

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL

Vol. XVI

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CONTENTS

King George VI : Queen Mary	233
Birds of the Cairngorms, by Alex. Tewnion	234
A Classical Climb on Ben Nevis, by J. E. Bothwell	242
High Huts, by R. L. Mitchell	247
Dolomites, by J. C. Milne	252
National Park S 7 (Bluestones), by L. B. Perkins	253
Blue Mountain Peak, by W. Ramsden	260
Alpine Folly, by John Morgan	268
In Memoriam	273
Proceedings of the Club	276
Notes	279
New Climbs	280
Books and Journals	296

Illustrations—

Mist on the Stuic ; The Hut on the Hörnli ; Morning on the Géant Glacier ; Beinn a' Bhàird from Invercauld.

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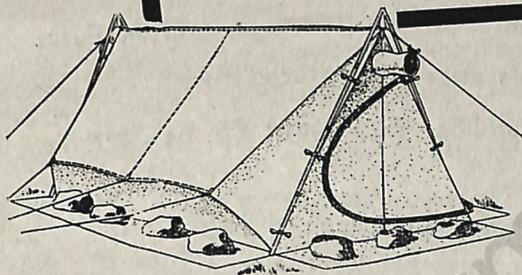
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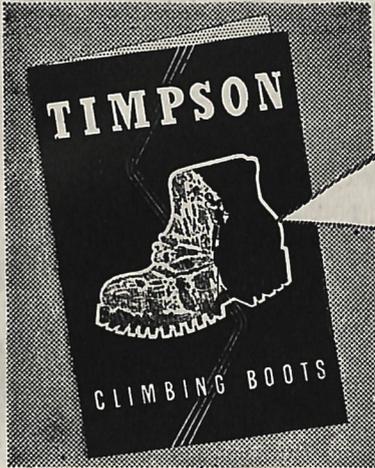
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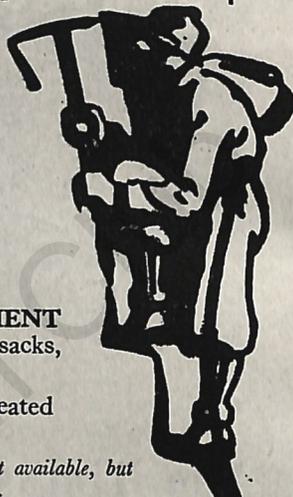
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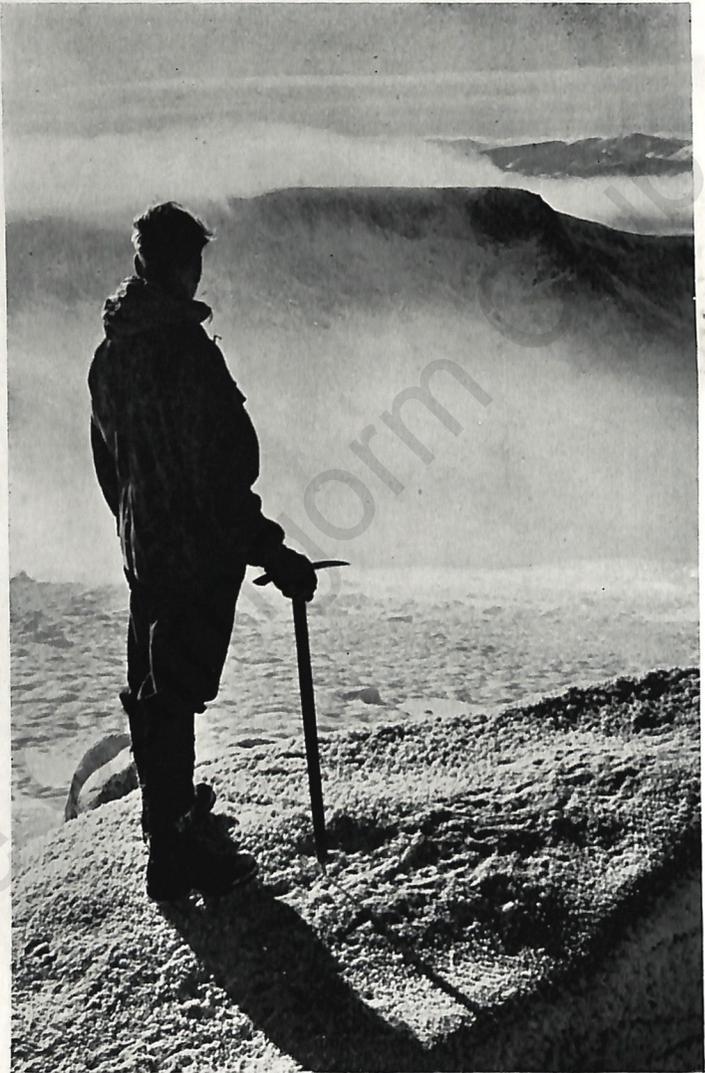


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THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL

Vol. XVI

1951-52

No. 88

KING GEORGE VI

SINCE the issue of the last Journal the country has seen the passing of two great Royal figures.

His Majesty died suddenly at what should have been the prime of his life. It is difficult in this month and year of the coronation of his successor to find anything new to say of him. He was not a mountaineer, but had many of the attributes of a great one; and his keen love of the out-of-doors is shown in the frequent visits he paid to Deeside. And much more than anything else his keenness in attaining any goal on which his eye was set, and his simple love of his fellowmen, would surely have made him a leader in our pastime.

QUEEN MARY

The passing from the scene of this noble lady, so familiar a figure for many years on Upper Deeside, is nearer in time; and in our visits to the hills which are the favourite haunts of the Club we shall feel that, with the end of the era so marked by the demise of this gracious lady, something has gone from them and from us.

BIRDS OF THE CAIRNGORMS.

ALEX. TEWNION.

WITH the exception perhaps of the rock-climbing fanatics, few mountaineers nowadays confine their activities on the hills solely to climbing in its various forms. Many combine photography with their own particular branch of climbing. Some few study the rocks with a more critical eye even than the rock gymnast. Others, again, pick on some branch of natural history: perhaps the ecology of the alpine zones, perhaps some other "ology" equally mystifying to the uninitiated. But of all these recreations, pursuits, hobbies, what will you, few give greater pleasure to the layman than what is popularly styled "bird-watching."

Apart altogether from the scientific aspect, many people derive a great deal of aesthetic satisfaction merely in seeing birds as birds—gaily plumaged winged creatures flitting among the bushes or trees, swimming in the water, hopping about on the ground. Once you can identify one from the other and know a little—or a lot—about them, this pleasure is enhanced a hundredfold. Not only, be it said, because of your own increased enjoyment but also because of the pleasure given your climbing companions when you pass on some of your knowledge. Even people who aren't particularly keen on birds are interested when you mention that the little bird running a few yards ahead of them across the mossy plateau is a dotterel, a species of which probably every Scottish climber has read or heard but which few have seen—or seeing, identified. Or the long-legged bird calling excitedly from a tree stump or hummock in the glen—there is a greenshank, a rare breeding bird in the country east of the Lairig Ghru.

Rarities such as these attract ornithologists from all over Britain; for in the 300-odd square miles of glens, moors, and mountains comprising the Cairngorms region, bird life is richly represented in spring and early summer. At this time the tracts of natural pine wood and hanging birches, the lonely glens and the upland mosses and plateaux offer

to the bird enthusiast opportunities unrivalled in Britain. In the course of a day's journey across the hills and glens he will probably see many of the common birds, and with a little luck—which so often depends on the weather—he may spot two or three of the less common or even of the rarer species.

In the neighbourhood of the villages and crofts on the outskirts of the region are found those birds which most constantly associate with man and his habitations. Among these the house sparrow, the chaffinch, the robin, the black-bird, and two or three others are prominent throughout the year; while the martin, the swallow, and the swift arrive in spring. Some of the latter birds occasionally crop up unexpectedly at high altitudes. Swifts, for example, may be seen hawking the cliff-tops of Beinn a' Bhùird or Lochnagar. And on April 16 one year I saw a pair of swallows flitting across the flat plateau of Beinn a' Bhùird, only a week after I had seen my first pair of the season flying over the River Don at Aberdeen.

The wren is another bird which turns up in surprising situations, but it is as much at home in the rocky reaches of Glen Slugain or Glen Feshie as it is in a garden at sea level. High up in Ballochbuie, at the upper limits of the pine forest, I have found a young brood of wrens in the heather. The chicks were tiny morsels of down, hardly larger than a bumble bee and able to flutter only a couple of feet before sinking again into the long heather.

No account, however brief, which includes the so-called common or garden birds could possibly omit mention of the tits—the blue, the coal, and the great tit. Most beautiful of the titmice, with its varied plumage of blacks, whites and pinks, and a tail as long as its body, is the longtailed tit. Unlike the blue and the great tits, the coal and the long-tailed tits in the area confine themselves chiefly to the birch and pine woods.

Consorting with the tits in the mixed forests of pine and birch we find the goldcrest, tiniest of our resident birds. From tip of bill to end of tail this little bird measures only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. But it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches of concentrated energy, for

the goldcrest is constantly flitting from branch to branch, treetop to treetop, never at peace for longer than a couple of seconds. Its call-note and simple song are so high-pitched that some people cannot hear them. A friend of mine, more accustomed to bowlines and belays than binoculars, once spent a day with me bird-watching in the primeval pine forest. He was utterly unable to hear the goldcrest's notes and was, I am sure, convinced that the birds he occasionally glimpsed were carrying out their activities quite silently. When they remain passive under observation for more than a second, or hang upside down, tit-like, from a twig, then you may spot on their head the fiery crest which runs from brow to nape.

The old pine woods of the Spey valley—Glen Feshie, Rothiemurchus, and Abernethy—are the chief quarters of the crested tit, one of Britain's rarer birds. It is an easy species to identify. Its small size and upstanding erectile crest immediately distinguish it even though no other feature is discernible. And once seen it is never forgotten.

While the crested tit has spread to some extent to the north and north-west of its chief breeding area, there is no certain evidence of its having spread south to upper Deeside, where identical conditions to those in the Spey valley exist in Ballochbuie and in Glens Quoich, Lui, and Derry. Some years ago a letter in the press announced that a pair had bred near the Bridge of Dee at Invercauld, but to my knowledge the report was never confirmed. Nor, despite many intensive searches, have I so much as heard the characteristic call-note of the crested tit in the upper Deeside woods. But though it is a sedentary species, the crested tit is strong enough on the wing to cross the Lairig Ghru or the Lairig an Laoigh without trouble. We may find it on Deeside yet.

The great spotted woodpecker, a strikingly plumaged, boldly pied bird about the size of a starling, with a crimson patch on its head and crimson undertail coverts, is found in small numbers in the old pine forests at the base of the Cairngorms. The first warning you may get of its presence may be a machine-gun-like rattling or drumming, a sound produced by its bill hammering quickly and repeatedly on a

dead tree. If you succeed in tracking the noise to its source you may be lucky enough to see the bird searching for food, bounding in short steps up the trunk of a tree in very similar fashion to a tree-creeper.

Another bird of the old forests, the Scottish crossbill, occurs more frequently than the woodpecker. It can be identified, if you see it closely enough, by the crossed tips of its mandibles. There is a strongly marked sexual dimorphism in the crossbill, the male bird's body plumage being of various shades of pink while the female's is predominantly yellowish-green or green.

Among others of the small woodland birds, the siskin, the lesser redpoll, the redstart, the tree pipit, and the wood and willow warblers deserve more than the mere mention that space permits. I have, for instance, heard in June the song of the willow warbler emanating from a small clump of birches at almost 2,000 feet on the Glen Geusachan face of Devil's Point, possibly the greatest height in Scotland at which this bird has been heard singing. The next nearest trees to this lonely spot are over 2 miles away, on the banks of Allt Preas nam Mearlach.

The biggest bird found in the pine forests is the capercaillie, largest of British game birds. The cock caper looks rather like a thick-set turkey as it jinks round the open pines or crashes in headlong flight through the close formations of a conifer plantation. The hen caper is a smaller bird, predominantly brown in colour; it often conceals its nest in a pile of fallen branches or in the heart of a clump of heather, so that it is seldom found. The black grouse, another game bird, frequents mixed pine and birch woods of an open character, or moors where pines and birches grow. The blackcock, as the male black grouse is known, rather resembles an overgrown red grouse but is very much darker in plumage and has a long lyre-shaped tail. The female is the greyhen: it is often confused with the hen caper but is smaller and darker in plumage. The red grouse, whose explosive "go-back, go-back!" is sometimes disconcertingly human-like in its tone, is of course the typical bird of the heather moors.

In the open glens, on the upland pastures and moors, the skylark sings everywhere up to about 2,250 feet. That ubiquitous bird, the meadow pipit, goes one better and is at home anywhere between sea level and the summit of Macdhuì. So, too, is the wheatear, a handsome little bird which one may watch in the early morning flirting its white rump at the Bay of Nigg and in the afternoon on the barren stony plateaux 4,000 feet above the sea.

The trilling liquid music of the curlew expresses the wild spirit of the glens and moors. Mounting steadily upwards until it is 300 or 400 feet above the ground, the curlew commences its earthwards glide and at the same time utters a few preliminary trills. Then the full rapture of its wild song bursts forth in a flood of joyous melody which ends as the singer alights in a long, haunting, melancholy trill.

The lapwing, probably the most familiar of all waders, has of recent years spread into the Cairngorms glens. I have seen a pair as high as Lochan Feith na Sgor, the Lairig Lochans at the foot of Carn a' Mhaim, on a small piece of meadowland near the largest lochan. Here, too, I have found the nest of the black-headed gull on the little islets in the lochan nearest the Lairig path. This spread of the black-headed gull from a coastal to an inland habitat is interesting, but has been made at heavy cost to other species. For the black-headed gull is notorious for its depredations on the eggs and chicks of other birds, whether coastal, moorland, or mountain species.

In the upper glens a familiar sight is the red-necked oystercatcher; less familiar, because of its crepuscular habits, is the snipe. This species reaches up to around 2,000 feet, at which height I have disturbed it from marshy ground on Meall an Lundain. The golden plover and the dunlin are two other waders whose breeding range ascends even higher than this, for they are found on the Yellow Moss and on Am Moine Mhor, which border on 3,000 feet. It is an eerie experience to camp alone for days in mist on Am Moine Mhor and hear only the melancholy calls of the golden plover, or to wander over the peat hags and mosses with the plovers anxiously escorting one from their nesting territories.

The golden plover is somewhat smaller than the lapwing, speckled black and goldy brown above—at a distance it appears to be brown—and with pale, almost white cheeks, throat, and upper breast. Its underparts are black during the breeding season. Occasionally the white patterning on throat and cheeks is replaced with darker colouring, which in some birds appears almost as black as in the Northern form of the species. The dunlin is a much smaller bird; it is easily recognised by its chestnut-brown and black back and the black patch on its lower breast and belly, while another noteworthy point is its whistling call, a reiterated purring or trilling note rather like a referee's whistle.

Of the ducks the Cairngorms have less than a fair share, though no doubt this is due to lack of suitable localities. Keepers wage merciless war on the handsome goosander, our largest sawbilled duck, which is found in most places where the trout fishing is good. Mallard nest in the boggy glens, and teal among the reeds in the little lochans; while a few pairs of tufted duck and wigeon are found on some of the lochs.

The hoodie or grey crow, a solitary species whose nest may be found in a birch near the head of a deserted glen, is one of the most hated of birds. It is a notorious thief and plunders without compunction the eggs or young in any nest it comes upon; barring, that is, those of the birds of prey, for the hoodie crow is a wily bird if ever there was one, and knows when to take no chances. The raven, largest of the crow family has returned to the Braemar area after many years' absence; but except during the shooting season, when it scavenges the deer forests, it is still a rare sight in the Cairngorms.

The golden eagle, largest and finest of our birds of prey, is more common in the Cairngorms than is generally realised. Its eyrie is not commonly situated, as people usually suppose, on a lofty ledge thousands of feet above sea level. The eagle often sites its nest in an isolated position, 1,500 to 2,000 feet above sea level, perhaps half-way up a low crag or near the top of a pine tree on a desolate hillside. There are few eyries in the Cairngorms higher than 2,500 feet.

The only bird which may be confused with the golden eagle is the buzzard, a species which occasionally crosses to Deeside from the Spey valley. There is at least one resident pair on Deeside, in the Ballater-Crathie area, but they seldom if ever roam as far as the main massif of the Cairngorms. When the buzzard is hunting a hillside there is little possibility of confusion with the eagle, for it frequently utters a mewling note; whereas the eagle is a silent bird. But when one or the other is seen at a distance even the experts may disagree. When both are seen together the eagle's much larger size is readily distinguished.

Ranking high in the diet of the golden eagle is the ptarmigan, surely the hardiest of our mountain birds. Summer and winter, the "white grouse" have their home on the barren plateaux and scree-strewn corries, descending to the glens only during prolonged snowstorms, when all vegetation at a higher level is buried deep under snow. The ptarmigan is an easy bird to identify. Its harsh "krak-karr" alarm note sounding among the screes is unmistakable, though the bird itself cannot be seen—not an unusual event, since the ptarmigan's plumage blends so perfectly with its habitat that often only movement betrays it. In winter both sexes are clad almost entirely in white; throughout the year the primaries and underparts of both are white and in summer combine with their generally brown plumage and grouse-like appearance and size to prevent confusion with any other species seen on the hill.

Keeping the ptarmigan company on the high tops and corries one may find the snow bunting, a small passerine which breeds sparingly in the Cairngorms. The male bunting in breeding plumage is a beautiful black-and-white bird, the female brown and white. The dawn song of the male snow bunting is musical and far-carrying. Ringing out across a rocky corrie thousands of feet above the rushing burns, it is a fitting reward for a stiff climb and a cold vigil overnight. The nest, deep down in a hole among boulders, is very difficult to find. I have searched for years without success, but as only two or three pairs breed in the Cairngorms—and in some years perhaps none—this is hardly

surprising. One consolation is that oölogists must find the search equally fruitless, which is more than can be said of their activities concerning some other birds, such as the high-nesting dotterel and the golden eagle.

In conclusion, I find on re-reading this short outline of our Cairngorms birds that I have omitted a great deal I really meant to discuss: for instance the dipper, a bird equally at home on a lowland stream or a rushing mountain burn; even more, the complex moults of the ptarmigan; and the snow bunting—how is the small basic stock of breeding birds maintained? These and a host of other birds and bird problems provide an almost inexhaustible source of material for the attention of the bird-watching mountaineer. So next time you prepare for the hill why not carry those old binoculars with you? The results are worth it.

A CLASSICAL CLIMB ON BEN NEVIS.

J. E. BOTHWELL.

RECENT discoveries at Mycenae have thrown fresh light upon the times and events of which Homer tells in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Investigations are proceeding and we may yet be furnished with evidence which will prove, or disprove, some of the theories which have been put forward regarding the wanderings of Ulysses after the fall of Troy. One interesting theory is that he actually spent some time in this country, and passages in the *Odyssey* would almost suggest that he made the first ascent of the Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis.

It may well have been that Neptune, who was feeling particularly ill-disposed to Ulysses following on the Polyphemus incident—an incident which some later writers have attempted to associate with the north-east corrie of Lochnagar—raised such a storm that the Greek ships were driven far out into the Atlantic, whence they were borne by the Gulf Stream to our western shores. It was then surely not beyond the power of the sea god in a final burst of passion to conjure up a mighty tidal wave. Somewhere in the Firth of Lorne his ship may have foundered and Ulysses, the sole survivor, been borne up the length of Loch Linnhe with some terrible sea monster at his heels. There Pallas Athene, the grey-eyed goddess, ever watchful for the safety of Ulysses, may have intervened and caused him to be washed high up the Allt a' Mhuilinn, while the monster was carried on up the Great Glen to find a final resting-place in Loch Ness.

So far much has been conjecture, but now it requires little imagination to see in the words of Homer the great cliffs of Càrn Dearg and Ben Nevis towering into the clouds, with the topmost pinnacle of the Douglas Boulder showing now and again through the drifting mists. As Ulysses struggled out of the bed of the stream and gazed about him in awe he must

have recalled the words of the goddess Circe when she forewarned him of the dangers ahead :—

“ High in the air the rock its summit shrouds
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds ;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.

Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands ;
Smooth as the polish of the mirror, rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.”

Well, indeed, was it for Ulysses that he had a grey-eyed goddess to guide and inspire him in such a situation, and so was it too for the Club's Librarian and Secretary when they found themselves in the very same situation one evening in the early summer of 1952 ; for surely it was Athene herself who was with them in the guise and form of Betty Lawrence.

It may be that the Tower Ridge has lost some of its terrors since the days of Ulysses, but it is still, at first sight, apt to cause a little apprehension to the hill-walker, particularly if he is politely but firmly told that an ascent of the Tower Ridge should include the Douglas Boulder. The Secretary at any rate, before he fell asleep in the C.I.C. hut that night, may have had uneasy recollections of the further words of Circe when she warned Ulysses of the fate of the unfortunate man who listened to the voices of the Sirens :—

“ No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring or his beauteous wife.”

It is not known how Ulysses passed the night, but no doubt some goddess heralded a rosy dawn, as is usual in Homer. We, too, were awakened at 6 A.M. with the glad news from Athene that there was sunshine on Càrn Dearg ; and she, being a very practical goddess, proceeded to light the only primus stove which worked and put on the kettle. But, alas, it was only a blink of sunshine, or maybe it was nothing but a trick of the goddess devised to awaken the sleepy mortals. At all events when they looked out of the door of the hut some little time afterwards Càrn Dearg and

Ben Nevis were enveloped in cloud and there was not even a trace of the Douglas Boulder.

Visibility was no better at 9.30 A.M. when we left the hut with the intention of climbing the south-west ridge of the Boulder. In these conditions it was difficult to decide where exactly to leave the scree slope and take to the rocks, but ultimately the rope was put on and Athene disappeared into the mist.

“ . . . the sandals of celestial mould
Fledged with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
The aerial space, and mounts the winged gales.”

It may be of interest to note that on this occasion the sandals were replaced by well-nailed boots and instead of the plumes, reserved for Olympic feasts or the Annual Dinner of the Cairngorm Club, she was garbed in more suitable attire—like the aged Laertes, when Ulysses found him working in his garden:—

“ His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repaired.”

To proceed with our narrative the route which Athene took presented no serious difficulties. In fact all went so well that, literally, before we knew where we were we stepped on to the crest of the Tower Ridge. Little could be seen of the rest of the Ridge, but on taking a few steps to the left we found ourselves looking down through the mist on to the summit of the Douglas Boulder, and it became obvious that we had outflanked not only the south-west ridge of the Boulder but the Douglas Gap as well. A suggestion was made that we should descend to the Gap and do the job properly, but wiser counsels prevailed and we turned up the ridge.

It is not the intention, if indeed it were in the power of the historian to describe the next stage of the route in detail. Occasionally the clouds would part sufficiently to give a brief glimpse into the depths of Coire na Ciste on our right and for a little we could see on the other side a part of the North-east Buttress across Observatory Gully. No doubt

Ulysses was just as impressed as we were with all this, and more besides, if Apollo had been on his side that day. Perhaps Ulysses too persuaded Athene to halt for rest and refreshment near the top of the Great Chimney, even as he had counselled before the walls of Troy, when Achilles was bent on slaughter. Mountaineers would do well to remember his words:—

“ Strength is derived from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food.

• • • • •
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declined,
The drooping body will desert the mind.”

Unfortunately we lacked the generous wine, but a jammy bun and some ambrosial chocolate from the goddess provided a sufficiently “strength-conferring fare” to take each of us up the Little Tower “with limbs and soul untamed.”

Soon we were at the foot of the Great Tower itself. Now indeed the way is—

“ . . . to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to the ethereal kind.”

Quickly and confidently Athene led round by the Eastern Traverse and up the steep flank of the Tower, while the mortals followed as best they could. After a short descent we found ourselves on an airy ridge faced with what appeared to be a very awkward gap between us and the rest of Ben Nevis. Here were Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance! It was not hard to imagine Charybdis lying in wait in the depths of Tower Gully on the left, or Scylla “furious and fell, tremendous to behold” lurking far below on the right, ready to spring from her lair under the Garadh na Ciste and snatch a whole party off the ridge. Even the Editor of the “S.M.C. Guide,” writing throughout with studied moderation, is impelled to observe that “the sensational drop on the right should be appreciated.”

Athene, accustomed to the severe upper pitches of

Olympus, no doubt rated the Tower Gap as an "easy in sandals." As befitted the Goddess of Wisdom, however, she took due precautions before she stepped down, crossed the Gap and climbed up the steep rocks on the other side. Meantime the second on the rope had been sitting astride the narrowest part of the ridge, looking for all the world like a jockey about to take his horse up to the starting-post in the Grand National. He now proceeded to negotiate the ditch and fence in fine style. Number three hesitated at the ditch and all but failed at the fence. Poor prose can ill express his feelings, which were akin to those of Ulysses:—

" Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!

Scylla, however, was apparently having a meatless day and eventually the last of the party edged gingerly round to the right and thankfully made his way up to join the goddess. A short scramble followed and soon after 2 P.M. we stepped on to the summit plateau.

What happened to Ulysses after that neither history nor Homer relates. It would seem, however, that Athene did not take him on to Càrn Mòr Dearg, as she now expressed a wish to add that Munro to her collection. Even a goddess is not above some mortal failings! Accordingly after a rest in the shelter of the observatory ruins and after some more "strength-conferring fare" we set off in the direction—approximately—of the Càrn Mòr Dearg arête. For a short time on the arête we were able to see the bottom of Coire Leas through a gap in the clouds, but as we ascended to Càrn Mòr Dearg we were again in mist. The cairn was reached at 4.30 P.M. and a quick descent was made direct to the C.I.C. hut. No Homeric banquet awaited us there, but seldom can chicken noodle soup have tasted better.

We left the cliffs and the gullies of Ben Nevis still enveloped in mist, but as we descended the path by the Allt a' Mhuilinn we came down into a peaceful summer evening and when we looked back the sun really was shining on the Castle Ridge of Càrn Dearg.

HIGH HUTS.

R. L. MITCHELL.

A TRUE Alpine hut has one specific characteristic: when the co-ordinates of the location ascribed to it on the 1 in 50,000 map have apparently been attained, the hut is not there, but a few yards horizontally and upwards of a thousand feet vertically removed! This is revealed to the weary traveller only as he rounds the last bend, for the map enters into the spirit of the deception by obliterating the contours by hill-shading. To add insult to injury the final ascent is by a serpentine track which makes several quarter-mile traverses in its desire to reach its objective with a little breath left. Think only of Rothorn, Boval, Requin, or even Hörnli, and the general truth of this axiom will be apparent; at least almost general, for indeed there are exceptions, but only for huts approached from above as a halting-point on a high-level traverse. Then one descends deep into the valley to a hut like the misnamed Hochjoch!

The names of many huts are as music to the climber's ear. Mention of Concordia, Bertol, Tschierva, Couvercle, Hochwilde, Marco e Rosa, Vignette, and scores of others can arouse memories just as pleasant as do the names of the mountains they serve; and it is with sorrow that one hears that the old Torino has been superseded by something large and modern, that the Tschierva we knew has gone, and that old Schönbühl is threatened with reconstruction and a modernised spelling.

There are, of course, huts and huts: the cold, dank and deserted high bivouacs; the easily accessible glacier hotels, overcrowded with day trippers from Saas or Grindelwald; the well-appointed and pleasantly roomy high Austrian huts, with their unromantic names of German towns; and, best of all, the medium sized and efficiently wardened high Swiss huts, of which Bertol, perched on its rock tower and gained by a welcome fixed rope, is a perfect example.

The Alps are now adequately served by the huts of the various Alpine clubs and associated organisations. Membership of one or other of the four major groups—Swiss, French, Italian, and Austrian Alpine clubs—gives access at reduced rates to almost all huts, including those operated by smaller groups such as the Swiss Akademische Alpen clubs or the Austrian Touring Club. Some preference in allocation of accommodation generally goes to the members of the owner club, and on occasion the bulk of the beds may be earmarked for a sectional meet. Otherwise there is no booking and one may never fear being turned away, although at week-ends, for instance at the Innsbrücker or the Bétemps, an uncomfortable night may arise when 100 tourists turn up for 60 beds.

The little Grunhorn Hut on the Tödi was the first of the great chain of huts maintained by the various sections of the S.A.C. and described in their Hut Book. But, for the earliest mountain shelter we must look much further back. In 1779, a certain Mr Blair, according to some records an Englishman, gave four guineas for the establishment, at Montenvers on the Mer de Glace, of Blair's Hospital, which survived until 1812 and served the needs of travellers crossing the Col du Géant or visiting the Jardin. A hotel and the terminus of a mountain railway now stand on its site and climbers pass on to the Requin. This French hut is rather less attractive than many Swiss huts. The beds are harder and narrower, food seems to take longer to materialise from the guardian's quarters, but with it all a hut well worth a visit if only because of the morning view towards the Aiguille Verte and the Dru from the Géant Glacier.

There are certain features of Alpine huts peculiar to the different countries. In Switzerland the main object is to provide shelter and cooking facilities for the climber. Beds are in common dormitories with up to thirty occupants. Occasionally, as at the Weissmies—an old hotel, which, from Whymper's sketch, used to have a street-lamp outside—there are separate rooms for women. Generally there is a room for S.A.C. members and one for Veterans. Beds, low on the



THE HUT ON THE HÖRNLI

R. L. Mitchell

floor, are now generally provided with spring mattresses, one or two blankets and a pillow, although straw mattresses may persist in a few huts, and then members have preference. In the Glärnisch, before the war, the blankets had a cloth-facing at one end which kept the chin from being tickled, but which in the light of day, proved to be inscribed "Füsse."

In general, no food or drink is provided in Swiss huts, but food is cooked by the guardian, who charges a wood fee as well as the bed charge. Certain huts, such as the Boval and others in the Engadin, and the Bétemps and Rothorn run by Alexander and Alois Graven, provide some food and drink. Such facilities, however, must not be relied on in Swiss huts, and the relevant S.A.C. guidebooks give information which is, of necessity, sometimes rather out of date.

The Swiss warden is generally a qualified guide. In Austria the hut is run by two or three young women, with often the daughter of a local hotel-keeper in charge—as at the Ramolhaus—and the hut itself is a well-equipped but reasonable mountain hotel. Beds or mattress-lager are available, but if facilities for cooking are occasionally provided they are seldom used, and very cheap "Bergsteiger" meals are often on the menu.

Italian huts vary from crude bivouacs to *de luxe* buildings with full hotel amenities—the Helena at Pré de Bar, for instance, has single bedrooms with electric light and bedside lamps and, as has the Torino, a somewhat suspicious Italian Customs post. Fortunately it was post-war and not pre-war that we took the wrong approach path and looked as if we were making straight for the frontier.

The Italians specialise in providing high huts with full catering facilities; and such huts as the Müller, Similaun, Marco e Rosa, and particularly the Regina Margherita at 14,964 feet on Monte Rosa, all provide excellent accommodation for spending a night high up in their respective areas and a welcome change to Chianti from the Austrian and Swiss wines.

The Müller Hut on the Wilder Pfaff is at present in full

use and the Becher Haus being rebuilt—a reversal of pre-war conditions, although we found the Müller Hut just as cold as Smythe reports! Schillings, francs, or marks are willingly accepted in huts in South Tyrol, and sometimes, as at Similaun, easier to change than lira. Even at the Margherita, perched, half-hut, half-observatory, on its rock platform, food and drink are at least as cheap as at the Bétémps far below, and there are twenty good beds for climbers. This hut, the highest in Europe, is not so precariously placed as the Marco e Rosa, tied down on the narrow col at the foot of the final ridge on the Piz Bernina and reached from Italy by several hundred metres of steep rock or from Switzerland by five hours on crampons, nor can it rival in altitude the Refugio General Péron at 6,900 metres on Aconcagua.

But generally very high huts have no resident guardian. Rather do they resemble, in size and amenities, the Solvay Refuge on the Hörnli, although to avoid overcrowding this may be used only in an emergency—not uncommon in this vicinity! Such huts tend to be rather uncomfortable, with a few damp blankets and palliasses and odds and ends of furnishings of a fireproof nature. Fuel is seldom available and their situation often makes them susceptible to gale or avalanche, so that their condition, or very existence, varies from year to year, and local advice must be sought. Examples of this type of refuge are the Cabane Marinelli on the east face of Monte Rosa or the many fixed bivouacs of the Italian Academic Alpine Club. These are of standard design, roughly 7 feet long by 6 feet wide by 4 feet high at the centre, being simply a wooden frame covered with sheet metal and providing primitive shelter for five at most.

Certain of the smaller Swiss huts, such as the Weisshorn or the Topali, are attended only occasionally during the summer; while out of season most huts are closed except for a winter room, which may be open or for which the key may have to be obtained in the valley beforehand. One hut reminds visitors to shut windows on departure—to keep marmots out!

What does one need to take up to a hut? In Austria, literally nothing except luxuries such as sweets and fruit;

a clean pair of socks and up to 10 schillings per hut night for full board, including steaks and wine. The same holds for provisioned Italian huts. In Switzerland and France, apart from Alpine hotels such as Fluhalp, Gandegg, and a few exceptional huts, all food must be carried. Apart from food for the hill in ample quantity—bread, butter, jam, cheese, chocolate, raisins, and a water-bottle—suitable hut supplies include tea, condensed milk, sugar, soup, eggs, sausage, spaghetti, cold meats, and dried fruits. Blankets, crockery, cutlery and hut shoes are supplied; but a torch is useful, even if one is not going out early on a moonless morning, as it gets dark early in the Alps.

This short account cannot hope to detail all the hundreds of huts now available to climbers, or to recall all the incidents associated with hut nights—musical evenings in the Oetztal or the Alpen-glow sunset from the Bertol—or even to mention the individual guardians, their wives and children, who arise willingly at midnight to prepare breakfast for the 1 A.M. departers and are still about providing meals for late arrivals at 9 P.M. For six weeks or so in a good season there is little sleep for them.

DOLOMITES.

J. C. MILNE.

O I gaed furth and far awa to see what I cou'd see,
And loshtie! siccan heichts o' Hills I nivver thocht cou'd be!
I lookit lang and lookit at yon grander Hills afar
Till I fairly tint a' notion o' the Hielan' Hills o' Mar.

'Twis here I cam' and hame again fae yonner faur I'd been,
And day and nicht yon fremmit hills were aye afore my een!
Till "Dyod!" thinks I, "I doot, my lad, ye mebbe nicht
dae waur
Than tak' a dauner westward to the Hielan' Hills o' Mar."

Ay, there they were, like brithers, Ben Macdhui, Carn Toul,
Braeriach, Cairngorm—man, a sicht to sair the sowl!
And braid Ben A'an and Beinn a' Bhùird, and yonner
Lochnagar,
A' noddin-aul' and neighbourlike, the Hielan' Hills o' Mar!

And govie dick! at gloamin'-time, maist Hielan' time o' a'!
The young and lordly Dolomites gaed worth and clean awa!
And left a leear thinkin', "Though ye've traivelled furth
and far,
Ye hinna traivelled far'er than the Hielan' Hills o' Mar."

NATIONAL PARK S 7 (BLUESTONES).

L. B. PERKINS.

I WAS glad to leave my class of 450 youngsters. I still feel that 400 is a reasonable maximum, even with the aids that science gives us to-day. So I was looking forward to my holiday, even though I had made S 7 my third choice, and had now been given accommodation at the Corner Hotel. My acknowledgment card informed me that my room number was 635 and that I could have a bath on Tuesday and Friday, at 9 P.M., and that meals would be served to me at the fifth sitting.

The bus-train was late at Dee Falls, and as I waited in the checking-shed for the hotel car I reflected on the recent revision of names carried out by the Survey Committee. Some of the old names had become debased, losing their original meaning. The Committee had attempted to rename every point of interest, selecting names to accommodate local legend. For example, the Grey Pass was named to link up with the Grey Man of Black Mountain, and the former names of Larig Grau and Ben Dubh were no longer to be used.

An official approached me as I ruminated and asked me what I intended to do, as he was about to go off duty and had to lock the gates. The hotel car had left and there was no other means of transport. I asked if I could walk, and permission was granted after the official had taken part in a four-cornered telephone conversation between himself, his supervisor, Glasgow, and London. If I filled in an indemnity form. . . .

The official explained that the red path led to the Border Mountain, the green to the Low Pass, the black to the summit of Black Mountain, and the grey, leading up the Grey Pass, was the one for the Corner Hotel. The plastic tiles were electrically heated and glowed with fluorescent colours at night. It was forbidden to leave the paths.

I set off along the multi-coloured path and passed the Cleft of Yearning, where the red one went off up to the right. Derry Lodge, the notorious home of the Cairngorm Club, was skirted, and later I passed over a charming rustic aluminium and concrete bridge, up a long flight of steps, along the path, now grey in colour, and eventually came in sight of the Corner Hotel, which stands at the base of an impressive mountain called the Devil's Point.

From where I stood, looking up the Grey Pass, I could see the great mass of the wind barrier, with its patterned openings in which revolved the great wheels generating electricity. I would have a closer look at Norlek's schemes during my holiday.

I turned away, crossed under the Dee through the famous tunnel, and entered the hotel. Its interior was familiar, as it was one of the standard ones built by the Tourist Board in the latter half of the century. The reception was also familiar and I entered my room in possession of only my most personal belongings. However, my room had a view to the east of a long, towering ridge, nameless because the Survey Committee had not agreed, as indeed they had failed to do with many others. As the use of the old names, either by word of mouth or in writing, was forbidden by statute, the position was obscure at least.

I went to the dining-room, but ran into difficulty when I found that I could not get a meal without production of my acknowledgment card, which was at the hotel office with my other identity papers. Explanations of a busy television channel leading to delays in contacting the identification section of Somerset House did not satisfy me, and in desperation I said "Cairngorm Club" and was immediately given a reserved table.

It should be explained at this stage that the Cairngorm Club found themselves in a very strong position on the founding of the "S" group of parks. At that time its members, by clever negotiation, obtained for themselves and their nominated successors the right to travel within the park by any route and to enter or leave it at any point. They also had the right to obtain full service at the Corner

Hotel free of charge, in view of their connection with the previous building. Among other things, they also held the right to feed the reindeer and bears which comprise the principal indigenous fauna of the area.

After dinner I walked in the ornamental park surrounding the hotel. The use of soil-warming has allowed the introduction of many exotic plants into this garden, but perhaps the most interesting sight is the artificial hot spring and geyser, the latter working on the introduction of a £1 note into a slit. The display in colours is very fine and well worth the trivial expenditure.

My luggage was in my bedroom when I returned and I took the opportunity of trying the fit of the nailed oversoles I had smuggled in. Nails, of course, are forbidden on the paths. To leave the path is also forbidden, and the application of these rules is carried out by checking the entry of nailed boots. Cairngorm Club members, who were of course allowed, in fact entitled, to leave the paths and very rarely used them, were given oversoles of polythene, but apparently they never used them.

I arranged to leave the hotel early and wrote on the application form that I wished "to study temperature variations at dawn." This is much safer than to mention the study of flowers or animals, as one never knows when an inspector will appear to catch one stealing specimens or taking photographs.

Arising at 5 A.M. I took breakfast from the prepateria, getting the standard meal of fruit juice, protein slab, toast and coffee by the simple process of pushing six £10-note packets into the machine. I noted that porridge was available with the served breakfast. The Parks Executive do really try to maintain old customs; and I mean "try."

Leaving the hotel a little later, it was with little hesitation that I crossed the Dee by the stepping-stones, now an ancient monument, and set off across the heather, spurning the path, towards the slopes between Black Mountain and the unnamed hill. I would have been better advised to keep to the path, but my unorthodox route enabled me to see the fence denoting the boundary between

land controlled by the Parks Executive and the high tops controlled and owned by Norlek.

In an hour I was at the fence, and soon found my way along it to a gate—open. I hesitated and then slipped inside. Now I would find out what happened inside the Norlek enclosures, the enclosures surrounded by a ring fence with open gates. The wind-stations were, of course, obviously generating electricity, but since the Nature Reserves had been taken over by Norlek some disconcerting tales had been given currency. However, the area within the fence had the appearance of being fairly normal but rather bare. I soon detected the absence of indigenous plants, contrasting with the carefully random planting of them in the "Park" area.

Bare stones with obviously misfit plants such as crowberry, cranberry, and moss campion seemed to indicate a reversion to the mid-century conditions, when "indigenous" was taken to mean that plants found growing in any place were natural to that place, when in fact they might be merely relics from glacial ages. In these more enlightened days "indigenous" is applied to plants and animals which are fitted to certain climatic conditions, and it was on this basis that the Parks Executive introduced strains of animals and plants, suitably conditioned, into the area and removed the misfit relics of glacial epochs.

On the other hand it was apparent that Norlek had done nothing. With its statutory control of Nature Reserves, obtained during the notorious "access" action at the New Bailey between itself and the Parks Executive, it had maintained the *status quo*.

As I stood, a flock of ptarmigan wheeled, circled, and landed and I noticed a man feeding them; that is, he threw some food on the ground and the ptarmigan ate it. It was evident that the food wasn't being weighed, the ptarmigan were not counted, nor even a photograph taken. I couldn't understand this lack of desire to collect statistical information when the opportunity was so splendid. I approached and we had a long conversation. His job was with Norlek, in the wind-station. When not on duty he

did what he wanted. He hadn't studied the diet of ptarmigan, but they liked the remains of his and his colleagues' meals. If they didn't they could go down to the Park and be studied. He didn't fill up a daily statistical card, he had a universal permit, he . . . well, he was as free as any human being could have been in the early part of the last century, and that is saying a lot. The world of to-day seemed a long way off, with its standardisation, planning, control, statistics, and official orderliness.

After further conversation we parted and I was free to roam where I liked on the tops of the Black Mountain. Below me lay the Grey Pass, with its carefully planned random groups of indigenous trees and plants; its path, properly graded; its standard rock-climbs, constructed, classified, and labelled in varying degrees of severity and conforming with those in every other National Park. I turned and went over the bare Norlek zone, untouched except for the wind-stations, linked by pylons, and after an exciting hour reached the summit cairns.

There were three. One erected by the old Ordnance Survey sheltered a little stone pillar with a badly chipped porcelain top. This was once a viewfinder, but none of the old names was now visible.

Dwarfing the other two was the plastic-bonded transparent one set up in the middle of the twentieth century by the Society of Strangers to commemorate the Great Fire of London. The State, of course, had control of cairns now, following the indiscriminate erection of them to commemorate odd events, which aroused public feeling recently and led to the official destruction of all the destructible ones.

I sat for a time and relaxed. I may have dozed off, but suddenly sat erect. Was I alone? I didn't feel alone. Surely someone, something, was watching, studying me, from behind one of the cairns. A picture of an official taking photographs and making notes sprang to my mind—I would break his beastly little camera. I jumped up and did a gyratory run round, in and out of the cairns. Nobody was there. I sat down again, still feeling watched.

The Grey Man! The thought came to my mind and a

flood of recollections of metaphysical studies poured into my conscious thought. Telepathy, hypnotism, thought control were established—spiritualism, demonology, black magic, all laughed out of existence, except for children's games.

Yet there was something—some nervous tension, something passing the thought to my brain that there was a better place for me than the summit of Ben Dubh.

I reached for my *familiar*, the only term I had for the complete and ingenious instrument with which all mountaineers provide themselves, a device indicating every variable factor concerning natural conditions, and with many more functions as well. "Check everything," said my mind, and I started. Temperature normal; wind direction and force normal; relative humidity normal; light value—a little low for the clear sky and sunshine I was enjoying, but so was the temperature, possibly my eyes had got over-acclimatised; magnetic field normal, as were total radiation from sun, colour of sky, ionisation—wait, ionisation was high. High indeed, it was visibly rising. I checked the temperature again. It was lower than before. Switching to humidity I found it rising; that was consistent with temperature drop. Light value was dropping, but sun's radiation the same. Ionisation was rising still and fairly rapidly, and a visible drop in temperature became apparent. I began to feel cold. The Grey Man or no, there was something inexplicable; and as I worked the instrument I felt fear, for I could feel darkness and cold creeping over me. Darkness and cold. No heat in the sun now and little light.

And then a sound came, a footfall, and I jumped up and fled. And as I did so, I thought I was followed, but had no time to look around and ran till I was exhausted and in bright sunlight again.

Later, as I neared the open gate in the Norlek fence, I met the man again. He has been busy, he ventured; trouble on the summit line. Queer it was, they often had flashovers on this line—just like a lightning stroke—when there was no storm within miles—and always when somebody was

wandering about. It was maybe warm air currents rising. Queer, it was.

Queer indeed, thought I, but not warm air currents rising. Cold currents coming down. Cold currents coming down.

REFERENCES.

Dee Falls	=Linn o' Dee.
Black Mountain	} = Ben Macdhui.
Ben Dubh	
Border Mountain	=Beinn a Bhùird.
Low Pass	=Lairig an Laoigh.
Corner Hotel	=At Corroul.
Grey Pass	=Lairig Ghru.
Cleft of Yearning	=Clash Fhearnaig.
Committee Hill	=Carn a Mhaim.
Norlek	=Northern Electricity Authority.

BLUE MOUNTAIN PEAK.

W. RAMSDEN.

BLUE Mountain Peak is the highest point in Jamaica. One of my maps gives its height as 7,402 feet, another has it as 7,360 feet, and in a book I have been reading recently it is given as 7,388 feet. You can take your choice. The average figure happens to be 7,383 feet.

Jamaica is mostly mountains—or hills, as I suppose they should really be called—the highest of which are at its eastern end. There is no snow and no ice, and so far as I know no crags worthy of the name, so you must not expect this to be a story of mountaineering adventure. Nor, because of this, should you conclude that the Jamaican mountains are wholly dull and uninteresting; in fact they possess considerable natural beauty and well repay a visit.

Jamaica is roughly 145 miles long from east to west, and at its widest, 50 miles from north to south. Kingston, the capital city and principal port, lies on the south coast, a little over 40 miles as the crow flies from the easternmost point of the island and quite close to the Blue Mountains. Soon after I arrived in Kingston I made inquiries about the possibility of getting up into the mountains. I could tell at once that any such inquiry was unusual and that I was deemed to be hopelessly eccentric, if not quite mad! It was impressed upon me that the ascent of the highest peak was an arduous and difficult undertaking and that a guide was essential. I remained very sceptical of all these difficulties. Several tourist concerns were contacted and eventually Mr Keith Roberts of "Jamaica Tours" agreed to make the necessary arrangements for me. These were really quite simple. I should have to go by car to Mavis Bank, a village in the hills 15 miles from Kingston; then on horseback to Torre Garda, a small guest-house 4,100 feet up and about 5 miles from Mavis Bank and 7 miles from Blue Mountain Peak. At Torre Garda I should have to stay for one night. On the following morning I could go up the peak and then

return to Kingston in the afternoon. All this was quickly arranged. Friday morning, January 26, 1951, was dull and cloudy, but hot nevertheless.

Soon after I had finished breakfast Mr Roberts arrived at the hotel with his small Morris 8 in which he was to take me to Mavis Bank. At 8.40 A.M. we were away. It was the morning rush-hour, but here an unhurried rush suited to the slower tempo of the tropics. In the city there is a speed limit of twenty miles an hour; beyond the city limits, our speed was limited by steep hills, hair-pin bends, and potholes. Tyres, I was told, will seldom last for more than 4,000 miles, and I could well believe it. Near Kingston the hills end a few miles north of the road between Kingston and Spanish Town, the former capital, which is 15 miles away to the west. From the air their termination appears quite remarkably abrupt. South of the Kingston to Spanish Town road lies a coastal flat—the Ligonea Plain—on which, and at other places mostly near the coast, are grown the sugarcane, the bananas, and the coconut palms which form the staple crops of the island. Kingston stands on the eastern edge of the plain and its suburbs straggle out to the hills. We passed no plantations on our drive to Mavis Bank. By the time we had reached Gordon Town, somewhere between 6 and 7 miles from Kingston, we were well up in the hills, following the narrow defile cut by the Hope river. The hills on either side of us were steep, and except where small clearances had been made, were clothed from base to summit in a riot of tropical vegetation. Many people, mostly women, were walking along the road in the Kingston direction, probably bound for the market, carrying on their heads bundles of vegetables wrapped up in cloth or packed in baskets. Others, mostly men, were riding donkeys with laden side-panniers. Walking or riding into the city is known as “going road.” After a drive of just over one hour we arrived at Mavis Bank, which turned out to be an untidy collection of wooden shacks, some of them homes and some small stores. Like all Jamaican villages it teemed with children—negro, Chinese, and European; black, coffee-coloured, cream and white, but of course mostly

coloured, as only 2 per cent. of the population is white. As likely as not more than half the children were illegitimate—such is life in the Caribbean! Two saddled horses were tethered outside one of the stores and we guessed rightly that they were waiting there for me. Their owner, a middle-aged negro—Claudie McDonald—was with them. I mounted the larger of the two, a mare named Flora; Claudie rode the other animal. Fully twenty years had passed since I last sat on horse-back and it took me only a few seconds to realise that what little I had learnt about riding had long since been forgotten. Claudie tried now and again to urge the horses into a trot, but a gentle amble suited me better. We started off downhill to the Yallahs river. The track was narrow and uneven. At any moment, I thought, Flora might stumble and throw me off over her head, but she was reasonably sure-footed and I remained firmly in the saddle. Soon the Yallahs river was safely forded. About half a mile farther on we forded the Green river, and from there the track wound steadily and steeply uphill. Though no longer in any danger of being thrown over Flora's head I felt there was now every possibility of a backward slide over her tail! Despite the heat I should have been far more comfortable and far happier on foot. Claudie greeted all passers-by with simple courtesy—"Good morning, Mr Jones"—"How d'you do, Mrs Brown?" His grave punctilio never permitted him the use of a Christian name. Small wooden habitations were sprinkled haphazardly about the hillsides, each with its patch of cleared ground on which the owner could grow his small crop of maize, bananas, yams, coffee, gungue peas, onions or other vegetables. Gungue peas I had never seen nor heard of before; unlike our garden peas which climb up sticks, these were small, dark-green bushes covered with bright orange flowers. The coffee crop used to be of greater importance than it is to-day, but plant disease, the development of other areas, and possibly the innate laziness of the negro growers have lessened its value. Many people will tell you that Blue Mountain coffee is still the best in the world. We arrived at Torre Garda guest-house at 12 o'clock, having taken exactly two hours for the ride from Mavis Bank.

The house, the name of which by the way is Spanish and means "Watch Tower," is beautifully situated on the crest of an outlying spica of the Blue Mountain range. It is a bungalow built mainly of wood, and was designed by the owner, Miss Stedman. From the front door one could look down on the tiny houses and small white church of Mavis Bank, and across to the forest-covered hills between Mavis Bank and Kingston. A gap between the hills revealed the blue Caribbean sea. Behind the house, on the far side of a deep valley, rose the long high ridge of the Blue Mountains. Blue Mountain Peak itself was cloud-capped. While I was standing in the garden admiring the view a tiny sprite of a bird hovered on whirring wings in front of a nasturtium flower, inserted its long thin beak into the flower and either sipped the nectar or delicately removed some minute insect from the corolla. It was the first humming-bird I had ever seen. Butterflies—yellow ones striped with black, small blue ones, dark browns, and others resembling fritillaries flitted about amongst bright, sweet-scented azaleas.

After lunch I went out for a walk, but soon returned soaked by a heavy shower which yielded half an inch of rain in the half-hour of its duration. As soon as the weather had cleared I went out again. I had not gone far before I was stopped by a tall negro carrying two tree branches balanced on his head. He was a very worried man. The police had recently searched his home but had found nothing incriminating, and he now wished to know whether he could consider himself free from the risk of legal proceedings. I told him he would probably be fairly safe. He had obviously mistaken me for Miss Stedman's partner, Mr Ross, who was formerly a police official. No doubt the police had suspected him of growing "Janja," a plant from which a highly intoxicating drink, similar to the Indian "bhang," can be brewed. I walked for about a mile along the track to Blue Mountain Peak, as far as Whitfield Hall, a small house standing in a grove of Australian gum trees which Miss Stedman occupied before she built Torre Garda. On the way back a boy passed me playing a home-made bamboo flute. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock. I was the only guest. Towards 9 o'clock a

stiffish breeze sprang up from the north-west and Mr Ross became gloomy about the prospects for the immediate future. However, come sunshine or rain, after the sticky heat of Kingston it was most delightfully cool up in the hills. I was able also to enjoy a peaceful night's sleep undisturbed by barking dogs and screeching cats and the raucous crowing of innumerable roosters which in Kingston make the night air hideous.

In the morning I was called at 4.30 A.M. and was out about an hour later. To the south over the distant sea the Southern Cross was shining brightly, but a great mass of cloud was lying heavily over the Blue Mountain ridge and a gusty wind was blowing. Cicadas and whistling frogs were still loudly trilling among the trees. I had not walked more than ten paces before I felt a spot of rain blown into my face; this was not encouraging. Half an hour later it was drizzling steadily, and even the wildest optimist would have lost all hope of any improvement. Daybreak came suddenly soon after 6 o'clock. By this time I had reached Abbey Field, some 2 miles from Torre Garda and the last habitation on the way to the peak. Here, I had been warned, the track bears to the left and zigzags up the hillside; I must not on any account continue straight ahead across the "barbecues." "And what is a barbecue"? I had to ask. In the West Indies a barbecue is a flat concreted area, in this instance about the size of a tennis court, on which coffee beans are spread out to dry. The way to the summit was well defined all the way, though in places wet and somewhat overgrown. Above Abbey Field the track entered uncleared forest, which extended right up to the summit. Often it was difficult to tell whether it was actually raining or not, owing to the incessant dripping from the leaves. Many trees were heavily festooned with Spanish moss, while ferns and orchids flourished on their trunks and branches. There was a merciful freedom from biting insects. It was too wet to stand about bird-watching or to risk damage to a borrowed pair of binoculars, so although birds appeared to be abundant I was able satisfactorily to identify but one species—the Jamaican Woodpecker. The summit was reached at

8.35 A.M. after an easy, unhurried walk of three hours, ten minutes. Near the summit, on a stretch of level ground, stood a small concrete hut with two small rooms, each fitted with bunks for six persons. In one room there was a stove. The bunks were broken and dilapidated. It was certainly useful as a shelter from the driving rain, where I was able to have a bit of food in reasonable comfort. The rain was now pelting down harder than ever, and visibility was limited to about 50 yards. On very clear days it is possible to see the mountains of Southern Cuba 130 miles away to the north. On this day there was nothing to tempt one to linger on the summit. At 9.50 A.M., exactly one hour after leaving the hut, I was back at Portland Gap. Portland Gap, mentioned now for the first time, is the lowest point on the Blue Mountain ridge between Blue Mountain Peak to the east and the next peak westward. Below the Gap the weather gradually improved and I slackened pace. A sudden burst of sunshine combined with a light drizzle formed a rainbow of the most dazzling brilliance across the hillsides below Abbey Field, a heartening splash of colour after the grey clouds, the dark forest, and the rain. I was back at Torre Garda a little after 11 o'clock. A warm bath was at once made ready for me, and very welcome it was too after the morning's exertions; the bath itself was a queer little affair made of wood into which one of the servants emptied a huge cauldron full of hot water. Cold water was added from a tap. Claudie McDonald and Flora called for me immediately after lunch, and we left Torre Garda at 1.25 P.M. Ten minutes on horseback was more than enough for me, so Claudie, who had brought no mount for himself, was able to ride down while I walked. That the Green river could be crossed easily enough on foot by a precarious-looking bridge formed of three tree branches I knew quite well, but I was not so sure that there was any easy way across the Yallahs river. So after crossing the Green river I took over Flora from Claudie, and while he struggled over the Yallahs by way of some large boulders Flora carried me comfortably across. I dismounted again shortly before we reached Mavis Bank. That Flora might decide to finish the journey at a

lively and uncontrolled canter along the village street seemed to me a definite possibility and a far from pleasing prospect. In fact nothing of the sort happened; she walked in slowly and sedately with Claudie up. There followed a longish wait for Mr Roberts, who had been held up by the heavy Saturday afternoon traffic on the tortuous road. He arrived eventually, not in the Morris 8 but in a large Studebaker with which he had been unable to negotiate some of the bends on one lock. A few minutes earlier the local bus had left for Kingston. For those who are prepared to endure it, a ride on this bus is said to be a most entertaining experience and to cost only a tiny fraction of the expense of a hired car.

Now, perhaps, is the time to pause and consider the financial aspect of this outing. The cost, as might be expected, was relatively high owing to the brief time spent at Torre Garda. The most expensive item was the car, at sixty shillings for the double journey; ordinarily the charge is seventy-five shillings, but Mr Roberts reduced this for me as he himself thought the rate excessive. Claudie's fee was ten shillings each way for Flora, plus a further ten shillings each way for portage. Finally there was the forty shillings paid to Miss Stedman for board and lodging.

Though much plagued by politics and by poverty Jamaica has much to offer, from blue mountains and palm-fringed coral beaches to hotels providing every conceivable luxury, deep-sea fishing for tuna and marlin and tarpon—and, of course, Jamaica Rum. It is a very beautiful island but extremely expensive. For those who wish to forsake the fleshpots of Kingston and the "North Coast" for cheaper and simpler living the Blue Mountains provide a peaceful and pleasurable opportunity.



MORNING ON THE GÉANT GLACIER

R. L. Mitchell

ALPINE FOLLY.

JOHN MORGAN.

WHILE in Skye in the summer of 1949 I had met Douglas Sutherland, and the September holiday saw us on our way to the Robber's Copse, near Luibeg, to join William Brooker, who had preceded us. We discovered in the bus that we would both like to visit the Alps in 1950. The week-end in Corrie Bhrochain was the start of a happy partnership, and we began to meet on Tuesday nights to discuss recent events and future plans. Soon others joined us, and often eight and even nine were crowded round a restaurant table, to the management's ill-concealed horror. The Alps were much discussed and eventually the "expedition" stabilised itself in numbers to three who thought the necessary funds could be got somehow or other—Doug, Malcolm Smith, and myself. Doug then rashly, or ambitiously, secured a post near Sikkim, and his sailing-date ruled him out, leaving two of us.

We chose Chamonix, and after consultation with an habitu  of the region, learned that £30 would be an approximate minimum sum for the trip. Thereupon we decided that £20 would be enough for us. At this point we overlooked the fact that our adviser is himself a believer in Spartan holidays.

We left Aberdeen on a Friday afternoon, reaching London on Saturday evening in three lifts, and there had our first good meal and first sleep since Aberdeen. On Sunday we camped on a building site mid-way between Newhaven's shopping centre and harbour. The ferry cost much more than we had been led to believe, so we could not afford the train to Paris, but after an hour or so outside Dieppe we were bound for Rouen, where we had a small meal. It had been dark some time when we settled down on the Paris branch of a road-fork, making comfortable hollows in a pile of road-metal. Vehicles were few, and drivers, we had learned, were chary of hitch-hikers at night; so we arrayed

the rucksacks in a prominent position to convince drivers of our bona fides and at 12.30 P.M. were rewarded by a large van.

On reaching Paris around 5 A.M. rest was uppermost in our minds and we were rather at a loss when five *agents de police* approached us. Assured we were neither Belgians nor Americans, but Scots, their scowls changed to friendly smiles. The absence of the kilt puzzled them, however, and we had to explain that it was unsuitable for mountaineering and that even Scottish climbers did not wear it. They told us there were seats in the Place de Robespierre, and soon we were trying to make ourselves comfortable, stonily observed by the bust of the infamous revolutionary. My seat proved too narrow for sleep, so an hour or so later I awoke Mac and suggested a move to the Gare du Lyon. After struggling with our monstrous packs in various buses we won through and at 7.40 A.M. on Tuesday morning the expedition entrained for Chamonix. We had judged hitch-hiking from Paris onwards would be hopeless in the time at our disposal and the sight of the country we passed through confirmed our opinion.

Around eight in the evening we alighted at Les Praz de Chamonix, where we found a secluded camp site near the railway. We spent two days recovering lost sleep, eating, and buying supplies. Valuable francs were spent in joining the French Alpine Club in the hope that it would pay us at the huts, which offer cheap rates for members, but we could not afford to stay that long in the end. Chamonix itself shocked us. We had not expected a mountain version of a seaside resort, with everything bar a pleasure beach. This last, we soon found, was replaced by the Mer de Glace, where one could hire snow-glasses and an ice-axe and be conducted up and down the glacier. Poor elementary arithmetic on my part with the twenty-four-hour timetable cost us the last train to the Montenvers next day, but on Saturday we were caching (ruthlessly, we thought at the time) things we hoped we would not need beside the path down to the Mer de Glace. We had already left a good deal with the *gardien* of the C.A.F. hut in Chamonix.

With packs reduced to about 50 lb. we headed up the glacier for the Couvercle. We found the going not very easy, but the climb from the glacier to the hut shook us. The first "pitch" was an iron ladder up a vertical wall. We are strongly opposed to artificial aids on a climb, but we used it. The route above was festooned with stanchions and handrails and abounded in steps hewn from the rock. We used them all. The arrival of an expedition from Aberdeen aroused no comment in the crowded hut, apart from references to our "grands sacs." Compared with the others we might have been settling in for a month. Among those present was Armand Charlet, who unaccountably did not recognise us. Rumour had it that his ascent of the Aiguille Verte next day was his eightieth.

Rooms are allotted by the *gardien* according to the time one wishes to get up. With the Aiguille du Moine in mind we chose the 5 A.M. room. We were assured in the morning, however, that it could not possibly be climbed at that late hour, so we bowed to what we thought was the voice of experience and spent the day in photography and exploration, with many wistful glances at our peak. That evening we dutifully took the 3.30 A.M. room, but were not aroused until two hours later. It was raining heavily. The day passed tediously, brightened by frequent sessions with the primus, which we were surprised to find was an object of much admiration. A very pleasant young English couple had arrived and told us that the early start, for the Moine at least, was merely force of habit on the part of the guides. The clouds lifted towards evening and we were treated to the spectacle of lightning playing on the Aiguille du Géant.

The weather was perfect as we left the hut shortly after six. We followed the path to the foot of the Moine glacier and headed for the bergschrund up delightfully hard snow. At the foot of the rocks we found a party roping up. According to the Vallot guidebook "the best way is not easily found" on the *voie normale*, so when we learned they had climbed it before, we thought it would do no harm to keep them in sight. We therefore politely declined their offer to let us pass them; we might hold them up, as we would be using our

cameras frequently, and furthermore we believed climbing should be indulged in lazily.

The first pitch was a groove with rather small holds, and gave them no little trouble. The second, a steep chimney with good holds, they found scarcely easier, and we began to have doubts as to their ability to act as unwitting guides. We were sure of it when a few hundred feet higher they lost the route. We volunteered to go ahead and soon picked it up, a traverse round an awkward corner and steep but broken rock leading to an apparently holdless narrow-angled groove. To a mind conditioned by Cairngorm granite it looked imposing, so I began an outward and ascending traverse on a steep wall on the right, followed by a second in the opposite direction above the first. I was now above the groove's exit and almost within a jump of the proper route but the holds petered out. Mac had been slightly perturbed and was relieved when I regained the bottom of the groove; but he need not have worried, the granite was sound and delightful. The groove, when tackled, proved an impostor, and I was half-way up when Mac cried that the leader of the party below wanted the rope. He was obviously out of training and finally asked to be let down. The climbing was varied and interesting, while a wide choice of route was possible on the face.

On the summit we met five Swiss whom we had watched at intervals on a route just to the right of the S.W. arête. Their flowing, effortless movement on difficult ground had been good to see and had emphasised our utter inexperience in the art of moving together. We had a bout of mutual photography with the Swiss and followed this with a rapid recording of the Dru, Grandes Jorasses, and Mont Blanc before rising cloud from the Chamonix side should obscure the view. To the north, north-east, and right round to the south-west rose peaks we had read and dreamed about, but it was to the Grandes Jorasses that our eyes returned most often, irresistably drawn by the north face. We gazed, fascinated, at the relentless downward sweep of ice couloir and rock, and tried to trace the few routes on it.

The Swiss treated us to a song and began the descent.

We followed their example a few minutes later as it was obvious there would soon be no view worth staying for. We thought we were making good progress, but each time we saw the Swiss through breaks in the mist they had increased their lead, being accustomed to continuous movement.

A third of the way down we came on our erstwhile guides, still persevering. They had found an easier route, but on hearing they were still almost a thousand feet from the summit they decided to turn back. We felt it our duty to see them down safely, but their form had returned somewhat, and we made fair progress. Mac glissaded from the bergschrund. He is quite happy glissading, as is any self-respecting mountaineer; so also was the leader of the other party, it appeared, but his second bluntly refused, even on the rope, thus relieving me greatly. Having fallen twice down steep snow for considerable distances I have still to acquire confidence in glissading it. When the slope eased, however, I plucked up courage and sped off on my own.

As my eyes became accustomed to the dim interior of the hut I saw Mac hunched intently over the primus, brewing tea. He has a very happy way of losing no time in indulging his second vice whenever possible.

Next morning, Wednesday, we left for the Montenvers, with the Petite Aiguille Verte and the Aiguilles des Grands Montets in mind, and collected our cache. Since leaving the hut both had felt a certain lassitude, and though we now suspect it was the unaccustomed altitude we attributed it at the time to lack of suitable food. It might well have been partly caused by this: compared with the French at the Convercle we had been living like Spartans, mainly on "cheese brose." This is simply porridge with plenty of cheese added instead of milk. I had invented it during a solitary camp near Corrie Garbhloch and had lived on it, from necessity, for four days, and on the strength of this had persuaded Mac that it would be a good staple food. Given good cheese it is, but I fear Mac will never again touch it; our cheese was of a sickening rubbery consistency when cooked.

On considering carefully the food and money situation, we were forced to decide that we would have to start on the

return journey if we wished to keep a reasonable sum in hand for it. As on the outward journey we judged hitch-hiking through France hopeless in the time at our disposal and reached Paris by the night train, which was blessedly cooler. Such was our ill-luck, however, that it was again dark before we were decanted by the docks in Rouen. The historic city's ribbon development seemed interminable, and in the early morning we were still trudging along the silent road, vainly seeking even a clearing between two houses where we could unroll our sleeping-bags. We eventually found a poultry field.

A metaphorical veil is sometimes used to pass over events which will not bear recording and most of the return journey merits its use. This much shall be said, however. Civility from London Transport employees was non-existent. Our rucksacks, of course, were the cause of this. A slight lack of courtesy we would have understood and forgiven, but as it was we kept our tempers and the peace with great difficulty. In Glasgow the treatment was entirely different. Tramwaymen, to a man, went to considerable trouble to help us, with unfailing cheerfulness. Our most pleasant night was spent in a roadman's shelter. Between Stirling and Perth I had found Mac with one leg propped on a wall, head on hand, asleep, and we were very tired when at 2 A.M. we were investigating a haystack on the northern outskirts of Perth. That was probably the worst night, although we were dry in spite of heavy rain.

We had climbed in the Alps on £20 all in, but only just. With £40 it would be possible to use public transport, and enjoy a good fortnight's climbing. Hitch-hiking is much too exhausting if a particular destination in a short time is the aim. On £40, too, certain desirable items of equipment might be purchased, such as crampons, and even, dare we hope, a superb pair of boots! What little climbing we had, we enjoyed, but next time we will pick routes with snow and ice: there is ample rock in Skye. We intend to repeat Alpine Folly in other years, money permitting, but with much greater emphasis on "Alpine."

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES McCOSS.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr James McCoss, an Honorary Member and Past President of the Club. McCoss joined the Club in 1912 and from the first took a keen interest in all its activities. He was a true lover of the hills and enjoyed camping in some of the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the Cairngorms.

He was elected to the Committee of the Club in 1919 and was amongst the pioneers who introduced rock and snow as opposed to ordinary hill-climbing amongst Club members. Snow-climbing meets were arranged for the early months of the year and he did much to teach the younger members the correct use of rope and axe. Saturday afternoon outings were also arranged to the cliffs near Cove for practice rock climbs, and some of these are described by McCoss in his article, "Some Kincardineshire Coast Climbs," in Vol. VII of the *Journal*. He was a regular contributor of interesting articles to the *Journal* and for many years seldom failed to turn up at the various meets of the Club. In 1931 he was elected President of the Club, and during the three years he filled this office was responsible for much of the success of the various activities of the Club. Many members who attended the New Year Meets at Braemar will recall his sturdy figure piping in the New Year's Dinner, for he was no mean performer on the bagpipes. McCoss had not confined his climbing entirely to this country, and in an article in Vol. XIV of the *Journal* gives an interesting account of an ascent of the Matterhorn, which he found no more difficult technically than some of the climbs on Lochnagar, though of course a good deal more physical effort was required.

Besides his climbing interests it is probably not so well-known that McCoss was a keen student of astronomy, as this was a subject he seldom discussed, knowing that the

average listener was not interested. In one of his articles in the *Journal*, "The Ascent of Mt. Huygens," he has happily combined astronomy and climbing by describing the scientific problem of reaching the moon and climbing one of its 18,000-foot mountains. The writer once had the pleasure of examining some of McCoss's astronomical work and was amazed at the mathematical problems he had tackled and the accuracy with which they were worked out. Though he chose a commercial career, one could not help wondering if he would not have made a successful scientist.

During the first world war McCoss joined the North Scottish R.G.A. and was in action at Messines, Ypres, and at Vimy Ridge. He also served in the army of occupation.

W. M.

DORIS RHIND.

ON August 7, 1952, Doris Rhind came to Dundonell with the intention of climbing An Teallach. On August 9, while proceeding along the ridge with two friends, she made a step from a rocky portion to a ledge below. She appeared to lose her balance and fell, first over rocks and then into a mist-filled gully, which at that point descends steeply to Loch Toll an Lochain. She was killed apparently instantaneously. An R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Party arrived late on Sunday and located the body, which was brought down on Monday, August 11.

After graduating at Aberdeen University Doris taught science and mathematics at Torry Junior Secondary School and was to have held a similar position at Aberdeen High School for Girls after the summer vacation. Children knew her as a jolly companion and a good sport, and she was liked and respected by both staff and pupils. She was a member of the Central School F.P.'s Club and served not only on their Committee but also as Secretary of their Dramatic Club. Trinity Church also had in her a willing and enthusiastic worker and loyal supporter, and her loss will be felt keenly by these various organisations.

A love of nature and outdoor pursuits, awakened when she was a Girl Guide and Sea Ranger, grew even deeper, and it was for Doris a very happy moment when she first joined the Cairngorm Club three years ago. She soon became a regular attender at Club meets. To the arduous and less pleasant tasks of cleaning Derry Lodge when it was taken over by the Club she gave diligent and generous assistance which is remembered with gratitude. Most of her climbing was done among the Cairngorms, but during the summers of 1950 and 1951 she carried her love of her native hills to the mountain paths of the Bernese Oberland and the Austrian Tyrol.

Doris had a warm personality and made many friends. We remember how her presence would brighten any gathering. Her unfailing sense of humour would often send a climbing party into fits of helpless laughter, and who could lead a sing-song better than she? Yet she had a more serious side to her nature and loved the solace of good books and fine music. We have lost a friend who enriched our lives immeasurably, but a wealth of happy memories will always be ours.

L. L. B., M. I. R.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

THE 63rd Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Aberdeen, on November 20, 1951. The President, Mr W. M. Duff, in submitting the report of the retiring Committee referred to the acquisition of Derry Lodge as a Club hut. The Meeting unanimously approved of the Committee's action in taking a lease of the Lodge and authorised an appeal to members for funds to meet the cost of renovations and equipment.

The Accounts for the year to October 31, 1951, were submitted and approved, and the Office-bearers and Committee for the ensuing year were appointed.

The 64th Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Aberdeen, on November 20, 1952. Mr W. M. Duff, the retiring President, presented the Annual Report and the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer submitted the Accounts for the year to October 31, 1952. The following Office-bearers were appointed: *Hon. President*, Dr R. M. Williamson; *President*, Mr E. W. Smith; *Vice-Presidents*, Messrs A. L. Hay and R. Bain; *Hon. Meets Secretary*, Mr L. B. Perkins; *Hon. Huts Custodian*, Mr R. Bain. The Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, the Hon. Editor, the Hon. Librarian, and the Hon. Auditors were reappointed, and the following were elected to the Committee: Misses A. Adams, S. Alexander, and E. J. Lawrence, Dr G. A. Taylor, Dr G. Mathieson, and Messrs A. E. Anton, A. D. Cameron, W. M. Duff, and A. Mutch.

On the motion of Mr E. W. Smith, the retiring President was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks for the able manner in which he had conducted the affairs of the Club during his period of office.

Prior to the meeting a Special General Meeting was held to deal with certain proposed amendments to the Constitution. Members were notified of the alterations made in the circular of January 1953.

ANNUAL DINNER, 1951.

Affairs of international importance in Edinburgh on November 27, 1951, involved the absence from the Annual Dinner of several senior members and the principal guest. The shoes—or should we say the climbing-boots—of the latter were admirably filled by Professor V. C. Wynne-Edwards, who gave a most interesting talk on Baffin Island, illustrated by a large number of excellent slides. On the call of Mr H. D. Welsh, the Professor was cordially thanked. After Dinner the President, Mr Duff, proposed the toast of the Club in a happy speech,

brimful of humour. In equally merry mood Mr Martin Nichols proposed the toast of the Guests, who included representatives from the Scottish Mountaineering Club, the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, the Grampian Club, the Moray Mountaineering Club, and the Etchachan Club. Mr G. C. Williams, S.M.C., replying on behalf of the guests, modestly psycho-analysed his reactions to a difficult climb and an after-dinner speech.

ANNUAL DINNER, 1952.

Accommodation at the Caledonian Hotel was severely taxed on November 29, 1952, when the Annual Dinner was preceded by a talk by Mr W. H. Murray on the Everest Reconnaissance Expedition of 1951. Mr Murray gave an interesting account of the useful work done by this expedition, of which Mr Eric Shipton and he had been members, in prospecting the approach to Everest from the south-west. A magnificent selection of slides included views of Everest itself and the practically unknown peaks to the south and west. Mr A. L. Hay thanked Mr Murray on behalf of the Club. Mr W. M. Duff, the retiring President, performed the final act of his office in presiding at the Dinner which followed. In an amusing speech he proposed the toast of the Club. Mr E. W. Smith, the President-elect, proposed the toast of the Guests, to which Dr J. M. Brewster of the Moray Mountaineering Club replied.

MEETS AND EXCURSIONS.

1951.

Jan. 21. Lochnagar.	June 3. Derry Lodge.
Feb. 11. Glen Clunie.	Midsummer. Glen Feshie.
„ 25. Lochnagar.	Sept. 9. Lochnagar.
Mar. 11. Beinn a' Bhùird.	Oct. 14. Ben Avon.
Easter. Ballachulish.	Nov. 11. Glen Clunie to Glen Ey.
Apr. 29. Glen Isla.	Dec. 9. Glen Muick to
May 20. Cairngorm.	Auchallater.

1952.

New Year. Braemar.	May 18. Glen Isla.
Jan. 20. Lochnagar.	June 1. Cairn Mairg.
Feb. 10. Glen Clova.	Midsummer. Ben Alder.
„ 20. Lochnagar.	Sept. 7. Lochnagar.
Mar. 9. Glen Clunie.	Oct. 19. Derry Lodge.
„ 20. Derry Lodge.	Nov. 16. Glen Clunie.
Easter. Aviemore.	Dec. 7. Loch Lee to Glentanar.
Apr. 27. Ben Avon from Corn- davòn.	

1953.

New Year. Braemar.	Apr. 26. Glas Thulaichean.
Jan. 25. Lochnagar.	May 17. Derry Lodge.
Feb. 8. Glen Clunie.	„ 31. Ben Vorlich and Stùc a' Chròin.
„ 22. Lochnagar <i>via</i> Balloch- buie.	Midsummer. Coylum Bridge <i>via</i> Tomintoul ; returning from Derry Lodge.
Mar. 8. Derry Lodge.	
„ 22. Beinn a' Bhùird.	
Easter. Glen Affric.	

The foregoing list shows many familiar names repeated again and again, with here and there a new venture, such as Cairn Maig and Ben Alder. The former excursion was marked by really bad weather, when a soaking could only be avoided by following the example of the Meets Secretary and staying in the bus. It certainly was a long journey for that return, but our medical members probably found it interesting from the study of the impact and cure of bus sickness.

Ben Alder gave our present Meets Secretary good training in the carrying through of a difficult excursion, but that is reported by him more fully below.

E. W. S.

The diversity of routes offered to members attending the 1952 overnight excursion may have been one reason why less than 50 per cent. failed to appear at Dalwhinnie until after the expected time of arrival, which was fifteen hours and ten minutes after the actual time of departure ; but the excursion was one of the most ambitious yet attempted by the Club, and credit is due to the Meets Secretary for getting the trip organised, in the face of more than normal difficulty. Our thanks are due also to the owners and factors of the various estates traversed, to the North of Scotland Hydro-electric Board for their co-operation in getting the bus up to the Erich Dam, and of course to Mr J. Duguid for driving nearly 250 miles.

The impact of an almost sleepless night, striking at both brain and stomach, prevents the accurate recollection of details ; but in general, members who traversed Ben Alder or Beinn Bheòil got to Dalwhinnie in time, whilst those who traversed both Beinn Bheòil and Ben Alder, or who visited Loch Ossian, were late. The general opinion, recorded here for posterity, is that Ben Alder should be climbed before Beinn Bheòil, if a descent is to be made to the north, and that Loch Ossian is better visited by rail.

The stultified memory recollects only dimly the brighter events of the journey, but mention must be made of the acting Meets Secretary's

private suite at the front of the bus, the astonished looks of tourists who saw a bus full of sleeping folk ascend the Devil's Elbow, and the reasonable charges for what was a most excellent excursion.

L. B. P.

TWO NEW BRIDGES.

During the early summer of 1951 the 51st (Highland) Divisional Engineers replaced the timber bridge between Spittal of Glenmuick and Allt-na-giubhsaich. The work was carried out by Territorials from Aberdeen and Dundee, who found that the trestles of the old foot-bridge were rotten at water level. The new bridge, also of timber trestle construction, lies only a few yards from the site of the old and is wide enough for a vehicle. The River Muick is 37 feet across at this point and the length of the bridge 64 feet. At the same time improvements were made to the track connecting the two sides of the glen and to the Capel Mount path, so that a Land Rover from Balmoral can now reach the moors south of Loch Muick.

Also last summer a double-wire bridge was erected across the Dee near the Corrour Bothy, where a drowning accident occurred during a spate in the previous year. Parts of the bridge were constructed by Mr Jack Milne in Aberdeen and then transported to Derry Lodge. Cement, wire, and two telegraph poles were carried the remaining five miles through the hills by Mr Milne, with the assistance of Mr John Gadd and others. The bridge was built to the same design as those used for crossing ravines in the foot-hills of the Himalayas, where Mr Milne had seen them forty years ago during leaves from the King's Dragoon Guards.

O. C. F.

NOTES

In July 1951, Lt. A. De Watteville and Lt. R. F. Finch, R.E., with the assistance of two friends and an Austin A40, climbed the Scottish Four Thousanders in the twenty-four hours. A third member of the party accompanied them over the Cairngorm tops; they had unbroken cloud over Cairn Toul and Braeriach. (The two unnamed members had to be on parade in the south of England next morning!)

TIME TABLE.

Left car at open-cast workings at foot of	
Aonach Mòr	2.45 P.M.
Aonach Mòr summit	4.35 "
Aonach Beag	5.10 "
Càrn Mòr Dearg	6.45 "
Ben Nevis	7.50 "

Glen Nevis, near Youth Hostel	8.50 P.M.
Left Glen Nevis by car	10.05 ,,
Arrived Glen More Lodge	12.20 A.M.
Left car	1.55 ,,
Cairngorm summit	3.55 ,,
Ben Macdhui (4,244)	5.35 ,,
Ben Macdhui summit	5.45 ,,
Stob Coire Sputan Dearg	6.05 ,,
Crossed River Dee	6.40 ,,
Cairn Toul summit	8.15 ,,
Braeriach (4,149)	9.20 ,,
(4,061)	9.40 ,,
(4,036)	9.55 ,,
(4,248)	10.43 ,,
Cairngorm Club Footbridge	1.00 P.M.

Cairngorm Club accused of sabotage in *Gardylloo* (Edinburgh Students' Charities Newspaper), from which the following is taken:—

“Early this morning the inhabitants of Fort William were awakened by the roar of a mighty explosion. . . . From the direction of Ben Nevis the roar of a great avalanche could be heard and a pall of black smoke hung over the hills. . . . It was thought at first that the mountain had become volcanic and had suddenly erupted, but closer inspection revealed evidence which caused the police to suspect sabotage. . . .”

The paper goes on to accuse the Cairngorm Club. “Now that Ben Nevis is reduced to half its height, Ben Macdhui is the highest mountain in Scotland. It is well known that the Cairngorm Club have long wished to have the highest mountain, and plans to build a large tower on the top of Macdhui were only stopped last year by the refusal of a building licence.”

Does this explain why Taylor has not been seen around Derry Lodge recently?

NEW CLIMBS.

LOCHNAGAR.

Central Buttress, Direct Start.—(H.S.). T. W. Patey and C. Morrison, August 13, 1952. This route runs up the centre of the 300-foot slabby lower face not far to the left of Shallow Gully. Route follows prominent fault cleaving centre of buttress and slanting left. Start on its immediate left (cairn), cross fault 30 feet up and continue up its right edge towards a wide chimney formed by the fault at a height of about 100 feet. Continuously hard climbing up to a short slab topped

by an overhang (crux) leads to the foot of the chimney. Above the chimney a terrace winds up the buttress for 100 feet to beneath a pile of overhanging blocks. Here traverse right for 20 feet and then continue straight up to join the crest of the ridge in 120 feet. Rock sound, but holds masked in moss at many points.

Shadow Buttress "A," Alternative Route.—(D.). T. W. Patey and J. M. Taylor, August 31, 1952. A slabby rib separates Shallow Gully and the initial gully of the normal route; higher up it merges into the main buttress. The route diverged left on to this rib where the normal route turns right to the spiral terrace. There followed 200 to 300 feet of interesting climbing, including a difficult chimney up to a point where the buttress steepens in a giant wall whose apex forms the proximal end of the upper crest of the buttress. It is easy to slant left by a grassy ledge and skirt the wall on the Shallow Gully side. It may also be possible to pass the wall by slabby ledges on the right. The route selected lay roughly in the middle of the wall by a definite fault leading on directly to the easy upper crest. This pitch was continuously severe throughout its length of 90 feet.

Shadow Chimney.—M. D. Coutts and T. W. Patey, August 30, 1951. Loose rock in the lower part is avoided by climbing the rib to the right of the chimney. First difficulty was an awkward chokestone which was surmounted by holds on its right edge. Above, a pile of jammed boulders leads up to a large chokestone about 100 feet from the bottom which completely blocks the chimney, apparently barring further progress. However, a through route permits of access to a large cave above, the roof of which is formed by another huge chokestone. The latter is turned on the right by a series of grass ledges leading in 30 feet to easy ground. The standard up to this point is difficult and from here escape is possible on to Shadow "A" Route. The chimney continues, however, as a good pitch, 25 feet in height; this was climbed by back and knee methods, strenuous and severe. The climb finishes at a platform on the Shadow "A" Route about 250 feet from the screes.

Polyphemus Gully.—K. A. Grassick and H. M. Bates, January 24, 1953 (6 hours). The direct summer route followed. The wall (summer crux) was climbed close into the curving crack and was partly iced. In the upper part the initial chokestones were passed on the left up steep ice to a deep cave below a 25-foot overhanging pitch, climbed by a very hard groove on the left (crux). The remaining 100 feet included a small ice-pitch.

Eagle Ridge.—A first winter ascent is reported by T. W. Patey, W. D. Brooker, and J. M. Taylor on January 25, 1953. A good deal of old iron-hard snow on the ledges, with some ice in the cracks. Mainly step-cutting up to the tower pitch. This was the winter crux, due to brittle ice in the groove above the piton. From the summer crux to the top the climbing was again on good hard snow throughout. Time $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. It is doubtful if the route would go under a heavy coating of new snow.

Parallel Gullies "B"—Upper section, above Tough-Brown Traverse, was climbed by Ian Brooker and A. D. Lyall on May 26, 1952. On June 8 a whole congregation of climbers mustered to attempt the formidable lower section, the last great problem on Lochnagar. The parties were: T. W. Patey and J. M. Taylor; W. D. Brooker and C. M. Dixon; D. A. Aitken and M. C. S. Philip; J. Henderson and C. Morrison. The gully was exceptionally dry, but nails were used throughout.

The initial slimy 50-foot crack was not climbed, but clean, steep pitches on the left wall, one of them quite awkward, were followed to a substantial platform. From here an outward dipping catwalk (20 feet) crosses the top of the crack to a ledge and block belay on the other side (H.S.). The wall above is climbed to a steep grassy depression, at the top of which there is a small dark cave with a hitch at the back. A very severe 20-foot pitch leads to the main chimney section. Launching off a foothold on the left wall it is necessary to swing up on to the narrow coping-slab above the cave and jam up its two retaining cracks to a good stance with a small concealed hitch.

The next 15-foot pitch is tackled by backing up and straddling between the two slightly diverging walls of the main chimney. Soon another stance is reached at the foot of a deceptively intimidating pitch. For those who are long of leg the chimney is again narrow enough to back up; for the less fortunate the dark cleft at the back offers an alternative. Progress is thus made for 60 feet to a platform on top of a huge jammed block below the final 25-foot wall; a thread belay was used to safeguard the leader. From below, this pitch appears to be overhanging, but it is, in fact, only vertical. The chimney walls diverge until 6 feet below the top it is no longer possible to span the gap, and the back wall must be scaled by several small holds (H.S.). Go 20 feet up to the right for a good belay.

Above the platform (Terrace) on the Tough-Brown Traverse the second pitch culminates in a chimney blocked by a huge chokestone with a holdless slab above. The route did not follow the chimney but deviated towards some grass ledges high up on the right, whence a horizontal traverse led back to the top of the pitch. Broken rocks led in 100 feet to a piton belay at the foot of a steep holdless groove. After 12 feet of strenuous contortion the groove was abandoned for a sloping ledge on the left. A sensational traverse followed to the top of the pitch. 80-foot run-out (V.S.).

The party now unroped and followed easy terraces slanting up to the crest of the Tough-Brown Ridge. Ian Brooker's account of the first ascent of the upper section follows:—

The climb started (from the Terrace) with three small 20-foot pitches all about V.D. heading towards a very obvious 30-foot crack. The crack proved to be severe and quite holdless. It was climbed with much effort by jamming the foot and wriggling up towards a horizontal break on the left wall. This proved to be a rather exposed nose and a piton

belay was used before the next move, which was rather delicate, and over fine grass-covered ledges upwards to the left towards a large rectangular block above which is an obvious cave (V.S.).

It was not found possible to climb over the rectangular block and Lyall worked out to the left again (at a level with the top of the choke-stone) to go under the block, over good rock containing a few fine cracks. On the other side of the block progress was barred by a small overhang with a good hold at the top, and by dint of much effort this was climbed directly (V.S.).

This took us to the couloir between the centre block of pitches and the 200-foot summit rocks which seemed climbable by three or four different routes, the lower half very rotten but of no outstanding difficulty. We chose a shallow gully and buttress leading to the top of the Tough-Brown Ridge and overlooking Raeburn's Gully.

(Patey adds that, while the rock on the final section is rotten, the gully is otherwise unique on Lochnagar for the soundness and clean condition of its rock and for the exciting variety of its pitches.)

Parallel Gullies Buttress was climbed by J. Bruce and W. Stewart (wearing Vibrams) in May 1953, without the use of pitons.

Tough-Brown Traverse.—Aitken and Patey followed the normal summer route on January 20, 1952, on hard snow and ice in 5 hours. Main difficulty to surmount the iced rocks immediately above the Terrace, but the slab above was entirely snow covered. The last steep rocks were passed on the Raeburn's Gully side.

Scarface Buttress.—(V.D.). T. W. Patey, G. B. Leslie, and J. M. Taylor, December 15, 1951. This is the imposing mass of rock which forms the right wall of Raeburn's Gully, constituting in its upper part a fairly well-defined rib bounded on the right by a large grassy amphitheatre and in its lower part a series of steep slabs dipping into Raeburn's Gully and ending in a line of short overhangs. Normally a start could be made up a short, shallow chimney in the corner at the bend of the gully. This was streaming with water at the time, however, and abandoned for a more feasible route 60 feet farther up the gully, where the depth of snow in the gully had obscured the initial overhang. A difficult move to the right on holdless rock led to easier ground, whence further progress was possible up steep grass ledges to the left. After 60 feet a short nose of rock on the right was surmounted by combined tactics. At the apex of the smooth slab above, an excellent belay was discovered at the foot of a dark chimney. The chimney, which was steep and upwards of 20 feet in height, was furnished with good sound holds to start with, but its upper few feet were more difficult and required the insertion of a piton into a crack on the left wall of the chimney to act as a running belay for the leader. A miniature waterfall added to the difficulty and under normal conditions a piton would be unnecessary.

Steep scrambling for 50 feet led to a shallow groove of no great difficulty, whence a short chimney on the right led to the large grassy

amphitheatre above and completed the lower section (250 feet). The upper rib provided enjoyable climbing for 200 to 300 feet, and although numerous variations were possible the crest could be followed throughout without much added difficulty. From the foot of the amphitheatre the rib was gained immediately by a short traverse to the left, followed by several interesting short pitches. Thence the route is fairly evident to the plateau.

The rib and the upper 100 feet of the lower section was climbed previously on October 21, 1951, by T. W. Patey and R. H. Hardie, who traversed on to the lower slabs at the level of the first cave on Pinnacle Gully No. 1 Route.

Twin Chimneys Route, Black Spout Pinnacle.—300 feet (D.). T. W. Patey and J. M. Taylor, August 31, 1952. This route follows a straight course from the fork in the Black Spout to the top of the Pinnacle. From the extensive grassy slope at the foot, a steep rocky gully rises almost to the top of the Pinnacle. Starting up easy ledges in the gully two definite chimneys are soon reached biting into the rib on the right. The first is straightforward, but the upper and better defined chimney gives 30 feet of difficult climbing to its exit on the rib. Steep rocks inviting ascent lead straight to the top. (This was the route selected by Raeburn in the first reconnaissance of the Pinnacle in 1902, the ledge below the upper chimney being the highest point reached.)

Black Spout Pinnacle, Route II.—(H.S.). T. W. Patey and J. M. Taylor, February 28, 1953. Rock-climbing conditions excellent despite time of year. At the entrance to the left-hand branch it is possible to move left on to a large grassy slope. Immediately above is the open depression up which the Twin Chimneys Route ascends. At the extreme left end, however, it gives access to a long, narrow chimney between an expanse of smooth, steep slab on the left and a vertical wall on the right. This gives an enjoyable 100-foot pitch and ends on a little ridge projecting out from the vertical upper cliff and overlooking the Black Spout. The crack above appears unclimbable. We descended beyond the ridge for 20 feet at the top of a long fault leading down to the Springboard, 300 feet below. From this point the only way out seemed to be a horizontal traverse towards a steep groove seen 50 feet away on the open face of the Pinnacle. The exposure is severe and the traverse becomes harder as one proceeds. Half-way across, a running belay can be fixed, and at this point a difficult move is made on to the end of a smooth, sloping edge. Crossing this ledge, using a few barely adequate holds on the wall above, was very delicate, especially as there was here an ice-glaze on the rock; but once the groove is entered a short ascent leads to a commodious grassy platform. A large amphitheatre, 60 feet above, is reached where Route I (Brooker-Sutherland) comes in on the left. Interesting climbing to the Pinnacle top.

As the nomenclature suggests this is the second major route on the main face of the Pinnacle. Dry conditions are recommended; socks

used on the traverse. An attractive route on good rock, somewhat harder than Route I.

The Stack.—350 feet (V.D.). T. W. Patey, W. D. Brooker, and J. M. Taylor, October 7, 1952. This is the buttress between the Black Spout and its left-hand branch. The first objective is to gain a considerable grassy platform 120 feet up, whence a series of dark chimneys slant up the left side of the buttress, overlooking the left-hand branch and ascending to the top of the Crumbling Cranny. Start 20 feet below the chokestone in the left-hand branch (cairn). An attractive curving crack up a slab forms the first segment of a Z-crack ending below a short wall 60 feet up on the right. The ascent of this wall may require combined tactics (crux) and, complicated by verglas on the first ascent, was mild severe in standard. From the platform above it is best to launch off a block on the right and keep passing right along a thin ledge overlooking the Spout until the edge of a large grassy platform is reached. Cross over now to the left side of the buttress below the cracks and chimneys. The first of these is blocked by a pile of jammed boulders; mount to 12 feet below the impasse and move left along narrow ledge. Hence we traversed left and slightly downwards for 30 feet by a ledge provided with a continuous handrail. Then upwards to the right by two short chimneys to an alcove 30 feet above the impasse. It might also be possible to climb straight up at the start of the traverse, but the latter should not be missed. Now follow the chimneys for a further 40 feet to a prominent block. The final chimney above proving too hard, the party mounted from the top of the block on to a sloping shelf on the right at the end of which a short wall was climbed to a grassy platform. From the left end of the platform a 15-foot slab is followed to easier ground. Below the terminal wall an easy terrace winds round to the left until an obvious slanting crack can be climbed to the plateau. Sound, clean rock and sustained difficulty; the crux alone exceeds difficult in standard.

The first winter ascent was made on November 29, 1952, by J. M. Taylor, G. B. Leslie, and T. L. Fallowfield in 6 hours. Difficult powder snow and ice conditions.

Causeway Rib, West Buttress.—400 feet (V.D.). J. C. Stewart and W. D. Brooker, June 10, 1951. This is the rib bounding Gargoyle Chimney on the left. Start a little to the left of the chimney and climb right and then traverse left to a grassy rut which leads up to the left to a belay at 60 feet. Here a grass patch leads off to the left, but regain the rib by a very awkward mantleshelf leading to a block belay in a recess. Climb down to the right for 15 feet and round a corner into a grassy gully which cuts back into the buttress. Twenty feet up, this gully terminates against a rock wall. In each of the corners of the wall is a crack. Climb the right-hand crack into a wide V-cleft at the top of which the crest of the buttress is gained. Ten feet farther up, traverse right across to the head of a chimney and follow slabs, grooves, and walls for 100 feet to a sharp little pinnacle. Some slabs above lead to

great shattered blocks on the crest overlooking Gargoyle Chimney. At 90 feet the rib swings left to gain the level Causeway above. One crosses the upper lip of the great smooth wall above the Gargoyle Chimney. An avoidable final tower of 60 feet makes a pleasant finish.

Gargoyle Chimney.—Winter ascent. W. D. Brooker and J. M. Taylor, January 20, 1952. Normal summer route. Chimney itself an 80-foot ice-pitch; main difficulty, the final 15 feet up to and over the chokestone. Six hours.

West Rib, Variation.—(V.D.). M. D. Coutts and T. W. Patey, August 31, 1951. From the platform below the steep tower in the upper section of the climb the preliminary slab (but not the steep chimney) was climbed. Thence a traverse round to the left led to a large platform overlooking West Gully. The vertical wall above (30 feet) is climbed on excellent holds to a platform. In 60 feet one joins the original route. Magnificent exposure.

West Rib.—Guide description may be erroneous in so far as the majority now obviously follow a route on the right of the open gully referred to, *i.e.*, 60 feet to a horizontal traverse leftwards to the pointed belay.

Coffin Chimney, Broad Cairn.—(D.). J. M. Taylor and T. W. Patey, May 1952. About half a mile below the Dubh Loch there can be seen from the path a well-defined 200-foot chimney cleaving the left wall of an open gully on the side of Broad Cairn. This gave a sporting route under dry conditions, which permitted each pitch to be taken direct. The first pitch is normally a shower bath. In wet weather the narrow rib on the right of the chimney is a pleasant alternative.

Labyrinth Edge, Creag an Dubh Loch.—Eight hundred feet (V.D.) W. D. Brooker and G. B. Leslie, September 8, 1951. Start at the rib of rock on the right edge of Labyrinth. Forty feet up, traverse right and then up and across a recessed corner. Sixty feet up is a large groove with a block belay. Climb up this groove and then traverse left and up an awkward slab to a ledge. Just above here it is possible to cross into the Labyrinth Groove. Scrambling leads to a green recess with huge ferns. This is left by a short steep wall on the left, from where the route goes up and to the right a little. Still slanting to the right the next pitch ends in a series of shallow cracks and slabs with a poor belay. An exit to the left leads to a large groove above and slightly to the left of which is a corner with a block belay. Continuing up and to the right, one emerges on a sea of polished slabs up which the only possible route seems to be a thin grassy crack over 100 feet long. This almost peters out at the top, but one can gain the sanctuary of a great spike jammed in a cleft in a line of overhangs dominating the slabs. After climbing over the spike a jump is made down to a ledge on the left from where it is easy to reach a platform on the edge above Labyrinth.

The edge rises in three huge steps and the first of these offers a tower which is the crux of the climb. The second step is simple, as is the



BEINN A' BHÙIRD FROM INVERCAULD

G. A. Roberts

third, a great overhanging fang of rock, if taken on the left on the wall above the Labyrinth Groove. A steep wall about 100 feet in height still barred the way to easy ground and this is tackled by working round to the right and up a chimney. Then out of the chimney by the right wall and over a few overhanging blocks. Easy to the plateau. Magnificent route on only possible line through the great central belt of slabs; never more than 100 feet from the Edge, much of the climb is vegetated, the only possible lines of ascent being by grass cracks in smooth, unclimbable slabs.

Sabre Edge, Creag an Dubh Loch.—(M.S.) T. W. Patey and C. Morrison, August 12, 1952. The terrific 600-foot belt of slabs which stretches from False Gully at the far end up to, and forming the right wall of Central Gully appears completely unassailable. However, at a little over half height in the gully the right wall falls back to form a steep, mossy gully. Immediately beyond is a prominent, sharp, and exceedingly steep arête, upwards of 250 feet in height; this is the Sabre Edge. It is the first of a series of such arêtes, the rest of which seem, however, to present insuperable difficulties.

The climb, although short, is continuously hard and, on the first ascent, occupied three hours. The lower part of the climb is bounded on the left by a 70-foot slab. Steep rocks complicated by several loose blocks provide a hard opening 90-foot pitch, the last 20 feet of which slant up to the left to a stance close to the edge of the slab. Thirty feet higher the base of a 20-foot needle of rock is reached. This abuts against a bulge in the cliff, which is surmounted by combined tactics from the top of the needle (crux). Above the bulge is a small grass shelf passing round to the left. Thence a steep 200-foot groove leads to easier, more broken ground. Soon a substantial platform is gained below the final vertical wall; a delicate 20-foot traverse over a slab on the right ends at a notch on the arête. The final short overhang above is turned, not without difficulty, on the right.

N.W. Gully.—A first winter ascent is reported by T. W. Patey, J. M. Taylor, W. D. Brooker, and J. Morgan (two ropes) in January 1953. Steep powder snow obliterated all pitches except the first, which alone offered any difficulty. The party was able to finish the climb close in to the terminal overhang, where the large slab was covered with hard snow. One and a quarter hours.

BEINN A' BHÙIRD.

Birihday Route (Crow Step Route Variation).—K. A. Grassick, J. G. Lillie, and R. Preshaw, June 7, 1952. The climb is on the third parallel chimney to the right of the Crow Step Route, reached by climbing the first moderate section of that route. The first pitch is climbed on the right wall to avoid an overhang and the chimney is gained again by an awkward movement left. A series of ledges lead

to a stance and belay (40 feet). The next pitch is taken on the left to avoid an overhang. By an easy traverse right, a stance above a rock mass is gained (50 feet). The chimney now narrows and the next pitch is climbed with difficulty up to a straddling rock stance (60 feet). The chimney now merges into the face and the last 60 feet is climbed to the left by a narrow crack between two walls. An awkward move round a small chokestone leads to the final 10-foot wall. The plateau was gained by an out-of-balance movement on the left of the wall and a strenuous pull up (60 feet).

Mitre Ridge.—A first winter ascent was made by W. D. Brooker and T. W. Patey on April 12, 1953. Climbed under a fairly complete plastering of recent snow, varying in depth from a few inches to several feet. The snow was just capable of bearing weight, but much clearing was necessary on the steepest pitches. There was some ice and the conditions excellent despite the late time of the season. Initial slab passed on the right due to lack of time although a fair bank up and covering with adequate snow should have made ascent possible. The prominent chimney leading up to the crest was heavily iced and the leader turned it by an obvious crack on the right with a return traverse above. The first 10-foot wall on the crest provided as much trouble as anything else on the climb and required combined tactics. At the base of the first tower the route selected crossed a slab on the left to reach a 20-foot open chimney. The ascent of this was very critical, as the holds were obscured with snow and ice. The next pitch up to the neck behind the first tower was of less but sustained difficulty. A 30-foot traverse over slabs on the left was the key to the ascent of the second tower. The final arête, with its continuous snow mantle, was an impressive sight. Time, four and a half hours.

Laminated Crag (V.D., 250 feet) and *Back Bay Gully* (D., 350 feet), *Garbh Choire.*—The magnificent Squareface Buttress near the Sneek forms the left wall of a high bay cut off from the floor of the corrie by the bar of rock holding Consolation Gully. At the back of the bay, under the huge rectangular wall of Squareface, is the long, narrow Back Bay Gully, with one prominent chokestone. Laminated Crag forms the right wall of the gully.

Laminated Crag presents a broad front. Near the centre of the wall a small pitch led to a long transverse level shelf. At the left end of the shelf a huge flake slants upwards to the right. This was climbed *à cheval* and proved very awkward. Before entering the level floored crevasse at the top of the flake a groove with few handholds (above a short vertical step) was followed to a resting-place. A traverse back left up a series of mantelshelves led to a block belay. From here two more upward steps were made to the right to a pointed flake, the negotiation of which was tricky because the crest behind was loose. Above the flake there was a short vertical wall, following which some easy-angled iced rock and a short snow slope led to the plateau. K. Winram and M. Smith, March 8, 1953.

The gully provided easy to moderate climbing for 100 feet on water-worn rock leading to a cave below the chokestone. There is a belay high up in the back of the cave. The boulder was turned on the left wall by a very difficult move—small holds on a steep slab. Above, the gully narrowed and further difficult climbing, again on water-worn rock, led to a block belay at a point where the gully branches. The route went up the left-hand groove to loose blocks, which were turned by an awkward wall on the right. Loose rock to the plateau. G. R. Greig, M. Smith, and K. Winram, August 24, 1952.

Tantalus Gully, C. an Dubh Lochan.—250 feet (S.). G. R. Greig, M. Smith, and K. Winram, March 15, 1953. From the small upper lochan a large scree shoot, the Main Rake, separates Glaucous from another imposing buttress on which, midway up the Rake, will be found Tantalus Gully. There is little evidence of gully form in the first two pitches, but higher up it cuts deep into the mountain and is contained by high walls. Thirty feet to stance below first and only severe pitch—an overhang and bulge on the right wall which may require a shoulder. The key handhold is tucked away between the overhang and a slab on the right. Easier going up a water-worn groove to a belay set low under the second pitch. This was very difficult, a steep slabby corner with small jammed stones in a crack hard in to the right wall. The angle eases to the third pitch, water-worn slabs with a crack in the right corner (20 feet). The bed again falls back to the fourth pitch, which rises in three steps. The blocks at the top proved sound (D., 25 feet). A huge scree funnel at the top.

Hourglass Buttress, C. na Ciche.—A. Thom and F. R. Malcolm, May 10, 1953. Start in well-defined groove (200 feet) at left corner of buttress. This led to the neck, above which the rock steepens 70 feet to piton belay, whence traverse right to crack sloping right. Climb crack to small rock shelf (piton belay). Combined tactics enabled leader to reach hold high up on left (crux). Twenty feet to first substantial platform above the neck. A slightly overhanging crack is then climbed (piton). A short traverse to the left, followed by a scramble up a wide crack leads to the top. Very exposed, but rock clean and sound. Vibrams worn.

BEN MACDHUI.

Median Route, Coire Sputan Dearg.—300 feet. A. Thom and F. R. Malcolm, June 27, 1952. The route starts on a slab between Pilgrims' Groove and Hanging Dyke. The slab is climbed until a rock ledge is located. Thence, moving left, a crack topped by a 20-foot slab is climbed to a large groove, split by a rib of rock. The route follows the groove on the right of the rib to the top. Two hours.

Black Tower, C. Sputan Dearg.—(S.) T. W. Patey, G. B. Leslie, and J. M. Taylor, April 21, 1952. Part of No. 5 Buttress between

Cherubs and Flake. Starting 50 feet below the lowest rocks, follow a prominent groove on the left flank, leading in 80 feet to easier ground. Climb broken slabs on the left to a platform 30 feet above and at the foot of a steep 20-foot groove close to the true crest of the tower. The groove, entered from the right by a severe movement, gives access to a platform and block. The steep slab round the corner on the left is climbed by a 20-foot crack to a short arête. Thence a delicate traverse across a slab on right until possible to regain crest and summit of tower by way of a short crack. Tower is linked to plateau by shattered arête.

April Wall, C. Sputan Dearg.—180 feet (S.). G. B. Leslie, T. W. Patey, and J. M. Taylor, April 21, 1952. This is the steep wall rising on the left of the upper rocks of Terminal Buttress and gives an exhilarating finish to this climb. The route follows the line of least resistance; starting at the nearest rocks the climber eventually is forced well to the left on to the main section of the wall. After 90 feet a small ledge and belay are reached in an exposed situation. A sensational move on good holds on the left follows and, still slanting left, a severe mantelshelf movement, followed by an airy corner, lead to a shallow gully in 60 feet; it is topped by a short and easy chimney.

Scorpion, North Face, Cairn Etchachan.—700 feet. T. W. Patey, J. M. Taylor, K. A. Grassick, A. G. Nicol, December 6, 1952. The imposing pointed buttress to the left of Castle Gates, and separated by it from the Shelter Stone Crag, has a reputation for loose rock. Under snow and ice conditions, however, with the rocks well frozen, it provided a magnificent climb of seven hours' duration, the difficulty sustained and no escapes evident. A prominent rock sentinel overhangs the entrance to Castle Gates. From its roof an indefinite rib slants up for 300 feet. A short distance above the point where the rib merges into the face, a steep twisting gully continues the line of ascent on the right of the steep rocks forming the apex of the upper cliff. Below, the climb followed the rib approximately; and above, followed the gully. Start mid-way between the Sentinel and an obvious chokestone gully 100 feet below the former by a steep mossy shelf to the left of a shallow chimney. After 60 feet continue up left for 30 feet along the foot of a steep wall. Here a slanting crack cleaves the wall and 10 feet up it becomes possible to enter it. For 20 feet the route is subterranean. Above the exit is an overhanging wall which is climbed immediately on the right (S.). Pass round a corner to the right and continue straight up, bearing somewhat leftwards. Continuously hard climbing; complicated at the time by a snow covering, ensues for 250 feet by a variety of slabs and corners to easier slopes below the upper rocks.

From this point snow conditions would prove an important factor. As it was, easy slopes led into the upper gully, which had five pitches in its 300 feet. At the start a steep shelf climbs away up to the left, but its destination is uncertain. Above the first pitch the gully bent sharply into the buttress on the left. At the bend there is no right wall, *i.e.*, the

gully becomes a shelf for a few feet. Amid remarkable rock scenery the gully rose in two abrupt steps to the summit. The first was a 25-foot ice-pitch, almost vertical, of extreme severity, above which a 65 degree snow slope ran up to below the final overhang, where a very hard exit on the right wall, following a tiny foot-wide ledge, led to a small rock tower and easy ground. Ideal conditions might occur in early spring with a combination of bare rock on the rib and an adequate deposit of snow in the gully. Under the existing conditions, in the absence of a snow take-off at the ice-pitch, the climb was rated very severe.

The same.—H. S. M. Bates and T. Shaw, May 10, 1953. As winter route, but rib from the Sentinel climbed until it merged with the curving gully. Previous route just to the left. Sentinel climbed by an open chimney with two very difficult pitches. After a 20-foot traverse left, 120 feet of easy scrambling to a 70-foot pitch (D.) by which the rib was regained. Then 120 feet of open chimney (V.D.) with a severe move on to a sloping mossy ledge (belay). Eighty feet of scrambling in shallow chimney twisting right led to a difficult pitch of 60 feet to the shelf and the gully was entered by a 30-foot pitch (V.D.). Forty feet (D.) led to a 15-foot overhang (S.) with a good stance and belay above. The final pitch of 60 feet, an exposed traverse to the right, and ascent of 20 feet is less difficult. Two and a half hours. Rock fairly sound.

Castle Gully.—450 feet (V.D.). H. S. M. Bates, K. A. Grassick, and A. G. Nicol, 24th May 1953. 250 feet up Castle Gates Gully from the Sentinel an open gully is reached just above a red cave on the left wall. The lower part of the gully is open and slabby (D.); but higher up, a steep, narrow 30-foot chimney with a strenuous 12-foot overhanging crack (M.S.) above leads to a rib about 400 feet from the top.

Sticil Face, Shelter Stone Crag.—600 feet (H.S.). J. M. Taylor and T. W. Patey, 14th May 1953. Start immediately below and to the right of Raeburn's Buttress. Here access is possible to a series of grass ledges which slant across to the right above the lower belt of slabs on the north face of the Crag. Above these ledges the middle tier of slabs rises sheer and unbroken. At first we followed the ledges well across to the right till they petered out high on the face, with farther upward progress extremely problematical. Accordingly, we returned to the point where a steep slabby gully ascends between the middle tier of slabs and Raeburn's Buttress.

Details.—160 feet up awkward grass ledges on the immediate left of the slabby gully to platform with large flake belay. The actual bed of the gully, a watercourse in wet weather, appears too smooth and holdless. Fifty feet up the steep edge directly above the flake (crux). 30-foot V-groove above. Thence easy ledges return to the gully. Gully continues as a steep chimney. Easy above.

Here, for the only time, there was a choice of routes. The upper 200 feet of Raeburn's Buttress could have been reached, but it was now

equally easy to diverge well to the right by a long slanting ledge above the middle slabs. This leads to an intriguing, deep-cut 100-foot chimney which cleaves the final wall. Two hours.

Climbed after a dry spell; the climbing was often unpleasant due to much vegetation. In wet conditions it should be avoided.

Quartz Vein Edge, Creagan a' Choire Etchachan.—400 feet (M.). K. Winram, M. Smith, and K. Greig, June 15, 1952. The buttress harbouring the Bastion is bounded on its left by a deep scree gully. The climb lies up its edge. The start is a little way up the gully from a detached block (cairn). A steep 10-foot slab with a large flake hold and a curious piece of quartz inset was followed by rib and open corner pitches to a belay at out 100 feet from the start. Easy climbing led to a gravel patch hidden from below. A groove slanting to the crest was climbed by lay-back methods until the crack in the corner petered out. Slabs then followed to a belay. Thirty feet higher up cracked slabs, an upper shelf below a false tower met a lower shelf overhanging the gully. The upward traverse from the lower to the higher shelf was made at a point where a layer of quartz wended its way across the buttress as a thin white line. Easier climbing then led to a chimney set into the false tower and ending at a jumble of blocks poised over the lower shelf. A scree funnel led to the top of the cliffs.

Bastion Wall, Creagan a' Choire Etchachan.—450 feet (D.). W. Kelly and P. Leys, May 31, 1953. The route started below a prominent quartz vein and about 200 feet below a gully which separates the buttress from the broken rocks on the left (cairn). The first pitch goes up a wall of slabs on small holds for 90 feet to a stance. Thence a traverse right led to an arête which was climbed direct for 50 feet to a small ledge. A traverse left to a larger ledge followed (piton belay). From here a fairly steep wall was climbed, veering to the right. This led to a good stance but doubtful belay. About 40 feet of slabs were climbed direct to the foot of a vertical wall. This wall was climbed by a groove on the right, after which some steep slabs led to the final pitch—a vertical wall which eases off about 15 feet from the top. This was climbed direct on good rock and adequate holds. Three hours.

Sunday Crack, Beinn Mheadhoin.—220 feet (V.D.). H. S. M. Bates, T. Shaw, W. W. Hutchison, and A. G. Gardiner. Situated at extreme left end of rock outcrops overlooking C. Etchachan and visible from upper part of the path, this well-defined crack lies to the left of a steep rib. After 25 feet of moderate climbing a grassy shelf (belay) is reached. The crack above begins with an overhang. Traverse left over steep slabs to below 10-foot overhang (piton). Traverse back to crack and climb 70 feet to top. Good rock. One hour.

Bellflower Buttress, B. Mheadhoin.—300 feet (D.). K. Winram, G. R. Greig, and M. Smith, August 10, 1952. The biggest and best of the rocks on the Etchachan face. Artificial route with many escapes. Start by a heathery chimney with overhanging exit. A series of slabs and walls follow.

COIRE CATH NAM FIONN.

Tiered Cracks, Fingal's Buttress.—300 feet (V.D.). K. Winram, R. Grieg, and M. Smith, June 8, 1952. Fingal's Buttress is the finest expanse of rock on Beinn Bhrotain. It lies at the entrance to the corrie and is composed of very steep slabs on its left and centre, and on the right throws down ribs of granite into a slabby, scree-filled amphitheatre. From the corrie floor a crack can be seen rising in three sections where the central slabs and the ribs meet. This is the climb.

Broken rocks lead to a level grass platform. A small slab and a damp groove trending left lead to a little wall and another platform. The first tier of the crack lies hard in the corner. It was climbed after much gardening and is difficult. The second tier looked impossible, so the ledge was followed to the right, where a difficult move was made from a scooped slab up round a projecting nose to a mantelshelf. What might have been a difficult cat-crawl was made easier by there being a finger-wide crevice at the junction of the wall and slab. The crawl leads to the third tier and crux. It was not high, but the take-off was from a dubious moss patch and there was a dearth of holds after the first move. Strenuous, no belay. A grass basin was reached where a long chimney, ending in a rock crevasse, led out on the left to the crest of the buttress. The outer edge of the crevasse is climbed to a steep pitch with grand holds where a good view down the steep section was enjoyed. After a broad arête the climb finishes on easy ground, but scrambling on slabs straight ahead led to a difficult chimney overlooking the amphitheatre. This was climbed for good measure.

BRAERIACH.

Sphinx Buttress, Garbh Choire Mòr.—350 feet (D.). K. Winram, G. Dey, M. Smith, and W. Kelly, May 25, 1952. Sphinx Buttress is very individualistic and is the most defined piece of rock in the corrie. It is in no way connected with the other buttresses. Ridge-like in form it stands alone. The start was made to the left of the vertical, curiously incised frontal slab and to the right of a fault ending in an overhang. The *rimaye* was about 20 feet in depth and quite wide, but there was a convenient snow-bridge at the start. The first section up the chamfered edge of the frontal slab to a fine position on the ridge crest was a delightful pitch, 90 feet high on a very steep slab, with fine side-pull holds at the start. The crest comes unexpectedly and it was surprising to look down the other side, which was undercut. A short strenuous pull-up over a nose followed to an airy cramped stance with a belay low down. The next pitch was awkward and led through a gap formed by a tooth of rock leaning over space to a pull-up from a ledge to a belay below the Sphinx nose. The Sphinx looked like a miniature Cioch from here. The slab leading to the top of the Sphinx looked holdless, so the way led round a corner to the left of a mossy crack and awkward slabs

set into the Sphinx pedestal. These led to a ridge above a sneck. Across the sneck the narrow ridge was crossed from right to left and a mossy wall climbed to a stance below a long groove with an overhang in the left corner. The groove was climbed on small holds on a slab to a gap above the overhang. There was a good belay just above, where easier rock led to the top of the upper pinnacle. The short descent to another sneck and rise to the plateau was over loose rock.

Pisa, Garbh Choire Dhàidh.—500 feet (D.). J. Tewnton and M. Smith, August 5, 1951. The Chimney Pot lies between Helicon Rib on the left (see Guide, C.C.J. XV, 233) and, on the right, a buttress having a decided lean. The climb lies on this buttress and goes up its left edge. Low angled ribs lead to a grass terrace in line with the bottom of Helicon Rib. A crack (cairn) on the left of a prominent overhanging block was climbed until a wall was reached. This was climbed by an open corner to a ledge. A movement to the left was made to a mossy triangular recess (cairn). An inset corner was followed, leading to a very small ledge on the brink of the Chimney Pot. A short wall above with awkward holds led to further slabs and corner pitches trending right to a shattered ledge. A short step up a narrow groove led to a mossy scoop. A doubtful belay (a sliver of rock) protrudes from a slab on the left. The slab is climbed on the corner. Here serious climbing ended, and for 150 feet to the plateau the buttress tapers to an arête of piled blocks giving grand scrambling almost on the edge overlooking the Chimney Pot.

Domed Ridge, Coire Bhrochain.—600 feet (M.). W. D. Brooker and J. W. Morgan, July 26, 1951. This is the prominent buttress or ridge between the West Gully and the West Buttress. It is divided from the main mass of West Buttress by a forked gully, the left branch of which is a vertical, black chimney. The start is up easy, pink slabs, seamed with cracks. The route goes right by a series of shelves to avoid a steep tower. The crest is regained and here consists of broken boulders and screes. A nick in the ridge lies below the final dome, which overhangs directly in front. A low traverse to the right round a corner leads to a wonderful climb of 120 feet of red granite walls and slabs of exhilarating steepness. Easy rocks lead to the plateau.

Babylon Rib, C. Bhrochain.—400 feet (M.). G. R. Greig, M. Smith, and K. Winram, March 1, 1953. A narrow wedge-shaped buttress on left of Pyramus and cut off from East Gully Buttress by a narrow chimney. Steep snow led to the foot of the buttress (cairn). Very steep but moderate rock up to a narrow ledge and belay at an open corner in about 60 feet. Thirty feet to an interesting slab with a thin crack. A move left was made almost into the bounding chimney, and then the rib was crossed and a groove entered overlooking Pyramus. Easier up the groove to the crest and then a large platform. One hundred and eighty feet of good, interesting rock. Above, the buttress tapered to a narrow ridge and turned almost at right angles at the head of the left bounding chimney to finish at a cornice at the plateau.

Ninus, C. Bhrochain.—450 feet (D.). (1) R. Greig and J. Tewnton; (2) K. Winram, G. Dey, and M. Smith, June 29, 1952. Ninus is the very steep buttress on the extreme right of the corrie. Its left wall drops into Thisbe. A white rock scar at mid-height is visible from the Lairig. Two routes meeting at less than mid-height were made. The first started on a prominent rib low to the right of the buttress and gave pleasant scrambling to an inset corner pitch formed by a slab and a large block (belay). This was followed by a similar pitch, but more difficult. A depression was entered and loose rocks led to a thread belay in a groove against a flying ridge. Here the routes met.

The second commenced on the extreme left immediately in line with the bottom pitch of Thisbe. From a white ledge quite hard climbing led up a very steep wall, then up a groove with a loose flake hold to a steep nose and, in 90 feet, to a good belay where the steep section eased off. About 10 feet higher an awkward step out to the right led to a long traverse again to the right across a glacis below the overhanging centre section of the buttress. At the end of the traverse an upward move round a nose led to the depression and the jammed stone belay of the first route. Immediately above, on the left, a steep chimney groove was started on the right and finished on the left outer edge over rock split and broken by a rock-fall from above. Easier climbing led to the rock scar and a belay round a large block. Another chimney groove led out to the crest on the left and ended at a small undercut platform on the brink of Thisbe. (Belay on the nose above.) The next airy pitch up a rib on the edge of Thisbe was a delightful 50 or 60 feet on vertical rough rock with good holds. A further short pitch led to easy ground.

COIRE AN LOCHAIN.

Y-Gully, Left-hand Branch.—Possibly previous ascents of this left branch have been made, though unrecorded. When climbed by T. W. Patey, A. G. Nicol, and A. Wedderburn on November 16, 1952, it was a snow ascent and carried a 20-foot ice-pitch which presented some difficulty.

BEINN LAIR.

Marathon Ridge.—1,300 feet (D.). W. D. Brooker and S. McPherson; J. W. Morgan and J. C. Stewart, July 19, 1951. Seven hours. This ridge is the first of two very prominent buttresses to the south-east of the spur forming the highest part of the cliff. It aligns with the summits of Beinn Lair and Beinn Tarsuinn Chaol. The route follows a long thin ridge which curves slightly to join the main buttress on the left at about 850 feet. Start at the foot of a 200-foot nose very low down. For almost 800 feet the climbing is by steep walls averaging 100 feet in height and separated by grassy ledges. The ridge

then steepens before its junction with the left-hand ridge, from which it is divided by a steep narrow, chimney. Climb 40 feet up the chimney to a small stance and large flake belay out on the right. This point may also be reached by a zigzag movement on the face to the right. The short overhang above is the crux (D. to V.D.) 200 feet above the grassy neck on the main buttress and below the final tower is reached. For 160 feet the climbing face is broad, but then it narrows and the finish of serious climbing is by a steep, narrow fissure on the crest. Scrambling leads to a grassy pinnacle at the summit of the buttress. In most places the rock is sound and clean, with belays at intervals of about 100 feet. The standard is mostly moderate to difficult.

BEINN AIRIDH CHARR.

Square Buttress.—400 feet (D.). W. D. Brooker and J. Morgan; J. C. Stewart and S. McPherson, July 18, 1951. To the south-east of left of the main crag is a smaller face, the principal feature of which is the buttress flanking it on the left. The buttress is steep and well-defined at the start but then falls back in easy slabs and short walls. The start is up a gangway slanting left from the bottom right-hand corner. This leads to a ledge, which is followed to the right for 20 feet. The wall above is steep at first and then the route is up slabs. One more 60-foot pitch marks the end of the lower 200-foot section. The upper 200 feet is easy but interesting. The rock is sound throughout.

Farther right, or north-west of this buttress, is a prominent black crack about 160 feet long. It gave a steep climb of two pitches, the former of which was very difficult to mild severe. Between the buttress and the crack lie a narrow broken ridge and two narrow chimneys. They were descended and were nowhere harder than moderate.

NEW CLIMBING BOOKS.

- "The Central Highlands." S.M.C. Guide; 1952; 15s.
- "The Islands of Scotland." S.M.C. Guide; 1952; 15s.
- "Highlands of Scotland," by Seton Gordon. (Robert Hale, 1951; 18s.)
- "The Cuillin of Skye," by B. H. Humble. (Robert Hale, 1952; 30s.)
- "Walking in the Alps," by J. H. Walker. (Oliver & Boyd, 1951; 25s.)
- "The Australian Snow Pictorial," by S. Flattely. (Phoenix House, 1952; 25s.)

Two more of the S.M.C. Guides are once again available in revised edition. The Central Highlands Guide covers the mountainous block of country which includes Glencoe, Cruachan, the Mamores, the Grey Corries, and the Ben Alder area, and in fact includes seventy times as many Munro summits as does the Islands Guide, which, being deprived

of Skye, can muster but Ben More in Mull. Not that members will find climbing objectives sparse in the Islands—Arran and Rum need no further mention—and there are still some areas with the attraction of unclimbed rock.

Next we must notice two new publications which can best be described as background books, but in rather different aspects. Seton Gordon's works need no introduction, and his description of the Highlands of Scotland in the County series—the publisher is located in the south and is a little uncertain in his political geography—deals with the people, the birds, and the beasts of the hills rather than with the hills themselves. The Cairngorms receive a considerable proportion of the space in this sometimes provocative book. "The Cuillin of Skye" is essentially a book on climbing and is an admirable complement to the S.M.C. Skye Guide, filling in the historical details and illustrating adequately both the peaks and those who climb them on. To those whose horizon is wider than the close inspection of the gabbro of a hard severe, B. H. Humble's book can be recommended.

In "Walking in the Alps," J. H. Walker has attempted the almost impossible, the presentation of a simple guide to what to do in the Alps, to suit both the hill-walker and the climber. The new-comer will not go far wrong if he follows in general the advice given herein. He should, however, try out his endurance against that of the author before committing himself to what may prove to be an over-ambitious day's programme to one not in good alpine training. The author seems, too, to have often been fortunate in his snow conditions, and an ice-axe and rope may on occasion be required where their use is said to be unnecessary. This book, however, fills the long-felt want for a straightforward description of what to do on an Alpine holiday which is not to be of the super-severe class.

"The Australian Snow Pictorial," compiled for the Ski Club of Victoria, is a book of pictures mainly of ski-ing interest from the mountainous areas of New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania. The hills of Tasmania in particular look attractive.

CLIMBING JOURNALS.

- Alpine Journal*, Nos. 282-285.
Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, Nos. 142, 143.
Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club Journal, 1952.
Climbers Club Journal, Nos. 76, 77.
Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. XI, No. 4; Vol. XII, No. 1.
Midland Association of Mountaineers Journal, Vol. II, No. 3.
Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, Vol. VII, No. 26.
Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal, Nos. 45, 46.
Etchachan Club Journal, Vol. I, No. 4.
Cambridge Mountaineering, 1951, 1952.

Ladies' Alpine Club Year Book, 1951, 1952.

American Alpine Journal, 1951, 1952.

Iowa Climber, 1951, 1952.

Journal of the Mountain Club of South Africa, 1950, 1951.

Journal of the Irish Mountaineering Club, 1952.

New Zealand Alpine Journal, 1952.

Der Bergkamerad, 1951, 1952.

Wierchy (Polish Tatra Society), 1950-51, 1952.

Club Alpino Italiano, Sez. di Milano, Boll. Mensile, 1952.

It becomes increasingly difficult to deal adequately, in the space available, with the journals of our kindred clubs and similar publications, the more so as the time elapsed since our last number allowed a not inconsiderable pile to build up, metaphorically, on your reviewer's table. For the Librarian (his other self) snatches them off for the benefit of the members at large before the period of accumulation becomes unduly long. In other words, they will all be found in the library; and we can only suggest once more that members make their choice from the above long list of exchange periodicals which we receive, and read for themselves—thereby transferring the work not from the reviewer to the librarian, which would be little help, but rather to our long-suffering Secretary, in whose office the library finds an excellent home.

Many of the missing numbers of club journals mentioned in our last number have been obtained, but we still need, for the completion of our sets, *Climbers Club Journal*, Vol. III, No. 1 (1926); and *Rucksack Club Journal*, Vol. 1, Nos. 1-3.

R. L. M.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
A'Chir	93	Eagle, Golden	81, 182, 239
Aiguille du Moine	269	Excursions—1945	74
Alps	247, 267	,, 1946	74-76
Arran	91	,, 1947	135
Association of Scottish Climbing Clubs	79, 223	Fannichs	207
Austria	49, 100	General Meetings, Annual—57th	72
Avalanches, Scottish	81, 152	,, " " 58th	72
Baird's Pinnacle	18	,, " " 59th	134
Beinn Dearg (Ross)	25, 206	,, " " 60th	134
Ben A'an, encounter on	182	,, " " 61st	218
,, Hope	203	,, " " 62nd	218
,, Klibreck	204	,, " " 63rd	276
,, More Assynt	21, 204, 205	,, " " 64th	276
,, Nevis	242	Green Mountain (Ascension Island)	176
Birds of Cairngorms	81, 234	Huts, Alpine	247
Blue Mountain Peak	260	Idwal Slabs	113
Braemar, place-names	128	Inaccessible Pinnacle	4
British Mountaineering Council	79, 82, 218	In Memoriam—	
Cairngorms, circuit of	279	Corner, Edred M.	215
,, disparaged	194	Duncan, George	215
Caisteal Abhail	91	Garden, William	212
Caisteal Liath	23, 204	Lawson, William	70
Càrn nan Conbhairean	21	McConnach, Donald	216
Caves, Cairngorms	169	McCoss, James	273
Chamonix	268	McIntyre, George L.	71
Cioch na h'Oighe	95	Parker, James A.	67
Cir Mhòr	92, 93, 95	Rhind, Doris	274
Cona Mheall	25, 206	Roll of Honour	65
Conival	21, 204, 205	Watt, Theodore	68
Corrour Bothy, reconstruction	185, 279	Jamaica	260
Cuillin Hills	1	Junior Section Meet	145
Cùl Mòr	20, 21	King George VI	233
Dinners, Annual—1946	73	Kolahoi	34
,, " 1947	134		
,, " 1948	135		
,, " 1949	219		
,, " 1950	219		
,, " 1951	276		
,, " 1952	277		

	PAGE		PAGE
Lairig Ghru	39	Rock Climbs— <i>continued</i>	
Landseer's Hut	83	Caisteal Liath	23
Lochnagar, place-names	60	Càrn na Mhaim	86
Luibeg Bridge	118	Cioch na h-Oighe	95
		Cir Mhòr	92, 93, 95
Mountain Rescue	79, 80, 151	Coire an Lochain	295
Muir of Inverey	218, 224	Coire Cath nam Fionn	293
Munros, Northern	203	Cona Mheall	25
		Creag an Dubh Loch	86, 286
Petite Aiguille Verte	271	Creag yr Yfsa	115
Place-names—Braemar	128	Cùl Mòr	20
" Lochnagar	60	Devil's Point	86
Polyphemus Gully	196-200	Hunt Hill	150
Preshal More	8	Idwal Slabs	113
		Inaccessible Pinnacle	4
Queen Mary	223	Lochnagar 84, 85, 146, 147, 196-200, 225, 226, 280-286	
Quinag	24	Marsco	11
		Milestone Buttress, The	115
Red Deer attacked by Eagle	182	Preshal More	8, 9
Reviews	87, 153, 229, 296	Rosa Pinnacle	92
Rock Climbs—		Seana Braigh	26, 27
A'Chir	93	Sgùrr na Caillich	91, 94, 95
Angel's Peak	86	Sgùrr nan Gillean	8
Beinn a' Bhùird	147, 229, 287-289	Stac Polly	18, 19, 150
Beinn Airidh Charr	296	Tower Ridge	242
Beinn Lair	295	Rules, altered	73
Beinn Mheadhoin	292		
Ben Macdhuil:		Seana Braigh	26, 207
Choire Etchachan	227, 228, 292	Sgùrr Sgumain	5
Coire Sputan Dearg	147, 148, 226, 227, 229, 289, 290	Snowdonia	114
Shelter Stone	148, 227, 290, 291	Soay	5
Breariach:		Stac Polly	18, 19, 150
Coire Brochain	149, 229, 294, 295	Strath Ardle—Glenshee	97
Garbh Choire	228, 293	Sutherland	18, 203
Broad Cairn	286		
Caisteal Abhail	91	Wales	112
		Welsh, Hugh D.	57
		White Mountains, New Hampshire	161

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