

# The Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY

EDWARD W. WATT.

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PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

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.

Glenburnie Park,  
Rubislaw Den North,  
Aberdeen.





1930.

THE GATE ON THE DERRY ROAD.

*J. A. Parker.*

# The Cairngorm Club Journal.

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## In Memoriam.

WILLIAM PORTER.

MOUNTAINEERS may be roughly divided into two classes, those who climb for pleasure and those whose motives include an element of uncertainty akin to danger. To the former the main object is to reach the summit by the most direct, most varied and picturesque, and, it may be, the easiest route. The others, by preference, leave the beaten track. Enterprise is their motto. Their pleasure is enhanced by the discovery of a new route, the conquest of difficulties and the spice—or more—of risk attaching to the venture. The two phases find apt illustration in the history of the Club. It was founded by men who had already, for the most part, passed the meridian of life. Its operations have been developed and extended by the younger generation into what more truly deserves the title "mountaineering."

It need hardly be said that our late member, Mr. William Porter, belonged to the older generation, the walkers rather than the climbers. The love of the hills is deeply implanted in the heart of the Scot. In this instance, it was probably evoked by the example of Mr. Porter's old business chief, the late Mr. Alexander Copland, one of the founders of the Club. It quickly grew into enthusiastic devotion. Though not an original member, Mr. Porter early enrolled himself and became one of the most regular in attending the meets.



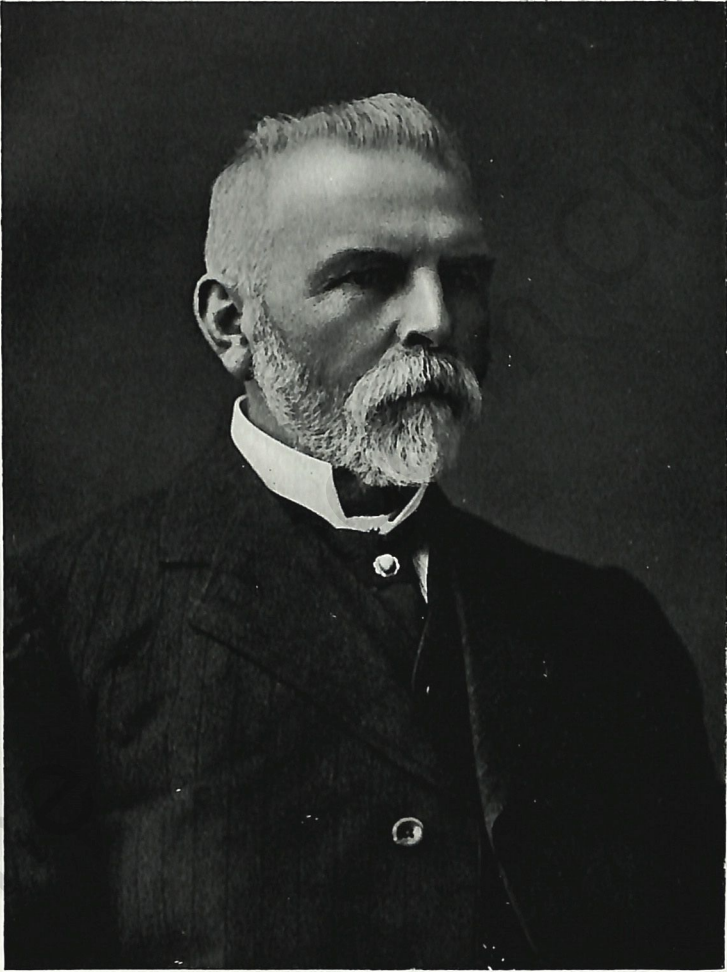
He became a member of Committee and was no less assiduous in his attendance at meetings, attaining in 1900-01 the honour of the Chairmanship. The earlier meets were all in the nature of one or two days' excursions, suited to the powers of those who had been "long in city pent," to whom the exertion and the nervous strain of difficult rock climbing would have been out of the question. Mr. Porter will be best remembered in the Club by the part he took in its activities in this direction at the Spring Holiday, the more extended Summer Meet, and the Autumn Holiday—the stated occasions in those days. He was a good walker, persevering if not rapid in his movements, and eventually always getting there. He was a most agreeable comrade, full of kindness and consideration, always ready to cheer the way with a "yarn." He may have been like the rest of us in preferring narrating to listening. But he was a repository of information on many topics which one did not wish to miss. His death will be felt as a loss to many good causes; to business and to social service he had given a full half century of active and loyal co-operation. He had attained the ripe age of four-score, in itself an evidence of the benefits of the life of the open. He leaves a fragrant memory not only as a mountaineer but as a man of high Christian principle and endeavour.

J. C. (1).

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CHARLES T. CHRISTIE.

The death of Charles Taylor Christie on October 30 last removes from the list another name of an old and in his day active member of the Cairngorm Club. Mr. Christie joined the Club in 1890 and, although in recent years his genial company was missed at many of the Club outings, his interest in the affairs of the Club never flagged, as those who had the privilege of meeting with him knew. His intimate knowledge of the hills and glens of our own and the neighbouring counties, and reminiscent talk of many a visit to them, made a chat with Charlie exceedingly instructive and interesting, and furnished valuable assistance to a friend



WILLIAM PORTER.



who meditated a climb or a tramp. Possessed of a rare amount of native wit, he at times delighted opponents in his visits to the billiard table or the bowling green—on both of which he was no mean performer—with a running rhyme on the progress and result of the game. In early days he made many an excursion into the hills and glens as a member of the Aberdeen Bicycle Club. As an enthusiastic member of the Cairngorm Club, however, it was fitting that in his declining years he should resume the brogues and accompany the Club on the occasions of the unveiling of the Indicators on Lochnagar and Ben Macdhui on July 12, 1924, and August 1, 1925, respectively, and again at the similar event on the Blue Hill. He will be missed by many, especially of the older members.

J. C. (2)

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ROBERT LAMONT.

The death of Robert Lamont, Inverey, which took place in December last, has broken a link in the history of the Braemar district. He had reached the advanced age of 91, and was the last surviving member of the old crofting population of Gleney. For many years he and the late Miss Kate Lamont were the only persons who could speak at first hand of the crofts in the once well-populated glen. They were both born there, and left it in their youth, when the crofts were cleared about three-quarters of a century ago ; and they both lived long enough to see the supremacy of the deer pass away and the re-invasion of Gleney by sheep.



## TWO EX-PRESIDENTS.

MR. WILLIAM GARDEN, M.A., B.L., joined the Club in 1896, and, right from the beginning of his membership, has been a most active and enthusiastic supporter of all the Club's activities. A busy man, he has, whenever possible, attended the meets and excursions of the Club, and many a young member has been encouraged and inspired by his enthusiasm and devotion to climbing. Mr. Garden has had a wide experience in mountaineering, not only in Scotland, but also in Switzerland, Norway, and Canada, and his knowledge of the science and art of this sport is not surpassed by that of any other expert in Scotland, and he has the knack of imparting his knowledge to others, so that not a few of those who would excel in rock or snow work owe their progress in its technique to him. His contributions to mountaineering literature are extensive, and his articles are always accurate, informative, and inspiring. The paper he wrote for *The S.M.C. Journal* (Vol. VII, 323-362) on the Central Cairngorms, is frequently quoted as a model of what a guide book article should be. His photographs are beautiful and have frequently been used to illustrate his own and other men's articles on the hills. He is a cheery companion on an expedition—the more difficult the work the cheerier he becomes, and, when he is in a really tight corner, his half-chuckle, half laugh, is a thing to remember and to take courage from. He was President from 1925 to 1927, and is going as well as ever. To him and his friend, Mr. James A. Parker, the Club owes a deep debt of gratitude, for these two have done more for the Club and its activities than any others have done.

MR. JAMES A. PARKER, B.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., joined the Club in 1907, when he came to Aberdeen. He was already an accomplished mountaineer, being a member of the S.M.C., the English Alpine Club, and the Austrian Alpine Club.





WILLIAM GARDEN, M.A., B.L., President, 1925-27.



*A. Rennie, Aberdeen.*

JAMES A. PARKER, B.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., President, 1928-30.



A very few weeks after coming to Aberdeen he made his first ascent of the Black Spout (in February), and since that time his expeditions to the Scottish hills have been continuous, winter and summer. His knowledge of the craft is extensive and profound, and his gift of uncanny accuracy and precision in everything he does is at once the admiration and despair of all his friends. Added to this, his energy is amazing, so that, at the end of a long day, he is generally as fresh as when he set out in the morning. He has climbed all the hills over 3,000 feet in Scotland, England, Wales, and Ireland. During his recent world tour he made ascents of the Woolworth building in New York (by elevator), the Pyramids of Egypt, several hills in China and Japan, and, finally, a good deal of serious climbing in the Canadian Rockies. His lecture on this world tour, illustrated by his very beautiful photographs, is a masterpiece of beauty and description. His enthusiasm for the hills led him to persuade the Club to erect an Indicator on Lochnagar. He planned the entire affair from start to finish, and, as usual, the building and erection of the Indicator showing the names, heights, and distances of mountains to be seen from Lochnagar was carried out without a hitch. A year later he did the same thing on Ben Macdhui, and later still on Ben Nevis, and the Blue Hill. He was President of the Club from 1928 to 1930. He was present at all the meets and most of the excursions of the Club during his term of office. His contributions to mountaineering literature are numerous and valuable, and his joint work with Mr. Garden, the Index of Vols. I to X of *The S.M.C. Journal*, is but one indication of the extraordinary capacity for hard work, for detail and for exactness which marks all the work of these two mountaineers.

J. R. L.



## SOME ROCK-CLIMBS ON LOCHNAGAR.

BY G. ROY SYMMERS.

My object in writing this article is, in the first place, to bring up to date and classify the climbs which have been worked out on the cliffs of Lochnagar ; secondly, to point out possibilities in the way of new climbs ; and finally, to express a hope that it may encourage members to embark on one of the most captivating branches of our sport.

Some will say on picking up this *Journal*, "What ! another long article on Lochnagar : I'm 'fed up' of hearing and reading descriptions of the place." To such, who have no doubt at some time lost all idea of time, height, beauty and, in many cases, wind on the monotonous grind up the "Ladder," I can only say : " I am sorry ; let me take you over the col and down to the loch-side, down into a wilderness of scree, where the never-ending sound of falling waters and the turbulent wind provide a fitting background for the mind in its conception of the majesty and grandeur of Lochnagar."

Before entering on a description of the climbs, I should like to set down a few words of warning. Anyone who is not familiar with granite, no matter to what class of climber he belongs, ought, in my opinion, to try himself out on a moderately easy course before leading up any of the more difficult climbs. Such a preparation should afford the individual with ample opportunity to test and judge the possibilities and limitations of Lochnagar rock. Unlike the conditions generally prevalent in Skye and the English Lake District, the rock is of a most unreliable nature and, in this respect, following from the fact that a gully is formed by the action of weather on a weakness in the rock face, the gullies are without exception particularly bad. Every caution should be exercised by the leader both for his own sake and for those to whom he is responsible. The writer has had one or two nasty experiences both as leader and as second, the outcome of which is that he would like to emphasize the need for extreme caution. In late spring,





*May, 1926.*

LOCHNAGAR.

*G. R. Symmers.*





THE MAJOR CLIMBS ON LOCHNAGAR.

(For explanation see page 206.)

*By courtesy of J. B. Whyte & Son, Dundee.*



particularly when the cliffs are shrouded in mist, it should be remembered that avalanches both of snow and rock are not of infrequent occurrence. When traces of this menace are discovered preparatory to a climb it is wisdom, not cowardice, to turn back and give up all thought of the sport, even a new route. The difficult climbs on Lochnagar are without exception also dangerous climbs.

In what follows the climbs are arranged as they are encountered by anyone crossing into the corrie by the col between the Cuidhe Crom and the Meikle Pap and then circling the loch in a clockwise direction.

#### THE RED SPOUT.

This gully is situated in the extreme south corner of the corrie and consists of a gravel shoot some two hundred feet in height. A little practice in a gravel quarry would be a fitting preliminary to its ascent under summer conditions. In the winter, when it is seldom corniced, it provides a short and fairly steep snow climb.

The rocks on both sides of the Red Spout are of an equally indifferent nature, and, on the whole, appear treacherously rotten. Several climbs might be worked out on the three small buttresses immediately to the right, but the greatest value which can be attached to this division of the cirque, between the Red Spout and the Central Buttress, is undoubtedly in the fine snow rakes, which provide glorious sport in the winter. Innumerable routes might be worked out on the southern face of the Central Buttress—snow-climbs which are second to none in the North-East Corrie.

#### THE CENTRAL BUTTRESS.

This is the largest buttress in the corrie and rises with one or two breaks almost from the lochside to the summit plateau. As a summer climb it presents but little difficulty. Its first recorded ascent was made by Miss N. Bruce and the writer on the 26th of August, 1928. The lower rocks where they occur between wide platforms of fairly level ground may be discounted as avoidable. The six hundred feet

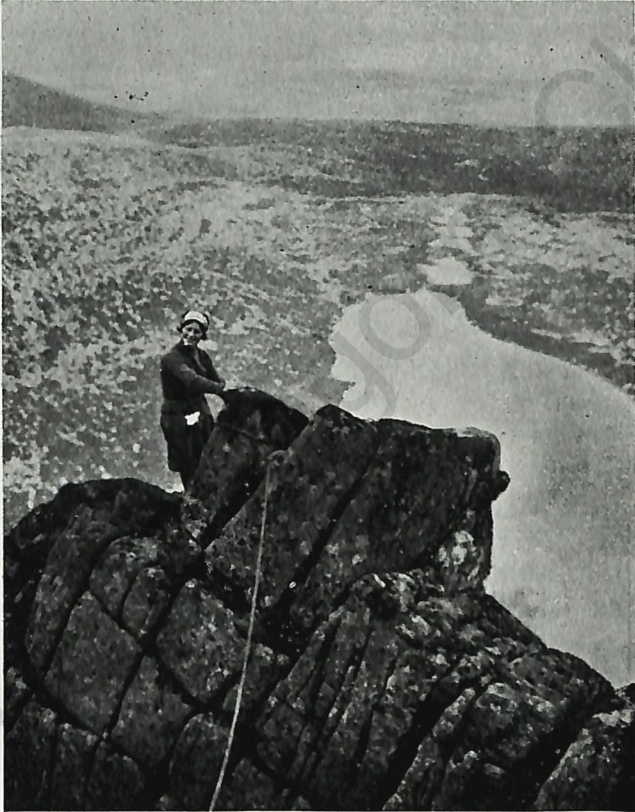


of actual climbing commences near the top of a wide gully which slopes up to the ridge from the north side. The west or cliff side of this approach is excessively steep, and to avoid this face the route lies up the south side of the buttress until it is possible to cross over, actually on to the nose, above the steep wall of rock. After this traverse, which is somewhat unsatisfactory on account of vegetation, the ridge provides about a hundred and fifty feet of moderate climbing. The granite is good, and continues so up to two small pinnacles or teeth which mark the end of all serious work. Beyond the teeth, which are situated on a sharp, level arête, the slope eases off and a pleasant scramble brings the climber to the summit. The worst feature of the buttress is its breadth and lack of definition, so that an infinite number of variations can be worked out to the left of the nose. On the 24th of August, 1930, E. Bothwell and L. Hay had a climb somewhere on this face which they declare to be of no great difficulty. It would appear, then, that the best route is found by getting on to the nose of the buttress as quickly as possible. (See *C.C.J.*, Vol. XII, p. 12, and illustration, p. 8.)

#### THE SHALLOW GULLY.

This gully was attempted by Miss Bruce and the writer on the same date as the Central Buttress. (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XII, p. 10.) The route commences some distance to the right of the foot of the broad gully mentioned in the Central Buttress climb. A wide but shallow groove runs up the face on the north side of the Central Buttress and appears to give out on the latter somewhere in the vicinity of the teeth. The climb had to be abandoned after an ascent of almost two hundred feet. The first pitch needs about forty feet of rope and consists of a slanting climb from the screes on the right over rounded slabs into the bed of the gully, and thence to a stance immediately below a very steep chimney. This second pitch was climbed by back-and-knee work almost to the top, with the exception of a slight digression to the right about half-way up, where a much-needed rest was enjoyed. A vegetated choke-stone forms the final section of this

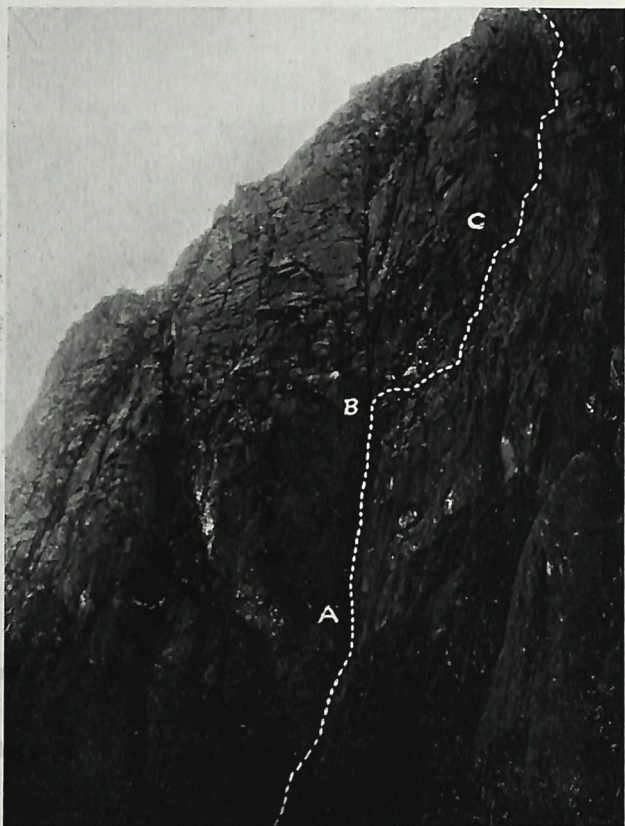




*August 26, 1928.*

*G. R. Symmers.*

THE CHARM OF THE CENTRAL BUTTRESS.



August 17, 1930.

G. R. Symmers.

THE GIANT'S HEAD CHIMNEY.

- A. Position of first four pitches.
- B. Overhang, necessitating traverse to right.
- C. Position of the Giant's Head.



awkward thirty-foot pitch. Above the chimney a good platform is available, and it should be noticed that on the floor there is a small, rounded knob of rock which just provides sufficient belay for the rope if doubling-down is necessary. The character of the gully now changes, it widens considerably, and the gradient becomes less severe; unfortunately, this is amply compensated for by the difference in the quality of the rock, which gets rapidly worse. The route followed in the first attempt was to the left, where several mossy ledges were successively utilized, and progress made in two stages up to a pointed belay. Beyond this, a traverse upwards and into the centre of the gully round a spur of rotten rock brings the climber to a steep slab blocking the entire gully. The ledges below this obstacle all have an outward dip, and covered as they are with moss, provide distinctly unpleasant and treacherous foothold. If the slab can be climbed, and it probably will be overcome by the assistance of rubbers, the next part of the gully, although composed of poor rock, should be feasible. From above, the exit on to the Central Buttress also appears practicable.

#### SHADOW BUTTRESS A.

To the immediate right of the Shallow Gully rises a very steep and well-marked ridge which, on account of this part of the cliff remaining for the greater part of the day in deep shade, has come to be known as the Shadow Buttress. The A Buttress may be recognized by a crescent-shaped grassy terrace running obliquely up and round it from left to right. If the buttress can be climbed, it is thought that this spiral terrace will provide a suitable start.

#### THE GIANT'S HEAD CHIMNEY.

Skirting the base of Shadow Buttress A by the scree slopes which lead up to the Douglas Gully, one notices a couloir on the left into which converge three distinct gullies. This section of the cliff is rather off the "beaten track" to the Black Spout, so that it is not surprising to find that it has been almost entirely neglected by climbers in the past.

On the 10th of August, 1930, W. Ewen and the writer



made a successful attack on the centre chimney. The cleft is very narrow, rotten, and steep for some two hundred feet, at which point an overhanging wall blocks progress, and a traverse to the right has to be made. As seen from below, the continuation of the chimney above the overhang takes the form of a very narrow crack, flanked on either side by steep, smooth slabs, and appears to offer little encouragement to the climber, although a traverse might be made to the left above the overhang, below the slabs, and so on to the ridge of Shadow Buttress A.

In its lower reaches the Giant's Head Chimney commences with four pitches in rapid succession. The first pitch is submerged in green moss and has a very excellent cold water supply laid on. It may be climbed first on the left and finished on the right, excavation being necessary. The second pitch is of the same type as the first, and neither are of any great degree of difficulty. A different proposition is met with in the third obstacle, which consists of a central rib of firm rock, above which is piled a mass of huge boulders. The chimney at this point is just too wide for backing up, and the solution to the problem is found, not as might be expected in the rib, but in several good holds on the left wall. A small foothold on the rib higher up gives access to the chaotic boulders above, and so on into a small cave below an overhanging choke-stone. At the back of this cave, the first hitch in the climb can be obtained and should not be neglected, as the ascent round the overhang is difficult and exposed. Combined tactics are likely to be necessary. In our climb, the pitch was overcome by the leader standing with his left foot on the second's shoulder and pushing his left arm into a hole between the choke-stone and the right wall; balance being thus maintained, the right foot was purchased as high up as possible against a crack on the right wall and pressure effected in this way against the choke-stone by his body; the left foot was then brought against the crack and a slight upward movement made, freeing the left arm of its duty, and allowing of a hand-hold being found above the choke-stone. The pitch is finished in a sitting position, with the body facing outwards. Beyond this



difficulty, the chimney continues unimpeded for about fifty feet up to the overhanging wall, which blocks all further progress in a vertical direction. Several mossy ledges on the right give on to a fair-sized shelving platform below an overhang of lightish-coloured mottled rock. From this position (devoid of any belay) a very exposed and hazardous traverse might be made across the chimney to the left. A safer route, however, can be discovered round a corner at the extreme right of the platform, in a wide depression which runs up to the sky-line. About eighty feet of rope was run out by the leader before a suitable stance became available. The rock on this section is most unreliable, and a good deal of excavation may be necessary. A very perfect profile of a man's head can be noticed on the rib of rock which forms the left wall of the gully near this point, and it is on account of this feature that the climb gets its name. As advance is made upwards, the right side being adhered to as far as possible to avoid slabs, the gully becomes more simple and several routes are open for selection. The exit from the climb is on the main ridge of the Central Buttress, close to a small *gendarme* about thirty feet below the summit plateau.

With regard to the other gullies, one of which goes up on either side of the Giant's Head Chimney, it may safely be said that both are difficult, the one on the extreme left being probably the more severe. A preliminary survey from the top might be advisable before actually attempting a first ascent.

#### SHADOW BUTTRESS B.

Between the couloir and the Douglas Gully rises a steep and well-defined ridge, known as Shadow Buttress B. On the 19th of October, 1902, Raeburn, accompanied by Mackay and Goggs, attempted to scale this buttress. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII, p. 185.) They reached a point some two hundred and fifty feet above the screes, where an overhang of considerable extent stopped further progress. As in the case of most of the other buttresses it would appear from their description that moss and rotten rock were not entirely absent.



## THE DOUGLAS GULLY.

It is surprising that this opening, one of the largest in the corrie, should have defied so many parties. Till well into the summer it takes the form of a long finger of snow running high up into the precipice and terminates about one hundred feet below the summit in a dark wall of rock. Under such conditions it might well be supposed to yield a good snow climb. This snare must certainly have been responsible for the first attempt by Douglas and Gibson on the 11th of March, 1893 (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. II, p. 246). No difficulty was encountered by this party up to the wall of rock mentioned, which, under the glazed conditions, proved insurmountable. The gully was again tried by Brown and Duncan in the February of 1897 without success.

These failures attracted the attention of Harold Raeburn who, along with Crombie, Duncan, and Garden, made an unsuccessful attempt in April, 1901. No advance was made beyond the point gained by the first party. Convinced that the gully was impracticable under winter conditions, we find (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VI, p. 231) Raeburn back at the assault on the 14th of July, 1901, again with Duncan and Garden. Stripped of its winter robe of white, the climb proved to be an entirely different problem. The double-choke-stone-pitch which forms the entrance to the gully survived a direct frontal attack. The pitch was turned by a traverse on the left wall from the cave beneath the choke-stones, where a route upwards was found till it became possible to return to the gully. Beyond the first pitch, the gully consisted of water-worn slabs, singularly devoid of good holds, and in many places very rotten in character. The possibility of getting out of the gully to the right (a proposal made by a former party) was abandoned as hopeless, and attention was focussed on the left wall. The last section up to the barrier was climbed to the right of the centre line of the gully. Raeburn then crossed the steep, wet slabs in the bed of the gully with some difficulty and took out about sixty feet of rope in ascending the left wall to a small platform, where a serviceable belay was discovered. Bringing up



Number 2, he then made a traverse to the left and inspected an exit-chimney, which was pronounced doubtful. "The traverse was reported to be neither good nor particularly safe, and the possibilities of the chimney were not apparent." This expedition, including the time taken in descent, occupied eight hours.

On the 18th of October, 1902, Raeburn had himself lowered by Mackay and Goggs for about one hundred feet into the Douglas Gully from the top. He reported having descended to within thirty feet of the highest point previously reached from below, and stated that he saw his way up these thirty feet. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII, p. 185.)

The writer has examined this proposed exit, from the top of the Eagle's Buttress on the opposite flank of the Douglas Gully, and is inclined to the belief that Raeburn was an optimist. At all events, anyone meditating an attack on this famous unclimbed gully would do well to study, excavate, and explore its finish from above before entertaining any idea of a direct attack from below.

#### THE EAGLE'S BUTTRESS.

This magnificent and imposing ridge forms the right containing wall of the Douglas Gully. To the date of this article no attempt at its conquest has been recorded. As a result of examination both from above and from below it appears probable that it would yield a very fine climb. The greatest difficulties, which may or may not prove insuperable, are likely to occur about half-way up and continue almost to the summit. In any case, the upper portion of the climb will be extremely steep and exposed.

#### THE PARALLEL GULLIES A AND B.

On the great face, bounded by the Douglas Gully on the left and Raeburn's Gully on the right, rise two smaller gullies running absolutely parallel and fairly close together; these are the Parallel Gullies.

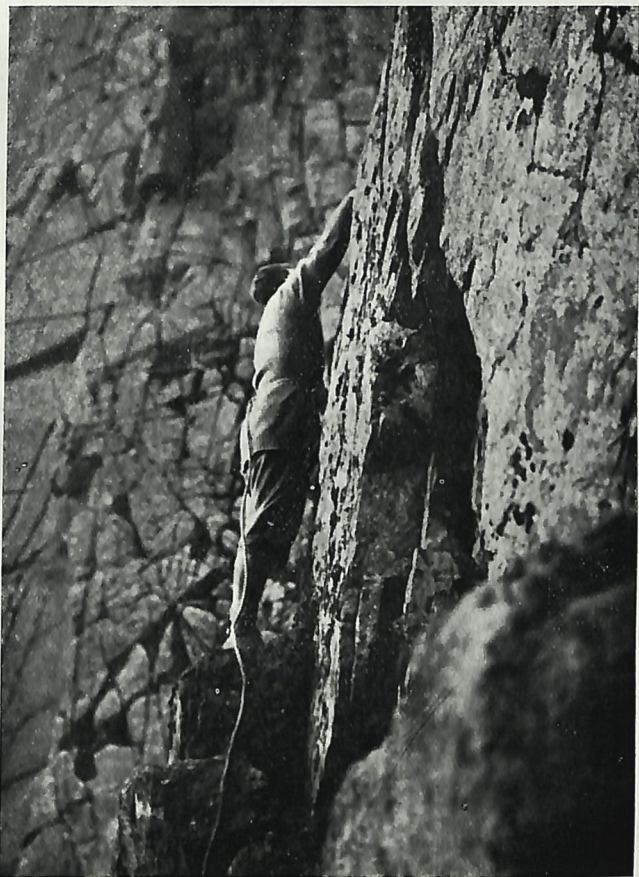
Until the 17th of August, 1930, when W. Ewen and the writer made the ascent of Parallel Gully A, neither of these features had been visited except by Tough and Brown, who



crossed both of them at a low elevation in order to reach the buttress on the left side of Raeburn's Gully. Both gullies are similar in that they have exceptionally difficult, or what is more likely, impossible starts. Parallel Gully B begins as a narrow, holdless crack fully one hundred feet in height and this commencement is quite evidently hopeless. The lower rocks, stretching from Raeburn's Gully for some distance beyond the foot of Parallel Gully A, are without doubt impossible, although there may be a faint possibility of the first pitch in the latter gully being climbed. The obvious start to all climbs on this face is at a point almost midway between the foot of the Douglas Gully and Parallel Gully A.

From this position an upward traverse to the right, over easy rock and vegetation, lands the climber in the bed of Gully A about one hundred feet above the screes. Slightly higher, the gradient increases where an indefinite sort of pitch extends across the total width. Little difficulty should be encountered if a route over the moss-covered boulders and slabs on the left-hand side is chosen. For some considerable distance beyond this second pitch (the first being avoided by introductory traverse) little of interest is encountered. The right side should be adhered to, thus making a short cut across a bend in the gully where it turns to the right immediately below the third pitch. This latter consists of some twelve feet of boulders almost submerged in wet, green moss, and forming a barrier blocking the gully from side to side. Rotten rock is well to the fore, and care should be exercised by the leader in making a route up the centre of the pitch, slightly to the right of a miniature waterfall. Above this the gully divides, and the quality of the formation rapidly goes from bad to worse. We tackled the left-hand branch, and continued upwards for approximately forty feet, at which point the bed narrowed to a steep gutter composed of absolutely "foul" granite, and had to be abandoned in favour of the ridge between the branches. It was hoped that the right branch would "go," but, on topping the ridge, the finish of the gully looked quite hopeless. The route now lies straight up the dividing





August 17, 1930.

W. Ewen.

LONG STRIDE CORNER : PARALLEL GUILY A.



August 17, 1930.

G. R. Symmers.

THE EXIT FROM PARALLEL GULLY A.

- A. Rectangular Block Stance.
- B. The Mossy Cup Stance.
- C. The Last Stance.



ridge. A narrow ledge running from right to left is made use of in overcoming a steep wall. At the extreme end of this shelf, a very long stride round a corner has to be made before any further upward progress can be effected. Excellent hand-holds then provide a route up very steep rock to a small platform, on which stands a little hexagonal- or octagonal-shaped belay. This pitch requires a run out of about sixty feet of rope, but the risk incurred is minimised by the presence of small projections round which the rope can be hitched on the way up. From this stance neither of the branch exits looks feasible—on account of rotten rock in the case of the left branch, and unscalable slab at the top of the right branch. The climber is, therefore, compelled to stick closely to the ridge, and it looks exceedingly steep and sensational. A large semi-detached flake of rock, with a crack running down behind it, allows the belay-platform to be vacated. By standing on this it is possible to make a short traverse to the right and so, with fifty feet of lead, a fairly easy ascent can be made to a stance below an overhang. At this point a good belay is available and a change into rubbers advisable. The overhang consists of a wall fifteen feet high, against which a large rectangular block is supported with a steep, V-shaped chimney on the right. The rock mass does not appear too stable, but its ascent on the left, mainly by arm-work, with the crack behind it providing hand-lodgment, was justified. Standing on this block, the leader is then in a position to overcome the rest of the wall to the right and above the chimney. Care has then to be taken in surmounting several slack boulders which pave the way up to a little mossy cup snuggling below a further overhang. The most critical situation in the climb is now reached, and the next twenty feet, which bars the way to freedom and the upper easy rocks, provide a thrilling tussle with Nature. To the right of the stance, and about five feet above it, a steep, sloping slab has to be climbed. The leader will probably need assistance in getting on to this slab, and should be steadied as far up as possible. Rubbers on this section were a great comfort, and even then the slab had to be abandoned half-way up. To the immediate left



is a perpendicular rib fully four feet above the level of the slab, and this has to be crossed into a small grassy groove by getting the left leg across the rib and hooking the knee into a small notch. About twenty feet above this a large pointed belay is encountered, and this marks the end of all serious difficulty. From the ledge on the rib between the two branches up to the belay just mentioned the climbing is difficult and very exposed; it constitutes in all a prolonged pitch almost two hundred feet high.

#### THE PARALLEL BUTTRESS.

This narrow buttress, which starts as a slabby face, gradually changes its character towards the summit, where it forms quite a sharp ridge. It makes a distinct division between the two Parallel Gullies. No ascent has yet been recorded. Its lower section appears to be hopeless.

#### THE TOUGH-BROWN RIDGE.

To the right of Parallel Gully B rises a most impressive buttress which, as early as 1st August, 1896, led Tough and Brown to the assault. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. IV, p. 35; *C.C.J.*, Vol. I, p. 395.) The ridge starts with magnificent slabs set at an exceedingly steep angle, which have so far defied conquest. Nor could the first party find a way of gaining the upper parts of the ridge but by undertaking a protracted traverse across the face from a point to the left of Parallel Gully A. From what the writer has seen of the climb, no very great difficulty should be encountered until a point after crossing Parallel Gully B has been reached. One can gather from a study of the articles mentioned above that much trouble was experienced in gaining the ridge from this position. The face seems to be a maze of treacherous, grassy ledges, most of which disappoint by leading on to vertical slabs. Combined tactics may have to be resorted to, but a climb where the leader has to be jerked upwards by the second man in a bad position so that he may reach a hold, is, in my opinion, scarcely justifiable. The writer is equally certain that a comparatively simple route exists on the upper part of the Tough-Brown Ridge, in any case



not one requiring the acrobatic feats performed by the pioneer party.

On the 19th of October, 1902, Raeburn attempted to climb directly up this ridge from the start, but the difficulties which had baulked Tough and Brown again defied the party. An examination of this commencement, combined with the knowledge of the defeat of two such expert parties, has led the writer to consider it as impossible.

#### RAEBURN'S GULLY.

The first large opening to the left of the Black Spout was climbed on the 12th of November, 1898, by Raeburn, Rannie, and Lawson, under semi-winter conditions. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. V, p. 176.) The gully has since been climbed by Miss Bruce and the writer on the 5th of August, 1928. (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XI, p. 315), and by Ewen and Paterson later in the same year.

A tongue of scree runs a short distance up into the gully till it abuts on steep slabs which provide difficult climbing. A better way, which avoids these initial troubles, is to tackle the right wall at the very outset and climb by way of a quartz intrusion on to "the mound" immediately above "the dell." (See photograph, p. 187). From this point a traverse may be made across rather unreliable rock back into the bed of the gully above the difficult slabs. Progress is then rapid up to the first series of pitches, which commence some two hundred and fifty feet from the start of the course. The route follows the bed of the gully, which is carved in solid rock, and the climbing is fairly easy, but is made disagreeable by the water which is always present. Looking upwards from the bend in the gully, the climber sees it completely blocked by a number of huge choke-stones, wedged one above the other in the wildest confusion. The whole forms a gigantic pitch apparently at least seventy feet high. On closer investigation, however, it resolves itself into three distinct steps. The first of the series is climbed to the left by using what footholds are to be obtained on the wall and by gripping the various choke-stones



on the way up with the hands. Before reaching the platform between pitches No. 1 and No. 2, rather a difficult movement has to be made in overcoming the final smooth boulder. A small ledge to the right provides good foothold and permits of the body being swung into a doubled posture over the edge, from which position, by a long reach of the right arm, a hand-hold may be obtained in a vertical crack on the right wall. By pushing with the left hand on the upper surface of the choke-stone and pulling with the right, the body can be raised with comparative ease. The second pitch can be simply avoided by a short traverse to the left on small but sound ledges. At this point a double-cave-pitch is encountered. The route into the upper cave, which is small as compared with that beneath it, is made by climbing the left wall some twelve feet from the cave and then traversing along a shelf into it. A doubled rope is likely to be necessary at this stage to enable the leader to attack the overhang from the shelving footholds beneath it. Above this "bad-step" the gully is filled with a mass of huge boulders, which present pleasant scrambling; then a long stretch of scree up to the fourth and fifth pitches, which follow in quick succession. They are of a similar nature, consisting of several masses of rock wedged in a narrow part of the upper gully. Slimy, green moss and rotten rock are encountered, but, if an attack is carried out on the left, neither of the pitches should offer much resistance. On surmounting these, it will be seen that the gully divides, leaving three possible finishes. Straight ahead, the gully is blocked by the final or sixth pitch, which can be climbed on the left by using very small hand-holds above and behind the choke-stone. Of the two branches, that on the left, although composed of very rotten rock, looks climbable, whereas the right branch looks quite impossible. The through-route written about by the first party has entirely vanished. It would appear to have been in the upper reaches of the gully, but nothing even faintly resembling such a feature was encountered by the writer on his visit to the climb.



## RAEBURN'S GULLY VARIATION.

On the 14th of July, 1927, M. Sturm and the writer climbed up to the platform below the double-cave pitch. At this point a traverse out on the left wall was made to a steep little chimney which gave access to the easy rocks below the upper portion of the Tough-Brown Ridge. (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XI, p. 316.) The chimney, which is of uncertain structure, can be avoided by going still further out on the left wall and then upwards over the moss and grass-covered ledges of a minor buttress which flanks the chimney. In making the traverse out from Raeburn's Gully and in the negotiation of the chimney or buttress extreme care should be exercised by the leader because of his exposed position and the unreliable nature of the ground.

## THE BLACK SPOUT PINNACLE.

Unfortunately Lochnagar is very badly supplied with rock towers of any sort, and is thus almost devoid of a charm which undoubtedly appeals to a large number of climbers. In the Black Spout Pinnacle we have a worthy exception, and it should interest quite a few who are in the search for new routes to learn that so far there has been only one direct ascent, and this a most roundabout and unsatisfactory one. The pinnacle lies near the summit of a buttress formed by Raeburn's Gully on the south, the Black Spout on the east, and the Left-Hand Branch on the north.

The first recorded attempt on the pinnacle was made by Raeburn, Mackay, and Goggs on the 20th of October, 1902. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII, p. 185.) On this occasion a start was made from the base of the pinnacle at a point near the junction of the Left-Hand Branch with the Black Spout. About one hundred and fifty feet of steep and hazardous climbing was accomplished, but the party had to turn back at a narrow chimney with an overhanging top. A route was found later in the day from the summit plateau down into the "neck" and thence up the pinnacle. This route involves little trouble and is very enjoyable. Numerous parties have gained the summit since its first ascent,



and since the final portion from the "neck" to the top of the pinnacle is included in the only worked-out direct ascent, it is worthy of description.

Little difficulty is experienced in climbing down to the "neck" as there is an abundant choice of routes. Once gained, it is found to be formed by two gullies running steeply up from Raeburn's Gully on the right and from the Left-Hand Branch on the left. A very slight descent is made in the former direction on several stones bearing a crude resemblance to a short stair-case. A slanting crack in the vertical face of the pinnacle is then climbed to a small platform. Huge holds are found hidden unexpectedly round corners, making what otherwise might be a fairly stiff problem quite easy. (The descent of this pitch, when coming off the climb, is best accomplished facing outwards.) A smooth slab is then crossed to the final wall, when an oblique movement to the left, past several pointed flakes, takes the climber to the moss-covered summit of the pinnacle. To my mind the crossing of the slab is the most unpleasant part of an excellent little route.

On the 21st of August, 1927, J. Silver and the writer succeeded in finding a route up the pinnacle on the face presented to Raeburn's Gully. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XVIII, p. 119; *C.C.J.*, Vol. XI, p. 313.) The course starts from the "mound," which may be ascended either by the route described under Raeburn's Gully or by using a short, "vegetable" gully to the right of the "dell." Instead of making the traverse into Raeburn's Gully from the top of the "mound," a ledge with a shallow chimney running up behind it is followed in a slanting direction up the right wall. Little trouble will be experienced in climbing up this ledge if the wall is hugged as much as possible. The shelf "peters out" below a fine cave-pitch with dark, steep walls. On our expedition no attempt was made to scale this obstacle, but, instead, a traverse to the left was effected out to a shallow groove filled with gravel and clay. This was climbed, and a return made to the right, above the pitch, into a recess with a narrow crack running up behind it separating a huge flake of rock from the mountain mass. This is the con-



necting link with the grassy gully which runs with but one break up to the "neck" between the pinnacle and the summit plateau. The solitary interruption in the continuity of this gully takes the form of a fern-decorated through-route pitch, which can be easily turned on either side. The climb from the "neck" to the top of the pinnacle has been already described, but it may be mentioned that an inferior route, starting some distance below the "crude staircase," is possible.

#### THE BLACK SPOUT.

This is the largest gully in the corrie, and, neglecting the Red Spout as of no importance, is the easiest route to the summit from the base of the crags. Hundreds of parties make its ascent every year, so that in an article devoted mainly to rock-climbs, it does not rank. Nevertheless, its form is admirably suited to the making of an excellent snow-climb. Under winter conditions two circumstances may contribute to its difficulty, namely, either so much snow that it is very heavily corniced; or so little that the upper rocks in the bed of the gully free themselves of snow and present a face covered with a coating of very thin, black ice, which makes the ascent quite exciting.

Although the Black Spout in the summer is singularly uninteresting, being as it is only a scree walk, it may be mentioned in passing that several very fascinating little exit problems are to be found on the right-hand side near the top. On a bad day, when it is thought inadvisable to attack one of the more tempting courses, it may be handy to know that these form a very suitable practice ground, where the moral support of a rope held from above may be utilized.

#### THE LEFT-HAND BRANCH OF THE BLACK SPOUT.

In making the ascent of the Black Spout it will be noticed about half-way up that a large branch gully enters it from the left. This gully is now commonly called the Left-Hand Branch.

The first recorded ascent of this gully was made by



Douglas and Gibson under winter conditions on March the 11th, 1893. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. II, p. 246.) Raeburn, Mackay, and Goggs, on the 20th of October, 1902, after having attempted to make a direct route up the pinnacle, cut into the gully at a point above the initial twelve-foot pitch and so continued to the top. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII, p. 185.)

In winter the "Branch" makes a very fine snow-climb, being slightly steeper and usually carrying a heavier cornice than the Black Spout. On the right wall of the subsidiary spout, beyond the choke-stone pitch, rises a very deeply-cut chimney. On the 21st of December, 1913, Miss Inglis Clark, Mrs. Hunter, and H. Alexander made a magnificent climb up this chimney and hacked their way through the cornice at the top. The writer hopes that this example of prowess will lead some of our lady members to take matters in their own hands and start rock- and snow-climbing with the ultimate aim of leading on the rope.

The first recorded summer ascent of the initial pitch in the Left-Hand Branch and of the chimney previously climbed under snow conditions by Miss Clark and her party, was made by F. King and the writer on the 1st of August, 1926. (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XI, p. 283.) The pitch proved adamant to direct, unaided attack, and only by using a threaded rope and the assistance of the second's shoulder was the leader enabled to overcome the difficulty. (From a report by Miss Bruce, who climbed the gully on the 15th of September, 1930, it would appear that there is now a through-route which provides an easy way up the pitch.) The chimney is one of the most disintegrated places that it has been the writer's misfortune to visit. Its ascent is one continuous nerve-strain for the second, who cannot possibly get out of the way of any debris dislodged by the leader. A small bridge-stone spans the exit and provides a somewhat spectacular finish to an otherwise dirty climb.

Before leaving the Left-Hand Branch, it may interest some to mention a possible new route up the Black Spout Pinnacle from this side. On the wall of the "Branch" opposite to the "Chimney" a very steep crack rises to



the "neck," and it appears probable from a superficial examination that this may yield a good climb.

#### THE BLACK SPOUT BUTTRESS.

Apart from the Central Buttress, this is the only ridge climb which might be considered suitable for the beginner. It was climbed by W. Ewen and the writer on September the 29th, 1927, under very wet conditions. (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XI, p. 316.)

A start may be made on a "vegetable" slope, near the foot of the Black Spout opposite the Pinnacle, and thence over easy rock and moss up the middle of the buttress till a distinct twin-chimney is reached. The one on the left provides excellent practice in back-and-knee work, and is not sufficiently long to prove irksome. Easy climbing then continues to a kind of terrace in the ridge where an arête crosses the top of two minor gullies coming up on either side. Beyond this break the buttress is of a more definite character, and the mountaineer is obliged to attack first great masses of fallen rock, which provide interesting scrambling; then a steep wall, which proves more difficult; and finally a second wall which will probably repel a direct attack and send the baffled climber to seek a less arduous route in a gully on the right. A loose pitch near the summit of this exit should be treated with respect, but if climbed on the right, it should offer little resistance.

Like the Central Buttress, this climb admits of endless variation, and any party which embarks on its conquest can do so assured that difficulties which prove too great can be readily turned by easy alternatives on either side.

#### THE CRACK.

It will be noticed on examining the cliff front between the Black Spout and the West Gully, that the upper portion of the crag is split by a very fine, dark line showing the location of a narrow chimney. There is no record of any attempt having been made on this line of weakness. A survey of the top of this probable route has been made, the result being satisfactory, despite the fact that the



explorer came off on the rope while making his reconnaissance.

#### THE WEST GULLY.

Last, but by no means least among the routes described in the course of this article, comes the West Gully. It is situated well to the right of the Black Spout and appears as a mysterious, dark cleft, splitting the upper rocks of the corrie in a steep and awesome chimney. To the true mountaineer this appearance of inaccessibility cannot but imply a challenge.

The first party to explore its fastnesses was led by Raeburn, accompanied by Mackay and Goggs, on the 19th of October, 1902. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII, p. 188.) This expedition appears to have followed more or less the same route as Miss Bruce and the writer, who, on the 12th of August, 1928, succeeded in making its ascent. (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XII, p. 8.)

The slabby section below the actual gully has never been surmounted, and from its general appearance does not lend much hope to the idea of a successful frontal attack. At all events the two parties which have so far completed the ascent of the gully both started the climb some little way to the left. Three parallel chimneys give access to the grass slopes above, and any of these may be employed. The most difficult is on the left, where several pitches rise above the entrance to a deep, narrow cave, cut into the heart of the mountain. The preliminary difficulties, which vary according to the introductory chimney used, having been overcome, the next part of the climb takes the form of a scramble up steep, overgrown slopes for about one-third of the total height of the cliff. At this point it is desirable to make a traverse along an ample ledge which leads into the bed of the West Gully. The steep and unreliable nature of the rock is quickly manifested in a stretch of water-worn, disintegrating slabs, which pave the way up to the first pitch. This is composed of a slab of rock, about seven feet in height, which forms the doorstep to a small cave beneath an overhanging choke-stone. The upper edge of this slab is quite



sharp, and a pull on the arms allows a leg to be thrown over the top, and the body raised into the cave. The overhang immediately above presents a somewhat harder problem. The route lies to the right, so as to dodge the choke-stone until it is possible to double back on extremely inadequate holds actually over the nose of the jammed-block. The complete height of the pitch would be in the region of fifteen feet. Immediately beyond this obstruction the gully branches, throwing out a very well defined and rather steep chimney on the left. The continuation of the main gully is blocked by a huge cave-pitch, which in wet weather presents rather the aspect of a waterfall than a rock feature. It would appear from a glance at the report by the pioneers that this obstacle was overcome by hitching the rope over some protuberance above. The writer employed combined-tactics in gaining a small platform to the right of the pitch, and from this situation, by moving upwards to the left on the boulder-wall, where much excavation had to be carried out, the summit of the pitch was reached. The exit now comes in view, but before freedom and success can be grasped, a last cave pitch has to be tackled. Beyond a very loose branch on the left, the gully narrows down to a vertical chimney in which are piled, one above the other, a series of huge boulders constituting the lintel to the entrance of a diminutive cave. Care must be taken in negotiating the crumbly bed-rock on the way up to the niche. Once in the cave, it will be noticed on turning round and facing outwards that above the choke-stone is a small window just sufficiently large to allow the passage of a human body. If the climber is heavily built this threading process may be no mean contortionistic feat, and for such the backing-up method, after looping the rope, may be more comfortable. Once through the "eye" magnificent holds, both for hands and feet, lead up to the summit, and one of the most difficult climbs on Lochnagar is accomplished.

And now farewell to Lochnagar and to the mighty bastions which protect the lonely tarn nestling at their feet, to the wild and shattered buttresses, and to the dark, enticing gullies—farewell! If I have accomplished my object,



then let our members follow in the steps of Raeburn, Mackay, Douglas, Tough, and Brown, and show that many a new route can yet be found from scree to summit.

*Summary of Climbs in order of Difficulty.*

<i>Easy.</i>	The Red Spout.
	The Black Spout.
	The Black Spout, Left-Hand Branch.
<i>Moderate.</i>	The Black Spout Pinnacle from above.
	The Chimney in the Left-Hand Branch.
	The Central Buttress.
	The Black Spout Buttress.
	The Black Spout Pinnacle direct from Raeburn's Gully.
<i>Difficult.</i>	Raeburn's Gully Variation.
	The Tough-Brown Ridge.*
	Raeburn's Gully Direct.
	The West Gully.
<i>Difficult and Exposed.</i>	The Giant's Head Chimney.
	The Parallel Gully A.

\* Unknown to the writer.

*The Major Climbs on Lochnagar*, as indicated on the photograph facing page 187, are as follows:—

A.	Shadow Buttress A.
B.	Shadow Buttress B.
C.	The Eagle's Buttress.
D.	The Parallel Buttress.
E.	The Tough-Brown Ridge.
F.	The Black Spout Pinnacle.
G.	The Mound.
H.	The Dell.
J.	The Black Spout Buttress.
L.	The Summit of Lochnagar.
a.a.	The Giant's Head Chimney.
b.b.	The Douglas Gully.
c.c.	Parallel Gully A.
d.d.	The Tough-Brown Ridge Climb.
e.e.	Raeburn's Gully.
f.	Raeburn's Gully Variation.
g.g.	Black Spout Pinnacle, Direct Route.
h.h.	The Black Spout.
m.m.	The Black Spout, Left Hand Branch.
n.	The Chimney, Left Branch.
o.o.	The Black Spout Buttress Climb.
w.w.	The West Gully.
x.x.	The Crack.



## KAMIYAMA, HAKONE MOUNTAINS, JAPAN.

BY J. A. PARKER.

I SUPPOSE that there comes a time in all Round-the-World Cruises when the "Cruisers" get simply "fed up" with temples and the like. In my case this stage was reached at Kobe, after a hectic two days' mass excursion to Kyoto and Nara. There I finally decided that I would *not* go with the ship's party to Tokyo and Nikko to see more temples, but would strike out on my own for the nearest group of mountains—the Hakone group.

I had been advised at Kobe by Mr. Matsukata, of the Japanese Alpine Club, that Fujiyama was impracticable so early in the year and that, should I wish to climb it, I would require to stop over in Yokohama for about a couple of months. The best thing for me to do would be to climb Kamiyama (4,716 feet), the highest of the Hakone Mountains, which could quite easily be done during the four days that the "Empress of Australia" was to remain at Yokohama. After leaving Kobe I explained the situation and my intentions to a number of the most likely of my friends on the steamer in hope that I might get a companion, but none would join me. All were for seeing the temples at Nikko and the re-building of Tokyo.

We arrived at Yokohama at an early hour on Monday, March 5, 1928, and were scheduled to have four days ashore, but unfortunately the first day was completely lost on account of a very severe snowstorm which lasted the entire day. All shore excursions were cancelled and very few of the passengers left the steamer.



Tuesday, however, was all right, and before breakfast I went up on to the boat deck and, to my surprise, saw the summit of Fujiyama over the roofs of the intervening buildings. It seemed to be quite near, in spite of the fact that it was 48 miles off. Curiously enough that is practically the same distance that Lochnagar is distant from Aberdeen ; but then Fujiyama (12,370 feet) is three and a quarter times as high. As giving some idea of its great height, calculation shows that were Lochnagar raised to the same height as Fujiyama (pity that it couldn't !) a person standing at Girdleness Lighthouse would see something like 7,750 feet of the mountain above the level of the top of the Hill of Fare. However this is by the way.

After breakfast I took a jinrickisha to the railway station, and at 8.45 a.m. saw the "Empress" special passing through with the ship's company for Tokyo. Twenty minutes later I left with the ordinary south-bound train for Odawara, 30 miles distant on the east coast. The journey there was very interesting and extremely beautiful, as the trees were thickly coated with yesterday's snow. I was interested in the lay-out of the railway, which conformed to the British practice of taking as little land as possible. Rather a contrast to what I had seen in China and, later on, was to see in America.

At Odawara I left the train and joined a motor bus which conveyed me quickly over eight miles of a very twisty road to Miyanoshita (1,377 feet). This is a small summer resort in the heart of the Hakone Mountains and is entirely new, the old village having been completely destroyed by the earthquake in 1923. In fact the whole place gave one an impression of newness and rawness, the buildings being new and the "V" shaped valleys evidently being in a state of active denudation.

The Fujiya Hotel at which I put up for two nights was delightful, externally of purely Japanese design, and internally run on the best European or American lines. And no swank about it. Delightful gardens surrounded the hotel, and at the back there was a big open-air swimming pool, fed with hot water from springs in the vicinity.





*March, 1928.*

*J. A. Parker.*

(1) ROAD NEAR MIYANOSHITA.



*March, 1928.*

*J. A. Parker.*

(2) OJIGOKU, OR THE BIG HELL.



After lunch I walked up the valley in a north-westerly direction for about four and a quarter miles to the little village of Sengoku and thence climbed up a steep path in a gully to the summit of the hills in this direction, at a point called Otome-toge (3,276 feet). From here the hills slope down to the plain of Gotemba, beyond which Fujiyama stood in all its majesty at a distance of 16 miles, to the north-west. The whole country was white with snow, and the summit of Fuji was partly hidden with cloud. To the south-east stood my friend Kamiyama, who was on my programme for the morrow. Quite a big hill but with no very pronounced feature. It is a half-extinct volcano. After a very delightful rest on the Otome-toge I retraced my steps to Sengoku, from which a motor bus took me back to Miyanoshita in good time for an excellent dinner. In the evening Mr. Matsukata telephoned from Tokyo stating that he was coming on to Miyanoshita to-morrow and would arrive late in the forenoon.

On Wednesday I took the 9 o'clock bus to Ashinoyu (2,870 feet), about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant on the road to Hakone Lake. The road was very badly iced, and the drive not altogether pleasant in consequence, so that I was not at all sorry when the bus put me down at Ashinoyu. There were about nine inches of soft snow all over, and latterly the path was just a little difficult to locate through the thick scrub on the upper slopes. The climb was, however, of the simplest nature, but took about a couple of hours all the same. The summit of Kamiyama was reached at 11.45 a.m. Visibility was perfect. Three miles to the north-west was the black ridge on which I had been yesterday afternoon. Beyond lay the Gotemba Plain, thickly coated with snow, and rising on the far side of it was the shapely cone of Fujiyama. In the extreme distance were the Japanese Alps, stretching north and south as far as the eye could reach.

Below me to the south-east lay the east coast of Japan, and beyond it the Pacific, clear to the horizon, with, floating on its surface as it were, the little island of Vries, rendered conspicuous by the cloud of steam rising from its active volcano.

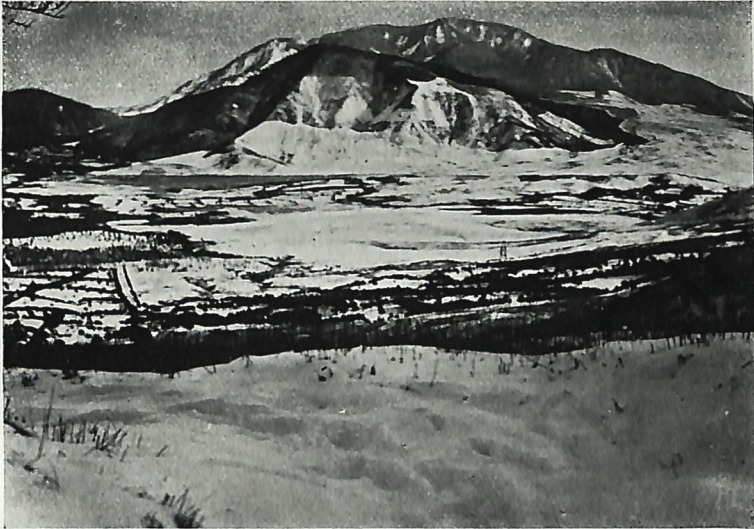


It was the view of a lifetime, and some one asks—Have you ever seen a finer? I will not say that I have, but I have seen one or two that run it pretty close, and of them the unforgettable view that I had from Sgurr Alasdair in 1895 was quite as fine, if not even better.

I lingered on the summit for fully an hour and then tried to "figure out" the trail from the summit down the north-west slope of the hill to Ojigoku (the "Big Hell"), a place to which the hotel manager had strongly, and quite politely, told me to go to. It is a sore place on the north-east slope of the hill, commencing about 1,500 feet below the summit. As the upper part of the hill was thickly covered with scrub and the path completely hidden by snow, the only indication that I had of the position of the path was the clearing through the scrub. Even this was difficult to follow, and it was only after a rather long false lead that I got on to the right path, and followed it down the hill-side to the top of the "Big Hell." This is a sort of open glen, or gash in the hill, from the base and sides of which steam, gases, and hot water emerge. At places the floor of the place is very soft and treacherous. At the top there is a little shack run by a Japanese, who gave me a cup of very weak tea and then guided me across the soft part of the gully on to firm ground. Were one to wander from the path hereabouts, one might easily get bogged in rather hot stuff. In fact the place thoroughly merits its name. Some of the hot water is led in pipes down to the hotels. The path downwards, after the soft place, was quite good, and by following it for some distance I came to a funicular railway, a convenient car on which took me down to the main road and so back to the hotel.

On arrival I found Mr. Matsukata there. He had turned up about eleven and taken a run across to Hakone Lake. We spent a very pleasant evening together and next day journeyed back to Yokohama. I invited him to lunch on the "Empress," but he very decently declined, and made a counter motion that I should lunch with him in the new hotel on the Bund. He clinched his argument by saying that I must be rather fed up with ship's food, and I could not





*March, 1928.*

*J. A. Parker.*

(3) KAMIYAMA FROM OTEME-TOGE.



*March, 1928.*

*J. A. Parker.*

(4) FUJIYAMA FROM KAMIYAMA.



say him nay. After lunch we rambled about the ruins of Yokohama, which presented a very desolate appearance. A start had only been made with the rebuilding of the city.

The ship sailed the same evening and then, of course, on telling a young Englishman where I had been, he said "I wish to goodness that you had told me that you were going to Miyanoshita as I would have come with you like a shot." Such are the ironies of life.

Fujiyama is sometimes climbed during the winter, but the difficulty in 1928 was that there was no satisfactory resting place available at that season higher than Subashiri (2,520 feet), nearly 10,000 lower than the summit. In summer time there is, of course, no difficulty whatever, as there is a good path most of the way, and the rest houses are open all the way up and on the summit. In winter it is a different matter altogether, as the following brief particulars of an ascent made by Mr. J. S. Kennard on January 3/4, 1928, will show. Leaving Tokyo by train at 6.50 a.m., Subashiri was reached via Gotemba about mid-day. With one companion he left Subashiri at 13.15 and reached the second hut (c. 5,000 feet) about 17.30, where the night was spent. The hut was left the next morning at 2.20 and the party climbed up to the fifth hut (8,659 feet), where Mr. Kennard's companion refused to go any further. Mr. Kennard, who had ice axe and crampons, left the hut by himself at 7.00 and reached the rim of the crater at 11.05. He then proceeded to walk round the crater and did not commence the descent of the peak until 14.55. The fifth hut was passed at 16.15 and Subashiri reached at a time that was not stated in the newspaper account, but must have been very late. The above particulars were taken from a Tokyo newspaper and, after reading the full description, I formed the impression that the expedition must have been extremely arduous, and that Mr. Kennard was lucky in having escaped a night out in the forest. The climb cannot be comfortably done in winter until one of the summer huts has been put in order and made available for



winter climbers, and I understood that the Japanese Alpine Club have some such project in view.

Photograph No. 2 was taken looking up the "Big Hell," from a point on the path about 750 feet lower than the rest house (just visible on the sky-line to the right of the steam cloud). The escaping steam is well seen, and the trestle bridge in the left foreground carries hot water down to the hotels. The summit of Kamiyama is high up to the left and out of the view.

No. 3 was taken looking S.E. from the Oteme-toge. Kamiyama was climbed from the other side, and the "Big Hell" is on the near side, just at the foot of the conspicuous ridge leading down to the left from the summit. Miyanoshita is in the valley to the left of Kamiyama.

No. 4 was taken from the summit of Kamiyama, looking N.W. The Oteme-toge ridge is conspicuous and beyond it is the Gotemba plain.



## ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

BY CHARLES STEWART, O.B.E., M.A.

From Crathie on the Dee, opposite Balmoral, to the Spey, near Grantown, is by the crow's flight a matter of some twenty miles, but by the route we propose to follow that distance becomes doubled. From modern aids to travel we mean to seek no help. Speed is not our first object—is, indeed, to be deprecated; therefore, we would not go by air if we could, and in our altitudes and on a road nigh a couple of centuries old, swept by winter floods, a car might prove but a precarious possession. Furthermore, we are here to enjoy this adventure to the full, and we have two days long ago marked on our calendar for the purpose. There is so much to see, so much to think of by the way, that a fleeting glance from a whirling car, giving no chance of a definite impression, would only madden us with the thought that the very things we had dreamt of finding here were eluding us. "These Hielan's of ours, as we ca' them," says the immortal Bailie, "are but a kind of wild warld by themselves, full of heights and howes, woods, caverns, lochs, rivers, and mountains, that it would tire the deevil's wings to flee to the tap o' them." Therefore, let our journey be on foot, and so shall we see what may be seen, and feel what may be felt. Let ear and eye be filled with the joy of things, and our very souls, seared in the market-place, be healed in the peace of God that rests amid the eternal hills.

So then, in the first freshness of an August morn, with a cheery adieu to our friends and hearts aglow with hope, we turn our backs on the Dee and breast the steep slope which in a few minutes brings us above the thousand-foot contour line. A backward glance shows us one of the most beautiful pictures that any Highland glen can present. A long stretch of valley, with the glorious Dee running through, jagged hills on either side with braes of pine and birch, Lochnagar towering in the southern background, the Castle, with the royal standard gently waving in the morning breeze.



Onward we go, rising steadily till Ben A'an and Beinn a' Bhuid stand out massively in front of us only a few miles to the north-west. A patch or two of snow in their deep corries, memorials of many an Arctic storm, remind us of their elevation. So we cross our first hill range and descend to the bridge at Gairnshiel. This bridge is a very striking example of what is usually called the "Wade" bridge; for we are travelling on one of those great military roads that bear the Marshal's name—surely no weak title to fame. Yet our bridge, though built on the Wade model, so to speak, came later, for our military road was made after the '45, after Wade's death in fact, whereas the roads known strictly as Wade's roads belong to the years before that black year.

From Gairnshiel we move forward steadily over some stiff gradients until we reach the watershed between Dee and Don, where by a copious stream of crystal-clear water, issuing from the hillside, we have time for a rest while we revel in the joyous sensations of our altitude, inhale deep draughts of the purest hill air, and feast our eyes on the wide expanse of hill and glen. Save for Lochnagar and Mount Keen away southward, we see no striking heights—only foothills of the great Cairngorm mass, but surely enough to make glad and uplift the heart of any man. We now descend into the upper reaches of the Don valley—a fat land, a land of sheep and kine; softly rounded hills, with heather blazing on this August day in such richness and such variety of tint as we have never seen elsewhere. In good time we reach Cock Brig, and lunch in that delightful wayside hospice, thus happily accomplishing the better half of the proposed day's march.

From Cock Brig the road rises very, very steeply; for what cared our soldier-engineers for gradient! Given hard ground, one or two "elbows" would get them over anything. Our soldier-engineers, we think, as we pant upwards, have always been terrible fellows; only the other day they took a railway up the Kyber. Our stiff upward pull is well rewarded. There to the west stand up in their splendid proportions and rugged strength, Ben Bynack, Cairngorm, Ben Macdhui, Beinn a' Bhuid, and Ben A'an, circling round



Loch A'an and its effluent stream, neither of which we can see, so deep in the gorges of the mountains do they lie. Reluctantly we turn our backs on the splendid scene and advance slowly by a fairly easy gradient to the top of the mountain pass, a full two thousand feet above sea level. On both sides the hills close in steeply, not with rugged rock, but green pasturage—more like border dales one would think. Not a tree or shrub, not a jutting rock to break the strange uniformity of those smooth, steep hillsides; a truly remarkable feature this Lecht Pass. Sometimes, as to-day, bathed in sunlight, oftener sombre with mist clouds billowing near, ever the wind sighs and moans and screams through it, ever there is the sound of falling waters, for months at a time deep in snowdrifts. At the top of the Pass we cross from the Don into the outlying edges of the drainage of the Spey. Far in front stretches the ribbon-like road, a mere track it seems on the hillside, descending, here slowly, there steeply, till we reach level ground. Turning sharply northwards, we find ourselves beside a fine hill well. The Soldiers' Well they call it. Rightly so, for the soldiers in their gratitude built in and about this well a protecting wall, and here, right in the centre, above the gushing streamlet, is an inscription, done in good lettering too, and, though the slab is broken across, easily decipherable. Here is the legend: "A.D. 1754. Five Companies of the 33rd Regt. The Rt. Honble. Lord Charles Hay Colonel made this road from here to the Spey." From "here to the Spey" means nearly twenty miles, and that was the section assigned to the 33rd Regiment. Would we had more of such inscriptions, telling us what other regiments with their Colonels made the other sections of this royal road that climbs so many hills, sinks down into so many valleys, and leaps so many torrent streams in the long way from Perth to Inverness and Fort George. As we meditate over this inscription, many thoughts come to us. We seem to feel the historical significance of the road on which we stand. The date, 1754—eight years after Culloden—recalls the social and political purposes to be served by opening up the Highlands. Our road appears to us complementary to that other great



military road built *before* the '45, which, starting from Perth and, following the Tay into Glen Tummel and Glen Garry, crosses into the Spey valley at Newtonmore and so to Inverness, thus skirting the western flank of the great central mountain mass of Scotland; our road, with the same beginning and ending, skirts the eastern flank of the central mass and links four valuable river systems—Tay, Dee, Don, Spey. Then we wonder whether the Colonel was that Lord Charles Hay who won imperishable fame with the Guards at Fontenoy ten years earlier. We shall discover that not so many years after 1754 the 33rd Regiment was to include among its officers a certain Arthur Wellesley, who commanded the regiment when the Tiger of Mysore was brought to bay in his lair at Seringapatam. Seringapatam is the first battle honour on the standards of the 33rd Regiment; their next is Waterloo, where the veterans of the regiment would have recognized the Duke of Wellington as their erst-while commanding officer. But, besides battle honours, there remains also this worthy memorial of the gallant 33rd Regiment—this section of the King's Highway "from here to the Spey."

From the Soldiers' Well the five miles to Tomintoul possess no scenic feature of special interest. We note the fine sheep pasturage and the comfortable homesteads. The village of Tomintoul, standing over 1,100 feet above the sea, deserves a chapter (which must here be missing) to itself. In its arrangement and general lay-out, the village shows manifest traces of the hand of the soldier-engineer of 170 years ago. Stretching for three-quarters of a mile along a wind-swept ridge, Tomintoul has resisted both the wild blasts of many winters and the vicissitudes of fortune, and to-day she has succeeded in accommodating herself to the new social and economic conditions that govern most villages in the Highlands.

On the morrow we resume our journey, and for a little while follow the pleasantly wooded valley of the Avon—the largest of the Spey's many mountain feeders. Crossing that beautiful stream, we encounter a series of elbowed gradients until we find ourselves on a great stretch of level



road running northwards, from which one obtains a magnificent view of the wide valley of the Spey. From here Cairngorm is seen at its best, bearing away south-west and seeming very near. From its base and stretching for many miles to the west are the great sombre pine forests for which the region is famous. Over the Spey, and northwards, is the long line of the Monadhliath range, not so imposing in rugged grandeur as the southward line of the Grampians, yet of massive strength and appearance. Decidedly we are at one of the Scottish view-points, and it is with much reluctance that we turn to follow our road which now descends slowly, following the windings of a stream which guides us to the Spey. The last three miles possess only a passing interest until we suddenly find ourselves in presence of the mighty river that sweeps along in headlong yet majestic career. At the bridge head we find it recorded that the task of the five companies of the 33rd Regiment had been completed. The village of Grantown, nestling among pines, is only a little more than a mile further on, and here we bid farewell to the King's Highway.

Fain would we follow its course westward and northward over the valleys of the Findhorn and the Nairn to its terminus, but it may not be yet awhile. But we have spent two glorious days on the Road ; we have seen some of the grandest mountain scenery in Scotland, and traversed three river basins ; we have noted with wonder and admiration the skill and the handiwork of the soldier-engineers, and conjured up visions of a long bygone time ; we have watched the lights and shadows chase each other from hill to hill and glen to glen, and all the while we have breathed untainted mountain air fragrant from the heather blossom ; for hardly ever, and only for brief spaces, in all our forty miles journey have we descended below the thousand-foot contour line. In these two days years have fallen from our shoulders, our eyes are brighter, our hearts gayer, and the red blood bounds in our veins ; with freer, lighter step we mingle with our fellows in the crowded places, carrying with us the memory of that track cut on the lonely hillsides of the North by the men of the 33rd Regiment.



## THE GLEN DOLL RIGHT-OF-WAY CASE AND JOCK'S ROAD.

BY JAMES SCRIMGEOUR.

THE famous right-of-way case relating to the path from Braemar via Callater to Clova was fought out in the Court of Session as far back as the years 1886-87. It was one of the cases fought in the public interest by the Scottish Rights-of-Way and Recreation Society, a body which has done, and is still doing, so much good work for hill walkers and trampers generally. The case aroused a great deal of interest, and about a hundred witnesses were cited to give evidence, though all were not called. Nearly all the evidence is interesting, and some of it is distinctly amusing.

It may be premised that the only bit of the road which was in dispute was the stretch between Braedownie, near Clova, and the top of the Tolmount, the 3,000 feet hill which bars the way between Glen Callater and that paradise of botanists with the picturesque name "Glen of the Doll." The precise origin of the word "Doll" is somewhat obscure; perhaps it has the same root as "Dell." From Braedownie southwards the road was admittedly a public one, and as regards the path from Achallater up the Glen to the Tolmount, Invercauld intimated prior to the case that he had never interfered, and had no intention of interfering, with the right-of-way.

A great deal of the evidence centres round the famous—or perhaps better described as infamous—Jock's Road. A shepherd at Acharn said "Jock's road is quite a well-known name. It had that name before I went there, and I do not know how long before. *It was not a good road,*" with which remark hill walkers who have used it will heartily agree. "Jock's road was the only steep bit on the road. The road was just marked with folk and beasts' feet."



The flower-seekers seem to have attracted the old shepherd's attention. He says "There were men they called botanists came that road and gathered flowers and herbs. . . . Some of the botanists would find what they wanted in our glen, and some would go farther. That was what I was thinking, but I did not pay attention. They wandered about looking for flowers." They would appear to the shepherd no doubt as feckless creatures. After telling how he was the most frequent user of Jock's Road when he was living at the Lunkard shieling up on the top, he adds, naively, "I would not be up and down every day. I generally came down on the Saturday night." The remains of the Lunkard shieling can be seen about the top of Jock's Road, near a direction post recently erected.

Another old shepherd was asked if the foot passengers seemed to be botanists. "Yes," he answered, "and tourists with knapsack-like things on their backs. The botanists went out on the south side—the Doll side of the burn, where the herbs were best—but those that were travelling through kept the north side."

A keeper at Callater told how he used to direct shepherds over the Tolmount, saying that "there was a large stone on the skyline there, which I used to show them from my house." This landmark is still known—so I am informed by Mr. John Lamont, the present Callater stalker—but an old milestone which figured prominently in the case, and the existence of which was an important factor in the Society's getting judgment in its favour, is not now to the fore. It was said to be "about 200 yards down from the steading at the lodge. The stone is shaped like a half moon. It is an old-looking stone. The figures 18 are on it. I suppose that means 18 miles from Kirriemuir." The present Glen Doll stalker tells me that the stone was there up to a few years ago, but it disappeared in some mysterious fashion, as the stalker had no knowledge of any one having taken it.

A Bridge of Cally shepherd told an interesting tale of how he was taking his sheep through the Glen of the Doll from Braedownie to Achallater. He says "I was alone. I was stopped by Mr. Macpherson, the defender, and his men.



There were six of them, as far as I can mind. They laid hold of me and Mr. Macpherson *struck me with his feet!*" A more dignified way, perhaps, of saying that he had been kicked. Apparently unwilling to face the fearful odds, he turned tail and went back to Braedownie with his sheep, bringing their tails behind them, no doubt, as the old rhyme has it. Next day he returned with his sheep, but took the precaution to take three hefty friends with him. In Glen Doll a few of the henchmen of the "valiant Phairshon" again met him, but the Phairshon himself was not there, and the satellites, apparently not liking the look of the opposing forces, did not venture to interfere on this occasion. It reads like the workings of some Highland feud of long ago, with a strong element of comedy thrown in.

But probably the most interesting item to be culled from the evidence is the story told by one James Winter as to the origin of the name "Jock's Road." For this particular extract the writer is indebted to the file of *The Dundee Advertiser*, one of the sources from which the foregoing extracts are taken, most of the others being taken from the official report. James Winter, who was formerly shepherd at Braedownie, and was at the time of the case 60 years of age, said that "he knew Jock's Road and how it got its name. It was through a dispute between Lord Aberdeen and Invercauld as to the possession of the road. Invercauld was not very willing to submit to Lord Aberdeen, and one night a man, named John Winters, said to a neighbour that if Lord Aberdeen would not submit he would go and raise the clan. He did go and raise the clan. When Lord Aberdeen got there, the clans were there to face him, and he saw he was not fit to engage them and had to retreat. Then Lord Aberdeen got so agitated when he had to retreat that he was to give a sum of money to anyone who would tell him who raised the clans. Winters then went into ambush there; and that was the way the road got its name. He meant that Winters took refuge at the top of Glen Doll. Witness was a descendant of Winters. He was told the story as a tradition by an old man who was working with him."

This is a derivation of the name "Jock's Road" which



is quite new to the writer, and it is worthy of being disseminated from the reports of this case and perpetuated in a Journal where it will meet the eye of those interested in such matters. One of the corries of Driesh, close by Glen Doll, is known to this day as the Winter Corrie. One is tempted to wonder whether this name also perpetuates the surname of the redoubtable Jock.

The proof lasted several days, and it was decided, both by the Court of Session and by the House of Lords, that the right-of-way was established. The decision was based on the fact that it was proved that the Pass formed the direct and natural access from Clova to Braemar, and that from time immemorial there had existed a well-known and well-defined track through the glen; that there had been a practice of drovers taking sheep from the Braemar markets to the Kirriemuir markets, and that the track had been used by farmers and tourists. Lord Young dissented from the Court of Session judgment on the ground that all the use of the path that had been proved must be ascribed, not to right, but to tolerance on the part of the proprietor. He delivered himself as follows:—"I think that it is far from the interest of those who wish to maintain public rights-of-way to proclaim to proprietors of hill sides and barren country, 'Now, remember that though people are doing you no harm by taking this occasional use of your property, really affording society to your people who live in this remote place, though it will certainly do you no harm if a tourist, wishing to enjoy a fine view, may climb up to a point on your property without you even knowing it—unless you get watchers—doing nothing with which a good-natured man would interfere, still, unless you prevent such use of your property, there will be established a public right which will be prejudicial to you.' That is an undesirable proclamation to make to proprietors. Besides, we ought to have regard to the consideration that to watch a road of fourteen miles in length over a barren country in order to turn back occasional trespassers—assuming them to be trespassers—is practically impossible. I proceed upon this, that there has been very occasional, rare, and harmless use,



such as no ordinary proprietor or tenant would dream of interfering with. . . . So far as my judgment goes, I think the conclusion that public rights-of-way may be established by such evidence is absolutely prejudicial to the public, because it will set all proprietors on their guard to stop innocent, and to them perfectly harmless, use as the only way in which they can prevent a public right established."

There no doubt appeared to be something to be said for Lord Young's view, but after the lapse of forty years, can it be said that any ill effects have followed the decision? Rather the contrary, at least as regards the hills and glens remote from towns, for it must be within the experience of climbers and walkers that comparatively rarely are any obstacles put by ungenerous proprietors in the way of their following their pursuits.



## EASTER IN THE HILLS.

BY D. D. McPHERSON.

FATHER and the Skipper (conjointly referred to hereafter as "we") were off colour. Unseasonable weather had sapped our constitutions and made us susceptible to all the Spring-time aches and pains this flesh is heir to, until we were burdens not only to ourselves, but to all with whom we came into contact. Our respective families, probably in self-defence or with an eye to the usual household upheaval at this season, diagnosed our complaint, prescribed, and anxiously urged a long breath of clean, crisp hill air. Even although the motive was obvious, such consideration from them was, to say the least of it, flattering. This was the one and only tonic we felt that would prevent us from wasting away, and as the Skipper discreetly turned it—

Ours not to make reply,  
Ours but to pack and hie.

Thus it came to pass that before our doctors had time to change the medicine we were comfortably settled in an Aviemore hotel for the Easter week-end. Our plans were beautifully indefinite—a quiet, restful holiday with no climbing—a drastic resolution for ardent hill-lovers to make and one that was almost wrecked when, as we steamed into the station, a glorious vision of snowy summits was disclosed. Somehow it survived, and in a humble frame of mind we made our modest arrangements for the morrow.

At an hour next day when invalids venture into the sunshine, we left our hotel in a Morris of ancient vintage and proceeded via Tulloch to Forest Lodge, where we parted with Archie, our chauffeur. The old forest road to Glenmore that morning made one feel it was good to be alive. Sheltered from a blustery wind, and revelling in the sun's warmth, we made our leisurely way to the high ground at



Rynettin, where the forest swerves to the Nethy and discloses the massed glory of the mountains. The shapely Bynack towering over the Nethy foot-hills and showing over its shoulder the crest of Ben Mheadhoin, the long north ridge of Cairngorm rising in three great surges from the moor to the high-set top, and giving *en route* a glimpse of the precipitous crags that overlook the dark ravine of the Garbh Allt, and the gentler grassy slopes of the more distant Lurcher's Crag set above the dark forest of Glenmore, all go to form a picture that impresses by its sheer sublimity and brings home the disturbing thought—How small is man's place in the great scheme of things! A sharp but fortunately brief hail-storm swept over us, but in a few minutes the sun asserted itself and we continued our tramp over the moor to the ruined sheil of Ryvoan, down the lovely little pass that seems like a gate-way to Faerie, to the Green Loch in its saucer-shaped depression, under the steep scree slopes of Craig nan Gall. Here we lolled to our heart's content, while Father discoursed learnedly on optics to account for the bluey-green colour of the water, but the Skipper's attention was fixed on the old trees that litter the bed of the loch, and from these it jumped into the past to the gallant Montrose who passed this way to make history at Inverlochy, and to the cateran chief, the famous Halket Stirk, who kept the glen lively with his merry, cattle-lifting pranks. Beyond the loch the tapered peak of the Double Outlook tempted us sorely, but we resisted, and resumed our walk down the now bare glen, past the lodge to Loch Morlich, stopping every now and then to admire the glorious "close-up" of Cairngorm's vast extent.

For our Sunday tramp we had to thank an old saying—"From the storms of Geal Carn, the floods of the Dorbach, and the wrath of the factor, Good Lord, deliver us." It suggested a visit to the Ailnack Gorge via the Dorbach and return by the Caiplich and Larig an Laoigh. Father was game, and at 9 a.m. the ancient bus appeared. In due course we came to Dorbach Lodge, but, like a race-horse, the old car overshot the winning post and only came to a halt near Fae, about a mile further on. It was partly the





*April, 1930.*

*D. D. McPherson.*

THE SLUGGAN ROAD. AVIEMORE, LOOKING TOWARDS CAIRNGORM.



*April, 1930.*

*D. D. McPherson.*

THE PASS OF RYVOAN,  
Showing the Green Loch and Lurcher's Crag in the distance.



*April, 1930.*

*D. D. McPherson.*

THE GREEN LOCH, LOOKING TO RYVOAN.



Skipper's fault, so Archie retired unreprimanded, with instructions to be at Forest Lodge in the evening. Walking on a compass bearing over a range of low-lying grassy hills, we struck the Inchroy track short of the Dorbach watershed to find the land of storm and flood in a very gentle mood. The path was peaty and soft, but improved with height and, except for the short distance from the Allt Dearcaige to the col between Geal Carn Beag and Carn Ruadh-bhreac, it is fairly well defined all the way over to the Ailnack Ford. The Skipper, who was leading, camped on a grassy knoll overlooking the ford when Father sauntered up, gave him one look and burst into uproarious laughter. The Skipper eyed him seriously, "Gripes, old man?" he asked, with mock anxiety. "Gripes be blowed," Father retorted, between gurgles; "I never saw anything funnier than your face"—(splutter)—"like a red herring"—(more splutters).

"Imphm," answered the Skipper, "and you ain't no beauty neither. Sit down and get busy, you parboiled lobster," and, setting the example, he began a determined inroad on the contents of his haversack. Over in the Tomintoul direction heavy storm-clouds were massing, making the sun-lit gorge to our right seem ominously bright.

Buckling on our gear again, we began the traverse of the gorge. Keeping as low as possible to see it to the best advantage, we soon found ourselves involved in precipitous ravines, where soft rock and scree rendered progress slow and demanded careful footwork. In almost every re-entrant, landslides had eaten deeply into the hill-sides. Over such places we walked lightly and swiftly to avoid starting avalanches. Only on the narrow, heather-bound ridges where ferns in myriads grew did we feel in safety. There was something eerie in this unstable land where all things seemed held in suspense, and every turn of the deepening gorge strengthened this impression. The stillness was uncanny; the ground, too, seemed to reflect the sunlight in a curious manner, but this we found was caused by a superabundance of mica in the sandstone. Low level walking is as a rule uneventful, but here it was not only physically exacting, but mentally exciting. The appear-



ance of precipitous rock faces rising abruptly from the stream, however, forced us to a higher altitude, and when the particular bastion known as the "Castle" was sighted, we were practically on a level with it. Well above the "Castle" we struck the ordinary track and came to rest at the end of the gorge, overlooking the point where the stream turns through almost three-quarters of a circle. Behind us, down the gorge, was glorious day, before us lay gathering night. Except for an occasional glimpse of the rugged, snow-clad Ben Avon group, we saw nothing but a great, rolling moorland, merging into the darkness beyond.

Following the path to the boundary fence, we struck up the grassy verge of the Caiplich on what now seems like an endless tramp, easy, but monotonous to a degree. The sunlight faded gradually as if loathe to depart. Near a solitary larach, a pitiless hailstorm forced us to sit with our backs to it for half an hour, and we devoted these stinging minutes to supplying physical need, this time without any sauce in the way of personalities. When the storm passed, the Bynack disclosed its proud peak for a little, but Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui never deigned to reveal themselves. Cutting over the moor we became involved in one of the roughest peat hags we had ever experienced. Many of the cuts were six to eight feet deep, and much time was lost negotiating this stretch. It was interesting, however, in that we found roots of large trees embedded in these peat holes, and our conclusion was that at some time this whole district had been swallowed up and turned into dead-land by the hag that now covers it. After the worst was past, Father stopped to give expression to a tired feeling, and in a weak moment requested the Skipper to "sing him to sleep," but he became quite pugilistic when, without any warning, the following atrocity was perpetrated:—

Sore are my feet, the way is long,  
This bally life isn't worth an old song.

The Skipper retired out of range. Showers made things uncomfortable all the way over to the Larig an Laoigh path, which we struck on An Lurg. A feeble blink of sun lit up the Garbh Allt as we descended into Strath Nethy,



but almost immediately thereafter the mist rolled down, and the last stage of our journey to Forest Lodge was accomplished in a downpour.

Archie was in waiting. We bundled into the car without ceremony, and in a short time hot baths and dinner claimed our attention. The cure was complete, and we returned next day to the common task, feeling that after all life was worth the living and the striving.



## A DAY ON THE PENTLANDS.

BY J. R. LESLIE GRAY.

ON a fine June day, in a recent year, I walked from Balerno to the Pentlands by the usual route, viz. : in a southerly direction, past the ruined village of Redford, and across Thriepmuir Reservoir by Redford Bridge. At the bridge I was haunted by a black-headed gull which was evidently annoyed by my presence, for it flew in circles just above my head, uttering most discordant cries. At the head of the avenue leading to Bavelaw Castle, I turned first to the left and then to the right, and entered the glen known as the Green Cleugh, which leads into the heart of the Pentlands, and is bounded on the east by the North Black Hill, 1,638 feet, and on the west by the Hare Hill, 1,470 feet. The scenery here is bold and rugged ; and the Green Cleugh has some resemblance to Glen Lui Beg, of course on a smaller scale. The resemblance is increased by the view of the massive bulk of Scald Law, 1,898 feet, the highest of the Pentlands, which confronts us on the other side of the Logan Burn. From the mouth of the glen Scald Law, though it rises to a height of only about a thousand feet above the burn, looks almost as imposing as Ben Macdhui itself, probably because it is, like the Ben, the monarch of its own range.

At the foot of a waterfall which descends from the Hare Hill I sat and ate my lunch. Almost immediately after I had commenced, a black-faced sheep came and stood on the other side of the burn, regarding me with a fixed and appealing look. I told it that I had little enough for myself, and as it could eat grass and I couldn't, it ought to restrain its greediness. It merely said "baa," and looked more expectant than ever ; so I threw it some pieces of scone, which it devoured without any appearance of gratitude, and it left only when it saw that I had nothing more to give



it. Thus does mendicancy pursue us even into the recesses of the hills.

My objectives that day were the West Kip, 1,806 feet, and the East Kip, 1,750 feet, two of the higher peaks of the Pentlands, so I climbed up the rugged and picturesque glen which descends from the col between Scald Law and the East Kip. A crystal streamlet runs into the glen from the East Kip, and I was tempted to drink from it, but refrained on reflecting that it is not always safe to drink even the purest-looking water on hills which are the habitation of sheep. A little later I was profoundly thankful that I had resisted the temptation, for about a hundred feet higher up I found the carcass of a lamb wedged in between the banks of the runnel.

At the head of the glen I made a traverse of the north shoulder of the East Kip, and was struck with the remarkable view of the West Kip which is obtained from there. It has the appearance of a perfect and very steep-sided cone, something like Schiehallion from Farragon, or the Devil's Point from the Larig Ghru.

I next crossed the col, and climbed the three or four hundred feet of steep, grassy slope which leads to the summit of the West Kip. This consists of a sharp ridge of igneous rock, not many yards long and only about a yard wide, running almost due north-east and south-west. All the slopes leading to the top of the Kip are extremely steep, and—as to the west and south-west the hill looks down on the nearly flat expanse of Kitchen Moss, and to the south and east on the valley of the North Esk—it is the most isolated, as well as the sharpest, of the Pentland peaks; and when standing on the top one feels very much *en l'air*. The view to the south-west is a fine one, extending across a confused mass of hills, moors, and moors to the great bastions of the East and West Cairn Hills, which stand on either side of the Cauldstane Slap, the most famous pass in the Pentlands. After descending to the col I climbed the East Kip, which is more rounded and less picturesque than its neighbour, but is well worth climbing if it were only for the view it gives of the north-east Pentlands. Right in front stands the burly



Scald Law, and just behind it Carnethy, 1,890 feet, the second highest of the Pentlands, and perhaps the most stately of them all; beyond it again is Turnhouse Hill, 1,656 feet, with its many ridges. Turning a little to the left, we look along the valley which contains Loganlee and Glencorse Reservoirs (which are more like Highland lochs than artificial sheets of water) towards the scree-strewn slopes of Castlelaw, 1,595 feet. The great rounded mass of the North Black Hill is in the foreground. I descended to Kitchen Moss, and just at the foot of the Hare Hill entered a fine gorge with almost perpendicular walls, consisting of conglomerate of the Lower Old Red Sandstone. This gorge descends to the waterfall in the Green Cleugh, and has a rather good waterfall of its own, with a very deep pool at its foot. There is some easy but interesting rock-climbing in the gorge. The large pebbles in the conglomerate usually afford good holds, but it is advisable to make sure before trusting to them that they are firmly set in their matrix.

I climbed the shoulder of the Hare Hill, descended into the Green Cleugh, and so back to Balerno. During the whole day there was a haze near the horizon, which spoiled the distant prospect, but I have never had a better view of the Pentland range itself.

It is a standing disgrace that the passes of the Pentlands should be littered as they are with broken bottles, discarded sandwich papers, and similar rubbish. Such disfigurements are less rife on the higher ground: real climbers being, in more senses than one, above that kind of thing.



## A FAMOUS PASS.

To visit Leadhills and Wanlockhead is to visit the two highest villages in Scotland, the one on the borders of Lanarkshire and the other just across the border in Dumfriesshire. They are both situated in the very heart of the hills, and to stand on any of the surrounding peaks is to see nothing but hills and vales, no matter in what direction one looks.

Through the Lowthers there run three of the finest mountain passes in Scotland—the Mennock, the Enterkin, and the Dalveen. The first and last have good motoring roads right through, but the middle one has not, and never will have, for, thanks to its narrowness, it is one of the few places reserved by nature for the pedestrian, and well does it repay those who visit its charming slopes.

On a glorious June day I walked through the Enterkin, and to any who might yet be tempted to visit it the following may prove of interest. At Leadhills, where the road forks at the Church, we take the left, which leads up to an old mine. The track here (a fine broad one) bends to the right, then round the base of the hill to the left. At a ravine we keep well to the left over the face of the hill. From the first dip Wanlockhead comes into view on our right, with the highest house in Scotland standing above it, while, on our left, a fine view of the Lowther range is seen. We pass a small tarn, go through an iron gate, and continue up hill a short distance, passing a reservoir away down in the valley on our left. At or about this point, looking S.S.W., we see at the meeting of the hills the entrance to the Pass. At the next dip in the track we pass the boundary, crossing into Dumfriesshire, and immediately there bursts into view a scene of beauty difficult to describe, a perfect sea of hills far as the eye can reach from Cairntable, N.W., to Cairnsmore,



S.W. Just across the valley is Blackhill, with its path plainly seen leading over to lovely Glendyne, in whose dark recesses the noted Alexander Peden had a hiding place. Two dips follow, in one of which we cross a stream near which we can see three different parts of the turnpike running through the neighbouring Mennock, with a fine view of lovely Nithsdale. Then one more short ascent takes us suddenly to the mouth of the Pass. From here to Enterkinfoot the distance is about five miles. The Pass proper is about two miles in length, running north to south. At the foot one can, by leaving the stream and keeping up the high ground to the left, cross over to the Dalveen Pass and the village of Durisdeer, both of which are well worthy of a visit. The Enterkin has a history. It was a hiding-place in the Covenanting times, and is famous as the scene of a rescue by a band of Covenanters of a number of their fellow-sufferers who were being marched through it as prisoners on their way from the south to Edinburgh, the dragoons being forced to deliver up their charge. One can readily see, on visiting the place, that such a thing would not be difficult. A few men entrenched on the hillside could quite easily hold up a whole army, which must of necessity go through the Pass in single file. In most parts the path is so narrow, and the slopes so great, that to keep your feet is your chief concern. The great hills sweep in one unbroken slope on either side, on the left Lowther, 2,377 feet, on the right Thirstane, 1,895 feet, down to the tiny stream which flows through the Pass; while to the south the way is blocked by a fine hill, Steygail, 1,875 feet, which very strikingly resembles a huge elephant. The descent in the Pass is from 1,750 feet at the entrance to 295 feet at Enterkinfoot. To all who "love the haunts of Nature" let me recommend this part of Bonnie Scotland, with its many paths, its rolling hills, and its picturesque and historic passes.

E. C.



## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

### THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Forty-Second Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Imperial Hotel, Aberdeen, on the evening of Saturday, November 29, 1930, the President, Mr. James A. Parker, in the chair.

On the motion of the Chairman the following resolution was adopted :—

“That the Club wishes to put on record the great loss sustained by the death of Mr. William Porter, who was one of its oldest members. He joined the Club in 1890, served on the Committee from 1893 to 1918, and was Chairman of the Club in 1899 to 1901, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.”

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. A. Nicol, advocate, presented the Accounts, which showed that there is a credit balance of £147 10s. 8d., which exceeds the previous year's record by £13 9s. 10d. The membership consists of 242 Ordinary Members, 3 Associate Members, and 18 Life Members—a total of 263. This is 9 less than in 1929, but the reduction is due to the “purging” of the roll. There is an effective increase of 5 in the membership.

The Accounts were unanimously approved of.

The Hon. President, Professor J. Norman Collie, was cordially re-elected. Under the Rules of the Club, various office-bearers retired. Mr. James McCoss was appointed President in room of Mr. Parker, whose period of office expired that day. The Vice-Presidents, Dr. J. R. Levack and Mr. Alexander Simpson also retired, and their places were taken by Mr. William Alexander and Mr. William Malcolm. Messrs. Malcolm, J. A. Hadden, and G. R. Symmers retired from the Committee, and Messrs. H. G. Irvine, F. A. Ritson, and H. Alexander were appointed. The Hon. Secretary and Treasurer and the Hon. Editor were re-appointed.

Braemar was chosen for the New Year Meet; Fortingal for Easter; and Beinn a' Bhuid for the Spring Holiday. It was also agreed to have a day excursion to Lochnagar on New Year's Day.

A grant of £5 was made to the Club Library, and Mr. J. E. Bothwell was appointed Hon. Librarian. Mr. William Garden intimated that he would present to the Club Mr. F. S. Smythe's new book on “Kangchenjunga.”



Miss Helen Duncan, 60 Hamilton Place, Aberdeen, and Miss Agnes M. Pittendrigh, 29 King's Gate, Aberdeen, were admitted members.

A Sub-Committee, consisting of the President, the two Vice-Presidents, and the Secretary, was appointed to deal with applications for membership during the year.

#### THE ANNUAL DINNER.

There was a large gathering of members and guests at the Annual Dinner of the Club, which was held in the Imperial Hotel, following the Annual Meeting. Mr. Parker presided.

Mr. D. M. Andrew, Rector of the Aberdeen Grammar School, proposed the toast of "The Club." He said: I think that we are all, in a sense, mountaineers, lovers of the mountains, lovers of scrambling upon hills, and lovers of fresh air and exercise, and the freedom from care and worry which these excursions bring in their train. We all love to leave the cares and worries of our daily jobs behind us and don our oldest and our stoutest boots and, away from the trammels of civilization and convention, get in touch with Mother Nature once again. I think that we also have common ground in respect that we all love the literature of mountaineering. I do not know any form of descriptive literature which is more fascinating than the great classics of mountaineering. One need only mention such names as Leslie Stephen, Edward Whymper, Mummery, Mallory, and many others, and, in a less serious strain, the immortal Tartarin of Daudet. I am not entirely without hope that, with the backing of my friend and host, Baillie Watt, if I humbly submitted an application for membership of the Cairngorm Club, I might be at least considered by the scrutinizing committee in one of its more indulgent moods. (Laughter.) I believe the Club is flourishing in numbers and finance. It is a very old Club, the premier mountaineering club in Scotland, of longer standing even than the Scottish Mountaineering Club. This is a fact of which the members have legitimate reason to feel proud. You have some great names in climbing among your members, and I have no doubt that among the younger members there are climbers who will prove their metal and attain equal name and fame with the older men who have made the prestige of the Club what it is. (Applause.) I should like to say just one word in commendation of what is undoubtedly a feature of the Club, *The Cairngorm Club Journal*, a periodical which has a very high position among publications of its kind. For this it has to thank its successive editors in recent years—Mr. Alexander, and Baillie Watt, the present editor.

Mr. Parker thanked Mr. Andrew for the generous and, perhaps, somewhat flattering manner in which he had proposed the toast. In the first place, he went on, I have pleasure in reporting that the



Club is still going strong and that our membership still stands at practically the same total as a year ago, in spite of the Committee having exercised their powers under Rule 14 and written off a few of the members whose subscriptions were badly in arrear. During the year we held two successful meets. The New Year Meet at Braemar was notable for two things, first, that one of our lady members was instrumental in rescuing an old tramp who was lying in the snow near the summit of the Cairnwell Road and would, undoubtedly, have otherwise perished. The second feature of the Meet was the rather startling innovation of a kind of cabaret entertainment on New Year's Eve, which was a tremendous success. The six Saturday afternoon excursions were all well attended and were favoured with good weather. At the suggestion of several of the members I arranged for an extra Meet, to be held at Fort William on the September Holiday. And the S.M.C. very kindly placed the Ben Nevis Hut at our disposal for that week-end. Seven members arranged to go but unfortunately, after all arrangements had been made, the weather took a hand and became very bad, and the outing had to be cancelled at the last minute. In connection with the statement that I made regarding the Club membership, it may not be inappropriate if I refer to the great development with regard to climbing and hiking that is taking place all over the country. I think that we may fairly claim the two parent clubs in the movement were the Cairngorm Club and the Scottish Mountaineering Club, both of which were founded about 40 years ago, and then had a combined total membership of round about 250. Now each of these Clubs has a total of about 260. The next important development was probably the formation five years ago of the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland, with headquarters in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and just recently in Perth. It is really a feeder club to the S.M.C. There are about 100 members. In Dundee there was formed a few years ago the Grampian Club, which has also about 100 members. It has a mixed membership like our own. I had the great pleasure of attending their annual dinner last winter. And lastly, there has during the last few years been a tremendous development in Glasgow of the Rambling movement. There are now over 30 Rambling Clubs in Glasgow, with a total membership of well over 3,000. The movement has been consolidated by the formation last year of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Ramblers' Federation. The objects of the Federation are to encourage rambling, acquire information regarding footpaths, catering places, and other matters; secure and maintain public rights-of-way, arrange for adequate travelling facilities, and finally, to discourage and prevent acts of destruction and carelessness to natural scenery, and the latter, of course, includes prevention of fire in woodlands. The Federation is a very live body and is doing very good work to encourage the open-air life which is now so notable



a feature round about Glasgow on holidays. Last year I referred to the National Park Scheme. As you all know, the Government Committee went very fully into the matter this year, and its Report is expected early next year. We have no indication as to the nature of the Report, and will just require to wait and see. But I am of the opinion that if a National Park is ever established in the Highlands of Scotland, it will be formed by the gradual enlargement of Government Forests such as that at Glenmore. And in this connection it is interesting to note what the Forestry Commissioners are doing. They completed their first decade of working in September last year, and from their Report to that date just issued I find that the total area of land under their charge is 940 square miles. Of this 570 square miles is forest or potential forest, 215 square miles having already been planted. They had to last year 152 forest units, of which 65 are in Scotland. During the next decade it is proposed to plant 550 square miles. You will appreciate the extent of the work thus being done by the Commissioners when I remind you that the area that was suggested for the Cairngorm National Park, extending from Loch Builg to the Spey, is about 250 square miles. There is no doubt that the Forestry Commissioners are doing a magnificent piece of work.

Mr. R. M. Adam, of the staff of the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, then delivered a very fascinating lecture on the mountain flowers of Scotland. Mr. Adam displayed many beautiful lantern slides depicting specimens of Arctic flora to be found on the Breadalbane Hills, in Glen Isla and Glen Clova, and on the Cairngorms. His lecture revealed a great deal of patience in the search for the flowers, and a patience which was not satisfied with the finding and the photographing of them. There was evidence of continuous study of many of the specimens in their natural habitat at great heights and in almost inaccessible places. He showed, for example, how on a single ledge in a gully on Ben Lawers a surprising number of different flowers managed to get a foothold, growing right to the very edge; how the struggle for existence went on, and how certain species were in time ousted and others predominated. Ben Lawers, Mr. Adam said, offered unrivalled conditions for Alpine plants, and among those which he showed on the screen was the beautiful Alpine forget-me-not. He uttered a warning to mountaineers and botanists. Some rare specimens of mountain flora were in danger of becoming extinct through the action of over-zealous collectors. He asked them, when they encountered such specimens, to be content with photographing them, and to allow others to experience the appeal of their beauty.

Councillor Alexander, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Adam, after paying a warm tribute to Mr. Sang, whose death had been deeply mourned, said one was at a loss whether to admire most in Mr. Adam's lecture the very beautiful photographs, the scientific



knowledge of the lecturer, or the literary charm and beauty of his descriptions. G. W. Wilson's landscape photographs had never been equalled, and in the same way Mr. Adam's photographs would take their place as permanent records of the pictorial gallery of Scottish flowers. Mr. Alexander put in a strong plea for the protection of these flowers. It was deplorable that collectors should destroy a very precious national possession, and one hoped that here the same change might take place as had taken place in the matter of wild game. The Prince of Wales did not go out to slaughter rare beasts, but contented himself with photographing them.

Mr. E. Birnie Reid proposed "The Guests," and Mr. Alexander MacGregor, in replying, said he was not one of the condemned collectors. "I am a plant-hunter," he said. "I don't collect the specimens; I collect the memories and notes of what I have seen. It may interest Adam to know that I have seen about three-fourths of the plants he has seen. I could tell him where he can see the single-flowered winter-green in much greater profusion than ever he saw it before."

Mr. McCoss, the new President, proposed the health of the retiring President, and Mr. Parker, in reply, thanked the members very sincerely for the honour they had done him. He had done his best for the Club and would continue to do so.

On the call of the Chairman, the toast of the Secretary and his staff, and the Editor, was honoured, and Baillie Watt replied.

In the course of the evening a number of songs, including the Club Song, were sung by Mr. Hector Munro, with Mr. A. C. Simpson playing the accompaniments, and they were cordially thanked, as well as Mr. Alexander Simpson who had arranged the musical programme.

#### EASTER MEET, 1930—NETHY BRIDGE.

THE Easter Meet of 1930 was held at Nethy Bridge from Thursday to Monday, April 17 to 21. The members present were the President, J. E. Bothwell, J. McCoss, J. J. Donald, A. L. Hay, M. Morrison, M. J. Robb, and G. R. Symmers. On Thursday evening, Messrs. Parker, Bothwell, Donald, Hay, and Symmers met at the hotel. The first four had motored from Aberdeen. Symmers had walked almost the whole way from Ballater, which he had left on Sunday the 13th and spent the first night *outside* Glassalt Shiel. On Monday he crossed Carn an t'Sagairt Mor (3,430 feet) to Inverey. On Tuesday, Geldie Lodge was reached after crossing Carn Cloich-mhuillin (3,087 feet), Carn Ealar (3,276 feet), and An Sgarsoch (3,300 feet). Kincaig was reached on Wednesday afternoon via the tops of Mullach Clach a'Bhlair (3,338 feet), Meall Dubhag (3,268 feet), Carn Ban Mor (3,443 feet), and Geal Charn (3,019 feet). Thursday should have been devoted to the Monadhliaths, but



the weather conditions were too bad, and he took train to Broomhill for Nethy Bridge. The President had motored from Aberdeen with Miss M. McGregor and Mrs. J. A. Wilson, who, after having tea at Nethy Bridge Hotel, were taken on to Coylum Bridge for the night. Next morning the two ladies left Coylum Bridge at 7 o'clock and walked through the Larig Ghru to Inverey, which was reached about 5. The conditions in the Larig were very wintry, but fortunately the snow was in good condition, although somewhat hard in places. There was a strong wind from the north-west, with occasional showers of snow. Lunch was partaken of behind the Tailor's Stone, which was the only shelter that was to be had.

*Friday, April 18.* The party of five motored on to Forest Lodge and set out for Ben Bynack, the weather being windy, with frequent snow showers. Visibility was poor towards the top, but the cairn was reached safely through the mist. A high northerly wind made conditions very wintry, and as there was no view, the cairn was soon left and the party broke up. The President and G. R. Symmers went on to the Barns of Bynack, while the others descended by a more direct route. Mr. Morrison joined the party in the evening.

*Saturday, April 19.* The morning did not look very favourable, and a good deal of fresh snow had fallen overnight, but a start was made during the forenoon. The six members motored to Forest Lodge and walked up the path towards Revoan, but about half a mile short of this they split up, the President and Messrs. Donald Hay and Symmers striking off to the right for Meall a' Buachaille, and Messrs. Bothwell and Morrison making an attempt on Cairngorm. The weather was similar to Friday's, the northerly wind continuing strong. The President's party negotiated Meall a' Buachaille, passing through several snow showers, and down to Glenmore Lodge. Here they inspected the cellars of the S.M.C. while these worthies were away in the wintry blast, made themselves very much at home, and were enjoying a quiet game of bridge after tea when the S.M.C. members arrived, and asked them to join them in another meal. After a very pleasant afternoon they returned via the path from Glenmore Lodge to Forest Lodge and so back to the hotel. Meanwhile Bothwell and Morrison were doing their best on Cairngorm. From Revoan they struck up through the gap on the west side of Mam Suim, and so on to the long northerly ridge of Cairngorm, which was reached quite easily. From here to below Cnap Coire na Spreidhe, the high wind and driving snow made the going heavier. After a short rest for food, about 500 feet below Cnap Coire, the last section was tackled in weather which grew steadily worse, and eye-brows and eyelashes soon became stiff with ice. Morrison, who was wearing the kilt, had his knees covered in a thick shell of ice, resembling scales in formation. In the neighbourhood of the Marquis' Well visibility was reduced to six feet, and when taking a compass



bearing the map was carried away by the gale and was immediately lost. After a further effort to find the cairn the attempt had to be abandoned as hopeless, and the descent was made by compass to a point below Cnap Coire na Spreidhe and then down into Glen More to the path leading to Forest Lodge. Messrs. J. McCoss and M. J. Robb joined the others in time for dinner at the hotel.

*Sunday, April 20.* Messrs. Bothwell and Donald had to leave for home in the forenoon, the others motoring up to Glenmore Lodge. At the Lodge it was evident that conditions were unpromising, and the President sent off Messrs. McCoss, Hay, Morrison, Robb, and Symmers for Cairngorm with his best wishes for the day, and then motored to Aviemore (visiting the Bennie Bridge *en route*), where he spent a pleasant afternoon with the members of the S.M.C., and reached Nethy Bridge in time for dinner. The climbing party followed the usual Cairngorm path from the Lodge and crossed over to the Fiacail a'Choire Chaise, the ridge of which was climbed to the summit plateau. A stop was made at about 3,000 feet for lunch, and conditions became severe for the remainder of the climb. The top of the ridge, at 3,737 feet, was soon gained and the remainder of the climb had to be done by compass, under the leadership of G. R. Symmers. The cairn was made, dead on the line, and the descent began almost immediately. Compared with Saturday's conditions, there was more new snow, but the wind, temperature, and visibility had all changed for the better. The descent was made by the ridge immediately to the north of Fiacail a' Choire Chais, and on arrival at Glenmore Lodge the party were entertained to tea by the S.M.C. Messrs. McCoss, Hay, and Robb left in the evening for home.

The weather on Monday was still very bad on the hills and the President and Symmers motored back to Aberdeen.

This Meet will, it is hoped, long hold the record for bad weather. A strong north wind blew the whole three days, with heavy showers of snow and hail. The high wind made the *ascent* of the various hills comparatively simple, but the return journeys were pretty arduous, as every yard of the way had to be fought, whether up hill or down hill. The ladies were fortunate in having the wind with them in the Larig. They admitted that it would have been next to impossible to do it the reverse way.

M. M. and J. A. P.

#### SPRING HOLIDAY EXCURSION, 1930—MOUNT KEEN.

A PARTY of 33 members and guests assembled at Aboyne Station and proceeded in cars by Bridge of Ess and Glen Tanner House to the point where the Mounth Path crosses the Water of Tanner, about ten miles up the glen. Here we left the cars and started to climb at 10.24 a.m. We followed the Mounth Path as far as the plateau which surrounds the cone of Mount Keen, and then struck off up the



steepest part of the hill. The top was reached at 11.20 a.m. by the more active members of the party.

The ascent had been very hot, but a cool wind was blowing at the top. In spite of a haze we were able to pick out Mount Battock, Morven, Ben Avon, Beinn a' Bhuid, Ben Macdhui, Braeriach, Cairntoul, Monadh Mor, Beinn Bhrotain, Lochnagar, Broad Cairn, Mayar and Driesh.

After about an hour's stay we left for Braid Cairn, a flat, stone-strewn hill a mile to the east. On the way across we saw some grouse and ptarmigan as well as a deer and a white hare. We arrived at Braid Cairn at 12.45. We did not stop here but went over the brow of the hill to a more sheltered spot, where we had lunch.

At 1.24 we started for Gathering Cairn, about a mile to the west, which was reached at 1.45 after some enjoyable glissading on the northern slopes of Braid Cairn. From here it was an easy descent to our starting-point, where we had arranged to meet the cars again. This point was reached at 3.15. Those present were :—Miss H. J. Cran, Miss R. K. Jackson, Miss M. Telfer, Miss M. Daniel, Miss E. J. Mavor, Mrs. Ross Mackenzie, Miss C. F. Mackenzie, Miss M. McGregor, Miss C. Rawer, Miss M. Skakle; Messrs. G. F. Collie, W. Nicol, E. W. M. Watt, G. T. R. Watt, R. S. Gray, J. A. Nicol, J. C. Orkney, G. R. Smith, D. Ritchie, A. Simpson, and J. Iverach, members; and Miss O. H. A. Robertson, Miss D. Nicol, Miss J. D. Wallace, Miss N. G. Morrison, Miss A. T. Bisset, Mrs. J. M. Angus, Miss A. Smith, Miss M. W. Johnston, Mrs. Wilson, Messrs. C. Marshall, J. Angus, and E. Queen, guests.

E. W. M. W.

#### SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXCURSIONS, 1930.

##### MAY 31—BENACHIE.

A PARTY of eighteen left Aberdeen station by the 1.20 train for Pitcaple. As the train steamed northwards the weather became unsettled, but fortunately waterproofs were not required for more than a few minutes all the afternoon. On leaving Pitcaple station about 2.20 the President led the way along the North Road, followed at varying intervals by small sociable groups. Tramping along paths and through farm steadings, the foot of the hill was quickly reached, and the easy ascent commenced along the boulder-strewn hill track. A company of Girl Guides was encountered about half-way up the hill, comfortably seated under bushes, feasting on chocolates, oranges, and cakes; the President donned a Guide's hat, and delivered a homily.

The Mither Tap was soon ascended. From there the prominent features of the surrounding country were visible through a hazy atmosphere. After a short rest, the assembled party clamorously



discussed the route to Kemnay and to—tea. "By Millstone Hill and its ridges" shouted one, eager for a full day's exercise; "To tea by the easiest route," contended others. On a vote being taken, the proposer of the first motion found himself in a minority of one, but oddly enough half the party followed him as he descended the Mither Tap, making for the heather-clad slopes of Millstone Hill, and from its summit a fine view of the Don and the Woods of Paradise was disclosed. Steady trudging through deep heather, and stumbling through broken ground, led to moor tracks and farm paths to Blairdaff and thence by an unpleasantly hard road to Kemnay.

Seven hungry men, preceded by an advance guard of two, made with all speed for the hotel at Kemnay. Hailing a waitress there, they demanded food to be served immediately. To their dismay they were told that the "hoose wis full o' this climmers and thae gintry wis jist coming doon tae thir denner." Urged by hunger to discovery, a small tea-shop was located in the village. Entering it, food was demanded. It was given in abundance, and served with celerity, graced with fine rustic courtesy. Large bowls of the freshest of boiled eggs were placed on the table and partaken of with gusto—(Let a well-known C.A. recount how many he consumed; although outvoted in the course of the excursion, he was not "out-egged" later on).

Of the Tea-by-the-easiest-route people, your reporter can say little. They arrived early at the hotel, and when settled down to tea there, were amused to see their hungry brothers who followed the longer route turned empty away. Very diverting, no doubt, but they never saw the President play the funny mannie in a shoppie.

A. T.

#### JUNE 7—TAP O' NOTH.

THE party met at Gartly station at 3.20 p.m. when the 2.20 p.m. train from Aberdeen had arrived there. The afternoon was sunny and windy, but quite warm—a pleasant change from the recent sultry and oppressive weather. We presently proceeded to the foot of the Glen of Noth, passing some quaint old cottages on the way, and commenced to climb the steep, grassy slope of the Hill of Noth. The climb was soon accomplished, and a pleasant high-level walk brought us to the summit of the Hill, where a fine view was obtained. About 4.50 p.m. we left this point, descended for a short distance, and then made a stiffish ascent to the top of the Tap (1,851 feet), where, as almost everybody knows, there are the remains of a vitrified fort, occupying the entire summit. From here we enjoyed a magnificent panorama in all directions; everything that can be seen from the hill was seen clearly. "Ben Macdhui and his Neighbours," still with much snow, were very prominent, while the Buck of the Cabrach, viewed from an unusual position, and the Deeside hills, filled up the



southern horizon. The bold outline of Mount Keen caught our eyes, but there was little snow now, compared with the quantity when the Club spent last May holiday on the hill. To the north were Mormond, the Moray Firth, and the heights of Sutherland and Caithness beyond, the most outstanding of which was Morven: our view stretched beyond this hill, but we could not be sure of what we saw at so great a distance. In the foreground was Ben Rinnes, not unlike Schiehallion. After spending a most delightful hour, we reluctantly "evacuated the fortress," and quickly descended the steep slope to Rhynie. Here we ate a very welcome tea in the Gordon Arms, and later returned to Gartly for an evening train, having walked about five miles. The party consisted of Misses M. W. Johnston, E. A. Mavor, E. J. Mavor, M. M. Telfer, Messrs. W. Garden, R. S. Gray, J. Iverach, G. McIntyre, W. Malcolm, F. A. Ritson, A. Simpson, M. Smith, A. Taylor, G. T. R. Watt, and C. S. McLag (guest).

G. T. R. W.

#### JUNE 21—BEN RINNES.

IN most beautiful sunshine a party of Cairngormites and guests, numbering ten, left Aberdeen by the Speyside excursion train for Aberlour, thence by motor as far as Glenrinnies Distillery. From there the party started up the hill, the time then being 2.55 p.m. On the way up the sun at times was very hot, but there was just enough breeze to make the going very comfortable. We arrived on the top at 4.45, where we remained enjoying the view until 5.17. There was a slight haze which rather spoilt what would have been a magnificent view, nevertheless, we could see the Monadhliadths, Morven of Caithness, Culbin Sands, Elgin, Forres, The Cromdales, Bin of Cullen, Tap o' Noth, Buck o' the Cabrach, Ben A'an, and the Cairngorms.

At 5.17 our worthy President thought it time to return, and gave the order to march. It is hard to say if the ascent or descent were the more enjoyable, but I can truly say the party enjoyed every step, and we were all truly sorry when the day was nearing an end, notwithstanding the fact that a very good meal, with bacon and eggs, was awaiting our arrival at the Hotel in Dufftown, whither we adjourned at 7.45. I can assure you that never were bacon and eggs better or more truly laid to rest, for we went gaily on until 8.49, when the bus took us to the station for the return to Aberdeen, which we reached at 10.45. May we have many such happy days.

E. J. H.

#### JUNE 28—PANNANICH HILL AND CAIRN LEUCHAN.

ON June 28 the following members and guests spent a delightful afternoon in the vicinity of Ballater:—Mrs. Wilson; Misses Bothwell, N. Bruce, P. Bruce, Dugan, and Telfer; Messrs. Bothwell, Conner, Dugan, Hadden, Orkney, and Symmers. Several heavy showers



of rain during the journey out in the train somewhat damped our hopes of a dry excursion. However, warm sunshine and an almost cloudless sky greeted us at Ballater. Pannanich Hill was first climbed, a visit being made to the cave-pitch\* *en route*. Two members then wasted the party's time by making its ascent, time which cost several individuals not a little effort towards the end of the day.

Once out of the wood—one which had been recently felled—my ears are still ringing with the abuse which was poured on my undeserving head by the lady-members present for leading them into such an entanglement at the expense of their stockings. "Good for them," says I, "why don't they turn out at the big meets?" Well, having hacked our way out of the wilderness of fallen timber, we had a delightful three-mile stroll along the ridge of Pannanich Hill southwards towards Cairn Leuchan. One member thought she was a rabbit and succeeded in catching herself in a snare. The hill received a terrible wallop! On reaching the top the first party who were in possession asked us if we had felt an earth tremor. It was subsequently reported that a bottle of beer had been found at the summit. On closer inquiry, however, it appears that the discovery was made in a rucksack, so that the veracity of both statements is questioned. Cairn Leuchan is a very excellent viewpoint; the prospect to the west being particularly fine. An extensive panorama of Lochnagar and the Cairngorms was enhanced by the beautiful gradation of tones, a wonderful conception of perspective being given by the play of light and shade on the distant hills. A lady member left the top with the firm conviction that the view down the neck of a beer bottle was unsurpassed. A somewhat hasty descent to Ballater, round the back of Glen Muick House, left us sufficient time to partake of an excellent tea at the Alexandra Hotel. Here at least two members acquitted themselves with distinction, the reputation of the Club at the board being worthily maintained.

G. R. S.

#### JULY 5—CARNFERG.

It is not numbers that make for a successful excursion, but the beauty of the day and the unity of the party. These two things were to be found in full measure when the last outing of the season was taken part in by six of the most enthusiastic members of the Club. Surely the walk up the Fungle, Aboyne, on a glorious afternoon and in good company is as good a tonic as a course of Kreuzschen Salts. That view from "Rest and be Thankful" never palls, and the short climb up Carnferg after one emerges into the open, is just enough to be stimulating. On this occasion, however, the summit was not said to be reached until two intrepid cliff-climbers had tackled the obelisk which commemorates someone long departed. The task seemed at

\* C.C.J., Vol. XII., p. 42.



first impossible, but our lady athlete, from the vantage ground of her tall partner's shoulders, swarmed in triumph to the top. Thereafter rations were pooled, the President acting as arbiter, and the walk was continued over the top of Lamawhallis and down towards Glencat. The path through the glen leading back to Aboyne by way of Newmill and Drumneachie was ablaze with purple bell heather in sharp contrast to the green of the bracken. This area proved a perfect paradise of wild flowers, and the scent of bog-myrtle and honey made every breath a delight. The party reached Aboyne about seven, when they were entertained by the President to tea—and so home with the memory of a very fragrant day.

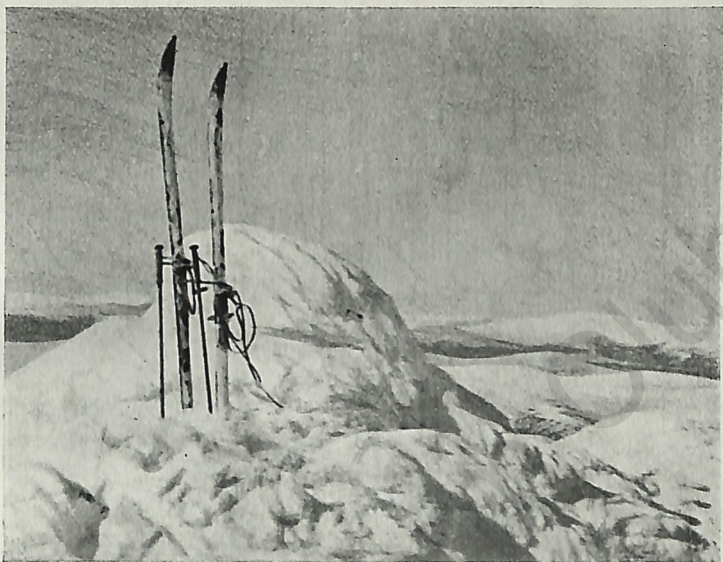
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### ASCENT OF MOUNT KEEN.

ON the morning of March 11, 1930, we were wending our way up beautiful Glenesk in a combination sidecar when an unexpected and heavy snow shower came down upon us. We had started out with the intention of climbing Mount Keen, but the change in the weather modified our plan. We left the cycle at Invermark and walked up to the top of Lochlee, which looked very attractive with snow to the edge, and we abandoned all idea of climbing. Then the sun came out and melted the snow, so we hurried back to Invermark and walked up the Glen of Mark, following the old track to Deeside. In due course we reached the Queen's Well, and would have had a drink therefrom had there not been a dead rabbit in it, typical of the decease of all things Victorian. Then we passed the shooting-box, crossed two burns, and began to climb the "Ladder," which is a fairly steep ascent leading on to high ground. The track then goes over the shoulder of Mount Keen. There was a good deal of snow about and, on this day, the summit was wrapped in mist, which always makes a mountain so solemn and impressive. We climbed the last 500 feet, entered the band of mist, and were lost to the world. A wind was now raging, but we reached the cairn, which looked positively grim in the uncertain light. It was bitterly cold at that altitude of 3,077 feet, and, of course, we got no view, but still we both felt we had triumphed. In descending, we had to use the compass till we were out of the mist. Then our descent to Glenmark was steep and rapid. The snow shower in the morning had put us out a great deal. It was 4.15 when we reached the summit, and, therefore, nearly dark when we arrived at Invermark. It was not for nought that there was a cap of mist on Mount Keen. Rain and sleet began to fall, and our journey down Glenesk was not very pleasant.

E. CRUICKSHANK.

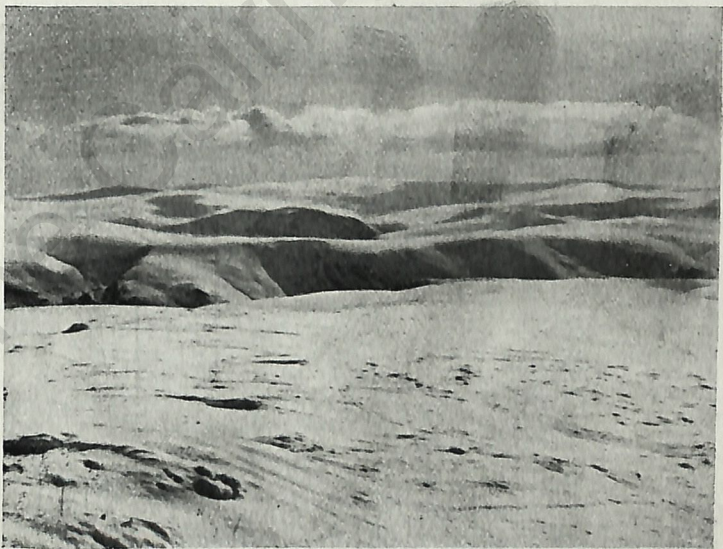




*February, 1930.*

*J. Keiller Greig.*

SUMMIT OF MOUNT KEEN, LOOKING TOWARDS MORVEN.



*February, 1930.*

*J. Keiller Greig*

GLEN MARK FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KEEN.



### THE BEN CLEUCH INDICATOR.

THE Indicator on the summit of Ben Cleuch, which was referred to in the last issue of the *Journal*, has now been completed, and was formally unveiled on Saturday, June 14, 1930. It is similar in design and construction to that on Goatfell, and consists of a circular paper chart, 23 inches in diameter, enclosed in a glazed, metal frame. The chart shows an outline map of the part of Scotland concerned, and has pointers indicating the direction, distance, and height of 132 hills. Of these no fewer than 41 are over 3,000 feet in height, which gives some idea of the extensive panorama that is to be had from Ben Cleuch in clear weather. The furthest point visible is the Cheviot, 80 miles distant. The chart was designed by Mr. D. K. Paterson, of Paisley, assisted by Mr. Tom S. Hall, of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Federation of Ramblers, and was gifted by *The Daily Record*. The Town Council of Tillicoultry was responsible for the erection, and honoured our President by inviting him to unveil the Indicator, which he did on the above date, in presence of a crowd estimated at from 750 to 1,000 persons.

### PROPOSED MEET AT FORT WILLIAM.

ON the suggestion of several of the members who were present on the Carnferg Saturday afternoon excursion, the President arranged for an extra Meet of the Club to be held at Fort William on the September Holiday. The proposed Meet was advertised in the *Press and Journal* and seven members intimated their intention of attending. Most unfortunately the weather completely broke down just before the party was due to leave Aberdeen, and the Meet had to be cancelled at the last moment. This was much to be regretted, as the S.M.C. had very kindly reserved the Ben Nevis Hut for the Cairngorm Club Members for the week-end.

### A FIRST VISIT TO SWITZERLAND.

IN June, 1930, W. Malcolm spent a week of perfect weather at Zermatt. It being a first visit to Switzerland, no serious ascents were made, but the following enjoyable excursions were undertaken, with the idea of getting a working knowledge of the district. As the continuous snow-line was at about 8,000 feet, some little care was necessary in the higher parts, giving an added zest to the outings.

1. Ascent by rail to the Gornergrat and a walk along the snow arête to the Höhtali Grat (10,790 feet). The condition of the snow and a "bad step" in the ridge prevented the walk being continued to the Stockhorn. The descent was made through bad snow to the Riffelhorn Hotel (not occupied) and then by the ordinary path to Zermatt.

2. Ascent by the ordinary route to the Matterhorn Hut (10,820



feet). The path was invisible and the snow treacherous on the last 250 feet to the Hut. The latter was uninhabited, but not locked. Mist descended while at the Hut and continued on the descent to the foot of the Hornli. The Schwarzsee Hotel was also uninhabited.

3. Ascent past the Edelweiss Café to the Trift Hotel (uninhabited) and up the valley and along a moraine to the foot of the Trift Glacier.

4. Walk up the Zmutt valley and along beside the glacier to the Schönbühl Hut (8,860 feet). This was also uninhabited, but not locked. The return was made across the terminal moraine of the Zmutt glacier and through Staffelalp to Zermatt.

5. Ascent of the Unterrothhorn (10,190 feet). The rack railway was taken to Riffelalp station and the path then followed across the glacier stream and through the village of Findelen. The ascent was made straight up from the Stelli See and involved a little rock scrambling and some bad going in loose snow and boulders. The descent was made straight along the ridge to Zermatt.

An "off day" was profitably spent in visiting the Museum, where there are excellent relief maps of the district, and in visits to the Gorner and Trift gorges. The power house of the Gornergrat railway was also visited, and a short morning spent on the hillside above Heueten. The meadows were all thick with flowers, and on all excursions the views were perfectly clear. The most outstanding memories of the holiday were the views of the Matterhorn and Weisshorn, and the beautiful blue gentians on the hillsides.

## MIST ON THE HILLS.

By GEORGE STEPHEN.

[ON Sunday, March 30, 1930, the writer and his wife, in the course of a three days' tramp from Braemar, over the Cairnwell Road, and home by Kirriemuir and Glen Clova, were doing the last stage of the journey when they got enveloped in mist on the Tolmount (3,143 feet). Instead of landing at Loch Callater, they found themselves at Loch Muick.]

Across the trackless Tolmount did we go,  
From Clova's Glen on tramp towards Braemar ;  
And ploughed our way through miles of icy snow,  
In sight of white, majestic Lochnagar.

The tonic crispness of the bracing air,  
Gave that ecstatic feeling of delight,  
Which moves the mountain lover to declare  
That only on the hills we live aright.

From cairn to cairn we sought our doubtful way,  
With some familiar landmark to assist ;  
When lo ! location-sense was ta'en away,  
Amid a dense envelopment of mist.



The driving wind was lashing storms of hail,  
The freezing cold forbade the thought of rest ;  
When, presently, our feet began to scale  
Some height unknown—and lost ! we were confessed.

For aeons—so it seemed—we circled round ;  
In vain we hoped : this may be but a dream !  
When hark ! there reached our ears a hopeful sound—  
The welcome gurgling of a mountain stream.

This stream will lead us downwards—sure it must !  
We'll follow where it leads—no matter where !  
Forthwith to its uncertain course we'll trust,  
In fervent hope 'twill free us from despair.

And even so, it led us to a glen,  
Descending which, our hours of dread were o'er ;  
O happy sight—first Dubh Loch—and then !  
To recognize Loch Muick's familiar shore.

Wind, rain, and gathering darkness made us feel,  
Ours had been an unenviable plight ;  
Not now ! we reached the path to Glas-allt Shiel,  
Soon light from Allt-na-giubhsaich came in sight.

Though all unknown, right welcome were we there ;  
We came as " strangers and they took us in " ;  
'Twas grand such hospitality to share ;  
Such true and kindly fellowship to win.

That night 'twas not Glen Callater we trod,  
To reach our home from home in dear Braemar ;  
We sought not mountain path nor snowy sod ;  
In chastened mood we travelled home by car.



## NOTES.

OUR frontispiece shows the gate which was erected at the south end of the Derry road in the spring of 1930. It closes the road to wheeled traffic, apart from cycles, and means that climbers

OUR have now to walk three miles before reaching ILLUSTRATIONS. Derry Lodge. This is obviously a serious handicap in the ascent of Ben Macdhui and his neighbours.

We also reproduce in this issue two remarkable snow photographs taken in February of last year by Mr. J. Keiller Greig on a ski expedition on Mount Keen. The snow conditions at the time were ideal for ski-running, and some glorious days were enjoyed.

MR. J. R. CORBETT (who was referred to in No. 69, pp. 174-5, as having done a strenuous week-end from Bristol

THE THREE among the Lochnagar group) has now achieved THOUSANDERS. his ambition of climbing all the 3,000 feet hills in Scotland, including all the minor tops which exceed that height. He is the fourth climber to have done all the 3,000 feet mountains, and the second to do all the minor tops.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON, in a letter which appeared in *The Scotsman* of October 4, 1930, says:—Many years ago the native Gaelic form of Lochnagar was given me on good authority as Loch na Gàire. Here *gàire* is the genitive singular

LOCHNAGAR. of *gàir*, an outcry, roar, din; feminine in Irish Gaelic, though given as masculine in some dictionaries of

Scottish Gaelic. Examples of its use are "*gàir na mara*," the roar of the sea; "*gàir chatha*," a battle shout; "*gàir chreag*," an echo, literally "cry of rocks." "*Na tonna geala gàireachta*" is "the white roaring waves." The meaning "loch of the roaring noise" well suits this high-lying lochan, described in the Ordnance Gazetteer as a gloomy tarn, overhung by precipices 1,200 feet high. The reference of *gàir* here is probably to the howling and shrieking of the winds. With regard to the old name of the mountain, it is to be noted that on our maps "*Meikle Pap*" (3,211 feet) is shown due east of the loch, quite apart from what is now marked as "*Lochnagar*." "*Meikle Pap*" is doubtless a translation of "*A' Chìoch Mhór*." Lochan an Eoin, which gives rise to the name Coire Lochan an Eoin, means "*Lochan of the Bird*" (not "*of the Birds*"), and when *eun*, a bird, is used thus, it regularly means "*the Bird par excellence*," i.e. the eagle.



THE Secretary of the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds drew attention last October to the fact that an osprey had been killed near Grantown-on-Spey by a stone thrown by "a worker." Two months later the Secretary of State for Scotland was asked in the House of Commons "if his attention has been called to the recent destruction of an osprey at Grantown-on-Spey, notwithstanding that the osprey is protected under the Bird Protection Order for the county of Moray; and whether any steps are being taken to prosecute the offender, so that the osprey, now extinct in Scotland, may be assured of protection and have an opportunity of being re-established." The Lord Advocate, who replied, said—"On September 26 last an osprey was found on the roadside in a wounded condition, and was killed by a carter with a stone. On examination it was found that it had been suffering from a broken wing and that the wound was gangrenous. Assuming that there was a breach of the law—which is far from clear—the case was obviously one which did not call for criminal prosecution." At the same time it is to be regretted that there are still people who, as Mr. Crosthwaite puts it, "can think of nothing better when they see a beautiful and striking bird than to kill it." The osprey had become extinct in Scotland for several years until Captain Knight introduced two pairs two years ago. The Grantown bird was no doubt one of these, or a descendant. It is to be hoped there are survivors who will get a chance to re-establish the breed.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LOST AND FOUND.

[To the Editor of *The Cairngorm Club Journal*.]

SIR,—If the climber who on or shortly before September 11, 1929, left an old friend, viz., an "Eversharp" pencil, lying on the water-worn rocks of the Garbh Uisge Burn where it falls over the cliffs to Loch Avon, will apply to the writer, the pencil will be returned, if properly described, e.g., gold, silver, platinum, short, long, plain or chased. The finder is not an Aberdonian, merely a Scot!

Yours, etc.,

J. P. W.

c/o EDITOR,  
*The Cairngorm Club Journal*,  
 ABERDEEN, March 6, 1930.



## REVIEWS.

*The Alpine Journal*, No. 240, May, 1930. 10/6 net. The principal articles on climbing in this issue are those describing the ascent of the north-west face of the Scheidegg Wetterhorn and the south face of the Bietschhorn. The interest of the former article would have been greatly increased had one of the routed photographs been lettered to show the points mentioned in the letterpress or a diagram given, as has been so well done in the second article. Mr. L. S. Amery's article descriptive of a month's journey from Banff to Jasper in the Rockies is delightful. It is a pleasant contrast to that describing a descent of the Furggenrat of the Matterhorn, which may be gymnastics but can hardly be called mountaineering. Probably the most interesting article in the issue is that describing briefly the 1929 attempt on Kangchenjunga. The *Journal* is, as usual, very well illustrated, a special feature being the frontispiece, which is a reproduction of a colour print of the Wetterhorn.

No. 241, November, 1930. 10/6 net. This issue includes a large number of valuable articles, of which the two of greatest interest are undoubtedly Dr. Paul Bauer's "The Fight for Kangchenjunga, 1929," and Mr. F. S. Smythe's "The Assault on Kangchenjunga, 1930." The former is undoubtedly, as the Editor states, "the narrative of a feat without parallel perhaps in all the annals of mountaineering." Both the articles are superbly illustrated, the double page telephoto of the North-east face of Kangchenjunga, by M. Piacenza, being magnificent. Other interesting articles are "Climbing in Greenland, Petermann Peak," by Mr. J. M. Wordie; "Eiger and Hörnli," by Mr. S. Matsukata; and "The South-west Arête of the Wetterhorn," by Mr. S. Uramatsu. The authors of the last two are amongst the keenest Japanese climbers of the present day. Mr. Hans Laufer contributes an excellent paper on the Bietschhorn, and other important articles deal with the Grand Teton in Wyoming, and the Caucasus. This issue of the *Journal*, which concludes Vol. XLII, contains 210 pages, 70 illustrations, and a couple of maps. The coloured frontispiece is a reproduction of a Swiss coloured print of Mont Blanc, from the collection of Mr. R. W. Lloyd.



*The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*. No. 109. April, 1930. 2/6 net. A very interesting number containing an extraordinary variety of subjects, varying from severe rock climbing

S.M.C. for pleasure ("The Misty Ridge of Stob Dearg," by JOURNAL. Alex. Harrison and L. St. C. Bartholomew) to the same thing for the business purpose of catching crag-bound sheep ("Memories of the Hills," by Alastair C. McLaren). Mr. G. R. Speirs has an article describing in feeling terms the joys(?) of mid-winter Saturday night camps in the Highlands; while Mr. J. Dow in "Day Trips by Rail" shows much the same thing can be done more comfortably by catching the early trains from Edinburgh or Glasgow. Mr. William Douglas contributes an interesting article on "Bird Life on the Bass Rock" in which he describes some of his adventures thereon with the late Mr. Harold Raeburn. There are two poems—both good—"Song without Dance," by G. Sang, and "The Bottle," by Dr. John Fergus. The number contains the usual notes of the proceedings of the Club and of the Junior Mountaineering Club, and has eight good illustrations.

No. 110, November, 1930. This is a large number, containing no less than 88 pages and 16 illustrations. Most of the articles deal with the mountains of the North-west Highlands; Ben Dearg group (two papers, one of them by our Ex-President), An Teallach, Ben Loyal, and Mam Soul, the last being by the late Mr. George Sang. Particulars of the regrettable fatal accident on Buchaille Etive Mor are given by Messrs. Harrison and Jeffrey, who were Mr. Mowbray's companions. Mr. J. Dow contributes an article on the roads near Braemar. His arguments as to the closing of the Derry Road may apply to the use of the present narrow road during the stalking season, but do not justify the road being closed for the rest of the year. Among the Notes there is an interesting one by Mr. A. G. Hutchison describing an unsuccessful attack on the Mitre Ridge of Beinn a' Bhuird, illustrated by a very striking photograph of the Ridge. Fourteen pages of the *Journal* are devoted to the doings of the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland, and we note that that enthusiastic Club has started a Perth Section.

*Scottish Ski Club Journal*, 1930. Published by the Scottish Ski Club. 2/6. The Scottish Ski Club, which was a flourishing organization up to the War, was dormant for about a dozen years, but has now wakened up again to some purpose, and one sign is this excellent number of the revived *Journal*. It gives full information about the Club, whose membership is drawn from all over the country. There are local conveners in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth. Snow reporters have been appointed in various centres, and arrangements have been made for publishing their reports. A



feature of this issue is the very practical "Notes on Equipment." The doings of the members are recorded and there are many fine illustrations.

*The Ramblers' Annual*, 1930. Pp. 100. 1/-. This is the first issue of the Official Handbook of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Ramblers' Federation. It is an extremely interesting publication, and gives a good idea of the activities of the Ramblers in the Glasgow district. Full particulars are given of the objects and constitution of the Federation and its associated Rambling Clubs and of the work done by the Federation during the year. There is a large number of interesting short articles, the nature of which may be indicated by the titles of a few taken at random: "From the Clyde to Mull, A Tramp in May"; "My Walk through the Gloomy Pass"; "The German Youth-Shelters"; "National Reserves"; "Scotland's Need—A Nature Reserve." The volume concludes with useful notes on maps and books, and lists of camping sites, railway walking tours, and catering establishments. The last list contains particulars of about sixty places, mostly in the vicinity of Glasgow, and all with reasonable charges. The Federation is evidently a very live body. We congratulate it on its *Annual* and wish it every success. The 1931 issue (pp. 80, 6d.) has now appeared, and more than maintains the high standard that has been set up. Particulars are given of 64 rambling and field clubs throughout Scotland, and of the youth movement on the Continent.

*Tenth Annual Report of the Forestry Commissioners*. Year ended September 30, 1929. Pp. 69, 7 diagrams, and 12 maps. 1/3 net. This is a most interesting publication containing full particulars of the extensive work carried out by the Commissioners during their first decade of working. The maps are especially interesting. A set of ten small scale maps shows by black dots the progress of the acquisition of forest units in England and Scotland during the decade. The two larger maps show the positions of the Forest Units in England (87) and Scotland (65) as at September 30, 1929, with relative lists.

*The Deeside Field*. Fifth Number. (Aberdeen: The Rosemount Press. 3/6.) Issued under the auspices of the Deeside Field Club, *The Deeside Field* has become established as an indispensable organ of the Club. The Club itself is a remarkable growth of the last decade, and its summer excursions, often attended by over 200 members and guests, are notable outings. It obviously ministers to a felt want, and the admirable efficiency with which it is conducted



is an important factor in its success. This is nowhere more marked than in the production of the *Field*, edited by Mr. J. Bentley Philip, who has mobilised a notable band of contributors. Thirty articles, six poems, and forty illustrations—that is the mere statistical position; but a bare enumeration of the contents would fail to do justice to the interest, the variety, and the charm of the magazine. "The main object," as the editor says, "is to deal with the life and scenery of the Dee Valley (and to some extent also of adjacent parts) as well from a scientific as from a general point of view. In pursuit of this aim, we have been fortunate to secure articles or poems from almost every district from Braemar to Aberdeen. Welcome help has also come from Donside, and for the first time from overseas." The result is a feast of good things. We warmly commend the *Field* to all lovers of the countryside and offer Mr. Philip our congratulations on a very fine achievement. A special word of praise is due for the tasteful manner in which the magazine has been produced. The illustrations are beautifully clear. A delightful sketch in colour, by Lady Aberdeen, of the Howe of Cromar is the frontispiece, and a very attractive picture of the House of Cromar is the work of Lady Pentland.

In *The Scottish Geographical Magazine* (Vol. XLVI, No. 6, November, 1930) Mr. William Hossack's article on "The Geography of Trotternish, Skye," is of special interest to mountaineers. The illustrations and diagrams add much to its value.

*The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal*. Vol. VI, No. 19, 1930. (Leeds: 10 Park Square. 4/- net.) The excellence of the photographs is a prominent feature of this number.

THE Y.R.C. They include two of mountains in Corsica, by  
JOURNAL. Mr. F. S. Smythe, of Kangchenjunga fame, one from  
South Uist, and two fine pictures from Glen Nevis.

The contents are of wide range, and apart from dealing with Club and local matters, cover such diverse subjects as "Corsica in May," "The Outer Hebrides," and "Some Notes on the Sauerland," a district of Westphalia which, "although practically unknown in England as a holiday ground, is extremely popular in Germany and also with the Dutch." A very interesting account is given of an exploration of Lost Johns' Cave. The magazine makes a strong appeal to mountaineers.

*The Hills of Peace*. By Lawrence Pilkington. (London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 2/6 net.) Mr. Pilkington is a poet of the hills and mountains. Technically he is well equipped,

POEMS. but that is only the machinery, not the essence of poetry, and we have the essence throughout these pages. Here is the descriptive power, the imagery, and the inter-



pretative power of the poet. To quote is tempting, especially as several of the poems deal with familiar scenes in Scotland. "Think ye that June's soft breeze and long-drawn day will last?" he asks of the Cairngorms. Or take the following:—

Oh for the Hills of Skye!  
 With storm-wracked cliffs on high;  
 Where sunset's streaming fire  
 Drapes Sgurr-nan-Gillean's spire;  
 Where climbers gladly greet  
 Rock safe for hands and feet,  
 On which dear life to trust  
 However fierce the gust.  
 Oh for the Hills of Skye!  
 Dark Coolin Hills of Skye.

and in a different vein:—

The rope's all out, scant footing yet,  
 The rock is sheer, iced black as jet;  
 The stones are falling down below,  
 We're nearly up—that pitch must go—  
 Hold tight although your fingers flay,  
 That rock is loose!—Belay! Belay!

"In Memoriam, W. C. S." is a worthy tribute to a great mountaineer—

Such natures show  
 The peace of nations is no empty dream  
 Beyond the reach of our humanity.

This little book should find a place in many a rucksack.

ERRATUM.

No. 69, p. 177, line 22, for "3754" read "3574."





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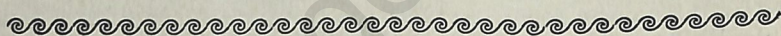
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