

# THE Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY  
ROBERT ANDERSON

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Mountain Indicator on Lochnagar.

On Ben Muich Dhui at Christmas..... Robert Clarke.

On the Roads to Helvellyn..... Sir Leslie Mackenzie.

A Wintry Day in June..... William Barclay, L.D.S.

The Physical History of Arthur's Seat..... J. R. Leslie Gray.

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John Ritchie, M.A., LL.B.

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Reviews.

**Illustration :**

Ben Muich Dhui from Cairntoul.

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 1926 Roy Symmers, 53 Braemar Place, Aberdeen.

- 1926 Maxwell Sturm, M.B., Ch.B., R.A.M.C., Headquarters Mess,  
Grosvenor Road, London, S.W., 1.
- 1925 A. Taylor, Junr., Granite Merchant, 43 Jute Street.  
1923 Robert S. Taylor, 14 St. Peter's Terrace, Buckie.  
1911 Arthur Landsborough Thomson, O.B.E., M.A., D.Sc., 9 Addison  
Gardens, Kensington, London, W.14.  
1925 Edward C. Thomson, c/o Messrs. Moores, Carson & Watson,  
C.A., 209 West George Street, Glasgow, S. 2.  
1921 Major James N. Thomson, D.S.O., Headquarters, 1st Rhine  
Brigade, British Army of the Rhine.  
1925 Dr. J. F. Tocher, Public Analyst, 41½ Union Street, Aberdeen.  
1927 William M. Towns, 87 Saltoun Place, Fraserburgh.
- 1925 Dr. Charles W. Walker, Wargrave House, St. Owen Street,  
Hereford.
- 1892 John Wallace, J.P., 139 Hardgate, Aberdeen.  
1925 Miss Ruth Warren, 41 Murrayfield Gardens, Edinburgh.  
1925 Miss Elizabeth Stewart Warren " " " " " "  
1926 William Wilson, LL.B., Advocate, Professor of Public Law in  
the University of Edinburgh, 38 Moray Place, Edinburgh.  
1911 A. M. Watt, 221 Union Street, Aberdeen.  
1912 E. W. Watt, M.A., 13 Forest Road, Aberdeen.  
1920 James Watt, Assistant Chief Valuer, 9 Wemyss Pl., Edinburgh.  
1911 Theodore Watt, M.A., 10 Moray Place, Aberdeen.  
1908 Hugh D. Welsh, 159 Forest Avenue, Aberdeen.  
1911 Alexander Morice Wilson, M.B.E., M.A., LL.B., Beechwood,  
Rubislaw Den South, Aberdeen.  
1920 A. M. Macrae Williamson, 5 N. Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.  
1925 C. W. Williamson, 4 Bayview Road, Aberdeen.  
1925 G. A. Williamson, 22 Rubislaw Den South, Aberdeen.  
1926 R. B. Williamson,  
1920 Gordon Wilson, 49 Rubislaw Den South, Aberdeen.  
1927 Richard D. Winslow, Talbot House, Glossop, Derbyshire.  
1920 Major James Wood, M.C., Art Master and Architect, "Gylen,"  
Reidhaven Place, Cullen.  
1924 Alfred Wright, 52 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.

## COMPOUNDED MEMBERSHIP.

- 1890 Charles T. Christie, Walton Lodge, Broomhill Road, Aberdeen.  
\* John Clarke, M.A., 7 Chanonry, Old Aberdeen.  
1890 James Conner, 58 Gladstone Place, Aberdeen.  
1897 Edred M. Corner, M.C., F.R.C.S., Woodlands Park, Great  
Missenden, Bucks.  
1893 Alexander Esslemont, 30 King Street, Aberdeen.  
1896 Mrs. Mary Gillies, 375 Great Western Road, Aberdeen.  
\* Thomas R. Gillies, advocate, 14 Golden Square, Aberdeen.  
1920 James Cooper Lyon, Freshfield, West Cults,  
Alex. Inkson McConnochie, C.A., 1 the Parade, Kilburn Priory,  
London, S.W., 6.  
1897 George Mackenzie, advocate, 77 Crown Street, Aberdeen.  
1911 The Rt. Hon. H. P. MacMillan, 44 Grosvenor Road, Westminster,  
London, S.W., 1.  
1890 William Porter, J.P., Grandholm Cottage, Woodside, Aberdeen.  
1895 James Smith, Woodside Croft, Auchindoir, by Lumsden.  
Walter A. Smith, 1 Queensferry Terrace, Edinburgh.  
1892 Robert M. Williamson, Advocate, Investment House, Union  
Row, Aberdeen.

## ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

- 1917 Mrs. Levack, 10 Golden Square, Aberdeen.  
1918 Mrs. Garden, 4 Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen.  
1927 Ian C. Simpson, West Bungalow, Cults.

# RULES.

(Adopted 15th November, 1921.)

(Abridged)

I.—The Club shall be called "**The Cairngorm Club**," and shall have its headquarters in Aberdeen.

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

V.—Every candidate for election as an Ordinary Member shall be proposed by one member and seconded by another member, both having personal knowledge of him, and shall supply, for the information of the Committee, a list of his Scottish and other ascents, stating the month and the year in which each ascent was made, or a statement of his contributions to science, art, or literature in connection with Scottish mountains. Such list, signed by the candidate and by the two members acting as proposer and seconder, will be considered at the next meeting of the Committee; and if, in the opinion of the Committee, the qualifications be deemed sufficient, the candidate shall thereupon be admitted a member. Members of the Alpine Club and of the Scottish Mountaineering Club shall be eligible without supplying such a list.

IX.—Entrance fee, 7/6.

X.—Annual subscription, 7/6. Provision for commutings the subscriptions.

XI.—Associate member's subscription, 5/- annually.

XV.—Office-bearers:—a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Secretary, an Honorary Treasurer (or an Honorary Secretary and Treasurer), and an Honorary Editor.

XVI.—Committee of 9 members.

XVII.—Office-bearers and members of Committee to hold office for one year, but eligible for re-election. President and Vice-Presidents not to hold office for more than three consecutive years. The three senior members of Committee ineligible for re-election for one year.

XXIV.—The Annual General Meeting of the Club shall be held in Aberdeen on the last Saturday of November of each year for the transaction of the following business—(1) To receive the Honorary Treasurer's accounts for the year ; (2) to elect the Honorary President, Office-bearers, and Committee for the year ; (3) to fix the Meets and Excursions for the following year ; and (4) to transact any other competent business.

XXIX.—The Chair, whether at a General Meeting or at a Meeting of Committee, shall be taken by the President of the Club, or, in his absence, by one of the Vice-Presidents. In the absence of the President and Vice-Presidents, the Meeting shall elect a Chairman from among the members present. The Chairman, whether at a General Meeting or at a Meeting of the Committee, shall, in the case of an equality of votes, have a second or casting vote.

XXX.—At least seven clear days before either the Annual General Meeting or any Special General Meeting, the Hon. Secretary shall post to every member of the Club a notice of the time and place of such meeting and of the business to be transacted.

XXXII.—Save in exceptional circumstances of which the Committee shall be the sole judges, a Club Dinner shall be arranged for in Aberdeen in each year immediately after the Annual General Meeting.

XXXIII.—The Committee are empowered to entertain three guests at the Annual Dinner in the name of the Club.

XXXIV.—Any member shall be at liberty to introduce guests at his own expense, subject always to such regulations as may from time to time be made by the Committee.



*Photo by*

BEN MUICH DHUI FROM CAIRNTOUL.

*W. Garden.*



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MOUNTAIN INDICATOR ON LOCHNAGAR.

THERE has been a feeling among mountaineers for a considerable time past that an Indicator should be placed on the summit ridge of Lochnagar, marking the directions, names, and distances of the more distant mountain-tops visible. The beginning of such a project may be said to have been made in the detailed survey of "The Horizon from Lochnagar" which Mr. James A. Parker, C. E., contributed to the last number of the Club's *Journal*. The list of the various points seen during an almost perfect view that Mr. Parker had on 22nd July of last year was well-nigh complete, but Mr. Parker has been able to add to it by subsequent observations, and a chart of the mountain-tops and other prominent features which he has since prepared may be regarded as forming as full and satisfactory a list of the points visible as is likely to be drawn up. This chart really took the form of a possible Indicator, and Mr. Parker submitted it to the Committee of the Club with a proposal that such an Indicator should be erected. The Committee heartily approved the project, and at a special general meeting of the Club held on 20th March, it was resolved to proceed with the erection of the Indicator as suggested, and to appeal to members for contributions to defray the cost—an appeal, we are glad to say, that met with a most satisfactory response.

As Lochnagar is part of the deer forest of Balmoral, it was, of course, necessary to have the consent of the proprietor—in this case, His Majesty the King—to the erection of the Indicator. Details of the proposal and a sketch of the Indicator were laid before His Majesty through the medium of Major J. D. Ramsay, the King's Commissioner at Balmoral; and it is gratifying to know that His Majesty has graciously approved the scheme.

The proposed Indicator is to consist of a circular stoneware slab, two feet in diameter, on which will be inscribed radiating lines pointing out the direction, distance, and height of the several mountains and hill-tops which can be seen from the summit in clear weather; and it will be placed on a small stone pedestal built on a suitable position on the summit of Lochnagar. It had been anticipated that the Indicator would have been made and placed in position this summer, but unexpected difficulties were encountered in making the slab, and the execution of the project had, unfortunately, to be postponed to next year.

## ON BEN MUICH DHUI AT CHRISTMAS.

### SUNSHINE AND SNOW AND A GALE.

BY ROBERT CLARKE.

THERE is to your true hill-lover an extra fascination about the mountains in mid-winter: and so the Christmas week-end of 1922 again found the present writer located at Luibeg, at the Deeside end of "the Lairig," as the guest of his old friends, Mr. "Sandy" McDonald and Mrs. McDonald. It was my second sojourn with them within the twelve months, for on the first day of that year I had reached their home after a strenuous journey of over eleven hours through the famous pass from Aviemore, the passage during the last three hours being accomplished—if that word can be used to describe what was practically a prolonged flounder!—in pitchy darkness.\* On this occasion, the more orthodox route up Deeside was selected, as more suitable for a winter day, and I reached Luibeg on the Saturday evening, after a ten-mile walk from Braemar, just as the last gleams of daylight were fading from an almost cloudless sky.

The evening's promise was amply fulfilled next day. Sunday dawned gloriously among the Cairngorms. The snow-covered hill tops all around were catching the early beams of sunrise and glistening grandly, and everything pointed to it developing into a perfect hill day. My heart's desire for many years had been to climb Ben Muich Dhui actually in winter, and at last the opportunity seemed to have arrived. We had sat up late the previous night feasting and talking, and it was

\* See "Midwinter in the Lùirig Dhrù," *C.C.J.*, x, 196-203.

the shocking hour of 10 a.m. ere a start was made for the hill. "Sandy"—wise man!—set his face sternly against joining the expedition, but I had as companion Donald, his youngest born, a lad of only 16, but a true son of the mountains and a splendid climber. It was a sheer physical delight to be abroad and inhale the diamond-clear air. A slight over-night frost had transformed every sprig of heather and blade of grass into a gleaming cluster of jewels. The Luibeg burn prattled pleasantly in the hollow at almost summer level—a sure sign that on the heights winter held full sway. The bright sunlight lit up the foliage of the pines in the glen, and their boles appeared almost on fire. From every other knoll the grouse were calling merrily, and, but for one thing, one might easily have imagined it a fine August morning. This thing, however, most effectually dispelled the illusion. One had only to lift one's eyes aloft to realise what season it was. Carn Crom, on the right of the glen, and Feith na Sgor, on the left, were snow-clad half way down their sides, while the greater eminences of Carn a' Mhaim and Ben Bhrotain, dominating the glen to the west, were shimmering masses of silver. The steep cliffs on the latter which drop almost sheer into Glen Geusachan were standing out black and awe-inspiring against their snowy background. It was a noble picture, and we looked on it with delight as we made our way up the glen.

The over-night frost had firmed up the path at its soft parts, and we made splendid progress. At "the Sands," where the glen sweeps round to the north, we got our first view of "the Ben." It presented a grand spectacle. Apart from the precipitous cliffs which overhang Lochan Uaine, not a black spot was visible above the 2,000 feet level, and with the glass one could see that on its higher parts the snow was lying to a considerable depth. Less than another half-hour's walk brought us to the foot of the Sron Riach, the long, steep nose, broken up by several "steps" or terraces, by which the mountain is ascended from Glen Luibeg. Just before reaching this

point two herds of deer were seen. The first, seven or eight in number, betook themselves leisurely up the slopes of Carn Crom and crossed what is known among stalkers as the Dining Room Pass into Glen Derry. The other, fifteen strong, stags and hinds, bounded up the left hand glen at the foot of the Sron where the burns fork, and scampered up the steep snow on Carn a' Mhaim. This had apparently not been to their liking, for some half-hour later they appeared on the ridge 200 or 300 feet above us. As they stood a minute or two silhouetted against the sunlit snow they presented a lovely picture. Glen Derry had apparently attractions for them too, for they disappeared over the Derry Cairngorm ridge in an incredibly short time.

Though I had some misgivings as to the condition of the snow on the higher portions of the mountain, we tackled the ascent in fine spirits. Keeping the ridge for a start, we were soon in the snow. At first it was only a few inches deep, and, though it gave a little to the weight, it was quite dry, and we gradually, if slowly, ploughed our way upward. As we approached the first of the breaks in the ridge we were suddenly confronted with a new and distinctly unwelcome factor. In our walk up the glen hardly a breath of wind was stirring, so that it was with something of a shock that at the point mentioned we encountered a strong icy blast from the north-west, which swooped down upon us over the col that joins Carn a' Mhaim to Ben Muich Dhui. It was none of your passing gusts, but a very business-like blast which apparently intended to carry through its mission most thoroughly, and I can bear first-hand testimony that it succeeded! We were loath to leave the ridge, where the snow was firmer and not so deep, but there was no disputing with the intruder, and we had perforce to betake us to its lee side, where there was comparative shelter. This was, however, dearly bought, for the snow here was much deeper and softer, and it was trying work making our way through it. Here and there a little piece of a yard or two, frozen hard, would be encountered, and we

would begin to hope that we had at last reached the long-expected harder snow. This hope was always dashed, however, and we had just to set-to anew on our upward way. By slow and toilsome stages we had climbed to about the 3600 feet level, and in the shelter of a convenient boulder we rested for a time and surveyed the glorious view that had been gradually developing.

The sun was still shining as brightly as ever, and only here and there did a white cloud appear to lend variety to the sky's otherwise unsullied blue. It was for the most part a white world that met the eye in every direction, with occasional exquisite splashes of brown and green where the moorland and the pines in the surrounding glens and low country were visible. Looking eastward just across the valley the fine line of the Derry Cairngorm ridge made a beautiful foreground, with the great sweep of the Sput Dearg cliffs meeting it grandly at the head of Glen Luibeg. In the gullies of these cliffs the newly-fallen snow was lying to a considerable depth, and the tender blues of the shadows which the strong sunlight cast was a thing of indescribable beauty. Beyond Corrie Etchachan the fine shape of Ben Mheadhoin reared itself, the rough contour of its rocky tors softened by their deep coating of snow. Farther to the right Ben Chaorruinn and the mighty mass of Benabournd flashed grandly at intervals as a cloud came and went across the sun while we gazed. Lochnagar and the White Mounth were fully in the sunlight, and over Ben Bhreac the circle of hills in Glen Shee, beginning with Glas Maol and ending with the Ben Uarns at the head of Glen Ey, made a picture of surpassing loveliness. Further to the south Ben-y-Gloe and Ben Dearg were easily picked up, and the graceful cone of Schichallion showed that it had likewise shared in the snowy favours. Many far-off hills to the south and south-west were also clearly seen, but the softening effects of the snow on their contours made it impossible to identify them with certainty. From where we stood the distant view to the west was not extensive, for, in addition to several cloud

masses that had begun to put in an appearance, the immense bulk and greater height of Cairn Toul across Glen Dee effectively blocked the prospect. This, however, was more than compensated for by the grand spectacle which that mountain itself presented. A cloud rested on its brow, hiding the actual summit, but its mighty corries shone gloriously in their winter garb, and its massive and Alpine-like grandeur was emphasised by the softening effects of the snow on several of its neighbours. It had worthy companions in the Devil's Point, with its grim and forbidding precipices on the left, and the gigantic cliffs of the Garchory on the right. In the great corrie under the Angel's Peak the depth of blue shadow was intense, and the effect was as though the whole corrie was lit up by phosphorescence—a truly wonderful sight. The view to the north and north-west was, of course, hidden by the mass of Ben Muich Dhui itself. It was indeed a noble prospect, and one upon the like of which for beauty and grandeur I had never before been privileged to gaze. One was really not concerned about identifying individual hills. It was the general æsthetic effect of the scene that mattered, and this was thrilling in a very high degree.

Leaving the shelter of our boulder we once more took our upward way. In a short distance we were, willy-nilly, once again forced on to the open ridge, the ground sloping away very sharply on the right towards the deep basin in which Lochan Uaine lies. Fortunately, there was not much of this exposed part to be negotiated; and, gaining the almost level terrace overlooking the loch, we raced towards the foot of the last steep ascent that leads to the top of the Sput Dearg cliffs and so to the summit plateau. Though we were slightly sheltered here in the "lythe" of the hill there was no mistaking the tremendous force and icy keenness of the blast, which at this altitude was enjoying an unchecked course over every snow-field between us and the Atlantic. The place was most certainly one for an overcoat—in fact, for several overcoats—and my youthful companion had

none. Disdaining the advice of his elders, he had left his at home, and though he never uttered a syllable of complaint he must—in the language of the Sheriff Court reporter—have felt his position keenly!

I had hoped to find the snow about this level, swept as it was by such a frosty wind, somewhat firmer, but discovered that the previous twenty-four hours' heavy rain in the low country had here fallen as the finest of snow, on which the frost had not as yet had time to exert its hardening powers. An attempt on the coating that covered the great boulder-field close to the cliffs at once showed that the top was not to be gained by that route. A slight frozen crust gave way under one's weight, and one reached the boulders after penetrating about eighteen inches of dry but powdery snow. These boulders were old acquaintances of mine in their summer-time nakedness, for in past years I had jeopardised more than one friendship by insisting that over them—or by way of their many crevices and caverns!—lay the only proper and direct route to and from the top, even though on their western edge, a bare hundred yards off, lies a nice grassy corrie, with a stag-track in it, up and down which it is the easiest possible thing in the world to make one's way! At anyrate my boulder-route had no charms for me to-day, and so we bore round to the aforesaid corrie, to find it full of snow without even a crust on it. As there was some little shelter from the wind here, we at once struck up it. The snow was deeper than any we had yet tackled, and as the angle was very acute, the work was exceedingly toilsome. After struggling upwards for about 200 feet and finding no improvement, a halt was called and a council of war held. There was still about 300 feet of actual climbing in our corrie ere the plateau would be gained, and another good mile in an upward grade, against the hurricane and across the snowy wastes of the summit, before the cairn and the north view could be reached. It did not take us long to make up our minds, and, like wise men, we decided that the extra effort and the



exposure were not worth it. We had certainly not "bagged" our peak—my companion had already done that more than once in his brief mountaineering career, and my own tale of ascents must be getting in the neighbourhood of the three figures—but we had "bagged" a very grand view—such a view as probably at least one of us will never look on again—and we were satisfied.

It was now 1 p.m., and we had been climbing in the snow for about two hours. As a result a very healthy appetite began to assert itself; and, with a final look round the glistening snow-world, we started down the corrie, which has a grand sweep of fully 1,500 feet down to Glen Carn a' Mhaim. With the snow in slightly harder condition than we found it, it would, I should say, prove a grand ski-run for experts, and I present it with all deference to those members of the Club who indulge in that pastime! Even without ski we descended it in great style, though care had to be exercised in dealing with several small semi-frozen streams that join the Allt Carn a' Mhaim, whose headwaters take their rise high up in the corrie. That burn itself, which flows in a small hollow, was completely covered with snow, and only came into view at the level of the glen, about the 2,500 feet line. Long ere that was reached there was a very marked diminution in the strength of the wind, and, incredible as it may sound, hardly a zephyr was stirring for the last few hundred feet of the descent. This mighty transformation was effected by the col between Carn a' Mhaim and Ben Muich Dhui, which acted as a perfect wind-shield. We were still well above the snow-line, and the glen-floor was laid with a firm and dry white carpet. Selecting a bare spot beside a boulder, we discussed a delightful lunch of cranberry jam sandwiches and a drink from the flask (no: you're wrong—'twas but a tea-filled thermos!) From the steep, snow-covered slopes of the Sron Riach on our left and Carn a' Mhaim on our right several flocks of ptarmigan—white-plumaged as the snow itself—croaked their respects, while a good

way up the latter mountain, at about the 2,700 feet line, a pair of grouse announced that they were in good health. Grouse at such a snow-covered height must, I should think, be very unusual. Their presence there was probably explained by their having come upon a small bit of bare heather not visible to us, which the deer had scraped clear of snow in their search for food.

From where we sat a delightful view to the south and south-east was had, a curious effect being produced by the presence in the middle of it of a smoky brown horizontal wisp of cloud which divided it sharply into two. Below the cloud was stretched the brown of the moorland and the green of the pines in the far-away glens, while above it the white peak of many a distant hill shone out, the top of the picture being finished off by the lovely blue of the sky. There was still lots of daylight to spare, and, still in the finest of weather, we sauntered slowly back to the starting-place of our ascent, and thence down the glen. Just where it turns to the east, and where the footbridge that carries the *Làirig Dhrù* path over the Luibeg comes into view, a flock of snow buntings swept past us down country from the solitudes of Glen Dee—a sure indication that winter had set in in earnest in their seasonal haunts on the heights. Luibeg was reached just as the sun was setting. It was much too early to go indoors, and my host and I strolled for an hour among the grand pines around and beyond Derry Lodge. The low winter sunset was not visible from here, but the clouds to the south were reflecting its dying glories in varying tints of scarlet. Gradually the light began to wane, and the trees and the moorland and the hills themselves took on the sombre and mysterious shades that come with the twilight. Save for a distant sleepy good-night call of the grouse to his mate, and the gentle ripple of the Derry over its pebbly bed, not a sound broke the stillness. One could almost “hear the great heart of Nature beat.” A solitary star glittered like a jewel over the snowy crest of Ben Bhrotain, soon the

silver crescent moon uprose behind Ben Bhreac, and the sweet peace of a perfect winter evening descended like a benison upon the glen.

In keeping with the season, we feasted right royally that night. Christmas fare in various forms figured on the well-laden dinner table; and the fruits of the earth and the products of the confectioner's art—gifts of distant friends to my host and hostess—were there in abundance. Then chairs were drawn round the fire of blazing pine logs, and for hours we talked the pleasant, intimate, cheery talk that flows effortless between friends, "the hill" naturally forming an oft-recurring topic. For the delectation of the visitor a "talking machine" of the early period was likewise brought forth, and we were regaled with the love and other ditties that acquired high favour in the "halls" a quarter of a century ago. How many-sided is the mind of man, and how responsive to its immediate environment and "atmosphere"! I verily believe I derived almost as much pleasure from the amorous banalities of Miss Florrie Forde and her contemporaries issuing from that time-worn phonograph at Luibeg as has been mine listening in rapture to a great artist pouring forth her soul in the glorious love-music of "Tristan" amid all the pomp and circumstance of Covent Garden itself! It was late ere we parted for the night; and I went to rest in the serene conviction that nowhere in all the land had a happier Christmas Eve been spent than by my unworthy self in that lone sheiling so far removed from other human habitation, with only the wild things of the mountain-side as neighbours, and watched over by the stars and the snow and the everlasting hills.

## ON THE ROADS TO HELVELLYN.

BY SIR LESLIE MACKENZIE.

### I.

WE were at Glenridding. From that point there are at least three well-known ways to Helvellyn, and as many more as you choose to take if you are not content with the common paths. Which, if any, of these the poor lady took that died of exhaustion the other day in Grisedale, the sad note about her death did not say. Perhaps she came from the Thirlmere side, intending, with her two girls, to come down by Grisedale to Patterdale. Helvellyn is a romantic name and draws all the world; but middle-age and adolescence cannot safely climb hills together, and this tempting mountain has taken another human life. Fate is as incalculable as the mist of the fells. The two children that started so gaily with their mother are now motherless, and we can only place our stone on her memorial cairn. It is a very sad story.

As we were not climbers, and were conscious of no passion for the conquering of hills, big or little, we first experimented among the three ways to Helvellyn. Accident made us turn up at Patterdale Hall. This beautiful mansion, just in a little from the road, stands high enough to enjoy a view of the lake-end and the hills to eastward. Here pines and spruces and oaks and other trees are enough, not to make pretty branchings only, but to clothe the mouth of Grisedale with "a dark and gloomy wood." And the never-ceasing voices of Nature almost command a silence of all others, and one can enter the mood of the old wanderer from the dales

when, seeking for a place along these lands to rest at last, he said to himself crooningly, as if in memory of many nights and days—

Here at the end I shall rest me in peace,  
When Night draws around me her delicate pall ;  
But leave me the rustle of wind in the trees  
And the song of the waters by Patterdale Hall.

A little way up the road, an old man stood waiting at the gate to open it for us and to show us the way—quite unnecessary, of course, for at that point no one could mistake it.

“What time of day has it got to?” he enquired, and I told him.

“It is thirty years since I climbed Helvellyn. I am seventy-three. I can't get a job in the dales. They will not engage folk now.”

“You will go up that hill,” he continued, “and you will pass the little wood up there. There is an opening in the dyke: you can see it. You will go through that. You will see Helvellyn when you get there, and you will not see it *till* you get there. I am too old now; but I come up here and directs folk and gets a copper or two and lay up a bit of baccy for the winter.”

And we passed across Grisedale and slanted up the slope on the other side, enjoying every foot of the way in the late afternoon sun. As we got to the 2000 feet level, we met some people coming down from Helvellyn by Striding Edge. The name has a fascination. One woman assured us that she had not gone over the Edge because three weeks ago she had had a bad heart seizure and thought it wiser to wait until her friends went and came again. Even the slant up to the 2000 feet level seemed somewhat modern treatment for people that take heart seizures; but she seemed all right and suffering no harm. Then we met a father with a son seven years old. The seven-year-old had been on the top and had come prancing over Striding Edge without dreaming of danger, and certainly without manifest

fatigue, and there were several more before the stream passed. At last we got to the old man's gate and verified his last memory of thirty years ago and drank in the soft glooms of Red Tarn and the beautiful lights and shadows of Swirral Edge. Then we wandered down, happy to have seen the great corrie with Red Tarn at the bottom and the sharp pike of Catchedicam. Everything in this region shows at full value. It did not need the genius of the Lake poets or of anybody else to say the Lakes were beautiful. It was our first long visit to these hills; but to see them and understand them you must walk the distances. Otherwise you are sure to miss beautiful clouds, or mists, or glooms that cannot be painted.

## II.

So we settled down for a little and moved about among the nearer beauties of Ullswater. One day—indeed, most days—it was a row on the lake; another day it was a scramble up a near fell where we could see Helvellyn far away; yet another, wandering round into an unexplored dale or a visit to Aira Force. There is a traditional "Wordsworth Cottage" near Patterdale. When we asked a lady whether this that we were looking at was "Wordsworth's Cottage," her answer was sharp and clean: "I don't know whether it is or isn't; but that's what they call it." If you look through a Wordsworth, you will find proof that he had wandered "at his own sweet will" over every foot of this ground. The proofs are more manifest to the eye away south at Ambleside and Rydal; but the Wordsworth we revere is the Great Presence of all this country. That is why we wish to go about alone and silent, seeing what he saw and remembering what he wrote. To the people of Scotland, this habit is not unfamiliar; for over most of Scotland, Scott is our guide, and over great areas of the south-west, Burns is an atmosphere. Nor do we forget the Border and its consecrations. But Wordsworth stands alone. There were other "Lake Poets"; but if

I were asked on a sudden to say what the "purpose" of these lakes and hills was, I fear that I should answer—  
"To be the home of the Wordsworth spirit."

The cloud of mortal destiny,  
Others will front it fearlessly  
But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,  
O Rotha, with thy living wave!  
Sing him thy best! for few or none  
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

These are among the most beautiful lines Arnold ever wrote. Now and again in the talk of the visitors we hear hesitating complaint about the invasion of the char-a-bancs and the noises of the innumerable motors and motor-cycles. It is a foolish complaint; but the psychology of it is very simple: it is an unconscious way of saying—"How I wish I were alone here; for it is by this lake that he saw *The Daffodils* and he wrote verses on the bridge near *Brother's Water* and he made blank verse out of the shadows and silences and deep notes of *Aira Force*, and he thought almost all he saw worth writing about even 'the meanest flower that blows.'" On purpose, we did not take a Wordsworth text with us; but as the days passed, the longing for him grew stronger and one day, at the local bookshop—not a bad shop either—I asked for a Wordsworth: but there was none to be had. There were maps, and magazines, and endless stories and photographs and brochures about *Lakeland*; but of his poems, not a copy. This also is a tribute to the poet; he is "held as read."

III.

But a day came when we sought the near sight of *Helvellyn* once more. This time, we wandered up *Glenridding* by the lead mines and leftwards into the valley beyond them. This brought us once more within sight of the mountain, but now we saw it from the north side. The lead mines are another invasion supposed to

be foreign to the Wordsworthian spirit and I wonder why. We followed the lades that brought the hill waters to wash out the grains of galena from the crushed rock ; but we noticed that the stonecrops and the mosses and the hill grasses grew as beautifully on the sides of the lades as they did on the natural becks, and the gliding water shone as lovely in the afternoon sun. I cannot find it in me to say that industrial man has spoiled this valley ; for it only needs a standpoint to transform the grey heaps of rubble and the dull grey-wacke houses and the moving or standing water-wheels into glories of landscape. When the looker-on says these things are ugly, he has not yet found the right point of view. Let him wait and his hour of revelation will come when "Nature for once has sung in tune."

On the going up and on the coming down, we had some talk with an old shepherd of eighty and his wife two years younger. We told him we had seen the power-house further up the valley and he said—"Yes, that is where we used to wash our sheep. I have shepherded over Helvellyn many a time ; but now I am too old." And then we learned that his wife had brought up a family of ten and had never climbed a fell. "When a lady asked me I said to her 'Take this little one and see if you would like to carry it to the top of the fell.' Well, I am quite pleased to stay at home." Then we struck a curious Scots phrase. The old man said, "We are sair fashed wi' the deer." I tried to find from him whether "sair fashed" was part of his own dialect, or adopted from Scotch. He could not tell us ; but we concluded that the phrase had wandered in from Scotland. But he wondered if we knew Kirkstone Pass. He told us that if we went there, we should find the talk "very broad." A younger shepherd joined the little group with his three dogs : one of them, a beautiful young collie, had been "out only eight months." She was thin and restless. We indicated as much. "She is too onaisy to thrive," was his answer. And so once more we wandered home in the evening, finding out a good



deal about the children of the upper village and noting many evidences of rich interests and imaginations. In certain fundamentals they are like all the children we have met, even in the quietness of the Hebrides; for we found that here, as there, small investments of capital in children's hands produce a greater return in happiness than any other investment known to us. It may be as unprincipled as many other forms of capitalist adventure; but the immediate delight of the speculation is beyond comparison.

## IV.

Not yet, however, did we dare Helvellyn in earnest. But a day came when we thought it our duty to do so. Up Glenridding once more we went, starting early. It was an unpromising day, but the sea-tangle at the door—an unfailling weather-glass—was growing slightly crisper and we concluded, against the majority, that the day would clear. We wandered on beyond the powerhouse and ended at Keppelcove Tarn. Others like ourselves had missed the green pony path that zig-zags up the hill a quarter of a mile below the tarn; but we corrected each other and re-read our Ordnance map, in which the zig-zag pony track was marked but not the little bit of road to the tarn. But the extra walk was worth ten times the trouble; for beyond the tarn we were in the silence of a group of corries as beautiful as we had seen on the other side of the mountain a week earlier. This time we were on the north-west of Catchedicam, having Swirral Edge on the left and Keppelcove on the right and the Lower Man in front. It was a place to wander in all day watching the shifting mists. The rain grew heavy for a while and we made our way back to the pony path and then up the hill to the 2,800 feet level. The mistake had cost time and it was too late to go farther; but our third approach was full of interest; for, near this ridge, we came on our young shepherd once more with his three dogs working wonders among the sheep. His modulated whistles were music in the silence. Those three faithful slaves

went and came, and came and went, gathering groups here and scattering them there, that their master might examine the individual sheep for maggots and assure himself that all was well. From lower down we had seen the dark figure on the ridge and heard the sweet notes of the whistle and his peculiar cries, one sending the dogs away, the other bringing them near, and later we again had some conversation with him. "You are training the young dog?" She was putting her whole soul into keeping together a group of twenty or thirty sheep and bringing them up the hill to his feet, working with the passion of youth and the skill of age, passing right and left and round about and keeping them all in the group. "No," he replied, "she is training herself. She has done that of her own accord." And her actions were certainly wonderful. We began to wonder on what basis these extraordinary animals are trained. Probably, by this gathering of the flocks, the dog is only showing the instinct of his herd for bringing together the defenceless sheep for destruction by direction of the leaders. The civilised shepherd takes advantage of this instinct, vainly imagining that he is cultivating the animal's intellect when he is merely assisting in the adaptation of instinctive actions to one or two new conditions. It is so easy to suggest that the animal thinks as we do; it is more difficult to understand how an inherited instinct will work somehow in spite of every obstacle, and the appearance of intelligence may be due only to the fact that, unlike the dog, acting in the wild with the pack, the collie dog is acting alone with man, who has taken the place of the pack and revived the animal's herd language. He is doing in association with men what his ancestors did in association with the leaders of the pack. The speculation is open to criticism, of course; but I have known animals for all my life and I am sure that for the most part we misunderstand their language, giving their actions an interpretation favourable to ourselves. But that is by the way. Our half-hour's talk with the young shepherd

covered many things, and then he strode away from us with a masterly swing and the next we saw of him he was coming down the face of the corrie beyond Keppelcove, and we were beginning to understand the subtlety of the life on these hills and to wonder whether mere made streets could ever interest us again. But we did get to the top of the 2,800 feet ridge and saw over into Thirlmere and Keswick and as far as Bassenthwaite. The Solway was not to appear until the day when we saw it from the top of Helvellyn. The day *had* cleared up and the sea-tangle was right.

## v.

Yet once more, drawn who knows how, we wandered up towards the lead mines. This time we fell in with a bright and friendly boy of ten. He belonged to the Dale, but he had been born in London. He had also been to Gretna and lived there for a period during the war. He had things to tell of it, too; for instance, that the school, instead of being a mile and a half away as here, was just across the road and he could be there in one minute. In a visit to Gretna, I saw that school and it was certainly an inviting modern place; but I could not have seen my young friend, for there were no children of three. But he told us that there was little doing in the Dales; it was not like Gretna; you had the pictures there to go to at any time; there were no pictures here. But for all the longing, the boy was bursting with the life of the Dale and knew every place and person. What did he wish to be when he grew up? His father, he said, wanted him to go into the Navy, but he wanted to work at the mines. Had he ever been in the mines? "No. You see I am a bit nervous, and I get dizzy. But my father works at the Deddip." (This, he explained, means "dead heap," the rejected hewings of the mine.) "He has worked at it for twenty years." "My father," he continued, sweeping his hand up towards the hillside, "put out all that." One could understand the boy's adoration of the

labour and constancy that had built up those tens of thousands of tons of rubble. Obviously, he was very proud of it. Then he told us how he went with the hunt when the Dale was out after the foxes. "A shepherd once fell over that rock," pointing to the right. "When the hounds came near, they cried 'Oomf-oomf' and everybody thought it was a fox, but it was the dead shepherd. My father told me the story." How long ago had that happened? Recently? "Oh, no—twenty years ago." But the vividness of the narrative gave the feeling that it might have happened last week. Then I asked how they did with the foxes. "They give the flesh of the foxes to the hounds. It's always flesh they give to the hounds. Sometimes they give them a horse. They must have flesh o' summat. They turn oop their noses at milk; it's watter they want. Oh yes, the hounds must always have the flesh o' summat!" The boy was not alone in his interest in the fox hunting. Everybody knows the foxes among those hills and, apparently, the hunt is a very living sport in the Dales and an economic necessity. We learned, too, about the local schools, the effect of the long walk of two miles on the young children, and many other social facts. He was a clever boy and made an active living in the Dale. "The child is father of the man," and his future is sure. This happy interview and the soft lights of the afternoon seemed to be enough for the day.

## VI.

Another serious approach to Helvellyn, undertaken with two friends, failed because the wind became positively violent; the rain came in torrents and the hills were hidden in mist. The change came on within an hour and as we forced our way up the pony path, we met a large party that had been driven down by stress of wind and wet. But, the day following, the whole countryside was clean and clear and brilliant. "The day" had come at last, and for the fourth time we stepped out on the old path. So certain were we of

succeeding this time that we spent half an hour or more going round with the foreman at the mine works and seeing in detail how, by the simplest of hydraulic processes, the grains of galena were separated from the crushings of rock.

Then we continued our gentle walk and once more reached the 2,800 feet ridge. Then there was a slight descent and a sharper rise to the peak known as the Lower Man. The ascent was over and the charming plateau of Helvellyn lay before us. Going to the very highest spot was a trifling detail now; for the air was as clear as crystal and our eyes were filled with the most beautiful mountain scenery we have ever seen except twice: once, when the whole stretch of the Bernese Oberland burst upon the view as we reached the top of the Schynige Platte; next, when we left the Col des Aravis and came to the steep bank of the Vale of Chamonix. Perhaps, too, the west of Sutherland as we steamed out of Lochinchard was more splendid; but these are only different forms of beauty and perhaps forms of beauty cannot really be compared. But now, for the first time, we understood the magnetism of Helvellyn and we rejoiced with all English people in the possession of this superb garden of hills. To the south, we could see Morecambe Bay; to the north, we could see across the Solway to Criffel Hill and our familiar friends there; to the east, we could see the ridges of Yorkshire; to the west we could guess the sea.

But we had to fulfil the final convention and visit the memorial monument and read the lines from Wordsworth and from Scott. But just here, so jealous were we that these two should be shown at their best, we were acutely disappointed. Scott's lines have always been a joy to the schoolboy and they have helped to make Helvellyn famous over the world and his last three stanzas would hold their own in any anthology of verses of this order. But Wordsworth's "Fidelity" is not Wordsworth at his best and we were tempted to say so. But, however much he wrote that was relatively common-

place, the world has forgiven everything to the man that wrote—

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns ;

and

For old unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago,

and how many more of the first poetic excellence! Wordsworth was too great a poet not to know, in spite of his theories, the obvious difference between his many finger exercises and his few masterpieces. But if I had been selecting from him an inscription for this memorial monument, I should have preferred one of his really great things : this, for instance—

. . . . . Thou has left behind  
Powers that will work for thee, air, earth and  
skies :  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

We wandered about rejoicing with a crowd of visitors, coming and going over Swirral Edge and Striding Edge and from the direction of Dollywaggon Pyke. To one keen youth, as he came from that side and immediately stepped down the steep path that leads to Striding Edge, I called out, knowing him—"This is your twenty-sixth time here, isn't it?" "Yes, the twenty-sixth time!" he shouted as he vanished down the slope. Then unwillingly we took our way down again ; but we knew that we had looked on a picture whose beauty would never fade.

A WINTRY DAY IN JUNE.

BEINN EUNAICH, BEINN A CHOCHUILL AND  
BEN CRUACHAN.

BY WILLIAM BARCLAY, L.D.S.

A GOOD many years have slipped past since I was last on Ben Cruachan—since that fine summer's day when, under clear skies and with bright sunshine, I traversed the rough backbone of that wild mountain group from end to end—from Ben Vourie to Meall Cuanail—

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.

As I happened to be again living in the vicinity last year (1922), I could not resist the lure of the sharp peaky tops 'twix Lochs Awe and Etive. To me there is always a peculiar charm in revisiting scenes after a long absence. This time, however, I thought I might with advantage embrace within the compass of my day's visiting Beinn Eunaich and Beinn a Chochuill, two outstanding hills immediately to the north-east.

When I left my cottage by the sea on the morning of the 14th June, the sky was heavy with clouds and the mists were drifting along the hill-tops. The wind was strong and gusty, blowing fresh, very fresh, from the south-west, and in this district that generally means wet weather, so that, altogether, it looked as if I might have a stormy day up aloft on the ridges. However, the man who climbs our Scottish mountains must be prepared to encounter all kinds of weather, especially all varieties of bad weather, and must smilingly accept a day of driving sleet or snow in the month of June just as readily as he would welcome the warmth of a summer's day in January. Such experiences are often met with, and to the true lover of the mountains they all have their charm, storing the mind with fragrant memories which ripen as the years pass.

On leaving Lochawe station I turned eastward for about a mile, passed the road running up to the disused quarries and walked on to Castles, the farm-house lying under Beinn Eunaich and in sight of Coire Creachainn and Coire Ghlais, the east-facing corries of the Cruachan massif. From the farm I climbed directly up the steep face of Stob Maol, the south-west shoulder of the mountain, and soon topped its 1,400 odd feet. A few minutes' rest beside the cairn gave me time to recognise some of the surrounding hills and lochs before they were blotted out for the rest of the day.

From Stob Maol the summit of Beinn Eunaich lies far back, and it is a long gradual climb over grassy slopes that give pasturage for numerous sheep and lambs. Passing round the headstreams of the burn which drains the southern slopes I reached a small cairn just as the rocky eastern face of the mountain opened up through the mist under my feet, and a walk of a few minutes more brought me to the large cairn marking the highest point (3242 feet). The so-called south top (3174) is nothing more or less than a shoulder.

Up till now the mist had been playing hide-and-seek among the tops, ever lapping the summits of all the higher hills; first one and then another would be enveloped and as quickly cleared. But presently both Eunaich and Beinn a Chochuill were considerably swept clear, and I could see my route along the ridge of the latter to where it bends round to the north-west towards the summit. Of course, under the circumstances, no distant view was to be had, only fitful glimpses here and there, and as the mist was again beginning to whiff about the flanks of Beinn Eunaich I made my way down the western slope to the dip—a descent of nearly 900 feet over stony ground. From the saddle Beinn a Chochuill rose steeply for the first two or three hundred feet, but once that was surmounted there followed just a fine breezy walk along the ridge for nearly a mile to the grassy summit (3,215 feet) with its small cairn. On my way along the ridge all the upper half of the mountain



was hidden in mist, but before the top was reached it had cleared and I had a few minutes in which to look around.

When I decided to visit these mountains I was in hopes of getting some photographs of the fine north face of Ben Cruachan with its corries and rocky buttresses, but first on Beinn Eunaich, and again here, the mist played havoc with my plans, so I just had a seat for a short time and a peep through my glass into the various glens—Noe, Liver, and Kinglass—about me, and away down the course of the Allt Mhoille towards Dalmally and Ben Lui. Neither Ben Cruachan nor Ben Starav would show itself, and even of Loch Etive I could see little. Beinn na Lus, on the far side of Glen Kinglass, presented a rather weird appearance; the slopes, though not steep, are almost wholly bare rock with little surface soil anywhere, and these showed up through the fleeting mist like a surface of wet clay.

Rain was now approaching and the mist closed in again, so I descended rapidly to the Larig Noe, the pass separating these mountains from the Cruachan group. This entails a drop of 1383 feet but is easy. I next tackled the face of Sròn an Isean opposite and picked my way up this rocky boulder-strewn slope in the teeth of a stinging shower of sleet. When I arrived at the cairn, however, everything was again bright. A good deal of old snow was lying about here, as in all the north-facing corries. From Sròn an Isean (3163 feet) it was only a step (half a mile) to the main ridge of Cruachan at Stob Diamh (3272 feet), and there is not much of an intervening dip. The walk between the two points, however, is very interesting, as it affords fine views of the rocky faces of Stob Garbh and Ben Vourie, and I was glad that for these few minutes the weather was agreeable. But it was only an interlude, for I had scarce reached the summit of Stob Diamh when the snow came on in earnest. Under the circumstances, I did not stay many minutes but passed on down the ridge—there is only a drop of 436 feet—and up the short

but stony ascent towards the next top, Drochaid Glas (3312 feet).

Returning from this slight divergence, I was soon on the steep and rough slope of the main peak. Here I was more exposed to the fury of the wind, and with that and the driving snow my face and hands were well nigh frozen, but I pushed rapidly on and ere long reached the summit (3689 feet) where I found shelter behind one of the big blocks of rock so plentiful here. I sat for nearly an hour watching the snow being driven horizontally past. At times the mist thinned sufficiently to show the patches of old snow lying on the sides and floor of Coire Caorach beneath me, and through the film of vapour these had all the appearance of pools of water.

But the mist closed in again and the snow came along faster than ever. Everything pointed to the storm having set in for the night, so I slipped along to the Taynuilt peak (Stob Dearg 3611 feet). This, the finest part of the ridge, was most impressive under the prevailing conditions, and to a solitary climber somewhat awe-inspiring. I next descended in a direction towards the Pass of Brander, and came down between the two headstreams of the Allt Cruiniche. When near the junction of the burns I emerged from the mist. The snow by this time had given place to rain, and as the hillsides were soaking, it was not long before I was in a like condition, so I just splashed on through the "wee" and reached the road a short distance from the bridge over the river Awe. The trudge of a couple of miles more to Taynuilt could not possibly make me any wetter, and in due course I arrived home thoroughly sodden yet well pleased with my long day among the misty peaks above Loch Awe, and can say with Stevenson—

Give me again all that was there,  
Give me the sun that shone !

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,  
Mountains of rain and sun !

## THE PHYSICAL HISTORY OF ARTHUR'S SEAT.

BY J. R. LESLIE GRAY.

ARTHUR'S SEAT is, for its size, one of the most interesting volcanic hills in Scotland. Its dimensions are certainly not very great, being about a mile and a half from east to west, a mile from north to south, 822 feet in height above sea level, and a little more than 700 feet above Holyrood. Hill Burton calls it a mountain in miniature, and observes the resemblance, on a smaller scale, of the Salisbury Craigs to the great precipice of Braeriach. The remarkable shape of the hill is caused by its unusually complicated geological structure, which we will now consider. We must bear in mind that it has suffered extensive erosion, and was once, probably as large as Vesuvius, if not larger.

The highest part of Arthur's Seat is composed of two volcanic vents, the Lion's Head, and the Lion's Haunch, each of which consists of a central plug of basalt, surrounded by large masses of agglomerate traversed by lava flows and intrusions, between which are intercalated sedimentary rocks, such as limestones and sandstones, mingled with volcanic dust. To the north of the vents we have, counting from west to east, first the dolerite sill of the Salisbury Craigs, intruded between two beds of sedimentary rocks (Upper Old Red Sandstone and Lower Carboniferous) which, in places, it has baked and corrugated, the sandstones having been changed into quartzite, and the shales into porcellanite; next comes the hollow of the Hunter's Bog, overlooked by the intrusive rocks called the Dasses; almost immediately behind them is the lava flow named the Long Row;

succeeded by the valley of the Dry Dam, paved with agglomerate ; beyond which again we have no fewer than nineteen lava flows, intercalated with ash beds, and limy or sandy sedimentary rocks, which together make up the Whinny Hill, the most easterly member of the mass. The basalt plug of Dunsapie Rock marks the southern limit of the Whinny Hill lava series. On the south of the vents again, we have the remarkable columnar basalt intrusion of Samson's Ribs, (which really belongs to the Lion's Haunch vent), and further east, at Windy Goul, the escarpments of the Girnall Craig and the Loch Craig, the southern extensions respectively of the Dasses and the Long Row. Finally, there are a large mass of agglomerate, a basalt intrusion on which Duddingston Church is built, and a series of lava flows, representing, more or less, the southern extension of the Whinny Hill lavas.

There are several large dislocations in or near the hill, which have greatly modified the outcrops. The most important is the Calton Fault, which is responsible for the present position of the Calton Hill, originally a part of the Whinny Hill ; the others being St. Margaret's, St. Anthony's, and St. Leonard's Faults. Parenthetically we may remark that these saintly personages would seem to have a grievance against geologists for usurping the functions of the *Advocatus Diaboli* in discovering their faults. When we mention the bed of a glacial lake, near which Holyrood is built, an interesting *roche moutonnée* on the side of the Queen's Drive just above Samson's Ribs, some transported boulders scattered about in various places on the hill, the margin of the 100 feet Raised Beach traversing the parade ground near the foot of the Whinny Hill, and many springs on or near the lines of fault, some of which feed Duddingston Loch, we have completed our hasty survey of the principal geological features of Arthur's Seat.

The foregoing is only the rough sketch of an amateur, but anyone who desires thoroughly to understand the geological structure of the hill is strongly advised to

procure a copy of "The Arthur's Seat Volcano" (with map), by Dr. B. N. Peach, F.R.S., F.R.S.E., (Edin. W. & A. K. Johnston, Ltd., 2/6). That masterly monograph forms a capital pocket companion for a visit to the locality.

We may now consider the most difficult part of our subject—how the volcano came into existence, and how it acquired the form and dimensions which it has assumed at the present day. In the early times of the Carboniferous Epoch, there would appear to have been a great uprising of the subterranean reservoir of molten matter lying below the stratified rocks, which burst through the Cement Stones, the lowest bed of the Carboniferous System, and formed the volcanic neck now known as the Lion's Head. Somewhat later the centre of disturbance shifted a little to the south, and gave rise to another neck which we call the Lion's Haunch. From these vents issued the lava flows and masses of agglomerate and volcanic ash which are described above; there were also various intrusions of molten rock among the strata, the largest of which is the sill known as the Salisbury Craigs. The volcano was evidently, like most volcanoes, quite near to the sea, and the mighty subsidence of the Carboniferous Era having begun, the waters frequently broke in upon the site, as is shown by the sedimentary beds intercalated in many places between the lavas and other igneous rocks. The whole scene, with its clouds of smoke and steam, its flames and volcanic dust and bombs, must have been exceedingly impressive; but, unfortunately, there were no beings of higher intelligence to witness it than the fishes of the Lower Carboniferous, who must have been considerably startled at times, and, evidently, usually gave it a wide berth, as few of their remains are found associated with the rocks of the hill. This vast disturbance went on for many ages, but eventually died down, and the great secular subsidence still continuing for millions of years, the site of the volcano, and the whole country for many miles around, were covered by the lagoons, estuaries, and water-jungles of Carboniferous

times, until the poor old extinct volcano was buried beneath a thickness of something like 8000 feet of sedimentary rocks, including the oil shales and the coal measures. Some time after the close of the Carboniferous Period, the process was reversed, and a great but slow upheaval took place, until the igneous rocks of Arthur's Seat began to reappear through the softer sedimentaries, which were worn away by sub-aerial denudation. The rise, however, was not equal over the whole region, for the rocks of what is now the valley of the Esk remained more or less at their former level, and formed the great syncline or trough of the Midlothian coal field. This was fortunate for us, as this field produces, on an average, about two million tons of coal per annum, and the reserves are sufficient to maintain a similar output for many generations. A further result was that the beds immediately to the west of the valley were folded at a very steep angle, becoming in some places vertical or even reversed, and the strain was so intense as to cause the powerful dislocation known as the Great Pentland Fault. The rocks of Arthur's Seat also, somewhat further west, contracted a dip of from 20 to 30 degrees to the east or north of east. The consequence was, that these rocks at their western extremity were exposed to intense denudation, their truncated edges forming escarpments, and towards the east they formed gentle dip-slopes, which finally plunged below the sedimentary beds, here known as the Abbeyhill Shales. On the advent of the Glacial Period the great ice-sheet, coming from the west, scooped out the débris from the front of the escarpments, and deposited it on and at the foot of the dip-slopes, thus completing the Crag and Tail formation characteristic of Arthur's Seat, and other isolated volcanic hills of the Lothians. Owing to the processes enumerated above, the aspect of the hill varies very much when seen from different points. The view from the north (Regent Road), is very striking, as the escarpments and dip-slopes are seen in profile. From the north-east or east (Portobello or Inveresk) it

is rather tame, as we see little but the dip-slopes. From the south (Craigmillar), it is bold and rugged, but not at all lion-like. From the south-west (Braid Hills) it is the finest of all, as we face most of the steep escarpments, and the outline is that of a veritable Lion Couchant, which surpasses in grandeur and dignity the productions, in that way, of Landseer or any other artist.

The Cairngorm Club

## In Memoriam :

HENRY KELLAS.

MANY members of the Club will have learned with regret of the death of Mr. Henry Kellas, advocate, Aberdeen, (of the firm of Messrs. Gray and Kellas), which took place at Braemar on 4th July. Mr. Kellas was spending a holiday at Braemar, when he was seized with illness, and he succumbed somewhat suddenly after being laid aside for only a few days. He was a son of a well-known and highly respected citizen of Aberdeen, the late Mr. James F. Kellas, superintendent for many years of the Local Marine Board, and he was fifty-two years of age. He was a brother of the late Dr. A. M. Kellas, who died in Tibet two years ago, while with the Mount Everest Expedition.

Like his brother, Mr. Henry Kellas had a great love for hill-climbing, and his holidays were generally spent in some mountaineering district in his own country or on the Continent. This love began in early life, for in the first volume of the *C. C. Journal* there is a note on "Camping Out on the Cairngorms" contributed by the two brothers, which opens with the statement that "In 1883 the mountains had definitely laid their wonderful fascination over us after an ascent of Mount Keen," at which date Henry Kellas could have been only twelve years old. He became a member of the Club in 1895, and was an occasional contributor to our pages. An account of an ascent of Ben Alder at the Easter Meet of 1910 was from his pen, and he was joint author with Mr. James Gray Kyd of an article on "The Corryairick and Minikaig Passes," which appeared in the January



1915 number of the *Journal*. He was one of the party of five who, in 1908, accomplished the feat of climbing the six highest Cairngorms in one day. Some years ago he made the ascent of Mont Blanc from Chamounix. A Braemar correspondent records that he was fond of the mountain solitude and made many long tramps among the hills. About eighteen months before his death he left Braemar in the early morning and travelled through Mar Forest to the Perthshire march, intending to return down the Baddoch. The hills were heavily covered with snow, however, and he lost his way. He found his bearings near the Spital of Glenshee and returned to Braemar by the Cairnwell—"a good day's tramp," as the correspondent very properly remarked.

Than Mr. Kellas there were few men more attractive and delightful as a companion in a mountaineering expedition. Gay and vivacious, he became the life and soul of any party he joined; and one can readily endorse the eulogy which appeared in the local press:—"Of spare build, Mr. Kellas was extraordinarily active in his movements, so that he could cover long distances as fast as any other climber. He never seemed to be in a hurry, and never seemed to be excited, but was always in good humour, and, of estimable personal qualities, was the best of companions upon a hill expedition."

### JOHN RITCHIE, M.A., LL.B.

IT is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Mr. John Ritchie, Sheriff-Clerk of Perthshire, which took place on 3rd May at his residence, Rockbank, Kinnoull, Perth. A member of the Club for about twenty years, and a frequent contributor to the earlier volumes of the *Journal*,\* he was compelled, on medical advice, to give up climbing some time ago. He was 59 years of age.

\* See "The Ben Uarns" (July 1902), "Glas Thulachan" and "A Summer Night on Beinn a' Ghlo" (January 1904), "Cat Law" (January 1906), and "Beinn Heasgarnich and Others" (January 1907).

John Ritchie was a man of wide sympathy and varied interests, respected in his profession and the community, and there is hardly a branch of the public service, religious, social or philanthropic of his native city, in which he has not at one time or another been actively engaged. He was a most successful and popular lecturer, a gifted conversationalist fond of telling a good story, and he bubbled over with a rare fund of quiet pawky humour. He was a man of many parts, widely read and travelled, a keen photographer, a life-long student of ecclesiastical architecture, in pursuance of which he wandered through the length and breadth of our own country and France, and he had amassed a wonderful collection of photographs and lantern slides on the subject. He also formed a complete photographic record of every scrap of pre-Reformation church architecture in Perthshire.

About twenty years ago, Mr. Ritchie executed a sketch of the mountains seen from the north slope of Kinnoull Hill, above Perth, and had it erected on a stand there. This has proved a constant source of interest to citizens and visitors alike. But, over and above all, he was a most genial and delightful companion on the hillside, and to those of us who were privileged to know him and to wander in his company day after day through the lonely places, his memory will live, and ever refresh us as a breath from his own loved moorlands.

W.B.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

### NEW YEAR MEET, 1923—BRAEMAR.

THE New Year (1923) Meet was held at Braemar, from Friday, 28th December, to Monday, 1st January. The following members were present:—Dr. J. R. Levack (President), Dr. J. L. McIntyre, Dr. I. S. Stewart, Messrs H. J. Butchart, D. S. P. Douglas, G. Duncan, W. Garden, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, J. McCoss, J. Murray, J. A. Nicol, J. A. Parker, E. Reid, W. A. Reid, C. P. Robb, M. J. Robb, R. T. Sellar; and as guests—Dr. J. F. Tocher and Mr. H. Reid—a total of twenty. Ten of the above are also members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and two are members of the Alpine Club.

On the opening day of the Meet (Friday), two members and a guest, who had travelled by the 8.5 a.m. train, enjoyed a short preliminary climb near the Lion's Face in clear frosty weather. In the evening conditions were still very promising, and the company, which had increased to ten, decided on Ben Muich Dhui for Saturday's excursion. Early next morning, however, as has happened before at New Year, the weather was entirely different, being so boisterous and wet that the only possibilities seemed ascents of Craig Coinnich or Morrone. Messrs G. Duncan and W. A. Reid contented themselves with the less severe alternative, while a party of eight decided on Morrone. The route selected was by the gully on the east face, which was found to contain plenty of snow, for the most part fairly soft. As the party ascended, the sleet turned into snow and mist was soon entered. This became more dense, and at the top of the gully it was necessary to steer by compass for the cairn. On the plateau the snow was hard in only few places, and the weather was very rough and intensely cold. After visiting the cairn the party divided. The President, accompanied by Dr. Tocher and J. W. Levack, crossed the north peak and descended to Corriemulzie, while Drs. McIntyre and Stewart and Messrs D. P. Levack, Nicol and Sellar found their way by compass along the ridges, crossed Carn More and descended to Glen Ey. The snow on the north slopes of both hills was in quite good order and some glissading was available. In the evening the weather hardened and the Inverey road was covered with an almost unbroken sheet of ice.

On Sunday morning at nine, a party consisting of Dr. McIntyre and Messrs Butchart, Garden, McCoss, Murray, Nicol, Parker, C. P. Robb, M. J. Robb, and Sellar set off for Beinn a' Bhuid. After crossing the Dee by the ferry in relays, the party took the usual

route through the wood for the Sluga Glen. The snow was found to be fairly deep well below the 2,000 feet line. On the slope down to the Quoich a short halt was made for a discussion as to the route, some of the members being in favour of a snow climb in one of the corries. As the conditions for this did not seem favourable, it was decided to cross the Quoich and ascend to the south top by the ordinary route. The snow was soft and occasionally more than knee-deep, so that the steeper portions of the climb were by no means easy. At 2,600 feet, however, the going was much better, large patches of old snow in fine order being met with. At a few hundred feet below the cairn a halt was made for lunch in a rather exposed place. The cold was severe, and members who were not wearing gloves found it quite painful. After visiting the cairn in cloud a descent was made much further to the south in order to return by the Quoich valley. Glissading, unfortunately, was impossible although numerous attempts were made. Fine views were obtained of the neighbouring hills and of more distant ones, such as Beinn a' Ghlo. The time taken to reach the south top was four-and-a-half hours, while the whole excursion occupied eight hours, or very nearly schedule time for the eighteen miles in summer.

At 10 a.m. on the same day, the President, Drs. Stewart and Tocher, Messrs Douglas, Duncan, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, E. Reid, H. Reid, and W. A. Reid left in a brake for Loch Callater. The loch was frozen over and a good deal of snow was lying even on the lower slopes (about 1630 feet). The party proceeded to Corrie Kander through snow which was often nearly knee-deep. All the gullies were full of snow and the well-known one with the rock, on this occasion covered with blue and green ice, was chosen for the climb. Messrs G. Duncan and W. A. Reid returned to Callater, and the remainder ascended the gully; J. W. Levack alone, and the others roped in two parties. The snow was very soft at first but later improved. Near the top some step-cutting was necessary, while the last bit was mostly gravel and ice and had to be taken with care. Shortly after the hard snow on the plateau was reached, mist came down and gradually became more dense but not before the party had enjoyed some very beautiful sunset effects. Without visiting the cairn on Carn Turk the members followed the ridge and descended to Callater, finding the going very stiff at several points.

On Monday, which was an exceptionally clear day, Dr. McIntyre and Messrs Murray, Nicol and Parker motored along the icy road to Inverey and ascended Carn Bhac. The party made good time, finding much less snow than they expected in Glen Connie, and reached the higher top at 1 o'clock. The snow was hard on the upper slopes and the leader had to kick steps near the summit. After visiting the other top (3014 feet) the party returned by the

same route. Carn Bhac is an excellent view-point. It is seldom visited although 3,098 feet in height and only about five miles from Inverey.

On the same day, Messrs Butchart, Garden, McCoss, C. P. and M. J. Robb motored about a mile beyond Glen Cluny Lodge with several stops to admire the really excellent views of the Cairngorms. It was intended to get the car much farther, but the snow was too deep three miles below the summit. After H. J. Butchart had instructed two of the party in the first steps of skiing, a start was made for the top. The novices managed to get up with few tumbles, except when short runs were attempted. They afterwards negotiated a very enjoyable slow run down to the car. H. J. Butchart tried the higher slopes but found the snow conditions quite unsuitable.

On Monday members not mentioned in the above excursions ascended Craig Coinnich, where some photographs were taken by Dr. Stewart.

The Meet was greatly enjoyed by everyone present, and was considered to be one of the most successful ever held by the Club. It is most satisfactory to get two really good climbing days at a New Year Meet, and very unusual to get such a brilliant day as the Monday, when the views of distant hills were superb. The Carn Bhac party never experienced such a fine view of the Cairngorms in winter before, and the glimpse of Glen Tilt in a deep Swiss blue sky background was alone worth going a long way to see. On Sunday and Monday evenings the reflected sunset tints on the snow, rose pink to mauve, were seen and admired by all the parties. During the Meet several large herds of deer were seen. The skiing party saw quite a variety of wild life near the road, and noticed during the return a pack of grouse being pursued by an eagle.

MARSHALL J. ROBB.

#### EASTER MEET, 1923—TYNDRUM.

THE Easter Meet of the Club, at Tyndrum, Perthshire, from Friday 30th March, to Monday, 2nd April, though not a large one, was voted highly successful by all members present. Some S.M.C. members and other visitors made a very good hotel party. Members present were the President, Dr. Levack, Messrs. W. Garden, J. Gray Kyd, Dr. J. L. McIntyre, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, E. B. Reid and his guest, G. A. Laing, and Dr. J. Sellar.

On Friday, 30th March, Reid, Laing, Sellar, and McIntyre made an ascent of Ben Doireann (3523 ft.) The weather was thick, and mist very low, so that no view was obtained. Nothing notable occurred in the climb, and the party returned to the hotel, having justified their existence as mountaineers.

On Saturday, 31st March, the party was joined by Dr. Levack, Messrs. W. Garden, D. P. Levack, and J. W. Levack. The whole party, together with some S.M.C. friends, motored to Falls of Cruachan, and climbed Meall Cunail, the main top of Ben Cruachan, and Stob Dearg. The weather was very thick, with a strong wind from the N.W. At the col, between Meall Cunail and the main top, the party lunched, and shortly after began the ascent of the main top. Two visitors overtook the party, anxious to get to the top, but ignorant of the use of compass and map. They were shown the use of both, and the whole party reached the summit of Ben Cruachan, in dense mist and a gale of wind. Here the President, J. W. Levack, and J. L. McIntyre left the rest of the party, and with the two visitors, began the descent to the col, using compass and map constantly. The remainder traversed the ridge to Stob Dearg, and returned later to the main top. Considerable difficulty was experienced in descending the main ridge, but eventually the party emerged from the mist, and dropped down to the falls of Cruachan, and met the President and his party at Loch Awe Hotel, to which they had walked. Here tea was provided, and the whole party returned to Tyndrum, some by rail, others by motor.

On Sunday, 1st April, the bad weather justified a day off.

On Monday, 2nd April, the President, Messrs. D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, Dr. Sellar and Dr. McIntyre, made an attempt on Ben Lui. Dr. Sellar and Mr. McIntyre went as far as the snow line on the corrie. The others attempted an ascent of the snow slopes, but abandoned it, as avalanche snow had come down and was still coming down from the slopes above, hidden in thick mist.

The weather throughout the week-end was very disappointing. A high wind, bitterly cold, together with snow on the hills and rain below, made climbing somewhat unpleasant.

D. P. LEVACK.

#### EXCURSION, MAY 1923—BENAQUHALLIE.

THE Club had a very pleasant excursion to Benaquhallie\* on 7th May, the Aberdeen spring holiday. The day was an ideal one for a hill tramp. A strong N.W. wind blew, and the alternate cloud and sunshine kept the views constantly changing. The party left town by the morning train, and took to the hill at once on arrival at Tillyfourie station. Benaquhallie, as no doubt most members of the Club know, is the westmost top of the Corrennie Forest Group, which consists of the White Hill, the Green Hill, the Red Hill, and Benaquhallie. After passing through a fir and spruce plantation,

\* In local writings, sometimes Ben-na-caillich, probably representing Beinn a' choillich, "Hill of the (grouse) cock."

and toiling through some rather long heather, the high ground between the White and Green Hills was reached, and eventually a very good path, coming from the east side, led the party to the top of the Green Hill (1,607 feet). From here to the top of the Red Hill was an easy bit of going, and the views on all sides were wide and interesting. Down on the right lay the fertile and peaceful Vale of Alford, with the woods of Haughton and Tonley making a pleasant break in the agricultural land. Due east could be seen such familiar landmarks as the Barmekin of Echt and Brimmond Hill, and, in the immediate vicinity, the great shapeless plateau of the Hill o' Fare. Away south the eye was arrested by the ubiquitous Cloch-na-Ben and Mount Battock, while, straight ahead, the familiar forms of Mount Keen, Lochnagar, and the Braemar giants north of the Dee stood out in all their whiteness. A very striking feature was the glimpses of the Dee in the neighbourhood of Aboyne. Morven, Leadlich, and Mortlich were prominent points in the middle distance, while the foreground of heather-slope and stretching woodland and field completed a very varied and exhaustive picture. From the Red Hill a slight descent was made to the dip between it and Benaquhallie, and here, in a dry ditch, and near what is one of the sources of the Beltie, the party lunched in perfect comfort, immune from the strong headwind which had now reached the strength of half a gale. Fortified by the repast, the party made the last ascent, which brought them out at the cairn on Benaquhallie (1,621 ft). The cairn is a prominent point for miles round. It consists of a huge square, built of stone, and is the size of a moderately large crofter's house. Why it has assumed these dimensions cannot be explained, but it afforded the company an excellent shelter from a sharp blast of hailstones. Those more daring spirits who ventured on top took all their time to keep their feet. The view from this top was practically identical with that from the Red Hill. A quick descent was made to the farm of Upper Broomhill, and from there the road was followed to the main road to Tarland. That road was crossed, and the Torphins road then led the party to a point on the Beltie Burn opposite Findrack where it was crossed by a small footbridge, and the climbers, nothing daunted with their previous efforts, next traversed the west top of Learney Hill, and so, over fields and the Torphins Golf Course, to the Learney Arms, where a most enjoyable "high tea" was served. The party reached the city about 8 p.m., after a most exhilarating and by no means over-fatiguing day, the distance covered having been only about ten miles.

W.G.

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A Saturday afternoon excursion to Ben Aigan took place on 23rd June.

## NOTES.

THE Scottish Rights of Way Society, which had become practically inoperative of recent years, has just been revived. It is the lineal descendant of a society formed seventy years ago, at the time of the dispute about the right of way through Glen Tilt. That society held its final meeting about 1883, when a new society (the present one) was formed, which was speedily engaged in the Glen Doll case. To this society we owe the definite mapping of many rights of way and their indication by sign-boards and guide posts. It was also instrumental in securing the insertion in the Scottish Local Government Act of 1894 of provisions empowering the local bodies created under that Act, under certain conditions, to keep open, protect, and maintain rights of way. Probably the public protection of rights of way thus secured has tended to lessen the activities of the private society, but these activities have been aroused within the past year or two by the fresh dangers arising from the development of electricity power in the Highlands. The Lochaber Water Power Bill and the Grampian Electricity Supply Bill contained clauses which would have closed rights of way, but the Rights of Way Society was instrumental in obtaining substitutes for the roads to be submerged. Other proposals for tapping Highland lochs and streams for electricity purposes are likely to be made, but as County and Parish Councils are not always sufficiently active in exercising their powers in relation to rights of way, the Society deems it necessary to keep a watchful eye upon all questions of rights of way in Scotland. Hence the virtual resuscitation of the Society and the appeal now being made for an accession of new members.

THE once familiar topic of "access to mountains" is recalled by the revival of the Rights of Way Society, which is a reminder that there are rights of way still to be maintained and defended. Advocacy of free access to mountains, however, is to-day less keen and strenuous and much less acrimonious than it was a generation ago. Probably the numerous meets of our own and other mountaineering clubs and the comparative readiness with which permission



to range over private territory is accorded by land-owners have had the effect of obscuring the fact that access to mountains in Scotland is yet very far from being a public right. Possibly also they have contributed to the disappearance—or, at least, to the greatly diminished manifestation—of the antagonistic and bitter feeling which the restrictions on public access formerly provoked. That this feeling is by no means extinct, however, and that the subject of access to mountains may yet become a “burning question” are very emphatically demonstrated in the introductory chapter to Dr. Baker’s work on “The Highlands with Rope and Rucksack” which is elsewhere noticed in this number of the *Journal*. Dr. Baker protests vigorously against the exclusive possession of the Highlands, “the wildest and most picturesque region in the British Isles,” by a few landed proprietors. “The Scottish Highlands,” he says, “are the Alpine region of Britain; but, while the Alps have in the natural course of events become the playground of Europe, the Highlands have been allowed to fall into the hands of a class who seem incompetent to appreciate their grandeur and beauty, and have done their best to shut out the remainder of the human race by turning them into a huge game preserve.” It is a strong indictment, but, unfortunately, it can be only too well established. The creation of deer forests—quite a modern proceeding—has shut out the public from the mountains, although, in the early decades of last century and before, the mountains and moorlands of Scotland were as free and open as the seashore. Dr. Baker cites numerous instances where this has occurred, one of the latest and most striking being the following:—“Buchaille Etive, on whose tremendous face is the best rock-climb in Scotland, has, since the fame of that climb reached the ears of its proprietor, been denied to the scrambler, like the neighbouring peaks of Black Mount Forest.” Dr. Baker discusses the deer forest question in its various aspects, quoting extensively from the reports of Commissions and Departmental Committees, and he also deals, though very briefly, with the economic issues of Highland depopulation. His whole introductory chapter is well worth careful perusal and study.

A NEW edition of the Ordnance Survey map of the Cairngorms (see *C.C.J.*, x, 229) has just been published. As the first issue of the

map was a fairly large one, it is evident that the publication of the map has been greatly appreciated by the public. The new edition contains a few alterations. The title is now spelled in one word; the Club bridge over the Beinne is named: and there should now be no risk of strangers going up to the “Stag Hotel” for rooms, etc., as it has been marked “Lodge.”

A CORRESPONDENT writes: Many hillmen are at the same time natural scientists and bring with them geological, botanical, and other records. One wonders whether some such

HOLLY ON THE HILLS. may have notes as to the occurrence and altitude of the Common Holly (*Ilex Aquifolium*) on our high grounds and an opinion as to its place as indigenous or not in the north-east. Hooker, who accepts it as a native "though often planted," says that it ascends 1000 ft. in the Highlands, and Dr. William Macgillivray, in his "Natural History of Deeside," speaks of a tree (not previously seen in that part of the country) on the precipice on the north side of Sgoran-Fhidich on Culblean. Dickie gives its range as from 200-1,500 ft., but he seems unwilling to consider it indigenous. "It has certainly never been planted near the head of Corrie Rath (north side of Mount Keen), yet it is easy to understand how it may have come there by the agency of birds." Dr. Francis Adams told Professor Dickie that "in the woods of Glassel thousands of young plants spring up naturally." Many who know the woods about Tilquhillie, Inchmarlo, Glassel, and Cairnton will testify to the abundance of holly in that area and to its natural dispersal and apparent nativeness.

## REVIEWS.

THE HIGHLANDS WITH ROPE AND RUCKSACK. By Ernest A. Baker, D.Lit., M.A. London: H. F. and G. Witherby. Pp. 253.

12/6 net.—As may be gauged from its title, this CLIMBING work is descriptive of walks and climbs in the IN THE Scottish Highlands. It was in a sense begun, the HIGHLANDS. author says, more than twenty-five years ago, not long after his first visit to the Highlands, and it embodies “the fugitive records of rambles and climbs and haphazard holidays from that day to this.” All through the work Dr. Baker shows himself to be an ardent mountaineer. His early experiences are of sheer “tramping,” but he took to rock-climbing, and has evidently become a devotee of this higher form of mountaineering. “Rock-climbing,” he says, “is not a mere athletic sport appealing to animal sensibilities and the delight of struggle and accomplishment. It has a deeper attraction. To wrestle with the crags that frown on the cautious pedestrian, to force a way with body and limb up buttress, gully, and pinnacle, is to penetrate into the inmost sanctuary, to know the mountains as they really are, and to acquire a more profound sense of their beauty and simplicity.” The spirit of this passage animates the whole book. It is not a mere record of climbs made, with details of the unfavourable conditions and difficulties encountered—bad weather, precipitous rock-faces, uncouth gullies and chimneys, and so on. Incidents of the climbs such as these are narrated, and very graphically narrated, it is true, but Dr. Baker has an eye for scenic effect and mountain sublimity, and he can not only vividly describe the view from a mountain-top, but also visualise for us the impressions produced by the view. The volume is a fascinating one, and presents what is perhaps the most comprehensive survey of the Scottish Highlands as mountaineering ground extant.

The work consists of half a dozen chapters, exclusive of the introductory chapter, to which reference is made in our Notes. The first chapter, “From Lorne to Lochaber,” deals with ascents of Ben Cruachan, Ben Nevis, and Stob Dearg—Dr. Baker accompanied the brothers Abraham in the first complete ascent of the Crowberry Ridge, “often rated as the finest rock-climb north of the English

Lakes." The next chapter, "In the Cairngorms," is the longest in the book, and recounts various wanderings in the Cairngorm region. Dr. Baker, by the way, was a contributor to some of the early volumes of our *Journal*, and portions of his articles are incorporated in this chapter. In his preface he acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. A. I. McConnochie for useful information, and sundry allusions in the text plainly reveal that Mr. McConnochie was his companion on several occasions. Much of the descriptive matter in this Cairngorm chapter will be familiar to many members of the Club; perhaps the most novel and interesting item is the account of a climb of Sgor Ghaoith from Glen Eunach. "Across the Backbone of Scotland" deals with a walk from Beauly to Loch Duich and an ascent of Ben Fhada (Ben Attow it is more commonly called). The titles of the next two chapters, "In Western Ross" and "Footing it in Skye," sufficiently indicate their purport. We are inclined to think the Western Ross chapter the most graphic in the book; it certainly best reveals the equanimity of the author in mist and bad weather, of both of which he seems to have had a large share in all his excursions. The concluding chapter, "A Scramble in Arran," describes the climb of the Ben Nuis Chimney—most difficult and hazardous; even experienced mountaineers will be disposed to regard it as "fearsome." So far as can be ascertained, says Dr. Baker, this ascent has never been essayed by any other climbers.

We can heartily and confidently commend Dr. Baker's book to our readers and to all mountaineers.

R. A.

THE DEER AND DEER FORESTS of Scotland: Historical, Descriptive, Sporting. By Alexander Inkson McConnochie. London:

H. F. and G. Witherby. 25/- net.—Mr. McConnochie, the first secretary of the Cairngorm Club and first editor of the *Journal*, has devoted much attention and study during recent years to deer forests and

deer stalking, and his expert knowledge on these subjects is abundantly manifest in this handsome volume. It is a valuable addition to the literature of field sports, and must be classed besides as an authoritative book on deer forests. After a survey of the history of Scottish deer forests from the earliest times, Mr. McConnochie furnishes a detailed list of all the existing forests, with notes on their extent and character, including particulars about the yield of stags, their average weight, and the spread of their antlers. The deer forest area in Scotland, it seems, comprises  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million acres—over a million acres more than at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which is due, of course, to the extraordinary revival of the sport of deer stalking that took place in that century. Mar

Forest is still the largest deer forest in the country, having an area of 87,196 acres, and it is followed by Reay, 76,000 acres, and Blackmount, 74,000 acres; the smallest forest is Amat, 768 acres. Mr. McConnochie writes with intimate personal knowledge, having visited nearly every forest mentioned and derived information from deer forest owners, stalkers, and gillies. A delightful chapter, "Days in the Forest," is devoted to personal experiences of the author and of stalkers and others, and is full of stories of exciting adventures and incidents; and the final chapter on "Poaching" is hardly less entertaining. The book is beautifully illustrated.

DOE CRAGS AND CLIMBS ROUND CONISTON: A Climber's Guide. By George S. Bower. Pp. 47. 2/3 (post free).—This is a

reprint of an article which appeared in the last number of the *Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal*, and is now published separately as the first of a series of climbers' guides which the Committee of the Club intends issuing—a series

which will eventually furnish a complete guide to the rock climbs in Lakeland, as far as that is practically possible. The Committee is to be congratulated on its enterprise. As an illustration of the detrimental effects of the present high prices for all publishing work, it may be mentioned that, owing to the very heavy cost of reproduction, the Committee was unable to carry out its intention to publish with this Guide a corrected map of the Coniston Climbing District.

IN the opening article of the April number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* Mr. James A. Parker describes a

ridge on Beinn a' Bhuid to which he gives the name of "The Mitre Ridge" because, as seen from a certain point, it shows two peaks of nearly equal height. The ridge is 600 feet high, the east face consisting of great unclimbable slabs and the west face being a great and almost vertical precipice.

There are four well-defined pitches, however, and these are described in some detail. It is a question whether the ridge can be climbed, but Mr. Parker declares emphatically that it will be a magnificent climb—if ever accomplished. Mr. Walter A. Smith contributes an exceedingly pleasant account of "A Week-End Hill Tramp in Three Counties." The party consisted of four, and their route, starting from Ballinluig, was to cross, by hill paths, the comparatively low moorlands separating the valleys of the Tay, Strathardle, Glen Shee and Glen Isla, and from the head of Glen Isla find their way over the high mountains between that and Braemar, and finally to walk to Blair Atholl by the Dee and the Tilt. By this route they traversed the Monega Pass, a very ancient

path over the hills from the head of Glen Isla to Glen Clunie, which is believed, Mr. Smith says, to be the highest of the recognised hill paths in Scotland, as it crosses the heights at rather over the 3,300 feet level quite a short way east of the summit of Glas Maol, where the counties of Perth, Forfar and Aberdeen meet. Of the other articles in the number the most important is one on "The Relative Heights of the Cuillin Peaks."

THE number of the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* for 1922 opens with a long and detailed account of "Doe Crags and Climbs around Coniston," by George S. Bower, the "FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB JOURNAL." publication of which as a separate pamphlet has just been mentioned. "Climbs are here in profusion, and of all degrees and types of difficulty," we are told, it being added that "the highest ideals of exponents of 'Scotch navigation' are realised in a certain gully of which it is unnecessary to give the name." The accompanying illustrations enable us to understand why so many of the climbs are labelled "severe," "excessively severe," and "very difficult." Other papers describe other climbs in the English Lake district, and there is a charming article on "Lake Country Inns and Innkeepers," the author of which, a lady, deplors the gradual effacement of the old-fashioned inns and the substitution of palatial hotels, these "traitorous inns" having sold their birthrights, "not for messes of pottage, but for six-course dinners and plush upholstered lounges." The wider range of climbing is represented by articles on "The Dolomites" and "The Puig Mayor, Majorca."

THE Rucksack Club (originally titled the Manchester Rucksack Club) was founded in October 1902, and it is only natural therefore that the volume of the Club's *Journal* for the present year should open with an article on "The Coming-of-Age of the Club." The Club started with a membership of 61, and 20 of these still remain members. The total membership is now 174. Professor Harold B. Dixon was the first President, and he is again President in this year of the coming-of-age. The Club is to be heartily congratulated on the work it has accomplished (duly recorded in the article) and on its continued vitality. This vitality is well manifested in the present number of the *Journal*, which has a large number of interesting and well-written articles. Scottish readers will be attracted by those on Ben Eighe and Misty Days on An Teallach; but there are accounts of walks and climbs in England and on the Continent as well. We may single out for special notice "A Long Circuit of the Fells" by Eustace Thomas, and "Dartmoor from North to South" by J. H. Entwisle.

JUDGING from the *Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa* for 1922, the members of the Club find ample scope for their

energies and are ever discovering new climbs which yield plenty adventure and interesting results. An article on "Jan Dutoit's Kloof" describes how a party of mountaineers investigated a new route which was understood to be over almost entirely virgin ground, and coming on a rock at one point which looked as if it were to prove an insurmountable barrier, were surprised to find that a rude ladder had been fastened to the face of the rock—a sure indication, of course, that they were not the first who had ventured into the region. In "Groot Hoek Kloof and Surrounding Peaks" we have another account of an adventurous excursion into unfrequented parts, which involved more than one crossing through icy-cold water. A third article, "M'thlapetsi," deals with an excursion to the district of that name, situated in the Northern Drakensbergen, hitherto much neglected by mountaineers, but declared by the writer of this article to be the grandest and the most enchanting Alpine region within the confines of South Africa.

WE have received copy of a chart of the "Panorama seen from Falkland Hill (East Lomond)," executed by Mr. John S. Ramsay for the Kirkcaldy Naturalists' Society. Falkland Hill

FALKLAND HILL PANORAMA. is 1471 feet high, and an extensive view is obtained from its summit, particularly to west and north—a view which includes the Cairngorms and Lochnagar. Mr. Ramsay, we understand, has been studying for quarter of a century mountain views seen from Central Scotland, and has constructed many charts for his own pleasure. A number of these charts were exhibited for several months in the rooms in Edinburgh of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

THERE is an interesting article on "Scottish Canals and Waterways," by Mr. H. M. Cadell, in the April number of the

SCOTTISH CANALS AND WATERWAYS. *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, based on the recently-published work of Mr. Edwin A. Pratt on the subject. The chief canals are now the Caledonian Canal and the Crinan Canal, the Forth and Clyde Canal having been practically killed by the railways and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Union Canal having been a failure from the beginning. The Caledonian and Crinan Canals were projected with the idea that they would prove potent factors in the development of the Highlands, stem a rising tide of emigration and prevent the depopulation of the regions through which they were constructed. These hopes were not realised, and

the utility of the canals otherwise has always been open to criticism. The two waterways have proved exceedingly expensive both to make and to keep in operation, and they have been far from remunerative. The problem of their retention is raised periodically, particularly when proposals are made for their improvement, or even for the expenditure necessary to retain them as going concerns. Mr. Cadell thinks that the construction of a new and larger Crinan Canal is the most feasible of all the recent canal proposals in Scotland. It is of high importance to the poor inhabitants of the Outer Hebrides and the West Highlands, he says, to have a short and safe steamship connection with the Clyde; and the summer passenger and tourist traffic is also an important consideration. As to the Caledonian Canal, he thinks its reconstruction and enlargement are worthy of consideration, and he seems to favour a recent project for its reconstruction as a ship canal, a lower waterway being formed on the level of Loch Ness, which would save nearly all the locks. This scheme comes into rivalry with the proposed Forth and Clyde Ship Canal, and Mr. Cadell discusses this latter project in detail, along with the alternative Loch Lomond route, dealing also with the expenditure which would be involved and the probable revenue. His conclusion is that the proposed Forth and Clyde Ship Canal is absolutely impracticable, but of the two routes that by Loch Lomond is the least objectionable. The interest in his article, however, lies in his massing of facts and figures and arguments relative to the various canal projects, which makes it most serviceable for present and future reference.



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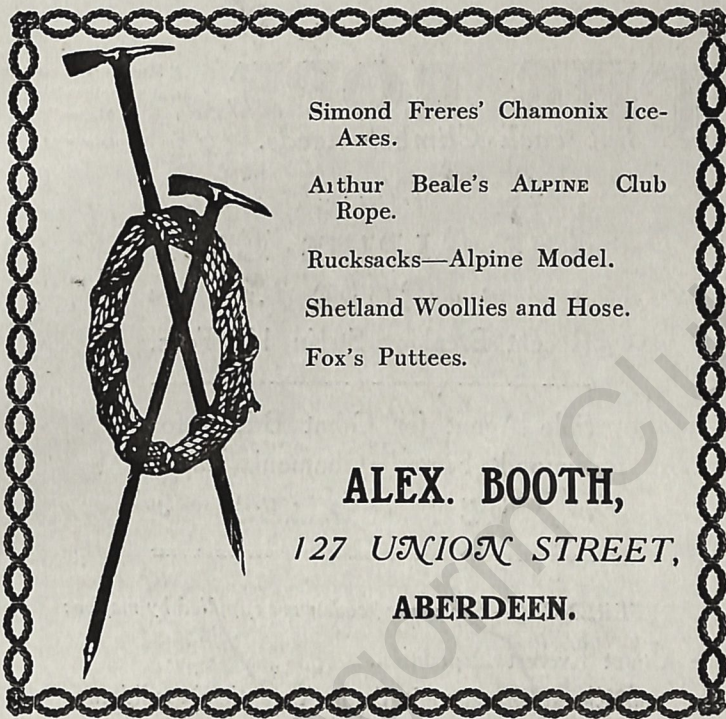
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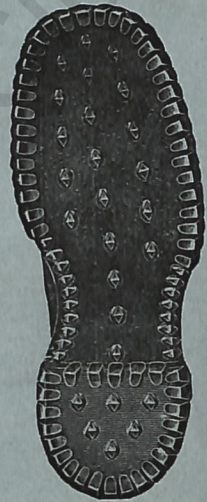
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