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THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY
HENRY ALEXANDER.

CONTENTS.

- Indicator on Ben Macdhui.
The Fir Mounth and the Fungle Roads..... Walter A. Smith.
A Walk Through the Garbh Choire..... J. A. Parker.
Finishing the Three Thousanders in the
Cairngorms..... Ronald Burn.
The Mystery of Mount Battock..... William Garden.
What Called Me to the Heights?..... Lawrence Pilkington.
In Memoriam :
Sir John Fleming.
The Lochnagar Indicator.
English Peak Baggers in Scotland.
Proceedings of the Club : Meets.
Petition for the Glen Feshie Road.
Notes.
Reviews.
Illustrations :
Dr. J. R. Levack, President, 1918-1925.
Snow Climb in July in the Garbh Choire.
Corrie Kander, Glen Callater.
Dubh Loch Corrie, Beinn a' Bhuid.
The Luibeg at Easter.

ISSUED ONCE A YEAR.

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Owing to the heavy cost of printing, the Committee of the Club has reluctantly suspended the mid-winter issue of the Journal, and for the present there will only be an annual publication.

Contributions for the next issue should be sent to the Editor, 47 Queen's Road, Aberdeen. Notes, however brief, upon hill excursions and walks will be welcomed, as it is particularly desired to make the Journal a record of the activities of the Club and its members. Photographs are also invited.



Photo by

R. M. Morgan Ltd.

DR. JOHN R. LEVACK,
PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB, 1918-1925.

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INDICATOR ON BEN MACDHUI.

THE Club has decided to proceed with the erection of an indicator on the summit of Ben Macdhui similar to that on Lochnagar and it is hoped that the work may be completed this summer. The matter was mentioned at the annual dinner of the Club in December, and subscriptions amounting to no less than £120 were intimated towards the cost of the scheme. It was resolved, however, by the committee of the Club, which met in March to discuss the details of the project, to issue a general appeal for subscriptions because the expenditure involved will be heavier than in the case of the Lochnagar indicator, and because it is desired to have a fund permanently in hand for the future upkeep of the indicator.

The idea of an indicator on Ben Macdhui was first mooted in 1914 when a number of members present at the Dalwhinnie meet suggested that a memorial should be raised to Mr. Alexander Copland who was the first President of the Club and who did so much to establish it in its early days, and that it should take the form of an indicator on Ben Macdhui, an appropriate tribute in view of Mr. Copland's labours in preparing a panorama from the summit. (Published in four sections as supplement to Vols. II. and III. *C.C.J.*) As matters developed, it was found simpler to proceed with the Lochnagar indicator first; Lochnagar being a hill much more frequently ascended than Ben Macdhui, and the

success of the Lochnagar undertaking has encouraged the Club to now take in hand the more costly and more arduous task of erecting an indicator on the highest of the Cairngorms. Once again the technical skill and mountaineering enthusiasm of Mr. James A. Parker have made such an enterprise possible. He has prepared a design, circular in form, showing the principal summits and points visible from the top of Ben Macdhui, and this will be transferred to a porcelain slab of the same style as the Lochnagar one and erected on a masonry pedestal close to the summit cairn of the mountain. The top of Ben Macdhui lies within the Fife estate and the consent of the Princess Royal to the erection of the indicator has been graciously given. The inscription on the indicator will bear that it is in memory of "Alexander Copland, a President of the Club."

Mr. Parker ascended Ben Macdhui on April 19th, taking with him the drawing of the indicator and a plane table and 5 inch compass, for the purpose of comparing the drawing with the actual horizon. He was alone and had a very considerable weight to carry, but fortunately the snow, which was continuous from the foot of the Sron Riach to the summit, was hard and the going was good. Mist lay on the top, when he arrived shortly before one o'clock, but in some twenty minutes it lifted and a magnificent view opened up in every direction, and the weather continued perfect for the rest of the afternoon, Mr. Parker being able to erect his table and check his drawing by bearings on the actual hills under exceptionally fine conditions. It was a piece of extraordinary luck to go out from Aberdeen and climb the mountain upon chance and get an all-round view of such a rare character.

THE FIR MOUNTH AND THE FUNGLE ROADS.

BY WALTER A. SMITH.

THE interesting article by Mr. Walter A. Reid in the April, 1919, number of *The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* aroused my desire to explore the "Fir Mounth" and the "Fungle" roads. But it was only in June last year (1924) that I, in company with two good friends, was able to arrange to do so. And it occurred to me that as it happened, by a lucky chance, I had the pleasure of meeting (for the first time) Mr. Reid, on this occasion, on the very summit of the "Fir Mounth" itself it might not be considered inappropriate, as we are both old members of the Cairngorm Club, that this record of a traverse of these two ancient mountain paths might perhaps be considered worthy of a place on the pages of the excellent *Journal* of that Club.

The boundary line of Forfar- and Aberdeen- shires runs high up, east to west, along the lonely rugged ridges of the eastern granite Grampians, from Mount Battock (2555 ft.) in the east to Mount Keen (3077 ft.) in the west. Between the valleys of the Esk and the Dee rise rough wild hills and moors in rather bewildering masses of, on the whole, so similar a character and height, and broken up as they are by such a number of glens, many of considerable depth, their bright clear streams running through the heather in a somewhat perplexing variety of directions, that were it not for three more or less well defined old paths across them it would not be an easy task to find one's way over this 15 miles of "highland" from the one main valley to the other, and it is only on the third of these that the wanderer will pass a habitation at which he could ask his way!

To approach this region you take the train to the pleasant little town of Edzell, and after passing the night at one of the two comfortable hotels there you

drive up the lovely birch and broom-clad valley of the Esk for 11 miles to the little hamlet of Tarfside. The driving road continues for about four miles farther to Loch Lee Church and Invermark, the Earl of Dalhousie's shooting Lodge, and it is from here that the most westerly of the three old hill paths to Deeside ascends steeply by "the Ladder" to the west of Mount Keen, and goes over to the far head of Glen Tanner. Near the foot of the "the Ladder" is a stone encircled well where Queen Victoria and Prince Albert rested in 1861. On the stone is now inscribed,

"Rest Traveller on this lonely green
And drink, and pray for Scotland's Queen."

At about eight miles over this route the path divides—one branch ascends again to the north west and descends to Ballater (five miles): the other branch (10 miles) continues all the way down the Water of Tanner to Aboyne.

But we had traversed the Ballater route many years ago, and it is with the other two mentioned as a heading to this brief narrative that we now propose to deal. We explored them one week-end of June. They both start from the hamlet of Tarfside. In fact for the first five miles they are identical. Unfortunately there is no inn here. (It would be an ideal situation for a mountaineers' hostelry!)

We went north from Tarfside to Dinnet by the "Fir Mounth," probably the most anciently used hill road in the Highlands. It was traversed in 1296 and 1303 by the invading army of King Edward I.* of England, by King James IV. of Scotland in 1504 on a pilgrimage to St. Duthac's Church at Tain, and by the army of the Marquis of Montrose in 1645. As it ascends more or less steeply to over a height of about 2,250 ft., one wonders how these heavily clad English soldiers managed

* Mr. G. M. Fraser in his interesting book "The Old Deeside Road," asserts that King Edward I. more probably came north by the "Cairn a Mounth" road from Fettercairn farther to the east.—The above statements are recorded, I am informed, on a stone near Dinnet.

to get over it $6\frac{1}{4}$ centuries ago! It is now only traceable by occasional rough zig-zag cuttings and frequent large old cairns. The first two miles are, however, by a fairly good cart road till you reach the Burn of Tennet flowing down from the north-east to join the rapid stream of the Tarf. Here the cart road goes up Glen Tennet to a farm on the moor, but the old track after crossing that burn continues due north by the large cottage called Shinfar, which was all shut up that lovely summer morning as we passed it. But the sky was blue, the big hills to the north were clear to their hoary summits, and the streams sparkled in the sunshine as they rattled down their rocky beds through the heather. So we cheerfully left behind us this last (until the end of our hill crossing) sign of human habitation and descending slightly crossed the Clearach stream, and climbed gradually by the east end of a ruinous sheep fank with the Clearach glen to our right and the long straight Kidloch Burn down on our left. Ascending rather more steeply now we reach the rougher stoney moor over which a generally well-marked path of granite gravel, marked by a few cairns, brings us to the point marked 1825 ft. on the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch scale Ordnance Map. This is where the "Fungle Road" to Aboyne strikes away slightly E. of N. (We returned south by it two days later.) The "Fir Mounth," marked by cairns, now climbs steeply for a mile, with a cut zig-zag near the top to Tombie Hill (2350 ft.) and then continues due N. along the heights with the Hill of Cat (2435 ft.) on the left and Cannock (2396 ft.) on the right. A magnificent panorama of mountains to the west and to the north is now obtained as we walk along the ridge. At a level green part of the path, with a deer fence on the left, a charming cold well will be found (St. Colme's Well) with a stone at its head on which is carved a cross, and the words, "Well Beloved."

Descending now gradually by the east of the deer fence to about the 1750 ft. level, and passing, in rather marshy ground, the sources of a western tributary of the

Water of Feugh, we can see away far down to the east the green fields and the few houses in the treeless Forest of Birse. At this lower dip in the route a curious ruined chimney is passed on the right, probably the remains of an old sapper's hut. Climbing again due N, to get once more near the deer fence running along the heights of Craigmahandle (1878 ft.), we come, in about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the old chimney, to a gate in the deer fence through which the path proceeds, and descends among the heather into the great pine forest of Glen Tanner. The walk down among the grand old trees in the warm early evening light was most enchanting, and in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles below the gate brought us to the wooden bridge over the Skinna burn. Alas, after this, after crossing the burn, the way was changed to a scene of burnt desolation as we entered into the region of the great forest fire that made such sad havoc of the woods a couple of years ago, and the path was much obstructed by the fallen and cut-down branches of the burnt trees. But in about two miles more we got clear of this rather heart-breaking area, and reached the pleasant broad green park, in which lies the picturesque small thatched church of St. Lesmo. A little way north of the church we crossed the Tanner River by the old arched Bridge of Braeloine and, crossing the driving road up to Glen Tanner House, went through a gate to the road over Bellrory Hill, and on, N. and W., to the bridge over the Dee at Dinnet, and over it—seeing some salmon and trout in the river as we crossed—to the village and comfortable hotel where we found a good dinner awaiting us. This, needless to say, we heartily enjoyed, after our rather arduous but intensely interesting and most enjoyable rough hill walk of about 16 miles.

Next day was Sunday, a lovely day, and we spent it quietly exploring the beauties of Loch Kinord and the banks of the Dee. Starting early on Monday morning, we went down the south bank of the river to a short way west of the bridge over from Aboyne, and, leaving the high road at some cottages there, went south up a cart

road, through the wooded Glen of the Allt Dinnie burn, to a cottage called Parkside, where we crossed the burn by a footbridge. This is the beginning of "The Fungle Road," another ancient highway. It is a very lovely road, climbing gradually but steadily up through the forest, above the west side of the stream. A little more than a mile up there is a well with a stone seat at it on which is carved "The Fear of the Lord is a Fountain of Life," and again about another half mile up we pass, at the wayside, a pretty little grassy platform surrounded by a neat old rustic wall on which is inscribed—

"Rest and be Thankful.
Oh, ye Mountains, Oh ye Waters,
Praise ye the Lord."

Through an opening in the forest below this spot, a lovely view is obtained down to the Dee at Aboyne, and of the Loch of Aboyne to the north of it. Very soon after getting out of the wood at its head you cross the burn to its east side, but in about two-thirds of a mile recross it to the west again and go practically due S. (bearing *up* slightly to the W. at first) and over the moor below the eastern slope of Duchery Hill, and descend above the western side of a picturesque deep rocky ravine to the back of old Birse Castle in the valley of the Feugh. The castle has in recent years been restored into a small shooting lodge where we were very civilly received and offered refreshments. (It is approached by its owner by a driving road of 13 miles up the glen from Banchory.) Descending to the Feugh Water below the Castle to the old ford and foot bridge over its western tributary, the burn of Corn (whose source high up among the Hills we had passed on Saturday near the old ruin of a chimney already referred to) we then keep steadily up, by the old road, now much destroyed by storm and floods, above the west side of the Feugh. From the Castle to the point 1825 ft. on the map where, as already stated, this route joins the "Fir Mounth" route is about a $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles climb—very steep after the first three.

Gaining the top in a boggy pass of peat (the path marked by two upright pillars of rock is dry enough on the west side of the black field of peat) we soon came in sight of the big cairns on the "Fir Mounth," and were not very long in getting down the rough moors to Tarfside again. We had trysted a motor car from Edzell to meet us there at 4.30. We arrived at 3.40, and so after a friendly chat with our Saturday morning's acquaintance, the worthy postmistress, who supplied us with soda water to drown the little remaining whisky in our flasks, we had a delightful run down Glen Esk again in ample time to get the evening train home to Edinburgh.

EVENING.

In the fields the sheep are calling,
Where the grass is soft and low ;
Now the evening shades are falling
And the breeze has ceased to blow.
Now the clouds, in league together,
Fold the hill tops, one by one ;
Fades the purple of the heather
To the grey of sky and stone.
I am glad the water's seething
And the river, dark with flood ;
Far more glad that peace is breathing
In the stillness of the wood,
In the smoke that steals towards heaven,
Thin blue grey against the pines ;
But most glad my watch says "Seven,"
For it's then the household dines.

A WALK THROUGH THE GARBH CHOIRE.

BY J. A. PARKER.

ONE frequently hears of people walking through the Larig, but never of any one walking through the Garbh Choire although it is often walked round. The following narrative recounts how H. Alexander and the author walked through it in July, 1924, and what befell us on the way :

“ I think that we really ought to get a move on now,” said No. 1.

“ All right then,” replied No. 2 rather drowsily, and the party thereupon “ fell in.”

Or, to be strictly accurate, they tumbled out of a little saloon motor car that had been standing at Derry Lodge since ten p.m. * the previous evening and it was now the cheerful hour of two o'clock on Sunday the 20th July, 1924. And a fine caller morning with the faint northern twilight just strengthening into dawn.

As it was only some six hours since we had finished an excellent dinner at Braemar, early morning tea was voted to be unnecessary, and therefore after locking up the car, we at once shouldered our rucksacks, picked up our ice axes and took the path to the Larig.

“ Ice axes in Scotland in the latter half of July!” the reader doubtless exclaims and we hasten to assure him that it is all right as the so-called summer had been a pretty wintry one and there were still great quantities of old snow in the high corries.

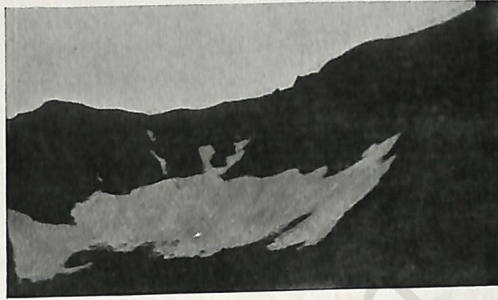
The first part of our walk in the half light of early dawn, with the moon just past the full, was superb and the air had that invigorating quality which is supposed to be peculiar to the Alps ; but which can be had any fine morning in the Cairngorms if one cares to get up early enough. The feeling of remoteness was intense and this was accentuated when on rounding the bend

* All times are G.M.T.

beyond the Lui Beg cottage we came in sight of a camp fire among the trees about half a mile in front. And in ten minutes we were exchanging early morning greetings with three Aberdeen friends who were camping out and had a big fire going to keep themselves warm. They had not had a comfortable saloon motor to sleep in!

The sun was due to rise about a quarter to four, and we were well into Glen Dee before his first rays struck the crest of Braeriach and the peak of Cairntoul. A magnificent sight.

Our first halt was called at a small stream about half a mile short of the meeting of the Dee and the Larig Burn, and, with our cooker, we soon prepared a hot breakfast for which we were now quite ready. This disposed of we crossed the Larig Burn and at once commenced our walk through the Garbh Choire. Keeping on the north side of the Dee we passed Coire Bhrochain and then crossed the Dee just below the entrance to the next corrie at the head of which is the famous waterfall. Leaving this corrie (it is called the Dee corrie) on our right we walked up into the furthest recess of the Garbh Choire which the keeper at Lui Beg told us later was called the Garbh Choire proper. This inner corrie is a very secluded place, a holy of holies, and it is seldom visited. It is girt all round with steep slopes and precipitous rocks and on the occasion of our visit with many big patches of snow, one of which is believed to be permanent. Of these the largest was in the north-west corner of the corrie and it consisted of a big slope of snow probably about 500 feet high set at a steep angle and sending many tongues of snow up into the gullies in the rocks. To the right of the eastmost tongue of snow a momentary bit of mist revealed the existence of two respectable pinnacles and their attractive appearance at once determined us to climb the big snow slope to the foot of the pinnacles and climb them, or, failing that, chance getting up the gully which was certain to run up to the top of the hill behind them.



THE SNOWFIELD IN THE GARBH CHOIRE.



"BERGSCHRUND" IN THE GARBH CHOIRE.

These two photographs, taken with a vest-pocket camera and without sunshine, are reproduced not for pictorial reasons but as indicating the snow conditions in the Garbh Choire on July 20, 1924. In the upper photograph the pinnacles, described in Mr. Parker's article, may be seen appearing as points on the lip of the corrie. They are actually on a ridge projecting into the corrie and the gully climbed runs up behind them. The lower photograph shows the deep gap or "bergschrund" where the snow abutted on the cliffs.—H. A.

The time was about half-past seven, just about the hour that people would be getting their shaving water taken into them in the hotels at Braemar. We found the snow to be in excellent condition and when about half way up it we put on the rope as the angle was rapidly steepening and looked as if it would get steeper still, which it duly did. A wonderful sight was revealed to us when we reached the foot of the rocks at a point some distance to the left of the lower pinnacle. The snow had melted or shrunk away from the rock leaving quite a big bergschrund the bottom of which we could not see. Turning to our right we carefully cut steps along the edge of the schrund, which was a sharp snow arete, towards the gully which we now saw ran up to the left of the pinnaced ridge. To reach the gully we had some rather tricky climbing on steep snow slopes and knife edges interspersed with slabby rocks but in due time we entered the foot of the gully at the top of the snow.

The lower part of the first pinnacle was manifestly impossible and we therefore confined our attention for the moment to the gully. This consisted of sound smooth rock probably about a hundred feet high and just flat enough in places to hold a few stones in a very unstable state. Here an unfortunate difference of opinion took place. The leader, who objects to steep rock gullies ornamented with loose stones, elected to climb up the lower rocks of the first pinnacle on what he euphemistically called good sound rock while his companion stated, also euphemistically, that the gully was a simple walk and promptly proceeded to walk up it. Unfortunately the rope was only forty feet long and a point was of course soon reached when a divided party was no longer possible, and No. 2 therefore had obediently to join his leader on the sound rocks. These "went" with considerable difficulty for about thirty feet, and then said as plainly as possible *passage interdit*. The retreat into the gully was not at all easy, matters being considerably complicated by one of the ice axes dropping into a

crack in the simplest manner possible and then being retrieved with a good bit of trouble.

The exponent of gullies now took the lead and proceeded to show how gullies should be walked up. The only difficulty was near the top where the gully was blocked by a big chock stone of very doubtful stability. The leader swarmed up on its left side hardly daring to look at it and then up some very steep stuff to a good landing from which he pulled up his companion who was now carrying two rucksacks and two ice axes. And in a few minutes the party was on the edge of the west plateau of Braeriach near the south cairn.

We clambered out to the top of the higher pinnacle but from it could not see any easy way of getting on to the top of the lower one, and, as there was no cairn on it, it is evidently unclimbed, and is recommended as worthy of attention.

The weather which thus far had been good, now broke down in the very best style, and rain and sleet came down in torrents as we made our way eastward in dense mist towards the top of Braeriach. Incidentally on the way we picked up a party of two men and two boys, who had come up from Glen Einich and were pleasantly engaged in ascending Braeriach by walking away from it as fast as their legs would take them.

The top of Braeriach was reached about noon in dense mist, and after a very cold collation we found our way down the rocky south east shoulder of the mountain into the Larig. The Larig Burn was crossed a little above the Dee, and about three o'clock we reached our "kitchen." The cooker was got out and in quarter of an hour we revelled in hot afternoon tea.

The trudge down the Larig Path was very splashy, but we made good time and reached Derry Lodge all sound and going strong about half-past five; fifteen and a half hours after we left it in the early hours of the morning. Our little car was waiting for us, and in three quarters of an hour we were back in Braemar, well pleased with our walk through the Garbh Choire.

FINISHING THE THREE THOUSANDERS
IN THE CAIRNGORMS.

BY RONALD BURN.

YOU will remember, gentle reader, the excellent Jubilee Number of this Journal, and the all too short article by the late Sir Hugh Munro, in which he states that he had only three more "tops" in Scotland over 3000 ft. to climb in order to have ascended all the 538 points in his classic Tables. These three were Càrn an Fhìdhleir Feisidh (3276), Càrn Cloich Mhuilinn and the Inaccessible of Skye. His ambition was also mine, and to my great satisfaction I have achieved it and a little more. (See *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, Oct. 1923, p. 329, where it is stated that I have done every point tabled over 3000 ft., i.e. not only every point in Munro's original Tables which was Munro's ambition, but also all those added (20) to the revised Tables lately published by the S.M.C. (543 in all)—as well, of course, as those excluded (15) from the revised Tables but given in Munro's original edition). I think that I am the first and only one to have completed all the 3000 ft. points—558 in all.

Alas! Yes deliberately I write alas. For glad though I was to have accomplished a long dreamed-over project, I would far sooner dear old Munro had not died with three undone so that he might have been the first to do all in his own Tables and also to revise his Tables and then do all the peaks he had added. He was revising (fitfully) his Tables a little before his death, and in January 1919, three months before he passed away, I had the great privilege of spending two nights at Lindertis and of copying into my maps all the notes in his.

But this would give me no right to trespass on another club's journal (of which I have a complete set, by rare

luck). So perforce I shelter myself behind the Editor, who himself asked me for an article on my experiences in doing the tops "with more especial reference to the Cairngorms." Well, I have few experiences except kindness and hospitality unbounded from very many keeper friends, in most parts of Gàidhealtachd, and no startling adventures that I remember of during June and July 1923. So, being given a large tract of country to write about, I will try to pick out expeditions that included some of the out-of-the-way and little-climbed tops that within this range I had yet to do that summer, just in case by any chance there may be one single Cairngormer who has not been there. My narrative must be confined to those done in 1923, for memory soon fades.

First, then on Wednesday, June 27th, I did that little group above and east of the railway at Dalnaspidal, seldom climbed and yet very accessible, and comprising Glas Meall Mor (3037), Meall a' Chaorruinn (3004), A' Bhuidheannaich Mhor (3046) and Càrn na Caim (3087).

* * * * *

Could the Railway Company not work up Dalnaspidal into a mountaineering Strathpeffer for Easter and Christmas meets, providing a runabout car for the Ben Alder range? This would open up a country at present almost unexplored. Or are winter sportsmen forever to go to Switzerland, and interesting hills to be made inaccessible to those who love them most?

Next day I did Meall na Cuaich, (leaving Truimbank Hotel at 10.55 and reaching the summit, 3120, at 12.10, and descended to Bhran Cottage in Glen Tromie, whence I tramped by Ruthven and Kingussie to Insh (I thought it was never going to come into view) where Mrs. Cameron of Rose Cottage (once the inn) made me exceedingly comfortable. Her husband was most interesting and gave me several words and meanings not in the Gaelic dictionaries for my collection, which at the time of writing has reached its 2100th. It is a great pity that Insh is not nearer the hills (or that the Camerons have not bought Derry Lodge!)

Next day I went to Kincaig for letters and then back along the Feshie to climb on the Monadh Ruadh and ended it by finishing all the points on the Braeriach massif that I had not done, by visiting every top from the 4149 cairn to Sròn-na-Làirig and back over several. But this day includes only well-known peaks and will not be detailed.

Next day I started at about 9.30 from Tolvah in Glen Feshie where I had slept, and once more took the Allt Fheárnachan path. There are two tracks after one gets well beyond the bridge and wood.* The map marks a cart road going N. and then ceasing. Actually it turns E. uphill till past Glaic na Mèirlich (on the ridge ending at Càrn Bàn Beag). This is not to be used. It looks the better and quicker way as reaching high ground sooner but its conspicuousness is due to streams having used it and made it their bed. This track avoids (by keeping higher up) the bridge over the Allt Fheárnachan, whereas to get the good footpath marked on the map one goes to the bridge (not of course crossing it) crosses the wee burn from Coir' Arcain and then up and close to its left bank as in map. The old track does not cross this little stream till E. of where the map makes it end. By gentle uniform slopes this gravelly footpath lands one on the 3000 contour (or even 3250?) opposite the big snow patch called Ciste Marad (not Mairearaid). Further on is a broken pony shelter where lies a sheet of corrugated iron. It would now have been no exertion to bag Càrn Bàn Mór 3443. But I had done it some years ago and had to get as far as Cairntoul and the Devil's Point † that day. Yesterday, in order to avoid the awful ground drained by the head streams of the Eideart, knolls and dips and knolls again (also water), I had headed well towards Loch Einich. But all in vain: if I missed hags I gained upsy downy knowes and stones. This bad bit cannot be avoided and there is no

* Name of wood is Badan Mosach.

† Gaelic name is Bodan Deamhain. Other names are Bod an Diabhoil, Pìoc (peak) an Donais, Creag Bhiorach (sharp) Gleann Giùthsachain.

comfortable route. To-day I kept the continuation of Ross' path on the right bank of the A. na Sgòrnaich (gullet) and so amid moraine heaps (best tackled by circumvention) with several pools and snow patches at their foot I toiled on past S. end of Loch nan Cnapan, crossed the Glais Fhéith (bog-stream) Inbhir Fheisidh (Feshie) or Fhaisidh, the left head stream of the A. Luinneag (little purler—a beautiful and very true name for this liling burn). I now kept up the corrie of the other stream (Glais, Théith Luinneag) till near its top when I crossed it and mounted a snow patch and then stones and so gained the smallish cairn of Sgòr an Lochain Uaine * (1.49). It is a great pity that the contours of "Parker's new map" seem here ambiguous, as one would like to know within 50 feet the height of a peak made 4095 ap. by Hinxman's aneroid (given with no ap. caution in Bartholomew). Corner made it less high than Cairngorm, someone else 4205 approximate.

Having previously done Cairntoul I did not ascend it, leaving it for the return journey if time should allow. I almost missed the Coir' an t-Saighdeir (soldier) top 3989 and its rudimentary cairn (or are the stones there natural?) The way down to the wettish sandy col (An Diollaid, the saddle) between Cairntoul and the Devil's Point was very stony. I reached the cairn of Bod an Deamhain (3303) at 3.16. Looking down the cliffs on the east side I felt sure (as I had long before on looking up at them from below) that their reputation for unclimbableness starting direct from the Dee is exaggerated. Those down to the Giùthsachan side seem also feasible. Opposite loomed the huge and impossible boiler-plates of Beinn Bhrodain shining with water. The day had been misty with sharp showers soaking me from knees downward. On my way back I skirted lower down on Cairntoul to just under the 3975 ap. col to Sgòr an Lochain Uaine in order to cut across to (cairned) 3705 top on the march over a

* Called Pìoc an Donais by one informant, but he belongs to the younger generation who are less reliable. My two old authorities assure me that this name belongs to the Devil's Point alone.

mile N. by E. of Lochan na Stùirteig (black-headed gull).

On Monday the whole Beinn Bhrodain massif was completed and more besides.

* * * * *

Having crammed two days' work into yesterday I had only Druim nam Bó to do on my way to Inverey, and so finish all that I had not done of the Cairngorms which were baggable from Glen Feshie side. There is nothing to say about this seldom-ascended mere shoulder except that having started at 11.1 I reached the top 3005 about 1.30. This consists of stones leant one overlapping the other somewhat like what would be the result if an earthquake tipped up at a gentle angle the floor as panto chorus girls were dancing by holding each others' shoulders in Indian file. The granite was red and flat as though schistose.

The rest of Monday was spent in getting to Inverey and Tuesday to Spital of Glen Shee, for I had missed in the Monadh Minigeig range Meall Odhar Mór feeling sure it could not be on the Tables, and Glas Meall Beag because I simply didn't see it and had forgotten its existence. Having accomplished these I returned to Miss Gruer's at Inverey. Friday July 6th was spent in doing 11 tops on Beinn a' Bhùird and Beinn Athfhinn ("Avon") that I had not done (including one or two duplicates). But as this ground is quite familiar I need detail nothing. I would however suggest to anyone who contemplates climbing Beinn a' Bhùird from Glen Quoich, that after crossing the Dubh Gleann burn (there is a wooden bridge—none across Clais na Feàrna burn), one should keep well up above the wood and not attempt the purgatorial task of following the Quoich. I have read somewhere that there was once a path along it right up to that from Slugan Lodge, but there is no trace of it and the fallen trees and brushwood and long heather are beyond the limit. (Curious figure cut on grass of lower slopes of Carn "Elrig" Mór depicting a Highlander playing the pipes, visible from road).

Next day though heavier was pleasanter and is worth detailing if my space will allow. I had 14 tops, all new, to polish off, starting from the right bank of the Derry and so round to the right bank of the "Luibeg."

I started from Inverey at 10.20. Once in Glen Derry with the bridge in sight I headed to the left and began to climb just before the river's slow big elbow and thence into a corrie that led me to near the top of Càrn Gorm Beag na Doire (now called Little Cairn Gorm of Derry) (3375 ap.) cairnless (2.0). The dip to N.N.W. is short but well stoned (3325 ap.) as also the slope up to the main peak (3788) whose name must surely refer to its blue look when seen from a distance. It is not a particularly green hill except for a little on the glen side, but it is a handsome cone and has a bonny conical cairn to deck it (2.19). The dip to N.E. was long and made deeper by my not following the col ridge further to left. More stones and then Sgòr an Lochain Uaine (3175 ap.) This is a good top. Col from Derry C. G. is 3325 ap. but I went direct W. by N. to Creagan a' Choir' Àiteachain* and the dip is 3125 ap. The hill 3529 is cairnless (3.15). I now headed for Beinn Mheadhoin, and, using the path for as long as I could, descended to Loch "Etchachan" and crossed it at its E. end.

My next move was, I think, a mistake. I ought to have taken the 3750 top to N.E. second or third in order, but on descent to the Loch I had thought it more direct to climb it at once. The ascent was over boulders and steepish, and it was not conquered till 3.50 (no cairn)—hardly I think worth including in the Tables as a top, and it was queried by Munro in his annotated copy. Then followed a longish descent (3525 ap.) over stones to the handsome 3551 cone which is much more of a real mountain—cairn, 4.7. Then over grass and a burn missing the 3725 ap. col between S.W. 3750 top and main peak, and so gained the massive B. Mheadhoin (3883).

* True spelling of name and Loch "Etchachan" (3075) ap. has same name. It means juniper place. So Ruigh-Aiteachan in Glen Feshie.

I had time to scramble up only the barn that supports the cairn, 4.20. The usual stones lay on the way down to (cairnless) Stacan Dubha (3330 ap., 5.0) from which there was a good view over lonely Loch Avon. I had little time to absorb it, but picked out the Shelter Stone. Bumpy ground followed a short descent and then I was under the slabby cliffs of Càrn Àiteachain (3673). I got a fairly easy way up its steep side and reached the cairn 5.44. Then came a long ridge of stones (col 3625 ap.) on which I cut out the 3926 point as being unimportant. At length I reached the top over Coire Sputan Dearg, 4095 (no cairn—6.44). It had been conspicuous most of the day, which though sunny was close. It is a handsome peak. A shelter nestles on the top. The 3811 point above Lochan Uaine had not to be done and I cut it to go lower and escape the stones and so reached Sròn Riabhach (3534) cairned (7.4). It looks more conspicuous from 4095, but on Càrn a' Mhàim it shows itself no top and the dip from 3811 to it is almost invisible, whereas between 4095 and 3811 there is a fairish drop, (comparatively) but 3811 to 3534 is really only a gently falling ridge: see "Parker." I now had but one more hill to crown my day and descended sidelong among those eternal stones to reach the grassy col of Càrn a' Mhàim (2625 ap.) The ridge was bumpy and long but at last I gained the top (3375 ap.) no cairn (8.3). This is the real summit, but the Sappers' one has a cairn, 3329 (col 3310 ap.) (8.15). Then once past a stone-belt I hurried down on goodish going moss with stones far enough apart to let one step out quickly. At about the 2750 contour stands a (guide?) cairn. I reached Luibeg at 9.5 and Linn of Dee at 10.30.

Next day I did 10 tops between Sròn Riabhach of Ben Macdhui and Cairngorm in the thunderstorm of July, that carried away the four bridges on the railway near Carr Bridge. There is a crowd of useless cairns on Ben Macdhui round the main one and the Club would do a useful deed in demolishing all but those pointing N.E. S. and W. Such are a few days of a wonderful holiday.

THE MYSTERY OF MOUNT BATTOCK.

BY WILLIAM GARDEN.

THE local press was not far wrong in describing the Aberdeen May Holiday of 1925 as "drab and cheerless," and these conditions were certainly experienced to the full by those members of the Club who toiled along the path which leads from the head waters of the Feugh to Tarfside, with the summit of Mount Battock as their objective.

A cheery party, however, started from "Bawbie Law's" in two charabancs at 9 a.m., and two hours later they dismounted at the head of Glen Finzean. In all, the party numbered over thirty, including guests. Just as the summit of the path was reached two figures loomed out of the dreary, drenching fog—two ladies from the south who, however, had only crossed over from the north to Tarfside the previous day. "May we join your party," said they. "Most certainly," said we, and with that they at once gave themselves over to our care. We may here say that we cannot help thinking that, though they stuck by us for the rest of what turned out to be an eventful day, they must have repented their request eventually, and that if they were prompted to join us by any chance from a feeling of security in the guiding capacity of two high officials of the Club, that security must have been thoroughly eradicated before the day was ended! From the summit of the pass an easterly direction was followed over some horribly wobbly peat hags, and eventually it was thought that the tops of the Mudlee Bracks and the Cammie were reached, but at the best they only appeared to be mere boggy excrescences. Afterwards a descent, though but slight, followed, and then a decided rise when a fence and cairn were reached, and the party unanimously decided

that the western, or Forfarshire, cairn of Mount Battock had been surmounted. The writer had, and still has, his doubts, as it was utterly impossible to say anything definite about where one was, the mist being so dense that the members of the party had to be counted every now and again like sheep to make sure that no one had gone astray.

Battock or no Battock the party had had enough, and if Battock it was, the course now to be followed was generally north to north-east in order to strike the top waters of the Aven. So down we went right willingly, thrusting the cold south wind and driving fog on our backs. Soon a pronounced stream was reached winding its way through deep ravines, which every now and then formed a series of beautiful cascades. Later on, the gorge opened out and seemed to be succeeded by a broad valley, so that we felt convinced that we were on the direct route to Feughside Inn via the Aven. On this assumption three stalwarts suggested that, for the convenience of the others and to save time, they would cross the Aven and walk cross country some trifling four miles! and so reach the Bucket Mill on Upper Feughside, where the charabancs containing dry clothes and other comforts had been left in the morning, and they would bring them down to Feughside Inn to await the arrival of the main party there. As our two ladies from the south had also left their car at the Bucket Mill on the Sunday evening on their way to Tarfside, and they had to pick it up again there they again, in their trustfulness, said to the stalwarts, "May we come, too," and having got the same reply as they did earlier in the day they came, but certainly they neither "saw nor conquered!"

The Club's Secretary has evidently a fondness for the north when reading the compass, and being a good Scotsman I entirely sympathise with him, and so we bade the main party adieu about 4 p.m., telling them that we would meet them with the charabancs about 5.30 at Feughside Inn, and up we got again into the dense mist

and drizzle—up and down, over ridge after ridge, over burn and bog, through deep heather and drenching grass, and so after a “bogsloshing” process we once more struck the firmer, higher levels. At length we met a costly and well-made deer fence, which seemed rather foreign to the Feugh district, and irresistibly our thoughts turned towards Glentanar, though we had—none of us—the moral courage to even suggest such a thing. Bow wow! This fence then we found *ran* north, so we were quite content at this stage to *walk* by its side, but alas, it suddenly ended turning due east, so once more we betook ourselves to a flat and colourless expanse of bog and fog. After a weary tramp over this seemingly never ending desert, we began to descend, and now here and there a gnarled pine stood out against the mist, so that one almost ran against him before being aware of his presence. We thought—or perhaps rather wished to think—that we must now be near the head of the Feugh Valley, so we halted for a moment under a friendly giant of the forest, where one of our kind lady friends shared with us an apple which helped to quench our thirst, for we had now been forcing the pace rather for nearly three hours, and the veteran of the party had quite made up his mind that the “ship” was more or less at sea—probably more! However, off again we set, and after crossing what we thought must have been the same deer fence we had left, but of course at a much lower level, we got into the midst of a fine old pine forest, where cutting operations were in full swing.

Soon we reached the saw-miller’s bothy, and we felt that all was now well, but what was our dismay when, upon the President saying to the good man and his wife, “Is this the saw-mill at the top of Feugh?” he got the reply, “Guid sake, man, it wad tak’ ye till the sma’ oors o’ the mornin’ to reach the Feugh, forbyes the saw-mill. Ye’re only about twa mile wast o’ Abine!” Alas! how are the mighty fallen. How we longed for the kindly mud, which stood knee deep all around this wretched saw-mill, to rise up and swallow us! But no, we still

had visions of that belated repast at Feughside, so we put on the pace and reached Aboyne at 8 and, by car, Feughside Inn one hour later, to find that the main party we had so light-heartedly promised to meet there at 5.30 *sure*, with their dry clothes and charabancs, had left for town about an hour ago.

As regards that party we had solved the mystery. We had not left them in the Aven Valley at all, but in one of the tributary valleys of the Feugh, with the obvious result, of course, that by following that valley they reached the main valley and the Bucket Mill, and so picked up one of the charabancs there for themselves. But what had we done? I leave it at that with this one remark, that the mystery proved our lady companions to be excellent walkers and worthy of better things than to be misguided, though, as one of them afterwards said, the experience was unique and the whole thing a perfect scream, and she would not have missed it for anything—a truly splendid loyalty to those who now dare only rank themselves, and that even with some difficulty, among the Has Beens!

CLUB COLOURS.

The Cairngorm Club has adopted colours, and it is hoped that the members will support this new emblem of club identity and enthusiasm. As so many regiments, schools, colleges and other bodies have colours, it was difficult to get a new combination of shades, but one was submitted by Mr. J. McCoss, and approved by the Committee. It is a pleasing design, and it is being supplied, either in silk squares or in ties, by Mr. Alexander Booth, Union Street.

WHAT CALLED ME TO THE HEIGHTS ?

What called me to the heights ?
Was it the wind ?
One of those finer airs
That play around the mountain tops,
Over grey rocks
And lichen-covered stones,
Stirring the tufted grass
That grows upon the edge ?

What called me to the heights ?
Was it the wish
To rise above the plain,
And climb by scar and spire and crag
To some outstanding peak,
Where sight may range,
Past rocky ridge and crest
Far over hill and dale,
Down to the silver sea ?

What calls me to the heights ?
Is it a dream ?
Or vision flashing clear
Seen through a parting in the clouds
That veil this present life ?
A sudden view,
Far o'er the hills of time,
Of that which lies beyond
The range of mortal sight ?

Who calls me to the heights ?
Is it strong death ?
God's messenger, who comes
To bear the soul to highest Heaven ?
There on some pinnacle
To rest awhile,
And resting there behold
Across unmeasured space
The Majesty of God ?

[From "An Alpine Valley and Other Poems" by Lawrence Pilkington :
with the Author's Permission].

In Memoriam.

SIR JOHN FLEMING.

SIR JOHN FLEMING, who died at Pretoria, on 25th February, aged 77 years, from the results of malaria contracted while on a visit to South Africa, was one of the oldest and, despite his years, one of the most interested members of the Cairngorm Club. On the occasion of the unveiling of the Lochnagar indicator last year he motored to the foot of the hill and, though he did not ascend the mountain, he waited for the return of the Club party, and dined with them at Ballater before going back to Aberdeen. It is unnecessary here to do more than refer to his long and eminent services to the city of Aberdeen as a leading business man, as a member of the Harbour Board, as a Lord Provost, as a member of Parliament, and as Rector's Assessor for many years on the University Court. Few men had a higher conception of public duty, and none have strived more worthily to bear their part in the responsibilities of a successful commercial career.

Three years ago the present writer had the pleasure of receiving from Sir John a copy of a little autobiographical volume "Looking Backwards for Seventy Years," and it is not difficult to discover from these pages the origin of the love which he always had for the mountains and for natural scenery and which made him such a keen traveller, for not only did he frequently visit the Continent in connection with his business as a timber importer but even when over 70 years of age he made extensive tours of India and South America, and it was during a similar visit to South Africa with his wife that his death occurred. He was born in Dundee, but his holidays as a boy and as a young man were all spent on the Blackwater above Blairgowrie, whence his

family came, and of this charming valley among the foothills of the Grampians he writes with deep affection, giving at the same time many interesting glimpses of the quiet glen folk among whom these happy boyhood days were passed. He and his brother used to walk down on Monday mornings from Dalrulzion to Blairgowrie to catch the 9 a.m. train to Dundee, and they must have been good walkers for they once did the 11 miles at an average of $11\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to the mile. On one occasion, however, he met his match. "After crossing the Bridge of Cally and opening up the road to Blair I saw a Strathardle curate going well a short distance in front of me. I thought I would try to overtake him and get his company to Blair (six miles off), so I put my best foot forward and although I sweated like a horse, I only overtook this 'pale young curate' as he slacked his pace going down the Rattray brae to the station looking as cool as a cucumber."

Sir John kept his figure tall and erect to the end, and though he had ceased to climb hills, he never ceased to love them. The travel sketches which he sent to the Aberdeen newspapers, were marked by accurate observation and happy description. In a letter written from Bloemfontein on 27th January he described a motor drive through the Zwarte Bergen range and down the Meeringsport gorge in terms which showed how warm was his delight in mountain scenery and grandeur.

H. A.

THE LOCHNAGAR INDICATOR.

THE work of the Cairngorm Club in placing an indicator on the summit of Lochnagar, which was fully described in the last issue of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, has evoked many expressions of interest and appreciation from sister-mountaineering clubs and from the general public. A copy of the *Journal* was sent to His Majesty, and the Club has been honoured with the following letter of acceptance:—

*Balmoral Castle,
7th October, 1924.*

DEAR SIR,

I am commanded by the King to thank you and the members of the Cairngorm Club for the September number of the Club's *Journal* which you have been good enough to forward for His Majesty's acceptance.

The King read with much interest the articles on the building and unveiling of the Indicator on Lochnagar, and although His Majesty had been kept fully informed by Major Ramsay, there was a great deal that was of interest to the King.

Yours faithfully,

F. E. G. PONSONBY.

*The Secretary,
Cairngorm Club.*

To the list of persons present at the unveiling of the Indicator, which was given in the *Journal*, there fall to be added the names of Miss Margaret Boynes, Cambridge Cottage, Ballater, Mr. Alfred Wright, Aberdeen, and Messrs. W. Ross McLean and Jack McLean, Daren, Hill Park, Glasgow, so bringing the total up to 146 persons, surely a record gathering for any lofty mountain. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mr. Parker, the designer of the indicator, has been elected President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, an honour upon which he will be warmly congratulated by his fellow mountaineers in Aberdeen.

ENGLISH PEAK BAGGERS IN SCOTLAND.

THERE are seven mountains in Scotland over 4000 ft. in height and they have now all been climbed within twenty-four hours. This is the latest record in peak-bagging and it has been achieved by English climbers, who invaded Scotland last year at Whitsuntide by motor car, and having secured their peaks, rushed south again in the same fashion. What adds piquancy to the foray is that there were rival parties of raiders, one from the Rucksack Club in the person of its president, Mr. Eustace Thomas, and the other from the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in the person of Mr. R. S. T. Chorley, the editor of its *Journal*, and there is some uncertainty as to who actually won, the question being whether it is enough to climb one 4000 ft. point upon a hill in order to be able to say you have "done" the hill, or whether you must climb all the 4000 ft. points upon it. Upon the first reckoning Mr. Chorley won: upon the second Mr. Thomas won.

This is not the first race of the kind recorded in mountaineering annals. The classical instance is that of the struggle for the Matterhorn between Whymper and the Italians, in which Whymper won but at the cost of a tragic sequel, and numerous other cases have occurred where climbers have carefully nursed a first ascent, only to find their claim jumped by a rival.

The seven four-thousanders are Ben Nevis (4406) and its two eastern outliers, Carn Mor Dearg (4012) and Aonach Beag (4060), with the last of which is linked Aonach Mor (3999), and the four central Cairngorms, Ben Macdhui (4296) Braeriach (4248) Cairntoul (4241) and Cairngorm (4084).

Mr. Eustace Thomas is no novice in peak bagging. He has climbed all the 2500's in South Wales in twenty-four hours, involving over sixty map miles and 14,000 ft. of climbing; all the 3000's of Wales in twenty-four hours; and all the 3000's of England well within twenty-four hours. To this he has now added all the 4000's of Scotland. Leaving Borrowdale on 11th June, (Wednesday) he and his party motored leisurely up to Fort William, little dreaming of their rivals, and on the Saturday afternoon set out upon the climb, taking a car along the old road which runs by the north end of Aonach Mor and starting the actual walk at 3.2 p.m. They traversed Aonach Mor, Aonach Beag, Carn Mor Dearg and Ben Nevis, and walked into Fort William before 9 p.m. After supper they motored (Mr. Thomas driving) to Aviemore and up to Glenmore Lodge. Here they resumed walking at 3.55 a.m., and Cairngorm,

Ben Macdhui, Cairntoul and Braeriach were duly traversed, not only the highest summits but also the intermediate 4000 ft. points, the final cairn of Braeriach being reached at 1.40 p.m., well within the twenty-four hours. That night they slept at Pitlochry, and the following day, Monday, they reached Borrowdale. So much for Mr. Thomas's walk.

Now for Mr. Chorley's. He describes how he and a party of the "Fell and Rock Club" were sitting round the fire at Seatoller in Borrowdale on Whitsunday evening when the talk turned upon Mr. Thomas' project which it was known was to be attempted that week. It was decided that the "Rockefellers" must forestall the "Rucksackers" and at 6 a.m. on Monday morning Mr. Chorley and a companion set out in a motor for Fort William. A stop was made at Stirling to buy a half-inch map of the Cairngorms, a district which Mr. Chorley had never visited. This map proved his undoing, as will be told later. Fort William was reached at 9.30 p.m. and an hour later the party drove up Glen Nevis, Mr. Chorley having resolved to do the round of the Lochaber tops from that side. He supped on raw eggs and started climbing at 2 a.m., in rubbers which entailed a good deal of slipping on the wet grass. There was mist on the tops and he got back to the car at 8.20, only to find that it had been bogged in turning and by the time that it was extricated all thought of completing the 4000's that day had to be abandoned. Mr. Chorley spent the day resting, and started the round of Ben Nevis, Carn Mor Dearg and the Aonachs once more at 1.35 a.m. on Wednesday. Again there was mist on the tops. The car was regained at 7.40 a.m. and after a rest for breakfast the party set out for Speyside and Glenmore which was reached at 1.5 p.m.

Leaving the Lodge at 1.40 Mr. Chorley traversed Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui, but here he omitted to do the top over the Coire Sputan Dearg (4095 ft), thus technically invalidating his climb. This top was not marked on his map and in any case it was hidden by a blizzard of hail and snow. Cairntoul was reached at 8.5 p.m. and the last top of Braeriach at 9.55 and then followed a long and dreary trudge in the dark back to Loch Morlich, through ground quite unfamiliar to Mr. Chorley upon this his first visit to the district. He reached his car finally at 2 a.m. and motored into Seatoller at 10 that night—surely an extraordinary feat of endurance.

Mr. Chorley points out that Mr. Thomas drove his own car, an added exertion which he was spared. It has also to be observed that Mr. Thomas and his friends who accompanied him on his walk, having no idea that there was a rival in the field, did not force the pace but took things comparatively easy. In a private letter to the editor of the *Cairngorm Club Journal* Mr. Thomas says that he would have improved considerably upon his times had he thought it necessary.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Club was held on Saturday, 29th November, 1924, Dr. J. R. Levack, retiring President, in the chair. The accounts for the year were submitted and approved, and the following office-bearers were appointed:—President, William Garden; Vice-Presidents, T. R. Gillies and W. A. Reid; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, J. A. Nicol; Hon. Editor, Henry Alexander; Members of Committee, James Conner, H. G. Drummond, John Gauld, J. A. Hadden, J. R. Levack, W. Mitchell, J. A. Parker, E. W. Watt, and J. W. Levack. It was unanimously decided to send a memorial to the Ministry of Transport urging the construction of a road from Deeside to Speyside by Glen Feshie. The warm thanks of the Club were expressed to the retiring President for his services.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

THE annual dinner of the Club, which took place in the Imperial Hotel on Saturday, 13th December, and which was attended by some 80 members and friends, including a number of ladies, was a very pleasant and enjoyable occasion, and was signalised by congratulatory references to the completion of the Lochnagar indicator and by the auspicious launching of a scheme for a similar indicator on Ben Macdhui and the raising of £120 towards its cost. Dr. J. R. Levack, the retiring President, was in the chair and, after dinner and the toast of "The King," he showed a number of interesting lantern slides illustrating the erection of the indicator on Lochnagar last year. Incidentally Dr. Levack mentioned that he had made his first ascent of Lochnagar 22 years ago and his 50th last year. He went on to describe the next task awaiting the Club—the erection of an indicator on Ben Macdhui. Mr Parker had prepared the design and it was a question of money, but the Club would have no difficulty about that.

A presentation was then made to Mr. J. A. Parker in acknowledgment of his great services to the Club in connection with the Lochnagar indicator. It took the form of a finely bound copy of the special Lochnagar issue of the Club *Journal*, inscribed with the signatures of all the members present at the dinner and containing also a copy of the letter from the King, conveying his gracious acceptance of the *Journal*, and an excerpt of the following minute adopted by the Committee of the Club:—

The Committee expresses to Mr. Parker the Club's appreciation of his zeal in promoting the scheme for the erection of an Indicator on Lochnagar, of his unsparing

efforts in preparing drawings and arranging for the manufacture of the Indicator, and of his devoted labours in connection with its actual erection. The Club and the public are deeply indebted to Mr. Parker for these most efficient services, ungrudgingly given.

Dr. Levack asked Mr. Parker to accept the gift as a small token of the Club's admiration, respect, and gratitude for all he had done for the Club, and with it their hope that he would be long spared to climb the mountains and be a help to all who went up into the hills.

Mr. Parker, who was enthusiastically received, said that anything that he had done had been a labour of love, and that the Lochnagar indicator was only the preliminary: the main idea was to get one on Ben Macdhui—a bigger proposition.

Mr. F. Fowlie, whose work as chief mason in connection with the erection of the indicator was also acknowledged, expressed his pleasure at having been associated with the club's enterprise at Lochnagar.

Mr. William Garden, the new President, in a felicitous speech, gave the toast of "The Retiring President." Joining the Club in 1905, Dr. Levack had been in the chair since 1918 with much honour to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the members. Under him the membership had risen from 140 to 181, the rules had been revised, and the Lochnagar indicator had been erected—a great achievement and a monument and testimony alike to Dr. Levack and the Club. He had the temperament and all the attributes that went to the making of a first-class mountaineer and not merely was he a mountaineer but he had a ready descriptive pen and was an excellent photographer. With him they associated Mrs. Levack and their two sons, who were also members, and their hope was that Dr. Levack might have many glorious days upon the hills which he loved so well, and in which he had interested so many in the Club and out of it.

Dr. Levack, in acknowledging the toast which was most warmly honoured, said that he had formed many friendships in the Club and on the hills, where he believed better friends were to be made than in any other form of sport. He laid down with gratitude to them the wand of office, and handed it over with satisfaction and confidence to Mr. Garden, their new president.

Among the members present at the dinner was Mr. William Porter, the veteran member of the Club, who, though 80 years of age, ascended Lochnagar to be present at the unveiling of the indicator. The Chairman, in a graceful allusion, mentioned that Mr. Porter was about to celebrate in a few days his golden wedding and he extended to him the hearty congratulations of the Club. Mr. Porter, in reply, said he had always had a great love for the hills, although now he had to keep mostly in the valleys. It gave him great pleasure to be at Lochnagar, and he was glad to

hear of the project at Ben Macdhuì, where he had been a good many times.

During the evening a delightful musical programme was contributed by the Misses Skakle, Miss Lena Dunn and Mr. Smith, and before the company dispersed the Chairman made the announcement that the success of the Ben Macdhuì indicator was already assured for there had already been intimated to him anonymous donations of £50 and £25 and other sums, totalling in all £120.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1925—BALLATER.

THE New Year Meet was held at Ballater, headquarters being the Invercauld Arms. Seven members of the Club arrived on December 31st—H. J. Butchart, I. D. Campbell, G. S. Fraser, Godfrey P. Geddes, W. Malcolm, Dr. J. L. McIntyre, and Dr. Ian S. Stewart. It was decided to attempt on January 1st the traverse of Lochnagar from Loch Muick to Ballochbuie. One of the members was making his first winter climb; for him, and indeed for all, the day provided an unforgettable experience.

As the party were setting out from the Glas Allt Shiel, two golden eagles were seen flying low over the loch, and a herd of deer was quite close to the house. Otherwise few signs of animal life were noticed on the hill. On the way up the Glas Allt, the wind was gradually rising to a blizzard, and on the open plateaus above the 2,500 line the conditions were peculiarly trying. From about the 3,250 line it became necessary to go by compass, Butchart leading. The South Top was joyfully located, but very delicate work was required on the part of the guides between the South and North Top, owing to the force and direction of the wind, driving towards the precipices. This part of the journey was incredibly painful; the cold was intense; faces were encrusted with ice; the eyes especially suffered from the piercing wind. The North Top was a welcome sight, but no one proposed even a moment's delay there; the compass continued in use during the descent, until a glimpse of the Sandy Loch relieved the guides of further responsibility. The going was now easier, and the Danzig Shiel was reached just as the daylight was fading.

On the same day a party comprising W. Garden (President), J. McCoss, Charles Robb, and M. J. Robb, left Aberdeen at 7.30 by motor, with Morven in view. At 9 they reached the croft of Ballabeg, from which the ascent was made. At 1500 feet snow began to fall, and they were soon in a raging snowstorm, icicles gathering on the eyebrows; while at one nearly level part below the east top they had almost to crawl, owing to the strength of the wind. An exceptionally rough time was experienced between the two tops. On the return journey some wonderful colour-effects were seen as the snow cloud was left behind. After joining the motor, the party proceeded to Ballater to meet the main group of the members.



Easter, 1925.

James Watt.

DUBH LOCH CORRIE: BEINN A' BHUIRD.



Easter, 1925.

James Watt.

THE LUIBEG.

Motoring home in the evening they saw the unusual phenomenon of a lunar rainbow near Aboyne.

On Friday, 2nd January, the seven members who remained at Ballater, kept to the low ground, as snow was again falling. They walked up the Gairn to Gairnshiel Lodge, and across the General Wade bridge, hoping to make out the road down the east side of the glen; but they strayed through bog, field and wood in the soft snow; the way was lightened only by the marvellous snow-pictures made by the bushes and trees. On Saturday, Butchart, Campbell, McIntyre and Stewart made for the Coyles of Muick, two of them with skis; but the snow was not deep enough or hard enough for smooth running and the wind was too fierce. The ski-ing was not too successful, especially on the part of one who was a novice. He returned with the conviction that ski-ing is a greatly over-rated sport.

J. L. M'L.

EASTER MEET, 1925—BRAEMAR.

PRESENT:—Members—Wm. Garden (President), Walter A. Reid (Vice-president), I. D. Campbell, J. McCoss, Chas. Robb, M. J. Robb, Edward W. Watt, James Watt. Guests—Miss H. M. E. Duncan, George D. G. Brown, James L. Duncan.

The weather was of a most delightful character, and great enthusiasm was shown by the members present, who made some very successful excursions to the more distant recesses of the Cairngorms. The meet (headquarters, Invercauld Arms) was one of the most enjoyable ever experienced. We are convinced that if the fine meets held at Easter were more generally known there would certainly be a very much larger turn out of club members. The thing that fascinates one at Easter is the snow. On the Cairngorms everything wears an Alpine garb, and some of the attractions are—the frozen lochan, the great snow slope down which one may glissade where broken rocks appear in summer, the delicately shaped snow cornice, the avalanche track and fan in the corries, and the upper plateau snowfields the largest in this country. A view from the Cairngorms at Easter gives one the impression that the whole of Scotland is still snow covered, such an array of snow peaks are to be seen. Then, for those who wish a snow climb there are an endless number of gullies filled with snow many of which have never been ascended. The president, Mr. Wm. Garden, and the committee welcome to the Easter Meet of 1926 as many of the members as may find it convenient to be present.

Thursday 9th April—Miss Duncan, J. L. Duncan, and Reid did Lochnagar. They ascended by the Callater route and descended by the Ballochbuie Forest route. Some little trouble was caused owing to mist, but this was overcome, and the cairn enveloped in frozen snow reached.

Friday, 10th April.—Brown, Campbell, Garden, and James Watt had a big day on the eastern Cairngorms. Their day consisted of the south and north tops of Beinn a' Bhuid, Cnap a' Chleirich, (The

Priest's Knoll), the Sneck, Leabaidh an Daimh Bhuidhe (The bed of the yellow stag) the highest summit of Beinn Avon. The party went up Gleann an t-Slugain, and ascended Carn Fiaclach (The toothed hill) to the south top of Beinn a' Bhuirid. The visibility was splendid and a magnificent panorama of white peaks was seen. They skirted the fine corniced cliffs of the Dubh Loch Coire, and Coire nan Clach, en route for the north top, where an easterly direction was taken to Cnap a Chleirich, and looking into the Garbh Choire in passing the party very much admired the now famous Mitre Ridge, plastered with ice and snow.* The northern slopes of the Sneck toward the Slochd Mor, (great gap) looked wild and lonely in its winter silence. The 600 feet to Beinn Avon was then ascended and a return journey made to the Sneck again. A great quantity of snow was found at the Clach a' Chleirich (The priest's stone) and at the Slugain Bothy. This route entailed a walk of six miles over sunlit snow above the 3000 foot line, and the party enjoyed the round of the clock required for the trip.

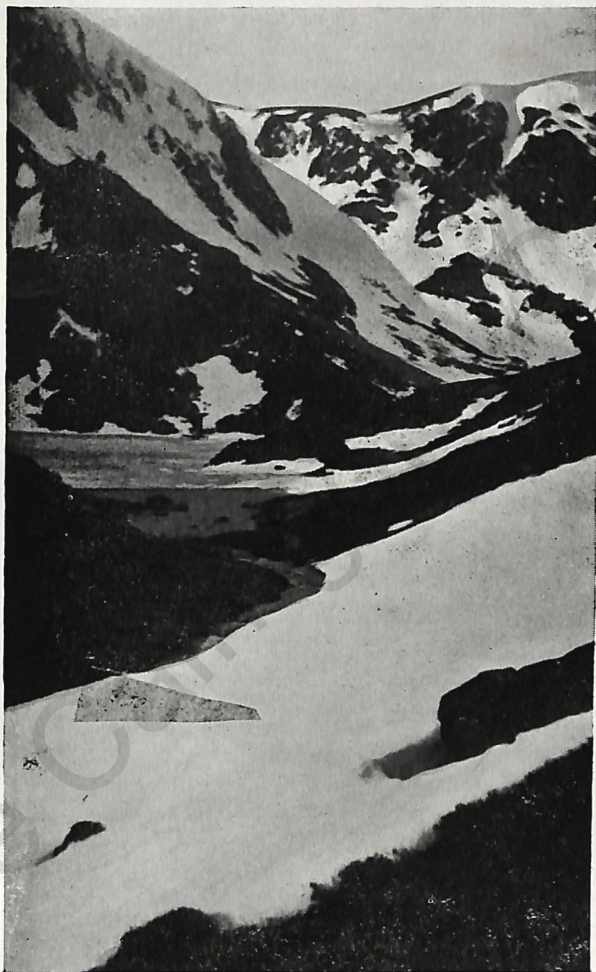
Saturday, 11th April—Miss Duncan, J. L. Duncan, Reid, Chas. Robb, and Edward Watt ascended Ben Macdhui by Sron Riach (grey nose). The party got into mist as they passed Coire Caochan Caol on their left, and very little could be contemplated regarding the proposed indicator on the summit.

Another party composed of Campbell, McCoss, M. J. Robb, and James Watt did the long tramp to Braeriach. The ascent was made by the ridge to the north of Coire Bhrochain. From this ridge one gets one of the finest local views to be had on the Cairngorms. One looks from the winding Dee with its first two miles running under the snow to the delicately shaped snow skyline of Cairntoul, and from the moraine heaps at the mouth of the Garbh-choire to the sky piercing point of Sgor an Lochan Uaine. The eye also wanders from the great snow-clad walls of the Lairig Ghru to the majestic snowfields of Ben Macdhui. An avalanche which had come down the central gully of Coire Bhrochain sent a fan of great snow blocks to the bottom of the corrie. High up on the ridge the party went into a very thick mist and a tearing gale, and it was thought necessary to put on the rope to keep the party together. The cairn was found to be far below the snow, and was marked by a mound at the edge of the precipice, over which hung a gigantic cornice. At the summit strange to relate there was no wind, but immediately it was left behind the fierce wind was encountered again. The descent was made into Glen Dee by glissading 1200 feet in four minutes.

Sunday, 12th April—Brown, Campbell, McCoss, Chas. Robb, M. J. Robb, and James Watt did the great snow gully at Loch Kander, and a magnificent panorama of the Cairngorms was obtained from the shoulder of Carn an Tuirc on the way back to Callater Lodge.

J. McCoss.

* See article and illustrations by Mr. J. A. Parker, S. M. C. J., Vol. 16 page 211.



Easter, 1925-

CORRIE KANDER.

James Watt.

PETITION FOR THE GLEN FESHIE ROAD.

FOLLOWING upon a motion by Mr. John Clarke, the Club at its annual meeting in November decided to renew its representations to the Government in support of the Glen Feshie road scheme, and the appended memorial was prepared and sent to the Minister of Transport, Lieut.-Col. Wilfrid W. Ashley, M.P., an accompanying letter being sent at the same time to Sir Henry Maybury, Director of Roads, on 31st March.

*To, Lieutenant-Colonel The Right Honourable Wilfrid W. Ashley,
M.P., Minister of Transport.*

SIR—The Cairngorm Club begs respectfully to bring the question of the Glen Feshie road before the notice of the Ministry of Transport, and it ventures to do so because, at the present moment, arterial road schemes in various parts of the country are engaging the attention of the Department, and in particular a large undertaking has been sanctioned for the reconstruction, at Government expense, of the main northern Highland road from Perth to Inverness.

The Cairngorm Club, which has its headquarters in Aberdeen, but which embraces members in all parts of the country, is interested in the encouragement of hill climbing and hill walking in the Highlands and more particularly in the Cairngorms. Accordingly, at its annual meeting on December 20, 1918, it adopted a resolution urging the construction of a road from Deeside to Speyside, through Glen Feshie, on the ground that such a road, while presenting no engineering difficulties of any consequence, would facilitate access to one of the finest mountain regions in the country, and also furnish the link which is at present wanting, in a great through route from Aberdeen to Fort William by Deeside, Speyside, and Loch Laggan, thus improving access to the Highlands generally. A memorial to this effect was on December 30, 1918, presented to the Road Board, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster. It may be mentioned that the Rural Transport (Scotland) Committee, which was appointed by the Government in February, 1918, to consider schemes for rural development, deal with the Glen Feshie proposal, and in its report, issued in July, 1919, recommended the construction of such a road.

At its annual meeting on November 30, 1924, the Cairngorm Club again considered the subject and unanimously resolved to submit the present representation to the Ministry of Transport in support of the Glen Feshie road. The work entailed would be the reconstruction of the existing road from Braemar to the Linn of Dee, and the construction of a road from that point to Glen Feshie Lodge and Kingussie—a total distance of some thirty-two miles—but, as the ministry is no doubt already in possession of details, it is unnecessary to enter into further particulars of the undertaking. The Club believes that the construction of this road and the provision of a main artery through northern Scotland, from east to west, is the

natural and necessary corollary to the reconstruction of the main north road, which has now been commenced, and that without the addition of the Glen Feshie road this work will lose a considerable part of its value to the public. The Club also ventures to submit that, like the rebuilding of the great north road to Inverness, the building of the Glen Feshie road from east to west, is a national rather than a local undertaking, the responsibility for which may properly be assumed by the Government.

The views expressed by Sir Henry Maybury in a recent speech on the importance to the nation of encouraging the development of the Highlands as a field of rest and recreation, have been very heartily welcomed by the Cairngorm Club. The Glen Feshie road would greatly assist such an aim, and therefore the Cairngorm Club earnestly hopes that the Ministry of Transport will, at an early date, include this project in its programme of Government road construction.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

(Signed) W. GARDEN, *President.*
JOHN A. NICOL, *Secretary.*

The following reply has been received from Sir Henry Maybury:—

8th April, 1925.

Dear Sir,

I have your letter of the 31st ultimo, and am directed by the Minister to acknowledge receipt of the one you addressed to him upon the same subject on the same date.

It will be within your recollection that the Road Board and subsequently the Ministry of Transport, have sympathetically considered the proposal which has been made from time to time by your Club for the construction of the Glen Feshie Road.

Some time ago the Minister appointed a competent engineer to make a survey of the locus in quo, and to submit plans, sections, and an estimate of the probable cost. With the information so obtained before him, the statutory highway authority was approached, but declined to consider the question of the maintenance of the road even though the cost of its construction were met from Government sources.

With the limited funds at his disposal Colonel Ashley cannot enter upon schemes which have not the approval of the statutory highway authorities, and, therefore, I am directed to suggest that you should bring what pressure you can to bear upon your District Committee with a view to a request being made by that body to the Minister for the road to be constructed.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) HENRY P. MAYBURY.

William Garden, Esq.,
President of the Cairngorm Club,
91 Union Street,
Aberdeen.

EXCURSIONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING a very unpleasant experience of a first visit to and through the Larig Ghrumach, just six years ago to almost a day, when we were caught in the equinoxial gale of

THE 6th October, 1918, we have since cast, once a year, LARIG GHRU a "lure" by which we never fail to "hook" a member or members of the Club and a friend or friends IN OCTOBER. who love a week-end either hill-climbing or traversing a pass or glen. The result has been an annual visit to the Larig, and the following refers to our sixth, on Sunday, 5th October, 1924. A Sunday, I admit, was the day appointed for "the walk," to suit the convenience (if an excuse is needed) of two of the party who could only leave Aberdeen on the afternoon of the previous day.

H and I had gone to Boat of Garten on the Friday night. Saturday was a fine day and H and I filled in the time by walking to Dulnain Bridge, Carr Bridge, and on to Grantown on Spey where we joined the train on which our friends A and B were travelling up to Boat of Garten. Evidences of adverse weather conditions there were in abundance—stooks of fine height and colour, although the ground on which they stood showed the growth of many weeks since they had been set up—waters dark and swollen at parts to nearly the level of the road we walked on; but our eyes were diverted from sights so suggestive of loss to the grower of the country's food, by the extraordinary beauty and variety of the Autumn tints on tree and bush—never, except on the banks of the Gannochy at about the same time of the year, have I ever seen such colour.

But I started to relate a sixth "trip" through the Larig Ghrumach from Strathspey to Braemar! Well, having sent forward a change to Braemar we necessarily had to follow it and so we left for Coylum Bridge on Sunday morning about 8.30. Rain had been falling heavily during the previous night and early on the morning of our start. However we set off (per motor car) to Coylum and had barely left our car to foot the rest ere the first spit smote us. However I ventured to remark, "that's all right, we'll be clear of midges and flies going through the wood!" We were, but for my own part I should have welcomed even a midge if we could have had just a gentle breeze, but only the calm and the drizzle continued. Oh, that "path" through that wood. Wet and slimy and tedious, and so it continued to be even after we were in "the open." The

so called path was a running fairly wide stream and attempts to leave it only landed one in soft and treacherous ground. Just about the point where the last tree (or remnant of one) is passed our attention was diverted for the time being, from our feet, to a very fine specimen of the golden eagle skimming majestically in the direction of Carn Elrick. This, apart from numerous coveys of grouse and ptarmigan, was the only sign of animal life until we were well past "The Pools"—many pools there were. Rain fell continuously and handicapped movement owing to a clinging waterproof, added to which the knapsacks carried by two of the party increased in weight in spite of consumption of the contents.

When opposite the Devil's Point we distinctly heard from the slope of Ben Macdhuì the sound of falling stones, etc., as if someone was scrambling near the top, but we could see no one. However, from that point and for the rest of the way to Luibeg, we saw neither "beast nor body," but (for the first time in the experience of any of us) we heard the baying or barking of the stags from both sides—a sort of "You come over here" to which the reply came "You come over here." A hasty call on and handshake with Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald and family, and then on to Derry Lodge and into our awaiting trap for The Invercauld Arms where, needless to say, we met with the usual welcome and comforts.

J.C.

ON Easter Monday last year a friend and the writer starting from Dalnaspidal Station, crossed the hills on the east of the railway line to Edendon Lodge and then followed the old right-of-way track to Gaick; thence by Glen Tromie to Kingussie. As we started from an elevation of 1300 feet it required no great effort to reach the summit of Chaoruinn (3004 feet) in an hour, but many halts were called to admire the backward view down Loch Garry to Ben More and Stobinian and the other west Perthshire hills. The wind was bitterly cold so we moved off along the nearly flat table and to the next top Fuar Bheinn (3054 feet). In the north east the Gaick hills looked dark and forbidding as their steeply sloping outlines loomed up through the mist clouds. As my companion remarked "That's a wild looking region over there," "Yes," said I, "it's there we are going." We had now a trudge of a good mile to the eastward, with a slight descent through rapidly melting snow; then a sharp rise brought us to the summit of Glas Mheall Mor (3037 feet) (small cairn). This hill commands a good view to the south, but it was too cold for us to linger so we just followed the long ridge that runs down to the east. At its termination we sat down for a spy. At our feet lay Edendon Lodge in its clump of sheltering pine trees, and the driving road leading from it down to Dalnacardoch, but they were both on the wrong side of the river.

The glass, however, soon showed us a footbridge beside the lodge, and towards that we rapidly descended. The river Edendon was coming down in a roaring spate, and as only a narrow strip of boggy ground separates it from Loch an Duin very little would be required to cause that loch to empty its waters into the Tay instead of the Spey. We followed the track along the slope of An Duin and on past Loch Bhradain to Gaick Lodge, then in the warm afternoon wandered down Glen Tromie to Kingussie and our train. One of the most noticeable features of the district of Gaick is the steepness of the hillsides, which rise on all sides covered with heather to their summits, and the number of deep narrow glens that run off on either hand from the main valley.—W. B.

AN article appeared in the *Cairngorm Club Journal* in January, 1922 (Vol. X., p. 145) describing some climbs on the eastern face of the summit rock of Clochnaben. In it several gullies

NEW CLIMBS were mentioned, viz. :—Nos. 1, 2 and 3, and the ON S.E. gully. All these (except No. 3) were climbed, GLOCHNABEN. but help from a rope, held from above, was needed at times in all the climbs. A party of climbers investigated the cliff again in March this year. A short but very steep gully, lying a few yards north of No. 1 gully, was climbed without the help of a rope. The holds, partly rock and partly grass, gave no great trouble to the leader who climbed it. Then a long steep gully, or rather chimney, lying between gullies 2 and 3 was climbed. The only difficulty lay in two short pitches covered by grass and moss, but at least one young climber surmounted both without any help from the rope. The S.E. gully was climbed easily by one of the party, but the others had to be steadied by the rope, as they negotiated the slab. None of these climbs is easy, and, to avoid accidents, it is well to have a rope held from above, to give at least moral support. J.R.L.

THE fact that winter conditions vary enormously from day to day on the hills and that an ascent may be possible one day and quite impossible the next, is well known to all

VARIETY ON mountaineers, and it was illustrated anew in the LOCHNAGAR. early part of this year on Lochnagar. On Sunday, February 15th, two members of the Club, J. A.

Parker and John Murray, essayed the ascent from Allt-nagiubhsaich but, owing to the high wind from the north and the intense cold, the snow slopes on the Ladder were found so difficult that the climb was abandoned. On March 1st a large party motored out from Aberdeen and Banchory consisting of W. Garden, J. R. Levack, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, D. S. P. Douglas, J. McCoss, G. S. Fraser, C. Robb, M. J. Robb, C. W. Walker, T. P. E. Murray, I. S. Stewart, Banchory, and I. D. Campbell, Banchory, and Dr.

Levack has supplied the following note on the expedition. "The fact of there being thirteen in the party was known only to me when they were actually assembled at The Invercauld, Ballater, for breakfast, when it was too late for any superstitious ones to turn back. Snow was encountered on the road just after passing the Falls of Muich, and midway between Inchnabobbar and Allnagiubhsaich the cars stuck in a wreath. Time was lost in turning them in readiness for the return journey and it was twelve noon when we left Allnagiubhsaich. The path beyond the wood was obliterated, and all landmarks were covered by an unbroken field of snow. We went on slowly as the snow was new and soft, and long before the "wilderness" was reached the mist was down and everything was blotted out. A compass course had to be set to find the "stick," but that landmark was quickly found. Progress after that was very slow as the snow was now knee-deep and more, and dense mist hid everything. Eventually, at 3 p.m. we were 3050 feet up on the side of Cuidhe Crom when it was decided that time did not permit of further progress. The return journey down to Allnagiubhsaich took nearly as long as the ascent, owing to the soft snow, so that we did not reach the motors till nearly 6 o'clock. A rapid run down to Ballater, bath and a change into dry clothes, dinner and a comfortable motor journey home completed a very jolly day." A week after this J. A. Parker and R. T. Medd were at the hill and, though they had not mist and soft snow to contend with, a bitterly cold wind from the north and icy conditions made the direct ascent of the Ladder out of the question. So they resorted to tactics and won. Instead of attempting the Ladder they went round by the Little Pap and climbed on the south side where they were in shelter most of the way to the top. They had a look at the indicator or, to be correct, at the snow and fog crystals which covered it completely, and then descended by the Glasallt Shiel.

NOTES.

THE Forestry Commissioners, who have acquired Glenmore from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, have put a gate upon the Slugan entrance to the glen, which is locked during the height of the tourist season. Access is refused to motor-propelled vehicles, but other vehicles are freely admitted. At an interview, which took place in February, Mr. John Sutherland, one of the Commissioners, informed the Parish Council of Abernethy, that the Commissioners were quite prepared to admit that a right of way exists through the pass, and that the road was open to all traffic except motors and mechanical tractors. The cost of upholding the road, which extends to seven miles, and the bridges thereon, was heavy, and was entirely borne by the Forestry Commission. After dealing with the legal aspect of the question and the importance of an adequate return being obtained from the Glenmore shooting, he said the Commissioners were anxious to meet, so far as possible, the convenience of the people, especially the residents, who might desire to use the road. Members of the Council expressed satisfaction that a right of way was admitted, but they held that the maintenance of a locked gate was objectionable. Legitimate users of the road—*e.g.* passengers in horse-drawn vehicles, should not be under the necessity of having to apply to get the gate unlocked. Mr. Sutherland replied that the gate was unlocked for about nine months in the year, but he would consider the representations made.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Observer*, who contributed a series of articles in spring dealing with "Scotland To-day," devoted one paper to the Highlands and, after admitting the economic difficulties in the way of the development and repopulation of the Highlands, proceeded to discuss the deer forest and sporting problem which he described as the aching tooth in Scotland's head. Many patriotic Scotsmen, he said, reconcile themselves reluctantly to the sporting interest because it helps to pay the local rates and taxes. Yet "they know that it shuts out a whole nation from the natural playground which ought to be part of the spiritual cure for its social maladies. Their blood boils to think that, in the interests of strangers' brief recreation, inns should be closed, private hospitality forbidden, and everything short of

physical intimidation employed to keep the Caledonian from wandering on his native heath. The freezing out of the native holidaymaker from one of the most beautiful and romantic regions of the world is a weird survival in the days of universal suffrage. It is a degrading influence upon the unfortunate people who are compelled for a living to forget all the traditions of Highland hospitality and convert themselves into boors and bullies." The writer went on to suggest that the sporting rights should be bought up by the Government, lock, stock and barrel, and the Highlands thrown open to the recreation of Scotland and the world. The total assessed rental of deer forests was put at £119,543 by the Departmental Committee of 1921. Before the war it was £171,438. The total rental of grouse shootings is not available but the same Committee reported that it was less than that of deer forests. Salmon fishings are estimated at £80,000 a year. The writer suggests that it would be worth the while of the State to buy out these rights and so rid the Highlands of the "aching tooth" of game preserving and its attendant social evils.

On Sunday, January 3, Mr. James Evans, a member of the Manchester Ramblers, died from exhaustion during a walk in the

Peak District, and the body was not found till the following Saturday. The incident gave rise to considerable discussion in the correspondence columns of the *Manchester Guardian*. Evans, who was not an old man, or even middle-aged,

FATALITY TO
A HILL
RAMBLER.

but still in the twenties and a strong walker, was one of a party of seven men who set out at 9.45 a.m. on a walk from Marsden to Edale. The distance is 17 miles in a straight line, but the actual walk is over moorland and rough ground all the way, it involves many detours and it entails two ascents to an elevation above 2,000 feet, and two others to above 1,750 feet, with correspondingly long and steep descents into "cloughs" or ravines, so that the expedition is an arduous and exhausting one, and particularly so in a short winter day. The party kept together until some five miles from Edale where they divided into two groups, three going ahead and four, including Evans, following in the rear. The latter group spread out with Evans in the rear, and the first three of this second group, after pausing for a few minutes in a shooting hut at the foot of Ashop Clough, went on to Edale. They believed that Evans, in order to save himself the steep drop into the clough and out again, was working round the head of the valley and, as he was a tenacious walker, no alarm was felt because of his non-arrival at Edale in time for the train to Manchester, it being assumed that he had possibly struck off the Kinder Plateau to some other station. The day had been dry but with a strong westerly wind. Next day

Evans' family reported that he had not returned and a search was begun in the district where Evans had disappeared. Only a few men were engaged in it and it was not until the following Saturday that a properly organised search was conducted by a large body of Ramblers, from Manchester, who covered the whole ground in systematic fashion. Evans' body was found lying at the side of Fair Brook, the next ravine south of Ashop Clough. At his side were his flash lamp and his rucksack but no food. His watch had stopped at 3.15. There were no broken bones or signs of injury beyond bruises on the knees, and the finding at the inquest was that he had died from exhaustion and exposure. No conclusion was possible as to whether Evans had died during the long mid-winter night of Sunday-Monday, or whether he had survived to the Monday daylight.

IN the discussion to which the above fatality gave rise, some interesting points emerged. It was remarked that if the lost

Rambler had been an escaped lunatic or convict, ARE CLIMBERS the whole countryside would have been roused and

MUTUALLY dozens of policemen put on to scour the moors RESPONSIBLE? for him, in which case he might conceivably have been discovered in time to save his life. A more

difficult question is that of the mutual responsibility of parties of hill walkers. Criticism having been expressed of the action of Evans' companions in proceeding without him, Mr. W. Walker, a well-known Manchester walker, wrote protesting against this view of the case, ridiculing the idea of "personally conducted parties with leaders and whippers-in," and declaring: "On a mountain walk every man has his own ideas of the best line to take, and it is the common practice for each to take his own, and if a man gets in a gully or grough during the descent, he may not see his comrades again until they meet for a meal at the farm or inn kitchen. Our-selves, our compass, our experience, our sense of direction must continue to be all we will accept, and if now and again one goes down in the struggle with Nature in her grimmest moods, so be it. The one who goes would be the first to scorn the plea to alter the conditions." This view of the relations between the members of a hill rambling party was sharply disputed by another correspondent who declared that it was certainly not that of the majority of the mountaineers whom he had met. "Mutual support is the recognised custom, and the men who are best at the game never deviate from that. All the members of a party are not equally able to keep up with the best, and it is for the leaders, therefore, to see that their rear members are supported before they decide to go on ahead. Besides, what is the object of joining a club at all if each member goes off on his own?" As a result of the incident the Ramblers' Federation in Manchester has arranged an emergency rescue plan

for the immediate searching of the Kinder area in the event of a man going missing. The scheme provides for breaking up the area into sixteen sections, each one to be scoured by a party under a leader who will answer for the thoroughness of the search and the safe return of his party. The Federation has no fewer than 56 affiliated clubs to call on, and it has also been promised help at any time from Sheffield Ramblers.

THE above fatality had a strange sequel in March in the Scottish hills, when a young climber, one of a party of three ascending

Ben Achallader (3399 ft.) near Bridge of Orchy in Perthshire, went off by himself and slipped and fell, sustaining fatal injuries, and his body not being recovered until three weeks later. Ben

ACHALLADER AFFAIR. Achallader is the northmost of the fine series of mountains including Ben Doran and Ben Dothaid along the base of which runs the West Highland railway and the corries of which form a commanding spectacle as seen from the train. March 22nd, when the accident occurred, was a fine winter day and the snow slopes on the hill were frozen hard. The party, which had come up for the week-end from Glasgow, set out from Inveroran Hotel at 5.30 and had reached a point some 2,000 feet up Ben Achallader when they breakfasted. Here one of the party, A. L. Henderson, set off by himself. The other two continued their way to the summit but, when they arrived there at 1.25, they found no trace of Henderson. They started at once searching the mountain-side and they also went into the great northern corrie but, though they kept up the search till darkness fell and blew a whistle repeatedly, they got no response and had at last reluctantly to set out for Tyndrum where they arrived at 3.45 a.m. During the following weeks the search was kept up by shepherds and ghillies and by parties of mountaineers from Edinburgh and Glasgow, but without result for heavy snow had fallen and it was assumed that the body was buried out of sight. Not until three weeks later, by which time a good deal of the snow had disappeared, was the body found. Henderson had apparently got within some 300 feet of the summit when he had slipped down a snow slope and been fatally injured against projecting rocks. The ice axe, which he carried, has not been recovered. The complete disappearance of the climber and the long search invested the incident with the nature of a mystery, and this aspect of the affair was intensified by the advent of anonymous letters from a spiritualist at Peterhead, who sent to the searchers at Achallader messages, purporting to come from mystic sources, giving directions as to the line of search and mentioning 3,060 feet as the height where the body was lying. The actual spot was within 30 feet of this.

THE theory that Benachie was used as a landmark not only by the ancient Britons but also by the Roman invaders is advanced by an anonymous writer in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, who has been discussing the traces of the ROMAN Romans in Aberdeenshire. He points out that all LANDMARK. sites (of camps) of whatever kind, from the Dee to Durn Hill near the Moray Firth, are based on Benachie as a chief outlook or signalling station, all of them being so placed as to command a view of this hill ; while the sea for many miles is also in touch with it, making it in truth the 'Mither Tap.' The Romans so planned their system of camps that it found a pivot in the British hill-fort of Benachie, while at the same time they made use, as suited their purpose, of certain of the British forts, seeing that these were already based on the same pivot. By this means of communication, any message from the sea base of Stonehaven, passed on by a signal post near Cookney, would be taken up at Benachie and transmitted to Durn Hill, and thence by some intermediate post to the sea-base at Burghead, and this within a remarkably short time.

IN *The Scottish Field* recently Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss gave an interesting account of a pet stag which has become so tame and so devoted to him that it goes deerstalking with him.

A STAG GOES DEER-STALKING. The stag, a three days' old calf, was found in June, 1923, on Ben Voirlich near Loch Lomond and was brought up on milk from a bottle. It followed Sir Iain like a dog and invariably accompanied him on his early morning bathe in Loch Lomond, swimming out far beyond him but always returning when called. Since then Corrie, as he is called, has become a familiar personage on Loch Lomondside for, though he sometimes joins the deer on the hills, he always comes home again and, having no fear of man, he is known to everybody in the district. One day last September Sir Iain went stalking on Voirlich and Corrie insisted upon joining the party, though every attempt was made to drive him back. So all day he roamed the hill with the sportsmen and, when spying had to be done, Corrie and Sir Iain remained behind. A stag was shot and the strange party, pet stag and all, came home at night.

REVIEWS

An Alpine Valley and other Poems, by Lawrence Pilkington :
with wood cuts by Margaret Pilkington. Longmans, Green & Co.
3s. 6d. net. Everyone familiar with the story of

AN ALPINE mountaineering in Scotland knows the name of
VALLEY. Mr. Pilkington as one of the two brothers who
did much of the pioneer climbing in Skye and
discovered the wonders of the Coolin range, and it is with special
interest, therefore, that one opens the pages of this little book of
verse. Nor is one disappointed. Elsewhere we have reproduced,
with Mr. Pilkington's permission, some verses from the opening
piece, "What Called me to the Heights?" and they are typical of
the graceful artistry that distinguishes the poems, and of the fine
feeling and deeply reverent spirit that mark this lover of the
mountains. Not all the poems are Alpine in subject. Many deal
with moods and mysteries of life that are common to all humanity.
But the note that runs through them all is one of reflectiveness and
sympathy. They breathe the calmness and repose that come to
one among the hills and in the open spaces, not the indifference
of a man forgetting the world and careless of its sorrows but the
courage of a man prepared to go back and take his part in the
work of life, and we are sure that all who find their recreation
and solace in the mountains will be grateful to Mr. Pilkington for
putting their creed, as he has done, so finely in verse. The little
wood-cuts by Miss Pilkington are equally distinctive and charming.

MR. ERIC P. BUCHANAN, who has been honorary editor of *The
Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* since 1921, has retired and
been succeeded by Mr. G. B. Green, the November
SCOTTISH issue of the magazine being the last to appear under
MOUNTAIN- Mr. Buchanan's charge, and the April issue the first
EERING CLUB. in Mr. Green's charge. In the former an account
is given of the club meet which was held at Braemar
at Easter last year, and we note an article by Mr. A. J. Rusk
upon Lochnagar accompanied by two fine photographs of the corrie
and of the snow cornices upon the top of the cliffs. Mr. Walter A.
Smith contributes some interesting recollections of his sixty years'
rambling on the Scottish hills, for his memories go back to 1864.
He mentions that his father, with an Edinburgh botanist, crossed the
Cairngorms by Ben Macdhui and Loch Avon in 1847. This was
long before Hill Burton published his book upon the Cairngorms,
and long before the Ordnance Survey map, and these two early
enthusiasts prepared a map of the group which is wonderfully

accurate. Mr. Green has secured for his inaugural issue two pleasant papers by veterans of the S.M.C., Mr. Maylard and Mr. Naismith, the one a reverie of the hills and the other reminiscences of early winter climbs in Scotland, in which development of mountaineering Mr. Naismith was a pioneer. A younger member of the club describes a five days' stay, in March, in the half-way hut on Ben Nevis, a pretty vigorous and rigorous experience, and Mr. Eustace Thomas sends a note on how he did all the Scottish "four thousanders" in a day, a feat to which reference is made elsewhere. The photographs of mountain scenery are particularly good.

The Alpine Journal, (Longmans, 12/6 net.), for November gives the record of the Mount Everest of 1924, the official despatches, as well as papers by various members of the expedition, while there are memorial tributes to Mallory and Irvine, who lost their lives in the final attempt on the mountain, and numerous photographs, including the highest photographs

taken on this globe, Mr. Somervell's showing Col. Norton advancing over sloping slate rocks at 28,128 feet, with the topmost peak in the distance. The whole story forms a great and romantic episode in mountaineering annals. In May last year Mr. J. A. Parker read a paper on the Pyrenees before the Alpine Club, and it is reproduced in this issue of the *Journal*, accompanied by a number of admirable photographs. The Pyrenees are comparatively little known to climbers from this country, and Mr. Parker has added to the value of his article by giving a list of the high huts in the range which are conveniently placed for mountaineers. Other papers deal with the New Zealand Alps and the Rockies, and in the latter connection an interesting account is given of the early passage of the Rockies by the pioneers of the fur trade. The illustrations of this, the premier mountaineering magazine, are as usual exquisitely done.

THE *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club*, 4/- net. Much of the matter in this substantial and admirably illustrated annual is of a severely technical character, relating to

FELL AND ROCK rock climbs in the Lake District, and it is with CLIMBING something of relief that one comes upon the pleasant CLUB. and all too brief article upon "Grass Tracks", by W. T. Palmer, who speaks lovingly of the old roads

across the fells, just as many of us in Scotland find our happiest days not in bagging peaks but in wanderings over moorland paths. The Fell and Rock Club acquired Great Gable and a large tract of adjoining country as a war memorial, and an account is given of the unveiling ceremony last year, with a panoramic view and map of the memorial area. The ground has been handed over to the National

Trust, and as Scafell Pikes and Scafell, which lie immediately to the south have also been presented to the Trust, the central and finest mountain region in the Lakes is now a national possession forever. We hope to soon see the whole of the Cairngorms national property also, now that a beginning has been made with Cairngorm itself. The Club is issuing a series of rock climbers' guides to the Lake District, and the section dealing with the Scafell group, by C. F. Holland, appears as the first part of this issue of the Club *Journal*. We notice that many of the severe courses can only be done in rubber shoes, and on a later page there is a discussion of the comparative merits of nailed boots and rubbers which will interest rock gymnasts. Accounts of climbing in the Carpathians and on Mount Kenya, pieces of verse, one set to music, and the editor, Mr. Chorley's account of his peak bagging feat in Scotland, referred to elsewhere, give variety to a magazine, the main contents of which are naturally and properly devoted to the Lake District.

THE *Pinnacle Club Journal*. 3s. 6d. This latest addition to mountaineering literature, edited by L. E. Bray and D. E. Pilley, is of special interest, for the membership of the club is confined to women, and a high standard of rock climbing qualification is exacted before admission. The club was founded in 1921, largely by the enthusiasm of Mrs. "Pat" Kelly, who, sadly enough, met her death a year later in a mountaineering accident in Wales. She must have been a woman of rare vitality, to judge from the delightful sketch written by her in 1921 and now printed in the *Journal*. The energy of the Club and its members is shown by the numerous and varied expeditions recorded in these pages, comprising climbs in Skye, in the Alps and in Norway and a traverse in winter of the Pyrenees from Gavarnie to Spain, by the route taken two years ago by two members of the Cairngorm Club, to whom Miss Pilley's brightly written paper will be of special interest. "Pot holing," the inverted climbing practised in the limestone caves of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, is described by another member, and a feature of the magazine is the number of excellent photographs. One is glad to see that there is a good deal of mountaineering in the *Pinnacle Club Journal* as distinct from the highly specialised rock gymnastics which bulk so largely in the activities of some clubs.

LA MONTAGNE. Nos. 175 to 181. These seven issues of the C. A. F. monthly keep up the high standard set by their predecessors. The most interesting article in them is probably that by M. Segogne describing a traverse of the Aiguille Verte made by him and three others in 1924 from the Argentiere glacier to the Couvercle. The ascent of the very difficult east face is admirably described.

The expedition took the party 23 hours. Among the monthly notes of the proceedings of the C. A. F. we note with interest that the club unveiled three Indicators (tables d'orientation) during 1924, and we also note that in connection with the Fetes on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the club that 52 members visited the Vallee d'Ordesa in the Pyrenees, well-known to several of our own members, and that while there they quaffed "gaiment le cidre mousseux espagnoll"—also well-known to one or two of our club members!

At the Back o' Benachie or Life in the Garioch in the Nineteenth Century, by Mrs. Helen Beaton (nee Helen Mortimer). With


Illustrations. Pp. 246. The Central Press, Aberdeen. This volume of reminiscences, sketches, verse and jottings is unpretentious and unaffected and will appeal to Garioch folk for the sake of old times, though it may not take rank among the weightier contributions to local literature. The authoress writes chiefly of Rayne "the Giral of the Garioch," famous for its white church,

Fite Kirk o' Rayne
Straught stan's yer wa';
But on a bonnie Pess Sunday
Doon sall ye fa'.

but very properly like every true child of the Garioch she begins with Benachie, which another child of the Garioch, Pittendrigh Macgillivray has called the Fujiyama of Aberdeenshire, so deeply is its form implanted in the hearts and affection of the people who live beneath its shadow. She tells of the days when Benachie was a commonty and how in 1854 the lairds seized it with the consent of the Court of Session, dividing the hill between them and evicting the squatters upon it. This was the lament of the people.

Oh, ye was aince a monarch hill,
To freedom's footsteps free,
But noo, unless their honours will,
We daurna tread on thee.
Alas, the heather on thy broo
Will bloom nae mair for me;
The lairds aroon' hae ta'en ye noo,
Ye're nae oor Benachie.

With such recollections, anecdotes, and snatches the authoress has put together a pleasant, if simple, miscellany.



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