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THE LATE G. BUCKLAND GREEN

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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In Memoriam.

GEORGE BUCKLAND GREEN.

THE sudden death, on 2nd June 1927, of George Buckland Green, the Editor of the *Journal*, came as a great surprise and shock to his many friends. He had retired from his work as Senior Classical Master at the Edinburgh Academy in July 1925, after thirty-three years' eminent service, during which—to quote from the Rector's farewell speech—he had “by his enthusiasm, his resolute insistence on accuracy, and his fine scholarship helped in no small degree to maintain the Academy tradition of sound Classical learning.” His last year had been signalised by many successes at Oxford of his former pupils, and it was fitting that he should select Oxford as his home on his retirement. It was the scene of his early distinctions as Scholar of University College and Feredy Fellow of St John's College, and as a running “Blue” against Cambridge in the 100 yards' race. To most of Oxford's sons the lines apply “A lingering look he fondly throws on the dear hills where first he rose.” Green, unhappily, was not long to enjoy the leisure he had so well earned. He passed away very suddenly while practising at the cricket nets in the Parks. He was an enthusiastic cricketer and for many years held the post of Secretary to the Grange Cricket Club.

Green had always a keen interest in the hills, and before coming to Scotland had some early climbing experience in Wales and the Lakes. When he settled in

Edinburgh he naturally took advantage of his opportunities, but it is believed he had not attempted much in the way of winter climbing until about 1908, when he and another member of the Club found they had congenial tastes in this as in other things, and a long series of expeditions at Meets and at other times was begun which lasted until Green's last Meet, the Easter Meet at Ballachulish in 1927.

The first record of Green's attendance at an official Meet appears to be at Inveroran at Easter 1910, when Stob Ghabhar, the Clachlet, and Ben Dothaidh were ascended. He was then a guest. He became a member in 1911. Since then there were few Meets at which his presence was not recorded and few districts in Scotland which he had not visited. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.* Among the expeditions may be mentioned an attempt on Ben Starav from Inveroran in 1911, not quite completed from lack of time, Cairngorm in 1913, Carn Mor Dearg and Ben Nevis in 1914, Slioch and Ben Eighe in 1915, Sgurr a' Mhaim and Aonach Mor in 1916. At the Braemar Meet of 1919 Green had some very good days. He approached via Carn Ban More and Monadh Mor to Derry Lodge, thence ascending Ben Muich Dhui and Derry Cairngorm, and later he climbed Lochnagar and attempted Ben a' Bhuid. These three hills he ascended again in 1924. One of his longer days in later years was in 1920 (New Year), when he ascended Ben Lui from Dalmally via Ben a' Clee and walked back to Loch Awe Hotel. In the same year at Easter he traversed the Easain Ridge from Spean Bridge to the Glen Nevis Road. A visit to Blair Atholl, which he much enjoyed, included Ben a' Ghlo and Ben Dearg.

Beside the official Meets he had many winter excursions, and the Academy half-term spring holiday was often the occasion of delightful expeditions. The last of these was in February 1924 to Glen Clova, and Mayar and Driesh were ascended in fine and clear weather. In 1925 he was present at the New Year Meet at Loch Awe and the Easter Meet at Fort William. He was at the Club

Dinner in December 1926, and at Easter 1927 he attended his last Meet, at Ballachulish. He then felt unable to attempt long expeditions, but he was glad to see the district and to meet the members of the Club, and he spoke of attending the next Meet, if possible. But it was not to be.

It was always a matter of regret to Green that he had not taken up serious mountaineering earlier and had no Swiss experience before the results of an operation he had undergone made him feel past his prime. Just previous to the outbreak of war he paid a short visit to Saas-Fee, when he ascended the Allalinhorn and crossed the Gemmi and Lötschberg Passes. He was also in Switzerland in 1922, 1923, and 1924, at Zermatt, Arolla, and Mürren. He was well read in mountaineering literature, and was familiar with the classical works, so that a visit to Switzerland was of especial interest to him.

This knowledge of mountaineering and other literature and his gifts of system and organisation he put at the service of the Club, first as acting-Librarian in the absence of the official functionary (A. W. Russell) during the war, and later as official Librarian appointed in 1918. He held that office until the end of 1924, and did much valuable work, including the arranging of the books and pamphlets and the disposal of surplus back numbers of the *Journal*. In 1924 he was appointed Hon. Editor and all members are aware of his noteworthy service in that capacity. Under his Editorship five numbers of the *Journal* were produced, which need not fear comparison with any of their predecessors. He was responsible for No. 100, which had the unique feature of a preface by all the five Editors of the *Journal* who had held office from 1890 to 1925.

It is very difficult to realise that Green has gone. He had a very definite personality, and his intense interest in the Club and all that it means, added something to the meetings of the members, at which his absence will be keenly felt. Those who knew him best regret the loss of a very loyal and true friend. *Frater ave atque vale.*

W. G.

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS,
1856.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES SIMPSON INGLIS IN 1856.

EDITED BY J. GALL INGLIS.

V. ASCENT OF SGURR NAN GILLEAN.*

FOREWORD NOTE BY *Journal* EDITOR.

THE following account of the Pedestrians' visit to Sligachan and their ascent of the then little known Sgurr nan Gillean is of particular interest when it is realised that in those early days the route chosen appears to have followed a course now practically ignored by the constant stream of climbers and others seeking a summit which we venture to consider still the most popular of all the Cuillin peaks.

A close study of the description leaves little doubt in our minds that these pioneers made their way past the Bloody Stone and up Harta Corrie, on past the great waterfall and into Lota Corrie, thence to the right and so won the summit ridge at a point somewhere between Sgurr Beag and Sgurr nan Gillean. The description of the "awful sight" could not well be from any other where than Lota Corrie on that side of the hill. The struggle up very steep rocks, followed by the gaining of a ridge presenting a view directly down to Glen Sligachan, induces us to conclude that the Pedestrians climbed straight from the Corrie to a point somewhere near the present site of the descent direction gully-cairn, on the "Tourist route."

The terrors depicted by these early climbers will seem, perhaps, rather fantastic to the trained mountaineers of to-day; we can even fancy we hear some reader mutter "I only wish it were" when the similarity of the ridge to the outside of the Sir Walter Scott Monument

* Wednesday, 10th September 1856. The actual period of the expedition was only found subsequently to the printing of the first portion of the narrative. After much searching it was at last fixed by the copy of a business letter (curiously enough addressed to "Mr Edward Whymper, Engraver, London"), mentioning the going on holiday the following week. The date in Vol. XVII. on pages 254 and 262 should read "Thursday, 4th September," as was found by the "Sabbath" reference, when the next section was being typed. The draft plan of the tour has been found among my father's papers: it is given at the end of this section, as there are some interesting notes in it. It will be seen that this draft route was modified subsequently in several important details.—J. G. I.

is commented upon. It is surely easy to sympathise with the writer's respect for the tapering peak with its "narrow ledging of about a foot." Licence must be allowed to these pioneers to employ a certain amount of what appears to us to be picturesque exaggeration when one remembers that they are describing conditions to them entirely new, and writing for a public either entirely inexperienced or trained to mountaineer on the most strictly "salvationist" principles.

Next day we took a boat [from Jeantown] and had a delightful sail down Loch Carron to Broadford in the Isle of Skye. My own delight, however, was confined to the still waters of Loch Carron, for I only like the "bounding sea" when on land, or in poetry, that same sea being like a restless bed-fellow who will neither be quiet nor let others be quiet! From Broadford we took a conveyance to Sligachan, at which place we arrived late at night amidst a scene of great confusion. Fancy an inn with a great number of hungry travellers calling, blaming, stamping, and bell-ringing, and no one attending to them, or apparently likely to attend to their wants for some time to come! When were we to eat? Where were we to sleep? were serious questions to which we did not get a satisfactory answer until far on in the evening. All this confusion was caused not by the want of goodwill or good nature on the part of the heads of the house, but simply because they had an influx of visitors that they had never been accustomed to, and did not know how to manage.

Next morning, though the weather was rather unpropitious, we determined to take the opportunity of seeing and climbing the object of our coming to Skye, Scour na Gillean, we having on a former occasion seen the rest of the Skye hills. We made some inquiry for a guide, to save us time and trouble in getting to the top, but without success; no one there could be found who knew the way or had ever been to the top. At last an ingenuous youth offered himself, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well, can you guide us to the top of Scour na Gillean?"

"Yes, sir."

“ But you will require shoes to go on such a stony hill.”

“ No, sir.”

“ Have you any shoes ? ”

“ No, sir.”

“ How can you go, then, where there are so many sharp stones ? ”

“ I never wear shoes, sir.”

“ Are you sure you can go, then ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ How far is it to the top ? ”

“ I don't know, sir.”

“ By what way do we get to the top ? ”

“ I don't know, sir.”

“ Were you ever at the top ? ”

“ No, sir.”

“ You were never at the top, and don't know the road, and yet you would be our guide ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” and here he knelt on the ground and said he would show us how he would go up the hill. He would every now and then build a little cairn of stones, so that if the mist came on he would be able to find his way back again.

Leaving this precocious youth and his notable way of getting up a hill, we trusted to find the proper path ourselves, and the weather clearing up a little, we felt encouraged to proceed. We had been on so many places that were reported inaccessible, or nearly so, that we had given up believing in a hill that could not be ascended, and were curious to know if this one was to baffle us. Our guide book stated that the hill had never been ascended until the year 1839, when Sir W. Forbes, accompanied by Lord Macdonald's gamekeeper, had at last succeeded, after several failures, in standing on the sharp rock of the highest peak. We were further told that the most practicable path would be found by following the burn that turned to the westward round the base of the hill and climbing up on the west side. Following these directions, we went up the desolate Glen Sligachan for about five miles, and then went up the burn.

Scour na Gillean, when seen from below, seems little else than an immense pile of stones, ravines, and naked rocks, crowned with an irregular precipice of most fantastic outline, sometimes a massive castle, sometimes leaning fearfully over as if it would fall with a crash the next moment, but more generally shooting up into the sky in a long succession of needle points, sharp and well defined, at the height of 3,000 feet above the sea level. Like many of the abrupt hills we had seen, its whole height could be seen at once, as there were no intervening hills, or gradual descent from it, to interfere with the view.

Glen Sligachan is desolate and without an inhabitant, but when we had turned round the end of the hill towards the west side of Scour na Gillean, we saw a scene still more desolate, and of a character peculiar to itself. The banks of a burn coming down along that side, and the hillsides around, were strewn with thousands of blocks of stone, from 1 to 20 feet high, round, over, and among which we had to pick our way, and then a little further on we had to climb up a watercourse where there was nothing but the naked rock for a quarter of a mile to walk on. The whole of the neighbouring surface was paved with the same material, and utterly destitute of vegetation. In some places we had a little difficulty in getting across or up these stone walls, but at last after a scramble up one pretty steep rock, we found ourselves standing on a kind of platform from which the waters of a burn descended in a cascade below. Not knowing exactly where the top of the hill was, we walked on, gradually ascending a very steep and rugged rock, with loose stones lying on the slope here and there, but the progress we were making brought us in view of some entirely new objects of admiration. Just at this time the mist cleared away, and on our right we found ourselves close under a great perpendicular wall of rock, of perhaps 1,000 feet, without a single break or jutting stone of any kind. It was an awful sight to look at. On our left, we saw coming into view a succession of sharp peaks that we had not seen before, first one jagged peak, then another, and still another,

the most unique, extraordinary, and exciting scenes in Scotland.

After a while we thought proper to leave the upper part of the mountain and take a lower level, before the mist, which we saw descending, reached and enveloped us. We had in some places a little difficulty in finding the way, as it is fully easier to see where to look for a resting-place for the foot in going up than down, projecting rocks hide places so much. At length we got to the foot of the spire, just in time, as in a few minutes the mist and rain came whirling past and hid the top from view. It would indeed be no safe place to be caught in the mist, and anyone trying to get to the top of Scour na Gillean should take a clear day, otherwise it would prove very dangerous.

We resolved at this place to seek a more direct road down, and descending one of the ravines on the east side, easily found a rough, steep, but straight road to the valley below, from which we went on to the path that led back to Sligachan.

Leaving Sligachan, after a vain attempt to get a conveyance, we walked to Portree, and arrived there at 11 o'clock at night. Next morning we sailed on the steamer as far as Arisaig point, on the mainland of Inverness, from which we set out, in company with an English gentleman, on foot. As we did not relish walking on a macadamised road, we had endeavoured to get a conveyance to take us on, but without success. After having walked a mile or so, however, we came to some men working on the roadside, and by dint of much coaxing and promise of payment besides, got the loan of a man, horse, and cart to take us to the next stage. The road, which turned and twisted in a remarkable manner, led through a most picturesque country, broken up in every direction as if Nature in the convulsion that formed it had resolved that no part should be left untouched, and this irregular surface, clothed with a great quantity of natural wood, mingled with romantic rocks, and with lochs, bays, and arms of the sea running in here and there, gave pleasure most unlooked for. Our drive was

of an exciting character. The driver was good, and the steed mettlesome, and we went at such a pace as never went cart before, up hill and down dale, whisking round corners and turns of the road in such a manner as called for our warmest admiration, which we expressed only now and then according to our ability, because we often could not speak a word, the jolting and the bumping nearly driving all the breath out of our bodies, in spite of the layer of ferns along the bottom of the cart. However, we arrived in safety and with no bones broken at [Kinloch Aylort ?].

From this place we procured a conveyance to take us to Glen Finnan. The horse—whose Christian name was Jamie—that was to act as motive power proceeded at a smart trot for a quarter of a mile, walked slower and slower, and then came to a full stop when we came to an ascent in the road. The driver here requested us to alight and walk, which we did, and then got into the conveyance again, but we found that Jamie had a habit of stopping short at every little rising and would not be persuaded to go on unless some one alighted. As this was rather troublesome, we fell upon a plan that fairly cheated him, and this was to step out of the conveyance, and then as soon as he had got in motion step in again, and thus he went on thinking that all was right when we had fairly cheated him! The country through which we now travelled was wild, rocky, and bare, and it looked solemn and lonely in the moonlight. We arrived at Glen Finnan—where Prince Charles raised his standard in 1745—about 11 o'clock, and rested there for the night.

Next morning we took a conveyance to Fort William and then ascended Ben Nevis in the mist, and consequently had no view. It took about three hours to go up and an hour and a half to come down, which we did with scarcely a pause. A few days of pedestrianism makes one wonderfully hardy and able to do easily what in other circumstances would be impossible.

Next day we had a pleasant sail to Oban and thence to Staffa and Iona, which we enjoyed much in spite of the

noise and want of sentiment of a good many of the passengers, in season and out of season.

And now we were about to turn our faces homewards. Early next morning, while lying comfortably in our beds at Oban we heard an alarming knock at the doors, and the voice of the attentive landlady exclaiming with unmistakable distinctness, "It's sax o'clock!" and thereupon we rose and went on board our steamer again. Exactly reversing the first part of our journey by Loch Linnhe, the Crinan Canal, and the Gairloch,* we arrived safely at Greenock, once more to be immersed amid the pleasures and trammels of civilised life.

PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF 1856 TOUR.

Monday.—Glasgow to Fort William.

Tuesday.—Drumnadrochit, Invercannich village.

Wednesday.—Benevein, cart, cottage, Loch B[enevian] boat. Culivie and Annamaloch, west of Loch Affric, 20 miles from Inn, 8 hours = 17 miles to Shielh[ouse ?] (probably Shiel Inn).

Thursday.—Mamsoul to Kililan or Balmacarra—good inn. Cottage at west of Loch Moyley [L. Lungard], 15 miles Kililan.

Friday.—Kililan to Jeantown or Loubgarragan. Jeantown to Auchanault—good inn.

Saturday.—Kinlochewe, Loch Maree.

Monday.—Loch Maree, 18 miles long, Poolewe at mouth.

Tuesday.—Kinlochewe-Torridon. Boat to Shieldag Inn—Loch Torridon.

Wednesday.—Loch Torridon to Sligachan.

Thursday.—Coruisk, &c.

Tuesday.—Portree to Oban.

* (?) Loch Gilp, on Loch Fyne.

ERECTING OF THE MOUNTAIN INDICATOR
ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS.

MR JAMES A. PARKER, of Aberdeen, has kindly furnished the following brief account of his labours in connection with the Ben Nevis Indicator, which we feel sure will be read with much interest by members. In his account he lays little stress on his immense preliminary activity to attain the purpose now happily fulfilled. It is by no means easy to estimate the extent of the difficulties he has overcome in his achievement, and the thanks of the Club are due to him for the success of this remarkable enterprise to which he has devoted his energy and personal attention from start to finish. As in the case of the Indicator now erected on the summit of Ben Macdhui, not only did he design the Indicator plate and superintend the building of the pedestal, but to him also must be given the credit of the selection of the site, the orientation of the dial, the engineering of the transport, and the making of the arrangements for the unveiling ceremony, to say nothing of some considerable spade work in connection with the raising of the necessary funds for the venture.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Club held in December 1925 it was decided, on the motion of Dr J. R. Levack, that the Indicator be erected, provided that sufficient subscriptions were received from the Club members.

The drawing of the Indicator, a reduced copy of which accompanies this issue of the *Journal*, was completed by me early in the following January. The information contained on the drawing was obtained from three sources, namely, the records of the Ordnance Survey (Ben Nevis having been one of the most important stations on the trigonometrical survey of Great Britain), Mr Shearer's

excellent "Panorama"* from the summit, and lastly, from the best maps available.

By May 1926 sufficient subscriptions had been obtained to justify the work being proceeded with, and Messrs Doulton Ltd. were then furnished with copies of the drawing and instructed to make a stoneware slab similar to those they had supplied to the Cairngorm Club for the Indicators on Lochnagar and Ben Macdhui. Meantime the Hon. Secretary had submitted the scheme to Mr Malcolm, Factor for the Proprietrix, Lady Fairfax Lucy, who at once gave permission and promised every assistance. In fact, as a practical demonstration of the latter all the ruined wooden bridges on the Ben Nevis path were renewed, a welcome repair which enabled ponies to be taken to the summit of the hill when the time came.

Unfortunately, the time was long in coming, as the Coal Strike of 1926 upset Messrs Doulton's operations, and after making one trial with bad coal, which was a failure, they intimated that the preparation of the slab would require to be postponed until better firing was available.

In July 1926 I made three visits to the summit to satisfy myself that the drawing was correct, to locate a suitable site for the Indicator, and to find the source of water nearest to the summit. At the same time I arranged with Mr Livingstone, of Fort William, for the builder work, and settled other details.

The stoneware slab was received from Messrs Doulton on the 2nd July 1927 and, after arranging for the preparation of the granite capstones in Aberdeen, I went through to Fort William and completed all arrangements there for building and transport. On my return to Aberdeen all the necessary materials were assembled and railed to Fort William with the exception of the slab. And on Sunday, the 24th, Mr Gordon Wilson (of the Cairngorm Club, who had volunteered to assist with the work) and

* Mr Shearer's original drawings of his "Panorama" and the copyright now belong to the Club, Mr Parker having kindly purchased these and presented them to the Club during his term of office as President.—EDITOR.



Gordon Wilson

BEN NEVIS INDICATOR

PONIES TAKING MATERIAL UP THE PATH TO THE SUMMIT, 28TH JULY 1927



Gordon Wilson

BEN NEVIS INDICATOR

CHECKING THE ORIENTATION OF THE SLAB, 29TH JULY 1927

I motored through to Fort William and took the slab with us.

On Monday, the 25th, all the materials were sent by cart to Achintee, and on Tuesday three ponies took the building sand and Portland cement up to the summit. Nothing was done on Wednesday, in order to give the ponies and drivers a rest ; and on Thursday the three ponies carried up the remainder of the materials. On Friday the building party, consisting of two masons, one labourer, G. Wilson, and myself, left Fort William about 7 A.M. and reached the summit shortly after 10 o'clock, and work was at once proceeded with. For building purposes the weather was excellent, dry with little wind. For the orienting of the slab, however, conditions were not good, visibility being decidedly poor and extremely tantalising. However, the building of the pedestal and setting of the slab were completed by about 6 o'clock, and after covering up the erection to protect it from the weather the party returned to Fort William, which was reached about 8.30 P.M.

The Indicator is about 3 feet high and consists of a circular pillar of the local stone 2 feet 3 inches in diameter, surmounted by a cap of Aberdeen granite, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, on which is bedded the $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick slab of Doulton stoneware. The whole is built in Portland cement mortar, and the granite cap, which is in four sections, is tied together with copper clamps. The total weight of material taken to the summit by the ponies was about 800 lbs.

It had been intended to unveil the Indicator on Saturday, 6th August ; but for several reasons, one of which was a return excursion train to Glasgow at 6.45 P.M. on Sunday the 7th, the ceremony was fixed for the latter day. And a very poor sort of day it was ! Thick mist down to the half-way house and heavy rain at frequent intervals. Notwithstanding such adverse conditions, about thirty people climbed the hill. The two most important people present were, of course, Mr and Mrs Malcolm. It was her first ascent ; but as she had promised to unveil the Indicator, she said that she would get to the top of the

hill, no matter what the weather was like. Five members of the Club were present, viz., R. R. Elton, H. MacRobert, E. C. Thomson, A. R. Anderson, and myself. The first three made the ascent by the Tower Ridge and arrived at the summit exactly on scheduled time—2 o'clock.

The presidential office at the ceremony devolved upon me in place of the President, who was abroad. I introduced the subject briefly, and then called on Mrs Malcolm to unveil the Indicator, which she did in a graceful manner. Mr MacRobert then proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs Malcolm, and complimented her on her very sporting ascent of the hill on such a day. Mr Malcolm replied on behalf of his wife, and in his remarks stated how much Lady Fairfax Lucy appreciated the Club's enterprise in building the Indicator. This completed the ceremony, and the party returned to Fort William.

ALMOST AN ASCENT.

BY ALAN L. BROWN.

EARLY in the morning of a disagreeable day in December we set out from Tyndrum to climb Ben Lui. When I say "early" I mean 10.30 sharp; by "disagreeable" I mean disagreeable in every way and from start to finish; and by "we" I refer to Hedderwick, Edgar, and myself. Our names, I daresay, are unfamiliar to you; they will not be found in the list of members of your Club; records of mountaineering contain no reference to our exploits; the very history books omit to mention us; in fact, only in the "Telephone Directory" are we treated with the respect that is our due. A short description, therefore, of our technique and hill-craft will not be out of place.

Hedderwick's chief qualification as a climber is his sense of direction. A firm belief in the possession of a bump of locality characterises his movements. Strange to relate, years of bitter experience have not served to dim this confidence, which, however, is shared by no one else. I myself have no accomplishments of note, save perhaps a tendency when in difficulties to remain stationary; an objection as it were to move either upwards or downwards. In general, all-round incompetence above the 2,000-foot level, Hedderwick and I tie for the second place, the first prize in this class being unanimously awarded to Edgar. When I say "unanimously" I mean by a majority of two to one, Edgar dissenting. I must admit, however, that Edgar has at his command a stroke with the ice-axe which excites envy and despair among those who are fortunate enough to witness it. In times of emergency he delivers it with telling effect; when all seems lost, and faulty footwork is about to precipitate him into the abyss and deprive financial circles of one of their most liquid assets, up swings his axe and this famous stroke, resembling what in cricket is known

as "a late cut through the slips," is executed with lightning speed, and we breathe again. With these preliminary remarks let us return to Tyndrum.

On leaving the hotel we walked briskly down the road to the station and crossed the railway. Hedderwick assuming command then led us straight away into a deep morass, out of which we extricated ourselves with difficulty. Encouraged by showers of abuse from the rear he proceeded to take us several miles in the wrong direction until the trees of the old forest on the lower slopes of Dubh Chraig appeared through the mist. I remember that locality very well owing to a peculiar occurrence a year or two ago when Morrison of the S.M.C. took me up Dubh Chraig. On that occasion the day was exceedingly hot, but the ascent over the heather was comparatively gradual and not in any way sensational, if you see what I mean. We were not roped together, and my mind was quite easy; but Morrison insisted on my walking directly behind him. He impressed this on me so firmly that I concluded there must be some hidden danger, and followed obediently in his wake. After a while I noticed his speech become curiously indistinct, for all the world like that of a man talking with his mouth full. Ignoring all warnings I increased the pace and drew level with him. Would you believe it, his mouth *was* full? The great man was eating Chinese figs! One by one he drew them forth out of a strange, red rubber receptacle, which, I think, had started life as a bathing cap or possibly a sponge bag. I cannot tell which; it is a secret he has never yet disclosed. But what struck me as odd about this performance was the way he held the bag in front of him—in such a manner that made it invisible to anyone who might, for example, be walking directly behind him.

To return to Ben Lui, however. Hedderwick was summarily reduced to the ranks and the party set off once more, and in due course arrived at the foot of the mountain, somewhat behind schedule time. After labouring heavily up an unnecessarily severe gradient we found ourselves in a large basin which, I suppose, is the main corrie. The rain had now turned to snow and one could

not see more than 30 yards ahead ; this, however, did not worry me unduly as the surroundings struck me as lacking in charm ; to Hedderwick, however, the scene must have held some beauty, as he insisted on posing us for a photograph. It annoys me even as I write, to think how he kept us shivering in the snow while he played about with the view-finder and arranged his hat to keep the snow off the lens. And all to no purpose, for we discovered afterwards he had forgotten to remove the dark slide. This ordeal over we pondered how best to reach the top of the mountain.

A momentary break in the mist showed a ridge on our right which I still think would have taken us to the top and enabled us to start this article with a less humiliating title. But Edgar remembered vaguely having heard of a Central Gully, which was well spoken of and brought one out right at the summit without bother or fuss. Hedderwick supported him and set off at once, saying he remembered perfectly where the gully lay, although, to my knowledge, he had never been on the hill in his life. I consoled myself by making use of his footprints in the snow, which was soft and deep.

Sure enough, in course of time the ground rose sharply and narrowed between two buttresses into what was undoubtedly a gully. We halted to congratulate Hedderwick on the possession of such a keen sense of direction, and presented him with part of Edgar's chocolate ration, as he had already devoured his own. As the snow was now much harder we decided to use the rope which we had allowed Edgar to carry in his rucksack. This business of tying three people on to one rope is the very devil and all : I have been shown times without number how to make the correct knots, but always the same difficulties arise. On this occasion a long time was spent without success ; the knots persisted in slipping under strain, causing Hedderwick, who was used as a lay figure, to wince with pain. I was trying a new system shown to me by a lieutenant of Girl Guides ; it is, or should be, perfectly simple. The rope is coiled loosely on the ground in a manner to suggest the boundary of a pool

or other piece of water; a dragon or reptile of some sort emerges from the pool, seizes the princess round the waist, and drags her down into the pool. The princess, under this treatment, bends into the form of a loop, and there you are. What could be better? I am ashamed to confess the number of dragons that came out of that pool on Ben Lui or the number of princesses that disappointed us. At last, when we were about to return to Tyndrum in disgust, we got the winner; she formed a loop and, what's more, she stayed there.

We were soon all fastened securely and ready to move up the gully. I glanced round to see if all was in order, and repeated to myself little bits of advice I have received from time to time. "Don't get chilled learning to tie knots in the snow; practise in the hotel lounge." I wonder who it was told me that; a bright lad whoever he was. Harrison's words then came back to me: "It is advisable that the length of rope between the leader and No. 2 should be considerably longer than between No. 2 and the others." I looked anxiously at Hedderwick; the stupid fellow was exactly half-way between Edgar and myself. I told him sharply to get nearer to the others, but he replied rudely that there were no others as Edgar did not count. Edgar resented this, especially after giving up half of his chocolate ration, and we paused for a while to exchange views. When once more ready to move off I remembered Morrison's words of warning: "Whatever you do, keep the rope dry." I felt it carefully; it was wettish.

Finally we did get under way and proceeded in an impressive manner up the gully, everybody making hitches so carefully that it seemed a pity to unhitch again. After climbing for some distance—several thousand feet I should say—we found the gully blocked by a large mass of rock which proved difficult to surmount, being covered with ice. Moved at last by a continuous flow of insults from the others, who were shivering with cold, I struggled up and anchored myself at the side of the gully. I had no sooner done so when an unpleasant noise from above heralded the approach of a small

avalanche. I was not disturbed, being in safety at the side of the gully ; neither was Edgar, who also was out of the way on the other side ; but Hedderwick in the centre busily engaged in climbing the rock, felt his position keenly. Although protected by the rock from the main mass which shot over his head, he managed to collect a good deal of snow on his person ; in fact, he was white from head to foot. Complaining bitterly of suffocation and a distorted spinal column he nevertheless wasted no time in coming up and hitching himself beside me. Edgar then came up, moving with astonishing rapidity, hoping, no doubt, not to be caught in the same position as Hedderwick. On reaching the top of the rock he appeared to slip, and I awaited breathlessly for the sound of his falling body. Hedderwick at the moment was unaware of Edgar's dangerous movements, being occupied, with head bowed down almost to the ground, in shaking lumps of snow from under his collar. He was rudely awakened. Edgar, realising that his balance was irretrievably lost, and that he was, in fact, about to fall off, decided to play his trump card. Up came his axe and the famous cut through the slips was delivered with inimitable energy and precision. The axe, after striking Hedderwick a glancing blow on the head, embedded itself firmly in the ice ; the situation was saved—for Edgar at any rate. Hedderwick sank to his knees under the impact of this terrible blow ; blood poured from the wound in his head and mingled pleasantly with cascades of snow escaping out of his shirt. Whilst in this recumbent position he delivered in a loud voice a moving address, entitled : " Our Life and Times, with special reference to Edgar : His Past Record, Moral Outlook, and Mental Qualities," and concluded his remarks with a startling, although probably accurate, forecast of Edgar's destination in the hereafter.

After ten minutes devoted to mutual recriminations the party was ready to continue the ascent, and moved off with great caution but less confidence. Complete silence was observed at this stage ; partly because vocabularies were temporarily exhausted, partly to avoid being

surprised by further avalanches. It was as well we took this precaution, for we had scarcely climbed 50 feet—or was it 500?—when a sinister sound announced the arrival of another white cargo—a big one this time. I looked hurriedly around for some means of escape and racked my brains to think what an experienced climber should do in such circumstances. I suddenly recalled having been involved in an avalanche two or three years ago on Cruach Ardran; on that occasion I was securely roped between Morrison and Menzies of the S.M.C. I cannot call to mind the execution of any actual manœuvres to avert disaster, but I do remember Morrison turning to me—he was eating Chinese figs at the time—and pointing out some objectionable-looking rocks far below us where the avalanche was flattening itself out. “Easy is the descent to the lower regions,” he remarked, translating freely from Virgil. Menzies’ contribution was a grunt. The grunts of Menzies are sometimes difficult to interpret, but I am familiar now with two of them. One is used very frequently to express his opinion of the way the man above him handles the rope—I was above him—the other may be translated as a reflection on the uncertainties of life. The Cruach Ardran grunt was a harmonious blending of the two.

But to return to Ben Lui. While still occupied with these useful reminiscences, the avalanche came rushing down the gully at a high speed—a speed inconsistent with public safety, as the police would say. For some reason or other it failed to dislodge us; in fact, it did not touch us. I am afraid we cannot take any credit for this escape, as it was by luck, I think, rather than good guidance that we happened to be standing—or grovelling rather—clear of its course.

With a growing sensation of cold feet, we continued the ascent, our eyes searching anxiously for further visitations from above. That is, all except Hedderwick, whose smouldering eye was fixed on the greater of the two evils—Edgar and his axe. At length we found ourselves in a situation altogether too breezy for comfort; the gully had straightened out into a kind of funnel without

protection for man or beast, and little detachments of snow came whistling down from time to time, hinting, as it were, of more to come. It was growing dark. I looked at my watch and I looked at Hedderwick. Hedderwick, as before, looked at Edgar. I looked for the summit; it was not visible. I looked at the gully: it presented a dark and sinister appearance. I looked again at my watch; as I suspected, the glass was broken. I looked at Hedderwick again; he was still bleeding in a depressing sort of way. That decided us; the retreat was sounded. In silence we retraced our steps down the gully, Edgar leading the way in what seemed a most unorthodox manner—sitting down and digging his heels into the ice. I protested, Hedderwick threatened, and he reluctantly turned over and used his toes. The conventions being observed, peace was restored and the descent proceeded in an orderly manner.

We got down without further mishap and unroped at the foot of the gully. Then, to relieve our feelings, we threw lumps of ice at Edgar, who warded them off with his axe. In attempting a hard stroke to square leg, he overbalanced and vanished in a series of somersaults over a steep place. Hedderwick's air of gloom lightened perceptibly. "A broken leg, no doubt," he observed good-naturedly, quite recovering his customary geniality. We came upon Edgar lower down; he was still whole and was sitting up nursing his bruises. We persuaded him to proceed to the hotel under his own power.

At the hotel we revived somewhat after a bath and tea; cordial relations were resumed when Hedderwick stood us each a glass of port—at least we thought at the time he was doing so. After tea we decided unanimously (no one dissenting) that we had seen enough of Tyndrum and its environs to satisfy our requirements; Hedderwick and I went out and got the car started, Edgar being detailed to pay the bill.

The journey to Balloch was without event, and would indeed have been almost pleasant but for Hedderwick, who sang continuously songs of a syncopated nature. As he was bound for Glasgow we dropped him at Balloch;

he said good-bye hurriedly and pressed a bank-note into Edgar's hand. "For my share of the bill," he said laughingly, and ran for the Glasgow bus. Edgar's delight at this windfall was a pleasure to witness; particularly, when he discovered on examining the note that it had a face value of one franc, valid only in the Commune of Abbéville. He glanced morosely from this relic to the hotel bill, the last item of which was "Three glasses of port."

We arrived home late at night after a disagreeable day in the country. By disagreeable I mean not altogether unpleasant.

A FORTNIGHT IN WESTER ROSS.

BY C. R. P. VANDELEUR.

IT is with some diffidence that I comply with the request made to me to write an account for the *Journal* of my holiday in Wester Ross in June of this year, for there must be many members far better acquainted with the district and its mountains than I. I cannot add anything fresh to what is already known, nor can I recount any notable climb. Still, I am not without hope that the following account may be of some little interest to those members who know Wester Ross, and that I may perhaps be able to induce some of those who do not know it to visit what are, perhaps, the grandest mountains on the mainland of Great Britain.

I think it was the description in Baddeley's "Northern Highlands" which first drew my attention to An Teallach and gave me the desire to see and explore that splendid group for myself. That was at least eight years ago, and ever since then I had gradually been collecting information about it from descriptions and photographs in the *Journal* and elsewhere. It was not till the present year, however, that a favourable opportunity for visiting it presented itself. At noon on the last day of May I arrived at Garve station, and, after an excellent lunch at the hotel, took my place in the Ullapool mail coach, fortunately a front seat, next the driver. The weather, which early in the day had been most unpromising, was now steadily improving, and as we proceeded at a good speed up Strath Garve, I could see Ben Wyvis, on the right, shaking the last of the mists from his crest. Several times we stopped to throw out letters and papers for the dwellers in the cottages and small farms near the roadside, whom our driver would summon by a series of loud blasts on the horn. Before long, however, we had left these outposts of civilisation behind, and had nothing on either hand but open moorland stretching away to the foot of the

mountains. Then suddenly, as we rounded a bend, the fine bold outline of An Teallach came into view far away in front, and I immediately recognised it; and a minute or two later we pulled up for a ten minutes' halt at the lonely Altguish Inn. During the rest of the journey to Braemore the mountain views became more and more interesting. Not only did An Teallach, in front, seem to grow in height and grandeur as we approached it, but on the right Ben Dearg (the highest, I believe, of the many mountains which bear this name) looked most attractive, while on our left the Fannichs formed a splendid group, with their mysterious corries and lofty snow-flecked ridges peering fitfully between the clouds. At beautifully wooded Braemore, nineteen miles from Garve and fourteen miles from Dundonnell, the Dundonnell road diverges, and here I left the mail coach, and, after a hasty glance into the Measach ravine, continued my journey in the motor which, by arrangement, had been sent from the Dundonnell Inn to meet me. Some four miles short of Dundonnell, one gets the magnificent view of An Teallach so well described by Baddeley, but when we passed it was blotted out by driving mist and rain. Then came a beautiful piece of woodland scenery, which soon, however, gave place to the open strath near the head of Little Loch Broom, where the golden blaze of the whin was a sight not soon to be forgotten. When at length we pulled up at the little white-washed inn by the shore of Little Loch Broom, it was just twenty-four hours since I had left my home in the South of England.

That same evening, after tea, I walked back for three or four miles along the road by which I had come, and was successful in obtaining a satisfactory view of An Teallach. Very impressive it looked as slowly-moving wisps of cloud alternately revealed and blotted out its various peaks and pinnacles, while the deep shadows in its two great eastern corries gave it an air of mystery and gloomy grandeur, making it seem far bigger than it really is.

Obviously I must make the mountain's closer acquaintance with the least possible delay, and next morning I left the inn about 9.15, the weather appearing quite

promising. After walking eastward along the road for a few hundred yards, I took a track which strikes off to the right, up the hillside. This track soon develops into a good shooting path, interrupted only where the way lies over some great smooth block of sandstone. As I mounted, the view opened out to the east and south-east, and I saw that the sky in that quarter had a black, rather ugly look, and that heavy masses of cloud were clinging about the range of Ben Dearg and the Fannichs. It was from that direction, moreover, that the wind was blowing, so the weather prospects now looked none too good. But in front of me, clear of mist and apparently beckoning me onward, rose the grand dome of Glas Mheall Mor, the northernmost peak of An Teallach. Presently I found that the path was taking me too far west, so, leaving it, I struck off to the left, making straight for the head of Coire a' Mhuillinn, the northern corrie of An Teallach. When I had nearly reached the head of the corrie, I attacked the slope of Glas Mheall Mor on the left, and after a steep but easy ascent, struck the summit ridge a little north-east of the cairn. Those reversing my route should note that there is no easy descent of Glas Mheall Mor on the north or north-east, for a girdle of cliff runs round the peak on those sides. The safest plan would be to turn sharp to the left (about north-west) at the cairn, and descend into the head of Coire a' Mhuillinn.

From the cairn I enjoyed a magnificent view of the highest peak of An Teallach, Bidean a' Ghlas Thuill, and of the fine branch ridge which runs eastward from it to Glas Mheall Liath. This ridge, as seen from the road, had excited my admiration the previous evening. Near the summit of Bidean a' Ghlas Thuill it is broken into several imposing pinnacles, between which steep gullies, still filled with snow at the time of my visit, descend into the depths of Coire a' Ghlas Thuill. Seen from my present standpoint, the ridge reminded me of pictures I have seen of the Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean, but I suppose the latter is really far superior, at least from a purely climbing point of view.

By 11.30 I had left the summit, and was not long in

reaching the col at the foot of Bidean. Then I ascended without difficulty, keeping for the most part near the edge of the cliff, so as to enjoy the fine view down into Coire a' Ghlas Thuill, and at 12.15, just three hours from Dundonnell, reached the highest point of An Teallach, and saw suddenly the splendid view of the imposing southern portion of the Teallach ridge, from Sgurr Fiona on the right to Sail Liath on the left, with the great precipices descending from the crest to the shores of Loch Toll-an-Lochain, which lay nearly 1,800 feet below.

After a short rest I was off once more, and by 1.15 had topped Sgurr Fiona, and was approaching Lord Berkeley's Seat. The summit of the latter is, I think, the dizziest place I have yet encountered on any British mountain. On the east side there is a sheer, or slightly overhanging, drop of perhaps 400 feet, and I could have dropped a stone into the snow gully below, which itself fell away with forbidding steepness towards Loch Toll-an-Lochain. I did not dare to *stand* on the highest point, for it is on the very edge of nothing.

From here a rough scramble brought me to the highest of the four towers which comprise Corrag Buidhe, which, by the way, is higher than Lord Berkeley's Seat, not 20 feet lower as stated in the latest edition of *Munro's Tables*. An article in an ancient number of the *Journal* (January 1894) describes Lord Berkeley's Seat as "a pretty little rock tooth, *overtopped on either side by Sgurr Fiona and Corrag Buidhe*"; and this description is perfectly correct, as anyone who visits these peaks in clear weather will be bound to acknowledge. The old edition of the *Tables* is nearer the mark than the new, in assigning to Corrag Buidhe and Lord Berkeley's Seat heights of 3,425 and 3,325 feet respectively, but I doubt if the difference is as much as 100 feet. This is a small point which might receive attention if ever the *Tables* are revised again.

More scrambling, without any real difficulty, took me over the three remaining towers of Corrag Buidhe. As remarked in the article just quoted, it is in descending on the south side of the southernmost tower that one

encounters the steepest rocks on the main ridge of An Teallach. For a short distance I descended without difficulty, then I came to one of those tiresome little places which one would scarcely notice with a companion, but which a solitary rambler is bound to treat with a certain respect, when a sprained ankle or some other slight injury would have serious consequences. It was a drop of only a few feet, but for those few feet the rock was smooth and devoid of satisfactory holds. It was the more annoying to be turned back by such a trifling obstacle, because I could see that, once down it, the ridge presented no further difficulty; but though reason told me that I ought to go boldly down, instinct warned me not to, and after hesitating for some minutes, I scrambled up again. After ascending a little way, I found an easy green gully descending on the west side of the ridge. This brought me to a track running horizontally along the mountain side, and following this round to the left, I presently found myself immediately below the place which had turned me back. Now, however, I had to scramble up 100 feet or so to the foot of the *mauvais pas* (if such it can be called), in order to retrieve my axe, which I had rashly thrown down in front of me, before deciding to abandon the place!

After this highly discreditable performance (which must have cost me about half an hour of valuable time), I quickly arrived on the buttress of Corrag Buidhe. From here, looking back, the view of Corrag Buidhe itself was very fine. From its thin and broken summit, about which the mist was beginning to play, the peak drops very steeply on every side, especially to Loch Toll-an-Lochain on the right, and conveys an impression of lofty and precipitous grandeur which probably few British mountains can rival.

It did not take long to descend to the next col and to climb over the peak beyond it to the Cadha Gobhlach. As time was now getting on, and the mist settling down on the higher peaks, I decided to cut out Sail Liath, the last summit on the ridge (which did not seem specially worth climbing), and to descend at once to Loch Toll-an-

Lochain by the gully, the upper half of which was partly filled with snow. This gully was the one place encountered during the day where an axe was really necessary. At first I descended by a steep slope of bare earth, near the side of the gully; then, when the angle became a little less steep, I took to the snow (which was just soft enough to admit of kicking steps), and followed it almost as far as it went, without, however, attempting to glissade. Once off the snow, a rough descent brought me, a little before 5 o'clock, to the south shore of the loch.

The huge range of cliffs, which on the west and south towers above this sombre sheet of water, was looking its grimmest, with the mist drawn down over its crest. I waited for some minutes in hope of a view of the tops, but as it soon became apparent that the clouds had come to stay, I drank of the water of the lake and started on the homeward tramp over the moor. I am not certain that I took the best way (I could find no path worthy of the name), but I kept close to the stream which flows from the lake (for the most part on its left bank), and eventually struck the road at Dundonnell House, about two miles and a half from the inn. The time occupied by the expedition was about ten and a half hours. I had made quick time as far as Sgurr Fiona, but after that the character of the ridge had compelled a slower pace, to say nothing of the time lost in the descent from Corrag Buidhe, and more time had been lost in various short halts on the walk back from Loch Toll-an-Lochain. On the other hand, I had saved time by omitting Sail Liath. On the whole, I think that the time ("at least ten hours") suggested in the *Guide Book* (Vol. 9, No. 50) is none too much. As regards the weather, I had been extremely fortunate. The mist had kept off An Teallach just long enough for my purpose, though many of the other mountains had been more or less heavily clouded all day.

Next day I decided to move my quarters to Kinlochewe, for I had found that An Teallach is the only mountain of importance which can be ascended from Dundonnell without an undue expenditure of either energy or cash,

and although I had cherished a hope of visiting Ben Dearg and the Fannichs, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that both were too distant.

I believe the orthodox way of getting from Dundonnell to Kinlochewe is to walk, taking a mountain or two *en route*, but I felt too lazy to do this, and, moreover, the weather was scarcely good enough to make such an expedition really enjoyable. I therefore made up my mind to motor round by the coast road, by which means I would see a good deal of country as yet unknown to me. I had expected that a mail coach would be available for at least part of the journey, but the landlord of the inn assured me there was none, and I had to fall back on the somewhat expensive method of hiring a motor from him for the whole journey of fifty-two miles. I cannot say that I enjoyed the drive very much, fine though the scenery is in many places, for the weather was inclement, and the views too often blotted out by mist and driving rain, and I was glad when at last we reached Kinlochewe Hotel, in time for a rather late lunch. Twenty-one years ago this hotel was described in the *Journal* as "one of the most delightful and charming of the old Highland inns," and it still deserves these words of praise. For the next ten days it was my headquarters, and one could not wish for a more comfortable abode to return to after a day on the hills.

Here I met two other members, Drysdale and Maclaurin, and the day after my arrival they made an early start for Liathach, although the weather prospects looked far from good. I made a late start, and walked along the road in pouring rain to Bridge of Grudie. I was beginning to walk back again, when I noticed that the rain was stopping, so, changing my mind, I took the path up Glen Grudie. It was now evident that the weather was improving, and I determined to make for the summit of Beinn a' Chearcaill, in the hope of obtaining a view of the north side of Liathach. After following the path up the glen for about a mile and a half, I turned to the right where a large tributary stream comes in from the west to join the Grudie, and, keeping close to this stream,

reached in due course the mountain's broad north ridge, which I then followed, over many hummocks and hollows, to the summit. Clouds were still drifting in from the west, partly hiding the mountains, but nevertheless I obtained an interesting view of the abrupt northern front of Liathach, and a less complete one of the Alligin range. The barren peaks of Ben Eighe, too, looked very fine, and I could see into Coire Mhic Fhearchair and clearly discern the lochan within it. The top of Beinn a' Chearcaill itself is something of a curiosity, consisting as it does of a huge slab of smooth sandstone, several acres in extent, with a number of loose blocks lying about on its surface.

I had intended to return by the way I had come, but now some malignant mountain sprite put it into my head to take a short cut back to Kinlochewe, through the valley which lies between Ben Eighe and its northern outlier, Meall a' Ghiubhais. On the map this route looks practically a straight line, and certainly it must be several miles shorter than the route by Bridge of Grudie, but it is infinitely more toilsome, and takes more time, as I found to my cost. Not only was the "going" extremely rough, but several swollen streams had to be crossed, and I lost considerable time in finding the best crossing-places. At last I reached the col at the head of the valley, and from there a good path took me down to the road near Kinlochewe, where I arrived somewhat weary and late for dinner. Drysdale and Maclaurin, I found, had had a successful day on Liathach in spite of the bad weather conditions.

This same mountain, Liathach, was now the principal object of my own ambition. For years past it had attracted me, and now that I have seen and climbed it, I think I may say that my enthusiasm for it is scarcely less than that of the honoured member who bears the title of "High Priest of Liathach." On the afternoon of the day following my walk to Beinn a' Chearcaill (which was the "Sawbath"), I walked along the Torridon road as far as the place where Liathach comes in sight, and so magnificent did it look from this point of view—so much bigger,

steeper, and more rugged than appears in photographs—that I felt I could not rest till I had explored “its shrines and its temples,” and stood on its highest summit.

Accordingly next morning I motored to a point just short of Fasag. Leaving the road about 9.20, I crossed a field and ascended a heather slope to the foot of a conspicuous reddish gully which here descends from the ridge. The ascent of this gully proved toilsome, especially the upper part, which consists of very steep scree. I allowed myself till 11 o'clock to attain the ridge, and it was just five minutes past the hour when I actually did reach it. Here an unpleasant surprise awaited me. I had noticed that the clouds were moving from the north-west, at a level well above the mountain tops, and had felt pretty confident of a fine clear day, but now I found that a lower stratum of cloud, moving from the west, had already enveloped the western end of Liathach and was rapidly bearing down upon me. All the mountains to the north and north-east were more or less buried in clouds. There seemed but little chance that I would see anything of the wonders of Liathach; nevertheless, I turned eastward along the ridge, which is here a broad slope. To my surprise, the thickest of the mist did not overtake me: northward, I had a grand view of the steep face of Beinn Dearg in the Alligin range, a noble mountain, which misses being a Munro by only five feet. After I had proceeded along the ridge for about twenty-five minutes, mounting steadily all the time, the summit of Mullach an Rathain, the second highest peak of Liathach, showed itself through the thin mist, with the broken Meall Dearg ridge on its left; and a few minutes later I reached the cairn. Immediately, the whole sweep of Liathach's rugged northern face, unobscured by mist, was revealed, rising precipitously from the floor of Coire na Caimhe at my feet, with the grey quartzite cone of the highest peak at its far end, beyond the Fasarinen Pinnacles. Immediately below me, the grand Meall Dearg ridge, with narrow, pinnacled crest and abrupt sides, ran out towards the north. Finer still was the view when I had left the summit and had gone some little way along the

main ridge. Standing on a rock on the edge of the precipice, I enjoyed an uninterrupted survey of the grand precipices which tower above the south-west corner of Coire na Caime, comprising the north-east face of the Mullach, with its sharp summit, and the eastern wall of the Meall Dearg ridge. It is a really splendid piece of rock scenery, perhaps the finest that Liathach can show, and its grandeur was enhanced at this time by the snow which streaked the precipices and lay in big patches in the corrie below.

Pushing on along the ridge, I found the going easy and pleasant as far as the beginning of the Fasarinen Pinnacles. The *Guide Book* (Vol. 9, No. 49, p. 34) recommends one here to take the path along the base of the pinnacles, and classifies the route along their crest as a "climb." I had been told, however, by Drysdale and Maclaurin, that this latter route, which they had followed, was really nothing more than a rough scramble, so I determined to attempt it, especially as the "path," judging by the little I saw of it, looked the more perilous route of the two. And indeed the top of the ridge presents no serious difficulty, the holds being excellent all the way. For the most part, I kept on the actual crest, merely making a short traverse on the south side here and there, to avoid a perpendicular pitch. It is an enjoyable ridge, and the views down the cliffs on the north side are fine, though not so terrific as descriptions had led me to anticipate. There are also impressive views down into Glen Torridon, some 3,000 feet below, the drop appearing almost vertical. One or two places on the ridge look formidable a little way off, but the difficulties disappear when one approaches them.

At length, the last of the Pinnacles was left behind, and a short struggle up a slope of loose quartzite blocks brought me to the cairn on Spidean a' Choire Leith, the highest peak of Liathach. I had been just two hours in coming along the ridge from Mullach an Rathain, but I had not hurried, and had conscientiously gone over the various little "tops" on it, whereas in places I could have saved time, had I wished, by cutting across the slope-

on the south side. All the way along the ridge I had enjoyed a magnificent view of range beyond range of mountains stretching away to the south, and now from the summit I still saw them clear. One conspicuous double-peaked mountain, somewhat east of south, and carrying a good deal of snow, reminded me of Cruachan, though it did not look quite so fine. I took it to be Mam Soul and Carn Eige, but, on this assumption, I was unable to "place" two sharper, more isolated summits, also with large snow patches, which appeared slightly more to the left and further away. Still further to the left rose two rounded, snow-speckled summits, which I supposed to be An Riabhachan and Sgurr na Lapaich.

To the right of the double-peaked mountain, a great tangle of peaks—Ben Attow, Scour Ouran, the Saddle, and a host of others—left me powerless to decide which was which. Far away beyond them, in the extreme distance, a dim, shadowy form recalled the outline of Ben Nevis as seen from Banavie, and "The Ben" it may well have been. Near the coast, Ben Screel was fairly obvious, with Lurven beyond it, while away to the south-west the northern part of the Cuillin rose clear of the clouds which hid the southern end of the range.

Up to this I had been extraordinarily lucky in the weather, but now a cold mist enveloped me, causing me to cut short my rest on the summit, and I began the descent by continuing eastward along the ridge to the next little col. My original plan had been to follow the ridge to the extreme eastern summit, from which I knew I could descend without serious difficulty, but now I decided that I had had enough of ridge-walking and -scrambling for one day, and determined to try to descend from this col direct into Glen Torridon, though I had not previously examined the route from below, and knew there would probably be difficulties. For a few hundred feet all was easy, then I came to the edge of a cliff running along the face of the mountain. At first sight it seemed that to descend further in that direction was impossible, but luckily I had struck the cliff at its lowest and most vulnerable point. A little further to the left (eastward) it

rose to a height of several hundred feet, and looked quite unclimbable, but here its height dwindled to a mere thirty feet or so, and after a little looking about, I found a place where I managed to scramble down, having first satisfied myself that, once this obstacle was passed, all would be plain sailing right down to the road. Later on, from the lower slopes, I saw that I could have found an easier route by following the cliff edge round to the right (westward). The cliff passed, all difficulties were over, and I continued the descent in leisurely fashion, lingering more than once to admire the great black precipices which make this one of the grandest parts of Liathach. I am generally slow downhill, and it was about 4.40, some two hours and forty minutes from the summit, when I reached the road. I then had seven miles or so to walk back to Kinlochewe, where I arrived at last with a good appetite for dinner, and very well pleased with Liathach, and with the good fortune which had attended my visit to it.

Next day I ascended Meall a' Ghiubhais, which is the easiest hill of any height around Kinlochewe, for a good path takes one almost to the base of the final peak. It must also command a fine view, especially of the north side of Ben Eighe, but, owing to rain and mist, I saw very little, and this ascent could scarcely be called enjoyable.

After this easy day I felt I was ready to tackle Ben Eighe, my plan being to begin with the western peaks, Ruadh-stac Mor and Sail Mhor, and then to make my way back to Kinlochewe along the ridge, over the summits of the various other peaks. I began by motoring along the Torridon road to the point where it crosses the stream which comes down the valley between Ben Eighe and Liathach, and then walked up that valley by a good path, passing close under Liathach's fine eastern "bluff." Thus I reached the wild tract which lies to the north of Liathach, the path continuing to be as good as one could wish. After a time, however, it began to descend somewhat, and, thinking to save time, I left it, and struck off to the right across the slope of Sail Mhor. This was a mistake, though not a serious one. The better way is, I

think, to keep the low ground till one reaches the stream which flows from Loch Coire Mhic Fhearchair, and then to follow it to the loch. As it was, I came within sight of the loch after a somewhat toilsome struggle amidst boulders and heather, and reached it after a slight descent, hugging the foot of the frowning precipice of Sail Mhor. I obtained a view of the famous cliffs at the head of the corrie, just as the tops were being blotted out by the usual clouds from the west. Then followed a monotonous ascent of the western slope of the Ruadh-stac Mor, where I had to be careful not to bring the huge unstable quartzite blocks tumbling on top of myself, and in due course I arrived on the mist-shrouded summit.

I had made a rather late start that morning, and had also lost time on the walk to Coire Mhic Fhearchair. It was now 1.45, and a prodigious amount of rough ridge-walking lay between me and Kinlochewe. The mist showed no sign of lifting. I knew that there was one awkward place on the ridge leading to Sail Mhor, which it seemed scarcely prudent to attempt in the mist, and this consideration, together with the lateness of the hour, made me decide, very reluctantly, to abandon Sail Mhor. So on reaching Coinneach Mhor (which well deserves its name—"the big mossy place"), I followed the ridge leading to Spidean Coire nan Clach. By the time I attained this peak the clouds had lifted, disclosing a magnificent panorama. Towards the south I saw again the mountains I had seen from Liathach (save that the phantom Ben Nevis was not "on view"), while south-westward the whole Cuillin range stood deep-blue against the sky, and I at once recognised the outline of Sgurr Alasdair from photographs I had seen of it. To the left of the Cuillin, and fainter in tone, rose a splendid broad-shouldered mass, which must, I think, have been the group of Haskeval and Halival in Rum, though it certainly looked higher than the 2,667 feet assigned to Haskeval by the Ordnance Survey. Close at hand, Liathach rose in impressive grandeur. In the opposite direction the peaks of An Teallach, seen over Slioch, were the chief object of interest.

The coldness of the wind, however, prevented my stay on the summit from being really enjoyable (I may mention that snow had fallen as I was crossing Coinneach Mhor), and after I had gone a little way further along the ridge, the cold seemed suddenly to increase in intensity. At all costs I must escape from that icy blast! It is stated in the *Guide Book* article (Vol. 9, No. 49) that a path from Glen Torridon here joins the ridge, but I could find no trace of it, and eventually descended by the shapely spur which projects southward from Spidean Coire nan Clach. While descending this spur, I saw the path far below, and eventually reached it. On the upper slopes of the mountain it has evidently quite disappeared, and even the lower portion is obliterated in places: it is a pity that this has been allowed to happen. Five miles or so of "road-slogging" brought me back to Kinlochewe in time for dinner.

Two days later I visited the eastern peaks of Ben Eighe. I scaled Creag Dubh by its eastern ridge, reaching the summit in about two hours from the hotel, and then followed the easy ridge leading to the quartzite pinnacles whose name, being interpreted, means "the Black Men of Ben Eighe." I managed to scramble over these, but found them unpleasantly rotten. The crags which plunge down into the corrie on the western side of the ridge are impressive, while in the background Liathach presents an outline strikingly like that of the Wetterhorn, as Mr Gardner has observed in his book, *The Peaks, Lochs, and Coasts of the Western Highlands*. The pinnacles culminate in Sgurr an Fhir Duibhe ("the Peak of the Black Man"), and beyond this an easy ridge, with a dip of about 400 feet, leads to Sgurr Ban. On reaching the last-named peak I was, as usual, enveloped in a cold mist, and, as the weather did not seem promising, I made haste to descend into Glen Torridon. I resolved to spend as little time as possible on the monotonous screes, and, with the help of my axe, made a rapid descent to the lower slopes, finishing the day with the usual walk home along the Torridon road, though this time it was shorter than on former occasions.

My only other ascent in this district was that of Slioch, from which I had the best view of all my holiday, for in every direction the mountains stood out clear and free from clouds. To the south-west, across the abyss in which lay Loch Maree, rose the group of Ben Eighe and Liathach, and more to the right, that of Alligin, with the distant Cuillin grandly filling the gap between them; while far, far away in the south-east, beyond a tangle of blue ridges, a pale gleam seemed to suggest the snows of the distant Cairngorms. Northward, less than ten miles away, was An Teallach, showing the steep, gaunt slopes which descend to Loch na Sheallag, but giving no indication of the mighty precipices on its eastern face. To the right of it, and very much further away, stood the massive group of Ben More Assynt; still more to the right, and still more distant, the blue cone of Ben Klibreck. Eastward, the Fannichs showed their gentle, unimposing southern slopes, with Ben Wyvis to the right of them. But the various wild mountain lakes within sight, the noble Loch Maree, and the great expanse of the western ocean stretching away to the "Long Island," made quite as important a contribution as did the mountains to the impressiveness of the whole scene.

The summit of Slioch itself puzzled me. There are two cairns, perhaps 200 yards apart. One of these is on the highest point, which is within the 3,250 contour, and the height of which is given as 3,260 feet. The other is presumably on the 3,217 feet point. But when one is on the summit, it is impossible to believe that there is a difference of 43 feet, or anything near it, between the levels of the two cairns. They appeared to me to be much the same height. I leave it to some future visitor to Slioch to clear up the mystery.

Although it had been almost unpleasantly hot at the foot of the mountain that morning, the summit was now being swept by a chilly breeze, which caused me to descend sooner than I would otherwise have done. I went down by the corrie, and came to the conclusion that it is the best way.

Next morning I took my departure for the South.

A DAY ON THE ROCKS.

BY "ESCARBOT."

AS the writer had occasion to visit Glasgow, he conspired previously to assault the Lonely Shepherd of Etive. After a late arrival on Friday evening, the morning of Saturday was devoted to fulfilling numerous engagements, the afternoon to strenuous tennis, followed by a cooling swim. The weather promised well for the morn, and even the weather forecast was optimistic in less guarded terms than usual.

The Strong Man joined the writer for a hasty dinner, and after the customary rush at the end, the two conspirators set off at 7.30 P.M. from Glasgow. The transport consisted of one Ox, whose hinder portion was laden with all that we could think might be required for one night. The numerous witnesses of our departure may have thought that we were about to attempt a dash across Siberia, but if so, they were wrong.

After stops at Crianlarich and Inveroran, and having carefully avoided collisions with the numerous deer thronging the road near Bà Bridge, we reached Kingshouse about 11 P.M., and about 2 miles further on coaxed the Ox on to the concrete foundations of an old shed, just across the burn from the existing eyesore. By suitable manipulations the tent was pitched on a patch of velvety turf so that the Ox's lights shone into and around the tent. We can recommend this site as likely to remain dry longer than any other in the vicinity, and it is pleasing in other respects.

A thermos was soon emptied, and we prepared to turn in. The moon was in its first quarter, the sky was clear, and the stars shone steadily. The afterglow of the sunset and the moonlight on Buchaille Etive Mor made a sight which alone seemed to the writer worth coming up from England to see.

A proposal from the Strong Man to perform a course of physical jerks was tactfully discouraged. It certainly

was exhilarating to stroll pyjama-clad o'er the moor, and we could not help feeling slightly superior to think how many thousands of our fellow-subjects were at this hour asleep in their air-tight chambers on such a night as this.

Having at last persuaded the Strong Man to lie down, the rest of the night was spent more or less in attempts to get more than one's fair share of blankets—rather a heating pastime.

Passing over the splendour of a dawn that will long linger in the writer's memory, three more thermos flasks contributed their still hot contents to breakfast, and after wasting twice as much time as was necessary to strike camp and take photos, we ran down to the turning place just beyond Coupal Bridge, and left the Ox in readiness for the return journey.

The weather was perfect and the sun already hot, so that a sweltering grind took us in about an hour to the foot of the Crowberry Ridge. Here we dumped woollies and rations and literature, and with shirt sleeves rolled up, prepared for the assault. After reaching, by a pleasing chimney, the grassy terrace where the climb really commences, half an hour was taken up by a false start; but the second attempt took us to a narrow ledge at once recognised by the Strong Man, and at the head of the second pitch the Abraham Ledge was attained and easily identified. A satisfactory belay was found for No. 2 about 4 feet above the ledge, and the Strong Man moved round the corner to the left, but not liking the look of things, he soon returned.

The writer next had a look, while the Strong Man belayed him by the method known as Bower's. The rock was dry and warm, and conditions were in fact ideal. After sidling about 4 or 5 feet to the left, a little careful balancing enabled the writer, by moving up and to the left, to reach a shallow depression. Thence upwards the slope was easier, but rather lacking in holds, and after perhaps 40 feet more a good stance was found, complete with belay, where the Strong Man soon joined the writer.

Continuing straight up, a wall was recognised on the

left as "the Slabs," and this had to be investigated and photographed. We thought that the direct route would make a better climb, and returned from the slabs to continue up it. The slope eventually eased off, and finally, after unroping, some easy scrambling took us to the top of the prominent Crowberry Tower, forty-five minutes after we had left the cairn on the broad grassy terrace below.

Judging by the absence of new nail scratches and the presence of loose rock, we thought it probable that ours was the first ascent of the direct route this year. We felt it our good deed for the day to alter the configuration of the mountain by dislodging a few pieces of loose rock at critical points, lest they should later crash on the unwary.

We intended to descend by the Curved Ridge, but owing either to over-confidence in our route-finding abilities, or more likely to pure carelessness, we came down the Central Buttress instead, and had the joy of contouring round half the steep places at the lower end in order to regain the foot of the Crowberry Ridge and our belongings.

During lunch we were much gratified on consulting the "Climber's Bible" to read of the "sheer 200-foot wall" and the "diminutive break in the mighty cliff" whence "the shattered crags slant far down valleywards." The solemn warning further cheered us up, and even the thought of where angels fear to tread did not unduly depress us.

Having completed our light repast by dried prunes, we ascended a chimney in the centre of the North Buttress, after moving up and across to it from the east side of the buttress, over fairly sound rock with good holds. When the rock in the chimney got too loose for our peace of mind, a short traverse was made westwards to the next chimney, and this took us up practically to the summit of the buttress, where we unroped. The views of the snow-covered Aonachs were magnificent, with "The Ben" and Carn Mor Dearg occasionally showing round the corner of the buttress.

Some rough ground led us to the summit cairn, and just as we were beginning to enjoy to the full the truly wonderful view, swarms of midges began to devour our tender bodies. Why these should haunt that particular part of the mountain we did not attempt to discover, but the cairn and its vicinity swarmed with them, and we beat a hasty retreat. The 40-foot chimney on the Tower looked tempting, but as the writer had 250 miles of driving before him, it was decided to leave this till a future visit.

This time we made no mistake about the Curved Ridge, though there is only one portion, duly cairned, which even resembles a pitch. The rest is just easy scrambling on rock which might be sounder.

On reaching the Ox, a most enjoyable day was fittingly terminated by a dip in the River Etive. Having just stubbed his toe on a slippery rock, the writer was much comforted at the sight of the Strong Man falling prone in the river, and his hearty laughter must have cheered up the said Strong Man immensely.

The return to Glasgow was marked by a terrific black thunderstorm between Bridge of Orchy and Tyndrum, the roads on either side of this area being quite dry.

After another bath and a hasty dinner, the writer set off from Glasgow about 8 P.M., and after a glorious run, arrived in Lancashire quite early on Monday morning. Contrary to expectations (other people's, of course), he did not feel tired or sleepy that evening. Is this due to the invigorating Scottish mountain air?

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET, 1927—BALLACHULISH.

THE Easter Meet, 1927, was held at Ballachulish, when the following members and guests were present:—

Members.—F. S. Goggs (President), H. Alexander, Alan Arthur, L. St C. Bartholomew, J. H. B. Bell, A. M. Buchanan, Ronald Burn, J. F. A. Burt, J. R. Corbett, W. Douglas, D. S. P. Douglas, P. Donald, J. W. W. Drysdale, R. R. Elton, W. Galbraith, J. Gall Inglis, George T. Glover, G. B. Green, Alex. Harrison, G. F. Howard, A. G. Hutchison, T. Hutson, J. S. M. Jack, G. Murray Lawson, W. N. Ling, H. MacRobert, R. W. Martin, W. A. Morrison, G. B. L. Motherwell, C. W. Nettleton, J. A. Parker, C. W. Parry, John G. Reid, J. Rennie, A. E. Robertson, R. N. Rutherford, George Sang, J. A. Scott, R. T. Sellar, H. F. B. Sharp, G. A. Solly, E. C. Thomson.

Guests.—E. Elton, R. H. Gall Inglis, A. Geddes, F. N. Goggs, B. F. Howard, S. I. Jack, G. Jack, John MacGregor, W.S., A. D. MacNab, A. G. Murray, S. C. O'Grady, Lieut.-Commander G. V. A. Phelps, David Rennie, A. P. A. Robertson, J. M'C. Thomson.

A total of fifty-seven.

There was very little snow for the time of year, due to a prolonged spell of wet weather before the Meet. The rocks, however, were in very fair condition on several hills. Throughout the Meet the weather was very bad, there being no day quite free from rain.

Thursday, 14th April.

Parker and Burn, who had arrived the previous day, motored to Loch Creran, whence they ascended Beinn Sgulaire.

J. Rennie, W. Douglas, David Rennie, and MacGregor motored to Ardchattan Priory to decipher inscriptions.



G. S.

Easter, 1927

BINNEIN MÓR
FROM SOUTH



G. S.

PARTY ON BINNEIN MÓR

Easter, 1927

Sang and Ling, with Reid, whom they had collected at Crianlarich on Wednesday, ascended Beinn a' Bheithir.

Parry arrived in the evening, having walked to Kinlochleven from Fort William, traversing Binnein Mòr and Binnein Beag.

Twelve members and guests arrived in the evening, Lawson and Martin motoring from Edinburgh in eight hours.

Friday, 15th April.

W. Douglas and MacGregor motored to Clachaig where, beneath a boulder, they discussed Scottish weather.

Solly and Green ascended Creag Ghorm, Solly proceeding for some distance till turned back by the weather.

Parry, A. P. A. Robertson, and J. M'C. Thomson climbed the Sgòrr Dearg of Beinn a' Bheithir.

Lawson, Burt, and O'Grady traversed Creag Ghorm and the three tops of Beinn a' Bheithir, choosing the wettest intervals for lunch.

A. M. Buchanan, who arrived in the morning, ascended the Pap and Sgòr nam Fiannaidh.

Harrison and Glover, who arrived at 2 P.M., did Beinn a' Bheithir.

Sang, Ling, Burn, and Martin did Na Gruagaichean, Stob Choireasain, and Binnein Mòr.

G. F. Howard and B. F. Howard motored from Bridge of Orchy to Glen Etive, ascended Stob na Broige and refused "lifts" on the Glencoe road. When they finally decided to accept a lift, none was forthcoming till within about a hundred yards or so of the hotel. This was gratefully accepted!

Alexander, Galbraith, and Phelps did Bidean nam Bian and Stob Coire nan Lochan.

Reid walked to Creagan, returning like a giant refreshed.

Bartholomew, Scott, and Geddes came by car, ascending Clachlet on the way.

F. S. Goggs, F. N. Goggs, and Nettleton came by car, F. S. Goggs and F. N. Goggs traversing the two tops of Buachaille Etive Beag on the way.

Parker, D. S. P. Douglas, and Sellar ascended Bidean nam Bian.

Twelve more arrivals came on Friday evening, Morrison arriving with P. Donald's luggage.

Saturday, 16th April.

Sang, Ling, and Glover motored to Corran Ferry and drove to Inversanda, whence they ascended the ridge of Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour. They reported most interesting and enjoyable climbing.

Reid and the two Howards ascended Sgòrr Dhearg on Beinn a' Bheithir.

Lawson, Buchanan, Burt, and O'Grady climbed Stob Coire nan Lochan by the dinner time, Buttress of Aonach Dubh, traversed Bidean and Stob Coire nam Beith, and glissaded off An t Sròn.

J. S. M. Jack, MacRobert, Drysdale, MacNab, and S. I. Jack did Stob Coire nam Beith by snow gullies on the face, Bidean and Stob Coire nan Lochan.

Galbraith and Phelps ascended Sgòrrs Dhearg and Dhonuill, descending somewhat vaguely in dense mist to the Ferry.

Solly, the two Goggs, and Nettleton did the Central Gully and Collie's pinnacle on Bidean. This climb was of very great interest in that G. A. Solly thus repeated his first ascent of this Gully, and also of the pinnacle, made with Collie and Collier thirty-three years ago.

Parry,* A. P. A. Robertson, and J. M'C. Thomson ascended the Crowberry Ridge to the base of the Tower, descending thence by easy gullies.

Harrison, Bartholomew, Scott, and Martin inspected the Church-door Buttress, but finding it impossible under ice and snow conditions, ascended by the Gully to Stob Coire nan Lochan.

Morrison and Geddes ascended Sgòrr Dhearg on Beinn a' Bheithir.

* Parry also did a new Water Pipe climb of which full particulars are lacking.—ED.

W. Douglas, Green, and MacGregor motored to Appin.

P. Donald arrived this evening, having walked from Corrou, over Sgùrr Eilde Mòr, to the hotel in eleven hours.

Hutson, Burn, and Murray traversed Aonach Dubh, Stob Coire nan Lochan, Bidean, and Stob Coire nam Beith.

D. P. S. Douglas, Sellar, and Motherwell ascended Beinn a' Bheithir.

J. H. B. Bell, Thomson, and the two Eltons did the Ridge of Garbh Bheinn. Bell created a sensation in the hotel, for on knocking out his pipe, he contrived to drop it in the fire. The subsequent rescue provided a striking effect of fireworks of live coals throughout the room.

Parker and Alexander motored to Coileitir, in Glen Etive, then ascended Ben Starav, Beinn nan Aighean, and Glas Bheinn Mhòr, a round of eight hours.

J. Gall Inglis and R. H. Gall Inglis motored over, ascending Sgairneach Mhòr, near Dalnaspidal, on the way. There were a further six arrivals during the day.

After dinner J. S. M. Jack organised the usual concert. The vocalists were warmly received, Sang giving the Fell and Rock song—always a great favourite. Bartholomew and Scott, in an effort to provoke community singing, and starting on an impossible "pitch," attempted "heights" unattainable even by combined tactics, and retired, hoarse, for lubrication. In the absence of their usual pianist the Club were fortunate in "discovering" in Hutson an admirable accompanist.

Sunday, 17th April.

Bartholomew, Burn, Scott, Geddes, and Murray traversed the Aonach Eagach.

Harrison and Hutson ascended Meall Dearg with the same intention, but thinking better of it, descended.

Alan Arthur, E. C. Thomson, and the two Eltons did Bidean by the Central Gully.

Hutchison and Rutherford also ascended Bidean by

the Central Gully, almost ascending the Pinnacle on the way. They then crossed over Stob Coire nan Lochan and walked back to the Hotel.

Glover reached 2,700 feet on Stob Coire nam Beith.

Lawson, Galbraith, Buchanan, Morrison, Burt, Phelips, O'Grady, and dog ascended Beinn Sgulaird from the head of Loch Creran. The dog not only made the equivalent of several ascents but gave chase to a wild cat, which at least three members of the party are stated to have seen.

Sang, Ling, and the two Howards were also up to the first top of Beinn Sgulaird in rain. They also descended in rain; moreover, they spent the day following a watercourse!

MacRobert, Drysdale, J. S. M. Jack, S. I. Jack, and MacNab ascended Sgòrr Dhonuill, MacRobert and MacNab returning while the rest continued over Sgòrr Dhearg. This party reported that it was raining.

P. Donald and Martin ascended Sgòr na h-Ulaidh in heavy rain.

Several members and guests left during the day. A large number remained indoors owing to the deplorable weather, but the Club was well represented at Church.

Mrs Fearnside provided very suitable decorated menus at dinner on Sunday night, a kindly thought which was much appreciated by every one. Repeated calls for a speech from the President only elicited the statement that he was in complete agreement with the traditions of the Club that there be no speeches on these occasions.

Monday, 18th April.

A. E. Robertson, G. Jack, and J. R. Corbett arrived on Monday, Corbett coming from the Meet of the Rucksack Club at Fort William.

Lawson and Burt did Binnein Mòr by the track from Loch Eilde Mòr and na Gruagaichean.

Gall Inglis and Motherwell motored through Glencoe, to get a view of Buachaille Etive, depositing Burn and Parry at Altnafeadh.

Burn, Parry, and O'Grady ascended Buachaille Etive by the Crowberry Ridge, descending by the Coupall.

Sang, MacRobert, Morrison, and Parker visited Coire Leis and decided upon a site for the new Club hut.

Solly, Nettleton, and Alexander ascended Na Gruagaichean.

F. S. Goggs, Alan Arthur, Inglis, Jun., and F. N. Goggs ascended Na Gruagaichean, Stob Coire a' Chairn, and Am Bodach.

Green walked through Glencoe to the Hotel.

J. S. M. Jack, H. F. B. Sharp, S. I. Jack, and MacNab traversed the Aonach Eagach.

Hutchison and Rutherford left at 7.20 A.M. for Sgòrr Dhonuill and Sgòrr Dhearg, leaving by the afternoon train.

Geoffrey Howard and B. F. Howard were also up Sgòrr Dhonuill, leaving by the same train.

P. Donald and the two Eltons left the Hotel at 8.30, motored to Achtriochtan, and traversing all four tops of the Aonach Eagach from the east end, reached the car again at 2.30.

Drysdale, E. C. Thomson, Hutson, and Murray motored to Kinlochleven, ascended Na Gruagaichean, Binnein Mòr, and descended by the Corrie above Loch Eilde Mòr.

The weather was wet throughout Monday, the mists being very low in the afternoon. Some one having remarked that the barometer had stayed "set" at 30 throughout the Meet, Green suggested that it be thrown outside "to see for itself."

Many members left during the day, there being only eighteen present at dinner.

Tuesday, 19th April.

Lawson, Corbett, Burt, Parry, and Geddes motored to Benderloch, where they examined the remains of a vitrified fort. Geddes walked home from Elleric, above Loch Creran, by Gleann an Fhiodh.

Solly, Robertson, and G. Jack visited Kinlochleven.

Parker did Sgòrr Dhonuill after lunch by the East Ridge, and had some exciting climbing on rotten rocks. Nine more members left during the day.

Wednesday, 20th April.

Lawson, Corbett, Burt, Parry, and Geddes motored to Altnafeadh, where they ascended Buachaille Etive by the North Buttress in very bad conditions. Corbett returned from the foot of the rocks and walked down Glencoe to Loch Achtriochtan, where he got a "lift."

Thursday, 21st April.

Parker and Corbett alone remained after Thursday. On Thursday they motored to Clachaig and from there climbed Stob an Fhuarain, Sgòr na h-Ulaidh, and Beinn Fhionnlaidh in thick mist.

On Friday, and in wet weather, Corbett climbed Sgòrr Bhan, Sgòrr Dhearg, and Sgòrr Dhonuill.

On Saturday Parker and Corbett motored to Achtriochtan, and from there climbed Buachaille Etive Beag in good weather.

Sunday, 24th, was very wet, and on Monday both Parker and Corbett left in a snowstorm.

In spite of most inclement weather the Meet was a great success, a large amount of climbing being accomplished. Every one greatly appreciated the efforts made by Mrs Fearnside for their comfort, especially as such a large attendance was quite unexpected and the Hotel staff was short-handed.

C. W. P.



G. S.

Easter, 1927

SCHIEHALLION IS IDENTIFIED
FROM NA GRUGAICHEAN



G. S.

SUMMIT PEAK OF BINNEIN MÓR

Easter, 1927

LIBRARY.

Since the last issue of the *Journal*, "The Kirk in the Glen" has been presented by the author, Mr A. R. Anderson, and Sang has presented the following survey maps:—

- India.—N.E. Trans.-Frontier, N.W. 7.
- „ Darjeeling. Sheet 78.
- „ Katmandu. Sheet 72.
- „ United Provinces, &c. Sheet 63.
- Tibet, Nepal, &c. Sheet 62.
- „ „ Ting-ri-dzong. Sheet 71.
- Lhasa. Sheet 77.

The Club thanks the above two gentlemen for their gifts.

"The Call of the Pentlands," by Will. Grant, has been presented by the Publishers, Messrs R. Grant & Son.

The following publications have been received since the last issue:—

- Italian Alpine Club Journal. January 1927 to August 1927.
- Les Alpes. Vol. III. February 1927 to September 1927.
- La Montagne. February 1927 to September 1927.
- Sangaku. Vol. XX., 1927, No. 3; Vol. XXI., 1927, Nos. 1 and 2.
- Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club. Nineteenth Annual Record.
- Sierra Club Bulletin. Vol. XII., No. 4.
- Rucksack Club Journal. Vol. VI., No. 1.
- Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal. Vol. V., No. 17.
- Cambridge Mountaineering, 1925-1926.
- Den Norske Turistforenings Arbok, 1927, and Handbook.
- Alpine Journal. Vol. XXXIX., No. 234.
- Supplement to Bulletin of Appalachian Mountain Club. Vol. XX., No. 9.
- Svensk Turist Kalender. 1927.
- Svenska Turistforeningens Arsskrift. 1927.
- Climbers' Club Journal. New Series. Vol. III., No. 1.
- Pinnacle Club Journal. No. 2, 1926-1927.
- Cairngorm Club Journal. Vol. XI., No. 65.
- The Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Vol. VII., No. 1.

The following Guide Books published under the auspices of the Fell and Rock Club have also been received:—

- “Doe Crags and Climbs around Coniston,” by Mr George S. Bower.
- “Pillar Rock and Neighbouring Climbs,” by Mr H. M. Kelly.
- “Great Gable and Borrowdale,” by Messrs H. S. Cross and A. R. Thompson.

Copies of these handy volumes can be had through our Secretary: see advertisement.

CLUB-ROOM.

On Tuesday, 15th March 1927, the Honorary Secretary described with slides a “Caravan Tour in the Western Highlands.”

The Club acknowledges, with thanks to Mr J. A. Parker, Mr J. E. Shearer’s “Panorama from the Summit of Ben Nevis.”

SLIDE COLLECTION.

The Club is indebted to Mr G. R. Donald for the addition of five slides to the collection and for two framed enlargements which now adorn the Club-Room walls; also to Mr F. W. Jackson for a number of negatives of the Crieff district.

The foreign slide collection is now indexed on similar lines to the Scottish one. Thanks are due to Mr H. Mac-Robert for assistance in titling slides, but a considerable number are still “unplaced.”

REVIEWS.

Benighted on the Moor of Rannoch. In the September issue of *Blackwood's Magazine* there is an exceedingly well-written article by W. J. G. F., describing the walk across the Moor of Rannoch in January 1889 by the engineers and others concerned in the promotion of the West Highland Railway. The party consisted of three engineers, a contractor, two lawyers, and another designated "the Major," no names being mentioned. None of the party had experience of such an expedition and presumably few of them, if any, were properly equipped; one of them carried an umbrella! Their ages varied from twenty-eight to sixty.

On the first day the party drove from Spean Bridge to Inverlair and walked thence to the foot of Loch Treig, where a boat and men were to have met them. There were no men, and the party "of experts in every trade except seamanship" had to row the boat themselves to the south end of the loch. The weather was about as bad as it well could be, and the boat had to be bailed out constantly. The journey took five hours, and Craiguaineach Lodge was not reached till midnight. It was then found that the messenger who had been sent via the Larig had not turned up, and that in consequence no preparations had been made for their reception. They were, however, made as comfortable as possible and slept in a large barn.

The weather next morning was exceedingly bad, there being a high wind with driving showers of rain and sleet. Notwithstanding such adverse conditions, the party of seven started for the walk across the Moor, their destination presumably being Inveroran; but Gorton cottage, 18 miles distant, was the nearest habitation. Surely a forlorn hope in such weather. The River Gaur was reached at 1.30 P.M., and a keeper who was waiting for them ferried them across. The party then proceeded onwards, and towards dusk the eldest of them collapsed, about 7 miles from Gorton, and became unconscious. Two men remained with him, one went off alone to get help from Gorton (which he reached after having collapsed himself for four or five hours), two others struggled on together, and were subsequently found by the relief party from Gorton in a state of semi-collapse sheltering behind a boulder, while the seventh man walked on alone and succeeded in reaching a cottage some 3 miles west of Gorton cottage, which he had not seen. The relief party reached the unconscious man and his companions after midnight and took them to a shelter near the Abhuinn Duibhe, which was reached at 3 A.M., and after daylight the party went forward to Gorton cottage, which they reached about 10 A.M.

Six of the party subsequently reached Inveroran towards evening just as a very bad snowstorm was beginning. The seventh man

remained where he was for several days owing to the storm. It was fortunate that the snowstorm did not come on twenty-four hours earlier when the party were on the Moor, as undoubtedly several of its members would have perished. The article concludes: "But they did cross the moor, and if any are inclined to belittle the achievement, let them try it themselves, from Loch Treig head to Inveroran, starting on a short winter's day in a gale of wind and rain; and they must remember that there was no railway to fall back upon when weary, like the channel swimmer's attendant boat, ready to render aid in an emergency; nothing but their own little group of toiling men, slowly and painfully scrambling onwards over the desolate, lifeless, limitless waste of wild, wind-swept moor." J. A. P.

The Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal, 1926, Vol. VII. No. 2 (No. 20 of Series).

There is full measure and an abundance of interest and information contained in this number of the *Fell and Rock Journal*, and a liberal supply of excellent illustrations. The principal articles (which are also published separately) compose the fifth and last volume of the valuable series of Pocket Rock Climbing Guides published by the Club. Mr G. Basterfield deals very ably with the Langdale District, and while concise, does not lack that light touch which makes it readable: unfortunately for the more timid, there are only three climbs included which are not classified as "difficult" or worse. Mr A. R. Thomson deals with the somewhat less satisfactory district for the climber around Buttermere, and Mr Chorley gleans those climbs not already disposed of in the series in a chapter on Outlying Climbs. Other articles include an account of the celebration of the Pillar Rock Centenary, which is followed by a short history of the earlier climbing on the rock. There are also many interesting articles dealing with climbing at home and abroad which testify to the activity of the Club and give interesting reading. L. ST C. B.

The Call of the Pentlands. By Will Grant (R. Grant & Son, Edinburgh). 7s. 6d. net.

This little book has been handed in for review just as we are going to press. I have read it with delight from cover to cover. Although I have walked the Pentlands from end to end for twenty-five years, I now feel I must begin again with the new eyes that Mr Grant has lent to me.

This is not a library book only, but one that every lover of our "hills of home" should have and enjoy for himself. The photographic illustrations are excellent. F. S.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, Vol. V., No. 17.

Summer having passed as it were in a single night, we picked up the Journal of the Yorkshire Ramblers that we might the more readily imagine that we had spent long days in pleasant country places among the rippling brooks and the honeysuckle! That at all events is our idea of rambling! But the doings of the Club recorded in the pages speedily disillusioned us. The motto of the Club seems to be: "Find a piece of the earth above or below the surface, no matter so long as it is set up on end." While reading the articles we were alternately quivering with excitement as the leader felt for a hold on some new climb on an A.P. cliff, or shivering in sympathy with some watchdog guarding the retreat of some heroic party exploring a cavern deep in the earth.

These energetic folk who delight in pot-holing have done a thing Alexander never did. When the worlds were conquered they invented a new one which bids fair to rival in popularity the old.

But although a good deal of space is taken up with this subterranean hobby, the "legitimate" is by no means neglected. We find interesting articles on camping at Loch Coruish and exploring in the Pyrenees, side by side. The membership of this Club must be immense and the energy of its members tireless; the number of Meets both for ascending and descending is prodigious.

The numerous articles which compose the Journal are of a uniformly high standard, both as regards interest and execution, and to pick out any one for special praise is impossible. Without casting any reflection on the letterpress we would mention that we have scarcely ever seen so good a collection of photographs, and we would counsel all those who think their keenness requires a little tonic to obtain the necessary ginger from the pages of this Journal. A. M. M. W.

The Pinnacle Club Journal, No. 2, 1926-27.

The second number of the Journal published by the energetic Pinnacle Club is a welcome addition to climbing periodicals. The Club is to be congratulated on the success of such an ambitious production, for the members are as yet comparatively few in number. On reading through the dozen or so interesting and instructive papers which compose the volume we were somewhat struck with the fact that only two of them relate to climbing in Great Britain. This slight defect—if defect it be—is, however, amply compensated for by

an excellent article on "Birds of the Moorland and Mountain," by Miss E. Mann. It is always a delight to find evidence that some mountaineers at any rate are wide awake to the beauties of Nature and have eyes for other things than new routes and firm holds. Miss I. M. E. Bell's contribution demonstrates the possibility of rock climbing within easy reach of the Scottish Capital.

A. M. M. W.

The Alpine Journal, Vol. XXXIX., May 1927, No. 234.

The outstanding feature of this number is undoubtedly Capt. A. H. MacCarthy's paper describing the ascent of Mount Logan by members of the Canadian Alpine Club. The difficulties of the ascent were not so much those that the mountaineer is accustomed to deal with in the Alps and similar districts, but the fact that Mount Logan is 19,850 feet above sea level and lies almost within the Arctic circle. The following is a brief synopsis of Capt. MacCarthy's account:—

First it was necessary to send a reconnoitring party to the North to ascertain the route most likely to be attended with success. This was led by Capt. MacCarthy in the summer of 1924. Following on this, caches of stores, clothing, &c., required to be made. This was done under Capt. MacCarthy's leadership the following winter when a great part of the journey lay over a frozen river running through rock gorges. The transport for the later stages of the trip was performed by dog teams. The daily minimum temperatures were usually from 30 to 35 below zero. When this work was complete Capt. MacCarthy was met by the members who were to make the final and successful assault, which commenced on 12th May 1926. Low temperatures, the great altitude, and soft snow, added to the other unknown factors of the expedition, hampered the party, and when it finally reached the summit on 23rd June, no one was in first-class condition. Great hardship was experienced in the descent, and two of the party, MacCarthy and Carpe, owing to the mist and bad weather, arrived in camp thirty-four hours after leaving the summit. Even then their troubles were not at an end, for on the return trip several of the food caches were found to have been consumed by wolverine or other animals, and finally the raft conveying MacCarthy, Foster, and Carpe capsized, but, fortunately, its occupants scrambled ashore and saved their outfit.

The account ranks as one of the best ever written of the "Frozen North," and the expedition will rank among the world's greatest mountaineering efforts. The Canadian Club is to be congratulated on its achievement.

Other articles of note are "The First Ascent of the Aiguille de Bionnassay by the North Face," by Mr R. W. Lloyd; "Climbs in the Forbes-Lyell and Other Groups of the Canadian Rockies, 1926," by J. Monroe Thorington, M.D.; "Wandering in the Kumaun

Himalaya," by Mr. H. Ruttledge; and "Climbing the Kashmir Matterhorn," by C. R. Cooke.

The illustrations are fully up to the Alpine Club's high standard.

A photograph of our late member, Mr Harold Raeburn, appears in this number, accompanied by a suitable appreciation written by Mr W. N. Ling.

G. M. L.

Ladies' Alpine Club, 1926, contains accounts of "Two Climbs in the Japanese Alps," by Mrs Walter Weston; "Ardua Grivola, Bella Grivola, North Ridge," by Miss D. E. Pilley; and "A Trip to Iceland," by Mrs Athole Murray.

G. M. L.

The Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club's Nineteenth Annual Record, 1926.

On reading the record of the members' activities throughout the year one cannot help feeling that it is a pity the Ladies' Club do not issue a Journal. We are glad to see that a proposal that a Journal to mark the coming of age of the Club in April 1929 is being considered. We feel sure that the editor will have ample material, and we take this opportunity of wishing the Club every success with its publication.

G. M. L.

The Cairngorm Club Journal, Vol. XI., No. 64, July 1926.

The principal feature of this number is an account of the inauguration of the Ben Macdhui Indicator. Following on this are notes by Mr J. A. Parker describing the manner in which the erection of the Indicator was carried out and the trouble involved in conveying the necessary materials to the summit. The two accounts make interesting reading to those who know the Cairngorms, and the thirteen pages given to the Indicator sufficiently testify the Club's enthusiasm for such matters. The photographs illustrating these articles might be better, but one cannot choose one's weather when building indicators.

Mr A. Landsborough Thomson describes a walking tour in the French Alps in an article entitled "From Mt. Blanc to the Mediterranean."

G. M. L.

Cairngorm Club Journal, Vol. XI., No. 65, June 1927.

This number contains an appreciation of the late Mr Harold Raeburn written by Mr William Garden.

Short accounts are given of a summer ascent of the Black Spout

on Lochnagar by the left-hand gully, and the ascent of the Angel's Peak by the North-East Ridge.

Other articles are "Some Highland Experiences," by the Rev. A. E. Robertson; "The Pollagach Rocking Stone," by Mr Henry Alexander; "Ben More in Late September," by Mr Andrew Hurry; and "An Indicator on the Eildons," by Mr John Clarke.

G. M. L.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. VI., No. 1, 1927, No. 21.

We have to compliment the Rucksack Club on the production of a really excellent number. Both the letterpress and photographs, particularly the photogravure composing the frontispiece, are outstanding, and we heartily congratulate Mr Doughty on the first issue published under his editorship.

"Rucksack Reminiscences," by our friend Mr H. E. Scott, written in his usual humorous style, makes interesting reading, even although we of the S.M.C. might not be expected to follow the proceedings of our kindred Club with as great an appreciation as one of its members.

There are several accounts of the members' activities abroad, including a guideless ascent of the Grepon by Messrs Eversden and Burton.

To Mr John Wilding we are indebted for an account of a lone ascent of Ghreadaidh by the Coruisk face.—An article which will appeal to all Skye lovers in the S.M.C.

Those not mathematically inclined may perhaps find Mr George S. Bower's article entitled "Climbing Mechanics" a trifle difficult to follow. We admit that it left us gasping.

G. M. L.

Cambridge Mountaineering, 1925-26.

If the Cambridge Mountaineering Club keep up the very high standard set by this their first Journal, the climbing world is assured of a valuable addition to its library. The articles are entertaining, deal with climbing in various of the European countries and Canada, and are obviously written by climbers whose hearts are in their job. Of particular interest to Scottish climbers is an account of several days spent on the Lochaber ridges. Among the continental articles is one on Norway which will be of interest to that growing band who are ever seeking fresh lands in which to demonstrate their keenness or ability to discover new climbs.

The Journal is well and profusely illustrated and we wish its sponsors every success.

A. M. M. W.

Climbers' Club Journal, New Series, Vol. III., No. 1.

It is pleasant to see again after a lapse of three years an issue of this *Journal*, which the energy of Mr Carr and Mr Raymond-Greene has produced.

An interesting feature is the reprinting of former articles, lost in the mazes of series, volumes, and numbers, which have made up the career of the *Journal*. These include views on British as compared with Alpine climbing by such authorities as Owen Glynne Jones, Ascherson, and H. V. Reade, and an admirably restrained and lucid account of the historic ascent of the Grépon by the Mer de Glace face by the late Ralph Todhunter, whose obituary notice is included in this number. A characteristically humorous article by the late Dr Godley, whose obituary notice is also included, is very readable. Sir Claud Schuster contributes an article, "The Middle Distance," written with all his accustomed felicity of phrase, philosophic outlook, and delicate humour. It recounts, amongst other expeditions, an ascent of Mont Blanc in the company of a much-honoured late President of the Alpine Club, which makes excellent reading.

Section V., "Among Books," is also eminently readable, and altogether Mr Carr is much to be congratulated on the excellent fare he has produced for his readers. It is to be regretted that the number is already out of print and that those who, like the reviewer, wish to obtain a copy to add to their collection of previous numbers are unable to do so. Perhaps a more optimistic view will be taken for the next issue!

W. N. L.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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



REFLECTIONS ON PHILOSOPHY OF GUIDE BOOKS.

HAVING spent some days, apart from Club Meets, climbing in Scotland during this season, I am led to make one or two reflections on the philosophy of guide books. We, in Scotland, are in a peculiar position. In the Alps the more serious expeditions can only be achieved under proper conditions. Thus, one must have no ice or snow on the upper rocks of the more difficult Chamouix Aiguilles; and again, one must have good snow and little ice for the east face of Monte Rosa when ascending the Grenzgipfel. In Lakeland and North Wales, on the other hand, the worthy expeditions are short and severe, and guide books must describe rock pitches minutely, or they fail of their purpose. We of the S.M.C. must cater for enthusiasts on both rock and snow, and in winter and summer. I confess that I do not quite see the need for such detail as is to be found, for instance, in the recent English Guide to the Pillar Rock, which is a wonder of minute accuracy. Yet that model is followed in the new G.H.M. Series of Guide Books to the Chamouix Aiguilles.

Still I think that our more celebrated routes could perhaps be more adequately described. I will give two examples. I have found it exceedingly difficult to follow the route up the lower part of the North-East Buttress of Nevis below the first platform, which was first climbed by Raeburn and party in 1902. The S.M.C. Guide Book description is exactly that of the pioneers in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII., p. 166. This is certainly the finest recorded route up the N.E. Buttress, and one should be able to follow it accurately in the absence of snow. Personally, I do not think that a pioneer can possibly give the best description of a climb. I have always found my own opinions much modified on ascending a difficult route the second time. I have always remembered places where the route could be simplified and improved. I should imagine this would be especially so on a complicated rock face such as the N.E. Buttress. The same difficulty would seem to exist in the case of the Douglas Boulder. We wished to descend this direct, but it seemed doubtful if the ascent had ever been accomplished throughout by the well-marked ridge of maximum gradient. I do not think the Tower Ridge Expedition is complete

unless the Douglas Boulder is included, and by a route deviating as little as possible from this ridge.

My second example is Shadbolt's Chimney on Aonach Dubh. The description in Abraham's "British Mountain Climbs" is exactly that of the pioneers as found in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. X., p. 171, and is quite inadequate for the upper reaches of the climb. Later Mr Abraham describes a neighbouring climb and refers to the view above of the "formidable upper part of Mr Shadbolt's Chimney." Now, the upper obstacle is formidable enough when one is climbing it, but it is in no way spectacular; it is, indeed, quite inconspicuous from a distance. Either the phrase is poetic licence on Mr Abraham's part, or we got off the rails and climbed some other obstacle altogether. Above the obstacle the description tallies even less with the reality.

Both the Ben Nevis and Glencoe regions have new climbs waiting to be done and old ones to be familiarised and improved. Could we not, when a new section of the S.M.C. Guide Book is in contemplation, institute a co-ordinate exploration of the district for one or even two years before the compilation of the material? Then the accounts of pioneers could be revised and new expeditions made and added to the list. The S.M.C. have many members to whom it would be a homely and familiar occupation to sift the maze of conflicting evidence so obtained. Many of us would be willing to forego a trip to the Alps in order to further the exploration of our own mountains at all seasons of the year. The whole could be run by a sub-committee and need not add to the burdens or responsibilities of our Hon. Secretary. Nor, indeed, need the duties of editing a guide book and surveying routes and collecting data fall upon the same shoulders.

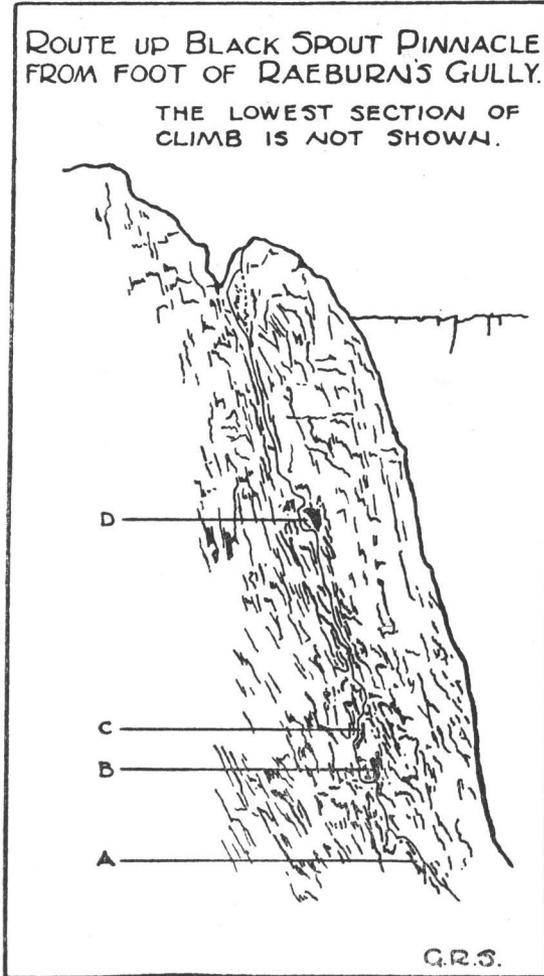
I hasten before concluding to record my sincere admiration of the pioneers of the climbing routes to which I have referred, and to state that I have only been over each climb once and may quite easily have failed to notice quite obvious landmarks. I have also to thank you, Mr Editor, for your forbearance if you do not excise this lengthy expression of opinion.

J. H. B. BELL.

THE BLACK SPOUT PINNACLE FROM RAEBURN'S GULLY, LOCHNAGAR.

On the 21st August 1927 Mr J. S. Silver and writer made the ascent of the pinnacle from the bottom of Raeburn's Gully. The course starts on the right wall of the gully at the very foot, where a quartz intrusion is easily visible. The rock on this section is very sound and wonderfully rough. It presents adequate holds both for feet and hands, although the latter might with advantage be larger. A somewhat awkward finish lands one on a grassy mound from which a magnificent view up Raeburn's Gully is obtained. Upwards, the way leads over grass-covered ledges to the bottom of a

steep crack which runs transversely up and across the rock face at an angle of about 60° (A). Several small boulders are jammed in this crack; the first one, being slack, should be treated with care, unless one's pet enemy is on the other end of the rope. A large black



cave-pitch, about 25 feet in height, is now entered. We did not attempt it, although an expert might succeed on the right wall. From here a traverse is made of about 12 feet on the left wall, where a way can be forced up a shallow gully until a movement, back to the right, lands one in a crack almost above the cave. Firm anchorage may be obtained at this point while No. 2 negotiates the difficult section below. A struggle up a lunch-constricting crack (C) then

ensues, when a step over a narrow chimney finishes the serious climbing. After ascending a vegetation-covered slope another large cave is entered which has a through route (D). It is a pity that this pitch can be avoided on either the right or left-hand side. Above, a steep grassy slope takes the climber up to the col behind the pinnacle, when at least two routes may be followed to the top. These I need not describe since they are familiar to most rock-climbers who have visited Lochnagar. A remarkable number of good belays are to be found at places where they are very handy. On the occasion of our visit the climb was free of snow throughout and was completed in two and a half hours from the bottom of Raeburn's Gully.

G. ROY SYMMERS
(Cairngorm Club).

NOTE ON VIEWS.

I HAVE now been able to connect up Orkney to the Irish Coast in views. I have seen from three hills as follows:—

From Ben Hope.	Orkney to Ben Wyvis.
From Ben Alder.	Ben Wyvis to Ben More (Perth.)
From Merrick.	Ben More (Perth) to North Coast of Ireland and Isle of Man.

It would be interesting to know if anyone has "done it in less." Elton and I believe it would be possible to see the following:—

From Morven (Caithness).	Orkney to Beinn a' Bhuid.
From Ben Lomond.	Beinn a' Bhuid to Irish Coast.

We should be glad to know if anyone can confirm any of the component parts of the above. We believe we saw Beinn a' Bhuid from Ben Lomond at 4 A.M. on 11th June 1927, and if this is correct the other views should be easily seen.

E. C. THOMSON.

BEINN TARSUINN (2,970 FEET), ROSS-SHIRE.

This fine mountain, which forms the western prolongation of Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, has received very scant notice in the *Journal* (see Vol. IX., p. 90, and Vol. XI., p. 89). On the 4th April last I walked across the foot of its grand northern corrie on my way from A'Mhaighdean to Sgùrr Ban, and my companion and myself were very much impressed with the northern face of the mountain. From its summit it throws out a great rock buttress which looks as

if it might give a very sporting climb, and immediately on the east of this buttress there is a long narrow gully which was filled with snow and which should in such conditions afford a magnificent snow climb. The west face of Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair is cleft by a very steep open gully or couloir which, when snow covered, would give a good climb; but the most attractive parts of the corrie are on the northern face of Beinn Tarsuinn. The corrie is, unfortunately, a very long way from anywhere, but it ought to receive the attention of some of the more energetic members at the 1928 Easter Meet at Kinlochewe, from which it can be reached in about four hours by motoring to the heights of Kinlochewe.

J. A. PARKER.

THE FOURTH PINNACLE, SGURR NAN GILLEAN,
DIRECT FROM THE CORRIE.

NOTE ON NEW CLIMB MADE BY F. W. GIVEEN (LEADER),
C. H. COOPER, AND D. R. ORR ON 24TH JUNE 1927.

Leader Requires 100 Feet of Rope. Rubbers Advised.

At about the middle of the base of the fourth pinnacle there is a cave, well known as a shelter. A cairn a few yards to the right of this marks the start of the climb.

First Pitch.—20 feet. Easy climbing leads to a stance at the bottom of a conspicuous groove which slants upwards to the right.

Second Pitch.—30 feet (easy). The groove is followed.

Third Pitch.—40 feet (very difficult). An upward traverse to the right over the skyline to a good stance and belay.

Fourth Pitch.—95 feet (severe). Twenty feet of difficult climbing brings the leader to a crack. This is followed for about 20 feet without great difficulty, but the exit to the rocks above is on awkwardly placed sloping holds. Eventually the leader reaches a stance immediately under a large overhang, on a 2-inch ledge. Here he can rest, but there is no belay, and he must with extreme difficulty traverse about 15 feet to the right, and go up about 5 feet over a nose on small sloping holds to a platform with a good belay. The climber is now on a terrace below the long terrace on the ordinary Fourth Pinnacle face climb, and can, if he wishes, traverse off to the right. On the first ascent, however, a fifth pitch was made by continuing up a steep slab of magnificent rock a few yards above and to the right of the finish of the last pitch. This slab (cairned above and below) brings one to a point about midway on the long traverse of the ordinary route and is of extreme difficulty.

The climb is scratched and fairly well gardened. The rock throughout is good.

F. W. GIVEEN
(*Climbers' Club*).

S.M.C. ABROAD.

JAS. H. B. BELL writes:—1927 has been a bad season. I was out with F. S. Smythe. We started off with some experiments on acclimatisation on Monte Rosa. These included an ascent of the Dufourspitze the second day we were out. We are both resolved not to repeat this. After an off-day at the Bétemps hut we went up the Signalkuppe and spent a night in the Capanna Margherita in doubtful weather. There we saw some magnificent Brockan Spectres and initiated the hutkeeper and the resident Italian soldier into the mysteries of the game of “shove ha’penny” with Swiss francs, but were beaten in two consecutive games. This game we can cordially recommend to climbers passing bad weather in huts. We did no more at Zermatt but migrated to Chamonix, where we were greeted by a terrific thunderstorm. When the weather cleared we spent a day prospecting the route up to the Col du Pain de Sucre from the Blaitière Glacier. This has not been done and we did not succeed either next day, nor do we recommend it. Being met with avalanches on this route next morning we tackled the Aiguille du Plan by the E. Ridge, which we gained from the icy couloir between the Plan and the Crocodile. This route has only once been climbed, in June 1906, by Ryan and the two Lochmatters. We do not know whether we followed their route in its entirety. We left the Montenvers at 1.40 A.M., Monday, 25th July, were climbing iced rocks in the Couloir from 8 A.M. till 2 P.M., when we gained the ridge. The ridge was very difficult. We were only half-way to the summit by 7 P.M. and had to bivouac on a small rock ledge perhaps 1,000 feet below the summit. The night was clear and cold. We continued the climb at 7 next morning, and reached the summit of the Aiguille du Plan at 3 P.M., afterwards descending by the ordinary way down the Plan glacier and arriving at the Montenvers at 8.30 P.M. The upper rocks were a succession of difficult chimneys for the most part. Bad weather supervened for several days, and I have only one further expedition to record—to the Col de Géant and back.

C. K. M. DOUGLAS spent nearly a fortnight at Zermatt at the beginning of September. The weather was fine for nearly a week, but afterwards became very unsettled. There was much snow on the mountains, but very little ice. I traversed the Furgg Grat and Rimpfisch Grat with Joseph Biner, and the Wellenkuppe and Obbergabelhorn with Adolph Schaller.

F. S. GOGGS writes:—After an interval of thirty years I revisited the Tyrol this year in August. Davos was the end of my first stage. I found there a town instead of a village, and left it on foot the next

morning, without regret, for Süs over the Flüela Pass (7,835). This year the post motors run over the Pass. Süs to Zernetz by train, thence to St Maria in Munsterthal by the Ofen Pass, through Switzerland's National Park, comfortably seated in the post automobile; a delightful run it is. Next morning an ascent of 4,500 feet in one and a half hours by the ubiquitous P.A. landed me on the summit of the Stelvio. There I took to my feet again and at Trafoi unexpectedly found the Hon. Secretary a bedridden invalid. Having doctored him to the best of my ability I walked on to Sulden, now named Solda, to keep a tryst with Ling and Brown, who had arrived there that afternoon from the Austrian portion of the Tyrol. We had a most pleasant fortnight in this still, quiet spot, although the motor penetrates even there. The three of us climbed the highest point of the Cevedale and traversed the Rosolo and Palon della Mare to the Vioz hut, then over Monte Vioz to Forno, and back to Solda over the Cevedale and Eisse Passes.

As my companions were not available I engaged a guide for the Ortler, and my experience is worth recording as a warning to others. Tourists are put to bed in a large new building; the guides sleep in the older building below. At 5, not having been called, I dressed and went down to see my guide; found their house door locked; repeated the performance at 6; still locked; about 7.30 I managed to find my man; he stated the weather was too bad to start at 4, and that now the snow would be too soft; at 4 it was raining, but at 5 we could have started, although I admit it was misty. The other guides all agreed how bad the weather was, &c., &c. I did not wish to drag up an unwilling guide, so I walked down disgusted. Evidently the guides are only accustomed to tourists who do not understand the proper relationship between the parties concerned.

Whilst at Solda we had the pleasure of seeing Mr and Mrs Motherwell, Sang, Hutson, and two friends, and two A.C. men.

On Ling's departure Brown and I climbed the Vertain Spitze, and once again traversed the Eisse and Cevedale Passes to Forno and on to St Caterna, whence motors, trains, and steamers landed us at Lugano via Bormio, Sondrio, Colico, Lakes Como and Lugano. Here we parted, I travelling home via Lake Maggiore, Locarno, and the St Gotthard. I visited Göschenen Alp and the Maderanerthal.

The Italian frontier is closed to every one except at certain specified points; the old happy days of wandering along the boundary and dropping down on either side at will are over. From Ponte Tresa on Lake Lugano to Laveno on Lake Maggiore the railway runs along the boundary on the Italian side; the Italians have here erected a 10-foot wire fence ornamented every 20 yards or so with bells suspended on springs and patrolled by armed police or soldiers. We were fortunate as regards weather, but it was never settled.

G. SANG writes that he and his wife spent the summer in Italy. Their mountaineering excursions comprised a "training" ascent of Mount Vesuvius when the Crater was the most active of the party, and some interesting rock climbing in the Dolomite district, including the traverses of the Cime Figlio and Cugilio and Cimone della Pala from San Martino di Castrozza: the last a delightfully sensational climb, rendered even more exciting by the presence of a certain quantity of ice on the northern side and the combined rotundity and hilarity of the leading guide. A most enjoyable walk followed over the high passes from San Martino to the Rosengarten group. There the traverse of the Vajolet Triplet was made in fine weather, commencing with the Winkler Thurm, then the Stabler, and lastly the Delago. The latter is not climbed down nowadays. Five long abseils give the impression of a spider's method of descending from a cornice and land the "climber" on the easy rocks at the base of the tower, almost within sight of his boots, hat, clothing (what remains of it), and food. The Dolomites *may* be the old man's climbing ground, but in that case he must either turn old very young or remain young very old, for two of these three towers have chimneys demanding a dexterity and degree of suppleness rarely found in senility. Mr Sang reports that the fall of small stones which struck him while waiting his turn below the final chimney of the Delago turned out to be the guide's trouser buttons!

ARTHUR W. and A. COLIN RUSSELL spent two to three weeks in the Arolla and Zermatt districts. During eight days spent at Arolla, reached on 27th July by Pralong and the Pas de Chèvres, they traversed with Antoine Georges, as guide, La Roussette, Mont Dolin, and the Pigne d'Arolla. A. C. Russell also made the traverse of the Petite Dent de Veisivi, Mt. Collon by the Cabane Jenkins, with descent to the Collon Glacier and Mt. Blanc de Seilon by the Pas de Chèvres. Leaving Arolla on Friday, 5th August, they climbed the Aiguille de la Za by its short face *en route* to the Cabane Bértol, and next day reached Zermatt by the Tête Blanche. During the succeeding six days at Zermatt with rather indifferent weather they spent one day over the Plattenhorn and Mettelhorn. A. C. Russell with Antoine also ascended the Rimpfshorn direct from Zermatt, descending with the help of the railway to the Bétemps hut. Monte Rosa being impossible next day on account of the weather, they did the Riffelhorn by the Matterhorn Couloir. Another stormy day, on which A. C. Russell with Felix Julen did the Zinal Rothhorn, ended their stay in Switzerland.

DENIS PILKINGTON went out to Switzerland on 19th July and had five weeks of moderate weather, with Fritz Kaufmann of Grindelwald as guide. He sends the following note:—

We started at Klosters, where neither English nor French is much

heard and even less understood. There were only two other English people in the place and they were there for a tennis tournament. We went up to the Silvrettahaus on a day that was far hotter than was pleasant. It is possible to drive half-way, but we foolishly walked.

Our intention was to ascend the Piz Buin as well as traverse the Silvretta Pass, but half-way up it began to rain and on the summit of the Pass it was pouring hard, so we fled down to Guarda and caught the 9.30 train to Pontresina. The rain stopped as soon as we got into the train. For any one going the same way it is as well to remember that the station at Guarda is 700 feet below the town.

There is a newish hut in the Val Tuoi not marked on the Siegfried map just north of point 2,196.

We then went up to the Diavolezza Inn, the next day traversed Piz Palu to the Boval hut, and the following day went up Piz Bernina by the ordinary route and back to Pontresina. This latter peak has a very fine arête which need not be despised even though it is the "ordinary route." The other arête to the north, the Bernina Scharte or Bianco Grat, must be a very fine climb. The view from the summit is exceptionally fine.

A lot of people ascend this peak, or at least try to; on the day we traversed the Palu two parties only got as far as the Fuorcla Crast' Aguzza owing to insufficient food and presumably over-sufficient height, and two separate people from two parties had to be left on the arête while the remainder went on to the summit.

After a beautiful off-day we had another drencher, so we put off leaving till the next day, when we motored round to Maloja and then walked over the Fuorcla di Lunghino and Forcellina to Cresta in the Averstal.

We intended going for the Piz Platta, but as the weather was not too good, and I especially wanted to get the Rheinwaldhorn, we moved on. The descent by the auto-post to Andeer is a wonderful run through two very fine gorges, in one of which the road had given way, so all the passengers had to disembark and were met on the other side by another auto. This, however, enabled us to see the best part of the gorge on foot.

From Andeer we motored to Hinterrhein, where we managed to get a porter. He said if the weather was bad he would traverse the mountain with us, but if good he would have to return next day to the hay. Either we loaded him too heavily, or he was a human barometer and smelt fine weather, for when we arrived at the hut he said he must go back that evening.

The route to the Zapport hut is very good and comfortable for half its distance (there is, however, no need to cross the Rhein, as shown on the Siegfried map, on the main road). Afterwards we walked on the old river bed. A very sharp eye had to be kept open for the path. Still further on the route crosses bits of the Rhein, and it is interesting trying to keep dry. Then it takes to a precipitous grass slope, afterwards descending again to the river bed. We were

lucky here, as the whole river was beneath avalanche snow. Again we had to traverse steep grass, though here I saw a dry path at the side of the river. After this a proper path ascends to the Zapport shepherd huts and is easily followed the rest of the way. The next day was fine for the traverse of the Rheinwaldhorn, coming down the Val Carasina to Olivone. Unfortunately there were a lot of clouds low down and we could only see the Bernina group, and it was impossible to get an idea of this complicated bit of the Alps. On the descent and while only about 800 feet from the summit we met a mixed party of five Italians that had come up from Dangio. They had two alpenstocks, no rope, quite a large dog, and a goat!! Whether the fact that it was 31st July and their special fête day had anything to do with it, I do not know.

There is a new hut on the Passo Piotta; this, I believe, is more of an inn, but am not certain. There is also a small one privately built, with, I think, only blankets, about 900 feet higher, close to the arête and just west of the southern branch of the Bresciana Glacier.

Up to this time we had had very little really hot weather, one day at Klosters and one at Pontresina, but the heat that struck us as we descended the last 2,500 feet into Olivone was terrific, hot blasts of dry wind; it seemed hotter in the wind than out of it.

We then went over the Lukmanier to Disentis by the motor diligence, and also over the Furka from Andermatt to Gletsch, arriving at Zermatt on 2nd August.

J. O. Walker and my brother were due to join me about then, but as they had not arrived, the next day I went up to the Fluh Alp and thence over the Adler Pass to the Britannia hut, putting in the Strahlhorn on the way. The hut was full as usual.

The following day, also very fine, we traversed the Allalinhorn, ascending from the Allalin Pass and descending to the Alphubeljoch by the Feejoch arête, and on up the Alphubel by the S.E. arête and back to the Alphubeljoch by the E. face and so down to Zermatt. The S.E. arête was a very nice ice expedition.

At Zermatt I was glad to meet with A. W. and Colin Russell, who had come over from Arolla. We foregathered with H. F. B. Sharp at the Monte Rosa.

After some days of bad weather we went round the back of the Breithorn and traversed Castor down to the Bétemps hut. Here we were very lucky, as we got another fine morning and managed to put in Monte Rosa, with a view all round, but by noon from the path below the Gornergrat we could not see any of the peaks of Monte Rosa.

On the 12th August we went up to the Schönbühl hut, and on the 13th had a glorious day, going over to Arolla by the Col D'Hèrens and Tête Blanche. At Arolla we met G. A. Solly and A. Harrison.

The next afternoon we went over the Pas de Chèvres to the Cabane du Val des Dix, which is quite comfortable, and the following day, owing to bad weather, started at 6 and crossed the Col de Seilon.

There were storms going past to the north and to the south of us, but we even managed to get a few minutes of sun on the way to the Col. Afterwards we had a little snow.

We had hoped to throw in Mt. Blanc de Seilon on the way, but it was completely out of the question.

We came across the glacier de Giétroz, down to Mauvoisin and Fionnay. Next morning was lovely and sunny. We went up to the Panossière hut during the afternoon in very doubtful weather. As it happened we were lucky, and had a good day going up the Combin de Corbassière then down and over the Col de Panosseyre, which is a surprising place with its well-known contrasting views. From Liddes we motored round to Champex. The Grand St Bernard road is not a place to walk along, as you have two or three cars dashing past you every minute.

The following day was wet, and on the 19th we went up to the Cabane D'Orny. My brother had to go home but Walker's daughter and C. F. Hadfield came along. We arrived at the hut in a snow-storm to find it full of families. It is often rather crowded we were given to understand.

The next day turned out fine and we first of all secured places at the Cabane Dupuis and then climbed the Aiguille du Tour.

On my last day we went up the Grande Fourche, going through the Fenêtre de Saleinaz on the way; we returned via the Cabane de Saleinaz and Praz de Fort.

From this latter cabane we got a wonderful coloured view to the east; it is very well situated as far as a view is concerned, especially as it has the Clochers de Planereuse right opposite. I asked the guardian if the hut was ever crowded and he said only if they had a section of the S.A.C. This surprised us until we saw the route; it is a 5,000-foot ascent from the nearest carriage road and village; 300-400 feet is chained with steps cut in the rock, and it is rather a long way back if you are stopping at Champex. You have an ascent of 1,600 feet to finish the day with. We did not get back till midnight.

HOWARD PRIESTMAN went to Jotunheim for three weeks with the special intention of mapping the only remaining part of that district as yet untriangulated. He reports that he had the most wonderful weather, but such heavy snow that some of the mountains were impossible. He climbed Fleskedalstind, Koldedalstind, and Langskavl, as well as four other lower points shown on the old triangulation. He concludes: "I got some magnificent photographs which will give me the absolute location of more than a dozen peaks, combined with other data which will enable me to make the map I wish to draw. It will connect my two existing maps with the last survey."

W. N. LING spent a month in Tyrol from the middle of July to the middle of August, and on the whole had satisfactory weather. Arriving at the Austrian frontier while the short-lived general strike was on, he motored over the Arlberg Pass and joined J. W. BROWN at Landeck. The two motored up the Oetzthal next day to Sölden, and the following day walked on to Vent. From there they went on to the Similaun hut on the Niederjoch, and ascended the Similaun, an attractive and easy mountain. Returning to Vent, they sent their baggage by post to Landeck, and set out with rucksacks to explore the valley to the west. From the Breslauer hut the Wildspitz was climbed, the last 1,000 feet in a snowstorm which turned to rain on the way back to the hut. In the afternoon, having dried up somewhat, the journey was continued to the Vernagt hut and from there the following day in fine weather, but new snow, the Fluchtkogl was climbed on the way to the Brandenburger Haus, a finely-placed hut, 10,794 feet. The Weisskugel was ascended next day from the Weisskugel Joch, a cold wind, but very fine view from the summit. The following day gave a charming walk down the Gepatsch Glacier, past the Rauhekopf hut and the Gepatsch Haus to Feuchten in the Kaunserthal.

From there the Verpeil hut—another charming walk—was reached, and a pleasant afternoon spent basking in the sun. In the evening, however, the weather broke, and next day heavy rain kept the travellers in the hut. The following day was not much better, but about 11 it improved a little, and the Madatsch Joch was crossed in mist to the Kaunsergrat hut. Next morning broke fine, and the Verpeilspitz was ascended, a pleasant climb, mostly rock. In the afternoon, Plangeros, in the beautiful Pitzthal, was gained. This fine valley was descended next day in a springless country cart on a rough road, a fitting punishment for sloth, to Imst, where the train was taken to Landeck, and the baggage.

A glorious day and a fine motor run took the pair to Sulden (Solda), and the same evening the President joined.

The following day the Hon. Secretary was visited at Trafoi, unfortunately temporarily indisposed, so the trio went on the next day to the rebuilt Schaubach hut. From there the Eissee Joch was crossed to the Casati hut, on over the Cevedale, the Monte Rossolo, the Palon della Mare, and the Monte Vioz to the Vioz hut, where the weather had deteriorated. Next morning, in fine weather, down the glacier to Forno, magnificent scenery, and the following day back over the Langenferner Joch and Eissee Joch to Solda. After a couple of days there Ling had to return home, leaving the others to fresh conquests. A very satisfactory holiday,

ROBERT CORRY revisited the Dolomite district from 22nd June to 7th July; from San Martino di Castrozza he traversed Cima Cugilio and Figlio di Rosetta; he ascended from the north Saas Maor and

climbed the Cima della Madonna, all accompanied by his daughter Miss Ida M. Corry. He also made the traverse of the Cimone della Pala, ascending by the north-west arête, where there was a considerable amount of snow and ice. He also reports that the small tunnel used in the descent was in a very icy condition. From Cortina, accompanied by Miss Corry, he climbed Punta Fiammes, Tofana di Mezzo (ascent via Inglese) and the Kleine Zinne.

T. HURSON, with MacIver and Hoar, non-members, had excellent weather during a fortnight in the Dolomites and Tyrol. *Inter alia*, they ascended: from San Martino, Cima di Ball, Cima di Val di Roda, Cima di Fradusta, and Cimone della Pala; from Sulden, traverses of the Vertain Spitze and Ortler; from Madonna di Campiglio the Cima di Brenta and Pietra Grande. The Hinter Grat on the Ortler is a pleasant expedition, but, in defiance of its local reputation, is quite suitable for guideless beginners.

MR G. A. SOLLY writes:—I went to Arolla with Mrs Solly and Miss Maclay in the latter half of July, where I had the pleasure of meeting a number of S.M.C. members. Owing to very great pressure of work during the preceding months, I had to take things very easily, and for the first fortnight only made small expeditions, but in the third week with Mrs Solly and Dr A. R. Hargreaves, whom some will remember as having attended the Killin Meet at New Year 1913, I traversed Mt. Brulé. The weather was fine until we got to the summit ridge, which begins at the top of the rocks above the Col de Za-de-Zan. There a dense mist came on with a storm of sleet, thunder, and lightning. The ridge was heavily corniced this year, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, and it was impossible to know for certain how to avoid the cornices, but once or twice the clouds lifted for a moment and we could see for a few yards ahead.

The slope from the ridge down to the Col de Collon was very icy and involved a good deal of step-cutting, but we got safely down and back to Arolla, the rain continuing the whole way. My next climb was the traverse, with Dr Hargreaves and A. Harrison, of the Petit Dent de Veisivi, where we had splendid views of fogbows, with reflections of ourselves on the clouds below the ridge on its northern side.

It was forty years since my first visit to Zermatt, so we went there for the last few days; but the weather was not good for high mountains and my only climb was an ascent of the Riffelhorn with Mrs Solly and Miss Maclay.

A. and J. HARRISON arrived at Sion on 6th August and met J. G. REID who was also going up to Hauderes by diligence. When they got to Hauderes it began to rain, but after having dinner they set off for Arolla, which was reached in a thoroughly drenched condition.

On the 7th a little mild exercise was taken by the ascent of La Roussette, and on the 8th the Pointe de Vouasson was ascended.

On the 9th A. Harrison, along with G. A. Solly and A. R. Hargreaves, traversed the Petite Dent de Veisivi, and on the 10th the two Harrisons, with A. Cowan, of Edinburgh, went to the head of the Arolla Glacier. On the Petite Dent some wonderful mist effects were obtained, and on several occasions there were specially fine exhibitions of the Brocken Spectre, each member of the party being able to see his own shadow surrounded by coloured rings.

On the 11th the two Harrisons, Hargreaves, and Mr and Mrs M. K. Smith ascended the Pigne d'Arolla by the Glacier de Piece, descending by the Glacier de Durand and the Pas de Chèvres.

The morning of the 12th did not look promising, but A. and J. Harrison and Hargreaves started for the Aiguille de La Za, which was ascended by the North Col de Bertol, the descent being made by the same route.

Some wonderful mist effects were obtained, as for nearly the whole day the valleys were in mist, while the mountain tops were in sunlight.

On the 13th Hargreaves and A. Harrison ascended Mont Blanc de Seilon by the Seilon Glacier, the Col de Seilon, and the West Ridge, descending by the East Ridge, the Col de la Serpentine, and the Pas de Chèvres. The West Ridge was found to be icy but a considerable amount of step-cutting was saved, as after proceeding some distance, steps were found on the north side of the Ridge. The top of the mountain had to be treated with considerable care, besides being corniced the north-west slope was pure ice. The rocks on the East Ridge were found more difficult than those on the Petite Dent de Veisivi, but the descent to the Col de la Serpentine was quite easy, the snow being found in excellent condition. This part of the descent can give considerable difficulty as it is sometimes icy.

The 14th was a day of rest, and on the 15th Solly, Professor W. E. S. Turner, of Sheffield, and A. Harrison went up to the Bricolla Hotel with the intention of crossing to Zermatt by the Col d'Hernes on the next day. The weather broke down and there was much new snow both at Bricolla and apparently also on the Col itself. The wind was also extremely cold and the weather very uncertain, with driving mist, so the expedition was abandoned, and it was decided to go by diligence and train, Zermatt being reached on the 17th.

On the 18th A. Harrison went up to the Dom hut with Dr N. S. Finzi of the Alpine Club and his guide (one of the Biener family), with the intention of doing the Nadel Grat. It rained and snowed that evening, and although Dr Finzi decided to stay at the hut for another day on the off-chance of getting the ascent, Harrison decided to go home.

A good number of S.M.C. members were at Arolla at one time or another. Steeple was out with the Climbers' Club, Pilkington passed through, and Unna also put in an appearance.

IRELAND.—E. C. Thomson spent a most enjoyable week in the north of Kerry, South-Western Ireland, in the middle of August. He travelled by Burns & Laird steamer to Dublin, and on Monday, 15th August, by train to Tralee, light railway to Castle Gregory, and push-bike to Cloghane. From there he climbed Brandon Mountain (3,127 feet) on Tuesday and followed the ridge to Brandon Peak (2,764) and down by the ridge bounding Lough Avonane on the south. This group is very imposing with fine cliffs of the general appearance and vegetation of Beinn an Lochain above Loch Restil, and in shape similar to Coire-na-Caime of Liathach. The coast scenery is remarkably fine. The inn at Cloghane, which lies close to the hill, is both moderate in charges and clean, and everything is done to make the visitor comfortable.

The next day was spent cycling by Dingle to Killorglin—an interesting market town. The railway hotel is probably the best centre for Macgillycuddy's Reeks from the point of view of the cyclist. Thursday was spent on the three western peaks of the Reeks—Caher, Carrauntoohil, and Beenkeragh, in that order, using the cycle for the $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles to and from Lough Acoose. On Friday the line of peaks from "2,776" due south of Lough Callee to "3,062" to the north of Lough Cummeennapeasta, were traversed. The cycle was taken to Knocknafreaghaun, but it might well have been wheeled a considerable distance further up the track to Lough Callee for the sake of the run down on the return journey. The lay-out of Macgillycuddy's Reeks is very similar to that of Beinn Eighe, the traverse from Caher to Beenkeragh corresponding to the round of Coire Mhic Fhearchair, and the Cummeennapeasta Peaks representing those above Glen Torridon. For fuller particulars concerning Macgillycuddy's Reeks, Mr Parker's excellent article in the February 1914 number of the *Journal* (Vol. XIII., No. 73) should be consulted. The sheets of the 1-inch Ordnance Survey are too small to be of use and have no contour lines. Sheet No. 20, "Killarney and Dingle Bay," $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to mile, layer edition, gives everything that is required for both Brandon Mountain and the Reeks. Fares are as follows:—

Glasgow to Tralee and return, Cabin and	
Third (sixteen-day excursion ticket) -	£3 0 0
Bicycle (Glasgow and Dublin return) -	0 6 0
Bicycle (Dublin and Tralee return) -	0 4 8
Self and Bicycle (Tralee to Castle Gregory	
return) - - - - -	0 5 0
	<u>£3 15 8</u>

Hotels—Bed, breakfast, and supper, about 10s. per day.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF
SCOTLAND.

EASTER MEET, 1927—FORT WILLIAM.

OVER the week-end, 15th to 18th April, the Glasgow Section of the J.M.C.S. had a most successful outing at Fort William. There were present Aikman, Baxter, Blackie, Brown, Dixon, Grant, MacLaren, Mackay, MacPhee, M'Lintock, Matheson, Robertson, and Scott. An overflow Meet, consisting of Spiers (G.), MacFarlane, Lloyd, and Watkins, camped in Glen Nevis.

At Fort William it was reported that M'Phee had borrowed rubber shoes from the Lakeland Rock and Fell Museum and had decided to join the S.M.C. in one day's outing. An ill-disposed gamekeeper, however, misdirected him and he only succeeded in surmounting twenty-nine Munros. He might have done his thirty had he not stopped at Loch Leven to search for relics of Mary Queen of Scots.

Saturday saw the beginning of strenuous doings. Ben Nevis via Càrn Beag Dearg and the Arête attracted MacLaren, Dixon, Robertson, and Brown. The outing was, however, marred by the discovery of one of the party surreptitiously eating onions behind a boulder. Being a theorist he was testing a method of dispelling mist, but the others being sceptical, he was requested to act as rearguard for the remainder of the climb. Much time was lost by MacLaren taking photographs of what he insisted were mammoth tracks. These turned out to be depressions caused the previous day by Baxter and Grant in their hurry to find an easy way off the Ben. Baxter, Grant, and Aikman climbed Stob Bàn, Stob Choire Claurigh, and Stob Coire an Laoigh. Blackie, Mackay, MacPhee, M'Lintock, and Matheson motored up Glen Nevis and bagged Mullach nan Coirean, Stob Bàn, and Sgòr à Mhaim.

Although the advent of Scott was naturally hailed with delight, entertainment in the evening fell rather flat. Having been recently superseded as precentor to a Ranger's "brake club," Scott was in poor voice and could not do the J.M.C.S. song justice; nor could Matheson, who never really gets warmed up until he is well into the fourth month of his eleven months' annual holiday; and the gloom which settles on Mackay when he can find no one with whom to talk "the Gaelic" weighed heavily upon the company!

Sunday broke wet and cheerless, so a motor was hired to convey a party of nine up Glen Nevis. Eight were under the impression that it was a little treat on the part of the President, but he rudely shattered the illusion by twice passing round the hat. During the journey Dixon and Scott regaled the company with vocalised Bible stories until the motor, which had been decently brought up, positively refused to go further. At the gorge, Spiers and company were found under canvas in a hibernating condition. They had arrived in Glen Nevis at 00.30 on Saturday and are said to have climbed An Gearanach, An Garbhanach, Stob Coire à Chairn, Am Bodach, and Sgor à Mhaim by 06.00. (The official recorder is not sure if this should not read 16.00.) *Trop de zele*, however, appeared to have brought an aftermath of demoralisation, for opened tins of oysters and other delicacies littered the ground. Disaster nearly overtook the party at the rope bridge where M'Lintock's vast bulk all but carried away the structure; and MacLaren saw prospects of yet another "meatless day," since Dixon who was carrying the rations, had preceded M'Lintock. Here the party broke up. Scott and M'Lintock having attained the height of their ambition in ascending Binnein Beag, returned early. Aikman, Baxter, and Grant carried on over Binnein Beag, Binnein Mor, and Na Grua-gaichean, and were observed strutting through Fort William with a true Everest swagger. In spite of four compasses and aneroids the President's party (Robertson, Dixon, MacLaren, and Brown), having reached the foot of Am Bodach, got hopelessly bemisted (onions not being

used) and, weather conditions being atrocious, they discreetly descended to comparative civilisation via the waterfall. Blackie, Mackay, and Matheson again went out motoring and, taking binoculars with them, reported that they could see snow on An Garbhanach, Na Gruag-aichan, Binnein Beg, and Binnein Mor.

Monday was fine, and some feverish last-minute activity was displayed. The hibernators galvanised themselves into life at 05.30 and did penance on Ben Nevis. The principal climbs reported from the Station Hotel were: Grant and Brown, the steps of the Highland Museum, where they were told that no one worth opening the place for came before July; M'Laren, Robertson, and Dixon ran the whole way to the top of Sgor à Mhaim and back; while Baxter and Aikman toddled up the Castle Ridge and were pushed into the train in a shocking condition, and after the whistle had gone, by Blackie and the hotel porter. The approach to Glasgow and the contemplation of Tuesday's return to work did not interfere with the spirits of the mountaineers, who voted one and all that they had had a most excellent and enjoyable Easter week-end.

J.M.C.S. NOTES (GLASGOW SECTION).

The J.M.C.S. is now "rising three," having passed its second birthday in August. In the Glasgow Section there are several new members to report and there has been considerable "private" activity among members, although the Boulder Meets at Arrochar were not well attended.

The following are notes of the doings of members:—

Arrochar Summer Meets.—These have been held on various week-ends throughout the summer, and perfect attendance to them all is recorded to G. C. Williams. The popularity of the Boulder as a lair for the night has not diminished, although on wet nights the Speirs' boulder annexe up the corrie is more favoured since the drainage system in the latter is more up to date. As usual, the traffic has been heavy on the Right Angle Gully and

on the traverse of the Cobbler tops, while Maclay's Crack and the Spearhead Arête have had a fair share of visitors too. Midnight arrivals and early morning ascents again were features of these short week-ends, and one party, the Messrs Spears and R. R. Elton, spent one night on the ledge near the top of "Jean." Ben Lomond also was visited twice and so received its fair share of attention.

Skye.—Several parties of J.M.C.S. were in Skye at various times throughout the summer. Some have left bare record of what they have done and some no record at all. It might be explained here that it is only possible to compile the "doings" of members for the *Journal* if members will send in accounts of their activities. Of those who have done so, the Speirs' party seem to have been the most active. In terse language their report includes most of the Cuillin ridge in its survey, and such ascents as the Cioch Gully, Inaccessible, and the Traverse of the Gap.

W. Speirs had the fortune of being in Skye twice in one summer, which is more than any mountaineer can usually expect.

Rumour has it that K. Steven and Mowat were also in the island, but, unfortunately, rumour stops there, and what they did is "wrop in mystery."

Cairngorms.—The Club was well represented here by J. A. Steven and party, which, incidentally, included the ubiquitous Elton. The latter is rapidly qualifying for the post of Burn in the J.M.C.S. This party visited most of the main tops and several outlying ones, notably Ben Bynac, which latter was a fitting culmination to a good holiday.

Lake District.—G. C. Williams spent a fortnight there, dividing his time between Langdale and Coniston. He reports several good ascents made by his party of two Leeds climbers and himself. In the former district on Pavey Ark they climbed the Little Gully, and on Langdale Pikes, the Great Gully and Rake End Chimney, the latter he reports as "very strenuous and difficult." A severe route on Gimmer Crag was taken as a wind up to the climbing hereabouts. At Coniston several good things

were done on Doe Crag, "B" buttress by the Giant's Crawl being the most difficult. Apparently as an after-thought the party then went to Wastdale, but the only climbing to record is a "perilous" ascent of the Napes Needle on its polished holds.

J.M.C.S. Abroad.—A report has come from William Taylor, who is in the Argentine. He says that the nearest hills are 350 miles away from where he is in Buenos Ayres, but of course that is a mere nothing to the ardent mountaineer. He and his party of four friends have been disporting themselves on a range which is called Sierra de la Ventana, climbing the tops Tres Picos, 4,300 feet, and Napesta, 3,700 feet, in typical West Highland weather. The ridge connecting is well broken up and was rather difficult to follow in the mist since there are no detailed maps of the district. A great deal of time was spent covering the gentle lower slopes before the mountains proper were reached, but once there they formed a very good substitute to the Highland hills, and especially when enveloped in mist.

AUTUMN HOLIDAY MEET.

Present.—C. E. Andreae, R. R. Elton, and R. N. Rutherford, S.M.C.; A. Dixon, Jeffrey, A. Simpson, G. R. Speirs, W. B. Speirs, and G. C. Williams, J.M.C.S.

The members foregathered in Glen Sannox, and by Saturday night (24th September) there was a colony of five tents. On Sunday the entire Meet proceeded up Glen Sannox and approached Cir Mhor by the Western Stone Shoot. After the difficult pitch, the three parties proceeded by various routes to the underground passage and so to the top. A cold wind was blowing, so all speed was made towards the A'Chir ridge, which was followed to the summit rocks. As a return had to be made to Glen Sannox, the A'Chir ridge was traversed once more, then over the western shoulder of Cir Mhor down to Glen Sannox.

Owing to the bad steamer service, Monday had to be a short day. Rutherford, Elton, Williams, and the

Speirs brothers left at 9.30 and ascended to the Witch's Step, where the party had some good climbing. The mist lifted when the summit was reached, giving fine views of hills and sea. However, time was short, and the party sped down the hillside. Camp was reached at 1 o'clock. Meals were cooked and camp struck, and after a great rush the bus was caught at Sannox Bridge at 2.15. It was a beautiful afternoon, and it was with great regret that the party watched the jagged peaks of Arran receding across the Firth.

W. B. S.

CROWBERRY RIDGE CLIMB.

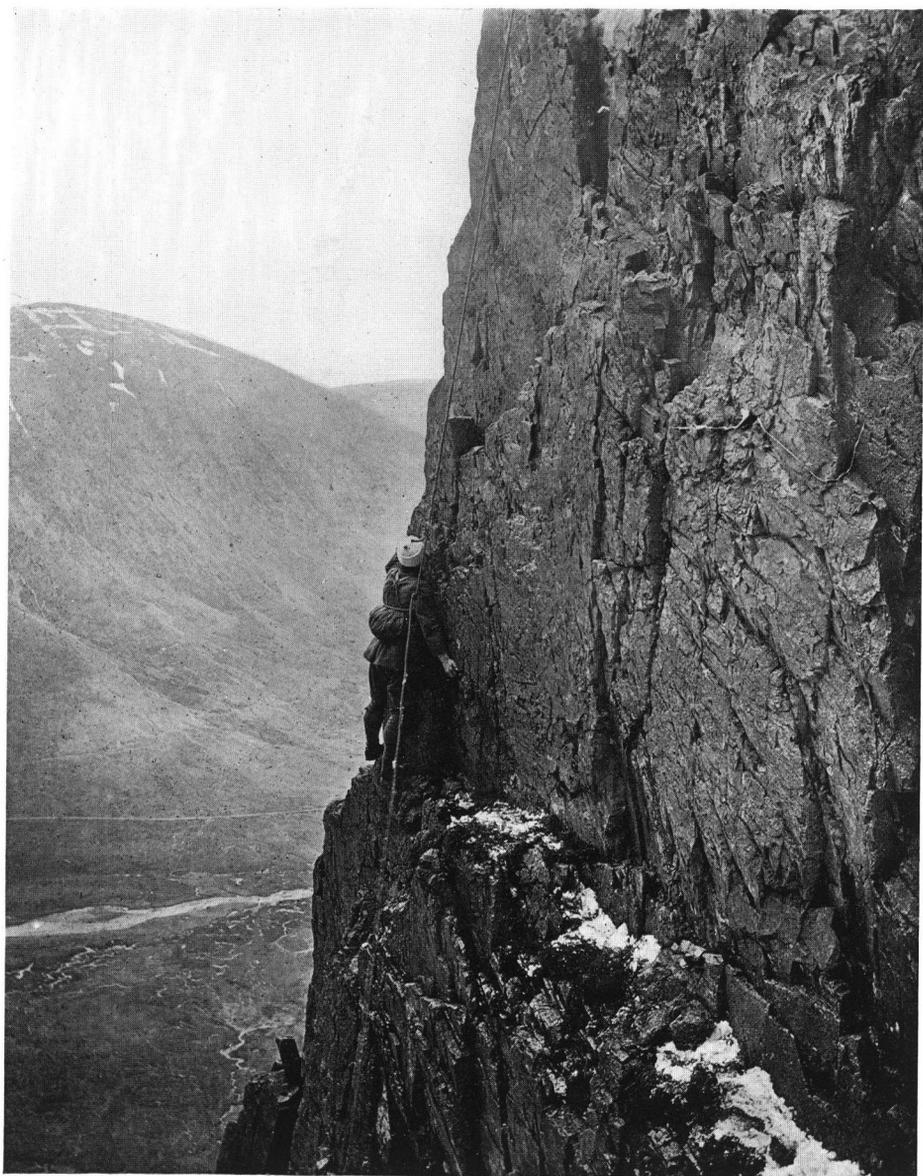
Buchaille Etive Mhor—Crowberry Ridge.—Mr W. B. Speirs, J.M.C.S., writes that a party consisting of himself, his brother G. R. Speirs, and R. R. Elton, on Sunday, 21st August, carried out an expedition to the Crowberry Ridge. They ascended by the customary route as far as "Abraham's Ledge," thereafter traversing up to the right in the direction of "Greig's Ledge." Instead of rounding the awkward corner on to the ledge where the climber (the late G. K. Edwards) is shown on the illustration, the leader, W. B. Speirs, ascended directly to the black block immediately above the head of the climber and so diagonally up to the upper ledge which leads back to the main ridge from Naismith's Route. This required a run out of about 50-60 feet of rope from "Abraham's Ledge," and the leader was in view from there throughout the climb. They report having found no hitches on the difficult part of the pitch, although the rock was sound, if a trifle damp.



G. S.

SGOR A MHAIM
FROM BINNEIN MÓR RIDGE

Easter, 1927



THE CROWBERRY RIDGE

Dr Gibson

EDINBURGH SECTION.

While we have heard vague gossip anent the activities of Members of the Edinburgh Section—thrilling tales of ascents in the Lakes by Matheson, at Chamonix by Campbell, and profusely illustrated yarns about the Himalayas from Thomson—yet no written data has been forthcoming, consequently we are only able to chronicle the doings of one Section at Killin at Easter and at Kingshouse on the Autumn Holiday.

EASTER MEET.

On Friday, 8th April, the following arrived at the Bridge of Lochay Hotel:—Ainslie, Bartholomew, Campbell, Cox, Patullo, Wilson, Williams *frères*, and Baxter from Glasgow.

On Saturday the whole party approached Craig Mhor and Heasgarnich in mass formation and gained its objective with little opposition from the elements.

On Sunday, Mackay, Matheson, and Smith, who had arrived the previous evening, went up Craig Mhor and Ben Challum, they reported good climbing on the north face of Challum. Patullo and Wilson went up Glen Lochay with Smith and Co. with the avowed intention of returning by the ridge on the south of the valley; however, they only did Meall Glas, Beinn Cheathaich, and Meall a' Churain, and then seem to have waited for Smith to take them home. Rose arrived at mid-day and climbed Meall Tarmachan. The rest of the party split in two in order to do the Lawers Ridge from opposite ends. Ainslie, Campbell, and Cox had some amusement on An Stuc, where they negotiated their first cornice with some impressive contortions.

Osborne and Gibson motored over from Crianlarich and did Lawers and An Stuc, where they met Bartholomew's party. A dozen Dundee Ramblers were also encountered, so the hill tops were rather congested. This was generally

considered the most enjoyable day of the Meet as the weather was perfect and the peak baggers returned purring gently, for had they not netted six, aye, and in some cases seven, Munros ?

On Monday, Rose left in the morning and the remainder went up Meall Tarmachan by various routes, Patullo and Wilson taking Ben Eachan on the way. The reunited party then made a headlong rush towards the hotel and hot baths and returned to Edinburgh in the evening. Mackay and Matheson stayed till the Tuesday, when they set off towards Fort William for further climbing.

AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

Four members (Mackay, Matheson, Thomson, and Campbell), along with two of the S.M.C., betook themselves to a relatively palatial Kingshouse for the Autumn Holiday. They arrived accoutred for summer climbing, but were consistently saturated by rain and sleet and they returned in complete agreement with Stevenson's description of our country as a "damned meteorological purgatory."

On Saturday the 17th a ridge walk was made along Aonach Eagach. On Sunday the party made its way to the top of Stob Coire an Lochan by the Dinner-time Buttress, thence over Bidean and down to the beginning of the Church Door Buttress, where tentative ascents were rendered abortive by wet rock and chilled fingers. The cliffs round this Coire—in some ways so reminiscent of Coire Lagan—seem to offer many attractive routes for rock merchants.

At least three of the party were eager to do The Crowberry Ridge on Monday, but the day dawned cold and wet and the Shepherd of Etive drew a thick plaid of mist round his massive shoulders and waited with quiet amusement to see how the creatures from the city would acquit themselves. . . . On they came through the sodden heather up to the spot where the three main routes begin. None of the party had been on the

Buachaille before, and as in their perplexity they peered upwards through the murky drizzle, a hoarse rumble was heard from high up on the shrouded cliffs, scree loosened by the rain—perhaps. Reluctantly they turned away and went up by the North Buttress, which afforded but little climbing. At one time the sun actually shone through the mist and the Spectre of the Brocken was observed, though Campbell assured the party that it was the wraith of M'Donald of Glencoe, because when he waved at it derisively the Spectre shook its fist at him.

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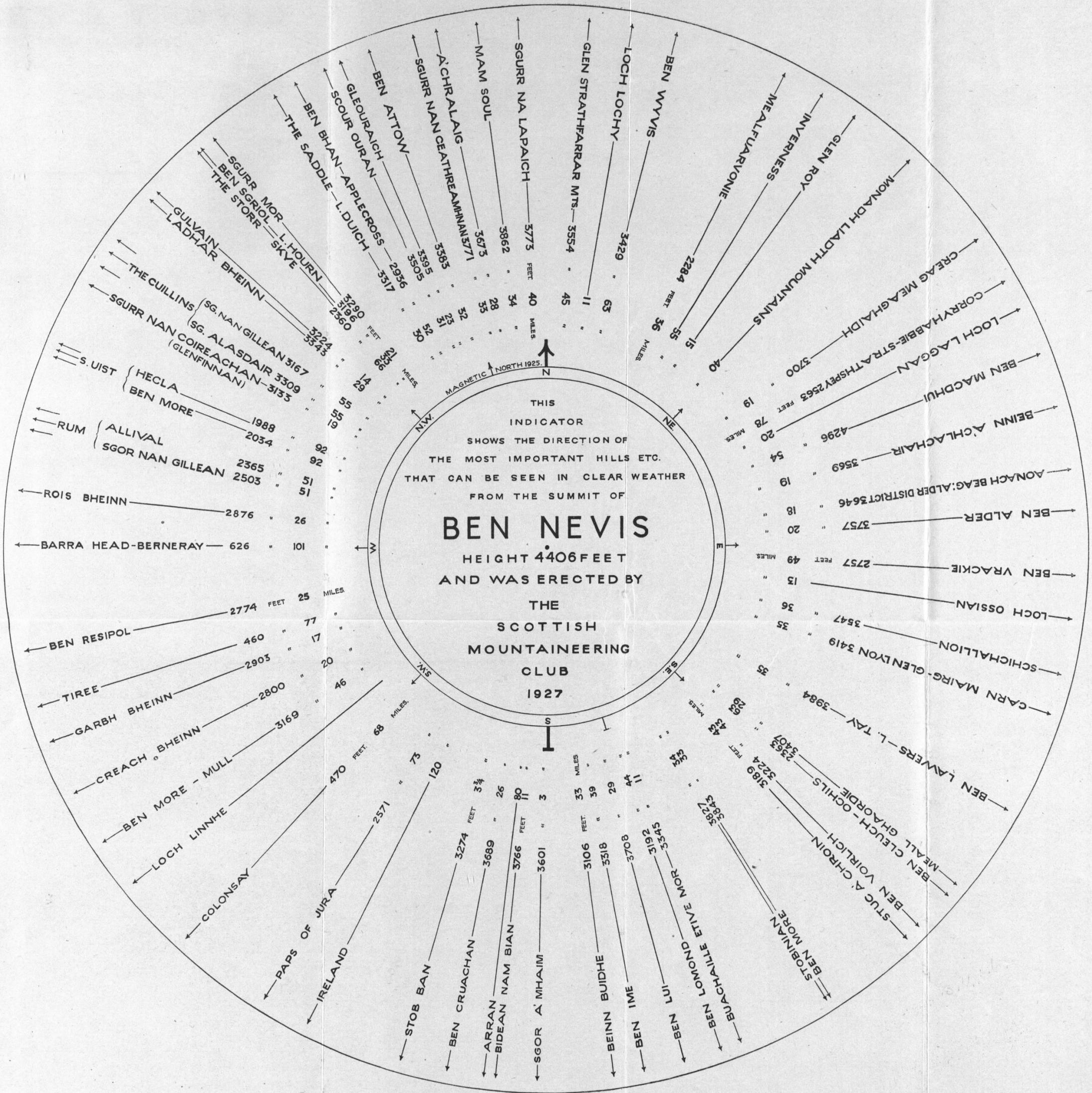
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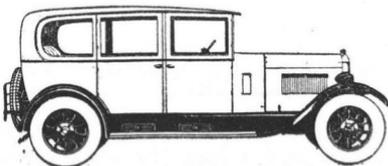
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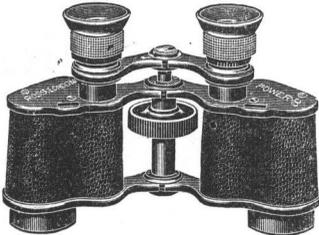
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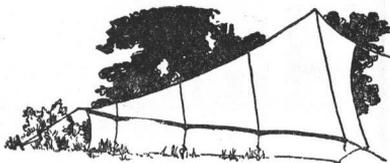
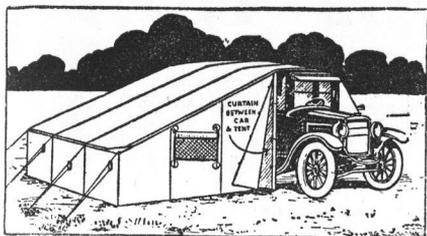
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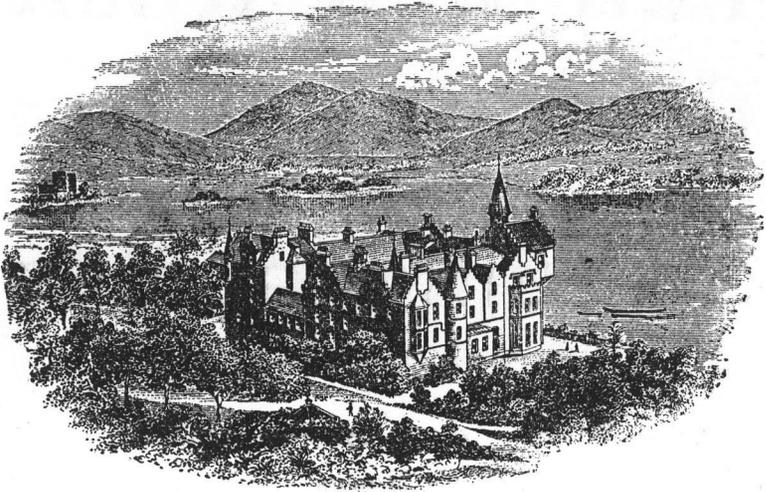
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