



EASTER  
1948.

**LOMOND**  
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
**JOURNAL**



## EDITORIAL

It was with some trepidation that I agreed to take over as journal editor when Flo Grant left to join her husband in Germany. I greatly fear that the excellent standard set by Flo and Harry before her in presenting our journal has been too much for me on this occasion but my future endeavours will be to reach and maintain that standard. I am sure all wish them both the best of luck and "thanks for the memory" of their good company which we hope to enjoy again soon.

Thanks are due to the journal committee -- A.Slack, S.Drysdale, and J.Haining, to G.Fraser for the production of our cover, and to all who contributed the articles.

Before finishing, I would ask all members and friends to hand any interesting information to me at any old time at all so that I can record it at leisure instead of having the usual last minute "burst" which, allied to my shameful ignorance of the production methods entailed, has regrettably delayed this issue. The delay, however, has enabled me to include "hot" news in the form of an account of the recent Cobbler rescue by W.Russell who took part.

Joe Hutton

## CLUB ACTIVITIES

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Clubrooms on Wednesday, 4th February, 1948, and was well attended as have all our Club meetings in recent months. J.Harvey was again re-elected President and Mrs. M.Haining as Vice-President. C.Finlayson and S.Drysdale carry on as Secretary and Treasurer respectively and the clubrooms committee, who deserve our fullest praise, are also unchanged. The transport arrangements remain in the capable hands of A.Slack aided and abetted by Messrs. M.Ferguson, G.Fraser, J. Stevenson and Joe Hutton. A simple constitution was drawn up and agreed upon at this meeting and this will be found elsewhere.

The annual dance was again held in the Prince of Wales and was, as usual, a most successful function, enjoyed by all present.

Another interesting series of lantern lectures was given during the winter months, thanks again to the enthusiastic efforts of W.Russell, the high spot being S.Drysdale's movie show. These lectures attracted good audiences and the tea and cakes served later were very much appreciated by all. The clubrooms committee and the ladies who helped are to be congratulated once more on their fine efforts in this direction and it seems more the pity that the clubrooms have to be vacated in May, their use being required for extensions to business premises.

In early March a number of members were to be found in Cranston's Tea-rooms, where under the auspices of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and their Junior Section, Lt.Col. Spencer Chapman, the well-known mountaineer and author presented a film of the Greenland Expedition of 1930. We were privileged to witness scenes in which Gino Watkins participated as leader before tragically losing his life in the subsequent expedition.



Considering the shortage of films, a surprisingly large number of cameras have been in evidence, which brings to mind J. McGeoch's fine performance in taking premier award at the Physical Fitness Exhibition at the Kelvin Hall with his photograph "Forbidding Aspect" which was taken on Buachaille Etive Mor.

The popularity of the 'bus has not waned and it has been run every weekend during the winter. This, together with the influx of many new members to the club, to whom I take this opportunity of welcoming, makes it impracticable in this issue to enumerate any particular activity. This mainly, has been directed to skiing, and although the snow conditions have not been the best for the sport, it has been, I think, a fairly successful season. A few skis were, as a certain member put it, "just a leetle" broken, but damage to skis was fortunately more frequent than damage to person. Disregarding shock and other nervous disorders, our total casualties were a dislocated shoulder and a dislocated finger.

The sport was enjoyed over a wide field and many of the weekends were true club meets. Outstanding amongst those which come to mind were the "happy 'bus" weekends at Glenshee and Aviemore when the weather clerk was more than kind to us for once.

Next winter, alas, club members will no longer have the use of that haven of refuge -- Ba Cottage, as it has been burned down, whether by accident or by design no one seems to know, but many wonder.

#### COBBLER RESCUE

On Tuesday morning, 13th April, at 5 a.m. A. Slack and I got word that an injured climber was lying on the Cobbler with a broken leg. We lost no time and within half an hour we were sitting with F. Wyllie and R. Baxter in a car on our way to Arrochar which we reached at 7. At the Police Station were J. Hamilton and N. Tennant and in a few minutes we were off with the stretcher and equipment, the police sergeant accompanying us although he had already been up.

We carried the stretcher in relays of two, finding it very easy to handle, while the sergeant explained that the injured man was lying in the Ramshead Gully. En route we decided that J. Hamilton was to be leader as he had most experience, and that N. Tennant was to administer first aid, his qualification being the doubtful one that he sounded the most professional. My only knowledge of first aid was what I had learned at two lectures in the clubrooms and I was no exception in the rest of the company.

At the foot of Ramshead Gully we encountered the men from the Torpedo Range who had been unable to reach the climber but who had stayed within earshot all night. Currie was lying on the ledge from which that pitch of the Recess route called the Fold starts. He seemed quite cheerful but very pleased to see us since it was 8 a.m. and he had been there since 7 p.m. the previous night. He was soon having tea and sandwiches while N. Tennant administered a morphia injection and we then set about the task of bringing him down.



First the awkward task of fitting the Thomas splint was tackled. This was not as simple as it looked when demonstrated in the first aid lecture but eventually we got it fixed. The stretcher was brought along to within 30 feet of the spot and we manhandled Currie along the narrow ledge until we could strap him into it, well wrapped in blankets. Ropes were passed under his armpits to prevent him sliding off the stretcher as it would have to be lowered almost perpendicularly at some places. Two lowering ropes were fixed and another for J. Hamilton who undertook the job of leading.

Hereabouts we had about 100 feet to descend to the bottom. 30 feet of this was almost perpendicular and at times the lowering ropes took the strain of both stretcher and leader. We were very thankful to make use of a piton thoughtfully provided by N. Tennant and driven in at a convenient point. Loose stones were a menace and heavy rain did not help matters, but eventually we reached the grassy slopes below.

Here the going was easier, but discovering that the patient was occasionally being smacked by a boulder, we were forced to be more careful in our handling of him.

We kept a steady pace to the road, but had to bodily carry the stretcher for the last 100 yards as the journey was now beginning to tell on Currie. Press photographers were running around us for the last few yards and as we all took a dim view of their activities we let them know it, before sliding the stretcher into the ambulance which was waiting.

We were all soaked through and were thankful for the hot tea and fire provided by the range workers who with the police sergeant were at all times helpful and did everything in their power to help, even giving a hand with the stretcher after having been out all night.

One or two points now come to mind from which others may benefit.

1. Our knowledge of first aid was nil. We, I think, more by good luck than guidance, did the right thing as the doctor commended us on the condition of the patient.
2. The straps for holding the patient were too long to make proper use of the buckles and we had to improvise, while the side carrying straps should be a trifle longer. On the whole the stretcher was found to be excellent --- light and easily run over the wet grass.
3. A few pitons, carabiners and rope slings are mighty handy when steep rock faces have to be negotiated.

As far as we could gather the accident was due to the cold wet rocks and the late hour of climbing. 7 p.m. in April is in my opinion rather late especially if it is wet.

W. RUSSELL



## FORBIDDEN ISLAND

The island of Rhum is forbidden to tourists, but since the Prevention of Cruelty Act, no one, having once gained a footing thereon, may be forcibly ejected. A party of us landed there on July 1946, but for several good reasons I do not propose to make public our way of getting there. Let us say that we copied Sinbad and flew over on a roc. A big powerful roc -- for our party comprised Duncan McGeoch 2 years old, Dorothy Nimlin 3½, Bill Walker Dave Eason, Ben Humble, Peter and Chris McGeoch, John and Jennie Nimlin, and our mountainous baggage included four tents, ranging from a "tinker" to a baby marquee, seven hefty rucksacks and a pram!

We landed at noon on a fresh sunny day and found a perfect camp site on the shores of Scarsort Bay. A level sward of short grass half-circled by a wood of pine and alder overlooking a pebble beach. Above the wood rose the green foothills, and beyond them, partly veiled in mist, loomed the unknown mountains.

Our total food supply was what we carried in our rucksacks. All reserves had been sent direct to Glen Brittle, and in three days we would join the Soay fishing boat for the crossing to Skye. We therefore had two full days and the two half days of our arrival and departure in which to explore the island, but, as luck would have it our two full days were spent in camp listening to the incessant pattering of rain. Thus, my hurried impressions of this fascinating island were gained on two strenuous half-day visits to the mountains.

On the afternoon of that first day, Dave, Peter, Ben and myself set out for Barkeval, and the first impression was gained from the slopes above Coire Dubh on the north side of the mountain. Below us in the wide, green corrie, there was a rich patchwork of sunshine and shadow, and a cluster of tiny hill lochans kept flashing from grey to blue and silver in the changing light.

The hillside above was now broken by an expanse of terraced crags all lined like a great rock garden with cushions of mountain plants, and our way was full of interest to the summit which is just under 2,000 feet. The view from this top commands all the main peaks on the island, and despite the mist, which was down to nearly 2,000 feet it was a very striking scene. We could see a wide saddle linking our peak with Allival, and the long serrated ridge between Allival and Askival. Beyond them, and severed by the deep trough of Glen Dibidil, was the separate massif of Trallival, Ashval and Sgurr nan Gillean.

We headed across for the rocky cone of Allival, and leaving Ben to make the complete ascent, the rest of us contoured round to the north ridge of Askival. This is a fine mountain feature, and we climbed over rock towers and slender aretes composed of excellent gabbro. On its west side, too, the ridge has enough unclimbed grooves and cracks to fill a guide-book, although few of the courses would exceed 150 feet of continuous rock, and on its east side, overlooking Coire Ghrunnd, the ridge is regrettably accessible by fairly easy grass gullies.



The summit of Askival, 2,659 feet, is the highest point on Rhum, but we were again denied an extensive view by the persistent mist, and when Ben rejoined us we descended into Coire Ghrunnd. This is one of the most attractive corries I have ever seen, and a splendid setting for a mountain camp. It has all the best features of a corrie -- a splendid outward view of sea, island and distant mountains, a finely situated lochan and a range of steep crag which sweeps down from the summit of Allival. As we picked our way through the boulders en route for camp, a red flush came over the mists and portended the broken weather which was to keep us camp-bound for the next two days.

On the morning of the last day the sunbeams were filtering through the trees and dancing on the canvas. Fortified by an egg and a slice of bread, the last of the rations, I left the sleeping camp in the wake of Dave and Ben. In six and a half hours I hoped to cover the more distant Trallival-Sgurr nan Gillean group and return in time for the fishing boat.

The rain-beaded grass, the lochan and the tumbling burns of Coire Ghrunnd all sparkled in the early sun and many herds of deer stampeded up the hillsides proving, beyond doubt, that Dave and Ben were off on some other route. I crossed a col at 1700 feet between Askival and Bein nan Stao and contoured along the rough western flank of Askival to Bealach an Oir, which only cost me 250 feet of descent. The bealach, which lies in the very heart of Rhum's mountains, was flooded in sunlight as were the wild recesses of Glen Dibidil at my feet, but there was no time for contemplation -- I have never travelled to a strict timetable and I started the steep ascent into the mists of Trallival.

The slopes became a wilderness of slabs and broken crag much magnified by the drifting mists, and some intensive route-finding was necessary to force a way up the breaching gullies and chimneys. At last the cairn loomed up, and I took anew bearing to the south. This presented an equally steep descent to the deep notch of Bealach an Fhuarain at 1650 feet. Here, on the narrow crest of the notch, I heard a faint call from the opposing side of Glen Dibidil where Dave and Ben were climbing Askival. Here too, I got my most memorable impression of Rhum, a glimpse perhaps, of Tir nan Og -- the land of Heart's Desire. On the west, the mist lifted like the edge of a curtain to reveal a waste of blue sea with foam-crested breakers creaming over a crescent of golden sand. It was like a dream picture with its frame of sun-suffused vapour, and dream-like it was whisked away in the next swirl of mist.

I turned now to the high rock rib supporting this side of Askival and ascended several hundred feet of fine gabbro which narrowed to a very slender arete. This was the most exhilarating part of the day's climbing and the arete persisted to close on the summit where it merged with the turf ledges below the cairn at 2,552 feet.

Beyond this cairn there are two gentle dips which mark the twin tops of Sgurr nan Gillean and for nearly a mile the way lies over a carpet of short turf, a welcome contrast to the stony wastes of the surrounding slopes. I did no more than glance at the cairn on the highest top 2,503 feet, before starting the consistently steep/



/steep descent of the Dibidil slopes. This course involved me in much zig-zag traversing to avoid slabs and outcrops, but eventually I came out of the mist and reached the foot of the glen. I would number the view from here as one of the finest in Scotland. The lonely glen lined with impressive mountains and guarded by high sea cliffs alive with the mewing gulls and on its threshold the empty shell of Dibidil cottage which emphasizes the air of desolation.

I had an hour in hand when I took to the track for Loch Scorsort. On a map, this track is 5 miles long -- in actual fact it is 6 miles, but in practice it takes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours of very fast tramping to cover its wavy course, which goes as high as 750 feet above the Sound of Rhum. I arrived in camp an hour and a half behind schedule but, as one might expect from enlightened people, the Soay men were stretched out on the sunny grass drinking tea and never for a moment thinking of such daft things as timetables.

We left this delightful island with genuine regret. There was so much we had not seen and even Skye seemed like an anti-climax by comparison. Rhum has a most distinctive atmosphere which is more easy to appreciate than to define. Frequently in our mountain travels we come across landscapes which remind us of other familiar scenes, but in Rhum there is a sense of continuous novelty. Possibly the place names and other Norse associations are in part responsible for this sense of uniqueness, for with names like Trallival, Askiwal Papadil one feels that the odd Gaelic name, like Sgurr nan Gillean, is a foreign intrusion.

It is amusing to record that the Scottish Tourist Board had originally listed the Isle of Rhum as a tourist attraction. An obvious error but, one hopes, an unwitting prophecy.

J. NIMLIN

### ITALIAN'S PEAK

As we retired, there was a certain doubt about the quality of the weather. The days had been so hotly that we felt a thunder-storm must be gathering somewhere.

We were awakened, however, as prearranged, and we saw bright stars to guide us up the hill. Not being as yet acclimatised to hut ways, we thought in terms of breakfast even though it was only a little after 4 a.m. and the guardian smiled as we handed him macaroni. He obediently cooked it for us, thereby wasting a precious half hour, so that as we set off just before 5 a.m. it was almost light enough to see without the use of a torch.

At the top of the familiar moorine, we passed an abandoned candle lantern so that we knew there was a party about an hour ahead of us and as we moved on to the glacier we saw them, a long line of black figures snaking across the snow high up near the col. They looked ghostly in that early light, a long way ahead, and we cursed our foolishness in requiring such a substantial breakfast.

We tried hard to make up time. The angle was easy and we had/



/had a well-trodden track to follow so that we guessed there were many ahead of us. Numerous wide crevasses at this point called for caution and a circuitous route, especially as soft snow masked them.

In two hours we stood just below the bergschrund or rimage and rested before crossing the snow-bridge to the short ice wall beyond. Above the snow was a steep arete and as we had no crampons we selected the rock for speed. This was easy but inclined to be loose, so, though we climbed together we did not try to hurry. Nevertheless, as we continued, we overtook the rearguard of the swarm ahead of us consisting of three men, a girl, and M. Bonheur, a guide. The girl was quite pale from her exertions and elected to remain on the shoulder while her companions continued along the ridge to the summit. She had a few words of English and some chocolate which was much appreciated.

After a short rest and chat with Miss Schneeburger we followed the guide at a respectful distance along the ever-narrowing ridge. At first we avoided obstacles on the left or on the right, but after a few hundred yards there reared a terrifying gendarme of rock up which we watched a climber struggle and pant his leg-kicking way. At last it came our turn to repeat this performance, but as usual, the anticipation was worse than the realisation for by a process employing three fairly easy mantelshelves, the razor edged top of the gendarme was reached.

Here the difficulty was lack of space so we had to clamber over one another in order to get down the far side of this airy pinnacle by creeping off two superimposed mantelshelves. Beyond this point the ridge was sensationally narrow but the rock was so good that every step was sheer pleasure and an ever-widening view seemed to promise all Switzerland from the summit.

Though the sun shone from a cloudless sky we were now well above 12,000 feet and a light East breeze caused us to don extra clothing which had seemed useless two hours ago. Particularly was the coolness noted when we traversed below the next gendarme, a huge sphinx of a fellow with its face set sternly against our invasion. The ridge steepened but retained its narrow character as it approached the final gendarme -- a big square boss straight up the face of which the route threaded its way.

A party was now descending it and the time was so late that we hesitated for a moment -- should we go back. Luckily we continued and in a very short time we were on the summit with a large and cosmopolitan crowd. An Englishman came up the ridge from Zermatt, some French people arrived along the Southern ridge and Swiss were everywhere, but the most picturesque character was an old bearded Italian who applauded our every action and clattered about the rocks in crampons.

After a pleasant 20 minutes spent digesting lunch and admiring the Gran Paradiso which the old Italian pointed out to us, we started the descent. On the shoulder we again encountered Miss Schneeburger, but not the pale lass we had left some hours ago.



Instead she was bright pink with sunburn and anticipated little sleep that night.

From the rocks we passed with misgiving to the snow again for it was now late afternoon and the snow was very soft. However, the snow bridge held and though our feet occasionally disappeared into hidden crevasses on the glacier our bodies never quite followed and so before long we strode on to the moraine and unroped. We stood there coiling our rope and surveyed our peak, the Zinal Rothorn. No word was spoken but we felt it was "OUR" peak now -- and the old Italian's.

A. SLACK

## IRELAND

I never thought that Ireland would ever have appealed to me as a place for a climbing holiday after having seen the grandeur of the Alps, the fine rock buttresses of Wales, and our own rugged mountains. Yet the map showed County Kerry to have a good range of mountains where, no doubt, rock climbs, made more inviting by being unknown, were doubtless to be found.

Arriving at Killarney, we stocked the larder with plentiful food, and hired a car which took us to the Gap of Dunloe, 7 miles. There we found a good camp spot with a natural swimming pool, and five minutes away, Kate Carney's Inn, where the closing hours were unrestricted. The Gap of Dunloe is like Glencoe in miniature. Steep rocky walls on either side rise for 1,000 feet and drop again to the upper Lake of Killarney. On one side are the McGillicuddy Reeks and on the other, the Purple Mountains. We traversed the whole range and found the ridges very narrow in places, reminding us of A'Chir in Arran, but with not a single nail mark to be seen.

We also visited Carranton Hill 3,414 feet, the highest mountain in Ireland, best approached through the Hag's Glen where there are some fine rock pinnacles called the Hag's Teeth and some very deep little lochs. The only easy ascent is by the Devil's Staircase, a deep-cut gully of 1,000 feet leading to a bealach from which an easy slope leads to the summit. On the N.W. face of the mountain there are some fine rock ridges and faces which, I am sure, if exploited, would prove to be a new climbing ground. Unfortunately we found our camp too far away -- 7 miles -- to really do much, but intend, on some future occasion, to hire ponies and camp in the Hag's Glen. Ponies here are numerous and can be hired cheaply. Paraffin would require to be taken as there is no wood in the glen, but no more than a mile away, plenty of milk and eggs and a warm welcome can be got from the local inhabitants.

We later continued over the hills and down by the lakes to Dinis Cottage in the Natural Park where the gamekeeper is very friendly disposed to climbers and allows camping. This is at the meeting of the Waters of Killarney, a narrow gorge where the water rushes through at high speed, making the handling of a boat a tricky business. The Torc Mountain is quite near at hand and the district is reputed to be a rock-climbing one but we had no time for exploration. One day, however, I hope "to cross again the seas to Ireland" and taste again the delights of new discovery.

J. HARVEY



## MOUNTAIN HUTS

In the course of recent discussion on Mountain Huts it has become abundantly clear that this club's ideas on what constitutes adequate mountain shelter differs considerably from that generally accepted by many others. In the present period of scarcity it may well be that our more modest needs can still be met, and an examination of the problem may help.

Last summer, while occupying the Schwarzegg Hut above Grindelwald in Switzerland, five of us were thrown on our own resources to pass the time during a period of bad weather. Having extracted the last ounce of amusement from a tattered copy of "Men Only" and finding the reading of the Bible in German Heavy going, we frequently stepped outside swathed in blankets to watch the play of sun and shower on the Eiger.

The hut itself offered much of interest, having weathered the storms of over three-quarters of a century, being one of the oldest in the Swiss Alps. It is some 15 feet square and the main materials of construction lie scattered in the screes around. Only a judicious choice was necessary to find suitable stone. Timber and roofing materials must of course, been brought from the valley. The interior appointments are of the simplest. A raised platform about 2 feet from the floor and roughly 7 feet from back to front occupies the rear of the building. A covering of straw and a string of blankets sufficiently indicate its purpose. In a more humid climate these are probably not advisable as both absorb moisture fairly readily. Some alternative mattress could possibly be supplied and sleeping bags carried as is our custom. The remaining space is taken up by a table some benches, a cupboard of crockery and a stove. In barest outline that seems to me to be the ideal mountain hut.

Imagine the use of such a hut in the Bidean Corrie or Coire nan Lochan. This area, rich in climbs, could be enjoyed much more thoroughly and if a stay of more than one night was intended, the advantages are all the more obvious. Freed from the necessity of carrying tent, groundsheet, crockery, stove, etc. the transporting of skis, for instance, would be facilitated and advantage could be taken of the very excellent spring snow which lies in these corries. This apart, late evening and early morning are times which often see the mountains at their best. So simply furnished and in such a spot, the hut could be left open so that access could be gained at any time without the irksome necessity of making prior arrangements. In the event of accident, the provision of shelter at such a place would be of invaluable assistance to rescued and rescuers alike.

The question of ways and means is, as usual, the most serious. The materials themselves could be procured for comparatively little. The problem of labour could only be tackled by some voluntary system. In many of the Swiss Districts maintenance work is done by volunteers from the many sections of the Swiss Alpine Club who carry out the work at weekends of holidays.

The problem is a big and somewhat frightening one but like all such problems it becomes simpler on closer study. Perhaps the "Lomonds" may yet set the fashion in Mountain Huts.

S. DRYSDALE



## CONSTITUTION

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As agreed at the Annual General Meeting, 4th February, 1948.

1. The Club shall be known as the Lomond Mountaineering Club.
2. The objects of the Club will be to provide facilities for members to carry out the pursuits of mountaineering in accordance with the spirit of the hills and in goodwill with all others.
3. The administration of the Club to be as simple as possible and rules and regulations held to the minimum.
4. The office-bearers will consist of --- President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.
5. Transport for members will be organised by a Transport Committee of not less than four members who will have power to make their own rules.
6. The clubrooms and social activities of the Club will be organised by a Rooms Committee of not less than four members who will include the Treasurer and one Lady member. This committee will also have the power to make their own rules.
7. Delegates to the B.M.C., A.S.C.C. and to any other organisation to which the Club may be affiliated, will be elected and will deal with all matters concerning the organisation to which they are delegated.
8. The Club will periodically issue a Journal, the compilation of which will be made by an editor and his associates.
9. The business of the Club will be conducted at General Club Meetings to be held on the first Wednesday of each month and at which the normal rules of meeting will be observed and administered by the chairman. Fifteen members including the chairman shall be a quorum.
10. The Annual General Meeting will be held on the first Wednesday of each February. Members to be given seven days notice of this meeting.
11. A Special General Meeting may be called at any time at the Secretary's discretion or at the request of at least ten members. Three days notice to be given by the Secretary.
12. All Office-bearers, Committees, committee members, delegates, representatives and the editor to be elected annually at A.G.M. and are responsible at all times and for all actions to members at General Club Meetings.
13. Membership is open to persons of either sex. Having applied for membership they may be granted the same privileges as members with the exception of attendance and voting at meetings. After a period of at least nine months such probationary member may make application for full membership. If members are satisfied that the candidate's ability is such that he or she/



/she can climb any mountain in Scotland under reasonable conditions and if two thirds of those present vote in his or her favour he or she shall be elected.

If after twelve months the applicant has not attained full membership fresh application must be made.

Where the climbing abilities of the applicant are generally recognised the clause regarding probationary membership may be waived.

Honorary Life Membership can be granted at A.G.M.s to persons who have been of service to the Club or to mountaineering.

14. A member can be expelled at a General Meeting by a two-third majority provided the member concerned has received twenty-eight days notice.
15. There shall be an Annual Subscription which will be paid according to the financial requirements of the Club at each A.G.M. The subscription will be due immediately afterwards and non payment over two years will be taken as an automatic relinquishing of membership.  
New members will pay in ratio to the number of months before the next A.G.M.
16. This Constitution can only be altered by two thirds of those voting at an A.G.M. or Special Meeting called for the purpose.

#### PROFESSIONAL GUIDES

The scheme for registering and testing professional guides in this country is now in full operation. Certificates have been issued to six rock-climbing guides, five in the Lake District and one in North Wales, and two mountain guides, one in the Lakes and one in North Wales.