

# The Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY  
EDWARD W. WATT.

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

Glenburnie Park,  
Rubislaw Den North,  
Aberdeen.

The Cairngorm Club Journal

# The Cairngorm Club Journal

EDITED BY  
EDWARD W. WATT

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THE CAIRNGORM CLUB

1934

The Cairngorm Club Journal

The Cairngorm Club

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ERRATA :	
Page 158, line 15; for Loch Bhraivin read Loch a' Bhraoin	
„ 159, „ 1; for Gala read Geala	
„ 165, „ 19; for Chute read Shoot	
„ 224, „ 9; for eminent read imminent	
„ 225, „ 3; for <i>S.C.M.J.</i> read <i>S.M.C.J.</i>	
„ 227, diagram; for height read hours (three times)	

# The Cairngorm Club.

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\* Signifies an original member.

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*Easter, 1931.*

“THE PERTSHIRE MATTERHORN” (BEINN NAN EACHAN).

*See p. 25.*

*C. Reginald Ward.*

# The Cairngorm Club Journal.

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## In Memoriam.

JAMES ROSE.

MR. JAMES ROSE, who died at Aberdeen on July 15, 1931, aged 76, was an original member of the Cairngorm Club and a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Mr. Rose, who was a native of Aberdeen, retired from the headmastership of King Street School eleven years ago. He began his professional career as a pupil teacher in St. Andrew Street School, and in 1874, when he entered the Edinburgh Free Church Training College, he stood highest on the list. In 1876 he went to teach in the senior department at Oaklands Public School, Glasgow, and in the following year, on the opening of Ferryhill School, he came north to take the post of second master there. Five years later he was appointed headmaster of Albion Street School, and in the following year he was transferred to the important charge of Causewayend School, which was developing very rapidly at that time. In 1908, he was appointed headmaster of King Street School, and retired from this post at Christmas, 1919, after forty-two and a half years' service under the Aberdeen School Board.

As a mountaineer Mr. Rose was widely known, and as a tribute to his prowess a ridge on Sgoran Dubh bears his name. He accomplished many notable climbs both at home and abroad. He is survived by Mrs. Rose and a grown-up family.

## ONCE MORE—A CLIMB.

BY G. ROY SYMMERS.

IT may be remembered by some of our members that, in writing an article for *The Cairngorm Club Journal* some time ago dealing with the rock-climbs on Lochnagar, the writer stated with regard to the Tough-Brown Ridge that he was certain that a comparatively simple route existed on the upper part of the climb, and at the same time made some criticism of the methods employed by the pioneer party in making the ascent. I should like to take this opportunity of entirely retracting these premature opinions, and at the same time expressing my admiration for the two men who as early as 1896, when rock-climbing as an art was still in its infancy, worked out a route on this face of Lochnagar.

On October 10, 1931, W. Ewen and the writer set out for the North-East Corrie with the conviction that we were to carry out a programme such as never was and never would be again. To start off, just as a kind of introduction to the sterner events to follow, we had scheduled the ascent of the Tough-Brown Ridge in two hours. Little did we realize as we laboured up to "the col," burdened down with two hundred and forty feet of rope, what hazards we were to encounter on the first stage of our ambitious venture. What that venture was does not concern the reader. It is sufficient to state that the Tough-Brown Ridge was a completely satisfactory day's climbing without any further additions.

The first section of the climb, a traverse slanting up into Parallel Gully A above the first unclimbed pitch, was familiar ground to both of us, and in order to gain time, our proposed expedition being a long one, no rope was used.

The indefinite-looking second pitch in Gully A was soon lost and forgotten about in the interest and excitement of breaking, for us, new ground: ground untrodden for thirty-five years, the sacred sanctuary of ptarmigan and golden eagle. Events moved rapidly. We traversed out of Gully



August, 1930.

R. Donald.

THE PARALLEL GULLIES AND TOUGH-BROWN RIDGE.

A-B Parallel Gully A Climb.  
 A-C Tough-Brown Ridge.  
 D 1930 Route.  
 E 1931 Route.

F Long Stride Corner.  
 G Difficult V-shaped Chimney.  
 H 12 feet Vertical Wall.  
 K "Flying Buttress" Pitch.

A immediately above the first pitch, and from this position had to make a way upwards and across Parallel Buttress to the evident grassy platform below the second pitch in Parallel Gully B. Numerous mossy ledges were available for this purpose, but what at first appeared an easy problem turned out to be quite a different proposition. We had paid our fee for admission and were now being introduced to the entrance of the maze. The face was a network of ledges, each ample in itself, but unfortunately for our purpose also more or less independent in itself. As a whole, instead of being a perfect network, many independent areas of mesh were linked together only by single threads. Our only hope of getting across the Buttress was to pick out these single threads and utilise them as a means of traversing the web. Before entering on the climb we had made a study of this section with a view to obtaining a broad idea of the best route to follow. From our inspection it appeared that the best method of attacking the problem was to get up on a level with our objective as quickly as possible after setting foot on the Parallel Buttress. The route we adopted consequently followed the lines we had thought best from below. Considerable difficulty was met with in driving the attack straight up the buttress quite close to Parallel Gully A. A smooth, V-shaped chimney housing a wedge of moss in its recess did not appeal to the writer, who contented himself with belaying the rope and offering Ewen his blessings, while the latter, by dint of much scraping and wriggling, succeeded in getting up. The ascent of this chimney leaves a very small margin of safety, and if it were not for a crack on the left in which a leg can be jammed, I doubt very much if the chimney would "go." Joining Ewen, I carried on to a slight overhang, where it was necessary to remove an insecure block of granite. This was a ticklish business because of our cramped quarters, and the difficulty of estimating where the boulder would fall and how much would fall with it. Retreat was not too welcome a thought, our station being completely devoid of any belay, hence it was decided to let "her" go. Ewen, ostrich-wise, tucked himself into a tiny recess to the right, and I, close up

to the block, flattened myself against a rib on the left. The rope meanwhile was kept taut against the face immediately below the boulder. Slowly I edged the mass from its insecure position into one of instability, and then, as it fell, gave it a mighty thrust to clear my feet. The operation "came off" beautifully, and for two seconds we had the awe-inspiring sight of seeing this huge fragment of mountain leaping down the cliff-side in a welter of moss and flying splinters, thundering its impetuous path in ever increasing bounds to the screes far below. It vanished from sight over the final edge, there came a momentary lull in which we listened to the echoes rolling round the corrie, then a roar from below, and one more particle had gone to the forming of a future mountain. We looked at each other and our thoughts were the same. The work had been well executed, and the departed block had left a nice platform which Ewen quickly gained from my shoulder, after which the climbing was quite straight-forward. Joining Ewen at a convenient belay, I carried on upwards for a short distance and then traversed sixty feet to the right along a broad ledge, at the far end of which was another belay. Ewen then followed me up, and at my belay made a short descent on to a further ledge which conducted us right to the grassy platform in Gully B which we desired to reach.

I might suggest at this point that a more simple route may exist below the one we followed. At all events there are very few climbs on Lochnagar which have a pitch as difficult, technically, as the chimney just mentioned, and if any way of avoiding it can be found, the climb will not suffer. Its elimination would still leave ample scope for the class of climber who delights in having nothing but a few blaeberry roots between himself and destruction.

The situation in which we found ourselves was an extremely interesting one. Below lay the unclimbed crack which takes up the position of first pitch in Parallel Gully B, a fearsome obstacle some two hundred and fifty feet in height, cleft between smooth, water-worn slabs set at a dizzy angle. The platform itself was very commodious in extent and almost horizontal. Above rose a series of

terraced slabs, culminating in a chimney with a huge choke-stone jammed at its summit. As we stood absorbing all the details of our station, we speculated on the possibility of climbing this second pitch. We concluded that the foot of the chimney could be gained by climbing the slabs on the left, and that by back-and-leg methods the choke-stone in all probability could be reached. Further it is difficult to say ; if a through-route exists, the finish may be comparatively simple ; in the absence of such, the exit would appear extremely severe, probably impossible.

We entered the next stage of our climb little knowing what the mountain held in store for us. Speaking quite personally, I was certain that we were just going to walk up to the ridge forming the left wall of Raeburn's Gully with little or no difficulty. At the same time, I must admit I had in the back of my mind some perverted idea that the old "Johnnies" who climbed rocks in the "nineties" always exaggerated the difficulties they encountered in their climbs, and by this means surrounded themselves with a kind of false halo. Such an attitude has completely vanished. I humble myself before their memory.

On the opposite side of Gully B from the point at which we entered rose a narrow chimney, which gave comparatively simple access to the lowest and most distinct terrace, stretching on a slightly upward gradient across the awful slabs which continue for almost half the height of the face. We traversed this airy balcony to its furthest extremity without finding any satisfactory route directly upwards. It was finally decided to make an attempt on a vertical face about twelve feet high, situated some forty feet from the point at which the terrace terminates on holdless slabs, and just to the left of a smooth chimney or crack. Ewen mounted on my shoulders, and from this eminence could reach a good hand-hold which, together with careful manipulation of his feet on my part, enabled him to effect a lodgment on the sloping moss-covered ledge above. The conquest of this face without combined tactics is in the writer's opinion impossible because of the scarcity and inadequacy of the holds. At this point the rope was quickly hitched over a



belay some distance to the right, and almost on the same level as Ewen after leaving my shoulders. This safeguard was absolutely essential; the climb could not be justified otherwise, bearing in mind the treacherous moss with which we had to contend, and our extremely exposed position on the brink of a cliff which descends in one leap to the scree three hundred feet below. Ewen then made a way upwards to the right and as soon as possible back to the left, where a huge, detached flake presented an adequate belay. Then my turn came. The problem was rather a nasty one, particularly in the absence of any footstool from which to "take off." My innate objection to using the rope when coming up second asserted itself and was responsible for quite a waste of time. I perambulated from right to left along the terrace in ardent search for some route whereby the ascent might be made without assistance from above, in vain. All the while I carried on a conversation with Ewen, fifty feet above, a conversation punctuated very frequently with comments on the rock which I am sorry to say I should not care to see in print, and which, alas, I subsequently learned, were absolutely lost on Ewen, who was effectively screened and almost out of hearing. Eventually, finding no alternative, I decided to have a "go," using the rope for hand-hold. Now an Alpine rope is rather thin, and in the course of a couple of hours' "shinning" over moss it is liable to become a trifle damp. Climbing four or five feet on the rope and then suddenly finding myself back on the ledge from which I had started became rather a boring practice, albeit a painful one after the fourth attempt. Being thoroughly tired of falling off I had a rest and smoked a cigarette, while Ewen, from his perch above, was attempting to gain some inkling of what was going on beneath. My vocabulary had run low, so I didn't worry him until my smoke was over. The next job was to get a fixed rope. After several failures this was established and another form of hoisting operation put into practice. With the use of the dry fixed rope as hand-hold, and a pull from above on the rope round my waist, quite startling results ensued. Upward progress was almost lift-like until I was just reaching

out for the capacious hand-hold which Ewen had discovered from my shoulders. Then quite suddenly the rope, which was passing to one side of a rounded knob of rock immediately above me, decided a rather unexpected and quite uncalled-for preference in favour of the other side, thus causing me to perform a highly spectacular aerial glide, terminating forcibly in the chimney already mentioned. From this position I struggled on to the ledge, when it became an easy matter to traverse up to the right. While Ewen "held the fort" at the belay, I made a long traverse out to the right and inspected the possibilities of further progress in that direction. I was deeply impressed by the magnitude of the cliff at this point, but the possibility of finding a route upwards was very vague and an attempt completely unjustifiable in the absence of any form of belay. Returning as quickly as possible, I climbed up to the belay and carried my investigation to a point as far on the other side, that is to say, to the left of Ewen's station at the belay. Here it was evidently possible to gain a higher terrace, which was done without waste of time, as we were both beginning to feel a little "peckish." Nestling down on our diminutive platform we spent a very pleasant quarter of an hour, during which we set aside all thought of what was to come next, although the character of the climb we had embarked on was reflected by the fact that we ate only half of the food we had with us.

Our meal over, Ewen was tucked securely into a deep fissure, almost amounting to a narrow cave, opening on to our luncheon-site, while I half climbed, half projected myself on to the next ledge, directly above his retreat. From this position another traverse to the right was carried out to a point where a slightly overhanging face of rock some ten feet in height intervened between us and what is known in architecture as a "flying buttress." A slight descent and a further short traverse was possible, but again the way was barred by the presence of a second vertical wall. Returning to the first barrier, the writer brought up Ewen, and combined tactics were resorted to for the third time during the climb. On gaining the platform forming the foundation to the "flying buttress," we climbed the exceedingly steep wall on

the left directly upwards to yet another terrace. The holds on this section are extremely good, so that a feeling of airiness was to some extent minimized. A traverse was then made back to the left till a point was reached where it was possible to look directly into Parallel Gully B above the second pitch. The climb then continued upwards, tending slightly to the right and then back to the left over fairly difficult rock till a corner was reached from which it appeared possible to start up a steep terrace slanting a long way up to the right.

From this position we scrutinized the third pitch in Gully B, and were not long in coming to the conclusion that it was rather a desperate-looking affair. At the point where it occurs the gully ceases to exist, and an almost vertical precipice approaching one hundred feet in height takes its place. Both above and below this obstacle the gully is perfectly definite in character, but at the pitch smooth rock-face appears to be the predominant feature. There may, however, be some crack or hidden chimney in this face which, from our out-of-face position, was not visible. At all events the pitch looks an imposing one, to say the least of it.

Reverting to our climb: the next stage looked very treacherous, being mainly composed of moss and grass adhering in a very half-hearted manner to slabs set at a steep angle. The consequence of a slip on this section, although, perhaps, not so disastrous as in some of the earlier situations, would have been rather a rapid and unpleasant glissade for both of us into the depths of Parallel Gully B, about one hundred feet below. The writer skipped across the moss as quickly as possible, and before it knew what was happening and had time to vent its disapproval, he was sitting on the top of a block of solid rock with all the rope out, yelling for Ewen to come on. No time was wasted and Ewen went straight on, leaving me perched on my rock while he finished the terrace on to the ridge overlooking Raeburn's Gully.

On my joining him we stopped for a few minutes and looked down into the corrie, down on the lonely loch from which a turbulent wind was lashing foam and down on the shattered crags which we both admire, love, and respect.

From Raeburn's Gully the wind brought us the sound of dashing water, which immediately conjured up visions of numbed hands searching for abstruse holds in the assault on some dire pitch. The crash of a boulder over in the direction of the West Gully sent my thoughts flying to a day in May spent at the Dubh Loch, while I am certain Raeburn's Gully, at a more recent date, figured in Ewen's mind. As we stood, ever in the distance rose a roaring and moaning, the melancholy sound with which every climber in the rutting season is familiar. That sound brought pleasant memories to the writer of wonderful, lonely days spent in Glencoe only a week before.

Turning to the completion of our task, we made short work of the final portion of the ridge, and before many minutes had elapsed, shook hands at the top of the cliff in a bracing hurricane of wind blowing over the plateau from the north-west.

In what goes before, the writer may be criticized for having gone into the most elaborate detail in describing the route followed and in stressing the dangers and difficulties of the climb. Neither Ewen nor I have any desire to repeat the climb, and we are both of the opinion that the Tough-Brown Ridge was not meant to be climbed, and we certainly cannot put the route forward as a proposal to anyone desirous of an enjoyable day's climbing on Lochnagar. Whether we traced the route followed by Tough and Brown in the first ascent is hard to tell, but I am certain that if there are two routes, there are two only.

Now to the plains once more !

## THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.\*

### THE S.M.C. "GUIDE."

MR. PARKER, ex-President of the Cairngorm Club, is a mountaineer of wide experience. He has climbed all the "Three Thousanders" in the British Isles, and not only in Europe, but in China, Japan, and North America he has made many ascents. Those who know him will probably agree that thoroughness is one of his outstanding characteristics. Anything slipshod is abhorrent to his orderly mind. With such qualifications he could not be better equipped for the task he has undertaken on behalf of the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

"The Western Highlands" is a notable addition to the S.M.C. "Guide." Three years ago we welcomed (*C.C.J.* Vol. XII, p. 13) "The Cairngorms," by Mr. Henry Alexander, and that excellent work, which we believe has proved to be a "best seller" and has now been re-printed, has stood the test of minute examination by numerous climbers. Mr. Parker's "Guide" will take a worthy place alongside it, and we should venture to prophesy with confidence that it will have an equally enthusiastic reception from the growing ranks of those who not only love and admire, but are eager to explore the mountains of Scotland.

This section of the "Guide" describes that part of the Mainland which lies west of the Great Glen, and south of a line drawn from the Cromarty Firth along the Valleys of the Rivers Conon, Bran, and Carron to the head of Loch Carron—an area which measures about 85 miles from north to south, and has an average width of about 30 miles.

No fewer than sixty of the mountains in the district exceed 3,000 feet in height. The number of mountains between 2,500 feet and 3,000 feet is slightly greater. All the former are described as well as many of the lower ones, several of which are of considerable importance.

The district, as Mr. Parker points out, is of great interest

\* "The Western Highlands," by James A. Parker, B.Sc., M.Inst.C.E. 140 pp., with 34 Illustrations and a Map. Published by the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Edinburgh. 6/- net.

to the mountaineer, and it also has a strong appeal to the pedestrian.

It has, however, one drawback, which is that practically the whole of the mountains are devoted to sport, principally deer-stalking, and that, therefore, apart from the roads and right-of-way paths, large areas are "out of bounds" during the sporting season. In spring and early summer, the best periods of the year, one is, however, free to go anywhere.

The area dealt with in the book is divided into ten convenient districts, to each of which a section is devoted. These districts are very clearly marked on a key map which, especially to anyone not familiar with the ground, makes reference to the appropriate letterpress very easy. The key-map also shows the sheets of the One-Inch Popular Edition of the Ordnance Survey map, so that it is a simple matter to secure the right map for any district. The districts are as follows:—I, Morvern; II, Ardgour and Sunart; III, Ardnamurchan; IV, Moidart; V, Locheil and Morar; VI, Glen Garry and Knoydart; VII, Glen Moriston and Cuanie; VIII, Glen Sheil and Kintail; IX, Glen Cannich; X, Glen Strathfarrar, Monar, and Strathconon. A well-defined plan is followed in the treatment of each section. A list of the principal heights is given and references to maps. A brief description of the district follows, along with an account of the roads and of the centres from which the district can be explored. A detailed description is then given of the mountains and of the routes up and down, and the section ends with a full account of the paths and a valuable bibliography, including references to appropriate articles which have appeared in *The Cairngorm Club Journal* and *The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*. What impresses one in turning over the pages of this book is the wealth of detail that is compressed into little space. Words are not wasted—there are no "purple patches"—and the reader feels sure that he is in the hands of a leader who writes about what he knows from practical experience. We feel sure that Mr. Parker's "Guide" will emerge from the most severe expert scrutiny with flying colours. He may be charged with sins of omission, but certainly not with

the other kind. A notable feature of the book is the truly admirable full-page illustrations. The frontispiece is a charming view, in photogravure, of Loch Quoich, from a photograph by Rev. A. E. Robertson, whose camera is responsible for half of the pictures. There is not a weak illustration in the book, and the variegated detail of mountain, river, and loch scenery has been effectively secured.

The Western Highlands, of course, are the Prince Charlie country, and the district teems with details of the Prince's wanderings. To have dealt with these *passim* would have interfered with the continuity of the "Guide," and so the excellent plan has been adopted of inserting a special section on "The Wanderings of Prince Charlie." This is the work of the General Editor, Rev. A. E. Robertson, than whom there is no more competent authority on the subject. It is a brief and graphic narrative of the five months that followed Culloden until the Prince got safely on board a French ship.

The spellings and the meanings of the place-names are a sore trial to most of us, but in a final section we are given an authoritative list, based on notes supplied by Professor W. J. Watson, Edinburgh University, and Mr. John Macdonald, Reader in Celtic at Aberdeen University. A full index completes the volume which, tastefully printed and bound, and published at a modest price, should make a wide appeal. Mr. Parker is to be warmly congratulated on a fine bit of work of permanent value.

E. W. W.

## TWO CAIRNGORM CLIMBS.

BY JAMES L. DUNCAN, LL.B., Ph.D.

IT is doubtless true that for the ordinary walker the Cairngorms are not inexhaustible. Yet, in a considerable number of years spent adventuring there, I have always found it possible to visit new spots off the beaten track and to explore distant gullies hitherto unknown. The two climbs described in this article were both new to me this summer. They are possibly familiar to many readers of this *Journal*. But others may not have attempted them, and perhaps what I have to say may tempt them to follow in the footsteps of my fellow-climbers and myself.

The first of these was the ascent of the Devil's Point from Glen Geusachan. This is not a rock climb. The greater part of the south side of the Devil's Point is composed of great slabs of black rock. Whether these can be climbed is a question for experts. The slabs, however, are not continuous. They are broken up by gullies of grass and scree, and it was up one of these gullies that we made our ascent. Although it is not a rock climb in the strict sense, the climb is exceedingly precipitous. It is certainly not to be recommended to the light-headed. Nor for that matter ought it to be attempted by anyone who has not had considerable experience of steep scree slopes.

To climb this gully a party of three of us set out from Braemar one morning last August. We motored to the White Bridge in Glen Dee, from which point the walk began. The day left little to be desired. The delicious freshness of the morning had not yet gone. The tops of the highest Cairngorms, rising proudly ahead of us, were all clear. A light breeze was blowing, and the sun had long since scattered most of the clouds. The Dee rippled along bright and sparkling. If anything it was too warm, and the prospect was that it would become more so as the day advanced. We made our way up the glen along the path on the east side of the river. Always our objective, the Devil's Point, was in



front of us. He stood there, his black slabs glistening in the sunlight, imposing even in the midst of his more mighty neighbours. He offered a challenge which most imperatively called to be accepted.

Rather less than a couple of hours' steady walking took us to Glen Geusachan and the foot of the Devil's Point. All the charms of desolation are here. This is far from the struggles of the distant world of men and towns. Sterling might crash. Governments might come and go (they were doing it at the moment), but here everything remained serene. Cairn Toul overhead breathed a sublime indifference to the affairs of the world. The climb was now in front of us. The gully which we intended to climb is the third of a series of scree gullies which run down the face of the south side of the Devil's Point. It is more marked than the other two and is the obvious route for an ascent on this side. The first part of the climb is mainly over heather and, although steep, presents no difficulties. Farther up the heather disappears and the going is over grass and scree. It is here, once the rocks are reached, that caution is required. Great care has to be taken in reconnoitring for a feasible route between them. It is very easy to get into places where it is impossible to move further forward and where it may also be impossible to move down, as, of course, a descent on ground of this character is always more difficult than an ascent. Caution also requires to be exercised against loosening boulders which may roll down on to lower members of the party. For these reasons it was only possible to proceed slowly and with care.

It was certainly exhilarating making our way up the side of the Devil's Point. Glen Geusachan, which lay sheer below us, gradually receded further and further away. It was at the highest levels that our greatest difficulties were encountered. At places clambering over rocks, trusting as best we could to rather narrow footholds, could not be avoided. We did occasionally get into places where we became stuck and were obliged to beat a retreat. Fortunately we were successful in avoiding places where even to beat a retreat would have been impossible. The whole

climb was most enjoyable and had just sufficient difficulty to give the necessary element of spice. It took us nearly an hour and a half from Glen Geusachan until we emerged on to the top ridge. We struck the ridge on the south-east side of the top, about a hundred feet below it. Our view had hitherto been restricted to the intricacies of the climb and the general view to the south. Once the ridge was reached the whole range of the Cairngorms and the hills beyond lay open before us. The distant hills were rather obscured by heat haze, but closer at hand the cliffs and scree slopes of the Cairngorms stood out clearly, all of them bathed in sunshine.

We were certainly glad to have reached the top. The heat during the latter part of the climb had been intense. Lunch, and particularly the liquid part of it (which consisted of tea, rather strong but otherwise very good!), was exceedingly refreshing. Perched on our top we surveyed the world below us, feeling greatly pleased with the successful outcome of our endeavours. We might well have stayed there for ages watching the changing panorama of the shadows chasing each other over the hill tops. A considerable walk, however, still lay ahead of us. We intended to make the complete circuit of Glen Geusachan, along the side of Cairn Toul and over the tops of Monadh Mhor and Ben Bhrotain. The part of the journey which still remained was a walk over familiar ground. The only novel part had been accomplished with our ascent of the Devil's Point. The rest of the day may, therefore, be passed over rapidly. The walk from the Devil's Point to Monadh Mhor is very attractive. If one wishes to be energetic, it is possible to take in the tops of Cairn Toul and Sgor an Lochain Uaine *en route*. To-day we omitted them from our programme, contenting ourselves with contouring round Cairn Toul at a height of about 3,000 feet. We had no more climbing to do until we came to the comparatively short climb from Loch nan Suirteag to the top of Monadh Mhor. Near the top of Monadh Mhor an eagle swooped down towards Glen Geusachan from its cranny on the side of the mountain. From Monadh Mhor we continued on to Ben Bhrotain, our third

"Munro" for the day. From there we sloped down to Glen Dee, thus completing the circle. Another exciting climb had been added to our list of Cairngorm memories.

The second novel climb (so far as we were concerned) was from the Garbh Coire up to Lochain Uaine, and hence to the summit of Cairn Toul. Once again we motored to our former starting point at the White Bridge, our numbers this time being four. Again it was a morning "with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom." The mountain tops were clear and everything offered the prospect of another glorious day. We set out along the familiar track up Glen Dee to the Larig. Two hours' steady walking brought us to the Larig path, and another hour to the point where it was necessary to diverge from it. We now made our way down to the Dee, which we continued along for some distance up its course to the Garbh Coire. The views to-day were magnificent. The cliffs of Braeriach stood out with scintillating clearness. Every detail of its massive rocky face was in sharpest relief. Over the cliffs the Dee cascaded, a ribbon of pure white. In the other direction, the Larig, with the sun streaming down on it, had lost the sombre gloom which so often invests it. We ate lunch sitting by the edge of the Dee, now gushing down a sparkling and foaming torrent. The air near at hand was dancing above the heather in the peculiar way it does on hot days. It became obvious that we were going to have a very hot couple of hours before we reached the top of Cairn Toul.

Our first objective was Lochain Uaine, the small loch which lies at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, below the surrounding crags of Cairn Toul and Sgor an Lochain Uaine (the Angel's Peak). A small burn flows out of the lochan and forms one of the tributaries of the Dee. One way of reaching Lochain Uaine would have been to have continued up this burn. On account of the cliffs over which the burn falls we decided this was impracticable. Instead, we resolved to climb up the steep scree slope of Cairn Toul till we came to the loch. To this we now directed our energies. The first part of this climb is over heather and then further up



*Miss A. M. Pittendrigh.*

SGOR AN LOCHAIN UAINE.



*Miss Helen Duncan.*

THE DEVIL'S POINT FROM GLEN DEE.

across boulders. It is stiff going the whole way, although there are no real difficulties. We reached the loch three quarters of an hour after we had left the Dee. As we had expected, the climb was exceedingly warm and we were very glad to stop and enjoy the prospect from the edge of the loch.

That prospect was magnificent. We had often before seen the loch from the top of Cairn Toul and other points, but this was the first time we had actually stood beside it. Sgor an Lochain Uaine, seen from here, is particularly imposing. It rises sharply from the water's edge to a finely-shaped peak. On the other side stands Cairn Toul, more massive but hardly so impressive. Over the Garbh Coire the cliffs of Braeriach form a glorious panorama. It was a spectacle which one might have gazed upon for hours without becoming weary. Magnificence is piled up on every side, stark and desolate. To utter a sound was perhaps sacrilege. One might as well shout in a cathedral. There is, however, rather a remarkable echo above the loch, and this we now tested. Our cries were flung back to us from the cliffs of the Sgor and the more distant cliffs of Braeriach.

Our next goal was the top of Cairn Toul. The best way to reach the top ridge was, we decided, to strike the lowest point between Cairn Toul and the Sgor. The direct climb up the face of the Sgor certainly appeared attractive, but might, perhaps, have been too difficult. The route we chose is steep, but there are no real difficulties. It is simply a steep scramble over boulders and scree. Once we reached the ridge, a split took place in the camp. Two of the party wished to "bag" an extra peak by going to the top of Sgor an Lochain Uaine. The two more lazy members of the party resolved to climb Cairn Toul and wait there for the other two to come along. It may be remarked that it was the two female members of the party who did the extra climb. The more indolent males preferred to bask in luxurious ease at the top of Cairn Toul till the others arrived. Scotland, from the Pentlands to Caithness, from lower Deeside to the West Coast, lay at our feet. We had ample time to spend in identifying various points and arguing as

to the correctness of our respective identifications. There is, of course, no indicator for the settlement of such disputes.

The next question was as to our route back to the White Bridge. Again we resolved to tempt the unknown. We continued down Cairn Toul to the top of the Corrou Burn, and then, instead of taking the zig-zag path down the burn, we descended by the burn immediately opposite, which flows into Glen Geusachan. This burn flows down beside the steep cliffs of the Devil's Point, but by remaining in the bed of the burn it is quite possible to reach the glen. In places the descent is very precipitous and not free from difficulty. The only way in which we could cross some of the rocks was to "slither" down on our backs. This, however, added another element of excitement to the day. Once we reached Glen Geusachan we made our way out by keeping along the side of the stream. The Geusachan pursues a twisting course, so we simply walked through its various twists, fording it, in all, nearly a dozen times. The walk down Glen Dee to the White Bridge concluded another excellent day.

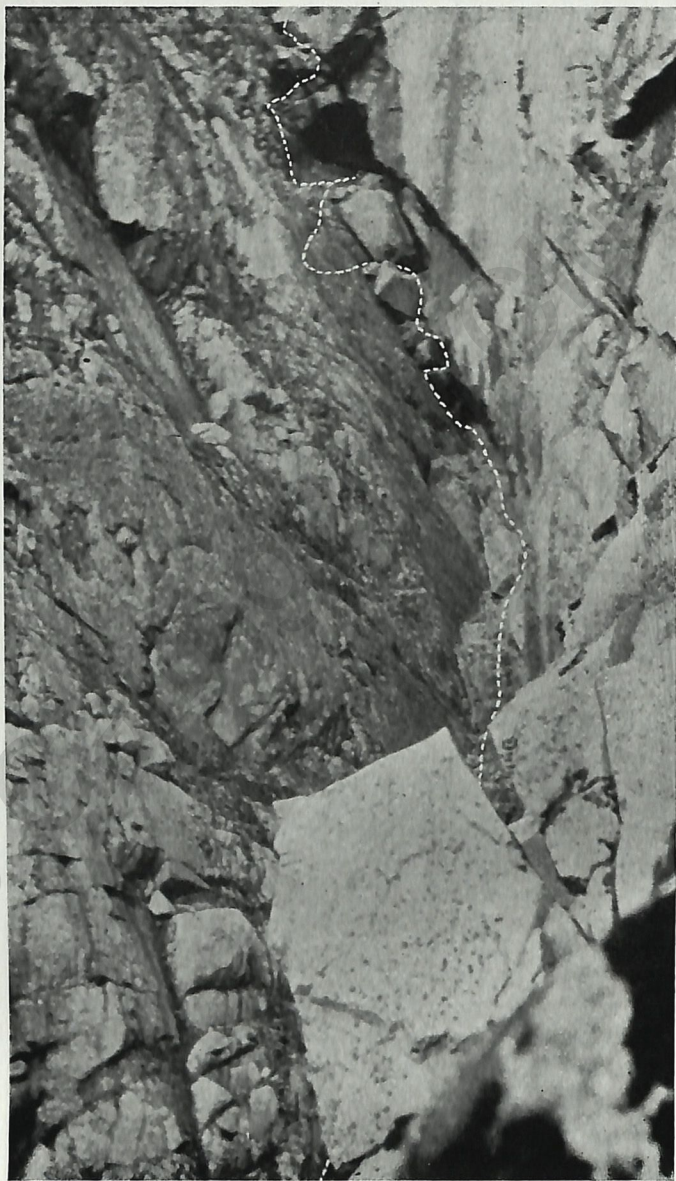
These two days, although they had partly been over familiar country, had yet revealed to us aspects of the Cairngorms previously unknown. But even the familiar country can never be wholly familiar. There are always new lights and new adventures. The feast is never finished. This last evening, as we looked back, the sky was a flaming red. The Cairngorms seemed to be on fire. For an hour this ruddy glow held them. Gradually it faded, and darkness once more took the mountains to itself

Overhang.

Cave.

Start 2nd Pitch.

Start 1st Pitch.



*Oct. 4, 1937.*

*W. A. Ewen.*

RAEBURN'S GULLY, LOCHNAGAR: GREAT CAVE SECTION.  
Photo from Pinnacle Route.

## RAEBURN'S GULLY OF LOCHNAGAR.

BY JAMES MCCOSS.

AFTER the first ascent in 1898, Raeburn's Gully was left severely alone for 30 years, and only by the admirable enterprise of Roy Symmers in 1928 was it again opened up for traffic (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XII, p. 6), followed by W. A. Ewen a few weeks later. Till this year (1931) the ascents stood at three in number.

Hundreds of climbers must have passed the foot of the Gully on their way to the Black Spout, without even having looked into it. This being the case, it might reasonably be expected that if a party wished to try its ascent, they would have the climb all to themselves and possibly make the fourth ascent.

The Gully is apparently best accomplished after a spell of dry weather, and even then water is present in a surprising quantity. The reason for the aquatic condition of the Gully is to be found in the fact that a spring rises in it near the top.

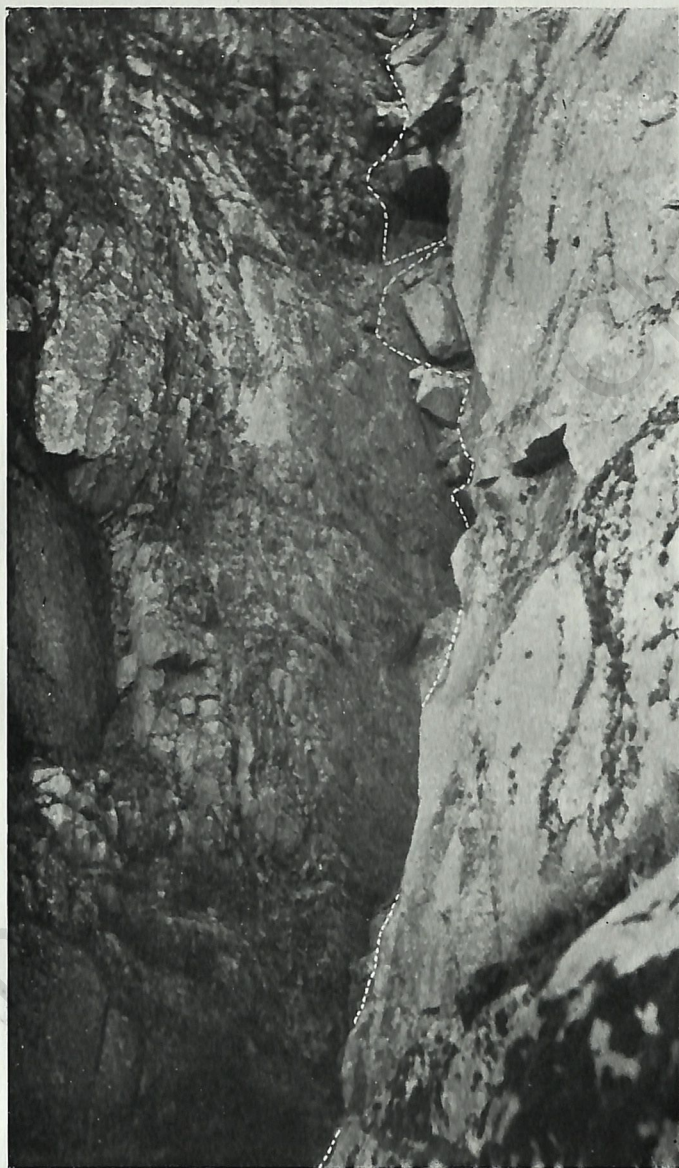
Our party, consisting of I. F. Booth, W. A. Ewen, and myself, decided to try the ascent on August 30, after waiting about a month for suitable conditions. On that date, under most excellent weather conditions, we were ascending the boulder-fan below the Gully when we heard a cry and saw three figures following us. They were Bothwell, Cowie, and Hay, who also intended doing the Gully. We all ascended to the foot of the rocks, and there we found to our surprise that the Gully was already in possession of another party, consisting of Cheyne, Gordon, and Yunnie, who were negotiating the difficult pitch when we got a view of them. It was certainly a most curious coincidence that three parties, all of the Cairngorm Club, should be there on the same date. We were actually forming in a queue for a climb which had been achieved only three times in 33 years. As the bed of the Gully is most unsafe when a party is climbing above, we left it and ascended the Mound.



From this vantage point we could view the Gully in complete safety, till all-clear was given by the first party. They found some difficulty in overcoming the Chokestone Pitch, but they made it go (Cheyne leading), and it was then obvious that the Gully was theirs.

The Mound is a triangular mass of rock covered with vegetation, including a few Alpine plants. It fills the space between the entrance to Raeburn's Gully and the Dell at the foot of the Black Spout. Its summit can be attained without any climbing whatsoever, by ascending a small green gully starting at the Dell. Anyone who may happen to be in this part of the corrie should not fail to make its ascent, as it gives the only close-up complete view of the Gully and is well worth the trouble. Raeburn's Gully cuts sharply to the left beyond the Mound, and is, therefore, not seen from the corrie. Those who contemplate the ascent of the Gully, however, may very well omit the easier route over the Mound, and start with the first pitch, which consists of smooth, water-worn rock-hummocks, because, if it does not go well, the higher pitches will not be found suitable for them.

After getting the signal from those above we roped up in the following order—Ewen, McCoss, Booth. We made good progress and were very quickly at the foot of the Great Cave section, which has three distinct pitches. The bed of the Gully up to this point is of solid rock, and although there is plenty of water, no vegetation covers the bare red granite, mainly from the fact that it is washed clean of soil, and that sunshine cannot penetrate into it except possibly at the summer solstice, and then only very early in the morning. We had now reached the point where the real climbing of the Gully starts (*C.C.J.* Vol. XII, p. 197). Ewen led us up quickly in a neat and finished style, and we found ourselves at the Upper Chokestone before we were aware of it. An extra rope was threaded behind this overhanging obstacle, which is some 70 feet above the foot of the series of pitches. By this means the leader was safeguarded. The real thrill of the Gully is here, and even though one is safeguarded by the rope, a really difficult



Overhang.

Cave.

Start 2nd Pitch.

*O.L. 4, 1931.*

*W. A. Ewen.*

RAEBURN'S GULLY, LOCHNAGAR.  
Photo from higher up Pinnacle Route.

manœuvre is required before one can pull over the Chokestone.

The difficulty seems to be in the lack of an adequate foothold while the Chokestone is being hugged. Above this double cave pitch there is a kind of convex staircase of red granite, and although there are plenty of handholds, they are not very reliable. Then higher up there is a rather awkwardly placed large boulder wedged in the bed of the Gully. A back up here is helpful and saves time. The climb is most enjoyable throughout, and the various difficulties absorb one's attention all the way and time passes all too quickly.

The question may be asked, will Raeburn's Gully become a popular route from the corrie to the plateau? I think the answer is, yes—provided those who select this route are properly equipped, but—

If you are a delicate man  
And of wetting your skin are shy,  
I'd have you mark, before you start,  
You'll not emerge out of it dry.

The Gully has not been ascended in winter. When will it be climbed, and who will do it?

The third party saw that the day would be too far advanced if they waited till we had ascended, so they did the Black Spout Pinnacle and met us at the top of the Gully.

The first party, not content with their first ascent, returned a week later on September 6 and climbed the Gully again. This time Yunnie was leading. They had somewhat different conditions the second time, however, as they were caught in a snow shower when half-way up. The rocks carried ice in places, and the Chokestone, above the double cave pitch, was slippery owing to ice adhering around it.

LIST OF ASCENTS OF RAEBURN'S GULLY.

- 1st ascent, by Raeburn, Rannie, and  
Lawson . . . . . November 12, 1898
- 2nd ascent, by Symmers and Miss  
Bruce . . . . . August 5, 1928

3rd ascent, by Ewen and Paterson . . . . .	September 16, 1928
4th ascent, by Cheyne, Gordon, and Yunnie . . . . .	August 30, 1931
5th ascent, by Ewen, McCoss, and Booth . . . . .	August 30, 1931
6th ascent, by Yunnie, Cheyne, and Brockie . . . . .	September 6, 1931
1st descent, by Maxwell, Miss Robert- son, Miss Roy, and Forrest . . . . .	September 13, 1931

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THE IDEAL DIET.

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I do not look for luxury ; I envy no man's wealth,  
I've got a fair philosophy and rude robustious health,  
So give me but a mountain, and that's all ambition begs,  
With a day to spend upon it and, returning, ham and eggs !

Be the weather ne'er so wicked, rain and mist or sleet and snow,  
Better far be up amongst it than disgruntled down below ;  
The gale will air your grievances and blow away the dregs,  
And life be sanely simplified to need for ham and eggs.

Oh, bless the streams and bless the ice, the tools of tireless time  
Who quaintly carved the patient hills, for me at last to climb  
With buoyant heart and armoured boots and self-reliant legs,  
That bring me back at evening to my bath and ham and eggs !

[This poem appeared originally in *The Glasgow Herald*, and we are indebted to the editor for permission, most readily granted, to print it.—ED., C.C.J.]



*Sept. 16, 1928.*

*W. A. Ewen.*

RAEBURN'S GULLY, LOCHNAGAR.

No 2. comes over the Chokestone, above the Cave Pitch.

## FIRST DESCENT OF RAEBURN'S GULLY.

BY ERIC MAXWELL.

ON September 12, 1930, I paid my second visit to Lochnagar, walking up from Loch Callater. The summit plateau was hidden in a thick mist, but as there was hope of the corrie being clear, we made our way from Cac Carn Mor to the cliff edge and descended a gully, which turned out to be the Left Hand Branch of the Black Spout. The condition of the rocks made impossible the descent of the only pitch by the crack on the true right and, the through route being too small for the members of this party, a doubled rope was used. Later in the day other members of the Grampian Club were able to use both the crack and the through route for ascending. At the junction with the Black Spout we met Miss Bruce, Symmers, and Ewen, from whom we were glad to learn the whereabouts of the various climbs. We decided to tackle Raeburn's Gully and, roped in the order—E. Maxwell, W. A. Gallie, and F. Ripley, started from the screes. The first pitch was chiefly noticeable because of the roundness of the holds and the wetness of the rocks. Above it, whilst climbing the very wet bed of the Gully, we were confronted by what looked like a tremendous pitch but which resolved itself into small practicable climbs. The lower part of the first pitch was climbed on the left wall, a very wet ascent, and the upper part by a small ledge on the right. As much water was pouring over the top of the double cave pitch, it was decided to take to the left wall. Much care was needed on the grass ledges which lead up to the upper part of the Tough-Brown Ridge, but the pitch was safely negotiated and the plateau reached by the rocks at the top of this ridge. Unluckily no note was made of the time taken.

A year later, on September 13, 1931, with three fellow-members of the Grampian Club, I descended Raeburn's Gully. Roping on the plateau we started in the order—E. Maxwell, Miss E. Robertson, Miss V. P. Roy, and J. E. Forrest. The climbing at first was fairly easy, though

great care was necessitated by the rottenness of the rock and the presence of loose stones—difficulties encountered throughout the whole of the gully. Progress became slower when water and moss appeared, but no serious difficulty was encountered until the top of the Double Cave Pitch was reached, the sundry small pitches above it being passed on one side or the other. The fact that none of us had ascended this pitch made it a matter for careful investigation—fortunately the stream had here disappeared under the rocks. The problem was solved by altering the order of the party and lowering Roy into the upper cave. The method of negotiation being then clear, Robertson and Maxwell followed and Forrest was belayed down by means of a threaded rope through the Chokestone. During the descent of the lower cave on the true left, the only unpleasant incident occurred. A large stone, sent hurtling down by a wandering hiker, very nearly laid the party out.

We were now at the point to which the writer had ascended the previous year, when the climb was completed by the left-hand variation. The boulder at the top of the next pitch was passed by means of the small ledge on the true right, and the rest of the pitch by a rather holdless and very wet descent on the left, with a little back and foot work. The rest of the bed of the Gully was very wet and unreliable. Roy descended the last pitch to the scree and returned to join the rest of the party in a traverse to the right, over the Mound, to the foot of the Black Spout. The total time for the descent was about three hours.

The ascent was made by the Left-Hand Branch of the Black Spout, half the party being able to use the through route, the other half climbing the crack on the right.



*Sept. 16, 1928.*

*A. Paterson.*

RAEBURN'S GULLY, LOCHNAGAR: THE FINAL PITCH.  
Camera has been tilted upward.



## PHOTOGRAPHIC MOUNTAIN EXPLORATIONS.

BY C. REGINALD WARD.

LIVING in the East Anglian county of Suffolk, my favourite hobby of exploring mountainous country with a camera can be put into operation only at infrequent intervals. Even the Londoner is better situated; but how we of the South envy those fortunates who have half the Highlands accessible to them at week-ends, or who can put in useful work even on Saturday afternoons.

I think all of us at times wonder what it really is that draws us again and again to the higher hilly regions, and this subject is so often referred to in the opening pages of books by climbing authors, that I don't propose to dwell at any length on it. Suffice it to say that for my part I always feel there is something being missed in the hills without a camera and films, and it is the photographic representation of what I have seen, coupled with the desire to be able to look back on records of days away from civilisation, that make climbing for me infinitely more pleasurable.

This is, however, by the way. Our Editor wished to use some photographs I sent him taken at the last Easter meet of the Club, consequently I have been let in for a "peg" on which to hang them. I will, therefore, try and give my ideas on how to combine photography with climbing, and will make no further excuses for the somewhat disjointed matter below.

It is probably partly the superior photographic attractions of the Scottish Highlands, compared with the nearer English and Welsh heights, which have led me more than once to undertake the very considerable journey for so short a period as the Easter holidays. Scotland also attracts me at Easter because of the almost certain accumulations of ice and snow which render all mountains so infinitely more interesting, both from the climbing and photographic

point of view. Anyway, with certain notable exceptions, many Scottish hills are very dull in summer time.

Easter in Scotland generally gives winter conditions on the heights combined with days as long as those in September, and a correspondingly powerful sun. Last Easter at Fortingal was very favourable for photographic records, with plenty of snow and mostly a clear atmosphere with broken clouds.

It is very interesting to observe the different snow conditions which prevail on successive Easters. For instance, in 1929 Easter was very early, in March, and yet in spite of record low temperatures and prolonged frost in England that winter, there was considerably less snow lying in the Highlands than at Easter, 1930, which was in late April. Then, again, take last Easter, this was early in April, and the snow line was considerably lower than in the previous two years, but the accumulations of snow on the tops were not nearly so great in depth as in 1930, in fact I saw few cornices worthy of the name whilst at Fortingal. At Easter, 1930, the cornices in the neighbourhood of Loch Tulla were as big as small bungalows, but with a much higher average snow line. All this helps to maintain that delightful variation of conditions which makes photographic exploration so interesting, as one is able to show quite different prints of similar subjects during succeeding years. I always feel, however, that as opportunities are so few, it is better to try and visit a different district every time.

Just a few words as to apparatus. Personally I always use a simple folding  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. hand camera, fitted with a good lens; this, in my opinion, is the most suitable for all-round work at higher altitudes. Better photographs can, perhaps, be taken with heavier, bulkier apparatus, but there are certain things to consider which do not enter into the question so much at lower and more accessible altitudes. First we have the possibility of extreme cold and high winds, and then there is the question of delay to other members of the party, if any, and also the time factor. In other words, I use a camera which will take a number of photographs in a short time, in changing atmospheric conditions, and one



*Easter, 1931.*

THE BEN LAWERS GROUP FROM SCHIEHALLION.

*C. Reginald Ward.*

which will allow me to cover the maximum of ground with the minimum of delay.

I find the best of these small size negatives will produce quite satisfactory enlargements up to 15 by 11 inches. My usual procedure is to have 6-inch enlargements made of all the best material obtained on a particular trip, and then mount up large and small in an album; the result is a fairly complete record of all territory visited.

Passing on to lighting conditions, experience has taught me that most pictures of snow scenes without sunshine are not worth making. If the sun is broken by clouds, so much the better. Snow also immensely increases the amount of light present, and thereby enables shorter exposures and greater definition to be obtained. An exposure meter is at times an almost essential part of one's equipment, and the extra nuisance of having to use it is quite worth while when in doubt as to the value of the light present. I remember once making a lone dash by car in January to the Snowdon Group, as I had always been specially anxious to view them under snow, and conditions were then fairly promising. On that occasion I could not get away from home until quite late on a Friday afternoon, and had to be back by 9 a.m. on the following Monday; this gave me, approximately, one short afternoon and the following day until about 3 p.m. in which to get in one or more climbs, as the distance is over 260 miles each way. I found winter conditions reigning all right, with a snow line down to 1,200 feet, and chose Moel Siabod as a training walk on arrival. The next day was inclined to be "blizzardy," and I tackled the east ridge of Crib Goch, and reached the pinnacles in thick mist and a heavy blizzard. There was no point in stopping up there, so I beat a hasty retreat down towards Llyn Llydaw and was soon rewarded with a clear atmosphere and even sunshine. Here I brought the camera into play and secured quite a number of pictures, but I failed to use an exposure meter and consequently misjudged the light, with the result that all pictures were under-exposed. Crib Goch and Snowdon itself obstinately remained in mist all day, but it was very tantalising to observe that both

peaks of Lliwed on the other arm of the Snowdon horseshoe were in sunshine all the time. Why hadn't I gone there instead of doing the Crib Goch side?

Another reasonably accessible mountain country where lighting conditions are vastly different from Wales in winter or Scotland at Easter, or any other time of the year, is Switzerland. The actinic value of light present in the summer in Switzerland is quite remarkable, particularly above the snow line, and good, sharp, well-exposed photographs can be had with the minimum amount of trouble and calculation. It is also a wonderful country for cloud effects, and it is quite easy to record even the thinnest whiff of cloud in an otherwise clear sky. Whilst on the subject of cloud effects, I must mention that I always use a filter when the cloud formations are worth while recording. If conditions are continuously favourable I keep the filter attached to the lens all day, so that it forms an almost permanent part of the camera, and exposure adjusting for it becomes almost automatic. The actual device I favour is known as a sky filter, and is distinct from the ordinary colour filter in that the top half is yellow glass but the lower portion is colourless. This equalises the great difference of light between the sky and foreground, and I find it much more satisfactory than the colour filter, which usually wants such a large increase in length of exposure and would often call for the use of a tripod, which I won't bother with. It is of course necessary to increase the length of exposure using the sky filter, but not nearly to the same extent.

Just a word about that "golden rule," always laid down for the amateur photographer, that pictures must never be taken with the camera facing the sun. Let me say at once that some of my best pictures of snow scenes have been made with the camera well towards the sun, and in some cases facing right into it. In the latter case, it is of course necessary to shade the lens from the sun's actual rays, but this is easily done with a folded map or other handy object. Sometimes the small shadow from a neighbouring rock can be brought into use. My picture of Lochan na Lairige, reproduced here, was taken straight



*Easter, 1931.*

LOCHAN NA LAIRIGE.

*C. Reginald Ward.*

into the sun, and also the picture of the Ben Lawers Group.

Going back again to Switzerland, this, to my mind, presents a country *par excellence* for photographic mountain explorations. One is rather apt to get the impression before going there that it is a country in which it is almost impossible to walk a yard near the snow line without a guide. But for those who have not yet been fortunate enough to visit it, I would say that experience of Scottish snow conditions, including fair competence in the gentle art of glissading, will carry one a long way, in more senses than one! I remember one day climbing one of the minor peaks of the Oberland, the Buttlassen, about 10,500 feet. I was alone, and on the way up I passed a party of German men and women who had evidently made the summit and were rather gingerly returning; they must have been nearly half an hour on their way down. Then when within about ten minutes of the top I passed two more people returning. After that I reached the top, took photographs and refreshments, and started on the return trip. Following the ordinary route, it is necessary to make a detour round a certain small subsidiary peak presenting perpendicular sides on all save one. The usual route is on the wrong side, so to speak, of this little peak, but on the way up I had noticed a long ribbon of old snow running right up from the valley to the col between the main peak and its satellite. Further, there was ample evidence that there was no real glacier here. Accordingly, as a storm seemed to be brewing, I resolved to see if this 1,000 feet ribbon of snow would "go," and found it as good as the best that Scotland can produce, much to the surprise of the parties who were well ahead of me on the descent, and whom I left standing on the ordinary way down, some hundreds of feet above me.

Of course indiscriminate glissading must not be indulged in in Switzerland, and unless conditions are known, snow-covered glaciers must be treated with respect. But it is quite remarkable the amount of exploration that can be done alone with camera, ice axe, compass and map, without spending a penny on guides. This remark is not intended

as a dig at the prevailing nationality of the majority of Club members! Guides really are expensive, even for the less important climbs, and if you are in someone else's charge, you cannot always stop and photograph when you want to.

I am afraid that the climber with photographic inclinations will always be something of a nuisance to his companions, unless they also are on the same job, but with the simple equipment I have outlined delays are reduced to a minimum, combined with results worth while.

After all, mountain picture-hunting is something distinct from pure climbing or hill-walking without a camera, but I find one helps the other to a great extent. I am sure, on a long, tiring climb, that the mere possibility of fresh photographs would not in itself drag me to the objective, whereas the joy of achievement, coupled with the pictorial records of it, work well in hand together and keep up flagging spirits to the end.



## BEN ALDER.

BY F. A. RITSON.

LEAVING Dalwhinnie at 7.15 on a Sunday morning in June last, the Vice-President (Mr. Wm. Malcolm) and myself were undoubtedly depressed. There were three good reasons for this. Our comrade of many adventures, Mr. A. Taylor, who had travelled from Aberdeen the previous day, was *hors de combat* and could not join us; the weather increased our depression; and the third reason was the uncertainty as to the motor boat which was to take us along Loch Ericht to Ben Alder Lodge. This boat proved unsatisfactory, and after many efforts on the part of our boatman, encouraged by short responses from the engine which never came to anything, our stalwart Vice-President took the oars and rowed across the Loch to the west side, where we left the boat, the stubborn engine, and the exasperated boatman. This nautical experience had taken up a full hour, so we marched off at a brisk pace along the rough road which leads to Ben Alder Lodge. This is a charming walk of about five miles, from the north-east end of Loch Ericht along the wooded loch-side, with trees on the sloping ground right down to the water's edge, and frequent glimpses from the road of the Loch, which is fifteen miles long. The water now covers the lower part of a great number of trees as the result of the raising of the Loch's level in connection with the Grampian Electricity Scheme. At Ben Alder Lodge we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mackintosh, the keeper who rescued the two youths on Ben Alder the previous Easter. (It is good to know that his splendid work has been recognised by the Carnegie Hero Fund Trustees.) After this the scenery was different. We now followed the road to Loch Pattack (1,436 feet above sea level) for a short distance and then left it for a grass-covered path on the left-hand side of the road. The ground for a great distance on both sides of the path appeared to be very marshy. We

had left the trees behind, and Loch Ericht was now hid from view. The path became stony and rather monotonous until after a few miles we reached Allt a Chaoil Reidhe, which stream flows into Loch Pattack. The path now led up the stream, and then close to a tributary burn towards Loch a Bhealaich Bheithe, rising gradually until at a little over 2,300 feet we came to within sight of the Loch. The path was left behind here, and crossing the stream we attacked the rapidly-rising slope to the north-east ridge. On attaining this ridge at approximately 2,800 feet we entered the mist which had been hanging over the surrounding hills all day and found the ridge to be very narrow, at parts only a few feet in width. Now came the most strenuous part of the day's outing. The ridge, which ascended by a series of large rocks and boulders, looked almost fearsome in the mist, loose rocks proved troublesome, and we felt at times that a rope might have facilitated our progress. We reached the top plateau after an hour of this work, and, marking the place of our arrival carefully with some large stones, we set forth cautiously in the mist and snow to find the summit. After a while we came to the ruins of a shelter, and not far from here, on rising ground, the cairn marking the summit at 3,757 feet loomed through the mist. The afternoon was now well advanced and the distance we had traversed from the north-east end of Loch Ericht to the summit was approximately twelve miles. Retracing our steps, we descended by the same rocky ridge, for it would have been dangerous to have essayed any other descent in the mist and without knowledge of the mountain. Re-crossing the stream and following the same path back to Ben Alder Lodge, we reached there a little after 7 p.m., to find that the motor boat we had arranged to meet us had returned to its base, and so, although we had tramped and climbed for nineteen miles, we set out to trudge the remaining five miles to the end of the Loch by the same road as we had come. Some two miles along the road, however, we heard the joyous noise of our motor boat engine, and without incident the remainder of the journey to the end of the Loch was completed in the boat. A final walk of one and a half

miles brought us back to the Hotel at 9.15, after an absence of fourteen hours. Although visibility had been bad all day, and there was a drizzling rain in the forenoon which made things uncomfortable, we thoroughly enjoyed the day, and the satisfaction of having bagged another "Munro." Yes, our early morning depression had completely evaporated.

“ IT'S A LONG WAY TO—ROTHIEMURCHUS.”

BY E. B. R. AND R. B. W.

THE above may be true, but it is certainly within the range of most of us in a week-end. Anyhow, the writers decided, at short notice, to spend one day going from Dee to Spey, and the next day returning. This was done on the Sunday and Monday of the Aberdeen Autumn Holiday.

Through the good offices of our Club Secretary, a permit was arranged to drive up to Derry Lodge—the key of the Derry Road gate being got at the keeper's house opposite the Mar Lodge gate in exchange for our permit. We were fortunate in getting the services of Dr. D. P. Levack to come with us to Derry Lodge and take the car back to Braemar. From Derry Lodge the usual route was followed by Lui Beg, then in front of the imposing heights of the Devil's Point, through the Lairig Ghru. It was interesting to note in passing the Corrour Bothy that there was considerable activity round about, and there were no fewer than four small bivouac tents pitched, all within a few yards of the Bothy. Time does not appear to smooth the Lairig path at the top, in spite of the large number of pedestrians which must trudge through the maze of boulders during the season. The ptarmigan seemed to be very numerous this year and were flying about in large coveys; also one hears many “whirring croaks” of others, more elusive to the eye. The weather was not conducive to much sitting about, and we found that the times stated on the Allt-na-Bienne foot-bridge tallied with our own—namely, eight hours from Derry Lodge to Aviemore.

The following morning we set off by car from Aviemore to Kincaig, then, crossing the Spey there by Loch Insh, followed the Feshie. Our driver discreetly halted at the junction of the Kingussie and Kincaig roads in Glen Feshie. This is just out of sight of a locked gate near some keepers' cottages, and two to three miles short of Glen Feshie Lodge.

The Feshie is crossed by footbridge about a mile short of the Lodge, and a most pleasant path then leads one right on to where the River Eidart joins the Feshie. We kept a look-out for the relics of the Landseer frescoes (described by Mr. Henry Alexander) in the one remaining wooden hut built by the Duchess of Bedford. Near here we met two members of the Lodge house party, and, amongst other matters, discussed the qualifications of a "hiker." They seemed to consider very large heavy shoes and smiling faces most important points. We both wore boots and, though we might have possessed the second qualification, the matter was not followed up any further.

The one justification for this rambling story is to give fellow-members a "tip" on present conditions regarding the sometimes very difficult negotiating of a crossing over the Eidart. At present there is a footbridge with hand rails over the River Feshie, a few hundred yards below the junction with the Eidart. So the easy way is to cross the Feshie by the footbridge below the junction, then continue East on the South bank till the junction is passed. The Feshie can then be crossed as a rule without difficulty.

From the Eidart to opposite Glen Geldie Lodge is the least pleasant part of the journey. The path is scarcely distinguishable for about a couple of miles, and there is a good deal of soft going over damp, peaty moss. The time taken to reach the cottage and stables at Glen Geldie was seven and a half hours.

Transport met us by arrangement at the White Bridge, and so ended a very successful outing.

“AT A DINNER TO BE HELD IN GLEN GEUSACHAN.”

BY MEMBERS OF THE GRAMPIAN CLUB.

WITHOUT doubt many people have dined in the Cairngorms, but few, we expect, have enjoyed such an elaborate dinner as that held in Glen Geusachan one night last August.

This affair of ours arose from a wish to do honour to a friend who was about to go abroad for two years—a friend with whom we had had many climbs and hill-walks, and who had a keen love for, and appreciation of, the Cairngorms and all they mean to mountaineers.

To start the ball, invitations were issued—“ The pleasure of the company of So-and-so is requested at a Dinner, to be held in Gleann Guibhsachan of Mar, on Saturday, 8th August, 1931, at 8.30 p.m., in honour of Seumas Donnachaidh Maolmoire, B.Sc., Ph.D., prior to his departure to the United States of America. Feileachan-beaga.” The number of the party having been brought up to eight, the planning was begun and details were arranged. A chief cook, an assistant cook, a transport officer, a chairman, and sundry other officials were appointed, a menu drawn up, and all was put in process.

At last the great day arrived and, in three separate parties, we set off over the Cairnwell for the White Bridge, and then, with immense loads, we shanked up Glen Dee to Glen Geusachan. Strange that each one of us carried far more than all the others—next time a spring balance will be produced at the first boast!

Soon our four tents were pitched close to the burn, on a level, grass meadow, lying between The Devil's Point and Beinn Bhrotain, and the cooks, with their scullions, set to work. Punctually at 9.30 p.m.—only one hour late—dinner was served as twilight lingered on the ridges.

The menu, translated from the original Gaelic, was:—

Grape Fruit.  
Kidney Soup.  
Tay Salmon, Salad and Mayonnaise.  
Loin Chops, French Beans and Potato Crisps.  
Cold Silverside and Potatoes.  
Fruit Salad and Cream.  
Sardines on (almost) Toast.  
Coffee.

Then, the dishes and cutlery having been thrown out of the door of the dining hall, we settled down to a convivial evening, whilst rain and wind rushed and roared down the Glen.

The loyal toast of Scotland was followed by the toast of the health of the guest, proposed in felicitous terms by the Chairman and responded to feelingly and gratefully by the Doctor. Then, with song and story, tobacco and drink, the time passed quickly, until Morpheus sent us to sleeping-bags at 3 a.m.

Alas, at 4 a.m. a great gust of wind—how it howled down from the west!—snapped the poles of the guest chamber and down flopped the tent. Despite the piteous appeals of the Cratur, the Lowlander unfeelingly and unhesitatingly refused to hold up the broken pole, and so the three unfortunate inhabitants had to turn out, hoping to spend the rest of the night in the cook-house—the renegades in the other tents lying low and saying nothing. But the cook-tent had also succumbed to the gale. The poles, however, were unbroken, and with them the guest-tent was re-erected, and sleep again settled on the weary diners.

Morning brought no improvement in the weather, and climbing being impossible, the first objective of the party, breakfast having been disposed of, was the provision of a fire to keep the midges at bay. The camp was struck, the stones which had helped to keep the tents up were collected into a cairn to mark the position of the dining-room, and, like a train of Kangchenjunga porters, off the party set for the White Bridge. But in spite of the great consumpt of food and drink, no diminution in the weight

of the baggage was noticeable. However, the car park at the White Bridge, now in great use, was finally reached, and from there, after an enjoyable ceilidh with the President of the Cairngorm Club and Miss McCoss, we returned to Bonnie Dundee.—MACSUAL.



## "COME TO SCOTLAND," WINTER SPORTS, AND HOSTELS.

UNDER this omnibus heading it may be interesting to put together some notes upon recent developments, the purpose of which is to bring people to the Scottish Highlands or make it easier for them to visit the Highlands.

The "Come to Scotland" movement was launched at a meeting held in Edinburgh about a year ago. The meeting was called by the then Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. Tom Johnston, and, as a result of the favourable response given by a large gathering representing all parts of Scotland and varied interests throughout Scotland, a body named the Scottish Travel Association was formed on the lines of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, for the purpose of stimulating "the tourist industry" in Scotland. Very possibly the whole idea will be distasteful to some readers of *The Cairngorm Club Journal*, who would prefer to see the hills kept for the elect and not opened to the many, but into this difficult question of when a mountaineer is a tourist or when a tourist is a mountaineer, I shall not enter. Suffice it to acknowledge the undoubted fact that the tourist industry is a very valuable source of revenue to France and Switzerland and other countries, and also the equally plain fact that in these hard times we in Scotland cannot afford to ignore anything that will bring revenue to our borders. A great deal could be done to popularise the Highlands by new roads and new hotels without vulgarising the country or destroying the inner fortresses of the glens and hills.

The subject has unexpectedly entered upon a fresh phase because of the fall in the value of sterling, and the appeal which has been made to the public to stay at home and not go abroad for holidays. "Scotland for Winter Sports" has become the slogan, and at various places, and notably Braemar, an effort is being made to develop a winter season. There is no one who does not wish this project success. In

recent years a good deal of ski-ing has been done on the higher hills on Deeside and Speyside, and frequently the conditions are equal to anything to be enjoyed in Switzerland. Skating and curling can also be got, sometimes for weeks on end. Unfortunately in Scotland the weather is more variable than in the Alps, and it is to be hoped that the visitors who are coming to Braemar this winter have been duly warned not to expect absolutely Swiss conditions. This does not mean that they will not have a very good time. Even if the frost does jump suddenly and skating become impossible, the scenery and the air are still there, and visitors can have an exhilarating holiday. There is always snow on the higher slopes for those who are willing to carry their ski for some distance, while in the corries the mountaineer can get snow and ice work that will test his fullest powers. The hotels at Braemar have put themselves to very considerable trouble to cater for winter sports holiday-makers this season, and everyone will hope that their enterprise will be rewarded.

The hostels movement is particularly interesting, as it reflects the growing popularity of walking and hiking. Every member of the Cairngorm Club is a lover of the open air, and will be delighted to see that the younger generation of to-day is not wholly given over to mechanical means of transport and is still able to use its legs. The Scottish Youth Hostels Association has been formed for the purpose of establishing hostels or club huts for walkers on the lines of the hostels provided so successfully in Germany, and more recently in England. In Germany there are over 2,000 such hostels, and the number of walkers who use them runs into hundreds of thousands every year. The Scottish Association, though only a year or two old, has already founded ten hostels, five of which are in the Borders, and the others at various points in the Highlands. The Border hostels form a chain, the maximum distance between any two being 15 miles, and the hope is entertained that ultimately the chain will be extended all over Scotland.

The hostels are open to members of the Association, the annual subscription to which is 2/6 for persons under

25 and 5/- for persons over that age. At each hostel members are supplied, for 1/- per night, with bed, three blankets, cooking utensils and fuel. They must supply themselves with their own food, eating utensils, soap, and towel. On arrival the member must present his membership card to the warden, and it will not be returned to him if there is any complaint about his conduct. On the membership card is the following declaration :—

I hereby promise

To leave no litter.

To leave the Hostels tidy.

To respect and preserve the amenities  
of the countryside.

To obey the Association's rules.

It will be seen, therefore, that the aim of the movement is not only to make rambling and hiking easy, but also to educate and mobilise young opinion in defence of the countryside.

A branch of the Association has been started in Aberdeen, with Lord Forbes as President and Professor Alexander Gray as Chairman, and it is hoped to establish this year hostels on Deeside and Donside which will fit in with similar hostels in Angus and on Speyside. As will have been gathered from the preceding details, the hostels are not luxury establishments. They will make no appeal to the loafer: they are intended for the real walker. Many an older member of the Cairngorm Club will wish that there had been such hostels in his young days, and the younger members will welcome them. And all, whether old or young, can help the movement by joining the Association, the local secretary of which is Mr. D. J. Moir, 92 Queen Street, Peterhead, and the treasurer, Mr. J. Barclay Watt, C.A., 4 Bon-Accord Crescent, Aberdeen.

H. A.

## THE GLEN TANAR RIGHT-OF-WAY SETTLEMENT.

THE Glen Tanar right-of-way case, which has been proceeding in the Court of Session for two years, has been finally settled on the following lines :—

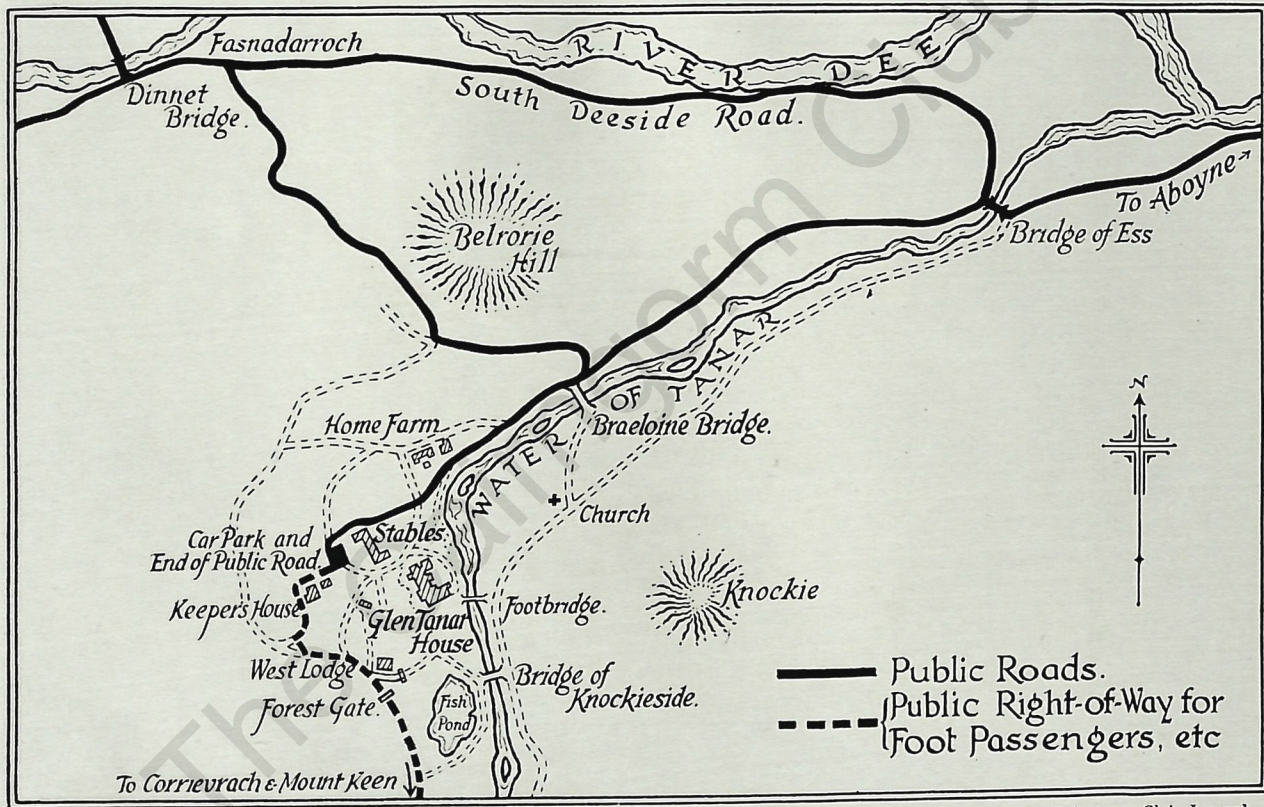
(1) The road leading from Fasnadarroch (on the south Deeside road east of Dinnet Bridge) across by Belrorie and down to the Glen Tanar road (at a point a little below Braeloinne Bridge) is declared a public road for all forms of traffic without any qualification whatever.

(2) The existing public road from Bridge of Ess up Glen Tanar to Glen Tanar House remains a public road for all forms of traffic without any qualification whatever, but a slight change in the route is made when approaching Glen Tanar House. The road, instead of passing in front of the House, is now diverted past the stables, and it ends at a parking place which has been formed beside the stables.

(3) The road from this point up Glen Tanar to Corrievrach is declared a public right-of-way for passengers on foot or by horse or by non-mechanically-propelled cycles.

The action for a right-of-way was raised by the Deeside District Committee of the Aberdeen County Council, who claimed that there was an unrestricted right-of-way for all forms of traffic from Fasnadarroch to Glen Tanar, and that there was a similar right-of-way up Glen Tanar the whole way to Corrievrach, at the foot of Mount Keen. The first claim was not seriously disputed by the Glentanar Trustees and Lord Glentanar. The second claim was strenuously opposed.

The case was heard before Lord Mackay in June, 1930, when much interesting evidence was led on both sides with regard to the use of the road from Glen Tanar House up the glen. Lord Mackay issued his judgment in December, 1930. He granted free and uninterrupted use for all traffic of the road from Fasnadarroch to Glen Tanar. With regard to the road up the glen he found that a vehicular right-of-way existed



December, 1931.

THE GLEN TANAR RIGHT-OF-WAY.

Cairngorm Club Journal.

only as far as Knockieside, which is a point just beyond Glen Tanar House, and that it was not proved all the way to Corrievrach. He confirmed a right-of-way, however, for foot passengers all the way.

The County Council, which had by this date, under the Local Government (Scotland) Act, 1929, superseded the District Committee, resolved to accept this judgment and not appeal. Negotiations subsequently took place between the parties and a settlement was effected on the basis stated at the outset of this article. It is understood that the Glentanar Trustees and Lord Glentanar will continue to grant permits to persons to drive or motor up the glen beyond the parking place.

## CAIRNGORM CLUB LIBRARY.

THE last catalogue of the books in the Club Library was made as at February 22, 1929, and appeared in No. 68 of the *Journal*. Since then various new books have been acquired, and further numbers of their *Journals* have been received from the Alpine Club, the Scottish Mountaineering Club, the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. The Fell and Rock Climbing Club, in addition to their *Journal*, are also responsible for the publication of a number of guides to various climbing centres in the English Lake District. Numbers 3 and 4 of this series have now been added to our Club Library, and should be of great service to anyone contemplating a climbing holiday in these districts

The Club are indebted to Mr. William Garden for the presentation of "The Kangchenjunga Adventure," by F. S. Smythe, and to Mr. William M. Alexander for "Climbing in the British Isles" (2 vols.), by W. P. Hasket Smith.

The following is a list of the books added to the Library since the last catalogue was compiled:—

- Abraham, A. A. . . . . Rock Climbing in Skye.  
Chorley, Katherine C. . Hills and Highways.  
Finch, George Ingle . . The Making of a Mountaineer.  
Forbes, J. D. . . . . Travels in the Alps.  
Fraser, G. S. . . . . Freedom Lands of Aberdeen.  
Geikie, A. . . . . Scenery of Scotland (3rd Edition).  
Smith, Walter . . . . Hill Paths in Scotland.  
Smith, W. P. Hasket . Climbing in the British Isles, Vols.  
I and II.  
Smythe, F. S. . . . . Climbs and Ski Runs.  
Smythe, F. S. . . . . The Kangchenjunga Adventure.  
Tindall, J. . . . . The Glaciers of the Alps.  
The Fell and Rock Climbing Club's Guide, Vol. III—Scawfell  
Group.  
The Fell and Rock Climbing Club's Guide, Vol. IV—Great  
Gable and Borrowdale.  
The Shelter Stone Visitors' Book, 1924–29.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

### THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Forty-third Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Imperial Hotel, Aberdeen, on the evening of Saturday, November 28, 1931, the President, Mr. James McCoss, in the chair. Those present were Miss Nesta Bruce, Mrs. Garden, Messrs. W. M. Alexander, Bothwell, Conner, Dugan, Garden, Hadden, Hay, D. P. Levack, J. R. Levack, McPherson, Malcolm, Middleton, J. A. Nicol, Parker, Ritson, Robertson, Simpson, Symmers, Taylor, and E. W. Watt.

Mr. J. A. Nicol, advocate, Hon. Treasurer, submitted the Accounts, which showed that the credit balance is £94 19s. 9d. The membership is 270, an increase of seven over the previous year. The Accounts were unanimously approved of.

Office-Bearers were elected as follows:—

Hon. President—Professor J. Norman Collie.

President—Mr. James McCoss.

Vice-Presidents—Mr. William M. Alexander and Mr. William Malcolm.

Hon. Editor—Mr. Edward W. Watt.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. John A. Nicol, advocate.

Committee—Miss A. E. D. Bruce, Messrs. F. A. Ritson, H. Alexander, G. P. Geddes, E. Birnie Reid, A. Leslie Hay, W. A. Ewen, Dr. J. R. Levack, and Mr. J. A. Parker, the last three taking the places of the retiring members, Messrs. Garden, Taylor, and Bothwell.

It was decided that the New Year Meet should be at Braemar, the Easter Meet at Fort William, and the New Year's Day excursion to Mount Keen. On the Spring Holiday there will be (1) an ascent of Ben Avon, and (2) a walk to Carn Liath and Creag an Dail Bheag from Invercauld House. Two snow excursions to Lochnagar take place on February 14 and 28, 1932, and there are to be three rock-climbing practice excursions to Souter Head on Saturdays, March 5, 12, and 19, 1932 (meeting at Balnagask car terminus at 2.30 p.m.).

The question of forming a Junior Section of the Club was discussed. It was suggested this might be open to members of such institutions as the Grammar School, Gordon's College, the Boys' Brigade, and the Scouts, and the Girls' High School.

On the motion of Mr. A. Leslie Hay, seconded by Mr. W. Garden, it was unanimously agreed to proceed with the scheme, and a sub-



committee was appointed to go into the question, draw up suggested rules, and report to a Special General Meeting of the Club. The members of the sub-committee are Messrs. McCoss, chairman; Garden, Bothwell, Ritson, Hay, Dr. D. P. Levack, and Miss Nesta Bruce, the chairman to have a casting vote.

Mr. Ritson stated that a mountaineering club had just been started in Elgin, with about 30 members.

#### THE ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the Club was held in the Imperial Hotel after the Annual Meeting.

The company, which numbered about eighty, was presided over by Mr. James McCoss, the President of the Club, who piped the party down to the dining-room.

Accompanying him at the top table were Mrs. McCoss, Mr. J. H. B. Bell, Scottish Mountaineering Club, who gave an address; Mr. George Chalmers, the Grampian Club; Mr. and Mrs. William Garden, Baillie and Mrs. Watt, Dr. J. R. Levack, Mr. J. A. Parker, and Mr. William M. Alexander.

The company present comprised:—

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. John Angus, Mr. G. D. Allan, Miss A. Bruce, Miss P. Bruce, Mr. Ian F. Booth, Mr. A. Booth, Mr. E. Bothwell, Mr. James Blair, Miss Helen Cran, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook, Mr. T. Carr, Mr. G. Clark, Mr. James Conner, Mr. G. Duncan and Miss H. M. E. Duncan, Mr. H. C. Dugan, Mr. J. L. Ducat, Mr. G. S. Fraser (Town Clerk), Mr. T. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Hendry, Mr. James Hadden, Mr. T. F. Henderson (City Engineer), Mr. A. L. Hay, Miss L. Innes, Miss R. K. Jackson, Miss M. W. Johnston, Dr. D. P. Levack, Miss Laing, Miss Moncur, Miss J. A. M. Mackie, Mr. R. W. Mackie, Mr. J. Middleton, Mr. L. MacGregor, Mr. W. M. McPherson, Mr. W. Malcolm, Mr. J. A. Nicol (Secretary and Treasurer), Mr. Wm. Nicol, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Ritson, Mrs. Rust, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Smith, Miss M. Skakle, Mrs. Simpson, Miss A. Stephen, Mr. A. C. Simpson, Mr. G. R. Symmers, Mr. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Williamson, Mr. R. B. Williamson, Mr. N. Wilson, Mr. G. Wilson, and Miss M. Yeaman.

The President, after giving the toast of "The King," proposed "The Cairngorm Club." He said: I am very proud of the honour you have conferred upon me by electing me president of the Cairngorm Club. I am trying to follow the high standard set by the three previous presidents—Dr. Levack, Mr. William Garden, and Mr. Parker. There is a qualification that is necessary in a president. It is a great and permanent love for the hills, and I have that quali-

fication. We are gathered together here to-night as representatives of the finest and highest sport in the world. There seems to be something about great rock cliffs and snow peaks that attracts only those whom we may term the faithful. I think you will agree with me that there is always something grand about the true mountaineer. Tell me a man's sport and I will tell you his character. At the Annual General Meeting to-night the Club has fixed the New Year Meet at Braemar, and the Easter Meet at Fort William. As the cliffs of Ben Nevis are most attractive to a great many of the members there is bound to be a very large turn-out, and climbers will have the unique experience of staying a night in an Alpine hut without going to Switzerland. This year's Easter Meet, held at Fortingall, was the most successful in the history of the Club. Thirty-three members attended, and they all enjoyed themselves and did a lot of climbing. In the Club we have now a great many young members, and that is what a climbing club requires. It is most encouraging to note the climbing capabilities of these young members. The standard of climbing is as high to-day as ever it was, and possibly higher. The most notable achievement this year amongst Club members is the ascent of the Tough-Brown Ridge by Ewen and Symmers. The Tough-Brown Ridge is situated, as you know, on the cliffs of Lochnagar, and it is one of the most difficult climbs in the British Isles. There is still another prominent gully on these cliffs which has to be conquered. It is the Douglas-Gibson Gully, but like Mount Everest, it *will* be ascended yet, and I hope it will be accomplished by members of the Cairngorm Club. Our membership now stands at 270, and we have added 36 new members this year, exactly double as many as last year. A great many of the new members are young people. I hope they will remember that, to store up those wonderful memories of the hills, they must have enthusiasm and keep going, as there is a time when the stage of the sere and yellow leaf comes along, and the climber has then to be content to do his climbing by the fireside in the thoughts of the past. This, however, will be a long time yet, because

Old climbers never die,

They only climb away,

and they do not need the doctor, as they keep their weight down and remain fit. The following verses, written by a member of the Alpine Club, may be taken as a warning :—

There was a time when I could feel  
 All Alpine hopes and fears ;  
 When I was light of toe and heel,  
 Like other mountaineers.  
 Those days are done ; no more, no more,  
 The cruel fates allow ;  
 I weighed last winter sixteen stone—  
 I'm not a climber now.

The rocks that roughly handle us,  
 The peaks that will not "go,"  
 The uniformly scandalous  
 Condition of the snow,  
 All these have quenched my ancient flame,  
 And climbing is, I vow,  
 A vastly over-rated game—  
 I'm not a climber now.

On August 1 this year the North Face of the Matterhorn, which has an angle of from 50 to 60 degrees, was ascended by two German brothers. If you look at the photograph on the menu card you will see a ridge running down the centre; that is the Zermatt or Hornli Ridge. On the right is the Z'mutt Ridge. The North Face is between those two ridges. The two brothers passed the night on a small ledge at a height of 13,600 feet. Valtournanche, on the Italian side, could not resign itself to being beaten by Zermatt, so, during a spell of fine weather on October 15, an Italian, with two guides, ascended the naked rock wall on the south side. It took them 13 hours to cover the 4,900 feet to the top. It is interesting to note that it is now 66 years since the Matterhorn was first ascended by Whymper, by the Hornli Ridge. To come back, however, to our Cairngorms. The attractions of this group of hills are well known to you. There is no other place in the British Isles just like it, except Ben Nevis. One can wander on the great plateau over 4,000 feet, which is like a dried-up sea, with its boulders, rough gravel and lack of vegetation. Every yard of the track over the Cairngorms is beloved by all of us, from Maggie Gruer's scones to the Thieves' Den, and from the Tailor's Stone to Parker's Bridge, amongst the pines of Rothiemurchus. In winter-time, after a storm, on a quiet, frosty morning, there is great beauty and purity; even the vertical rocks are plastered with snow, and the fantastically-shaped snow cornices glitter in the sunshine. The streams are all silent, the only sound being the hoarse croak of the ptarmigan. The white porcelain-gleaming summits at sunset have the appearance of being withdrawn from some titanic blast furnace. It is 25 years since I first crossed the Cairngorms, and I have loved them ever since. Some of you have memories of days spent on the Teallachs, Liathach, Eithe, The Coolin, Nevis, Buchaille Etive, Cruachan, and the rest—the hills of our glorious Scotland. We have also got female hills in Scotland for our women to climb, such as Creag Meaghaidh, Stack Polly, and the Sisters of Kintail. And for the wicked male climbers, if there are any in the Club (which I doubt very much), there are the Devil's Point and the Ben Iutharns, at the head of Glen Ey, which, when translated, means the Mountains of Hell. If these people behave themselves, however, they may be allowed to climb the Angel's Peak and feel their feet on safer ground again. I think it is very fitting

as a Club that we should voice our thanks to the Commissioners in charge of Deer Forests for their kindness to the Club in giving permission to ascend the hills in their territory. Fellow-members of Scotland's Senior Climbing Club, instituted 42 years ago, I give you the toast, "The Cairngorm Club"—(applause).

A fascinating lecture on "Climbs in the Pennine Alps, and the Arolla and Zermatt Valleys" was delivered by Mr. J. H. B. Bell, who showed a series of lantern slides depicting majestic scenes of snowclad rugged peaks.

Mr. Bell described ascents he had made of Pin d'Arolla, L'Évêque, Dent Blanche, Mont Blanche, and the Matterhorn, and other peaks. He related several thrilling experiences. One exciting adventure that befell him was when he allowed the rope to get too loose, and he slipped into a crevasse. He swung like a pendulum fifteen feet below, but fortunately the leader managed to pull him up again, but it was a lesson to keep the rope taut. Humorous incidents, however, are to be found in the dangerous task of scaling these dizzy heights. Mr. Bell and his companions were attacking a particularly difficult ascent and left one of the party on the ledge at the foot of the last stage to look after the supplies. This was the innocent cause of striking panic into the hearts of a clergyman and his party, who jumped to the conclusion that they were smugglers running contraband across the frontier. Mr. Bell conveyed to the company the thrills of climbing the Matterhorn when he described how he and two other mountaineers climbed to the top of the peak in eleven hours.

Mr. W. Malcolm proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Bell, and said that it was impossible, even with the help of these fine pictures, to imagine the great mass of rock of the Matterhorn, and how fierce the top rocks looked. It was an immense peak. He noticed that Mr. Bell said that he did the climb in eleven hours from the hut. A strong party took twelve hours to that same climb, so that gave them a good idea of the difficulty of the ascent. In fact it was about two miles on the map, and it took them twelve hours to reach the top. Mr. Bell had beaten their time by one hour.

Mr. G. S. Fraser, Town Clerk, in a witty speech, gave the toast of "The Guests." He said they were very glad to have members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and of the Dundee Club as their guests, especially the Scottish Mountaineering Club, because they were the real high peak of mountaineering in Scotland. He hoped they would come back again, as the first essential of mountaineering was comradeship, and the first essential of comradeship was hospitality.

Mr. George Chalmers, of the Grampian Club, responding, said it was particularly pleasant to come to Aberdeen, as he was a native of the county. It was a double pleasure to come as the guest of the

Cairngorm Club, and he could assure them that the Grampian Club realised the honour conferred on them by the Cairngorm Club, the oldest mountaineering club in Scotland. They were not quite so fortunately situated in Dundee as they were in Aberdeen. Although the distance to the magic area of the Cairngorms was slightly less by mileage, they had not the same facilities as they had in Aberdeen of slipping up the Dee Valley for a day or a week-end. This kindness of the Cairngorm Club was typical of the kindness of the Club. Its members had been very helpful indeed. The Dundee Club had received great assistance from the president of the Cairngorm Club and from Mr. Walker. They had received assistance in various other ways. He thought that the finest thing about mountaineering was the splendid comradeship it brought about. There was nothing finer in any sport. There was nothing so good in any other sport. They experienced dangers together, climbed together on one rope, and one might have the power of endangering the whole party. It was in circumstances like these that real friendship was formed.

The chairman said that they were most fortunate in the editor of the *Journal*, Baillie Watt, and in their secretary and treasurer, Mr. J. A. Nicol, and he called upon them to speak. He also mentioned that Club members were asked to use the Club Library. Mr. Bothwell would issue books at any time. The library ought to be used more than it was, as it contained interesting mountaineering literature.

Baillie Watt said that under the reign of the last president, his instructions were not to spare money in producing the magazine. He did not know if they thought they had got value for that money, but it was about one of the best investments the Club could make of its funds. They had considerably increased the number of pictures in the *Journal*, and he thought that was all to the good, but, compared with *The Alpine Journal*, they had a long way to go. They had reached a standard, however, which was no disgrace to the Cairngorm Club. He wanted to say how indebted he was to the new president, Mr. McCoss. He was quite sure that the numbers would not come out with the comparative regularity they did if it were not for the help he got from Mr. McCoss. He hoped that the members of the Club would do what they could to supply anything of interest in regard to mountaineering. The more he received the more interesting the *Journal* would be.

Mr. Nicol said that all he had to say, as secretary and treasurer of the Club, was that they wanted as many members as possible. He was glad to see Dr. Harry Rae, the Medical Officer of Health, and Mr. Henderson, the City Engineer, present, and as the Medical Officer was keenly interested in fresh air, he thought they might rope him in. He thought they might also do the same with the City Engineer. The Club seemed to be flourishing and would go on doing so if old and young supported it. That night, at their Annual

General Meeting, they heard a suggestion that there should be a Junior Section. He thought it would be a very good thing if they could get the fellows and girls who were just leaving school. It would form the nucleus of what would be a very successful Club later on, and there was plenty of room for them. There was a lot of talk just now of winter sports on Upper Deeside. Those of them who knew the mountains at Christmas and New Year time might have their doubts about that, but there could be no doubt about the charm of the Scottish mountains in the early spring, when the snow was set, and, whatever the day was like, they could always get hard going. The mountains round Braemar, for example, were absolutely perfect. Even if one had to wait for a few days, it was worth while. He did not altogether agree with his senior who replied before him in regard to the magazine—(laughter). They could not just let the magazine run to any amount of money, because, after all, he was treasurer, and there were limits to his pocket, but he did agree that the magazine was a good thing. The magazine stimulated interest in a wider sphere than the membership, and in that respect was all to the good, and the members could help with pictures and by writing their climbing experiences.

Dr. J. R. Levack proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was cordially given.

An enjoyable musical programme was contributed to by Mr. A. C. Simpson and Mr. G. Alexander, who gave a spirited rendering of the Club Song.

#### THE MITRE RIDGE—BEINN A' BHUIRD.

AN unsuccessful attempt was made on August 2, 1931, by Brockie, Yunnie, Gordon, Gove, Steven, and Mackenzie. The conditions were ideal for rock work—the rocks being warm and dry. There was an unusual absence of mist and wind. The first pitch of some 40–50 feet was overcome after some difficulty, caused by the absence of holds on the smooth face. The leader had to start from the shoulders of the second man. A good ledge is above this first pitch, however, and from this point the next 150 feet presented little difficulty until a distinct overhang stopped further progress. An attempt to surmount this difficulty failed, and a traverse to the left to a broad ledge had to be made. From the ledge a crack runs up for a distance of 30–40 feet and seemed to give access to a ledge at the top. An attempt to reach the ledge was foiled by the bad condition of the rock and, after a determined effort, had to be abandoned. The descent had to be made with great care, but was accomplished by one man lowering the others to a convenient ledge, following down himself and repeating the process. There are no safe belays to allow of double roping down.

Given good conditions, progress beyond the point reached by this party—about 250 feet from the foot of the first pitch—should be possible, but the whole climb will be very exposed. “ Pitons ” may come in very useful in places.

Our failure may be attributed to the following causes :—1. The exposed condition of the climb. 2. The smoothness of the rock and the absence of good, firm holds in parts. 3. An insufficient length of rope.—R. PARK YUNNIE.

#### CHOKESTONE GULLY OF SGOR AN LOCHAIN UAINE.

On August 17, 1931, Peter Stevenson, Edinburgh, and myself, ascended this Gully. Since the last ascent by McCoss and Merchant, in September, 1911 (*C.C.J.*, Vol. VII, p. 125), the Gully seems to have completely changed its character. At that time there was only the final large chokestone ; now there are four of them, so that a description of existing conditions is necessary.

The Gully lies in the Gharbh Choire on the face of Sgor an Lochain Uaine, and is the first break in the rock-face west of Lochain Uaine. It faces the stream coming from the Wells of Dee and is well marked, having vertical walls. It issues about 250 yards below the summit of Sgor an Lochain Uaine. On both sides of the entrance, immediately below the commencement of the cliffs, the bed of the Gully starts between high heaps of debris. The surface here is steep and composed of solid rock, covered by treacherous green moss. Holds are difficult to find on account of the moss and must be searched for.

The Gully is divided by a series of four chokestones, and the first is rapidly reached. It presents tricky climbing, but not of unusual severity, and may be easily overcome by a doubled rope.

Chokestone 2 is less difficult, and a good ascent is possible via the left wall. The next pitch is more severe, and the right side seems preferable. The hand-holds are almost good, but they are not numerous, and the inclination is steep.

Chokestone 3 may be climbed in a straightforward manner on the right side, but here again the doubled rope may be used with advantage. Comparatively easy scrambling brings one to the pitch below the final chokestone. The pitch itself is a high one, and seems impossible. It is almost perpendicular, and no help can be had from the walls, as they are set too far apart to be of use for back and foot work. There seems to be no way of overcoming the chokestone itself, judging from the appearance of the adjacent walls. It was found possible, however, to escape by a series of ascending shelves on the right wall, but care should be taken to begin the wall ascent by making in the direction away from the head of the Gully and commencing on a shelf lying horizontally. A direct ascent on the wall has been found impossible. The climber emerges on to a ridge

running parallel with the Gully, and overlooking it. Above the chokestone the Gully becomes a simple scramble on loose stones. The height is approximately 650 feet, and the time taken was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.—J. D. CHEYNE.

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An uncompleted ascent of this Gully was made on September 27, 1931, by Yunnie, Gove, and Brockie.

The Gully consists of a series of pitches, topped by chokestones. There are many loose boulders, and great care must be exercised by the leader to minimise danger to those following. The conditions were not good, a cold wind—almost a gale—being prevalent during the entire climb. No difficulty was experienced till the last chokestone was reached. A pitch of some 30 feet of smooth wet rock prevents the ascent of the chokestone, and an exit by the right hand wall must be made. This traverse involves an exposed climb near the top, and owing to the gale blowing at the time and to the bitterly cold conditions, which rendered fingers quite numb, the climb was abandoned. The use of the double rope was found advantageous in the descent, good belays being found here and there. Some of the lower pitches, although easy to ascend, are not easy to descend without the double rope.

The Gully provides a fair climb under ordinary conditions, but is by no means difficult. Green moss covers many of the pitches and renders the rock very slippery. Some parts of the rock are not too firm. The Gully is about 650 feet in height.—R. PARK YUNNIE.

#### A SUNDAY OUTING.

LEAVING Thistle Cottage, Inverey, at 7.45 a.m. on Sunday morning, October 24, my friend and I followed the path, so far as it was discernible under a six-inch coating of snow, to the old house of Altanour. Our time to this point was just a few minutes under two hours, and after a fifteen minutes' stop we continued on our way. Up to this time we had no definite plans and, moreover, were without a map of this locality. On leaving Altanour we proceeded to climb Ben Lutharn, the top of which was reached at 11.35 a.m. Seeking a little shelter on the lea side of the hill from the exceptionally sharp frosty wind, we demolished a thermos of tea and a goodly package of sandwiches. While enjoying our rather cold repast, it gradually dawned on us that it would be a fine thing to make for the Cairnwell Road. If we could make the Cairnwell Road, why not the Spital of Glenshee Hotel, where we could have a good tuck-in and most likely a chance of a run to Braemar in some Good Samaritan's car? No sooner were our minds made up than we made our start. Leaving Ben Lutharn we crossed to Ben Lutharn Bheag, where we got our first view



of Loch nan Eun. Determined still to keep to the high ridges as far as possible, we descended to the highest point connecting Mam nan Carn. Leaving Loch nan Eun on our left, we carried on over the top of Glas Thulachan and kept to the top ridge until within a short distance of Glenlochsie, where we dropped down to the valley floor and went through the policies of Glenlochsie to the Spital Hotel. Anyone looking at the map would naturally ask why we deviated from the direct path so often. Neither of us had ever been in this part of the hills before and, as already stated, we were without a map. Our bearings all the time were reckoned on Glas Maol, which stood out all day particularly clear. This was one of our main reasons for trying to keep as high as possible all day. And, moreover, if any path does exist, at no time was it visible to us, as we were trudging in snow which lay on an average eight inches deep. We arrived at the Spital Hotel at 4.10 p.m., having been eight hours 25 minutes on the way. No sooner had we arrived than we were told that the Cairnwell Road was blocked, so we had the pleasant prospect of a twenty miles' walk to Inverey in front of us. In no way put about, we sat down to a really superb high tea, which stood us in good stead on our return journey. At 6 p.m. we said good-bye to our host, and set off on our twenty-mile walk home. From the Spital Hotel to within a quarter of a mile of Braemar we encountered not a single person. We walked through Braemar at 10.25 p.m. and arrived at Thistle Cottage, Inverey, just as the clock was striking 12 midnight. There we found the worthy Miss Gruer waiting anxiously for us with a nice warm fire and our supper, which had been ordered for 6 p.m. The weather throughout was glorious, being very clear, although bitterly cold. The outing, which we reckoned covered 43 miles, will be looked back on by the two parties concerned as one of the best of many similar adventures on the Cairngorms.—W.D.H.

## NOTES.

A SUPPLEMENT is issued with this number, containing the title-page and contents for Vol. XII, and also the index, which VOL. XII. is printed separately for binding in its proper place.

We are again indebted to Mr. Parker for valuable help, most willingly given, in preparing this supplement.

THE Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District, with a membership of over 600, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary last September. The Club, according to F. and R. C. C. *The Observer*, was really initiated at a fireside SEMI-JUBILEE. meeting at Coniston, where four enthusiasts for-gathered after a cold November day on the fells.

Within a few days the flame of their tiny beacon was seen by climbers at Keswick (whence came the first president, Mr. Ashley P. Abrahams), Kendal, Barrow, and Ulverston. The Club has now an active London section, and its members are scattered, not only over Britain but across the world. They have taken part in every Himalayan expedition since the war, as well as having conquered the most difficult peaks in Europe. From the outset, ladies with suitable qualifications have been accepted to equal-right membership.

As the result of a mountaineering escapade in New Zealand, in which a party of fourteen young men and women SAFER MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING. from Auckland University were seriously endangered through being caught in a blizzard, the Prime Minister promised to introduce legislation with the object of compelling alpinists to adopt certain safeguards. "We must have more control over people wandering in the mountains, who by getting lost endanger the lives of others and often incur expense in finding them," declared the Premier, who added: "The occurrence on Ruapehu had the makings of a first-class tragedy." As *The Alpine Journal* puts it, in discussing "accidents in 1931," why should valuable lives be endangered to save those individuals who, before starting, have made already the sacrifice of their own?

WITH the publication last month of *The Western Highlands*, five sections of the S.M.C. "Guide" have been completed. It has taken some considerable time to reach this stage,

S.M.C. and six sections are still required to complete the "GUIDE." scheme. We can fully appreciate the difficulties that have to be faced in carrying out such a scheme, and the results already achieved are well worth waiting for. The *General* section, *Skye*, and *The Cairngorms* have been sold out, and

have had to be reprinted. We understand that *Ben Nevis* is to go into a second and enlarged edition, and we shall be surprised if there is not a speedy demand for another issue of Mr. Parker's *Western Highlands*, reviewed in this number (p. 10). Two more sections—*Northern Highlands* and *Central Highlands*—are due for early publication, and it is to be hoped the remainder will not be unduly delayed. The Scottish Mountaineering Club have done invaluable work in projecting this "Guide," and whether it was their intention or not, it must be a powerful agent in promoting the "Come to Scotland" movement. The whole country is surveyed for the climber and the walker, and the information given is authoritative and very clearly presented in the letterpress and the pictures.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MIDMAR TO TORPHINS EXCURSION (May 23, 1931).

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

SIR,—With reference to the report appearing in the last issue of the *Journal* of the Saturday Afternoon Excursion (May 23), "Midmar to Torphins," may I be permitted to point out its inaccuracy? In the report it is stated that the route taken was via Midmar and Craigmyle, which is entirely misleading, as in point of fact neither was the ascent made from Midmar nor the descent by Craigmyle. That is a well-recognised way of doing the Hill of Fare but was certainly not the route taken on that occasion. Instead of the conveyance halting, as it was expected to do, at Midmar—a well-known point on the turnpike road—it continued the journey (although the driver slowed down intending to stop) for about three miles farther along to a point about opposite Bandodle. Here the party left the conveyance and took a line almost due south across fields and flat country to the crest of the north-west spur of the hill. Had the same course been continued over the south-west spur then the descent would have landed the party at Craigmyle, but instead of doing so a divergence was made to the right (the west) and the descent made. Continuing westwards across fields the main road leading from the Tarland Road to Torphins was struck, and then, after turning north and along the road leading round the north-west of Learney House (it being on the left hand), a walk of about two miles southward brought the party to Torphins Station. As Craigmyle lies about a mile due east from Torphins, it is obvious, since the party entered Torphins from the north, that Craigmyle was never touched at all. The matter is not, perhaps, of much moment, except that as some of the party are under the impression that they "did" the hill from Midmar to Craigmyle, they had better be disillusioned.

Yours, etc., J. A. H.

## REVIEWS.

*The Alpine Journal*, No. 243, November, 1931. 10/6 net. Packed full of interesting matter and profusely illustrated, this number well upholds the high reputation of *The Alpine*

THE ALPINE JOURNAL. It is impossible here to do more than indicate one or two of the main features. The opening article is "The Conquest of Mount Fairweather," the record of what the editor calls "a magnificent expedition," adding that the ascent is "the hardest yet accomplished among the 'Arctic' mountains of North America." Mr. F. S. Smythe deals with "The Kamet Expedition, 1931." This is another record of pioneer work, and is of special interest as showing the ways in which difficulties on unexplored ground were overcome. There are maps, and one of them shows a main glacier "as about 12 miles in length," but it "does not exist." Tributes are paid to a number of well-known climbers who have passed away, including Sir George Morse, and there are accounts of the season's accidents, in regard to which we are told that "a wave of recklessness and folly is spreading throughout the Alps." "And what," asks a correspondent, "is the object of this foolhardiness? The recent illustrations in this, or any other, Alpine periodical will furnish an answer. To force a new route a few yards to the right or left of one discovered years before by some climber not wholly devoid of mountain-sense, and possessed of a reasonable regard for the lives of himself and his companions. And then, Sir, to call on you to play the part of the Recording Angel! Is it not time that *The Alpine Journal* took a firm stand in this matter? It can hardly afford to view without a protest the degradation of a noble sport by the freaks of a relatively small band of gymnasts who, in the last resource, will assail the mountains with the instruments of road-breakers."

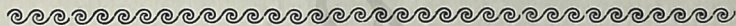
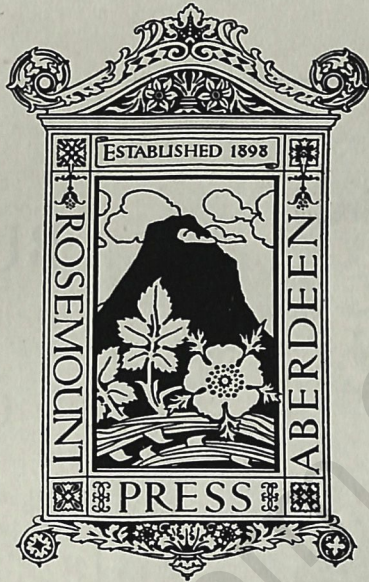
*The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, No. 112, November, 1931. 2/6 net. This is a number of particular interest to members

S.M.C. of the Cairngorm Club, since three of the articles deal with the Cairngorms. In "The Central Crack of Coire An Lochain," Mr. A. Harrison describes a pleasant rock climb on that crag in search of cairngorms; in "A Week at Corrou Bothy," Messrs Baird and Traquair give a well-written account of their expeditions in the Cairngorms (including rock climbs) and in the Ben Lutharn district; in "Ghosts' High Moon on the Cairngorms," Mr. D. W. Robinson tells of a midnight climb of Angel's Peak from the Feshie, on mid-summer's eve. The chief article is "Twelve Days in the Hut," an

interesting and enjoyable description of the climbs on the Ben Nevis Face, by Mr. G. Graham Macphee. Messrs. J. H. B. Bell and E. C. Thomson reveal their literary powers and a sound knowledge of their subjects in "The Diamond Buttress of Bidean nam Bian" and "In Defence of Ben More," respectively. The number contains the usual notes and reports of the excursions of the Club and of the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland, and is well illustrated by six fine photographs and a diagram.

*The Hiker and Camper* (London : 2 Carmelite Street, E.C.4), of which we have received Vol. I, Nos. 5 and 6, is an interesting publication, packed full of information "for the rambler, the hiker, HIKING. camper, camping motorist, cyclist, and all lovers of the open air." It gives official notes and gossip of the Federations of Rambling Clubs, and The Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland. "Scottish Notes" is a feature, and we observe some sound advice to the unversed and inexperienced who may be tempted to tackle the Cairngorms. Such people are urged not to go adventuring on the hills beyond the reach of a telephone kiosk. If they take this advice, they will be quite safe.

We have received *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, Vol. XLVII, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 (July, September, and November, 1931).



**CAIRNGORM CLUB COLOURS :**

SILK TIES, 6/6 ; KNITTED SILK TIES	- -	10/6
SILK MUFLERS	- - - - -	22/6
WOOLLEN SCARVES	- - - - -	7/6
BALACLAVA HELMETS	- - - - -	4/6

**CAIRNGORM BLAZER :**

PLAIN BROWN, WITH THE CLUB BADGE	27/6
BROWN BERET, TO MATCH	- - - - - 4/6

RUCKSACKS, 17/6 ; HUMMEL DODDIES	-	3/6
FOX'S PUTTEES, ANKLE LENGTH	- - -	7/6
SWISS ICE-AXES	- - - - -	30/-

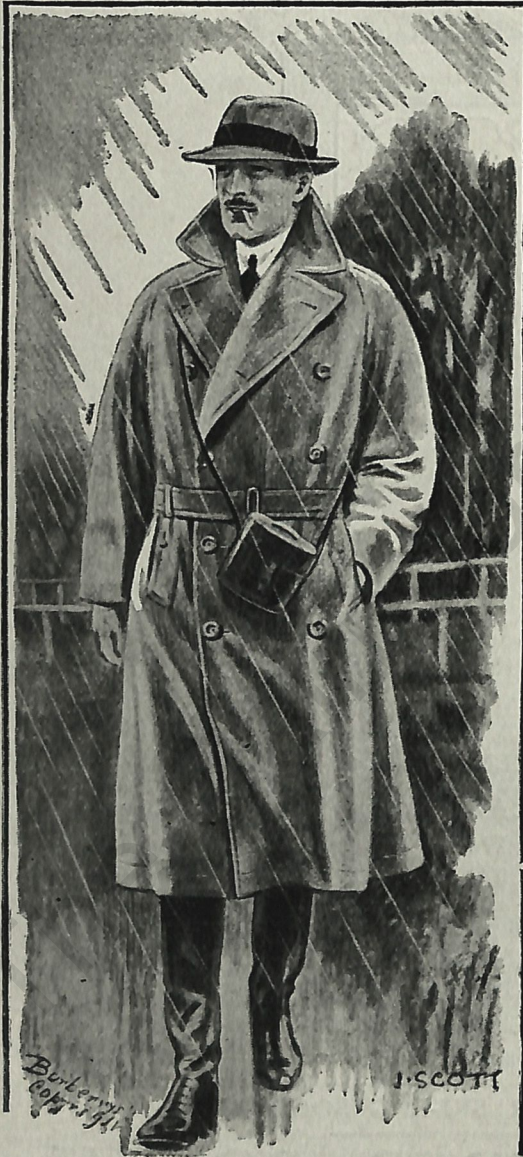
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