

Vol. XI.

September, 1924.

No. 62.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY
HENRY ALEXANDER.

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ISSUED ONCE A YEAR.

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PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Owing to the heavy cost of printing the Committee of the Club have reluctantly been compelled to suspend for the present the mid-winter issue of the Journal, and the present number is therefore an annual one. It is, however, substantially larger than the former half-yearly issues.

The manuscripts relating to the Cairngorm Club Journal, which were in the possession of the late Mr. Robert Anderson, having been accidentally lost in dealing with his papers, the present Editor has not been able to ascertain what contributions were in hand for this issue. Two were kindly re-written by contributors, whose names were discovered, and they appear here, but there may have been other articles and illustrations in readiness, and the Editor will be glad if those who sent them will communicate with him.

Contributions for the next issue should be sent to the Editor,
11, Riverside Crescent, Aberdeen. Notes however brief may



“DEESIDE IN SPRING”: PAINTED BY T. A. MACKINTOSH.

This picture, in which Lochnagar is the prominent feature, was shown at the recent Exhibition of the Aberdeen Artists' Society and is reproduced here by permission of the artist, whose local landscapes have for a number of years been among the appreciated amateur studies at the Exhibition.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1924.

No. 62.

THE CROWNING OF LOCHNAGAR.

BY THE REV. S. J. RAMSAY SIBBALD, M.V.O., B.D.

IT was a royal day for the royal mountain, and she knew it (I have always thought of Lochnagar as *She*, the Queen of Scottish Mountains)—she knew it, and arrayed herself in a coronation robe of filmy haze that clung about her shoulders till the sportive breeze, that played tricks with the garb of her attendant courtiers, stripped it away and left her unveiled, as the ancient ritual prescribes that sovereigns on such an occasion should be, for the crowning ceremony.

Never had monarch so devoted a company of loyal subjects as those who came from far and near to be present at the historic scene. City and village, town and country, sent their representatives—the motherland and the lands beyond the sea; “bright youth and snow-crowned age” were there, “strong men and maidens meek”; those who reached the summit for the first time, and those who will never reach it again. A happy company, and reverent withal, as those who awaited the performance of a solemn rite in Nature’s Abbey, venerable and vast. No “storied windows richly dight,” of course, but colour was not wanting—over there a streak of silver from the river, and there a patch of orange-yellow from the sawdust heaps at Keiloch, and there again the red of

Crathie Church roof, and green of every shade from field and forest, and here and there the purple of some precocious bit of bell heather ; all just subdued a little by the haze, as if nature would produce a " dim religious light " befitting the event.

The coronation of kings is regulated to the finest detail by statutes of great antiquity ; not so the crowning of a mountain. It has a procedure of its own. The proclamation had set forth that She would wear her crown, suitably veiled, during seven long nights and days, during which her lieges were warned to beware of trespassing on her solemn vigil. This ended, the veils had been removed, doubtless with becoming ceremony, and the crown enshrouded in the folds of the Scottish Standard, girt about with a ribbon of Royal Stuart tartan. There is no precedent for this ; " precedents ! " said a statesman once, "*we* make precedents." The Cairngorm Club was prescribing ritual, not following it . . . The hour approached ; the chief ministrants in the solemn office took their places ; the right things were said in the right way ; the ceremonial scissors deftly severed the silken ribbon ; the covering flag was withdrawn, and the crown unveiled. Away deep down in the heart of her (for if mountains have heads and feet and sides, and breasts and backs, and even necks and noses, be assured they have hearts) one can imagine how she thrilled as the cheer went up that acclaimed her a crowned Queen !

Some crowns are epitomes of history ; their jewels are the spoils of empires : they bear memories

" Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

The crown of Lochnagar is an epitome of geography ; each ray fixes some point, distant or near, and in each direction the imagination is launched to wing its flight " o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent " ; southward to the rolling Cheviots, northward to Ben Armine, westward to Ben Nevis, and eastward to the sea, " wi' mony a hill

between." Can anyone challenge the coronation of a queen who thus commands the length and breadth of the land?

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

It was in no spirit of disloyalty to the gracious occupant of the throne of these realms that on territory doubly his we had crowned the mountain Queen; and she would not grudge "a health unto His Majesty." Perhaps someone ought to have raised "I to the hills" or "Dark Lochnagar"; but "God Save the King" was "our bounden duty," and we sang it lustily in an appropriately, if somewhat perilously, high key, and surmounted the top note with an energy undiminished by the toils of the Ladder or the strenuous passage of the Black Spout.

"Well, this is the end of a perfect day!"—said or sang more than one as the goodly company, in twos and threes, sought again "the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes." And so everybody thought. But the end was not yet; no coronation could be complete without its grand review. Nature had made her own preparations for that. Up from the southeast came sailing the stormclouds, giant battleships of the sky, "like leviathans afloat." Far off, behind the darkened hills, the first signal flashed; and then all along the line crashed forth the salvos of heaven's artillery. Great guns that had been silent for twenty years, so said the experts, were charged and discharged with deafening rapidity; flash succeeded flash in such swift succession that it became impossible to say to which of them each crash corresponded; and woe betide any luckless stragglers who were overtaken by the merciless musketry of the rain! "A heavy storm!" said some; "A dreadful night!" said others. Prosaic souls! dull wits! how little did they know!

"Lofty designs must close in like effects."

It was Nature's seal upon man's work, the tribute of the elements at the crowning of Lochnagar.

UNTO THE HILLS.

Hail once again! Ye mountain monarchs of the glen!
All Hail! Whether as now ye stand
Sun-kissed, serene, in the soft evening light,
Or when the July morning, cold and bright,
Dispels the mist that wrapped you through the night.

I picture you upon another day,
Smitten by rain and wind and flying cloud
When, through the riven grey,
Your massive forms arise gaunt and severe yet still
unbowed,
I praise you, but my praise is tinged with fear.

So summer passes,
And winter's frosted hand about you throws
The long enduring mantle of his snows.
Hail to you then, ye mountain monarchs of the glen!
Hail while our swift Scotch summer comes and goes!

"E. W."

June 21, 1924.



[*J. R. Levack.*]

SELECTING THE SITE, JUNE 17, 1923.



[*H. Alexander.*]

LOADING THE HORSES AT LOCH CALLATER.

THE LOCHNAGAR INDICATOR :
ITS BUILDING AND UNVEILING.

BY HENRY ALEXANDER.

THE mountain indicator on Lochnagar, designed by Mr. James A. Parker, was erected and inaugurated in July and the most important enterprise undertaken by the Cairngorm Club since the building of the Allt-na-Beinne bridge has thus been successfully accomplished. Indicators of the kind have been placed on various hills and viewpoints in this country, as, for example, the excellent bronze indicator on Brimmond, drawn by the late Mr. G. Gordon Jenkins and erected some years ago, but the new chart on the summit of Lochnagar, 3,786 ft., is the loftiest in the British Isles, and situated, as it is, on one of the best known and most frequently ascended mountains in Scotland, it will be of great interest and service to the public. An account of its planning and erection may fitly be given in the *Cairngorm Club Journal* and, if the details seem over-elaborate, the indulgent forbearance of readers is invited.

The origin of the scheme is to be found in the proposal to erect an indicator on Ben Macdhui in memory of Mr. Alexander Copland, one of the founders of the Club, who, as the result of many patient ascents of the highest of the Cairngorms, compiled a panorama of the horizon. This panorama was published as a supplement to the *Club Journal* and from it Mr Parker prepared some years ago a chart suitable for transference to an indicator. The proposal was formally adopted by the Club but so far no further steps have been taken in the matter, and the Lochnagar Indicator is, in a sense, a diversion or side issue due to two accidents, first a sug-

gestion by Sheriff Laing that as Lochnagar is more frequently climbed than Ben Macdhui, an indicator on it would be more appreciated by the public, and second, the good fortune that one July day two years ago when there was an exceptionally fine view in all directions, even the Cheviot in England being visible, Mr. Parker happened to be on the summit of Lochnagar. He noted down the details of the horizon with compass bearings, and from this material, and after careful comparison with maps, prepared the plan of an indicator which he submitted to Dr. Levack, the President. The latter took up the idea with zest, the Committee of the Club approved, and, His Majesty the King having given permission for the erection of the indicator on the summit, a fund amounting to over £50 was raised to defray the cost.

The work consists of a circular stoneware plate, $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, bearing the design and resting upon a masonry pedestal, the total height from the ground being 2 ft. 9 ins. Commonly the practice in such indicators is to engrave the design upon a bronze plate but Mr. Parker suggested that a stoneware slab should be used, following the style of indicators which he had seen in the south of France. This has been adopted and the Lochnagar indicator is believed to be the first of its kind in this country. The work was entrusted to Messrs. Doulton and was carried out at their Lambeth factory. As with ordinary pottery the design was transferred to the prepared clay and the slab baked in the furnace, a fine glaze being put on the surface. The technical difficulties of the process were great, owing to the unusual size of the work, and no fewer than six attempts had to be made before the perfect slab was successfully produced. Covering the surface is a network of lines, as in crackle ware, but these do not imply any imperfection and, as they are over-laid by the glaze, they do not affect the durability of the design. Provided the surface is not chipped or broken, in which case frost would enter, the slab is imperishable and the material has the great advantage

over bronze of the design being very clear and legible, the black lettering contrasting boldly with the white background.

The actual site for the indicator was selected in June last year. It is on the rocks of the Cac Carn Beag, the northern and higher top of Lochnagar. Climbers ascending the mountain from Glen Muick or Glen Callater come first upon the Cac Carn Mor, 3,768 ft., a small tor or pile of rocks, surmounted by a cairn. A quarter of a mile north of this and across a small dip lies the Cac Carn Beag, 3,786 ft., crowned with a great rugged mass of rocks and bearing no artificial cairn on its highest point. There was difficulty in deciding on which summit to place the indicator, each to some extent obscuring the horizon from the other, the Cac Carn Mor commanding the finer prospect to the south, and the Cac Carn Beag the finer view of the Dee valley. The choice finally fell upon the latter. Very wisely the actual summit blocks of the Cac Carn Beag have been left as they are and the indicator has been placed on a flat slab a few feet below and at the south-eastern side, so as not to over-top the summit. This, however, does not interrupt the view, because an observer at the indicator can, when standing erect, see over the summit in every direction. A reproduction (reduced) of the design on the indicator is published as a special plate with this issue and it is unnecessary to describe the work in detail. In every case the distance as well as the name of the hill seen is given. The labour entailed to Mr. Parker in the preparation of this indicator must have been very great and only a person with his unique knowledge of the mountain topography of Scotland and exact engineering experience could have satisfactorily performed the task. No effort was spared by him in checking and double-checking his identifications and figures and the result is one upon which he will be very warmly and most deservedly congratulated by all who ascend the hill.

THE WORK OF BUILDING.

The indicator was erected on Saturday, July 5th, the work requiring careful planning and preparation. Here also Mr. Parker's experienced management made everything go without a hitch. Three weeks earlier he and Dr. Levack, W. Garden, and Charles Robb, ascended the hill by the Glasallt and were accompanied by Mr. Frank Fowlie, foreman mason of the Great North section of the London and North Eastern Railway, who had very kindly volunteered his services to build the pedestal. The expedition was in the nature of a prospecting one, to locate an easy route for the slab-carrying party which could be followed even in dense mist, to examine the site and determine where suitable building stone could be got near the summit, and to fix the nearest water supply. The party carried up a 10 lb. mason's hammer and an ice axe (to serve as handy tool) and these were left in a recess under one of the rocks carefully located by Parker as 30 ft. from the summit in the direction of Invercauld. It was found that the boulders near the summit could easily be split and roughly dressed for building purposes. Transport had to be arranged for all the other materials, including a supply of sand because it had been shown by a test made last year that the gravel on the summit of Lochnagar is not suited for making good mortar. The top course of the pedestal consists of three dressed white granite blocks, each weighing 84 lbs., and bound together by iron cramps. These, along with sand and cement, had to be taken up as well as a bag of mason's tools, buckets for carrying water, a shovel, a handbarrow, and sacks, and a tarpaulin to be spread over the completed work in order to protect it from night frosts while the cement was setting. Finally there was the precious indicator slab itself, weighing 40 lbs., which, it was arranged, should be carried up by a party of young volunteers from the Glasallt Shiel.

All the tools and materials except the slab were handed over to Major John Milne, Ballater and

Braemar, and went on horseback from Loch Callater. At Braemar the Club found a valuable helper in Mr. H. S. Hunter, a practical craftsman, and an old Gordons officer who was attached to the Engineers during the war and who had had experience of exactly the kind of work that had to be undertaken. The materials—sand, cement, cap-stones, tools, etc.—were assembled at Braemar in care of Mr. John Innes, and Parker went out on Saturday, June 28th, to check them and see that nothing was missing, and to discuss the transport arrangements with the present writer, who took charge at that end. On the Sunday Parker went up Lochnagar as a sort of incidental stroll. Two hill ponies were engaged and early on Wednesday, July 2nd, everything was carted up to Loch Callater Lodge, where every facility was kindly given by Mr. Andrew Smith, factor for the Invercauld Estates, and where Mr. John Lamond, the keeper, was a willing assistant in handling the loads. The day was anything but encouraging. Mist hung low down and the drizzling cold wind certainly did not invite one to go on to Lochnagar. It was decided, however, to push on with the first two loads, the first horse carrying two of the cap-stones, slung across a deer saddle, and the other carrying the third cap-stone and all the mason's tools, similarly slung. George Innes and Donald Morrison were in charge of the horses and Hunter and the writer accompanied them. The ascent was made to the top in 2 hrs. 55 mins., the only difficult part being the steep and rough climb up Cairn Taggart where there is a good deal of soft peat and there was a risk of getting the horses bogged. Beyond Cairn Taggart the mist lifted and for moments the sun came out and it looked as if the day were going to clear up. Parker's *cache* was found at the top and the stuff dumped into it and after men and horses had got a feed—half the horses' oats being blown away in the tearing wind—the party set their faces to the westerly gale and, though it was very cold, got on not so badly till Cairn Taggart was reached,

when a heavy rainstorm set in and completed the day's discomfort. The only bright spot was hospitable Miss Lamond's piping hot tea at the Lodge. There had been talk of taking another load up the hill on the Thursday but we had all had enough of Lochnagar and decided to leave the last journey over till Saturday, when one horse would carry the cement and the other the sand. The cement could not in any event be taken up before the building day, lest it got wet upon the summit.

Parker's order of the day for Saturday was that the first party, consisting of himself and the two volunteer masons, Frank Fowlie and William Fleming, also of the Great North section of the L.N.E.R., with W. Garden and J. McCoss as helpers, should arrive at the top, via the Glasallt, at 9 a.m. and begin dressing the stones; that the second or Braemar party with the cement, should arrive at 11 a.m. by which time the masons would be ready to begin building; and that the third party, under Douglas and accompanied by Dr. Levack as guide, should arrive with the slab, at 1 p.m. by which time the pedestal would be completed. Everything went according to plan and up to time—in fact before it—and this despite the fact that the weather was by no means too propitious. The day opened most cheerfully and when the Braemar party consisting of the same four as on the Wednesday, Hunter, Innes, Morrison and Alexander, left Loch Callater with the horses at 8.10, the sun was shining on the Tolmount and the whole scene was a complete and welcome change from what it had been three days before. This was particularly welcome because of the cement. From the very outset Parker had laid down that whatever or whoever got wet did not matter, provided the cement was kept dry. We had the big tarpaulin with us to put over the cement bags on the saddle but in a rainstorm like Wednesday's it would have been very difficult to protect anything. Hence our relief to see sunshine. One horse carried a bag of sand, split in two,



[*H. Alexander.*
ON THE SHOULDER OF CAIRN TAGGART.



[*J. R. Levack.*
THE INDICATOR SLAB AT GLASALLT SHIEL.

and the other a $\frac{3}{4}$ bag of cement, similarly split, and the ascent was made in 2 hrs. 45 mins. under very pleasant conditions, for though clouds were beginning to gather ominously in the west, the hill was perfectly clear and lovely views were obtained down into Aberdeenshire. As we rounded the top of the Stuir Buttress and came in sight of the summit, curiosity quickened as to Party No. I. and how they were getting on. Were they already at the top and busy at work? The answer did not come until we were well round the corrie and then we saw figures on the skyline and later, as we rounded the Cac Carn Mor, came the tinkle tinkle of a mason's chisel, a novel sound on the top of Lochnagar. At five minutes to eleven the horses were at Parker's dump and the cement was handed over dry and safe.

It was not a moment too soon. By this time cloud and rain from the west were upon us. The day, so favourable to begin with, had completely changed and, it was evident that the building of the indicator was not going to be a mere picnic. Parker's party had breakfasted at Ballater at 5.15. a.m., the Invercauld Arms entering cheerfully into the spirit of the day's undertaking, left at 5.55, reached the Glasallt Shiel at 6.40 and arrived at the top at 8.35, thus making the ascent in 1 hr. 55 mins., which is very good going. This route had been carefully prospected in the ascent three weeks before and, His Majesty's Commissioner having kindly given access up to the Glasallt Shiel, it was made the standard route for the undertaking. The masons and their staff—for Parker took on labourers' work with the others—soon had the tools out of the *cache* where they had been deposited three days before, and by 11 o'clock when there was a stop for food, substantial progress had been made.

A miniature quarry had been opened below the summit, a big boulder split into blocks ready for dressing, a supply of water brought from the spring between the two tops and a hot meal of baked beans prepared, which—by the way—Party No. I. took good care to

demolish before the Braemar men reached the top. There being no need to keep both the horses, one was allowed to go back to Callater, and the other retained to take down the tools after the work was finished. The latter was "Dobbin" and it occurred to Parker that it would be well to send him down the Glasallt to meet Party No. III. in case they should be needing help with the 40 lb slab. This was done and at a quarter to twelve "Dobbin," having had a feed, with Innes, Hunter and Garden went off down the hill. By this time mortar had been mixed and Fowlie had laid the first course of the pedestal, while Fleming was dressing the stones below. It was a marvel to see the way in which the stones took shape and the work rose into being under the hands of these competent men. They had to build under very severe difficulties, for they were perched right on the mountain top for hours in the face of a bitterly cold driving rain and drizzle, which numbed one's hands and chilled enthusiasm. The rest of us did our best to help as labourers but we were feeble folk for when three of us tried to carry one of the blocks on the hand-barrow up the steep twenty feet to the top, we failed miserably but Fleming said cheerfully, "put it on my back" and carried it up himself, a fitting Titan for the rocks of Lochnagar.

At one o'clock a whistle through the mist heralded the approach of Party No. III, exactly on schedule time. They consisted of the President, Dr. Levack, and with him, as carriers of the slab, H. J. Butchart, David S. P. Douglas, Harold Duffus, W. J. Levack, Charles Robb and Marshall Robb. They had motored from Aberdeen and reached the Glasallt Shiel at 10.20. The slab was packed in a salmon bass or bag and slung on the back, like a rucksack, and each carrier took it in turns for a short spell. The ascent by the Glasallt is very steep and not only was the load heavy but what made it worse was the fact that, being large and flat and solid, it lay most uncomfortably on the shoulders. Notwithstanding this the party made excellent progress

up the hill though they were not loth to hand over the slab to "Dobbin," when he met them. The bag was slung on the saddle with a counter-weight and the whole party arrived at the summit punctually at one o'clock.

The correct orientation of the indicator was an interesting operation and was, of course, carried out by Parker himself. It had to be done before the iron cramps were fixed in the cap-stones because the metal would have deflected the compass. The cap-stones having been set, a circular three-ply board, on which was pasted a full-size copy of the indicator, was placed on top and oriented by means of a two-inch magnetic compass, the position being checked by a momentary sight on The Buck of Cabrach, which was visible at this critical juncture for a few seconds through an opening in the mist. The positions of three of the pointers on the drawing were marked on the cap-stones below and the board removed.*

This done, the cramps were inserted and in a recess in the centre of the pedestal a tin canister was deposited, containing cards on which we had all signed our names, not omitting the patient "Dobbin" who was standing in the lee of the top. The final stage was the placing and adjustment of the indicator slab. The top of the pedestal was flushed with cement and upon this bed the slab was placed, the ribs on its under-surface engaging with the soft cement and holding it absolutely firm. The points on the slab were made to coincide with the three points marked on the cap-stones below and by a fortunate chance just at this moment the mist again lifted and a glimpse was caught of the well-known hills, The Buck and Ben Rinnes, by which it was possible to check the alignment with the aid of a mason's straight edge. Everything was true and at 3.15 the work was completed.

Hot tea was then prepared and served round, and

* Owing to the presence of the iron cramps a compass placed on the indicator may not indicate the exact north, and persons attempting to verify their compasses by the indicator may be misled.

the parties quickly separated, for there was little to tempt them to stay, the Braemar party carrying off the tools and the President's party starting down for the Glasallt Shiel but Parker and the masons stayed on for another hour or more to give the work a little time to settle and to fix matting, sacks and tarpaulin over it. Waste-paper was buried and the hill top tidied up and Party No. I. left at 4.30, having thus put in an eight hours' working day on the summit of Lochnagar. The downward journey was made pleasant by sunshine, for the day relented of its churlishness and became once more kind and genial. As the work had been successfully accomplished, one could look back with a certain relish upon the rough experience. It was right and fitting that Lochnagar, storm sweeping his crest, should show us something of his sterner moods, as if to repel this invasion with hammer and chisel of his primeval majesty. A mere midsummer outing would have been much too halcyon a setting for our work.

Parker and Fowlie went up the hill again on the following day but the reason for this unplanned and hasty visit is best told in Parker's own words:—

After a snooze after lunch in the hotel I thought that I would go up to the Brackley keeper's house, where Fowlie was staying, and see if he was any the worse for his exposure on Saturday. The keeper's wife said that he was all right and was up the hill road. I therefore followed and found him and the keeper about 500 ft. up on the hillside looking through a telescope at the top of Lochnagar. And they told me that there two men on the top of the hill doing something to the indicator! This was about four in the afternoon. On looking through the telescope, a mighty good one, I saw these two figures on either side of the pedestal and at one time was almost certain that I saw something flapping up between them. Evidently the tarpaulin. What a position! We were nine miles off and powerless.

Fowlie then began to say that he was not satisfied with the finishing off of the pointing which had not been done as he would have liked on account of the rain, and added that he was going to come up with the 4.40 some afternoon and trim it up a bit before the opening day. Within four hours we were on the top of the mountain! Ballater was left about 5 p.m. and regained



[J. R. Levack.

HOW THE SLAB WAS CARRIED.



[J. R. Levack.

BUILDING THE PEDESTAL.

at 10.5 p.m., fully an hour being spent on the summit, trimming the cement pointing and seeing that everything was right. The descent from the summit to Ballater took 100 minutes. Motor from the Glasallt, of course, but even so I think this must be a record.

We ran down from the summit to the Glasallt in an hour which was very good work for Fowlie who is not an experienced hill climber. We did not meet the party as they were using the Allt-nagiubhsaich route. They evidently had undone the knots of the ropes round the tarpaulin and partially lifted the latter but had gone no deeper into the mystery. They had left everything quite ship shape.

THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

THE unveiling of the indicator took place on Saturday, July 12th, when over 140 people, members of the Club and others, assembled on the summit, certainly the largest gathering ever seen on the top of Lochnagar. Arrangements were made by which the Aberdeen party travelled by the 8.5 a.m. train to Ballater and motored to Allt-na-Giubhsaich. They were joined by independent parties from Ballater attracted by the interest of the occasion, while a large contingent ascended the hill from Braemar, and a smaller party came from Balmoral headed by Major J. D. Ramsay, His Majesty's Commissioner, who performed the unveiling. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the ceremony, and on the Braemar side the first party got away from Loch Callater shortly after nine. The scene on both the path from that side and the path from Glen Muick was like a pilgrimage, groups of climbers being strewn out along the route, some going strong, others resting, but all intent upon gaining the top. The ages were as varied as the costumes: there were school-children of eight or nine, and men and women of all ages up to Mr. William Porter, the veteran of the Club, whose 80 years did not deter him from climbing Lochnagar on this historic occasion. The number of ladies present was gratifying and so also was the representation of the outside public, that is, of people not directly connected with the Club who had heard of the proceedings and came up from various directions to

take part. The most notable case of this kind was Mr. G. F. Cables, a medical student belonging to Paisley, who walked over the Capel Month in the morning from Clova, climbed the hill, and went back to Clova in the afternoon, to cycle into Arbroath in the evening.

The Club had remarkable luck in the weather, and not least so in escaping the violent thunderstorm which burst in the evening, only a few minutes after the latest parties had reached Ballater and Braemar. A lovely morning, very welcome after the broken weather that had prevailed for so much of June and July, greeted the pilgrims as they travelled towards Lochnagar and, though a haze hid all the distant view, bright sunshine prevailed during the ascent and also during the ceremony itself. Then a few minutes after the ceremony had ended, and as if to lend contrast to the scene, mist suddenly descended on the summit and the gathering literally dispersed in a fog. A few hundred feet down we came out into the open again. There was a strong but not cold wind from the south and the heavy haze still hung on the hills. Between six and seven, as the writer was motoring down Glen Callater, the heat was very noticeable and a few drops of warm rain fell, but it could not be said that the appearance presaged such a storm of lightning and thunder and rain as broke at a quarter past seven, and rolled on continuously for nearly an hour. The storm, which travelled down the valley and reached Ballater at eight, was the worst experienced on upper Deeside for many years, and not one of the people who were on Lochnagar a few hours before but thanked his stars that he was off the hill before it began.

The following list of those present on the summit does not claim to be exhaustive, as it was only after the gathering had begun to break up, that the idea occurred of collecting the names. Some of the names were secured on the top and the others were obtained afterwards, and there is reason to think that the list which comprises 143 names, is approximately, though not

absolutely, complete. An asterisk denotes a member of the Club.

James Abercrombie, head keeper, Balmoral; Robert Adam*; Henry Alexander*; Miss M. M. Alexander; G. D. Allan*.

W. A. Baxter, Cambridge; G. P. Benzie; Joseph Bisset, Ballater; Alexander Booth*; Mr.* and Mrs. H. J. Butchart; Miss E. Brand*.

G. F. Cables, Oakshaw West Manse, Paisley; A. Christie; C. T. Christie*; Robert Clarke; Rev. W. Y. Colquhoun, Dundee; James Conner,* Sheriff Clerk; James Coull; Captain J. R. C. Cowan and Mrs. Cowan, Kersknowe, Kelso; Dr. James Crombie*; William Crombie, Rubislaw Den North; Miss Gladys Crombie, London.

D. R. Douglas; D. S. P. Douglas*; Miss M. Douglas; Dr. Harry Duncan, Ballater.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Eggleston, Edinburgh; Miss A. C. Esslemont,* Cults; Miss Clara Esslemont.

Dr. Donald Farquharson; Robert Fleming, Toronto; Miss May Fleming; P. J. Fisher.

Mr.* and Mrs.* William Garden; Chief Constable J. Gauld*; Godfrey Geddes,* Culter; Mr. Graham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

W. A. Henderson, C.A., London; Miss Henderson*, Forest Avenue; H. S. Hunter, Braemar; Mrs. Hunter, 375 Great Western Road; John Hutchison; Master Jack Hutchison.

James Iverach*.

P. M. Jack, Peterhead.

William Kemp, Cruden Bay.

Sheriff Laing*; George T. F. Lamond, Ballater; James Leith*; James Leith, junr.; Miss Leith; Dr. J. R. Levack*; D. R. Levack*; W. P. Levack*; Master Charles Ludwig*; Robert Littlejohn*

Donald Macdonald, Fife Arms, Braemar; William M'Gregor, stalker, Balmoral; Miss Macgregor, Training Centre, Aberdeen; R. Mackay,* Northern Assurance Co., Aberdeen; R. W. Mackie*; Miss Mackie; William Mackinnon,* British Linen Bank, Aberdeen; Charles Mackintosh, Garrawalt Shiel; John Mackintosh, 58 Bonaccord Street; George McIntyre*; Dr. Maitland, Robert Gordon's Technical College; Miss E. Mavor*; M. Mavor; Miss Milne* and Miss Elspet Milne,* Rubislaw Den North; Miss Nan Milne; George Minty; William Mitchell*; Miss Mitchell; John Murray,* Rubislaw Den North; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Melrose, Edinburgh.

John A. Nicol*; R. Gordon Nicol.*

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ollett, London.

James A. Parker* ; Rev. James Patrick, Ballater ; William Porter* ; Miss B. Porterfield.

Major J. D. Ramsay, H.M. Commissioner, Balmoral, Mrs. Ramsay and Master David Ramsay ; James Rennie* ; Charles Reid, C.A., London ; Edward B. Reid,* C.A., Aberdeen ; Marshall J. Robb* ; Miss J. B. Ross ; John E. Ritchie.

Rev. H. G. Sellers, Stonehouse, Gloucester ; Misses Skakle,* Cults ; Rev. S. J. Ramsay Sibbald, Glasgow ; Mr. and Mrs. Ian J. Simpson, Turriff ; Thomas Slight ; Professor Herbert Smith, and Master W. E. Smith, Glasgow ; A. G. Nicol Smith and Misses Ailsa, Sheila, and Marjorie Smith and Master Alister Smith ; Alfred Smith ; Malcolm Smith*, Hamilton Place ; Miss Janet Adam Smith ; W. Stewart, Alford ; Miss Mabel Stewart,* Drumduan ; Misses Alice, Charlotte and Mary Stewart, Rosemount Place.

Professor G. P. Thomson ; Dr. J. F. Tocher ; Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Tocher ; A. D. Troup, Peterhead.

Miss E. S. Warren, Edinburgh ; Theodore Watt* and Master George T. R. Watt ; Mrs. Edward Watt and Master E. W. Murray Watt and Miss Marjorie Watt ; Miss Wisely ; John Wallace* ; Miss Wallace ; William Watson ; G. M. Watson, Glasgow ; Mrs. J. A. Wilson, Rubislaw Den South ; Dr. H. M. Wright, Alford ; Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright, Glasgow ; Mr. and Mrs. John Wyllie, Pollokshields.

[The Editor will be glad to have a note of any names omitted, so that they can be inserted in the next issue of the *Journal*.]

Seldom can an inauguration ceremony have taken place in a more picturesque or romantic setting. Mr. Parker had been early up the hill and had removed the tarpaulin, and draped the indicator with a Scottish standard, bound with a Stuart tartan ribbon. There is little level standing ground for 140 people on the top of Lochnagar and so thickly clustered were we on the rocks that it is perhaps surprising that no one fell and came by an accident. The wind was strong and drowned much of the speaking but, fortunately for the snapshot cameras, the sun shone brightly at the critical junctures and many excellent photographs were taken. Dr. Levack presided—the word sounds rather formal and hackneyed for such an unique gathering—and briefly recounted the origin of the scheme for an indicator and acknowledged His Majesty's gracious interest in the undertaking. The unveiling was performed by Major Ramsay, Mrs. Ramsay having cut the tartan ribbon, and, as the glistening surface of the indicator came into view, a great cheer rose from the company. Major Ramsay alluded to the difficulties that had been overcome in the



[*J. R. Levack.*]

THE CAP STONES IN POSITION.



[*J. R. Levack.*]

PARKER ORIENTING THE SLAB.

successful execution of the work, and spoke of the interest and value of the service which the Cairngorm Club had rendered to the public and to mountain-lovers by the erection of the indicator. The acknowledgments of the Club to Major Ramsay having been voiced by Mr. William Garden, Sheriff Laing asked us to thank Mr. Parker, the man who, above all others, had planned the indicator and carried through the project, and this we did most heartily. Everyone who had had anything to do with the work knew that it was really Parker's day. His reply was characteristic. He said nothing about himself, he thanked by name the various persons who had helped, Mr. Mott, the manager at Doulton's, the masons, the amateur labourers and the carrying parties, not omitting "Dobbin," the pony, and he told us he would be glad to take on any more contracts on the same terms. This is surely an invitation to the Club to go on with the Ben Macdhui indicator. It will be impossible to get anyone so fitted or able to carry through this other project as Mr. Parker. Finally, on the call of the chairman, we toasted the King's health, and sang "God Save the King." Never before has the National Anthem been sung on such a lofty point in this country by so many people, and thus ended a memorable event in the annals of the Scottish hills.

SUMMER DAYS AMONGST THE COOLIN.

BY ELSPET W. MILNE.

THE Isle of Skye seems to possess more than its full share of the romantic glory of the West. It is as famous for beauty as for rain, and the Coolin are its greatest charm. Seen from Loch Carron side with a blood-red sunset as a background to their jagged ridge, with softly rosy clouds filling the corries, and Broadford Bay a golden path stretching towards them, they might be the hills of fairyland. Nor does the glamour fade on closer acquaintance. The great, black, verdureless cliffs and shattered, rocky ridge have an austere beauty which, to those who love the Coolin, is strangely satisfying and peaceful, though to others it seems cruel and depressing.

I was a complete and instant captive to the charm of the Coolin, and my adoration was only tempered by a longing to make their closer acquaintance. My envy and admiration of the bold beings who set off with rope and rucksack, was unbounded, and, when a lady and gentleman of the elect asked me out with them, I was overjoyed. My delight was still greater when our "quiet day on the moors" led to the top of Bruach na Frithe. This was not only my first peak of the Coolin, but my first "Munro," so I was shaken hands with by all, and wished a successful career as a climber. I was almost speechless with delight and excitement, but my friends seemed to understand my feelings. It was now wet, cold and misty, so, after pipes and cigarettes were set agoing (during which operations I was in great request as a wind-screen) we made for the Bhasteir Corrie. The magnificence of this corrie and my first attempt at coming down scree fairly loosened my

tongue, and in my exuberance I tried to run down the scree after the casual fashion of my friends. I picked myself up, sadder and wiser.

I thought nothing could surpass the thrill of my first hill, but I was to alter my opinion. I was consumed by a desire to climb Sgurr nan Gillean, which is the monarch of the north end of the ridge. Three climbers, with that kindness to young enthusiasts which, from my experience, must be characteristic of the species, offered to take me. We took a rope with us, to my secret thrill. My excitement mounted with us and, when we all roped and I discovered our route was the Pinnacle Ridge, it was almost painfully intense. I had seen some most sensational photographs of it! The pleasant scrambling of the first two pinnacles steadied my excitement, and interest was added by a contention as to pace between the first and third man in which I filled the place of the bone. At the descent of the Third Pinnacle a most regrettable incident occurred. I did not find the handhold on the steep part, and, owing to an inability to tell left from right, unless I can go through the motions of shaking hands, could not profit by my companions directions, hung on till I could not climb back and slid off on to the rope. I was bitterly ashamed of myself and I was not satisfied until I returned next year and descended comfortably in the orthodox fashion. The passage of the Gendarme is my other clear impression of that day. It was thrilling especially when I sat astride the top and saw the awesome drop below; but for my entire faith in my friends I should, I am sure, have been terrified. The sight of the Gendarme never fails to thrill me, though I now know him to be a fraud with handholds of a most comforting size.

After these first two the order of the days no longer stands out clear in my memory. My first year I found coming down scree a sore trial. While endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to keep up with the experts, I came by many a tumble and would come off the scree feeling I could not keep up the last five miles. Luckily I soon

recovered on the smoother ground and would arrive home feeling absolutely fit with the long, swaggering, end-of-a-day stride which I had been at pains to copy from my men friends and which must have been a ludicrous stretch for my short legs. During the winter I descended interminable scree slopes in my dreams and the next summer showed much improvement from this nocturnal practice.

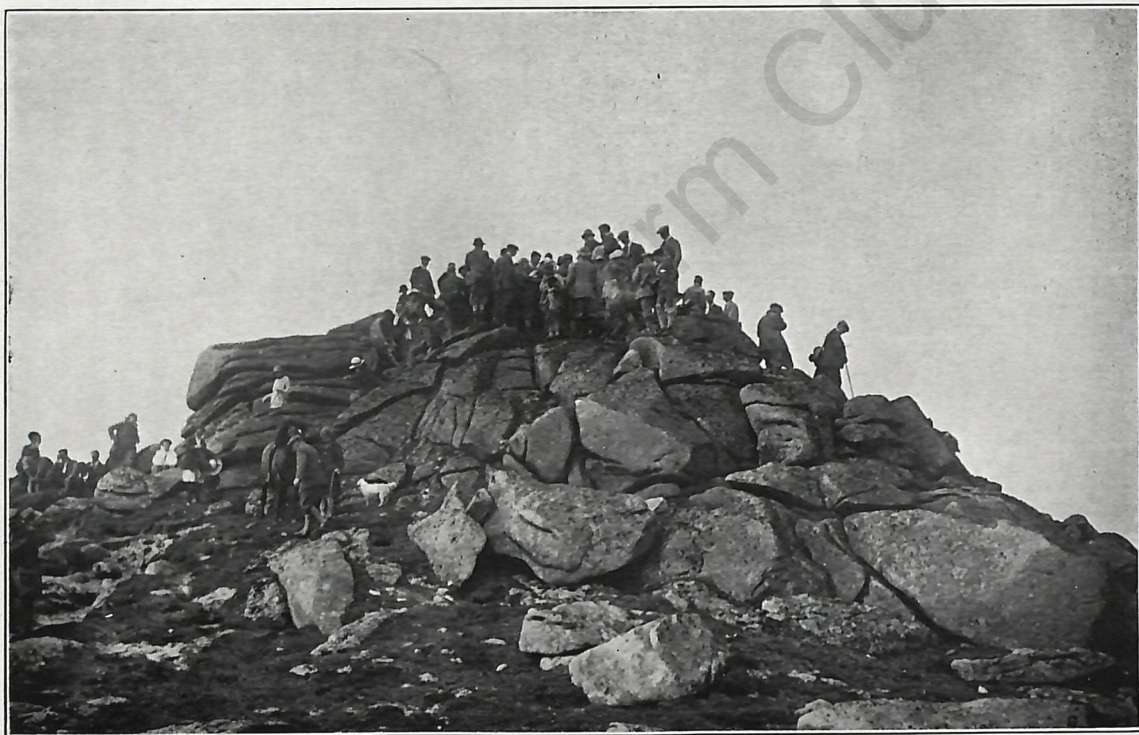
Skye weather is notorious and we had a full share of bad weather. One dreadful day on Mhadaidh it poured unceasingly for eight hours on four half-drowned optimists. The swirling mists made our glimpses of the corries most impressive, but the rocks were one continuous waterslide. On the homeward path we tasted the full delights of splashing recklessly, confident we could get no wetter, and I had the joy of being roped across a burn. I was wearing light shoes, having come to Skye sublimely ignorant of the conditions, which arrived home in pieces, to the huge amusement of my friends at the inn, who had been following their career with interest. I believe one old lady was furious with the men for "keeping that poor child out on such a dreadful day," and was fully prepared to see me brought home half-dead.

Like many others I was fired by the fame of the Inaccessible Pinnacle so we motored to Brittle to climb it. We went up the east side and down the west. As scenery I thought the Pinnacle very disappointing, also the climbing on the east side. However, I believe the feature is the sheer drop to Coruisk and, as it was very misty, we missed this. The west side made up for all things; it was wet, and felt very perpendicular in places. Our last man, who had an intimate knowledge of the Pinnacle and is also a lengthy individual, put me thoroughly at my ease by exclaiming cheerfully as I started to descend, "I don't think you'll have the reach to manage one place, but just yell out before you come on the rope, I can hold a house here." To my relief no yell was necessary, for I knew rude comparisons would have been

made between my weight and that of a house. From the Inaccessible we made for the Cioch, still in dense mist. Suddenly it parted like a curtain and the top of Sgurr Alastair loomed through it, huge and black. The mists hid the base of the mountain and it appeared to be hanging in mid-air directly above us, while the loch in Corrie Lagan seemed a thousand feet below. The mist closed down like a flash, the mountains were again invisible presences, but that moment's vision gave an eerie, haunted feeling to the place. We found the loch about a hundred feet below, so greatly had the mist magnified everything. The Cioch, with its great slab ending abruptly over the deep gash of Eastern Gully, looked magnificent in the mist and I thought it the wildest and finest rock scenery I had seen. The slab was streaming with water and, as we had not started till 1 p.m., it was getting late, so, when I reached the top, I was told to touch the cairn and scout in such fierce tones that I fled at once. We got back to Sligachan about eleven, and were regaled with a complete dinner which we did thorough justice to.

I was so keen on rock-climbing that I would have climbed for its joys alone, but the Coolin have more lasting gifts in their keeping. The summit views in Skye on the rare clear days are the most exquisite combination of hills and sea imaginable. Look west from Bruach na Frithe over a golden sea with the Outer Isles black clouds upon it and the mountains of Rum rising from it in shapely splendour, and one knows whence comes the poignant, haunting beauty of the Hebridean songs. Such loveliness brings that strange mixture of joy and sadness of which Shelley writes, and fills one with a great sense of exaltation because of the beauty of the world. On such a day truly, "the distant view has heaven about its edges." It may be said with truth that such days are rare, but in mist and storm the peaks and gullies of the Coolin are endowed with a new grandeur, and the mists blowing first off one peak then another make a scene both varied and impressive.

The joys of the Coolin are not for those who climb only. There are the most delectable burn pools to bathe in, deep and clear and wonderful in colour, fitted by nature with ledges to dive from. There one may lie and "taste the luxury of sunny beams tempered with coolness," and watch the shadows on the Coolin the while. One can lie on the slopes of Corrie Lagan and look across the sea to Rum and the Outer Isles, or back at the Sron na Ciche, broken up by the sun into pinnacles and gullies which rouse all the latent explorer in one, but mildly, as becomes a hot day. Then, as evening comes on, the great wall of rock turns to glowing rose, which gradually fades through rich, deep purple to black again, the last light lingering long on the top of Sgurr Alastair, till night conquers there also. Such days may be few enough but, when they come, they make up for all the dreary waiting, and, by the mercy of providence, it is such scenes that remain with one and bring reunions of friends in the misty Isle of Skye.



LOCHNAGAR ON JULY 12: THE GATHERING ON THE SUMMIT.

[*Bisset, Ballater.*]

RHYMES OF A "SALVATIONIST."

*Souvenir of a walk through the Larig Ghru from Aviemore
to Braemar, September 1923.*

BY MARY AGNES SKAKLE.

Come a' you hill-climbers an listen tae me,
As I tell o' twa sisters wha lived near the Dee,
An' wha wanted tae pass by the dark Larig Ghru,
Tho' tae gang by their lanesome they feared they micht rue ;
For awat they were jist what crack mountaineers ca'
"Salvationists," kennin' nae muckle ava
About climbin' the face o' a rock like a flee,
A thing that their Maker ne'er meant them tae dee ;
Nor yet had they hung on the Black Coolin's edge,
Slung up by a rope frae a corrie's steep ledge,
But tae tack tae the road ower their ain native hills,
Brocht relief frae the noise o' this warld and its ills.

Noo, whaur'll they get them a braw mountaineer,
Thro' the gloomy Cairngorms them safely tae steer,
Though mist should be flyin' ower corrie and Ben,
An' thunner an lichtnin' resound in the glen ?
Then up spak' a wight o' the Cairngorm Club,
Wha likit tae wander ower heather and scrub,
Quoth gallant MacSimon " An' I'll be yer guide,
Frae dark Rothimurchus tae bonnie Deeside."
Sae they're aff tae the Hielans tae sweet Aviemore,
Awa frae the city an' traffic's lood roar,
An' when tae Craigellachie station they got,
They met the hill-climber wha's name means McScot.

In kilt and in tartan awat he looked fine,
MacSimon cried " Laddie, ye've jist come in time
For ye ken ilka step o' the steep Larig Ghru,

So ye'll jist gi'es a han' tae tak' twa lasses thro' ;
 But they're nae very swack, an' wi' siccan like sheen
 As the stanes o' the Larig 'll fairly ca' deen,
 For they've never a tacket an' trachled they'll be
 By the time they hae crossed frae the Spey tae the Dee.
 Quoth McScot " And it's blithely we'll a gang thegither,
 Ower boulder an burn we can help ane anither,
 But as sune as the hoosie we've passed at Alltdruie,
 I'm gane by the the summit o' steep Ben Macdhui."

That was mair nor the lasses had lippent tae see,
 But pride gaured them answer " We'll follow or dee ! "
 Noo certes they'll a need tae start wi' the lark
 Or they'll nae see Glen Lui afore comes the dark ;
 For bonnie September was near at an en'
 An the mists they were wreathin' ower corrie and ben,
 Whan early next mornin', nae lang aifter seven,
 They're aff tae get four thousand feet nearer heaven.

Across swirlin' Spey by the brig they're a' roadit,
 The clouds and the mist fickle weather they bodit,
 But forward they stride past the tinks' caravan,
 Till they stan' on auld Coylum abune its ae span.
 Syne through by the yett tae the haunts o' the deer,
 Ower juniper, bracken, and heather-clad muir,
 Till they cam tae the Beinne and blessed on its brig
 The hill-climbin' billies wha made it sae trig.
 An' aifter the brig o' the Beinne they crossed,
 They threidit their wye till they cam tae the post
 That tells ye ye're richt for the lang Larig Ghru.
 Fegs they'll hae tae look smairt ere Braemar comes in view !

Alang by the path that was sappy and weet,
 The lasses lamentit the state o' their feet,
 As the deer keekit oot tae remind them in passin'
 The Larig's nae place for the latest in fashion.
 An' afore them there rises the dome o' Carn Elrig,
 That stan's like a sentinel guardin' the Larig
 An' looks nae sma' drink as ye come tae Alltdruie,
 But siccan a pimple when seen frae Macdhui,
 In wha's shadow the burn o' the Larig was twinin',

As the sun on the flat o' Braeriach was shinin',
While cuttin' through a' like a great muckle wedge
Was the mou' o' the Pass an the Lurcher's black edge.

Ahint them the mountaineers left the last tree
An' roon them the signs o' an Ice Age they see,
The little green knowies that ance were moraines
And the bed o' the burn fu' o' boulders and stanes.
But the dark gloomy pass gaurt the lasses feel eerie,
An' they thocht that the roof looked a hantle mair cheerie,
Though they dootit as steep Creag-an-Leth-choin appeared
They'd be gey oot o' breath when its tap they had cleared.
O' blithe shone the sun as they drank frae the rill
That wimples tae Larig frae green Castle Hill !
An' syne they tak up Creag-an-Leth-choin's dark side
Whaur high ower the rocks the white ptarmigan ride.

Fleet fittit McScott he set aff like a maukin,
An' quickly MacSimon the hill was sune takin'
But waes me the lasses near han break their banes
As they stottit and stumblit ower heather and stanes.
An' the day was advancin', they nott ilka meenit,
McScot blew his whustle for fear the speed leemit
The dames might exceed, but they dandered awa'
An' I trow they were gled when the summit they saw.

Weel awat 'twas worth while tae wrax body and limb
Frae the fit o' the Pass tae the plateau tae climb
An' see spread afore ye the stately Cairngorms,
The haunt o' the eagle, the mist and the storms.
An' a sandwich or twa an' a drap o' the cratur
Has muckle effect upo' tired human natur',
An' pat them in trim for the summit they saw
Jist ower the next ridge wi' its sprinklin' o' snaw.
But I trow that they a' thocht it gude tae be there,
For better nor they have been wont tae repair
Tae the taps o' the hills, in His quaetness tae find
Refreshment o' speerit and balm for tired mind.
If ye're weary o' life like Elijah the Tishbite
Or needin' new strength like oor Maister the Naz'rite,
Haud up tae the hills an' the still sma voice hear,
That canna win through far below in the steer.

A'roon them the hill-climbers lookit in wonder
 At mountain and corrie, whaur lingers the thunder.
 Braeriach he growled an' syne braidcast the soun,
 When like bairns they sent stanes tae the pass rumbling down.
 Noo when Keats first beheld Chapman's version o' Homer,
 That sweet singer felt like stoot Cortez the roamer
 Wha' eagle ey'd gazed ower the Pacific Ocean
 Frae Darien's peak ; so a similar notion
 Cam into the minds o' each hill-climbin' lass
 As she lookit far ower the dark Larig Pass
 Whaur peak upon peak like a sea rolled afore them
 An' mingled at last wi' the clouds that lay o'er them ;
 For though aft hae you veteran mountaineers stood
 On that very same spot and the same scene hae viewed,
 Can later impressions ye've had lang since syne
 Eclipse what ye thocht when ye saw't the first time ?
 But what gaurs ye stan' on the tap moralisin'
 When far tae the northward the white mists are risin' ?
 Sae tak' a guid look ere they're a' lost tae view,
 O' Creag Meaghaidh, The Window, and sharp Sgoran Dhu ;
 Syne look tae the north far beyond Aviemore
 Whaur the lan' meets the sea by the Moray Firth shore
 An' then turn about tae the Craggs o' Cairngorm
 Snaw streak'd like the breist o' a thrush, by the storm.
 Ower Corrie-an-Lochain an eagle was soarin'
 Suspicious, the ptarmigan fluttered afore him,
 As he wheeled an' he poised the intruders tae scan,
 Then ower the Snaw Corrie he sailed tae Loch A'an.
 Was't shak' o' an earthquake frae Vulcan's dark forge
 That caused tae appear sic a fearsome like gorge
 That stretches afore them as far 's eye can see
 An' beckons them on frae the Spey tae the Dee ?
 Or was it the rage o' the wild winter storms
 That whistle an' rave roon the lonely Cairngorms,
 That eroded the land an' dissected the mass
 And left the steep crags o' the deep Larig Pass ?
 Or here did the grindin' white glacier slip
 When the Ice lang ago held the land in its grip,
 And in its rough pathway the big boulders strewin'
 Leave ilka steep corrie its clear Lochan Uaine ?

By the side o' the Pass in procession sae gran',
Fu' lonely and silent the lofty peaks stan',
Like weel ordered sodgers, except whaur sticks oot
The Black Devil's Point like an awkward recruit.
Or may be Auld Nick leans as far as he may
Awa frae the Angel now lit by ae ray
Frae the slow dyin' sun haudin' roon tae the west
An' gildin' Carn Tual ere he sinks tae his rest ;
Or brightening the loch that in Garbh-corrie lies
Like a baptismal font whaur the stream takes its rise:
An' blessin' pours oot on the pure infant Dee
Afore he sets aff tae the distant North Sea.

But now ower the corrie the murky clouds soared
Whaur ance in the snawdrift a sodger was smored ;
His fate gaured the lasses tak tent o' the time
For Macdhu's steep summit they yet had tae climb.
Sae viewin' ance mair Corrie Brochain's reed scaur
An' the clear pools o' Dee gleamin' oot frae afar,
The mountaineers hastened by Corrie Mhoir's tap,
Took their breath an' a drink an' began the last lap.
But here frae Cairngorm cam' the mist and the sleet ;
'Twas fower o' the clock and sune fower pairs o' feet
Were leavin' their tracks in the saft weety snaw,
An' a square yard o' hillside was a' that they saw.

Weel awat but the lasses were dowie and cauld,
As they crawled tae the tap o' Macdhu sae bauld,
Aye sloggin' and slippin' an' tchavin' awa,
Amang stuff like a mixture o' pease meal an' snaw,
Till at last, through the mist, like a bogle or ghaist,
The sicht o' the cairn gaured the mountaineers haste,
Frae Boreas tae shelter a while in its lee
An' their bearin's tae tak in that white misty sea.
O' the bird that hops early mak's sure o' his worm,
But lazy hill-climbers like you get the storm,
For yer Zenith ye could hae attained wi' the sun
And in his last rays might yer race hae been run.

Did their guide sing "It wasna his wight he was late?"
Na, na, he jist sat there resigned tae his fate,

Syne got oot the compass and spread oot the map,
 An' got ready tae grope through the mist frae the tap.
 But here were memorial cairns by the score,
 As if ilka square yard was like Gilgal of yore,
 Whaur each Jewish tribe when the Jordan was cross'd
 Set up a curn stanes lest their fame should be lost.
 So wi' mist and wi' stanes were the lasses fair dazed,
 As they baith ower a circle o' wilderness gazed,
 For they feared tae gang forward in case they'd be seen
 Hingin' ower "The Reed Spoot" by the briers o' the 'een.

They were trachl't gaun up, fegs 'twas waur comin' doun
 For the stanes o' Stron Riach greed ill wi' their shune,
 An' the licht was near gane by the time they were viewin'
 Far doun in the corrie the glint o' Loch Uaine,
 That lay' neath the mist in a fearsome like spot
 Whaur the white vapours seethed like a witch's black pot ;
 The haunt it micht be o' the Ben's muckle ghaist
 Wha' wanders the hillside and never kens rest.

McScot was as wise as the men frae the East ;
 He could tell ilka star frae the greatest tae least ;
 But they wished he'd been Joshua doun that Green Hill,
 Syne he micht hae commanded the Sun tae stan' still.
 Though they hurried fu' faist yet the meenits flew faister
 An' syne the sun set and the darkness was maister,
 An' doun the weet hill-side that's said tae be green
 Cam' fower ghostly figures that prayed for the meen.
 'Stead o' "Lead kindly licht" it was "Lead kindly whustle,"
 As McScott blew a pipe like the note o' a throistle,
 An' I trow even Will o' the Wisp had been cheery
 If him they had seen through that darkness sae eerie.

The lasses crept forward and kept close thegither
 And "Oh dinna leave me" ane cried tae the tither,
 As did Orpheus ance, sae the ancient poets tell
 When Eù-ry-dicé- disappeared intae Hell.
 An' noo at the spot whaur the twa burnies meet
 There were as mony moss pots as near gaured them greet,
 And they grovelled aboot in that sink o' stagnation,
 Like souls in torment in the Lake o' Damnation.

But wi' help o' a stlck an' a moss hag or twa,
They cam' tae the Luibeg splashin' awa
Ower boulders and hillocks whaur slippit their feet,
An' the bed o' the burn was a cauld eneuch seat.
An' 'twas o' for a lanthorn or even a spunk
As they barkit their shins on a stane or tree trunk,
But they followed the whustle that wheebered awa
An' led through the darkness tae Carn Crom's black wa.

But Heaven for ever denied nae its licht
An' sune cam' reward tae the pilgrims o' nicht,
For oot cam' the meen ower the tap o' Carn Mhaim
An' I trow but the scene spread afore them was fine.
Gin ye'll tak' the advice o' the poet Walter Scott,
An' see at its best a historic auld spot,
Ye'll gang tae Melrose by the licht o' the meen
An' he'll promise ye there a richt wunnerfu' scene.
But its nae a great poet wha's apprisin' ye here
O' a wark o' man's han' seen in meenlicht maist clear,
But the humble advice o' a hill-climbin' lass
Wha has seen the meen rise ower the dark Larig Pass,
An' shed ower Carn Mhaim an' unearthly like glory
An' siller the peaks o' the mountains sae hoary,
Or seek oot each corrie on dark Ben Macdhui,
Or dance on the ripples that rise on the Lui.

But the cauld siller moon winna dry soakin' feet,
And 'een Heaven's glory palls when ye've naething tae eat,
Sae, thankfu' for licht whaur afore it was black,
They wind roon Carn Crom on a welcome white track.
O' aft will these mountaineers see in their dreams,
The licht that frae Luibeg cottage now streams.
Pale meen, ye're a' richt for the lonely hillside,
But this speaks o' comfort and welcome inside.
Sae wi' blithe expectation the stream they're now fordin',
As eager as Joshua crossin' the Jordan;
Nae Canaan they seek wi' its milk and its honey,
But a drappie o' tea wad be worth ony money.

'Twas nine o' the clock, yet they werena ower blate,
Tae knock at the yett though 'twas Sabbath and late,

An' oot cam a giant wha stood in the door
 Like Kenneth McAlpine or brave Fergus Mhor.
 But certes his heart was as big as his frame,
 As he welcomed them intae that snug mountain hame,
 Whaur his kindly guid-wife and his sweet lassies three
 Heard a' their adventures, an' warmed them wi' tea.
 An' loath were the wand'ers tae leave that fireside
 As they thocht o' the lang miles they yet had tae stride,
 But wi mony a han' shak and hearty good-bye
 They made for the Derry an' syne Inverey.

Wi' story an' crack an' the lilt o' a sang,
 E'en in cauld sodden shune the wye didna seem lang,
 An' the murmer o' Lui, through pine trees sae sweet,
 Kept time wi' the rhythm o' weary sair feet.
 But fu' welcome at last, thro' the wood, cam' the din
 O' the waters o' Dee as it roars at the Linn
 An' sends up its spray tae the ower-hangin' moon
 An' sings tae the stars wi' its unending tune.
 Is this the calm stream that sae peacefully rose
 'Mang the quaet o' the hills and the Cairngorm snows?
 Like mony a mortal, ye havena gane far
 Ere ye've fa'en on the rocks that yer peace sairly mar.

By the time they drew near Inverey's sleepin' toon
 'Twas near twal o' the clock and the bogles' high noon,
 An' siccan an hour, an' it Sabbath for bye,
 Tae wauken the natives o' kind Inverey.
 Like the freen in the Scriptures by midnicht wha came
 An' withoot some refreshment, refused tae gang hame,
 They knocked at the cottage ca'ed aifter the thistle,
 But answer was nane tae their knockin' or whustle;
 An' 'twas "O are ye sleepin' ma kind Maggie Gruer?
 Lat's in, though its late, for it's nae a brow wooer,
 But fower mountaineers by the Larig belated."
 Fegs the door was thrown wide when their case they had stated!

For the guid soul within kent the spirit that draws
 The lover o' hills tae these summits whaur blaws
 The wild restless wind and whaur mortals may find
 In that Temple o' Nature, refreshment o' mind.

Sae she didna upbraid them for brackin' her sleep,
For the sake o' stravaigin' the hillsides like sheep,
But wi' welcome sae kindly she brocht them a' ben
Tae comfort that only tired wanderers ken.
And aifter they'd a' had refreshment o' body,
Wi' plenty tae eat an' a drappie o' toddy,
They're aff tae their beds whaur in dreams ance again
They're gropin' in mist doun the side o' the Ben.

And noo weary climbers whaur's a' yer reward?
Is't feet that are weary an' limbs that are jarred?
And a' ye've brocht hame siccan objects o' mockery
As a ptarmigan's feather, an' stane for yer rockery?
Mair food for reflection we got frae the hills,
Than Wordsworth ance got frae a wheen daffodils
Whan his heart used tae dance at the thocht o' these flooers,
As he lay on his couch in his quaet leisure hooers ;
Sae tae us haudin' doun ance again tae the strife,
Tae the noise an' the steer an' the hurry ca'ed life,
Comes the thocht o' His quaetness that broods ower the hills,
Rebukin' yer cares an' belittlin' yer ills ;
And again comes the mem'ry o' vast open spaces,
Wi' the pure air o' Heaven that tingles yer faces,
And in dreams, as yer feet touch the saft springy sod,
Ye're soothed in the Silence that listens for God.

MARY AGNES SKAKLE.

GLENMORE: A NATIONAL FOREST.

THE purchase of the estate of Glenmore from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon by the Forestry Commission is an event of outstanding importance, not only from the point of view of national silviculture, for the estate is one of the most famous timber glens in Scotland, but also from the mountaineering point of view, for Glenmore extends to the summit of Cairngorm and the State therefore now owns a 4,000 ft. mountain. It is perhaps an augury of the future when the nation will acquire the whole of the Cairngorms and make this region, the loftiest and, in some respects, the grandest in Scotland into a reserve like the noble national parks which have been established in the United States and Canada and South Africa.

The estate of Glenmore has been in possession of the Gordon family for many generations. Mr. A. I. McConnochie in his book "The Deer and Deer Forests of Scotland" quotes a letter from the Duke of Gordon dated Gordon Castle, 12th August, 1728, addressed to the forester in Glenmore, "James Stewart, upon sight hereof you will go to the fforest and kill a stag and immediately convey the same to Culnakie for Colonel Thorpe, for doing whereof this shall be your warrand—Gordon. Ffor James Stewart, fforester of Glenmore." Sheep were removed from the glen in 1859 and since then it has been a deer forest only. Apart from some fields round the lodge there is no cultivation in the glen. Mr. McConnochie states that William Macdonald, the keeper in Glenmore, who died in 1850, was the original of the leading figure in Landseer's well-known picture "Bringing Home the Deer." He has been credited with

being the last of our sun-worshippers; he resorted every morning to a grassy hillock, bowing towards the sun and saying his prayers and gave as his reason for this that his father had done the same. For many years in the last century the Earl of Stamford rented Glenmore along with Abernethy on the east and Rothiemurchus on the west, a big stretch of country.

Glenmore takes in a large part but not the whole of Loch Morlich, that noble water beloved by mountaineers for the beautiful foreground which it makes to the snowy corries of Cairngorm. Enough of the old pines still stand at the lochside to enrich the scene, though the woods have been greatly cut in recent years. Of this more later. From the loch going north the estate takes in the Slugan, the picturesque gap which runs through the hills to the church of Kincardine on the Spey. It turns eastward along the crest of Craiggowrie and Meall a' Bhuchaille to the pass of Rebhoan in which lies the little Green Loch. This pass through to Nethy Forest is one of the most distinctive spots in the whole of the Cairngorms. From this point the march runs up the north ridge of Cairngorm, a distance of some five miles from the Pass of Rebhoan to the summit, 4084 ft. Hence it runs along the plateau westwards by the top of the corries but it does not go as far as the Larig Ghru, descending on the nearer ridge to Loch Morlich. The acreage is 12,653. Though not extensive as some estates are, Glenmore is unique in its combination of loch, forest and mountain. There are finer sheets of water than Loch Morlich; there are nobler pine woods than in Glenmore; there are loftier and wilder mountains than Cairngorm; but nowhere are the three elements of Highland landscape, water, wood and mountain, presented in grander unison.

The timber in Glenmore is not primeval as in Ballochbuie: it has twice been felled—at the end of the eighteenth century and again, a hundred years later, at the beginning of the twentieth century. There is preserved at Gordon Castle a great plank of Scots fir, 5ft. 8in.

broad at the lower end, bearing a brass plate with the inscription given below. The plank has been exhibited in the forestry section at Wembley this summer :—

In the year 1783, William Osbourne, Esq., merchant, of Hull, purchased of the Duke of Gordon the forest of Glenmore, the whole of which he cut down in the space of twenty-two years, and built during that time, at the mouth of the River Spey, where never vessel was built before, 47 sail of ships of upwards of 19,000 tons burthen, the largest of them of 1050 tons, and three others, but little inferior in size and now in the service of his Majesty and the Honble. East India Company. This undertaking was completed at the expense of labour only of about £70,000. To his Grace the Duke of Gordon this plank is offered as a specimen of the growth of one of the trees in the above forest by his Grace's most obedient servant.

W. OSBOURNE.

Hull, Sept. 26, 1806.

The timber cut in Glenmore was floated down the Spey. At the foot of Loch Morlich were sluice gates, the remains of which are still standing, and, in order to carry the logs down the Luineag to the Spey, the gates were opened and artificial floods were let down the stream, exactly as is done in the Canadian timber lands to-day. In the stream above Glenmore Lodge on the way to the Green Loch similar dams are to be seen.

When Mr. Osbourne of Hull ceased cutting 118 years ago, Glenmore was left to itself. The forest grew again by natural regeneration and in a century's time rich woods once more clothed the slopes round Loch Morlich and made dark the Slugan and the Pass of Rebhoan. The Great War brought a demand for timber, and the forest in Glenmore, now ripe for felling, was sold to the Government. The Canadian Forestry Corps was sent to fell the wood. The Slugan was first cleared, a camp and saw-mill being established at the south end of the pass not far from Loch Morlich. There was no floating of the logs down the streams as in olden times. A little railway two and a half miles long was laid from the saw-mill up the Slugan glen and upon this the trees

were brought down to the mill and, in order to carry the sawn timber to the railway at Aviemore, a line, five miles long, was built from the mill to Aviemore. This line had to be floated over a boggy stretch on slabs and brushwood and it was carried across the Drurie by a trestle bridge 60 feet long. The Spey was crossed by the public bridge. It was in November, 1916, that the Canadians arrived at the Slugan and by autumn 1917 they had completed the cut, some 50,000 trees altogether being felled. They then went on to Nethy Forest to cut there but, before they left, another company of Canadians had already arrived at Glenmore to cut the timber on the south side of Loch Morlich and up to the Green Loch. A camp and saw-mill, similar to the Slugan one, were erected at the upper end of the loch on the south side of the stream, just opposite the Lodge, and close to the stalkers' path that goes up Cairngorm. Here over 200 men were engaged all through 1918. Railways to haul the logs were built in various directions out from the sawmill, and the Aviemore line was extended from the Slugan round the top of the loch in order to take out the sawn timber. The camp, lit with electric light and with its busy steam mill, was a curious note in the centre of the forest, but not more strange than the assemblage of Canadians cursing the rain and mist of Scotland and the motley gang of Russians, Greeks and other foreigners known collectively as "Finns" for no very clear reason. The number of trees cut at the Loch Morlich camp was 76,000. The railway to Aviemore remained in use for a year or two after the war until all the timber was removed, and summer visitors used to ride up in the wagons to the loch and come down with the loads of wood. The rails have now been lifted.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon stipulated when the timber was sold to the Government for cutting during the war, that scattered trees should be left standing in order to secure natural seeding and regeneration of the forest. This was done and the precaution had the additional

advantage of preserving, to some extent at least, the amenity of the scene. The glen was not reduced to absolute bareness. The estate, not merely the standing timber but the land itself, now passes to the State and it will be interesting to see on what lines the Forestry Commission develops its new possession. Probably the Lodge and the shootings will be let but deer will be subordinate to sylviculture. A planting programme will be prepared, with a view to putting the glen under a rotation of cropping as in the State forests of Germany and France. There is to be planting of the ordinary kind, that is, putting in young plants, and it is understood that seeding is also to be tried, the only preparation that the ground gets in this case being a breaking of the surface so that the seed, blown from the trees, may more easily find lodgement. The railways laid by the Canadians, though dismantled of rails, will easily be restored and may prove useful in the permanent scheme of the forest. The whole experiment will be watched with intense interest and sympathy by mountain lovers. This is not the only land acquired by the Forestry Commission. It has already made many purchases in various parts of the country. But none are so rich in interest or so full of promise as the purchase of Glenmore.



[Bisset, Ballater.]

UNVEILING THE LOCHNAGAR INDICATOR: MAJOR RAMSAY SPEAKING.

In Memoriam :

MR. ROBERT ANDERSON.

THE death of Mr. Robert Anderson on the 19th of December removes one to whom the Cairngorm Club has throughout its history owed much, and whose name will always be prominently associated with the topographical and outdoor literature of the north-east of Scotland. His professional life was passed as a journalist and, despite the exacting demands of a newspaper office, he found time for rambling and mountaineering, and for much writing on these subjects. He was a moving spirit in the Cairngorm Club: for a period its chairman, and for many years one of its vice-presidents, and the last eight years the Editor of its *Journal*. He has bequeathed his mountaineering books and maps to form the nucleus of a Club library, and while the older members of the Club who knew him personally, mourn him as a friend, the younger generation, to whom he was less familiar, may rightly remember him as a benefactor and warm promoter of mountaineering interests.

Mr. Anderson was curiously enough a Londoner by place of birth; otherwise he was an Aberdonian. His parents were Aberdeen people; he was brought to Aberdeen in early childhood; he was a pupil at Robert Gordon's Hospital, and his life was spent in Aberdeen. He began his career in the Sheriff Clerk's office, and it was no doubt there that he acquired the admirably clear handwriting which was the joy of printers and the envy of brother journalists, and which showed no deterioration even when he was over seventy. To this early training must also be attributed the orderliness and method which

were so characteristic of his newspaper work. Accuracy and exactness are out of favour with modern journalists. It sometimes seems as if the present-day public do not value such qualities : they prefer news with "snap" or "punch" in it. Mr. Anderson had other conceptions of journalism. His aim was to make everything that he handled accurate and reliable, and it is this note that was predominant in all his work, whether it was in the columns of the daily press, in the pages of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, or in the various volumes on local subjects which came from his industrious pen.

In 1873, Mr. Anderson joined the staff of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, just shortly after it had become a daily paper, and he acted as chief sub-editor for thirty years, until 1903, when he was appointed editor of the *Aberdeen Daily Journal*. This latter post he held until 1910 when he retired. His professional work, like that of every other journalist, lies buried in newspaper files. Suffice it to say that the *Free Press*, as it appeared to its readers every morning for many years, was largely his work—in the presentation of the news, in the admirable summaries of parliamentary and other events, and in the biographical notices of distinguished personages. Mr. Anderson was splendidly equipped in his knowledge both of local and of wider affairs, and he wrote rapidly and neatly upon any subject that called for fuller notice. During his time as chief sub-editor of the *Free Press*, a long succession of younger men passed through his hands, who became imbued with his spirit and not a few of whom have risen to high places in their profession. Four may be mentioned—Mr. David Hutcheon of the *Morning Post*, who wrote in the columns of that paper a notable memorial appreciation of Mr. Anderson; Mr. James Davidson of the *Glasgow Herald*; Dr. J. M. Bulloch of the *Graphic*; and Mr. C. I. Beattie of the *London Evening News*. It was Mr. Bulloch who in 1894 sent to the annual dinner of the Aberdeen and North of Scotland District of the Institute of Journalists a series of verses headed "Bobs," based on Rudyard Kipling's then

popular lines upon Lord Roberts. The verses are an informal jingle, reflecting the intimate life of a newspaper office, but they give an extraordinarily vivid impression of Mr. Anderson, as he was in the nineties, and that they were not displeasing to the subject himself is known to the present writer, for he received only a few years ago from Mr. Anderson a copy in his own faultless handwriting. So they are reproduced here.

There's a certain veteran "sub,"
Which is Bobs.
Every journalistic cub
Knows o' Bobs.
He's a man you can't forget,
Though but only once you've met,
So I'd like to silhouette
Mr. Bobs.

CHORUS—

Here's to Bobs, journalistic,
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs !
He is far from Calvinistic—
Yes, you are, Bobs, Bobs !
You may search the world around,
And a man will scarce be found
With a head and heart as sound
As our Bobs.

Could you possibly mistake
Mr. Bobs ?
With his good old wide-awake—
Parson Bobs !
And he's followed in his jog
By a faithful collie dog,
Which sets all the street agog
After Bobs.

If you want to learn your trade,
Follow Bobs !
Though he'll call a spade a spade,
Candid Bobs !
But you needn't take offence
When he tells you you are dense,
For he's likely speaking sense—
Ain't you, Bobs ?

The Cairngorm Club Journal.

We have heard you called a cynic,
 Mr. Bobs ;
 And you say you're Philistic—
 Don't you, Bobs ?
 But, although you make us smart,
 We are sure you've got a heart ;
 And you're not opposed to Art—
 Are you, Bobs ?

Where's the subject 'neath the sun
 Strange to Bobs ?
 If a "leader's" to be done—
 Look to Bobs !
 He can rattle off a "par"
 On the Matabele War,
 Or the latest comic star—
 Can't you, Bobs ?

Few the penmen that exist
 Like our Bobs.
 Every "comp" that knows his fist
 Blesses Bobs.
 Need I also further hint
 That a single small misprint
 Can't escape the eagle squint
 Of our Bobs ?

He's the local Messrs. Cook—
 Pilgrim Bobs !
 He's a living tourist book
 Is our Bobs.
 He has mounted Bennachie,
 He has visited Paris,
 He's been down in Tennessee—
 Yankee Bobs !

At each journalistic "shine,"
 There is Bobs ;
 And he sparkles in that line—
 Don't you, Bobs ?
 If forbidden to orate,
 He will smoke his pipe in state,
 And "developments await"—
 Caustic Bobs !

For a rattling jolly chap,
Give us Bobs,
With his horror o' clap-trap—
Honest Bobs!
Every member o' the staff
Knows his thund'ring hearty laugh,
To say nothing o' the chaff
Of our Bobs.

A perumbulating "dic"—
That is Bobs.
O, wherever could we pick
Such a Bobs!
He's a warm and hearty chum,
He's a journalistic plum,
And he's certain to become
"Dr" Bobs!

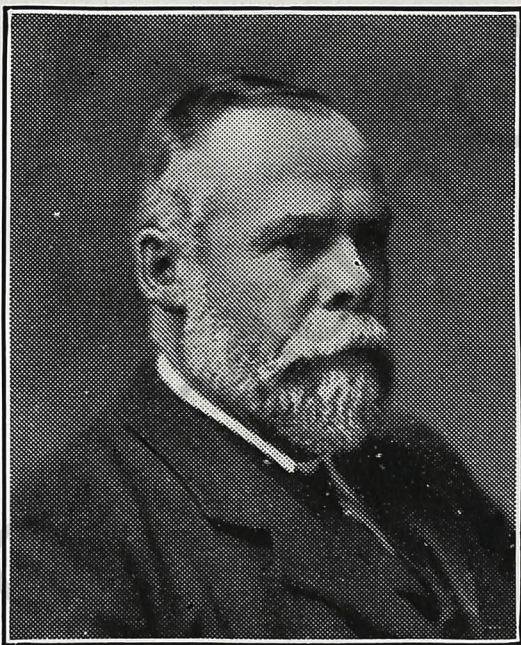
CHORUS—

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Yes, you are, Bobs, Bobs!
You may search the world around,
And a man will scarce be found
With a head and heart as sound
As our Bobs.

Mr. Anderson's only relaxation outside his work was walking. He was not a golfer or an angler. Nor was he, in the modern technical sense, a mountaineer: he did not practice rock-climbing or snow-climbing. But he was an indefatigable walker and a lover of hills and rough country. His holidays, save the two or three which he spent in visits abroad and to his brother in America, were passed among the hills, and his Saturdays were devoted to such nearer excursions as could be comprised in a day from Aberdeen, for it has to be remembered that the journalist works on Sunday and there are no long week-ends for him. He knew Aberdeenshire thoroughly: he had covered it on foot, being not a cyclist, and motors being not yet in existence when he was doing the most of his rambling. Walking

is the only way, and remains the only way, to know a country, and Mr. Anderson had the true walker's spirit, which leads him out into the countryside, not after plants or birds or antiquities or any special interest but for some vague general blending of all these and of the open air and open sky. Not that he lacked an interest in more exact studies. Natural history, so far as I remember, did not appeal very much to him, but he was exceptionally well-versed in the direction of local history, whether of places or families, and a number of publications indicate this such as his volumes and pamphlets on Robert Gordon's Hospital, *Aberdeen in Bye-gone days*, and his papers on Fyvie Castle, Strichen, and Ellon as well as other contributions to *Scottish Notes and Queries*. His exact knowledge of north country names and people was of great value in the later years of his life when he assisted in the production of the *Aberdeen University Review*.

Upon the foundation of the Cairngorm Club in 1889 Mr. Anderson became an original member. He was chairman for three years, 1895-96-97; he was appointed a vice-president in 1900 and in 1916 he undertook the editorship of the *Club Journal*. Before that he had frequently contributed to its pages, and a glance through the first eight volumes shows articles, under his signature, on "Mount Battock and Clochnaben"; "Glen Feshie"; "Two Donside Hills: Coillebharr and Lord Arthur's Cairn"; "Ben Aigan"; "Glen Fiddich and Neighbourhood"; "A Night in the Larig"; "Foudland and Dunnideer"; "A Fortnight at Inverey"; "The Literature of Landscape"; "The Colorado Rockies"; "The Descent of the Grand Canyon"; "A Highland Tour in Poetry"; and "Delectable Days on Deeside." The volumes, since he became editor, contain further papers by Mr. Anderson, such as chatty accounts of Coutts' "Dictionary of Deeside" and Grierson's "Rambles among the Scottish Highlands" and in addition many varied and interesting reviews and notes upon mountaineering subjects. The first editor of the *Cairngorm Club*



[*Photograph by Morgan.*]

MR. ROBERT ANDERSON.

Journal, Mr. A. I. McConnochie laid its foundations well, the tradition was fully maintained by the editors who succeeded him, Mr. J. G. Kyd and the late Captain J. B. Gillies, and when Mr. Anderson with his ripe journalistic experience and his unique knowledge of the region took charge of the magazine it was still more firmly established as one of the best and most generally readable club journals in the country. If there are no purple patches in Mr. Anderson's articles and no apparent sentiment—for he carried his restraint of emotion into his writing as into his conversation—there are conspicuous everywhere the features of care, accuracy and finish. Everything he wrote was done well: his work was uniformly and consistently sound. With his writings in the *Cairngorm Club Journal* must be mentioned his "Walks round Aberdeen," reprinted from the *Free Press*, and notably his scholarly and admirable revision of Pratt's *Buchan*, prepared for the fourth edition of that classical local work. In these various ways and in his capacities as a journalist, editor and author, as well as a member of the New Spalding Club, the Aberdeen Philosophical Society and the Buchan Field Club, Mr. Anderson greatly promoted the topographical study of the north-east of Scotland, added to its literature, and encouraged and developed popular interest in the open country and in walking, the finest of all pastimes.

H. A.

By his will Mr. Anderson bequeathed all his books, sketches and maps relating to mountaineering to the Cairngorm Club, the remainder of his library going to the Aberdeen Public Library. His directions are as follows:—

"I make this bequest in the hope that the Cairngorm Club may in the future institute a library in connection with the Club, for which the works mentioned may form a nucleus; pending the formation of such a library, the works to be at the service of the future editors of the 'Cairngorm Club Journal.'"

The idea of a library has long been cherished in the Cairngorm Club and Mr. Anderson's pious gift to the Club which he loved so well, now provides the definite start for such a collection. There are some 50 bound volumes and some 60 maps and drawings in the bequest. The bound volumes include complete sets of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, and the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* and a set of the *Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal*, down to 1921. There are also loose numbers of the journals of the Climbers' Club, Rucksack Club, Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, French Alpine Club and Scottish Ski Club. The other bound volumes include two older works of considerable value and interest, John Hill Burton's classic, "The Cairngorm Mountains," and Dr. John Longmuir's "Speyside: Its Picturesque Scenery and Antiquities," and among more recent books, Mr. G. Gordon Jenkins' "Hill Views from Aberdeen," and Mr. A. I. McConnochie's volumes on "Deeside" (1st and 2nd editions), "Bennachie," "Lochnagar," "Ben Muich Dhui," and "Strathspey."

To several of these volumes Mr. Anderson has added interesting notes of ascents, newspaper cuttings and other annotations. The collection is particularly rich in maps relating to the north-east of Scotland, comprising both the original and the revised Ordnance Surveys, while there are also various hill diagrams, topographical leaflets, and some maps in rolls. A volume of monographs and odd papers relating to the Cairngorm Club and group photographs of the Club taken on May 5th, 1895, on Sockaugh and on September 23rd, 1895, on the Buck of Cabrach must be mentioned.

MR. THOMAS JAMIESON.

Mr. Thomas Jamieson, late City Analyst for Aberdeen, was one of the earliest members of the Cairngorm Club and though over seventy at the time of his death, which took place on May 3rd, he retained to the last the keenest interest in the open countryside and a zest for the moors

and hills and wide spaces. For over forty-six years he was analyst to the city of Aberdeen, and during that period no fewer than 12,000 specimens or articles were examined and reported upon by him. His work in this capacity was uniformly careful, accurate and responsible, Mr. Jamieson's interests, however, were much wider than those of an analytical chemist. He was an enthusiastic student of science in its application to agriculture, and for fifteen years he held the post of Fordyce Lecturer in Agriculture at the University and for many years conducted the Glasterbery research station, his experiments there being fruitful in practical results for farming. He was a pioneer in this field long before the days of Agricultural Colleges and State supported research institutes.

Mr. Jamieson was familiar with the Deeside hills and the present writer recalls vividly two expeditions which he had with him at an interval of twenty years or more. One was in the nineties up Glas Maol, when the party cycled from Braemar to the Shan Spital bridge and leaving their cycles there, had a very pleasant day upon the hill. The later expedition was an accidental one during the height of the Avon controversy. It was Mr. Jamieson who first suggested the Avon as a water supply for Aberdeen, and by his letters in the *Free Press* and his persistent and capable advocacy he succeeded in having the scheme adopted by Lord Provost Wilson, and the Town Council of the day. Its subsequent defeat before the Parliamentary Committee is matter of local history. I had motor-cycled out to Cockbridge one afternoon and found Mr. Jamieson there. He was wearing Highland dress, if I remember rightly, for he liked the kilt. He had planned a visit to the Avon next day and I went with him. It was a lovely summer day and we walked over to Inchrory and past the Linn of Avon—I have some charming little photographs of the falls taken by Mr. Jamieson—and up the Avon to the point where the Allt-an-t-Sluichd comes in from the south. Here he took measurements of the volume of

water in the Avon, his object being to show that there was an ample flow even at midsummer for the city of Aberdeen. As I had to return to Aberdeen that evening, I left him there busily and happily engaged in his task. The possibility of securing the Avon as a water supply for his native city appealed to Mr. Jamieson's imagination as a mountaineer, and he threw into his advocacy of the scheme all his knowledge as a man of science and all his force and vigour as a controversialist. Last summer I met him at Dinnet, where he was living at Clearfield, and he was still the same alert figure, physically and intellectually, as I had known him for thirty years.

H. A.

TWO MOUNTAIN WAR MEMORIALS.

A NOTABLE war memorial and one of peculiar appropriateness has been secured in the English Lake District, where the Fell and Rock Climbing Club has acquired a large tract of mountain land and dedicated it as a monument to the members of the Club who fell in the war. With this event we may link the memorial which the Mountain Club of South Africa has placed on Table Mountain and which was unveiled by General Smuts. His speech on the occasion is the finest interpretation of the mountain spirit that has been delivered for many a day.

The idea of acquiring a mountain as a memorial was first suggested to the Fell and Rock Club in 1919. Several schemes had been under consideration, amongst them one for providing shelters on the hills, but none found acceptance, and, when H. P. Cain said, "Let's buy a fell," the suggestion, though at first sight fanciful, began to attract notice and gradually gained favour. Pillar Rock is the most famous climbing crag in the Lakes and Lord Lonsdale, the proprietor of Ennerdale, was asked if he would sell it as a memorial. He declined. Napes Needle was then considered and there seemed to be a prospect of securing it, as the Musgrave estate, on which it is situated, was for sale. The owners, however, refused to sell the Needle alone. For a time the position was black but it was changed when Mr. Herbert Walker of Seascale purchased the Musgrave property. The Club found in him a sympathetic listener, for he was an old climber and former member of the Club, and when they asked him to sell not only the pinnacle of Napes Needle but Great Gable itself and the adjoining tops, he agreed. The price was £400 and for this the Club has secured all the land above 1,500 feet in the very heart of the Lake District. Twelve mountains are comprised in the area—Kirkfell, Great Gable, Green Gable, Brandreth, Grey Knotts, Base Brown, Seathwaite Fell, Glaramara, Allen Crags, Great End, Broad Crag and Lingmell. The famous Sty Head Pass from Borrowdale to Wasdale runs between Great Gable and Great End, while Scafell Pike lies less than a mile south of the latter. This splendid range of mountain scenery has been handed over by the Club to the National Trust and it will now be secured for all time as a public possession and as a noble memorial to the men whose self-sacrifice

inspired its purchase. A dedication service was held on the summit of Great Gable on the second Sunday of June, when some 250 people assembled. It was a strange ceremony, as a participant described it, "held in the clouds—gathering, unfolding, dissolving : pierced momentarily by a gleam of sun ; thickening again, and at times turning to phantoms folk a dozen feet away." It should be added that Lord Leconfield has given the upper cone of Scafell Pike as a memorial to the men of the dales.

The war memorial of the Mountain Club of South Africa takes the shape of a bronze dial or indicator on the summit of Table Mountain, overlooking Cape Town. It was unveiled by General Smuts, the Prime Minister of the Union, and a large company of members of the Club and others made the ascent for the occasion, among them being two blind soldiers who had lost their sight in the war. General Smuts' address was of such an inspiring character that we give it practically in full. It will appeal to all mountain-lovers :—

" Those whose memory we honour to-day lie buried on the battle-fields of the Great War, where they fell. But this is undoubtedly the place to commemorate them. Nothing could be more fitting and appropriate than this memorial which the Mountain Club of South Africa has erected to the memory of those that fell in the Great War. And this, the highest point of Table Mountain, is the place to put the memorial. The sons of the cities are remembered and recorded in the streets and squares of their cities and by memorials placed in their churches and cathedrals. But the mountaineers deserve a loftier pedestal and a more appropriate memorial. To them the true church where they worshipped was Table Mountain. Table Mountain was their cathedral where they heard a subtler music and saw wider visions and were inspired with a loftier spirit. Here in life they breathed the great air ; here in death their memory will fill the upper spaces. And it is fitting that in this cathedral of Table Mountain the lasting memorial of their great sacrifice should be placed. Not down there in the glowing and rich plains, but up here in the bleak and cold mountain tops. As Browning put it :

" Here, here's their place,
Where meteors shoot,
Clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go."

" Geologists tell us that in the abyss of time Table Mountain was much more of a mountain than it is to-day. Then it was more than 18,000 feet high, of which barely one-fifth remains to-day. And in another million years no trace may be left of it. Here there is no abiding city, neither is there an abiding mountain. Human life

itself may be but a passing phase of the history of this great globe. But as long as human memory lasts, as long as men and women will remember and be interested in the history of their storied past, so long the Great War—perhaps the greatest ever in human history—will be remembered, and the memory of the great sacrifice here recorded will endure as part of it.

“The attraction of the mountains for us points to something very significant and deep in our natures. May I illustrate the matter by a little story which is not quite true, but neither is it entirely mythical, as it finds some support in the testimony of science.

“Once upon a time, in the far-off beginnings of things, the ancestors of the present human race lived far down in the deep blue pools of the ocean, amid the slimy ooze from which they had themselves sprung. There they lived and developed a long time, and in the sounds of the sea, in the rhythm of the waters, and of the rising and falling tides, they learnt that sense of music which is so mysterious a faculty in us, and which is in a much smaller degree shared by so many marine animals. The music in a sea shell pressed to our ear carries us back to the very beginnings of life on this planet. It is a far-off echo of our most ancient experience as living things. As our ancestors thrived and developed they gradually found the pressure of the waters too much for them. They felt stifled and longed for more freedom to breathe. And so they rose slowly on to the beaches, and finally emerged into the air on the seashore. What a blessed relief was there, what an unconscious sense of lightness and exaltation! No longer submerged in the stifling depths, but with full lungs expanding in the invigorating air. The rising from the sea was the most glorious advance in the forward march of terrestrial life. But it was not enough.

“The same process of development and advance continued on the seashore. In the course of time the heavy air of the sea levels became too much for the ever-forward movement of the forms of life. The pressure on the lungs was too great, and the forward movement seemed to be arrested in a sort of atmospheric morass, in which a great heaviness hung on the spirit of life. At this stage a new great advance was registered. The rise to higher levels took place. Some animals developed wings with which they could fly upward and for longer or shorter periods remain in the high places and breathe a keener air. And in this rise they shook off their ancient sluggishness and lethargy, and developed a spirit of joy which had hitherto been unknown to them. The skylark rising in an ecstasy of song high into the air is an illustration of the new great advance.

“Other forms of life developed other means of locomotion and of ascent from the heavy low levels. As the dull dead-weight was removed from the lungs a new sense of lightness, of progress, of joy

and gladness dawned on the ever higher rising forms of life. The great relief was not only of a physical character, but had the most far-reaching and spiritual values. And so it has come about that finally in man all moral and spiritual values are expressed in terms of altitude. The low expresses degradation both physical and moral. If we wish to express great intellectual or moral or spiritual attainments we use the language of altitudes. We speak of men who have risen, of aims and ideals that are lofty, we place the seat of our highest religious ideals in high Heaven, and we consign all that is morally base to nethermost hell. Thus the metaphors embedded in language reflect but the realities of the progress of terrestrial life. The Mountain is not merely something externally sublime. It has a great historic and spiritual meaning for us. It stands for us as the ladder of life. Nay, more, it is the ladder of the soul, and in a curious way the source of religion. From it came the Law, from it came the Gospel in the Sermon on the Mount. We may truly say that the highest religion is the Religion of the Mountain.

“What is that religion? When we reach the mountain summits we leave behind us all the things that weigh heavily down below on our body and our spirit. We leave behind all sense of weakness and depression; we feel a new freedom, a great exhilaration, an exaltation of the body no less than of the spirit. We feel a great joy. The religion of the mountain is in reality the religion of joy, of the release of the soul from the things that weigh it down and fill it with a sense of weariness, sorrow and defeat. The religion of joy realises the freedom of the soul, the soul's kinship to the great creative spirit and its dominance over all the things of sense.

“We must fill our daily lives with the spirit of joy and delight. We must carry this spirit into our daily lives and tasks. We must perform our work not grudgingly and as a burden imposed on us, but in a spirit of cheerfulness, goodwill and delight in it. Not only on the mountain summits of life, not only on the heights of success and achievement, but down in the deep valleys of drudgery, of anxiety and defeat, we must cultivate this great spirit of joyous freedom and uplift of the soul. We must practice the religion of the mountain down in the valleys also.

“This may sound a hard doctrine, and it may be that only after years of practice are we able to triumph in spirit over the things that weigh and drag us down. But it is the nature of the soul, as of all life, to rise, to overcome, and finally to attain complete freedom and happiness. And if we consistently practice the religion of the mountain we must succeed in the end. To this great end Nature will co-operate with the soul. The mountains uphold us and the stars beckon to us.”

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL.

IN the House of Commons on May 13th an Access to Mountains Bill was brought in and read a first time. In asking leave to introduce the Bill, Mr. Gilchrist Thompson, M.P. for Torquay, said it was not a new Bill, because it was first introduced in the House in 1908. It applied to England, Scotland and Wales, and was urgently needed in Scotland, where there had been so much depopulation, and where exclusion from open spaces was notorious.

The Bill which is backed by Mr. Gilchrist Thompson, Mr. Acland, Sir Martin Conway, Dr. Hastings, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Rea, Mr. Remer, and Mr. Cecil Wilson, provides that, subject to certain provisions, no owner or occupier of uncultivated mountain or moorland shall be entitled to exclude any person from walking or being on the land for the purposes of recreation or scientific or artistic study or to molest him in so doing.

In any action or other proceeding at the instance of any owner or occupier of uncultivated mountain or moor land founded on alleged trespass, it shall be a sufficient defence that the lands referred to were uncultivated mountain or moor land, that the defendant entered only for the purposes of recreation or of scientific or artistic study, and that no special damage resulted from the alleged trespass.

The important part of the Bill is the clause setting forth the exceptions. The defence set forth above is not to be valid—

Where the defendant is in pursuit of game or wild birds, or taking eggs, or is accompanied by a dog, or carries firearms.

Where he encamps on the land, lights a fire, or does any damage to the surface, the trees, building, or fences.

Where he destroys or removes the roots of any plant or shrub.

Where he disturbs sheep and cattle so as to cause damage.

Where he goes on the land with any malicious intent, or wantonly disturbs or annoys any person.

The Bill does not apply to any park or pleasure ground near a dwelling-house or to any plantation of young trees.

The Duke of Atholl, in a letter to the *Times* pointed out that the Bill as it stands mixes up Scotland and England, in which the laws of trespass differ. In Scotland there is really no law of trespass; people can go where they choose, and if they cause annoyance or damage, the landlord has to prove it, and can apply for an interdict. The result is that an interdict is seldom applied for except in cases of deliberate poaching or fire-raising, or repeated offences where annoyance has been proved. The Duke proceeded to refer to the danger of people accidentally setting fire to woods and observed "Many thousands of pounds' worth of damage has been done by a wax match, a lighted cigarette-end, or an un-stamped-out fire, and the restrictions which the Bill proposes to impose in this respect would be of value; they are restrictions which do not now exist in Scotland. But I fancy this is not the purpose of the Bill, and the promoters would probably be wise, in the interests of the public, to leave well alone.

The need for some such Bill as the present is particularly strong in the north of England. The *Manchester Guardian* says that "the case of the higher parts of the Derbyshire Peak, over which anyone could ramble at will in 1890, and which now are strictly preserved, to the exclusion of walkers and climbers, is only typical of what has been taken away, at almost every part of the Pennine range, from the inhabitants of East Lancashire and the West Riding."

So far as Scotland is concerned the case is somewhat different, there being no law of trespass here. Land-owners and shooting tenants—who are, if anything worse—attempt to keep climbers off the hills by putting up threatening notices and sending ghillies to warn them; and this sort of thing, though actually only a bluff, causes so much unpleasantness to the average peace-loving walker that it is often effective in depriving the public of ready access to the mountains. This state of matters is not universal, though most annoying, where it occurs. Out of the shooting season one can wander pretty much everywhere without challenge, and even in the shooting season one can with the exercise of a little discretion and tact cover great parts of the Highlands. Unfortunately, however, the shooting season is also the chief holiday-season for the hill-walker and undoubtedly, as things stand at present, the visitor coming to the Highlands in August and September will find difficulties put in his way in many districts. These difficulties will not be entirely removed by such a Bill as that now introduced in Parliament and what the promoters must guard against, so far as Scotland is concerned, is giving land-owners more definite rights of exclusion than they actually possess

under the existing law. There is a risk of making the position worse rather than better unless the clauses applying the Bill to Scotland are most carefully worded. And if real access is to be given to mountains, better facilities will have to be afforded for the accommodation of travellers. We do not suggest that the State should necessarily build hotels and rest-houses, though it did this in the Highlands in the eighteenth century, but it should forbid proprietors to close hotels already existing and convert them into shooting lodges, as is being done to-day, and it should free tenants and others from the restrictions now put upon them in some districts against the housing of visitors. It is by these and other measures of an insidious kind that considerable tracts of the Highlands are rendered inaccessible to the climber.

MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

(Written of Helvellyn but applicable to many hills.)

May one of those who normally essay
The lightest themes of superficial rhymers
Presume, unchecked, to criticise the way
Of certain mountain-climbers?

I clambered lately to Helvellyn's crest.
There, if you share my notion of aesthetics
You'll sympathise with the implied request
In these my homiletics.

Round the full circle when your eyes have gone,
To mark what scenes the far horizon fringes,
Observe the decorative scheme that on
Your nearer view impinges.

Chocolate-wrappers, orange-peel, and string ;
Of sandwich-papers, white and brown, say twenty ;
A "Daily Shout" ; a mangled chicken-wing ;
Banana-skins in plenty.

I lit a fire and tended it with care.
I felt a longing that was frankly cruel.
I only wished I had those tourists there
To serve as extra fuel.

F. H. J.

In the "Manchester Guardian."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER.

THE annual meeting and dinner were held on Saturday, November 24th, in the Imperial Hotel. At the meeting, where Dr. J. R. Levack, the president, was in the chair, the treasurer reported that he held a deposit receipt for £30 3s. 6d., being the amount of the club's capital account, one for £5 12s. 8d. being the Allt-na-Beinne bridge fund and one for £1 11s. 8d. being the Eidart bridge fund. The Lochnagar indicator fund amounted to £52 18s. 9d. Professor J. Norman Collie was re-elected Honorary President, Dr. Levack President, and Mr. J. A. Nicol, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, and the following were elected members of Committee—Messrs. McCoss, J. Robb, A. M. M. Williamson, D. Levack, Conner, Drummond, Garden, Gauld and Hadden.

The dinner was attended by a company of some fifty people, including a number of ladies. Dr. Levack presided, and was accompanied by Principal Sir George Adam Smith and Professor Marnoch as guests. An exhibition of slides was a pleasant feature of the evening before the speaking began. The President showed views, chiefly of Lochnagar; Mr. William Garden, of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire hills; and Mr. Parker of the Pyrenees, to which he paid his third visit in 1923.

Principal Sir George Adam Smith, giving the toast of "The Club" and speaking as an old mountaineer who had been a member of the Alpine Club since 1884, referred appreciatively to the lovely photographs which had been shown and to the activities of the Cairngorm Club. It had been part of the benefits which such clubs had bestowed upon the people, that they had proved by their excursions that there was just as good climbing material and mountain scenery in Scotland as there was in Switzerland or the Pyrenees, notwithstanding the greater altitude and the bigger figures by which those mountains imposed themselves upon distant peoples. He went on to refer to the great verse of the Psalmist "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my aid" and observed of mountains that they opened the mind, they stirred it to questioning, to prayer and to expectation, as no other natural phenomenon on the face of the earth did, and all of them who had the privilege of spending days among the hills, either in their own country or in other lands knew how they exalted the soul, cleaned the heart of all evil humours and brought them into

the temper and the attitude of worship from first to last while they were among them.

The President replied and observed that the club was flourishing, its membership was keeping up and was enthusiastic and the recruits that were coming in were young and vigorous and would keep the club in the same spirit. Mr. Walter A. Reid gave "Our Guests," to which Mr. C. W. Walker replied, and other toasts were "The President" given by Mr. William Garden, and "The Secretary" given by Mr. Parker. Mr. A. C. Simpson arranged a musical programme which was very much appreciated.

NEW YEAR MEET.

THE New Year Meet was held at the Invercauld Arms Hotel, Braemar, but the conditions, save on New Year's Day, which was a glorious winter day, were not favourable, wet and misty weather prevailing over the week-end. Those present were:—Dr. J. R. Levack (President), D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, H. Butchart, G. Duncan, G. Geddes, G. Malcolm, W. A. Reid, C. Reid, M. Robb, and Dr. Tocher.

Morrone and Craig Choinnich provided "constitutionals" for the members who became tired of the comfortable hotel fire-side and on Monday, when the weather promised a little better, a party of three—Malcolm, Geddes and Robb—ascended Lochnagar by the Garrawalt Shiel. The going was heavy in the wet snow and took three hours up. There was no view.

Tuesday, New Year's Day, saw a complete change and the party of six—the three Levacks, W. A. Reid, and two non-members Miss E. S. Warren and Miss Ruth Warren—who went to Lochnagar, again by the Garrawalt Shiel, had a magnificent experience of winter climbing. As they started up through the Ballochbuie forest the sun was just tipping the tops of the higher hills on the north side of the Dee, and very soon the snow-filled corries of Beinn-a-Bhuird were lit up by the rays. They seemed to be flooded by a deep red glow, which quickly changed to pink, and later to a deep orange tint, toning into yellow, and finally into a brilliant white. The spectacle of this extraordinary colouring effect was one of the finest ever witnessed by any of the party. The way up lay over several intervening ridges towards the northern slope of Lochnagar. Later on the party suddenly came into the full blaze of the first sun of 1924, and they greeted it with a cheer. The last part of the climb was up over steep boulders, but very little snow remained, and there was no difficulty in reaching the main top in almost summer-like weather.

The sky was a cloudless deep blue, and the view, except for some perfectly white woolly-looking clouds to the west, was very extensive. All the familiar tops were recognised, and the Cairngorms were covered with a brilliant mantle of snow. It was so fine that half an hour was spent there, and then the party moved reluctantly westwards round the head of the cliffs past the Stuibuttrass, and then down a long heather-covered slope into the glen, and so back to the Garrawalt Shiel.

On Wednesday the weather went bad again and all the party returned to Aberdeen.

EASTER MEET.

THE Easter Meet was held at Fortingall at the mouth of Glen Lyon. Owing to the rival attractions of the S.M.C. at Braemar the attendance was rather small, the following being present:—Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Levack, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, D. S. P. Douglas, and A. Marr (non-member).

On Saturday, April 19th, J. R. Levack and D. S. P. Douglas climbed Cairn Mairg (3419 ft.) a fine peak to the north west of Fortingall, under rather trying conditions with dense mist and sleet. Easter Sunday was a splendid day with brilliant sunshine and clear horizon, and Schiehallion (3547 ft.) was climbed by a party of five—J. R. Levack, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, D. S. P. Douglas and A. Marr. On Monday D. S. P. Douglas and A. Marr climbed Ben Lawers (3986 ft.) and had an even finer day than on the Sunday, the westerly wind having fallen considerably.

MAY HOLIDAY EXCURSION.

THE Club excursion on the May holiday, May 5th, was to Craiglich, and took the form of a walk along the semi-circle of hills which stretches from Lumphanan to Aboyne, and of which the summit named is the highest point. Twelve members had promised to come but only five turned up at the Joint Station:—Miss Henderson, H. Alexander, H. J. Drummond, McIntyre and Malcolm Smith. They were joined at Lumphanan station by the Secretary, who had spent the week-end crossing the Capel Month to Clova and returning by the Tolmount to Braemar. The small turn-out was explained, and perhaps excused, by the wretched day. Seldom have the vagaries of the weather been more strongly illustrated than at this May holiday. Friday and Saturday were drizzly and wet all day; on Sunday it suddenly cleared up and there was a

splendid day of sunshine, bright but cold: on Monday we were plunged back to rain and cloud, with snow on the hills, and then on Tuesday it cleared up again.

The tops of the hills on Monday were all in cloud and even such slopes as could be seen from Lumphanan under the 1,000 feet contour showed patches of fresh snow. It required some resolution to start up the Perkhill road upon what must be a most enjoyable eight miles round in fine weather but was, under these May holiday conditions, to be evidently a cold slog in sleet and mist. We followed the road, passing Macbeth's cairn in a field on the right—one of the member's historical allusions to the death-place of Macbeth being received with chilly interest—and reached the cross-roads at the summit, where we struck to the west up the ridge of Corse Hill. The wood shown here in the recent Ordnance Survey map has now been cut. Corse Hill, 1,383 feet, was our first top. A dip followed and then a stretch of level walking ending with a steepish but short rise to Craiglich, 1,563 feet, where there stands the round and somewhat shapeless cairn built in memory of the late Dr. Farquharson of Finzean and Migvie, whose lands ran to the top of Craiglich. We were glad to shelter behind the cairn from the driving sleet and wind from the east and eat a few sandwiches.

Compass directions were then taken for Leadlich, 1,278 feet, our third top which, when approached from Craiglich, proved to be hardly a separate top at all but merely a point where the ridge suddenly steepens and drops sharply down into the Howe of Cromar. Seen from below and from Tarland way Leadlich stands out well and it completely obscures Craiglich and its cairn. From Leadlich, being some 300 feet lower, we got a glimpse of green fields below but that was all, and, of course, we saw nothing of the glorious view which presents itself from this point on clear days of Mount Keen and Lochnagar. On the top of Craiglich the snow, if not dry, had at least been dryish, but at the lower levels which prevailed for the rest of our walk to Mortlich, the conditions were sopping because the snow was clinging like slush to the heather, and we were all soon wet to the knees except the one wise man who had brought puttees. From Leadlich a bend round the top of a little stream brought us to our fourth top, something over 1,250 feet, not named in the 1 inch map, and beyond that we came upon the Glen of the Peat Lochans, a name that had long interested me. It is scarcely a glen but rather a broad flat terrace on the ridge on which lie several little lochans or pools—they do not rise to the dignity of lochs—almost choked with sedge and grass and with a few gulls crying over them. No-

doubt they are nesting places for sea fowl like the lochs near Mulloch at Dinnet.

The going past the Peat Lochans was doubly wet and, after crossing a cart track leading over the ridge from Auchinhowe to Coull and getting a glimpse of the Loch of Auchlossan which has now recovered a big tract of ground at Dess, we entered on our last ascent up the ridge of Mortlich, pleasantly varied by a few rocky hummocks. The monument to the 10th Earl of Aboyne at the summit, 1,248 feet, which used to be such a landmark, is now lying a heap of broken masonry. Nothing was visible in any direction and we had to drop a hundred feet or so before Aboyne came into sight. The walk through the charming birch and pine wood past the loch and over the springy turf of the golf course was delightful after our long tramp in sleet and wet heather. Our times were Lumphanan, 11.15; Craiglich, 1; Mortlich, 2.45; Aboyne, 3.25. Had the day been fine, we would, of course, have lingered upon the ridge and taken another hour or more for the round. Even as it was, the excursion was a pleasant one, cold and all.

MOUNT BATTOCK IN MARCH.

THREE members of the Club—H. Alexander, David Levack, and J. L. McIntyre—climbed Mount Battock on a Saturday at the end of March. Our intention was to go by Glen Dye, up the Glen Road to Charr, and then by the shooting road to the bothy at the foot of Lochnawean Hill. From this point there seemed a comparatively easy ascent, over the shoulder of Lochnawean and then to the left, up to the cairn of Mount Battock. We left Aberdeen at 10 o'clock by car, taking the South Deeside Road to Bridge of Feuch, Strachan, and from there up the Dye Road to Glen Dye Lodge.

Here a hard fortune met us in the person of one in authority who informed us that the road from there onwards was too soft for a motor, which meant that we would have, (as we found afterwards), some nine miles additional walking, and that on a made road! This was not provided for in our plans, as we had ordered a meal at Whitestone for 4.30. However, we set out, finding the Glen Road rather uninteresting until we reached Charr. This is a curious, solitary group of houses at the junction where Glen Dye Road is met by a track leading over the hills from Fettercairn, (passing over Houndhillock and down the Water of Charr). No doubt it was once upon a time a great drove road from the Mearns to Deeside. We reached the bothy at the terminus of the shooting road at 1.15; this bothy lies practically on the 1,000 ft. level. After a halt for refreshments we left at 1.35, making, as we had been directed, for

another bothy that was visible, very soon, far up on the shoulder of the hill. This bothy lies about 1,800 ft. high, and from there to the top is some 760 ft. It appeared rather barn-like from a distance, rousing vague memories in one of us of some hospice in the Swiss Alps, but when we arrived it proved to be much more picturesque to a near-hand than to a distant view.

Our track lay up one of the two source-burns of the Dye, and gave us interesting little bits of snow work. The snow became more widespread as we ascended, but also the mist became deeper, so that soon after leaving the second bothy we had to take to the compasses and aneroid and trace our way by map, Levack leading. The happy result was, that we reached the top without any serious deviation at a few minutes after 3 o'clock.

The air had been desperately cold for the last hour; we had some very startling illusory effects from the mist. I have never found this so deceptive; again and again we saw what appeared to be a towering mass of rock, (possibly the cairn!) but it proved to be a small piece of rock, perhaps not more than a foot high, and quite close at hand. All of us had to make an effort to suppress this weakness. On the top we found a very interesting snow-effect. There is a high fence, the remains of a deer fence, every strand of which as far as we could see was draped in a snow curtain 8 or 9 ins. deep, caused, I suppose, by the gradual freezing of successive layers of sleet. It was exceedingly beautiful. Perhaps the most striking instance was a large coil of wire, in which every separate ring had a similar hem of sparkling white feathers attached to it. We came upon large numbers of white mountain hare, and other denizens of the hills. It was, however, so chillingly cold on the top that we only remained until 3.15; returning by the same road, we reached Glen Dye Lodge at 5.35. We did not arrive at Whitestone until nearly 6 o'clock, and as one of us had an engagement in town at 7, we had regretfully to be satisfied with a mere sniff of the savoury meal that was waiting for us, and to pass on in hunger to Aberdeen.

The climb from Glen Dye is very attractive, and should be exceptionally so in clear weather. When the road up the Glen is open to a car, it should be possible to get to the top and back to Aberdeen in a summer afternoon. Still more interesting would be the crossing from Glen Dye to Balloch an in the Forest of Birse. But the ways are long.

J. L. MCI.

BRAEMAR AT EASTER.

THE following Cairngorm Club members were at Braemar at Easter with the Scottish Mountaineering Club—William Garden, J. McCoss, J. A. Parker, and Gordon Wilson.

Friday 18th.—Garden and Wilson and members of the S.M.C. left Aberdeen with the morning train and drove up Glen Muich, traversing Lochnagar from Alltnaguibhsaich to Braemar. There was a very high wind and some mist on the summit, but the excursion was very much enjoyed, especially by one of the party who had not done the climb since 1908.

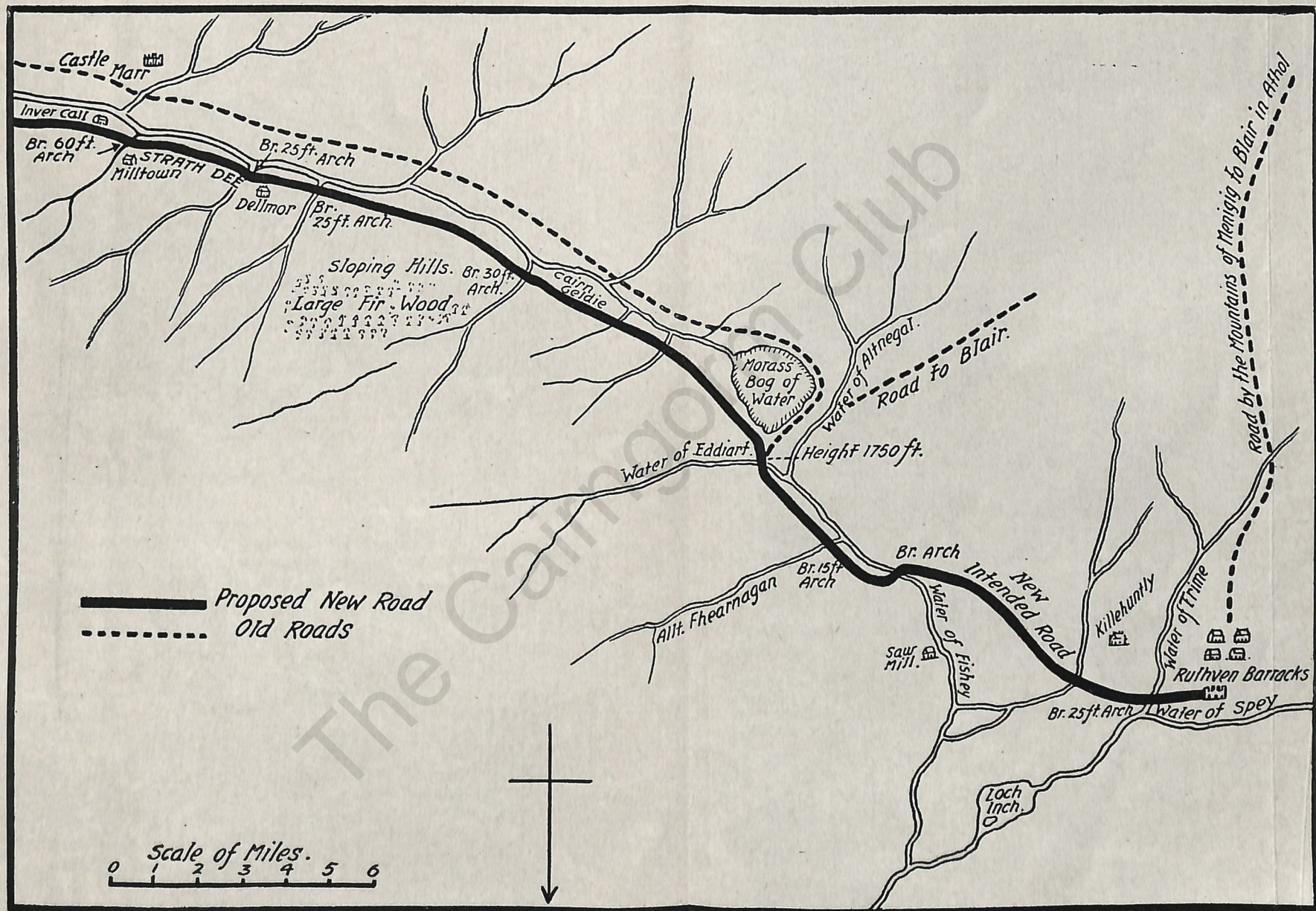
Saturday 19th.—McCoss, Parker, and Wilson in a party of six did Beinn a' Bhuird by Glen Slugan, the Sneck, Garbh Choire, north and south tops, and back by the Slugan. A great quantity of snow was encountered at the Slugan bothy, and at the Priest's Stone at the head of Glen Quoich. The descent of the north side of the Sneck was a little difficult owing to the icy condition of the rocks. The lower part finished in a long snow-slope, and a glissade brought the party into the corrie. The route taken from the corrie was up the snow close to the right side of the Mitre Ridge where a stretch of ice steps had to be cut. The ridge had a fine appearance and certainly did not look as if it could be climbed under the prevailing conditions, if at all. The snow-slope was continued to the top of the corrie, where mist prevailed, and the party was led to the north top in a very expert fashion by Parker. The footsteps of another party, who had come from the south top, were followed for the one and three-quarter miles to that point. Glissading was obtained in the Snowy Corrie, and there was a competition of speed on a run, the winner taking 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. Eagles seem to be getting more plentiful than they used to be, and three were seen in Glen Slugan.

Sunday 20th.—McCoss, Parker, and Wilson, in a party of five, did Cairntoul. The ascent was made by the knife-edge-ridge which proved interesting. On the summit the party was unable to walk owing to the wind, so crawling was resorted to as a means of locomotion. It was intended to glissade down the Saucer Corrie, but this was found impossible as one could not get over the edge for the wind. The Lochan-Uaine ridge was descended, and a long glissade brought the party into Glen Dee. The Dee was knee deep when crossed, but as the party re-crossed it was found to be deeper than was in keeping with comfort.

Monday 21st.—Parker, Wilson and a party did Ben Muich Dhui by Sron Riach and returned by Derry Cairngorm.

Club Saturday afternoon excursions were held, on June 21 to Ben Rinnes, and on July 5 to Carmaferg, the revival of the Strathspay railway excursion making the former outing possible.

GENERAL WADE'S PLAN FOR A GLENFESHIE ROAD.



This plate, the block for which has been kindly lent by the Editor, *Aberdeen Press and Journal*, is a reproduction on a reduced scale of a map found among the General Wade Papers now in possession of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. It shows that a road from Dee to Spey by Glenfeshie was planned by Wade. Mr. John Mathieson, who made the tracing off the original and sent it to Mr. John Clarke, inserted the height, 1750 ft., at the watershed and strengthened the distinction between the old track and the new road proposed by General Wade, but the place-names are a facsimile of the original. The map is drawn from the point of view of a person at Ruthven Barracks and therefore the top is to the south and not to the north as in modern usage.

NOTES.

THE subject of General Wade's roads and the opening up of the Highlands is of interest to all hill-lovers, and the members of the Cairngorm Club had the privilege, in March, of

GENERAL hearing a lecture by Mr. J. Mathieson, hon. WADE'S ROADS. librarian and map curator of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, upon "Wade's Roads and Old Maps of Scotland." Mr. Mathieson was for many years connected with the Ordnance Survey of Scotland and is familiar with every foot of the Highlands, and as map curator of the R.S.G.S. he is in charge of the valuable collection of Wade's maps and plans which has recently come into the possession of the Society. A number of these maps—not copies but the originals—were exhibited on the platform and examined with great interest by the members, and Mr. Mathieson also put on the screen a series of photographs illustrating the Corrieyairick, the most famous of Wade's roads, and the bridge over the Tay at Aberfeldy, the noblest of his monuments. It was in 1724 that Wade, an officer of wide experience in various parts of the world, was instructed to go to the Highlands, "narrowly to inspect the present situation of the Highlanders, their customs, manners, and the state of the country in regard to the depredations said to be committed in that part of His Majesty's dominions." The proposals of General Wade, set forth in his first report, were to form companies of those well affected to His Majesty, officered by men speaking their language, to build more extensive barracks and forts at Inverness, Fort-William, and Fort-Augustus, and to build on Loch Ness a vessel with sails and oars to carry 80 soldiers. There was no mention of roads. In 1725, in a second report, General Wade asked "that a sum be provided annually for making the roads of communication, and a salary for the person employed as inspector for carrying on so necessary a work." This was the commencement of the road-making campaign, with which Wade's name will ever be associated. But not every road called a Wade road was really built by him. Mr. Mathieson, who has gone into the subject very closely and examined the records in Government documents and elsewhere, gives the following as the roads actually constructed under General

Wade's superintendence :—

| | Miles |
|--|-------|
| Fort-Augustus to Fort-William.....1725-6 | 30 |
| Fort-Augustus to Inverness.....1726-7 | 31.5 |
| Inverness to Dunkeld.....1728-9 | 100.4 |
| Dalnacardoch to Crieff (by Tum- mel and Aberfeldy).....1730 | 44.1 |
| Catcleugh to Ruthven.....1730 | 8 |
| Dalwhinnie to Fort-Augustus (by Corrieyairick.....1731 | 31.4 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 245.4 |

The most remarkable of these roads is the Corrieyairick which rises to a height of 2,507 feet. It is now abandoned. The roads were built for military objects and those unsuited for the purposes of civil life fell into disuse after 1814. Sixteen feet wide, the roads were made as near after the Roman pattern as the nature of the country would permit. The labour was supplied by soldiers, from 300 to 800 being engaged each season for ten years, privates receiving 6d. per day, corporals 8d., sergeants 1s., civilian masons 1s. 6d., and a workman supplying a horse and cart 5s. The cost of making the 250 miles of roads amounted to £22,730, the highest estimate, £4731 5s. 9d., being for the year 1734, which included the building of the bridge over the Tay at Aberfeldy.

MANY objections were raised to the construction of the roads and those will be found quoted in the fascinating Letters of Captain

Burt, a work to which Mr. Mathieson referred in

“SORE ON
THE FEET.” his lecture. The natives said that the roads were too hard for their feet, as they went barefoot.

The hill-climber of to-day will agree with this : the turnpike road is desperately sore on the feet at the end of a long day. Another objection was that the roads wore the horse's hoofs, as these were not shod. The chiefs also had objections. They said that the roads would destroy the stamina of the Highlanders because there would be no dangerous fords to cross. They also feared that the roads would open up the country to strangers, and they would lose their power over their men. These superficial objections, of course, soon disappeared, and the roads were of inestimable value in opening up the Highlands. The difficulties of wheeled traffic, however, were still considerable and Mr. Mathieson cited an amusing story of Lord Lovat travelling from Inverness to Edinburgh in his carriage with his two daughters. The first day he lost a horse, the second his chariot-wheel broke. At Aviemore he sent his wheelwright back, and shortly after the axletree of the hind wheel broke, which took two days to mend. Four miles further it broke again. Here the Duke of Atholl came to his

assistance, enabling him to get to Castle Drummond, where once more he was held up by damage to his carriage. It took twelve days to get to Edinburgh.

General Wade retired in 1740 and died in 1743 but his soul went marching on and after the '45 road-making by soldiers was recommenced on an extensive scale. By 1790 an additional 790 miles of roads were completed. Among these later roads is the road from Blairgowrie to Braemar, Donside, Tomintoul, and Fort George, begun in 1748 and often erroneously called a Wade road. An inscription at the side of this road on the Conglass, above Tomintoul, dated 1754, records that "Five companies of the 33rd. Regiment made the road from here to the Spey." Among Wade's maps is one showing a road through Glenfeshie projected but never executed. In this connection Mr. John Clarke called attention to the big scheme which is now under consideration for the rebuilding of the road from Glasgow to Inverness via Loch Lomond, Glencoe and Fort William, so as to accommodate modern motor traffic, and urged that, while communications north and south are being improved, we in Aberdeen must take steps to improve the lines of transport east and west by pressing the claims of the Glenfeshie route as the line of a great trunk road from Aberdeen to Fort William by Deeside, Speyside and Loch Laggan. Otherwise Aberdeen will be left in a pocket.

A WEEK-END spent at Luibeg in the last days of January this year provided some very striking contrasts in weather. The first day was to be devoted to visiting Loch Etchachan and

WEATHER Loch Avon, by way of Glen Derry and Corrie
CONTRASTS IN Etchachan. It was quite a nice morning when I

JANUARY. set forth, and though a fresh wind was blowing down the glen, this in no way prepared one for the terrific gale and snowstorm that held possession of the snow-filled corrie, more especially in its upper half. The wind-force was tremendous in its intensity and very erratic in its behaviour, and was the strongest I have ever experienced on the hills, while the blinding clouds of powdery snow and ice which it swept and whirled about made upward progress very slow and difficult. At the top of the corrie two hurricanes from the north-west and the south-west were converging with great force; and as daylight had all but disappeared in the dense ice-curtain that was drawn across the whole face of the mountain, it was impossible to make further headway. The storm seemed to be quite local, with its centre resting on the tops of Ben Macdhui and Cairngorm. The Larig track up the Luibeg was taken next day. There had been rain overnight on the low ground, and it was late forenoon ere a start was made. Though a fine snow-slope on the eastern face of Carn Mhaim looked very tempting, the

Sron Riach ridge of Ben Macdhui, white from base to summit, was decided upon. The snow, about eighteen inches deep, was in splendidly firm condition, and provided the most delightful snow-climb I ever engaged in. The conditions overhead were in marked contrast to those of the previous day. The sky was certainly overcast, but for the first 1000 feet of the ascent not a breath of wind was stirring, and it was only as the Sput Dearg cliffs were neared that a smart breeze from the north-west, accompanied by occasional snow-flurries, began to put in an appearance. It, however, gave not the slightest trouble, and, compared with its "brother" of the previous day, was as the cooing of the gentle dove to the roaring of a whole cageful of hungry lions! On this exposed spot no human being could have withstood the onslaught of that hurricane, while to-day one could survey the scene in comfort and pleasure. The basin in which Lochan Uaine lies contained great quantities of snow, and the ice-bound lochan was buried beneath many feet of it. The cliffs themselves looked very grand, the magnificent sweep of their snow-filled gullies making a fine spectacle, the whole finished off by an unbroken cornice about six feet wide. The surrounding view was dull and uninspiring. Though the visibility was good the lack of sunshine completely spoiled the effect. The near and far-away hills, snow-covered for the most part, stood out cold, grim, and spectral-like, and one had almost the feeling of taking part in a funeral. The short January day made the traverse of the mountain by way of Loch Etchachan impossible, and I contented myself with a delightful glissade down a steep snow-slope to the bed of the Luibeg, and reached "home" by Cairn Crom just as dusk was falling.

R. C.

A CORRESPONDENCE, initiated by an article by Mr. W. Keith Leask, has been proceeding in the *Glasgow Herald* upon the authorship of the music to Byron's verses on THE AIR TO Lochnagar. The air is attributed to John Galt and "LOCHNAGAR." is, in fact, claimed by him in his Autobiography, but another claimant is advanced in the person of Mrs. Gibson (1786-1838), the wife of Patrick Gibson, R.A., teacher of drawing at Dollar Academy. In Vol. I., Chap. 3, of his Autobiography, John Galt writes:—"My compositions at Greenock I dare say were bad enough, but afterwards, when I came to London and heard better things, those made there were not utterly despicable. The reader, however, may judge for himself, as I have subjoined to this work some of my songs that have been published—one of them 'Lochnagar,' to the words of Lord Byron, was deemed of such excellence that I heard it grinding on a street organ. The air was given away and published to some advantage." This claim,

however, is disputed by some writers who assert that the author of the air was Mrs. Gibson, of whose career a sketch is given in Love's "Scottish Church Music" published by Blackwood in 1891. Mrs. Gibson is still remembered by her Psalm tune, "Comfort" (originally a repeating tune), so named because written for the Par. "Take comfort, Christians, when your friends." It is one of four tunes contributed by the composer to "Sacred Harmony," Part I, for the use of St. George's Church, Edinburgh, 1820. Mrs. Gibson also contributed two original Psalm tunes to Vol. VI. of James Steven's "Church Music," edited by John Turnbull, Glasgow, 1833. She was a skilful performer on the harp and likewise a gifted vocalist.

THE question of the valuation of Glenmuick deer forest has been before the Lands Valuation Appeal Court, the point at issue being whether the forest should be assessed for 1923 at "A VOLATILE the rent paid for it in that year, or whether the SUBJECT." assessment should be based upon an average of years. During the war the demand for shootings was greatly reduced and there has been much disputing between proprietors and assessors ever since as to the proper valuation to be put upon grouse moors and deer forests. In 1923 Sir Victor Mackenzie let Glenmuick deer forest and low ground shootings, together with Brackley House, to Mr. Dudley Docker for £3500, for three months. This, however, was only gross rent, for the proprietor undertook to provide and pay the wages of two game-keepers, two stalkers, an under-gamekeeper, a gardener, and a man to look after the electric light plant. He also undertook to keep up the gardens, provide three hill ponies with panniers, three pointers and two retrievers, and also to pay all rates and taxes. The assessor made an allowance for all these charges and fixed the valuation at £1805. For the proprietor it was argued that the fairer method was to take not any single year, but an average over a period, and the five years before the war were suggested, giving a figure £386 below the assessor's. This brought from Lord Sands the remark that a deer forest is "a volatile subject" with great variations of rent and that the assessor cannot do better than take the rent of the year as his basis. The Court shared this view and the valuation of Glenmuick stands therefore at the higher figure stated.

A feature of modern times is the decline in popular favour of the deer forest as compared with the grouse moor. As Lord Sands put it, the grouse moor "with its easy motor run to the butts, the lunch cart and the bevy of ladies at lunch" has "superseded the attraction of the long, arduous and solitary climb after the wary stag." The palmy days of deer forests are over. We live in effeminate and degenerate times.

A SILVER fox fur farm has been started on Deeside at Tullochvenus near Lumphanan. The rearing of fur-bearing animals in confinement has been carried on extensively in Prince Edward Island and other parts of Canada and some ON DEESIDE. years ago the industry was introduced into this country, a fur farm being started in Ross-shire on the eastern slopes of Ben Wyvis. The head of the new enterprise on Deeside is Mr. Ireland, who was a Canadian officer in the war, and who was connected with the Ross-shire experiment. He has formed a company, called the Highland Silver Fox Ranch, and taken a lease of Tullochvenus House and grounds, seven acres of woodland being fenced as a run for the foxes. Fifteen pairs of silver foxes were imported from Canada, the cost running into several thousand pounds. Rabbits form the principal food of the animals, and it is necessary therefore to command a large supply of rabbits, an easy thing on Deeside. The run has been well fenced not only to keep the foxes inside, but to keep prowling dogs outside, as these marauders are displaying keen curiosity over the new settlers.

In Prince Edward Island fox farms are flourishing concerns. A pair of foxes will usually breed once a year for about 10 seasons, and produce from four to nine pups in each litter, six being considered a good average number. To keep up the highest standard of quality it is necessary to introduce from time to time strains of fresh blood, so breeders arrange with each other for an occasional exchange of their best young foxes and vixens. They reach their full growth at the age of 12 to 15 months, and by the October following have donned their winter coats, and are liable to pay the penalty of beauty by being put painlessly out of existence. The skins most valued are those which combine perfect blackness with the most extensive streakings of silver. Nowadays £40 is about the average price realised by breeders for pelts of ordinary quality, but four times as much is sometimes paid for exceptional specimens. It is not yet possible to say whether the Deeside experiment will produce the same results as these cited from Canada, but everyone will wish Mr. Ireland success in his enterprising venture. He is adding a new industry to Deeside and he deserves good fortune.

A PETITION has been extensively signed in the Tomintoul district, by, amongst others, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, urging the reconstruction of the road from Deeside to THE LECHT Donside and Speyside. This is part of the so-called Wade road referred to in the preceding paragraph and it is commonly known as the Lecht, though that name relates only to the crossing between Cockbridge at the head of the Don and Tomintoul. The petition,

which has come before the various local authorities concerned, refers to the road as a General Wade road but as has been explained above, this is an error, for it was built after his time, though it is true that the road-making policy of which it was part, was initiated by him. There are four steep hills upon it between the Dee and the Spey. Leaving the Deeside road at Crathie at a height of 930 ft. the road rises to 1570 ft. and then drops sharply to the Gairn where the height is 1110 ft. The section between Gairnshiel and Tornahaish on Donside is known as the Glaschoille, the highest point here being 1800 ft. There is a steep ascent just beyond the high arched bridge over the Gairn, and an even steeper descent follows just beyond the watershed into Donside. The original road did not go down to Tournahaish but held round the south side of the Don more directly to Cockbridge. The height there is 1320 ft. and in a distance of two and a half miles there is a rise of over 700 ft. to the summit of the Lecht (2090 ft.) whence the descent to Tomintoul (1160 ft.) is more gradual. The fourth and last hill is that between Tomintoul or, to be strictly accurate, Bridge of Brown, (940 ft.) and Grantown. The highest point here is 1420 ft. and the most of the rise from Bridge of Brown is compressed into a mile and a half beyond the bridge. As the Government is at present giving large sums for work for the unemployed, it is argued that now is the time to set in hand such a work as the re-construction of the Lecht road. (It may be noted that the Government has just announced a grant of £600,000 to defray the whole cost of rebuilding the road from Blair Athol to Inverness). At the Alford District Committee, when the subject came up, favourable opinions were expressed but Mr. Charles Christie, the Chairman, very sensibly suggested that instead of tinkering at the Lecht route, the wiser course would be to change the route to Delnadamph and Inchrory. There is a road from Cockbridge to Delnadamph and it would be a very simple undertaking to extend this the three miles to Inchrory, whence there is a road down the Avon to Tomintoul. There is very little rise between Delnadamph and Inchrory, the highest point being only 1647 ft. as against 2090 ft. on the Lecht, and a level road such this would be much easier to maintain than a hilly road like the Lecht. Incidentally, too, the route by Inchrory would open up a far finer mountain region than the Lecht. The Ministry of Transport has approved of the Delnadamph and Inchrory route, in preference to the Lecht, and has offered to give 75 per cent. of the capital outlay.

MISS KATHARINE C. HOPKINSON, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Spring in the Cairngorms" describes a Whitsuntide holiday at

Aviemore, in which she and two friends ascended
 SPRING Braeriach on one day, and Cairngorm and Ben
 IN THE Macdhui two days later. Two points of contrast
 CAIRNGORMS. with the English Lake District and Wales are noted.

The first is the far greater distances in the Cairngorms, "A mountain apprenticeship in Cumberland and Carnarvon," the writer says, "is apt to leave a person with very casual notions about height and distance. English and Welsh standards need stiffening up before setting one's courses in the Cairngorms." The second is the restrictions put upon the walker. "His feet are not considered in the least beautiful upon the mountains. Freedom has become a meaningless word in Scotland when many of the glories of her country are cut off during the holiday time of the year, from every man who does not carry a gun and belong to an accredited shooting party." For specific instances of restrictions Miss Hopkinson refers to Mr. Ernest Baker's recent book, "The Highlands with Rope and Rucksack." The weather was not very favourable during the visit, for mist and whirling snow driven along the tops by the wind, made the going difficult, but Miss Hopkinson writes enthusiastically of the high Cairngorms and of the valleys beneath them. "I have seen the evening afterglow of the far North mantling the Romsdalthorn. Seated on a hillock above the little cemetery at Arezzo, I have watched beyond the cypresses and the ancient cornland a summer sundown stealing over the heated flanks of the Apennines, in soft purples and crimsons and cool greys. But I do not know that these things were more lovely than the triumphs of light and atmosphere which the great artist gets in Scotland. Scottish hillsides glow and glimmer in the distance and half-distance like lit gems. The snowy hills or the very distant ones are pearls and moonstones; the others are rubies and sapphires and amethysts."

LAST autumn the Scottish Rights of Way and Recreation Society approached the Parish Council of Abernethy on the subject of access to Glenmore, and called attention to the fact that

ACCESS TO a lock had been placed by the Duke of Richmond
 GLENMORE. and Gordon on the gate at the north end of the Slugan at the entrance to the forest. The Parish Council wrote to the factor for the estate and requested him to have this obstacle removed from what had always been claimed as a right of way. The factor replied:—

"I am aware that the public claim a right-of-way by this road through Glenmore Forest, and I have to say that nothing has been done to prevent the use of it as such by foot passengers, but there is certainly no right-of-way for motor cars or other wheeled carriages.

"The Scottish Rights-of-Way and Recreation Society are going beyond their powers in claiming this as a public right-of-way for

vehicular traffic. It has been settled in the law courts that a public right-of-way means a right to the public of passing from one public place to another public place; and there is no law to support a right of sauntering or a right of picnicking, or a right of going out part of the way to look at something, and then going back again. With regard to motor or other wheeled traffic, I maintain that the right-of way is not applicable to these, because to make it so, the road would have had to be capable of this extended use from one end to the other—i.e., from one public place to another—and without resort to engineering operations it is not.

“In recent years large numbers of tourists have been in the habit of going by motor cars and charabancs up to Glenmore Lodge, and picnicking there, and wandering over the forest during the stalking season, and even bathing in the loch in front of the lodge. Notice boards were put up some years ago directing tourists to keep to the paths, but these have had little effect in checking the abuse of the privileges given to the public. This has become such an intolerable nuisance that it is now impossible to get the place let at anything like the rent it made about 10 or 12 years ago, and this you can easily verify from the valuation roll. This is perhaps only an instance of what is going on in other parts of the Highlands, and I may say that it is one of the reasons why the proprietor had now disposed of this property to the Forestry Commission. I have therefore no further interest in the matter.”

The Forestry Commission has adopted the same position as the Duke, and has announced that the gate at the Slugan will be locked against motor traffic.

IN the Court of Session Lord Constable has given a decision upholding a right of way in Glenisla. The case was exceptional in that it raised not only the question of a public

GLENISLA right of way but the question of the suitability of a
RIGHT OF WAY substituted road, and the judge has referred it to
CASE. a surveyor to examine the place and report whether

the proprietor is willing to effect the changes that are necessary to make the substituted road suitable for public use. Prior to 1908 a right of way for all kinds of traffic existed by a road and ford leading from the Alyth-Glenisla main road across the river Isla to the estate of Cammock and Whitehills and through it to the public road at the village of Kilry. In 1908 the proprietor of Cammock built a bridge below the ford and, in respect that the access to the bridge obstructed the old public way to the ford, he gave the public free use of the new road and bridge. In 1923 the present owner, a daughter of the late proprietor, closed the bridge to public use and connected the access to the bridge with the old ford road, so that the public could use the ford as in old days.

Various people, however, insisted upon using the new road and bridge and the proprietrix raised an action of interdict against them. In this she has failed. Lord Constable finds that undoubtedly a right of way exists across the river, though it is true that the traffic is much less nowadays than it used to be when the glen was more thickly populated. The right of way, however, is only by the ford and not by the bridge. At the same time the proprietor in carrying out works for his own convenience, namely, the erection of a bridge, must not do so in such a manner as to interfere with the convenient use of the old right of way. Evidence was led showing that the junction made in 1923 between the new bridge road and the old ford road was difficult and dangerous for wheeled traffic, because of the gradient and a right angled turn at the top, and Lord Constable has upheld this complaint, finding that the partially substituted and altered road thus provided is not reasonably equivalent to the old ford road. Hence the remit by the Court to a surveyor to see the place and give the proprietrix a chance of improving the access to the ford. Only when that is done will she get permission to close the bridge. The decision is an interesting one and it would seem to have some bearing upon cases which have arisen in Deeside, and in other places where proprietors have appropriated old roads, improved them and then put gates up, excluding the public from what were undoubtedly open roads in former days. Lord Constable has held that a proprietor is not entitled to improve a passage across a river and in so doing obliterate a public right of way.

THE death took place on May 1st at Hampstead of Miss Gertrude Martineau, the last surviving daughter of the late Dr. James Martineau, and a correspondent of the *Glasgow*

THE
MARTINEAUS
AND ROTHIE-
MURCHUS.

Herald gives some interesting notes upon this family, the memory of which will long be associated with Rothiemurchus and Aviemore. The Martineau Memorial on the roadside by the Doune, where the lane turns up past the Polchar to Loch-an-Eilan, tells of Dr. Martineau's summer residence there for many years, from 1877 onwards, until his death in 1900, and also of his daughters' beneficent activity in the district. Of the three inscriptions on the memorial one has this record:—"The Carvers of Rothiemurchus, taught for twenty-five years by Gertrude and Edith Martineau, have, in gratitude and affection adorned this memorial." Taught by the sisters to carve in wood, they were able to execute in stone the beautiful old Celtic designs of the panels which cover the three convex sides of the column. That was in 1913, when Lady Mary Grant unveiled the memorial, on the site given by the laird, and every year since then Miss Gertrude

Martineau, who was deeply attached to the place, spent her summers at the Polchar. Only last autumn, before returning to her home at Hampstead, in her 86th year, she unveiled the War Memorial in St. Andrew Church at Aviemore, which was the work of wood carvers whom she herself had trained, and in which a tablet of her own work was also set. Thus for more than forty years she had been a good friend to the people of the district, and not alone as the devoted teacher on summer evenings of that wood carving which has brought a fresh interest of incalculable benefit into many a home in Strathspye. The annual exhibition at Inverdrue of the work of her carvers became an institution eagerly looked forward to, which for the last year or two gained an added interest through the inclusion of a number of her pictures. She was one of the happiest interpreters in water-colour of the rich beauty of Highland scenery.

IT is satisfactory to know that the interests of mountaineers and hill-lovers have not been overlooked by those responsible for the programme at the Aberdeen station of the British

MOUNTAIN- Broadcasting Company. Last January Dr. J. R.
EERING BY Levack, the chairman of the Cairngorm Club, was
BROADCAST. asked to give a lecture or talk on mountaineering,
and this item in the evening's programme passed

off most successfully. Our chairman has frequently spoken in public on the pleasures and adventures of the hills but it was a novel experience to enter a curtained room and address an invisible audience scattered in a thousand places. He acquitted himself well and probably never before has any speaker on mountaineering had the satisfaction of addressing so many people. Not infrequently the lecturer at an ordinary society or club gathering has a beggarly audience of a few dozen before him—often a poor reward for all the pains he takes—but Dr. Levack's listeners were numbered not by the score or even the hundred but by the thousand. He interested them with his talk upon the mountains and did it without pictures, which are the resource and stand-by of the modern lecturer. Some day, no doubt, television will be invented and then we shall have lectures on mountaineering broadcasted, slides and all.

MEMBERS of the Cairngorm Club will be pleased by the compliment which was paid last winter to Mr. James A. Parker in being invited to read a paper on the Pyrenees to the Alpine Club, of which Mr. Parker is himself a member.

MR. PARKER AT THE The average British mountaineer who goes
ALPINE CLUB. abroad is apt to get into a rut and confine himself to the Alps and this applies even to the Alpine Club. Mr. Parker has had the initiative to go to the Pyrenees, a region which, apart from a few popular watering places, is

practically unknown ground to British travellers, though it is a favourite resort of French and Spanish climbers. The charm of the Pyrenees is that the country is much less hackneyed than Switzerland and in the districts, which Mr. Parker has visited on the Spanish side of the range, one can almost enjoy the pleasures of the explorer, so novel and so little known are the valleys and mountains. In the course of three successive seasons Mr. Parker has covered a large part of the chain, including the ascent of the loftiest peak, the Maladetta, and he has delivered on several occasions in Aberdeen a fascinating lecture on the subject, accompanied by his own photographs. For the Alpine Club he prepared a more technical paper, introducing a valuable chart showing the position of the various huts for climbers, erected by the French and Spanish mountaineering clubs. In the Alps there are huts and hotels everywhere, even upon the highest mountains. Not so in the Pyrenees. There the accommodation for the climber is scanty. Particulars of such huts as exist are only to be found in the French "Bulletin of the Pyrenees" and Mr. Parker is the first in this country to give a detailed and exact account of the situation. With the aid of his paper it will be possible for the intending climber in the Pyrenees to plan his tour with some reasonable expectation of reaching his peaks.

A QUERY by Mr. Seton Gordon in the *Scotsman* for information as to the last nesting-places of the osprey in Scotland has elicited an interesting correspondence from which it appears

THE OSPREY. that the bird may not yet be wholly extinct in this country. One correspondent gave 1916 as the last year in which the osprey nested in Scotland but another writer mentions a report that it successfully nested as recently as 1923. Very properly the locality is not mentioned. Mr. Seton Gordon, when he published his query, stated that an osprey was observed last summer on a loch in the Cairngorms but this does not necessarily mean that it nested. It is earnestly to be hoped that if the osprey is seen again anywhere, naturalists will say nothing about it, and that men with guns will not repeat the deplorable incident of May, 1899, when an osprey was shot at Knockespoek in Aberdeenshire. The most famous breeding place of the osprey in recent times was Loch-an-Eilein in Rothiemurchus, where there was a nest in the ruined castle on the island. Ospreys also nested at Loch Morlich on a pine tree but were persecuted out of it by egg-robbers, a fate which would also have overtaken them at Loch-an-Eilein but for the fact that the proprietor of Rothiemurchus forbade boats on the loch and so prevented plunderers from reaching the island. In 1902, however, the osprey deserted the loch. An account of the Loch-

an-Eilein ospreys by the late Mr. C. G. Cash appeared in Vol. IV of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*. See also Mr. A. T. McConnachie's article in Vol. III. One of the *Scotsman* correspondents describes an interesting incident which he witnessed in 1881 at Loch-an-Eilein, a fight between an osprey and a cormorant. "Two fairly fledged eaglets were in the nest on the top of the mural tower. Perched on a little point of rock, only a few inches above the surface of the loch, stood a cormorant, evidently regarded by the osprey as a poacher on his own water. Three or four times at least the great bird swooped down upon the smaller one, but, just as he seemed on the point of striking, down dropped the cormorant, and dived under the water, while the baffled eagle had to soar upward again, and all the time the two eaglets in the nest screamed in wild excitement, fluttering their little wings. At last the osprey gave up the struggle, foolishly, as it seemed to me, for at that moment, soaring wide-winged above the eastward hills, came his mate, a bigger bird, therefore, I suppose his wife, and had the two joined forces, as in like case terriers would assuredly have done, the cormorant would not have had a chance of escape. As it was, however, he came off victor in the duel. The first eagle went off to the west to seek an easier prey, and the second settled down on the nest to feed her disappointed and hungry children, while the long-legged cormorant still perched comfortably, unharmed from the struggle, on his stone."

THIS year has witnessed an outburst of poster art between the two big railway groups interested in traffic to Scotland. The London, Midland and Scottish engaged a number of Royal Academicians to paint pictures and Mr. D. Y. Cameron did a canvas depicting Ben More and Stobinian. Perhaps to put it more correctly, these twin peaks are the ground-work of the picture but the artist's aim is less to represent any mountain in particular than to interpret Highland scenery in general. The writer not having seen the original painting but only reproductions in black and white, is not in a position to speak safely of the impression made by Mr. Cameron's work or to say whether this latest picture is equal to the wonderful "Firth of Lorne," in the Aberdeen Art Gallery. Several less ambitious but very interesting posters in colours have been issued by the London and North Eastern group. Of special interest is one by Frank Newbould showing the Dee at the old bridge of Invercauld, with the Stuir buttress of Lochnagar among the hills behind. The design is open to criticism topographically, but that, of course, is not the way to look at such a work. The artist has very skilfully caught

the outstanding features of the Crathie-Braemar stretch of Deeside—the finest in the whole valley—and his colouring, worked in big bold masses, is as effective as the design. Mr. Grainger Johnson has essayed a similar poster of Fort William, with the sea loch in front and Ben Nevis towering behind, but he just fails to make the mountain convincing, by over rather than under emphasis. A poster of the Eildons at Melrose by Mr. Walter Spradbery is more successful and arresting. All these L.N.E.R. posters are in the new big bold style. More old-fashioned, perhaps, but none the less done with distinct taste and pleasing result, is an L.M.S. poster of the Tay at Dunkeld depicting the “Gateway to the Highlands.”

IN the Nature Notes of the *Scotsman* some months ago a correspondent stated that at Bridgend, Lower Cabrach, Aberdeenshire, at 11.23 p.m., on a February night, he heard BIRDS IN THE the nightingale singing, and after one bird had CABRACH. sung for seven minutes or so, others joined in.

The height of the Cabrach is 1,100 feet. This statement elicited a number of letters from observers, all throwing doubt upon the possibility of the birds having been nightingales. One correspondent wrote:—“There is no previous well-authenticated record of the nightingale having been heard in its proper season on this side of the Cheviots. It is doubtful if it ever travels as far north as the latitude of Banffshire in any part of Europe. From my own experience, I should be inclined to say that the birds heard were members of the thrush family—probably redwings. A few days before the end of February the mild weather suddenly gave place to severe conditions, and the birds may have been moving ahead of the storm, and have been in a restless state in the night time.” Another writer recalled the fact that many years ago attempts were made to domesticate the species in Scotland by Sir John Sinclair, the Earl of Buchan, and others, who procured eggs from England, and put them into robin’s nests. The birds were hatched out, but, contrary to expectation, they did not re-appear next year to breed.

ALL the roads of England and Scotland have been classified and numbered by the Ministry of Transport and a series of maps, on the scale of half-an-inch to the mile, has been NUMBERING issued showing First Class roads in red, Second OF ROADS. Class roads in green and other roads in outline.

The maps, which are produced by the Ordnance Survey, are excellent pieces of cartography, showing all the principal features, streams, hills, names of houses and farms, and also giving numerous heights but no contours. The hill-walker and

mountaineer will prefer other and more detailed maps, but for the motorist and road traveller these new maps are admirable.

For the purpose of numbering Great Britain has been divided into nine sections or zones, bounded by nine trunk roads, six of which radiate clockwise from London and the remaining three similarly from Edinburgh. The numbers on the map are also shown on the signposts on the roads. A means a First Class road and A1 is the road from London to Edinburgh. The three Scottish zones are grouped round the following trunk roads—A7, Edinburgh—Carlisle; A8, Edinburgh—Glasgow—Gourock; A9, Edinburgh—Perth—Kingussie—Inverness. Every road in the north-east of Scotland begins with the numeral 9, prefixed with A for First Class roads and B for Second Class roads. Thus the figure A 92 indicates the road from Inverkeithing to Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, and Fraserburgh; A 93 indicates the road from Perth by Blairgowrie and Braemar and Deeside to Aberdeen. The south Deeside road from Banchory to Aberdeen is A 943. Similarly with the Second Class roads. The road from Bridge of Gairn to Donside and Tomintoul is B 970 and the Pass of Ballatar road as B 972. The system should make route-finding very easy. Thus the motorist starting from Aberdeen for Inverness has only to pick out the road marked A 96 and look for this on the signposts and he will be safely guided by Inverurie, Huntly, Keith, Elgin, Forres, and Nairn to his destination. The only criticism one would offer is that this makes travelling a duffer's game and destroys all sense of adventure and all the pleasure that comes from an intelligent use of maps.

A **NOTABLE** exhibit, illustrative of forestry in Scotland, has been arranged at the British Empire Exhibition this year, by a joint committee representing the Forestry Commission, Scottish landowners and Scottish timber merchants.

FORESTRY Scottish landowners and Scottish timber merchants.
AT In a pavilion, built wholly of Scotch grown timber,
WEMBLEY. are shown a number of remarkable specimens of
 pine, larch, and other woods. These include the
 great plank of fir cut at Glenmore 118 years ago, and now preserved at Gordon Castle. It is 5 ft. 8 in. broad at the lower end and some 6 ft. high, and it compares not unfavourably with a great block of Douglas fir to be seen in the Canadian section of the exhibition, 12 ft. high by 4ft 5. in. square. Another historic specimen is a slab of larch, 15 ft. long, cut from the giant larch, 102 ft. high, which was planted at Dunkeld Cathedral in 1738 and which was blown down in 1888. This was one of the first larches introduced into Scotland. In recent years a large quantity of timber has been felled on the Atholl estate and the Duke of Atholl has lent a slab, 20 ft. long, sawn from a Weymouth pine. There are also several noble plants of Scots fir from Balmoral, and oak planks from

Gordon Castle. The ordinary larch and the Japanese larch, both of which now grow in Scotland, have produced a hybrid, a feature of which is its very rapid growth. This is illustrated strikingly by a tree-trunk standing outside the pavilion; it is 45 ft. high and is from a tree only 11 years old. The interior of the pavilion is finely decorated with heraldic and historical paintings, done by members the Society of Scottish Artists, and hung on the walls are photographs and drawings explaining some of the planting schemes undertaken by the Forestry Commission at the Culbin Sands and at Inchnacardoch on the Caledonian Canal, a feature of the latter being the combination of small holdings with afforestation. Reference should also be made to the remarkable collection of mosses and lichens, over 100 in number, made in Ballochbuie by Mr. John Michie, late Commissioner for His Majesty. Outside the pavilion an open space has been ingeniously laid out with a miniature lake and marsh and upland and hill, and young trees have been planted, appropriate to the different localities and levels, as, for example, willows in the damp ground, spruces on the lower slopes, larches higher up, and so on. The whole exhibit gives a vivid impression of what is already being done in Scotland in the way of silviculture and is rich in suggestiveness of the vast timber growing resources of our country which lie awaiting development.

AT a centenary celebration held at Banchory in April, in connection with the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the firm of

A. and G. Paterson, Ltd., reference was made to
 TIMBER- old-time timber-cutting on Deeside. Mr. George
 CUTTING ON Paterson, the son of one of the two brothers who
 DEESIDE. started the business in Lanarkshire in 1824, said that it was early in the "forties" that woods were first purchased on Deeside, and floated down the Dee from Banchory, and from higher up, to Aberdeen, and then shipped on to Glasgow. The first sawmill of the company on Deeside was at Finzean, erected about 1845, and the next was at Sundayswells, on Learney, Torphins. In 1849 a sawmill was erected on the Inches beside the old oak tree at Aberdeen (this tree is now in the Duthie Park), and the firm's connection with the city has continued ever since. It was not until the railway to Banchory was nearly ready for opening, about 1854, that the mills at Silverbank were erected, but there had been purchases of growing woods from all the neighbouring estates—Crathes, Tilquhillie, Raemoir, etc.—for ten years or more previously.

Among the speakers at the celebration was Mr. R. B. Fraser, manager of the Scottish Landowners' Forestry Society, Edinburgh, who said that talking the other day about the centenary with a man 68 years of age, the latter said his first job was to carry whisky to the floaters, and the first bill for it came to £175

REVIEWS.

THE October and April issues of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* contains a pleasing mixture of lighter stuff and severely

SCOTTISH
MOUNTAIN-
EERING
CLUB.

serious matter and the illustrations, especially in the October issue, are numerous and attractive. Mr. J. Gall Inglis has put at the disposal of the editor the manuscript of an account of a walking tour in the Highlands in 1856 undertaken by his uncle, the late C. S. Inglis, and it is interesting to see something of conditions as they existed sixty-eight years ago. C. S. Inglis was one of three brothers, all great walkers, who kept up their hill tours they were septua-genarians. He used to think nothing of going for a 70-mile tramp across the hills, lying down for a sleep en route wrapped in his plaid in the lee of a dyke. The tour described covers the Western Highlands as far north as Mam Soul. Ten years later the brothers visited the Cairngorms. An unconventional and entertaining paper is that by Mr. A. M. Macrae Williamson, entitled "The Miseries of Mountaineering," describing two very wet camping and climbing expeditions to Ben Avon and Beinn a Bhuird, the first from Corgarff and the second from Glen Derry. Every hill lover will sympathise with the paradox put by Mr. Williamson—misery as you get soaked and weary, and joy and thrill in the retrospect. The worst days on the hills become the finest in memory.

THE *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club*. Edited by R. S. T. Chorley. Pp. 160. A detailed guide to the climbs on the

THE FELL
AND ROCK
CLUB.

Pillar Rock and neighbouring crags occupies the first, and a considerable part of this volume, the writer being H. M. Kelly, who expresses his indebtedness to a number of his fellow-members for their assistance. The first recorded ascent of the Pillar Rock was made in 1826, and to-day it is one of the favourite climbing faces in the Lakes, dozens of routes of varying degrees of difficulty having been worked out upon it. These are all

detailed, with dotted lines on diagrams and photographs, and exact particulars down almost to every handhold and belay. The degree of difficulty and length of rope required for each climb are stated. The other rock faces in the vicinity are described with similar fulness and exactitude. This guide to the Pillar is one of the series which the Club is preparing for the whole of the Lake District. "Envoi," a photogravure of the Pillar from below, silhouetted against the sky, is a charming picture. It was taken by J. H. Doughty and so was the fine photograph of Yewbarrow with snow. The scene in Mosedale by A. Wilson is also most pleasing. Scottish mountaineers who remember Mr. Lawrence Pilkington's work in Skye, will be interested in his reminiscences of climbing in the Lakes. Other articles deal with the Girdle Traverse of Doe Crag and climbs in Langdale, and numerous new routes on old climbs are recorded in the Notes upon members' doings. An account is given of the negotiations leading up to the purchase of Great Gable and the Glaramara ridge as a war memorial, and we have dealt on another page with this noteworthy project upon the successful completion of which the Club is to be warmly congratulated. A fine panoramic view of the summits included in the area conveys a vivid impression of the mountain richness of the memorial. Mr. T. Howard Somervell, who was with the Everest expedition in 1922, describes some ascents which he made north of Kangchanjunga, and articles of a lighter vein and notes and reviews impart variety and interest to an excellent issue.

THE *Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal*, published annually (Offices of the Club : 10 Park St., Leeds, 5/- net), is a handsome volume, finely printed and richly illustrated.

YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB. The opening articles describe expeditions in the Alps and Norway, after which comes a diary of a combined yachting and climbing holiday on the west-coast of Scotland. A distinctive feature of

Yorkshire climbing is the exploration of the pot holes and caverns which abound in that region. "First descents" take the place of "first ascents" and various papers and notes and diagrams deal with climbs of this kind. A photograph, taken by flashlight, shows a group of climbers standing at the foot of an underground waterfall in Alum.Pot. This fall can be reached from below, but has not yet been climbed. Of archaeological value as well as interest to the pot holer is the account of the excavations made at Fox Holes at Ingleborough where remains of pre-historic wars have been found. Admirably detailed photographs and drawings

of these remains are given. Mr. E. E. Roberts, the editor of the *Journal*, has been elected president of the Club. J. V. Hazard of the Everest expedition is a Yorkshire Rambler.

THE *Rucksack Club Journal*, edited by John Wilding (Charles H. Barber, 5a Ann Street, Manchester 4/- net). Last year this

Club came of age and it has now entered on manhood with every show of vitality as is evidenced by the variety and interest of its annual journal. Those who know the Cuillins in Skye will appreciate Mr. E. W. Steeple's account of a visit which he and his friend Mr. Barlow—the joint names are already well-known in connection with Skye—paid to Lofoten. Mr. Steeple's beautiful photographs show how closely the Lofoten peaks resemble the Cuillins: in fact, if the title were obliterated, one would say of the Troltinder "These are the Cuillins, aren't they, in spring, with snow on them." There are several Alpine articles but one is glad to see that our native mountains receive due honour. New climbs at Wasdale are described and Mr. J. Rooke Corbett and Mr. N. Freedman give accounts of winter expeditions among the lesser known tops of the Ben Nevis district and to Ben Alder respectively. Incidentally the former refers in terms of high praise to the special map of the Cairngorms issued by the *Ordnance Survey* which he describes as "almost ideal" and wishes that similar maps would be done for other popular districts. Charming photographs accompany Mr. A. W. Boyd's paper on "Birds of the British Hills." Other pages, as, for example, Mr. G. Winthrop Young's verses, will naturally appeal to Club members rather than to the general reader.

THE *Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa* No. 26—1923. Published by the Cape Town Section. Pp. 112. 2/-. This hand-

south some volume, while largely devoted to mountain-eeering interests in the direct sense, contains much that will appeal to nature lovers generally, in the shape both of letterpress and of illustrations. Else-

where we have referred to the unveiling of the Club's war memorial on Table Mountain and taken the liberty of reproducing from the *Annual* General Smuts' noble utterance on the Religion of the Mountains. Passing to the other contents we note an account of the First Ascent of Slanghoek Needle by K. White, a lady being in the party. The photographs accompanying this article are excellent and remind one of the rock scenery in the Torridon district of Ross-shire. Other rock-climbing articles are

devoted to the first ascent of Columnar Face and an ascent of Cleft Peak and Buffels Dome and we then pass to several papers of a more general travel kind, describing expeditions in Zululand and Eastern Secocoeniland and Pondoland. Climbers and walkers in Scotland, where everything has long since been explored and worked out, must envy their comrades in South Africa where there is so much fresh country to conquer. The Club can boast some accomplished naturalists in its ranks, to judge by the admirable drawings and descriptions of birds of the duck family which are native to the Cape Peninsula, contributed by two members. This paper is the fifth of a series. The Cape Town Section of the Mountain Club of South Africa is a flourishing body with over 500 members and with an active programme of club meets and lectures and afternoon rambles. The annual report, published as an appendix to this volume, refers to the growing popularity of mountaineering, as witnessed by the increasing number of people who visit Table Mountain and the surrounding districts. An appeal is made to the public not to roll stones down the mountain, because of the obvious danger of this practice, especially as rock-climbing on the face of the mountain is now being pursued.

La Montagne. Nos. 167 to 170. December, 1923, to February, 1924. These four numbers of the monthly journal of the French

FRENCH
ALPINE
CLUB

Alpine Club contain a number of excellent articles of which probably the most interesting are the two by M. L. Maury descriptive of the Picos de Europa, a little known mountain region near Santander. The reports of the monthly *seances* of the C.A.F. are interesting and bear witness to the great activity of the Club and the enthusiasm of its members. The journal is well illustrated and all the illustrations are described in detail, a feature which with advantage might be copied by other mountain journals.

The Pillar Rock and Neighbouring Climbs: A Climbers' Guide by H. M. Kelly. Published by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, pp. 68. This is the second of the guides

THE PILLAR
ROCK.

prepared by the Fell and Rock Club, the first, dealing with the climbs on Doe Crags and round Coniston, having been published a year ago. The matter comprised in the present guide has previously appeared in the *Journal* of the Club, which is reviewed above, and further reference is not necessary, except to mention that

in the present reprint some additional features, including an index, are introduced, all enhancing the usefulness of the guide-book for the rock-climber. The work is complete: the rock-climber will revel in the technical details and diagrams, and the mountain lover will enjoy the admirable photographs. The guide is sensibly bound in pliable but strong covers.

James William Helenus Trail: A Memorial Volume. Aberdeen: The University Press, pp. 331. Though not of direct interest to mountaineers this volume, containing a memoir of PROFESSOR TRAIL. Professor Trail and his hitherto unpublished Flora of Aberdeen, deals with the career of a close student of Nature who knew the north-east of Scotland as perhaps few men did, and with the plant life of the city of Aberdeen and its immediate vicinity, and as such it deserves the notice of all lovers of the open air. For years Professor Trail had been collecting data for a flora of the city, meaning by this the land within the burgh boundary—a flora to include not only native plants but migrants from up country and strange aliens sprung from seeds cast out on rubbish heaps at railway sidings and elsewhere. The results of his painstaking and exact observations are seen in the pages now published in this volume. They are preceded by a most interesting survey which he wrote, describing the topographical changes which have taken place in the area of the city since early times—the levelling of hills, the draining of the lochs and marshes, the reclaiming of waste ground, the building of streets, all of which have affected the plant life of the locality, mostly, of course, in the way of exterminating species. His own memory carried him back to the sixties—before the diversion of the Dee, when the Inches still existed and supported an extensive estuarine flora. This vanished, and though such a flora lingered about the Tile Burn and the mouth of the Don until our own day, it is now disappearing there also, in consequence of the changes carried out on the Links.

It is pointed out by Professor Trail that the Dee, owing to its sources being at a greater height, has differed much from the Don in the prevalence along its banks, even to a low level, of typically alpine and subalpine plants, sprung from seeds or from bulbs or other reproductive parts carried down by the river and lodged on the shingles or banks. Thus the flora of Aberdeen included on the north bank of the Dee and on the inches of the estuary, a good many plants of a type quite distinct from those on the low ground away from the river. Among the alpine and upland plants that

formerly grew beside the Dee within Aberdeen, there have disappeared Bald Money or Highland Micken, (*Meum athamanticum*), Mountain Sorrel (*Oxyria digyna*) and Northern Bedstraw (*Galium boreale*). Very interesting and suggestive of strange wanderings and vicissitudes are the exotic plants found by Professor Trail. Many of these are natives of the Mediterranean lands and the Black Sea, brought here with grain, and noted by Professor Trail's quick eye. They flourished for a summer but in most cases failed to produce seed and have therefore not become established as true colonists. Two exceptions there are however, to this fatality of climate, which are familiar to all who know the Dee and its tributary burns, the blue Lupine and the yellow Mimulus. The *Lupinus Nootkatensis* is a native of the northern Pacific coast of America, and the story given by Professor Trail, though he does not vouch for its accuracy, is that when Balmoral was bought by Queen Victoria in 1847, this lupine was among the plants brought to the castle grounds, whence it escaped and the seeds or roots were carried down the Dee. By 1862 it had reached Aboyne and Professor Trail watched its progress down the river, how it established itself on the shingles—or stanners, to use the local word—first dispossessing the native plants, then altering the level of the shingle beds, thus making it possible for large grasses and other coarse vegetation to arise and in turn crush out the lupine. The *Mimulus Langsdorffii* also comes from Western North America, and was introduced as a garden flower in this country in 1820. It quickly spread as a wild flower along ditches and streams and is first reported near Aberdeen in 1865. Professor Trail quotes a correspondent in the *Aberdeen Free Press* in 1907, who stated that the late Professor Dickie, Professor Trail's predecessor in the chair of Botany, sowed seeds of the *Mimulus* in various places about Aberdeen, hoping to naturalise it. We have touched on only a few of the points suggested by this fascinating volume.

The Hill Paths, Drove Roads and Cross Country Routes in Scotland. Notes and Recollections compiled by Walter A.

Smith, F.F.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and

HILL PATHS Wallace. Pp. 104. 2/6.—Few know the hills

AND of Scotland better or can write of them more

DRIVE ROADS. lovingly than Mr. Smith and contributions from his pen to the literature of the Highlands are

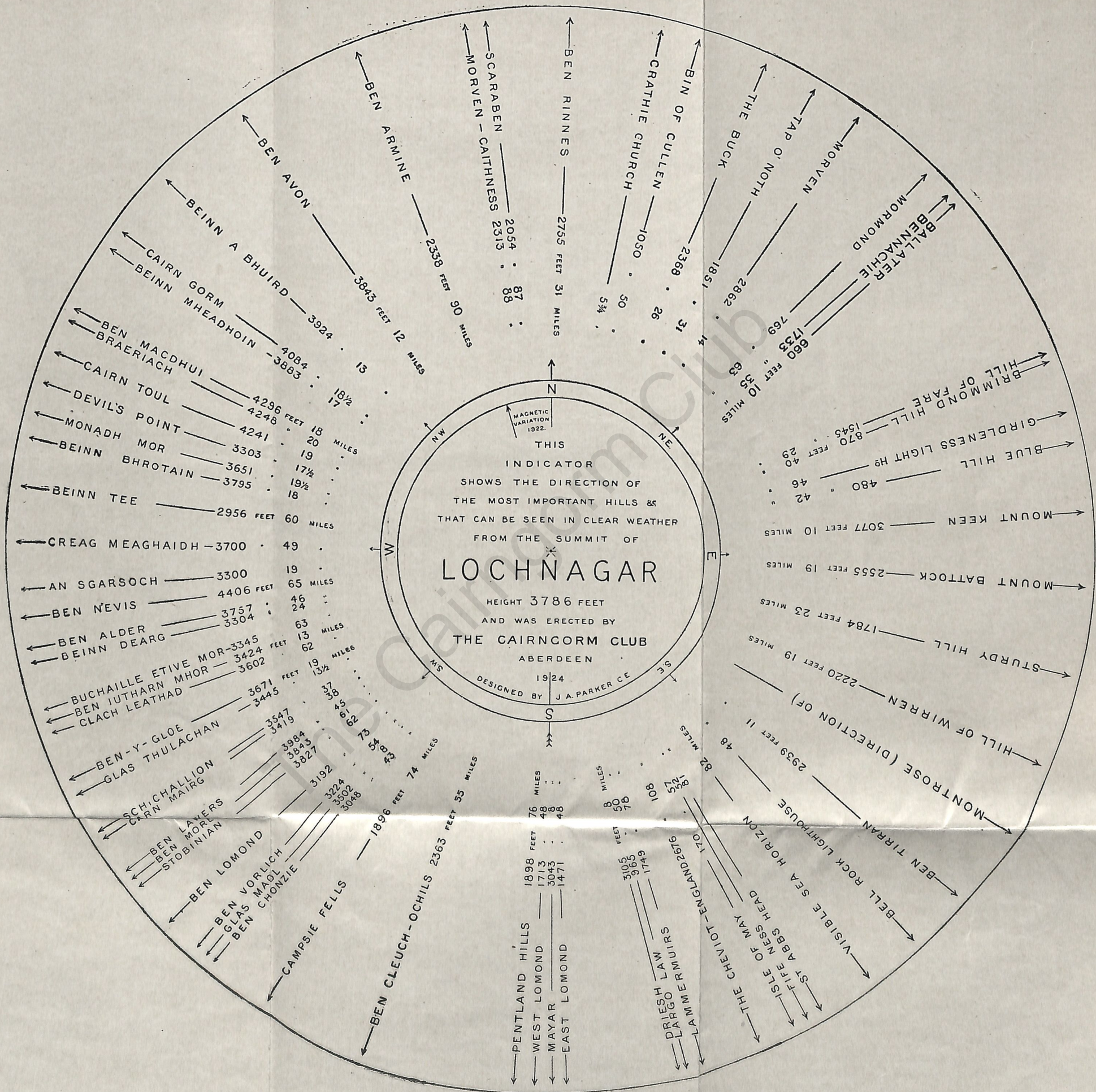
always welcome. One is glad that he has here put on record the matter gathered in his wanderings over the length and breadth of the country from the Cheviots to Caithness and Orkney, adding

information as to various other hill routes not actually traversed by himself and thus furnishing the fullest and most comprehensive handbook that has yet appeared upon this side of Scottish mountaineering. Cross country wandering, as distinct from hill climbing, has a charm of its own. There is always a peculiar novelty—familiar though the ground may be—in rising from one valley and seeing beyond the watershed another countryside burst upon the eye. Especially do the Grampians furnish such a dividing range and most of us can recall some occasion when we have breasted the hills from Deeside and when suddenly a spacious prospect has opened before us over all Strathmore and away to Ben Voirlich and the Lomonds in Fife and we have stood for a moment like Cortez “silent upon a peak in Darien.” The feature of the Mounth roads across the Grampians, which are all admirably and concisely described by Mr. Smith, is that they do not go through passes in the hills but over the broad summits, no doubt in order to avoid peaty ground and secure solid footing for horses and cattle. To-day our flocks and herds go by train from north to south: in old days they went on foot and men went on foot too and the hill paths were the arteries of the country's life. They are now silent and deserted save for an occasional tinker or tramp, the sole survivor and custodian of old usage.

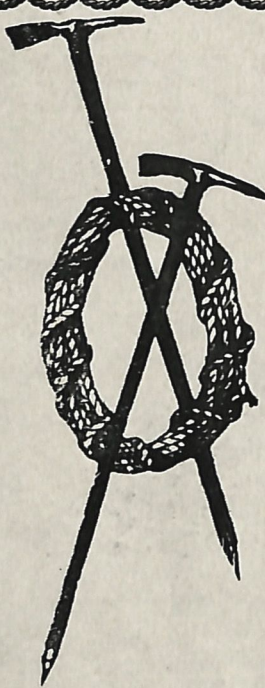
Much interesting history, some authentic and some legendary, clings to the hill routes of Scotland and these associations are noted by Mr. Smith along with the more precise details of heights and directions and distances. In the next edition of the little volume, which will no doubt soon be called for, he should perhaps question the reference to King Edward's crossing of the Fir Mounth in 1296 and 1303. The authority for this is not accepted by Mr. G. M. Fraser in his account of the Deeside roads. One cannot speak from personal knowledge of the many other routes described in these pages, for they number some 200 in all, and cover the whole of Scotland, remote and accessible regions alike, but if they are all done as carefully as those on Deeside and in the Cairngorms, the book will be found satisfactory in other districts no less than here. If ever a chance comes to plan a walking tour in the Border country, the present writer will certainly consult this volume. It is prefaced by a delightful introduction upon the pleasures of cross country walking and ends by a very practical appeal to walkers not to leave sandwich papers lying on the hillside. Pity it is that such a reminder should be necessary but unfortunately it is. The sketch of a mountain track, which embellishes the cover of the volume, shows that Mr. Smith is no less happy with his pencil than with his pen.

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The Cairngorm Club



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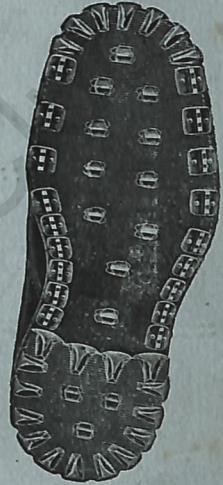
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and Hobnails



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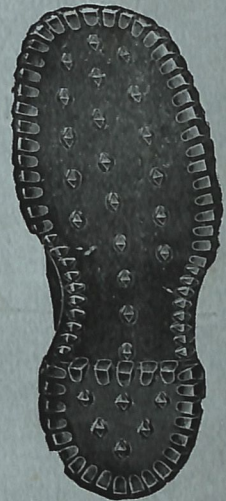


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