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THE  
**Cairngorm Club Journal.**

EDITED BY

ROBERT ANDERSON.

**CONTENTS.**

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes"..... R. Gordon Wasson.  
An Excursion to Beinn a'Bhuird ..... Marshall J. Robb.  
A Walk to Glen Affric and Glen Shiel..... James Stewart.  
Motoring and Camping in the Highlands David P. Levack.  
Climbing Notes..... James McCoss.

**In Memoriam :**

Dr. Alexander M. Kellas.

**Proceedings of the Club :**

New Year's Meet.

Easter Meet.

**Notes.**

**Reviews.**

**Illustration :**

The Stui Buttress, Lochnagar.

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**PRICE ONE SHILLING.**



*Photo by*

*Dr. J. R. Levack.*

THE STUI BUTTRESS, LOCHNAGAR.

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“I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES . . .”

BY R. GORDON WASSON.

IN the drenching downpour of that Friday afternoon, the last day of the year, I boarded the train at Aberdeen for Braemar, a kit-bag in one hand, an ice-pick in the other, and a glowing enthusiasm within me which rain-torrents could not quench. For I was off for the Highlands, the rugged hills of Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson, the mystic land of the wild adventures of my childhood's visions. Who dared say I was in a strange land amidst a strange people? The Grampians, where Norval's father fed his flocks! There had my spirit been fed, too, though my body had received its nourishment on a distant shore. I was no mere tourist prying around foreign countries; my excursion was rather a long-deferred home-coming, and it is small wonder that clouds and rain could not dampen my ardour.

And what a night was that first night in Braemar! The Cairngorm Club made me feel, indeed, that I was returning home, and the Hogmanay celebration far exceeded my sanguine expectations. But I think it is more seemly, perhaps, for the story of the festivities to be retained fondly in the memories of those who participated in them, rather than that its details should be made bare on the printed page.

X. G

On New Year's Day I was one of the party of five who took a delightful jaunt in the vicinity of Lochnagar. We circled Cairn Taggart around the north, the sleet and clouds rendering its summit inaccessible. Far below us stretched away endlessly towards the horizon the lonesome, rolling, barren hills, broken into shifting patches of shade and light by the scudding clouds, their soft, peaceful curves carrying a solemn message of fathomless age, of eternal sameness. The occasional whirr of a frightened grouse or ptarmigan, the passage of a stray eagle, the distant silhouette of a solitary stag, seemed to symbolize the tranquil evening of life, seemed to foreshadow the gently approaching hand of everlasting death.

After lunch we ascended the Stui Butress, a pretty piece of harmless rock-climbing. For the first time in the day we now caught a glimpse of the summit of Lochnagar, etched against a bright sky in a frame of black, heavy-laden clouds. But swiftly approaching darkness obliged us reluctantly to turn our backs to it, and, striking the trail on the plateau, we followed it to Loch Callater.

Sunday turned out to be a stupendous day. A party of eight of us did Ben Muich Dhui under ideal conditions.

The long drive to Derry Lodge was bitterly cold. Our horses' hoofs rang metallically on the frost-stuck stones in the road, and the animals snorted out volumes of cloudy vapour as they trotted vigorously along. The bracing air was charged with dazzling sunlight, and the enchanting mountain vistas filled us with enthusiasm for the day's climb. Near Inverey we passed a few village women, bedecked in their sober Sunday best, setting out resolutely on foot for Mass at Braemar. We dashed over the Linn of Dee, with its endless roar, and then on and on for miles, till at last the Lodge was reached, and our work began.

We did the weary pull to the summit by way of the long shoulder that descends into Glen Lui Beg. The sun shone bright and hot on our backs, and not till we

had cleared the level of the surrounding ridges were we favoured by refreshing whiffs of mountain breeze. Up to within a few minutes of reaching the summit, our view of the surrounding world was clear—too clear for my taste. The sharp, distinct outline of summits and ridges and slopes serves well enough for topographical study; but for scenic effect I prefer that a faint haze should soften lines and blend tints, so that glaring and deceptive definiteness may melt into the unknowable truths of mystery.

I was therefore not entirely disappointed when we found that we should have to attain the summit by plunging into a slight cloud bank. Our way now led us over a snow-and-ice-field, tightly enough packed to sustain us. We were in a world of white—white above, below, and around us, broken only by the softened rays of a bulging ball of fire in the sky. At the cairn we stopped only long enough to consume some lunch, the first food we had taken.

We had hardly started the descent when a strange thing happened. The sun, low down on our right, drove away the mist, rolling it up in a wall on our left, and outlined on that wall of haze we saw the spectre of the Brocken—our own figures, magnified, and encircled in a rainbow halo, with another transcending rainbow above. Some one suggested that here we saw the legendary spectre of Ben Muich Dhui; it seemed to me we were seeing far more than that—that we were in the presence of the gods of Ossian and Beowulf, in the presence of Thor and Woden and Frida, of the mighty gods of the northern mists. As we, petty weaklings, swung our twig-like ice-picks, they responded with their gigantic clubs and battle-axes. And then the vision faded into nothingness.

We descended to Derry Lodge along the south-eastern ridge, clipping the summits of Derry Cairngorm and Carn Crom as we went. We skipped rapidly along, sliding and running down snow-banks, or stepping nimbly through rock-fields, stopping frequently to quench

our thirst in the rich, snow-cold water of the threading streams, and finally dropping over the nose of the ridge down to the Lodge as night was falling—a clear, brisk, moon-lit night. In a few minutes our horses were eagerly trotting us homewards.

I had had my glimpse of the Scottish Highlands.

Less lofty, less rugged than the mountains of Switzerland, the hills of Scotland are melancholy where the Alps are threatening, solemn where they are august, lovable where they are awesome. Far withdrawn from the tumult of man's activities, the incessant, self-absorbed hurly-burly of our cities, the grimy fogs which we breathe, and those other fogs, no less grimy because spiritual, into which we wantonly plunge our social relations—they preserve eternal peace and tranquillity. May it not be time that we turn to them once more, as did a nameless poet 2,500 years ago—that we lift up our eyes unto them, whence cometh our help?

## AN EXCURSION TO BEINN A' BHUIRD.

BY MARSHALL J. ROBB.

DURING the past two years a small party, most of whom are members of the Club, have made several one-day excursions to the hills by motor-car, setting out from town (Aberdeen) fairly early in the morning and returning in the late evening. Lochnagar, both by the Ladder and by the Black Spout, has been done from Allt-naguibsaich. By driving to Derry Lodge, Cairntoul was visited in June; and on another occasion the Ben Muich Dhui-Derry Cairngorm round was accomplished in the same month. It is possible to get to the more distant hills, such as Beinn a' Ghlo, but the expedition to that hill was defeated by bad weather when the party were a few hundred feet below the cairn.

Perhaps the most unusual single day's effort was a walk from Tomintoul to Derry Lodge, which was managed by getting a friend to come along and drive the car from Tomintoul to Derry, *via* Strathdon and Braemar, while the walking party were "on the tramp." This walk, especially along the Ailnack, is a most interesting one, and is not at all difficult, despite the absence of a footpath in the middle portion.

An excursion to Beinn a' Bhuid was arranged for the Sunday before the Easter Meet of the Club. Leaving town at 7 a.m., the party reached Ballater in good time for breakfast at 8.45, and at 9.30 a start was made for the second portion of the journey. With the factor's permission, the Braemar road was left at Invercauld Bridge, and the car proceeded beyond Invercauld House as far as was practicable. The road ultimately becomes a narrow track, consisting of two deep ruts with grass between; a few hundred yards of this was deemed sufficient. The car was left at the end of a wood nearly

three miles below Slugan Lodge. There are quite a number of gates on this road and a little negotiation is required to turn the car at the end of it. At 10.15 the walk up the Slugan Glen was commenced in very pleasant weather conditions. It was quite summer-like in the more sheltered portions below the watershed.

On reaching the Quoich valley the footpath was followed. Regrets were soon expressed at the lack of a camera. Glimpses of sunlight threw shadows of the buttresses on the snow slopes, and some fine photographs were undoubtedly missed. The junction of the burns was reached at 12.30, when a sheltered spot was chosen for lunch as a snow shower had come on. Spindrift was blowing in clouds off the plateau, so woollen helmets, etc., were donned to meet the elements up aloft. Soon after setting out for the climb up to the Dubh Loch corrie, fairly deep snow was encountered, and the leader occasionally stepped over the knees, thereby helping the others to avoid such pitfalls. The gullies on the south side of the corrie offered some splendid snow climbs, but the cornices were exceptionally heavy in most, while even the easier ones might have taken more time than the party could afford. A shorter but promising climb towards the south-west was chosen, and the foot of it was gained at 1.45. This climb, however, proved disappointing as the snow, being soft, required no step-cutting; indeed, the rope was put on only for the last half of the ascent.

The plateau was reached at 2.30, and conditions there were found to be less severe than was anticipated. The wind had fallen considerably and the temperature was four degrees above freezing point. The north top was reached after a short walk over very hard snow and occasional ice. A number of small flies were discovered crawling about in a somewhat weak condition. The problem as to how they got there remained unsolved. Fine views were obtained of the distant hills to the south, and the cornices were examined at close quarters. After a short stay at the cairn, the south top was made



for, it being almost in the direct line of descent. This was reached at 3.30. Immediately on leaving it, the wind rose and spindrift commenced blowing, sometimes with more force than was pleasant. During the descent by the snowy corrie glissading was found impossible owing to the softness of the snow, so that the Quoich was not reached until 4.50. The walk down the glen was over at 6.30, when the car was boarded again for the run homeward. Tea at Ballater was much appreciated, and a moonlight run to town concluded the excursion.

## A WALK TO GLEN AFFRIC AND GLEN SHIEL.

BY JAMES STEWART.

FROM many hilltops have I gazed with longing on those majestic—and to me, for many years, inaccessible—mountains that mirror themselves in Loch Affric; and it was the lure of them that sent G. and me on a pilgrimage from the Moray Firth to Loch Duich during July of fateful 1914. We took with us our little brown tent that has sheltered us o' nights in many out-of-the-way corners, and on a Saturday, somewhere near midnight, we set forth from the station at Inverness. An interesting and at times eerie walk by way of Dores brought us to Torness as dawn was flushing the tops of the Monadh Liath, and we encamped near Abersky.

Monday morning saw us striding down Strath Farigaig, passing on the way that formidable outcrop of rock on which Professor Bryce was killed. Loch Ness was crossed amidst mist and rain, and beneath the hoary ruins of Castle Urquhart we took to the highway again. In the recesses of memory there hover visions of a melancholy forest of dripping trees—mostly birch, oak, and hazel—which thins as the road climbs to the upper reaches of the glen; then a stretch of moorland, swept by wind and rain; and then a quick descent through another birken forest, and we were at Cannich in Strath Glass. That Cannich is a pretty place I can well believe, but with the rain I can only recall a reading-room, a church, and a hotel. Late at night we pitched our tent at the foot of a fir-tree amidst the wild grandeur of Chisholm's Pass. For a time it was a sober kind of camp. We were drenched to the skin, our ground sheet was damp, and for the first time in its history wee Primus took a "thrawn" turn. In time, however, we

managed to induce Primus to mend his ways, and when he had done so the world did not seem quite so inhospitable. Warm tea thawed us out, and later, from the snug retreat of our sleeping-bags, we could laugh at rain and fatigue.

Glints of blue were showing through the clouds when we awakened next morning, and an hour or so later, as we made our way by the shores of Loch Beinn a' Mheadhoin, the sun was imaged in its peaceful depths. We went up Glen Feodoch a bit in an endeavour to ascertain the possibilities of an ascent of Carn Eighe, but glimpses of grim precipices showing through rents in the enfolding mist decided us to hold on our way westward. As far as Affric Lodge the road is good; beyond that, one must follow a track of sorts. It is here that the wayfarer comes into his kingdom. No wheeled monster can "hoot" him out of the way; the pedestrian, sound in wind and limb, reigns supreme. And what a kingdom to enter upon! The magic beauty of Loch Affric, the colour and majesty of the mountains, the strongly rooted dusky-plumed pines, the music of the "sky-born streams," and the all-pervading atmosphere of peacefulness fill the soul with a quiet delight. Nature here has scattered loveliness around with no niggard hand, and if a poet big enough to sing the beauty of the glen has not yet appeared, a great landscape painter has at times found inspiration in it. Late in the afternoon we arrived at a stalker's cottage away "at the back of beyond," where kindness, personified in the stalker and his wife, made us comfortable for the night.

A sky of unsullied blue next morning tempted us to spend a day on the hills. Ben Fhada (Ben Attow) was our first essay. This mountain has an eastern top, a central summit (3,385 feet), from which a ridge dips down to Lochan a' Bhealach; then there is a western ridge—a range of fretted pinnacles which we did not approach closely. Between the eastern elevation and the summit a numerous family of sea-pinks drew

sustenance from an unpromising-looking soil. It seemed strange to find flourishing on a mountain-top a plant which one has always associated with the sea-shore.\* The outlook was far-flung and varied, and involuntarily these words of Professor Blackie's hymn rose to my lips:—

Rock and highland,  
Wood and island,  
Crag where eagles proud have soared,  
Mighty mountains purple-breasted . . . .

Loch Duich showed a glimpse of itself as an ebon pool in a hollow far beneath. There was a glint of the western sea with peaks of the Coolin rising phantom-like from its silvery gleam. Ben Nevis and his eastern rivals, the Cairngorms, were in full view, and all the intervening high tops and woods and valleys. Wave upon wave of hills appeared, with cloud shadows chasing the sunlight over them. Deep dark glens also, and lochs that flashed back the challenge of the sun from their golden depths, or sulked, black as Erebus, in gloomy recesses. I thought with map and compass to identify some of the heights, but philosophic G. said:—“Put by your map. Let us look around and rejoice, but let us not dim our pleasure in the hopeless task of identification. As well might we try to identify the waves on the ocean during a November storm. Leave that task to the pedants who study maps but do not travel, who weigh the hills but do not climb them.” So we spent half-an-hour, gloriously lazy, stretched on the sand beside the cairn, caressed by the sun and the pleasant mountain winds.

Across the valley Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan towered high, austere, sublime, magnificent. The pronunciation of the name of this mountain is a task not lightly to be undertaken by one bred to the Saxon tongue, but a free translation would give “The Peak of the Quarters.”

\* Dr. Hugh Macmillan, in his “Holidays in High Land,” cites the occurrence of sea-pinks on mountain tops as one of the proofs that our mountain ranges were once islands in the midst of an extensive sea. The scurvy pass, *Cochlearia Greenlandica*, is another survivor of the ancient maritime flora.—EDITOR.

We essayed to ascend it next. The real magnitude of this second ascent, however, was not apparent till after we had toiled over the big, broad shoulder which abuts from the peak. A ridge falling steeply away on either side in cliff and scree impinges upon the shoulder, and to reach it one must descend some 20 feet of a steep rock face. Then the climber finds himself on a narrow way which he must traverse if he would gain the summit (3,770 feet). The s<sup>g</sup>ur is one of seven tops over 3,500 feet high in the range of mountains which separates Glen Affric from Glen Cannich and culminates in Carn Eighe.

We broke camp next morning, and by Glen Grivie, Loch a' Bhealich, and an awesome defile cleft between Ben Attow and A' Ghlas Bhenn, made our way to Loch Duich, and so to Glen Shiel. The usual route is by Glen Lichd, and it is through this glen, I understand, that it is intended to bring the proposed new highway from Beauly to Invershiel. In Glen Shiel, although it is traversed by a first-class road, an atmosphere of remoteness seems to brood. There one feels more lonely than in Glen Affric. The latter is spacious and light-some; Glen Shiel is sombre and confined, its mountains magnificent but menacing—"mountain gloom and mountain glory." As in Glen Affric, we were fortunate in our camping pitch, and the kindness of the good folks in the cottage near Shiel Bridge contributed much to the pleasure of our venture. Nor will we soon forget the wise old collie who approved of us and appointed himself our sentry for the night. Fain would we have lingered by the singing waters of Shiel. Sgur Ouran and Garve Leach, from their lofty heights, tossed down challenges to us, and our friends extended a tempting invitation to prolong our stay. But the sands of our little time of freedom were running out; and thus it was that, late the following night, hungry and fatigued, we encamped in an enchanted glade amidst a wood on the banks of Loch Garry. A strenuous journey under a broiling sun brought us over the ridge

from Glen Clunie to Glen Loyne, that eerie place across whose dismal swamps in the darkening wander the uncanny lights. But here in our faery forest the night was cool and pleasant; and after supper we sat awhile looking from the door of our tent, which opened on a forest aisle, golden-flecked with the mystery and charm of the moonlight amongst the trees. At the end of the aisle lay the sleeping loch, and beyond Ben Teigh, lofty and remote, a delicate garment of filmy cloud about his shoulders—a mountain of dreamland.

Two days passed, and we were back again in Inverness, having completed the later stages of our journey by way of Loch Oich, Fort Augustus, Strath Errick, and Drumashie Moor.

And now our sojourn through that magnificent country lives only as a happy memory, the more delicious, perhaps, that occasionally, even amidst the soul-destroying fret and clamour of the city, golden glimpses flit before our vision of calm blue lochs, grey rocks with clinging patches of purple heath, emerald turf, forests and golden mists, spacious moorlands, and mountain peaks, lofty and austere against the evening sky, or sublime and terrible with the thunder-clouds massed around them. Ethereal visions these, distilled essence of days lived to the full amongst the elemental things.

## MOTORING AND CAMPING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY DAVID P. LEVACK.

THREE of us set out last August with one idea in all our minds—to get as far from civilization as possible. Scotland is a busy place in summer, and, except in the far north or west, it is difficult to avoid aristocratic touring-cars, offensive charabancs, and crowded hotels. Even in the more remote parts of the country, where roads may be compared to the bed of a burn, motors are met with in ever-increasing numbers. In the Isle of Skye, where we eventually arrived, the number of cars—especially of Fords—was quite extraordinary. The seeker after temporary solitude need not altogether despair, however. Let him take a tent and one or two cheerful friends—preferably two—and disappear with them for a while into some of the wilder western glens, and he will find solitude enough to last him—till the next time! There is no finer country than Scotland, no better holiday than one spent in its highlands, and no better way of spending that holiday than in a tent. Firm in this conviction, the three of us set out from Aberdeen at 1.45 p.m. on Saturday, August 14th.

It may be as well at the outset to describe our outfit. We had a two-seater car—a 12 h.p. Rover—and on this our outfit was packed. I cannot refrain here from pointing out to prospective campers the value of system in camping. There is nothing so irritating as the loss of a much-prized frying-pan through careless packing, or the feverish hunt for kippers bought for supper which cannot be found when supper is preparing, or A's wrath on discovering that B has pitched the camp lantern on to his (A's) kit, and that paraffin does not sweeten a toothbrush or improve a blanket. Let A, B, and C each

look after a particular bit of the camp and its duties, and all will be well. We had a system. Previous experience had taught us many things. A tidy camp is a haven of rest; a dirty one a sort of miniature purgatory. No one likes fish-bones in his tea; therefore let the cook religiously burn all fish-bones. Finally, the trail of a good camping party is marked by the black rings of their camp fires, not by bully-beef tins, eggshells, and bits of paper.

Each of us took a definite amount of kit—small, but containing a complete change in case of a soaking. We each had one ground sheet, blanket, and sleeping-bag, and a kit-bag—I had a rucksac instead—in which these were stowed. We had thus three bundles containing each one's entire outfit. Our larder consisted of a big box fitted on the back of the car, and in it we kept all our food, our one pot, frying-pan, and kettle, and sundry odds and ends. We did not carry a stove, but cooked everything over fires of wood or peat, as circumstances determined. Besides all these things, we had a huge tarpaulin to cover the car at night, and two flags on four-foot sticks—to create an impression *en route!*—together with sundry maps and a waterproof each, which we stowed in the hood of the car. The tent was a small affair, erected on a cross pole between two uprights and suitably guyed. It was almost four feet high, and the floor space was exactly seven feet by seven. It was packed, with pegs, poles, and a mallet, in the back of the car.

I need not descant on the run to Inverness along the north road by Huntly, Keith and Elgin. It was not marked by anything exciting, except—after we had left Elgin—passing an extraordinary number of push-cyclists returning from a fair at Nairn. They were usually on the wrong side of the road, and were inclined to bandy words of a highly flavoured nature did we but so much as mention it to them. John Barleycorn was very much in evidence, with his boisterous humour, quick temper, and frequently wobbly front wheel. We reached



Inverness in the early evening—about 6.30 p.m.—and in the last rays of the setting sun we ran on to Beauly. It was too late to pitch the tent and cook food, and, moreover, we wished to be off early next day. Beauly Hotel was packed, and we rushed on to Muir of Ord. Here we put up at a weird little place, the only redeeming feature of which was the enormous ham-and-eggs tea with which we were provided—about 9.30 p.m.

Next morning (Sunday 15th) it was raining; "but," we said, "as it cannot rain for ever, it must clear up." Leaving Muir of Ord, we ran up Strath Conon, joining the Highland line from Dingwall to Kyle of Lochalsh at Loch Garve. The weather cleared slightly and blinks of sunshine made the scenery gorgeous. Purple heather above bands of silver-birch trees, fading into the blue-grey of the loch below, with here and there dark belts of firs, made a brilliant picture. The winding road brought ever-changing forms of hills, loch, and wood, and with the recent rain every leaf twinkled like a heliograph in the passing sunshine. We had lunch at Garve Inn, and then ran on. The scenery now assumed a wilder aspect. The road rose up and up, and bare hillside replaced heather and birch tree, while a roaring torrent, brown and foam-flecked, rushed down the glen of tussocky grass to the quiet loch with its wooded shores. The rain now came down in torrents, but we were fairly comfortable in the car with the hood up, and smoked, and sang, and argued while the car bumped along the indescribable road.

At Achnasheen we tried to get butter, eggs, and milk, but it was with great difficulty that we persuaded an old "wife" in the hotel to give us a pint of milk—she absolutely refused payment, however. We managed to get half-a-dozen eggs and some butter from a very decent keeper and his wife a little way on the road. We then ran over the watershed which here divides the West from the East, and our road became steadily worse. The rain came down "in buckets." The road dropped down into Strath Carron, and a few trees showed on the

misty hillsides, with an occasional keeper's house to break the solitude. At Auchnashellach we entered wooded country again and shortly reached the head of Loch Dougal. The loch lies in a deep glen and is wholly surrounded by woods. The spot was an ideal one for a camp, so we determined to camp there.

Our "system" now came into play. While one unpacked the car, another built a fire, and the third got wood, water, and the eatables. The rain had stopped, but with everything soaking wet, it was difficult to start a fire. However, with the aid of half a fire-lighter and some half-dry whins, we soon had quite a cheerful blaze. It was now about 6 p.m., and we "tea-ed" off porridge, ham and eggs, and bread and butter and syrup. We proved to the hilt the truth of the old adage that hunger is the best sauce. By the time that tea was ready the tent was up, kits stowed inside, and all made snug. This last duty was always left to the owner of the tent. He liked it "on the square," and if any one else pitched it, it was always squint—so he said. As a matter of fact, after one or two days' practice, we all became pretty expert at pitching it rapidly. I must not forget to mention that we "did things in style," and had electric light in the tent! A fifty-yard rubber cable, with an inspection lamp from the car, lit up the tent like daylight, and saved no end of bother with matches and candles; and as the car lights were never used, the accumulators were not run down to any great extent.

After our somewhat mixed meal, we turned in, and, curiously enough, "slept like logs," in spite of the fact that it was our first night in camp. It rained during the night, but the tent is famed for its water-resisting powers—in fact, I believe that on a previous expedition it kept out a three days' deluge somewhere north of Loch Maree, during which time the occupants "lay in bed," so to speak, getting up only for meals.

Next day (Monday, 16th), we were up at 8 a.m., having slept a round of the clock practically. We had a swim in the loch and breakfasted, then struck camp and

packed up, and then ran down Strath Carron to the head of Loch Carron. The weather kept fair for some time. The strath is very beautiful. The loch sweeps up from the Atlantic and reaches far inland. Steep hills surround it on all sides, and at the head lies the little station of Strathcarron. The railway to Kyle takes the south shore, while the road takes the north; we followed the road, of course. The weather again broke, and we continued in heavy rain to Strome Ferry. Here the road ends and a ferry-boat carries traffic across the mouth of Loch Carron to Strome Ferry Station. The tide was low and a strong wind blew up the loch, bringing in a fairly heavy swell from the sea. The descent to the jetty, on to which the road abuts at right angles, looked alarmingly steep. The ferry-boat was a large flat-bottomed scow, with a couple of planks laid across, on to which we had to run the car. The owner of the car had the wind up; it increased to a gale when the ferryman coolly informed us that, quite recently, a Daimler touring-car had gone over the end of the jetty into fifteen feet of water at low tide. But he assured us that everything would be safe for us; and, with a drag rope on behind, we carefully let the car down the jetty and on to the scow. We now proceeded to row across the loch with huge fifteen-foot oars. This occupied us half-an-hour, and, with the choppy sea, was mildly exciting. The pier at the south side was not so steep, and, with a tremendous rush, the car hopped off the scow, ran up the pier, and gained the road beside the station. We paid fifteen shillings to our Highland optimist, the ferryman, and thanked our stars we were not at the bottom of the loch.

We resumed our journey to Kyle of Lochalsh, running through a perfect sample of wild West coast scenery. Huge cliffs fell away on our right, and below us the Kyle Railway—a triumph of railway construction—wound in and out, now piercing the rocky headlands in a dozen tunnels and deep cuttings, and then banked up on rubble blasted from the cliff-faces. The road itself

wound in and out of woods, then crossed bare pasture-land and passed a number of little crofts, and anon threaded little valleys, filled, curiously enough, with white rhododendron bushes. The village of Plockton lay on our right, on its little promontory of rock, as we left the coast and struck inland. Bare moor and endless bogs now rolled past, and the heavens again opened; and in a perfectly awful downpour of rain and a blustering wind we arrived at Kyle of Lochalsh. It was absolutely impossible to camp in that mess, so we put up at the Station Hotel.

Next morning (Tuesday, 17th) broke with an absolutely cloudless sky and a calm sea, and we determined to cross at once to Kyleakin, in Skye. On examining the car, however, we found one of the front wheels decidedly wobbly, and on taking it off discovered the roller bearing in minute fragments. After telegraphing to Inverness for roller bearings, we put the wheel on and ran slowly down to the pier, and then ran the car on to the ferry and were towed across the strait to Kyleakin. We ran about a mile up the Broadford road and camped beside a burn and a wood. We soon discovered that insect life in Skye is particularly hardy and vigorous. The midge, that ubiquitous tormentor of peaceful holiday-makers, appears to have reached his fullest development in the Isle of Mist. The Skye midge must wear a gas mask, for the fumes of our plug tobacco worried him not. We found out, however, that his one particular poison is "peat reek," and from that time on we burned peats furiously in our camp fires—removing them surreptitiously from the nearest peat-stack—and in this way we "gassed" innumerable midges with the callous indifference of Huns.

We spent two nights in this camp, waiting patiently for the spare bearing from Inverness. It duly arrived and was quickly fitted, and on the morning of Thursday, 19th, we were up early, struck camp, and ran on to Broadford. The road is really not bad—perhaps a

trifle loose ; and the gradients, if rather hair-raising, are not astonishing—for Skye. The scenery was typically Highland. Not a tree for miles ; here and there a miserable turf “hoosie,” with peat reek pouring from a hole in the roof and from every chink in the walls ; shrill-voiced children shouting in Gaelic and waving as we passed. The interminable bog, dotted all over with peat-stacks, lay shimmering in the sun. Broadford—the Manchester of Skye—was very quiet as we drove through. It is a long, straggling village with clusters of stone houses, a fine bay, and a very good hotel. We did not stop, but ran on to Sligachan. We were now approaching the back of the Red Coolin Hills. Huge steep mountain-faces, seamed with dry water-courses, and towering, red in the sun, rose on our left hand. The road climbed up, turning and twisting over rough moor and peat bog, while here and there, by the sides of sea lochs, we saw little fishing villages with an occasional church or good-sized shooting-lodge. Herds of West Highland cattle gazed dreamily at us as we passed, while the road stretched on and on with its continuous line of telegraph poles, carrying a single wire—all that communicates with Portree and the north of the island.

We ran down sharply to Loch Sligachan and turned west, following its south shore to Sligachan Inn at its head. Sligachan has long been famous as a climbers' rendezvous, and as we rounded the end of Glamaig, the last of the Red Coolins, the little hotel lay in front. The Black Coolin Hills now towered above us, in sharp silhouette against the blue sky. Prominent among them Sgurr nan Gillean rose up, a sharp pinnacle, while to its right the Bhasteir Corrie and Am Basteir (the Executioner), with its extraordinary tooth, could be seen in detail through our field-glasses. We left the car at the inn, and I took my two friends over the bog to the Bhasteir Gorge at the foot of Sgurr nan Gillean, a distance of two miles and a half as the crow flies, but a weary tramp over awful ground, full of holes and pools of water. We lunched at the Gorge and took some

photographs. The weather was perfect. Away to the south-east the huge mass of Blaven, perhaps the finest peak of the Black Coolin, stood out in sharp relief. Eastward, the Red Coolin lay bathed in sunshine, their green sides scarred with red gashes of dry water-courses. Returning to Sligachan, we ran on to Portree and then out the Dunvegan road a little way, and decided to camp in a wood beside a burn, just off the road.

We left next day (Friday, 20th) about noon, ran right back to Kyleakin, and crossed to Kyle of Lochalsh on the mainland. Then we turned the car south to Balmacara, running through beautifully-wooded country at the side of Loch Alsh and so on to Dornie ferry at the end of Loch Long. Here we found we had to wait four hours for the tide before we could get across a neck of water over which one might have thrown a stone. It was about 8 p.m. before we got across. We then ran along the side of Loch Duich. The road rises from sea-level to 500 feet in about three miles, and in the evening light the scene was splendid. Far below, the loch lay like a sheet of steel, while on the opposite side the twinkling lights of a little village sent spears of radiance across the water. Everything assumed a uniform tint of grey, and the background was a flaming red sky with the sun just dipping into the west. We camped in the dark, beside a bridge over a rushing stream, and turned in at 9.30 p.m.

We were up early next morning (Saturday, 21st), and spread all our bedding on the parapets of the bridge to air. We had just done this when a huge touring-car came up the hill and stopped. The whole party on board, ladies included, descended, and proceeded to inspect our camp, while we frantically dived into jackets and thrust various articles which were not for the gaze of ladies out of sight. The porridge was pronounced "O. K.," the bacon and eggs considered done to a turn; and the party moved on to their shooting-lodge while we breakfasted and then packed up.

At the head of Loch Duich we crossed to the west

side, and, just for amusement, ran up an old road called Mam Rattachan, which crosses to the coast from that point. It rises 1,200 feet in two miles and a half, and has four hair-pin bends on it in succession. The surface is a beautiful carpet of turf, for the road is no longer used and is falling into disrepair. From the summit of the road the view was magnificent. Skye lay away to the north, black against the bright horizon, while immediately below us a wide glen stretched to the sea. The heather had given place to tufted grass, and not a tree was in sight. A dilapidated Cyclists' Touring Club signboard assured us that the hill was dangerous for cyclists. But for that we might have been in an unknown country, so remote did we seem from any evidence of man.

We dipped down again to lower levels, and, turning south, ran up Glen Clunie to Clunie Bridge, beside an old General Wade road, visible here and there with its queer bridges and almost straight course through the glen. At Clunie Bridge we turned to our right and crossed into Glen Loyne, perhaps one of the most desolate of Highland glens, with a loch at the bottom, but not a house or a tree for miles. The road here became very stony and rough, and the car got rather shaken up, in spite of slow running and careful steering. We had dinner here and then ran on to Tomdown, a village at the head of Glen Garry. The scenery now became more civilized, trees and fences making a welcome break in the landscape. We ran past a number of fellows on a tramping tour—very evidently French students—who talked volubly as they walked and stared curiously as we passed, our two flags waving behind. Loch Garry was absolutely still, and reflected its wooded sides like a mirror. Glen Garry joins the Caledonian Canal at Loch Oich, and we turned south-west towards Fort William. We crossed the Canal between Loch Oich and Loch Lochy, finding the road alongside the latter atrocious, it having been washed out in many places by flooded burns. About six miles from Fort

William we crossed into Glen Spean and ran up to Roy Bridge. Ben Nevis, to the west, looked resplendent, being absolutely clear. The Spean runs for miles in a bed of solid rock, dashing through narrow gorges into black pools, or whirling into huge pot-holes scooped out by the action of ice and water. We passed through Spean Bridge—which was full of summer visitors—and again began to climb up, leaving the river behind. We parted from the West Highland Railway at Tulloch Station, and crossed a vast expanse of dreary moorland towards Speyside. Loch Laggan lay on our right, cold and grey in the evening light, its severe outline broken by the magnificent but lonely pile of Ardverikie House. From the head of Loch Laggan, we struck across country to Dalwhinnie. The moorland road is almost straight; not a tree is to be seen for miles, while huge stacks of peat loomed up, in the fading daylight, like distorted buildings or Pictish towers. The lights of Dalwhinnie were welcome in this tremendous waste, and we stopped and put up at the hotel, nearly frozen by our long run from Loch Duich.

The last day of our outing had now arrived (Sunday, 22nd). We left Dalwhinnie about 9 a.m., and ran down alongside the Garry to Blair Atholl. We stopped at the Pass of Killiecrankie and spent an hour there admiring the scenery. From Killiecrankie we ran down to Pitlochry, and, leaving the line of the Highland Railway, struck to our left across to Kirkmichael and so into Glenshee. It was a perfect day and picnic parties were numerous. The number of cars on the road was enormous; we kept dodging them for the next two hours, right up past the Glenshee Hotel and on to the Devil's Elbow. When we arrived at Braemar, some friends insisted on our having dinner with them at the Fife Arms Hotel; and after a quick run down the Deeside road—at something like a "record" speed, I fancy—we reached Aberdeen about midnight. Thus ended one of the most pleasant holidays it has been my good fortune to enjoy

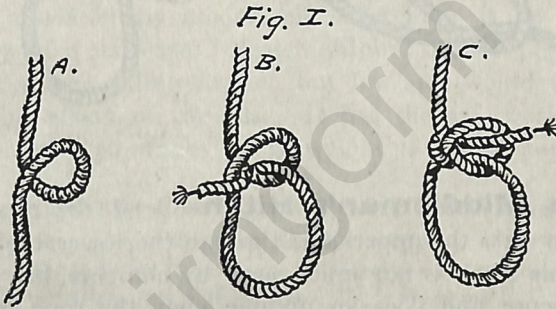


## CLIMBING NOTES.

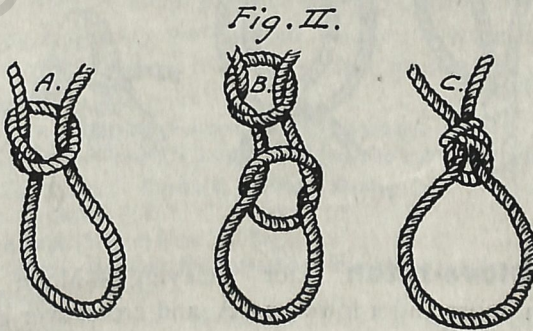
BY JAMES McCOSS.

It is necessary that the ever-increasing band of young climbers should be familiar with a few of the points which ensure safe and successful ascents and excursions, and the notes that follow are written in the hope that they may prove of use towards that end.

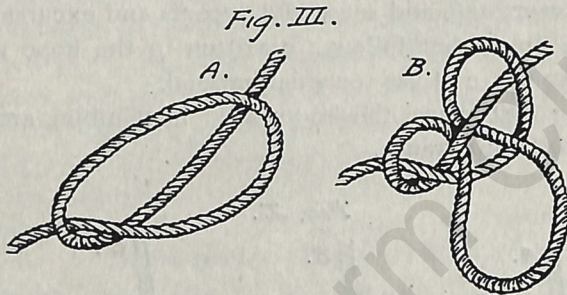
In the first place, the knots used in climbing are of the utmost importance.



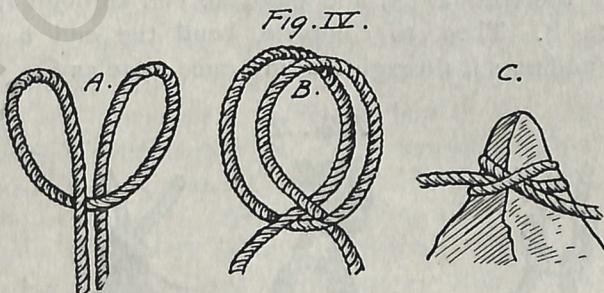
**The Bowline or Endman's Knot**—Make a turn in the rope as A, and pass the end through the turn as B. Then, to complete, bend the end back again, and pass it through the turn once more as C.



**The Middleman's Noose**—Make a simple slip noose as A, (Fig. II.), and upon the side of the rope that will slip through the turn make another slip noose as B, and pull the slack through as C.

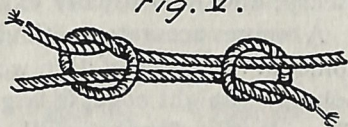


**The Middleman's Hitch**—Bend the rope as A, then pass the upper part through the lower bight as B. This hitch is not much used by climbers, but it is very secure, and is easier undone when the rope is wet or frozen.



**The Clove-hitch** (for belaying)—Make two turns, an upper and a lower, as A, and cross over as B; then slip over anchorage as C.

Fig. V.



**The Fisherman's Bend** (for joining two ropes)—Make two simple knots as illustrated, and pull tight.

**The Rope**—The ends of a new rope should be stoutly whipped to make sure they do not become unwound. If a new rope becomes wet, it will kink; this can be obviated by moderately stretching it on the balusters of a staircase. Beale's Alpine Club rope will bear 12 stones falling 10 feet, but few men would care to try this strain on the ribs. It has the safe working strain of fully 30 stones. The weight is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  lb. per 60 feet.

**The Ice-axe**—The following are laid down as being the best proportions for the ice-axe:—

- (1) Length, 44 ins. or 45 ins. ; quite sufficient for a 6-foot man.
- (2) Circumference, just below the iron of the head,  $4\frac{3}{8}$  ins.
- (3) Do., 6 or 7 ins. from the top of the axe, 4 ins.
- (4) Do., above the iron of the spike,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  ins.
- (5) Do., across the top,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  ins.
- (6) Pick to centre, 7 ins.
- (7) Blade to centre,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

The axe should balance about 12 ins. to 14 ins. from the top. The weight is 3 lb.

A great deal of local practice in step-cutting may be had during February and March in the snow-gullies of the Cairngorms. A few of the best gullies may be mentioned here.

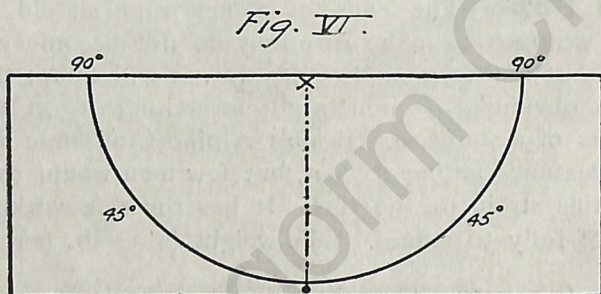
- (1) Lochnagar.—**Sandy Spout, Black Spout.**
- (2) Beinn a Bhuird.—**Dubh Loch Corrie, Coire nan Clach.**
- (3) Ben Muich Dhui.—**Castle Gates Gully, and Pinnacle Gully** (above Shelter Stone).

**Sput Dearg** (head of Glen Lui Beg).

4 **Braeriach, Coire Brochain, West, Central, and East Gullies.**

5 Sgor an Lochan Uaine. (Gharbhchoire Side).—**Sput Clach.**  
Not yet climbed in winter.

**Clinometer**—Guessing the angle of a snow-slope is by no means easy, and it is usually exaggerated by 10 to 20 degs. A more accurate method is to use a home-made clinometer. A piece of thin wood,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ins., with an absolutely straight edge, is large enough for the purpose. The side of a cigar-box will suit, as it can be slipped in the pocket.

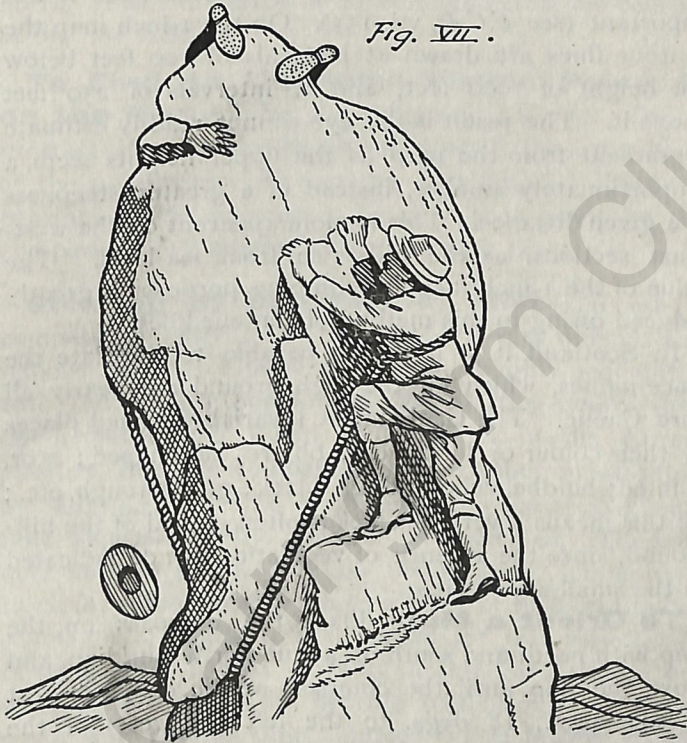


Mark off the degrees 0 to 90, and from X (Fig. VI.) fix a double piece of strong sewing cotton, which is very sensitive. At its end fix a small weight the length of the arc. A small ball-button does very well.

Place an ice-axe parallel to the snow-slope and put the clinometer on top to get a larger bearing. The weighted string will register the degrees. This gives a fairly correct measurement of the slope and is preferable to guessing.

**Rock Climbing**—Those who favour this fascinating branch of the sport may have all the practice desired close at hand. In the gullies and pinnacles along the coast cliffs south of the Bay of Nigg there is a lot of good climbing (see *C. C. J.*, vi, 250; vii, 107). This climbing ground is being well explored. To my knowledge, a hundred climbs have been listed by some climbers.

When you are leading on rock see that the rope running down to the man below you is quite free, or his upward movements may not be quite to your advantage.



“STAY WHERE YOU ARE—I’M COMING!”

**Map Reading**—The expert study of a map ought to enable one to visualize in imagination the country portrayed. Notwithstanding their great uses, maps have their limitations, and can never be considered a complete substitute for a visit to the country itself. Generally speaking, maps are more lacking in complete information as regards form than as to detail. The labyrinth of moraine heaps at the junction of Coire Etchachan and Glen Derry is not even hinted at on the 1 inch map, as the contours are 250 feet vertical interval.

On taking up a map, look at once for the scale: this is the key to distances. Then examine the method of showing the form of the ground. Contoured maps are the most useful. The reading of contour lines is all-important (see *C.C.J.*, vii, 155). On the 1-inch map the contour lines are drawn at intervals of 100 feet below the height of 1000 feet, and at intervals of 250 feet above it. The result is the eye cannot readily estimate a gradient from the map, as the upper heights seem a proportionately smaller, instead of a greater, steepness in a given distance. This is more apparent on the west-coast sections, as the hills rise from sea-level. The value of the 1-inch map for climbing purposes is greatly reduced owing to this method of contour lines.

In Scotland it is useful to be able to translate the place-names, which on the high ground are nearly all pure Gaelic. The Gael almost invariably named places by their colour or form; e.g., *bhuird*, flat-shaped; *sgor*, pointed; *buidhe*, yellow; *dubh*, black; *garbh*, rough, etc.; By this means a very fair idea is often gained of the hill-ground, since the absence of vegetation is not indicated on the small-scale maps.

**To Orient a Map**—Place the compass on the map with north and south on a true north meridian, and move the map until the compass needle comes to rest at 342 degs., 18 degs. to the left (or west) of the meridian. In the case of a compass with a magnetic dial, place the compass with its centre on a true meridian, and turn the map until this line is 18 degs. to the right (or east) of the needle of the compass. The map is now set at true north. (The magnetic variation we will take as 18 degs. west of true north at present.)

**To Find Your Position on a Map**—Set the map to true north. Then if A and B be two convenient points in the country, which can be identified as *a* and *b* on the map, align a ruler through *a* on A and draw a line towards yourself; then align the ruler through *b* on B and draw a line towards yourself. The intersection of these lines is your position.

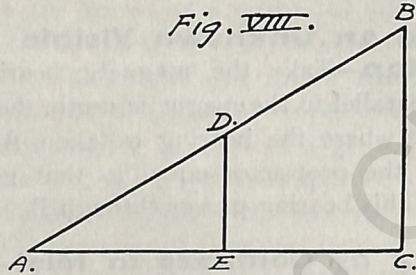
**To Find the True Bearing from a Known Point, A, to a Known Point, B**—Lay a protractor on the map (the semicircular type made of celluloid is best) with the straight edge parallel to true north. Place the arrow-head at A, and read the bearing of the line AB.

**To Find an Unknown Visible Point, B, on the Map**—Take the magnetic bearing. Lay a protractor parallel to the magnetic north, the arrow-head at the point where the bearing is taken, A. Read the bearing on the protractor equal to that given by the compass. This bearing passes through B.

**Steering by Compass in Mist**—To use a compass correctly in a thick mist is a very difficult and tedious matter. One should be thoroughly acquainted with the correct position of the starting-point; then orient the map. When the map is in the correct position, find the compass bearing of the route from it, the distance, the kind of ground, and the approximate time required for the route to be traversed. The map may now be put away, and the steering commenced. Look for some object, such as a piece of rock, in the line of magnetic bearing; then make for this object. In thick weather it may be only a few yards away, but when it is reached the bearing will have to be taken again, and another object picked up as before, till the required point is reached. If a new course has to be taken, the map will be referred to again. This method is often necessary on the high uplands of the Cairngorms, and will save much time and trouble.

**Mutual Visibility of Points**—A method of determining from the map whether any point B is visible from any point A. (Curvature and refraction need not be taken into account for short distances.) Draw a line on the map joining A and B. Note any point on the line which is likely to obstruct the line of sight, and carefully estimate its position and height.

Thus, suppose there should be such a point D, where the height is 200 feet, and suppose the height of A is 90 feet, and that of B 300 feet. Scale off the map the horizontal distance, i.e., AE and AC. Suppose AE = 1000 yards and AC = 2000 yards.



Formula

$$\frac{AE}{AC} \times BC = \text{Line of sight to B at D.}$$

	D	B
	feet	feet
	200	300
Less height of A.	90	90
	110	210

The reduced level of D is 110; therefore 5 feet of D will obstruct the view of B.

**To Find by How Much B Is Not Visible--**

The reduced level of the line of sight from A over D to B is—

$$\frac{AC}{AE} \times DE = \frac{2000}{1000} \times 110 = 220$$

The reduced level of B is 210 feet; therefore B is not visible by 10 feet.

The above may be simply applied to any point where doubt exists regarding its visibility.

**To Find the Height of a Visible Point at a Known Distance—**

Measure the distance on the map from the point of observation A, to the point to be measured, B = AC. Then place an axe in the ground in line with AB = DE, so that, lying on the stomach at A, you can see D and B in alignment. (This must be done as carefully as possible.)

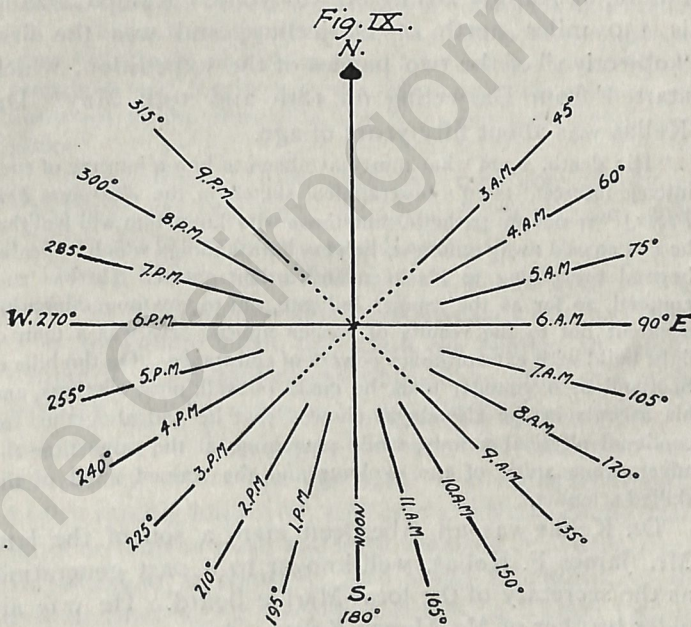


Formula as above

$$\frac{AC}{AE} \times DE = \text{Height of B above A.}$$

The above may be useful in measuring the height of a rock climb.

**To Find the Time from the Sun by Compass**—As will be seen in Fig. IX., the sun at 6 a.m. is at a true bearing of 90 degs., and at 180 degs. at noon, and at 270 degs. at 6 p.m., moving at the rate of 1 deg. in 4 minutes. A simple way of finding the time is to take the true bearing of the sun, i.e., subtract 18 degs. from the magnetic bearing.



Thus, if the true bearing of the sun is 150 degs. = 30 degs. from 180 degs., representing 120 minutes or two hours before noon, the time is 10 a.m.

## In Memoriam.

DR. ALEXANDER M. KELLAS.

WIDESPREAD regret has been occasioned by the death of Dr. Alexander M. Kellas, a member of the expedition which was proceeding to Mount Everest. This regret must be shared by all mountaineers, and not least by those of the Cairngorm Club, on account of the doctor's local connection, and of his intimacy with many of the members. His death occurred suddenly, from heart failure, at Kampa Dzong on 5th June. Kampa Dzong is 150 miles north of Darjeeling, and was the first "objective" of the two parties of the expedition, which started from Darjeeling on 18th and 19th May. Dr. Kellas was about fifty years of age.

"His death, upon what must have been to him a journey of such intense interest," (said a biographical sketch in the *Aberdeen Free Press*), "is deeply pathetic, but those who knew him will feel that he has passed away amongst the very surroundings which appealed beyond everything to his keen and ardent nature. He has succumbed, so far as the reports indicate, not to any mountaineering accident but to the results of earlier illness. He was a man of light build with extraordinary powers of endurance. On the hills of Scotland as a younger man, he could outwalk most climbers, and his ascents in the Himalayas showed that he had altogether exceptional physical powers, while possessing at the same time the adventurous spirit of the explorer and the trained mind of the skilled scientist."

Dr. Kellas was an Aberdeen man, a son of the late Mr. James F. Kellas, well-known to a past generation as the secretary of the local Marine Board. He was an elder brother of Mr. Henry Kellas, advocate, a member of the Club. Dr. Kellas was educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School, and subsequently continued his studies in Edinburgh, at the Heriot-Watt College and at the University. At London University he took the degrees of B.Sc. and D.Sc., and at Heidelberg that of Ph.D.,

with special distinction. For several years he had held the post of Lecturer in Chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, London.

“As a younger man,” (to quote again from the *Free Press* notice,) “Dr. Kellas was ardently devoted to walking and climbing, and in the course of his scientific studies he became interested in the subject of the effect of altitude on blood pressure. This strengthened his interest in mountaineering as a recreation, and he went to the Alps to climb. The passion for the mountains grew upon him, and some years before the war he went out, during a long vacation, to the Himalayas, where he began what was destined to be a series of brilliant exploring and mountaineering expeditions. Many of the parties which have visited the Himalayas have been lavishly equipped, and have had abundant time at their command. Not so Dr. Kellas. On the five occasions when he visited India before the war he had to complete his lectures at Middlesex Hospital in the summer term, and had mostly to return in time for the winter session. He had only a few months in summer in which to travel to India and come back again, and yet in these brief spaces, and accompanied sometimes only by natives, he was able to penetrate to the remotest fastnesses of the Himalayas, and to ascend previously unscalable peaks.”

Among these “first ascents” may be mentioned Pawhunri (23,180 feet), Langpo Peak (22,800 feet), Chomiumo (22,450 feet), and Kanchenjhou (22,700 feet).

During the war, Dr. Kellas, who was a man of high scientific attainments, undertook special work in London. The consequent strain told upon his health, and in the winter of 1919-20 he was obliged to discontinue his lectures; and he came to Aberdeen to recuperate. In the spring of last year, however, he had recovered sufficiently to set out again for the Himalayas. His health rapidly improved, and he was able to carry out a large amount of fresh and very valuable exploring work. In particular, in company with Major Morshead, of the Indian Survey, he reached a height of 23,600 feet on Kamet, in Garhwal, one of the great peaks of the Himalayas (25,400 feet). He spent the winter at Darjeeling, conducting preparations for the expedition to Mount Everest, in which he had been specially asked to participate by the Joint Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. During the

winter he made various climbs in Sikkim, and early this year he climbed Narsing, nearly 20,000 feet high, and spent several nights above 20,000 feet on Kabru.

Dr. Kellas took an active part in training the Himalayan Porter Corps, which is employed in carrying the stores and equipment of the Mount Everest expedition. Particularly interested in the scientific side of climbing at high altitudes and the effects of the rarefied atmosphere on the human system, he conducted experiments in the use of oxygen cylinders as an aid to climbing at great heights. He had recently designed a new and lighter form of oxygen apparatus, and his intention was to test it in the expedition this summer. During last year he secured some wonderful telephotographic views of Mount Everest, showing great peaks to the north which hitherto had never been photographed. A number of his photographs, it will be remembered, were shown at last year's dinner of the Club.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* who saw much of Dr. Kellas in what he thinks numbered four trips into Sikkim says he never rode a pony but "foot-slogged" every inch of the ground, even at the lowest altitudes. Tall, thin, and slenderly built as he was, it always appeared amazing that he could stand severe cold and rarefied air at 17,000 and 18,000 feet. The correspondent gives the palm among Dr. Kellas's achievements to the ascent of Pawhunri. In this region he believes that Dr. Kellas traversed passes exceeding 20,000 feet almost daily. He adds that Kampa Dzong, where Dr. Kellas died, is at least 15,000 feet up, and mountain sickness is more prevalent there and in north Sikkim than in eastern Sikkim.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1921—BRAEMAR.

THE article in the present number, "I will lift up mine eyes . . .," written by an American gentleman who was a guest of the Chairman, describes in effect the New Year's Meet. We may supplement it, however, by the following more precise description of the ascent of Ben Muich Dhui which was contributed to the local newspapers:—

The weather in the early morning was intensely cold, and promised a very fine day, and this turned out to be the case. The party went up Glen Lui Beg and on to the long shoulder of the hill dipping into that glen. There was very little snow low down. The ground was frozen hard, and this, with the absence of wind and cloud, made the conditions almost perfect for climbing. When the summit plateau was reached, it was found to be one vast snow-field, and in the blazing sunshine the glare from the snow was rather troublesome; those who possessed snow-glasses here found them very serviceable. Just before the cairn was reached a thin veil of mist settled down on the summit of the mountain, but there was no difficulty in finding the well-known cairn of stones although it was completely plastered over with snow and ice. Even here there was no wind, and one could bask in the sun with the greatest pleasure.

After a short stay at the summit, the party moved downwards to the cliffs at the head of Glen Lui, and shortly after the cairn had been left the thin mist cleared away on the top, but remained in the hollow above Loch Etchachan. As the party moved down a ridge, the sun was to their right, and it cast thin shadows on to the mist in the hollow on their left. The conditions were therefore ideal for seeing the spectre of the Brocken. In a few minutes a very good representation of the spectre was witnessed by all the members of the party. Two of the party had already seen the spectre some years ago in Skye. The appearance presented by the Brocken spectre is that, as the observer looks at his shadow cast upon the mist below him, he becomes aware of a rainbow, or coloured halo, surrounding his shadow.

A very good example of a fog bow was also seen. Very shortly afterwards the mist closed down again, and the party hurried downwards in order to get off the hill before the short day ended, as they wished to climb also Cairngorm of Derry, and continue along the ridge down to Derry Lodge, which was reached just as

darkness fell at 5 p.m. The time taken from Derry Lodge to the summit and back to the Lodge was  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours. It is probably many years since Ben Muich Dhui has been climbed so early in January, and under such perfect conditions.

#### EASTER MEET, 1921—BRAEMAR.

THE Easter Meet was held at Braemar, from Friday, 25th March, to Monday, the 28th. The following members were present:—Dr. J. R. Levack (Chairman), H. Alexander, W. Garden, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, J. McCoss, G. McIntyre, Dr. J. L. McIntyre, A. P. Milne, E. Reid, C. P. Robb, M. J. Robb, J. Watt, and A. M. Williamson; and as guests—Messrs. Douglas, Herd and Mackintosh—a total of seventeen, of whom no fewer than eight are also members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

This was a fair turn-out, but it represents less than 10 per cent. of the members. It is a pity that so few can see their way to attend these meets, which, besides being most enjoyable, enable the members to become better acquainted with each other. No doubt many find it difficult to get off for the entire period. A single day is better than nothing, however. No one has ever been sorry he came to a meet, and it is certain that the members are greatly invigorated on their return to town. The Chairman will tell you that a day on the high hills has the tonic value of at least a week's ordinary holiday. Members need not be afraid of tackling Lochnagar or Ben Muich Dui straight from their everyday work; they will not return in the evening dead beat, but at most just comfortably tired.

The meet opened on Friday in favourable weather. G. McIntyre, Mackintosh, Milne, Watt, and Williamson drove to Allt-naguibsaich to ascend Lochnagar, while Garden, McCoss and Robb motored to Loch Callater to climb one of the gullies in Corrie Kander. The Lochnagar party ascended by the Black Spout, which was in only fair condition, the snow being rather soft. A snow climb lasting some two hours was obtained, however, after which the party reached Braemar by the Sandy Loch and Garbh Allt. The Loch Kander party found much less snow than usual in the corrie, but obtained a climb in one of the main gullies. After visiting the summit of Carn Turk, where some distant hills were identified by laying out the map at the cairn, a descent was made by a fairly steep gully situated in the right hand entrance to the corrie. This climb occupied an hour and a half, including a scramble on a small buttress which was resorted to as the gully lower down resolved itself into a waterfall.

Alexander journeyed by the 10.10 train, reaching Braemar *via* Glen Beg, Loch Phadruig, and the Loch Callater road. The Chairman, with Messrs. Douglas and Herd, arrived by car in the

afternoon. On the second day the first arrival was Dr. McIntyre, who had walked from the Spital of Glenshee. Later on, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, and Reid arrived on motor cycles, followed by C. P. Robb, who had been fishing.

On Saturday morning the company of twelve motored to Derry Lodge for the ascent of Ben Muich Dhui. The Luibeg route was decided upon, and the party set off from the lodge at 9.15. Snow fell gently most of the time during the ascent, although, later on, there were glimpses of sunshine. A following wind lent its assistance during the climb up the shoulder from the burn. At 3,000 feet the ground was becoming frost-bound, and soon the snow became thicker while the wind rose, with the result that visibility diminished considerably. The cornice snow was utilised for portions of the climb by the edge of the Corrie Lochan Uaine. It was found necessary to take careful bearings for the cairn, and to check the distance by pacing. These measures were entirely successful, the party striking the summit exactly. Numerous ice-sheets were found on the plateau and the cold was intense, so much so that icicles were found on moustaches, and eyebrows were white. The severity of the conditions may be judged from the fact that, when the eggs provided for lunch were opened shortly afterwards, they were found to have a film of ice inside the shells. A very short stay, indeed, was made at the cairn, and at 12.30 the party set off on the descent. The weather soon cleared sufficiently to afford some views of the neighbouring hills. Later, views were obtained of Ben Rinnes and Bennachie. Gullies in the corrie of the Red Spout were examined from the top, and were seen to offer some half-dozen splendid snow climbs, some of which appeared to be tough propositions. Glissading was at first spoiled by new snow, but a little was available towards the saddle approaching Derry Cairngorm. Here, there was a parting of the ways, seven members going down the glen while the remainder elected to cross Derry Cairngorm and reach Derry Lodge by the shoulder of Carn Crom. The smaller party got a few photographs of the gullies and buttresses on the Ben. Snow came on heavily about 4 o'clock, so that on the return to Derry Lodge the scenery was entirely changed, being quite wintry in aspect. Apart from one member who made the low level descent in record time, the Derry Cairngorm party arrived first, at 4.40.

On Saturday night it was provisionally arranged to go to the Angel's Peak next day, as some of the members intended to try a new snow climb, but early on Sunday morning it was snowing heavily and the excursion was cancelled. Morrone was considered the only suitable hill in the prevailing weather, and was ascended by a party of fifteen in decidedly wintry conditions. On the summit a regular blizzard was raging, and the cold approached that on

Ben Muich Dhui. During the descent the snow ceased and the sun came out occasionally, so that conditions were quite pleasant on the lower slopes.

After lunch there were heavy snow showers, but towards three o'clock the weather improved again, and a good many of the members visited Creag Choinnich, chiefly in order to see a little rock-climbing. Mackintosh climbed up to the right of the wet slabs in the quarry and threw down a rope, when Dr. McIntyre and several other members ascended. On the rock at the top of the hill one or two difficult climbs were accomplished by Mackintosh and J. W. Levack. The corrie on the Glas Maol with its fresh snow was greatly admired from the cairn.

After tea on Sunday, the first batch of members, four in number, left for Aberdeen. On Monday those who remained—namely, Alexander, Douglas, Herd, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, Mackintosh and McIntyre—went to Beinn a' Bhuid. The snow which had fallen on the previous day was melting rapidly, with the result that conditions for walking were wet and disagreeable. The party drove to Invercauld House and walked up the Slugan and Quoich Glens to the Dubh Lochan Corrie, with the intention of climbing a snow and rock gully in the buttress between it and the corrie to the north. Sleet and mist combined made the conditions most unpleasant, and the climb was abandoned when the party was some way up the gully. The return to Braemar was by the same route, but the snow had now turned into slush and the path from the corrie by the east bank of the Quoich was sopping. This party returned to Aberdeen on Tuesday morning. Alexander made a detour on the way; leaving the motor bus near the Gairn, he crossed the Polquhollick Bridge and walked up to Girnoc and climbed Creag Phiobaidh. He reached Ballater by Birkhall in easy time to catch the afternoon train. This member recommends another pleasant variation for walkers returning from Braemar—to leave the bus at Crathie and walk down the south side of the river, reaching Ballater by going over Creag Ghiubhais.

The meet was entirely successful and was very enjoyable, the break in the weather notwithstanding. Everybody found headquarters at the Invercauld most comfortable in every way, and the Secretary's arrangements for the meet were as usual thorough and complete.

MARSHALL J. ROBB.

#### SPRING HOLIDAY EXCURSION, 1921—BENNACHIE.

A NUMBER of the members of the Club participated in an excursion to Bennachie on the Aberdeen spring holiday, 2nd May. The party journeyed to Pitcaple by the 9.45 a.m. train. They ascended the



Mither Tap first and then Oxencraig, after which they proceeded to the Hermit's Seat. From the Hermit's Seat they descended to Oyne, whence they returned by train to Aberdeen. It was raining when the party left Aberdeen, and when on the hillside a number of snow showers were experienced, with the result that in the forenoon no very good distance views were possible. In the afternoon it cleared somewhat and the company were able to obtain a view of the Deeside hills, Morven, Ben Rinnes, Ben Aigan, the Tap o' Noth, and the Buck of the Cabrach. While on the hillside the Aberdeen company were joined by a party, including several ladies, from Blairdaff, who had faced a strong north wind in order to climb the hill. In spite of the miserable weather a most enjoyable outing was experienced.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXCURSION, 1921—KERLOCH.

A PARTY of over 20 members of the Club climbed Kerloch on the afternoon of Saturday, 25th June, driving out from Aberdeen in a char-a-banc. A halt was made at Moss-side Strachan, and the hill ascended, the route taken being along side the Curran Burn. From the summit, one half of the party returned northward to Kirkton of Strachan, and rejoined the char-a-banc, travelling in it to the Feughside Inn. The other half of the party descended by the west side of the hill, and after crossing the Water of Dye, reached the Cairn o' Mounth road, and walked on to the Feughside Inn. The two parties reunited at the Inn, where tea was served. The afternoon was very warm, but none the less the excursion was greatly enjoyed.

## NOTES.

IN the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* recently issued, Mr. G. Winthrop Young, the well-known mountaineer, whose work on *Mountain Craft AFFILIATION* divides interest at present with that of Mr. Harold OF Raeburn on *Mountaineering Art*, addresses an MOUNTAIN- "open letter" to the members of the mountaineering, EERING CLUBS. climbing, and rambling clubs of Great Britain, making suggestions for the affiliation of all such clubs. His main contention is that the objects of the clubs are not at present adequately attained. This is partly owing to "the non-local character" of certain of them. Large towns are the centres for social clubs, and most of our large towns are remote from our few mountain regions. As a consequence, the rendering of mountaineering attractive is only partially secured and in an unequal degree. Then, individual clubs are too weak to furnish effectual service in carrying out a special object of all mountaineering clubs—the protection of mountain districts from various forms of injury. Finally, says Mr. Young, a distinctive and authoritative organ "for the united expression of mountaineering opinion as between mountaineer and mountaineer, or as between mountaineers and the public," is lacking, and its purpose is not sufficiently met by "our isolated and only slightly representative journals." Mr. Young proposes the formation of a Joint Committee of representatives of each club, "without prejudice to any action or inaction upon which it may subsequently resolve"—the Joint Committee to consider the advisability of introducing some form of general affiliation, and the possibility of combining the Club Journals into one joint publication under a general editor, leaving to each club the selection of its sectional editor, who might be responsible for a certain proportion of the contents of each joint Journal. Possibly, more may be heard of the proposal. General affiliation is unexceptionable, for under it the individual club would remain, but the effacement of the individual Club Journal, we suspect, will not obtain the same ready assent. The prospect of the *C.C.J.* being absorbed in a "national organ" is not alluring.

THE weather during last August was rather uncertain for mountaineering, as on most days we had rain or high winds, or the tops were shrouded in mist. At last we chose a morning with a steady barometer, and set out *via* the Sluggan Pass for Glenmore. Soon after passing the derelict CAIRNGORM. Canadian camp we came in sight of Loch Morlich, whose waters were so calm that the trees around it

were mirrored in a striking way. Putting up our cycles at the lodge, we struck across the meadow, passing the second Canadian camp, and held on through the remnant of the great Glenmore Forest. After passing the timber line, the climb is gradual, and we made good progress. About the 3,000 feet level, we got our first sight of the ptarmigan or mountain grouse. At this season they are not at all shy, but later on, in October or November, it takes a quick shot to make any impression on them, as they become wild, and go down the wind at fifty or sixty miles per hour. Reaching the Marquis's Well—reputed to be the highest well in Scotland—tea was made; then we set out for the summit. As the light was good, and the mist fortunately kept away, a splendid view was obtained. To the north the Moray Firth was easily visible, with the coast-line and mountains of Ross and Sutherland in the distance. Ben Nevis showed up indistinctly to the west, while south-west were the peaks of the Cairntoul range, over which Ben-y-Gloe could also be seen. Due south lay Ben Muich Dhui, and farther to the east Ben-a-Bhuird and Ben Avon, with their huge masses of boulder rock. The valley of the Spey made a striking picture, with the ripening fields of grain in sharp contrast with the dark green of the fir woods, and the purple heather-clad hills rolling away to the horizon. We descended by the Coire Dhomhain Burn to the Shelter Stone, which lies at the west end of Loch Avon. This cave certainly does not look very inviting, though it is often used by mountaineers who wish to pass a night on the hills. Our way led by the shore of Loch Avon, across the Saddle and down the Garbh Allt (or Strath Nethy) to Rebhoan. From here we proceeded through the Pass of Rebhoan, in which lies the Green Loch, associated in older times with fairies and other superstitions. On the left of the Pass is the interesting "Hill of the Double Outlook," from which in the cattle-lifting days, a watch was kept for the Lochaber raiders. On our arrival at Loch Morlich, tea was once more brewed, and was most welcome. Procuring our cycles we departed for home, well pleased with the day's outing.—M. W.

THE Grampian Electricity Supply Bill (to which reference was made in our last number) is not being proceeded with this year, but the Lochaber Water-Power Bill engaged the attention ELECTRICITY of a Select Committee of the House of Commons FROM THE for the greater part of a week. The object of this SPEY. bill, which was promoted by the British Aluminium Company, is to dam up Loch Treig and Loch Laggan, and convey the water thus accumulated by a tunnel to the aluminium works at Kinlochleven and to a power-house to be established at Fort William. It is also intended to tap the Spey at Strath Mashie, about fifteen miles from its source, and, by means of a conduit, divert all the water beyond an average flow into Loch

Laggan. For this purpose, a very large weir or dam, about thirty feet high, would be thrown across the river. The contention of the promoters was that in this way they would impound only the increased volume of the river in times of heavy rain, and so save the Spey Valley from the destructive floods to which it is periodically subject. The fishery proprietors objected to the scheme, principally because "the dribble"—as their counsel termed it—of 25,000,000 gallons a day, estimated as the average flow, was not sufficient. The County Councils of Moray and Banff, on the other hand, took exception to the scheme on the higher ground that they should have an opportunity of investigating the possibilities of hydro-electric installation for themselves before any water out of the Spey was granted to others. Their attitude, in short, as tersely expressed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, was that of regarding the Aluminium Company as "poachers"—in the sense that they wanted to divert the waters of the Spey to a different water-shed. Little consideration, evidently, was given to this view by the Select Committee, which passed the bill, subject to two conditions—that the average flow to be provided for be reckoned at 30,000,000 gallons per day, and, in addition, that the Spey Fishery Board may demand that on twelve days of the year water shall not be abstracted until the flow of the river reaches 100,000,000 gallons. On the consequential adjustment of the clauses, the Spey Fishery Board indicated a desire that the average flow be fixed at 40,000,000 gallons and that the twelve days' proposal be abandoned, and this was eventually agreed to.

On the bill coming before the House of Commons for final approval, the members for Moray and Banffshire endeavoured to get a clause inserted postponing the operation of the clauses relating to the Spey for ten years, so as to enable the County Councils of the two counties named to devise schemes for the supply of electricity from the Spey within their areas. It was contended that the Spey "really belonged to Banff and Moray," and that its waters should not be appropriated at its source for the benefit of a private company which paid nothing for the appropriation. The proposed clause, however, was rejected by 193 votes to 84.

DURING a wild hurricane which raged recently on the higher tops of the Western Cairngorms (wrote a correspondent of the *Aberdeen*

*Free Press* of 25th March), a terrified herd of deer

AVALANCHE sought shelter in the lee of Mullach Coire nan

IN Deareag, east of the isolated lodge in the forest of

GAICK Gaick. When slowly passing across the steep face

FOREST. of the mountain they must have started part of the

immense snowfield or the rocky scree underfoot,

with the result that an avalanche, which carried with it some fifteen stags, five white hares, and a fox, hurtled down the face of the

precipice and over the road far beneath to the edge of Loch-an-Seilich. This loch lies about two miles east of Gaick Lodge, where the stags all lie in a lifeless heap. Such disasters, though rare, occasionally occur among those heights, but seldom do we find so many cautious and wary creatures caught unawares at the same time. Only by storm and stress were they thrown off their guard. Their natural instinct was for the moment unheeded in the midst of the howling hurricane and blinding drift. Once started, the great mass of snow, earth, and rock gathered increasing velocity and terrifying noise to the bottom of the cliff, fully 1,500 feet to the road and loch, far beneath, where disaster and death awaited the wild, untrapped creatures.

[Avalanches occur occasionally in the Gaick Forest (see "The Three Gaicks," in *C.C.J.*, ix, 74).]

Two Aberdeen men had a far from enjoyable "night out" on the Capel Mounth in the early days of May. They cycled from Laurence-

STORM- STAYED ON THE CAPEL MOUNTH.	the spring holiday (Monday, 2nd May), and set out from the hotel on the Tuesday with the intention of pushing their bicycles across the Capel Mounth path to Glenmuick and cycling to Ballater. They missed the path, however, and went up the side of a stream
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which was not the Capel Burn, pursuing their way across the heather for several hours without coming in sight of Loch Muick. Snow began to fall about 7 p.m., and continued to fall without intermission during the rest of the night. Darkness set in about nine o'clock, and the hapless cyclists wisely decided to dump their cycles beside a cairn of stones and seek refuge for themselves in a hollow. According to the report of the incident in the *Free Press*, "the cold was intense, and as both were lightly clad" [they were without food too] "they did not dare to lie down and go to sleep in case they might be frozen to death. They occupied the night by walking up and down in the hollow to keep themselves warm, and so bitter was the cold that icicles formed at the foot of their coats." They discovered next morning that they had been wandering in a circle, as they came on a house they had passed the day before. They wended their way back to the Glen Clova Hotel for food and a rest, and on Thursday, guided by a keeper, rescued their bicycles, crossed the Capel Mounth, and duly arrived in Aberdeen.

## REVIEWS.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ORDNANCE SURVEY LARGE SCALE AND SMALL SCALE MAPS. Published by the Director-General at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton. Pp. 20 and

ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS. 32. 6*d.* each.—Mountaineers are greatly indebted to the Ordnance Survey maps, and so cannot fail to appreciate these two little pamphlets which, in very brief compass, give a historical account of the

Survey and an outline of the work it has accomplished. The Survey Department is not yet a century old—the first Survey map, that of Ireland, was published in 1840, and the first map of England followed in 1846—but it has done uncommonly good work in the time it has been in existence. No other country, we are told, is so well surveyed and mapped as the United Kingdom, and no other country possesses a series of maps at all comparable with that of the Ordnance Survey. As is well-known, there are “large scale” maps, on the scales of 6 inches and 25 inches to the mile, while the principal “small scale” maps are those on scales of 1 inch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch to the mile. The 1 inch map, by the way, is the original standard map of the Survey, and its merits as a walking or cycling map have long since been recognized—universally, one might well say. It is in no need of commendation to-day, for it is the invariable and invaluable “stand-by” of every walker and mountaineer. It and the other small scale maps may be had in various forms of mounting and at varying prices, and either plain or coloured. In addition, a new series of 1 inch maps, fully coloured, is in course of publication, each map being designed to cover the whole of some district noted as a tourist resort; among the sheets already published is one of Deeside. A new  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch map is also being published, which is perhaps the most useful motoring map produced by the Survey, as it is thoroughly up to date and embodies the results of the revision that is now being carried on. Formerly, the large scale map was revised every twenty years and a new edition issued, based on the revision. Recent Parliamentary Retrenchment Committees, however, suggested that, in order to effect economy, the non-revision period should be lengthened, and a compromise has been arranged. The twenty-year revision will be carried out in populous counties only, those counties which have a population of less than 100 per square mile being revised only once in forty years. Thus the greater part of Scotland and the mountainous parts of Wales will remain unrevised for forty years

but, judging from a diagram presented in one of the Descriptions, the Aberdeenshire Highlands—up to the Perth and Inverness-shire borders—will come under the twenty years revision.

The Descriptions are, in their way, guides to the whole series of maps issued. They embody specimens of the various sizes of maps, and furnish detailed explanations of the conventional signs and symbols employed; and by the aid of index diagrams the intending purchaser can have no difficulty in selecting what he wants. Accompanying the Descriptions we received what, coming from a Government office, was a decided novelty, but none the less pleasing—a tastefully printed and beautifully illustrated poem, "The Making of a Map." It was apparently issued as a Christmas souvenir from the Southampton office, and was designed to commend—we hesitate to use the bald and business term, "advertise"—the Survey maps. The author is Mr. Alfred Oscroft, who presumably combines rhyming with plan-making, rivalling as a rhyming eulogist of the Ordnance Survey map "Touchstone" of the *Daily Mail*, whose lines were quoted in our last issue. He cleverly sets out, in eight verses, how a map is made, traced, examined, photographed, printed, and distributed. Here are the two concluding verses:—

"With all due speed, by rail or road,  
By post, by hand, by varying mode  
The maps are sent, to be a guide  
To men who walk, to men who ride:  
Peasant or Prince here see displayed  
The country's face, with skill portrayed.

Long may the map of service prove—  
Your faithful ally when you rove!  
Whether on foot, or wheel, or car,  
From Salisbury Plain to Lochnagar,  
On it you always may depend—  
Your Guide, Philosopher, and Friend!"

THE BERNESE OBERLAND. VOL. II. By Arnold Lunn (The Alpine Ski Guides). Published on behalf of the Federal Council of British Ski Clubs by Messrs. King Hutchings, THE ALPINE Ltd., Uxbridge. Pp. xxvi+169.—Many years ago SKI GUIDES. Mr. Lunn published Vol. I of the *Alpine Ski Club Guide to the Bernese Oberland*, dealing with the western wing of the Oberland. The Club always intended to continue the series, but the increased cost of printing since the war has forced the various British Ski Clubs to combine for all purposes of ski-ing publications, and the present volume is therefore published by the Federal Council of British Ski Clubs. Any profits that it may make will be handed over to the Federal Council and

ear-marked for the publication of future guide-books. Mr. Lunn's own work has been given gratuitously. The volume deals with the country between the Gemmi and the Grimsel, and also includes the ski-ing expeditions in the lesser ranges that border on the Oberland glaciers. As a guide, it appears remarkably complete and satisfactory. Mr. Lunn writes enthusiastically of ski-ing and appreciatively of the scenery which meets the ski-runner's view; and he evidently writes with knowledge and experience. A noticeable feature of the book is the caution constantly tendered: descents that are dangerous and to be avoided are carefully pointed out. We are disposed to classify the little volume as a most reliable guide-book.

THE BRITISH SKI YEAR-BOOK FOR 1920. Published by the Federal Council of British Ski Clubs, Edited by Arnold Lunn and Captain H. C. H. Marriot. Pp. 187. 3s. 6d. net.—

“BRITISH SKI YEAR-BOOK.” This is the first issue of what is designed as the official organ of the Federal Council of British Ski Clubs, and it takes the place of various Club publications which appeared annually up to the war. It is replete with information relative to ski-ing and the Alpine resorts where it can be best prosecuted. There are many articles descriptive of personal experiences, and a large section of the book is devoted to new or to little-known ski expeditions, the intention being that this section shall serve as the raw material for future ski-ing guide-books. Valuable practical advice is given in an article on “Rudder-Action in Ski-Steering,” by Vivian Caulfeild and in a symposium on “The Use and Abuse of the Stick.” Numerous photographs of snow-fields are a feature of the book.

MR. F. S. GOGGS has retired from the editorship of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, and the April number opens with

an appreciation of his eleven years' labours in that

“SCOTTISH MOUNTAIN-EERING CLUB JOURNAL.” capacity, contributed by Mr. George Sang, the Hon. Secretary. Mr. Goggs is succeeded as editor by Mr. Eric P. Buchanan. The principal article of the number is one on “The Dubhs and Sgurr Alaisdair from Coruisk” by Mr. J. H. Bell. The party whose

climb is described had a rather unique experience. When they reached Loch Coruisk, the wild scene, owing to clouds and driving rain, had “all that sombre and gloomy grandeur for which it is famous.” In ten minutes' time, the north wind had blown the clouds away, and the party viewed the scene in its beautiful aspect — “the loch was sparkling blue, and the rain-washed cliffs glistened in the sun, while a rainbow spanned exactly over Coruisk from Dubh to Druim nan Ramh.” The next article, “A June Night in the Mountains,” by Mr. Walter A. Smith, is noticeable for its lack of precise specification, but it is not difficult for one



acquainted with Speyside to identify the places disguised by the general terms employed. The party—who set out at 9.30 p.m. and got home, *via* the Thieves' Road, by 8 in the morning—evidently ascended Sgoran Dubh. The "Peak of the Winds" (3,658 feet) is Sgor Ghaoith; "The Speckled Brae," which "loomed across the deep narrow glen," is Braeriach; and "the wild loch . . . some 2,000 feet below"—of which an illustration is given—is Loch Eunach. In "The Menace to Rights-of-Way" Mr. Sang—very timeously—sounds a warning note as to the dangers that lurk in the Grampian electric-power scheme. Public roads and tracks will be submerged by the contemplated widening and deepening of certain lochs, and, apparently, no provision is made for the substitution of alternative paths.

THE *Climbers' Club Journal* is conspicuous for its weighty and authoritative articles on mountaineering, and the 1920 number is noticeable for contributions from two prominent "CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL." English climbing men. Mr. G. Winthrop Young furnishes a very graphic account of his first ascent of the Nesthorn, in the Alps, and Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith describes a number of "Home Climbs"—in the Lake District and in North Wales. Several other articles deal with Alpine ascents, and are accompanied by excellent photographs. Mr. G. S. Bower writes on "A Climbing Tour of the Highlands," devoted to an ascent of the cliffs of Ben Eighe, in Ross-shire; and a naval officer, on patrol duty between North Rona and the Sound of Jura, tells how, one day, he climbed the pinnacles of Askival, in Rum. The editor, Mr. George Mallory, has an interesting and instructive article on Mr. Winthrop Young's new book, *Mountain Craft*.

MR. YOUNG, in the letter referred to in the first of our Notes in this number, says the editors of the Club Journals are finding it always harder to collect new material and new writers, but the statement receives remarkably little support in "FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB JOURNAL." the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* for 1920, in which the letter appears. With an issue running to 235 pages and containing eight articles besides other matter, the *Journal* can hardly be reckoned on the down-grade. Two of the articles describe climbing tours in the Highlands—the climbs described (and illustrated by a number of excellent photographs) were chiefly in the Skye and Ben Nevis regions. In "Lake District Fell Walking" Mr. Ashley P. Abraham gives an account of a remarkable "record" made by Mr. Eustace Thomas last year—a round from Keswick back to Keswick by way of Scafell, Bowfell, Langdale Pikes, and Helvellyn, accomplished in 21 hours, 25 minutes, the distance covered being 59 miles, over an ascent of about 23,500 feet.

THE *Rucksack Club Journal*, like the organ of the English Lake District, shows no falling off in the number and variety of its articles or in their quality. There are accounts of

“RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL.” as remote as Corsica and the province of Quebec.

Mr. Eustace Thomas writes on the fell walk just mentioned, but his account, titled “Mountaineering Endurance,” is devoted mainly to the system of training he adopted. He mentions incidentally that he is fifty-one years of age, and modestly adds that his feat “may be an encouragement to many people.”

THAT the Mountain Club of South Africa continues to flourish and to actively prosecute climbing on Table Mountain and elsewhere is abundantly demonstrated by its *Annual* for the past

“SOUTH AFRICAN MOUNTAIN CLUB’S ANNUAL.” year, which is replete with interesting accounts of Club and individual excursions, accompanied by admirable photographs and sketch-maps. Climbing evidently does not exhaust the energies of the Club or the interests of its members, for we have a continuation of the paper on “Birds of the Cape

Peninsula,” noticeable for its detailed and precise information, and also a paper on butterflies observed within a fifteen-mile radius of Simon’s Town. More striking even than these, perhaps, is a suggestion that the schools should be affiliated to the Mountain Club, if only on the principle that “a living nursery of young mountaineers is necessary to the vitality of the Club,” and that the schoolboy is “the mountaineer in embryo.” The idea seems capable of application elsewhere.

WE have received from the Swedish Touring Club a copy of their Year-Book for 1920. It is a volume of 326 pages, has a great variety of articles, and is profusely illustrated. Lack of

“SWEDISH TOURING CLUB’S YEAR-BOOK.” acquaintance with the Swedish language prevents us from expatiating further on the book. A series of twenty-five plates, however, presents us with some of the more striking natural features of the country, and these plates are usefully supplemented by the

abundant illustrations in the text. We have a note from the secretary of the club, saying that if at any time any member of the Cairngorm Club would like to make acquaintance with Sweden, the Touring Club will be glad to supply any necessary information.

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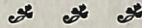
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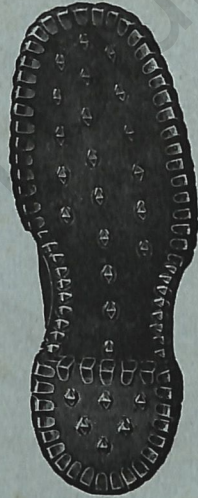
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