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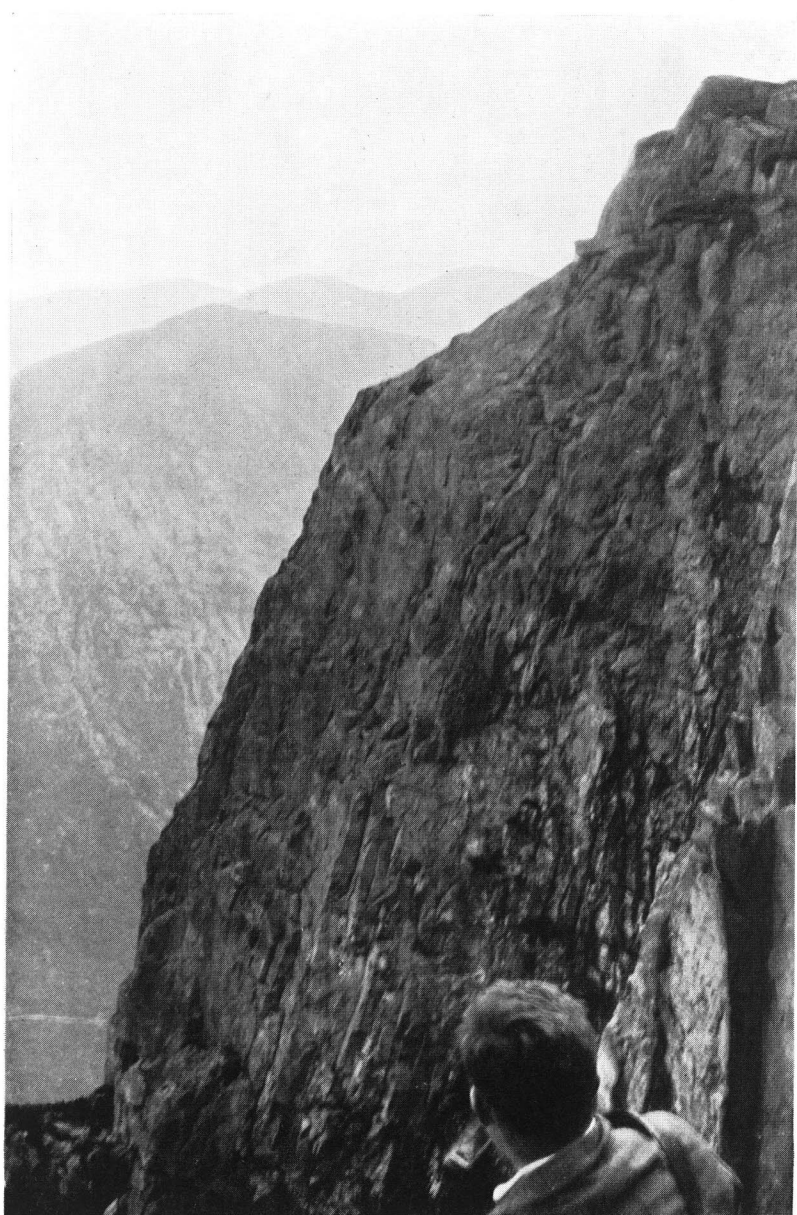
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September 1929

Alex. Harrison

D GULLY BUTTRESS FROM THE CURVED RIDGE. (See page 1)

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XIX.

APRIL 1930.

No. 109.

THE MISTY RIDGE OF STOB DEARG.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF AN EXPEDITION IN AUGUST 1928.

By ALEX. HARRISON and L. ST C. BARTHOLOMEW.

WE had spent a profitable Sunday, if not at church at any rate on the church door of Bidean nam Bian, and having bathed in the Coe and had a meal, we went to visit Cherry of the Rucksack Club and his friends at their camp below the Lochans.

Round an alder-wood fire we discussed climbing in many lands, and Cherry spoke of a climb which they had done the previous day when they were looking for the Crowberry Ridge. From his description the climb seemed to be the central buttress, and it sounded much more attractive than the investigation of Stob Coire nan Beith, which was one of the objects of our visit. Besides, Cherry and the Gerrards wanted to have a shot at the Crowberry, and Bartholomew's car could take them up.

We started promptly half an hour late at 10 o'clock, and were carried up the Glen at Bartholomew's usual moderate speed. When a car with six can go up Glencoe in its present shocking condition at 30 miles per hour, with apparently comparative safety, it does seem unnecessary to construct a new road!

After having been turned on the open moor, the car was parked on what might possibly be mistaken for a cart track leading down to the Coupall from the main

road. When I say open, I mean full of holes. The wonder was that the two remaining tyres did not blow out (two had already blown out on the way north).

The weather was now distinctly unpromising, low mist and a fine drizzle, but the party manfully set its face to the hill, making for the well-known slab over which a burn flows.

Our party, which consisted of Addenbrooke, Bartholomew, and Harrison, accompanied the Rucksack party as far as the traverse on the way to the Crowberry, and then turned left and traversed the hillside. Just about the time when we reckoned that we should be near the central buttress, a rib of rock loomed up through the mist, and it was unanimously decided that we should start our climb. The aneroid reading was 2,000 feet.

The climb started with easy scrambling, but soon a steep pitch appeared through the mist. It seemed about 60 feet high. It was very steep, with those rounded ledges which are so characteristic of porphyry, sloping sideways and outwards. None of the party was feeling inclined to lead—it may have been the weather or possibly the effect of the previous day's climb; they all wanted to be second on the rope, but the elected leader made an attempt on the pitch. When he came down after an unsuccessful attempt, he gave as his opinion that if he had really been determined it would have gone, and Nos. 2 and 3 expressed the same opinion after they had had a shot at it. Investigation showed an easy broken chimney on the left, and so the first difficult pitch was turned. At that point the Ridge was voted as superior to the curved ridge.

After some more easy going the second pitch was met, again 60 to 70 feet long. This time No. 2, who had had greatness thrust upon him, was determined that the pitch must go. The best route seemed to lead up and to the right, but after about 40 feet a more difficult stretch was reached. There seemed to be two alternative routes—one on the extreme right edge of the ridge, with a clean drop below, and another somewhat more to the left, but with poorer holds. The right-hand route was chosen,

and No. 2 came up to give a belay in case No. 1 went over the edge. However, the crucial nail held, and Nos. 2 and 3 followed by the left-hand route.

Again the party made up the ridge through the mist, and yet a third pitch loomed up, and this one apparently longer than the last two, as the top was lost in the gloom. A short search discovered a broken chimney on the right flank, and the true right edge of this was followed until the chimney faded into the face, which made good going, as it was well broken up.

At this point the climb was voted as superior, both in climbing and varied interest, to the tower ridge of Ben Nevis.

The ridge continued upwards until a sharp grass and rock comb bending to the right brought the party up against a still higher pitch. This one looked distinctly difficult, and the rock was not of the first-class quality met so far. It was not even second class—indeed, it was distinctly third class. Still, it had to be tackled, and a possible route was seen which first of all led up and to the right, and then turned left along a ledge, passing one corner which troubled the bulky member of the party a little. About 40 feet up there is a large shattered block which makes a serviceable belay. It is very much shattered and rotten, but there is a sufficient mass of sound rock to make it quite usable. From this point the route continued left, along a ledge, apparently composed of dwarf juniper, crowberry, and rotten rock, to the left edge of the face. Here the party assembled and contemplated the future. One possible route led up the left edge and another up a chimney more to the right. The left route was tried first, but the balance troubled the leader, and so the chimney was investigated. There is a stretch of 4 or 5 feet rather deficient in holds, and its further exploration was deferred until weather conditions were more favourable. No. 2 then had a shot at the first route, successfully negotiated the balance, and pulled up over the second part of the pitch and reached the top, where he was followed by the other two.

It was then found that we had been climbing a tower

and would have to descend; but first we had to traverse for about 40 feet. The rock was perfectly vile, even worse than a peevish guide could find on the Sella Turm, and we sent down countless stones. Bartholomew said it was as bad as the rock on the flank of the Crowberry Tower. Stones were the only things sent down, and the party reached the bottom without casualties. It was then that we turned round and saw a most suspiciously familiar chimney. To make absolutely certain, one of the party climbed it and identified it as the Crowberry Tower chimney. We had finished our ridge by climbing the Crowberry Tower from the north-east.

A thoroughly drenched but pleased party descended to Kingshouse for dry clothes and food.

The climb gives between 1,000 and 1,100 feet of most interesting going, and we hope on some future occasion to do it again under good conditions, and do the first pitch and also the last chimney so as to finish right on the top of the Crowberry Tower.

On 27th July 1929, Addenbrooke and Bartholomew set out to find the route referred to above by Harrison, he being otherwise engaged on the Continent.

The first severe pitch which was turned on the first occasion was found to live up to expectations. The rock was sound, with narrow ledges sloping outwards and some sketchy fingerholds. The pitch was covered with one run out of about 70 feet of rope. There were no stances or hitches for bringing up the second man, and this, coupled with that air of uncertainty of whether the pitch would go, made it the stiffest portion of our climb. The pitch was attacked from a shallow chimney on the left centre. After climbing about 15 feet slightly to the right and then straight up, a traverse was made towards the left edge. After about 50 feet the holds tend to increase, and the gradient eases very slightly, but there is no chance of bringing up the second man until the top is reached at about 70 feet.

Following up the ridge, the second pitch was reached

and negotiated as before. While there is a short ticklish bit on the right-hand corner, it is by no means as difficult as the previous pitch.

From here our route followed directly up the ridge past a cairn, until we struck the flank of the curved ridge. A short face climb on rather brittle rock here gave some interest, though it is more readily ascended by taking a chimney to the left and traversing right after 15 to 20 feet. On the previous occasion this was tackled by traversing a narrow ledge to the right, round a corner to a gully.

The natural line of ascent from here led direct to the Crowberry Tower by some scrambling across the top of the curved ridge.

The Crowberry Tower gave a good finish to the climb. The chimney on the south-east, enjoying as it does such a unique situation, with wonderful views over the moor and downwards over the route we had ascended, gives a straightforward climb, but with no superfluity of holds either for hands or feet.

The climb was later identified as D Gully Buttress.

It gives a most interesting route for the ascent of the Crowberry Tower, and it surprises us that such an excellent climb should have fallen into obscurity.

The climb has since been done by Harrison and Mackay, who tackled the first pitch from the right flank. This route was found to be more severe than the route described above.

MEMORIES OF THE HILLS.

By ALASTAIR C. M'LAREN.

MEMORIES of the hills, grave and gay, come to one while the smoke of the evening pipe ascends. While days of effort and success are by no means forgotten, days of equal effort, but failure, are perhaps as happy to recall; and whimsical happenings on days when no particular ascent or objective was in view sometimes recur to the memory as vividly and as pleasantly as do more strictly "mountaineering" recollections.

Two days, out of many on Ben More, Crianlarich, come back to me. On one occasion, going up alone, I got into a thick belt of mist at about 2,000 feet, which enveloped me until about 30 feet below the cairn, when I suddenly emerged from it into brilliant sunshine, almost as if I had thrust my head through a trap door. As I stood on the cairn I looked down on a level sea of lovely white shining mist just gently heaving. A very fine "bodach," or spectre circle, was thrown on the mist before me, almost like a Celtic cross, and like the man in the Jacobite song, I straightway "took my bonnet off my heid."

Another pleasant memory of the same sturdy mountain is a spring ascent of it on ski with Harold Raeburn. We went up from Rob Roy's house at the foot of Coire Chaorach in Glen Dochart, gradually working our way up to the summit. Raeburn did the descent in great style almost straight down towards the Ben More burn, finishing with a magnificent sweep into the big corrie. I shirked the steepest bit of the way down, as I never was a great performer on ski, and followed him, like the young minister after the beadle, "at a respectfu' distance." A happy day with a gallant comrade.

Among the trials that afflict the sheep farmer are the frequent ravages of the fox in lambing time, and its

extraordinary cunning makes it often difficult to locate its den and kill it and its litter. When the snows are receding up the corries in the late spring, many an exciting scramble, gun in hand, have we had across the hard, steep snow, and many a long, dark vigil by the cairn from which the terriers had dragged the cubs, waiting for the yelp that would tell us the vixen was returning, and the momentary "flick" of her on the skyline against the half moonlight, followed by a shot—not always successful. When first I went to France, I had a dozen or so snipers and scouts under my command, picked men, mostly shepherds and stalkers. One gorgeous night we had gone, before the rise of the moon, into a mine crater or cup, about 25 yards in diameter and 20 feet deep, within 30 or 40 yards of the German front line trench. I had the men strung round our side of the hollow, sitting half-way down the slope amongst large chunks of chalk. The full moon soon rose behind us, leaving us in deep shadow, while the enemy side of the crater was in brilliant white light, and anything coming over their edge would have been at our mercy. The shape of the hollow and the large chalk lumps at once suggested a hollow cairn at home, where many a vixen had had her den, and the stillness and the waiting men were astonishingly reminiscent of the end of many a Highland fox drive. I crawled quietly along to Private D. M., the stalker from the Coireachan Dubha (Black Corries), Glen Coe, who was sitting with his rifle across his knees, and whispered in his ear, "Do ye think the lady-fox will be long in coming to-night, D.?" He clapped his hand to his mouth, just in time to smother a laugh, which might, so near the enemy line, have had awkward results! So even in flat Flanders, "the Hielands, the Hielands were aye at our back."

Another source of occasional loss to the sheep owner is sheep becoming crag bound, and I have often found my rock-climbing come in useful in getting them off. Tempted by the untouched sweet grass on the cliff ledges, the sheep jump down from ledge to ledge, and then cannot get back again. One can always tell by the extent

to which the grass has been eaten and trampled how long, approximately, they have been on it. If they are newly in, it is best to leave them alone for a day or two, until they are tamed a bit by hunger. If you go at them too soon, they will usually leap over the cliff. Do not leave them, however, too long, or they will eat their own wool, with fatal results. What I usually do is to get my shepherd to pay me out over the cliff on a climbing rope, taking a piece of clothes-line with a running noose on it in my hand, with which to lasso the sheep. This has to be very cautiously done, as even when weak with hunger they are apt to jump over, if too hurriedly approached. One of the last of my sheep which I rescued before the war was on the face of Stob Garbh, Crianlarich. Just as I threw the rope, the sheep sprang out from the cliff, and by great luck the noose tightened on one of her hind legs as she went over. I got her up, but she died some days later from having eaten her wool. Sheep are extraordinarily sure footed and fearless on the rocks. I once followed a well-marked sheep track on the high cliffs of Griban, above Loch nan Ceall in Mull, which petered out into a mere ledge about 18 inches wide, and at one place sloped nastily in the wrong direction. It was worn and polished by their constant passage, and the cliff dropped almost sheer to the shore several hundred feet below. It was just about as much as I cared to tackle alone, and I found at least one smashed carcass below. Yet it was evidently habitually used by them.

A shepherd I knew at Crianlarich told me a curious tale of a stag he once met face to face on the Glen Falloch side of Cruach Ardran. It dashed away from him round a steep corner, on a ledge, and a few days later, going his rounds, he found its body below the rocks. It had evidently slipped and fallen when it ran away from him. The deer do not take to the cliffs as the sheep do, and incidentally are not so hardy. Sheep will live through a prolonged winter snowstorm when the deer sometimes perish in large numbers, as those of us who live among them know.

WINTER AND ROUGH WEATHER.

By G. R. SPEIRS.

IT has been the custom with a small band of us for some time back to go away every year in December and sleep for a night under canvas among our native mountains. The chief reason for this seems to be to toughen ourselves. If one were to admit a dislike for it, it would be a great moral weakening and as good as show the creeping on of old age, and with it the unquenchable desire for comfort and ease.

Varying conditions have met this recurrent defiance of winter. The first time, in 1926, when the opposition of sane people at home had been beaten down, we set off in a small motor car, loaded down to her marks by five people and their luggage. So high was it piled on the people in the back, that it rose up nearly to the roof and prevented them from seeing anything at all. After an uneventful journey the expedition reached Loch Tulla about 10.30 P.M., and decided to spend the night under the shelter of the fine old pines. When the headlights were turned on the wood, the place was found to be alive with deer, their eyes reflecting back the light with green flashes. When we began to stumble down with great loads, they leapt away through the trees and left us in silence. There was some snow on the ground, but this did not daunt us, so having selected a suitable soft bog, we erected the tents on it, and, after a small meal, retired for the night.

The morning dawned fair but dull. After a quick breakfast the car got under way once more, this time, however, without luggage, so that those in the back were in comparative comfort, and could see out sufficiently to enjoy the scenery. Bidean nam Bian had been chosen as a suitable place to expend our spare energy, so after the usual exciting journey across this stretch of road, the car was left at the cottage below the Studdie in Glen Coe.

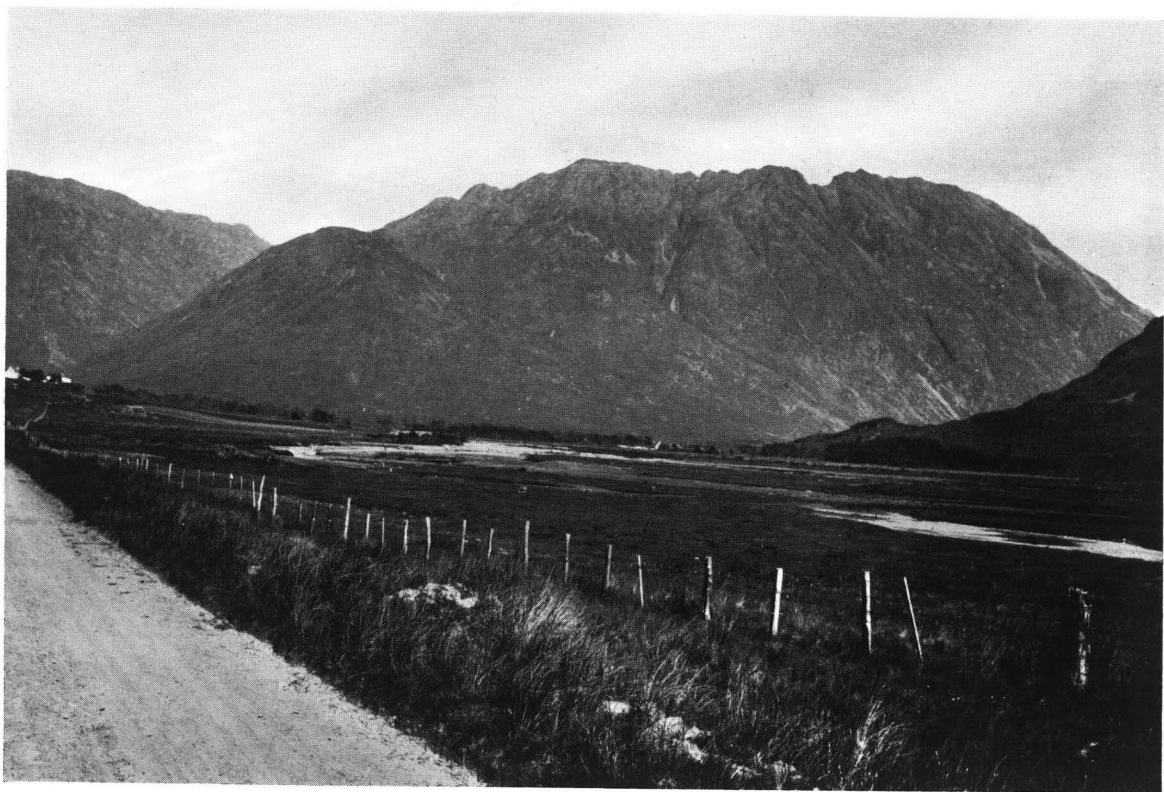
It was necessary to wade the Coe, but we realised that we would get wet at any rate, so we stepped boldly in and paddled across. Fairly rapid progress was made up the glen leading to the Lochan, and the snow was soon reached, for the hill was deeply covered, though the great beds were fast disappearing under the influence of a warm south-west wind. The mist was well down on the tops, so no stop was made on Stob Coire nan Lochan, but we continued on to Bidean nam Bian, and just under the summit we sat down for lunch. It was here that the great mistake occurred. Each one apparently trusted to the others, so that the whole party one after another set off in a glissade down to Glen Etive, and a fine glissade it was. We did not discover our mistake till we came out of the mist fairly low down, when we thought that the glen did not look as it ought, and then came the awful realisation that we had not turned sufficiently far to the east to get down to Allt Coire Gabhail. What part of Glen Etive it was we could not make out, so we inquired at the first habitation, and found this to be Inbhir-fhaolain. We asked if there was a car in the glen, but our luck was out, so the trek up the glen was begun and plans hatched. The situation was fairly desperate. Our means of transport home, the motor car, was sitting peacefully in Glen Coe while we were in Glen Etive, and it was 3 o'clock on a December afternoon and the distance 12 or 13 miles by road. The greyhounds of the party now became of great use. They were two in number, and were able to do about 5 miles an hour up hill and about 7 down, so they left the snails at Dalness and set out for Glen Coe by the Laraig Eilde. They reached the summit (1,600 feet) in about half an hour and started the run down the other side. The stream had to be crossed, and was by this time in great flood from the melting snows. This was accomplished by jumping as far across as possible and then wading the rest of the way. The next obstacle was the Coe, which threatened to be very difficult in the increasing darkness, but by great good fortune the bridge was found, and so the car was soon reached, but not before pitch-black night had fallen.

The walk up Glen Etive was enjoyed by the remainder in spite of the gloomy situation, for the hills were looking enormous with their tops shrouded in mist, and all the waters were in great flood. Both parties arrived at the road junction at the same time, and the journey was continued to Loch Tulla. A hasty meal was snatched, and again the vehicle was piled high with luggage till it groaned.

As the hour was late, an attempt was made at Crianlarich to 'phone to Glasgow, but they demanded the unreasonable sum of 7s. for this. They said it would be 4s., and 1s. because it was Sunday, 1s. because it was after 8 o'clock, and another to waken up some other post office, so we made all possible speed home and saved 7s.

The next December we went to Glen Etive, not because we really wished to be in Glen Coe, but merely because we had been struck by its beauty. It was a very mild night when we arrived. We camped in the shelter of a fir wood, and soon had a blazing fire going, round which we sat and sang songs before turning in. There was no snow on the hills, but high up it was freezing and the rocks and grass were thickly covered with fog crystals. Ben Starav was chosen as our victim for this year, and it proved a fairly easy climb from Coileitir by the north ridge. We did the traverse of the three peaks in order not to miss the fine ridge joining the two lower ones. We returned by the same route, and when we reached the camp some of the super-hardy ones bathed in a small pool in the neighbouring burn.

The next year, 1928, proved to be the most rigorous time we had yet enjoyed. We decided to make a change from the West and try pastures new, so we set out on a perfect Saturday afternoon in the direction of Loch Tay. Our party of he-men (or madmen) had increased in number, for this year there were six of us and two cars. We passed through Fortingal and turned up towards Loch Rannoch, stopping in the beautiful Glen Keltie, where the tents were pitched close to the stream. The feature of this expedition was the dinner which was now



May 1929

THE SADDLE, GLEN SHIEL

J. Gordon Robinson

and the rain was again falling steadily. Again the party split, some refusing to go up into the mountains, while others still remained stout. The weak ones carried the day by threatening to go away in the motor cars, so the procession began to return, but on the way up Strath Fillan the rain ceased, the sky cleared, and the whole countryside was bathed in sunshine. To show penitence to the gods who have the care of lunatics, it was necessary to climb a hill, so we stopped in Glen Falloch and commenced the ascent of An Caisteal. There was quite a large fall of new snow, which was gleaming in the sun, but it was very soft and provided neither a good climb up nor glissade down. A bitter wind was blowing on the top, and heavy clouds on the horizon gave promise of more rain or snow, so we did not wait at the top, but made our way laboriously down.

It remains to be seen whether the rot that set in last year can be stopped by the will to endure or whether the menace of the years, once felt, can no more be baffled. But some at least there will be next December calling—

“Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.” *

* “As You Like It,” Act ii. sc. 5.

SOME LOCH BROOM HILLS.

By J. GALL INGLIS.

I. *Am Faochagach, and another probable "Munro."*

IN the autumn of 1928, when halting for tea at Ullapool, we were much impressed with its possibilities as a place for spending part of a summer holiday. The calm, glassy sea, broken only by the ripple of a rowing-boat, suggested boating and sea-fishing, and the beautiful clear water refreshing dips in the heat of the day. Beinn Dearg and his neighbours rose high and invitingly in the south-east, and on the other side of the loch the fantastic peaks of Beinn Gobhlach. Further, a roadside notice indicated the presence of a golf course, presumably of reasonable quality, judging by the size of the two hotels, and there was even a circulating library available, to beguile the inevitable rainy days to be looked for in that region. There and then, in spite of the unwelcome attentions of clouds of midges, we resolved to spend a week there the following June, and bag some of these inviting peaks, judging that so early in the season the midge pest would not be much in evidence.

In due course we set out from Dingwall on a fine clear Monday morning, with the intention of climbing Ben Wyvis as we passed the keeper's house at Garbat. But when, booted and rucksacked, we reached the cottage, we were told that the proprietor objected to people going to Wyvis from that point, seeing there was a right of way from Auchterneed, and that it might get them into trouble with the proprietor if we went on, as he might be on the hill himself that day. From their manner, it seemed to be *bona fide*, so, in accordance with Rule 4, we returned to the car and looked for a different world to conquer.

On examining the map, it appeared that Am Faoch-

agach, Beinn Dearg's next-door neighbour on the south-east, would provide a long easy ridge walk. Accordingly, we went on for another nine miles or so, and turned the car into one of the numerous passing places now provided on this recently tarred road, beside a very crazy-looking wire footbridge spanning the broad and deep Glascarnoch River. This bridge would probably be very uncomfortable to cross in a gale, especially with the river in spate; as it was, it was not without a slight sensation of giddiness that the writer traversed it, as the result of having to watch his feet so carefully with the river flowing swiftly at right angles close below, the footway being only six inches wide for a good distance. Side hand-wires, however, prevent any reasonable possibility of falling off.

The keeper's house at Strathderie ("Derie" in the recently issued 1-inch O.S.) lay about three-quarters of a mile to the north-west, and in view of our experiences at Garbat, we—the writer and his son—judged it would be well to keep as far away as possible from it. So after crossing the bridge, we kept straight across—in a metaphorical sense—what proved to be a veritable maze of peat hags and winding channels of water standing between soft, boggy banks, which occasioned a good deal of violent exercise. Fortunately, the weather had been very dry for some time, so that we emerged on the other side dry-shod, but that route was obviously to be avoided under its normal conditions. In the afternoon it appeared that we should have kept close to the river bank till within a quarter of a mile of the keeper's house.

We then struck up the easy grassy slopes diagonally towards a shoulder bounding the small corrie above the keeper's house, but had not climbed more than a few hundred feet when a figure was seen hurrying towards us, and we wondered if we were in for it again. It proved to be the keeper, with a most courteous request for our names, from which we judged that his master was probably of quite a different type from the one we had just been up against. No objection was taken to our going on, and after a little friendly conversation we parted from him, and crossing the shoulder about the 1,750 contour,

kept on in the same direction to gain the lee side of Creag Rainich, as the westerly wind was strong and rather cool.

When at last we looked over the other side, the whole of the three-mile undulating ridge leading to Am Faochagach lay before us. There was no crag visible to warrant the name of the hill on which we stood; on the contrary, it was all easy grass right on to Faochagach, except near the head of the corrie, two miles away, where an outcrop of slabby rock, rising from a very peaty bottom, would necessitate climbing higher on the ridge than in the direct line of route. The gradients on the ridge were of the easiest, but it appeared that we would have to descend a hundred feet or two, from where we stood, to a distant col (found to be just 2,260 feet), and resolved that on the way back we would try the other side of the ridge.

The top was reached about three and a quarter hours after leaving the car, going easily. It proved to be of the uninteresting, flat-topped variety, though there is a steepish rocky outcrop near the summit on the south-east side. The whole nature of this hill, indeed, so far as we could see it, was more of the type one associates with the Lowlands than with the Highlands, though, according to the O.S. map, its character changes completely on the western side facing Beinn Dearg, 1,000 feet below the summit. One curious feature we noticed just before reaching the top—a succession of broad terraces in 6-inch steps, each paved with flat stones, as if laid by human hands, but evidently originating in some *lusus naturæ*.

As a view-point, however, Am Faochagach (3,120 feet) is decidedly to be commended. To the north, across the glen, towered the great mass of Beinn Dearg, with its precipitous slabby face, a dull slaty blue, in which detail was difficult to make out, as it lay in shadow—the best conditions for Faochagach's view are probably in the forenoon. Just east of it was the flat-topped Cona'Mheall, evidently higher than we were as the Tables estimate, with a remarkable narrow ridge of peculiar formation running towards us. On the east it rose in a long, uniform slope at an angle of 30°, then suddenly terminated in a ragged edge, from which the

western side fell in smooth, slabby precipice at an angle of about 60° for hundreds of feet; the end of the ridge facing us was also precipitous, and had an extraordinary contorted appearance. To the west was a splendid panorama of fantastic peaks—Fannichs, Teallachs, and other Ross-shire giants—rising in their majesty not far away. Only to the east were the hills uninteresting, except two high, castle-like hills with flat tops, standing head and shoulders above the rest, that had been visible all the way along the ridge, and whose identity rather puzzled us at the time, but they were probably eastern peaks of Ben Wyvis.

A mile and a quarter to the east, however, was a hill which we studied with much interest. From the nature and extent of the heavy hill-shading within the 2,750 contour, the writer had long suspected that Carn Gorm Loch stood a good chance of being over the 3,000 feet; it had not been visible properly from the route we had followed, and we now studied it attentively. In itself it was apparently of little interest, a bare, rounded hump rising from the col in two steps, and it was evidently much lower than we were. The only means of judging its height was to find some hill behind it whose top appeared on the same level, and we noted that there was such a hill a little to the left of the top, a shade higher if anything. At the time we had no doubt but that it was the next peak to the east, Meall a' Chuaille (2,059 feet), but later investigation showed that that hill could not possibly have been visible, and that the long ridge we saw must have been that of An Socach (2,424 feet) in Gleann Mor. Fain would we have gone on to investigate, but there was a 600-foot dip to the col, and it would have taken us another hour and a half to do the hill, which it did not seem right to spend at that hour, seeing the writer's wife had been waiting alone in the car since half-past one, and we had still a long way to go to our destination. So, regretfully, we turned our steps carward down the ridge on which in mist, we could not help thinking, a very careful course would have to be steered, as at one point it would be very easy to wander off to

Meall Gorm and Strath Vaich. Meall Gorm is probably not much less than 3,000 feet, but we made no attempt to estimate its height.

One test of Carn Gorm Loch, however, still remained to us, so we descended for a while to the south-east to keep it in view and note at what height the horizon disappeared. It was interesting to note how, as we neared the 3,050 line, the top of Gorm Loch began to devour the horizon. At about 3,050 feet the eastern horizon generally had completely disappeared; 10 or 20 feet lower, a prominent hill far away in the haze—apparently the end of a mountainous range, and from its direction perhaps Beinn a' Chorn (1,705 feet) above Golspie, or one of the higher hills beyond it—was also well obliterated, while 100 feet below the top of Faochagach, or at 3,020 feet, Carn Gorm Loch seemed distinctly higher than we were. Roughly calculating the effects of dip and refraction, all the factors seem to agree that the height of Carn Gorm Loch is about 3,020 feet. When we reached the col between Faochagach and Creag Rainich, we kept to the west side of the ridge, as arranged, but found that though shorter in distance it was probably longer in time, as after a while stones and heather were encountered, and the descent into the Allt Airidh Cheiridh was fairly steep. We got back to the car at 7 o'clock, having taken five and a half hours to do the hill, but the younger brigade could no doubt knock an hour off our time.

We went on to rooms in Ullapool that had been recommended to us by the parish minister, and found ourselves very comfortably settled, as the landlady had been a housekeeper in one of the large lodges in the neighbourhood. She was, however, a "Wee Free" of the strictest sort, and from what she said to us, those given to Sunday expeditions, or even to Sunday arrival or departure, would not be tolerated in her house.

(To be continued.)



June 1929

George Sang

VIEW WESTWARDS FROM MAOILE LUNNDAIDH. (*See page 20*)



June 1929

CARN NAM FIACLAN. (*See page 21*)

George Sang

THE SIMPLIFIED 'NROS.

By GEORGE SANG.

CREAG TOLL A' CHOIN	3,295
Maoile Lunndaiddh	3,294
Carn nam Fiaclan	3,253
SGURR A' CHAORACHAIN	3,452
Bidean an Eoin Deirg	3,430
SGURR CHOINNICH	3,260
BIDEIN A' CHOIRE SHEASGAICH	3,102
LURG MHOR	3,234
Meall Mor	3,190
MORUISG	3,033

THE profound and sincere thanks of the peak-bagger should be rendered to Lady Evelyn Cobbold and the Forestry Commission for the heaven-sent inspiration of constructing a motor road up the Allt a Chonais Glen to Glenuaig Lodge, and so, at a stroke, putting within easy reach the imposing list of Munros which, with the Editor's kind permission, heads this paper.

There are few places in Scotland offering the man cursed with that peculiar form of warped mentality a better chance of putting so many uninteresting and remote Munros in his bag than a camping site at the Pollan Buidhe, and that at comparatively economical exertion. So little has appeared in the *Journal* about these peaks, and such a negative reputation is theirs, that a few words about them may not be out of place, even at this late date.

I may as well admit at the outset that I went to Pollan Buidhe purposely to wipe Moruisg off my slate. I knew the mountain was repulsive, but a Munro, and I also knew that it has a comfortable stalkers' track up the first steepest bit, and, after all, Moruisg once done—well, it could sink into forgiving oblivion!

It was June and supposed to be hot during the day, so we decided—my wife and I—that an evening ascent would pay best. As a matter of fact, we proved ourselves very right, for the going was cool and pleasant and the ascent from the forlorn-looking Glenuaig Lodge went excellently. A minimum of exertion and wonderful views of a most exceptional-looking corrie under Maoile Lunndaidh to the S.S.E. of us lured us upwards. The higher we got, the more fascinating did this corrie appear. It had a quaint little rock peak sticking up prominently in its throat, so we—for the lack of a name, for we had only a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch map with us—called it Choire nan Tonsil. We only found out later that it has a name of its own which probably sounds better, but, to our minds, much less descriptive—"Choire Fuartholl Mor."

Satisfying ourselves that Creag Toll a' Choin was really also a veritable Munro and, as such, must be climbed, we then and there decided to spend a second night at our doss and pay this attractive corrie a visit next day.

Moruig bears out its name excellently. It has an extensive boggy top and acres of moss. It also catches quite its fair share of passing moisture as well as doing a considerable distillation on its own account on the rare occasions when there are no real rain clouds around. Therefore you will find *much water* there most seasons, and if you find the top without the aid of the compass, consider yourself lucky. There is a good cairn, and when you have reached it you feel absolutely content to make it the summit. We just got sufficient clearing to allow us to see down into Loch Coireag nam Mang, and decided that that north side even is not sufficiently steep to make Moruig anything else than what it is, an absolute "cowberg" with no claim to beauty.

We had run our car, "Tarquinius," into a road-metal quarry, as usual, and rejoined him there at 11 P.M., having started off at 7.30. There was no wood to be found, so we had to be content with a Primus cooked meal of a very light nature, and so to bed. It rained a bit during the night, but we had known worse and were to know worse still before we were eighteen hours older,

so started off quite gaily next morning for Carn nam Fiacan.

This hill, with its broad ridge leading to Creag Toll a' Choin, gave us most wonderful views, firstly of the trio I had visited at Easter 1928—Bidean an Eoin Dearg, Sgurr a' Chaorachain, and Sgurr Choinnich. We even thought we saw the *great red bird*, but he was probably just an ordinary Golden Eagle at his usual scavenging. We saw some baby Ptarmigan, however, scampering among the cushions of *Silene acaulis*, and they were charming and fluffy. The splendour of the distant panorama would be hard to beat anywhere. Vigorous peaks surrounded us to the north, the west, and the south, and even to the east, with its suggestion of sea, the Sgurr a' Choire Ghlais peaks cut majestically into the horizon.

A stiff cold wind was blowing behind us, and we were not disposed to linger overlong on the tops. The sight from above of the Fuartholl Mor tempted us down into the corrie, especially as it offered a refuge from the chilly blast. There we made the closer acquaintance of the "Tonsil," quite a pleasant little peak, presenting a few minor problems in rock-craft if its ascent is attempted direct from the sombre lochan at its outer base. The rock is very good and sound, and there is sufficient exposed steep granite round about to give many pleasant off-day scrambles. One slab on the true left of the waterfall gave us a few joyful tremors in our ropeless condition.

It is no use trying to pretend that the Toll would ever rival even the problems of the Cobbler, but if you want to stretch your limbs in a style of climbing that these hills so sadly lack, to my mind the Toll is the place to make for.

Descending by the little river which has some charming falls and fairy dells, we found trees. A gladsome sight, for trees mean wood, and wood means a fire one can cook at. So three miles from home we loaded up with fuel and, pausing only for a bathe and to watch the antics of a couple of sandpipers, staggered back to "Tarquinius" discussing in no disinterested terms the menu of the day. Alas for all our plans! We had hardly reached our quarry, perched 1,000 feet above sea-level, and brewed some tea,

before rain made itself obnoxiously prominent, and with the rain came a wind that scattered our embers and reduced our cooking potency to frying only.

To prepare food by frying is the miserable recourse of the dimly uneducated, and when you have got to cover the pan to conserve the heat and keep out the rain and the fire is blown into your face and round your hands no matter where you stand, frying is the poorest game of all. We did our best, but our poor meal had to be partaken of in bed to the sad detriment of the quilts, with whose patterns bacon stains blend but poorly. At 7.30, leaving the rain to do the washing up, we made things as secure as possible against the villainous onslaught of the weather, and retired for the night. The noise of the rain on the hood had not that soothing effect usually attributed to running water, and every time a fresh leakage was discovered, and it seemed to see to it that the discovery should be more prompt than the repair, we had to rearrange our already somewhat cramped quarters.

The storm raged far into the morning, and our precious milk bottle, which we had put into the burn to keep cool, had, like the discoverer, listed the call of the wild and set out for the sea.

About midday we bethought ourselves of the necessity of departure, and making the best job we could of the sodden bedding, struck camp and, anxious to get back to the main road before we were cut off by a flood, pushed out for Achnasheen. There, misled by a small patch of blue sky through which a summer sun smote steam from the dripping moss, we put on our boots and climbed to the top of Ladhar Bheinn. But for all we saw we might just as well have climbed any other hillock, for the mists descended worse than before, and the rain, intent on maintaining a lacking average fall, emptied its vials, or rather, cisterns or reservoirs, upon us, and like two drookit craws we were forced to seek the none too welcome harbour of the Achnasheen Hotel to change into less damp clothes and make with all haste to Loch Maree and the comforts of Mr Campbell's hospitality.

With regard to the imposing group of three which lies

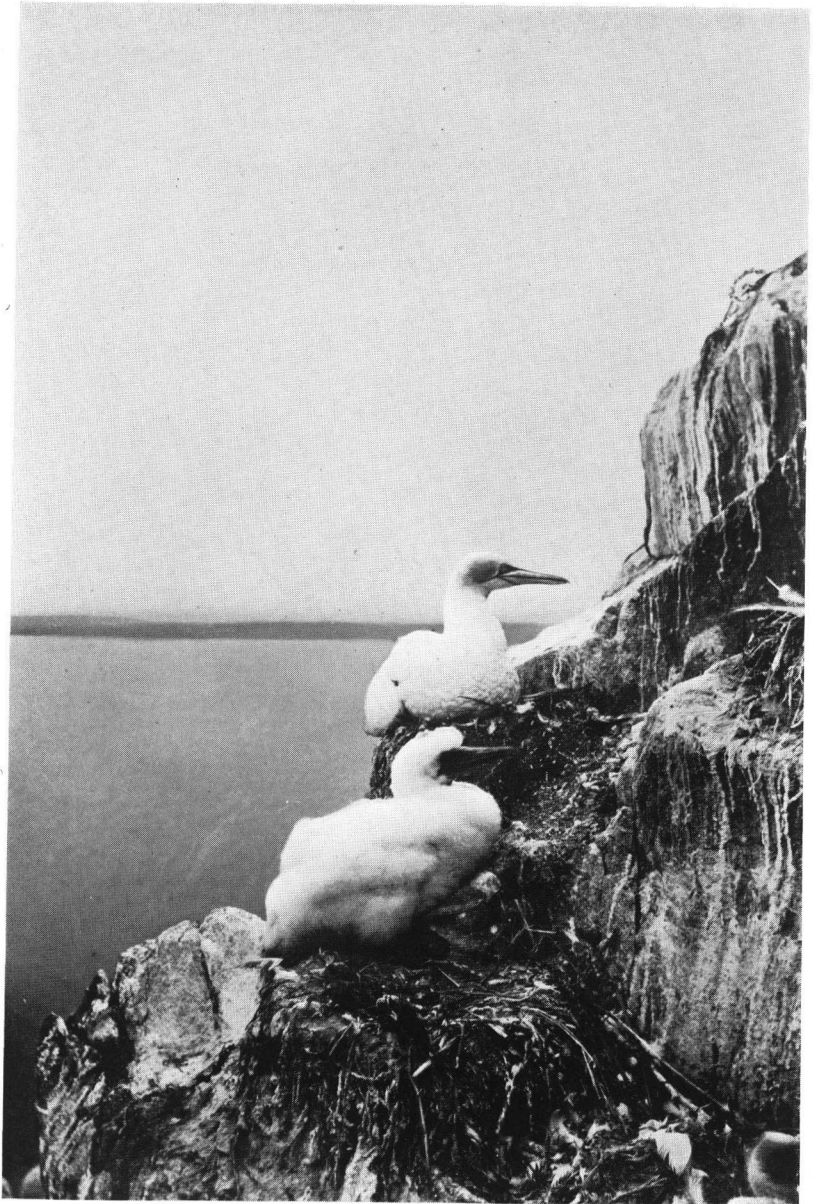
immediately to the south of the Pollan Buidhe and is bounded by the Amhainn an t-Sratha Mhoir—by the way, there is a sort of a path up that glen, but who uses it, when, and why, is not known, and it gives access to Bidein a' Choire Sheasgaich (and incidentally Lurg Mhor on the way back) from Strathmore Lodge, at the west end of Loch Monar, but it is a walk of quite six miles and the latter bit very heavy going—Sgurr a' Chaorachain can be reached by swotting up the ridge of Sron na Frianich; there is even a kind of a path in places, but its inconsistency tempts me to think it has been made by the deer. I contend far the better way is to wander up the attractive glen which lies between Carn nam Fiaclan and Sron na Frianich, down which flows the An Crom Allt with many a bonny waterfall, until one comes in sight of the buttress of Bidean an Eoin Deirg and, by making direct for the steepest part of that, wrest a little amusement out of what is likely to prove a back-breaking grind at the best of times. The views as one gets up beyond the retaining walls of the glen, where the wind blows away the pestiferous flies and the heat is less oppressive, repay a lot of labour, but hardly all that has been expended in the toilsome wallowing among the moss-hags of the glen.

Beyond the fact that there is no doubt about the summit of the Bidean and that, if the sun is right, the glimpses of the little Lochan Gaineamhach are suggestively provocative, and perhaps that the buttress is in a few places steep enough to call for the ancestral posture, there isn't much that can be said in favour of the peak. The ridge leads on without either much doubt or much drop over the summit of Chaorachain to Sgurr Choinnich, which looks very, very far away and for some reason marvellously remote and off the line when only the map readings have been considered. There is quite a considerable dip in the ridge when looked at from Chaorachain, but I think it is mostly due to the fact that Chaorachain is about 200 feet higher than Choinnich, and Choinnich is slightly double topped and has a rocky northern face, and looks a lot more imposing than it proves to be once you get there.

There are a few gullies and a ridge that leads back to the Pollan Buidhe, and in spring a good supply of snow usually lies in the northern corrie, giving one a fair chance of a decent glissade down to the burn. The first 1,250 feet are soon disposed of, but the last 1,000 down to the road are spread out over horridly soft ground, which looks fair enough from above, but is an abomination on a wet and stuffy evening.

If there is little to be said in enthusiastic praise of Bidean an Eoin Deirg, there is surely less to be said of Sgurr Choinnich, and given that as a fact then the less mention of Chaorachain the better.

Bidein a' Choire Sheasgaich looks quite well from Choinnich, but to me too remote to encourage a closer inquiry after his health. It would be a stout heart that tackled him and the repulsive Lurg Mhor with the idea of returning to the Pollan Buidhe the same night. I would even venture to add to the stout heart a fat head, for the excursion is beyond the endurance of a normal man.



June 1898

Harold Raeburn

BASS ROCK. (*See page 25*)

BIRD LIFE ON THE BASS ROCK.

By WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

THE Bass Rock lies some two miles off the East Lothian coast. Its altitude is not given on the Ordnance Survey maps, but the highest contour there recorded is 350 feet. It is nearly a mile in circumference. From the height of close on 250 feet the cliffs plunge into the sea and, unlike those of Ailsa Craig, the other breeding-place of the Gannet, as the Solan Goose is often called, they enter it without the intervention of a beach. The only landing-places on the Rock are on the sides of the low south-east promontory, and even at these places a landing can be made only when waves and winds permit. On the south side of the promontory a flight of concrete steps was built when the lighthouse was erected in 1902, and these steps much facilitate a landing, but on the north side the visitor has still to scramble over the rocks as best he can.

My earliest recollections of the Bass and its wonderful flight of birds carry me back to the days of my childhood, when Kendal, and after him Downie, were the innkeepers of the little inn on the shore of Canty Bay. In their hands rested the rights of the Bass and its birds, and it was from them only that the key to the door of the Castle wall could be got, or sailing boats hired to take parties to and from the Rock. Without the key the upper portion of the Rock giving access to the cliffs could not be reached.

Later, when a new hotel was built on the top of the cliff above the bay, the innkeeper, whose name I think was Kirkpatrick, started a steam launch to take parties to the Bass. His charges were extremely moderate, being, as I noted in May 1905, 2s. a head, with a minimum of 6s. for the trip. During the war and after, it was more difficult to visit the Bass. The boats at Canty Bay were removed, and the only ones available lay at North Berwick. The hire of these was expensive, and the necessity of

obtaining from the laird a permit to land made arrangements troublesome. I used to envy George Sang, who, during the war, had the welfare of the watchers on the Bass in his care, and was often on the Rock in their interests.

Most of my early visits to the Bass Rock were paid in the middle seventies, usually on "Queen's birthday holidays," and as these fell about the third week in May, the birds were then at the height of their nesting season. These early expeditions were organised by my father, who loved everything connected with natural history and open-air adventure, and he delighted to let his boys have a chance to share his enthusiasm. I see he wrote a note in 1862 on the habits of the Solan Goose for one of his publications ("Life in Normandy," Third Edition, p. 397), in which is incorporated the following interesting letter from the then tacksman of the Bass:—

"CANTY BAY, 26th November 1862.

"SIR,—In reply to your note, the Solan Goose sits with one foot on the egg and takes one month to hatch; then it takes three months before the young can fly. Also, it disgorges its food while on the nest at the approach of strangers coming too near; then, when left alone, picks it up again. The Solan Goose egg is very good to eat. The Queen gets a dish every year, and is very fond of them. Some people like the young ones to eat and others do not; but there are different ways of cooking them.—Yours respectfully,

"GEORGE ADAMS."

The latest authorities all agree that the Solan does incubate its egg under its foot. This mode was observed by many early naturalists and was often doubted by others. Even Professor Fleming, writing in 1845, thought it probable that the Solan rested on the egg in the nest as other birds do, but in preparing to move, especially in retiring from an intruder, did not hesitate to set its foot upon it, and hence it was believed to embrace it through the whole process of incubation. ("The Bass Rock," 1847, p. 399.)

Some years later I got to know the Rock more intimately, for, with my friend Harold Raeburn, many expeditions

were made to the Bass, and under his leadership I was enabled to explore it thoroughly. Raeburn was a charming companion, always full of the joy of living, a keen observer of Nature, with an exceptional knowledge of birds and bird life, and I look back to the "birdie-days" spent with him on the Bass, on the May, on Inchmickery, and the other islands of the Forth, on the Farnes and on the cliffs of St Abbs as the happiest and most interesting holidays in my life. Whenever he was in the party the excursion was bound to be a success, for difficulties and dangers had a way of disappearing when he took the lead. It was in his love for sea-birds and their nesting haunts that he found his power as a rock-climber, and the cliffs of Shetland knew him well long before he ever thought of climbing a hill. I think I am right in saying that he had made few ascents for the sake of a climb, before he was introduced to that joy at one of our winter Meets. This was in 1896, when he came to Tyndrum as my guest. After that he became one of the most fearless and expert mountaineers of his time, and he has left a long list of splendid climbs associated with his name.

From the few notes I have kept of one of those Bass expeditions, I find that on 26th June 1897 he and I "worked the rocks," photographed the birds, and made the passage of the tunnel. In the walls of the Castle, Puffins were nesting, and, close to its doorway, a deserted nest of an Eider Duck was seen, but it was cold and empty, although it still retained its lining of down. We heard the "keck-keck-keck" of the Peregrines as they flew in and out to sea. We followed their flight with our glasses, but failed to locate their eyrie. The young may have been taken, or they may have grown strong enough to have left the nest of their own accord.

On reaching the top of the north-east cliffs we were confronted with a cloud of soaring and diving birds, all in rapid motion. Nothing is more delightful than to watch the Solans in their flight, and I have done this for hours at a time. The old birds, on their great expanse of wing—wings that extend to over 6 feet from black tip to black tip—were flying in countless multitude, crossing

and recrossing in kaleidoscopic confusion, never colliding, never making a mistake, and all the while, with other sea-birds, raising such a weird chorus that even Wagner in his wildest flights could not produce a more uncanny effect. The Solan's gura-gurras, the Guillemot's gurgling calls, the Gull's melancholy cries, cries that might well be those of Gabriel's hounds—*e.g.*, the lost souls of unbaptized children as they wander through the air until the Day of Judgment—and the Kittiwake's high-pitched dominating notes all contributed, with the booming of the waves against the cliffs, to make this grand orchestra. As we looked on the magnificent scene we could not help reflecting on the countless ages during which this chorus has existed, for it must have been in full cry for many years even before the first mention of the Solans of the Bass appears in literature, the earliest writer referring to them being Fordoun who, in his "Chronicle" of 1447, says: "*Insula de Bass ubi solendæ nidificant in magna copia.*" A few years later William Dunbar, probably born in East Lothian in 1460, in one of his poems, writes, "The air was dirkit with the fowlis, that come with yawmeris and with yowlis, with skryking, skrymming and with scowlis to tak him in the tyde, I walknit with the noyis and schowtes, so hiddowis beir (*i.e.*, hideous cry) was me aboate, sensyne I curss that cankerit rowte" ("Poems," Scot. Text Soc., Vol. I., p. 143), and I think he must have had the birds of the Bass in view when he penned those lines.

Roping up, we climbed down the cliffs, and sniffing the pungent and, to us, not unpleasant odour of the highly perfumed nests, we were soon among the noisy crowd. The further we got from the summit the tamer the birds became, till many actually refused to leave their nests unless pushed off. The threatening aspect of the angry birds was at times somewhat disconcerting, for they resented our intrusion with guttural growls, darting lightning-like glances from their bright eyes, eyes that, unlike most birds, are so set in their heads that they see objects with both at the same time, and their long, sharp bills were ever ready to give a horrid

jab. Graceful in all their motions while on the wing, they are but clumsy bunglers when once they touch the land. They come to their nests with outstretched legs, flopping down anywhere among their closely packed neighbours, and with much noisy exchange of rude remarks, force their way through them. I saw a pair after a fierce altercation tumble from the cliff and fall some distance locked together, before they separated and recovered their equilibrium. One thing impressed me more than the talk of the birds, and that was the sough of their wings when in flight. When many hundreds suddenly flew by, the noise exactly resembled the approach of a hurricane, and so realistic was it that I found myself involuntarily tightening my hold lest a gust should sweep me from the rocks.

When we returned to the summit of the cliffs we skirted their tops, viewing the Kittiwakes and Herring Gulls on their nests; many had eggs, but most were hatched out. We examined "the Crack," and saw there both Guillemots and Razorbills nesting; then, as the tide was low, we made our way back to the promontory and rejoined the boat. As we rounded the east end of the promontory four caves showed up. The second from the north is the one that goes through to the other side.

According to Hugh Miller, who wrote about the tunnel in 1848, it is 170 yards long and 30 feet high. Although he was deterred by the November day being "rather a naughty one for swimming" from making the passage himself, his description is accurate enough. He says: "Not far from its western opening there occurs a beach of gravel which, save when the waves run high during the flood of stream tides, is rarely covered. Its middle space contains a dark pool filled even at low ebb with from 3 to 4 feet of water; and an accumulation of rude boulders occupies the remaining portion of its length a little within the eastern entrance" ("Bass Rock," p. 85). The only account that was known to us of its actual passage was that written by "Umbra" in his "Hotch Pot" (Second Edition, 1867, p. 190), wherein he tells of his having tumbled from a rock 5 or

6 feet high into a pool of water, and of being upset by a sea-otter.

As we neared the entrance, some Shags with lazy wings flew from the guarding rocks, but undaunted by these birds of ill-omen, the boat was backed in on the swell. Raeburn, waiting his chance as it rose to the rocks, jumped nimbly ashore, and with that wonderful balance of which he was master, retained his footing and stood ready to lend a steadying hand when my turn came to make the jump. The peculiar hardness and smoothness of those water-worn boulders offered a very insecure grip to our hob-nails, and we proceeded from one to the other with the utmost caution. The entrance was lofty and the paving boulders were of a gigantic size, with yawning gaps between disappearing into mysterious depths. Soon it got pitch dark and the feeble light from our lamp did not reach far. The floor gradually rose and the walls contracted, but the roof maintained a height of over 20 feet. When we reached and surmounted a specially large block of rock, we caught a welcome gleam of light coming through from the far end. Below us, however, lay a dark and silent pool of unknown depth, promising a perilous adventure to get to the other side, for it could in no way be avoided. Raeburn lowered himself over the edge, but found no foothold, and a vigorous kick resulted only in a splash. He returned to the top of the rock and the situation was viewed in the light of our relit lamp, which a gust of wind had blown out. We decided to drop boldly into the pool with expectation of having to swim across. Fortunately, its sinister looks were deceptive, for it was not much more than 2 feet deep, and we waded across without difficulty. The gravelly beach was reached, and the old boatman, who had rowed round to pick us up, gave us a hearty welcome. The geo at the western entrance contains a half-submerged tusk of rock, which we gave a wide berth in passing. The whole passage was done in little more than half an hour, but it was wildly exciting while it lasted.

The habits of the Solan Geese are of much interest. They arrive at the Bass from foreign parts about the end

of February and begin laying in April. Each year the Solan hatches but one egg. If the first is undisturbed, it lays no other, but if it is taken, it lays a second. A bird has been known to lay as many as twelve eggs in a single season. The egg is incubated, as has been previously stated, under its foot, and is hatched out in about forty days. The young birds are fit to be killed for eating by the 25th of August, the date at which the general massacre used to take place. Near the end of the month the parent birds stop feeding their young, and a few days later, when considered able to look after themselves, they push them out of their nests to tumble down the cliffs to the sea as best they can. For about a fortnight they can do nothing but swim about on the surface of the sea, subsisting on their own fat until they become light enough and the pangs of hunger compel them to fly, dive, and catch fish for themselves. One by one the old birds gradually leave the Rock, and they are usually all away by the end of October.

When Raeburn and I were cruising off the Bass in his little yacht on the 19th September 1904, we sighted a young Solan of about three and a half months old swimming in the sea. It could neither dive nor fly, so we promptly gave chase, sailed it down, and with the aid of the dinghy got it safely on board. It was a fine strong bird, and in general colour nearly as brown as an Eider Duck. Clapsed round one of its legs was a metal ribbon, on which was stamped "1904, The Bass Rock." This ribbon, we heard later, had been placed on forty young and fifty-two old birds by Mr Laidlaw of the Lighthouse, at the request of Mr Gurney, during the first fortnight in August, in the hope of gaining information as to their wanderings in the winter months. It walked about the deck quite placidly, and, after we had taken some photographs, it slid overboard and sailed away, none the worse of its adventure.

My latest visits to the Bass were in June 1928 and in June 1929, the first in an excursion of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club and the second with the R. L. Stevenson Club. Such a cold wind was blowing on the first occasion

that tears were brought to our eyes and no satisfactory view of the birds could be taken. The swell at the steps being so great, no landing could be made there, but we got ashore at the other landing-place, as it was sheltered from the south-west wind and the waves there were not so high. A perfect day favoured the second excursion, and the birds were seen in great comfort. On both occasions I looked in vain for the Fulmar Petrel, a bird that Raeburn was the first to record as nesting on the Berwickshire coast. He and I saw it at St Abbs in 1920, but it seems, though now nesting on the May, to have missed the Bass in extending its breeding stations.

The historical incidents associated with the Bass are many and varied. Commencing with the life and death of St Baldred in the seventh century, they continue through its acquisition by Robert Lauder for "homage and service" in 1316, the visits of kings in "the Jimmies's time," the housing of political and covenanting prisoners, to the holding of it for James VII. by a few escaped officers for some years after the rest of Scotland had capitulated. These incidents have been fully described in many books, and have been skilfully epitomised in the volume on "East Lothian" issued by the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments, in which also appears an architectural description of the existing buildings, with plans and drawings, so I shall close by saying, in the words written by old Hector Boece in 1527, "Everything that is in that crag is ful of admiration and wounder."

DAY TRIPS BY RAIL.

By J. Dow.

I AM conscious that my caption is somewhat trite, and perhaps an undignified one for a serious journal such as this, but it is possible that the subject may have points of interest to most members ; indeed some of us resident in Edinburgh and Glasgow may not have quite realised how much it is possible to do without passing a night away from home.

Mountain and hill lovers in Scotland are on the whole more favourably placed than those of similar tastes in the southern half of our island. The latter are, it is true, nearer to the great European climbing centres, except Norway, but it is not yet possible to visit any of these places with the hope of getting anything done unless by devoting a week at least to the job ; and their outings to the mountains have, therefore, to be confined to holiday periods of a reasonable length, which in the case of the ordinary man occur only at too infrequent intervals. To get even to the Lake Country from London, do any serious work, and get back again in a week-end is a fairly strenuous proceeding, even if the matter of expense is—as it is not usually—a matter of no importance.

One important feature in which mountaineering in Scotland is superior to many other sports is that it can be carried on with equal pleasure right through the year from January to December ; and this gives an added value to our Scottish advantage of being near to the mountains. To motor car owners Sundays are always open ; but my notes are intended rather for those who do not possess motor cars, or who, possessing them, have other interests to consider on the first day of the week. Even apart from this, if a full day on the hills is in prospect, the added fatigue of driving a motor car for, say, 150 to 200 miles is a consideration, and the comfort and ease of the train, especially to those of us who are no longer young, is an advantage worth taking into account.

If one were desirous of getting to the hills always under the easiest of conditions, the ideal procedure would of course be to watch the weather and the barometer, and, abandoning all else, to make for the hills as the right days arrive; and even in Scotland there are a good many of these each year, and they are not appreciably fewer in number in January than in August. This is, however, a counsel of perfection, as to get away for even one day most people find it necessary to make arrangements in advance, and consequently are forced to take the weather as they may find it. Hill climbing in Scotland is after all mainly a matter of weather, and a day's tramp which in favourable conditions would be easy for any ordinary man under fifty-five, or any member of the S.M.C. under seventy, might in really bad weather tax to the utmost the powers of the youngest and strongest. Normally, therefore, the hill walker who definitely decides that he will get into the hills for a whole day once or twice each month all the year round must reckon with bad weather more often than not, and must arrange his programme accordingly. Fortunately, however, lovers of the hills are usually more or less indifferent to weather. We may not be quite able always to match the mood of Winnie Wynne when she exclaimed: "I can't be quite happy without wind, can *you*? I like to run up the hills in the wind and sing to it. That's when I am happiest"; or to agree with Henry Aylwin's dictum: "Anybody can like sunshine; muffs can like sunshine; it takes a gull or a man to like the wind!"—but at any rate we can sympathise with and understand their reactions to the weather as described by Watts-Dunton: "We knew Nature in all her moods. In every aspect . . . happy and beautiful—in winter as in summer, in storm as in sunshine. In the foggy days of November, in the sharp winds of March, in the snows and sleet and rain of February, we used to hear other people complain of the bad weather; we used to hear them fret for change. But we despised them for their ignorance where we were so learned. There was no bad weather for us."

I must, however, get to my point, which is to emphasise

the almost infinite variety and interest of the day trips by rail which are possible to members resident in Glasgow or Edinburgh, and at wonderfully low cost. These outings are of course possible to practically every part of the Southern Uplands, but for the moment I shall confine myself to the Highlands. The key trains are, on the West Highland line the 4.30 A.M. from Edinburgh, Waverley, and the 5.50 A.M. from Glasgow, Queen Street, and on the Callander and Oban line the 7 o'clock from Edinburgh, Princes Street, and the 8 o'clock from Glasgow, Buchanan Street. The first of these times is perhaps a little early, but I think not unreasonably early, for every mountaineer recognises the enormous advantages of an early start (once he is safely seated in his train, that is); and who is there who has ever stepped from the West Highland train at, say, Bridge of Orchy at 8.11 who has not thanked the strength of character and will-power which enabled him to get out of bed in time to do it?

Let us for the moment consider the matter in terms of possible Munros. I agree, of course, that the mere bagging of Munros is not a specially admirable objective for any fit man under forty-five, but if a man has reached this age and then takes up the job of bagging as many as he can of the 277—not to mention the 267 remaining tops—there is, I suggest, no reason why he should not. If, therefore, possible trips are described in terms of Munros, this is because they are intended rather for the Salvationist than the Ultramontane, and because the same trip which will perhaps stretch the middle-aged in good weather conditions will in winter and spring equally stretch the man twenty years younger; and another point is that while the fit man of fifty can go for a day almost as hard as the man half his age he needs a longer time to refit afterwards, hence the greater relative advantage in his case of day trips as against successive days of hard tramping or climbing.

We might consider first the possibilities of the West Highland train. To get the 4.30 at Waverley is for the Edinburgh man not quite so simple as taking his break-

fast, unless he is fortunate enough to live on or near one of the two winter all-night bus routes, in which case he can be deposited comfortably at Waverley for fourpence or sixpence. This is the only train, however, which may necessitate the expense of a taxi, and once caught there is nothing to hinder an hour's further slumbering, as in my experience the train has never been overcrowded provided one avoids the through carriages and changes at Glasgow. To the Glasgow resident the catching of the 5.50 presents, or should present, no difficulty in view of the complete service of early morning trams in that city, and on this train further slumber is usually possible; in the course of my fairly frequent journeyings thereby I do not think my companion and I have more than once or twice failed to get a compartment to ourselves.

Consider now the prospect: Arrochar 7.4, Ardlui 7.19, Crianlarich 7.39, Tyndrum 7.57, Bridge of Orchy 8.11, Gortan Crossing (at which a stop can almost always be arranged) 8.25, Rannoch 8.40, Corroul 8.50, Fort William 9.53; with return train Fort William 4.5, Corroul 5.14, Rannoch 5.24, Bridge of Orchy 5.49, Tyndrum 6.8, Crianlarich 6.24, Ardlui 6.43, Arrochar 7.1, the arrival times at Queen Street being 8.28 and at Waverley 9.35. There is, therefore, time available varying from twelve hours at Arrochar to eight and a half hours at Corroul and over six hours at Fort William, and one can count, owing to the comfortable travelling conditions, on arriving at these places fresh and fit; and if a change of clothes is brought one can invariably be sure of receiving from the station officials the utmost of courtesy and help in the provision of sufficient accommodation in which to get out of wet clothes and into dry before the return train arrives. In the time available from Arrochar one may sample extensively the rock climbing on the Brack, the Cobbler, Narnain, Crois, or Beinn an Lochain. The five Munros within easy reach, Beinn an Lochain, Beinn Ime, Beinn Narnain, Ben Vane, and Ben Vorlich, will perhaps be hardly possible to even the strongest in one day, but may be taken in any order or number according to weather

conditions or to one's own desires. From Ardlui Ben Vorlich and Ben Vane may be worked in either by returning there or by joining the evening train at Arrochar, or there is time to cross the Falloch and take in Beinn Chabhair, both tops of Beinn a' Chroin and An Caisteal, joining the return train at Crianlarich. From Crianlarich the possibilities are greater still. Possible days are: (1) Stob Garbh, Cruach Ardrain, and Beinn Tulaichean; (2) Ben More, Stobinian, Stob Coire an Lochan, and Meall na Dige; (3) Beinn Chaluum, both tops. From Tyndrum one may do (1) Beinn Laoigh and Beinn a' Chleibh; (2) Stob nan Clach and Creag Mhor; (3) Beinn Oss and Beinn Dubhchraig; and from Bridge of Orchy (1) Beinn Heasgarnich; (2) Stob Gabhar and Stob a' Choire Odhar; (3) Beinn Dorain, Beinn a' Chuirn and Beinn Mhanach; or if the train is left at Gortan Beinn a' Chreachain, Meall Buidhe, the Achaladair tops and Beinn an Dothaidh can be taken, rejoining the train at Bridge of Orchy. From Rannoch, Meall Buidhe may be reached by making use of the Kinloch Rannoch Motor Omnibus to Bridge of Gaur; from Corrour (1) Beinn na Lap; (2) Carn Dearg and Sgor Gaibhre; and (3) Chno Dearg and Stob Coire Sgriodain (strong walkers only) are possible; and from Fort William the great Ben himself can be ascended easily in the time available.

With regard to cost, the resident in Edinburgh, unless he goes on Wednesday or Saturday, must pay the full fare to Glasgow, but from Glasgow a day ticket to Arrochar is available on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and on any day walking-tour tickets Arrochar-Whistlefield and Ardlui-Arrochar can be obtained. Beyond Ardlui no day tickets are issued unless at local holiday seasons when they can be had for all stations as far as Tyndrum, but the officials of the Railway Company, who are courtesy itself, have never in my case raised any objection to the acceptance of excess fare over the Arrochar or Ardlui ticket at Crianlarich or Tyndrum; and at stations beyond Tyndrum the day ticket to Fort William issued on Tuesdays and Saturdays from April to October

inclusive and costing (third class) 10s. has in my experience always been accepted.

We may now look at the possibilities of the L.M.S. train. Here again the Glasgow resident is favoured with a longer beauty sleep. He does not start until the comparatively late hour of eight o'clock, but his train when once going is comparatively businesslike, although not so fast as the West Highland one. The Edinburgh train, however, has an appreciable sense of humour in its own quiet way. Leaving Edinburgh at seven, it runs very efficiently to Larbert. If, however, the passenger, owing to rebooking necessities which I shall refer to later, gets out here and lets the train go off without him, he need not, therefore, worry in the slightest. A few minutes later the 7.15 North Express from Glasgow comes in, which he can take to Stirling, where he will find his first train patiently waiting for him at a side platform, and it will then take him on leisurely to Callander where he again has a wait of three-quarters of an hour or so until the train from Glasgow catches him up. This wait is, however, not altogether a waste of time, as a sketchy breakfast can be added to and other comestibles purchased if necessary in the town, while Ben Ledi, if it can be seen at all, is at all seasons a thing of beauty. Leaving Callander at 9.37 the joint train gets to Strathyre at 9.55, Balquhiddel 10.6, Killin, with a change at the Junction, 11.11, Luib 10.46, Crianlarich 10.56, Tyndrum 11.10 (both Crianlarich and Tyndrum are, however, better served, as noted above, by L.N.E.R.), Dalmally 11.32, Loch Awe 11.40, Cruachan Halt 11.50, the return times being Cruachan 5.45, Loch Awe 5.56, Dalmally 6.4, Tyndrum 6.35, Crianlarich 6.46, Luib 6.56, Killin 6.45, Balquhiddel 7.25, Strathyre 7.35 and Callander 8.5. Starting from Callander one has time to go north by Arivurichardich over Ben Voirlich and Stuc a' Chroin, returning to Balquhiddel, or from Balquhiddel one may go by Edinample up Glen Ample, over Ben Voirlich and Stuc a' Chroin, returning either to Balquhiddel or along the ridge via Beinn Each to Strathyre, or down the road to Callander. From Killin

the whole of the Tarmachan tops may be covered, and Meall Ghaordie makes an easy winter day; while during the summer months all of the six Munros and two tops of the Lawers Range are possible (though not in the same outing) by making use as required of the motor bus leaving Killin for Aberfeldy at 11.30 and the Loch Tay steamer returning from Lawers pier at 5.20. From Luib the two Munros between Glen Dochart and Glen Lochay, Sgiath Chuil and Meall Glas, with their two subsidiary tops, make a pleasant round. From Dalmally Beinn Eunaich and Beinn a' Chochuill can be taken, although these are more easily done via Loch Awe, from which station also the three eastern tops of Cruachan make an easy day, while from Cruachan Halt the four remaining tops are possible in favourable weather.

Leaving Edinburgh at the same time and Glasgow at 7.15, one can get to Comrie at 9.30 and go to Ben Chonzie via Glen Lednock and Invergeldie, returning either by Carroglen and the east bank of the Lednock or via Glen Turret to Crieff, return trains Comrie 5.4 and 7.10, Crieff 5.24 and 7.28; and starting at the same time Blair Atholl can be reached at 10.52, from which Carn Liath can be taken, with return train at 6.24.

The Glasgow enthusiast may have a much longer day by leaving Central Station at 4.15 which enables him to get to Callander at 6.13 and Loch Awe at 8.19 with intermediate times to correspond (the Killin connection by this train is not good in winter and one is then better to walk from the Junction), and to Blair Atholl at 7.18. The additional time thus made available is very useful on Cruachan, and from Blair Atholl makes the higher tops of Beinn a' Ghlo, Carn a' Chlamain and Beinn Dearg possible, but unfortunately there is no Edinburgh connection. There is in summer a later return train to Glasgow from Loch Awe 7.8 and Callander 9.4 which is all right to Stirling 9.37, but afterwards so hopeless that a bus is better taken from Stirling; it is not really worth while, unless to avoid a rush to catch the earlier train.

Expenses by this route are also very reasonable indeed, although the same humorist who arranged the running of

the 7 o'clock train from Edinburgh seems to have had some share in the excursion arrangements. Day tickets from Glasgow and Edinburgh are only available on the Callander and Oban line as far as Callander, and none are issued to the Highland line, but the excursionist may take a day ticket to Larbert and there re-book to Blair Atholl for 7s. 6d. or to Killin for 5s. on Wednesdays and Saturdays from April to October inclusive—to Killin also on the first Wednesday of each remaining month, and during the Christmas and Easter holidays. Day tickets are also available to Crieff on Wednesdays and Saturdays and to Comrie on the first Wednesday of every month. From Callander day tickets are available—but again, however, only from April to October and at special holiday times—to Strathyre, Balquhider, Killin, and Loch Awe. On this line also the officials are invariably most courteous and helpful. There is always time to re-book at Callander, and for the traveller from Edinburgh at any rate there is ample time to do so at Larbert, while the traveller from Glasgow can manage it by exercising a little promptness in his movements; and no objection to such re-booking has ever at any time in my experience been raised by the railway officials. If, of course, one is travelling on a Saturday, the week-end tickets at single fare and one-third are available all the year round.

The companies also advertise that day tickets at single journey fare are available between any stations to parties of four travelling to engage in any sport or pastime; perhaps our Secretary will obtain an official ruling that four members of the Club travelling together will qualify for this concession!

Almost all of the trips noted I have myself made by the trains referred to, and every one of them I thoroughly enjoyed and found to be a charming interlude in my usual routine. With two days, or even one such day, per month, the time between real holiday periods seems to be bridged most amazingly. Of the similar excursions possible among the Southern Uplands, space does not permit any detail on this occasion.

SONG WITHOUT DANCE.

(To tune—more or less—of “So early in the morning.”)

WHEN you are slack and growing old,
Consuming more than you can hold,
Your doctor tactfully implies
The cure is take more exercise.

So you go mountaineering,
So you go mountaineering,
So you go mountaineering
With the S.M.C.

The Sliding Screes of Sgurr a' Mhaim
Have tried the legs of stronger men.
The draughty heights of cold Sron Gries
Have caused phlebitis in my knees,

Yet I go mountaineering,
Yet I go mountaineering,
Yet I go mountaineering
With the S.M.C.

And what care I if Càin nan Gabhar
Shall rob me of my motive power,
Or windy ridge of dollerite
Project me in the ewigkeit?

I'll keep on mountaineering,
I'll keep on mountaineering,
I'll keep on mountaineering
With the S.M.C.

What tho' the top of broad Cairn Toul
Convince me that I am an Ass,
Ascending 4,240 feet *
To get my breeches full of sleet!

I'd still go mountaineering,
I'd still go mountaineering,
I'd still go mountaineering
With the S.M.C.

But soaking rain on Binnein Mòr
Have seen the point whereat I swore,
And awful gales on Ciste Dubh
Have also wrung the vow from you—

We'll give up mountaineering,
We'll give up mountaineering,
We'll give up mountaineering,

And sell our Boots. GEORGE SANG.

(With apologies to Walt Whitman.)

* Say—four two forty.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1929.

MR GEORGE T. GLOVER presided at the Annual General Meeting, held in the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, on Friday, 6th December 1929. The meeting was well attended, due in great part to the Hon. Treasurer's forethought in securing ample dressing-room accommodation in the hotel for members, to say nothing of the thoughtful way in which the Dinner Committee engineered the time of closing the Reception so as to admit of a comfortable bath and change before the meeting began.

A commencement was made by the PRESIDENT calling upon the SECRETARY to read the minutes of last meeting. The minutes, which gained in picturesque diction what they lost in departure from soul-stagnating accuracy, were accepted by the meeting and signed by the President.

The Hon. Treasurer, E. C. THOMSON, recapitulated from the printed accounts the main features of his financial intromissions, showing that the Club had passed through a successful year, and when the time came for comments by the members, he was able to give decided and satisfactory answers to all the questions on the numerous branches of his budget. He agreed to a suggestion that in future the unsold " Guide Book " stock should appear, although it was pointed out by the Secretary that no definite money value could be placed upon this stock, due to the fact that it was impossible to tell what proportion of the stock would be sold direct by the Club and what would be made subject to trade discount.

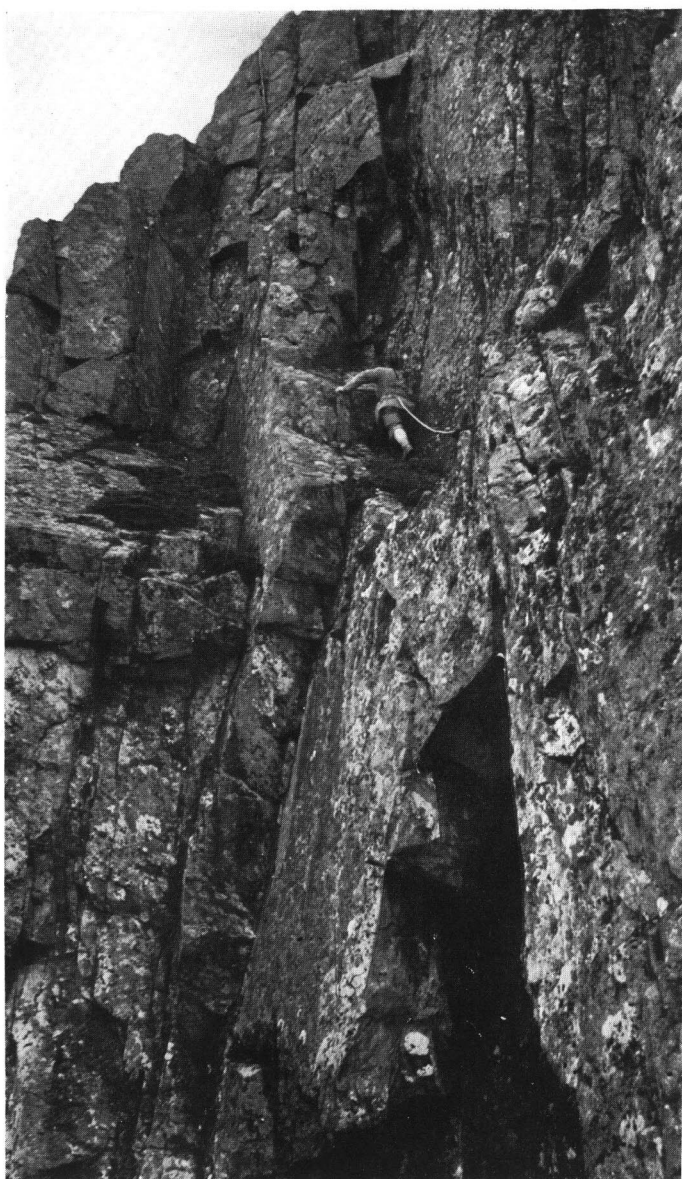
The CHAIRMAN distinguished himself on this occasion and, indeed, throughout the whole meeting by the delicacy and discrimination with which he meted out to each official labourer in the Club's interest a separate meed



May 1927

LOCHAN NA H'EARBA, CREAG A'CHUIR. (*See page 53*)

J. A. Parker



August 1928

L. St C. Bartholomew

THE CHURCH DOOR BUTTRESS. (*See page 63*)

of praise for their loving labours. *Brevitatis causa* no individual references in that regard are therefore made.

STUART CUMMING'S Report, submitted to the Committee, in connection with the Commutation Fund, stated that, in his opinion, the Fund was in a sound condition, requiring no alteration of its present rates.

Next came the SECRETARY'S Report, which was received with considerable appreciation by the meeting. Some excerpts are worth recording: ". . . The addition of 12 new members brought the total membership at the close of the year up to 256—the highest figure yet reached in the annals of the Club. Almost all these candidates came forward with remarkably strong qualification lists, testifying to their realisation of the stringency of the present Committee, as also to the high standard of competence set by the J.M.C.S., to which Club the majority belonged. So long as we have the J.M.C.S. feeding the senior body with such excellent material, we may face the future with confidence that our traditions will be capably upheld. . . .

"It was my irksome duty to supervise the exuberance of the local press representatives and, worse, to reply in conciliatory and guarded terms to the complimentary message received from the Glasgow and West of Scotland Federation of Ramblers. . . .

"Special gift copies of the 'Cairngorm Guide' had been prepared in exquisite binding for H.M. the King and the Princess Royal, two of the most generous contributors to our comfort when we meet on that group of hills. The Princess expressed herself as delighted with her gift, but H.M., having let it be known through his Balmoral librarian that he preferred books in their common binding, an ordinary volume was sent and acknowledged. This left us with the presentation copy. The Committee decided that the correct recipient of this handsome volume was, without question, the author. It was therefore sent to Mr Alexander, with a dedication in token of his services and the Club's esteem, and in acknowledgment came a letter couched in the most gracious terms expressing his gratification and pleasure at the

Club's thoughtfulness and generosity. I may say, parenthetically, that I have looked through the Club Accounts with some anxiety to discover just whose generosity is thereby implicated!!

"The Committee, after deliberation, decided to reproduce the General Section, Vol. I., of the 'Guide Book,' as the first edition is now entirely disposed of."

The HON. EDITOR submitted a satisfactory Report on the *Journal*. His efforts—feeble as they were—to sustain the official reputation for humour were indulgently received.

A. E. MAYLARD asked if, in future, the names of contributors of "Notes" might appear, instead of merely their initials. Occasionally, he explained, *Journal* readers wished to apply for additional information to the authors, and mere initials were not invariably a true index to individuality.

The EDITOR explained that, in using initials, he was merely the slave of precedent, and that there was no reason why full responsibility for the "Notes" should not be accepted by the persons contributing them.

An important step was taken at this point by the acceptance by the meeting of a motion by E. C. THOMSON, seconded by JACK MACROBERT, that W. B. Speirs be appointed Hon. Assistant Editor. E. C. THOMSON explained that he would have preferred a more descriptive title of the duties which would fall upon W. B. Speirs' shoulders, but the terms of his office did not suggest one. W. B. Speirs will have under his charge the control of the publicity department, the *Journal* advertisements, and "Guide Book" stocks and sales. This office is really created to ease in some degree the labours of the Hon. Secretary, who has, up to this point, had the task of acting as the Club's wholesale and retail department.

G. MURRAY LAWSON, the Hon. Librarian, delivered his Report on the Library and Club-room, and embodied in it Evershed Thomson's Report upon the photographic slides. He explained to the meeting the reasons for altering the locality of the Club-room from its old

quarters at the top of the house at 12 Castle Street to a ground-floor room in the Secretary's office building at 3 Forres Street. The rent of the 12 Castle Street premises had been rising gradually in the past five years, and it now reached a figure at which the Club-room Committee began to wonder whether the use made of the Club-room justified the continuance of its existence. He expected that the removal to the new premises would induce more members to make use of the Library, and it was hoped in the future to gather sufficient funds to make the new room a pleasant and suitable place for meetings. He explained that the Edinburgh members had generously borne all the cost of the removal, so that the Club did not suffer at all to this extent, but on the contrary benefited by the fact that the levy had slightly exceeded what was required, resulting in the acquisition of a couple of chairs. The Library, he said, was slowly recovering from the removal contractors' unique scheme of volume arrangement, and he had every hope that before long things would be in working order. Evershed Thomson, in his Report, seemed to suggest that the practice of borrowing photographic slides for the purpose of spreading the gospel of mountaineering by lantern lectures had increased rather than diminished. There was still a certain number of slides unidentified. Various efforts had been made by different experts to put names to these, but as certain peaks formerly identified as located on the chain of Mont Blanc were proved to have been actually photographed in Norway, he expressed himself as a little doubtful about adopting suggestions of nomenclature without proof. A special vote of thanks was at this point passed to Percy Donald on account of his departure for Egypt, after tabulating and arranging the slide collection, which has never been in better condition than that in which he left it.

An entirely new element came forward for the first time at this meeting in the form of an official Report by R. R. ELTON on the condition of the Charles Inglis Clark Memorial Hut. R. R. Elton acts as the officer controlling this department, and his Report showed that, although a

considerable amount of use had been made of the Hut since the date of its opening on the 1st April 1929, the figures were slightly disappointing, and, when analysed, showed that parties who went once to the Hut went again. He felt sure that if more members were to try the convenience of the Hut, they would find what an inestimable boon it was, and that it only required a little more publicity amongst the members to increase its popularity. The Hut Committee had, after careful deliberation, found it necessary to increase the occupation charge from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per night in order to allow for the accumulation of some sort of fund against repair outlay. The meeting expressed itself as prepared to agree with the findings of the Hut Committee, as explained by R. R. Elton, and approved his Report in full.

Before passing from the consideration of the Hut business, J. A. PARKER raised the question as to whether a key might not be kept in Aberdeen for the use of the Aberdeen members. R. R. ELTON stated that the Committee had given favourable consideration to this question, and agreed to the request that a key should be kept at Aberdeen. It is necessary in order to borrow the Hut key at Fort William to produce to the local custodian, Mr Nicolson, a Club Button. The SECRETARY therefore suggested that no key need be kept at Aberdeen if the Aberdeen members would only club together and purchase a button for exhibition when the key was required. R. R. ELTON asked J. A. Parker to suggest a local keeper of the key, expressing himself as prepared to forward the key so soon as he had the name of the member prepared to accept the responsibility.

Lord Mackay was appointed in place of A. E. Robertson to act as Vice-President along with Harry MacRobert. The vacancies in Committee caused by the retirement of L. St C. Bartholomew, R. C. Paterson, and D. P. Levack were filled by the appointment of Alex. Harrison, William Garden, and W. B. Speirs. The other office-bearers and members of Committee were re-elected conform to Rule No. 26.

On a motion by A. E. MAYLARD, seconded by G.

MURRAY LAWSON, the privilege accorded to members of the A.C. to apply for membership without tendering qualifications was, after discussion, withdrawn. A. E. Maylard explained that he did not wish it to be thought that he considered members of the Alpine Club as such unqualified for membership of the S.M.C., but that it was only fair that any candidate for membership, A.C. or otherwise, should fall in line in submitting a sufficient qualification, and the existence of the Club Hut made it more essential that each member should enter into his privileges by the same channel. W. W. NAISMITH contended that it made it easier for a member of the Alpine Club to join the S.M.C. if the sentence were retained. He did not, however, wish to press the point, as he had no doubt that any member of the Alpine Club desirous of joining would be quite capable of submitting a sufficient qualification. On the question being put to the vote, the cancellation was agreed to.

The meeting fixed the Easter Meet of 1931 at Tomdoun, Cluanie, and Glen Shiel, and the New Year Meet at Arrochar.

The HON. SECRETARY read a Report by R. W. Martin and himself, the Club's representatives to the Association for the Preservation of Rural Scotland, embodying one by himself as the Club's representative to the Committee of National Forest Reserve. Concisely stated, the effect of the Report was to advocate the continuance of the Club's subscription to the Association.

RECEPTION.

*(By an irresponsible contributor who seldom means
what he says.)*

THE Club Reception was held in Glasgow, on Friday, 6th December 1929, at 3.30 P.M. That City's premier establishment had put at the disposal of the Club's guests the cavernous banqueting hall, in the dim recesses of which a soir  e tea was ready set for a party of 230 very hungry folk. Satisfaction of a healthy hill appetite was evidently

the aim of the management rather than the tempting of the jaded with dainty delicacies. Waiters slapped the hotel's particular brand of hot and wet impartially over your table crockery and clothing, and seemed to know by experience that if you didn't take sugar on ordinary occasions, you'd need it this time. But anyhow, I'll say this for them, they certainly "got on with it," for if you came in a bit late, you were simply scored off as a non-starter.

A screen had been set up in one corner of the vast mausoleum, just where an errant ray of street lighting struggled through the quasi-gloom, and after readjustment, the audience, who had moved forward in a body to occupy 230 gilt-backed, cane-bottomed lumbago stirrers, had inflicted upon them an amateur cinematographic film of the Opening of the Charles Inglis Clark Memorial Hut. The pictures—if one may be allowed the expression—were the joint crime of Vice-President MacRobert and Secretary Sang, and the latter gave some lame description of their import, dimly heard above the clatter and buzz of the projector worked by his partner in sin. The titles which embellished the film were, as a general rule, legible, and enabled the spectators to form some rough idea of the purport of the vibrating light particles reflected from the screen. A slight check on the feed of the film caused a failure in the take-up and resulted in the unfortunate operator standing knee-deep in about 500 feet of tripe. As, however, it was dark, the spectators failed to realise that justice even then was being measured out to deserving iniquity. The proceedings closed with a profound feeling of thankfulness on all sides. If the show was dud, the Club can at least console itself that it cost them nothing beyond the anguish of the moment.

DINNER.

THE Forty-first Annual Dinner was held in the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, at 7.30 P.M., at the conclusion of the Annual General Meeting on Friday, 6th December 1929. Members and guests were present. Among the

guests were T. S. Booth (Yorkshire Ramblers), A. H. Clark (Cairngorm Club), Sir William H. Ellis (Alpine Club), Dr John F. Fergus, Richard K. Hartley (Rucksack Club), and G. W. Jackson (Fell and Rock Club).

The President occupied the chair, and after the Royal Toast had been duly honoured, he proposed the "Toast of the Club." Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and in his address the President showed the very real love of the mountains which has been characteristic of his whole life. Seldom have the higher functions of the Club and the noble atmosphere of the mountains been better expressed.

The toast of the "Guests" was proposed by the Hon. Editor, who has deleted the comments made by the author of this note, so the verdict remains unrecorded.

In the absence of Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A., who had agreed to respond, a most felicitous reply was made by Dr John Fergus from the wide stores of his experience. The reply was notable in that it included a recitation of the doctor's own poem, entitled "The Bottle," appreciated alike for its humour and clever versification, and for that reason reprinted below.

A. G. Hutchison proposed "The Kindred Clubs" in a speech which maintained the high tone set by the President, and the reply by Sir William H. Ellis, of the Alpine Club, might be justly described as one of the finest ever heard at such a dinner.

During the course of the evening, Stuart Jack sang the Club song in his usual good style, the audience joining heartily in the chorus.

The photograph on the menu was a view of Ben Lomond, by E. C. Thomson.

Although the attendance was smaller than usual, all present will, we think, agree that the whole evening was thoroughly enjoyed, and it would be therefore inappropriate to close this note without expressing the indebtedness of the Club to Allan Arthur and those who assisted him in making the necessary arrangements.

THE BOTTLE.

HE had hoasted a' the winter, he was hoastin' in the spring,
An' the hoast that kept him hoastin' had a gey uncanny
ring;

It wasna just a creachle nor forbye was it a kink,
An' it wasna just the roupyness o' yin that's taen to drink,
An' it wasna like the chin-cough or the croup or the
diphthery,

But oh, it was an unco hoast and left him weak and weary!

He had catch'd it in the autumn when a buryin' he was at,
When he stood for aiblins haulf an' oor withoot his auld
lum hat,

An' a' the time the meenister was yammerin' ower the deid,
The soughin' wind an' seepin' rain were dirlin' at his
heid;

Though the wife gi'ed him a nicht-kep, he got a' stapp'd-
up an' bleary,

For oh, it was an unco hoast an' kept him weak an' weary!

He wouldna see the doctor, said "it wasna worth his
while,"

But the gudewife gi'ed his kist a rub wi' camphorated ile;
Syne he tried a mustard plaister, syne a porous yin forbye,
Syne he tried an embrocation, maist effective for the kye,
An' syne he tried a batter, a saw an' an emulsion,
But de'il a hate his unco hoast wad yield to their
compulsion.

He steamed his hause, he sook'd jujubes, he gargled an'
he ganted,

But de'il a yin o' a' the cures was just the thing he wanted;
He hoasted aye, his kist was sair, defluction nearly chok'd
him,

In scaddin' baths, an unkent thing, nicht efter nicht they
soak'd him:

But a' in vain, he hoasted on, grew dowie, dour, an'
dreary,

For oh, it was an unco hoast, an' kept him glum an' weary!

It was wearin' on in spring-time, and the "Fast" was
drawin' near,
When the gudewife said, "Eh, John, my man, although
the doctor's dear,
We maun ca' the body in to see gin he can fin' what's
wrang,
This hoast, this unco hoast o' yours has lasted far ower
lang,
An' gin it carries you awa', I'd thole it a' the easier,
Gin I but kent whit's this disease that's makin' you aye
wheezier."

So the doctor he wis summon'd wi' his rowth o' sense an'
skill,
He tapp'd his kist an' heard his hoast an' ca'ed him fell
an' ill,
But gin he'd tak' a bottle he wad cheat the kirkyaird yet,
An' be whistlin' ower the pastures ere the summer sun
was het,
For a bottle, just a bottle, is the proper thing to gi'e,
When wi' hoastin', unco hoastin', a puir body's like to
dee.

An' the bottle, oh the bottle, that the skilly doctor gi'ed,
It had ipecac an' squills intilt, tolu an' aniseed,
An' a scent o' paregoric, but was gey an' wersh to pree,
For aye the wershest medicines are aye the best to gi'e,
But a bottle, oh a bottle, is jist the wale o' a',
When ye've a hoast or "income,"* or ha'e naething
wrang ava.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1930—NEWTONMORE.

THE New Year Meet of the Club was held at the Hotel,
Newtonmore, from Friday, 27th December 1929, to
Sunday, 5th January 1930, but its extended duration did

* Abscess or tumour.

not result in an exceptional attendance. The semi-official gathering of the Guide Book Committee at Kings-house of Glencoe accounted for the absence of several "good companions."

From first to last there attended :—

Members.—G. T. Glover (*President*), J. L. Aikman, J. T. A. Burt, D. Rainy Brown, J. H. B. Bell, J. Rooke Corbett, J. Dow, J. Gall Inglis, R. M. Gall Inglis, J. S. M. Jack, W. N. Ling, E. N. Marshall, I. B. Mowat, N. W. Mowbray, Sir Hugh M'Pherson, D. H. M'Pherson, J. MacRobert, H. MacRobert, Donald C. Macdonald, J. Y. Macdonald, D. F. Pilkington, R. C. Paterson, A. E. Robertson, G. Sang, G. R. Speirs, E. C. Thomson, and W. T. Yeaman.

Guests.—J. Hotchkiss, S. I. Jack, Professor Clark, and — Smith.

The first arrival was Burt, who settled in on the 27th, and ascended Creag Dhubh on the following day. In the evening Ling, Dow, and D. C. Macdonald arrived.

On Sunday, 29th December, in uncomfortable conditions of rain, wind, and snow, A'Chailleach was ascended by Ling, Burt, D. C. Macdonald, and Dow. It is an ill wind, &c., however, and it did some good in blowing in Pilkington.

The President arrived in time for breakfast on Monday, 30th December, and Burt left immediately afterwards, *post hoc non propter hoc*.

The President, Ling, Dow, Pilkington, and D. C. Macdonald motored a short distance up Glen Banchor and then traversed Càrn Dearg, Càrn Ban, and Càrn Ballach. Conditions were otherwise pleasant and visibility good all round.

On Tuesday, 31st December, the President, Ling, Sang, H. MacRobert, and Robertson motored to Ardverikie, whence, in spite of Robertson's defection, they succeeded in ascending Creag Pitridh and Geal Chàrn. The tops, unfortunately, were mostly in mist, but some fine views were observed both during the ascent and on the return journey. They reported that either a fallen

tree or a mob of wild cat prevented them getting by car to the western end of Lochan na h'Earba.

Corbett, Smith, D. C. Macdonald, and Yeaman motored to Crathie (the farm not the church) and ascended Geal Chàrn of Glen Markie. Pilkington, Clark, and Mowat undertook and over-tramped A'Chailleach and Carn Sgùlain. Dow travelled by train to Dalwhinnie to enjoy a fine view from the top of Carn na Caim. Whether this was purposeful or fortuitous is not revealed.

Reinforced by the arrival in the evening of E. C. Thomson, Marshall, Paterson, D. H. M'Pherson, Rainy Brown, Gall Inglis, R. M. Gall Inglis, Aikman (who had come from the Nevis Hut), and J. MacRobert, the Meet that night could be described as well filled. The year closed in a spirit of kindly humour and good comradeship diffused by our genial President. Morpheus saw the New Year in and eke the old year out. Thus passed away a hogmanay, *né hallowed né devout*.

On Wednesday, 1st January 1930, ice lay on the roads and Robin blew on his nail. The President, Ling, Sang, and J. MacRobert motored along Loch Laggan and leaving the car at Aberarder farm road walked up Corrie Arder, climbed Creag Meaghaidh from the north, enjoying a truncated view of "The Posts." The going was pretty heavy up the Window, but firmer on the final slope where, unfortunately, marled mist and much wind prevailed. The descent was made over Meall Coire Choille-rai to Rudah na Magach near the west end of the loch, a distance of a bare $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the waiting limousine.

H. MacRobert and D. H. M'Pherson, on ski (the B.B.C. have decided this is now to be pronounced with the "k" hard as in cat, cab, and cockroach), reached the top of A'Chailleach and Carn Sgùlain. Marshall and Paterson, without ski, contented themselves with A'Chailleach. Smith, Yeaman, and D. C. Macdonald motored to Feshie Bridge and climbed Geal Charn and Sgoran Dubh. Brown and Clark, catching the ten o'clock train for Dalwhinnie, climbed Carn na Caim and Meall Chuaich passing by Loch Cuaich. Thomson, Dow,

and R. M. Inglis climbed A'Chailleach, thence south to Càrn Sgulain and Am Bodach, and home by the path from the bothy. Mowat and Aikman climbed Meall Chuaich from Dalwhinnie and came direct home across country, while Robertson sought to find the cave on Creag Dhubh. The President, Yeaman, Smith, and Gall Inglis left, while J. S. M. Jack, S. I. Jack, and Hotchkiss arrived. In the absence of the President, Vice-President MacRobert presided in the evening.

On Thursday, 2nd January, Clark and Brown did Càrn Dearg and Carn Maigr, sometimes known as Càrn Ban. Marshall and Paterson marched to Laggan Bridge, and when they got there, like the famous Duke in the rhyming tag, they marched home again, returning, however, by the south road.

E. C. Thomson and J. MacRobert, aided by the train to Dalwhinnie, climbed Carn na Caim, and claimed to have discovered a new Munro with an altitude of 3,020 feet against the official height of 2,998. Snow conditions made good going, and on the whole the weather was fine and at times sunny. H. MacRobert, Sang, J. S. M. Jack, S. I. Jack, Hotchkiss, and D. H. M'Pherson took a car to a point 4 miles short of Loch Pattack where they were stopped by rumours of a fallen tree, and finding their real objective, Ben Alder, out of reach secured Beinn Bheòil in severe windy conditions. Gall Inglis visited Glen Bancher, while Robertson wrestled with the Railway Company in an unsuccessful effort to stop the 5.20 at Newtonmore. Marshall, Thomson, Paterson, J. MacRobert, Robertson, and Clark left.

On Friday, 2nd January, J. H. B. Bell and D. H. M'Pherson, taking the train to Blair Atholl, climbed Carn Liath by mistake, their intention being to climb the Dalwhinnie Hills, but the Railway Company would neither stop the train nor reverse from Blair Atholl. Brown, Hotchkiss, J. S. M. Jack, S. I. Jack, and, in parts, Sang, climbed A'Chailleach. The major part of Sang returned home in face of a fierce snow shower, only the inimitable memory of him remained. His retreat,

however, was explained when it became known that he had calmly set out with only yesterday's sandwiches.

G. R. Speirs, who came up over-night, joined the party at the bothy. The wind and snow conditions prevented an extensive peak-bagging circuit. H. MacRobert and Gall Inglis left by the morning train, while Mowbray, J. Y. Macdonald, and Sir Hugh M'Pherson arrived in the course of the day.

The evening was marked by a very kindly incident, when the Rev. Mr Thomson, who had taken a great interest in the proceedings, arrived with the present of a hazel stock, made by Duncan M'Pherson, the well-known maker of these implements, as a memento of the Meet at Newtonmore. Mr Thomson was thanked by the members present, and the stock sent on by sure hands to the Librarian.

On Saturday, 4th January, the early birds coming out at 9 A.M. found snow falling, and J. H. B. Bell beat a hasty retreat on his motor bicycle. Brown left by the morning train, and all the remaining members of the party, Sir Hugh M'Pherson, D. H. M'Pherson, Mowbray, J. Y. Macdonald, Speirs, Hotchkiss, and the Jacks set off for Càrn Dearg.

The day was fine with some glorious sunlit views, but the going was heavy. Mowbray, Speirs, and D. H. M'Pherson used ski, but the snow conditions were not good.

The whole party achieved Càrn Dearg and Carn Maig (as before), from where the Jacks and Hotchkiss returned home. The remainder did Càrn Ballach.

On Sunday, 5th January, the weather was fine but dull with frost conditions on the tops. Sir H. M'Pherson, D. H. M'Pherson, J. Y. Macdonald, Speirs, and Mowbray, leaving Newtonmore at 9.15 A.M., covered A'Chail-leach, Càrn Sgulain, Am Bodach, Beinn Buidhe, and reached Newtonmore again at three o'clock.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mrs Main and family for their very successful efforts in making the Club comfortable on this the first occasion of a Meet at Newtonmore.

CLUB ROOM.

THERE have been several meetings this winter, which have been tolerably well attended by Edinburgh members.

The opening meeting of the new room was the occasion of the exhibition of coloured slides by Dr Inglis Clark.

The Rev. A. E. Robertson showed us his latest masterpieces of Ben Nevis, Glen Strathfarrar, and Glen Cannich. Mr J. A. Parker introduced us to the Mountains of British Columbia in the course of a tour round the world, and the Secretary talked to us about rope, and elucidated with his characteristic thoroughness some of the problems connected with this mysterious subject.

LIBRARY.

The following have been received since the last issue of the *Journal* :—

- Alpine Journal. Vol. XLI., No. 239.
- Oxford and Cambridge Mountaineering Journal. 1928-29.
- Climbers' Club Journal (New Series). Vol. IV., No. 1.
- Cairngorm Club Journal. Vol. XII., No. 69.
- Scottish Ski Club Magazine. Vol. I., Nos. 1-5.
- The Himalayan Journal. Vol. I., No. 1.
- Scottish Gaelic Studies. Vol. III., Part I. September 1929.
- British Ski Club Year Book. Vol. V., No. 10. 1929.
- Les Alpes. October 1929 to February 1930.
- Bulletin Pyrénéen. October 1929 to March 1930.
- Sangaku (Japanese Alpine Club Journal). Vol. XXIV., Nos. 1, 2, and 3.
- Bulletin du Club Alpin Belge. Vol. VI., No. 17.
- Bulletin, Appalachian Mountain Club. December 1929.
- Italian Alpine Club Journal. September 1929 to January 1930.
- La Montagne. November 1929.
- Club Alpin Français—Bulletin de la Section Sud-Ouest. 1927-29.
- Akademischer Alpin Club, Bern. Vol. I., No. 1.
- Zeitschrift des Deutschen und Österreichischen Alpen-Vereins, 1929.

Our President has kindly presented us with a copy of Mr J. M'Bain's book, "The Merrick and Neighbouring Hills," and Mr Arthur R. Anderson has kindly defrayed the cost of the purchase of the Royal Commission's Report on Antiquities, &c., of Mid and West Lothian. The Club thanks these gentlemen for their kindness. Mr H. V. Morton's "In Search of Scotland" has been purchased. There is a quantity of back numbers of our *Club Journal* stored in the Club Rooms. They go back as far as No. 21. From that number on to No. 70 there are many gaps, but the sequence is pretty complete from No. 70 onwards. Should any member or other reader wish to acquire copies, he should apply to the Honorary Librarian, Mr G. Murray Lawson, 4 Tipperlinn Road, Edinburgh.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

Ten additional slides of the Mont Blanc district have been presented by Mr Alex. Harrison, and two of the same district by Mr C. W. Parry. The Rev. A. E. Robertson has given four slides of Ben Nevis and the Hut, while thirteen of the Ross-shire peaks are the gift of Mr J. L. Aikman. Six from Mr Sang illustrate the "Lay of the Rope." The total number presented is accordingly thirty-five, and this opportunity is taken of thanking the generous donors.

REVIEWS.

In Search of Scotland. H. V. Morton. Methuen & Co. Ltd.

Though in no sense a mountaineering book and portraying only that reverence and admiration for mountain forms as seen from below, this most delightful publication is a welcome addition to the library of any lover of Scottish scenery. It is undoubtedly the most readable guide book to Scotland which has ever been published, and has that peculiar fascination that, once started, the reader is lured on to the delicious finish through pages of friendly criticism and warm appreciation. There are, naturally, passages in the book with which the mountaineer cannot well agree; but we would like to draw special attention to the chapters dealing with Skye and Glencoe. With this book Mr Morton has added yet another classic to the literature of scenic description, blending as he does the people, their characteristics, and their superstitions with the areas under description.

G. S.

Oxford and Cambridge Mountaineering, 1928-29. J. L. Longland, Editor. Published by S. G. Marshall & Son, Cambridge. Price 3s. 6d.

This issue is well up to the high standard of its predecessors. It contains 130 pages of letterpress, inclusive of our Guide Book advertisement, which we rejoice to think must be included in even the bound copies. We do not indicate that our advertisement is one of the more attractive features of the *Journal*, which contains a large number of short articles covering a wide area of exploration from Spitzbergen to the Pyrenees. It would perhaps be invidious to single out any of these interesting little papers for special mention, but we cannot help referring to the Editor's description of his climb on the western buttress of Clogwyn d'ur Arddhu. Mention of this climb has already appeared in both the *Rucksack* and *Yorkshire Ramblers' Journal*, and judging from the lavishness of detail expended on picturing its various thrills and difficulties, we feel that no effort has been spared to ensure its fame. The publication is illustrated by numerous beautiful photographs and a map. As the pictures have in most instances no relation whatever to the text, it might perhaps have increased their value had the legends been a little more explicit. The book is well worth reading, and we feel that the Editor is to be congratulated on the success of what we judge from the Preface is his first venture in this particular field of literature.

G. S.

Climbs and Ski Runs. F. S. Smythe. Blackwood & Sons Ltd. 21s.

This is an excellent book. In the last chapter, entitled "The Philosophy of a Mountaineer," Mr Smythe attempts to analyse his feelings towards the mountains and mountaineering. After reading the chapters we would submit that the spirit of the book is better interpreted in the words, "It is better to die like a hero than live like an ox in a stall." Mr Smythe possesses an intimate knowledge of the Alps and Alpine history and literature, the originality of thought of a pioneer, and the qualities of a leader. His resource and boldness of action are well illustrated in the chapter entitled "A Storm on the Peteret Ridge," and his planning and execution of the new routes on the Brenva face of Mont Blanc show him to be a mountaineer of the very first order. We hope to see these qualities resulting in a successful attack on Kanchenjunga.

A. H.

The Climbers' Club Journal, New Series, Vol. IV., No. 1, 1929.

This number contains numerous accounts of European climbing in the lesser-known centres. Mr J. D. Hill's "April in Corsica," and other articles on the Jotunheim (Norway) by Mr W. Henry Lewin, Schienhorn and Mitre de l'Evêque (Switzerland) by Marco A. Pallis, and Pic du Midi d'Ossau (Pyrénées) by Mr D. L. Busk, all dealing with new climbs, should prove of use to those desiring to explore these less frequented places. Mr C. F. Holland contributes an article on "Climbing Philosophy," in which he makes a careful distinction between the rock specialist and the mountaineer, associating himself with the latter. There appears to be divergent views on this subject, for later we come across "North Wales: New Climbs and Variations of Old Climbs," by Mr A. B. Hargreaves. This is an extremely useful and concise guide for the rock specialist, but for sheer ultramontanism it is hard to beat. We find in the description of the climbs on the Holly Tree Wall of Glyder Fawr that the disappearance of an important handhold has enhanced the difficulty, and we learn that the Devil's Cellar "is a most unpleasant place, dirty, dangerous, and depressing"—all, no doubt, as it should be. The subject-matter of the illustrations is good, but they appear to have suffered in the reproduction. A better paper and a little more care on the part of the printer would add to the appearance of the *Journal*. Also, why print an advertisement on the reverse sheet of the letter-press?

G. M. L.

The Cairngorm Club Journal, Vol. XII., No. 69.

As the title suggests, the *Journal* confines itself pretty well to the Cairngorms and their neighbouring hills. The Club appears to be still going strong on indicators, as is apparent from the Report on the unveiling ceremony of the Blue Hill indicator. The Shelter Stone comes in for a good deal of attention, and it is well to note that a new visitors' book has been installed. The old book had suffered from the rigours of the climate, and now reposes in renovated state in the Club's Library. Two articles worthy of mention are "On Sgoran Dubh—Buttress No. 5," by Mr G. Roy Symmers, and "A Sunny Week-end in the Cairngorms," by Mr George R. Smith. The illustrations are good, and we congratulate the Editor, Mr Edward W. Watt, on turning out a very readable journal.

G. M. L.

The Merrick and Neighbouring Hills. By Mr J. M'Bain, F.S.A. (Scot.). Published by Stephen & Pollock, Ayr.

This small book recounts its author's wanderings during many years among the Galloway Hills. The book amounts to an appreciation by a hill lover, and will appeal to all such, whether they are acquainted with the locality or not.

G. M. L.

Alpine Journal, Vol. XLI., No. 239.

As usual, the *Journal* deals with mountaineering throughout the greater part of the globe. Mountainous districts in all the continents, with the exception of South America, come in for attention. Mr W. Rickmer Rickmers narrates his experiences with the German-Russian Alai-Pamir Expedition among the mountains of Turkestan. Mr H. E. L. Porter describes various climbs in the New Zealand Alps, in which undertaking he was handicapped by bad weather, which, unfortunately, curtailed his programme. Africa and North America are respectively represented by Mr P. Wyn Harris's article on Mount Kenya, and an account by Mr Max M. Strumia of several ascents from the Maligne Lake in the Canadian Rockies, all hitherto virgin peaks. Mr W. N. Ling's paper on "Technicalities" is well worth reading, especially by our younger members. The illustrations are up to their usual high standard. I was particularly impressed by those illustrating Mr Porter's article. These have been excellently reproduced from what must have been exceptionally fine photographs.

G. M. L.

The Himalayan Journal (Thacker, Spink, & Co., P.O. Box 54, Calcutta, Publishers, 8s.) is the official organ of the Himalayan Club, a registered corporation which now includes the Mountain Club of India, and had a year ago upwards of 250 members. The first issue of the *Journal* appeared in April 1929 under the Editorship of Major Kenneth Mason. The issue, which is based apparently upon the *Alpine Journal*, teems with interest, scientific and otherwise, and is perhaps a more serious publication than most of our home publications. Sir Geoffrey Corbett sets our minds at rest by assuring us that we are not so very far out in calling the mountains Him-ā-lay, which *is* a comfort!

For any person contemplating a visit to the Himalaya and wishing particulars of equipment and chances of sport, the pages of the *Journal* will prove a mine of valuable information. It is illustrated by a couple of maps, a photogravure, and five half-tone blocks from excellent photographs, which have, unfortunately, suffered to some slight extent through reproduction. We take this opportunity of complimenting the Editor upon the success of his issue, and wishing him all future success.

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.



WE are indebted to Mr W. Binks for the following excerpt from the itinerary of a recent tour in the Highlands:—

ASCENT OF CARN LIATH, BEN-Y-GLOE, AND CARN NAN GABHAR.

Next day our objective was the Ben-y-Gloe group of mountains. Going up the charming Fender Valley as far as Loch Moraig, we struck off by the farm Monzie for Carn Liath, then over Ben-y-Gloe, and on to Carn nan Gabhar. Thence a steep and rough descent brought us to A Choire Lagain and to a fairly good road which led to Loch Moraig again, and so back to Blair-Atholl. The view looking through the V-shaped depression between Ben-y-Gloe and Carn nan Gabhar across Glen Tilt greatly impressed us. It was like a peep through a magic window, the mountain grouping and colouring—an exquisite blending of browns and blues—being especially beautiful. There were also many deer in the snowdrifts high up in the hills, producing a most curious effect when seen from a distance. . . .

THROUGH GLEN CANNICH AND GLEN AFFRIC TO LOCH DUICH.

Having traversed Glen Affric several times and in both directions, we were anxious to see something of Glen Cannich, and thought, by combining the two, an extremely interesting variation of the route to the west could be evolved. It is, however, a long stretch to Morvich on Loch Duich with no accommodation short of it, and once well on the way there could be no turning back. But we had counted the cost and made our preparations accordingly, and at 8.30 A.M., undeterred by the possibility of failure, we were on the road. The winding river and wooded hills, succeeded by the lovely expanse of Loch Mullardoch, make the walk past the lodges and on to Benula particularly attractive, and yet we felt somehow that it lacked the appeal of its incomparable sister glen (Affric). At Loch Lungard our track turned away south through Glen A Choilich and, climbing by a long and rather tedious zigzag to a height of 2,350 feet, joined the Glen Affric path about a couple of miles from Alltbeath, where we were thankful to get tea. For the remainder of the journey to Morvich, where a hearty welcome

awaited us on arriving there at 11 P.M., we decided, after some hesitation, to follow the much more difficult and far more romantic route through Glen Fionn and Glen Lichd, and, tired though we were undoubtedly becoming by this time, had the ineffable joy of seeing their magnificent mountain environment to perfection. It had been a long day, a supremely interesting day, and a very hard day. The distance must have been little short of 34 miles, and the actual walking time little less than 13 hours. The road, though good enough to Benula, was on the whole, and especially after Alltbeath, very rough; the climb through Glen A Choilich proved somewhat trying; Glen Lichd as the last stage was pretty stiff; while in addition the change of quarters made it necessary to carry the full pack. In view of these considerations we are disposed, in reviewing a fairly extensive experience of walking in England, Wales, and Scotland, to regard this as one of our greatest efforts. . . .

MORVICH (LOCH DUICH)—LOCHCARRON—APPLECROSS.

The journey to Lochcarron (Jeantown) and thence to Applecross, which occupied the next two days, was only remarkable for the succession of beautiful views which it presented—notably Loch Duich and the Five Sisters, Loch Alsh from near Dornie, Loch Carron from near Strome Ferry, and Loch Kishorn, where H.M.S. “Hood” was lying at anchor. Beallach-nam-bo—grim and glorious—would be a tough proposition in normal weather, but with a strong wind in front it called for heroic measures. The top of the Pass once gained, the descent to Applecross was easy enough. But what a wilderness meets the eye at the summit! We had hitherto been under the impression that A’Mhoine in Sutherlandshire must be the last word in dreary desolation, but beside the utter barrenness of this inhospitable area that classic region is an oasis indeed. And what a refreshing contrast to pass directly from this to the quiet seclusion and sylvan loveliness of Applecross, the bonniest of little whitewashed villages with a charming outlook over Raasay and Skye, and the sea washing up almost to the doorsteps.

CHURCH DOOR BUTTRESS.

As a photograph of the Church Door Buttress appears in this number of the *Journal*, and as it is some considerable time since a description of the climb has appeared, the Editor has suggested that a brief description would be welcome.

To reach the bottom of the climb, the Glencoe road is left at the foot of Loch Triochatan, and the burn, which comes down from Bidean nam Bian, followed to its source. On arriving at the corrie formed by Stob Coire nan Lochan, Bidean nam Bian, and Stob Coire nan Beith, two masses of rock are seen immediately in front and

just below the actual summit of Bidean nam Bian. These are cleft by a gully, in the middle of which is Collies Pinnacle. The true left branch of the gully is followed, and opposite the middle of the pinnacle a break is found in the face of the Western Buttress.

On ascending into this break, two chimneys are observed: a long, narrow chimney directly in front and a wider and easier-looking chimney slightly to the right. This latter chimney, which, from memory, was about 50 feet high, was ascended until it led out on to an arête. A longish step across from this arête took the party to the face of the cliff overlooking the corrie, and this was ascended, bearing slightly to the right.

After ascending a certain distance, a wide and obvious chimney led upwards and slightly to the left, and a short descent from the top of this brought the party on to the jammed blocks, which form the apex of the Church Door. This is crossed, and directly in front there are two slabs, the ascent of which brings one to the chimney, which is the crux of the climb. The first bit of this was ascended by keeping the back on the true right wall and using the smallish footholds on the slab which forms the left wall. Further on one has to turn and face into the chimney, and the real difficulty in the climb lies in negotiating the overhanging chock stone. The key to the situation is a hold underneath the chock stone, and on this being surmounted, about 150 feet of broken rocks, without any great technical difficulty, lead to the summit of the Buttress, and thence to the Cairn of Bidean nam Bian.

ALEX. HARRISON.

HOSPITALITY.

Contrary to the general supposition, the Hon. Secretary does not attend all dinners given by Kindred Societies! He reports as follows:—

Mr Harold Buchanan attended as the Club's representative at the Dinner of the Rucksack Club in Manchester. He enjoyed himself very thoroughly.

Mr Norman Mowbray attended as the Club's representative at the Annual Dinner of the Liverpool Wayfarers. His only comment is that the exercise arranged for on the following day was insufficient to counteract the effects of the feast.

Mr Denis Pilkington attended as the Club's representative at the Fell and Rock Dinner at Boness, Windermere, in October 1929, under protest. He hopes to be asked back.

Mr C. E. E. Riley attended as the Club's representative at the Yorkshire Ramblers' Dinner, at least I think he did, having myself suggested to their Secretary that he should do so; but as I attended myself as the A.C. representative, he did not have an opportunity to speak, and I cannot say definitely whether he paid for his own dinner.

And, finally, our President was the guest of the Alpine Club, of which he is a member, at their Dinner in London, in December.

Professor J. E. A. Stegall writes us regarding the Grampian Club Dinner: "On Saturday, 22nd February 1930, the dinner of the Grampian Club was held as arranged, and I had the pleasure of attending as your representative.

"It was a very well managed gathering, and it was my privilege to speak, briefly, to the toast of 'Kindred Clubs'; there were four speeches, and the others were to me very interesting. A fine and exceptionally interesting set of pictures, with a delightful running commentary, were shown by Mr J. A. Parker."

S.M.C. ABROAD.

Last Easter, in company with three others, I made a second ascent of Cameroon Mountain (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XVIII., p. 317). Weather was again kindly disposed. We left Buea at the late hour of 11 A.M., and made straight for No. 2 Hut at 9,400 feet. We passed through the usual bank of mist between 6,000 and 8,000 feet, and had rather a struggle the last 1,500 feet in the hot sun. The steady 35° slope seemed to attain A.P. proportions by the end. The hut was reached towards 5 P.M. and left at 8 A.M. next morning after a very comfortable night. The top 4,000 feet were climbed in brilliant weather, which gave way at the end to thick mist and hail, and it was very wild on the summit. We stayed in and around the top hut for about an hour, and mist cleared soon after starting down. A rapid descent was made to Buea, 10,000 feet, in three and a half hours, with half an hour at No. 2 Hut for a quick meal and pack up our gear.

C. E. ANDREAE.

In September I was touring abroad with the family in "The Mountaineer," a sturdy product of Coventry, which lives well up to its name, and was able to get one day on the Alpopitze (2,710 metres), in the Welterstein group of the Bavarian Alps. Ascent was made from Partenkirchen (650 metres) by aerial railway to Kreuzeck, leaving about 1,100 metres to go, on rock the whole way. The route followed was by a rake developing into a gully leading to the north-east ridge, an interesting climb with one or two awkward pitches, which were, however, spoilt by the presence of a massive cable hand-rail supplied for tourists. The ridge above was an easy scramble. The weather was magnificent, and fine views were obtained, particularly of the neighbouring Zugopitze (2,963 metres), the highest mountain in Germany.

This is a very beautiful district, with wonderful possibilities for climbing. Spring is probably the best time, as there was no snow this autumn.

C. E. ANDREAE.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1930—KILLIN.

THE Killin Hotel was the scene of this year's Meet, which was most satisfactorily attended, no fewer than thirty-two members being present. They were: Aitken, Barr, Brown, Buchanan, Carnegie Cram, Dinsmore, Forrest, Geddes, R. Gibson, G. Jackson, K. Jackson, Lilley, M'Allum, M'Leod, M'Nab, M'Quillan, Munro, Murdoch, Neil, Osborne, Patullo, Paris, D. W. Robinson, J. G. Robinson, Sandeman, Stewart, Traquair, Waddington, Willoughby, N. Woodburn, and C. Woodburn. *Guests*: Cumming, Dickie, G. Gibson, Thouless, and Waterston. The S.M.C. were represented by Bartholomew, Hunter, Hutchison, M'Lean, Mowbray, and T. G. Robinson.

Although not favoured by such brilliant weather as last year, we really had better weather than is usually prevalent at this time of year, and a "most enjoyable Meet" was the general verdict. We were perhaps a trifle unfortunate in finding the hotel undergoing repairs, which left us without hot baths, but we all contrived to appear clean somehow, though the process was not pleasant. The hotel staff must have worked under great difficulties, and we would like to take this opportunity of recording our appreciation of all they did for us. Another good friend was Mr Hunter, driver of the local express (?), who was several times nearly crowded off his charge.

The first arrivals were Geddes and Hunter, and on Tuesday they ascended Meall nan Tarmachan under very good conditions. Buchanan came to Killin from Comrie via Ben Voirlich and Stùc a Chròin and thence to Lochearnhead, where he entrained. Hutchison, T. G.

Robinson, and K. Jackson arrived by the midday train, and spent the afternoon loosening their limbs on some of the smaller hills near at hand.

By Tuesday night most of us had arrived, and with additional arrivals by car next morning, Wednesday saw the Meet in full swing. The day was not very promising, most of the hills being wrapt in mist, and in the afternoon the rain came down steadily. A car was hired, which took Hutchison, T. G. Robinson, Hunter, K. Jackson, Traquair, M'Leod, and D. W. Robinson to Lawers, whence they climbed Meall Garbh, An Stuc, Ben Lawers, and Beinn Ghlas. They reported good snow gullies on Meall Garbh and an especially good one on An Stuc, all of which were tackled and duly climbed. Cram and M'Nab also did this ridge and threw in Meall Gruaidh as a *hors d'œuvre*. The Tarmachans claimed several parties, including J. G. Robinson, Aitken, G. Jackson, Barr, Lilley, N. and C. Woodburn, Paris, Forrest, and Willoughby. Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers were visited by Neil, Waddington, M'Quillan, Sandeman, and Waterston. Neil divided his time between climbing and the great game of *chasser le chapeau au vent*. Dinsmore and Stewart climbed Meall Ghaordie, while Heasgarnich succumbed to Osborne, Buchanan, Geddes, Patullo, and the Gibsons.

It had been decided to change the Annual Dinner from the 2nd to the 1st, and it was duly celebrated that evening. Toasts and speeches were as follows :—

" THE KING "	Bartholomew.
" THE J.M.C.S. "	K. Jackson.
" OUR GUESTS AND THE S.M.C. "	Buchanan.
REPLY	Mowbray.

After the dinner the sectional Annual General Meetings were held. At the Glasgow one, Neil and J. G. Robinson were elected President and Secretary respectively, in succession to Williams and Dinsmore, who intend to go up for the S.M.C. It was decided that they should assume office in August instead of in January as previously.

It was also agreed that Inveroran and Bridge of Orchy be fixed for the Easter Meet, with an overflow, if necessary, to Kingshouse.

At the Edinburgh meeting Sandeman was elected Secretary *vice* Ainslie, resigned. These meetings were followed by the J.M.C.S. Annual General Meeting, and the Secretaries' reports were heard and also the usual question, "What is going to be done with the surplus Glasgow funds?" As usual the questioner was subdued into silence, and the meeting decided to visit Loch Awe next New Year. Proposals were also made for Brodick, Ballachulish, Aviemore, and Blair-Atholl, but Loch Awe was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Hereafter the company lapsed into song, led by Hunter at the piano, Geddes at the violin, and Bartholomew at the poker. The Club songs and other old favourites were rendered, including "Cruachan Ben" and a new song which Geddes had produced for the occasion, called "Air Mullach nam Beinne." Few, if any, saw the New Year in, most of us being in bed (including five in Room 26), and greetings were postponed till the morning.

J. G. Robinson, Aitken, M'Lean, and Lilley were the first up next morning, and had a great race to the station for the 8 o'clock train to the junction. Indeed, Robinson was observed leaving the hotel at five minutes past eight, while M'Lean, having reached the station, decided to return for his ice-axe. Strange to say, they all caught the train. Murdoch was to have gone with them, but as he was observed at 10 A.M. respectably dressed, having breakfast, it is thought he must have missed it. It is rumoured that he was later seen filming Beinn Ghlas. The party went on from Killin Junction and climbed Sgiath Chuil and its adjacent "top," Meall a Chuirn. Coming home they had rather a trying time with bogs, but eventually arrived in relays. Meall nan Tarmachan was again a popular attraction, and included in its visitors were Patullo, Buchanan, Osborne, the two Gibsons, Hutchison, T. G. Robinson, and K. Jackson. Neil, Waddington, M'Quillan, Sandeman, and Waterston were on Meall Gruaidh, while Cram and M'Nab, this

time in company with Cumming, completed their tour of the Lawers district by "bagging" Meall a Choire Leithe, Meall Corranaich, and Beinn Ghlas. Bartholomew conducted a large party containing Barr, Forrest, Traquair, Paris, Munro, and D. W. Robinson up Heasgarnich. This party claimed to have been in more exciting corners on their way to and from the head of Glen Lochay than on the hill itself, especially when the driver tried conclusions with a boulder on the road. Dinsmore and Stewart were also on Heasgarnich, and afterwards went on to Creag Mhor. The brothers Woodburn, M'Allum, and M'Leod were on Meall Ghaordie, and found it very easy. Thouless, Dickie, and Carnegie again went ski-ing. The only unusual feature of the day was the terrifically fierce gale raging on the hill-tops, and some of the lighter members were hard put to hold their own against it. A large number left by the evening train, but the others enjoyed another evening of songs, especially Geddes' Gaelic ones and Hunter's symphony, "The Cobbler."

Friday dawned grey and cheerless, but we were soon afield. K. Jackson, J. G. Robinson, and Stewart motored to and climbed Schiehallion from the north. How Robinson got there and back without falling off his precarious perch will never be known. Bartholomew and Hutchison, with skis carefully waxed, were "put through it" by Thouless, Dickie, and Carnegie. Brown, Cram, M'Quillan, M'Leod, and M'Allum climbed Meall nan Tarmachan from the Lochan na Lairig. D. W. Robinson, M'Lean, and Traquair were on Meall Ghaordie, which they found the overnight snow had changed from a dull walk to quite a good climb. The wind, while less than the previous day, was still very strong, and blown snow was a continual bother. The weather during the middle part of the day was fine, and some good views were obtained.

By Friday night most of the Meet had departed, but some fortunate ones still lingered on, and they were reinforced by Ainslie, Lindsay, and Roberts, and Aikman of the S.M.C. Saturday was a good day, with the snow

in better condition than in the earlier part of the week. Of those left, Aikman, M'Leod, M'Allum, M'Lean, Stewart, Bartholomew, J. G. Robinson, Ainslie, and Lindsay climbed Meall nan Tarmachan. Cram and Geddes set out to climb Creag Mhor, but had trouble with a cornice, and fell about 200 feet down a gully. They got off with a severe shaking and the loss of their ice-axes, and were met by a search party at the head of Glen Lochay, reaching the hotel eventually about 1 A.M. Traquair and Roberts were on Ben Lui. On Sunday, Aikman, Lindsay, and Paris tried to locate the lost ice-axes on Creag Mhor, but were defeated by the mist. Monday, and the calls of business, wrote "Finis" to yet another memorable Meet.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

CRIANLARICH—*Week-end, 24th November 1929.*

THERE were present: Brown, Cram, Elliot, Gibson, Lindsay, M'Pherson, Osborne, Pearson, Paris, Robertson, and guests.

Two car loads arrived from Edinburgh late on Saturday evening, having supped well and, fortunately, wisely at Callander *en route*. On arrival they found some members had already had a day's climbing, but little was heard of their exploits as they had retired early to bed, worn out by their exertions.

Sunday proved to be very damp and misty, but no one seemed discouraged. Lindsay led a small party off in the direction of Ben More, and claimed to have reached the summit. The majority, however, went by car to Auchessan, and think they bagged the peaks of Sgiath Chùil, Meall Chuirn, and Meall Glas. Brown, Gibson, and Osborne showed considerable knowledge of the use of a map and compass on the top of Sgiath Chùil, where each member of the party held his own views as to the direction which should be followed.

The hills were very boggy, and there was but little snow on the "tops."

The party broke up that evening, nine members being carefully packed in two not very large cars bound for Edinburgh.

This was a most enjoyable Meet in spite of the inclement weather.

PERTH SECTION.

THE Perth Section, since Easter 1929, has held or attended twenty-one successful Meets in Skye, Glencoe, the Cairngorms, and at various places in Perthshire. Two other Meets were turned back by drifted snow on the roads. Various Climbs are reported, the most strenuous being the No. 3 Buttress, Sgoran Dubh, at the Easter Meet, 1929, Coylum Bridge.

The following are the names and addresses of the Hon. Secretaries of the various Sections of J.M.C.S. :—

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<i>Glasgow</i>	-	W. H. DINSMORE, 59 Durward Avenue, Glasgow, S.I.
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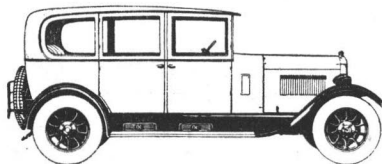
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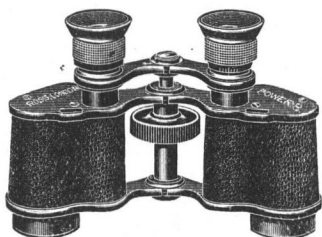
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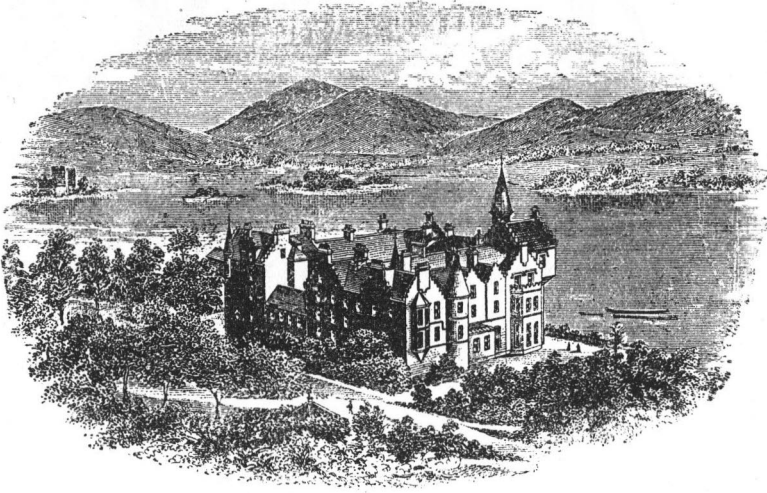
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