to be collected, and a way made westwards by Strome Ferry and Kyle of Loch Alsh to Sligachan. The writer was too tired with driving to do more than to slip into the tent (which Blackwood had compassionately erected) and fall asleep.

Our reward was at hand. Wakened by the frost between five and six o'clock the following morning,

1st April, we found ourselves gazing at the wonderful group of Sgurr nan Gillean and the Bhasteir, framed in the tent door. More wonderful than usual that memorable morning, for not a vestige of black rock was visible, and the shapely towers sprang creamily from the dun wastes to a pale and lucent sky. Quietly we sat and watched. A carmine light sprang into being upon the crest of the ultimate pinnacle. The sun had risen. Wave after wave of lovely colour spread downwards to the adjacent spires. A golden rind of sun appeared behind the eastern hills, caressing our chilled bodies. Sgurr nan Gillean, white and sparkling, clad from base to summit in new snow, inspired in us a desire to penetrate to the upper corries, now filled with vagrant blue gleams. Hurriedly striking camp, we pushed on to Glen Brittle, where we were kindly received by my old friend Mr Macrae at the Lodge, who allowed us to select the most sheltered spot we could find. Finally, we chose a tiny combe on the western bank of the Allt Coire na Banachdich, called locally "Primrose Hollow."

Towards evening, a little cloud reached in with long fingers from the north-west, and took possession of the summits of the South Cuillin. Softly and innocently it flamed in the evening light, but we were to learn to our cost the meaning of that little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand"!

I used to consider, that when in a climbing camp, I was an early riser, but that was before I became acquainted with Blackwood. With relentless precision 6 A.M. signified the end of our hours of ease, and sounds of terrific activity from without shamed me from my mossy couch.

By eight o'clock that morning our hobnailers were adjusting themselves to the peaty slopes below Coire Lagain, nor was I allowed a halt until the full panorama of that grand cirque was disclosed. The peaks were very white, and snow lay deep in the lower corrie. There was no ethereal quality about the peaks that morning, rather they were bright, sharp, and hard, but infinitely graceful, and the eye was fain to follow the interlocking contours at the expense of shin and ankle.

Knee deep in powder snow, we ploughed onward into the upper corrie. A new epoch had begun overnight and a new glacier seemed to fill the hollow and dip downwards in bossed waves. Everything seemed strange, bizarre, and unusual in this familiar corrie, as if one were regarding the negative of a photograph, the positive of which was well known. All was reversed with the hills white and the corries dark in shade. We mounted to the foot of the "Stone Shoot" and considered our position. The wind was high behind the ridges, shrilling harshly. It had, as an undercurrent of sound, a long-continued monotone that was made by the snow particles hissing everywhere downwards. Snow flurries broke over Dearg and, mingling with the banners of wind-blown drift, fell like breakers upon the lee slopes. Lofty "snow devils" danced about the corrie masterless, and casting their veils of diamond dust upon the crags, occasionally bathed us in a chill shower from the rocks of Alasdair. As is usual in our mountain landscapes, blue was the prevailing colour. That tint which seems to lend the faint air of mystery to distant hills, at once restful and intriguing. Indigo shadows darkened the unmarked snow, and pools of azure lay in all our following footsteps. In Loch a' Lagain steel-blue ice, fissured with emerald, demonstrated how warm and deep were the flawed opaque purples of the waves at the base of the wintry hills of Rhum, which rose against the lighter, pellucid, sky.

It was the ocean, too, that offered a contrast to the well of creamy radiance that was Coire a' Grundha, usually sombrest of the Cuillin corries, when we had gained the top of the pass. We roped up for Alasdair and, choosing a lull in the wind, went up to the cairn over the ridge which was heavily laden with snow. The sight of the ragged edges of a cloud, curling wickedly over Banachdich, made us descend hastily to the col. A few seconds later the whole bright panorama of shining ocean and frosted islands was lost to us in snow and cloud. As soon as the fury had exhausted itself, we made an attempt on Sgurr Tearlach. Ice, too thin to cut steps in and too tenacious to clear away, covered the

holds beneath wet snow. Barely 60 feet were ascended in an hour and a half, frequent showers necessitating descent. Finally, in the midst of one such heavy squall, we retreated.

Down in the low lands, the maid April, still prepared her flowers, careless of the small cloud resting on the mountains, but with rustic humour tossed particles of stinging hail across the sunshine. Our little dingle, a heavenly splash of saffron gorse, was full of warm airs and drowsy with perfumes, and we were fain, like the lotus eaters, to lie reclined for a space, our axes looking oddly out of place among the flowers, with their bright steel glinting defiance to the hills.

Cloudy skies roofed us, as we tramped up Coire a' Ghrunnda, the following morning. The slabs were covered in snow, enabling us to take a route up the centre of the corrie, otherwise impracticable. The converging arcs of ridges round us were sullen under banks of mist, which did not break until we reached the summit of Sgurr 'nan Eag. This we gained by a series of ledges on the face, aided by the snow, which allowed us to connect them together. The descent of the ridge to the Bealach a' Garbh Choire was pleasantly exciting, under the conditions, and thoroughly warmed up, we took in the fine rough rocks of Caisteal a' Garbh Choire in our stride, on our way to Sgurr Dubh na DaBheinn. The warm sun was now making the swathes of snow insecure, and great shields slid out underfoot. A great slab on the west side of Dubh Mhor had become a "heisse platje," and a constant murmur of sound rumbled in the corrie, as the debris slid over it.

The ridge between the two great Dubhs looked formidable, but fortunately proved easier than it looked. Not so the face of Dubh Mhor. The easy summer route would not go on account of ice, and an unpleasant series of traverses had to be made on the snow-covered slabs to the right. The sun was loosening the adhesive properties of the frost, and it was only by using all the knowledge of belaying and safeguarding at our command did we feel justified in making the double journey to and from

the summit. It was well worth the trouble. To Dubh Mhor I owe the finest view of my holiday. Owing to the concentration required the scenery had not been appreciated as it deserved, but as I was letting out the rope on the descent, I happened to glance seawards and, as is often the case, this peep proved more enduring than the summit prospect. Whatever mountain views there be, nothing could be more entrancing than that glimpse of pearly sunlit spires, above the darkness of lower slab, sombre Coruisk, jade-green Scavaig, and gleaming ocean, ringed by the white mainland hills, rising into this airy plane of light. There was a sensuous warmth from slab and snow begetting a sensation of well-being, combined with that subtle emanation of contentment, of which all those are sensible who come to the Cuillin in the proper spirit.

One recollection leads to another. There was the day when, chilled hand and foot in the bitter wind and mist, we strove in vain to cut steps along the iron-hard snows on the summit ridge of Banachdich; the day when examining the "Inaccessible" we were driven down, struggling for foothold on the icy rocks, and on a fine arch of snow leading to the Bealach Coire Lagain, when all was invisible, and the wind, spilled from the ridges overhead, blew on occasion straight downwards with crushing violence, blinding with spicules of ice, and rendering us each an isolated unit in a dread Djinn-haunted world of mist and snow spume, where nothing lived but everything moved. Even these harsh days are not so vivid in the memory as the recollection of Blackwood's cheery grin when things were bad.

Again, I see from my diary that the night of 4th April was full of foreboding. "A wild and ragged sky roofs us, with tattered clouds, blowing up like smoke from a red and smudgy fire in the north-west, violent hail showers rattle upon the canvas, and the wind is cold." "As we were settling down for the night, I felt the ground-sheet bulge upwards. Surface water was draining into the tent! Blackwood, outside in the sleet and the cold, hacked trenches, but we were quite inundated." A

hurried evacuation followed. Stores were placed in the smaller tent, and we spent a comfortable night in the barn after a pleasant chat around the Macraes' fire.

On 5th April, a wet, grey morning discovered us marching up Coire na Creiche. Sleet showers buffeted us on the bare moors, wetting clothes long before we arrived in Coire a' Mhadhaidh. The weather was too bad to think of anything but the easiest routes, and our objective was Bruach na Frithe. Rain gave place to snow at 1,500 feet, coating us thickly. In the corrie a calm held sway. Large ghostly flakes drifted about, eddying in mysterious whorls and melting on our faces with a chill caress. When the mist did draw itself away, lo! the Cuillin were neither white nor black, but an alien and terrible grey. The leaning battlements of An Caisteal and the rough towers of Bidean were one monotone of grey, and it was the greyness of ice. A wind laden with moisture had coagulated on the cold rocks to a depth of nearly half an inch.

The pass on which we were is surely the most villainous in Scotland. As steep as stones may lie, the loose and shaly scree in summer slides underfoot from slabs of rock. To-day a new trial had been added, each block was coated in verglas, lumps of grey ice were encysted in the hollows, and the whole covered with deep new snow.

The narrow "V" of the bealach had a decidedly alpine appearance. A tiny arc of snow bridged it, while steep slopes of snow fell away on either side, compressed between rocks. Wind shrieked through the cleft, as time and again footing was sought on the rocks of the "Limpet." The unfortunate second man was chilled, the leader's *morale* weakened by the hopeless appearance of the mailed rocks. Descending a few yards on the Coruisk side, we belayed ourselves to our axes and lunched. The prospect was singularly desolate. Fangs of rock, fog-feathered and festooned in icicles, projected on either hand above our heads, now looming up when the fog thinned like ghastly gargoyles of the gods of dole and bane, now misted over in an halo of snowflakes. It was still snowing thickly with great wandering feathery

flakes, that I saw Blackwood brush occasionally away with a brusque motion. I felt he was soliloquising on the fate that denies the faithful yet another Munro.

On 7th April, after six days' continuous climbing, we missed the ferry at Kyleakin, and were forced to camp in the dark on an exposed site, which resulted in our being blown away by a "sou'wester" at 3 A.M. Despite the heavy rain, we spent the remainder of the dark hours—without excessive discomfort—in the lee of a fisherman's shed upon the sea beach, and made Rothiemurchus Forest that afternoon.

SGÙRR NA LÀPAICH.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

By GEORGE TERTIUS GLOVER.

WHEN this article was commenced it was felt that not one in a million, and possibly very few even of the S.M.C., had seen this lonely stretch of country, possibly the loneliest in our land. Since then the Easter Meet of 1932 brought many of us along the ridges of Làpaich and Riabhacan, and therefore the view is no longer quite the novelty I then expected.

However, the Editor insists, and as there must be very few—even of us—who have seen this view under such perfect conditions, this article has not been suppressed.

“On with the work,” says Ling, in the Preface to the “Northern Guide Book”; but what of us whose work is over and who have to exchange the “sound of a hob-nailer feeling for a toe-scrape” for the less romantic sounds of “puffing for breath uphill”? Well, to us there are still joys to be had on the hillside, even although they are much more tame than those when on “the work.”

One can revel in views such as this seen on a perfect summer’s afternoon, and realise how glorious it is that such solitudes can be found even in our crowded little Island, desecrated as it is by trunk roads, by-passes, and other engineering horrors, above all, “polluted” (a good Irish word I mean to bring back from that country with me some day) by hordes of ill-driven motor cars.

How grand is the thought that there are still miles and miles of country which peregrine, eagle, ptarmigan, mountain fox, and blue hare must for ever have entirely to themselves. Although perhaps even this is a dangerous prophecy, for did not so great an authority as Doctor Collie state in the climbing journal of the world—the *Alpine Journal*: “Fortunately the Coolin are not easy of

access. They can never be swamped by tourists in the same way as the mountains round Zermatt." That so lately as 1918, and now have we not protests against Sunday excursions to Skye. Sometimes Jove nods!

When this photo was taken, the district at the head of Loch Monar was a wild, unknown stretch of country, and one little expected that (within so short a time as three years) it would be so well " Guide Booked " by the indefatigable Parker that one could go around with him ticking off paths, summits, and fords in a manner similar to the tourist with Art at the Louvre, or Archæology in Rome.

I had often heard of Làpaich, and after having seen it from the road between Moy and Inverness—where it stands out so clearly as a summit that calls for every one to visit and ascend it—I determined to go at the first opportunity—even by S.M.T. Therefore, I was pleased when a visit to Inverness afforded me a chance of going to Làpaich.

My companion, C., was a non-member, and, I fear, became rather bored by my references to the *Journal*, as, commencing at Crask of Agais, almost every mile of the way recalled passages or articles in the *Journal*. One of our most active members once confessed to me that he did not keep, much less bind, the *Journal*—although, as some of his contributions have since much adorned the same, he has possibly recanted—but for the moment, to quote witty Professor Heddle, " we did not become further acquainted." For one of the best attributes of our *Journal* is, that it not only tells us all about the places, but about our friends, whose names seem (to me at least) to become linked with the memories we hold in common. In binding the *Journal* we bind ourselves to our best friends. But this, I admit, is not bringing us any nearer to the summit of Làpaich.

Cars are too fast for the beauties of Strath Glass to be enjoyed properly, but once one has had the temerity to pass the notice " Private Road " at the entrance to Glen Strathfarrar, the road is sufficiently poor for all but the driver to get the full value of this beautiful glen, from the far end of which on a fine day Sgùrr na Làpaich stands

up clearly as the predominant feature. Nothing of note, beyond the beauty of the scene, was seen all the way up, except a pair of peregrines above Loch a' Mhuillidh, and a bull a little farther on—the latter no joke if one had been walking, particularly to anyone who had been properly chased by one of its kind.

Broulin reached and passed, the car was parked alongside the beautiful stretch of clear, deep water, and we crossed the wooden bridge to Inchvuilt to seek Mr Fraser's leave to "take the hill," and found him suffering from a worse terror than any bull, and one which kills in thousands where bulls kill in singles—*i.e.*, a modern motor cycle. Fraser, having charged a gate on his new mount, was laid up with a broken leg.

It was a very bright hot day when we left Inchvuilt with Fraser's best wishes, and took our way along the rough meadows, where the path is very badly defined, and here an unusual sight was seen—a snipe with chicks, feigning a broken wing in the manner of a hen grouse in order to attract our attention away from the young birds—it was difficult at first sight to make out what the moving object was. On a day like this there was no difficulty in route-finding, but it was hot, and we took the easiest way—up An Leth-chreag and the North East Ridge (an easy walk)—the finest route to the summit is undoubtedly up the East Ridge from Carn nan Gobhar. There was not a breath of wind, and it seemed to take an unconscionable time to sink the Meallans to the northward, although they were only 1,900 feet high; but at last the well-defined ridge is reached and a cool breeze sweeps up from Loch Tuill Bhearnach, over which an eagle was circling, reminding us of the eagle seen not far from here, when unusual cackling of grouse caused us to look round and see a fine eagle flying off northwards with a grouse firmly grasped in its talons. The minor summit of Rudha na Spréidhe once reached, it is only a few hundred yards on a nice walking ridge to the summit of Sgùrr na Làpaich (3,773 feet). It is 3.30 P.M., and what a glorious view.

East, away down Glen Strathfarrar, almost every detail of the road can be picked up; beyond the glen lies

Inverness, but the eastern view generally was slightly hazy, and the various ranges, as seen, are not striking. Turning farther round, the long Toll Creagach-Mam Sodhail range is seen, but is not shapely as viewed from here. Far more interesting was Beinn Fhionnlaidh (scene of Allan Arthur's record, assisted by Goggs, for once a few minutes behind the leader), and the mysterious deep Gleann a' Choilich, backed by Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan; the far view farther round is restricted by the flanks of An Socach and by An Riabhachan, and it is only when one's eyes are clear of the North Ridge that one gets the marvellous view northward.

And now for the perfect view. In one jump one goes right away to Skye and Glamaig, 40 miles away, and thereafter one is amongst the Ross-shire peaks, so many of which are our oldest friends.

I was busy photographing, and the result is seen in the plate. Lest anyone think that I identified the peaks and gave the distances, let me say at once, "No!" It was Parker, the prince of accuracy, who did so, and I, therefore, can rely on the figures in a way I should never ask anyone to do on mine. He would fain have seen Clisham in Harris, 77 miles away, but had I done so I would not have known that peak, so it does not appear in this truthful account. In a way, the immediate foreground is the most interesting, and would have given much useful information to Inglis' courageous forbears, who were so enterprising in the fifties. Patt Lodge and the west end of Loch Monar, so seldom seen, are very clear, and behind them the group of peaks one associates with the Garden-Parker combination (as being those who have written about them), yet it must always be remembered that our present President, A. E. Robertson, has also ascended all these 3,000-footers, although he has been strangely silent about them in the *Journal*—Sang being the only one to join in when he wrote about "The Simplified 'Nros.'"* This, my first sight of Patt, made me shiver, even on that hottest of July afternoons, at the thought of

* Vol. XIX., No. 109, p. 19.

Garden and Parker stripping and wading through the Allt Riabhachan in spate, straight from mountains deeply covered with snow in May. No wonder we won the Great War.

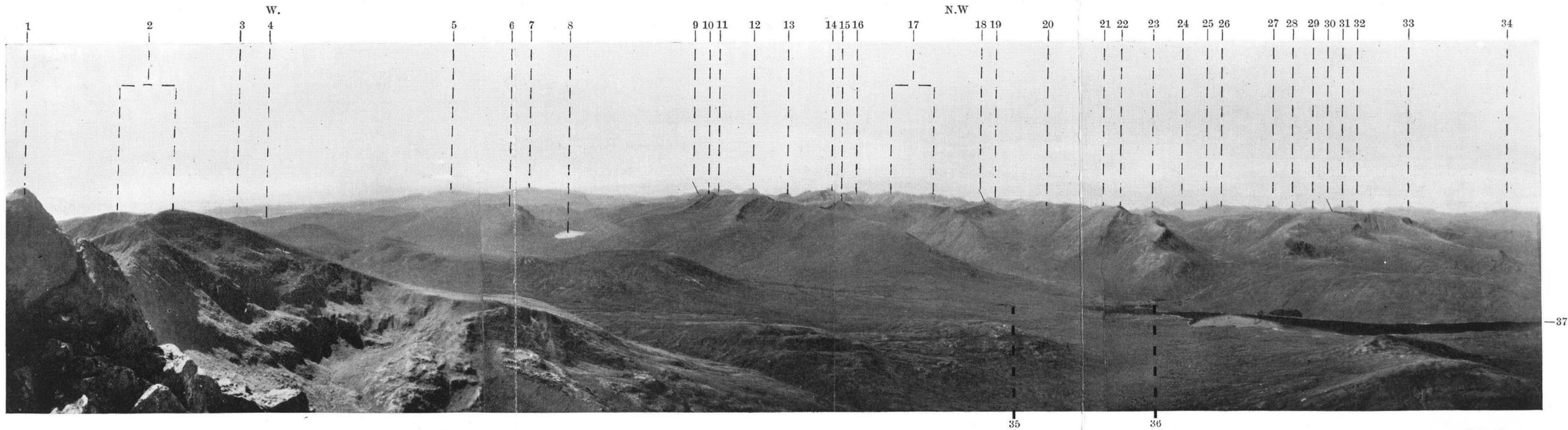
When one lifts one's eyes above these hills to the shapely peaks of Torrison beyond, there seems to be only one missing, Beinn Alligin. But what crowded memories there are of Liathach and Beinn Eighe, and the fine far northern sides of them with Coire na Caime and Mhic Fhearchair—when thinking of which latter one recalls how more than thirty years ago Collie electrified the members and sent us hurrying to a Meet at Kinlochewe by his description of the first attack on these almost impregnable walls. Then one gazes round by Loch Maree and the corries of Beinn Airidh Charr, with memories of Harry Walker and Charlie Clark; then Slioch with summit crowded with members on Easter Meet Sundays; A' Mhaighdean, where Ling, Lawson, and Munro made one of those lengthy trudges so common before the luxurious days of the motor, in order to establish the status of this peak, of which there was no accurate record, and which even now Parker will only accept with the bar sinister C. The Teallachs make a splendid group of pointed peaks as seen from here, with the corrie of Loch Toll an Lochain lying in its eastern face on our mainland, second only in grandeur to Coire Mhic Fhearchair Beinn Eighe. A really competent photographer, such as the President, would have completed the circle in his photograph and not have stopped short where the Fannich range shows up like a miniature Teallach, but this photo I did not produce, either owing to laziness or lack of films. The colours of the distant hills were a dream, and altogether it was only the thought of the long drive back which awoke us to the fact that we were a good many miles away from the car, and that water for tea was 2,000 feet below us. It is a real anti-climax leaving a summit like Làpaich on a lovely summer's afternoon to plod downhill with the uninteresting Meallans of Buidhe (1,819 feet) and Odhar (1,861 feet) in front only too quickly shutting out the distant scene.

Nothing of note occurred on the dull run down to the junction of the burns which issue from Loch Mòr and Loch Beag, where we tea-ed as never before—for Làpaich, or at least its northern side, is as waterless a mountain as one can meet on a long day's march.

After that it was merely a nice gentle walk for about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Inchvuilt, about 1 mile from which place we crossed a fine timber bridge over the Uisge Misgeach to the south bank—an important matter in times of spate, although not this day, as to omit crossing and to follow the seductive-looking path down the left bank leads to a point where the Garbh Uisge joins Misgeach, and this in times of high waters means an ignominious return.

All too soon we were in the car, running down the glen under the pale primrose light of a northern evening with the memory of a glorious hour on the heights.

But Lapaich is a point of view.



July 1929.

G. T. Glover.

THE MOUNTAINS OF ROSS-SHIRE FROM SGÙRR NA LÀPAICH (3773 FEET).

1. Part of the summit of Sgùrr na Làpaich	10. Lurg Mhòr (6½)	20. Sgùrr a' Chaorachain (7½)	29. Beinn Tarsuinn (24½)
2. An Riabhachan (1½) 3696 feet	11. Beinn Damh (19¼)	21. Meall a' Ghiubhais (21¼)	30. Maoile Lunndaidh (6½)
3. Glamaig (40) 2537 "	12. Maol Chean-dearg (17¼)	22. Bidean an Eòin Deirg (6½)	31. Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair (24¾)
4. Loch Carron (28)	13. Beinn na h-Eaglaise (19)	23. Beinn Airidh Charr (29)	32. Sgùrr Bàn (25½)
5. Sgùrr a' Chaorachain, Applecross (23¾) 2600 "	14. Sgùrr Ruadh (15¾)	24. Meall Mhèinnidh (27½)	33. An Teallach (31)
6. Beinn Dronaig (8) 2612 "	15. Beinn Tharsuinn (8½)	25. Beinn Làir (26½)	34. A' Chailleach, Fannichs (22½)
7. Beinn Bhàn, Applecross (23) 2936 "	16. Beinn Liath Mhòr (16¼)	26. Slioch (23)	35. Patt Lodge (4)
8. Loch Calavie (7½) 1129 "	17. Liathach (20½)	27. A' Mhaighdean (26½)	36. Strathmore Lodge (4¼)
9. An Ruadh-stac (17) 2919 "	18. Sgùrr Choinnich (8)	28. Ruadh Stac Mòr (26¾)	37. Loch Monar (3½)
	19. Beinn Eighe (20¾)		

(The mileage from the view-point is given in brackets.)

(See page 403)

FURTHER SUBTERRANEAN RAMBLINGS
ON BUACHAILLE ETIVE MOR.

By W. B. SPEIRS.

THE other members of the Committee appointed to explore the climbs in the Glencoe district having ascended all the attractive ridges, it has been my lot to spend my time attempting to ascend various chasms and gullies full of water and into which the sun never shines. The ascent of The Chasm having been completed and the Clachaig Gully being considered altogether too repulsive for further investigation (*S.M.C.J.*, XIX., 286-290), I carefully read through the *Journal* to find if there was anything left which required exploring. I was surprised to find recorded only one summer ascent of the Crowberry Gully (in 1910, *S.M.C.J.*, XI., 258-262), and that by the North Buttress branch. Therefore, although this strong party had deemed the direct route to the neck of the Crowberry Tower to be impossible, I decided that it was worth having a look at it at any rate.

J. G. Robinson, G. F. Todd, and I therefore set off for Kingshouse one fine September morning intending to try the Gully, but, as usual, when we had passed Bridge of Orchy the rain started to descend, and judging from the size of the Coupall it had been raining heavily for some time previously. Robinson had been brought owing to his successful conquest of The Chasm, as I thought that he was a suitable person to lead us up if it was going to be wet, but when he saw the rain coming down he decided to rest on his laurels, and he quietly went to sleep in the back of the car. Having come thus far, Todd and I decided to go on with our attempt, so after reviling Robinson for a few minutes, we set off up the hill. When we reached the foot of the Gully we were gratified to find that there was much less water coming down than we had anticipated, due no doubt to the small

area which it drains. On a dry day there should be practically no water in the Gully at all.

The first pitch has an impossible chockstone at the top so that it cannot be climbed direct, but it seemed to us that it might be ascended under dry conditions by the steep slabs on the North Buttress wall. As the rain was descending steadily, we deemed it prudent to follow the example of the previous party, and turned the pitch by means of the shallow gully on the North Buttress, which brought us into the Gully proper above the first pitch. The next pitch was similar to the first, but it just went on the true left side of the chockstone, although the holds were very sketchy and the water was blown over us by the wind.

The third pitch was a cave, which was ascended on the true left wall to a chockstone, which was approached from the inside. At the chockstone there was no suitable foothold, and the arms alone had to do all the work to overcome the problem. Several short, easy pitches followed till only two remained between us and the fork in the Gully, where we understood there was an easy escape to the North Buttress. The first of these pitches was another cave, which was climbed to the roof, where a small hole led to the top of a chockstone on the outside. The chockstone was surmounted by a pile of small scree, which descended in a shower on to the second man as the leader was endeavouring to force himself through the aperture. Once through, 10 feet of climbing up a rather exposed chimney, which was just narrow enough to tempt one to use both walls, led to the top of the pitch.

From this point a tremendous cleft, about 200 feet in height, led up to the neck at the Crowberry Tower, and we could see the huge chockstone which has so far barred all exit. The wall on the North Buttress outside the cleft looked impossible, and about 40 feet up the cleft was roofed over. Accordingly the leader went in to the back to seek a through route. The cleft was so narrow that it was not possible to use back and knee, and progress upwards was made by using handholds where possible and wriggling where there were none. After about 30

feet of this the leader found, to his joy, that there was a through route behind a small chockstone, but when he endeavoured to get through he found that nothing short of a severe course of slimming would achieve it. It looked as though an attempt would have to be made to get round the outside, which was not a pleasant prospect as we were by this time completely soaked and numb with cold, when a shout of triumph announced that the leader had found a larger hole between the chockstone and the roof of the cave; and he dragged himself along the narrow passage that led to the next floor.

When the second man arrived protesting with the rucksack, we decided, owing to the cold and damp state of the rocks and ourselves, to abandon our idea of prospecting the Crowberry branch of the Gully, and to get out on to the North Buttress as soon as possible. Fifteen feet of back and knee led out of the cleft, and the leader had to traverse about 20 feet to the right on rather unpleasant grass-covered slabs, and then ran out 100 feet of line before a belay was reached in the North Buttress branch of the Gully. A short scramble led out of the Gully to the crest of the North Buttress about 100 feet from the summit of Stob Dearg, thus avoiding a steep pitch in the Gully which we did not fancy. We did not wait on the summit, where we were met by a storm of wind and rain, but descended by the easy route south of the Chasm, the time from Coupall bridge and back being exactly four hours.

The rock throughout was good, although adequate holds are rather lacking in many places, but in fine weather this Gully will provide an interesting climb, so that it is difficult to understand why it has been so neglected.

In Memoriam.

COLIN BENT PHILLIP.
1856-1932.

COLIN BENT PHILLIP was the son of John Phillip, the artist. He was born in 1856. He first went to school in England, but afterwards studied at the University of St Andrews.

No one knew the Highlands better than he did, for during the whole of his life he wandered through them, sketching them, painting them, and loving them with the mind of an artist, and with a knowledge that only comes to those who follow year after year their deep desire for the beauties of wild nature. This homage was in his blood, for his ancestors on his father's side were of Highland descent. Like his father, he was kindly, impressionable, and full of life, and always anxious to help others whenever he was able. As an artist of the Scottish mountains he stands alone, for he knew them far better than anyone. Perfectly accurate in his drawing and in his colour, his pictures will always remain as beautiful and honest interpretations of wild Highland scenery, for his heart was in them: he painted not for gain but for love.

His memory of all that he had seen during his whole life amongst the hills was wonderful. Not a single mountain in the whole of the Highlands that he could not at once give its height; not a photograph that he could not give the names of the mountains in it, and from where it was taken.

During the many years that he wandered free amongst the Scottish hills he always collected from the old people place-names that were not in the Ordnance Maps. He has left hundreds of maps with these names written in them; surely some use might be made of this knowledge, for the old people are dead, and with them this link with the old life in the glens and the shielings in the corries on the hills. With Phillip has passed away one of the old

type of mountaineers. He was one of those who went to the mountains year after year. He did not go to climb inaccessible rocks, but he went to know his mountain land, its beauty, its mystery, and all the charm that cannot be written down in words.

Those who knew him will feel how great is the loss of such a man: the best of company, full of the enjoyment of life, simple, honest, and of the land he loved a great artist.

J. N. COLLIE.

JAMES ROSE.

JAMES ROSE, who died in Aberdeen on 15th July 1931, joined the Club on 12th December 1892, but resigned in 1917. He was an Aberdonian. He retired from the Headmastership of King Street School, Aberdeen, at Christmas, 1919, after forty-two and a half years' service under the Aberdeen School Board. One of the ridges on Sgoran Dubh was named after him, he having been one of the party who were the first to climb it.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET, GLEN AFFRIC, 1932.

THE Easter Meet of the Club was held in that most wonderful district of the three glens, Glen Affric, Glen Cannich, and Glen Strath Farrar, from Friday 25th till Tuesday 29th March. The weather conditions were quite reasonable and the hotels were comfortable.

At Tomich Hotel there were gathered:—The President, the Rev. A. E. Robertson, Aikman, G. Anderson, A. E. Baker, C. E. Bell, Arnold Brown, Ian Campbell, Glover, Stuart Jack, Ling, J. G. MacLean, H. MacRobert, Parker, Alan Smith, and Unna. The guests were Peter Brown, A. Campbell, Davidson, and Ian Jack. As the hotel could not hold such numbers, many were accommodated in the neighbouring cottages and outhouses.

Owing to the kindness of Major Stirling, Benula Lodge was made available, and the following spent at least one very enjoyable night there:—Aikman, Anton, E. Davidson, Glover, Isles (guest), Ling, J. G. MacLean, Wilson (guest), and Yeaman.

There were also one or two members at Invercannich Hotel. It is understood that their presence there was merely to facilitate the supply of beer, etc., to Tomich (unlicensed). Unna was at Tomich. No complete record has been received of the excursions made from this hotel, but the following were seen at one time or another in the vicinity of the tap-room:—Bartholomew, Corbett, Blackie, Burt, Elton, Gall Inglis, Jeffrey, Knox, Murray Lawson, J. Y. MacDonald, Macphee, Martin, Matheson, J. A. Scott, and E. C. Thomson. R. B. Neill and Hotchkis preserved a dignified aloofness at Comar House.

The distance between the various hotels having made it impossible for one scribe to record the whole proceedings,

the Editor has endeavoured to piece together the rather disjointed tales of the various exploits which have reached him. All apologies are offered where the records fall short of achievements.

Friday, 25th March.

Glover and Ling motored to Affric Lodge, climbed Mam Soul, Carn Eige, and Ben Fhionnlaidh, and descended to Benula Lodge, where they spent the night. There they are said to have subsisted on a boiled egg between them, and by the time they reached Tomich next day they were so much thinner that another member of the party is alleged to have mistaken Glover for Ling.

Parker, Unna, G. Anderson (guest), and Smith, thanks to Unna's passion for early rising, made an early start (9.30), and after motoring to Affric Lodge, climbed Mam Soul by Coire Leachavie. Parker and Unna came down by Sgurr na Lapaich (junior), while Anderson and Smith did Carn Eige and Tom a' Choinich.

I. M. Campbell and A. Campbell (guest) motored to Benula Lodge, went up Sgurr na Lapaich (senior), and down to Cozac Old Lodge, the latter half of the journey being as fine as the first half was dull.

Bell went off alone in his car with four packets of sandwiches, and came back at night with the two Jacks and MacRobert. He had met them at Beaully Station, and together they had climbed Sgurr na Ruaidhe from Deannie in Glen Cannich.

J. G. MacLean and Aikman arrived for breakfast, having motored up by night in a luxurious limousine. They later drove up to Affric Lodge and climbed Sgurr na Lapaich (junior).

Jeffrey, Knox, Martin, Scott, and Burt motored to Benula Lodge, and, by way of Bràigh a' Choire Bhig, made their way in mist to Sgurr na Lapaich (senior), and from there followed the ridge westward as far as the north-east top of An Riabhachan, descending thence by the Allt a' Choire Mhaim to the lodge.

Saturday, 26th March.

Two parties climbed the hills between Glen Affric and Glen Cannich, and exchanged cars at the end of the day. The two Campbells, MacRobert, Jack, sen., and Bell walked from Affric Lodge to Benula Lodge, climbing Sgurr na Lapaich, Mam Soul, Carn Eige, and Ben Fhionnlaidh on the way. The two Browns, M'Lean, and Jack, jun., went in the opposite direction, and did Carn Eige, Mam Soul, and Sgurr na Lapaich.

Glover and Ling, after their boiled egg, climbed An Riabhachan and Sgurr na Lapaich (senior), and were met by the President at Benula Lodge.

Unna, Anderson, and Smith motored to Cozac Old Lodge and climbed Sgurr na Lapaich (senior), and An Riabhachan. Smith also did Carn nan Gobhar and An Socach.

Baker and Davidson did Sgurr na Lapaich and Mam Soul from Affric Lodge, with the help of the cars of the two-way tour.

Parker walked from Knockfinn along the old right-of-way track by Loch a' Chlaidheimh to near the west end of Loch Beneveian, then home over the top of Creag Dhubh.

Aikman motored to Beauly where he met E. C. Thomson and Elton, and took them up Glen Strath Farrar, where they climbed the four Munros to the north of that glen, presumably Sgurr na Ruaidhe to Sgurr Fhuar-Thuill.

Jeffrey, Knox, Martin, Scott, and Burt from Affric Lodge crossed by the moor path to Eleann nam Fiadh, and made the round of Tom a' Choinich, Carn Eige, Mam Sodhail, and Sgurr na Lapaich (Inverness), meeting most of the Club *en route*.

Graham Macphee, Bartholomew, Murray Lawson, and Mathieson did the Mam Sodhail round covering Sgurr na Lapaich, Mam Sodhail, Carn Eige, Tom a' Channich and ToH Creagach.

Sunday, 27th March.

MacRobert, Bell, the two Browns, and the two Jacks went to Cozac Old Lodge and climbed Sgurr na Lapaich (senior) in unpleasant weather conditions. They report "a very fine hill."

Glover, Unna, Anderson, and Smith motored to Millie and climbed Sgurr a' Choire Ghlais and Sgurr Fhuar-Thuill. Smith also did Sgurr na Ruaidhe and Carn nan Gobhar, while the others went on to Sgurr na Muice.

Parker says he visited Loch na Beinne Baine. See "The Western Highlands" ("S.M.C. Guide," 6s.).

The less said about the President's doings on Sunday, the better.

Aikman and MacLean went up to Benula Lodge, and after climbing Sgurr na Lapaich (senior) in mist and meeting droves of S.M.C. members, descended upon the Lodge, spending the evening in feasting.

Jeffrey, Knox, Martin, Scott, and Burt motored to where the Allt Toll a' Mhuic joins the Farrar, and climbed Sgurr na Fearstaig, Sgurr Fhuar-Thuill, and Sgurr a' Choire Ghlais.

Graham Macphee took photographs at Loch Monar and did Sgurr na Fearstaig and two more tops in gale and blizzard.

Monday, 28th March.

A. Brown, Peter Brown, Ian Jack, and Harry MacRobert motored up Glen Strath Farrar, climbed Sgurr Fhuar-Thuill, and then along the ridge to Sgurr a' Choire Ghlais, and down to the Glen at Broulin Lodge. Baker, Davidson, and Stuart Jack motored up to Benula Lodge, and did Sgurr na Lapaich (senior), Riabhachan, and An Socach.

The President, with Parker, explored the Affric River in the Fasnakyle Woods, and thereafter motored up to Affric Lodge and "spent a happy afternoon in glorious sunshine photoing in the forest south of the loch."

Aikman and MacLean left Benula Lodge, and after meeting Dow at Beauuly, went on with him and had three

days' climbing from Aultguish, including an excellent day to Seane Bhraigh.

Graham Macphee, E. C. Thomson, and Elton annexed six tops of Sgurr na Lapaich from Benula Lodge.

Tuesday, 29th March.

Parker and Unna, the latter with huge rucksack and canvas shoes complete, motored up Glen Strath Farrar and climbed Maoile Lunndaigh from East Monar.

LIBRARY REPORT.

Since the last issue of the *Journal* the Library collection has been increased by the addition of:—

“The Art and Sport of Mountain Photography,” by Arthur Gardner, M.A., F.S.A. Presented by his brother.

“Adventures of an Alpine Guide,” by Christian Klucker. Presented by the publisher, John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, W.

The Club takes this opportunity of thanking the donors.

During the same period the usual journals from kindred societies have been received, and we have to acknowledge with thanks, among others, the following:—

Alpine Journal. Vol. XLIV., No. 244.

The Rucksack Club Journal. Vol. VII., No. 2, 1932, No. 26.

The New Zealand Alpine Journal. Nos. 18 and 19.

The Cairngorm Club Journal. Vol. XIII., No. 73.

The Canadian Alpine Journal. Vol. XX.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal. Vol. VI., No. 20.

The Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Vol. IX., No. 1.

The Himalayan Journal. Vol. IV.

The Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

The Club is indebted to the Hon. Secretary, Alex. Harrison, for the gift of eighteen slides of the Southern Alps of New Zealand.

REVIEWS.

The British Ski Club Year Book, Vol. VI., 1932.

This Year Book, though smaller in size, maintains the variety of its contents.

It is probable that to the members of our Club the two articles of greatest interest are an article on "Examinations of Snow Deposits," by Gerald Selignan, and a letter by H. MacRobert on the "Aletschwald Accident." In this letter Mr MacRobert shows his sound knowledge of mountaineering principles, and it cannot be too strongly stressed that any person who intends undertaking mountaineering ski-ing should have a sound knowledge of mountaineering principles and practice.

There is an article on the 1931-32 ski-ing season in Scotland which shows the rigorous nature of ski-ing in this country as opposed to Switzerland.

The book contains many beautiful and interesting illustrations.

A. H.

Isle, Ben, and Loch. Colonel S. Heckstall-Smith. Published by Edward Arnold & Co. 10s. 6d.

Although it has little or nothing to do with mountaineering, this is a publication which cannot but give pleasure to mountaineers, and particularly to Scottish mountaineers, since it deals in a manner that is both novel and delightful with the scenery of the West Coast of Scotland from the Clyde to Skye. In outline the book is an account of cruises made by the author in a forty-ton yacht, but this outline is filled in with glowing descriptions of scenery, with legend, history, and lore, which convey to the reader in the pleasantest fashion the glamour and fascination of this wonderful district. That there are small mistakes and passages with which the mountaineer cannot agree is probably inevitable in a book written by a Sassenach who is not a climber, but much can be forgiven one who writes with such reverence and enthusiastic admiration as show him to be a true lover of West Highland scenery. It is an excellent leisurely book, filled with the colour and magic of our peaceful western hills and islands and redolent of the clean salt winds of Hebridean seas.

W. R. M.

The Alpine Journal.

The current number of the *Alpine Journal* contains, as usual, a feast of fascinating reading. We are conducted from country to country, from adventure to adventure, and ultimately we lay the *Journal* down with the feeling that nothing truly significant or interesting in the history of mountaineering achievement during the preceding six months has been omitted from its pages.

Dr Paul Bauer's account of the Bavarian Kangchenjunga Expedition of 1931 has pride of place. It is an all-too-short description, giving as it does merely an outline of experiences that might well form the material for a large volume. We can only hope that this volume will be forthcoming in due course. Again, as in 1929, the Expedition had to acknowledge defeat—this time within 600 metres of the summit. They were ultimately stopped by a slope of hopelessly dangerous avalanche snow, which cut off their only access to the main N. ridge and the summit. This condition of snow was merely temporary, but the end of the "climbing season" and the imminence of continuous bad weather made it impossible for the climbers to wait longer. It is interesting to note that Dr Bauer has repeated the conviction expressed in 1929 that, in good conditions, no technical difficulties are likely to be experienced between the point they reached and the summit. One's belief in the inaccessibility of Kangchenjunga is seriously shaken by the exploits of this magnificent party of climbers who, week after week, in spite of the devitalising effects of high altitude, and the early loss of one of their party and a porter by a tragic accident, carried on the fight for the summit. And all this on stone-swept slopes and narrow ridges which involved actual climbing difficulties much exceeding those met with in the average Alpine expedition lasting only a single day. The article is well illustrated, and the interest and intelligibility of the narrative and photographs are enhanced by a new map by Marcel Kurz. These two Bavarian expeditions of 1929 and 1931 are characterised (by the Editor of the *Journal*) by such terms of praise as are reserved for rare and exceptional achievement. We can only echo his verdict. In reading Dr Bauer's account one's thoughts turn naturally to Everest. Despite its greater altitude, Everest is probably a much less difficult mountain than Kangchenjunga, and with a modicum of luck and a standard of skill and endurance equal to that of Dr Bauer's party we may well hope for a successful issue to the projected British Everest Expedition next year.

Next in interest, perhaps, are the accounts of first ascents of the N. and S. faces of the Matterhorn. The ascent of the S. face by Signor Benedetti and two guides is sufficiently impressive, but the exploit of the two young Munich students who climbed the N. face is a *tour de force* which takes one's breath away. Franz and Toni Schmid, both in the early twenties, and so ill-endowed with this world's goods that they actually *cycled* from Munich to their objective, had never been on the Matterhorn before. After one day's reconnaissance, they calmly proceeded to climb the N. face—and succeeded! There is no space for details here, but anyone who has seen this appalling face of the Matterhorn can perhaps imagine them. It is sufficient to say that they spent a night on the face (tied on by pitons), were overtaken by bad weather near the summit (a fatal issue was almost inevitable had this occurred lower down), and reached the Solvay Hut in a snow and hail storm which took two days to blow itself out. It is difficult

to ponder this amazing exhibition of capacity and courage without hoping that for the future the Brothers Schmid will confine themselves to more reasonable ventures. They have "done enough for honour." The pitcher may go once too often to the well! M. M.

The Art and Sport of Alpine Photography. Arthur Gardiner. Published by Witherby.

This book will be found of considerable interest to members of the Club who indulge in photography. It is profusely illustrated, nearly all of the plates being of a high standard. The views taken under difficult weather conditions are specially interesting.

The book deals very fully with the technique and practice of the subject; in fact many people may find it slightly too expansive.

A. H.

Adventures of an Alpine Guide. By Christian Klucker. Translated from the German. John Murray.

This is an autobiography of one of the great Alpine guides. The style in which the book is written is simple, direct, and most attractive, and the translation is excellent. Christian Klucker relates his life from his early childhood to his somewhat sad old age. A few blanks are supplied by various people with whom he climbed.

As Klucker was a native of the Fextal, his early climbing was mainly in the Bregaglia and Bernina Groups, but he led first ascents in many other areas, including the Dolomites, the Pennines, and Mont Blanc area. He took part in Whymper's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains. His opinions and criticisms are given with unusual frankness.

In all the long years of his climbing, he never had any accident, and on many occasions he extricated his party from great difficulties with unrivalled skill and courage.

The only weakness in an otherwise excellent production is the absence of good large-scale maps.

A. H.

The Canadian Alpine Club Journal, 1931, Vol. XX. Published by the Alpine Club of Canada.

As is to be expected the *Journal* confines itself for the greater part to climbing and exploration among the Rockies, but notwithstanding this large field, there are also accounts of its Club's activities in New Zealand and Europe. The Alpine Club of Canada is fortunate in having virgin peaks at home, so to speak, and accounts of first ascents are liberally sprinkled among the 204 pages of a most interesting publication. To select any one article for praise would be unfair to the others. As usual the *Journal* is illustrated by many fine photographs.

G. M. L.

The Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, Vol. IX., No. 1. Edited by Katharine C. Chorley.

The outstanding article, and when I say so I intend no disparagement to the other excellent articles which adorn the pages of Vol. IX., is "The Kangchenjunga Diary of George Wood-Johnson." The publication of a narrative in diary form brings the difficulties of such an expedition far more effectively before the readers than an account written afterwards. The diary occupies pages 62 to 90, which is a generous allotment of space in any journal, but is all too short in this case. One cannot help appreciating the tremendous difficulties the party was up against and the almost hopelessness of the effort to gain only a footing on the mountain. The article is illustrated by Messrs Wood-Johnson's and F. S. Smythe's photographs, which are excellent in themselves and are very well produced.

There are various accounts of climbing at home, an "Interview with a Celebrity," in Mr H. E. Scott's inimitable style, and articles on the Bulgarian Mountains, the Chamonix Aiguilles, and the Gugha Ai Brenta.

For variety and excellence of material this number of the *F.R.C.C.J.* is all that a climbing journal should be, and Miss Chorley is to be envied for the wealth of material she, as editor, has at her disposal.

G. M. L.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, Vol. VI., No. 20. Edited by Ernest E. Roberts.

There is little in this number to indicate that it is a Yorkshire publication. Most of the articles deal with climbs abroad and two with mountaineering in Scotland. Articles by E. H. Sale on "A Holiday in the Adamello and Brenta Groups" (before Great Britain left the gold standard), and by D. Shaw on "A Novice's Holiday at Saas Fee," describe two pleasant holidays abroad. "June Days in Ross and Skye" is the title of Mr D. L. Reed and party's adventures not only on the hills in the above-named localities but also on the Crowberry Ridge of Buachaille Etive. It is an interesting number and well up to the high standard set by the Editor.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. VII., No. 26, receipt of which is acknowledged elsewhere, will be reviewed in our next issue.

The Himalayan Journal, Vol. IV.

The high standard set in previous volumes is maintained in this *Journal*. Sir Aurel Stein discourses on "Ancient Tracks Past the Pamirs," and outlines in a very pleasing manner the long history of travel across this lofty region since the classical days of Ptolemy.

A modest account—presumably contributed by a member of the

expedition—describes Paul Bauer's attempt on Kangchenjunga in 1931. The plain tale of this splendid effort on the north-east spur of the mountain is invigorating. For sixty-eight days the indomitable team of mountaineers hacked their way from 16,800 to 26,000 feet, up and down the great ice-towers that adorn this gigantic ridge. It seems almost incredible that men could progress at all within this range of altitude in the face of great technical difficulties, low temperatures, and the disheartening loss of two comrades. At 26,000 feet dangerous snow conditions prevented further advance. One can realise that, with success so near, the temptation to risk the passage was very strong, but it is in keeping with the magnificent climbing ability of the party that no considerations were allowed to override sane judgment.

In an interesting article on "The Shyok Ice-Barrier in 1931," Captain C. E. C. Gregory (and the Editor) advance conjectures on the probable date of the next catastrophic flood with admirable logic and close reasoning. Two fine panoramic views illustrate this article.

Limitations of space preclude individual notice of other contributions of equal interest, ranging from the Eastern Karakoram to the T'ien Shan, but the whole volume is an excellent compilation and a credit to the Editor, Major Kenneth Mason. D. M.

The Cairngorm Club Journal, Vol. XIII., No. 72.

This is a distinctly attractive number, and the contents include matter of unusual interest to the "Ultramontane." Mr G. Roy Symmers gives an entertaining description of an ascent of the Tough-Brown Ridge of Lochnagar, a formidable climb; the route followed is illustrated by a helpful diagram. A first descent of Raeburn's Gully, Lochnagar, has been accomplished by four members of the Grampian Club, and an article on the subject is contributed by one of the party, Mr Eric Maxwell. The range of interest is extended in "Photographic Mountain Explorations" by Mr C. Reginald Ward, whose skill in this direction is of a high order, to judge from the frontispiece and the two photographs which accompany the article. We observe, under "Proceedings of the Club," a noteworthy record of an attempt on the Mitre Ridge of Beinn a' Bhuidr. The illustrations and letterpress are, as usual, excellent. D. M.

S.M.C. Guide Book, The Western Highlands. By J. A. Parker. Limp cloth covers. 6s. net.

It may seem superfluous to review the "Guide Book to the Western Highlands" in this *Journal*, as surely every member of the Club has already acquired a copy. As, however, the circulation of this *Journal* is wider, a short review may not be out of place.

The area covered by this guide book is that slice of the mainland of Scotland lying between the lines of Glen More and the Dingwall

Kyle Railway. Such a large and mountainous area, containing much of Scotland's finest scenery, and with hill paths much more abundant than motoring roads, gives a big field for a guide book to cover effectively; it is therefore fortunate that we had as precise and accurate an editor as Mr Parker who, by dividing the area into ten smaller districts, has covered the entire ground in great detail.

While full use and reference has been made to articles in the *S.M.C.J.* and other publications, including Mr Walter Smith's book on "The Hill Paths of Scotland," it must have cost Mr Parker many special expeditions to be able to deal with the district as fully as he has. All the "Munros" are adequately described, with their best routes of ascent, as also are those mountains of interest which fall below the 3,000-foot standard; not a path of any importance seems to have been omitted, and attention is drawn to places of interest.

Such a precise guide cannot perforce allow itself to digress wide of the mark by going into details of historical associations, so the happy method has been adopted of leaving the wealth of Jacobite lore of the neighbourhood to be dealt with separately in a chapter on the "Wanderings of Prince Charlie," by the Rev. A. E. Robertson, at the end of the book. Here the itinerary can be perused irrespective of the districts bounding earlier chapters. The last chapter consists of a list of about two hundred place-names, with their meanings. The book is well illustrated with photographs, also a general map, which serves as an index to the districts adopted in the text. The arrangement of the book is satisfactory, and allows of ready reference to any place, even without use of the very complete index.

Mr Parker is to be congratulated on his efforts which have provided a book which will be invaluable to anyone walking or climbing in the district.

L. ST C. B.

Caving. By A. E. Baker, M.A., D.Litt.

Dr Baker gives a spirited account of his researches in the underworld, and his adventures in exploring and mapping the many caves he has visited. There must be an extraordinary fascination in the sport to induce its devotees to undergo the hardships of wet, cold, and hunger, which belong to it, to say nothing of the risk of being marooned for an indefinite time by a sudden spate above ground, but he has emerged triumphantly from his many experiences. The explorations in France and Belgium make very good reading, and he is well equipped, by his wide knowledge of geology and archæology, to make a most interesting book for the layman, as well as an instructive guide for those who may wish to follow in his footsteps. The present reviewer has looked at some of the Yorkshire potholes from the top, and is filled with admiration for the courage of those who explore their awesome depths.

The volume is beautifully illustrated.

W. N. L.

HILL THIRST.

I.

WHENEVER the days are frosty
And the clear cold North Wind blows,
My thoughts are turning Northwards
To the hills with their fallen snows.

REFRAIN.

And oh, for far Fort William
And the road by Achintee,
And the long hard climb to the Bealach
And the walk by the lochan's lee ;
Then down by the Allt-a-Mhuillin :
What a view comes into sight !
The majestic mountain precipice
In the fading wintry light.

II.

Whenever the days are sunny
And the wind's a pleasant breeze,
My heart is turning Skywards
To the bare hard rock and the screes.

REFRAIN.

And oh, for lone Glen Brittle
And a view of the splinter'd ridge,
And a climb on the rough hard gabbro,
And a plunge from the lochan's edge ;
Then to stand by the crooning breakers
And watch the setting sun,
And see the shadows turning blue
On Canna, Eigg, and Rhum.

DONAIL DUBH.

NOTES AND EXCURSIONS.

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



VOLUME XIX.

THIS number marks the close of the current Volume. The Index is in preparation, and will be issued with the April Number together with certain corrective pages for substitution.



SCOTTISH AND GERMAN MOUNTAIN CLIMATES.

W. W. Naismith sends the following excerpt from the *Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society* for October 1932:

“The nearness of the Scottish Highlands to glacial conditions at the present time, in comparison with the several mountain systems of Germany of similar altitude, comprised under the general name of the Mittelgebirge, is instructively brought out by Prof. J. Sölch of Heidelberg, late of Innsbruck. He represents that whereas the Alps are still in the ‘late glacial stage’ the German Mittelgebirge, including the Riesen Gebirge, Black Forest, Harz, and other systems, have been in the ‘post-glacial stage’ for a considerably longer period than the Grampians, which to-day are free of glaciers by only quite a narrow climatic margin. Thus in Germany there are no permanent snowbeds as there are in Scotland, the vegetation belts climb higher, and even in the Riesen Gebirge the extent of rocky wilderness about the Schneekoppe (5,200 feet) is markedly less than about Ben Nevis (4,400 feet). The more severe conditions in the Highlands both in regard to cold and storminess is further illustrated by tables comparing for the period 1886-1903 the summits of Ben Nevis and the Feldberg, the culminating point in the Black Forest (about 500 feet higher than Ben Nevis). On the Feldberg the mean temperature exceeds the freezing-point during the seven months April to October, and the mean for July is 51° F.; but on Ben Nevis only the five months May to September are above freezing, and the July temperature is no higher than 41° F. Only in January, the coldest month, is

the Feldberg as cold as Ben Nevis, at 24° F. But Prof. Sölch does not mention that the January sea-level temperature is about 32° F. in Southern Germany and 38° F. in Scotland, which indicates that the Continental cold is relatively superficial, with a tendency to inversions above. This is, of course, in keeping with the known fact that in the British Isles the temperature decreases more rapidly with height than on the Continent, causing a greater disparity between the snowfall of highland and lowland districts than in many countries. Finally, applying a formula of Ahlmann for the mountains of Norway, but presumably valid for neighbouring regions, connecting height of snow-line with mean summer temperature and annual precipitation, Sölch finds that whereas the summer temperature could fall 8° or 9° F. on the Feldberg without bringing the snow-line down on the Black Forest, it need only fall 2° or 3° F. on Ben Nevis, with its heavy precipitation, to cause glaciers to develop in the Grampians.

“L. C. W. BONACINA.”

ANNUAL RECEPTION.

AS it may be possible to arrange an exhibition of photographs at the afternoon Reception, members who are willing to exhibit photographs taken during the last year (not less than half-plate size) are requested to send particulars to the Honorary Secretary of the Club within a week of publication of this *Journal*.

GUIDE BOOKS.

Members will be interested to learn that the Section of the “Guide Book” edited by J. A. Parker, dealing with the “Western Highlands,” has not only been received with acclamation by the Club, but is being greatly appreciated by the general public.

The more one studies this work the more one is impressed by its accuracy of detail and description, and the enormous personal investigation which must have been undertaken to make this result possible. It is perhaps enough to say it is worthy of “Parker.”

The Section dealing with the “Northern Highlands,” edited by W. N. Ling, is now also on sale. This Section covers ground which has not hitherto been described from a skilled and technical climbing point of view.

As every S.M.C. member would acknowledge, no one is better fitted to do this than Mr Ling. His knowledge of the climbs in the Loch Maree district, the Teallachs, and the Sutherlandshire hills is unique, and his “Northern Highlands” should be in the hands of every one who desires to explore this fascinating country.

AN AUSTRIAN CLIMBER LOOKS AT SCOTLAND.

Last term I was fortunate to meet Herr Otmar Emminger, a graduate of Munich University, who was taking a course at Edinburgh University, and was able to give him a few notes as to the best districts in which to climb in Scotland. I subsequently received a letter from him, a few extracts from which may be of interest to members from a comparative point of view, and show how similar and universal a tie mountaineering makes. Herr Emminger is familiar with the steep limestone peaks of the Eastern Alps.

“ . . . the two weeks and a half we were camping and climbing in the Highlands gave me a wonderful impression of the character of the country, its people, and its mountains, and were so crowded with events, deeds, and incidents, that I feel as if I had lived for months in a tent amongst the mountains in a delightful struggle ‘with all the elements of earth and the small handholds.’ But surely you know enough what a change such a life of a mountaineering tramp is to that of a peaceful citizen. . . .”

“We started our climbing in Glen Coe . . . the Crowberry Ridge up Buachaille Etive, on a hazy but sunny day was our first climbing deed.”

“ . . . We crossed over to Skye, where we were received by the indispensable Skye weather, rain namely; but the next two days proved to be wonderful, and made up what we had to suffer later from the furies of the Skye weather. We stayed in Skye a full week, mainly in Glen Brittle, climbed the most interesting things, such as the Cioch (direct route) Sgurr Alasdair, Sgurr Sgumain (West Buttress, two different ways), Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean, Clach Ghlas-Blaven Ridge, etc. I must say that the rocks of the Cuillin surpassed all my expectations, and I should only have wanted to stay there for months to explore all the ridges, walls, and chimneys, but we were bound to a time-table and had to leave this glorious island. . . .”

“We drove to Fort William, and started at 7.30 P.M. from Achintee, and were lucky enough to find the Hut in complete darkness and in mist at 10.15 P.M. This Hut was marvellous; an example of what a mountaineering hut ought to be, and so well equipped with every imaginable detail, that we were very comfortable living there. . . .” “We did not accomplish any great climbing deeds owing to the pertinacious mist which covered the whole massif. The Tower Ridge, with a nice direct climb up the Tower and an exciting short climb up the first platform of the North-East Buttress, is all I can report in this direction. No doubt the Hut incites much more to sleep and culinary excess, than to overstrain in climbing, especially in unkind weather. . . .”

“Your guides * proved to be a very fine help, especially since

* The Club Guides.

our time was restricted, and we were happy to have some suggestion by them what was worth doing, and we were saved the trouble and time of exploring. . . .”

ALASTAIR L. CRAM.

LAGGANGARBH CHIMNEY: BUACHAILLE ETIVE.

On the 27th March this chimney was climbed by Geoffrey Todd, G. C. Williams, and W. Waddell. The chimney, perhaps 200 feet in length, splits the centre of the most westerly rock buttress on the north face of Buachaille Etive. It can be clearly seen from the road near Laggangarbh Cottage as a dark streak dividing the upper face of the crag.

The climb consists of a series of narrow and somewhat strenuous chockstone pitches. The last pitch, where the chimney narrows, is the only one of any difficulty, and is climbed near the edge of the right wall.

The second ascent was made by G. C. Williams, G. Todd, J. S. C. Todd, and I. G. Jack. Both ascents were made under very wet conditions, and we suggest that the chimney is perhaps the most satisfactory climb on Buachaille for bad weather. Even in dry weather, however, we imagine that this will be found a most enjoyable climb.

G. C. WILLIAMS.

WEST WALL OF MIDDLEFELL BUTTRESS.

During a visit to Langdale, Geoffrey Todd, G. C. Williams, and I. G. Jack made the first ascent of the West Wall of Middlefell Buttress. The climb was led under rather adverse conditions, as the rock was wet after several days of continuous rain, and accompanying gusts of high wind had rather disconcerting effects upon the balance.

G. C. WILLIAMS.

ANOTHER KNOT.

Mr C. F. Gregor Grant, of Tunbridge Wells, writes with reference to the article in the last issue on “The Middleman Loop” :—

“I was much interested in reading A. E. Maylard’s article in the last number of our *Journal* on the ‘Border Bend’ noose for a middleman, which seems simplicity itself and easy to tie on, but of course requires the special rope.

“I am wondering if any members have tried the Bowline tied on a bight of the rope, which has tremendous advantages over the ‘Middleman’ and only the one drawback of taking up more rope. As the method of tying is quite different to the single Bowline, I enclose two rough sketches and a bit of cord with the noose tied, which I think will make things clear.

“When once you get the hang of the thing you can tie it in the

dark, and like all sailors-knots, it will never slip or jam—no small matter when fingers are numbed with cold. It cannot, however, be tied on the man, but must be made up large enough to climb into and then tightened, which is quite easy, and having the rope double makes a sudden jerk much less unpleasant.

“ This loop on a double rope is far away the best thing for use with a helpless man, as two can haul from slightly different directions and so have much more control.”

NORTH CHIMNEY—BHASTEIR TOOTH.

On 3rd June 1932 Messrs K. Tarbuck and G. Collin made an interesting variation on Shadbolt's route on this climb. Instead of using the complicated through route at the top of the climb, which on the first ascent necessitated considerable burrowing and clearing, these two climbers passed outside the upper chockstones, and so completed the climb without going underground.

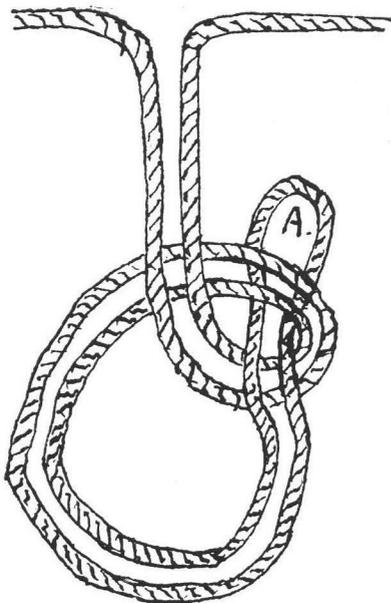
Mr Tarbuck writes as follows:—

“ We had gone to Bhasteir Tooth on our last day with the intention of trying a more direct route on the south face than Naismith's, but our presumptions, being based on photographs rather than on an actual study of the face, were quickly removed on our arrival. We climbed the Tooth by Naismith's route, making a reconnaissance of the face during our ascent, but the final overhang offered little hope from below, and even less when we inspected it from above. There were one or two fissures in the upper face that might have permitted an attempt had the angle of the rock been more obliging, but the overhang was too severe, and the attempt was tacitly abandoned.

“ I moved by chance to the opposite edge and looked down the north face, and was surprised to find that the upper half was sufficiently broken up to allow some good climbing.

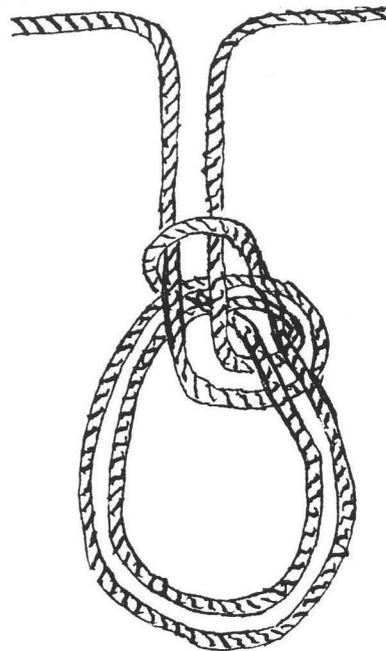
“ There was not the slightest chance of making a complete descent, however, as the lower part of this face is composed of rotten rock which has weathered away, leaving the top overhanging the base. I climbed down as far as the overhang, where every possibility ceased. The position was thrilling, for the lower rocks cannot be seen, and nothing meets the eye till the upper scree of Coire a' Bhasteir; even the assurance of a rope from above could not entirely alleviate the sensation.

“ Descent being out of the question, I traversed away to the left, and after a difficult corner found myself looking down into the outside cleft of the North Chimney, and as overhangs have no terrors in a chimney, it occurred to me that here might be a way down. I was now too far to the left to get full protection from my rope, so I traversed back and ascended the face. We moved over to a better position directly above the chimney. The chimney is not obvious from above, as it dies out on the face just short of the top, but the position can be



1st Stage.

The end loop A is then drawn through sufficiently to enable it to be bent back and passed right over the whole noose, when the noose will be ready to be drawn tight.



Complete noose before being drawn tight.

BOWLINE NOOSE TIED ON A BIGHT.

(See page 425)



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NORTH CHIMNEY—BHASTEIR TOOTH. (See page 425)

K. Tarbuck

got by moving towards the edge from the exit-hole of Shadbolt's climb and keeping along the strata.

"I took my turn at holding the rope, whilst Collin disappeared over the edge; the rope paid out steadily for the whole 100 feet, and I knew he must have succeeded in reaching the foot. Shouting as hard as we could, we were unable to hear one another, our voices being thrown out across the corrie by the intervening rocks, so I belayed his rope and moved back to the exit-hole of Shadbolt's climb, through which we were able to converse without raising our voices. Collin had reached the floor of the upper cave above the first difficult pitch of Shadbolt's climb. He untied; I took in his rope, and brought it down with me via the subterranean route, and joined him in the bed of the chimney. The cave is roofed in some 40 feet up, and whereas Shadbolt's route goes through a hole at the back of the roof into complete darkness, our route rounded the outer extremity of the roof and carried on into the daylight. Collin was optimistic about the ascent, and very kindly offered me the lead. The only trouble he thought might be the rounding of the roof where the walls were rather far apart. I backed up to the roof and then outwards horizontally under it until I could round the end. The leader here is actually well outside the second man, adding sensation to the position, without being too difficult. Just as the walls are getting unpleasantly far apart, relief is afforded by a large slab of rock which blocks the chimney and forms a crack with the left (east) wall. The climber transfers himself into the crack, which just admits the body; this move can be protected by threading the rope through a small, well-placed chockstone. Once in the crack the climbing is constrictive, and 20 feet of wriggling is required to reach the jumbled blocks that are jammed in the head of the chimney. Once out of the chimney, easy climbing leads to two huge blocks, where the second may be brought up. This finishes the climb. One hundred feet of rope is required.

"It is difficult to classify a climb on one ascent, but your Guide Book, Standard 3A, is suggested. Its difficulty would vary with the length of the climber's leg; long legs being at a premium. As a climb it has no exceptional merit, and is not as good as the other Tooth climbs, but it may add one more interest to a popular rock.

"It would please me to think that this was a first ascent, but I felt and still feel doubtful about it. It is a wonder that Shadbolt did not take it in the first place, it is much easier to find than his amazing through route. The fact that it overhangs and shows little promise from below may account for its neglect. We, of course, spotted it from above."

ACCESS TO BEN NEVIS HUT.

Permission has been received from the North British Aluminium Co. Ltd., the tenants of The Ben Nevis Distillery and Claggan Farm, for "genuine members of the Club" to go up to the Hut by the

Distillery. This convenience will be much appreciated, and we take the opportunity of recording the thanks of the Club for the courtesy extended.

CLIMBERS' HUT AT CONISTON.

Notice has been received of a new Hut which has been established at Out Rake Green, Coniston, for the convenience of climbers on Doe Crag. The Hut is equipped with hot baths, electric light, telephone, and a special drying-room. Terms are 10s. per day or £3. 3s. per week, inclusive. Intending visitors should apply to the proprietors, H. C. Bryan and E. Pirie. G. TODD.

TRAVERSE OF THE COOLIN RIDGE.

L. G. Shadbolt, who, along with A. C. M'Laren, made the first traverse of the whole Coolin Ridge in one day, sends in an interesting note of a traverse made by Peter Bicknell on 26th August last.

Bicknell started with a friend, Hodgkin, who accompanied him as far as the Inaccessible Pinnacle. Thereafter Bicknell went on alone, in misty weather but no rain. He used rubbers for the stretch between the Thearlaich-Dubh Gap and the Inaccessible Pinnacle, and also for the ascent of the Bhasteir Tooth by Naismith's Route.

The following are the very remarkable times taken by Bicknell :—

Left Glen Brittle House	-	-	-	-	4.30	A.M.
Gars-Bheinn	-	-	-	-	7.3	„
Sgurr nan Eag	-	-	-	-	7.32	„
(Fifteen minutes' halt)	-	-	-	-	7.47	„
Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn	-	-	-	-	8.10	„
Sgurr Alasdair	-	-	-	-	9.0	„
Sgurr Thearlaich	-	-	-	-	9.5	„
Sgurr Mhic Coinnich	-	-	-	-	9.26	„
Inaccessible Pinnacle	-	-	-	-	10.2	„
(Twenty minutes' halt)	-	-	-	-	10.22	„
Sgurr na Banachdich	-	-	-	-	10.55	„
Sgurr Thormaid	-	-	-	-	11.8	„
Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh	-	-	-	-	11.25	„
Sgurr a' Mhadaidh	-	-	-	-	11.51	„
Bidein Druim nan Ramh	-	-	-	-	12.40	P.M.
(Twenty minutes' halt)	-	-	-	-	1.0	„
Bruach na Frithe	-	-	-	-	2.7	„
Sgurr a' Fionn Choire	-	-	-	-	2.15	„
(Five minutes' halt)	-	-	-	-	2.20	„
Am Basteir	-	-	-	-	2.40	„
Sgurr nan Gillean	-	-	-	-	3.4	„
Pinnacle Ridge	-	-	-	-	—	
Sligachan Hotel	-	-	-	-	4.27	„

The following are interesting comparisons of the times taken on the three recorded traverses from Gars Bheinn to Sgurr nan Gillean:—

Shadbolt and M'Laren, 1911	-	-	-	-	12 hrs. 20 mins.
Less Halts	-	-	-	-	2 ,, 20 ,,

10 hrs. 0 mins.

T. H. Somervil, 1914	-	-	-	-	10 hrs. 29 mins.
Less Halts	-	-	-	-	1 hr. 34 ,,

8 hrs. 55 mins.

Peter Bicknell, 1932	-	-	-	-	8 hrs. 1 min.
Less Halts	-	-	-	-	1 hr. 0 ,,

7 hrs. 1 min.

The most amazing time in Bicknell's record is from the Sgurr a' Fionn Choire to Sgurr nan Gillean in 44 minutes.

Shadbolt's traverse is referred to in *S.M.C.J.*, Volume XI., p. 329; Somervil's, in Volume XV., p. 324. They are also referred to in the "Guide to the Island of Skye," p. 39.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Robert Coutts reports that he visited Windermere during the Autumn Holiday Week-end, and stayed at the Hydro, where he found the Fell and Rock Climbing Club were holding their Annual Meet and Dinner. He had the good fortune to be invited to the Dinner as an unofficial representative from the J.M.C.S. He was much impressed by the general kindness and enthusiasm of the Club, as well as by their hospitality. In spite of the damp conditions prevailing, he enjoyed several days on the hills, and appreciated the efficient service provided by the Hydro staff.

Amongst other tops achieved were Old Man, Doe Crag, Swirl How, Wetherlaw, Scaffell Pike, and Helvellyn, bad weather preventing the achievement of the whole Helvellyn range.

BEINN NARNAIN—JAMB-BLOCK CHIMNEY.

With reference to the note by Wm. Blackwood in the last number of the *Journal* (XIX., p. 359) claiming a new route in the Jamb-block Chimney on Beinn Narnain, this route was climbed in 1929 by G. F. Todd and the writer. I have also discovered about half a dozen other people who have climbed the chimney by going straight up the mouth, but as some of them are not sure of the date, I do not know who was responsible for the first ascent. I was under the impression that it was quite a well-known route when we did it, and I think it was probably ascended long before 1929.

J. GORDON ROBINSON.

 HIGHLAND FOOTBRIDGES.

The Scottish Rights of Way and Recreation Society Ltd. continue their programme of providing footbridges where these are required to make passage safe to foot-passengers. The Bedford Memorial Bridge over the River Tarff, at the head of Glen Tilt, has been overhauled and repaired at a cost of £31. A footbridge has been constructed over the Alt Lagan a' Bhainne on the Corrieyairack Pass by voluntary labour, but the materials were purchased by the Society at a cost of £60. In view of the usefulness of the Society's bridges to the S.M.C., it is thought that members may wish to assist the Society in their work. Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. D. Cheyne, Esq., 32 Rutland Square, Edinburgh.

W. B. SPEIRS.

 A LOCHNAGAR BUTTRESS.

On 6th August J. R. Henderson and I motored up Glen Isla, with a view to climbing in the Canness Glen, but were warned at Tulchan Lodge that we might interfere with the deer. Not wishing to antagonise these good friends of winter days, we crossed over to Glen Shee, and going up over the "Elbow" to Braemar, camped near Loch Mhuic.

At sunrise next morning we went up into the great corry of Lochnagar, and explored the buttresses at the head of the loch and to the left of the "Tough-Brown" Ridge, which at the bottom are slabby with turf ledges. A "sore" in the form of a shallow gully was not pressed, and the crest of the buttress gained by a subsidiary rib. We led alternately. The climbing was not difficult, but required care, being mainly on moss holds and heather shelves, although steeper pitches of bare, but rounded rock intervened. Higher up a gap and a small tower break the continuity of the ridge before it broadens out,

and scrambling leads to the summit plateau. The crest of the ridge was followed throughout. The time taken was a leisurely four hours. It was a singularly pleasant day, the Deeside landscape being rarely beautiful with heather bloom, and the views down to the blue waters of the lochan fascinating. As Henderson remarked, "I am only really contented when sitting above one of 'my' buttresses."

ALASTAIR L. CRAM.

BEINN EIGHE TO KINLOCHEWE.

It is the purpose of this note to point out that, contrary to what one would expect from reading the "Northern Guide," there is an easy way down the east side of the Ruadh-Stac-Mor of Beinn Eighe. If the descent is taken due east from the cairn, at right angles to the line of the ridge, the sandstone terraces will be met where they are lowest, and at this point they may easily be passed by a grassy rake, which runs down to the left through the whole series of steps. The slightest temptation to traverse to the left while still on the screes, in order to cut the corner to the mouth of the corrie, must be sternly resisted. My wife and I (we were anything but a "properly equipped party," having only walking-shoes) descended by this route this summer, and found nothing more difficult than the upper screes. The way should not be difficult to find if the above directions are carried out, but as it seems to be the only route on the face, and a reascent to the cairn would be most arduous, it would probably be wise to leave it alone in thick weather.

We found that the moor was much drier than it looked from above, but the Allt Toll a' Ghivbhais had to be waded before the stalkers path was gained. This might be difficult in a wet season. The route described is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles shorter to Kinlochewe than the alternative by the Torridon road.

JAMES Y. MACDONALD.

S.M.C. ABROAD.

A WEEK IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

I was in New Zealand in January and February this year, and having a week to spare I visited the Alps. The New Zealand Alps stretch down the west coast of the Southern Island, and as they lie close to the coast, weather conditions are apt to be very uncertain, and severe storms are frequent and often come with little warning. A knowledge of local weather conditions is essential for guideless climbing in the district. The snow-line is 3,000 to 3,500 feet below

that in Switzerland. The range extends, with breaks, for a long distance: for a distance of 200 miles the tops cut the snow-line, and for 100 miles there is no pass below it.

There are many tops over 8,000 feet, and twenty above 10,000 feet. The highest is Mount Cook, which is 12,349 feet. The larger peaks are situated in the vicinity of the great Tasman Glacier, and can be approached either from the west coast or from the Tasman Glacier itself. The mountains generally slope up fairly gradually from the west coast, but the slope from the Tasman Glacier on the east is precipitous. Many of the tops which are climbed easily from the Fox or Waiho River are difficult of access from the east.

I started from Timaru by post bus about midday for the 130 miles' run to the Hermitage. We gradually left the cultivated country and, crossing Burkes' Pass, entered the Mackenzie country, with its solitary stations dotted about the wide flats which lie surrounded by grass and scree-covered hills. When we left the last small town there was a pile of post-bags beside the driver, and these were dropped at the stations we passed. Stations some distance from the road had a pole with a hook on which to hang the mail bags. We stopped for tea at the little hotel at the south end of Lake Tekapo, just where the stream flows out of the lake. It was pleasant to look over the brilliant blue waters of the lake to the snow peaks in the distance. These were partly hidden by storm clouds. Although the lake is 15 miles long, the river which leaves it is still milky white with glacial sediment; in fact, the streams which come from the glaciers in the west and flow into the sea on the east coast are still quite white, although they have mostly passed through lakes. In this they differ from the Alpine rivers, which are clarified by the lakes through which they flow.

We made a long detour to the south-west, and passing the south end of Lake Pukaki turned north-west up the Tasman River, and reached the Hermitage as the evening sun was breaking through the storm clouds.

It was interesting to see the names of the stations we passed—Braemar, Glentanner, Balmoral, and other Scottish names.

The Hermitage Hotel is run by a company, which controls all the huts in the eastern part of the mountains. I was fortunate in securing Vic Williams, the head guide there, and I found him a first-rate man on snow and ice, and a very pleasant companion.

The next morning when I woke up and went to my bedroom window I looked straight across to the snow slopes of Mount Cook. The fresh-fallen snow was glistening in the morning sunshine, and to the left there faced me the hanging glaciers of Mount Sefton and the Footstool.

The morning was perfect, and we started off by car for the Ball Hut, which is 14 miles from the Hermitage, and situated on the right bank of the Tasman Glacier. The road has just recently been completed as far as the hut.

A good deal of new snow had fallen before I arrived, and Williams thought it was very doubtful if we would be able to climb Mount Cook or any of the peaks in that neighbourhood without having a few days of good weather, and his plan was to attempt Mount Malte Brun first, and then some more peaks in the neighbourhood. Mount Malte Brun is a rock climb, and is over 10,000 feet.

We lunched at the Ball Hut, which is cared for by a man and his wife. After we had done some photography and picked some of the wild flowers, we started up the Tasman Glacier. At this point the Tasman Glacier is 3,500 feet above sea-level. (The Snout is 2,300 feet.)

We carried on slowly up the glacier, which is singularly easy, to the Malte Brun Hut (5,700 feet), about 7 miles away. It is perched on a broad grassy ledge on the left bank of the glacier, and about 400 feet above it.

We had beautiful views of the whole chain all the way up. The Hochstetter Ice Fall is specially fine. The glacier comes down from the north-east of Mount Cook, and is so steep that it is unusable as a route for any part of its course. As we mounted the glacier various peaks gradually came into view, and I should think that the Alps do not possess such a continuous high rampart as the long chain of the New Zealand Alps as viewed from the Tasman Glacier. From Mount Cook to Graham's Saddle is about 10 miles, and at no point does the range fall below the 9,000-foot level, and in most places is over 10,000 feet. The whole face is very much glacier covered owing to the large amount of snow which falls, and is somewhat lacking in features.

Malte Brun Hut is situated about a couple of miles above the junction of the Tasman and Rudolph Glaciers. One of the best-known passes, called Graham's Saddle, is at the head of the Rudolph Glacier, and it was in a bivouac at the foot of this glacier that Bob Low lay with a broken leg for some days until rescued by Peter Graham.

There were many mountain daisies and lilies on the slope beneath the hut. The lilies are a variety of ranunculus, but white, and we gathered them from time to time for the hut. Most of the flowers were either white or yellow. The hut now used is comparatively new, and has bunks for twenty-four. It is rather too large to give the feeling of snugness which is so acceptable in a hut, and I rather liked the look of the old one, which is now discarded.

There was a boy in the hut who looked after us, and he was always cheery in spite of the bad weather we had. He was an enthusiastic, if not expert, performer on the saxophone.

The view from the Malte Brun Hut is wonderful. Directly opposite are Mount de la Beche and the Minarets, with their rippling snow slopes broken by a few crevasses and rocks; to the right Mount Green, Elie de Beaumont, and the rounded Hochstetter Dome at the head of the Tasman Glacier. To the left stretches the jagged main ridge, culminating on the extreme left in the twin tops of Mount

Cook, and straight beneath stretches the unbroken surface of the Tasman Glacier.

Although the evening at the Malte Brun Hut was fine, and continued so until we went to bed, a very strong wind sprang up during the night, and became so fierce that both Williams and I thought at times that the hut might be swept away. I examined the hut afterwards, and it struck me that it had a very large expanse for its weight, considering the situation and the fierce storms which are experienced from time to time. It is secured by wire ropes at various points, but I should not be surprised if it was blown away some day.

The wind continued so strong that we did not get out of bed at sunrise, but after breakfast, when we looked out, the day had improved considerably. I said to Williams that it would be a pity to stay inside all day, and that we might go to the head of the Tasman Glacier. He suggested as an alternative that we might try to ascend Mount Hamilton (9,915 feet). The route that we would take would be sheltered to a certain extent, but he said that it was very doubtful if we would be able to complete the ascent.

We started up the Tasman Glacier at a few minutes after nine o'clock, and turned right after a couple of miles and went up the Darwin Glacier; again turned right on to the Bonny. The snow conditions were excellent, and we found little difficulty on either of these glaciers. The ascent steepened as we turned slightly left, and we found some snow and ice slopes of moderate steepness. Steady going took us on to the ridge, where we paused for a few minutes to have some food. We had been going without pause, as the weather conditions were always threatening. We carried on after a few minutes here, and gained the summit by a steepish open snow couloir, and finally a ridge on which the snow was so hard that I found on the descent that it was just steep enough for comfort, even wearing crampons.

We reached the top at 1.10, pausing for ten minutes before turning to descend. The clouds covered the main range, and from time to time touched Mount Malte Brun, which was quite close and a few hundred feet higher than our top. We had a good view of the Murchison Glacier and the peaks at its head.

The descent was uneventful, and we reached the glacier below the hut a few minutes after four, just as the threatening storm broke. We mounted the 400 feet to the hut with great deliberation. We had been going hard all day, and were very pleased to have snatched the peak during the few hours of good weather.

It rained nearly all the next day, and I read Professor Tyndal's "Glaciers of the Alps," which is one of the books given to the hut library by H. E. L. Porter.

From time to time we worked out possible routes on Mount de la Beche across the glacier. A week or more before a party was beaten by the crevasses and forced to turn. A kea, or mountain parrot, which came to the hut from time to time in search of food also amused us.

Next morning when we woke it was snowing gently, and we decided to descend to the Hermitage for baths. The hut boy came with us. The rain of the previous day had removed all the snow from the glacier, and whereas Williams and I, who were wearing crampons, had little trouble, the boy, who had none, had repeated falls. I wanted to visit the new memorial hut at Low's bivouac, but it was misty and snow was falling, so we kept on straight down the glacier and reached the Ball Hut in four hours. We had a meal, and dried ourselves and our clothes in the warm sun, and thereafter set off on foot for the Hermitage. I found walking down much more enjoyable than driving up in a car. There was time to watch the chamois, which are much tamer than their Swiss ancestors. There were several kinds of veronica and other interesting flowers and shrubs. There was also more time to study the shapes of the mountains as we slowly passed by. By now they were all clear, with the exception of the higher tops, which were still covered in mist.

Sunday morning was beautiful, but we could see the gale blowing the new-fallen snow off the summit and ridges of Mount Sefton.

After lunch we packed our rucksacks and started out for the Mueller Hut, which stands 200 or 300 feet above the right bank of the Mueller Glacier, and west by north of the Hermitage. The Mueller Glacier is shorter, steeper, and smaller than the Tasman. It starts by flowing north-east, turns north, and then striking against the cliffs of Mount Sefton bends south-east into the Hooker Valley. The ice of the lower portion especially is covered by rough, thick moraine, and the going on it is slow and difficult. One of the features of the New Zealand Alps is the size and roughness of the moraines. Short, steep glaciers enter from Mount Brunner and Mount Sefton. Once we had to leave the glacier for the bank, and we finally left it below the ice fall and carried on along the steep right bank where the going was not too easy. The going eased as we approached the hut, but it took us three hours to cover less than 6 miles. We saw quantities of edelweiss, some of which I gathered next day, and young plants grown from the seed are now in Edinburgh. The hut holds eight, and is more homely and comfortable than the Malte Brun. The view from it is also magnificent. To the right Mount Sefton rears its steep rocks and hanging glaciers, and on the left the Mueller Glacier curves up and eventually disappears to the right round a range of small, sharp mountains.

Next day it rained, but it cleared towards evening. We found a few books, one of which was an old Blackwood, containing an account by Smythe of an expedition he, Douglas, and I had on the Schreckhorn. It interested Williams.

We were delighted to waken up next morning and find a cloudless sky and snow peaks sparkling in the moonlight. We set off at five, when the first rays of the rising sun were lighting up Mount Cook and Mount Sefton. There was just one cloud to the east of the top

of Mount Cook. It was so small that one scarcely noticed it, but Williams said it meant bad weather later.

Our first objective was Mount Sealey (8,651 feet). We gained the summit about half-past eight. We wore crampons, and had some step-cutting in the last 200 feet of the slope. The final 100 feet is steep but easy rocks. The view from the top is wonderful, and we spent almost an hour there. The most impressive mountain to the north is Mount Sefton, to the right is Mount Cook, and then the Tasman Peaks and the head of the glacier 25 miles away. To the south lie Mounts Hopkins, McKerrow, and other peaks, many unclimbed. Gradually the peaks to the north became indistinct, and Williams said this was caused by the smoke from the bush and grass fires in New South Wales 1,300 miles away; probably it was partly caused by the moist west wind. We left Sealey and made for Darby, a snow top, which we reached at 10.30. By the time we got there the top of Sealey was in mist and Mount Sefton was invisible. We paused to look down the long Dobson Valley to Lake Ohai, and then descended to the hut, which we reached at 1 P.M. Again we had been lucky with the weather, and it was raining gently as we entered the hut, and when we left for the hotel an hour and a half later the rain was falling heavily. We cut straight over the range, and during our descent saw hundreds of Tar, a species of goat introduced from India. They are threatening to become a pest, and are rapidly clearing the bushes and scrub from the hillsides.

I had only two more days available, and as it was most unlikely that there would be any good climbing for some time, I left next morning for Timaru.

A. HARRISON.

NORWAY.

For three successive summers I have been to West Norway and each time achieved a little climbing. The 1930 visit was largely occupied in conventional touring, but a few days were spent at Fjaerland, which lies at the south-east end of Jostedalsbreen. This, the largest ice-field in Continental Europe, is a mighty snow Sahara lying on a plateau whose steep sides are the walls of the fjords and the valleys that run in from their heads. Into these pour huge ice-falls whose snouts creep down till they can sniff the sea-water. Here at Fjaerland I made a few interesting if unexciting expeditions in company with Olaf Dahle, a nephew of Mikkel Mundal, who accompanied Slingsby in many of his exploits.

In 1931 I was in Inner Nordfjord at the north-west side of the Jostedalsbre. Here bad weather baulked my climbing ambitions. However, one evening at Loen the clouds suddenly cleared, and an ascent of Lodals Kaape was decided on. A guide was telephoned, and a special steamer chartered at ridiculous price to take me down the Loen Lake—an enchanted voyage on what must be one of the grandest

pieces of inland water in the world. It was about eleven o'clock in the evening, and an *Alpengluh* played around the *séracs* 6,000 feet above. Next day we were defeated near the summit by a blizzard. The only other expedition of any note that summer was an ascent of Yngvar Nielsen's Tind, a delightful aiguille. The local folk said it was the second ascent, but I am very doubtful of it.

This summer I was once more in Sogn at Fjaerland, climbing with Olaf Dahle. Our first effort was Store Gretten. There is no difficulty about this peak, but we took it by a slightly unconventional route, and so felt that the four bottles of beer consumed on the summit were well earned. Next day we set off on a four-days' tour of the Southern Jostedalbre. This was a fantastic and delightful odyssey that leaves memories both of first-rate climbing and of the kindly Norse folk that live in that far-off region. After ten days at Fjaerland we proceeded by a devious route to Turtagrö in Jotunheim. Here I met J. W. Lucas of Malvern, the only other amateur climber I have met in Norway. In his congenial company, and guided by Joannes Bolstad of Skjolden we traversed the Skagastölsrygg. This is a really magnificent ridge of gabbro, culminating in the summit of Store Skagastölstind—a climb which even the most hardened expert could enjoy.

Indeed, there are plenty of first-class mountains in Norway, and so far their existence is unknown to the invading hordes of Goths, Huns, and Vandals that have swept over and debased the proud peaks of Central Europe. This may well be so for long, since the restless heaving of the North Sea and the exorbitant fares of the B. & N. Line equally discourage all save the enthusiast.

W. G. P. LINDSAY.

Alastair L. Cram and Alasdair R. Wilson report:—

The Club was strongly represented at the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club's Meet at Turtagro Hotel in the Horunger Mountains, Jotunheimen, Norway. The party consisted of E. H. L. Wigram (Pres.), A. M. Greenwood, B. K. Harris, B. C. Harvey, A. J. S. Stewart, J. A. Ramsay, S.M.C., A. R. Wilson, S.M.C., E. A. M. Wedderburn, J.M.C.S., P. D. Baird, J.M.C.S. (all C.U.M.C.), and A. L. Cram, S.M.C. (guest).

The party met at Newcastle on 20th August, and sailing that night for Bergen on the M.V. "Venus," arrived on the evening of the 21st. On the 22nd the party travelled by the Oslo train as far as Myrdal, and made the rest of the way on foot down Flaamsdalen to Fretheim on the Sogne Fjord. A short and pleasant trip by steamer to Skjolden and a 9-mile uphill walk to the hotel at Turtagro brought the journey to an end.

On 24th August all made the ascent of the Store Skagastolstind

(7,880 feet) by Heftye's Chimney. The following day Wigram, Ramsay, and Harvey made an attempt on the north ridge of the Styggedalstind, but after considerable step-cutting in ice, had to turn back owing to lack of time. On the same day Wedderburn led a party up the south face of the Sydlige Dyrhaugstind and over the ridge of the Dyrhaugstinder, while Cram and Baird, having climbed the Skagastols Ridge from the north, crossed the "V-Skar," and descended the west face of the Mellemste Skagastolstind. Early next morning Wigram and Wilson reversed the last-named route over the Skagastols Ridge.

On the 27th Wedderburn and Greenwood went up the north-west ridge of the Store Skagastolstind, but failing to find the route on the upper rocks in the mist, were forced to descend. Wilson, Cram, Harvey, and Baird climbed the south face of the Sydlige Dyrhaugstind and traversed the ridge of the Dyrhaugstinder. Next day Wilson and Cram attempted the Store Midtmaradalstind from the Lavskar, but failing to reach the summit, owing to lack of time, they returned to the Norske Turistforening's Hut on Skagastolsbandet, where Wigram, Wedderburn, Baird, and Greenwood had foregathered.

Starting from the Hut at 4 A.M. the following morning, the Store Skagastolstind, Vesle Skagastolstind, Centraltind, Styggedalstinder, and Gjertvastind were traversed. The ascent of the latter involved five hours' climbing, owing to the presence of a bergschrund and a 300-foot ice slope. The whole expedition lasted about twenty-one hours. Wedderburn, who had not accompanied the party on account of a damaged foot, ascended and descended the south face of the Sydlige Dyrhaugstind alone, in order to prospect a new route on the south face of the adjoining peak of the Dyrhaugstinder Ridge.

Ramsay's party, having spent a night at the Berdal Saetter, ascended the Store Austabottind by the Berdal Ridge.

On 1st September Wedderburn led a new climb on the south face of the Dyrhaugstinder, and Wilson, Cram, Harvey, Stewart, and Baird climbed the Store Riingstind from the Gravdalskar, later traversing the Midtre Riingstind from the Gravdalskar and descending the north-east face to the Riingsbrae. This is probably the first complete descent of this face.

On the 2nd, Wedderburn, Cram, and Baird climbed the Store Midtmaradalstind from the Lavskar, while Wigram, Ramsay, Harris, and Greenwood gained the summit of the Store Riingstind from the Gravdalskar in heavy mist.

Next morning the weather deteriorated and snow fell heavily on the peaks. The Meet broke up on the following day, every one returning by fjord steamer to Bergen. The Club, again sailing on the "Venus," reached Newcastle on 6th September.

One result of starting so late in the season was that the party encountered a good deal of ice. The weather was on the whole favourable.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF
SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1932—FORT WILLIAM.

PRESENT—Forrest, Lindsay, M'Laren, M'Allum, M'Leod, J. Russell, and W. P. Russell.

Lindsay arrived on Friday night on his motor cycle, having stopped in Glencoe "to climb something," and incidentally to blow up his back tyre. He insinuated himself into a party of Lancashire climbers, and on Saturday led the Tower Gully.

The rest of the Meet, with the exception of J. Russell, contrived to catch the 5.50 A.M. train on Saturday for Fort William.

The party was joined at Tyndrum by J. Russell, who had been in the Central Gully the previous day, and reported the snow very soft. At Corroul the Meet left the train and set off for Loch Treig. A well-defined path led for 2 miles to the foot of Stob Ban, the summit of which yielded magnificent views. A descent was then made to the bealach leading to Stob Choire Claurigh, where a little lunch was taken. A very high wind coupled with soft snow made the going difficult, but the summit was reached about 3 o'clock. Four energetic members also climbed Stob Coire na Ceannain. Tracks were then made for Spean Bridge, and a tea was indulged in. After this the Meet went to Fort William and had dinner.

Sunday.—The Meet hired a car and drove to the head

of Glen Nevis, Lindsay following on his motor bike. A mass attack was then made on Sgurr a' Mhaim, whose summit was eventually attained. The ridge was then followed in thick mist for about a mile. A high wind and soft snow made conditions unpleasant. Forrest and M'Laren—holders, respectively, of the compass and map—were appointed leaders, and, despite advice, contrived somehow or other to bring the party out on to the bealach leading to Stob Ban. This was climbed in a hurry, as Lindsay wanted his lunch, and certainly looked as if he meant to get it. The ridge was admired, and a little later a bealach was reached which had a small, steep, corniced patch of snow. It was decided to lunch here, with a view to practising step-cutting and glissading. Lindsay had a remarkable theory as to attacking a cornice, which he demonstrated. After he had been extracted from the resulting miniature avalanche, M'Leod was heard to ask him to do it all over again, as he had been eating an orange and had not seen it properly. Lindsay was very rude to M'Leod, who after all was only seeking knowledge and should have been treated with more consideration.

The Meet proceeded to Mullach nan Coirean, which is a flat uninteresting hill, apart from some fine corries and the views afforded out over the Firth. After this the party split up, Lindsay going down into Glen Nevis for his motor bike, while the rest proceeded by the old Mamore Road. An undignified race then ensued for the honour of first bath; on a dead heat M'Laren and J. Russell got the honour by correctly guessing—heads.

Monday.—Lindsay left for Edinburgh, and the rest caught the 10.3 A.M. train homewards. Forrest and M'Laren got off at Fersit and walked to Corrou via Stob Coire Sgriodain and Chno Dearg. They claim to have sun-bathed on the summit of the latter, but circumstantial evidence is lacking. The rest of the party got off at Corrou and came back to Fersit via Stob Coire an Easain and Stob Coire an Laoigh, where they caught the last train home.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

ANNIVERSARY MEET—ARROCHAR.
NOVEMBER 1931.

THE very first Meet of the Club was held in November 1925, and on that occasion some hardy souls spent a night under the Narnain Boulder. By 1931 our original members were translated in a body to the S.M.C. As a farewell gesture, to prove that the new generation has inherited all the glorious lunacy of the old, it was resolved to stage a repeat performance of the above-mentioned epic. Accordingly the fiery cross was sent round in the form of a secretarial circular, and the following obeyed the call: L. St C. Bartholomew, W. Blackwood, A. Horne, W. G. P. Lindsay, and J. Douglas Brown (the latter having sufficient sense to sleep at sea-level).

J. Douglas Brown, Blackwood, and Lindsay left Edinburgh at 6.20 A.M. on Saturday, 28th November 1931, in discouraging weather conditions. In spite of losing the way occasionally, they arrived at Arrochar in good time, and after leaving their baggage at the hotel, set off for Ben Narnain. Though fairly dry, there was a cold and penetrating half-gale blowing from the north-east, and the mist hung low. There was practically no snow on the hills.

In due course they reached the foot of the Spearhead Arête, which the two junior members of the party set off to climb, the third resolving on the chilly rôle of onlooker. Under good conditions the Spearhead makes a pleasant climb, but now, with the rock soaking wet and fingers made numb and lifeless by the said sleety half-gale from the north-east, it was a different proposition. However, Blackwood was equal to the task, though the writer remembers remarking, as he reached the top of the second pitch at the end of a very taut rope, that it was a good thing we hadn't tried the direct route. It subsequently turned out that we *had* taken the direct route. The summit was reached at half-past two and the hotel at 4.40 P.M.

At 6.30 Bartholomew and Horne arrived. Then, after some discussion, all of us (with the aforementioned exception) shouldered our loads and set forth into the night. Lit by the occasional mercies of an electric torch, and guided by such stars as lifted their cloudy blankets to peep at this uncouth caravan, we scrambled and stumbled up the Buttermilk Corrie, and at 9 P.M. arrived at the Narnain Boulder (1,600 feet).

After our chef had prepared and we had eaten supper, we crawled under our blankets and fell asleep. Then it started to rain, but all the howling of the tempest could not disturb the serene and sonorous quartette that issued from beneath our sheltering schistose mass. We awoke at 8.15 to find the corrie full of mist. However, after our breakfast (magnificently cooked by Bartholomew), the Cobbler put off its misty nightdress and stepped, in all the splendour of its nakedness, into the morning sunshine. But beneath us the clouds boiled up in the corrie, and Brown, from Arrochar seeing naught but bad weather, spent an idle day. We traversed the Cobbler, Bartholomew and Lindsay on one rope, Blackwood and Horne on another. The latter pair, being fond of wetness, included the Right-Angled Gully.

In due course we reached Arrochar, and eventually Edinburgh—the latter part of the journey being delayed by fog. It was altogether rather a mad outing: but by the exercise of our creative foolishness we won a rich store of recollection to leaven the damp dough of a wisdom-stricken world.

EASTER MEET, 1932—CORROUR HOSTEL.

For the Spring Holiday Week-end Meet the Edinburgh Section decided, after much argument, to break new ground and pay a visit to the Corrour Hostel on Loch Ossian, and consequently Friday evening, 15th April, saw the first arrivals comfortably ensconced in the ladies' boudoir—the Spartan simplicity and austere furnishings

of the male quarters failing to rouse any enthusiasm in our perhaps too civilised natures. No climbing was done that evening, nor was any bathing observed, a cold wind blowing down the loch emphasising the much more desirable attraction of frowsting round the kitchen fire.

The vanguard, consisting of Bartholomew (S.M.C.) together with Linklater, Munro, Ogilvy, and Sutherland, was joined on Saturday morning by Lindsay, and the entire company set off to visit Ben Alder. After an 8-mile trudge up the loch-side and up the glen, and with the summit cairn still a long way off and up, Linklater and Lindsay elected to turn, and the remaining four eventually reached the top in perfect weather, and were rewarded by a wonderful vista of snow-clad hills on all sides—not to mention a certain amount of playful entertainment in one of the western corries.

On returning to the Hostel, the company was found to be augmented by the arrival of Hewat, and also Ainslie (S.M.C.) and D. Sandeman, the latter two having travelled up to Fersit by the early morning train, and climbed Stob a' Choire Mheadoin and Stob Choire an Eason.

Sunday morning, in spite of a continuance of glorious weather, was rather slothfully spent in the preparation of a gargantuan breakfast, but about midday parties were beginning to stagger out, headed by Ainslie and Sandeman making for Ben Alder, the former being in no way discomfited at the jibes of the Vice-President anent a certain previous expedition to the same mountain.

Lindsay quietly faded away on his own to return across the hills to his two-stroke and home in order to be back at work on Monday morning, but managed to lighten his rucksack by conveniently forgetting certain articles of clothing, which in some mysterious way were found in the writer's own rucksack.

The remainder of the company, headed by Bartholomew, set off along the railway line to Loch Treig, but Munro was compelled to drop out on account of a damaged ankle tendon, and Linklater generously offered to turn back with him. The Vice-President,

Hewat, Ogilvy, and Sutherland pushed on to Stob Choire an Eason, and the top was duly "bagged" in good time. During the halt at the cairn some argument took place as to whether or not the neighbouring Stob a' Choire Mheadoin merited a visit, doubt being cast as to its value as a "Munro," but the usual "might-as-well-when-we're-here" excuse carried the day for those with peak-bagging tendencies, and subsequent verification proved the wisdom of this course.

On Monday morning the snow-line had risen quite appreciably, but in any case only a short day was possible on account of the inflexibility of the Railway Company's schedules, so while Munro and Linklater busied themselves in domestic duties, and to their credit be it said that these were well and truly carried out, the remaining six paid a visit to Carn Dearg, a pleasant three hours' excursion of not too strenuous a mountaineering nature, in which we had the pleasure of observing Bartholomew paying his respects to our temporary home by adopting the conventional attire of the "hiker."

In general the Meet was an unqualified success, favoured with excellent weather conditions, and thoroughly proved the convenience of Corrou Hostel as a climbing centre. The views of Ben Nevis and also of Ben Alder across the loch by moonlight were of exceptional beauty, but artistic appreciation was somewhat discountenanced by over-indulgence in the excellent results of the cooks' culinary efforts.

AUTUMN MEET—KINGSHOUSE,
SEPTEMBER 1932.

Present.—Horne, Ogilvie, Stobie, Kellock, Lindsay, and Glen of the J.M.C.S., Ainslie, Pattullo, and Geddes of the S.M.C., and Messrs Steich, Bremner, and Fraser (guests).

Ogilvie was the first to arrive. He appeared on the Saturday morning, and spent an anxious and lonely day wondering whether he had got the date right. The arrival of Fraser at 5 P.M. relieved the tension, and Ainslie, Pattullo, Horne, Bremner, Lindsay, Steich, Geddes, and Stobie trickled in as the evening wore on. All were camping, except for Bremner and Lindsay, who stayed at Kingshouse, and were amused there by a haughty trio, who gave an interesting display of how not to behave in a Highland inn.

On Sunday, Buachaille Etive Mor was conquered by various routes and parties thus: Ogilvie, Horne, Fraser, and Geddes climbed the Crowberry Ridge in that order. Ainslie and Pattullo went up the curved ridge and finished by the south-east corner of the Crowberry Tower. Bremner and Lindsay scrambled up by the easy buttress to the south of the chasm, and Steich and Stobie bagged the Baby Buachaille.

On Monday morning Steich and Bremner departed and Kellock and Glen arrived. Stobie, Pattullo, and Ainslie climbed the Crowberry Ridge, and Ogilvie and Geddes went up the North Buttress. The remainder spent an amusing day in the chasm, clambering up waterfalls and making thrilling traverses on approximately perpendicular slopes of vegetation. Horne, Kellock, and Glen came out after seven pitches, Fraser and Lindsay having previously emerged.

One of the features of the Meet was the ill-luck of the various motor cyclists concerned. Sutherland was prevented by a cracked cylinder head from appearing at all. Stobie's lighting system failed and he achieved a traverse of the Black Mount in black moonlessness. Kellock was distressed at Ardlui by loud and expensive noises which informed him that his gear-box had passed over. Lindsay, while travelling over the Black Mount at full speed on his Galloping Terror (about 35 m.p.h.), sustained a rapid and alarming puncture. His lights also gave trouble on the way home.

Nevertheless, the Meet was an unqualified success.

PERTH SECTION.

MEETS, 1932.

To chronicle the various Meets of the Section individually might prove rather monotonous, due principally to the fact that all the week-end Meets, except one, have been spent at the Ben Nevis Hut.

To take the exception first, this Meet was held at Loch Builg for Ben Avon during the last week-end in July. The personnel was Andrews, Dickson, and MacIntyre, who arrived at Loch Builg on Saturday evening and secured a comfortable camping spot, more comfortable indeed than one member thought possible.

Sunday morning was misty, but after a bathe and breakfast the party felt capable of tackling anything. Rain fell heavily during the forenoon and was accompanied by dense mists. On the principal top of Ben Avon, however, the weather cleared up and the sun broke through, affording splendid views of the valley towards Braemar and the peaks in the Bynack More group. It was the party's first visit to Ben Avon, and the "Barns" afforded much interest and some fine scrambling. A descent was made by the path round Carn Dearg to the camp, but the presence of fishers on Loch Builg deprived the party of a bathe, much to their regret. A return was made to Perth the same evening in delightful weather, the sunset being particularly fine. The first of many visits to Ben Avon was the verdict and hope expressed by the party.

The privilege of occupying the Ben Nevis Hut is very much appreciated by the Section, and Meets were held there in April (two), July, August, and one is being planned for October.

J. H. B. Bell (S.M.C.), M'Donald (S.M.C.), Myles, Milne, and MacIntyre were at the first Meet, 7th to 10th April, principally to tackle the Tower Ridge. Bad weather, however, frustrated the attack, and the party instead climbed the Carn Dearg and Gardyloo gullies.

The latter proved a fine climb, though it finished up in a blizzard.

Bell and MacIntyre returned the following week-end determined to renew the attack, especially as the Ridge was in a splendid condition of icy battlements and snowy cornices.

The week-end opened in a rather unusual way, namely a visit to Fort William's modern picture house to view what Bell described as an American version of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," thereafter partaking of supper in the only "fish and chip" shop in the town.

It was a glorious moonlight night when the party left Achintee resolved to climb to the summit. The path was followed all the way, and the summit was reached at 2 A.M. in a biting cold wind which seemed more intense in the eerie darkness caused by the heavy clouds obscuring the moon. After partaking of oranges somewhat hurriedly, a descent was made by No. 3 Gully to the Hut, soft snow in the Coire-na-Ciste sorely trying the party's patience.

Saturday from midday onwards was spent prospecting the route as far as the Little Tower, and the ridge was found to be in first-rate condition for a good hard day's climbing.

Sunday was glorious, not a cloud in the sky, with the Tower Ridge glistening like the "crystal spires of heaven." The Douglas Boulder direct gave no trouble, and the party soon gained the main ridge. There the rocks were thickly plastered with ice and new snow, and caution was the order of the day. Fully an hour and a half was spent overcoming the Little Tower, and the south-east face of the Great Tower was traversed with the utmost circumspection. Though the snow was in sound condition the terrific exposure of the corner made one go cautiously. The ascent from there to the Tower was difficult on account of much ice, but by 2.30 P.M. the party reached the summit. From there the Tower Gap looked ferocious, thickly coated with snow and ice, though there was no final cornice to be surmounted. Actually it went easily, and at 3.30 P.M. the summit cairn was gained.

A short but very enjoyable sun-bath and the party set off for Carn-Mor-Dearg by the arête to complete a really delightful day. The views were marvellous, a liquid gold sunset towards the Atlantic outlining the hills of Rhum was made more vivid by the approach of a storm from the north-east which made Loch Lochy appear a sinister gray-black colour. Ere the Hut was reached the upper cliffs were swathed in clouds and the rain had started to fall.

The following morning the party left the Hut at 5 A.M., and by ascending the Carn Dearg Gully viewed a magnificent sunrise from Carn Dearg, from which point a straight descent was made to the Hut and home to conclude a really glorious week-end.

Midsummer week-end, 2nd to 4th July, found Isles, M'Nab, and MacIntyre once more at the Hut. A midnight arrival was made very pleasant by discovering three Edinburgh J.M.C.S. men in occupation, who, despite being recalled from the land of slumbers, assisted and joined the party in, shall it be called, "early morning tea."

The weather was wet and misty during the week-end—unpleasant some folks might say—but the party enjoyed fine climbs on the Tower and Castle Ridges, and a descent by easy rocks on the Comb, when it was thought they were in No. 3 Gully, was distinctly interesting! Monday was devoted to cleaning the Hut as an early return to Perth was essential. Descending to Achintee in glorious weather, a delightful sun-bath was enjoyed, the only sunshine that was had during the week-end.

The last week-end Meet held was during 27th to 29th August, the members who attended were Andrews, Dickson, and MacIntyre, while four guests were present, Keir, Jacobs, Barker, and Monks. Dickson, MacIntyre, Barker, and Monks, in glorious weather, climbed on Sunday the Tower Ridge by the Douglas Boulder, Little Tower direct, and the Recess Route, descending by the arête and Corrie Leas. On Monday the same parties climbed the Castle Ridge by different routes, and descended by No. 3 Gully. The other members present enjoyed the

week-end on the summits of Ben Nevis and Carn Dearg, though indulging in no serious climbing. The guests expressed much admiration for the Hut, its position and splendid arrangements being much superior to anything they had previously experienced.

Week-end Meets were also held at Inveroran and Glen Einich, both of which were well attended, and on both occasions, under the able leadership of the Hon. Vice-President, parties enjoyed interesting climbs.

From the foregoing reports the opinion might be expressed that on Ben Nevis Perth men are slow to tackle new climbs. The reason for this, however, is that many new members have come into the Section recently, and have received their initiation into the mysteries of technical rockwork on the solid cliffs of the Ben.

The strength of the Section is at the present time twenty, with half a dozen new members awaiting election. Sunday Meets still continue to be indulged in by various members, and have been enjoyed more than ever in glorious weather. The transport problem is still present with the Section, but it is hoped that it may be solved in the near future—unfortunately there are no “Kensitas” cars in Perth!

A CASE OF PREMATURE SENILE EXTINCTION.

ONE of the younger and most energetic members of the Club has apparently taken action to terminate his association with the steep rocks. We have been induced to print his obituary notice now, rather than to await his total extinction, perhaps some thirty years hence, when time and tradition may have magnified his conquests into something honourable.

Our contributor assures all readers that none of the characters is wholly fictitious. This excursion into humour, which perhaps without warrant we have placed in the J.M.C.S. Section, reads thus:—

My Uncle Robert has passed to a better world and I must mourn for him. It was early in July that he passed from our ranks, and lest he should be left unmourned, as was my respected grandfather, who passed unsung in an earlier year, it falls to myself to pen his funeral ode. These are my tears. . . .

I loved my Uncle Robert, and so it is more charitable to describe his character with brevity rather than accuracy. As a climber his activities were a godsend to our more scabrous press: as a leader he possessed a unique faculty for finding and dislodging loose stones; and his followers acquired great agility and fine powers for concise descriptions of animal life: as a man we have upon many previous occasions informed him of our opinions.

His personality was remarked upon by all. Even members of the Junior Club, on their promotion to our ranks would, when introduced to him, gaze upon his expansive features, sleek with an incipient fungus crowning the upper lip and murmur sadly to themselves, So this is X—. Well, I should never have thought . . .”

His record was extensive, his list of peaks apparently without limit. Once he was amongst the swiftest climbers of the Club. Ascending, he was the incarnation of fleetness; on the descent the screes groaned as under the

grind of steam-rollers. For seven and a half hours he would each day race upon the hills, and his limbs laboured to return him within their allotted time. Noble limbs now for the limbo of the impious.

Weekly he would lunch with us, charming us with the brilliance of his half-wit. There, bibulous, crouched in the recesses of his deep chair, he would smoke his cigarette and drink his matutinal milk.

And so to his fellow-mountaineers he is now dead. No more for him the menaces of the Man-trap: the sanctity of the Church Door is free from his desecrating scratches. Never again will he hear the icy grunt of the Gardyloo, nor the crunch of that crazy crack above the Cioch. He has quitted the Posts for Seaview; Laburnum Gardens and not Glen Brittle is now his spiritual home and permanent residence. On steep faces he leaves us to sneak a lonely ascent by the tourist's trail. He climbs the stair to our weekly rendezvous, hugging to the banisters grimly, and hooking his umbrella under the stair rods for greater security, mutters to himself, "I am not so young as once I was." Our Uncle Robert has passed on.

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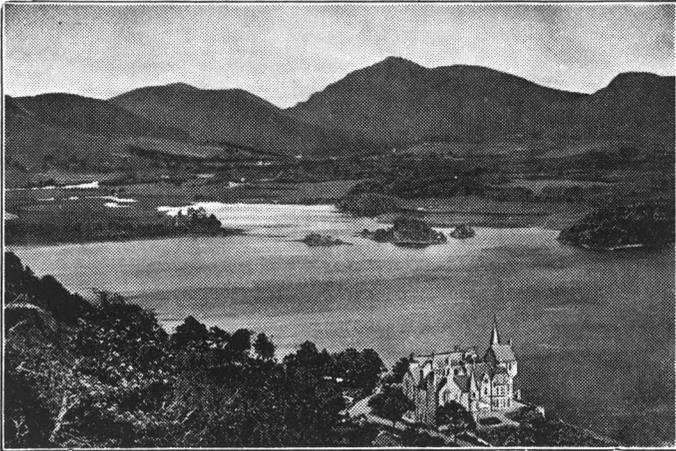
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