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April 1937

B. H. Humble

BEN NEVIS; NORTH EAST BUTTRESS

*" Silent the finger of the summit stood,
Icy in pure, thin air, . . . glittering with snows "*

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER 1937.

NO. 124.

DEFEAT.

(A DECEMBER NIGHT ON THE CROWBERRY RIDGE.)

By W. H. MURRAY.

IT is the custom of mountaineers to set on record their most successful climbs, but to say nothing of their reverses. The custom is an unfortunate one; there can be no doubt that one may sometimes gain more genuinely valuable experience from defeat than by virtue of the most brilliant series of first ascents. This consideration, supported by the Editor's invitation, persuades me to set down in writing an unsuccessful attempt, on 13th December of last year, to make the first winter ascent of the Crowberry Ridge by way of Garrick's Shelf.

Dunn, MacAlpine, Mackenzie, and myself (all J.M.C.S.), after an unfortunate series of delays, set off from Coupal Bridge at 10.30 A.M. The hour was late; yet we adhered to our original plans, although a defeat high up at dusk on a rock-snow-ice climb could hardly be contemplated with equanimity. However, the route was well-known to us and we felt confident of success. We were all in excellent physical condition, exceptionally well equipped, and yearning for a first-class climb. These factors overcame our good judgment. The morning was cloudy, with the wind in the west-south-west. New snow had fallen overnight, but was not lying in sufficient depth to impede our progress to the foot of the Crowberry Gully,

where we encountered a short difficult pitch that whetted our appetite for bigger and better things. Never was an appetite destined to be more harshly glutted.

We now left the gully and moved up to the first pitch of Garrick's Shelf by traversing a ledge of steeply shelving snow on the northern wall of the Crowberry Ridge. Here we found a cave large enough to accommodate the whole party, and we gulped down our second breakfast hastily before roping up.

The construction of Garrick's Shelf is peculiar. It is a narrow gully or trough running up the northern wall of the Crowberry Ridge parallel with the Crowberry Gully. The Shelf itself, which is punctuated with steep pitches, terminates in precipitous rock some 250 feet below the crest of the Ridge. This last section, very difficult in summer, ends in a steep scoop that debouches on the Crowberry Ridge near the base of the Tower.

We found the rocks well plastered with snow, but ice was present only in small quantity—too small quantity as we discovered later. The snow-covering on steep rock was not sufficiently frozen to hold, and had to be cleared away as we advanced. Our progress was much hindered by fierce blasts of wind from the south-west, which swept down the Crowberry Gully and Shelf, bearing great clouds of powder-snow that completely filled all the holds after each of us had passed upwards. Woollen gloves froze to the holds, and were sometimes difficult to disengage.

Four hours of continuous climbing on the Shelf found us at the top of the fourth pitch. The Shelf now began to narrow and steepen, while the snow was thinner and in poorer condition than ever. The sun had already set and the upper reaches of the Shelf were pervaded by a grey and gloomy twilight. The need for haste had become urgent, yet the next 50 feet of plain, straight-forward gully occupied no less than twenty minutes. The difficulty lay simply in persuading the snow to hold. There was no danger of its avalanching.

Garrick's Shelf now ended and merged in the steep face of the final rocks. On our right the Shelf fell per-

pendicularly into the depths of the Crowberry Gully; on our left rose the vertical wall of the Crowberry Ridge; before us the rocks swept up in a steep pitch some 60 feet high. A small tower, rectangular in shape, stood at the top of this pitch and lent distinction to the place.

The first problem was a narrow crack set in a corner and packed with snow. The first two attempts on it failed, but a third and more determined effort proved successful, and the crack was climbed by the lay-back method to a small ledge. The time was now 4.30 P.M. The usual route into the square recess at the base of the tower was unjustifiable, and an attempt was therefore made to force the rocks on the left. After a great deal of manœuvring for position, an outward-tilting mantel-shelf plastered with snow lying on ice was laboriously overcome. For a moment the position looked promising; on the left only a short wall barred the way to easier rock running east of the tower. But the first movement to the left would of necessity be made without handhold, a "down and out" strain being placed upon the feet, the foothold being a sloping slab coated with verglas.

The party consulted. The time was now a quarter to five; the weather was rapidly deteriorating; to retire now would spell immediate benightment with the whole of Garrick's Shelf below us. On the other hand, only 6 feet of rock barred the leader from almost certain triumph. The decision we had to make was a grave one. Should or should not that next, very dangerous step be taken? We decided that it should not, and the leader retired.

The wall of the North Buttress was now growing steadily dimmer in the gathering darkness; already the rising storm was roaring across the upper rocks of the Crowberry Ridge. Snow was falling steadily, and this was reinforced from time to time by sheets of drift-snow that were hurled upon us from the rocks above. The situation appeared to be sufficiently desperate, but the party had climbed too long in combination to entertain any doubt of a satisfactory issue. We carried with us 330 feet of rope, a torch, spare batteries, and sufficient

food. We resolved therefore to continue to climb downwards rather than bivouac.

The descent of the steep section in the snow-gully to pitch four was less hazardous than we had expected. The first three, secured by the rope, enjoyed a comfortable passage and cheerfully assured the leader of their ability to field him if need be. But to the real chagrin of the party, number one declined to enliven this passage by any of the horse-play commonly attendant on glissades, involuntary or otherwise, so the party moved down in strictly text-book style to pitch four. A wide, square-cut chimney, all three walls of which were vertical, now presented an interesting problem, largely complicated by its invisibility. The solution taxed us for two hours, but we finally succeeded in roping down from a spike of iced rock.

We were now enveloped in darkness. The snow on the Shelf and on the surrounding rock could be dimly discerned as a dull grey mantle, far too obscure to afford any indication of the route. We progressed slowly by torchlight. Creeping circumspectly down the Shelf over snow and broken rock, we descended as much as 150 feet in one and a half hours. Above the uproar of the wind could be heard a torrent of bizarre noises which, had we not known each other better, must have sounded suspiciously like profane language. At 9 P.M. we reached an open corner at the top of pitch three.

Here we were unable to rope down. There was no rock-belay, and the snow was too unsound to take an axe, but we contrived a good belay by jamming our axes in an angle of rock. Thus protected we climbed in turn down steep snow to a point near the base of a rock-face. A distinctly tricky traverse to the right then led, after one and a half hours, to soft snow below the pitch. The leader was coached over the traverse in brilliant style by the second, who employed the effective though inhumane device of ruthlessly skewering his victim with the spike of an axe.

We were now back in the gully, hard against the wall of the Crowberry Ridge, and descended very slowly to

a short pitch that we failed to remember climbing on the way up. A little disconcerted, we climbed down from axe-belays and found ourselves in a very fine, narrow cave. This was the most comfortable spot on the whole route, and we felt loth to leave it. The place was hailed with great joy by the leader, who, after ejecting the rest of the party, urged disingenuously that any haste in accomplishing the next section would be particularly inadvisable. From the narrow recesses of this cave the leader could speculate as to what was happening below, while he watched, with a certain measure of perverted pleasure, the swirling snow pour in hissing cascades over the roof and down the Shelf, where his more energetic companions would literally "get it in the neck."

Time sped on. For over an hour there had been a great deal of shouting below and singularly little movement. But at long last a faint call from number two summoned the leader downwards. Sixty feet below we all congregated on what appeared to be a broad horizontal ledge running against the Crowberry Wall. An 80-foot rope had been fixed round a spike on the Wall itself and number four, after prospecting the route at the far end of the ledge, had just announced that further advance was impossible. He was faced, or seemed to be faced, with a bottomless abyss. We had lost the route.

A good twelve hours had now elapsed since our last meal, and the thoughts of the party turned to hot soup and roast pork. Plum pudding and brandy sauce were also considered, although a majority protest vetoed the actual sauce in favour of its more potent ingredient.

With freezing fingers we then extracted from our rucksacks the handfuls of sodden crumbs that had formerly been jam-sandwiches. We reviewed our position as we ate, and came to the conclusion that we were now above Garrick's Shelf on a ledge ending in a cul-de-sac. The torch-beam was therefore directed downwards towards the Crowberry Gully. After some prospecting a lower route was pronounced practicable.

Our principal concern was whether the fixed rope would reach to the foot of the pitch. Number four, belayed by

the others, set off downwards; he went leftward down steep snow and then swung into the mouth of a vertical shallow chimney. A long period of suspense followed. In half an hour there was still no movement of any kind from below. The party above gradually realised that it was being kept waiting—a strange presentiment, never absent during the entire descent—and wrathfully inquiring howls were directed downwards. Several minutes later a muffled “What?” drifted upwards, followed after a while by “Yip!”—whatever that might mean. We gave it up.

Quite suddenly a shout, redolent of triumph, assured us that our proper route had been regained below pitch two: the vertical chimney was, indeed, on pitch two itself. In half an hour we were all down. The fixed rope refused to run round the spike and was left behind. A further hour of vigilant toil took us all to the top of the first pitch, where an outcrop of rock presented a rectangular face to the lower regions of Garrick's Shelf. We edged carefully round the right-hand corner of this rock, and near its base discovered an excellent spike-belay. The snow here was firm but rather steep, so we stood face-in during the hours that followed.

Our plan was to attach a 30-foot loop of line round the spike, to rope down on 120 feet of rope, which we hoped fervently would reach the foot of the pitch, and to secure the first man down with 100 feet of line. This 250-foot maze of rope and line was thereupon possessed by an evil spirit and became tangled in the darkness. The whole Shelf resounded with the most powerfully expressive oaths known to the human tongue. Incredible delays occurred. Violent bursts of wind-driven snow still came lashing down the Shelf, and the last battery in the torch was fading. By wriggling our toes continuously during these halts we contrived to avoid frost-bite.

At four o'clock in the morning everything was ready. One by one we roped down a narrow chimney on the left flank of an overhanging bulge. This was appallingly difficult, for the rope declined to run, and our descent

resolved itself into an exhausting struggle against friction. The torch was now out of action, so a fitting climax to this pitch was provided by an awkward right-hand traverse round the bulge, which led us into the cave below the Shelf. Upon reaching the foot of the chimney, the last man found himself unable to persuade the now obstinately vicious rope to run through the loop. He left it behind with emotions closely akin to pleasure. When the leader at length joined the party in the cave, he at once remarked in the bearing and attitude of his companions a striking complacency, the source of which was speedily betrayed by the crumbs adhering to their now incipient whiskers. Thus gorged, these callous people had yet no scruple in demanding bites at the leader's one remaining apple, on the pitiful plea that all their own food was finished.

We now roped up on 100 feet of line. The absence of a torch was a serious handicap, and we experienced no little difficulty in the traverse along the Crowberry Wall, where drift snow had piled up on the ledge at a high angle. Shortly afterwards we gained the lower part of the Crowberry Gully, where we found our difficult pitch of the previous day miraculously transformed into an easy scramble, but on leaving the gully we unfortunately lost all trace of the usual line of descent.

An hour of prospecting, both up and down, resulted in our finally defying orthodox tactics by committing ourselves to the mercy of an unknown gully, which led us with unexpected ease to the moor. The latter imparted some wholehearted if concluding kicks, and we were all, at one time or another, immersed up to the thighs in bogs. We reached Coupal Bridge at dawn, safe and sound, if not precisely hale and hearty. We had been out for rather less than twenty-one hours, of which fourteen had been spent on the descent.

The moral of this is only too plain, and is appreciated by none more fully than by those most closely concerned. Our defeat had in no way discouraged us in our determination to make a second attempt under more favourable conditions, when the Shelf would be more heavily

plastered with ice. By the end of March such conditions obtained and the route was climbed in its entirety.

The successful ascent of Garrick's Shelf was made by W. M. Mackenzie and myself on 28th March 1937. We left Coupal Bridge at 8 A.M. on a perfect morning, and reached the Shelf at 10 A.M. The first three difficult pitches were heavily iced. The vertical chimney at pitch four was lightly iced, and although not exposed, was severe. At 12 noon we reached pitch five, the crux of the climb. This pitch had shrunk to 50 feet. The ice-coating was light; axe-cut holds to the square recess below the pinnacle were painfully minute. Our escape from the recess, made on the pinnacle's right-hand edge, was extremely delicate. Splayed out on this bulging corner we had to change feet on a small sloping hold without handhold, and with a sheer drop below into the Crowberry Gully. The pitch was very severe and occupied two hours. In the scoop above the pinnacle were two sensational and very difficult ice-pitches, each 50 feet in length, from which we saw our steps immediately under pitch one. We reached the crest of the Crowberry Ridge—a razor-edge of transparent ice—at 3 P.M.

[*Note.*—A description of the first ascent of Garrick's Shelf will be found in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XVII., p. 1. There is also an interesting historical note by H. MacRobert, which describes a persistent but unsuccessful attempt on this route under icy conditions on Easter, 1910, by H. MacRobert and R. A. Brown. See also "Central Highlands Guide," p. 56.—EDITOR.]



April 1937

LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE EASAINS
Binnein Mor in the foreground. Bidean nam Bian, remote centre.

Allan Arthur

A DOG'S DAY.

By ROBERT ANDERSON.

SEUMAS and I were camping at Camasfionnairidh with the intention of climbing Blaven. On the chosen day we rose early. Mist was slowly drawing off the tops and the glen sparkled with dew; everything promised good weather. Hurriedly we breakfasted and set off, both of us tremendously excited with the prospect of our first Skye climb. Now enter "the wee doggie"—a Cairn terrier to be exact. He was scampering a few yards behind us and obviously enjoying the business as much as we were. Still, one can't take dogs on a rope up steep rock, so we reluctantly commanded him to go back.

He was a real Skyeman. Commands, threats, entreaties, even carefully misdirected stones were of no avail. Nothing could daunt him. Come he would and come he did. Thereafter he bounded before us yelping joyfully and nosing among the rocks. The boulders which fall from the bealach between Clach Glas and Blaven troubled him a bit, but he managed.

At the bealach, on a small plot of green turf which is described as "a tennis court," we rested and had some lunch. The Cuillin lay bathed in glorious morning sunshine. Far out over the sea, rising above the haze, were the Outer Hebrides. Above us rose a display of rock architecture, "like a cathedral," said Seumas.

Now came the ceremony of tying on the rope. We went up a steep little wall, easy on account of the splendid gabbro rock. The terrier was trussed up in a rucksack and hauled up, then finally Seumas. From that part the wee doggie was shoved, carried, and hauled up divers steep and rough places. This began to fray his nerves a bit and, for the first time, he showed signs of annoyance.

A fine gully led up from a patch of scree. It was steep and promised good sport. I climbed up about 30 feet to a small cave with an overhanging roof, then called on the others to come on. From below came yelps of protest

and the voice of Seumas raised in lamentation. He was trying to coax the Skyeman back into the rucksack.

Up they came at last after a sharp encounter. The Skyeman was very pleased to see me. He licked my hands and face, while his tail drummed on the bottom of his canvas prison. So I loosed the string and he jumped out.

The next pitch was more difficult. I crawled out to the left up a steep slab which brought me above the roof of our cave. A few yards more and I was up—practically at the summit cairn of Blaven.

At the other end of the rope a first-class battle was going on, and it looked as if Skye was holding its own. I waited till they had it out. "All right, pull away," cried a voice from the depths. The rope came in and, after many a bump, the rucksack and its passenger slid over the top. Never was a small dog more pleased to see me. Seumas followed. He complained bitterly, and no wonder. The poor lad had been bitten and nipped while trying to capture the dog in the cave. The two antagonists still avoided each other.

The climb was over. After a quiet hour at the cairn we sauntered down the gentle ridge to camp again.

Every dog has his day, and surely our friend had his. He had seen his own island from a mountain top, sampled the "joys" of rock-climbing, shared our food and company. We felt that we had lost a real friend when he was identified and returned to his owner in Elgol. It was "Mrs MacIntosh's wee doggie."

Sometimes on a winter's night when he lies before the fire does he ever think of his two friends and the day he climbed Blaven?

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING AND ITS
RELATION TO MOUNTAINEERING ABROAD.

IV.—ROCK CLIMBING.

By E. A. M. WEDDERBURN.

MOST of us will agree with Mummery's view that the mountaineer is essentially an explorer, a lover of the unvisited places of the earth's surface, whether they be virgin Himalayan peaks or untrodden Scottish ledges. Taking this broad view of mountaineering, we have to admit that rock climbing is only a very small part of the whole, and, many will think, a poor second to snow and ice climbing and glacier craft. But if we regard mountaineering as a high-spirited sport and strip it of its exploring aspect the position is altered. The Scottish mountaineer, though he may explore, is largely concerned with the purely sporting side of his craft. So is the Alpinist, and to both of these rock climbing is at least as important as any other branch of the sport. It is not suggested that either the Scottish or the Alpine climber lacks initiative, but it is shown, not in feats whose chief ingredient of success is patience and organisation, but in new routes which demand enterprise and *élan*.

Nowadays many of the brilliant new climbs achieved in the Alps are rock climbs with little or no snow and ice work involved. Practically all the new British climbs are pure rock climbs with, of late, a certain amount of turf and heather to add flavour. There has sprung up a large group of climbers to whom mountaineering is almost entirely a matter of rock climbing; these are stigmatised by their more catholic but equally narrow-minded brethren as cragsmen or rock-gymnasts. That accusation is, in part, deserved, but the trouble is due more to opportunity than to inclination. In Scotland there is small excuse for such a one-sided attitude, since our rock climbs are as good as any in Britain, and our snow and ice climbs are incomparably better.

That last sentence puts the position at its lowest. I am firmly of opinion that, from a mountaineering point of view, Scottish rock climbing excels that which may be obtained in any other part of Britain. Recent rock climbing in Scotland has produced many new routes, which are of three types. The first and largest class is composed of severe rock climbs on the better kinds of rock, mostly short in length. Of these the Rannoch Wall climbs are good examples. There are innumerable climbs of this nature still to be made even in such a popular district as Glencoe. They are very similar to the type of new climb that was popular in Wales and the Lake District some ten years ago, although generally they are not of the same standard of difficulty nor are they climbed nearly so frequently. The other two classes of new climbs are of a different character; both are more difficult to find than those of the first class, and both offer a type of climbing which, although it approximates to the recent "Edwards" type of climb in Wales, is essentially Scottish. It is on account of this type of climb and because of the severe winter conditions that Scotland can claim to be the best training ground in Britain for the Alps. Such a climb may be either on a rock formation unfavourable to the climber, such as gneiss and schist, for example the Pinnacle Buttress of Cor Arder, or on exceedingly loose rock such as is found on many Lochnagar and Torridon climbs. In both cases constant care is necessary if a route is to be made with even a pretence of safety.

When I was no longer able to go to Wales or the Lake District for my British climbing I was fortunate to be introduced to new routes in Scotland by J. H. B. Bell. For the first few climbs I was frightened and angry. The climbing was, I felt, "unjustifiably" dangerous. The rock was holdless and unsound, and the possibility or otherwise of a climb often depended on the stability of a grass or heather ledge. After a few of these unpleasant experiences I felt myself begin by degrees to enjoy that kind of climbing, and I—who had rather prided myself that rock climbing had nothing new to offer—realised

that I was learning a new and rather difficult technique. Now I am convinced that these climbs, which three years ago I would have regarded as unpleasant and merely dangerous, are, to those who know how to treat them, most enjoyable and as safe as any climb should be. More than that, I have found that the technique learned on such climbs ensures that in the Alps one finds oneself at home on the disgustingly loose and treacherous rock which abounds on so many routes, whereas the climber who is accustomed to sound rock is at a loss to know how to deal with the problem.

As well as bad rock and vegetation Scottish climbers frequently have to deal with snow-covered rocks. This is the case too in the Alps, where the climber, especially if he pays the weather no more than its due respect, will find that his ridge is often powdered with new snow. On many Alpine ridges snow and rock alternate. For such a climb I can imagine no finer training than a rapid traverse of the Aonach Eagach ridge when it is well plastered with snow.

Note the word "rapid." Scottish rock climbing is an especially valuable training to the Alpinist on account of the length and general easiness of many of the climbs. To those who try to do new climbs in Scotland it is unnecessary to point out that the feeling of suspense which they experience all day until, after some hours of climbing, the issue is at last certain, is quite as wearing as that engendered in the Alps by mere length of expedition. Even on standard Scottish climbs, especially in winter, the length of the climb and the shortness of the hours of daylight are quite sufficient to charge the air with Alpine tension. Usually the British rock climber is a deliberate being. He takes his time between pitches, adjusts elaborate belays, and wonders only whether he will reach the top of the climb for lunch. The descent will usually be effected by some hiking route. I have climbed with many such people in the Alps, and have, to my disgrace, been exasperated by their slowness. The length of Scottish climbs, however, means that speed is often necessary, and in fact we are less particular about arranging

belays, whether efficient or not, than those whose climbs are shorter and sounder.

I used to think that it was an unfortunate feature of Scottish climbing that difficult pitches were so often separated by stretches of easier ground over which the party could move all together. I was wrong, for it is this type of climbing which best trains a man for the Alps. In Scotland, as nowhere else in Britain, there are innumerable opportunities for a roped party to move fast together over ground where they must always be on the alert, and where speed is only attainable by clever and incessant manipulation of the rope.

Alpine rock climbs on lesser mountains are very similar to those on Scottish hills. Without very many years to look back upon, I can select numerous Alpine expeditions which have left impressions exactly similar to those which I retain of Scottish mountain days. I recall one morning at the Montanvers being awakened by the rain at about 3 A.M. and thankfully turning over to sleep again till half-past eight. On the terrace after breakfast some of the peaks could be seen, and so about 10.30 A.M. we set off, thinking that we might perhaps climb the Pointe Albert. Once on the Glacier de Nantillons, however, the Charmoz-Grepon couloir looked very near. After an hour of step-cutting up the ice-fall we were at its foot. It began to snow hard, but we thought we might as well go a bit higher. Soon afterwards we were on the first peak of the Charmoz in a snowstorm. However, it was still early, so the traverse was continued in a piercing wind which made us keep on our gloves, and which necessitated several pendulum manoeuvres to pass some of the pitches. The descent was swift to the glacier, but the softened steps through the ice-fall made us move singly more than once. Once free of the rope we raced back to the Montanvers. The peaks were hidden, and the path might have been through some Highland glen. Needless to say at tea no one except the guides would believe that we had been on the Charmoz at all.

Equally pleasant was a day on Stob Coire nan Lochan. The start was no earlier than from Montanvers, and the

long steep corrie filled with hard snow made us use the axe several times before the base of the crags was reached. The day was so bad that a walk up to the highest point seemed the best thing to do, but in the end we found ourselves at the foot of the North Buttress with its fantastic rickety towers. Up and down, but chiefly up, we climbed, with the wind blowing the rope out stiff between us. Once, I regret to say, the rope was cut in two by a large loose piece of the mountain. Early in the afternoon we lunched on the highest ledge with the wind roaring up past our feet and carrying discarded orange-peel high up over our heads. This time, unfortunately, we had no meritorious climb to report at tea.

Yes, the ordinary Alpine rock climb is very similar to a climb on our Scottish hills. Often there may be an early start, but soon after daybreak the party will be at grips with rock where the chief difficulty lies in the profusion of possible routes. Sometimes a difficult pitch intervenes and the leader struggles with it while the rest of the party enjoys the view. Difficult pitches in the Alps are much the same as difficult pitches anywhere else. There is a pitch, as yet unclimbed, on the Mitre Ridge whose seductive beginning, leading one on to holdless difficulties, reminds me vividly of an exactly similar pitch, also unclimbed, on the north face of the Zermatt Breithorn. Each gave the same infuriating sense of wasted effort, each meant the adoption of an easier but less direct route. However, there is still time!

So far we have been comparing Scottish climbing with typical Alpine rock climbing. But just as the newer climbs in England and Wales have, on account of their lack of height, reached a higher standard of difficulty than those in Scotland, so in some of the lesser districts of the Alps rock climbing has become a highly specialised sport. The climber in the Dolomites, the Kaisergebirge, and so on has comparatively low mountains to climb. Accordingly he must climb them by the most difficult ways. Up to this point the British climber is in complete agreement. The continental rock climber, however, could not see why, if Nature had provided no belay, he

should not insert one himself. The next step was when he discovered that by the extended use of ring-spikes he could climb in places which would otherwise be out of reach. He soon succumbed to the fascination of such exceedingly stimulating situations, and began to specialise in this highly difficult kind of rock climbing. Sometimes after climbing a pitch by these methods he would later climb it without artificial aids. In this way the standard of difficulty of what was regarded as possible rose enormously. In comparing British and continental standards one must always remember that many severe rock climbs in the Eastern Alps are done on unsound rock. The technique learned in the lesser Alpine districts having now been applied to the high Alps, results in climbs like the north face of the Little Dru. This rock technique has even been practised on ice on such climbs as the north face of the Dent d'Hérens. Climbing of this type requires such skill and strength that there are very few who can attempt it, and then only for a few years. The climbing provided by the Chamonix Aiguilles, too, differs from our typical Alpine rock climb. It is, in general, of the British "very difficult" or No. 4 standard, with the added difficulty of altitude.

One is often asked, "What can a party trained on Scottish hills hope to achieve unguided in the Alps?" The difficulty is that few Alpine climbs do not involve at least some snow and glacier craft. Much of that, however, which cannot be learned on Scottish hills is a matter of common sense, prudence, and book learning. But there are difficulties peculiar to the Alps. A sudden heavy rainstorm has made me retreat from a climb on Ben Nevis by sending down a few well-aimed stones, but in the Alps the danger from stone-falls is ever present in the daytime, except on ridges. Faces exposed to the sun should be avoided if the snow underneath them shows many signs of falling stones. Then there is the question of altitude. This affects different individuals quite differently, but is felt by most climbers at the beginning of a holiday. It invariably reduces the upper limit of one's rock-climbing skill at high altitudes. The most

serious differences are those of length and weather. Speed on easy ground is essential in the Alps, and long sections of the main Cuillin ridge offer quite the best form of training. The climber must also remember not to tempt the weather in the Alps as he does in Scotland. However, I have been out in a bad blizzard on the Cairngorms with a climber who had been a member of Antarctic expeditions, and who vowed that nothing he had ever met on the ice-fields was as bad as this Scottish storm.

So I think that a climber with several well-spent years of Scottish climbing to his credit may confidently visit the Alps, so long as he chooses his climbs to suit his powers. If he is looking mainly for rock climbing I suggest a week at Les Plans, below the Grand Mœveran. There the climbs are purely rock and are no longer than the best Scottish climbs. A visit to Turtagrö in the Horunger mountains of Norway is also a very good introduction to the greater peaks. They are replicas of the Cuillin on a larger scale, with glaciers filling the corries. The rock is not so sound as the Cuillin gabbro, but it is quite good. The ridges give most excellent and not too difficult sport.

Arolla is also a splendid place, although the glaciers there are more serious. There are, however, several good rock climbs, such as the Petite Dent de Veisivi, the Aiguilles Rouges (a very long day), and the Aiguille de la Za, which involves a little easy glacier. Mont Collon can be climbed, mostly on rock, and is most instructive. Belalp is another excellent centre with such pure rock climbs as the Belgrat and the Fusshörner, on which one could easily spend several weeks. A visit to the Engelhörner, small peaks of very good rock, is most refreshing.

Many climbers, however, feel that the long journey to the Alps is hardly worth while unless some greater peaks are visited. That is a pity, but is very natural. People who feel like that can go to Zermatt and climb the Leiterspitz, the Riffelhorn, and the Rothgrat of the Zinal Rothorn while getting the feel of Alpine climbing. There is always a great temptation to attempt the Matterhorn. When that mountain is in perfect condition it

should present no serious difficulties. It is emphatically a mountain to avoid in doubtful weather. The easiest route is by the Hörnli ridge. It is also the most frequented, and abounds in loose rock. The more difficult upper sections are safeguarded with fixed ropes. If the conditions are perfect the Zmutt ridge is not very difficult, the route is more complicated, and the rock is sounder. The expedition is, however, a great deal longer, and the party must be capable of rapid progress over moderately difficult ground.

The central Bernese Oberland does not offer much to the rock climber, but Chamonix is his paradise. There are numerous amusing climbs on the Aiguilles Rouges which give magnificent views of the Mont Blanc range. The rock is pleasantly unsound. Across the valley the Charmoz, Grepon, Peigne, Tacul, and many other Aiguilles give sport very suited to home-trained rock climbers, with the proviso that the glaciers of that district are often extremely difficult. Further east the Aiguilles Dorées give very good climbing.

These are a few of the centres which might well be visited by Scottish-trained climbers for a first Alpine season. Nothing has been said of the Dolomites or the Kaisergebirge or of the other resorts of specialised rock climbing. They hardly come within the scope of this series of articles. Generally speaking, the districts with the lower peaks are better, because it is not quite so pleasant nor so easy to stick to small climbs when there are big mountains on all sides.

Some final words of warning may be added: (1) The climber must be adequately trained in *all types* of Scottish climbing; (2) he should preferably go out with someone who has had previous Alpine experience—perhaps this is not indispensable, but it is advisable; (3) let him preserve a tremendous respect for the Alps, even if some individual climb proves easier than many Scottish or English climbs. There is infinite variety in this respect. If he will maintain this attitude I can only conclude by urging the Scottish climber to visit the Alps at the earliest possible opportunity.



June 1937

MACLEOD'S MAIDENS

E. W. Hodge

UNDER THE WESTERN HORIZON.

By E. W. HODGE.

HERE are a few notes about the adventures of some novices in sea-mountaineering in June 1937. We had already been on such a trip in June 1936. If one considers not the technique but the spirit, "sea-mountaineering" is not such a linkage of inconsistencies as it sounds. One climbs mountains in order to put civilisation behind one and to feel the force in one's own person of natural difficulties. Rock is one technique, snow quite a different one, route-finding a third, organisation, diet, and weather-wisdom are yet others; and all these are only incidentally connected by the particular problems presented by mountains. Desert-travel and sea-travel call for certain additional branches of technique, but like mountain-travel they each merely form a branch of one great vocation, and the impulse to each is just the same. One cannot feel the inexhaustible variety of a rock-face without recognising the same qualities or grandeur, though somewhat rearranged as to planes and dimensions, in a group of sea-beaten rocky islets.

We assembled an enormous quantity of equipment, including everything the boat ought to have but might possibly not: chart-clips, clothes-pegs, hooks, nails, medicines, bread-tins, dish-mops, paper bags for lunches, 5-gallon drums for petrol, canvas sheeting, carefully calculated calories in foodstuffs, spare kit-bags for issuing to the untidy, ether for easy starting, fire extinguishers, a home-made sea-anchor, and scores of other things. Feeling that we had left nothing to chance, seven of us embarked at Rhu on our 34-foot motor cruiser. As we were out primarily to buy an instalment of personal experience we carried no professional crew, the feeling that we depended on ourselves being the most essential part of our enjoyment.

Our plan was to avoid places which were as easy to get at by motor-car or public conveyance as by yacht.

Frankly, there are only three or four mainland Munros which are most easily ascended from a boat. For all that, our holiday was in intention a mountaineering, not a yachting one, even if the mountains had to be small.

To make sure of reaching our remoter objectives, we made long passages at first, and it was a general rule to be sailing whilst cooking and eating. Leaving Ardrishaig about 8.30 A.M., we reached Barra at 11 A.M. next morning. Unfortunately, just as we were emerging from the Crinan Canal, a leakage took place regarding the plans of the executive branch, as a result of which some of the passengers insisted that if we meant to go through Coirebhreachain they would leave the ship. For this I fear we had to blame the rather sensational tone of the Club's *Islands Guide*. The latter in turn seems to be a reminiscence of a well-known story by Edgar Allan Poe, which perhaps is not intended as sober geographical fact. "The far-famed whirlpool, the Scottish maelstrom, which not long ago engulfed a sloop, after allowing the crew to save themselves in their punt," is as if one were to say of Sgùrr nan Gillean: "This ridge of dread, from which not long ago an Alpinist was hurled into the abyss, whilst his comrade clung to the rocks by his punt-pole." Whirlpools as described by Poe are unknown to geography, but with overfalls, as with couloirs or glaciers, what is unsafe at one time may be safe at another.

The changeful shapes of the little islands in the Firth of Lorn are a delight to any lover of rock-scenery. We coasted close to the wooded shores of Scarba, where the Lodge (Kilmory) seemed deserted. Again the Guide seemed a little imaginative in describing the island as rising "straight out of the sea."

Route-finding at sea is more difficult in some ways than on land. One cannot know one's position directly, but only infer it. A coast, which on a map may seem deeply indented and individual, looks a featureless straight line when seen from seaward. Sometimes, as when approaching the Torran Rocks (off the Ross of Mull, which is rather destitute of landmarks), one feels

as if carried willy-nilly toward difficulties which one can make no real plan for avoiding.

After two or three hours on Iona, we arrived at Staffa about midnight. We did not wish to make the unlighted Sound of Gunna before dawn (we were prepared to lie off at a sea-anchor if necessary), and therefore had time to land. Here we sought the advice of our honorary engineer, whose favourite holiday, so it appeared, was to sail round Mull on day excursions two or three times a year from Manchester, and we cautiously approached the dark, precipitous little island according to his best recollection of MacBrayne's usage. It was strange to sit, in one's turn, in the dinghy, on the gentle swell, holding on to the submerged railings of the landing-place, and waiting for one's companions to return from Fingal's Cave, whilst the scarcely visible surf roared softly close at hand.

We arrived at Castlebay about 11 A.M. That afternoon one section of the party set off to climb Heaval, whilst others walked across to the Atlantic shore, took on stores, fettled up the engine, made up sleep, or fussed over the many clamant but never-overtaken tasks of yacht life.

We anchored for the night at Eriskay, and our principal fare of next day was the South Uist mountains. The yacht was anchored at Corodale, close under the land, in a cove where the deep water is shadowed by small steep cliffs—by general consent one of the three pleasantest anchorages of our cruise. The glens are pleasant, though hardly more; Ben Mhòr and Hekla deserve a rather warmer word of praise. Of course there is no habitation at all on this side of Uist except Usinish lighthouse, which is approached by a path from the north and west. On Hekla the compass seemed unreliable. On my Bartholomew the name Beinn Mhòr is distinctly given, not to the highest point, but to the 1,994 point at the western end of the ridge, while the 2,034 point (the highest) is named Buail a' Ghoill. This is merely a matter of words and names; there is no question which is really the higher. Probably the lower top is better visible from the inhabited side of Uist.

Next day, at Rodil, two of the party were too tired to go farther, so we left them behind temporarily, assigning to them, however, the duty of ascending Roneval, which they faithfully accomplished. We sought the advice of the proprietor of the hotel regarding St Kilda. "Whatever do you want to go there for? It's just a great big lump of nothing! I wouldn't go in a north wind! In a north wind last year it took us six hours to go from the far end of the Sound of Harris, and thirteen to come back—and we only just did it." He was kindness itself, but we thought his advice was too much coloured by his personal sufferings and strange failure to appreciate the grand scenery of St Kilda, so we begged leave to adhere to our own opinion.

We had expected the Sound of Harris to be our most difficult problem in navigation, but found it so well marked that all one had to do was to follow the directions carefully and there could be no doubt. In the shelter of the uninhabited island of Shillay—the last before the open sea—we hove to, in order to listen to a weather forecast. At home this part of the broadcast would be merely the occasion for a gibe, but here we listened anxiously and humbly, and with the keenest sense of our lost opportunities in learning to interpret barometric information. Though our crew was stronger in purpose by having left the doubters behind at Rodil, we were all tired, and would not take the responsibility of the initiative. It is comparatively easy, when one is very tired, to act with vigour and judgment as well in a pressing emergency, but much harder to analyse a situation carefully and soberly commit oneself to a plan. Want of sleep settled matters, and we decided to anchor overnight behind the island, and to wait for another forecast at 10.30 A.M.

The next forecast confirmed our unexpressed opinion about the course of the weather. The ship rocked just as much as we wished and no more—for we should have been really disappointed if we had had a calm passage. We were fully prepared to pay a reasonable price for St Kilda, or we should have had nothing to remember it by. At last a shape about 5 miles away, a precipitous

island, which we decided must be Boreray, with its attendant stacs, was dimly seen through the mist, "just like the Fairy Castles in the toothpaste advertisement," said someone. One of them, the 500-foot Stac Lii, showed a height equal to several times its width, and all looked as if their vertical sides might be indefinitely produced into the cloud which shrouded their tops. But where could St Kilda be with its 1,300-foot cliffs? We ought to be nearer still. Holding on our course, we at last sighted it a couple of miles off, cloud-covered almost down to the sea. We cast anchor in Village Bay, seven hours out from Shillay.

Naturally, the next few hours were packed with interest, and cannot be described fully here. I at least would gladly have stayed a week, but we were prisoners of time and circumstance. Had we arrived in a tourist steamer our stay would have been even more limited, and permission could not readily have been obtained to remain after the steamer's departure. Having arrived by yacht, we were perhaps deserving of a little more latitude, but we dared not cause anxiety to our friends at Rodil. We also had to remember that we were in the only satisfactory anchorage for 45 miles, and even that one not safe in every wind for craft as small as ours. Although the weather was relatively fair, every gust of wind seemed to whirl round the deep bowl of Village Bay and descend on us from an unexpected quarter. Happily, we could all go ashore at the same time. The five summer residents, who were all native-born (three Fergusons, Gillies, and old Finlay Macqueen), were very hospitable. We were rather ashamed of not having had the forethought to bring them fresh bread and newspapers. Ours was the first private yacht since August in the previous year. Trawlers seldom call except when storm-bound in winter.

We climbed Conachair (the highest point, 1,392 feet), and at the request of the inhabitants set out "G. VI. R." in stones on its summit, to celebrate the Coronation. So grassy are these hills that it was hard to find enough stones for the purpose. The luscious grass grew knee-deep about

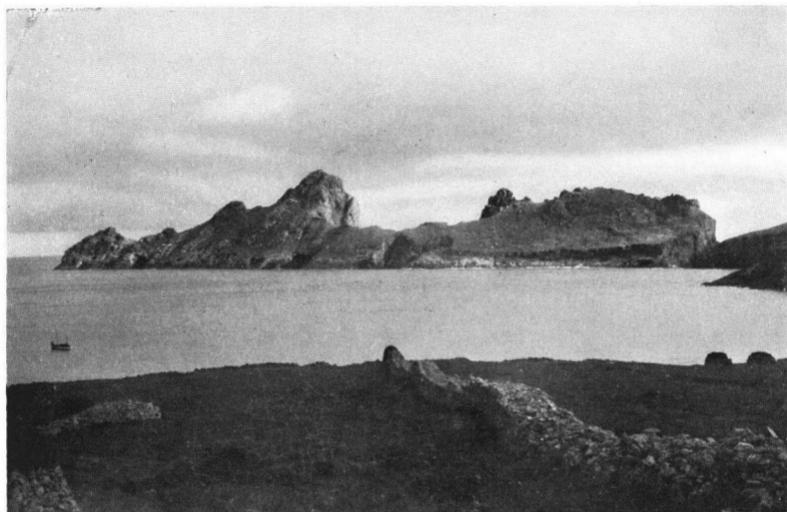
the deserted village, where there was no stock-owner to mind our trampling it.

On the side of Village Bay, Conachair and its neighbour Oiseval are steepish, smooth, and of the typical symmetrical cone-shape assumed by a tough crystalline rock. Only on their outer sides do they fall away in tremendous cliffs. The south side of Village Bay is formed by Dùn Island, a narrow and very much serrated ridge pierced in several places at sea-level, grassy and very steep on the bay side, and nearly perpendicular on the other.

Alasdair Ferguson, who came some way with us, showed us "The Funnel," a favourite climb of old. "But it is only the old men who can climb"—the present generation had never taken to it. The Funnel was a steep open gully behind a semi-detached pinnacle on the face of Conachair, and a few hundred yards west of "The Gap" between Conachair and Oiseval. We could not help thinking that the climb looked disagreeably grassy, except where the cliffs were so steep as to be obviously impossible, although the underlying rock was sound.

After all, the purpose of climbing here was utilitarian, though proficiency was still a matter of pride and emulation. The climb with the highest reputation of all for difficulty was Stac-a-Biorrach (pronounced Stac-a-Peerich), a needle rock in the channel next Soay. The natives did not, even in ordinary climbing, rely excessively on fixed ropes or on being hauled from above, but climbed in pairs, moving one at a time, and taking in the rope.

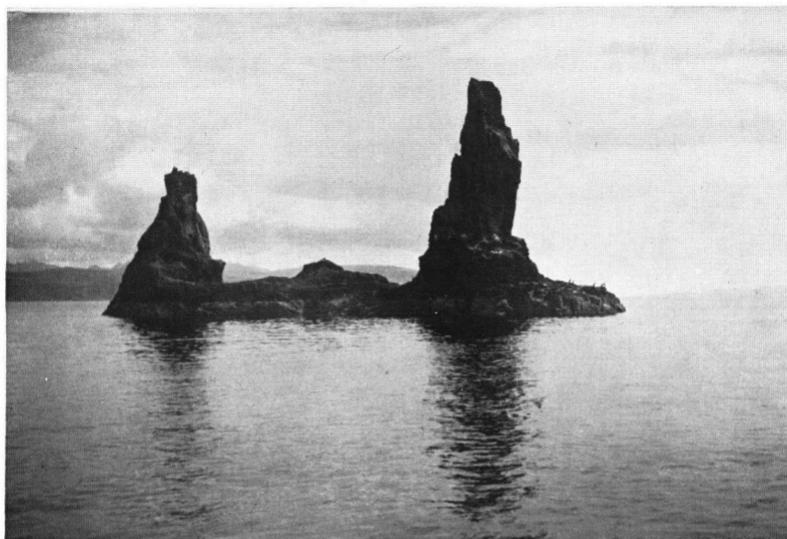
We left with much regret about 1 A.M., and arrived at Shillay at 8 A.M. This time we kept St Kilda in sight all the way across. From both St Kilda and Shillay we could see the Flannan Islands, but never glimpsed their lighthouse during the night. Tired as ever, we spent a busy but delightful rest-day on Shillay, opposite the blue hills and white sands of Harris—delightful but waterless Shillay, on the world's edge, with its sea-thrift, its nesting eider ducks, cormorants, oyster-catchers, guillemots, puffins, and its Atlantic seals with the polar-bear heads, rolling their spotted grey-and-yellow bodies out of the surf. On our way back to Harris we passed through a



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E. W. Hodge

VILLAGE BAY AND DÙN ISLAND, ST KILDA
(shewing the yacht, left)



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E. W. Hodge

MACLEOD'S MAIDENS

school of basking sharks, from 20 to 30 feet long. On being prodded with the boat-hook they made off into the depths. In taking these liberties with them we relied on the assertion in natural history books that they are harmless. Their recent misbehaviour in the Clyde must surely be exceptional.

Next morning we left Rodil for Mallaig to pick up new passengers. The cliff scenery of South Skye was finer than we had supposed, though offering no inducement to the climber. Just outside Loch Bracadale we halted at Macleod's Maidens. These can be seen from the Coolin, but one does not guess how imposing they are at close range. The *Sailing Directions* gives the height of the biggest as 200 feet. It appears to consist of half a dozen main layers of basalt and ash.

The rock appears both to be rougher and sounder than basalt usually is, but it looks almost unclimbable. The middle stac, which is less than half as high, and is the smallest of the three, was climbed by one of us without much difficulty, but the outermost, though not much higher than the middle one, looks hardest of all. The big stac is separated from the mainland and from the other two by deep channels a score or so of yards in width, whilst the base of the mainland cliff is apparently quite inaccessible except by boat. The great half-submerged boulders which strew the coast, the sea-caves, the exposed strata with their coloured bands of red, green, and purple, and the distant view of the Coolin make this a delightful spot to spend an idle half-day.

So ended the eighth day of our sea-mountaineering. The rest of our three weeks was less distracted by the need to cover distance, and more devoted to steady peak-bagging on Rum and in the "Rough Bounds" of Knoydart. As the Crinan Canal was out of working order, we finished by returning to the Clyde round the Mull of Kintyre, and ascended Ailsa Craig. It was between here and Arran that we encountered the worst weather of the whole voyage. "For me," said Joan, "the best moment of the whole trip was when the green one came right over, between Ailsa and Pladda."

RECENT CLIMBS IN COIRE ARDAIR.

I. INTRODUCTION.

By THE EDITOR.

IT is both curious and regrettable that the splendid rock-faces at the head of Coire Ardair on Creag Meaghaidh should have been for such a long time neglected by Scottish climbers. The wild recesses at the head of this corrie afford some of the finest mountain scenery in Scotland, and the place is nowadays readily accessible by an excellent stalker's path, about 5 miles in length, from Aberarder on the Loch Laggan road. The difficulties of access were much more considerable in the days of the pioneers, yet there is a hiatus of nearly thirty years between the pioneer climbs of Raeburn, Goggs, and their friends until the present writer attempted to revive the Cor Arder cult in recent years. This is all the more curious when one considers the post-war renaissance of Scottish climbing in the Glencoe, Ben Nevis, and Cuillin districts.

It must be admitted that there are difficulties peculiar to Coire Ardair. The rock is mica schist, which has three habits inimical to the rock climber—the attractive faces are exceptionally steep, they form a fertile subsoil for lichens and other vegetation, and they abound in undercut faces and ledges which thin out and peter away into nothingness. Many lines of attack, attractive when seen from a distance, such as two chimneys on the Pinnacle Buttress, simply offer no possibility of entry from below. In fact, as Mr E. A. M. Wedderburn remarked to the writer, the faces would almost appear to be easier if they were turned upside down. These features should, however, enhance the attractiveness of pioneering in this region, because judicious route-finding and the necessity to master a special technique and to maintain a clear avenue of retreat without the necessity of roping down, for which indeed there are few belays

available, are essential to both success and safety. Under snow and ice the place is perhaps even more attractive, and some hitherto unclimbed routes may yet be successfully ascended if favourable conditions and the right party are available. The writer has visited the corrie on no less than nine occasions in the last three years. On the whole the results have been meagre, but this can only emphasise the preceding remarks and enhance the fascination of the quest.

In the present article Mr E. A. M. Wedderburn will deal with the Pinnacle Buttress, and it is hoped in a continuation to deal with the Posts, and with the rock-face to the right of them.

II. THE PINNACLE BUTTRESS.

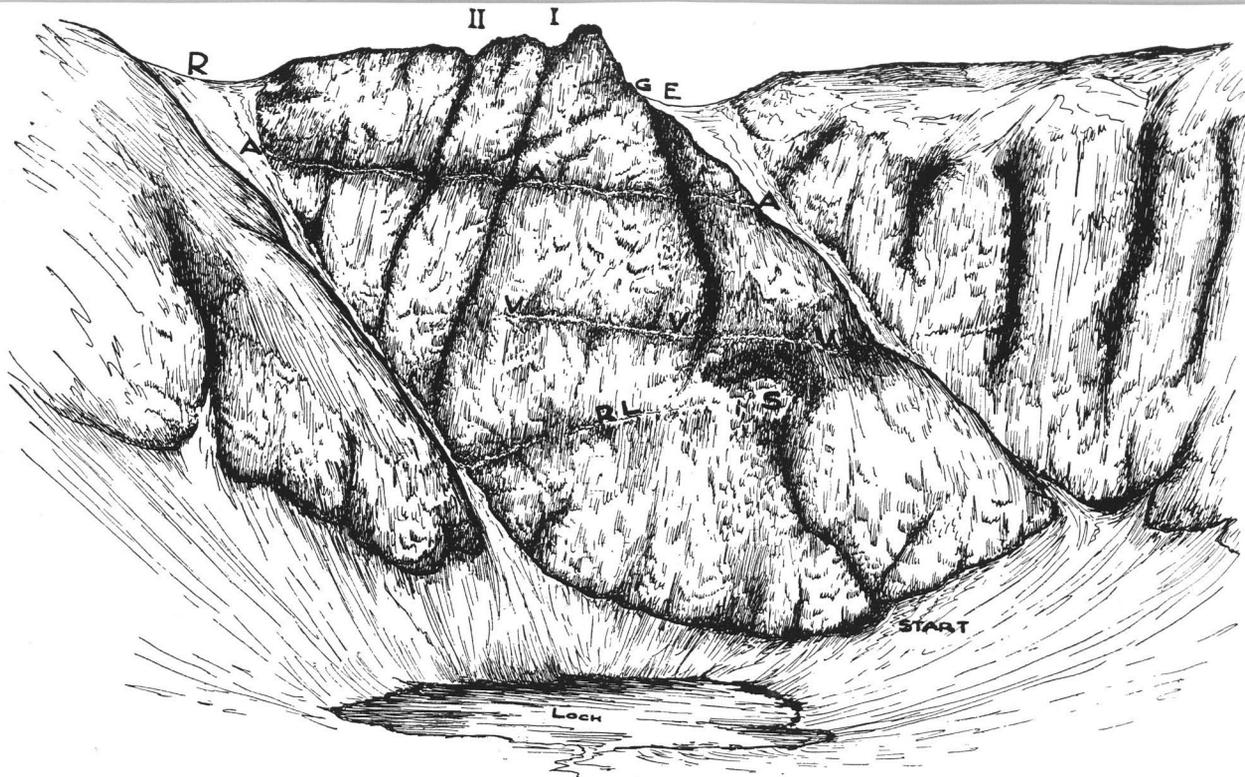
By E. A. M. WEDDERBURN.

The Pinnacle Buttress has one of the steepest rock-faces of any cliff I have seen. It is roughly a parallelogram in shape, with an acute angle at the base where it most nearly approaches the main cliffs. Above this extremity it is separated from the Posts face by a gentle, easy gully which gives a rapid descent from the summit plateau, except when its bottom section is icy. The side of the parallelogram opposite Easy Gully is bounded by Raeburn's Gully, which is little more than a scramble. This gully terminates at the commencement of Apollyon Ledge (which will be described later), and above that it opens out into a grassy scoop following the edge of the buttress to the summit. The climber following Raeburn's Gully will be charmed by the many glittering mica-flecked pebbles in the stream, which suggest that here is the Golden River—but a glance to the right reveals the monstrous impending crags beetling above. Two large and conspicuous chimneys cut this face and rise from the gully to reach the summit ridge to the left of the Pinnacle. These chimneys seem to offer obvious routes of ascent, but victory over them will well deserve reward,

so for the present we may be content to call them I. and II., Chimney I. being the lower and right-hand chimney. Bell and I inspected both of these in May of this year. Chimney I. overhangs at the foot, where it becomes a mere shallow scoop. When we arrived at its foot a pillar of hard snow was supporting a huge fallen boulder some 20 feet above the level of Raeburn's Gully, but even with this aid we considered that to effect a lodgement on the wall would not be easy. Closer inspection convinced us that it was extremely improbable that the first 100-foot section of the chimney to the level of Vanishing Ledge could be climbed even when dry. Inspection from Apollyon Ledge showed the top section of the chimney above that level to be climbable, while it is probable that the middle section would go, but Vanishing Ledge does not provide a means of entering it above the first "unclimbable" section. Gully II. looked uninviting and improbable; above the level of Apollyon Ledge it becomes distinctly easier.

From the top of Raeburn's Gully Apollyon Ledge runs back across the face towards Easy Gully. Parallel to it and some 200 feet below is Vanishing Ledge, which, however, does not run into Raeburn's Gully, stopping short of Chimney I. Apollyon Ledge, though giving merely a scramble with at times slight corners of mossy turf, is well worth following across the face because of its exposure and the magnificent views that it affords. Since 1903, when Raeburn, H. Walker, and C. W. Walker failed, after climbing Raeburn's Gully, "to gain access to the buttress by several inviting-looking ledges," something may have occurred to make the passage easier.

The first ascent of the Pinnacle Buttress was made in 1896 by Raeburn, Tough, and Brown, who, however, actually reached the summit of the Pinnacle from the back after ascending Easy Gully between the buttress and the main cliff; this route is a scramble. In June 1930 J. H. B. Bell and D. C. Macdonald made a route up the buttress from its lowest point; this climb in the main follows the edge of the buttress. It is steep in the lower section, but between the levels of Vanishing and



THE PINNACLE BUTTRESS; COIRE ARDAIR

KEY TO LETTERING

AAA. Apollyon Ledge.

VVV. Vanishing Ledge.

RL. Raeburn's Ledge, 1903.

S. Red Scar—Rockfall.

I, II. Unclimbed Gullies.

E. Easy Gully.

R. Raeburn's Gully.

G. Well-defined Gully near 1936 route.

Start. Start of May 1936 Climb.

Note.—Unfortunately this Sketch is slightly inaccurate, as the reader will see that the May 1936 route should ascend obliquely leftwards below S, and should still strike Gully G above its bottom pitch. S should perhaps be a little to the right. The route if prolonged would strike G about the bend, and terminates just to right of A.

Sketch : J. Stewart

Apollyon Ledges the angle eases off until the final steep rocks of the Pinnacle are reached. The route then goes to the right, following a system of ledges to avoid the very steep rocks directly above.

In May 1936 J. H. B. Bell and I made a route up the face of the buttress, commencing slightly to the left of a marked indentation in the face and almost directly below a conspicuous red scar. The proposed route was to bear rather to the left below the red scar in order to join a well-defined gully which leads to the crest of the ridge below the final pinnacle. Starting immediately to the left of a deep cut and smooth chimney not far from the lowest point of the rocks, we were at once forced to traverse obliquely upwards to the left. Round much of the base the cliff appears to be almost overhanging, and the start of the climb is a very obvious weakness. The traverse to the left took us at once into the middle of difficulties and the angle immediately became apparent. The rock was schist—rather delicate in boots. After about 40 feet of traverse we were forced back to the right to scramble up a steep mossy ledge behind a huge perched block. We then continued up to the left—crawling—to the first stance, which was provided with a hypothetical belay below an overhang—rather uncomfortable. The next pitch was rather severe, and I suffered acute pains in the neck and the stomach while I craned to watch Bell slowly climb a slab on the left and then make a very exposed traverse back to the right above the overhang.

After that the climbing became easier and followed a steep vegetable gully running up to the left until a torrent-bed allowed us to strike easily up towards the red scar. One pitch of this gully forced us on to a delicate traverse to the right and back again into the gully which, not far above, ended at the red scar in impossible-looking overhangs. Accordingly, we traversed out to the left on to the easier middle section between the two great ledges. After lunch we continued upwards and leftwards until the angle steepened again and the climbing became difficult. From a distance the grassy

rock looked quite easy, but much of it is in fact unclimbable. Unfortunately we were forced above the level of the foot of the gully we had hoped to enter; the bottom pitch of the gully, had we reached it, would probably have proved impossible. Above this we came on to red granite, and though the rock was steep the climbing was rather more satisfactory, and two difficult pitches separated by a traverse to the right landed us on easy ground over which we scrambled to the crest of the ridge not far from the top of the gully we had hoped to climb, and below the steep final rocks. Straight above the rocks looked extremely severe. Being surfeited with exposure on the steep face, I persuaded Bell to take an easier route to the summit of the pinnacle by traversing to the right. The last part of the route should be straightened out.

The face of the Pinnacle Buttress is typical of the very best Scottish climbing—steep, difficult, rock, posing problems in route-finding as well as in technique, in sensational situations. Other climbs to the left of the one described above are probably possible and will be of the very highest standard of interest. The crag has been sadly neglected.

(To be continued.)



CHI! CHI! CHI!

By J. GALL INGLIS.

THERE'S a little Gaelic word
Which perhaps you have not heard,
And which rhymes with S.M.C. :
If you ask an explanation,
It's a Gaelic exclamation :
It means " Look," and the word
is " Chi! "

To the Sassenach, one hint—
When you see " Chi " first in print,
Don't pronounce it " Kee, Kee, Kee."*
Also do not say it, please,
Just as if it were a sneeze :
It's not Gaelic—" *Tschee, Tschee,*
Tschee!" *

Now one New Year's night bygone
Burn essayed a Gaelic song,
And its chorus was " Chi! Chi!
Chi! "
Oh it seemed the very thing
That the S.M.C. could sing
As a slogan—*Chi! Chi! Chi!*

Thus when starting in the dawn
Of some fine crisp winter morn,
Brimming over with energie :
Just to show how you are feeling
You can set the echoes pealing
With a joyous *Chi! Chi! Chi!*

When your hill comes into view
Towering up into the blue
In its Highland majestee,
Oh what better mode of greeting,
Showing pleasure at the meeting,
Than a hearty *Chi! Chi! Chi!*

Should it come on rain or snow,
And " the stormy winds do blow,"
And the going's miserec :
Hurl defiance at the blast
(Inly hoping 'twill not last!),
In a dogged *Chi! Chi! Chi!*

Should you reach some A.P. pitch
Where there's neither hold nor hitch,
And thoughts rise that begin with
—!
Don't you think 'twould be politer—
Not to say, a great deal righter!
Just to murmur *Chi! Chi! Chi!*

If you're toiling up a slope,
Or you're climbing " on the rope,"
You should not say " Chi, Chi,
Chi."

Very obvious is the reason
'Twould be wholly out of season :
There's—no—breath—for—" *Chi!—
Chi!—Chi!*"

Also when you enjoy your lunch,
As your sandwiches you munch
You must *not* say " Chi, Chi, Chi."
For you see there is a rule
Not to speak with your mouth full!
So DON'T say (*Chi!*) (*Chi!*) (*Chi!*)

But when'er the climb is done,
And the cairn at last is won,
After much activitee,
Having reached your destination,
Vent your bottled-up elation
In a rousing " CHI! CHI! CHI! "

* Italic lines, chorus.

When in swift career you glide
 Down the mountain's snowy side
 In glissading ecstasee,
 As you're fast and faster speeding,
 Why not liven the proceeding
 By loud whoops of "*Chi! Chi!*
Chi!"

In the evening, you come in,
 No doubt tired, and "toom" within
 After all your activitee:
 Oh you'll lose your lethargee
 When the waiter brings the tea:
 Sure you'll hail it with "*Chi!*
Chi! Chi!"

(First two lines slow and dreamily.)

And that night, if, in your dreams,
 You're still climbing, and it seems
 You—fall off into vacancee! *(Faster)*
 Let us hope the whole hotel
 Won't be wakened by a yell,
 A frantic "*Chi! CHI! CHI!*"

Back in town, if you should meet
 Some old comrade in the street
 Very unexpectedlee:
 Oh what mem'ries it will raise
 Of those glorious mountain days,
 If you just say "*Chi! Chi! Chi!*
(Softly)"

And if e'er, in Life's stern battle
 You've some awkward job to tackle,
 First recall some hill memoree—
 Vic'tries over rock and snow;
 Pitches turned, that would not "go,"
 Then start in, with "*Chi! Chi!*
Chi!"

And now having shown how well
 All your feelings it can tell,
 We take leave of *Chi! Chi! Chi!*
 We must therefore change the rhyme,
 So will finish off this time
 With—Hurrah for the S.M.C.!

GLENCOE AND GLEN ETIVE AND THE
NATIONAL TRUST FOR SCOTLAND.

By A. W. RUSSELL.

THE response to the movement initiated by the Club for the acquisition of the Royal Forest of Dalness, with its great wealth of climbing opportunities, was so generous that, with the addition of a handsome contribution from the Pilgrim Trust, the Estate was purchased last May and handed over to the National Trust for Scotland.

Certain portions of the purchase, namely, Dalness mansion-house and some grazing ground on the left bank of the Etive, have been sold, and the proceeds, together with part of the Pilgrim Trust grant specially earmarked, will be held by the Trust as an Endowment Fund, the income from which will be available to meet the annual burdens of stipend and rates and the costs of administration.

Members will be interested to note that, apart from the original guarantee sum of £5,000, the response to the appeal produced a sum of over £1,500, of which fully £860 was received from members of the Club. In addition to the above sum a further £300 falls to be received under the Seven-year Tax-free Scheme.

Full recognition should be made of the very generous support accorded by the large number of subscribers from across the Border. These number over 319, representative of more than twenty Clubs in England.

A special letter of thanks, signed by the Chairman of Council of the Trust and the President of the Club, has been sent out to all subscribers, and a formal expression of the Trust's appreciation and thanks for the gift to the nation of such a magnificent stretch of country has been recorded in the Trust's Minutes.

The original circular issued to members of the Scottish Mountaineering and other Clubs stated that it was "intended that the Trust should be asked to undertake that the land should be maintained in its primitive condition for all time." The Council of the Trust is

in general sympathy with that view, and a letter to the Trust, on behalf of the Club, setting this forth in detail is being adjusted, and will thereafter be recorded in the Minutes of the Trust. The whole area will therefore no longer be preserved as a deer-forest and given over to sport, but will be held by the Trust as a National Forest Reserve—being retained as far as possible in its present primitive condition—to the whole of which climbers and all members of the public will have free access at all times of the year.

The area now held by the Trust in Glencoe and Glen Etive amounts to approximately 12,500 acres, and includes (1) the four peaks of the Buachaille Etive Mòr; (2) the three peaks of the Buachaille Etive Beag; (3) Bidean nam Bian with its outliers, Beinn Fhada, Stob Coire Sgreamhach, Stob Coire nan Lochan, Stob Coire nam Beith, Geàrr Aonach, Aonach Dubh, and An-t-Sròn; and (4) Aonach Eagach on the north side of Glencoe with the four peaks, Sgor nam Fiannaidh, Stob Coire Lèith, Meall Dearg, and Am Bodach. In shape the property is a triangle, with Clachaig Inn, Kingshouse Inn, and Dalness House at the three angles. From Dalness the boundary runs north-west along the summit ridge of Bidean nam Bian to Clachaig. From Clachaig the line runs along the summit of Aonach Eagach, then down to the Coe about three-quarters of a mile below the Study, and thence east to the Coupall River near Altnafeadh. Thereafter the boundary is this river and the Etive down to Dalness.

As already stated, it is intended to preserve this wonderful mountain-land in its present condition, and no shelters of any kind will be built or paths constructed. It is to be hoped that members of the climbing clubs and the general public will co-operate in this and refrain from erecting cairns or otherwise disfiguring the country.

OLD NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL.

By ROBT. M. GALL INGLIS.

IN Volume 15 two articles by G. B. Green indicated the mine of detailed information regarding Scottish hills and localities contained in the old numbers of the *S.M.C. Journal*. Volumes 4 to 10 were then covered, and it has occurred to the present writer that a similar article or two covering Volumes 11 to 20 would not be amiss.

The account of an expedition in the *Journal* will contain many details of importance that must necessarily be excluded from a guide-book for lack of space, so this article is intended to supplement the routes outlined in the guide-books by mentioning the more important accounts in the last ten volumes, thereby giving speedy reference to the expedition proposed.

Volume 11 opens with a sketch of the history of the Club during its first twenty-one years, and the letters that led to its formation are printed in detail. In "Half-hours in the Club Library" the trials that beset tourists in Scotland at the beginning of the eighteenth century are described. "Bristed's Tour" is an epic, and everyone should read F. S. Goggs' summary of it. Wm. Douglas gives us a glimpse of "Loch Awe in the Days of Bruce and Wallace." The country round Glens Affric, Cannich, and Strathfarrar is dealt with in detail; G. Sang describes "An Teallach"; S. M. Penney roams through "Cowal"; while "Scottish Loch Scenery" is picturesquely described by C. B. Philip. Interesting rock-climbs are indicated on Craig Rennet, Sail Mor of Ben Eighe, Beinn Dearg Mhor, and the Crowberry North Gully. W. N. Ling and G. T. Glover break new ground in climbs on "A' Chioch of Applecross" and "Beinn Airidh a' Charr," while Skye enthusiasts will read with interest a traverse of the "Main Cuillin Ridge" in eighteen hours.

Volume 12's chief value is the reprint of the Club Song in full, and two other excellent "personality"

poems. A number of new climbs in Skye are described by J. M. Thomson; more first ascents fall to G. T. Glover and W. N. Ling in "Fisherfield and Letterewe"; while J. A. Parker makes the first ascent of "The Black Pinnacle of Coire Bhrochain, Braeriach." The Glen Shiel hills are described, and many delightful excursions in "Argyle's Bowling Green" are outlined by F. S. Goggs. Climbs on the Aonach Eagach Ridge, Ben Dearg (Ross), Clisham, and Garven make interesting reading apart from their descriptive value. Naturalists and historians will follow W. Douglas' exploration of "The Bird Cliffs of St Abbs" and the series of articles describing "The Islands of Loch Awe." New climbs on Bidean nam Bian and the Cuillin are brought to notice.

Volume 13. The adventures of members returning from the Continent at the outbreak of the war makes exciting reading. J. A. Parker conducts us over the mountains of Glencar, Ireland, later describing that somewhat rare phenomenon, "The Green Ray." It is interesting to compare the names on the prints of the old maps appended to A. Harker's article with the "Glossary of Gaelic Names on Modern O.S. Maps." Every mountaineer should master the article on "A Few Odd Technicalities" of mountaineering, by Alex. White. The numerous expeditions from Knoydart, Glen Dessary, Kinlochleven, and Corroul are outlined, while in Skye the "Coire an Uaigneis Gullies" and "The Eastern Face of Blaven and Clach Glas" are described in detail.

Volumes 14 and 15 should be on every member's bookshelf. They contain the proud record of those of the Club who fought in the Great War. Tribute to those who fell is paid by many, especially T. F. S. Campbell's "In Memoriam" and F. S. Goggs' "The Happy Warriors." Photographs of those whose names are inscribed on the Club's War Memorial tablet are in Volume 15.

Volume 14 is chiefly "salvationist," but none the less instructive. The outstanding articles are Rev. R. Burn's "Out of the Golden Remote Wild West" and

J. H. Bell's "Some Western Hills," tours any hill-lover will wish to undertake. A number of "Scottish Hill Paths" are described by W. A. Smith, and a very practical article on "Steering in Mist by Dead Reckoning," by J. A. Parker, should be a "set question" for all aspiring (and existing) members of the Club.

Volume 15 gives a number of interesting rock-climbs. The first winter ascent of "The Observatory Ridge" is graphically described by F. S. Goggs; the Chasm of Sgurr nan Eag, the South Face of Sgurr Alasdair, and the West Buttress of Ben Eighe are ascended for the first time, while Mallory's Route and the Crack of Doom on Sron na Ciche fall to J. B. Meldrum and his party. Dr Pye outlines what can be done during a "Fortnight in Skye." Of the other articles, mention must be made of W. W. Naismith's practical hints on "How to Stop a Fall on Hard Snow or Ice."

(To be continued.)

Note.—Old numbers of the *Journal* may be had from the Librarian. Copies of almost every number since the beginning of Volume 11 are available at prices ranging from 2s. 6d. to 5s. according to the rarity of the number. There are still copies available of about eighteen different numbers prior to Volume 11, details of which may be had from the Librarian. There are no numbers in stock prior to Number 21. There are still plenty of copies of the Index to Volumes 1 to 10, price 3s. 6d. each.

EDITORIAL.

ABOUT this season, when the hills are beginning to assume a wintry aspect and climbing conditions to become more inclement, it may be opportune to review the experience of the past twelve months in the matter of accidents. We include in the "Notes" a short list of the more serious cases. The list is not complete, but an endeavour has been made to cover such accidents as resulted in serious personal injuries to climbers, or where the rescue parties included contingents of expert climbers specially summoned from a distance.

About a year ago the Committee decided to issue along with each copy of any section of the "Guide-Book" the "Warning to Hill Walkers," which was published in the April number of the *Journal*. This has also been conspicuously displayed in such places as Youth Hostels in the hill districts, as it has been recognised that the perusal of our guide-books by the rash and inexperienced, without a simultaneous reference to the articles on technique contained in the "General Guide," might be a contributory cause of accidents. The Club maintains stretchers and first-aid supplies at Glen Brittle, Fort William, and Clachaig; an appeal to our members on behalf of a maintenance fund was made in our number of last November. This latter work is, to some extent, a co-operative effort amongst a small group of mountaineering clubs in the United Kingdom.

It is not intended here to analyse the causes of this year's accidents, but rather to direct attention to the work of rescue. Nowadays climbing is becoming extremely popular. Inevitably the popularity is not confined to hill-walking, but manifests itself also in the more difficult spheres of rock, snow, and ice-climbing. Many climbing clubs, some of medium size, some very small and unorganised, have sprung up, but nearly all show the common feature of rapid expansion in numbers. And this does not include the free-lance adventurers of the hills, who belong to no organisation.

It will be observed that S.M.C. and J.M.C.S. members have been called out to assist at several of this year's accidents. Doubtless, in several cases, expert climbers were not essential for the job in hand, but those who are sent down for help are often somewhat distraught, so that they tend to exaggerate the difficulties. The result is an urgent call for help to the only well-known and organised bodies of expert mountaineers. The burden tends to fall, again and again, upon the same small group of most readily available climbers, not to mention the repeated calls upon the organising labours of certain officials.

It is no part of the functions of the Editor to suggest a line of policy, but it may not be amiss to bring such an urgent and recurrent problem to the light of open discussion amongst our members. With the rise in popularity of climbing we may rest assured that the problem will tend to become more and more insistent in the future. It may continue to be possible for us, in co-operation with our English climbing friends, to maintain the existing first-aid equipment, whereas it may become both impossible and quite undesirable for us to furnish a body of expert climbers to man the stretchers when technical difficulties are involved.

In Switzerland, the Swiss Alpine Club, a body composed of both amateur and guide members, runs a whole network of local rescue organisations. Each section of the Club looks after a mountain district. Of course, the Swiss Alpine Club is a very large body indeed, with plenty of funds and man-power at its disposal. We have no organised body of professional guides in Scotland, nor, let us hope, is such a body likely to arise. There are many other difficulties in the way. A rescue party, if it is to work efficiently and harmoniously, should preferably consist of such people as know and have confidence in each other. Nevertheless, the alternative to some attempt to create a wider, more representative rescue organisation of all organised Scottish climbers and hill walkers may be even less satisfactory. It is essentially a problem of the modern world, where sport, including mountaineering,

has become to such an extent democratised that any satisfactory solution must concern many organisations besides our own.

Owing to pressure of space the descriptions of quite a number of New Climbs are held over until the April number. This may be generally necessary in future.

The Committee, having authorised the publication at an early date (probably next Spring) of the SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS GUIDE, the General Guide Book Editor will be obliged if anyone (club member or not) who has new information concerning the mountains or climbing routes in this area will kindly communicate with the Sectional Editor, MR JAS. C. THOMSON, 116 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW, C. 2. Illustrative photographs will also be considered.

Contributors describing new climbs are requested to describe clearly the location of the start and the general line of the climb (this is most important), the general conditions and time taken by their party, and the salient features (height, noteworthy pitches), rather than smother their description in too much detail.

The Club is indebted to Mr J. Gall Inglis for the presentation of six half-tone illustration blocks, two of which have been already used, and to Mr W. N. Ling for the illustration block for the portrait of the late Mr J. H. Bell.

A SUNSET.

WE lay within the angle of our tent,
 And saw the great green curves of beauty rolling back
 To the vast splendour of the western sky,
 A palette for the battle-crimsoned clouds
 To mix and mingle in their countless shades,
 And form in many wreaths around the crest
 Of one huge peak that stood,
 Aloof and distant,
 From the twilight's darkening wave.

And still,
 When all the rest was hid
 Behind night's sable screen,
 The summit held the sunset's last pale flame,
 Which yet burned brightly, as a promise
 To guide us through the week's drab tunnel
 To a closer knowledge of the mountain heights.

R. S. H.

In Memoriam.

JOHN RENNIE, 1858-1937.

To fairly appreciate the loss the Club has sustained in the death of John Rennie, of Wellcroft, Helensburgh, one must go back to the foundation of the Club, approaching fifty years ago, when those who were admitted as members only needed to indicate their sympathy with the objects of the Club without necessarily being active mountaineers. Rennie might well be classed among those whose love of the hills centred more in the knowledge he possessed of all that they stood for in Nature's many manifestations. From his naturally reserved disposition, only those intimately acquainted with him knew how extensive was his knowledge of things seen of whatever nature they might be. Not married, and sufficiently endowed with this world's goods, he devoted his life mostly to the acquisition of knowledge which he only shyly, and with a certain degree of reticence, imparted to those who knew how to extract it. It is thirty years since he was President of the Club, and he would never have acclaimed his fitness for the post from a strictly mountaineering point of view. It therefore fairly indicates the esteem in which he was held by his comrades, and that endearment was for long sustained by the pleasure all felt when he sang the Club Song at the Annual Dinner. He was ever a frequenter of the Club Meets in the early days, and a humble contributor to the pages of the *Journal*. Even in his later years Rennie maintained a keen interest in the doings of the Club. He put in an appearance at the 1936 Dalmally Meet, and this year both at Glencoe and Fort William.

He possessed neither the inclination, nor was he of the build needed to meet the requirements of modern mountaineering; but those of us of the older generation will miss his good company in the many other ways which the simple lover of Nature is able to impart to those whose joy is found as much on the low levels as on the high.

A. ERNEST MAYLARD.

JOHN HART BELL, 1870-1937.

THE tragically sudden death of J. H. Bell came as a great shock to his many friends in the Club, of which he had been a loyal and honoured member for over forty years, and which he had served successively as member of Committee, Vice-President, and finally President.

In the earlier days of the Club he was a capable and enthusiastic pioneer of new climbs. Amongst the first ascents in which he took part may be mentioned the East Chimney on the Crowberry Tower, the Central Buttress of Buachaille Etive, the Chasm North Wall, and the Church Door Buttress on Bidean. The North Castle Gully, Staircase Climb, and the East Ridge of the Douglas Boulder were first ascents on Ben Nevis, whilst the ridge of Garbheinn of Ardgour fell to him and to W. Brown. In Arran his name is perpetuated in Bell's Groove on Cir Mhor.

He was a regular attender at the Meets. From them and from his own expeditions he gained a comprehensive knowledge of the Scottish hills. Skye, too, was a favourite resort, and he had done most of the difficult climbs, including the Water-pipe Gully.

Of powerful physique, endowed with good balance, he was equally sound on rock as on snow and ice, with a quick eye for a route, and was a thoroughly safe, reliable, and cheerful companion. Many articles from his pen have appeared in the *Journal*. When no longer able to climb he maintained his interest in mountaineering, and was exceptionally well informed in mountaineering literature.

Later in life he took up the game of croquet, and with his accustomed thoroughness became so expert that he won the Border Championship and many events in local tournaments. It was while he was engaged in a game that his life came to its sudden end.

Of his life outside the Club this is not the place to speak. When he retired from his profession of marine engineer in 1917 he placed his services at the disposal of the Admiralty. After the war he devoted himself to



J. H. BELL

public work, was first Chairman of the Dumfriesshire Education Authority for nine years, and a Justice of the Peace, and held many public offices.

He was singularly blessed in the companionship of his wife, also an ardent lover of the hills. His death leaves a sad gap in our ranks, but his friends will always cherish fragrant memories of a strong, upright man, a fine mountaineer, and a trusty, reliable, and charming companion.

W. N. LING.

FREDERICK CONRADI SQUANCE,
1863-1937.

A CASUAL meeting with the late Dr Joseph Coats, one of our original members, was the means of introducing Squance to the Club. He was present as a guest at the Fort William Meet of 1895, and was elected to membership in December of that year. He served twice on the Committee, 1902-4 and 1907-10. Until climbing was forbidden on medical grounds he was a very regular attender at Meets, and when that pleasure was denied him he enjoyed meeting his Club friends not only at the Annual Meetings but also as guests at his home in Grasmere. He was an enthusiastic lover of the Lake District, where he spent many holidays, and where he settled permanently on his retiral from professional work (as a chartered accountant in Sunderland) in 1919. He was neither a peak-bagger nor a rock-gymnast, and he had no sympathy with the so-called mountaineering whose ideal is sensationalism and risk, but he was an active and safe climber, and had an intimate acquaintance with the Lake District, the Highlands, and the Galloway hills. He had also Alpine experience which qualified him for membership of the Alpine Club, to which he was elected in 1900. A pleasanter and more unselfish companion it would be hard to find.

The present writer had special reason to appreciate his resource in emergency. While exploring with Squance a gully on a spur of Helvellyn he was caught in a shower of stones and knocked senseless, a long way from any

road. When he recovered consciousness Squance contrived to "shepherd" him over the long trudge to the high road, and to get prompt conveyance and medical attention, to which probably he owed his life.

After his retiral and settlement in Grasmere, Squance led far from an idle life. He became a member of the Westmorland County Council, where his ability and professional knowledge were of a value which his colleagues highly appreciated, and in many other ways he gave valuable public service. The regret which the older members of the Club feel at his loss is shared by his Grasmere neighbours.

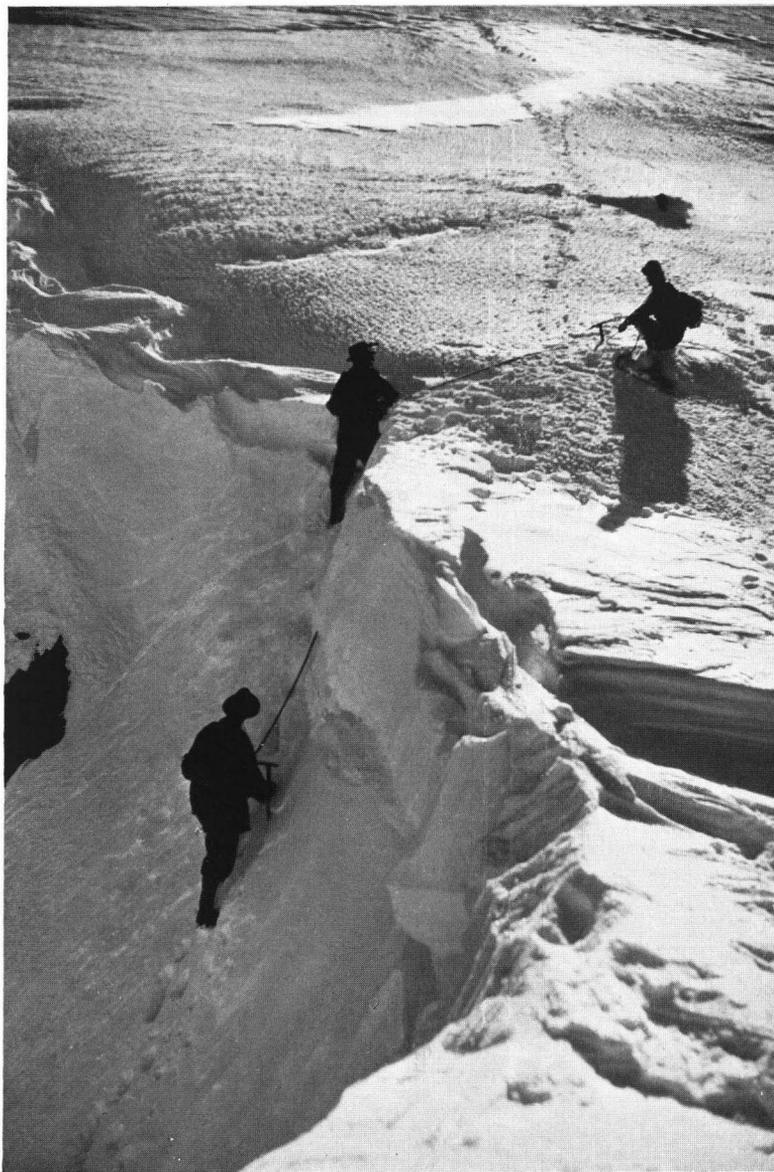
GILBERT THOMSON.

GEORGE BENNETT GIBBS.

GEORGE BENNETT GIBBS started climbing about the year 1885, devoting his time to the hills round Wasdale in the Lake District. He was a strong and excellent rock climber, and learnt his climbing in the days when the rope was not generally used. Many times he was climbing the Napes Needle and ridges on Great Gable alone upon the mountain. He did much exploration work in company with the late Walter Brumskill, whose obituary notice appeared in the last number of the *Journal*. Later he did a good deal of climbing in Skye and the west and north-west of Scotland, becoming a member of the S.M.C. in the year 1896. He had one visit to Norway and another to the Alps, where a number of climbs were done in the Chamonix and Val de Bagnes districts.

He was always a cheery companion and very willing to help others less skilful than himself. About fifteen years ago he was afflicted with heart trouble and had to give up serious climbing. Still he led an active life and interested himself in Natural History and the collection of flints, and it was on one of these small expeditions on the 17th May 1937 that he overdid his strength and had his fatal attack. I think a number of the older members of the Club will remember him as a worthy companion upon the hills.

W. A. MOUNSEY.



April 1937

R. N. Rutherford

CARN DEARG
The Exit of South Castle Gully

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET, 1937—FORT WILLIAM.

NINETEEN hundred and thirty-seven will probably be recorded in Club history as the year which provided the wettest Meet and the finest Meet ever experienced. After the appalling weather encountered at New Year those members who again attended must have felt well rewarded for their constancy. Conditions were perfect in every respect, and the combination of gloriously clear days with abundance of snow made the week-end one of outstanding memory.

The hills at Easter held more snow than for many years. While going was at times heavy on south slopes, the northern faces and gullies were in excellent condition. The grandeur of the Nevis cliffs, which were in their upper reaches, completely plastered with ice, beggars description, and those who made expeditions up the Nevis gullies enjoyed unforgettable expeditions.

In all, 41 members and 8 guests attended; a disappointingly small number, particularly in view of the fact that the Club had been guaranteed sole lease of the new Grand Hotel if 50 members booked for the week-end. Thanks are therefore all the more due to Mrs Burgess and the hotel staff for the attention and comfort afforded throughout. The bookings at the Inglis Clark Hut were also very disappointing, and a poor tribute to the many joys of occupation. Is it because the majority of members prefer not to restrict Meet activities to a limited area? The pleasant company at the hotel may also be responsible.

Apart from some ascents of the Gardyloo and other gullies, little serious climbing was done, members preferring on the whole to make the most of the glorious views obtainable by exhilarating ridge-walking on many

hills, some as far distant as Glen Finnan, Loch Laggan, and Glencoe.

A very pleasant aftermath of the Meet was the meeting held in the Club-Room when Mr Allan Arthur showed the Nevis slides, and members who had attended the Meet had an opportunity to show and compare the many excellent photographs they had taken. It is hoped that the latter may lead to some valuable additions being made to the Club Slide Collection.

R. R. ELTON.

PERSONNEL.

The following members were present at one time or another: The President, Mr P. J. H. Unna, and Messrs J. L. Aikman, G. Anderson, Allan Arthur, J. H. B. Bell, J. F. A. Burt, J. R. Corbett, P. Donald, J. Dow, C. A. J. Elphinston, R. R. Elton, A. Geddes, T. J. Gibson, G. T. Glover, A. Harrison, D. J. S. Harvey, N. L. Hird, E. W. Hodge, K. K. Hunter, J. G. Inglis, R. M. G. Inglis, J. S. M. Jack, R. Jeffrey, D. G. Kellock, W. N. Ling, J. Y. Macdonald, G. G. Macphee, D. H. M'Pherson, R. W. Martin, M. Matheson, I. H. Ogilvie, J. G. Osborne, J. Rennie, A. H. H. Ross, R. N. Rutherford, J. A. Scott, G. A. Solly, G. Thomson, E. C. Thomson, E. A. M. Wedderburn, and J. Wordie (41 members).

The following guests were present: Messrs R. L. Beveridge, G. V. Bonner, A. Courtauld, R. L. Gwilt, H. M. Kelly, D. L. Morrison, R. Tyssen Gee, and Shaw (8 guests).

CLIMBS DONE.

Thursday, 25th March.—Macphee, Bonner (and Slingsby) did Stob Ban (Treig). Glover, Ross, Ling, and Unna arrived walking from Corrou. Beveridge and Dow were on Gulvain (and on Beinn a' Chaoruinn on Wednesday).

Friday, 26th March.—Matheson, Elphinston and Bonner did Stob Coire Claurigh. Dow and Macphee did Carn Dearg, S.W. Gibson and Aikman erected a notice-board on the track. Kellock was on Ben Nevis. Hird, Jeffrey, Gwilt, and Harrison were on



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R. N. Rutherford

BEN NEVIS—COIRE LEIS AND THE C.I.C. HUT

Aonach Beag. Corbett did Irlich Chaole, 3,009 feet, but not in the Tables. M'Pherson and Tyssen Gee did Stob Ban and Mullach nan Coirean. Glover, Ling, Arthur, Scott, and Ross did Ben Nevis by the arête. Beveridge, Ogilvie, and Martin climbed No. 3 Gully. E. C. Thomson and Elton bagged Buachaille Etive Beag. Rutherford came from Kingshouse by the Devil's Staircase.

Saturday, 27th March.—E. C. Thomson, Kellock, and Elton did Meall na Teanga and Sron a Choire Ghairb. Donald, M'Pherson, and Tyssen Gee did both Aonachs. Unna and Bust were on Stob Ban and Mullach nan Coirean. Martin, Geddes, and Elphinston did Sgurr a Mhaim and Stob Ban. Matheson and Bonner did Carn Mor Dearg and Nevis. Beveridge, Macphee, and Ogilvie attempted the N.E. ridge of Aonach Beag and climbed the summit ridge to Sgurr a Bhuic. Gibson, Rutherford, and Aikman were in Coire Leis, and so to Ben Nevis by the arête. Three aeroplanes passed over the summit about them. Scott, Glover, Jack, Ross, and Ling did Sgurr Thuilm and then the ridge over Sgurr Coireachan. R. M. G. Inglis traversed Clachlet. Corbett bagged Beinn an Tuim (2,603 feet). Arthur, Hird, Jeffrey, Gwilt, and Harrison did Sgurr Choinnich Beag and Stob Coire Claurigh.

Sunday, 28th March.—Corbett and R. M. G. Inglis did Stob Ban and Mullach nan Coirean. Scott, Jack, Osborne, Ross, Hird, and Ling did Sgurr a Mhaim, as also did Burt. Gibson and Aikman did Meall na Teanga. Jeffrey, Gwilt, Matheson, and Harrison did No. 3 Gully. Geddes, E. C. Thomson, and Kellock did all tops of Beinn a Chaoruinn. Macphee, M'Pherson, and Elphinston climbed Gardyloo Gully. Donald, Bonner, and Tyssen Gee did No. 3 Gully. Elton and Rutherford did Sgurr Thuilm and Sgurr nan Coireachan. Ogilvie traversed Na Gruagaichean, Stob Coire a Charn, Am Bodach, and Sgurr a Mhaim. Gilbert Thomson and J. Gall Inglis ascended Meall Bhanavie, the viewpoint *par excellence* for Ben Nevis either at dawn or, preferably, in the late afternoon. Unna, Glover, and Arthur photographed in Glencoe and Dalness. Bell and Wedderburn traversed the Aonach Eagach ridge, Glencoe. Dow and Beveridge were on Buachaille Etive Beag.

Monday, 29th March.—Rutherford, Jack, Gibson, and Aikman climbed the South Castle Gully. Ling, E. C. Thomson, Elton, Geddes, Osborne, Scott, and Ross did No. 3 Gully. Arthur and Matheson made a lightning ascent of Gardyloo Gully in one hundred minutes from the Hut. R. M. G. Inglis and Corbett climbed Meall na Teanga and made it 3,001 feet. Hunter, Morrison, and Dunn (J.M.C.S.) climbed No. 3 Gully. Donald, M'Pherson, and Tyssen Gee traversed An Garbhanach, An Gearanach, Na Gruagaichean, and Binnein Mor. Hodge and Kelly did Stob Ban (Treig) and Stob Coire Claurigh.

Tuesday, 30th March.—Arthur, Hunter, Wordie, and Courtauld all did Stob Ban, the first two adding Sgurr a Mhaim and the others adding Mullach nan Coirean.

J. H. B. B.

LIBRARY AND CLUB ROOM.

THE Library still continues to be little used.

Mr James Stewart of the J.M.C.S. has presented two pen-and-ink drawings to the Club, which now hang in the Club Room. They were made by the donor and are of the Eigerjoch and Mönch, and of Ben Lui from Ben Oss. Very many thanks.

The Librarian now has a list of more than a dozen persons who wish to sell sets or parts of sets of the Club *Journal*. In the past two years he has, by luck, been able to negotiate the sale of one set—but only one. Please don't write to him any more about selling your *Journals*—it can't be done except at a very low price, and the present supply *far* exceeds any demand.

[*Note*.—Presumably buyers of sets of *Journals* will, however, be welcome correspondents.—ED.]

During the past year the following books have been added to the Library:—

Presented by Mr C. W. Nettleton—

“Vacation Rambles,” by T. N. Telfourd.

“Recollections of a First Visit to the Alps,” by T. N. Telfourd.

“The Regular Swiss Round,” by Rev. Harry Jones.

Presented by Mr J. Rooke Corbett—

“The Hill Writings of J. H. Doughty.”

Presented by the Librarian—

“Beautiful Mountains,” by F. S. Copeland.

“Mountaineering Art,” by H. Raeburn.

“Alpine Climbing on Foot and with Ski,” by himself.

Presented by their Publishers—

“My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus,” by A. F. Mummery, and “The Playground of Europe,” by Leslie Stephen. Blackwell.

“L'Œuvre Scientifique du Club Alpin Français (1874-1927).” C.A.F.

- “Climbers’ Guides to Cwm Idwal and Glyder Fach.”
Climbers’ Club.
“The Mountain Scene,” by F. S. Smythe. A. & L. Black.
“Camp Six,” by F. S. Smythe. Hodder & Stoughton Ltd.
“Island Memories,” by J. W. Dougal. Moray Press.

In addition several members and others have presented welcome gifts of kindred Club journals to fill gaps in our sets.

Presented by Mr F. S. Goggs—

- “My Home in the Alps,” by Mrs Main.
“High Life and Towers of Silence,” by Mrs Burnaby.
“The Pyrenees,” by C. R. Weld.
“On Mountain Heights and British Crags,” by G. D. Abraham.
“Alpine Ski Guide, Bernese Oberland II.,” by Arnold Lunn.
“The High Alps of New Zealand,” by W. S. Green.
“Excursions in the Alps,” by W. Brockenden.
“Holidays in Tyrol,” by W. White.
“Travels in the Eastern Caucasus,” by Sir A. T. Cunyngame.
“The Pedestrian: A Summer’s Ramble in the Tyrol,” by C. J. La Trobe.
“South of France, the Pyrenees,” by F. H. Johnson.
Journal of a Summer Tour (Parts II., III.), Anon.

NEW MEMBERS

THE Club desires to extend a hearty welcome to the following gentlemen who have been admitted to membership at the Committee Meeting on 30th October: Messrs J. M. Davidson, C. C. Gorrie, D. W. Howe, E. G. H. Kempson, W. M. MacKenzie, J. D. MacLennan, G. Manley, A. S. Russell, S. P. Taylor.

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.

BUACHAILLE ETIVE MOR—CENTRAL BUTTRESS.

16th May 1937.

Pitch No. 1.—From Heather Ledge at its S.E. corner 40 feet up a steep, sloping, heather-clad ledge.

Pitch No. 2.—Twenty-foot traverse to the right and 10 feet up on small holds. Belay.

Pitch No. 3.—Thirty-foot traverse to left on a very difficult face and up over a small overhang to a small stance.

Pitch No. 4.—Awkward step round an overhanging corner and along to a small ledge. No belay. (20 feet.)

Pitch No. 5.—Up to a sloping ledge difficult to get on to, small holds. A long swing round a corner; there are no holds; a piton driven in supplies the want. (40 feet.)

Classification.—Severe.

Party.—W. M. MacKenzie (J.M.C.S.); J. K. W. Dunn (J.M.C.S.); James Ewart (J.M.C.S.).

SGURR ALASDAIR—VARIATION OF ABRAHAM'S ROUTE.

July 1937.

Instead of making the 60-foot traverse, as described in the "Guide," we went to the left on the "Stone Shoot" face. The position is marked by a loop of rope draped round a boulder.

Pitch No. 1.—A 40-foot pitch over "trap." An awkward corner to a sloping ledge or slab.

Pitch No. 2.—To the left and up a wall; small holds. Small belay. (40 feet.)

Pitch No. 3.—Up a sloping shelf to a sloping ledge and round an overhanging corner; undercut hold for left hand. The step round the corner is extremely difficult, the hold for the right hand is undercut and difficult to reach, the stance or small ledge slopes at an angle of 25°. A slimy, greasy chimney, 10 to 12 feet high, with splayed-out walls and partly overhanging, is climbed. The stance above is a good one.

About a hundred feet of moderate climbing and the north arête is joined just under the summit cairn.

Grade, 4.

Party.—W. M. MacKenzie (J.M.C.S.); A. M. MacAlpine (J.M.C.S.).

BEN NEVIS—RUBICON WALL.

VARIATION OF FINAL PITCHES.

2nd August 1937.

To the left of Pitch No. 7 a steep groove is ascended to a small stance; small belay overhead. (50 feet.)

The last pitch, 90 feet on sloping, holds more or less a series of mantelshelves. It is extremely exposed and requires a great deal of care. This pitch brings the climber out at the Rubicon Wall cairn.

Classification.—Very severe.

Party.—W. M. MacKenzie (J.M.C.S.); W. H. Murray (J.M.C.S.); A. M. MacAlpine (J.M.C.S.); D. Scott (J.M.C.S.).

CONNIVAL.

Mr E. E. Roberts, A.C., sends the following interesting comment on the "Northern Highlands Guide":—

It sends you to Ben More over Connival and leaves you there. It is this which moves me to write to you. From Inchnadamph it is a very fine expedition to make the round over the bealach south of Connival, and on the way you pass what appear to be almost the only caves in Scotland which are not mentioned in the "Guide."

Follow the Traligill back from Inchnadamph past Glenbain Farm a mile till you strike Traligill, where in a short space it makes two right angles. Under a conspicuous bit of cliff in the one of them to the right is the curious Traligill Swallet. The bed of the burn below it is dry, and the north bank, a great slab, is stated to be a thrust plane. Coming in at the Swallet is also an interesting dry limestone gill running parallel to the upper Traligill. The Cave of Water and the Cave of Roaring are not half a mile off on the broad ridge between the two gills.

Crossing Traligill is easy enough, even in spate, as a quarter of a mile up it does a couple of hundred yards underground, and from the bank above the rising the caves can be seen. The roar from the Cave of Water is to be heard afar, and the explorer will not be disappointed. The most interesting way is to go past the caves, cross to the dry gill, and follow it up till it opens out and the bealach south of Connival comes into view. After a stretch of plugging to the stream coming from it, I found a long and charming "gorge" up to the bealach.

Across it the hillsides above the Oykell can be contoured with remarkable ease to the outlet of Dubh Loch Mor. To the east of the loch the steep broken slopes can be climbed without much difficulty to Carn nan Conbhaireann, or more directly to the col west of it (I arrived between the two). The ridge is quite well marked to Ben More Assynt; that beyond on to Connival is very broad and I was glad the more broken clouds saved me compass work in a gale. The south and west sides of Connival are bad going, but the ridge is definite to the north and one comes down comfortably to the head-waters of the Traligill, and so to Inchnadamph. The route is obvious on the map.

THE HEIGHT OF THE ANGEL'S PEAK AND THE NEIGHBOURING COLS.

A glance at the 1-inch O.S. map of the Cairngorms will show that the height of the Angel's Peak, as shown by the contouring, does not agree with the figure given in the "Guide." I have for some time suspected that the contouring in this neighbourhood was not accurate, and therefore when traversing the peaks in 1936 I made a careful series of observations. I was able to repeat these this year, traversing the ridge in both directions so as to minimise the inevitable errors. Unfortunately the only aneroid I had available was a small one, reading to 8,000 feet and scaled in 100-foot intervals. The readings have, however, been corrected for change in barometric pressure, temperature, and a small instrumental error. Precautions were taken to minimise hysteresis. The summit of Cairn Toul (4,241 feet) was the point of reference. When corrected the three sets of readings agree very well among themselves, and the means given in the last column of the table should be correct to within 15 feet.

It will be seen that the Angel's Peak is 100 feet and the col to the east of it 150 feet lower than is indicated on the map, and that the drop from the Angel's Peak to this col is 350 feet and not 100 feet as stated in the "Guide," while the drop from Cairn Toul is about 480 feet.

	"Guide."	Map.	Aneroid.
Col west of Angel's Peak	3,730	—*	3,695
Angel's Peak	4,095 †	Greater than 4,200	4,116
Col east of Angel's Peak	3,968 ‡	3,900	3,761

* The lowest point on the 6-in. map is 3,730 feet, but this appears to be about 150 yards to the west of the col.

† Aneroid reading by the late Mr Hinxman.

‡ The mean between "about 100 feet" below the Angel's Peak and "some 300 feet" below Cairn Toul. J. Y. MACDONALD.

BLACK SPOUT—LOCHNAGAR.

Mr N. L. Snell writes:—

The "Guide-Book" states that there is no record of an ascent of the left-hand branch of the Black Spout under summer conditions, the difficulty presumably being the surmounting of the overhanging rock by the entrance. This was accomplished by the discovery of a hole underneath, down which water was trickling. It was found that a man could just squeeze himself through and the rucksacks had to be thrown up by the last member, before he in his turn came through. The chimney climb in the right-hand wall of the branch, mentioned also by your "Guide," was successfully scaled. The conditions were not very good, the rocks being wet and slimy. The overhanging pitch at the top did not present a serious obstacle.

The Coronation was celebrated on the summit of Ben Nevis by B. H. Humble (S.M.C.) and W. G. Marskell (J.M.C.S.), appropriately enough a Scotsman and an Englishman. During the day they carried up big Scottish Standard and Union Jack flags and erected them on the summit. They returned to the Hut for tea and climbed up again via No. 3 Gully in the late evening. From 11.30 P.M. till midnight they set off rockets and other fireworks from the cairn. The conditions were ideal and the effects very fine as illuminated stars shot out over the precipice and fell to the valley below. This appears to be the highest firework display ever held in Britain.

Mr E. W. Hodge writes:—

I wish to claim on behalf of Garbh Chioch Mhòr the dignity of a separate Munro, as the drop between it and Sgùrr na Cìche is more than 500 feet. After a lengthy stop on the summit of Sgùrr na Cìche I set my aneroid (which had registered well up to then) at 3,410 feet. At the col between Coire nan Gall and Coire na Cìche it fell to 2,780 feet. It then made Garbh Chioch Mhr 3,315 and Garbh Chioch Beag 3,160 feet. On Sgùrr nan Coireachan (on which we stood at midnight) it showed 3,125, the true height. These figures are also of interest as showing Garbh Chioch Mhòr and Garbh Chioch Beag themselves as of rather different heights to those adopted in the "Guide." Aneroid readings by Prof. Heddle are the authority for the latter. H. T. Munro's article (*S.M.C.J.*, XII. p. 177) remarks that Heddle's measurements "seemed to be fairly correct," although it does not appear how Munro checked them. Munro himself merely remarks that "there is a considerable drop" between Sgùrr na Cìche and Garbh Chioch Mhòr. May I add that by its appearance this fine mountain is well capable of supporting the dignity of a Munro if it should please our Club to confer the same upon it.

BUACHAILLE ETIVE MOR—D GULLY BUTTRESS.

The "Guide-Book" description of D Gully Buttress is rather misleading in that it makes out the difficult 70-foot pitch to be the first of the climb. Actually the two fine pitches at the left-hand corner of the lowest rocks are, to judge by the nailmarks, a popular choice of start, and are certainly interesting enough in themselves to deserve mention.

The first (50 feet) lies up steep rocks to a slanting ledge, which is followed upwards for a short distance to the right. The wall above is then climbed for 10 feet to a heather platform. A diminutive spike belay, 10 feet to the left and close to the rocks, may here be used.

The second pitch (40 feet) has an interesting start—an awkward movement to the right into a shallow scoop. Thereafter a series of small ledges lead to another heather terrace.

Indefinite scrambling up the line of the buttress follows until the 70-foot pitch is reached.

C. R. STEVEN.

 ROCK-FALL IN ARRAN.

When climbing No. 3 Gully on A'Chir Ridge in Arran during July last, we noticed that the steep grass slope in the right cut, which is mentioned in "The Islands of Scotland Guide," has avalanched, leaving bare slabby rock. This change apparently took place during the second week in July. The route we decided on was by going into the left cut and climbing the right wall, which is about 10 feet high. From here, making a traverse across the separating rib of rock on somewhat sketchy holds, we reached the old climb above the fall. For this new pitch the leader will require to run out 90 feet of rope.

D. AITKEN, J.M.C.S.

 MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS IN SCOTLAND FROM
1ST OCTOBER 1936 TO 30TH SEPTEMBER 1937.

27th December 1936.—William Christie (23), of Dunblane, killed on Buchaille Etive Mor. Christie slipped when jumping on to a patch of snow. He had no ice axe. S.M.C. and J.M.C.S. members were called out from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Many answered the call and spent all day on the hill.

27th December 1936.—Cunnison Mathie (35), of Glasgow, fell on Beinn an Lochain and received injuries to shoulder and neck—taken to Western Infirmary.

17th April 1937.—George Chalmers (56), Grampian Club, killed

when descending Stob Coire nam Beithe. S.M.C. and J.M.C.S. men were called out.

24th May 1937.—Helen Harvey (18) fell on Slack Dhu (Campsies) - broke leg and received head and face injuries.

27th June 1937.—Harvey Jordan, of Northampton, found in an exhausted condition by J.M.C.S. members in the valley of the Allt a' Mhuillin; had fallen when climbing alone—was carried down to Fort William.

8th August 1937.—Charles Paterson (22), Glasgow, killed on Buchaille Etive Mor. Alone and unroped, he followed a climbing party and fell down in the Great Gully.

31st August 1937.—Miss Sybil Littledale (28), of Weybridge, fell near the summit of Sron na Ciche. Large party carried out a difficult rescue.

All these affairs received much publicity in the Press, and often the accounts were exaggerated and sensationalised.

Of the fatalities one was due to a simple slip by an experienced climber. The other two should never have occurred. In some cases the accounts have been obtained by interpreting the reports of the Press.

B. H. HUMBLE.

S.M.C. ABROAD.

W. N. Ling was out in Austrian Tyrol part of July and August with the President, P. J. H. Unna, R. Corry, and J. M. Davidson. They spent a week at the Berliner Hut in the Zillertal district and climbed the Zsigmondy Spitz, Gross Greiner, and Ochsner. The weather was unsettled with thunderstorms; they just missed one on the ridge of the Greiner, but got thoroughly wet before reaching the Hut. Corry returned home, and the other three moved to Oetzthal. At the Ramolhaus they were caught by bad weather and imprisoned for two days, then escaped over the Ramoljoch. From the Amberger Hut, which is being rebuilt, they had a good climb on the Wilde Leck. Davidson then had to return home, and Unna and Ling finished up with a nice rock-climb on the Strahlkogel from the Winnebachsee Hut, which proved less fearsome than it looked.

Mr A. Harrison, accompanied by Mr R. L. Gwilt, was in the Alps during the first half of August. The account of his doings is covered by the Notes from Mr R. Jeffrey and Mr J. H. B. Bell.

Mr Robert Jeffrey, accompanied by Mrs Jeffrey and their younger son, were in Grindelwald for the first half of August. During the first week Mr A. Harrison and Mr R. L. Gwilt joined them. Alphonse Chenoz, guide of Courmayeur, with his son as porter, accompanied them.

They traversed the Wetterhorn from the Gleckstein to the Dossen Hut and next day continued over the Dossenhorn and the Wetterkessel to the Rosenegg. It was not feasible in the time available to climb the Berglistock by the heavily corniced north ridge, so a descent was made to the Gleckstein. They next went to the Jungfrauoch by train and ascended the Jungfrau by the normal route, on the next day ascending the Mönch by the south-west ridge and descending the normal way. Harrison and Gwilt now left for Saas.

Finally Mr Jeffrey's party crossed from Jungfrauoch to the Finsteraarhorn Hut by the Hinter Fiescherhorn and the Klein Grünhornlücke. Next day only Ian Jeffrey and the guide ascended the Finsteraarhorn, whereafter in worsening weather the whole party returned to the Jungfrauoch by the Konkordia.

The Editor was climbing in the Saas Fee district from 9th to 20th August inclusive. On the 10th, in company with A. Harrison, R. L. Gwilt, Dr Burnett (F. & R.C.C.), J. F. Hamilton, and P. A. Small, the Portjengrat was traversed in good conditions. Owing to congestion of parties on the ridge Bell and Burnett

effected what is probably a new descent from the main summit down a rock rib direct to the glacier—not to be greatly recommended.

On the 12th the same party ascended the Rimpfischhorn by the Allalin Pass and a traverse on the west side, starting from the Britannia Hut. Bell, Hamilton, and Small returned over the Nordgrat to the Hut; the others descended to Zermatt.

On the 13th Bell and Small ascended the Egginer by a new route up the red rock-wall facing the Britannia. This is quite commendable, difficult in several places, and a little involved. The new part took three hours hard climbing. The Editor went to the Monte Moro on the 15th in the intervals between bad weather, and enjoyed his most magnificent Alpine view of the cloud and sun-flecked east face of Monte Rosa.

The 16th was devoted to abortive attempts on gneiss cliffs near Saas, but a move was made to the Weissmies Hut on the 17th, where the holiday was completed with three excellent expeditions with P. A. Small. First of all the traverse of the Fletschhorn and the Laquinhorn on the 18th, then the magnificent Nordgrat of the Weissmies on the 19th, finally a shorter day over the Jägihorn and the difficult rocky ridge of the Jägigrat on the 20th, ending in a snowstorm. A ridge-walking holiday is always the most enjoyable of all types of mountaineering anyway.

J. Y. Macdonald led St Andrews University's scientific expedition to Iceland in July and August. Several journeys were made over the plateau of the north-west peninsula, a wilderness of boulders and snow-patches, but the only climbs worth recording were Kaldbakur (3,242 feet) by the south-west ridge (an easy rock-climb), and the Dranga Jökull (3,005 feet) by the Kaldalon icefall. Both routes are probably new. The rock in the district was generally very unreliable, and unstable screes abounded.

Mr E. A. M. Wedderburn was in the Alps for some time during last autumn and winter. He climbed numerous peaks, some on foot, some on ski. There were heavy snowfalls in October followed by a sunny period, which produced perfect spring-like snow and glacier conditions. The districts visited were Kandersteg, Diablerets, Zermatt, and Monte Leone.

A. L. Cram writes:—

I was at Chamonix in September and, *inter alia*, climbed the Moine Ridge of the Aiguille Verte.

Dr G. G. Macphee writes:—

After attending an international congress in Stockholm, I had a fortnight's touring in Norway, in the course of which I went up the Romsdalshorn, Slogen, Store Skagastölstind, and Dyrhaugstind.

At Öye that veteran mountaineer C. W. Patchell was generous

with helpful advice, and at Turtagrö the hotel displayed photographs of such celebrities as Raeburn, Ling, etc., of almost historical interest.

C. W. Parry was in the Alps from 4th to 16th August inclusive, climbing with Fritz Suter as guide. On the 5th they went to the Gleckstein Hut, climbing the Klein Schreckhorn on the 6th by the ridge between it and the Gross Schreckhorn, with a new and difficult descent on the west side. On the 7th they went from Eismeer Station to the Mitteleggi Hut, from which on the 8th they traversed the Eiger by the Mitteleggi Ridge and down the south-west ridge, thence to Jungfrauoch. On the 10th they went to the Guggi Hut, from which on the 11th they traversed the Mönch, up over the large ice-bulge of the Nollen and down to the Jungfrauoch, collecting provisions and finishing at the Konkordia at 1 P.M. The Grünhorn was ascended on the 12th by the west and descended by the Grüneckhorn and Firn back to Konkordia, where they met Jeffrey and party. As bad weather negatived the Aletschhorn, a descent was made down the glacier to Fiesch, followed by a low-level journey to Meiringen and Grindelwald. The 14th and 15th were very wet, but on the 16th they ascended the Gross Scheidegg with designs on the Kingspitze of the Engelhörner. Owing to bad weather this was abandoned and the return made by the Faulhorn path and the Waldspitz.

Mr C. R. P. Vandeleur was in Switzerland from 19th June until 19th July, but had bad weather on the whole. During the first nine days at the Diablerets bad weather prevailed, only a few ascents below the snow-line being possible, including one glorious view from near the Col de la Croix. Proceeding to Kandersteg the weather improved slowly, and on 2nd July in glorious weather he ascended the Doldenhorn with a guide. Several days later he ascended the Blumlisalphorn from the new Frunden Hut to the Blumlisalp Hut. Much new snow made these fine peaks rather toilsome. After two weeks at Kandersteg Mr Vandeleur went to Ried in the Lötschenthal. Acting on his guide's advice the Bietschhorn was selected as the final venture. The ascent by the impressive north ridge was interesting and enjoyable, but the descent by the west ridge was much more formidable owing to slushy snow overlying ice on the steep parts, and toilsome as well owing to much loose rock. At the critical section mist and hail came on, but fortunately not for long. Later on a succession of thunderstorms pursued the party down the valley.

Professor H. W. Turnbull was in the region of Zinal during the latter half of July, along with Dr Alan Richards and (for five days only) Mr Hans Moser, of Zurich. They had good weather with much snow on the high peaks. For five nights they were at the Mountet Hut, from which they climbed the south point of the Crête de

Morning over the north shoulder of the Zinal Rothorn, also Mont Durand and the Arbenjoch from Col Durand. Richards climbed the Besso. Then a crossing was made to St Niklaus by the Col de Tracquit, the Turtmann, and the Topali Huts. From these they climbed the Tête de Millon, Bieshorn, Barrhorn (two tops), and the Brunegghorn, with a fine ice-slope on its north ridge. The summit view, with its contrast between the snowy north-east face of the Weisshorn and the green meadows deep within the recesses of the Nikolaithal, was especially striking.

Mr T. MacKinnon writes :—

J. A. Brown (J.M.C.S.) and T. D. MacKinnon were in the Alps for a fortnight from 1st August. For the first ten days they were with the Diablerets section of the S.A.C., starting from Cabane du Trient. Between them they climbed Pointe d'Orny, Pointes des Plines, Portalet, Aiguille d'Argentière, Aiguille Purtscheller, Aiguille du Tour, Grande Luis, traverse of Aiguilles Dorées and Le Tour Noir. For the second week they transferred to Chamonix where they were less fortunate with the weather, the only ascent of note being Mont Blanc by the Aiguille du Gouter, descending by Les Grands Mulets.

Mr J. Stewart (J.M.C.S.) writes :—

I visited the Valais this summer with F. C. Berwick (J.M.C.S.) and G. Brownson (S.A.C.). From Fionnay in the Val-de-Bagnes, on 2nd August, we climbed the Petit Mont Font, and next day with our guide, Etienne Bessard, we went up to the Panossière Hut. During the four days spent at the Hut, we traversed the Combin de Corbassière and Petit Combin, made the ascent of the Grand Combin by the "Corridor" and the N.E. Arête, and traversed the Grand Tave from the Col des Otnes to the Gl. de Bocheresse and thence to Fionnay. On the 8th we tramped up to the Chanrion Hut and traversed the Bec d'Epicour from the Gl. d'Otemma by the N.W. Arête next day. La Ruinette was ascended on the 10th by the south ridge, and next day we traversed the Mont Blanc de Seilon from the Col de Serpentine to the Val des Dix Hut. On the 12th we made the traverse of the Rosa Blanche from the Col de Severen and the south ridge to the Col de Cleuson. We returned to England on 14th August after a fortnight of perfect climbing weather.

REVIEWS.

[Owing to pressure of space we are compelled to make our Reviews exceedingly brief. Books are reviewed because it is practically the only way to replenish our Library, and also to make it better known to members. It is not possible to make this section into a literary page as the term is generally understood, nor is it desirable. What we wish our reviewers to do is to give the salient facts as briefly as possible. Would any members willing to undertake this service kindly communicate with the Hon. Librarian.]

Glyder Fach Group. The Climbers' Club Guides. By C. F. Kirkus.

This is the third of the new series of Rock Climbers' Guides to the Welsh Hills. It deals with Bochlwyd Buttress, the Facet of the Gribin, Glyder Fach, and some outliers such as Sub-Cneifion Rib and the Clogwyn Du Gully. Included in the sixty odd routes which are concisely described are the unique Monolith Crack, a narrow chasm into which the climber wedges himself and passes far into the bowels of the mountain. Final Flake on the direct route on Glyder Fach is one of the most difficult of British rock climbs. I wonder if it has been led as often as five times. The diagrams by C. H. French are models of their kind. Stress is laid on the finding of the foot of the climb—would that our own guide-books might copy them in this respect at least. E. A. M. W.

Camp Six. By F. S. Smythe. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. 18s. net.

In this version of one of the most interesting chapters of the long, and still unfinished, Everest saga, the great tale is told in a simple and straightforward way, and most people will find the book more readable and attractive than the Official Account. Smythe's English style is always good, and in his few asides, which are never inharmoniously interpolated, his clear sanity of view and strong common sense are usually apparent. As one follows the story of each successive episode in the struggle to storm the great mountain, one is always conscious, as a sort of background, of the ceaseless menacing undertone of the terrible north-west wind, that mighty giant in whose grip ultimate success must always lie; and that this effect is produced is a tribute to Smythe's literary art.

If any fault can be found with the production it is that the illustrations are perhaps hardly up to the standard of the letterpress, even if allowance is made for the fact that some of the exposures

must have been made under conditions of extreme severity. At the comparatively high price of 18s. a finer standard of reproduction might have been expected: if the supreme beauty of the pictures in "Nanga Parbat Adventure" (which cost 10s. 6d.) could not reasonably be considered attainable, one might instance in comparison those in Lindsay's "Sledge" or Fleming's "News from Tartary."

J. D.

The Mountain Scene. By F. S. Smythe. A. & L. Black. 12s. 6d.

This is a book of Photographs by this well-known writer on mountaineering, prefaced by a chapter on Mountain Photography which brings out the difficulty of obtaining good photographs of Scottish hills. The photographs which follow confirm this. There are pictures of the British hills, the Alps, and the Himalayas, each of which is accompanied by a short description. The British photographs number only six and are not very interesting. The Alpine and Himalayan photographs are much better but are mostly old favourites of ours.

E. A. M. W.

Island Memories. By J. W. Dougal. Moray Press. 5s.

This is another memorial volume. Dougal was a chemist by profession but a geologist at heart, and he spent every available moment in the Outer Isles in the days when these islands were seldom visited. His contributions to geology won him an honorary degree from Edinburgh University in 1928. The papers comprising the book, however, do not treat of geology, but of folk-lore and of the history and scenery of the islands which Dougal knew so well.

E. A. M. W.

Hill Writings of J. H. Doughty. Collected by H. M. Kelly. Published by The Rucksack Club, Manchester. Copies obtainable from Mr A. Burns, Lynrod, Colville Grove, Timperley, Cheshire. Price, 4s., post free.

J. H. Doughty will always rank as a great editor of a mountaineering journal, bringing to his task great literary gifts, a sound scholarship and a wide humanity. This attractive collection of his writings, besides being a most suitable tribute to his memory, would adorn any climbing bookshelf.

The articles do not describe any new and sensational climbs, either on the British hills or in the Alps. Their attractiveness lies rather in the graceful and whimsical style which reflects so truly the

moods of the hill climber, alike in his reaction to natural beauty and to the occasional discomfort and boredom of such phases of our sport as the plug over interminable snow slopes under a burning sun. Some of the most fascinating articles are pure creations of the mind, such as "Aneroids" and "Dream Rocks." Others, on such subjects as the "Conventions of Mountaineering," are models of clear statement on debatable issues. Every subject is illuminated with good sense and a strong conviction of the common interests of all hill lovers.

J. H. B. B.

Alpine Climbing on Foot and with Ski. By E. A. M. Wedderburn. Published by The Open Air Publications Ltd. Price, 5s. 118 pp., 60 illustrations.

On the paper jacket it is stated that this is a text-book for the climber of some experience who is contemplating an Alpine holiday, and in the Preface the author explains that the experience already gained is presumed to have been chiefly on British hills.

As is to be expected from a climber of Mr Wedderburn's ability and experience, the book contains a great deal of sound advice, some new, some often repeated. This is supplemented by good diagrams.

Mr Wedderburn sets a high standard and devotes considerable space to the use of pitons (which he prefers to call "ring spikes"), which are not generally so popular in Britain as in some continental centres. We should like to have more information of the practical experience of pitons on ice slopes.

Ski are dealt with in the longest chapter in the book, and here again the author sets a standard which most British mountaineers can only attain through much practice. Where space was so restricted we should have been inclined to have omitted any reference to such elementary features as kick turns, walking and herring-boning, and devoted more space to such very difficult operations as roped descents on badly crevassed glaciers. On such difficult ground all but the very experienced will be well advised to play for safety.

We think that, on the whole, it might have been better to sacrifice to some extent the cheapness and compactness (the book is very handy for the pocket) in order to go into more detail on the more difficult questions of technique. This is more a criticism of the publishers than of the author. As it is the book is very good value for the money.

A. H.

[Mr Wedderburn's book contains a Preface, Appendices on Books, Clubs, and Shops, and the following chapters: Generalities, Equipment, Rock Climbing, Snow and Ice, Ski, Some Dangers, and Choosing the Way.]

Tricouni Club Journal, Vol. II., No. 2, February 1937.

An interesting little journal. An article by A. C. D. Small called "Scottish Discursions" must be especially commended.

This Club, with only about 100 members, is active as only a small club can be, and this activity is well reflected in their *Journal*.

E. A. M. W.

Cairngorm Club Journal, July 1937.

The photographs in this journal are, as usual, excellent. There are also several attractive pen-and-ink sketches. Articles are chiefly of Scottish interest and general in scope. There is, however, the description of a "Day on the Glacier des Bossons" and a well-timed article on "Compass and Map Reading." The Proceedings of the Club show what a very active body it is, with eleven Meets and a Dinner to record.

E. A. M. W.

The New Zealand Alpine Journal, June 1937.

To us the most interesting article here is "A Mixed Bag," by our friend W. G. M'Clymont, whom many of us met during his winter in Scotland. He remarks about our Editor, "We began with the customary ritual—a close study of the Guide-Book. It is my firm belief that Bell does this to avoid wasting time on second ascents. . . ." Of great interest is the Editorial on the subject of Associate Members—"young active climbers during their Alpine babyhood." The N.Z.A.C. also has, as well as full members, "Subscribers"—"those getting on in years, interested in the mountains, unlikely, however, to climb on them, but who wish to subscribe to the *Journal* and share in the general activities of the Club." The N.Z.A.C. is divided into District Sections and the scheme seems to work admirably. The journal under review contains a good article on "Ski Mountaineering," by G. G. Lockwood—but why was Colin Wyatt not persuaded to give his opinion of New Zealand ski-ing for the benefit of New Zealanders as well as for the benefit of the A.C., few of whom can ever make the tours he describes? As usual we are made envious by the lists of new routes and first ascents. An excellent journal, but we don't much like the paper it is printed on.

E. A. M. W.

Alpine Journal, May 1937.

This number is chiefly remarkable for being the first of its kind, we believe, to publish a paper on "Ski Mountaineering," by Colin Wyatt. At one time the *A.J.* would not have considered

such an article of sufficient interest. Two other important articles are by Tilman and Shipton about Nanda Devi—but not so well done as in the *Himalayan Journal*. Is the *A.J.* trespassing on the preserves of both the “British Ski Year-Book” and the *Himalayan Journal* for want of good Alpine material? There are two charming articles by Monsieur Paul Mercanton and Mademoiselle Claire Engel.

E. A. M. W.

Canadian Alpine Journal, 1936.

Like every other journal of an important club published in the last few months, the articles are Nanda Devi and Waddington, and the first ascents recorded here are Mt. Monarch, Bush Mountain, Mt. Samson, and the first ski ascent of Mt. Sir Richard (perish the name!). I wish I lived in Canada. This well-produced journal is divided into climbing, ski-ing, and scientific sections, all of which make good reading.

E. A. M. W.

The Journal of the Mountain Club of South Africa, January 1937.

Exploration goes on apace in South Africa and most of the articles in this volume describe it, among them being an excellent symposium of ten articles on Table Mountain. Of most general interest is an article on women as mountaineers, the tone of which is lofty, as can be judged from the last sentence: “If mountaineering is the greatest of all sports, indeed more than a sport, its portals are open to all mankind.” As a tailpiece there is a sketch of a baboon about to hurl a rock. There is also the report of a committee on the cause of accidents, which may be studied to advantage. These findings are followed up by good advice on how to avoid accidents.

E. A. M. W.

The Rucksack Club Journal, 1937. Edited by Robin Gray. 117 pages. 22 Illustrations.

This well-edited volume abounds in articles of varied interest to all classes of mountaineers. On the whole the foreign articles are most entertaining. There is an account of the fortunes of part of the Second Marco Pallis Himalayan Expedition in Lhonak, accounts of climbs on the Mer de Glace face of the Grepon and on the Aiguilles du Diable and, perhaps most interesting of all, adventures with the Bavarians on their fastnesses in the Garmisch district, from which it appears that nights out are all in the day’s work, and that pitons may only be used as safeguards and not as direct aids (except in certain

cases). Chisman has a humorous day with an artist on the Cioch, and Forrester discourses learnedly on the consistency of quagmires.

It is sad to have to record the passing, at a comparatively early age, of that fine mountaineer, Mr J. H. Doughty. He gave of his best to the cause of British mountaineering. He was a distinguished editor of *The Rucksack Club Journal*, and in the truest sense of the word he could be accounted a "freeman of the hill."

J. H. B. B.

Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal, Vol. XI., Lakeland Number. Edited by G. R. Speaker. 240 pages. 61 Illustrations.

This beautifully illustrated volume deals entirely with Lakeland in its many aspects. It commemorates Mr W. P. Haskett-Smith's first ascent of the Napes Needle in 1886, and records his Jubilee ascent of the same climb on Easter Sunday, 1936, surely an amazing feat, proving the hardihood of the climbing stock.

The most fascinating article is undoubtedly the "Short History of Lakeland Climbing," under the joint authorship of H. M. Kelly and J. H. Doughty. There the progress of rock climbing has been followed from the "Easy Way Period" before 1880, through the phases of "Gully and Chimney" climbing, "Ridge and Rib" routes, and finally the modern ultra-severe routes of the "Slab and Wall" type.

The whole of this number is packed with articles of varied humour and interest dealing with almost every aspect of the Lakeland hills. The contributors belong to all the periods of climbing history. It is a joy to peruse the volume from cover to cover.

J. H. B. B.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF
SCOTLAND.

GENERAL NOTICE.

The following are the Hon. Presidents and Hon. Secretaries of the three sections of the J.M.C.S. The new Constitution comes into force on 1st November, when Mr F. R. B. Stewart will occupy the position of Central Secretary of the Club.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

President.—J. R. Hewit.

Hon. Secretary.—J. W. Glen, 23 Pitt Street, Portobello.

GLASGOW SECTION.

President.—Donald L. Campbell.

Hon. Secretary.—F. R. B. Stewart, 24 George Square, Glasgow, C.2.

PERTH SECTION.

President.—D. Penny.

Hon. Secretary.—J. S. Kilpatrick, 3 Atholl Place, Perth.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1937—BALLATER.

Members.—C. C. Gorrie, G. Peat, G. Poole, Scott Moncrieff, J. M. Stewart, F. C. Yeaman.

S.M.C.—J. B. Home, I. H. Ogilvie.

Saturday, 17th April.—Poole, Stewart, and Scott Moncrieff, the advance guard, met a formidable snow drift in Glen Muick, and after many miles on foot, in thick mist, reached a point somewhere on the White Mount.

Sunday, 18th April.—The whole Meet set out with spades and shovels to clear Glen Muick. Three easy gullies were climbed in the Lochnagar Corrie, but dangerous snow conditions prevented anything ambitious from being attempted.

Monday, 19th April.—In wet weather and a strong wind, Peat, Poole, Yeaman, Stewart, and Ogilvie climbed Carn an Tuirc, Carn na Claise, and Glas Maol on their way home.

I. H. OGILVIE.

AUTUMN HOLIDAY MEET, 1937—GLEN COE.

Members.—A. Down, R. O. H. Down, G. Peat, J. M. Stewart.
S.M.C.—D. J. Fraser, J. B. Home, W. G. P. Lindsay, I. H. Ogilvie.

Guests.—P. Dow, J. R. Down, C. F. Hepburn, P. Reid, E. S. Smith, T. G. Stobie.

Members who were present at this Meet were favoured by perfect weather conditions. There was a good turn-out and the Presidential eye was gladdened by the sight of five tents in a neat row.

News of the doings of the Meet is scanty, but it appears that on Sunday the Hon. President, with R. Down and Stewart, successfully attacked the Church Door Buttress, while Alistair Down, J. R. Down, and Home traversed the Aonach Eagach. Fraser, Reid, Dow, and Smith were on "B" Buttress, Aonach Dubh, and Lindsay and Stobie ascended Ben Fhada. Bidean nam Bian was unusually popular, as no less than twenty-four persons were observed thereon. In the evening Peat and Hepburn, attracted by the camp-fire, looked in on their way back from Skye.

On Monday Fraser and Smith visited Ardgour, and Dow, Reid, Lindsay, and Stobie took different routes up Bidean nam Bian. The Hon. President and Downs *primus*, *secundus*, and *tertius* invaded "A" Buttress of Aonach Dubh, while the others disported themselves on "C" Buttress.

J. W. GLEN.

GLASGOW SECTION.

EASTER MEET, 1937—AVIEMORE,

26TH TO 29TH MARCH.

Members.—D. L. Campbell, W. N. Heaton, A. Laidlaw, C. K. Lewis, J. N. Ledingham, I. A. L. Maitland, W. G. Marskell, A. M. MacAlpine, I. M. M. MacPhail, W. M'Lellan, W. C. Murray, J. A. Oxley, D. Scott, A. M. Smith, F. R. B. Stewart, R. D. Walton.

S.M.C.—J. J. Murray, W. C. Watson.

Guests.—M. Clark, J. V. Heaton, J. Marr, C. H. Maclean, G. H. Scoular.

Weather conditions during the Meet were ideal. The sun shone brilliantly each day and snow lay to such a depth that the main road to the South was blocked until the first day of the Meet. A comparatively recent fall of powdery snow made the glens rather heavy going for climbers, but those on skis found little difficulty.

There were actually more members on skis than on foot—an unusual occurrence for the J.M.C.S.

Cairn Gorm and Braeriach were easily the most popular climbs, but MacAlpine and party were up Ben Macdhui, Cairn Tool, and Braeriach in the course of their wanderings with a tent.

One party were as far afield as Creag Meaghaidh and saw Cor Arder at its best, while Ledingham and MacLean climbed Sgor a Mhaim and Stob Ban via the Devil's Ridge.

Weather conditions and accommodation combined to make this the most successful Easter of recent years.

D. L. CAMPBELL.

INFORMAL MEETS.

ARROCHAR, 25TH APRIL 1937.

Dunlop, Ewart, Kerr, Laidlaw, Murray, Macpherson, Stevenson: Sugach Buttress and Spearhead.

Campbell, Marskell, Macphail: Cobbler.

Good weather.

COUPAL BRIDGE, GLEN ETIVE, 22ND TO 24TH MAY 1937.

Wet weather.

Mackenzie, Dunn, and Ewart: A new route on the Central Buttress of Buachaille Etive. This route would be severe under dry conditions; in wind and rain it proved commensurately more interesting.

Murray, Campbell, and Smith: Bell and Harrison's route on Central Buttress.

Brown, Marskell, and Laidlaw: Central Buttress by an indefinite route near E Gully.

Dunlop: Curved Ridge.

KINGSHOUSE, GLENCOE, 13TH JUNE 1937.

Mackenzie and MacAlpine made a gallant attempt to find a rock-climb worth doing on Stob Coire nam Beith. They were not successful.

W. H. M.

(We presume that they were looking very hard for something very new.—EDITOR.)

FAIR MEET—C.I.C. HUT, BEN NEVIS,
17TH TO 19TH JULY 1937.

Members.—Jas. Banford, W. G. Marskell, D. Macphee, W. H. Murray, D. T. Waddell.

Guest.—Ian B. Brown.

Mr Benjamin H. Humble represented the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

Saturday, 17th.—Banford, Brown, and Macphee: Douglas Boulder direct and Tower Ridge. Fine weather.

Sunday, 18th.—Murray, Humble, Waddell, Brown: Staircase up. Tower Ridge and Douglas Boulder down. Wet.

Monday, 19th.—Humble, Marskell, Waddell: Tower Ridge up. No. 3 down. Wet. W. H. M.

THE UPPER COULOIR OF STOB GHABHAR AND
BROCKEN SPECTRES.

CLIMBED ON 19TH APRIL 1937.

Party.—R. Brown, B. Horsburgh, R. Parker, L. Ainslie, and J. Robertson.

The usual path was followed along the bank of the Linne nam Beathach as far as the schoolhouse, where it forked right and gained height up the Allt Toaig. The eastern corrie was now reached, and we kept our height contouring towards the upper Couloir in preference to going round by the Lochan and lower Couloir. Another party was seen making their way towards the upper Couloir, and after inspection they must have decided it was not climbable.

However, we had come a fair distance and duly halted near the foot of the climb. The snow was softish, and shouts from above informed us that it had a tendency to avalanche. It looked possible, and disregarding other items of advice from the party on the ridge we made for the climb proper, with the parting shout from the ridge that we were all "under the influence," a definitely untrue statement.

The steep snow leading up to the ice pitch was soft but climbable, and the ice pitch was thawing, forcing us to take to the rocks as near to the wall as is possible. These were overcome with an interesting corner about 20 feet up, before an excellent belay was found on the rock arête at the highest point of the right-hand buttress.

The snow leading to the summit was very soft, but treated with respect it presented no real difficulties; there was no cornice, and the party was given an excellent display, lasting about ten minutes, of Brocken Spectres while lunching at the cairn.

R. BROWN (J.M.C.S.).

A very informal meet of the J.M.C.S. was held in Glen Brittle in June, and at midnight, on the 17th, W. H. Murray and J. Banford set off for the Cuillin Ridge. In the almost total darkness the Garsbheinn corrie was missed and the screes above Soay climbed, Garsbheinn being reached at 3.30 A.M. The times from here were as follows:—

Garsbheinn	Left	4	A.M.
Sgurr nan Eag		4.40	„
Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn		5.23	„
	Left	5.53	„
Sgurr Alasdair		6.40	„
Sgurr Mhic Coinnich		7.25	„
Sgurr Dearg		8.30	„
	Left	9	„
Sgurr Banachdich		9.50	„
Sgurr Thormaid		10	„
Sgurr Ghreadaidh		10.31	„
Sgurr a' Mhadaidh (south top)		11	„
Bidein Druim nam Ramh		12.7	P.M.
	Left	12.40	„
Bruach na Frithe		2.5	„
Sgurr a' Fionn Choire		2.30	„
	Left	3	„
Am Basteir		3.40	„
Sgurr nan Gillean		4.20	„

Total Ridge time, 12 hours 20 minutes.

The weather was clear till Alasdair, then mist covered the tops for the rest of the journey and slowed up the party, fifteen minutes being lost on Dearg, route-finding.

This journey is of note because the party is the first purely J.M.C.S. party to do the ridge, and also because there were no caches—all food and water were carried, not always done by ridge parties.

Eighty feet of line was used, and Murray led the climbs well.

J. B.

PERTH SECTION.

10th January, 1937.—Meet in Comrie for climbing on 2,500 foot hills in Glen Artney district. Present, 3. Snow-climbing.

11th April, 1937.—Meet at Blair Atholl. Ben-y-Gloe group climbed. Present, 9.

27th April, 1937.—Meet at Coylum Bridge. Climbed Braeriach from Larig Ghru, descending to Loch Einich and back down Glen Einich. Present, 5; also Bell and Myles.

13th June, 1937.—Meet at Tyndrum. Climbed Ben Lui, Ben Oss, and Ben Dhu Craig. Present, 9, including two visitors.

12th September, 1937.—Meet at Fortingal. Climbed Meall Gruaidh and Meall Garbh in thick mist. Present, 8.

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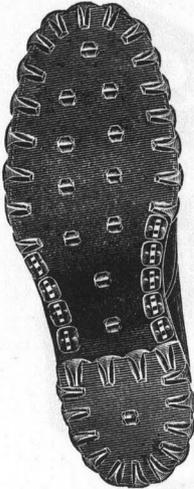
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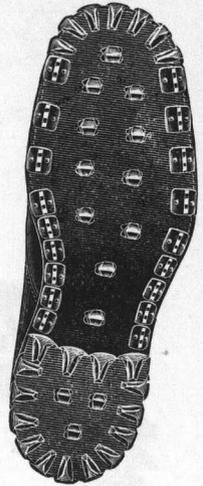
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