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The Cairngorm Club Journal

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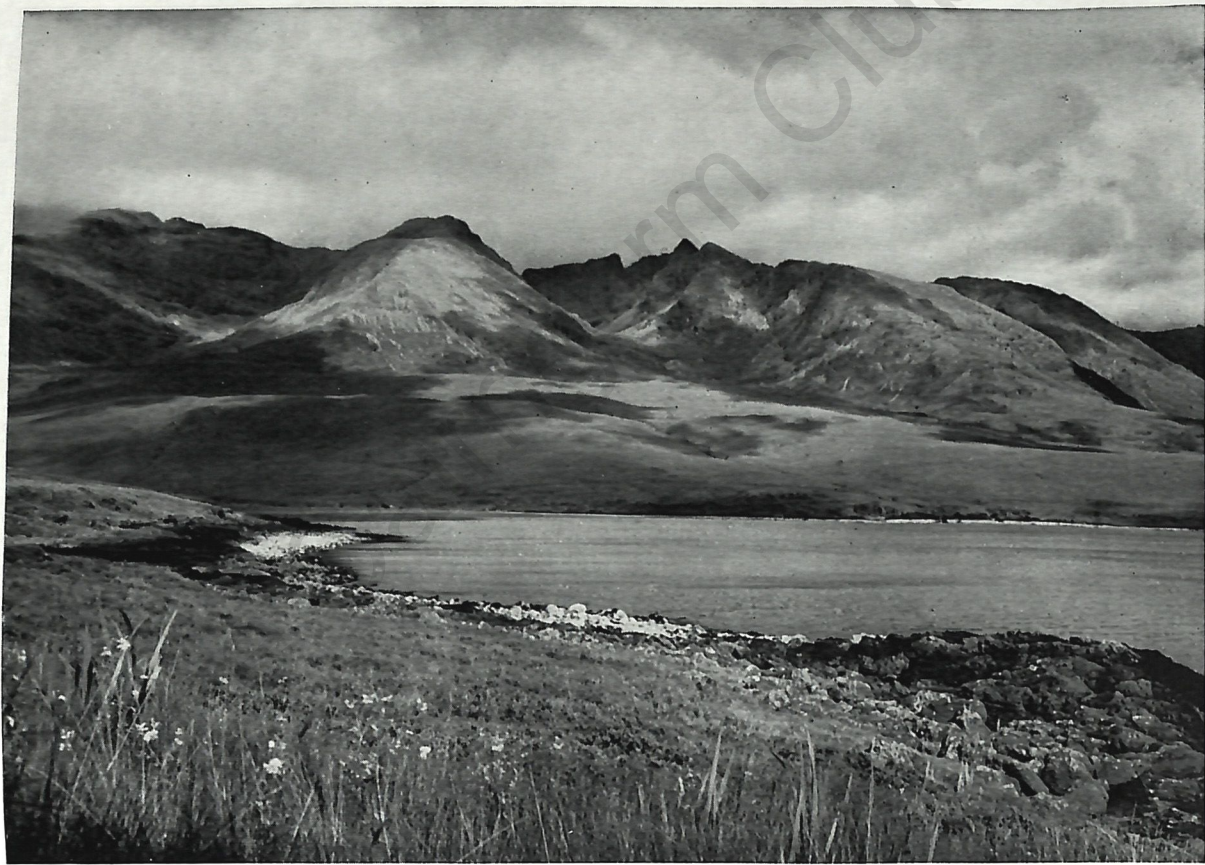
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GLEN BRITTLE

W. J. Middleton

The Cairngorm Club Journal.

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KING GEORGE THE FIFTH.

WE are sure that the members of the Cairngorm Club would not desire that this number of the *Club Journal* should be issued without some reference to the irreparable loss which the nation has sustained by the lamented death of King George V. As King, and as man, he had endeared himself to each one of his subjects throughout the Empire.

It may be truly said that Lochnagar is the favourite playground of the Club, and as that mountain is in the deer forest of Balmoral, it was necessary to obtain His Majesty's consent when the Club proposed to erect an Indicator on its summit. It was no surprise, therefore, that His Majesty at once graciously approved of the proposal, and gave every facility for proceeding with the scheme. The late King had many qualities which appealed to mountaineers, being himself a great sportsman and one of the finest shots of his time. We should, therefore, wish to add our humble quota to the many eulogies which have appeared from every quarter of the globe, and to express our genuine sorrow and deep sense of loss which his demise has evoked.

CLIMBING IN THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.

L. A. WHELAN.

To the Alpinist, mention of New Zealand may conjure up visions of Mount Cook and other mighty peaks of the South Island Alps. In the North Island there are a number of ranges and isolated mountains, less majestic than the Southern Alps but nevertheless the pleasure-ground of trumper, nature lover, and winter sports enthusiast. A description of this country and of some of the writer's experiences there may be of interest to readers of this *Journal*.

In the southern part of the island are a number of ranges, roughly parallel, of altitude about 5,000 feet, and known as the Tararuas. They are easily accessible by road or rail from Wellington or Palmerston North, and in both of these cities are flourishing tramping clubs that arrange week-end and holiday excursions. One-day trips are often carried out, but the number of excellent huts scattered over the ranges make longer excursions more popular. If time is short the tramp may be restricted to one of the many peaks in the region.

One of the most favoured climbs is that of Mount Hector in the southern Tararuas. Easily reached by road from the small town of Otaki on the main railway route, Hector (5,016 feet) is one of the highest peaks and provides a magnificent panorama of mountain, valley, and plain. Near by are those jagged peaks, the Beehives, a fine sight when covered with snow, and farther south is the Dress Circle, a razorback range of semicircular shape. A brass tablet on the summit, in memory of four people who perished there, serves as a reminder to those who may take the mountains too lightly.

If two or three days are available, a traverse of the ranges may be made, starting perhaps from one of the small towns

in the Wairarapa Valley side and coming out into the Manawatu Valley; or the mountains may be entered at Woodside, near Wellington, and the journey made along the tops to the northern end of the range.

Much of the credit for the accessibility of the Tararuas is due to the early work of surveyors and settlers, but praise must also be given to private parties and club members. One lacking in knowledge of the country may easily become thoroughly lost in the bush, shut in by tall timber and hampered by undergrowth, the supplejacks that festoon the branches of trees and the lawyer vine that clings and tears. After a promising bush route to the top has been decided on, the trail must be blazed, and when this has proved its worth, it will give place to a narrow track cut through the bush. Even above the bush line, which may be reached about 3,000 feet, the good work of cutting must, at times, go on. A belt of the tough and gnarled leather-leaf scrub is often encountered at this height, and progress through this is very slow.

The ranges in this district are very rugged and separated by narrow gorges. The first part of the journey may be up a stony river bed, pleasant going as a rule, but impossible in times of heavy rain. Occasionally a track will be found some distance above the river bed, a valuable alternative in times of flood. The writer was once guilty of pitching camp in an old river bed, the water at that time following another channel. Bad weather back in the high country caused the river to break into its old course and the party was lucky to escape with a wetting and the loss of a frying-pan! Following the river journey will be an hour or two's climbing through native bush. In winter, the muddy state of the track often makes the going difficult and one may be caked with mud up to the knees.

At such a time the glimmer of light through the mist and rain, indicating the nearness of a warm hut, is very welcome. The huts are simply but strongly built of wood and iron, and fitted with tanks for holding rain-water. Those below the bush line contain a supply of dry firewood, and the Kime Hut, at the top of Mount Hector, is fitted with oil

stoves. Food supplies will also be found in many of the huts.

From here on the bush will be much more open and the trees dwarfed. A scramble through the leather-leaf, a steep climb through the tussock or wiry native grass, and then the magnificent panorama of the bare wind-swept tops, peak after peak outlined sharply on the sky-line—or, more probably, as in the Cairngorms, mist enveloping everything and visibility limited to one's neighbour!

The tops in the Tararuas are very sharp and steep and, except for the wind, very unlike the "windy acres" that one finds in the Cairngorms. From photographs I have seen of the Cuillins, they seem to bear some resemblance to those peaks. The distinctive appearance of individual peaks should now keep the tramper going right and, in case of heavy mist, small cairns and wooden stakes will help him out. They do not, however, entirely supersede the use of map and compass.

The equipment carried varies greatly, but for the journey shorts are most popular, being the best garb for wading rivers, climbing muddy tracks, and clambering over fallen trees. Generally speaking, winter conditions are not so cold in the Tararuas as in the Cairngorms, so shorts may be worn even in winter. A change of warmer clothing and a sleeping bag or blanket are usually carried. Mention may be made of that stranger to the hills, certainly no tender-foot, who arrived for an excursion wearing town shoes and carrying an attaché case. The whole journey to Mount Hector and back was carried out in bare feet and rounded off by a 5-mile walk along a metalled road.

Most of our tramping was done in a party of three, an ideal number, as the odd man can usually settle arguments on the choice of routes and such matters. Our most enjoyable excursion lasted seven days. The keeping of bread in good condition was a problem of great importance and, on the advice of our Russian member, we toasted slices of bread in the oven. Decrease in weight and longer keeping powers are two great advantages, but the bread rapidly disintegrates and is hard on the gums.



TOKO (5,006 FEET), IN THE RUAHINE RANGES

L. A. Whelan

The first three days were spent crossing the ranges from the town of Eketahuna in the Wairarapa Valley to Levin in the Manawatu. The valley of the Mangatainoka was followed the first day, and easy going saw us having lunch in the tussock on Mount Ruapai. By dusk, rain and mist had started to fall, so it was decided to make camp on a fairly level swampy area some distance below the main ridge. After a search, enough small boulders were found to prevent the tent from blowing away. In the morning the mist and rain were still with us and dressing had to be carried out in turn inside the small tent. Outside the prospects were far from bright, and one felt like sneaking back to the comparatively comfortable tent. By ten we were on the tops and the mist kept us there a little longer than usual, owing to a tendency to slip along spurs instead of keeping to the main ridge. Compass and cairns finally led us to Mount Dundas (4,944 feet), where a very cold lunch was eaten. Camp was pitched that night in a small clearing at Avalanche Flat on the upper Mangahao River, and a roaring fire of dry wood was a welcome change from mist and wind. Next day five hours were spent climbing over heavily wooded Deception Ridge and down the Ohau River to the town of Levin.

After re-provisioning, the long road and the bush track were taken to the Waiopahu Hut. During the recent big storm in New Zealand a party of trampers had a trying experience in this district. Trees uprooted by the hurricane were falling all round them and the track was completely wiped out. One of the party collapsed and died. No hut was to be found at Waiopahu, only the four piles and the chimney—400 feet away.

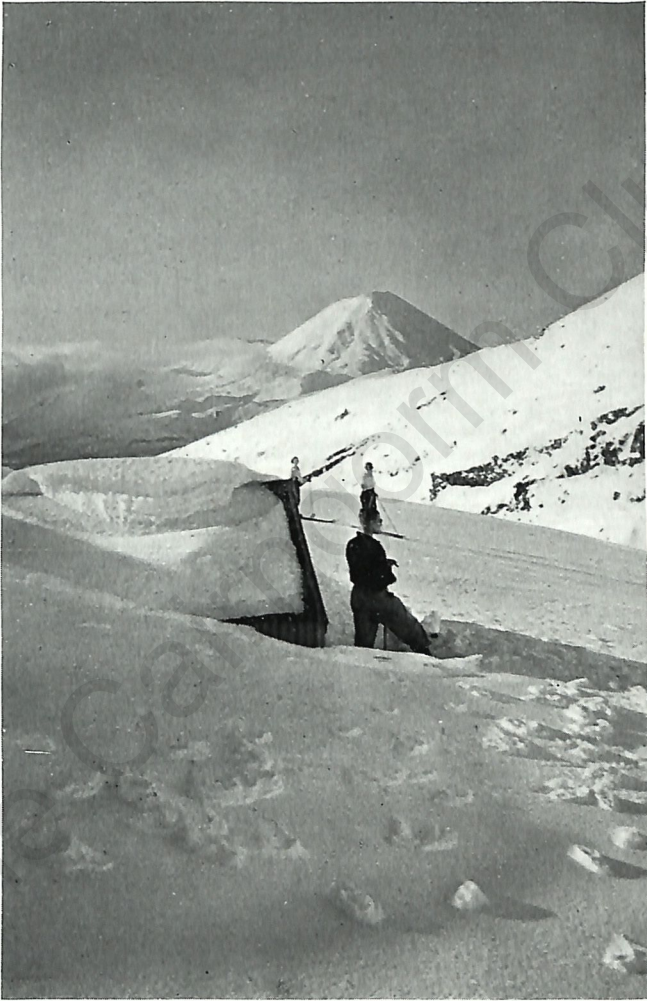
For the next four days of our trip the ranges smiled. Crawford (4,795 feet) in the southern Tararuas was climbed and an hour spent there examining the mountain flowers. Descent was made by a very steep ridge through dense bush to the fork of the Park and Waiohineiti Rivers. Next day the tortuous course of the Waiohineiti was followed. At 3,100 feet the bush gave place to scrub and tussock, and here the river is peculiar for a North Island river in that it shows resemblance to the glaciated valleys of the South

Island. The next ninety minutes were occupied with the 1,300-foot climb on to Mount Lancaster, crudely described in the Club records as steep. Another magnificent view rewarded us, peak after peak shimmering in the hot afternoon sun. Signs of coming bad weather made us anxious to reach the shelter of the bush, so a rapid crossing was made of the peaks Arête (4,935 feet) and Dora (4,685 feet). Camp was pitched below Dora at 2,980 feet, and next day an easy bush and river walk saw us back in Levin.

Many interesting climbs can be made in the National Park, a volcanic region in the centre of the island, with the three mountains, Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Ngauruhoe. The Château Tongariro, a large modern accommodation house run by the Government, is conveniently situated near the foot of Ruapehu. Short trips may be made through the beech forest to the silica springs and up the Tawhainui stream, its bed yellowed with sulphur deposits. The Tama Lakes situated at an altitude of 4,240 feet on the divide between Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe are easily reached. Nearer the larger Tama is a great gorge which is of interest to the rock climber. A short walk from the Château brings one to Scoria Flat, in winter the principal ski-ing ground. Another hour and one is at the Pinnacle Ridge, where good rock climbing may be had. It may be of interest to note that the purple heather has been planted in certain areas of the Park.

Ruapehu (9,175 feet) can be climbed in a day and the ascent is not difficult. The usual route is across Scoria Flat and up the Whakapapa Glacier. From the top a splendid view of the surrounding country may be obtained. A little below the summit is the unique Crater Lake, milky blue in colour and 20 acres in area. The warm water of the lake is gradually cooling. Surrounding the lake are ice cliffs, where careful going has to be made because of the numerous crevasses. The Maori word *ruapehu* means "a resounding hollow."

On one occasion, when we were enjoying the view from the summit, a blizzard came upon us, and within two minutes the scene was blotted out. On the journey back, a nice judgment had to be used to avoid slipping into the lake on



NGAURUHOE FROM RUAPEHU

L. A. Whelan

Ngauruhoe (7,715 feet), New Zealand's active volcano, provides good climbing, but the steepness and loose surface make progress somewhat slow. When the volcano is quiet, an interesting time may be had exploring inside the crater, but at times climbers have been known to rush hurriedly down the mountain side, pursued by hot boulders!

There is a Maori legend dealing with these mountains. Ruapehu was a woman married to the great chief, Taranaki. On his return from a hunting trip, Taranaki came upon Tongariro making love to his wife. In his fury, Taranaki turned the lovers into mountains and then marched away until he reached the western sea. Here his magic recoiled on himself, and he also became a mountain—Egmont. And from afar off the jealous Egmont still watches the lovers, Ruapehu and Tongariro.

Mount Egmont (8,260 feet), with its perpetual snow cap and its nearness to the sea, was the point always sought for by Kingsford Smith on his flights from Australia. This is one of the most perfect volcanic cones and always arouses the admiration of Japanese visitors, with thoughts of Fuji-yama. Good accommodation is provided at the Mountain House, and a comfortable hut will also be found on the small parasite cone half-way up the mountain. The climb is steep but not difficult. Unfortunately, Egmont is nearly always cloud-capped, and patience is required to obtain a view from the summit.

I take this opportunity of recording my thanks to Mr H. D. Welsh for having introduced me to the Cairngorms, and to other members of the Club for their many kindnesses. My only regret is that, so far, Lochnagar has repelled all my friendly advances.



L. A. Whelan

GIRDLESTONE, IN THE NATIONAL PARK

THREE GATEWAYS TO THE WEST.

BY C. MACLENNAN.

As a boy in Inverness the view that fascinated me most was that obtained from any high point in the town itself, looking up the valley of the Ness, to the cleft in the western horizon of hills, a cleft which seemed at once a window and a gateway to a country to me unknown and highly romanticised, the West Coast. When I did visit the West, however, I did not go that way, but by Glen Affric.

Those who are, like myself, incurable ponderers over large-scale maps of Scotland will have noticed that if one wishes to travel on wheels from Inverness to the West, one has either to turn north to Garve or south-west to Glen Moriston. Between these two highways lie a hundred square miles of hills—not yet traversed by the road-maker. They are, however, crossed from east to west by three distinct and separate bridle paths, which follow the three roughly parallel valleys, Glen Affric, Glen Cannich, and Glen Strathfarrar. They are all of interest as walkers' routes.

Glen Affric is well known, and has already been described in the *Journal*. My own walk through it stands out in my memory because it was done on my first walking tour, because I was making for the West Coast that I had never seen, and because I was going to emerge at Kintail, the ancestral home of my rather obscure forefathers, shared by them with the more numerous and definitely wilder Macraes. So on the evening of our third day out from Inverness, as we approached the bealach between Beinn Fhada and A'Ghlas-bheinn, we were urged on by a hope and a necessity, the hope of getting a glimpse of the Atlantic before the light failed, and the necessity of reaching a shop on the shores of Loch Duich before closing time, for it was Saturday night. There followed a moment to remember as we rattled down the goat path on the other side and saw the upper end of Loch

Duich lit up by the setting sun. A couple of stout but hungry Cortezes—we did not pause but made with all speed for a camping spot at Croe Bridge.

The walks through Glen Cannich and Glen Strathfarrar are more fresh in the memory and were the outward and homeward sections of the same tour. I should say at this point that, since having neither the energy nor the inclination to combine climbing with walking, as E. A. Baker does (*vide* "With Rope and Rucksack") on such tours, I have so far omitted to mention the mountains which one becomes familiar with on these cross-Scotland walks. Màm Sodhail and Càrn Eige may be climbed from Glen Affric or Glen Cannich. Glen Cannich gives access to Sgùrr na Làpaich and An Riabhachan, Glen Strathfarrar to a close-knit chain of six Munros, the most prominent Sgùrr a' Choire Ghlais.

Glen Cannich was taken on the westward journey. It is longer than the Glen Affric route but lower, and has no five-barred gate in the shape of a steep bealach at its far end. One may think of it as the pass for cattle or pack horses, and of Glen Affric as the speedier way for those travelling light and in a hurry. Not far from Glen Affric Hotel, where one leaves the Strath Glass main road, one begins to appreciate both the similarity and the difference that this glen has in comparison with Affric. Here, as in Affric, the river meanders in wide pools, uncertain whether to be loch or river, and the road passes through glades of birch and conifer, but the glen is ampler and more leisurely. Instead of crossing the stream with the road; the traveller on foot may keep the south bank, for it is good walking for two or three miles, and re-cross where the path begins to lose itself in deep heather. Our walk from Glen Affric to the vicinity of Killilan was done in a leisurely three days, but those who do it in two should try to camp at the eastern end of Loch Lungard, as we did, where the road proper ends. Remote, treeless, and impressively named, Lungard has the severe beauty of Wastwater in Cumberland. Beyond the far end of the loch, the roadside ruin of a substantial house, not a *larach*, suggests to the willing imagination a half-way rest house for horses and men, a theory which the name

Gobhaltan (the smith's burn) tends to confirm. A mile past this point we had to do a little path finding. We left the track where it turned south up Gleann Sithidh and crossed the valley on our right to pick up another which took us on our westward way.

There is no thrilling finale to this walk, for the descent to sea-level is made long before one comes within sight of the sea. We made camp at the pleasant township of Camusluinie before dropping across a nick in the hills to Dornie. Our immediate destination was Skye.

Having made up our minds to come back to the east side of Scotland by Glen Strathfarrar, we settled on Attadale on Loch Carron as our starting-point. We carried four days' provisions, for we prided ourselves on being independent of possibly hostile keepers. We should record that of our carefully planned supplies a pound of sausages had to be left to roam the hillside the first evening; we omitted to mention the Kyle shopkeeper in our prayers! Our road took us across a fairly high hill ridge and down into the upland valley of Loch an Laoigh, a march accomplished almost at a trot, in spite of the heat, for the horse-flies tormented us so much as to make a halt impossible, except in an infrequent puff of wind. We camped at Loch Calavie, another "lost loch" like Lungard. This is reached just across the summit of the whole pass.

Once again path finding had to be done. We picked our way along the side of an open valley, making for the head of Loch Monar. It was very like several well-remembered crossings of Glen Feshie into upper Glen Geldie, where a path should be but none is. Loch Monar was sighted thankfully, but here we were faced with a dilemma. Should we make a wide detour round its head in order to reach a plainly visible path along the north side, or should we risk finding a way along the near side? Below us on our right were the imposing buildings of Patt Lodge, embowered in trees. There must be some road from it along the south side of the loch, for none led round the western end. We set off past the Lodge, wondering to see gardens and other evidence of frequent habitation in such an isolated spot. But no

road was found, not even a track, and it was not until we sighted a small but substantial pier that we guessed the reason. Patt Lodge was reached, and supplied, by boat only, and the building materials must have been brought by the same means.

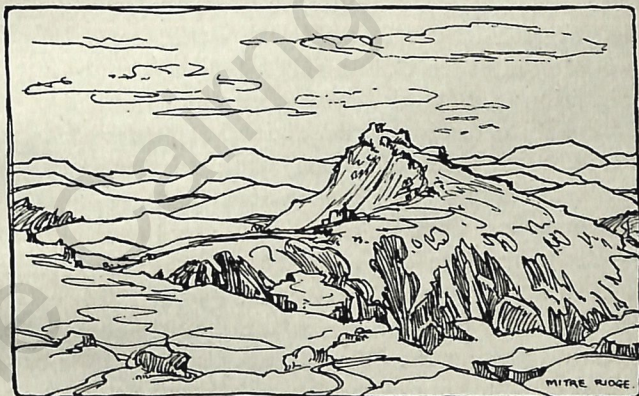
The going was so difficult over those peat-hags that we camped in the fairy glen of a burn half-way along the loch side. The fluttering canvas of a triangular light tent far across the loch, with no human figures about it, suggested that climbers were out on the tops behind. Our difficulties were liquidated when we discovered on the map a track in a tributary glen just two miles across the hill from our camp, and in the morning we struck over to it. By the afternoon of our third day, therefore, we were walking down the made road in the broad valley of Glen Strathfarrar.

It is well known that Glen Strathfarrar is closed to motorists by a gate at its lower end, and the twelve miles from Loch Monar are, in fact, a single stretch of open grazing. We were made aware of this fact in an emphatic manner. Having admired a herd of fifty Highland cattle in the vicinity of Broulin Lodge, we pitched camp a mile farther down. After we had turned in, it happened, our admiration was further compelled, for the herd, grazing at a high rate of striking, were discovered to be only a hundred yards away, with nothing to stop their advance. The master spirit, a handsome white bull, began to wake the sleeping hills with a bellowing that was also a roaring, and we suddenly felt the guilty discomfort of the gate-crasher. Tent was struck, rucksacks roughly packed, and a rapid, though well-ordered movement was made to the high ground above the road. Here we slept well enough, till I was awakened at six o'clock by a loud, unmannerly breathing not far from the tent. A swift peep outside convinced me of the worst; the white bull, with an unfriendly look in his red-rimmed eyes, was staring over the bracken at our flimsy shelter. This time we made for the hillside bare-footed and taking only what we slept in. The white bull did not deign to toss our tent on his horns, however, nor even sniff at it, but lumbered past into the wood, plainly in search of

a lady friend who had failed to keep an appointment. One of us kept a sharp look-out while the other packed, and we were able to get away comfortably. The bull of Strathfarrar had inspired us to an early start, and may also have been the cause of the swinging pace we maintained down the remaining miles of the glen road.

Strath Glass is, of course, the natural starting-point for all these walks, for through it runs the main road to and from Beaulieu. This town, historically a seaport, may be legitimately regarded as on the east coast.

If we adjudicate on these routes, Strathfarrar's claims are confined to length, loneliness, and picturesque cattle! Glen Affric remains the best walk from sea to sea. In its final stage, "crossing the backbone of Scotland" is felt as a reality, and it is when we go this way that we appreciate most keenly the experience of stepping down into a new landscape and among a new people.



IN THE HILLS OF THE BLACK FOREST.

BY "VASS."

A FORTNIGHT'S walking in the Black Forest was the scheme, but when Angus and I had decided on, and worked out the means and cost of getting to, Baden-Baden we felt we had done enough planning. It was strenuous planning, too, an affair of letter-writing, tearoom conferences, and tours of tourist agencies. Besides this I was engaged in de-odorising a certain quantity of decayed school German, in readiness for a brush with the natives, toughening my feet and making cross-country tramps. If a holiday is to be enjoyable there is a limit to preparation: our limit was in planning, and after Baden-Baden we would go just where the day inspired.

Even as far as our planning went it was inadequate for we had overlooked the fact that we would cross Belgium. We would need at least one meal in Belgium, and there was an exhibition in Brussels. We were able to attend to both with the help of a few words, smiles, and Belgian money, and caught the late afternoon train to Cologne. The stifling heat and the flat, monotonous landscape made the journey an ordeal until we came, in the cool of the evening, to the Ardennes, whose grassy slopes had that jaded look one sees in a Scottish mining district.

Then came the frontier, which meant an impressive howdy-do for all passengers. We had to queue up at the custom office and show all our money to an officer who entered the amounts in our passports. Then green uniformed customs officers searched the train. Into our compartment came a young officer with a zest for the business. He soon looked into the baggage and turned to reading matter. With the first newspaper came his first joy-whoop, "Verboten!" and the paper was whisked under his arm. With the others came "Verboten" crescendo until, in a lull, came the complaint of a Frenchman, saying that he had not read his

In the Hills of the Black Forest.

paper yet. That set off a wave of laughter in which the customs man joined too. When he saw my paper he produced a wistful "Nicht verboten" pianissimo! These political germ precautions induced such a friendliness in the compartment that we had to join a fellow-passenger in a beer. The beer was "Dortmünder Export Hell," but we drank it up although it was not yet quite cool.

At Cologne we had our first quick look at Germany. When we came out of the station we were confronted with a big board—Welcome to Cologne—it was a permanent erection, but we decided to overlook that! We were still accompanied by the fellow-passenger mentioned above, so we let him get quarters for the night. He did it quite simply. He handed his enormous case to a hotel porter who at once trotted away with us as retinue. After four or five repetitions, we had learned by heart the German version of the hotel motto "full up"—"alles besetzt"—but in the end we got into a venerable room. As we were travelling in the morning, we went out for a look-see, in spite of the late hour, and accustomed our eyes to the innumerable hooked crosses and brown storm troopers.

Next day found us on the last lap of the train journey, up the Rhine to Baden-Baden. The day was hot, dusty, and tiring, but we cheerfully stood, the better to see the Rhine gorge with its almost vertical vineyards and its ruined robber castles. Powerful tugs dragged their strings of long, deeply laden barges slowly but steadily upstream. Of these, most were German, while others were Dutch, French, and Swiss, the latter being smaller in build. On their hatches several carried groups of sun-bathing canoeists with their canoes and gear. Some even had their tents up. And up and down slid the white passenger steamers, adorned with ultra-German names like Vaterland, and Swastika flags galore. Above the Rhine gorge the country was as flat as a table, and we lost interest until we noticed wooded hill country rising abruptly from the level. It was the Black Forest; we were at our starting-point.

Soon after being dumped in Baden-Baden we got rooms and were on the point of sallying forth to view the expensive

scene when we heard an arresting sound. It was a penetrating, aggressive song, sung with a fierce precision in the rhythm of a bugle march. On looking out we saw a military-like column of young fellows stumping along stiffly in military-like uniform and big, black knee-boots. On their shoulders were not rifles, but spades whose blades glinted in the bright sun. Here Angus, with memories of the O.T.C., was moved to say, "Speak about spit and polish! Gosh, won't these fellows be mad when they have to stick their spades into the muck!" Presently we trailed up the street in the direction taken by the perspiring column, and looked at the shops. Every second shop, as in other towns, had a diamond-shaped badge on the window on which were the words "German business," and on a news-stall was a placard with "Selling to Jews not wanted." Baden was to be honoured with our patronage only for one night. All visitors, however, have to take a cure-card, which is a pass to the spa and other amenities. To make some use of ours, we wandered in our about-town flannels towards the spa with its well-dressed crowd, and presently heard the efforts of an orchestra. To hear that, we agreed, would give us a little for our financial contribution. We strolled in quite nonchalantly, selected good seats well in front, and just settled to enjoy the performance when the tune finished, the musicians packed up and the curtain went down.

Bright, and not too early next morning, we began our self-conducted tour. For this we had bought a truly remarkable walking map, across which straggle processions of blue diamonds, red diamonds, red-yellow diamonds, blue-red zeds, and so on, with a Hogmanay disregard for directness. These are paths marked by sign-plates with the corresponding signs. We picked an objective and noted the path sign: next we tackled a well-nourished policeman, showed him the map and asked where the path began. He told us in many words that it started from the "allée" he pointed to. We settled our packs and moved off in the direction indicated. No sign yet. Still no sign. And still no sign. Then we saw one, but it was not the right sign so



CARVED SIGNPOST—BLACK FOREST

Chr. Franz

we came to the conclusion that nothing short of Scotland Yard, helped by Holmes himself, could find that path, and we followed our more Aryan nose. There was a sufficiency of paths and tracks through the forest and we reckoned on hitting the right one by edging eastwards.

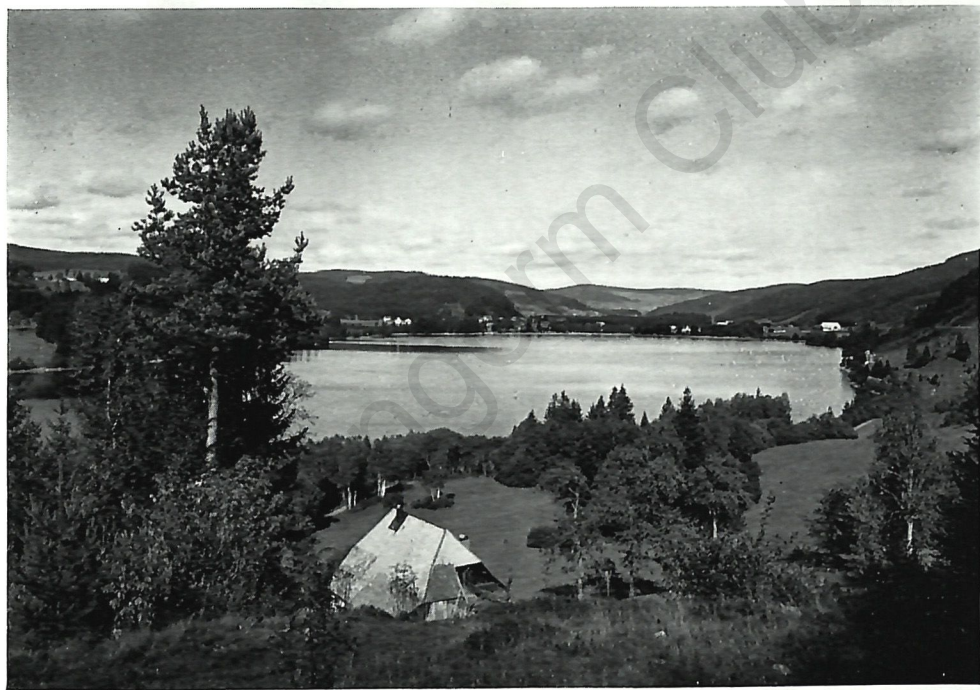
Contentedly we padded along in the coolness under the trees and sure enough came to a place where four or five paths met. There we found our sign and became lordly in our self-conceit. Lightly we went ahead, at first calling each other's attention to the adjective sign and then discussing various matters, including a notice forbidding smoking in the forest. Now we saw a steep ascent before us, and in the valley a village, and hence, by simple logic, an inn. No time was lost, and soon we were at a table under the trees. The hostess said in her dialect, "What will you booze?" answered the question herself, and came out and talked to us while we drank. At the second mug, to keep the conversation going, we asked the name of the village. Did we look foolish? At a bend in our marked path we must have gone straight on, for the village lay at a much inclined mile from our path. We laughed it off, saying that, as we had no plans, no harm was done. But we had to push hard to get somewhere to spend the night, and the going was uphill and strenuous for we had left the ridge way. It had been dark for some time when we got into a lonely hotel.

Next day, a little wiser, we walked a few miles along a motor road to a tiny lake flanked by the inevitable hotel. After a swim we picked out a village from the map as our night quarters, leaving no margin for "alles besetzt." That was how we planned—a half-day ahead, a day, on occasion two days. In this small village, at the head of a valley, even our untrained ears told us that we had moved into a new dialect. It was Bavarian. The previous one had been the one of Baden. As it was raining next morning we took the chance to try the first open-air swimming pool we had seen. It was built on the same lines as many we afterwards saw: across the middle stretched a wire rope about a foot above the water, and on one side it was one metre

deep and on the other three metres. No one was there besides the attendant, and we soon discovered why by jumping in. I do not remember who got out first, but there was certainly not much in it. We were not cheated of our swim; a sprint seven times round the pond in the rain gave me enough heat to swim across once.

With the cautious mood still on us, we went leisurely by roads and marked paths towards a town with the fine name of Freudenstadt (Joytown) to get another map for the middle part of the Black Forest. On the way we took lunch in a small inn in which was a party of Britishers. It was a conducted party under two German guides, a man and a woman. The first indication of the kind of party was given us when the male attendant shouted, "Hands up those who want soup!" We could not help overhearing bits of the conversation which showed us that their tour was arranged as strictly as a railway time-table. One young lady declared assertively that she intended to get drunk that night, so there must have been a little left to individual initiative.

Although Freudenstadt was a pleasant place, I preferred spending the night in a village, so Angus yielded and we went on, rain or no rain. Late at night we came to Lossburg, for me the typical Black Forest village. We looked it over in the morning as we shaved. Our inn, the "Oxen," looked on the village square. The name is as frequent as "Grand Hotel" in towns; other inn names almost as frequently met with are "Sun," "Eagle," "Lion," and "Horse." Three imposing piles of manure, strategically placed, graced the square. Across the square trailed the long, narrow Black Forest carts, each dwarfed by its massive ox. On the other side of the square was the village smithy, where a small boy had brought an ox for shoeing. The smith shunted the huge beast into a frame, like gymnasium parallel bars, and chained him fast. He then attached a tackle to one leg and cranked it up. Meanwhile the small boy was tap-tapping on the ox's horn with his stick with the apparent intention of preventing the ox of being too critical of Mr Barrett's story that the shoe fitted well and



TITISEE—BLACK FOREST

Chr. Franz

was also really smart. Yes, although on the edge of the Black Forest it was a typical village, surrounded by wooded hills, and with manure and timber as its business interests.

Leisurely walking took us by easy stages to Triberg, the centre of the third Black Forest industry, clock-making. The way there showed us the same scenery as we had become accustomed to—steep-sided, wooded hills, making the horizon always serrated and dark; deep valleys also largely wooded, unless the valley was large and covered with rich green grass, growing luxuriantly because of the artificial water runnels traversing the slopes; the farm-house with its overwhelming shingle roof and its byre on the ground floor. A young German with whom we walked for a day showed us how to walk in this country. When going uphill he plodded a shade less slowly than the tortoise, when on the level or going downhill he bundled along a shade less quickly than the hare. It was the same technique, he told us, as in the Alps. This fellow had the idea that formic acid was good for the blood, and occasionally he would plunge his arm to the elbow into an ant heap to bring it out just crawling with ants.

Triberg is also a spa, and again we had to pay the tax. Again we went to hear an orchestra, and again it packed up just after we sat down. But we went to the clock museum and saw enough clocks and enough kinds of clocks to make a leisurely holiday-maker get up early for a morning or two. At Triberg is the largest waterfall in Germany; you are told that incessantly in large print and small, but as we saw it, it had a struggle to beat Rouken Glen.

Rain suggested a rail journey, and Freiburg was decided on. Through the Black Forest section of the railway half the running time was in tunnels. When not in a tunnel the train was clawing along the top of precipitous slopes and we looked down on villages far below. But for the rain we might have missed this experience.

Freiburg was a lively town compared to the villages which we had visited, but after a day and a half we became restive and were moving whether the rainy weather cleared off or not. Titisee, the show lake of the Black Forest, was

our objective. It lay off our walking map, but we intended to rely on that for part of the way and on our noses for the remainder. We did most of it on our noses. The wayside calvaries were more common here, and villages had names like St Peter and St Margen, so we supposed we had come into a very Catholic district. The supposition seemed correct, for at the village where we spent the night was a monastery. In this village we heard another dialect, sharp and incisive as French, called Allemann. After hearing so many dialects, Angus philosophised, "It does not matter what kind of German you speak, they believe it." The country here was in the highest part of the Black Forest. The land was more cleared than elsewhere, and we now saw parts of the sky-line free from trees. Titisee, when we came to it, turned out to be quite small, in a setting like that of Loch Tay. The only buildings were a few private houses and a few hotels, and with luck we got into one of those: my suite was a bathroom, where I slept on a folding-bed which folded in unexpected places during the night. There was nothing to keep us here, and back we went to Freiburg as fast as our legs would take us, with a panoramic post card serving as map. We kept to the bottom of a deep, narrow valley, just wide enough for the burn, road, and railway, and a path for walkers, which gave us cool, soft going. At one point the valley became a narrow slot, with vertical rock walls: the railway burrowed in a tunnel, the road and the burn squeezed together, and the path became a platform suspended over tumbling waters and dark pools.

Freiburg again, then northwards a little by train. We were going to try a long march off the main paths, and in grilling heat we set out hopefully. The lie of the ground, as far as I could see from the difficult map, was like a many-pronged fork pointing eastwards, and our best route was up one prong and down another distant one. Angus, however, said that as we were going north there was no sense in going west: it was his turn to have his way, so north it was. We scrambled along through tangled undergrowth and battled up through bramble brakes. Almost worn out, we crawled to the top of a ridge to see another arduous descent and a

more arduous ascent ahead: we threw up and turned west. Right on the neck of the fork was a poor inn, where we were glad to rest and try to eat uneatable bread and fat bacon. Evening was come when we started again, and there was nothing for it but to go down to the valley we had left in the morning. We arrived at a small village to find that after about eight hours' walking we were nine kilometres from where we had started. Anyway, walking was what we had come for.

The miserable inn we reached provided a surprise. On most German beds is an enormous quilt as thick as the usual pillow, a suffocating cover which we invariably dumped on the floor. As usual, we heaved off the infliction. On turning to inspect the bed, we saw no more bedding than an under sheet. Fortunately, the innkeeper looked in just then and we asked him for blankets. His story, which he stuck to, was that the people in this district had heard of blankets, but they had not yet taken up the new-fangled innovation. Thus, for the first and only time, we had to sleep under this relic of the inquisition and felt lucky to be awake in the morning.

Next day we walked more humbly to the town planned as the previous day's destination. There, because of the long, forced marches and a damaged foot of mine, we called a halt to our walk and took the next train northwards. The journey down the Rhine took us to Rotterdam, from which we sailed for home.

JOHN HILL BURTON.

Historian, Biographer, and Mountaineer.

BY J. R. LESLIE GRAY.

It is now more than half a century since the spare and athletic form of this eminent man of letters was seen in the streets of Edinburgh, but it is still remembered by some of the older citizens. John Hill Burton was born in Aberdeen on August 22, 1809. His father was a retired army officer, and his mother was a daughter of John Paton, Laird of Grandholm. His schooldays were passed in his native city, and he graduated at Marischal College. After having been for a time in a legal office he migrated to Edinburgh, and was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates. Although he was profoundly learned in the law, forensic eloquence was not his forte, and for years he was indebted to his pen for a living.

In politics he was a Liberal of the old school and a disciple of Jeremy Bentham, but though an earnest Reformer, he was no bigot, and had many friends in both camps. Most of his works were published by Blackwood, and he was a frequent and esteemed contributor to *Maga*, as well as to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and the *Scotsman*. His first work of importance was a "Life of David Hume," which is still the leading authority on the career of that illustrious philosopher and historian. He also wrote biographies of Lord President Forbes, and that ambiguous character, the Lord Lovat of the Forty-five.

In 1854 he was appointed Secretary to the Prisons Board for Scotland, and his salary rendering him independent of journalism, he was able to devote the whole of his spare time to the preparation of his *magnum opus*, the "History of Scotland" from the earliest times to the suppression of the last Jacobite rising. This work, which was published

in ten volumes, may be regarded as the key history of that ancient kingdom. Hill Burton's omnivorous reading and indefatigable research enabled him to bring to light many historical facts that were unknown even to such distinguished predecessors as Sir Walter Scott and Patrick Fraser Tytler. His successors, including Andrew Lang and Professor Hume Brown, gladly acknowledged their indebtedness to his labours. He shows a masculine grasp of his complicated subject, and seldom indulges in rhetoric or word painting. His scholarly, though easy and unpedantic style, enables his readers to assimilate without difficulty the facts and ideas which are embodied in his pages. To these qualities he adds the virtues, so important in a historian, of accuracy and impartiality.

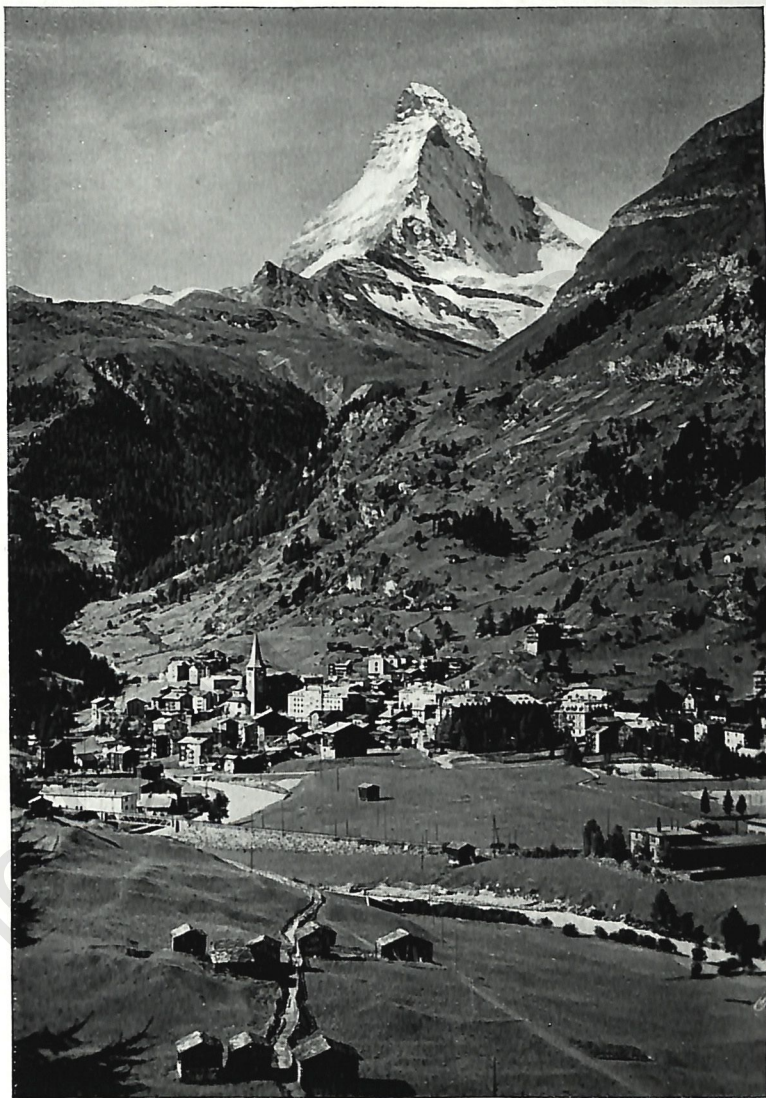
Subsequently he wrote two other important works, "The Scot Abroad," and "The Book Hunter." The former consists of a series of interesting short biographies of the most outstanding figures among that numerous body of Scotsmen who, during a period of several centuries, emigrated to the Continent, and rose to high distinction in their adopted countries. "The Book Hunter" is an entertaining account of the exploits of those enterprising bibliophiles, whose scent for old or rare editions was as keen as that of a bloodhound on the track of a criminal. He shows how their discrimination and pertinacity were frequently rewarded by the acquisition of veritable treasures.

Hill Burton was a much respected and highly popular citizen of Edinburgh for nearly half a century. He held the dignified office of Historiographer Royal for Scotland, and was entitled to write himself D.C.L.(Oxon.) and LL.D.(Edin.). He was a zealous supporter of the Volunteer movement, and though he was rather over middle age when that force was first embodied, he became an original and enthusiastic member of the old Q.E.R.V.B.

Although he was so diligent as a student and industrious as a writer, he was also a thorough open-air man, greatly addicted to hard physical exercise. He was an indefatigable pedestrian well able to accomplish his fifty miles a day, and was one of the pioneers of the pursuit of systematic

mountain climbing in Scotland. When a schoolboy he spent the greater part of his holidays in Braemar, and his curiosity was aroused by the sight of the great mountains that rise in the vicinity of that famous holiday resort. An old Highland gamekeeper, whom he consulted upon the subject, told him that the range was "a fery fulgar place, not fit for a young shentlemans to go at all." This reply was rather discouraging, but somewhat later he resolved to discover for himself whether the precipices and snow-fields were really quite so vulgar as the Highland sage had pronounced them. Some of his early adventures among the Cairngorms were rather trying, and even perilous, but eventually he became thoroughly familiar with every peak, pass, and corrie in these delectable mountains. He also extended his wanderings to other mountain ranges in Scotland, and later to the Alps. He has left us an account of some of his exploits as a walker and a climber in that delightful little volume, "The Cairngorm Mountains," * which is one of the first mountaineering classics published in this country.

* *C.C.J.*, IV., pp. 322-327, "a Cairngorm Classic."



ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN *E. Gyger, Adelboden*

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ZERMATT.

1. A TRAVERSE OF MONTE ROSA.

BY ELISABETH RÜTIMEYER, D. PHIL.

THE mountaineer who for the first time treads the classic ground of Zermatt, desiring above all to become acquainted with its celebrated rocky heights, will find himself attracted first by the noble pyramid of the Weisshorn, the bold, jagged peaks of the Mischabel Group, or the beautiful ridge of the Dent Blanche, not to mention the Matterhorn, the mountain of mountains, towering over all. But on the initiate, the mighty, spreading glacier massif of Monte Rosa, its wide snow-fields glowing red in the evening light, makes an equally strong impression.

Lying on the frontier between Switzerland and Italy, its snow and ice-armoured north wall rises gradually out of the wide, almost level plateau of the Gorner glacier in several glacier terraces carried on rock socles to the two highest peaks, while the south and east flanks of the mountain fall in terrible precipices of more than 3,000 metres (c. 10,600 feet) into the background of the valleys of Gressoney, Alagna, and Macugnaga in Italy. It is this unique frontier situation which, to my mind at least, lends the Monte Rosa its particular, secret attraction. Its peaks are the dividing line between two worlds. To the north the outlook extends over endless snow-fields, ice flanks and cliffs to an immeasurable row of lofty peaks closing the horizon. To the south, however, beyond the long-drawn mountain ranges and the deep-cut valleys, can be seen the shimmer of the Upper Italian lakes and rivers, with the plain of Lombardy faintly visible in the distant haze. We stand at the gate of Italy! One step, certainly a long one, will take us from this region of everlasting snow down into the bright vineyards and olive groves of the south. It is the first smile of the culture-blest land of Italy which greets the mountaineer coming from the north, on the icy heights of this mighty frontier mountain.

When speaking of Monte Rosa, one must be quite clear that it is not a simple peak which is meant, but a whole

massif with eleven peaks, all of which, with one exception, are over 4,000 metres (c. 14,000 feet). Three of the eleven peaks are in Italy, the other eight, with the ridge which joins them, form the actual frontier. The highest and also the most visited peak is the Dufourspitze, 4,638 metres (c. 16,400 feet), the highest mountain of the Swiss Alps.

Having climbed the Dufourspitze some years previously, I decided in the summer of 1934 to carry out my long-desired wish, and to make the traverse of the four chief peaks, Dufourspitze, Grenzgipfel, Zumsteinspitze, and Signalkuppe, one of the most magnificent tours one can make in the Zermatt region.

On the afternoon of July 29, 1934, I set out with the tried and faithful guide, Heinrich Julen, of Zermatt, who had been with me on many tours. We went by the Gorner Grat railway through the lovely Arven and Lärchen woods of the Riffelberg to the station Roten Boden. Before us stretched the Gorner glacier, an immense ice stream that has here practically no drop. Above it rises the mighty bulk of Monte Rosa; to the right of that, and separated from it by the Grenz glacier, the almost equally massive Lyskamm with its steep northern precipices; still farther right the rounded summits of Castor and Pollux, to which is joined the mighty north wall of the Breithorn, a truly majestic panorama. The walk, taking about one hour diagonally across the Gorner glacier to the Bétemps Hut, the point of departure for tours on Monte Rosa, is one of the most beautiful and enjoyable walks in the neighbourhood of Zermatt, involving neither difficulties nor any sort of exertion. Walking is pleasant over the granulated ice; sometimes one has to jump gaily flowing rivulets, occasionally a wider crack, whose smooth sides disappear in shimmering blue depths. About 6 o'clock in the evening we reached the roomy, stately Bétemps Hut, which stands at a height of 2,802 metres (c. 10,000 feet), on the so-called "unteren (lower) Plattje," a broad, rocky spur separating the Monte Rosa glacier from the Grenz glacier. The evening was wonderful, and so mild that we sat out on the grass above the hut till the last rays of sunshine disappeared, and gazed across at the Matterhorn which, veiled by a few evening clouds, was throned in

lonely majesty above the glacier. In the meantime the hut had become fairly full, and after a plentiful supper, we retired to rest early.

We got up at 1 o'clock on July 30, and at 2.15 A.M. went out of the hut into a moonlight night of truly magic beauty. An almost full moon shone down from the night sky, flooding the mountains around with silvery light. We wandered leisurely across the moraine to the glacier and there put on rope and crampons. Two other groups of people came with us, a German tourist with his guide and three Englishmen with two guides. The hours which followed are amongst the loveliest and most impressive which I have ever experienced in the mountains. Between the ice-bound chasms of the northern wall of the Lyskamm and the no less steep south side of the Dufourspitze, the broad, terraced ice stream of the Grenz glacier, somewhat broken in the middle by a bluff, reaches out into the broad basin of old snow about which are set three peaks of the Monte Rosa massif. Over this silvery glacier path we now wandered into this sublime snow world, which enfolded us with solitude remote from man and solemn quiet. There was no sound but the crunch of our footsteps on the hard ice. It was a walk, dreamlike and withdrawn from the world, through the moonlit mountain night. With crampons the going was light and easy, at first over the slight incline of the glacier whose notorious abysses we hardly noticed that day. By way of a very steep ice slope we made a detour round the crevasse of the first bluff to the left, and reached at daybreak the rock where the first stop is generally made for breakfast. The moon paled, and the peaks of the Matterhorn and Dent Blanche reddened in the first rays of the sun. Soon we reached the upper, flatter plateau, and could see our way ahead of us: the Crestone Rey, a ridge of rock, which in the midst of the here predominating rocky south precipices of the Dufourspitze leads us in an almost direct line from a deep hollow of snow to the peak. The ordinary and most used way on Monte Rosa leads from the Bétemps Hut over the north wall to the summit; the route over the Grenz glacier and Crestone Rey is longer and somewhat more difficult, but so much the more interesting and worth while. In 4½

hours we had reached the foot of the ridge, removed our crampons, and, after a short halt, began at 7 o'clock the actual climb. The rock is always steep, but the foothold is good and the ground solid, so that the climb was not difficult, though fairly exhausting. Then we began little by little to notice the great altitude in our quickened and shortened breath and the apparent increase in the weight of our rucksacks. Climbing at a height of 4,000 metres (*c.* 14,000 feet) every half-pound counts! Still, we reached the summit of the Dufourspitze, 4,638 metres (*c.* 16,400 feet), by 9.30 A.M.

What splendour opened out there before our eyes! To the north a sea of larger and smaller peaks, above which, like islands, stretched the bold heads of the Wallis Alps: Matterhorn, Dent Blanche, Grand Combin, Weisshorn, Mischabel, and beyond them the great mountains of the Bernese Oberland, truly a proud panorama, worthy of the highest peak of our Swiss Alps. But I was still more attracted by the view to the south. Immediately before us the jagged, challenging rocks of the Grenzgipfel towered into the air; behind it a sharp, steep snow ridge swung up to the Zumsteinspitze, and still farther behind lay, broad and weighty, the Signalkuppe, with their fissured and steep declivities on the east, and widespread snow-fields on the north and west. On the highest crest is the Italian hut, Regina Margherita, the goal of our expedition. On both sides of the mountain were billowy, dense, white clouds shutting out all view of Italy. Overpowering was the view down on to the Grenz glacier, 700 metres (*c.* 2,500 feet) below us, with its labyrinth of crevasses, and projecting *séracs*. And over all was an unfathomable blue and sunny sky.

After a halt of an hour under a cliff warmed by the sun, we started our climb over the ridge, the most magnificent I know in the Alps. The German and his guide had already gone ahead, the Englishman had taken the ordinary route. Over an airy little ridge we reached the rocks of the neighbouring Grenzgipfel, and then went down to the Grenz saddle over an at first narrow but later broadening snow ridge, whose flanks shot down in terrifying steepness, on the left nearly 2,000 metres (*c.* 7,100 feet) towards Macugnaga, and on the right several hundred metres on to

the Grenz glacier. Later I asked Heinrich what he would have done if I had slipped at this ticklish point, to which he replied he would have watched first to see if I could get a hold again, if not, he would have let himself down on the opposite side in order to keep the balance! Above the Grenz saddle my guide showed me the place on the east wall where Dr Achille Ratti, now Pope Pius XI., had bivouacked when he climbed the mighty east wall of Monte Rosa. On the Grenz saddle we hastily put on crampons again and climbed comfortably to the Zumsteinspitze, 4,573 metres (16,200 feet), where we again enjoyed a short rest in the warm sun. The descent gave us a wonderful view of the famous east wall of Monte Rosa. Broken by rocks the snow slope falls in terrifying ruggedness from the Nord End, the second highest peak of the Monte Rosa group, more than 3,000 metres (10,000 feet) into the depths of the Macugnaga Glacier, a picture of overwhelming impressiveness and wild grandeur. Finally, the last steep ice slope was climbed, and shortly before 2 o'clock we reached joyfully the Capanna Regina Margherita on the Signalkuppe or Punta Gnifetti, 3,561 metres (*c.* 12,600 feet). This Italian hut, named after the Queen Margherita, consists of an Observatory where meteorological observations are made, and a club hut, with room for about fifteen tourists. From the middle of July to the beginning of September this, the highest club hut in Europe, is inhabited by a hut attendant and a meteorological observer, who are relieved every fourteen days, as they cannot remain for longer spells at that great height. The attendant gave us a hospitable and friendly welcome and quenched our burning thirst with tea and soup. Then we lay down for a few hours' sleep, until the sun drew near to its setting. The impressions of a clear evening on the Signalkuppe cannot be given in words. Here are given to the mountaineer festive hours for the soul such as are rare in the life of man.

As we went out of the hut at sunset an unforgettable spectacle met our eyes. To the south and east, where the Signalkuppe plunges in dark ribs of rock and wild icefalls to the depths, surged a sea of white clouds touched with a rosy glimmer by the setting sun. To the north and west,

however, the horizon was quite clear. Directly at our feet stretched wide regions of snow suffused with red gold by the last rays of the sun, so that one could see clearly every undulation of the ground, every crack. Towering above it, glowing in golden sunlight, was the jagged, rocky crown of the Dufourspitze, and beyond the Grenz glacier the huge bastion of the Lyskamm. Over the deep incision of the Grenz glacier the eye wandered to the ice giants of the Wallis Alps, Mont Blanc, Grand Combin, over the—even at this height—commanding figure of the Matterhorn, to the nobly formed peaks of the Dent Blanche and Weisshorn, and farther over the Bernese Alps to the Eastern Alps, an unlimited sea of peaks standing quiet and distant under the translucent green evening sky, a picture of the most solemn greatness and indescribable majesty. To me it seemed as though I were looking down from a planet floating high in space, upon the earth far beneath, so quite cut off one seems from the everyday world up there, where time and space seem to be no more. Like a ball of fiery gold the sun sank behind the Dent Blanche; at one stroke the rigidity of death fell over the wide glacier world, and we fled from the icy west wind into the comfort of the warm hut. There we sat with some other tourists over a dish of delicious spaghetti and a steaming glass of mulled wine, all very merry and very content. It often happens that at this height tourists are overcome by mountain sickness and feel miserably ill. At last, filled with deep and thankful joy for the rich experiences of the day, we sought our pallets. After a fairly good night—one rarely sleeps well at this height owing to the quickening of the pulses—the attendant woke us in the morning with the news that the weather had changed. Dark clouds were coming up from the Italian valleys, the Lyskamm was hidden in fog, and we had to give up our plan of climbing that mountain also. So I said farewell to the Capanna Margherita; but as we descended the Grenz glacier to the Bétemps Hut I felt quite sure that I should come again, for the picture of the lonely hut looking out over valleys and peaks into the endless depths of the heavens remained indelibly printed in my heart.

(Translated by E. N. BENNETT.)

2. THE MATTERHORN.

BY JAMES MCCOSS.

WHAT is there about the Matterhorn which gives it such worldwide reputation? Not merely its height, for, though it boasts the very respectable altitude of 4,505 metres (14,776 feet), there are at least five higher summits in its immediate neighbourhood. It is its unique and stupendous shape—it stands quite alone, and not, like most mountains, as part of a connecting ridge. It is an immense four-sided rock pyramid rearing its majestic summit about 10,000 feet above Zermatt, like a huge wave curling over to break. The actual height of the rock peak above its supporting base of green alp and snowy glaciers is about 6,000 feet. It can be said at once that its reputation rests on no insecure basis. It is undoubtedly the most fascinating of mountains, having a purity of outline and solitary grandeur, and a certain character both sinister and menacing.

Whymper said of the mountain: "However exalted may be your ideas, and however exaggerated your expectations, you will not come to return disappointed after gazing upon its awful precipices and wonder at its unique form."

The first time I saw the Matterhorn at close quarters was from below Breuil in the Valtournanche on the Italian side of the mountain. The late Robert Clarke and I traversed the Théodule Pass from Breuil to Zermatt, guided by the son of Jean Antoine Carrel, who competed with Whymper for the first ascent of the Matterhorn in 1865.* While looking at the mountain from the summit of the pass I decided that I would ascend it at the first possible opportunity. Five years had passed before I again rounded the corner near Zermatt, and saw the whole stretch of the mountain glittering in the sunlight with fresh snow upon its mighty rock wall. The ascent of it then seemed absolutely impossible. The Swiss Ridge between the east and north faces, though the easiest route, seems to rise at an angle of 70°, which is alarmingly steep. In reality, this is something of an illusion, for the

* See "Scrambles in the Alps," by E. Whymper.

general angle up to the shoulder, or for about three-quarters of its height, is not more than 40° , or about the steepness of the Black Spout of Lochnagar. Above the shoulder the mountain steepens sharply, and much of the upper face is nearly as vertical as it looks. After I arrived at Zermatt the weather became bad and the snow-line came down to 8,000 feet. Through the telescope one could see a party of three moving outside the Solvay Hut, apparently, for the time being; they could get neither up nor down owing to ice-covered rocks.

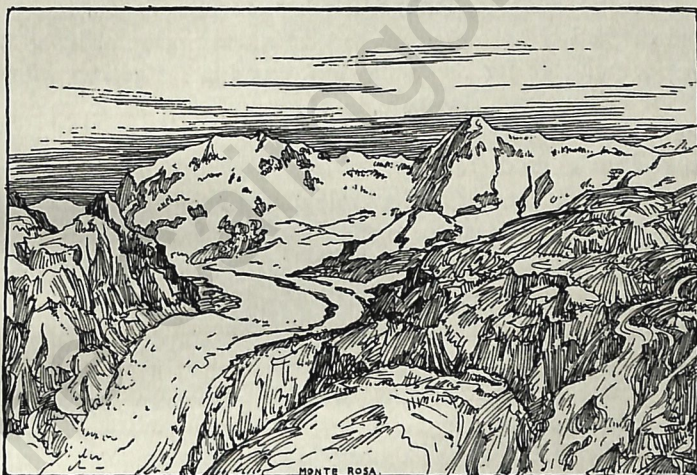
After five days spent in climbing lower heights, the Matterhorn got into climbing condition, and I arranged with the guide to leave the next afternoon. When we left Zermatt for the Belvidere Hut at 10,820 feet, the weather was perfect. Our pace, set by the guide, was about two miles per hour, which seemed to me to be ridiculously slow, but as he had ascended the mountain more than ninety times, I thought he ought to know what he was doing. We very soon left the level ground and started the steep path on the Alp side. It appeared we were to have a non-stop of over 5,000 feet, so I very soon found the pace which neither slowed nor quickened, but kept a steady mechanical rhythm, to be quite correct and fast enough. When we arrived at the well-known little lochan named Schwarzee, a few flakes of snow whirled around us. The weather quickly changed, the mountain above became smothered in storm, and the sky grew very dark. Rain fell in torrents and a thunder-storm broke over us with terrific force. We persevered and climbed up the steep path on to the Hörnli. On the ridge we went into a blinding snow-storm with thunder and lightning, so the guide wisely decided to turn. His opinion was that the mountain could not be ascended next morning, so we ran back to the Schwarzee Hotel, soaked to the skin. Next morning I had some difficulty in persuading the guide to go up to the hut because he thought that the mountain was quite out of condition. However, the day turned out bright, warm, and windless, so we moved up to the Belvidere in readiness for the next morning. After a perfect day I watched a magnificent sunset. The warm rosy glow gradually crept

up the white slopes of Monte Rosa, leaving the glaciers at the foot a dull and sullen hue in comparison, and finally one could tell the highest mountains by the lingering afterglow. The Weisshorn was particularly grand with its long sweeping ridge dyed by the last rays of the sun. Far below, the Zermatt Valley was now in twilight, and the lighted windows of the hotels showed up as bright points of light. The impressive silence was broken at intervals by the rumble of avalanches in different directions. After dark I went again to the door of the hut, and there I found that the wet footmarks in the sun-softened snow were now solid ice. The stars were shining in the clear sky with a brilliancy I had never before perceived. We were awake at 2.30 A.M., the guide made coffee, and we had breakfast.

The morning, although intensely cold, was perfect. To the east the Pleiades, Taurus, and the celestial Castor and Pollux were hanging like jewels in the sky. We roped up in the hut, lit the lantern, and started at 3.15 A.M. After crossing a small patch of snow we turned to the left and made a traverse round a bulge of rock, which did not seem very easy in the feeble light of one candle-power. However, after passing this point the climbing became excellent and very enjoyable and the standard of difficulty was not very high, but, of course, the route had to be known to the leader. The guide was grand, he seemed to know every hand and foothold, and we worked well together. A short distance below the old hut the dawn began to come, and a pale yellow coloured the horizon. The lantern was extinguished. We walked through the old hut, which was built two years after the first ascent. There were only a few spars protruding through the snow to proclaim its position on the ridge. After ascending a short distance I looked up the ridge and, to my surprise, I saw that the sun had caught the summit ridge and it seemed on fire. Summit after summit held the brilliant rose-tinted rays long before the sun appeared. Westward the dome of Mont Blanc was a glittering orange-red shade along with hundreds of other summits. It was indeed a most unforgettable sight this coming of the sun. We were very soon in the sunlight, and I was glad of its

warmth. We put on our spectacles and again proceeded with the business near at hand. In due course we reached Moseley's slab, and I found it easier than the smooth slab at the foot of Raeburn's Gully, Lochnagar. At 6 A.M. we arrived at the Solvay Hut—height 12,526 feet—and had No. 2 breakfast. We resumed our climb and found a lot of new snow on the ridge. Presently we reached the shoulder, situated at the height of 13,925 feet. At the vertical part the face was plastered with ice, and the guide said that but for the fixed rope further progress would have been impossible. He ascended the rope hand over hand with feet scraping on the face. At the top he held the rope with one hand and cut the first step over the edge. When my turn came I did not find it easy, and I was thankful that there was no wind. Above the shoulder a steep snow-slope ran up for some distance, and the guide cut very large comforting steps. We belayed each other and only moved one at a time. He was splendid, and thoroughly knew his business, besides being an excellent companion. Beyond the snow-slope we came to a stretch of sharp arête completely free of snow or ice. I found it to be about the order of difficulty of the "Black Men" of Beinn Eighe, only there was an appalling precipice on the right. Above we then came to a bulge of rock that is rather exposed, and beyond it we walked on to the top at 8.15 A.M., making the sixth ascent of the season. We had taken exactly five hours from the Belvidere. This works out at about 790 feet per hour, which seems to indicate that the Swiss ridge is not the standard of difficulty we are accustomed to on our rock climbs at home. The physical effort is much greater, but the technical difficulty is not so high as, say, Raeburn's Gully, Lochnagar, or the Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gilleann. The summit consists of a narrow rock ridge perhaps three times the length of an 80-foot rope. From the Swiss end converges the Furggen and the Swiss ridges, and at the Italian end is the junction of the Zmutt and the Italian arêtes. The Italian end should be visited if only for the stupendous views down that side. I sat on the summit for one glorious hour and enjoyed the wonderful panorama of snow-clad ranges, with the elation that grips

every person who is favoured by being on the high places of the earth. Just as one dips into the stupendous distances of the sun-powdered universe, so is one's smallness felt on such a mountain-top as the Matterhorn. We started to descend at 9.15 A.M. and used great care in going down the snow-slope above the shoulder. At 1.30 P.M. we were back at the Belvedere enjoying hot soup. We had taken four hours fifteen minutes in the descent. At 5 P.M. I was down at Zermatt, tired but gloriously satisfied. I had worked on the assumption that I might never again be on the Matterhorn and had taken my fill of the atmosphere of this wonderful mountain. Next day the clouds were down to 8,000 feet, and, when they lifted, a snow-line appeared at that height. The Matterhorn looked majestic with its new coating of snow, and its summit piercing the blue sky, nearly two vertical miles above Zermatt.



THE TINTO INDICATOR.

BY J. A. PARKER.

IN the *Journal* for January 1930 I gave a list of the view indicators in Scotland that were known to me at that time. Since then a number of old ones have been brought to my notice, and no fewer than nine new ones have been erected, the total number to date being thirty-two. A list of them arranged chronologically is given at the end of this note. Fuller details will be found in "Wayfaring Around Scotland," by Mr B. H. Humble, which is reviewed in this issue.

The indicator on Tinto Hill, Lanarkshire, is the latest, and the Editor has asked me to give a description of it, as I was responsible for its design and erection. The inception of the scheme was due to a local committee, which raised the funds, obtained the proprietor's permission, and persuaded me to do the work.*

Beyond the records of the Ordnance Survey Triangulation there was no information available as to what could be seen from the hill, and my first difficulty was to find out what could actually be seen. This proved to be practically impossible owing to consistent bad weather and the constant smoke screen in the north, due to the industries of Glasgow and other places in the central valley of Scotland. Recourse, therefore, had to be made to maps and calculations. Incidentally, this led me to thoroughly investigate the subject of curvature and visibility, the outcome of which was the preparation of a long article on the subject, which appeared in the *S.M.C.J.* for April 1935 (Vol. XX., p. 317). This article was really an elaboration of that on "Curvature and

* Tinto is the fifth indicator which Mr Parker has designed and erected, the others being Lochnagar (1924), Ben Macdhui (1925), Ben Nevis (1927), and the Blue Hill (1929).—ED.

Refraction," by the late Mr G. Gordon Jenkins, which appeared in the *C.C.J.* for July 1917 (Vol. IX., p. 27). While I consider that my article is a simplification of that by Mr Jenkins, others may disagree and think that it is much more complicated. In any case, my article is accompanied by a big general diagram, with the aid of which, a good map, and a couple of bits of thread, any problem of intervisibility may be readily solved "in a few seconds." At least, so it is stated in the article!

However, diagram or no diagram, the calculations, etc., for the visibility of hills which ought to be seen from Tinto in clear weather were somewhat laborious. No doubtful hills were inserted on the final drawing. One or two tempting possibilities were omitted, such as the very top of Ben Cruachan (just to the right of Ben Ime) and the *light* of the Lighthouse on the Isle of May.

The actual field-work was unexpectedly brief, as only three ascents of the hill were necessary, and it was just a simple climb of 1,500 feet by a good path from the main road near Thankerton. My first visit was in May 1934, when I examined the local conditions on the upper part of the hill for building stones and water supply and tried to see the surrounding hills. Visibility was restricted to about twelve miles, and I saw practically nothing of any use. My second ascent was in March 1935, when I took a plane-table to the summit and succeeded in checking the bearings of about twenty-five hills in the south-east sector of the final drawing and verified the magnetic variation of the compass. My third visit was on September 13, 1935, when I supervised the erection of the indicator. Three visits only, compared with which the indicators for Lochnagar, Ben Macdhui, and Ben Nevis involved eight, six, and ten ascents respectively.

The indicator diagram is similar to those of Lochnagar and Ben Macdhui, with the important difference that a useful outline map occupies the centre of the drawing in place of the long-worded inscription on the others. There are seventy-four pointers giving direction, height, and distance. The most distant hills indicated are Lochnagar

(95 miles), Ben Lawers (70 miles), Ben Laoigh (71 miles), the Mull of Kintyre (85 miles), and Knocklayd in Co. Antrim (106 miles).

In the *Journal* for January 1912, Mr M'Connochie gave a list of the twenty counties which he considered could be seen from Tinto. I make the number to be twenty-two, viz., Aberdeen, Angus, Antrim, Argyll, Ayr, Bute, Clackmannan, Cumberland, Dumfries, Dumbarton, Fife, Kinross, Kirkcudbright, Lanark, Linlithgow, Midlothian, Haddington, Peebles, Perth, Renfrew, Selkirk, and Stirling. This list differs from Mr M'Connochie's by excluding Berwick and Roxburgh, which I calculate are completely hidden by intervening hills and by including Aberdeen (Lochnagar), Angus (Ben Tirran), Kinross (Benarty), and Linlithgow (Torphichan Hill).

The materials used for Tinto were similar to those for the other indicators erected by me, viz., a lower pillar of local stone, a circular granite capstone, and a disc of Doulton stoneware, on the upper surface of which the design had been burned in. As regards details, Tinto is a slight improvement on the others. The pillar was built with a batter on 1 in 6 and looks better in consequence, but took a much bigger quantity of building sand and cement. The capstone, a beautiful bit of Aberdeen granite from Corrennie Quarry, is in one piece, whereas the others had to be cut up into sections to suit pony transport. The Doulton disc is 4 inches deep by $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, and is not so highly glazed as the others. The lettering on the disc is exceptionally well done, and was the work of one of Messrs Doulton's younger artists.

The indicator was erected on Friday, September 13, 1935. Transport was simple as the hill is an easy one, with a comparatively short ascent, about 1,500 feet from the nearest road. All the materials were taken up on a two-wheeled trolley which had rubber-tyred wheels, and was pulled by a big Clydesdale horse. Water was obtained within a reasonable distance of the summit. Mr John Angus, builder, of Thankerton, made all the transport arrangements and carried out the work of construction.

Tinto is a proverbially windy hill, and on September 13 it lived up to its reputation and treated us to a regular gale from the south-west, which hampered the masons a good bit and rendered the correct orientation of the stoneware disc just a bit troublesome. There was no rain to speak of, but visibility was restricted to about twelve miles, and check observations were only possible on to a couple of prominent hills. On completion the structure was covered with a big sheet of sacking, and one of the masons was told to come back in a week's time and take it off.

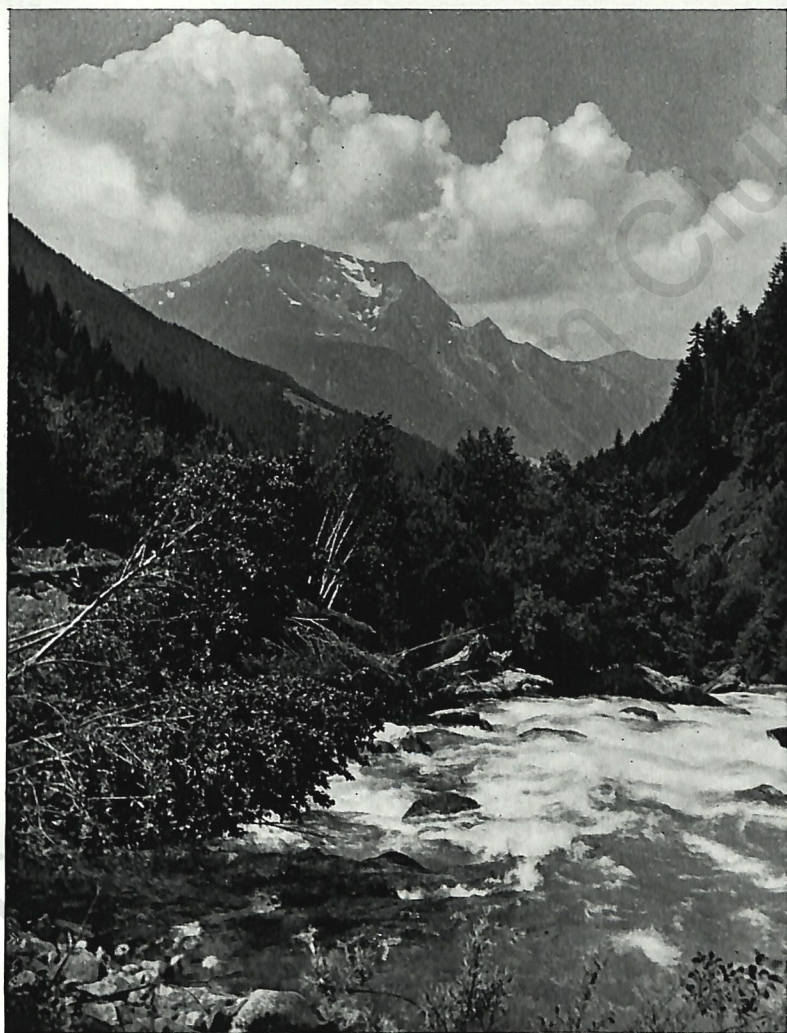
On account of the hill being a valuable grouse moor, there was no formal unveiling ceremony. The mason just went to the top of the hill and removed the sheet, as instructed, and reported that all was well. Rather a tame finish, in fact, almost an anticlimax, to what had been throughout a very interesting, though at times laborious, undertaking.

LIST OF SCOTTISH INDICATORS, ARRANGED ACCORDING
TO YEAR OF ERECTION.

- ? Stirling, The Ladies' Rock. (p).
- ? Abbey Craig. (p).
- 1900. Dundee Law. (b) 572 feet.
- 1909. Balmashanner Hill, Forfar. (b) 572 feet.
- 1910. Arthur's Seat. (b) 822 feet.
- 1911. Gleniffer Braes, Paisley. (b) 550 feet approx.
- 1912. Douglas Park, Largs. (p) 600 feet.
- 1913. Corsiehill, Perth. (p) 500 feet approx.
- 1914. Grantown-on-Spey. (p) 1,000 feet.
- 1915. Craigie Hill, Kilmarnock. (b) 507 feet.
- 1917. Brimmond Hill, Aberdeen. (b) 870 feet.
- 1922. Gormack Hill, Blairgowrie. (br) 690 feet.
- 1924. Lochnagar. (s) 3,786 feet.
- 1925. Ben Macdhui. (s) 4,296 feet.
- 1927. Ben Nevis. (s) 4,406 feet.
- Bridge of Weir Golf Course. (p) 420 feet approx.
- Eildon Hill. (b) 1,385 feet.
- 1928. Falkland Hill. (b) 1,471 feet.
- 1929. Ben Lomond. (p) 3,192 feet. Renewed. (cr) 1933.
- Blue Hill, Aberdeen. (s) 467 feet.
- Goatfell. (p) 2,866 feet.
- Tillicoultry Hill. (z) 600 feet.

1930. Ben Cleugh. (p) 2,363 feet. Renewed. (cr) 1934.
— Knock Hill, Crieff. (m) 793 feet. Renewed. (cr) 1934.
— Pulpit Hill, Oban. (s) 242 feet.
1933. Auchengillan Hill, Milngavie. (cr) 650 feet approx.
— Corstorphine Hill. (b) 602 feet.
— Dumbarton Castle. (b) 240 feet.
1934. Inverkip, Everton. (cr) 350 feet approx.
— Laggan Dam, Glen Spean. (b) 850 feet approx.
1935. Falkirk, Princes Park. (cr) 375 feet.
— Tinto Hill. (s) 2,335 feet.

Explanation: (b), bronze; (br), brass; (cr), chromium plated;
(m), metal; (p), paper; (s), stoneware; (z) zinc.



ZILLER VALLEY AND THE GRÜNBERG, TYROL

Dr Semple

FUAR THOLL—HILL OF THE COLD HOLES.

BY WINIFRED D. HUTCHISON.

A FEW miles inland from the Little Minch lies a group of small mountain ranges of exceeding variety and beauty—Achnashellach Forest.

On the morning of north-west breezes, when puffs of sunlit cumulus drifted above the glens, we left the high road and took to the track by the Allt Coire Lair among the old Scots pines. Trout darted in pools the colour of bubbling goblets of champagne and waterfalls glinted between the gnarled pine trunks. To the north lay the long undulating spine of Liath Mhòr, its steep scree slopes lit by the sunshine to a bleached and dazzling glare. Far away behind us, violet and hazy with distance, rolled the great tangle of the south-west Ross-shire mountains, billow on billow.

The burn's song grew thinner, the air became crisper, and presently we stood in an amphitheatre of great magnificence; as the solemn beauty of a cathedral steals upon one, as organ music swells and ebbs upon still air, so was the silence in these mountains, so was the cadence of innumerable waters whose age-old song was wafted to us, now louder, now fainter, upon the wind.

We circled dark little Loch Coire Lair; swallows skimmed its inky surface, which is 1,200 feet above sea-level. We were now facing the massif of Fuar Tholl—Hill of the Cold Holes. The tremendous northern buttress rose above us, a wall of Lewisian gneiss nearly a quarter of a mile in length and rising from a floor of Torridon red sandstone as abruptly as a mason's wall rises from a street. Heading for the high col between Fuar Tholl and its northern neighbour, we soon came upon the "loch a' bealach"—the little crystal lochan

so often cradled in the high passes among our Scottish hills—fairy water, ice-cold through the long northern summer days. Here, at this signpost, we turned again toward the great rock face and slowly upward into a hanging corrie, whence, by a scramble on steep scree and rock terraces, we gained the ridge.

A moment ago our faces had been close to the mossy rock; now we gazed out upon the western sea, the "far Cuillin," Kyle Rhea sparkling like a thread of diamonds. The island of Eigg floated in a blue mist-wreath which partially veiled the nearer mountains of Kintail. Far away in the east, beyond the table-lands of Wyvis, and just discernible, a tongue of water crept inland, flanked by two dark sentinels—the Sutors of Cromarty guarding their firth.

The ridge of Fuar Tholl is roughly S-shaped, and the two great corries and various lesser gullies are more suggestive of erosion by sea than those on any other hill in Scotland that I know. The buttresses have almost a basaltic appearance. The main ridge runs out into thin headlands and the gullies are wide and unbroken. It was as we stood upon the crest of one of these headlands that we heard an eerie wail. The sound, borne on a breeze that flickered and eddied in the chimneys below us, was savage, unearthly, elusive as the echo. Hunting buzzards have a similar wild scream, but no buzzard sailed in sight under the wide blue sky. A moment later the cry came again, now, without doubt, from the cliff face beneath us, and in it a terribly human quality which made the heart stand still.

Rotten rock, treacherously cemented with parsley fern, formed a most evil-looking parapet, and obscured our view of a possible route on the face below—but discover the origin of these wierd wailings we must. Making for the head of a chimney on our left we quickly decided upon a descent which looked easy for about 50 feet; thence a traverse could be made back to the promontory. This point we reached without much difficulty, but still the perpendicular wall below our original standpoint was out of view. A crevasse and a jammed block were just below us, and beyond

that a grassy platform about the size of a billiard-table. This vantage-point we gained after a scramble over the block and an unpleasant glimpse into a very black crevasse.

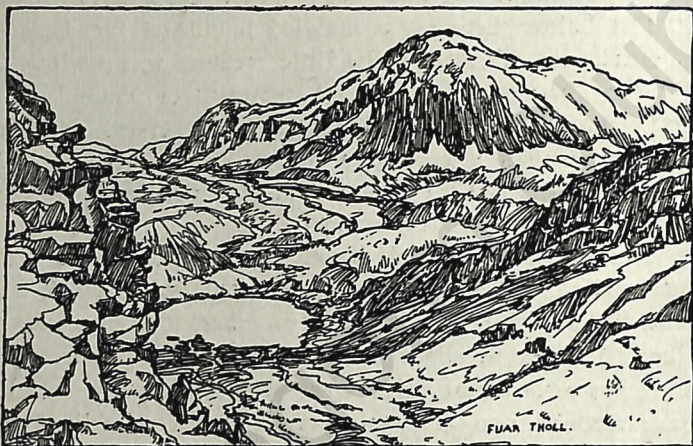
Slowly, cautiously, we put our heads over the edge of the billiard-table and looked into space. On a narrow shelf 10 feet below there lay a huddled bundle of fur, smoke-coloured and pulsating; the little creature was a wild-cat kitten which, somehow, must have rolled or scrambled to that ledge to be marooned there. Who knows whether the mother had attempted a rescue, or whether she had abandoned her lost kit to lead the rest of the litter to safety upon our invasion of her territory?

The kitten had heard our clumsy scrambling, the soft fur bristled, and in the amber eyes that looked up at me burned the spirit of primitive savagery these hills have known since time began. Poor little outlaw, though gamekeepers and shepherds put a price upon your head, yet we would have rescued you—but you would not! Unbuckling our rucksack straps we made a life-line, with a rucksack at the end as bos'n's chair. This we dangled beside the furry atom and drew it slowly, invitingly up the wall of rock. But it was all of no avail, and after twenty minutes of fruitless persuasion, very reluctantly, we abandoned the little castaway to its fate.

Regaining the ridge, we walked the springy turf to the lip of the great north-western corrie. Into this airy cirque we dropped by a stone shoot, and the chill, dank air of the "cold hole" enveloped us. Down on the boggy floor where little golden frogs hopped, slow drips from the cold rock faces made dismal whisperings. In this chill cauldron the sun as it crosses the meridian on Midsummer's Day can scarcely cast a beam.

Out again into the glorious sunshine and homeward across the moor; downward through wide, free spaces like gods from high Olympus. Did Grass of Parnassus smell sweeter on its Hellenic uplands than it smells upon the Highland hills? Spread the golden asphodel a richer carpet in Elysian Fields?

Where the Allt Coire Lair froths into its first gorge we stood for a long look back at the buttressed walls and the "cold holes" of Fuar Tholl. The evening sun was now aslant upon them—and the glory of it was very great.



HARKING BACK : AN ASCENT

by a new route and without guides, to the summit of Ben Muich-dhuie in the summer of 18—, with excursive remarks on divers objects of scenic interest presented during a tour of the picturesque valley of the Dee.

THE ascent of the highest mountain in the kingdom becomes the chief ambition of the more adventurous visitor to the Castletown of Braemar, an undertaking not entirely devoid of danger by reason of the great height and remoteness of that mountain. The greatest peril of these solitudes—that of the fog which suddenly descends on the moor, obliterating the landscape and making it impossible to ascertain one's direction with any certitude—may be obviated by engaging a guide, or ghillie, for the expedition. These ghillies we found usually well-informed, domesticated, and very civil; having repaired to the most celebrated of these hillmen, after some converse with him regarding the practicability of the ascent and the usual route to the mountain, we resolved to dispense with the services of a guide, esteeming the adventure of inestimably greater merit if successfully accomplished by our unaided efforts. And, although our intentions occasioned some misgiving in the village of Castletown, we nevertheless made all the necessary preparations for the event. The weather seemed propitious and, although not without some doubts as to our ability to carry the venture to a successful conclusion, we contrived, the better to assure our friends, to affect an air of total unconcern.

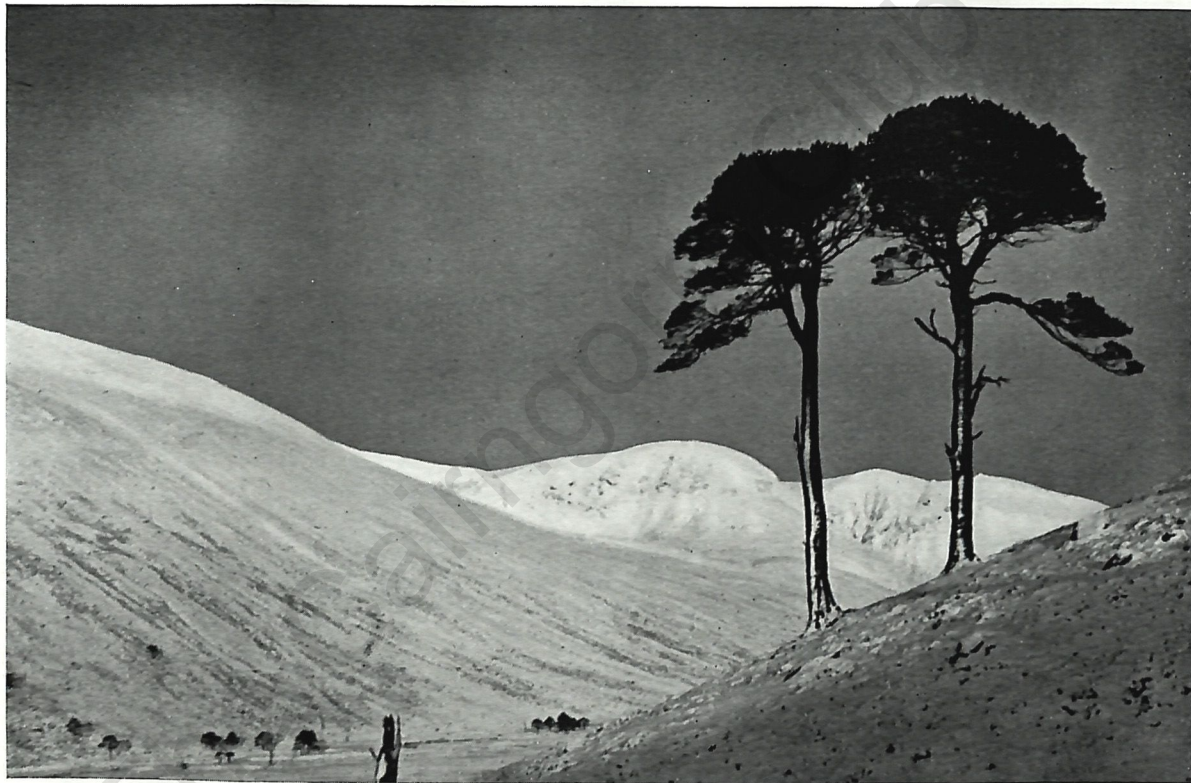
At 6 A.M. our curricie was at the door and we all but ready, having previously arranged all the items necessary to the undertaking. Our cautious hostess, however, had delayed packing our provision-bags, under the impression that at the sober hour of six we would review and repent of our rashness in embarking on such a hazardous venture. Eventually, with parting injunctions from our host to follow the nearest burn in the event of our becoming trapped in a

fog, we set gaily forth. We realised, however, that this piece of advice, were we to follow the wrong watercourse, might involve us in some considerable inconvenience, not to say danger, since we understood that the whole region for many miles around was entirely barren and desolate.

Our thoughts might have been further given to foreboding had not our attention been diverted to a waterfall of considerable magnitude and some beauty (a large part of it, unfortunately, obscured by trees), which annually attracts a large concourse of visitors. This is hardly so impressive a spectacle as the neighbouring Linn of Quoich, itself a mere trickle compared with the Linn of Dee, a mile or two farther on, which is some 300 yards in length and through which the river whirls with great force and rapidity. It is said that a man may jump across but that it is quite impossible to jump back. The rewards we thought incommensurate with the risk, and we, accordingly, had no inclination to attempt this feat. In any case, we had no means of ascertaining from which side the spring should be performed.

The road now deteriorates considerably, being little more than a rough track passable for carts. But, eventually, we arrived at the base of our mountain and, at a wood of dark pines, dismounted and apportioned as neatly and as precisely as possible the amount each should have to carry. On seeing the extent of this, we regretted not having arranged to take ponies as far as Loch Etagan (or Attachin), which, we understand, is normally possible. (Unversed as I am in the finer points of the equestrian art, a glance at the rather languid and sedate animals of our equipage entirely reassured me.) However, proceeding methodically to fill the six pockets of our waistcoats first, then the inner pockets of the coats, and lastly, the outer pockets, we were successful in accommodating, more or less unobtrusively, the greater part of our impedimenta, except for our Scotch plaids, provision-bags, a japanned tin vasculum carried by my botanist companion, and a telescope. These latter depended from our persons and gave our little *entourage* quite a business-like air.

Stepping bravely forth, we soon lost sight of the curricule,



GLEN DERRY

G. R. Symmers

passing by the way a small hut, a unique habitation but apparently unoccupied at that time. Issuing from the wood we were confronted with a sublime panorama of mountains, a proper appreciation of which was seriously interfered with by reason of frequent contact with the angular boulders with which our path was so plentifully bestrewn. The path, a rude track, albeit not always discernible, wound round the base of a mountain of severely barren aspect. Presently, on turning a corner, the Monarch himself was presented to our gaze, still at a considerable distance away. A chill feeling came over us at the sight of the gigantic precipices, which, by some means yet to be ascertained, it was our purpose to circumvent. After toilsome walking along the banks of a burn, which, we understood, issued from Loch Attachin (or Etagan), we arrived at a hollow of spacious dimensions between two mountains, with a frightful precipice on our left, the merest glance at which was attended with some feeling of giddiness. Here we partook of a cold collation, whose savour was no whit diminished by the crispness of the air, and our comfort was considerably augmented by copious draughts from a bottle of usquebaugh which the guides assured us was quite indispensable.

We now addressed our steps towards a steep acclivity at the upper end of this hollow. The sun shone from an azure sky, and this, together with the steepness of the ascent, induced an uncomfortable sensation of warmth, obliging us to relinquish some of the extra garments which we had been assured would be necessary to combat the great cold of these regions. Selecting a conspicuous boulder; to identify which would be an easy matter on our return, we abandoned our plaids, woollen comforters, and other paraphernalia, which now seemed to us unnecessary encumbrance.

It was no easy matter to preserve our balance on the uncertain foothold afforded by the great conglomeration of loose stones. But, by patient persistence, we eventually surmounted this slope, although not entirely without incident. At an unusually steep part my stout staff slipped from my grasp, and, gathering momentum as it fell, rapidly disappeared from view. This episode brought home to us the

necessity for constant vigilance, although the disappearance of the staff was no material loss and permitted me freer use of my hands, a matter of considerable convenience. It was now obvious that, by turning abruptly to the left, the precipice could be passed at its northern extremity and the ascent to the summit continued by another steep acclivity. Below us we saw the dark, forbidding waters of a lake, girt by grim precipices of unknown depth (which we noted as a place to avoid), and which, from its appearance, we took to be Loch Etagan. It was now abundantly clear that we had not followed the Loch Etagan burn but had pursued an unorthodox route, which departure from the conventional mode of approach afforded us some little satisfaction.

Although now very fatigued with our efforts and not a little breathless, we felt disposed to hurry over the latter part of our task on account of the savage and inhospitable appearance which the wilderness around us now presented. But, fortified with another draught of usquebaugh, after many weary hours of exertion, we discerned the heap of stones marking the culminating point of our mountain. Here the wind blew with gale force, and we were soon so chilled as to regret having so unwisely abandoned our comforters. In what liquid stimulant remained, we celebrated our success and temporarily defeated the cold. The prospect was magnificent, the chief object of the view being Ben Nevis. Although we had no means of exactly ascertaining the position of that mountain, its great height and distance left no room for doubt in our minds. We spent but a few minutes on the summit, anxiety lest we should be overtaken by a fog hastening our departure.

The descent was by much the more difficult operation, on account of the great looseness of the stones, but, in the fullness of time, we arrived at Loch Attachin, experiencing some difficulty in recognising our approach to that place and also in identifying the conspicuous rock at which we had abandoned our superfluous garments, of which we now stood in some need. After visiting a dozen or more, we chanced upon the spot and made our way rapidly down the declivity to the burn by which we had ascended. Although waxen

very weary, we were stayed by a feeling of complacency, now that all danger was past, in having accomplished the unusual feat of an ascent of the mountain without guides and with no greater hurt than slight desquamation of the epidermis. In due course we arrived at the curricule, well-nigh exhausted with our self-imposed labours. The drive to Castletown refreshed us considerably and, after fourteen hours' absence, we were again thankfully reunited to our friends. We stepped down showing, I believe, but little sign of fatigue, and making so light of our adventure as to cause it to appear that we were willing to set out forthwith and repeat our accomplishment.

In Memoriam.

HENRY C. DUGAN.

THE death of Henry C. Dugan at his home in Aberdeen, on the morning of May 22, 1935, at the age of sixty-five years, after a short illness, removed from the list of members a keen mountaineer who probably knew the Cairngorm range better than anyone.

Although he did not join the Club until 1928, Mr Dugan's enthusiasm for the hills commenced when he was about sixteen years of age. On every available occasion, often at great discomfort and inconvenience, he would take to the high tops, not for the sake of peak-bagging but because he loved them, and in their beauty found happiness, the happiness that comes to those who listen to the song of the high, wild, and lonely places. Long before the present transport facilities were instituted he would cycle to Allt-na-giubsaich, ascend Lochnagar, and return to Aberdeen the same day. Such a performance, sometimes in bad weather, could only be carried through by one who was keen. And Mr Dugan was keen. He had climbed Lochnagar more times than he could remember, and had made the ascent from all sides. Of the Cairngorm group, he knew it perhaps better than anybody. He would spend days wandering about the corries and ridges, revelling in the beauty and majesty, listening to the voices that are audible only to those who are attuned to the Spirit of the Hills. He trod the crests and corries at all seasons of the year, in daylight and darkness, in sunshine, rain, and blizzard.

He was quiet and retiring, but those accompanying him to the hills saw another side of him. Once he set his feet on the familiar heather, or scree, he seemed to be lit from within by a glowing happiness, and gave freely from his store of experience and memories. He endeared himself to all,

and any excursion of the Club did not seem complete without him.

His last excursion with the Club was to Beinn a' Bhùird on Jubilee Day, May 6, 1935. In spite of the very hot day, and the weight of a half-plate camera, he carried a Union Jack to the summit and erected it on the cairn of the south top, this being followed by the company singing the National Anthem.

Mr Dugan allied to his love of the hills a photographic skill that brought him recognition far beyond the limits of Scotland. His photography was an art and he pursued it with the enthusiasm of an artist, waiting hours until he got the desired distribution of cloud, sun, and shade. He studied his subject from all angles and would not make an exposure until he obtained what he wanted. Members are familiar with the results of this loving care in depicting the Cairngorms and district at their very best, as typified by numerous illustrations in the Club *Journal*, particularly those in the issue for June 1935. Illustrating the pains he took to secure the best representation of a particular study, mention may be made of his beautiful *Glen Dee*, which appears in the S.M.C. Guide, "The Cairngorms." This was secured in March 1902 after seven years of patient climbing, waiting, and putting off until the proper moment. The actual photograph, which is in three sections, is the result of several waits in squalls of snow. He was a frequent exhibitor at several photographic exhibitions—the London Salon, the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, the Scottish Salon, the New York Camera Club, Chicago Camera Club (by special invitation), and the Photographic Society of Philadelphia. His *Winter's Glory, Braemar*, brought him special distinction. His photographs were eagerly sought to illustrate books and articles.

His love for the Cairngorms found expression in delightful water colours, in which he was very successful. He was a contributor to the *Journal*, and was a Member of Committee for several years.

In private life Mr Dugan was draughtsman with Messrs J. Cornwall & Sons, printers, Aberdeen, for the long period

of forty-seven years, holding the position of head draughtsman for many years. His efforts in this direction won him great respect, for nothing but the best would satisfy him. In his retiring, efficient, purposeful way, he did his duty by his firm and by himself. He was blessed with a wife and daughter who shared enthusiastically in his intense appreciation of the hills, and who accompanied him in his search for beauty and contentment. He lived simply, wisely, and happily; made good friends; adventured well. The hills taught him to be contented in his faith and in the love of God, who created them.

H. D. W.

JAMES ALBERT HADDEN.

THE members of the Club generally, but particularly the older members, will have read with regret of the recent and sudden death of a past Chairman of the Club, and one who retained to the end a real interest in its affairs. Mr Hadden became a member of the Club in 1897 and occupied the Chair from 1907 to 1909. In earlier years he attended most of the excursions and outings of the Club and, in addition, along with the writer and the late Robert Cumming, James Henderson, and Alexander Troup (all members), he was one of a party who spent many a pleasant May Holiday week-end exploring the hills and glens of our own and neighbouring counties. Latterly, alas, of that party there remained only Mr Hadden and myself, and so, for many years, we set aside a week-end for some hill or glen walk, with a visit to the Larig for nine years in succession.

A native of Woodside, Mr Hadden acted as Procurator Fiscal of that burgh until it was merged in the extended City of Aberdeen. A member of the Society of Advocates of Aberdeen, Mr Hadden was well known and respected by the Legal Profession, but preferred Chamber to Court practice. He died at his residence, 429 Clifton Road, Woodside, on December 11, 1935, survived by his widow and only son, who is in legal practice in Northern Rhodesia, and by two daughters.

JAMES CONNER.

ALEXANDER INKSON M'CONNOCHIE.

ALEXANDER INKSON M'CONNOCHIE died at Hendon Way, Cricklewood, London, on January 7, 1936, at the advanced age of eighty-six. Mr M'Connochie was born at Rothies, Morayshire, in 1850, and after attending school at Inchberry, and subsequently at Oyne, Aberdeenshire, he served his apprenticeship in a law office in Aberdeen, and eventually commenced business there as an Accountant and Law Stationer. After spending a few years in Glasgow, he made London his permanent residence.

Mr M'Connochie became an Associate member of the Society of Accountants in England in 1877, which was merged in the "Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales" by Royal Charter in 1880. Thereupon, Mr M'Connochie became an Associate (A.C.A.) of the Institute of C.A.'s in England and Wales in 1880, and continued so until the date of his death, but he was not a member of a Scottish C.A. body.

He was one of the oldest and best-known authorities on the Highland hills, and on deer and deer forests.

His great interests were in the hills, and he walked across the Highlands from sea to sea when he was only about sixteen. He was essentially a hill-walker; rock-climbing and the art of mountaineering as understood to-day, having never appealed to him. He was a most excellent companion for arranging a mountain expedition, leaving nothing forgotten down to the minutest detail of the commissariat.

He was a mine of information, and most generous in his help to a little band of English friends in their various raids into the Cairngorm country and other regions. It was a great privilege to be one of his many friends and to accompany him on some memorable tramps up the glens and mountains north of the Caledonian Canal and elsewhere. Though so much the senior, he was the one to make the pace, and his endurance was astonishing, down to a much more recent date. Less than twenty years ago, in Cowal, he was

out on the hills with a party in tempestuous weather, and for many hours they were drenched to the skin, without the least chance of shelter. Far from wanting to hurry home, he pushed on to an eyrie which was visited and photographed, and then to a reserve eyrie not then occupied by the birds. Next day he was as game as ever.

He had written several very accurate and informative books, amongst others "Bennachie," "Ben Macdhu and His Neighbours," "Lochnagar" (1891), "Deeside," "The Royal Dee," "Donside"; and also three very interesting books entitled "The Deer and Deer Forests of Scotland" (historical, descriptive, and sporting, 1923), "Deer-Stalking in Scotland" (1924), and "Deer Forest Life" (1932).

We hope that a book, as yet unpublished, to be called "Birds in Deer Forests," may still be issued to the public.

Mr M'Connochie was an enthusiastic member of the Cairngorm Club, having been Honorary Secretary and Editor from 1893 to 1911. He was not a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, but he took a keen interest in all its doings.

WILLIAM GARDEN.

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THE NORTHERN CUILLIN FROM SGÙRR ALASDAIR

W. A. Exwen

1. Inaccessible Pinnacle, Sgùrr Dearg.
2. Sgùrr na Banachdich.
3. Sgùrr Thormaid.

4. Sgùrr Thuilm.
5. Sgùrr a' Ghreadaidh.
6. Sgùrr a' Mhadaidh.

7. Sgùrr Mhic Coinnich.
8. Bidein Druim nan Ramh.
9. Bruach na Frithe.

10. Sgùrr a' Fionn Choire.
11. Am Basteir.
12. Sgùrr nan Gillean.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE Forty-seventh Annual General Meeting was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Aberdeen, on November 30, 1935, at 6 P.M. Mr William Malcolm presided.

The minutes approved, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer presented the accounts for 1934-1935; these were adopted.

Office-bearers were elected as follows:—

Hon. President—Professor J. Norman Collie.

President—Dr D. P. Levack.

Vice-Presidents—Messrs A. Leslie Hay and E. Birnie Reid.

Hon. Editor—Mr William A. Ewen.

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

Hon. Librarian—Mr James A. Parker.

Committee—Miss Margaret Skakle, Mr H. G. Dason, Mr J. McCoss,
Mr J. E. Bothwell, Miss A. M. Pittendrigh, Mr R. P. Yunnice,
Mr H. D. Welsh, Mrs E. J. Hendry, and Mr W. Malcolm.

Mr James McCoss proposed that Rule 15 be altered to read: “ The office-bearers of the Club shall be a President, an Honorary Secretary, an Honorary Treasurer (or an Honorary Secretary and Treasurer), an Honorary Editor, and an Honorary Librarian ”; and that Rule 27 be altered to read: “ A Special General Meeting, convened as provided for in Rule 25, shall have power by at least two-thirds of those present and voting (with a minimum of 15 recorded votes) to alter or add to the existing Rules of the Club.”

The alterations were unanimously agreed to.

Meets and Excursions were arranged as under:—

New Year Meet . . . Braemar.

Easter Meet . . . Glencoe.

Spring Holiday Excursion . Cairnwell district.

Excursions to Lochnagar were fixed for February 2 and 23, and March 8. Three Informal Social evenings were arranged for January 27, February 25, and March 25. [The first of these was cancelled owing to the death of King George V.]

Other excursions arranged include:—

Saturday, May 16 . . . Coillebharr Hill.

Saturday, June 6 . . . Benaquhallie.

Sunday, May 31 . . . Mayar and Dreish.

Sunday, July 5 . . . Strathdon.

Saturday and Sunday, June 20 and 21 Lairig an Laoigh Pass
(from Nethybridge).

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Forty-seventh Annual Dinner was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Aberdeen, on November 30, 1935, at 7 P.M., Mr William Malcolm presiding.

Eighty-five members and guests were present. Mr G. T. Glover, S.M.C., and Mr R. M. Adam, of the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, were guests of the Club.

Mr William Malcolm proposed "The Club," and gave a brief résumé of the Club activities for the year. It was noticeable that this year a greater number of members seemed to know the words of the Club song!

In giving the toast of "Our Guests," Dr D. P. Levack tactlessly, in the presence of the S.M.C. representative, stressed the point that the Cairngorm Club is the oldest mountaineering club in Scotland. In an amusing reply for the guests, Mr Glover deftly parried the blow.

After dinner the company listened to a most enjoyable lecture by Mr Adam, whose artistry with a camera and whose intimate knowledge of the bird and plant life of the hills contributed in very large part to the success of the function. Ranging far and wide over the Scottish Highlands, Mr Adam showed some unsurpassed views of mountain scenery. On the call of Mr A. Leslie Hay, the lecturer was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS, 1935.

CLOCHNABEN—MAY 26, 1935.

TEN members and guests left Aberdeen at 9.45 A.M. and arrived at the foot of Greystane Hill about 11 A.M. The ascent was made in ideal weather over Greystane Hill, Threestane Hill, and Mount Shade, the summit being reached about 12.45. A very fine view was obtained in all directions, the most distant hills visible being the Lomonds, about 57 miles away. Miscellaneous scrambling was indulged in both on the Cloch and on the small outcrop near the summit. The descent of No. 2 Chimney was found none too easy. A 60-foot rope was found to be too short. Several members climbed the south-east gully and some interesting short climbing problems were found on the smaller outcrop.

The descent was made by the tourist track to Feughside Inn, which was reached at 5.30 P.M.

BEN RINNES—JUNE 1, 1935.

ELEVEN members left Aberdeen by the 1.20 P.M. Speyside excursion train, arriving at Aberlour at 2.58 P.M. The party reached Ben Rinnes

Distillery by taxi, previously arranged for by the Hon. Secretary. Climbing by way of Babys Hill and Scurran of Well, where a short halt was made, the summit was reached at 5.15 P.M. The climbing conditions were perfect, but the distant views were obscured by haze. At 6.30 P.M. a start was made for Dufftown, which was reached via the east ridge at 9 P.M.—W. M.

BEN AVON—JUNE 15 AND 16, 1935.

THE party left Aberdeen at 7.35 P.M. The journey up Deeside was made under conditions which were far from promising. Heavy rain, ragged black storm clouds, and a remarkable series of rainbows made a dramatic prelude to our excursion. However, all was clear and calm when we left Invercauld House at 10.15 P.M., and very soon the moon rose. The Bealach Dearg stables were reached at 11.30 P.M. and we settled down to "sleep," that is, to talk and eat, and set out once more at 1.15 A.M. On the ascent of Stùc Garbh Mhòr we saw the full moon hanging in the gap between Càrn Eas and Creag an Dail Beag. To a "sensible" person this may sound either melodramatic or sentimental, but to us it was full of magic. The chief value of hill climbing is that it restores a true sense of values to jaded town dwellers. The first top of Ben Avon was reached at 3.50 A.M. beneath a clear sky, a level sea of white cloud stretched from the foot of our hill to the northern horizon. A few hills, such as Ben Rinnes, lifted their black backs out of the undulating sea of white, like black porpoises. The southern half of our world was free of mist, except for a few wisps lying in the valley of the Dee. Such was the scene upon which the sun rose. Conditions were so calm and beautiful that we decided not to hurry off the top, and we scrambled over the numerous tors which are such a feature of Ben Avon.

We descended by Càrn Eas and Gleann an't Slugain, reaching Invercauld House at 11.45 A.M. Eight members made the circuit of the tops in the opposite direction. By courtesy of the late Col. A. H. Farquharson, we were allowed to take the bus as far as Invercauld House.—A. R. M.

EXCURSION TO BROAD CAIRN—JUNE 30, 1935.

ON its arrival at Ballater, the bus appeared to be comfortably full. At second glance, however, it was noted that the four front seats were occupied by the Presidential stick, the Presidential rucksack, the Presidential boots, and the President. The party numbered 11. (The percentage of active members would therefore appear to be, approximately, to the nearest whole number, 3.)

A jovial party and jovial weather. In the accepted formula-Parkerii for the description of common or garden ascents, "We saw no eagles!" The one stirring incident was the bus ride to Spital (10.45 A.M.).

The ridge was gained at the Black Burn and followed to the summit (1.45 P.M.); the Coire Chas path was taken on the descent. The Presidential rucksack ceased to function at the first steep slope; the string "broke." The contents were distributed, but the proprietary rights, alas, were retained. Proceeding at a fast pace, the President reached the summit at the head of his party and annexed the sunniest corner. Lunch disposed of, a visit to some of the neighbouring peaks was mooted. For a moment it seemed as if the suggestion might be taken seriously! After a suitable period of complete relaxation, the President was able to lead the descent—from the rear. A Junior member arrived at Lochend at 6 P.M., as we were about to leave. It is thought that he had mislaid his notice and got mixed up with the Midnight Excursion. A good outing and one which merited a larger attendance of members.—W. A. E.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1936.

ON Saturday evening, December 28, 1935, the President, Dr D. P. Levack, the Vice-President, Mr E. Birnie Reid, and two members, Miss Archibald and Mr Ian Rose, arrived at the Invercauld Arms Hotel, Braemar. On Sunday, December 29, this party made an ascent of Lochnagar by the Ballochbuie. The conditions were perfect: a calm day, brilliant sunshine, and hard frost, with the snow sufficiently packed to render walking easy.

Leaving the upper limits of the forest by the usual path from that side, the party crossed the upper reaches of the Garrawalt and moved over to the base of the Stuic Buttress, with the object of making an ascent. This was found to be impossible after ascending some 200 feet, for the rocks were coated inches deep and completely obscured by blue ice, the result of successive thawing and freezing during the preceding few days. The attempt was abandoned and the party crossed the Sandy Loch Corrie and made a direct ascent of the west slope of Lochnagar, the snow being in perfect condition. They came out on the summit plateau, practically opposite the head of the Black Spout, where the ice formation on the rocks was of the most wonderful description. The indicator and the summit rocks also presented a fantastic spectacle, fully 18 inches of ice formation covering everything. The view was perfect and the weather remained clear and calm. Four other climbers appeared from the Allt-na-giubhsaich side of the mountain, having had equally enjoyable conditions for climbing. The party left the summit at 3.10 P.M. The following is the time-table of the expedition:—

Sunday, December 29, 1935.

Braemar	depart	9.20 A.M.
Danzig Bridge	{ arrive	9.30 A.M.
	{ depart	9.35 A.M.
Foot of Staic		12.30 P.M.
Off Buttress		12.55 P.M.
Across Corrie of Sandy Loch		1.5 P.M.
Lunch	{ arrive	1.20 P.M.
	{ depart	1.50 P.M.
Black Spout		2.30 P.M.
Lochnagar	{ arrive	2.40 P.M.
	{ depart	3.10 P.M.
Danzig Bridge	{ arrive	4.55 P.M.
	{ depart	5.00 P.M.
Braemar		5.15 P.M.

On the Sunday evening three other members and a guest arrived, Mrs Hendry with Miss Netta Y. Dick, and also Miss Mearns and Mr Roy Symmers.

On Monday, December 30, the party of eight made an ascent of Càrn-an-Tuirc, and a traverse of the ridge south from that point to Glas Maol. The weather conditions were extremely poor, a sudden thaw having set in during the night, and thick mist obscuring everything down to about 1,800 feet. The ascent was begun from the Sheann Spittal Bridge, and the left bank of the Allt a' Gharbh-choire was followed to the west side of the Càrn-an-Tuirc. Leaving the burn, everything was blotted out by mist, and a direct course to the summit was set by map and compass and the ascent completed without difficulty, although the snow was somewhat sodden. So thick was the mist that the horizon was limited to less than 50 yards. From the Càrn-an-Tuirc it was decided to steer for the head of Corrie Kander, so that from that point a new bearing south might be laid for the summit of Cairn na Glasha. The time required to reach the cliffs of Kander was calculated at approximately twenty minutes, and with three compasses checking the bearings *en route*, the Corrie was reached almost to the minute. A second course was laid from this to the summit of Cairn na Glasha, and again with three compasses checking the bearing, the party walked on to the boundary line between Aberdeen and Angus, less than 200 yards north of the cairn. From this point it was unnecessary to do any compass and map work as the boundary fence led ultimately to the top of Glas Maol. At this summit the mist was again so thick that even from the well-known right-angled bend of the fence the cairn could not be seen.

The descent was made by the boundary fence, over the summit of Meall Odhar, and so to the top of the Devil's Elbow, between which and the Sheann Spittal Bridge the road was blocked by several drifts

of snow. Throughout the whole day visibility was practically *nil*, only occasional glimpses being seen through the mist from the ridges.

The following is the time-table for the day:—

Monday, December 30, 1935.

Braemar	depart	9.30 A.M.
Sheann Spittal Bridge		9.50 A.M.
Summit of Càrn-an-Tuirc	{ arrive	11.50 A.M.
	{ depart	12.5 P.M.
Corrie Kander		12.20 P.M.
Cairn na Glasha	{ arrive	1.00 P.M.
	{ depart	1.20 P.M.
Glas Maol	{ arrive	2.25 P.M.
	{ depart	2.35 P.M.
Meall Odhar		3.00 P.M.
Cairnwell Road		3.35 P.M.
Arrival at cars		4.15 P.M.

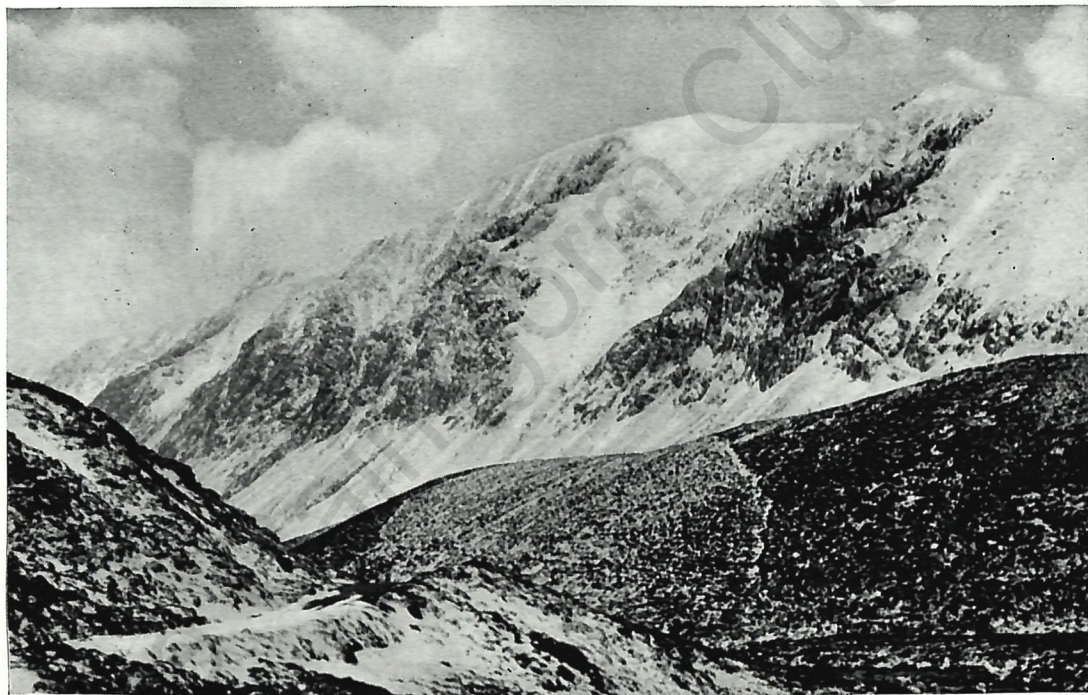
On Tuesday, December 31, Messrs Symmers, Rose, and Martin, Mrs Hendry, and the Misses Dick, Archibald, and Mearns, climbed Càrn a' Mhaim, 3,320 feet. The going up the Lui was quite good, but the snow was rather soft in places at the lower levels. It became much harder higher up and provided an excellent walking surface. The weather was quite good, the day bright and dry until nearly the 3,000-foot level, when the cold became very intense and at the summit was absolutely arctic. There was nothing very remarkable throughout the expedition, and the party returned to the hotel after a very pleasant day.

In the evening a party of eighteen sat down to dinner, and through the happy thought of Mr Roy Symmers, the Club had the privilege of entertaining Miss Maggie Gruer, of Inverey. The evening passed quickly with the usual festivities associated with such an occasion in the Invercauld Arms Hotel, including vigorous dancing and certain official ceremonies, culminating with Mrs Gregor's hospitable provision for the usual toasts at midnight. Mrs Gregor once more welcomed the Club to the Invercauld Arms, and upon the call of the President the health of the hostess and her daughters was toasted with acclamation.

Although this was really the final effort of the evening, an aftermath was held in the lounge and vast quantities of tea disappeared in a surprising manner, although some members preferred not to mix their drinks. The party wound up somewhere in the region of 1.30 A.M.

New Year's Day, 1936.

Members showed no inclination to rise early, but in due course the following party started out: Mr and Mrs Angus, Dr Martin, Messrs



GLEANN EINICH

A. Duncan

Smith, Hutcheson, and Malcolm, and Misses Duncan, Pittendrigh, Archibald, and Hay. Walking up Glen Callater as far as the bridge the ascent was made to Loch Phàdruig. The loch was coated with clear ice, which appeared to be about six inches thick. Crossing the loch, Creag Phàdruig was then climbed, and a good view of Loch Callater obtained. After taking lunch near the summit, the shortest route was taken to the top of Meall an-t-Slugain (2,771 feet). Though dull and inclined to be rainy in the valleys, the conditions on the higher ridges were pleasant for walking and good views were obtained. The return was made over Creag na Dearcaige, and down the crest of the somewhat steep ridge to the River Callater, which was reached about half a mile from Auchallater. Two intrepid lady members crossed the somewhat swollen river in order to gain the road, but the "safety first" party were content to follow the rough track on the north side of the stream.

Thursday, January 2.

Messrs Hutcheson, Smith, Malcolm, Martin, and Lawson walked up Glen Connie and Glen Cristie Beag, entering mist about 2,250-foot level. Where the track disappeared in snow near the col, a compass course was set for the summit of Càrn Liath (2,676 feet), and the cairn reached without difficulty. A course was then set for Duncan Gray's Corrie, and after descending a short distance the mist cleared and very fine views were obtained of the Cairngorm group. The north face of Càrn Liath was then contoured at about the 2,000-foot level, and a descent made to the Dee at its junction with the Dalvorar Burn, and so back to Inverey and the hospitality of Maggie Gruer. It should be noted that Càrn Liath must be a very fine viewpoint in clear weather.

Mr and Mrs Angus must have "slept in," but later they revived their scout learning and did some detective work. Walking up Glen Ey they came on tracks, and following these up, declared that there was unmistakable evidence that a party wearing boots had ascended Glen Cristie that day. After tea all the remaining members at the meet returned to town.

D. P. L. and W. M.

EXCURSIONS TO LOCHNAGAR.

FEBRUARY 2 AND 23, AND MARCH 8, 1936.

ON each occasion the weather conditions were of the worst; snow fell almost continuously on all three days, and on the first and second excursions the parties failed to reach the top. As mentioned elsewhere, the public road up Glen Muick was blocked with snow for two months; the bus parties therefore started from the Danzig Shiel. On the third occasion the main party succeeded from the Danzig Shiel, and Dr Garrow's party, starting from Allt-na-giubhsaich, also reached the summit. Cardno, Hall, and Soper (guest) crossed the hill from the

Dubh Loch and saw nothing. The party had thoughtfully provided itself with a map, but the compass they had intended to take was left at Stonehaven. Dr Garrow's party was fortunate enough to see a Glory, but the general impression was that wings would, in the conditions, have been more useful than haloes. Having failed, save on the third occasion, to do a Beinn, we propose to let W. M. describe the assault on, and eventual conquest of, a Cnapan.

FEBRUARY 23, 1936.

THIRTY-SIX members and guests took part in this outing. The majority left town by bus at 7.30 A.M. on rather a hopeless looking rainy morning. Before Banchory was passed the rain had turned to snow, which continued most of the day. At Ballater and beyond, the whole landscape was under snow and had a mid-winter appearance. The road up the east side of the Muick being impassable, the party motored to the Danzig Shiel Bridge and started the circuit of Lochnagar via the Black Shiel Burn route. There was no wind in the forest and, with the trees picturesquely draped with snow, walking was a delight. When the forest was left behind, conditions changed. Visibility was soon reduced to about a hundred yards and a cold east wind added to the discomfort. Steering a south-easterly course, steady progress was made up the slopes of Cnapan Nathraichean, the wind increasing and visibility decreasing as height was gained. Presently, descending ground in front and the wind shifting more ahead seemed to indicate that a point was reached a little beyond the summit of the Cnapan. Conditions here were decidedly unpleasant, and it was unanimously decided to beat a retreat. This was most easily accomplished by following the tracks in the snow. These were, however, lost at one point, and the shelter of the forest was eventually reached somewhat to the east of the line of ascent. Members then got rid of their surplus energy, some by walking to Braemar, others by snowball fighting. Three members broke off from the main party with the intention of going towards the Stuic. When, asked on their return where they had got to, the leader's reply was that he hadn't the foggiest notion. This is certain, that all got to Braemar in good time to enjoy Mrs Gregor's hearty hospitality at the Invercauld, and it is rumoured that a record was created by one member in the number of helpings of eggs and bacon consumed.—W. M.

MARCH 22, 1936.

Present.—Mrs A. W. Hendry, Mrs E. J. Christie, M. Daniel, M. C. Donaldson, W. Hay, L. Murray, J. B. Patterson, E. Rodger, C. H. Wisely; Messrs E. B. Davies, W. Duff, R. Hart, W. Malcolm, J. M'Hardy, E. W. Smith, and H. D. Welsh.

A most enjoyable and successful excursion to Lochnagar was suggested and organised by Mrs Hendry. The party numbered 16, left Aberdeen by bus at 8.30 A.M., and in due course arrived at Ballater

under very promising weather conditions, though mist occasionally hid the high tops. The road to Spital of Muick was in fairly good condition as far as the Linn, in spite of the cutting up caused by heavy timber traffic. The felling of the trees on the east side of the road came in for uncomplimentary remarks, especially as to the quite unnecessary destruction of the deer fencing which surely could have been removed instead of buckled and hopelessly damaged by the trees thrown upon it. The Linn of Muick was a wonderful spectacle owing to the large volume of water coming over. Beyond the Linn the road was very soft in places, and frequently the whole party had to leave the bus, spread heather under the wheels, and push lustily behind. Two or three times the bus sank to the foot-boards, and there was some doubt as to whether it could be extricated—and spades were far away. The driver did nobly, but was anxious to know whether the return journey would be made by the same route. Eventually bus and party arrived at Spital in good heart about 11.15 A.M. (This was the first vehicle to reach Spital since January 20, the road being impassable for two months.) Snow was plentiful on Lochnagar and the lower hills were extensively covered. The air was mild, cloud was abundant and low and covered the highest tops.

Leaving at 11.30, good time was made up the path by the Allt-na-giubhsaich. Ski marks were frequent on the snow along the burn side. Davies, Hart, and Welsh kept to the regular route to the Foxes' Well, obtaining delightful views of the snow sculpture along the steep bank of the burn below. The rest of the party left the path just below the first fork in the burn, crossed the water, and made a bee-line through deep, dampish, soft snow for the Well. Smith was the first arrival there, then Davies, Hart, and Welsh, the main party arriving soon after. It was now 12.55 and it was considered that, notwithstanding the soft conditions, progress had been very good. Lunch was partaken of in chill sunshine on a heathery patch. Cold, driving mist obscured the sun and stirred the party to action. Half the party descended to the loch with the intention of reaching the summit by the north buttress; the other half kept up the deep snow on the Ladder and came out on the plateau into a wet, stiff breeze. Far below could be seen Ewen and Archibald, mere specks among the avalanche debris that had come down from each gully. (Among the "névé" blocks in the avalanche fans was observed one spherical mass over 10 feet in diameter. The lines of fracture where two large slab avalanches had peeled off the lower slopes—under Red Spout and Douglas gullies—were visible from the Meikle Pap Col.)

All the way to the summit footprints were plentiful, wet mist drove past, breaking now and then to reveal entrancing glimpses of heavy cornices and ice-draped rocks. The Indicator was reached by the Ladder contingent about 3.15, the others joining them soon after. The wind was bitter, but ensconced in the lee of the summit rocks the party basked in the sunshine until about 3.45. The view to the northern

corrie, with the Stuic Buttress soaring above ice-covered Loch nan Eun, was very impressive. Tumbled sunlight cloud covered the ridge, breaking away in silent cataracts to the depths below. Most enthralling, too, was the sun-splashed panorama of the whole Cairngorm range under a canopy of slow-marching clouds. Mist again enveloped the summit plateau on the return, but before the distant view was obscured an interesting picture was presented. Away to the north Beinn a' Bhùird and Ben Avon crouched below a broad band of slate-coloured cloud. Above this, brilliantly lit by the sun, was a long bank of cloud, built up into peaks, towers, and pinnacles, as if it were a great range of snow-cloud mountains.

The return journey was performed in good time, glissading on the Ladder adding to the enjoyment. In the valley the air was warm and the burns much swollen. Spital of Muick was reached at 5.30 and the run to Ballater accomplished without difficulty or a repetition of the incidents of the outward journey. At the Loirston Hotel the company were warmly welcomed by Mr and Mrs Lamond, who did everything in their power to enable wet apparel to be dried or changed, and generally make all thoroughly comfortable. A substantial tea, to which full justice was given, was tastefully served in delightfully attractive surroundings, in the presence of a fire of generous proportions. So ended a perfect day.—H. D. W.

EASTER MEET, 1936.

THE Easter Meet of the Club was held at Glencoe from Thursday, April 9, to Tuesday, April 14, 1936, and was attended by eighteen members and guests.

It should be mentioned at once that the Club was most fortunate in deciding to go to Glencoe, for three reasons. Firstly, the country was new to many of those who attended the Meet. Secondly, the nature of the mountains and the type of climbing enjoyed was quite a change from the usual experience in the Cairngorms. Thirdly, the accommodation in Ballachulish Hotel was such as to make it impossible for even the most exacting sybarite to find fault in any way, and it is well to record how hospitably the members were received by both Mr M'Queen and his manageress, Mrs Bannerman, both of whom made it a personal matter to see that everything was done to make the party thoroughly at home during the week-end.

On the Friday a party of nine made an ascent of the southern end of the Aonach Eagach ridge, from a point directly opposite Loch Achtriochtan in Glencoe. One member turned back after some 800 feet had been climbed, and the eight other members made a complete traverse of the ridge from Sgòr nam Fiannaidh (3,168 feet) over Meall Garbh to Meall Dearg (3,118 feet). The expedition was fortunate in having a very calm day with a relatively high temperature, and

although the sky remained somewhat cloudy with only occasional patches of sunshine, the view from the ridge in every direction was perfectly clear. To the north, Ben Nevis with the Càrn Mhòr Dearg arête stood out boldly and clear-cut with its unbroken mantle of snow against the somewhat grey northern sky. All the neighbouring peaks in that region were clearly visible. To the west the sun gleamed frequently on the waters between the mainland and Mull, while in the immediate surroundings of Glencoe the details of the rocky faces, snow-filled gullies, and sharp snow ridges of all the neighbouring mountains stood out perfectly. Indeed, the day was a perfect one from the point of view of visibility. In the intervals between the more difficult and often quite spectacular bits of climbing, every one would pause to gaze around upon what is undoubtedly one of the finest mountain areas in the country.

The party climbed well, no particular difficulty was encountered, although the rope was used to assist one or two members, especially at one point when a gendarme confronted the party at an extremely narrow portion of the ridge with a nasty drop beyond. By common consent, this particular stretch was christened "the dirty two hundred yards." Every one carried an ice-axe, but it must be confessed that the axes proved quite a nuisance at times, and a considerable amount of passing up and down had to be done at odd intervals, while at least three members had no slings. This error was rectified before the next day's climbing, by ingenious manipulation of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch lampwick, purchased in an emporium in Ballachulish.

The party descended by a knee-breaking slope into the gully with the stream, which comes down to the road just below the new bridge in the gorge. A certain amount of juggling with the cars took place as they had been left beside Loch Achtriochtan. The first member down kindly borrowed a car and went back to meet the last members, who were slogging down the road.

It was agreed by all that the day was one of the most pleasant, strenuous, and interesting that had been experienced by any member of the party.

On Saturday, the party having been augmented by more arrivals on Friday night, two climbs were made. A party of five ascended Buachaille Etive Mòr from a point in Glen Etive a mile south of Stob Dearg (3,345 feet), the main top of the mountain. The day was again perfect, much colder but with brilliant sunshine and white, fleecy clouds. The brightness of the snow, in the quickly passing bursts of light, was almost painful to the eyes. A strong north-west wind blew steadily all day. Rannoch lay outspread like a map, and the clearness of the view in various directions was obscured by innumerable heather fires. Four climbers were met on the summit, having ascended the Great Gully. They belonged to the Dundee Ramblers, and another two of their party were apparently far below on the Crowberry Ridge. They were not seen. From Stob Dearg a traverse of the whole ridge

southwards as far as Stob na Bròige (3,120 feet), and a long oblique descent into Glen Etive from that top, completed a day which certainly equalled the previous one from the point of view of interest, although the climbing was much less strenuous.

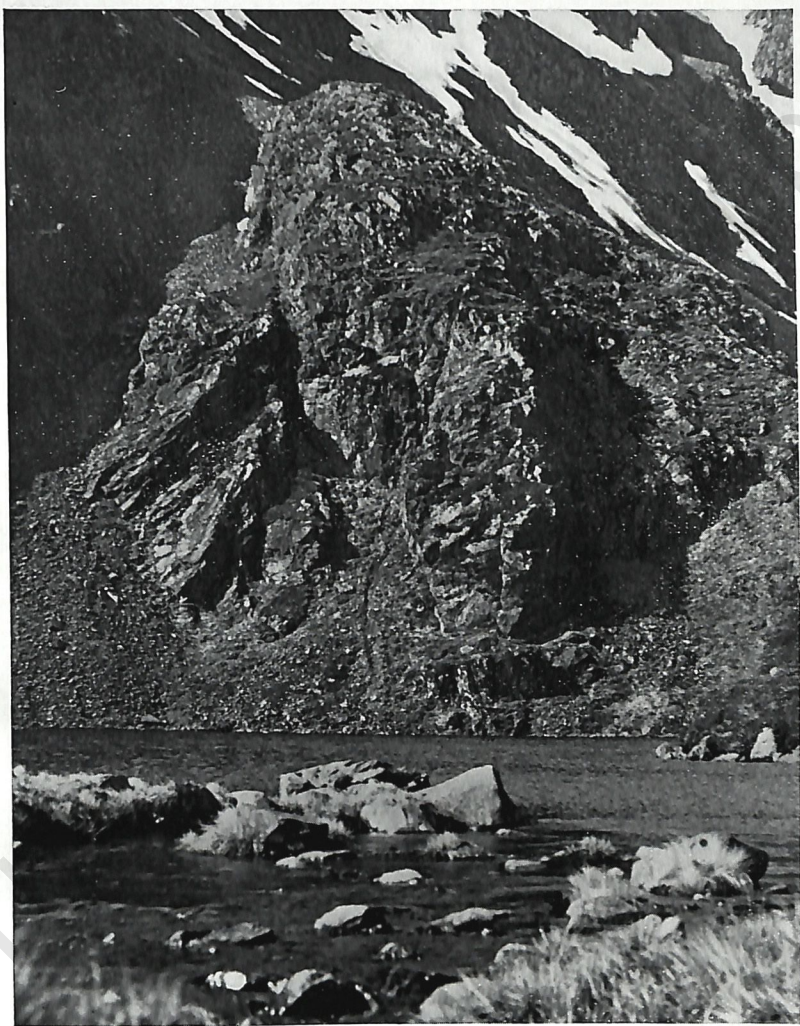
The second party motored to Kinlochleven and following the usual direct route made an ascent of Binnein Mòr, a mountain which is fairly inaccessible except from Loch Leven and one which is not visited very often. As from the Buachaille Etive, the views were perfect and the snow in good condition, with a specially perfect crest at one point. Incidentally, this mountain had been ascended by three members of the Club, Mr Parker, Mr Robert Sellar, and Dr Sellar, who had motored from their headquarters in Tyndrum on the previous day.

By Saturday night the party in the hotel had totalled eighteen, and the following day, although two strenuous days had already been accomplished, three groups set out. One party ascended Beinn a' Bheithir with its two tops, Sgòrr Dhonuill (3,284 feet) and Sgòrr Dhearg (3,362 feet). Two of the members did a snow-climb to the ridge, under excellent conditions. The remainder made the ascent by the ridge, and after a comparatively easy day returned to the hotel about 4 P.M. Four members of the party then left for home.

Two other parties attacked Bidean nam Bian. Four members made an ascent from the main corrie of the mountain to the col between An t-Sròn and the main top of Bidean itself. The weather having turned much colder, this party found the whole of the snow slope frozen hard in the sheltered north-facing corrie and any steps cut by previous parties filled level. The result was that the axe was used practically continuously, making the climb more strenuous than was anticipated, and the time-table distinctly behind calculation. Indeed, the party did not reach the top of the corrie until after 5 P.M. The second party had climbed directly up the face of An t-Sròn from the Glencoe Road. An attempt to climb a short snow gully near the top was ultimately abandoned, again because of the frozen nature of the snow, and some exciting moments were experienced in escaping off the snow slope on to very steep and rotten rocks at the side. Ultimately the summit of An t-Sròn (2,715 feet) was reached and, under magnificent conditions, the party made a complete traverse of the edge of the corrie to the main top of Bidean (3,766).

During the day no fewer than twenty-six climbers were seen at one time or another on the mountain. The view all round was perfect and the climbing conditions ideal. The second party descended by the route which they had taken on the way up, shouting encouragement to the four members still struggling on the snow slope three or four hundred feet below, and finally descending from the edge of the corrie by another snow slope a little farther to the north. This descent had to be made with care in a freezing wind in the late afternoon. Both parties were rather late in arriving back at the hotel after a most strenuous day.

D. P. L.



IN CORRIE KANDER

W. A. Ewen

IRREGULAR MEET.

A SMALL, subsidiary (*i.e.*, quite irregular) meet was held at Tyndrum over the Easter week-end. *Present*: Messrs J. A. Parker, J. A. Sellar, and R. T. Sellar. The following hills were ascended by one or more of the party: Meall Buidhe, Beinn Odhar, Sgùrr Eilde Beag, Binnein Mòr, Na Gruagaichean, Beinn Chuirn, Meall Odhar, Sròn nan Colan, and Beinn Laoigh. The most interesting trip was that to Binnein Mòr as the hill had plenty of snow and a rather sporting route was taken (by mistake) up the east face of Sgùrr Eilde Beag. On the return journey from Kinlochleven, in the gathering dusk, the Moor of Rannoch was found to be on fire "all over" and was a wonderful spectacle. No climbers were met on any of the hills except Beinn Laoigh, which was very popular, and on the summit there was standing room only and barely that. The two off days were devoted to visiting Inveraray (by car) and Arisaig (by train).

MAY HOLIDAY EXCURSION—MAY 4, 1936.

Present.—Miss E. Davidson, Messrs Duff, Hart, Middleton, Mitchell, H. D. Welsh, Miss Norrie, Mrs Duff, Mrs Hart, Mrs Fraser, Mrs Whelan, Messrs Brown, Davies, Fraser, and W. L. Welsh.

Eleven of the party started from the summit of the Cairnwell road about 11 A.M. and traversed the tops of Meall Odhar, Glas Maol, and Cairn na Glasha to the top of the precipices at Ceann Mòr (Corrie Kander), where considerable time was spent. Extensive and deep snow was crossed over the whole area and wide and clear horizons rewarded the company to the east and north. Specially impressive was the clarity of the whole Cairngorm range from Ben Avon to Beinn Bhrotain. Loch Callater was viewed from the crest above it on the west, and the return was made over Càrn an Tuirc and the corries to the north and west of Cairn na Glasha and Meall Odhar, the point of departure being reached about 7 P.M. The snow was somewhat damp and the weather conditions ideal, especially during the afternoon. Glissading was indulged in by certain of the party for the first time.

The enjoyment and interest of the excursion were enhanced by the remarks by expert members of the party upon the complicated geological features of the terrain and the evidences of weather erosion of the peat and other formations. Other interesting objects observed aroused considerable speculation, and added to the value of the excursion.—H. D. W.

COILLEBHARR HILL, ALFORD—MAY 16, 1936.

Members Present.—Mrs Hendry, Mrs J. Angus, Misses E. Davidson, E. J. Christie, H. Ross, H. M. Mearns, A. M. Pittendrigh, M. Johnston, D. Johnston, Messrs J. Angus, H. D. Griffith, W. Malcolm, H. D. Welsh. *Guests.*—Misses Cater, Hoggarth, J. Johnston.

The attendance at this excursion was disappointing, only thirteen members and three guests taking part. Most of the company travelled by special bus, while two private cars conveyed six persons. The route followed was the main road to Alford via Skene, and on to Bridge of Alford, where arrangements were made at the hotel there for tea later on. The two private cars carried on to the farm of Bithnie which lies at the base of Coillebharr on the north-east side, while the bus conveyed the rest of the party to Asloun, with the ivy-smothered castle ruin, on the east side, below which runs the Strow Burn. The accommodation road to Drumnafunner was followed till just short of that place, a field crossed, a drystone dyke scaled, and the party were on the heather. It was a dull day, with low, ragged cloud and a cold easterly wind, and visibility was very poor. The upper reach of the Strow Burn was crossed at about the 1,200-foot contour, and a short pull up through long, dusty heather led to the south top at 1,600 feet. The wind was chill and there was no view. All along the crest of the hill was the track made by carts evidently taking timber down. A short distance to the north of this top a larch plantation was entered, but it was a depressing experience. The trees were stunted and were smothered to the tops in black and grey fibrous lichen, like dirty wool. A drystone dyke running across the north face of the hill near the top was pointed out as being built by a former laird of Brux who was "out" in 1745, and to disguise himself, after his return, became a builder of stone dykes so as to escape the attentions of the soldiers. The main top, at 1,747 feet, was reached soon after, and here the contingent from Bithnie was met. Situated as it is, Coillebharr is a point from which a magnificent and varied view is obtained, but it was with great difficulty that features up to 6 miles distant could be made out. After sheltering as best as could be managed from the cold wind at the summit cairn, the company descended on the north-east side to Bithnie, crossed the Don there, and entered the bus, awaiting on the main road, for conveyance to Bridge of Alford Hotel for tea. This pleasant function over, the return journey was made to Aberdeen, which was reached at 8.30 P.M. To round off a pleasant outing two or three of the company patronised the second house at the Beach Pavilion!

There was little evidence of spring flowers on the hill, but anemone, primrose, petty whin, violet, and wood-sorrel were noticed, with inflorescence of blackberry and cranberry. Here and there on the larches on the summit were to be seen the red blooms, and low down on the north side, among the dead bracken and grey stones, the

crumpled fronds of the oak fern were thrusting up on their black stems. Gean, of course, was out in the valley, with flowering currant.

H. D. W.

CÀRN A' MHAIM, BEN MACDHUI, AND THE
SHELTER STONE—MAY 24, 1936.

Present.—Misses A. Donaldson, W. Hay, Messrs W. Malcolm, N. Dyer, E. B. Davies, E. W. Smith, H. D. Welsh.

An ideal informal excursion, in ideal conditions, to Càrn a' Mhaim and Ben Macdhuì was held on Sunday, May 24. Two cars conveyed the party from Aberdeen at 7 A.M., arriving at Derry Lodge at 9.40. Following the path to Glen Dee to about the highest point of it, beyond the Luibeg Bridge, the company took to the heather, and after an easy climb up the ridge, the cairn at 3,329 feet was reached at 11.40. The wind was somewhat cold, but the panorama presented on all sides was magnificent in its majesty, especially the great range from Beinn Bhrotain north to Braeriach. There was remarkable clarity, and the great snow-clad masses were shown up in astonishing detail. The great bulk of Ben Macdhuì, carrying abundant snow, appeared very near, and the upper part of the cliff above Lochan Uaine was clear-cut against an intense blue sky. There was a peculiar sense of height and depth experienced when one looked down into the gigantic ditch of Glen Dee. Traversing along the Càrn a' Mhaim ridge, and descending to the col to the north, the party tackled the steep slope east of the Tailors' Burn, the boulder stretch of the upper part enabling great speed to be made. The head of the Tailors' Burn was crossed over extensive and deep snow, enabling the party to come on the summit plateau just below the Sappers' Hut. The summit cairn was reached just before two o'clock. From here visibility was very good, except for a minute or two when a thin mist obscured all and shed a few hail-stones. Malcolm left the party here and descended to Derry by the Sròn Riach ridge and Glen Luibeg. The rest descended over plentiful snow by the Feith Buidhe slabs to the Shelter Stone, arriving there at 3.45. The upper reaches of the corrie here presented a very impressive appearance. Names were entered in the visitors' book, the ascent made to Loch Etchachan, and the descent of the Coire to Derry commenced. The tramp to Derry was uneventful, but the conditions were ideal. The hill masses were lighted by a soft evening glow, a tumbled sky, a soft breeze. As the old firs at the lower end of Glen Derry were reached, the soft double note of the cuckoo welcomed the party back, a fitting ending to a perfect day. The Lodge was reached at 6.30, Braemar and a welcome meal at the Invercauld about 7, and Aberdeen soon after 10.—H. D. W.

GLEN CLOVA—DREISH AND MAYAR—MAY 31, 1936.

Members Present.—Mrs Hendry, Mrs J. Angus, Mrs V. Train, Misses L. Archibald, E. J. Christie, M. Daniel, E. Davidson, C. H. Wisely, B. Bothwell, M. D. Hoggarth, R. K. Jackson, M. W. Johnston, Messrs W. Malcolm, E. W. Smith, R. L. Mitchell, J. MacHardy, T. Train, A. S. Middleton, H. D. Griffith, J. E. Bothwell, J. Angus, H. D. Welsh. *Guests.*—Misses M. Knox, A. B. Sinclair, J. Smith, Messrs E. B. Davies, G. K. Fraser, W. L. Welsh, L. A. Whelan.

Twenty-two members and seven guests left Aberdeen on May 31, at 8.30 A.M., *en route* to Glen Clova, travelling via Tannadice. There was a cold wind, with sudden squalls of rain, a sky full of bulky clouds brilliantly sunlit, with smirrs of wintry showers on the hills. The west side of Glen Esk was followed to Millton of Clova where the river was crossed, and a continuation made to Braedownie, which was reached at 11.30. From here the public path to Braemar was followed to just above the Burn of Kilbo where it enters the White Water in Glen Doll. Here the water was crossed, and a stiff pull up the grassy ridge to the rough track leading over the sky-line at the head of Kilbo, landed the party at 1.30 at an unnamed top at 2,746 feet, midway between Dreish and Mayar. On the way up, heavy showers of snow and soft hail swept down on a stinging wind out of the north, and coated the ground with white which soon melted when the sun came out. A brief halt was made here, and a short scramble through driving wintry showers led the company to the top of Mayar, at 3,043 feet, soon after two o'clock. A return was made to the first halt, and the sharp ascent to Dreish accomplished in high wind laden with snow and hail, the summit cairn was reached at 3.30. Six of the party descended to Braedownie along the crest of the crags to the bus, and the remainder carried on along the ridge south-eastwards over the Hill of Strone (2,778 feet) and Cairn Inks (2,483 feet), arriving at the Ogilvie Arms, Millton of Clova, at 5.30, after a steep descent to the river. During the whole day visibility was confined to great vistas between wintry showers. The upper corries of Glen Doll and Glen Esk with the impressive precipices and crags were very fine, especially when the wintry showers swept and swirled into and out of them. Their grimness was emphasised by the white squalls, and it was a great experience to see them under those conditions. There were long spells when the sun lit up all the slopes and corries, and the panoramas were very fine indeed, especially when rainbows blazed across the hill faces. After a substantial tea, the return journey was made via Edzell and Fettercairn without incident, except that certain members woke the echoes with selections from plantation songs, light opera, old favourites, and hymns and psalms, but nobody seemed to know the Club Song! Aberdeen was reached about 10 o'clock.—H. D. W.

SOCIAL EVENINGS.

FEBRUARY 25, 1936.

THE first Social meeting of the Club was held in the Caledonian Hotel on Tuesday, February 25. Upon the suggestion of the Secretary, Dr Semple had been approached and consented most kindly to show a large series of lantern slides, taken during a recent summer holiday in Southern Austria and Bavaria. The Club should congratulate itself upon having the privilege of seeing such a magnificent collection of really beautiful photographs. Taken with a Leica camera, every one was perfect, and it was quite obvious that Dr Semple derived great pleasure and satisfaction from his photography. He confessed that he was not himself a mountaineer, but while not making actual mountain ascents, he and Mrs Semple had penetrated far into many of the beautiful valleys of the country through which they travelled, and he showed photographs of quite a large number of the mountains, as well as most interesting and picturesque pastoral scenes in the lower parts of the valleys. He showed also several photographs of architectural detail of buildings and memorials, and one or two exceedingly fine interior pictures, chosen obviously with an eye to artistic form and balance. Dr Semple described his holiday and his pictures in a most pleasant and informal manner, and explained, almost in detail, many of the places shown in his slides.

In thanking Dr Semple for his address the President said that the Club had seen a collection of photographs, each one of which was truly a picture, not made in any haphazard manner, but taken obviously from an artistic point of view. It was quite certain that Dr Semple's address would stimulate, in some of the members present, a desire to visit Bavaria and Austria, if only for the purpose of seeing at close quarters the magnificent scenery and truly wonderful mountains of that part of Europe. In the region round the Dolomites alone there were some of the finest mountain climbs and most sensational views in the whole of Europe.

The President also expressed the hope that the Club would again see some of Dr Semple's photographs, and asked the members present to accord him a most hearty vote of thanks.—D. P. L.

MARCH 25, 1936.

THE second Social meeting of the Club was held in the Caledonian Hotel on Wednesday, March 25, when a large attendance of members enjoyed a talk by Dr William Brown.

Dr Brown, who was introduced by the President, showed a most interesting set of slides made from photographs which he had taken in

and around Braemar some twenty-five years ago. The climate then must have been much more severe, and snowstorms such as have been experienced this winter were the rule rather than the exception. Dr Brown showed magnificent views of stretches of the frozen Dee, and he had some particularly fine photographs of trees covered with hoar frost. Of great interest, too, were his pictures of deer, most of which were obtained at the expense of long, cold waits in the snow beside their feeding places. Dr Brown's talk was always interesting and sparkled with gleams of dry Scotch humour.

Dr J. R. Levack, in thanking the speaker, said that Dr Brown combined artistry with his photography to an unusual degree, and called for a vote of thanks which was warmly accorded.—J. S. C.

NOTES.

THE Lochnagar excursions having proved almost wholly unsuccessful, it may be time to consider whether these might be held later, with greater profit. Snow conditions vary, however, to such an extent that it is impossible to rule out the chances of excellent snow-climbing conditions in early February. The excursion arranged by Mrs Hendry on March 22 was favoured with better weather conditions, but the snow was unusually bad.

The May Holiday excursion to the Cairnwell district was poorly attended, the party being largely H. D. Welsh and his guests. Many parties took advantage of the long week-end to go farther afield, and there is a suggestion that the usual day excursion be replaced by a week-end meet. This would allow members to make fullest use of the week-end and would probably attract those unable to attend the Easter Meet. The time, however, would appear to be too short for a meet at a distance and the more popular of the nearer hills are absurdly overcrowded. On the occasion of the recent holiday, the final pyramid of Lochnagar was virtually inaccessible.

We are much indebted to Miss Elisabeth Rüttimeyer for her account of her Traverse of Monte Rosa; Miss Rüttimeyer is President of the Ladies' Section of the Basle Alpine Club. Our thanks are also due to Mr Whelan for his description and illustrations of the Alps of North Island, New Zealand. While Mr Whelan will probably miss the excitement of being pursued downhill by hot boulders, apparently a not altogether unheard-of occurrence down under, we hope that he will remain with us long enough to see the Cairngorms under better weather conditions.

Messrs J. and J. Bisset, of Ballater, have again courteously placed at our disposal a picture of an early Club Meet. We have to thank Swiss Federal Railways for permission to reproduce the view of the Matterhorn and German State Railways for the picture of Titisee.

The tail-pieces are by our new member, Mr T. Train.

The following additions have been made to the Library :—

- "The Alps in Nature and History," by W. A. B. Coolidge.
- "Walking in the Grampians," by Charles Plumb.
- "Songs of Skye: an Anthology," by B. H. Humble. Presented by the Author.
- "Wayfaring Around Scotland," by B. H. Humble. Presented by the Author.
- "S.M.C. Guide to Ben Nevis" (Revised Edition). (Two copies.)
- The Alpine Journal*, Nos. 249 (Nov. 1934), 250 (May 1935), 251 (Nov. 1935).
- The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, Vol. XX., Nos. 118, 119, 120; Vol. XXI., No. 121.

The Rucksack Club Journal, 1935.

The American Alpine Club Journal, 1935.

The Italian Alpine Club Journal, 1935.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, Vol. IV., No. 22, 1936.

The Scottish Geographical Magazine, 1934, 1935, 1936 (March).

The Moray Mountaineering Club Journal, Vol. I., No. 1.

The Scottish Ski Club Journal, 1935.

FOR SALE.

The Cairngorm Club Journal, Volumes I. to X. inclusive, to the year 1923 (bound); subsequent numbers to July 1933, loose. Particulars may be had from the Hon. Editor.

CLOUDBURST IN THE CAIRNGORMS.

DESCENDING from Monadh Mor via Glen Geusachan in July 1935, two members observed traces of heavy flooding on the south side of the burn about three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the glen. An extensive fan of detritus, composed of sand and boulders, some very large, stretched along the bank of the burn for some five hundred paces. The bulk of this material was at the west end, where the torrent had gouged out for itself a deep channel on the slopes of Beinn Bhrotain. Enquiry at Mr A. Grant, Glen Lui, and elsewhere, elicited the following facts:—

The cloudburst occurred on June 24, 1935. On that date heavy rain—"we think," Mr Grant says, "the heaviest we ever saw"—fell at Glen Lui; the Lui rose rapidly, as also the Dee, which showed heavy discoloration even at the Aberdeen Waterworks. The rainfall lower down the valley was negligible.

Details of the storm were given in the *Scotsman* of June 25. The north-east was not mentioned. Further interesting details appeared in "The Weather of June" in the July 20 issue of the *Scotsman*, which reported exceptionally heavy rainstorms during the night of June 23 and early morning of June 24. The Tay valley and Glasgow suffered most severely, the storm, although of brief duration, causing considerable damage and flooding.

On the afternoon of June 24 one of our members had the honour of rescuing a lady marooned on an island near Pannanich, by the sudden and unexpected rise of the Dee.

The *Scotsman* gives, among others, the following rainfall figures:—

Aberdeen	<i>Nil.</i>
Balmoral	0·03 inches.
Braemar	0·28 "
Derry Lodge	1·04 "
Blair Atholl	2·00 "
Pitlochry	2·55 "
Aberfeldy	4·25 "



THE CAIRNGORM CLUB. AUTUMN EXCURSION, 1889.

ON CAC CÀRN BEAG, LOCHNAGAR.

A CLUB MEET, 1889

J. and J. Bisset, Ballater

REVIEWS.

Two Alpine Journals, Nos. 250 (May 1935) and 251 (November 1935).

Let us confess at the beginning that, in the course of a varied career, we have never before attempted to review anything, not even the rival school magazine, far less such an august and honoured periodical as *The Alpine Journal*. Furthermore, we consistently postpone everything to the last possible moment, this despite laudable attempts to have us guided into the narrow way that leads to virtue and punctuality. Although the Editor, in his optimism, promptly handed us the Journals under review very soon after publication, zero day for notices is almost upon us and very little done about it. With such claims on the indulgence of readers as the above may justify, let us to business.

As usual with our leading mountaineering journal, the range is world wide. An examination of the contents calls to mind Horace's tribute to Mæcenas: "We shall follow thee," he writes in the first epode, "whether it be over the mountain ridges of the Alps and the savage Caucasus or even as far as the most remote corner of the west." Had the poet included the Himalayas, he could not have indicated better the universal reach of the quest for mountain adventure in these days.

The earlier number is launched with the Valedictory Address of the retiring President, a valuable review of all matters of importance that have taken place in the mountaineering world in the previous three years. Despite the rapid growth of guideless climbing since the War, the advice here given to the younger generation is to have "one or two seasons in the Alps with first-rate guides to teach them the fundamental technicalities." Coupled with this is the desideratum that Switzerland reduce all expenses, just as Austria has done. An emphatic protest is entered against the practice now established in one Continental country of subsidising feats of exceptional recklessness, a practice which notoriously makes for "the most objectionable and fatal form of professionalism," but also inevitably leads to an increase in the number of accidents, as the past year has shown.

The Coast Range of British Columbia receives considerable attention. One article deals with a crossing of this comparatively unknown range and is illustrated by photographs reproduced on tinted paper. The effect is glowing and pleasing. The second article covers several seasons' climbing, always with the ultimate object of attaining the summit of "Mystery Mountain" (Mount Waddington), and a measure of success was gained when the N.W. (snow) peak was climbed. The true summit, consisting of a rock tower of which there is a superb illustration taken from the N.W. peak, will doubtless succumb, but we may echo the hope expressed by the writer that "enthusiasm will be tempered with sound judgment." Already one life has been sacrificed.

With an amplitude of reference and detail which excites admiration, Professor Graham Brown describes the reconnaissance and ascent of twin-topped Mount Foraker, Alaska. The expedition seems to have been a model one. Only one mishap occurred throughout, when one of the party went through the crust of a crevasse, "like a condemned man." To atone for such a lamentable lack of incident, the author has a very amusing section at the end of the first part of his paper, entitled "Intercurrent Critique." Rock climbers with the requisite funds and leisure should note that the Endicott Range in the far north of Alaska extends five or six hundred miles from east to west, glaciers are almost non-existent although the district is well within the Arctic Circle, and—think of it, ye devotees of the Cuillin!—the annual precipitation is said to be less than 12 inches.

It is probable that the small, self-contained party living as far as possible off the country will be the rule rather than the exception in future expeditions to the yet unexplored ranges. Eric Shipton gives a modest account of the very successful attempt to penetrate to the inner sanctuary of the Nanda Devi basin and to discover a feasible route up Nanda Devi itself, the highest mountain in the British Empire. We share Shipton's hope that a small party will eventually tackle the climb "in the spirit of a sporting venture."

Brief mention may be made of two accounts of exploration in the Caucasus, and a breezy article on "The Shores of Baffin Bay." A landmark on the coast of N.W. Greenland, called The Devil's Thumb (amazing how off-hand His Satanic Majesty seems to have been in leaving portions of his effects or his anatomy any odd where all over the globe!), afforded an interesting climb although the start was not propitious—"a smooth, greasy wall, at least 200 feet high, that would repulse anyone but an ironmonger." Needless to say, this party did not frequent the hardware store.

The important question of mountain nomenclature crops up more than once. We find on the one hand the existence of an Indian name for Mount Foraker, namely, Denali's Queen (Denali being the native name for Mount M'Kinley), and are not surprised that Professor Brown puts forward a plea to retain the earlier name. At the other extreme is Peak "K36" of the Karakorams. A writer on climbing in North Persia notes that "the local inhabitants have no qualms about inventing names when they do not know the real ones"—hence the joys of a topographer's life. The supposed Tibetan or Nepalese name of Mount Everest is discussed and the conclusion is that there is no native name for the actual peak on either side of the range. The eminently appropriate and poetic word, Chomolungma, meaning "Goddess Mother of the Mountain Snows," is not current in Tibet and there is doubt as to whether Chomolungma, which General Bruce claims to be in use on the Nepalese slopes, applies to a district rather than a specific mountain or range.—A. W. C.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, Vol. XX., No. 120.

On picking up this *Journal* and glancing through the table of contents, one is struck by the disproportion between the number of articles and the mass of Reviews, Notes, Excursions, and Proceedings of which it is composed. The last part of the number definitely exhales an atmosphere of enthusiasm. At the same time, Meet reports, in general a jungle of names—mountains and men—are nearly as diverting as the procession of “a’s” and “b’s” in a binomial expansion! The criticism applies to most of our journals, not least to our Scottish publications.

Again, it is interesting to note the number of times the initials C. W. P. appear in the issue. This tells a lucid story! We would like to pay tribute to the retiring Editor, Mr C. W. Parry, for the able way in which he has maintained the standard of the *S.M.C.J.*

Reverting to articles, which should occupy the body of any journal, we were pleasantly engrossed by Mr Gall Inglis’ reminiscences; interested in Mr Solly’s research into the history of Ossian’s Cave; transported in imagination to the crags of Nevis in the company of Messrs Williams and Bell. We felt a doubtful pride in the exactitudes of surveying in reading Mr Parker’s able exposition on the correct height of Slioch. It seemed as if Mr Scott’s “Lowlands” might prove engaging on closer acquaintance, but this idea was slowly dispelled, and we went to sleep over Mr Donald’s useful catalogue of tops.

The photographs with which the *Journal* is copiously illustrated are particularly fine and well up to the *S.M.C.’s* high standard in pictorial art.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, Vol. XXI., No. 121.

It is sad to think, and we say it with regret, that the best article in this issue is a mutilated reprint. Some of us may remember how, in one of our schoolboy weeklies, Buffalo Bill on horseback, chased by a whole tribe of Indians in full war-paint, fell over a cliff and was left, presumably in mid-air, until the following week. In due course we were thrilled to discover that he had not sustained any vital injury but had suffered only a temporary suspension among the boughs of a mountain ash growing out of a crevice halfway down the precipice. To convert an article, a piece of literary history like “Benighted on the Moor of Rannoch,” into serial form is equally unforgivable. As a boy I could wait my week (I had to, perforce) to find out how Colonel Cody fared on the mountain face. In this case I found my patience unequal to the task of waiting six months for the next instalment, and as a result have read the complete story as it was originally published. The recent tendency to include “to be continued” articles in the *S.M.C.J.* is to be deplored, except, perhaps, in the case of such a series as “Scottish Mountaineering and its Relation to Mountaineering Abroad.” As a result of this innovation a very valuable collection of essays by different authorities may be compiled. Mr Ling’s introduction to the series, “The General Aspect,” presents a very brief and orthodox general outlook.

Mr Orr's article on "The Campsie Fells" is the kind of text of which we should like to see more. This is a most readable, excellently arranged, and well illustrated introduction to the climbing possibilities of a lesser-known group of Scottish hills. "Twelve Hours Up," an account of a winter ascent of the Crowberry Gully by J. K. W. Dunn, is an all too brief story of a climb where three men were not to be beaten, neither by adverse conditions nor by darkness.

The rest of the *Journal* is indifferent. The present reviewer finds it difficult to understand the inclusion of such articles as "Man, it's Great!" and "Hummel Doddies." With the exception of Mr Donald's fine picture, "On Beinn Laoigh," a similar criticism has to be unwillingly passed on the photographs illustrating the number.

G. R. S.

The Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. VIII., No. 2, 1936.

The Rucksack Club Journal is as beautifully produced and as delightfully varied in its contents as ever. The illustrations, one or two of which are very striking, all reach a high level of excellence.

Few Journals can make so wide an appeal as the *Rucksack*, the Editor's policy being to provide readable essays rather than factual or technical articles. Among many good articles of lively interest, it is difficult to single out one or two as most worthy of mention. A diagnosis of Munrovisitis by John Wilding will appeal to all Scottish readers, whatever their creed. The writer's preference is for a hobby without finality—and Munros, of course, are limited to some 280! The author justly remarks, however, that some of our finest hills are apt to be neglected because they do not reach the magic height.

"A Short-cut to Glen Brittle," from Mallaig via Soay, turns out badly, after an auspicious start; trawler transport leaves something to chance, even when the trawler is as handsomely named as the "Minerva." J. A. Stewart invests his subject, "Mountain Buildings," with much interest, and "Alpine Scholar" is a vivid and amusing account of a first Alpine ascent. On the technical side, there are articles on "Glacier Ski-ing"—not too technical—and "Use the Rope," an able and comprehensive paper on rope management. The usual Club Notes, Proceedings, and Reviews make up a highly interesting number.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal, Vol. VI., No. 22.

This number is devoted largely to Caves and Caving and may appear to hold little of interest to those whose experience of caves is limited to small recesses in the dour granite. As one of these, I can say at once that such is very far from being the case. While I had previously regarded caving as a sort of indoor amusement, only distantly related to mountaineering, this and other caving Journals has effected a very complete change in my views. Mountaineering seems a very tame form of exploration when one reads that the really serious cave explorer is

prepared to blow his way in—and, presumably, *in extremis*, out!—with gelignite. And diving, as a means of entrance, is not entirely unknown.

Perhaps the best picture of the technical difficulties involved is to be had in an article on a cave rescue, and “The Underground Course of the Monastir River” is interesting to the uninitiated for the same reason. Cave scenery is very finely described in “The Royal Grotto of Postumia”—near Trieste. With electric light, eight miles of paths and a miniature train, exploration may be carried out in comfort. Two hundred thousand people visit it annually, and the writer’s verdict is that “it ranks with such renowned sights as the colossal Grand Canyon of Colorado, the exquisite Fuji-yama of Japan, or the peerless snowclad Himalaya viewed from Darjeeling.”

One of “The Caves of Majorca,” however, can go one better. As well as being lit and made accessible by road and boat, classical music is supplied.

The Ramblers do, on occasion, come to the surface, and two of them describe a guideless fortnight in the Lepontine Alps. The peaks around Binn, some of them over 10,000 feet, are ideal training ground for the beginner. The Editor describes a tour of Sutherland, in which several Munros are bagged. The tour was done in a modern low-slung car, so that some difficulties were experienced on the by-roads.

“On the Hills” records the Ramblers’ activities in various parts of the world, and there are extensive notes on recent cave exploration. And, just in case you did not credit the gelignite, it is here recorded that, on one occasion, “30 lbs. of gelignite lifted the evening congregation of Priddy Church six inches into the air.” Clearly a sport with endless possibilities.—W. A. E.

The Moray Mountaineering Club Journal, Vol. I., No. 1, 1935.

The Moray Club Journal is the latest new-comer to the ranks of the mountaineering Journals; our best wishes go to the Editor. The first number appears to be a very full account of the Club’s meets and outings, which are both numerous and well attended. Among the best articles are Mr Affieck Gray’s account of a walk “Across Rannoch to Glen Coe,” and “In the Hebrides, North Uist,” by A. Stewart.

“A Botanist on Ben Wyvis” and “Scottish Hill Birds,” both interesting, explain themselves, and the only other general article of note is a description of a walking tour from Muir of Ord to Loch Duich. For the rest, the *Journal* is largely devoted to records of Club affairs.

Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide: Ben Nevis (Revised Edition), 1936.

Dr G. Graham Macphee has performed the revision of the Ben Nevis Guide most thoroughly and altogether admirably.

Similar in plan to its predecessor, Part 1 (23 pp.) has chapters on Flora, Fauna, and Geology, etc., while Part 2 is devoted to descriptions of climbing routes.

Part 1 calls for no comment, being inevitably a condensed repetition of the original. Part 2 is greatly enlarged, covering much recent exploration, in which Dr Macphee himself has played a very large part.

Each route, new and old, is described concisely under summer and winter conditions, and the volume is profusely illustrated with photographs and diagrams. In addition to the panoramic photographs in the text, Mr James Shearer's panoramic views from the summit are bound in at the end of the volume.

The new edition considerably enhances the reputation of Ben Nevis as the best all-the-year-round climbing ground, there being some amazing and some amusing differences reported between summer and winter difficulties.

It would appear that Dr Macphee has visited practically all the climbs described, adding many new ones. Further revision or addition will not be required for many years.—W. A. E.

Wayfaring Around Scotland, by B. H. Humble (Herbert Jenkins, 2s. 6d.), falls, perhaps, between the two stools of the exhaustively informative and the pleasantly personal. The book is, however, bound to be useful to those who, wishing to holiday in wild Scotland and waste no time of their fortnight or so, prefer to have their holiday planned for them. In plan it may be described as a guide to the Scottish Youths' Hostels and to the walks, scenery, and mountains in their vicinity. The author shows extensive and usually accurate knowledge of the ground he himself has covered, although there are several mistakes of minor importance, and a Cairngorm enthusiast may grudge the omission of the Glen Feshie and Lairig an Laoigh walks. The volume is also valuable for its chapters on Mountain Indicators and on Books for Trampers.—C. M.

The Technique of Alpine Mountaineering. (Publication of the Uto Section of the S.A.C. English edition adapted by members of the Association of British Members of the S.A.C.) 6½ by 4½ in., 74 pp., with 68 line diagrams.

This little volume is a translation of the treatise on the Technique of Alpinism compiled by experts of the Uto Section of the S.A.C. There are many more pretentious, more comprehensive works on the art of mountaineering. This presents the essentials with clarity and economy. The line diagrams supplementing the text are also beautifully clear. The information includes general hints on walking and climbing, rock-climbing, snow-climbing, route finding, and on the uses of the prismatic compass. All climbers will find this a thoroughly useful publication. It may be had from the Hon. Librarian, A.B.M.S.A.C., 32 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, price 2s. 6d.—W. A. E.

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