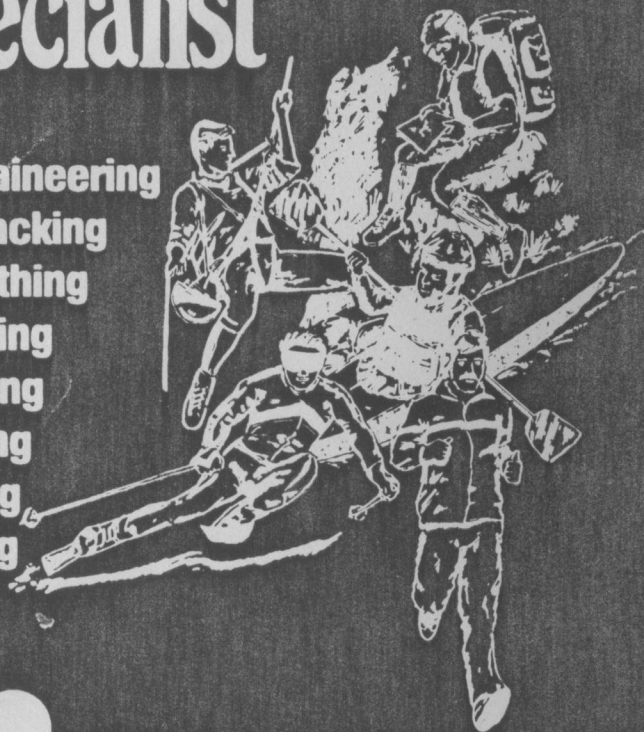


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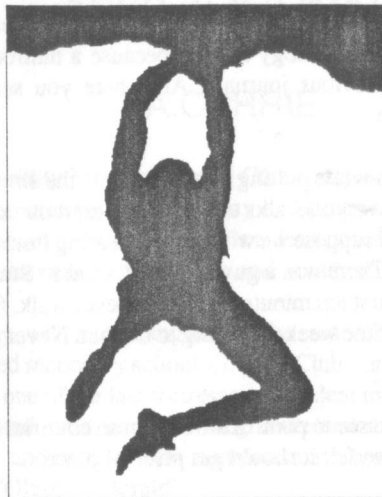


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GLASGOW UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



Committee (1990/91)

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Vice President	Jos Faulk
Secretary	Mark Sanderson
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Assistant Treasurer	Kirsty Loudon
Transport	Thomas Krauss
Equipment	John Kavenagh
Hut Custodian	Paul Allcock
Ordinary Members	Lesley Falconer
.....	Brian Dougan

Preamble

Well this is it, the GUM Club journal and anthology. A celebration of fifty years of the club. The word anthology is used because a number of old articles were lifted from previous journals. Anywhere you see a date probably means its an oldie.

One thing that has struck us while putting this together is the similarity in feelings towards the club. Everyone talks of their happiest moments being with GUM. But then again, I suppose we wouldn't be hearing from the ones who had a miserable time. There was a guy this year, went to Steall, tried to jump over a river in the first ten minutes of his first ever walk, fell in up to his neck. Spent the rest of the weekend trying to dry out. Never saw him again.

We did try to think of some issue to pontificate over in an editorial but after reading the 1960 editorial, we felt it should get pride of place...

Thanks are due to,

Stuart Orr
Whose idea all this was.

Brian Dougan & Lesley Falconer
Who with Stuart, organised everything.

Pauline Haddow
Who got us the advertising.

Fiona Watson & Oysten Olsen
For typing in.

Mark Sanderson
For the typesetting.

And everyone else who wrote and
contributed to this master-piece.



Just for the computer bores out there, the journal was typeset on a Mac IIx using PageMaker 3.0 ©. Bye the way anyone who can explain Andrew Ogilvie's poem will get a prize of the two remaining club T-Shirts. My money is on Andrew winning.

EDITORIAL 1960 JOURNAL

A.CURRIE

Glasgow University Mountaineering Club today is in the middle of a big transition: a generation is going away and a new one has come. As we ourselves are about to depart for a while at least, it seems appropriate to look for a while at the club, its traditions and possibilities.

In a University, which must regrettably be said to be becoming more and more a glorified secondary school. G.U.M. Club stands for something. The Club remains one of the last fortresses of student independence, in an age when senate and court are becoming more and more authoritarian and students more and more rubber stamped, mass-produced products of the telly and the "Glasgow Herald".

G.U.M. Club is not just another climbing club. It is a unique association of kindred spirits, the living embodiment of an anarchistic philosophy, a vigorous protest against a bourgeois society that worships security and sobriety. Our sport is condemned because it "serves no useful purpose:" our art medium, the spirited singing of folk songs, is dismissed as uncivilised. But we fail to see the purpose of life sitting at an office desk, devoted to safety and security, or the civilisation of a society where culture has become, all too often, a medium of more social snobbery.

We at least are sincere. We live more intensely when we climb, our lives are better for the comradeship of the iconoclastic scruffs with whom we share the satisfactions and challenges of the hills. So we reject the "ideals" of our age and try to get something more out of life than a pension. We climb because climbing seems closer to the true reality: is that not enough?

Long may G.U.M. Club raise its banner of protest: long may the club call echo round the hills. But most important of all - long may the tradition of the Club remain unbroken and undiluted. There is a very real danger that we may water down our essence to encourage recruitment. It is a mistaken policy. Quality is more important than quantity, the ideal more important than the Club itself.

NOSTALGIA

J.D.E. - 1953

Once upon a time, there was a GUM Club in which nobody played a guitar! This may be hard to believe, but should you ask one of the cynical old grey-beards still to be found amongst us, he will tell you that such indeed was the case.

In that golden age, music in the club was confined to a few well-known choruses which those of us who were—and still are—tone deaf, could shout as well as anyone else. The present surfeit of culture, culminating in the renderings of Teutonic part-songs, was then mercifully hidden in the mists of the future; nobody was kept aware at night by the mournful recital of the sordid misfortunes of transatlantic young women, and impassioned lady members consequently did not wake screaming from indescribable nightmares.

The communal art-form then was culinary. The thought and discussion involved in the design of a Glen Brittle stew—the revolutionary theory of primary flavours—the Ardgartan apple sponges—these were our achievements. Our wakeful nights were dedicated to the serious study of psychology and philosophy, with spiritualism thrown in as light relief. At least one former President was possessed of occult powers.

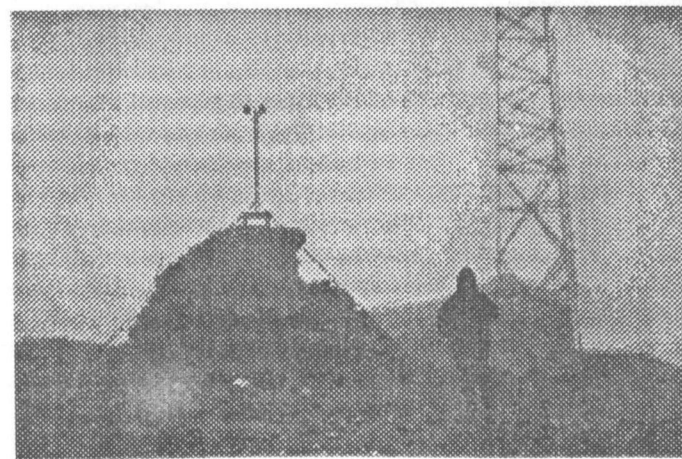
We were men in those days—spiritualists and Scottish Republicans, aesthetes and ascetics, sartorial geniuses, tramps and madmen. Where now is the man who punctuated his severer rock-climbs with blood-curdling screams—suggestive of dreadful accidents, but in fact indicating only delight? Where are the men who climbed No. 3 Gully in bowler hats and promenaded thus on the summit plateau of Nevis, to the astonishment of all beholders? Where is the man who slept for two hours in the rain half way up Sgurr a' Banachdich, "because it was a nice place to sleep"? (*James perhaps? Ed.*) and where oh, where, is the girl who believed that all climbers were teetotallers and non-smokers, in spite of every evidence to the contrary? Gone are they—and we shall not look upon their like again.

The order of contemplative mountaineers was founded about this time, but the giants who founded it have had few worthy successors. None now

spends the hours from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. drying trousers before a stove, in order to indulge his powers of aesthetic appreciation without the distraction of a clammy seat. When was the last GUM Club party to spend 16 hours on the Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean? And it is long since I heard the mountaineer's prayer "Please, God, let it rain tomorrow, and we won't have to climb." Still, the lamp of contemplation is burning more brightly again, as witness a recent remark, "Oh yes, we had to get firewood before breakfast—you see, it was getting dark."

The GUM Club member of today little realises the difficulties of his predecessors. Few young climbers have any experience of being strangled by one hundred and twenty feet of full-weight wet hemp rope—and their lives are that much the poorer. Few of them have returned from a hard day's climbing to a meal of savoury nut-meat rissoles and scrambled dried egg—an inevitable end-of-meet dish. There was the club ice-axe—fifteen pounds of teak and cast iron, apparently a relic of the Battle of Harlaw—and the club rope with the green tab—seventy feet of hemp which creaked "Nearer, my God, to Thee," when used for an abseil.

All these have passed—but other things remain. The squalor of the slums still pervades a GUM Club meet till the last moment; parties still wander in torchless at midnight; caravans of novices still traverse the South peak of the Cobbler, rain entering by their collars and leaving by their boots—and still we climb.



Pauline enjoying that unique sense of wilderness found only on the Cairnwell.

Munro Baggins

Tune: the Highland Tinker

Chorus:

Oh, my name is Munro Baggins,
 baggin' Munros is my game -
 at weekends and bank-holidays
 you'll seldom find me hame!
 For I'm sticking coloured pins
 into a map up on my wa',
 and, before I collect my pension,
 I'm resolved to bag them a'!
 bag them a' - toor-a-loo!
 bag them a' - toor-a-lay!
 and, before I collect my pension,
 I'm resolved to bag them a'!

Well, I've driven past Stac Pollaidh
 in the summer once or twice,
 and they say the Cobbler's bonny,
 and it might be very nice -
 But the shapeless lumps and sprawl-
 ing bumps
 are where I have to go,
 for three-thousand feet's my limit,
 and I widnae go below!

Chorus

And they say that Ardnamurchan
 is a place that's fine to see,
 but there's no wee dots upon my
 map,
 it's no the place for me!

So I'm ticking off Geal Charns,
 though they all seem rather plain,
 I just wish I had the time to do
 Ben Lui once again.

Chorus

No, I've never been to Harris,
 Lewis,
 Canna, Rhum or Muck,
 and the only time I went to Mull,
 I really came unstuck -
 For I missed the homeward ferry,
 and it filled my heart with woe,
 spending two days on an island,
 that's got only one Munro!

Chorus

But there is a thought that
 troubles me,
 in dark hours o' the night -
 it's a vision o' the future,
 and it's no' a pretty sight!
 What happens when I've done
 them a',
 and life seems all in vair?
 - Well, I'll pul' oot a' the bloody
 pins,
 and bag them a' again!

Clashgour



Here is a sort of potted history/homage to the club's hut, Clashgour. Three articles cover the times before the place was in our hands, the building of the upper mezzanine/sleeping area, and a study of the Clashgour mouse. There are also a couple of poems and any photo's we could find at the time.

EARLY DAYS AT CLASHGOUR

Scott Johnstone

It was Easter 1947 and Hitler's War was not long over. The war-scattered GUM CLUB members were reassembling slowly as demobilisation proceeded. Bill Garden, Stan Stewart and myself had arranged a weekend at Clashgour, then an open - very open - bothy, when David Greig appeared from somewhere near the Equator of West Africa, ready to resume acquaintance with the snows on the Scottish hills. To guard against thermal shock, he was equipped with an ex-Wermacht sniper's suit, which spoils of War were, somehow or other, to be found on the Glesca Barras. It was quilted, Kapok-filled and weighed a ton, making him look like the Michelin Man. Still, it was warm and that was the point. Its suspension system was simple gallowses, connected to the waistband by six buttons of suspect security.

The night was comfortable enough, once the broken windows had been sealed with rolled-up pages of the Herald (as an embryo lawyer, Stan was already showing appropriate tastes, moreover had not Bill Murray recommended them above those of lesser journals as good under-bag insulation?). Next morning, we set off for the Upper Couloir (then a climb of high repute) in rather threatening weather, for some reason, which escapes me, going round by Coire Ba. The coire was well filled with snow, but as we reached it, the weather broke. It started to pour. Now, this was not an unusual circumstance for the time and place, so we plodded on through the snow, hoping for a clearance.

In these days, one did not have shell clothing, merely - if one were lucky - a sailcloth anorak or more likely a cut-down, cast-off coat to cover the top half, the bottom being left, after the fashion of Raeburn, Naismith and the S.M.C. Fathers, to cope as "Heaven's Water Dealeth".

In David's case, water was dealt with by absorbing it up to the limit and it was not far up the Lower Couloir when we realised that he had a problem. He was stopped, with one hand grasping a deeply embedded axe for security, while with the other he endeavoured to replace the suspension mechanism as his trouser buttons had ripped off under the weight of fully saturated Kapok.

Now perhaps the situation was not as awkward as when a certain member of the GUM CLUB, approaching Tower Gap, also in heavy rain, had to answer an urgent call of nature, to find that, for woolly warmth, he had on, next to the skin, a full-length bathing suit of the then current fashion, but it was awkward enough. When we had stopped laughing, the situation was rectified by removing David's braces completely and tying them as a belt, while he remained anchored by grasping his axe, firmly planted in the snow.

As weather and circumstances had thus combined to make life difficult, and climbing unsafe, we retreated to the bealach and trotted as quickly down the Allt Toaig path as stops to re-hoist the trousers permitted. In the wind and rain,



The horny Golloch is an awfu' beastie,
Souple and scaly.
It has twa horns, an' a hantle o' feet
An' a forkit tailie.

the old schoolhouse had many of the qualities of a desirable haven, and the wrung-out trousers, at Stan's suggestion, were soon steaming, held upright with a Primus stove up each leg. It really did not help a lot, but it passed the time.

It was as a result of that visit that we got the idea that the old schoolhouse was worthy of a better fate than slow disintegration by wind and weather. Stanley took it on from there.

CLASHGOUR HUT

ROBIN TURNER - 1952

The first person to notice the empty schoolhouse of Clashgour and think of it as a GUM club hut was Scott Johnstone. He introduced Stanley Stewart to it, who wrote to the Argyllshire Director of Education. After enquiry into the child population of the area, the idea was approved, but subsequently he had to turn it down as the estate did not consent to the sublet.

That seemed the end of the idea. However, some months later, in October 1947, Stan got a letter from the factor of the Black Mount Estate asking him if he was still interested in taking over the hut. To conclude the matter Stanley made an epic push bike ride to Killin arriving late on a wet and stormy December night. (He did not start in October and arrive in December but did the thing in one day in December). He was received most hospitably, and with Mr. Skelton, the factor, the let and rent was settled -- 10 years from May 1948, option to withdraw on either side after five years, rent ten shillings per annum.

But the work of this justly called "Legal Eagle" was not finished there. He got himself elected to the S.R.C. hoping to get money for the G.U.M.C. to use on the hut. He eventually got £10 down and a loan of £25.

So the club now had a hut and it now had the money to spend on it. The hut was at that time a single floored cold and empty building, with a stove in the last stages of rusty decay, and nine pegs on the wall.

But the idea of the loft grew. There were many tentative suggestions; some

CLASHGOUR HUT

John M. McAuley - 1969

rippled metal, black cocoon,
double-decker box of burning bacon smell,
legless breeches hanging, drip
on wooden floor invisible
from piles, the mobile stores
strewn everywhere.

involving great communal hammocks, which were even pursued as far as finding out the cost of ex-railway tarpaulins (an early design of this type may be seen on the wall on the left of the door as you go in). Finally, however, it was found that it would be possible to get enough wood to floor it, thanks to the generous help of Mr. Menzies, and a final design was drawn up over a table in the Union Coffee Room with much technical talk and swishing of slide rules by the Engineers.

Not much happened for a bit, until one afternoon Douglas Easton arrived in the Union Buffet with a mass of ironware -- angle iron, bolts, nails, screws, etc...; everything required -- dangling about him. Obviously something had to be done now.

A weekend work party was arranged; Bill Mackie, Douglas Easton, Douglas Hutchinson, Bill Kincaid and myself, and Sam Frazer with his car to carry the ironware up; to which had been added a stove and a stove pipe.

The construction started on a Saturday morning with the wood outside, in beams and planks, but cut to length. Before work was stopped for the evening meal the hut was divided into two parts, and the new stove roaring away up it's new chimney. So enthusiastic were the fixers that as the last planks of the loft went down, it felt and looked like a scene from the inferno -- half naked figures toiling and sweating on the rafters, and glowing dull red in the light of the red hot stove. The hut that night probably contained

it's most contented party; radiant with self satisfaction and mutual congratulation. It was a most satisfying thing to have made. after months of study and mental work, something tangible -- large, solid, wooden. So we sat around in Hutchinson stools, smoking, drinking tea, admiring the structure. The cunning way the upright by the door had been set back to allow it to open was felt to be particularly admirable.

Since then the story has been one of increasing luxury -- benches, palliasses, folding chairs, and now an Elsan which is going too far surely; a retrograde step towards decadence and English-ism in climbing huts. There is also perhaps too much clutter of gear; the bath for instance !

The hut has been painted twice to keep the corrugated iron outer walls sound and the only danger to the structure comes from the mice and the long nosed shrew.

As it now stands it is certainly a very fine and snug little climbing hut; and pleasantly situated on the river bank, with a ford and some of the few trees in the upper glen to set off the view. Which is perhaps as well since, in my experience, there are no hills within reach of a lazy man.



New Year at Clashgour. A horrid scene of debauchery and perversion, which resulted in at least one hurriedly arranged wedding.

THE GENEALOGY OF THE CLASHGOUR MOUSE

BRIAN DOOGAN

It was two years ago that I first spent a weekend in Clashgour hut. People had warned me about the habits of the Clashgour mouse. Little did I heed, as a result the little bugger succeeded in finding a packet of my bacon. In the morning I awoke to find the packet, and the bacon all chewed around the edges. But I still had a breakfast after having removed the chewed bits.

I am one of a clan of victims to the Clashgour mouse and its habits. If it does not get your food it will have deposited the remainder of someone else's food, in the form of pellets, onto the hut plates and pots. A friend of mine once wrote in the bothy book :-



"There's a moose about this hoose, I know because it ate my bloody cheese."

Despite my own experience, I sympathise with the hardship, survival and death of the mouse. The general belief that mice are a dirty mob, is untrue, they are probably cleaner than humans, in fact they clean themselves thoroughly many times a day. If anyone disputes with this fact, then they should visit Clashgour on New Year's morning. The scene committed by humans, on such a day is undescrivable.

When I received the full collection of the 8 GUM Club journals, I was surprised of the fact that the mouse of Clashgour had become a regular feature. It seems appropriate, at this time, to bring together these small accounts.

1953 MAGAZINE - OBITUARY

Some members of G.U.M. Club will be saddened by the news of the passing, in mid February, of the Inveroran mouse. It couldn't resist Camembert.

1954 MAGAZINE - LETTER TO THE EDITORS BY PIED PIPER.

Dear Sirs,

It was with some measure of sorrow that we learned of the passing of the Inveroran mouse. Its place, however, has been taken by a more formidable candidate for Camembert - a rat. The mouse with its gentle habits was looked on with something akin to affection and a certain sadness was felt at its passing although this event was not entirely unpremeditated.

Its successor however rouses distinctly different feelings on us. It has been guilty of the criminal offence of "breaking and entering", in that it carved a hole in the floor in order to gain entrance. Not content with living in our hut free of charge, it wakens our members in the night as it tries to "crack" the food tins.

Truly, strong measures must be taken with this ill-mannered intruder. If the more indignant members do not prevail in having it pay the supreme penalty then perhaps a more humane method of punishment may be suggested. With a little ingenuity it could be harnessed in a tread mill cage whereupon a primus could be pumped or some other such menial task performed.

At all costs, punishment must be meted out, because sooner or later this squatter will wish to show off its new home to friends until finally, due to weight of numbers, GUM Club will have to relinquish its hold on the hut and our Hut Custodian will become redundant - a disquieting thought.

Yours, etc...,
Pied Piper.

1960 MAGAZINE - OBITUARY.

Suddenly, as a result of an accident between 1st and 2nd December 1959 the CLASHGOUR MOUSE passed away at a ripe old age. It was found in the hut water bucket, frozen into it, having died, presumably, after a long struggle. Can you picture that last struggle, alone in the hut with no friendly hand to help it, unable to climb the smooth polythene walls of the bucket, while the water turned solid around it? Having deep respect for the

circumstances of the death, it was not cremated, but deposited in it's icy mausoleum in a nearby bog with full G.U.M. Club honours, there to lie until the next thaw.

It's loss will be deeply felt by all who have ever used Clashgour and it's assistance in keeping the hut clean and tidy will be missed. We are led to believe that it has left behind a large family to mourn their progenitor, and we hope that they will maintain a noble tradition.

R.I.P.

1971 MAGAZINE - PEOPLE AT CLASHGOUR G MONCUR

For a while the hut had a resident custodian. One night, while thinking upstairs, I was profoundly disturbed by a great crash downstairs. When I had found my axe first, and my torch second, I crept down the ladder and found that the night visitor had eaten the carrier bag containing my tinned food, and the tins had come tumbling out. So GUM Club had plotted and schemed to produce the death of this non paying guest. Mr. Scruff (sic) suggested a "thermoelectric device" which would, I fear, have spread the Hut all over the glen. I sharpened a gin trap and set it on a hair trigger. Though this split firewood very well it couldn't kill Super Rat. And the beast enjoyed Warfarin! There's often food in tins and packets left at the hut. One weekend Mr. Scruff went to Clashgour and found that a packet of instant potato had been attacked and about a tablespoonful removed. Then he looked around and found a small, woeful mouse blown up like a balloon and finally dead. But it was a Mighty Mouse.

The Mouse Today

I have no doubt in my mind that the Clashgour Mouse family will live as long as the hut will stand. I am not surprised of the fact that the hut has rodents. During a hut refurbishment weekend a few years ago, we lifted up the floorboards and underneath we found an uncleaned FRYING PAN, it goes to show how lazy some people are!

I feel sorry for the mouse in times when the hut is less frequently visited. The poor thing probably survives by chewing the edges of the log book. And now, rubbing salt into the wounds, the Bomb is no longer in the hut, this the mouse would have used as an object for sharpening it's teeth.

The present custodian (Paul) tells me that the mouse of today is capable of an E5 standard of climbing. A recent member has even captured the Clashgour Mouse on camera. The mouse is entitled to free use of the hut, providing it carries no diseases. Long live the mouse. Clashgour is a unique place. it is the surviving symbol of the GUM Club. Let the hut and it's mice continue to exist.



Photo-call outside Bridge of Orchy's top nite spot

THE DINNER MEET (1990)

Stuart Campbell

Lying on a minibus roofrack is one way to see Glencoe - thus it was that Fiona, Jason and I returned to "the doss" after the impromptu Friday-night "ceilidh". I use the word "ceilidh" loosely, it consisted solely of one "dance", whereby everybody jumped about randomly and twirled round with the next person they bumped into - "bumped" being the operative word. This, combined with the new GUM Club pub game - "let's hit each other" - was the cause of many bruised and sore heads the next day.

Meanwhile, back at the doss, attention was centred round the table traverse. Graeme managed it end-to-end, but then, he's taller than everyone (except Neil, who can't even co-ordinate himself to speak proper). Murray decided to try a variation on the time-honoured door-frame problem - using ice axes (well, it was winter, after all). Everyone watched in stunned silence as he crashed onto his back on the stone floor, but being a true mountaineer, he was out on the hill the next day - Aonach Mor, via the Gondola.

Saturday dawned. It didn't dawn fine, it just dawned. Poor Ross had lost a boot, so he and I called off our rash Friday night plan. However, Jason, Neil, Graeme and Jamie had latched on to the rash Friday night plan and I was coerced along for immoral support. So, "team stupid" set off along the Aonach Eagach, misery gradually dissolving into ecstasy as the weather improved and height was gained. It was ecstasy tinged with the usual mixture of sheer terror and complete bloody exhaustion, providing the adrenalin to launch out on vertical powder, teetering above a long fall (artistic licence). And "team stupid" became "team ice warrior". Neil "knew a good way down" - initial suspicion turned to elation at the best bumslide in years.

Next event in this comedy of errors was the dinner. Steve's speech went down well, despite him being reduced to a nervous wreck beforehand. The official ceilidh followed. It started fairly normally, but as much beer was quoffed, it gradually degenerated into chaos, as innocent bystanders were scythed down by flying bodies. Midnight came, and it was my birthday, but I wasn't drunk enough not to be embarrassed by the band singing "Happy Birthday". Duncan's present of a half pint of whisky was much appreciated,



Graeme proves that "GUAC presidents do it under tables."

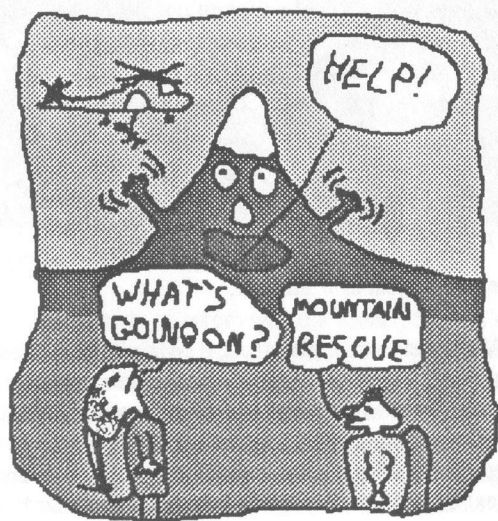
despite the fact he drank most of it himself.

At this juncture, Alastair enters the narrative. Alastair is a legend. Alastair walked home from the Q.M. one night after an argument. Alastair lives in Helensburgh. Alastair had to be rushed to hospital on last year's dinner meet, after falling off a sea wall. Alastair had to be rushed to hospital on this year's dinner meet, after tearing his ankle to shreds. As Murray and Jason commented the next day: "Alastair's great, every club should have one. Every club should have two, in case one gets injured".

Back at the ceilidh I managed to break my nose. A vivid memory - the pain, the blood. What a lot of blood, so much blood that I had to stop dancing and bleed in the toilet for a bit. Things became hazy, lots of people came and went; Fiona gave me a flower and I was spirited off to the Belford (where Alistair was already tucked-up for the night with his overflowing pee-bottle). Unfortunately, a broken nose doesn't warrant a hospital bed, so it was back to the doss and a night in the minibus.

Next day Steve was unsympathetic - he's seen it all before, like when I fell off a bus shelter and broke my wrist. Jos (the Hippy with Two Houses) provided coffee, Fiona provided swiss-roll and then everyone went to reclaim Alistair ("Excuse me nurse, have you seen a drunk man with a broken ankle?"). Driving home was miserably wet and Graeme experienced the uncanny *deja-vu* of delivering Alistair to his parents for the second year running.

I hope this personal perspective serves as an insight into some of the more esoteric experiences of mountaineering. If you're the sort of person who enjoys bizarre experiences, doesn't give a toss about your personal welfare and can remember the words to "The Womble Song", then you'll find your niche in the GUM club - it's as wacky as a bus!



THE CRASH OF '87

Ian Stewart

"Aye, I remember it as if it was yesterday," says I. That's always a good way to start a tale. The young first years eagerly leaned forward in their seats whilst the mature third years assumed their standard heard-it-all-before expressions, indeed they probably had. I always happened sooner or later, a lull and a personal request to recount once again the events of that fateful night. This weekend was no different and we sat huddled around the stove in Nancy's hostel in Fersit looking grim. Things looked dire, snowed in we were with food for five days, alcohol for one and scarcely enough conversation to service a university cheese 'n' wine. Further inspection revealed that we were on the last bottle and it was a blend, as I said, things looked dire. The wind whistled outside blowing at the candle flames. The precious supply was decanted into an enamel mug which sat on the stove. The mug was then ceremoniously passed around the circle to be sniffed before finally reaching the owner, only he was allowed to frugally sip at the nectar to the unsettled grumbling of the others. As the night wore on, the gathering took on the odour of Islay Stillmen, all of them looking jealously at the inebriate at the fire. I was the inebriate by the fire so I didn't care, but thus primed, I began the story:

Aye, it was a night like this some years back, and there we was, gathered at the university union. Now this was some time ago, mind, before flares were fashionable, so G.U.A.C. approved drivers of good character were a wee bit thin on the ground and occasionally barrel-scraping had to be resorted to. On that fateful night, two buses pulled up in the twilight. The squad on the steps scrutinised the two drivers critically and, hurriedly, those in the know squeezed themselves into the 'sensible' bus, a look of relief appearing on their faces as they found a safe berth. Business at the other bus was noticeably less vigorous and it soon became clear that it was dealing with the gullible over-spill. After much running about, there were seventeen folk in the 'sensible' bus, and only eight bodies consigned for the accursed vehicle. The vehicle was a bonny, white new van, such a vehicle - in trained hands - could transport you from A to B with the minimum of trauma. The passengers consisted almost entirely of fresh-faced first years, on their first excursion from the church of knowledge, basically they didn't know any better. I looked at my driver and climbing partner, momentarily wondering

if there was any space on the other van's roof rack.

"We'll do the Point on Saturday, then Hadrian's Wall on Sunday" he said, with a particularly unright look in his eye. "We'll get there early, new van, y'know, and no problem", he said.

"Uh-huh", I replied, my future so obviously mapped out for me, as official co-pilot. The sensible van shot off first, with sorrowful backward glances at us. We overtook them in Bank Street, several seconds later, narrowly avoiding a skip. "Good acceleration, eh?", he said. I unstuck my face from the windscreen at the lights, "Good brakes too!". Then we were on Great Western Road and the G-forces pinned me to my seat. We headed west, paying only passing attention to lights, "they just slow you down". Gradually the passengers were comprehending why their bus was so empty. To soothe them, I put some Grateful Dead on the tape machine, only to be met by a Leonard Cohen request from the 'pilot'. No doubt needing cheered up, having been involved in an unhappy love affair, with himself. Luckily driving consumed most of his attention through Dumbarton. "Look, it'll do 40 in second", he said, whilst repeatedly washing the windscreen, to the tune of 'Famous Blue Raincoat'. Momentarily, at Balloch, he toyed with the idea of jumping the roundabout, but he fought the impulse successfully. The crew in the back moved restlessly, I couldn't help thinking that our driver didn't have their full confidence and even they knew the Loch Lomond road wasn't famous for its long straights and overtaking opportunities. The gears gnashed and, passing through Luss, he laughed at a loud bang, referring to it as a sonic boom, but no-one laughed.

Out of the darkness it appeared. I saw it first - the corner. "Oh, oh", I said. 'Twas a little itty bitty swerve, with badness written all over it. "Warp Factor 5, Mr. Sulu", he said, rallying the troops, but it was too late, with all that lack of faith emanating from behind us. We didn't have a prayer. "We're going to make it, we're going to make it", he screamed, but collectively the consensus was, "No way, pal".

But he did - round the corner we ripped gradually, gently even, rising to two wheels the horizon assumed a slope. I heard a mumbled F-word to my right, but then it was over and we were through and on the straight beyond.

Well, almost.

Oh, yes, oversteer, forgot about that. Boing! The van landed on an even keel and steering returned on full lock. Over we went. The van cowped like a fully-fleeced sheep before clipping. The noise of screams was hidden by the screech of metal, as we whistled sideways down the road, decelerating nicely, albeit using friction, rather than the more traditional brakes method. After a wee while, we came to a stop and a short period of silence ensued, a "ho-hum" kind of silence. A tentative voice enquired if the handbrake was on, and that appeared to break the spell. The crew, without orders, proceeded to abandon ship, by every available porthole, and by now there were lots of portholes. I swung gently in my seatbelt, looking at my strange perspectives of the world, there was something vaguely vertical about the horizon. Realising this, I popped the belt and landed on our erstwhile driver, though fortunately his head stopped my fall. We bailed out.

Help was summoned and a plethora of flashing lights appeared. Bleeders' flows were staunched and wounded were dispatched "to hospitals". Bus number two arrived and we were treated to a load of exceedingly unhelpful I-told-you-so looks. A tow-truck dragged off the carcass, people came, people laughed, people went. The law smilingly told us: "It was a grand night for a crash", but pressed charges anyway. Activity gradually dwindled, and eventually the traffic noises and blue lights faded into the night.

We stood there alone, two figures in the pale moonlight, he and I. He was looking solemnly at the road, strangely quiet. Slowly I bent down and picked up a piece of number plate. He stared at the van residue, then at the road, then at me. I broke the silence:

"We'll have to do both routes on Sunday then".

"Aye", he said. So we did.

THE PROBLEM OF INTERDEPENDENT VARIABLES

MOYNA FLANIGAN - 1954

The genus climber can be divided into the following species :-

(1) - THE CAPABLE TYPE - This lovable little fellow takes one rest to anybody else's five. His feet are provided with suckers and his joints with ball bearings. The pull of gravity affects him not at all from below but with great force sideways so that he cannot come off a rock face. Characteristic remarks :-

"You mean you want a rope for this ?"

"I'm afraid I can't see the difficulty. This must be my kind of climb."
Not to be confused with !

(2) - THE TOUGH TYPE OR NINE LIFER - Bold in action, has a jest on his lips to last. Cheerfully tackles a pitch from which he has a moment before descending with a crash. He is fond of heavy burdens, delighted to add superfluous items axes for felling trees to a rucksack nobody else can raise from the ground. Those sighted on expeditions of recent years are very large and covered with hair. They walk upright with a stoop.

(3) - WORRIERS - These are useful to have along as they carry first-aid equipment and plenty of food and clothing. Disadvantages lie in their habit of continually putting extra sweaters on and off, their determination to conserve some food until home is sighted, their woebegone expression on a pitch from which there is no escape, and their frequent reminders as to the exact number of hours, minutes and seconds before darkness or bus- time.

(4) - SOCIAL CLIMBERS - These are always female although females are not always these. They may belong property to the Youth Hostel Member. They are highly decorative in brightly coloured sweaters but too apt to be vivacious first thing in the morning. Indifferent climbers, their usefulness consists of providing an audience for types 1 and 2 supra and they are sometimes allowed to act as food tasters to same.

(5) - THE ROMANTIC - Another stay from the Youth Hostel movement. They climb for the sake of the view from the top and have even been know to add a stone to the cairn. Outstanding Characteristic :- Poetic when wet.

(6) - THE PHILOSOPHER - This type draws attention to the worst features of the expedition by making the best of everything :-

"Your next move is the only worry."

"Yes, I know we cant sleep for the wind, but at least the tent has not blown away yet."

"Anyway, I've still got one dry foot."

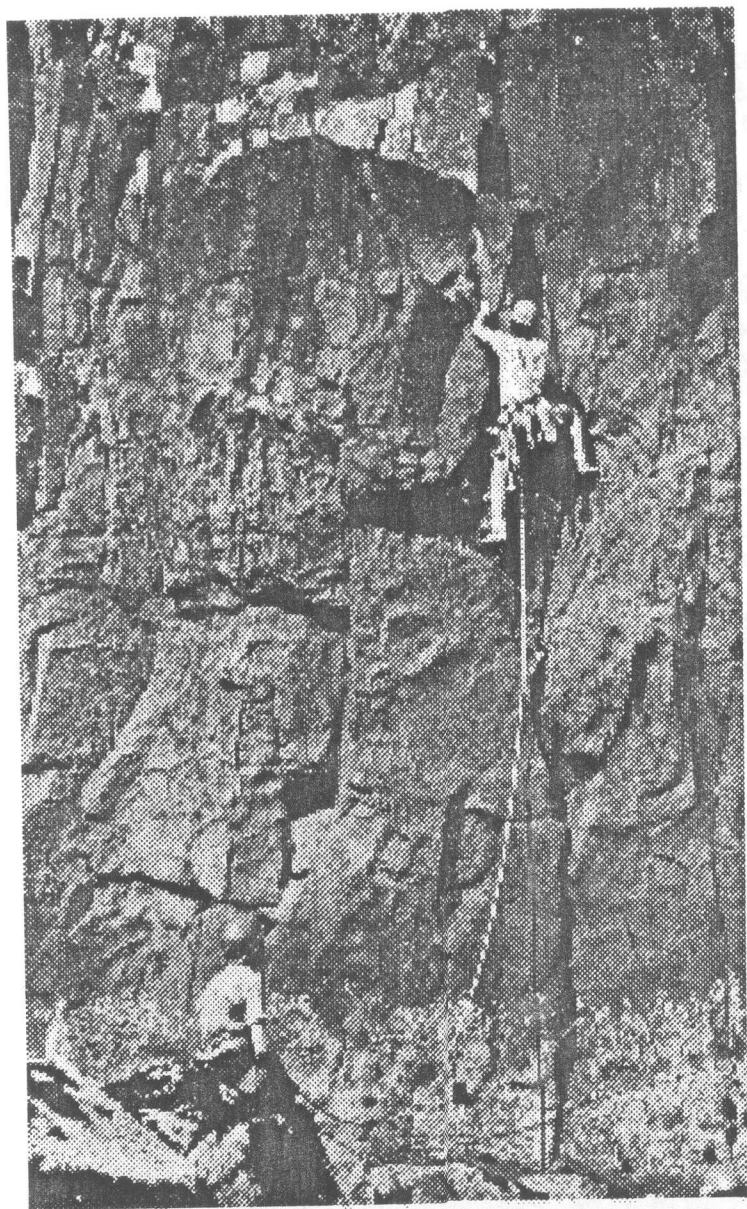
"What are you complaining about ? The place has a roof at one end, hasn't it ?"

"It won't be absolutely dark by the time we start down."

"Just drop the hands, It's an act of faith."



Early club meet on Tower Ridge



John & Ross climbing on the Hawcraig

A Winters Tale

2 am. The alarm buzzes raucously. I fumble for it and knock over a half finished cup of coffee instead. Battering blindly I succeed in shutting off the hideous noise and feel my way to the light switch.

The unshaded bulb bursts into existence, assaulting my enfeebled senses. I hurriedly pull on my long jons, climb into my breeches and button up the rough wool shirt. Boots are lying beside my sac, for once packed the night before. I grab the lot, and pad down the corridor, cursing the beer stains left by some late night revellers. I mumble a greeting to the night porter and leave the warm cocoon of the hall for the bitterly cold outside.

The shallow covering of snow underfoot crunches satisfyingly, as I walk to the kerb to wait for Andy. I sit on my sac jumping up at the sweep of each set of headlights, but it is the fourth which signals the arrival of the light blue Escort Andy pilots. I throw the gear in the boot, and slump down in the front seat, exchanging grunts. Andy's stereo lies on the back seat belting out "Brothers in Arms". I'm pleased - it means I don't need to talk. My head hurts. We cruise through a dead Glasgow, at a steady 50, any "plod" are visible in plenty of time. Coming up to Luss the tape needs turned over.

"Andy, if we're doing something hard, you might have to lead it all - O.K."

"Yeh - no problem."

I turn over the tape. The road is icy, and occasionally the car slips alarmingly. Why do all the worst bends have telegraph poles on them? We're doing a constant 70 - the first two hours are the most dangerous of the day. Soon we flash through Bridge of Orchy, and up onto Rannoch Moor. The moon glistens softly, lighting up Coire Ba like a vast amphitheatre. Then the Buchaille hoves into view, and minutes later we're at the car park.

Still groggy, I fall out of the car and pull my boots on. Andy takes both ropes - "training", he mutters.

Fine by me. We drop down steeply to the Bridge, the snow is shallow here



A wasted moment of beauty

- only a few inches. Then slowly we start the trog uphill, Andy already pulling ahead. The snow deepens. Soon we're knee deep in it, the path lost, on ground seeming much steeper than either of us remember. Andy waits occasionally, and then as I draw near pulls of again. I slip, fall, retch, curse him, and force myself on.

As we reach the corrie dawn is breaking, and when we sit down to gear up I take a picture - capturing the beauty of a moment I'm too wasted to enjoy.

Axes out, we start up the snow to the route. The ground is steep now, and the snow waist deep powder. I flounder, fearful of avalanches, to the bottom belay, and clip in - breathless, but comforted by the seeming impregnability of the peg.

Andy sets off up the first pitch. It's loose, but the turf under the snow is frozen - there are placements there. He disappears from view, grunting, and I watch two more figures starting a route to the left.

"Thanks for breaking trail", one yells. I nod, and wait, cold now as the early morning cloud boils off. The ropes tug, calling me up, and I dismantle the belay and start up.

It's hard - a long steep groove, but there's worse to come. At the top a step

right outwards. A sling looped round a flake beckons. I grab it, pull myself out of balance, crampons scraping, axes flailing, hanging. Suddenly as I spin round, I'm conscious of an audience below, and somehow unthinkingly pull myself over the step.

Deep breaths, a long insecure traverse, adrenalin pumping, I round a corner, to find a grinning Andy.

"It's all yours", I gasp. Three more pitches telescope into each other. Fleeting memories - take off my gloves, to find them filled with powder snow. Fool. Fingers freezing, but still often offering more purchase than my inexpertly wielded axes. And always, Andy is above, encouraging, watching, better. I vow to start training.

Suddenly, 600ft are over - I'm there, I flop over the cliff, like a beached whale, exhausted. The two climbers I saw at the bottom are nearly finished - a new Grade VI.

The summit of Stob Coire nan Lochan is close by, we look at it and by mutual telepathic agreement turn, and start down.

R.S.P.

River Crossing In The Monadh-Liath

Andrew Ogilvie

There is an inference to be drawn from water,
An implication in granite, which is not sharp
But when the river is swollen like an injury
And when night is rising, black, with the grouse,
When poetry predicates on strict, rhetorical, rules of three
I draw no draft.
(Not to thirst is an offence to the desert)

A "SHORT CAMPSIE WALK" IN NORWAY

Susan Aitcheson

It was the summer of 1985 and the main GUMC contingent of six (Stuart Wilson, Brian Meers, Pete Jack, Pete Duncan, Andrea McLaren and myself) plus a battered white GUAC minibus had arrived in Bergen midweek. While waiting for the remaining two who were coming on the weekend ferry, we camped about an hour's drive out of Bergen, intending to do an easy hill "like walking the Campsies".....

True to the traditions of the club we were sufficiently disorganised not to have bought a large-scale map of this area and had instead to rely on a 1:325 000 tourist map of S. Scandinavia which showed no topography. We picked a hill called Søre Tveitekvitingen halfway between us and Hardangerfjord which had a wee blue snowfield marked on it. The fact that on the map it was two of Stuart's thumb-lengths away didn't seem to worry anyone, so we picked up a wee bit of food for the day and set off, bashing through the birch scrub to gain a long south-trending ridge. Pete Jack, however, had a German sausage about the size of a small football intended to last him the whole holiday, but being too lazy to hack off a bit to take with him, he just put the whole thing in his rucksack. This sausage would later prove to be the saviour of the day - and night.....

For a while the weather was quite good and it was warm scrambling along over numerous little rock steps and massive glacier-smoothed slabs. Below lay a 1500-foot-deep gorge which would have been quite impossible to descend. As we got higher we could admire the other snow-capped peaks round about, complex masses of forest, ridges and big slabby faces - aye, it was great to be out on the hill again after the long journey from Scotland. Despite the good weather I took a few precautionary bearings along our ridge and wrote them down at lunchtime, not that this was to do us much good as it turned out. By now the size of Stuart's thumb was becoming apparent and the top still seemed a good distance away. Our ridge curved past a big iceberg-covered lake to a col and joined a rise to a snowy plateau. Above the lake were crags and unstable-looking snow slopes with piles of avalanche debris, but we were able to avoid these and proceed up gentler

slopes and a convenient rognon to the plateau.

Just before going onto the snow Stuart cornered a lemming (which bit him); it was to become symbolic of the whole day.....

Stuart's thumb seemed to be growing and growing and it was not until 4.30pm that we reached the plateau in thick mist, more than six hours after we had set out. We failed to find any cairn. We now faced the problem of how to find our way back. We had no idea of the topography in any detail and The Map merely indicated that we should be going northwards. Brian seemed to be moving somewhere so, sheep-like, we began to follow until it was realised that he was not using a compass and then that we were going south not north! In a rare attack of common sense we took out the aforementioned instrument and traversed cautiously through the murk on a northerly bearing with axes poised in case we were unwittingly approaching the crags above the iceberg lake. Gradually we were able to descend easy snow slopes but found that we certainly weren't on the col from which we had gained the plateau. The mist was down and it was raining steadily. We were lost.

A brief and fortuitous clearing allowed us to see that we had come down on the wrong side of the iceberg lake. To regain our col we opted for the long way round the shore rather than risk the shorter shore which was directly beneath rotten crags and avalanche slopes. This proved to be easier said than done, with our way usually barred by slimy little cliffs and slabs and the mist preventing us from seeing far ahead, so that we often had to retrace our steps out of cul-de-sacs and seek new routes. It was like being in a maze. Still it rained and rained and we were beginning to wonder if we would be able to get round the lake at all. Our food was finished long since, apart from Pete's sausage, off which we fed every few hours for the remainder of the journey. On jumping a fast-flowing stream that seemed to 90 away over a cliff wee Pete injured his leg and it just crumpled under him on the next patch of snow.

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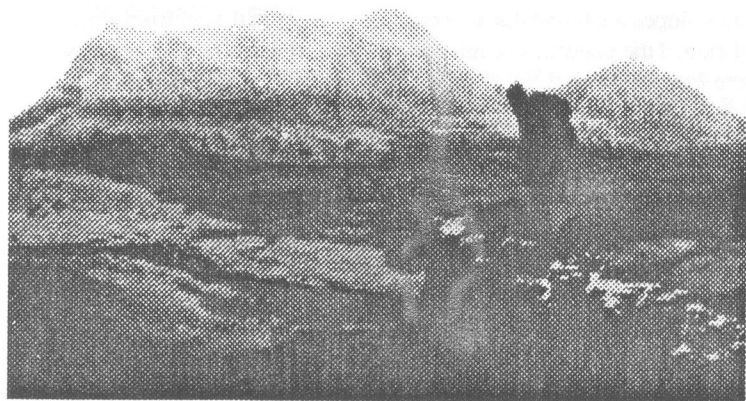
CORDEE

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TRADE ALSO SUPPLIED

Fortunately he did not have to be carried as we had at first feared, and he was able to hobble along slowly while we tried to scout ahead for the easiest route. At a sausage stop Stuart and I clambered onto a slab to peer ahead hoping there might be a clearing in the mist. At last there was one and we were delighted to see we could get down onto some snow and from there regain the ridge by the col. Hooray ! At last back to somewhere we recognised ! Suddenly much of the face of the mountain above the lake cleared, a fine sight which prompted a few photos, but then the mist closed in once more.

We followed some cairns down in the murk but soon we were lost again. We passed a corrie with a pile of avalanche debris which seemed wholly unfamiliar. The ridge now went east but we wanted to 90 north and were continually trying to descend off it, only to be halted by cliffs which forced a reascent. In the back of my mind lurked the very nasty idea that we might be coming down into a valley above the gorge we'd seen earlier. We were all getting tired and midnight was approaching. However, it was at least consoling that there was no wind, it did not get completely dark and wee Pete was not immobilised; otherwise things might have been difficult. Now long training at meets to Steall in the art of following water downhill was put to use as Pete Jack and Stuart at last found a way down off the ridge beside a waterfall. As we slithered down, a sudden and miraculously well-timed gap in the mist revealed that below lay a north-trending valley. At



Susan, lemming free, on Stac Pollaidh

least we could 90 in the right direction now. That we were still going at all was almost entirely due to the now much diminished sausage. Much twilight scrambling and vegetation bashing followed as we blundered along the gloomy valley bottom. The sausage was finished (as were we) but it had lasted just long enough, for we emerged eventually from some dripping bushes suddenly to find ourselves on the road very near to our camp! It was 2am. We were too tired to eat and just collapsed hamster-like in a pile in the tent and slept.

.....and that was only our first day on the hill in Norway !

.....and before Peter McColgan had even arrived !

This tale should serve to reassure people that the honourable traditions of chaos, ineptitude and the blind leading the blind are very much alive and well in the GUMC. As a result of our experiences we offer the following observations for the benefit of present members:-

1. A German sausage is very useful on Norwegian hills.
2. This is especially true if you are on a hill with Pete "Bermuda" Jack, whose ability to 90 astray is almost legendary; he doesn't need to be navigating - his mere presence in the party seems to be enough !
3. It is important to go to Norway in the summer when there is 24 - hour daylight as you will need it all.
4. A compass and a good map are very handy.
5. Stuart has a very big thumb (especially after the lemming bit him).
6. If you suspect that your fellow GUMC members are daft you are probably right !

Dear Mr. Johnstone,

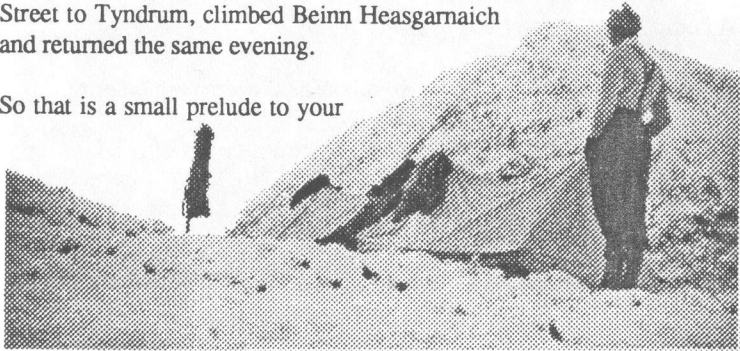
I can add a little pre-history to your fascinating account (*in Avenue, Ed.*) of the early days of the GUM Club.

There were five or six of us who called ourselves the "Glasgow University Mountaineering Club", from 1937 to 1939, but all we did was go climbing together. Jimmy Mitchell was one of the group. I heard about Jimmy's death when I was in Burma, with a terrible sense of loss. He was, as you will recall, a divinity student and a pacifist. The rest of us all went off to war, but Jimmy was the one who got killed. His gentle nature and mature mind have stayed with me for more than fifty years. I think this shows in his face in the photograph I am enclosing (*unfortunately such detail is lost in the printing process, Ed.*). (Jimmy is second from the right, and I am second from the left). This photograph was taken just below Bein Narnain, where we taught ourselves rock climbing. The other two in the picture are Alex Honeyman on the left and Boyd Anderson on the right.

The second picture, taken at the Arrochar Youth Hostel in 1938, also includes Pat Hamilton, on the left, and two QM's, one of whom might be Molly Baird.

The bicycle, as you say, was the regular means of transport. On one occasion we cycled to the head of Glencoe between Christmas and New Year, and camped at the head of the pass between the two Buchaille Etive's and spent a few days climbing in the Glencoe Hills. That camp is shown in the third photograph, with Alex Honeyman contemplating the one and only ice-axe. On another December day, Jimmy and I took the 6 am train from Queen Street to Tyndrum, climbed Beinn Heasgarnaich and returned the same evening.

So that is a small prelude to your



story, for which Jimmy provided the continuity. Thank you for reviving these memories. Should there be others of our contemporaries, please give them my regards. I am out of touch with everyone from these days, since I have not lived in Glasgow since 1940.

Yours sincerely,

Gordon Graham



The Effects of Single Malt Whisky on the Metabolic Processes of GUMC Members

A group study in Torrison, March 1987.
Rhys Jagger

Abstract: 9 members of the GUMC (8 male, 1 female) were treated with 70 mile an hour winds on Liathach prior to 3 pints of bitter at the pub in Shialdaig. After feeding, members ingested a variable quantity of malt whisky, their bodily temperature being maintained at 37 degrees by the presence of a warm camp fire. After varying lengths of time, certain physiological parameters were measured. These included: the desire to solo the north face of pine trees, the frequency of undertaking running jumps over the burning furnace, the ability to stand up, the ability to get into one's bed, the presence of vomit in the sleeping area and the ability to drive a minibus safely.

The results indicate that consumption of more than a half bottle of Glen Morange (*I prefer it to Cointreau which I find too orangee. Ed.*) is detrimental to the health of the subjects and normal metabolism is not usually regained until about 5pm the next afternoon. Consumption of more than three quarters of a bottle leads to copious vomiting, the inability to stand up the next morning and prolonged hypersensitivity of the sphincter to the varying gravitational forces experienced in a minibus. Such activities also appeared to preclude taking advantage of the fine conditions prevailing on the Sunday for walking or climbing.

These results are in general agreement with those published by previous authors (Patey, T.W. (SMC Journal 1965), but note that B. Robertson did in fact traverse the Cuillin in winter over the next two days).

Introduction

The organic compound, ethyl alcohol (C₂H₅OH) has been known to have potent effects on human brain biochemistry, as well as causing vasodilation and diuretic and dehydrating properties, when consumed in a variety of

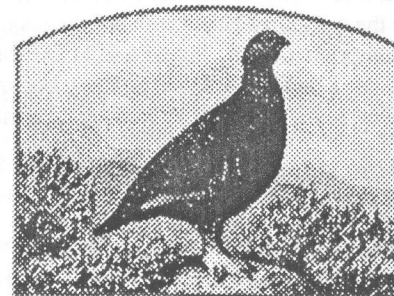
ways (for a Survey of possible modes, please contact the GUU Beer Bar). In Scotland, a particularly popular method of intake is the consumption of neat Scotch whisky, preferably of the single malt variety.

We have confirmed the results of numerous experiments over the past centuries by proving that intake of large volumes of single malt whisky leads to serious debilitating consequences over the next twenty four hours. The deductions which can be made about the fallibility of human nature through the ages are discussed.

Materials and Methods

Whisky

This was generously supplied by a variety of Distilleries through various outlets in the West End of Glasgow.



Treatment of subjects prior to - and including whisky uptake:

After selection of samples at the Partick Tavern the previously Tuesday, the experimental humans were rounded up at the GUU on the Friday evening and incubated for three hours in a minibus. They were then subjected to a brief gust of freezing air in Aviemore, where the digestive tracts were treated with vegetable oils (obtained from the chippie). Following a return to the previous incubation conditions for a further two hours, tents were erected, after which a further 7 hour incubation period was allowed, before re-greasing the digestive tracts with bacon, baked beans and fried eggs. Prior cooling of three samples was attempted: "Scabby" Neil Wilson (ref. 1) and Iain Stewart (2) (bivvy in the car park half-way down the glen) and the author, Rhys Jagger (3) (testing the efficacy of his 5-season sack sleeping out under the stars).

During the daylight hours of Saturday, subjects were observed in three groups: two (Punk (4) and Anne Davison (5)) cragging above Shialdaig, the aforesaid Scabby and Iain attempting a route on Liathach face, whilst the remainder (Steve Blott (6), Pete Jack (7), Pete Duncan (8), Fraser Gordon (9) and Rhys Jagger (3)) were viewed attempting to ascend onto the Liathach ridge for the classic traverse.

At dusk, all subjects were assembled in the Shieldaig Inn for three rounds of beer, noting that the clock was going backwards (all subjects were still reliable witnesses at this stage). Thereafter, several subjects were cooled by a wind-tunnel (generated by sitting on the minibus roof on their return to Torridon. The effect of dangling one's head over the windscreen was also investigated (10)).

Thereafter, the camp fire was lit, whisky bottles were opened and the amber nectar treatment was effected by oesophageal tract entry at regular intervals over the next three hours with willing acquiescence of the subjects. Final consumption was: R. Jaggar and P. Duncan: 6 swigs; I. Stewart and A. Davison: 8 swigs; Punk and S. Blott: one third of a bottle; N. Wilson and F. Gordon: half a bottle; P. Jack: greater than three quarters of a bottle.

Parameter measurement

Successful solo ascents of the north face of pine trees were measured by oral receipt of cries for a rope to abseil down with.

Jumping over fires was observed visually. Success was gauged by the lack of tripping over branches and the lack of burning breeches. Inability to stand was gauged by tripping over comatose bodies.

Inability to get into one's bed was gauged by the requirement to place subjects in their sleeping hags under the stars without any cooperation from the subjects.

Vomit in the sleeping area was detected in three ways: visually upon opening the minibus door (it fell out), aurally (when sleeping with a vomiting subject) and by touch (having been vomited over by a vomiting subject).

Ability to drive a car safely was judged by the experimental human concerned.

Results

Mountainous activity on the Saturday

4 successful ascents of the first peak of Liathach (R. Jaggar turned back once the ridge had been reached). No attempts at the complete traverse. Some successful cragging above Shieldaig (further details unknown). Face route on Liathach (N. Wilson and I. Stewart)

Ascent of the North Face of Pine Tree:

One successful ascent was observed (Punk): this occurred midway through the period of intake. At later time periods, few subjects were capable of such energetic activity. The following day, ascent using crampons and two ice picks was attempted, hut was stalled by the subject (I. Stewart) smashing himself between the eye sockets upon removing a firmly stuck axe.

Running jumps over fire:

This was observed in several cases, between 1 and 2hrs after initial intake of whisky. Those treated with higher doses (F. Gordon and P. Jack) were particularly active in this regard. All leaps were performed without setting fire to breeches.

Ability to stand:

The ability to stand decreased with time after ingestion of whisky. One subject was particularly badly afflicted after 3hrs (F. Gordon). A second subject (P. Jack), although able to stand quite happily until going to bed, was completely unable to stand the following morning, lying flat on his front or back until midday. His tent was taken down by others.

Ability to get into one's bed

All subjects, save one (F. Gordon) went voluntarily to their beds 4-5hrs after initial uptake of whisky. The latter, quite unable to rise from a sedentary position by the fence, had to be manhandled into his sleeping bag by P. Duncan and left to sleep under the stars.

Vomit in the sleeping area

This was observed for two subjects. One (P. Jack) was detected at about 3am by the aural and touch-sensitive methods. The subject had consumed over three quarters of a bottle. (Further measurement of this subject through the night was abandoned (since 5-season bags cost £100) and the author thus spent a second night out under the stars). The second (N. Wilson) was detected visually at 9am the next morning (the subject having consumed a good half bottle) on opening up the minibus. Treatment of the condition with milk was not efficacious: white stains were observed approximately one hour later.

Mountainous activity on the Sunday

None.

Ability to drive safely

This was gauged to be safe at 3pm on Sunday afternoon by S. Blott. No measurements of blood alcohol level were taken between Torridon and Glasgow.

Sensitivity of sphincter muscles to varying gravitational forces

One subject (P. Jack) showed particular sensitivity in this regard. In the first two hours after leaving Torridon, back doors and side windows were opened between six and eight times to deposit gastric juices on the side of the highway. It was noted that consumption of a fish supper in Aviemore, far from exacerbating the symptoms, appeared to stabilise the subject.

Discussion

We have shown that Scotch whisky, when consumed to excess, has serious short-term effects on the ability of GUMC members to mountaineer. This confirms the results of Patey (1965), who described the effects on B. Robertson of amber nectar consumed at a Ceilidh on Skye upon his performance the next day in the Traverse of the Cuillin Ridge (copious nausea but ultimately successful). It has also subsequently been confirmed by the author at Steall hut (the analogous event to fire jumping being timed traverses of the wire bridge) (November 1989). Since these effects have

been mentioned by Shakespeare, it can be concluded that the young mountaineer, like his/her rugby-playing friends/enemies, must experience the sensation first-hand before he/she will really believe them. Since this is probably inherent in human nature, the sales of the various malt whiskies appear likely to be maintained in the future, so long as clubs such as the GUMC continue to operate.

Conclusion

Rarely, in the history of the GUMC, has so much whisky entered and left the bodies of so few in such a short space of time.

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Whisky, eight out of ten owners said their guts preferred it

WINTER

Kenneth V. Crocket - 1970

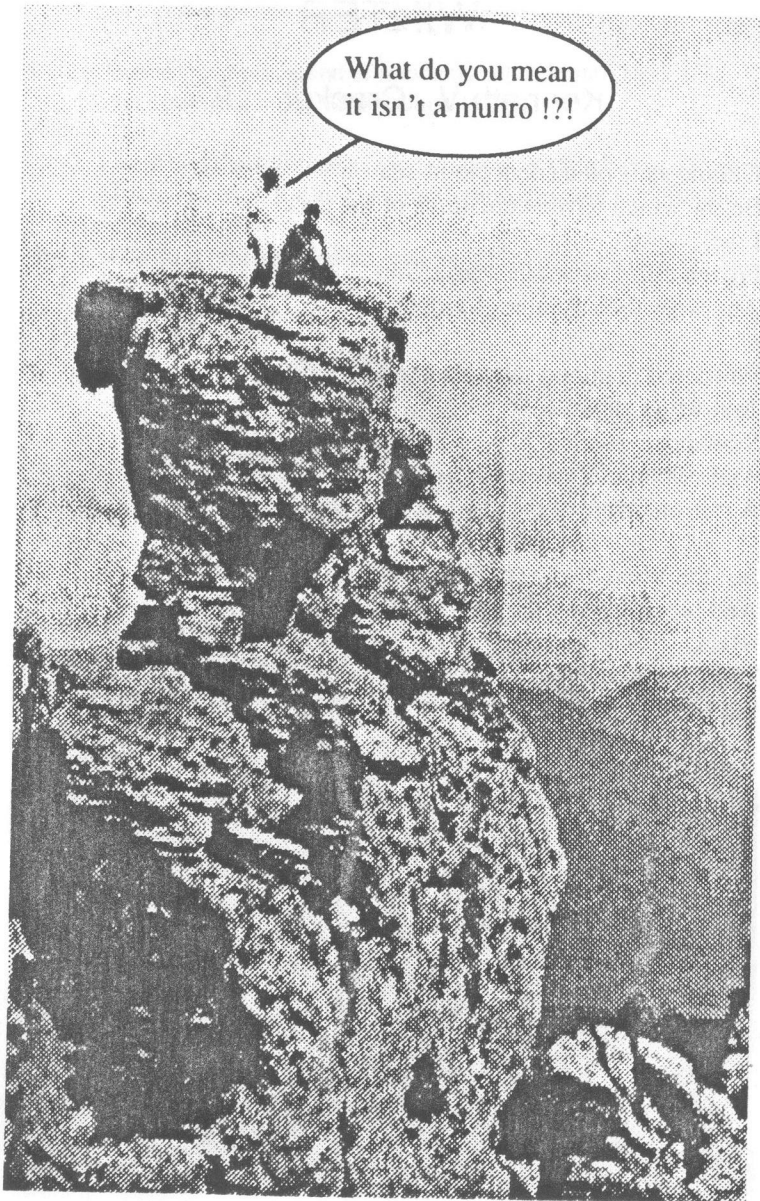
Granite sails on a silent cloud-sea
Below which terrible creatures of the dark
Live.
Frozen cliffs wink at a scarce Sun
And wear their Winter gloriously.

Powdered diamond screams at each foot-step
And white slopes echo the Wind with
Sibilance .
And sometimes you see blue pillars of Ice where
A mirror-image of the sky has been frozen still.

But the Wind always howls for a sacrifice
And blue shadows die with the Sun, and turn
Black.
Then you know that you're not playing a game,
but Life.



The club's mut, Murdog, enjoying a good fester.



Lesley & Kate on the Cobbler.

A Fresher's First Impressions

Heidi Fraser

My introduction to the GUM club came at the freshers faire in the Stevie where I was suitably charmed into parting with my money in exchange for a trendy yellow card (with suitable logo) and a well organized programme of forthcoming events. I was instructed to attend the slide show where I would learn more about what went on.

The slide show was fraught with mishaps. Everything from a faulty projector to a Marlboro smoking, McEwans drinking ice cool president !! But the message got across with promotional slides and rowdy but friendly contributions from young and not so young GUM-club members. Next came the Cobbler meet, which due to the large numbers in attendance was more like a school trip, I almost expected somebody to shout: "Hold hands in pairs and fingers on lips, children !". Due to a slight navigational error, the walk took longer than expected but was no less enjoyable. Back on familiar territory, in the pub I was informed by the club secretary that the GUM-club was very sociable and contained large numbers of available virgin men... where are you all, please call ?!



Some of the "Lads" posing for a spot the virgin competition.

'TWERE WELL IT WERE DONE QUICKLY

ANGELA HOOD - 1952

I was rudely awakened at 1 am on the morning of 12th June last year.

"It's a bit wet, but I've been out and you can see the tops, so we can go," came eagerly through chattering teeth. Then:

"Come on, John boy, time we were moving," said Stewart.

John, whose subconscious mind had been affected, no doubt, by the steady beat of rain on canvas all night, grunted, heaved, and went back to sleep, muttering :- "Thank God, we can't go."

I peered out. It was wet; it was also dark and cold. John was soon awakened to the horrors of the situation, too, as the hostile light of a candle pierced the gloom, and the roar of the Primus shattered the air, drowning the comforting sound of rain and wind outside.

Our aim was to traverse the main Cullin ridge from Gars Bheinn to Sgurr nan Gillean, returning to Glen Brittle by the evening bus from Sligachan; hence our early activity. The rigours of meeting the cold air, getting fed, clothed and booted, were soon enough over, and their horrors almost forgotten by the time we passed the sleeping hostel. We felt a certain sense of superiority over it's snoring occupants.

Soon we were walking up the Corie Lagan path. The night had faded to gentle greyness, and the rain was smirring down silently in the still air. No one spoke as we passed the lochan, crossed the mouth of the Corie, and went over the shoulder of Sron na Ciche. There was only an odd word as a hare started up before our feet, and as the dark shape of Rum rose through the greyness of the sea.

We were walking, in silence, along the path towards Coire nan Laogh, Stewart first, I behind, and John at the rear. Suddenly before us on the track

a being appeared, walking ahead of us. He was not a climber, nor a shepherd, but wore a raincoat, ordinary black shoes and trousers, and a cap. He cast a hurried almost terrified glance at us, then went on walking hurrying a little, and hirpling, his hands in his pockets. We went on for two or three hundred yards like this - the stranger only a few yards ahead of us. We felt it was impossible to greet him with a cheerful "Good Morning" and had begun to speculate, in whispers what could explain his unusual behaviour, when, hurrying even more now, and stumbling in his haste over the rough ground, he turned uphill. We passed on, and the solitary figure disappeared into the mist behind us. Somehow this strange encounter fitted in completely with our situation. There was an eeriness and mystery in the still silence of the morning. Sea, sky and mountain merged in a uniformity of grey. There was a tension in the atmosphere that was realised as the stranger turned and hastened clumsily away.

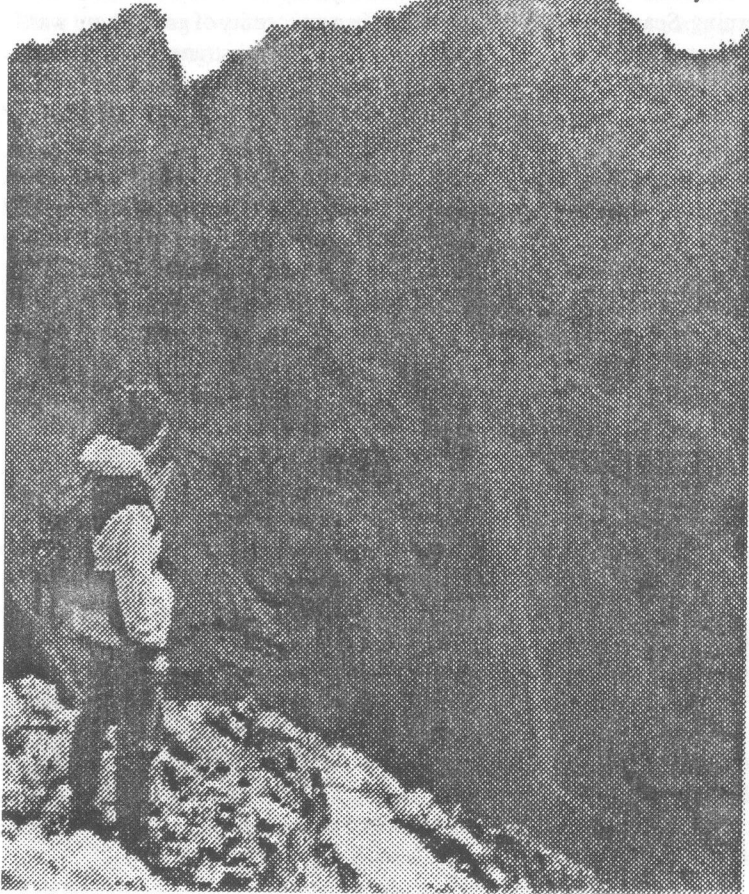
The scree slopes of Gars Bheinn seemed endless. It was 7 o'clock when we at last reached the summit, and rested and ate. The rain was coming down heavily now, and the mist was close around us, as we sat in the lee of a boulder. This was the one miserable moment of the day. We inwardly cursed the Cullin, and the rain, and our soggy clothes, and thought longingly of warm dry sleeping bags, and sleep. The next five hours had little to distinguish them. We moved steadily over grey rock and scree paths, and time slid past. Crag after crag loomed out of the mist ahead; Sgurr a' Choire Bhig; then Sgurr nan Eag; Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn passed. The rain had stopped now, and the air was calm but still the mist eddied about us. It enclosed us in a tiny and ever changing world. Time had ceased to exist; only our constantly changing environment marked our passage. There was no feeling of progressive movement or any physical effort. We just moved, and the close world of rock, water filled crannies, and the sparkling colours of rock-plants moved with us.

The rhythm of movement was disturbed as we roped down into the Thearlaich - Dubh gap. On the North-east side a great hole cut down to Corie an Lochain - a cauldron filled with cold churning mist.

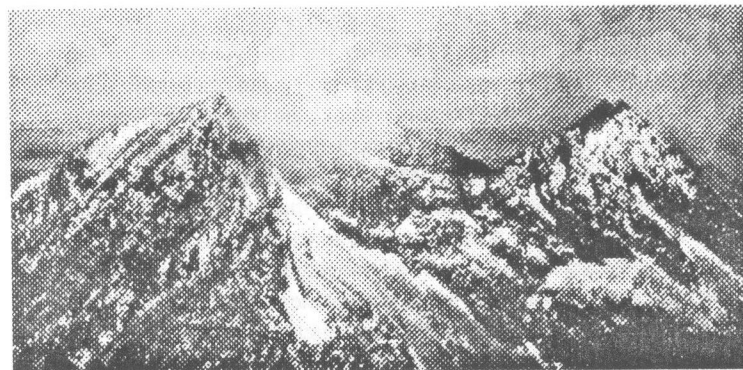
Soon we were over Thearlaich, and Alasdair, and then Mhic Coinnich (whose summit we reached from the North side). Our first feelings of tiredness came as we ascended towards Sgurr Dearg. The eleven hours since we had left camp had passed almost like a dream.

It ended when we reached the Inaccessible Pinnacle, and there met with other climbers, and talked with them. We roped up, and climbed the shorter West side of the Pinnacle, to lie back and sleep on top. It was a hard bed.

We awoke soon to a new world, and what was to seem like another day. The mist had lowered and was a white lake below us. Above, the sky was cloudy, but over everything was a hint of sunlight. Our world was a black line of peaks suspended among the clouds. There was a promise of glory to come, and we faced the long curve of peaks, sweeping away to the cone of Sgurr nan Gillean with a new vitality.



Simon gets a chance to show off his North Face gear



Banachdich and Ghreadaich

It was now that I began to note with curiosity the effects of being tired. Over Sgurr na Banachdich, I felt very weary and sleepy. We had a short rest on each of the summits we passed, and this feeling gradually wore off, to be replaced by unsurpassed elation. I remember the delight in movement I felt as we were descending the narrow part of the ridge from Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh, a narrow sloping pathway above the clouds. The rocks were sufficiently interesting to keep one's sense alert, and yet movement seemed quite effortless. I felt ecstasy in being alive and moving in such a place.

Sgurr a' Mhadaidh's four peaks passed and then the long ascent of Bidean Druim nan Ramh. Body became detached from mind. It was just inevitable that we should move on, and on.

I remember the joy of innumerable rock-pitches from Bidean Druim nan Ramh over An Caisteal and Sgurr na Bhairnich. The delight in movement remained with me, and I felt affection for every hold I used, every controlled movement I made. The lowering sun was casting a glow over the ridge, and to the West all was warmth and light. I think the beauty of the scene was the reason for my feeling of being excitingly alive. but it seemed the more striking that I should feel ecstatic when I was bound to be tired physically. The ascent of Bruach na Frithe was almost a walk, and therefore tiresome, but it was not a case of dragging one foot after the other. as I would have expected. The will to move seemed to be all that mattered - one's muscles obeyed easily and willingly. With this summit, the end was in sight - only three more peaks to traverse.

Bruach na Frithe has the reputation for being the best viewpoint for the Cullin. But certainly the scene westward this evening can rarely have been surpassed in beauty. The sun burned not far above the horizon. Still below us was a great flat sea of mist, stretching far in all directions, and on fire with a hazy golden light. Stark against the blaze, the great jagged peaks of the Cullin curved snaking towards the sun. Here and there shimmering snow patched the mountain flanks, pointing up the black magnificence of the peaks. It was strange to realise that we had traversed these mountains; we felt as if we were gazing on another world and yet they lay beneath our feet.

Our movement continued again - down Bruach na Frithe, up and over Sgurr a' Fionn Choire. As we crossed the snow to the left of the Basteir Tooth, and skirted the north face of Am Basteir, a long smooth glissade down Coire a' Basteir tempted our weary limbs but not our minds. The final cone of Sgurr nan Gillean drew us upward. By now we seemed to have been moving for an eternity. Time had long since ceased to matter; life, for us, consisted in our attaining our goal. Time had gone, the rest of the world was forgotten; and movement being only a necessary part of our aim, was made by mind, not body.

The hills glowed red in the light of the sinking sun, as we sat at the summit of Gillean. It was 10 o'clock. But I at least, was unimpressed by the scene, feeling only an overpowering sleepiness. We set off downhill quickly. It was a long way down to Sligachan, and almost dark by the time we were off the boulders. Crossing the moor, we lost the path, and wandered a bit. No one spoke, nor stumbled. We moved mechanically and swiftly, in a drowsiness of sleepiness. Ages later there was hard road beneath our feet and at 12.30 we arrived at the Hotel.

Sgurr nan Gillean was still silhouetted black against a sky glowing faintly red. Our day was ended, and we were full of content. With eyes already half-closing, we found shelter in a tiny boiler-house, and soon were relaxed, cold, but in blissful unconsciousness, on its floor.

KARA BINER'S PROBLEM CORNER

HELEN MACKAY - 1960

Dear Kara Biner,

I'm a fairly experienced mountaineer and have just come down to University from a bothy in Glencoe. Unfortunately, I find that I can no longer devote myself solely to the climbing cult, but am becoming very interested in both Logic and Natural Philosophy. On Saturdays when I should be half-way up a V.S. I find myself still in the reading room with a textbook in front of me. What do you advise?

K.B. Yours is a serious case, demands severe measures. I suggest a complete change of occupation. Give up University and seek employment as a whiskey taster. These men are required urgently by all distilleries. No doubt you have the necessary experience.

Dear Kara Biner,

When I came to University last year, I was bubbling over with the joys of University life and full of ambitions to climb really well. Now I find that all my ambitions seem to have vanished and I live in a perpetual haze. Can you tell me what is happening?

K.B. Reading between the lines, I would say that you have joined the Glasgow University Mountaineering Club and may even have gone "climbing" with them. Try to see less of these people; they only want your subscription for beer money anyway.

Dear Kara Biner,

I'm a very keen fresherette, but as yet unaccustomed to G.U.M. Club meets. Last Friday, a rather handsome committee member offered to take me

climbing for the weekend, to Dunoon. Do you think that I should go ?

K.B. Most definitely not. There is no good climbing near Dunoon. Get him to take you to Clashgour instead.

Dear Kara Biner,

I'm very interested in climbing, but I'm unfortunately a very slow walker. My average speed is 1.5 m.p.h. on a flat road with no rucksack and the wind behind me. Do you think I would derive any benefit from joining the G.U.M. Club.

K.B. You should stick to hill walking for a while yet. Try to increase your speed by climbing Gilmorehill daily while a friend times you.



Brian, "giving it some axe"

Pauline's Fifth Munro

Mark Sanderson

"I need another rest"

"Oh God !"

"But I'm tired"

"Oh all right !"

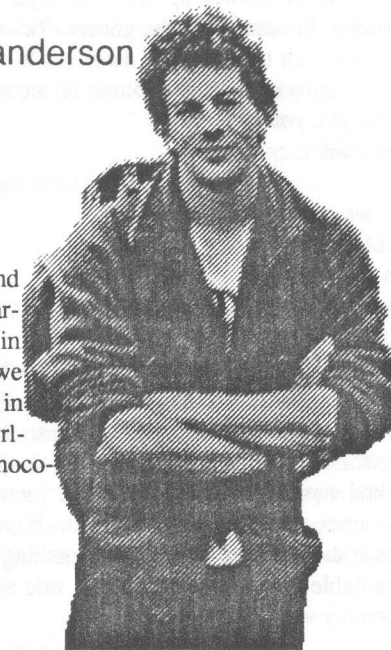
This was a shite weekend. Friday and Saturday were disasters, Friday we argued, Saturday we went sight seeing in the fog and then argued ! And here we were, Sunday, half way up a hill in more bloody fog and Pauline, my girlfriend, required another 15 minute chocolate chip cookie stop.

"How far up are we ?"

"bout a quarter", I growled

"I'm doing well aren't I ?"

I sighed, "Yes dear"



The author having a "shite weekend"

To be fair Pauline was doing well. She is one of those unfortunate women who are introduced to mountaineering via their boyfriends. Not for them the gentle discovery and learning of the joys of walking. For them it is the sudden and frightening realisation that their boyfriend has completely forgotten what it is like to be a newcomer to the hills. They get dragged up 'nice little ridges' which are neither 'little' nor 'nice'. Its either sink or swim. Pauline's list of first munros was a testament to this treatment.

- 1) Stob Gabhar,
 - 2, 3) Sgurr Fiona and Bidean 'a Glas Thuill on An Teallach including the pinnacles,
 - 4) Buchaille Etive Mor via Curved ridge.
- and now number five was to be the Inaccessable Pinnacle.

"Are you ready yet ? Its past 15 minutes"

"OK, OK ! Don't rush me !"

We moved off slowly up onto the ridge from Glen Brittle, passing the vegetation line and on to the gabbro. Time passed.

"I don't know why we are bothering, we won't get a view!"

"We might, you never know."

"Don't talk crap."

"Can we have another rest?"

"WHAT!?"

"I'm tired."

"All right, all right."

While she's eating her biccies, I must point out that Pauline is a perfect match for my attempts to turn her into a stereotype climber. For a start she insists on being clean all the time, worse she'll try to make sure I'm clean as well. For example, while lying in a sleeping bag in a tent on Arran, she attacked me with cucumber scented facial wipes. She can be a great complainer, while climbing An Teallach, she insisted that we stop for a rest because she had the flu! Also if something isn't going the way she wants, she is liable to sit down on the hill side and refuse to move until things happen her way.

"Come on lets get going, its not far"

"I don't see the point in climbing this thing when we won't get a view!"

"Well...the cloud may break"

"It won't, I guarantee it won't"

We picked our way over the narrowing ridge to the summit of Sgurr Dearg and on to look at the 'In Pin'. To a couple of inexperienced climbers it looked frightening. We headed for the short side.

"Lets do this now, or I'll want to turn back", said Pauline. We quickly roped up. I looked for the route. I could see two possibilities and thought the left one looked better. I was wrong. Unfortunately I discovered this halfway up. I was safely on a wide ledge, but there was no gear, no hand holds and the only way up was via a very wobbly flake.

"Have you put any protection in?", called a voice from below.

"Erm, no."

"Mark, put something in.", the voice was getting firm.

"There's nothing here."

Up until this point in my life, I had always thought that it was the leader in a rock climb who was in charge of the pitch. HE decided the route. HE decided when to put gear in. But this illusion was shattered by one simple statement.

"I'm not letting out any more rope until you put some gear in!"

She meant it.

"This is just what I need,", I thought, "a backseat driver on a rock climb."

I put a wedge into a useless crack, shouted success to my controller below and moved to the flake. Although the protection wouldn't hold if I fell, it gave me some stupid confidence to pull up on the flake and continue to the top. Where I was belayed, I couldn't see Pauline at all, but somehow she made it up, and literally as her knee touched the top, the clouds parted and fell below us. We were on top of the Pinnacle looking at a bloody great cloud inversion! The sea was just cloud with Rhum, Eigg and Canna poking through.

"I thought you said we wouldn't get a view!"

"Well...er...Shall we go down now?", changing the subject is another of her tricks.

Pauline abseiled first, but stopped halfway down, turned to some people watching us and used her final and best feminine wile, girlie charm.

"Could one of you take my picture? I'll give you my address for you to send the photo to."

A couple of embarrassed shots were taken (none were sent) and she continued down. I followed down after her, we basked on Sgurr Dearg for a couple of hours not really believing what we had done.

"Not bad for my first five munros eh?"

"Yeah, not bad."

Maybe it wasn't such a bad weekend after all.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

ANDY - 1953

Dear Sir,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, aware that if all the female inhabitants of Glasgow were placed end to end, without shoes or hats, they would extend from Q.M. Union to (approximately) 10.3 miles south of Paris. I worked this out last night.

If, however, only those among them who are capable of working a Primus stove were thus organised, I doubt if the line would reach our city's southern boundary. Indeed, few women appear to possess sufficient self-confidence, patience, trust and compassion to make friends with a Primus, let alone understand its personality. When I look at my old faithful companion shining shyly, if a little brassily, in the corner, yet eager almost to reply if spoken to, I cannot account for this at all.

A lady friend of mine once hid behind a stone pillar while I fried her a few mushrooms (which she nevertheless ate)—she said the stove might blow up. What slander! The only eye-witness of a Primus bang I ever heard said that it happened because a young woman tried to fill it with alcohol while it was being primed. The bottle flew out of her hand smack into the kitchen wall. This is not surprising; the Temperance Society informs me that alcohol has been used to propel rockets at three times the speed of sound. Anyway, what was she doing filling the poor creature with alcohol?

The petrol stove, a cousin of the Primus, eliminates any such mistakes with fuel; according to the manufacturers, it burns the same petrol that one's car runs on. Hardly a good scheme: what if one forgets to bring the car?

Mass-training of the ladies is the only answer to this social problem. The questions they usually ask, "What do I do now?", "Which way do you turn this?", and "Shall I pump it now?", point to priming as the chief difficulty. The best way to learn is to fill the stove with water, and place a whistle on the jet. After priming and pumping, its joyous note and clouds of steam will proudly announce success, if any. Just picture the happy scene in a training bothy; the roaring of Honours class stoves, the harmonious whistles of

Ordinary Primusologists, strumming of guitars, clanking of pumps.

Meanwhile we could all feed on condensed milk, sardines, and cold brose.

Yours, etc. .E PLURIBUS PRIMUS.

P.S.— If you really can't learn to do it, try attracting his attention by darning his socks.



The first GUM Club meet at the Cobbler

MY FIRST MEET

JIM NISBET - 1952

Having assured all friends and relatives that I intended to come back in one piece I set out on my first climbing expedition. I will omit that part of the meeting during which I walked from Anniesland to Crianlarich. It was a gruelling experience, and to recount it would deter all but the hardiest souls for ever participating in this enjoyable sport of climbing.

The journey entailed :- battling through snow and ice; listening to my two experienced companions, Donald and Stewart, tell how any lorry driver would give us a lift; and being shown how to eat my own sardines after the tin had been opened with an ice axe. The beauty of snowy Glen Falloch by moonlight was rather spoilt for me by the weight of my ruck sack and the frequency with which I had to stop to bemoan my poor fate ! But it was not an unprofitable experience. I had Proposition 1 of the Climbers' Manual proved to me - "It is unwise for any climber to wear boots that are too small for his feet." The converse is also true - "It is unwise for any climber to have feet which are too large for his boots." The proofs of these are self evident to anyone who has walked from Anniesland to Crianlarich in tight boots ! That night in Crianlarich Hostel I learned that it is unwise to light huge fires in stoves when the hot water pipes are frozen solid.

Next morning dawned bright and clear and at the ridiculous hour of 8 a.m. we set out for the Y gully of Cruach Ardrain. Already I was becoming aware that breakfast seemed to consist of oatmeal. Later in the day, by watching Chris, I realised that it is absurd to have deep snow and short legs at the same time. However we all enjoyed the climb and to get down we simply sat on a snow slope and proved Newtons Laws of Motion. Further points of interest were that :- 1) conditions at the top of a mountain bear no resemblance to those at the foot, and :- 2) ice axes must not stick into the person in front or the one behind.

That night we went and camped in the woods near Tyndrum, and by a remarkable chance met Paul and John in the bar there. That night we had a fire that drove us into shirt sleeves, but later I found that two complete sets of clothes are necessary inside a sleeping bag when your breath is freezing to the tent, and a balaclava is necessary when one has carelessly put ones

hair too near the candle. Also it is better to let everybody eat your food at the beginning of the meet so that you have less to carry later on. I was learning a lot.

Next day my feet were so bad that I could not join the others in climbing the Central Gully of Ben Lui, but I should point out to other novices that the climbing party were very pleased when they got back in the moonlight to find dinner waiting

From Tyndrum we went by lorry to Glencoe, which is a climber's paradise but unfortunately was not at it's best then, due to the mist, rain, and snow. We decided to traverse the Aonach Eagach, or the "Ridge of the Eagles." As with Cruach Ardrain the ridge first loomed before us and then towered above us before we reached the top. I gather from what I have read that this looming and towering is a property of most mountains. The traverse of the ridge took a long time. I had no nails and Don, whom we had met at the hostel and who was being introduced to climbing, had neither nails nor ice axe. Fortunately one of the party knew the way, and he kept assuring us that the next snow covered vertical pinnacle was the last. Of course he was ultimately correct. When we reached the road the party split up, and the rope coilers did not overtake the others till the Clachaig bar.

During this day I had proposition 1 proved to me, but my most interesting discovery was that if the man in front of you falls down one side of a ridge, it is your bounden duty to throw yourself down the other. Perhaps I should make it clear that in the case referred to it is assumed that you are joined to the other fellow by a stout rope.

Next afternoon a lorry took us to Bridge of Orchy. When Paul and I set out for the hut at Clashgour it was after dark, and stormy, and the others were setting out to climb Ben Dothaidh. We didn't see them again - till next term, that is !

The last session I learnt is that Clashgour is an ideal place to stay, but the task of fetching water inspired us with the most wonderful hydro schemes.

THE GOOD GUM CLUB GUIDE TO MOUNTAINEERING

Andy Stewart

The Mountain and its Uses:

Geology consists of stones and dirt... the large stones are known as mountains. Mountains are of little value, being exceedingly primitive and crudely built. Their chief use is for climbing. The only practical results from climbing is to climb down again. Students who climb mountains for sport are known as mountaineers. Those who descend are known as survivors. Of course, there are also professional survivors, known as guides.

The Mountaineer:

The mountaineer is in a class of his own and is, indeed, a unique individual (along with the other mountaineers).

The mountaineer is only found in areas with a favourable climate, many beer halls and steep cliffs in summer, and many beer halls and an arctic-type climate in winter.

The summer mountaineer is usually in a pair, but it is not uncommon to see five or six together, at one time. Many pairs can be seen congregating in relative harmony on cliffs near roads and beer halls. The summer mountaineer is commonly observed wearing only a thin skin in various shades of blue and brown, normally badly worn, stained or soiled. Short, but more brightly coloured strands encircle the neck and hang from the waist. These give the impression that the summer mountaineer is experienced and knows what he is doing! Summer mountaineers communicate through a series of hoarse and coarse yelps. Cries that indicate surprise can be heard when one falls off!

The winter mountaineer is not unlike the summer mountaineer, with the exception of sporting a large hump on his back, having retractable claws and spikes, primarily for use when climbing snow and ice. The winter mountaineer starts off the day walking with a light, springy step. This soon disappears, especially if he is struggling through deep snow or is climbing uphill. The winter mountaineer faces many dangers; avalanches, falling ice

and no lip salve. These hazards can prove fatal, especially having no lip salve.

The mountaineer is easily distinguishable in a social gathering because they have an affliction of talking non-stop about their respective activities, boring the pants off non-mountaineers.

The best way to attract these people to your house is to build a large rockery in the garden which will have to consist of several summits, most of which have precipitous faces and connecting ridges. Waterfalls, snowfields, cornices and a refrigeration unit will be required to attract the winter mountaineer. Alternatively, you could lure them back with promises of beer!



Paul looking jolly macho

THE SIEGE OF POINT FIVE

ROBIN SHAW - 1959

Readers who fall into either of the two succeeding categories, (A) Purists. (B) Friends of Cunningham, Noone, Smith (of E.U.M.C), Patey, Lovat, Marshall, Brown or of any other of the more competent but less fortunate parties which have assailed the gully are advised to read no further unless under the influence of a strong sedative.

The idea of climbing the gully had been present at the back of my mind ever since first seeing it but I knew that a good leader (or two, as I'm rather heavy) would have to be found. The "idea" remained a vague hope fanned occasionally into heat notably when I met first John Alexander and later Ian "Dangle" Clough, both ex-Kinloss M.R.T. members. Though Sassenachs, they had an intimate knowledge of the Ben and of many other Scottish mountains and Dangle had been up the first pitch of Point Five the previous year with Hamish McInnes. McInnes was to be at the C.I.C. Hut in January with Dangle and John and taking pity on my eagerness they invited me also.

January saw the party with the exception of McInnes, who had since gone the way of all flesh, but with the addition of Doc Pipes another K.M.R.T. member, installed in the hut. A post-Hogmanay haze and a slight unsteadiness made any attempt on Point Five inadvisable so we devoted our energies to the ascent of two easier new routes of a probably more enjoyable nature.

However, one crystal clear morning four heavily laden figures clanking ominously could be seen making their way round into Observatory Gully. After an hour's flounder up the powder snow which lay deep in the gully we came to the foot of Point Five. Above us it stretched as far as we could crane our necks. An inspection of the start of the first pitch showed that conditions were not promising. For 100 feet a slab reared up covered in thin ice broken only by short bulges of more promising snow and ice. We hesitated. "Aw c'mon," I said hopefully, "Let's have a bash at it," quickly tying myself onto the middle of the rope with a "Blo you Jack" expression. There was a scramble towards the rear but poor Dangle was not quick enough and soon found himself tied firmly onto the 300 feet of doubled 3/4 weight rope, presented with "Thor" our modified brickies hammer and a large bundle of ice and rock pegs, and pushed towards the pitch. He climbed slowly

upwards pausing every now and then as a spindrift avalanche poured down the gully. Meanwhile "Doc", John and I shivered at the foot of the pitch discussing in cheering tones the strength of the pegs which Dangle had in as runners. Three hours later Dangle was up two thirds of the pitch and found a good peg which enabled him to descend rapidly for a rest and to prevent us scoffing all the tea and sandwiches for which Doc had thoughtfully returned to the hut. John was tied on to the rope now and two hours later arrived at the top of the pitch as darkness was falling and pulled off McInnes's bolts put in the previous year. "The next" he said gleefully as we descended to the hut having left fixed rope hanging down the pitch and the rest of our gear to pegs at the foot of the pitch.

John's appraisal of the next pitch was not wrong as we found having prussiked to the top of the first pitch the next morning. John, Dangle and I stood on the restricted stance which we had cut and gazed at the pitch which had stopped most previous parties with the exception of Cunningham and Noone. Joe Brown, himself, had been "bombed out here and descended", in his own words at the "terrible speed of 32 feet per second per second". Everything depended on the condition of the ice. It was still water ice but if it was good though time consuming the pitch might go.

Dangle again found himself in the lead and he made his way up on the front points of his crampons, up the steep section where a rock rib held a peg left by Patey when he baled out. A little higher he inserted another peg, clipped on to it and moved up the bulge. He hung there and banged an ice peg slowly in above him, clipping first his rope and then another into it. He rested a minute and moved up muttering a curse as a large spindrift avalanche thundered down on his head. An hour later he was at the top of the pitch where the angle eased slightly before up to form a nasty looking bulge with the gully walls no more than five feet apart.

Two hours late he was still at the top of the pitch preparing to abseil off on four doubtful rock pegs which were strung together with line. We made our way quickly down in the twilight to the hut where a welcome mug of tea prepared by Doc was waiting us. Over a welcome cigarette we surveyed the additional equipment and rope which had been brought up from our base at Cameron's Barn in the Glen. We now had about nine hundred feet of rope and about 60 assorted rock and ice pegs. It was decided to split into pairs from now on and work in shifts! So next day in a small blizzard Doc and I struggled up to the gully with our additional gear only to find it the scene

of a continuous spindrift avalanche which did not abate in the fifteen minutes we waited at the foot. It was obvious that we could not climb today so on our return to the hut I decided to descend to Fort Bill and find a Blacksmith who could make some bolts and brackets. As it was obvious to us that both natural belays and suitable peg cracks were scarce.

Two hours later I was in Fort Bill only to discover that the nearest Blacksmith was 60 miles away ! I was about to return to the hut when I remembered that Dangle knew a mechanic called Sammy in one of the garages. After a but of a search I found him, a stocky jovial chap who devoted the rest of the afternoon to finding out exactly what I wanted and making it, occasionally mumbling, "Och, itz's lucky fur you the boss is no' in."

The next day Doc and I were again pushed out of the hut protesting as Dangle and John climbed back into their warm bunks. However, it was worth rising. Every detail of the Ben showed crystal clear and the mountains of Lochaber were beautiful silhouettes in the frame of Glen a' Mhillin. Three hours later after a strenuous tussle with the fixed ropes, pitch three towered above us and my voice could be heard afar protesting in string terms to Doc, "Aw, Ye canny put me in the lead; me wi' ma mangled crampons". But Doc unruffled, merely reminded me that yesterday as I stood shivering on a stance I had said that I was tired of this standing about and wanted some action. So I was pushed protesting towards the pitch, garlanded with an alarming weight of iron mongery which I proceeded to get rid of, narrowly missing Doc with three pegs and a plank, and banging in as many ice-pegs as I could.

Cutting steps and handholds was a slow business in the clear ice on which we were now on and I was indeed thankful when I was able to place a peg in the deeper ice over the bulge and hang, resting and soothing my nerves with nicotine. I could hear dangle and John at long last risen from their beds, swarming about on the previous pitches arranging the fixed ropes to better advantage. Directly below me the uncomplaining Doc leaned heavily on the rope to keep me on and I gave him a cheery grin as a minor spindrift avalanche poured down my neck. I threw away my cigarette and returned to the problem of upward motion. A little later I was over the bulge and looking for a belay having taken about two and a half hours for the last 35 feet. I spent half an hour looking for a crack and finally had to come down due to dark on ice pegs, leaving the rope running through the topmost one

for the next day. We were now further than any one had got before in winter and speculation was great that night in the hut as to whether the weather and our luck would hold.

It was another beautiful morning, the stars slowly being displaced by the light of the rising sun as John and Dangle left and Doc and I climbed back into our bunks. Later in the day we visited them and they called down that progress was at least being made as the angle had eased, though it still required handholds to be cut, and at parts they were able to chimney up using the gully walls. Doc and I continued our walk over the arete and up Carn Mor Dearg were we enjoyed some magnificent views in the setting sun before making a quick descent to cook a meal for the boys. Spirits were good round the glowing stove that night as we learned that we were now below the last major summer pitch - a steep wall of about eighty feet.

The next day Doc and I, finding ourselves below this pitch were impressed and it was decided that I should lead the easier section to where the wall steepened, establish a belay and let Doc lead through. I cut up and over a small bulge reasonably quickly as we were for the first time on snow ice, and some work had been done on this pitch by John the day before. The next two hours were spent fixing a belay. Boring holes in Nevis rock is a laborious and lengthy business but it gave us a much needed belay on the next section. John and Dangle arrived in time to watch Doc lead the Cave Pitch and to watch me being hauled bodily over the last steep section. They followed us quickly and we set to work as light faded, to climb some ice covered slab which after a short snow slope, barred our way up the gully. This Dangle did climbing carefully and faultlessly as we had no belay and no time to make one. We pressed on, passing several small but awkward pitches en route till the gully ended abruptly on the summit. We shook hands but there was no time for celebration as it was now 10pm and thick mist. We descended gleefully Number Four Gully and soon the Primus was roaring and we were sitting round the glowing stove passing our last cigarette from mouth to mouth and recalling moments of the climb.

The methods we used and the time we spent will no doubt become the subject of bitter controversy. It took us 29 hours actual climbing, discounting time spent fixing belays which was considerable, and on climbing fixed ropes each day. Had we chosen to climb the gully without retreating each day it would have required about 40 hours climbing time, and daylight being as it was, this would have meant at least three bivouacs. We preferred to

have our "bivouacs" at the C.I.C. Hut considering it ridiculous to bivouac, for instance at the top of pitch one, as we would have had to do otherwise. We were very lucky in the ice conditions which time consuming were reasonably safe. The gully is noted for its unpredictable nature; conditions also vary from pitch to pitch. In 1957, for instance, Patey took 10 minutes on pitch one but pitch two was in bad condition and he had to bale out. In 1958, McInnes took five hours on the same pitch and Cunningham and Noone one year climbed the pitch solo, climbed the second pitch but had to retire due to the condition of pitch three. I have no doubt that Point five will be climbed in less time but a party will have to be very lucky to find it in suitable condition to climb in one day.



Andrew Ogilvie on Foxy-Woxy

Big Things, Little Things.

Andrews Ogilvie

Last Summer Johnny Dawes, author of the Indian Face, an ultra-desperate "death route" in Snowdonia, turned his attention to a single pitch, bolted slab in a slate quarry to produce "Big Things, Little Things" E9 7b.

October 21st, second unremarkable day of the Glencoe meet, low cloud clinging to The Buachaille at half height and a light wind pushing out of Glen Etive towards the white corries: under the ski tows on Meall a Bhuiridh we stop for water. A ski tow is not a pretty thing (but to be fair to them, nor am I) and in an attempt to find some scenery I watch the water tumbling over the rock. I turn to Mark, our illustrious secretary, to whom you owe this journal, and to whom I owe my interests both in "proper" mountaineering and fractal geometry (whatever that is)

"The joy of living in a fractal universe is that you can always find something to look at."

Head to the side, he regards me from beneath one raised eyebrow and, after an admirable hesitation, replies, "Bollocks."

So it is that it gives me particular pleasure to address the self-same topic in this, his brainchild; that there is complexity at all levels, that mountaineering is not all sweeping gesture, high drama, "One day my son all this will be yours!"

I remember a baking day high on the Etive Slabs, there is the sound of a breeze, a crow has flown over me. I turn and, for the time I can spare to watch it, it seems to hang like a lure from my right hand rope. Back at Jacksonville we meet the "CreagDhu" who, far from beating us up, give us a gipsy cream and some tea, drunk from an empty milk carton. Times were hard. Remembering also that James and I climbed Coire Mhic Fhearchair together, up a steep buttress on a rainy day in August: perhaps he thinks of finding that Cassin piton at the crux, or running the scree on the descent, for

me its a broken piece of heather that blew across the path, and its whiteness, reminding me of driftwood.

Sure enough when I sit with my friends over a pint we can agree the height of Cairngorm, the length of the South Cluanie ridge or the exposure on Kinloss Corner but, like children playing doctors, it is where we diverge that the fascination lies. It may simply be that climbers develop a grateful eye for detail (this is particularly true of peg runners) but I wonder if it does not signify an acquisitiveness, more than just Munro/route bagging, in which it is necessary for us to identify every experience uniquely as evidence of our individuality, to assert our presence as crucial. I notice that I am an indispensable character in my fantasies.

Mountaineering is undeniably about big things, mountains: stand on top of Cir Mhor in the evening, faces plunging to the glens with Kintyre pointing to distant Ireland, crimson Caisteal Abhail and Ceum Na Caillich serrating the Kyle of Bute. I make no case against the grand illusion, levitation is a good trick - a step for witches - but let's not forget those little things, ourselves. Incidentally, that day on Meall a Bhuiridh, the hill of the rutting, while we sat at the cairn feeding the dog we could hear the stags roaring in the glen - it all comes down to bollocks in the end.

SO WHAT ?

Brendan Hamill - 1970

There are 276 "Munros" in Scotland. The sum total of the heights above Sea-Level of the summits of these mountains is 912,440 feet (172.8106 miles).

For a Hill-Walker of average fitness to climb each one individually from sea level to summit would involve the expenditure of 1,115,200 Kilocalories of energy, equivalent to the energy used in running a normal electric light bulb night and day for 18 months. To replace this amount of energy he would have to consume 310 gallons of milk, 4460 Mars Bars, 37,000 prunes, 32 cubic feet of Kendal Mint Cake or 2230 pints of Guinness.

PORTRAIT OF A CLIMBER, D. H. FINKLE

J. S. S. - 1953

In any portrait gallery of earlier members of the G.U.M.C., D. H. Finkle deserves a prominent place.

My first encounter with Finkle was when we walked along the road together at the beginning of his first meet. His kit was packed in a small gas mask case and a brown paper parcel, and his coltish gestures and the look of wistful appeal in his eyes gave an impression of youth and innocence, of one deserving care and protection. Experience notwithstanding, his friends on meeting him still sometimes have similar feelings, and the charm he thus exerts must be a great asset professionally, especially with old ladies. He was at that time just beginning his studies in the Faculty which has produced more odd characters than any other in the University, and Finkle made his own modest contribution. Without neglecting his proper pursuits or deliberately cultivating eccentricity, Finkle eagerly, if sometimes vicariously, set himself to sample the cherries from the bowl of life.

The Mountaineering Club was by no means his only interest but on few of its gatherings did we miss his slow grin, and his uncultivated but powerful voice was prominent in the songs the men sang before guitars and hill billy stuff became prevalent.

He was generous and unselfish to a high degree, and would willingly share his last kipper or his toothbrush with any in need. This characteristic also showed on a more abstract plane, and in the political and religious arguments we had Finkle was noted for his tenacious idealism and faith in the innate goodness of mankind. On these occasions his ability to disregard unpleasant facts that did not fit his theories would reduce his opponents to speechless amazement, while he leaped wildly on from absurdity to absurdity.

Yet in some respects he could be singularly obtuse, and could cause discomfort by his carelessness of appearances. This I found when hitch-hiking with him. It was a regular part of his technique to conceal his

rucksack. I said this was a dubious practice, but he did not agree. If drivers were to be shocked, let the shock be gradual. He would therefore stand, a tattered waif, ignoring lorries and patiently thumbing the more opulent private cars. Not until his host had drawn up did he produce his large and greasy rucksack, festooned with nailed boots and battered utensils, and then with the courteous smile of a Chinese bandit he would squeeze in. He showed no sign of sharing my embarrassment.

No observer of his dress and camping habits could call him fastidious. He was a good scout, but would never have made a good Boy Scout. He would have been stripped of his tenderfoot rank at the first inspection, and never have got within smelling distance of the badge for picking up bits of paper and peel. But who will criticise, for many a boy must have found the material to gain this award simply in the litter strewn by Finkle as, unwashed and unrepentant, he went on his way among the hills.

Although in some respects far from fastidious, yet in others he was extraordinarily so; and his contrasting approaches to different things made his character one of great interest. He would fuss about the softness of his bed, yet show the indifference of an Oriental beggar to the squalor of its surroundings. He would be fussy about what he ate, but happily eat it off an unwashed plate encrusted with traces of a week's meals.

Nowhere did this choosiness show more than in the selection of climbs. On occasion a terrific urge to climb might induce him to chuck everything aside and make for the nearest rocks, but usually his appetite needed to be tempted with the prospect of an expedition of merit. The best way to arouse his interest was to produce something in print extolling the proposed climb, and to murmur the words "classic route." His imagination thus fired, there would be no holding him. But his preference for a literary to an empirical approach in route selection could produce startling results. Once a suggested mountain was contemptuously dismissed by him as a mere slog. Someone produced a journal article giving a glowing account of the qualities of its N.E. ridge. This won Finkle over. We climbed the ridge, and thoroughly enjoyed it. As we relaxed on the summit, I lazily suggested that perhaps we had got the ridges mixed up and that the one we had climbed was not the one described in the article. Finkle's immediate and indignant comment was: "Good Lord, do you mean to say we've come up a bloody minor route?"

Once on the climb he was a most excellent mountaineer, of sound judgment and tempering boldness with the right measure of prudence. He has many excellent routes, old and new, to his credit, and few did more than he to keep the standard of climbing in the Club at a high level. But, *semper excelsior*, he now does his climbing in more august company.



John "the helmet" living up to his name

THOUGHTS CONCOCTED IN A SLEEPING BAG

ROBIN ROBINSON - 1953

Every man is, or hopes to be an idler. It was therefore somewhat to my surprise and dismay that I first found myself sitting in a bus bound for Ardgartan and for what I fondly supposed would prove to be an existence bounded by fierce cold battles against the elements, and nights of unbelievable discomfort. Some relief from this unhappy prospect came, when I discovered that, so far from consisting of the body of highly energetic and athletic mountaineers I had expected, G.U.M. Club was in fact composed of a motley crew whose only common rule seemed to be never to exert themselves unnecessarily. It is to the study of this most civilised art that I have devoted the past two years.

The most daunting obstacle which faces the comfort-seeker is the enormous amount of luggage with which he may, all too readily, be burdened. In the depths of his inexperience, a climber appears to have the choice of either freezing or starving or being so weighted down as to be rendered practically immobile. A little thought and inquiry into the habits of one's fellow beings, however, soon points to a solution. Generally speaking the contents of a rucksack can be split up into the following components:—clothing and bedding, food, cooking equipment and climbing equipment. Clothing and bedding should not be economised on. In addition to being necessary they have the advantage of being light and bulky so that one's rucksack can appear well filled without being heavy. Ladies and newcomers always bring far too much food, so that their charity and goodwill can always be traded on to a surprising extent. Cooking equipment can be distressingly heavy but some enthusiast nearly always has a new Primus that he is dying to show off and use. Climbing gear can be lightened by forgetting to bring a rope, provided someone else is sure to have one. Ice axes are a nuisance but elimination of these can have unlooked for and uncomfortable results. Needless to say, if tents are required then somebody else's is always to be preferred.

As far as the actual climbing is concerned there is the unfortunate necessity of having to go to the top of a hill before one can come down. Various

methods are favoured. Some people, ladies in particular, travel more or less enveloped in a cloud of steam, and the ascent is punctuated by frequent stops in order to discard or replace yet another garment. Personally, since I find it unnecessary to slim, I prefer just to plod on and concentrate on beautiful thoughts like love or fruit salad. If the weather is reasonably clement, such pursuits as bathing or watching other, more agile, beings perform on boulders, can make a pleasant break in the continuous effort of the climb. In cold weather however, standing about will lead one to be over energetic in sheer self defence.

Climbing then, while not necessarily involving a great expenditure of effort, can be pleasantly indulged in with considerable comfort and dignity. One has the advantage of being able to pose as an intrepid Spartan without the disagreeableness which are assumed to be an integral part of such a character. In addition, climbing opens up vistas of luxuries which, while not perhaps unique to the sport, could scarcely be indulged in with propriety in the more fashionable holiday resorts. One need not, for example, shave or brush one's hair; one can lie in bed all day with meals cooked and eaten all in the same place. The scope for indulging one's own sartorial tastes and eccentricities is limitless, and much use is made of this. Truly, climbing is a sport for the individualist.



G.U.M.C.

50th ANNIVERSARY ANTHOLOGY

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

DOUGLAS EASTON

GUMC member 1946-1953; worked with Ciba-Geigy in Paisley until 1970, then itinerant colour chemist in North America; Toronto, Louisville (Kentucky), Cincinnati, Hobbies now fishing, birds, etc. Returning home to Scotland.

NIGEL & MOYNA GARDNER (FLANIGAN)

Nigel is Assistant Head at Clevedon School, teaching physics so doomed to no early retirement. Moyna did retire with voice loss and works with Scottish CND, deals in antiques, sings in Euridice. Three boys, engineer, hospital management, and environment.

BILL & NANCY MACKIE (PATERSON)

Now retired. Send friendly greetings.

IAN McFADZEN

Been in General Practice in Alberta since 1971, in the shadow of the Rockies. Has hung on to the one wife, Eileen, and produced four kids, eldest 27, one teaching in Quebec and another nursing in Tuktoyaktuk. Regards to all.

EILIDH NISBET

With GUMC 1951-1959, mostly freezing winter meets, insulated by old newspapers etc. Went into geological museum work, moved to Edinburgh, freelance archaeology. LSCC 1961, secretary 1972-1981; climbed in Austria, Switzerland, Norway & East Greenland. Needs driver.

STEWART & JEAN ORR

Went into skiing, then sailing, combined with children and eventually grandchildren production. Did medical physics at Hammersmith for ten years, then the human side of computing. Hill-walks with the "Old Folks".

DEREK PARLANE

Joined GUMC 1952, V-Pres 1959, due to National Service, not abnormally

slow study. Still climbing & hill walking. Daughter, Shelagh, joined GUMC in early 1980s. Mourns the passing of the Clashgour mouse (and old stove).

MIKE SCOTT

GUMC undergraduate 1945-50, postgraduate 1951-56. Also Inverness MC in 1951. Worked in Western Malaysia 1956 to 1969 with hobbies including jungle trekking and sailing. Resumed hill walking in Scotland in 1969 and still active.

BRIAN CRYSTAL

I was a member from 1965-1970 and was treasurer and President during that time. I can't say I was very impressive in either job, but then I wasn't much of a climber either. I only started climbing fairly seriously after I moved back from London in 1973. I have been climbing regularly with Cris Eilbeck from Cumbria, but now living in Edinburgh since then. I had my 21st birthday party there in 1967 - 20 people staying in the hut, a piper, barrel of beer, the works. I still have a very embarrassing set of slides of that occasion.

ROBIN SHAW

For the record, I was at Glasgow from 1955-57 and 1959-63, I'm a member of the SMC and the Rannoch Club. After graduating at last with an MA, I worked with Outward Bound in the UK and the States, for a time as Chief Instructor of the Oregon School. I took another degree in the USA then returned to Scotland. I have continued to be an active climber and to pursue other outdoor sports. In the last year I've climbed in the Picos de Europa as well as the Sierra Nevada, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, the Lakes and Harrison's Rocks(!). I've also skied in the USA and sailed the Atlantic in a small yacht. I earn a living teaching and writing, sometimes technical, sometimes fiction. Among my publications is a climbing/canoeing thriller and a book published by Doubleday in the USA modestly called The Climbers Bible.

JIMMY LOGAN - (NOT THAT ONE!)

The Club was good to be in, between 1958 and 1965. "Dougie" had a scooter and eventually a motorcar which allowed us to get to Fort William in winter, that was like the end of the Earth when most of us depended on lifts to get to Arrochar and Glencoe. Our regular new year meet was at Lighean on Loch Tay, with the obligatory hangover ascent of Ben Lawers on the 1st.

BRENDAN HAMILL

I don't have any profound recollections or anecdotes of my days in the GUM Club - although I may have been the only Secretary of the Club to have been ejected from the Kingshouse for attempting to dismantle the wrought ironwork in the lounge bar, in the aftermath of a particularly enjoyable dinner meet.

CAMPBELL FORREST

I was responsible for the publication of the early 1970's journals. I was one of several members from the late 60's who gravitated (or elevated) to the SMC, much of my climbing (I still do) is done with SMC members. Those that are ex-GUMC, with whom I still climb are Dave Jenkins and Colin Stead.

R.V. CRAWFORD

I was a member, and served the committee between 1976 and 1981 and can recall many memorable people and events. I can remember being at Clashgour on one occasion when an elderly gentleman entered and told us that he had been involved in the construction of the hut.

MALKY THOMPSON

Probably the highlight of my time in the GUM club was the GUAC centenary expedition to climb Mont Blanc in Winter (Christmas/New year 1980) - which was very successful. Those involved were Bob Soutar, Alistair Taylor, Martin Lawrence, Roger Webb, Steve McHardy, Donald McKinnon, Alister(JC) Conkie, Danny Mcshane, Jimmy Reid and myself. We had sponsorship from several sources including Point Five (who went bust shortly afterwards!). The BMC gave us nothing saying that they did not sponsor "suicide trips" and the MC of Scotland gave us nothing stating that they would not sponsor a holiday trip! Anyway we all got to the top (save Steve and Donald who really suffered from altitude sickness) and most of us got frostbite in the toes. Danny almost lost some toes because they were black for weeks afterwards.

Overall I had a great time with the GUM Club, where I first learned to climb; rock and ice, munro-bag, gulley swim (Clachaig Gulley was a sort permanent obsession with the GUM club at the time), moonlight traverses of the Aonach Eagach and other mountains, drink 15 pints on a Friday night then walk 15 miles into a bothy --- and so on. Most of my long term friends I met through the GUM club and I think if you ask a lot of people they will tell

you that there was a tremendous crop of individuals and a strong camaraderie in the GUM club during the late 70's and early 80's.

Since leaving the University, I have taught in Falkirk, Fort William and Kinlochleven, climbed in the Alps and the Himalayas (In the Engardine, on Piz Bernina, in 1989 I was struck by lightning and lost some teeth). I am now a great fan of paragliding and have now had many successful flights in Scotland and the Alps. In fact If you look on the inside front cover of the August edition of the Scots Magazine, you will see a photograph of me flying off the summit of Ladhar Bheinn wearing a Kilt.

G. SCOTT JOHNSTONE

Entered University 1939. Founder member GUMC 1941. Graduated BSc Geology 1946. Joined British Geological Survey, working mainly in Scottish Highlands. Retired 1982 as OIC Highland Unit. SMC Guide Editor 1958-66, Author SMC District Guide "Western Highlands" 1966, joint Editor "Corbetts" 1990. Married Molly Baird, GUMC Founder Member.

MOLLY JOHNSTONE (NOW BAIRD)

Started hill-walking 1936. In 1938 went with Elspeth Fenwick to climb the Cobbler and met Jimmy Mitchell. First Munro Ben Nevis 1941. Present at first meet of GUMC in 1941. Outcrop climbing in Kent and Derbyshire during the war. Since then, in Europe, Australia, New Zealand and Mount Sinai. President Ladies Scottish Climbing Club from 1983-1986. Completed Munros 1990.

ROBERT RUSSEL

GUM Club '61-'68. Committee member and Clashgour custodian. BSc (zoology) '65, PhD '68. Married '68 and lived in Denmark until '72. Moved to Edinburgh in '73 and became a schoolteacher (biology). Interests include sailing, cycling, hill-walking, reading, and home-brewing. Definitely a brown-bread, beard and sandals type, and moderately bad guitar player. This side of 50 as yet.

MARGARET S. JONES (CAMRASS)

Member GUMC since 1947. Lecturer (early education) Jordanhill College of Education till 1978. Married Douglas Jones of Leeds 1969, widowed 1989. Still enjoys hill walking with Ladies Scottish Climbing Club.

JO BURNS (NOW DUNTHORNE)

GUMC 1955-57. Married Gordon Burns 1958. Widowed 1983. 3 Children. formerly social worker, now psychotherapist & trainer line in Edinburgh, cottage in Applecross- friends welcome. Interests: countryside, jazz, sculpture, travelling. Memories: Mary Noble's MG. Camping with rats by river at Kingshouse.

HELEN WATSON

GUM Club 1959-62. Married Martin in 1963 and lived in Glasgow until 1966 when moved to Fort William. Worked in DHSS then moved to Hampshire in 1975 and a computing job with Wiggins Teape. Now only do a little hill walking but enjoy ski-ing and archery.

MARTIN WATSON

GUM Club 1961-62. Married Helen in 1963, became Chartered Accountant in 1964. Worked in Fort William Pulp & Paper Mill 1966 and was a member of the Mountain Rescue Team until emigrated to Basingstoke in 1975. Gave up hill walking and took up dog walking and golf.

TOM STEWART

Graduated 1958. 6 Years RAMC. Since then general practice in Aboyne. Interests - mountaineering, ski-mountaineering and mountain biking. Regular trips to the Alps. Already completed second circuit of Munros. Now infrequent rock climbing. 20 years member of Braemar Mountain Rescue Team.

DR. BRONWEN DATTA (NOW OWENS)

Graduated MBChB 1956, acquired Post-graduate qualifications later. Currently working as an Associate Specialist at Ruchill Hospital, Glasgow. Married Dr. Dipankar Datta in 1969; have one son and one daughter.

ERIC SYMON

GUM Club 1952-56. Climbers Club 1959-present. After service in RAF joined BP Exploration in 1959. Worked in East Africa, Trinidad, Libya, USA and around the Arabian Gulf. Climbed and walked on various mountains around the world but mountaineering was gradually replaced by sailing. Married in 1976. Retired recently to South Devon. Enjoys sailing, walking, skiing, woodwork, and pubs.

DOUGLAS FORBES

Graduated MA 1957, LLB 1960. Secretary 1957, president 1958, Clashgour convenor 1959. Thereafter travelled to Inverness and Edinburgh, returned to Glasgow 1964. Climbing memories: bus outings and hired minibuses to Arrochar, Glencoe, Ben Nevis, Clashgour, CIC Hut, Skye, Lake District, North Wales. Many happy nights in any bar from Balloch northwards.

NORMAN TODD

GUMC 1945-51 MBChB Now aged 63. Psychiatrist: now part-time. Married: 4 children 1 grandchild. Member SMC. Climbing: still have 34 Munros to do. Some alpine climbing late 1950s/early 1960s. Last major trip: east Spain 1974, Kilimanjaro, Mount Kenya. In recent years mountain walking in Greek islands and mainland.

JOHN AIRD

Now 66 and retired from the law in Inverness. In 1990 was hut to hut climbing in the Austrian Tyrol, including the Wildspitze. Also scuba dives, windsurfs and works with the Strathspey Steam railway.

FAY FOTHERINGHAM (NOW ANDERSON)

Married and lived in Kinlochleven for 23 years. 3 children (2m, 1f). Husband member of the Glencoe Mountain Rescue Team for 27 years. Fay is local schools lab technician. Still active on the hills.

JOHN BLACKBURN

Taught and lectured in English at Oban, Heriot's, Moray House, Edinburgh University etc. After coronary by-pass et al. took early retirement 1982. Married, three sons. Now setting papers, writing/editing books as a freelance. Serves Ass for Scottish Literary Studies and Advisory Council for the Arts.

CHRISTINE GALBRAITH (NOW JOHNSTONE)

Married to Scots Canadian who plays the bagpipes; two children who climb; eg Yukon. Hillwalks and skis in the Rockies, Alps and Scotland. Field Practice Professor at Toronto University and Social Work Supervisor in Child Welfare.

ALAN & MARGARET LAIRD (MCEWAN)

Active in, and brought together by, the GUMC in the early 1960s. After living in various parts of England and in Finland now settled in Surrey. Career in computing, now a manager with Bull. Still doing some climbing,

magnificent holiday 1989 at Pic du Midi D'Ossau.

DONALD KINLOCH

GUMC Vice-President 1952, since then in the SMC. Climbed in Norway, Pyrenees, Alps, Alaska, Julian Alps. Consultant gastroenterologist at Chase Farm Hospital Enfield.

MARJORIE LANGMUIR

Happy to be settled GPing in Aviemore after the Middle East. Africa and the West Indies. On the hills a lot and all kinds of skiing. Like to go somewhere different in case infected with collecting. Treks to exotic places but just to confirm that there's no place like Scotland. Good dosshouse for old friends.

NANCY LOGAN

Many memories of good GUMC times. Now retired at 71 and limited to winning golf trophies. Has walked the foothills of Nanga Parbat, glaciers in Kashmir and over to Shiskang. In Katmandu hospital when Hilary expedition member treated for frostbite.

NORAH MCINTOSH (NOW STRAWBRIDGE)

Happiest memories of University in Glasgow are of the GUM Club meets. Went to Cardiff for first job in town planning, married a Cardiff man, brought up three children. One of her daughters is a very keen rock climber.

HUGH NOBLE

Now free from institutionalised work. With small pension, HIDB grant, and computer, gone to the highlands to set up a one-man, hi-tech, bothy-industry. Writes software, chops logs, and walks wife. In 1989 did the Troumouse Cirque Arete in the Pyrenees, loose, exposed and hair raising. Rambles up occasional Munro. GUMC past and present welcome to Portnacroish, Appin for chat, coffee and hillwalk.

ANDY & FRANCOISE PAJACZKOWSKI

Met at Glen Rosa joint meet in May 1952, now live in Harpenden. Andy left ICI in 1983, now a technical translator. Francoise taught modern lang. until 1990. 4 offspring (1m, 3f) now spread from NY to Sydney. Several recent seasons mountain walking in the French Alps; occasional nostalgic visits to Clashgour and the Lost Valley. Both ski regularly.

BOB BAXTER

Member of GUM Club in early fifties. Secretary and then President in 1954/5. Now employed by Unilever in Holland after a period running a number of English food factories. Married, with three grown up sons. Sports now sailing and, when based in UK, golf.

NIGEL ORR

164, Mugdock Road, Milngavie. Vice-president in 1953-54. Physics (Glasgow), Electrical Engineering (Strathclyde). Physicist with the Greater Glasgow Health Board.

SALLY ORR

Nigel's wife. Classics (Edinburgh), Archaeology (Cambridge). Four children. Organise playschemes for children in adult hospital wards.



*The traditional sunset ending...
Looking south from Bidean to Loch Etive*

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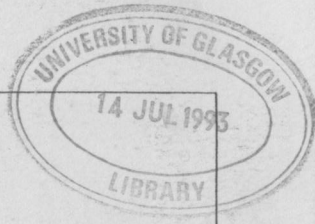
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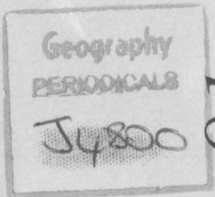
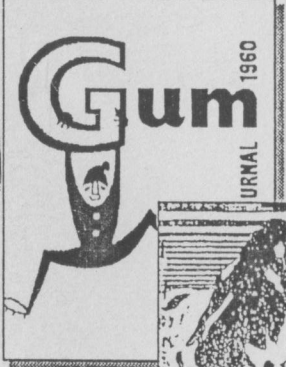
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