

NOTES.

THE proposed affiliation of mountaineering clubs referred to in our last number has been followed by the circulation (by Mr. G. A.

Solly, the President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club) of a series of suggestions for the formation
THE AFFILIATION OF AN ADVISORY COUNCIL OF BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING PROPOSAL. clubs. The objects of this Advisory Council would be "to unite the interests and to focus the influence of the large body of members of mountaineering clubs dispersed throughout the United Kingdom on objects of general importance to such clubs; to encourage mountaineering in the United Kingdom by centralising and pooling information, and by securing general facilities; and to protect and advance the interests of British mountaineers and the districts they severally frequent." Any club would be admitted to membership of the Advisory Council on payment of an annual subscription of 10/- if its members number 100, and an additional 5/- for every 100 (or part of 100) above the first 100; and would be entitled to appoint two delegates to the Council. An annual meeting of the Council would be held in December, and extraordinary meetings when requisitioned; all meetings would be held in London, and presumably the travelling and other expenses of the delegates would be paid by the respective clubs sending them. Independent action on any matter is reserved to each constituent club, either before or after the matter has been dealt with by the Advisory Council. These suggestions were considered at a recent meeting of the Committee of the Cairngorm Club, and the conclusion arrived at unanimously was that the proposed Advisory Council was neither necessary nor advisable.

THE past summer was characterised by a drought of exceptional duration, with the result that the volume of rivers and streams was greatly reduced. As "Mains" of the *Free Press*
FIRE "Rural Talk" pithily put it—"Aw never saw
ON THE watter sae scarce 'at Aw can min' on. . . Walls
HILL OF FARE. gyaun clean dry; strypes fae some drain 'at eest
t' aye rin noo as dry's a fussle; an' th' verra burns
an' bigger watters a' rinnin sae slow." The diminution of the rivers was specially noticeable. The Spey, for instance, reached its lowest level in living memory, the "well" out of which the Ythan flows actually ran dry, and many hill burns almost ceased to be. As a consequence of the drought, too, and of the unusual heat which prevailed, moorlands and woodlands became very dry and liable to ready ignition, and several hill and moor fires occurred—sometimes

spontaneously, in other cases through carelessness. One of the most serious was on the Hill of Fare, and it originated, it was stated, through a fire lit by a picnic party on the south or Raemoir side of the hill near "Queen Mary's Chair" at the Burn of Corriche, the members of the picnic party having to beat a hasty retreat so rapidly did the flames spread. This was on Wednesday, 20th July. The fire assumed greater dimensions on the Thursday and Friday, sweeping on towards Cullerlie and along the east and north sides of the hill to Echt and Midmar. The reflection from the blazing hillside was seen from Deeside and Strathdon and even in Aberdeen, and smoke clouds from the fire reached the western districts of the city, fourteen miles distant. The fire continued on the Saturday, spreading to the fringes of the Midmar forest, but the "fire-fighters," by burning swathes across the path of the oncoming blaze, succeeded in getting it under control. Their efforts were aided by a heavy downpour of rain on the Sunday and Monday, and it was hoped that the conflagration had been subdued. A change of wind, however, caused a renewed outbreak on Tuesday morning, and the fire raged furiously all that day, the Midmar forest and Midmar Castle itself becoming endangered. By Wednesday evening, however, the fire was practically got under, though the moorland remained smouldering. It was estimated that 6000 acres of moorland were affected by the fire. The damage done to woodlands was reported to be infinitesimal.

ANOTHER result of the unusual drought was the very noticeable reduction of the number and mass of the snow-heaps ordinarily observable on the higher mountain tops all through summer. A member of the Club who, during a month's holiday stay at Braemar, renewed his acquaintance with a number of peaks in the region—"fifteen or so, more or less," to use his own nonchalant enumeration—assured us that quite a number of the familiar accumulations of snow had entirely disappeared. Among those that had thus vanished was the snow-bank adjacent to the path to Ben Muich Dhui after passing Loch Etchachan and the corries at the head of Glen Luibeg—a snow-bank fairly entitled to the appellation "well-known." The patches of snow in the corries of Braeriach which almost invariably endure throughout the summer were also gone. Indeed, almost the only snow that remained in August was one patch in the corries between the summits of Cairntoul and Braeriach and another in the corrie of Cairngorm known as Ciste Mhairearaid or Margaret's Coffin. This corrie is notable as "one of the places where the snow lies longest; never, even in the hottest summer, does it altogether disappear." (See *C. C. J.*, I. 134).

IN the *Graphic* for August 13th, Mr. Alexander B. Beattie had a brief article on Coire-an-Lochan, with an accompanying illustration from a photograph taken by himself. Coire-an-

THE HIGHEST Lochan, fully 3250 feet above sea level, is the LOCH highest loch in Great Britain. "It lies east by IN BRITAIN. west," wrote Mr. Beattie, "enthroned on the floor

of a spacious corrie of its name, on the mighty shoulders of Braeriach in the Cairngorm Mountains, facing Strathspey. Crowned with screes and precipices, which form a sheer wall of some 500-600 feet in height, it is well sheltered from north and east winds. Snow lingers long on its boulder-strewn shore, and clings tenaciously where it clogs the rocky gorges. . . .

In winter, loch Coire-an-Lochan is truly the battle-ground of the elements, when heavy curtains of driving mist hang over the ground carpet of chilly white, and the fierce gale that roars down the precipice chimneys drives home, with relentless force, stinging hail and blinding snow powder. It is fierce, but grand. In striking contrast is the peace of an early June morning. There is a clarity of atmosphere unknown to the low grounds. The canopy of blue sky is intensified in its reflection, and melting snow-patches peep over the cliff edges into the clear depths. The eye wanders far over a vast sunlight panorama of Scottish river, forest and mountain, only to be drawn back magnetically again and again to the pure placid silver aqua sheet of Coire-an-Lochan and its romantic setting."

. . . A LITTLE farther on, the Spey widens into Loch Insh, the centre of one of the loveliest landscapes in the British Isles. If you would enjoy a *coup d'œil* of upper Strathspey, turn to the

STRATHSPEY right at Rothiemurchus village and go up by Loch SCENERY. an Eilein (with its famous island-castle) to the wooded crag known as the Cat's Den, and look out

from amid its pine-trees over Kincaig and Kingussie to the blue mountains of Badenoch. So far the scenery has been purely Scottish. But from the Craigellachie rock at Aviemore a Scandinavian element manifests itself; geologically Strathspey is a continuation of a Norwegian fiord. The vast pine-forests rivet attention: they stretch down the Spey for about thirty miles, and surround the Tulloch Hills in a great loop known as the Rothiemurchus and Glenmore Forests. The most attractive road lies not by the river but by that eastward loop, from Aviemore to Loch Morlich, and through the cleft between the Cairngorms and the Tullochs to Nethy Bridge: if you are vigorous and the glass is high you can include the climb of Cairngorm from the Glenmore shooting lodge. This is unquestionably one of the wildest and grandest corners of Western Europe; it is forest and rock and wild overhanging mountains all the way, with never a house. The culminating point is where a buttress of Cairngorm rises 1,500 feet

above a small dark green loch, whose shores are strewn with the withered skeletons of the ancient pines that have rolled down the scree from the forest that clings to the almost precipitous slopes. To the north and south you look out, from the pass, on dim-tossing expanses of forest and mountain, and the ear strains unconsciously for the baying of deerhounds and the sound of the hunting-horn. Nethy Bridge with its neat wooden villas, high above the loud and limpid Nethy might be in Switzerland.—“A Great Scottish River,” by William Power, in *The King's Highway* for March, 1921.

MR. ARNOLD LUNN, in an article on “British Ski-ing During the War,” in the *British Ski Year-Book* for 1920 (noticed in our SOLDIERS last number), describes some of the ski-ing AND expeditions by British officers and men who were SKI-ING. interned as prisoners of War at Mürren. Incidentally he writes :—

“The British Tommy did not take to ski-ing in any very great numbers. About 20 per cent of the men who were fit to ski took up the sport with keenness. The rest tobogganed and skated. There is a suggestion of hard work about ski-ing which is suspiciously suggestive of a ‘fatigue.’ Some of the men suspected that their officers wished them to ski in order to keep them out of mischief, which was quite sufficient to prevent them ski-ing. “What use is ski-ing to the British working-man?” asked another gentleman with Bolshevik tendencies. I once persuaded a very sceptical Tommy to take up the sport. For a day or two all went well, and Thomas began to fancy himself as a ski-runner, so I took him on a run which wound up with a little easy wood running. Half-way through the wood I heard a loud crash, and the tardy convert was discovered with his ski imprisoned in the low-lying branches of a tree and his head submerged in snow. ‘I say, Mr. Lunn,’ he exclaimed, ‘do you call this ski-ing? I call this — bird’s nesting.’”

THERE is a type of “tramping” which belongs more to the future, a new type and an even more fascinating one, and that is the taking of cross-sections of the world, the cutting “TRESPASSER’S across all roads and tracks the predispositions WALK.” of humdrum pedestrians, and making a sort of virginal way across the world. . . . In the country a real cross-section and haphazard adventurous tramp is one which can be known as “Trespasser’s Walk.” You take with you a little compass, decide to go west or east, as fancy favours, and then keep resolutely to the guidance of the magnetic needle. It takes you the most extraordinary way, and shows what an enormous amount of the face of the earth is kept away from the feet of ordinary humanity by the fact of “private property.” On the other side of the hedge that skirts the public way is an entirely different atmosphere and

company. In ten minutes in our beautiful Sussex you can find yourself as remote from ordinary familiar England as if you were in the midst of a great reservation. And you may tramp a whole day upon occasion without meeting a single human being.—Stephen Graham in *John o' London's Weekly*.

A LADIES' mountaineering club has been organised in England, Mrs. Winthrop Young being president. It is called the Pinnacle Club, and its main object is declared to be "to

LADIES' foster the independent development of rock climbing
MOUNTAIN- amongst women." There is a delightful terseness
ERING CLUB. about the qualification for full membership—
"proved ability to lead an ordinary climb of moderate difficulty." Twenty members of the Club possess that qualification.

DR. ALEXANDER M. KELLAS, of the Mount Everest Expedition, who died at Khampa Dzong, on 5th June,

DR. A. M. was buried on one of the slopes below the fort,
KELLAS'S within sight of Everest, which he was so eager to
GRAVE. climb, and looking over the three great peaks—
Chomiomo, Chumalhari, and Kungchinjinga—which

he alone had already climbed. His coolies made a rough cross out of the lovely wild flowers that spring up everywhere in this dry soil, and his body lies in a site unsurpassed for beauty. It looks across the broad plains and rolling hills of Tibet to the mighty snow mountains of Himalaya. "Such," concluded the above account of the grave, which appeared in *The Times* of 29th November, "is a fitting resting-place for the great mountaineer." The spot has since been marked by a stone, inscribed simply "A. M. K., 1921." We hope to be able to give an illustration of the grave in our next number.

MR. WILLIAM SKEA, printer, (of Messrs. Milne and Hutchison, Aberdeen), who died on 19th July, aged seventy-four, was an early member of the Club, if not indeed an original one, but he severed his connection with it about twenty years ago,

OBITUARY. when he relinquished journalism and set up in business as a master printer. He was a pedestrian of fairly good powers, and was familiar with Upper Deeside. He contributed several articles descriptive of walks to the early numbers of the *Journal*, notably "Two Days in Glen Muick" (1894), and "A Week-End in Glen Gairn" (1899).

AN appeal was made to members for contributions to the fund organised for the prosecution of the exploratory expedition to Mount Everest. It resulted in

MOUNT £8 13s. 6d. being subscribed. The secretary
EVEREST of the fund, writing from the Alpine Club in Savile
EXPEDITION. Row, London, warmly acknowledged this "very

generous" contribution.

THE following have been admitted members of the Club during the year :—

	Mr. David S.	Professor Ashley W. Mackintosh,
NEW	P. Douglas, 3	9 Bonaccord Square, Aberdeen.
MEMBERS.	Queen's Gate,	Mr. F. P. Milligan, 1 Moray
	Aberdeen.	Place, Edinburgh.
Mr. Loudon MacQueen Douglas,	Dr. William C. Souter, 2 Bon-	
F.R.S.E., 29 West Savile Ter.	accord Square, Aberdeen.	
Newington, Edinburgh.	Mrs. William Souter, 2 Bonaccord	
Mr. Geoffrey P. Geddes, Post-	Square, Aberdeen.	
cliffe, Culter.	Mr. Thomas Stell, Starker Street,	
Sheriff A. J. Louttit Laing,	Keighley, Yorks.	
Burnieboozle House, Aberdeen.		

Mr. William C. Welsh, Logie-Durno, has resigned. The membership of the Club stands at 173.