 **Black Dog Meet**

**No. 232 Corran**

**11th-13th February 2022**

**In Attendance**

Wull Clark, Valerie Inglis, Alan Sewell, Lorna Smith, Tony Smith, Rachel Yeats, James Yeats,

Owen Clark, Gerry Feeney, David Cameron, Liz Kennedy, Charles Alexander and

Peter Robertson

# **Hills Climbed**

**Friday**

Wull, Valerie & David Beinn a’ Chrulaiste (857m)

Alan Beinn Damhain (684m)

Tony & Lorna Meall nam Fiadh (620m)

Meall nam Fiadh East Top (612m)

Peter Geal Charn (Monadhliath) (926m)

**Saturday**

Wull, Valerie, Owen, Meall na h-Eilde (837m)

James, David, Liz, & Gerry

**Sunday**

Tony Torr a’Phloda (97m)

Peter Sron a’ Choire Ghairbh (937m)

**Weather**

It was mainly dry if a bit overcast on Friday but windy and wet on Saturday.

**Notes / Highlights**

**Friday**

Wull, Valerie & David climbed the Corbett Beinn a’ Chrulaiste from a wee layby on the A82 across from the Buachaille.

Alan did the Graham Beinn Damhain from Glen Falloch Farm. The morning started off clear and cold but by the time he reached the hill the cloud was beginning to spill in. Deep snow made the walking arduous.

Tony and Lorna climbed Meall nam Fiadh and its east top from St. Fillans. Starting at The Four Seasons Hotel ( sums up the weekend quite well really) a good track took them to lightly snow covered farm land then more heathery slopes. The going was generally reasonable, if rather wet in places, but periodic deep soft drifted snow was seriously hard work, particularly between the summits. Hence the nearby third Simm will have to wait for another day.

**Saturday**

(Owen’s report)

*Corran is the place of our February trip*

*Where the forecast said the weather would tip*

*The forecast was true*

*Blackdogs soaked through*

*And they wished they’d all stayed in their kip*

We set off in two cars around 08:00 heading through Fort William towards the north shore of Loch Lochy and the two Corbetts sitting above Loch Arkaig. The weather was forecast to be appalling with snow; rain and high winds so the optimism of getting any height was low within the group.

The early part of the drive to our hills surprised us with regards to how little snow there actually was on the hills.  Even the Ben looked sparse in the early morning mists.

Another feature of the drive was the storm damage along the shore of Loch Linnhe; washed up leisure boats; bits of once roofs and fallen trees.  A sad sight.

Approximately 30 minutes in to our sojourn a cry from the back seat stopped us in our tracks….

*Jerry is a thoughtful soul he really seems to care*

*But when it comes to walking boots his head is full of air*

*There was a time when he packed two right boots when he should have packed a pair*

*But his worst crime was the time when his boots just were na’ there.*

 About turn and back to the bunkhouse to retrieve said boots.

We arrived at our starting point by the waterfall at Glen Chia-aig without further incident, setting off in full wet gear up a steep but well defined track through the forest. The steep gradient and the shelter from the trees provoked a stop at the top of the track where we adjusted wardrobe and joined a forestry road.

The new road took us at a more gentle angle further up the glen in now persistent rain.

Approximate ½ a kilometre from the bridge the trees stopped and we took advantage of the last of them to grab a quick bite while still partially protected from the worst of the weather.

The high rainfall had washed away part of the road here and the pipes once under it became our means of crossing the burn.

Up and over a slippery style brought us out on to the mountainside proper.  From here it was a short but soggy traverse to a bridge (fortunately not washed away).

Beyond the bridge the terrain rose steeply with little or no defined path to assist us.  400m of relentless and wet steep hill stood between us and our first goal of the day Meall na h-Eilde. The group began to spread out as hill fitness (or lack thereof) was made evident, with myself taking up the slot furthest down the mountain.

Many stops and starts later, a huddle 150m below the top asked the question “continue or turn back?”

Having already left one lung on the mountain side below me I was relieved that the decision to climb the last 150m was taken.  Now the mountain was rounding off and the going eased somewhat.

Cairn reached approx. 13:00 quick reset; rugby tackle a plastic bag caught by the wind and retrace our steps.  All thoughts of the second Corbett abandoned for another day.

The inevitable slips and trips aside the down climb was uneventful.  Soon reaching the style.  Another slip and then back on the forestry road marching down to the start point.

Before returning to the cars we paused to admire the waterfall

Rachel, Lorna, Charles and Tony enjoyed a lazy coffee at Kinlochleven with Alan and then enjoyed (but perhaps in part only!) a circular walk from the village. We attempted, and failed, to follow the clearly map marked path directly up towards Loch Eilde Mor. The route was obvious at the start but then seemed to disappear before becoming much clearer at higher level. After a quick lunch stop using what little shelter offered by the last of the trees we dropped down to join the main track for a very wet walk back via Mamore Lodge.

Following (or even replacing) a wet day on the hills the Six Nations rugby provided good entertainment – depending upon which team we each supported!

All enjoyed a communal, but belated, Christmas meal on Saturday and also to celebrate Tony’s birthday. Thank you to all the chefs for this great banquet.

*Wull*