

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY
 EDWARD W. WATT.

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SUPPLEMENT :

The Club Song :—"Where the High Road Ends."
 (*Words and Music*).

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The Editor will be glad to consider any articles, notes and photographs submitted to him and, in particular, he hopes that members of the Club will send records, however brief, of any interesting excursions which they make, so that the "Journal" may constitute an adequate record of the activities of the Club.

13 Forest Road,
Aberdeen.



April 1926

LOCH HOURN
(Ladhar Bheinn, in mist, on left)

R. T. Sellar

See p. 292

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

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CLUB SONG

“ WHERE THE HIGH-ROAD ENDS.”

O some for recreation cross the Channel like a fish;
To fly the broad Atlantic is another's dearest wish;
The road hog takes his pleasure with a cloud of dust behind;
But give me the locomotion of the good old-fashion'd kind.

CHORUS—

Tramping o'er the heather,
That's the sport for me!
Where the track winds upward
By the boulder and the scree.
Then come my brave hobnailers
You're the surest friends
When we've got to take Shank's Naggie
Where the High-road ends.

The secrets o' the mountains are for those upon the hike,
Though some can climb Ben Nevis on a screechy motor bike;
They'd rush the gates o' Heaven just to shock the angels there,
But I'll stick to golden slippers when I climb the Golden Stair.

Though once upon the family tree they say we used to leap,
We've left our tails behind us like the fabled nurs'ry sheep;
But soon when all are flying and dependent on the hub,
There'll still be Johnny Walker and the Cairngorm Club.

O, Hills o' Caledonia, may you be ever free
From fiendish record-breakers as they scorch from sea to sea;
When roadways twine among you and invade your calm retreat,
Still keep a patch o' moorland for those ancient things called feet.

MARY AGNES SKAKLE.

THE SCOTTISH "THREES."

BY J. A. PARKER.

ACCORDING to the Scottish Mountaineering Club's official list * there are 276 mountains in Scotland which are 3,000 feet or over in height. In the late spring of 1926 I found myself in the enviable position of having ample leisure, a recently acquired motor-car and the ability (?) to drive it, and thanks to a very successful fortnight at the S.M.C's Easter Meet at Tomdoun and Cluanie, a total of no less than 187 of the three thousand feet mountains already to my credit. It was therefore perfectly obvious that the correct thing to do was to set about the climbing of the remaining eighty-nine peaks as early as possible.

A list of the wanted hills was therefore prepared towards the end of May and it showed that the majority of them were fairly conveniently placed in the vicinity of Killin, Tyndrum, Ballachulish, and Spean Bridge; but that there was a very formidable minority of scattered peaks to the west of the Great Glen ranging from Ben More in Mull to Ben Hope in Sutherland and that many of them, such as A'Mhaighdean, Seana Bhragh, and Meall Buidhe (Loch Nevis) were extremely awkwardly placed even for a man with a motor-car. A careful examination of the list showed, however, that with methodical grouping and a good bit of luck the whole of the eighty-nine might be climbed in fifty-one

* See Munro's Tables in "The Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide," Vol. I., Section A.



June 1926

J. A. Parker

BEN MORE, MULL
(Looking west from the A'Chioch ridge)



September 1925

J. A. Parker

SLIEVE LEAGUE, CO. DONEGAL
(Looking east from near the highest point)

working (*i.e.* climbing) days. This being, of course, quite a different thing from consecutive days.

As the result proved the operations extended from the 4th June, 1926, Ben Chonzie, to the 19th July, 1927, Ben Hope, and occupied fifty-six working days. Bad luck was experienced with some of the more optimistic groups on account of bad weather and, of course, climbing was not practicable in many of the districts during the deer stalking and winter seasons.

Now that the work has been accomplished it is interesting to look back on the whole undertaking and recall one's impressions. The first thing that struck me was the tremendous monotony of some of the more uninteresting hills and the second was the great beauty of many of the regions into which the quest led me, districts which are seldom visited other than by sportsmen in search of game if even by them. Fortunately the uninteresting hills were in a very small minority and there were few days if any that could compare as regards sheer unrelieved monotony with the circuit of the five Monadh Liaths from Newtonmore on a dull day with a bitterly cold east wind and no view. But it is more pleasant to think of the good hills of which there were many.

One of the finest of these was undoubtedly Ben More in Mull which was climbed from Salen on the 15th June, 1926. It is a beautiful hill of volcanic origin similar to the Cuillin and has a bold precipitous north face with a rugged *arête*, which called for careful handling by the solitary climber, running down eastwards to its graceful outlier A'Chioch. The view from the summit must be superb on a clear day; but unfortunately the ascent was made on a hazy day and distant view there was none.

Ben Sgrìol, which was climbed from Glenelg on the 21st July, is another fine hill and was interesting on account of its narrow and steep western summit ridge and for the magnificent views that it commanded on account of its isolated position between Skye and the

mountains of Loch Hourn and Loch Duich. Its 3,196 feet drop southwards to the shores of Loch Hourn in rather less than one mile is magnificent and is comparable to—but not so impressive as—the 1,972 feet drop from the summit of Slieve League in Co. Donegal, in less than half a mile to the shores of the Atlantic.

Kinloch Rannoch as a climbing centre, with a car, was a great discovery and the summit views from the hills on the confines of “mountain girdled” Rannoch Moor on peerless days in early spring a revelation. The Ballachulish Hills were done during the Easter Meet of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and their memory is mostly one of arduous days in the worst of weather, with the glorious exception of Ben Starav at the head of Loch Etive. But two of the best of the Ballachulish Hills, Sgor na h-Ulaidh and Beinn Fhionnlaidh, climbed from Glen Coe in the thickest of mists, afforded a most delightful problem in route finding, the tricky descent from the latter mountain under such conditions into the rain drenched upper recesses of Glen Creran being wonderfully impressive.

The Beinn Dearg Group in Ross-shire gave three most interesting days in perfect weather; but with Ladhar Bheinn on the South shore of Loch Hourn I was just a wee bit disappointed, probably because it was climbed by its uninteresting southern slope and perhaps because I was just getting a bit *blasé*—it was the eighty-seventh.

A good hill, Ben Hope, was reserved for the last and it was climbed with R. T. Sellar on the 19th July, 1927. Most unfortunately the weather was very bad, it was the beginning of the summer weather of that year; but the ascent along its narrow north ridge was extremely interesting. View there was none and with just a kind word of congratulation from Sellar and a hasty handshake we ran down the easy south and south-west slopes to the car that was waiting on the roadside.

Most of the ascents had unfortunately to be made alone but out of the fifty-six climbing days the weather



April 1927

J. A. Parker

SGURR RUAHD, ACHINASHELLACH
(From its N.W. ridge. Corrie Lair on left)



April 1926

J. A. Parker

COIRE GARBH, BEN ATTOW
(From Sgurr a' Choire Ghairbh looking S.W. through the Hunter's Pass to Sgurr Fhuaran)

on no fewer than forty-seven was excellent and in many cases simply superb. The bulk of the work was done in the months of March, April, May and June, the record month being May, 1927, during which twenty-nine of the hills were climbed and of these thirteen were climbed in seven consecutive days. A result of careful grouping, good staff work, and perfect weather!

Many of the hills were difficult to get at and involved long and laborious days; but on the other hand some of the hills that gave the greatest cause for anxiety in this respect fell with unexpected ease. Of these latter Ladhar Bheinn was a conspicuous example. I went to Mallaig prepared if necessary to charter a special motor-boat or even to sleep out on the mountain as the Hotel(sic) at Inverie was impossible, when to my surprise the peak was done most comfortably between the morning and afternoon runs of the ordinary boat from Mallaig to Inverie for a four shilling return fare and with afternoon tea served up by the crew of the boat on the homeward journey.

The longest day was undoubtedly the one devoted to that most un-get-at-able of all hills, A'Mhaighdean, which was done with Gordon Wilson from Kinlochewe by way of Glen Bianasdail and the east end of Lochan Fada. Being grouped with Sgurr Ban and Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair, its ascent took twelve hours almost continuous going. But it is a fine hill and has a grand western precipice. Another long day was that devoted to Meall Buidhe, Loch Nevis, from Tomdoun via Kinlochquoich through the very wonderful pass of Lochan nam Breac (see photo. *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII. p. 313).

Another long day must be mentioned although it was done in April, 1926, viz., Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan (3,771 feet) which stands on the north side of Glen Affaric fully four miles west of Mam Soul. It is the fourth highest peak west of the Caledonian Canal and is undoubtedly one of the finest mountains in Scotland. Its ascent along with that of its northern outlier Creag

a'Choir'Aird from Cluanie took eleven hours steady going ; but it was worth it.

Some one asks, "Now that you have climbed all the three thousand feet mountains in Scotland which, in your opinion, are the finest?" It is a difficult question to reply to, and I do so with much hesitation because there are many fine peaks and many opinions. East of the Caledonian Canal I would say, not in order of merit, Ben Cruachan, Bidian nam Bian, Ben Lui, Ben Lawers, Ben Nevis, Lochnagar, Cairn Toul, Braeriach, and Ben Macdhui. And west of the canal, Ben More in Mull, The Saddle (Loch Duich), Ben Attow, Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan, Sgurr Ruadh (Achnashellach), Sgurr na Lapaich in Strathfarrar, Liathach, Beinn Eighe, Slioch, An Teallach, Beinn Dearg (Ross), Ben More Assynt, and all the Black Cuillins, especially Sgurr Alasdair.

And now that the quest is finished I am harassed with the awful thought that for the ascent of perhaps seventy-five per cent. of the hills I had no witness with me and that it is open to any one to challenge the statement, which is hereby confirmed, that I have climbed all the three thousanders. All that I have to show in proof is a carefully compiled list dating from the 19th July, 1883, with the ascent of Ben Lomond, the most southerly 3,000 feet hill in Scotland, and ending curiously enough with Ben Hope in Sutherland, the most northerly, forty-four years later. In view of the recent English Channel swimming dispute, the correct thing is apparently now to go and climb them all over again with press representatives and other responsible witnesses, but this I absolutely refuse to do. I would rather tackle the "Twenty Fives"; but that is another story. Fortunately they have not yet been listed, and probably never will.

RECORD OF A WALKING TOUR.

BY JAMES L. DUNCAN.

LAST summer I journeyed through a delightful part of England in the company of a college friend, sharing with him the pleasures of English rural life, from contemplating cows in the meadows to enjoying a tankard of beer (in true Chestertonian style) at the village tavern. In contrast to that I had gone alone the previous summer on a walking tour through the Scottish Highlands to extend my hitherto limited acquaintance with the geography of Scotland. I have mentioned the English tour (which has nothing to do with this article) merely to illustrate from personal experience that nothing is lost by being solitary. One is not alone when thus alone.

If one chooses to "mingle with the Universe" it is not difficult to learn that :

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore."

My general intention was to work westwards from Braemar to Fort Augustus and then to strike south and arrive eventually, *deis volentibus*, at Loch Lomond. I considered that, as I had already a fair knowledge of Deeside, it could be excluded from the itinerary. My first day's walk, it is true, was to be over Cairngorm, with which I was already familiar, but thereafter I was to venture on the unknown. The night prior to the first day of my journey I spent in Inverey under the hospitable roof of Miss Gruer. It was from there that I set

forth next morning, fortified with the glad remembrance of scones and kindness!

Prompt at seven o'clock I took the road, for there must be no sluggardliness on such occasions. It was a beautiful morning, with the hills free of mist and pale sunshine flooding the valley. A moment of silent appreciation, and then forward! With my pack on my back, my staff in my hand, and a light heart I began my pilgrimage.

I was due to arrive at Coylum Bridge at six o'clock that evening, and, as I was being met by friends, it was necessary that I should be in time. The route, as I have already mentioned, was to be over Cairngorm and down to Loch Morlich. Going by the Linn of Dee, I took an hour and a half to reach Derry Lodge. Walking through Glen Derry is always an impressive experience, and especially so in solitude, for then the mind naturally travels over long vistas of time. Wordsworth's lines, on the Simplon Pass, might well be applied to the pines here:

"The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,

The types and symbols of Eternity."

I do not regard walking as an opportunity for performing pedestrian feats, and yet I think I may pride myself on the rate at which I covered the ground this morning. I was on the top of Cairngorm within three and a half hours of leaving Derry Lodge. The mist which had settled on the hills gradually rose. Cairngorm, when I first surveyed it from Loch Etchachan, was clear and remained so for some hours. From Loch Etchachan I crossed over the plateau called, for some reason I have never discovered, the Dairymaid's Fields. No winsome dairymaid at all events came past, singing blythely, this morning. I climbed Cairngorm by scrambling up Corrie Raebert. From the summit I got an excellent view of the wide sweeping plateaus of the Cairngorms, but the prospect was limited by haze. A cold wind was blowing across the summit, and with

customary irrationality I ate my lunch there, sheltering ineffectively on the lee side of the cairn. As I finished three boys arrived who had come up from Speyside. They insulted my dignity by dwelling on the dangers of travelling alone. After further conversation we parted, I now pursuing my way to Loch Morlich. I had an abundance of time and lingered for about an hour round the shore of this beautiful loch. Behind me black clouds were gathering and the rocky fastnesses of the Cairngorms were lost in haze and mist. Nothing else need be said other than that Coylum Bridge was reached in good time; that my friends met me there; and that I enjoyed that evening all the comforts of civilization.

The next day was an "off day," and then on the morning following we (for I was accompanied by my host who had agreed to come over with me to Fort Augustus) set out for the Corryarrick Pass. To-day certainly we did things with a considerable degree of luxury. My instincts, as a walker, rather condemn motor cars; to-day however, it must be confessed, a motor stood us in good stead. We drove from Boat of Garten up the Spey valley past Newtonmore to Garvamore Lodge. It was a most delightful run, even if I, again as a *walker*, felt conscience urging: "You pretend to come on a walking tour, and here you are driving along like the veriest plutocrat!" However one cannot drive over the Corryarrick (a superfluous piece of information we received when verifying our direction at Newtonmore). In its upper reaches, beyond Garvamore Lodge, Glen Spey narrows considerably. One point of interest deserves mention. When motoring here, we noticed several small cairns by the side of the road. These commemorate the spot where the coffin was rested on the occasion of a funeral from up the glen to the small Catholic chapel a few miles further down.

The historical associations of the Corryarrick Pass are extremely interesting. General Wade constructed a road across it and it was across this road that Prince Charles Edward Stuart led his Highlanders on his march

southwards in 1745. General Cope, whose memory no Scotsman reveres, had intended to intercept him, but, on learning the strength of the rebels, he decided that prudence was the better part of valour and made his way north to Inverness.

To-day the work of General Wade is still clearly defined as it makes its way along the hillside. The road however is boggy and rough and can only be crossed on shank's mare. The route lies north-westwards across a spur of the Monadhliath mountains. At its highest point the road ascends in a series of zigzags and it is instructive to observe that the corners are wide and sweeping, like those which have been made, only within the last year or two, at the Devil's Elbow. The top of the Pass is wild and remote, and the feeling of desolation was enhanced for us by the general gloom of the day. Looking backwards we could trace the far distant windings of the Spey, while, when we came over the ridge, a splendid prospect met our eyes. Serrated against the sky, standing out sharp and jagged, we saw the hills of Inverness-shire and Ross-shire. It was my first introduction to that splendid array of peaks and I stood there in admiration, like Cortez gazing at the Pacific Ocean, experiencing that feeling of wonder which all men feel when they are suddenly confronted with the unknown and the magnificent.

From the top of the Pass down to Fort Augustus is a distance of about ten miles. The road on this side is less well-defined and the traveller starting from Fort Augustus might experience some difficulty in finding his way. It was raining as we reached Fort Augustus this evening. It cleared, however, as darkness came down. Then it was particularly fine to stand and look down Loch Ness, while admiring all the delicate tints of colouring, the purple of the hills, and the dark blue of the rippling surface of the loch.

Next day I wished to reach Fort William and to climb Ben Nevis *en route*. I parted company from my friend as he wished to go north. I caught the morning train

down to Spean Bridge, and from there the day's walk began. I struck the road south-west from the town towards Fort William. I intended to walk about seven miles down it and then to branch off and climb Ben Nevis, over the Carn Beag Dearg. Before me, as I walked, were the tops of the great cliffs of Ben Nevis, giving a tremendous impression of sheer height. Presently I left the road to toil over a mile or so of boggy moorland before the upward climb was commenced. The ascent of the Carn Beag Dearg is fairly steep, but it provides a splendid opportunity of seeing the magnificent rocky face of Ben Nevis. These precipices, I suppose, give the finest impression of stark, naked grandeur to be met with in this country. One may well transpose Byron's lines here and say :

“ Ben Nevis is the monarch of mountains ;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.”

At length I reached the top of my ridge and then circled round the Alt a Mhuillin on to Ben Nevis proper. I made my first acquaintance here with ridge walking. Previously upon mountains I had been accustomed to the plateaus of the Cairngorms. I now seemed to myself to be like a cat creeping along the top of a stone wall, only, of course, I showed far less dexterity. When I reached the top of Ben Nevis I was glad to find it was clear. As I appeared over the ridge of the summit I found I was not to be alone on the top. A man was standing surveying distant hills through a pair of binoculars. On approaching nearer I was surprised to find that it was a distinguished member of the Cairngorm Club, whose name requires no mention, when I say that he was verifying the direction of heights for an indicator. He accompanied me down the hill, and (if the remark may be pardoned) age beat youth as regards speed, only the latter can plead its previous exertions as an excuse !

The next day was Sunday and I made it a day of rest. On the Monday I walked over to Kinlochleven, by Glen Nevis and Am Bodach. That day the weather was not so favourable as it had hitherto been. The mist remained obstinately about the three thousand foot level, while there was a tendency towards drizzling rain. Glen Nevis is remarkably striking. It is fairly narrow and the hills rise steeply on either side. A road goes up it about six or seven miles and is there succeeded by a small footpath. This leads round the edge of a gorge through which the stream rushes with considerable force. The scene is one of much grandeur; the path, however, must be treated warily. It goes along the slope of the hill, just overlooking the dashing waters, as they foam away below. This continues for about a mile. Thereafter the glen widens to some extent into a grassy plain, where cattle happened to be peacefully grazing as I passed through. Beyond this grassy prospect stands Steale Farm, a lonely shieling in all truth. One is surprised to find that it has not shared the general fate of depopulation and decay. I now left the glen to climb Am Bodach. This climb proved very precipitous. Am Bodach means "the old man," and I was afraid at times lest the old man should conquer me. I had frequently to climb up rocks using the best footholds I could. After the first ridge was crossed, however, I got into a grassy recess behind where the rise was more gradual. The top of Am Bodach was in mist. As I was short of time I did not climb right to the top, but crossed over the ridge some distance below it. The descent on the other side was down grassy slopes, comparatively free of stones. It did not take very long to reach Kinlochleven, which is a manufacturing town—it manufactures aluminium—with tall smoky chimneys, such as might have roused the wrath of Ruskin as indicative of the tendency to "make railroads of the aisles of the cathedrals of the earth."

My next two days were occupied with road walks, and, such is the perverseness of things, they were the clearest

and hottest days of my tour when distant horizons might have been scanned from the mountain tops. As it was I walked along roads, soiled by the dust of every passing motor car. Of pedestrians like myself I came across none, so that I was tempted to think that in this age of speed my pursuit was an obsolete one, but none the less I found it enjoyable. From Kinlochleven I walked down the side of Loch Leven to Ballachulish; as I progressed I remember it became hotter and hotter, while I became thirstier and thirstier. Some streams flowed down to the loch of the hillside, or rather it would be more accurate to say that there was no lack of stream beds. Generally, however, on account of the dry weather these contained only the merest trickle of water, not enough for my purpose. I did not actually enter Ballachulish, which is further down the Loch than it was necessary for me to go. Instead I passed through Bridge of Coe, then through some wooded scenery past Clachaig Inn and then out into the open country. Here I came on a post, erected by the wayside, which informed the traveller that yonder is the country where, on the thirteenth of February 1693, the massacre of Glen Coe had taken place. Wild country for such wild work! It has often been remarked how the terrible gloom, which must pervade this spot when the storm is whistling down the glen, harmonizes with the bloody deed with which the name of Glen Coe is associated. To-day, however, the glen was bathed in brilliant sunshine, and, although the mind lingered on these "old unhappy far-off things," there were yet other things to think of. It was here that David Balfour, in Stevenson's romance, took to flight with his comrade after the Appin murder, when, on another such day as this, they lay and "birstled" on the rock in their endeavour to evade the English soldiery.

As I toiled up the steep road this afternoon it seemed to become hotter every hour. But not only the heat was troublesome, for I was also greatly annoyed by the attention of innumerable glegs. There are moments, I suppose, in all walking tours when one's spirits become

wear and these pestilential blood-sucking insects (for such they were) for a time reduced me nearly to despair. I tried running along the road to avoid them but that did not avail much. Altogether I was glad to reach Kingshouse Inn, which was my hostelry for the evening. Kingshouse is a far distant spot, miles from anywhere, and far removed from the trammels of city life. I was hailed on my arrival by the barking of a scampering terrier, which went by the name of Ivy, and which seemed rather unaccustomed to wayfarers calling there.

Next day's walk was again along roads. To-day I covered the twenty miles—most of it in the forenoon—between Kingshouse and Tyndrum. The scenery in the course of the day's march was rather more monotonous and rather more devoid of interest. The first ten miles is over the moor of Rannoch, which stretches for miles on either side of the road, away towards the far distant hills. The day was perhaps hotter than the previous one, a fact which gives rise to one incident which I clearly remember. About half way to Tyndrum I passed a certain inn, where, as I was feeling droughty, I asked for a bottle of lemonade. The bottle, a fairly big one, was duly produced and its contents drunk in a twinkling. I asked the good landlady for a second, which was similarly treated. I might have continued further with perfect ease, but prudence said no. I remember grumbling at paying one shilling for my treat. Tyndrum was duly reached in the afternoon, and I spent the rest of the day there in idleness.

The day following was the last one of my walk. I wished to reach Ardlui and intended going to it over Ben Lui. From Tyndrum to the beginning of my climb I had a moorland walk of about five miles. The altitude when I commenced climbing was 1,250 feet above sea level and as Ben Lui is 3,708 feet in height I had to climb about 2,500 feet. Unfortunately to-day the mist was lying about the 2,000 feet level, so that during the greater part of the climb I was shut off from the surrounding world. The first part of the

ascent was over a steep grassy slope, by the side of a burn. Presently, however, as the ridge became more precipitous I had to scramble over huge boulders. I now found myself on a ridge, with steep cliffs on either side. Eventually, however, the top was reached, and I had the satisfaction of standing on the top of Ben Lui, albeit nothing was to be seen beyond the radius of a few yards. I made my descent southwards—guiding myself carefully by compass—to a stream called the Dubh Eus, which was safely reached. In its lower reaches this stream flows through a beautiful glade, through which I passed, before striking the main road to Ardlui.

And now at Ardlui, beside the shore of Loch Lomond, my pilgrimage was at an end. A joyful experience it had been, as most of our experiences are when we escape from the "Bastille of civilisation," although probably we do not chose to remain too long outside our prison house, such is the force of habit imposed by economic necessity. Still during these few days one tastes all the freshness of escape from routine, the blood courses more freely through the veins, while the living soul is enabled to "become one with nature."

THE JUNGFRAU.

BY WALTER A. REID.

INTEREST in the hills extends far beyond the Cairngorms and the British Isles, for the members of the Club are frequently European wanderers, all the better of their earlier experience on the hills, and rocks, and snows of Scotland. These notes may interest a number of readers of the *Journal* of the Club, though only to bring out contrasts between the giants of Switzerland and the giants of the Cairngorms. All the mighty hills are more or less unapproachable, and are attractive only to those who seek adventure and are, therefore, prepared to run risks more or less serious. To many the grandeur of the giant Cairngorms and other tops of Scotland is no less striking than the giants of the Alps, from certain view points.

Jungfrau means Virgin, Maiden—never been conquered. She still retains her name as a consistent spinster, notwithstanding the conquests of ascent during the last half century.

In the earlier guide books the Jungfrau (13,671 feet) was poetically described as the Maiden Queen of the Alps, clothed in her snowy mantle, with two unshakable guards—the Silberhorn (12,156 feet) and the Schneehorn (11,204 feet)—representing *silver* and *snow* respectively. The couplet of the 16th century is still appropriate:—

Raleigh—I fain would climb and yet I fear to fall.

Queen Elizabeth—If fear assail thee, do not climb at all.

Until quite recently it used to be a prolonged, toilsome climb, taken in sections as it were. The common route from Grindelwald used to take some nineteen hours. There were various routes. Within the last few months a Wengen guide—Fritz Fuchs—with a companion, claims to have made the ascent by the southern slope from the Rottal Hut in twelve hours. It was made just before the first serious snowstorm of this winter and they had excellent luck under exceptional conditions. The route by the Guggli Hut was a long tedious climb with a tramp of five to seven hours to the Hut, and a nine to ten hours' journey from the Hut to the summit. The Guggli (8,800 feet) is reached by traversing the Eiger glacier on to the ridge of the Mönch. This hut (by the north route) is now a nice comfortable, compact, wooden shanty with a long board for sleepers, rugs or blankets, a good stove for heating, and for cooking, as well as a supply of dishes. Guides carry up heaps of firewood at the beginning of the season. There are also buckets for bringing in snow, which is the only way to provide water for domestic purposes. It never rains in these regions, and if there are springs about, they are embedded in ice or in frozen snow. The height of the snow line here is over 7,000 feet. From the Guggli Hut to the Jungfrau seemed a short span. Indeed one could hear voices at the Jungfrau Joch quite distinctly in a favourable wind, but the Joch could only be reached by facing a huge dip, with an unenviable trudge through snow, traversing two glaciers, and the toilsome rise, all which required some nine to ten hours before reaching the summit. But the mechanical devices of this age have brought the summit to within three hours from a railway terminal, that is, for a fairly expert climber. The climb is within reach of a multitude now as compared with a dozen years ago.

Before describing my trip of two years ago, it may be explained that the two principal starting points for the ascent of the Jungfrau are Grindelwald, under the

shadow of the mighty Wetterhorn (12,137 feet) or via Lauterbrunnen from Interlaken to Wengen. The well-known hills called the Scheidegg (7,000 feet), along with a minor hill called Byron Hill, where Lord Byron made a trip 100 years ago, separate the two valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen. The funicular railway from Lauterbrunnen ascends to the Scheidegg, via Wengen, and from Grindelwald to Scheidegg there is a railway. An ordinary map of Switzerland will show these places marked quite clearly. The tramp from Grindelwald (3,000 feet) is a most striking one from the varying views obtained in the ascent. The funicular railway to Lauterbrunnen passes through Wengen, a very popular resort both in summer and in winter. While there are two horses to serve the numerous hotels and villagers of Wengen there are obviously no motor-cars, for there is no driving road to Wengen at all. Scheidegg is the starting point of the wonderful railway cutting through two mighty mountains of solid rock—the Eiger (13,042 feet), to the terminal Jungfrau Joch, which is a coll between the great Mönch (12,900 feet) and the Jungfrau. At the terminal in the rocks there is a splendid hotel, well equipped with some 200 bedrooms and spacious reception rooms, almost entirely hidden from the outside. The railway journey through the tunnels is relieved by two cuttings to the open on either side looking down upon glaciers. For miles around there is nothing to be seen but snow and the outside of the Hotel shows only a bit of yellow wood-work. The excellent chef, an Italian, who occupied a similar position at one time in an Edinburgh Hotel, told us that he had no difficulty with water or anything else, and he prepared midday dinners for a few hundred trippers daily during the summer season, that is from mid-July to say mid-September. He warned us specially against eating heartily immediately after arrival, as he said one should eat very sparingly at high altitudes for a day or two, especially for one about to climb on the following day. The rule is well-known and, indeed,

I went to the guides' quarters to have a snack with them; but I got a hint from an official that I was expected to take a table d'hôte dinner. I did so, and as it, unfortunately for me, included specially heavy items for a Swiss dinner, namely, boiled salmon and roast beef, I did not sleep for more than two hours. I had the advantage, however, of being awake in the night. I was awake at reveille 3, coffee and rolls at 3.30, and start at 4-4.20. The compensation for shortage of sleep was a succession of wonderful views of the summit, and a clear sky. At high altitudes I have often felt that the stars looked like great pearls, looking larger and brighter than at lower levels. There was a brilliantly, kindly moon, which seemed to say "Never mind though you are a bit sleepy on the morrow, you must keep your tryst." The Joch (pronounced Yoch) is the starting point for ski matches, being the head of the great Aletsch glacier, which is some ten to twelve miles long and said to be the biggest glacier in Europe. At Wengen I had sought out a guide who rigged me out in good hobnailer boots, and a delightful little axe. I had no crampons on my boots, and I slipped frequently on some snow slopes—thus impeding progress somewhat and making the climb rather more fatiguing. This was balanced, however, by less weight to carry and an alert guide. The recent tendency to have much lighter boots than formerly is most welcome to climbers of only moderate physique. But my main difficulty lay in the many dangerous crevasses in the ascent, these crevasses being veritable danger traps, especially after a snowfall when their yawning mouths were frequently covered over with non-carrying snow. I had learned that in such dangerous places there should be a party of not less than three. The guide said he would rather take me alone, after surveying that I was only a ten stone man, though I warned him that, his life being as valuable to him as mine was to me, I was quite sure *he* could pull *me* out if I fell into a crevasse, being of course roped to him, but that I was equally sure that if he fell in I could

not pull him out. I had just heard, through a London friend, of a guide to an experienced lady climber—on this same climb. The guide, in falling, was held before reaching the bottom of the crevasse by the lady smartly fixing her axe into the snow with the rope attached. Though they struggled for hours the poor fellow was held fast in the pit and he ultimately persuaded the lady to leave him to perish. She had not been gone more than an hour when by a lucky stroke he pulled himself by the rope attached to the lady's axe, reached the surface, and arrived in Wengen none the worse of his trying ordeal. My good-natured guide carried my belongings as well as the lunch and watched me like a jailer.

The ascent is about 2,350 feet from the Joch Hotel. I was glad to be on the rope for the whole journey. The conditions were good. It was the second day of the season and the prospects were excellent. The guide was as sure of the weather as of a daily rising sun; for he had planned trips in summer and in winter, always twelve hours ahead—no more—and had very, very seldom been wrong in regard to weather. He required neither compass nor map as he knew every yard of the route. While he was thus talking, of the wind from Russia and the wind from the Atlantic, etc., as weather guides, I noticed him swerving from the sloping path and I could see serious disturbances of the surface, great heaps of ice and frozen snow being accumulated at the base of one slope. He was unwilling to go into details, though he could speak English fluently. On this altered route we came to one of the hazards of the ascent, a perpendicular wall of ice which had to be surmounted. Through want of sleep I felt a little fatigued. I was glad to get a pull up from the guide—a thing which should not be required usually, but I wanted to be fresh for the later tugs up the slopes to the summit. That snow wall is the first barrier to climbers, but it is in no sense dangerous. Looking down from the top of the wall, and resting for a moment I drew the attention of

the guide again to the condition of the heaps of snow which had necessitated a change of route; and I observed many streaks of blood in the snow. He then—unwillingly—told me that a party of the previous day had been late in returning and got caught in an avalanche, but that no life was lost. I did not press him further. Guides wisely say little of accidents for fear of damaging their trade. Incidentally it may be mentioned that if frozen snow had the air squeezed out of it, it would be ice.

The next hazard was at the Rottal saddle. This is on a narrow ridge looking back on the Aletsch glacier and looking straight down—far down—on the Rottal glacier. The Rottal glacier route is the route taken by the guide Fuchs which has been already mentioned. It is better not to slip at that Rottal corner. From it begins the shoulder to the summit, which is tedious and tiresome, especially as the air is becoming rarer at the great height. President Parker's general formula of ascending 1,000 feet in an hour was not achieved on this occasion, for 2,350 feet should take only $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. I was quite glad to get to the summit before eight, in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. At the summit, I as thoroughly enjoyed my breakfast as I did the glorious view. It is indescribable by an ordinary climber. We, of course, made out all the near mighty giants and a good many distant ones, but the view hardly equalled the view I had from the Cima Tosa in the Dolomites (11,000 feet), which was the most striking snow view I have ever beheld. It happened to be the centre of rows of circles of snow peaks round and round. The Rocky Mountains of Canada, striking and awe-inspiring, seemed always to be like one-way switches, but then I only ascended one unpretentious top of some 7,000 feet. It was quite comfortable all the thirty to thirty-five minutes we rested at the Cairn or Horn of the Jungfrau, because the day was fine; and I wondered, as I was so much nearer the sun than the dwellers in the valley, whether his rays were so much the warmer. I still wonder!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON WALKS.

WHY GO TO SWITZERLAND?

THE recent snowstorm, with Alpine conditions called forth the remark "Why go to Switzerland?" Certainly it was most appropriate on Saturday, 12th November, for the conditions were unique. At the Blue Hill the snow showed a depth of 3" to 12"; it was crisp though not carrying; the sunshine was perfect; the temperature was round about freezing point; and there was a slight westerly wind of a kindly nature, especially for pedestrians. Ski-ing was enjoyed on the Hill of Fare, on the same day. For the time being Switzerland was in Aberdeenshire. But alas! one swallow does not make a summer: ski-ing on the Hill of Fare proved to be futile on the following day.

Switzerland, ay or no, the north of Scotland has unbeatable sunsets; and I have never seen an "Alpine glow" to have such a beautiful effect as many—very many—of our sunrises. On Saturday the 12th the sky was a picture. Almost to the zenith the western sky was one glorious blaze in colour. It was a picture. My companion is a master of the spectrum. It is not possible to describe that sunset at about 4 p.m. It was, or appeared to be, one extensive blaze of pink. Looking closer, there was a background of rich pale green, with an impression of orange here and there. For many years I have been connected with the manufacture of paints and colours, and I was not prepared for my learned companion's dictum that the pink was violet; I did get

a kind of admission however that vermilion is scarlet ; but I stuck to my version of pink stubbornly. I wonder if any of our members noticed the sky that afternoon. The study of colour in science, in medicine, in psychology, and in poetry, is full of charm ; but I cannot say that I quite followed President Parker's exposition of the Blue Ray. I have seen, in favourable conditions, a lunar rainbow, one at Durris, and another near Brechin ; and many of us have seen the "Spectre of the Brocken." Ex-President Levack's photo of the Spectre, from the summit of Sgurr Alister is memorable ; the photo has been seen by many members of the Club. An article on colour, from the hillman's standpoint, would be an attractive contribution to the pages of the *Journal*.

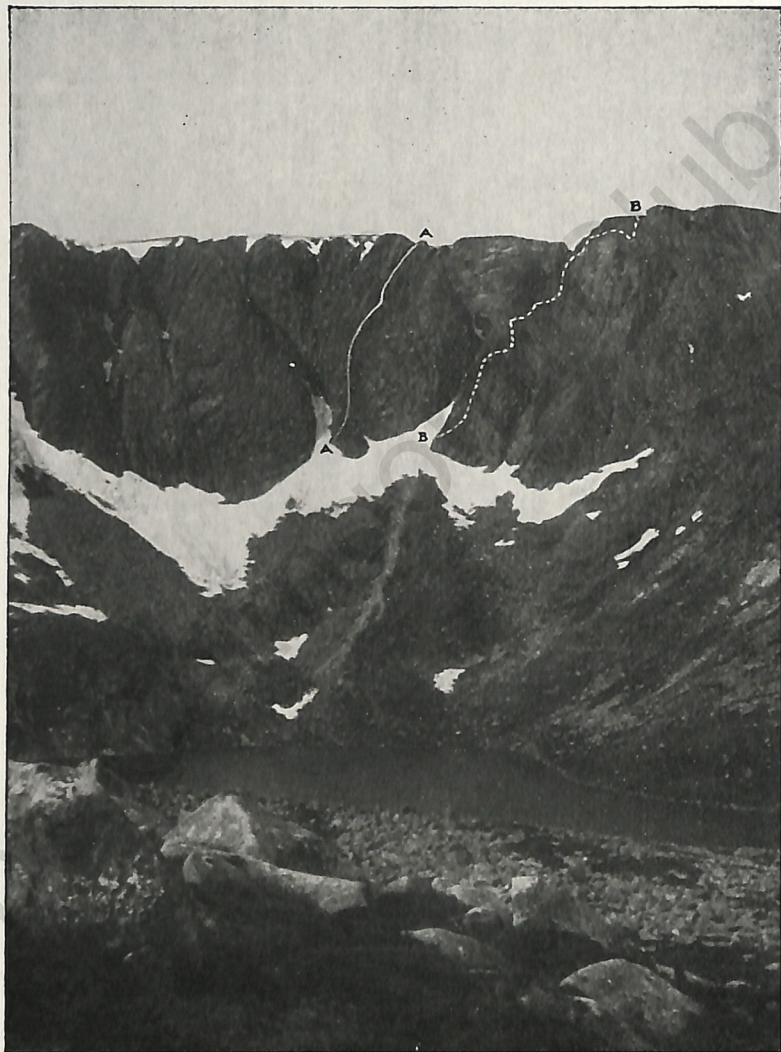
Of course we had a look of the damaged cairn on the Blue Hill. There was not a good far view. Aberdeen lay snug in the hollow by the sea, and to the east and west the view sea-wards and Lochnagar-wards was quite good. The foliage entirely breaks the view north and south. It is most gratifying that the laird of Banchory, Colonel Stewart, has resolved to restore the damaged cairn, maintaining the height of about six feet ; and so continuing to the public the valuable privilege of visiting the cairn at all times. The Blue Hill, by easy walking, is over an hour distant from the Brig o' Dee.

On Saturday, 19th November, the objective was Boswell's Monument, a mile or so behind Blairs College—say one-and-a-half hours from Milltimber station, and two from the Brig o' Dee. It is an interesting point, historically, horticulturally, agriculturally, and scenically. This is not a proper occasion for touching on these features ; but it may be amusing to read the glowing inscription on the monument. It is dedicated to the laird Boswell by his widow. It is verily a certificate of character, written evidently *after his death*—a certificate which should carry the deceased husband to the fourth Heaven. The walking to and from the monument for a quarter of a mile is rough, through rank

heather; but the approach to the monument presents no obstacle even to the fair sex, with their scanty, though unwoolly, attire of to-day.

Burns's condemnation of November is hardly defensible. In "man was made to mourn" there is only a fraction of truth in the sentiment, but it was written in August, which made the words quite out of place. The dirge was set to music, to the tune of Peggy Bawn, but no one now-a-days dares to call it song, or attempt to sing it. In November we have many dull days, with decay all round, but we have many compensations, the blithe blink often, the fruits of the earth in abundance, warm firesides, and warm hearts to start the converse cry, man was made to be cheery in spite of the worries and anxieties of life. The Club Dinner on the 26th, is one of the best witnesses that man can and does enjoy life to the full. Count on two Saturdays in any November for an afternoon walk. Such walks are suitable for beginners and for veterans, who need not go too far afield in the winter months.

W. A. R.



G. R. Symmers

THE NORTH-EAST CORRIE, LOCHNAGAR

A—A. Route as followed on 21st August, 1927

B—B. Route as followed on 29th September, 1927

TWO CLIMBS ON LOCHNAGAR.

BY G. ROY SYMMERS.

ON 21st August, 1927, Mr. J. S. Silver and I set off from Alltnaguibhsaich with the intention of making an attack on Raeburn's Gully. The day was perfect, with scarcely a breath of wind and a hot sun baking down from an almost cloudless sky. The corrie proved too warm for comfort, and great was our relief when we arrived in the cool shade of the cliffs at the bottom of Raeburn's Gully.

After a short rest, eyes were turned upwards and plans for the ascent discussed. From previous experience in the gully, when free from snow, it was decided to take to the right wall at the outset and thus avoid a very loose traverse with slanting footholds, which had to be made on a former occasion in order to surmount the slabs at the commencement of the gully. When masked with snow, these slabs present no difficulty.

The start of the climb is marked by a white quartz intrusion, which is clearly visible on the right wall. The finger holds on this section are none too large, but the rock is magnificently firm and it did not take minutes to arrive at the top of a grass-covered mound. To those who do not like this commencement, it may be mentioned that an easier route to the mound lies up a steep little gully, which starts from the main screes some little distance to the right of Raeburn's Gully. From this elevation, a very fine view is obtained

of the great 80 ft. pitch, which blocks Raeburn's Gully from side to side about half-way up. It was our intention to traverse downwards, back into the gully from this point, but the appearance of a crack slanting upwards at an angle of about 60° excited our curiosity, and accordingly a start for it was made. Grass-covered ledges led up to the bottom of the crack, which proved to be more difficult than its appearance from below would lead one to expect. A boulder loosely wedged in the crack a little way up had to be treated with care. At the top, the crack terminated in a fine cave-pitch with steep, slimy, holdless walls. These did not invite attention and another means of egress upwards had to be found. A traverse to the left was made, when it was found possible to force a way up an earth-filled depression, until lodgement was to be obtained in a crack some distance to the right. The climbing on this section is not pleasant, support being mainly obtained by digging one's hands into the soil and distributing one's weight on as many holds as possible. In the crack firm anchorage was obtained and on the safe arrival of No. 2, the crack was climbed by wedging one's body in the interior and wriggling upwards. A fine hold for the right hand at the top facilitated the exit. This accomplished, a step across a narrow chimney landed us on more vegetation. On the occasion of our visit, we spent a very pleasant fifteen minutes lying basking in the hot sunshine, admiring the wonderful rock scenery which unfolds itself to the eye in every direction from this out-of-the-way little niche. *Mulgidium Alpinium* grows in profusion in this beautiful gully. We were loth to leave our charming resting-place, but the darkening shadows in the depths of Raeburn's Gully beneath, warned us to move on, since we were not yet at the top. After a somewhat uninteresting grind up a steep mossy slope, a fine cave-pitch with a through-route was entered. It is a pity that the direct ascent of this can be avoided without difficulty on either side. Above the pitch, a continuation of the slope below leads

up to the col between the summit plateau and the pinnacle. From here the ascent of the pinnacle is easy. At least two routes may be followed, but since these are familiar to most climbers who have visited Lochnagar, I need not describe them. We took two and a half hours to complete the climb, which was done under the best conditions and free from snow throughout.

The course described above may be classed as moderate. It is far inferior to the direct ascent of Raeburn's Gully. The abundance of vegetation, especially in the upper reaches, detracts from the sustained interest of the climb. Nevertheless, the first 300 feet or so of the route makes it well worth a visit. It can be thoroughly recommended, and the numerous belays, which are distributed at frequent intervals, add to the safety of a roped party.

CLIMB ON THE RIGHT WALL OF THE BLACK SPOUT.

On 29th September, 1927, W. Ewen and I ascended from the extreme foot of the Black Spout, by a rib which forms the right wall of the Spout, to the summit plateau.

The start is made up moss-covered slopes, which increase in steepness until a narrow chimney calls for more attention. This feature cannot be missed, and may be recognized by the fact that four or five feet to the right, another chimney of an overhanging nature runs parallel to it. Exhilarating climbing using the back and knee follows a start with the right foot, but since the chimney is only some 15 feet in height this does not last long. No more rock is encountered until a noticeable saddle in the ridge is reached at about half the height of the buttress. This *arête* might be arrived at either by way of the Black Spout, from which it is plainly visible almost opposite the left hand branch; or by a small gully which runs up to it on the other side. For a good height above this point the rock, which forms a very distinct ridge, is much

broken up and the climbing is simple. This continues until a wall, about 15 feet in height, has to be scaled. Although steep, the going here is magnificent. Another wall beyond this had to be avoided by making a descent into a small gully on the right, below a choke-stone pitch, which was climbed on the right. This section, although loose, is simple and the climber soon emerges on the summit plateau in full sight of the top with the Cairngorms in the background.

The ridge was followed throughout, with the exception of the last fifty feet and provided, leaving out the 300 feet of somewhat uninteresting climbing up to the saddle, about 300 feet of moderate rock work.

RAEBURN'S GULLY—AN EARLY VISIT.

As a sequel to the foregoing accounts, the following notes by Dr. M. G. de L'Isle Sturm on an earlier climb will be read with interest:—

On Thursday, 14th July, G. R. Symmers and the writer visited the north-east Corrie of Lochnagar to inspect Raeburn's Gully. At the commencement of the gully there was a patch of hard snow about 150 ft. high ending in a considerable bergschrund which had to be avoided. (After a later climb with King, Symmers reports that underneath the snow this portion of the gully is very slabby and difficult. I can hardly imagine slabs in the Lochnagar gullies, but perhaps he meant "shabby"—his writing is about as bad as mine!) Steps had to be cut here. From here to the first pitch the gully was steep, narrow, and rotten, the rock being of a clayey consistence in places. A waterfall rendered conditions unpleasant. The first pitch was not excessively difficult, but it was not improved by a deluge of icy water. Combined tactics were necessary, the last man being pulled upon the rope. The second pitch destroyed our hopes. It consists (or it may have changed since that time) of a number of huge moss-strewn boulders, forming a sort of vertical cave. There may at one time

have been a "through route" via this cave, but if there were it is now blocked. The pitch would not "go" at all. No way was found of rounding it from the wall of the gully, and the nature of the place made combined tactics impracticable, for two climbers at any rate. There was nothing for it but to traverse on to the left wall of the gully, to a shallow chimney leading up to a ridge. The chimney is composed of smooth, loosely anchored fragments of stone covered with moss, and care has to be taken. The traverse out and the chimney were not very difficult but unsatisfactory, since there was no place for anchorage, and a slip would have meant serious trouble. Once on the ridge difficulties were over, and an easy scramble brought us to the top of the cliff. A party of three would be more suitable for the gully. The second pitch might be passed by the third man obtaining close anchorage in the cave, while the leader and the middle man attacked the pitch with combined tactics. For the left hand branch about 200 feet of rope would be ideal, not by any means because the climb is difficult, but to allow the third man firmly to fix the rope until the leader reaches the first suitable anchorage.

ON A VISIT TO THE CAIRNGORM
MOUNTAINS.

Through a deserted but attractive glen
Thy highest peak once more we seek to gain.
Glen Lui left, all trace of man behind;
By Derry's side we nought but silence find;
The only sound its swift and rapid stream
Which scarcely feels through shade the sun's bright
beam.

Far up its glen great trees uprooted lie,
Now prostrate on the ground what once stood high;
A few remain, a melancholy sight,
Of branches bared and bleached to purest white,
Though here and there an old and stately pine
The gale withstands, whose top no storms incline.

The Dhu Lochs passed, we reach the noisy brook
That rapid runs sine it Loch A'an forsook.
Resting above the sea three thousand feet
Lies lone and deep Loch A'an, where wild ducks meet.
There antlered stags come down to drink their fill;
Refreshed and cooled, once more they seek the hill.
The upper shore is fringed with golden sand,
So tells the tale of where they make some stand.
Three giant bens protect it from the storms
That sweep and whirl across the great Cairngorms;
While from their sides rills perpendicular gush,
Fast to the silent loch they leap and rush.

In furious gales the white-winged ptarmigan
Fly o'er the loch as though 'twere but a span;
The eagle, too, lord of both ben and sky,
No stranger is, for ever soaring high.
Imposing skeins of geese pursue their flight,
They pause not here, nor always come in sight;
With many a honk they steadily make way,
Sure of their route, be it by night or day.
Enormous boulders rest near by its head;
What potent force thus fixed them in their bed?

From Ben Muich Dhui's crags when were they rolled,
By powers unseen, ere yet the world was old?
Ten thousand tons split from the mountain's face
To water and to ice they owe their present place.
A sheltering rock here proves the hillman's friend,
If storm o'ertakes or day comes to an end;
A heather couch it offers and a dry
Until next morning ere the sun is high.

Beyond these crags, impassable for man,
We reach the lone and drear Loch Etagan;
Thus Ben Muich Dhui's highest point we gain
To find our prospect bound but by the main;
The tiny Dee, its course yet scarce commenced,
Runs far below, by mountains bound and fenced.
Its numerous rills like silver threads appear
When forth the noon-day sun shines bright and clear.
But see, perhaps, the grandest sight of all,
Cairn Toul's peaked summit and Braeriach's wall;
High on the former's breast there nestling lies
Dark Loch Uaine, a tarn of modest size;
The driven clouds across its bosom pass
And see reflected their moving mass.

I stand on thy proud summit and behold
Hills piled on hills all round in grandeur bold;
Far as the eye can reach these hills surround,
Encircling hills and sea the prospect bound,
Nor bird nor beast is there; even eagle's nest
On thy high summit never yet was placed.
A splendid scene—supremely desolate—
Of man what is there either small or great?
From noise and turmoil of the city far,
How grand, how still, how stern thy beauties are!
A mighty cluster of enormous hills,
The lofty fountains of great streams and rills.

Thou monument of ages long gone past,
Thou monument that will to ages last,
Thou mak'st us all our utter weakness feel,
Such grandeur makes imagination reel.
Your mass immense, from space when were you hurled;
Who saw you take your place when fixed the world?
And who shall see your towering summits low,
Sunk in the valleys or to ashes go?

ALEX. INKSON McCONNOCHE, F.Z.S.

THE NEW YEAR FATALITY IN THE CAIRNGORMS.

THE New Year of 1928 has been marked by a sad mountaineering accident in the Cairngorms, involving the death of two young Glasgow men and surrounded by a mystery which will never be solved. The story, so far as it is known, may best be given here in the order in which the various facts emerged, leaving speculation to the end. It should be added that the newspaper accounts, written, as they necessarily are, by men unfamiliar with the ground, are fragmentary and confusing and, in places, not easily reconciled.

On Monday, 2nd January, two young men from Perth, Edward Maconachie and Alistair Cran, who had come up to Aviemore for the New Year holiday, were walking up Glen Einich and had reached a point within sight of the Lower Bothy, some five miles from Coylum Bridge, when they found a man lying by the side of the track, unconscious and with his hands and legs badly bruised. They carried him to the bothy and tried to revive him, but the efforts were fruitless and Cran started back to Coylum Bridge to secure assistance while Maconachie remained in the bothy. At Coylum Bridge Cran telephoned to Dr. Balfour at Aviemore and the doctor came in a motor, but was unable, on account of snow drifts, to get more than a mile up the Einich road. A sleigh was obtained but even with this conveyance Dr. Balfour had great difficulty in completing the journey to the bothy. He had been preceded on foot by Cran and upon their arrival at the

bothy they learned that the man had died not long after Cran had set out for Coylum Bridge. Maconachie had for four hours or more kept a lonely vigil over the body. The party put the body on the sleigh and conveyed it to Aviemore. A letter in his pocket identified the man as Thomas Baird, M.A., of the Geology Department of Glasgow University.

It was next ascertained that Baird had not been alone, but had been accompanied by another Glasgow student, Hugh Barrie, and that he was missing. They had arrived at Aviemore the previous week and had gone to the farm or holding of Whitewell in Rothiemurchus, where they had taken up their quarters in an old building. On Wednesday they told the people of the house that they were going off next morning, that they were leaving part of their equipment and that they would not be back until the Sunday night. They left early on the Thursday before anyone saw them.

Beyond the above facts nothing is known as to where the two men went or what happened. Barrie's body has not been found and, even when it is found, the story will only be filled in by surmise. The most strenuous efforts were made to discover Barrie. A party of ghillies and police went up Glen Einich on Tuesday, immediately after the finding of Baird, and again on the Wednesday and searched the glen as far as the Upper Bothy which stands at the foot of Loch Einich but without result. The weather was very wild and by this time it was quite clear that Barrie, if lying injured on the hillside, must be dead. Two days later, on the Friday, a party of Deeside police made an attempt from Braemar to reach the Corrou Bothy at the foot of the Devil's Point, the supposition being that the two men might have come through the Lairig Ghru and taken up their quarters in the Corrou and that some clue might be found there. So tempestuous were the conditions that the party who were accompanied by Mr. Alexander Grant, the keeper at Luibeg, and his

son, were only able to round the corner of Cairn a' Mhaim and there they had to turn back without reaching the bothy. A party of ghillies from Aviemore who went up Glen Einich on the same day discovered nothing.

During the week Professor Gregory of Glasgow University, in whose department Mr. Baird was engaged, had been organising a search party on a large scale. This arrived at Aviemore, and on Sunday, 8th January, a party of some sixty men, including local men as well as the Glasgow volunteers, explored a large tract of Glen Einich, under the direction of Mr. John Mackenzie, the head Rothiemurchus keeper, dividing themselves into groups and searching all the corries of Braeriach which overlook the glen. Some of the men actually reached the summit plateau of the mountain but the fierce gale which was blowing made any further progress across the plateau impossible. The accounts of the search indicate that many members of the party were not properly equipped for winter mountaineering, and some of them had narrow escapes from accident on the hard snow slopes of the corries. Nothing was discovered.

At the following week-end the search from the Braemar side was resumed, and on the Saturday, the 14th, when the weather had improved, Mr. Grant and his son from Luibeg reached the Corrou bothy. Nothing was found in the bothy indicating that any party had recently visited it, and this seems to dispose of the suggestion that Baird and Barrie had come through the Lairig Ghru. A few hours after Mr. Grant arrived at the bothy, two young Glasgow men came up, who spent two nights in the place, making a search without result, on the Sunday, on the Devil's Point, and between it and Cairn Toul. The Corrou was also visited on the Sunday by a party from Braemar and a party from Dundee, who ascended the slopes of Cairn Toul to within a thousand feet or so of the summit. The search was fruitless.

Here the mystery rests. Those who know the region

can appreciate how remote it is from any base, and how impossible it is to effect a complete search until summer comes, and even then the difficulties are great, for much of the ground is precipitous and accessible only to practised mountaineers, and it is quite conceivable that the body of the missing man may lie undiscovered for years in some recess among the rocks and boulders of the corries of Braeriach or Sgoran Dubh, for there is no clue as to where Baird and Barrie were climbing, and no hint pointing to the particular area that should be searched. It is stated that the men were not total strangers to the region, because during a recent Glasgow Rectorial election they—or one of them—was engaged in a kidnapping exploit when the leader of a rival party was captured and taken a prisoner to Glen Einich.

One of the strange features of the whole affair is that Barrie, the missing man, contributed to the *Glasgow University Magazine* last summer, an almost prophetic poem anticipating his own fate. It ran:—

When I am dead
And this strange spark of life that in me lies
Is fled to join the great white core of life
That surely flames beyond eternities,
And all I ever thought of as myself
Is mouldering to dust and cold dead ash,
This pride of nerve and muscle—merest dross,
This joy of brain and eye and touch but trash,
Bury me not, I pray thee,
In the dark earth, where comes not any ray
Of light or warmth or aught that made life dear ;
But take my whitened bones far, far away
Out of the hum and turmoil of the town.
Find me a windswept boulder for a bier
And on it lay me down,
Where far beneath drops sheer the rocky ridge
Down to the gloomy valley and the streams
Fall foaming white against black, beetling rocks :
Where the sun's kindly radiance seldom gleams :
Where some tall peak, defiant, steadfast, rocks
The passing gods : and all the ways of men
Forgotten.

So may I know
Even in that death that comes to everything
The swiftly silent swish of hurrying snow ;
The lash of rain ; the savage bellowing
Of stags ; the bitter keen knife-edge embrace
Of the rushing wind : and still the tremulous dawn
Will touch the eyeless sockets of my face ;
And I shall see the sunset and anon
Shall know the velvet kindness of the night
And see the stars.

The only comment upon the affair which can be fairly offered in the light of the information so far available is that made by Mr. William Garden, the former chairman of the Cairngorm Club, and it is to emphasise the risks of winter climbing in the high Cairngorms. No one who has ever experienced a snow-storm on the mountains will ever think lightly of the danger.

A DAY IN GLEN GEUSACHAN.

THERE is no better recreation for the jaded city worker than a whole day in the wilds of the Cairngorms ; at least that was the opinion of Dr. D. P. Levack and myself one hot Saturday afternoon last July when we set out by road for Braemar. Dinnet moor was just beginning to be coloured by the beautiful purple of the bell heather, and the ever enjoyable road to Braemar was finished all too soon in the glories of a summer evening.

When we awoke next morning at six o'clock the mist made the Parish Church scarcely visible from the Invercauld Arms. Our objective was to make a tour of Glen Geusachan. Thanks to the kindness of another member of the Club, who happened to be in Braemar for the week-end, we got the services of a chauffeur to drive our car, landing us at Derry Lodge in the morning, and meeting us in the late afternoon at the White Bridge of Dee. The drive to Linn of Dee gave some most striking views of the mountains as the mist gradually lifted. Soon after leaving Braemar we were able to lift a man who had left Dundee on foot the previous day, and slept (?) on the Tolmount, heading for Fort William *via* Aviemore. When we reached Derry Lodge we found a party of 20 odd complete with attaché cases and similar *impedimenta*, just starting for Ben Macdhuil where the Club indicator induces many non-mountaineers to leave their comfortable homes.

We left the Dundee man at Luibeg Cottage for breakfast, and, packing all clothes, but the bare minimum, in our rucksacks, wound along the Luibeg valley and round the shoulder of Carn a Mhaim, till we came to the Corroul Bothy. It was distinctly hot, and here our few garments were cast off, and we wallowed in the cool waters of the Dee for a quarter of an hour. After chatting for a short time with three students, who had spent the night in the bothy, we tackled the steep ascent of the Devil's Point. From the summit the view of the Cairngorm giants was magnificent, although warning rumbles of thunder were to be heard from the east. While enjoying our lunch on the top about mid-day, we saw the Dundee wanderer plodding along the Larig path immediately below us : that was the last we saw of him.

To reach Ben Bhrotain, we decided, instead of going across Glen Geusachan, which is very steep on both sides, to keep the high ground and skirt the western end of the glen. The going, in parts, was pretty rough and stony, but eventually we reached the plateau of Monadh Mor; then on to the "sneck" leading to Ben Bhrotain. By this time the storm was growing nearer, and thunder almost incessant from the south and east. As we started up the 800 odd feet to the top of Ben Bhrotain the rain came on, and on the top we got into a thick cloud and torrential rain. (It was about this time that there was a cloudburst at Milltimber when the roads ran like rivers). Our compass put us on the line for the White Bridge of Dee, and in a short time we got into a clear atmosphere.

On the way down we climbed Carn Cloich-mhuilinn thus making our fourth "Munro" for the day. As we got down near the Chest of Dee, the river was a raging torrent, and most of the land was under water rapidly flowing towards the river. After nine hours on the hills, we arrived at the White Bridge about half-an-hour later than the appointed time, but just a little while after the arrival of our transport. The chauffeur had come through water in one part reaching half-way up the radiator of the car, and had to guess the whereabouts of the road in a stretch of over a hundred yards. A thermos tea had been thoughtfully sent up for us, and I have yet to find a more satisfying beverage after a day's tramping. Braemar was reached in due course without special incident, except a slipping clutch on the car due to its immersion.

Our thirst was not really quenched till dinner with our friends in the hotel, while we regaled them with tales of the day's doings. In the cool of the evening we motored home to Aberdeen very comfortably tired, and well satisfied with an excellent day.

E. B. R.

Mountain police in the Bavarian Alps, says Reuter, are waging a campaign against those "collectors" of Edelweiss and other Alpine flowers, who, not content with plucking one or two blooms, take away as much as they can gather and thus "spoil the look of the mountains."

* * *

The ceremony of naming the highest peak of Mont Blanc in Italian territory after Signor Mussolini took place on the afternoon of Friday, August 12 last, on the slopes above Courmayeur. After a short speech to several hundred university students who are camping in the mountains there, Signor Turati, Secretary-General of the Fascist Party, declared the peak to be named Benito Mussolini, and said he entrusted the student mountaineers with the task of placing the seal upon the nomination by planting their flag upon the peak.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE 39th annual general meeting was held in the Imperial Hotel, Aberdeen on Saturday, November 26th, 1927. The President, Mr. William Garden, advocate, was in the chair.

The Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John A. Nicol, advocate, submitted the accounts, which showed a balance of £100 14s. 8d. at the credit of the Club as compared with £48 15s. 7d. at the end of the previous year.

The President said the Club had never been in a better financial position. No questions were asked and the accounts were adopted.

Some discussion took place as to the disposal of the special funds of the Club. The President said he did not think they would be justified in interfering with the Ben Macdhuì fund. He had heard that there was a very slight hair crack on the Lochnagar indicator and they might assume that money would have to be spent there sooner or later. It was ultimately agreed to put the funds together for banking purposes and reserve them for the special purposes for which they were intended. The money is to be put into the Investment Department of the Aberdeen Savings Bank and the due proportion of interest added to each account.

An honorarium of ten guineas was voted to the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

Professor J. Norman Collie was cordially re-elected as Hon. President.

Mr. Garden, who retired from the office of President and was warmly thanked for his services, proposed as his successor Mr. J. A. Parker. They could not get a better man nor one who more deserved the honour. He had put up both the Club indicators and in other ways done a lot for the Club.

Mr. Walter A. Reid seconded and the motion was unanimously and heartily agreed to.

Dr. J. R. Levack and Mr. Alexander Simpson were elected Vice-Presidents in place of Mr. T. R. Gillies and Mr. W. A. Reid who retired. The Hon. Editor and the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer

were re-appointed. Dr. J. R. Levack and Messrs. J. W. Levack, Parker, Mitchell and Simpson retired from the Committee and their places were taken by Messrs. W. A. Reid, Malcolm, Conner, Hadden and Symmers.

Braemar was chosen as the centre for the New Year Meet from Friday, December 30th to Tuesday, January 3rd. It was agreed that inquiries should be made as to whether accommodation could be obtained at boarding houses there for junior members at a lower rate than the hotel tariff. The Easter Meet is to be at Clova, failing which, Boat of Garten, and the Spring Holiday excursion will be to Lochnagar. The question of afternoon excursions was remitted to the Committee.

It was decided to issue the *Journal* in June and December, 1928.

The President reported that Colonel D. B. D. Stewart had offered to erect a 6 feet cairn on the Blue Hill and was prepared, in consultation with the Club, to cut lanes through the trees to open up the view. The question was remitted to the Committee and Col. Stewart was cordially thanked for his action in the matter.

It was agreed to grant the Scottish Mountaineering Club permission to reproduce the Ben Macdhui indicator diagram which had appeared in the *Journal*.

The President said that a Club Song, "Where the High-Road Ends," had been written by Miss Mary Skakle and set to music by her sister Miss Margaret Skakle. This, he said, put them upsides with the Scottish Mountaineering Club. "I think," he added, "the S.M.C. have a pretty poor song, and, no doubt about it, a very poor tune." The new song had been printed on the back of the menu card, and would be sung at the dinner, as the concert programmes put it, "for the first time in Aberdeen."

Mr. H. J. Butchart—I move that the chairman sing it now—(laughter and applause).

Mr. Garden declined to accept this suggestion and it was proposed that the adoption of the song as the official song of the Club should be deferred until it had been heard at the dinner. It was, accordingly, agreed to wait until it had been sung at the dinner, and, when the company heard its rollicking words and swinging tune as rendered by Miss Margaret Skakle, they joined in the chorus at the second attempt, and by the finish were roaring it out lustily and in excellent tune. That settled its adoption enthusiastically.

Two suggestions by Mr. A. I. McConnochie (1) regarding the repair of the Shelter Stone and (2) that the Club money should be invested in War Savings Certificates were remitted to the Committee.

Mr. Henry Alexander—I hope that no mason's tool will touch the Shelter Stone.

The President—It would be really vandalism to take cement up to the Shelter Stone.

Mr. Butchart proposed that it be remitted to the Committee to inquire into the possibility and the cost of renting Derry Lodge, except during the shooting season, and putting such furniture into it as they could. It would be a place where they could hold meets with great success. This was agreed to.

The President said he had been asked whether it could be arranged that members of the Club should not go through the Larig in the shooting season. He had pointed out, however, that there was a right of way there and they could not bind the members.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

A LARGE company of members and guests attended the dinner which followed the annual meeting. Mr. Garden, who was in the chair, proposed the toast of "The King: the Laird of Lochnagar," which was loyally honoured and then gave "The Club." He said that they were in a very progressive state, going forward by leaps and bounds, and their numbers amounted to 242. Thirty-two had joined during the year, and there were not a few people waiting to add the mysterious letters "C. C." to their names. They had now the largest number of members of any club north of the Tweed—the Scottish Mountaineering Club had only 220 or thereabouts—and they were now a perfectly equipped mountaineering club. They had erected two splendid indicators on the tops of two of the finest hills in Scotland—Ben Macdhui and Lochnagar—they had club colours, a club badge, and, last but not least, a Club Song of which he was intensely proud. It was the work of Miss Skakle, a magnificent mountaineer and also a poetess and Miss Margaret Skakle had set the song to a rollicking tune.

He was sure they must all be pleased to know that the *Journal* was to appear twice a year. It was a great bond of union between them. He had been disappointed at the attendance at the Club Meets. 1927 had been a shocking season. At the first of the Saturday afternoon meets in July there had been only five present and at the second at Torphins his wife and he found themselves by themselves. He would like to see the Saturday afternoon meets more frequent. They should have as many as the Deeside Field Club.

Mr. Garden then went on to refer to the passing of their good friend, Mr. Robert Clarke of *The Fishing News*. It was only a year since he had been sitting with them in that room and only eighteen months since he (the President) and Mr. Clarke had walked through the Larig from Coylum Bridge to Derry Lodge,

the journey enlivened by his cheery laugh as they wended their way southwards. They would think of Mr. Clarke kindly. The spirit of the hills was in him and the pages of the *Journal* testified to that better than any words of his.

Proceeding to inform the company of the appointment of Mr. Parker as his successor, Mr. Garden said that this year Mr. Parker had completed the climbing of every peak in Scotland over 3,000 feet, of which there were no less than 276. (Loud applause). He had also climbed every mountain over 3,000 feet in England, Scotland and Ireland, so that now they had a unique President. Mr. Parker was at present on a tour round the world and would be back next September. He had promised to wear the Club tie that night when sailing from Quebec to New York unless he was lying too sick in his bunk. (Laughter). He had also sent them a cable of good wishes for a pleasant evening. (Applause).

Mr. George Sang, Edinburgh, editor of *The S.M.C. Journal*, gave a most interesting lantern lecture on "The Dolomites," a range of serrated peaks formerly in Austrian Tyrol, but, since the war, as Mr. Sang phrased it, "in Italy with the spaghetti and macaroni." He expressed delight at not having to explain to the company that the Dolomites were not a religious sect, and convulsed the gathering by declaring that lecturing to a mountaineering club on a mountain range was like telling a 'bus conductor about silk stockings. He went on to show a remarkable collection of photographs of sensational climbing experiences on peaks rising perpendicularly into the blue, and his references to church spires and villages thousands of feet below thrilled his audience.

Mr. Walter A. Reid proposed "The Guests," expressing regret at the unavoidable absence of Major D. W. A. D. Mackenzie, D.S.O., King's Commissioner at Balmoral, in whom the Club had a very good friend. The toast was acknowledged by Mr. Sang and Dr. J. B. Orr of the Rowett Research Institute.

Dr. Levack proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Garden, the retiring President, who had taught him all he knew about mountaineering, and, he added, "we have been in some terrible holes. I have very many pleasant recollections of very many climbs, some in snow, some on rocks, some in perfect weather, some in no weather at all. The Chairman has done a great deal of work during his Presidency, but that is only a small part of the work he has done for mountaineering, not only in Aberdeen, but in Scotland. He is an old member of the Alpine Club. He has been in Norway and there is also the never-to-be-forgotten expedition which resulted in first climbs of some of the peaks in the Rocky Mountains. Long may he tramp the hills and show to young members what they should do to get the greatest amount of pleasure and happiness out of our beloved mountains."

The vote was enthusiastically accorded and warmly acknowledged by Mr. Garden in a reminiscent speech. "If you get as much pleasure out of the hills as I have," he ended, "you will not miss much of the fine things of life."

During the evening Miss Garden played two delightful violin solos. The new Club Song had to be repeated at the close of the proceedings, the refrain being caught up with enthusiasm and after hearty votes of thanks to the Misses Skakle, Miss Garden and Mr. Sang, the gathering dispersed to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

NEW YEAR MEET, 1928—BRAEMAR.

THE New Year Meet was held at Braemar and had fairly good weather conditions. It was attended by W. M. Alexander, H. J. Butchart, J. McCoss, W. Malcolm, R. Sellar, G. R. Symmers and A. Taylor. The guests were Messrs. D. A. Burnett, H. Henel, J. Sellar, J. Duncan and Misses Duncan and Miss Pittendrigh. The principal excursion was an ascent of Lochnagar carried out by a party of eleven on January 1. Braemar was left at 8.30 a.m., the route both ways being by the Danzig Bridge. The ascent was made by the Lochan nan Eun burn and thence by the north ridge to the top; the descent was made by the Black Shiel burn. The top was reached at 1.15 and the Danzig Bridge at 4.15 p.m. Conditions were good, except for the last 500 feet, where a driving wind with icy snow was encountered. On the summit the thermometer registered 12 degrees of frost, the driving snow obscuring all view. January 2 was a day of thaw and did not permit of extensive excursions. On January 3 the weather was again hard, and the last members to leave Braemar who spent some hours on Morrone enjoyed an exceptionally fine show of the Cairngorms in their winter garb.

Italian Army Pioneers finished about two months ago the construction of a road leading from the Tosa Falls, in Val Formazza, to the San Giacomo Pass (7,570 feet), at the Swiss frontier, which takes the place of the former mule track and is a prolongation of the main road running from Domodossola through Baceno and Foppiano to the Tosa Falls. The picturesque and wild Val Formazza will thus be opened to motorists.

* * *

Miss Shiela MacDonald, London, whose father is a member of the Alpine Club, climbed Kilimanjaro (19,710 feet) on July 31 last. Miss Gertrude Benham accomplished this feat some sixteen years ago.

NOTES.

THIS number completes Volume XI. The title page, contents, and index will be issued with the next number. Our *Journal* is now in

its 35th year, the first number having been published in July, 1893. The opening article was by VOL. XI. the President, later to be known as Viscount Bryce, the subject being "Some Stray Thoughts on Mountaineering."

IT is of interest to note now when the Blue Hill is a subject of discussion, that our first number contained a long and very informative article, dealing with the history of the hill and discussing "the magnificent series of views" which the

BLUE HILL hill affords. This article was the joint production of Dr. Alexander Cruickshank and Mr. Alexander Copland and its special interest at the present time lies in the fact that it records that in 1879 "Mr. David Stewart, younger, of Banchory . . . erected at his own cost, for the public convenience, the present solid and substantial cairn." A bronze plate on the north side of the cairn bore the following inscription :—

THIS BRONZE PLATE
Was Affixed in 1891

TO

THE BLUE HILL CAIRN

BY

DAVID STEWART OF BANCHORY

LORD PROVOST OF THE
CITY OF ABERDEEN

To commemorate its erection by him
On this the highest point of his Estate
At the suggestion of

Dr. A. GERRARD and Dr. A. CRUICKSHANK.

The Cairn is 13 feet high and the
Hill 467 feet above the sea
It affords an extensive view over
Sea, Plain, Valley and Hill,
The sea horizon being 28 miles distant
And the land horizon varying from
Six to Sixty miles.

TIME and the weather, alas ! have proved too much for the "solid and substantial cairn," which collapsed some years ago, but it is gratifying to know that Colonel Stewart, the present proprietor of Banchory, has undertaken to re-erect

A SUGGESTION the Cairn, originally built by his father. We should like to suggest that the bronze plate of 1891 should be affixed to the Cairn, with an appropriate addition, recording its collapse and re-erection.

THE Club Song (words and music) is issued as a supplement to this number. Extra copies may be obtained at the Secretary's office, price 6d each. The song was sung for the first

THE CLUB SONG. time in public at the annual dinner of the Club last November by the composer, Miss Margaret Skakle, and to her, and to her sister, Miss Mary Agnes Skakle, the authoress, the Club is under a deep debt of gratitude.

MRS. CLARKE writes--"In the recent issue of your *Journal* I have just read a beautiful appreciation of my husband, Robert Clarke, which has touched me deeply. There is just one

THE LATE ROBERT CLARKE mistake in it which I should feel very grateful if you would kindly correct in your next number. It says he was a native of Stirling. This is quite wrong. He was born and educated in Aberdeen, but worked for a short time in Stirling. He was very fond of his native town, and fought many a wordy battle on its behalf."

At Windermere on Saturday, October 8, the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District celebrated its coming of age.

* * *

The well-known guide Hans Burgener, of Grindelwald, has died at the age of 75. For many years he was keeper of the Gleckstein Hut on the Wetterhorn. He had climbed most of the peaks in the Bernese Alps.

* * *

A mountain landslide a quarter of a mile in extent, caused by heavy rains, occurred near Kamloops last September. Two men were killed and two injured by the falling mass, which overturned a 100-ton steam-shovel and completely buried a goods train of eight trucks.

* * *

A girl of 16 fell 90 feet down the cliffs at Linney Head, Pembrokeshire, on December 12, and was discovered six hours later, clinging to a rock, with a broken thigh and submerged to her shoulders. She had been trying to recover her hat which the wind had carried away.

REVIEWS.

The Alpine Journal. No. 235, November, 1927. 10/6 net. A protest against Fascist action in the past summer in closing the Italian Alps is given prominence in this number.

THE ALPINE JOURNAL. The protest is made, not from a political, but purely from a mountaineering point of view. "British travellers," it is stated, "both men and women, mountaineers and local guides, have been not only turned back summarily and without warning but arrested and detained, and even in some cases deliberately aimed and shot at by bands of youths describing themselves as 'Local Guards' or 'Fascist Militia.'" The facts, the Editor adds, are not open to question. Some thirty instances, authenticated by thoroughly trustworthy evidence, of interference with travellers have been brought to his notice, and he has himself had personal experience of others. This protest will be endorsed by all mountaineers, who will share the Editor's hope that "that very competent body, our ancient ally, the Club Alpino Italiano" may be trusted to see to it that the Italian Alps are not permanently excluded from *The Playground of Europe*. Amongst a budget of most interesting articles, special mention may be made of "With the Shakspeare Survey Party—1926," by the late Major H. D. Minchinton, M.C. The resulting map (here reproduced) fills in some 1200 square miles of hitherto unexplored country. An account of "Mount Tasman and its Satellites," by Mr. H. E. L. Porter, is illustrated by some specially fine photographs, and a delightful paper on "Illusions" is contributed by Mr. Geoffrey E. Howard. It is full of good things, and, amongst many, we cannot resist quoting the following :

It was the English, with their infinite capacity for the incongruous, who set the example of creating one of the most absurd but productive illusions in the Alps. Realizing the timid and unimaginative temperaments of our great middle-classes, whose vision is bounded alternatively by their native suburb and Gleneagles, Bournemouth or Sheringham with an occasional wild and dangerous dash to Dinard, some ingenious persons conceived the idea of luring young men and maidens to the alarming pinnacles of the centre of Europe by creating an almost perfect illusion of home life in the winter hotels. Nervous and diffident, these young persons begin to set forth on the novel experiment in little coveys, to discover to their delight that the hotel, the band, and the

company are an exact reproduction of their own Wimbledon, Edgbaston, West Didsbury, and all the rest of the dwelling-places of the more solid portions of Britain's vertebrae, with an American bar thrown in. Free from the painful necessity of speaking a foreign tongue or mingling with foreigners, they begin to venture outside into the snow. They come to jazz, they stay to ski, and in many cases, gripped by that strange and exquisite spell which the mountains know how to weave round the hearts of their votaries, return again and again, winter and summer; and in a constantly increasing band of enthusiasts, constitute one of the most fertile recruiting grounds for mountaineers. For do not let us foster another illusion, namely, that skiing and mountaineering have little or no connection. On the contrary there is often a true love match between them, and there are few who really mountaineer or ski who are not equally enthusiastic summer climbers. That again is the inevitable spell of the mountains.

Ski-running is the subject of a lively correspondence, and full accounts are given of "Accidents in 1927" which indeed make "sad reading." "The modern craze among amateurs for climbing in bad weather" is put down as the cause of many fatalities.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, No. 104, November 1927. 2/6 net. In this number an interesting account is given

by Mr. James A. Parker of the erecting of the mountain indicator on the summit of Ben Nevis.
S.M.C. JOURNAL. The President of the Cairngorm Club has put all

Scottish mountaineers under a deep obligation to him for the work he has done in this matter of mountain indicators. First Lochnagar, then Ben Macdhui and now Ben Nevis. The Ben Nevis indicator is of the same type as the two previous ones. Once *in situ* it may seem a very simple affair, but behind the apparent simplicity lies a great deal of planning and organization. Members of the Cairngorm Club know what this has meant in the case of the two Deeside indicators, and the same thoroughness and meticulous regard for detail have been devoted to that on Ben Nevis. Two excellent photographs and a reduced copy of the indicator illustrate the article. An *In Memoriam* notice of Mr. George Buckland Green, editor of *The S.M.C. Journal* pays tribute to his love of the mountains and his sound knowledge of mountaineering literature. Three very readable articles deal with "Almost an Ascent," "A Fortnight in Wester Ross," and "A Day on the Rocks," and Club news and the doings of the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland are adequately recorded. Some very fine photographs are contributed by "G. S.," initials which thinly veil an identity not unknown to our own Club members.

Harvard Mountaineering, Vol. I., No. 1, June 1927. Modestly described as the first issue of an annual pamphlet, this publication of the Harvard Mountaineering Club (The University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 32 pp.) is to be cordially welcomed. The Club is now in its fourth year. "Active membership is limited to those who have had at least some real mountaineering experience in the Alps, Canadian Rockies, or equivalent regions," and there is also a system of "qualifying membership." It is interesting to note that the Club is primarily an undergraduate organization, and members are urged to put "boys going from the schools to Harvard, who have climbed or are interested," in touch with the Club, and thus, not only help the Club, but help the boys to come in contact with those in college whose tastes in this respect are similar to their own. The Canadian Rockies are an obvious attraction to the Harvard climbers and offer the prize of first ascents. Lake Louise seems to be a favourite centre and anyone who has been there will endorse the opinion of the writer of an excellent article on "The Lyell Peaks and Mount Forbes" that "a more interesting or enjoyable location is hard to imagine" than the region covered by the article. Those who heard Mr. Sang on the Dolomites at the Annual Club Dinner last November will appreciate "Impressions of Dolomite Climbing," by Mr. Lincoln O'Brien, the Secretary of the Harvard Club and echo his conclusion, "May I meet you in the Dolomites!" A valuable contribution is a sketch map showing the principal peaks at the headwaters of the Clearwater and Siffleur rivers, Alberta, Canada, compiled by Mr. Osgood Field from official sources and personal observations made during the summer of 1925. Well printed and with some really fine illustrations, we look forward with pleasurable anticipation to further issues of this latest recruit to the ranks of mountaineering periodicals.

The Call of the Pentlands. By Will Grant (Edinburgh: Robert Grant and Son—7/6 net.) Much has been written about the Pentlands, "a land of glamour and romance," as Mr. Grant's sub-title has it. In this book he has presented the enduring charm of the district in a most fascinating manner. Historical and legendary lore are blended with topographical detail in a way that makes the book really indispensable to the lover of the hills. Those who think they know the Pentlands will probably be willing to admit that Mr. Grant has opened up much that is new to them, and, in any case, he is a welcome and most inspiring guide. There is a charming coloured frontispiece, as well as many excellent photographic illustrations.

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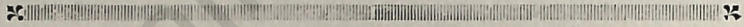
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