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J. H. B. BELL



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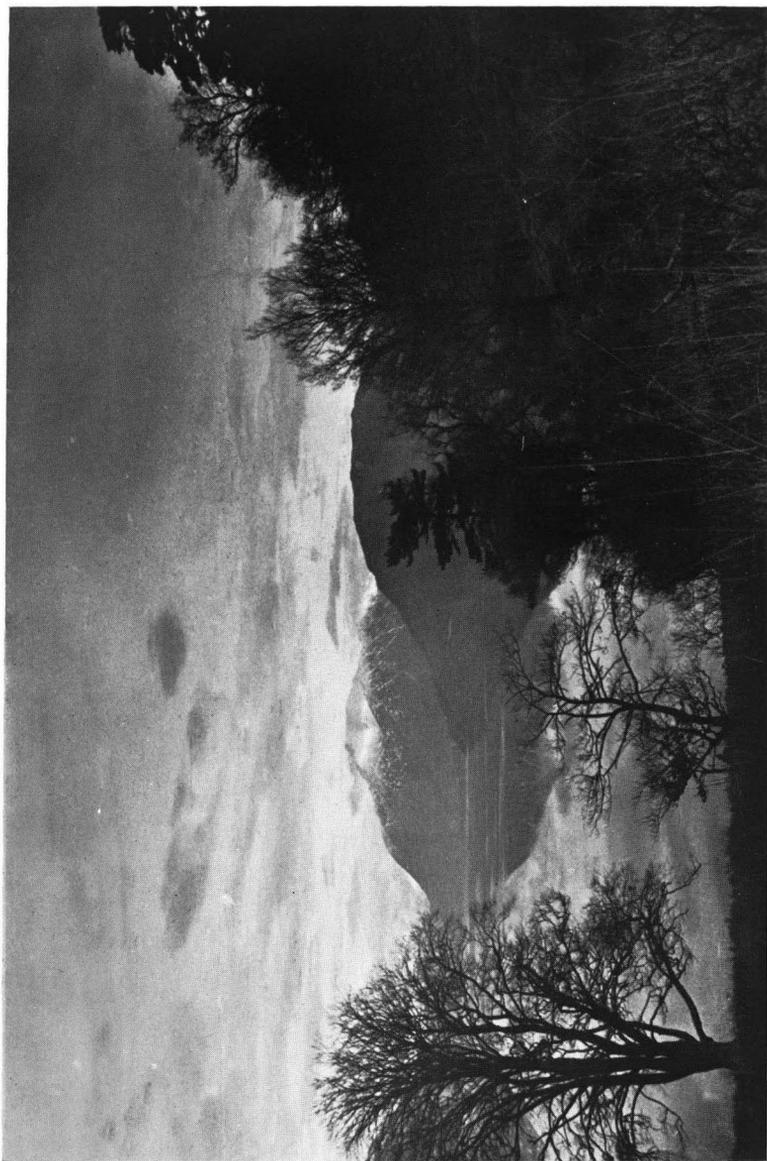
CONTENTS.

The Late King George V.	
Editorial.	
Scottish Mountaineering and its Relation to Mountaineering Abroad.....	W. N. Ling
No Chimney Corner.....	R. S. H.
Days that are Past.....	J. Gall Inglis
Man, It's Great.....	D. Myles
The Campsie Fells.....	J. Neil Orr
Twelve Hours Up.....	J. K. W. Dunn
Hummel Doddies.....	B. H. Humble
Benighted on the Moor of Rannoch.....	W. J. G. F.
The "Ben Nevis Guide Book".....	J. H. B. Bell
In Memoriam—	
William Wilson Naismith.	
Henry Cockburn.	
John Edward Aloysius Steggall.	
Alexander Inkson M'Connochie.	
New Climbs—	
Aonach Dubh via "The Pleasant Terrace."	
C Buttress—West Face. Aonach Dubh.	
The Amphitheatre of Aonach Dubh.	
Glen Doll Gully.	
Isle of May.	
Proceedings of the Club—	
New Year Meet, 1936—Dalmally.	
Annual Meeting, 1935.	
Annual Dinner.	
Reception.	
Hon. Librarian's Report.	
New Members.	
Alexander Harrison.	
Charles W. Parry.	
Notes and Excursions.	
Reviews.	
The Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland—	
Edinburgh Section—	
Spring Holiday Week-end Meet at Monachyle Youth Hostel.	
Autumn Holiday Week-end Meet at Coupall Bridge.	
Joint New Year Meet at Killin (All Sections).	
Glasgow Section—	
Autumn Meet, 1935—Corrie.	
Informal Meet—Arrochar.	
Another Version.	
Photographic Competition, 1935.	
Office-Bearers for 1936.	

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Loch Etive and Ben Starav.
Fall of Glomach—The Chasm.
Man, It's Great!
The Blanefield Face of the Campsie Fells.
William Wilson Naismith.
Winifred's Pinnacle.
On Beinn Laoigh.
The Cruachan Horsehoe.

Copies of the Journal can be obtained from the Agents or through any Bookseller.



January 1936

LOCH ETIVE AND BEN STARAV

J. H. B. Bell

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XXI.

APRIL 1936.

NO. 121.

THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

IT is right and fitting that this number of the *Journal* should add its quota to the tribute recently paid by the nation and the world at large to the memory of our late Sovereign, King George V.

To our members there is nothing formal in that tribute. If ever a king earned the affection of his subjects by devotion, by unsparing industry, and by a great sincerity, it was King George the Fifth. He did his duty, what he believed to be right, persistently, courageously, and cheerfully. He was a keen sportsman, but he probably spent less time on his recreations than was really necessary for the full maintenance of his health.

He showed an understanding and a genial interest in the achievements of British mountaineering, in the attempts on Mount Everest, and in the success of the Mount Kamet Expedition. As far as our Club was concerned, the King was pleased to signify his appreciation of the copy of the "S.M.C. Guide Book to the Cairngorms" which had been presented to him, and he gave instructions for the Club to be granted every courtesy and facility of access to the hills on the Royal estates, whenever any of our Meets were held at Braemar.

We tender our respectful sympathy at this time to the King, to Queen Mary, and to the members of the Royal family.

EDITORIAL.

FOR some time it has been noticeable that, although the Club membership has been steadily increasing, the amount of climbing adventure outside Scotland, as evidenced by the S.M.C. Abroad section of the *Journal*, has considerably diminished. There may be many causes for this, but it has seemed to the new Editor desirable to inaugurate a series of articles on the relationship of Scottish mountaineering to the complete art as practised on the greater mountain ranges of the world.

It is often a good thing to look back whilst going forward. The Scottish Mountaineering Club was born within the fold of the Alpine Club, but it has tended to become ever more independent of its foster-parent. The main reason for this is undoubtedly the trend of mountaineering development away from the classical age of snow and ice climbing with guides to the other extreme of the severe and shorter problems of modern rock climbing. The Club has been influenced by these developments to some extent, but it has been influenced still more by the results of its own successful exploration of the climbing possibilities of Scotland, particularly as these have been greatly extended by the resources of modern transport and road development.

As a result it has been found that our Scottish mountains offer possibilities for the development of a very advanced technique in the three spheres of snow and ice craft, rock climbing and route finding in bad weather conditions, such as were not previously believed to be available in such an apparently restricted terrain. This fact may be a commonplace to many of our members, but is not yet understood by and hardly known to most foreign or even English mountaineers. In this connection it is sufficient to point out that there is even to-day no great book on climbing technique or climbing adventure which accords a bare minimum of just recognition to the climbing possibilities of Scotland compared with those of such greater mountains as the Alps.

Do our younger members make full use of their great heritage? If they did so there would be more unofficial expeditions of S.M.C. members to the Alps. The S.M.C. Abroad notes would be more conspicuous and fuller in content. It is desirable that as many members of the Club as possible should develop into complete mountaineers, and practise amid the greater mountains of the world the technique which they have well learned in Scotland. If they do so, it is not unlikely that they will find, even after several Alpine seasons, that the Scottish mountains will continue to present them with as difficult problems as they can tackle; it is certain that the charm of our western sea-girt hills with their marvellous panorama of snowy hill, colourful valley, loch, sea, and cloud will usually excel anything which they have seen elsewhere.

With this object in view the Editor has initiated a series of articles by distinguished members on the comparative aspects of mountaineering as practised in Scotland and abroad. The series opens with a general review of the question by our ex-President, Mr W. N. Ling, a great mountaineer, and one who is well known in all climbing circles for his pioneering expeditions in Scotland, England, the Alps, and the Caucasus.

* * * * *

There has always been an air of freedom and a lack of ordered formality at our Club Meets. This would be altogether right and delightful if it applied to everyone concerned, but what about the unfortunate official Recorder of the Meet? The new Editor has tried his hand once, and now proposes to install a Log-book, to be left in joint charge of the Recorder and the hotel management, in which the members are requested to enter their dates of arrival and departure, and in which the leaders of all parties are requested to enter the names of their party, the peaks climbed, and any unusual or interesting adventures of the day. The Recorder will do his best to stimulate any backward or forgetful members, but a certain measure of responsibility will also rest on

the latter if the *Journal* account of the doings of the Meet is not as full as it should be.

* * * * *

The Editor cordially welcomes articles, especially those of a technically interesting, exploratory, or adventurous type from members of the J.M.C.S. Such articles, and especially notes on new climbs, contribute greatly to the body and interest of the *Journal*. On the other hand, the *Journal* must preserve a certain balance. It is therefore proposed to print in large type in the J.M.C.S. section only the account of the principal Joint Meet of all the sections, and an account of the annual report of the J.M.C.S. with all relevant information of reference value, but to print all other J.M.C.S. Sectional Meet accounts in small type.

* * * * *

At the last Annual General Meeting, during a discussion on the future of the *Journal*, it was suggested that if material became scarce the *Journal* might only be published once a year. There are ever new climbing possibilities in Scotland. There are subjects such as bivouacs, swimming pools, mountain thunderstorms, climbing by night, avalanches, and many others which are seldom or never discussed in our pages. It is hoped to be able to preserve a kind of balance in each number of the *Journal* between the different types of article, but there is a terrible scarcity of articles and photographs almost up to the last date for receiving MS. The only satisfactory way is to write up a good adventure or climb immediately after doing it and to send it to the Editor at once. The last date for receiving contributions for the November number is 30th September, but—*Bis dat qui cito dat.*

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING AND ITS RELATION TO MOUNTAINEERING ABROAD.

I.—THE GENERAL ASPECT.

By W. N. LING.

I HEAR a bell ring, but it is no kindly invitation to the table, rather is it a stern demand from the new Editor for a paper, couched in terms which it is difficult to resist.

The subject indicated is a comparison in general terms between mountaineering in Scotland and abroad, as far as a comparison is possible.

The fundamentals in each case are similar, and it has always been my belief that an apprenticeship at home, both on rock and on ice and snow, to the extent to which it is possible, gives a sound groundwork for further advance.

If this early training can be carried out under the supervision and in the company of an experienced mountaineer, so much the better, and if the methods and technique of the more experienced climber are carefully watched, rapid progress will be made.

In Scotland it is possible to learn how to ascend and descend rocks, either face or gully, in safety both to oneself and the rest of the party, how to order the management of feet and rope so as not to endanger the party through falling stones.

The ascent of these same rocks when clad in ice, or smothered in snow, is also fine practice for the greater mountains, and much can be learnt which will prove an immense help later. The ridges of Ben Nevis under suitable winter conditions can prove excellent training for the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn under similar conditions. Glacier work can only be learnt on glaciers, and an apprenticeship in this branch under a capable guide is greatly to be recommended.

If this is not possible, a guideless party should choose an expedition well within its powers to start with and

work up gradually, as experience comes, to more difficult things.

To take a personal example, after a year's climbing at home, snow in Scotland and rocks in the Lake District, Glover and I went to Zermatt in good training, as our time was short. With a good guide as leader and a moderate one as second (very moderate, as we had to hold him up when he fell off, which we could not have done without knowledge of the use of the rope) we climbed the Zinal Rothhorn, Weisshorn, and traversed the Matterhorn from the Italian side, in a week.

For the next three seasons also we employed guides, studying their methods, watching how they worked out routes, and dealt with the various obstacles they had to overcome, and I have never regretted this apprenticeship. In Norway the following year with Harold Raeburn, we were able to put to good use the lessons we had learnt both in actual climbing and in choice of routes, and were rewarded with three new ascents of considerable difficulty.

With regard to equipment abroad, the ice-axe and rope are always necessary. Even in the Dolomites it is well that there should be at least one ice-axe in the party in case of meeting unexpected ice; a pocket-knife is an inadequate substitute!

Crampons save much time, but must be used judiciously; they can be terribly dangerous when balling occurs.

Of the present-day mechanised climbing I am not qualified to speak, but a piton may sometimes be of great assistance in safeguarding a descent where there is no natural substitute.

With regard to clothing it is well to have too much rather than too little—in Scotland as well as abroad. In Scotland it is possible, and abroad quite probable, for a guideless party to be benighted.

Two Shetland sweaters and two pairs of Shetland socks do not weigh much, and may be the means of saving the feet from frostbite, *experto crede*.

Helmet and woollen gloves, wristlets and closely woven smooth-faced garments which will not hold snow,

are best. Anklets or half-putties are generally sufficient, unless much crossing of glaciers is anticipated, when the full puttee may be better.

As regards food—like clothes—it is better to have too much than too little, in case an expedition should prove to be longer than anticipated. The food question is really a matter for each person to decide for himself, as some men can go much longer and with much less food than others. Sugar, in the form of jam or otherwise, will be found useful, and a light cooker, into which eggs can be packed, and which can produce tea or a hot drink, will liven up a tired party. Meta for fuel is easily carried. It is well not to drink too much cold water when one is hot and thirsty; it might rust your iron constitution!

Map and compass work can be learnt in Scotland, in fact it has to be, or one would not get many expeditions carried through, and the knowledge gained will generally be adequate abroad.

I remember one occasion on a traverse of Mont Blanc with a guided party when the compasses of the Scottish trained amateurs saved the situation, which otherwise would have been a serious one.

The presence of stones on the snow at the foot of a couloir in the Alps, as in Scotland, indicates that another route should be chosen. Places which are liable to be swept by the breaking of overhanging *séracs* or cornices should be carefully watched, and if they have to be crossed no time should be lost. Care-free amateurs have been known to select such places for luncheon halts!

These random jottings of a veteran will probably seem commonplaces to mountaineers of the present day, but at least I have obeyed the behest of the Editor.

NO CHIMNEY CORNER.

O GOD! If I must die,
Let it be here
Among these peaks,
Nature's myriad spires
Each in its unique ascendancy
Pointing to Thee.
Far sooner would I lie
In sight, though not seeing,
Of the sunset walls of Torrion ;
In touch, though not feeling,
Of the fresh dew on the Bens of Jura ;
Than among the thousand mute memorials
Mass-formed by man
For his self-consecrated plan.

O God! If I may live,
Let it be now,
While still I glory
In the first impetuous avalanche
Of youth.
While still I long to test my strength
On every crag that lifts its summit
To the sky.
But let me die before I grow too old
To struggle with the ice-filled walls,
To stand for hours on patient ledge,
A thin cord winding upwards,
My only link with all humanity.
I could not bear to sit and hear
Of those delights that once I knew
Debarred from me.

R. S. H.

DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

By J. GALL INGLIS.

IV.—ROUTE-FINDING IN WESTERN ROSS, 1882.

IN the Introduction to "A Pedestrian Tour in the North, 1856" (see Vols. XVI.-XIX.), it was mentioned that when the Ordnance map of the Cannich district was published in 1882, the Pedestrians—the writer's father and uncles—revisited "Dispute Hill" (An Socach) to settle the hitherto unsolved problem of how they should have turned in order to reach Craig Inn. It so happened that, according to a time-table given by my father, this visit was to be made on the third day after the Dornie Communion, and it occurred to my mother that it would be a good joke for the second generation—in so far as it was in the vicinity—to surprise their relatives by greeting them at the lonely cottage of Lungard, which they would revisit *en route* to their hill. It was for this purpose that my brother and I had come to Dornie: we had only Black's quarter-inch map to guide us—the best then available—but it indicated a driving road for 4 miles up Glen Elchaig, and a path all the way to Lungard, some miles before which the carriage road from Invercannich would be joined. Our plan was to find accommodation on Monday night about "Loch Nalitrich," and on Tuesday night at Lungard; but it was to some extent adventurous, as the map indicated no dwellings between "Killelan" and Lungard, and, indeed, was largely blank.

Monday morning was fair, though clouds still shrouded the hills above the 500-foot level: we were told, however, that the day would be fine. Our intention was to cross the ferry and follow the road up the side of Loch Long to Killilan, but on hearing where we were going, the landlady told us 4 miles would be saved by crossing the pass at the head of Glen Glennan, and calling a stalwart young gillie in a brown tweed kilt and coat—his collarless

shirt gave him a curious undressed appearance—he instructed us how to go. As the pass rose to nearly 800 feet, we had to wait till about 11 o'clock before the mist lifted sufficiently to let us be reasonably certain we could find our way—for in these days of small-scale, undetailed, and incorrect maps, it was taking risks to steer a route by compass alone, in these regions.

Our route followed the shore for a mile, and then turned up the Glennan—among crofts at first—along a tolerable path which, however, began to peter out when we got up a good bit, so that we watched the very slow rise of the mist with some anxiety. Before we reached the watershed the path had disappeared altogether, but we had timed our departure well, and with the mist trailing only 50 or 100 feet above us, we at last looked down the other side to the valley of the Elchaig. It seemed terribly steep, and for a while we had to descend with the utmost caution, for the grass was very dry and slippery, but we came out at last near a large farm, and as the day was now very hot and sunny, and it being about lunch time, we went to the farm and knocked.

A big man in knickers and deerstalker came to the door, and I made my request, "Could we have some milk?"

He looked puzzled; I repeated it twice, but still he was at a loss, and I began to wonder if he had only the Gaelic; however, as a last resort I spelt it letter by letter, "M-i-l-k."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "Meelch" (the ch pronounced as in "loch"), and away he went and returned with a supply, whereupon we retired to the shade of a dyke by the roadside and were soon enjoying a copious meal of meat sandwiches and blaeberry-jam scones, with which the good folk at Dornie had supplied us.

Lunch finished, we proceeded along the road, which was now more cart road than driving road. The heat was very great, and our progress slow; we passed the burn on which the Falls of Glomach were, and I would fain have turned aside to visit them. But we were now plunging into the wilderness—as already mentioned, our

map showed no habitations in that district—and though, to the best of my recollection, the Dornie people had told us there were houses near Loch na Leitreach, we had to make sure of a bed somewhere. So we passed on, and about 5 o'clock came in sight of several cottages at the head of that loch—Carnach, as the O.S. told us later.

As we neared them, a grave, bearded gentleman in knickerbockers and deerstalker, and carrying a fishing-rod, met us, and we asked him if there was any house where we could spend the night.

“Oh, yes,” he said, “come with me,” and turning, but saying very little, he conducted us to a small iron shooting lodge of one storey situated near the road, and showed us into a very large bedroom with a high ceiling and large windows: its walls were varnished wood, and it contained a common iron bed, a table, dressing-table, and a chair or two, but otherwise it was very bare and without ornament, except for a large coloured picture of “Our Lady,” from which we guessed our host was a Catholic.*

A good tea was set before us, to which we did full justice, but our host did not appear again; probably he had resumed his journey to the Loch, with his fishing-rod, which we had interrupted. Afterwards we would fain have gone outside as the evening was very fine, but considering the state of the window, thought discretion was the better part of valour. For the sides and corners of the panes were simply black with midges, recalling the dirty cobwebbed window of a long-unused house: I have never seen anything like it, before or since. So we retired early to bed, and next morning, after a good breakfast and cordially thanking our host, we set out to go over the pass to Lungard.

Our map indicated a good path, but by the time we had gone a couple of miles it had become very indistinct, and what there was of it rather boggy. According to our

* Revisiting the glen in 1935, no iron shooting lodge fitting my recollections could be seen near Carnach. I suspect that it was taken down and re-erected 2 miles farther up the glen—the Iron Lodge of to-day.

map the path up the river (Allt na Doire Gairbhe) was to be followed to the mouth of the "Cromald" (An Crom-allt), where the waters of two other glens also joined: crossing the river here, it would lead us up the north bank of the eastern glen—a glen indicated on the map as possibly, from its length, the main glen, or at any rate of equal importance with the others.

But a quarter of a mile before reaching the Crom-allt we stopped: east of the river, and stretching north-east for a mile or more, a long high ridge was now fully visible, in the smooth side of which there was certainly no glen. The map was compared with what lay west of the river, but no "Glen Cromald" forked off the "Loch Fourikan" glen $\frac{3}{4}$ mile ahead, as the map delineated,* and it was obvious that the map was very inaccurate, and that we must have already passed the turn-off to Lungard, though no side-glen had been seen. The only place where the glen could exist was near where Iron Lodge and the bridge—then non-existent—now stand: here we had seen a high but rather tenuous waterfall coming down the hillside, to all appearance merely from a small minor corrie.

Retracing our steps to this point, though no path was visible—none can be seen from the road to-day—we forded the river and began to climb the steep slope beside the small burn, not without some misgivings lest we should be landing ourselves in an uninhabited part of the map's blankness. When we got above the waterfall, however, to our great relief a short glen opened out: being of the "hanging" type, ending abruptly high up in a sharp drop, it was no wonder we had missed it,

* The Crom-allt joins the main glen from Loch Murichinn (Mhoichean, latest O.S.) about 2 miles from Loch na Leitreach, on our map it was 3 miles. As we had only come 2 miles, or less (by the time taken from our start), we naturally supposed that we were near the mouth of the glen (non-existent) shown on our map at that distance from the Loch. The Pedestrians turned up the Crom-allt believing it led to Craig Inn, and we were actually at the foot of "Look-out" (Am Fitheach, but "Faochag" in the latest O.S.).

especially as we had been looking for a glen of some importance. It was watered by a small burn in keeping with the size of the waterfall, and proved to be less than half the length indicated by the map, but as an intermittent track was found, and the compass indicated that it led in the direction of Lungard, we went forward with more confidence.

The day had promised well, but clouds came up, and to our disgust a sharp shower came on. We hastily donned our waterproofs and huddled down beside a low peaty bank—the only shelter available—to protect our handbags from the rain: the shower lasted much longer than we expected, and, if I recollect aright, we had to stop for the same reason several times in the course of the next couple of hours. Though there was a kind of track it was very boggy, and we suffered many things from the attention of midges, in spite of the gauze veils provided for us in anticipation of these pests before we left Edinburgh. Do what we would, our enemies were ever finding a chink in our armour, and we came to the conclusion the only efficient protection would be a bag veil over the top of the hat and tucked in under the jacket collar. Subsequently I had such a bag made, but, curiously enough, found no occasion to use it year after year, though it was usually taken with me to the Highlands.

With the various stoppages our progress was slow, but as there was no object in reaching our destination before tea-time, it did not matter. The afternoon became sunny and warm, and as we neared Lungard we looked out for the driving road which the map said extended beyond that place, but no signs of it were to be seen. At last the cottage came in sight—in my memory, a single-storey slated shepherd's house of the ordinary familiar type, not the two-storey house of to-day: the whole family was busy among the clothes-ropes, which were plentifully supplied with garments and blankets, and when we asked if we could be put up for the night, the guidwife said "No, considering the state of her blankets." But she said that no doubt we could be accommodated at Lub nan damph, 4 miles farther on, so regretfully we

forded the river, and following a bridle track which occupied the position of the driving road shown on the map, arrived at Lub nan damp about 5 o'clock—a simple two-storey house, now known as Ben Ula Old Lodge, which in these days lacked the unsightly accretions that have grown up round it since. The carriage road from Invercannich ended here: it followed the north side of Loch Mullardoch, not the south side, as shown on our map—which will give some idea of what it meant to deviate from the main routes before the O.S. was published.

A merry-faced Highland lass took us in, and did for us right well. We told her of our coming relatives and of the hospitable gentleman who had put us up the night before: she laughed a little, and after a short pause said “That was my brother!” He was the keeper!

As may be imagined, we felt rather scandalised, for we had not dared to offer money to the supposed “gentleman”: however, being taken for the proprietor may have been some compensation!

We went early to bed, but about midnight were wakened by a strange rhythmical noise downstairs, “Dump, dump, dump, dump,” straight on, just like a woman beating clothes on a wooden floor with the old wooden club known as a “beetle.” What it could be at that hour of the night we could not conjecture, and we lay awake watching in vain for some clue, but “Dump, dump, dump,” it went on for a considerable time. At last a door or window must have been opened, for all at once the strains of a fiddle were heard, and we understood: the dump, dump, dump was produced by the avoirdupois of stalwart gillies dancing reels! In the morning we learned that some people who were leaving next day had unexpectedly come to say good-bye, and they resolved to have a dance ere they parted.



September 1931

FALL OF GLOMACH—THE CHASM

J. A. Parker



MAN. IT'S GREAT!

MAN, IT'S GREAT!

By D. MYLES.

IT was late when we reached Allt-na-guibhsaich, too late for serious climbing. The sun shone, and the snow reflecting its light added brilliance to the winter landscape.

We parked Sir Herbert's masterpiece in a hole in the ground, and proceeded to put off and on clothing, as all good climbers do on leaving their base.

Mac produced, with studied nonchalance, a pair of snow-shoes. The Doc shyly unfolded a rug and displayed a very home-made pair of ski-rackets.

Just as we were ready to start, "noises off" were heard and the Lad appeared through the trees. We eyed him with great suspicion, not that he looked furtive or disreputable, but simply because it is the thing to do, in Scotland as in England, on meeting a stranger. He was well built and fresh of face, and made up by a powerful torso for a shortness of nether limb.

The sun, as I have said, was shining. The trees and the breeze and the snow united in a gorgeousness of beauty that was too beastly propitious for words. We asked him if he cared to come with us.

"The sna's ower deep for my legs," quoth he, "but mebbe I could come on ahent ye. Aye, I'll come."

At the edge of the wood the sna' was indeed deep, and Mac got going with his snow-shoes. The Doc followed suit with his rackets, but his home-made contraptions lasted only a few yards. With Mac in front it mattered not, and soon we stepped nimbly into his elephantine tracks, while he laboriously stamped down the powdery snow in front.

"Man, this is great!" says the Lad, lifting his feet from pit to pit. "I'd be up tae my hurdies in this."

At the lip of the great corrie we halted in silent awe and gazed at its magnificence. Snow had picked out its gullies and emphasised its buttresses. The stupendous

rock architecture of the cliffs held us spellbound, till our honest Scottish sweat chilled us and brought us to our senses.

A perambulating lunch was soon swallowed, and we made for the left-hand corner and the Douglas Gully.

At this point the leader left the party. As Browning might have said :

“ Not for a handful of silver he left us,
 Not for a button to sew on his coat—
 Down in the rift in which fortune bereft us
 Thus of his footsteps, each large as a boat.
 There, with his head below, stuck out his pedals ;
 So much was hid and so little that showed.
 Now all our efforts were needed to raise him,
 Tugged till we purpled, our legs deeply bowed.
 We pulled and tugged him up, dusted him, tidied him,
 Shoved him upright, with his head to the sky ;
 Heard his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Wished for a record to ‘ keep it till high.’
 Shakespeare was beaten, Milton was nowhere,
 Burns, Shelley were worsted—they turned in their graves.
 Bell alone passes him, easily foremost,
 He alone soars, while the rest are the slaves.”

Safe again on *terra* not too *firma*, Mac led on to the frozen shoot below the gully. Above it, the gully was filled with hard *névé*, and we roped up, Mac leading. The Lad had no axe and was tied to the end of the rope.

Three hurried pecks of the adze gave a little perch for the leader, but the middle man had to scratch a little more to give security to the third man. On and up we went, while chill blasts blew round us, and the everlasting tinkle and swish of falling icy *névé* played an obligato.

“ How goes it ? ” asks the Doc of the Lad. “ Fine,” comes the cheery answer. “ Man, this is great ! ”

On and up : tinkle and swish : and we were well into the gully. A patch of soft snow at a dangerous angle gave a little anxiety, but was passed safely. “ You seem to be managing easily without an axe,” sings down the Doc. “ Och, aye,” says the Lad, “ this is easy for me ; I’m a slater to trade. Man, it’s great ! ”

“ Pick, pick, pick,” goes the leader’s axe ; “ tinkle

and swish ” the snow ; but alas, “ tick, tick, tick ” the clock.

Iced walls of awesome rock grew greyer as the day advanced, and seemed to loom more threateningly. Down we went, step by step, reach by reach, and so on to an island of rock at the base of the gully. There for agonising minutes we thawed our frozen hands, while the returning blood seemed to burn the very marrow of our fingers. “ Man, this is —— ! ” says the Lad, but the word was not “ great.”

A traverse to the right brought us to a snow-covered ice-fall which, on careful investigation, seemed to give excellent promise of a sitting glissade on to a snow bed. Mac sacrificed part of the glissade to confirm its safety, but the Lad had his glorious moment before disappearing into the cushioning drift below. Up he came snorting and puffing snow from his nostrils. “ Man, this is great ! ” he bellowed. Down came the Doc, and, cannoning none too gently from the rounded icy lip of the fall, shot into the depths. “ That ledge was hard,” he complained. “ Nae harder than the kirk seat ye should be on the day,” says the Lad.

On through the gathering gloom, down the tracks of the morning, and so to the car we went.

From the warm fountain of the Thermos we bathed our throats in comfort. Wrapping ourselves against the chilly air, we entered the car, extricated from its hole, and sped south on our homeward journey.

THE CAMPSIE FELLS.

By J. NEIL ORR.

THE "Campsies," which form an impressive background to the view on a clear day northward from Glasgow, appear as a plateau elevated high above the intervening valleys and ridges. The top of these hills is indeed of this nature, broken to the north by two large corries and to the south by several deep glens. The south face is on the line of one of the great faults crossing Scotland. The hills themselves are volcanic in structure, much of the rock being the most brittle and treacherous of trap.

While I can make no claim to speak authoritatively on matters geological, I understand that the present relatively flat top of these hills is the result of glacial denudation. The great glaciers coming from the north-west have carried off all the original superstructure. The wealthy coal measures of the Clyde Valley were saved from this fate by a subsidence on the line of the "Campsies" fault, which planted them hundreds of feet below the corresponding measures which at one time capped the adjacent hills.

On the south face also are the famous "Ballagan Beds" where the Ballagan burn has opened out a vast amphitheatre below the "Spout" and laid bare about 230 distinct strata—a formation unique in Europe and hardly equalled anywhere in the world. Glacial action is also seen in the succession of moraines along the north-west face, southwards from Dungoyne—itsself the "pipe" of a long-extinct volcano.

The rock-climber's interest is almost entirely confined to this face, *i.e.*, from Dungoyne to the Spout of Ballagan. Most of the rock is abominable, but there are at several points on this section basalt crags which, although requiring care, offer good sport, and are indeed a favourite hunting-ground for the many young members of local clubs whose very existence is unknown to most members of the S.M.C. My introduction to the Campsie rock

(which I had assumed to be all equally jerry-built) came from a chance encounter with two "doleful" young Clydebank shipworkers, both keen climbers and well conversant, through the local free library, with the standard mountaineering literature. They were a most likeable pair of young Spartans, practically living on the hills, and were, I seem to remember, members of the "Clydebank Climbing Club"—number strictly limited to 24.

The rocks arrange themselves in three main sections :

1. *Slack Dhu*.—This, the second of the rocky faces counting from Dungoyne, consists of a series of terraced precipices. In the centre is a deep black cleft, known as Coffin Gully. A long and interesting climb—considered the best on the Campsies—runs up the north side of this gully and is well scratched throughout. About two years ago Mr C. M. Allan, accompanied by Mr Kennedy-Fraser and myself, tackled, through a misapprehension on my part, the Coffin Gully direct in place of Pitch No. 1 of the Buttress Climb of Slack Dhu. The lead was gladly left to Allan, but when he had got well aloft Nos. 2 and 3, who had spent a freezing spell in the recesses of the Coffin, had to unrope and hurry up the rocks on the left wall of the gully to lower a rescuing loop to No. 1. Our route on this errand of mercy turned out to be the true Pitch No. 1. The start has several options, but thereafter the rocks are well scratched and easy, except that at the top one has to sink a left arm into a convenient rabbit hole (from which the pitch takes its name) to provide a steadying hold for a somewhat airy balance round and over a projecting rock. The very existence of the pitch as such is believed to depend on Mr Rabbit's activities.

Next comes a safe scramble, on rock as reliable as a castle of cards, to Pitch No. 2, which is known to me as "the Lady in the Niche." It is only about 10 feet high, but is tricky until you find the knack of starting on the right of the Lady and traversing across her.

Above No. 2 you meet the apex of a precipitous triangle. Two or 3 yards to the left is Pitch No. 3—about

10 difficult vertical feet of shallow open chimney—ending in a roll-over and squirm—no holds except vegetation.

Then follows a very steep scramble on the worst of rock to a ledge which can be followed right or left. Right takes you to the very nose of the buttress—Pitch No. 4—where a short but sensational finish is made on footholds which have to be treated with care, and with no real handholds. This is the only part of the climb which could be criticised as doubtful. In all other sections the rock which matters is good, subject to this proviso that on Campsie Rock nothing can be taken for granted.

There is an alternative Pitch No. 4 by following the ledge left for a few yards, after which you go as you please up and around some crazy pinnacles with an awkward scrambling finish on shaly debris.

One can wander and climb along the terraces of Slack Dhu with an enjoyable sense of exposure on very steep grass edged by sufficiently impressive precipices. It is no place for the "Tourist."

2. *Jenny's Lum*.—This is the name given to the point at which a little burn passes over the upper plateau into a 40-foot crack. When the wind comes from the proper airt the waters are blown upwards in fine spray and the reek of Jenny's Lum can be seen for many miles around. The climb is "Jenny's Lum Arête."

From Blanefield the rock appears as a precipitous square, down the right margin of which runs the dark line of the "Lum" itself. At Blanefield War Memorial take the Glasgow Water Works road—marked "Private, No Thoroughfare"—and transfer to the hillside at the first convenient spot. The route is via the upper waters of a burn which you see in a lovely dell below you from the Water Works road just beyond the last bungalow. As you approach the square lump of rock at which the burn points, you will see on the left of the burn a steep 20-foot slab so liberally bescratched that you will not fail to stop and test your nails. Above you, the near left edge of the rock cube (as it now appears), is your arête. It is absolutely vertical, the holds are horribly meagre, and there is a nasty suggestion of an overhang about



↓
Long Gully

↓
Coffin Gully
↓
Buttress Climb

SLACK DHU

↓
Scoop Climb

↓
Jenny's Lum and Arête
↓
Pinnacle Climbs
↓
Jacob's Ladder

↓
Staircase
↓
100 ft. Climb

↓
Black Craig

THE BLANEFIELD FACE OF THE CAMPSIE FELS SHOWING POSITIONS OF CLIMBS ON THE REDUCED PANORAMA

February 1936

Jan. W. Orr (Mrs Orr)

three-quarters up the 40-foot pitch. The liberal scratching which the arête carries may encourage the climber to tackle it—on a rope from above. So far it has proved beyond this writer's powers even with that moral assistance. It has been and is from time to time still led by some of the young acrobats who frequent this gymnasium. There is easy access to the top of the arête by Wallace's Chimney, a miniature affair on the left of the rock.

On the Jenny's Lum rock itself and among the rocks to its right are numerous short climbs of varying difficulty. About 50 yards to the right is the "Pinnacle," a 40-foot basalt pillar which offers access to its upper parts by a short chimney on either side, both comparatively easy. The best ascent is known as the Pinnacle Arête, the route being almost straight up the nose. The first few moves (holds for left hand) bring you almost within arm's reach of a short but obvious ledge. You sway right from a splendid left-handhold to get an open right-fingerhold. With knee or boot (dependent on your inches and agility) against the rock in front, you swing out and up to snatch at a good right-handhold at the back of the little ledge. A roving left boot finds an uncomfortably high foothold, and the ledge is surmounted by a pull and push, mantelshelf fashion. The nut is now cracked and the climber is soon standing airily on the 2-foot square top of the pinnacle. A long step follows across space to the main rock wall, and easy ledges then lead to the end of the climb.

Farther right is another well-marked pinnacle known as Jacob's Ladder, which provides adequate exercise for fingers and wrists and is best tackled on a warm day.

From Jenny's Lum you may contour left on a descending slant across a shallow gully and round a steep ridge into the first re-entrant angle, where you will find a good face climb of about 50 feet. It is very exposed, but there are plenty of good ledges and, for the most part, adequate handholds. Above is a characteristic grassy terrace on which, half left, some finger and wrist exercises may be had on a well-marked little pinnacle above which

is a steep scoop out of the hillside. There is, after the first 10 feet of scrambling, an easy but somewhat vegetation-clad exit left. The alternative exit, a quarter right, offers a nice little bit of balancing before you reach the level ground above.

3. *Black Craig*.—This is the forbidding face to the right of the gully which is a prominent feature of the hillside directly above the south end of Blanefield. Between this and Jenny's Lum are a number of amusing scrambles.

On the left-hand side of the gully is what the young Glasgow adventurers—ladies and gentlemen—call the "100-foot Pitch." When you scramble up the gully you find signs of use of a number of inadequate footholds on the left wall. After about 15 to 20 feet you traverse right to a long rock slide with a jumble of jagged rock on its right. The ascent of this—a bit of a scramble but not very difficult—finishes the climb.

One soaking day in 1934 I found myself a very uncomfortable second on Black Craig. The upper end of our rope—attached to Allan—was crawling up a thorn-tree topped chimney leading to a narrow grassy terrace which crosses the Craig about a third of the way up.

This portion of the ascent was comparatively easy, as was also a further rise to another thorn tree well rooted in a crack in the sheer face of the splintered and tottering rock wall. From my cranny behind the thorn tree I paid out, slowly and sometimes at long intervals, almost every inch of our 80-foot rope, cheered from time to time by a vivid commentary from above. Being then invited to proceed, I stepped very gingerly on to the top of a huge block of rock, about 49 per cent. of whose base projected over space, taking care that none of my agitation reached the block (a most appropriate term). The rest of the climb was clearly marked by a series of muddy footprints on precarious tufts of grass and shattered and disintegrating masses of rock.

One foothold vanished into space as I was parting from it. All the others had to be coaxed into staying where

they were. As we moved off from the top, Allan remarked that the climb was "barely justifiable."

The Black Craig has been the scene of one tragedy (in 1935) and several bad accidents.

4. *Corrie of Balglass.*—This fine corrie, which is reached from the Killearn-Fintry road, offers a difficult face climb on a gigantic slab set at a high angle and with very sketchy holds. I have seen it done—on a rope from above.

General.—For the solitary or less agile climber who likes a little spice with the enjoyable but simple fare of the steep grassy hillside, there are two interesting routes to the upper plateau. Cleaving the dark hill-face immediately North of Slack Dhu and South of Dungoyne is the "Long Gully," which provides some 500 feet of steep and varied scramble with most impressive though miniature rock scenery throughout. There is some danger from falling rocks after a thaw.

Towards the other end of the Blanefield face of the Campsies a ridge runs out on the opposite side of the gully from the Black Craig. This provides some enjoyable hand and foot work, finishing in a peculiar gully on the left, which we call the "Staircase." It terminates only a few somewhat airy feet from the top of the cliffs.

The claims put forward for the Campsies must be modest. These hills are not high, Dungoyne being 1402 feet and Earl's Seat, the summit of the Campsies, 1896 feet. The rocks are mostly execrable, and must be treated with extreme care. None the less they offer enjoyable sport and happy, healthy hours to many regular visitors of all ages and of all classes.

TWELVE HOURS UP.

By J. K. W. DUNN (J.M.C.S.).

*(An Ascent of the Crowberry Gully on
9th February 1936.)*

WE thought a 7 A.M. start from Crianlarich, where we had spent the night, would give us ample time to do a 1,200-foot gully in daylight. That we had been optimistic as regards our climbing speed and niggardly with the time allowance was amply demonstrated by the end of the day.

It was, of course, 7.30, not 7 A.M., when we left Crianlarich. (Experienced mountaineers will consider this a remarkably near approach to the planned hour of departure.) By 8.20 we had left the car near the Glen Etive road and were plodding glumly over the moor. It was a fine morning. Our spirits gradually rose. Embittered comments on the earliness of our rising and the indigestibility of our breakfast gave place to more normal conversation. To entertain us a large bird, alleged by Russell, our ornithological expert, to be a young golden eagle, started practising aerobatics immediately above us, eventually moving off southwards in a graceful series of dives and zooms.

We were in the gully proper by 10 o'clock. All the lower pitches being buried deep in snow, we were 400 feet up before the first pitch presented itself. The leader attacked with vigour, while the rest of the party alternately shivered and dodged ice chips. The rocks were mostly plastered with white brittle stuff of little use for steps, although genuine black ice appeared in patches, which conditions prevailed on all the pitches to a greater or less degree. Steps consequently deteriorated rapidly, the third and fourth men often requiring support from the rope.

The first pitch was surmounted without undue difficulty. Fifty feet higher the party gathered in a deep cleft,

terminating in a small cave. There were two possible routes from here, so it seemed. One, a steep upward traverse to the right over smooth glazed slabs and shallow powdery snow, at a general angle of about fifty-five degrees, looked rather hopeless; the other was up the cleft, knee and shoulderwise to a chockstone, and thence to the right over more glazed slabs. The leader attained the chockstone and almost immediately pronounced the route to be impossible. The party looked at the other route. After the leader had amplified and repeated his statement in reply to the usual inquiries, he came down from his eyrie, and we arranged to hold number three on a double rope while he tried the traverse. We were able to get a few feet above him in the cave, and so minimise the swing in the event of a slip.

The first two or three steps, although small, were in good ice, but after that number three had to trust to the shallow snow covering the slabs and to occasional footholds on the rock. There was a coating of ice about a quarter of an inch thick over the snow, which helped to hold it together, but underneath there was the most hopeless, crumbly stuff imaginable. A delicate business, but at last the leader reached deeper snow, and some 30 feet higher found a fair belay, from which he was able to bring the rest of the party across. Another 200 feet of good snow. So we reached a good-sized cave below and to the left of another 25-foot ice pitch.

This next pitch did not look so formidable, so we had a welcome half-hour out of the wind, and that most comforting thing on a mountain, a sheltered meal.

From the cave the rest of the party watched the leader work manfully with his axe. He went up from the entrance to the cave, where snow had drifted. A foot of it had to be removed before he found good, honest ice. It was six o'clock and nearly dark when the rope stopped moving, and a faint shout drifted down for number two to come. He disappeared; a long pause, punctuated by mysterious movements of the rope, which first ran out and then after an interval began to come back again, prompted the last two members of the party to attempt a

conversation and satisfy their natural curiosity at these portents. The only intelligible answers obtainable were, "Don't come yet!" and "What?" So numbers three and four retired, defeated and slightly indignant at being both figuratively and literally in the dark. When the summons did come it appeared that the leader had climbed another small pitch and continued to the top, where he was now firmly embedded and slowly freezing. Number two had shifted his position on the rope so as to give as much as possible to the last two men. That accounted for the rope coming back again. It may be mentioned that at this point we had two 100-foot lengths of rope tied together, which was just sufficient.

The last pitch, a wide little chimney about 6 feet high, was strenuous but not too difficult. At 7.40 P.M., with the stars sparkling frostily, the last man was up. We reached the cairn ten minutes later, eleven and a half hours after leaving the car. We were all, I think, thankful and a little surprised to be there.

Party.—W. M. MacKenzie (J.M.C.S.), J. B. Russell, J. F. Hamilton (J.M.C.S.), and J. K. W. Dunn (J.M.C.S.).

(The route taken was as described in "Central Highlands Guide," p. 50, and not the left fork which is still unclimbed.—ED.)

HUMMEL DODDIES.

By B. H. HUMBLE.

“HUMMEL DODDIES, 3s. 6d.” That advertisement in the last issue of the *Cairngorm Club Journal* started it all. Before you read any more stop and write down what *you* think Hummel Doddies are. I did not know, and no one whom I asked could say with certainty. The general opinion appeared to be that they were a kind of Balaclava helmet, but someone thought it was a special Aberdonian cocktail, while someone else said you could teach them to sing if you caught them young.

One man went to Aberdeen for a week to shoot roe-deer, but did not bag any Hummel Doddies or meet anyone who knew what they were.

The mystery deepened.

At the J.M.C.S. New Year Meet at Killin a sheet was handed round, and members were asked to write down their solution, no one being allowed to see what the others had written. Undernoted were some of the opinions:—

- Trouser seats.
- Kind of stag.
- Balaclava helmets.
- Woollen combinations.
- A type of hat.
- Forfar “braidie.”
- Anklets.
- Brassières for lady climbers.
- Kind of puttee.
- Some special sort of tinned food for climbers.
- Miniature bagpipes.
- Sleeping socks.
- Keeps unruly members warm.
- A super-super red biddy.
- Body belts.
- A cap.

Price of a new drink.
A sou'wester with ear flaps.
Something to take to the Shelter Stone.
Gaelic equivalent of sugar daddies.
Mittens.

Ultimately I consulted Mr J. A. Parker of the Cairngorm Club, and quote from his reply:—

“ I went into Dugan & Mitchell's (the advertisers) and asked them what a 'Hummel Doddie' was. They told me it was a worsted glove with one division for four fingers and another for the thumb. That is *their* interpretation.

“ I next consulted Jamieson's 'Dictionary of the Scottish Language' ” (neither the writer nor anyone else thought of doing that!). “ In the Supplement, Vol. I., 1825, I found the following:—

“ Page 603, 'Hummel Doddie—a ludicrous term applied to dress.'

“ Page 327, 'Doddie Mittens—worsted gloves without fingers. Used in Aberdeen and the Mearns.'

“ I think, therefore, that D. & M. are wrong in using the term Hummel Doddies for these fingerless gloves.”

BENIGHTED ON THE MOOR OF RANNOCH.*

By W. J. G. F.

THIS is the story of an early adventure during the promotion of the West Highland Railway. It is a tale of how a little band of seven determined men, with plenty of confidence in themselves, a lamentable contempt for the conditions they had to face, and a sublime disregard of the adverse weather conditions, set out to cross on foot the desolate Moor of Rannoch, and, as oft-times happens even to the unwisely bold, achieved their object. Their adventure proved in the end a delightful comedy, though it very nearly culminated in dire tragedy.

The seven gentlemen who undertook that arduous anabasis were—

“The Engineer,” the moving spirit of the railway undertaking, full of dauntless determination, to the frequent neglect of a protesting body, from which the mind was singularly detached. He was then verging on forty years of age.

“The Elderly Land Agent,” short, heavily built, and about sixty years of age. A townsman in appearance, equipped for the event in a high-sided felt hat and water-proof, and carrying an umbrella.

“The Major,” tall, spare, well set up, and active. A typical Victorian, side whiskers, and all complete; the cheeriest and best of companions. His age was about forty.

“The Lawyer,” age about forty-two. Tall, bearded, suave, and dignified, with the precise and perfect pronunciation peculiar to Inverness-shire, delivering his opinions with absolute finality.

“The Surveyor,” the only member of the party who had already crossed the moor. He had worked his way across when taking preliminary levels for the railway. He was thirty-three years of age or thereby.

* Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* of September 1927 with the kind permission and approval of the Author's representative and of Messrs Blackwood.

“The Assistant Engineer,” a veritable gust of wind, always busy, never at rest. Ever heart, mind, and body in the job on hand, with a quaint habit of relieving his feelings in moments of stress by sweetly whistling soft harmonic cadences. He was twenty-eight years of age.

Last, but not least, “The Contractor,” aged forty-one. Stout, full-blooded, and loquacious; overflowing with energy of mind, self-confidence, and the spirit of achievement. To-day he rests on his laurels, doubtless reviewing the many achievements he has attained, and perchance recalling the trials, pitfalls, and dangers that his determination has overcome; possibly not the least of these being the successful issue of his night of wandering on Rannoch Moor. He and the Assistant Engineer are the only two of the party of seven who are alive to-day.

The main section of the West Highland Railway, which extends for its 101 miles of length from Craigen-doran on the Firth of Clyde to Fort William, is the longest stretch of railway that has been constructed in Britain at one time. Those who are familiar with the character of the country traversed will recognise that the location and construction of the line embraced many unique and interesting features.

Starting on the Clyde estuary at sea-level, the line crosses the main watershed, or backbone, of Scotland no less than four times, at elevations of from 620 to 1,350 feet, before again reaching sea-level on the west at Fort William. For the first fifty and the last twenty miles, it for the most part follows the glens traversed by the main roads, by means of which the proposed route was more or less readily accessible.

The intermediate stretch embraces that wild and trackless waste known as the Moor of Rannoch, with its endless prospect of boulder-strewn hummocks, bog, lake, and peaty tarn, giving rise to sluggish streams making their tortuous courses eastward to the North Sea by Rannoch and the Tay, and to the Atlantic on the west by the glens of Orchy, Etive, and Spean. Truly a birthplace of many waters.

Prior to the advent of the railway, crossing the moor

between Kingshouse Inn on the west and Rannoch on the east, though only a matter of some seventeen miles, was regarded as a feat demanding courage and hardihood, partly by reason of the badness of the ground and difficulty of location in the event of mist, but principally on account of the absence of human habitation, and the spell cast by the vastness and solitude of the surroundings.

The route is now intersected by the railway at about half-way across, and the wayfarer is cheered by this link with his fellow-men, while from Rannoch station he has the advantage of a well-made road leading to Rannoch and beyond.

Between north and south, however, there are no starting and finishing points within reach to tempt a crossing. The way is long, and the "going" in places laboriously slow. Black, sluggish, and apparently bottomless streams wander in all directions, and have to be crossed. Distances deceive the eye. Few salient features present themselves to lead the traveller on, and such as there be, are of a far distance seeming ever to recede, as if part of a grand conspiracy to dishearten him and retard his progress.

It is to this stretch of the moor, from Loch Treig on the north to the glen of the Tulla on the south, that the following incidents relate, and they left in the minds of those who participated a lasting impression of remoteness and desolation, which the passenger by rail to-day, whirled across in comfort, can scarcely realise.

The Bill seeking power to construct the railway having been deposited with Parliament in the autumn of 1888, the interval until it should come up for hearing before the Committees in the spring was taken advantage of by the promoters in collecting evidence in its support—in particular that relating to sources of traffic—and to substantiate the estimates of constructional cost and land values. With this end in view it was arranged that the route of the proposed line should be traversed by experts capable of giving authoritative evidence on the various subjects.

Circumstances determined the date, 29th January 1889, at a wholly unsuitable season of the year. When, in the light of experience, one considers the formidable nature

of the undertaking, even under the most favourable conditions, and the sequence of events, grave doubts arise as to whether a practical programme had been evolved among the wise heads of the party. Certainly whatever plans were made miscarried, and the elements intervened, as if determined against the invasion of these solitudes by the pioneers of the iron road.

The company met at Fort William, and on the first day drove over the section between Fort William and Loch Ailort, at the entrance to which the seaward terminus was originally proposed. This terminus was subsequently abandoned in favour of the present one at Mallaig.

The evening was spent at Spean Bridge, the intention being to pass the next night at Lord Abinger's shooting-lodge Craig-uaine-ach (pronounced Craigūanach). From this point the moor was to be crossed to the valley of the Tulla Water, thence to Tyndrum, following generally the route of the proposed railway.

The second day's programme included a drive up Glen Spean by the Kingussie road to Inverlair Lodge, and a walk of about two and a half miles to the foot of Loch Treig. There being no track beyond this point, the party was to proceed by boat some six miles more to the head of the loch, and continue, again on foot, for three-quarters of a mile to Craig-uaine-ach. To this place a messenger had been dispatched on the previous day with the necessary instructions to the keeper at the lodge.

The ghillie was to travel by a short mountain route known as the Larig; but whether it was that he lost himself, or never started, or the Gaelic was inadequate for conveying the message correctly, the ultimate arrival of the party at the lodge, near midnight, was wholly unexpected.

They started bravely, with spirited exchanges of chaff as to their coming experiences on the moor, the vague menace of which seemed to obtrude upon the minds of all, though each appeared to consider himself immune. It was to the probable performance of others that doubts attached.

The day was not to be without adventure.

In due course Inverlair was reached, and the two and a half miles farther accomplished on foot to Loch Treig; but on arrival there the first indications of miscarriage were manifest. A boat-house there was, but of boat or men in waiting no sign. The short winter daylight was rapidly failing, hastened by threatenings of a coming storm, so without delay force was applied to the boat-house door.

This, however, was a signal for the appearance of a large Highlander, who had apparently been watching the party with suspicion from his hiding-place. In forceable terms the besiegers were called upon to desist; but after the situation had been explained, the existence of a weather-beaten and tarry boat was disclosed, hidden among the vegetation at the loch side. The craft being forthwith put into commission, the party embarked, and to the accompaniment of wind and rain, shouting of orders, and plashing of ill-handled oars, pushed forth on the now darkening waters.

As might have been anticipated, with such a crew and cargo, difficulties soon arose. Loch Treig is a narrow sheet of water, lying north and south, in a depression formed by lofty mountains, whose slopes fall steeply to the water's edge. The westerly gales, blowing across the valley, eddy back on the eastern side, striking the water in the opposite direction with vicious squalls, often lifting the surface in clouds of whirling spindrift to an immense height. It is doubtless from these characteristics that the loch has derived its name which signifies "wild." Be that as it may, such were the conditions as the heavily laden boat slowly crept along, hugging the eastern shore.

It may be taken for granted that among such a company of experts in every trade but that of seamanship wisdom made herself heard in many voices. What with a conflict of orders, further confused by the noise of the elements, together with the ill-trim of the boat with its heavily loaded stern, it was with great difficulty that headway was made, the bow prevented from being blown offshore, and the craft carried out into the middle of the storm-swept loch. The peril was increased by the unseaworthiness of the vessel, which leaked to such an extent that biscuit

tins, similar receptacles for food, and even boots and shoes, had to be improvised for baling, and kept constantly in use.

The urgency of keeping contact with the shore increasing with the darkness, it became necessary actually to feel a way along the edge, and so in this laborious fashion the voyage continued towards the head of the loch. After about five hours' struggle a light was reported, and the boat headed for it. Speculation became clamant and conflicting, and while the experts were still at variance the boat stuck fast upon a mud-bank.

After vain efforts at refloating, two enterprising and self-sacrificing members of the party got overboard to prospect, disappearing in the darkness. Thus lightened the boat floated, but only to stick once more farther on. After a lengthy period a second light appeared, voices sounded, there was the noise of oars, and a boat arrived alongside. The vessel, further lightened, was eventually piloted to a haven, whence the whole party was escorted to the lodge.

To be unexpectedly invaded in a remote Highland solitude at midnight by a party of seven, with a request for food and shelter, implies no small demand upon hospitality and resourcefulness, but the inmates rose cheerfully to the occasion. A large apartment or barn, chiefly used for storing grain to feed the deer, was quickly converted into sleeping quarters with benches and blankets, and a blazing fire. Rain and hail beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the roof, and the spectre of the moor grew more insistent.

Grey dawn found the party ill-rested but ready to start. The wind and rain still raged in a tumult at full crescendo. A bridge had been washed away during the night, necessitating a return to the loch in order to be ferried over the stream, and so to reach the rough track which leads steeply up to the high level of the moor. The shepherd, saviour of the night before, decided that it was going to be a bad day (as if it was not bad enough already!), and would come a bit of the road. Encouraged by his company the party set out, each member equipped

with food and raiment according to his own ideas of the requirements of such an occasion.

The route lay at first, for some three miles, up the side of a mountain stream, until the fourteen hundred feet level was reached at a point where it became necessary to abandon the rough path and take to the bare moor. Here a halt was called, and the shepherd gave last directions before starting on his return.

On the left, about a mile distant, lay gloomy Loch Ossian. To the right rose Ben-y-Bhreich with its wild corries. In front, to the south-east, lay the route. The wind blew a gale, and the day was darkened by low-flying clouds. Sheets of sleet chased one another in raking columns, blotting out the horizon, and rendering the visible landscape as if it were a desolate isle in a waste of vapour. The moor extended in front in an apparently limitless expanse of peat moss, and hummocky ridges of scattered boulders, which loomed large and far distant, assuming weird and fantastic forms through the driving mist. A more desolate scene it would be difficult to picture.

Whatever doubts may have been in the minds of each at this stage, none were openly expressed. To proceed was taken for granted. Had they not come thus far to cross the moor, and was not the moor in front of them? Nevertheless banter had ceased to be exchanged, and a serious mood prevailed.

Distances on the moor are to be reckoned by time rather than miles. Progress through the mossy tracts is by zigzag spasmodic effort, a series of leaps from tuft to tuft, with the eye ever on the alert, searching in advance for a footing for the next leap, to enable a continuity of forward movement to be maintained. The "going" becomes very heavy and most exhausting. The tufts, being soft and spongy, offer but little resistance for the necessary spring, while occasionally the eye fails to detect in time a landing to suit the forward impulse, with dire results.

Under these conditions the party restarted in a more or less straggling formation, each selecting what he

considered the easiest ground. By choosing the firmer parts, and avoiding as far as possible the moss, fair progress was made at the outset over what is probably one of the most trying stretches of the moor, intersected as it is by the sluggish feeders of the Black Water draining through a wide mossy expanse of moorland.

Some six miles on, the three counties of Argyle, Perth, and Inverness meet at Lochan-a-Chlaidheimh (pronounced Loch-na-Claive, and meaning Loch of the Sword). It is so named from a traditional meeting here in the fifteenth century between the Lochiel and the Earl of Atholl, to settle the disputed ownership of the surrounding territory. They agreed to meet *alone*, but prior to the meeting Atholl had posted a score of his men in hiding amongst the heather, and Lochiel, warned by an old spey-wife persistently calling out "Where are your men, Lochiel, where are your men, Lochiel?" had likewise taken the precaution of collecting a "tail" of threescore, whom he sent to hide on the hillside. When the two chiefs met Atholl drew his sword, at which signal his men sprang up and revealed themselves.

"Who are these?" demanded Lochiel.

"These," replied the earl, "are my Atholl wethers come to graze upon our Lochaber lands."

Thereupon Lochiel threw open the cloak he was wearing, so as to expose its scarlet lining. At the signal his three-score men came bounding down the hillside to join their chief.

"Who, then, are these?" queried the earl, taken by surprise.

"These," replied Lochiel, "are my Lochaber hounds, and they love above all else the taste of an Atholl wether!"

Hopelessly outnumbered, Atholl cast his sword into the loch, proclaiming that so long as the sword remained in the loch the territory should belong to Lochiel. Curiously enough, a boy fishing in the loch about a hundred years ago, drew out an old rusted sword, which he took to the parish minister. At the earnest petition of the men of Lochaber it was again thrown into the loch.

(To be continued.)

THE "BEN NEVIS GUIDE BOOK."*

DR G. GRAHAM MACPHEE is to be congratulated on the completion of the new "Ben Nevis Guide Book." A casual scrutiny of its pages is eloquent testimony to the enormous amount of exploration and meticulous revision involved in its compilation. If one then reflects that Dr Macphee set himself the task of personally visiting and climbing all the known rock-climbing routes on the Ben, and that he very nearly succeeded in doing so in an oft-repeated series of short visits from the far-away starting-point of Liverpool, one is doubly amazed at his hardihood and persistence.

Inevitably, to a man of Macphee's rock-climbing calibre, the revision of old routes suggested many new ones. The C.I.C. Memorial Hut more than justified its existence as a base for exploration. Others joined in the quest in a minor degree, and the old Ben is now coming to the fore as the finest combined centre for rock and snow climbing in Britain.

There is little room for criticism either of the conception or of the detail of the Guide Book. Ben Nevis is a complicated mountain, and it is hardly to be expected that the descriptions of its rock climbs will be as accurate or as easily verified on the spot as those of the climbs on one of the Lakeland crags. The Guide Book does all it can to help us, through the medium of a copious selection of excellent photographs from different points of view.

The difficulty of accurate description may be illustrated by some personal experiences of the writer. On p. 54 he is credited with an ascent of the Comb via the Green Gully, but a careful study of the photographs facing pp. 52 and 61 reveals two transverse ledges across the face of the Comb to the right of and below the overhanging Nose. The lower ledge is very easy; the

* G. Graham Macphee, Editor. 110 pages of letterpress, 1 photogravure, 19 illustrations, 5 line drawings, 9 panoramas, and 1 map. 5s. net. Post 6d. From Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

upper, not so easy, ledge was traversed by the writer's party. Indeed, but for the evidence of these two photographs, the writer was very sceptical of the fact that he was ever in Green Gully at all. It was a dense mist, the gully was rather narrow and by no means green.

To return to something more important. More might be said on the subject of the Observatory Ridge. The lowest steep boss of this ridge gives a choice of routes. It is only higher up that the line of ascent becomes strictly defined. The writer has ascended the ridge on three separate occasions, and has descended it once. He has found that three of these routes were quite different in character, that the central one gave some very awkward and difficult slab-climbing, far more difficult than anything to be found elsewhere on the ridge, and that the left-hand route, much nearer to the precipitous gully between the Observatory Ridge and the North-East Buttress, provided a means of descent practically without any difficulties at all.

There are a good many new ascents recorded, especially by parties in which Dr Macphee was the initiator and probably usually the leader. His complete survey of the ground has set him a number of interesting climbing problems, usually fairly difficult ones, and he has evidently enjoyed solving them—perhaps even in such a case as the ascent in summer conditions of the last section of the Gardyloo Gully on "soft, whitish, caseous rock."

The enormous variety in winter conditions of climbing is amusingly illustrated by a contrast between Dr Macphee's and the writer's experiences in Glover's Chimney (quite a good eponymous name in common use, and better than Tower Gap (West) Chimney). Dr Macphee enjoyed a magnificent ice-climb there on 17th March 1935. Mr C. M. Allan and the writer were there in dense mist on the 31st March—exactly a fortnight later. They were looking for No. 2 Gully, though they were in No. 3, crossed a most abominable ice-bulge and descended a steep snow-slope terminating in a rocky pitch above a steep, narrow gully. This went without much difficulty, ending in a chimney with excellent holds and

leading to—the Tower Gap. The incident was a fitting sequel to two hours of midnight wanderings on the preceding night in a tardily successful attempt to locate the C.I.C. Hut.

To revert to the Guide Book. Criticism might be pointed at the climbing classification. It is a notorious fact that new climbs, as the writer has discovered in the Glencoe district, appear to be more difficult to the pioneers. New holds are discovered, gardening takes place, and familiarity begets a certain measure of ease. Let not the severity of the Guide Book classification deter our younger rock climbers from following the excellent leads given by the Guide Book editor.

Something, too, might be said on the score of the bibliography. The number of references is great. Many of these will probably contain little original matter worthy of serious consultation, but important sources are specially marked. In some cases future visitors or explorers may feel like disagreeing with Dr Macphee's descriptions, and may wish to consult the records of the pioneers. One feels that, in such cases, it might have been better to quote the reference at the foot of the appropriate page in the text, as is usual in the case of scientific papers. The point is a small one, which will not annoy anyone seriously except the future editor of the next edition of the Guide—many years hence.

The first part of the Guide Book, which precedes the climbing section, has for the most part appeared in the first edition, with the exception of an excellent geological article by Dr J. G. C. Anderson. At the end of the book is a reproduction of Mr J. E. Shearer's "Panorama from the Summit of Ben Nevis." There are twenty-four illustrations, many of them very beautiful and all of them informative and well produced.

All good mountaineers will enjoy reading the descriptions of new and old ascents almost as much as Dr Macphee must have enjoyed their exploration.

J. H. B. B.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM WILSON NAISMITH, 1856-1935.

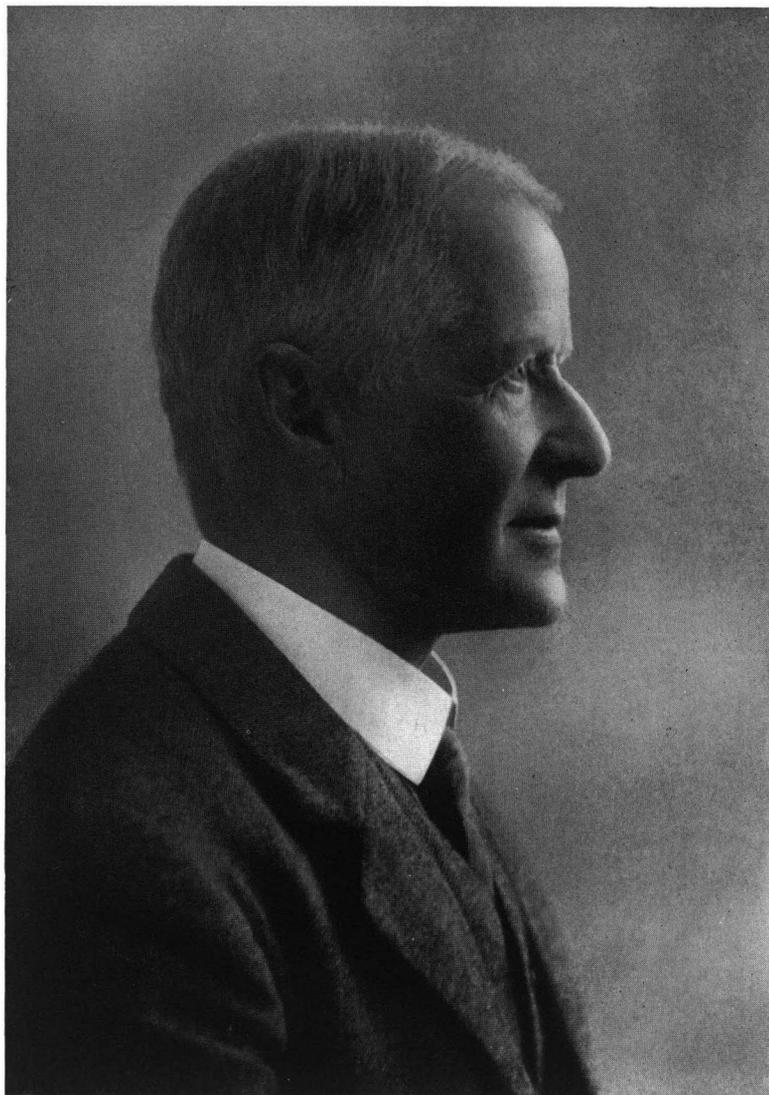
By GILBERT THOMSON.

It is difficult to realise that Naismith, to whom the Club owes its existence, is no longer with us. There was no warning in the shape of prolonged illness, we never knew him as other than an active man, full of bodily and mental vigour even in his eightieth year. In an hour he had passed away.

The writer enjoyed for many years the privilege and the honour of his friendship and companionship. The Autumn Holiday of 1889, a Thursday in those days, was approaching, when some happy thought prompted Naismith to call for him and suggest that they might spend the day together on the hills. This, with the added companionship of Stirling, long since dead, and Boyd Watt, took the form of a traverse of the Cobbler, Ben Ime, Ben Vane, and Ben Vorlich, as chronicled in the *Journal* (I. 63) under the heading, "The Arrochar Mountains." This was the writer's first introduction to expert rock climbing, the first of many joint mountaineering experiences at home and abroad, and the beginning of a warm friendship. He owes to Naismith practically all that he knows of Scottish mountaineering, and many valuable lessons besides. His personal loss is a great one.

Naismith's love for the mountains began early. Before he was fourteen he had climbed Ben Lomond and made a winter ascent of Ben Bhreac, and while still quite young he walked from his home in Hamilton to the top of Tinto and back, a walk of something like 56 miles. The same love continued all his life, and to the very last he was in the habit, accompanied by Mrs Naismith, of visiting the Campsies and enjoying a scramble over some of their rocky outcrops.

To those who knew Naismith, it is needless to speak of his technical skill as a mountaineer. On rocks, snow



Photo

WILLIAM WILSON NAISMITH

Lafayette

hard or soft, or "unmitigated ice," he was equally at home, and he had few superiors in any branch of mountaineering. Nor is it necessary to speak of the mental and moral qualities which marked his climbing. He was daring, but never rash. His daring was always combined with the most scrupulous care, and anything that he undertook was thoroughly justifiable for one of his ability. A safer climber could not be found, and he never hesitated to abandon an attempt when it involved an improper risk. Among the records of Ben Nevis, for example, he was in the first ascent of the Staircase, but it is interesting to know that he had made a previous attempt, spending a summer night in the valley waiting for sufficient light, and that he gave up the attempt on reaching a pitch, which, as he said, he saw his way to go up, but not to come down in safety if there was an insuperable obstacle farther up. Between that and the successful expedition he satisfied himself, by exploration from above, that there was no such obstacle, and that therefore the critical passage was justifiable. The fine record which the Club enjoys is largely due to the example which he set.

The pages of the *Journal* bear eloquent testimony to his activities. He could not be described as a "peak-bagger," but his list of ascents was a big one, and his name is associated with many first ascents. In the early days of the Club an amusing article in the *Journal* (II. 235) by the late Hely Almond divided mountaineers into Ultramontanes, who believed that a thing could be done because it was impossible, and Salvationists, who must not only be safe but feel safe. Naismith was a happy combination of both. An apparently impossible climb had either to be done or proved to be impossible, but it had to be done safely or not at all. He had no sympathy with the so-called mountaineering whose basis was self-glorification, and which has been responsible for so many accidents and for the discredit thus brought on mountaineering in general. It was the pleasure and interest of the climb, not any fame from the doing of it, that counted.

His modesty was no less conspicuous than his skill. In a most interesting article which he contributed to the *Journal* (X. 275) entitled "Courage in Mountaineering," he alleges his own want of that quality, and adds, "It has generally been my good fortune to climb with comrades who seemed to be blest with more nerves than myself." Such comrades it would not be easy to find. He did not realise, as his comrades did, that their nerve and confidence were due to his leadership and their confidence in it.

His Alpine record need not be dealt with in detail here. He became a member of the Alpine Club in 1893, and made many fine expeditions before and after. In the article just quoted he mentions some of them to illustrate his various points, but another, interesting and characteristic, may be added. He had planned an ascent of the Eiger, with guides, but on the guides insisting on a start much earlier than he thought necessary, he declined their services and started alone some hours later, overtaking a guided party before the top was reached. The writer remembers taxing him with this as being an unorthodox proceeding, but he defended it on the ground that no crevassed glacier had to be crossed, and that there was otherwise no danger. For him probably there was not. He agreed with the late Sir James Ramsay that there was "a fearsome joy" in solitary climbing, but it was not often that he indulged in it.

His place in the annals of mountaineering is unique, and his name is one to conjure with. The writer a number of years ago promised to a young girl, a near relation, a day's rock climbing on the Cobbler. They had the additional pleasure and advantage of the company of Mr and Mrs Naismith. Some time afterwards the girl was at Sligachan, and found herself, a complete stranger, among a lot of climbing enthusiasts. She was a mere nobody until it happened to come out that she had once climbed with Mr Naismith, when she found to her astonishment that she was at once a person of consequence. Another illustration of the power of his name was when

a party was being made up for an expedition of some difficulty, and the advisability of inviting a certain member to join it was discussed. Some good things which he had done were mentioned, but were promptly countered "These were all done with Naismith, who is good enough to take even a duffer over anything."

His range of activities was remarkable. In the midst of a busy life, where he had a high professional standing as a chartered accountant and insurance manager, he found room for many active recreations. In the great frost of 1895 he was the first to explore a large part of Loch Lomond, carefully testing the ice as he went, and getting as far as Rowardennan without taking off his skates. On the last Saturday of the frost he piloted the writer over acres of clear ice, unmarked by any skates but his own. He tried canoeing, and started to go from Kenmore to the sea, but one of the party was upset in the neighbourhood of Taymouth Castle, and the journey was never resumed. He persuaded the writer to join him in boxing lessons, giving and taking many hard knocks. As a horseman he was not content with riding on the flat, but practised jumping as well. He even tried ballooning, a *Journal* note (VI. 254), under the title "A Mile Above Glasgow," being an anonymous account of one of his own experiences. It described an ascent of a "nameless peak, 5,350 feet high, near Glasgow," with a humorous apology for having transgressed the mountaineering rule which forbids artificial aids.

Difficulties which would repel many men were to Naismith a definite attraction. This was characteristic of his sedentary as well as of his active recreation. He played chess with more than average skill, on one occasion at least, in a representative match.

No account would be complete which did not refer to his deep religious convictions and the practical and unostentatious way in which they were manifested. At an age when many men would have sought a well-earned rest, he took over the Honorary Western Treasurership of the National Bible Society of Scotland, and for about twenty years gave expert service of the most valuable

kind. For about the same length of time he was an elder in Kelvinside (Botanic Gardens) Church, and the gathering at the funeral service there bore eloquent testimony to the regard in which he was held. As an instance of his thoroughness and unselfishness it might be mentioned that he was in the early days of the Club a heavy smoker, in which personally he saw no harm, but when he found that his smoking lessened his influence with a class of young men of which he had charge, he at once gave it up and never smoked again. He may once have rued it. At the New Year Meet of 1911 he and Harry Walker made an afternoon ascent of Beinn a' Chochuill, both carrying lanterns, as they knew that the return would be in the dark. On the top they got their lanterns ready, and each turned to the other for a match. Neither had any.

With all his love for the mountains he always avoided Sunday climbing, but he had never a hard word for those who did not share his views. No one could know him without realising that his whole life was guided by his conscience, and that his religion was his life.

It was a matter of regret to all the members of the Club that his modesty would not allow him to become its President. He disliked having to make anything of a formal speech, although he could speak well and to the point. He alone of all the Club members was unable to realise the importance of what he had done, which was not limited to the value of his original suggestion. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and Naismith's influence has had much to do with the high standard of mountaineering and of mountaineering ethics of which our Club is so proud. All of us have lost a trusted guide, those who were honoured with his friendship have lost a dear friend.

HENRY COCKBURN.

HENRY COCKBURN, one of our original members, died at his home in London last January, aged 87. He was born in Edinburgh on 29th June 1848, the son of Archibald William Cockburn and grandson of the celebrated Scottish judge, Henry Lord Cockburn. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, passing from there into the Faculty of Actuaries, Scotland. He had a most distinguished business career, becoming at the early age of 27 Life Manager and Actuary in London of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, which position he held until his retirement in 1913. For a time he was Chairman of the Life Offices Association in London, in many respects the most important position in the world of Life Assurance.

Although Cockburn was an original member of the Club, there are practically no records of his presence at meets or dinners. He is rather to be regarded as one of that company of distinguished Scots who migrate southward, but who always retain their sympathy and active help for Scottish institutions. It is very likely, therefore, that most of his climbing was done in the Alps.

It was during a Club Meet in April 1892, however, that he made a first ascent of the South Gully of the great north-east corrie of Ben Lui, in the company of his great friend the late J. H. W. Rolland. (See *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. II., p. 129.)

At the age of 30 Cockburn joined the Alpine Club, served on the Committee from 1894 to 1896 and as Librarian from 1894 to 1906. During this period he catalogued and remodelled the library. He had a long list of first-class peaks and passes to his credit when joining the Alpine Club, and he continued to climb for many years afterwards.

Henry Cockburn outlived nearly all his contemporaries, and it has been very difficult to get in touch with the friends who really knew him, especially mountaineering friends. In business circles he was held in affectionate

remembrance and respect. One who was associated with him in business in former days writes of him as follows: "My personal experience of him was that he always set a very high standard. He was a man of polish and charm, and one always felt that an appreciation by him of anything one did was something to be very much valued. It was foreign to his nature to talk about his own ability or achievements."

During his period of retirement after 1913 he gave much of his time to charitable works, and throughout the war served the Red Cross and St John of Jerusalem with great devotion, particularly in the cause of British prisoners of war. He took the keenest interest in the Soldiers', Sailors', and Airmen's Families Association, the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and the Chelsea Hospital for Women. He retained his vigour and general activity almost to the time of his death.

J. H. B. B.

PROFESSOR JOHN EDWARD ALOYSIUS
STEGGALL, M.A., F.R.S.E.

WE regret to report the death of Professor Steggall in November 1935, who was one of the oldest members of the Club. He was born on 19th November 1855, educated at the City of London School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the highest honours in Mathematics, and a few years later was appointed to a Chair in Mathematics and Physics at the newly founded University College in Dundee, a post which he held for over fifty years, retiring therefrom after a distinguished career in 1933. He had wide interests, was a lover of literature, art, and particularly architecture, and entered fully into the college, town, and church life of Dundee, where he was an outstanding figure.

He was a pioneer in the Cyclist Touring Club, and when close on seventy cycled from Dundee to Cardiff to attend a meeting of the British Association. In forty years of cycling he covered 100,000 miles. He was a highly skilful photographer and draughtsman: his

pictorial diaries both of architectural detail and of moor and mountain form—the fruit of his wanderings abroad and in the Highlands—are gems of their kind.

H. W. T.

ALEXANDER INKSON M'CONNOCHIE.

ALEXANDER INKSON M'CONNOCHIE died at Hendon Way, Cricklewood, London, on 7th January 1936, at the advanced age of 86. Mr M'Connochie was born at Rothes, Morayshire, in 1850, and after attending school at Inchberry, and subsequently at Oyne, Aberdeenshire, he served his apprenticeship in a law office in Aberdeen, and eventually commenced business there as an Accountant and Law-stationer. After spending a few years in Glasgow he made London his permanent residence.

Mr M'Connochie became an Associate member of the Society of Accountants in England in 1877, which was merged in the "Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales" by Royal Charter in 1880. Thereupon Mr M'Connochie became an Associate (A.C.A.) of the Institute of C.A.'s in England and Wales in 1880, and continued so until the date of his death, but he was not a member of a Scottish C.A. body.

He was one of the oldest and best-known authorities on the Highland hills, and on deer and deer forests.

His great interests were in the hills, and he walked across the Highlands from sea to sea when he was only about sixteen. He was essentially a hill-walker, rock climbing and the art of mountaineering, as understood to-day, having never appealed to him. He was a most excellent companion for arranging a mountain expedition, leaving nothing forgotten down to the minutest detail of the commissariat.

He was a mine of information, and most generous in his help to a little band of English friends in their various raids into the Cairngorm country and other regions. It was a great privilege to be one of his many friends and to accompany him on some memorable tramps up the

glens and mountains north of the Caledonian Canal and elsewhere. Though so much the senior, he was the one to make the pace, and his endurance was astonishing, down to a much more recent date. Less than twenty years ago, in Cowal, he was out on the hills with a party in tempestuous weather, and for many hours they were drenched to the skin, without the least chance of shelter. Far from wanting to hurry home, he pushed on to an eyrie which was visited and photographed, and then to a reserve eyrie not then occupied by the birds. Next day he was as game as ever.

He had written several very accurate and informative books, amongst others, "Bennachie," "Ben Macdhui and His Neighbours," "Lochnagar" (1891), "Deeside," "The Royal Dee," "Donside," and also three very interesting books entitled "The Deer and Deer Forests of Scotland" (historical, descriptive, and sporting, 1923), "Deer Stalking in Scotland" (1924), and "Deer Forest Life" (1932).

We hope that a book, as yet unpublished, to be called "Birds in Deer Forests," may still be issued to the public.

Mr M'Connochie was an enthusiastic member of the Cairngorm Club, having been Honorary Secretary and Editor from 1893 to 1911. He was not a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, but he took a keen interest in all its doings.

W. G. and E. A. B.

NEW CLIMBS.

AONACH DUBH VIA "THE PLEASANT
TERRACE."

ABOUT half-way up the steep Ossian's Cave face of Aonach Dubh, and occupying a pleasantly sensational situation, is a horizontal terrace. It curves, without interruption, from the Deep Gash Gully splitting the western end of the cliff to Shadbolt's Climb at the eastern extremity. This terrace was gained by climbing up a wide, shallow, but very steep subsidiary trap gully which lies just to the left of the great gully. The route was first on the right and then on the left, an awkward traverse across the bed of the gully being effected about 50 feet up. This passage was safeguarded by a belay 15 feet higher up on the right-hand side.

The terrace gained, it proved simply an exhilarating walk, emerging finally at the spacious grassy amphitheatre near the top of Shadbolt's Climb.

About 40 yards short of this point a vertical geological fault crosses the terrace, and the top section of this was tackled in preference to using Shadbolt's exits. It proved to be a steep, parallel-walled cleft leading, without change of character, to the summit of the cliff. Using back and knee it yielded a very enjoyable climb similar to the lowest 150 feet of Shadbolt's Chimney.

A. A. B. MARTIN and J. BELL,

Grampian Club: 11th September 1935.

C BUTTRESS—WEST FACE.
AONACH DUBH.

Cf. "Central Highlands Guide," p. 85.

This climb was done by J. D. B. Wilson, J.M.C.S., along with G. A. Collie in June 1935.

The actual climbing started from the prominent sill

which crosses the whole face. The bottom of the buttress is badly undercut, and direct progress is out of the question. The best start is above a small cairn, up a thin gully. The gully itself proved impossible above, but about 15 feet up a ledge is seen running out to the crest of the buttress above the overhang. An awkward traverse of 10 feet lands the climber on a narrow ledge. From there a slightly overhanging face is climbed on small holds, and this in turn is followed by 40 feet of rock set at a more comforting angle. Above this the ridge degenerates, but continues to give pleasant scrambling for another 100 feet or so. Although in itself the climb is short, it will be found to give a pleasant alternative route to the upper slopes of Aonach Dubh.

J. D. B. WILSON.

THE AMPHITHEATRE OF AONACH DUBH.

On 24th November 1935 C. M. Allan and I set out to do some exploration among the gullies and buttresses of the western front of Aonach Dubh.

This is a very complicated face, and we do not think that the topography of this part is complete in the "Central Highlands Guide." We recognise, however, that more exploration is required before the place can be said to be known. In the meantime MacRobert's sketch in the Guide will illustrate this expedition.

We made for No. 5 Gully from below. As we approached the waterfall at its base, and before we came too close under the rocks, we could see high above us, where the gully narrows at the middle tier of precipice, a curious hole in the rock on the left side of the gully (ascending) looking like a needle's eye. We resolved to investigate this.

At the base of the waterfall it was obvious that a traverse was necessary. We tried up to the right, and got on to a bad place on vegetatious rock with the joints the wrong way. We were thus able to overlook an unclimbable pitch in No. 6 Gully. We returned to the



July 1933

WINIFRED'S PINNACLE

A. Harrison

base of the waterfall, climbed up interesting rocks to the left, and so traversed upwards to the foot of a subsidiary gully, pretty narrow, which went well for 60 feet or so to the foot of a dripping overhang. On our right was a 20-foot smooth slab, nearly vertical. The leader went out to the right and up on vegetatious rock, then back and across the upper part of the slab on very small holds; a very delicate pitch. Thereafter an upward escape to the right became possible, and all went easily onwards up a grassy buttress with one or two trees. On the right one sees two more rather impossible looking pitches in No. 5 Gully.

We soon reached the foot of the "Needle's Eye," a 40-foot porphyry chimney, about 3 feet wide and roofed by a huge boulder. The chimney is very awkward near the top, where it is necessary to transfer to the right wall from the left (ascending). Above this point it would be easy to get into the upper amphitheatre of No. 5 Gully, in the upper part of which is a fine knife-edge arête or buttress, probably that climbed in 1898 by Clark, Inglis, and Maclay. We, however, climbed interesting rocks on our left to a ridge which later joined another ridge on the left, forming the southern bounding wall of the amphitheatre, which is the collecting corrie for No. 4 Gully.

We now understand this place. Its northern bounding ridge is narrow and impressive. In its upper part is a curious little pinnacle ascended by Allan and myself in 1932. The lower middle part of the amphitheatre consists of a precipitous rocky buttress separated from the north and south bounding ridges by two gullies, of which the southern may be climbable but the northern seems to be impossible. The upper part of the amphitheatre is still more interesting. From north to south, or from left to right, there are, first, an impressive pinnacle called Bell's Pinnacle in the Guide, then an easy gully leading to the easy upper slopes of the mountain. Centrally placed is a fine buttress of rock with a knife-edge arête, which we climbed (see below). On its right is an easy gully, then a buttress which lies behind the impressive front of Winifred's Pinnacle, climbed by Mr and Mrs G. D.

Abraham. Finally, to the right of this is another easy gully.

By a prolonged traverse Allan and I reached the foot of the Knife-edge Buttress. This gave us a splendid climb of about 200 feet on red porphyry rock. On the north side the buttress falls away vertically, but on the south is a wonderful, steep, rough slabby face. The first pitch went up steeply for 50 feet, followed by an easier 40 feet to the foot of a very steep section. This was climbed with difficulty for 40 feet to a bad stance below a 20-foot chimney, the crux of the climb, which necessitated combined tactics. The rocks were cold and wet, snow having to be removed from the ledges. I, being lighter, was deputed to lead the chimney. This was very exposed and holdless. I got up in the end, thanks to Allan, who continued to support my left foot in his outstretched left hand, part of my weight having been transferred successively from his back, to his shoulders, to his head, and, finally, to his left hand. My own hands, having lost all sensation, were only of use as wedges. The last pitch of the climb is very agreeable—a 40-foot slab with adequate though small holds. Then one steps along to the easy ground of the connecting ridge between Aonach Dubh and Stob Coire nan Lochan. The actual climb took us $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

J. H. B. BELL.

GLEN DOLL GULLY.

Seen from Jock's Road in Glen Doll, this gully looks very much more formidable than it is in reality.

The climb was accomplished in November 1935 by J. D. B. Wilson, J.M.C.S., and D. A. Rait.

Short, easy rock pitches separated by grass and scree led to a huge boulder jammed in the gully about 150 feet from the foot. No through route is available, and a way is made up the right-hand side of the obstacle. The holds are slippery and not too good, but a good stance is found on the top of the block. From here

two 80-foot pitches are climbed on rotten rock and slimy moss. In November the rocks and moss were well bound by frost, and a coating of snow necessitated the cutting of a step here and there. In summer this part would probably prove difficult and unpleasantly wet. The gully ends on the slopes just below the summit of Craig Rennet.

J. D. B. WILSON.

ISLE OF MAY.

The pinnacle at Pilgrim's Haven on this island has been described in a recent note by Dr J. Y. Macdonald, who alluded to the sensational exposure of its twin tops which rise some 12 feet from the gap between. Undoubtedly a rope was very desirable for a party wishing to test the stability of the seaward, or southern, top: and an opportunity was given during a visit by the St Andrews University Mountaineering Club to the island early in May 1935 to make the experiment. The combination of arctic waters, barnacles, high wind and strong sunshine made the climb memorable to the four bathers who managed to transfer an 80-foot rope and rubber-soled shoes dry to the outer foot of the stack from which the climb begins. Both summits were visited: first the landward or northern top, which demanded care and neatness as the holds were small; next the southern and more spectacular, which was reached from the gap by an exhilarating little traverse on adequate holds round to the outer edge, and so upwards over the top and down direct to the gap, by using a narrow crack caused by a dislodged upright flake. This flake had looked insecure from below, but proved to be sound. The downward and literally vertical view into blue depths, perhaps 100 feet below, on the final rock, was very remarkable. There is also some excellent climbing practice of all difficulties to be had on the miscellaneous detached bluffs farther to the south-east.

H. W. TURNBULL.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1936—DALMALLY.

THIS most successful Meet commenced on 28th December 1935 with the arrival of W. N. Ling, M. S. P. Taylor, and F. D. C. Allen. On the 30th, R. N. Rutherford and T. G. Robinson arrived. These mountaineers got the hills into good order for the bulk of the members who weighed in on the evening of Tuesday, 31st, when the Meet was duly constituted by the arrival of the President.

Unfortunately, the President had to leave on New Year's morning, but with great foresight he left the management of the weather in the hands of the Editor, so that a continued improvement took place until the end of the week, culminating in two magnificent days of hard frost and clear sunshine on Friday and Saturday, and winding up with a pleasing downpour of rain on the evening of Sunday, 5th January. Snow conditions were therefore very satisfactory, with good going on the ridges and a very fair measure of sport in north-facing couloirs.

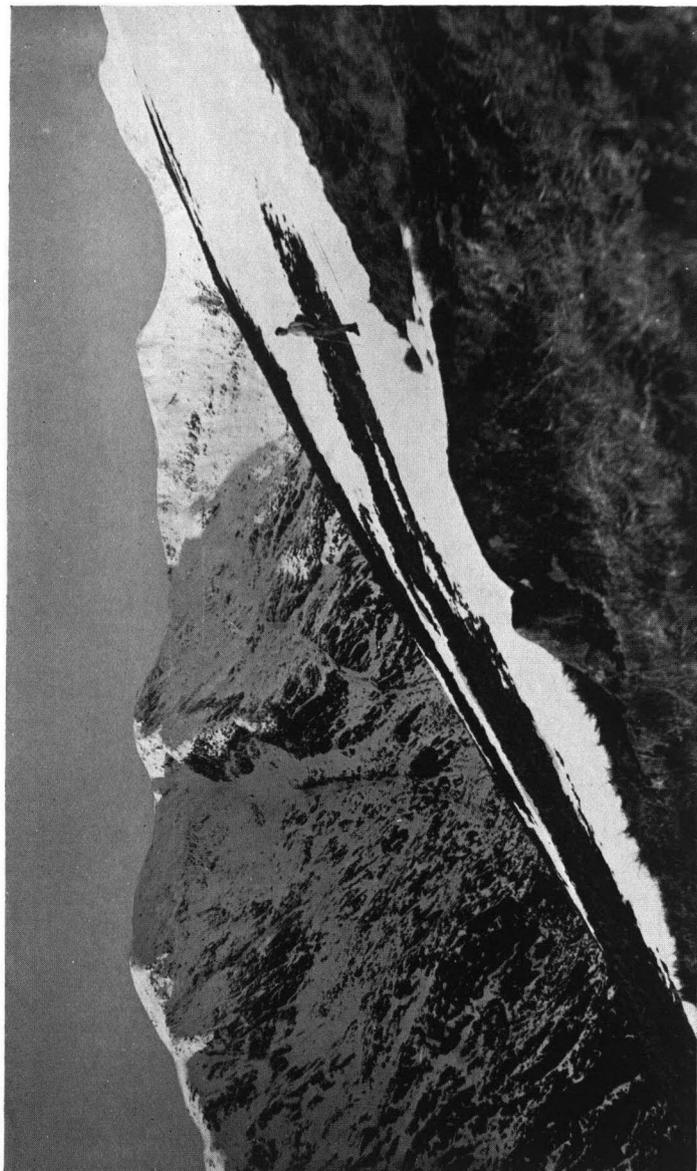
The Meet was a large one. It was also a historic event in the annals of the Club, for the last S.M.C. Meet held at Dalmally took place forty-two years ago. On New Year's night a link of historical continuity with that earlier Meet was forged by the arrival of Rev. A. E. Robertson, who had also been present at Dalmally in 1894. On 2nd January two original members of the Club who had also been at that earlier Meet, Messrs T. Fraser S. Campbell and John Rennie, turned up for lunch at Dalmally, affording still further evidence, if any were needed, of the enduring nature of the Club and of its health-giving foundations amid the weather-beaten but unchanging forms of the Scottish hills.



New Year's Day 1936

ON BEINN LAOIGH

Percy Donald



January 1936

THE CRUACHAN HORSESHOE

J. H. B. Bell

From the climbing point of view the Meet was a great success. Some places, such as the central couloir on Laoigh, were almost dangerously crowded at times. There was a beaten highway over the main ridge of Cruachan. No peaks within a reasonable distance of Dalmally were neglected. The hills received us with sporting kindness, only the Black Shoot of Ben Eunaich maintaining a damping and truculent inhospitality.

If the hills were in a good humour so was our host at Dalmally Hotel. We fared sumptuously, and found the hotel a warm and cheerful place in the evenings, so comfortable, in fact, that not a few members dozed off to sleep at a comparatively early hour in the lounges. To the last members to leave on Sunday, 5th January, Mr Fairlie declared that he had enjoyed it all thoroughly, and that he wished it would start all over again. Most of us probably felt the same way about it on leaving.

Now for the complicated statistics of the Meet. The total attendance at one time or another between 28th December 1935 and 5th January 1936 would appear to be 49 members and 10 guests. The list runs as follows:—

Members.—J. L. Aikman, T. Aitken, F. D. C. Allen, J. F. Anton, Allan Arthur, L. St C. Bartholomew, J. H. B. Bell, J. F. A. Burt, T. F. S. Campbell, J. R. Corbett, A. Dixon, P. Donald, C. A. J. Elphinston—the President, W. Garden—T. H. Gibson, A. Harrison, N. L. Hird, K. K. Hunter, J. G. Inglis, R. M. G. Inglis, J. S. M. Jack, R. Jeffrey, G. M. Lawson, W. N. Ling, J. Y. Macdonald, J. M'Lean, H. MacRobert, R. W. Martin, R. W. B. Morris, I. B. Mowat, D. Myles, I. H. Ogilvie, J. N. Orr, J. G. Osborne, J. Rennie, A. E. Robertson, D. W. Robinson, J. G. Robinson, T. G. Robinson, G. R. Roxburgh, R. N. Rutherford, A. Scott, G. R. Speirs, C. R. Steven, E. C. Thomson, J. C. Thomson, H. W. Turnbull, P. J. H. Unna, W. Waddell.

Guests.—I. Carslaw, P. A. Fletcher, G. Hodge, A. Maclure, W. Rodger, W. Thom, M. S. P. Taylor, R. E. Waterston, J. R. S. Waterston, I. Zwartz.

CLIMBS DONE.

Sunday, 29th December.—Campbell Allen, Ling, and Poynton Taylor ascended Ben Laoigh and Beinn a Chleibh.

Monday, 30th December.—Allen, Ling, and Taylor did Ben Cruachan and Meall Cuanail. T. G. Robinson and R. N. Rutherford did Laoigh by the Central Gully and Beinn a' Chleibh.

Tuesday, 31st December.—Allen, Ling, and Taylor were on the Cruachan Horseshoe, finishing into Corrie Cruachan. Robinson and Rutherford were on Beinn Eunaich.

New Year's Day, 1936.—Things became lively, and forty-three people were on the hills. J. G. Robinson and J. M'Lean were ski-ing near Lawers. The latter was upholding the dignity of the Club at the J.M.C.S. Dinner in the evening.

Aikman, Hunter, Mowat, T. G. Robinson, and Rutherford did Cuanail, Cruachan, and Stob Dearg.

E. C. Thomson, Orr, and Rodger did Stob Dearg, Cruachan, and Cuanail.

Lawson and Fletcher did Cruachan, with the exception of Sron an Isean and Cuanail.

Aitken, Carslaw, D. W. Robinson, Roxburgh, and Thom went to Stob Ghabhar, seeking the upper couloir. They were unsuccessful, but ascended the mountain by a steep gully west of the summit.

Bell, Burt, Maclure, and Myles were also on Stob Ghabhar lunching with two ladies. Burt was content with the summit, Myles also bagged Stob a' Choire Odhair, whereas the other two located and climbed the upper couloir, finding the hard pitch to be good-going ice.

Allen, Corbett, Hodge, Ling, Taylor, and Unna climbed Beinn Eunaich and Beinn a' Chochuill.

Everybody else went to the pictures on Lui. The story is somewhat garbled. There were some ladies there. MacRobert was shooting a film in the central couloir. It is not reported that anyone actually shot down the couloir, but, of course, there may have been a little mist

about, and the picture is not yet released for exhibition. The parties were as follows: Turnbull, Macdonald, and two Waterstons—Central Gully; Harrison, Hird, and Scott—north ridge and also Ben a' Chleibh; Jack, Jeffrey, and MacRobert—Central Gully and Ben a' Chleibh (the latter with Macdonald); Donald and R. Gall Inglis (first ascent of 1936)—Lui and Ben a' Chleibh; Gibson, Martin, and Osborne—the same; Steven and Waddell—Lui Central Gully and Ben a' Chleibh; J. Gall Inglis and Morris—Beinn a' Chleibh only.

Thursday, 2nd January.—Hodge did Cruachan and Meall Cuanail.

Elphinston, Harrison, Hird, Jeffrey, MacRobert, Morris, Scott, and Thomson were on Beinn Eunaich. They then abandoned tradition and proceeded northwards along a steep, corniced ridge to Meall Coppagach. On the way home they ran the gauntlet of several avalanches issuing from the maw of the Black Shoot.

This inhospitable place was the scene of the day's activities of Bell, Macdonald, Maclure, Myles, and Turnbull, who got so wet, cold, and generally enfeebled as to fail on the top pitch, the one above the Twisted Chimney, down which they had perforce to retreat.

Corbett and Jack ascended Sgiath Gorm, and returned to lunch.

Aikman and Mowat ascended Beinn a' Chochuill.

Dixon, Orr, and Rodger were far afield and bagged the two summits of Achallader.

Allen, Ogilvie, and Taylor did the Horseshoe and Beinn a' Bhuiridh.

Bartholomew, Burt, Fletcher, Lawson, and Unna ascended Beinn Laoigh, apparently not exactly by the gully.

Friday, 3rd January.—This was a magnificent, clear winter day with plenty of sunshine and glorious views, yet the snow was hard and the going good.

Aikman and Dixon did Cuanail, Cruachan, the Drochaid Glas, and Stob Garbh.

Arthur, Jack, and Unna did the Horseshoe to Sron

an Isean, but Arthur did all the Cruachan peaks as far as Stob Dearg, returning over the main peak and down the corrie.

Bell, Maclure, and Myles went to Taynuilt, across Bonawe ferry and up Glen Noe. They ascended Stob Dearg by its north ridge, got to the top just before 4 o'clock, and saw a corona and a wonderful sunset. Everything was visible from Arran to the peaks of Rum.

Orr and Rodger ascended a gully from inside the Horseshoe. These look very attractive from the ridge.

Bartholomew and Ogilvie did Lui by the Central Gully.

Saturday, 4th January.—Bartholomew, Aikman, and Hodge did Chochuill.

Dixon and Ogilvie did Eunaich and Chochuill.

Myles did Eunaich and then went to Oban.

Bell and Maclure went up the Horseshoe over Sron an Isean and Stob Diamh. From the next col they traversed to the foot of a steep gully on the north-east face of Drochaid Glas, which they ascended and found hard and in good order. They then proceeded over Cruachan and Cuanail, dropped into Cruachan Corrie, reascended in moonlight, crossing the Larig Torran, glissaded down into the Coire Ghlais, and returned to Dalmally by the lead mines, late for dinner.

Arthur and Unna did the Central Gully on Lui.

By common consent this was again a magnificent winter day of brilliant sunshine, but clouds of evil omen were observed.

Sunday, 5th January.—These clouds were true prophets. Rain fell on the low ground on Sunday and a blizzard raged aloft. Anton, Bartholomew, Bell, Maclure, and Myles ascended Beinn a' Chleibh by the shortest way and came down at once, probably during a slight lull in the conditions. That evening the weather broke down completely. The Meet was at an end.

J. H. B. B.

ANNUAL MEETING, 1935.

THE Forty-seventh Annual General Meeting was held at the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, on Friday, 6th December 1935, at 6 P.M., Mr William Garden, President, occupying the Chair.

After approval of the minute of the last general meeting the annual reports of the Club officials were read, considered, and finally approved. Noteworthy features of the reports alone are mentioned here, as a full minute has already been circulated to members.

The HON. TREASURER pointed out that the increase of expenditure over income was due to the following causes, viz., reduction of investment income, expense due to removal of Club Room and increased rent, binding of books, purchase of Club buttons, cost of Glen Brittle stretcher, and effect of low rate of interest on the Commutation Fund. There was over-expenditure on Guide Book account, but this was expected to be met by future sales.

The HON. SECRETARY reported the deaths of the following six members:—

Major-General A. G. Wavell, C.B. (*Hon. Member*).

James W. Drummond.

John C. S. Ewen (*Hon. Assistant Editor*).

W. W. Naismith (*Hon. Vice-President*).

A. Webster Peacock.

Professor J. E. A. Steggall.

There had been one resignation and one lapse of membership, and against this 5 Members had been elected. The Club membership to date was 3 Honorary Members, 15 Original Life Members, 126 Ordinary Life Members, and 159 Ordinary Members, a total of 303 Members. On the motion of the PRESIDENT, the Hon. Secretary, on his retiral, received a most hearty vote of thanks for the work he had put in during his five years of office.

The Secretary was instructed to write to Mr Parry,

the retiring Hon. Editor, thanking him for his valued services.

The HON. LIBRARIAN reported that the whole collection was being rearranged in the new Club Rooms. Mr Parker suggested that the more valuable books should be locked up. This was agreed to, and the Rev. A. E. Robertson undertook to select such books. Mr A. R. Anderson suggested that members might lend mountain pictures for exhibition.

The GENERAL "GUIDE BOOK" EDITOR reported that a reprint of the "Skye Guide" had been made, that the "Ben Nevis Guide," new edition, would be ready in spring and the "Southern Highlands" possibly in summer, whereas a new edition of the "Northern Highlands" was being undertaken by Messrs Ling and Corbett. There were large stocks of Guide Books in hand.

There was some criticism on the part of Dr MACPHEE of the condition, repair of, and provision of supplies to the C.I.C. Hut. It was agreed to allow free use of the Hut to members of the 1936 Everest Expedition.

On the recommendation of the COMMITTEE new office-bearers and members of Committee were elected as follows:—

Vice-President.—Allan Arthur.

Hon. Secretary.—J. Logan Aikman.

Hon. Editor.—J. H. B. Bell.

Hon. Assistant Editor.—W. B. Speirs.

Custodian of Slides.—G. G. Elliot.

Committee.—R. M. Gall Inglis, T. J. Gibson, and J. Gordon Robinson.

It was unanimously agreed to hold the Easter Meet, 1937, at Fort William, and by a small majority against the previous Committee recommendation of Brodick, and in favour of a motion of Mr J. G. ROBINSON, seconded by Mr AIKMAN, to hold the New Year Meet, 1936-37, at Ballachulish.

In the matter of the inquiry sent out to members concerning the desirability or otherwise of proceeding

with the publication of the "Lowlands Guide," the PRESIDENT reported that 68 members approved and 15 disapproved. After discussion of the question the meeting decided by 27 votes to 23 against publication, the principal advocates being Messrs PARKER and J. GALL INGLIS for publication, and Messrs H. MACROBERT and JEFFREY against.

The meeting decided against a motion by Mr WEDDERBURN, proposing to allow the Editor discretionary powers to include in the *Journal* articles and illustrations dealing with extra-Scottish mountaineering.

Business relating to alterations of Club Rules was as follows:—

The proposal by the Committee that in line 2 of Rule 22 the word "one" be substituted for "two" was agreed to.

The following motion by Messrs E. C. THOMSON and S. F. M. CUMMING was unanimously agreed to:—

"Every Ordinary Member shall pay an Annual Subscription of twenty-one shillings, or he may commute his Annual Subscription on joining the Club by a single payment of seventeen guineas in addition to his Entrance Fee. Members may commute the Annual Subscription by a single payment at the rates shown in the accompanying table:—

"Members of 30 years' standing, for a single payment of	£4	4	0
" 25	"	"	6 6 0
" 20	"	"	8 8 0
" 15	"	"	10 10 0
" 10	"	"	12 12 0
" 5	"	"	15 4 6"

There being no further business, it was proposed by Mr J. A. SCOTT and carried unanimously that a vote of thanks be given to Mr William Garden for his services in the Chair.

ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Forty-seventh Annual Dinner was held in the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, on 6th December 1935, and was as successful as ever before. Ninety diners were present, members and guests. The guest of the evening was Sheriff Mercer.

After a very enjoyable dinner the President gave us the toast of "The King," followed by that of the S.M.C. He told us that it was reported "that there was now an indicator on the summit of Ben Nevis, which had been erected by the S.M.C.," and that he considered this a great compliment, though somewhat flattering. This was followed by a résumé of the Club's activities during the year, and the health of the Club was then drunk. "The Club Song," by Mr J. S. M. Jack, was the next feature, and it was noticed that the "nervous strain" which the singer felt last year was again present. It is said "It is sometimes expedient to forget," but, word-perfect or no, we look forward to hearing Mr Jack for many years to come.

Professor Percy A. Hillhouse, in a very amusing speech, proposed the health of "Our Guests." The word "guest," he said, came from the Latin, *hostis*, meaning "an enemy," but he went on to reassure us that no ill-feeling was meant. After some amusing reminiscences of climbing in Japan, he finished on a more serious note, with references to the various guests present. Sheriff Mercer gave a polished reply to this toast and bade the S.M.C. welcome, as far as was in his power, to the hills which had their being within the bounds of his sheriffdom. He had been coming to our dinners as an unofficial guest for some thirty years, and was very pleased to be the guest of the evening.

Mr Allan Arthur proposed "Kindred Clubs," and said that when he was asked to become a Vice-President of the Club he had wondered where the snag was, but that when asked to make a speech he had understood. Dr Burnett, of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, replied

to this toast, and thanked us on his own behalf and on behalf of his fellow-representatives for a very enjoyable evening.

The evening closed on a note of good fellowship with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

J. GORDON ROBINSON.

RECEPTION.

THIS was also held in the Central Station Hotel, and was attended by about 125 members and guests, who were received by the President and Mrs Garden.

After a very enjoyable tea the company moved along the passage to another room, where music was provided by Mr Louis Freeman's band. Unfortunately, nobody was quite sure whether to chat or listen to the music, the result being a sort of compromise. A musical afternoon was a change from the show of slides which is usually associated with this function.

J. GORDON ROBINSON.

HON. LIBRARIAN'S REPORT: ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1935.

SINCE my last report thirty-six books have been borrowed from the Library; twenty-seven books and numerous journals have been added to it, and, so far as I have noticed, no books but three journals have been stolen. Two new journals are *Oxford Mountaineering* and *The Ice-cap*, the latter being the journal of the Mountain Club of East Africa.

In spite of every precaution the Library was completely disorganised by the change from Forres Street to the Synod Hall, and the opportunity is being taken, while the books are hopelessly out of order, to rearrange and reindex the whole collection. So far, four out of the seven book-cases have been dealt with. This complete investigation has resulted in the discovery of several

losses, but it is still possible that some of these volumes may turn up later.

There are still a number of books for sale.

If the Library goes on increasing at the present rate—and there is no sign of any cessation of the deluge of climbing literature—the question of new book-cases will soon have to be faced.

The new Club Room, into which we moved in May, is a great improvement, but it could be made still more attractive by the addition of a carpet and a few better chairs. Most of the old pictures are now too faded to be worth rehangng—except those of historical interest, of course, such as the portraits of past Presidents—and it occurs to me that some members might be willing to present the Club either with furnishings or with enlargements of their photographs.

Since the last report, several meetings have been held in the Club Room and one in the Royal Scottish Geographical Society's Hall. The attendance has been better owing to the fact that members of the J.M.C.S. have been invited. It is, however, extremely difficult to get lecturers, and it is felt that much more use could be made of these winter meetings to strengthen the Club spirit.

The slides continue to be well used and are kept in very perfect order by Mr Mackay, who, unfortunately, has had to resign from the position of Custodian, which he has so well filled for six years.

E. A. M. W.

NEW MEMBERS.

THE Club desires to extend a very hearty welcome to the following new members elected during the year 1935:—

Mr D. Barker.
 Mr William Blackwood.
 Mr C. A. J. Elphinston.
 Mr W. F. MacAllum.
 Mr R. R. Macdonald.

ALEXANDER HARRISON,
HONORARY SECRETARY, 1930-35.

THE Club has been well served by a succession of efficient and devoted Secretaries, who have also been keen and distinguished climbers. It is a short list and can easily be quoted in its entirety. The first two names, A. E. Maylard (1889-96) and Gilbert Thomson (1897-1901), are still with us. Dr Inglis Clark (1902-13) and George Sang (1914-30), both enthusiastic mountaineers, are, alas, no longer with us.

Now Sandy Harrison has retired. His period of office has seen a large increase in the Club membership. His successor, J. Logan Aikman, who has been Assistant Secretary during most of that time, pays a cordial tribute to Harrison's energy, thoroughness, and excellence in office, a tribute which all the members who came in contact with him will heartily endorse.

Harrison was an enthusiastic mountaineer. As one who was privileged to climb with him on many occasions, I could never wish for a steadier or more reliable companion on a difficult expedition, or for a more cheerful one on any kind of expedition whatever, including an off-day.

His climbing history is a long one, much longer than his membership of the Club, for he started off with Ben y Vrackie at the early age of six. He became thoroughly qualified before joining the Club. In 1914 he did the tour of Mont Blanc, and later a guided expedition from Breuil by the Theodule over the Klein Matterhorn and the Breithorn. He joined the Club in 1918 at the instigation of G. Murray Lawson. He was proposed by R. Jeffrey and seconded by W. Galbraith. His first Meet was at Fort William during Easter of 1920. Since then he has done a great deal of climbing in Scotland, having been six times to Skye, attending most of the Club Meets, and doing many week-end expeditions in Glencoe, on Ben Nevis, and in the Cairngorms. The

Club "Guide Books" record his name in many pioneering expeditions.

Harrison also climbed and skied abroad to a considerable extent. Much of his Alpine climbing was guideless, notably an ascent in 1924 of the Dent Blanche with C. K. M. Douglas, various climbs at Arolla in 1927, and in the Mont Blanc region in 1929 with F. S. Smythe and C. W. Parry. In 1930 he was asked to go on a Kanchenjunga Expedition. In 1932 he climbed for a week in the New Zealand Alps.

It is good to think that, although Sandy Harrison is no longer Secretary, the Club can still rely on his mature wisdom in matters of policy, and that he will continue to attend the meets and to climb with undiminished vigour and enthusiasm for many years to come.

J. H. B. B.

CHARLES W. PARRY,
HONORARY EDITOR, 1933-35.

DURING the Editorship of Parry the traditions of our *Journal* have been well maintained and even enhanced. It is difficult to pay adequate tribute to him, for Parry has been so reticent about himself and his own achievements. On the other hand it would be very easy for his successor to fill pages of the *Journal* in recounting the humorous and adventurous side of his climbing friendship with Parry, but that is not quite what is wanted.

Parry was a most conscientious Editor. Although not well placed geographically he prided himself on personally attending and recording nearly all of the Meets during his term of office. It is quite true that he started off by omitting to record either an annual general meeting or a dinner—a very natural omission and pardonable in a young mountaineer of Parry's stamp, for whom climbing came first and other things a poor second. Fortunately Parry has confided some impressions of his period in office to the new Editor. They run as follows:—

“That which impressed me most was the steady stream of articles from certain sources, but an inevitable and always increasing anxiety with the approach of publication. In spite of great forbearance on the part of the Treasurer I always felt that I could do much better with a bigger reserve of finance. I was very anxious to include foreign matter, having some very good material which was vastly superior to some articles which I was quite glad to publish.”

Then follow various remarks about the difficulties of spelling, illegible MSS., and tardy contributors, but the dominant impression is the gratifying support and encouragement received from the older members.

Parry was worth encouraging both as an Editor and as a climber. He was enthusiastic in both spheres. He is a young member, having joined the Club only in 1926, but his climbing record is prolific. He was a most cheerful companion at a meet; the very man to extract all the humour possible and to reproduce it in the pages of the *Journal*.

Parry climbed a good deal in the Alps. It was my privilege to climb with him in 1928, his first Alpine season. During that holiday we made guideless ascents of the Dent Blanche, of the Matterhorn by the Zmutt ridge, and a first combination traverse of the Mont Blanc de Seilon direct from the Seilon glacier followed by the traverse of the Ruinette, a day which I enjoyed more than any other climbing day in the Alps. In 1929 we again climbed together, but that was an unlucky year for Parry, as he had a serious accident on the south side of Mont Blanc. The effects were delayed, but the period of recovery was prolonged and trying. It is good to know that Parry was again doing big peaks in the Alps last summer, going stronger than ever.

J. H. B. B.

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.



S.M.C. ABROAD, 1935.

W. N. LING was in Tyrol for a month in July and August with P. J. H. Unna, member, and J. W. Brown. They first visited the Oetzthal, and from the Breslauer Hut climbed the two tops of the Wildspitz with descent to the Braunschweiger Hut, returning next day over the Pitzthaler Jöchl.

From the Hauersee Hut they climbed the Loibiskogl and crossed the Loibisjoch to the Pitzthal. Then on to Mairhofen in the Zillerthal, where the weather deteriorated. Up the beautiful Floitenthal to the Greizer Hut where they were stormbound for a day, but got a scramble on the Lapenspitz from the Lapenscharte, and next day in good weather ascended the Grosser Löffler; a fine mountain. The weather then lapsed again, Unna went home, and the other two finished with a delightful walk from the Spannagel Haus over the Friesenberg Scharte to Breitlahnen and back to Mairhofen.



RANNOCH WALL (CROWBERRY RIDGE).

What is believed to be the second ascent of the Rannoch Wall climb described in Volume XX., No. 119, was made on the 11th August 1935 by W. L. Coats, G. C. Williams, and J. G. M'Lean.

W. L. C.



EXCERPT FROM LETTER RECEIVED FROM G. BENNETT GIBBS, DATED 16TH NOVEMBER 1935.

“Another article in the *Journal* on ‘Ossian’s Cave’ draws me to confess that the reference to a visitor in 1895 is probably to myself. On looking through a copy of the ascents in Scotland, sent with my application for membership, I find: ‘1896, July 24, Stob Coire an Lochan of Bidean by E. ridge, descent by Ossian’s Cave, Meall Dubh.’ Having parted with my S.M.C. Journals I cannot verify this, but I think there was some reference to ‘Ossian’s Kailyard,’ in consequence of the profusion and variety of vegetation. I have

no recollection of seeing a tin box for registering the visit, not knowing, of course, that one had been provided.

"A hazy recollection remains of a second visit—this may have been with W. A. Morrison and Goggs in 1905, and possibly 'his Reverence.' . . ."

DEAR SIR,

OSSIAN'S CAVE.

My article in the last number has brought some new information, but, first, may I note two clerical errors. On p. 389, line 2, and in two places on p. 393, for "Anderson" read "Harrison," and on p. 390, line 4, for "1905" read "1805."

Next, a letter has come from G. B. Gibbs to say that he is the solitary unnamed climber referred to in *S.M.J.*, Vol. IV., p. 178. According to his diary, on July 24, 1896, he "ascended Stob Coire an Lochan of Bidean by E. ridge with descent by Ossian's Cave, Meall Dubh." He remembers much vegetation, and says he did not see the tin box.

Lastly, I have heard from Alexander Fraser that he and his cousin, the late George Sang, ascended into the cave in August 1894. Neither of them were members of the Club then, and no record was sent to the *Journal*.

It was their first visit to Glencoe, and seeing the note of the April ascent in the hotel visitors' book, including the reference to the tin box, they made the ascent but did not find the box. Fraser says that they were quite inexperienced and had no rope, but fortunately the ground was dry and the holds comparatively good, and that he remembers the descent as a particularly nasty bit of work. That was the second ascent by a climbing party, as that of Brown and Tough was not made until July 1895. Fraser was there again in August 1895 with A. W. Russell, who sends copies of notes in his diary that "they went up to the foot of the cave only, as Fraser had been in the year before with his cousin George Sang," also that "the final pitch was in very bad condition—Tough and Brown (S.M.C.) had been up in end of July, and brought down a great part of the soil and stones." Fraser adds that in traversing Aonach Dubh and ascending by the terraces they sometimes used a tree in getting from one terrace to another.

It is possible that Marquis did something of the same kind, and that the tree to which he referred was in the lower part of the climb, but that the incident remained in his memory more vividly than the rest of the climb,—Yours faithfully,
GODFREY A. SOLLY.

Mr A. Horne writes that on 6th October 1935 his party found a 100-foot Beale rope at the foot of the Curved Ridge of Buachaille Eive. This is now in his possession awaiting its rightful owner.

To the Honorary Secretary,
Scottish Mountaineering Club.

INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION OF SNOW.

DEAR SIR,

On the 12th to 14th September of this year the International Commission of Snow is meeting in Edinburgh. The following are some of the papers that will be read:—

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| “ The Swiss Programme of Avalanche Investigation ” | Dr M. Petitmermet, Bern. |
| “ Snow and Ice Removal ” | Dr H. T. Barnes, Canada. |
| “ Arctic and Antarctic Snow ” | Dr H. Ahlmann, Sweden. |
| “ Protection from Icebergs ” | Dr F. Loewe, Cambridge. |
| “ Concerning Ice Studies ” | Professor A. Defant, Berlin. |
| “ Concerning a Standard for Measuring Precipitation of Snow ” | Lt.-Com. E. H. Smith, U.S.A. |
| “ Snowfalls in Various Parts of the Alps ” | Dr A. Dobrowolski, Poland. |
| | Dr C. Brooks, U.S.A. |
| | Professor F. Eredia, Rome. |

Some of these subjects may be of interest to members, and if any would like to attend, I will be pleased to make arrangements on hearing from them.

In addition to the international duties of the Commission, its British section has an important domestic function—that of encouraging the study of snow in this country and assisting with any problems of snow that may be encountered in practical or scientific fields; it is for this reason that I would welcome the support, both at the Edinburgh Meetings and otherwise, of all members who may feel that these are objects to be encouraged.

Yours faithfully,

G. SELIGMAN,
Chairman, British Group,
International Commission of Snow.

WARREN CLOSE, COOMBE HILL ROAD,
KINGSTON HILL, SURREY, 6th March 1936.

Mr J. Dow, having completed his set of the S.M.C. Journals, has the following volumes available for disposal, in case any members might wish to acquire them for their own sets:—

- Volume IV., Parts 20 to 24 inclusive.
 „ V., Complete and bound.
 „ VI., Parts 31 to 34 inclusive and No. 36.
 „ VII., Complete and bound.
 „ X., Parts 55 and 57 to 60 inclusive.

The Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the gift of a mounted enlargement of a photograph taken at Sligachan in 1898. The group in the photograph were all prominent members, and are: (*Standing*) W. W. King, W. Douglas, G. P. Baker; (*Sitting*) G. A. Solly, J. Maclay, W. W. Naismith.

The donor is Mr G. P. Baker.

REVIEWS.

Young Men in the Arctic. By A. R. Glen. Faber & Faber. 15s. net.

This is an account of the Oxford University Expedition to Spitzbergen, led by the author, in the summer of 1933. Although the members were largely without Arctic experience, the expedition carried through its programme safely and successfully. Mist was a serious hindrance—for 50 per cent. of the time visibility was less than a quarter of a mile—but in spite of this a great deal of unmapped country was surveyed and interesting biological and glaciological discoveries were made.

The method adopted was to send out boat and sledge parties from a base camp, the sledge parties being landed at their farthest point by boat. The sledges were man-hauled, and the parties found the summer ice conditions very difficult. They carried light wireless apparatus, but did not succeed in establishing communication with the base camp.

The book is an interesting, though at times somewhat school-boyish, record of work well done and thoroughly enjoyed. There are eight short appendices dealing with the various scientific points, and 55 illustrations of only moderate standard—but Spitzbergen will never be the photographer's paradise.

D. J. F.

The Spirit of the Hills. By F. S. Smythe. Hodder & Stoughton. 36 illustrations, 308 pages. Published October 1935. 20s. net.

Mr Smythe has now given us a philosophy of mountaineering. His outlook is so catholic that there must be few mountaineers who do not find some at least of their own experiences and emotional reactions mirrored in the pages of this book. The author draws his illustrations widely from British hills, the Alps, and the Himalayas. Mountaineering is no mere physical sport for him: he allows himself to be steeped in the contemplation of the beauties around him, and evolves a wide and humane philosophy of life from his meditations. If the mighty ones of the earth were mountaineers we are tempted to think that things would be better ordered in a simpler and brighter world. As convinced climbers, we always knew that mountaineering was worthy of a philosophy as well as a literature of its own; and here we have it. It is a thoroughly

practical philosophy, well salted with humour and thrilling tales of adventure. The illustrations speak for themselves as embodiments of the unanalysable beauty of the mountains. J. H. B. B.

Scottish Ski Club Journal, 1935.

This annual is again full of good things for the ski mountaineer. To ardent seekers there appears to be good ski-ing snow in Scotland during quite a reasonable part of any normal winter. Mr Higginbotham sometimes starts in October and goes on until May. Harry MacRobert contributes a few technical hints. E. A. M. Wedderburn and A. Harrison write on Alpine ski-ing at different seasons. There is also an article on "Jumping," but nothing is said about the art of falling, a more usual practice for the hardened climber's first attempts on the Corranaich run. J. H. B. B.

The Moray Mountaineering Club Journal, Vol. I., No. 1.

We extend the hand of welcome to this lately born and enthusiastic Club. The first journal is variegated and well produced. It is an enterprising Club holding short meets, well attended, to such distant places as Ben Wyvis and Ben Eighe. New and interesting snow climbs are discussed, such as the Vent and "Y" gully on Coire an Lochain, Cairngorm. There are two hill-walking tour articles with the genuine gangrel spirit, but perhaps oversprinkled with place names. The *Journal* breathes the right spirit. May the Club prosper. J. H. B. B.

The Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club Twenty-eighth Annual Record.

The record does not aspire to any literary heights but is simply a record of the doings of the members. During the year the Club has held four meets in various parts of the country, which seem to have been successful, and there are also notes of the activities of some of the members.

The membership shows some increase and now stands at 61, and there is some talk of limitation which would seem, so far, to be unnecessary. A. H.

The Pinnacle Club Journal, No. 5, 1932, 1933, 1934. Edited by Dorothy Pilley.

In the notes on the Club it is disclosed that since the last *Journal* was published three years ago the membership has increased from 56 to 85, which shows that the Club is in a flourishing condition, and this is fully confirmed by a glance at the titles of the articles. It shows great activity that a Club with a membership so small as 85 should be able to submit articles so varied in character and covering such a wide field. There are included articles on Wales, Dolomites, the Oberland (3), the Pennine Alps, Corsica, the Pyrenees and the High Tatras—truly a wonderful assortment! Moreover, they are all well written and full of interest, and it is difficult to single any one out as specially outstanding.

Perhaps on the whole we found the description of the ascent of the north-west face of the Scheidegg Wetterhorn of greatest interest.

It only remains to add that the illustrations are worthy of the articles, and we hope to have an opportunity of reading the next number.

A. H.

Mountaineering Journal, December 1935, January-February 1936, Vol. IV., No. 1.

This number contains fewer articles of an unusual type than some of its predecessors.

There is an interesting account of the district round about Binn and the Western Lepontine Alps by J. M. Arnold. He describes the delightful district which seems to us very suitable for middle-aged mountaineers who no longer aspire to severe expeditions, or for those who wish to start guideless climbing in the Alps.

The article on rescue work on the Hoefats, by C. L. Roberts, describes the elaborate arrangements which have been made for rescue work in Bavaria. The subject has apparently been brought to a very high point of perfection, but the tactics are probably not suitable for amateurs.

Intending visitors to Corsica will get much useful information from the article by F. Hewitt on the Corsican Highlands.

There is also an article on camping in Spain.

Some of the photographs attain a high standard.

A. H.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF
SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

SPRING HOLIDAY WEEK-END MEET, 13TH TO
15TH APRIL 1935, AT MONACHYLE YOUTH
HOSTEL.

Present.—Brown, Cook, Down, Drever, Fraser, Gorrie,
Gow, Johnson, Paris, Peat, Ritchie, Stobie, Sutherland,
and Yeaman.

The good attendance at this Meet again proved the popularity of a Youth Hostel as a centre. As an experiment the Secretary brought stocks of food for the whole party, but the distribution was highly inequitable. However, the two large steak and kidney pies were generally admired.

Saturday, 13th April.—Cook, Down, Gorrie, Stobie, and Sutherland climbed Ben Laoigh by the Central Gully. Johnson, Peat, and Ritchie collected Ben More and Stobinian.

Sunday, 14th April.—Fraser, Peat, Stobie, Sutherland, and Yeaman climbed Cruach Ardrain by what may or may not have been the "Y" Gully. Owing to the thick mist, no one was quite certain. They returned via the summit of Beinn Tulaichean. Brown, Gow, Johnson, Paris, and Ritchie climbed the same two peaks in the reverse order.

Cook, Down, Gorrie, and Drever, going farther afield, climbed the Crowberry Ridge.

Monday, 15th April, was a miserable day, and the majority went home. A few ardent spirits set off to climb, but owing to the conditions, were unable to give an intelligible account of where they had been.

AUTUMN HOLIDAY WEEK-END MEET, 15TH
TO 16TH SEPTEMBER 1935, AT COUPALL
BRIDGE.

Present.—Horne (S.M.C.), Down, Forde, Fraser, Gorrie, and Reid.

Sunday, 15th September.—The usual mass attack was launched on the Crowberry Ridge—Down and Reid on one rope, Horne and Fraser on another, while Forde led two non-members up. Meanwhile Gorrie took some non-members on a sort of tour of inspection.

Altogether about forty climbers were counted on the Buchaille face, giving it a decidedly Lakeland appearance. Will a day come when we shall have to queue up for the Crowberry ?

Monday, 16th September, was exceedingly wet, and most members went home. Horne and Fraser attained the maximum degree of saturation by climbing the Black Shoot of Beinn Eunaich.

JOINT NEW YEAR MEET AT KILLIN (ALL
SECTIONS), 28TH DECEMBER 1935 TO 4TH
JANUARY 1936.

The following were present :—

Members.—R. Anderson, Annand, D. J. Fraser, J. Banford, W. Bennet, D. L. Campbell, Cowan, Dowan, D. J. Fraser, Gardiner, Gorrie, W. N. Heaton, J. C. Henderson, B. H. Humble, Johnstone, J. S. Kilpatrick, J. N. Ledingham, T. D. MacKinnon, D. MacLean, W. MacLelland, F. C. MacLeod, A. I. L. Maitland, J. J. Murray, W. M. Nichols, Peat, W. P. Russel, D. Scott, W. D. Short, A. M. Smith, A. D. Stewart, F. R. B. Stewart, Stewart, C. M. Stevens.

S.M.C.—D. J. S. Harvey, J. G. MacLean, G. R. Speirs, W. C. Watson.

Guests.—Garret, C. K. Lewis, D. MacPhee, M. Moffat, Stewart, and D. L. Todd—a total of 42.

The Meet was favoured with good snow conditions, though mist was common on the tops.

Proceedings started on 28th December when Down, Gorrie, and Stewart of the Edinburgh section climbed the "Y" Gully of Cruach Ardrain on their way to Killin.

29th December.—Above party were joined by Annand and Fraser and spent the day on Tarmachan. All except Annand returned home that night. A large party arrived on Hogmanay, six staying up to bring in the New Year.

Wednesday, 1st January.—It was a case of the early risers obtaining the best views, as mist came down at about noon.

Murray, F. R. B. Stewart, and Watson motored to Lochearnhead, where they met Harvey and Short who had come up from Glasgow. With Ben Chonzie as their objective, they set out through Comrie, reaching Mongievaire after many detours. Progress ceased here, as a very necessary bridge had been removed. They returned through Comrie and found a road up Glen Lednock. The mist was very low, giving a fine test for route finding. Ultimately the top was reached after an uninteresting climb.

Heaton and Ledingham climbed Meall nan Tarmachan from Lochan na Lairige, continuing over Meall Garbh and Beinn nan Eachan. They had fine views of the Lawers range and got some good glissades.

Campbell and Smith were also on Tarmachan. They report using their ice-axes to release a motorist, but the writer is rather hazy as to whether the motorist was on the mountain or in a ditch. They were also impressed by the antics of a most gifted acrobatic raven whose flight they described as "Corkscrew." As these two had not turned in till 5 A.M., other members were unkind enough to suggest that it was not only the raven which was "going round and round."

Anderson, Banford, MacPhee, and MacLean had a good climb in a snow gully on Beinn nan Eachan.

The Lawers group proved the most popular, and Lewis,

MacLellan, MacLeod, Moffat, and Todd reported fine skiing conditions on Beinn Ghlas.

Bennet, Russel, and Scott motored to Lawers Hotel and traversed An Stuc, hard snow on the steep north-east face making the descent rather difficult.

Nichols and Henderson climbed Ben More on their way to the Meet.

Maitland and A. D. Stewart motored to the lochan and went over Beinn Ghlas, Ben Lawers, and Creag an Fhithich.

MacKinnon, who left Glasgow at 5 A.M., arrived in time to first-foot the hotel at 7.30 A.M. Disdaining breakfast he got Humble out of bed and up to the top of Meall Greigh, which they reached shortly after 10 A.M. They then went over Meall Garbh, An Stuc, Creag an Fhithich, Ben Lawers, Beinn Ghlas, and Meall Corranaich, and then dinner called more loudly than the eighth top of the Lawers range. The reason for this jaunt was said to be a hunt for *Hummel Doddies*.

Gardiner and Kilpatrick climbed Meall Ghaordie straight up from the Glen Lochay road, returning by the same route.

Cowan, Garret, and Johnstone reported good sport on Carn Mairg.

Thirty-six sat down to the annual dinner in the evening, and thereafter the sectional meetings lasted till nearly 11 P.M. Proceedings were enlivened by queries concerning the identity of the above *Hummel Doddies* and by the Club wine brewed by MacLeod. Opinions as to the merits of this were varied, but there was enjoyment when a dividend of 2d. a head was declared.

Despite the late hour a kilted contingent left for a local dance. Rumour has it that this party were unable to climb the following day.

Thursday, 2nd January.—Mist hindered progress in most cases, but conditions improved towards evening, when wonderful lighting effects were witnessed.

Harvey, Murray, Short, Watson, A. D. Stewart, and F. R. B. Stewart did Creag Mhor and Meall Liath of Carn Mairg. Thick mist made progress rather uncertain.

After much reconnoitring the first top was bagged. On the way to Meall Liath the sky cleared sufficiently to confirm bearings. A long and safe glissade gave a quick descent to Allt Coire Eachainn.

Gardiner, Humble, Kilpatrick, Ledingham, Maitland, and Speirs motored to end of road in Glen Lochay. They trekked 3 miles farther and then climbed a snow gully on south face of Stob nan Clach. They had an exhilarating walk round the head of the great south-east corrie to Creag Mhor.

Bennet, Henderson, Nichols, and Scott climbed Beinn Heasgarnich by a gully on the north face, after walking round from the Glen Lochay road. Though late on reaching the summit, they were compensated by glorious moonlit views.

Campbell and Smith ascended Sgiath Chuil and found the snow unpleasantly soft even on the summit. The cairn proved most elusive in thick mist, and the conscientious pair had almost resigned themselves to defeat, when they discovered that they were sitting beside it.

Most of the members returned home that evening.

Friday, 3rd January.—Eaton, Harvey, Short, and A. D. Stewart motored to Crianlarich, and the two who walked made as good progress as the two who took their car up the Choninish road. All had a good climb in the centre gully, and fine glissades when descending.

Saturday, 4th January.—A. D. Stewart was the sole survivor of the Meet. He climbed Ben More alone and joined forces with another lone climber on the summit. The two then went over Stobinian and Stob Coire an Lochan, and returned by way of Stob Garbh, which they reached in moonlight.

The attendance was above the average, and it was generally agreed that the Meet was one of the best of recent years.

GLASGOW SECTION.

AUTUMN MEET, 1935—CORRIE,
28TH TO 30TH SEPTEMBER.

Members.—D. L. Campbell, W. C. Carmichael, R. S. Higgins, B. H. Humble, J. N. Ledingham, Kerr, W. M'Lellan, J. J. Murray, A. D. Stewart, J. C. Stewart.

Guest.—G. R. Speirs (S.M.C.).

Over the three days the weather was very broken and fairly cold. The nights were brilliantly clear, but, as so often happens in Arran after such nights, the days were dull and the peaks shrouded, for the most part, in heavy cloud.

Saturday, 28th.—Higgins, Campbell, and Smith, who had arrived on Friday, set off in torrential rain for the Punch Bowl of Cioch na h'Oighe. Lunch was a miserable meal taken on a cramped ledge above a waterfall, and, alas, below one too! The route taken was partly on Ledge 3 and partly on Ledge 4, and cannot be dignified by the designation of a "climb." It is really a precarious scramble on rotten turf and wet slabs, and gives no other impression than one of extreme insecurity. The party followed the ridge to North Goat Fell and Goat Fell, and returned by the Corrie Burn.

Murray, Speirs, A. D. and J. C. Stewart, M'Lellan and Ledingham arrived on the afternoon boat, and put in some hard work on the Cat Stone. The climb from the roadside proved too much for all but one, who discarded boots and stockings before his successful attempt. At night most of the members begged, borrowed, or stole bicycles, and had an adventurous journey to the Brodick dance. Murray caused some commotion by announcing quite unconcernedly that one of the party had ridden into the sea in his first 20 yards, but later knowledge proved this statement to be a malicious exaggeration, and that it was only a ditch!

Sunday, 29th.—Humble, Speirs, and Murray set a fast pace on Suidhe Fhearghas, and carried on over Ceum na Caillich and Caisteal Abhail to Cir Mhor and the A' Chir ridge.

The two Stewarts did that most famous of Arran walks from Corrie to Brodick by the Saddle and Glen Rosa.

Higgins, who, for some reason unknown, missed the main party in the morning, had a good day on Ben Nuis.

Carmichael, Kerr, and M'Lellan climbed Cir Mhor by the Western Stone Shoot, and complained of the loose and slimy nature of the going. They returned by the Castles and Carlin's Leap along with Ledingham, Campbell, and Smith, who had set out to find Bell's groove on Cir Mhor and were agreeably surprised when they did find it. The route led up the left-hand side of the Central Stone Shoot Gully, the gully itself being in poor condition owing to the almost continuous rain of the past week. Where the gully began to peter out, the party crossed it, and went up a subsidiary gully to the right through a window caused by some fallen rock (this part may be described as a "slime," not a climb), and finally emerged on to a broad grass ledge at the foot of Bell's groove. Three stones are jammed half-way up the groove, but whether these are of recent origin or not it is impossible to say, as the "Guide" is silent on this point. The groove was very slimy, and the leader required a "shoulder" at the start. These chock stones, although they compel the climber to come out from the security of the crack, form a convenient support during a pause in the 30-foot wriggle.

Monday.—Carmichael, Humble, Kerr, Ledingham, M'Lellan, Murray, Speirs, and A. D. Stewart set off in a regular downpour and reached the summit of Goat Fell by the Corrie Burn. All the members have been shocked and indignant about the wilful damage done to the indicator on Goat Fell by the worst type of vandal. Nothing short of someone actually jumping on the top of it, or thumping it with a stone, could have so shattered the plate-glass covering, and it is now quite illegible.

The party returned by the ridge to Cioch na h'Oighe and so back to Corrie.

Campbell and J. C. Stewart had a thoroughly lazy day, and seem to have spent what little energy they had in cycling to Brodick and back.

Higgins and Smith set off up Glen Sannox and climbed Cir Mhor from the Saddle. Smith continued along the A' Chir ridge to the boulder, where he was joined by Higgins, who had followed the lower route, and, skirting the top of Coire Daingean, they carried on over Beinn a' Chliabhain to Glen Rosa. Higgins completed a good round by walking back to Corrie, not so much by choice as by force of circumstances, while Smith spent the night in Brodick.

A. M. S.

INFORMAL MEET—ARROCHAR, SUNDAY,
3RD NOVEMBER 1935.

Members.—J. J. Murray, W. Murray, Dunn, MacKinnon, Brown, J. C. Stewart, A. D. Stewart, A. M. Smith, Campbell, Kerr, MacKenzie, Henderson, Humble, Scott, Banford, R. Anderson, M'Lean.

This was the first informal Meet of the Club this season, the weather being misty and mild on the lower ground, but as height was gained it became bitterly cold owing to a strong wind, which made the climbing on the wet rocks a matter of greater difficulty than usual. There was a little snow, in patches, near the summits.

Scott and Murray were on the Spearhead arête of Narnain.

MacKinnon, Henderson, Campbell, and Smith climbed the Jammed-Block chimney of Narnain by the Thin Man's route, the crack climb to the east of the Spearhead, and finally the Spearhead arête itself.

MacKenzie, Dunn, and Kerr were on the Spearhead arête and also were at grips with the Jammed-Block chimney.

Brown, W. Murray, and A. D. Stewart went up by the Spearhead arête, came down the Jammed-Block chimney, then up the crack on the east, and finished a

good day by climbing the right-angled gully of the
Cobbler. A. M. S.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Anderson, Banford, Humble, Maitland, MacLean, and Scott got to Arrochar at 10.45 A.M. At the head of Loch Long they came upon two climbing parties who were obviously in favour of the brighter climbing movement and exhibited vividly coloured stockings, scarves, and sweaters. One member appeared to be wearing an inverted tea cosy, while another had a chaste floral design embroidered round a white woollen helmet.

Rather overawed by this display of colour they allowed them to go ahead, but were able to reach the top of Narnain as soon as the very substantial rearguard of the first party. About half a dozen men were gracefully shivering on different parts of the Spearhead arête—obviously a day for a sheltered climb. Anderson, MacLean, Humble, and Maitland got half-way up the Jammed-Block chimney. Here they encountered a party descending, and refuse to believe that the bulky member of it came by the Thin Man's route. Another party were coming up behind, so that there were about twelve climbers in the chimney—too hot for comfort, especially when someone got a snowball in the eye.

Anderson therefore led the "fat man's route" up the outside wall. By the time the party got to the top, lo and behold peace reigned once more—everyone else had vanished in the direction of the Cobbler. The chimney had cooled down, so the same four climbed it again by the Thin Man's route. Whether because they were wearing too many sweaters or did the wrong wriggles, or did the right wriggles at the wrong time, but the last two men struggled (in their words) for hours before getting through. For a long time the last man's upward vision was of a pair of legs waggling convulsively like a corpse on a gibbet. After these heated struggles the party cooled themselves down on the Spearhead before returning to Arrochar. B. H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION, 1935.

The competition this year attracted thirty-six entries, and the standard was very high. Most climbing districts in Scotland were represented, from Sutherland to Arran and the Cairngorms to Mull, while there were photographs of the Jotunheim of Norway, showing that members have been very active during the past year. Cameras used varied in size from Leica to quarter-plate. One man used film packs, another appears to have carried a plate camera up the ridges of Ben Nevis in snow, but all others used roll film, in 90 per cent. of the cases panchromatic material with colour filters. At the exhibition of the competition photographs in November about a hundred other photographs (all taken by members) were shown, while there were some pastels and water-colours, and the judge, Mr H. MacRobert, remarked that the S.M.C. would be proud of such a collection.

The prize-winners were :—

Climbing Section.

1. Douglas Scott, "On Spearhead Arête of Narnain." ($3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ camera, Ilford S.R. panchromatic plate, $2 \times$ filter, $\frac{1}{25}$ at $f/11$, bright sunshine, 6 P.M., June.)
2. Angus M. Smith, "Ever Upwards." ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ camera, Agfa isochrome roll film, Zeiss medium filter, $\frac{1}{25}$ at $f/8$, noon, April.)

General Section.

1. Drummond Henderson, "Morning Mists, Ben Nevis." (16 on $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ camera, Kodak panatomic roll film, $2 \times$ filter and lens hood, $\frac{1}{50}$ at $f/3.5$.)
2. Alan D. Stewart, "Merkland Point, Brodick Bay." (Quarter-plate camera, panchromatic roll film, $2 \times$ filter, $\frac{1}{25}$ at $f/6.3$, 6 P.M., September.)

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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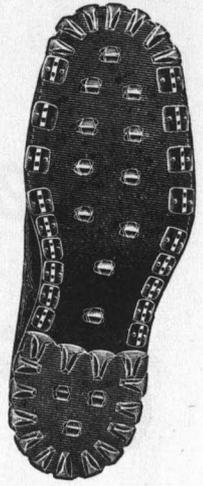


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