

## NORTH OF THE BORDER

Scotland's size, sheer variety, and huge number of mountaineering opportunities meant that it was a must if a long weekend or more was available. Inevitably, so many trips spawned many a tale.....

Scottish winter climbing in the GMC began in 1968 when Terry Clare, Alan Cowderoy (Cowboy), Maurice Ewing and Fred Heywood went up to Glencoe for the Christmas holiday, travelling up in Terry's old Wolseley, which consumed oil and petrol in equal proportions. They stayed at the bunkhouse at Clachaig. Cowboy decided to try and drink his way through the extensive whisky menu and later, sadly, christened his new and very expensive sleeping bag. They did the Clachaig Gully, splashing their way through supposedly frozen waterfalls.

On Christmas Eve they did the Aonach Eagach, starting and finishing in the dark, and considered it good training for the Alps trip that Alan Rouse had planned for himself, Fred and Maurice the following summer. On Christmas Day:

*"We found that Scotland was closed and the only way we could get a drink was to buy Christmas Dinner at an hotel. Unfortunately the hotels had a dress code".*

In the early seventies the routine was to get Maurice Ewing, the Club's fastest driver, to hire a car. Then, full of climbers and gear, it was driven at breakneck speeds to Glencoe and Fort William. Of the climbs done there is little recall but the drive there and back, in "a little over four hours" has certainly stuck in the memories of those who were there.

For the hill-walkers particularly, the northwest exerted a strong pull: an early visit by Heather Read and John Huxley was to Torridon, an area the Beamers were to make their home not long afterwards:

*"The smell of bacon cooking on a 3,000 ft high rock ridge is a wonderful thing for the nostrils to experience. But there we were, Heather and me, breakfasting on the ridge of Liathach. The previous night we had pitched our main tent, the Canvas Castle, in the pine trees in Glen Torridon and headed up to camp at about 2,500 ft, along with Kim, Heather's game old labrador. To the north, the corrie was filled with cloud and fabulous Brocken Spectres were thrown upon it by the sun at our backs, each with its heavenly little halo. The traverse of the ridge was enlivened by Heather's frequent worries about Kim, but he was more sure-footed than we were. The day finished with a Huxley descent - straight down over an endless series of small cliffs, made more interesting by having the dog to think about. We fed Kim and headed straight to the bar. A very polite chap, who we knew later as Alistair Holmes, was serving. Many drinks were imbibed".*

From 1972 to 1974 the Club spent Easter camping at Invercoe, at the west end of Glencoe with its fabulous view over to Ardgour. Some of the members were under the impression that the traditional way of drinking was to down pints of "heavy" accompanied by a malt whisky every time. In time they realised the fatuous nature of their mistake. It also explained why they got so drunk. In 1972 a fearful storm flattened almost all the tents with the exception of the Canvas Castle, a heavy ex-army two-man tent that Huxley, Heather and the dog were sheltering in. The intake of alcohol the night before did not help in dealing with the disaster. There was plenty of hill action, including Stob Coire nam Beith, Bidean nam Bian, and Stob Coire nan Lochan;

Sgorr Dhearg above Ballachulish, the Buchailles, the Aonach Eagach, and an excellent ascent of Ben Nevis one very snowy day in 1973.

Durness, a few miles east of Cape Wrath, was a popular camping spot in the mid-seventies. It had that combination of northern-ness, a superb coastline, and excellent mountains such as Ben Loyal, Ben Hope, Foinaven and Arkle. It also had the back bar of the Cape Wrath Hotel, with its imaginative closing times and its characters from across Scotland and further afield. In 1973 Mike McEneaney, Heather and John Huxley camped overnight on the summit of Ben Hope, having spent the week before at Invercoe, a week which included the ascent of Ben Starav and a meeting with that great character, Sammy the Fishwatcher. To quote from "A 'Phone-call from Dave" (Magazine no.14):

*"Afterwards we wandered off to Glen Etive, parking down the Glen not far from the head of the loch and walking as for Ben Starav, past the house of Sammy the Fishwatcher, now sadly boarded up. Now there was a character! I remember, in 1973, him regaling Mike M., Heather, Jan Coates and myself with tales of the police blocking the A82 to catch the drinkers leaving either the Clachaig or Kingshouse, and many other stories. The tea and homemade bread was something special and, not surprisingly, there was a whole wall of postcards from people like ourselves who had been benevolently intercepted on their way back from Starav. We sent him one of the Pier Head on our return".*

At Easter 1975, there was a small group (Les Fowles, Mike McEneaney and the Huxleys) encamped at Roybridge in Glen Spean. A couple of excellent days were had on the Grey Corries to the east of the Aonach plateau, on the various Stob Coire group of peaks, the snow lying deep and crisp.

In July of that year there was a major gathering at the Dalmally campsite on the road to Oban. Ben Cruachan was the main attraction before the group moved on to Kinlochewe. Pete Robinson, Les Fowles and John Huxley had an epic day on Ben Eighe, eventually descending to Kinlochewe in the midge-infested twilight. Heather particularly remembered trying to cook mackerel that night. The following day they drove to Achnasheen station to see Kenny Clowes off to the south while Mike McEneaney joined them on a train going the other way. The group then went up to Durness before finishing off an excellent multi-centred trip in Glen Nevis.

In October 1975 John & Gill Beamer chucked their jobs in (at British Rail and the DHSS respectively), bought a landrover and a caravan, and installed themselves north of Ullapool. The Huxleys duly went to visit them one sunny autumn day. Fred and Dot Heywood were also staying close by:

*"I remember a bottle of Glen Morangie disappearing quite rapidly when we got there. I also remember driving the landrover back from the pub, and a trip with some locals to go musselling one very hungover morning. But the abiding memory of that trip was the day we spent in the wilds of Ben More Coigach, with its wonderfully unspoilt ridges and lack of paths. Hurrying off the hill in the gathering gloom towards the Stac Pollaidh road, we saw a figure standing at the end of a low rock ridge to the north. As we approached the figure took to the air and soared above us, to this day the finest view of a Golden Eagle I have ever seen. Les and Mike also paid a visit to the caravan, the time they returned to find that estate staff had dug a ditch in between the caravan and the road".*

The Beamers eventually spotted a place in Torridon, always their preferred location, and they moved into the Plumber's House at Easter 1976. To come out of the back door of their house

is quite an experience. There is a nice little garden, perched on the slope, but above it the mountainside leaps uncompromisingly up to the ridge of Liathach. From the front of the house, Ben Damph is just across the loch.



Outside the Beamer's house in 1980 – Mike McEneaney, John Beamer, Les Fowles, Gill Beamer, Simon Glover, Gill's Uncle Edgar, June and Maurice Ewing

The Bank of Scotland used to write sternly to Gilly about her overdraft, complaining also about the "nature of her expenditure" (she often cashed cheques in bars, this being more convenient than waiting for the mobile bank).

Chris Hall stayed there for about three months one time; he decided one day to give the house a good clean. This included throwing away a piece of tissue paper on the shelf above the fire. Unfortunately the said piece of tissue concealed Mr Beamer's contact

lenses and Chris was considerably verbally abused for his pains.

Then there was the famous range in the Plumber's House:

*"Heather, Chris Hall, myself and Benjy the dog were driving to Torridon via Callander and the west. It was fairly early on, and the road was full of early morning animal casualties. At Chris' behest, we stopped to pick up a fully-grown hare which was dead but apparently undamaged. It was later cooked in the range at Plumber's House as 'Jugged Hare'".*

Very early on in the Plumber's House saga the Beamers were sorting out the electrics which meant, among other things, that there were no floorboards in the guestroom, with the result that one had to be careful where one put one's feet. Huxley unfortunately got this wrong one morning and to the consternation of the rest below his foot suddenly appeared through the wooden ceiling of the room below. Mr Beamer's comments are unprintable!

At Easter 1979 a group camped wild at Tomdoun on the road to Kinloch Hourn, much to the keeper's disapproval. The Beamers and Janet Ford joined them from Torridon. A few miles down the road was the Tomdoun Hotel, about to be reopened, apparently, by its new proprietor, M. Luc de la Mere, a French vineyard owner. About thirteen people attended the "grand reopening", including a fiddle player. There was no



At the Beamers on Loch Torridon in 1980. John Hall looks on to Simon Glover, John Beamer and John Huxley in the dinghy.

draught beer but they got by on dust-covered bottled stuff and whisky while Luc filled his pipe with cigarette tobacco. He was very keen to observe the licensing laws which, we assured him, didn't apply in remote areas. I'm not too sure how successful we were in that but by the time we left the party was pretty well-oiled:

*"I remember (vaguely) driving slowly along the totally deserted road in second gear, anxiously aware of the loch below and with my front-seat passenger saying 'left hand down a bit, right hand down a bit and the rear passenger saying 'he's doing very well, really very well'".*

The late May Bank Holiday 1979 was spent camping at Glenfinnan, not very far from the Stagecoach Inn. It was an active weekend, as usual, but alas it seems to be the drink-related exploits that stick in the memory. The Stagecoach had a rather enlightened closing time policy: it basically didn't close until everyone had drunk their fill. One night John Huxley decided that enough was enough and that he would stagger back to the tents to put the coffee on. This selfless act was to have potentially fatal consequences. John Hall arrived back next, enquired how things were going and shone his torch on the pan of water that Huxley was merrily heating on his stove. "There's a strong smell of paraffin round here" said Hall suspiciously. He again shone the torch and bent closer to examine the pan. He screamed: "You prat! You're trying to boil paraffin!" If any readers have similar containers for water and paraffin they would be wise to do something about it.

In June 1979 Les Fowles and John Huxley arrived from a successful week in the Cairngorms to stay with the Beamers. There was a cluster of five bottles of whisky grouped on the centre



Les Fowles, John Hall and Simon Glover  
At Derry Lodge in the Cairngorms

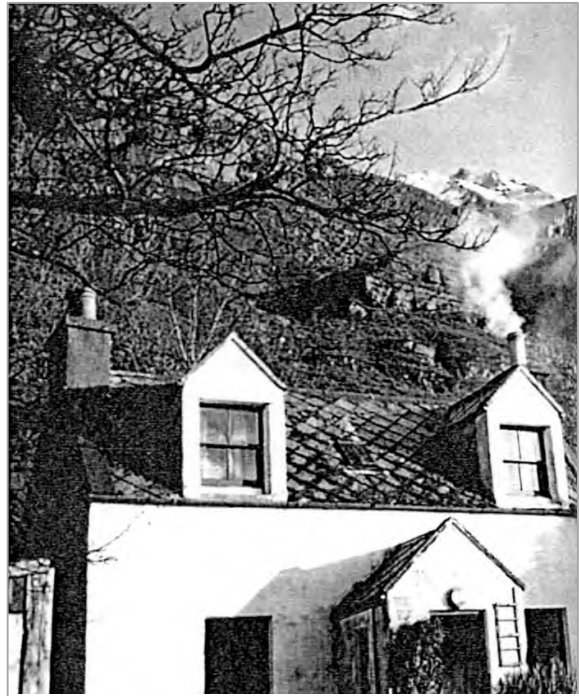
of the table in the dining room. It transpired there was to be an extension-warming party, the Beamers having just completed their new kitchen.

The following morning, with the inevitable huge hangover (more correctly, a dazed feeling) they all repaired to the bar for liveners. After a few drinks it occurred to Huxley that there might be a serious risk of all-day drinking. Stuart Stott was thinking the same and they slipped away to do Ben Alligin, climbing the mountain from the south and coming down over the Horns.

Returning to the bar, they found Les and JB asleep on the bar and Gilly, together with her partner in crime, Maggie Smith, rolling drunkenly about alongside them. Stott and Huxley were glad they had been on the hill. Apparently the rest had become involved in a villa-warming party with an enthusiastic host.



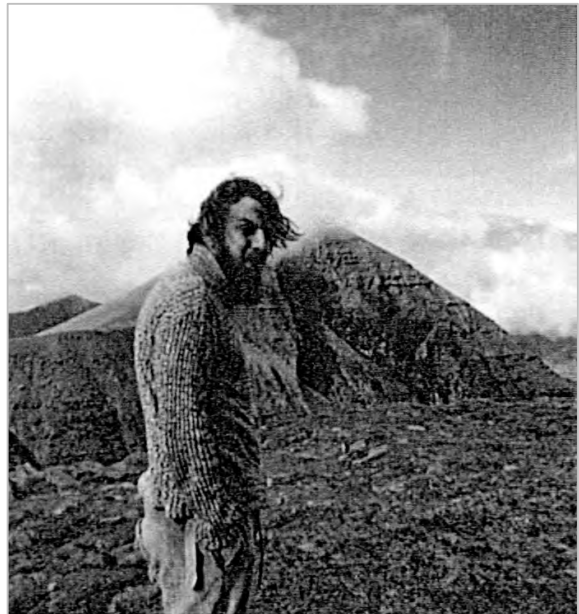
John Beamer on Ben Nevis



The Beamers' house at Torridon.  
Liathach behind



Les Fowles and Gill Beamer at Torridon



Stuart Stott on Ben Alligan

In September 1979 John Hall, Brian Dibben, Simon Glover and John Huxley set off for the Forest of Atholl:

*"It was time for another of Hall's munro-bagging trips, this time across the Forest of Atholl, or what Hall used to call the South Cairngorms. We left my Beetle at the Cairnwell and backpacked up to the summit of Glenshee (3,059ft). We then had three nights wild camping and one night in a bothy. On the third camping night we lit a fire from some old abandoned fence posts and sat round it drinking whisky: It was a tremendous trip and we climbed twelve summits including ten over 3,000ft. As we were toiling up to the final summit above Glen Tilt we hit a slight problem in the shape of an irate keeper and his young assistant. Hall had assured us that there was no problem with the stalking in this area (we later discovered that he hadn't even bothered to inquire). Quite rightly, we received a severe ear-bashing from the keeper which left his young assistant looking rather embarrassed. However, we were given permission to bag our final summit and asked to descend by a particular route. During this Hall received another ear-bashing from the rest of us. Eventually we made it down to Glen Tilt and walked down the road to Blair Atholl. I then hitched round to Glenshee to recover the car".*

Easter 1980 saw a trip to the Isle of Arran, a fabulous long weekend that marked the start of six weeks of fine weather. John Huxley had Brian Dibben and Simon Glover staying the night to save time the following morning. As they went to pick up John Mercer, a rather cultured southerner who was a prospective member, Brian threw up along the side of Huxley's orange beetle, rather too much ale having been consumed the previous night. They picked up John without further incident and headed for Ardrossan, arriving about noon. As there were several hours to kill before the ferry and the arrival of the rest of the group they proceeded to a suitable watering hole. John was appalled. "I'm going for a haircut" he announced. The rest looked at him blankly and headed for the bar. Some time later, back at the ferry terminal: "look at that bloody mess you've left on my car!" Huxley complained to Brian. "Oh, sorry John. I'll clean it up". Grasping a clump of weeds from the car park, Dibben dipped it into a nearby puddle and began to attack the pukey mess. "Oh, stop him, John" said John Mercer plaintively, already wondering what kind of company he had fallen in with.

They took just the one car over (John Hall's, whose clutch cable went!) to save money. This ferried the gear up to the campsite about a mile and a half out of town, in Glen Rosa, and the group duly climbed Goat Fell, Cir Mhor and many others. There were only two female members of the party, Jan Coates and Anne Harnden. However, Anne was bringing "a friend" (female, of course, we all assumed). He turned out to be a tall Swedish male called Svenerik, quickly dubbed Swine Eric by the disappointed male members of the party although he was not a bad lad really, they were forced to grudgingly admit.



Maurice Ewing, Simon Glover, Mike McEneaney  
and June Ewing – Beinn Fhada 1980

The 1980 Scottish venue was Shiel. Bridge (Kintail). This was an excellent, mainly sunny week, although with some spring snowfalls above 3,000ft. The group did the Five Sisters, the Saddle, Ben Fhada and had a long epic day on the seven Munroes of the South Cluanie Ridge.



Les Fowles on the dodgy crossing  
River Carnach – May 1981

In May 1981 there was a backpack to the Knoydart area. The group drove in past Loch Arkaig with a view to walking in down Glen Dessary. A slight navigational error led them into Glen Penn instead, a mistake corrected the following day with a steep climb up out of the glen and then down to Sourlies, near the shore of Loch Nevis. Ascents included Luinne Bheinn, Meall Buidhe and Sgurr na Ciche, with a dodgy crossing of the River Carnach via two steel wires.

In May 1982 there was a five-day backpack in Strathconon, remembered for some of the highest temperatures ever experienced in north Scotland. Because of the heat, walking was confined to the evening, a feasible proposition with the long hours of daylight at that time of year. Ascents included Creag Dhubh Mhor, Maoile Lunndaidh, Carn Gorm and Carn Liath. Later in the week the weather broke and the group walked out to camp outside a pub at Struy. There was a full day's walk into Glen Strathfarrar and then a thundering deluge. The week ended with a visit to Torridon to see the Beamers and dinner at the Loch Torridon Hotel, one of the

three Northern Dinners in 1980, 1981 and 1982.

One of these saw about twenty members and friends dining in style at the Loch Torridon Hotel. Everyone seemed to be on steak. The waiter was going round the table asking each diner how they would like their steak: "Rare; medium rare; medium, good and bloody". John Huxley said "Well done"; John Hall said "Burnt!"

In 1983 there was another backpack, this time to the Ben Alder Forest. Starting from Dalwhinnie, the group walked in along the shore of Loch Ericht.

After climbing Ben Alder they walked back to Dalwhinnie and camped. The rest of the week was spent doing a number of ascents in the Dalnaspidal Forest, west of The Pass of Drumochter, in increasingly poor weather. Dave Gray left on the Royal Highlander which was stopped specially for him at Dalwhinnie.



Maurice and June Ewing on Beinn Bhuidhe  
Loch Duich in background - 1980



Les Fowles and John Huxley with the Orange Beetle  
Shiel Bridge (Kintail) – May 1981



John Hall, Mike McEneaney, Les Fowles and  
Simon Glover – Cluanie Ridge 1980



The Five Sisters of Kintail on the 1980 Scottish late May visit

It was 1986: "Come to Torridon! Fowles and Huxley said to various people. "We've been up to Scotland loads of times in late May and not had a bad week yet." Well, you've probably guessed by now that it was the worst weather for the Spring Bank Holiday Week for years. On top of that, some of the group suffered severe food poisoning from a chicken purchased in Callander which Vikki had made a very nice meal out of. They stayed in two self-catering cottages and frequently got wet.

In 1987 a similar crew went up to Torridon: this time, the weather was great, with a prevailing easterly all week. A lot was done, including Ben Damph, Ben Eighe, Liathach and Ben Alligin but there were two attempts on Slioch due to dubious advice from a local expert (Gill Beamer!). An excellent party at the Beamers rounded off a memorable week.

In 1988 the Scottish self-catering week moved to accommodation near Ullapool. The week saw ascents of Ben Dearg, Stac Pollaidh and An Teallach and the discovery of a rather nice whisky called Highland Park.....

In 1989 the Club was encamped at Scourie in the far north. Foinaven and Ben Stack were ascended before moving down to Ullapool for Mike McEneaney's birthday.

In 1990 there was a return to Kintail, ten years after the successful 1980 trip: This time it was in self-catering chalets in Invergarry. This was an excellent week with eighteen members present, and in walking terms was largely a repeat of the classic ascents of the previous trip. At the end of the week it was arranged that, to mark Mike McEneaney's birthday, a number of the group would do the Ben and camp at the Red Squirrel in Glencoe. They had a fantastic day on Ben Nevis with blue skies and deep snow on the summit. Then, on the Red Squirrel campsite:

*"Sue, Neil and I stood in the midge cloud waiting for Mike Davies to finish pitching his tent. 'Oh, bleedin' hell' he intoned. 'It's inside out'. We groaned and moved about uncomfortably, dying to escape from the 'wee beasties' and into the sanctuary of the Clachaig Inn. The rest had already gone off for a meal somewhere. Mike had almost finished pitching his tent the right way when there was a loud ripping sound and more 'bleedin' hells'. The front of his tent looked as though it had experienced a severe gale. We repaired urgently to the Clachaig where the rest eventually joined us".*

The Spring Bank Holiday of 1991 again found the Club encamped at the Red Squirrel in Glencoe, this time for a week: there were the Halls and Chresesons, who stayed for the long weekend, plus Christine, Nuala, Ronnie & Mal, Dave, Les, Mike Dunno and Huxley. They had fabulous weather and a lot was done, including Sgurr Dearg, the Aonach Eagach from the old military road, the Buchailles and much else.

There was no Scottish meet in 1992 due to the Silver Jubilee Trip to Nepal so it was 1993 before the team returned, although a much-depleted group of Fowles, Huxley and the Chreseson family, camping in Glen Nevis. The weather was mixed but Huxley managed Stob Ban and Mullach nan Coirean (dog failed to follow so Fowles, alas, had to retreat down the Allt Coire a'Mhusgain) and the Carn Mor Dearg/Ben Nevis Horseshoe with Cress, an excellent day although with clag obstinately sitting all day at 3,500ft.

June 1995 saw a GMC team encamped at Sligachan on Skye. They began the week by climbing Sgurr Alisdair for Wateraid:

*"The ragged clouds added greatly to the sense of exposure on these narrow tops and although a veteran of Skye, my long absence had certainly dulled the memory of the tremendous atmosphere of the Cuillin" (from Mike Dagley's article "Skye 1995 magazine no 11).*

The group also did both Munro tops of Bla' bheinn, Sgurr Dubh Mor, Sgurr Dubh an Da Bheinn, Sgurr Thealaich, Sgurr a' Mhaidaidh, Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh and Sgurr Na Banachdich, an excellent crop of summits which edged Dave Gray ever nearer his Munro ambitions.

In August there was a Kintail meet, this time encamped at Morvich, Some new Munros were done this time, including Saileg and Sgurr a Bhealaich Dheirg east of the Five Sisters and three other excellent Munros on the north side of Loch Cluanie.

In November Dave Gray and John Huxley camped at Tyndrum on one of Gray's Munro-bagging trips, The short days demanded early starts and seven Munroes were climbed, three in the Crianlarich area and another four over by Glen Lyon.

In January 1996 a party of six, including two dogs and Bryn Roberts and Andy Chapman, set off for Torridon. This is from "Bryn and Andy's Stag Night" (Magazine no.12):

*"Mike and Martin set off to Ben Eighe in the hope of a grade 6; the Pilgrim (Bryn) and I circled Liathach and climbed the North Buttress and the Northern Pinnacles in unconsolidated snow conditions that made them seem harder than grade 2".*

Then, on the following day, with Trouble and Guts (the dogs):

*"The Pilgrim and I and our "clients" made steady progress towards a grade 2 gully which was*



Loch Nevis as seen on the 1981 Knowdart visit  
The Knoydart peninsula is on the right of the picture

*soloed until I felt inclined, as a professional acting in loco parentis, to short-rope Trouble and Guts up the steep section and the rocky ridge beyond. It proved that my career had, quite simply, gone to the dogs!"*

Early May 1996 saw a small group at Scourie again. This excellent meet included ascents of Ben More Assynt and Conival, Ben Klibreck, Ben Hope and Stac Pollaidh. It also included the beautiful walk from Cape Wrath to Sandwood Bay and the slight navigational error by one J.Huxley (See "Mad and Mapless in the North" in magazine no.13).

In August Mike Dagley, the two Helens and Bryan G. backpacked in Knoydart, doing Sgurr na Ciche (3,410ft) and Sgurr Coire Choinnichean, a Corbett forming the long southerly ridge of Ladhar Bhein. The group then moved to Skye, doing a horseshoe in the Red Cuillin and some good days on the Cuillin ridge itself. Mike writes in "Scotland Diary" (Magazine no.13):

*"At Sgurr Thearlaich we reached the real thing, the main Black Cuillin ridge. Descending off here is rather like the roof of a house, followed by a scrappy descent to the north below King's Chimney and Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. To save time we took the remarkable stroll that is 'Collie's*

*Ledge', a perfectly easy path across the west buttress with a thousand feet of exposure on our left. Once round, we scampered back along the crest to gain the small rocky summit of Sgurr Mhic Choinnich itself. Time was getting on, so we declined the savage temptation of the Inn.Pin. and descended the screes to the corrie and out to Glenbrittle".*

Later in the week:

*"A group of us tackled the Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gilleann, a fine, dramatic ascent across four ever-steepening spires of gabbro. The third and fourth spires are true, airy scrambles which were really dramatic, with squalls blasting mercilessly through the gaps. The abseil off the third was quite memorable".*

They were joined on Skye by Pete Mann, Rich Kinsman and Bryn Roberts, who climbed on



Mike McEneaney on the 1980 Cairngorms backpack  
Leabaidh an Daimh Bhuidhe

Kilt Rock (where Bryn had taken a forty-foot fall the previous year when a hold broke off) and on Sron na Ciche (Cioch Grooves and Trophy Crack-see "On Rock" for more details)

Finally, in a very active Scottish year there was a Cairngorm backpack, from the south, and involving ascents of Devil's point, Cairn Toul, Monadh Mor, and Ben Bhrotain. It was also the first experience of backpacking for Hilary Cooper and Lucy, her faithful beastie. Hilary writes in "Wild Country: My first Backpack" (Magazine no.13):

*"If it wasn't for you I'd be in my Wild Country now!" Dave glared at Lucy, who gazed back demurely from the bell of Dave's ageing ridge tent to which she had been banished for the duration of our sojourn in the Laing Ghru base camp near the Corrour Bothy".*

1997 was another active Scottish year. In May Dave Gray and John Huxley camped at Loch Leven on another Dave Gray munro-bagging trip and ticked off another seven Munroes in Glencoe and the Mamores.

In July, Dave Gray, with friends Hazel and Alistair, went to do Ben Avon and Ben a Bhuid in the Cairngorms. In "Glen of the Killer Bees" (Magazine no.14) he writes:

*"Hazel's ankle was hurting (following a sprain sustained on Lochnagar) so my collapsible ski stick was pressed into service. I've always had my doubts about this bit of kit since three women persuaded me to buy it in Fort Bill. Not only is it puce-coloured but instead of bearing some sexy French name like Vertige or Super Extrem, which would set me apart, it says down the side 'Max Kohla AG, Tyrol'. This bugs me most as I can't get rid of the image of Herr Max Kohla, a puce-coloured Herr Kohl sized Austrian, cavorting with the luscious Gretchen in his exclusive schloss, high above the Obergurglsee, on the proceeds of my hard-earned £26.45".*



Les Fowles and Ronnie Waters  
On Sgurr Dearg



Mal Lamb, Ronnie Waters, Les Fowles, Mike  
Davies, Neil Harris, Mike McEneaney and  
Marilyn Eccles on the Five Sisters of Kintail



Millie Wright and Christine Rowlands  
On Ben Hope



Dave Gray having done Ben Hope

Also in July, Pete Butler, Dave Kelly, Greg Leasor and Bill Read camped for the weekend at Derry Lodge and did Devil's Point, Cairn Tout, Ben Macdui and Sion Riach.

1998 has so far seen trips to Newton Stewart (for Merrick etc.) and, more significantly, to Skye again, where Dave Gray, firmly under the control of Mr Andy Chapman, finally completed the remaining Cuillin Munros, opening up the way towards completing them all. In "Cuillin Down" (Magazine no.15) Dave writes:

*After some scrambling over large blocks we summited on Sgurr nan Gilleann on a gorgeous summer afternoon. We descended by the 'tourist' route with me hoping each rockstep would be the final one. Eventually it was and we sat at the top of the easy path and took off the rope for the final time. In true W.H.Murray style we shook hands formally, Andy satisfied with some good guiding and me very, very grateful for having done such challenging peaks".*

On the same trip, Andy did a crossing of the entire Cuillin ridge, enlivened by electric storms. This seems like an excellent note on which to end this chapter.

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