

THE LOMOND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
JOURNAL

NO. 8.

AUGUST, 1946.

EDITORIAL.

We regret the delay in bringing out this Journal but we ourselves have not been entirely to blame, and members, we hope, will appreciate this.

The response to the Editor's constant and monotonous appeals for articles has been most encouraging. Many of the lesser known climbing districts have been brought to notice and it is obvious that members are once again seeking out "fresh country". This should be gratifying to our President who has always been a staunch supporter of this policy.

We are hopeful that we may be able to bring out another Journal this year, so will members get busy and let us have their contributions as soon as possible.

All notices should be sent to the Editor, H.W. Grant, 12 Clincart Road, Glasgow, S.2.

VALEDICTORY.

On visiting lower Steall Cottage at Easter I was confronted with a securely padlocked door and learned on inquiry that it had been taken over by the Lochaber Mountaineering Club. This news must bring a pang of regret to many who, like myself, have sojourned there in the past. No doubt it will be made proof against wind and water and may be available to us on application but such a procedure steals half the charm of such "howffs". Mountaineering in Scotland has been a natural growth with comparatively little organisation, the result being that each generation finds out such places for itself, thus recapturing much of the charm which must have been the lot of the pioneers.

Steall, with its magnificent approach through Glen Nevis where the old fashioned Scots pines with their magnificent colourings still resist the onslaught of the more practical conifers, will remain a rendezvous of pleasant memories for many. The casual nature of the place added to its attraction and I cannot recall a stay when there wasn't a chance arrival from Kinlochleven or Rannoch. It was indeed a haven for the wanderer.

For the rock-climber the cottage has little to offer and it can best be enjoyed when the Mamores and Aonachs are snow-clad. Given fine weather these provide ridge-walks and views unsurpassed anywhere else in the country. My latest memory of it is of New Year, 1946. A roaring fire and flickering candles lit up the faces of the thirteen gathered there. In the background was an improvised table (the barn door formed the top) laden with good things varying from Christmas Pudding to nuts and raisins, by way of apples, oranges, shortbread, and in fact, all the traditional fare. Below the table, safely on the floor, was a store from which various receptacles were replenished at regular intervals. A mound of kippers gradually shrank as they were roasted and eaten in an effort to invoke still greater thirst.

With song, story and even an attempt at a dance the night wore on until the dawn of the New Year. Something special out of the bottle hanselled the occasion and gradually the party thinned out as members slipped off, impelled either by the thought of the morrow's climb or by a surfeit of good cheer. By three o'clock the last story had been told, the last song sung and the last of us went reluctantly to bed.

All of the foregoing is written in the past tense, as it must be if the present plans are proceeded with. The possession of a key will demand a prior application and possibly a visit to Fort William to collect it.

I should like to see an experiment tried and Steall seems a suitable place to begin as it is far from the tracks of the vandals. Make the building weatherproof, provide an axe and a saw so that wood may be cut, thus preserving the woodwork of the building, perhaps even hang the front door the right way round for the convenience of a certain inebriated gentleman, but leave it open to all with a plate on the door stating plainly the purpose of the place and an address to which dues could be paid. It might be a costly experiment, it might even be a failure, but I think it is one which should be tried and it is the only way of preserving the free and easy character of the "Old Chateau".

S. DRYSDALE.

BEN STARAV and THE MERRICK.

On March of this year R. Young and I paid a visit to Ben Starav at the foot of Glen Etive. We camped in the firwoods half-way down the glen. The following day we climbed Ben Starav. Our course lay up the Alt Ceitlein and into the upper corrie from which there is a choice of several routes to the summit. By ascending one of the several good gullies that rise from the corrie we reached the ridge a few feet below the summit. The view from Ben Starav can definitely be recommended. We descended by the long North Ridge. As an ascent it would be heart-breaking and would best be avoided.

During the same month we also paid a visit to the Merrick in the Galloway hills. There is not a great deal of rock on the hill but in a good winter some fine snow climbing could be had. The ridges are pleasant and the country excellent for hill-walking. Camping, however, is prohibited unless by permission from the estate agent.

The approach to the Merrick is by Glen Trool. By following the Buchan Burn we gained the first corrie. The second corrie is steeper and more interesting but the absence of snow made us take to the ridge and on to the summit at 2,764 ft. It was only then that we discovered a third corrie facing north. This had a good amount of snow and a nice little cornice at the top. This is the best corrie and given the right conditions would be worth a visit.

J. HARVEY.

HILLS of CONNEMARA.

By Christmas Humphreys.

There is a land where a mountain flings
Its amethyst and azure wings
Twelve-pointed to the sky;
Where the sweep of the hills is emerald blue
And the vales of scented heather woo
The winter-wearied eye;
Where the mountain's tears go rolling down
In sunlit ripples, amber-brown,
And a laughing stream is born.
And which is lovelier none can say,
The bloom on the hills at the close of day
Or the light on the hills at dawn.

PLANTING.

Some after reading this, may accuse me of an attack on mountaineering, but I maintain that mountaineering is not the prerogative of the rock-climber or even of the hillwalker or skier, but that the followers of the mountain plants and mountain birds and even the mountain fish are fully entitled to a voice in a mountaineering journal. After all, some of these same plants have claims to precedence over man, bird and beast. For example, the little lycopods, half a dozen species of which grow on many Scottish Bens, are very similar to small scale models of the trees which as fossils provide our coal. So these little plants, together with their relatives the horsetails and the queer moorwort fern, have been climbing in the Central Highlands with only a few interruptions, such as the Ice Age necessitated, for close on a 100 million years.

This occurrence of primitive forms of plant on the mountains is quite general and has occurred through competition which has driven the more primitive plants to the poor soils and rough weather of the hills. Here they have become adapted to live on peat, scree, rock, or thin soil, and the one ameliorating feature of mountain climate, the strong light and long days of spring, has caused them to produce flowers big for the size of their leaves and hence a favourite with gardeners.

When searching for these Alpine plants it is important to bear in mind the soil and exposure. The most prolific soil is a limestone one and for this reason I have paid spring visits to Yorkshire where some fine Alpines and semi-Alpines grow on the mountain limestone. In Teesdale particularly, the meadows are aglow in springtime with gentian, bird's-eye primrose, globe-flower and wood geranium. The bird's-eye, I am told, extends to the Pentlands where I intend to visit it some day. The globe-flower is not uncommon in the moist places of Scotland's glens and it spreads widely on the limestone of Sutherland, where also another limestone beauty, the mountain dryas, covers acres with its little oak-leaves and white flowers.

The northern exposure of Sutherland results in the occurrence of many truly Scottish (as distinct from English) plants in that county. The dwarf willow and the black bearberry I found abundantly there, and on the extreme north coast there was the jewel of Scotland, Primula Scotica, which only grows here and so has no common name.

In these northern counties, the way in which hill-top species descend to sea-level is quite marked, but there are species which never, or rarely, occur far below the summit ridges. Amongst these are some beauties like the moss campion which cushions the ridges of many hills such as Bidian and Ben Dorain, and the dwarf azalea which seems to be fond of a granite soil, and so is prominent on the Cairngorm ridges. Ben Lawers combines the advantages of a limestone soil with high elevation and on it there are some of the finest alpine pastures in which grass seems to have been banished to allow room for the cyphel and the alpine chickweed. On the summit rocks too, grow the rare and beautiful alpine forget-me-not and the drooping saxifrage which grows nowhere else in Britain.

I have sought out these mountaineers and many more during the last several springs. Some rarities have so far escaped me. For instance, I shall have to return again to Glen Clova to seek the alpine campion, but even failures bring much pleasure in the visiting of new places, so that I can fully recommend planting as an enjoyable and stimulating branch of the hillman's sport. I shall continue to look for the first purple saxifrage of the year as a notice to all that spring is coming and the alpine plants are pushing through the snow.

A. SLACK.

THE CHASM.

On Sunday, 13th May, R. Young and I set off for Glachaig Chasm. We were told that the Chasm was too wet, others thought that we would definitely require "rubbers"; and with such advice ringing in our ears we were in some doubt as to the result of this effort.

The first few pitches went without much trouble, but with the Great Cave pitch things took on a different aspect. Several attempts just to the right of the watercourse failed on the greasy holds. We tried further to the right where, with the aid of a small hold, we managed to make progress up a crack to some small trees. By using these admirable jug-handles we moved to the left to a point 20 ft. above the pitch. We then traversed a sloping wall some 6 ft. wide on one good foot-hold to a nasty greasy gully, and another delicate traverse landed us back at the watercourse. Another few straight-forward pitches and we came to grips with the 50 ft. wall, the Jericho Wall.

After an abortive attempt on the left wall we again tackled it on the right. Although appearing very loose, this wall, apart from a few detachable jug-handles, is remarkably sound. We climbed this wall for some distance and then traversed back to the watercourse. The few short pitches that followed were by no means easy, and then we arrived at the Red Chimney. It is well broken up and at first glance looked fairly easy, but turned out to be a mass of loose stones. We attacked it on the left of the watercourse, and on small holds climbed to the overhang. During the ascent of this pitch Ronnie became the target for a veritable hail of boulders of all shapes and sizes, and so monotonous did it become that I ceased to apologise. Traversing to the right below the overhang, which seemed very insecure, and by the judicious use of a good hand-hold on the other side of the watercourse and some pressure-holds, we managed over the lip.

We were, by this time, feeling the strain of the climb and at the small pitch which followed the Red Chimney I took the safest route - right up the watercourse. This involved a thorough soaking and as much determination as we could muster before we stepped on to the heather. We heaved a great sigh and wondered why we tackle such things. I felt as if I had been used as a football, and ached in every muscle, but later when members asked, "How far did you get?", and we were able to reply, "We finished it" - that was ample compensation.

W. RUSSELL.

STRANGE OCCUPATIONS.

A climber, heavily laden with rope, ice-axe, etc., was making his way up a Glasgow street when he was met by a small urchin. This little fellow eyed him intently for some minutes, then, curiosity getting the better of him, he asked, "Hey mister, whit dae yo work et".

COIRE DAIMH -- GLEN ORCHY.

My association with Coire Daimh began in 1941 when I was living at Auch and had excellent opportunities to visit the Glen Orchy hills. In that autumn I visited it looking for blaeberries and instead I found an impressive semi-circle of rocks. Low down in the floor of the coire near the centre was a near-vertical cliff some 100 ft. high, made of horizontally-bedded quartzite with two prominent chimneys. I attempted the East one but abandoned it and scrambled up the West, and so up steep grass to the summit of Ben Udlaidh.

I had no occasion to revisit this coire till January 24th, 1943. This was a day of heavy thaw after much frost and snow. The rocks were plastered with huge icicles which fell with loud crashes from time to time, so with considerable misgivings, I started up the Central Gully a few feet to the west of the 100 ft. chimney with Miss J. Hutchison. The first pitch, 30 ft., was easy enough and the second 30 ft. we overcame though it was very wet and cold. The third pitch led from deep snow pitted by dripping water up a steep ice-covered slab. We retreated because we recollected that icicles weighing many hundred-weights might be perched above our heads.

I went back again on February 7th, 1943 -- a lovely day of clear blue sky after a sharp night frost. The Central Gully was sheeted with ice and the first two pitches occupied several hours. In the party were A. Kay, A. Hutchison and myself. This time I forced a way half-way up the iced slab on its right margin. Finally, however, we had to retreat after six hours in the gully.

The next visit was on February 21st, 1943, when much of the snow in the Central Gully had melted. The slab was free from ice, and W. Russell, followed by R. Hutchison, A. Hutchison and myself found a rather delicate route up the middle of the slab which is about 30 ft. high. Above the slab a slope of snow and grass led to the top of the gully.

That was the last visit for that winter and the spring of 1943 was very wet. The coire collects a good deal of water in wet years, so the rocks were still very wet when R. Hutchison, A. Hutchison and myself visited it on June 6th, 1943. We inspected the near-vertical 100 ft. chimney in the lower rocks, but left it to dry a little longer and climbed a 300 ft. gully above and a little to the East of it in the upper rocks. This provides a very enjoyable scramble on good schist with one or two pitches, and a large overhanging rock at the top provides an obvious name -- the Ramshead Gully.

On July 16th, 1943, the sun shone strongly after a fortnight's steady rain. The rocks were cascading, but J. Nimlin and I made a route slanting to the right up the Black Wall immediately below the summit of Ben Udlaidh and well to the East of the Ramshead Gully. The 250 ft. wall has some surprisingly commodious ledges of clean rock and a great exposure. The most difficult pitch is near the top where some gardening might improve the route. On our way down, in Coire Gowan, we inspected the steep buttress near the top of the prominent quartz ridge which can be seen on the N.E. side of Ben Udlaidh. This quartz ridge we called the Coolin Ridge owing to its rugged appearance from certain points of view, and it provides some excellent scrambles up to 80 ft. in height. The buttress near the top of it acquired the name of the Fold Buttress because of the prominent bending noticeable in the rocks. J. Nimlin and I on July 16th found the foot of this buttress abundantly rich in jug-handles up to a critical point. We traversed in higher up and pioneered a route up half the 200 ft. to which the rock extends.

On/

COIRE DAIMH. (Contd.)

On July 18th, P. McGeoch, R. Chalmers, L. Gaters and I once again inspected the 100 ft. quartzite chimney. Not being confident of the quartzite holds I took a rope from above and climbed it without the difficulty expected from the steepness. L. Gaters followed me. The rock seemed quite sound. We finished off the day with the Ramshead Gully.

On August 8th, 1943, I again visited the Fold Buttress and discovered a way of starting it from the foot up a steep, strenuous chimney with a roof turned on the left. A top pitch was added by traversing a little to the right and a small cairn was built at the top beside the cunning thread belay.

On August 22nd, in bad weather, A. Kay, A. Hutchison, R. Hutchison and J. Shanks attempted the Fold Buttress but all abandoned it at various points owing to the weather.

Coire Daimh was visited again on September 11th, 1943, when R. Hutchison and I climbed the Quartz Vein Scoop to the left of the Black Wall immediately below Ben Udlaidh. We could not keep to the scoop but were driven more and more to the left until near the top where we traversed right and climbed some excellent rock like Gabbro for the last few feet. Near us on our left were some remarkable fissures which we decided to visit another day.

The following day, R. Hutchison, A. Hutchison, A. Kay, Mrs. R. Hutchison and I were once again in Coire Daimh. This time we tried the little gully immediately South of the Black Wall. The Gully itself seemed impossible, so we climbed an awkward 60 ft. up its left edge and then zig-zagged up easier rocks with short pitches to the summit. On the descent we looked at the Western Gully and avoided a steep 50 ft. pitch which might provide fun in the winter.

On October 10th, a party of five made for the fissures in Coire Daimh. There are two main fissures about 100 ft. deep and 8 ft. wide, filled in by stones in some places and joined by an E.W. fissure near their mid-points. I attempted to descend the E.W. fissure but only got down 20 ft. P. McGeoch found a route through a hole in the heather direct into the Western fissure involving some scrambling in twilight. We took it in turns to descend with a rope behind us for there appeared to be some bottomless places in the fissure. We investigated some other parts of these fissures and climbed an engaging 60 ft. slab just to the North of them before returning home.

This completes the climbing in Coire Daimh, although R. Hutchison and I visited it again on November 6th, 1943, when we found the whole place icy, with much verglas on the rocks.

I should grade the climbs approximately as follows:-

Fold Buttress	V.D.	Ramshead Gully	D.
100 ft. Quartzite Chimney	V.D.	Quartz Vein Scoop	D.
Black Wall	V.D.	Central Gully	D.
Gully South of Black Wall	V.D.	Fissure Slab	D.
Fissure	M.		

A. SLACK.

See Sketch Map of Coire Daimh on Page 8.

IN RETROSPECT.

During almost five years of army life, billets were so many and so varied (slit trenches, bell tents, marquees, Missen huts, cottages and mansions), my life so heavy and cumbersome, my companions so disciplined and similarly clad, that I could not but compare them with the "dosses", packs and pals of earlier and happier times. It is said that when one becomes reminiscent one is getting old. Well, I must have aged in these past few years.

Turning back the pages of memory, one page per year, I found that I had turned back some twenty pages and remembered old "dosses" and "howffs" long since forgotten, packs long since discarded and companions long since vanished. I was back again in the year 1926, with a small pack, an old much worn army blanket, and with just enough food for one day (the pack would not hold any more). Sans tent, primus, and present day accessories, I hiked from the team terminus at Killermont, through Milngavie, over the Stockie, via the pigstrack or Drymen to Ben Lomond on the Saturday and back again on the Sunday. In that short journey we had the choice of anything up to a dozen different "dosses", comfortable or otherwise. The names of these places bring a feeling of nostalgia that grows rather than fades with the passing of the years. Some of the older members will no doubt remember them - Graftamie, the Old Shed to the right of the Balmaha Road, the Pier Shed at Howardennan, the Washhouse at Ptarmigan Lodge (where it was rumoured that one left 10/- for a Pound to pay the fine), Rowchoish and Cailness.

If you preferred the Aberfoyle side there was the hut on the Pipe Track, an old shepherd's house, Stronmacnair and Comer. Every Ben had its "howffs" and it is with quickening pulses that I recall them - Arrochar with its shelter stone and caves, Coiregrogain and Loch Sloy House. Ben Venue had Glasshoile, the Trossachs Pier Shed and on several occasions, the steamer itself. The Callender Ben Verlich had Arrivuriardich, Sron Eader a Chin and Dubh Choirean, the latter reduced to a ruin one Spring Holiday by vandals. Journeying further, the Cairngorms had one of the finest huts in the country in Corrour Bothy with its wooden floor, bed, two doors, table, cupboard, shelf and armchair. Various climbers have vandalated the furniture into the fire and the hut itself now affords the minimum shelter against the elements. It was mostly in inclement weather that these "howffs" were used, for in good dry weather, unmindful of the temperature, a night spent under the open skies was the rule. There were recognised spots where we were never disturbed, Ross Point, Incheallach, and especially the woods outside Drymen where we once spent a night so cold that despite a fire of bonfire dimensions, not an animal stirred from the shelter of the fire and the birds were frost-numbed into huddled silence, ourselves included.

From these "dosses and howffs" I have watched the last departing ray of the sinking sun, turned my eyes to the west for the silver crescent of light sweeping upward, watched the stars rising, slowly ascend the heights of heaven, then solemnly sweep downward in the stillness of the night. At the midnight hour when all seems to be sleeping I have watched the nocturnal wanderings of the fox, heard the splashings of the otter in its mountain pool and heard the scream of the rabbit caught by the weasel. The first faint streak of rosy light in the east, the fading stars and the gradual revealing of the earth's secrets in the light of the returning sun has ever been a wonder of which I have never tired.

As for the frequenters of these "howffs", they were always the same two unorganised bands known as the "Ptarmigan" and the "Paddy Hats". They were always to be found in one or other of these haunts, and it is to their credit that no single act of vandalism can be laid at their door. One member of the Ptarmigan worked in a music shop in Glasgow until 9 o'clock on Saturday night, and/

IN RETROSPECT. (Contd.)

and every Sunday without fail, he generally crawled into one of these "dosses" more dead than alive, having walked all the way from Glasgow to as far as Aberfoyle. His arrival was generally greeted with groans for there was no sleep for inhabitants until he had drummed up. One night or morning he lit a fire in the barn at Strommacnair and after drumming up threw an old packsheets over the fire. He left hurriedly as we scrambled out looking for both air and revenge.

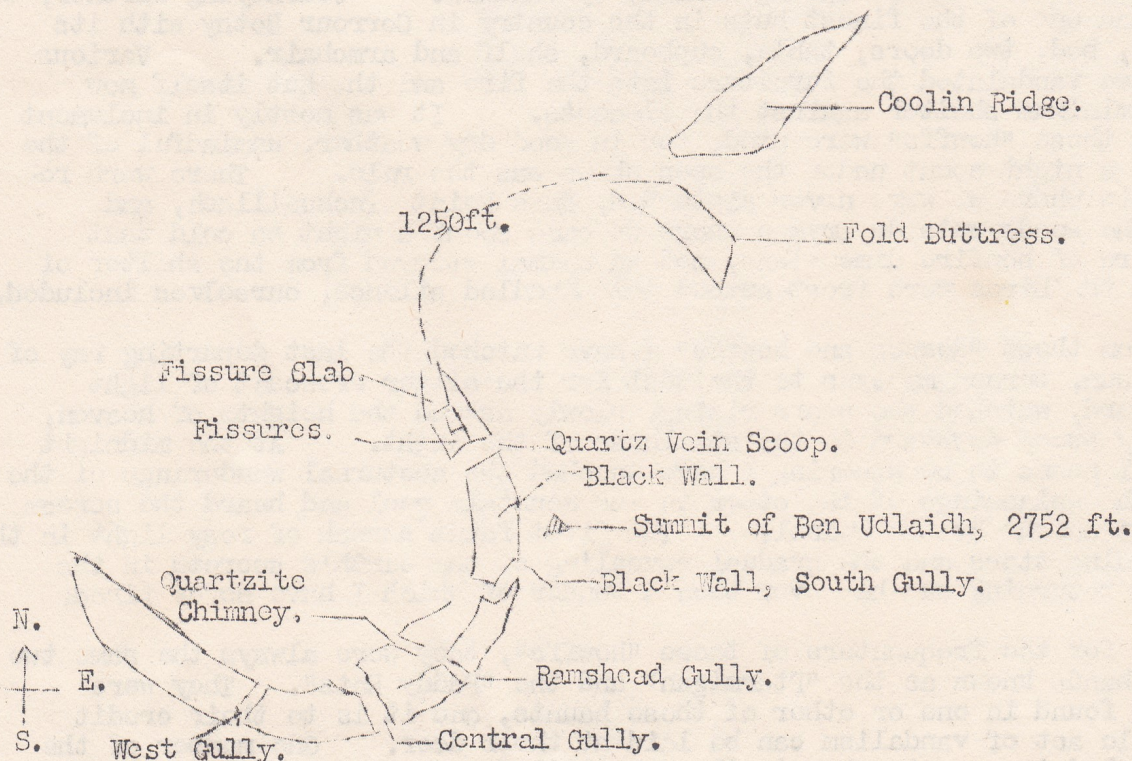
If my memory plays me correctly, it was around about 1930 that someone lit a fire by the side of Craigallion Loch and no matter the time of day you cared to pass, the fire was burning, and it remained thus until the outbreak of the Spanish-Italo-German War when so many of the fire-watchers disappeared in the turmoil of conflict, that one night the fire died out and was never rekindled.

The "dosses and howffs" have gone, the men who frequented them and in some cases built them have gone too, and with them a spirit of comradeship which I am afraid can never be recaptured.

These were the days before Youth Hostels when hikers and mountaineers enjoyed the beauties of the Scottish Mountains in such a manner that no Youth Hosteller who crams himself into a Hostel with 500 others can ever hope to enjoy.

W. WALKER.

Sketch Map of Coire Daimh.



A.S.

GREY CORRIES.

This attractive group, lying between the Aonachs and the Loch Trieg "Easains", are best reached from Spean Bridge. On the Spring Holiday of this year we visited them making the Larig Leacach our base. The party consisted of W. Russell, J. Shanks, Mr. & Mrs. R. Hutchison, A. Hutchison, and were accompanied by Mrs. Shanks and R. Hutchison Jnr.

On the Sunday we climbed Stob Choire Claurigh and Stob Ban. The best approach we found was by Alt a' Chial Choircan. By following the burn, turning into the East corrie and ascending the broken rocks, we reached the snow slopes which led to the summit ridge. From this point the route is quite Alpine, and soon a vast panorama of peaks stretched before us across to Nevis as the summit of Claurigh was reached.

We had an excellent view of Stob Ban before descending to the col and attacking steep screes which comprise the top slopes of this mountain.

On the Monday, W. Russell explored Sgurr Innes, the fine rocky peak which rises abruptly from the pass, while the others climbed Stob Choire Easain. This party carried on to Stob Corrie Mheadhoin and were rewarded by some fine views through small openings in the mist, of Loch Trieg and the surrounding peaks. The descent was made to the col and thence by the steep slopes of the N.W. corrie. This would make a grand descent in good snow conditions. There is a first-rate gully running right up to the summit cairn of Stob Choire Easain which holds the snow well. The route back to Larig Leacach may be made either by the bealach next to Sgurr Innes or by the other bealach about a mile south.

LOCH CRERAN and GLEN CRERAN.

In June a party consisting of J. Shanks, A. Slack and R. Hutchison camped at the head of Loch Creran. They climbed Beinn Sgurlaird in foul conditions, map and compass being the order of the day. They followed it with the ascent of Beinn Fhionlaidh by the craggy south slopes, climbing through the mist to the summit cairn. The walk back by Glen Ure and Glen Creran is delightful and can be recommended.

The country at the back of Glen Ure is wild, Ben Treallachan showing long granite slabs.

R. HUTCHISON.

THOUGHTS IN A SNOWHOLE.

To make an igloo, round and neat,
Build snow blocks until they meet
And when you finally take your kit in,
You lie and listen tae the watter drippin'.

"Maguffan."

NEW CLIMBS.

The Crack - Carn Dearg.

This is the most striking feature of the slender pinnacle known as Raeburn's Buttress and runs straight up the centre of the vertical face. It is about 300 ft. in height and ends where the angle eases off and the buttress takes the form of a ridge. A strenuous climb throughout on good holds, with pitches 1 and 3 graded as Very Severe. There is a short scramble up grassy ledges to about 50 ft. below the start of the crack. It was first climbed on 16th June, 1946, by H.A. Carsten, C.C., and T. McGuinness, L.M.C.

Pitch 1. 50 ft.

Start on broken looking rock, then follow a series of short overhangs, best taken diagonally to the right, to a stance and block belay 15 ft. below the foot of the crack.

Pitch 2. 50 ft.

A scramble up to an overhang, and over this to a belay on right of platform.

Pitch 3. 70 ft.

The crack is very narrow and overhung at this point and is climbed on small but good holds for 15 ft. to a sloping ledge. This is surmounted by pressure in the crack and on the top of slab on left. Above this, the climb, though still steep, becomes easier, and a recess is reached on left of the crack.

Pitch 4. 30 ft.

The crack is still followed for another 15 ft. to an overhang. This is avoided by a traverse to the edge of the buttress and a pull up on good holds leads to the belay.

Pitch 5. 80 ft.

The crack widens but remains steep for some 40 ft. after which easy climbing leads to a large platform at the point where Raeburn's Route joins the buttress from the gully on the left.

200 ft. of scrambling leads to the top of Raeburn's Buttress.

T. McG.

CLUB NOTES.

New Members.

We have pleasure in welcoming to the Club the following new members --

Messrs. S. Donaldson, F. Huggins, A. Hunter, D. McKellar
A. Pyper, W. Thomson and J. McGeoch.

Club Meetings.

The Monthly Meetings have all been exceptionally well attended and a remarkable amount of business has been dealt with, both in connection with the Club itself, and with the many organisations that have sprung up in the past year.

The Annual General Meeting was held in February, and so lengthy and involved did it become that it was found necessary to adjourn the meeting to a second night before all the questions could be adequately dealt with. Undernoted are the Office-Bearers elected for this year.

President

J. Harvey.

Vice Presidents.

R. Hutchison.

Mrs. J. Nimlin.

Secretary - M. Finlayson.

Treasurer - S. Drysdale.

Members of Committee.

J. Nimlin.

J. Stevenson.

A. Kay.

Journal Editor - H.W. Grant.

Minutes Secretary - Miss N. Parker.

Mr. J. Bell, who has been Treasurer for many years, was unable to carry on with his duties, and a warm vote of thanks was accorded him for his past services in this capacity.

Mr. P.L. McGeoch withdrew from the Transport Committee, and since Mr. T. McGuinness had gone out of town, a new committee was formed. Messrs. Slack, Dobbie, Stevenson and Kay take over the duties for this year.

The Club Rooms Committee, whose duties cover the care of the new Rooms, the Library, arrangements of lectures etc., consists of Messrs. P.L. McGeoch, W. Walker, W. Russell and S. Drysdale.

A donation was made to the First-Aid Committee of Mountaineering, and arrangements made for the Club to take over the care of rescue equipment at Crianlarich and Brodick.

Lantern Lectures/

Lantern Lectures.

One of the outstanding successes of the Club's mid-week activities last season has undoubtedly been the series of lantern lectures arranged by Mr. W. Russell. They proved highly popular both with members and with friends of the Club, and a large measure of credit must go to Mr. Russell for his untiring efforts in this respect. We are also grateful to the many friends of the Club who gave up some of their time to come and lecture to us. It would be unfair not to mention Mr. Young who so patiently nursed his lantern through its temperamental moments on these occasions.

Mr. Russell has his arrangements for the coming season well in hand and here is the list of lectures, subject to such changes as he may have to make.

Sept. 18th.	Bill McKenzie.	S.M.C.	Snow Bivouacing.
Oct. 16th.	A. Gray.	H.F.	Alpine Holiday.
Oct. 30th.	A. Slack.	L.M.C.	Alpine Flora.
Nov. 20th.	D. Scott.	S.M.C.	Mountaineering Slides.
Dec. 18th.	D. Easson.	L.M.C.	Climbing in Scotland.
1947.			
Jan. 15th.	D. McKellar.	L.M.C.	Italian Alps.
Jan. 29th.	J. Nimlin.	L.M.C.	Zermatt.
Feb. 19th.	Bill Murray.	S.M.C.	Winter Mountaineering in Scotland.
Mar. 19th.	B. H. Humble.	S.M.C.	Film Show.
Apl. 16th.	Alan Garrick.	S.M.C.	Norway.
Apl. 30th.	To be arranged.		
May 21st.	Hamish Hamilton.	S.M.C.	Mountaineering Slides.

Climbing Meets.

Climbing meets for this year have averaged two per month and the attendance on the whole has been good. Most of the meets have been held in Glen Coe where the weather has been particularly kind to us. The May meets were exceptionally fine, and members took full advantage of them. Russell and Young had a fine day in the Clachaig Gully. McGuinness, with K. Copland, Creag Dhu, climbed Raven's Gully. (This is probably only the fifth or sixth ascent since it was first climbed in 1937). Agagg's Groove was a firm favourite and the Crack and Groove gained in popularity. Members were also on the January Zig-Zag, while the old and well-tried routes received their due attention.

Early in the year several good ski-ing week-ends were had at Ba Cottage and Ben Lawers, but, unfortunately, the season was all too short. Snow conditions this year were not outstanding but members made the most of them.

Ben/

Ben Cruachan and the Merrick were also visited and a meet was held under the auspices of the C.C.P.R. at the Cobbler, members instructing parties from this organisation in the rudiments of rock-climbing.

Annual Dance.

The Prince of Wales' Hall has again been chosen for the Annual Dance which will take place on Friday, 22nd November 1946, from 7.30 p.m. to 12 p.m.

Club Rooms.

As it was a general feeling that the activities of the Club made it desirable to have permanent rooms, it was decided at a meeting in February to take over the offices which had previously been at our disposal through the courtesy of Mr. Alfred Slack.

Volunteer work-parties started on 7th April to convert the offices into suitable Club Rooms, the work being completed on 2nd May, the night before the official opening.

The President, Mr. John Harvey, opened the Rooms on 3rd May, sixty members and guests attending. A show of films relating to club activities was given by Mr. Sam Drysdale, followed by an excellent tea provided and served by the club ladies. In the after-tea speeches, the President's resume of the Club's history was a notable contribution to the evening.

Since the opening night the rooms have been in use for general business meetings, committee meetings, and lectures; and on every Friday evening for general meetings of members and friends. Darts and table tennis have been provided and proved popular. A comprehensive library of climbing literature and reference books is in the process of being established and towards this, books of interest are requested.

The Rooms have also been utilised by other open-air organisations, thus helping to meet the need for such accommodation, of which there is a lack in Glasgow.

Associated Scottish Climbing Clubs.

Delegates attended the meetings at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dundee, but so far only the preliminaries have been dealt with. The next meeting will be held in Aberdeen.

The Lancashire Caving and Climbing Club.

The Lancashire Caving and Climbing Club has generously put their hut at Dungeon Ghyll at the disposal of members. The hut is ideally situated for the Langdale Pikes and within reasonable distance of the Scawfell group. This warm gesture on the part of this English Club will be greatly appreciated by our members and full advantage of it will be taken. Notification of intended visits should be sent to their Hon. Secy., L. Barlow, Esq., 11, Wyresdale Road, Bolton, Lancs.