

### Mountain Fayre.

*I always have a sneaky admiration of what other Club members have on the hill to eat. Our 'fayre' may be frugal and light, or some may carry pints of soup, pies, and avocado dips. On every bus meet the impending 'high tea' is always discussed – whether we are having the fish and chips or if there will be scones and jam. Like great armies, the intrepid members of the Cairngorm Club march on their stomachs. My greatest food memory is of coming back to Glen Coe after a week in Skye in 1971, when Guy Scott and I cooked every item of food the group had left over, for a big breakfast before we set off for home. Oh, and some of nature's breezes on the hill have been known to make me sneeze.*

What mountain glory fills the air, with sunshine breeze and sneeze  
the warm air tasted honey-flower that just awaits the bees  
To carry off, to process then, a feast for us to eat  
with bread and butter, tea and scones, a very special treat.

What joy to tramp the mountain path below a perfect sky  
beneath the tops or high above where eagle and buzzard fly  
Our day is long and tired we'll be when at even' we come down  
a dram, a meal and gentle talk before our final yawn.

These days are special for us all, with friends we walk the hills  
with memories of other days of sweaty paths and thrills  
Many years and many faces, many trips abound  
let's toast the Cairngorm Club where these good things are found.

The plans and projects we have started round the fire at Muir  
midweek walks and weekend meets the trip up Beinn a Bhuid  
The indoor meets, the bus at seven, the ceilidh coming up  
the trip, its plan, the mountain climbed, and of course where we will sup.

What is the Cairngorm Club, can it be well defined,  
who are these folks who troop the hills with gastronomic mind  
Comparing feeds we've had in places by the firelight's glow  
or remembering that big breakfast feast we plundered at Glen Coe.

Well what's to say, we're thin and fat, we're tall and small as well,  
some totter on or stride along o'er mountain path or fell  
But here's to friendships old and new to mountains, paths and stovies  
to scones and tea and beer and food, we become very healthy oldies!

**Robbie Middleton**

October 2006