

A DAY IN GLEN GEUSACHAN.

THERE is no better recreation for the jaded city worker than a whole day in the wilds of the Cairngorms ; at least that was the opinion of Dr. D. P. Levack and myself one hot Saturday afternoon last July when we set out by road for Braemar. Dinnet moor was just beginning to be coloured by the beautiful purple of the bell heather, and the ever enjoyable road to Braemar was finished all too soon in the glories of a summer evening.

When we awoke next morning at six o'clock the mist made the Parish Church scarcely visible from the Invercauld Arms. Our objective was to make a tour of Glen Geusachan. Thanks to the kindness of another member of the Club, who happened to be in Braemar for the week-end, we got the services of a chauffeur to drive our car, landing us at Derry Lodge in the morning, and meeting us in the late afternoon at the White Bridge of Dee. The drive to Linn of Dee gave some most striking views of the mountains as the mist gradually lifted. Soon after leaving Braemar we were able to lift a man who had left Dundee on foot the previous day, and slept (?) on the Tolmount, heading for Fort William *via* Aviemore. When we reached Derry Lodge we found a party of 20 odd complete with attaché cases and similar *impedimenta*, just starting for Ben Macdhuì where the Club indicator induces many non-mountaineers to leave their comfortable homes.

We left the Dundee man at Luibeg Cottage for breakfast, and, packing all clothes, but the bare minimum, in our rucksacks, wound along the Luibeg valley and round the shoulder of Carn a Mhaim, till we came to the Corrour Bothy. It was distinctly hot, and here our few garments were cast off, and we wallowed in the cool waters of the Dee for a quarter of an hour. After chatting for a short time with three students, who had spent the night in the bothy, we tackled the steep ascent of the Devil's Point. From the summit the view of the Cairngorm giants was magnificent, although warning rumbles of thunder were to be heard from the east. While enjoying our lunch on the top about mid-day, we saw the Dundee wanderer plodding along the Larig path immediately below us : that was the last we saw of him.

To reach Ben Bhrotain, we decided, instead of going across Glen Geusachan, which is very steep on both sides, to keep the high ground and skirt the western end of the glen. The going, in parts, was pretty rough and stony, but eventually we reached the plateau of Monadh Mor; then on to the "sneck" leading to Ben Bhrotain. By this time the storm was growing nearer, and thunder almost incessant from the south and east. As we started up the 800 odd feet to the top of Ben Bhrotain the rain came on, and on the top we got into a thick cloud and torrential rain. (It was about this time that there was a cloudburst at Milltimber when the roads ran like rivers). Our compass put us on the line for the White Bridge of Dee, and in a short time we got into a clear atmosphere.

On the way down we climbed Carn Cloich-mhuilinn thus making our fourth "Munro" for the day. As we got down near the Chest of Dee, the river was a raging torrent, and most of the land was under water rapidly flowing towards the river. After nine hours on the hills, we arrived at the White Bridge about half-an-hour later than the appointed time, but just a little while after the arrival of our transport. The chauffeur had come through water in one part reaching half-way up the radiator of the car, and had to guess the whereabouts of the road in a stretch of over a hundred yards. A thermos tea had been thoughtfully sent up for us, and I have yet to find a more satisfying beverage after a day's tramping. Braemar was reached in due course without special incident, except a slipping clutch on the car due to its immersion.

Our thirst was not really quenched till dinner with our friends in the hotel, while we regaled them with tales of the day's doings. In the cool of the evening we motored home to Aberdeen very comfortably tired, and well satisfied with an excellent day.

E. B. R.

Mountain police in the Bavarian Alps, says Reuter, are waging a campaign against those "collectors" of Edelweiss and other Alpine flowers, who, not content with plucking one or two blooms, take away as much as they can gather and thus "spoil the look of the mountains."

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The ceremony of naming the highest peak of Mont Blanc in Italian territory after Signor Mussolini took place on the afternoon of Friday, August 12 last, on the slopes above Courmayeur. After a short speech to several hundred university students who are camping in the mountains there, Signor Turati, Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, declared the peak to be named Benito Mussolini, and said he entrusted the student mountaineers with the task of placing the seal upon the nomination by planting their flag upon the peak.