

# The Cairngorm Club Journal.

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“CARN NA SITHE” (*Hill of Peace*).

BY “HILLMAN.”

My friend and I were climbing friends,  
We'd trodden airy tracks,  
Each co-dependent on his friend  
With compass, rope, and axe.

Many a gruelling day we'd had  
And many a merry night,  
And all our tastes were just the same,  
And all the World was right.

Then, in the Lowlands, on a day,  
A quarrel sprang and grew,  
And raised its barriers apace  
To separate us two :

My friend would not admit his fault,  
And I?—No fault was mine !  
In stiff-necked pride and wretchedness  
We watched our friendship pine.

We made a pact to climb a hill  
In silence, side by side—  
Perchance the God-sent peace in hills  
Would rout our stubborn pride.

In silence, up the Heather Glen  
In driving mist and rain,  
The only sounds the whaup's wild cry,  
The brown hill-burns' refrain :

In silence, on the North-East col  
We knotted on the rope,  
Beloved rough wet rock once more !  
Beloved mist-wreathed slope !

I gained the Spidean cairn in time  
And gathered in the slack ;  
Together once again we stood  
In icy, flying wrack.

Wet hand gripped hand (an ancient rite  
Betwixt me and my mate),  
The old phrase came upon the wind—  
" Oh man ! But that was *great* ! "