



Loch Leven from Alltshellach

It could be argued that it is unwise to mention persons in this connection, for obviously all who have shared in this Movement cannot be mentioned by name in this short article, but it is equally unthinkable that we omit certain names which have figured so prominently in the history of the Group.

The history of an organisation or a nation can be largely estimated by the character of the personalities which it comprises and the Glasgow Group is no exception to this generalisation.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the office of Group Secretary has been occupied successfully by Isa Dufferin, Tom Hall, William Barron (twice), Arch. Hunter, John Cumming, Alex. Gray, Edward Thompson, M. Davidson, Nan Sharpe, H. Forrest Smith, Neil Macdonald and Matt Kincaid. What memories these names recall! I am only sorry that I cannot with any degree of completeness give the names of those who have served as President or Chairman or other offices of various kinds. On the other hand, we can appropriately make an exception in the case of those who have served the Fellowship in its Goodwill work as Secretaries of the Arran Goodwill Committee; viz., Tom Hall and his wife, Isa Dufferin, Mary Black (nee Crichton), Cathie Fraser, Agnes McEwan, Nan Birrell and Christie Anderson. What a wonderful service the Group was enabled to give through these folk and their collaborators to a vast number of their fellow townsmen and women and, greatly daring, may I add the names of the Rev. Lloyd Morris and his daughter Mrs Muriel, Willie Dunsmore, Malcolm Nelson and Willie Robertson.

From remote London, the Fellowship greets its members and friends in Glasgow, and, in sending good wishes on this most happy occasion, offers its hearty congratulations on a most notable achievement.

J. B. HENDERSON.

FROM S.Y.H.A. TO H.F.

HEARTIEST congratulations to the Glasgow Group H.F. on attaining their fortieth birthday. Their twenty-first seems like yesterday! But what a change since then in the popularity of hill-walking! We must do something together to revive this healthiest of pastimes.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the S.Y.H.A., celebrated last year with considerable éclat—not to mention bonhomie and what-have-you—brought reminiscences of our early days when the Glasgow H.F., the Ramblers' Federation and other organisations were "in at the beginning" of the Rucksack Club and later of the S.Y.H.A.

Every early hostel had some volunteer's name on it, if the inner history were written, either for discovery, adaptation, convenership or nursing through the many subsequent difficulties.

Some Glasgow H.F. members continue in this vital work to-day but many in the early days appreciated the ancient adage, "He gives twice who gives quickly" and helped when the need was greatest.

Then, of course, there were the grand times we all had together, particularly in winter rambling and hostelling, and this again still continues. Perhaps Section B of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, when it is fully operational, will assist the new generations to re-discover the marvellous opportunities presented by Scotland's hills and glens to the youth of the country, and beyond. No better guides and trainers could be found than your members for this branch of the scheme.

Good luck to the H.F. Glasgow Group and thanks for their many services to the open-air movement!

JAMES C. YUILL,
Chairman, Glasgow District, S.Y.H.A.

H.F. AND THE S.R.F.

IHARDLY think that any members of the fifty-seven Rambling Clubs forming The Scottish Ramblers' Federation in 1932 would differ with me when I state that it was members of the Glasgow Group of The Holiday Fellowship who not only laid the foundation of the organisation in 1929 but did most of the spade work which ensured its success. One only requires to look at the names—Tom S. Hall, President; Alex. Gray, Secretary; Harry Culley, Treasurer (and he still is); Wattie Neilson, Andy Gray and Matt Kincaid, to mention only a few of the H.F. male members who were active in the work of the Federation. Lady members of the group were also active on the various committees operating from Glasgow, but as I only remember a few of the names I had better not mention any! It must have given great satisfaction to the H.F. Group to see the immediate growth of Glasgow and West of Scotland Federation of Ramblers into a National body to be known as The Scottish Ramblers' Federation. "Those were the days." Twenty-five years ago a club syllabus could be drafted with the knowledge that each ramble would be well attended, and some of the clubs had already a quarter of a century behind them. In this respect the Glasgow Group of the H.F. was numbered among the new clubs then, but what it lacked in history it more than made up for with enthusiasm for the present. Furthermore it joined the very few clubs at that time who included hill walking and extended outings among their activities, and no doubt inspired the beginning of several small mountaineering groups who have developed into well known clubs since those days. It should also be recalled that The Rucksack Club of Scotland came from the inspired leadership of H.F. members and H.F.Ltd. became shareholders to assist this Scottish effort. This early experiment in "hostelling" became the forerunner of the S.Y.H.A. in 1930 and it is not surprising that a few H.F. members were at that meeting with Dr Fothergil when it was decided to hand over the assets of the Rucksack Club to the new body. The committee of the Rucksack Club including H.F. members found another job on the Glasgow Committee of the new S.Y.H.A. The first decade of the Federation 1929-1939 was the most successful with out-of-door organisations and much of this success is noted in the eleven issues of The Ramblers' Annual again with the names of H.F. members well to the fore. Wattie Neilson not only contributed to the text but supplied many illustrations throughout the various issues.

The Glasgow Group assisted in preserving the Ramblers' rooms during the war and no doubt do their little bit in maintaining them now.

Rambling is not so popular now-a-days and it is good to know that the H.F. Glasgow Group is one of the few active clubs still operating.

Congratulations on your group Jubilee; we, the remaining members of the S.R.F. have much to thank you for. "Lang may your lum reek."

BILL FERRIS.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE C.H.A.

AS is well known to all of us, the C.H.A. (now the official title), and the Holiday Fellowship owe their birth to one man, the well-beloved T. Arthur Leonard who founded the C.H.A. in 1893 and the H.F. in 1913. He saw the right way for the healthy enjoyment of leisure at a time when the benefits to be gained from open-air pursuits, such as walking and climbing were much less widely known than they are to-day.

While the first C.H.A. club summer programme (that of 1906) contains some events in which we still find pleasure—"The Cut" ramble for example, and a week-end at "Ardenconnel," Rhu, our first winter syllabus was vastly different from that of to-day. The first item was a visit to the Cathedral, followed by tea at the Athenaeum and a "lecturette" with lantern illustrations on "C.H.A. holiday in the Lake District," given by the club's first secretary, Mr Sam Ruthven.

No doubt your syllabus shows similar changes. Be that as it may, no one looking over the current programme of the Glasgow Group of the Holiday Fellowship could fail to be impressed. Nor is one disappointed on a more careful reading. The choice before the Group members is an extremely varied one and only the ultra-critical would find fault with it. It gives evidence of a great deal of hard and devoted work on the part of those responsible for its compilation, and the Group are indeed fortunate in having them.

It is not difficult to see why the Group is now celebrating its 40th birthday with a large and enthusiastic membership. We of the Glasgow C.H.A. Rambling Club feel honoured at being asked to contribute to the Magazine, and it gives us the greatest possible pleasure to express our warm and sincere good wishes. We congratulate you on past achievements and wish you well in your future endeavours. May you go from strength to strength.

THOMAS MARR.

THE YEARS THE LOCUSTS HAVE EATEN

ONE striking feature of the Glasgow Group is the large percentage of members who have remained members over a great many years—we will not say just how many! The reason for that surely, is that they have found much enjoyment, made many friends, and so filled a corner of their lives with some happiness. And that is exactly the reason for our club's existence!

At the risk of being a bore I must take this opportunity of saying that I have had many wonderful experiences in the years which have rolled by. What a fine crowd of people I have met, whether on Saturday rambles round Glasgow, on Social Evenings in the clubroom, or in each other's homes; also on the week-ends at Hostels, Hotels, or Guest Houses, or on all-day Sunday climbs. It gives me a shock when someone shows me a club photograph taken on the hills maybe 20 years ago—and more. I can't realise it is all that time ago, for most of those in the picture are still with us; it recalls such wonderful outings and the great feeling of fitness and lightness of heart as we leapt over bogs, streams and springy turf, the city with all its artificiality, packed streets, and depressing tenements forgotten.

Why am I telling you all this? Well, so that those of you who have not tasted all that the Group has to offer will make up for lost time and find how great the pleasures accruing from them in health, spirit, and peace of mind.

Take the many different "characters" you meet—at first so diffident and just too "high heeled" for our type of pleasure. It is not long before you see them completely won over, turning out in the sensible garb for the occasion and being the life and soul of the party, neither hail, rain or snow deterring them from sitting at the cairn, enjoying the view and their tea, soup, tomatoes, sardines and all the other foods beloved by the ramblers. Those with the super rucksacks bring out their primus stoves and draw looks of envy as they fry their steak and onions.

Writing like this brings back so many memories and pictures to my mind—sitting at the top of the Holy Isle on a lovely September day with the whole of the Firth of Clyde shimmering in the sunlight. Or on Coronation Day, what a large and cheery crowd on top of Ben Venue admiring the breathtaking sight of the Trossachs which so few, alas! of our city's population have experienced.

Oh, I could go back and back seeing the so many beautiful scenes of Scotland, all within a day's reach. Then I think of the meetings of the Group's Committee where so many new ideas were discussed so enthusiastically, the fierce arguments, all resulting in further stimulating adventures—yes, they really are adventures—all these ploys of the



Killin and Meall an Tarmachan

open air or in the Clubroom. What unexpected talent shows up in the most unlikely people often to their own astonishment and delight.

It really is something, this club of ours, and I wonder sometimes if some members really do realise how much it could influence them in heightening their joy of living. I cannot imagine anyone with a leaning to melancholy or loneliness, not being completely cured if they take part in the life of the club. So many stimulating informal discussions, debates and talks by people who do see how much more leisure can be enjoyed if only we seek the simple wisdom they have discovered; mix with healthy minded—not narrow minded people, join actively in the fun and work of the club. Enjoying oneself is a duty to oneself and is the true secret of recreation.

Enough of the past—I have enjoyed every minute—well nearly every minute, and I look to the future, keeping old friends and making new ones. If I am invited, I will try to be an actor in the Dramatic Section, or the leader of a ramble, take part in "A Matter of Opinion," sing a song, make a speech, or do a tap dance, because the Section Secretary thinks I can do it for the good of my soul and the entertainment of the club. So please, fellow members, make up your mind to do the same. Don't fall back on the old tales—"Oh I haven't time" or "I can't do that." Try it, and you will be surprised. I was.

MATT. KINCAID.

STOB GHABHAR — A WINTER'S CLIMB

PAST the windows of the bus slides the City. Then come the lower reaches of the Clyde at Bowling followed by the rippling waters of Loch Lomond, then the sheltering hills of Falloch and Dochart and finally Bridge of Orchy, all recalling previous days when, like this, the magnetism of the mountains drew us on. We turn toward the old Glencoe road with apprehension. Will the old hump-backed bridge ground the bus and make us walk the few remaining miles to Victoria Bridge? It is a pleasant walk but Stob Ghabhar and a short winter's day demand urgency. There is no scrape of metal on the road. We round Loch Tulla to search for snow and sunshine on the Black Mount; but no Clachlet, no Meall a Bhuiridh and certainly no Stob Ghabhar is to be seen. They are hidden in mist, and all we have of them are memories, or hopes.

The party spills from the bus. While the wise and impatient set off along the track to the west, others seek rucksacks and clothes and food and waste the precious minutes

in belated preparations. With hands in pockets and ice axes in our progress, past the old school house (now a climbers' hof) and along the banks of the boulder strewn stream, is recorded by the crunch of nails on gravel. Where the black crags turn a threatening shoulder toward the track, the walkers pick their precarious way across the stream. Onward the climbers go to meet the mist and snow and walk upon the frozen waters of the lochan. Somewhere above stand the lower and upper couloirs, which have drawn us to this lonely place in the hills.

We divide into two groups of three, consult maps and compasses, and cautiously set feet on frozen snow, to kick a slow upward trail. A patch of ice brings our axes into action and as steps are cut, the erstwhile silence is broken by the ringing metal. Being third man I have time to strap on instep crampons. Roger, Isobel and David have roped up. Jim, Bob and I remain unroped and make good progress in line ahead. My position makes it unnecessary to kick and pick steps, I merely clear out the holes made, and filled, by my two friends. This gives me time to think of matters not connected with route finding. Enveloped in mist among the snow and ice, when sky and ground have no dividing line, I feel the presence of the mountains and enjoy the unity of man and nature.

The breath forms tiny globules of ice on the wool of my balaclava. The slope steepens. A kick, a stab with the axe, an upward pull, and another foot in height is gained. The isolation seems complete when a swirl of wind draws the curtain of mist to reveal a menacing buttress. From below comes an occasional eddy of voices, from above comes tinkling ice to remind me of Jim and Bob, so I hurry upward in their steps. Soon the strain of tip-toeing up the steps brings strain to the calf, so a bucket step is dug which will give rest to limb, ease to the mind, and an opportunity for further contemplation.

But where in the mist around us is the much sought after couloir, with its challenge of a twenty-foot vertical ice wall? Jim suggests a traverse to the north and east; Bob is not sure; I couldn't care less. One snow or ice wall is like another to me and not being in a fighting mood I am content with a more or less friendly-angled wall of snow. I keep my thoughts to my self and go in search with the others.

The wind is rising and the slope steepens. Progress is slower as each step is cleared and deepened. Greater care is taken in the use of the axe, and it is driven deeper into the resisting snow. There is no time now for contemplation, and the desire for the assurance of a rope only heightens the tension caused by its absence. A gap in the mist reveals the cornice. We have by-passed the couloir. I am torn between regret and relief. But beyond the cornice is relaxation and to attain this the upward kick and thrust continues, with steps becoming closer and deeper. Handhold joined with axe give the upward pull. Again the mist parts to give a glimpse of two boot soles withdrawing over the top. Bob is up. A buffet of the wind plucks me from the upright cornice face; I gasp a shout to Bob to throw me a rope but the wind hurls the words back in my face. With infinite care I cut at snow for hand and foot and slowly press upward. The wind rises and falls, sometimes threatening to draw me from the wall, sometimes pressing me to it. There is a short lull. I get my face level with the top. The left hand grips an ice hold; the right swings the axe and embeds the pick in the snow beyond. With a sure upward pull I gain the good horizontal safety of a sprawl.

Bob and I wait. Nothing can be seen or heard of Jim. Just as we begin, needlessly of course, to worry, the head and shoulders of Jim appear and he joins us, to end and complete the satisfaction of the climb.

A. G.

DRUMKINNON MEMORIES

AN anniversary is a time for looking backward, and a 40th anniversary gives ample scope for nostalgic memories. The camp looms large in the memories of many members of the Group. To a goodly number it was the place where friendships were made, where friendships grew into more intimate associations, and where the joke that H.F. stood for "husbands found" was proved a good joke.

At first the camp consisted of "Auchenshuggle" and two bell tents. The hut had no association with the east-end of Glasgow. It was given its name because it actually did shuggle, till a gale caused it to lean off the perpendicular. There it stood for a year or two till the offended eyes of craftsmen corrected its deformity and made it stand four-square against the stresses of many years. The tents, I think, lasted one summer. One of these took part in an erratic cycle run from Stockiemuir to Drumkinnon, with its pole resting on the shoulders of Matt Kincaid and Alex. Gray and the tent swinging from the centre as they played follow-my-leader on the twisting and hilly road from

Dualt Glen. The tents were replaced by two sleeping huts, first rented, and then gifted by the H.F. Then came the dining and common room hut designed by Wattie Neilson, named "Talstone" after T. A. Leonard the founder of the H.F., and Mr Stone, the then General Secretary of the national organisation. The "bivvy" hut followed. Its name derived from the many campers who used it as a store for tents and as a shelter when the weather would otherwise have made them prisoners within their light-weight tents.

But what fun and activity we had at the beginning of the Camp. Dick Carrie and his "labourers" piping the water of the stream to tank and ablutions and sprays, Big Eddy and Robey hauling huge boulders from the stream to form the dam, Harry Culley carrying the week-end buckets to the pit to an accompaniment not quite harmonious.

Working parties before and after the season did not always work as desired by Clerk of Works Dan McKinley. They joked and talked too much, and regularly Dan sent in his resignation which was duly considered, duly left "lying on the table" and duly forgotten by both Dan and the Committee.

To see the camp with a full complement of hut users and some 20 tents, to hear the noise of work and play and conversation, was to know the Group was alive and truly a Fellowship. By day, and night, groups of campers would wander through the nearby wooded hills to view the Loch, or visit the arbor where many a midnight swim was enjoyed. The after supper stroll up the Stonemollen to the Colquhoun Stone on a moonlight night to glimpse the gleaming silver on the Loch, could make the most prosaic turn romantic. For those who desired far flung horizons, the crossing of Darleith Muir to Ben Bowie spread the waters and surrounding mountains of the Firth and Lochs before them in a delectable feast. Sailings and boatings from Balloch were in regular demand, so that now, from Inchmurren to Inch Caillaich and Inch Tavanach, the islands bring back memories of picnics and bathing with laughter and song to do the heart good.

What Children's Days we had. Up the hill from the railway station would stream the youngsters and their adopted uncles and aunts, the strong and impatient rushing ahead to view the promised land, the smaller, equally vociferous, following hand in hand with beribboned tinnies swinging from their shoulders. After the races and the games (to say nothing of the buns and cakes) they would return laden with the spoils of competition and the countryside (the rhododendrom bushes never looked the same again till the next year) and go back to the city streets after an all too brief escape to freedom, and fresh air and friendship.

The Garden Fetes were also happy occasions, with games, competitions and concerts. Before one of these Bert Dean "negotiated" with the railway company with the result that we "obtained" six large hampers of crockery. The camp shelves still bear witness to this long past occasion, and no doubt so also do some other shelves, for coffee sets were not in demand at Drumkinnon. However, after the camp had taken all it could, the balance provided the most wonderful "brake the delf" stand the most destructive members could wish for, and the camp funds benefited by the exertions of all concerned.

But all good things come to an end. "Old Watson" as the farmer owner was affectionately named, and his good lady, left for pastures new, and a less friendly and co-operative person took their place. The golf course first went, then games were banned in the 9-acre field. Increase in rent followed increase and at last we had to leave Drumkinnon. By necessity we could not move far and after various members surveyed the district we found the present site at Aber, near Gartocharn.

To describe the flitting and the feats of labour involved in the removal of four huts and all their fittings, the water tank and piping, cannot adequately be recorded here. Neither can the work required at Aber be detailed, nor the labourers amply recognised. New standards demanded the provision of flush lavatories and all that this implies; septic tank, sewage pipes, etc., and let it be stated that we had no specialists in the Group —no bricklayers, no joiner, no plumber; and yet success came from the arduous labours of amateurs. Many hands contributed, some often, some seldom, but it would be invidious to select names for mention.

Already Aber is enabling members to collect memories. To me it can never reach the heights of splendour of Drumkinnon, but this is because the people associated with the old camp are no longer here and I lack the youthful enthusiasm to mix with new scenes and comrades. But all the essential elements of Drumkinnon are at Aber. The by-ways around offer glorious views of mountain and loch, Duncryne can replace the Colquhoun Stone, while the shore path along the Loch in the moonlight can be both beautiful and romantic. Aber Camp needs full use made of it for nine months of the year and if it gets the support it deserves, this will happen.

TALE OF A BUS

THE most ambitious venture of Glasgow H.F. since I joined it was undoubtedly the tour (by bus, boat, boot and bog) of the North-West during the Fair fortnight of 1954. For those with short memories, this was a wet "summer," even in such holiday resorts as Bridgton Cross, and the North-West is not famous for its ability to avoid passing clouds. In spite of this, the holiday was memorable. It was cheap too—the cost of the bus, hostel dues, hotel meals and gratuities, plus a reunion dinner in Glasgow after our fortnight's travel, was covered by the unbelievably low figure of £13. I say unbelievable because I know Hugh Robertson will be reading this magazine. Carefully arranged itineraries were drawn up by Alec Gray, the organiser of the tour, with split-second timing which was mostly forgotten once the bus had left the club rooms very early on the morning of Saturday, July 17th.

In spite of explicit instructions I arrive without food, mug, plate, knife, fork and spoon (my memory is weakening) and the bus stops at Perth to allow me to remedy the deficiencies. Our driver John—surprisingly inexperienced for such a commission—has never been beyond Perth before; nevertheless he cheerfully continues his task of steering a 35-seater bus through the wild North-West mountain regions, with his load of 18 optimistic and, unsuspecting hostellers. The first stage to Achnashellach is child's play compared to what follows. We arrive in time to see a typical North-West sunset (real sun shining over water!) and admire it, talk about it and photograph it, little realising how rarely we will see the sun in the next fortnight.

Frying eighteen (or thirty-six) eggs in one pan is not an easy matter in hostels, so for the purpose of feeding, the party splits into small groups each with an appointed house-keeper to supervise the buying of food. The Wilson, Morrison, Birrell and Gray families are obvious groups with an almost automatic choice for head cashier and bottlewasher. Lilla Cameron is left with four rather clueless men (Hugh Macdonald, Alastair MacLennan, Frank Dewar and myself) who usually forgets that Lilla is in charge of the kitty. The inefficient and decentralised housekeeping of our group leads to some rather confused meals and to the despair of Lilla. Nevertheless the food we eat, supplemented by excellent dinners at hotels en route, enable us to climb successfully many fine mountains in spite of all efforts by the elements to persuade us that more material comforts might be enjoyed in local hostelleries. Our first scalp is Ben Liath Mhor, then the mighty Beinn Eighe en route to Inveralligen Y.H. We are unaware that the road goes right down to the village and our bus stops just above the hostel. If we had continued down to the village, history would have been made, as no 35-seater bus has ever reached—or is ever likely to reach—Inveralligen village. And so the holiday—and the bus—proceed, a holiday packed with incidents, such as a wet windy day on Ben Alligen which convinces Elizabeth that on mountains in the wind, skirts can be most embarrassing; our onslaught on Slioch (if that is the right description of a climb in mist and rain by four bedraggled climbers out of a party of eighteen) en route for the comparative luxury of Carn Dearg Y.H.; a "picnic" lunch at Mellon Udrigill (in the bus); an exciting traverse of the An Teallach ridge, ditto on Stac Polly; a drenching on Cul Beag; (or was it Cul More—we were too wet to care?) a week-end of caveman primitiveness at Achiniver Y.H.; (yes, we did see the Summer Isles!) our first—and my last—taste of Atholl Brose; and a day on Ben More Coigach, before the Atholl Brose, when the wind bowls Alec Gray off his feet. Alcoholicly speaking we are in a dry area, so I can vouch for Alec's sobriety. The journey to Achmelvich Y.H. is an adventure in itself, and the sight of the bus at Achmelvich is unbelievable, as it is difficult to imagine even a bicycle worming its way through the maze of rocks that separate Achmelvich from the main road. Spurning the luxury of bathing in the lovely fairy-tale bay, Alec and I set out to climb Suilven. We slog up Glen Canisp, climb a mist-covered sugar loaf, and during the long return tudge down the glen think nostalgically of the delights of bathing in Achmelvich Bay. Next day we are surprised by sunshine and spend it lazily at Ullapool. The following day we leave Achmelvich to climb Quinag on our journey to Carbisdale Castle, see it enshrouded in a generous helping of Scotch mist, and decide that we would not like to arrive at the Castle with muddy boots. The next day is equally wet, but pride refuses to allow the climbers to spend three successive days in relative inactivity. This is our last day before the journey home, and the cry is "To the hills"—or more exactly, to Ben Wyvis. And so the bus travels *via* Evanton to Eileanoch Lodge, where a small but undaunted party prepares to show its mettle to the elements which, needless to say, are as unfriendly as ever. The plan is to climb Wyvis, descend on the other side to Garbat, from which point the bus will take us to Strathpeffer Y.H. The first stage of our journey is wet and uneventful, as a small group of capes and balaklava helmets plods slowly through the mist and rain to the first peak, a modest 3,018 ft. The summit proper of Ben Wyvis (3,429 ft.) is far away in the cloud,

and a well-marked track goes in the appropriate direction. We follow it; it descends, rises slightly, then descends again. But wait! We have been going for over a mile and we are still descending—rather rapidly now. Belatedly we consult map and compass. We are going south-east and Garbat lies to the west. We go west—still slightly down—and soon observe through the mist an unidentifiable lochan below us. Someone spies a house beside it. By now the rain has penetrated several layers of clothing, and our trousers cling uncomfortably to our legs. Spirits are weakening, the decision to go west is shelved, we descend 600 ft. to investigate and find that the house is only a heap of stones. Across the lochan the craggy east face of Wyvis rises into the clouds and our whereabouts are identified. The party is divided. The braver souls are prepared to retrace their steps up into the cold, wet, uninviting mist and on to the north end of the Wyvis ridge. The majority see to the south—far to the south—the possibility of contouring round Wyvis without rising appreciably into the mist. But Wyvis is not to be so easily outflanked. An hour later we have traversed about a mile. The only obvious difference is that we are back in the mist. We cross sizeable streams that in normal weather are not even big enough to be shown on the map. Somehow we find ourselves following one. A suspicious member of the party takes out his compass and points out that we are now going north. The map is consulted again. Is our stream marked? By this time the map is rather soggy, the Ben Wyvis part is unreadable and has several miniature streams of its own. It is finally decided that the only safe course is to steer west, even though this means climbing much higher. Occasionally we find we are going north, or south, or even east, but we quickly rectify such mistakes and manage to make a fair amount of progress up and up, further into the clouds, in a westerly direction. Temptations to go downwards (and eastwards) are overcome, and eventually we reach the main Ben Wyvis ridge, probably about half a mile south of the summit. We are once more over 3,000 ft., and rest to eat sweets and oranges. Lilla lies flat on her back and says she is finished, or words to that effect. There is little enthusiasm to make the short ascent of about 300 ft. to the top of Wyvis, and we gallop down the other side. Soon we are out of the mist again, and by an undeserved feat of navigation see immediately in front of us, a small speck in the distance, our bus. One and a half hours late, we board it and soon reach Strathpeffer, where the walkers, anxious at our non-appearance, have been considering the possibility of a search party, but have been reassured by the local constable that no-one could *possibly* get lost on Ben Wyvis. Well, I suppose experience counts.

After such a day, the small incident of our long-suffering bus colliding with a Mac-Braynes' bus just outside Tyndrum on the journey home seems trivial. Perhaps not so to John the driver, who gave in his notice the following week. As for myself, I am one and a half pairs of socks to the good at the end of the fortnight, and look forward to the next tour, when I might get a chance to win that other half pair.

TOM CARTER.

The Crianlarich Hills



NO, I'm not a founder member of Glasgow H.F. Group. But perhaps a membership of close on thirty years will be accepted as a reasonable apprenticeship and add some heartiness to my congratulations to the Group on its many and varied achievements over the past forty years and to my warmest wishes for its success and prosperity in the future.

Back now in my native airt I have not been on the hills as much as I would have wished but although absent physically I frequently return in retrospect.

For example, right now there comes to mind the breath-catching view of Ben Lomond, in bridal white, reflected in the mirror of Loch Aird on a still, frosty, full-moon night in November, 1929—a view that stopped Wattie Neilson, Andy Gray and me in silence in our tracks as we rounded a corner on the road from Aberfoyle to the old Rucksack Club hut at Kinlochard. (And, to come from the sublime to the ridiculous, breakfast next day was bacon, eggs and bananas fried in the pan *and* the dripping in which we had fried kippers the previous night! It was piquant and delicious!)

Then back comes the first experimental Sunday bus outing in January, 1930, organised by Willie Robertson ("Robey"). We climbed the Cobbler on that sparkling winter's day. I have insufficient command of language to describe the view from the summit—but I was awfu' prood that day that I was a Scot! And the scenic joys did not end with daylight. We sang our way back to Tarbet but when the bus headlights picked out Loch Lomond, the snow-covered roadsides, the trees—especially beech and birch—out went the lights inside the bus and silence reigned except for gasps of admiration as the headlights, pivoting round the many bends on that winding road, brought into view everchanging gems of Scotia's scenery.

Faces and places, the grave and the gay—but mostly gay! How they follow each other in no ordered sequence! Leave your cinema and television screens for a few minutes and look in on my "memorial" screen:—

Here is Nan Shanks, tripping lightly downhill, sure-footed as a fawn and singing "Tiptoe through the Tulips," after Alex. Gray had led a party of us up and down the Witches' Step and elsewhere during a memorable week-end in Arran.

There is the serene and silver-haired guest who "stole" the fancy headdress prize, one Goodwill Week in Arran, by the simple expedient of laying a slightly faded blade of curly kale round the brim of her very becoming Sunday hat!

And look at Andy Gray's terrific feather headdress as an Indian Chief, and Norah Weir's "Flour Girl" costume, at one of our earlier fancy dress dances.

Observe now the beautifully-timed, graceful and apparently effortless dancing of the M'Intyre lassies and their friends as they put on their cabaret show during our bazaar in the Central Halls at the back end of 1929.

This is me glancing back and feeling the jerk in my tummy as I see Willie Dunsmore blown over what I took to be a cliff on Ben Ime. So it was—but Willie was at the short end of it and, although out of view, fell only a few feet. My look of alarm set him into a fit of laughter and set me laughing at him laughing at me!

That "Red Shadow" is Matt Kincaid, slacks rolled to the thigh, socks and shoes squelching, body enshrouded in a bright red lightweight cape, a small tear at the back of the neck gradually extended by the gale until the garment gapes from collar to hem and balloons and flaps like a badly pitched tent as we stride through Hell's Glen instead of facing the mist and wind of Ben Ime.

Meanwhile, Norah Weir has become Norah Barron—and here, if you will pardon a spot of parental conceit, is Sheila Mary, aged fifteen, giving physical and moral support to a much older girl who, badly shod, had panicked while crossing a lengthy snow bridge over a stream high up on Ben Vair.

And that slim wisp is Dorma, at thirteen, slipping past the rest of the guests from Rathmullan as she legs it up Muckish Mountain to take her usual place at the heels of her hero, Jack Niblett, the guest house secretary.

But through my particular lens the brightest star in the entire H.F. firmament is Drumkinnon Camp. Drumkinnon! A ten-acre field, from which Farmer Watson removed his cattle at week-ends and where you could pitch your bivvy where you liked—and rejoice in the sweet wholesome smell of the grass inside it—or sleep in a hut: where the burn rippled down between rhododendrons to Loch Lomond, providing, *en route*, continual water for kitchen, ablution bench and shower. It also once provided a very temporary swimming pool. It was not the burn's fault that the dam wall was porous! The work parties, with Dan M'Kinlay tarring a roof—and himself as well! Children's Day at Camp—with Alex. Gray in lum hat above the level of a net, skilfully dodging the

ammunition joyfully hurled at the lum by the juvenile guests. The Hallowe'en parties—and us washing treacle and scone from our hair!

And, brightest jewel of the lot—Ben Lomond! No Jap ever gazed upon his sacred Fujujama in such fascination as I gazed upon the massive and shapely head and shoulders of the Ben as seen from Drumkinnon.

So they come and go, those recollections of grandeur and simplicity, of fine people and staunch friends.

From whatever Pioneers' Valhalla he may look down I hope the shade of Thomas Arthur Leonard, founder of the H.F. may hear me utter a whacking big "THANK YOU!"

BILL BARRON.

"BEFORE THE WAR WE USED TO . . ."

COMPARISONS are said to be odious, but this is only so when no lesson can be learned from the comparison. After an examination of old Group Programmes I think there are many events in the past which could be repeated, while others indicate the changes which have taken place in the interests of members or are of historical significance.

In the old days the rambles secretary prepared his or her own programme and selected from the membership, without consultation, such leaders as were thought fit for the excursions. When programmes were received, members scanned the events to see what was expected of them, and made the arrangements and explored a route thought desirable. This procedure caused no delay in the issue of programmes. To day members wish to select their own rambles and dates, and this may be why the "lives" of our secretaries have been shortened.

For the first ten years of the Group's life, rambles were confined to Saturday afternoons and holidays, but in 1927 Tuesday afternoon and evening rambles and interest visits were introduced. In the following year the Week-end Tramps widened the range of the outdoor events still further. With no hostels then available, members either camped, or had bed and breakfast in wayside houses at a cost of from 3/- to 5/-.

It was not till 1930 that the last bastion of the Sabbatarians was stormed and Sunday rambles entered the Programme. For several years previously (after grave considerations,) the members had resisted the proposed Sunday walks, and the change made many hearts flutter.

On April 24, 1927, the official opening of Drumkinnon Camp took place and brought into the itineraries of Group rambles, Carmen Hill, Ben Bowie, the Luss Hills, and the islands of Loch Lomond. In this year one ramble was entitled "Hares and Hounds over the moors around Loch Lomond" with Tom Hall and Alex Gray the hares, and Willie Dunsmore the leader of the hounds. A full moon ramble, led by Matt Kincaid, was another innovation at that time.

In 1928 the Spring Holiday tramp was round Arran, with Whiting Bay as the starting point. After circling the island, most of the party found Brodick a convenient port of embarkation, but a few hardy souls continued to Whiting Bay. Dan McKinlay and Willie Robertson will testify to the success of this tramp, when meals and bed was arranged in the various villages passed on the way.

On April 1, 1929, the Group joined the 2,000 who travelled by special train and boat to Rowardene to witness the "opening" of the Ben Lomond Mountain View Indicator. While this event may not have been a quiet one, there were compensating pleasures. Never before or since has a mountain seen such an assortment of mountaineers, for the publicity brought to the "bonny, bonny banks," hoards of city pavement strollers, Paw and Maw and the weans, Uncle Tom Cobley and all, so that, when the official party was on top, the long thin line of would-be climbers extended right down to the base.

The Autumn Holiday was spent in Edinburgh, when Jimmy Kirkwood, F.S.A. (Scot.) led an exploration of the historical interests of the Capital, and supper, bed and breakfast cost 5/-. This year also saw the introduction of the "way-side talk" on rambles. Members gave short talks on the historical, botanical, geological and other interests of the respective districts.

In 1930, at the request of the Ramblers' Federation, all rambling Clubs took part in "Spring Cleaning Day." On the Saturday before the Spring Holiday, clubs carried empty sacks and collected all the waste paper and rubbish which disfigured their walk, disposing of the collection in a proper manner. The Group ramble that day was to the Braes of Cochno from Canniesburn Toll, and heavy were the sacks and often the disposals before the walk was over.

Week-end Schools may not now be so popular, but in 1931 two were in the programme. The first was to Bute, with accommodation provided at the Co-operative

Camp on Canada Hill, Rothesay, and the excursion was to the caves and vitrified forts at Dunagoil near Dunchattan Bay. Our old friend Joe Harrison Maxwell, F.R.S. (Scot.) was leader and "master." The second was to Rothmar, Wemyss Bay, when the Saturday walk was from Greenock by Loch Thom, and the Sunday discussion on "Unemployment." The guide and social economist was Wattie Neilson. The respective total costs for these week-ends was 15/- and 13/-. The first subject is still topical, but I am afraid the present membership is unable to appreciate how unemployment was the "sword of Damocles" threatening our economic, moral and ethical life in those other days.

In the '30s, when there were no youth hostels, and pockets or desires put hotels beyond our use, tents were the normal accommodation over week-ends; but another type of shelter was common at that time. In May of 1932 the Group climbed Ben Vorlich and Stuc a' Chroin and Saturday night was spent in the bothy of Arivurichardich. The bothy fraternity of to-day is confined to a small number of hardy climbers, but in these earlier years, bothies, houfs and caves throughout central and west Scotland were used on week-ends and holidays during both summer and winter.

In 1933 we were still visiting the Ayr Group Camp at Coilsholm and making an annual pilgrimage to the Burns Country, while on New Year Days all the Scottish Groups, Edinburgh, Dundee, Ayr, Paisley, Coatbridge and Glasgow, met and spent the day on the Pentlands, the Angus Hills or on the Campsies, and the evening in good old Ne'erday fashion. These events were not always pleasant however, and it speaks well for H.F. friendships that they withstood the trials and tribulations of one day spent on Earl's Seat. Snow, sleet, and wind accompanied us during the day till at long last we reached the Red Tub at Campsie Glen. Here the barn-like hall was opened. It was cold, damp and dark and after a dubious "tea" only the strenuous dancers kept their blood flowing. The wise, without transport schedules to consider, went home.

But space prevents further reminiscences or reports. To many members these events will bring a sigh for the past, for memory repaints them in ever warmer colours. To others they may stimulate suggestions for future Group activities.

A. G.

I F

If you can go out hiking on a Saturday in Spring,
And by Douglas Muir, or Brother Loch, you stray,
Stroll along by shady nook, or beside a babbling brook
With the bustle of the city far away.
If there's Nettie, Dan or Grace, out in front to set the pace,
While Elizabeth tails on quite out of breath,
And you hear May's hearty laugh, as into a ditch you splash
Gee—It's tough to be a member of H.F.

If you go to the Club Rooms for a Social, or a Dance,
And expect to spend a night of ease and pleasure
Just a friendly little chat, or a waltz with Tom or Matt
To while away an hour or two of leisure.
If you don't feel energetic and Ian says, "Let's Dance."
Something nice and gentle, like the Duke of Perth,
Then you're hauled up on your feet, thrown around till you're dead beat,
Gee—It's tough to be a member of H.F.

If you can go Hill Climbing midst the snow and ice, and mist,
And scale heights like The Cobbler or The Brack,
Just pretend your only joking when you find your compass broken
And the only view you get's your leader's back.
If you can toil on bravely, as the light begins to fade,
And the blizzard tends to chill your latest breath,
Till at last you reach the roadway and through the last ditch wade,
Gee—It's tough to be a member of H.F.

If some time in the future, when the bloom of youth has gone,
You feel weary and your shoulders sag, and droop,
The spirit still is willing but the body can't go on
And your hikes are only with the Tuesday Group.
If you think of lochs, and bens, mighty crags and lovely glens.
If a lump comes in your throat to catch your breath,
Take your ease and reminisce—For with memories like this,
You'll be proud to be a member of H.F.

BERT BIRRELL.



Glen Douglas

THE IDEAL MEMBER

I MET him last night. Never knew such a person existed. But there he was. The ideal group member. A man of course. Tall, single, bronzed and good looking with dark hair which waved attractively during a jig or reel.

Oh yes, a keen member of the group's "Pas de Bas" class though equally graceful at modern dancing. A willing and efficient M.C. at group dances and socials.

Many holidays spent at H.F. guest houses had given him that experience which made him such a popular host and organiser of group evenings.

It was even rumoured that he knew every word of the "Good Night Song."

An H.F. Limited shareholding member, he took every opportunity to increase his holdings whenever he had some spare cash.

But he was no indoor Johnny. Far from it, The Backbone of the Sunday and Week-End Section.

Unmatched on the hills or on a tricky rock climb, he could nevertheless lead a Tuesday or Saturday ramble to suit the slowest present.

A weel kent face at camp too. Never been known to miss a work party. No one knew better than he the joys of a summer day on Loch Lomondside or the fun of a party at Camp Aber.

A treasures delight. "First with my sub. again this year," he would boast modestly as he shifted forms or helped in the various "chores" of the clubroom.

To those who worked with him on the Literary and Goodwill committees, it was a source of amazement that he could still find time to take a leading part in the dramatic section. It was common knowledge that he looked forward to the day when the group choir would be revived.

There he was. The ideal group member. But then you too have your dreams.

IAN MACDONALD.

Copies of the Magazine may be obtained from Mrs Jess Ross, 72 Golf Drive,
Glasgow, W.5. Price 1/9 including postage.

ROMANCE, legend, history and literature have brought tens of thousands to Glencoe for leisure and recreation; but the thirty-seven members who responded to the above Programme Notice had little thought of these interests when they left the Club Room at precisely 3.7 p.m. on Saturday. Had not the B.B.C. stated, "There is good snow for ski-ing in the corries of Glencoe over 2,500 feet"? Was not the barometer rising? This information, associated with the most varied climbs and exciting ridge walks available, is enough to quicken the most sluggish pulse. No wonder they created a record by leaving only seven minutes after the appointed time. A quiet and pleasant run past scene of former climbs brought us to an almost empty hostel (we were the first of three buses) where we chose our beds, had a meal, and, thanks to Walter and his gramophone, spent the evening in Scottish Country Dancing. At least most people danced. Outside there were other attractions. The moon was high and bright, the stars sparkled, and the white tops of the peaks stood silhouetted against the sky as some forsook the gaiety of the hostel for the road to Clachaig.

Sunday was heralded by the clang of cooking utensils as the early risers prepared for the road. Roger and his six companions had a long and strenuous walk before them and a short winter's day in which to do it and were anxious to be off to Bidean and the Lost Glen as soon as possible. At four o'clock they had to meet the bus beside the Meeting of the Three Waters.

Later Tom followed along the road with his party, and left the road beyond the Clachaig Gully to head up the hillside for the western end of the Aonach Eagach. The rough hillside stretched the party to a lengthy irregular line, until a level shoulder was reached which provided a view calculated to halt any leader. Below the glen was in shadow, but Loch Leven carried the eye to its narrows and Ballachulish Ferry. Above the Ferry the twin peaks of Ben Vair were linked by a shining cornice of snow, while the mountains of Ardgour shimmered in the sunlight and seemed to link arms with their kin as far as Mull's own Ben More. When this scene had been absorbed the party was united once more. It made short work of the remaining snow slope to the ridge and was soon resting at the cairn of Sgor nam Fiannaidh. Here was ample reward for spent energy. Here was a scene of Alpine magnificence, even if the scale was a tenth of these mountains. Nevis took pride of place. His shoulder swept downward to the arete, which rose again to his near companion and continued wave by wave to north and east, like a never ending sea upon which white horses rode.

But now a decision had to be made. Who would traverse the Aonach Eagach? Only those equipped and shod for snow, ice and rock could possibly go; so the majority, reluctantly perhaps, turned toward the easier westward slopes and headed for the Pap of Coe to witness the grandeur of loch and mountain from that supreme grandstand.

Tom, Eddy, Alastair and Alex. faced the east and a five-hour ridge walk of infinite beauty. Good snow resulted in good time in reaching the summit of Stob Coire Leith (Meall Garbh on the O.S. map). From there to Meall Dearg is a narrow pinnacled edge without an escape route on its flanks for two miles. We went along it, sometimes very carefully as snow was cleared from footholds or a route explored, sometimes with seeming carelessness when the ridge became a narrow snowy path between rocky buttresses and pinnacles. Now Tom, now Alex. led the way. Ice axes gave confidence on snow, but on rock were best slung on the back to give unrestricted freedom to the hands and arms. When waiting below or above a pitch the enforced halt provided an opportunity to look in awe at the hills across the glen. From the slopes of the Buchaille on the east to a't Sron on the west, the white shoulders of the Glencoe mountains formed an irregular line, as though a tough undisciplined squad of arctic fighters had reluctantly come on parade for the benefit of a visiting brass hat. From the dark glen, forsaken by fuelless cars and buses, gullies cleft the riven slopes to their white crests. Where the snow could not lie was etched black.

The occasional rattle of an axe told of the approach of some Glenmore lads who trod on our tails over a difficult stretch. They were left behind when the way became easy, after receiving a promise of a hitch in the bus back to their camp.

At three o'clock, with only one unclimbed summit to complete the ridge, the thought of the hard road walk if the bus was missed, made our party descend to the road. As the snow and scree was being ploughed through the diminutive bus was seen crawling along the narrow ribbon of road towards its rendezvous. We knew we were on time.

But not so Roger's party. At five o'clock, when it had not arrived, the hard decision was made to return to the hostel and pick up the missing wanderers on the journey home. At the hostel all was bustle with cooking and dining and the packing of rucksacks (including those of the Bidean party) till at half-past-six Mr and Mrs Sillars bade us good



Glencoe

night and a pleasant journey home. In the glen the wanderers were welcomed to the bus and after flasks of hot tea and food, joined the chorus. We sang our way to Glasgow under the baton of Walter, who in response to the usual request started the programme with "Harry Politt."

So ended another climb. The inspiring scenes of snow, mountain and loch will remain long in our memories no doubt to be recalled on some Club Room night when our photographers display their skill.

CROMAK.

THEN — AND NOW

"DURING the last month the average attendance at Saturday rambles has been 70, while the largest number present was 90."

"We have had 10 or 12 present at the Saturday rambles this month, while 20 is an unusual number."

The first of these reports was recorded in the Group Minutes during a winter in the late 1920s, while the latter was noted during the winter season of 1956-7. In examining the inferences of the two reports, which span a period of 30 years, we must get the backgrounds of the respective times.

In the late '20s the newly formed Ramblers' Federation had about 30 rambling clubs in membership within the Glasgow area. To-day the only known rambling organisations are the Health Culture, the Co-operative Holidays Association Group, the Ramblers' Federation (now reduced to a comparatively small club) and the H. F. Group. Glasgow's housing estates had not yet sprawled over the surrounding countryside, and the tramway termini were still the gates through which walkers entered the bye-ways and lanes. Round the city were numerous tea-rooms which provided, not only plain and high teas, but accommodation for the common-room evenings which followed the winter afternoon walks. In the earlier years the railway companies provided walking tour tickets which permitted travel out to one station and back from another, and these were in regular use. Transport charges have not materially changed when compared with incomes, and in some cases are relatively lower to-day. The Scottish Youth Hostel Association was not then in being, nor had climbing become the popular pastime it is to-day. Following the first world war there was a period of stimulated excitement when

hectic parties and rag-time dancing set the social pace. The reaction to this hectic and artificial time was a desire for fundamental and simple recreation. Walking came into its own. The Press "discovered" hiking, and for its own reasons gave the open-air movement much publicity, some of it unwanted by the devotees of quiet and simplicity. It was then the Group membership jumped up to give the ramble leaders so much trouble and concern. To avoid a long column of straggling humanity on the foot-path, and overcrowding on tram, train or tearoom, two rambling parties were arranged each Saturday.

Where have the Saturday ramblers gone? Some may be hostelling, but not all, for only two Loch Lomond hostels are available this winter for Glasgow walkers, and these are not fully used. Nor have the walkers all become climbers. Another comparison with the past may provide the explanation for the present absences from Group excursions.

Around 1930 the Group Week-end Tramps, as they were then titled, were attended by a minority who were provided with accommodation in boarding houses, while the majority carried their tents and camped over the Saturday night. And what excursions had they? The following two extracts from old Group Programmes will explain the point. Saturday—Lennoxtown *via* Fintry to Kippen, distance 15 miles. Sunday—Kippen *via* Spout of Ballochleam and Kilsyth Hills to Lennoxtown, distance 15 miles. There is no mention of the heights. Full rucksacks were carried over the Kilsyths—this was taken for granted. The second item. Saturday—Hunter's Quay *via* Loch Eck to Strathur, distance 18 miles. Sunday—Strachur *via* St. Catherines and Glen Croe to Arrochar, distance 21 miles. I have of course omitted the unimportant parts of the programme notices, but in those days the mileages of tramps were stated. On the latter occasion 6 or 7 tents were in use, not by men only. The minority on both these occasions stayed overnight in inns or boarding house.

My conclusion is that the Group members set a lower value on their rambling to-day. It is not worth a soaking, therefore the weather forecast is consulted prior to deciding whether or not to walk. No longer is a week-end tramp, or climb, worth the carrying of a tent with its weight and discomfort.

I wonder if the desire for comfort is a sign of age and the reason for the inadequate number of young people coming into the Group. I wonder also if there is any significance in the fact that at the Club Room we have already a parking place for wheeled chairs.

G.

PEAK BAGGING IN BADENOCH

THE best laid schemes of mountaineers, like those of mice and men, "aft gang agley." September 1951 found me with ten days off the domestic leash, a tent, rucksack, and plans to explore the Glen Etive Hills, then move on to Glen Nevis, finishing off with some peak-bagging in Kintail. But the Weather Clerk decreed otherwise. After getting washed out in Glen Etive, I was washed out in Glen Nevis. My aged tent was unsportingly treating me to a cold spray at the merest whisper of rain, and as Jupiter Pluvius was shouting most of the time at the top of his voice, I got round to thinking that an alteration of plans was indicated. Lying wet and half-frozen in my inadequate covering, I thought wistfully of the amenities of Loch Ossian Hostel. Next morning, I hit the trail for Corroun.

Two kindred spirits, both solo, arrived about the same time. We all had designs on the "Munros" in the district, so that teaming up was the most natural of moves. Their names I've forgotten, but we'll call them Macturk and Jackson. Macturk was a Glasgow grocer, light and springy of step, who tore up mountains like nobody's business. Jackson was a University student planning to climb all the Scottish Munros in easy stages. Over six feet tall, he strode over hills like some giant of old, myself tagging painfully in the rear.

On our first day, we had a "pipe-opener" on the Loch Treig Hills. We started late through Macturk introducing us to the civilised habit of coffee and biscuits before setting off. But when we got going we made amends, reaching the summit of Chno Dearg (3,435) in two and a half hours and Stob Coire Sgrìodan some forty-five minutes later.

On the way back, we discussed future plans. We all wanted to do Ben Alder, but felt that its eleven mostly-rough miles from the Hostel entailed a long, weary day. Macturk suggested we take food, etc., for two days, climb Ben Alder and then drop down to Ben Alder Cottage on Loch Erich for the night, returning next day over the tops on the other side of the Bealach Dubh.

Next morning, we started early without benefit of "elevenses." We took the road to the Lodge at the head of Loch Ossian at a brisk pace, then picked up the path on the left of the burn. At its head we climbed painfully up an elevated peat-hag to reach the Bealach Dubh. From there, a stiff pull-up led us to the extensive summit plateau of Ben Alder, not unlike the Campsies elevated to 3,500 feet. Mist and rain made for dismal conditions and Jackson, to relieve the gloom, made the tongue-in-the-cheek suggestion that we spend the night in the improvised shelter in which we were eating our sandwiches at the summit. He pointed out to Macturk that it might get him included in a future Himalayan party. Macturk expressed his disinterest with a certain vehemence, and we contoured the east cliffs until we found a descent which though steep and loose proved feasible. Leaving our packs by the track at the foot, we climbed Ben Bheoil. It was clear on top and the bright water of Loch Erich with its back cloth of mountains rich in the glow of an Autumn evening rewarded us amply for all our painful slogging in the mist.

We scampered down to the Cottage which was in surprisingly good condition. Its situation is impressive but lonely and somewhat eerie—the sort of place you would expect to be haunted as we had been assured it was. Two other hikers joined us and with a merry fire blazing and a rival to Larry Adler in the company, we spent a gay, high-spirited evening. Every now and then someone would slip out and give vent to a sepulchral moan. Maybe it frightened the ghost, for we saw nothing of it.

Next morning was fine and hopes ran high as we picked up the well-turfed path back to the Bealach Dubh. A steepish slope landed us on Sgor Iutharn where a large herd of deer filed past nearby, throwing us a contemptuous glance in passing. Contouring round the head of Lochan Sgoir, we reached the Great Ridge, and walked unencumbered two miles North East to the summit of Carn Dearg (3,391). Doubling back on our tracks, we picked up our rucksacks and crossed the wide summit plateau of Geal Charn in mist to the cairn. Then a mile W.S.W. to Aonach Beag (3,646). Here the mist lifted and we spent a pleasant half hour in the lee of the cairn, smoking, swapping yarns and admiring the scenery. Bann A Chlachair across the glen to the north looked most impressive. The ridge to Ben Eibhinn, enclosing the finest corrie in the district, was steep and narrow, a refreshing change after plodding over Geal Charn. More rain and mist on Ben Eibhinn, and we raced down a ridge leading to the Uisge Labrach, hankering after the comforts of Loch Ossian Hostel. "We'll hae a feed when we get back" suggested Macturk. We all agreed, and started to plan the menu with enthusiasm. After that, the six odd miles back to the Hostel was mere child's play.

JIM URQUHART.

Glen Croe



THE purpose of the Magazine is to record in this the fortieth year of the Group, what the present members think of the Group and its activities. This has not been completely achieved for all aspects of its life were not included in the contributions submitted. Nevertheless there is sufficient to show the place of the Group in the open-air movement, and the regard in which it is held by the members. The role of tradition within the Scottish regiment creates a pride in belonging to it, and if this Magazine serves to remind us of our traditions we can be confident in the future of the Group.

I wish to thank all contributors, especially our guests from kindred organisations; and J. B. Henderson, O.B.E., Vice-President of the Holiday Fellowship. Thanks are due to the Editor of "Over the Hills" for allowing us to print the Loch Leven photograph by Agnes Purdie, also the Scottish Tourist Board for the other photographs, including the Crianlarich Hills, by A. V. Firsoff, author and photographer.

Regarding the advertisers who supported the Magazine I can only say to readers, remember them when in need of their services.

Finally I must express my gratitude to Chris Anderson, Tom Carter and Roger Bell who assessed the articles submitted by members; and to those contributors whose work did not reach print.

ALEX. GRAY.

Quality

PRINTERS . . .

and

Service

STOBO & SONS

proprietors: BELL & BAIN Ltd.

ALL TYPES OF COMMERCIAL STATIONERY,
BROCHURES, LEAFLETS

Specialists in

PROGRAMMES, CHURCH, SCHOOL AND
CLUB MAGAZINES, etc.

13 EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW, C.5

OVERHEARD ON THE BUS FOR SATURDAY
ALL-DAY CLIMBERS

"The difference between the Saturday and Sunday climbs is that on the former you may be worth £75,000 while on the latter you know your not."

"FROM A BISCUIT TO A BANQUET"

Superb Catering

for every Function



Weddings, Dances, Dinners, Birth-
day and Cocktail Parties, Garden
Parties — in fact every indoor and
outdoor Social occasion.

Phone: POLLOK 1144

A. F. Reid & Sons Ltd.

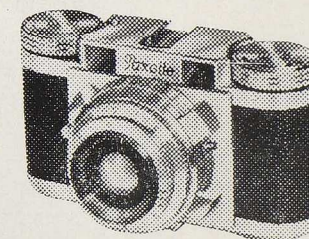
78 Victoria Road, Glasgow, S.2

*Nothing maintains the joys
of HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP*

like a Pictorial Record
of Friends and Places.

With a Camera
or a Cine.

In Black and White
or Colour.



EVERYTHING YOU NEED CAN BE GOT from

BLACKADDERS

41 RENFIELD STREET
13 WEST NILE STREET
236 ARGYLE STREET

GLASGOW