

J. Neil Michie

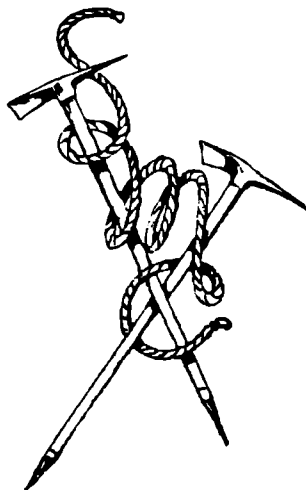
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STORM CLOUDS OVER COIRE AN-T-SNEACHDA, BEN MACDHUI

I. K. Lerack

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XVII.

APRIL 1926

No. 101.

THE CLUB DINNERS.

BY T. FRASER CAMPBELL.

Man may live without Poetry, Music, or Art,
He may live without hope, he may live without heart :
He may live without friends, he may live without books,
But civilised man may not live without cooks !

He may live without hope : what is hope but deceiving ?
He may live without books : what is knowledge but grieving ?
He may live without love : what is passion but pining ?
But where is the man who can live without dining ?

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

IT is improbable that the author of the lines which I quote above accepted the sentiments himself as a full and true expression of the philosophy of life ; but they contain a sufficiency of truth for my present purpose. Such purpose is not, I may say, to offer leaders of the *Journal* a Treatise on Gastronomy, or on the Art of Dining, though both are subjects upon which much has already been written, and much more might still be said. They manage these things better in France, and it is possible that a better knowledge, in our country, of how to prepare food, and of how to eat it, spread throughout the masses of our people, might so sweeten life that the spirit of unrest and the pangs of indigestion might receive their quietus. The fact that man cannot live without dining, or at any rate without eating, is applicable equally to the uncivilised as to the civilised variety, as well as to the lower animals and to the vegetable

kingdom. But dining, indeed, is more than merely eating, and it is a fact that in all ages, and among all peoples, feasting has been a necessary accompaniment of all occasions for rejoicing, from the birth of an heir to the annihilation of an enemy. And with us at any rate no great causes may be furthered, no enterprises of great pith and moment concluded, without a dinner.

Some of the older Members may recall that on the birth of the *Journal* it was predicted that it would soon die of inanition, from lack of material: it may have been the case—I do not know—that when man began to write music he was discouraged by the fact that there are only seven notes in the scale. In any case the *Journal* has belied the gloomy predictions of its early decease, and is still in a very healthy condition, and remains one of the active forces of the Club; such also, of course, are the Meets, and the same may be said of the Dinners. All combine to knit the members into one common brotherhood—that of the love of the mountains which is the mainspring of its existence. I am privileged to have beside me, as I write, the Sacred Book of The Club, in which are inscribed the names of all who, as members or as guests, have taken part in the Annual Celebration of the inception of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. In its pages are the names of many distinguished in almost every walk of life, and of many, of course, who have passed beyond the veil, for fully a generation has elapsed since 1889, when the Inaugural Dinner was held. There still remain, however, on the roll, twenty-one original members, and of these, four who were at the 1889 dinner were also at the recent dinner on 4th December 1925, while others, Members and Guests, who were at the earlier dinner, are still, happily, with us.

Those present at the first Dinner numbered thirty-three, of whom twenty-four were Members and nine Guests; our first President, Professor George Ramsay, was in the chair, and all who were privileged to listen to his Inaugural Address are not likely to forget it; for though many have since read it in the pages of the *Journal*, there was a personality about the speaker which

lent a charm which cannot be recaptured in the written word. Ramsay spoke often, at the Annual Meetings, and at the Dinners, and he liked speaking, of which I may be allowed to recall an instance. He had written to me upon one occasion in regard to some guest, or guests, whom he was bringing, and he laid upon me—I happened to be in charge of the Dinner—the injunction that upon no account was he to be called upon to speak at it; to which I replied that his wishes in this matter should be respected. The evening arrived, and early in the course of the dinner a brief note was passed to me, from Ramsay, saying that before So-and-so spoke there were some remarks which he would like to make. I forget the subject, but on being called upon by the chair, Ramsay spoke for perhaps a quarter of an hour with all his usual brilliancy and point. While on the subject, I may record another, somewhat similar, incident. There was, of course, no member of the Club more respected and esteemed than the late Sir Hugh Munro, but as an after-dinner speaker he was inclined to be somewhat heavy. Like Ramsay, he liked speaking—or rather, perhaps, he liked to make his opinions known. Upon the occasion which I have in mind his name was not on the toast list, but Ramsay suggested that “we must get Munro on his feet.” So in the course of the dinner he was asked to give a little recitation which some of us may remember. On rising to do so he said that before reciting there was something he would like to say, and he proceeded to do so at considerable length, and then gave the recitation.

I think that in a former number of the *Journal* I have recorded the fact that some years before the foundation of the S.M.C. there existed in Edinburgh a small group of enthusiastic hill-climbers, originally only four in number, but recruited from time to time until they eventually numbered nine or ten, all of whom joined the Club as original members. Some profane person had called them “The Tramps,” and at one of the early dinners they were present in full force. In his speech Ramsay, who was then President, made some remark

as to few people having systematically climbed the Scottish hills before the S.M.C. was formed. One of the number, the late Frank Dewar, exclaimed "What about the Tramps?" to which Ramsay replied, somewhat acidulously, that he had never heard that tramps were addicted to hill-climbing! I do not know that he was ever enlightened. Of the "Tramps," four only remain, and some of their deeds, or misdeeds, are recorded in the "Phantasy" contributed to the *Journal* a year or two ago by J. G. Stott, one of their number.

In turning over the pages of the "Dinner Album," a hundred incidents, many long forgotten, crowd upon my memory, but the temptation to dwell upon more than a few of these must be resisted. Among the names which stand out in the records of the Club are those of Professor George Ramsay, who occupied the Chair of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, and of Hugh Munro, known to us later as Sir Hugh Munro, Bart., neighbours and fast friends, their friendly but forceful bickerings at the Annual Meetings were a joy—though they tended sometimes to let the soup grow cold. But to these must be added the name of John Veitch, Professor of Logic in Glasgow University, and to all three the Club owes a debt of gratitude which it will be difficult to repay. It is significant that they were our first three Presidents. Ramsay was already a member of the Alpine Club when the S.M.C. was formed: a fine climber, a brilliant and witty speaker, he dominated by his personality whatever company he might be in. He attended many of the Meets, spoke often at the Dinners, and contributed many articles to the *Journal*, where his first address, already referred to, stands as a perpetual memorial of his connection with the Club.

Veitch, who succeeded Ramsay as President, never took a very prominent part in the activities of the S.M.C., and he died before the completion of his term of office. He attended the Dinners in 1889, 1892, and 1893, speaking in 1892 to the toast of "The Bens and the Glens"; and in 1893 he was President. Philosopher, Poet, and lover of the hills, especially those of his "beloved Tweed." In

September 1894 he passed away "peacefully and lovingly into the Great Unknown which had formed the setting of all his thoughts in life, and of which hill and sky and river were for ever speaking." * Apart from some brief notes and a Memorial Article on his lifelong friend, Sheriff Nicolson, he made only one contribution to the pages of the *Journal*; but in his "Androwhinnie," May 1892, he has left us a confession of his faith, and few articles in the *Journal* breathe more truly that love for the hills themselves, which is one of the great motive forces of our Club.

In Hugh Munro we had a President of a different build, a man of boundless energy and enthusiasm, soldier, politician, traveller, probably his greatest interest in life was bound up in the mountains of his native country, and one of his great ambitions, almost realised at the time of his death, was to have made the ascent of every 3,000-foot peak in Scotland—a record held only by the Rev. A. E. Robertson and Mr Ronald Burn. In his great work of tabulating the higher Scottish hills, now so appropriately named "Munros," he has left, for all time, a memorial of his great services. Up to the time of his death he had never missed a Dinner; he spoke frequently on such occasions and was a constant and valued contributor to the *Journal*.

One of the most notable of the Dinners was that held at Glasgow on the 3rd of December 1909; being the Twenty-first Annual Dinner, it marked the attainment of its majority by the Club; it was attended by ninety-one Members and Guests, including seventeen original Members. A photograph of those present was taken, and hangs in the Club-room. Professor Ramsay, replying to the toast of the "Old Brigade," proposed by Mr G. A. Solly, made a speech full of amusing points, and full, too, of the true mountaineering spirit. Mr W. W. Naismith also replied to the same toast. There is a full report of the Dinner in No. 61 of the *Journal*. At that dinner—if my memory does not deceive me—Sir James

* Ramsay's "In Memoriam." January 1895.

Ramsay also spoke with great wit, though his speech is not recorded ; he certainly did so at the Dinner of 1910. He had just joined the Club at the age of seventy-seven ; he died only a year ago.

During the thirty-seven years of their existence the Dinners have varied—as to numbers present—from 31 in 1889, down to 29 in 1894, then up to 91 in 1909, and to 100, or over, in 1922. During the years of the war the numbers were, of course, small, that of 1915 being only 24. It was questioned at the time whether the Dinners should be held at all, but it was felt, and I think rightly, that it was necessary, in the interests of the Club, that the Annual Meetings should be held in their natural course, and that as Members had to travel, in many cases, long distances, to attend these meetings, there was no reason why they should not dine together. But evening dress was discarded, no guests were invited, and there was no toast list.

I think it may be maintained that the oratory at the Dinners has been, on the average, of a high quality, and many of the speeches have been of outstanding merit, both from Members and from Guests, and it is perhaps a pity that none of these, with the exception of Ramsay's Inaugural Address, have been preserved. It may be imagined what a delight it was to be present when, in 1892, Veitch proposed "The Bens and the Glens," and Sheriff Nicolson replied ; or when, in 1896, "The Highland Hills" was proposed by Ramsay and was replied to by the late Professor Heddle, of St Andrews, in what was perhaps the finest speech ever delivered at a dinner of the Club. Other outstanding speeches which I can recall, all from Guests, were those of Dr David Murray in 1893, of Mr Winthrop Young in 1913, a speech sparkling with wit but marred somewhat by its length, and of Principal Sir Alfred Ewing, of Edinburgh, in 1920.

In 1919, the first post-war Dinner, Dr Inglis Clark gave an address which must have touched the hearts of all who heard it.

A specially interesting feature of the Dinners, particularly in later years, has been the presence from year to

year of notable representatives of Kindred Clubs, who have contributed many delightful speeches.

I am not a fisherman, but I understand that the largest fish are those which feel the hook but not the gaff, and possibly the finest speeches are those which have never been delivered. The late Sheriff W. D. Lyell was accounted one of the outstanding after-dinner speakers of his day, and in 1905 he was my guest, and should have replied for "The Guests," but owing to a somewhat protracted programme of music, etc., he had to leave to catch his train with his speech undelivered. He was, I fear, a little annoyed, although he made light of the incident, but he confessed to me later that his one real regret was that he had lost the opportunity of working off upon the Members a little impromptu, carefully rehearsed, in which he had pictured his hosts, at the conclusion of the evening, "wending their homeward way, singly or in couples, but all of them revolving on their own axes." Curiously enough, Ling, on this same occasion, should have proposed the toast, but he too had a train to catch, and when his time was come the engine of the English express was already straining at the leash in the station below. Ling made several plucky attempts to rise, but owing to interruptions I do not think he ever got beyond "Mr Chairman" (alarums and excursions), "Mr Chairman"—and flight!

As I have already said, it is impossible to recount more than a few of the many happy memories which come back to my mind in connection with the Dinners, or to recall the many excellent speeches, besides those already referred to, which have marked the passing of the years, as impossible as to discriminate now between the "Ris de Veau en caisse a l'Italienne," which graced the board on that eventful evening in 1889, and the "Faisans casserole Chipolata" of 1912, or the "Timbale de Fruit Alpine" of 1904 and the Pêches Melba of 1925, on the arrival of which, with lights lowered round the room, but lamps glowing from lanterns of ice on the trays, the diners "could scarce forbear to cheer."

New names for old dishes will appear upon the menu

cards from time to time, but under the thin disguises of Poulet Rôti, Quenelles de Volaille, or Poularde Manqué de Mauviettes, we can all recognise the dear old fowl which we have known since it was an egg, and although the years pass one by one into the limbo of forgotten things, and new names will fill the pages of the Lists of Members, the glorious sport of mountaineering will be upheld by the same spirit which animated those old birds who filled their crops and emptied their glasses round the table in the Grand Hotel in Glasgow on the 12th day of December, A.D. 1889.

THOMAS FRASER CAMPBELL.

HILL WALKS BY THE SOUND OF MULL.

BY ARTHUR W. RUSSELL.

"To the west of the Caledonian Canal and south of the Fort William to Arisaig Road, no mountain except Ben More in Mull attains 3,000 feet," so runs the "Guide Book." To the peak bagger, therefore, that district holds out but little inducement, but to all hill walkers who love at once a rugged grandeur associated as a rule only with higher peaks, a country full of legend where Gaelic is still spoken by nearly all as their mother tongue, and views, difficult to surpass, of mountain, loch, sea, and island, let me recommend the hills and glens of Morven, Mull, and Ardnamurchan.

Drimnin in Morven was my base last summer. Above rose Beinn Bhuidhe to a height of 1,400 feet dominating the western end of Morven, and for its height affording an exceptionally fine view, from the towering peaks of Cruachan, Glencoe, and Ben Nevis on the east, round by Ben Resipole and Loch Shiel, with the shapely peaks of Glenfinnan at its head, Skye, Rum, Eigg, and many lesser isles and thence out past Ardnamurchan itself to Uist and Barra, Coll, and Tiree, and so round to Mull with its three main masses—and all in and between glorious stretches of loch and sea. One visit we paid to Beinn Bhuidhe was in the evening, when the sun set as a flaming mass right over Barra, and every stretch of water was a fiery red, and islands, points, and ridges breaking the reflection took on a warm, dark brown—a sunset never to be forgotten. Beinn Bhuidhe had another interest, for legend tells how St Columba with intent to penetrate the North landed at Drimnin, but on reaching the shoulder of Beinn Bhuidhe and finding Loch Sunart and Loch Teacuis apparently cutting off all progress in that direction, retraced his steps and coasted along the Sound of Mull to find an easier gateway to the Highlands—merely a legend, but still 'tis good for one to live

with these old stories, and long may they be kept alive. It has its basis of truth, too, for the adjoining ridge is Crois Bheinn; there are the remains of what is said to be a cross on the ridge, the farm at the foot is Mungosdail, and in the adjoining churchyard there are the remains of a very ancient chapel.

Ardnamurchan at the northern end of the Sound contains one bold peak, Ben Hiant, 1,729 feet. 'Tis a rugged hill and for a view would take a lot of beating, standing sentinel as it does at the junction of Loch Sunart with the Sound, and on the other side open to the full view of the Atlantic and the Western Isles.

It was Mull, however, Ben More and Beinn Talaidh (Ben Talla), a most beautifully-shaped cone and one of the finest features of the Sound, that naturally drew us most; for which of us is not a bit of a peak bagger at heart, or at least does not ever have a longing to get to the top of the highest point in the district? It was not long, therefore, ere my son and I enlisted the service of the "Lochinvar"—that weird-looking, funnel-less, oil-engined boat that plies up and down the Sound—and crossed to Salen in Mull one fine morning. After breakfast at the hotel we left at 9.30 by the Craignure road which soon brought us to Glen Forsa, a long, flat glen leading straight to the lengthy northern ridge of Beinn Talaidh. We had planned a fairly long round ere the "Lochinvar" again called at Salen, so that we were glad to reach the Cairn (2,496 feet), before 12, whence we looked over to the twin peaks of Corra Bheinn and Cruachan Dearg, strange to say, of exactly the same height, viz., 2,309 feet, as our final peaks standing out boldly against the higher distant ridges of Ben More. Unfortunately, a haze was gathering and the views were poor except for the innumerable lochs immediately beneath, such as Loch Ba and Loch Spelve. An easy run down of some 1,000 feet and short ascent brought us to Monadh Beag and Sgulan Mhor (1,783 feet), whence a walk along a hogback ridge with scarcely a drop brought us up against Cruach Choireadail, a fine rugged peak. We gave it the pass by and contented ourselves with skirting its northern

slopes, enjoying a halt by a burn while we watched a large herd of deer which, uncertain of our next movement, kept appearing and disappearing over an adjoining ridge, while a pair of ravens passed croaking overhead, and a buzzard farther off attracted attention by its peculiar whistle. Another ascent of 700 feet brought us to the Cairn of Beinn a Mheadhoin (1,973 feet), with a view down to Loch Scridain. A gently-sloping ridge leads next to the col some 800 feet below, over which a fairly good path crosses from Craig on the Coloir River flowing into Loch Scridain to Glen Cannel and Loch Ba on the north. It is a steep and rough pull of about 1,200 feet from the col to the top of Corra Bheinn. It was now 3 P.M., and the gathering storm, which for some time past had wrapped Ben More in cloud, prevented the view of the Ross of Mull and Iona to which we had looked forward. With the usual dip of about 500 feet and rough scramble we gained our last top, Cruachan Dearg, and made for the long ridge running towards Loch Ba. Heavy wind and rain, however, drove us to seek shelter which we found in Glen Clachaig, where a good track or old roadway from Loch Scridain gives excellent going, though in places it was somewhat swampy. After passing Clachaig the path improves and a fairly good road leads down the side of Loch Ba to Knock, whence it is but a 4 miles' walk to Salen, completing by 6.30 a delightful tramp of some 25 miles. Salen hotel, as judged by its breakfast and tea, appeared excellent and fairly moderate.

A week later the "Lochinvar" again landed us at Salen, but with cycles, and having breakfasted early we got off at once and cycled over again to Knock and down Loch-na-Keal for a couple of miles. This loch is well worth a visit alone for the magnificent cliffs at its mouth, rising sheer from almost the loch side for several hundred feet. We left our cycles just short of the bridge over the Scarisdale River, and walking half a mile on to the next stream left the road at 10.5, and plugged up the steep wet slopes of An Gearna (1,848 feet), by 11.20. It was too fine a day to hurry, and we lay long basking in the sun picking out Staffa, the Dutchman's Cap, and

other islands off the mouth of Loch-na-Keal, watching the deer on Ben More (all these hills in Mull swarm with deer, scarcely a corrie but had its herd of 20 to 40), and ptarmigan and ravens nearer at hand. It was mid-day when we got again on the move and leisurely made up the steep scree and loose rocks of Ben More itself. Ere actually starting this final ascent a good view may be had of the rough north-east corrie of Ben More with the fine ridge leading to the shapely outlier "A' Chioch." The Cairn (3,169 feet) was reached at 1.10 whence a glorious view was obtained though mainly to the west, the mainland being somewhat misty. The 6-inch O.S. sheets while plentifully sprinkling the northern and western slopes of Ben More with heights, and again the ridges running east and north-west from Beinn Fhada, fail to mark any heights on A' Chioch itself or the connecting ridges and slopes of Ben More and Beinn Fhada. Surely A' Chioch does not deserve to be thus treated, and it rather seems as if the connecting ground between Ben More and Beinn Fhada must have been ignored by the members of the Survey. An interesting ridge, without any real difficulty, but by no means to be tackled carelessly if the going is confined to the actual crest, separates the two rough corries of Ben More facing N.E. and S.W., the former having rather the better cliffs. For the first 400 feet the ridge drops down steeply and thence descends gradually, with at least one good broad chimney or gully leading down to the north with clean-cut sides, to the col, which our aneroids gave as 2,650 feet. The ascent of A' Chioch is a rough scramble and was reached in three-quarters of an hour from Ben More. According to the 1-inch map the summit is above the 2,500 contour but below the 2,750. We were both carrying aneroids and correcting our readings of the known heights of Ben More and of Beinn Fhada, which we ascended next, the height of A' Chioch would seem to be close on 2,900 feet—*pace* the contours on the 1-inch sheet. The descent of the north ridge from A' Chioch is steeper than that from Ben More, but it is not such a pronounced ridge and



A' CHIOCH OF BEN MORE (MULL)

A. W. Russell

requires less care. The drop, however, is over 1,000 feet with an easy pull up to Beinn Fhada (2,304 feet), which we reached soon after 4 P.M., disturbing numerous herds of deer in the wonderfully green corries to our right and left. A dry, thirsty day made us seek the lower slopes to find a burn, and thereby break a fairly sound rule—to stick to a ridge for the descent as long as possible in preference to a glen—for it was in the glen or rather the lower slopes of Beinn nan Gabhar that we were confronted by the only real climbing of the day, our further descent being cut off by two converging and practically unclimbable gorges and we had to beat a retreat up the hill of some 200 to 300 feet ere we could continue our descent. We recovered our cycles ere 6 P.M. and had ample time for a pleasant, leisurely ride and tea at Salen ere the “Lochinvar” again arrived.

Another delightful ridge walk, reaching a height of over 2,500 feet and of some 6 or 7 miles, leads from the foot of Glen Forsa to Craignure, and must afford exceptionally fine views the whole way, but this, alas, had to be held over for another visit.

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS, 1856.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES SIMPSON INGLIS IN 1856,
AND EDITED BY J. GALL INGLIS.

(Continued from Vol. XVII., p. 25.)

III. LUNGARD TO THE "NEW CRAIG INN."*

THIS stage of the journey was utterly unintelligible and untraceable for a long time, owing to considerable excisions and condensations in the original MS. From a casual reference in the text, it appears that the travellers had planned their route from Lungard to Craig Inn (in Strath Carron) via the head of Loch Monar—obviously to join there the route to Craig Inn mentioned in "Black's Guide" of the period. The existing narrative makes no reference to any change of plan, yet on reaching the watershed they turned in the opposite direction to Loch Monar, and got completely lost. Another casual remark refers to their having found the maps to be "four miles wrong," apparently just after Lungard, and still another expresses surprise at "the water running the wrong way." There seemed little hope of reconstructing the missing pages containing the particulars, or of tracing the route after the first few miles owing to the exceedingly intricate nature of the country, but ultimately, by lengthy study of the O.S. map, the maps carried on their journey, and some perplexing—and sometimes contradictory—sketch maps made on subsequent visits, and by piecing together scraps of information from various sources, every difficulty was cleared up till near the end of the day, and it became clear that they got lost as the result of other errors in their maps, when trying to follow a different route.

The first hill climbed could only be An Socach (3,503 feet), the western summit of the An Riabhachan range. The maps being "four miles wrong" was explained when the 1856 maps were compared with the O.S. map: the former made the col at the head of Corrie Lungard five or six miles from Lungard; the actual distance is less than two miles! The inexplicable westward turn was solved by a hypothesis of despair that the "shepherd's directions," they were trying to follow, might possibly refer to a different route, instead of merely directing them to Loch Monar, as had naturally been assumed at first. The unintelligible difference of opinion then resolved itself in a mere discussion as to *where* to turn west for the

* Wednesday, 3rd September 1856.

shepherd's route—obviously that by the south side of Lurg Mhor, which is the natural route from Lungard, saving a little distance and needless descent and ascent—and as they were all agreed that Loch Monar lay to the N.N.E., it was clear they had something different in view from their “original plan.” It was also highly probable from their maps, and other information, that they took Loch Muirichinn to be Loch Gead, and Aonach Buidhe to be Lurg Mhor *

The sketch maps show that from An Socach they passed close to the east end of Loch Muirichinn, and along its northern side, and then turned up the An Crom Allt, apparently to the col, from which they proceeded to ascend Am Fhitheach, to find out the lie of the land. After that, it was long before the route could be made out, but ultimately it was traced down the Choire Duibh, to its junction with the river Ling.

The times mentioned in the text in brackets are taken from a note on one of the sketch maps, and were probably written down *en route*, in accordance with the narrator's regular practice.

In the Reconstruction and Notes, the views indicated as seen from the various points are merely “arm-chair” notes from the Ordnance Survey, persistent mist and bad weather in 1924 having frustrated my attempts to give actual descriptions.

Both Lungard and Am Mam are now derelict, and the path on the north side of the river, marked on some maps, is mostly non-existent, and the hillside slow going. The river might be dangerous to ford at Lungard after heavy rains.

ERRATA.—Section II., p. 25, four lines from end, “Loch Lungard” is a *lapsus calami* for “Loch Mullardoch;” and in the Introduction to Section I., An Socach is taken as being identical with “Look-out Hill,” whereas the latter is really another high hill, Am Fhitheach, as was discovered after much investigation, the MS. being very patched and misleading at this point.

Our object was now to cross the range of hills between Glen Cannich and Glen Farrar. [*Reconstructed*—and then make for the head of Loch Monar. Sword (the shepherd), however, told us that it would be easier not to go via Loch Monar: instead, after crossing the range, we should rather, on reaching the river that ran into Loch Gead, turn westwards along it, keeping on the south side of a high hill (Lurg Mhor), till we got round it,

* Verified, since above was written, by the letter quoted at the end.

when we were to turn northwards up the glen, and over a second col into Strath Carron.* He also mentioned that when we reached the col at the head of Corrie Lungard, a fine view would be obtained by climbing the hill just east of it.

We left Lungard at 9 A.M., and expected to take some three hours to reach the head of the glen, as—according to our maps—it was about 6 miles long. In an hour or so, however, after ascending some 1,700 feet, to our bewilderment we found ourselves looking down into a deep glen, in which lay a loch nearly west from where we stood.† It was obvious that this was the far side of the main range, and that there was something wrong with the maps, and the question arose whether this loch was Loch Gead—as was indicated by the maps—and whether they were to be trusted. A prolonged discussion ensued,‡ but as the mountain on the other side of the glen shut out all view of what lay to the north-west, we decided to climb “Sword’s hill” (An Socach), close by, and act on what was seen from the top. *Reconstruction ends*].

After a long climb we reached the top of the range [at noon], and saw into the new hill country on the other side. We admired much the grand view from this point [An Socach, usually known to them as “Dispute Hill”], filled up as it was with huge dark mountains, black precipices, and strange, fantastic-looking peaks all around. Our view extended along a considerable part of the western coast of Inverness and Ross, Skye and the Western Isles being seen in the distance.

After enjoying this scene for some time, we examined

* If Loch Muirichinn was mistaken for Loch Gead, and Aonach Buidhe for Lurg Mhor, this description applies fairly well to the erroneous route followed, and accounts for their surprise at the water running the wrong way.

† This is my recollection of what I saw there in 1882.

‡ Inferred from a long discussion here in 1882; from a note “First Discussion” on a sketch map; and from the long time taken to reach the top. They would not have discussed there if they had already intended to go to the top.

our maps to trace our route. Before us lay a mountain 3,000 feet high [Aonach Buidhe, etc., 2,949 feet], and between us and it lay a valley * . . . nearly due east and west, and not far from the place where we were, we saw the low dividing ridge of ground between them. Our destination that night was a place called the Craig Inn, about 10 miles N.E. from Jeantown on Loch Carron. We were in doubts as to the route we should take. Robertson thought that according to the directions we had received from the shepherd in the morning, we should, after descending into the valley below us, turn to the left, namely in a westerly direction, while I proposed that we should turn to the right, namely in the easterly direction. Wilson had no opinion on the subject, as he had not heard the conversation with the shepherd.

I was busy comparing the maps—which differed from one another, and also from the country before us—and having my confidence in their correctness shaken by the previous experience when they were found to be 4 miles wrong, and was not saying much, when Robertson, becoming impatient, said—

“What are you about? Can't you speak?”

“My opinion is,” said I, “that upon the whole, considering the untrustworthy state of the maps, we should adhere as nearly as possible to the original plan—go down that glen to the right, then cross the water above the loch which we see in the distance †—which I suppose to be Loch Monar ‡—and then climb that high range of hills rising above it.”

* The preceding ten lines replace three pages of the original MS. excised later; they do not join on properly. The “east and west” reference evidently alludes to rivers or lochs, but nothing suitable “not far” from An Socach is identifiable on the O.S.

† Note by Wilson on his sketch map, 1874. “We saw Calavie or Gedd the first time, also the second time.”

‡ Actually Loch Gead, according to the following note by C. S. I. made on An Socach in 1882, after identifying the various features by the newly-issued O.S. map. It is difficult to understand, however, why Loch Monar is not seen, and how Gead is seen over the An Cruachan ridge. I strongly suspect the “Gead” of (2) is really Lochan Gobhlach, the westernmost of the Gead chain of lochs.

“ And my opinion is,” said Robertson, “ that we should do exactly the opposite. We should take that glen to the left for such a distance as will enable us to turn that high hill before us [Aonach Buidhe],* and I have no doubt we will find some burn coming down at right angles to the glen up which we can go, and cross the range at a lower elevation.”

Here an amusing discussion ensued about our maps, our directions, what the shepherd said or did not say, where we were, and what we should now do. †

“ It is a strange thing,” said Wilson, “ that two fellows should, this forenoon, with their maps before them and a shepherd to boot, not only differ entirely in their opinion but even as to the facts of the case, and as to what the shepherd’s directions were ! ”

“ Well,” said I, “ we must decide on something, and as the day is beautifully clear, and as two such opposite opinions cannot be reconciled, I propose that we take a middle course, and instead of going down either one glen or the other, that we take a middle course and climb that mountain before us, and then we will see quite well where we are, and how the glens lie, and be able better to judge what road to take ; at all events we will get a beautiful view, and that would repay our trouble.”

“ Did you ever hear such a proposal ! ” said Wilson and Robertson in one breath ; “ it is just like the man that makes it ! Immediately after ascending one high

* Probably Lurg Mhor, which he mistook for the Sgurr a’ Chaoruinn range, supposing Loch Gead to be Loch Monar. Both he and Robertson mistook Aonach Buidhe for Lurg Mhor, believing Loch Muirichinn to be Loch Gead.

† “ Top of Dispute Hill [An Socach], 16th August 1882 : Facts ascertained after 26 years :—

1. The direct route to Craig Inn over several ranges of hills—straight but not very practicable—as the crow flies.
2. That Loch Gead is not Loch Monar.
3. That Loch Monar cannot be seen from Dispute Hill [An Socach] : at one point Loch Calavie *can*.
4. That the Grammaid [Crom Allt] route does not lead to Craig Inn, but to the ‘ New Craig Inn ’ [the rocky ravine in which they slept out].”

mountain to take us over another that cannot be less than 3,000 feet high! That would be a pretty road to take us, for no end that we can see." [1,900 feet descent, then 1,300 feet of ascent.]

"I did not propose it as the best or the proper road," said I, "but only as a compromise."

"A compromise!" said Wilson. "To propose to climb a 3,000-foot hill is certainly a singular kind of compromise."

"It is the best way of settling the matter," said I.

To this proposal my two companions would by no means agree, Robertson especially.* [A page of the original excised here.]

The hill we were on, though of considerable height, had yet a long continuous slope for a good way, and we decided on going down [left top, 12.30].† On reaching the bottom [2 P.M., 1,900 feet descent], we found that the water had made a mistake, and was flowing from east to west instead of from west to east,‡ as our maps showed

* It is easy to see why Wilson sided with Robertson: (a) The nature of the country in the compass-direction of Craig Inn—First the long ridge of Lurg Mhor (3,200 feet); then behind it and past its eastern shoulder the still higher Sgurr a' Chaoruinn range, stretching unbroken eastwards for miles, while past its western end the 2,800-foot summit of Sgurr na Fiantaig would be seen. Farther west the country was much lower. Keeping east, disregarding the shepherd's advice to turn west, was obviously to entangle themselves among ranges that would have to be crossed at a high elevation. (b) As they were agreed in identifying Loch Gead with Loch Monar, the probability was strongly in favour of the loch west of them being Loch Gead, as the maps indicated, though it was really Loch Muirichinn.

† From what seems to be the oldest of the sketch maps, they appear to have struck the precipitous ground to the south-west of the summit, indicated on the O.S. map, and had to climb up some distance and zigzag about to get clear, hence the long time taken.

‡ This surprise was quite unintelligible until it was found that they mistook Loch Muirichinn for Loch Gead. The sketch map indicates that they passed close to the east end of Loch Muirichinn—which has no feeders at that end, according to the 6-inch O.S.—and kept along its northern side. Now, one of their maps, which was certainly carried on this expedition, originally showed "Loch Gedd" west of the head of Corrie Lungard, and as discharging into

it ought to have done, and doubtless they were right. Here we resolved to go in a westerly direction ["at Lochans, 2.30," evidently Loch Muirichinn], and after a walk of a few miles along a mountain track that ran through the valley, we met two shepherds [2.45 P.M.], but as they were strangers to that part of the country they could give us no information of consequence.

Soon after [3 P.M.] we reached a burn * running into the glen we were in at right angles, and Robertson declared that as there was a track up the burn he had no doubt we were on the right road. I dissented, but stated that the road was now in his hands, and that I would follow him anywhere. Walking up this track, we were not very long in reaching the highest point where the path led to . . . [evidently the col, about 1,560 feet, by the sketch map: a page excised here, and replaced by the last three lines of this paragraph. *Reconstructed*:— [To our disappointment, nothing was visible to the north but the same ridge of Ben Dronnaig we had seen from Dispute Hill, and as we could not tell how far it extended to the west], we ascended a hill † near us to try to discover where we should go next to reach our destination, about the position of which we were uncertain. . . .

[Top of Prospect Hill, † 4 P.M.]. . . . We here stayed

Loch Monar, as it really does. But the original connection with Loch Monar at the east end has been scraped out for about a mile, and "Loch Gedd" made to discharge from its west end into a nameless smaller loch, and thence into the River Ling. The map in "Black's Guide" of the following year (1857) seems to have been altered in accordance with this correction, obviously from information given by this party.

* The An Crom Allt.

† Am Fhitheach, 2,847 feet, by the sketch maps, which indicate a westward and slightly backward turn here, exactly conforming to the easiest route from the col up the steep rocky sides of that hill. They would see all they wanted from the east end of its flat 2,800-foot plateau, and may not have gone to the actual top, one-third mile west, as they reached the "top" at 4 P.M., only an hour after turning into the Crom Allt glen.

‡ Am Fhitheach, more usually known to them as "Look-out Hill."

our progress to admire one of the grandest sights we had ever seen.

Near us were many rugged peaks and precipices, but beyond all these, surpassing all in height and majesty, lay the great ocean of mountains to the northward, rising chain after chain for a distance of from 20 to 30 miles, the mountains of Loch Torridon, Loch Maree, and Loch Broom closing the view. Here there were no smoothly rounded swelling mountains with pleasant dales lying between; no trees, no cultivation, no cottages with blue smoke curling up in the air. There was nothing but nakedness, barrenness, savage desolation; the earth torn and rent into cliffs, and precipices in every direction, and these majestic mountains raising their "thunder-splintered pinnacles" into the clear blue sky. Such a sight awakened indescribable emotions, amid the awful silence that reigned around.

These majestic hills are of great height, most of them being little lower than Ben Nevis,* and this, along with their extraordinary ruggedness and variety of colour, shape, and position, powerfully impressed us. Some of them seemed to have their cliffs overhanging so much that it looked as if they must certainly fall; others as if they had been split from top to bottom; others as if they had been marshalled in battle array, with their threatening wall of precipices turned towards one another. Their variety of colour was also extraordinary, being of every shade—white, blue, red, purple, to deep black—this being caused by the kind and colour of rock and stones that covered their almost perfectly naked sides.

After enjoying this view for some time we began [4.30 P.M.] to descend the hill towards the glen which lay at our feet [the Allt a' Choire Dhuibh], guided partly by our compass as to the northerly course. Our walk down it was through the usual variety of rock, heather, peat moss, and marshy ground: the burn flowing through

* Ben Slioch, and other northern hills, were reputed to be 4,000 feet at that period; in reality, there were no hills to the north of them reaching 3,600 feet.

it would have been a little fortune in London, and as the weather was warm we did not spare it in our draughts. Following its course for some miles, and crossing it at various places with some difficulty, owing to the rocky nature of its banks, we at length arrived at the place where it joined another unknown stream, broader and deeper than itself.* It was a beautiful sequestered spot. Near the banks of the larger burn there had once been a few houses, but they were now deserted, and the sight of them cast an air of melancholy over the beauty of the little grass "haugh" that contrasted so strangely with the universal barrenness that closed it in from the world.

As there was no appearance of the Craig Inn, which Wilson and Robertson expected to find,† we went down the steep bank that led to the waterside through long deep heather that reached nearly to our shoulders, and could not help remarking that this would be the place to lie down in, should we have to camp out all night. After the usual amusing arguments about what road should now be taken, it was agreed to wade the large burn, and climb the range of hills on the other side, in the hope of finding our inn. This we did accordingly [6.30 P.M.], and after making some progress it was agreed that as sunset was fast approaching, I should climb higher up on the ridge, so as to get if possible a sight of what lay beyond, before the light faded.‡

I then left my companions, who followed more leisurely ("Ridge climb," 7 P.M.). After using every exertion,

* Afterwards found to be the River Ling: obviously they waded it three-quarters of a mile lower down.

† Believing Aonach Buidhe to be Lurg Mhor, they supposed they had circumvented the latter hill; and they evidently had expected that the Ling Valley would be Strath Carron, in consequence of taking the Allt a' Choire Dhuibh to be the river shown on their map as running northwards towards Craig from the very locality where they supposed themselves to be with respect to "Loch Gedd" (see map).

‡ The date was Wednesday, 3rd September 1856, and sunset would be about 7 P.M. Dark clouds must have come up, as, the evening before, they had tolerable visibility up till half-past seven or a quarter to eight.

I only got up in time to see dimly, but with sufficient certainty, that there was a part of the mountain sloping downwards to what there could be little doubt was the head of a glen.* I observed also, about half a mile off, a slight appearance of a mountain track. ["Finding Junction," 7.30 P.M.] Having been so far satisfied, I turned to rejoin my companions. This was not an easy task; the ground was rough, full of deep depressions, and difficult to walk on in the fast-increasing darkness. Soon it became perfectly dark, and I had to walk on in the same direction by guess. By and by, thinking that I would surely now be drawing near my companions, I called out but received no answer. I whistled again and again, while walking onwards, and then paused for an answer, but could hear nothing but the trickling of some little rill in that vast solitude. It was inexpressibly dreary and eerie: "Can it be," thought I, "that my companions have taken some other direction and lost themselves, or can the echoes of the whistle among the hills have deceived them?"

With some anxiety I descended the mountain side, shouting and whistling, and at last was much relieved on hearing something like a faint reply through the darkness. To this I replied but got no answer, and I could not help being anxious lest something might have happened, but in a little while I was relieved by hearing voices approaching. In a short time my companions ascended from below: they had only heard my signals once or twice, and the reason appeared to be that when they were in the deep hollows they heard nothing, and only when on the top of a ridge had they heard me calling to them.†

* The actual route is doubtful, but they evidently crossed either the col north-east of Carn Geur-Aodainn, or that $\frac{3}{4}$ mile further to the north-east, which perhaps fits the later times and incidents better. The sleeping place was almost certainly on the rocky north-west face of Carn Geur-Aodainn. The many factors to be taken into account will be dealt with in the next section.

† From this it is clear that they were climbing diagonally up the slope, a point of some importance in tracing their probable route.

After some consultation, we descended the hillside in the direction I proposed, and when we came to the head of a burn that ran between the hills we put our hands in the water to ascertain if it was running in the direction we proposed to go. [Watershed, 8 P.M.] Finding that it was, we concluded that we had got past the watershed, and that we were certainly on the road to—somewhere! Where the Craig Inn would prove to be, we had not the slightest idea. Crossing the burn and stumbling on in the darkness, we lighted on the little mountain path I had seen, which, rough as it was, still served from its different colour to guide us through the dark heather and marshy ground. Proceeding onward for some miles, we began to get a little hungry, for we had eaten nothing all day but one hard biscuit—which required to be so thoroughly macadamised before passing down our throats that the exertion was quite fatiguing—and we had recourse to some dried prunes, which were very refreshing. It was now past 9 o'clock, more than two hours after sunset—as we knew by feeling on the hands of our watches—and it was very dark. Some time before we had caught a glimpse of light shining on water at a great distance, but whether it was river, loch, or sea, we could not tell.* We were proceeding at a tolerable pace, talking and laughing at our day's perplexities, when all at once our shadow of a road disappeared! As long as it had passed through dark moss and heather it was possible to follow it, but when it came on ground covered with stones and having the same colour as the path itself, it could no longer be distinguished.

We then proceeded for some time at random, and having got over the part of the hillside that was covered with stones, we again found our feet on the heather. I happened to be about 2 yards in advance of my companions, and was peering into the darkness when

* Found to be Loch Carron, next morning. This seems to make it certain that they were proceeding in a south-westerly direction and at a high elevation; had they been going northwards they would have had their backs to it, and so far as can be judged from the O.S. map, they would require to be some 1,500 feet up to oversee the hills flanking the loch.

I saw something before me slightly different in colour from the blackness around. Stopping suddenly, I said, "Take care; walk cautiously here," and we all stood abreast, but could not make out the nature of the object before us.

Lifting a stone, I threw it about 2 feet before us, and down, down it went for two or three seconds without noise; then it struck hard and sharp, bounding among the rocks at the bottom. We were near the edge of a precipice 100 feet deep! A step or two more and we would have been over. Turning back gratefully from this place of danger, we went higher up the hill and then went in the former direction cautiously, and it was well we did so, for we soon came upon another precipice which seemed a continuation of the first. We tried several places with the same result, and found that we were fairly involved among the precipices, and as this was dangerous work in the dark, nothing remained but to camp out.

The next thing was to find a proper place not exposed to the wind. Guessing that we might come upon one of the deep ravines that run down the sides of some hills, and that higher up it would probably be shallower and not so precipitous, I was dispatched to try the nature of the edge and what it led to. Creeping cautiously forward and feeling my way, I put my foot over the edge and found footing on a small bank of grass. This was encouraging and, cautiously letting myself down step after step, I got to the bottom and found that the ravine was not more than 10 or 12 feet deep, and that there were a few rocks and steep sloping banks on each side and a small burn running down between. Into this hollow we went, took off our wet stockings and shoes, put on all our dry stockings one over the other, and slippers above all, then folded our plaids so as to cover us as well as possible, and put on our waterproof cloaks.

To eat was the next object, and merry enough we were over our meal, for it was but brief. We made a desperate attack on these hard biscuits, but they would not go down, so we consigned them again to our pockets and began to prepare for our night's rest. As the nature of the ground

and the darkness did not permit us to search far, I was sent to see if a place could be got capable of holding three men lying close together. Creeping down the ravine on my hands and knees, I tried a good many places without success, some being broad enough but not long enough, others too narrow, which would admit only of one person lying on them without tumbling out of bed. These places I had to experiment upon by lying down and stretching my arms and my legs to ascertain the utmost extent of the level ground. At last I found a place which seemed likely to answer. The bank rose steeply above it, and would accommodate us pretty well if we lay together on our edges. Hailing my companions, they came down the ravine and we lay down to rest, the hollow sheltering us from the wind.

It was with a singular mixture of feelings that we lay down to rest ; the danger escaped, the unknown nature of the ground in our neighbourhood, the blackness of the night, the loneliness and silence of the mountain-side, only broken by the solitary cry of the night bird and the murmuring voices of the innumerable little rills that ran down to the deep valley 2,000 feet below us, with the plaintive "soughing" of the night breeze among the heather, gave rise to those solemn thoughts that can only be felt under such circumstances.

We slept on the whole well and comfortably, only rousing up a little when one turned himself or shifted his position. A few drops of rain also, about 1 o'clock in the morning, awakened us, but the cloud passed away and we slept again. We awoke in the morning about half-past four, but lay still until the first faint streak of day began to dispel the darkness. I found that in the course of the night I had been shifted considerably from the position in which I lay down. Wilson had been farthest up, Robertson in the middle, and myself lowest down, and whenever they moved I was pushed gradually a little farther down until I was fairly at the foot of the bed with my legs dangling over the bank : this was most ungenerous treatment after my painstaking search, but what can one expect—are not the benefactors of the human race always treated thus !

When we could see about us a little we started up, made a hasty toilet, and felt quite refreshed and invigorated. Sleep had been both meat and drink to us, and buckling our belts pretty tightly round our waists to keep hunger from coming on, we prepared to resume our journey. On looking at the character of the country about us, broken up by precipices and gullies, we saw that it would have been perfectly impracticable to have prosecuted our journey after nightfall. The path was difficult enough to find by daylight: it appeared and disappeared in the most capricious manner: sometimes was to be seen a good way up the hillside, and at other times approached within a few yards of a precipitous bank, or crossed a ravine where the only footing was a narrow ledging about 3 inches broad, and wound in and out among the rocks in a very singular manner. The craggy appearance of the place, including our resting-place—below which the ground made a sudden descent of about 50 feet—made us denominate it "The New Craig Inn."

LETTER FROM ROBERT INGLIS ("Robertson"), August 1860.

"Wednesday (18th August) we went along the shores of Loch Monar, 6 miles, and had difficulty in getting across, but at last an old man and girl ferried us over. Contradictory directions gave us some trouble and much hard work, so it was about 2 or 3 o'clock when we came in sight of our old lakes Gedd, etc., where we had, we supposed, been, but everything was different; we recognised nothing—the country was like a new one. Charles was as much put out as William and I, and about 4 o'clock we reached a point where we should turn to the right up our hill to the Look-out [Hill, Am Fhitheach], but the conditions were such as made us hesitate to go anywhere. Charles and I climbed a hill, but in vain; we had no idea where we were. . . . We spied a cottage and made for it, when to our amazement the hills, lochs, etc., were entirely different from what we supposed, and we now found we had never been there before. [The cottage was Maol Buidhe, near L. Cruoshie.]

"The shepherd's wife put us up fairly, and we got up on Thursday, believing we had now found the right way to Look-out Hill. After spending the rest of the day among the hills, which were a good deal in the mist, we at last at 5 o'clock arrived at the conclusion that Look-out Hill was not there at all, but at a totally different part of the country. We arrived at Jeantown in the evening—but with the object of our journey yet unsolved, Charles's and my ideas being both entirely wrong."

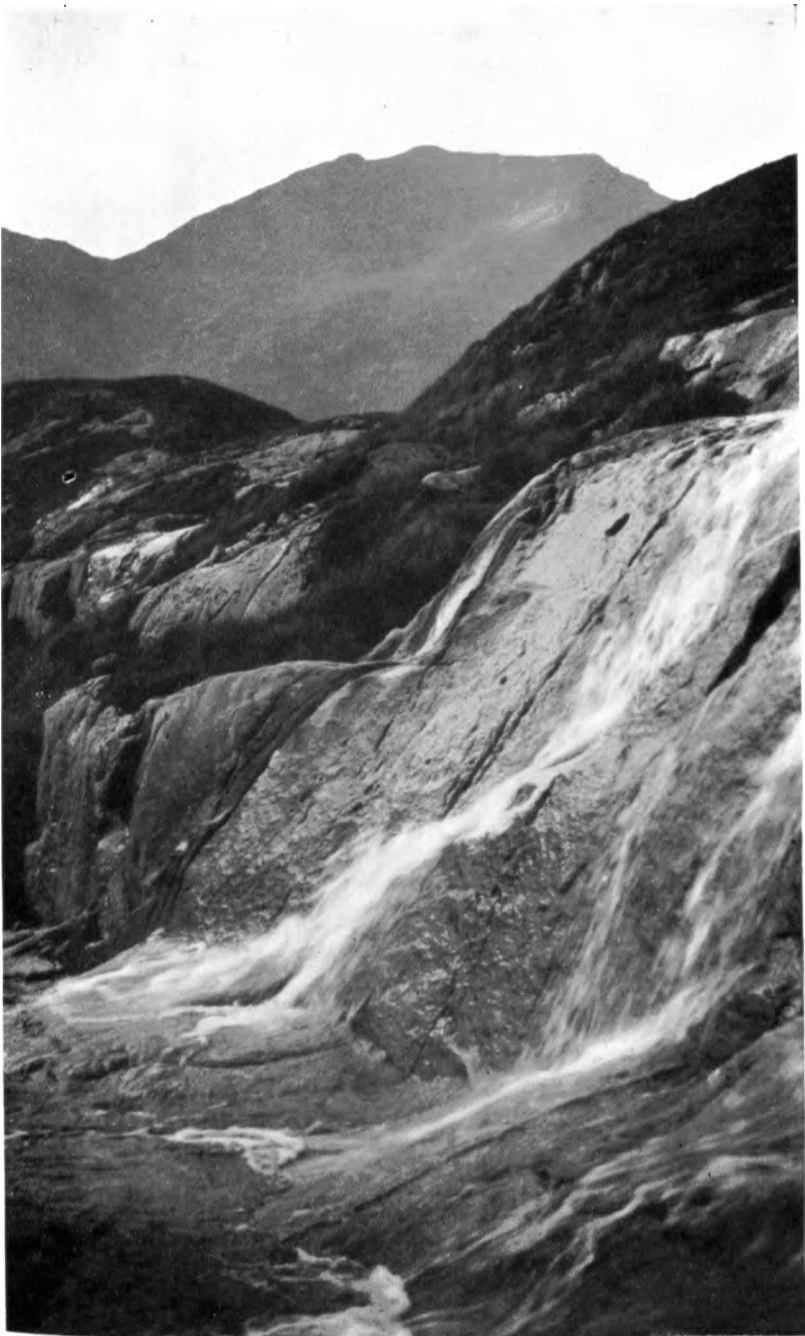
STOB GHABHAR.

THREE of the party were staying at the roadman's cottage at Bridge of Orchy, the Big Man, the Little Man, and the writer. The Cartographer was staying at Tyndrum; it was pleasant to lie in bed and think of him getting up to join us. He did so at a remarkably early hour, and transported the party in his car from Bridge of Orchy to the school in Glen Dochard, by the road from Victoria Lodge. It had been raining and the outlook was unpromising. However, it was decided to carry through the plan as far as conditions would permit. Later events showed the wisdom of making as determined an effort as possible however bad the weather may look at the outset.

On arrival at the little iron building, it was found that the rain had ceased and that the weather prospects were looking more promising for the nonce. The car was turned ready for the homeward journey, and a wheel changed as necessitated by an intrusive nail. This made the start a little later than had been contemplated, and in consequence the Little Man and the Cartographer set off at a good pace, with the Big Man and the writer toiling behind. After the party had gone some way up the old road towards Ben Toaig, it was thought advisable to make over towards Stob Ghabhar, which it was proposed to approach by the Aonach Eagach.

When the party reached the plateau from which the ridge rises, the rocky bluff at the easterly end of the ridge looked very tempting and the party diverged from the intended route accordingly. Though no continuous climbing is afforded, some rocky outcrops give a few scrambles, and this way to the top of the ridge can be recommended as being more interesting than that previously selected, namely, slanting up the ridge and gaining the top some distance nearer Stob Ghabhar.

Soon the summit of the ridge was reached and frosty conditions were encountered; there was some wind blow-



E. C. Thomson

STOB GHABHAR FROM BELOW THE LOCHAIN

ing up snow, but it was dry and cold. Lower down it must have begun to rain fairly heavily, and we were lucky to have reached the region of frost before the rain commenced.

Thoughts of food formed in one's mind.

Solo : What about some grub ?

Chorus : Fine !

So a sheltered spot was found and argued about and rations produced.

Every one will admit that the keeping of records add greatly to the value of a holiday, reviving memories afterwards and providing useful information for future expeditions. Unfortunately, this excellent habit is attended with several practical difficulties in the field. This particular party had found the difficulty very great and had been forced to find some solution of the problem. The hinge of the whole trouble is the fact that if all members of the party experience discomfort in the making and recording of observations, they will agree to discard them and to trust to memory in moments of stress. Further, if the work is left to one unaided, sooner or later, according to the virtue that lieth in him, will trouble arise.

The solution is as follows. One member is to be free from all the discomforts of making or recording observations, and at the same time is to be responsible for the collecting of information by the others. For obvious reasons this is the Big Man's duty. The various discomforts are then divided among the other members of the party. The scheme works out something after this fashion.

The Big Man assumes a threatening attitude.

B. M. (to C.) : What's the height ?

C. (hurriedly) : 2,800 feet.

B. M. (to W.) : What's the time ?

W. (hastily) : 11.10 A.M.

B. M. (to L. M.) : There, now, write it down.

Second breakfast, 2,800 feet, 11.10-11.25 ; freezing, wind and snow.

L. M. complies at once.

After a short meal in the lee of a boulder the way led along the ridge westwards, and as it is not steep good progress was made. The narrow part of the ridge that gives it its name, was on this occasion formed into a snow crest, which, though sharp and airy, afforded an easier passage than is usually found there, when the rocky edge may require care. Under the tutelage of the Little Man the party crossed quickly and soon were at the col immediately below the final cone of Stob Ghabhar.

From here the intention was to descend on the Coire Ba, or northern side, for some distance, and then to traverse to the foot of the Upper Couloir. Owing to the good condition of the snow, the cornice was easily broken down and the steep slope descended. It was a great relief to get out of the wind, which had become very penetrating, and to find oneself in still air again: the shelter gave an impression almost of warmth in spite of the frost. There was a good deal of mist in the little corrie and the party descended until it was thought that the correct level had been reached. Thence a traverse was made to the left across a slope of some steepness below the rocks. This slope is one of the steepest that one may find in these parts and, if hard, will require care and a fair amount of cutting. However, on this occasion the snow was such as to enable the party to traverse across quickly, and the leader was very pleased to find that the traverse led just below the foot of the rocks forming the true right wall of the Couloir.

All the members of the party had made previous attempts on the Couloir, but on two occasions conditions were so bad that it was quite impossible to make anything of it. This time hopes ran high, for conditions were dry and frosty; on the previous unsuccessful attempts everything had been wet and dripping, and it was the appalling discomfort of this as much as actual difficulty that foiled the parties. One cannot face an hour's immersion in a cold bath in winter with equanimity, particularly if it comes on top of some hours' walking in wind and rain.

Just as the party rounded the lower rocks of the Couloir they were surprised to see an avalanche of new, dry snow rushing down from above. The surprise was mingled with anxiety, as the slope was not of such steepness as to give rise to an avalanche, and doubts were felt as to the possibility of the leader being able to work up the Upper Pitch if subjected to such rushes of snow. However, as the snow was light and dry and not heavy and sodden, it was felt that probably the effect, though unpleasant and requiring care, would not be prohibitive.

This condition was new to all members of the party. Apparently dry and powdery new snow collected on the icy rocks, and either starting spontaneously or disturbed by the gusty wind, flowed in large quantities into the Couloir, and then followed the bed of the gully, collecting any loose snow lying there. Every one was very much impressed by the frequency and duration of the rushes; the slabby rocks and the gully acted like the bowl and stem of a funnel, collecting large quantities of snow. The powdery nature of the snow rendered it innocuous, something like a very heavy shower bath. Presumably, if wet, the snow would not have avalanched.

The Cartographer started off in the lead and soon was becoming familiar with the intricacies of the first pitch. This consists of a snow slope that turns to ice of some steepness running up to two jammed blocks. It is through the V between these that the leader must climb. The Cartographer was working along nicely, and was just getting his head above the V, when he hastily retired—somewhat to the surprise of the writer who was in immediate support. His surprise did not last long, for the whole world disappeared in a whirl of white, taking away his breath and making him cling closely to the holds available. After a short time things grew clearer and the attempt was renewed. Again the same thing happened, but this time the first two were relieved to know from the turmoil below that the others were receiving their share. When the rush was over, the writer looked down on two white and ghostly figures below him, vigorously gesticulating.

It was now patent that there would not be time for the leader, between consecutive avalanches, to work his way up past the jammed blocks, if he had to cut the necessary hand and foot-holds. It was resolved to resort to combined tactics. The Big Man came up to safeguard the party, and the leader and second man climbed up as far as possible on the existing steps. Here the second was fixed securely and the leader stepped on to his shoulders. The scheme was then for the leader to step on to his head and so to get between the blocks with a minimum of cutting and a maximum of celerity. Something seemed to go wrong with the scheme, for the writer, with his face firmly wedged into a convenient step, felt the weight on his shoulder growing heavier to the accompaniment of wriggles and muffled grunts. A rush of snow and heated explanation revealed the fact that the leader had just got his head above the V, when another avalanche had piled up over his face and run down his back. He got rid of the snow by throwing it down on to the Little Man's head, and by some rapid work managed to get established above the obstacle before the next rush of snow.

The others soon followed, using the rope in lieu of each other, and foregathered on the easier ground. The going was now straightforward up to the second or Upper Pitch, which is the one that gives most of the trouble. The party moved up quickly, for every one was anxious to see how the rushes of snow would affect it.

The pitch appeared to offer the usual problem, and the route adopted was as follows:—The lower approach was climbed on the left (looking up), then a slanting traverse made to the right, fairly steep, to a corner where a rest may be had, particularly when there is little ice, and finally a steep upward traverse to the left which appears to be the crux of the pitch.

The first part of the work was shared by the Cartographer and the writer, one cutting while the other rid himself of the snow accumulated on the lower pitch. The Cartographer took the lead at the first traverse and worked diagonally upwards; on the steeper parts



LOCH TULLA AND STOB GHABHAR

Rev. A. E. Robertson

he was closely backed up by the second man. Up to the corner progress was made steadily and the leader reached a place of comparative comfort from which to survey the next step. The traverse out from here was difficult, between an impossibly steep boss of ice and rock that made the ice thin and useless without providing any hold in return. One or two unsuccessful attempts were made, and after a delicate moment which he handled very skilfully, the Cartographer retired to the corner again. Finally the traverse was attempted a little lower, and the steep part taken direct. This venture was successful, and the leader established himself on the névé above further difficulty. The second was soon up and the rope sent down for the others.

The Little Man came up next, and being, as he said, "a good hand with a spoon," he had no trouble in excavating the steps of the leader that had been filled up by the repeated rushes of snow. The time that the Big Man kept the others waiting in the cold was in inverse proportion to his bulk, a very desirable result of his efforts.

All difficulty was now over and the summit was soon reached. The cold was too intense to permit of any halt there, and a course was immediately made for the col from which the descent had previously been made. The writer was the first to reach it and followed along the cornice to discover the break. No sign of interference could be found, although the whole party lent their aid, and the position of the col had been determined. It was the Little Man that eventually found the place of descent by craning over the edge. Every one was astonished to find that in a space of not more than two and a half hours the cornice, which had been completely broken down by the passage of four climbers, had fully restored itself; so much so that even those who were searching for traces of a break could find nothing. The wind was blowing from south-east to north-west, and the cornice had been built up overhanging the north-west slopes. There was a certain amount of snow falling, and this, mingled with that which the wind was blowing

along the ground, dry and powdery. The upper surface of the cornice was flat and almost level, at the edge of a slightly-rounded ridge that fell away sharply on the side over which the cornice was hanging. It was a remarkable instance of the speed with which a suitable wind with dry snow can succeed in forming a cornice of some considerable size. The cornice formed with the wind.

Lunch was eaten under the overhang quite out of all the turmoil that was blowing above, in comparative warmth and shelter. It was intended to glissade down to the lochan and to traverse along to the col between Ben Toaig and Stob Ghabhar. The glissade, which under good conditions is as fine as one can have, right down to the lochan in one fell swoop, was disappointing. The snow was not in good condition for glissading, and it was only by a judicious selection of a route that a series of runs could be found to take the party to the foot of the slope.

At the lower levels some rain, fortunately less heavy than appeared to have been falling all day, was encountered, and the passage of the col and down the old road to the waiting car was less pleasant than it would otherwise have been. However, for four men after a good climb that had long been the object of ambition, the elements could not damp the glow of comradely satisfaction in a first-class day to which all had contributed their share.

A. J. R.

In Memoriam.

BENJAMIN NEEVE PEACH, LL.D., F.R.S.

WITH the death of Dr Peach, there has passed away a great Scottish geologist and a man of arresting personality, who had been for long a prominent figure in the Edinburgh scientific world.

Born in 1842, young Peach received his scientific training at the Royal School of Mines, and, under the auspices of Sir Roderick Murchison, joined the Staff of the Geological Survey in 1862.

A keen observer, and gifted with an intuitive faculty, almost amounting to genius, in the interpretation of geological structure, he soon made his mark in his profession, and early in his career reached that dominant position in Scottish geology which he occupied for so many years.

Peach's reputation as a geologist will always rest largely upon the work, carried on in close collaboration with his colleague, John Horne, of solving the difficult problems presented by the structure of the North-West Highlands; and the hills of Durness, Assynt and Loch Maree became, after the publication of the results of their labours, a classic region, visited by most of the leading geologists of the world.

Unlike many scientific men whose interests are apt to be limited to their own particular study, Peach had a wide outlook on life. A born naturalist, he had an intimate acquaintance with the beast, bird, and plant-life of the country, and was also, in another field, a lover of all that is best in art, music, and literature.

Peach became a member of the S.M.C. in 1890, and in 1921 was elected to an Honorary Membership. He never, as far as I am aware, attended any of the official gatherings of the Club, but few of its members can have been greater lovers of the hills, or have possessed a wider knowledge of the wilder parts of Scotland, from the coasts of Sutherland and Caithness to the Southern Uplands and the Solway Firth.

In Vol. I. of the *Journal* will be found a sketch of

Suilven, the only contribution made by Peach to its pages, but an illuminative paper on the "Geological Features of the Scottish Mountains," written in conjunction with Dr Horne, forms the opening chapter in the General Volume (I.) of the "Mountaineering Club Guide."

LIONEL W. HINXMAN.

T. R. MARSHALL.

THE news of T. R. Marshall's death following an attack of pneumonia came as a great shock to his friends.

He joined the Club in 1912 and was always a keen attender of its Meets and other functions. He had served his apprenticeship in many climbs in the Argyllshire and Perthshire hills, and also had spent several climbing holidays in Skye.

Possessed of a knowledge of snow and rock climbing gained by very considerable experience, he was always a great acquisition to any climbing party.

He had a great love of the country: the woods, the rivers, the lochs, but especially the moors and hills had a strong attraction for him. Fishing a hill loch or its tributary burns, tramping over moors at any season and in any weather, or climbing on rocks or in snow was always a source of delight. His love and knowledge of bird, beast, and fish made him an interesting companion; his sincerity, his unselfishness, his modesty, and his never-failing good nature made him one of the most rewarding of friends.

His keenness was a great source of inspiration to others, and some of the younger men in the Club will remember with gratitude the debt they owe to him in directing their energies towards mountaineering.

Those of us who were privileged to know him most intimately realise to the full the great loss we have suffered.

He leaves a widow and a little boy. To them and to the other members of his family circle we should like to extend the sympathy of the Club in their irreparable loss.

R. C. P.

J. C.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL
MEETING.

THE first meeting to take place under Mr J. A. PARKER'S presidency was held in Glasgow on Friday, 4th December 1925. The proceedings were opened by the customary reception and afternoon tea for the Club's friends, given in the Athenæum in Buchanan Street. It was, as usual, quite a popular function, and was attended by not only the Glasgow members but by several who came from the Midlands and from as far north as Aberdeen. The Rev. Mr A. E. Robertson gave the assembled audience a real treat by a demonstration of most excellent photographic slides mostly taken by himself, on, first of all, a visit to Ben Lui and the neighbourhood of Achallader. Of this latter mountain he had some very excellent views obtained from the Cladaich Wood which, the Club hopes, by persuasion or otherwise, to acquire for their collection. After describing and illustrating the charm and beauty of this district, Mr Robertson passed on to some experiences in the neighbourhood of Glen Morrision embellished with his inimitable Highland stories taken direct from their sources, and sparkling with his own delectable species of humour, all of which was greatly appreciated by his large and attentive audience. He described and illustrated a visit to the cave in which Prince Charlie is said to have passed three or four days in the month of June. I do not mean last June! Mr Robertson's photographs were taken in May, and it was surprising to see that even so late in the season large quantities of snow were lying not only in the crannies of the hills but low down on the ground surrounding the cave, and one can only hope that the royal visitor was favoured with weather more suitable for sleeping out of doors than is ordinarily the case in that

district. Mr Robertson even drew attention to the fact that the cave was supplied with a spring mattress, this however not being of the class particularly conducive to a refreshing night but more to ensuring the plentiful supply of fresh water at any time, night or day. Mr Solly, in a few words, expressed the grateful thanks of the audience to Mr Robertson for his kindly offices, and the audience dispersed, some to prepare for the Annual General Meeting, which was held in a room in the St Enoch's Station Hotel, and others for a really decent tea at home.

It is to be deplored that the fixed date of our Annual General Meeting clashes with that of the Academical Club, and as our meeting in Glasgow is merely bi-annual, we naturally have to give way to the annual fixture, and this prevents us from securing the only suitable dining hall in Glasgow sufficiently large to accommodate our numbers. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to alter our date, we have to be content with dinner at Ferguson & Forrester's Restaurant, which is somewhere down in the bowels of the earth below Buchanan Street, or to move so far out of the centre of the city as to cause severe distress to those members who wish to catch the last train home. The Club is in hopes that Messrs A. Arthur and J. C. Thomson, whoso satisfactorily arranged and carried through the programme of this year's functions, will be able in the future to find some way of surmounting this difficulty, either by the squaring of the officials of the Academical Club, or by the discovery of other more suitable premises than F. & F.'s.

But to return to the Annual General Meeting, where the Chair was taken by Mr Parker. It was at first sparsely attended by a few gentlemen whose appearance gave the impression that they were, as they must have been, quick change artists. Later on, by the time the meeting was halfway through, all the chairs were occupied, some of them even two deep, particularly following the arrival of some of the Edinburgh officials who had motored through specially, and had had some difficulty with a pernicious brand of Glasgow fog.

After the SECRETARY had read the minutes of the last

meeting held in Edinburgh, and they had been approved and signed, the Honorary Treasurer, Mr HARRY MACROBERT, delivered himself of an elucidation of the accounts issued with the notice of meeting, and in guarded terms expressed himself as satisfied with the financial condition of the time ; his economical nature caused him to draw special attention to the fact that a much larger sum than usual had been expended on furnishings. That this was caused by generous persons who presented the Club with valuable works of Art which the Committee felt necessitated the outlay of funds to prevent the ravages of misguided inspection and enthusiasm. He instanced the case of Mr Priestman's gift of a relief map of the Cuillin Hills, for which a special plate-glass case and table had been procured. The map is now in the place of honour in the Club Room, and is a possession of which the Club may be justly proud.

Mr MacRobert explained that otherwise the actual running costs were slightly reduced, and the Commutation Fund had increased, several members having commuted their subscriptions, thus enabling the contribution per member to be brought up to the sum of £6. 0s. 10d. per head. It is interesting to note that at this date the Club membership amounted to 226, 113 of whom were life members.

The surplus funds of the Club had been invested in Conversion Stocks, and he was making arrangements for the transfer of the Australian Government Stock from the names of the Trustees to those of the Club's Bankers, to enable the two investments to be held under the same category.

He said that he was pleased to be able to intimate that there were no subscriptions in arrear, and that the present position of the Guide Book Fund showed a credit balance of over £60 : the Cairngorm section, which would be the next for publication, would probably cost the Club upwards of £120, so that he must remind the meeting that it was their duty to consider what steps were to be taken to arrange for the financing of this publication. Later on in the proceedings, when this question came up

for discussion, it was agreed on a motion by Mr GARDEN, seconded by Mr MACKAY, that the Committee be instructed to proceed with the publication of the remainder of the Guide Book, and that should the funds in hand be insufficient to meet the estimated cost, they be authorised to establish a guarantee fund by inviting the members to become guarantors.

The approval of the Club accounts was moved by Messrs LING and A. W. RUSSELL, combined with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr MacRobert, which was passed with acclamation.

The Secretary then submitted to the meeting his report for the year, in which he pointed out that the membership list at the commencement of the season contained 5 honorary members, 21 original members, and 195 ordinary members. During the year the Club had lost, through the death of Sir James H. Ramsay and James Maclay, 1 honorary, and 1 ordinary member, and had added, as the result of the November ballot, 7 new members, bringing the present numbers up to 226, the highest yet recorded in the Club's history.

He referred particularly to the foundation of a new kindred society, named the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland, which had for its ostensible purpose the qualification of candidates for the ranks of the S.M.C. He said that he hoped the Senior Club would extend a hearty welcome to this junior society, and explained that while it was difficult to foretell how great the influence of this body of younger men might prove, it seemed almost inevitable that it would have the result of stiffening our own qualifications, thereby raising the standard to a competence far in excess of that of any other similar society.

He also referred to the new departure which had been made in the decision of the Committee to adopt Mr C. W. Walker's motion for some external mark of membership, and drew attention of the meeting to a Club Tie and Badge Button, which were passed round by the President for the examination of the meeting.

He referred to the success of the season's Meets—one held at Loch Awe at New Year, and the other at Fort

William at Easter time—both of which were exceptionally well attended, and he stated that the most sensational of all the year's activities had been the remarkably generous suggestion of the Club's good friend and ex-President, Dr Inglis Clark, who had given him to understand that provided he was satisfied of the Club's unanimous acceptance, he would be prepared to offer to finance the erection of a Climbers' Hut, somewhat on the Alpine model, on a site beside the upper waters of the Allt a' Mhuilinn in Coire Leis. He stated that, following on considerable correspondence, he was inclined to the opinion that provided that the Club undertake to restrict this hut for their own exclusive use, to see that it is out of sight of the general public, and that it is maintained in decent order, the owners of the ground would be prepared to meet us on friendly terms, and that the proposal might eventually go through with success.

He again referred to the kindly invitations received from the kindred societies in England, and stated that the S.M.C. had been represented at the Fell and Rock Climbing Club at Coniston by Mr St Clair Bartholomew, that Mr Scott had gone to the Yorkshire Ramblers' gathering in Leeds, and that Mr Alexander Harrison had attended the Annual Dinner of the Rucksack Club at Manchester, all expressing themselves delighted with the kindly reception and expression of friendliness of these societies.

At the close of this report Mr RUTHERFORD moved, and Mr HARRY MACROBERT seconded, a motion that they convey to Dr Inglis Clark their great appreciation of his most generous offer expressing their acceptance and willingness to co-operate with him in doing all that was possible towards the consummation of his project. This was unanimously accepted, and on the motion of Mr LING, seconded by Mr ALEXANDER, it was remitted to the Committee to carry forward the proposal.

The Hon. Editor, Mr GREEN, reporting upon the *Journal*, applied to every member of the Club to assist in contributing articles for publication. He explained that pure climbing was not the only possible subject, but that he was prepared to accept any article likely to be

of interest to the mountaineering fraternity. He warned the meeting that they could not always expect to receive such a high standard of publication as No. 100, which had cost a great deal more than he had anticipated, and that to make up for this lavishness they must do their best to be contented with a somewhat less ambitious issue in April. He did not wish to take upon himself the responsibility of setting aside a proportion of his publication for the purpose of chronicling the doings of the junior society, although he was distinctly in favour of this being done for the reason that the junior society was a rapidly growing concern, and that its members might reasonably be expected to expend a proportion of their hard earned savings on the purchase of his publication, and that consequently it would be a bad business move were he to do anything that would prevent the selling of an additional fifty copies, especially if he were to receive material for inclusion free of charge. Some discussion upon this question followed. Mr Rusk explained to the meeting the aims of the Junior Mountaineering Club, and the meeting in general expressed its approval of the existence of the junior bodies, Mr Solly suggesting that the S.M.C. be prepared to grant affiliation to the junior Club provided they thought it advisable to apply for that somewhat nebulous distinction.

Mr HUTCHISON moved, and Mr GLOVER seconded the motion, agreeing that the Editor be authorised to include in the *S.M.C. Journal* contributions from the J.M.C.S., it being left to the Editor's discretion as to the amount of space and the nature of the articles to be accepted. Mr Green received a hearty vote of thanks for the work done by him, and the congratulations of the meeting upon the success of his 100th number.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr MURRAY LAWSON, reported upon the condition of the Club-Room Library and Slides. He said that he did not believe that the Club realised what a valuable collection of books they had at their command, and that he felt it was necessary at this time to undertake the work of compiling a complete catalogue of the Library. He said that he had no intention of doing this himself, it being much too extensive a job to undertake single-

handed, and certainly one which would occupy a great deal more time than he was prepared to sacrifice. He explained, however, that he would be able to obtain the assistance of a professional, and asked the permission of the Club to go further into the matter and see what could be done to put the Library in good order. After a short discussion, the meeting instructed him to go further into the question of a complete catalogue, and granted him powers to go ahead after consultation with the other members of the Club-Room Committee. The thanks of the meeting were accorded to Mr Lawson for his work.

No counter proposal having been made to the Committee's suggestion that Messrs William Douglas and George Glover be appointed Vice-Presidents in place of Messrs Meares and Russell who retire by rotation, these gentlemen were appointed. Mr Percy Donald, who had acted as temporary custodian of slides, was permanently appointed to that position in place of Mr E. C. Thomson, who had removed to Glasgow, and Messrs Percy Donald, J. Harrison, J. S. M. Jack, and A. J. Rusk were appointed to the vacancies in the Committee caused by the retirement of Messrs Allan Arthur, F. Greig, W. A. Morrison, and Alex. Harrison. The other office-bearers, members of committee, and trustees of the Club funds were re-elected.

After this usual business was disposed of, Dr LEVACK rose and asked the Club to approve the erection of a mountain indicator on the summit of Ben Nevis at an estimated cost of £80, and that the Committee be authorised to invite subscriptions from the members of the Club for that amount, and when it is received to arrange for the indicator to be erected, if possible, during the summer of 1926 ; any surplus funds being transferred to the Guide Book Fund. Considerable discussion followed upon Dr Levack's motion, but, with the exception of a letter from Mr Unna in London, not a voice was raised in opposition, and the discussion took more the form of a friendly wrangle over ways and means than a debate upon the advisability of the scheme. Unfortunately, the time allotted for the business meeting was fast running out, and members were beginning to exhibit some signs

of restlessness when Dr Levack's motion, supported by Messrs SOLLY and A. E. ROBERTSON, was put to the vote and carried.

The Committee had recommended the holding of the Easter Meeting (1927) at Ballachulish, and this was accepted by the meeting without question; their recommendation, however, of the New Year's Meet being held at Inversnaid fell through, due to a report from the hotel that their accommodation was insufficient to cope with a medium attendance, and on the motion of Messrs GALL INGLIS and HUTCHISON, the meeting hurriedly accepted the suggestion of Arrochar, giving the Secretary the necessary instructions for arrangements. In an already dwindling meeting Mr ALEX. HARRISON made a report upon the Special Committee's endeavour to choose a suitable Club tie and badge, and explained how this had been done after a great deal of patient labour and examination of various different designs. Afterwards the Committee had gone fully into the Special Committee's report, the tie and button which had already been examined by the meeting in detail were now proposed as the outward signs of Club membership. He asked the approval of the meeting and their adoption of the tie and button, and every one being so anxious to get the meeting over and away to dinner, and having apparently complete confidence in the artistic taste and discretion of the Committee, accepted the proposal and carried the adoption without a single contrary vote.

The Secretary is understood to have made a report on the Committee's consideration of the question of reducing the subscriptions of members resident abroad, but as the room was by this time practically empty, and as the report merely stated that there were not sufficient members resident abroad to make it worth while to consider the question at all, it may be taken that the meeting had adjourned with the acceptance of what the Secretary had said.

The dinner, which was held at Ferguson & Forrester's Restaurant, necessitated the perilous passage of Argyle Street. It was, nevertheless, very well attended, there being close upon eighty present. The Dinner Committee are

to be congratulated upon the success of their arrangements and upon the general management of the whole entertainment. It could not be imputed to their fault that the place where the members and guests met was somewhat overcrowded owing to the meeting having taken longer than it should, and that dinner was somewhat unduly delayed in being served; with the exception of that, everything went through very well indeed. As well as having Mr H. E. L. Porter as representative of the Alpine Club, Mr Seaman of the Yorkshire Ramblers, Mr Eustace Thomas of the Rucksack Club, and Dr Burnett of the Fell and Rock, the Club were fortunate in having Sir John Stirling Maxwell and Professor Gregory among their guests. In replying to the toast of "Our Guests," proposed by Mr Mackay, Sir John Stirling Maxwell made a very interesting and entertaining speech. It was very apparent that after Mr Mackay's remarks he found himself in a somewhat anomalous position, Mr Mackay having omitted to notice that Sir John was an honorary member of the Club, and therefore had no business to be there as a guest at all; but what was particularly interesting in Sir John's speech was his quite unconscious reference to the fact that the Club had always tried to preserve the integrity of the Scottish mountains, and never done anything to encourage the destruction of the rugged beauty of the Scottish Highlands, even by the erection of such things as mountain indicators! One could not help feeling sorry that Sir John had not seen his way to attend and speak at the immediately preceding business meeting, and it now remains to be seen whether his words of wisdom will have their effect upon the receipt of the necessary £80. Mr Porter's contribution to the evening's entertainment was a particularly happy one, and his expression of cordiality in the name of the Alpine Club was greatly appreciated by the members present. Mr Seaman also spoke very kindly of the friendly relations existing between the Yorkshire Club and ourselves, and the remarks of our own President, who was in the best of form, sent the Club home very pleased with the result of its annual festive gathering.

LIBRARY.

Since the last *Journal* was issued the following books have been presented to the Library by Mr A. R. Anderson :—

- " Norse Influence on Celtic Scotland." George Henderson.
- " Literature of the Celts." Magnus Maclean.
- " Freedom." Poems by G. W. Young.
- " Deirdire." Alexander Carmichael.
- " Iona—History of the Island." F. M. M'Neill.
- " Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals." Joseph Robertson.
- " Collection of Ballads." Edited by Andrew Lang.
- " Massacre of Glencoe." Rev. George Gilfillan, etc.

The Club takes this opportunity of thanking Mr Anderson for materially adding to the collection.

The following books have been purchased :—

- " The Fight for Everest, 1924." Lieut.-Col. Norton and others.
- " Cairngorm Hills of Scotland." Seton Gordon.

The following periodicals have been received :—

- Les Alpes. Vol. I. November-December, Vol. II. January.
- Bulletin of the Climbers' Club. Vol. I. No. 4.
- Swiss Monthly. October 1925 to February 1926.
- Italian Alpine Club Journal. October 1925 and January 1926.
- La Montagne. October 1925 to December 1925.
- Bulletin Pyrénéen. July-September ; October-December 1925 ; January-March 1926.
- Sangaku. Vol. XIX. 1925. No. 2.

The work of re-indexing the Library on the card system is well in hand, and a fuller report on this will appear in the November number. The Club is again indebted to Mr A. R. Anderson, who kindly made several journeys from Glasgow in order to help in arranging the books.

CLUB-ROOM MEETINGS.

The following meetings have been held in the Club-Room during the winter :—

1925. *6th October*—“ Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Sicily,”
by Dr Inglis Clark.
28th October—“ The Erection and Unveiling of
the Ben Macdhui Indicator,” by Dr Levack.
25th November—“ Ben Achallader,” by the
Secretary.
15th December—“ Climbs Round Tyndrum and
Inveroran,” by A. J. Rusk.
1926. *27th January*—“ The Moor of Rannoch in 1745
and After,” by the Rev. A. E. Robertson.
23rd February—“ The S.M.C. in the Bernese
Oberland,” by W. N. Ling.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

The Club is indebted to Messrs Bartholomew, A. Harrison, Morrison, Parker, and Sang for the addition of forty slides to the collection. These include views of the Shelter Stone, Loch Avon, of the J.M.C.S. “ Club Hut ” on Beinn Narnain, and a set of twenty-five views in the Bernese Oberland.

GATHERING FOR THE MEET.

THE Old Year's nearly over, soon the New Year will
appear,
So we'll cast aside our cares while we tread our mountains
dear ;
And our troubles and our worries in the dismal city street
We will shed for just a day or two and join the New Year
Meet.
We've come from far and near to-day, from fact'ry, court,
and farm,
From clanging engineering shop to drink of Nature's
charm,

From college, school, and office, from the mill and the
 exchange,
 To breathe the pure fresh mountain air, on moor and slope
 to range.
 We come by train and motor, and a few upon their feet ;
 We gather round the fireside and our President will greet
 With genial smile of welcome and a kindly shake of hand,
 The Veteran, and the last recruit to join our merry band ;
 The guest who comes among us our joys and toils to share ;
 The friend he's known for half a life of tramp through
 foul and fair ;
 The comrade of the mountain top, the comrade of the
 table,
 And those who once were leaders but are now, alas, unable
 To lead attack and foray against Meall and Sgurr and
 Ben,
 And who fain must be contented with a dander up the
 glen.
 And here comes in a friend from whom we've long ago been
 parted,
 An exile welcomed back with greetings double warm
 hearted.
 We think of those now absent, some far across the seas,
 Of some whom years lie heavy on, enforcing home and
 ease ;
 And we welcome youthful vigour pressing on to fill the
 gap.
 To plan new expeditions and fresh tracks across the map.
 And the evening smoke is finished and the evening talk
 dies out,
 And we sleep in hopeful dreaming till a new sun calls
 us out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.—Sir, may I enter a mild protest against
 the size of the Menu Cards at the Annual Dinners in recent
 years, which seems to increase year by year, so that it
 is already difficult to carry them home and impossible to
 bind them up with the *Journals*.—I am, T. F. C.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1926—TYNDRUM.

The New Year Meet, 1926, took place at Tyndrum, where the following members and guests were present at some time or other between 31st December and 5th January. *Members*—J. A. Parker, W. N. Ling, G. Sang, Arthur Russell, Colin Russell, P. Donald, H. Alexander, Harry MacRobert, Jack MacRobert, R. A. Brown, E. C. Thomson, James Craig, H. J. Craig, Arthur Anderson, R. C. Paterson, J. S. M. Jack, A. C. M'Laren, E. N. Marshall, Tom Marshall, L. St. C. Bartholomew, R. W. Martin, J. R. Philip, Allan Arthur, A. V. Rusk. *Guests* ---Dennis M'Nab, Lyle.

Thursday, 31st December.

Ling and Jack MacRobert arriving on Wednesday met the reward of the early birds in the shape of a perfect day on Thursday. Leaving by the 8 o'clock train, and failing to persuade the guard to stop at Gorton, they left the train at Bridge of Orchy and kept to the line for 4 miles before breaking off to climb Achallader, which was reached in brilliant sunshine after a short snow climb up the north-west face. Ben Nevis was obscured, but from the Easains in the north past the solid bulk of Clachlet, the majesty of Stob Ghabhar right round by Ben Lui and Ben More to Voirlich and Lawers there was a wondrous Epiphany of our Scottish hills in the white purity of their winter coats. Divinely-cut monuments of the ages, glittering with the nobility of nature, they gave to the observer an inspiration of calm dignity and rugged endurance for the New Year. The soaring effulgence of Soul—(Enough! Enough!—ED.).

Passing from Achallader over the tops of Ben Dòthaidh, thence down to Bridge of Orchy with the pink after-glow beginning to fall on the snow-covered hills to the west, the hotel was reached by road about 5 o'clock.

In the evening came twenty or more ready to begin the New Year from the incomparable vantage point of the mountains.

Friday, 1st January.

On the 1st of January M'Laren made the initial ascent high up the slopes of Parnassus at 12 midnight in an

ecstasy of piping. Some of us recalled the tune as a favourite Reveillé in former days—that is if any Reveillé can be honestly called a “favourite.”

Heasgarnich, which stands in modest retirement 15 miles from everywhere, had aroused the interest of a large party, and an expedition worthy of a better day was undertaken by Ling, H. MacRobert, E. C. Thomson, R. A. Brown, Jack, M'Nab, and Philip. Leaving by car at 9 o'clock in doubtful weather the party set out from Auch Bridge and did a long trail to the head of Loch Lyon whence, up Allt Fionn a' Glinne, Heasgarnich (3,530) was ascended in mist. With accurate compass work the cairn was reached about 1.15. Passing along the ridge to the south and south-west the col connecting with Creag Mhòr was crossed about 2.30. From the col (2,100) to the top considerable difficulty was encountered owing to the presence of iced rock. The party arrived at the top of Creag Mhòr (3,387) in darkening mist about 3.30, and the descent along the south-west ridge was commenced. Progress here with a large party was difficult owing to the ice and frozen snow slopes and the precipitous appearance of the west side of the ridge in the mist. About 4.30 the party found themselves well down the east slope of the ridge (about 2,750), and it was decided to make for Killin rather than attempt to reach Glen Tyndrum, which would have involved re-ascending the ridge and crossing Cam Craig. First-footing the astonished occupants of Badamhainn Cottage at 5.30 resulted in a hospitable tea, which was much appreciated.

Twelve somewhat silent miles to Killin followed, and after a light refreshment there, the party motored back to Tyndrum where they arrived at 11.30.

The main party meantime waited in the hotel without anxiety, and had decided that looking to the personnel and intelligence of the party (and the dirty weather conditions!) no rescue expedition need even be considered until at least 12 o'clock.

Naismith's rough cross-country estimate of 2 miles per hour was borne out in that 12½ hours were taken to do the 25 miles.

Anderson and Paterson did Beinn an Dòthaidh from Bridge of Orchy. E. N. Marshall, Alexander, J. Craig, H. J. Craig, and Lyle did the same, and then to Beinn Dòrain via the col connecting the two mountains. The mist was very dense for 2,000 feet, and this party failing to find the southern ridge of Beinn Dòrain returned to the col, thence to the hotel by road.

A. Russell, Colin Russell, Donald and Jack MacRobert also did Dòthaidh and Dòrain. They had some difficulty in finding the col in the mist, striking the corrie on the east, but this was soon rectified and the top of Dòrain reached on the heels of the other party. Equally with them, however, Russell's party failed to find the ridge, but after several unsuccessful casts found their way into the glen on the east by roping and cutting steps for a space. From there they worked round to the viaduct and thence home in driving sleet and snow.

Bartholomew and Martin foregathered with some of the juniors at Crianlarich, and took Osborne, Wright, and Gibson over Ben More and Stobinian. This friendly gesture was much appreciated by the juniors, and a visit to Ben Lui planned for the following day.

The President visited the lead mine and also Dunollie Castle at Oban.

In the course of the day, M'Laren, Sang, Allan Arthur, and T. Marshall arrived.

In the evening Sang dispensed buttons for cash and chocolates for nothing. When Sang's chocolates were not being eaten, cigars from the President's generous bounty were enjoyed.

A telegram from His Grace the Duke of Atholl wishing all a Good New Year was read by the President, who sent a suitable reply. Greetings were also received from J. H. Bell (in Switzerland), Rennie, Gall Inglis, and the Cairngorm Club assembled at Braemar.

A notable absentee was the Honorary Editor (through illness), but the chair next the fire was by general consent reserved for his spirit. Stuart Jack who, in addition to his poetic and musical gifts, has ambitions towards art essayed to draw the "Spirit" in possession, but it has

not been found possible to reproduce this effort in the *Journal*.

The contents of seasonable crackers as usual consisted largely of headgear, and it was gratifying to note how our more picturesque members well became their paper crowns and coronets while others retained an intelligent look even beneath a dunce's cap.

A dirty day, but most enjoyable.

Saturday, 2nd January.

On Saturday, speaking generally, there was a disinclination to go far, but two parties had the energy to tackle the central gully of Ben Lui. The first of these—Sang, M'Laren, and Allan Arthur—left about 9.30 and reached the mine at 11, the gully about 12, and the top 70 minutes later. They found the snow in very soft condition, but quite good going. Following them, and for the most part in their steps, came Donald, Bartholomew, Martin, and Colin Russell, and four of the Juniors from Crianlarich. Near the top of the gully this party broke fresh ground and cut steps up through the cornice as a demonstration. The home journey was made by the north ridge and some glissading enjoyed. Visibility was fairly good at times to the north.

The Heasgarnich party took things quietly, Philip and E. C. Thomson doing Ben Odhar, H. MacRobert and Jack, Ben Dubhchraig, while R. A. Brown and M'Nab contented themselves with a walk to Crianlarich.

The two Craigs, two Marshalls, Anderson, and Lyle climbed Beinn Chaluum mostly in mist, but with fleeting views of Ben Voirlich, Stuc a Chròin and the Tarmachans. This party also saw three blue crabs or crows. (The writer's notes are not very legible at this point.)

The President, A. Russell, Alexander, and Jack MacRobert did Beinn Oss and Beinn Dubhchraig, being led through mist from one to the other by the President with his usual skill and accuracy.

In the evening the President and Sang dined at Crianlarich with the Junior Club and were also privileged to attend their annual meeting, which was held thereafter. They had a most cordial reception, and formed a high

opinion of the "new draft" which ere long will join the old battalion.

A sing-song, led by Stuart Jack, and various games of skill filled in the evening at Tyndrum. The game of blowing the blown egg introduced last year at Loch Awe was revived, and the married men revenged themselves for their defeat last year. The position is, therefore, now as follows :--

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
Benedicts -	2	1	0	1
Bachelors -	2	1	0	1

Sunday, 3rd January.

The weather became worse on Sunday and the majority either went home or enjoyed gentle pedestrian exercise, except Parker and M'Laren who, as a protest against the weather, declined to leave the hotel. Martin joined an Inveroran party and climbed Achallader.

E. C. Thomson and Philip did Beinn Oss and found the weather conditions most unattractive.

Rusk and Bartholomew joined Hutchison and Rutherford from Inveroran and went by car to the school in Glen Dochard, thence by the old road up Aonach Eagach by the rocks of the east end to the foot of the final cone of Stob Ghabhar. A short descent and a traverse led to the foot of the upper couloir, which was climbed to the summit in 1½ hours. Thence a descent was made to the col again and a glissade to the lochan, the party returning to the car by the col below Beinn Toaig.

Martin joined Robinson from Inveroran and climbed Beinn an Dòthaidh by the Coire Achallader and then by the gully running up to the summit. From there they proceeded to Achallader na Meall Buidhe Col and then home by Bridge of Orchy.

Monday, 4th January.

Bartholomew, Martin, and Rusk went by car to Achallader Farm and thereafter climbed Achallader from the corrie, reaching the top by a gully to the east of the summit. After doing the two tops they passed on to Beinn an Dòthaidh (which by this time must have been feeling rather over-run) and thence home by Bridge of Orchy.

By the evening every one had left except Rusk, who went home by car on Tuesday morning.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1925-26—INVERORAN.

PRESENT:—*Members*—Messrs W. J. Bannister, R. Burn, J. F. A. Burt, J. Rooke Corbett, F. Greig, J. Harrison, A. Harrison, G. M. Lawson, D. F. Pilkington, J. A. Scott, and G. D. Valentine. *Guests*—None.

On Monday, 28th December, Burn arrived at Gortan and polished off Beinn a' Chreachainn, Meall Min (3,193), Beinn "Achallader" * (both tops), and walked to the hotel by Bridge of Orchy † station. There was mist and rain all day and the glorious fall of snow was being melted off, the tops being slush where there was no moss or stones. MacDonald had returned home, having accompanied Corbett along Beinn Chaluum on Sunday.

So on Tuesday, 29th December, Corbett and Burn conquered Aonach Eagach (3,272) of Stob "Ghabhar." ‡ Down below there was a strong sou'-wester blowing which was far worse once the ridge above Coire Toaig was gained, it being necessary every three or five steps to lean on to a well dug-in axe and cling on while the gusts went by. The force of the wind was terrific, waterfalls being blown about in all directions, those on the upper slopes of Beinn Toaig seeming at first sight to be smoke from burning heather, so regularly and unintermittently did they ascend backwards. The knife-edge was taken by crawling straddled in between gusts. On reaching the top, Corbett was too weary to bag Stob Ghabhar, ‡ their objective, and so Burn had to accompany him down the west arm of Coire nam Muc. On top the wind blew the loose icy snow into their faces. There was little mist all day. The whole climb had to be done unroped.

Wednesday, 30th December, was far less exhilarating, and in its dankness Corbett and Burn did Stob a' Choir' Odhair (3,058) by the zigzag on the west side of Coire Caolain Duibh, which joins on with the Coire Toaig path and reaches the 2,000 contour or so. Pilkington arrived.

* Ach' Chaladair.

† Drochaid Urchaidh.

‡ Goibhre.

Thursday, 31st December, was a glorious day of sun and frost, and by good luck Corbett, Pilkington, and Burn chose the one hill that never was out of sun when others had passing mist. Having found no snow on yesterday's hill and little enough on those of previous days, Burn foolishly left his axe behind, forgetting that the soft south-west winds would not affect Meall a' Bhùiridh to any appreciable extent. Their hill was icy on the slope above Bà Cottage, its slopes being immediately taken, for the rocky 2,300 peak above the house was avoided. The top (3,636) gave a fine view, and the colours all day were everywhere most beautiful. A snowstorm accompanied the return walk after one of the most glorious days any winter could provide. No poet or painter could depict or even imagine the panorama of shifting colour, Nature's vesture of shot-silk.

Friday, 1st January.—Pilkington had with him a celluloid weather forecaster which was most useful in deciding expeditions. It should be carried in every hillman's waistcoat pocket, as it prophesies twelve hours ahead. To-day its pessimism came out only too true, for the early frost and good views had gone into mist when all but Corbett and Valentine set out for the Couloir of Stob Ghabhar.* The path up Coire Toaig was used as far as its upward zigzag, and then the Allt Coire Toaig crossed, and the ridge behind Coire nam Muc of Aonach Eagach slowly climbed in an intermittent snowshower. The leader somehow missed doing the couloir when the ridge beyond Aonach Eagach was reached, and so merely the top of Stob Ghabhar* was taken, and the fence then followed to Sròn a' Ghearrain (or Gearranach) (3,240). Descent from 3,159 was made to the path leading down to "Clashgour" † (not in 1-inch map). Pilkington's 6-inch proved very useful during ascent, and it is to be hoped that all who possess the dissected $\frac{1}{2}$ -sheets will bring them in future Meets out on to the hills. The snow was in grand condition when found. Corbett and Valentine went to Clashgour Bridge.

Saturday, 2nd January.—Valentine and Greig accom-

* Goibhre.

† Clais Goibhre.

panied the hotelful (except Pilkington, who followed unseen, and alone on his off-day) along the north shore of Loch Tallaidh ("Tulla") up to the cradle opposite the farm Achallader and there left the main body. These crossed by the box hanging on two cables with a side wire, it having got kicked accidentally half-way across to begin with. By great exertion A. Harrison traversed the yawning gap and alighted gracefully (being one of those strong, silent men) into his chariot and pulled himself across. Burn's clumsiness caught his jacket in the wheels and Corbett lost his axe, but otherwise the gadget worked. Then Lawson, Corbett, and Burn separated to do Beinn "Dòthaidh,"* but on reaching the col descried Burt descending it and desiring to do Beinn Achallader.† He was therefore taken up to the true 3,404 top across the south and 3,399 tops. The larger party were met at the last one and left to glissade down, having (or at any rate Bannister) performed heroic deeds in such places as they could find snow amid the bastions of that rampired ben. At any rate, their glissade tracks were useful to the others on the descent. Lawson bored a hole in the stream-course into which Burn descended, this being the only stretch where a sitting glissade was possible. At the gorge Burn left the others to round the loch by the station; he examined the gorge of the Allt "Achallader" by a promontory (much like the gorge of the Allt Grannda in the Fannichs). Fortified by a Scotch and Mrs Smith's milk he essayed the giddy traverse (the car being on the wrong side and ungetatable). But he came off and, guided by Smith, splashed across the ford just below. The weather held up delightfully, and showed up tiers of hills above layers of mist right back to *the* Ben, a most beautiful and uncommon sight.

Sunday, 3rd January.—The two Harrisons, Scott, Bannister, Pilkington, and Burn, by means of the car in relays, defied the drizzle to Bà bridge, and there by a poor path (not in 1-inch map) ascended Coir' Easain, and then skirting black schistose rocks made for the back ridge of Sòrn na Forsairean and so in driving snow

* Dò.

† Ach' Chaladair.



CLACH LEATHAD AND SRON NA CRÈISE

J. H. Buchanan

to Clach Leathad (3,602 cairn and stick). In mist the ridge Mullach nan Créisean was followed as far as Stob a' Choir' Odhair, its 3,506 point (the name Màm Coir' Easain belongs to the south-east ridge of Meall a' Bhùiridh). As nobody wanted to face the driving snow down to Am Màm and Meall a' Bhùiridh, the party returned over Clach Leathad to Sròn na Forsairean for a glissading place noted on the ascent. Snow-filled eyes groped a continuous seated way for several hundred feet, then some divagation provided some more sitting comfort for their sleety subsequent seventy minutes' hotel-hurry loupie-fou-spang from Bà bridge.

Valentine, still suffering from the strained side he arrived with, straved mildly.

Lawson, Burt, Corbett, and Greig visited Buachaill' Etive Mór to climb it by the Curved Ridge. Progress was too slow on an 80-foot rope considering the difficult snow and ice, and they were forced into the Easy Gully. But time compelled a retreat and the road and car were reached as dark came down on their sporting and enjoyable day.

In the evening Hunter, Rusk, Hutchison, Rutherford, and Robinson arrived to entertain the company. They were too late to witness Scott treating Burn to an innocent-looking peppery catsup disguised as cherry-brandy amid a roar of laughter from the rest who were all in the know. However, the concert party also had some share of the vile brew and then adjourned to give some selections from our "Hymn Book." Burn, now fortified by many and various drinks which were what they professed to be, sang a song in Gaelic, wandering through all keys in every verse, and so it was not long before the four artistes escaped to the quiet and peace of the homeward trail.

Monday, 4th January.—Everybody left except Corbett and Pilkington, who set out in April showers and did Dòthaidh* and Dòrain. The very grateful thanks of the Club are due to Mrs Cameron and her staff for making us so comfortable. Eight o'clock breakfast was always punctual and as filling as dinner. The whole Meet was exceedingly successful, for the best company was at Inveroran and only a pianist was lacking. Will the

* Dò.

Hon. Secretary please provide one for all Meets? It was the most enjoyable Meet ever spent by one member.

R. BURN.

AT BRIDGE OF ORCHY.

AN additional and overflow but unofficial Meet was held at Bridge of Orchy, when there were present:—*Members*, A. J. Rusk, R. N. Rutherford, K. K. Hunter, A. G. Hutchison; *Guest*, Robinson.

Friday, 1st January.

Rutherford, Hunter, Hutchison, Robinson, along with Robertson, W. G. Scott, and Aikman of the J.M.C.S., set off from Crianlarich Hotel for Cruach Ardrain. They were unable to find the Central Gully in the mist, and in two parties emerged at different places on the western slopes of the mountain. The top was gained at 11.30. A way was then steered for Tulaichean, the top of which was reached soon afterwards. Steps were then retraced along the ridge to Cruach Ardrain, but before reaching that mountain the party went down slopes to the north-west and came down below the mist into Glen Falloch. This glen was followed down to the railway and so to Crianlarich, which was reached at about 3.30.

That night Rutherford, Hunter, Hutchison, and Robinson left for Bridge of Orchy.

Saturday, 2nd January.

The party left the very comfortable rooms of Mrs Forbes at 10.30 for Ben Dòthaidh, on the slopes of which they met Burt from Inveroran. The top of the mountain was reached after about two and a half hours' going. Burt then went on to Achallader, while the rest turned down towards the Dòthaidh-Dòrain Bealach, whence Hunter returned home. The remaining three went on and visited the tops of Ben Dòrain and then returned to Bridge of Orchy. That evening the J.M.C.S. dinner at Crianlarich was attended, and afterwards, when five, including Rusk, returned home to Bridge of Orchy at midnight, the party was complete.

Rusk arrived by car (*inter alia*!).

Sunday, 3rd January.

Hutchison, Rusk and Rutherford and Robinson (*Guest*) were joined at Bridge of Orchy by Bartholomew and Martin.

Martin and Robinson went into Coire Achallader and climbed Ben Dòthaidh by the gully that runs up to the summit. Thence they went on to Ben Achallader, descending to the Meall Buidhe col and returning to the railway by the corrie.

The others went by car to the school in Glen Dochard, thence by the old road up Aonach Eagach by the rocks of the east end to the foot of the final cone of Stob Ghabhar. A short descent and a traverse led to the foot of the Upper Couloir, which was climbed to the summit in $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Thence a descent was made to the col again and a glissade to the lochan, the party returning to the car by the col below Ben Toaig. Hunter had an off-day.

Monday, 4th January.

Hutchison went home by the morning train. Bartholomew and Martin had a sprint for the 8.7 at Tyndrum and had barely recovered when they got out at Bridge of Orchy. They got a breather, however, while Rusk took the whole party along to Achallader Farm in his car. Leaving the car the party crossed the railway and got over the shoulder of Ben Achallader into the north corrie. Splitting into two parties, Rusk, Bartholomew, and Martin went for a gully leading to the summit, on which they were entertained by some ice, while Hunter, Robinson, and Rutherford took a snow gully to the left. This ended steeply and was crowned with a respectable cornice. The second party reached the top first and after lunch walked on to the south top, from which they saw the first party arrive at the north top. They carried on and finally reached Bridge of Orchy over Beinn Dòthaidh. Rusk's party descended to the farm and came home by car. They only waited a few minutes and went on to Tyndrum. The other three changed and had tea comfortably before catching the quarter to six train south.

Tuesday, 5th January.

Rusk left by car from Tyndrum.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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



INVERGARRY AND KINLOCHQUOICH MOTOR.

A MAIL car holding about nine passengers now starts from Invergarry when the mail arrives and goes right on to the head of Loch Quoich, winter and summer. It then starts back at 3.30. Thus the machine which started from Quoich Lodge P.O. at 8 A.M. and changed horses at Tomdoun is now abolished and there is no early car going east. On the other hand, by the help of the new motor van, so remote a hill as Sgòr na Ciche is now made practicable. Starting from the head of Loch Arkaig at 11.15 I crossed the Féith a' Chlochanais and continued up Glen Kingie and took the shooting path up to between Eag and Sgùrr Beag and down it to Kinlochquoich; was given unexpectedly a lift by this motor, took the zigzag from Lodge up Gleadhraich (3,395), reaching cairn 5.30, continued west and down the steep face of Sròn na Breun Leitir, up the track (not in map) which leads right to the col between the top and 3,214 * point of Aoineadh air Chrith (3,342) and then down Coir' an t-Slugain with its fine snow-wreathed gorge, reaching Cluanie Inn 9.30. Without the motor the two climbs had been impossible, and they are given as a specimen of what might be possible by its help at Easter.

RONALD BURN.

SGÙRR A' MHCILINN: A CARTOGRAPHICAL ERROR OR TWO.

This fine range has fared rather ill at the Sappers' hands, for the old O.S.M. put the two-peaked Creag Ghlas on the wrong side of Gleann Méinidh [whose name was mis-spelt], while the new 1-inch depicts a bumpy south-west ridge on Sgùrr a' Ghlais Leathad cheek by jowl with a smooth south-east one. This lumpy arm simply does not exist. There is nothing on this side of the peak except one continuous, gently-sloping, smooth face: so the 1-inch shading would be seriously misleading if relied on in mist. Twice in fine

* Wrongly named Meall Cheann Dearg, which includes whole range from "Saddle" to Creag a' Mhàim.

weather I tried to find that *Chimaera bombinans in vacuo* and, though I failed therein, I am, in consequence of having gone right past the south and on to the north top of Sgùrr a' Ghlais Leathad expressly to walk along that "bung-hole without a barrel," thereby enabled to recommend this north top as a better viewpoint than the marked and named south top (2,778) of burly Sgùrr a' Ghlais Leathad. For from the north top one sees uninterruptedly over the 2,778 point, whereas from the latter you cannot see over the north top. Both are cairned, that on Sgùrr Rainich (this, its name, is not in 1-inch and wrong in 6-inch) being larger than 2,778's. Furthermore, though from the map the 2,778 would seem the second highest of the group, my own guess that Meallan nan Uan (to south-east, named on 1-inch) is the taller was confirmed by the shepherd in Strath Conon on whose hirsle his group lies. He has often climbed it (I had no time, having come from beyond Kinlochewe), and thinks it only lower than Sgùrr a' Mhuilinn (2,845) itself. Indeed, it *looks* (from Sgùrr Rainich) the very highest of the whole range, as it certainly is incontestably the handsomest, deserving the prefix spidean, or binnean, rather than meallan. Yet the 6-inch gives no height and not even bench marks anywhere near it. And will it be credited that this sheet (Ross. 85, second ed., 1905) actually has no decimal after the 2,845! Only the 2,778 is granted this honour. It would seem, too, from the map in Robertson's "Baddeley" II. (and Vol. I. of our *Journal*) that Sgùrr a' Ghlais Leathad was once considered the highest point and so the only one worth heighting—an error as laughable as "Ben (!) Slioch," who retains his 4,000 feet on a modern railway poster, or as the undeserved altitude and fame erst accorded to "Ben Attow." Finally, Creag Ghlas (on south side of 2,778) has no height; the roughness of Meallan nan Uan is not suggested by Or. 6-inch; the first burn to Allt Gleann Méinidh (from the Glas Leathad) is named Allt Leathad Leamhan [not as in 6-inch]; and the next down (on other bank) is Allt Cnap na Feòla. These rectifications will surprise only those who do not set right the defective ear of the Sassenach Sapper by the voice of living authority. Their like abound in every district. Why, often the very contours of the 1-inch irreconcilably contradict the ascertained exact figures scattered all over 6-inch sheets, and this so radically that it is actually impossible to contour the 6-inch from the 1-inch with any accuracy. Rumours, too, are not wanting as to the peak-bagger of 1923 who attempted a new route between Blaven and Clach Ghlas, hoping thereby to find the former's north top. What, was there not a gash right across the hill continuous with a gully which severed Blaven's twins? But that was what he was now vainly trying to cross. Was not the ridge continuous to the south top? Well, he had just passed two cairns separated by a dip of easy ground and thick mist. What more could he desire? [It would come as a boon and a blessing to climbing men if O.S.M. would use the triangle to denote the welcome presence of a cairn, and not (as now) to show that on this holy ground the Sacred

Theodolite once rested.] Yet to prove the non-existence of this gash (all too faithfully reproduced on the Club Map with the red line duly swerving to the right to avoid it) the abounding charity of the Hon. Secretary was next day begged and prevailed on to guide the peak-bagger. Clear weather showed up the error and we had a very enjoyable rock-climb into the bargain. But if blunders must be made the Cuillin seem hardly the place for this "foolin' : the rocks at the bottom are terrible hard."

RONALD BURN.

NOTE ON CURVED RIDGE AND EASY GULLY,
BUCHAILLE ETIVE—NEW YEAR, 1926.

On Sunday, 3rd January 1926, a party of four, consisting of Burt, Corbett, Greig, and Lawson made an attempt on Stob Dearg by the Curved Ridge. The rocks appeared to be free from both ice and snow and no difficulties were anticipated. The party left the Coupal Bridge shortly after 11 o'clock, and about an hour later met the first obstacle. This in summer time is a steeply inclined slab, or rather series of slabs, ending in an almost vertical drop, but is easily crossed owing to conveniently-placed hand and foot holds. Now the whole surface was a sheet of ice and the difficulty lay in finding secure anchorage for the leader while he stepped round a corner on to an indifferent step cut from an awkward position. The second man meantime had perforce to sit on a ledge on which aquatic plants flourished profusely and hold tight. The ledge referred to is not the usual one from which this small traverse is made, but one about 15 feet above it, and it really offers fairly good anchorage. As one 80-foot rope was all the party had, considerable time was lost in making this traverse, and it was deemed advisable to cut out the stop for lunch. Meantime snow commenced to fall, and continued throughout the rest of the day. By the time the foot of the ridge was reached the rocks had a fair coating and all holds were concealed. Fortunately the holds are plentiful, and in most cases if the hand was pushed into the snow it usually caught on to something underneath which served. The only trouble was that the leader was seldom in a position to safeguard the others in the event of a slip, but the rocks were easy in spite of the conditions. After surmounting the first pitch it was apparent that haste was necessary if the party were to reach the summit before dark, and with this view it was agreed that the so-called easy gully was the best way to complete the ascent. With care a traverse was made over slabby rock down to the snow of the gully. As luck would have it, the gully was entered about 100 feet under a chock stone, which had to be turned on the left (true right) flank. At this point a shallow gully led past it from underneath and ran along the wall of the ridge, and up this the route lay, over soft snow lying on very unstable screes. This occupied more time. The



BUCHAILLE ETIVE MOR AND BHEAG FROM GLEN ETIVE

J. W. T. H. Fleming

floor of the gully was regained immediately above this pitch and rapid progress was made up steep snow until the final obstacle of the day appeared. This was another chock stone well iced, with a small cave underneath. It might have gone with combined tactics and it was evident that there was no alternative route. It was then 3 o'clock, and as there was some doubt as to what the conditions were like above a retreat was decided upon. Profiting by the experience of the ascent the party lost no time in getting down. The gully was followed to the top of the first pitch which had given difficulty and thence the ridge to the top of the steep part. The gully was again followed until the final pitch. Here they traversed the small island of rock which lies between the foot of the Crowberry Ridge and the Curved Ridge and reached the gully on its north side. Some time was again lost making the descent of a small pitch which consisted of another chock stone which dammed a young waterfall which found its way down under the snow. At this point the snow was shallow and scarcely covered the screes which rested on the stone and rolled off whenever the rope touched them. It was a chilly business sitting in the shower bath under the chock stone anchoring the party following, and it was with considerable relief that each, after this duty was performed, unroped and ran down the slope out of the way of falling stones. The iced slabs were regained about 4.15, where the rope was again in use. The steps cut in the morning were covered and a fresh lot had to be made. The Coupal Bridge was reached at 5 o'clock. There is little doubt that the event would have been successful had the party climbed the ridge two and two. As it was, had the ridge been followed there was just the chance that the top might have been reached in sufficient time to permit of the first part of the descent towards Glen Etive being made in twilight. The point at which the party turned was a little under the level of the base of the Crowberry Tower.

G. M. L.

REVIEWS.

The Fight for Everest, 1924. By Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. Norton, D.S.O., and other members of the Expedition.

This is a most admirable and interesting account of the Everest Expedition of 1924; it begins with an introduction by Sir Francis Younghusband, who fully justifies—if it needed justification—the endeavour to reach the world's summit. His main argument may be summed up in one of his sentences—"And Mallory and Irvine will ever live among the great who have helped to raise this spirit of man." The actual narration is distributed among several writers: General Bruce describes the start—the illness that took him away so soon and caused an admitted loss to the expedition calls for every one's sympathy—Lieutenant-Colonel Norton the March across Thibet, the North Col, Norton's and Somervell's attempt, the Return to Base Camp and Future Possibilities, Captain Bruce the Rong-buk Glacier, Mr N. E. Odell Mallory and Irvine's attempt, and Mr Bentley Beetham the Return Journey. Each of these writers tells his story in the most effective way; it would be impossible to place any one account before another in merit; they succeed not by fine writing but by a plain, straightforward narration of what actually happened. One would like to quote largely from them all, but it is the duty of every mountaineer to read the book for himself. They make one realise the difficulties caused by the exceptional weather of 1924, the mountaineering skill shown in making a way to the North Col—perhaps the only part of the ascent which requires such skill—the heroic resistance to their ailments and sufferings of all the members of the party, especially Mallory, Somervell, and Norton, the noble struggle made by the two last-named to reach the top without oxygen, Odell's wonderful performance in remaining ten days above 23,000 feet, and his efforts to help Mallory and Irvine. Their death strikes the one sad note, but they have left a noble memory: as Captain Bruce said of Irvine, "It was worth dying on the mountain to leave a reputation like that."

Part III. of the book consists of Mallory's letters to his wife, which show clearly his eager and unselfish character: Part IV. of Observations of various kinds, all full of interest. Perhaps the most striking point about the whole book is the confidence now expressed in the ultimate conquest of Everest, with or without oxygen. We may hope that some at least of the members of the 1924 expedition will enjoy that conquest, and that they may find they are not the first conquerors—they would not grudge Mallory and Irvine that distinction.

The Making of a Mountaineer. G. I. Finch. First published May 1924. Arrowsmith. Price £1. 10s.

The Honorary Editor has asked for a review of this volume, which I read soon after its issue almost two years ago now. It is difficult to understand why it has not been reviewed already, yet I find myself under a sincere debt of gratitude to the Editor for his request, for I have just re-read the book once more with greatly added pleasure. To my mind it partakes more of the nature of a biography than of a scientific treatise, and is on that very count all the more readable. There is a naïve simplicity about it which forces us seniors to recognise in it the youthful enthusiasm of a man still possessing all his capabilities and all his vision of the joy of life, a man who lays down rules he has absorbed from puberty at the feet of old Christian Jossi, and very good rules most of them are. There can be little doubt that the climbing seeds have, in Finch's case, been sown on fertile soil, but it is not every boy who would have remained undiscouraged after passing through the dangers and vicissitudes portrayed in the pages of the book.

His first chapter partakes almost of the nature of an apologia for the craze which masters the trend of his sporting life. In reading it one feels that the wonder would have been had Finch not become an ardent mountaineer spending his boyhood, as he did, with such opportunities within reach.

There is an interesting chapter on climbing in Corsica, although I understand from what the author has told me personally, that he would now prefer to make certain amendments as a result of more intimate acquaintance with this blissful island.

The story of his climb, with the help of Guy Forster, of the west ridge of the Bifertenstock, is as stirring an account of a pioneer expedition as one could wish to read, and one cannot help admiring the fortitude and courage that must have been Forster's. The author leaves most of this to the imagination.

Perhaps one of the pleasantest chapters is that by Mrs Finch describing her impressions of the Matterhorn. And, without being in any way derogatory to the author himself, the chapter I like next best is the free and open confession of sporting incompetence contributed by Max Finch, where he describes his youthful experience on the Todi in winter.

The author's descriptions of the first ascent of the north face of the Dent d'Hérens, when he was accompanied by Forster and Peto, is enthralling, and there is no doubt that it was a most sporting undertaking which deserved to be crowned with success.

Of course, as we come to p. 264, a point is reached where we fall into complete disagreement with the author. He starts out to assert, taking six pages to do it, that British mountain climbing is no use as a training for Alpine mountaineering. "British," mind you. Yet the man has never even tried climbing in Scotland in either winter or spring, and consequently knows nothing about it.

He hasn't even bothered to read our *Journal*, and if he has ever seen it, it has passed him by without leaving any impression. On p. 265 he says, "As a training-ground for snow and ice-craft, our homeland hills are useless," and immediately following this outrageous statement goes on "to assert what one does not know is a fairly universal human failing." How true, how true! When we get here we begin to hate the man, yet after all he has merely fallen into that fairly universal human failing himself, and we must believe that he has not reached the age when men discover that all generalisation is a folly and assertions are betrayal of ignorance. He says, "On 99 out of every 100 scrambles at home the axe is left behind." I should like to see him on the couloir of Stob Ghabhar. It is best, however, to refrain from giving further quotations from this section of the book, which will best be skipped by all members of the S.M.C.; even the story on p. 268 will not be greatly missed, so that we can recommence reading Chapter XVIII. in which, I am thankful to see, that he has modified very considerably his former description of the same expedition which was published in, if I remember right, the *Climber's Club Journal*, and which every one agreed was not in the best of taste.

He concludes with a short description of his impressions of the attempt upon Mount Everest in 1922, the language of which is remarkably restrained; and a very short chapter upon mountain photography, full of technicalities, yet at the same time a wonderful advertisement for the Folding Pocket Kodak. All the seventy-eight photographs which appear in the volume were taken with this class of camera and developed in a film tank, and I have never seen a mountaineering book in this country better illustrated.

The Cairngorm Hills of Scotland. Seton Gordon.

Few are better qualified to write a book on these hills, and this latest publication must be of interest to all lovers of the Cairngorm district. The book appeals alike to the hill walker, sportsman, and naturalist. In his foreword the author informs us that some of the chapters have already appeared as articles in the press, and that his readers will find a certain amount of repetition occurring in the pages, but that, so far as possible, needless repetition has been eliminated. We think that the oft-recurring Golden Eagle might have been eliminated a little more successfully. Apart from this fault, if we may so call it, the book is admirably compiled and is well worth reading. The twenty-eight illustrations, made from photographs taken by the author and Mrs Seton Gordon, are excellent.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

THE formation and objects of the Club were reported in the November issue of this *Journal* and need not be repeated here; in this connection, however, we wish to make acknowledgment of the efforts of A. J. Rusk, L. St C. Bartholomew, A. G. Hutchison, and R. N. Rutherford of the S.M.C., who have been the moving spirits in the formation of the Club, and have rendered great assistance by their lectures and by their presence at various meets.

We have to express, also, our appreciation of the courtesy of the Editor in permitting us to record here the proceedings of the Club.

GLASGOW SECTION.

The First General Meeting of the Section was held at the Narnain Boulder, Arrochar, on 30th August 1925. A. J. Rusk outlined the aims and objects of the Club. There were thirteen persons present in all, who became original members, and since then the number has been steadily increasing and has now reached the total of thirty-six.

Meetings are held monthly and lectures have been given on "Mountaineering in General," "The Rope," Skye, Crianlarich, and Ben Nevis, by various members.

It has been decided that during the summer informal meetings will be held in May, June, and July at the Narnain Boulder, Arrochar, and during the Glasgow Fair a Meet will be held in Skye. Dates and particulars may be had from the Secretary, W. B. Speirs, Esq., 6 Victoria Terrace, Glasgow, W.2.

Since the forming of the Club C. E. Andreae, the original President, has been admitted into the S.M.C., and C. M. Robertson has been elected in his place. A. G. Hutchison (S.M.C.) is Hon. President and R. N. Rutherford (S.M.C.) Hon. Vice-President.

A slide collection has been started, for which the Secretary would be glad of the loan of negatives.

EDINBURGH SECTION.

The First General Meeting of the Section was held on 8th September 1925. The following Office-Bearers were elected: Hon. President, A. J. Rusk (S.M.C.); Hon. Vice-President, L. St C. Bartholomew (S.M.C.); President, J. G. Osborne; Hon. Secretary, T. E. Thomson, from whom particulars regarding meetings may be obtained, at 18 Rothesay Place, Edinburgh. The members of this section now number twenty-nine.

Various lectures have been given; some of these have been held in the S.M.C. Club-Rooms, which were kindly lent for the purpose.

Since the formation of the Club L. St C. Bartholomew has been elected Hon. President in place of A. J. Rusk (resigned); the office of Hon. Vice-President has been accepted by A. Harrison (S.M.C.).

First Official Meet was held at Arrochar in November, and was attended by a number of members of both sections. The Meet was chiefly remarkable for the eccentricity shown by the various parties in their choice of sleeping sites. Osborne, Wright, Rose, Ainslie, and Turnbull took up their quarters at Ross Hotel, and we understand, gave little trouble.

A second party composed of Rusk, Bartholomew, Kirkland, Andraac, Stevens, and Melon arrived late at night and proceeded with great energy to Narnain Boulder. A destroyer obligingly turned a searchlight on them and guided their faltering steps up the hillside—to the astonishment and alarm of the hotel party who, observing this “pillar of fire,” were evidently not in a fit state to find the correct solution, and attributed the phenomenon to “some electric, volcanic, or psychic disturbance.” They were finally reassured, however, by a party of naval officers who called to inquire if the climbing party were in distress; on being informed that the distress was merely mental, they expressed themselves forcibly and in accordance with the best nautical traditions. Osborne, we understand, replied suitably, and the navy retired, blushing slightly.

Brown, Hedderwick, and Edgar were meanwhile

composing themselves optimistically for slumber in a car which they parked somewhere in the neighbourhood of "Rest and be Thankful"; the intermittent braying of an electric horn betrayed their uneasy movements.

Thomson and Addenbrooke attempted also to sleep in their car but had some difficulty in finding a flat place; sundry subterranean crashes indicated that they were manœuvring for position in a quarry. They finally gave this up and pitched a tent. Their troubles, however, were not over, a loud protest being heard in the middle of the night on the occasion of their privacy being disturbed by some gipsies.

The conditions in the morning were unpleasant, rain falling on the lower slopes and snow higher up; the slight fall of snow on the frozen ground made climbing difficult for beginners. A thick mist, however, concealed the faulty technique of each party from the prying eyes of its neighbour. Bartholomew led his party over the three peaks of the Cobbler and thence to Narnain; although the mountain was unpleasantly crowded throughout the morning we did not actually encounter this party, but noticed with interest the marks of their nails on various airy situations. Brown and party were observed on one occasion through the mist; they performed some obscure manœuvres, the nature of which, as they were unable to throw any light on the matter themselves, must remain a matter for conjecture. Rusk, Kirkland, and others were seen descending from Narnain, where they had done the Jammed-Block Chimney and Spearhead Arête; they complained of their livers and, refusing all offers of food, disappeared into the mist in the direction of the Cobbler. A fourth party was heard shouting in a loud voice on the North Peak of the Cobbler, but was not seen.

We foregathered at Ross Hotel in the evening, and the Meet being a one day affair, then broke up.

NEW YEAR MEET—CRIANLARICH.

The only early arrivals, Addenbrooke and Campbell, climbed Cruach Ardrain on the 29th December and on the 31st Stob Garbh.

1st January.—The following climbs were made :—

Roberts, Addenbrooke, Smith, and Elton—Ben More. Osborne, Gibson, Rose, Wright, Martin, and Bartholomew—Ben More and Am Binnein.

Thomson and P. Scott—Cruach Ardrain and Stob Garbh.

Macfarlane and the brothers Spiers—Cruach Ardrain and Am Binnein.

W. G. Scott and Aikman, accompanied by Hutchison, Rutherford, and Hunter of the S.M.C.—Cruach Ardrain and Ben Tulaichean.

The conditions were not ideal, the snow being in a state of thaw. None of the parties climbing Cruach Ardrain claim to have found the " Y " gully, but Thomson and Scott evidently found a perfectly good gully to come down by.

2nd January.—P. Scott, Thomson, Smith, and Elton climbed Ben Lui, Oss, and Dubhchraig. Osborne, Bartholomew, Rose, Russell, Martin, Addenbrooke, Roberts, and Donald also climbed Ben Lui; some descended by the north-west ridge, the others by sitting glissades down the north face.

A staircase was found ready made up the Central Corrie, cut presumably by some thoughtful early rising members of the S.M.C. Each party added variety to the climb by making its own way over the cornice. Thomson and Co. reported with indignation the discovery of a box of figs lying unattended on the Cairn; the fact that no figs were present at the time of discovery aggravated the offence in their eyes.

Ben Lui was covered by mist all day, but good views were obtained from Ben More (Macfarlane and the brothers Spiers), Stob Garbh (the brothers Stevens, Gibson, Wright, and Macdonald), Cruach Ardrain (the brothers Stevens), and Dubhchraig (M'Lintock and Aikman).

3rd January.—Thomson accompanied by P. Scott, W. G. Scott, M'Lintock, and Aikman led his party up the main west corrie of Ben More; the snow was much harder than on New Year's Day, and called for step-cutting.

P. Scott and Aikman went on to Am Binnein, the others descending to Ben More farm. The brothers Stevens and Mowat made an attempt on Ben Lui but did not reach the cairn.

Roberts, Rose, Addenbrooke, Macdonald, Smith, and Elton made an early start and climbed Stob Garbh, Cruach Ardrain, and Ben Tulaichean before lunch. After an unsuccessful attempt to negotiate the descent of the west face of Stob Glas in the mist, they finally descended into Corrie Earb; here they found their second wind and made a good ascent of An Caisteal by a snow gully, followed by a short traverse south on an exposed buttress, where they found one difficult pitch. They found one equally difficult on arriving at the Falloch which was in spate; by dint of a rope and electric torch, however, a passage was effected.

4th January.—The majority left for home on Sunday night and missed a fine day. Roberts, Smith, the brothers Stevens, and Mowat climbed Am Binnein and Ben More. Addenbrooke and Wright made an ascent of the "Y" gully on Cruach Ardrain, but were disappointed with the condition of the snow.

The First Annual Dinner of the Club was held on 2nd January at Crianlarich Hotel. In addition to twenty members of the Club, seven members of the S.M.C., including the President, were present. The toasts were: "The King," proposed by the President of the Edinburgh Section, J. G. Osborne; "The Club and Honorary Office-Bearers," proposed by W. B. Spiers; A. J. Rusk (Hon. President) replied. The President and Hon. Secretary of the S.M.C. replied to the toast of "The Guests" by Rose.

A General Meeting was held after the Annual Dinner, at which A. J. Rusk gave a resumé of the formation, constitution, and rules of the Club.

A discussion took place regarding the Easter Meet, which was fixed to take place at Fort William.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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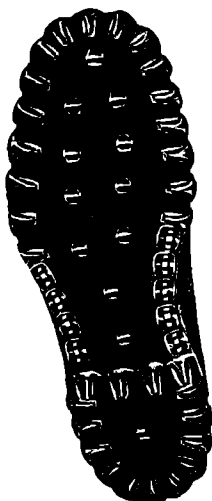
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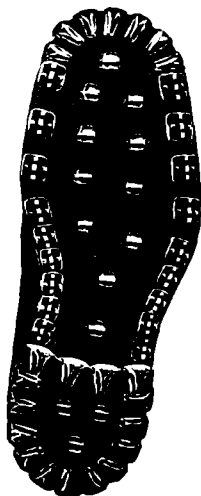
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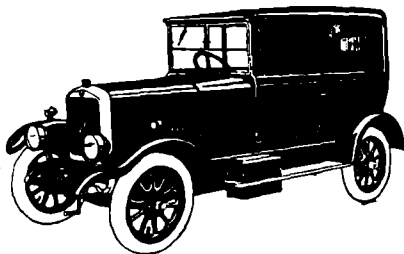
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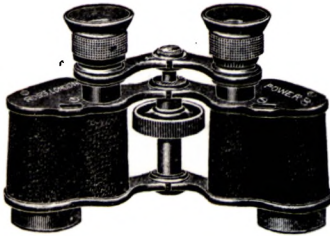
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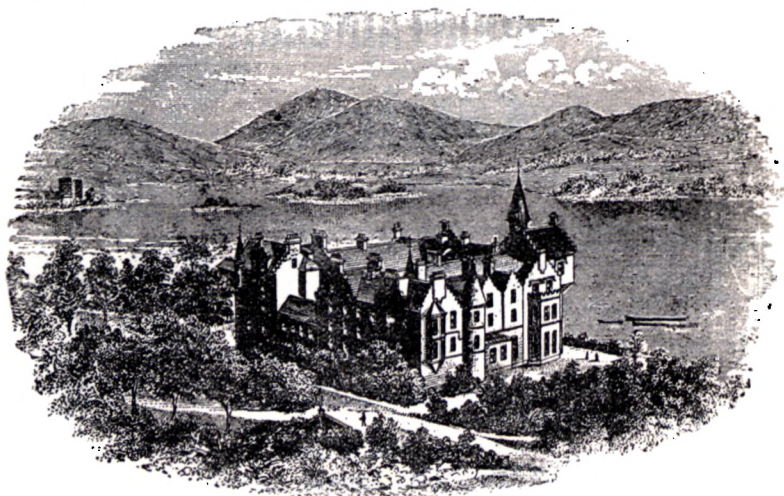
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Easter 1926

J. A. Parker

KNOYDART
(LOCHAN NAM BREAC AND LUINNE BHEINN)

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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OCTOBER 1926.

No. 102.

“RAMBLINGS” ABOUT LORN.

BY ALASTAIR C. M'LAREN.

SINCE the war I seem to have done very little serious climbing, but still continue, as of old, to do a good deal of promiscuous exploring and hill wandering. As my present home, Connel, is yearly becoming more popular as a holiday centre, it occurs to me that a little miscellaneous information regarding the hill excursions in its beautiful neighbourhood may perhaps be of some little interest and use to anyone spending a holiday there. Situated by the sea falls of Lora, on Loch Etive, it lies in a district full of Celtic tradition and lore. On the opposite shore in Benderloch is Dun Mhic Uisneach, a vitrified fort closely associated with Deirdre, the great Celtic heroine and the sons of Uisneach. It must have been a strong place in its day, as it was out of arrow flight from the slopes of Ben Lora and Dun Bhail an Rìgh. I spent a pleasant day last year exploring it with Dr Inglis, and we lay on its weather worn ramparts lunching and smoking, and trying to picture the type of men who of old formed its garrison. On our way home we visited the burial mound on the moss of Ach-na-Craoibh, where some old king lies buried. The whole flat on which it stands between the base of Ben Lora and Loch Etive is a raised beach, the rounded beach stones being found in the peat mosses at a depth of about 5 feet. Another good walk we had this Easter was from Benderloch to Appin station via Shian Ferry. Starting out through the Kiel crofts and working northwards round a wooded “barr” which must formerly

have been an island, when the Kiel crofts were under water and the sea beat on the cliffs of Ben Lora, we soon arrived at South Shian, where we found an excellent example of the pointed Sithean (Shian) or fairy knoll. The ferry boat was over on the north side, but our shouts and the waving of the good lady of South Shian's apron soon brought it back. As we pulled across past the little island of Eriska, the lad told us that Prince Charlie had buried treasure on it. We were not, however, moved to institute a search, but in these prosaic days even an improbable legend is refreshing. On landing at North Shian an easy pull up the glen took us over the shoulder of Barr Mhor, and Appin of the Yellow Stewarts lay before us. Before catching our train home we visited the old kirk of Appin and the shrine of the Appin regiment—the old gravestone from Culloden, which has been placed in a niche in the gable of the ruined church, with an inscribed stone above it giving the casualty lists of the various clans, my own among them, which composed that famous regiment and formed part of the Prince's right wing on that great and fatal day. “Cha do thill ach an cliu,” as our Gaelic word has it—“Only their renown returned” to Appin. A good tramp can be had from Barcaldine siding through Glen Salach and down the steep brae above Loch Etive to Inverearagan, famous for its bow staves at one time, and home along the shore past Ardchattan Priory. This walk can be pleasantly varied by striking off to the right from about the middle of the glen, when 3 or 4 miles' tramp brings one out at the Ach-na-Craoibh burn, and so back through the Black Crofts to Connel. A good way to get into Oban is by the shore to Dunstaffnage Castle, where the Stone of Destiny once reposed, where Robert the Bruce spent some time, and where Flora MacDonald was imprisoned, then on round the cliffs to Oban, with a little climb across a rift in the cliffs called Slochd a' Bhiorain, later on passing Dunolly, the stronghold of the Mac-Dougalls. The views of Mull, Morven, Ardgor, and Benderloch on a clear and “colourful” day are past description. Another good round is by Oban to the foot of the freshwater Loch Nell and home by Glen



June 1925

DUNAN CREAGACH
(ARGYLLSHIRE)

Mrs A. C. M'Laren

Luisreagan, passing the Serpent's Mound, a twisting stone-heaped mound about 25 feet high and 150 or 200 yards long. The "head" was excavated by archæologists some years ago and found to contain a stone coffin and a piece of metal which may have been a knife. The peak of Cruachan is visible from it, and it is surmised that as the sun appeared over it, then the dirty work began. It is quite likely that some pretty grisly rites have been performed on this now quiet spot. Branching off from this road is the road to Glen Lonan, at the mouth of which stands the finest monolith I have seen, Clach Dhiarmid, the stone of Diarmid, the progenitor of Clan Campbell. Tradition has it that Diarmid fell in love with Grainne, the beautiful wife of Fingal, or Fionn as we know him in the Gaelic; and they fled together. Fionn pursuing them, made up on them at the foot of Glen Lonan, and a boar hunt occurring, Fionn compelled Diarmid to measure the quarry by spanning it with his outstretched hand. Now the boar was a poisonous one and Diarmid measured it "with" the bristles. Fionn thereupon forced him to measure it "against" the bristles, with the result that Diarmid was pricked and poisoned. Fionn then seeing Diarmid in pain, relented and ran to the well of healing in the wooded slope close by, to bring back water in his palms, but as he came he thought on his wife Grainne, and he opened his hands and let the healing water run out. When he got to Diarmid he found him *in extremis*, and again relented and ran back to the well, but when he returned Diarmid was dead. Clenamachrie farm (Cladh mac an righ = burial place of the king's son), Torr an Tuirc = the boar's knoll, and Tobar nam bas toll = the well of the opened hands, in the immediate neighbourhood, all seem to commemorate some such event. From the bridge a little beyond Clenamachrie is a convenient starting point for ascending Deadh Choimhead (good view), 1,255 feet, a small hill, but, like Arthur's Seat, having much of the shape and innate dignity of a large mountain. As its name implies, an exceptionally fine view can be got from the top, and a pleasant walk across low but rugged country, past the Lochanan Dubha (black lochs) takes

one to Connel. Fishing them one day with old MacPhail, the boatman and piper, a veteran who piped his company over the enemy trenches at Tel-el-Kebir in the early eighties, he drew my attention to a wooded gully opening on the loch, in which his grandfather, a famous smuggler, worked a whisky still. One wild wet night the "gaugers" came upon him. MacPhail took the matter philosophically, and invited them to warm themselves at his fire and have some refreshment. If the "gaugers" were wet outside they must have been dry inside, or the whisky considerably stronger than in these degenerate days, for on waking cold and stiff in the grey of the morning, they found themselves alone. The still and its owner had vanished. Another pleasant excursion I had was from the Falls of Cruachan siding. I had gone with the morning train with the intention of doing Cruachan if clear, but as the mist was low I rowed across Loch Awe and worked my way along the south of the Pass of Brander, below the cliffs of Creag an Aoinidh, seeing a gully which might possibly yield sport. I struck the road at Bridge of Awe, after passing the battlefield where Bruce defeated the MacDougalls of Lorn. Ben Cruachan is so well known to members of the Club that I have nothing new to add about it. I have been about a dozen times on it by various routes and in varying conditions since coming to Connel two years ago, and every time I go to it increases my veneration for it as one of the greatest of our Highland mountains. I may mention, in conclusion, that Garbh Bheinn Ardgour is visible from my windows, a daily reminder of one of the "golden days" on which, in the company of J. H. Bell, Mrs Bell, and Miss Raeburn, I did the descent of its splendid buttress.

ALASTAIR C. M'LAREN.

GLENFINNAN TO GLENELG.

BY F. S. GOGGS.

LOOKING back over the last twenty-five years, I remember having received many most attractive Easter tour circulars from the Club's Honorary Secretary. I always look forward to having them at the end of February or the beginning of March; the more detailed they are the more pleasant memories they revive, and even if you cannot go yourself there is a solid satisfaction in knowing that the charm of the hills is being revealed to a new generation.

“ For the best of the Club will then be afoot,
From the President down to the last recruit,
And a merry band you'll find us, as we leave the town behind us,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.”
Chorus, "S.M.C. Song."

On returning home one evening I found Sang's Easter (1926) budget awaiting me: two sides of closely printed matter and a fine map at the back.

The names “TOMDOUN,” “CLUANIE INN” in black capitals caught my eye at once. Did not *the* Munro once tell me that for peak bagging purposes Cluanie Inn was the best centre in Scotland—and yet I had never been there.

On the other printed side black capitals drew one's attention to

PARTY A, B, C, D, E,

and a careful reading of the whole circular showed that our indefatigable Secretary must have spent many hours in writing to proprietors, agents, stalkers, and others, to enable members of the Club to explore thoroughly a little known district. The arrangements made were most attractive, and as each party was limited to eight in number a discussion took place at the headquarters of the

Faithful in London, as to whether it would not be wise to wire Edinburgh to reserve places. Judge of my astonishment when, as will be recounted later, I found that only four men were found to take advantage of the exceptional opportunities offered, and of those four two were from London, one being a non-member.

What are the reasons which neutralised the energy and self-sacrificing zeal of our Hon. Secretary? In the circular it is stated that "Members wishing to take advantage of these arrangements must be prepared to carry a certain amount of provisions with them and must not expect luxurious accommodation." Has the motor-car habit so permeated our membership that they are unable to carry food and a change of raiment on their own backs? Has the hardy Scot become so fushionless that luxurious accommodation in the shape of spring-box mattresses and table-d'hôte dinners has become a necessity of life? Has he become so pampered and effeminate that the fear of arriving at his destination somewhat wet and without an absolutely complete change of raiment paralyses his initiative?

Sheriff Nicolson would, I feel sure, have castigated such weakness in fit terms: you will remember his lines:—

"But if you're a delicate man
And of wetting your skin are shy,
I'd have you know before you go
You'd better not think of Skye."

As a matter of fact, as my narrative will disclose, no food was carried beyond the normal amount one always does take on the hills, the party had less than three hours' continuous rain, and hotter baths than at most hotels.

I wonder if the average age of the Club is advancing and that with increasing years the love of adventure, and of the unknown, the call of the wild, dies down; or is it that the glamour of the hills does not appeal to the modern young man to the same extent as to his father? In any case, this unworthy response shows, I would submit, the necessity of encouraging young men of the right stamp to enter the Club, in order that its traditions

of adventure, good comradeship, and indifference to weather conditions may not be lost sight of or allowed to lapse.

If the Hon. Secretary offers the Club no more opportunities of forsaking the beaten track and the fleshpots of Egypt, he certainly cannot be blamed: members will have only themselves to thank.

Having delivered myself of the usual old gentleman's remarks on the delinquencies of the present generation, let me turn to the pleasanter task of chronicling shortly the doings of *the* party. My son and I left London by the excursion train from King's Cross at 7.30 P.M. The carriages to Perth, Aberdeen, and the North were full, but the number of those desiring to see the Hebrid Isles were very few, and thus we had the good luck to have a compartment to ourselves. Arriving in Edinburgh in the wee morning hours, we strolled for an hour on the platform and picked up No. 3 of our party, Russell, jun., along with half-a-dozen other members bound for various centres.

At Glasgow a goodly contingent joined up, and at Crianlarich the wealthy occupants of the sleepers, headed by the ever-welcome Glover, deigned to show their faces whilst the breakfast baskets were being distributed.

At Fort William *the* party was completed by the appearance of Burt of Glasgow—a connection of the well-known Burt of "Burt's Letters," written about 1727-28. Glenfinnan station, the official starting place, was left at 11 A.M. The monument at the head of Loch Shiel reminded us that we were in the district which witnessed both Prince Charlie's start to attempt to realise his ambition and later his tortuous wanderings to avoid capture by the English troops; in the course of our trip we crossed his fugitive tracks more than once. Glenfinnan is just a quiet, homely, Highland valley with no special characteristics; but coming straight from town one felt it good to hear the swirl of the river and see the steep green slopes ending in the rocky ridges—now clear and now cloud covered—to drink in a full draught of the purest air, to feel one's hobnailers biting the turf and rock once

more. The general sense of freedom and adventure was delightful. An hour's walk along a disused track, which ever and anon disappeared, on the west bank of the river, landed us at a shepherd's cottage named on the map Corryhully. Our first Munro, Sgurr Thuilm, could now be seen ahead, just a long grassy ridge. Beside the stream at the cottage was evidently the place for lunch, and our first open-air meal was there enjoyed.

The track continues for a mile beyond the cottage on the west side of the burn and ends at a bridge, some 200 yards before reaching which a track goes off to the left and zigzags up the eastern slope of the ridge leading to Sgurr nan Coireachan; it probably stops when it reaches the ridge. We continued steadily up our slope, Druim Coir' a Bheithe, and arrived at the summit of Thuilm (3,164) at 3 P.M.—two hours' gentle going from our lunching spot. It was from the slopes of this hill that Prince Charlie watched the English troops searching for him. The view from the summit includes an unusual number of lochs—Shiel, Arkaig, Eil—but as the day was dull and the clouds flying low, their outline was vague. The point, however, that struck us was the practically entire absence of snow. I never remember so little snow at Easter. Our route now took us north-east down the ridge Meall an Fhireòin to the junction of the River Pean and the Allt a' Chaoruinn; the bridge across the Pean is a few yards to the east of the junction of the streams, and there is no bridge across the Allt a' Chaoruinn, except in spite the Allt is easily crossed.

Glen Dessary Farm was reached at 5.55. Mrs Stewart told us that a hot meal would be ready in half an hour's time and that we could have a hot bath: the idea of a hot bath at Glen Dessary had never entered our heads, but with the advance of luxury, hot baths must apparently now be included under the heading of roughing it. We found a modern bath and fittings, and water too hot to get into without admixture of cold. The bath had come up by motor launch from the east end of Loch Arkaig. Mrs Stewart told us that a road was being made along the north side of the loch, and that in a year or two Glen

Dessary would be in motor communication with the world. Glen Dessary has connoted to many members of the Club an idyllic Highland glen—in the heart of the hills sacred to the pedestrian, a fit subject for a pastoral poem by Professor Shairp. Is it now to become a charabanc centre, littered with sandwich paper, tin cans, empty bottles? Perhaps I am selfish in wishing to keep these idyllic spots unsullied and unseen. Let us hope that education will do away with litter, and that the peace of the everlasting hills will exercise its refining influence over the roystering multitude.

After a first-rate breakfast we left the next morning at 9.20; plenty of clouds about, but no rain at present. The Mam na Cloiche Airde track led us, gently ascending, into the heart of the hills; after some two hours' quiet walking the Lochan at the summit of the Pass became visible and the track invisible. As there was nothing to gain by continuing west, we struck straight up for the ridge just to the east of the summit of Garbh Chioch Mor, after a forty minutes' lunch by the side of a pleasing burn. There was no snow, and Goggs, jun., who had lost the lower half of his axe on Sgurr Thuilm, found the upper half quite useful on the very steep slopes, and reminded us of the gentleman on the official cover of the *Alpine Journal*.

There is nothing like a good, steep, damp grass slope for gaining height, and at 1.25 we struck the stone dyke on the ridge. In front, but cut off from us by a yawning gulf, was our objective, Sgùrr na Ciche; a very rough, albeit shapely, peak he looked. Clouds in battalions were coming from the west, so we pushed on over the summit of the Chioch, and much regretted that the rocky broken slope to the col was not flattened with a snow covering. At the col we found three luxurious gentlemen from Tomdoun drinking burgundy and eating petits fours; they generously offered the tramp party a share of the good things of this world, in return for which the tramps told the Epicureans which hill was which, and accompanied them up the steep, rocky ascent of the Sgùrr, taking one or two small pitches *en route*. We were just in time to

get a view of Loch Nevis and the hills towards Larven before the clouds swept down in rain and blotted everything out. We sheltered under some rocks, had a second meal seasoned with hot tea out of our thermi, and then donning our waterproofs—in my case a pre-war Wettermantel—we set out downwards for Kinlochquoich about 3.30.

We found the broad whale-back ridge very broken, but the going was easy, and traversing high up, one hour and a half after leaving the summit, we hit the glen path, just an hour's walk from the lodge; the path is a good one, but for a third of a mile it absolutely disappears in a boggy stretch: the 6-inch map has the honesty not to mark this missing stretch as a broad highway, but leaves it blank. O most honourable surveyors!

We found that the head stalker, Mr Foster, had obtained permission to put us up in the lodge itself, so we roughed it once more. After a hot bath and change of underwear (our outer garments were still quite wearable) we enjoyed a good meal and then discussed the day's doings in a spacious sitting-room ensconced in comfortable armchairs before the fire. The lodge is most delightfully situated: looking east you have a long stretch of loch; looking west a double valley head and a grand half-circle of peaks—Sgùrr na Ciche, the culminating point. That the glens were at one time filled with ice is a self-evident fact, and one not dependent on a trained geologist's observations. In fact, from Corryhully onwards constant proofs of ice action presented themselves. Sgùrr na Ciche also provided us with numerous specimens of flake mica.

A further matter of local interest is that Kinlochquoich holds the record twenty-four hours' rainfall for Scotland. On the 11th of October 1916, 8.20 inches were recorded within twenty-four hours. Shortly before our visit on the 7th March they had 4.26 inches of rain, followed by 2.49 inches on the 8th.

Easter Sunday opened with rain, but about 10 A.M. the sky cleared and the day turned out a perfect one. The deer were still being hand fed, and quite a number came close to the lodge about breakfast time; in fact, on entering the bedroom of one of our party I found



Easter 1926

SGURR NA CICHE (1) AND BEN ADEN (2)
(FROM NEAR KINLOCHQUOICH)

J. A. Parker

him busy securing a good negative of a Lord of the Glen from his window.

Several motors arrived about 10 A.M. full of luxurious Tomdounites, but we envied them not; the occupants all departed for the west. Wishing for a very easy or off-day, we strolled east along the bridle track bordering the south side of the loch. Each turn of the track revealed new combinations of land and water; the tiny headlands with their accompanying wee bays and the ever-changing colour of loch and mountainside made our stroll an ideal one for an Easter Sunday morning. Our world spelt beauty and peace. Two miles on we arrived at a ruined cottage called on the map Coirebuidhe, just where a burn of the same name falls into the loch. We learned later that some years ago a very heavy cloudburst caused such a spate in that burn that one poor fellow was trapped in the cottage and drowned, and several more had the narrowest escapes. The bridle track leaves the loch here and winds gently up the moor to the 1,250 contour line and then drops into Glen Kingie. The easy track with its ever-widening view tempted us on and on and at the col we had lunch. The day was so perfect that it seemed a pity not to take advantage of a summit view, more especially as we found a stalking track which led us in sharp zigzags 1,000 feet up on to the open hillside, whence an easy slope landed us on the summit cairn of Gairich (3,019) (one and a half hours from the col). Our view extended from the Cairngorms to Skye; Ben Nevis looked his height but strangely black, Sgùrr Dhomnuill in Morvern, Stob Ghabhar, and many another well-kent peak, we gazed on with pleasure.

A leisurely stroll back by the same route enabled us to enjoy to the full that perfect Easter Sunday.

9 A.M., Monday, saw us leaving our Spartan quarters for Cluanie. Some two miles along the road we stopped the President in his car going westward on a peak-bagging expedition and allayed his fatherly anxiety as to the likelihood of the tramping party getting safely through without undue privation. We left the main road at

Quoich Bridge, going due north up the glen of that name to Alltbeithe ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles)—a comfortable-looking cottage where the Easter and Wester Glens meet: * numerous stalking tracks could be seen up the slopes of Gleouraich and the Mhaoraich massif. Two hundred feet above the cottage a primrose nook beside a burn was found for lunch, after which a trudge over easy ground at a moderate angle landed us on the ridge (2,740) between Sgùrr Coire na Feinne (not a Munro) and Sgùrr an Doire Leathain (W.) (3,272 feet) at 1 P.M. We could now see our destination, Cluanie Inn: the day was fine with good views and we thought with pleasure of the fine ridge journey now to be enjoyed. We left our packs where we struck the ridge and with light hearts and lightened backs passed over Doire Leathain to Sgùrr na Lochain (3,282) (2.12 P.M.). Loch Duich is well seen from here framed by Glen Shiel, the whole of which lies at one's feet with its white road ribbon. Fifteen minutes, all too short a time, passed like a flash in gazing at the sea of peaks and identifying one here and another there. What a grand tonic is a sea of peaks to a man's being! Days like these stored up in the photographic cells of the brain, can be reproduced when one feels annoyed or downhearted in the murky town and the peace of the eternal hills brings repose of mind and solace of heart. How absurd it seems to ask the question, "Why climb the mountains?" Turning from the west somewhat regretfully we regained our sacks at 3 P.M., had a meal, and left for the east at 3.30. A detailed record of the ridge would be wearisome, suffice it to state that the culminating point of Maol Chinn-dearg, Aonach air Chrith (3,342), was reached at 4.50 (half seventeen minutes). Forty minutes more saw us on Druim Shionnach (3,222). We intended going straight down to Cluanie Inn by this top's great north slope, but Creag a Mhaim (3,102), the last Munro on the ridge, looked so tempting that we could not resist adding him to our list. A little light refreshment and in twenty-seven minutes we were sitting on his cairn enjoying a fine open view to the east.

* A car could easily go up: the road ends at the cottage.

Leaving the top at 6.25, a steep but easy descent of twenty-eight minutes found us at the sharp bend in the road where a bridge crosses the Allt Ghubhais. The two miles of road to the Inn seemed hard after the turf, but the gradual fall made the work light and we were soon sitting down to dinner with ex-Presidents Solly and Ling and other less elevated members.

Tuesday morning Burt unfortunately had to return south, and the remaining trio determined to walk along the north ridge of the glen westwards. We left the Inn (728 feet) with regret: it is grandly set among the mountains and we should have been only too pleased to have stayed there a week—the time would not have hung heavy on our hands—but certain arrangements had been made, and we could only register an inward promise to return at an early opportunity.

Having seen our companions off in various motor vehicles, and leaving Solly king of all he surveyed, we struck up the south-west shoulder of Sgùrr an Fhuairail at 10.10. At 11.10 we struck the summit ridge (2,780 feet), and at 11.50 gained our first top—Fhuairail (3,241). In order that members of the Club or of the public may save the expense of purchasing aneroids, and in order to prove that Government Departments do give some tangible return to H.M. taxpayers, a stick in the cairn on the summit bears an oval iron plate, $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.,

3241
Ordinance.

We wondered at the spelling, but on consulting later a dictionary found the word Ordnance has in the past been spelled

Ordonance.
Ordinance.
Ordenance.

It would be interesting to learn when the “i” was officially dropped: the iron plate is free from rust, and yet

it presumably has been there many years. To the west of Sàileag is a similar post and plate marking a height of 2,350.

Leaving Fhuairail, a dip of 226 feet and a corresponding rise landed us on the summit of Aonach Meadhoin (3,284) at noon. Ten minutes later we had lunch. The view of shapely Sgùrr Fhuaran and his two southern satellites right ahead of us was inspiring, but snow would much have improved the view from the climber's standpoint; there was none on the ridge, and only in the northern corries did the white mantle appear, and that a scanty one. We took a generous forty-five minutes for our meal, then dropping down to the col (2,700 feet), Sgùrr a' Bhealaich Dheirg (3,378), with its outcrop of rock, and made stone dyke along its narrow summit arête, saw a member of the party climbing its big stone cairn at 1.30.

With the dominating cone of Fhuaran ever beckoning us on, and with ever new and previously unseen undulations on our ridge putting in an appearance, we tramped steadily onwards, enjoying to the full the grand full views and the sweeping air. This part of our route is so well described and illustrated in Brigg's article in the *Journal* for February 1912 (Vol. XII., pp. 1-12) with that quaint and taking title "As Heaven's Water Dealeth," that there is no need to deal with it here. At one low col we came down to 2,350 feet with sheep and moss hags, and shortly afterwards, having tea under some rocks, we were visited by a deer who unexpectedly found visitors in his domain, and by a sparrow hawk who darted past us at an incredible speed. Just before 5 P.M. found us on the edge of a small upper coire under the summit of Sgùrr na Ciste Dubh. We could have gone straight on bearing slightly left, but a 70-foot snow bank leading up to a nick in the ridge on the right looked attractive, and dropping down a 20-foot rock wall we kicked steps for the first time in our trip, and then a few feet over rocks landed us at the good-sized cairn, and gave us an uninterrupted view of Loch Duich. It was now 5 P.M., and although we all felt that the day was incomplete without Sgùrr Fhuaran, yet we had to face the undoubted facts that there was a substantial top between that peak and ourselves, that the ascent would

involve the addition of another 1,000 feet to the already respectable total we had made, that the good people at Shiel Lodge did not know we were coming, and lastly, that time was running on. The party unanimously voted to leave Fhuaran for another time, eat some Carlsbad plums and chocolate given us by Howard that morning for consumption on the *höchste spitze*, and at 5.20 started the direct descent to the glen at Achnangart. First north to the col, then west down steep grass slopes, avoiding rocky outcrops, seventy minutes took us down 3,300 feet to the bridge over the river at the farm.

So steep was the slope that one of the party tried glissading down the grass as the easiest method of getting along, but although the angle was quite steep enough to ensure his sliding, the lack of snow made the process of too bumpy a nature for long continuance. Just under the hour brought us to the lodge in time to join three more members—the last of the Mohicans—at dinner.

The statistician of the party, Russell, tells me we set our heels on the summits of fourteen Munros and that the average height ascended for the five days was almost 4,000 feet per day. As our average day's time was only just over the correct Trade Union number of hours, viz., 8, our bag may be considered satisfactory.

Next morning Russell left in a friend's car for the "grey capital," and my son and I followed the famous Dr Johnson in ascending the Mam Ratagan Pass, from the summit of which we made a detour to the south, skirting the northern slopes of Sgriol and examining the famous Pictish Towers in Glen Beag, and finally arrived at Glenelg, where the poor Doctor slept at the Inn on hay buttoned up in his great coat; he plaintively remarks that the inn was "furnished with not a single article that we could either eat or drink." Those who know the Highlands best can most fully appreciate the pluck and spirit which enabled a town-bred person like the worthy Doctor to bring to a successful issue a journey through the North-west Highlands in 1773. Neither he nor Boswell mentions Cluanie Inn, though they passed its site, so I think we may safely conclude it was not then in existence.

The Ettrick shepherd, James Hogg, however, mentions the Inn in his letters to Sir Walter Scott, describing his tour in the Highlands in 1803 (p. 53). Hogg passed the house not knowing it was an inn, and eventually reached the Inn of Invershiel somewhat exhausted : his account of his accommodation there is worth reading. He was attacked by " a number of little insects a thousand strong," and " awaked " " by a whole band of Highlanders, both male and female, who entered my room, and fell to drinking whisky with great freedom," etc., etc. To return to our own trip, we took the steamer from Glenelg to Armadale (where we left Dr Johnson) and Mallaig. From the sea we had grand views of the country we had so recently been wandering in, and a rush up and down Ben Nevis the next morning completed one of the finest trips in Scotland I have ever had or could have.



Јуле 1926

LADHAR BHEINN FROM N.E.

A. J. Rusk

SUMMER DAYS IN SKYE.

BY A. G. HUTCHISON.

MANY articles concerning the island of Skye have appeared from time to time in the *Journal*, and so it is with considerable diffidence that I offer a contribution on this subject to these pages. However, just as no two days are exactly alike with the ever-changing variety of rain and shine, storm and calm which inspires a never-failing delight in the devotee of the sport in the Cuillins, so there is perhaps the chance that there may be, in this description of a holiday spent in Glen Brittle, some fresh impression given to those who already know these mountains well.

The means of reaching Skye during the coal strike was a matter which called for deep thought, and a suggestion that a fishing boat might be hired from Mallaig to Loch Brittle was acted upon. Coal strike or not, this was plainly the finest way of reaching Glen Brittle, and thus one gorgeous day in July the family and I arrived at Mallaig and embarked on a twelve-ton fishing smack. As the smack under engine power climbed the long swells with its bow towards the Point of Sleat, it was very pleasant to lie and watch the slowly receding mainland across a white-topped sea, where Ladhar Bheinn keeps watch over Loch Nevis, and the wild tangle of mountains round about Glen Dessary were losing themselves in the blue distance of a West Highland day. The sight conjured up thoughts of a whole glorious fortnight to be spent among the mountains of the West, and already the glamour of the Isles was casting its spell over us as we rounded the point. There lay the Cuillins, chiselled in light and shade, entire from end to end and set off as some less fortunate mountains can never be with their great complement, the sea. Our course was set for the point where the ridge from Garsbheinn ends, and passing close in to shore, our craft negotiated the Sound of Soay until finally Ruadh Dhunain was rounded. In Loch Brittle we found considerable difficulty in landing

since the tide was low and the loch is very shallow, but we were finally put ashore about a mile south of the Campbell's cottage. The family were escorted to Mrs Chisholm's, and later in the evening I came back to where the camping gear had been dumped and pitched the tent, to the great interest of crowds of midges which took an active part in the proceedings. Next day I was fortunate in meeting a lady climber who was staying at the Chisholm's, and along with a J.M.C.S. man we made the ascent of the Cioch by the usual route approaching from the Shelf. This climb was pleasantly unexpected, since the rest of the party were not arriving till the following day, when they were to reach Portree by steamer. Owing, again, to the coal strike, the steamer was very late, and it was not until 10.30 P.M. that Rutherford and Addenbrooke, J.M.C.S., put in an appearance. Both were ravenous, and so for that matter was I, for waiting is hungry work; but this matter was soon put right, and we set off at 11.30 o'clock for the Bealach a' Mhaim. The night was of the sullen, still kind, and did not have the stimulating effect, sufficient to lift us into the Fionn Coire, that we had hoped for. Instead, we bivouacked beside Tobar nan Uaislean. When we woke the following day we found that the "Kruschen feeling" we had so desired the night before was coming from an unexpected and wholly unwelcome quarter. The midges were upon us in their millions, and the sight of three frantic individuals walking rapidly in circles endeavouring, between violent bouts of arm exercise, to eat their breakfast, might have been witnessed. The only escape was flight, so we fled up the north ridge of Bruach na Frithe, where a comforting breeze was soon encountered. At the top a more leisurely breakfast was eaten, and there the luggage was deposited in the lee of the cairn. The plan was to visit Am Bhasteir and the Tooth, since it was agreed that once we went down to Glen Brittle and the attractions of Coire Lagan, nothing could woo us back to the north end of the range again. From Bruach na Frithe we followed the ridge northwards past Sgurr a'Fionn Choire until, through the mist the Tooth loomed up ghost-like and threatening. We had decided

to climb it by Naismith's route, so the brand new rope was put on, behaving as brand new ropes will; then the preliminary traverse out to the right was made. The entrance of the chimney proved slightly awkward, but on looking back the party voted this a most excellent climb for a start. Our ideas as to the various climbs and ways off the Tooth were as hazy as the atmosphere which surrounded us, so we followed our noses and eventually landed on top of Am Bhasteir. Here two of the party immediately went to sleep, much to the disgust of the third, who was a fire-eater for ridge wandering in any sort of weather; but it was a case of two to one, and besides, no one can argue with people who are snoring. Some time later in the day the way was continued down the ridge towards Sgùrr nan Gillean, then the path joined which runs below the wall of Am Bhasteir on the Bhasteir Choire side, and we found ourselves back beside the rucksacks again on the top of Bruach na Frithe. As we had decided to settle in to camp that night by Loch Brittle side, we took the shortest road home and trundled down the north ridge again into Glen Brittle and thence to the tent, after what seemed a very long trudge along the road.

The tent, which I had pitched on the night of my arrival, stood on a small headland jutting into the loch. It was a most exquisite situation, for the doors opened towards Canna, lying off the mouth of Loch Brittle. In the little bay immediately south of the tent there was a spouter hole which at high tides on windy days gave a great display and used to deluge the wall of rock below us. The sound of the groan and hiccup of imprisoned water as the spouter prepared to give vent to its feelings became blended with other pleasant memories of the camp life which, 'twixt mountain and sea was as perfect as one could wish for. It was always a delight, after a day spent on the ridges and tops, to reach the black rocks of the coastline again and hear the surge of the swell breaking on the low skerries. To many, one of the great attractions of a climbing holiday in Skye must be the presence of the sea, whether it be unexpected as when a gap in the hurrying vapour reveals the torn breast of Scavaig, or whether it is

the excuse for an off-day to be spent rambling along the shore or exploring the cliffs.

In spite of arrangements made, the hamper of food-stuffs had not arrived, but was to come on M'Crae's lorry the next day, so we decided to do something short in order to be down in time to unload. The Cioch seemed to meet the case, and we found ourselves, after a late start, scrambling along the rake below the West Buttress of Sgumain on the way to the Terrace. We had lunch beneath the west face of the Cioch, and immediately afterwards climbed it by the route on that side. The day was most uninviting, and although the intentions at the outset had been good, since we had meant to reach the top of Sron na Ciche by Thomson's route on the Upper Buttress, we decided that with most of our holiday yet in front of us we might reasonably wait for a better day. Having thus served our consciences, we went down the ordinary way.

The weather for the next few days was fairly broken, and during that time Rutherford and Addenbrooke did the round of Coire Lagan, while on another occasion Addenbrooke, with another J.M.C.S. man who was staying a night or two, climbed the western Gully of Sron na Ciche, traversed Sgumain, Alasdair, Thearlaich, and reached the north side of Mhic Coinnich before descending into Coire Lagan. One day we had decided should be spent on Collie's route on Sgùrr Alasdair. On one of the wet days we had already made an unsuccessful attempt to find this climb, and had wandered too far across the mountain to the east, finally landing up on a ledge that ran out to nothing above the Stone Shoot. Here we sat down and had lunch, and decided the rocks were too cold and wet to warrant further exploration that day; but we determined to come back at the earliest opportunity. This we did, and with us we had a member of the L.S.C.C. in the party for the expedition. Although not brilliant, it was a kindly day, with a light mist which blew back every now and then in a most encouraging way, revealing first one peak and then another while we made our way up into Coire Lagan. There was going to be no mistake this time about the start of the route, since all "Guide Book"

information had been absorbed, and we reached the small cairn at the foot without any trouble whatsoever. The description in the "Guide" states that "this is an exhilarating and delightful expedition," and so it is; further, it has the merit of being a route which leads to the top of a mountain, and that mountain the highest of the Cuillin. One feels there is more satisfaction to be derived from such a climb than from one which leads merely to the top of a ridge, such as a climb on Sron na Ciche, for the impression received is that the former is more a mountaineering expedition than just a rock climb. In recollection of the climb, which is very steep, the chief difficulty seemed to be in surmounting two slabs, the top one of which overlaps the lower. There is a good stance for the second man at the foot of the lower slab while the leader crawls delicately up, using the small holds which are just sufficient. Here was a place to enjoy rock climbing to the full, right out on the roof of Sgùrr Alasdair, almost overhanging Coire Lagan it seemed. Unfortunately, while we were climbing there was much mist swirling in the corrie and round about, and except for occasional glimpses of the Lochan, there was little to be seen. We all finally gathered on the top of Alasdair and had a most jovial lunch a short way down the ridge towards Thearlaich. A superfluity of Mrs Chisholm's bannock brought by the lady member of the party was much appreciated by the mere men. After this repast the way was resumed to Sgùrr Thearlaich, which was climbed by a short but sporting crack to the left of the usual way up from the head of the Stone Shoot. As the party landed at the Cairn, the mists broke and the sun shone through, lighting up the dark corries. Wonderful effects were seen, and through gaps in the vapour we could discern the Outer Isles. After a very pleasant stop here we moved on again towards Mhic-Coinnich, and from the bealach went down into Coire Lagan. That evening, as was the regular custom, we had a bathe in the sea while the potatoes were boiling, and on this occasion, like the climb preceding it, it was particularly good. One member of the party, who was also a notorious poacher, made one of his clandestine visits to a loch on the way

down. His excuse was very reasonable. He said he thought it was time there was fresh fish for breakfast again. To do him justice, there very often was.

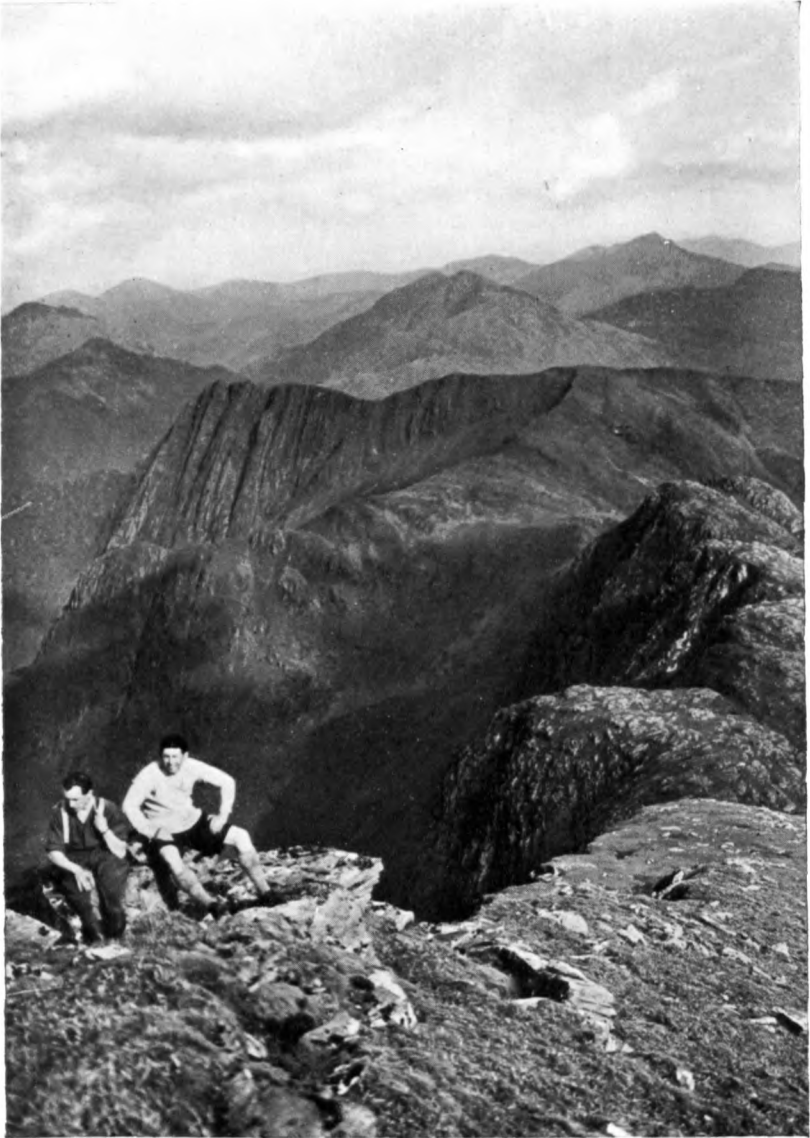
The day after our climb on Collie's Route was a sample of how it can rain in Skye, and some of the time was spent in baling. When, however, we saw that the following day was to be of the same brand, it was felt that something must be done. We therefore forsook the soaking tents and made a bee-line for Coire na Banachdich and the Window Tower Buttress, with more to follow. That is to say two of us did; the third, imagining vain things about the Buttress, thought it was located somewhere high up on the ridge of Sron Dearg, and the other two had to wait patiently for about one hour blowing and whistling until the missing one discovered his error. Fortunately for him, he was in possession of the rope, otherwise the virtue of patience might have evaporated rather quickly and left him alone to pursue his solitary perambulations in quest of the Buttress. But patience was to have its reward, for we saw that the weather was steadily improving, and before 60 feet of the Buttress had been climbed, the sun was out. It is a pity this Buttress is not longer, since it is made of such continuously good rock, and we revelled on the rough gabbro as far as the rocks would take us. In the clear rain-washed atmosphere the Outer Isles seemed to be but a few miles away, and it looked easily possible to chuck a stone into Lochan Coire Lagan as we walked up the ridge to the top of Sgurr Dearg. The western end of the Inaccessible was then scaled, and we spent some time watching the ever-changing effect of the lifting mists on the range to the north, and the shadows chasing one another down the dark glen of Coruisk at our feet. Some time later in the evening we followed the ridge from Dearg to Banachdich, and thence we came down into the corrie by the scree slopes of Sgùrr nan Gobhar.

The last climb of the holiday, by common consent, was to be the north-west Buttress of Sgùrr a Mhadaidh. When we were in Skye two years before, this climb had looked most attractive, but we were unable to reach it then for various reasons. This time, however, we decided to pay

the visit which we knew it merited. Early rising, never a strong feature of camp life at Glen Brittle, was no exception to the rule this last morning, and I am sorry to relate that it was midday before the camp was left. That meant that the foot of the crags in Coire Tairneilear were not reached until nearly three o'clock. The first part of the Buttress, which rises in three clearly defined steps, was easy, but the appearance of the second or middle step seemed to give food for serious thought. About half-way up its front a horizontal dyke intervened, and the first business was obviously to reach this. Although on very steep rock, we did not have much trouble in forcing a way straight up to the dyke or ledge as it really was, but once on it the difficulties began. What appeared to be another ledge some 12 feet higher seemed to offer a traverse away to the right, but the answer to our queries always came back from Rutherford, who was leading: "It's no good, everything is rounded and slopes downwards." Our ledge was not continuous but appeared in little outcrops of rock with gaps between, across the face to the left. The leader now tried to make his way straight up a crack, and might have succeeded but for a very dubious looking chockstone which he dared not touch, so there now remained no option but to traverse to the left. For this movement the handholds were very good, but there was the minimum of sloping holds for the feet, and these were set at a good striding distance apart. The traverse was approximately 30 feet in a horizontal line from where we first reached the ledge, and at the far end was a small platform where there was just room for two. From this the leader climbed upwards, slightly to the right, over rough somewhat holdless slabs which sloped downwards and were rather awkward. Forty feet of this led to another most sensational platform, where it was possible for the second man to take a hitch while the leader scrambled up a steep corner on to comparatively easy ground beyond. Our route on this second section was the continuation in approximately a straight line above, of the route up the lower step, so that the Buttress was climbed direct, except for the divergence made on the 30-foot horizontal traverse. Subsequent perusal of

the "Guide" informed us of a gully which leads up to the right, at the beginning of the steep section, but this in our ignorance we had never looked for. The third step was as easy as the first, and in a dank evening mist we reached the north top of Mhadaidh. Without halting we followed the ridge over the two other tops to the highest one, where, under the cairn we had rather a damp and chilly meal. The evening had turned very cold during the time spent on the Buttress, so we made a hurried descent by the Thuilm ridge and down the screes into Coire Greadaidh, which resounded with the music of innumerable rills, and so down to the road and back to camp.

The next day the tents were struck and we took a lingering farewell, clearing away all signs of our sojourn, while the spouter sobbed and gushed on the rocks below. The afternoon we passed in walking to Portree, where I joined the family. The following morning the "Glencoe" bore the party away from the Isle of the Mist.



June 1926

A. J. Rusk

LOOKING EAST FROM SUMMIT OF LADHAR BHEINN



Easter 1926

**THE SADDLE, LOCH DUICH
(ON THE SGURR NAN FORCAN RIDGE)**

J. A. Parker

THE SADDLE.

BY A. J. RUSK.

THE Cartographer, the Man of Figures, and the writer were among those who forgathered at Shiel House for the Easter Meet, 1926. On Friday, the first day that any serious expeditions were attempted, it was arranged that they should have a look at the mountains to the south of the glen, while the other members of the Meet explored the north side from Sgùrr Fhuaran. The previous evening a reconnoitring party had noticed that there was some promise of climbing on Sgùrr na Creige, and it was therefore decided to go up into Coire Uaine to see what could be found.

A beautiful morning saw the party of three walking up an excellent path towards the corrie. It was extremely hot, and an early occasion saw jackets discarded and slung over our rucksacks. Almost summer conditions with a complete absence of the objectionable fly element made the day one to be remembered. The point where the path crosses to the east side of the river was missed and the right-hand branch was followed. This led to some manœuvring to cross a deep gorge in which ran a burn coming down from the west side of the glen. After this incident progress was uneventful until the level ground above the waterfall was attained, and here a most excellent boulder was found. It called for attention, and a halt of about three-quarters of an hour provided an opportunity for some good sport. Many routes were made, the most difficult being the north-west face climb, which none of the party were able to manage without at least a balancing pull from the rope held from above.

Time was getting on, however, and as we hoped to have much still to do, tracks were made for the corrie. It now became obvious that Sgùrr na Creige offered little in the way of climbing, but on entering the corrie a grand gully was seen at the left or north-east end of the cliffs.

It appeared to be long, of a generally steep angle, and practically continuous. Accordingly, the party turned off and made for the gully. Some food was taken about 1 o'clock at 2,000 feet, and the party girded its loins and prepared for the fray.

Snow, just below the foot of the gully, was encountered at 2,200 feet, and steps were kicked and slashed for about 400 feet. There were obviously many pitches masked by this snow, as the party found alternately soft and hard stretches, sinking into the former and hoisting themselves over the latter.

The rope was put on at 2,600 feet, where ice was met for the first time. After two interesting but not difficult pitches had been overcome with some cutting, the gully steepened up to a large cave filled with snow and ice and crowned by a big chockstone. As the obvious way on the right, looking up, was heavily masked with ice the Man of Figures came up into the cave and prepared to safeguard the Cartographer while he gave the leader some assistance. Actually the discovery of two good handholds on the nose of the chockstone made this manœuvre hardly necessary, and with the cutting of three or four steps the pitch was overcome without great difficulty.

The party then found itself in a rocky amphitheatre at 2,800 feet, from which it appeared to be possible to leave the gully on the right-hand side. Above this the gully continued in a short but steep pitch with a projecting chockstone. This was easy, a matter of good fortune, for a large jet of water was shooting over it.

From here there was some easy climbing to another straightforward ice pitch, which led the party into another smaller amphitheatre of a vegetable nature, with an apparently easy exit on the left-hand side. The leader moved up in this direction to a good stand, and brought the second man up direct to the continuation of the gully, where he found good accommodation and a sound hitch. There the leader joined him, and the third man made himself comfortable lower down.

The next part offered a more difficult aspect than anything met with hitherto. The first pitch was steep

and narrow and was filled with icicles, some as thick as one's lower leg. However, there were some good holds on the right wall, and with the back on the left the leader soon found himself astride of a small knob below the more formidable second pitch. The Cartographer expeditiously followed and made himself secure across the cleft. The rucksacks were left below and the third man came up to the bottom of the pitch to look after them.

The next step required some consideration, for from this point the character of the rock changed. It was necessary to step across into a narrow chimney containing some ice, and this was done without excessive trouble, although the holds were far from satisfactory. By working up a few feet it was possible to get a good arm hold on the snow and ice on the floor of a small cave or sentry-box at the top of the chimney. The chief difficulty seemed to be to get into this box, for above could be seen good holds on more reasonable rock. The leader had his back to the right wall, but as the chimney was lined with ice it was not possible to gain much height by wedging the right leg. The holds on the left wall were poor and loose, and the arm hold was insufficient to raise the body the full height. After a little time, and some very useful advice and exhortation from the Cartographer, a push hold—first for the hand and then for the foot—was discovered on the right wall. The combination assuaged the “trimmle about the knees” that was detracting from the leader's sphere of usefulness, and some heaving and wedging got him into the sentry-box, where a good stand was found. The rope was slipped over a hitch with the help of an ice axe, and our troubles were over for the nonce; easy climbing would lead to a comfortable-looking platform above. A serious objection to this pitch, from the leader's point of view, was that he now found himself quite as wet as the others had been for the last hour.

The second man joined the leader and sat wedged across the chimney while number one moved up to the platform. This, he found to his dismay, and to the discomposure of the third man, who was now seated astride the little knob below the difficult pitch and holding

three rucksacks and an ice axe, was composed of most unstable blocks and offered little comfort. A hitch was found with some delay and more imagination, and the second joined the leader. He then unroped and his loop was sent down for the rucksacks, which were hauled up to the platform.

The third man came up and made himself at home in the sentry-box, while the leader climbed a short rock pitch and then up some ice to a patch of snow and a blink of sun, where the others soon forgathered. This snow offered a little respite, and some food was eaten. A welcome flask was produced and three digestions were filled with enthusiasm for the sandwiches offered for their delectation. The noticeably cheering effect of this led to the discovery that the flask had been half filled by two different members of the party, one inclining to Long John and the other leaning to Three Star. The resultant compound was of a singularly inspiring nature. The snow was at a height of about 3,050 feet, and was reached at 3.50 P.M.

Good progress was made up the snow until a fine chockstone pitch was met with. This afforded good holds on the right wall and was overcome by ordinary back and knee methods. Above this a short stretch of rather vegetable climbing led to easier ground, where the party unroped and resumed the meal that had been interrupted by the temporary disappearance of the sun. Cameras were busy, for there were some beautiful views to the westwards that offered some scope for panchromatic plates.

After this the gully was easy, and a curious arch stone under which all successively wriggled brought the party to the top of the ridge, where a wide panorama to the east and south was suddenly exposed to view. The ridge was reached at a height of over 3,200 feet at 5.10 P.M., and in spite of a cold wind the temptation to expose some more plates was too strong to be resisted.

The party then followed the ridge to the north-west, scrambling up to the main summit of the Saddle, and from there continued on to the east top. If the arête is followed closely between the two tops there is an interest-

ing and airy traverse. The route lies along the more or less horizontal edge of a steeply sloping slab, and some excellent balance practice in a lofty situation is provided, although there is no real difficulty on the whole ridge. This led us to a deep notch, whence there is a steep but easy climb to the east top, a sharp and shapely peak. It should be possible to find some short but interesting scrambles on this peak and on the arête joining it to the main summit: the rock seemed to be good on the whole, and is generally steep and well broken up.

At 6 P.M. we left the top and returned to the notch, whence a good snow slope had been observed descending by the reconnoitring party the previous evening. This gave a good standing glissade in two runs which led to the easier slopes below. With the prospect of dinner before us we hurried down and splashed through moss hags to a stalking path on the other side of the burn. It was in good order and provided an easy and direct route to the comforts of Shiel House, which was reached about half-past seven in the evening.

The gully affords a climb well worth a visit by a moderately strong party: the standard of difficulty is not unduly high, and the most difficult pitch would seem to be avoidable on the left-hand side looking up. In summer it would probably be easier: the climbed pitches certainly would be, and it is unlikely that anything really difficult would be found on the lower part that was completely masked in snow.

OF SUTHERLAND.

BY GEORGE SANG.

THE rapacity of the Highland hotel proprietor has become a byword, especially south of the Tweed. It is no myth. Painful personal experience has taught me that, although absolute ignorance may exist on culinary and domestic matters, finance is always a strong point. The mutton may be an example of sinful wastage, but the arithmetic is pantamorphic. Even the date does not always escape inclusion in the cataclysmic total.

While admitting that the Sassenach is fair game, only fit to be robbed and cast to the midges, I strongly resent being fleeced by my own countrymen. Having cast around for some means of avoiding this bar to travel, I have now evolved a method which, if it does not entirely meet the case, at least ameliorates the poignant regrets for squandered resources. I acquired a Canadian super bus, known as "Tarquinius," which beds my wife and myself in absolute comfort more generously than any hotel bed it has yet been my fate to wrestle with throughout the wee sma' hours. How often have I not suffered the pangs of Jacob after his bout with the angel!

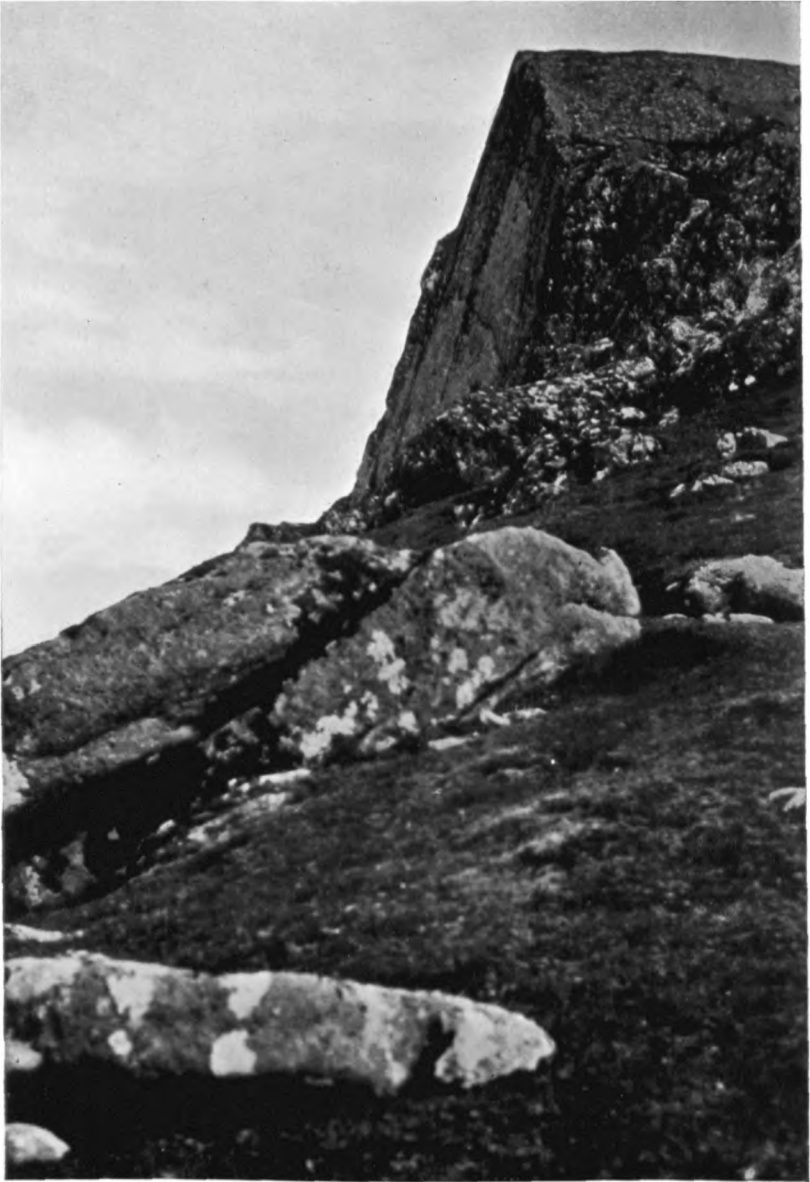
The charm of my plan, I contend, is that it opens up the whole blessed Island and enables one to greet with a supercilious smile the hostile stare which so frequently takes the place of a hotel welcome on arrival. Even far Sutherland ceases to be a matter of time-table worries and advance bookings. It becomes instead a pleasant following of inclination, a drifting from beauty to beauty. The feeling of freedom grows more and more complete the nearer one approaches Cape Wrath; and as the epidermis becomes more deeply impigmented by wood-fire smoke, the joy of the gipsy life increases. That aura of peat reek and fried sausages that hangs around the camper, forms not only a halo of umber-tinted peace from which he may regard calmly an almost forgotten



June 1926

BEN LAOGHAL FROM ROAD NORTH OF ALTNAHARRA

G. S.



June 1926

SUMMIT ROCKS OF AN CAISTEAL
(E. FACE)

G. S.

world of strife, but equally a safeguard from the insatiable onslaughts of *musca irritans cuileag*, and all the other ferocious denizens of the still Highland evening. One morning before this impigmentation was complete, I was, like Alan Breck, so "beset by a cloud of stinging midges," that I cast off the small amount of clothing that decency necessitated, and plunged into a deep pool of the mountain stream beside which our bus was parked. It was not until ten minutes later, as I climbed out, like Aphrodite, to greet the rays of the morning sun, that I discovered in my haste I had not only called all men liars but omitted to remove my wrist watch. It was no submarine, that watch. I had to gralloch it and hang its entrails on a branch to dry while I chased clegs like a terpsichorean semaphore.

Though complete rest had been the prescription for that tour of ours in the north, no mountain lover could have disregarded the allurements of these wondrous hills. Ben Laoghal, as seen of an evening from the Firth of Tongue, would stir the ambition of the veriest slug. I had so often heard Ben Laoghal's praises sung that I was prepared for disappointment. Yet even the distant view where the castellated peaks first heave themselves up against the northern horizon, as one grinds over the moor from the direction of Altnaharra, comes as a delicious surprise, guaranteed to start the itch of the climbing foot. After the quiet beauty of Loch Naver, backed by the unimposing bulk of Ben Klibreck, there is a fascinating weirdness in Laoghal that sets his tops apart as eminences worthy of attainment, even although erosion has robbed him of the necessary sacred altitude.

By the shore of Loch Laoghal, about a mile north of Leitirmhor House, we found a convenient flat piece of ground beside a burn where Tarquinius was content to rest without that sinking feeling we so dread. A change of boots and a casting of garments and within two hours we were standing on the summit of An Caisteal (2,504 feet), with a wondrous view of moor, sea, hill, and cloud around us. Of our route little need be said. It must have been followed by many who, salvationists like ourselves, sought for and found the line of least resistance. First half an

hour over a rising hillside by the burn, deep in luxuriant mosses and pierced everywhere with the unfolding monkey tails of sprouting bracken. Then for another similar period over an almost flat, boggy space to the lower buttress of the hill itself. Then came a steep ascent of a broken down cliff, the spaces between the tumbled stones filled with soft mosses, bushy blaeberry, and shy cloud-berry. This steep rise surmounted brought us to a ridge leading too much to the right, towards Sgor a' Chonais aite (2,320 feet), which has a steep face and is the fantastically upstanding peak so prominent from Tongue. Seen from the moor it has a faint resemblance to the Cobbler.

After about ten minutes we abandoned the ridge and cutting across more or less directly for our main top, but edging always slightly to the right, so as to lose as little height as possible, we came to a small, black tarn, tantalisingly enticing in the sultry heat, and for that reason passed with some reluctance. Then for twenty minutes up a very steep bank of deep, mossy fodder to where the curious summit slabs outcrop. These summit rocks are about 68 feet in vertical height. A prominent right-angled chimney on the eastern side will at once attract the eye of the rock climber. The first pitch is simple, although the holds, as usual with the Sutherland summits, are rounded and doubtful in security. Next comes the problem of getting a lodgment in the open end of the chimney. The solution looks as though it should be absolutely simple, but is probably quite the reverse, even once in the chimney the good holds are not too plentiful, and care must be taken as a slip here would be disastrous. It was this latter thought that induced me to arise from the deliciously springy turf, where I sat for the purposes of reconnaissance, and seek a biped route by the arête which would be less likely to interfere with the enjoyment of a most acceptable orange.

The rich, mossy cup, formed by the summit rocks, is a perfect place to laze away a couple of hours on a summer's day, but as by now it was hailing smartly, also because it seemed essential that Tongue should be reached before the closing of the Post Office, descent to the car

was made under pressure in one hour fifteen minutes. This time disappointed me sorely, quite wounded my pride in fact, for I felt convinced on reckoning up the visible distance and considering that no great deviation from a direct line would be required, twenty minutes ought to be ample, even for a man in the doddering fifties. Experience, however, proved that speed was a matter of boot heels, and after having sponged several of the moister portions of the sippy mountain side with a distressingly absorbent back, I was content to remember that excellent oriental maxim, "Hurry is of the devil," and to relegate the gentleman in question to the rear.

Luckily, Tongue Post Office scorns red tape, and is far enough away from the P.M.G. to pander to human requests. Mails, food, and even clothing were all procured without difficulty, nay more with good humour and alacrity, and our spirits were filled with that feeling of good fellowship and satisfaction which follows on a successful contravention of hide-bound regulations of the more than usually nonsensical sort. It enabled us to enjoy to the full the splendour of the view that opens as one turns southwards from Tongue towards Ben Laoghal. The setting sun was pouring its valedictory crimsons on the great north-west wall of the mountain and the rocks flamed and glowed against a sable sky. To motor along such a road with such a sight ahead of one is a crime. Yet the crime was a necessity, for we must find some suitable doss before the night descended. When it is dark it is only the task of distinguishing bog by the roadside, not the bog itself, that gets harder. It is wonderful how quickly a ton and a half of motor vehicle will start on the direct route for New Zealand!

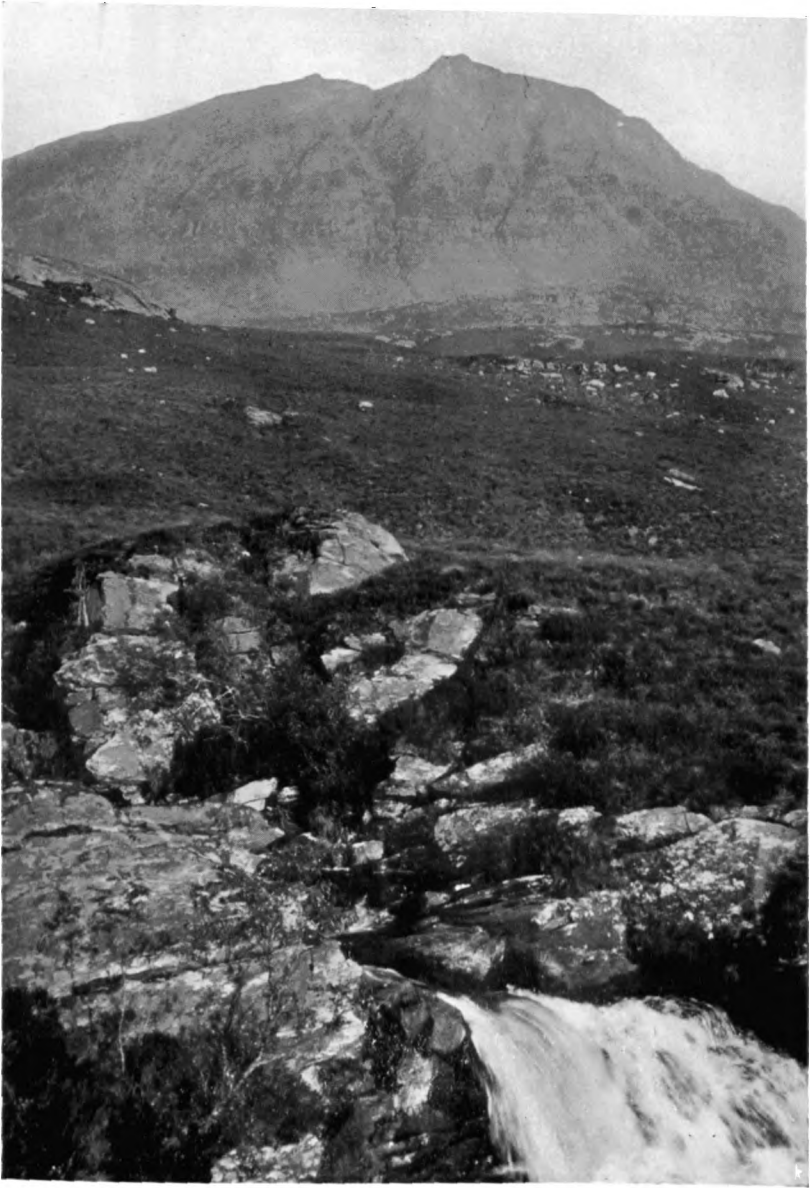
We had decided, provisionally, on some suitable spot on the shore of Loch Hope, smuggled into the shelter of the great Ben, for we felt so black a sky perpended an aquatic display. It was necessary to go a long way, but eventually we found a splendid spot. A few minutes later the midges found us and organised a very creditable combined attack. With imprecations, scratching, and haste we converted the car to the semblance of a bee

hive, got inside, and by burning much tobacco pretended we were honey. We got the desired result, but not as far as regards smell. Sleep eventually put an end to a discussion on the merits of being bitten and stung to death as against being fugged to suffocation.

The next day we made a flank attack on Ben Hope. We found a promising little path going up into the wood which lies near the top end of the loch. Following it a short distance soon proved that although, doubtless, delightful for a walk, it wasn't going to be much use for getting us to the top of our hill. We left it to its own devices and scrambled up the hillside through the wood. This was exercise with a vengeance. I soon found that the best place for a shirt was inside the rucksack. A jacket was a burdensome but necessary defence against the trees. Hope is a queer hill. It goes up in terraces. A wood belt; a bracken, heather, and moss belt; then a steep turf and scree belt. Between each belt you are pretty sure to find a little lochan, and failing a lochan in your way you can substitute, without much fear of disappointment, a bog.

Near the top of the bracken, heather, and moss belt we saw something move and take cover. I said "fox" and we went to see. It was a fawn, very new to this cruel world where his kind are butchered to make a profiteer's holiday. He was terrified, poor little chap, and we didn't dare go too close. He screamed for his mammy, and his eyes looked so pathetic they'd have melted a heart of flint. My wife classified him as tobacco colour, with rust and nigger spots. His legs were about as much use to him as green rushes and, as his lamentations were awakening the countryside, we beat a hasty and, in my case, an undignified retreat. I didn't know till too late that the heather tuft I stepped back on overhung space. In some places that bank is steep and inclined to be hard!

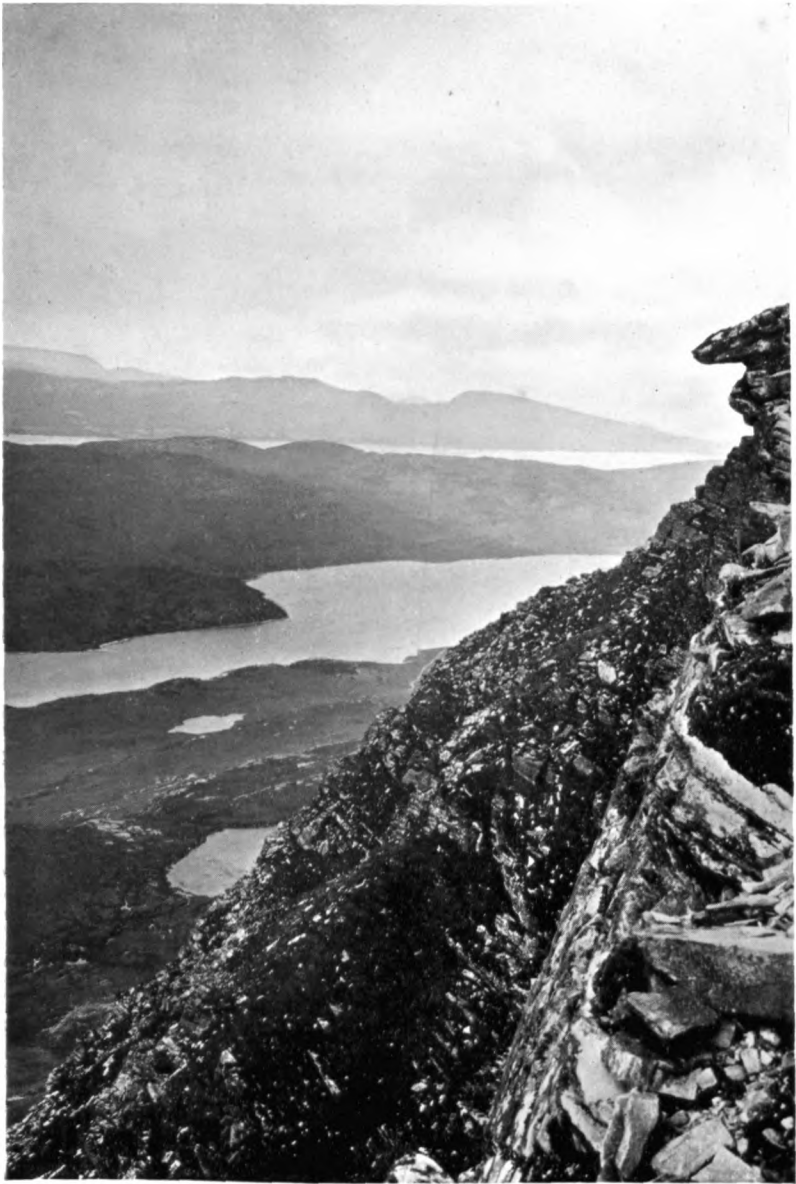
My wife discovered a good gully leading directly up the final turf and scree belt. It was very steep in places, but the water-worn trap made excellent holds, and if we were careful to keep either quite close together or out of the direct line of fire we found it a splendid stairway



June 1926

BEN HOPE
(N.W. ASPECT)

G. S.



June 1926

WESTERN BASTION OF BEN HOPE
(VIEW FROM RING OUSEL'S NEST)

G. S.

to within about 300 feet of the top. Eventually forced out of it by the appalling rottenness of everything within reach we took to our right and got on to a degenerate ridge or bastion. Here we spent about half an hour looking for a ring ousel's or hill blackbird's nest. We could hear the young birds cheeping, but could by no effort climb to a spot which would give a view of the nest.

An immense herd of deer swept over the slopes below us, and we could see them scampering over the country for miles. How we envied their ease of movement over the unstable stones, rotten turf ridges, and boggy patches.

Persevering upwards we soon reached a part, about 100 feet below the uppermost ridge, where the whole hillside got moving when tickled. It did not move with us, but contrariwise, so, abandoning dignity, we dropped upon all fours and completed the ascent with all but feline delicacy.

It surprised me greatly, when we topped the bank, to find what looked like an immense suburban golf course. Acres of approximately level green turf. The trees and holes and mashies and niblicks and things were, however, thank heaven, missing; though I did think I caught sight of a bunker taking cover towards the south-east.

A sportsman of my acquaintance informs me that on heaving himself up on to this plateau on one occasion his appearance startled a whole herd of deer which happened to be grazing towards his left, that is, nearer the summit of the hill. They all incontinently dashed off in that direction, and having become exceedingly alarmed—and my informant's face would be enough to alarm more than a herd of deer, superheated as it would be after that ascent—they wheeled at the top—a semicircle of stupendous cliffs absolutely preventing further progress in any other direction (to use guide-book parlance)—and turning in their tracks thundered down upon him and his companions like a cavalry charge. Don't be alarmed. He was quite safe. When they got close enough to see his face again the leaders bore hard to their left and passed harmlessly at umpty miles an hour, the wind of their passage being like unto the entrance to the Bakerloo

Tube. I expect this story is quite true, but you know what sportsmen are !

We resumed our self-appointed task, now leisurely and pleasant, surrounded by cool fresh air, and with a wonderful outlook over the intricacies of Sutherland's mountains. A sheltered spot near the cairn made a pleasant resting-place, and we had that happy feeling that a good day on the hills brings when one is not tied to a plate of soup. We could spend as long as we liked on our peak. We were untrammelled and almost free. Evening comes slowly and the light dies out reluctantly from the deep corries and the great folds of the rolling hills. Here and there a tarn shimmers in the light for a while, then sleepily closes its eye, twilight falls, and all the land is hushed except for the restless rivers and the distant sounding sea.

The evening star hangs glimmering in the sky
Far from the strife of man, one's soul at rest,
Couched on the mossy crest at peace we lie.
Cool silence reigns and he is truly blessed
Who sleeps enfolded by eternity.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

S.M.C. EASTER MEET, 1926—CLUANIE,
TOMDOUN, AND GLEN SHIEL.

THE Easter Meet this year, notwithstanding the fact that it was held in one of the wettest districts in Scotland and extended over fully a fortnight, was favoured with excellent weather throughout, being carefully sandwiched in between two spells of bad weather. The early arrivals on the 31st March found the hills just getting rid of a coating of fresh snow, and when the last member left Cluanie on the 15th April, the higher summits had again a coating of white.

CLUANIE—1926.

PRESENT :—Allan Arthur, R. Burn, W. Galbraith, J. Harrison, G. E. Howard, W. N. Ling, H. Priestman, G. Sang, H. F. B. Sharp, G. A. Solly.

The first arrival on Thursday, 31st March, was Burn, and shortly after Solly, Ling, and Galbraith arrived by car from Invergarry. The day was not too promising, but after a too substantial lunch Galbraith, Ling, and Solly ascended Carn Fhuairail (3,241), immediately north of the hotel. The mist prevented a view, but the ridge affords a fine walk.

In the evening the party was augmented by Harrison, Sang, and Sharp.

On Friday the party descended Glen Shiel in two cars to Achnangart. The majority—Burn, Ling, Sang, Sharp, and Solly—ascended the Saddle (3,317) via Sgùrr na Forcan, and some of the party continued over Sgùrr na Creige (3,082). The conditions were good, and though it was not very clear there were fine views westwards and over Skye. This party returned by car.

Galbraith and J. Harrison took the north side of the glen, and ascended Sgùrr Fhuaran (Ouran) (3,505), where

they found the two Lawsons, Menzies, and Tomkinson. This hill is a fine view point and, in spite of the haze, Skye and Rum were seen, and the vista along Loch Duich was very fine.

The combined party then ascended two more of the Sisters of Kintuil, Sgùrr na Carnach (3,270) and Sgùrr na Ciste Duibhe (3,370), and descended to the road near the Bridge of Shiel, whence Galbraith and Harrison returned on foot by road to Cluanie.

On Saturday the Cluanie residents had been joined first by Priestman and Howard, and later by Allan Arthur.

On this day several parties were formed. Howard, Ling, and Solly, joined by Bell and Glover from Tomdoun, ascended the hills south of Glen Shiel, beginning at Creag a Mhaim (3,012), and proceeding westwards; some descended after a certain distance, but Glover, Howard, and Ling persisted as far as the westmost top of Meall Cheann Dearg (3,214) having accomplished six peaks in all. A friendly car returned them to the hotel.

Burn and Galbraith went in the opposite direction and had a very pleasant ascent of Sgùrr nan Conbhairean (3,634), followed by a' Chralaig (3,673).

J. Harrison, Sang, and Sharp ascended a snow gully on the north face of Aonach air Chrith (3,342) and continued along the ridge of Meall Cheann Dearg to Sgùrr Coire na Feinne, where they descended a grassy ridge, giving excellent going. They claim this as a first ascent of the gully.

This day was slightly spoiled by early and late rain, but the middle of the day was fine and the sun was seen at times.

Easter Sunday, 3rd April, was the best day, so far as weather was concerned. A party of seven—Burn, Galbraith, Howard, Ling, Priestman, Sang, and Sharp—ascended a' Chralaig (3,673) by the ridge running northwards from the road towards the hill, giving a most interesting high-level walk. The sun was hot and the day continued to improve, so that throughout its course the party had some luxurious halts in warm sunshine with very fine views all round.

After leaving a' Chralaig the party proceeded northwards along the ridge towards Mullach Fraoch Coire (3,614), and had the pleasure of meeting *en route* Allan Arthur and J. Harrison, who were reversing the expedition, having commenced with Mullach Fraoch Coire. After a joint lunch in a sheltered spot the party broke up, Arthur and Harrison ascended a' Chralaig, Howard and Priestman descended to the valley, and the others ascended Mullach Fraoch Coire by a very interesting ridge crowned by gendarmes in places, which give an opportunity for climbing, though they can be circumvented by a deer track.

The cairn is a fine point of view, looking down on Loch Affaric. The party spent a considerable time by the cairn, identifying distant hills on all points of the compass, including Ben Nevis and its satellites, the Ardgour and Skye Hills, the Torridon and Loch Maree groups, and probably An Teallach.

On Monday, 5th April, the party was weakened by the departure of the Secretary, Burn, and Sharp. The day, after a doubtful beginning, turned into sunshine. Arthur and Solly made a motor car expedition beyond Dornie Ferry, and on the return journey Arthur took Carnach and Sgùrr Fhuaran, so to speak, in his stride.

Howard and Ling went by car to Achnangart, and ascended Sgùrr Fhuaran, then traversed Carnach and Sgùrr nan Ciste Duibh, followed by Sgùrr na Spainteath (the peak named from the Spanish invaders of Glen Shiel). They then passed over Sàileag and ended by Sgùrr a Bealach Dearg, from which they descended to the road and thence home.

This branch of the party had thus traversed six Munros and reported magnificent views, covering Skye (the whole Cuillin Range), Rum and Eigg, Ben Nevis, Cruachan, Cairngorms, Torridon Hills, and many others.

Galbraith and Priestman ascended the south ridge, commencing with Sgùrr a Mhaim, and going westwards to Aonach air Chrith. They had similar though not such extensive, views as the other party.

This evening was cheered by the advent of Party "B" from Glen Dessary and Loch Quoich, after a most

successful walking tour, but they will tell their own story. This evening closed the visit of Arthur, Galbraith, Howard, Ling, and Priestman.

Summing up, the Cluanie Meet was most successful in all respects: the district was new to some members; by all it was seen in most favourable conditions, and Easter Sunday 1926 will long be remembered by those who enjoyed its warm sunshine and fine views. One noticeable feature was the absence of snow, the hills being as a rule bare, and snow was only seen in small patches or lining sheltered corries. The residents will also gratefully remember the comforts of the hotel, and Mr and Mrs Macdonald's care and attention.

CLUANIE—*From 6th April on.*

Tuesday, 6th April.

Solly climbed Garbh-leac and Mullach Fraoch-choire alone. H. Alexander, J. A. Parker, and G. Wilson (*guest*) arrived.

Wednesday, 7th April.

The President, Wilson, Alexander, and Solly climbed Ciste Dhubh from the Alltbeath path. The former two finished the climb by way of the 300 feet gully in the south-east face, mostly on good snow, but at the top on some rather rotten stuff which was not easy. The others found a smaller snowless gully farther east, up which they climbed over steep grass and rubbish. The two parties joined forces at the summit and then continued along the interesting, and in places narrow, south ridge to the bealach at the foot of Càrn Fuaralach. Both tops of this hill were visited and a descent made by the south slopes to the inn.

Thursday, 8th April.

Solly left, and the remaining three motored to Glen Shiel.

The President and Wilson climbed the Saddle by way of the Forcan Ridge, and then continued over Sgùrr na Sgine and Fraochag to the Glen Shiel road.



Easter 1926

CCIRE GARBH, BEN ATTOW
(LOOKING WEST FROM NEAR THE HUNTER'S PASS)

J. A. Parker

Alexander climbed Sgùrr nan Saighead, Sgùrr Fhuaran, Sgùrr na Carnach, and Sgùrr na Ciste Duibhe, and finally joined the others on the Glen Shiel road.

Friday, 9th April.

A wet day, which was devoted to motoring Wilson down to Invermoriston on his way home to Aberdeen.

Saturday, 10th April.

The President and Alexander motored to Croe Bridge, and from it made a complete traverse of all the tops of Ben Attow. The return from the east top, Sgùrr a' Dubh Doire, was made by way of the bealach between Ciste Dhubh and Càrn Fuaralach, and took two and a half hours to Cluanie. This was undoubtedly the finest day of the Meet. From the top of Ben Attow the Cairngorms on the one hand and Stornoway Harbour on the other were clearly visible, as also was the steamer just leaving Kyle of Lochalsh pier.

T. Ratcliffe Barnett and W. A. Cochrane (*guest*) arrived in the evening.

Sunday, 11th April.

The President got a lift in a friendly motor lorry to the site of the Battle in Glen Shiel and then walked back to the inn, via Creag nan Damh, Sgùrr Beag, Sgùrr an Lochain, Sgùrr an Doire Leathain, Maol Chinn-Dearg, and Aonach air Chrith, the descent from the latter being made by the very fine north ridge.

Alexander explored the very interesting Coire an t'Slugain, and incidentally climbed the long straight snow gully at the head of it, which was so conspicuous from the inn. He then climbed Aonach air Chrith and descended by the north ridge, being just about one hour in advance of the President.

Cochrane and Barnett climbed Creag a' Mhàim and Druim Shionnach from the Tomdoun road.

Monday, 12th April.

Alexander, Cochrane, and Barnett left in the forenoon.

The President, alone, walked to Alltbeath, climbed Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan by the south face, and then continued out along the north-east ridge to the 3,210 feet top of Creag a' Choir' Aird, the return being via the Coire Dearcag and over the east ridge and down the south-east shoulder of Sgùrr nan Ceathreamhnan and home by the Alltbeath path to Cluanie. A very delightful eleven hours' day with summer-like weather, but no distant views on account of heather smoke.

Tuesday, 13th April.

The President, alone, motored to Croe Bridge and climbed A' Ghlas-bheinn, a rather uninteresting hill, but one commanding fine views of the north side of Ben Attow.

Wednesday, 14th April.

A thoroughly wet day, and the President left on the following day, the hills then having a coating of fresh snow on the upper slopes.

TOMDOUN.

PRESENT:—*Members*—C. E. Bell, J. H. Bell, R. A. Brown, J. W. W. Drysdale, G. T. Glover, J. S. M. Jack, H. MacRobert, G. B. L. Motherwell, A. B. Noble, J. A. Parker (*President*), R. T. Sellar, G. D. Valentine, and C. E. E. Riley.

Guests.—None.

Wednesday, 31st March.

The President arrived in the Presidential car, having previously spent a couple of days at Invergarry with Mr and Mrs J. H. Bell.

Thursday, 1st April.

A very wet day. The President stayed indoors, received the arrivals, and also interviewed some of those passing through to Tomdoun or Shiel House. The following members arrived: Brown, Noble, Riley, Sellar, Drysdale,

and Jack. The first three, who arrived early, motored to Loch Quoich, climbed Scour Gairloch, and got pleasantly soaked.

Friday, 2nd April.

The remaining members of the party arrived.

The President with Noble, Sellar, and Riley motored to the Allt a' Mheil bridge on Loch Quoich and climbed Spidean Mialach and Gleourach, descending by the south shoulder of the latter to Glen Quoich Lodge.

Glover climbed Creag a' Mhaim, alone, by the path.

Brown, Drysdale, and Jack climbed Sgùrr a' Mhaoraich, Am Bathaich, and A' Ghurr Thionail, with descent to the Loch Hourn road.

C. E. Bell, MacRobert, and Valentine did Spidean Mialach.

Saturday, 3rd April.

Sellar motored the President, Riley, Noble, and Motherwell to Kinlochquoich, and with the two latter climbed Sgùrr na Ciche, having joined forces with Gogg's party on the bealach, south-east of the final peak.

Meantime the President and Riley, under a strict time limit from Sellar, set out to climb Luinne Bheinn *and* Meall Buidhe. It was calculated that eight hours would suffice for the trip, but the extraordinary mountainous nature of the path through the glen upset all calculations, and the top of Luinne Bheinn was only reached at 1.20 P.M. (Kinlochquoich having been left at 10 o'clock). After a rest of thirty-five minutes the party pushed on towards Meall Buidhe, and the bealach at the foot of that peak was reached at 2.45 P.M. Careful calculations proved that, in the light of the forenoon's experience, it would be even then a tight fit to get back to Sellar's car in time, and the last 800 feet of the Meall was therefore abandoned and a retreat made to Kinlochquoich as fast as possible. It was reached at 6.30 P.M., half an hour late; but Sellar, kind soul, had waited.

C. E. Bell, Brown, Drysdale, Jack, and MacRobert motored to within one mile of Achnangart in Glen Shiel, and climbed the Saddle by Sgùrr nan Forcan and the east

ridge, returning via Sgùrr na Sgine (which Jack omitted) and Fraochag.

Valentine fished in the Garry and had a good basket. Glover, *see* Ling at Cluanie.

Sunday, 4th April.

The President motored to Cluanie on sundry errands and climbed Creag a' Mhaim on the way.

Brown, Drysdale, Glover, Jack, MacRobert, and Riley motored to Kinlochquoich and ascended Sgùrr na Ciche, where Glover dismissed the party and came back by himself. The others carried on over Garbh Chioch Mhòr and Garbh Chiòch Bheag to Sgùrr nan Coireachan. "Owing to a mistake," Sgùrr Mòr was omitted and a descent made by Druim Buidhe. (Query: Were the party attracted to this line of descent by the resemblance of its name to a certain well-known Skye liqueur?) The party partly bathed in a burn and were afterwards entertained to tea by Goggs at the Lodge.

Motherwell, Noble, Sellar, and Valentine had an easy day by car to Loch Houran and returned much refreshed.

Monday, 5th April.

The President motored Riley to Kinlochquoich and thereafter climbed Ben Aden alone, Riley climbing Sgùrr Mor and Sgùrr a' Mhaoraich. The party reassembled at the keeper's house at Bunchaolie for tea and afterwards motored home both well satisfied, Riley at having wiped out the defeat of the previous day, and the President at having climbed a hill which was not a Munro.

Noble, Motherwell, Sellar, and Valentine motored to Glen Shiel and climbed Sgùrr Fhuaran (Scour Ouran).

The others returned to the south.

Tuesday, 6th April.

The President motored to Invermoriston, picked up H. Alexander and G. Wilson (*guest*) there, and took them up to Cluanie.

Motherwell, Sellar, and Riley left for home, and Valentine remained on for a few days' fishing.



MEALL BUIDHE



Easter 1926

J. A. Parker

LUINNE BHEINN

VIEWS FROM THE SUMMIT OF BEN ADEN

GLEN SHIEL.

PRESENT :—H. St C. Bartholomew, J. H. B. Bell, F. S. Goggs, G. Murray Lawson, D. H. Menzies, A. J. Rusk, Colin Russell, J. A. Scott, H. Tomkinson.

Guests.—Goggs, jun., W. R. Lawson, and E. E. Roberts.

On Wednesday, 31st March, the Lawsons and Menzies arrived at Shiel House by car, and on the following day walked to the top of the Mamratagan and returned by Sgùrr a' Bhraonain and Sgùrr Mhic Bharraich. There were several showers during the day, and the view from the tops was disappointing. Tomkinson, on arriving early in the afternoon, did the same round in much better time. In the evening Bartholomew, Scott, and Rusk were decanted from two cars, and after dinner Glen Shiel heard, probably for the first time, the "Songs of the Mountaineers."

On Friday, 2nd April, Bartholomew, Rusk, and Scott, thirsting for adventure, made for Choir' Uaine on the north side of the Saddle in search of a climb to try their skill. In this they were successful, and a fine gully on the left of the corrie above the lochan was attacked. The first 400 feet was masked in snow. The remaining 700 feet appeared to have afforded the party an ample outlet for their energy in that five chockstone and four ice pitches had to be overcome before the party emerged on the ridge. The last 100 feet they found easy. Four hours were spent in the gully. The party then traversed the Saddle to the east summit, and then retracing their steps for a short distance glissaded down to the path and thence walked home.

Menzies, the Lawsons, and Tomkinson walked over Sgùrr Fhuaran, Sgùrr na Carnach, and Sgùrr na Ciste Duibhe. Immediately under the first-named top they fell in with Galbraith and J. Harrison from Cluanie, and left them on Sgùrr na Ciste Duibhe to find their way to Cluanie over further "Munros." The former party descended by the ridge to Shiel Bridge and walked home by the road.

Bell and Roberts arrived, the former by motor cycle from Auchtermuchty, the latter on his feet from Glenelg. Bell set out immediately to walk the Mamratagan and met Roberts at the summit. Thence they walked to Shiel House via the top of Mhic Bharraich.

On 3rd April Bell and Roberts did Sgùrr a' Gharg Charaidh, Sgùrr Leac nan Each, Spidean Dhomhuill Bhrìc, traversed the Saddle and descended on Achnangart.

Bartholomew, Rusk, and Scott motored up Gleann Lichd and had a climb on the north face of Sgùrr Fhuaran.

Tomkinson, Menzies, and the Lawsons scrambled up to the main top of the Saddle via the corrie. Incidentally they saw traces of the Rusk party in a snow gully plentifully supplied with ice pitches and chockstones.

On 4th April Bartholomew, Rusk, and Scott motored to Cluanie and inspected several gullies on the north face of Maol Chinn Dearg and found a satisfactory one with a good cave pitch with a through route. They then traversed the two tops and glissaded into Coir'an-t-Slugain.

Tomkinson and G. Murray Lawson were also on Maol Chinn Dearg.

Bell and Roberts traversed the five sisters of Kintail from east to west. W. R. Lawson and Menzies had an off day.

On 5th April Bell and Rusk visited the Falls of Glomach for purposes of photography. Rusk left in the evening.

Bartholomew and Scott left for home in the morning.

Menzies, the Lawsons, and Tomkinson traversed the Saddle, and Roberts had an off day.

On 6th April Tomkinson and Bell left. The Lawsons, Menzies, and Roberts motored to Cluanie. Roberts and G. Murray Lawson ascended Sgùrr an Fhuarail and Sgùrr a Bhealaich Dheirg. W. R. Lawson and Menzies spent a pleasant day in the neighbourhood of Loch Cluanie.

Goggs, father and son, and Colin Russell arrived in the evening from a cross-country trek, but their adventures will fall to be recorded elsewhere.

The remainder of the party broke up on 7th April.

From every point of view the Glen Shiel Meet was a great success. The hills were new to most, if not all, of the members present; the weather was almost perfect; and the kind attention of Mr Campbell, and of those who assisted him in contributing to the comfort of his guests, was greatly appreciated.

BRIDGE OF LOCHAY.

PRESENT:—*Members* — Messrs Fraser Campbell, W. Douglas, J. Rennie, W. A. Mounsey, D. A. Clapperton, P. Donald, R. W. Martin, C. E. Andreae, A. J. Frazer, Professor Steggall.

Guest.—M. Mounsey.

The turn-out at Killin was not large, but, in view of the excellence of the fare provided in the far north by our indefatigable Secretary, any other result was hardly to be expected. Although no serious climbing was done, many pleasant excursions were enjoyed during the period of the Meet, to the success of which the almost tropical weather contributed in no small part.

The first arrivals were Campbell and Rennie on Wednesday, 31st March, by car from Helensburgh. In the afternoon they motored round Loch Tay, banging saxpence on the way for tea at Taymouth Castle.

On Thursday, 1st April, Campbell, Douglas, Rennie, and Steggall motored to Fortingall, up Glen Lyon to Bridge of Balgie, and back by the hill road in thick mist.

The next day Clapperton, Martin, and the two Mounseys did the Tarmachans, Martin and Mounsey, jun., extending their circuit to include Creag na Caillich. Campbell, Douglas, Rennie, and Steggall motored up Glen Lochay in the forenoon.

On Saturday, 3rd, Clapperton and the two Mounseys, apparently dissatisfied with the fare provided locally, ascended Schichallion from White Bridge, returning by the same route. Donald and Martin went by motor cycle to Kenknock, from where they climbed Creag Mhòr,

returning over Beinn Heasgarnich. There was practically no snow at all, and the ease with which the circuit was made must have been in marked contrast to the difficulties met by the party at New Year. A short sitting glissade was enjoyed on the way down to the col, though a damper was experienced by the member of the party who failed to stop short of the thaw at the foot. A bathe in the Lochay concluded the pedestrian portion of the trip.

The next day was as warm as the preceding one, and Clapperton and the two Mounseys motored to Lochan na Lairige, whence they made their way to Lawers over the summit of Beinn Ghlas. This was probably the clearest day of the Meet, and magnificent views were had in all directions. Andreae and Donald bagged Meall Glas from Kenknock, finishing off with a delightful shower bath under a waterfall near Lubchurran.

The Mounseys spent the Monday motoring and photographing round Loch Rannoch. Frazer, having by his presence increased the attendance at the Meet by 10 per cent., felt that an arduous task had been well performed, and, in order to restore his wasted tissues, devoted the day, in company with some friends, to the gentle art of angling—though with what success has not been ascertained. It was left to Andreae to uphold the traditions of the Club with the most energetic day of the Meet. He cycled to the 1,500 feet level below Lochan na Lairige. Thence he climbed Beinn Ghlas, where he was rewarded with a glimpse of the Brocken Spectre. By the time the summit of Lawers was attained the mist had cleared and grand views were to be had, particularly of Ben Nevis and the Glen Coe mountains. Still full of beans, he carried on round the horseshoe as far as Meall Garbh, returning direct by a pleasant snow passage on the north-west side of An Stuc to the Beinn Ghlas col and so back to the bicycle, only halting *en route* for a bathe, which had such an invigorating effect that he pushed right on to Callander, arriving there in time for the 8 o'clock train back to Glasgow.

The last to leave were the Mounseys, who returned home by motor on the Tuesday.

LIBRARY.

Since the last *Journal* was issued the following books have been presented to the Library :—

“ Mountains of Youth,” by Arnold Lunn. Presented by George Sang.

“ Die Wallfahrt Zum Wahren Jakob,” by W. R. Rickmers. Presented by the Author.

The Club thanks these gentlemen for their gifts.

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

Swiss Monthly. March 1926 to September 1926.

Italian Alpine Club Journal. February 1926 to September 1926.

La Montagne. January 1926 to September 1926.

Les Alpes. Vol. II. February 1926 to September 1926.

Alpinisme. January 1926.

Constitution and Rules of the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland.

“ Climbs on Scawfell Group,” by C. F. Holland. (Published by Fell and Rock Club.)

Annual Record of the Ladies’ Scottish Climbing Club. Year to January 1926.

Bulletin Appalachian Mountain Club. Vol. XIX., No. 7, and Supplement.

Bulletin Pyrénéen. April-June ; July-September 1926.

Sangaku. Vol. XIX., 1926, No. 3. Vol. XX., 1926, No. 1.

Sierra Club Bulletin. Vol. XII., No. 3.

Svenska Turistföreningens Årsskrift. 1926.

Svensk Turistkalender. 1926.

Zeitschrift Des Deutschen und Österreichischen Alpenvereins. Vol. XVII. 1925.

Alpine Journal. Vol. XXXVII. No. 231. Vol. XXXVIII. No. 232.

Ladies’ Alpine Club Journal. 1926.

Den Norske Turistforenings Årbok. 50.

Les Guides du Dauphiné.

Cairngorm Club Journal. July 1926.

Société des Touristes du Dauphiné. No. 44. 1924-1925.

The re-indexing of the Library referred to in the last *Journal* is now complete, and it may be of interest to the members to explain briefly the system on which the work was carried out. The box which contained the old card index has been used, and the books are indexed alphabetically under their author's names. In the case of periodicals and journals of kindred clubs, the system differs in that the index letter is the first letter of the title. For example, the *Fell and Rock Journal* will be found under the letter "F." Each partition in the Library bookcases is numbered, and the corresponding number is placed on the card. The shelves in each partition counting downwards are lettered on the card. The shelves themselves have not been lettered, but it is a simple matter, having found the partition in the bookcase, to count down the shelves. The box containing the card index is placed on the writing-table in the window. Members will greatly oblige the Librarian if, when returning borrowed books, they would leave them out on the aforementioned table.

CLUB-ROOM MEETINGS.

A meeting on 17th March resulted in successfully "placing" about forty untitled Scottish slides, and on 18th July the S.M.C. and some Slovene native mountaineers entertained each other with a lantern demonstration of mountain scenery of their respective countries.

SLIDE COLLECTION.

The Scottish collection has been enriched by the addition of nine slides, six presented by Mr George T. Glover and three purchased.

The work of indexing the accumulation of new slides is now definitely in hand; about 100 slides, exclusive of duplicates, having been added to the catalogue.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

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



MR R. A. BROWN writes:—On 2nd April a party comprising J. S. M. Jack, Drysdale, and myself climbed Sgùrr a' Mhaoraich from Quoich Bridge, and continued over Am Bàthaich and A' Ghurr Thionail.

On the 1-inch Ordnance Survey Map, Am Bàthaich is shown as over the 3,000 contour, but the exact height is not given. A' Ghurr Thionail is shown over the 2,750 contour.

To the members of the party A' Ghurr Thionail appeared from every viewpoint to be higher than Am Bàthaich, and this was borne out by the aneroid, which gave a height of 2,960 to A' Ghurr Thionail, and a height of only 2,940 to Am Bàthaich. I did not set the aneroid at the top of Sgùrr a' Mhaoraich, and probably both those heights are wrong; but the point to be noted is the comparative heights. If Am Bàthaich is over 3,000, I think it will be found that A' Ghurr Thionail is also over the 3,000 line and rather higher than Am Bàthaich.

Possibly some other party was up these hills during the Easter Meet and may have furnished confirmatory evidence.



RULE FOR ESTIMATING TIMES FOR HILL WALKS.

In the last number of the *Journal*, at p. 290, when describing a tremendous expedition over Heasgarnich on New Year's Day, the writer speaks of my rule as "*two miles per hour.*"

At the suggestion of our President, I venture to point out that the rule, as originally given in Vol. II. of the *Journal*, p. 136, was stated thus:—"*An hour for every three miles on the map, with an additional hour for every 2,000 feet of ascent.*"

A scale of two miles per hour would often produce much the same result; but it does not differentiate between a traverse of several mountains and a walk across a level moor.

Mr Parker is good enough to tell me that he has worked to my rule all along "with extraordinary accuracy," and he gives some striking examples.

The estimate was intended to cover short halts. A young climber, alone, who never needs to stop for breath, and who, as likely as not, munches his jam sandwiches or biscuits without sitting down, will probably improve on the above times. But with a mixed party, who wish to enjoy a chat and a smoke, lunch may easily occupy the better part of an hour, and some allowance may have to be made for that, or for photography.

I may remark that the "formula" appeared in the *Journal* as long ago as 1892, and since then the fleeting years have affected some of us, and I, for one, follow a much more liberal scale of times nowadays.

W. W. NAISMITH.

On Sunday evening, 18th July, the Edinburgh district members had the pleasure of welcoming at the Club-Room a party of young Slovene native mountaineers under the guidance of Mrs Copland Barkworth. This enthusiastic lady not only showed the meeting a selection of very fine photographs of the mountain district surrounding Ljuljana (better known to us as Leibach), the visitors' headquarters, but acted as interpreter throughout a short display of Scottish mountain views which the custodian put through the lantern for our guests' edification.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of language, which at times caused somewhat amusing situations, the party was a most enjoyable one; our visitors leaving, at least, with the impression that the Scots, though somewhat tongue-tied, were informally hospitable.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr Harrison and the Hon. Secretary the guests and members attending did not go empty away, although they were ministered to on strictly temperance lines.

On Saturday morning previous to the above sedate "beano" the same two members conveyed the whole active party of the visitors from Masson House, in a compressed state, in cars to the Salisbury Crag, where several other members most kindly put in an appearance in the early morning hours, and succeeded by their example and precept in stretching limbs, somewhat cramped by travelling and doubtless also affected by the somewhat trying rôle of official guests, on the well-worn rocks around the Little Quarry. Some of the visitors showed themselves very finished cragsmen. The ladies of the party also took part in the rock climbing, and despite a lack of preparedness for such a departure from their settled itinerary showed, among other things, remarkable agility.

This little variation in our ordinary routine made a pleasant break, and we hope to have the pleasure of welcoming them all back next year when we may perhaps be able to arrange for an expedition to the Mountains.

S.M.C. ABROAD.

Mr J. F. A. BURT writes:—After a four days' training walk from Saanen, via the Col du Sanetsch, Sierre, Zinal, the Col de Sorebois, and the Col de Torrent (both of them unconscionably plastered with snow), my sister and I arrived at Arolla on Friday, 23rd July. We renewed acquaintance with the adorable rock of the Petite Dent de Veisivi, and had good days on the Dent Perroc and the Pigne-Mont Blanc de Seilon traverse. On our way back from the latter, falling snow shepherded us across the Durand Glacier and transformed even the Pas de Chèvres into a colourable imitation of a snow col. The weather remained perverse, and on Saturday, 31st, we had to plowter through an intolerable deal of new snow across the Tête Blanche to meet J. H. B. Bell at Zermatt, leaving the Aiguilles Rouges and the face-climb on the Za for another year. I leave to Bell the detailed description of the three delightful days we spent under his leadership on Monte Rosa and Castor.

Mr J. H. B. BELL writes:—Unfortunately, my friend F. S. Smythe was unable to accompany me this year, and I was a guest in the party of W. M. Roberts, A.C., the other members being Messrs Wright, Miers, and Slingsby of the Y.R.C. We proceeded to Arolla on 17th July and were there for a week, during which the weather was generally unsuitable for the bigger peaks. Whilst there we traversed the Petite Dent de Veisivi and had some short expeditions, such as the Dent de Satarma, the lower summit of the Zinareffian rocks, and the Cassiorte (a rotten-rock peak unmarked on the map, but of respectable elevation south of the Aiguilles Rouges d'Arolla). The last was climbed on a day on which we set out at 3 A.M. for the Aiguilles Rouges and never even saw our objective owing to bad weather. On Saturday, 24th July, we had a splendid day on a seldom climbed peak—L'Evêque—which was in bad condition and gave excellent sport. L'Evêque is 3,738 metres, and is south of Mont Collon. On 26th July we went to the Col de Bertol, and next day attempted, but were defeated by, the Dents des Bouquetins, which were heavily covered with snow and ice. The same afternoon we crossed the Col d'Hérens and descended on Zermatt in a snowstorm, which persisted down to the treeline at the Staffelalp. On Thursday, 29th July, we spent the night at the little hotel on the Täschalp, and next day ascended to the Alphubeljoch and climbed the Alphubel (4,207 metres). The ascent was protracted by a great deal of step cutting on ice on the final slopes. We descended the Féegletscher to Saas Fée in dense mist. Saturday, 31st July, was a glorious day, and three of us climbed the Mittaghorn and traversed the rock ridge south to the Egginer (3,377 metres). We found this a delightful climb. On Sunday, 1st August, I was due to meet Burt and Miss Burt at Zermatt, as we

had planned an attack on Monte Rosa as a finish to our holiday. Hence I walked down to Stalden and took train to Zermatt.

The new party did not lose much time, but collected provisions for three days and caught the 3.45 P.M. train to the Gornergrat. That night we stayed in the Bétémps hut. The evening was perfect. We started off next day at 3.30 A.M. up the Grenzgletscher. By 9.30 A.M. we were seated on the Sesia Joch, gazing across a sea of cloud over Italy. From there we climbed direct to the summit of the Signalkuppe (4,559 metres), and remained for the rest of the day in the Capanna Margherita. The views were magnificent, ranging from Mont Blanc round to the peaks of the Oberland. The sunset was especially fine. The shadow of our peak was cast over the mists in the Sesia and Macugnaga valleys, and the sun went down like a ball of fire just behind the Wandfluh, or south ridge of the Dent Blanche. The next day we were again fortunate in the weather. We left about 7.30 A.M. and traversed the Zumsteinspitze (4,573 metres) to the Grenzgipfel. From there the ridge to the Dufourspitze (4,638 metres) was interesting going. We returned to the Grenzgipfel and descended the somewhat difficult rocks to the snows above the Silbersattel, and finally bagged the Nordend (4,612 metres) before descending, with a good many glissades, to the Bétémps hut. Wednesday, 4th August, our last day, was very unpromising early in the morning. We did not start till just after 6 A.M. to cross the Grenzgletscher. Thence we made our way up the Zwillingsgletscher to the col between Castor and the Lyskamm. Just before we reached the col it began to snow, so we put on the pace a bit. We were on the summit of Castor at 11.15 A.M. (4,230 metres). We did not delay, as the snow was falling thickly. As a matter of fact, the obliteration of tracks caused us to lose nearly an hour on the col before making sure of our route for the descent. By 3.45 P.M. we were back in the Bétémps, enjoying a well-earned meal. At 5 P.M., when we set out for Zermatt the weather was really bad, and we waded through nearly a foot of new snow on the Gornergrat, with torrential rain in Zermatt—a well-used three days and an excellent ending to a holiday.

Mr and Mrs W. W. Naismith spent part of March and April in Italy, and on their way home had a week at Chamonix. With a guide they descended into the crater of Vesuvius and walked across the lava floor to near the foot of the central cone, which was sending out red-hot stones every few minutes. On another day they climbed (on foot) Monte Somma (3,900 feet), the volcano that destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii. From Rome they visited Soracte, a fine hill immortalised by Horace and Virgil, but not a "Munro."

At Chamonix they ascended without help le Brévent (8,300 feet) and some lower points, with rope and axe. Much snow everywhere.

W. N. Ling went to Tyrol this year with J. W. Brown and P. J. H. Unna, but they were very unfortunate with the weather conditions, only four or five fine days out of nearly a month.

Starting from Gaschurn in the Montafon they went through the Silvretta group from hut to hut, but by passes only instead of over peaks as planned, and came down at Pfunds.

Driving from there to Trafoi on one of the fine days, they ascended the Ortler on a fair but cold day, and descended to Sulden, where a fortnight's stay only resulted in the ascents of the Königspitz and the Monte Cevedale, and an interesting two days' circular tour to the Martellthal, a beautiful valley, over the Madritschjoch and back by the Lyfjoch, Laaserferner, and Rosinijoch.

On the old Austro-Italian frontier there are still many evidences of the frontier fighting which took place there.

Mr D. F. PILKINGTON writes:—I went off to Grindelwald on 19th July; my brother was, unfortunately, unable to come with me. I had luckily managed to engage Gottfried Bohren, so I was well off, as he was a very cheerful soul to have as companion.

On the 21st I went for a training walk with him over the Rotihorn, Simmelihorn to the Faulhorn. The Rotihorn is a finer viewpoint of the mountains than the Faulhorn, I think.

On the 22nd, although it rained a bit in the morning, we went up to the Gleckstein, as Bohren did not want to miss any possible chance; the season up to then being the worst they have ever had; the winter snows were a month late in going.

We met a party coming down who had taken an hour longer in the descent than the ascent.

The next day we were lucky and traversed over and down to the Dossan hut and Rosenlauri and came back over the Scheidegg on quite the hottest afternoon I ever remember. I advise others to descend to Meiringen and train back, if it is a sunny, windless day.

On the 25th we went up (by train) to the Jungfrauoch, through clouds and rain which turned in the evening to hail for a bit, which I thought had finished all possibilities for the morrow.

The following day, although clouds were everywhere at three, they had all gone at four, so we traversed the Jungfrau, coming down to the Eigergletscher station over the Guggi glacier. Absolutely clear view all round from the summit.

The next two days it rained; the following day was damp with clouds low, and on the Friday it poured.

On the 1st August, which was fine, as all the mountains were out of condition, we went round to Engelberg, and the following day up to the Trubsee. On the 3rd we ascended the Titlis with over forty other people; we started last and got up first, which isn't surprising when one guide had fifteen people.

We came down over the Joch Pass and by the Engstlen Alp to Muhlethal, close to Innelkirchen.

The following day was doubtful and it rained all night.

The next two days it also rained off and on. However, on the 6th we went up to Eigerletscher station for the Eiger. The clouds were right down, so we did not start, but as there were glimpses of sun we took the second train up to the Jungfrauoch, and as it was better there went up the Mönch; had a snowstorm with us from the Mönchjoch both up and down.

Sunday it rained all day.

On Monday we had a new moon close to midnight, and I was informed by one traveller that the closer it comes into midnight, the better the weather afterwards. Except for one day it proved correct, as the weather changed and was fine for all the rest of my time.

We went up again for the Eiger on the 10th, and although we got half-way up we came down, as it began to rain and looked extremely bad.

We made one more shot for it, going up on the 12th, and had a wonderful evening glow.

The 13th morning broke with every star out and we got our climb; icy wind on the summit and the traverse over the two Eigerjochs, and so to the Jungfrauoch. It is a very nice climb, especially along the arête between the two Eigerjochs, but I should imagine the traverse is pleasanter this way than the reverse, as you can spend as long as you like on the arête without worrying how the rest of the climb is going to go.

The next day we went to the Concordia.

On the 15th we went up the Aletschhorn and back. Another very clear view from the summit. Bohren said he had never known the mountain in better condition, and as we got back in exactly twelve hours, including one hour spent on the summit, I should imagine it must have been.

The following day we went to the Finsteraarhorn Hut, and on the 17th went up the Finsteraarhorn by the ordinary route and back to Grindelwald by the Agassiz and Finsteraarjochs.

On the 19th motored round to Adelboden and went up to the Engstligen Alp, and on the 20th traversed the Wildstrübel and down to Montana, where we took train to Finhaut on the Chamonix line, where my mother was.

On the 21st we went up to Emosson, the old Barberine hut having been moved owing to the making of a new reservoir for power purposes. It is re-erected half way along the lake. The next day we traversed the Tour Salière and Mont Ruan, the latter, I should imagine, has about the rottenest (as far as the rock is concerned) ascent in the Alps, that is if you go up from the Col de la Tour Salière; the ordinary way, I believe, is all right.

I returned home next day.

Mr R. JEFFREY writes :—My wife and I had a most successful holiday in the Dolomites this summer.

We started at S. Vito, near Cortino, and walked via the Forcella Forada and Forcella Staulanza to the Coldai Hut, which we reached on the afternoon of 1st August. The following day we made a guideless attempt on Civetta, but owing to delay in finding the rather intricate route, we only got about three-quarters of the way up. We then walked via Alleghe, Forno, and the Passo Cornelle (very fine) to the Rosetta Hut in the San Martino group, where we were joined on the 4th August by Sandy Harrison and our guide, Marino Pederiva, of Vigo di Fassa. There was so much snow and the weather was so bad that climbing was out of the question so we decided to go to the Rosengarten group, which, our guide informed us, was comparatively free from snow.

We accordingly motored to Vigo and walked up to the Ostertag hut on 5th August.

6th August.—We climbed the Fensterturm, a small peak above the Karer Pass, and in the afternoon crossed over to the Vajolet hut.

7th August.—We climbed the east wall of the Rosengarten Spitz by the Piazz variante.

8th-9th August.—Snowstorm.

10th August.—Hauptturm, north top, guideless.

11th August.—Traverse of the Winklerturm, Stabelerturm, and Delagoturm.

12th August.—Stabelerturm by the Ferman route and motored to Sella Pass.

13th August.—Attempted Sellatum by Ferman route, but too much ice, and climbed the highest turm by ordinary route.

14th August.—Tschier Spitz by Adang Kamin ; a very fine climb. Harrison left us in the afternoon to return home.

15th August.—Clark Spitz. We had hoped to do the south wall of Marmolata, but the conditions were unfavourable and our guide suggested the south wall of the Pordoi Spitz, which he said was more difficult, though shorter, than the Marmolata south wall.

16th August.—South wall of Pordoi Spitz by Dezulian's route.

17th August.—Traverse of Fünffinger Spitz from Grohmann Scharte to Daumen Scharte.

On the last five climbs we had, as extra guide, Virginio Dezulian, of Pordoi. He led the Adang Kamin and the Pordoi Spitz. Pederiva led all the other climbs.

We were accompanied on our trip by Miss Margaret Murray, the Hon. Secretary of the L.S.C.C., who did several of the climbs with us.

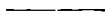
Mr H. F. B. SHARP writes :—It was a rotten season. I was out in the second half of July as usual and got all the bad weather that seems to have been going everywhere, except at Chamonix then.

I was in Pontresina and Maloja district and had six days only on which one could climb.

I did the traverse of the Crasta Spina above Samaden as a training expedition and then went to the Forno hut and traversed the Bacone (ascent by east ; descent by north arête). On our way over to Val Masino we climbed the Ago di Sciora, which is great fun. We were then storm-stayed and found the Badile in impossible condition for the traverse, so crossed back over the Bondo Pass. We climbed the Cima di Largo from Maloja. Went up to the Tschierva hut for Scharte route on Bernina, but another storm came up and we had to go home, as my leave was up.



Mr D. A. CLAPPERTON writes:—My wife and I visited the Pyrenees in the latter half of August and first part of September, and enjoyed our trip very much. We went to Gavarnie at first and enjoyed a fortnight's wonderful weather. We made most of the usual excursions from that point. Among others I was at the Brèche de Roland, and I walked to Cauterets over the mountains, a twelve hours' excursion. We had hoped to walk over the Pass into Spain, but the weather broke and we had to give this up. We took the Midi autobus from Luz to Luchon, over three high cols, which was a very fine run, and the choice bit, I understand, of their six days' route from Biarritz to the Mediterranean. No high climbs were possible at Luchon as the peaks were in mist all the time of our five days' stay, so the furthest I got was the Port de Venasque and the Col de la Coume de Bourq. We concluded our visit to France with a day in Carcassonne and two days at Arcachon, near Bordeaux, where the bathing was delightful as the heat had returned. We sailed from Bordeaux on the 11th September for Southampton.



Mr L. ST C. BARTHOLOMEW writes:—A. J. Rusk and I left London on the 4th of August for Chamonix, from which, as a base, to try some of the Needles. On the afternoon of the 6th we went up to the Couvercle hut, where we found shelter though little chance of sleep, for the hut, which is a small one, had forty-one occupants that night, and we were packed so tight on the floor that it was impossible to roll over or lie on one's back. The next day we managed to find quite an interesting route up the Aiguille du Moine through a heavy mist ; but that night provided a fall of over 6 inches of snow on the mountains, which drove us back to the fleshpots. A successful scramble was made two days later up the Aiguille de l'M. and the Pic Albert, but an attack on the Blaitière the following day was entirely frustrated by the weather, so again we repaired to Chamonix, and to that rendezvous of climbers, the Patisserie des Alpes, where we

met Unna and Low. We advanced our base from Chamonix to Montenvers, which we found more satisfactory and a more congenial abode. On the 13th we had a successful expedition on the Aiguille de Tacul; a steep snow slope on the ascent was made easy by one of us walking up with crampons (our only pair) and the other coming up after with the rope as a handrail; repeating this saved us a lot of cutting. The descent was made by the Glacier du Capucin, where a dormant ice-shoot gave us access across a considerable bergschrund. An easy day on the Aiguille des Grands Montets, and after crossing to the Lognan a try at the Tour Noir, which was frustrated by thunder and snow, finished our holiday with nothing great to our credit. We had the pleasure of meeting several Fell and Rock and other climbers to cheer us with their tales of woe, as they also had suffered at the hands of the weather. Fortunately, we were independent of guides and porters, as these were hard to obtain, and some visitors at Montenvers were unlucky in only being able to get an entirely incompetent man, who was a danger to their party.

A CORRECTION.

In his article in No. 101 of the *Journal*, Mr T. Fraser-Campbell had used the words "the ascent of every 3,000-foot peak in Scotland—a record held only by the Rev. A. E. Robertson and Mr Ronald Burn." He has since received a communication from Mr Burn, pointing out that Mr Robertson only claimed in his article (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII., p. 10) to have climbed all the separate mountains over 3,000 feet, and, though no doubt Mr Robertson had done many other tops, he (Mr Burn) alone had climbed all the mountains and tops over 3,000 feet. Mr Fraser-Campbell accepts this correction, and has asked the Editor to publish a note of it in the *Journal*.

BEN NEVIS INDICATOR.

The erection of the indicator on Ben Nevis has had to be postponed until next year on account of difficulties caused by the coal strike.

COMMITTEE.

The vacancy caused on the Committee by the departure of Mr A. J. Rusk for South America has been filled by the election of Mr L. St C. Bartholomew.

REVIEWS.

The Canadian Alpine Journal, 1925, Vol. XV.

The great interest of this volume of the *Canadian Alpine Club Journal* is the full account of the conquest of Mount Logan, a slight sketch of which was given in *S.M.C.J.*, No. 100; the fuller narrative enables readers to appreciate the stupendous nature of the task and the heroic endurance and technical skill of the climbers who overcame it. "A First Ascent of Hungabee by the North Arête" is described by Mr Val. A. Flynn, and "The Second Ascent of Cathedral Crags," by Mr A. A. M'Coubrey. The official section shows how many and how enthusiastic Canadian mountaineers of both sexes are. There are many magnificent illustrations of all the climbs described.

The New Zealand Alpine Journal, Vol. III., No. 14.

This number of the *New Zealand Alpine Journal* contains interesting articles by Mrs R. M. Algie on "Our Ascent of Mount Cook,"; by T. A. Fletcher on "The Godley Peaks"; by A. P. Harper, A.C., on "C. E. Douglas, Explorer," which describes the character of a fine and courageous explorer, who did very much for mountaineering in New Zealand; "A Trip through North-Western Otago," by Dr R. Stokes, shows how much more climbing remains to be done in the country, though the weather seems always to increase the difficulties of mountaineers.

The Ladies' Alpine Club, 1926.

This number of the *Ladies' Journal* shows how well the activities of their club are sustained. Miss Pilley writes on "The Grivola, North Ridge"; Mrs Walter Weston on "Two Climbs in the Japanese Alps"; and Mrs Athole Murray on "A Trip to Iceland"; and the section "Climbs and Expeditions, 1925" contains a list of climbs, many of them first-rate, done by various members.

The Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, Vol. VII., No. 1.

As usual, the *Fell and Rock Journal* contains a variety of articles of great interest, some of which no doubt appeal primarily to its own members, though all provide pleasant reading for any mountain lover. Members of the S.M.C. will pay special attention to the article on "The Scottish Four Thousands." The most

important article is Mr H. S. Gross's on "The Climbs on Great Gable," which explains fully all the climbs on that mountain, and their respective difficulties. Other articles of note are Sir Alfred Hopkinson's "Lakeland Memories," Mr J. W. Brown's "Some Notes on the Graians," Mr George S. Bower's "Sundays in Italy," and Miss Mabel Barker's "On Scawfell." Mr Bentley Beetham contributes many magnificent photographs in "An Everest Portfolio." The number contains many other excellent illustrations.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. V., No. 4.

This number of the *Rucksack Club Journal* describes climbs in many parts of the world, in articles by Mr E. S. Frishmann on "Dauphiné Days"; by Mr J. H. Doughty, "An Alpine Cycle"; by Mr E. Manning on "Liathiach"; by Mr H. M. Kelly on "Store Midtmaradalstind" in Norway; by Mr Norman Begg on "The Valley of Mexico and the Twin Volcanoes"; by Mr G. S. Bower on "Capri, Ischia, and a Mountain"; and by "Nocturne," "A Novel Climb in Cambridge," where there are no mountains, but climbs of another sort are occasionally attempted with success in spite of unusual difficulties. These and all the other articles will be found to be full of interest. There are many illustrations, all of high quality.

Scottish Gaelic Studies, Vol. I., Part I, April 1926.

This is the first number of a periodical which, if the opinion of one who is not a Gaelic scholar is worth anything, is destined to be authoritative on all questions concerning Gaelic language and literature. There are few members of the S.M.C. who can either speak or read Gaelic; but there are scarcely any who are not interested in the names of the hills which they climb, and in the local traditions. They will obtain information in both directions from the pages of this journal. The articles on "Aber and Inver in Scotland," by F. C. Diack, and on "The River-name Tweed," by George Milne, in this number, show what may be expected in future articles. Even to a non-expert the deep learning and thorough scholarship of the contributors is evident. The editor of the Journal is Mr J. Macdonald, of Aberdeen University, and it is published by the Oxford University Press.

The Alpine Journal, Vol. XXXVIII., No. 232.

The number opens with a valedictory address by the retiring President, General The Hon. C. G. Bruce.

A paper by Captain H. E. L. Porter, who, by the way, was a

guest at our Annual Dinner last December, describes a climbing trip made to New Zealand last year. The article is amply illustrated by excellent photographs. The Canadian Rockies are responsible for two articles, the one by Howard Palmer, President of the American Alpine Club, the other by J. W. A. Hickson, President of the Alpine Club of Canada.

"Thunderstorms in the Alps" is the title of a contribution by F. S. Smythe. The article is of interest to our members in that two out of the party of three are members of the S.M.C. Mr Smythe first of all gives a scientific explanation of the phenomenon, and then describes its practical effect on himself and Messrs C. K. M. Douglas and Alex. Harrison, all of whom were sufficiently misguided to attempt the ascent of the Schreckhorn by the south-west arête on a morning inaugurated by a green sunrise. We congratulate the party on their successful descent.

THE JUNIOR MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF
SCOTLAND.

EASTER MEET, 1926—FORT WILLIAM.

THE Meet was attended principally by members of the Glasgow Section, few Edinburgh men being able to get away. The record of the climbs is as follows :—

Friday, 2nd April.—Baxter and Aikman, Ben Nevis and Carn Mòr Dearg ; Harrison and Campbell, Thomson and Addenbrooke, Castle Ridge of Carn Dearg and on to Ben Nevis (except Harrison).

Saturday, 3rd April.—W. Spiers, Macfarlane, and D. T. Smith, Elton and G. Spiers, Castle Ridge of Carn Dearg and descent by North Castle Gully, Spiers and Elton leading their respective parties. A. G. Smith, Baxter, and Williams, Sgùrr a' Bhuic, the two Aonachs, and Carn Mòr Dearg ; Thomson and Addenbrooke, Ben Nevis by No. 2 Gully ; Aikman, Cargill, and Robinson, Sgùrr a' Bhuic and the two Aonachs ; Knox and Taylor walked from Corroul to Fort William, climbing Binnein Beag on the way.

Sunday, 4th April.—Scott, Robinson, and Cargill, Ben Nevis *via* No. 3 Gully ; Knox and Taylor, Carn Mòr Dearg and Ben Nevis by the arête ; Baxter, Aikman, and Williams, Sgùrr a' Mhaim, Am Bodach (except Baxter), Stob Ban, and Mullach nan Coirean ; Elton and Addenbrooke, Binnein Beag, Binnein Mòr, Na Gruaghaichean, Stob Coire a' Chairn, Am Bodach, and Sgùrr a' Mhaim ; Thomson, Campbell, and A. G. Smith, Binnein Mòr, Na Gruaghaichean, and Stob Coire a' Chairn ; W. Spiers and Macfarlane, Ben Nevis by No. 2 Gully, Carn Mòr Dearg, Aonach Beag, and Aonach Mòr ; G. Spiers and D. T. Smith, Ben Nevis by No. 2 Gully, Carn Mòr Dearg, Spiers going on to Aonach Beag.

Monday, 5th April.—Scott, Williams, Aikman, and

Robinson, Ben Nevis by the Moonlight Gully ; Elton, Knox, Taylor, and Baxter, Stob Coire Meadhoin and Stob Coire Easain.

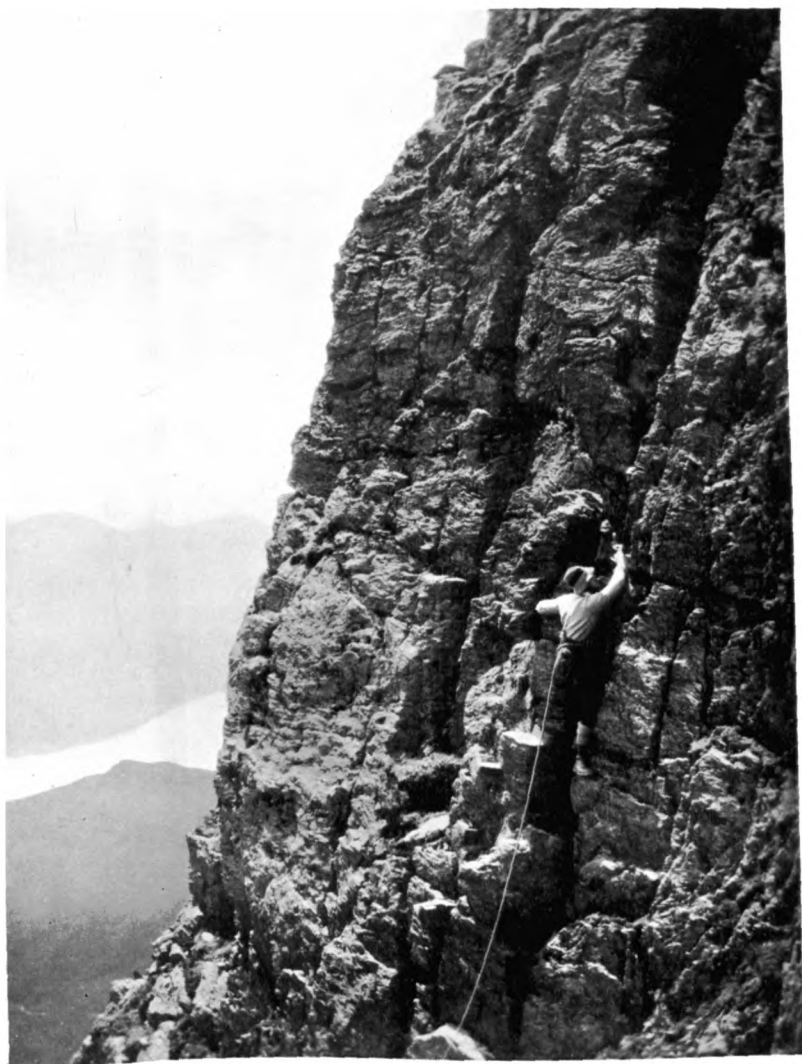
We are unable to throw any light on the methods employed to reach the tops of these mountains : the recorder maintains an austere silence on this and other matters.

EDINBURGH SPRING HOLIDAY MEET—ARROCHAR.

On Saturday, Wright, Addenbrooke, and Buchanan climbed Narnain and the Jammed-Block Chimney. Bartholomew, Harrison, and Rusk turned up later, having spent the day on the Crowberry Ridge and motored to Arrochar in Bartholomew's notorious vehicle which, by the way, rejoices in the name of William II. They presented a somewhat harassed appearance, complaining that the Hon. President, in view of the high price of rubber, rarely allowed more than two of his wheels to touch the road at the same time.

On Sunday, Hutchison (leading), Rusk, and Buchanan climbed the Right-Angle Gully, the traverse of the Cobbler and the south peak (D Route), followed by Andreae, Ainsley, and Wright. A. Scott (leading), Harrison, and P. Scott did Maclay's Crack and the Right-Angle Gully ; at least, we think they did, but the official recorder, after deep thought, believes it might have been M'Laren's Chimney in Corrie Sugach. Martin, Pattullo, M'Kinnes, and Wilson climbed the Jammed-Block Chimney and the Spearhead Arête ; the last three were not aware of having done so, but Martin will not bear contradiction. So climb it they did, and that's that. Bartholomew (leading), Addenbrooke, and Cousland climbed Maclay's Crack and Right-Angle Gully ; Addenbrooke became violent when not allowed to take the direct route, but on being lowered from the top by a rope was pacified and comforted. They then proceeded to Narnain and did the Jammed-Block Chimney and the Spearhead Arête by a new variation.

On Monday some climbing was done in Corrie Sugach.



June 1925

SPEARHEAD ARÊTE, NARNAIN
(E. FACE)

C. E. Andreae

Bartholomew, Addenbrooke, and Buchanan started up M'Laren's Chimney, but stopped short of the top in order to read the Riot Act to Addenbrooke. Rusk, Wright, and Cousland then joined them, and they continued to the top by a variation to the left with some good climbing. A. Scott, Harrison, P. Scott, and Martin were also seen nosing around in Corrie Sugach.

The meeting of the Club at the Boulder on Sunday is said to have been one of the most impressive sights since the signing of the Peace Treaty. "The statuesque forms of various members of the S.M.C. who had arrived on the scene, tastefully grouped like sentinels on the surrounding skyline, added a rich and dignified note to the sombre landscape."

The official recorders are warming to their work: this tentative bud of poetic feeling will be found in flower in the next paragraph.

MEET OF THE GLASGOW SECTION—ARROCHAR,
3rd and 4th July.

This Meet was attended by Elton, Faulds, MacBean, MacLean, Mowat, T. G. Robinson, H. Robinson, W. G. Scott, A. Steven, Watson, Williams, Wilson, Andreae, Hutchison, and Rutherford.

We had occasion to mention in the last number of the *Journal* the curious nocturnal habits of members of the Edinburgh Section when disporting themselves at Arrochar. Their procedure seems positively humdrum when compared with the following "offensive." A party consisting of Grant, MacBean, Watson, Williams, Rutherford, and Hutchison arrived at Arrochar on Saturday afternoon and proceeded to the "Boulder." Reading between the lines we have come to the conclusion that there was a heated discussion at this point. Grant, a shrewd fellow, became seriously indisposed, pitched his camp and retired for the night, consigning his companions to a warm place. The latter, ignoring his advice, strolled on in the cool of the evening to the top of "Jean," which evidently struck them as a desirable location for the

night. The mist effects were wonderful, but we must not waste words on them now; we shall require all the resources of our vocabulary to describe their beauties in the morning. It is sufficient to say that they afforded the party the necessary privacy to enable them to crawl unobserved into their flea-bags. The night was spent according to the temperament of the individuals, some sitting up to contemplate the novel surroundings, others sleeping fitfully, soundly, or hoggishly as the case may be. Now listen to this. "Dawn found them marooned on an island, surrounded with mist, gazing with rapt expression (accepted with reserve) on the white billowy sea, broken here and there by the isolated tops of neighbouring mountains, vaguely reminiscent of prunes in whipped cream."

Midsummer heat, however, soon dispelled these tantalising sights, and those on "Jean" started their day's work in two parties. Rutherford, Williams, and Elton, followed by Hutchison, Watson, and MacBean, went over "Jean" and climbed the Cobble by the arête; continuing to the North Peak, both parties climbed the Right Angle Gully and finally succumbed to heat on the top, or, more accurately, made up for lost sleep. By this time Andreae and W. G. Scott, who had camped the previous night at Sugach, reached the top of the Cobbler via Maclay's Crack on the North Peak, whither Grant, fully recovered after a quiet night at the "Boulder," had made his way. Two other parties appeared as the first two were returning to the "Boulder." One, made up of Steven and Faulds, climbed the Right-Angle Gully and were last seen spread-eagled on the face above Raeburn's Climb on the North Peak. The other party, composed of the two Robinsons, MacLean, and Wilson, visited the top of the Cobbler and came down the Right-Angle Gully. This unfortunate gully has received so much attention from the S.M.C.S. this year that it now (to borrow from "Mr Punch") becomes their own property.

All finally forgathered for tea at the "Boulder" and the Meet then broke up, leaving the original party,



6 a.m., 3rd July 1926

BEN LOMOND FROM "JEAN"

R. N. Rutherford

with the addition of Mowat who had arrived late and made a solitary excursion up Maclay's Crack. In the evening the bivouac party, with the exception of Elton, who had to return to town, set off for Narnain; sleeping kits were dumped on the top and an hour or so was spent in exploring the rocks around the spearhead arête. The arête itself was climbed and one interesting variation worked out. Watson and Williams then retired to their tents by the "Boulder," leaving the others to go to bed in full view of Ben Nevis and the mountains of the north-west. They were fortunate in witnessing a magnificent sunset. "Dawn found them marooned——" (No—we cannot stand this again.)

The Glasgow Section held a Meet at Arrochar on 28th and 29th August on the occasion of the first anniversary of the inception of the Club.

ACTIVITIES OF MEMBERS.

Members, as a whole, are somewhat secretive about their comings and goings; any inaccuracies must therefore be attributed to lying rumours, our failing memory, or our vivid imagination.

D. Haldane and W. Anderson did some climbing in Sutherland, including Ben Morr Assynt, Conival, Ben Klibreck, and Ben Hope. They report that on Ben Klibreck they were welcomed at the cairn by an eagle.

C. W. Parry sends an interesting account of a holiday in the Lake District, when he did some of the well-known climbs on Great Gable, accompanied by A. P. A. Robertson.

Addenbrooke has had a busy summer moving rapidly from the Aonach Eagach Ridge to the Cuillins and back to the Cobbler.

Sutherlandshire has been fairly popular: in addition to Haldane and Anderson it was visited by Elton and E. C. Thomson, who had a camping holiday there and climbed, among others, Ben Hope, Ben Laoghal, Suilven, and An Stac. The latter mountain was also inspected by Hedderwick and Brown; the day was marred by the loss, on the summit, of Hedderwick's hat; this article, from its unpleasing appearance, was supposed to have been formerly the property of a member of the S.M.C., from whom it was stolen.

Climbs of Narnain and the Cobbler are reported by Robertson, Neill, Waddington, MacLaren, and Gordon. The first three slept at the "Boulder," which seems to have quite supplanted the hotel accommodation in Arrochar.

The only climb in the Cairngorms notified to us is that of Sgòran Dubh by A. and D. Steven. Ben Lawers was climbed by P. Chrystal and Ben Lui by E. A. Hutchison and T. Nicholson.

Edgar has been seen roaming on the Pentland Hills; he considers they compare unfavourably with the Rocky Mountains, which he ascended this year single-handed in a Pullman car.

A. J. Rusk has left this country to take up an appointment in Nigeria; he takes with him the best wishes of the Club.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

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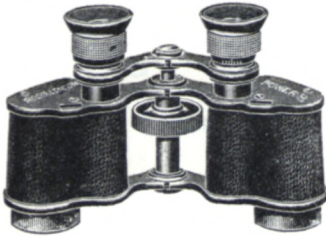
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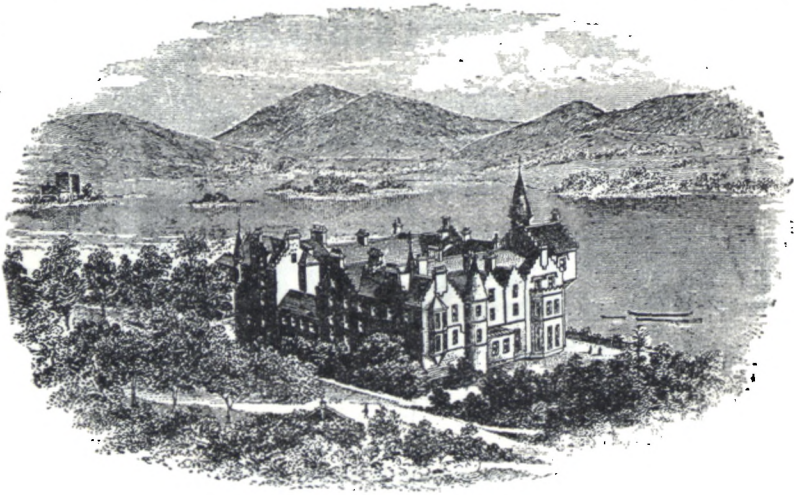
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