

The Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY

EDWARD W. WATT.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
"Carn na Sithe," by "Hillman"	201
In Memoriam : T. R. Gillies ; Norman McLeod ; Charles Robertson	203
The Ben Macdhui Fatality	205
Cairngorm and Braeriach, by John Clarke	207
The Mountaineer's First Rule	214
The Cairngorms Revisited, by "Unst"	215
New Climbs on Lochnagar, by W. A. Ewen	221
A Slide-Rule for Climbers, by A. Murray Clow	225
The Ghost of Ben Macdhui, by William Stewart	228
A Gully Climb, by R. Park Yunnie	229
Snow Slopes for Novices	232
The President's Day Out	236
An Experience and a Lesson	239
A Plea for the Lesser Summits, by W. Malcolm	241
The Hungry Grass of Galtymore	243
Cairngorm Club Library	246
Proceedings of the Club—	
The Annual Meeting : The Annual Dinner : New Year Meet, 1934 : The Finest Day in January, 1934 : Lochnagar : Rock Climbs at Souter Head : Easter Meet, 1934 : Saturday Afternoon Excursions ; Midnight Excursion : The Spectre of the Brocken : Aitken's Tower of Souter Head : Inverey to Kingussie	249
Notes	276
Correspondence	277
Reviews	279

Illustrations—

The Cairngorms from the Summit of Lochnagar : Norman McLeod :
Shadow Buttress, Lochnagar : West Buttress, Lochnagar : Liathach
from Beinn Eighe : Liathach from Loch Clare : Two Lady Members
Bathing in Loch Builg : Lochnagar Cliff : Ben Macdhui and Cairn-
toul : Twisting Ridge, An Caisteal : Beinn Doireann from the Dothaidh
Coire : Ben More and Stobinian from An Caisteal.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB.

AGENTS :

ABERDEEN : D. WYLLIE & SON.

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 CAIRNGORMS FROM THE SUMMIT OF LOCHNAGAR.

George A. Taylor.

Taken on an Ilford infra red plate with infra red filter and X2 telephoto lens.
Time: 1.30 p.m. on March 18, 1934. Weather conditions bright. Exposure: 5 secs. at $f22$.

The Cairngorm Club Journal.

Vol. XIII.

JULY, 1934.

No. 75.

“CARN NA SITHE” (*Hill of Peace*).

BY “HILLMAN.”

My friend and I were climbing friends,
We'd trodden airy tracks,
Each co-dependent on his friend
With compass, rope, and axe.

Many a gruelling day we'd had
And many a merry night,
And all our tastes were just the same,
And all the World was right.

Then, in the Lowlands, on a day,
A quarrel sprang and grew,
And raised its barriers apace
To separate us two :

My friend would not admit his fault,
And I?—No fault was mine!
In stiff-necked pride and wretchedness
We watched our friendship pine.

We made a pact to climb a hill
In silence, side by side—
Perchance the God-sent peace in hills
Would rout our stubborn pride.

In silence, up the Heather Glen
In driving mist and rain,
The only sounds the whaup's wild cry,
The brown hill-burns' refrain :

In silence, on the North-East col
We knotted on the rope,
Beloved rough wet rock once more !
Beloved mist-wreathed slope !

I gained the Spidean cairn in time
And gathered in the slack ;
Together once again we stood
In icy, flying wrack.

Wet hand gripped hand (an ancient rite
Betwixt me and my mate),
The old phrase came upon the wind—
" Oh man ! But that was *great* ! "



NORMAN McLEOD.

In Memoriam.

T. R. GILLIES.

THE death of Mr. T. R. Gillies, on December 3 last, at the age of 83, leaves four original members of the Club. He was keenly interested in its welfare and, in its early days, did much to place it on a sure foundation. The third son of the late Mr. Archibald Gillies, he was born in Aberdeen on November 27, 1850. He was educated at the High School, Dundee, and the Aberdeen Grammar School, and was an alumnus of Aberdeen University in 1866-68 and 1871-73. Apprenticed to Mr. John Duguid Milne and Mr. George Walker (Milne and Walker), he was first in partnership with Mr. George D. Rutherford, the firm being Rutherford & Gillies, and then with his son from 1910 under the firm name of T. & J. Gillies. He was a Notary Public, and was auditor of the Sheriff Court at Aberdeen since 1892. He had a large general consulting practice. He was the joint author with his father-in-law, the late Mr. Alexander Copland, of "Two Days and a Night in the Wilderness," and author of various works.

Mr. Gillies is survived by Mrs. Gillies and a daughter. His only son, Captain J. B. Gillies, who was at one time editor of this *Journal*, fell at Beaumont Hamel in 1916.

NORMAN McLEOD.

THE tragic death of Norman McLeod on Ben Macdhui on Sunday, May 6, 1934, has brought a most promising career to a sudden end. Norman McLeod was of a cheery disposition and well spoken of by all with whom he came in contact. He was educated at Ferryhill School and Robert Gordon's College. Even while at school he showed great interest and ability in woodwork. On leaving Gordon's College, he served his apprenticeship with James Blake, Central Joinery Works, Summer Street, Aberdeen, and, at the time of his death, was employed by that firm as a foreman, although only 23 years of age. Mr. Crerar, his employer, held him in high esteem both as a worker and as a personal friend. Norman McLeod had no hobby. His enthusiasm for his craft, and his desire to succeed, made

him devote all his spare time to studying the theoretical side of his work. A member of the Cairngorm Club, climbing was his only recreation. All his holidays and odd week-ends were spent in the Cairngorm district, with which he was thoroughly acquainted. A most careful climber himself, he was very considerate towards beginners whom he introduced to the hills. He had the happy gift of making a long march and a stiff climb a most interesting and enjoyable affair to his companions, especially when they were strangers to the Cairngorms. His fund of historical information and stories made one forget the long, rough tracks in the hills. To Mr. and Mrs. McLeod we extend our deepest sympathy on their sudden, tragic bereavement.

CHARLES ROBERTSON, INVEREY.

THE death took place last year of Charles Robertson, Inverey, a well-known gamekeeper of the old school, on the Mar estate. He had reached an advanced age, and had been in retirement for many years, during which not a few members have been acquainted with him. During the 'nineties of last century he was stationed at the Corrou Bothy, and those who were visiting Glendee or Cairn Toul at that time came to know him well.

During his life in retirement at Inverey, everyone who talked with him found much entertainment in his wealth of anecdotes and old lore about the district. Few people knew the hills of the Dee basin beyond Braemar better than he, and one could always turn to him for information that was authentic and exact about any detail of these hills. This was very noticeable in connection with the place-names of the district, especially of various of the hills. To go over some of the map names with him was to discover the extraordinary number of inaccurate and distorted names which were put down by the first Ordnance Survey when mapping the Braemar district; a state of affairs which was not much remedied in the revised maps. From Robertson one could very frequently get a more correct name than that which appears on the maps. He was a speaker of excellent Gaelic, and would probably be reckoned the last really first quality speaker of the Braemar dialect of the language.

THE BEN MACDHUI FATALITY.

ON Saturday, May 5, two young men, J. Lawrie, age 23, and N. McLeod, of the same age, spent the night, along with a friend, C. Smith, camping in Glen Derry. McLeod had been a member of the Cairngorm Club for about six months and had considerable experience of the high Cairngorms, it being his custom to spend most of his holidays camping and climbing there. He was of strong physique and, subject to moderate weather conditions, sufficiently well equipped for hill walking. For strenuous conditions such as often occur on the high Cairngorms during the winter and spring months, his equipment should have included an ice axe and a woollen helmet. It also appears that, although his boots were well nailed, the nails were much worn and often caused him to slip on frozen surfaces. Lawrie, although not so experienced as his friend, was not unacquainted with the Cairngorms, having made three or four climbing visits to that district. The three friends left camp about 6 a.m. on Sunday, intending to climb Ben Macdhui. The weather was fine and sunny but with a high wind on the tops. On arriving at Loch Etchachan, McLeod and Lawrie dumped their packs, as they intended to pick them up on the way back and proceed to the Shelter Stone. Unfortunately they forgot till later that their compass was in one of the packs, and, as the weather was then clear, they did not think it worth returning for. The summit was reached without incident about 9.30 a.m. and, shortly afterwards, Smith left them, as he intended to spend the night at the Corrour bothy. Smith had a compass, but in spite of this, it is understood that when he reached the bottom of the Larig, he was well to the North of his destination and in the vicinity of the Pools of Dee. Soon after Smith departed, and before McLeod and Lawrie had left the summit, a blizzard from the South came on and visibility became practically nil. As it was well nigh impossible to face the wind, the two friends took what shelter

they could near the cairn, hoping the storm would pass. They must have spent more than an hour in this situation and were becoming thoroughly chilled. Finally McLeod decided that they must make for lower ground and gave up the idea of returning to Loch Etchachan. They appear to have walked with the wind behind till they came on a steep snow descent. They attempted to walk down this, supporting each other by holding hands. Suddenly McLeod slipped, dragging Lawrie with him, and both were precipitated some distance down a boulder-strewn slope, McLeod probably striking heavily on a boulder as they fell. They were not far apart when they came to rest, and Lawrie soon saw that his friend was seriously injured. McLeod managed to rise to his feet and say a few words, but almost at once collapsed and, becoming unconscious, probably died shortly afterwards. Lawrie stayed beside his friend for some time, doing what he could to try and bring him round, but finding that he could get no signs of life, was forced to the conclusion that he was dead. He then sheltered him as much as possible behind some stones and continued the descent towards a pool (afterwards identified as one of the Pools of Dee) which had become momentarily visible at the bottom of the slope. Near this point he came on fresh tracks in the snow and, hoping to get help, and the mist again being dense, decided to follow the tracks. It was only when well down towards the Rothiemurchus forest that he realised he was not making for Deeside. Unfortunately he met with no help till he reached Coylum Bridge. Here he obtained the loan of a bicycle to take him to Aviemore where willing helpers were obtained, although it was not till some days later that they were able to locate and bring down the body of his friend. Too high praise cannot be given to the police, gamekeepers, and others who gave the most willing assistance in the search, and never relaxed their efforts.

[We are indebted to Mr. Lawrie for the facts here recorded, and he has confirmed the above account.]

CAIRNGORM AND BRAERIACH.

BY JOHN CLARKE.

CAIRNGORM, the Blue Cairn (4,048 ft.), can never be without interest, if only sentimental, to members of a Club that has chosen for title its name. Though the least elevated of the group of giants in which the Grampians culminate, it has also given a distinctive appellation to the central massif of Scotland, and little apology is, therefore, necessary for reverting to what may be for many a thrice told tale. Spending a couple of weeks in the summer of 1932 at Boat of Garten in the very attractive and comfortable quarters of Craigard, one could scarcely fail to hear the call of the hills. At early dawn, before the world was awake, there was the Larig Ghru to greet the eye, with the challenge of Braeriach close by, and then across Glen Einich, a little to the west, the imposing Sgor an Dhu; while from other and more erect viewpoints Cairngorm itself came into view and on its right the Lurcher's Crag, and the long slope of the north end of Ben Macdhui, which has gained such a painful interest through the fatal accident that recently occurred on it: in the background of the slope the top is roughly just discernible.

Broken weather, lack of training, and a somewhat crippling attack of rheumatism delayed any ambitious schemes of climbing. An afternoon crawl to Loch Vaa, that charming crystal vase set in emerald, was the limit of power, while a high wind and an unyielding back rendered even golf a severe penance, not to say a pitiable fiasco. But patience had its reward, when at the end of ten days, Saturday, August 6, seemed sufficiently assured of weather prospects to warrant nearer acquaintance with the high tops. The Sluggan had not yet been closed, as had shortly afterwards to be done at the behest of the shooting tenant, and the car permit kindly granted by the Forestry Commission still ran. Transport to Loch Morlich presented no problem and my son and I were on the road in good time.

The ascent of Cairngorm is a comparatively simple matter from the north side, and indeed from a distance the mountain looks to childish eyes so plain and smooth that a very young person's suggestion on one occasion was to walk up and slide down! The route is too well known to call for any long description. A well marked path leads from the carriage road at Loch Morlich across the meadows and by the right bank of the Allt Mor on to the side of the hill. This "big burn" with its feeders, it may be noted, drains the north side of the mountain. After clearing the first of the outlying buttresses of the mountain you may pretty well choose your own way to the top. But if there is mist, careful compass bearings will be necessary. On this occasion the climb was almost without incident, though not without one or two features. The wind was violent and fierce, almost beyond precedent, the more surprising as ground conditions and outlook gave no reason to anticipate it. It swept over from the west or south-west with absolute fury, and with what would have seemed in a human agent, positive malevolence. From 2,500 feet and upwards it shrieked and tore across the mountain side with resistless force, rendering necessary a series of tacks on alternately short and long legs—and eventually on very tired ones! Without the aid of a stalwart companion to shoulder the bulk of the impedimenta, a senior in not too good condition might have been pardoned for declining to struggle on to the top. The gale was the worst but one ever experienced during a very long course of years and varied adventures on the summits.

There is an obvious moral, especially for the novice: be prepared for emergencies; you never can tell what unforeseen contingencies may be in store. The old copy-book heading—perhaps still current—"High winds blow on high hills" under its verbal play contains a solid truth. The increasing violence is graduated up to the peak of Everest itself, where an aeroplane is tossed about like a cork in a 120-200 m.p.h. hurricane. The wind blows where and as it lists, unforeseeable, incalculable, irresistible. The storm of a midsummer day enables one only faintly to picture

what it was in midwinter, two years ago, when the ill advised attempt to cross the top from Loch Avon ended in disaster.

Mist had hung round the summits all morning, and it was scarce matter of wonder that at the top there was neither view nor shelter. The direction of the wind offered no hope of immediate improvement. All that could be done was without delay to seek the shelter and the comfort of the Marquis's well. Here, toward the lee side of the mountain, the attack of the storm was much less direct. Moderate shelter and a substantial repast—the decent interment of the remains not forgotten—restored vigour. With back toward the mountain the "toil of the oar" is over, and, the gale now on the port quarter, full sail can be set. The wind somewhat subsided as we got below its main fury. Deviating somewhat toward the right or east side of the ordinary route we had expectation of striking a path somewhat less steep than that of the ascent. But this did not prove the case, and eventually we had to descend rather sharply before regaining the ordinary track above its entry to the glen. So ended the first stage. The fatigue did not prevent worship next day at the quaint little Kincardine church where, after service, there was opportunity of examining the Lepers' Window—an interesting relic but now something of a disappointment, as it is blocked from the inside of the church.

The greater task of Braeriach (4,248 ft.) was still on the programme. In common with the whole range it had suffered from the disappearance of the snow. The corries were comparatively bare and gaunt without any colour to catch the eye, and the realisation was brought home of the part played by contrast in the beauty and attractiveness of mountain scenery. With a uniform fall of snow, it is true, the distinctive features are obliterated; but without a dash of colour, the features become harsh and the romance is merged in naked reality.

Thursday, August 11, was to some extent Hobson's choice, but the prospects, though not ideal, were fairly promising. The "sea level" conditions were not unfavourable, and though mist hung round the higher peaks,

an afternoon view was not quite beyond hope. The ascent of Braeriach has been rendered tedious and in part uninteresting by the closing of the main access by way of Glen Einich. Even were it open, the state of the road renders wheeled transport, especially mechanical, neither very pleasant nor very safe. The alternatives are to tramp up the long glen to the starting point of the climb near Loch Einich, or to proceed by the equally or more tedious Larig route until a convenient point can be reached for deviating on to the mountain. The climb has in either case then to be begun. The latter, which was the route chosen, gave opportunity on the drive up from Coylum Bridge to the Alt-na-Bienne to study a file of "hikers" (as the title runs), some thirty strong, whose eyes were also directed towards the hills. They hailed from a southern commercial centre and were not very communicative, seeming to take their pleasure a little sadly, or, it may have been on guard against suspicious-looking Highland caterans or car bandits! They maintained a steady, determined pace, and evidently the first object was "to get there." It is at any rate a great matter to know that the open air mindedness is spreading so rapidly and has in fact taken such a hold.

The "briggie," which keeps the key to the Larig and in which the Club has a fatherly as well as proprietary interest, was found intact. It continues admirably to serve its purpose, and the well worn path testifies to the increasing use of the Larig route. Otherwise there is little to remark. Twenty years have written no very visible change in direction, stream, or bog. As an approach to the Pass and part of an acknowledged expedition the Larig track is all right. Even as an access to adjacent mountains it may be tolerated. But as a return or "run in" after the fatigues of a preliminary long walk and a hard climb have been undergone, it is an anticlimax and something of a weariness to the flesh. But this is to anticipate.

On the way up no incident occurred. The surroundings seemed unusually quiet, with hardly even a rabbit or a grouse stirring and a complete absence of deer. At a convenient point the path was deserted and faces set toward

the rough and steep slope of the Sron na Larig, or Nose of the Larig, the lowest of the outliers, an "alp" buttressing the main massif on the west side of the Pass. The Larig has very coarse features, especially nose and mouth. The cleft formed by it, it need hardly be recalled, divides the two great ranges, the western of which has Braeriach and Cairntoul (4,241 ft.) as its culminating points, with the Angel's Peak (Einich Cairn, 4,061 ft.) between. The long heather and masses of detached boulders of the Sron na Larig furnish a stiff, rough and rather featureless scramble. What by contrast seems a slope, though in reality a steepish acclivity, follows. Then after a slight descent the route turns rather abruptly to the left (east) and follows in general the enclosing ridge or precipice of the Larig Ghru. At 2,500 - 3,000 feet we ran into the mist, which had thickened rather than dispersed, and thenceforward had to grope along steering by compass and map (Ordnance). The junior member again took "the heavy end of the stick," and with compass, map, and aneroid literally "in hand" laid the course, which on one or two occasions had to be checked by the Larig and other crags. The rather tricky approach to the cairn that marks the summit was from former visits familiar to both, and perhaps in any case

Two are better far than one
For counsel or for fight.

In such wise the top was duly attained.* But imagination had to do service for vision. Such an altitude raises one to a viewpoint which is a reward for all the toil. This particular height affords a distinctive prospect, especially of Glendee and its surrounding monarchs. Then a little farther off stands an array of peaks, great and small, far and near, the veiling of which could not but cause regret. The "dust" had no "palm."

The intention had been to descend to the Wells of Dee,

* There is a slight variation in our impressions regarding one or two of the details of the upper part of the route. I have adhered to my own—always subject to correction. It is only impressions, not scientific description, that can be derived from such an experience, mostly in mist.

the ultimate main source of the water we drink in Aberdeen, in order, among other things, to obtain samples for analysis. The attempt under existing conditions, apart from the immediate one of time, would have been hazardous, and had to be reserved for another day. Our steps must, therefore, be retraced, and with the same care as before. Among other things, an arrow had been drawn to mark the rightangled turn referred to above, and in due course the mist was left behind and the descent completed in safety, though perhaps not wholly without anxiety. On the way back, as already indicated, a rather weary tramp of four or five miles, we were overtaken by a party of friends, some ten or so in number, another welcome token of the craving for the open. They had gone up *via* Glen Einich and were racing back for an evening entertainment.

Long shadows were already being cast by the time the open wood near the bridge was reached, and an unobserved root across the path was the occasion of a *faux pas*, which caused momentary alarm. The result was no worse than an honourable scar, a "landmark" which, by the aid of kindly neighbours, was removed within a week! The day had been essentially fine and the air almost still. But it proved the proverbial lull before the storm. The same night a thunderstorm burst on Strathspey, and for the brief remaining space of holidays there was neither opportunity nor energy for more.

On the 13th a return had to be made to Aberdeen. The thunder was not yet over and the entry to the braif town was made under conditions to which the colonist applies the designation "wash out." The flooding proved the occasion for the provision of a storm water drainage scheme that has cost the city £10,000. That is, perhaps, another affair, but it shows the interconnectedness of things.

My first experience of Cairngorm was somewhere back in the late '80s or early '90s, when I was the guest at Kingussie of the late Very Rev. Professor Milligan, and a large party under the guidance of the late Dr. Robert Walker made the ascent on an ideal summer day. There were no Speyside excursions in those days, and when Braeriach was

tackled by the Club, of which no doubt the *Journal* contains a record, the starting point was Boat of Garten, to which the journey had to be made on the preceding day. The waggonette that conveyed the party was ferried over at what was then literally "the Boat," a chain ferry, and the long drive to Glen Einich was followed by breakfast before the ascent was begun. Mr. McConnochie, the secretary, was leader, and the expedition was in every way a success. The climb from Loch Einich is not long nor difficult, but requires caution in the descent in order to keep clear of the great northern corries. There is an alternative route which follows Loch Einich to the upper end or near it, and has then one "bad step" before the upper plateau is reached. It is highly desirable that the Glen Einich route should again be made practicable for wheeled transport: a modern road would be a boon to sportsmen as well as to mountaineers, whose respective interests are in other respects by no means incapable of being reconciled.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S FIRST RULE.

MANY Club members, even those who have had some climbing experience on rock and snow, don't seem to realise the first standard climbing rule, which outweighs all other technicalities that come gradually with experience. The rule is :—*A roped climbing party must be guarded, from start to finish of a climb, in such a manner that if a slip should occur at any given moment an accident simply could not happen.* If a party participate in a climb and this safeguard is not in force, then the party is not mountaineering at all. They are only traversing a part of the hill on which they should not be on. This applies even though the members of the party have been ascending hills for many years. It does not matter what one may read in climbing books, this rule must be obeyed before any other. Every party consisting of not less than three persons must have a member in it who is capable of enforcing this safeguard and who knows how to bring it into play, otherwise it is not a climbing party. The descent by a snow route of any difficulty should never be adopted unless it has previously been ascended the same day, or is very well known to a member of the party. The person in charge of a party should have at least five or six winters' snow experience for Scotland and a great many more for the Alps. This climbing business must be taken more seriously. The giant in the Cairngorms is as a little child when first above the line of perpetual snow. At first the technique of step-cutting is not so important, provided the steps are made safe. The thing is the party's safety. In these days of "Scouts" and "Guides," the person who expects to be linked on to a rope and does not know the four essential climbing knots * and their purpose, should be ashamed, especially if a Cairngorm Club member. The people without proper boots and ice-axes reduce the strength of the party, and obviously the party is better served by these persons keeping to the tourist route. We must remember that the strength of a party is equal to its weakest link.—J. McC.

* *v. C. C. J.*, Vol. X, page 119.

THE CAIRNGORMS REVISITED.

BY "UNST."

I ARRIVED in Braemar on June 23, 1933, after an absence of seven years, to renew my acquaintanceship with the Cairngorm Mountains, which have always been, and will always be, the source of many pleasant memories. The Scottish Highlands, typified *par excellence* in the Central Cairngorms and the Black Cuillin of Skye, have a quiet, hidden beauty of their own, a certain spiritual quality possessed by no other mountains in the world.

I made my first expedition from Braemar on June 24. I was climbing alone, and in spite of the extreme clemency of the weather I carried an ice-axe, which should always, in my opinion, be carried by solitary climbers, and I can think of at least one fatal accident which might have been obviated by its use.

Setting out along Glen Slugain, crossing the Dee by a bridge near a sawmill, both new to me, I walked along the path to Clach a Cleirich, a large stone marking the col between Beinn a' Bhuid and Ben Avon, and ascended the steep rise to Cnap a Cleirich. Once on the plateau the North Top is soon reached, and from there to the South Top is a flat walk. I had rather rushed the climb, and felt somewhat out of condition. Arrived at the North Top, mist fell on the hill, so I took a compass-bearing to the South Top, not wishing to repeat a mistake I had made many years ago, when, undertaking the same expedition one January with Roy Simmers, we became involved in a howling blizzard and missed the South Top completely, eventually descending into Glen Quoich *via* the re-entrant between Carn Fiacloch and the Bruach Mhor. I reached the South Top in due course, and descended to the col between the main *massif* and Carn Fiacloch, enjoying on the way a short glissade on a patch of old snow, which cascaded me out unceremoniously over a miniature *bergschrunn* into a tangle of loose rocks. On the col I met three climbers *en route* for Beinn a' Bhuid, and descended into

Glen Quoich by the path on the west face of Carn Fiaclach, thence into Glen Slugain and home to Braemar, after an excellent day. I was grieved to see Slugain Lodge in such bad repair and disfigured by so many pencilled records made by the ubiquitous tripper. The amount of litter on view was not creditable. I spent a considerable amount of time, especially at the summit cairns, burying traces of recent orgies in the shape of lemonade bottles, tins, and greasy sheets of paper. I put up any number of grouse, and a bumper year seemed indicated. The stags, of which I saw quite a number, were still in velvet, with a lack of good heads.

Next day I made an early start along the same route, with the intention of climbing Ben Avon. I reached the Clach a Cleirich, and advanced some way up the head waters of the Quoich before ascending the shoulder of the hill to the main summit, Leabaidh an Daimh Bhuidhe. The day was clear and cloudless, and I had fine views of the Central Cairngorms, the corries of Beinn a' Bhuid and the Garbh Coire of Ben Avon. I climbed to the cairn on the peculiar castellated top, and rested there for some time, descending by Allt an Eas Mhoir to the upper reaches of the Gairn, and thence to Braemar by the path to the west of Culardoch, which debouches into a respectable road leading to Invercauld House. The weather was intensely hot and dry, and had been for some time. The water in the hill burns was getting low. From the 3,000 contour to the summit I continually disturbed large numbers of ptarmigan. Some were still nesting, but there were numerous large coveys as well.

On the following day I stayed in Braemar, and decided, in view of the perpetually fine weather, to discard the ice-axe and change my climbing boots for shoes.

After a day's rest I made an early start and motored to Derry Lodge. Previously, the road to Derry was open, but now a toll of half-a-crown is levied, I understand for the upkeep of the road. Arrived at Derry Lodge, I left the car in the pines and walked up Glen Luibeg, ascending the Sron Riach at a leisurely pace. Just short of the North Top the mist fell, driven before a half-gale, recalling memories

of a previous expedition in the company of Mr. Parker, who needs no introduction in these pages, and Mr. Sellar, when we climbed Ben Macdhui on New Year's Eve, 1926, in similar but somewhat more severe weather. I reached the North Top eventually, and being deprived of any view made straight for the main summit, after a perfunctory compass reading. I found the indicator in excellent condition, but the mist held, so view there was none. Descending in a north-westerly direction, I passed the source of Allt a Choire Mhoir and walked to the March Burn. Here I was out of the mist, and enjoyed an excellent view of the whole length of the Larig Pass and the country towards Rothiemurchus. There were two people in the Larig, one of whom I met subsequently in the Corrou Bothy. As the descent near the March Burn is steep and tedious, I returned to Allt a Choire Mhoir, and, after a halt for lunch, descended into the Larig, crossed it, and toiled up the shoulder of Braeriach, encountering more mist before ascending very far. I reached the summit, and, walking along the cliffs, descended a little way down a convenient buttress to get out of the mist, and was rewarded by sensational glimpses of Coire Bhrochain and silvery Glen Dee, far below. I re-ascended to the summit plateau, and, skirting the cliffs, emerged into fine weather near the summit of Angel's Peak. From here, and subsequently from the summit of Cairn Toul, the view was magnificent, but from neither peak could it compare with the vista from the Devil's Point, on top of which I stood for a full hour, enjoying the scenery. The summit of the Devil's Point is a sensational situation, from where the eye encounters the far-flung reaches of Glen Dee and Glen Geusachan, with their enclosing hills. Descending to the Corrou Bothy *via* the col between the summit and Cairn Toul, I found the bothy occupied by a solitary inhabitant, who very kindly made me some tea. He was one of the adventurers I had seen in the Larig, and again caught a glimpse of from Angel's Peak as he was descending from Cairn Toul. Like a snail, he carried his entire belongings with him. He was bound for the Shelter Stone next

morning *via* the summit of Ben Macdhui, and the very sight of his pack, including tent, made my shoulders ache.

In the cool of the evening I returned to Derry Lodge, and drove to Braemar, pleasantly tired.

For subsequent expeditions I decided to make Derry Lodge my headquarters, so I stayed there, enjoying the hospitality of some very old friends.

After a day in Braemar (and a lovely morning spent on the shores of the Dubh Lochan of Beinn a' Bhuird, where I met an enthusiastic entomologist, who, having caught the particular bug he desired, was full of good cheer) I motored early one morning to Derry Lodge, and set out for Derry Cairngorm. Derry Cairngorm has always been one of my favourite hills, admirably situated as it is for views of Glen Dee and the corries of the central group. I reached the summit in good time, and skirted the high ground above Loch Etchachan round to the shoulder of Ben Macdhui, overlooking Loch Avon. Here, if anywhere, the scenery is supremely magnificent. The great bulk of Cairngorm, frowning over the distant blue waters of Avon, the magnificent precipices of the Pinnacle Crag and its surrounding cliffs, the high loch of Etchachan, the rising shoulders of Beinn Mheadhoin and the gentle exit of the valley of Avon with its rippling streams, all overlooked by the towering slopes of Ben Macdhui, make one of the finest, if one of the lesser known, mountain views in the world, more generous in scale than the enclosed grandeur of Coruisk, gentler in contour and more alive in beauty than the high Alps, and without the awful desolation of the great Himalayan ranges, where the eye and the mind are lost in incomprehensible immensities of distance.

Lingering over the beauties of the scenery, I ascended leisurely to the summit of Cairngorm, and thence steeply to the eastern shore of Loch Avon, where, to crown the day's enjoyment, I stripped and swam far into the cold, refreshing waters. From here I climbed Beinn Mheadhoin, with its weird summit, descended to the shores of Loch Etchachan, down Coire Etchachan into Glen Derry and home.

Next day was swelteringly hot, and I set out for Monadh

Mor. I ascended first to the col between Cairn Toul and the Devil's Point, in a breathless heat without a puff of wind, and, keeping to the high ground on the southern slopes of Cairn Toul, reached the shores of Loch nan Stuirteag. This little loch is one of the most charming and unfrequented spots in the Cairngorms. From here, in mist, I climbed to the north summit of Monadh Mor, and walked along the summit plateau to the south top. By the time I reached the lip of Coire Cath nam Fionn the weather had cleared, and I reached Beinn Bhrotain in sunshine. Then I went on to Carn Cloich-mhuilinn, a hill I had not previously climbed. The flat, grassy col between Bhrotain and Cloich-mhuilinn was alive with large coveys of ptarmigan. After a short rest on the summit of the latter hill, I descended into Glen Dee by the Allt Garbh, and reached Glen Lui over the shoulder of Creagan nan Gabhar—roughish going.

A heat wave had arrived with a vengeance. My next venture, Beinn Bhreac, Beinn a Chaorruin, A Choinneach and Ben Bynack More, was carried out under a blazing sun. I climbed to the summit of Beinn Bhreac from Glen Derry, and was rewarded by an excellent view down the Dubh Glen. The deer, worried by the heat, had congregated into large herds, which kept to the open grassy flats. On the extensive flat col between Beinn Bhreac and Beinn a Chaorruin I moved a herd of well over a hundred head. From the summit of Beinn a Chaorruin I made for the Dubh Lochan in Glen Derry, and was extremely glad of a long drink. The lochan was very low, and indeed most of the smaller hill burns had dried completely. Crossing the Avon, I climbed up the south shoulder of A Choinneach, over heather and boulders, to the summit. Here again, on the flat between A Choinneach and Bynack More, were innumerable deer, sluggish with the heat. On the summit of Bynack More a welcome breeze sprang up. I spent some time examining the Barns, and then descended into Glen Derry and home.

Next day, the last I was to spend in these delightful surroundings, was hotter than ever. Glen Lui and Glen Dee were alive with campers taking advantage of the fine spell.

I had planned a big day, and set out along Glen Geusachan for Loch nan Stuirteag. The ascent of the upper reaches of Glen Geusachan was very trying, the rough ground and the heat forming an unpleasant combination. Just below the final pull to the loch I roused a very fine solitary stag, the only good head I encountered during my visit. From Loch nan Stuirteag I walked, *via* Loch nan Cnapan, to the cliffs at the head of Loch Einich, moving hundreds of deer on the flat ground. Rounding the buttress of Cairn Toul, which overlooks Loch nan Cnapan, I was suddenly startled by a thin, piercing wail in the neighbourhood of my feet. I had almost stepped on a tiny fawn which was lying in a depression in the ground. It got up, very unsteady on its legs, and made off in a somewhat drunken manner. The ground overlooking the cliffs round Loch Einich is very rough, and I made a wide detour to avoid it, eventually reaching the grassy slopes of Sgor Gaoith. From the summit of Sgor Gaoith I had a magnificent view, and spent some time examining the buttresses leading from Loch Einich to the summit of the cliffs. All these buttresses have, I think I am right in saying, been climbed by my friend Roy Symmers. From Sgor Gaoith I walked to the summit of Sgoran Dubh Mor, and thence to the summit of Carn Ban Mor, Meall Dubhag, round Fionnar Choire and Coire Garbhlach to Mullach Clach a Bhlair and so on to Diollaid Coire Eindart, a pleasant expedition. Then I descended to the River Eidart, and enjoyed a most refreshing dip in a rock pool. To finish up the day I walked to the upper reaches of the Feshie, under the shadow of Meall Tionail and Carn Ealar, returning to the Geldie Burn. It was dark by the time I reached Geldie Lodge, and by the time I reached the White Bridge I was decidedly footsore, which slowed me down considerably. When I reached the Linn of Dee it was dawn, and I reached Derry Lodge at 5 a.m., after twenty-one consecutive hours in the hills. I had covered well over forty miles, and managed to fall asleep without much difficulty. Later in the morning, after an adequate breakfast, I returned to Aberdeen, having spent one of the most enjoyable holidays of my experience.



SHADOW BUTTRESS, LOCHNAGAR.

- a..a The Giant's Head Chimney (hidden)
- a..b Polyphemus Gully.
- x..x Difficult section.
- d Douglas-Gibson Gully.

NEW CLIMBS ON LOCHNAGAR.

BY W. A. EWEN.

"CLIMBERS," says the President, "overcome with their exertions, are prone to fall asleep between the difficulties." The criticism might have been more gently expressed and lassitude accounted due to the soporific effect of the "welles" that

Cam renning fro the cliffes adoun
And made a deedly, sleeping soun!

We borrow from Chaucer to explain our phenomenal slowness on the ascent of the Polyphemus Gully, which required three days to complete.

Our first attempt on the gully, which branches off the Giant's Head Chimney, some fifty feet above the screes, was a dismal failure. We started, Symmers and I, very late one afternoon and, after spending several hours on the first 150 feet, descended in as leisurely fashion. "It is high time to go to bed," says Montaigne, "when our legs faile us!" On a later occasion, we descended from the top, on a route mainly between the Giant's Head and Polyphemus, and reached, without real difficulty, the point where our previous exploration had stopped. And having ascertained that a certain tooth of rock, over which the route lies, was more stable than had appeared from below, we commenced our final attempt on September 16, 1933.

The first two pitches of the Giant's Head Chimney are small and overgrown but the next movement, out to the right round an awkward corner, is less easy. Beyond the corner there is a good stance, but thereafter the climbing proves continuously difficult for some 150 feet. Above fairly steep ridged slabs, not overflowing with good holds, the gully narrows and a hitch is obtainable. On the higher and wider part of this pitch it is a matter of some difficulty to effect a lodgement on a platform which protrudes, jetty like, on the left.

The gully now runs into an overhanging crack, above which it changes direction abruptly. A tooth of rock projecting from the left wall is the stepping-stone to higher things. The leader runs out about 90 feet of rope, and as the climbing on the exposed left wall requires delicate balance, the belay is important. This will be found on the right wall but out of reach, so that the rope must be thrown over it. Symmers elected to perform this operation; some considerable time elapsed before we were able to proceed.

A bulge of wall interferes with progress up to the "tooth," but once this is gained (in 10-12 feet) the foothold is adequate. But there are no "jug-handles" for the hands; the feet must do the work. The tooth leans rakishly over space and the operation of stepping on to the ultimate tip may, in the absence of reliable handhold, be best performed quickly. Due care should be observed since, just above, there is a slight overhang with which the leader's head came into violent contact. The tooth is quitted for an unsatisfactory foothold in a gutter on the wall. Above this delicate step the holds improve and a movement to the right, towards the overhanging crack, brings the climber to a chaos of boulders and the comfortable security of a temporary subterranean existence. The gully bed is here very boulder strewn, but a further run of 20 feet leads to a comfortable platform on the left wall.

The angle is now easier and the climbing for some distance uninteresting. But approaching the next pitch, the boulders give way to smooth slabs, masked in the grey slime of rotting granite. The pitch itself houses several wedged blocks, the smallest of which is, by proof of touch, unstable. We looked at the largest one and decided not to put it to the touch. Once again an escape was found on the left wall some 10 feet lower. This upward traverse is only moderately difficult and leads to easy ground on the left of the great pitch, and from here its difficulties can be better appreciated. About 100 feet high, it commences with the loose blocks referred to above and culminates in an overhang. Progress on the left is a fairly simple matter.



WEST BUTTRESS, LOCHNAGAR.

x . . x Gargoyle Chimney. *a* and *b* Alternative starts.

Eventually, a recessed corner under an overhanging gable of rock is reached, and an eight-foot wall to the right of it leads to a large platform above the great pitch. The gully is regained through a tumble of boulders and two further short pitches complete the climb. The final choke-stone pitch may be climbed in several ways, but backing up is sheer joy. The walls are made for it.

We would classify the climb, having regard to the fact that the initial section is continuously difficult for some 200 feet, as much more exacting than the standard climbs on Lochnagar.

* * *

On August 6, 1933, G. R. Symmers and the writer followed a new route *via* Gargoyle Chimney, a thin slit of blackness perched mid-way up the so-called Western Buttress of Lochnagar. The chimney is something of an imposter, being less formidable than its appearance suggests. It will be easily recognised by the grotesque "head" near the exit and visible from the corrie. Sculptors with ultra-modern ideas may find inspiration here!

A steep grind over vegetated slopes for some 200 feet (starting by any one of the three initial chimneys: the left-hand one is difficult) is not very satisfactory. The broken band of rock between the two prominent green terraces may be easily passed at the West Gully end. Access to the chimney is over a large slab, above which a small chokestone calls for effort not in proportion to its size. Backing up for 60 feet is an easier and more certain way of attaining the next chokestone than utilising the small and unsatisfactory holds in the bed of the chimney. But the right wall harbours a certain amount of loose stuff and the leader's moral (and sometimes physical) prop and support is in the line of fire.

The second chokestone is passed on the right *via* a shelf on the right wall, and is not particularly difficult. The chimney, until now about three feet wide, begins to funnel out. A recess in the right wall will secure the second man against emergencies. The next pitch is in three sections, the first a very smooth slab of some 20 feet. The slab was

climbed on the left and a traverse made to the right wall, where the holds are still poor. A chimney on the right, which previous examination had suggested as the best route, proved unreliable. A way, however, was found up to the left on large boulders overhanging a cave.

The chimney section (about 150 feet) of the climb finishes here in a large "basin" surrounded by several peculiar rock features, notably the Gargoyle on the right. Lower down, a detached obelisk seems in eminent danger of toppling from its crazy base. But, to continue with the climb, various possibilities for overcoming the slabs are open; perhaps the best route is by the small, central chimney slanting away to the right. The narrow exit from the basin houses a large chokestone, which is passed without great difficulty on the left.

Further examination of the whole buttress between the Spout and the West Gully was undertaken. Apart from the climb described above, there seems to be little of interest here. The lower half is largely vegetation; the upper half appears to be everywhere too difficult. For all that, there is no buttress on Lochnagar finer in appearance than the West.

A SLIDE-RULE FOR CLIMBERS.

By A. MURRAY CLOW, B.Sc., M.A.

It is many years now since attention was drawn to the empirical rule given by Naismith for connecting time with the distance and altitude covered by a climber. (*S.C.M.J.*, ii, 136, and *C.C.J.*, viii, 19.) His rule is:—

$$t = \frac{2000m + 3f}{6000}$$

where t is the time in hours, m the distance in miles, and f the height climbed in feet, or as the formula is usually expressed in words:—A climber in good condition can go at the rate of 3 miles per hour, with half-an-hour added for every thousand feet climbed. This allows for normal rests, but not for abnormally difficult climbing. That is to say, if an excursion covers 15 miles and 5,000 feet of climbing, it will require five hours to cover the ground, supposed level, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to allow for the climbing, in all $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The remarkable accuracy with which the formula works is illustrated by instancing the Peter Hill—Mount Battock Excursion on May 20, 1933. A party of climbers left the Sawmill and ascended Mount Battock by the Glaspits path, returning to the Sawmill, having walked 9 miles and climbed 2,855 feet. If Naismith's formula is applied, it will be seen that the estimated time is 4 hours 25 minutes, which is exactly the time taken by the party. Even the record climb of the six Cairngorms works out with an error of 25 minutes only in 13 hours' climbing.

While it is easy to calculate the time to be taken for an excursion by means of the formula, a pencil, and a piece of paper, it is not as easy to work the formula backwards, so to speak, and find out how many feet one has climbed if one has covered $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 9 hours. It is to do this that the slide-rule to be described in this article was devised.

As will be seen from Fig. 1, it consists of two full length

scales and a shorter scale that moves between the other two, referred to as the "Hour" and "Mile" scales, while the movable scale is referred to as the "Feet" scale. To make a working model of the rule, these scales are cut out and pasted on to cardboard as shown in the accompanying section (Fig. 2), so that the "Feet" scale moves freely between the "Hour" and "Mile" scales, the latter two being fixed relative to one another.

Consider the "H" scale first. It will be seen that this scale is divided into ten units and each unit into four units. This scale represents the number of hours required for an excursion, a ten-hour excursion being the maximum allowed by this rule. The "M" scale is divided into thirty units and again into quarters, representing the number of miles covered, the maximum being thirty. Lastly, the "F" scale is marked up to 10,000, this being the number of feet climbed.

Now for a few examples to show how the rule is used (Fig. 3). Suppose a climb is to be six miles long with 1,000 feet of climbing, how long will be required? The method of using the rule is this. Set the arrow at the beginning of the "F" scale to six, the number of miles on the "M" scale, and look along the "F" scale until the number representing the feet to be climbed is reached, namely, 1,000 feet. Then look at the number on the "H" scale opposite 1,000 and this is the time required, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Of course such a simple example could have been worked mentally, but if one intends covering $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles and 2,500 feet it isn't so easy.

The next example (Fig. 4) shows the usefulness of the rule. Suppose a party has been out for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours but has only covered $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles—how many feet has it climbed? To calculate this, set the arrow on the "F" scale at $7\frac{1}{2}$ and (this time) look along the "H" scale until the time $3\frac{1}{2}$ is reached. Then opposite it on the "F" scale is the number of feet ascended, in this case 2,000 feet.

A third and last application can be illustrated on the same figure. It is really the reverse of the previous example. Suppose a party have been out for $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours

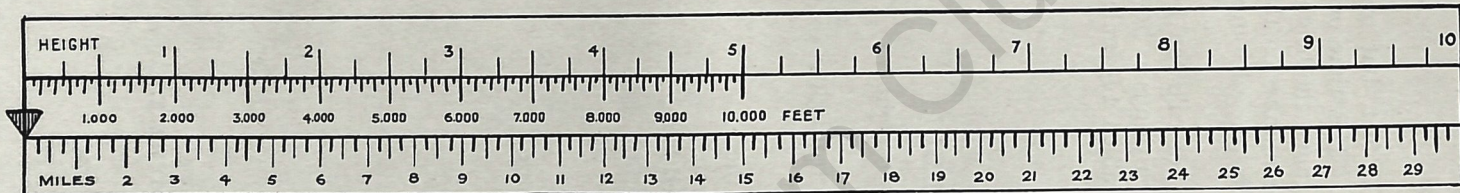


FIG. 1.

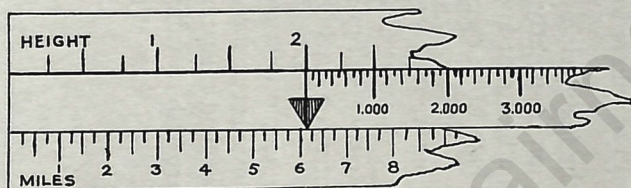


FIG. 3.

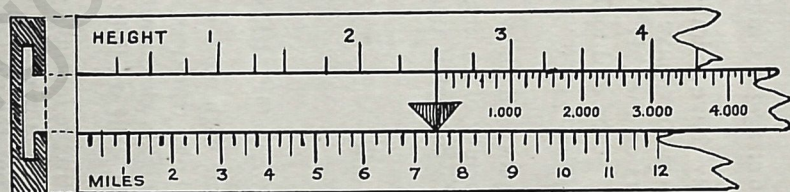


FIG. 2.

FIG. 4.

TIME - DISTANCE - ALTITUDE CALCULATOR

and know that they have climbed 1,500 feet, but are unsure of the distance they have covered. This time one sets the time in hours on the "H" scale against the height climbed on the "F" scale, and looks at the number on the "M" scale opposite the arrow. This is the distance travelled— $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

These few examples will show that a slide-rule can be used to ease the difficulty of finding out such things as how many feet one has ascended if one has walked $14\frac{3}{4}$ miles in $6\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE GHOST OF BEN MACDHUI.

Will you come with me for a tramp to-night
 To the hill o'er trackless snow,
 Where far heights gleam with a spectral light,
 In the pale, cold starlight glow ?

We'll hear strange footfalls passing there,
 And our nerves may thrill with fear,
 Though 'tis but the rush of a startled hare,
 Or the tread of wild red deer.

We'll hear the fox's yelping bark,
 When out on his nightly prowling,
 And note of a bird that loves the dark,
 The eerie calls of an owl.

And something we may see to-night,
 Would keep our nerves a-thrill,
 A ghostly presence—elf or sprite—
 May haunt us on the hill.

Or can it be, as old folks say,
 That fairies meet at night
 On heights to hold their revels gay,
 And depart with dawning light ?

WILLIAM STEWART.

A GULLY CLIMB.

BY R. PARK YUNNIE.

"GET up, man, it's a glorious morning!" I addressed these words to H, who moved his head and muttered sleepily, "Go to blazes, it's your turn to make the breakfast, I made it yesterday." I made reply from the depth of my warm sleeping bag, "Some people are born lazy." A short silence and then a voice filled with bitterness, "Of all the selfish blighters!" I smiled happily, and stretching my arm outside the tent-fly I groped gently until my fingers closed on a pan of water. Surreptitiously I drew it inside and poured it over H's head. That did it! The recumbent form became a kicking, roaring lion. In a flash I was out of my sleeping bag and struggling with the fastenings of the tent door. Just as I was congratulating myself on my escape a foot caught me sharply behind and I pitched head first out of the tent on to the dew-soaked heather. Laughing and shivering I scrambled to my feet, and catching the leg which protruded from the tent pulled its owner out, accompanied by laughter and curses. Ten minutes later we shook hands and agreed it was a lovely morning, as indeed it was. The sun shone from a cloudless sky on the clear waters of the loch. Immediately behind us rose the riven precipices of the mountain we intended to climb that day. Lighting the "meths." stove and putting water on to boil, we stripped and plunged into the loch and swam about in high glee. We emerged tingling and raced each other up and down the lochside. Dressed, we did full justice to breakfast, and within an hour of rising we were picking our way across the boulder-strewn slopes to the foot of our climb—a narrow gully in the precipice giving access to the summit some 600 feet higher up. We roped. With joy in our hearts (and securely nailed boots on our feet) we climbed quickly for about 100 feet, when our progress became slower as the angle steepened and holds became more difficult to find.

Breathing heavily, we rested under a boulder which had become jammed in the gully and which stopped further ascent in a vertical direction. I produced cigarettes and we enjoyed a short smoke. I felt my back growing cold, and I drew my hand away wet. Moving gently to one side I discovered a pool of icy water collecting drop by drop in a small hollow in the rock. H was crouching below me on a small ledge looking straight ahead, drinking in the panorama of the loch and the hills and glens stretching away beneath, so I quietly ran the water down the rock in his direction. Just as I expected, it trickled joyfully down, down into the upturned collar of his jacket! I will not repeat the language. Throwing away my cigarette I traversed out to the left and heaved myself up the side of the boulder, calling to H to follow. We climbed cautiously until we reached a small cave about half-way up the gully, where we stopped to consider the next step. An impossible overhang of smooth rock lay ahead of us and we had to make another traverse across the rock wall to a smaller cave above and a little to the left. From this position, by standing on my toes on the floor of the cave and gripping the lower ledge of the rock forming the roof I was able to lean outward and survey the gully above. The way seemed clear if we could surmount the cave pitch. We looked at one another thoughtfully. A fall would have serious consequences, for the gully fell away steeply below us. However, we couldn't sit there all day. Unfastening my end of the rope, I passed it through a small hole at the back of the cave, and after some struggling (in the process of which I freely sprinkled H's head and neck with small stones, to his intense annoyance!) I succeeded in getting the rope over the cave roof and fastening it to my waist again. The position now was that if I, in getting over the cave roof, were to slip, H would strain on the rope, which would act like a pulley and so avert my fall. After three attempts, which knocked all the breath out of me, I managed to reach the bed of the gully above the cave, where I lay panting and listening (I couldn't see him) to H's splutterings in an endeavour to remove the wet moss, dirt and small stones from his mouth. Never once did he

ask after my welfare! When I had regained my breath, I called to H to unrope, which he did, and I then pulled the rope up through the hole and threw it over the cave to him, when he again roped on. "Up you come, my lad," I shouted, "I'll hold you if you fall." "You'd better!" came the smothered reply. I braced myself against the gully wall and pulled into sight a very red and very grimy face, and nearly let it fall back again through trying to restrain my laughter. Another heave and up he came in great style. We rested for a while and enjoyed a juicy apple, some chocolate, and a cigarette. The most difficult part of the climb had "gone" much more easily than either of us had expected, and we had now but another 300 feet of easy going to complete the ascent. We chatted inconsequently for a few minutes, and, in regard to the ideal weather conditions, I remarked, "Spring in the air this morning, my lad," to which H made reply, "Why the 'ell should I?" When our laughter had subsided, we continued the ascent and reached the last pitch without mishap. With sundry heaves and grunts (accompanied by mocking laughs from below) I emerged on the summit, two hours after entering the gully, to be followed almost immediately by H. We looked at each other and burst out laughing. Our faces were red and filthy, pieces of moss and small stones stuck in our hair, and blood trickled from sundry small scratches on our hands and knees. But we felt gloriously elated. Coiling up the rope, we set off for the summit cairn, where we lay in the sun for an hour, passing rude remarks about each other's appearance and climbing capabilities. And so another climb was added to our list.

SNOW SLOPES FOR NOVICES.

SNOW slopes appear to be much steeper than they are. The average angle is about 45° ; a slope of 60° is very steep, and even steeper pitches may be encountered. But the angle is of less moment than the condition of the snow, which varies considerably. For climbing, uniformly hard snow is desirable, but recent winters have been too mild to provide much of this variety. Certain conditions may be dangerous, *e.g.* hard crust over powder; soft snow over ice.

Steps are cut with the floor sloping slightly inwards, and the body therefore tends to lean towards the slope. There is, too, a desire to grasp any available handhold, and this exaggerates the leaning position. The foot is then no longer flat on the step and there is danger not only of the foot slipping but also, in certain conditions of snow, of the edge of the step breaking away. *The body must be kept upright*, if necessary by pushing away from the slope with the axe. Hanging on to the axe (driven into the snow) is usually unnecessary and always ungainly.

The leader is held responsible for the safety of his "rope," but it is not to be supposed that the novice on the rope has no responsibilities or that the mere act of roping is an absolute safeguard from accident. The necessary precautions should be thoroughly understood before starting to climb at all. The rope is only a safeguard if it be kept *all but taut between each member of the party all the time*. Then, if the man below slips, he comes immediately on the rope and is easily held. With a slack rope, the falling member may attain considerable speed before the strain comes on the rope, and the resulting jerk may dislodge the whole party. The practice of carrying a coil of rope in one hand has little to commend it. It becomes a source of annoyance, distracts the attention, and is often a sign that the rope is too long for the party! The case of a falling leader is not discussed here; the leader must not fall, because a body falling from above is very difficult to stop

—and also because these notes must go into a stipulated number of pages!

When the party is moving together, the climber is responsible for the rope ahead of him. (The leader has none, but he has eyes in the back of his head.) But in difficult places, where the party is moving one at a time, the stationary member is responsible for the rope of the moving climber, be he in front of him or behind him. The rope must not be allowed to run slack or to catch on protruding rocks. If it is coiled up as it is taken in, it will not become tangled. It is better, however, to have both hands on the rope; the "slack" will generally look after itself. The rope does not cover up bad climbing nor does it justify a difficult ascent by an inexperienced party.

The ice axe is intended primarily for cutting steps, but, since snow slopes do not afford the safety of natural "hitches," as rock climbs do, the axe may also be used as an excellent artificial substitute. If properly driven in, up to the head, it is capable of withstanding a very considerable strain. If the snow is not deep enough to take the axe the belay will be inadequate, and a better stance must be sought. The angle is important; the axe should be either vertical or leaning very slightly towards the slope. In hard snow, it may be necessary to get above the axe and to use the weight of the body as the driving force. The rope is passed over the axe (once) *close to the snow*. As the man below moves up, rope is taken in over the axe; it is paid out in similar fashion when descending and it is essential that the rope runs freely. These precautions are taken when the party is moving one at a time, and it is the leader's duty to see that they are being observed. Where "safing" is necessary, a good stance (*i.e.* a larger step) is equally necessary. The above method is suitable for bringing up the man below, but in really difficult places a better form of belay may be required to safeguard the leader. Should the leader fall, he must come on the axe with a jerk if the method described above is used. He may, also, fall on the wrong side of the belay. But the method of belaying on rock may be used to overcome these objections.

The second man belays his waist rope (the length going to number three) securely round the axe, and passes the leader's rope over one shoulder and under the other arm. In the event of the leader slipping, rope is taken in quickly over the shoulder (there won't be time to take in much!) and the jerk comes first, not on a rigid belay, but on the second man's waist. This lessens the chance of the rope breaking at the belay and, although it appears to be unkind to the second man, it is the method universally adopted on rock and on difficult snow. Its chief merit is that it allows of *both hands on the rope*. He will be a strong man who holds a falling leader with one hand on the rope and one elsewhere.

Beginners sometimes complain that it is difficult to make the turns when ascending steps cut in zig-zag. This is probably due entirely to lack of confidence; the novice should attempt the turn off the inside foot and then off the outside foot to discover which method is easier. It is a matter of anatomy and personal preference. In zig-zag the foot is across the slope; when the steps are cut one above the other the toe is kicked into the slope. There are no turning difficulties, but the straight-up method encourages the tendency to lean forward besides hampering the swing of the axe. For these reasons, several famous climbers have advocated the zig-zag method. The novice should practice downhill as well as up. We avoid a descent (other than by a path) even on our practice climbs in February, and blame the short day! The writer fears to suggest an earlier start.

Having found his balance on steps already cut the beginner should make every effort to obtain practice in cutting (or stamping) steps either "on the rope" or on a safe slope. The common faults are cutting steps too far apart and "nibbling" at hard snow. The difficulties of step-cutting are sometimes greatly exaggerated, and one is sometimes left with the impression the art takes a life-time to perfect. Presumably Alpine guides are at the peak of their form at four-score and ten! In the Alps, where the guide, or leading amateur, may have to cut several hundred

steps in ice, it is an art not perfected in a season. On the very much shorter Scottish climbs, energy need not be conserved to the same extent, and even on hard snow the average climb should not be laborious if the leader is in good condition. Very often a scrape of the adze will clear away sufficient snow to make an adequate step. The size of the step will depend on the degree of difficulty and on the capacity of the party. In steep places, the step is made larger and the upper rim is cut away to accommodate the leg. Few strokes are required if they are well aimed. Energy is saved by adopting a rhythmic swing and an equable rate of speed. Opinion will be divided as to the best length of axe. The ice axe has grown steadily shorter; the modern axe comes up to the hip bone. A longer axe is unwieldy; a shorter is only useful in cramped quarters.

It is taken for granted that the novice will not attempt a snow slope in shorts and canvas shoes. The boot makers advertise their boots and they do not claim too much for them. As for clothes, mountain weather is capricious; it can be intensely cold; take more than you think is enough. Helmet, gloves, and "pull-overs" are easily carried in reserve.

Finally, although the average snow climb is not very difficult, there are many traps for the unwary, and the novice must learn early to appreciate difficulty and danger in relation to his own ability. Danger is not always apparent; but even the open snow slope may be dangerous. And, although the limits of space imposed have already been exceeded, the following parallel is worth consideration: " 'I will have no man in my boat,' said Starbuck, 'who is not afraid of a whale.' By this he seemed to mean that the most useful and reliable courage is that which arises from a fair estimation of the encountered peril."—W.A.E.

THE PRESIDENT'S DAY OUT.

It came about thiswise: on the afternoon of Saturday, November 25, 1933, the date of the Annual Club Dinner, Smith and I decided to do a climb on Lochnagar on the Sunday. A remark made by one of the speakers at the dinner that night to the effect that a President should have done the "real thing" led me to whisper to Smith, "We must get Malcolm to come with us to-morrow." After the dinner we stealthily approached the President and said, "Lochnagar to-morrow, Malcolm, we'll call for you at 7.30. Bring the usual hill lunch." "Here, what's this?" he gasped. We made reply, "A President must do some of the 'real thing.'" "I know," he answered, "but after this dinner!" "Certainly," we said, "a President must show a good example to the Club. Besides," we added, "think of the prestige, man. Newly-elected President starts off term of office with the 'real thing.'" "Yes, but after this dinner," he reiterated. "Splendid," we said, "we'll call for you at 7.30 then," and, slapping him on the back, we hurried off lest he should change his mind.

We picked up a sleepy-eyed President at 7.59(!) a.m. and set off. A red sky in the east and sharp, frosty air suggested ideal climbing conditions (which were later fully realised). We were soon in high spirits—despite the dinner! The drive by the South Deeside Road *via* the Shooting Greens was indeed delightful. The countryside lay white in the grip of a hard frost, and with the shafts of sunlight picking out delicate patterns on the hoar-laden trees and undergrowth we seemed to be driving through Fairyland.

Altnaguibhsaich was reached about 9.45, and ten minutes later we set off at a brisk pace, for the sharp air did not encourage loitering. Coming out of the trees our eyes rested delightedly upon the patches of snow on the lower slopes of the White Mounth, for we knew the gullies would be holding snow. We passed the Fox's Well at 11 a.m. and, crossing the Meikle Pap Col we soon gained the

rocks below the Central Buttress. Here we called a halt for a light meal. We decided to attempt one of the gullies to the left of the Douglas Gibson. (This we discovered later to be the Giant's Head Chimney.) A steep slope of hard-packed snow led up to a miniature bergschrund at the foot of the first pitch, formed by some six feet of frozen boulders in the bed of a stream rising at an angle of some 45° and culminating in a vertical slab of rock some seven feet high, over which a half-frozen waterfall gurgled most unpleasantly. We roped, and I made gingerly for the wet, icy slab. I succeeded in getting my sleeves and boots filled with the icy liquid—cursing the while. All this, mark you, to the intense delight of Nos. 2 and 3. I eventually gained the stance above the waterfall and, my discomfort temporarily over, called on No. 2 to follow. In order that he might not escape what he seemed to consider a pleasant pitch I generously guided him up its wettest part, but I doubt if he really enjoyed it. When we were both secured we called to No. 3, "Now, Mr. President, Sir." From the point of sheer delight this was by far the best part of the climb. The President was getting the "real thing." Our efforts had been amply repaid. We were content.

To enable Mr. Wet President to obtain a stance I moved up the next pitch with much misgiving, for the snow and ice-covered boulders made holds of dubious safety. I gained a good stance in hard-packed snow and called on No. 2 to come up. At this point No. 2 seemed to be suffering under some disability with the bergen, holding thermos flasks, food, spare sweaters, etc., and in view of the narrow chimney higher up we decided to lower the bergen down "to be called for." I'm sure Mr. President enjoyed bumping down my bergen—it contained my thermos. The next pitch led up good snow to the foot of the chimney, and getting Nos. 2 and 3 up to a good stance I tackled the chimney. The going was easy here. Had I planned the holds myself I doubt if I could have placed them more conveniently. I gained the cave below the chokestone and, driving my axe in, belayed No. 2 on his ascent. We just managed to squeeze into the cave together. There

was no room for Mr. President! The chokestone, which in summer would present but average difficulty, was covered with a film of hard ice which made pressure holds quite impossible. After three attempts to turn this pitch, I subsided gloomily on the snow and cursed myself for forgetting to bring pitons. Time was getting on and Mr. President could be heard stamping cold feet. With luck and combined tactics we might have turned the chokestone but we had no knowledge of the difficulties which might lie ahead, and we had no wish to become benighted. Reluctantly we decided to turn back—after ascending some 200 feet.

The descent was more exciting by far than the ascent, for it was now freezing hard and the gully was slippery in the extreme. Only the good die young, they say, and we reached the waterfall stance without mishap. Now for the marine adventure—Mr. President leading! It was a wet, dirty business. Nos. 2 and 3 had their revenge in my prolonged immersion.

The snow rake leading from the gully provided us with short glissades and soon we were re-crossing the col above the loch. Twilight deepened into night, but a pale moon lighted us on our way. Arrived at Altnaguibhsaich again we found a party of Club members who had also spent the day on Lochnagar.

Driving down Glen Muick we asked ourselves how best to put the finishing touches to a splendid outing. Someone suggested bacon and eggs at the Alexandra. Carried unanimously. And so to the Hotel Alexandra we drove, there to find our host bemoaning a cold in the head. The bacon and eggs seemed to be no whit the worse, however, and we did full justice to them whilst our host regaled us with his philosophy.

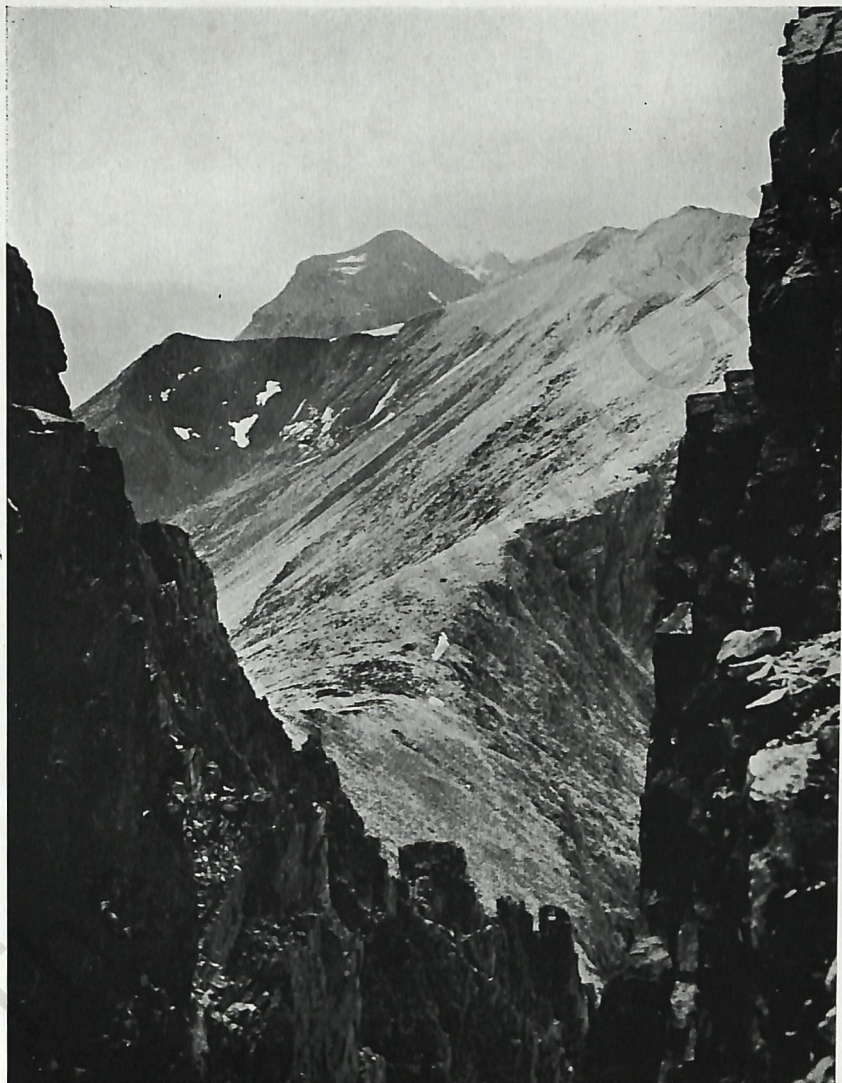
And here endeth the chronicle of the first outing of the President *qua* President.—R. P. Y.

AN EXPERIENCE AND A LESSON.

ON Friday, March 30, a party consisting of twelve ladies and six gentlemen left Crianlarich about 9.30 a.m. and climbed Cruach Ardrain (3,428 ft.) by the easy route over the Grey Heights. The summit was reached in mist, visibility about 50 yards, and a fresh breeze, with a temperature below freezing point, was sweeping over the ridge from the East. From the summit there is a steep descent of about 600 feet to the Stob Garbh Col. This descent, although requiring care, presents no difficulty to an experienced mountaineering party taking proper precautions. In the present case some of the party were not properly equipped. After a short discussion on the advisability of proceeding, it was decided to descend the slope, this decision being influenced by the fact that steps appeared to have been cut down the slope by some previous climbers, thus lessening the labour of step-cutting. The party roped up on four separate ropes, the most experienced members being distributed between the different parties. It was soon found that the steps seen in the snow only descended a short distance and, while the leader had to cut steps, the remainder, inactive behind, suffered considerably from cold. One roped party of four returned to the summit after a very short descent, and a second party of four also wisely returned, after descending about half way. Both of these parties experienced slips, happily without serious consequences. The leading party of five were about half down the slope when the party of four who had followed them swept past out of control and disappeared in the mist below. It appeared later that the leader had slipped out of the steps, the remainder of the party had not been anchored properly, and all were precipitated down the slope, a distance of possibly 250 feet. The remaining party, after cutting down for about 20 minutes, came on the others lying on the snow and immediately attended to them. Two had badly cut heads, one a badly bruised shoulder which was at first

thought to be dislocated, but beyond some bruises and scratched hands the fourth had escaped injury. All were suffering from shock but very pluckily faced the return to Crianlarich under the guidance of their rescuers, and there received the kindly attention of Mrs. Stuart and her assistants.

Enquiry brought forth the following facts:—The party who slipped were led by two ladies, equipped only with walking-sticks. They were, of course, following in the steps cut by a preceding party, but had little means of repairing the steps when damaged. The third on the rope was a lady equipped with axe, but only anchored by the pick of the axe. The last on the rope was a gentleman, with only two previous snow climbs to his credit, anchored with the shaft of his axe in the snow. The rope was not taut between the members of the party and the rear man on the rope had difficulty in getting his axe properly anchored. It is obvious that the party was not strong enough for the work in hand and should have turned back when the difficulties of the slope were realised. Under the then existing conditions, all members of the party should have been equipped with axes, or a minimum of two axes between the four, the other two having stout, spiked sticks of strength equal to an axe shaft. Only one member should be descending at a time, the others having the shaft of the axe deep in the snow, slightly above the position in which they are standing, and with the rope leading to the next below passed round the back of the axe shaft close down to the snow. The rope at all times must be kept taut between the parties. If the depth or nature of snow did not permit of the axe shaft being properly driven into the slope for anchoring, there was nothing to be done but to retreat, more especially as the mist hid all view of the nature of the ground in front. Although unfortunate enough for the parties concerned, it is matter for congratulation that the consequences were not more serious.—W. M.



Easter, 1933.

H G. Dason.

LIATHACH FROM BEINN EIGHE.

The rock in the foreground is part of the Fhir Duibhe ridge. The dark shoulder on the left is Stac Coire an Laoigh, and behind appears Liathach.



Easter, 1933.

LIATHACH FROM LOCH CLARE.

H. G. Dason.

A PLEA FOR THE LESSER SUMMITS.

BY W. MALCOLM.

IN view of the increasing popularity of hill-climbing among the rising generation, the writer feels that the time is approaching when a need will be felt for Munro's admirable tables to be extended to include the summits between 2,500 and 3,000 feet. Many of these hills are just as imposing as their higher brethren, and, standing as they often do as outposts of the higher ranges, the view from their summits sometimes includes far more detail of lowlands and cultivated valley than can be obtained from higher summits. It has also to be remembered that the true mountain lover is not content with climbing to the highest part of a mountain. He must study it from all directions, learn how its bulk is held up by supporting ridges, and eroded by its gathering streams, and how better can this be done than by viewing it from peaks of a lesser elevation? As age curtails the activities of the mountaineer and he can no longer climb Munros, he can still enjoy himself on these lesser peaks. For these and other reasons the writer offers no apology for submitting the following list of all the hills between 2,500 and 3,000 feet on the 1" *Popular Edition of the Map of the Cairngorms*, in the hope that others will take up the good work and make up a complete list. Generally no top is included which does not rise at least 250 ft. above its highest Col. Distances are given in a straight line from probable headquarters, though in most cases the hill would be approached nearer by car. The compass bearings are from headquarters to the hill and are approximate to within about half a point.

List of the 2,500-3,000 ft. summits on the 1" Scale Map of the Cairngorms :—

List No.	Name.	Height (ft.).	Map Section.	Distance (miles) and Direction from Headquarters
1	Brown Cow Hill	2721	E.15	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ S.W. by S. Allargue Inn. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. by W. Corndavon Lodge.
2	Carn Mor	2636	A.16	6 E. Tomintoul.
3	Monadh an t-Sluichd Leith	2620	A.16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. by S. Tomintoul.
4	Carn Ealasaid . . .	2600	C.15	2 $\frac{3}{8}$ N.W. Allargue Inn.
5	Carn Liath	2598	A.16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Tomintoul.
6	Meikle Corr Riabhach	2553	B.16	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ S.E. by E. Tomintoul.
7	Beinn a' Chruinnich .	2536	B.16	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Tomintoul.
8	Geal Charn	2692	B.11	7 $\frac{3}{8}$ S.E. by E. Nethy Bridge.
9	Carn Bheadhair . . .	2636	C.10	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ S.E. by S. Nethy Bridge.
10	Creag Dhubbh	2781	E.5	5 S. by E. Aviemore.
11	Geal-Charn Mor . . .	2702	C.3	3 $\frac{3}{8}$ W. Aviemore.
12	Meall a' Bhuachaille .	2654	C.8	6 E. Aviemore.
13	Creag a' Chalamain .	2579	E.7	6 S.E. Aviemore.
14	Leathad an Taobhain	2994	L.3	10 S.S.E. Kingussie.
15	Carn Dearg Mor . . .	2813	J.3	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ S.E. by S. Kingussie.
16	Carn an Fhidhleir Lorgaidh	2786	K.4	10 $\frac{1}{8}$ S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Kingussie.
17	Meallach Mhor	2521	K.1	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ S. by E. Kingussie.
18	Creag Mhor	2932	E.10	7 N. by E. Derry Lodge.
19	Carn Liath	2676	L.10	3 $\frac{5}{8}$ W.S.W. Inverey.
20	Carn Daimhaireach . .	2566	L.10	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ S.W. Inverey.
21	Culardoch	2953	G.14	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ N.E. by N. Braemar.
22	Meall an Tionail . . .	2903	K.15	5 E.S.E. Braemar.
23	Creag an Dail Bheag .	2830	G.13	4 $\frac{1}{8}$ N. Braemar.
24	Morrone	2819	K.13	2 $\frac{1}{8}$ S.W. by S. Braemar.
25	Meall an t-Slugain . .	2771	L.14	3 $\frac{3}{4}$ S.E. by S. Braemar.
26	Creag nan Gabhar . . .	2736	L.13	4 $\frac{1}{8}$ S. Braemar.
27	Carn na Drochaide . . .	2681	H.12	2 $\frac{1}{8}$ N.W. Braemar
28	Sgor Mor	2666	J.9	9 W. Braemar.
29	Creag na Dearcaige . .	2550	K.14	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ S.E. by S. Braemar.
30	Meall an Lundain . . .	2550	H.10	6 W.N.W. Braemar.
31	Creag nan Leachda . . .	2549	K.14	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ S.E. Braemar.

THE HUNGRY GRASS OF GALTYSMORE.

MANY will have noticed the rather curious suddenness with which hunger sometimes makes itself felt on the hills. It is not that you are underfed, or likely to be so. It is simply that you have been going for some time, and there comes on rapidly a feeling of exhaustion which can only be put right by eating, a mere morsel of food being generally sufficient to put you on your way again.

Application to the physiologist will no doubt produce an explanation of this, in terms of fatigue, proteins, vitamins, and the like. But in considering the question of hill-hunger there is another possible line of approach, and this I only learnt of on Galtysmore. I there heard unexpectedly of a remarkable theory which purports to explain the phenomenon referred to. If you accept this theory, it completely accounts for the noticeable sequence which runs: climb—activity—feeling of exhaustion—pause—bit of scoff—renewed vigour—further activity.

Galtysmore is the summit of the Galtee Mountains. By the map it is 3,015 feet high; and they call everything a mountain in Ireland which is more than a thousand feet high or so. It looks over the plain of Tipperary; and from its top you look west to the mouth of the Shannon shining in the sun, and east to—well, they say you'll be seeing the town of Waterford in that direction, so you will, but that I was unable to verify. Galtysmore is a great pile of old red sandstone, with the strata lying flat; and on the north side of it are two fine corries, each with a little loch in it. The south side of Galtysmore slopes down very gradually, and seems, by comparison, to be quite uninteresting.

It was after I came off this hill that I learned some of the most interesting things about it. I was in Fahey's cottage, at the foot of it; and him and me were sitting there having a chat, and there was another man sitting there, too, and his name I don't know. It was Fahey that explained about the men I had seen on the hill that looked

like shepherds. A single man with a dog on a hill you would naturally take to be a shepherd, but I was told that these were men who go up every day to count their own sheep, and the dog knows its own sheep as well as the man does. So what I made out of it was that they still have in Ireland a system of souming and rouming, each person being entitled to put so many animals on the common pasture. It may be I'm not quite right about that ; if so, no matter, because accuracy is out of place in Ireland.

And after a while, Fahey he says to me, " And were ye on the hungry grass ? " he says. " And what's that ? " says I. " I don't think you'll have been on the hungry grass," he says, " because it's mostly on the other side of the mountain." And he went on to say that it was a very bad thing indeed, the hungry grass. In fact, it was a real wicked thing. " Yes, and so it is," remarked the man that was sitting at the other side of the room. " But what is this thing you're speaking about ? " I said. " What's wrong with the grass on the mountain ? "

" Well, it's just this way," was the answer. " Over on the other side of the mountain, there's places where there's this grass ; and when ye come to it, it's faint ye are, just pure faint. If ye've some grub in your pocket ye can eat it, and go on. But if ye haven't any, ye'll mebbe die there, just from this pure faint. . . . There was a lad up there two years ago, and he stepped on that grass and he couldn't go on at all ; he could just creep into some rocks there is there and get some shelter, that was all he could do. Next day there was a man up for his sheep chanced to go in to that rocks to light his pipe ; and if he hadn't done that, and found the lad there, and him near dead, then that lad would have died there, so he would."

After a while, and after some more questions from me seeking some more exact details and getting none, the man across the room was appealed to. He entirely corroborated all that the other man had been saying about the wickedness of the hungry grass. " You'll remimber my uncle," he said, " he was the great man for going out on the mountain after the hares, with his dogs ; well, my uncle would be often

speaking about the hungry grass ; but me, I never took much notice of what he said. But that's just the way of it, as he told it to me. When ye come to that grass ye must have something to eat with ye, or else ye're just nailed there. Mebbe it's the grass takes all the strinth out of yer legs, or something like that ; I don't know."

In this fashion these two Irish tongues rambled on about the "hoongry grass." It was a string of nothings gravely uttered as history, and it was all about this or that person known to them who had experienced the difficulties occasioned by this grass. I was not clear whether either of them knew it at first-hand, but that is immaterial. And one might imagine some practical-minded person from our side catching one of these persons by the arm and asking : "Now, as man to man, tell me, what is this hungry grass, and where is it ?" Such a question would certainly produce nothing, unless merely a quick evasion of the point.

An hour or two later I came into Tipperary town, past the ruins of the old barracks, which are its conspicuous feature. You will be told that Tipperary was a gran' town when the military were there. It is now like any other Irish town. But notable for one thing which only the visitor notices, the fine view of Galtymore lit up in the evening sun.

As I looked at the mountain, and recalled what I had heard about the hungry grass, it seemed to me that I had been in real touch with the spirit of this curious people. If they get hungry on the hill, they put the blame not on their own emptiness but on the grass, and by working their imaginations they can make a pretty little fairy tale for themselves and for their listeners. And that tale you will find much more entertaining than anything you will find on the subject in a book on dietetics, or in any blue-book issued by the Board of Health. Because these people really can tell a tale, and their unwitting mastery of the art lies in the uncertainty in which they leave you as to whether or not they believe it themselves.—W. M. A.

CAIRNGORM CLUB LIBRARY.

MR. J. A. PARKER, Hon. Librarian, reports that on May 23 Mrs. Gillies presented to the Club Library a large number of books and maps from the library of her husband, the late Mr. T. R. Gillies. In all there are about forty books, none of which we had before, and a large number of maps, particulars of which are given below. Of the books the most important items are a very fine copy of Taylor and Skinner's "Atlas of the Scottish Roads" (1776), and an Album containing fully 100 of G. W. Wilson's photographs of Scottish scenery, mostly in our own area, and all in good preservation. The maps include a complete set of the six-inch Ordnance Maps of the Cairngorms, which was probably the property of the late Mr. Alexander Copland, and one or two odd maps. Mrs. Gillies's gift is a very generous one and is a valuable addition to the Library.

Recent additions to the Library. Presented by Mrs. Gillies :—

- | | | |
|----------------------|-------|---|
| Anderson, George, | and | Guide to the Highlands and Islands |
| Peter | . . . | of Scotland, new edition, 1924. |
| Anderson, Robert | . . . | Walks round Aberdeen, 1912. |
| <i>Anon</i> | . . . | Deeside Tales, 1872. |
| <i>Anon</i> | . . . | Description of the Dufftown and Strathspey Railways, 1863. |
| <i>Anon</i> | . . . | Guide Book to the Formartine and Buchan Railway, 1861. |
| <i>Anon</i> | . . . | Letters from the Mountains, being the Real Correspondence of a lady between the years 1773 and 1807. Three Vols., 1809. |
| <i>Anon</i> | . . . | The Deeside Guide, 1893. |
| Blackie, John Stuart | . . . | The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands, 1876. |
| Bremner, A. | . . . | The Physical Geology of the Dee Valley, 1912. |
| Do. | . . . | The Physical Geology of the Don Basin, 1921. |

- Brown, James . . . The New Deeside Guide, 1866.
- Campbell, A. . . The Romance of the Highlands,
1927.
- Crombie, James M. . Braemar, its Topography and Natu-
ral History, 1861.
- Dinnie, Robert . . The Deeside Guide, 1879.
- Ferguson, W. . . The Great North of Scotland Rail-
way, A Guide, 1881.
- Fergusson, R. Menzies. Rambling Sketches in the Far
North and Orcadian Musings,
1883.
- Do. Rambles in the Far North, 2nd
edition, 1884.
- Gardner, James . . Grampian Mountains from Ben
Cleuch, new edition, 1875.
- Grant, John . . . Legends of the Braes o' Mar,
1876.
- Henry, W. M. . . Byways round Aberdeen, 1926.
- Johnson, Samuel . . A Journey to the Western High-
lands of Scotland, new edition,
1886.
- Kilgour, W. T. . . Twenty Years on Ben Nevis, 1905.
- Knight, F. A. . . By Moorland and Sea, 1893.
- Lowson, Alex. . . Tales, Legends, and Traditions of
Forfarshire, 1891.
- Lunn, Arnold . . . The Alps, 1914.
- McConnochie, A. I. . The Royal Dee, 1898.
- Do. Bennachie, 1890.
- Macmillan, Hugh . . Holidays in Highlands, 1869.
- Murdoch, J. . . A Guide to the Highlands of Spey-
side, 1852.
- Phillips, J. G. . . Wanderings in the Highlands of
Banff and Aberdeen, 1881.
- Profeit, R. A. . . Under Lochnagar, 1894 (edited by)
- Robertson, James A. . The Gaelic Topography of Scotland,
1869.
- Shearer, James E. . . Panorama from Ben Nevis, 1895.
- Do. . . Panorama from Wallace Monu-
ment, n.d.

- Taylor and Skinner . Survey and Maps of the Roads of
North Britain, 1776.
- Wilson, G. W. Album of Photographs of Scottish
Scenery.
- Picturesque Tourist of Scotland
(A. & C. Black), 28th edition,
1889.
- *Alpine Journal*, No. 112 (May, 1891)
containing Clinton Dent's
"Rocky Mountains of Skye,"
and Panorama of the Cuillin
Hills.
- *The Climbers' Club Journal*, Feb.
1913.

21 Six-inch Ordnance Survey Maps of the Cairngorms.

Index Sheet to the Six-inch Maps.

Diagram of the Principal Triangulation of Great Britain and
Ireland.

Pilkington's Map of the Cuillin Hills.

Cairngorm Club's Map of the Cairngorms (two copies).

Other additions :—

- Abraham, G. D. British Mountain Climbs.
- Do. The Complete Mountaineer.
- Benson, Claude E. British Mountaineering.
- Blakeney, E. H. Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.
- Carr, H. R. C. and
Lister, G. A. The Mountains of Snowdonia.
- Field and Spencer Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.
3rd series.
- Mursell, Walter A. Isles of Sunset.
- Parker, J. A. The Western Highlands (S.M.C.
Club Guide).
- Spender, H., and Smith,
H. L. Through the High Pyrenees.



September 9, 1933.

Mrs. Donald Sinclair

TWO LADY MEMBERS OF THE CLUB BATHING IN LOCH BUI.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Forty-fifth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Aberdeen, on Saturday evening, November 25, 1933. The retiring President, Mr. James McCoss, was in the chair, and there was the usual attendance of members. An apology for absence was intimated from Lord Provost Alexander.

Mr. William Garden, advocate, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, submitted the Accounts, which showed a credit balance of £31 13s. 7d., an increase of £4 13s. 1d. on the amount at credit a year previously.

The membership at October 31 was 281. The Accounts were unanimously adopted.

Office-bearers were elected as follows :—

Hon. President—Professor J. Norman Collie.

President—Mr. William Malcolm.

Vice-Presidents—Dr. D. P. Levack and Mr. A. Leslie Hay.

Hon. Editor—Mr. Edward W. Watt.

Hon. Librarian—Mr. J. A. Parker.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. William Garden, advocate, 18 Golden Square, Aberdeen.

Committee—Mr. W. A. Ewen, Mr. J. A. Parker, Mr. H. C. Dugan, Mr. J. C. Orkney, Mr. S. C. H. Smith, Miss Margaret Skakle, Dr. A. R. Martin, Mr. H. G. Dason, and Mr. J. McCoss, the last four taking the places of Lord Provost Alexander, Mr. F. A. Ritson, Dr. J. R. Levack, and Dr. D. P. Levack, who retired by rotation.

It was agreed that the New Year Meet should be at Braemar, the New Year's Day excursion to Morven, the Easter Meet at Crianlarich, and the Spring Holiday excursion to Mount Keen. Two snow-climbing excursions to Lochnagar were fixed for February 4 and 18, and three rock-climbing practice excursions to Souter Head for March 3, 10, and 17. It was remitted to the Committee to arrange for Saturday afternoon excursions, and these were subsequently fixed as follows :—June 2—Fasheilach (Glenmuick) ; June 9—Carn a' Ghille Chearr. The Committee also fixed the following Sunday excursions :—May 27—Mount Battock ; July 1—St. Arnold's Seat (Angus) ; and proposed a midnight excursion through the Larig Ghru on June 16 and 17.

In regard to the Life Membership Fund of the Club, the Hon. Treasurer pointed out that, in terms of the resolution passed at the last Annual General Meeting, interest at the rate of 4 per cent. had to be added to the Fund annually, but that a lower rate of interest than 4 per cent. was now actually being earned on the Club's funds. On the motion of Mr. J. A. Parker, seconded by Mr. R. P. Yunnie, it was unanimously agreed that in future interest to be added to the Life Membership Fund should be at the rate actually earned.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to the retiring President, Mr. McCoss, for his exemplary conduct in office.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner was held in the Caledonian Hotel, after the Annual Meeting, Mr. McCoss presiding over a company numbering 93. The members present were :—

Mr. and Mrs. William Garden, Mr. G. J. Allan, Mr. James A. Parker, Mr. William Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Blair, Dr. J. F. Tocher, Miss N. G. G. Henderson, Miss M. M. Telfer, Mr. George Duncan, Miss H. M. E. Duncan, Dr. A. R. Martin, Mr. W. J. Milne, Miss E. J. Laing, Mr. F. A. Ritson, Miss M. W. Johnston, Mrs. Mary Sinclair, Miss R. K. Jackson, Mr. John Anton, Miss Wilhelmina Hay, Miss E. A. Mavor, Miss E. J. Mavor, Miss H. M. Campbell, Miss J. B. Patterson, Dr. J. Leith Hendry, Mrs. A. C. Hendry, Mr. James McCoss, Mrs. J. Ross Mackenzie, Miss Mary Daniel, Mr. E. W. Smith, Miss A. M. Pittendrigh, Miss C. H. Wisely, Mr. Henry C. Dugan, Miss A. H. Dugan, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Levack, Mr. and Mrs. A. Leslie Hay, Mr. William Malcolm, Mr. James Hadden, Mrs. E. J. Hendry, Miss J. D. Wallace, Mr. C. S. McLay, Mr. Arthur Taylor, Mr. Marshall J. Robb, Mr. Maitland H. Gray, Mr. E. W. Watt, Mr. R. P. Yunnie, Mr. James Conner, Mr. and Mrs. John Angus, Mr. Malcolm Smith, Mr. James Gove, Dr. D. P. Levack, Mr. L. MacGregor, Mr. Alexander Simpson, Mr. I. C. Simpson, Mr. J. A. Chisholm, Mr. Edgar Beard, and Miss E. M. F. Cameron.

The Club guests were Dr. G. M. and Mrs. Duncan, and Professor H. W. Turnbull, and the other guests were Mrs. G. J. Allan, Miss M. Laird, Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson, Dr. James W. Tocher, Dr. Douglas Simpson, Professor H. M. Macdonald, Mr. Douglas Milne, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. E. Y. Patterson, Mrs. J. McCoss, Mr. Duncan Mitchell, Mrs. H. C. Dugan, Mr. G. S. Sommerville, Miss N. Stevens, Miss M. Johnston, Dr. A. W. Hendry, Mr. H. Johnston, Mrs. M. J. Robb, Mr. J. W. McPherson, Mrs. E. W. Watt, Mr. R. A. Yunnie, Mrs. Malcolm Smith, Mrs. D. P. Levack, Mr. George Gibb, Mrs. Alexander Simpson, Mr. Hector Munro, Mrs. Edgar Beard, and Miss F. Cameron.

The fare provided, most appropriate to the occasion, was as follows :—

MENU.

Hors d'œuvre Varies
 Consommé Pools of Dee
 Potage Alt Dubh
 Suprême of Turbot Etchachan
 Lamb Cutlet Corrie Kander
 Peas in Butter Lochnagar Potatoes
 Roast Chicken Shelter Stone Chips
 Salade MacDhui
 Iced Peaches Bod an Diabhail
 Wafers
 Croute a la Corrour Bothy
 Coffee

Dr. G. M. Duncan proposed "The Cairngorm Club." Admitting that he approached the subject of his toast with apprehension, Dr. Duncan said: I am not a mountaineer, and I thought that this was really a mistake, and that the gentleman intended was my distinguished townsman, Mr. George Duncan, the noted mountaineer. I decided to consult my near neighbour, Mr. Parker, and I hied myself to him and told him of my difficulties. I told him I was no mountaineer, and Mr. Parker, in his own inimitable blunt way, said: "My dear fellow, you needn't explain that"—(laughter). "As a matter of fact," he said, "when we ask anyone to propose these toasts, one of the essential factors is that the proposers should be quite ignorant of mountaineering"—(laughter).

All this occurred some three weeks ago, and every evening since that time my wife, with the persistency of her sex, said, "Have you prepared that toast yet?" and with the dilatoriness of my sex, I explained, "I have not"—(laughter). The matter reached a climax last night, and I am ashamed to say I lied to my wife—(laughter). I said I had. You know the sin of lying always brings its own punishment, and sure enough in about half-an-hour, I found myself climbing an icy precipice roped to two mountaineers, and I was at the end of the rope. I remember clinging to the crevices of the rock, and suddenly my foot slipped, and I hung suspended over the abyss. For a moment there appeared above me a truculent and bearded face, my friend, Mr. Parker, and in his hand he had a knife. He slashed at the rope and said, "We don't want people who are not mountaineers here." I fell and fell and fell, and landed with a tremendous crash on ice at the foot of the abyss. I can remember lying shivering there at the foot and aching in every limb, when gently a voice said near me, "What is wrong, dear?"—(laughter). I awoke to find that the bedclothes had slipped off me—(laughter). That is the end of my first, and I hope my last, experience as a rock

climber. The experience has thoroughly entitled me to propose the toast "The Cairngorm Club"—(applause). What is the peculiar fascination of mountaineering? I suppose it is really a craving that every one, man or woman, has for some sort of adventure. We all have our little outlets. Some find it in field sports, shooting, fishing; some find it in art and literature; some of us find it in collecting stamps, and some of us, I believe, find it in playing contract bridge. I think you will certainly agree with me that, of all outdoor sports, real mountaineering satisfies this craving for adventure which is inherent in every one of us. Think of the thrills of adventure. You have dangers. I believe there are real dangers in the higher branches of rock-climbing. You have the satisfaction of accomplishment, and you have also the satisfaction of your aesthetic sense in the beautiful hills and surroundings in which you make your endeavours. I believe, then, that mountaineering is one of the finest sports going, and one which satisfies in every way this curious craving man or woman has for adventure—(applause). More than that, it can be practised—I won't say at all ages, because rock-climbing is confined to younger men—but it can be practised even in older years, when people can climb with satisfaction to themselves, and when you have reached that period of life when you can no longer climb, you still have the satisfaction of viewing your mountains from the ground, and enjoying the beautiful aspects of nature which they display under varying conditions. I am going to say one more thing to you. The difficulty which has always appealed to me about our Scottish hills is this. You are interested in the hills, and you like to remember them by name, and when you look at Ordnance Survey maps, you find the beautiful hill you have been admiring rejoicing in an indecipherable Gaelic name. I think myself that it would not be a bad plan if, in some of the maps, you could furnish not only the Gaelic name of a hill, but a translation of it. Make it a little poetic if you like, but make it a name which you can carry with you. I am sure that would be of very great interest to the non-Gaelic scholars in preserving one's memory of particular hills.

Your Club has now reached the age of forty-five years. She has reached the most beautiful period of matronhood. She had led a busy life and a prolific life, if the number of her children here to-night is any guide. I hope it will continue to go on, and I hope you will all live to see not only the Club's jubilee but its centenary. I thank you again for extending this invitation to me and my beautiful wife—(applause).

Mr. McCoss replied. He said: This is a toast very dear to every member of this climbing club. The Cairngorm Club has great traditions behind it, and great things have been accomplished by its members. It is the oldest climbing club in Scotland, having been formed by its pioneers on January 9, 1889. After 45 years

of its useful existence I am glad to say that five original members are still with us. They are Messrs. John Clarke, T. R. Gillies, Alexander Inkson McConnachie, George Mollison, and Walter A. Smith. To-night we send them our greetings and best wishes. We are proud of the Cairngorm Club and what it stands for. When we think of names like Mummery, Whymper, Mallory, Irvine, Scott, Bowers, Evans, and Oates who gallantly passed out into the blizzard, we are thinking of real heroes. In these difficult times of armaments and international troubles, where else should one look for real peace but to a climbing club and thence to the everlasting hills? Should not our watchword be to-day—

To ice axes men shall beat their swords,
To climbing nails their spears?

Is there not more heroism in a tussle with rock and snow and the elemental forces of nature than in human beings trying to exterminate one another without any good reason or result? Let us again say, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes." The brotherhood of the mountains binds together in friendship and goodwill the members of every nation in the world. At the Annual General Meeting to-night, the Committee has fixed the New Year Meet at Braemar, and the Easter Meet at Crianlarich. The Club has not visited this centre since 1926, so that this Meet should attract a great many of the younger members. The hills in this district are Ben More, Stobinian, Cruach Ardran, Ben Lui, and Ben Cruachan—a very attractive list. This year's Easter Meet, held at Kinlochewe, was most successful and all enjoyed themselves. Those who attended will not readily forget that magnificent hill, Liathach. On the Spring Holiday the Club is to ascend Mount Keen. The snow-climbing excursions to Lochnagar have been arranged in February, and three rock-climbing practice excursions to Souter Head will take place in March. Members may have a pleasant afternoon there, even though they do not wish to climb rocks. The membership of the Club now stands at 286, and the Club is in a most prosperous condition and is going strong. A fact worthy of mention is that during September this year every snowfield in the Cairngorms had disappeared. The Garbh Chaire Mhoir, and Coire an Lochain, Braeriach, the Garbh Uisge, Ben Macdhui, Coire an Lochain, and Coire an t-Sneachda, Cairngorm and Garbh Chaire, Beinn à Bhuird were all clear of snow. This is the first occasion in my experience that such a thing has happened. At this stage I have something important to announce. A great feat has been accomplished recently in Scottish climbing. All the 277 Munros, *i.e.* the hills in Scotland over 3,000 feet, have been ascended by a climber for the first time, without the assistance of a beard—(laughter). This beardless climber, Dow by name, is a member of the S.M.C., and, according to his own statement, is at least over 45 years of age. He has proved

a most important point. It is that this feat can be performed without a necessary beaver blowing out banner-like in the breeze on each hill-top. I will not mention any names, but four beavers preceded Mr. Dow, who claims to be the first beardless man to climb all the Munros. Now I venture to ask the question—Did this bewhiskered quartette get their strength, like Samson, by growing a towsey besom of hair on their faces, and would their strength have failed them in the ascents had their chins been clean shaven?—(laughter). It puts one in mind of the limerick that appeared in *The Alpine Journal* the same year that the safety razor was invented. It reads—

Four athletes in climbing were reared
 Their appearance was terribly weird,
 For during the time of a very long climb
 They each grew a very good beard—(laughter).

It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge on your behalf the cordial and most excellent manner in which Dr. Duncan has proposed the toast of the Club, and we are most grateful to him and Mrs. Duncan and offer them our sincerest thanks for coming here to-night—(applause).

Mr. John Angus proposed "The Guests." He said: We always welcome guests, not only at our Annual Dinner, but—in that excellent *Journal*, edited by Councillor Watt—you will find that at every Meet there are nearly as many guests as there are members. We had an all-night excursion to Lochnagar—we almost sound like a night club—(laughter)—and I think there was almost a majority of guests on that occasion, and the majority of the climbers, including members and guests, were ladies. The total number present to-night is 93, and the guests number 35, over one-third, I think. Might I now tout for members, seeing Mr. McCoss has not done so. Given fair weather we have quite a nice time—(laughter). We bring in the New Year quite well—(laughter). There is still time for members to be initiated to be able to attend the New Year Meet. Mr. McCoss has been telling the members of the Rotary Club that they have to serve an apprenticeship in hill-climbing and pass through four stages. They start as the hiker, then the hill-walker, the rock-climber, and then the real thing. The majority of us are quite content to climb the Cairngorms by easier routes. We get just as much satisfaction as the more adventurous spirits get by going the difficult routes, and we don't have that nasty form of nightmare when we return home—(laughter). I have been told by Mr. McCoss that the guest of the evening is Professor H. W. Turnbull, St. Andrews. He is certainly one of the real thing. It may interest you to know that I regard members only of the Alpine Club as the real thing. There are only three members in Aberdeen—Mr. Parker, Professor Macdonald, another expert in mathematics like Professor Turnbull, and our good friend, Mr. William Garden. Another of the thirty-

five guests I have to mention is Dr. Duncan, who is a bacteriologist in Aberdeen. We sometimes come across him in other places. He is sometimes useful and sometimes a nuisance—(laughter).

Professor Turnbull replied. He said: It is a great honour to come to Aberdeen, especially from St. Andrews, because one of my predecessors in the Chair at St. Andrews was a student at Aberdeen, James Gregory. I suggest that in your centenary year, to do honour to the subject of mountaineering, you should create not a Chair in mountaineering but a ladder in mountaineering in this University—(laughter). I do not know how I have been chosen, but I am deeply honoured to represent this junior Scottish Mountaineering Club, which is just four weeks junior to the Cairngorm Club, and therefore a good second. I thank the Club for giving me this honour. I appreciate the very pleasant evening given to all the guests, and we have enjoyed this wonderful exhibition of the views of the Cairngorms and the delightful way the slides were explained to us. I have been very lucky in my mountaineering career. I was initiated by my father who took me and my brothers at Easter time to the Lake district, and although these mountains only rise to 3,000 feet and lack the extra 1,000 feet which the Cairngorms can provide, in the early months of the year they present those difficulties which give the requisite training to the boy who wants to be a mountaineer. Looking back on these days, what a fine training boys and girls had by being allowed while still at school to go climbing during their holidays! The hills of the Lake district have the same charm for me as the Cairngorms have for you who live in the shadow of the hills. In Wales I found the same beauties of mountain with a slight difference. It is interesting to compare the different mountainous areas in the country to see how much they are alike and yet how each has its peculiarities. Later on I had the privilege of coming for a holiday for the first time to the Cairngorms for winter climbing. I went to Aviemore. What great boots we wore—boots ringed with nails. I remember I had the great ambition to climb Braeriach. I climbed by the easiest gradient, and with a corkscrew formation got to the top in a precarious way to appreciate that Scotland needs an ice-axe when one tries to climb before summer. I then decided to go back with an ice-axe. Then I went to Ben Nevis. If you want a really good tramping holiday, I can recommend nothing better than to go for a few days to Fort William and then make your headquarters in the Ben Nevis hut. The Scottish Mountaineering Club will be delighted to give hospitality to those who wish it. There is two months' solid rock-climbing if you care to indulge in it, doing a different climb each day. I was in the hut before it was formally opened. To get water I had to break through the ice. The water was only 20 yards from the hut, but before I got back to the door of the hut with the pails, the pail I first filled had a film of ice on it.

One really gets winter sports in earnest in a most wonderful situation. Those were the days before one had the opportunity of going out abroad. I used to listen incredulously to the tales of those who had been abroad, but in the Scottish hills in winter the conditions are practically the same as in the high Alps. The only difference is there are no glaciers. I can tell those who have never been abroad that in practically every detail you have the same conditions. There is no better training for the mountaineer than can be got in our own country apart from the crossing of glaciers, which is the technique of not dropping into holes. I have had the experience of climbing in the Far East. I was teaching in a Hong Kong school. I lived on an island 300 feet above the level of the sea with a most wonderful view northwards across the harbour to a range of hills opposite, the sort of view that I suppose is very much the same as the Scottish lochs on the western side of this island. I had one or two experiences of climbing the hills and also hills in the South Island of Japan. It was just like standing on the hills at home. It brought back memories of the homeland. Out there you have the extraordinary mixture of the tropics and the sense of being high up among the mountains. On one occasion I practically climbed trees to get to the top of the mountain. The mountain had broken up, and the parts which had slipped had been filled with trees, and you had to climb up the trees to get to the top ridge. Among the trees butterflies fluttered around. That memory lasts now. On another occasion I saw a New Year pilgrimage very different from what you have here. I was looking out of my window in Hong Kong, and on that evening the outline of the mountain opposite me was lit up. It reminded me of climbing up to the gates of Heaven on a golden stair. It was very literally a golden stair. On either side of a path up the mountain there was high grass which was lit up by the lanterns carried by the Chinese. There were those Chinese who have a high appreciation of their mountain. There was something in that pilgrimage that they had in common with us. They were in their own way lifting up their eyes to the hills.

Mr. William Malcolm proposed "The President." He said: During the last three years Mr. McCoss has presided at our meetings in a way in which I think is beyond reproach. It is quite unnecessary for me to refer to Mr. McCoss's sterling qualities. You all know him so well. As showing the keen interest in all the activities of the Club, I tell you that there is not a meeting of the Club or of the office-bearers of the Club at which Mr. McCoss has not been present for the past three years—(applause). This is, I think, a splendid record. During Mr. McCoss's term of office he has introduced some new climbs. Snow-climbing in February has given us some very interesting outings. I think most of the members will have memories of some very fine days at Lochnagar in February. Mr. McCoss has

also introduced rock-climbing. It has given members opportunities to get practice which otherwise is a little difficult to get on the hills near Aberdeen. I think the only objection I have to Mr. McCoss is that he has set a high standard for Presidents coming after him—(laughter). In one respect your future President is not going to compete or attempt to compete, and that is in the playing of the bagpipes—(laughter). But the bagpipes will continue to awaken the echoes at Invercauld at the New Year and Mr. McCoss will be at the business end of them—(laughter). Although Mr. McCoss's term is nearly completed, we are not going to let him go too quickly. He is to remain on the Committee and we are to have the benefit of his experience and advice. We all hope Mr. McCoss will long be with us at our meetings—(applause).

Replying, Mr. McCoss said: I thank the new President for the kind things he has said. I hope he will find his new position as full of interest and good sport as I have done. I thank the members for the excellent support they have given me, and I ask you to give Mr. Malcolm the same support. To have been President of the Cairngorm Club is, I feel, one of the highest honours to be attained in the city of Aberdeen—(applause). Each of the Cairngorm Club Presidents has been outstanding in some way, and I am certain Mr. Malcolm will keep up the high standard—(applause). The success of a climbing club is largely due to its journal. Councillor Watt is the editor, and, although a busy man, he finds time to do his job in an excellent manner. We are also fortunate in our Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Garden, and he is a man who sees that the money is well spent—(applause).

Councillor Watt said: It is very gratifying to have this mark of your appreciation of the *Journal*. After all the editor is just the man who puts it together. He just writes odd bits to fill up space. Unless I am supported in a hearty and unanimous way, it is quite impossible for me to produce the goods. There has been some discussion as to the policy of the *Journal*, whether we should have one or two issues in the year. There are financial circumstances involved, and I am inclined to think that if we get one really good number it is better than to have two rather indifferent ones. It has the disadvantage of having some of the news a little old. I wish to appreciate the help of many members. I am now getting unsolicited communications. I have just received one from an anonymous writer. It is in verse in the form of a sonnet, and, if the writer will in strict confidence reveal his or her identity, it may see the light of day—(laughter). Unless that is done it will not get in.

Mr. William Garden said: We are progressing very well. We are doing very well financially, and from the mountaineering point of view I don't think there is any club which can beat us. We have Charles Ludwig, who has done the Douglas Gibson gully and the Mitre

Ridge of Beinn à Bhuird—a wonderful feat. I will say nothing about the Mitchell Tower—(laughter). I think you forget the wonderful asset we have in the Club Library. We have got some splendid books. I have worked in perfect harmony with Mr. McCoss. He is the right man on the hills. If he gets soaked, he never grouses. I always think you really get to know a man on the mountains. He is a splendid leader, and can work his compass. He is a most desirable man in the mountains. I hope he will long remain a member of the Club—(applause).

Mr. McCoss: I wish the Cairngorm Club continued success. That success entirely lies with the members, and the enthusiasm with which they attend the excursions and the Meets. The annual dinner is not the only meet. We want more and more members to qualify and join the Club.

Messrs. Hector Munro and Mr. Simpson were thanked for providing the musical moments during the evening, and Mr. Leslie MacGregor was thanked for his work behind the scenes.

An entertaining lecture, illustrated by a series of lantern slides of great beauty, was given by Miss Dugan. She said: I am to take you on an imaginary climb from sea level over the hill-tops to Ben Macdhuì. You all know the beauty of Deeside, but to-night perhaps I shall be able to show it to you in a different light. I ask you to put on your seven-league boots and come with me over the hilltops.

After the showing of a chart which traced the route to be followed from the sea to the Blue Hill, up to Banchory and Clachnaben, on to the Buck of Cabrach on Donside, back to Deeside to Lochnagar and Glen Callater to Braemar, and from Braemar to encircle the whole of the Cairngorm mountains, Miss Dugan gave a running commentary on the slides. The first slide was of Souter Head, which was shown with the sun breaking through the clouds over the hill, then came Girdleness, with fine sunshine effects on clouds and sea, followed by a winter scene in the Banchory-Devenick woods. Slides of the Blue Hill, Falls of Feugh, Clachnaben, and the Water of Avon were then shown, the company repeatedly emphasising their appreciation of the artistry and skill of the photographer with hearty applause. A slide of the Buck of Cabrach showed a party of the Club members on the summit having a look at the surrounding country. Prominent was the kilted Past-President, Mr. McCoss, studying his map. Did he find the right way? asked Miss Dugan. A slide of Loch Muick was followed by a view of Dubh Loch. On the left of the latter slide, said Miss Dugan, were the Broad Cairn cliffs. On February the Central Gully was climbed by two lady members, The Coyles of Muick, Meikle Pap, the cliffs of Lochnagar, showing the Douglas Gibson Gully, climbed for the first time by Charles Ludwig this year, the Great Eastern Corrie, and other Loch-

nagar scenes were then shown. Familiar scenes on Beinn à Bhuid then flashed across the screen, followed by slides of Loch Avon, the Shelter Stone, Glenmore and Loch Morlich, with the Cairngorms in the distance. Then came the Larig Ghru, Braeriach, a scene of desolation, a Cairn Toul panorama, Glen Dee, Glen Luibeg, and top of Sron Riach, a slide which gave much amusement, showing, as Miss Dugan said, members of the Club on New Year's Day. Mr. Malcolm was taking the temperature, and two others with jackets off were evidently taking the air. After a slide of Stob Sputan Dearg, the Shelter Stone was revisited, and then came scenes of Loch Etchachan and Coire Etchachan, Glen Derry, showing a herd of deer in winter, Glen Lui, Lui Water, Corriemulzie Falls, Braemar, River Clunie, and finally Morrone, a slide which showed the shades of evening falling over the Cairngorms.

Mr. Leslie Hay thanked Miss Dugan for the interesting lecture, and he also thanked Mr. Dugan for providing the slides. To get the photographs, he said, must have been hard work on the hills, but he was sure Mr. Dugan had been left with many happy memories of days spent on the hills.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1934—BRAEMAR.

ALTHOUGH the weather towards the end of the year was not at all promising and may have prevented some members attending, the New Year Meet at Braemar was a very successful one.

The following members and guests were present, at one time or another, at the Invercauld Arms:—W. Malcolm (President), Dr. D. P. Levack (Vice-President), Dr. Walter A. Reid, W. Alexander, J. Angus, C. Reid, E. B. Reid, J. Scrimgeour, J. W. Scrimgeour, R. T. Sellar, E. W. Smith, G. R. Symmers, N. J. Wilson, R. C. Yunnie, Mrs. J. Angus, Mrs. Dr. A. Hendry, Mrs. D. P. Levack, Misses L. Archibald, H. Duncan, R. Harbinson, and A. Pittendrigh. Guests:—Dr. A. Hendry, Mr. Dyer, B. M. Nicol, F. H. Stewart, and Mrs. N. J. Wilson. Camping in Glen Derry—Mr. W. D. Hutcheon and party. Staying at Inverey—Mr. Colin Jackson and party. Camping at the stables, Glen Slugan—Mr. W. Melville (Junior Section) and party.

Saturday, December 30, 1933.—The weather was fine in the morning, with sunshine and drifting clouds on the snow-clad summits.

1. The President's party included Dr. D. P. Levack, R. Sellar, Miss A. Pittendrigh and Miss H. Duncan. They motored to Inverey and walked up Glen Eye to within half a mile of Auchelie. The hillside was then ascended by the long slope leading to the Carn Creagach-Carn Bhac Col. Mist was encountered slightly below the Col, and after a short halt, in a cold breeze, for refreshments, a compass course was set for the Carn Bhac (3,098 ft.) summit. The Cairn

was reached at 12.50 p.m. (temperature 2 degrees of frost), but no view was obtained. After another halt, a course was set for the north ridge leading to the Connie valley. The ground on the lower part of the ridge caused rather heavy going, but the party were cheered by Miss Duncan's prophecy of a path lower down. The prophetess proved correct and, after a pleasant walk down the Connie valley and past the Falls, Inverey was reached at 3.30 p.m., 5½ hours after leaving.

2. R. Symmers, L. Archibald, and R. Harbinson motored to Loch Callater with the intention of climbing the East Gully above Loch Kander. Having got half way up in soft snow they encountered an avalanche, coming off second best. As the outlook from above seemed to promise a second or further instalments, they wisely retreated and ascended to the plateau by the easy gully at the head of the loch. They then made for Carn an Turc summit in driving mist. Unfortunately the summit was just off their map, and they were not sure of the compass bearing. After walking for some time looking for the Cairn, they came on tracks in the snow and were surprised to find they had returned to their own tracks. They then gave up any further attempt to find the Cairn and returned by the north-east ridge to Callater, which they reached dead on time. They were interested to observe that Loch Callater was partly frozen over, although Loch Kander, which is nearly 600 feet higher, was clear of ice.

Sunday, December 31, 1933.—1. The first party away consisted of R. Symmers, E. W. Smith, R. C. Yunnie, and N. Dyer, L. Archibald, and R. Harbinson. They all motored to Derry Lodge where the party split into two. Yunnie, Smith, and Dyer ascended Ben Macdhui by the Lui Beg route. They then crossed the plateau and descended the Castle Gates Gully. It is understood that the steep slope, consisting in parts of soft snow covering an icy slope, caused more than a little excitement, and one member, descending in unorthodox fashion, came off second best in a mix-up with an ice-axe. Time did not permit of a visit to the Shelter Stone and, after ascending to Loch Etchachan, the return journey was made by Glen Derry. Near Derry Lodge a tent was seen belonging to a Turriff member of the Club.

2. L. Archibald, R. M. Harbinson, and R. Symmers set off up Glen Derry. Due to the dismal failures in every respect other than getting the party home on the previous day, Symmers was relegated to the ranks and Archibald took the lead. The party underwent great preliminary difficulties and delays owing to Symmers's determination to take photographs. At the end of Glen Derry, Archibald selected an excellent route up the South ridge of Beinn Mheadhoin, only to be confronted near the summit with a steep slope of hard snow. At this point a mountain genie (often found on Lochnagar)

kindly made his appearance and, hey presto! the steps were miraculously fashioned. The same genie again made his welcome presence felt at the summit when all seemed lost and the leader failed to find a route up the ice-clad tor. The return to Derry was made by the line of ascent and proved uneventful except that Symmers got lost. It transpired later that while engaged in taking photographs, he was lured away by siren music which proved to be "canned." The party started at 9 a.m. from and returned to Derry at 5 p.m., only to be kept three-quarters of an hour for their conveyance to Braemar, due to the delinquencies of the President's party on Lochnagar.

[NOTE.—The President had intended to let bygones be bygones but, owing to the base insinuations contained in the last report, feels that he owes to his party to state that they were delayed half an hour or more in their morning start, due to the failure of the Derry party (not the Beinn Mheadhoin portion) to set off at their appointed time. It is understood that one of that party was found peacefully lying in bed at the pre-arranged hour of departure.]

3. A party of ten climbed Lochnagar *via* the Black Shiel Burn. They consisted of:—The President, D. P. Levack, W. Alexander, J. Angus, E. B. Reid, J. Scrimgeour, J. W. Scrimgeour, F. H. Stewart, A. Taylor, and Mrs. Angus. The morning was beautifully clear and sunny, and very fine views were obtained, and as the party leisurely made their way along the slopes of Meall Coire na Saobhaidhe there appeared to be nothing to prevent an easy ascent to the Cairn. Only a slight snow plume on the lee edge of the ridge caused some of the party to suspect severe conditions aloft. A strong, icy wind laden with snow drift was entered just below the crest of the final ridge, and for 15 minutes the party had to battle with "blizzard" conditions before the Indicator was reached. Fortunately there was sufficient shelter on the north side of the summit for a halt for lunch. The thermometer here registered 7° of frost. The descent from the summit ridge was even more strenuous than the ascent, the driven snow being like a thick mist, but well before the Saobhaidhe Col was reached conditions were again normal and the return was made in good time to the Danzig. Two members made the return *via* Meal an Tionail and reported the wind as being quite normal on that summit (2,903 ft.). The Deeside road was reached at 4.15 p.m., 6½ hours after setting out from the same point.

4. Dr. Reid, C. Reid, and R. T. Sellar motored to Derry and climbed Carn a Mhaim (3,329 ft.). They found some of the snow slopes iced and difficult to negotiate without axes.

5. Miss Duncan and Miss Pittendrigh ascended Beinn a' Bhuidr *via* the Clais Fhearnaig.

During the evening members and guests gathered together for light entertainment before seeing in the New Year. Proceedings were opened with music, when the company were delighted with

the skilled performance of Mr. Mitchell Smith, C.A., a resident at the hotel, who so kindly assisted at the entertainment. During the latter part of the music Sellar and Angus had stealthily slipped away, and when the President made investigations, they were found dressed in white robes of office bending over a steaming brew on the kitchen range. Anxious expressions were on their faces and the silence was broken by strange sentences: "A little longer over the fire," "Is it sweet enough for the ladies?" "Another bowl of sugar." A figure stepped forward and a white cascade poured into the pot, more stirring, testing by all concerned, final testing, and the looks of anxiety were chased away by beatific smiles—all was well. In due course the Punch Bowl went round and the company were ready for the more serious part of the evening's programme.

Dr. Levack, in a suitable speech, proposed the health of the new President who, in replying, thanked the members for the honour they had conferred on him, and said that he would like to see a larger proportion of members present at the Meet and hoped all present would do their best to induce absent members to attend in future, and also that members would send in a note of their excursions for insertion in the Magazine.

The crowning of the Queen for 1934 then took place, Miss Harbinson entering into the spirit of the ceremony in a regal manner. In a graceful speech she thanked the company for the honour they had shown her and proceeded to distribute "largesse" from a handsome box, presented to her by Dr. Reid.

A new member of the Club was next passed through preliminary tests of efficiency and came out with flying colours. The way he dealt with soft snow while traversing a knife-edge ridge showed a born climber. The next proceedings were of too serious a nature to be dealt with in this short article, but the salutary lesson given to Mr. A. Taylor will give confidence to Messrs. Reid Bros. and all other members that, though night-lights are not provided by the hotel, they can sleep in the knowledge that they will not be wakened in the dark by riotous songsters outside their rooms.

At midnight the company were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Gregor and family, and the toast of their health was enthusiastically received. Dancing, to the music of two pipers, was then enjoyed till thoughts of early breakfast sent members to their rooms.

Monday, January 1, 1934.—The weather on Monday was the worst during the Meet, the frost having disappeared and driving rain taking its place in the valleys, with probability of high winds on the summits.

1. Messrs. Yunnie and Smith were first away, bound for Beinn a' Bhuid. Ascending by Glen Sluggan they reached the plateau in the vicinity of the south top in high wind and mist. Staggering about in the gale, they tried to find the Cairn, without success, and

soon decided the plateau was a lonely place and, under the prevailing conditions, "no place to stay." They made short work of getting back to the hotel in time for afternoon tea.

2. The President, along with Messrs. Alexander, Stewart, Scrimgeour, Sen., and Scrimgeour, Jun., Mrs. Dr. Hendry, and Misses Archibald and Harbinson motored to Derry Lodge. Alexander and Scrimgeour, Sen., spent the day exploring Glen Lui and Luibeg. The remainder of the party ascended Carn a Mhaim (3,329 ft.). A direct compass course was set from the path to the Cairn. Two snow slopes required a little care, and eventually the crest of the N.E. ridge was reached a few yards below the Cairn. There was a strong westerly wind blowing but the party was sheltered by the S.W. ridge and, although somewhat wet, enjoyed the outing.

3. C. and E. Reid, with two guests, ascended Craig Choinnich, doing the whole six peaks in record time. It is rumoured they discovered an unknown seventh peak. R. T. Medd, with four friends, motored out from Aberdeen before breakfast. Fortunately the President was out of bed in time to receive him. Owing to the conditions the party gave up the idea of doing Ben Macdhuil and instead did the round of Glen Slugan and Glen Quoich. On the way they came across Melville's camp in the stables at Sluggan Lodge.

Tuesday, January 2, 1934.—The last day of the Meet the morning was fine and sunny, but most members had departed the previous night and the remainder were preparing to depart.

The President, with Messrs. Alexander, C. and E. Reid, Stewart, Smith, and Yunnie, crossed the Dee, walked to the Quoich, and explored the Linn. C. and E. Reid then started to cross Carn na Drochaide, the remainder of the party returning to Braemar and so to town.

During the Meet several members remarked on the remarkable lowness of the River Dee, which more resembled its lowest summer flow than that of mid-winter. Regrets were expressed that owing to indisposition Past-President McCoss was unable to be present and that the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer had unavoidably to cancel his arrangements to be present at the last moment. Greetings were exchanged by wire with the Scottish Mountaineering Club at Loch Awe.

One member of the Club, W. D. Hutcheon, along with two friends, scorning the comforts of Braemar, took high level camping equipment to Derry with the intention of camping near the summit of Ben Macdhuil. The intention was to transport the equipment by sledge to the summit. Unfortunately lack of snow in the valleys upset the transport arrangements and camp was established in pleasant surroundings in Glen Derry. Derry Cairngorm was ascended on two occasions, and the party spent a novel and enjoyable three days in their holiday resort.

THE FINEST DAY IN JANUARY, 1934.

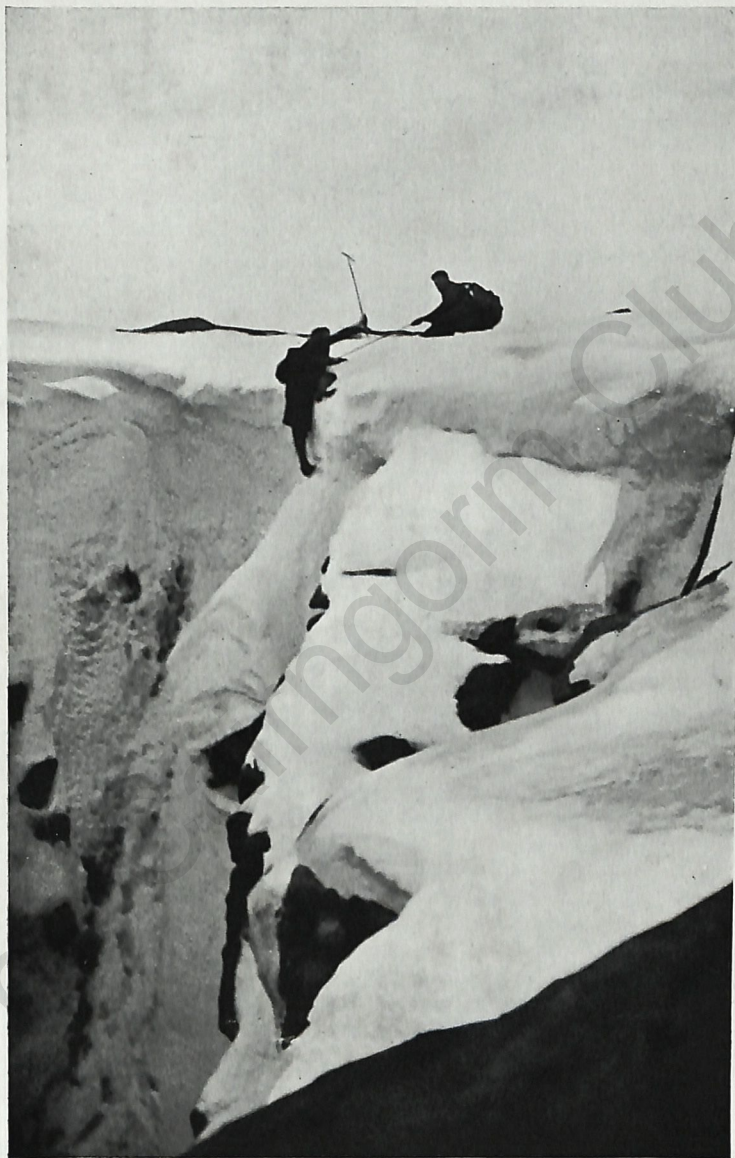
To do Ben Macdhui from Aberdeen in one day, in January, demands an early start, and, setting off along the Skene Road in the cold darkness, we felt that none but the highest of the Cairngorms could have dragged us forth at 6 a.m. As we proceeded, the valley began to fill with light and the nearer hills to take on the colours of a Japanese painting. The pleasure of the winter morning was complete when Lochnagar appeared, flushed with rose, over the Coils of Muick.

Derry was reached before nine o'clock. We found only a sprinkling of snow. The sun grew warmer as we walked up by the Lui Beg, and, before we were well on to the ridge of Sron Riach, we began to shed clothing, although the snow was firm and made walking in no ways difficult. Soon we looked like old-clothes men, carrying more than we wore. A halt was made half-way up Sron Riach, for the hills on the other side of the Larig were picked out in relief more clearly than we had ever seen. We reached the summit at noon. Even here it was practically windless, but we felt so cold after five minutes' rest that point-to-point races were held. The atmosphere was clear, but a thin, low blanketing of cloud obscured our view of the nearer tops. We came down by the Tailor's Burn, making for Carn à Mhaim. As we came down, there was enough snow for a glissade, and enough warmth for one of our party to begin snoring loudly, during a fifteen minutes' halt. The walk along the narrow ridge of Carn à Mhaim was a pleasant relaxation after a strenuous morning. Before leaving Derry we performed the usual ceremonial rites, swimming three strokes in a pool in the Derry burn.

A hill-climbers' tea with Maggie Gruer made the drive back to Aberdeen in the evening easy to face.—R. T. M.

FEBRUARY 4, 1934.—LOCHNAGAR.

THE following members and guests left Aberdeen about 8.40 a.m.—W. Malcolm (President), J. McCoss (Past President), R. P. Yunnie, J. Gove, N. Dyer, E. W. Smith, Miss Daniel, J. McHardy, Miss J. Patterson, C. C. Jackson, A. Taylor, C. S. McLay, W. Lawson, Dr. A. R. Martin, A. A. Slessor, H. Johnston. Guests:—Miss Young, Miss Rogers, Mr. Michie, Mr. Angus, Mr. McConnach. The above were joined on the hill by W. D. Hutcheon and three friends, H. G. Dason, W. A. Ewen, Miss Archibald, and Miss Brown. The major portion of the party, who travelled by bus, arrived at Spital of Muick at 10.45 a.m. The weather was beautifully sunny and clear, with only light clouds just touching the highest ridge of Lochnagar, the precipices of which were well draped with snow. On the walk to the Well most members felt the heat, but a short halt there for lunch enabled all to cool down, as the air temperature was only just over freezing point. At the Col the party split up, some making



February, 1934.

W. N. Aitken.

LOCHNAGAR CLIFF.

Head of narrow chimney on the right-hand wall of the side gully,
Black Spout. First ascended on December 21, 1913.



January 28, 1934.

R. T. Medd.

1. Ben Macdhui.
2. Cairntoul and his neighbours across the Larig.
3. Cairntoul from the slope of Ben Macdhui.

for the Black Spout and others descending to the north end of the Loch in order to climb the N.E. ridge. The snow in the Corrie was in a very hard condition and the Black Spout party found they had a bigger undertaking than had been expected. Had they not received the support of two members who had arrived earlier at the summit, it might well have been dark before the final difficulties were overcome. A word of warning is here necessary. Snow slopes even of quite moderate inclination may, under certain conditions, easily become dangerous, and inexperienced persons should on no account join parties ascending these slopes unless properly equipped.

Part of the Black Spout party ascended the left-hand branch and found the snow there in easier condition for step-cutting. Another party tried conclusions with the Giant's Head Chimney but were turned back by ice. The party ascending by the N.E. ridge had only a few steps to cut near the summit and, taking things easily, reached the Cairn at 2.35 p.m. There was practically no wind, but unfortunately the view was hidden by thin mist which hung about the top plateau. An unusual amount of smooth ice was found on the plateau and it was agreed that skating might easily have been indulged in. The thermometer showed 4 degrees of frost. The descent by the Ladder required care as the path was filled with hard snow, and it was more by good luck than by good management that some members glissading did not come to grief. The last arrivals reached the bus about 6.45 p.m. and were soon enjoying a sumptuous meal at the Alexandra in Ballater, after which a quick run took a happy and contented party back to Aberdeen, arriving there before 10 p.m.

FEBRUARY 18, 1934.—LOCHNAGAR.

THE following members and guests left Aberdeen by bus about 8.35 a.m. bound for Spital of Muich :—W. Malcolm (President), J. McCoss (Past President), R. P. Yunnie, N. Dyer, E. W. Smith, J. McHardy, H. Johnston, A. Taylor, W. Lawson, W. Ross, R. T. Medd, E. Beard, W. Melville, Mrs. E. J. Hendry, Mrs. J. Ross Mackenzie, Misses M. Daniel, J. Patterson, M. W. Johnston, R. K. Jackson, Hay, E. A. Mavor; Guests—P. Johnston, W. Shand, Martin, R. Forrest, R. Leslie, T. Ogston, A. Proctor, R. Reid, A. Howie, Misses Young, Roger, Donaldson. Members and guests who arrived at Altnaguibhsaich in their own cars—A. L. Hay (Vice-President), J. E. Bothwell, W. N. Aitken, H. G. Dason, W. A. Ewen, C. S. McLay, Misses H. Duncan, A. Pittendrigh, L. Archibald, H. Campbell, C. Wisely; Guests—J. A. Aitken, J. Richmond, Misses M. Stewart, A. Stewart, McLay, Brown, N. Hoggarth. Total members and guests present—51.

The morning was fair and sunny, but when the party descended at Spital of Muich they were assailed by a cold, fresh breeze which gave promise of more strenuous conditions aloft. The Well was

reached in good time and, after a short halt for refreshments, the party split up into several groups, each to attack the summit by different routes. The major portion crossed the Col and descended into the Corrie. Here a large number ascended the Black Spout, half doing the Spout direct and the others the Left Hand Branch. One party ascended the Central Buttress and found the iced rocks none too easy. The last member on the rope found that dodging the ice sent down by the leader was no light task, and finished the climb with visible evidence that his dodging was not always successful. Another party rounded the lake and ascended the Western shoulder and found that, without axes, it was no easy task. Another party ascended the face of Cuidhe Crom, where the snow was sufficiently steep and hard to require a short resort to rope and axe. Whichever way the ascent was made, all found that as soon as the top plateau was reached they were assailed by a wind of gale force, and, with a temperature below freezing point, there was no inducement to loiter in crossing to the summit cairn. Ptarmigan were seen and also snow buntings on the top plateau. The view from the summit was unfortunately very hazy, with signs that the weather was not improving, and with the gale behind, all started on the return journey. This was made either by the Glas Allt, by the Little Pap, Monelpie Moss, and An-t-Sron, or by the ordinary route to Altnaguibhsaich. Large numbers of deer were seen sheltering in the hollows of Monelpie Moss. The view of Lochnagar from An-t-Sron is very fine, the summit rocks appearing like a true peak behind the Corrie precipices and, as seen in the failing light, with a background of dense black clouds, looked very impressive. All were back at the Spital by 6.15 p.m., and three-quarters of an hour later were welcomed by the hospitable host of the Alexandra, in Ballater, where all was ready to supply their wants. By 8.10 p.m. a somewhat tired but happy party started on the return to Aberdeen, which was reached about 9.40 p.m. It was generally agreed that the outing had been a very successful one.—W. M.

ROCK CLIMBS AT SOUTER HEAD.

THREE Afternoon Excursions were made to Souter Head, where rock climbing practice was indulged in. Those who attended enjoyed the outings, and it is a pity that more members do not avail themselves of these opportunities of becoming acquainted with the rock scenery near Aberdeen and of learning, in pleasant surroundings, the problems met with in rock climbing. The following attended the excursions:—

Saturday, March 3.—W. Malcolm (*President*), A. L. Hay (*Vice-President*), H. C. Dugan, Mrs. A. L. Hay, Mrs. E. J. Hendry, H. Johnston, Dr. A. R. Martin, E. W. Smith, A. Taylor, G. T. R. Watt.

Saturday, March 10.—W. Malcolm (*President*), H. C. Dugan,



Easter, 1934.

Miss I. Rust.

TWISTING RIDGE, AN CAISTEAL.

N. Dyer, A. Howie, W. Melville, H. Johnston, R. P. Yunnie, E. W. Smith.

Saturday, March 17.—W. Malcolm (*President*), A. L. Hay (*Vice-President*), H. C. Dugan, A. Howie, H. Johnston, Mrs. E. J. Hendry, Dr. A. R. Martin, R. Reid, E. W. Smith, R. P. Yunnie.

EASTER MEET, 1934—CRIANLARICH.

THE following members and guests were present at one time or another during the Meet, the majority arriving at Crianlarich on Thursday night, March 29 :—W. Malcolm (*President*), H. G. Dason, W. A. Ewen, Dr. Martin, Dr. A. Sellar, R. T. Sellar, Mrs. Ross Mackenzie, Misses L. Archibald, H. M. Duncan, M. Daniel, A. M. Pittendrigh, McDowell, E. L. Mitchell, M. Stewart; Guests—A. Palmer, Garrow, Misses Brown, A. Stewart, J. Rust, Martin. As evidence of the attraction of the mountains, it may be mentioned that representatives were present from towns as far apart as Worthing, London, and Huntly.

Friday, March 30.—The following party left for Cruach Ardrain (3,428 ft.) about 9.30 a.m.—Dason, Ewen, Garrow, Malcolm, Dr. Martin, Palmer, Mrs. Mackenzie, Misses Archibald, Duncan, Daniel, McDowell, Mitchell, Pittendrigh, Brown, Martin, Rust, A. Stewart, M. Stewart. The sky was overcast in the morning, with mist down to about the 2,750 ft. level, and as the party made their way up the slope of Grey Height, there were occasional snow showers. The hill did not clear of mist till after 4 p.m. From the ridge Ewen, Palmer, Dason, Dr. Martin, McDowell, M. Stewart, Duncan, Pittendrigh, and Archibald traversed below the rocks to the Y-gully and ascended the right hand branch. They reported the climb a fairly easy one. The remainder of the party made their way to the summit by the ridge and after a little difficulty, owing to the mist, found the cairn. Here lunch was taken in what shelter could be found from the cold, easterly wind which swept the summit ridge. The party now roped up on four ropes for the descent to the Stob Garbh Col. The descent was steep and the snow treacherous, and an icy wind blowing on the face helped to cool the ardour of those who waited in the snow steps while the leaders cut down into the mist below. All parties had slips, impressing on them the absolute necessity of being properly equipped for snow-climbing, and of taking proper precautions to minimise the danger of slipping. The President, with Mackenzie, Daniel, and Rust, after descending a short distance, decided they knew of a better way home, so returned to the summit and descended the comparatively sheltered left hand branch of the Y-gully. By the time the fork of the Y was reached the mist cleared, and with the sun out delightful views were obtained. An ice axe which had evidently lain in the snow for some days was found at the foot of the gully. It is understood this has since been returned to the owner.

Dason, with Brown, Pittendrigh, Mitchell, and Duncan, after descending half way to the Col, also decided they had forgotten something at the summit, so returned, unroped at the Cairn, and induced circulation in frozen extremities by walking to Loch Voile and so to Balquhidder. Here a conveyance was obtained for the 22 mile run to Crianlarich. The two other parties descended to the Col in due course, having to cut steps the whole way down, and Crianlarich was reached by way of the Allt Coire Ardrain valley.

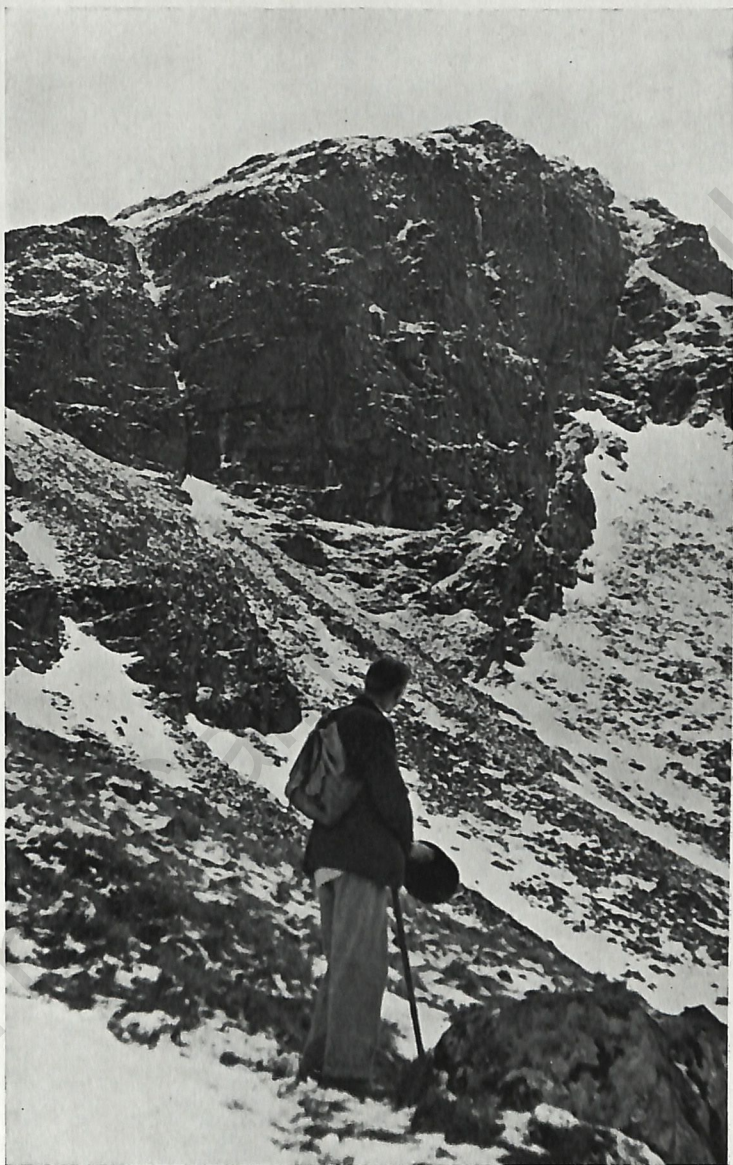
Saturday, March 31.—1. Malcolm, Palmer, Dr. Sellar, and R. T. Sellar motored to Bridge of Orchy and ascended to the Beinn Doireann—Beinn Dothaidh Col and then started along the ridge to Beinn Doireann (3,524 ft.). Mist was entered shortly afterwards but, with the snow in good condition and little wind, the climbing was pleasant. A solitary climber was soon met descending from Doireann, so Dr. Sellar, who had already done that Ben, returned with him in order to ascend Beinn Dothaidh. The other three continued up into the mist and, after finding one false summit, succeeded in arriving at the true cairn. Shortly afterwards the mist cleared and delightful views were obtained of valleys and hills. There was so little wind that no shelter was necessary to light up and get the pipes going. A couple of hours or more were enjoyed loitering on the ridge or glissading on its slopes, and it was with regret that finally the party glissaded into the Coire and so back to Bridge of Orchy.

2. Dason, Ewen, Garrow, and the Misses Duncan, Pittendrigh, A. Stewart, and M. Stewart, motored down Glen Lochy and ascended Beinn Laoigh (3,708 ft.) *via* the Beinn a Chleibh Col. At one point on the ridge the precaution of roping was taken and some step-cutting had to be done. They were fortunate in having delightful views from the summit ridge.

3. Mrs. Mackenzie and the Misses Daniel, Brown, Mitchell, and Martin motored to Bridge of Orchy and walked round Loch Tulla. The views were much admired and were enhanced by the fine reflections in the loch.

4. Miss Rust motored to Bridge of Orchy with the declared intention of walking down Glen Orchy to Dalmally. It is rumoured that she was seen later bouncing down the Glen on the back of a motor cycle, but whether she had been trying to improve her Gaelic or catch a train is not known.

Sunday, April 1.—1. Malcolm, Palmer, Mrs. Mackenzie, and Misses Daniel, Brown, Mitchell, Martin, McDowell, and Rust left about 10 a.m. and ascended An Caisteal (3,265 ft.) by way of the Twisting Ridge. Conditions were ideal and all summits clear of mist. Near the top a solitary climber was met who had come from Beinn a Chroin and was *en route* for Beinn Ghabhair. Good views were obtained in all directions, and Lochs Lomond and Katrine were



Easter, 1934.

W. Malcolm.

BEINN DOIREANN FROM THE DOTHAIDH COIRE.



Easter, 1934.

BEN MORE AND STOBINIAN FROM AN CAISTEAL.

Miss I. Rust.

visible. A leisurely descent was made by the Stob Glas ridge. Many detours were made to indulge in glissading, the snow being in good condition for this sport. One of the party, not content with snow sports, boldly ventured on a frozen pond without testing the thickness of the ice. The result was more entertaining to the on-lookers than to the party concerned. The Allt Andoran was crossed at about the 1,250 ft. level, and the main road reached by the advance party by a bridge crossing the Falloch about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Crianlarich. The remainder crossed by a bridge at the bend of the Falloch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Crianlarich.

2. R. T. Sellar, Dr. Sellar, and Scott, S.M.C., motored to Bridge of Orchy and were joined there by four members of the Perth Junior Mountaineering Club, of which Dr. Sellar is President. After some discussion, it was decided to tackle Buchaille Etive Mor, and the party motored up the Glencoe Road to its junction with the Glen Etive Road. After motoring three miles down the Glen Etive Road, they found themselves opposite the Col on Buchaille Etive Mor. From there the ascent was made to the top of the Col and thence along the Ridge to Stob Dearg, the highest point of the mountain. Weather conditions were ideal and good views were obtained of Ben Nevis and the Glencoe mountains, with a glimpse of Loch Leven and the head of Loch Linnhe. Away to the south-east the Ben Achaladair Group looked very fine, still in their winter garb. The snow was very soft until about 3,000 ft. contour, but above this altitude the going was good. Dr. Sellar, Scott, and some of the Perth members traversed the whole mountain, doing the south-west summit: altitude, according to Bartholomew's Map, 3,129 ft. A very pleasant day on the hills was the finding of all the party on their return to the waiting cars.

Monday, April 2.—Dr. J. A. Sellar and Mr. Scott (Member of the S.M.C.) motored to Achaladair farm. From there they walked along the railway for three miles and made the ascent of Beinn a Chreachain (3,540 ft.). They then walked along the ridge of Meall Buidhe and ascended Beinn Achaladair (3,404 ft.). The climb from the Col to the north top of Achaladair was very steep and covered with a lot of snow, but this was in quite good condition. From the north top the ridge was followed to the south top (3,288 ft.), and then the face of the mountain descended to Achaladair farm, where they were hospitably regaled with tea by Mr. and Mrs. Smith. The whole excursion was accomplished in five hours. Views were excellent and no mist was encountered.

Malcolm and R. T. Sellar left for home about 10.45 a.m., Dason Ewen, and Palmer motored down Glencoe to take photographs, while most of the ladies took walks around Crianlarich preparatory to leaving by the afternoon train.

The Meet was fortunate in enjoying good weather, and most of

the members present expressed the hope that there would be another Meet in the same district at a not too distant date. Thanks are due to those members who generously put their cars at the service of the Club, and to the proprietress of the hotel, and her assistants, who attended to the comforts of everyone.

SPRING HOLIDAY EXCURSION, 1934—MOUNT KEEN.

THE fierce storm of rain and wind that swept Deeside on the Sunday before the holiday (Monday, May 7) held out little hope of fine weather on the Monday, but the optimists who left Aberdeen for Mount Keen were not disappointed, and were favoured with one of the finest days it is possible to enjoy on the hills.

The following members and guests were present:—

W. Malcolm (*President*), J. A. Parker (*Past-President*), R. H. Calvert, H. G. Dason, D. P. Douglas, G. McIntyre, R. T. Sellar, McHardy, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Mackenzie, Misses Archibald, Hay, Patterson, and Daniels; *Guests*—I. F. Cameron, Misses Bothwell, A. Donaldson, M. Donaldson, Penfold, and Sinclair.

By permission of Lord Glentanar, the party were allowed to motor to Shiel of Glen Tanar, and the drive up the beautiful glen was a fitting prelude to the more arduous work later. The Tanar was much swollen by the previous day's rain, and, the foot plank for crossing having been swept away, it was some little time before a crossing could be made, and only the lucky ones succeeded in effecting this dryshod. Once across the stream there were no further difficulties and, with the sun shining in a beautifully clear atmosphere, and a pleasant breeze blowing, the track was easily ascended and the summit cairn reached exactly at noon. About an hour was spent at the cairn, taking lunch and enjoying the fine view. To the westward the whole range of the Cairngorms was perfectly clear, Ben Macdhui appearing as a snowy dome of unblemished whiteness. Nearer at hand, Lochnagar, also carrying a lot of snow, quickly drew attention. Round to the southward glasses enabled the Isle of May to be distinguished, and Aberdeen was located by a red roof at Torry and the top of the Girdleness. The descent was made in a north-westerly direction direct to the Falls of Tanar. Large patches of snow on this face encouraged attempts at glissading but, as the snow was rather soft, the attempts were not very successful. With the swollen stream and the sun shining on the water, the Falls appeared at their best and proved well worth a visit. From the Falls a walk of a mile and a quarter down the valley brought the party back to the cars. Here they were joined by two members, Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Daniels, who, braving the previous day's storm, had walked from Aboyne, *via* the Fungle, to Tarfside, spent the night there, and returned by Glen Mark and the Mounth path over Mount Keen. All the party returned down the Glen to Aboyne and so to Aberdeen, well pleased with the enjoyable outing.—W. M.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXCURSIONS, 1934.

MAY 27—MOUNT BATTOCK.

STARTING from Golden Square on a delightful spring morning, we made for the Bucket Mill in the Forest of Birse, via Lower Deeside Road and Bridge of Feugh. At the Bucket Mill the party took to the heather, at first through birch and pine woods, but soon were clear of the trees and on to a well-defined path over Glaspits. The first halt was called just before reaching the watershed, then off again to ford the Aven and tackle the heather slopes and bog holes that lay between them and the summit. The cairn was reached at 12.30. Visibility was very good, especially seawards. We were able to pick up the Isle of May and Berwick Law to the south-east. The whole coast line from Aberdeen to Fife Ness was very distinct. A chilly breeze gave little encouragement to linger on the top, and the descent to the Loch of Tennet, the source both of the Waters of the Tennet and the Aven, was soon begun. After a rest in a wind-sheltered nook, we followed the Water of the Aven in its winding way to the point where we had forded it on the outward journey; another rest, and off over Glaspits again to the waiting car. We arrived back at the footbridge over the Feugh at 3.30. As tea had been ordered for 5 o'clock at the Feughside Inn, we whiled away the time practicing both wet and dry, but mostly wet, crossings of the stream. Tea at Whitestones was really a great success, although we were relegated to the barn. The fine evening made leaving the only regrettable part of the whole day.

The Company consisted of:—members: W. Malcolm, R. H. Calvert, H. Johnston, Dr. Martin, R. T. Medd, J. McHardy, Malcolm Smith, E. W. Smith, A. Taylor, H. W. Welsh, and R. P. Yunnie, Misses Archibald, Brown, Daniel, McHardy, Paterson, and Stewart; guests: J. D. Easson, R. Johnston, G. C. Welsh, Misses Grant, Johnston, and Shinnie.

JUNE 2—FASHEILACH.

ON Saturday, June 2, at 3.30 p.m., two cars drew up beside the little wooden bridge just beyond the Linn of Muick. Few would have guessed as the cars disclosed the occupants that this was a Meet of the Cairngorm Club. The party, consisting of seven ladies, was the Misses Archibald, Browne, Jackson, Johnston, Mavor, Pittendrigh, and Stewart. The hill to be climbed was Fasheilach (2,362 ft.). The party followed the stream Allt an Sneachda. Just after they set off, another car, in which was Mr. and Miss Collie, arrived. Unfortunately Mr. Collie was "tied to a train on the hill," so these two accompanied the party only part of the way. The summit was reached about 5.15 p.m. and there the climbers enjoyed a fine

view of the neighbouring hills, the most outstanding being Lochnagar, which had all but lost its winter garb. The party arrived at the cars shortly after seven. Two members, Miss Pittendrigh and Miss Stewart, descended along the ridge to the west of the stream already mentioned, while the others traversed Druim Cholzie. Everyone agreed it had been a most enjoyable outing, and, as we made our way homewards after a most satisfying tea at Mr. Dason's, our thoughts wandered back to Fasheilach and to the many tiny baby grouse which we had so unwillingly disturbed that afternoon.—L. A.

JUNE 9.—CARN A' GHILLE CHEARR (2,329 FT.).

THE following members and guests attended this Meet, travelling by the Speyside excursion to Advie :—Mr. Calvert, W. Malcolm, C. S. McLay, Dr. Martin, M. Smith, Misses Archibald, Brown, Jackson, Johnston, and Skakle; *Guests*—Dr. Coppock and Miss Gibson.

Although this hill is probably little known to Club members, the Meet, in the fine weather conditions prevailing, proved a very enjoyable one. Thanks to the courtesy of the Railway Company, the party travelled in reserved, first-class carriages and the train was specially stopped at Advie station, which was reached at 3.30 p.m. Turning left, just outside the station, a shady footpath led in about $\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile to the main road, which was crossed and a rough track followed up the valley of the Seileach Burn. Half-a-mile from the road a cottage on the side of Knockfrink produced a "brain wave" in our M.C., and she disappeared inside, to cause results which evolved later. By rough tracks and through short heather the ridge to the west of the Seileach Burn was followed, and in due course the summit reached at 5.30 p.m. Not satisfied with the position of the Cairn, two learned members immediately started to erect a new one on what they considered to be the true summit, and around this the party enjoyed a half hour's halt. Owing to a heat haze the distant view was not seen to advantage, the Cairngorms being only just visible. The descent was made by the branch of the Seileach rising between Carn a' Ghille Chearr and Creag an Tarmachain, and by 7.10 the afore-mentioned cottage was reached. The result of our M.C.'s brain-wave now became apparent. Outside the cottage was a well-spread table, and very soon the good housewife was kept busy replenishing teapots, as twelve hearty members did their best to reduce the load on the table. Thoroughly refreshed with this Highland hospitality, the party leisurely continued the descent to the station in time for the train, which arrived about 8.30 p.m. On the journey back to town there was plenty of evidence that hill-climbing does not produce "brain-fag," as several new words were invented which have not yet appeared in the dictionary.—W. M.

MIDNIGHT EXCURSION.

JUNE 16-17—LARIG GHRU.

THE following members and guests assembled at Aviemore on Saturday evening, June 16 :—W. Malcolm (President), A. L. Hay (Vice-President), Dr. D. P. Levack (Vice-President), E. W. Smith, J. E. Bothwell, R. P. Yunnie, J. McHardy, Dr. A. R. Martin, H. Johnston, W. Lawson, J. A. Chisholm, H. C. Dugan, M. Smith, R. H. Calvert, N. Dyer, Mrs. E. J. Hendry, Mrs. Dr. Levack, Misses Archibald, Brown, Hay, Telfer, Mearns, J. Patterson, N. Stewart, E. Rodger ; guests : Mr. J. A. Hopkins, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Burness, Mrs. Sutherland, Misses Ingram, A. M. Donaldson, Green, Chapman, Roger.

The party left Aviemore in ideal weather about 7 p.m. As the path was followed, through the Rothiemurchus forest, the Cairngorms, with their corries outlined with snow, made a perfect picture through the clear atmosphere. After a short halt at the Club's Druidh Bridge, the ascent was continued and, the trees being left behind, many stops were made to admire the backward view of the setting sun and the beautiful colouring in the Larig valley. The only hitch in the programme occurred at this time, the sun refusing to set according to the President's schedule. Hasty calculations, involving the latitude of London and Aviemore, finally proved that the sun was not at fault. Soon after sunset, clouds coming up from the S.W. covered the sky and obscured the high tops. Near the 2,500 feet level and about three-quarters of a mile from the summit of the pass, a halt was made, the time now being about 11.30 p.m., and the half-light making walking difficult without artificial light. Sizzling bacon and eggs near the summit of the Larig was an unexpected treat for supper, and many blessings were bestowed on the hostess who provided them. Later, if the Spectre of Ben Macdhui had looked down, he would have seen strange lights wandering about, as members searched for the least uncomfortable beds in which to try and sleep. Soon the silence was only broken by the sound of the wind on the Lurchers' Crag, an occasionally falling stone, and the croak of ptarmigan. About 2.30 a.m. the party were again on the move, many lanterns being in evidence, although at no time was artificial light essential. At the summit of the pass a few of the party followed a track too far to the right, and when a heavy shower came on found themselves on a treacherous track two or three hundred feet above the first Pool of Dee, and had to face a steep descent over wet boulders. For a short while the weather looked very threatening, the clouds being down to the 3,000 feet level, and at times filling the pass behind. Fortunately, as the light increased the rain passed over and did not again trouble, although the hill tops were never visible. The contrast in the amount of water in the Dee valley compared with that on the Aviemore side was striking. The Allt Choire Mhoir and Allt Clach

nan Taillear were running full with water from the snow fields just visible above, and required care in crossing. At Derry Lodge the kind offer of a lift by a thoughtful car owner meeting the party was not despised by a few whose enthusiasm for walking had begun to wane. The remainder walked on to the Linn o' Dee, the last arriving by 8.20 a.m. Here a bus met the party, and before 9 a.m. all were obliterating the traces of travel before partaking of the excellent breakfast provided by Mrs. Gregor. The outing was in all respects a most enjoyable one.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

ON December 28, 1933, a remarkably clear presentation of the Spectre of the Brocken was seen on Geallaig, the great hill mass lying between the Gairn and Dee beyond Ballater. The hill was under deep snow, and the writer made the ascent from Glen Gairn, following the course of the Milton Burn. The sky was cloudless, and the low winter sun rendered the air mild and warm, so mild indeed, that lying on the snow did not give one a sensation of chill. By the time the summit ridge was reached, about 11 a.m., mist was rising out of the valleys on both sides and travelling down towards Ballater. The writer was walking in an easterly direction, and was conscious of an accompanying figure on his left. At first little attention was paid to this, as it frequently happens that when on the hill he has a feeling he is not alone, but on this occasion the sensation was more pronounced and persistent, and, on glancing to the left, he was astounded to see a figure about twenty feet high keeping pace some distance away. It was a distinct shock, until it was realised what the figure meant. When the low sun pierced the mist rising from the Dee valley, the shadow of the observer was thrown upon the mist out of the Gairn, and when the sun was bright the head and shoulders of the figure were in the centre of a brilliant disc of rainbow colours, while the whole was surrounded by a complete circle of vivid rainbow, the centre of which was the disc, the figure standing on the circumference. When the sunlight lost its intensity, the rainbow colours disappeared and the shadow faded, but the whole showed up again when the sun was unobscured. For some distance, on both sides of the figure, the shadow of the hill top was outlined in a broad band of rainbow. The presentation lasted for a considerable period, and was a spectacle not easily forgotten.—H. D. W.

AITKEN'S TOWER OF SOUTER HEAD—FIRST ASCENT. THIS square pinnacle of rock at sea level is a well-defined landmark at Souter Head, and its ascent has been attempted on various occasions during the last twenty years, but without success. Its height is about 35 feet, and it is inaccessible by about ten feet at high tide. At low tide, however, one can reach its base on solid rock. The smooth face presented on the land side is obviously impossible, and the traverse on the left or north side will not go, because there are not any hand or footholds. The right or south side is the only possible

route, and this was the side ascended. On Saturday, June 23, 1934, J. A. Aitken, W. N. Aitken, Dr. Martin, and J. McCoss were at Souter Head and the Tower was contemplated. After a very ingenious and difficult manipulation of the rope, W. N. Aitken, who was wearing rubbers, volunteered to have a go at the ascent. He was tied on to both ends of an 80 foot rope. One end was laid over a crack, and the other end, which did service for half the climb, was then untied. One end was played out and the other was taken in. At the beginning of the traverse the hand holds, though good, are very small and footholds do not exist—a scratch on the rock is all that is possible. There is an overhang at the first corner, and at this point Aitken's fingers gave out. He was held in two directions, and nothing worse happened than wetting rather more than the soles of his shoes. Round the corner there is a magnificent slab handhold and Aitken used it. After untying one end of the rope, he made short work of the ascent, being safeguarded all the time. A pole was sent up on the rope and fixed on the summit with a handkerchief tied to it. The descent was made down the smooth face on a doubled rope. The climb requires not less than three of a party, and it may be classed as exceptionally difficult, and not for the novice.—J. McC.

INVEREY TO KINGUSSIE, SEPTEMBER, 1933.

For those who contemplate taking this fine walk for the first time, the following notes may be of interest :—

Inverey was left at 7.8 a.m. and no difficulty was found in following the route till the foot track leaves the hill road opposite Geldie Lodge. About a quarter of a mile from the ford of Geldie, leading to the Lodge, and where the road bends left towards the river, a small cairn is noticed on the right hand side of the road. The track, which is often invisible, starts here, and if the general direction of the road, before the bend, is followed on the hillside up a rise of 15 to 20 feet other small cairns can be seen, and by means of these a rough track may be followed for a good part of the way.

Roughly, the track runs parallel to the Geldie, which is at first about a quarter of a mile on the left, but gradually recedes to about half a mile by the time the bend of the Feshie river is sighted. The 1-inch scale map shows the track meeting the Feshie about half a mile above the junction of the Eidart with that river, but the writer did not succeed in finding this part of the track and descended the hillside directly to the junction of the two rivers.

Even after the exceptionally dry summer it was not possible to cross the Eidart without the water going over the tops of one's boots, so these were removed and the stream waded. Unexpectedly the water turned out to be painfully cold, and it was a distinct relief to halt for a few moments on some dry stones in mid stream. For those who prefer not to wade, it should be noted that a previous writer to the magazine has pointed out that if the Feshie is easier

to cross, then by walking in the rough a quarter of a mile down the opposite bank of that stream, a foot bridge crossing the Feshie enables one to return over the river to a good footpath which leads down the valley. An hour was spent altogether in crossing the Eidart and taking a leisurely lunch on its bank. The footpath was then followed without difficulty, through splendid scenery, till it appeared to get lost in the flat bottom of the valley opposite Feshie Lodge. By walking across easy ground, at this point, towards the river, a grass-grown cart track was soon found which led to a good bridge about half a mile below the Lodge.

Crossing this bridge the Lodge road was followed down the Glen to Achlean, and then the road to the left over rolling moors to Kingussie. A fine view of the western hills, lit up by the setting sun, was obtained while descending the moorland road. Kingussie was reached at 6.20 p.m. The total time out was 11 hours 12 minutes, and the time, excluding halts of over 5 minutes' duration, 9 hours 42 minutes. As the distance is about 27 miles this gives an average walking speed of about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles per hour. The "Bogie" time, per Parker rule, is about $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The writer was not in training, but a fairly steady pace was maintained, except that a number of standing halts were made to consult the map, to identify hills, streams, and other features. The weather conditions were good for walking, except for a few miles below Feshie Lodge, when there was a head wind with driving rain.—W. MALCOLM.

NOTES.

THIS number completes Volume XIII. The title page, contents, and index will be issued with the next Number.

OUR frontispiece is an infra red photograph of the Cairngorms, taken from the top of Lochnagar. It presents a remarkably clear panorama of the mountains, with all the well-known features distinctly brought out. The

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS. two young ladies bathing in Loch Builg (p. 249) are Miss Catherine Sinclair and Miss Margot Youngson. We are indebted to Mr. H. G. Dason for the two excellent photographs of Liathach (pp. 240-1), climbed during last year's Easter Meet.

ALTHOUGH the snow on the Cairngorms begins to disappear rapidly in May and June, the larger north-facing beds may linger on into the autumn. The survival of very small patches SNOW ON THE CAIRNGORMS. suggests that the melting process slows down later, probably because old snow becomes so dirt-laden that evaporation is reduced to a minimum. "I saw two such patches" (writes a correspondent) "on Lochnagar in October, 1930. But for a year or two back, all the snow has disappeared from Lochnagar and only the northern corries of the Cairngorms

have carried snow after July. (The conspicuous patch on Beinn a' Bhuird usually defies its southernly exposure and may outlast July.) The melting process is due, not alone to the rise in temperature and the prevalence of S.W. winds, but also, during periods of anti-cyclonic weather, to very rapid evaporation, relative humidity of the air being then very low. During a wet summer, when the hills are frequently shrouded in mist and the air, consequently, saturated, evaporation does not take place. I think that Mr. Seton Gordon records somewhere that only in the little corrie of Cairngorm known as 'Margaret's Coffin,' has the snow never been known to melt. But during the winter of 1932-33 there was an abnormally small precipitation. Following on that we had also an abnormally dry summer, which no doubt produced periods of low relative humidities. But I would put the very small winter snowfall as chief among these causes." Mr. McCoss stated in his speech at the Annual Dinner of the Club that during September last "every snowfield in the Cairngorms had disappeared." "This," he added, "is the first occasion in my experience that such a thing has happened." (*v. p.* 253.)

The author of a Sonnet on "The Indicator on Ben Macdhuì" is requested to communicate with the Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HILL-CLIMBING PRECAUTIONS.

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

SIR,—Before the memory of the recent tragedy on Ben Macdhuì has faded, it may be useful to note one or two simple precautions designed to prevent a repetition of it and others of the kind of no distant date.

The complicated and widely extended system of mountains in Central Scotland demands the utmost respect from those who would explore it. The ascent of the highest peaks may require no super-human effort, but it is never quite a promenade. There is not a day in the whole year when they are not subject to that worst of all terrors, mist, and in winter and spring, when ordinary landmarks are obliterated, an expedition may be attended with very great risks. No ascent should be undertaken without careful study, and there should always be an alternative or alternatives whereby safety may be reached in case of unforeseen emergency.

To the inexperienced be it said that the first ventures can best be made under expert guidance. There are, in any case, three requisites which should never be neglected—a compass, a map, and, perhaps less essential but still most desirable, an aneroid. To go mountaineering without a reliable compass is to court disaster, is, in fact, the first step to suicide. An electric torch may be useful for reading the map in very thick weather. An aneroid enables one to check the height as well as to become aware of changes of atmospheric pressure that prognosticate storm.

Proper outfit and food go without saying. Of the latter, chocolate is a valuable ingredient. Though two are better than one, in doubtful weather the party should not be less than three.

An acquaintance with the hills between 1873 (Ben Lomond) and 1932 (Cairngorm and Braeriach), including every summit of importance from Ben Nevis to the Blue Hill, many of them repeatedly, has inspired a profound respect for their unseen possibilities no less than for their grandeur and glory. But the cost of knowledge or enjoyment is too great at the sacrifice of human life.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN CLARKE.

Chanonry House, Aberdeen.

A WIND SHELTER ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN MACDHUI.

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

SIR,—During the summer of 1933 I spent my holidays climbing in the English Lake District, and was very much impressed with the four-angle stone shelter on Helvellyn. As far as I can remember it consists of two walls about 12 feet long by 5 feet high, built in the form of a cross, which gives four separate right angles, ensuring a protection from the wind, no matter in which direction it may blow. The base of the walls was built up for about 2 feet considerably thicker than the top, forming useful sitting ledges on the inside. I would suggest to the Cairngorm Club, through the medium of its *Journal*, that such a shelter as I have described be gradually built up by parties climbing Ben Macdhui during 1934, and personally I feel assured that as said shelter takes form and proves its usefulness, the idea will spread to other Cairngorm summits. In the meantime we have cairns which serve no practical purpose. How much better to have some sort of protection from the fierce winds wherein we could enjoy our lunch in some degree of comfort. During eleven years of climbing, I have only once been on the top of Ben Macdhui when the elements did not seem resentful of my presence.

It would be interesting to have some members' opinions as to my suggestion.—Yours, etc.,

W. D. HUTCHEON.

Craighill, Turriff.

P.S.—Surely it is not beyond the resources of the Cairngorm Club to have its own hut among the hills from which it takes its name. Such a hut would be a real boon, and I am sure would add very much to the popularity of the Club.—W. D. H.

LOST.

On June 24, a member of the Club, on the ridge walk from the summit of the Devil's Point to Cairntoul and Braeriach, lost a Cinephot Drem Exposure Metre, telescopic type, colour black. Any person who may have found this is asked to communicate with the Editor.

REVIEWS.

The Alpine Journal, Nos. 247 and 248, November, 1933, and May, 1934. 10/6 each. As the years go on, these issues seem to become larger and larger, but they are always full of interest for the mountaineer. No. 247 starts with a detailed account of that great personality, the late Duke of the Abruzzi, whose name, as an explorer and mountaineer of outstanding capacity, will pass down to the posterity of the climbing world. His well-known book, "The Ascent of Mount St. Elias," (Arch, Constable & Co., Ltd.), and his exploration in the Ruwenzori Mountains in Africa, are records of determination and endurance. There is an exceedingly interesting article by Hugh Ruttledge on the 1933 Mount Everest Expedition, splendidly illustrated, and the article on "Climbing in Scotland," by H. MacRobert, the President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, is no mean tribute to our homeland hills. No. 248 has a fitting foreword on the tragic death of Albert I, King of the Belgians, which ends very aptly thus—"There may come other mountaineering Kings—he has set the example. But there will never be a more kingly mountaineer, or a more noble gentleman." That great mountaineer, Dr. Longstaff, writes an extremely interesting and practical article on "Lessons from the Mount Everest Expedition of 1933," the soundness of which a well-known medical member of the Alpine Club finds it difficult to attack. It is with regret that we find the name of the famous climber, Douglas W. Freshfield, in the *In Memoriam* list.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, Nos. 116 and 117, November 1933, and April, 1934. 2/6 each. Both numbers are of the usual high standard of this *Journal*, and contain a number of instructive articles and excellent illustrations. The name of Mr. J. A. Parker, whose ability to produce good matter on mountaineering continues to be prolific, is appended to two articles, five photographs and four notes. In the former number he carries on his account of the Outer Hebrides with "The Mountains of South Uist," while in the latter he turns his attention to "The Old tracks through the Western Highlands" as shown on Roy's Map of Scotland, which was prepared between 1747 and 1755. Interest should also be aroused by the claims to the first ascent of the Mitre Ridge of Beinn a' Bhuid, and it seems clear that the honour must go to the two parties who climbed this fine pinnacle on July 4, 1933. Mr. P. D. Baird relates in "Exploration in the North-West," in a clear and brisk manner, the story of ten days' climbing in the district around Loch Broom, and Mr. Percy Donald surveys comprehensively the hills of most of the ranges of

Central Scotland in "The Two Thousand Feet Tops of the Scottish Lowland Uplands." We congratulate Mr. J. Dow on joining the select company of those who have climbed the 277 Scottish Munros. His article, "Munros, Beards and Weather," gives some interesting statistics of his feat (although he suggests that modern transport precludes the use of the word). In the second number, Mr. W. Ross McLean contributes a lengthy article on the Isle of May and the Bass Rock, in which he shows a deep knowledge of the history and topography of both islands. We are amused by Mr. J. Gordon Robinson's account of "A Scavenging Hunt or Ne'erday Nightmare," and hope that the organiser did not suffer too badly in the scramble for the last article. The customary Notes and Proceedings of the Club and the Junior Section make up two excellent numbers.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. VII, No. 4, 1934. 4/-. This is a very fine number, containing several excellent articles dealing with climbing in many parts of the world—New Zealand, RUCKSACK Iceland, Scotland, Dolomites, Eastern Alps, Greece, CLUB Spain, Wales, and Cumberland. Possibly the two most JOURNAL. interesting articles are "On Desert Ways," by R. A. Eastwood, which describes a journey in Iceland, and would be of value to anyone proposing to visit the outlying parts of Iceland, and "The Sierra Nevada of Spain," by G. A. Deane, which describes an ascent of Mulhacen and has two good views. The Editor contributes a very sensible note on mountaineering accidents, from which we notice that the Committee consider that a small Committee should be set up to investigate all cases of serious accident in future. The illustrations are exceptionally fine, but this is only what one expects in *The Rucksack Club Journal*.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, No. 21, 1934. This is an interesting and well illustrated issue. Mr. G. T. Lowe, the first President of the Club, contributes two articles, one dealing Y.R.C. with the first forty years of the life of the Club, and the JOURNAL. second giving a good description of the Roman Wall of Hadrian (with map). There are several articles dealing with cave exploration, the most interesting being probably that by Mr. H. Yates describing the exploration and surveying of Goyden Pot, Nidderdale. The map which accompanies this article is printed in two colours and gives a good idea of how intricate the actual work of the survey must have been. The remaining articles in the *Journal* deal with a variety of places, including South Africa, Johore, Dauphine, and Cumberland.

WE acknowledge with thanks receipt of *The Mountaineering Journal*, Vol. I, Nos. 3 and 5, and Vol. II, No. 1; *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, Vol. XLIX, Nos. 5 and 6, and Vol. L, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

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INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
A' Chailleach	158	Cairn Toul	16, 217
A' Choinneach	219	Cairngorm	208
Aitken's Tower, Souter Head	274	Cairngorms, The Lesser	241
An Caisteal	268	" The Six	98
An Teallach	159	Canadian Boat Song	65
A.P.R.S.	114	Carn a' Ghille Chearr	272
Autumn in the Highlands	66	Carn Mor Dearg	86
Avalanches	260	" " Arete	87
Ballater to Braemar over Lochnagar		Castle Gates Gully	260
Fifty Years Ago	121	Chokestone Gully	52, 53
Ballochbuie Forest	166	Clochnaben	111
Beinn Achaladair	269	Clouds	139
Ben Alder	31	Coire an Sputan Dearg	181
Ben Alligin	160	Come to Scotland	39
Ben Avon	108, 216	Coronation Stone	64
Beinn Bhreac	219	Corrie Kander	260
Ben Bhrotain	15, 219	Coyles of Muick	111
Beinn a' Bhuirid	215	Creag an Dubh Loch	183
" " A'Choich	113	Crianlarich Easter Meet	267
" " Mitre Ridge	51	Cromdale Hills	272
Ben Bynack	219	Cruach Ardrain	267
Beinn a' Chaorruin	219	" " Accident	239
Beinn a' Chreachain	269	Deeside, Upper, Fifty Years Ago	121
Beinn Damh	186	Derry Cairngorm	218
Beinn Doireann	268	Devil's Point	13, 217
Beinn Dothaidh	268	Diet, The Ideal	22
Beinn na h-Eaglaise	186	Disaster, The Cairngorm	197
Beinn Eighe	146, 160	Dreams	59
Beinn Iutharn	53	Dubh Loch	182
Ben Lui	268	Dundonnell	159
Ben Macdhui	181, 216	Eidart	35, 275
" " Fatality	205	Fannichs	158
" " from Aberdeen	264	Fasheilach	271
" " Proposed Shelter	278	Fell and Rock Climbing Club	55
Bennachie at Midnight	111	Fort William Meet	107
Ben Nevis	83, 107	Galtymore	243
" " Hut	84, 107	Gillies, T. R.	203
Ben Rinnes	112	Glas Thulachan	54
Braemar from Ballater Fifty Years Ago	121	Glen Einich	213
" " New Year Meets	100, 180, 259	Glen Ey	53
" " Winter Sports	118	Glen Feshie	34, 275
Braeriach	210, 217	" " Hills	220
Brimmond Hill	105	Glen Geusachan	36
Broad Cairn	182	Glen Muick Fifty Years Ago	121
Brocken Spectre	274		
Bruar Falls	130		
Buachaille Etive Mor	269		
Buck of the Cabrach	191		
Buttlassen	29		

	PAGE		PAGE
Safer Mountain Climbing	55	Socach	189
St. Kilda	200	Souter Head	106, 184, 266, 274
Scotland, Come to	39	Spectre of the Brocken	274
Scottish Alps	200	Step Cutting	234
" Youth Hostels	40, 114, 132		
Sgoran Dubh	220		
Sgor an Lochain Uaine	16		
" " " Chokestone		Thirty Thousand Feet in Twenty-	
Gully	52, 53	four Hours	115
Sgurr Alasdair	165	Tipperary	245
Sgurr Breac	158	Trespass	196
Sgurr nan Gillean	163	Tyrebagger	105
Six Cairngorms, The	98, 191		
Slide Rule for Climbers	225		
S.M.C. Guide Books	55	Wallace, John	114
Snow on Cairngorms	276	" Western Highlands Guide Book "	10
Snow Slopes	232	Winter Sports	39
" " Slip on	239	" " at Braemar	118

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