

NOTES.

IN the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* recently issued, Mr. G. Winthrop Young, the well-known mountaineer, whose work on *Mountain Craft AFFILIATION* divides interest at present with that of Mr. Harold OF Raeburn on *Mountaineering Art*, addresses an MOUNTAIN- "open letter" to the members of the mountaineering, EERING CLUBS. climbing, and rambling clubs of Great Britain, making suggestions for the affiliation of all such clubs. His main contention is that the objects of the clubs are not at present adequately attained. This is partly owing to "the non-local character" of certain of them. Large towns are the centres for social clubs, and most of our large towns are remote from our few mountain regions. As a consequence, the rendering of mountaineering attractive is only partially secured and in an unequal degree. Then, individual clubs are too weak to furnish effectual service in carrying out a special object of all mountaineering clubs—the protection of mountain districts from various forms of injury. Finally, says Mr. Young, a distinctive and authoritative organ "for the united expression of mountaineering opinion as between mountaineer and mountaineer, or as between mountaineers and the public," is lacking, and its purpose is not sufficiently met by "our isolated and only slightly representative journals." Mr. Young proposes the formation of a Joint Committee of representatives of each club, "without prejudice to any action or inaction upon which it may subsequently resolve"—the Joint Committee to consider the advisability of introducing some form of general affiliation, and the possibility of combining the Club Journals into one joint publication under a general editor, leaving to each club the selection of its sectional editor, who might be responsible for a certain proportion of the contents of each joint Journal. Possibly, more may be heard of the proposal. General affiliation is unexceptionable, for under it the individual club would remain, but the effacement of the individual Club Journal, we suspect, will not obtain the same ready assent. The prospect of the *C.C.J.* being absorbed in a "national organ" is not alluring.

THE weather during last August was rather uncertain for mountaineering, as on most days we had rain or high winds, or the tops were shrouded in mist. At last we chose a morning with a steady barometer, and set out *via* the Sluggan Pass for Glenmore. Soon after passing the derelict CAIRNGORM. Canadian camp we came in sight of Loch Morlich, whose waters were so calm that the trees around it

were mirrored in a striking way. Putting up our cycles at the lodge, we struck across the meadow, passing the second Canadian camp, and held on through the remnant of the great Glenmore Forest. After passing the timber line, the climb is gradual, and we made good progress. About the 3,000 feet level, we got our first sight of the ptarmigan or mountain grouse. At this season they are not at all shy, but later on, in October or November, it takes a quick shot to make any impression on them, as they become wild, and go down the wind at fifty or sixty miles per hour. Reaching the Marquis's Well—reputed to be the highest well in Scotland—tea was made; then we set out for the summit. As the light was good, and the mist fortunately kept away, a splendid view was obtained. To the north the Moray Firth was easily visible, with the coast-line and mountains of Ross and Sutherland in the distance. Ben Nevis showed up indistinctly to the west, while south-west were the peaks of the Cairntoul range, over which Ben-y-Gloe could also be seen. Due south lay Ben Muich Dhui, and farther to the east Ben-a-Bhuird and Ben Avon, with their huge masses of boulder rock. The valley of the Spey made a striking picture, with the ripening fields of grain in sharp contrast with the dark green of the fir woods, and the purple heather-clad hills rolling away to the horizon. We descended by the Coire Dhomhain Burn to the Shelter Stone, which lies at the west end of Loch Avon. This cave certainly does not look very inviting, though it is often used by mountaineers who wish to pass a night on the hills. Our way led by the shore of Loch Avon, across the Saddle and down the Garbh Allt (or Strath Nethy) to Rebhoan. From here we proceeded through the Pass of Rebhoan, in which lies the Green Loch, associated in older times with fairies and other superstitions. On the left of the Pass is the interesting "Hill of the Double Outlook," from which in the cattle-lifting days, a watch was kept for the Lochaber raiders. On our arrival at Loch Morlich, tea was once more brewed, and was most welcome. Procuring our cycles we departed for home, well pleased with the day's outing.—M. W.

THE Grampian Electricity Supply Bill (to which reference was made in our last number) is not being proceeded with this year, but the Lochaber Water-Power Bill engaged the attention ELECTRICITY of a Select Committee of the House of Commons FROM THE for the greater part of a week. The object of this SPEY. bill, which was promoted by the British Aluminium Company, is to dam up Loch Treig and Loch Laggan, and convey the water thus accumulated by a tunnel to the aluminium works at Kinlochleven and to a power-house to be established at Fort William. It is also intended to tap the Spey at Strath Mashie, about fifteen miles from its source, and, by means of a conduit, divert all the water beyond an average flow into Loch

Laggan. For this purpose, a very large weir or dam, about thirty feet high, would be thrown across the river. The contention of the promoters was that in this way they would impound only the increased volume of the river in times of heavy rain, and so save the Spey Valley from the destructive floods to which it is periodically subject. The fishery proprietors objected to the scheme, principally because "the dribble"—as their counsel termed it—of 25,000,000 gallons a day, estimated as the average flow, was not sufficient. The County Councils of Moray and Banff, on the other hand, took exception to the scheme on the higher ground that they should have an opportunity of investigating the possibilities of hydro-electric installation for themselves before any water out of the Spey was granted to others. Their attitude, in short, as tersely expressed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, was that of regarding the Aluminium Company as "poachers"—in the sense that they wanted to divert the waters of the Spey to a different water-shed. Little consideration, evidently, was given to this view by the Select Committee, which passed the bill, subject to two conditions—that the average flow to be provided for be reckoned at 30,000,000 gallons per day, and, in addition, that the Spey Fishery Board may demand that on twelve days of the year water shall not be abstracted until the flow of the river reaches 100,000,000 gallons. On the consequential adjustment of the clauses, the Spey Fishery Board indicated a desire that the average flow be fixed at 40,000,000 gallons and that the twelve days' proposal be abandoned, and this was eventually agreed to.

On the bill coming before the House of Commons for final approval, the members for Moray and Banffshire endeavoured to get a clause inserted postponing the operation of the clauses relating to the Spey for ten years, so as to enable the County Councils of the two counties named to devise schemes for the supply of electricity from the Spey within their areas. It was contended that the Spey "really belonged to Banff and Moray," and that its waters should not be appropriated at its source for the benefit of a private company which paid nothing for the appropriation. The proposed clause, however, was rejected by 193 votes to 84.

DURING a wild hurricane which raged recently on the higher tops of the Western Cairngorms (wrote a correspondent of the *Aberdeen*

Free Press of 25th March), a terrified herd of deer

AVALANCHE sought shelter in the lee of Mullach Coire nan

IN Deareag, east of the isolated lodge in the forest of

GAICK Gaick. When slowly passing across the steep face

FOREST. of the mountain they must have started part of the

immense snowfield or the rocky scree underfoot,

with the result that an avalanche, which carried with it some fifteen stags, five white hares, and a fox, hurtled down the face of the

precipice and over the road far beneath to the edge of Loch-an-Seilich. This loch lies about two miles east of Gaick Lodge, where the stags all lie in a lifeless heap. Such disasters, though rare, occasionally occur among those heights, but seldom do we find so many cautious and wary creatures caught unawares at the same time. Only by storm and stress were they thrown off their guard. Their natural instinct was for the moment unheeded in the midst of the howling hurricane and blinding drift. Once started, the great mass of snow, earth, and rock gathered increasing velocity and terrifying noise to the bottom of the cliff, fully 1,500 feet to the road and loch, far beneath, where disaster and death awaited the wild, untrapped creatures.

[Avalanches occur occasionally in the Gaick Forest (see "The Three Gaicks," in *C.C.J.*, ix, 74).]

Two Aberdeen men had a far from enjoyable "night out" on the Capel Mounth in the early days of May. They cycled from Laurence-

STORM- STAYED ON THE CAPEL MOUNTH.	the spring holiday (Monday, 2nd May), and set out from the hotel on the Tuesday with the intention of pushing their bicycles across the Capel Mounth path to Glenmuick and cycling to Ballater. They missed the path, however, and went up the side of a stream
---	---

which was not the Capel Burn, pursuing their way across the heather for several hours without coming in sight of Loch Muick. Snow began to fall about 7 p.m., and continued to fall without intermission during the rest of the night. Darkness set in about nine o'clock, and the hapless cyclists wisely decided to dump their cycles beside a cairn of stones and seek refuge for themselves in a hollow. According to the report of the incident in the *Free Press*, "the cold was intense, and as both were lightly clad" [they were without food too] "they did not dare to lie down and go to sleep in case they might be frozen to death. They occupied the night by walking up and down in the hollow to keep themselves warm, and so bitter was the cold that icicles formed at the foot of their coats." They discovered next morning that they had been wandering in a circle, as they came on a house they had passed the day before. They wended their way back to the Glen Clova Hotel for food and a rest, and on Thursday, guided by a keeper, rescued their bicycles, crossed the Capel Mounth, and duly arrived in Aberdeen.