J. G. PARISH

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THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL

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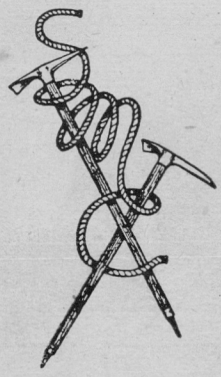

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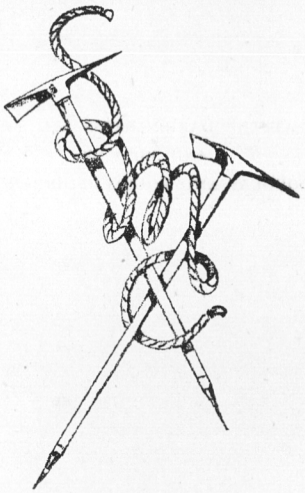

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Page 39, *line* 27.—*For* " me " *read* " we."

Page 97, *line* 24.—*For* " later " *read* " latter."

Page 175.—*For* 715 *read* 175.

Page 277, *line* 2.—*For* G. Thompson *read* S. Thompson.

Page 328, *line* 27.—*For* L.S.C.C. 2 (2) *read* 1 (1).

Page 339, *illustration facing*.—*For* " From Crowberry Tower, etc.," *read* " Inaccessible Pinnacle."

Page 444, *line* 32.—*For* " Sgùrr Lead nan Each " *read* " Sgùrr Leac nan Each."

Page 449, *after line* 11.—*Insert* " J. G. Robinson, V.D., Commander (S.), R.N.V.R."

Page 450.—Delete corresponding item.

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THE following abbreviations have been used:—

ar.	=Arête.	L.	=Loch.
asc.	=ascent, ascended.	M.	=Meall.
B.	=Ben, Beinn.	mt.	=mountain, Mount.
Bidean	=Bidean nam Bian.	mtg.	=mountaineering.
Buachaille	=Buachaille Etive Mor.	necess.	=necessary, necessity.
Butt.	=buttress.	obit.	=obituary.
C.	=Carn, Cairn.	pinn.	=pinnacle.
chim.	=chimney.	pk.	=peak.
co.	=corrie, Coire.	ref.	=reference, referred.
Cr.	=Creag.	reqd.	=required.
desc.	=described, description.	sect.	=section.
diag.	=diagram.	sep.	=separate.
fr.	=from.	Sg.	=Sgùrr.
Gl	=Glen.	trav.	=traverse.
gu.	=gully.	var.	=variation.
ill.	=illustrated, illustration.		

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A. ERNEST MAYLARD

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MOUNTAIN HOWFFS.*

By John B. Nimlin.

THE proposal to build more climbers' huts is a natural outcome of the discussions by the British Mountaineering Council, and, eventually, we may see a proportion of these huts appearing in the Scottish Highlands. What form the huts will take, plain structures offering simple amenities or luxury buildings with h. and c. and electrically heated bed-quilts, will in time be debated by the ascetics and the sybarites. It would also be reasonable to assume that the huts will serve as bases for the widest variety of mountain excursions; and the people who felt the lack of climbers' accommodation in the past should welcome the idea.

What, to me, seems more questionable is another proposal to erect huts on the mountains themselves, one suggested site being the corrie between Ben Narnain and the Cobbler. For this proposal I cannot find a spark of enthusiasm. I keep remembering that the ascent and descent of either hill could be made—if one lacked any imagination—in less than three hours, and that all the peaks in the group, A Crois, Ben Ime and the two already mentioned, could be traversed in a moderate day's outing from Arrochar. Indeed, my one regret—hardly excusable

* Howff: haunt, resort, shelter (Webster); "A Rale Guid Howff," by a Tramp.

in the face of such mountain perfection—is the comparative smallness of the Arrochar Alps.

On æsthetic considerations my lack of enthusiasm is even greater. Until man can develop the architectural ability to *enhance* a mountain landscape his activities are better confined to the landscapes he has shaped for himself in the valleys. Already, in the good cause of national economy, Scotland must face some destruction of her mountain scenery by hydro-electric operations; may we, without any such impelling need, presume to aggravate the situation? Would people like myself, in the storm and stress of a winter gale, eschew the mountain hut? Who can say? The spirit is willing, but spare us from temptation!

Another consideration, perhaps the most important of all, is the need to guard against that ever-present urge to modify difficulty. Organised society habitually seeks the smoothest way. With mechanisation and labour-saving devices life has become so smooth that some of us seek a necessary corrective in grappling with rough, undisciplined crags, but we sometimes carry our habits into the mountains. Are huts the beginning of a movement to make the mountains fit for climbers rather than the climbers fit for mountains? It seems more than likely that the modification of much Alpine climbing started with the erection of huts: first the base hut, then the half-way hut and finally the summit hut, and in between, the fixed ropes, the ladders and the permanent *pitons*—for *pitons*, too, may serve that urge towards modification.

For me, climbing has always seemed to embody some immutable principles: something stable in a changing world. I like to think that even to-day my only advantage over Mummery and his contemporaries is the possession of better climbing-nails, an advantage soon cancelled by the wear and tear of climbing. I like to think that I meet the crags on the same terms and without the aid of modern weapons like *pitons*, which, if properly used, will enable me to defy even gravity! I also know that mountain huts, guide books, mountain view indicators



J. B. Nimlin

A SNOW HOWFF

and all the rest cannot make climbing any more enjoyable than the things Mummery knew. A *gite*, in the shape of a howff or a mountain camp, may well serve the twentieth-century Scottish climber as it served Mummery. The hills are ever open to the climber who seeks them on their own terms—which brings me to this pet subject of mountain howffs.

The best known example of a mountain howff is the Shelter Stone of Loch Avon. Quite distinct from Corrour Bothy, which I would call the first unofficial climber's base hut in Scotland, the Stone is a natural shelter improved by man. The use of a howff is strictly in line with the ascetic nature of mountaineering. While living there the climber accepts the austerity of mountain life until his return to the flesh-pots. No other approach gives the climber such close communion with the hills. Mummery, although he preferred a tent, says this of Alpine bivouacs: "In no other way can one see such gorgeous sunsets, such 'wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist,' such exquisite effects of fading light playing amongst fantastic pinnacles of tottering ice. To watch the night crawling out of its lair in the valley and seizing ridge after ridge of the lower hills till the great white dome of Mont Blanc towers alone above the gathering darkness, is a joy that is hidden to dwellers in inns, and is never dreamt of amidst the riot of the *table d'hôte*."

Mountains, when viewed through the lounge window of a hotel, are not always seen in true perspective. The whole scene may be coloured by the size of the fire in the grate or the relaxing properties of an arm-chair. The rain looks wetter, the mist looks clammier and the question of venturing out becomes a matter for debate. But in the mountain howff, with boots on your feet and a wind-breaker on your back, you have no such hard decision to make; no need to test the water with your toes. I have known howffs, in the days before I learned the simple principles for improving their amenities, where it was a positive relief to step out into the blast, straighten the back and relax! However, a few practical touches

will transform the average howff into a comfortable base for the better enjoyment of climbing.

There is a model howff—a show howff—in the lower corrie of the Brack some 1,200 feet above the Glencroe road. This howff came in very useful to Ben Humble, myself and the few climbers who helped in the investigations for the Arrochar Guide. Only three hours were spent on its construction. Fortunately, the original cavity had the essentials for a good howff, the main feature being a huge block of mica-schist resting on several square-sided rocks so as to form a sheltered recess with an exposure to the driest and calmest airt. In this case the base of the roofing block, the ceiling, was inclined downwards towards the entrance. This is a big advantage in a howff, as it removes the chance of drips running along the ceiling. As is usually the case, the formidable-looking rocks on the cave floor were loosely bedded and easy to remove. The best tools for this work are ice-axes or hand-picks. Having neither implement in the Brack howff, we improvised with flattened soup-tins which made quite efficient soil-scrapers.

Many of the rocks thus excavated weighed several hundredweights, but gravity worked on our behalf. Adopting back-and-knee positions and pushing all together, we soon levered them to the doorway and toppled them down a short slope to the heather. Having thus cleared a space for five or six sleepers, we levelled off the floor, sealed up the apertures at the back of the cave and laid in a foot of heather and moss for bedding. The secret of a draught-proof howff is to baffle the air currents by allowing only one ingress, which should be as small as possible. A ground-sheet hung over a wedged tree-branch or ice-axe will then seal the entrance against driving snow or rain. This howff, "Cobbler View," was well tested for structural defects that same night. A thunderstorm travelled over Glencroe, and we lay securely in our sleeping-bags as the blades of lightning flashed against the dark mass of the Cobbler.

There is another fine little howff overlooking Glen

Loin—I give no other clue to its location—and, strange as it seems, this howff is rather too comfortable. This criticism, which is, naturally enough, not too strongly pressed, comes from our Hon. Secretary, who spent some bed-nights there in testing weather conditions. Two reasons may be given for this unusual situation. The first is a deep bed of dry heather; the second is a turbulent burn which cascades a few feet from the entrance. The monotone of rushing water, by absorbing all other sounds, seems to lull the senses into a deep, almost hypnotic sleep, which invariably means a late start on the morrow. The service of a loud alarm clock is indicated here. This howff may well remain on the secret list, as sabotage by jealous hotel proprietors is not out of the picture.

Comparing mountain howffs with mountain camps, I think the howffs have some advantages. An obvious one is the opportunity to dispense with the weight of a tent. Another is the feeling of security afforded by a well-built howff in bad weather, although this may be a personal opinion arising out of my early experiences in mountain camping.

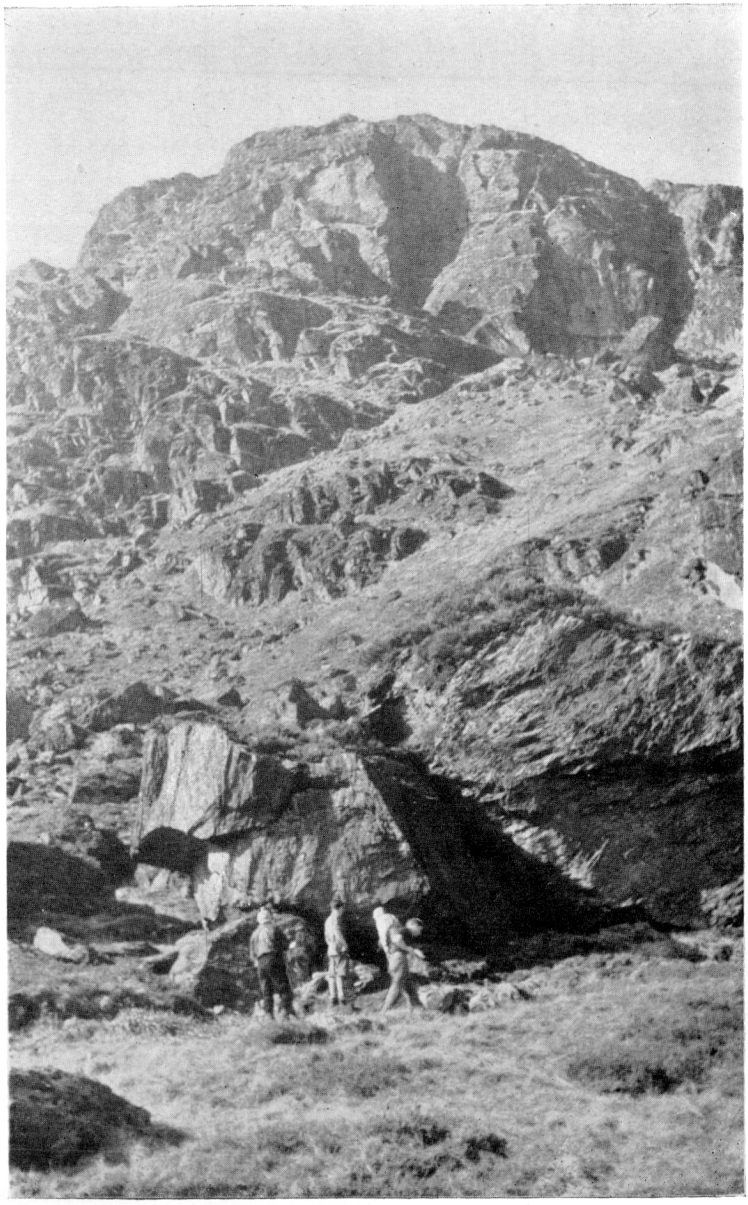
Among several camping mishaps on the hills is one which I shall never forget. Two of us were camping near the crude shelter which lies under the smaller of the Narnain Boulders. It was a March night with a half-gale blowing from the south-east, but we crawled into our sleeping-bags in a rich, warm fug. The knowledge that nothing but a skin of canvas lay between us and the icy wind only emphasised the comfort of our position. Then, at the outrageous hour of 4 A.M., we were rudely exposed to a nightmare of swirling snowflakes. Alas, it was no dream, for the tent, still anchored to the leeward guys, was flailing about like a kite over the deepening snow. The seconds which elapsed as we danced a barefoot jig and fumbled for our most essential gear are the longest I have ever known. We spent the rest of that long night crouched under the Shelter Stone waiting for the tardy dawn. The phobia born of that incident still overshadows my full enjoyment of mountain

camps, and this in spite of sewn-in ground-sheets, anchoring boulders and a necessary improvement in my camping technique.

Wild weather makes little difference to howff-dwelling. Temperature variations are never very drastic in a cave, and the odd snowdrift which might invade a high-level howff is more of an ally than otherwise. When the floor is cleared and all displaced snow is packed against the inside walls the howff is much more draught-proof than in summer. This is an experience I have often had at the Shelter Stone of Loch Avon. On a windy July day draughts will invade the Stone from all airts, but on several New Year visits, with plenty of snow to pack against the walls, I have found nothing more to contend with than low temperatures—no great hardship. On the New Year of 1936, when I had cut down load-carrying to the exclusion of a sleeping-bag, five of us slept at the Stone in a sub-zero temperature. With two men on either side encased in eiderdown bags, I slept in coat and sweaters with feet stuffed into a rucksack. True, my teeth were chattering when I wakened, but I had enjoyed eight hours' sleep, and four other sets of teeth were chattering in unison. True, again, I have to confess that our nightcap was a peculiar mountain brew, potent as heather ale.

Another time when snow befriended us was in the New Year of 1939, when six of us lived under the snow-cap of Ben Nevis. On that occasion the Observatory ruins were snowed-up to roof level, but we dug down to a window, cleared out one of the rooms and lived for two days of ceaseless blizzard completely insulated from the hurricane which raged above us.

Loath as I am to exploit the other man's misadventures, I am tempted to reveal that two members of the Club had preceded us to the summit on the previous day, and there brought in the New Year in a tent. Some time later I learned that the campers had withstood the first night of the blizzard and then beat a hurried retreat. As it happened, their tent had been pitched on the spot we chose for our entrance tunnel, and the spade we were



W. Holmes

COBBLER VIEW

using dug up quite a story. One did not need the sign-reading gifts of a Red Indian to follow that story. First we came on a knife and spoon, then a slab of cake and finally a sonsie specimen of a haggis—the cumulative evidence of a retreat not only hurried but headlong. We carried the food into our lair and devoured it with all that relish which is usually accorded to the spoils of the chase.

Summer or winter, howffs may well have a place in Scottish mountaineering. They can be built on any hill where rock debris is plentiful. Once built they are practically indestructible, and material for repairs is always at hand. The list of sites which offer facilities would fill a book. In Arran the corrie floor below the north face of Cir Mhor has very promising material, and so has upper Glen Rosa. In Glencoe a natural choice would be the upper corrie between Bidean nam Bian and Stob Coire nam Beith, and at the lower end of Coire an Gabhail there are several useful caves just ready for the finishing touch of a howff-builder.

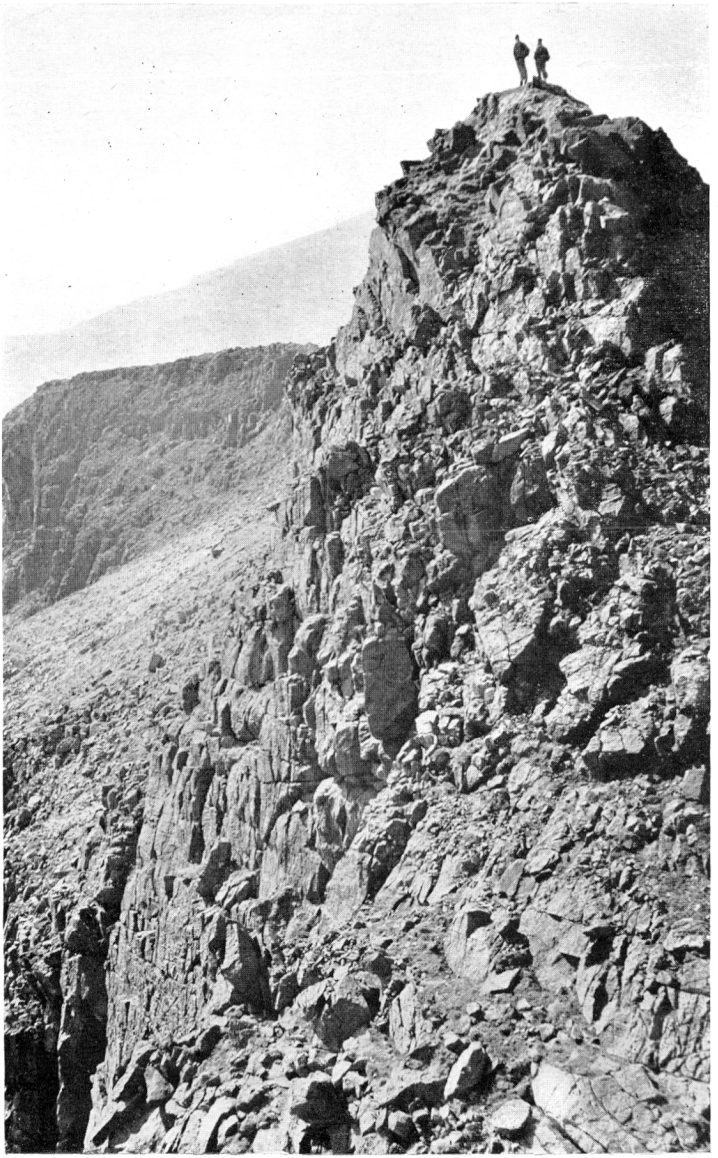
Skye has probably the widest scope for howffs. Harta Corrie, Coire Lagan, Coire na Creiche and Coruisk are all natural sites where howffs might encourage more intensive exploration. In Coruisk especially, a howff would make a valuable base for the investigation of many remote crags, and suitable material is at hand for howff-building. In July 1946 Ben Humble, David Easson and I crossed into Coruisk from Glen Brittle, and on our line of descent, on the corrie floor below Sgùrr Coire an Lochain, we found a giant boulder perched conspicuously on a mound. The recesses under this boulder would make a fine roomy howff which could be reached in three hours from Glen Brittle over the Banachdich Col. A climbing party with 20 to 25 lb. rucksacks of food, sleeping-bags, stoves and cooking gear could live there for two or three days and climb to their hearts' content.

By the side of Loch Coruisk there are two howffs already built up and ready for occupation. One of them, which lies east of the little copse of wind-stunted oaks and hazels on Coruisk's northern side, has a steep and

promising crag springing from its doorstep to the crest of the Druim nan Ramh.

There is another cave on Loch Scavaig, a few hundred yards south of the Mad Burn, which we used as our bivouac during the trip already mentioned. It is little more than a slit in the base of a crag not far above sea-level, but it does not rank as a model howff. When we crawled inside a gusty wind from Coruisk was whistling through it. We did make a half-hearted attempt to build an inner wall of stones and turf, but darkness and fatigue—we had been bog-trotting and climbing for nearly nineteen hours—made us abandon the job. Unfortunately, I was lying at the unwalled section, exposed to a powerful draught which made me feel like an obstruction in an air-pipe. Another trial was the huge fire which had been lit inside the cave to compensate for our lack of sleeping-bags. At unexpected moments its flames would make sudden darts in our direction, blinding us with smoke and sparks. This was trouble enough, had not the man in the outside berth—safe behind his break-wind—kept nagging me to move farther in. My one bright moment was when his heather pallet went on fire and he took a header at the gabbro roof. If I visit this cave again I shall either complete the break-wind or induce someone else to take the inside berth.

There is a deep satisfaction to be found in howff-building, a sense of conformity with the primal nature of the mountain scene. No guilty feeling of spoliation when you move a few rocks and uproot a patch of turf which will in time renew its contact with the parent soil. Should any climber allow himself a greater liberty? In the mountains we find the last relic of the primeval in an otherwise ordered landscape, and this is their greatest attraction. Beside this simple sanctuary on the mountain's breast what deeper imprint would the climber wish to leave but a cairn of stones and a signature of white nail-scars upon the crags?



A. D. S. Macpherson

SUMMIT OF TRALLVAL

Isle of Rum

A CAMP ON RUM.

By Tom Weir.

IT was the most perfect of May evenings when we sailed into Loch Scresort, the kind of evening when you should have no care in the world and bags of grub for a long stay. We had the grub, but no reassuring letter of permission had answered our request to land on Rum, so we were a bit anxious as we watched the little island boat pull alongside the steamer. As Harris was the next port of call and we had no intention of going there, some positive action was called for.

Our strategy was simple. The biggest man in the party, Matt, leapt into the boat as it bumped alongside. The luggage followed him as quickly as we could pile it on, so quickly that he could neither give explanations nor hear the protesting voices demanding them. When Arthur MacPherson and I arrived we just waved our hands ashore and muttered something about a letter and the Estate Agent. At once the sun shone more brightly, and the mountains towered higher and finer than our most vivid dreams as the little boat swung in the direction we wanted.

Now for the head keeper. The walk to his house was the perfect introduction to the island, for his house is in the bonniest part of this well-wooded little bay. Through the birches at their brightest green, on a path that wound amongst turf gay with wild hyacinth, sorrel, violets, orchis and clustering primroses, we were led to a little clearing. Then we heard something. As one man we stopped and listened. It was repeated for us, a shivering, exultant little song, the song of a wood warbler, a bird none of us would have associated with a sterile island like Rum. No refusal could come on top of this touch of pure charm.

And the omen was good. The keeper, instead of giving us a swearing as we had been led to expect, proved to be a friendly man who told us we could camp where we liked, and to call on him if we needed anything.

The boat would be at our disposal when we wanted to leave, too. Apart from a downcast McPherson on hearing that fishing was taboo, we were all set. On a grassy flat on the edge of the bay, within sight of the peak of Hallival and an oyster-catcher brooding its eggs, we pitched our two tents door to door.

Eating a meal and casting our eyes over the trees shining against the dull mountain herbage and grim rocks of our island, or letting them wander outward over the sea to where showers were sprinkled on the mainland mountains, we felt we had indeed found our place in the sun. These same showers drove us quickly back to camp when we essayed a walk, but in that short outing we had seen a peregrine falcon stoop in a headlong dive over a wood, and watched seals playing inshore. Good to lie in the tent and listen to the flighting sounds of " roding " woodcock.

To waken to the steady patter of rain on canvas was a disappointment after our high hopes of yesterday, but we set off for the tops by a path that goes parallel to the coast and leads into Coire nan Grunnd. On such a day the landscape was bleak and barren, and into the cloud we climbed, intent on finding rock. We found it, but the climbing proved cold and wet work, more difficult than we wanted in the conditions. We were thankful when the crag eased to a boulder-strewn summit which we thought must be Askival. Lunch was called for.

During the halt the mists began to flicker, revealing fragments of sunlit ocean; and just as the optimists were predicting wonders a bristling summit was revealed, a mighty shoulder where no shoulder should be if we were on the highest peak of the island. We headed for it while it was there, for it was evident we were well south of the top.

To our delight—for we carried no guide-book—a fine rock rib barred the way to the top. It gave a sparkler of a climb, steep and rather severe on the line we chose, but glorious fun, for the conditions had changed as though by magic. The wind had dropped and the steep rocks had dried quickly in the hot sun.

Most fascinating to us was the near view of the Island of Eigg, the crofts on the Bay of the Singing Sands facing us across a narrow strip of sea, and the miniature mountainland of rocky tops and lochans around the Scuir showing to perfection. Only eight months previously we had spent a week there and been charmed completely by the amazing fertility and rich variety of its scenery and bird life. The Scuir had given us some really sporting rock climbing and views most memorable. I recommend Eigg to any lover of mountains, despite what the contours say.

A peak on a small island is the place to appreciate a blue sea and great billowing clouds. As yet, Skye was in the mists of its name, but like the teeth of a submerged monster the ragged edge of the Cuillin showed.

Hallival was next, a pleasant scramble leading on to Barkeval by a stony ridge where cushion pink, purple and starry saxifrage, and even violets and primroses were blooming. After such a splendid day it was good to leave the tops for the run down to our bay, where birds were singing and the old primus beckoned.

Another of the joys of camping in this place was to awaken to the soft voices of the eider ducks mingling with the dawn chorus of the waders and woodland birds. One could hear the songs of warblers, wrens, blackbirds, chaffinches, meadow pipits and skylarks mingling with the sounds of ravens, hoodie crows, grouse, curlews, golden plovers, oyster-catchers and sandpipers. It was particularly noticeable that individual woodland birds were weaker and less fluent in song than their mainland counterparts, probably because of the combined factors of isolation and limited territory available for the support of large numbers of any one species.

Dibidil at the foot of Sgùrr nan Gillean was a place on which we had set our hearts, so, when we saw the sky shaping itself for one of those days that come but once or twice each spring, we made ready to go.

That walk was a sheer joy, not only for its splendid views over the sparkling sea to Eigg and the dim chain of mainland hills, but for the grand fun we had on the

sea cliffs, where large colonies of gulls were nesting amongst the clustering sea pinks. The best find was in a recess on a difficult little traverse. This was a large, wool-lined nest containing two red-mouthed, black, naked youngsters which none of us could identify. Nor did we get a clue from any hovering bird. We had to tear ourselves away from these great sea cliffs, for outside mountains there is nothing so fascinating as this combination of rock scrambling and bird hunting.

What a sight was the oasis of Dibidil Bay and the sheer sweep of Sgùrr nan Gillean as it came into view round the headland. It was agreed that we had never seen a Scottish hill look higher or any bay more attractive. Sun-bathing, our backs comfortably against a warm rock just shaped for the cult, we lazed away a happy half-hour.

Nor did that half-hour in the sun cause Sgùrr nan Gillean to grow any shorter. Indeed, the grass slope had not only lengthened but steepened alarmingly. It was a relief to get it over and touch down on rock for the scramble up the last few hundred feet to the summit. That grass slope is certainly worthy of Very Severe classification. But the reward was more than worth it. All Scotland was washed with blues that day, each wave of distance distinguished in its own subtle shade, from the Outer Islands round past Torridon and Ardnamurchan Point to Ben More of Mull. Most splendid of all, though, were the Cuillin rising straight out of the sea and dappled with the pattern of the drifting clouds.

Ainshval was the next peak on the ridge, a grassy walk with a real edge of rock providing a good scramble down to the Bealach an Fhuarain. We were now ready for serious rock work, for above us rose a fine buttress to the west of the ridge on the main face of the mountain. It looked formidable, but our grim visages relaxed when we found it to be liberally supplied with holds for all its steepness.

This peak, Trallval, with two sharp tops, is easily the finest in the island, I think, and most Cuillin-like in appearance. Not that there is anything in Rum to compare with the wild corries or great ridges across the water.

Over the ridge of Barkeval by a long traverse, and we raced down to the tents for a first-class meal. All of us were feeling the effects of too much sun, but we weren't complaining. We agreed we might have had as good a day in the west before but never a better.

Heavy rain and thunder in the night was a surprise, to say the least, particularly as my tent was leaking badly. However, some first aid with a ground-sheet and all was well. It was nice to get a good long sleep and eat a leisurely breakfast. Also, it gave us a chance to explore the woods for birds. We were astonished to see some turtle doves—birds one associates with the South of England but not with the Hebrides. We learned that they do not breed here, but occur for a few days each spring, obviously a passage movement between their winter and summer quarters. The long-tailed tit was another enterprising species colonising the woods of Scresort.

We knew it would be a good day for our last climb on the island, and so it was. Blue sky was breaking through the low mists when I looked out, and soon the sun was shining brightly on the stillest of beautiful mornings. Enjoying the curling clouds and glorious scents, we stepped it out over a fine hill pass to Bloodstone Hill. The approach by a green glen of short turf was good, but on top was even better.

There is enough shading on the map to indicate a gigantic cliff on the north-west side, and we were hoping to descend for a climb, but alas, these Ordnance Survey men are not to be trusted: the cliff is a mixture of grass and rotten rock. The spectacular drop to the sea gave an airy feeling, and from an eyrie up there we looked down on Canna and its crofts and across to the Skye coast.

Disturbing hundreds of deer, we crossed Sron nan Saighdean to Orval, to where there is a tremendous pinnacle. Unfortunately the strata here, like those of the Storr of Skye, are most unsound; after pulling out handfuls we had to abandon the idea in favour of rock at an easier angle.

On top the visibility was hard and sharp in the low

light before rain. The panorama was impressive, from the snowy hump of Nevis past Moidart to the lochs of Hourn and Nevis, then round past Applecross to Skye and the Outer Islands, then the Dutchman's Cap, and the hills of Mull fronted by the ridge of Ardnamurchan. The sea was grey like steel and the hills in tones of grey and black.

In showers we came down to the softer country of the glen, and at last to the woods of the bay and the scents of lime and mountain ash, a contrast to the barren, upper world where we had been for the past ten hours. The sun was shining now, and across the brilliant sea was Knoydart, every peak of its "Rough Bounds" as if shaped in glistening amber. No wonder these mountains of ours are celebrated for colour!

A present of three eggs was the perfect finish to this, our last climb in this grand little island where the folks and the weather had treated us so kindly.

RIGHTS OF WAY.

By George D. Cheyne.

ONE is continually being asked such questions as: "What is a right of way?" "How is it constituted?" "Is there any significance in the common notice, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted'?" "Can one camp on private land without asking permission?" With the increased interest in walking and climbing it is natural that such questions should be asked, and it is important that walkers and climbers should have some knowledge of the law regulating such questions.

A public right of way is a right of passage open to the general public across private property by a more or less defined route leading from one public place to another public place. The constitution of such a right is founded on the use to which the public have put the way during the prescriptive period of forty years. In other words, if the public has used a particular way for a period of forty years without let or hindrance by the proprietor of the land through which it runs, then that way is a public right of way.

There has been a considerable amount of judicial consideration given to what constitutes a public place. It has been defined as "a place to which the public resort for some definite and intelligible purpose." Churches and burying-grounds have always been considered as places of public resort; hence our kirk and coffin roads. Ports and harbours are other examples. Undoubtedly, fifty years ago it would not have been considered intelligible to climb to the top of a mountain merely to see the view, but to-day, while there has been no particular case in point, there is no doubt that the courts would regard such usage in quite a different light. Indeed, in the recent case against the Marquis of Bute regarding a path from the public road to Scalpsie Bay on the west of the Island of Bute, the Court held that the resort of the public to the bay for bathing and recreation was sufficient to constitute it a public place.

It is the nature and the amount of the user which governs the question, but it cannot be inferred that the mere sauntering over moorland or the playing of games on unenclosed land will be sufficient to constitute a right.

It is the nature of the public user which also governs the character of the right of way, and the greater right always includes the lesser. Thus a carriageway includes a right of way for droves, horsemen and pedestrians, but a drove road does not carry with it a right for vehicular traffic. In many of our Highland glens proprietors have constructed a motor road along the line of an old drove road or footpath. Such roads are undoubtedly private for vehicular traffic, but they are still open to the drover or pedestrian. It is in such cases that the frequent notices, "Private Road," are rather misleading, and they should not be read as depriving the right of the road to the walker. It is interesting to note that in the recent Glen Tanar case pedal cyclists were classified with pedestrians. A pedal cyclist has thus the right to use a footpath.

A proprietor, in order to avoid the constitution of a right of way over his land, must take active steps to defend his private rights. If he acquiesces in the use by the public, then the public can assert that their use is a

matter of right and not of permission. The public cannot call on a proprietor to keep in repair a right of way or construct bridges over burns. Such matters are for the public themselves. A proprietor may not close a right of way unless he grants an alternative route of equal amenity and convenience to the public and to the satisfaction of the local authority. Gates may be erected on rights of way provided they are not locked, and it is the duty of the public to see that such gates are closed. Should an obstruction be placed across a right of way, a member of the public may take the law into his own hands and remove the obstruction. In a recent case in Berwickshire, where a proprietor erected a locked gate across a right of way, the local people organised a party headed by a piper. With the landlord's agent looking on, the party broke open the gate and marched down the road to the strain of the pipes.

It is only within the last two hundred years that roads as we know them to-day have come into existence, and it should be realised that these old tracks and drove roads were not so long ago the only means of communication. Travellers in our Highland counties had to proceed on foot or, at the best, by pony, and in the middle of last century Queen Victoria explored much of the country by this means. The history of these old ways makes an interesting study and adds greatly to the enjoyment of the walk. There is the Bealach nan Corp, an old coffin route from the Braes of Balquhidder to Glengyle, where was the old burying-ground of the MacGregors. On these coffin roads may still be seen the cairns on which the bearers might rest their sad burden. In the same district is the kirk road leading through the hills from Glen Dochart to the kirk at Balquhidder. Drove roads cover the country from north to south, many leading to the great Tryst held at Falkirk, and the old military roads constructed just before and after the " Forty-five " now form grand cross-country routes for walkers. It is a great heritage that has been left us, and it is up to us to retain that heritage by using these magnificent routes. It is only by use that they will be retained. Here might a

plea be made for walkers and climbers to support the Scottish Rights of Way Society, which has done so much during the past hundred years to preserve these hill tracks for our own and future generations. It is through the Society's efforts that the citizens of Edinburgh enjoy to-day the delightful heather tracks over the Pentlands, and that the grand passes of Glen Tilt, Glen Doll and Coulin—to mention only three—are open to all. Besides keeping a watchful eye on our public rights of way, the Society * erects foot-bridges where difficulty may be experienced in crossing rivers and burns, and has sign-posted innumerable paths for the benefit of the walker.

What of Trespass? The common notice has little significance. No one can be prosecuted for an act of trespass, and while the law does recognise private property, it is no crime to walk on another's land. From this it must not be inferred that the public have a right to wander as they please over private property, and it must be realised that a proprietor has no duties towards a trespasser. That is why it is so important to retain our rights of way, for on them a proprietor has a duty to all who may use them. One may use a right of way at all times, whether during the shooting or stalking seasons or not, in the knowledge that they are safe from shots or interference by irate lairds.

In recent years, with the restocking of our hills with cattle, many complaints are being received about bulls being allowed to roam on unenclosed hillsides over which a right of way may run. This is a difficult problem; while a farmer may be liable for injury to any member of the public when on a right of way, he cannot be expected to fence it over perhaps miles of moorland. On the other hand, if a farmer deliberately places a bull on land with a view to deterring the public from using a right of way, then he may be interdicted for interfering with the free passage of the public.

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* Annual subscriptions for membership (five shillings) can be paid to Mr W. D. Davidson, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, at 32 Rutland Square, Edinburgh, 1.

What are the remedies of a proprietor against the public wandering over his lands? Any one can be stopped when on private property and asked to leave, but the proprietor cannot use physical force. The trespasser's name and address can be asked for and should be given. In cases where an individual or group of individuals are habitually trespassing over a particular area, the proprietor may apply for an interdict. Such an action of interdict can only be directed against individuals, but the proprietor may raise an action of declarator that his lands are free of any public right of way and in such a case the County Council may be called as defenders, as representing the public interest. On the interdict being granted by the Court, should the party against whom it is directed continue to trespass, he may be liable to a fine or imprisonment, as being in contempt of Court. It is a good defence to an action of interdict that the alleged trespass was for an urgent purpose, such as the suppression of a fire, or that it was of an innocent or incidental character, not done with the view either of asserting a right or of defying the right of the proprietor, and that there is no cause to apprehend a repetition of it. It should be borne in mind that what has been said above only applies to outside trespass, and that an owner or occupier of houses or other buildings is entitled to employ force to expel intruders.

While a simple act of trespass is not a crime, there are types of trespassing which have been made criminal by Statute. The Trespass (Scotland) Act of 1865, under Section 3, provides that "every person who lodges in any premises, or occupies or encamps on any land being private property, without the consent and permission of the owner or legal occupier of such premises or land, and every person who encamps or lights a fire on or near any private road or enclosed or cultivated land, or in or near any plantation, without the consent of the owner or legal occupier of such road, land or plantation, or on or near any turnpike road, statute labour road or other highway, shall be guilty of an offence." Under the Act premises are defined as "house, barn, stable, shed, loft,

granary, outhouse, garden, stackyard, court, close or enclosed place." Prosecutions under the Act cannot be at the instance of any private individual, but only at the instance of the procurator-fiscal.

It will thus be seen that a camper cannot pitch his tent on any land without first obtaining the consent of the owner or occupier, and that those who light fires or take advantage of a hill bothy are liable to prosecution. It might be noted that the Courts have in some cases interpreted "occupier" as covering a picnicker.

The other kind of trespass which has received attention from the legislature is trespass after game. This subject has a long history, being dealt with by the Scots Parliament as early as the year 1400. The penalties imposed under some of these early Acts were heavy, showing the importance with which the subject was regarded. For example, under the Act of 1579 the penalties were £10 for a first offence, £20 for the second and £40 for the third, besides the damage done; and where the offender was not responsible in goods he was to suffer eight days on bread and water for the first offence, fifteen days for the second and "hanging to the deid" for the third. To-day the Acts regulating the question are the Night Poaching Act, the Day Trespass Act and the Poaching Prevention Act. None of these Acts actually defines the word "game," but, taking a cross-section of all three Acts, it can be said to include the following: "grouse, black game, ptarmigan, partridge, pheasant, woodcock, snipe, quail, landrail, bustard, wild duck and deer (including roe), hares and rabbits."

Fishing has also been the subject of considerable legislation. By an Act of 1607 a penalty was imposed on "whosoever steals fishes in proper stanks or lochs," and the Act of 1845 prohibits all persons, except the proprietor of the adjacent lands or others having a right to fish or holding a written permission from those who have a right to fish, from fishing for trout or other fish under a penalty of £5 for each offence.

A right of way along the bank of a river or loch does

not give the public a right to fish, and such a right cannot be acquired by prescription.

Reference has been made to the rights enjoyed by walkers, and it is only fitting to point out that where there are rights there are also duties. To-day, with the increased drive for food production, it is especially important to recognise that the hills are the breeding and feeding grounds of our Blackface and Cheviot sheep, which play a large part in the agricultural economy of our land. Many a townsman does not realise what havoc an uncontrolled dog may cause amongst a sheep stock. Even where no physical harm may be done, the sheep may be disturbed from their grazing and will soon lose condition, and with ewes it is obvious what danger there may be. No dog should be taken on to sheep ground without being strictly under control.

Apart from dogs, walkers themselves may cause losses and give additional work to shepherds, where care is not exercised. In stormy weather sheep naturally resort to the sheltered parts of the hill, and considerable losses may follow if they are disturbed in such conditions. Many a ewe when frightened is drowned in attempting to cross a burn in spate, and in the lambing season lambs may be separated from their mothers, resulting in an untimely end for the former.

Afforestation is playing an ever-increasing part in the economy of our hill lands, and here fire is the danger. Many acres of forest land are destroyed annually through the carelessness of some individuals. Smokers, watch your cigarettes and matches, and picnickers your fires. And lastly, but by no means least, there is the question of litter. In addition to being most unsightly, litter may be a menace to animals. Bury your litter, or take it home and burn it.

Our forefathers were bred amongst the hills, and now we, living on the plains, resort to them merely for recreation. Let us not forget what we owe to those Highlands whence sprang the hardiest of our men, animals and plants, and may we always regard them with the respect and affection they deserve.

WINTER DAYS ON BIDEAN NAM BIAN.

By Donald B. M'Intyre.

DURING the winter of 1946-47 my work gave me an opportunity for serious climbing, and I was peculiarly fortunate in entering the land of " ice-crowned castles " with W. H. Murray, a master of ice-craft and a patient teacher, as my guide. My debt to him may be repayed in part by encouraging others to venture on our Scottish hills in winter, there to know the intense joy and satisfaction of climbing on snow and ice.

One misty December day found us on Stob Coire nan Lochan at the top of S-C Gully. The steep, smooth rocks were encased in an armour of fog crystals, and overhung by tottering cornices left unstable by a recent thaw. From above it seemed that the visible part of the gully verged on the impossible, but I was assured that the main difficulties were hidden in the mist below. My companion's reminder that S-C was on our winter's schedule of climbs was frankly terrifying.

Two months later Kenneth Dunn, Murray and I laboured through deep, soft snow to Coire nan Lochan. From the corrie S-C looked sensational indeed; to me the 70-foot pitch was clearly on the wrong side of the vertical. When once we were in the gully, however, the first pitch appeared to be set at quite a reasonable angle. My companions dug in, and with, " Well, Donald, it's all yours! " I was commissioned to " have a crack at it." By hard experience I have found that, although I may *over*estimate the angle of an ice-pitch while I am on it, I invariably *under*estimate the angle when below. The first pitch in S-C was no exception; half-way up, the ice actually bulged and cling-handholds had to be cut.

Cutting above the head is an occupation which tests the power of both body and will. Accurate placing of the steps is vital. Well-placed steps enable the cutter to stand easily in balance while he fashions the steps beyond. Poor steps initiate a vicious circle; the cutter is forced to move on before adequately constructing the

steps above, and the tendency to move faster than one cuts is much easier to be aware of than to check. Even although cutting in relays, we took two hours to surmount that first pitch; as time did not permit us to continue, we resolved to return to the assault the following week-end. But south-west wind and thaw during the next week meant that S-C became impracticable.

On Saturday evening Murray and I halted at Alltnafeadh and debated the relative merits of Lagangarbh with a fire and a high camp on Bidean. Although the night was anything but promising we chose the latter. It was a dark night with no wind, and toiling up Coire nam Beith was hot work; shirts were opened and sleeves rolled up. The cliffs were felt rather than seen. High on the mountain the snow became hard and we had to cut.

A chill wind swept over the summit as we pitched the tent beside the cairn. For a brief moment the peak rose into the clear frosty sky,

> "... at my feet
> Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
> A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
> All over this still ocean and beyond,
> Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
> In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
> Into the main Atlantic."

The stars flashed bright in the absence of the moon. How small a summit for so large a mountain! A cloud-wave broke coldly over the summit, and with a shudder we dived into the warmth of the tent. It may be remarked that winter camping (with a high-altitude tent) is by no means uncomfortable, provided that ground insulation is achieved. On this occasion the tent fabric was rapidly sealed by a wind-proof layer of ice; outside, the ice-axes were thickly encrusted with delicate fog crystals. Once we were comfortably settled in our sleeping-bags, the crackling of the ice-skin as the wind shook the canvas and the strangely soothing noise of drifting snow were delightful to listen to; they kept us reminded of our airy situation. The morrow was a grand day of rolling mists

and warm colours; a day that effectively dispels the common illusion that winter colours are only black and white. They were, in fact, more rich and varied than those of summer.

After a week of frost I rejoiced at the prospect of a further attempt on S-C, and the following week-end joined Murray and Dunn at Lagangarbh. We went to Coire nan Lochan that night in order to get an early start in the gully. The frozen loch, covered with snow, made an excellent camping site. The night was still. Through breaks in the grey sky streamers of aurora were flickering. The towering cliffs seemed infinitely remote and awesome in their grandeur; their details were outlined in ice. He would be insensitive indeed who, looking on that scene, failed to understand why Byron asked,

> " Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
> Of me and of my soul, as I of them ? "

That night, however, the weather broke; a blizzard came up from the east. S-C had to wait for another day. In the morning we saw the gully; the lower 250 feet was continuous ice:

> " Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.
> Charming the eye with dread . . .
> Horribly beautiful."

A fortnight later H. W. Tilman, who had come north to lecture on Nanda Devi, joined Murray and myself. We made an early start from Lagangarbh. The hills were in a happy mood; white clouds were herded peacefully by the west wind, and in S-C we were sheltered. Murray avoided the first ice-pitch by very difficult rocks on the left, and a further run-out took him to the rock-belay below the 70-foot pitch. Tilman and I joined him and prepared for a long wait. Above us Murray traversed right, on to the ice-pitch, and looked up. A pause, and he cut up out of sight, using the short axe.

The gully walls rose steeply to imprison us. Ice-chips raced in a steady stream down the ribbon of ice and

disappeared over the lip of the pitch below. They made a pleasant, tinkling, swishing sound as they went. The mist opened. The sun shone on the white crest of the Aonach Eagach, the lower slopes of which were rich brown. Cloud shadows moved leisurely. How pleasing was the blue of the sky above the white pitch and the black rock walls! A fleecy cloud rushed over the top, and, watching it, I nearly overbalanced. The mist closed in again, and we were conscious only of the pitch. For a long time the ice-chips still sped downwards; intermittently the rope ran out a few more inches.

The crux was at the very top of the pitch where an ice-bulge had to be removed before the staircase could be continued. The strain must have been cruel after so much one-armed cutting, but it is characteristic of great ice-pitches that they must be "forced."

Of another place Tilman wrote: "I will not guess at the angle for fear of being called a liar, but it seemed to me that a man with a long nose, standing upright, could have wiped it on the snow." I myself can affirm that on this pitch my nose *did* touch the snow, but whether this was due to the excessive angle of the pitch or length of my nose, I know not; one unkind critic has even suggested that perhaps I didn't stand *quite* upright. The ice-pitch surmounted, we moved together up to the cornice, which was small and gave no trouble.

What a joy to tread on the level summit! No longer now the need to place the feet precisely. After the confines of the gully, how vast the expanse of sky! The shades of blue and green in Loch Linnhe were superbly delicate, and lower Glencoe was bathed in warm and kindly colours. For long, hard hours the mountain had kept us, body and mind, to one single task. Released, we found our senses keener and our vision widened; we perceived new subtle harmonies in common things. The mountain had been gracious. We stood, not conquerors but by permission, on the summit; and we had tasted true joy—for surely to climb a mountain is to serve it.

MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

By Rev. A. E. Robertson.

(The following article has been compiled from the original diaries kept by the Rev. A. E. Robertson covering approximately the years from 1889 to 1901. The selection has been made by the Hon. Editor at the request of Mr Robertson, and the final detailed selection and compilation is by the Hon. Assistant Editor, J. D. B. Wilson.

The article is in two parts: the first covers the early parts of the diaries and up to mid-summer 1898, and the concluding instalment will take in the ascents up to 1901. It will be recalled that Mr Robertson was the first person to complete the ascent of all the Scottish Munros. The period covered by the article is that during which these ascents were made. For fuller details of any particular event, reference should be made to the *Journal* articles quoted. Sections in brackets thus [ ] are edited and condensed matter from the diaries).

My first experiences in mountaineering were in Arran when a boy of 12 or 13. I was staying one spring (1882) at the Manse, Brodick, when I walked up Glen Sannox and over the saddle into Glen Rosa. Not long after, during the same stay, I climbed Goatfell, also alone. I distinctly remember, when about 2,000 feet up, leaving the path and going straight up the slope, finding great delight in scrambling over the rough boulders so steeply set.

In the summer of 1890 we were at Onich, and there, in this year, my love for the hills was generated. On 29th August Dr Whyte took me with him to Bidean nam Bian—a red-letter day for me. The party included Mr Peyton, and I well remember how struck I was with his knowledge of geology and his general skill in directing and guiding the whole party. How he skipped about with his hammer, peering here, peering there, whacking at this, tearing at that—he was never still!

In the spring of 1892 Mr Somerville invited me up to stay with him at Aviemore in June for a week. On 24th June we climbed Braeriach, one of the most lovely days for climbing and clear views I have ever had. We drove to the first bothy in Glen Einich and ascended by the zigzag path. We reached the cairn in brilliantly clear weather, with all that was possible to be seen, visible; and he and I picked out all the better-known

hills. When thus engaged, two other climbers joined us. By their talk and equipment we could see they were no mere tourist walkers, and they turned out to be Mr W. Douglas and a friend. From Mr Douglas I learned a great deal more anent the S.M.C. and mountaineering generally, which whetted my appetite keener than ever. We exchanged cards and I promised to look him up in Edinburgh—which I did at the first opportunity.

In the spring of 1893 I began to lay in a proper mountaineering outfit: an ice-axe from Simond, Chamonix, through Douglas; an aneroid through Lord Kelvin from his instrument-maker, James Pitkin; and a compass from White, Glasgow. Last, but by no means least, James Wright, Edinburgh, made for me a pair of boots. I will never get a better pair, never. They carried me always from this date in every mountain expedition I had until 1896, then very frequently till the summer of 1898.

During the beginning of July 1893 I started on my first walking tour, rucksack on back, alpenstock in hand. Taking the early train from Aviemore, I got out at Dalwhinnie and hired a trap which took me down to Loch Ericht Lodge. Passing the lodge and the gardener with some trepidation, I struck up the shooting-path which comes down here from Loch Pattack, and in about another 2 miles I got another which took me up by the side of the Culrea burn. After walking up this for a good bit, enjoying the loneliness and beauty of the scene, suddenly I came upon a party of men supposed to be mending the path, but all sound asleep. I gave a shout, and how they jumped!—it afterwards transpired that Sir John Ramsden (the proprietor) was half-expected up that day. I left the path at a height of 2,100 feet, crossed the burn and made straight up the steep north face of Ben Alder. It was very steep, but quite easy, and I got into a kind of gully which took me out on the great, high plateau. The mist, which had been threatening all day, now came down on me, but with compass and map I made the cairn at 3 P.M. I had heard from a keeper at Aviemore of possible night quarters at Ben



Easter 1931 *A. E. Robertson*

AONACH AIR CHRITH
The North Face

Alder Lodge (McCook's), so I descended the mountain by the south-east shoulder and reached McCook's at 5.35. With some trepidation I knocked at the door. Out comes Mrs McCook, smiling and neat and clean as she always is. "Can you put me up for the night?" "Yes, sir, we shall be delighted." Thus was I admitted to McCook's, and in the many times I have revisited I have always gone with the greatest pleasure and been received with the greatest courtesy.

Next day Geal Charn was climbed, and Aonach Beag from there. I was half an hour on top, and then packed my traps and made off for Beinn Eibhinn. Going down the ridge I started an old raven with her young. At the bealach I dipped down the south slope for about 100 feet to an inviting spring and had my lunch, and at 2.5 was on the top of Beinn Eibhinn. After picking my way down the north ridge and going down the Allt Carn, a long, hot and toilsome walk (oh, those flies!) brought me to Lublea, where the keeper (McIntosh) gave me a good welcome and refreshment. He put me across the River Spean in a crazy boat which nearly sank with the two of us in midstream. I reached Moy Inn at 6 P.M. There I stayed several days and did a lot of walking. Amongst other mountains climbed were Beinn a'Chlachair Mullach Coire an Iubhair, the Creag Meaghaidh range and the twin tops of Beinn a'Chaoruinn.

I returned home in September, and in this month applied for admission to the S.M.C., my application form, with statement of hills climbed, being signed by W. Douglas and Professor Ramsay respectively. At the Fifth Annual General Meeting, held on 15th December, I was admitted a member, and at the end of the month attended my first Club Meet at Dalmally—every hour of which I enjoyed.* On 1st January 1894 a party of us climbed Ben Lui by the north-east face, led by Tough. This was my first experience of real hard snow and rope work, and I learned much from Tough's excellent skill and guiding.

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* *S.M.C.J.* 3, 95.

On Monday, 23rd April, I was joined at Blair Atholl by W. P. Fell, and we walked up Glen Tilt to Falar Lodge, where we spent the night. It was very cold in the lodge and there was a great bank of snow right up the walls of the house. Next morning was very wet and stormy, and the mist was down thick to the very doors. However, we started, mist or no mist, on our walk to the Braemar side. It was about the longest and most intricate piece of steering I have ever done. We emerged out of the mist at the Baddoch burn just where we expected, although the ground was all perfectly new to me—this shows what may be done by an intelligent use of map, compass and aneroid. From Falar we followed the road for 1½ miles till it crosses the Allt a' Ghlinne Bhig and then followed up this stream. Near the top of Beinn Iutharn Mhor the wind and the drift were very bad, and at the cairn we were only too glad to shelter from the icy blast. We soon left for Beinn Iutharn Beag, which we duly reached by dint of careful steering. We now made for the Baddoch, great care being needed not to get into Glen Ey in the thick mist. A weary walk down the Baddoch brought us to the road in Glen Cluny, and we reached our destination at 6—soaked to the very skin.

In June that year (1894) I found myself at my old quarters at McDonald's, Coylum Bridge, and was there for three months, during which time I had the following walks, amongst others: Braeriach, Cairngorm, Cairn Toul and Bynac from Loch Morlich. In September I was in Glen Lyon, but was very busy and only got a few climbs done. These included Garbh Meall above Lochs, and Beinn Heasgarnich and Creag Mhor from Sheanvore. This was a grand day, very clear, and with a fine view. One could see the Cairngorms, Ben-y-Ghlos, a bit of Schichallion, the Carn Mairg range, the Ben Lawers range, a peep of Glen Lyon at Innerwick, the Tarmachans and Meall Ghaordie. Farther south were Ben Cleuch, Ben Vorlich and Stuc a' Chroin, and very far off the flat range of the Pentlands. To the south-west were Ben More, the Cruach Ardrain group and Ben Lomond

over Beinn a' Chroin and Beinn Chabhair, then the Arrochar hills, Ben Oss and Ben Lui, and a beautiful stretch of Loch Awe, beyond which and far off was Jura. Cruachan appeared as a regular pinnacle, and, farther north, Ben More of Mull, the Glencoe mountains and north to Ben Nevis. The observatory could be seen. It was a grand view, and the only thing that marred the enjoyment of it was the midges—I have never seen or heard of midges so high before—3,530 feet.

In the afternoon of 29th December we joined the S.M.C. Meet at Tarbet Hotel, and on 1st January 1895 had a grand climb traversing the Cobbler from end to end.* Our party was Maylard, Naismith, Rose, Thomson, Drummond and myself. It was the best as well as the most difficult day I had done from a climbing point of view.

[After the Easter Meet at Fort William, at which Mr Robertson climbed most of the Mamores and the Easains,† he was joined by Mr Moncrieff and Mr Mirylees. The three proceeded on a ten-days' walking tour in Morar, Knoydart and Kintail,‡ climbing, amongst other hills, Sgor na Ciche and the Saddle.] We walked up to Cluny Inn, and on Saturday I did Crawlich and Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan, and on Monday climbed Ben Attow.

At New Year 1896 conditions were very bad, but Beinn Chaluim was climbed. Later in January, with Brown and Boyd, I climbed Beinn a' Creachan by the north face. There was hard frost, and it gave us a stiff climb. Brown led and worked like a navvy for four hours. [In March he was again at McCook's, and on the 13th climbed Ben Alder by the east face, in the company of Mr Reid of Rannoch.] There was a great deal of snow, and a big cornice at the top was only surmounted by my standing on Reid's shoulders and then being shoved up by the point of his axe.

[For several years Mr Robertson was able to make a long tour in the summer months, and during May, June

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* *S.M.C.J.* 3, 272. † *S.M.C.J.* 3, 346. ‡ *S.M.C.J.* 3, 351.

and July of 1898 he completed the ascents of all the Munros of the north-western region. For the early days of this tour he was based on Tomdoun and Cluny Bridge, from where, on successive days, he climbed Spidean Mialach, Gleourach and Creag a' Mhaim, followed by Carn Ghluasaid, Sgùrr nan Conbhairean, Tigh Mor and Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan. On a following day he climbed Saileag (3,124 feet), Sgùrr a' Bhealaich Dheirg (3,378 feet), Aonach Meadhoin (3,284 feet), Carn Fuaralach (3,241 feet) and finally, after a deep drop to 1,900 feet, Sgùrr na Ciste Dhubh. Not content with this expedition, the day following was again a long one—Druim Shionnach (3,222 feet), Aonach air Chrith (3,342 feet), Maol Chinn-Dearg (3,214 feet), Sgùrr an Doire Leathain (3,272 feet), Sgùrr an Lochan (3,282 feet) and Creag nan Damh (3,012 feet)—all from Cluny Inn and back.]

On 17th May I was wakened by a steward at 4 A.M. (on board the *Claymore* between Kyle of Lochalsh and Glen Elg) on a dull, misty morning. Landed at Glen Elg by ferry-boat and walked slowly to Ellanreoch, arriving in rain at 5 A.M. It began to clear up at 11.30, and I made a desperate effort. Tearing myself out of my very comfortable chair, I sallied forth. A long tramp up the east side of Meall Buidhe then up the west slope of Ben Screel brought me to the cairn at 3. There was a great deal of fresh snow the last 1,000 feet. I descended in a south-easterly direction to Arnisdale. Mr and Mrs Macmorran put me up for the night and did their utmost for me. Macmorran had engaged an old crofter to take me across Loch Hourn in his boat. The crofter had been at sea a lot in his early days and had seen many foreign parts. He was much impressed with my ice-axe. "Ah, that's a grand tomahawk that you've got!" was his remark, which amused me greatly. We reached the other side just to the west of Eilean a' Mhuineil, and I struck up the ridge of Stob a' Choire Odhair, then to the top of Ladhar Bheinn by the fine ridge to the left of the rocks in the Coire Dhorrcail. Left the top at 4 P.M. and retraced my steps, later walking along the rough



September 1931

A. E. Robertson

THE SADDLE FROM UPPER BRIDGE OF SHIEL

hill and shore side to Barrisdale. On 20th May—a lovely day—I walked along Loch Hourn side by a very up-and-down path past Skiary to Kinlochourn. I had intended to leave my rucksack at Skiary and stay there for the night, but things did not look at all likely—there was neither beer nor whisky in the place and the rooms were dark, damp and dirty—so I walked on to Kinlochourn. From there, on 21st May, I proceeded north-west by shooting-path for Sgùrr na Sgine and reached the top at 1.35, descending by the Bealach Choire Mhalagain to Shiel Inn. When I got there I proceeded to gobble up a cold roast of beef and a dish of potatoes, much to the astonishment of the girl who served me. I had not tasted anything *meaty* since I had left Balmacara six days before, and I was dying for meat!

[At the end of the month he climbed Sgùrr Ruadh and Beinn Liath Mhor, and Fionn Bheinn from Achnasheen, then moving on to Kinlochewe. On 28th May he climbed Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair and Sgùrr Ban and followed this up by another long day, as the following extract shows.] Left hotel at 8.45 on bike and reached crofter's house at Heights of Kinlochewe at 9.10. The rain now came on and it just poured for the rest of the day. Got to the bothy (east end of Lochan Fada) at 10.20, then along north side of Lochan Fada to Claonadh. It was very rough walking over heather and hags by the loch side. Then struck north-west up the slopes of A' Mhaighdean, which I reached at 1.40. It was thick mist when I was there, so I saw nothing. Retraced my footsteps for about 1,500 feet, and then, instead of going down to the loch side, kept along much higher up where the going was ever so much better. Reached path at 3.15, the bothy at 3.40, crofter's house at 4.40 and hotel at 5.10—all in copious rain!

(*To be concluded.*)

THE APPROACH ROUTE TO BEAUTY.

By W. H. Murray.

IF a survey be made of mountaineering literature, the reader can hardly fail to observe the frequency with which writers express perceptions of a beauty that baffles their powers of description. "Beauty unutterable," "beyond comprehension," are favoured terms of reference. These perceptions are sometimes accompanied by a certainty of universal unity, and by the premonition of an ultimate reality, the spiritual Ground of things seen. Professor John Tyndall, a hard-headed nineteenth-century scientist, an agnostic of the Victorian school and therefore usually sure of himself, writes thus of the view from the Weisshorn: "I opened my notebook to make a few observations, but soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship was the reasonable service."

Surely this cannot be the beauty that we take very much for granted while we climb through good photographic scenery? Either it is something different, or else the same but of greater power. Yet every sensitive and intelligent man has the experience of it at some time during his life; maybe at long intervals, but most assuredly, if he be an active mountaineer, his opportunities are many. For mountains throw into high relief a beauty that fairly takes the eye by storm. But the eye is not the mind, and the mind, perchance, is not receptive, so that opportunities are more often lost than seized.

May it not be possible by some practical method to help one's mind to grow in awareness of beauty, to develop that faculty of perception which we frustrate and stunt if we do not exercise? The answer is that growth may be given to the spiritual faculty as simply as growth and health are given to the body—by awakening it from slumber, by providing nourishment and then by giving hard exercise. Effort must be expended, sacrifice must be faced; without *these* only imaginary mountains are climbed.

Our first task is to awaken, nourish and exercise this mystic faculty which we all have but so rarely use. It is awakened by the free decision to use it and to seek a target. It awakes to keenest alertness when briefed for the highest of peaks—to bring union with the absolute Beauty or ultimate reality by direct inner experience. A lower goal will induce a correspondingly lower efficiency. The nourishment provided is that of feeling. It is a matter of experience that all feelings of disparagement, underestimation, contempt and carping criticism are poisons that starve, stunt and wither the spiritual faculty; and that feelings of compassion, reverence and devotion are foods that nourish it and bestow energy. The exercise to be given makes use at first both of material forms and quite simple, discursive thought. This exercise, indeed, is the very practical matter with which we must deal henceforth—the way and means of making not the direct route up the final cliffs but the approach route on the lower slopes.

Our search for beauty on the mountain has to be a conscious one. The soundest policy is to begin with the most simple things. They are innumerable, but many are commonly disregarded: the touch of wind on the cheek, the rhythm of rockwork, the smell of pines and bog-myrtle, the song of water, dew-drenched grass, the texture of stones and great crags, snow-curves of ridge and corrie, and tall trees. Let the mind see their beauty and remember it, and then take a wider sweep to embrace the greater things: a sea loch winding among hills, cloudscape and sky, a mountain entire in its shape and setting of moorland, cloud and atmosphere. Proceeding thus from lesser things to greater, always seeking the underlying beauty, and so ordering our survey that we end with the form that displays to us greatest beauty, we dwell long upon that; we allow it to evoke in our hearts devotion and reverence.

Encourage these feelings. Let them grow and fill the mind until they seem to reverberate through the soul. For within the soul they develop a force that gradually opens the spiritual eye. Then truly our minds are in a

state of growth, for where perception penetrates, understanding follows.

The full action of meditation is frequently, indeed most usually, made difficult or impossible on mountains by wind and weather, time and company. But the observations are made none the less for later and more effective use in privacy. We should then recall in chosen order of degree the several forms that display beauty, visualising each until its beauty arouses our love for it, and ending with the scene of greatest beauty known to us. This last may be that of a sunrising or sunsetting, a night sky or a mountain, the beauty for which no words can be found. Our feelings may be those of awe and exceeding wonder. As before, encourage them unreservedly. Such feelings and perceptions, thus given life and exercise, have the effect of raising consciousness to a new state of awareness.

One of the dangers of the ascent may now become noticeable. The exercise of this craft gives the climber so much joy that he may, well-nigh unconsciously, fall into the habit of stopping at the pleasure and exhausting it, continuing the work primarily for the pleasure received rather than for any selfless love of the beauty. Whenever that element of self-seeking is introduced growth will automatically stop, and the mind will have to seek any further satisfaction in æstheticism, offering to its already matured faculty of reason a temporary exercise, but suffering the immature spiritual faculty once again to dwindle. The mind reverts to its old, lop-sided state. Our remedy is not to deny the enjoyment, but likewise not to stop there. We must persist in working inwardly toward beauty and the widening of consciousness. Every ennoblement of the mind should be held as a gain for rendering future service to our fellow-men.

When our work has thus continued awhile, the evolution of consciousness gives rise to a growing awareness that all the degrees of beauty in the myriad forms are, in fact, one Beauty, the changeless and formless Beauty of eternal reality. But, although imageless, this Beauty is known by the mind, which holds it in awareness and is filled

by it through a meditation that gives way, quite naturally, to adoration and ecstasy. At first the awareness is dim, but grows in clearness and strength at each development. For the more the will turns the mind mirror-like to the sun of Beauty, the more pure and powerful does its light become, the more ravishing its glow. Our developing manhood is fired by the desire to be made one with it, to be united to it in knowledge and love. By a natural law the mind grows like that which it loves, and by reciprocal law knowledge grows as love grows, the Beauty becoming always more pure.

Our perceptive power, strengthening in activity, now sees vividly how the one Beauty manifests its life in the natural scene of mountain and lowland. We see it, too, in many places hitherto disregarded, notably within ourselves and other men. At this point a great development has occurred. Thus far, Beauty had been sought and found in external forms as an impersonal reality. Now it is found as a live Being, through which and in which we have our own being. It is the light that lighteth every man. Union is reached in this life or neglected as each man may choose. An alternating rhythm is thus disclosed in a spiral course of mental evolution. Beauty is first sought in external forms; then within oneself, for the ultimate reality is not experienced until it is found there; whereupon attention and action are again directed outward, this time at a higher level of the spiral development. Withdrawal is followed by return. The rhythm is out—in—out. The spiral turns are objective—subjective—but no, not objective again; for in this last turn of the spiral the difference between subjective and objective vanishes in the universal unity. In All we see the absolute Beauty; we live the life of union.

Our own immediate concern is to develop and use the perceptive faculty among mountains. To achieve its full development and use we must welcome the second beat of the rhythm—we must turn for a space from mountains to an examination of ourselves. Our mirror, in fact, must be cleansed: the absolute Beauty has been discovered within us, but greatly obscured by a cloud of

distractions that arise from self-concern. Therefore we must die to self. That means death to self-conceit, pride, dishonesty, prejudices and all lusts. The mind must be thoroughly detached from these ugly growths. The best way of doing that is not to dwell overmuch on them, but after a daily self-examination to turn to their opposites, humbleness, truthfulness and pureness of heart. Examine *these*, decide what *they* are, and deliberately live them.

Simultaneously with our uprooting of the separate self, and as part of that work, we again widen our experience of beauty by seeking its presence in our friends, our enemies, if any, and in all men on earth. Recall them to mind, and direct love to that pure and divine reality in them. By deliberate practice of such devotion to others, our devotion to self is undermined.

The effect of that action is greatly to diminish the false sense of separateness that cleaves each man asunder from others. As selfness dies starving the purified mind begins to experience its oneness with the real in all; for all creatures are seen to be like buds of one tree, receiving the same sap and united in the one life. There *is* no separation. Our task is to know it fully. In so far as we succeed, "The world is charged with the grandeur of God. It will flame out, like shining from shook foil." When we ourselves are transfigured we shall find the world transfigured.

We are now in a position to return to mountains and to relate them to the rest of our experience in a simple and straightforward survey—a threefold survey of Beauty, the Good and the True, as manifested in natural forms, manhood and spiritual law respectively. Let us begin with mountains, seek there our fairest forms of beauty, and mount step by step from the lowest order to the highest, at last to concentrate thereon hearts quite open to its pureness.

We then apply that same train of action to men, searching out in them the Divine Ground, whose one light of truth is refracted through their varied personalities in the coloured spectra of courage and love, compassion and truthfulness, pureness and humility. If the survey

be made with a true intent, the mind will at last gather together these many rays and fuse them in the one light of the Good. And to that Good the mirror of the mind is turned.

Our survey is finally directed to several of the spiritual laws, examples of which are found in the Beatitudes. Each is dealt with by brief, discursive thought until the meaning is understood wordlessly, whereupon the mind is surrendered to the law, which, now being a dynamic thing, acts on the still mind with power and effect. From the survey of several laws there will begin to arise in the mind an understanding of the last principle of all, the aspects of which they express; and to that principle the mind is for several minutes, and without reserve, abandoned.

In each of these three ascents we arrive at the inner experience of a Beauty, a Good and a Truth, the highest of which we are so far capable. Let the climax of each be swiftly reconstituted and reviewed, the mind turning from one to the other, until there arises, imageless, the supreme Beauty in which all are included and co-inhere. Let the mind be still and dwell on that. Let the mind be utterly still and abandon everything save this one goal. Our entire being will then be bathed in the Divine life. In this act the soul has growth. Man's arrested consciousness again evolves to its true end.

The mountaineer will observe in himself one immediate effect at the start of such a growth of awareness: his powers of perceiving beauty are doubled. The process of meditation is so simple that a man who starts will follow its course, if only he allows himself to be natural. He may at times slip into it without a prior intent. I once arrived by myself at the Allt Dearg burn near Sligachan after traversing a great section of the Cuillin ridge. The sun was hot, the air shimmered above the moor and Sgùrr nan Gillean was ghostly grey. I lay down to rest beside the burn, but the quick rhythm of its water-chatter made me sit up to watch. The water churned white over the boulders. Its sparkle of music and sun-start moved me to look around for something

living, to see if *that* could possibly be more beautiful than this. My eye came at once on a sprig of bog-myrtle. It had fashioned for itself a lance-shaped leaf, delicate and soft on the underside. A most humble plant. Its ramifications down to the moist earth and up to the sunlit air expressed a love of their contrast that brought the two worlds to an integration. By virtue of its own nature it reconciled a pair of opposites, created a harmony of relation by the mere fulfilling of its plant-life. There shone around its being a halo of beauty far excelling the flash and tumble of the stream; for the full and true beauty is tied to neither line nor lighting. I looked up at Sgùrr nan Gillean, ashen and conical: its rock summit overtopped the heat-haze; cleaving high and sharp into the blue, it inhabited the heavens. At the last line where sky met mountain there was not division of the elements, but a harmony of oneness to which I opened my heart. And from the stream at my feet to the sky's apex the physical aspect of the scene rolled up like a lifting cloud. The burn was there no doubt, the broad, brown moor still swelled around the Cuillin and Sgùrr nan Gillean raised a topless tower, but these outward forms had served their purpose. The mind no longer attended to them. For quite other was the scene opening to it from within—Beauty, changeless and formless, the power and presence of eternal reality: too great for the mind, unpurified, to ask for union, yet raising the mind through a swift act of adoration to self-surrender and the stillness of contemplation.

When the mind withdrew from this contemplative act it glimpsed the entire mountain scene as the creation of a single idea of Beauty. Analogies break down when pushed too far; remembering this, let us take one from music, where a single idea of Beauty in the mind of a composer creates a complex symphony. That creative Beauty orders the ideas and emotions that must be expressed, the balance and structure of each require a movement with themes and melodies, which in turn determine the phrases, the harmonies of which order the relation of the notes, and each note determines what

number of air-vibrations are required to produce its sound. We have finally a complex of air-vibrations arrayed through time and moving in space. They impinge on our ear-drums, combine to give sounds in sequence and lead us back step by step through phrases, melodies, themes and emotions, to the full symphony and its root-idea of Beauty, which we at last know in its true ground beyond time and space. The creation of all nature, and our upward ascent in meditation from the Many to the One, would appear to follow a course singularly like that of our analogy. Our own part is to cast out every inner distraction and impurity, so that our minds may be still and clear; and then we look and listen and receive.

In the way of evolution, thus partially and briefly described, no original counsel has been given, nor any that may not be reconciled with the Creeds, but much that is greatly overlooked when wars, economic and military, follow hard on each other's heels. It is necessary to be very practical in arranging scope for activity of spirit: time must be allotted and the habit made regular. Five minutes daily is not too little, nor two hours too much. In this work there is no static position; one goes on, or one drops back. Therefore, and above all—persist.

BUACHAILLE ETIVE REVISITED.

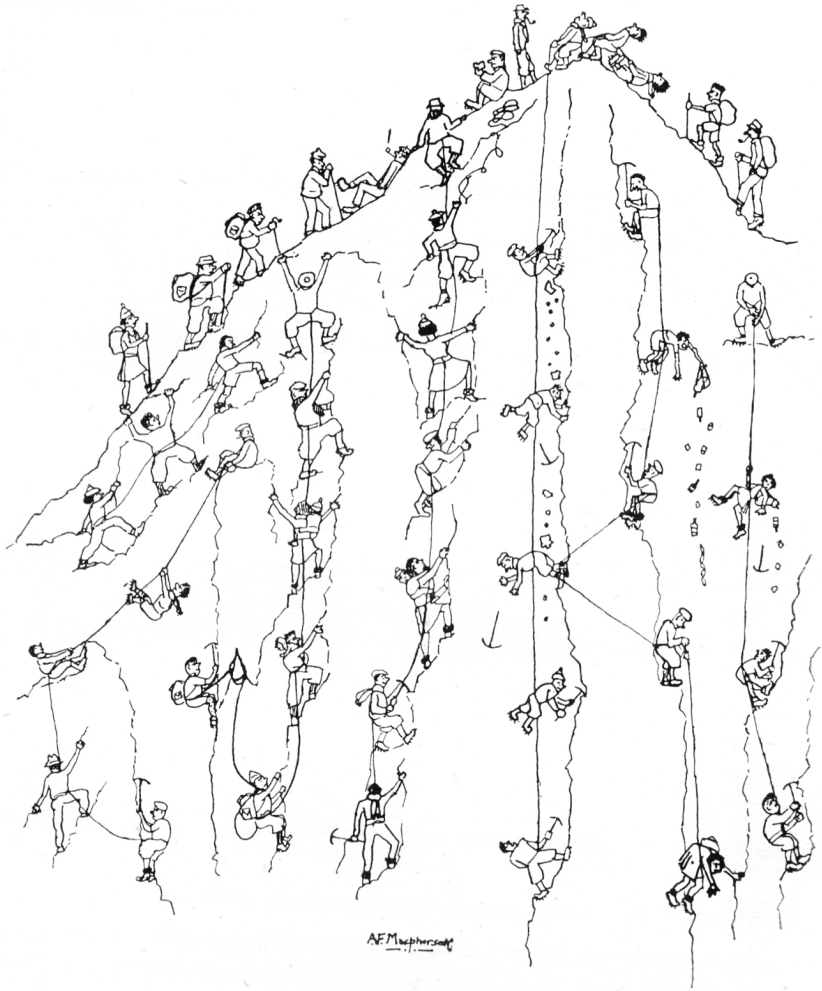
By T. E. Thomson.

BUACHAILLE ETIVE has always seemed to me to possess in especial degree those qualities of remoteness and grandeur through which mountains exert their magnetic spell over climbers. A recent visit to this mountain came, therefore, as all the more of a shock, for the mountain has changed, strange and incomprehensible as that may sound. I would not like others to come all unwarned as I did to these parts, but would prepare them for what they will there discover. The first evidence that things were not as they had been struck me with an uneasy shudder as we approached the base of the rocks. There were voices of another party, nay of other parties, and

they were not all the voices of men! Gentle voices floated through the air, requesting the provision of greater or lesser amounts of rope, or discussing technicalities on various climbs. Parties appeared which had taken possession of several of the more difficult routes, negotiating them with airy nonchalance. Mixed parties were confidently disposing of climbs which used to be spoken of with the utmost respect and climbed by the select few. The voices which fell on our ears from chimney, crack, and wall revealed that representatives from most parts of Scotland were present; people were festooning the rock faces with ropes and invading the most inaccessible retreats in a way that had to be seen to be believed. The effect on the *amour propre* of the mountain can hardly be imagined.

But there was worse to come We queued up for the Crowberry Ridge, and the ropes hung thick as a ship's rigging while descending and ascending parties passed one another. The Crowberry has obviously replaced the Curved Ridge as the normal method of descending the mountain, but of this I had not been informed.

Despite all this, I must say I experienced my old-time sense of something accomplished when we reached the top. We had had a good climb, and no enthusiasm on the part of other members of the party would result in our descending by one of those ridges if I could help it. My suggestion that we should continue straight on and cut down direct to Lagangarbh was readily adopted. Too readily, I somehow felt. Soon we were well down a shoulder of the mountain, but suddenly a turn to the right brought us to the reason for our choice of route. Here was an unexpected vertical face of rock, which apparently consisted mostly of overhangs, with only an occasional fraction of a chimney to give some kind of a sense of security. Gone were all the girlish voices, Buachaille Etive had returned to its old-time remoteness and solitude; once again we were, as of old, alone with the mountain in its magnificence. It had started to rain; as we lowered ourselves down the rock face the streams of water poured themselves into our sleeves and made us feel



THE TERRIBLE MODERN HORRORS OF GLENCOE, 1946

completely at home. The descent of the rocks was eventually completed, and in due course we arrived back at Lagangarbh, I at any rate thankful to have seen something of the Buachaille as it was in former times.

THE TERRIBLE MODERN HORRORS OF GLENCOE, 1946.

'TWAS on the Buachaille Etive Mhor
A hundred gathered or else a score.
We stood at the foot of the marvellous Crowberry Ridge,
Although we were bothered a bit by midge.

There in Glencoe's awful solitude
We were annoyed by a clustering multitude;
To climb in peace we had had some hopes,
And also the proper clothes and lots of ropes.

Not clothes-ropes, I now reveal,
But the red-cored product of the firm of Arthur Beale.
Now on the face of these dreadful, towering rocks
A sight was to be seen that caused us many shocks.

Not only a mass of the ropes of climbers male
But also a feminine element was added to the tale.
I like my dame to be a real dame,
And wait with suitable provender for my return hame.

While here, in garments very short and slender
They covered parts of their anatomy most tender,
And with a most unseemly tittle-tattle
Were engaged in defeating rocks to which men once gave battle.

Now, could any mountain ridge be flatter
Than if desecrated thus, by what I must call silly chatter?
Away, away, I am of a good mind to flee
To the lonesome majesty of the Law at Dundee.

WILLIAM MCGONAGALL OSSIAN (D. M.).

THE MOUNTAINS OF RUM.

By J. G. Parish.

THIS article is the result of an expedition to the Island of Rum during July and August 1947, when, during a period of nearly four weeks, only four days of bad weather were recorded. Through the courtesy of Mr D. Cameron, the tenant farmer, my wife and I stayed in the Home Farm at Kinloch, and in this position I was able to acquire considerable local knowledge. For a week while I was on the island members of the Edinburgh University Mountaineering Club camped at Harris, and some fifteen new routes were made.* The information contained below is intended as a supplement to the " Islands of Scotland " Guide.

Access.

Kinloch (population about eighteen, post office, telephone, no shops) is the only inhabited settlement on the island. MacBrayne's steamers call outward bound to Lochboisdale and inward to Mallaig once a week in summer and more frequently in winter. The Inner Isles coastal steamer calls once a week. Permission is required to use the estate boat to land from the steamer, and is occasionally granted by the owner, Lady Bullough, through Mr McNaughton, the gamekeeper. Fishermen from Soay, Mallaig and Canna will also land and pick up parties on the island.

If permission is obtained to land on the island, arrangements for accommodation at Kinloch can also be made, as well as use of the lodges at Papadil and Harris. Private boats can land at Kinloch, and in calm weather at Harris, Guirdil and Kilmory. Permission must be obtained to

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* I acknowledge with pleasure the valuable information recorded by members of the Junior Mountaineering Club of Yorkshire (J.M.C.Y.) in their " Guide to the Island of Rhum," and information and advice given by members of the Edinburgh University Mountaineering Club.

camp at Kinloch, otherwise a site below the spring high-tide mark, where the Abhainn Fiadhinnis reaches the sea near Harris, has been used. Here there is an apparently inexhaustible supply of driftwood, and the cliffs of Askival, Trallval and Ruinsval are within easy reach.

Allt Slugan Path.—This path provides rapid access to the south-eastern peaks. Much time may be lost traversing the forest, which surrounds Kinloch Castle, unless the start of the path is known. From the post office the inland road is followed past the bridge over the river, then, going through the iron gate on the left, the right branches of the path are taken past the power-house and along the left bank of the burn. The path ends near a broken dam, from which the bealach between Barkeval and Allival can readily be reached.

Dibidil Path.—To Dibidil, two and a quarter hours. The start of this path is now difficult to find. From the landing-jetty the upper of the two roads along the shore is taken to within 100 yards of wooden gates. A gate will be found in the deer fence on the left, from which the path can be traced without difficulty.

Barkeval (1,924 feet) can easily be reached from the bealach between it and Allival in just over an hour from Kinloch. The oblique strata on its southern aspect are too broken up to provide continuous rock climbing.

Allival (2,365 feet).

May be reached from the Barkeval-Allival bealach by the *North-West Ridge* in one hour and twenty minutes from Kinloch. This ridge is an easy walk if the summit cliffs are avoided by a gully to the right, or it can be climbed straight up. An alternative approach via the Dibidil path as far as Allt Mor na h'Uamha, the course of which is followed up to the Long Corrie, and then up the *North Ridge* of Allival takes twenty minutes longer.

A peculiar feature of the rock faces of Allival, Askival and Trallval is that they consist of horizontal strata, between 10 and 100 feet in height, of the orange-brown peridotite and light-grey gabbro, separated by grass

terraces or scree slopes of varying length. Two 100-foot tiers are closely applied to one another on the east side of Allival not far below the summit.

1. **North Ridge.**—About 150 feet. Moderate.

Lower Tier.—50 feet. Start at lowest rocks, ascending fallen blocks, a slab and a small overhang. *Upper Tier.*—100 feet. Ascend exposed arête, broken rocks, and finish by a difficult groove or escape to right. This ridge divides broken rocks on the north-west side of the mountain from the *north-east face*, which is sculptured into easy gullies and chimneys (Oxford University Route, 1932) and severe-looking vertical or overhanging buttresses as yet untried.

2. **East Ridge.**—Separates the north-east and south-east faces and forms the right-hand skyline in Mr A. Harrison's photograph of Allival in the " Islands " Guide.

Lower Tier.—80 feet. Difficult. The Lower Buttress Route, Messrs D. L. McCallum and M. B. Nettleton, 1931. Start up a groove on the right of the small overhang at the foot of the ridge, and ascend the wall above obliquely to the left to a grass terrace. *Upper Tier* has not been climbed here, but it looks as if an interesting continuation of the route, Severe in grading, could be made (see right-hand side of the photograph of the Oxford Groove, " Islands " Guide).

3. **Oxford Groove.**—200 feet. Severe. Messrs R. C. S. Bow, M. B. Nettleton, F. A. Pullinger, and A. C. Cuncliffe, 1933. Lies immediately to the south of the East Ridge and cleaves both tiers.

To the south the long *south-east face* is the main feature of the photograph of Allival referred to above. To the left of the Oxford Groove the Upper Tier is inaccessible for over 100 feet on account of a 20-foot overhang, then a gully gives an uninteresting climb, but a crack in its right wall gives access to the slabs above the overhang, the *Allival Slabs*, across which a fine exposed traverse would be possible to the top of the Oxford Groove on the right. Farther south the crags are steep, and still offer a choice of new and tempting routes.

Askival (2,659 feet).

This fine, sharp-pointed pyramid possesses four ridges, and is composed of horizontal strata similar to Allival.

The *North Ridge* provides the quickest approach from

Kinloch via the Allt Slugan path and the Allival-Barkeval bealach, from which a traverse can be made round the west side of Allival to reach the summit of Askival within two hours from Kinloch. The lower part of the ridge provides one of the narrowest grass arêtes in the country. Higher, the Askival Pinnacle bars the way, being ascended from its west corner or turned by the east face. The Pinnacle is really a step in the ridge, which is composed of gabbro of good quality. S. A. Craven and W. H. Craven, 1945-46, climbed a 30-foot gully containing two chockstones on the west side of the ridge just beyond the Pinnacle.

The *East Ridge* is steep beneath the summit crags, but difficulties can easily be turned. From Kinloch the Dibidil path is taken to the second large stream, Allt Mor na h'Uamha, and its course followed into Coire nan Grunnd.

1. **Slab and Crack Route.**—Difficult. A. Crane and J. G. Parish, 11th July 1945. A variation of the East Ridge. An easy gully to the right of the rocks of the East Ridge was ascended to a small cave. Exit to the right to stance above the cave. A groove is ascended to a cairn. A difficult crack. The route continued up to the summit rocks by an easy groove, but is not well defined here.

Below the East Ridge a fine tier of peridotite, rising from the floor of the upper part of Coire nan Grunnd, sweeps southwards in the form of a bow of a ship with the prow pointing eastwards and reaching nearly 200 feet in height overlooking the corrie on the north side of Beinn nan Stac. These cliffs, about a mile in length, are as yet unexplored. Elsewhere in Coire nan Grunnd and to the south smaller tiers provide good sport.

The *South Ridge* is steep, but the rocks are very shattered. It can be reached from Dibidil via the col between Askival and Beinn nan Stac. There is a fine unclimbed slab on the south-east face to the right of the ridge. The imposing western front of *Beinn nan Stac* (*c.* 1,800 feet) is unsuitable for rock climbing. The *West Ridge* from Bealach an Oir is the easiest route to the summit.

ROCK CLIMBS ON THE NORTH-WEST BUTTRESS.

2. **No. 1 Gully.**—Difficult. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. 20 yards to the south of the corner of the buttress. Contains a chockstone pitch.

3. **No. 1-2 Gully Buttress.**—Moderate. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46.

4. **No. 2 Gully.**—Easy, wide, but rotten gully farther south. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46.

5. **The Edinburgh Climb.**—350 feet. Severe. H. Nichol, I. H. M. Smart, and C. G. M. Slesser, 7th August 1947. Lies on the part of the buttress, facing almost north, visible from the North Ridge. Cairn at start at obvious defect in sheer cliffs. Easy rock for 15 feet, then groove (crux); traverse to shelf and belay. Then line of least resistance to summit rocks, lessening to difficult. No escape possible.

6. **Askival Slab.**—The *Oxford University Mountaineering Club Journal*, 1937, describes two routes up an obvious 200-foot slab. The first route follows the left edge of the slab and the second up a corner on the right.

Only the easier routes have so far been attempted on this fine buttress, on which several severe routes may yet be discovered.

Trallval (*c.* 2,300 feet).

Both of the twin summits of this peak now possess a cairn. From Harris this mountain is easily reached by following the course of the Abhainn Fiadhinnis. From Kinloch the best route is probably via the Allt Slugan path to the Barkeval-Allival bealach, from which sheep-tracks can be followed below the screes, which come down from the North-West Buttress of Askival, to the Bealach an Oir (1,550 feet). If the rock climbs on the southern aspect of Trallvall are to be attempted, a traverse under the south-east face can readily be made to Bealach an Fhuarain (the pass of the springs, 1,730 feet) in two hours from Kinloch. Alternatively, the return journey can be made via the Abhainn Sgathaig and a track on the west side of the Long Loch until the road from Harris to Kinloch is reached, or via Glen Dibidil and the Dibidil path.

There are some secondary rock tiers on the north side of this peak, but a different formation arises on the south face. From the twin rock summits a ridge runs westwards for half a mile towards Glen Harris. On the south side of this ridge the cliff is broken up by screes into two

buttresses near the ridge itself, the Summit Buttress below the East Top, and the *Triangular Buttress*, which is an obvious feature of the western end of the ridge. The *Summit Buttress* is either too broken up or too overhanging for climbing, and rather disappointing after Echo Wall. Lower down, about 200 yards below the west side of Bealach an Fhuarain, there is *Echo Wall*, about 300 yards long and some 300 feet high, composed of a series of damp, vertical and overhanging walls separated by outward sloping ledges. Two routes were attempted but not completed. A fine challenge exists here on very sound rock.

ROCK CLIMBS ON THE TRIANGULAR BUTTRESS.

1. **Fat Man's Agony.**—190 feet. Difficult. J. G. Parish, G. J. Dutton and I. H. M. Smart, 6th August 1947. Follows the chimney forming the right side of the triangle. Starts to the left of the foot of the chimney and leads up to a prominent window and through a manhole of very narrow bore. Grooves to the right lead into the chimney, ascended until lack of space forces exit; variety of finishes. Rock is peridotite of incredible adhesion.

2. **Fat Man's Evasion.**—Severe. H. Nichol and C. G. M. Slesser, 6th August 1947. Starts 80 feet to the left of the previous climb and goes up to a platform level with the foot of the chimney. A fine airy traverse to the right leads across into the chimney above the manhole.

Ashval (2,552 feet), Sgurr nan Goibhrean (*c.* 2,475 feet) and Sgurr nan Gillean (2,503 feet).

The cliffs on the east side of these mountains are composed of a variety of igneous rocks, and, in contrast to the gabbro, are rather smooth, but vary considerably and in places are covered with pleasant rugosities. In fact, were it not for the rather numerous grass ledges, the climbing would be very interesting. The two features most worthy of note are the East Ridge of Ashval and the summit cliff of Sgùrr nan Gillean, but the latter was not examined intimately.

The *North Ridge of Ashval* rises up from Bealach an Fhuarain. The Lower Buttress can be turned on the west side, but the direct ascent is not difficult if a route is

chosen carefully. Higher, a narrow arête can be turned on either side without difficulty, the west side being rather exposed, the east side easier. In January 1946 E. Peretz and I. H. M. Smart found this ridge to be very difficult under winter conditions.

The East Ridge of Ashval.—Between 1,000 and 1,250 feet there is a fine buttress somewhat resembling the Douglas Boulder on a smaller scale, known as *Odin Buttress*, on which I made a moderate climb (2nd August 1947) for 250 feet on excellent rock to the left of two parallel grassy gullies. Farther left, more difficult variations could be made. From a platform at the top of the buttress scrambling for 1,250 feet led to the summit. At one point the ridge narrows to an exposed knife-edge arête.

The East Ridge of Sgurr nan Goibhrean.—No record of ascent has been made of this ridge, which rises for 1,500 feet above Glen Dibidil. It does not look so interesting as the East Ridge of Ashval.

Sgurr nan Gillean.—From Dibidil the ascent is steep and uninteresting, but a more pleasant route could be made from Ashval or Sgùrr nan Goibhrean after ascending one of the eastern ridges.

The *Traverse of the Five* 2,000-*foot Peaks* can be made within eight hours back to Kinloch. Barkeval can be added to a longer expedition. This is a very enjoyable excursion with fine views, without the difficulties of the traverse of the main Cuillin ridge.

Ruinsval (1,607 feet).

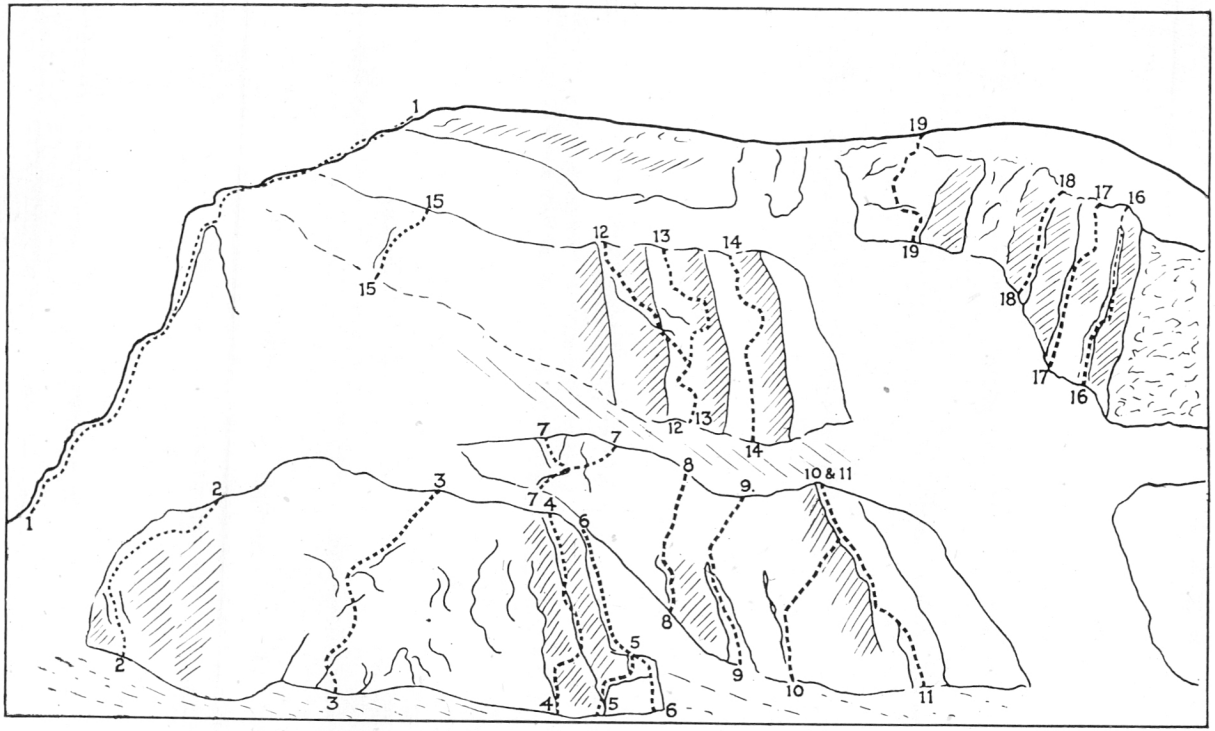
Is connected to Sgùrr nan Goibhrean by a broad ridge fringed with crags on the north side which change to gabbro and peridotite at their western end. Here tier formation is less in evidence, and an extensive area of rock reaches the surface to provide one of the best climbing grounds on the island. From Kinloch the best route is via the Long Loch and the course of the Abhainn Sgathaig into Glen Harris, then cut directly up the hillside.

1. **The Giant's Staircase.**—About 600 feet. J. G. Parish and H. Nichol, 8th August 1947. This series of nine rock steps, leading



A. D. S. Macpherson

ISLE OF RUM : SGURR NAN GILLEAN
(From the sea cliffs)



J. G. Parish

CLIMBS ON RUINSVAL

(Numbers on routes correspond to text)

from about 1,000 feet to the summit, forms an outstanding feature of the mountain as seen from the Kinloch-Harris road. Cairn at foot of First Step, Moderate. Second Step, 40 feet, Very Difficult; was climbed by the right-hand of two parallel cracks. Third Step, 40 feet, was ascended between two cracks. Fourth Step, 100 feet, Very Difficult; climbed to the right of two overhanging recesses. Fifth Step, 120 feet, Severe; a 70-foot pinnacle ascended by a severe chimney. From the top of the pinnacle step off on to a steep 20-foot wall, then 250 feet of moderate to difficult climbing up the remaining steps with considerable variation possible.

The *Lower Buttress* lies 100 yards below and to the right of the start of the Giant's Staircase.

2. **North Corner.**—120 feet. Moderate. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. Starts a few feet to the right of the north corner; a loose, open chimney, round a blunt nose to the left, and finishes to the right by a long slab.

3. **Slab and Groove Climb.**—100 feet. Very Difficult. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. Some yards to the left of the centre of the face is an obvious break in the rock wall, where a slab can be followed to the right, then an awkward groove on the left to a triangular grass ledge, from which an exit is made by a slab on the right.

4. **Demolition Crack.**—160 feet. Severe. H. Nichol, I. H. M. Smart, and C. G. M. Slesser, 5th August 1947. To the left of the south corner of the buttress is a deep groove which cleaves the face, the lower part being V-shaped. A subsidiary groove 20 feet to the left is followed to a flake at 50 feet. Traverse right to enter prominent right angle corner in main groove and ascend directly.

5. **Eddie's Fright.**—45 feet. Very Difficult. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. The V-groove (4) is ascended for 20 feet to stance on right. Awkward crack above. Finish by South Corner.

6. **South Corner.**—100 feet. Moderate. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. Starts to the right of the south corner of the buttress and up to a large platform. Climb exposed face above, using narrow vertical and horizontal cracks.

Woden's Wall is a steep face to the right of and a little above the Lower Buttress.

7. **Sloping Ledge Route.**—170 feet. Very Difficult. Starts directly above Demolition Crack (4) and ascends sloping ledge beneath a large funnel of slabs and enters funnel at end of ledge (Severe—G. J. Dutton, 5th August 1947, with rope from above), or continue to the right over a groove and then up (H. Nichol, 9th August 1947).

8. **Airy Mary.**—120 feet. Severe. H. Nichol and G. J. Dutton, 9th August 1947. Start, marked by cairn, up crack to left of rib on the left of Bill's Finish (9); 70 feet lead out over nearly vertical rock, gradient easing later on looser material.

9. **Bill's Finish.**—100 feet. Difficult. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. Ascend a much-broken slab to the right of the break in the rock-face

which separates it from the South Corner (6). Exposed staircase leads to a good ledge, and finish by a narrow chimney.

10. **Woden's Walk.**—120 feet. Very Difficult, but very exposed. I. H. M. Smart, H. Nichol and C. G. M. Slesser, 5th August 1947. Ascend obvious crack on right of Bill's Finish. After first pitch, 90-foot traverse to the right to near top of Peretz Corner. Running belay possible.

11. **Peretz Corner.**—120 feet. Difficult. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. The obvious big ridge to the right of Woden's Wall, which appears as a tower from below. Start round a corner to the right.

The *Upper Tier* is about 150 feet high, with much harder climbing and some loose rock. From below comprises No. 1 Arete, No. 1 Groove, and so on to No. 3 Arête and Groove; each is a possible route.

12. **Bachelor's Choice.**—160 feet. Very Difficult and exposed. H. Nichol and J. G. Parish, 8th August 1947. Start as Hallelujah Heave-Up for 60 feet, then traverse left to No. 2 Arête round a sensational corner to prominent ledge. Then 80-foot traverse across vertical wall astride a long flake to the top of No. 1 Groove.

13. **Hallelujah Heave-Up.**—180 feet. Severe. I. H. M. Smart, C. G. M. Slesser, H. Nichol and G. J. Dutton, 5th August 1947. In No. 2 Groove. Difficult rocks lead to a wall ascended at corner by loose block. From large shelf traverse right on to left wall of No. 3 Arête for 10 feet, then ascend groove (crux). Traverse left round corner and up slab to Heave-Up.

14. **Jawbone Crack.**—125 feet. Hard Severe. H. Nichol and G. J. Dutton, 9th August 1947. In No. 3 Groove until forced by overhang on to right wall (crux) and return to groove.

The *Upper Buttress* lies to the left of the Upper Tier and directly above the Lower Buttress. The face is flat and vertical.

15. **The Creep.**—50 feet. Difficult. J.M.C.Y., 1945-46. The gully cuts the left end of the face and slants up to the right. Climb a crack into the gully and continue up over a narrow exposed slab.

The *Summit Tier* lies above and to the right of the Upper Tier, separated from it by a gully. The climbs are on a vertical wall about 100 feet high (Honeycomb Wall), which provides difficult routes practically anywhere, and on three arêtes on the north-west side.

16. **Shearwater Chimney.**—170 feet. Very Difficult. H. Nichol and J. G. Parish, 8th August 1947. Above and to the left of the face of the buttress the chimney rises steeply out of a wide gully, the upper section being overhanging. Chockstone belay at 120 feet.

17. **Shearwater Arête.**—150 feet. Difficult. J. G. Parish and H. Nichol, 8th August 1947. Starts 20 feet to the left of the chimney; from the top of the arête move to the right up a vertical wall.

18. **The Whited Crack.**—110 feet. Very Difficult. C. G. M. Slesser and I. H.M. Smart, 9th August 1947. The crack in the steep wall of the gully above Shearwater Arête.

19. **Avalanche Avenue.**—70 feet. Severe. J. G. Parish and H. Nichol, 8th August 1947. Lies on a small buttress farther up the gully from Shearwater Arête. Ascend prominent groove; traverse left to terrace and up a funnel above, which is rather loose.

Other Hills and Sea Cliffs.

Orval (1,869 feet) can be reached by the old trackway to the quarries on Bloodstone Hill, now disused. Cliffs, some 400 feet high, face north-west at the head of Glen Guirdil. The rock is metamorphosed basalt and too unstable for serious climbing. A fine pinnacle, about 100 feet high, lies at the foot of the cliffs, but is probably unclimbable.

Fionchra (*c.* 1,500 feet) is separated from Orval by Bealach a' Bhraigh Bhig. The rock exposed here, as on Bloodstone Hill, is quite unsuitable for rock climbing.

Bloodstone Hill (1,273 feet), or Creag nan Stardean, is precipitous on the north and west sides, and from here practically as far as Harris the sea cliffs reach tremendous proportions, and are well worth a visit for their wild scenery. Bloodstones can be collected from the beach below Bloodstone Hill.

Sea Cliffs.—A steep stone shoot leads down to the shore at *Wreck Bay*, where wild goats may be found. Here the surf plunges into deep caverns, whose walls reverberate the roar of the waves, while cliffs rise steeply above for nearly 1,000 feet. The rock is not suitable for serious climbing.

From Gualann na Pairce as far as Loch Papadil the cliffs are composed of gabbro and peridotite. At easier places much interesting scrambling can be had, but the steeper faces are usually barred, except to those with a cast-iron nerve, on account of the heavy swell beneath, even on a calm day. The J M.C.Y., 1945, climbed a 50-foot pinnacle at the seaward end of Loch Papadil from the east side from a broad ledge 10 feet above high water level, from which a chimney was climbed to the first top. The second and highest top was gained by a short exposed climb.

The unique feature of the mountains of Rum is the

proximity of the rock-faces to the sea, which can be heard almost anywhere on the southern and western hills and increases the feeling of exposure. There can hardly be any other district in Scotland that contains so many contrasting features in such a compact space as the Island of Rum.

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A NOTE ON THE CLIMBING IN HARRIS.

By E. C. W. Rudge.

THE climbing in Harris seems to be relatively unexplored, and the few notes which follow are based on a fortnight's exploration in September of this year (1947).

Clisham, the highest mountain in the Outer Isles, has crags which, like most Harris rock, are broken up by numerous ledges, but the rock seems sound enough, and plenty of short routes could probably be found. We climbed two little arêtes on Mulla-fo-Dheas, the second highest of the four Clisham peaks. One of these was about 50 feet long and easy, the other about 80 feet and harder. There were obviously other possibilities on these small but fine crags. The main ridge of Clisham gives a fine, rough walk, with grand views. It is nowhere difficult.

Strone Scourst is a magnificent jutting headland, rising 1,000 feet above the loch of the same name. The west face looks terrific from below, and the sheep which graze on the ledges appear, through foreshortening, to be hanging on the face. Actually it is not nearly so fierce

as it looks, as inspection from the slopes of Ullaval (opposite) reveals. Still, it *is* very steep.

We (D. R. Henderson and myself) climbed the big gully running up the north side of the " nose " on 7th September. It may have been a first ascent; the gully certainly bore no signs of previous exploration. We had about 600 feet of climbing and scrambling. The rock was sound and there were hardly any loose stones. However, it was wet and bore luxuriant vegetation. The bottom two pitches—not really part of the gully—were festooned with hanging gardens and had a fair-sized waterfall coming down them. They were vertical, and all holds were entirely concealed. We turned them by climbing and scrambling on the (true) right wall. If cleaned up and in reasonably dry condition these two pitches should prove interesting.

Above them the gully really begins. It contains several pitches of which one, a small overhang, is fairly strenuous, and another, not very far from the top, interesting when wet. The pitches are separated by long stretches of luxuriant growth, firmly rooted and easy to ascend. The rock scenery in the gully is very impressive. The exit from the gully is right on the summit of the Strone. Standard (including the two bottom pitches) probably Difficult.

After climbing this gully we traversed the summit of Uisgnaval More on a compass bearing, as the cloud level was very low. This mountain—one of the highest—has other crags on it which might be worth exploring.

Strone Ulladale,* a ferocious and menacing promontory, is the most awe-inspiring individual mountain feature that I have seen anywhere outside the Alps. It is not quite so high as Strone Scourst, but much more inaccessible. The actual overhang on the " nose " must be quite 200 feet of undercut rock, absolutely clean and uncompromising. The huge gully to its left starts with three wet, repulsive, overhanging pitches streaming with

* This cliff has been climbed and offers a difficult route. See *Journal*, 22, 72.

sodden vegetation; it looks unclimbable and towers, black and forbidding, to a height of some 800 feet above its foot. To its right, high up on the face, is a great amphitheatre which might prove accessible from below, and out of which a way might be found. It is so high up that it is hard to see from below what it is really like, but it should be well worth visiting.

Strone Ulladale is a very long way from any base, and one would have to camp thereabouts in order to do any serious climbing on it. I returned over the summit of Ullaval and down by Loch Scourst.

Sguath Ard, *Sguath Iosal*, *Toddun*.—All these hills have crags on them, but the climbs seem to be very short and discontinuous. Plenty of scrambling, some of it on hard, short "problems," but nothing continuous. I have examined the crags on the first two of these hills fairly thoroughly. They extend for nearly 3 miles and appear to have several fine routes on them. On close inspection these prove to be optical illusions for the most part.

Toddun (pron. *Totun*) is a fine isolated hill, and has a range of crags on its north-east face. Unfortunately the cloud was very thick when I made the ascent, and I could gain very little idea of their possibilities.

In general, these Harris hills are very fine and contain abundant material for mountain exploration, though there does not appear to be enough rock of an unbroken character to give much serious climbing. The rock is mostly gneiss, very hard and clean, except in the gullies, but seems very broken up by grass ledges. The scenery is grand, the Tarbert Hotel extremely comfortable.

The Cliffs.—There is probably a lot of good scrambling and some rock climbing on the cliffs. I reconnoitred those on the face of Bun Uisletter, below Ben Luskentyre, and on the cliffs between Rainigadale and Maaruig. The former are on the north coast of South Harris and the latter on the west side of Loch Seaforth. The traverse of Bun Uisletter should be interesting and exciting; the part of it that I accomplished gave promise of plenty of interest—exposed and very steep, good clean rock and a

sheer drop into the sea below. The centre of the buttress is cleft by a deeply cut narrow gully. The cliff is about 400 feet high. The scenery is very fine.

The cliffs between Rainigadale and Maaruig give an interesting traverse if the sheep tracks on the face are followed. They are not continuous. The country is wild and beautiful. The great promontory south-east of Maaruig has a very steep and exposed section, which could provide plenty of excitement and which extends for about half a mile. The cliffs of Park, on the opposite side of Loch Seaforth, also appear to have climbing possibilities.

NEW CLIMBS.

No. 2 Gully Buttress, Ben Nevis.

By analogy with No. 3 Gully Buttress, the left-hand bounding wall of No. 2 Gully should be called No. 2 Gully Buttress. This name has, however, been applied to the rather indeterminate wall to the right of the gully (*Journal*, 23, 413). The left-hand wall is defined, the buttress curving gradually in conformity with No. 2 Gully, into which, high up, it drops steeply. From near the Hut the buttress appears as a uniformly steep, scimitar-shaped mass of rock immediately to the left of No. 2 Gully. In actual fact the bottom third of the buttress is set at a relatively low angle and it is only the upper parts which give continuous climbing.

The climb starts at the lowest point of the rocks, left and at the foot of No. 2 Gully. Two moderate pitches of 40 feet each, separated by scrambling, lead in 150 feet to a rock rib of 25 feet overlooking the gully and abutting on the steeper part of the buttress above. There is a good stance and belay here.

The crux, 45 feet, is climbed by rounding the corner on the left and entering a shallow, open groove, which is then followed upwards on sloping holds. Stocking-soles used for this pitch on the first ascent. For the next 50 feet one climbs on crest on good holds. Then a steep rib is climbed direct, affording a sensational outlook into the upper pitch of No. 2 Gully. The next 30 feet goes direct on crest on good holds throughout. A short scramble leads to the top of the buttress.

Total height of buttress, 400 feet. Rock, mostly trap. Severe at crux, remainder Difficult. Climbed on 2nd August 1947 by J. D. B. Wilson and G. A. Collie in dry conditions in one and three-quarter hours.

J. D. B. WILSON.

Glen Nevis Gullies.

The finest climbing in Glen Nevis is to be found in the gullies on the western aspect of Carn Dearg (S.W.) of Ben Nevis. A path crosses the face at 2,000 feet and provides a useful exit to the gullies, or access to the upper branches of Surgeon's Gully for snow and ice climbing. The buttresses between the gullies are composed of steep slabs and are difficult to descend. The gullies open out above to form funnels. The rock is the reddish Outer Granite and provides good climbing of reasonable security.

1. *Five-funnel Gully.*—About 800 feet. Explored by J. Murray and J. G. Parish, 23rd March 1946. Some pitches had been descended previously in snow by members of the Lochaber J.M.C.S. This is the gully which descends from the corrie between Carn Dearg and Ben Nevis to the right of the Red Burn. After a 20-foot chockstone pitch follow 150 feet of water-polished slabs, the upper section of which was avoided on vegetation to the right. Scrambling to fork and take main branch to the right. Several slab pitches. Waterfall pitch visible from Glen Nevis, not ascended directly, but escaped up severe vegetatious wall on the left. The left branch above the fork has been explored by D. G. Duff. There are no pitches.

2. *Clais nan Croicean* (*Antler Gully*).—About 600 feet. Very Difficult. D. G. Duff, J. Ness and R. Murphie, May 1947. Five pitches of quite a high standard. The stream is small and practically always easily avoidable on the right or left walls, which are usually quite vertical and give nice slab work in short 15 to 20 foot lengths, while two 60 to 80 foot pitches give in to chimneying or straddling tactics, mostly out of range of the water. (D. G. Duff, personal communication.)

3. *Clais Leighe* (*Surgeon's Gully*).—Lower section about 1,300 feet. One of the severest gullies in Scotland. First ascent—D. H. Haworth and G. Ritchie, 15th August 1947. This is the next gully to the right of Antler Gully and cleaves the hillside very deeply. In the upper section, above 2,000 feet, the gully opens out into three branches. The left branch contains no pitches, but has not been climbed. The centre branch, 600 feet, was explored by J. G. Parish and P. Stott, 3rd April 1947, who found some 400 feet of snow, which required step-cutting near the top, and a 150-foot double ice pitch, which was avoided owing to lack of time by escaping up a moderate gully on the right. The right branch descends the hill directly above Polldubh North Gully, then turns suddenly to fall over the right wall of the lower section of Surgeon's Gully. Explored by C. G. M. Slesser, J. S. Berkeley and J. Fairhead, 3rd April 1947, who climbed several short ice pitches.

The lower section was first entered at the lowest line of trees (600 feet) by D. G. Duff and J. G. Parish, 14th July 1946. Slab and wall pitches of 20 to 25 feet. Wall pitch, 30 feet, ascended from the mossy left wall by a ledge, was avoided on this occasion, but ascended by Duff later. Ninety-foot wall with large overhanging chockstone at top has only been ascended with rope from above (Lochaber J.M.C.S.), and Hamish Hamilton and G. Patterson, May 1947, were unable to make a route up the right wall. Above this pitch the gully cuts deeply into the hillside with tree-covered walls of 300 to 400 feet. A very difficult 15-foot chockstone pitch and a long severe 70-foot pitch were ascended by Messrs J. G. Parish, C. G. M. Slesser, J. S. Berkeley, P. Stott and J. Fairhead, 3rd March 1947, after a previous winter attempt had failed. In May, D. H. Haworth and I. McPhail ascended another severe 100-foot pitch and explored the remaining pitches, except for a 120-foot pitch, the upper chockstone of which was only surmounted in very dry weather in August 1947.

4. *Escape Gully*.—300 feet. Easy, grassy. A means

of avoiding difficult slabby buttress on the right of Surgeon's Gully.

5. *Polldubh Gully.*—About 2,250 feet. Explored by J. G. Parish and J. Ness, 10th April 1947. Gully to right of Surgeon's Gully, with two branches north and south. Start at 450 feet after passing through a small wood. First 300 feet are moderate slabs open on to the hillside, and can be easily avoided by grassy slopes on either side. Then the gully closes in with a 25-foot moderate groove, a difficult chockstone pitch and a 110-foot severe wall climbed by a vertical crack to the left of the watercourse. Here the gully bifurcates and the left branch (north), after a 30-foot difficult waterfall, becomes a dry watercourse running towards the top of Escape Gully. The right branch (south) is open on the hillside for 150 feet in the form of two streams with the rock exposed. The gully becomes closed in again with 250 feet of difficult climbing as far as a 30-foot chockstone pitch, which was avoided, as the water was icy, by a severe crack in the left wall. Two pitches of about 100 feet were avoided, the upper apparently very severe with outward sloping holds. Then a 30 to 40 foot chockstone pitch was avoided by a subsidiary gully on the right. Above this pitch the gully was re-entered by the traverse path, but the remainder was an easy snow climb, although rock pitches were covered by deep snow as high as 2,700 feet.

6. *Christmas Gully.*—About 2,000 feet. First ascent—J. G. Parish, H. Bull and H. Nichol, 16th December 1946. The most right-hand gully on the western aspect of Carn Dearg and about thirty minutes' walk from Polldubh. Entered the gully at 400 feet at the foot of a rocky buttress. Thirty-foot waterfall pitch easily avoided; 110-foot groove negotiated by bridging to stance on right at 60 feet, and avoided the rest by a rocky rib on the right. The gully here opens out on to the hillside, but if taken directly several severe pitches would be found. The party rejoined the gully where it closes in to form "The Gorge," which contains about 500 feet of short pitches of Difficult standard, a fine 30-foot chimney and

a cave pitch. The upper pitches on this occasion were covered with deep snow.

7. *Steall Gully*.—About 500 feet. Winter attempt—C. G. M. Slesser, J. G. Parish, E. Place, I. Paul, H. Nichol and Miss Jean Bainton, 17th December 1946. Lies on the south-east side of Ben Nevis, almost in line of the summit as seen from the Steall Hut (J.M.C.S.). It was approached by the burn which descends from the col between Ben Nevis and Meall Cumhan. A 100-foot groove was followed by 200 feet of snow; 15-foot slab with small holds and delicate balance; 100 feet of snow, followed by 50 feet of slabs, the lower iced, but the upper virtually holdless on account of soft snow, so that the leader eventually required a rope from above. The gully contained another ice pitch of smaller dimensions above, from which the party retired, and then steep snow.

Of these climbs Five-funnel Gully, Surgeon's Gully and Polldubh Gully can be made out in the photograph of Ben Nevis from Glen Nevis, "Ben Nevis Guide," opposite p. 1, and Gullies Nos. 3, 5 and 7 are marked as gullies on O.S. Map, 1 inch to 1 mile, sheet 47.

J. G. PARISH.

Sron na Ciche (Cuillin).

Crack of Double Doom.—This lies on the wall between Crack of Doom and Central Gully arête, starting on the steep slab just right of Crack of Doom and finishing above right-hand apex of this slab by ending in a right-angled crack. It is 300 feet in length, severe in rubbers and harder than its prototype. Half-way up, an awkward move circumvents a flake at the top of the recess near the apex of the slab. Derek H. Haworth and I. ap G. Hughes climbed it on 21st May 1947.

Doom Flake.—Start 25 to 30 yards up the Terrace from the Crack of Doom, to the right of a large cube of fallen rock, where there is a larger fallen flake of rock forming a right-angled corner with the main face. Starting cairn is at left side of flake below a thin crack in the wall

above. The climb is 300 feet in length, Severe in rubbers. A basalt jig-saw is encountered a short distance below the large flake, situated half-way up the crack. Same party did this climb on the same day as previous climb.

Hangover Route starts 30 feet to left of Eastern Gully from a corner. Climb is 175 to 200 feet long, and was found Very Severe under rainy conditions in boots. From a good ledge and belay at 50 feet an overhanging corner is surmounted, then a slab on the right leads to mantelshelf recess on left. An overhanging corner gives way to a cat-walk crack running obliquely up and leftwards. From top of this the climber moves gradually towards Eastern Gully and finishes there. D. H. Haworth and J. G. Ritchie first climbed it on 17th May 1947. (Originally named Hangover Hangover Route).

Sgoran Dubh No. 2 Buttress.

Messrs G. S. Ritchie and J. Pilnacyk climbed this route on 5th October 1947. Following the southern edge of No. 2 Buttress from the semi-detached buttress overlooking the 23 Gully, then tending right to the main wall on the south of Central Chimney (the route of Bachelor's Buttress), thence to the left in order to avoid the upper half of the wall before coming round again on to the face and going straight up to the top of the Buttress. The route, in fact, follows the line of least resistance and was just Difficult.

The first 100 feet to a ledge overlooking the gully was rather poor; the next 30 feet up groove on right to difficult corner and a ledge. From its right, climb a wall by a flake then tend right, some vegetation, to below main wall (120 feet). Climb lower part by chimney to a ledge (traversing the wall but not reaching to Central Chimney). The upper part of wall would be very difficult, but party moved south along ledge, reaching easy scrambling on more broken rock rounding the edge of the wall. After 60 feet or so take a ledge to right so as to reach a point above and to left of exit of cave pitch in Central Chimney. The upper rocks were now easy, with one good chimney and good scrambling to the top.

In Memoriam.

A. ERNEST MAYLARD.

1855-1947.

By the death of Mr A. E. Maylard, M.B., B.S., A.C., the Club has lost the last of its three founders. The three were W. W. Naismith, Gilbert Thomson and A. E. Maylard. The story of how the Club came into being is graphically told by the late Professor Ramsay in an article in Vol. 4 of the *Journal*, entitled "The Formation of the Club."

But, as the early volumes of the *Journal* are not now very accessible, it may be well to recall the facts related in the said article. It all started with a letter in the *Glasgow Herald* on 10th January 1889, written by W. W. Naismith and headed, "Proposal for a Scottish Alpine Club." This was replied to by Gilbert Thomson, welcoming the idea, and in the *Herald* of the 19th Maylard came on the scene. He, too, warmly espoused the idea, and suggested the name of "The Scottish Mountaineering Club," pointing out strong objections to the introduction of the word "Alpine." Maylard then called on Professor Ramsay, who, of course, was enthusiastic about the proposal. A public meeting was called and was held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, on 11th February, Ramsay being in the chair.

The Club was formed, and from that day to this we have gone on from strength to strength with a success that the original founders probably never dreamed of. Maylard was appointed the first Secretary of the Club, which post he held quietly and efficiently from 1889 to 1896. He served on the Committee in 1897, from 1906 to 1909 and from 1915 to 1919. He was Vice-President from 1898 to 1899 and President from 1899 to 1902. He was a Trustee of the Club from 1906 to 1947. A very notable record.

I joined the Club in 1893, and was closely associated with Maylard from that year onwards. He was quiet

and somewhat reserved in his manner, not particularly genial to those he did not know well; but when you did penetrate that seemingly aloof manner he was a real friend and a good companion, and always alert to promote the prestige and well-being of the Club.

I well remember how considerate and helpful he was to me on one of my first serious winter climbs. It was on the Cobbler at New Year 1895. The party was Naismith and Gilbert Thomson, Maylard and myself. We traversed the ridge, beginning with the South Peak, Naismith leading, Thomson next on the rope, then myself, with Maylard as sheet anchor at the rear. Coming off "Jean," the conditions were difficult with much ice and loose snow. I shall never forget how Maylard shepherded me down those icy rocks, telling me what to do and generally instructing me in the way that I should go.

Maylard wrote many delightful articles in the *Journal*. He had a clear, interesting and attractive style. Two articles which appeared in Vols. 4 and 5, entitled "Climbing Considered in its Physiological Aspects," are well worthy of especial note.* There he expounds the benefits that come from climbing to the nervous system and to the senses of hearing, sight and smell. Written as they are by one who well knew what he was talking about from a medical point of view, and expressed in terms that are easily understood, they are well worthy of attention. If at any time a volume of articles selected from the early numbers of the *Journal* should be made, these two articles of Maylard's should certainly be reprinted. Such a volume should prove of great value and interest to the younger members of the Club who have not access to the early pages of the *Journal*, and I

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* Other excellent *Journal* articles by A. E. Maylard are as follows: "Only a Beautiful Day on the Hills," 8, 299; "Scottish Mountaineering, Retrospective and Prospective," 5, 308 (excellent humour); "Mountain Reveries," 17, 111; "The Club in Retrospect," 22, 6 (giving an account of its formation and progress). A number of other articles are more topographical and incidental, but well worth reading. EDITOR.

hope that this suggestion will ere long be acted on. I know the Editor is in favour of it.

Maylard, as President, fulfilled the duties of his office in a very satisfactory way. He spoke well, and he and Mrs Maylard were most hospitable and kind at the Receptions they gave. When he retired from his post of Surgeon in the Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow, he went to live in Peebles, but almost to the last he attended the Dinners and Annual Meetings of the Club. Latterly he became very deaf, and the last few years of his life he lived in a silent world. I went down to Peebles a few years ago to see him, but my visit was rather painful alike for him and for me. Speech was almost impossible, and we could only sit and smile at each other; so different from the early days.

And so we say farewell to this old and ever-helpful friend of the S.M.C. He did much to guide the Club along the lines that have made it the outstanding success it is. He was a great gentleman of the old school, and the Club does well to honour and revere his memory.

A. E. ROBERTSON.

R. A. ROBERTSON.

ROBERT AUGUSTUS ROBERTSON, D.L., Solicitor, Supreme Courts of Scotland, was born on 12th December 1850 and died on 29th January 1948 in his ninety-eighth year.

There will not be many present members of the Club who can remember him in middle life, but as an original member he, along with others, was intimately concerned in its formation and development, and he never ceased to take an interest in the Club's affairs. Members may perhaps look askance at the methods adopted by an earlier generation for keeping fit and well. In his early days he took part in many long walks, such as that from North Berwick to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Glasgow, presumably regarding these as "training" outings for more serious work. He was associated in

early expeditions in the Highlands with the late Joseph Stott and T. Fraser Campbell. Joseph Stott emigrated to New Zealand, but they never lost touch with each other and corresponded from time to time. Until middle age " R. A.," as he was known to his friends, attended many Meets of the Club, and after serving on the Committee from 1892 to 1894 and from 1900 to 1903, besides being Vice-President from 1895 to 1897, he was elected as President in 1897, an honour which he greatly appreciated and valued. From 1906 until his death he served as a Trustee for the Club funds.

He spent a short period of each year in Switzerland, or occasionally in the Austrian Tyrol. I think he had climbed all the big peaks at some time or other, and he seemed to know any place in Switzerland one happened to mention in course of conversation. He was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1887 and served on its Committee in 1906. Among other expeditions he took part in the first ascent of the South Ridge of the Évêque (Arolla) in August 1894.

After the first World War, when he was no longer of an age to undertake long expeditions, he selected the Riffelalp as an ideal spot for a summer vacation, and was often to be found there in the month of August, usually accompanied by one or other members of his family, and often by young friends whom he persuaded to come out to Switzerland with him. These were certainly very happy days for him, and even when he was between 75 and 80 years of age he would organise expeditions up the Gorner Glacier or across to the Bétemps Hut at the foot of Monte Rosa and to the Findelen Glacier, etc. He continued to go to the Riffelalp as long as he possibly could, and if it had not been for the outbreak of the last war he would possibly have been there in 1939. As it was, old age and inability to get about, which was accentuated by an accident to his leg some years ago, made things difficult for him, and latterly he was incapacitated entirely from any ordinary activity.

He had a long and active business career, succeeding on his father's death in 1876 to the family business of



R. A. ROBERTSON

Solicitors—a business which he developed greatly during his life and from which, indeed, he never retired—remaining as senior partner of the firm till the day of his death. He was a Director of a number of companies of widely varying interests, and there was perhaps no one who was more respected or whose advice carried more weight in his own profession.

At the age of 78, when he felt he was getting too old to go abroad, he took up golf, and for some years after that he played regularly on his home course every Sunday morning. E. B. R.

MURDO MacDONALD.

MURDO MACDONALD, head keeper at Torridon, died there on 7th June 1947, at the age of 75, and thus ends a long period of years of service by the MacDonald family. Murdo was born in Glen Torridon at the now ruined cottage in Allt Coire Dubh Mhor, which lies in the gap between Liathach and Beinn Eighe. He never left the Torridon Estate, being head keeper successively to Duncan Darroch, Lord Woolavington and Sir Charles Gordon, from whose service he retired in 1939.

Murdo was one of the grand head keepers of olden times, keen on all forms of deer forest sport. He started in the strict old days when any walking on the hills was considered to be trespass, but he gradually mellowed with age and the times in which he lived.

He was interested in all the doings of our Club in his area, well knowing that we as sportsmen did not climb oblivious of stalking. His first acquaintance with the Club was at Easter 1899, at the time of our first Kinlochewe Meet, when he climbed up into the mist on Beinn Eighe to overtake and book the names of Lawson, Ling and Glover.

When Murdo retired to his house in Fasaig he named his cottage Coire N'Anamoich (coire of the late evening), which he always maintained was the correct Gaelic name of the corrie in which he was born.

G. T. GLOVER.

JACK MacROBERT.

1884-1947.

JACK MACROBERT was a man of so many and such varied interests that we saw all too little of him at the Club gatherings and Meets. He would never have claimed high rank as a mountaineer, but he was active with us for many years, and to the end he retained his interest in and appreciation of the hills of the country he loved so dearly and served so loyally. Joining the Club in 1913, he edited the *Journal* from 1928 to 1932, and brought to it the enthusiasm and energy which was characteristic of him in every phase of his varied life.

The Law was his profession, and in it he was highly esteemed. By his character and ability he consolidated and enlarged a business founded by his father and ably carried on by his eldest brother. But besides that he had countless other interests into which he flung himself wholeheartedly. Amongst these were the Secretaryship of the Paisley Abbey Surroundings Committee, where he succeeded his brother Tom, the first Secretary and the moving spirit in an enterprise, the splendid achievement of which in the heart of Paisley is a legacy for which the citizens may well be proud and grateful; his life-long connection with the Abbey itself, which he served as an elder for many years; and politics, in which he was keenly interested. He was a stout Conservative, and in 1924 contested West Fife against the Rt. Hon. William Adamson, Secretary of State for Scotland.

He served in the 1914-18 War as a Captain in the 6th A. & S.H., was severely wounded, went out again and was gassed. In the recent war he commanded a Home Guard battalion headquartered at Paisley, and worked so hard at the task that his health was seriously impaired. He loved company, and the infection of his kindliness and enthusiasm won for him a host of friends, for whom, as for us in the Club, his sudden passing has left a blank which no one else can fill.

Unflagging and undaunted he pursued his way,
Determined he would work while it was day.

J. S. M. JACK.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING, RECEPTION, AND DINNER, 5th December 1947.

THE Report of the Fifty-ninth Annual General Meeting has already been issued to members in the *Bulletin*. There were 65 members present at the Beresford Hotel, Glasgow, with the President, Mr Alexander Harrison, in the chair.

The Reception preceded the Meeting and was held in "The Gordon" (19 Gordon Street). A film of the Arrochar district, and particularly of climbs on the Cobbler, was shown by Mr B. H. Humble to an audience of 68 members and guests. Excellent colour slides of the Scottish mountains and of the country around Zermatt were shown by Douglas Scott.

The Dinner took place after the Meeting, in the Beresford. Mr Harrison presided over a gathering of 55 members and 11 guests. In the absence of J. S. M. Jack the Club Song was rendered by K. K. Hunter with R. G. Inglis at the piano. In the unavoidable absence of G. Graham Macphee, "Mountaineering" was proposed by A. G. Murray. The reply was made by Professor John Walton. The toast of the Guests and Kindred Clubs was proposed by T. G. Robinson, and the reply was by Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton. Nine representatives of kindred clubs were present.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1948—ARROCHAR.

THE Meet opened in propitious weather on 27th December, and good conditions continued until the last day of the old year. January, however, brought a change, and the arrival of the bulk of the members and their guests coincided with a rapidly falling glass and much rain. Conditions improved during the week-end, and on Monday, 5th January (with the departure of the last member), the skies were again blue and cloudless. There was a fair amount of snow on the tops at the beginning

of the Meet, but nearly all of this was washed away by the mild, wet weather over New Year.

Members and guests arrived and departed at odd times between 27th December and 5th January, and found accommodation at Arrochar Hotel and Glen Loin House. Arrangements at the former were excellent by Mr and Mrs Galbraith, while guests at Glen Loin House were hospitably entertained by Mrs Henry and her daughters. Charleson and Humble first-footed the Sugach Caves and spent a reputedly comfortable night there on 3rd January, Charleson continuing his first-footing by having the first bathe of the year in the Allt Sugach on the morning of 4th.

There were 24 members and 12 guests present at one time or another, comprising the following: the President, Mr Alexander Harrison, and Messrs R. Anderson, J. Banford, J. W. Baxter, I. G. Charleson, M. H. Cooke, D. Easson, A. Geddes, B. H. Humble, R. M. G. Inglis, W. N. Ling, A. I. L. Maitland, R. W. B. Morris, J. Y. Macdonald, G. G. Macphee, J. B. Nimlin, J. G. Osborne, C. and V. I. Russell, Campbell Steven, T. E. Thomson, H. W. Turnbull, P. J. H. Unna and J. D. B. Wilson (members); and Messrs D. S. Anderson, Cameron, Carmichael, Clarkson, Harrison, P. R. Masters, D. M. McCall, D. C. G. Macphee (aged 11 years), A. H. Read, W. A. W. Russell, D. G. Turnbull and C. Young (guests).

A brief list of expeditions is as follows:—

26*th December*.—The Russells ascended central and north peaks of Cobbler, and on 27th were on Ben Ime.

28*th December*.—Very fine day. Turnbull, Thomson and Ling—Narnain, the two former by the chimney and Ling by the gully; Unna walked to Cobbler Narnain col.

29*th December*.—Fine morning after gale in night. Thomson, Turnbull, Unna and Ling—Cobbler.

30*th December*.—Turnbull—Cobbler and Narnain; Unna and Ling walked up Glen Loin.

31*st December*.—Baxter and Ling—Ben Ime in stormy weather; Carmichael and Maitland—Cobbler.

1*st January*.—Campbell Steven and Clarkson—Cobbler; Macdonald, Inglis and Read—Ben an Lochan, having to walk back from the "Rest"; Osborne, Maitland, Carmichael and Gibson

visited Loch Sloy; McCall, Russell and Wilson—Narnain. Foul day of rain and mist.

2nd January.—Morris, D. S. Anderson, Osborne and Harrison traversed Cobbler from Glencroe; Macdonald, Read and Turnbull traversed Cobbler from road; Macphee and son did Ben an Lochan, and came home in cattle-float with Highland bull; Cooke and Masters—Narnain and A'Crois; R. Anderson, Banford, Humble, Cameron, Harrison (guest) and C. Young—south and centre peaks of Cobbler; Russell, McCall and Wilson—Ben Ime by gully in north face; Nimlin and Easson—Recess route, Cobbler, north peak. A very wet day.

3rd January.—Cooke and Masters—Cobbler from Glencroe; Harrison and Macphee—Ben Bhuidhe, arriving at Cairndow Hotel very wet to find it had no licence; Young visited Loch Sloy, Humble visited the Ben Vorlich tunnels.

4th January.—Cooke, Harrison and Masters—Ben Ime via Cobbler col; Macphee and son traversed Cobbler and Narnain; Nimlin, Easson and Charleson—Slab and Groove route on Sugach Buttress; Humble, Miss Eadie and Miss Henry—Creag Tharsuinn. Mist on hills, but not much rain.

KENMORE SECTION.

LACK of transport to and from the hills and bad weather were a great handicap to the 4 members who were at the Breadalbane Hotel, Kenmore, from 30th December to 4th January. I. G. Charleson and W. E. Forde brought bicycles and bagged Schiehallion on New Year's Day in continuous rain and low cloud. They climbed Ben Lawers and Ben Ghlas on the 2nd. E. W. Hodge and Arthur Dixon had no bicycles, bagged no Munros, but did what they could. On 3rd January Dixon, with the aid of Charleson's bicycle, climbed Carn Gorm and Meall Garbh in Glen Lyon. Amenities, food and comfort in the hotel left nothing to be desired.

EASTER MEET, 1947—KINLOCHEWE.

A SMALL number gathered on Thursday evening, 3rd April, having done expeditions on the way to Kinlochewe under very fine weather conditions. Snow lay above the 2,000-foot level. Friday was a sunny day with light winds and excellent visibility. The party on Liathach

had difficulty with ice on the way off the mountain. Saturday and Sunday were days of rain with blizzards on the tops, which were not visited by all the members present. A. E. Robertson, who was unable to get to the tops, spent his time happily in seeking out information about the rights of way in the district and in trying to instruct some members in the principles of Gaelic pronunciation, especially Unna, who is not a very apt pupil. He argued and talked too much!

The following 24 members and 6 guests attended the Meet: Messrs F. D. Campbell Allen, J. W. Baxter, W. G. Blackie, W. Blackwood, I. G. Charleson, M. H. Cooke, B. S. Fraser, D. J. Fraser, R. A. Gwilt, J. F. Hamilton, A. H. Hendry, R. G. Inglis, R. Jeffrey, J. N. Ledingham, W. N. Ling, J. E. McEwen, T. D. MacKinnon, R. W. Martin, G. Peat, A. E. Robertson, G. S. Roger, T. E. Thomson, P. J. H. Unna, J. D. B. Wilson (members); and Messrs A. N. Bartholomew, W. C. Carmichael, G. V. Gwilt, P. R. L. Heath, S. C. O'Grady, and D. D. Paterson (guests).

The following is a brief record of expeditions :—

3rd April.—Baxter—Fionn Bheinn; Ledingham and Carmichael—Sron a' Coire Ghairb (Invergarry).

4th April.—Allen, Baxter, Jeffrey and Ling—Liathach; the Gwilts—Slioch; Blackwood and O'Grady—Moruisg; Inglis, Martin and Thomson—Sgùrr Mor and Meall Gorm (Fannichs); Ledingham and Carmichael—Slioch.

5th April.—Baxter, Inglis, McEwen, Martin and Thomson—Slioch; Hamilton and Paterson—Slioch; Hendry and Peat—Alligin; the Frasers and Bartholomew—Liathach; the Gwilts, Blackie, Allen and Jeffrey at Inveralligin; Ling, Robertson and Unna walking; Blackwood and O'Grady—Sgùrr Dearg.

6th April.—The Frasers, Cooke, Heath and Bartholomew—Slioch; Baxter, Carmichael and Ledingham—Beinn Tarsuinn, Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair and Sgùrr Ban; Hamilton, Hendry, Paterson and Peat traversed the billiard-table in record time of twelve hours, very strenuous! Roger and Mackinnon—Slioch; Inglis, Robertson and Thomson attended church.

7th April.—Cooke and Heath—Ruadh Stac Mor; Inglis—Beinn Eighe; Allen and Jeffrey—Beinn Liath Mhor and Sgorr Ruadh, of which Ling did the first only; Martin and Thomson—Liathach (main and eastern tops); Hendry and Peat—Slioch; Blackwood and O'Grady—Liath Mhor; Charleson, Wilson, Roger

and Mackinnon, ascended Liathach by a steep gully from Coire na Caime.

8th April.—Two parties were on Liathach, Blackwood and O'Grady doing the main summit and the Fasarinen, but Allen, Cooke and Heath doing the whole ridge to Mullach an Rathain.

SKYE MEET, 1947.

Mr Campbell Allen sends the following record of the doings of his own party between 25th and 30th May :—

25th May.—Sgùrr nan Gillean by Pinnacle Ridge. Booth and D. Campbell Allen descended by West Ridge. Dadson, Wilberforce Smith, Marriott and F. D. Campbell Allen descended by Tourist Route.

26th May.—Cioch West Route. Dadson and D. Campbell Allen on one rope. Booth and F. D. Campbell Allen on second rope.

27th May.—Am Basteir. Tooth by ordinary route, and then up Am Basteir. Dadson and D. Campbell Allen on one rope, Booth and F. D. Campbell Allen on second rope.

28th May.—Sgùrr na h'Uamha. Wilberforce Smith, Marriot and D. Campbell Allen. Then up Sgùrr nan Gillean and down West Ridge.

30th May.—Clach Glas and Blaven. Turnbull, Reid, Campbell Allen and D. Campbell Allen.

Professor Turnbull writes that the complete attendance was as follows: Messrs H. Booth, R. S. Dadson, E. H. Marriott and Mr and Mrs Wilberforce Smith for the Alpine Club, and Mr F. D. Campbell Allen and his son, Professor and Mrs Turnbull and Mr Read for the S.M.C.

One new route on west face of Sgùrr na h'Uamha was made by Turnbull and Read. Both Naismith's and Shadbolt's routes on the Tooth, Sgùrr Alasdair and the Inaccessible, and the face route on Sgùrr Ghreadhaidh were climbed.

S.M.C. ABROAD.

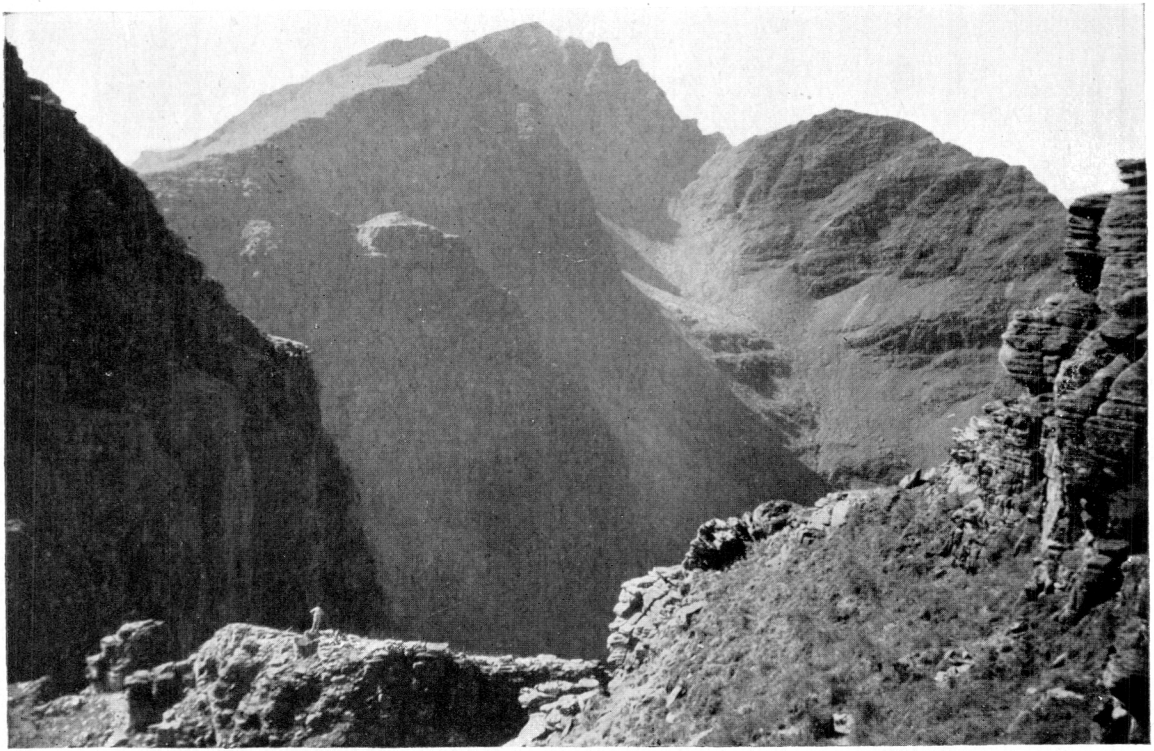
THE President, Mr Alexander Harrison, accompanied by Mrs Harrison, John and Rosemary (members of the family), with Messrs P. A. Fletcher, L. St C. Bartholomew and Alec Bartholomew (J.M.C.S.), motored across France and Switzerland from Calais by Rheims, Dijon, the Jura, Lausanne, Bern, Meiringen, Susten Pass, Oberalp Pass, Julian Pass to Pontresina, returning by Chur, Luzern, Bern, Neuchatel. La Suisse en Auto 1/400,000 was a useful road map. The main roads were tarmac. Accommodation at Pension Edelweiss, facing Roseg Valley, was good and moderate.

On 17th August, from Coaz Hut on Roseg Glacier, the President, Fletcher and A. Bartholomew did Gummels. Next day Harrison and Fletcher climbed Tschierva, a wonderful viewpoint. Glaciers were snowless and progress was on crampons on the level. The next expedition, including the family, was to Coaz Hut and Piz Corvatsch, 11,346 feet. In doubtful weather to Morteratsch Glacier to Boval and climbing Morteratsch. Bad weather prevented an attempt on the Palu. The last expedition from Molaga to Forno Hut and Monte del Forno. A. H. and P. A. F. also climbed Monte Sissone. The valleys are open and beautiful, with pleasing villages. Between Pontresina and St Moritz is a small lake for good swimming.

J. M. Davidson, P. J. H. Unna and W. N. Ling spent three weeks of fine weather in the Maderanerthal. Their activities were mostly confined to walking up to the huts in that beautiful valley, but Davidson and Ling, after a night in the Hüfi Hut, had a day on the Hüfi Glacier, with the sneaking hope of perhaps getting up a peak, but the glaciers were in bad condition after the meagre snowfall and the continued hot weather. They found that, along with the other impedimenta, the burden of 150 years between them made a heavy load. After four hours, mostly spent in step-cutting, they decided to call it a day and returned. It was fine to swing the axe again, and they had a good holiday.

Mr R. Jeffrey writes: My wife and I were in Switzerland for three weeks in July. We spent one week in Saas Fee and a fortnight at Zermatt. At the former centre we did some much-needed training by walking up to the Lange Fluh (twice) and to the Antrona Pass by the Furggalpthal. We also climbed the Mittaghorn (10,330 feet) by the E. face. We then went round to Zermatt where we climbed the Breithorn (13,685 feet) from the Gandegg Hut by the ordinary route in bad weather—dense mist on the summit and a blizzard and electrical storm on the descent. After that the weather cleared and was brilliant for the remainder of our stay. Our second climb was the Strahlhorn (13,750 feet) from the Fluh Alp by way of the Adler Pass—very difficult owing to ice and lack of snow. Our last big climb was the Matterhorn (14,780 feet) by the Hörnli Ridge. We found the climbing easy, as there was practically no snow on the mountain—only a little ice on the snow shoulder. On our three climbs from Zermatt we had as our guide Franz Imboden, of St Niklaus, who had climbed with us in 1929. On our off days at Zermatt we had scrambles on the Hohtäligrat-Stockhorn Ridge above the Gornergrat and the Plattenhörner from Trift Alp.

Major A. L. Cram writes: I spent two weeks ski-ing at Altenau in the Harz Mountains, Germany, in February. Snow and weather conditions were first rate. As a contrast to the severe weather in Britain the snow was of less than average depth in Austria.



Kenneth Graham

LIATHACH : MULLACH AN RATHAIN
(Looking across from Am Fasarinen)

In July, in broken weather, I had a series of climbs in the Lechtaler, Silvretta and Arlberger Alps. I had with me Hans Spielmann, Bergführer aspirant, from Ehrwald, Tirol, a member of the Austrian ski-jumping team and a very good rock climber. All the main tops were achieved in a graceless hurry as we were on short rations. The only difficulty encountered was in overcoming my companion's rooted objection to climbing in bad weather. Spielmann was so deprecatory of the quality of the climbing that I allowed myself to be lured into his limestone backyard, the Mieminger Kette, at Ehrwald, where he discovered routes that satisfied his ambitions and far exceeded my own.

The chief industry in Silvretta and Vorarlberg is smuggling machine tools and electrical equipment over the passes into Switzerland in return for foodstuffs and clothing. The climber, however innocent, tends to be harassed by customs troops. At least he has the mountain tops to himself, for few have enough rations to climb so high. The huts are moderately patronised and, considering the post-war looting, quite comfortable. Only one or two have been rendered uninhabitable and the remainder have guardians.

I spent about three weeks at the end of September and beginning of October on the Oetztaler and Stubaier Alps. I was with Heinz Höring, of Ehrwald, a Bergführer aspirant, who proved very good, although lacking in experience. He was very tough, having been used in a long-range reconnaissance troop on the Eastern Front. On the whole the weather was brilliant, although we had several short spells resembling April weather in Scotland. The snow conditions were good and crevasses well bridged, and most upper ice-slopes covered. We went in from the north and found Vent, at the head of Oetztal, a first-rate centre. Vent lies at over 1,900 metres, with plenty of good peaks averaging about 3,500 metres. There are also numerous well-sited huts. The latter had closed about mid-September, but we found the winter rooms in good order, with fuel, blankets and necessities. Apart from those engaged in smuggling and counter-smuggling, on both sides of the frontier, we had the mountains entirely to ourselves. I did not see a footmark on any of the mountains. The huts on the north side of the frontier are in a very good state. Some were completed just prior to the war, *e.g.*, the former "Hermann Göring Haus" beside the old Sammoar Hütte, and the "Hochwilde Hütte" (1939) beside the ancient Fidelità Hütte. We worked fairly hard and threaded most of the glaciers, the frontier ridges and the majority of the passes. We were twice on the Wildspitze (3,774 metres) and Similaun (3,607 metres). The south-east approach to the former gives a long and quite entertaining climb over rock, as also does the south ridge of the Fluchtkogel (3,514 metres). The traverse of the Hintere Schwärze (3,633 metres) gives a long day with mixed rock and ice work, and the descent over the Marzell Ferner requires a little care, being the most complex ice-sheet in the area. The Grosser Ramol Kogel (3,551 metres) offers steep and moderately difficult rocks of some length, although perhaps

we were prejudiced by a snowstorm. Rations were short, as we were obliged to carry everything with us.

We did, however, descend into the Merano Adige Valley over the Gurgler Eis Joch (3,137 metres) to replenish. We found, by comparison, Süd Tirol a merry land flowing with new wine, fruit and all the climber demands. A bold thrust for the Ortler Group was deflected during a brush with Carabineri, my companion's papers being non-existent. We were compelled to withdraw over the Similaun and Hauslab Passes. The huts on the south side of the frontier have either been destroyed or plundered by the German troops retreating from Italy. The Essener, Lödner, Zwickauer and Stettiner Huts are thus no longer of service, while the Similaun, Bella Vista and Weiskugel Huts have passed into private ownership and were closed for the winter. The glaciers have all retreated in this area, some as much as 2 kilometres, and it is sad to see the fearful ravages from which the upper rocks seem presently to be suffering. Smuggling is in full swing. Cattle are regularly driven from North to South Tirol over glacier passes, where they command three to four times the value. Traffic the other way brings brandy, tobacco, foodstuffs, clothing and leather goods.

Later I spent a few days in the limestones of Wetterstein and Mieming. The latter, especially, is a rock climber's paradise, or would be but for the unreliable rock and falling stones. At present the whole chain from the Schartenkopf over the Marienberg, Grünstein to the Griesspitzen is crumbling.

On 13th July John Barford, Michael Ward (J.M.C.S.) and W. H. Murray went to La Berarde in the Dauphiné. They did the following climbs, all from bivouacs at 7,000 to 10,000 feet: (1) Pic Nord de Cavale by the west ridge (Severe). (2) The Meije from the Promontoire. At the summit the wind changed from north to south; within one hour a thunderstorm and blizzard enveloped the peak; the descent took eight hours to the Promontoire. (3) Aiguille Coste Rouge (under snow and ice). (4) Ailefroide by the Coste Rouge arête (a Very Severe rock-snow-ice climb), twelve hours up; descent by Sélé Glacier. (5) Col de Sélé, east to west; descent by Glacier de la Pilatte. (6) Col Coste Rouge; the col was reached at 9 A.M. On the descent to Glacier Noir a stone-fall hit the party. Barford was killed, Murray and Ward had fractured skulls, but descended without aid by the Glacier Noir to the valley.

W. L. Coats writes: I was at Arolla from 14th to 21st September. Accompanied by a guide I made the ascent of Mont Blanc de Seilon and Mont Collon. The weather was perfect and summit views from Grand Paradis and Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa and the Jungfrau.

Alex. Small writes: While at Zermatt I did a 450-foot climb on cliffs at the Trift Gorge. There were seven permanent pitons there. With Walter Perren, of Zermatt, I climbed the Rimpfischhorn and the Matterhorn.

NOTES.

Munros and "Tops".

WHEN I reported in the *Journal* of November 1933 that I had been over the 277 Munros (276 on list plus Beinn Tarsuinn) I mentioned that in the process I had visited 153 of the "tops." The list in "General Guide" shows 267 "tops", and of the remaining 114, 100 were completed prior to September 1939, 2 in 1940, 7 in 1946 and 5 in 1947, so that I have now followed in the footsteps of Burn, Corbett and Cram.

Were this a full-dress article I feel that I should have to head it "Apologia pro Culminibus Suis," as while those who meticulously track down all the Munros may be perhaps accepted as merely eccentric, I am afraid that the general view as to the mental condition of the man who "does" the "tops" in addition is that he can hardly be quite sane. Did space permit, however, I would argue the point, as while a Munro can be ascended and the top identified without really getting to know the mountain, the job of visiting all the "tops", many of which are not cairned, is not quite so easy; and the meet ascent to the highest point of such as Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan, Mam Sodhail, Beinn Eighe, An Teallach and many more does not give one much idea of the configuration of the mountain.

While mist does not interfere seriously with "Munro bagging," clear weather is usually essential for "topping," and of the total of 267, 99 were visited in May, 49 in June, 37 in October, 26 in April, and only 18 in the four months December to March. February and September were both blanks.

The 267 "tops" list is far from perfect, and no doubt Gall Inglis, when the next edition of the "General Guide" is produced, will suggest various amendments comprising both deletions and additions. Again at the risk of being considered even less than almost sane, I am of the opinion that the qualifications necessary for a "top" should be modified rather than stiffened, always provided that there does exist an obvious knob at over 3,000 feet. The more shoulders and spurs of a mountain visited the better known—and loved—the mountain becomes; and the double list should be comprehensive enough to make the job of completing it one likely to attract only the individual to whom the hills themselves appeal more than the making of a record.

I may be allowed to refer to Wales and England where there are, on similar lines, twelve and four mountains respectively which would rank as Munros, with, in Wales two additional "Tops". These were all visited before 1939. JOHN DOW.

Wind Slab.—Mr Scott Johnstone reports an experience in March 1947 on the slopes of Sgùrr a'Mhaim. As the slope steepened, the crust became more evident. In places it had become detached, showing a section of about 6 inches of hard crust with a gap of about

3 inches beneath. The underlying snow was very powdery and dry, about 1 foot thick, with hard, old snow underneath. The air space seemed continuous over large areas, as could be seen by looking along underneath the crust. There was a tendency for large slabs, about 4 feet square, to detach themselves underfoot. Previous conditions were a heavy snowfall, with thaw at low levels, and high wind on the foregoing days. Is it a true wind slab? (Note in Steall log-book.)

The Devil's Ridge was unduly treacherous with a beautiful, narrow, powder crest lying on hard, old snow.

On Stob Ghabhar, E. R. Zenthon and I noted the remains of a very large avalanche in the eastern corrie—the biggest open-face avalanche I have seen, about 50 yards of the cornice having collapsed. The frontage was 100 yards, 8 feet deep. It had scored a narrow groove about 5 feet deep in the corrie wall, the bed being icy and hard. This was seen in January in crisp, cold weather.

Ben Nevis, Rubicon Wall.—Contrary to the opinion expressed by B. P. Kellett (*J.* 23, 149), W. M. Mackenzie is satisfied that his route on Rubicon Wall is essentially distinct from that pursued by Allan, Bell and Wedderburn. The Editor agrees so far as the upper part of the route is concerned. Discussing the matter with Allan, now on leave from South Africa, they consider that no route exists to the left of their route on the lower half, that such a route might be possible above their halting-place for lunch, and that they left no cairn at the finish of their route.

Cairn o' Claise, Craig Herrich.—Referring to the climb by J. Y. Macdonald and H. W. Turnbull (*Bulletin*, p. 17; *J.* 23, 2), Mr Macdonald thinks the above local name should be adopted in preference to Caenlochan Buttress, and states that the actual climbing only involves 300 feet, although the total height is 600 feet. Steep slabs led to a grass rake 100 feet up. A small chimney came later, from which a delicate traverse led to the crest of the rib. This gave two good pitches, an easy section and a final steep nose of 120 feet climbed on its left flank in two pitches. The finish was 200 feet of scrambling.

Ossian's Cave, Glencoe.—J. Y. Macdonald visited the Cave last June. Harrison's bronze box for visitors' cards was there, but it contained only two pieces of paper. Has someone removed the records because they were sodden and required drying? Does anyone know? One bit of paper said, "Kilroy was here, see?"

Sgurr Alasdair.—Mr John A. Stuart, of Bonaly, Clynder, Helensburgh, has heard from Mr Seton Gordon, Upper Duntulm, Skye, that the former name of Sgùrr Alasdair was Sgùrr Biorach (the pointed peak). Mr Stuart believes that Sgùrr Sgumain, probably meaning a (hay) stack, included the higher peak. Mr Gordon's opinion is stated in "The Charm of Skye," p. 57 (see *J.* 23, 352).

Ben Alder.—Mr J. G. Parish of Edinburgh University Mountaineering Club mentions the following winter climbs at New Year 1948. From the Garbh Choire they climbed the Central Gully, giving

some 500 feet of steep climbing in soft snow. In icy conditions a pitch of 100 feet might give serious trouble. The most interesting feature of the corrie was a fine buttress on the S.W. side which might give about 500 feet of continuous rock climbing in summer. They also traversed Lancet Edge and found a sharp snow ridge, so sharp as to require straddling tactics for several feet. The north side of Ben Alder offered several fine buttresses and snow-filled gullies. A small corrie on S.E. side of Sron Coire na h'Iolaire (Beinn Bheoil) contained interesting cliffs about 300 feet high.

Sgor na h'Ulaidh and Clachaig Gully.—Messrs J. G. Parish, D. H. Haworth and J. S. Berkeley climbed a snow gully on Sgor na h'Ulaidh early in February. It is on the north side, near the col between Ulaidh and Creag Bhan. It gave 1,000 feet of good, steep snow with a bottleneck near the foot. The exit, about 3,000 feet, was very steep, and involved 30 feet of severe rockwork on iced rock. On the previous day D. H. Haworth made a first complete winter ascent of Clachaig Gully. J. G. Parish slid into a watersplash on the rope at a point below the last pitch, so had to make a rapid escape by the side wall on account of his sodden state.

Names for Hills.—Mr Arthur Geddes has a short article in *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, Vol. 60, December 1944, on the "Choice of Names for Hills and Hill Masses in Scotland," which may interest members.

Munros.—Mr B. Horsburgh announces that he has completed the ascent of the 277 Munros, starting in September 1929 and finishing in September 1947.

Some Notes on the Cairngorms.

Members interested in rock-climbing developments in the Cairngorms should read the *Cairngorm Club Journal* for 1946-47. It is an excellent number, quite apart from that, with accounts of climbs on Suilven, Cona Meall of Beinn Dearg (Ross) and a poorish rock rib to Craig an Duine of Seana Bhraigh.

An avalanche at Moulzie above Glen Clova in February 1946 travelled 1,000 feet and swept across the Esk for 50 yards with a breadth of 150 yards, carrying enormous quantities of stones and turf and killing many deer.

New climbs and variations on Lochnagar include Shadow Gully, Shadow Buttress A (variation), Gargoyle Chimney and Parallel Gully A. In Raeburn's Gully a rock-fall demolished the Cave pitch. The first boulder pitch remains. Above it the gully becomes impossible, but has been turned on the wall by Messrs Hendry and Ross. The rest is moderate. The south-east gully of Creag an Dubh Loch was climbed in January 1947 by Russell, Smith and Stephen. The south side buttress of the north-west gully was climbed on 5th May 1946, after a snowfall, by Hendry and Lumsden, who found it a good scramble on sound rock (compare account by Haworth in *Journal*, 1947, p. 427).

In the Cairngorms proper climbs have been done on Carn a' Mhaim slabs above Glen Lui, Devil's Point slabs behind Corrour in March 1940 by Hobson, Walker and Hendry, who cut steps in ice up a gully above an overhang, and the Chockstone Gully of Sgor an Lochan Uaine with piled block pitches.

Mountain Accidents in Scotland, 1st March 1947 to 24th March 1948.

6*th July* 1947.—John Armstrong (49), tourist, missing in Arran. Last seen in Glen Sannox. Search parties out.

27*th July* 1947.—Michael Arnott (18), novice, lost while ascending Ben Nevis. Got down safely next day. Search parties out.

12*th August* 1947.—Mrs B. Smith, novice, killed by stone fall when scrambling on Glen Creran Hills.

12*th August* 1947.—Patricia Sinclair (18) slipped and broke leg when descending Ben Lomond. Rescue party out.

8th *September* 1947.—Norman Boddy (19) fell when climbing alone on Bidean nam Bian. Died shortly afterwards at Ballachulish. Stretcher party out.

10*th September* 1947.—Mrs Farrow (37) fell and was killed when descending Aonach Dubh. Got separated from other members of party. Stretcher party out.

8*th November* 1947.—Jas. Morgan (18), Etchachan Club, hit by falling stone when climbing Parallel Gully, Lochnagar. Roped party. Stretcher party out. Not seriously injured.

11*th December* 1947.—James Gray (24) left hut at Steall on climbing expedition. Did not return. Many search parties out. Body not yet found.

2*nd January* 1948.—Patricia Ferguson (20) and Alan Gormly (24), Glasgow University Mountaineering Club, benighted on Aonach Eagach. Signalled with torches. Brought down by rescue party.

18*th January* 1948.—Four members of Etchachan Club carried down by avalanche, Sgor Mor, Braemar. Slight injuries.

17*th March* 1948.—Miss Jean Smith (21) lost control when ski-ing in Coire Cas, Cairngorms. Struck boulder. Killed instantaneously.

18*th March* 1948.—Miss Margaret Cheswell (21), St Andrews University Mountaineering Club, fell when descending from Mamore Hills. Rescue party out.

19*th March* 1948.—Anthony Skerrant (24), Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, fell when member of a roped party climbing Clachaig Gully. Brought down by members of his own party. Died later in Fort William.

Professor F. O. Bower.—We regret to announce the death of one of the last two surviving Original Members of the Club, Professor F. O. Bower, D.Sc., the distinguished botanist, at the age of 92 years. An " In Memoriam " will appear in our next issue.

BOOKS AND JOURNALS.

Mountaineering in Scotland, by W. H. Murray (Dent, 18s., 244 pp., with 32 illus.), is the outstanding book of 1946 so far as the Scottish hills are concerned. It constitutes an enduring landmark as it puts Scottish climbing, and especially difficult climbing and winter climbing, on the map so far as English climbers are concerned. This had to be done some day, and Bill Murray has done it very well indeed. There is no longer a shred of justification for the common attitude south of the Border that Scotland is a place for fell-walking and Munro bagging, but the best if not the only serious climbing is located in Cumberland or Wales. Famous mountaineers of Alpine and Himalayan experience have been driven to the conclusion that a man who can do the severe winter climbs of Glencoe or Ben Nevis safely in such a winter as 1946-47 can climb safely anywhere. Mr Murray's book has throughout the vividness, charm and clarity of style which readers of our own *Journal* have been led to expect of him. Readers will recognise four chapters the substance of which originally appeared in the *Journal*. We were honoured in being able to include them. We wish the author continued success in the field of letters.

Mountain Lure, by George Basterfield (Titus Wilson, Kendal, 15s., 164 pp., 5 illus.) The first 56 pages of essays reflects on why men climb, but most of it, in broad Cumbrian dialect, describes many sporting and humorous adventures. The remainder of the book, in verse, is about the coterie of Lakeland rock-climbers and their familiar mountains. The book will appeal to all lovers of wild nature and is salted with a fine blend of dry humour throughout.

Escape to Live, by E. Howell (Longmans, 8s. 6d., 229 pp.). This has been presented to the Library by Professor Turnbull, who told me that he found the adventures of this Scottish airman, son of the manse, erstwhile sceptic, and native of St Andrews, strangely moving, as he wandered through the mountains of Greece and Macedonia, having escaped from a German hospital in Salonika after being severely wounded in the battle of Crete.

The Open Air in Scotland, edited by B. H. Humble (Wm. McLellan, Glasgow, 1s. 6d., quarterly) continues to provide an excellent collection of short articles on all sorts of open-air activities with mountaineering well to the fore. It is well worth the money and keeps in touch with the activities of Scottish youth. N. E. Odell and W. H. Murray both contribute to the winter issue.

The Librarian and the Club wish to acknowledge the receipt of many Journals of Kindred Clubs at home and abroad, several of which have made their first reappearance since the war, such as that of the Midland Association of Mountaineers which has a longish Scottish article. The *Edinburgh University Mountaineering Journal* has many articles of interest, and we publish some of their exploratory

accounts in this number. The *Scottish Ski Club Journal* reveals much activity. *Mountaineering*, the organ of the B.M.C., now appears in printed form with an attractive cover. It contains some useful information for all practical mountaineers.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO JAMES A. PARKER, B.Sc., M.Inst.C.E.

A circular has been issued by the Cairngorm Club to its members inviting subscriptions to the cost of erecting a new footbridge over the Lui Beg Burn on the well-known main Lairig Ghru Path between Deeside and Speyside, similar to the bridge designed by Mr Parker and erected by the Club in 1912 over the Allt-na-Beinne, also on the Lairig Ghru Path, which has been found of great service. It is estimated that the cost will be about £300. A considerable sum has already been subscribed both by members of the Club and also by members of the S.M.C. Subscriptions will be very gratefully received.

WILLIAM GARDEN,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer,
18 GOLDEN SQUARE, ABERDEEN.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Please send contributions for the 1949 issue to the **Editor** at **3 Park Place, Clackmannan,** as early as possible, and not later than 31st January 1949. When sending accounts of new routes be accurate and concise, and cast them in the form in which they usually appear in print, without unnecessary detail. Good photographs are welcome, but need only be small prints when sent on approval. Communications for the *Bulletin* should be sent to **Mr J. D. B. Wilson, Auchinlay House, Dunblane,** before August and mid-December respectively. Communications concerning distribution, sales or advertising should be sent to **Mr J. E. MacEwen, Park Lodge, Stirling.**

Mr Adam Smail, 2 Bright's Crescent, Edinburgh, 9, has a miscellaneous lot of old numbers of the *Journal*, ranging from Vol. 2 to Vol. 13, for disposal. Please write to him direct if you require any odd numbers.

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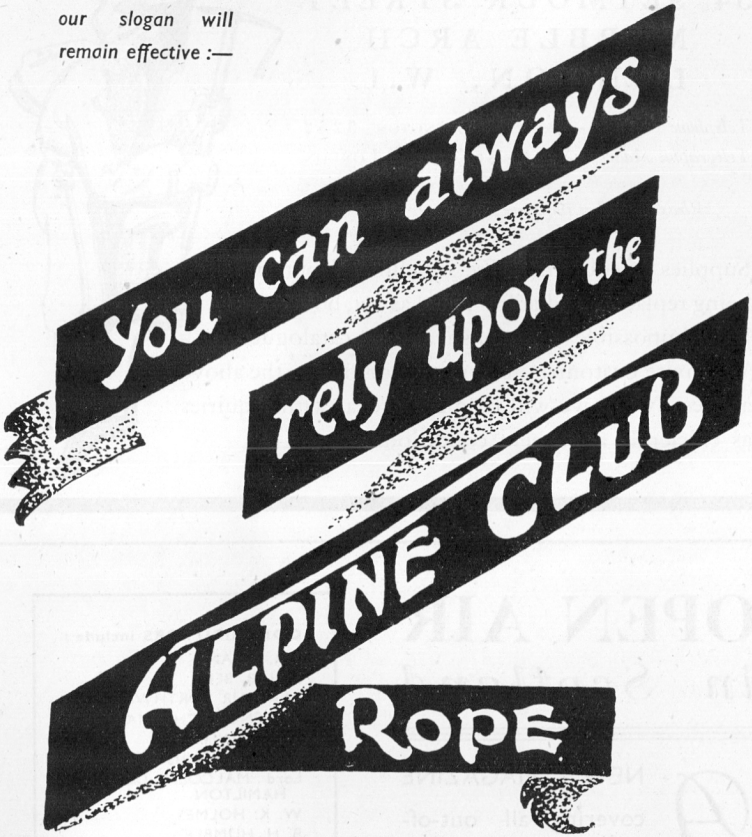

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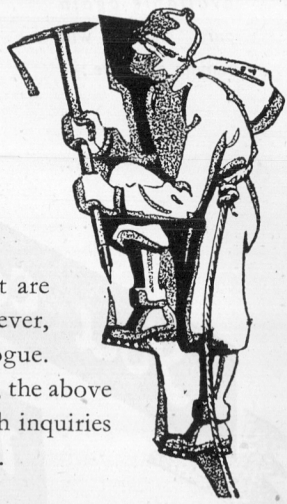

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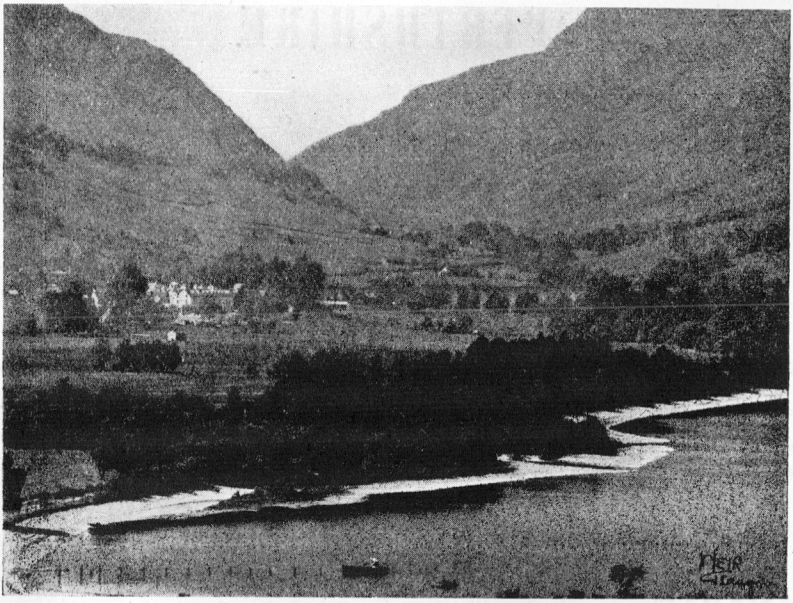

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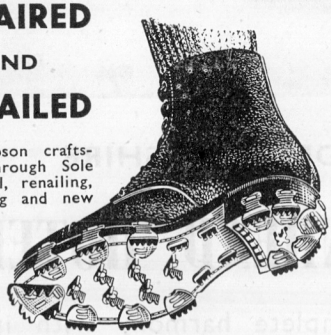

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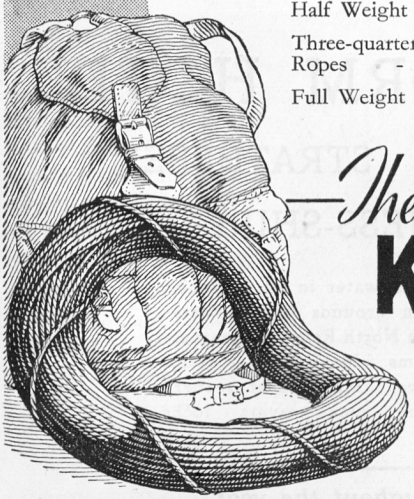

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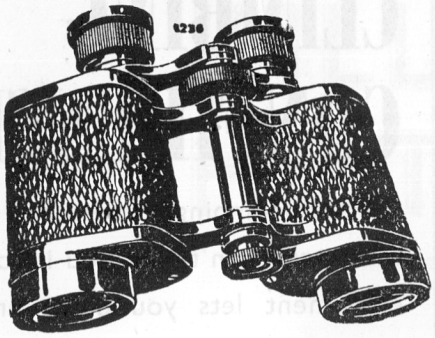

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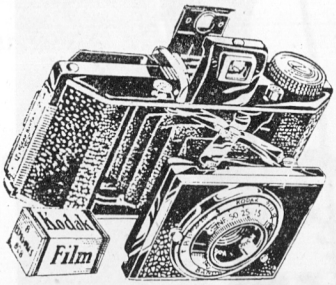

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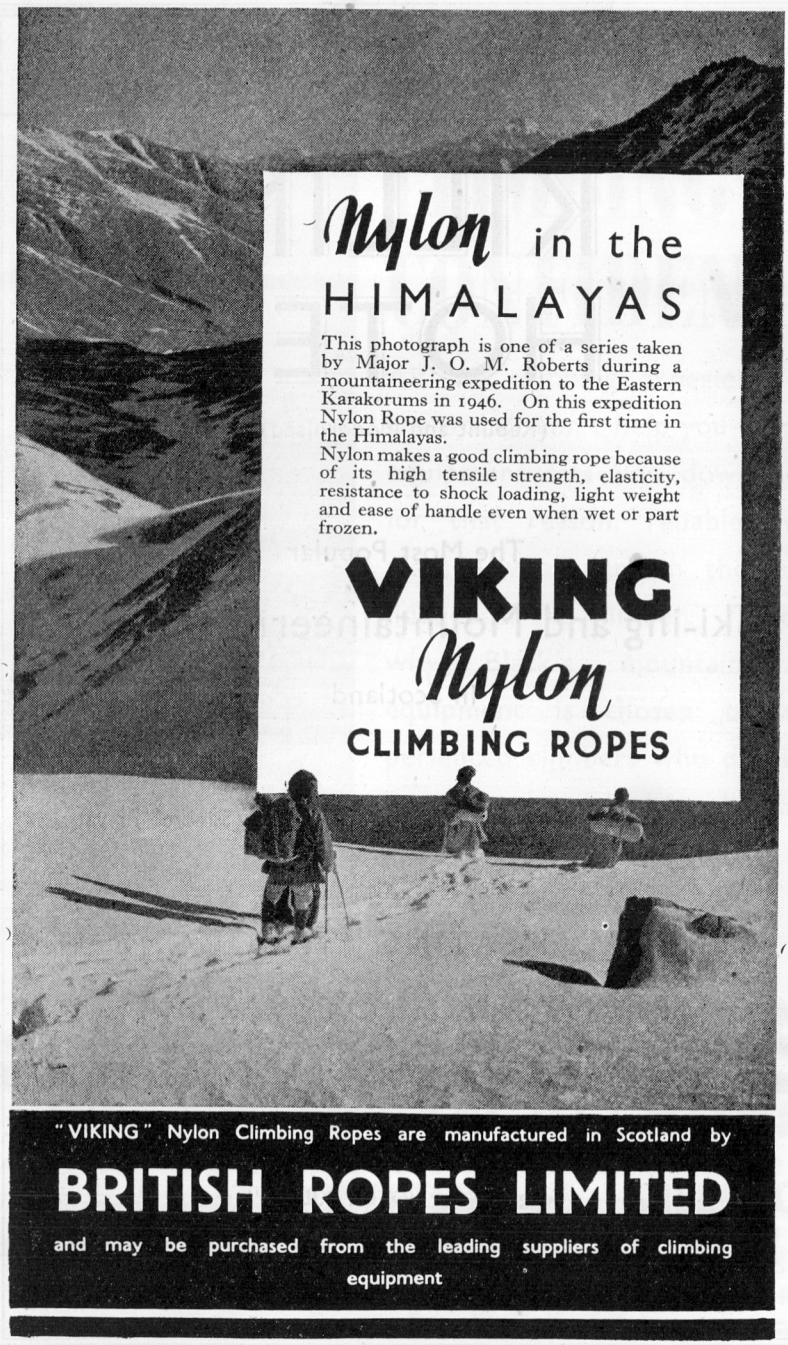
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