

Vol. X.

July, 1922.

No. 59.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY
ROBERT ANDERSON.

CONTENTS.

- Lochnagar in Mid-December..... Charles Davidson, M.A.
Midwinter in the Làirig Dhrù..... Robert Clarke.
More Summer Days on the Mountains--II William Barclay, L.D.S.
Glen Tilt and Glen Dee 70 years ago.
In Memoriam :
 Viscount Bryce.
Proceedings of the Club :
 New Year Meet.
 Easter Meet.
Notes.
Reviews.
Illustration :
 Dr. A. M. Kellas's Grave.

ISSUED TWICE A YEAR.

PUBLISHED BY
THE CAIRNGORM CLUB.

AGENTS :
ABERDEEN : D. WYLLIE & SON.

Contributions for the January Number should be sent to the Editor, Mr. Robert Anderson, 12 Belvidere Street, Aberdeen, not later than October 31.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.



THE GRAVE OF DR. ALEX. M. KELLAS.

(See page 186).

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. X.

JULY, 1922.

No. 59.

LOCHNAGAR IN MID-DECEMBER.

BY CHARLES DAVIDSON, M.A.

The sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing.

AUTUMN had gone out in sandal-footed brown, and Winter in his snowy mantle tarried long in coming. So one day, a week or so before the winter solstice, four of us, with no idea of scaling dizzy heights or wriggling up Black Spouts by means of ropes and ice-axes, or surmounting *cols* and *arêtes*, etc., set out from Aberdeen to enjoy the air of the mountain-top of Lochnagar. Somewhat yawnful, the little band—philosopher, Don Quixote, psychologist, and one youthful ardent, restless sprite ready to set the world aright like some bright Alcibiades back-chatting Socrates—set out from Aberdeen in the gray dawn. Each sat in his own corner, hoping for silence, and gazed out on the landscape gradually unfolding itself as the train sped on. Grays and browns prevailed, and faded yellows with faint purplings on the birks, and on these and on the larches could one with eye of faith foretell that soon the fairy prince would kiss their sleeping charms into vivid life. The Moor of Dinnet, sere and russet in the first pale rays of the rising sun, recalled the purple glories of three months ago, and from here to Ballater the wan sun lit up the hill-tops with a faint radiance, frail, ephemeral and ghostly, unreal.

Back to the realities, however, in Ballater. The harpies of that little town charged us a shilling a

pound for apples, threepence each for a banana and other things "confeering." But being Peter Pans, or Peter Simples, with the exception of Alcibiades, who wanted to put the natives right in the elements of political economy, we paid our pence and entered our fiery chariot *en route* for Altnaguisach. (Pardon me, you Celtic scholars, but I prefer to spell it so). And up the road we sped, meeting none of the kindly race of men, and not a note of any bird did we hear. Where was the fluty note of the cheery oystercatcher and where the wallochin' teuchat? The hillsides, where not covered with the purple birch, or the larch or fir, were yellow with what a farmer might call a rig of barley or of corn; it was but withered grass. Silence everywhere.

Dismissing our car, we start the longish ascent along the little mountain stream. Mosses and lichens abound on velvet couches, emerald green and gray, beautiful to the microscopic eye. And all the way up to the summit it was this vivid green life in mosses and lichens that caught the eye. Death in winter? Not at all. The promise of life everywhere. And our thoughts flashed over to the Emerald Isle . . . Up to the top we struggled by the Ladder, and pausing at the well we could not help maligning the summer climbers who left behind them their sandwich and chocolate papers. Should we commend to them the lesson which Lord Mount-Edgumbe inculcated in the people of Plymouth several years ago? Annoyed extremely by those who had the free entry to his grounds carving their initials, etc., on his trees, he set up a huge blackboard at the entrance with words painted on it to this effect:—"Would those people who want to carve their names on my trees please do so on this blackboard instead?" What was remarkable on the way up was the rich background of brown and gray and slate against which the white mountain hare and the ptarmigan in winter dress stood out in striking contrast. The snow-buntings in semi-winter garb had a much lower visibility. This was our

first sight of life since we left Ballater, for not a soul had we met on the way. As we neared the top a furious gale developed, blowing right in our teeth. So strong was it that when we got to the plateau on the summit we had to lean towards it.

I do not know the names of the two protruding crags on the top, for I am only an amateur in mountaineering, but when we came on to the flat field area where are all the great slabs of what seemed primeval chaos we came on one big block where there were deep cup markings, five or six in number. They were in a fan-shape. Alcibiades at once decided they were prehistoric markings, and talked of the stone of sacrifice. Were they like Bill Stumps, his mark? The view from the top was superb. We saw the murky haze denoting Aberdeen and all down to the east, but on the other sides there was a shroud of mist which began to gather in upon us and restrict the view. Looking down to the Loch, however, everything, as at Coruisk, was wild and frowning, the gargoyles at the beginning of the corries grinning as if delighted to hurl men to death down to the black waters below. Dark Lochnagar. . . . Hundreds of snow-buntings, flying in flocks from here to there, were everywhere.

Fearing to be caught in the mist, we hurried down, but on the way we sat in the shelter of a big boulder to smoke a pipe. Having left the buntings on the higher ground we watched coveys of ptarmigan in their snowy winter plumage wheeling and scurrying before us. Poor birds! instead of being protected by their white coloration, they were outstanding targets for their natural enemies.

In our shelter we asked ourselves why the ptarmigan were wheeling round in such restless circles in coveys of five, ten, or twenty. None could supply an answer. Suddenly from the fog-bank on the right appeared a majestic figure planing down with not a movement of his wings. It was a golden eagle. And this was a golden day, a mid-winter day stolen from summer.

MIDWINTER IN THE LAIRIG DHRU:
A STRENUOUS CROSSING FROM SPEY TO DEE.

BY ROBERT CLARKE.

NEW YEAR MEETS of the Club have formed distinctive and successful features of its activities of recent years. The venue has usually been Ballater or Braemar, from whence the mountains in these localities have been climbed under more or less wintry conditions. So far as I am aware, the crossing of the Cairngorm range by way of the Làirig Dhrù has not as yet figured among the Club's winter expeditions; and as I walked through the pass from Aviemore to Luibeg on the 1st. of January this year, perhaps the following "plain tale from the hills" may prove an incentive—or a warning!—to some of the keen and youthful "stalwarts" who nowadays form a fair proportion of the Club's membership. Of one thing they may rest assured—they will not meet me in the course of their outing; the wildest of wild horses will fail to drag me to repeat the performance.

On a fine day, with a clear sky above and the snow hardened by wind and frost, the Làirig would doubtless make an ideal winter walk, but I rather fear its fine days are few and far between. The day I selected was certainly not one of them, and though up to a point the outing was quite interesting, and had even its great moments, the recollection of four hours' walking among soft and melting snow and three hours' floundering in a wild Highland glen in the darkness of a January night induces me to say, for myself at least, "Never again, never again!"

I arrived at Aviemore on the last day of the year, to find the Spey in great flood as the result of a heavy

rainfall and the sudden melting of half a foot of snow that had fallen two days previously. The afternoon was devoted to a walk to Coylum Bridge and up through the Rothiemurchus Forest to a point about three miles above the Club's footbridge over the Allt Beinne. From here I had a good view up the pass, and was quite satisfied with what I saw. The lower parts were comparatively clear of snow, and though the upper reaches were pure white, I had every reason to think that at that altitude the temperature would be sufficiently low to make the snow firm enough to support one's weight. In the late afternoon I sauntered back through the forest, amid a glorious burst of sunshine, which seemed to promise well for the morrow's outing.

Like every other self-respecting community, Aviemore throws itself heart and soul into the ceremony of "first-footing," and this was reflected in a "sleep-in" on the part of my temporary hostess, with a consequent start on my part at 8.45 a.m., instead of 8 a.m. as I had intended. These lost 45 minutes would at the end of that eventful day have been worth their weight—if time could be weighed—in the purest of gold. It had rained heavily overnight, and the Cairngorms were only dimly visible as I stepped out briskly on the road to Coylum Bridge. My pass was, however, well in view, and I pushed up through the forest hoping the clouds on the high hills would lift. The footbridge was reached in about half-an-hour less than the time allowed. The Beinne was in even greater flood than on the previous day, and the path among the rank heather was very wet and muddy, the aftermath of the recently-melted snow. Carn Elrick and Castle Hill, at the mouth of the pass, were almost all black, but Ben Muich Dhui and Braeriach carried great snow-fields on their broad shoulders. Their tops were hidden in the clouds. Just as I entered the pass proper a fine rain began to fall, and I decided that if it persisted and got heavier I would turn back. It did not last long, however, and, though there were slight renewals of the downpour in the

course of the day, no inconvenience or discomfort was experienced from them. The strong west wind, too, was in my favour, for it followed me right through the pass.

A couple of hours' steady walking brought me abreast of Creag na Leacainn, and it was at this point that I struck the snow. For some time previous it had been intermittent on the path, but from now onward it held complete possession everywhere. It was about two feet deep, and it was soft and yielding, and one had to walk very warily on the broken ground hereabouts. As a consequence, the pace had perforce to be slowed down considerably. It's dogged as does it, however, and I slowly made my way past the Lurcher's Crag, up the steep sides of which several stags bounded at my approach. These and several flocks of ptarmigan, in their pure white winter plumage, were the only living creatures I saw during the whole outing.

My original programme had included the climbing of Ben Muich Dhui from about this point, but I had lost so much time among the snow, and the top of the mountain was still cloud-capped besides, that I gave up the idea without more ado. Eventually, the notorious boulders that fill the pass for more than a mile near the top were reached. I expected trouble from them, and I got it—and lots of it. The snow, despite the altitude which I had now reached, about 2,600 feet, remained as soft and unreliable as lower down, and every other step I took I broke through this covering, and my legs, and sometimes most of my body too, went down between the big boulders. A serious accident might easily have happened at this point, and great care had to be exercised. Fortunately, I had taken a walking-stick with me, and this proved invaluable in "sounding" doubtful spots, and in being used as a prop against which one leant in pulling oneself out of specially deep abysses.

Everything has an end, even the Làirig boulders, and I hailed the first of the Pools of Dee, at the summit of

the pass, with unfeigned joy. Looking Speyward, there was no view, heavy clouds having blotted out everything in that direction. The time-table on the Beinne foot-bridge gives the time from that point to the spot where I now stood as three hours, and I had taken four and a half. Another half-hour was consumed in making my way from the north to the south end of the summit past the various pools—there were no fewer than five that day (all apparently recently frozen, though now free of ice), while a year ago, in June, only two were visible. The most southerly, and the largest, commands a view down Glen Dee, and I was absolutely staggered to find, when I reached that point, that there was an unbroken sheet of white extending thence for about two miles down the glen, over—or through—which I had to make my way. I knew that the earlier snow had for the most part come from the north, but I was now to find that there had been southerly storms in the beginning and middle of December, which had packed the snow into the head of Glen Dee to a considerable depth. I had never bargained for this, and had expected that, the Pools once reached, I would have no further trouble with snow.

Previous to leaving Aberdeen, a Fleet Street friend had gifted me some of the wine of the country, and before starting the descent I drank his health from my flask. Surely never will that conventional Cockney's prosperity be pledged under wilder or more awe-inspiring surroundings. The steep, almost precipitous sides of Braeriach and Ben Muich Dhui rose on either hand, while further down the glen Cairn Toul and the Devil's Point, the snow stretching in broad bands from base to summit, and their steep black cliffs standing out in sharp contrast, made a never-to-be-forgotten picture. The utter desolation and loneliness of the scene was thrilling even to a hardened mountaineer, and one had the feeling that the only thing lacking to complete the picture was the presence of the fabled Ferla Mhor himself!

It was now 3 p.m., and it behoved me to be again on the move, for I was still about nine miles from my destination, and I had those two miles of snow to negotiate. Keeping the left bank of the stream which issues from the Pools, I plunged boldly into the snowfield, and for over an hour I had some of the most toilsome exercise in which it was ever my lot to indulge. At every step I sank at least knee-deep, and very often waist-deep, among the yielding and fast-melting mass, and the strain on the leg muscles was tremendous. As a pleasing variant to this, I welcomed the fording of the many streams that were tumbling, at a very acute angle, down the mountain side every hundred yards or so. These varied in depth from a foot to at least a yard, and one of them, the Tailor's Burn, a short distance below where the snowfield ended, almost succeeded in hurling me neck and crop into its boulder-strewn bed. The number and volume of these streams showed that even at the very highest altitudes the recent sharp rise in the temperature was taking its toll of the summit snows. It was only now that one realised the uses of the numerous scars that disfigure the mountain sides in summer. It is a moderate estimate to say that from the Pools of Dee to the Luibeg footbridge I crossed—which of course means waded through—at least 50 streams, all "going strong," while in summer I can recall a bare half-dozen, and only two of these really worth the name.

There was certainly a sound of many waters in the glen that afternoon. From the great gut of the Garbhchoire the Dee was thundering down in tremendous volume, while from each of the three great corries of Cairn Toul facing Glen Dee a roaring cataract was precipitating itself, that from the Saucer Corrie, just below the summit, being a magnificent spectacle of 1,500 feet of almost sheer waterfall. Looking backward up the glen in the dim half-light of that winter afternoon one realised as never before the absolute savagery of the scene. Glen Dee in summer can be majestic, and wild

and stern, and still withal beautiful, but here was nothing but Nature in her grimmest and most repellent mood—relentless, aloof. No mercy need be looked for should one be caught in a storm amid this inhospitable solitude; the struggle could be but a short one, and have only one result.

The snowfields past, and the path gained, I put forth my best efforts to at least get clear of Glen Dee ere night set in. Dusk was falling as I passed the Corrou Bothy, surely one of the loneliest spots for a man to have resided at for three months every year, as used to be the case. Opposite Glen Geusachan, where the path rises over a low shoulder of Carn a Mhaim, to strike into Glen Luibeg, it was all but dark; but I was able to follow it by the glancing of the pools of water lying in its bed. A few minutes afterwards the light suddenly improved, and on looking behind my eyes were gladdened to behold the silver sickle of the new moon sailing among the clouds above Ben Bhrotain and transfiguring the gloom of Glen Geusachan into a fairyland. Luna's assistance did not last more than about ten minutes, however, for she was again swallowed up among the clouds. Night had now fallen with a vengeance, and it was lucky for me that the path over Carn a Mhaim is very well marked. To the point where it dips down to the Luibeg footbridge I followed it without much difficulty. There I intentionally diverged, knowing that from thence it passes over and among a series of flat sharp-edged boulders, whose acquaintance in the dark, and unexpectedly, I did not wish to make. Bearing away slightly to the left, I cautiously felt my way down the somewhat uneven slope, and though I stumbled and fell several times, I gained the bottom of the glen about 100 yards above the footbridge, which took me clear of the 20 feet almost perpendicular bank down which the path comes.

As I crossed the footbridge I found the Luibeg in equal flood with its Glen Dee brethren. I had thought that, this point gained, my troubles were all past, and I

would easily follow the path and reach Luibeg in little over half-an-hour. As events turned out, it took me exactly two hours to cover the two miles or less that separate the two points. Let no man be puffed up with the idea that he knows the features of a countryside and that he could easily find his way there in darkness. There are few persons, excepting stalkers, I daresay, who know Glen Luibeg better than I do. I have walked it morning, noon, and night, in the summer and autumn months for the past thirty-two years, and I flattered myself that even though I did miss the path in darkness at any point, I would have little difficulty in shortly regaining it. As I write, I can mentally visualise every twist and turning of its course. As a matter of fact, however, I had not gone more than 20 yards from the footbridge when I was at fault, and during the next two hours I wandered down the glen completely at sea as to where I exactly was. My only guide in an otherwise uncharted ocean was the very faint outline of the top part of the steep hill behind the house at Luibeg. If I did not meet the path in that two hours' stroll, however, I made the acquaintance of the majority of the boulders, bogs and burns that have their habitation in the glen, and I consider myself specially fortunate in not having received serious injury in some of the involuntary descents I made into the deep hollows and beds of streams. The prostrate pines were specially eager to give me welcome, and invariably succeeded in bringing me down to their own level! One "lad" among them, more daring or crafty than his fellows, actually back-heeled me with a neatness and completeness that would have secured his instant dismissal to the pavilion had an impartial referee been on the field!

It is ever the unexpected that happens! Just as I had begun to wonder if there ever had been such a thing as a path in the glen, and whether my punishment for my many sins was to wander thus at the sport of chance till the end of time, my foot caught the edge of a slight trench in the ground, and to my great surprise and joy

I found myself on the path again, and that within a couple of hundred yards of my destination. My reception there by Mr. and Mrs. McDonald—after an outing lasting eleven and a quarter hours—was of the heartiest and kindest possible description. My clothes were soaked through, and even the contents of my rucksack had not escaped the effects of the numerous baptisms to which I had been subjected. Soon, however, I was arrayed in dry raiment belonging to "Sandy," and partaking of a splendid supper, to which I did every justice. Mrs. McDonald must have sat up half the night drying my soddened clothes; and nothing was left awaiting on the part of my kind host and hostess to make me forget the many discomforts through which I had passed in the very first "first-footing" expedition of my life!

MORE SUMMER DAYS ON THE MOUNTAINS.—II.

BY WILLIAM BARCLAY, L.D.S.

III.—BEINN CREACHAN, BEINN ACHALLADER, BEINN A CHUIRN, BEN VANNOCH.

BY nine o'clock next morning (21st June, 1921) we were at the east end of Loch Lyon; and, standing among the straggling pine-trees at Invermearn, this upper Glen Lyon greatly fascinated us, the loneliness, the absolute stillness, the air of solitude and remoteness being very refreshing. On all sides rose steeply sloping hillsides, grass-covered to their summits, and, though we say it perhaps somewhat selfishly, we were glad that the road ended here and that there was no thoroughfare to the west, glad that there are still some spots left undisturbed to the pedestrian. On the way up the glen we were particularly struck with the fine profile of An Grianan (2,500 feet) above Cashlie (this old farmhouse is now being converted into a shooting lodge) on the one hand, and Meall Ghaordie (3,407 feet) and Creag Laoghain (2,663 feet) on the other, while from Invermearn Beinn Heasgarnich (3,530 feet) rose directly opposite in two long ridges, enclosing in their upper fold the fine north-facing corrie. Our thoughts, however, are not of Heasgarnich to-day, though sixteen years have elapsed since we wandered about its broad summit, but of some view-point from which we can look out over the wild and dreary moor of Rannoch to the towering mountains of the north and west.

At the head of Glen Mearn and only a couple of miles away stands Beinn Creachan (3,540 feet) (pronounced Ben a Chrachan) visible from base to summit, one small patch of snow still lingering among the rocks

above its eastern corrie; so up the glen we wend our way. A rough track runs by the stream for about a mile or so, but the walking over the springy turf was so delightful and the morning so fresh and invigorating that we found a path quite superfluous. Soon the stream forks and Gleann Caillich, another fine glen, opens up on our left, but we keep straight ahead, crossing the burn and making tracks for the lesser or north-east top of the mountain. The slope here is not so steep as on the main peak, and we steadily mount up the eastern skirts of the corrie, disturbing a solitary hind, who most likely has a fawn tucked away somewhere near at hand. As we climbed the slope numerous well-known mountains in the south and east began to show their crests, and when we "topped the brae" (3,145 feet) what a prospect lay before us! Instinctively we recalled Principal Shairp's lines:—

East and west and northward sweeping,
Limitless the mountain plain,
Like a vast low-heaving ocean,
Girdled by its mountain chain.

The Moor of Rannoch stretched from our feet lonely, black and bare, the innumerable pools of water dotting its surface serving only to emphasize the blackness. In the centre of the picture Loch Laidon stretched its be-draggled length. The western end of Loch Rannoch was visible, and just the merest fringe of Loch Tulla with its sandy eastern shore. Behind all this towered the vast amphitheatre of hills from the twin peaks of Cruachan (which stood out very conspicuously over the slope of the main peak of Creachan). Ben Starav, Stob coire an Albannaich, Stob Ghabhar and the Clachlet with its huge corrie were right in the foreground; the steeply sloping contour of Buchaille Etive Mor beyond guarded the entrance to dark Glencoe. Over the south shoulder of Starav two of the Benderloch hills raised their heads. Then came the mountains of the Mamore forest represented by Sgor a Mhaim and Binnein Mor;

behind we had Ben Nevis, the Aonachs, and the Stob Coire an Easain groups. The "Ben" only showed a spot or two of snow, far more being seen on Aonach Beag. Through the gap of Loch Treig were seen some distant peaks, but what they were we do not know. Next among recognised faces was Creag Meaghaidh and the Ben Alder group, with Beinn na Lap and the uninteresting Corrou hills in front. Loch Ericht, visible in practically its entire length, lay deep between Beinn Bheoil and Ben Udlaman. The Cairngorms were distant but quite distinct. Nearer at hand was Beinn a Chuallaich, Schiehallion, and the Carn Maigr tops. To the right of Chuallaich the Beinn a' Ghlo mountains appeared as two massive peaks, while to the left we had Beinn Dearg and Carn a' Chlamain, the red scaur on the latter being particularly noticeable. In the near foreground just the tip of Stuchd an Lochain led the eye on to the group of Ben Lawers and the Tarmachans and Meall Ghaordie. One of the Fife Lomonds—the west—was visible on the far horizon. Away down Glen Mearn lay the shepherd's house at the east end of Loch Lyon, and just over the way Beinn Heasgarnich and Creag Mhor, while through the gap between these towered the grand peaks of Ben More and Am Binnein, seeming grander than ever from here. Between An Caisteal and Beinn a Chroin, Ben Lomond reared his head.

As the summit of Beinn Creachan was still 500 feet above us, we proceeded up the narrow ridge separating the two corries, each with its pool of water, but the north is much the larger and grander. Nearly 1,200 feet below lay the lonely lochan enclosed by steep rocky walls, seared with gullies, which would undoubtedly provide some sport in early spring. Ours, however, is a summer walk, and twenty minutes sufficed to take us up to the large quartz cairn of Beinn Creachan (3,540 feet). The outlook to the west was now considerably extended, and one or two other additions were made to the view from the lower top. In front and close at hand were the long rounded backs of Meall Buidhe and Beinn

Achallader and the knobbier points of Beinn an Dothaidh and Ben Doran; beyond these Ben Lui and his companions, Beinn Oss and Dubh Chraige, looked very imposing. Both Lomond hills were now in sight, as was also Ben Chonzie and the Glen Turret hills above Crieff. Right over the centre of Clachlet Bidean nam Bian, the giant of Argyllshire, just showed his crest. In the east, in the line between Schiehallion and Beinn a' Ghlo, Glas Maol and the other Glenshee hills were recognised.

There were now signs of an approaching change in the weather. Dark ominous clouds were gathering round Ben Nevis and the other big hills in the north-west, and very soon they were blotted out with mist, so it was time to continue our walk along the ridge westward. We descended the stony 400 feet to the dip, climbed the gentle ascent of Meall Buidhe, passing along its flat grassy back of delightfully springy turf to the highest point at the south end (3,193 feet) (small cairn), then descended another 400 feet to the base of Beinn Achallader. The ascent of the first 600 or 700 feet of this mountain is steep, but after that it eases off as one approaches the small cairn at the northern end (3,404 feet). Towards the north both Beinn Achallader and Creachan fall away in steep rocky faces seared with gullies, but to the south the slopes, though steep, are grassy. We could now look down on the farmhouse of Achallader standing by the West Highland Railway line, and the ruin of the ancient castle alongside. Loch Tulla was also visible in its whole length, but as our range was now confined to the fringes of the moor, we did not stop many minutes here, but turned south and strolled along to the other top (3,288 feet), about a mile away. Then we had a look at the north-east face of Beinn an Dothaidh before descending to the burn in the Achallader-Chuirn dip. Here we found a nice cool spring and lunched while the mist swirled about the summits of Ben Doran and Creachan. A large herd of deer were interested spectators of our proceedings.

While sitting here eating and ruminating, we came to the conclusion that it would be easier and more congenial to cross over Beinn a Chuirn and Vannoch than to follow the burn down to the Chonoghlaish glen and then east round to Loch Lyon, so once more we started to "spiel the brae" and soon reached the top of Beinn a Chuirn (3,020 feet). Since leaving the north top of Beinn Creachan we had been following the Perth-Argyll county march, but now we stepped directly into Perthshire. An easy walk eastwardly with a slight descent and then a rise of 375 feet brought us to the cairn on Ben Vannoch (3,125 feet). From here the near at hand views were the predominating feature, that down Chonoghlaish glen to the railway viaduct at Auch with Ben Doran on one hand and the steep slopes of Beinn a Chaisteil and Beinn Fhuaran on the other, we think had first place. Then of course we had the upper part of Glen Lyon. Across the valley Beinn Heasgarnich and Creag Mhor throw their long ridges down to the loch, and on the other side of Glen Cailliche, Beinn Creachan stands up boldly. As it was now raining heavily and the mist settling down we descended due south to the west end of Loch Lyon, where we forgathered with some shepherds busy among the lambs. Later on, we followed the rough track with its ups and downs along the lochside to Invermearn.

IV.—BEINN A' GHLO MOUNTAINS.

PROFITING by the continuance of the good weather we set off on the morning of July 5th for a long delayed trip to Beinn a' Ghlo. At Blair Atholl everything above 1,000 feet was smothered in mist, but we hoped that later on, as on the two previous days, the sun would break through, so we proceeded on our way past Old Blair and by the well-known Shinigag road up the south side of Glen Fender. About a mile beyond Loch Moraig, where a couple of huts stand by the roadside, we struck through the short bit of moorland on the left

and so on to the steep slopes of Carn Liath, the most westerly peak of the group. While ascending this hillside it was noticed that the lessons learnt during days of trench warfare were now being applied to the annual campaign against the feathered tribes of the moors, beginning on 12th August, inasmuch as shooting-butts, instead of being built of stone or turf as formerly, are now sunk in the ground and are hardly discernible at a few yards' distance. As there was no outlook we had no excuse for frequent halts, so just plodded on up the brae-face past the tumbledown guide cairn and on to the large one marking the summit (3,193 feet).

The sun now burst through and the mist dissolved from all the hills as at the touch of a magician's wand, though a few trailing wisps hung about the valleys for some time. One of our duties—the duty of every visitor to the summit of Carn Liath—is to examine the post box and collect the letters; but perhaps the members of the Cairngorm Club are not aware that there has been a regular postal service carried on from the top of this mountain for (to our knowledge) over twenty years. An old tin can marked "Post Office" serves as a collecting box; letters, postcards, etc., are deposited in it; and the next climber empties the box and duly passes the missives through the official post office. Letters have reached us in Central Africa that were posted here.

Of course, to the local inhabitants and the average tourist Carn Liath is Beinn a' Ghlo; it is also the peak seen in the well-known view looking up the Pass of Killiecrankie. To these people this fine mountain group, as viewed from Carn Liath, with its complicated system of ridges and its score of corries, has rather a forbidding aspect, and it is seldom that this class of visitor proceeds any farther. Once he has reached the top of Carn Liath, to his mind Beinn a' Ghlo has been conquered.

We found the post box in a recess in the cairn and made the collection—a few picture postcards left a week before—and as there was no very distant view owing to

the heat haze, we passed on down the Z-shaped ridge first to the N.N.W., then bending to the N.N.E., and again north to the dip (2,550 feet). Quite a gradual ascent of about 1,000 feet, at first leading to the right and then to the left, brings one to the cairn of the massive middle peak of the group with the long-sounding name of Braigh Coire Chruinn Bhalgain (3,505 feet). The Cairngorms and other big hills in the north-east as far round as Lochnagar were now seen, (on a clear day, of course, the section from Sgoran Dubh to Ben Muich Dhui is also visible from Carn Liath). Across the deep hollow of Glen Tilt Carn a' Chlamain (the Kite's Cairn) looked imposing enough for a much higher mountain, while Loch Tilt appeared what it is, a puddle on the moorland. The valley of Glas Leathad now separates us from the highest peak—Carn nan Gabhar—whose three large cairns are distinctly seen, so we proceed due east in the direction of the pass. First, there is a drop of thirty or forty feet, then an appreciable rise to a sort of rocky shoulder, and about fifty yards beyond this one can descend direct over scree-strewn slopes to the Bealach an Fhiodha (2,893 feet). Water is usually to be obtained hereabouts, but, owing to the abnormal dryness of this season the supply had run out, so we proceeded up the opposite slope direct to Airgiod Bheinn (3,490 feet), the southern end of the Carn nan Gabhar ridge. Then we wheeled about and picked our way along the stony shoulder and up the remaining slope to the summit of Beinn a' Ghlo (3,671 feet), at 12.30, or just a few minutes under four hours from Blair Atholl. There is a fifth top—Beinn Beg (2,500 feet)—lying in the hollow between Carn Liath and Airgiod Bheinn, quite an isolated little hill, but as it is so much overshadowed by its loftier neighbours it is very rarely ascended or even taken notice of.

Three large cairns crown the crest of Carn nan Gabhar, the middle one marking the highest point. While lying here on this beautiful summer's day we close our eyes and there rises up before our vision

memories of other days spent wandering among the tops or laboriously picking our way up these same slopes. There was our first visit of over a quarter of a century ago, whose memory is still green; then there was another noted trip entailing a midnight tramp up Glen Tilt by the light of a waning February moon, when the play of moonlight on the snow exerted a curious soporific effect on both my companion and myself, so that before Forest Lodge was reached we were compelled to sit down by the roadside, where, sheltered from the biting wind we slept till daylight. Carn nan Gabhar was then ascended by Meall Gharran under icy conditions and traversed to Airgiod Bheinn, when a descent was made to the south, and a heavy tramp through soft snow took us back to Blair in the evening. Another grand day was vividly recalled—this time a blustering autumn one, when, in company with a friend, the group was traversed from Blair Atholl, after which we crossed over Ben Vuroch and so on to Pitlochry. But we have climbed the Beinn a' Ghlo mountains at all seasons of the year, and, no matter when or from which point of the compass we approach these fine hills, we never tire of their windy, mist-swept, stony slopes and ridges.

On the present occasion a descent was made to the east into Coire Cas-eagallach, where we obtained water; then the steep heathery slope to the north of the burn was followed directly down to the lonely Loch Loch. A couple of hours were pleasantly spent exploring the surroundings of this quaintly-formed sheet of water, in the course of which we discovered two "otters" carefully tucked away under a boulder, (not the real live variety of course, but a species known among the non-sporting followers of the gentle Isaak). Then we sauntered down Glen Loch to the solitary shepherd's house at Dail Dhubh, where the road in Glen Fernait was joined, and in the cool of the evening we trudged along its stony surface down to Kirkmichael.

Next morning, we walked over to Ballinluig Junction

by the old right-of-way track through Glen Derby, and over the moors by the south of Loch Broom to the Braes of Tullymet, on the way diverging from the path a little and passing over Meall Reamhar. This is a fine breezy moorland walk of about ten miles, and, to anyone wishing to reach the railway line, much to be preferred to following either of the turnpikes, to Pitlochry or Blairgowrie.

V.—BEN CHONZIE.

THE next hill revisited was Ben Chonzie, and we did that a few days after our return from Beinn a' Ghlo, cycling up by Logiealmond (Ian Maclaren's "Drumtochty") and the Sma' Glen to Auchnafree, in western Glen Almond. It is not possible to cycle any farther though a rough track continues westward and down Gleann a Chilleine to Ardtalanaig on Loch Tayside, so we left our "bike" here and proceeded afoot for another mile and a half. Forging the river at a shepherd's cottage, we struck up the slope behind to the north-running shoulder of the mountain, marked 2,331 feet on the O.S. map. Rabbits and mountain hares were numerous, and the cuckoo very much in evidence, three being seen on the wing together. On reaching the crest the view southward opened up and we looked down Glen Turret from the loch directly beneath us to the town of Crieff and the vale of Strathmore beyond. A dip of about 100 feet separated us from the upper reaches of Ben Chonzie, but that was soon negotiated and we were speedily breasting the final slope. The ascent of this mountain is so very easy that from the river in Glen Almond to the summit cairn (3,048 feet) only occupied an hour, and that without any undue haste.

The day was very warm, one of the hottest of this hot summer, yet the view superb, not a speck of haze or cloud anywhere, and we have seldom seen the far distant hills stand out so clearly. The Cairngorms

might have been only a few miles away instead of the actual forty-six. The remote view to the north-west is, of course, pretty well restricted owing to the close proximity of the Tarmachans and Ben Lawers tops, yet the prospect before us extended from Ben Cruachan to Dundee and the silvery estuary of the Tay, and from Ben Alder and the Cairngorms to the rugged peaks of Arran. We spent hours on the summit, then descended direct to Dalriech in Glen Almond, and so down to Auchnafree and our bicycle.

GLEN TILT AND GLEN DEE AS DESCRIBED
70 YEARS AGO.

THE *Dublin University Magazine* for 1851 contains a rather interesting article under the somewhat odd title of "Slingsby in Scotland." It professes to be by Jonathan Slingsby—possibly a pen-name—and is descriptive of a tour in Scotland made with two companions who are designated Jack Bishop and Absalom Freke, names that look fictitious. Mr. "Slingsby" and his friends appear to have entered Scotland at Glasgow and then to have made their way to Crianlarich by Dumbarton, Balloch, Loch Lomond, and Glen Falloch. Incidentally, on passing the Leven, they saw "a couple of dozen young lassies washing clothes in its stream, with their garments tucked up tidily about them"—a practice, we suspect, which fell into desuetude long ago. There are occasional references also, to what apparently struck the "Sassenachs" as the novel character of the food provided. At one place they partook of venison steaks and salmon "fresh and curly," and at the inn at Crianlarich they were "refreshed upon the flesh of a venerable patriarchal boar, cereal paste-board called 'bannocks,' and blazing hot whisky with the true smell and flavour of the peat upon it."

The greater part of the article is devoted to Blair Atholl and Deeside, and thence through Glen Dee to Aviemore. Blair Atholl was reached by way of Aberfeldy and Dunkeld, and there the travellers found Lord John Russell *en route* for Balmoral. We are told that he had a game of "ducks and drakes" near the inn—flinging flat stones along the surface of the mill-pond—a rather singular revelation of the diversions of a Prime Minister on holiday, particularly of one ordinarily so stiff and "perjink" as Lord John. At the inn at

Blair Atholl our travellers foregathered with an artist who accompanied them through Glen Tilt, on the attempted closing of which the author remarks "One might as well close the Straits of Gibraltar," thereupon bursting into verse—

There's famed Glen Tilt right in our way,
A path of blood and danger ;
For Atholl's breekless duke doth keep
The pass against the stranger.*

The Queen's Well is thus described—

In lone Glen Tilt a trickling stream
Steals through the heathery mountain,
And, gathering on the moss-crowned rock,
Leaps down—a tiny fountain.
The mountaineer that stalks the deer,
From steep Beinn Ghlo returning,
His thirst allays from out that fount,
When summer's heats are burning.

The travellers proceed upwards, and fall in with an aged forester, Archibald Macbeth. The author, returning to prose, says :—

On our right Beinn a' Ghlo reared its steep, grassy sides into the heavens, towering high above the neighbouring eminences—meet home for the eagle, which builds her eyrie on its summit ; down its sides, furrowed by the channels of many a winter torrent, the wild deer were browsing, while at the base the kestrel swooped upon her prey.

Not an eagle, however, could they see till the forester came to their help :—

"Weel, there's ane that my auld een can see ower yon mountain . . . See how he hangs richt ower the craig, wi' his wings spread oot like sails ; ye nicht fancy he was asleep in the air. Now, now, man ! Watch what a swoop he'll mak . . ." With a sudden dash, he shot downwards on his victim, and was lost to our sight. I involuntarily repeated Byron's fine lines :—

* See "The Battle o' Glen Tilt," *C.C.J.*, iii, 185 and "Right of Way in Glen Tilt," *C.C.J.*, vi, 315.

Even as an eagle overlooks his prey,
 And for a moment poised in middle air,
 Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
 Then swoops with his unerring beak.

“Na, na! sir,” (said Archie), “ye’re wrang there; the eagle clutches wi’ his claws, and no wi’ his beak, ony creature that he pounces upon, but he’ll tear a young leveret or a grouse wi’ his beak, nae dōubt, when aince he has it in his talons.” “But, Archie,” (said I), “the words I spoke were written by a great poet. “I dinna care gin they were writ by Rab the Ranter himsel’,” replied the forester, piqued at having his knowledge questioned; “I tell ye what I hae seen wi’ my ain een mony a time among the hill-tops and in the heather, and ye maunna believe ony sic bletherin’.”

At the Falls of Tarff they parted with Archie, who warned them that they would likely fall in by and bye with his son Donald, a young forester who would demand if they had the duke’s permission for going through the glen; he was not a man, Archie went on to say, to be bribed or threatened with impunity. The bridge had been removed by the duke, and the stream was crossed by the travellers upon the precarious footing which occasional stones in the river afforded.

In the distance we espied a tall, loose-limbed, and heavily-made young man, who at once made up to us, and asked us if we had got the duke’s permission to pass. Bishop immediately proposed to show fight, and I know not what might have been the result, for Donald Macbeth was not the sort of fellow that one could dispose of without trouble, when, to our surprise, Absalom stepped forward and exhibited a written pass signed by the duke. And so we departed shaking the dust off our feet as a testimony against this ungracious laird. I wish, by the way, he could hear the people of the neighbouring properties speak of him with the freedom which we did. He would learn with what mixed feelings of dislike and ridicule his conduct in relation to Glen Tilt is regarded, and might, for shame sake, if from no other cause, abandon the enforcement of a right which, even if it do exist, it is so unworthy to insist on.

The Linn of Dee was passed by without comment; and we have this incident at Braemar:—

As we limped up the street of Castletown of Braemar, somewhat foot-sore and weary, we spied a travelling carriage, which passed

us and dashed up to the door of the principal inn (Invercauld Arms). "There goes the Premier," said I.

The surrounding scenery was much admired :—

Here one sees the perfection of Highland scenery in all its sublimity and its boldness, its beauty of hill and wood and water. The entire stretch of country is densely wooded, chiefly with dark pine and fir, which crown the summit of the mountain range, while the cliffs at various reaches of the road hang beetling above us. Pause a moment now at that break in the plantations by the road-side. What a picture is spread out for your contemplation ! The broad, bright, rapid river, flowing between fertile pasture fields, lies beneath you ; beyond, the ground, undulating in forms of diversified beauty, is crowned with deep, rich woods . . . I never remember to have seen anything finer in contrast or intrinsic beauty than the hues of the trees. . . Amid the still green branches you see here and there a pendant spray, which, blighted earlier than its fellows, has turned to gold and looks like laburnum ; then there is the oak with its bright red leaf, the beech with its burnished copper, the mighty fern leaf, now a beautiful orange, and reminding one of some plant of tropical vegetation.

After a visit to Balmoral, the tour is resumed, Aviemore being the next objective :—

If one were limited to a single day's tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and could have himself placed at any starting-point he might prescribe, I do not know of any day's journey which could afford so many varied exhibitions of the characteristics of Highland scenery as that which conducts the traveller from Castletown Braemar, through Glen Dee, to the inn at Aviemore. Flocks of black-legged sheep were grazing on the green pastures through which the river coiled its lazy length, now hid in groves, now gliding into sunshine ; while, mingled with the gentle bleating of the sheep, came the sounds of the bagpipe from a hunting lodge in the hills above. After crossing the Victoria Bridge, a steep, rugged, bridle road leads by Mar Lodge, over the mountains amongst the roots and stumps of the trees that once formed a mighty forest. A walk of two hours brought us upon Glen Lui, a wide, open valley, bounded by low-retiring heath-covered hills. Another hour along the stream, and we are in a perfect amphitheatre of hills, wild and bleak, out of which are two foot-tracks, one to the right, leading to the sublime solitude of Glen Avon, the other, which we pursued, traversing the base of Ben Muich Dhui by a steep and rugged ascent. . . In Glen Dee, wild, bleak and desolate, a black wall of rock, some thousand feet high, rose right in front, and seemed as if about to topple down upon us. Our path, if such it may be

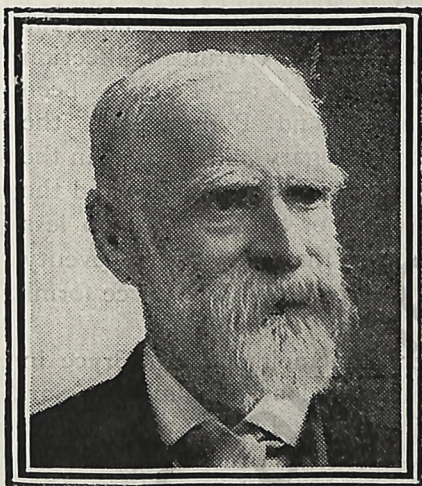
called, as we wound between Ben Muich Dhui and Cairn Toul, lay over masses of rock, torn down from the mountain tops, which were hid in mists from our sight. I have seldom experienced a more profound sense of utter solitude than when traversing this cold, gloomy, silent region, into which the sun seemed unable to penetrate with light and warmth.

At length we ascend through the narrowing pass over masses of rock, beneath and through which the puny rills of Dee trickle, and winding under the lofty Cairngorm mountain, Ben Muich Dhui, we cautiously scrambled over the piles of rock which, barricading the entrance, are called the Wells of Dee, and soon gained the summit, and saw in the distance the dark mass of what had been once the forest of Rothiemurchus. It cost us yet many an hour of toil through piles of huge boulders, and the tangled forest, till we came suddenly upon Loch an Eilan, a lovely placid lake embosomed in trees, and set as it were, in a cincture of dark rocks. And soon to the oasis in the desert—the solitary but most excellent inn of Aviemore.

The following day a start was made for Inverness, where the party separated.

In Memoriam:

VISCOUNT BRYCE.



WE very deeply regret having to record the death of Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, O.M., D.C.L., F.R.S., etc., which took place at Sidmouth, South Devon, on 22nd January, his lordship being then in his 84th year, and having remained extremely energetic to the last. He was an original member

of the Cairngorm Club, which was formed in 1889, when he was plain Mr. James Bryce, M.P. for South Aberdeen, and a frequent visitor to the city. At the formal constitution of the Club he was elected President, and he had been continuously re-elected during the thirty-two years that have intervened, until, on the adoption of the new rules in December last, the post was transformed into that of Honorary President, Lord Bryce still retaining it. A great traveller, having visited many countries, a pedestrian of quite exceptional walking powers, and a keen mountaineer and Alpinist—he was President of the Alpine Club from 1899 to 1901—Lord Bryce was sympathetically interested in the Cairngorm Club and in its objects, and he manifested that interest in many

ways. He delivered two addresses to the members in the early days of the Club—one (in 1897) on "The Preservation of Natural Scenery," and the other (in 1899) on "Types of Mountain Scenery," both subsequently published in the *Journal*. He contributed the first article to the first number of the *Journal* (July, 1893), "Some Stray Thoughts on Mountain Climbing," and, though absorbed at the time in literary and other work, he furnished a brief article to the Jubilee Number (January, 1918)—"Some War-Time Reflections." A single sentence in the latter article will show both the wide range of his travels and his continued affection nevertheless for Scottish scenery:—"I have been among Alps and Apennines and Pyrenees, in the mountains of Norway and Hungary and Greece, in the Caucasus and the Rocky Mountains, the Andes and the Himalaya ; but the landscapes of Scotland are no less grand and lovely to me now than they were seventy years ago." An excellent portrait of Lord Bryce forms the frontispiece to Vol. II of the *Journal*.

The headline of a special memoir of Lord Bryce in an Aberdeen newspaper neatly labelled him "scholar, statesman, author, and diplomat." In the *C.C.J.* we are concerned with him only as mountaineer and with his literary output as contributory thereto. Almost the sole work of his which directly related to mountaineering was "Trans-Caucasia and Ararat," published in 1877, an account of travel and mountaineering in the previous year in the countries east and south-east of the Black Sea, regions then little explored. One of the most interesting chapters of the volume is that which tells how he climbed Mount Ararat. The top of Ararat, is 17,000 feet above the sea level, and the adventurous traveller performed the most difficult and dangerous part of the ascent quite alone. His travelling companion, an Edinburgh professor, did not make the attempt, while his native attendants dropped off tired and discouraged long before the real climb began. He had, however, his reward in the enjoyment of the magnificent and far-

extending prospect from the top—also all alone. It is the native belief in Armenia that no one has ever set foot on the top of the mountain where Noah's ark rested; and when two days after he had made the hazardous ascent Mr. Bryce was presented to the Archimandrite who rules over the monastery of Etchmaidzin, near the foot of Mount Ararat, with the words, "This Englishman says he has ascended to the top of Massis" (Ararat), the venerable man smiled sweetly. "No," he replied, "that cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible."

While he was Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Bryce (as he then was) found himself able in 1912 to take a four months' holiday, which he spent in a trip to South America, from Panama to Argentina and Brazil, *via* the Straits of Magellan. The volume, "South America," in which the impressions of that trip are recorded, said the writer of the biographical sketch of Lord Bryce in *The Times*, "is, if not one of the weightiest, perhaps one of his best books; it shows conspicuously the breadth of his sympathy and the ripeness of his judgment." Though dedicated "To my friends of the English Alpine Club," it was not a "mountaineering" book in the ordinary sense of the term, not a narrative of climbs; but, travelling among mountains, many of them about the highest in the world—Mr. Bryce crossed the Andes by the Transandine railway—he furnished many graphic descriptions of them. With his special consent, a synopsis of the purely mountaineering side of the work which had been prepared by one of our members, was published in the *C.C.J.* (January, 1914) under the title of "Mountain Scenery in South America."

Lord Bryce's Parliamentary career was specially identified with the Access to Moors and Mountains Bill, which he first introduced into the House of Commons in 1885. In spite of many discouragements, he frequently reintroduced the measure, but, unfortunately, always without success.

A peak in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, 11,750 feet high, was named Mount Bryce after his lordship. A chapter descriptive of its first ascent—a chapter abounding in sensational incidents—appears in Mr. James Outram's "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies."

There is an "In Memoriam" notice of Lord Bryce by Dr. Douglas W. Freshfield in the May number of the *Alpine Journal*, and from it we quote the following:—

Bryce was an agile and untiring mountaineer, but in his world-wide travels he was wont to combine ascents with more general objects: he took his peaks as they came—they were like fences in a day's hunting—the most enjoyable incidents in journeys which were crowded with objects and interests, picturesque, historical, and political. But he never came in sight of mountains without wanting to learn as much as possible of their characteristics, and, if time and opportunity allowed, to climb them. . . . His tastes for mountains was comprehensive: he liked any broken ground, from the Forest Ridge to the Himalaya. As Irish Secretary he was wont to lead his panting subordinates up the steep sides of Croagh Patrick or Croaghnaun. The junior members of his staff at Washington found it difficult to keep pace with a Chief whose idea of a holiday was not a fashionable watering-place but a house in the White Mountains. . . . Bryce's travels may be said to have compassed the habitable globe. While he was President of the Alpine Club it was constantly noticed that whatever distant range the paper read might refer to, the chairman was invariably able to illustrate it by his personal experiences in the same region. It would be hazardous to attempt a complete catalogue of these journeys—a life-long wander-year!

We are indebted to the proprietors of the *Bulletin*, Glasgow, for the accompanying portrait of Viscount Bryce.

“WHENCE COMETH MY HELP?”

Let me sleep among the shadows of the mountains
when I die,
In the murmur of the pines and sliding streams,
Where the long day loiters by
Like a cloud across the sky
And the moon-drenched night is musical with
dreams.

* * * * *

All the wisdom, all the beauty, I have lived for
unaware
Came upon me by the rote of highland rills;
I have seen God walking there
In the solemn, soundless air
When the morning wakened wonder in the hills.

I am what the mountains made me of their green
and gold and gray,
Of the dawnlight and the moonlight and the foam.
Mighty mothers far away,
Ye who washed my soul in spray,
I am coming, mother mountains, coming home.

When I draw my dreams about me, when I leave
the darkling plain
Where my soul forgets to soar and learns to plod,
I shall go back home again
To the kingdoms of the rain,
To the blue purlieus of Heaven, nearer God.

Where the rose of dawn blooms earlier across the
miles of mist,
Between the tides of sundown and moonrise,
I shall keep a lover's tryst
With the gold and amethyst,
With the stars for my companions in the skies.

ODELL SHEPARD.

—“A Lonely Flute.”

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1922—BRAEMAR.

THE New Year (1922) Meet was held at Braemar, from Friday, 30th December, to Monday, 2nd January. The following members were present :—Dr. J. R. Levack (President), Dr. Struthers Stewart, Messrs. D. S. P. Douglas, G. Duncan, W. Garden, G. P. Geddes, J. L. Geddes, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, A. P. Milne, J. A. Parker, W. A. Reid, C. P. Robb, M. J. Robb, R. T. Sellar, and A. L. Thomson ; and as guests—Professor Macdonald, Dr. Sellar, and Mr. R. Dewar—a total of 19.

Six members and one of the guests arrived on Thursday evening and found the weather conditions at Braemar very different from those in town. Frost prevailed, while snow lay at a depth, according to the Meteorological Observatory, of 8 inches. The barometer had been very inconstant on the days preceding the meet, and late on Thursday another change seemed imminent. This began during the night and by the next day the thaw had set in properly. Heavy rain fell and the snow on the lower levels melted rapidly. Drs. Sellar and Stewart and Messrs. Sellar and Thomson ascended Morrone in sleety rain. The party chose a route near the gully which was full of soft snow. The climb was somewhat stiff work as the snow was very wet and in places knee-deep. On the summit the weather was so rough that no time was lost in commencing the descent. The remaining three members contented themselves with a walk.

During the afternoon the President, Messrs. Dewar, Douglas, G. P. Geddes, J. L. Geddes, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack and A. P. Milne arrived. Towards evening the weather became worse, culminating in a violent gale from the north-west, which lasted until early on Saturday morning. Breakfast was accordingly postponed until 9 a.m. Soon afterwards the weather improved very much, and the entire party, accompanied by Sir John Seymour Lloyd, K.B.E., who was staying at Braemar, set out in a brake for Loch Callater, with the object of climbing either Cairn Taggart or one of the gullies in Corry Kander. On arriving at the Loch, a small party of three members followed the footpath which crosses in the direction of Glen Cluny Lodge and returned by the Glenshee road. The main party decided to go to Corry Kander and proceeded by the right hand side of Loch Callater. When the corrie was reached, it was at once seen that little snow remained in the gullies although

a good deal of blue ice was present. It was considered doubtful if any of the gullies would go, and the fact that the party was scarce of ice axes settled matters. An ascent was made on the north side of the corrie to the plateau on the shoulder of Carn Turk. When the party had got some distance up, over frozen turf for the most part, they came to a gentle snow slope which occupied some forty minutes, as the snow was in poor climbing condition and the going stiff. The plateau was reached at 3.30, about half an hour before sunset, and the members enjoyed a scene of surpassing beauty. The sun was shining all around on the snow-covered hills, every one of which, with the exception of Lochnagar, was visible. In the sky there was a magnificent play of colours, green to the east and all shades from deep blue to red in the west. Later, after sunset, there was a beautiful afterglow of red. Time was getting short, and, without visiting the summit of Carn Turk, the party followed the ridge and descended to Loch Callater, driving back to Braemar in the dusk.

On Saturday, the full complement of members was reached by the arrival of Messrs. Garden, Parker, C. P. Robb, and M. J. Robb. Late in the evening news came through that the road to Derry Lodge was blocked, so that Ben Muich Dhui was ruled out for Sunday's excursion. Beinn a' Bhuird was then proposed, but it was thought that the snow in the Slugan Glen, if not rendering the attempt impossible, would at least make it very tiresome. In these circumstances, it was decided to again drive to Callater with the object of climbing the Stui Buttress.

On Sunday morning the weather was milder, with occasional showers. It was observed that Ben Avon was quite clear, although the other hills were invisible. Two brakes were requisitioned and a party of 15 set out for Callater. In an hour or so the climb up the Lochnagar path was commenced, and it was soon found to be fairly warm work although a strong following wind rendered assistance. The footpath—which was very wet in places—was left at the north side of Cairn Taggart, where the party turned eastward. Several patches of deep snow were met with, and some of the members descended a small one in quite good condition. Dr. Sellar and Messrs. Parker, J. W. Levack and Sellar went higher up, with the intention of descending the buttress. On arrival at the top, however, this project had to be abandoned, as the very high wind precluded any possibility of making the descent in safety. After a short interval for lunch in a more or less sheltered spot, the four returned to Callater by crossing the summit of Cairn Taggart and walked back to Braemar.

The main party, on arriving at the edge of the plateau north-west of the buttress, divided into two sections. Messrs. Garden, G. P. Geddes, D. P. Levack, M. J. Robb, and Thomson descended the

snow slope and reached the foot of the buttress in 20 minutes, while the others walked round to the top. The climb up the buttress was completed in about 35 minutes, scarcely any ice being met with. It was considered advisable to use the rope at only one point, but the final stages had to be taken slowly owing to the very high wind. The climbers joined the others, who had had rather a cold wait, and the return journey was commenced by the path round Cairn Taggart. A good many patches of snow remained, and the wind, more especially in the col, was exceedingly strong but fortunately there was only a little rain. A good many deer were observed, one or two almost within shooting range, and also numerous ptarmigan. A single mountain hare in its winter coat of white was seen, and lower down a few grouse. No views whatever of distant hills were obtained. Loch Callater was reached at 4.10, nearly an hour after the other party.

Early on Monday morning it was raining heavily, but later the weather hardened and snow fell. Dr. Sellar and Messrs Parker, Sellar and Thomson made an early start at 8.15 for Derry Lodge, with the intention of climbing Ben Muich Dhui *via* Luibeg. The weather was pretty rough with a very strong north-west wind and occasional snow showers, but seemed to be improving as the top of Cairn Toul was visible although Ben Muich Dhui was completely clouded over. The party left Derry Lodge a little before 10. Half way up Glen Luibeg, the weather became very much worse, and the climbers met with both falling and drifting snow. Judging from the spindrift on the hills a hurricane was blowing up aloft. Under these conditions, it was evident that the forcing of the Sron Riach route would be very doubtful, not to speak of the fording of the Luibeg. It was therefore decided to follow the Luibeg Glen to the bealach overlooking Loch Etchachan, and, if that point were reached, to consider whether to attack the Ben from its lee side or to return by the Derry Cairngorm ridge. Although under the lee of the crags of Ben Muich Dhui, the walk up the Luibeg was very arduous, and it was with considerable thankfulness that a big boulder was espied through the drift near the source of the burn and a halt called for lunch. At this point it seemed hopeless to try to proceed farther, but there is nothing like perseverance and the struggle against the elements was resumed, the bealach being reached about one o'clock. The position was verified by a brief glimpse of the loch. Very possibly the remaining 800 feet of the Ben could have been climbed from this point, but there was not sufficient daylight left, and it was therefore decided to return by the Derry Cairngorm ridge. The struggle along this ridge even with a following wind was very trying, the drift being so heavy that at times it was impossible to see 15 yards ahead, and the reading of map, compass, and aneroid at rare intervals was a matter of great difficulty. The party, however, beat the elements and reached the top of Carn Crom shortly after three

o'clock, and Luibeg Cottage in another hour or so, returning to Braemar a little before six.

The Meet was quite successful in spite of the two days' unfavourable weather. On Saturday evening some of the members and a few friends had an informal dance, and afterwards the whole company celebrated Hogmanay. On Sunday evening the drawing-room contingent greatly enjoyed Mr. Sellar's pianoforte selections. The arrangements, as usual, were very successfully carried out by Mr. Nicol, who, unfortunately, could not be present. As on former occasions, the secretary had obtained *carte blanche* as regards routes. On the second day of the Meet it was noticeable that a good many members were minus ice axes. It is not necessary that everyone should bring a rope, but certainly all members attending New Year and Easter Meets should be provided with an ice axe.

MARSHALL J. ROBB.

EASTER MEET, 1922—AVIEMORE.

THE Easter Meet was held from Thursday, 13th April, to Monday, the 17th. The following members were present:—Dr. J. R. Levack (president), H. Alexander, D. S. P. Douglas, W. Garden, D. G. Levack, J. W. Levack, A. P. Milne, J. McCoss, Dr. J. L. McIntyre, G. McIntyre, J. A. Parker, M. J. Robb, R. T. Sellar, J. Watt, A. M. M. Williamson, and G. Wilson; Guest—C. Verley.—17. Nine of the above members are also members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and two are members of the Alpine Club.

The climbing conditions were rather unfortunate, there being a great deal of new snow on the hills, and walking and climbing were found to be very laborious.

On Friday forenoon the weather was comparatively good, but during the afternoon rain began, and it continued almost steadily throughout Saturday. The wind veered to north, and the rain turned into snow at night. On Sunday morning even the low ground was white, and an unusual depth of snow covered all the high hills. The weather on Monday was the best during the meet. The high hills were obscured by mist during the morning, but they all became clear as the day advanced.

On Friday all the club members at the meet (and a great many of the members of the S.M.C., who were also attending their meet at Aviemore) made the ascent of Sgoran Dubh by the north ridge and the gullies on the east face. A little above the lower bothy in Glen Eunach the driving road was completely closed to wheel traffic by a huge snow-wreath, about 15 feet high, which showed a vertical face at the edge of the stream. Up on the ridge the blinding spindrift hid most of the local features, but this by no means damped the spirits of the climbers, who seemed to glory in being caked with frozen drift.

Many excursions were planned for the remaining days of the meet, but owing to the bad weather these excursions did not mature, and various parties contented themselves by visiting Loch Morlich, Loch Eunach, Loch-an-Eilein, the Cairngorm Club Bridge, and Craigellachie Rock.

On Monday, Sellar along with Motherwell, S.M.C., and Valentine, went to Cairngorm. They found the going very laborious in the deep snow, and did not reach the summit till 4 p.m. They were well rewarded for their efforts, however, by an excellent view. All the higher summits were clear. Cairntoul and Sgoran Lochan Uaine looked magnificent with their Alpine mantle of snow. During the homeward journey the sunset over Loch Morlich and the afterglow on the Cairngorms were very grand. They reached Aviemore at 10 p.m.

Climbing notes :—

Friday, 14th—Sgoran Dubh.

Douglas, G. McIntyre, Verley and Watt climbed the gully to the North of No. 1 Buttress.

J. W. Levack, McCoss, Dr. J. L. McIntyre, Robb and Williamson climbed the Sput Seilich (Willow Spout). This is the well-defined gully which splits No. 1 Buttress into two. It was found to be a typical snow-gully, and can be recommended. The summit was capped by a bergschrund and cornice, and when the gully is free from snow, it probably carries a rock pitch near the middle of about 15 or 20 feet in height. The climb is about 600 feet high between the rock walls, and it does not appear to have been previously climbed.

Garden, Parker, and Wilson, and Alexander, D. P. Levack and Milne climbed (in two parties) the Great Gully between the Rose Ridge and No. 1 Buttress. The gully has variations and it is intersected by vertical ribs. Some loose rock had to be negotiated during the ascent, which is the longest of the three climbs mentioned.

The meet, as usual, was enjoyed by all those present, and the hotel arrangements made by Mr. J. A. Nicol were very much appreciated.

JAMES MCCOSS.

EXCURSION, MAY 1922—BUCK OF THE CABRACH AND TAP O' NOTH.

ON the May holiday (1st May), several members of the club travelled by train to Gartly and proceeded to the Buck of the Cabrach. The weather was somewhat threatening, but nevertheless the climb was thoroughly enjoyed. As the day wore on the weather improved, and the party went on to Tap o' Noth, from the summit of which a fine view of the surrounding hills was obtained. After dining at Rhynie, the members returned to Aberdeen in the evening.

NOTES.

THE Ordnance Survey Department, acting on a suggestion by Mr. James A. Parker, has just published a map of the Cairngorms which will prove exceedingly serviceable to all

NEW MAP OF THE CAIRNGORMS. mountaineers who explore the region it covers, and useful also to casual visitors to the district. One particular feature of the map, which indeed constitutes its main merit, is that it comprises in one sheet the delineation of the Cairngorm range, which hitherto has extended over four separate sheets of the one-inch Ordnance map. As far back as 1895, the Cairngorm Club, with the permission of the Ordnance Survey Department, published a one-sheet map embracing the relative portions of the four sheets, thus delineating the whole Cairngorm region, with the addition of several place-names that were not on the Ordnance map; and this, of course, obviated the necessity of the pedestrian carrying the four separate sheets and was much more handy for consultative purposes *en route*. This 1895 map, however, has long been out of print, and now it is completely superseded by a greatly improved map which there can be no hesitation in warmly commending. For one thing, a larger area has been delineated, the utility of the map being greatly enhanced thereby. The western boundary, for instance, has been extended to include Kingussie and Gaick Lodge. The eastern boundary now embraces Cock Bridge and the Lecht road to Tomintoul, Balmoral and Crathie, and the summit of Lochnagar. The southern boundary has been projected so as to include the track from Loch Callater to the top of Lochnagar and the beginning of the Glen Tilt path. The map is printed in four colours, viz:—brown for contour lines, secondary roads, and, in six shades, surfaces over 1500 feet altitude; blue for water; green, in two shades, for surfaces under 1500 feet; and red for main roads. Heights are shown on the "layer" system, *i.e.* by contours, and these are shown throughout at intervals of 50 feet vertical, which is a new feature. Every fifth contour line is more heavily printed than the others, thus enabling the eye readily to pick out the 250 feet lines. The scale is that of one inch to the mile, and the map measures 32 inches by 22 inches, and is divided into two-inch squares. It is clearly printed on mounted paper, and is folded into a convenient size for the pocket; its price is 3s. The Club is greatly indebted to Mr.

Parker for the suggestion which has led to the production of this handsome and useful map, and is grateful also to the Ordnance Survey Department for so readily responding to his suggestion.

WE were glad to see such a large representation of the Club at the lecture in February last, in which Mr. George L. Mallory, the leader of the climbing party in last year's Mount Everest expedition, described the efforts of his colleagues and himself to find an available route to the summit. The lecture was of enthralling interest, and the lecturer speedily gained the ear of his audience by his lucid exposition of the routes followed, and of the "reconnaissance" work that was prosecuted in order to discover the most feasible way to tackle the giant mountain. Felicitous, too, were his descriptions of the varied scenery encountered and of the reflections inspired by the wild and weird surroundings in which the explorers often found themselves placed—the thrilling account of a moonlight ride may be instanced. Mr. Mallory, in short, demonstrated that he is particularly well equipped with the essential mentality as well as the physical prowess for the great work he has on hand. As Mr. John Clarke aptly expressed it in proposing the vote of thanks—"Mr. Mallory proved himself worthy of his subject." The lecture was supplemented by photographic views that were truly magnificent—no other phrase can adequately describe them, either as regards distant effects or near-hand details. The numerous and wonderful pictures of snow-clad peaks, mountain ridges, glaciers, precipices, rock faces, snow masses, etc., were realistic to a degree, imposing and arrestive. Not the least impressive was the concluding picture of Mount Everest at sunset with spindrift snow being swept off the summit like a great streamer thousands of feet high.

TO most of us, I suppose, the period around Easter usually sees the beginning of our hill activities for the season, and while the weather during that holiday this year was not such as would tempt one far from home, that of the few days immediately following was too good to be missed. So, on the morning of the 19th April, in spite of official intelligence that the Cairnwell road was still blocked with snow, we oiled up our bicycle, and, as in previous spring days, pedalled up that hilly road nearly as far as the Devil's Elbow. We left home without any definite object in view, but, while proceeding up Glen Shee and as the giant hills, one after another, began to show their snowy summits, we had ample time in which to make up our mind. First of all there was Mount Blair; then, far away at the head of Glen Brighty, rose Creag Leacach and Glas Maol;

Beinn a' Ghlo showed face on the left ; while Carn Geoidh and Carn Bhinnein next appeared beyond the massive Beinn Gulabin. At the Spital we finally decided on a tramp over the Cairnwell and the mass of hills immediately to the west of the pass. The bicycle was left at the head of Gleann Beag at the point marked on the map, 1499, where a burn comes down from between the Cairnwell and Carn nan Sac. The hot sun was rapidly melting the snow on the lower slopes, so the walking at first was rather wet, but higher up the frost held and we were able to proceed in comfort, cheered by the fine appearance of the eastern face of Carn nan Sac across the narrow glen on our left. At the summit of the Cairnwell (3059 feet) we sat down for a bit to admire the surroundings and eat our frugal lunch. The Cairngorms were in sight and presented a rather unusual appearance for midday. While the sky was of a pale amethyst hue, the hilltops showing up through a thick haze were all beautifully tinted with a delicate pinky glow such as one usually associates with evening. Of course, all the higher hills were clothed in spotless white, and the road in Glen Clunie appeared to be blocked for miles. From our feet unbroken snowfields stretched on by Carn nan Sac to Carn Geoidh, and it was an easy descent in a north-westerly direction to the dip. Ptarmigan were plentiful ; indeed, they were flitting about among our feet all day. A long gradual ascent to the south-west, skirting the fine little glen that runs up between these two hills, led to the summit of Carn nan Sac (3000 feet), where a single upright stone marks the highest point, as it has done since 1897. Half a mile westward rose the massive Carn Geoidh, with hardly any dip between, and thither we bent our steps. From the cairn (3194 feet), which was buried in snow, the western Glen Shee hills—Glas Thulachan, the Ben Uarns, etc.—showed up fine, with the distinctive little summit of Carn Bhinnein in the foreground. But time flies and we must think of our long journey home, so a retreat is made to Carn nan Sac, and then an easy and rapid descent is made into Gleann Beag, and thus ends our first day on the "big" hills for the year 1922.—W. B.

THE Grampian Electricity Supply Bill, which embodies a very ambitious scheme for generating electric power from lochs and streams in the Perthshire Highlands, passed a GRAMPIAN COMMITTEE of the House of Commons early in ELECTRICITY MAY. Serious objection was taken, however, to a SUPPLY BILL. provision that the Credit Facilities Advisory Committee (in other words, the State) should guarantee the interest on the debenture stock, but after a debate on this point the bill was read a third time in the Commons by 185 votes to 78. It transpired in the course of the proceedings before the Parliamentary Committee that the project was initiated by an

Italian, Mr. Manx Fe, who has had experience of hydro-electric installations in Italy, but it was ultimately taken up by a British concern, the Hydro-Electric Development Company, who became the promoters of the bill. What is aimed at is to utilise Lochs Ericht, Garry, and Rannoch, the river Garry, and other lochs and streams, for the production of electric power, to construct generating stations at Dull, Blair Atholl, and Fortingall, and to supply electricity in the counties of Perth, Kinross, and Forfar, and certain parishes in Invernessshire, Argyllshire and Stirlingshire. The catchment area is estimated at 417 square miles, and the waters to be utilised are capable of generating 56,000 horse-power continuously. The chief features of the scheme are the construction of a dam at each end of Loch Ericht, raising the level of the loch by 37 feet, and the construction of a tunnel conveying the water down to a power station at Loch Rannoch, which would be capable of generating 26,900 horse-power. The transmission system would extend about 165 miles, reaching Perth and Dundee, and the transmission would be by overhead cables; and there is a possibility of the power being used for the electrification of part (or of the whole) of the Highland Railway system. The promoters are given ten years to complete the works. The entire scheme is estimated to cost four and a half millions, but it is intended to proceed with it gradually, and meantime authority was sought to raise only £1,750,000, of capital, with power to borrow £875,000. Unfortunately, the scheme will submerge a number of paths and obliterate several recognised rights-of-way, and no clause appears in the bill for the provision of substitutes.

THE following interesting passage—for which we are indebted to Mr. A. I. McConnochie—appeared originally in the *Aberdeen Magazine*, (Vol. I 1796,) and was reproduced in a

A SHIELING “Collection of Entertaining Pieces” made by
IN Charles Dawson, and published in 1805:—

GLENDEE. “At last, upon the approach of night, I found myself in a deep and hollow glen [Glen Dee], without hopes of any shelter but what the rocks supplied, when to my very great, but agreeable surprise, in one corner of it, I discovered an earthen hut, and a few goats browsing around . . . An old man, who was standing at the door, kindly invited me into his shieling. ‘This,’ says he, ‘is the habitation of me and my daughter, during the summer, when we tend a few cattle, subsist upon the milk, and with the cheese we make, procure necessaries for ourselves in the low country during the winter.’ . . . She was a good damsel, only a little sunburnt, and did the honours of the house with great propriety . . . But what gave [the supper] the highest relish, was my landlord’s intelligence that the sources of

the Dee, the great object of my inquiry, were not above a mile distant, whither he promised to conduct me the following day At length the morning came After clambering over some precipices, and twice or thrice crossing the river, which was here neither deep nor broad, we arrived at the foot of a gently rising hill, covered with verdure My conductor here pointed out to me a rock on the brow of the hill, 'where,' says he, 'is the principal fountain.' I sprang up the acclivity, and in a moment—judge ye, O ye readers, of my rapture!—found myself at the SOURCE of the DEE"

The passage is of more interest for the reference to a sheiling in Glendee than for its account of the source of the Dee, the former being definite, the latter somewhat elusive.

THE Braemar Gathering in the 'fifties and even later, was a much more lively affair than the local pageant to which it has degenerated. Then detachments of VENISON AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING. Highlanders crossed the mountains from north and south to take part in the proceedings, receiving a Highland hospitality from the Earl of Fife and others. Those were the days when stags were roasted whole to dine the competitors, and venison was distributed with no niggard hand. Such wholesale cooking was one of the most picturesque sights at Mar Lodge; one wonders that Landseer, always quick to put on record forest incidents, made no sketch of such a scene when he was on a visit to Mar forest—*Scottish Field* for February.

A note in the *Alpine Journal* shows that, despite the popular notion that mountaineering is dangerous, it is really conducive to long life. The lists of Alpine Club members who CLIMBING AND LONGEVITY. died during the three years 1919-20-21 record 50 deaths of members who lived no fewer than 35½ years each on an average after joining the Club.

The average age of entry may be taken as 35. By the mortality table of the Institute of Actuaries, the expectation of life of a man of 35 is exactly 31 years, so that there was an average gain of 4½ years on each of the 50 lives, or, as the writer of the note puts it, "about 232 years of usefulness (let us hope) on the whole 50 lives." An experience of the Scottish Mountaineering Club confirms the general conclusion of a connection between climbing and longevity. "In 1904 a commutation scheme for life membership, based on the general expectation of life, was started and largely taken advantage of. The next ten years proved the life members to be so unreasonably tenacious of their club privileges, that not a single death had occurred among them! The result was that, in order to prevent the threatened exhaustion of the

commutation fund, it was found necessary to revise the scale of future payments."

The recently-elected Pope—Cardinal Achille Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, now Pius XI—was a strenuous mountaineer in his early days, and is a member of the Italian Alpine Club.

THE POPE When he was a priest at Milan, he and a fellow-priest, Professor Grassili, made the first Italian ascent of Monte Rosa from the Italian side, crossing it from Macugnaga to the Riffelberg, and being obliged to spend two nights out on the mountain. This was in 1889. Two days after reaching Riffelberg from this expedition, the adventurous priests made the ascent of the Matterhorn, and, being once more overtaken by the darkness, they were again compelled to spend the night in the open. In the following year they ascended Mont Blanc by the Rochat and descended by the Dome Glacier—a feat which up to that time had not been attempted. An interesting account of the Monte Rosa climb was contributed by the Pope to the Proceedings of the Italian Alpine Club, and a translation of it was published in the *Review of Reviews* for March last. It has just been announced that His Holiness is about to publish an essay on Alpine climbing.

REVIEWS

THE OLD DEESIDE ROAD (ABERDEEN TO BRAEMAR). By G. M. Fraser. Aberdeen: The University Press. Pp. xvi + 260. 12/6.—

In one of his "Essays of Travel" Robert Louis Stevenson remarks that from the subtle windings and changes of level of a road "there arises a keen and continuous interest that keeps the attention ever alert and cheerful." Mr. Fraser has certainly demonstrated the truth of the remark, in its applicability to the old Deeside road at any rate. He has given us an account of this road, of its course, history, and associations, the interest in which is unflagging, and the perusal of which is a continuous pleasure. The first portion of what is now known as the north Deeside road or turnpike—that from Aberdeen to Mills of Drum—was constructed in 1798. This road was extended to Aboyne in 1802, and the farther extension to Braemar was authorised in 1855. Of the 56½ miles of the old road—which may be fairly reckoned as having existed "from time immemorial"—25 miles were incorporated in the new road. The remainder fell more or less into desuetude, portions of it being absorbed in cultivation. Many bits of it still exist, however; for instance, Broomhill Road, the road up Kainhill to the Two-Mile Cross, the road through the Pass of Ballater, &c. Mr. Fraser, pursuing an investigation suggested by the Aberdeen Natural History and Antiquarian Society five years ago, has been successful in tracing the entire course of the old road. He has practically "recovered" many bits of it, and where the road has become obliterated, he has been able to describe its track. This is a very considerable public service, for it is highly desirable, for many reasons, that we should not lose sight of the course of this old and in its day very serviceable road. In addition, Mr. Fraser has furnished a mass of authoritative information regarding the history and associations of the road, the contiguous properties and their owners, the cross country roads to the north that were connected with the old highway, and so on. The two valuable articles on "The 'Mounth' Passes over the Grampians" which appeared in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* (from which we quoted extensively at the time) are incorporated in the work, and there are also detailed accounts of the ferries and fords on the Dee and the old toll-houses on the turnpike road. Altogether, the work is a most illuminating one, not merely as illustrating the interest that may attach to a road, but for the fresh light it throws on many incidents associated with the district this road traversed.

R. A.

THE BLACK COLONEL. By James Milne. London: John Lane. Pp. 240. 7/- net.—This is a spirited romance of love and adventure, the scenes of which are laid in Upper Donside and Upper Deeside, with Corgarff Castle when “THE BLACK COLONEL” garrisoned by Hanoverian troops after the '45 as the central *locus*. The characters, too, are Aberdeenshire. “The Black Colonel” is none other than the famous John Farquharson of Inverey, after whom the Colonel’s Bed in Glen Ey is named, he having often taken refuge there when pursued by “the red-coats.” A considerable liberty is taken, however, in making him figure in the last Jacobite rising, whereas he was implicated in the first, that of Claverhouse in 1689. The anachronism is perhaps excusable in the telling of a good, rattling story, just as is the final conception of Inverey as another “Pickle the Spy,” serving with Montcalm in Canada in order to convey information to Wolfe. We would fain hope that no Deeside Farquharson played this treacherous game, but the author—himself a Deeside man—bases his narrative on “scraps of talk” from his mother and his grandfather which might well be derived from contemporaneous sources. The hero is Captain Ian Gordon, a cadet of the Balmoral Gordons, in command of the Royalist forces at Corgarff, and the heroine is Margaret Forbes, heiress to the lands of Corgarff, forfeit for the Jacobite cause, and a kinswoman both of the “Black Colonel” and of the Hanoverian Captain. The solution of “the eternal triangle” can readily be divined by the practised novel-reader. It will suffice for us to say that Mr. Milne has admirably caught what he himself summarises as “the romantic colour, the dancing atmosphere, and the high spirit of those ancient years.” His pen-pictures of the wild country between the Don and the Dee, in particular, are effective and graphic, and specially noticeable is a very vivid description of a thunderstorm in the hills.

R. A.

THE SONGS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS. Collected and Edited by John Hirst, B.A. Cantab, M.I.E.E., for the Rucksack Club. Pp. 124. 3/-.—Here we have a collection of 110 mountaineering songs, 67 of them classified as songs of general interest, and 43 as club songs and personal ditties. Apart from the numerous individual contributions, many of the songs have already appeared in the *Fell and Rock Journal* or the *Climbers’ Club Journal* or have been sung at Rucksack Club dinners, and these naturally refer to climbing in Lakeland or in Yorkshire. Half-a-dozen, however, are taken from the *S. M. C. Journal*, including the delicious “Och! the Coolin!”—

“Och! the Coolin, that'll stand no foolin'!
 The rocks at the bottom are terrible hard;
 The summit's fine and airy, and the slopes contrary
 Exhaust the vocabulary of an Irish bard.”

Two have appeared in our own pages—“The Three Climbers” and “Away to the Hills, Away;” and it is rather sad to note that of the fifteen “Cairngorm Boys” specifically named in the latter seven at least have passed away. The songs, in the main, reflect the gay and happy and the humorous aspects of mountain climbing, and are, of course, almost as a matter of necessity, metrical rather than poetical. Parody is freely resorted to, especially to fit a song to a popular air; “John Peel,” “The Hunting Day,” and “Off to Philadelphia” seem to be the airs most frequently adopted. Some of the parodies are exceedingly successful, like

“D'ye ken Wasdale with its lake so deep?
 Its cloud-capp'd hills, and their crags so steep?
 Dye ken those streams whose waters leap
 With a splash and a roar in the morning?”

or

“I am the Mountaineero,
 The demon Mountaineero;
 I roam the mountains and I climb
 And pose upon what comes my way.”

To others, however, the significant caution given in one particular instance is equally applicable—“Irregularities in the metre can be overcome by free use of ‘recitative.’” On the whole, the little volume is welcome not only as embodying a large number of excellent songs for use at meets and social gatherings, but as expressive of the buoyant spirits and happy disposition which characterise all true mountaineers.

R. A.

THE opening article in the November number of the *Alpine Journal* is a reprint of a paper presented at the *Congrès d'Alpinisme* held at Monaco in 1920 on “A History of the Alpine

“ALPINE Club” by A. L. Mumm. The writer traces the JOURNAL.” history of mountaineering by the British, and observes the well-defined epochs of (a) exploration, (b) guideless climbing, (c) new routes, up already conquered mountains, and (d) exploration outside Europe. The ups and downs of the Club are referred to, but the impression left upon the reader is the wonderful, dignified progression of the Club, where paltry things are left out of account—the members seem to have learned the secrets of the steadfastness of the mountains. Next follows a clear account of “The Horunger” by Raymond P. Bicknell, who gives some thrilling accounts of ascents in these Norwegian peaks. A very delightful description of a traverse of Mont Blanc is given by

George Finch. The party ascended from the Italian side, and the narrative graphically depicts the difficulties of this line of ascent. In this article, as indeed throughout the whole number, the illustrations are, as usual, superb.

Five articles on the Mount Everest expedition form the principal feature of the May number, and, taken altogether, they give a very full account of what is contemplated, what has been accomplished, and what has yet to be attained. The articles are accompanied by reproductions of photographs, many of which were shown by Mr. Mallory in his recent lecture.

J. G. K.

DR. INGLIS CLARK has a delightful paper on "Reminiscences of the Cairngorms" in the April number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*. He made their acquaintance as a

"SCOTTISH MOUNTAIN- EERING CLUB JOURNAL." boy about fifty years ago, walking from Braemar to Ben Muich Dhui, spending (not sleeping) the night under the comfortless Shelter Stone, being refused food at Coylum Bridge next day because he and his companion were "breakin' the Sabbath," and

finally finding shelter and hospitality at the old Lynwilg Inn. Since those days, he has paid many visits to the Cairngorms, but gradually, as the love of rock-climbing grew, he began to under-value them. Apparently, however, he has now modified his opinion as the result of recent visits from the Aviemore side, and has discovered that, to attain "the secret of the Cairngorms" and fully realise their attractiveness, one "must not fly straight to their rocky plateaux by aeroplane, but must rather patiently enter the forest recesses and, from wooded gorges, view the mountain forms standing up in blue or purple haze behind the underlying forest-covered hills." Herr Lüscher, whom we take to be a Swiss, describes "A Summer Holiday in Scotland" in 1920, which began with experiences of wet weather in Skye. He managed to climb the Inaccessible Pinnacle and sent down his rope for "two young men who came perchance to the foot of the Pinnacle at the same time"—presumably two of the young men of whose adventures in Skye that year we have ourselves some record. There is an article on "Mountaineering in Iona" by Mr. Thomas Fraser Campbell.

THE number of the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* for last year deals mainly, as is only natural, with climbing in the English Lake District. Two articles describe

"FELL AND ROCK CLIMB- ING CLUB JOURNAL." ascents of the central buttress of Scafell, and another gives a detailed account of more new climbs around Wasdale; there is a record of "Climbs Old and New" compiled from the Club

books and elsewhere, and Mrs. Rawnsley writes on the installation of the war memorial on Scafell Pike. Councillor

Isaac Hinchliffe of Manchester furnishes an interesting account of Mardale, a large area of which is threatened with submersion by a great water scheme which is in contemplation; he is hopeful that, if the scheme be properly carried out, the beauty of the valley will not be lost, but rather added to. It is interesting to note that the F. and R. C. Club are taking steps to produce a new and comprehensive map of the Lake District.

THE articles in this year's number of the *Rucksack Club Journal* are nearly equally divided between accounts of climbing in the

Alps and of climbs at home. Among the former "RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL." is an interesting description of an ascent of the Wetterhorn, the writer of which, in excusing himself for not attempting to depict "the glories of the wonderful Alpine crags and snows," very sensibly falls back on a sententious passage in "The Light of Asia—"Measure not with words the immeasurable, nor sink the string of thought into the fathomless." The article "On Skye" is all too brief: the writer had an experience of what the island can do in the matter of rain, and then, by way of contrast, had a week of broiling weather. Mr. C. H. Pickstone has an article on the all too common but none the less nonsensical notice, "Trespassers will be Prosecuted," and has no difficulty in showing that it is a mere *brutum fulmen*, "a wooden falsehood," which may be disregarded with impunity. "Let there be no mistake about it," he says; "you cannot legally be 'prosecuted' for a bare trespass, namely, one which does no harm except to the feelings of some feudally-minded owner. For such a trespass the owner's only remedy is an action to recover such compensation as he can prove he has sustained."

SOUTH AFRICA is a *terra incognita* to most of our readers, but it is a good field for mountaineering exploits, and the accounts of them furnished in the *Annual of the Mountain*

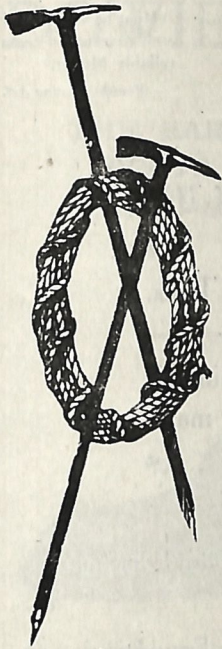
"SOUTH AFRICAN MOUNTAIN CLUB'S ANNUAL." *Club of South Africa* may be read and studied with profit. Some of the experiences are similar to our own—rock-faces that are unscaleable, chimneys that won't "go," ledges that afford a precarious foothold, and so on. But, judging from a lively article in last year's number, difficulties

have to be surmounted of which we have no cognisance. Thus a party of three (one of them a lady), in a trip to the Waaihoek range of Buffel's Valley, "found the thorns vicious," and shortly after, while struggling up a steep slope, "became surrounded by wacht-een-beetie bush." Of the nature of this obstacle we in Scotland are cheerfully ignorant, but the writer of the article says

that "Anyone who has been surprised in a like manner will not require to be told of our harrowing experiences whilst disentangling ourselves prior to executing a flank movement." Next day, the party discovered that the kloof around them was on fire and had to make their way through it—once by beating out a path ; another time by a bold "rush." Incidentally, we are told that the combined heat of the sun and the fire was terrific. By way of contrast, the night was bitterly cold and sleep well-nigh impossible. There was trouble also with the food supplies. Water-bottles had to be carried owing to the uncertainty of finding water on the heights, and on one occasion a 2lb. "chunk" of mutton was purloined by baboons. Despite untoward incidents of this kind, vivaciously narrated, the "kloof-exploring" was found delightful, and the account of it is no less so. Mr. G. Londt contributes an article on the first complete ascent of Buffel's Dome, which is accompanied by a number of excellent photographs, and a lady describes a trip to the Mont-aux-Sources.

THE interest of mountaineers in India is centred, we suspect, in the great Himalayan range, and especially at present in the fortunes of the Mount Everest Expedition. But

"SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE." attention may be directed to a most interesting paper on "Geography and Progress in India" by Lord Meston, which appeared in the April number of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*. The title hardly does justice to the paper, which deals in a most masterly manner with the influence of geography on the evolution of India. The country, "as every schoolboy knows," is isolated on its landward side by the mass of lofty ranges known as the Pamirs, often described as the roof of the world, by the mountain ranges which enclose Tibet, and by the Himalaya, and for thousands of years it was accessible only through "a few perilous defiles in a nexus of wild hills." How, notwithstanding, India came to be penetrated and peopled by tribes from the north, and how the invaders pushed their way farther and farther south, is succinctly but very luminously told by Lord Meston, who also outlines the development of Hinduism and Buddhism and the inroad of Mohammedanism. Considering the limits imposed by the length of the paper (originally a lecture), the survey of Indian history is wonderfully comprehensive.



Best English Ice-Axes and Axe-Slings.

Beale's Best Alpine Club Rope.

Dexter Rucksacks—Alpine Model.

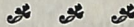
Dexter Weatherproofs.

Shetland Homespun Sporting Jackets.

Shetland Waistcoats and Gloves.

Shetland Stockings.

Fox's Puttees.



ALEX. BOOTH,

127 UNION STREET,

ABERDEEN.

W. JOLLY & SONS, LTD.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE. By
AGNES CAMPBELL (*just published*), Cr.
8vo, 180 pp. 4/6 net.

REVELATION AND SCIENCE A reply
to the Higher Critics, by JOHN LESLIE.
Cr. 8vo, 156 pp. 3/6 net.

THE CHURCH BELLS OF ESSEX.
Their Founders, Inscriptions, Traditions,
etc. By Rev. CECIL DEEDS,
M.A., and H. B. WALTERS, M.A.,
F.S.A. 36 Plates and numerous fac-
simile blocks in text. Only 250 copies
printed. Demy 4to, 476 pages; Price
10/6 net. Very scarce; only a few
copies left.

Publishers: 38 Bridge St., Aberdeen.

THE ROPE

hat each Climber needs .

" Must be well tested
and guaranteed by a
reliable Maker."

Mountaineering Art.

Viz. :

THE ALPINE CLUB
* * * ROPE * * *
Recent Breaking Strain $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tons.

Sole Agent for Great Britain for
Simond Freres' Chamonix made
* ICE * AXES *

REFERENCES—The above goods were supplied by me for :

The Mount Everest Expedition.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

The Oxford Spitsbergen Expedition.

The Schackleton-Rowett Expedition,

And other Private Expeditions.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION FOR
Alpine Ropes, Alpine Lines, Alpine
Axes, Rucksacks, Wrist Slings,
:: :: Belts, &c., &c. :: ::
THE LATEST & MOST UP-TO-DATE

THE "NEO" BELAY
:: *Invaluable on Pot-holing Expeditions* ::

Illustrations from

ARTHUR BEALE,

THE ALPINE ROPE
SPECIALIST,

194 Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.C. 2.

DOWIE ^{AND} MARSHALL, L^{td}.

(Founded 1824),

THE EARLIEST ENGLISH MAKERS OF
BOOTS FOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBING,
SKI-ING AND WINTER SPORTS.



CLIMBING
BOOTS.

COPYRIGHT.

As supplied to many previous expeditions as well as present ones.



BOOTS for
SKI-
RUNNING.

COPYRIGHT.

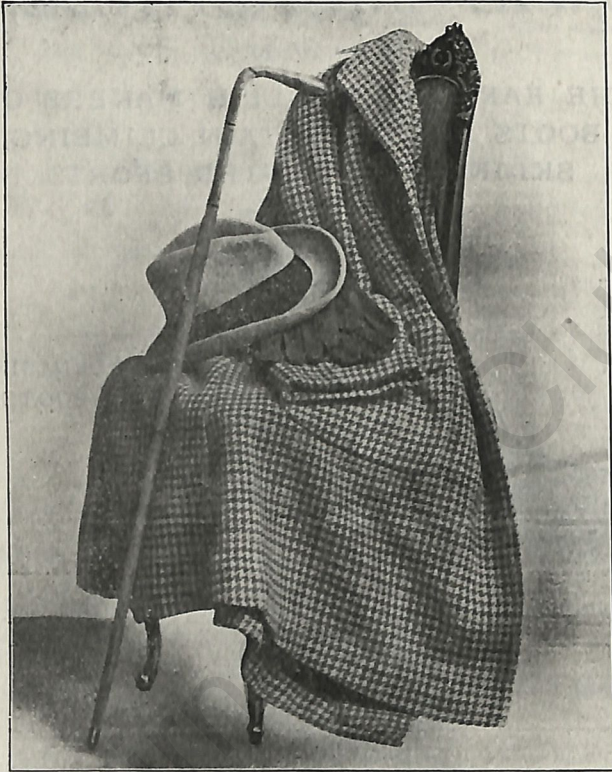
A ready-made stock of all Boots kept, and if Country Customers will send outlines of the feet and an old Boot a selection can be sent on approval by return.

DOWIE & MARSHALL LIMITED,

455, WEST STRAND, LONDON.

(By Trafalgar Square).

Telephone: 9015 CENTRAL,



W. J. MILNE, Ltd.,
Men's Outfitters,
251 UNION STREET, Aberdeen.

OPPOSITE ROYAL NORTHERN CLUB.



TELEPHONE 1293.



AGENTS FOR

TRESS HATS and
BURBERRY COATS.

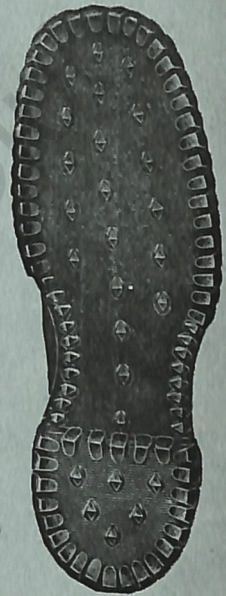
JAMES S. CARTER,

The Alpine Bootmaker,

16 SOUTH MOLTON ST. (FIRST FLOOR), LONDON, W.1.

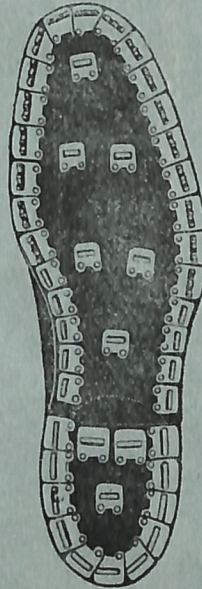
Established
1814.

Phone:
Mayfair 6592.



J. S. CARTER'S
CELEBRATED
CLIMBING BOOTS.

□
Rucksacks,
Puttees,
Tinted
Spectacles,
□



□
Gloves,
Anklets,
Knives,
&c., &c.
□

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.