

Vol. 18.

April 1929.

No. 107.

# THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

EDITED BY  
JACK MACROBERT.



ISSUED TWICE A YEAR—APRIL AND NOVEMBER.

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PUBLISHED BY  
THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB,  
12 CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH.

AGENTS:  
EDINBURGH: DOUGLAS & FOULIS.  
GLASGOW: JACKSON, WYLIE & CO.

**PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET.**

*All Notices for November Number should be sent to the Hon. Editor at 51 Moss Street, Paisley, as soon as possible, and not later than 15th September 1929.*

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May 1928

STREAP AND SGURR THUIM

*George R. Speirs*

# THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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VOL. XVIII.

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## KNOYDART TO LOCHABER.

BY GEORGE R. SPEIRS.

THE writer has the habit of planning vast expeditions on the map, a few of which have occasionally been carried out, some of which might be, and some of which never could be. This particular one had been in view for some time, but when it was suggested to friends they would not believe it possible, and showed how one would stagger along all day with a great burden with no time for anything but walking, and eventually have to run the last few miles for the train. But there was yet some one to turn to, he who is sometimes called the "Mountain Maniac." When approached with the idea he leapt at it, and immediately rolled off a string of mountains that could be climbed.

So it was that we found ourselves on a Saturday morning in the early train for the north-west, wondering if we really were quite sane; but as the day wore on the rain ceased, the sun came out, and our doubts vanished with the morning mists. It was a strange Mallaig that we steamed into; the sun was shining and a strong north wind blew away the herring smells, but soon a shower bore down, and a fishy odour was wafted towards us, transforming it into the old place once more.

After the customary delay of an hour or so the boat set out for Inverie, across Loch Nevis, where we were landed after a stormy passage. A road took us for about

two miles up the Amhaim Aoidh, when a good path struck off to the right, crossed the river, and began to mount up Glen Meadoil. At the summit of the Mam the path passed between two walls of rock, and suddenly a magnificent view of Sgurr na Ciche was disclosed. Here we thankfully dumped our packs, having ascended 1,700 feet, and after delays for photography struck up the slopes of Meall Buidhe (3,100 feet), the top of which we reached just before a snowstorm which blotted out everything to the north. To the south, however, and seawards we had glimpses of sunlit islands and peaks, some of the tops glistening white in their new coating of snow. But we could not delay, and hurried down to shelter beside our packs till the storm passed. The path up from the west is a masterpiece of engineering, mounting steadily all the way; but the engineer must have had a drop too much at the top or left the work to his foreman, as down the other side it twists and turns in a breakneck manner, though perhaps there is some excuse, as it descends the 1,700 feet in little more than a mile. At Sourlies, on the shore of Loch Nevis, we had a talk with Mr Macpherson, who was struck with wonder when he heard we had come all the way from Glasgow in a day. He asked us for the Glasgow time and found that his watch was only a little over an hour wrong, as he had not altered it to the summer time. He gave us scones and milk, and was very pleased to get the *Glasgow Herald* in return; but we afterwards made the dreadful discovery that it was one about a year old which had never been taken out of the rucksack, and that the new one still reposed there. As the sun was setting over Loch Nevis we climbed up to the Lochan on Mam na Cloich Airde, where we pitched our tent on a grassy point running out from the rocky hillside.

Sunday morning again dawned showery, but with hope for the weather we packed up and finished the ascent of the pass and deposited our baggage beside the cairn marking the summit. Garbh Chioch Mhor lay between us and our objective, Sgurr na Ciche, so we traversed round the lesser peak and attacked the main one by the south face.

A number of interesting rock faces lay in our way, but as we had no rope we had to content ourselves with scrambling on the lesser outcrops. Again we were disappointed in a view to the north, for all was blotted out by great banks of black clouds which promised us more snow and rain. To the south we picked our nearer neighbours: Gulvain, Sgurr Thuilm, Streap, and imagined many more distant. The descent was commenced by the ridge joining the two peaks, down a boulder-filled gully from the Bealach, and round the lesser peak to our burdens.

The path from Kinlochnevis had been very indistinct, often disappearing altogether, and it continued like this till we came to the road running from Upper Glendessary to the head of Loch Arkaig. At Glendessary House a large jug of milk revived us immensely while a heavy shower passed over. We had not continued long when the panorama of Streap and Sgurr Thuilm commanded a halt once more, and a few more feet of film were exposed. At the head of the loch the road ceased, and we were again on a rough path for a few miles, which gave us sufficient excuse for frequent stoppages to look back at the glorious scene to the west reflected in the placid waters. It was unanimously agreed later on that the sizzling frying-pan was the finest view we had seen all day, but like all of them it soon disappeared.

The next day was not so interesting as the previous ones, as we were coming into familiar country and away from the high hills; but the day was perfect and the trees overhead sheltered us from the sun. When we came down to Loch Lochy the giants of Locharaber showed their tops occasionally through the mist, heavily draped in snow from the showers of the previous days. We crawled slowly into Gairlochy Station with two and a half hours to spare, which we thought to spend lying in the sun, but a terrible shock awaited us; we had come for a Saturday only train. With a silent curse on time-tables we set out for Spean Bridge, wondering who had failed to notice the asterisk, which conveys such important information. Our only joy was that we had two and a half hours to walk the three miles. Luckily we had friends at

Spean Bridge, who gave us sustenance whereby we were able to catch the southward train at 4.25 P.M. in a comfortable internal condition for the long train journey.

The week-end cost us about 35s. each, excluding photographic material, which probably exceeded this. We walked 41 miles with about 35 lbs. each of luggage on our backs, but the happy memories will long outlast the bruised back and the depleted bank account.

MULLACH COIRE MHIC FHEARCHAIR AND  
A NEW "MUNRO."

BY J. GALL INGLIS.

AT this time of day one would have thought that there would be little prospect of the existence of a "separate mountain" well within the limits of Munro's patent of nobility, yet wholly unsuspected. From the experiences noted below, however, it would appear that careful investigation among the 2,750 contours in little-visited districts might be rewarded by further discoveries.

Corbett and the writer remained as the tail of the Easter Meet at Kinlochewe, and there was much discussion as to Thursday's programme. Slioch or Beinn Eighe alone seemed within the writer's powers of locomotion, but his eyes ever wandered on the map to Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair and Sgurr Ban, where a height problem invited solution. Is the actual summit of the latter hill where the O.S. cairn is marked, or is it one-third of a mile to the south-west, and considerably higher, in the centre of a flat plateau several hundred yards wide, as the hill-shading clearly indicates?

Tempted at last by Corbett's assurance that a good bridle path led to the foot of the Mullach, we set out on a fine, but rather hazy, morning. Leaving the car at the Heights of Kinlochewe, we followed the well-made bridle path up the narrow but uninteresting Glen na Muice—the "ford" marked in the O.S. is now spanned by a bridge—and a mile and a half from the foot found that the path forked, the main (or, rather, best-constructed) branch striking up the hillside for Glen Tanagaidh, while the one we were to follow kept up the glen.

As we neared the head of the glen, a sharp peak began to peep over the hills to the west; this proved to be Sgurr an Tuill Bhain, seen end on, and as we advanced it gradually broadened out, until the grand north-western preci-

pices of Slioch were revealed. Then the Maiden appeared, and the long, low ridge of Beinn Tarsuinn sweeping eastwards to a great hump rising in front of us, behind which the summit of Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair towered up bare and grey, looking almost ghostly in the haze. And when we had crossed the watershed and came in sight of Loch Fada, stretching away into the distance in the middle of a broad, comparatively level basin, girdled round with great isolated peaks, there was a curious sensation of being literally "at the back of beyond." The only vestige of civilisation passed on the way was a bothy that had evidently been quite recently struck by lightning, for its northern gable was scattered about the hillside.

About two-thirds of the way along Loch an Sgeireach it seemed desirable to leave the path and make for the hump mentioned above, which forms the south-western spur of Mullach. To all appearance the route was going to be a rather sloppy one, but we were agreeably surprised to find the heather and moss almost dry for the time being. As we climbed the easy slopes and began to look down into Corrie Mhic Fhearchair, we scanned with ever-increasing interest the eastern ridge of Mullach, which swept round from the summit in a great curve with steep screes falling to the flat bottom of the corrie, nearly 1,000 feet below. This ridge seemed to offer an easier though more roundabout route to the summit than the one we were following, were it not that near the 3,000-foot level the gently rising ridge became rocky and suddenly dropped again in a vertical pitch. At first this pitch seemed about 50 feet high, but when we got higher and more at right angles to it, it stood out at last as a fine, vertical cliff, probably at least 100 feet in height, which apparently quite blocked the ridge. So far as we could judge at that time, the ridge was very narrow, and was probably precipitous on the other side; at this point it bore a considerable resemblance to the Aonach Eagach ridge in Glencoe, and was plainly a tough proposition, not to be taken lightly. And while it seemed possible that the obstacle might be avoided by taking to the steep

scree at the foot of the rocks, there was so much uncertainty that we abandoned all thoughts of returning that way from Sgurr Ban.

The hump for which we were making had, according to the map, a considerable dip behind it, so we aimed for a point on its eastern side some distance below the summit. Corbett, however, remarked that probably we would be forced up after all, and so it proved; for, shortly before the col, a precipitous bluff was encountered which could only be circumvented by climbing to within some 50 feet of the top of the hump, and descending fully 100 feet. In the afternoon we found that the west side of the hump was even more precipitous, so it is well to keep near the ridge. So far as we could judge, from above, the col might also be gained by ascending the scree from Corrie Mhic Fhearchair.

We lunched at the col in the welcome shelter of some boulders, for a keen easterly wind had sprung up. Looking out to the north-west of the col (which seems to be just over 2,500 feet, though the O.S. contour makes it less), the writer was surprised to see a great peak—Beinn Tarsuinn—rising in front of him where he had only expected to see a low ridge, for by its appearance when we were climbing the hump, and by the shading on the O.S. map, it did not seem to be much over 2,750 feet. After taking a good look at it, the writer remarked to Corbett that the peak must be far more than 500 feet above us, and he agreed, though he said that he had been over it (in mist) and had no recollection of any 3,000-foot aneroid reading.

So far the gradients had been easy, but the remaining 1,850 feet of our climb promised to be both steep and tedious. All vegetation ceased some 300 feet above the col, and the last part of the route was over a wilderness of grey quartzite stones—presumably, the writer feared, of the unpleasant, knife-edged variety encountered two days before on Beinn Liath Mhor. It proved, however, not so bad after all, the edges being sufficiently rounded to make the going reasonably comfortable.

When we reached the 3,000-foot level, Corbett stopped

from time to time to test the height of Beinn Tarsuinn against Sgurr an Tuill Bhain and the Maiden, both of which are about 3,060 feet. Holding an axe level with these tops, Tarsuinn always appeared above it until the aneroids showed 3,100 feet, so that our estimate lower down was evidently correct.

The top of Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair is a narrow, stony ridge of slight gradient, and has a pillar-like cairn, about 6 feet high, in a remarkably good state of preservation. To the north-east the ridge falls sharply from the cairn, in a bare, stony slope, to the Sgurr Ban col, rising again easily to the broad, very flat summit of that hill—which is several hundred yards across, just as the hill-shaded O.S. indicates. Right in the centre of the plateau stands a cairn, the exact counterpart of that on Mullach, and after studying the shading on the map, and the lie of the hill, it seemed quite clear that the “ 3,194 ” point on the O.S. is on the far side of the hill, and not the actual top, unless there is a serious error in engraving. It must be confessed that Sgurr Ban *looked* much more than 100 feet below us, nevertheless the balance of probabilities is that its true height is about 3,220 feet. Owing to the breadth of the plateau, the cairn at its centre must be quite invisible from below, so it would be natural for the surveyors to make one in a more convenient position, to suit the glen to the north. This is frequently done, an official of the O.S. once told me.

We would fain have gone on to finish the investigation, but it was now two o'clock, and to bag Sgurr Ban over those bare stones would consume another hour, as we would probably have to reascend Mullach on the way back, from what we saw of the south-eastern ridge. So with mental maledictions on the influenza fiend whose recent attentions were responsible for our slow progress up the hill, we regretfully abandoned our programme and turned to survey the little-known country around us.

To the north behind Sgurr Ban and barely visible in the haze were two sharp peaks belonging to the 2,750-contour, Beinn a' Chlaidheimh. From the bold hill-shading on the O.S., this hill might possibly be a

"Munro," but no conclusions as to its actual height could be drawn owing to the haze and the doubt as to the true height of Sgurr Ban. Eastwards the curved south-eastern ridge of Mullach fell easily from the top, but about half a mile away it rose again to what would certainly have been set down as a "top" in Munro's Tables if the O.S. had given a height; it is probably about 3,150 feet. South of this top, the ridge fell gently to the vertical pitch in the ridge we had studied on the way up: from below, to all appearance, it was a break in a narrow, rocky ridge; judge our surprise when we now saw it to be the west end, seen in profile, of a great seamed vertical rock face which extended eastwards for a considerable distance. Terminating on the very top of a high ridge, and at right angles to it, it is a most peculiar formation, the like of which the writer cannot recall having seen elsewhere.

Beinn Tarsuinn next claimed attention. In the 1927 November *Journal*, Parker drew attention to the climbing possibilities of this hill, and certainly from where we stood it was a remarkable sight. The whole of its north face—crescent-shaped and about a mile in length—was in deep shadow, so that details could not be made out very well, but it seemed mostly precipitous, and cut up with gullies, in which a few patches of snow lingered. The top of the ridge itself was of a very unusual nature, being a succession of long, narrow, flat-topped blocks with deep gashes between: one of these, near the northern end, had a very curious outline, resembling the purple flower of a thistle; its sides overhung greatly, and the top was perfectly flat. Towards the eastern end the ridge swelled out into a great perfectly flat circular plateau with steep, rocky sides, much resembling the similar formation at the Quirang in Skye. Altogether it looked a formidable ridge to tackle, but Corbett said he had been along it, and all difficulties could be avoided. The top of the hill was at the extreme eastern end of the ridge: after that it fell in easy, grassy slopes to the col between it and the "hump" of Mullach.

As the ascent of Tarsuinn from the east was so easy,

and would take us little out of our way when going back to the hotel, we resolved to bag it, and see if our aneroids would confirm the visual observations. So we retraced our way to the col, repeating, when we were 260 feet below the summit, and thus about level with the Maiden and Sgurr an Tuill Bhain, the comparison of Beinn Tarsuinn with these hills. Tarsuinn was well above the line joining them and must therefore be not far short of 3,100 feet, so it had evidently a good margin to work upon in its claim to be a "Munro." On reaching the col we skirted the rocks on the western side of the hump, which involved some further descent, and after a fairly easy traverse reached the col of Tarsuinn, which is about 2,430 feet. After that it was an easy ascent over grass, with a snow-field or two by way of variety, up to the top, where we eagerly consulted our aneroids.

"What do you make it?" said Corbett, who, as the strong man of the party, had got up first.

"260 feet below Mullach; that is, 3,067 feet, using the reading when we left the top, but 3,077 feet if we take the reading when we arrived." (According to Whymper, the latter reading is the most reliable to take.)

"I make it 3,100," said he, "but as your graduations are wider than mine, I daresay yours may be the more accurate."

It may be mentioned here that Corbett related our experiences to Mr John Hirst, a former member of the Club, and when he visited Beinn Tarsuinn in May he also made the height 3,077 feet, verifying the aneroid on Mullach, as we had done, but taking it the reverse way. The writer's instrument made the height 3,127 feet by the reading when we got back to Kinlochewe, but at any rate it seems quite certain that the hill is not less than about 3,080 feet high.\*

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\* Parker gives the height as 2,970 feet (*Journal*, Vol. IX., 90), but no heights are given in the various O.S. Maps available in the National Library.

Colin Phillip says he made Beinn Tarsuinn 2,970 feet; The Maiden, 3,120 feet; and Ruadh-stac Mòr, 2,940 feet; all on the same day. The aneroid was set at Kinlochewe, and assuming

The haze prevented us from seeing the country to the north well, though the outlines of the Teallachs were dimly seen through the haze. The western side of Mullach was too much end-on to be seen to advantage, but so far as could be judged it seemed to be a waste of bare stones with a few small outcrops of rock. The gully mentioned by Parker in the November *Journal* gave no signs of its existence from the point where we stood, but may have been hidden behind the rock outcrops referred to.

The descent to the path was over grassy slopes most of the way. We were lucky in the line we took, as near the foot we just missed a ravine which would have taken some circumventing had we struck it further west. A dead deer was lying at the bottom of the ravine, in a position which suggested that the animal had come upon it unawares, when running, and could not stop.

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the height of Tarsuinn to be 3,070 feet—the barometer was evidently rising—though the fine day might somewhat accentuate the under-reading. As Ruadh-stac Mòr was made only 40 feet lower than Tarsuinn, it has apparently at the very least a margin of 40 feet to come and go upon in making a claim to be a "Munro."

Heddle had also been on Tarsuinn, and agreed that 2,970 feet was about correct—though too low, if anything.

## THE MOUNTAINS IN SHAKESPEARE.

BY A. M. HAMILTON, K.C.

THERE is no need to begin an essay on this theme with an apology. To the mountaineer mountains are Shakespearian. He readily assumes between the greatest of poets and the grandest of natural objects a pre-established harmony. Braced by toil and danger, stimulated by achievement, he surveys the grandeurs around him with a Shakespearian eye. It is natural to feel assured that Shakespeare felt like that. But to preserve these sentiments in their fullness it is well to abstain from too close a study of the text. This only serves to reveal that in the Shakespearian landscape the mountains do not dominate. It is the first business of the dramatist to show us human action taking place somewhere. To Shakespeare, mountains with their concomitant valleys, passes, ravines, and what not, do not seem to occur as appropriate for this purpose. There are hills up which a gentleman may gallop his horse on the turf—

“ Was that the King that spurred his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill ? ”

(“ Love’s Labour Lost,” IV. i. 1.) There is rising ground of strategical advantage as at Philippi—

“ You said the enemy would not come down  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so.”

(“ Julius Cæsar,” V. i. 2.) There is famous Gadshill, a gradient on a highway convenient for footpads. But no hill which a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club would call a hill. It is true that for the most part the comedies (including “ Romeo and Juliet ”) take place in haunts of pleasure like Ephesus or Padua, and the rest in England or some such flattish place. But even when the scene shifts to Wales there is no hint of a

mountainous country. ("Richard II.": "King Henry IV.," Part I.) Nowhere are the strategic or the æsthetic qualities of mountain scenery put to dramatic purpose. The witches in "Macbeth," or their mysterious masters, seem to know that Dunsinane is more or less of a hill ("Macbeth," IV. i. 93). But Dunsinane when we are in it is not a mountain fastness. It is a feudal castle anywhere, and though the sentry spies the advance of Birnam Wood from "the hill," a watch-tower would have done as well. The witches meet Macbeth, not in the shadow of the glen but on the heath. And this increases their mystery. In the open desolation they appear and sow the seed of murder and are away. The mountains are not missed.

Thus far concerning scenery. In the untrammelled field of poetic diction there are no doubt sundry mountains. There are mountains of mere grossness, as the bulk of Falstaff—

"This huge hill of flesh"

("Henry IV.," Part I., II. iv. 269), or the hunchback of Richard—

"To make an envious mountain on my back  
Where sits deformity to mock my body"

("Henry IV.," Part III. ii. 157), or the quality of lying ("Henry IV.," Part I., II. iv. 250). Not far from these are mountains of affection: "To bring Señor Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other" ("Much Ado," II. i. 381). There are numerous mountains of simple barbarity ("Twelfth Night," IV. i. 52)—

"Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves  
Where manners ne'er were preached"

("Henry IV.," Part I. iii. 159), ("Winter's Tale," III. ii. 213), and most unhappily the mountaineers seem to belong to the mountains of this sort ("Cymbelene," IV. ii.). There is a pleasant glimpse of ". . . far-off mountains turned into clouds," but strangely these stand for things "small and undistinguishable" ("Mid-

summer Night's Dream," IV. i. 192). In their well-worn character of steadfast immovability the mountains are at times purely conventional, as when Petruchio in his stormy wooing finds himself—

“ As mountains are for winds  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually ”

(“ Taming of Shrew,” II. i. 141), and at times, if finer, somewhat fantastic—

“ O constancy be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;  
I have a man's mind but a woman's might.”

(“ Julius Cæsar,” II. iv. 7.)

At best it is rather disappointing. Think of the storm, the symbol of “ the true proof of men,” in the argument of the chiefs before Troy (“ Troilus and Cressida,” I. iii. 33); of the lightning—

“ . . . in the collied night  
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth  
And ere a man hath power to say ‘ behold ’!  
The jaws of darkness do drown it up :  
So quick bright things come to confusion.”

(“ Midsummer Night's Dream,” I. i. 145.)

There is no mountain in Shakespeare that is not a molehill to either of them. We must just bear with the fact that Shakespeare was no hillman. He worked in London, and settled in Stratford. Just in one passage he goes so far as to share the more contemplative of the mountaineer's fearful joys; and then he is not thinking of mountains at all. It is where Edgar in disguise feigns to lead the despairing Gloucester to the death he seeks. Placing the blinded man upon some harmless bank, his guide yet makes him see the cliff yawning from his very foot to the channel beneath—

“ Come on, sir; here's the place; stand still. How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
Shew scarce so gross as beetles; half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade:  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark  
Diminished to her cock : her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more  
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong."

(“ King Lear,” IV. vi. 10.)

Only here does Shakespeare make some amends to his mountaineering follower for the weary miles passed amid surroundings more suited to the townsman, the yachtsman, and even the simple countryman.

## THE LOMONDS.

BY J. H. B. BELL.

To the ultramontane\* of the S.M.C. it must seem ridiculous to suggest that any serious climbing can be had on the Fifeshire Lomonds. Described in terms of altitude they are not impressive. There are three hills in the range. The East Lomond, 1,471 feet, can be climbed and descended in half an hour, by motor cycle chiefly, from the main road A. 912 between Falkland and New Inn. One goes up the steep old road by the Purin Den to a little wood high up on the eastern shoulder, then through two fields by track up to a dry-stone dyke. Beyond this only the last 100 feet remain to be done on foot.

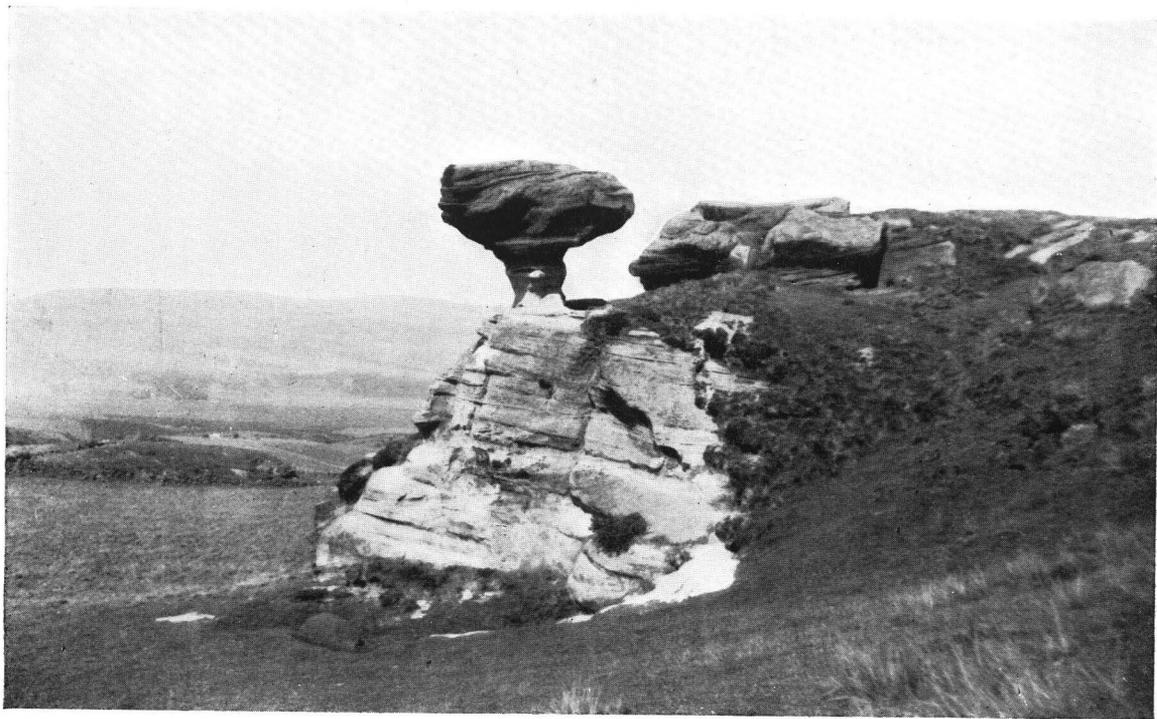
The West Lomond, 1,713 feet, the culminating point of the " Kingdom " of Fife, is a little less accessible. I have had a push-bike on the summit.

The westernmost and highest point of the inclined plateau, called the Bishop Hill, is very rapidly ascended, chiefly by track, from Kinnesswood, near Loch Leven. This point is called Whitecraigs, 1,492 feet. The hills show occasional outcrops of white sandstone towards the western end, but generally the upper rock is an ancient dolerite, thoroughly weathered, vegetatious, and rotten. The snow does not lie for long on the Lomonds—and there are no fearsome glaciers or bergschrunds.

To the best of my knowledge there are but two references in the past numbers of the *Journal* to this uninspiring

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\* The ultramontane is, in the Lomond sense, a crazy and irresponsible person who climbs any nearly vertical face of rotten rock and vegetation by the most difficult way. He seldom visits the summit of a hill, and he is forbidden by his creed to remove any loose rocks or vegetation, which must be allowed to remain, in order to lure to destruction a future aspirant to ultramontane glory.



*September 1928*

MAIDEN'S BOWER

*J. H. B. Bell*

group of mountains (Vol. VI., p. 235; Vol. III., p. 38). The former of these is a duty reference, and is part of the "S.M.C. Guide Book," which is obliged to note all the larger hills on the face of Scotland. Since the year 1901 the subject seems to have been dropped in climbing circles as unworthy of further comment. If I venture to confute that tacit opinion, the description in Vol. VI. may be used to check my extravagances. There is yet one warning note which I would sound. Although a local man, I am very ignorant of the ancient lore of the district. Nor am I acquainted with the numerous and singular species of birds, beasts, and flowers which doubtless occur in the Lomonds—and perhaps nowhere else. This article must be regarded as a disquisition on the esoteric and heretical art of Lomond mountaineering and on that alone.

It is well to begin with the salvationist \* point of view. The Lomonds present a magnificent field for his activities, especially on a fine winter day, which can be well occupied with the traverse of the three peaks and the eight sub-Munros of the range. The author usually leaves Auchtermuchty at 10 A.M., with three biscuits and one apple. The traverse is best done from west to east. Cash must be taken, as the last three or four miles (according to the route of descent) are bordered by places of refreshment and crawling with motor buses, and the moral discipline of avoiding these pitfalls is part of the merit of the expedition in these latter days of degeneracy. The author is a self-reliant person who stands in need of no moral tonic, and he never risks any cash on this expedition.

The other advantage of going in this direction is that the far-away summits of the Bishop Hill are not so easily

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\* A salvationist to the ultramontane (see footnote, p. 280) is a somewhat low-grade person, hardly a climber, who endeavours, by the easiest way, to reach the summit of any sort of Scottish hill which exceeds 3,000 feet in height above sea level. Such a hill is a Munro. In the Lomond sense of the word, the salvationist contents himself with sub-Munros, which need not exceed 900 feet. He bags as many as possible in a day.

forgotten. Two miles away, beyond the village of Strathmiglo, the highway can be left. A pleasant hill road runs up by a red sandstone quarry due south to the base of the hills. It is possible here to find an upward track through the fir woods of Drumdreel. This delightful path runs westward through the glades of the forest. A glance upwards at a small clearing shows the Craigengaw cliffs high up on the bare hillside beyond. The return along this woodland track is even more delightful at sunset or by moonlight. Beyond the wood are grassy slopes. Contouring round the slopes, the debris of a landslide is crossed, and about a mile beyond is the weird sandstone mass called the Maiden's Bower, with its curiously poised Bannetstane. Another mile of contouring, slightly upwards, takes one along the high level track to Glenvale. This is also called the Covenanters' Glen, and is a deep-cut valley between the West Lomond and the Bishop Hill. There is a stream, a waterfall, and at least two excellent bathing pools with sandstone bottom. The lower pool is not easy to find, but it is the only one in the glen where one can float in comfort. Here also, on the Lomond side, are some terraced cliffs of white sandstone, in the centre of which is John Knox's Pulpit. The same terraces contain some useful caves for wet weather.

Beyond Glenvale there are heather and grass slopes to the easterly top of the Bishop Hill. The going on the Bishop is none too good. Tufty grass and marshy stretches abound. The best route is along the north edge of the plateau by a curious grassy dyke. Half an hour from Glenvale is enough to reach the middle top—a twin top with a small dip between. From there the highest and most westerly twin top is readily seen and can be reached in twenty minutes. By the way, the old limestone quarry of Clatteringwell is passed on the left, and a good track makes the latter part easy. The return to Glenvale can be varied by keeping more to the south, but this route is more laborious. If a middle way be chosen, a pleasant glade of pine trees can be visited, which is hidden in one of the folds of the plateau. The best luncheon spot,

however, is Glenvale, with its bathing pool. The slope of the West Lomond from there is straightforward and may take fully half an hour. The West Lomond, 1,713 feet, is probably one of the best view-points of Scotland. I have seen the snowfields of Ben Muich Dhui from there on a fine June day, and on any reasonably clear day there are many old friends in sight. The best route eastwards now lies again on the north rim of the plateau. At first the blueberry slopes of the summit cap must be descended. How often have I thought what an excellent ski run these slopes would make in summer, but laziness, or fear of ridicule, have so far prevented the experiment. Some way along the plateau rim it is possible to strike an old track, which ultimately becomes a grassy road between dry-stone dykes, near the col between the Lomonds. Over this col runs a seldom-used road from Falkland to Leslie. Beyond this, the old grassy road continues upwards by an old quarry, and then eastwards along the south slopes of the East Lomond.\* This road can be followed until it skirts a young fir wood, when it is best to make a bee-line for the summit. There are some rocky bits on the summit cap, but the East Lomond boasts of no climbing attractions. The descent can be made either straight for Falkland by a steep track through the lower woods, or by the more gently sloping eastern shoulder which leads towards the Purin Den. If it is a November day, the hour will probably be near sunset, and the direct descent taken. The bag has been the five sub-Munros on the Bishop and the two Lomonds. It is true that there is a little bump, just midway between the Lomonds on the north edge, but it is only a bump as seen from the plain. It has a name, I believe, and is identifiable by the Tyndale Bruce stone monument beneath it. From youthful memories of this monument, I should rename the peak "The Pepper-box sub-Munro."

If the foregoing day were all that the Lomonds could

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\* There is now an excellent mountain indicator on the summit of the East Lomond.

provide by way of sport, they would be almost worthy of the neglect of all good climbers. A lesser peak has one great advantage over the giants of the north. It can be visited in all its varying moods, by night as well as by day. There is no other peak with which I am on the same terms of easy familiarity as the West Lomond. It is a very different mountain if a hard frost follows a heavy snowfall. Unfortunately that happens all too seldom, but I have seen quite respectable cornices above the broken rocks on the north face. At such a time most of the climbs on Craigengaw will not go at all, and it is almost impossible to get up the Moonshine Gully there. I know nothing about ski-ing, but I have spent one or two pleasant afternoons on ski over the upper cap of the West Lomond. Some time I promise myself to bag all the tops on ski.

One of the most delightful ascents that I have made was by the light of a February full moon. There was a strong north-west wind, and this had swept away much of the previous snowfall. Yet there were stinging blasts of icy spindrift on the more exposed sections of the ascent. It was almost impossible to stand on the summit, and one subsided pleasantly into a round, stony hollow close by the cairn. The visibility was marvellous. Ben Vorlich, Ben Lawers, Schiehallion, and Beinn a' Ghlo were all there, gleaming white between the dark sky and the snow-free lower hills to the south of them. Far below to the west the cloud shadows chased each other across Loch Leven.

Another time, at midnight, I watched the half-moon rising from the Firth of Forth. On that occasion Arthur's Seat was the spectacle, rising out of a bank of fog which was Edinburgh, whilst beneath twinkled the lights of Leith. On such nights one has to be careful during the descent. An oblique moon makes a small tuft of grass look like a huge whin bush. It is emphatically necessary to steer clear of the lower crags—as I do not carry a lantern on the Lomond. The moonlight nights are the most fascinating, but I have also enjoyed a late ascent on a dull night with no moon, when the cloudy reflections of the

lights of Perth and Dundee were the only visible landmarks.

Bad weather on the Lomonds is like anywhere else on the Scottish hills, but it is glorious to lie in that sheltered hollow by the summit cairn, having fought one's way up in the teeth of a howling sou'wester. There is all the grand, clean sweep of the mountain gale, yet it is only a friendly little hill after all.

*(To be continued.)*

## HANDY HINTS FOR MOUNTAINEERS.

BY DUNCAN M'GAFF.

I. *To Open Sardine Tin with Ice-Axe.*

IT must have occurred to most of us, even to the painstakingly methodical, to be faced on occasion with the problem of the hermetically sealed tin, and the lost means of opening. As is well known, these delightfully handy little receptacles, made of sheet iron, are furnished with patent contrivances of one sort or another to admit of access to their succulent contents. It may be by the operation of a specially made key and a strip of soft-soldered metal which forms the union between box and lid. Or it may be by a cut with a special tool along a dotted latitudinal line, or even the prising back of a portion of the lid of the box so as to admit sufficient aperture for extraction of its contents. Whatever the method adopted, the main argument is that the manufacturers provide some sort of simple mechanical device whereby the purchaser may gain access with, as it were, a deft turn of the wrist.

It must have occurred to most of us, I repeat, to discover the box but not the key, or the key but not the "tag," or both key and "tag" but yet "a couple the most incompatible," as our French friends would put it. There is also the case where Clarence, who knows how to do it, has been turned down by John, the owner of the tin and would-be host, with the deprecating assertion that "any ass can open a tin like this," and who, being misled by its fool-proof appearance, enters the key the wrong way round and, perceiving his error too late, persists, finishing off with something resembling a medieval instrument of torture, a strained thumb, and a mixed bath of perspiration and oil.

That such moments are trying to both the appetite

and the temper of the mountaineer must surely be admitted. It is our purpose, therefore, to show in this valuable contribution to the science of the hills how, failing the correct implement, the climber's pet weapon may be utilised, and we shall now proceed to explain the methods used on similar occasions in like circumstances, or words to that effect.

Let us take a box of sardines as an example. Every one, we feel, must know the appearance of a box of sardines. They are procurable from all the best retailers throughout Europe. Should you experience any difficulty in getting one, a letter to our Hon. Treasurer, accompanied with a remittance for 2s. 8½d. to cover postages, will receive no immediate reply. A box of sardines is the rusty-coloured object, the corner of which may be observed protruding through the rucksack material just where the sack has felt uncomfortable against the back. In the case of the Bergameis sack, the tin can be unravelled from the sweater and wiped free of mushed ripe plums, portions of paper, and jam sandwiches.

We take the instance where the key provided by the makers is "blind," *i.e.*, little short of a smith's shop would be requisite to perform the major operation for cataract to permit of natural union with the metal tab which it was originally intended to grip and roll back, so freeing the rigid lid of the box.

As it is unlikely that any member of the party, Unna not being present, carries a smith's shop with him, our purpose is to describe the procedure.

First select a flat stone of convenient size. These are always on the unsheltered side of the mountain, and as your search will lead you there eventually it will save time to proceed thither at the outset. The business end or eye of the key is laid on the stone and struck smartly and repeatedly with a smaller stone selected, or carried with one, for the purpose, until just as the key assumes a picturesque and impertinent curve, the stone used as a hammer splits and the key disappears into the abyss. The odds against any valuable crystal being discovered in the split stone are very high. The metal tab may then

be seized in the teeth, provided they are not ours either by growth or purchase, and the edge of the box thrust upwards against the nose, the chin being used as a fulcrum. Nothing can be distinctly articulated so long as the teeth remain tightly clenched. As the grip is relaxed the remark will probably be smothered by the sound of the box glissading down the waistcoat buttons and rattling on the rocks. If and when the tin is recovered, the pocket knife Cuthbert got from Aunt Agnes last Christmas, and offered at the outset, may be borrowed. This refined instrument is procurable at Messrs Bens, Grassmarket, and is called the Mountaineer's Vade-Mecum. The cost is £1. 9s. 6d. (post free 31s.). It will be hardly worth as much (if ever) when you have finished with it. The combined appliance for extracting wedged cartridges from an elephant gun and disassembling a German gunboat should be tried first. Thereafter, tear up the handkerchief to staunch the flow of blood from the right thumb. The other thirteen appliances contained in the knife may then be tried in sequence, including the inch measure and the "thing for removing stones from horses' shoes." After these have been abandoned or incapacitated, the husk of the knife should be returned to the owner. The only individual (if you will excuse the expression) to come scathless out of the operation will be the tin of sardines. Next, the tin is lifted between the index finger and thumb of the left hand, if these still remain, and placed on edge on the flat stone or boulder. It is then struck sharply once with the pick of the ice-axe. Both will then turn up, the tin, describing a graceful parabola, will, in its glittering passage, leave a delicately scented trickle of lubricant down the breast of the jacket, reinforcing thereby the rainproof dope with which the cloth was originally treated.

When the youngest member of the party has done the arduous climb requisite for recovering the tin, and the rope has once more been neatly re-coiled, a group should be formed round a large boulder furnished with a natural fissure of suitable aperture which will serve to hold the now polyhedrous rhomboid encasing the desired comes-

tibles. The rhomboid aforesaid must now be firmly wedged in place with small stones and a reinforcement of securely tamped roots of *Saxifraga oppositifolia*. The crack golfer of the party must then be requested to address the tin. He will be assisted in this by the surrounding group, who will have instructions to hold themselves in a fielding position. Balancing himself at the requisite distance with the toe of the right foot well advanced and turned outwards, the crack golfer will swing the pick of the axe back smartly against the tendon Achilles of the left foot. From that position he will then, exerting full force to obtain a rapid movement of the axe through the circle of the full extent of the arms, bring the axe over the head and forward in such a manner that the cutting, or adze edge will impinge upon the junction of the box and lid. As the adze edge touches the box a slight pulling action of the arms—as in breaking a bootlace—should be imparted to the axe shaft, the portions of which can be recovered later if desired. When the group of fielders have extruded the lubricant from their smarting optics it will be observed that the boulder top, and neighbourhood generally, has the appearance of having been freshly coated with faulty aluminium paint, while the tin wrapping, neatly and permanently folded round the portion of the adze still remaining in the cleft of the boulder, has one bright and one dull side deftly ingrained with exceedingly fine scales, which form a temporary emollient for grazed cuticle.

In next issue we shall describe the incorrect method of laying a slip bowline with galvanised fuse wire.

[*Note*.—Not if I am still in office.—EDITOR.]

## BARRISDALE AND SKYE.

*Some Impressions of the J.M.C.S. Summer Meet, 1928.*

BY J. Y. MACDONALD.

AS the last peals of a thunderstorm were dying away, a car slipped out of Edinburgh piled to the roof with tents, kit-bags, tins of milk, a bathing costume, and all the paraphernalia associated with camping. Occasionally something would drop from this moving general store, and then the car would stop; and an individual, whose presence might otherwise have been undetected, would extricate himself from the bulging mass and retrieve the errant treasure. There were three such individuals in this car, which was followed some hours later by another, similarly manned and similarly laden, which stopped not, neither did it swerve, for it was bent on overtaking its companion.

At Loch Tulla, nestling in its pine fringe under the mountains, we met and rested awhile. Proceeding onwards again, in company now, dusk found us at the shores of Loch Linnhe, where a suitable spot was found and we bivouacked for the night.

My next memory is of a clear, cool morning and an entrancing bathe (the forerunner of many) followed by hot breakfast. There ensued a brief struggle to put the cars on the road, and again we were off, stopping only at Fort William to take aboard immense supplies of bread, butter, and spare tyres. Northwards and westwards we sped, past Loch Garry and Loch Quoich, till in the early afternoon we arrived at Kinlochourn, where another halt was called, while the drivers rested their nerves for the final descent. The party split, three to tempt shy trout from a lochan, three to scramble up a burn. Excellent balance practice this, leaping from stone to stone amid the tumbling waters. On returning from it Rusk changed

into dry clothes, while Victor and I kept guard along the road.

At Kinlochourn, where we had to leave the cars, we were fortunate in obtaining the loan of a boat. It was a tricky business stowing the immense cargo so as to leave room for the crew, but it was eventually accomplished, and with two to row and one and a tea-cup to bail, the frail craft, after one or two uncertain gyrations, proceeded down the loch. It has always amazed me that one can climb endlessly and yet arrive at sea-level, but this was undoubtedly the experience of the three who walked the odd seven miles to Barrisdale Lodge. There we were met by the keepers and Mr Stewart, who helped us to find what was undoubtedly the best camping ground in the neighbourhood. Throughout our stay there we were treated with great kindness, and were never allowed to lack fresh eggs and milk.

Before we started we had obtained leave to camp, but we now found it necessary to get permission to go on the hills. So next morning Sandeman and I walked over to Inverie on this errand of mercy, and telephoned from there to the factor. Of all the days of our trip, this one has made the deepest impression on my memory. The leisurely 18 or 20 miles over a hill path in glowing sunshine, the joy of seeing and descending into new country, the ecstasy of a bathe in the fresh waters of Loch Dulochan, and the magnificent sense of an adventure commenced, combined to make it the most perfect of all days. We returned full of pity for the sluggards who had missed so much. But we found that they had not been altogether idle in our absence, for they had constructed a fireplace, a truly stupendous affair built after approved scientific principles, which, in the "prevailing wind," was nothing if not efficient. It even adapted itself fairly well to the winds that actually blew.

The next day was to be the "great day," for were we not all pioneers, exploring the vast untouched walls of Coire Dhorrcail, walls seamed with a score of the most attractive-looking gullies? Again we divided, Bartholomew, Sandeman, and Wilson electing a frontal

attack on the cliffs of Ladhar Bheinn, Rusk, Victor, and myself to essay an ascent on to the ridge on the south-east of the corrie (point 2,760,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles E.S.E. from Ladhar Bheinn) and to follow the rim of the corrie to the summit.

Our party first surveyed the problem from below, and selected two possible routes to its ambition. We approached the first, and, turning without a word, made our way to the second. This is the longest gully on this face, if the shallow portion where it runs out on to the heather below is included, and we estimated it at 1,200 feet in all, well worthy of a "first ascent." Roping up, Rusk ahead of course, we tackled this in great style. Except for one pitch where the followers had to be hauled up bodily, the climbing was easy. It was rendered slow, however, by the masses of rotten rock, loose stones, and vegetation which composed the gully, and we were soon in a delightfully muddy condition. After nearly three hours of this work we attained a position appreciably nearer the top. The character of the gully changed abruptly, however, and, finding ourselves faced with an approximately perpendicular wall of smooth slime, we decided to turn the obstacle lower down or beat a retreat. It is not an easy gully to get out of, and we descended a considerable distance before an opportunity arose. And again we were disappointed, for every ledge on the face was covered with long grass growing on thin soil, and there seemed little prospect of sound stances for the leader. And since the followers were as yet inexperienced in the ways of mountains, defeat had to be acknowledged. We felt very humble when we reached the foot. Was this in some measure due to the sight of a beetle running up the pitch which defeated us?

It was as yet too early to return to camp, and of course we juniors had Munros to think about. So we made our way to the top of the corrie by the only easy route and followed this round to Ladhar Bheinn. A cheery jodel had elicited a response from the other party though we could not see them, and we knew that we could remain out as late as we wished without causing anxiety. A dawdling descent on a perfect summer eve, with frequent stops to

drink in the view or the lemonade we manufactured at every burn, completed the day. Was it not Professor Collie who said that the chief joy of mountaineering lay in the periods of rest? We found it so that evening.

Arriving at camp at 11.30, just as darkness had set in, we discovered that our companions had preceded us by half an hour, and that even now the soup was simmering on the fire. Round the cheery blaze we heard something of their doings. Mercifully a veil was drawn over their more ambitious activities. But it was rent in a few places, and through it I had glimpses of the truth. I seemed to see Bartholomew at the centre of a great circle on the mountain face, round the circumference of which Wilson and Sandeman crawled, trying vainly to hold out a helping rope from above to their troubled leader. I had a vision of an ignominious *abseil* and a weird contrivance wherewith to retrieve the rope, composed mainly of bits of string, ties, and braces. And I had an impression that the tensile strength of a certain tie was insufficient to withstand the strain put upon it, and that the rope remained affixed to the mountain. For all I know it is there still.

The loss of this 80-foot friend naturally put an end to their ultramontane activities, and they completed the ascent much as we had done. We all agreed that the climbing in Coire Dhorrcail was poor, at least in summer, owing to the quality of the rock and the excess of garden products. (Some of the gullies might be excellent under snow.) In fact, our one real triumph of the day had been to get Bartholomew under way before 9 A.M.

We retired to our tents at 2 A.M., and the next day dawned to drizzling rain. Small wonder, then, that four of the party elected to have breakfast in bed. The day passed in song and planning. The approach of a Sunday made it imperative to start for Skye the next day to avoid being held up on the way. So it was arranged that three of us should cross Ben Sgriol and Mam Ratachan to the Shiel Valley, camp out, climb the Saddle or Scour Ouran next morning, meeting the others at midday at Shiel Bridge. They, in the meantime, were to have struck camp and recovered the marooned rope.

Such was the programme, which was, in the main, carried out, though the wild winds of fate certainly curtailed it. The morning discovered lashing rain, and at least two of us had had little sleep under a torn and collapsing tent. Nothing daunted, however, Sandeman, Wilson, and I packed up three "Bergans" to their capacity and were rowed across the loch, the oarsmen being appropriately encouraged with sea-shanties and the passengers with bladefuls of water and such inquisitive wavelets as lapped over the sides. Looking back from Arnisdale we saw our boat steadily returning over the whitened loch, sheltering where it could behind the islands; and above, low clouds racing across the sky into the mountains.

Up towards these clouds we went, our loads increasing with every step, till we reached the ridge above, where we met the full fury of the gale. Bowing to its gusts, and clinging to anything solid within reach, we staggered to the top. We soon found a route down the more sheltered northern side, and on we went, splashing over the wet ground. About 4 o'clock we found that the rain had stopped, and for the first time since starting we felt warm enough to sit down and eat. For half an hour, under a sheltering bank by the highest tree, we rested our wearied limbs and aching backs. All too soon a chill shiver warned us to resume our way. There followed a perilous fording of the thigh-deep Glenbeg River, the almost equally exciting crossing of the Glenmore River by what had once been a suspension bridge, a heartbreaking ascent to the Mam Ratachan road, and then we strode out for Shiel Bridge, rhythm and song replacing the dour plod of a tired ascent.

There was no word of camping now. We thankfully laid down our burdens and sought a house of refuge for the night. But was Fate ever so unkind to three wet and weary travellers? House after house we visited, only to find that the entire village was at a dance some miles away. There was nothing for it but to buckle-to once more and tramp three dismal miles to the little cottage of Cairngorm where, late though it was (nearly 10 o'clock),

we were kindly received, fed, and dried. Wilson had to be carried into the dining-room, much to the consternation of the good lady. A sleeping bag was the only dry change we could find for him.

The parties united at the appointed hour next day. The others had fared worse than we. Early on, the tents had been blown down, the poles broken, and all the baggage reduced to a sodden pulp. Under very trying conditions they had taken all day to pack and transport the camp to Kinlochourn, and, arriving late at Tomdown, had been thankful enough to get into warm beds without worrying about the moisture in their own garments or in those we had left with them. Perhaps it is not surprising that we did not sleep again under canvas.

The remainder of our time was spent more orthodoxly and can be told in a short space. Not that we were in any way less happy. On the contrary, the Cuillins far exceeded the expectations of the four of us, to whom they were new. But the joys of Skye were more physical and less mental than those we had just experienced, and the impression left is less vivid.

At Sligachan Hotel we found R. Brown, of Stirling, at a loose end, and, gathering him up in the whirlwind of our enthusiasm, transported him with us over the airy ridges for the remainder of our time. We had two climbs from here. Of the first my memory is of Bartholomew strolling up Sgurr nan Gillean, hands in pockets, with magnificent contempt; of precarious balancing along the knife-like West Ridge to the Bhasteir Tooth, where a temptation to descend by Naismith's route was sternly repressed; and of a scandalous piece of peak-bagging—for not one of the party had the slightest desire to include Bruach na Frithe till we found it was a Munro. On the descent, some lingered to commune with the spirit of the mountain stream, while others hurried to the warmer comforts of the hotel bath. Our next day was spent on the Blaven massif, and on this occasion only did we carry the guide-book instructions with us. Owing, however, to a curious difficulty in reading at high altitudes, we turned to the left instead of to the right at the critical point,

and so varied the usual ascent by crawling along a slanting corridor left by the weathering of a basalt dyke and crossing a gully by a precariously balanced bridge of stones, arriving on the Blaven Ridge rather below Naismith's "Half-crown Pinnacle."

Thereafter we moved to Glen Brittle, where we had to spread ourselves over the four houses of refuge. From here we had all one day's climbing on the peaks round Coire Lagan. Our views on this occasion were confined to dark shapes and figures looming through the mist, and our feelings to ice-cold water streaming off the rocks and up our sleeves and down our necks. There followed another day of wind and rain, and for the most part we were idle, though it is rumoured that two of the party were moved to poetic frenzy. Wilson spent the time trying (in vain) to persuade some one to go up the "Inaccessible" with him, and was only pacified when Rusk and I promised to take him up that and some other little peaks next day. As we had to get to Fort William in the evening, however, this meant following the alpine tradition of starting at 3 A.M. So we got up at two and had breakfast, and were about to start when some one said, "What about it?" Fatal words! For the weather was most inclement and warm sheets seemed most desirable. For an hour we talked it over and then slunk shamefully to bed. Our one recompense was a second breakfast. This over, Wilson, keen once more, rushed off to join the other party. But they were already well on the way up the Window Buttress and the "Inaccessible," and he returned disconsolate.

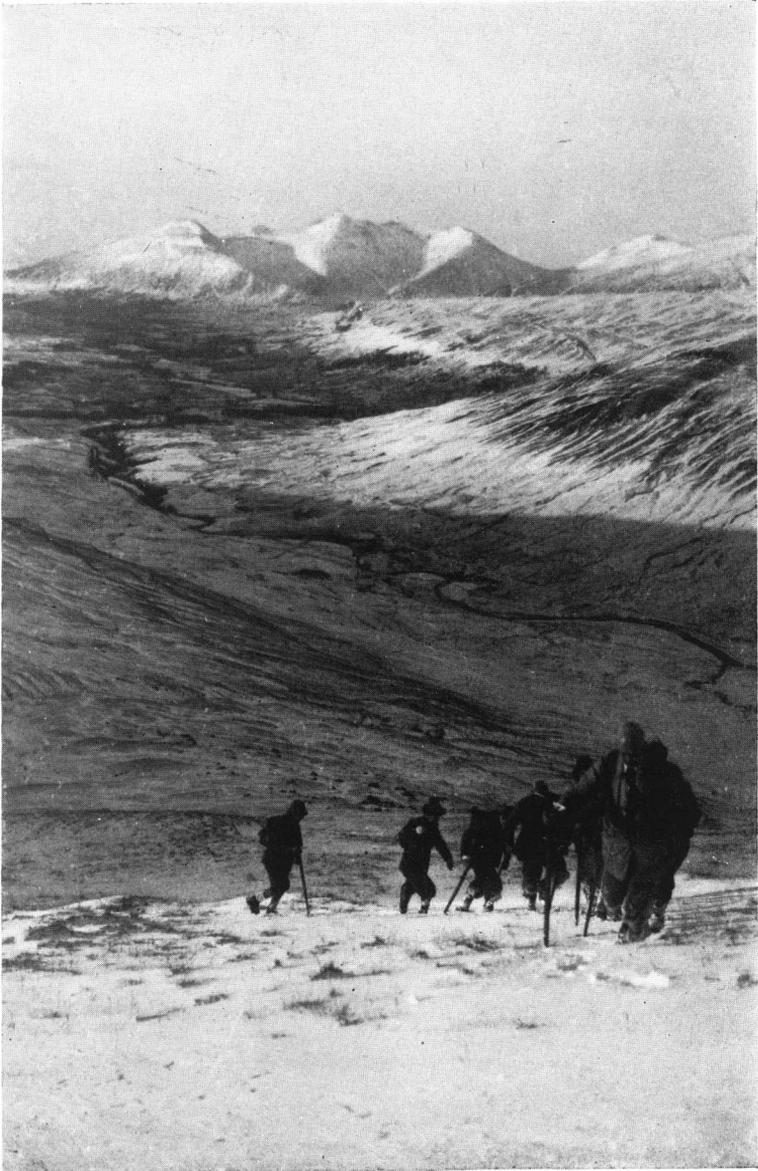
Poor chap! I was sorry for him.



*July 1928*

EVENING ON LADHAR BHEINN

*J. Y. Macdonald*



*January 1929*

*N. Mowbray*

CRUACHAN FROM BEINN LAOIGH

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

UNDER the presidency of Mr F. S. GOGGS the Fortieth Annual General Meeting was held in the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, on Friday, 7th December 1928. The minutes of the last annual general meeting were read by the Secretary, approved by the meeting, and signed by the President.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr E. C. THOMSON, referring to the annual statement of the club's finances, which had been circularised to the members with the notice calling the meeting, stated that the accounts showed a satisfactory saving on the year's working and a corresponding increase on the sum at the credit of revenue. This fortunate condition he attributed to the economical way in which the club-room had been worked, the profit shown on the sale of the club's "Guide to the Island of Skye," and the stringent moderation of the expense of the *Journal* edition. He pointed out that there had been an addition of six new life members during the year, and at the close of his statement was warmly thanked by the meeting for his year's work.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr SANG, next read his report for the past year, in which he referred to the loss the club had sustained through the death of Sir Alexander Kennedy, and to the satisfactory addition to its membership of fifteen new members, bringing the total membership at the commencement of the year to the highest figure yet reached, namely 246. He referred to the New Year and Easter Meets as having been held as arranged, and mentioned the two outstanding occurrences of the year as (first) the successful publication of the "Cairngorm Guide," by Mr Henry Alexander, which he had every reason to expect would prove a financial success, due to the considerable sales which were still taking place, and (second) the completion of the Charles Inglis Clark

Memorial Hut, which was to be given to the club by Dr and Mrs Clark. The report was, on the motion by Mr NAISMITH, seconded by Mr HARRY MACROBERT, accepted with thanks.

The Hon. Editor, Mr JACK MACROBERT, read a report stating that the gross cost of the two *Journals* issued under his editorship was £127. 11s. 6d., as against the cost of the two previous issues, £137. 19s. 3d. This reduction of £10 was effected partly by the issue of a smaller *Journal* and partly by the fact that the cost of the photographic blocks had been borne, to a certain extent, by the photographers themselves. He strongly advised endeavouring to increase sales, and recommended that members obtain from their friends interested in Scottish mountains orders for a regular supply of the *Journal*. As far as contributions were concerned, he expressed a preference for articles dealing with particular climbs, rather than mere summaries of tops achieved. He was warmly thanked by the meeting for his editorial work and for his report.

Mr DONALD rose at this point to draw the attention of the meeting to what he considered was an objectionable feature in the last *Journal* issue, namely, the appearance of an advertisement printed on the reverse side of a page bearing *Journal* matter, which, when the *Journal* came to be bound, would necessitate the inclusion of the advertisement in the bound copy.

The Hon. EDITOR explained to the meeting that this flaw had escaped his observation, and that he would see that the matter was set right as far as possible.\*

The Hon. Librarian, Mr MURRAY LAWSON, reported on the condition of the library, club-room, and photographic slides. He gave details of the books presented during the year, and referred to the gift by the Misses Raeburn of a book-case in memory of the late Harold Raeburn. He stated that he had to report a drop in the

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\* The page in question has now been reprinted, and copies of it will be issued with the *Journal* published in November 1929, which will also contain the index and title-page of the volume which it completes.

sale of back *Journal* numbers and an immense advance in the completeness of the photographic slide collection, due to Mr Percy Donald's unfailing care and attention. Mr Lawson and Mr Donald were very warmly thanked by the meeting for their ungrudging labour on the club's behalf.

The committee's recommendations for the nomination of office-bearers were next accepted by the meeting. The new office-bearers are as follows:—As *President*, in place of Mr F. S. Goggs who retires, Col. George T. Glover. As *Members of Committee*, in place of Messrs P. Donald, J. Harrison, and J. S. M. Jack, there were appointed Messrs J. H. B. Bell, R. W. Martin, and R. R. Elton. As *Custodian of Slides*, in place of Mr Percy Donald, Mr T. Evershed Thomson. The other office-bearers, members of committee, and trustees of the club funds were re-elected in conformity with rule 26.

In welcoming Mr T. Evershed Thomson to the post of custodian of slides, a special vote of thanks was, on the motion of the President, passed to Mr Percy Donald for the work which he had done in connection with the slide collection during the years it had been under his charge. This motion was passed with acclamation.

Mr J. H. B. BELL'S motion for the formation of a special committee to investigate and report to section editors on already published accounts of climbs in their districts caused very considerable discussion amongst those present. It appeared that the meeting were agreed upon the advisability of the existence of such a committee, and finally it was arranged that the office-bearers of the club should select from the membership a special sub-committee for the purpose of reporting to section editors on details of already published climbs in their districts, also tabulating and investigating reports upon new climbs.

The motion by Mr ALEX. HARRISON, seconded by Mr BARTHOLOMEW, to alter rule No. 45 so as to permit of meets being held at other times than New Year and Easter at centres outside Scotland, was lost by a majority of 5 out of 45 voting.

The meeting decided to support the committee's sugges-

tion that the Easter Meet for 1930 should be held at Aviemore and the New Year Meet at Blair Atholl. They agreed to the committee's alteration of the 1929 Easter Meet from Aviemore to Fort William to allow of the special arrangements for the opening of the Charles Inglis Clark Hut.

The SECRETARY read a report upon the present position of the hut, explaining to the meeting that the building was now completed and the hut ready for occupation; that a certain amount of furniture had been transported to the hut, although there was considerable work still to be done in that direction. He stated that a fund had been started for the purpose of completing the furnishing, and a sum of about £150 already subscribed, and mentioned that further contributions would be welcomed by the Hon. Treasurer. He reminded the meeting that all arrangements for the hut had now been put into the capable hands of Mr R. R. Elton, to whom applications for keys should be made. The new copies of the rules, which were being reprinted, would, he said, include the regulations for the use of the hut. He referred to the arrangements which were being made to hold a special opening ceremony to coincide with the Easter Meet at Fort William, explaining that the committee had decided to hold a special dinner on Easter Monday, at which it was hoped the donors of the club hut would be the honoured guests. The meeting expressed its satisfaction with the progress made and the arrangements suggested.

The Secretary put before the meeting a letter from the agents who had control of the sale of the club tie. The letter dealt with difference in material which would require to be used if the tie was to be made more durable. He explained that the special tie committee had considered the question, and accepted the fact that a certain increase in cost would have to be faced if a more durable material were used. The meeting declined to take any definite step in the matter, and referred the question back to the original tie committee for their decision.

This concluding the business, the meeting adjourned.

## RECEPTION.

THE annual general meeting had been preceded by the most fully attended and most satisfactory reception the club has given to its friends so far. About 250 people were present in the large dining-room of the North British Station Hotel where tea was served, and later passed through into the adjoining ballroom, which had been seated for 200, and was, as a result, occupied rather over its normal capacity. Here the President introduced to the club's guests a novel departure from the club's customary demonstration of mountain views, in the shape of cinema pictures taken by Mr Harry MacRobert, of climbing on Buachaille Etive Mòr, and by the Hon. Secretary of climbing on the Salisbury Crags. Mr Harry MacRobert himself described the views as they were shown on the screen, and the Hon. Secretary acted as operator. A very hearty vote of thanks and note of appreciation was conveyed to these two gentlemen and to the performers at the close of the demonstration.

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DINNER.

FOLLOWING on the annual general meeting, the customary dinner was held in the North British Station Hotel. This year the club were greatly honoured by the presidency of His Grace the Duke of Atholl. The company numbered 100, and the toast list was commenced by the proposal of the health of His Majesty the King, followed by the toast of "The Club and the Hon. President," by Mr Goggs, who, in the course of his speech, referred to the satisfaction felt by all members and guests of having, for the first time in the history of the club, an Hon. President gracing their festive board. The Duke of Atholl, in his reply, referred to the vexed question of friendly trespass on the Scottish mountains, stating it as his opinion that there was little occasion for any doubt that members of the club would be welcome in any district in Scotland, provided they

continued as heretofore to consider the legitimate rights of their fellow-sportsmen, the deer stalkers and game shooters. This only meant the avoidance of any line which would interfere with the course of a stalk or the success of a drive. He even went so far as to say that should any difficulty arise of obtaining permission to visit the hills, a letter from the club's secretary addressed to him would be followed by his support. The toast of "The Kindred Clubs" was proposed by Mr Stair Agnew Gillon, and replied to by Mr Basil R. Goodfellow as representing the Rucksack Club of Manchester. In a humorous speech Mr J. S. M. Jack proposed the health of the guests, to which Lord St Vigeans made a cultured and witty reply, which was greatly appreciated by his hearers. The toast list was concluded by the drinking of the health of the retiring President, Mr F. S. Goggs, proposed by the incoming President, Col. Glover, and replied to by Mr Goggs himself.

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#### NEW YEAR MEET, 1928-29—CRIANLARICH.

THE following members and guests were present:—

*Members.*—G. T. Glover (President), Allan Arthur, J. L. Aikman, R. Brown, J. F. A. Burt, J. W. Baxter, J. Rooke Corbett, A. Harrison, J. Harrison, J. Gall Inglis, J. S. M. Jack, W. N. Ling, W. Ross M'Lean, H. MacRobert, J. MacRobert, J. Y. Macdonald, A. C. M'Laren, W. A. Morrison, N. W. Mowbray, M. Matheson, R. W. Martin, J. R. Philip, D. F. Pilkington, A. E. Robertson, A. C. Russell, A. W. Russell, G. Sang, J. A. Scott, Gilbert Thomson, T. Evershed Thomson, E. C. Thomson.

*Guests.*—J. Hotchkiss, S. J. Jack, A. D. M'Nab, D. Rainy Brown, R. M. Gall Inglis, I. C. Monro, C. Smith, E. G. Taylor, W. F. Yeaman, J. Hirst, and J. Elphinstone.

Members commenced to arrive on Friday, 28th, and by evening 15 had gathered at the hotel. They found

about 1 inch of soft snow on the roads and a good covering on the hills. It snowed all that night, and in the morning there would be about 3 inches on the roads and low levels and it was still falling steadily. None of the tops was visible, and the mist clung to them all during the whole day.

The going was very heavy on the Saturday, particularly during the return tramps down the glens, for by that time there was about 1 foot of new snow, which refused to carry even the lightest member.

*Saturday, 29th.*—The two Harrisons, Scott, Elphinstone, and Mowbray in one party, and Corbett and Burt in another, all climbed Ben Chabhair in the gloom. H. MacRobert rechristened the hill Caviare, after the popular Russian climbing luncheon delicacy.

Hirst, Monro, Ling, and Sang conquered Ben Chaluim, but had to put on their snow-boots near the top. They said they were attacked by four wild dears—the spelling is doubtful, but they at least got back to the hotel apparently unscathed.

Martin, Philip, Pilkington, and Evershed Thomson climbed An Caisteal via Twistin Hill. Cairns were plentiful, and some sat very close; in fact, the party were almost upon a few of them before they noticed their presence. Five miles down Coire Earb, over and under 1½ foot of new snow, provided plenty of time to admire (?) Scotland in winter conditions.

By evening there were numerous new arrivals, and 31 members and their guests sat down to dinner.

Sunday morning showed all the hills smoking with driven snow, so every one knew what to expect when they got to the ridges, and they were not disappointed. The wind of half gale force was from the east.

A. Harrison, J. Harrison, Scott, and Mowbray were on Cruach Ardrain. They ascended in the lee of the west ridge, and so to the top. They had a fine glissade down one of the face gullies.

Corbett, A. W. Russell, and Jack MacRobert climbed Ben Chaluim and found it very draughty near the top.

M'Lean, Martin, and Evershed Thomson did Stob Garbh and Cruach Ardrain.

A party now known as "Sang's Circus" did Ben More and Stobinian. They gave a very good performance under the circumstances. The troupe consisted of J. S. M. Jack, M'Nab, S. J. Jack, Ling, Taylor, Brown, Monro, Hirst, Hotchkiss, Smith, Yeaman, and Sang himself.

Matheson, Macdonald, and A. C. Russell were on Ben More. They attempted to ascend the north-west corrie, but having ascertained that the snow was in a dangerous condition, they traversed to the west ridge. Here the condition of the snow was also bad, and they had to return when within about 300 feet of the top.

Pilkington and Morrison did Stob Garbh.

As representing the Club the original members went to church on Sunday, but unfortunately, owing to the illness of the minister, there was no service.

In the evening, after dinner, an interesting auction sale of boots took place. The boots were said to be water-tight, and had certainly seen good service on hills. The bidding was keen, but there was no advance beyond 6s. 7½d. As A. Harrison, an unlicensed auctioneer (Inland Revenue please note), had a reserve figure for these unique relics the item was withdrawn, but the evening brought forth the following verses (amongst others) from the Club poets:—

"You are old, Father David," the young man said,  
 "And you surely won't climb any more,  
 Pray tell me before you're taken to bed  
 Can I have them for three bob or four?"

"In my youth," said the sage, "they were shiny and new,  
 But when worn I reluctantly found,  
 Though the soles clearly covered an acre or two,  
 They hadn't much grip of the ground."

"You are old, Father David," the young man said,  
 "And you'll shortly receive the last call;  
 Do you think if I waited till after you're dead  
 I could have them for nothing at all?"

*Monday, 31st*, started with a bit of mist on some of the tops which soon cleared and the sun shone the rest of

the day. The wind had moderated slightly, but had some north in it. Good views were obtained from the summits.

The President and E. C. Thomson arrived.

There had been no thaw, so that the drifts were just as bad, much to the pleasure of those who wanted exercise and returned or went by the corries rather than the ridges.

The snow also was not in quite such a dangerous condition as some had found it on the previous day.

A large expedition started by car for the Dalmally Road. They fell upon Corbett by the wayside and spoilt his day by giving him a lift; but as their number was thirteen, no doubt he will feel he did a good deed and saved them from some fell mishap.

H. MacRobert, Mowbray, Ian Jack, Hotchkiss, Brown, and Hirst ascended the north ridge of Beinn Laoigh, then over Beinn Oss, glissaded down into the glen, and got back by Coninish to Tyndrum for tea at 5.30.

J. S. M. Jack and Sang went up Beinn a' Chleibh on to Beinn Laoigh and down the Foxes' Corrie to Tyndrum Road, where they were picked up by car.

The President, Ling, M'Nab, Taylor, and J. MacRobert also ascended Beinn Laoigh by the north ridge and returned to their car by the same route.

Corbett accompanied them to the top of Beinn Laoigh and then descended to Dalmally over Beinn a' Chleibh.

Evershed Thomson, M'Lean, and Monro also took to car, but fate dealt them a blow and shoved their car into a snowdrift 2 miles past Tyndrum. They were thus prevented from carrying out their plan of an attack on Beinn Achaladair, and had to be content with Beinn Dòrain, where they found the conditions excellent and good glissading.

Another large contingent thought the An Caisteal-Beinn a' Chroin round would be a pleasant walk. The ascent from the col between the two peaks proved anything but easy, however, owing to the icy conditions.

The two Harrisons and Scott managed to get up on the south side. Matheson and Macdonald also got up further north. E. C. Thomson, Martin, and Philip, however, were not so lucky, and were driven back and had to return down Coire Earb in the dark.

Morrison and Pilkington, having floundered in the snow in Coire Ardrain the day before, determined to keep to the ridges. Just as they were about to start, W. B. Speirs turned up by car from Helensburgh, and not from a tent in Glen Lyon as report had it.

Having attached him to the party, they made him make any tracks that were necessary through the soft snow up Grey Height and so on to Cruach Ardrain. Speirs and Pilkington continued the round of the corrie and Morrison retraced his steps.

Alan Arthur arrived and found the ski-ing very sticky.

There were wonderful sunset effects. There was also a rumour of the Aurora Borealis.

The President and Secretary dined with the J.M.C.S. at Tyndrum.

There was no sing-song owing to the smallness of the drawing-room with strangers in possession. The comatose condition of members after the evening meal prevented the piano from being moved to a more convenient spot. It is all the more to be regretted, as the descent of the staircase, with the piano leading, would no doubt have been a great event.

*Tuesday, 1st January*, not only started well, but was an exceedingly good day from start to finish. Let us hope it was a sample of the coming summer. Sun all day and wonderful views with no uncovered ground to be seen, and with very little wind. Most of the previous day's motorists kept to their feet. Cruach Ardrain and Ben More claimed most attention.

The President, Robertson, Ling, J. S. M. Jack, Monro, Ian Jack, Hotchkiss, and David Brown went up the former by Grey Height and returned the same way. Gall Inglis, Morrison, and R. M. Gall Inglis

also followed the same route. Matheson and Macdonald did Stob Garbh, Cruach Ardrain, and Beinn Tulaichean.

Sang, Hirst, and H. MacRobert went up the ridge to Stob Garbh for cinema purposes; we hope the results have turned out as good as the day.

Arthur, A. Harrison, J. Harrison, Scott, E. C. Thomson, and Mowbray motored to Benmore Lodge and climbed Ben More. This party state they saw the Cairngorms and Pentlands, also Ailsa Craig and Skye, the former being 82 and the latter 87 miles away. Alan Arthur still felt hungry, so bagged Stobinian and Stob Garbh and, not being content with this, he threw in Cruach Ardrain as well.

Corbett wanted to do Stobinian without doing Ben More first, so after prevailing on Pilkington to go for an easy day, they started by plodding through the drifts from the Benmore Glen up to the Bealach, then up to the summit. After lunch in the hot sun with the beautiful views to the south and especially of Arran, they paid a call on Stob Coire an Lochain and Meall na Dige.

They then injudiciously left the ridge and wallowed in the deep snow down the Coire Chaorach to the road, where even Corbett said he was glad to arrive, and so back along 5 miles of very slippery roads.

Martin, Evershed Thomson, and M'Lean motored to Benmore Lodge and did Ben More. Apart from seeing what the others did, they say they also saw Arthur's Seat; Martin and Thomson also took in Stobinian.

Baxter and Aikman arrived from Roy Bridge, having thrown in Carn Dearg from Corroul Station. They were accompanied by Lillie (J.M.C.S.). They had a sight of the " Brocken."

There was another wonderful sunset on this day.

It was a most extraordinary fact that each member thought the sunsets were best as seen from wherever he happened to have been!

After dinner the President read out several telegrams of New Year greetings, including one despatched from Fort William from the stated occupants of the hut, saying :—

FORT WILLIAM,  
11.59 P.M.,  
31st December 1928.

*To President, S.M.C., CRIANLARICH HOTEL.*

Arrived here after terrific struggle. Elton has already burned both skis—as have I also in vain effort to kindle anthracite stove—shot and fried last mouse yesterday. Heavy mist. Wenzel declares have not yet left Alexandra. New Year Greetings.—C.O.D., from ADDENBROOKE, BARTHOLOMEW, BELL, ELTON.

The hut therefore will now be clear for Easter.

*Wednesday, 2nd January.*—Another very cold night. The nights throughout the Meet were exceptionally cold. One member to get warm kicked his towel three times round his room and it did not change shape, another brought his water bottle down completely ice-filled to vouch for the truth of his statement that conditions were Arctic.

Most of the members present had either departed the previous evening or left by one of the morning trains.

Matheson and Macdonald did Beinn Chabhair. Morrison, Monro, Hotchkiss, and Ian Jack climbed An Caisteal. They were lucky in getting both a "Glory" and a "Brocken," and they say Jura was clearer than ever.

The day did not start too well, and there was a lot of mist on the tops which remained all day, but there were nice sun on mist effects. Even the mist was a good deal better than the black fog that greeted those members who returned to Glasgow.

As usual we were made very comfortable and, with the annex, the hotel seemed to swallow the Meet very easily.

The punctuality of breakfast helped greatly to get members on the move. J. R. P. and D. F. P.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1929—CRIANLARICH.

THE opening sunrise of the year  
Climbs slow and softly up the hill,  
And gentlest gleams of rose appear  
On snowclad crest and ice-fringed rill,  
Then all the glen is filled with light,  
The gentle mists melt soft away,  
And full on high the sun shines bright  
To cheer the clear sharp winter's day,  
On every side rise snow-clad crests,  
Waves of some vast tumultuous sea,  
Ben More in frozen stillness rests  
Serene in immobility.

The storm of yesterday is stilled,  
No swirling clouds of blinding snow,  
No biting blast strikes sevenfold chilled,  
Seeking through stoutest garb to go;  
The glories of the sunset rays  
O'er hill and valley sweetly flow,  
Westward in fiery tints of rose,  
Eastward in richest purple glow;  
The early stars are shining clear,  
We gather round the cheery fire,  
Our memories stored with visions dear  
A King might envy and desire.

Never while youthful ardour glows  
Undimmed by fortune's numbing blows,  
Never while life in fullest tide  
Flows gaily on in strength and pride,  
Never through life's maturer years  
Of fortune, failure, joys or tears,  
Never while autumn's waning powers  
Refuse the strength which once was ours,  
Never while memory holds her sway  
Within this feeble house of clay,  
Shall I forget that perfect day.

J. S. M. JACK.

## CLUB-ROOM.

SEVERAL meetings were held in the Club-Room throughout the winter, and were tolerably well attended by the Edinburgh members. On 27th November 1928 the Honorary Secretary showed slides of "The Charles Inglis Clark Memorial Hut"; on 22nd January 1929 Dr Inglis Clark showed coloured slides of the Dolomites; on 19th February 1929 the Rev. A. E. Robertson showed slides of Glencoe, Lochaber, Glenshiel, and Glen Affric; and on 12th March 1929 Mr Harry MacRobert provided the members with a cinematograph entertainment eked out with slides kindly lent by Mr Robert Jeffrey, illustrating the art of ski-ing in Switzerland.

The Committee have unanimously decided to take advantage of our Hon. Secretary's offer to lease to the Club a large room on the ground floor at his office at 3 Forres Street at a rent of £5 less than the Club is paying for its present rooms.

## LIBRARY.

The following have been presented to the Library since the last *Journal* was issued:—

"Views of the Himalaya and Neilgherry Hills," from Drawings by Lieut.-Colonel Fullerton. Presented by Mr Gilbert Thomson.

"Uber den Wolken." E. Spelterine. Presented by Mr George Sang.

The gifts have been duly acknowledged, but the Club takes this further opportunity of thanking these gentlemen.

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

Alpine Journal. Vol. XL., No. 237.

Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Vol. VIII., 1928, No. 1.

Cairngorm Club Journal. Vol. XII., No. 67.

Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club. Twenty-First Annual Record. 1928-1929.

The Midland Association of Mountaineers' Handbook. 1928-1929.

- La Montagne. October to December 1928.  
Bulletin Pyrénéen. October to December 1928; and  
January to March 1929.  
Bulletin du Club Alpin Belge. June to September 1928.  
Canadian Alpine Journal. 1926-1927. Vol. XVI.  
British Ski Year Book. July 1928.  
Les Alpes. October to December 1928; and January  
and February 1929.  
Mazama. Vol. X., No. 12.  
Bulletin of the Appalachian Mountain Club. December  
1928.  
Annuaire de la Société des Touristes du Dauphiné. No. 45.  
1926-1927.  
Sangaku (Japanese Alpine Club Journal). Vol. XXIII.  
1928. No. 1.  
Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa. No. 31.  
1928.  
Italian Alpine Club Journal. July to December 1928.  
La Vie Alpine. October 1928.  
The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal (received as we  
go to press too late for review in this Number).

SLIDE COLLECTION.

During the winter the Slide Collection has been enriched by the addition of thirty-seven slides given by Messrs Percy Donald, T. Gibson, Alex. Harrison, George Sang, Gilbert Thomson, and T. E. Thomson. They include several of the Ben Nevis Hut and several for the Foreign collection.

The collection has been drawn on for twenty lectures, at which 948 slides have been shown.

## REVIEWS.

**The Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club Journal.**

"To Mark the Twenty-first Anniversary of the Club" by such an addition to the literature of our beloved Mountain Land was indeed a happy inspiration, and the Editor, Miss Florence M. MacLeod, and all who collaborated with her, are to be congratulated heartily on the result of their labours.

The cover design with the stately summit of that "Climber's Paradise," Sgurr Alasdair, the memory-stirring illustrations and the comprehensive range of the articles "mark" also the Club's joyous enthusiasm and vitality.

A photograph of the Honorary President, the Marchioness of Breadalbane, accompanies her "Foreword" with its good wishes for the Club.

This is followed by photographs of the Founders and Presidents.

Memories of the Club from 1908-1914 and from 1914-1929, by Mrs Inglis Clark and by Miss MacLeod, show the energy and vision with which it has been guided.

Dr Marion J. Newbigin in a characteristically interesting article on "Mountain Life in Scotland" emphasises the Arctic rather than the Alpine conditions of the upper levels of the Highlands, and the modifications caused by the West and East Coast climates with the resulting effect on plant and animal life. The flight and calls of the hill birds and a detailed account of the mountain flora are given by Miss Margaret Murray and Mrs R. M. Law.

In "Reminiscences of Snow Climbs," Mrs Jeffrey describes exciting days in the Cairngorms, the Mamore, and on Ben Lui; and Miss Ella Mann, in "Random Thoughts on Rock Climbing," the joys of Skye and Arran and Glencoe.

The interwoven memories of comradeships and of the sounds and scents and scenes of our beloved sport are brought back in the verses on "Kindred Spirits," by Mrs Douglas; and "The Glen," by Miss Bell.

There is a most sporting account of raids on the Cairngorms from the Glen Eunach bothy, by Miss Stark.

"A Lonely Traverse of Slioch," tours over the Saddle, over Mam Sodhail and Carn Eige, visions of Skye from the Quirang to Camasunary and camping on Iona and Staffa are all described.

What is not brought within the *Journal's* covers? Every hill in broad Scotland seems to be mentioned. Even the "Little Hills" have their allotment, in which they may "skip."

Here are long days of pleasure-wringing toil and of heavenly leisure "from Affric's sunny fountains to Iona's coral strands"; all the ills that arise from "climbing fever"—from frozen fingers in the numbing corrie under the cornice of Beinn an Dothaidh to the temporary stopping of the Bhastier Tooth—illustrations of the advance in rock climbing and of the more "advanced" clothing, descriptions of the Monthly Hill Walks and, finally, light on the secret rites of the Ceilidh.

If we may indicate, there is a word of the Highlands which has been omitted, a magic word for the hill lover, "Bealach"; and again, in so self-contained a Ladies' Club, we are disappointed in the Honorary Auditor!

Applications for the *Journal*, of which the price is 5s., should be made to the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. Murray, 49 King's Park Avenue, Cathcart, Glasgow, as soon as possible by all interested in the twenty-one years' experiences of the Club, for, to quote from Miss Bell's "The Glen"—

"Here beauty, grief, and heart's delight  
Are woven into ecstasy."

J. C. T.

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**Alpine Journal**, No. 237, Vol. XL., November 1928.

Among the many interesting articles in this issue of the *Alpine Journal* we have found the most outstanding to be "A Journey Through the Oberland and to Chamonix in 1787," being the manuscript journal of Mrs Mark Beaufoy. Her husband, Colonel Beaufoy, was the first Englishman to ascend Mont Blanc, and his ascent was the second by a "traveller," the only previous climbs being the first ascent by Jacques Baemat and Dr Paccara, and the famous expedition of Prof. de Saussure.

"Some Mountaineering Experiences and Conclusions," by E. H. F. Bradby, should be read by all young mountaineers. Mr Bradby was one of the famous guideless party, Wilson, Wicks, and Bradby.

There is another of those unfortunate articles on ropes and knots which few read and fewer understand.

One particularly interesting topographical paper is by Mr Edgar Foa on "The New Frontiers in the Alps," and this read along with the Note on p. 398 regarding the "Closing of the Italian Alps" to climbers, gives one seriously to think. The whole Alpine Italian frontier mountains and passes are practically a forbidden land for mountaineers. It is a matter for regret that the Italian expedition to the Karakoram which is to attempt the ascent of K.2 in 1929 has

been granted all facilities by our Government. Strong action is necessary to bring Italy to her senses, and the first step should be to close all Swiss and French Alpine huts to Italian climbers.

The Notes on new or special expeditions are unusually full and varied following on the exceptional season of 1928.

The outstanding climb was, of course, the direct ascent of Mont Blanc de Courmayeur from the Brenva Glacier by F. S. Smythe and T. G. Brown. Many of the variations recorded are not worthy of note, and savour rather of the detailed classification of the Lake District climbs. H. M.

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**The Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club** (of the English Lake District), Vol. VIII., No. 1.

As it is to be expected, the *Journal* deals mostly with climbing in the English Lake District, but in addition to articles on this neighbourhood, the Editor's net is widely flung so as to embrace the Himalayas, Corsica, Spain, and Switzerland.

The article on the "Picos de Europa of North-West Spain," by W. T. Elmslie, will be of special interest to many readers, as it deals with a district known to few people in this country.

The article on "Corsica," by H. V. Hughes, gives information on a most delightful bit of country. His description of the descent of the Cares Gorge to Cain is full of excitement. It involved crawling through tunnels on planks laid across swiftly flowing streams and other unusual features.

G. G. Macphee gives an account of a new climb called "The Crack on Gimmer Crag." A. B. Reynolds has added this new climb to a series of interesting and difficult climbs on these rocks.

The illustrations throughout the number are of uniform excellence, and Mrs Chorley is to be congratulated on the preparation of this number. A. H.

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**The Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa**, No. 31, 1928.

This number contains several interesting articles, most of them excellently illustrated, dealing with recent expeditions among the local hills. The fact that the *Journal*, the present number at any rate, confines itself to expeditions in South Africa stamps it with individuality. It is refreshing to hill lovers to pick up a publication dealing with unfamiliar territory, and for an evening's enjoyment I can thoroughly recommend a perusal of its pages.

G. M. L.

**1929 Year Book of the Ladies' Alpine Club.**

This number contains some editorial remarks on guideless climbing which are interesting, but one is left thinking over the names chosen to represent one of the "poles."

An informative article is contributed by Mrs Robert Jeffrey "On some Walks and Climbs in the Dolomites." This lady is to be congratulated on her accomplishments. We have never yet met any woman, and but very few men, who could say with her that the rope was only a moral support on the Winkler Riss.

Mrs Richards contributes a delightfully readable account of her attempt to reach Kangchenjanga. Owing to sickness—for which we sincerely commiserate with her—the party were forced back from near Jongri and the misty weather robbed them even of a good near view of the wonderful mountain. Her descriptions make a vivid picture of the surprising difficulties of Himalayan travel.

There is a short description of the Richards' new climb by the North Arête of the Dent Blanche; the first ascent of the north-east face of the same mountain by Dr Maud Cairney; and the traverse of the Aiguilles du Diable by Miss O'Brien's party; and some other fresh expeditions.

We must, however, protest in no hushed or uncertain voice to the egregious statement made in a review of Mrs Chorley's "Hills and Highways." That any mountaineer could be so ignorant to-day as to put the Cairngorms on the western border of Inverness, or refer to Lochnagar as though it were a sheet of water, is inconceivable.

We don't like what is said about the C.I.C. Hut.

G. S.

## NOTES AND EXCURSIONS.

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

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### CLUB ROOM.

MEMBERS are advised that the Club Room premises will be transferred in April from their present situation at 12 Castle Street to the ground-floor front room of the Secretary's Office, No. 3 Forres Street, Edinburgh, where more comfortable quarters have been obtained.

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### PRESERVATION OF RURAL SCOTLAND.

The Association for the Preservation of Rural Scotland has been formed to embrace all national societies dealing with Rural and Urban Amenities. It has on its Executive representatives who are competent to deal in an authoritative manner with all wider national problems.

Its activities should be of great interest to all members of the S.M.C. The Society is still in its infancy, and an increased membership is urgently required. Without a large membership the Society cannot hope to gain the notice of the public so as to make its weight felt. Funds are naturally required to carry on the work, and it is hoped that members of the S.M.C. will help the work by joining either as Life Members, for which the subscription is £5. 5s., or as Annual Members at 10s. a year. Subscriptions should be sent to Alex. Harrison, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, 3 Forres Street, Edinburgh.

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### A NEW TYPE OF ANEROID.

In *Nature*, 23rd February 1929, a reviewer gives particulars of the Paulin aneroid, which claims to eliminate frictional error, so that readings are not affected by tapping. Minor variations of altitude are said to be recorded within 1 or 2 feet of the actual, and, when the temperature remains fairly constant, to within 2 or 3 feet after a sudden drop of 1,000 feet. Subject to further tests, the reviewer thinks it "appears to mark a step forward in the design of surveying instruments."

From the illustration given, this aneroid seems to be in the form of a cylinder, the dial being narrower than the length; it will probably be somewhat bulky, and therefore unsuited for the pocket.

J. G. I.

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S.M.C. ABROAD.

In spite of the remarkably fine weather last summer (1928), G. Graham Macphee had rather a disappointing season. After careful preparations, which included the Schreckhorn as a "training walk," he reached Courmayeur only to find that the party he was to join had vanished without leaving any message or even an address. Two Italian climbers very kindly asked him to join them, but when their holiday ended four days later, he had difficulty in finding another companion, and by that time the weather had broken. An experiment with a guide was not successful.

In addition to the Schreckhorn, the only peaks ascended in a month were the Aiguille des Glaciers; Charmoz and Grepon traverse; Aiguille Verte by the Moine Ridge; Aiguilles Mummery, Ravel, and Qui Remue in a day; and Aiguille du Cardinal. Six or seven other climbs had to be abandoned on account of storms.

During the Christmas holidays at Mürren, the weather was unsettled. Five nights were spent at the Jungfrauoch Berghaus, where the barometer was lower than it had ever been since records were kept there. Big expeditions were out of the question, but the Gespensterhorn, Mönch, and Schwartzberg were ascended. The little-known Gespensterhorn made a very fine ski-tour, and skis were worn right to the summit. Probably owing to the unsettled weather conditions, the views were remarkably clear and of great extent. These were, of course, "guideless" climbs.

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CAMEROON MOUNTAIN.

On returning to West Africa in January 1927, I had the good fortune to be posted to Victoria, in British Cameroons, a picturesque spot with the 13,500 feet mountain only 15 miles away. At Easter I managed to collect a companion and arranged our expedition, starting from Buea, the old German capital, already 3,000 feet up at the foot of the mountain proper.

An easy afternoon's walk up a path through dense bush brought us to Musaki Hut (6,000 feet), a one-time convalescing station, but now very decrepit and overgrown. A comfortable night was spent here, reminiscent of Ben Nevis half-way hut, and next morning we awoke to the well-known conditions of mist and rain. Time was no object, so we waited until 11 A.M., when the rain had stopped and everything was clear but dull, then went on to 9,400 feet, where there is another hut. We cleared the trees at 6,500 feet, afterwards plodding

up steep grass by the side of a deep ravine. The slope was fairly uniform and not very steep, but of exposed rock there was practically nothing. One part, traversing across the head of the ravine, reminded me of the approach to Right Angle Gully on the Cobbler, but that was the most I could find in the way of a scramble. My companion was, unfortunately, not in good form, and during several rests while he recovered his breath, we had ample opportunity to study the splendid, if slightly dim, view. The creeks far below spread out like a map, and away to the right the coast-line by Victoria and the 10,000 feet peak of Fernando Po rising out of the sea 50 miles away. We worked our way up slowly and found the second hut in a sheltered spot on the 10,000 feet ridge. It was as well to be out of the wind, otherwise the night would have been very chilly.

Easter morning at 5.45 A.M. was magnificent—a fine, keen air with the mountain above catching the first light of the rising sun. My companion was unfit to go on, so I left him at the hut and pushed on alone. At 12,000 feet the top at last came into sight rather over a mile away, and the sight spurred me on; but the going was heavy in the rarefied atmosphere and on the loose volcanic breeze, all vegetation except mosses having ceased 1,000 feet from the top. At 13,000 feet I reached the last hut—a small rattling affair holding together mostly by imagination. Inside was a visitors' book thirty years old, and my name was the 291st, a surprisingly low figure in view of the trouble and labour that must have been expended in erecting these huts. From the hut I went to each of the four main tops, staggering about in the loose scree and high wind, and gazed down into the yawning crater. The whole scene was extremely wild and barren, and the howl and shriek of the wind made everything very awe-inspiring. I returned to lunch at the hut and afterwards descended in an hour to No. 2, where I rejoined my companion and lay about in the sunshine for the rest of the afternoon. Next day in thick mist we descended to Buea.

The expedition had included a guide and five carriers, and our gear, commissariat, etc., was the same as for home expeditions. Loads were limited to 25 lbs. and, of course, carriers' blankets and food had to be included. The guide was useless, though in very misty weather the upper part of the mountain is something like Rannoch Moor, landmarks do not exist, and people have been lost before now. The mountain was last in eruption in 1922, and there are traces of steam at the top and the ground is quite hot; yet there was snow there for three days in September. Night temperatures were 77° at Victoria, 65° at Buea, 55° at Musaki, 47° at 9,400, and 41° (shade) at the summit at midday. This last is a comparatively high figure, 36° being an average. The mountain air seems to nullify most of the tropical effects, and the ascent could be made from Buea and return in two days without undue effort. I had quite recently a very easy day going up 4,000 feet and back.

C. E. ANDREAE.

J. ROBERTSON and I spent ten days last July in Switzerland. The weather was extremely fine the whole time, the only rain we experienced being two showers one day.

We started off by doing four days' tramping, during which we each carried a pack (in a Bergan rucksack), weighing about 40 lbs., consisting of a complete camping outfit, a change of clothing, and woollies for mountaineering. On account of the intense heat and the steepness of the paths, we found these packs so heavy as to minimise our pleasure and reduce our speed considerably, and we would therefore not repeat this procedure on a return visit. In any case, camping kit is practically superfluous, as there are so many mountain huts and chalets, where one can spend the night, and even trampers, as apart from climbers, can quite easily arrange an itinerary so as to sleep at certain of the mountain huts. The only advantage of carrying a camping outfit is that it makes it possible to spend the night more or less where one cares.

We left Grindelwald in the afternoon of the 9th, crossed the Kleine Scheidegg, and camped just below the pass. Next day we proceeded down to Wengen and trained from there to Mürren. In the afternoon we set off to cross the Sefinen Furgge, but mistook our way at the Bogangen Alp and landed in a gully, where we had to camp when night fell. Next morning we had to retrace our steps to the Bogangen Alp and crossed the pass about 1.30 P.M., camping that night in the Kiental. On the 12th we tramped down to Reichenbach, trained to Visp, and tramped up the valley to Stalden. From then on we stayed in hotels.

The next afternoon we went by mule from Stalden to Saas-Fee, and on the 14th, with one guide, we climbed the Mittaghorn and Egginer, returning by the Egginer Joch, and taking twelve hours for the round. On the 15th we left Saas-Fee with two guides, and reached the Mischabel Hut in about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours, where we spent the night. We left about 2 o'clock next morning and climbed the Sudlenzspitze, Nadelhorn, Stecknadelhorn, and Hohberghorn, descending over the Hohberg and Festi Glaciers to Randa. This expedition took over sixteen hours. Our only mishap while climbing was a slip on an ice couloir, and it took practically half an hour to extricate us from our position. On the 17th we had an off-day, and on the following day tramped up to the Hornli Hut at the base of the Matterhorn and back. The 19th was our last day in Switzerland, and we took the first train from Randa to Lausanne, spending the afternoon and evening there.

G. G. ELLIOT.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF  
SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

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BARRISDALE AND SKYE—SUMMER MEET, 1928.

*Present* :—L. St C. Bartholomew (Hon. President), A. J. Rusk, S.M.C., J. Y. Macdonald, N. Sandeman, J. T. L. Victor, and A. R. Wilson.

The Meet was held from 17th to 30th July. From Barrisdale ascents were made of Ladhar Bheinn and Ben Sgrìol. In Skye, where we were glad to meet R. Brown, who joined the party, we ascended Sgurr nan Gillean with traverse to Bruach na Frithe; traversed Sgurr nan Each, Clach Glas, and Blaven; made the round of Coire Lagan from Sron na Ciche to Sgurr Dearg; and ascended the Window Buttress and Inaccessible Pinnacle of Sgurr Dearg.

Although the party was small, the Meet was a complete success, and it is hoped that members will seize the next opportunity of attending a similar Meet, as a chance is afforded of attempting much more ambitious climbing than is possible during week-ends.

J. Y. M'D.

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STRATHYRE—*Week-end*, 17th November 1928.

THERE were present :—Ainslie, Cram, Geddes, Greig, Elliot, Mackay, Osborne, Pearson, and A. Wilson. E. C. Thomson represented the S.M.C.

This was a most successful Meet, and the weather was as good as one could expect at this time of year.

All the party arrived on Saturday night, with the

exception of Ainslie and Greig, who arrived in a ravenous condition just when the others were setting out on Sunday. Cram, Elliot, Mackay, and Thomson disappeared with the avowed intention of climbing Vorlich and Stùc a Chròin from Ardvorlich Lodge. Little is known of their doings, beyond the fact that they attained their object and were late for supper. The rest of the party went up Balquhiddy, being entertained *en route* by the evolutions of Wilson on a brakeless prehistoric Douglas. Tulachan and Cruach Ardrain were climbed without incident, there was little snow and the rocks were not in good condition. A few scrambles were indulged in, however, and every one was well satisfied with the day's entertainment. When returning to the hotel Greig attempted a short cut over, instead of round, a corner, and was relieved to find that his car was still in fair working order. After a hearty meal, Geddes entertained some of the party by dancing a sword dance over two ice-axes; his efforts were warmly applauded, and several others tried to learn this intricate dance.

On the homeward journey Greig and Osborne stuck for lack of fuel within 2 or 3 miles of Strathyre, although, when questioned before departure, they swore that they had plenty petrol for the whole journey. Altogether a most amusing day.

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## NEW YEAR MEET AT TYNDRUM, 1929.

### GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH SECTIONS.

*Present* :—Ainslie, Aitken, Cram, Dinsmore, Donaldson, Elliot, Forrest, Geddes, Greig, Grieve, Gibson, Hamilton, G. Jackson, MacPherson, J. M'Lean, M'Quillan, Robertson, G. Robinson, T. Robinson, Shearer, A. Simpson, Stewart, W. Williams, G. Williams, Wilson, and Addenbrooke, Bartholomew and Hutchison of the S.M.C.

*Guests* :—Bain, Crook, Maclean, K. Jackson, E. R. Simpson, Waddell.

This New Year was noteworthy in two respects: first of all in the glorious weather which we enjoyed. A bad day to start with was followed by four perfect ones, clear and cloudless, the latter giving us views and colour effects which will not be lightly effaced in our recollections.

The second point worthy of comment was the single-minded unanimity with which the majority of members visited the same tops on the same day. It was no uncommon experience for a party thinking themselves pioneers to reach a peak and find it already uncomfortably crowded with fellow-members, who left little or no room for newcomers to rest their weary limbs even supposing they had wished to.

*Saturday, 29th December.*—Few members nerved themselves to face Queen Street Station at 5.55 A.M., but somehow or other Greig and W. Williams reached their destination and spent a misty, snowy day on Oss. K. Jackson and the two Robinsons enjoyed themselves more or less on More and Binnein.

*Sunday, 30th December.*—A doubtful morning cleared up into a fine day, and the Club soon wore through the snow on the Coninish track. Bartholomew, MacPherson, J. M'Lean, Stewart, Greig, W. Williams, Addenbrooke, Elliot, Robertson, Cram, and M'Quillan climbed Dubhchraig and thence on to Oss, while Dinsmore, Wilson, Hamilton, and Forrest climbed the latter direct from Coninish Farm. The first two continued along the ridge to Laoigh, where they fell in with Hutchison, K. Jackson, Waddell, G. and T. Robinson. These had had an excellent climb in the central gully. A considerable amount of step-cutting was involved, with the exception of the last 150 feet, where the snow was soft and easy. Shearer, Maclean, Bain, and Cook did Cruach Ardrain via Stob Garbh, and Geddes on his way from Oban assured us that he had taken in the Main and Taynuilt peaks of Cruachan.

*Monday, 31st December.*—This was another exceptional

day, clear, sunny, and dry, with a light breeze from the north-east. Dinsmore, Wilson, and Forrest managed to get the train stopped at Gortan, and spent a long day on Chreachain, Achaladair, and Dòthaidh, finishing up with a long glissade down the last. Shearer, Maclean, Bain, and Cook tackled Achaladair from the south-west and came back over Dòthaidh. G. Williams, Elliot, Robertson, and Cram had a good day in the central gully of Laoigh, while Bartholomew, J. M'Lean, W. Williams, and MacPherson climbed Chaluim. The whole of the remainder of the Club, viz., Hutchison, K. Jackson, Waddell, Stewart, Ainslie, Greig, Geddes, two Robinsons, and two Simpsons, climbed Dòrain from the south-west, and coming down into Bridge of Orchy in conjunction with those who had been on Achaladair, severely taxed the tea accommodation of the clachan. Even the house of the local representative of law and order was besieged, and once more he helped out the Club, though perhaps in a different manner from a former occasion.

Later on in the evening the Annual Dinner of the Club was held, and we were most pleased to welcome Glover and Sang, President and Secretary respectively of the S.M.C. We appreciated exceedingly having them, both because of themselves and for the compliment of their presence. The evening passed off successfully, although one member who was detailed to propose a toast found the attractions of Laoigh too strong to permit of his being present in time to undertake the task. That at least was the excuse he produced.

*Tuesday, 1st January.*—This was another glorious day, and Chaluim attracted the greatest number. G. Williams, Elliot, Robertson, Cram, M'Quillan, Ainslie, Dinsmore, Wilson, and G. Jackson all climbed it and enjoyed the warmth of the sun. Indeed, the last three stated that they took off their shirts and sun bathed, but up to date of going to press we have no satisfactory verification of that. Hutchison, Grieve, Waddell, G. Robinson, T. Robinson, Forrest, Hamilton, Shearer, Maclean, and Bain were on Dubhchraig,

and Bartholomew, J. M'Lean, Stewart, Greig, MacPherson, Aitken, W. Williams, and Geddes went farther afield to climb Achaladair from the south-west. Coming down they had an exceptionally good glissade of over 1,000 feet.

*Wednesday, 2nd January.*—The calls of business and other duties had taken most of the members home the previous night, but a few were left to enjoy another good day. Grieve, Donaldson, Stewart, Greig, and Geddes were on Chaluim, and Bartholomew conducted Gibson, MacPherson, G. Williams, and J. M'Lean over Dòrain and Dòthaidh.

Thus ended perhaps the most successful Meet in the history of the Club.

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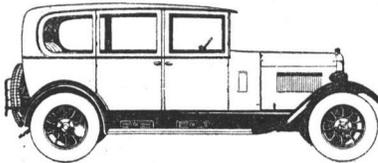
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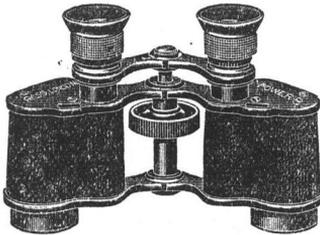
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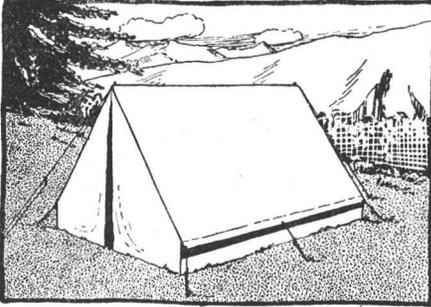
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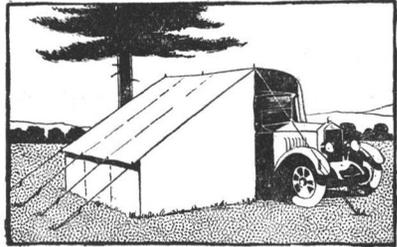
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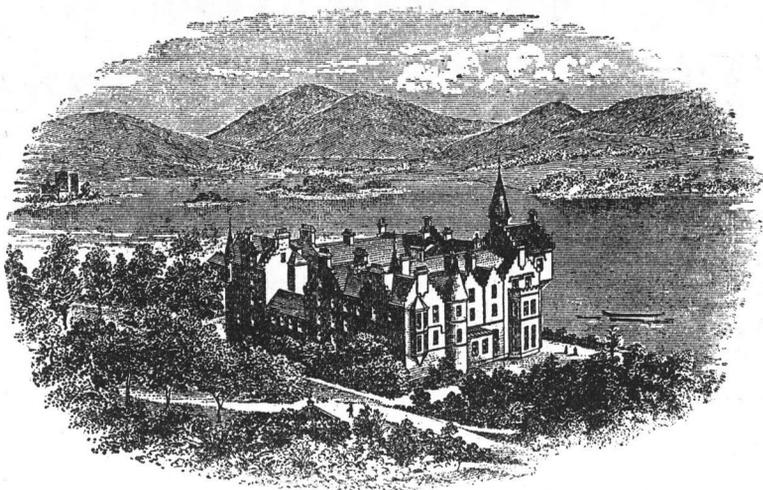
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