

Contributions for the July Number should be sent to the Editor, Mr. Robert Anderson, 12 Belvidere Street, Aberdeen, not later than April 30.

Vol. VIII.

January 1917.

No. 48.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY
ROBERT ANDERSON.

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THE CAIRNGORM CLUB.

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CAPTAIN J. B. GILLIES,
SECRETARY OF THE CLUB, 1911-16.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. VIII.

JANUARY, 1917.

No. 48

In Memoriam.

CAPTAIN J. B. GILLIES.

KILLED IN ACTION, 13th NOVEMBER 1916.

Ev'n as I thought of you your soul had sped,
Friend of old, happy, far off, ardent days,
And, as across the sea I turned my gaze,
The soil of France with your brave blood was red !
Blame not the shears that slit the thin yarn thread.
Though life be lost, immortal is the praise !

H. W. BLISS.

THE heavy toll of the nation's manhood which is being exacted by the war is making lamentable inroads on the membership of the Club, and it is our sorrowful duty in this issue of the *Journal* to record the loss of no fewer than four of our associates. Patriotically responding to their country's call and cheerfully enduring all the hardships and dangers of the prolonged campaign, they have now met an untimely death on the battlefield—to the extreme regret of all who knew them, and particularly of those with whom they were on terms of intimacy. All the four were keen mountaineers, good walkers and climbers, and imbued with a true love of the hills ; and each of them possessed distinctive personal qualities which endeared them to their friends and made their company always welcome.

VIII. P

Prominent among the four—from his official position in the Club at anyrate—was Captain James Brown Gillies, who, five years ago, became Secretary of the Club and Editor of the *Journal*, and subsequently had the post of Treasurer added to his duties. He was the only son of our esteemed Chairman, Mr. T. R. Gillies, and being also, on the maternal side, a grandson of the late Mr. Alexander Copland, he may be said to have doubly inherited the mountaineering instinct. When a mere boy he participated in many of the Club excursions, and the taste for hill-climbing thus early nurtured was developed with the years. It remained to the end, and a pathetic interest now attaches to the longing he expressed in an article written from the trenches, which appeared in the last number of the *Journal*, for a week-end at "Maggie Gruer's." That favourite habitat of mountaineers in Inverey was frequently resorted to by Mr. Gillies and some of his motor-cycling companions; and from it he made many walking excursions to the Cairngorms, which in time became to him familiar ground. He was what may be termed—to use a colloquialism—"a splendid walker," and he was a no less "splendid" companion on a walk, full of interesting and diverting talk, which frequently had a dash of lively humour with it.

As Secretary of the Club he rendered very considerable service, revitalising it at a period of some staleness by an infusion of younger blood, securing a large addition to the membership of men of his own generation. He directed the various meets with characteristic energy, and of several of them he furnished accounts to the *Journal*. He co-operated most actively in the movement for the erection of the Bennie Bridge and was present at its opening, and he was one of the small party who subsequently walked through the Làirig Pass overnight and ascended Ben Muich Dhui in the early hours of the morning. His editorship of the *Journal*, was perhaps marked more by the judicious selection of contributors than by contributions from

his own pen; yet on occasion he could write well and interestingly, as witness his account of "Map-Reading on Beinn a' Bhuird" and his recent article, "In the Trench Lines."

To expatiate on the many admirable qualities by which Mr. Gillies was characterised would be as easy as it would be agreeable, particularly on the part of one who latterly was associated with him in the conduct of the *Journal* and who ever found working with him a pleasure. In a sense, however, the task of presenting a personal estimate of our departed colleague has been forestalled by the remark in a newspaper notice at the time of his death:—"He had a large circle of friends in Aberdeen and was greatly liked for his frankness and cordiality and unassuming and engaging manner." This eulogium could not well be improved upon, and it will, we are sure, be warmly endorsed by members of the Club.

The outbreak of war in August 1914 brought about a cessation of Mr. Gillies's activities both as secretary and editor—a cessation deemed at the time merely temporary, but which now, alas! to our great regret, has proved final. He had previously been a Captain in the 4th Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders (Territorial Force), but had retired; but he rejoined at once and received a commission in his old regiment. He was an exceedingly capable officer, and thoroughly efficient in all the details of military duty. Before going to the front he served as Adjutant and latterly as Major in the 2/4th Battalion, and for a considerable part of the time he was in the fighting line he acted as temporary Major in the 1/4th Battalion. He had seen a deal of active service, having been at the front in France continuously since March last. He was killed in action on 13th November, when in charge of a detachment clearing out a German trench.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

PRIVATE IAN MALCOLM McLAREN.

Killed in action, 7th October, 1916.



Sometimes the ever-increasing list of "Roll of Honour" fatalities seems to blunt one's susceptibilities, but now and then a dear friend falls, and the terror of the times is brought home. Such was the feeling I experienced when the sad news came that Ian McLaren had fallen. His association with the Club dates from 1906, but even

before he actually joined the Club he knew and loved the mountains. In his youthful days he was a keen naturalist, and the pursuit of his hobby led him among the glens and the hills. He organised many excursions to the hills around Aberdeen during the years before he left for California in 1911, and to a large circle of friends these excursions will always be a happy memory.

In July, 1906, he climbed Ben Uarn Mhor with the Club, and also attended some of the Saturday afternoon excursions; but his principal climbing excursions were made with small parties of friends. In June, 1907, he climbed Braeriach, and later he climbed Ben Nevis in a week-end from Aberdeen. His great feat of climbing the six Cairngorms in one day (in June, 1908) is

chronicled in Volume VI. of the *C.C.J.* The summer of 1907 found him in Switzerland, where he climbed several of the peaks around Zermatt. In 1908 he had a strenuous season's climbing in Scotland, and in that winter and the following one he was in the Bernese Oberland for ski-running.

So far as I can recollect, my first climb with McLaren was Clochnaben in April, 1906, and after that date we were frequently together. When I look back upon my many climbs with him, however, there is one which stands out more clearly in my memory than any of the others. We were together in Ballater one week-end in February, 1910. Early in the morning we drove up Glen Muick in one of those clear, crisp days that we sometimes get in the Highlands in winter. We strapped on our ski at Alltnaguibsach, and ascended Lochnagar in the most perfect day of glorious winter sunshine that it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. Both of us were overjoyed, and McLaren, who had just returned from Switzerland, agreed that he had seen nothing more beautiful than we saw that day. The memory of such a day as that will last throughout life; and now that my companion has climbed his last summit, the recollection of these hours is very precious. Just before McLaren left for California he gave me his copy of Hill Burton's "The Cairngorm Mountains," a book he loved dearly and often referred to in his rambles. His companionship in the mountains was sincere, and I shall never find one who will quite fill his place.

He came back to this country in March last year and joined the London Scottish as a private. He fell on October 7th, while charging with his regiment on the Somme battlefield. He was buried in a valley between the hills around Les Boeufs, where so many of his gallant friends have lain down their lives for us.

JAMES GRAY KYD.

CAPTAIN ROBERT LYON.

Killed in action, 30th July, 1916.



Another member of the Club has made "the supreme sacrifice" — Captain Robert Lyon, of the 5th Gordon Highlanders. He fell in action in France on 30th July in the course of the "push" from Albert. He was advancing at the head of his company in face of a withering fire, and, though wounded, he continued to lead his men on,

but was killed in front of the German wire entanglements. Captain Lyon was the younger son of ex-Lord Provost Sir Alexander Lyon (who is also a member of the Club), and had a distinguished career at the University, where he graduated M.A. and LL.B. He was studying for the Scottish bar, and, from his brilliant parts, those acquainted with him confidently anticipated that he would gain great distinction in the profession he had selected.

Captain Lyon had been a member of the Club since 1907, having been admitted on the summit of Glas Maol on the occasion of the Summer Excursion of that year. (See the amusing article on "The Club on Gas Maol" in Vol. V. of the *Journal*). He was then only sixteen years

of age, but he had already climbed many of the Deeside hills, and was full of enthusiasm for mountaineering—an enthusiasm that deepened into a passionate fondness for the hills as the years passed by and as his climbing experiences extended. The Club has numbered among its members no finer fellow than Robert Lyon, and to none of his friends has his untimely death come with greater poignancy of grief than to those who were privileged to be his companions in those excursions over the high Cairngorms in which he delighted.

GEORGE DUNCAN.

LIEUTENANT W. B. MEFF.

Died of wounds, 14th November 1916.



The death of Lieutenant W. B. Meff has bereft the Club of one of its most enthusiastic members. He joined the 7th Battalion, Gordon Highlanders (the Deeside Battalion), in February 1915, and went to France three months later; and he saw much active service. On 13th November last he was hit by shrapnel, and he died in hospital

the next day. For some time he had been Brigade Bombing Officer; and Brigadier-General Douglas Campbell, in a letter written to Lieutenant Meff's

father (Dean of Guild Meff), said:—"He was a fine organiser, so cool and level-headed, and quite devoted to his work. As a member of our mess he will be much missed. His sense of humour was very keen, and he often cheered us all up by his amusing mimicry."

Lieutenant Meff was an all-round sportsman. He was a prominent member of the Aberdeenshire Cricket Club, and was also a very keen fisherman; he knew the Braemar water well, and also the surrounding lochs. He was, too, a photographer of fine discrimination, choosing his subjects largely from the mountains: an admirable specimen of his work, "Glen Lui," appears in Vol. VII. of the *Journal*.

Few corners of the Club's playground were unfamiliar to "Bill" Meff, and he was well acquainted with the animal and bird life of the glen and the hillside. He was one of the "Ultramontane" members of the Club, being exceptionally keen on snow-climbing; he had cut snow and ice-steps up most of the corries and gullies of the Cairngorms. It was a pleasure to those who climbed with him to see his fine figure and smiling face and to hear his humorous remarks. These were never lacking even in the foulest weather, and often, after a strenuous day, they enlivened the homeward journey along the mountain paths he loved so well.

JAMES MCCOSS.

WILLIAM ALFRED HAWES.

Died, 11th July, 1916.

Mr. Hawes was one of the little party of six who founded the Cairngorm Club; two-thirds of them, alas! have now joined the majority. The story of the originating of the Club was told by one of them in the first number of the *Journal* (page 7), and from it the following passage may be quoted: "My letter crossed one from him [the Secretary] to me intimating that he and a couple of friends were just starting for the Loch Bulg district, and that a few of our common friends in

Aberdeen, under the guidance of our future first Chairman, were to pick me up at Inverey during the afternoon of the Jubilee Day on their way to Ben Muich Dhui. The intention was that the two parties should unite in Glen Derry and proceed to the top of the mighty Ben." That and the other items of the programme were duly carried out; the laird of Invercauld had been good enough to allow the Secretary and his two friends to put up at Loch Builg Cottage for several days. A memorable holiday was spent there by the trio, of whom Mr. Hawes—he was always "William" to his friends—was one; the Eastern Cairngorms were explored, as well as the head streams of the Don. The last day was devoted to walking across the tops of Ben Avon and Beinn a'Bhuird, so as to reach the rendezvous in Glen Derry.

Other excursions followed; and, as Mr. Hawes was an expert photographer, the Club had the benefit of illustrations from his camera (including the frontispiece to Vol. I.), whilst his slides, especially of snow-scenes, were in much request by lecturers on Scottish mountains.

Mr. Hawes left Aberdeen in 1900 to superintend the erection at Lowestoft of a new provision factory for his employers—Messrs. Morton—and of this factory he remained the manager till his death. He combined business capacity and integrity with a most genial personality, while at the same time he was particularly happy in his domestic relations. His two sons hold commissions in the army, and his elder daughter has been serving as a nurse in a military hospital. He is also survived by his wife.

ALEX. INKSON McCONNOCHE.

MR. GEORGE J. SHEPHERD, an original member of the Club, died on 12th July, aged 72.

Mention should not be omitted of the death of Mr. John Mitchell, retired gamekeeper, Inverey, Braemar,

which occurred with tragic suddenness on the road while he was proceeding homeward from Mar Lodge on the afternoon of the 30th November. Mr. Mitchell was at one time the occupant of the lonely Corrour Bothy, at the foot of Cairntoul, was promoted to the keepership at Bynack Lodge, and was latterly stalker in Glen Ey. He was well-known to many members of the Club. An appreciative notice of him appeared in the *Free Press* of 4th December.

WHY CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS?

Why climb the mountains? I will tell thee why,
And, if my fancy jumps not with thy whim,
What marvel? there is scope beneath the sky
For things that creep, and fly, and walk, and swim.
I love the free breath of the broad-wing'd breeze,
I love the eye's free sweep from craggy rim,
I love the free bird poised at lofty ease,
And the free torrent's far-upsounding hymn ;
I love to leave my littleness behind
In the low vale where little cares are great,
And in the mighty map of things to find
A sober measure of my scanty state,
Taught by the vastness of God's pictured plan
In the big world how small a thing is man !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

MONADH MOR AND BEN BHROTAIN.

BY EDRED M. CORNER, M.C., F.R.C.S.

THERE can be few better ways of spending ten days' leave in these times than in going to the peace of the hills. There no rumours of war reach one, and the quiet is undisturbed by the discords of mankind. The conclusion of my leave was spent on the hills of the Western Cairngorms. Coming from Central Ross-shire, where we had been sojourning with stalkers, my friend and I rejoined at the Station Hotel, Aviemore. I had never, in an experience of some years, seen the Cairngorms in June look better. Let it be remembered that I have been a member of the Cairngorm Club for more than twenty-one years. The mountains must have had 1,000 to 1,500 feet of snow on them, which shone in the bright June sunlight against the background of a blue sky. So far, I had been on the hills for about a week and had not seen rain or mist. It seemed hard to believe that the hills were so far away from Aviemore, they looked so near and tempting. The clearness of the air enabled the details of the mountain structure to be seen, making them appear to be far nearer than they really were. The view stirred all the desires of the mountain lover, but the attainment was impossible. Men, horses, or motor cars were unobtainable; the war had removed them. Without them a long day amidst those beautiful hills was impossible. Then came a telegram saying that a petrol-census form was attainable at any Post Office. Aviemore had no forms, and gave no hopes that Boat of Garten or any stations north of Aviemore had them. But they thought that Kingussie, south of Aviemore, was sure to have them. So there was a hurried journey to Kingussie. No forms were found there; but there was consolation, a motor car was procurable.

Accordingly, meeting my companion on my return to Aviemore, we moved next day to Kingussie, groaned and perspired over the local Ben More, and started by car from the hotel at 8 a.m. next morning. There is a by-road over the low hills from Kingussie to Achlean in Glen Feshie. This is gained by following the road past the station and the Ruthven Barracks to the Bridge of Tromie, and then taking the first turning, a steep loose road, on the right. For some miles we journeyed over this track, until a good mile from Achlean, where the river, Allt Mor, had irretrievably broken the track for motor cars. Here the walking began and soon brought us to the river Feshie. The river was high and, as one of us walked across the deeper parts, the pressure of the water was great. This forder emptied his boots *after* crossing. The other took off his stockings and replaced his boots *before* crossing, to discover a bridge when he was half-way across, to which he pusillanimously retired. Rejoining, we followed a track leading to a patch of snow on Carn Ban. This snow patch is constant enough to merit description; it is like a Prussian eagle with the tail and the lower part of the right wing broken. The track led to this snow-patch. Travelling along its upper border we quickly gained the summit plateau of Carn Ban, 3,443 feet.

The plateau of the Western Cairngorms was before us, and consisted of patches of earth in mounds, patches of water in and out of lochans or burns, and snow. Neither of us was familiar with the spot, and, not unnaturally, we decided that the most marked feature in this plateau was the top recognised above Loch Cnapan and made for it. The bluff forming this "top" was a terminal rise and cliff on a ridge descending from the 4,149 Cairn of Braeriach. It lies nearer to Loch Eunach than to Loch Cnapan. Quickly we discovered our mistake and wandered over the plateau south of the burn, Allt Sgairnich, finally finding Loch Cnapan and the top above it, 3,009 feet. The district south of the

burn, Allt Sgairnich, certainly has an equal claim to recognition, and I would suggest that it has a top about 3,015 feet high, called Moine Mhor, a name near it on the map. The more often that different points are marked, named, and scheduled, the better is the region mapped and the greater the credit to the Club which works in that region. From Loch Cnapan, after wading through the Allt Linneach, a course was made for Monadh Mor and the northerly point on the map marked 3,326 attained. This point is only a top when seen from below, and from it a gently-inclined broad ridge leads in about one mile to the true top, 3,651 feet. There is a cairn on this second top and none on the first. From the summit, made up of granite-gravel and flat granite blocks, the mountain ridge descends and rises in a mile to the height of 3,575 feet to a true top, so separated by dip and distance as to be distinct and individual on the mountain massif from the 3,651 foot peak. From here the ridge first descends gently and then more steeply to the saddle between Monadh Mor and Ben Bhrotain, about 3,000 feet high on the maps but about 3,100 in reality. From there to the top of Ben Bhrotain keep to the ridge, and do not, like one of us, be tempted off on to the western slopes of the mountain by a nice grassy traverse. It is a snare and a delusion, landing the mountaineer on slopes covered with unstable blocks of granite scree which have to be ascended. One of us followed the right path; the other was tempted and succumbed, with the result that the former waited for ten minutes at the cairn, 3,795 feet high, shouted, ran down to the saddle and re-ascended before the other appeared on the summit plateau.

Throughout the day the big hills—Cairntoul, Sgor an Lochan Uaine, and Braeriach—had been clearing themselves of mist. Ben Muich Dhui, the highest, was not unnaturally the last to do this; now it had the grace to show itself clear and very snowy for upwards of 1,500 feet from the summit. Ben Bhrotain has a great cairn

on its summit, 3,795 feet, and also on the col between it and Monadh Mor. Retracing our steps to the saddle, we re-ascended Monadh Mor, passing near its cairn, and descended to its outlying peak, Leachd Riach, which is given the height of approximately 3,250 feet. We made it about 3,235 feet high. Descending to the north of it, we found the Allt Linneach—through which we had had to wade earlier in the day, a mile and a bit higher in its course—a white impassable torrent with no bridge to be seen. A nice plight at about 5 p.m. after walking pretty continuously since 8.30 or 9 a.m. It seemed folly to risk a life or a limb, or both, in this stream. We were on the wrong side of the river for any track. When in such circumstances, the right thing to do is for the party to sit down and have food. We did this and then wandered through miles of bog down the wrong side of the Eidart (not Eindart).

About three miles down the river the Garbh-Allt joins the Eidart, and a little farther the track crosses the river. It was in such spate, however, that we could not attempt to cross, and we were considerably annoyed at the sight of a well-made track on the other side. After another two miles odd we gained the promised land of Glen Feshie, again finding ourselves on the wrong side of the river and a well-made track on the other side. We could have gained this track but foolishly (though now I think wisely) we did not do so, but crossed the Feshie and proceeded down the "wrong" side of the Glen. At first all was open and easy, then it got darker, the ground rougher and more broken, and the Glen less wide. Our pace became slower and slower as the Glen became narrower and the light less. The sides soon became steep with lowering hills on either hand. The slopes being well washed out by the winter floods, it was necessary to cross much unstable scree. Here I think the darkness helped us. It was curious to see a stone move, descend, disappear, and then, after an interval of silence, came the "plop" of its entering the

river. We may have crossed these places better at night than we should have done in broad daylight. Then we met trees which brought more slippery wetness and darkness, especially as the trees became more numerous and formed woods. Here we plainly discussed the coldness of the night wind up Glen Feshie, the difficulties of proceeding, the advisability of getting out of the wind and waiting for light, the desirability of retaining the last sandwich for breakfast, and, lastly, the feelings of the driver of the car waiting for us at Glen Feshie Lodge. The last consideration made us "powler" on. At length we spied a bridge with a good appearance but with the end on our side rotten and unrepaired. Then I was glad that we had journeyed down the wrong side of the river. Otherwise we might have crossed this bridge in the dark, to find it good at first with the last few feet highly dangerous.

On these occasions, when we see little, and that imperfectly, and do not know the district, there is a Providence which helps us. In an open grassy place we found a track; this led to a better made track and finally to Glen Feshie Lodge, where we arrived about 1 a.m. No car was there awaiting us. An omniscient keeper had sent the car away about 10 p.m. and gone to bed, perchance to sleep and perchance to dream, leaving all windows dark. Perhaps he had rheumatism, and I hope so for his interference with my orders to the driver of the car to wait until I came. But alas! the driver was young, the stalker was a man of years and position, and it was not known to either that my companion and I were in the habit of keeping our word. Such was our reward for coming through the darker and narrow part of the glen. With true thrift the car was taken home and charged for in the bill. The pros and cons of the position apart, here were we at Glen Feshie Lodge at 1.30 a.m. and we had to get to Kingussie. We looked for the car, found its tracks, and walked to Kingussie, not admiring the dawn and accompanied by

rain showers. At Kingussie we arrived about 5 a.m. and were welcomed with tea and bed.

To the east of Diollaid Coire Eindart, 3,184 feet, and about half a mile from it, there is a top quite separate and distinct whose name the Rev. Ronald Burn says is Cluas na Chrosgaidh Creige, and height 3,079 feet. This is a wonderful district for geographical points, called tops.

1.—The ridge descending south-west from the 4,149 cairn of Braeriach ends in a well-marked bluff, which, in the nomenclature of the district, might be called the top over Loch Eunach.

2.—The south-west ridge, Sgor an Lochan Uaine, ends in a top over Suarach (Stuirteag).

3.—The south-west ridge from Cairntoul ends in a top, the Aonach Bhiudhe of Cairntoul.

It is noteworthy that these three contiguous big hills each have a southwest ridge which ends in a "top," the top above Loch Eunach, the top above Loch Suarach, and Aonach Bhiudhe.

4.—Monadh Mor has a southern top, 3,575 feet high.

5.—Ben Bhrotain has an eastern shoulder, about 3,600 feet high.

6.—West of Meall Dhubh a Achaidh is a top, Moine Mhor (?), about 3,015 feet high.

7.—Half a mile east of Diollaid Coire Eindart is Cluas na Chrosgaidh Creige, 3,079 feet high.

All these I submit to the consideration of the powers that be.

July, 1916.

BEINN A' GHLO FROM BRAEMAR.

BEINN A' GHLO (the Mountain of Mist), with its triple peaks, is a hill of striking contour and is a conspicuous object from many points of view. For long I had wanted to climb it, but it was not until last summer that a sojourn at Braemar provided the opportunity. The hill is a somewhat difficult one to approach. The usual way to tackle it is to start from Blair Athol, but, for a cyclist at least, there seems to be a good deal to be said in favour of starting from Braemar, as the following narrative may demonstrate.

On a Sunday towards the end of July, a friend and I left Braemar on our cycles at 8.30 a.m. (summer time) for Bynack Lodge. The morning was fine, giving promise of excessive heat. We quickly covered the distance to the Linn of Dee, but thereafter our pace was greatly reduced owing to the deplorable condition of the road. There is very little traffic up there nowadays, and national and local circumstances have removed almost every incentive to road-maintenance. After crossing the White Bridge (now no longer white), we had an opportunity along various narrow ridges and hollows of the road of exercising our powers of trick-riding, and eventually we reached the Geldie without mishap either to man or cycle. Instead of taking the road across the ford, we crossed the stream by the foot-bridge, which had evidently been recently rebuilt, but found that further cycling was entirely out of the question, the road being practically non-existent. We accordingly left our cycles in a dry side-channel of the Bynack Burn and proceeded on foot to the Lodge, which we found to be tenantless.

It was now fully half-past ten o'clock. The sun was getting very powerful, and there was not

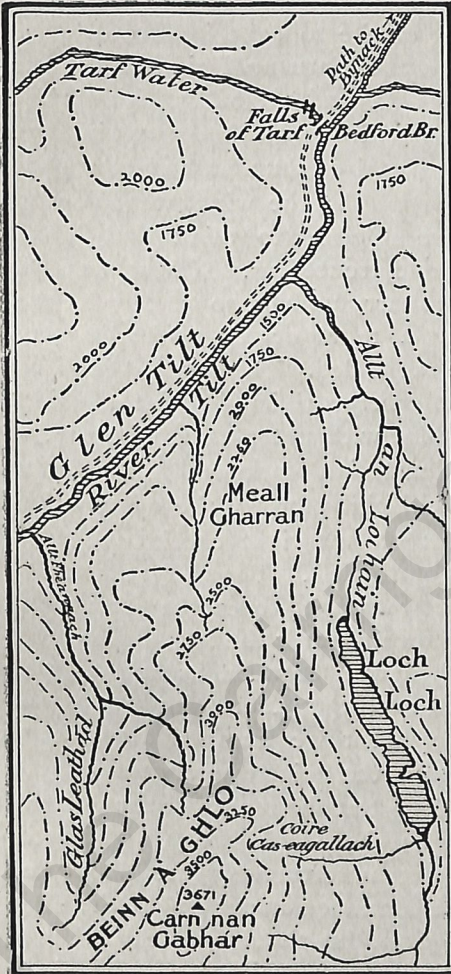
a breath of wind. As we tramped along the path leading over the watershed to Glen Tilt, we noticed that thunder-clouds were forming and we experienced one sharp shower. We reached the Tarf at noon, and under the Bedford Bridge took shelter from another shower, sitting close to the water's edge. We noticed that the Falls of Tarf were in their normal summer condition, and we let our imagination picture what the scene would be like if the stream were in flood. After a short rest, we continued on our way, following the path down Glen Tilt until we came to the point where the Allt an Lochain, from Loch Loch, joins the Tilt. Here we took lunch, and, while so doing, proved the value of a "Tommy's (or 'Little Mary') Cooker" as an adjunct to a mountaineering outfit. Thereafter we walked across the Tilt (*à la* Parker) just below where the Allt an Lochain flows in, having previously tightened up our boots to keep out as much water as possible. By making use of stones in the bed of the river, we avoided getting wet more than half-way to the knee.

A careful examination through a field glass from the summit of An Sgarsoch on a previous day, and a somewhat prolonged study of the map, had led to the conclusion that the easiest way to reach the highest top of Beinn a' Ghlo was to cross the Tilt at the point just mentioned and to make the ascent by following the ridge which rises from the angle formed by the Allt an Lochain and the Tilt, and runs almost in a straight line to the summit of Carn nan Gabhar. Commencing to climb at 1.30 p.m. we soon rose 1000 feet to the 2250 contour, and by keeping to the west of the highest part of Meall Gharran, we avoided negotiating any but negligible dips. By the time we had risen another 500 feet, we were able to look behind us to a very fine view of the Cairngorms, remarkably conspicuous by reason of the large amount of snow upon them. Gradually we mounted the steep-sided saddle which separates the right-hand bank of the Allt Fheannach from the



A GIANT PINE IN GLENMORE FOREST.

Loch Loch valley. The first glimpse of this Loch was one never to be forgotten, and the view of the sunlit



valley leading down towards Kirk Michael was particularly pleasing. All the time we were climbing, thunder was muttering almost directly overhead, but we had no rain, although a storm was evidently breaking in the region of Blair Athol. The route we had chosen proved to be one of easy "going," the surface being covered with either grass, moss, or short heather. The only slight drawback was the absence of water. Indeed, we did not find any until we were almost at the top, when we came upon a solitary spring of great virtue. After surveying the magnifi-

cent Coire Cas-eagallach, which drops down to the head of Loch Loch, we reached the highest cairn of Beinn a' Ghlo at 345.

The top was quite clear at first, but from time to time a thin film of mist floated past, and so the mountain justified its name to us. Even when there was no mist,

the view to the south and west was considerably restricted owing to the thundery condition of the atmosphere, but in the other directions the panorama was charming. As we sat on the top, the landscape in the region of An Sgarsoch and Carn an Fhìdhleir became completely blotted out by a pall of cloud, which rapidly grew darker and darker until the blackness was intense. Then came an ominous peal of thunder, and after that we saw the cloud burst. As the wind was blowing towards the storm, we rejoiced to think that in all probability it would not trouble us. Nevertheless, it seemed advisable not to tarry unduly, so we left the top about 4.30 and began a rapid descent, following the route by which we had ascended. The contrast in views from the saddle was intensely striking—on the one side, a land bathed in sunshine with not a cloud in the sky; on the other side, Cimmerian darkness. The storm rapidly spread, and, unluckily for us, the wind which had been caressing us on the right cheek, suddenly changed and smote us on the left. Thereafter a drenching was inevitable, but we sought to escape, for a time at least, by dropping down towards the Allt an Lochain and so placing Meall Gharran between us and the approaching storm. The postponement, however, was brief, and for about an hour we tramped along in a downpour of rain towards the point where we had commenced our climb. Almost at the mouth of the Allt an Lochain we came upon a shepherd's bothy, and hoped to get shelter in it, but unfortunately the door was securely fastened, so we continued on our way to the Tilt.

When we caught sight of the river, our breath almost failed us. The peaceful stream which we had walked across so easily five hours before, was now in mighty flood. Since the bursting of the thunder-storm, the water had risen with incredible rapidity, and it came raging past us with a speed which at once convinced us of the absolute impossibility of getting across. What then were we to do? Our path to Braemar lay on the

farther side, and the bank on which we stood was, as we had observed in the morning, very precipitous. Supposing we could find a way along it, would the two other streams which combine and flow into the Tilt just beyond the Bedford Bridge also be in flood and uncrossable? If so, our position would be unenviable, with the prospect of a night in the open, or at best in the shepherd's bothy. Considering the direction from which the storm had come, we thought that the flooding would probably be confined to the Tarf, and that the two other streams would not be swollen to any great extent, so we determined to try to find a way along the left bank of the Tilt to the point where the Tarf enters, and then beyond this, get across to the path on the other side. In addition to being steep, this bank is broken by numerous water courses and sandy chutes leading down to the river. A cool head and a steady eye were necessary, as footholds were precarious, and we were conscious that with a single false step we might find ourselves in the swirling water below, which, when we looked down, seemed to exercise an almost mesmeric influence.

At the bend of the river, about half-way along to the Tarf, the scene was awe-inspiring. What impressed us most was the irresistible force of the flood, and the change in the water from its former clearness to a muddy blackness. Looking down the river from the bend, we could see it rushing far into the distance. While picking our steps, we encountered a shepherd—presumably the occupant of the bothy—who assured us that we would get on all right, and that only the Tarf was in flood. Not long after receiving this cheering information, we arrived opposite the Bedford Bridge, and climbing to a coign of vantage got a magnificent view of the Falls of Tarf, not merely of the lower Fall, but also of the upper Fall, the existence of which is unknown to many who have gone through Glen Tilt. The scene we had imagined in the morning was now

before our eyes. The mass of water thundering down was most impressive. Although we were unaware of the exact circumstances of the drowning accident which led to the erection of the Bedford Memorial Bridge, we were able to realise how it might have happened, and we felt we had received a very vivid object-lesson on one of the dangers to which mountain wayfarers are liable.

On passing the Tarf we left the floods behind us and at once crossed to the Bynack path. The rain had now completely stopped, so, before proceeding further, we allowed ourselves a rest of three-quarters of an hour, during which we ate our evening meal. At 7.30 we started for Bynack, and by dint of steady tramping arrived there at 8.50. The path from the Tarf to the watershed exhibited little sign of rain, but beyond the watershed it was in many places lying under water, showing that the thunderstorm had not been confined merely to the area drained by the Tarf. The Bynack Burn, we observed, had been in high spate but was subsiding, and for a little we wondered whether we should find our cycles where we had left them. We were soon relieved on this score, but they had had a narrow escape. Their wheels were partially submerged, and the spindrift on the spokes showed the height to which the water had risen in the channel which in the morning had been absolutely dry. After a hasty examination, we speedily got the cycles over the Geldie, and in doing so were thankful to find the foot-bridge still intact, in spite of the flood beneath. We started cycling at 9.15, crossed the Linn of Dee at 9.55, and arrived at Braemar at 10.30.

FORT WILLIAM TO SKYE.

I.—BEN NEVIS AND GLEN NEVIS.

BY JAMES B. NICOL.

READERS of the *Journal* may perhaps remember that, on setting out to walk through Glen Feshie in the autumn of 1915—a walk I described in No. 46 (pp. 137-144)—the only definite object I had in view after crossing to Speyside was, if possible, to walk down Glen Spean to Fort William. On approaching my destination (Fort William) on the Friday afternoon—my fifth day of walking—I was so impressed with the majestic mass of Ben Nevis towering up from sea level that I decided to attempt its ascent next day if the weather conditions were propitious; and, after a short rest and a substantial meal, I set out the same evening to explore the approach to the mountain. Retracing my steps for a mile to the Bridge of Nevis, I took the road on the north side of the river Nevis, and in a short time reached the farm house of Achintee, where the driving road ends and the path to the hill strikes upwards. Here, by good fortune, I met the farmer himself and obtained from him much information regarding the hill and the glen which proved of great assistance later.

Next day—Saturday—found me early at the hill-foot. The ascent presents little or no difficulty. A well-made path leads right to the top; and although in parts the gradients are steep, necessitating frequent pauses, there is no climbing in the real sense of the word, and nothing which an ordinary pedestrian possessing sufficient endurance and “wind” cannot easily accomplish. A couple of zig-zags on the face of Meall-an-t’Suidhe (the western shoulder of the Ben Nevis

massif) leads one into a deep gully, at the top of which stands the half-way shelter hut. From this point upwards the road is carried on the face of Carn Dearg by a series of traverses, each one steeper and more stony than its predecessor, until the crest is reached. Then a comparatively level stretch of road, marked by cairns, lands one at the Observatory and the summit. At the lower levels and up to the 3,000 feet level the day was an ideal one for walking—cool and grey. Westward, Loch Eil was seen surrounded by gloomy mountains; south-westward stretched Loch Linnhe, narrowing down at Ardgour and then expanding again to the open sea, where in the far distance the island of Mull was indicated by the majestic cone of Ben More; to the south, the view was limited by the nearer hills in Mamore Forest, and to the north by dark hills surrounding Loch Lochy and the Caledonian Canal.

Dense mist enveloped the hill above the 3,000 feet level and prevented any view from the summit. Momentary glimpses down the gullies on the north face revealed some tremendous precipices, but, with this exception, little could be made out, and I had to be content with an examination of objects nearer at hand, and, in particular, of the buildings on the summit. The principal of these is the Observatory—a most substantial structure of square-jointed granite stone, built apparently without mortar and designed to withstand the fierce gales likely to be experienced in such an exposed situation. Although now closed and deserted, it bids fair to stand for many a day if treated with due respect, but, unfortunately, I noted that several of the outer windows had already been broken, and if such a practice be continued it will soon result in serious damage. The long, rambling structure of wood and corrugated iron, politely known as the "Hotel," is already hastening to dissolution; with its open door, broken windows, and rain-soaked interior littered with papers, it was a pitiful object. Narrow paths, neatly

paved with flat-bedded stones, connect the main Observatory with the little stone buildings which housed the instruments. Otherwise, the top of the hill consists of a mass of rather sharp-pointed boulders, over which walking is anything but pleasant and requires considerable care to prevent accident.

After spending about three quarters of an hour on the summit, I made a rapid descent to the half-way hut, and thereafter to a heather-clad hollow near the dark Lochan Meall-an-t'Suidhe, lying between Meall-an-t'Suidhe and Carn Dearg. In this sheltered spot I spent some time, watching the mist rolling ceaselessly round the shoulders of the hill and gradually creeping downward, until the lengthening shadows proclaimed the approach of evening. Another rapid descent brought me once again to the farm of Achintee and to level ground and within easy walking distance of Fort William.

The following day (Sunday) was spent in Glen Nevis—the deep, narrow glen which encircles Ben Nevis to the south. Passing through Fort William once more to the Bridge of Nevis, I followed the road on the south side of the river, which here runs for about four miles in a south-easterly direction, to a farm called Achriavach. At this point the road crosses the river to the right bank, and bending round Carn Dearg—the southern spur of Ben Nevis—follows the course of the river, but on higher ground, for nearly two miles in a direction approximating north-east, until the first or lower Falls of Steall are reached. Here the road ends, and to one unfamiliar with the district the glen itself has the appearance of terminating, being shut in to the east by the hill marked Meall Cumhann on the map. Observing indications of a path on the face of this hill, however, I scrambled upwards and soon gained the top of a projecting shoulder, from which I was able to see that the river had made a sudden change in direction to south-east again and now wound through a flat meadow-like valley closely hemmed in by high hills

on both sides. On descending to the bottom of this valley—which appeared to have been formerly the bed of a loch—I followed the river upwards for nearly a mile to the upper Falls of Steall. Beyond this point the glen opened up somewhat and partook more of an upland character, but as rain threatened and little shelter was available, I decided to return.

On retracing my steps through the meadow-like valley, which was very wet and boggy, I discovered that the river plunges down a deep, rocky gorge—a feature I had missed on my upward journey through following the high-level path on the face of Meall Cumhann. This part of the glen turned out to be the most interesting part of the day's outing. The valley is here suddenly reduced to a narrow passage between two high hills, which, apparently, at one time were continuous, and had thus formed a barrier to hold up the waters of a deep loch. Either through a weakness in the structure of the rock or through the action of ice, this barrier has been cut down to the level of the flat above, and the whole of the loch emptied. As the gorge deepened, large boulders and masses of rock fell in from the adjacent hills, choking the course of the river, so that little water could be seen, although a considerable volume of water must pass underneath the boulders. In winter the conditions must be different, as I noted that both the side walls and the boulders were highly polished and eroded with numerous pot-holes.

A narrow foot-path labelled "Dangerous" on a notice-board leads along one side of the gorge. At first the warning seemed superfluous, but after a time, on turning a sharp bend, I found the path non-existent, having slipped into and been washed down by the river. After negotiating this obstruction, I found that the path became narrower and the hillside more precipitous, until the path acquired the character of a mere ledge about two feet wide on the face of the precipice, with a steep slope to the river and a vertical wall of rock above.

The passage of this part, however, was rendered comparatively safe by a stout wire rope fixed to staples leaded into the face of the precipice, which, although it affords no fence at the outer side of the road, gives a secure hand-grip and a feeling of safety.

Although the scenery in Glen Nevis is wild, it has not the desolate character of that of Glen Spean. The valley being so narrow, the hills on each side feel more companionable, and although during my tramp of about 21 miles few people were met with, there was no feeling of loneliness. The glen appears to be greatly over-deepened: the side slopes are very steep and consequently the tributary streams drop into the main valley as waterfalls. The two principal falls are known as the lower and upper falls of Steall. The lower ones, which descend from Cairn Dearg on the Ben Nevis side, slip down several hundreds of feet on bare rock, over which the water is broken up into long streaks of white foam; the upper falls, which come down from the Mamore Forest or south side of the glen, are more uncommon and striking in appearance, from the fact that about half-way down they split into two streams and form a figure resembling the letter Y, but inverted. Evidences of glacial action are abundant throughout the glen: many of the exposed rocks bear signs of polishing and grinding, and numerous moraine hillocks and travelled boulders are to be seen from the gorge downwards. A dyke of red-coloured rock, resembling porphyry, crosses the valley above Achriavach and gives rise to a group of beautiful waterfalls on the river, while the red colour of the exposed rocks forms a pleasing contrast to the green trees and vegetation. Although rain fell heavily for about half-an-hour at midday and several passing showers were encountered later on, the clouds broke up towards evening, and the sun, piercing the mist, lighted up the hills with vivid patches of colour. Ben Nevis itself, however, maintained a dignified reserve and refused to lift its capping of mist.

A DAY ON GOATFELL.

BY LYDIA BULLOCH.

OUR holiday in Arran, we were assured, would be incomplete if we did not climb Goatfell, the mountain whose lovely contour is observable from nearly every part of the island, and from whose summit there is a magnificent prospect, embracing one special feature—a view of “the three kingdoms.” We were not a party of mountaineers by any means—rather the reverse, to tell the truth; but to “do Goatfell” was so strongly impressed upon us as the conventional duty of every visitor to Arran that we felt obliged to conform. Unfortunately, the weather in the early summer this year was quite as unpropitious in Arran as it seems to have been everywhere else, but the continuous downpour of rain luckily ceased towards the middle of July, and a day was chosen for our adventure which was deemed by “natives,” expert in weather indications, as likely to prove favourable.

Leaving Corrie about 11 a.m., we kept to the road that skirts the shore, until an old quarry-hole was reached about a quarter of a mile from the starting-place. Here we left the main road and took one on the right that leads up to a quarry, and ultimately to the little village of High Corrie, which stands on the hillside, looking out on the sea. It is a very picturesque spot, with its white-washed houses and tar-coated roofs, and its tall fuchsia hedges—these hedges, by the way, are quite a feature of Arran. From High Corrie we mounted the grassy slopes, and headed south as if bound for the Holy Isle with its conical-shaped hill. There is a distinct path here, which one can scarcely miss, as it wends its way through the grass, heather and bracken. Our troubles soon began, however. The sun was too hot, the air was too sultry, and we were over-clad for

walking in warm weather. So, puffing and panting, a halt was speedily called, and we all gladly squatted, to rest and take the first deliberate view of our surroundings.

In front of us was the sea, with the two Cumbraes between us and Bute, which was but dimly seen through the haze. Little Cumbrae appeared not unlike a rather big whale floating in the water. We were in a position to observe—what is, indeed, noticeable everywhere on the island—that Goatfell is not the only mountain in Arran, but is simply part of a ridge, all about which, as Baddeley points out, “the mountains cluster with a rugged picturesqueness and abrupt boldness of outline nowhere surpassed in Great Britain, except in the sister island of Skye.” To our right was Maol Donn (1,208 ft.) and to our left Am Binnein (2,172 ft.), separated from each other by the White Water Glen. Away to the south stretched the Holy Isle, looking from our view-point, however, like a part of the mainland of Arran. The Holy Isle is said to have got its name from being the retreat of a Culdee anchorite, whose hermitage, in the form of a natural cave, is still shown, and near this is a spring, a “holy well,” which for centuries bore a surpassing repute among the superstitious for curing all sorts of diseases.

Resuming the climb, the pathway soon took a decided turn to the right and we turned our backs on the Holy Isle. After crossing a fence by an iron stair, we speedily found ourselves quite close to the White Water, which rushes down a deep, stony gorge, forming many waterfalls as it dashes over the rocks. The beauty of the glen was greatly enhanced by the heavy rains which had prevailed, transforming a comparatively small stream into a raging mountain torrent, which sprayed us as it plunged along its rocky bed. Anyone with a brilliant imagination who, later in the day, happened to look under a large boulder in this neighbourhood, might have been excused for suspecting

that a terrible tragedy had been perpetrated, for there, peeping out from underneath it, was a collection of hats, jerseys, scarves, etc. (there were several ladies in the party), which we found it necessary to discard, and which we carefully hid to await our return on the homeward journey. Relieved of these burdens, we accomplished the remainder of our walk with much greater ease. We made this spot our second halting-place and once more studied our surroundings. High Corrie now seemed a long way beneath us, and the Holy Isle could be seen rising out of the Bay of Lamlash, with its sugar-loaf hill sloping down to the edge of the water. In front we could see that very soon we should reach the rocky part of the mountain and leave the grassy slopes behind us. As we rose to resume the climb we sighted on the sky line our first deer, three of them, but they were a considerable distance away.

Our journey now became a little more fatiguing as we got among the boulders. Up to this point we had kept to the left bank of the White Water, but now we crossed to the opposite side and scrambled up to the top of a long stony shoulder, where we had a good view of the top of Goatfell and "the Saddle," as they stood silhouetted against the sky in all their rugged grandeur. We were surrounded by stones, scattered about in such a way as might have suggested the ruins of Ypres or the scene of some great bombardment. On our left we could distinctly see three Bays lying beneath us—Brodick, Lamlash, and Whiting Bays. This was a very tiring part of the climb as we wended our way up among the boulders, and I must confess that rests were the order of the day.

It almost looked as if our outing were to prove a fiasco for, towering above us, was the top of the mountain, with the mist creeping ever and ever further down its sides. Nothing daunted, we climbed on till we reached the last boulders, some of which, indeed, seemed

to be the result of artificial masonry as they were piled on the top of each other in large rectangular blocks. Others of them were less regular and more grotesque. One in particular, owing to its likeness to a skull, evoked the exclamation—"Alas! poor Yorick!" Another seemed not unlike one of the gargoyles on Notre Dame. The summit (2,866 ft.) was duly reached, but owing to the mist, the view was exceedingly limited. On a clear day it is said to be almost unrivalled, and has been described as extending "north-westward to the Paps of Jura; northward to Ben Cruachan; north-eastward to Ben Lomond; eastward to Ayrshire; southward to Ailsa Craig and the coast of Ireland; and westward to the neighbouring jagged ridges of Caisteal Abhail, Cir Mhor, and Ben Tarsuinn." Of this extensive view we saw little or nothing. Had we been a body of earnest and enthusiastic mountaineers, we might have felt fearfully disappointed; but as we were not in a critical mood and were satisfied with the day's exercise and pleasure, we did not grumble. We were content with the striking grandeur all around, with the lovely view down into Glen Rosa, and particularly with the movements of the mist, which seemed to rise like steam from a seething cauldron below, breaking off into clouds which chased each other round the mountain-top. At the risk of descending from sublimity to bathos, we may mention that on the summit we noticed the names of "H.M.S. Osprey" and "H.M.S. Vixen" chiselled out on the rocks in bold letters, an indication that sailors from vessels of the Fleet often stationed in Lamlash Bay had made the ascent of Goatfell.

Those who care for a bigger day's outing than that here described would do well to cross "the Saddle," which connects Glen Rosa with Glen Sannox. It was here, it may be remembered, that a young man Rose was done to death in 1889; he now lies buried in the little churchyard in Glen Sannox, his grave being marked by a large boulder, which the murderer is said to have rolled on the top of the body, to hide all traces of his crime.

One might also head for Brodick, which is a longer but quite an easy way of reaching sea level. The necessity of retrieving our superfluous garments, however, made us return the way we had come ; so having regaled the inner man (and woman), and bidden farewell to the mountain-top with its ever-changing aspects, we began to retrace our steps, but making one slight change—we struck the White Water much higher up. It is doubtful if this is advisable for the nervously-inclined, as we had to slide down what looked like a land-slip, and the loose gravel and stones kept rolling down the slope, proving rather a danger to those in front. The younger members of the party, however, voted it “great sport,” and certainly the shouts of laughter that echoed and re-echoed on the hill-side showed how much they enjoyed this change of programme. It was only when we reached the valley below and looked back that we realised the risk involved. The White Water, where we struck it, is a mere burn which we crossed on stepping-stones ; and there lay the remains of what had been mayhap “the Monarch of the Glen,” his white bleached bones piercing his once fine coat. One could not help picturing him in his final agony, dragging himself to the water “to drink his fill,” and then lying down to take his last rest.

Hunger sent us flying along the valley at a good speed through much bog-land, which subsequently rendered a little amateur cobbling necessary. We soon reached our boulder wardrobe, which proved to be quite a good left luggage room. High Corrie was soon in sight and no one was sorry, for the strain on the muscles was beginning to tell and we were all longing for level ground, which was reached about 5 o'clock. Almost a deathly stillness prevailed at the tea table, which, to use an Irish bull, spoke volumes for our appetites.

Thus ended a delightful outing, the account of which may encourage other amateur climbers to make the acquaintance of Goatfell.

THE SPEY.

I take my rise where the mountains
Blush with the kiss of dawn ;
Where the mist of the sweating valleys
On the wings of the wind is borne.

Where the moorland meets the mountain
And the red grouse whirr in tune ;
Through rocks as grey as the Judgment-day
My baby course is hewn.

And ever with gathering volume,
Ever with swifter flow,
The creamy foam of my peaty home
I toss to the fields below.

Down, far down, to the lowlands,
Where the alders touch the sky,
And my banks are the rabbits' playground,
And the gulls and the peewits cry.

But on, far on, in the lowlands,
My swiftness does not tire ;
And I toss my granite pebbles,
Till they crackle like gorse afire.

And ever I cut new channels,
Ever I wider range,
For my will is a wayward woman's,
Changeless only in change.

Till, like the wayward woman,
Wayward however she be,
I find my lord and master,
And rest in my love—the sea.

T. F.

—“*The Gordon Book*” (1902).

VIII. R

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SGARSOCH MARKET.



Photo. by

W. Barzlay.

TO THE EDITOR, "CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL."

SIR,—It is now over a dozen years since I visited An Sgarsoch, so I have little to add to what has been said, but I enclose a photograph of the cairn which may be of some interest.

Our route was from Blair Athol by Glen Tilt and the Kites' Cairn (Carn Chlamhain) (3159 feet), thence across the valley of the Tarf to the base of the mountain; and the most lasting impression of our visit, in spite of the wintry state of the weather—inconstant snow showers all day in mid-June—was the interminable peat bogs we had to traverse between Kites' Cairn and Sgarsoch. Indeed, if it had not been a particularly

dry summer previously, I question very much if we should have reached Blair the same day.

Mr. McConnochie mentions the old drove road shown on Knox's map of the Basin of the Tay (1836), which ran from Glen Tilt by the west shoulder of Sgarsoch to Braemar. Well, I was in Glen Tilt the other day, and I regret to say that it is now obliterated—at least, I could find no indication of it, though I ascended the slopes of Conalich on the right bank of the Allt Chrochaidh, and also went to the summit of An Sligearnach (2577 feet). A faint stalker's track zig-zags up the face of this hill, but the old drove road is marked as starting about half a mile farther down the glen on the other side of the Allt Chrochaidh (Allt Crochie on Knox's Map).

The walking was too heavy, all the bogs being full, or I should have continued my tramp to Sgarsoch.

What I should like to know is why this track should deviate from the well-known path by the Bynack to cross practically the summit of Sgarsoch, and then return to the parent path in Glen Tilt. Surely there must have been some reason—some very good reason—for this, as both roads are marked on the map.

I am just afraid I shall not have another opportunity of visiting that district for some time, but the photograph of the cairn will show that there has been "a considerable gathering of stones."—I am, etc.,

WILLIAM BARCLAY.

"SUNNYSIDE," MURRAY ROAD,
SCONE, PERTH, 9th August, 1916.

SIR,—Mr. W. M. Alexander's communication in the January issue regarding the supposed Fair on Sgarsoch was of much general interest. It has been usefully supplemented by two other correspondents,* and I now desire to add a few words; pressure of work has prevented me from doing so earlier.

* [Mr. Clarke was shown Mr. Barclay's letter.—EDITOR].

I visited Sgarsoch more than a score of years ago, and subsequently sought information regarding its tradition from a retired keeper at Braemar—one of the many Mackintoshes of the district. My conclusions go generally to confirm those stated by your other correspondents. My visit was part of a more extended excursion, which included cycle from Braemar to the White Bridge, the Glen Feshie route past the Geldie Lodge, the dreary region of the head waters of the Geldie and Feshie, then in succession Meall Tionail (southern), Cairn Eelar and An Sgarsoch, finishing with the ridge between the Geldie and Bynack (Cnapan Garbh) to the White Bridge, and "so home and to bed," as Pepys would say.

Recollections of such an ancient date may be somewhat blurred, but they are fortunately supplemented by special notes and even a rough sketch of the top of Sgarsoch. All my experience corroborates Mr. Alexander's observations. He has so fully described the scene and the views that it is unnecessary for me to say anything of them. The one feature which strongly impressed itself and stands out clearly is that the top of the mountain was not as Nature had left it. It everywhere showed traces of human action, of arrangements designed to serve some purpose. A kind of road had been constructed or cleared. The stones were tilted for shelter, or laid flat as seats. A little heap marked a spring or drinking-place, and a horizontal line at one side of the hill seemed to suggest a row of feeding-places for cattle or horses. The whole mountain top was covered with grass, which had been extensively invaded by moss.

Standing on this outlier, high (3,300 feet), not very difficult of access, and not very open to attack or surprise, one could well imagine its choice as a site for a fair. It is situated at the junction of Deeside with Glen Tilt as well as with the two great Speyside roads, Glen Feshie and the Lairig Dhru: the Lairig an Laigh is also adjacent and would be tapped by it. The persistent

tradition of the district is that the Sgarsoch was the site of an old Fair. Its situation strongly confirms the tradition. The condition of the top as I saw it suggested very distinctly its employment for some human purpose : it is difficult to see what other than a cattle and sheep mart this could have been. To us living in settled times—if we cannot quite appropriately add, peaceful—it may seem strange that such an elevation should have been sought. A reason has already been suggested, and there are many indications elsewhere that our ancestors were wont to lift up both eyes and feet to the hills.

Mr. Alexander's suggestion is worth following up. A party of at least three or four should visit the place, photograph all the more important points, and endeavour to clear up the question of the market, so far as that is now possible. Time is steadily obliterating roads and other memorials, so that action should not be delayed.—I am, etc.,

JOHN CLARKE.

7 CHANONRY,
OLD ABERDEEN, 28th August, 1916.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

THE past summer was an exceedingly capricious one, with an excessive and quite unusual amount of rain. June in particular was very wet.

On Lower Deeside there were heavy showers on twenty days, giving a total rainfall for the month of 4.37 ins.—

THE LINNS IN FLOOD. quite a phenomenal figure, the records for the seven preceding years being respectively 1.31, .84, 2.07, 2.24, 1.97, .68, and 1.24 ins. The Braemar district was somewhat

more fortunate, but it had a "downpour" in the first week of July. Rain fell heavily on the afternoon of Tuesday the 4th, and continued to fall all night and throughout the following day. Thursday was fairly dry, but in the evening there was a thunderstorm in the region beyond the Linn of Dee, and later at Braemar the rain "came down in torrents" and continued for 36 hours. The rivers were all greatly swollen in consequence; and on the Saturday morning it occurred to a visitor to Braemar—a member of the Club, we believe—to mount his bicycle and sally forth to see what like the Linns were. He furnished a graphic and interesting account to the *Free Press* of the 10th, the chief points of which deserve to be reproduced, constituting as they do an exceptional and in a way unique record. At the Linn of Corriemulzie he found that "the familiar picture was gone, and instead an unusually grand spectacle was presented, the rock over which the water descends being covered completely from side to side, with no bare portion in the middle." The volume of water at the bridge of Ey suggested that the Colonel's Bed would be well worth visiting, but the temptation was resisted and the journey to the Linn of Dee was continued. "Here," wrote our observer, "one is usually impressed by the blackness of the water, and the slow, silent swirl of the pools. To-day all was changed. The channel was full of raging waters, across which no one, even the most foolhardy, could have dared to leap. In the pools at the lower part of the Linn there was a cauldron of seething brown. The noise was deafening, and the sight one not soon to be forgotten." Returning to Braemar by the road on the north side of the Dee, the observer noted that the fine curved rush of the Lui above the bridge "was at its best"; and of the Quoich he said—"The Linn of Quoich was, if anything, more impressive than the Linn of Dee. I had visited the Quoich in the beginning of the week and the change was most remarkable. The volume of water was mightily increased; no Punch Bowl was to be seen; and below the bridge the water was boiling with exceeding violence." From here onward the negotiation of the bicycle was attended with difficulty, many parts of the road being under water owing to an enormous back-flow from the river. Ultimately, the cycle with its rider had to be transferred to the higher road leading to the Aberarder road, the south Deeside road being reached near the Invercauld bridge. Here was presented the final spectacle of the day. "The view of the Dee from the old Invercauld

bridge is at all times striking. Between the two bridges there is a fine sweep of the river, and below the old bridge the water is much broken by rocks. With the river in full flood as it was to-day, the spectacle was truly magnificent." The correspondent was amply justified when, in concluding his story, he describes his round as "a memorable morning's tour." He is to be congratulated upon so speedily and so vividly delineating his impressions of the rare scenes he witnessed.

A WORK on "Our Western Hills" was favourably reviewed in the first volume of the *C.C.J.* (pp. 109-10); one of the tops there included is Ballagioch. In Aberdeenshire, say, its height (1084 feet),

BALLAGIOCH would not be of much account, but in Renfrewshire any HILL. hill whose altitude requires four figures to express it is regarded as a veritable Cairngorm! Nevertheless, Ballagioch has much to recommend it to Glasgow hillmen; the round to which this note refers can be accomplished comfortably in six hours, and the time will be well spent. We took train on the last Monday of May to Clarkston, passing through a district looking its greenest and its best; then had a motor run to the charming little village of Eaglesham. Thence there is a walk—it cannot be called a climb—of about three miles. As we have entered the Covenanters' country, it is well to take a look into the kirkyard of Eaglesham *en passant*; as we proceed we shall hear the whaup (curlw), a bird which they had reason to dislike; lapwings were naturally more numerous, and during the day we several times made the acquaintance of corn-crakes. The walk from Eaglesham is by a lonely road; there are scarcely any houses, and sheep are much in evidence. The author of "Our Western Hills" saw a couple of larks fighting as he neared the hill top; we were more fortunate, for we noticed two lapwings at a pleasant flirtation.

It was a glorious day; the sky blue, with many clouds dazzlingly white, which a slight breeze did not seem to affect. We saw no heather in these parts, only rough pasture, and so saw no grouse. The prospect from the flat summit, which a party of five resigned to us, was exceedingly pleasant; there was even something to say for the great smoke which represented Glasgow, for it did not succeed in altogether concealing the Campsie Fells! Quite a long catalogue could be made of hills visible; the most striking were Ben Lomond and Goatfell. In the north an apparently continuous line of mountains across the country, some of them snow-clad, shut us out from the Highlands. Ailsa Craig must be mentioned, owing to the rather majestic appearance which it presented from our coign of vantage.

We made the descent to the westward, and so landed at the lower end of Bennan Loch, where the big colony of gulls on the islet gave us no small entertainment. Lochs, dams, and reservoirs seemed to be numerous wherever we went, the most of them turned to commercial or domestic use. With no blooming heather nor any trees to brighten them up, they looked rather dull from a northern point of view. Passing the birthplace of Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," at Muirhouse, and the very handsome and artistic monument to his memory, erected where two roads meet, we walked on through Newton Mearns to Whitecraigs

Station. As there was no train in waiting, however, we strolled on to Rouken Glen, and were picked up by a tram car going *via* Giffnock to Glasgow. We had had a good time and an excellent lunch on Ballagioch, and the bill for the day was so small that it is not worth mentioning.—A. I. M.

REV. RONALD BURN, in the course of a letter to the Editor praising the excellent article by Professor Watson on "Some Place-Names in the Cairngorm Region" in No. 46 of the *C.C.J.*, incidentally

CAIRNTOUL. offers another derivation of "Cairntoul." The Professor etymologised it as "Carn an t-sabhail," Barn-cairn. Mr.

Burn writes—Now, (1) the keeper at Ruighaiteachan, in Glen Feshie, who "has plenty Gaelic," told me some years ago that this word is "Carn toll," *i.e.*, the hill of the hole, and added in proof that "toll" was always locally sounded "towl"; (2) the barns on this hill are conspicuous by their absence, whereas the hole is very conspicuous from the top of Lochnagar and many other places. It is *the* feature of this hill. Milne (whom, with many other similar books, the article led me to try) gets near this—so near and yet so far—for he derives "toul" from "toll," but explains it by the hollow in which Lochan Uaine lies!

A TOUCHING little monument has been placed in Abernethy forest. It is a stone of white granite and stands on a slight knoll near by the road or track that runs from Rynettin to Rebhoan. The inscription,

A MEMORIAL carved in letters in relief, is as follows:—

AMONG	In remembrance of
THE HILLS.	James Hamilton Maxwell
	who loved these hills
	Killed in the trenches
	near Ypres, 22nd May, 1915,
	Aged 22.

The soldier thus commemorated was the son of an Edinburgh family who have for a number of years visited Nethy Bridge every summer. He had often wandered over the hills and he knew them well. The spot where the memorial stands commands a wide and noble prospect over the great open spaces of the forest and up towards the majestic masses of Cairngorm and Ben Bynac.

To the *Free Press* of 18th July last Mr. George G. Jenkins, C.E., contributed an interesting article descriptive of an excellent view of the Deeside hills obtainable from the near neighbourhood of Aberdeen. The

HILL VIEW	view-point is at the edge of the Kincorth woods, a little to
NEAR	the east of the Bridge of Dee, at the edge of the slopes
ABERDEEN.	known as the Covenanters' Faulds, where part of the troops
	of the Covenanters, under the Marquis of Montrose, en-
	camped prior to the battle of the Bridge of Dee in 1639. The higher hill-
	tops visible include Clochnaben, Mount Battock, Peter Hill, the Braid Cairn,
	"together with the Gathering Cairn ridge, a bold spur whereof to the north
	almost blots out the finely-pointed summit of Mount Keen, and finally the
	long high ridge of Lochnagar, standing out in all its glory, especially if
	covered with snow." As a guide to the minor hill-tops that may be seen,

Mr. Jenkins supplemented his article by a clever little diagram, on which several lines radiated from the point of observation, and numerous hills were indicated with their height and distance away. Altogether (though Mr. Jenkins did not mention this) 27 hill-tops were indicated, the range of view extending to 44 miles. The article had some pertinent remarks on the limitation of view produced by the curvature of the earth, and also a piece of good advice to young mountaineers about the way to correctly identify one's surroundings from a hill top.

It now appears that it is a mountain in Jasper Park and not Mount Robson (see p. 173) that has been named "Mount Cavell" by the Geographic

Board of Canada, to commemorate the heroic nurse, "MOUNT Edith Cavell, who was executed by the Germans in CAVELL." Belgium for harbouring Allied soldiers and helping them to escape. Jasper Park is in the province of Alberta, and Mount Cavell is about 15 miles south of the town of Jasper, the headquarters of the Park, and a few miles west of the Athabaska River. It is situated nearly 15 miles east of Mount Geikie, which preserves the name of the illustrious geologist.

SURPRISING developments in the practice of war have been witnessed in the course of the present European conflict, and not the least striking novelties

have been those exhibited in mountain warfare, particularly as conducted in the Italian Alps. Among the most remarkable of these novelties has been the introduction of heavy artillery to places which in former campaigns would have been deemed inaccessible. "One finds oneself," wrote a correspondent of the *Times*, "under the fire of 12 in. howitzers from the other side of mountains 10,000 ft. high, and it is an extraordinary experience to find Italian heavy howitzers sheltering behind precipices rising sheer up several thousand feet, and fighting with Austrain guns 10 miles distant and beyond one, if not two high ranges of hills"—the direction of fire being given by telephone from observing stations on the highest peaks. The Austrians, according to this authority, concealed some of their heavy artillery in caverns or rock galleries, the men serving the guns being thus secure against shrapnel and also unobservable to airmen. On the Italian side, batteries were mounted at an elevation of about 9,000 ft., each gun weighing 11 tons, the carriage 5 tons, and the platform 30 tons. The employment of siege guns of this character at such stupendous heights necessitated the construction of mountain roads; and once the roads were constructed—and in the art of mountain road-making the Italians are said to be supreme—"handy little steam tractors made light of dragging the heaviest guns up the steepest gradients." The roads were supplemented by "filovia," or air railways on chains, by which guns were swung up to high peaks.

Hardly less astounding were some of the feats of the Alpini, as the Italian soldiers specially engaged in mountain warfare are called. In the attack on Mount Cimone, for instance, two companies of Alpini scaled the face of the mountain on rope ladders, arriving one by one under its overhanging brow, beneath which they squatted, holding on somehow to the

rock for seven long hours, the enemy meanwhile, perfectly aware of their presence, bombarding them from the edge with hand grenades and stones. Then began—to quote another correspondent of the *Times*—“such a battle as our prosaic age has seldom witnessed.” “A line of men, which started on the summit of Cimone and ran down by rope-ladders to the Italian positions, formed a chain of battle. Those lower down, in a slow, rhythmic motion which witnesses describe as always harmonious, passed to those higher up bombs and stones, which were as surely and steadily hurled on to the Austrian positions. When a man fell the line moved up one. That was all. The Alpini worked with disconcerting tranquillity. Enemy bombs which fell on them without exploding were quietly handed on to have a better effect on the return trip.” There were other sensational features attendant on this mountain warfare. Avalanches at times would sweep many of the combatants away; and one particularly ghastly incident occurred. Over 600 Austrians lost their lives in an engagement on Monte Nero. They fell in the snow, which covered them; but one morning in summer, when the snow had melted, they reappeared in strange attitudes, frozen hard and lifelike, giving an Italian garrison in the neighbourhood “their first fright.”

Special equipment, as may readily be imagined, is required for campaigning in these altitudes, where so much snow and ice are encountered. “The Alpini,” we were told, “wear a good hob-nailed boot for ordinary service, but for work on the ice the heel of the boot is taken off, and an iron clamp with ice nails substituted. For mountaineering feats they often use the ‘*scarpe da gatto*,’ or cat shoes, made of string soles with felt uppers, which are more lasting than the Pyrenean straw sandals. The ‘*gavetta*’ or mess tin of the Alpini is very practical. It is the same shape as ours, but a little deeper, and has a reserve of spirit at the base and a spirit lamp, enabling the Alpini to make coffee or heat their wine. They use racquets or skis on the snow, and carry either the alpenstock or the ice-axe.”

THE most prominent feature in connection with the military service now being rendered by Members of the Club is, of course, the lamentable loss of Captains Gillies and Lyon, Lieutenant Meff, and

THE CLUB Private Ian McLaren, killed in action or who died
AND MILITARY from wounds received in action: they are more particularly referred to in the “In Memoriam” article in
SERVICE. this number. The following additional members of the Club have now “joined up.”:—

Alexander Emslie Smith, Jun.—Lieutenant, Territorial Force Reserve.

James McCoss—Corporal, North Scottish R. G. A.

William Barclay, L. D.S.—R. G. A.

Among promotions gazetted since our last issue were those of Captain Charles Reid, Gordon Highlanders, to be temporary Major; Lieutenant A. M. Johnston, Gordon Highlanders, to be Captain; and Lieutenant James Ellis, Gordon Highlanders, to be temporary Captain. Major Reid was wounded a second time in July last.

THE twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Club was held at 14 Golden Square, Aberdeen, on 15th December, 1916—Mr. T. R. Gillies, advocate, Chairman of the Club, presiding.

ANNUAL MEETING. On the motion of Mr. John Clarke, seconded by Mr. Robert Anderson, the following resolution was un-animously adopted :—

“This meeting of the Cairngorm Club desires to record its sense of the loss the Club has sustained by the death of its Secretary, Captain J. B. Gillies. Captain Gillies, from the outset, won the confidence and esteem of the Club by his energy, capacity, and courtesy. His time was bestowed upon the Club's interests ungrudgingly and with a hearty goodwill that made it a pleasure to come in contact with him. In organising and conducting excursions, in editing the Club *Journal*, and in the discharge of his duties as Treasurer, he rendered excellent service : he has crowned a career of much promise by the supreme sacrifice of his life for his country.

“The Club begs respectfully to offer its heartfelt sympathy to his father, so long and intimately associated with its management, and, through him, to his mother and wife. It is with a sense of personal loss that the members unite in their tribute to Captain Gillies' worth, and their admiration of his heroic devotion to duty.”

The Chairman, on behalf of the other relatives and himself, thanked the members for their expressions of sympathy.

In accordance with the policy agreed upon at recent annual meetings, of allowing the management of the Club's affairs to remain undisturbed during the continuance of the war, the Chairman and other office-bearers (except the Secretary and Treasurer), along with the Committee, were re-elected, it being arranged that meanwhile the duties of Secretary and Treasurer shall be discharged by the firm of Messrs. T. & J. Gillies. The accounts for the year 1916, showing a credit balance of £37 15s. 7d., were submitted and approved. It was agreed, as formerly, to leave in the hands of the Committee the determination of arranging a programme of excursions should such be warranted by any change in the position of national affairs.

Some conversation ensued as to the condition of the Allt-na-Beinne bridge, in connection with which it transpired that a balance of £8 odds still remained of the fund for its construction ; and a remit was made to Mr. J. A. Parker to have the bridge repainted out of this balance and of any contributions that may be received for the purpose.

Intimation was made of the receipt of £1 10/-, contributed by the late Mr. C. M. Lawrence and five friends towards the construction of a bridge across the Eidart.

The membership, it was reported, now stands at 140, having been reduced by the five deaths recorded elsewhere and the resignations of Mr. W. B. Brown and Mr. John Robertson.

REVIEWS.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ARBORICULTURAL SOCIETY,
July, 1916—Glenmore is the gateway to Cairngorm, so to speak, to those
ascending the mountain from the Aviemore region, and

GLENMORE the fine forest of Scotch fir spreading around Loch
FOREST. Morlich and up the sides of the adjacent hills, and the
lower slopes of Cairngorm itself, constitutes an attractive
stretch of scenery familiar to all hillmen. One learns with regret that the
forest is about to be felled—if, indeed, the dire work has not been begun
already; though the regret is chastened by the reflection that the felling is
for distinctly national purposes. In view of the impending destruction, Mr.
Peter Leslie, the Lecturer in Forestry at the Aberdeen University, has con-
tributed an interesting paper on “The History of Glenmore Forest” to the
Scottish Arboricultural Society’s “Transactions.” What there is of precise
history of the forest is contained chiefly in the “Statistical Accounts,” from
which Mr. Leslie quotes freely, as was inevitable in the circumstances. But
there is a romantic side to the history, associated with the floating of timber
from Glenmore and adjoining forests down the Spey and several of its
tributaries. Some account of this daring and often dangerous business was
given by the late Dr. Forsyth of Abernethy in his work, “In the Shadow
of Cairngorm”; and a well-informed article on the “picturesque industry”
of “Wood-Floating on the Spey” appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* a little
over a year ago. Dr. Forsyth had also something to say of the Glenmore
district generally in a chapter in his book titled “The Story of a
Highland Glen.”

Little more than a century ago Glenmore Forest was cut down and the
timber floated down the Spey. The wood was sent partly to Hull and
to the King’s dockyards at Deptford and Woolwich, while a great ship-
building business was started at Garmouth and at Kingston, at the mouth
of the Spey. A plank from the forest (5 ft. 5 ins. in width at the butt
end, and 4 ft. 4 ins. at the top) is still preserved at Gordon Castle,
having been presented in 1806 to the Duke of Gordon of the day by Mr.
William Osborne of Hull, who, along with a Mr. Dodsworth of York,
had purchased the forest. An inscription on a brass plate records that the
purchase was made in 1783, and that the whole of the forest was cut down
in the space of 22 years, there having been built during that time, “where
never vessel was built before,” 47 ships of upwards of 19,000 tons burden.
“The largest of them” (the inscription runs), “of 1,050 tons, and three
others but little inferior in size, are now in the service of His Majesty
and the Honble. East India Company.” The largest masts were 60 feet
in length. The ships built of the wood from the forest, though wholly of
pine, were thought by good judges to be equal to those of New England
oak. Some of the natives of the glen resented the destruction of the forest

and the consequential intrusion of the Sassenach, and a Gaelic bard denounced both bitterly in a passage which Dr. Forsyth translates as follows—

“Yonder’s the little glen, kingly and sweet, haunt of the full-grown harts,
 My curse on the hands of men that have robbed it of its glory.
 Now, instead of the song of birds and the murmur of the deer in the thicket,
 Our ears are stunned by the crash of falling trees and the clamours of the Sassenach.”

The forest soon re-seeded itself, however, young wood springing up and growing slowly till the trees reached the age of twelve; and then shooting up rapidly. “Here and there at considerable distances,” says Mr. Leslie, “there are large, scraggy, and isolated trees, but all over the forest there are patches of the ‘young’ forest, often several acres in extent, where the trees are growing closely together. Here they have produced long straight clean stems about 50 to 70 feet in height.” These striking dimensions are attained despite the altitude of the forest, for the woods extend from Loch Morlich up the sides of the adjoining mountains in all directions, to elevations ranging from 1,100 to 1,400 feet. Now, for a second time, the forest is doomed. It has been sold by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to the Home-Growing Timber Committee on behalf of the Government; and the timber is to be manufactured on the ground into sleepers for our strategic railways at the front, pit-props for our mines, and trench-wood and boarding for hutments—we share Mr. Leslie’s feeling that it seems a pity, considering the traditions of the forest, that it should be put to such common uses. National needs probably compel the sacrifice; and we must just submit. It is gratifying, however, to learn that the noble proprietor has made it a condition of the sale that a certain proportion of trees per acre be left standing so as to secure the natural re-seeding and re-growth of this picturesque forest.

We are indebted to Mr. Leslie for the photograph of one of the giant pines on the shores of Loch Morlich which is reproduced in this number of the *Journal*.

R. A.

ENGLISH LANDSCAPE: an Anthology. Compiled by Maurice Baring. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.—The exquisite charms of

English landscape have been lauded in verse no less exquisite by many English poets, and all lovers of both will welcome this little book. Though a mere duodecimo, it nevertheless comprises no fewer than 50 poems which extol the beauties of English scenery as beheld under the differing aspects of Nature and of the seasons, or which express the feelings aroused in the poetic and imaginative mind by their contemplation. The collection is in its way a surprising feat of memory, for Captain Baring made it while serving at the front, and tells us in a brief prefatory note that the book was “compiled without the help of libraries, out of

reach of books and bookshops." Not all the selections are so easily memorised as Gray's *Elegy*: to reproduce from recollection Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis," for instance, and throw off at ease passages from Crabbe and Cowper, the two Brownings, Robert Bridges, A. C. Benson, and so many others, partakes well-nigh of the marvellous. What probably originated as a mental relaxation of life in the trenches and in rest billets now assumes the form of an admirable little anthology, serviceable to all of us by recalling some of the very best things that have been written in praise of the natural features of our own dear land. The collection is fairly representative, alike of the particular characteristics of English scenery and of the poetical utterances in which they have found delineation. "England, thy beauties are tame and domestic," sang a poet (who, we note, is not quoted from), and it is the serene and peaceful aspects of English scenery that are chiefly depicted—the quiet dales and "elmy fields," the woods and gardens, summer dawn and twilight calm. But the sterner aspects are not neglected, and quotations from Wordsworth and Coleridge do ample justice to mountain scenery. An anthology is very largely an individual thing, and to cite omissions is always easy—so much do personal tastes vary. It seems curious, however, that there are no selections from Sir Walter Scott or Robert Louis Stevenson, or from John Stuart Blaikie or Principal Shairp—but then we must remember, perhaps, that the little work is confined to "English" landscape.

R. A.

MOUNTAINEERING is being strongly developed in America, to judge from a "Bulletin of the Associated Clubs of North America" which has been sent us from New York, and receipt of which we have pleasure in acknowledging. The Councillors of the American MOUNTAINEER-ALPINE CLUB recently organised a Bureau of Mountaineering CLUBS. ing Clubs for the advancement of their common aims, these being, briefly, the exploration of mountain regions, the making ascents of leading peaks, and co-operating with geographic boards in mapping and naming the country. The Bulletin is the initial publication of the Bureau, and it gives statistics of the leading clubs and societies. Some of the figures are calculated to astound clubs like our own which make comparatively little headway. The Sierra Club of California, for instance, has a membership of 1822 and the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston a roll of 1796, while clubs in Colorado and Washington also number their members by the hundreds. Altogether, the various American clubs have a total membership of about 7000. May they all flourish and continue to spread the zest for mountaineering!

THE June issue of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* was most noticeable for its reduced size—doubtless due to so many members of the Club being engaged on military service or on duties connected with the war. It consisted of 34 pages—very much below the customary allotment; and it contained only three articles apart from an account of the Club's Easter meet and some notes, and but one of these was a mountaineering article proper—an admirable appreciation of mist

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effects on mountains by Mr. A. Ernest Maylard, based on many personal observations. Mr. Alfred Harker concluded his series of interesting papers, "On Some Old Maps," to which we have referred in previous notices of the *Journal*; and Mr. Gilbert Thomson wrote on "The Winter's Weather"—that of the winter of 1915-16—which, as he truly says, was "somewhat out of the ordinary," and "provided us with some striking extremes."

The October number, we were glad to see, reverted to the usual proportions of the *Journal*. Mr. James A. Parker contributed an interesting account of a climb of Craig Maskeldie, which rises imposingly at the entrance to Glen Unich, about a mile and a half west from the head of Loch Lee. The Craig was reached on this occasion by walking from the Spital of Muick, the return journey being by way of the Mounth path and crossing the watershed between the Tanner and the Pollagach. "Some Western Hills" is descriptive of climbs in the Glenmoidart and Morar region; and Mr. Walter A. Smith furnishes a few notes on such Scottish hill passes and drove roads as he knows—a subject, by the way, to which contributions might well be made by others, as knowledge of these drove roads is fast vanishing. Mr. Smith, for instance, desiderates particulars of the Monega Pass, from the head of Glen Isla over to a point in Glen Clunie, about eight miles south of Braemar. This is said to be the highest pass in Scotland, the crossing being over 2900 feet.

THE *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette* for September last had an interesting article by Professor J. W. Gregory, of Glasgow, entitled "By General

Wade's Road over Corneyairack." It should be read in

THE CONJUNCTION with the account of a crossing of the Pass by
CORRYARRICK Messrs. Kellas and Kyd in No. 44 of the *C.C.F.* and with
PASS. a similar account by Mr. A. B. Noble in the *Scottish*

Mountaineering Journal for October 1915, as, while there

is an inevitable similarity in all three descriptions, there is considerable variety in the experiences of the several narrators and particularly in the observations they made. The very name of the Pass, for example, is spelt differently by each of them. Professor Gregory essayed to "do" the Pass on a bicycle, but started exceedingly doubtful as to whether he should not have to carry the bicycle more than it would carry him. His worst fears must have been realised, for Wade's famous military road over the Pass is now so sadly neglected as to be ill-adapted for cycles. The traverses or zig-zags are overgrown with heather and strewn with stones; besides, when the Professor crossed it was raining heavily, "and in places the road would have been more accurately described as Wade's River or Wade's Aqueduct." One purpose of Professor Gregory's visit to Corryarrick was to determine why this great corrie fronts the south, so contrary to the generality of Scottish corries, which face north or north-east. Whether or not the accomplished geologist ascertained the reason for the "one remarkable geographical feature" of Corryarrick, he failed to communicate it to the readers of his article.

"A MAN'S mind has a lot to do with the appreciation of scenery." The remark, which has a very large measure of truth in it, occurred quite unexpectedly, and almost with startling effect, in one of the

THE instalments of the sensational war-time story, "Green-APPRECIATION mantle," recently contributed by Mr. John Buchan to OF SCENERY. *Land and Water*. The author landed his hero in Constantinople on a day so vile that the famous capital had lost all its charm—the beauties of the Golden Horn were veiled in rain clouds, the "romance of the East" was nowhere visible, and perambulation of the streets was as disagreeable and depressing as is that of London on a wet day. But everything was changed next morning. The wind had veered to the south, there was a blue sky over Asia, "and what had seemed the day before the dingiest of cities now took on a strange beauty, the beauty of unexpected horizons and tongues of grey water winding below cypress-studded shores." There is, of course, nothing very wonderful in the sudden transition of feeling thus indicated. Our impressions of scenery are often determined by the weather conditions of the moment, or by our own physical and mental state or our momentary environment. The fact, however, is often overlooked, and Mr. Buchan has rendered a service in recalling us to a sense of the influences thus exercised.

MESSRS. W. JOLLY & SONS have sent us a tastefully-executed reprint from the "Scottish Ecclesiological Society's Transactions" of a paper on "The Church of Kaisariani in Attica," by the Rev. J. Arnott Hamilton, M.A. The paper bears as a sub-title "A GRECIAN LANDSCAPE. Study in Byzantine Art"—a subject hardly within the scope of a mountaineering journal; but the author evidently possesses the faculty of describing landscape effectively. He thus presents the scene from the church, which stands on the slopes of Mount Hymettus, 600 feet above sea-level:—

"If we lift our eyes from the ground close by to the distant hills we see the dusty land transformed with a strange and unexpected beauty and a blend of colours, pale, delicate, almost ethereal, evolved from this barren Attic plain. The crests of the hills in the distance—Aegaleus and Pentelicus—stand out with extraordinary distinctness of outline in the clear air of the south; yet there rests upon them that faint, almost imperceptible haze which lends such a touch of enchantment to the scenery of Greece. From the distant hills stretches the long plain, beautiful in the pale brown delicacy of its colour, and here and there stand out from it the deep green cypress groves and plantations of pine, all the more striking to the eye from the rareness of trees in this unfertile land."

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal

The Cairngorm Club

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal

EDITED BY
J. B. GILLIES
(No. 43)

AND
ROBERT ANDERSON
(Nos. 44-⁵48).

VOL. VIII
JULY 1914-JANUARY 1917

ABERDEEN
THE CAIRNGORM CLUB

1917

ABERDEEN
W. JOLLY & SONS
ALBANY PRESS

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[NOTICE TO BINDER.—The portrait of Mr. John Clarke (in No. 46) forms the frontispiece to the volume.]

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xiii.

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- 1910 Alex. C. Simpson, West Bungalow, Cults.
1910 Mrs. Simpson, West Bungalow, Cults.

R U L E S.

I.—The Club shall be called "THE CAIRNGORM CLUB."

II.—The objects of the Club shall be: (1) to encourage mountain climbing in Scotland, with special reference to the Cairngorm group of mountains; (2) to procure and impart scientific, topographical, and historical information about the Scottish mountains, their superficial physical features, minerals, rocks, plants, animals, meteorology, ancient and modern public routes giving access to and across them, and the meaning of their local place-names, literature, and legendary or folk-lore; (3) to consider the right of access to Scottish mountains, and to adopt such measures in regard thereto as the Club may deem advisable; and (4) to issue a Journal or such other publications as may be considered advantageous to the Club.

III.—Candidates for admission as members of the Club must have ascended at least 3000 feet above the sea level on a Scottish mountain.

IV.—The management of the Club shall be vested in a Committee, consisting of ten members in addition to the following Office-Bearers—a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Chairman, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, (or a Secretary and Treasurer)—five being a quorum.

V.—The annual general meeting of the Club shall be held in December for the following business: (1) to receive the Treasurer's accounts for the year to 30th November; (2) to elect the Office-Bearers and Committee for the next year; (3) to fix the excursions for the ensuing year; and (4) to transact any other necessary business. Special general meetings shall be held whenever deemed necessary by the Chairman, or on a requisition by at least ten members of the Club. General meetings shall have power to deprive of membership of the Club any member who may, in the opinion of the Committee, have misconducted himself.

VI.—A Minute-Book shall be kept by the Secretary, in which all proceedings shall be duly entered.

VII.—The election of members of the Club shall be made by the Committee in such manner as they may determine.

VIII.—The entry money of members shall be 5s. and the annual subscription 5s. Members may compound future Annual Subscriptions by payments as follows:—members entered before 20th February, 1890, £1 1s.; members of fifteen years and over, £1 11s. 6d.; ten years and over, £2 2s.; five years and over, £3 3s.; and new members £5, including entry money. Members shall receive copies of all current issues of the Club publications.

IX.—The annual subscription shall be payable in January. Members not in arrear may retire from the Club at any time on sending notice in writing to the Secretary or Treasurer.

X.—The Committee shall have power to elect suitable persons to be Honorary Members of the Club. Honorary Members shall have no voice in the management of the Club, but otherwise shall have all the rights and benefits of ordinary members. The Committee shall also have power to elect qualified Minor Members, belonging to the household of ordinary members. Minor Members shall pay an annual subscription of 2/6, but shall have no voice in the management of the Club, nor be entitled to receive copies of the Club's publications.

XI.—No change shall be made on the Rules except at a general meeting of the members, called on seven days' notice. Intimation of any proposed change must be made in the notice calling such meeting, and any alteration proposed shall only be adopted if voted for by at least three-fourths of the members present at the meeting.

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