

The
Cairngorm Club Journal



1889-1939

VOL. XV.

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The Cairngorm Club Journal

The Cairngorm Club Journal

EDITED BY
WILLIAM A. EWEN

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The Cairngorm Club

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The Cairngorm Club, 1947.

FOUNDED JUNE 23, 1887.

(Constituted January 9, 1889.)

LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS AND MEMBERS.

PAST HONORARY PRESIDENTS:

VISCOUNT BRYCE OF DECHMONT, 1889-1922.
JOHN NORMAN COLLIE, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., 1922-42.
JAMES A. PARKER, B.Sc., 1945-46.

PAST PRESIDENTS:

ALEXANDER COPLAND, 1889-90.
CHARLES RUXTON, 1891-92.
Rev. Professor CAMERON, D.D., 1893-94.
ROBERT ANDERSON, 1895-97.
Rev. ROBERT SEMPLE, 1898-99.
WILLIAM PORTER, 1900-01.
ROBERT HARVEY, 1902-03.
JOHN MCGREGOR, 1904-06.
JAMES A. HADDEN, 1907-09.
JOHN CLARKE, M.A., 1910-12.
THOMAS R. GILLIES, 1913-18.
JOHN R. LEVACK, M.B., C.M., 1919-24.
WILLIAM GARDEN, M.A., B.L., 1925-27.
JAMES A. PARKER, B.Sc., 1928-30.
JAMES MCCOSS, 1931-33.
WILLIAM MALCOLM, 1934-35.
DAVID P. LEVACK, 1936-38.
HUGH D. WELSH, 1939-46.

PRESIDENT:

EDWARD BIRNIE REID, O.B.E., 1947.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

WILLIAM A. EWEN, 1947.
RUTH K. JACKSON, 1947.

HONORARY SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

WILLIAM GARDEN, 18 Golden Square, Aberdeen. 1932.
Phone 7960-7961.

HONORARY EDITOR:

WILLIAM A. EWEN, 242 Mid Stocket Road, Aberdeen. 1934.
Phone 1446.

HONORARY LIBRARIAN:

ROBERT L. MITCHELL, 19 Seafield Drive East, Aberdeen. 1945.
Phone 7487.

HONORARY MEETS SECRETARY:

EDWIN W. SMITH, 6 Viewfield Avenue, Aberdeen. 1947.
Phone 6067.

COMMITTEE:

R. H. CALVERT, 1945.	H. M. E. DUNCAN, 1947.
W. MALCOLM, 1946.	ADA ADAMS, 1947.
H. D. WELSH, 1947.	J. H. CRAWFORD, 1947.
W. M. DUFF, 1947.	G. A. TAYLOR, 1947.
H. J. BUTCHART, 1947.	F. W. ALEXANDER, 1947.
	(<i>Junior Meets Secy.</i>)

LIST OF MEMBERS.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

- 1892 Robert M. Williamson, LL.D. (*Hon. Pres.*, 1947), 22 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

† *Signifies a life member.*

* *A junior member.*

- 1943 Ada A. Adams, 54 Cattofield Place, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1947.)
1946 *Francis W. Alexander, 34 Chapel Street, Aberdeen. (*Jun. Meets Secy.*, 1947.)
1943 H. Gavin Alexander, 14 Harlaw Road, Aberdeen.
1935 James Alexander, Clifton House, Newmill, Keith.
1924 William M. Alexander, Monearn, Cults, Aberdeen. (*V.P.*, 1930-32.)
1945 John Allan, The Neuk, Don Mouth Crescent, Aberdeen.
1943 D. Allison, c/o Union Bank of Scotland, 21 Holburn Street, Aberdeen.
1925 Dr A. Greig Anderson, 11 Albyn Terrace, Aberdeen.
1920 David Anderson, 31 Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen.
1932 David M. Andrew, 51 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.
1931 John Angus, 11 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.
1938 Miss Edwina Angus, "Glenlui," Ballater.
1938 Miss Hilda Angus, "Glenlui," Ballater.
1911 †Miss Mary Angus, "Immeriach," Blackness Road, Dundee.
1933 Mrs Angus, 11 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.
1939 Alexander E. Anton, 63 Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.
1947 Miss Ann F. W. Arthur, 27 Oakhill Road, Aberdeen.
1943 J. D. Auld, "Rothmaise," Muchalls, Aberdeen.

1946 Mrs P. M. Badenach-Nicolson, Glenbervie House, Drumlithie.
1943 Miss Dorothy Bain, 47 Victoria Street, Aberdeen.
1943 Dr Marjorie Bain, 47 Victoria Street, Aberdeen.
1934 Robert Bain, 25 Ruthriehill Road, Bucksburn.
1947 *Miss Noel C. B. Barker, 9 Louisville Avenue, Aberdeen.
1945 J. W. Baxter (S.M.C.), 4 Beaconsfield Place, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1945-46.)
1946 *Miss Margaret S. Beaton, 95 Willowbank Road, Aberdeen.
1940 George A. Beck-Slenn, c/o Union Bank of Scotland, 166 Market Street, Aberdeen.
1935 C. R. Beverley, 230 Wilmslow Road, Cheadle, Cheshire.
1927 †Mrs J. C. Blacklaw, 36 Albyn Place, Aberdeen.
1928 Mrs Helen Blair, 15 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
1931 James R. Blair, 15 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
1927 James E. Bothwell (S.M.C.), 139 Forest Avenue, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1928-31; 1934-37; *V.P.*, 1938-46.)
1946 N. A. Bowen, Maths. Department, King's College, Aberdeen.
1941 John W. Bower, Auquharney House, Hatton, Aberdeenshire.
1943 John Boyes, Sutherland Dental School, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
1946 *Miss M. Noel Brebner, 62 Carden Place, Aberdeen.
1945 *Ian M. Brooker, 49 Anderson Drive, Aberdeen.
1897 Sheriff A. R. Brown, Fernhill, Bothwell, Lanarkshire.
1934 Miss Lena G. Browne, 58 Mile End Avenue, Aberdeen.
1913 Lt.-Col. H. J. Butchart (S.S.C.), 46 Don Street, Old Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1947.)
1941 Miss J. B. M. Butchart, 46 Don Street, Old Aberdeen.

- 1930 Dr G. F. Cables, Rossland Bank, 76 Pettycur Road, Kinghorn, Fife.
 1934 R. Howard Calvert, 30 Norfolk Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1945.)
 1946 A. Ross Cameron, 12 Carden Place, Aberdeen.
 1933 †Miss Margaret E. Cameron, South View, Elgin.
 1926 Archibald C. Campbell, 118 Anderson Drive S., Aberdeen.
 1936 J. S. Cardno, Woodview Cottage, Stonehaven.
 1937 †Alex. W. Carle, Dist. Mech. Engineer, O. & T. Rly., Samastipur, Bihar, India.
 1916 Mrs G. J. Catto, 101 Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.
 1947 Miss E. H. P. Chalmers, Green Arbour, Cove Bay.
 1946 *Antony Champion, 8 Braid Avenue, Edinburgh.
 1947 Mrs M. A. N. Chapman, Ashdown Place, Forest Row, Sussex.
 1933 A. W. Clark, 67 N. Hamilton Street, Kilmarnock.
 1936 Douglas F. Clark, 46 Watson Street, Aberdeen.
 1929 George F. Collie, 1 East Craibstone Street, Aberdeen.
 1897 †Edred M. Corner (S.M.C.), Stratton End, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
 1947 Frederick E. Coull, 5 Argyll Crescent, Aberdeen.
 1946 James Crawford, 63 Clifton Road, Aberdeen.
 1935 John H. F. Crawford, Ashley House, Ashley Gardens, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1946.)
 1935 Mrs L. M. Crawford, 63 Clifton Road, Aberdeen.
 1947 Miss M. C. Craze, 61 Union Grove, Aberdeen.
 1926 George Cumming, 6 Carnegie Crescent, Aberdeen.
 1947 *A. E. G. Curle, Newtonhill, Kincardineshire.
- 1947 *Brian Dale, Newton Dee, Bieldside, Aberdeen.
 1946 J. M. Dalglish, 26 Argyll Place, Aberdeen.
 1928 Miss Mary Daniel, 31 Mount Street, Aberdeen.
 1930 H. G. Dason, B.E.M. (S.M.C.), Cambus O' May Hotel, Cambus O' May. (*Com.*, 1933-36.)
 1936 Miss E. L. Davidson, 85 Osborne Place, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1937-45.)
 1936 Miss Netta Y. Dick, 45 Whitehall Road, Aberdeen.
 1947 *Miss Dorothy Dickson, 17 Summerfield Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1938 Mrs J. A. Dickson, 99 Duncruin Street, Gilshochill, Glasgow, N.W.
 1947 *Miss Isobel Donald, 5 Carden Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1935 Miss Anna Donaldson, Guisachan, Cults, Aberdeen.
 1935 Miss Maisie Donaldson, Guisachan, Cults, Aberdeen.
 1942 Miss G. R. Douglas, 10 Selwyn House, Landsdowne Terrace, London, W.C.1.
 1921 David S. P. Douglas (S.M.C.), 55 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1925-28.)
 1936 W. M. Duff, 17 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1947.)
 1912 J. C. Duffus, 7 Golden Square, Aberdeen.
 1947 *William R. Duguid, 62 Morningside Avenue, Aberdeen.
 1940 Alexander F. Duncan, 13 Dean Road, Kilmarnock.
 1894 George Duncan, C.B.E., LL.D. (S.M.C.), 60 Hamilton Place, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1899-1906.)
 1931 Miss Helen M. E. Duncan, 60 Hamilton Place, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1947.)
 1928 Sheriff J. Lindsay Duncan, 34 London Road, Kilmarnock.
 1946 Dr J. V. G. Durnin, 38 Forest Avenue, Aberdeen.
 1933 †Norman F. Dyer, 251 Mid Stocket Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1937-46.)
- 1947 Mrs Ann Edge, Lochiel, Boat-of-Garten.
 1947 James T. Edmond, 73 Braemar Place, Aberdeen.
 1926 Miss Una M. Ellis-Fermor, 12 Abbey Road Mansions, St John's Wood, London, N.W.8.

- 1928 †Mrs A. E. Esslemont, 114 Kenton Lane, Kenton Harrow, Middlesex.
 1944 Miss A. E. Esslemont, Station House, Station Road, Woodside.
 1937 Miss C. G. Esslemont, 21 Louisvill Avenue, Aberdeen.
 1946 G. B. Esslemont, 35 Carlaverock Road, Glasgow, S.3.
 1938 Ian K. M. Esslemont, R.N.W.T. Station, Daniel's Head, Bermuda.
 1943 R. B. Evans, 219 Daventry Road, Coventry.
 1931 William A. Ewen (S.M.C.), *Hon. Editor*, 242 Mid Stocket Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1931-34; *Editor*, 1934; *V.P.*, 1947.)
- 1946 Mrs H. Fenwick, Kinwarton Rectory, Alcester, Warwickshire.
 1946 Miss Frances Fettes, 19 Polmuir Road, Aberdeen.
 1945 Brian Finn, Lathallan School, Colinsburgh, Fife.
 1938 Roger J. C. Fleming, Cairnbaan, Bielside, Aberdeen.
 1945 *Charles A. Fraser, Mansewood, Hamilton.
 1900 James Fraser, 35 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen.
 1938 Miss Mary G. Fyfe, 16 Hosefield Avenue, Aberdeen.
- 1939 Dr R. P. Gammie, The Croft, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.
 1918 Mrs Garden, 4 Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1896 William Garden (A.C., S.M.C.), *Hon. Secy. and Treas.*, 4 Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1911-22; *Pres.*, 1925-27; *Com.*, 1928-31; *Secy.*, 1932.)
 1932 Mrs A. W. Garrow, 246 Rosemount Place, Aberdeen.
 1935 Dr F. C. Garrow, 246 Rosemount Place, Aberdeen.
 1939 Dr H. H. I. Glennie, address unknown.
 1933 James Gove, 15 King's Gate, Aberdeen.
 1897 †J. R. Leslie Gray, 11 Greenhill Terrace, Edinburgh.
 1933 Maitland H. Gray, "Dunriach," West Cults, Aberdeen.
 1946 T. S. Gray, St Peter's Rectory, Fraserburgh.
 1942 J. Clement Greswell, "Brooklands," Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex.
 1932 H. D. Griffith, 21 Gladstone Place, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1936-45.)
- 1943 Lord Malcolm A. Douglas Hamilton, 4 Regent Terrace, Edinburgh.
 1946 Robert L. Harper, 14 Raeden Park Road, Aberdeen.
 1932 Robert Hart, The Macaulay Institute, Craigiebuckler, Aberdeen.
 1927 A. Leslie Hay (S.M.C.), 47 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1929-31; *V.P.*, 1935-38.)
 1931 Mrs A. L. Hay, 47 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen.
 1932 †Miss Wilhelmina Hay, c/o Miss Laing, 115 Great Southern Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1937-45.)
 1920 Dr George Hendry, 93 West Church Street, Buckie.
 1928 Mrs A. C. Hendry, 7 Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1927 Dr J. Leith Hendry, 7 Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1939 †Dr W. T. Hendry, 7 Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1935 Miss Marion Hoggarth, 17 Gladstone Place, Aberdeen.
 1926 Herbert Holl, 71 The Close, Norwich.
 1919 Arthur R. Horne, Regent House, Regent Quay, Aberdeen.
 1934 A. S. Howie, 49 Balmoral Road, Aberdeen.
 1947 Frank Howie, 98 Irvine Place, Aberdeen.
 1946 *Ivor W. Howitt, 11 Northfield Place, Aberdeen.
 1940 Miss Lavinia Hunter, 17 Gartmore Road, Paisley.
 1944 Ian M. Hustwick, 416 King Street, Aberdeen.
 1930 †William D. Hutcheon, Craighill, Turriff. (*Com.*, 1937-38.)
- 1947 Andrew Insch, 24 Northfield Place, Aberdeen.

- 1928 Miss Ruth K. Jackson, 314 Queen's Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1936-37; 1945-46; *V.P.*, 1947.)
- 1926 J. Patrick Jeffrey, Hallfield, Mid Stocket Road, Aberdeen.
- 1934 Mrs H. M. M. Jessamine, 207 Great Western Road, Aberdeen.
- 1930 Miss M. W. Johnston, 23 Stanley Street, Aberdeen.
- 1937 A. W. Kemp, Ardlair, Montgarrie, Alford.
- 1938 Miss Margaret Knox, 15 Bonnymuir Place, Aberdeen.
- 1931 Miss Edith Laing, 4 Bonaccord Crescent, Aberdeen.
- 1946 Miss Elizabeth J. Lawrence, 178 Crown Street, Aberdeen.
- 1917 Dr David P. Levack, C.B.E. (S.M.C.), 37 Forest Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1919-23; 1932-33; 1937-45; *V.P.*, 1933-35; *Pres.*, 1935-37.)
- 1917 Dr J. W. Levack (S.M.C.), 10 Golden Square, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1924-27.)
- 1938 Garth Lorimer, 19 Hartington Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1938-46.)
- 1937 A. Osborne Lovelock, Craigowrie, Boat-of-Garten.
- 1919 A. C. W. Lowe, Lochiel, Boat-of-Garten.
- 1944 John Lunn, 13 Egmont Avenue, Stony Stratford, Bletchley, Bucks.
- 1946 *A. D. Lyall, 3 Carden Place, Aberdeen.
- 1936 H. McArthur, 23 Mount Ararat Road, Richmond.
- 1936 Mrs McArthur, 23 Mount Ararat Road, Richmond.
- 1912 James McCoss (S.M.C.), 448 Union Street, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1919-23; 1925-28; 1934-36; *Pres.*, 1931-33.)
- 1936 Charles McCowan, Boat of Garten Hotel, Boat-of-Garten.
- 1939 J. B. McDonald, 47 Saltoun Place, Fraserburgh.
- 1939 Ranald R. MacDonald (S.M.C.), 80 Angusfield Avenue, Aberdeen.
- 1947 George McGillivray, Meadowbank, West Albert Road, Kirkcaldy.
- 1947 *Archibald M. McGregor, 35 Gray Street, Aberdeen.
- 1946 *James A. McGregor, 35 Gray Street, Aberdeen.
- 1932 James McHardy, Well of Spa Bar, Spa Street, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1936-38.)
- 1946 Arthur J. McIntosh, 147 King's Gate, Aberdeen.
- 1947 Peter F. McIntyre, 23 Holburn Road, Aberdeen.
- 1936 David MacKay, The Garage, Aviemore.
- 1936 Mrs D. L. Mackay, Commercial Bank Buildings, Duns.
- 1910 Robert Mackay, 14 Rubislaw Den N., Aberdeen.
- 1936 R. O. Mackay, Commercial Bank Buildings, Duns.
- 1924 Mrs J. Ross Mackenzie, 16 Rubislaw Den N., Aberdeen.
- 1932 C. S. McLay, 58 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
- 1944 *Duncan M. McLellan, 27 Albyn Place, Aberdeen.
- 1946 Miss A. S. R. MacLennan, 77 Morningside Road, Aberdeen.
- 1946 Dr J. D. MacLennan, 15 Smith Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.3.
- 1930 †J. H. Calder MacLeod (S.M.C.), 14 Queen's Gate, Glasgow, 2.
- 1911 †The Rt. Hon. Lord Macmillan, P.C., LL.D. (S.M.C.), Moon Hall, Ewhurst, near Guildford, Surrey.
- 1943 James McNair, 99 Queensborough Gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow, W.2.
- 1925 John L. McNaughton, 4 Cluny Square, Buckie.
- 1943 D. J. R. McPherson, 90 St Machar Drive, Aberdeen.
- 1903 William M. McPherson, 15 Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1907-20.)
- 1941 Miss Mary A. C. McRonald, Inverawe, Persley, Aberdeen.
- 1946 Miss E. C. Malcolm, 4A St Swithin Street, Aberdeen.
- 1911 †William Malcolm (S.M.C.), 150 Bonaccord Street, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1927-30; 1935-38; 1946; *V.P.*, 1930-33; *Pres.*, 1934-35.)

- 1925 A. A. Marr, Barry Lodge, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey.
 1933 A. R. Martin, 74 High Street, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees. (*Com.*, 1933-34.)
 1919 R. P. Masson, 22 Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1947 *Dr David Mathieson, 79 Osborne Place, Aberdeen.
 1945 *Gordon Mathieson, 79 Osborne Place, Aberdeen.
 1923 Miss Elizabeth J. Mavor, 41 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
 1928 Miss Emily A. Mavor, 41 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
 1938 Mrs Muriel Melvin, 15 Richmondhill Road, Aberdeen.
 1936 A. S. Middleton, 8 Whinhill Road, Aberdeen.
 1928 John Middleton, c/o Royal Insurance Co., 97-99 Commercial Street, Dundee.
 1932 W. J. Middleton, 94 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
 1945 *Peter Millar, 25 Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1911 J. Bruce Miller (S.M.C.), 17 Rubislaw Den N., Aberdeen.
 1921 F. P. Milligan, 15 Hope Street, Edinburgh.
 1938 Alex. M. Milne, Schoolhouse, Urquhart, Elgin.
 1911 James W. Milne, 14 George Street, Mansion House, London, E.C.4.
 1946 Maurice Milne, 129 Gray Street, Aberdeen.
 1926 Miss Edith L. Mitchell, 9 Brighton Place, Aberdeen.
 1937 Miss Florence Mitchell, Ellisland, Stonehaven.
 1935 †Robert L. Mitchell, *Hon. Librarian*, 19 Seafield Drive East, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1938-45; *Librarian*, 1945.)
 1919 William Mitchell, "Alt-na-Braigh," Milltimber, Aberdeenshire.
 1932 D. G. Moir, 2 Pentland Gardens, Edinburgh, 10.
 1930 †Myles Morrison, 20 Campbell Drive, Bearsden, Dumbarton.
 1947 Miss Margaret Munro, 7 Laverockbank Terrace, Edinburgh.
 1925 Robert M. Murdoch, 93 Union Street, Aberdeen.
 1946 Andrew Mutch, 2 Norfolk Road, Aberdeen.
 1927 J. G. Mutch, 41 Morningfield Road, Aberdeen.
- 1947 *Kenneth Newlands, 346 King Street, Aberdeen.
 1947 D. Mark Nicol, 22 Springfield Road, Aberdeen.
 1917 James B. Nicol, 74 Forest Road, Aberdeen.
- 1940 Robert Orr, 62 Cornhill Road, London, E.C.3.
- 1935 Mrs E. J. Penwill, Old Craig, Udny.
 1947 Professor T. C. Phemister, 5 Chanonry, Old Aberdeen.
 1931 Miss Agnes M. Pittendrigh, 24 Carnegie Crescent, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1934-37.)
 1925 H. G. Pope, 29 Argyll Place, Aberdeen.
- 1947 Bennet B. Rae, 31 Kingshill Avenue, Aberdeen.
 1943 W. Ramsden, Knoll Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.
 1911 Lt.-Col. Charles Reid, D.S.O., 24 Wildwood Road, Hampstead Heath, London. (*Rep. B.M.C. London Committee.*)
 1919 †Edward Birnie Reid, O.B.E. (S.S.C.), *President*, 6 Golden Square, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1929-31; 1945-46; *V.P.*, 1936-38; *Pres.*, 1947.)
 1934 R. Reid, 26 Ruthrie Terrace, Aberdeen.
 1947 J. W. S. Reith, 31 North Burn Avenue, Aberdeen.
 1936 Dr R. L. Richards, 11 Queen's Gardens, Aberdeen.
 1945 R. Riddell, Jun., 7 Market Street, Ellon.
 1936 Ian C. Ritchie, 4 Manor Place, Cults, Aberdeen.
 1928 Frederick A. Ritson, 10 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1930-33.)
 1919 Charles P. Robb, Westbank, Fonthill Road, Aberdeen.

List of Members.

xv

- 1919 Marshall J. Robb (S.M.C.), 93 Clifton Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1919-24.)
- 1939 George A. Roberts, 16 Polmuir Road, Aberdeen.
- 1946 Mrs G. A. Roberts, 16 Polmuir Road, Aberdeen.
- 1946 Ian F. Roberts, 16 Polmuir Road, Aberdeen.
- 1929 Ian C. Robertson, 7 Newent Road, Northfield, Birmingham.
- 1946 James B. Robertson, 250 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
- 1934 Miss E. Rodger, 403 Great Western Road, Aberdeen.
- 1934 Dr Ian F. Rose, M.B.E., Birchwood, Cults, Aberdeen.
- 1947 George W. Ross, 4 Sunnybank Road, Aberdeen.
- 1930 †Robert C. Ross, National Bank Chambers, Featherston Street, Wellington, N.Z.
- 1946 E. C. W. Rudge (F.R.C.C.), "Colwyn," Hatton Street, Wellingborough, Northants.
- 1938 Douglas Sandison, Town House, Inverness.
- 1940 Robert O. Scott, 1 Newtondee Cottages, Bieldside.
- 1922 Dr James A. Sellar, 50 Hay Street, Perth.
- 1946 *Patrick J. Sellar, "Hamewith," Lennox Terrace, Huntly.
- 1946 Robert M. Sellar, "Hamewith," Lennox Terrace, Huntly.
- 1920 Robert T. Sellar (S.M.C.), "Hamewith," Lennox Terrace, Huntly. (*Com.*, 1926-29.)
- 1938 John S. Shand, 1 St Devenick's Terrace, Cults, Aberdeen.
- 1931 Dr John Crawford Shiach, 1 North Guildry Street, Elgin.
- 1920 Miss Mary Skakle, Ernan, Cults, Aberdeen.
- 1924 Malcolm Smith, 58 Rubislaw Den N., Aberdeen.
- 1925 A. G. Nicol Smith, 35 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
- 1931 †Edwin W. Smith, *Hon. Meets Secy.*, 6 Viewfield Avenue, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1936-38; *V.P.*, 1938-46; *Meets Secy.*, 1947.)
- 1931 Mrs A. H. Sommerville, 5 Argyll Crescent, Aberdeen.
- 1933 P. A. Spalding, Inner Meadow, Churt, nr. Farnham, Surrey.
- 1924 David Stewart, Banchory House, Banchory Devenick.
- 1925 William Stewart, Wellfield, Alford.
- 1945 *Douglas Sutherland, 128 Seafield Road, Aberdeen.
- 1926 †G. R. Symmers (S.M.C.), 307 Sharrow Head, Sheffield, 11. (*Com.*, 1927-30.)
- 1939 Mrs Janet R. Taggart, 278 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
- 1925 Arthur Taylor, 43 Jute Street, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1928-31.)
- 1946 George A. Taylor, 189 Mid Stocket Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1947.)
- 1947 Alexander Tewnion, Hillhead, Seaton, Old Aberdeen.
- 1911 A. Landsborough Thomson, C.B., 16 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.
- 1940 Dr Angus M. Thomson, 2 King's Cross Terrace, Aberdeen.
- 1925 Edward C. Thomson (S.M.C.), The Mill House, Stow, Midlothian.
- 1936 Thomas Train, 58 Polmuir Road, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1938-46.)
- 1947 *Miss H. M. Walker, The Rectory, Cupar, Fife.
- 1940 †Dr W. Lumsden Walker, 38 Rosemount Place, Aberdeen.
- 1912 Edward W. Watt, LL.D. (S.S.C.), Glenburnie Park, Rubislaw Den N., Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1924-26; *Hon. Editor*, 1927-34.)
- 1920 James Watt, 70 Beechgrove Terrace, Aberdeen.
- 1938 Miss Louise Welch, Green Den, Cults, Aberdeen.
- 1908 †Hugh D. Welsh, 159 Forest Avenue, Aberdeen. (*Com.*, 1935-36; 1947; *V.P.*, 1936-38; *Pres.*, 1938-46.)
- 1937 Mrs Dorothy Westoll, 69 Don Street, Old Aberdeen.
- 1937 H. D. Whitehouse, 1 Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

- 1944 Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., The Athenæum, Pall Mall, London
S.W.1. (*Rep. B.M.C. London Committee.*)
- 1925 C. W. Williamson, 25 Rubislaw Den S., Aberdeen.
- 1925 G. A. Williamson, 74 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.
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Aberdeen.
- 1931 Robert P. Yunnie, c/o The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co. of
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Vol. XV.

JULY 1939.

No. 80.

EDITED BY

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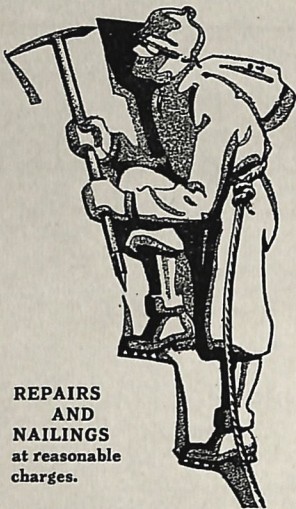
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I TO THE HILLS—

R. L. Mitchell

FIFTY YEARS OF THE CAIRNGORM CLUB.

THE story of the founding of the Cairngorm Club has already been told twice in the *Journal*. Dr Lippe contributed to the first issue a brief history of events from the historic gathering on Maghan na Banaraich in 1887 to the excursion to Clochnaben in 1892. Again, in 1910, it is recorded in James Gray Kyd's "Twenty-one Years of Our Club" (*C.C.J.*, Vol. VI., pp. 177-187). It would be impossible though perhaps desirable to reprint Dr Lippe's version, reflecting as it does the genial personality of one of our founders, but this review of fifty years already threatens to assume unwieldy proportions. Wherever possible, however, references are quoted so that readers interested in any of the events chronicled may read the originals in full.

The party which ascended Ben Macdhui to participate in the Queen Victoria Jubilee celebrations comprised Alexander Copland, A. I. M'Connochie, Rev. Robert Lippe, LL.D., W. A. Hawes, Rev. C. C. Macdonald and W. Anderson. In the early morning of June 23, 1887, they descended to the Shelter Stone to rest for a few hours before proceeding to the ascent of Cairngorm; Dr Lippe returned alone to Deeside, parting from the company near the mouth of the Féith Buidhe, on the Maghan na Banaraich, the Dairymaid's Field. To quote from Dr Lippe's account, "Before finally taking our several ways, we spontaneously and unanimously agreed to form ourselves into the Cairngorm Club, the name being naturally suggested by the monarch mountain so full in view in the foreground, and calmly looking down on our meeting. Office-bearers were elected by acclamation, and with that generous and genial absence of exclusive selfishness which has always characterized our society, we resolved to open our ranks to the admission of men and women of heroic spirit, and possessed of souls open to the influences and

enjoyment of nature pure and simple as displayed among our loftiest mountains."

"Like other bantlings," he continues, "it required for a time nourishment and nursing," but, eighteen months later, on January 9, 1889, the Club was officially founded in the Bath Hotel, Aberdeen, the Office-bearers elected at the Dairymaid's Field being formally re-elected. The list read:

<i>President</i>	-	-	James Bryce, LL.D., M.P. for South Aberdeen.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	-	-	Alexander Cruickshank, LL.D. Rev. George A. Smith, M.A.
<i>Chairman</i>	-	-	Alexander Copland.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	Alex. Inkson M'Connochie.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	Robert Harvey.
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	Robert Anderson. Charles Brown. T. R. Gillies. W. J. Jamieson. Rev. Robert Lippe. Rev. C. C. Macdonald. John Roy, LL.D. Charles Ruxton. Rev. Robert Semple. George Skakle.

The list occupied the front page of a single sheet folded once; the second and third pages were devoted to the Rules, numbering in all thirteen, the fifth, relating to the objects of the Club, occupying almost one page. (The 1939 revision of the Rules brings their total number to 45!) The fourth page, or back cover, had a pencil sketch of the Cairngorms from the south-east. Few copies of this very interesting document are now in existence—it was printed, apparently, in June 1889.

The club was more than fortunate in its first Chairman and in its first Secretary, but gained an even wider prestige in having Mr James Bryce (later Viscount Bryce of Dechmont) as the first Honorary President. Lord Bryce, whose Parliamentary career was specially identified with the Access to Mountains Bill—which our legislators are still considering!—"made his mark in literature and science

early in life and later established his pre-eminence as a statesman." With reference to the time when he was British Ambassador in Washington, Mr D. W. Freshfield wrote of him, "His highest claim to the regard of posterity will be that he was a chief instrument in forging the chain of friendship between the two nations who, united, can keep the Peace of the World" (*The Alpine Journal*, Vol. XXXIV., p. 304). The same writer suggests that he was more of a popular figure in America, where he was "our Mr Bryce," than he was in his own country. He died on January 22, 1922, in his eighty-fourth year. A memorial notice appears in *C.C.J.*, Vol. X., pp. 219-222. Of the founders, who were for the most part well advanced in years (*e.g.*, Copland was sixty-two, Lippe fifty-seven at the time of the founding), none survive to-day; M'Connochie, who was thirty-seven at the founding, missed the Jubilee by three years. Of the original members, there remains only Dr John Clarke, who was Chairman of the Club from 1910 to 1912.

The first official meet of the Club, on July 9, 1889, was also the first mountaineering meet to be held in Scotland. At the outset only one annual meet was held—in July—although two day excursions were also arranged. Naturally the 1889 meet had Cairngorm as the objective. Twenty-seven members went to Nethybridge and four climbed from Braemar. Of the six founders, only M'Connochie, who appears to have been responsible for the hot lunch of soup and boiled beef, served at the Marquis's Well, near the summit, attended the meet. In the autumn of 1889 the Club paid its first official visit to Lochnagar; details of the luncheon menu on this occasion are not preserved!

Among the events of 1890 Dr Lippe records an unofficial ascent of Ben Macdhui on January 3; the first Annual Meeting followed on February 20, on which date the first Dinner was held in the Palace Hotel. No similar gathering was held until December 1920, "apart from the dinners following upon excursions, which at first were more formal than they have become latterly" (*C.C.J.*, Vol. X., p. 81). The high-light of the year, however, was the first spring excursion, held on May 5, 1890. Mount Keen was the

objective and the party reached the record total of 162 persons, including a boy of six, a man of seventy-six and forty-five ladies. The party, according to a newspaper account of the day, "grouped themselves picturesquely on the sheltered side of the cairn, for it blew fiercely and bitterly on the east side." A formal meeting of the Club was held on the summit, Mr Copland presiding. Several new members were admitted by the time-honoured ceremony of "douping," once well known in Aberdeen through the records of burgess making at the riding of the marches (Illustration, *C.C.J.*, Vol. V., p. 115).

It is evident that the Committee had not anticipated such a multitudinous response to their invitation; not only had the Secretary pronounced it an "easy day for a lady," but the excursion was previously announced in the Press, which, incidentally, refers to this year-old Club as "that famous body of mountaineers." Thus early was the Club a celebrated institution. (We had, of course, members connected with both local papers—the *Free Press* and the *Aberdeen Journal*!). The Committee took immediate steps to deal with this outbreak of mass-mountaineering. (In those days it was called picnic-mountaineering.) Thereafter members were permitted to bring only one friend—preferably one qualifying for membership!—and then only "when arrangements permitted."

Although the first number of the *Journal* did not appear until July 1893, before then various monographs were issued prior to excursions, embodying notes on topography, geology, botany, local history, folk-lore and the etymology of place-names. They still form valuable and interesting documents, being the first publication by a mountaineering club in Scotland, and were largely the work of Inkson M'Connochie, assisted, on occasion, by other members of the Committee. In the second of the series, *à propos* of the intention to continue issuing monographs until a complete description of the Cairngorms had been presented to members, M'Connochie remarks, "This will, it is believed, so far meet one of the objects of the Club—the publication of any work on the Cairngorm mountains the Committee may deem suitable."



THE CAIRNGORM CLUB · SPRING EXCURSION · 1890 ·

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A CLUB MEET, 1890

(This was specified in a third subsection to the objects of the Club in the original constitution.)

The first monograph was entitled "The Cairngorm Club Excursion to Mount Keen," May 5, 1890, and ran to eleven pages, seven pages of small type being devoted to Glen Tanna and Mount Keen. The Secretary's letter, accompanying the monograph, differed very little except in point of fare costs and Club subscription (then 2s. 6d.) from those now issued by William Garden. It also contained, however, a time-table for the day, running to fifteen items, some of which may prove startling to the moderns.

7.30 A.M.—Train leaves Aberdeen.

11.45 A.M.—Arrive at Coirebhruach—Sandwiches and Milk.

11.55 A.M.—Leave to ascend Mount Keen.

1.30 P.M.—Arrive at the summit of Mount Keen.

3.0 P.M.—Arrive at Coirebhruach.

Coirebhruach is seen during a great part of the descent, and it will tend to the comfort and convenience of excursionists if they will kindly arrange to arrive by detachments at intervals for luncheon, so that the service may be prompt and complete.

The last item has a wholly delectable quality in which limits even to Victorian capacity are tacitly admitted. Members may have inferred the thoroughness of the organisation from the existence of an almost complete set of photographs of early meets, all obviously the work of professional photographers. This was not a matter to be left to the chance snapshotter, as will be seen from an extract from the Secretary's letter: "The party will be photographed *immediately on arrival* at the Mansion House, Forest of Glen Tanna, also at the Cairn on Mount Keen, and at luncheon." (*C.C.J.*, Vol. XIV., contains photographs of the 1889 Lochnagar Meet at p. 148 and of the 1890 Loch Einich Meet at p. 70).

Whereas the Mount Keen excursion had been recommended as an exceptionally suitable one for ladies, the excursion to Braeriach and Cairn Toul on July 14, 1890, was confined to members and to friends qualifying for membership. The monograph runs to twenty-eight pages, compiled mainly by M'Connachie, and contains ample

evidence of an enormous amount of patient research on his part. To this monograph Alexander Copland contributed a note on Geology and Dr John Roy a List of Plants found on Braeriach and Cairn Toul. Enough has been said, perhaps, to show the value of these monographs to the climbers of the day, a value which they, in large part, retain. The following is a complete list of the monographs issued :—

- Excursion to Mount Keen, 1890.
- Excursion to Braeriach and Cairn Toul, 1890.
- Excursion to Tap o' Noth, 1890.
- Excursion to Morven, 1891.
- Excursion to Beinn a' Bhuid and Ben Avon, 1891.
- Excursion to Ben Rinnes, 1891.
- Excursion to Ben Muich Dhui and Cairngorm, 1892.

There was no monograph on Lochnagar, nor on Clochnaben and Mount Battock, visited on September 26, 1892. In 1893, in the first issue of the *Journal*, Dr Lippe's historic article on the founding, already alluded to, included notes on the Club excursions to that date. (A complete list of the excursions up to July 1919 will be found in *C.C.J.*, Vol. IX., pp. 295-298.) With these monographs, then, M'Connochie's Guides and the new Ordnance Survey maps, the climber of 1890 was very well informed on the topography of the new playground.

The Ordnance Survey of our district was conducted between 1858 and 1870, and various sheets of the Cairngorm area were published between 1870 and 1877. The one commonly used was a simple outline, contoured at 50 feet, at every 100 feet to 1,000 feet, and thereafter at every 250 feet, a rather plain black and white affair in contrast with modern maps. Of the other styles, those hachured in black give a wonderful picture of the relief but look a trifle severe. (The latest Tourist Edition of the Cairngorms was based on this map.) The "coloured" sheets of the Cairngorms, hachured in light brown with contours in red, and the Tourist Edition of Deeside appeared later (between 1874 and 1877). It is to the publication of these that one would be inclined to trace the beginnings of the Club; the map is a powerful stimulus to exploration. Round about 1880, Copland, M'Connochie,

Robert Anderson, W. J. Jamieson, and others of our members-to-be, inspired probably by John Hill Burton, were making frequent visits to the Cairngorms and Lochnagar. By 1885, when M'Connochie's "Ben Muich Dhui" was published, the time was ripe for the founding of a climbing club; the *Aberdeen Free Press* of 1886 ran a series of articles on "Cairngorm Wanderings," the first of which opens, "The Cairngorms are yearly becoming more popular, especially to Aberdonians." While not underestimating the value of the work done by M'Connochie and others, the pen picture is generally less of a reality than the map. To the early climbers, no less than to us, the map "rolled out like a carpet of magic and glory and surprise."

To-day one seldom hears of climbers encountering adventure through "walking off the map," a not uncommon occurrence in 1890, when the Cairngorms were covered by four sheets of the Ordnance Survey maps, the four sheets meeting near the summit of Ben Macdhui. In 1895 the Club, with the approval of the Ordnance Survey, published a one-sheet map of the Cairngorms on a scale of 1 inch to the mile and embodying the relative portions of the four Ordnance Survey sheets. The map (25×24 inches) included the whole range (but not Lochnagar) and differed from the regular Ordnance Survey maps only by the inclusion of a number of place-names of minor importance not in the official publications (*e.g.*, Coire Domhain; the Stag's Rock, Cairngorm; Stucan Dubha of Beinn Mheadhoin; and many others, mostly derived, one would assume, from gamekeepers and other local residents). It remained the only single-sheet map of the area until 1922, when the Ordnance Survey, acting on the suggestion of J. A. Parker, published a layer-coloured edition (32×22 inches) with contours at intervals of 50 feet. The limits of the map were fixed so as to include all the adjacent villages and the Braemar routes to the summit of Lochnagar. This was superseded by the beautiful "Relief" Edition of 1936.

The publication of a Club Journal was strongly recommended at the first Annual General Meeting—Alexander Copland warmly advocating the project—and arrangements

were left in the hands of the Committee. Although M'Connochie was already Secretary, his appointment as Editor of the *Journal* was inevitable, his enthusiasm for everything pertaining to hills, as shown by his own contributions, being remarkable. He retained the combined post for the long period of eighteen years, producing the first six volumes. Some notes on *Journal* Editors appear in *C.C.J.*, Vol. XIV., pp. 40-41; the list given there reads:—

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1911-1912—James G. Kyd.

1912-1914—James B. Gillies.

1915-1923—Robert Anderson.

1924-1926—Henry Alexander.

1927-1934—Edward W. Watt.

It would be impossible to deal adequately with the *Journal* and its contributors within the limits of this article. As a number of issues are now out of print it is thought that an article on past contributions should now be made available to members. This, it is hoped, will appear in the next issue.

At first the post of Secretary and Editor was combined, and remained so until the death of Captain J. B. Gillies in the war, after which the posts of Secretary and Treasurer were combined, Robert Anderson being appointed to edit the *Journal*. To these early issues our members contributed a vast store of information, mainly on the Cairngorms but ranging, also, far afield and beyond the confines of Scotland. M'Connochie, Dr Forsyth and others covered the topographical side in minute detail; Copland, Dr Semple and Alexander Cruickshank were interested in visibility and produced, as a result, the panoramas from Ben Macdhui, the Blue Hill and Brimmond. Continuing the work commenced in the monographs, the early *Journals* cover the widest variety of topics. Although not members the following distinguished contributors are represented: C. G. Cash, Sir Hugh T. Munro, E. A. Baker, A. L. Bagley, Seton Gordon, John Milne, LL.D., and G. Gordon Jenkins, C.E.

In the early volumes there is little mention of rock-

climbing and, with regard to snow, the only interest evinced related simply and solely to its accumulation. The novelty and variety of interest in the glens and corries was sufficient; and members tended to follow the pursuits of the founders, who, as has been noted, were beyond the age for gymnastics. In any case, the inaccessibility of the main rock faces and the unsatisfactory nature of the rock itself have always militated against exploration of the cliffs. At the same time, there were certain outstanding achievements worthy of note. William Douglas, with J. H. Gibson (non-member), attempted the Douglas-Gibson Gully of Lochnagar on March 12, 1893. They did not succeed, but the attempt at that date was quite remarkable. These early climbers appeared anxious to commence with the really difficult routes: in 1895 William Tough and William Brown climbed the Tough-Brown Ridge, a climb not repeated for thirty-six years. Further attempts were made on the Douglas-Gibson Gully by Brown and George Duncan, by Harold Raeburn, William Garden and Duncan, without success. Raeburn, who was not a member, climbed the gully named after him in 1898 and the West Gully in 1902. In the Cairngorms Hugh Stewart and party climbed the Castle Gates and Forefinger Pinnacle Gullies in 1904, but it was not until the years immediately preceding the war that we see any very wide interest being taken in the rocks. While several articles deal with climbing in the Cuillin and elsewhere, the early climbers had little use for the ice axe or for what Copland refers to as "life-preserving ropes." Howard Drummond, who contributed various articles on rock-climbing to the *Journal*, James McCoss and W. B. Meff were exploring the crags at the head of Loch Avon. Parker, Henry Alexander, McCoss and others made several new climbs on the Braeriach cliffs both prior to and after the war, by which date snow climbing had come into its own. 1927 was the start of a new period of exploration, and between then and 1934 a dozen new routes were found on Lochnagar; the Douglas-Gibson Gully was climbed for the first time by Charles Ludwig, to whom also fell a new route on the Mitre Ridge, Beinn a' Bhùird. Several

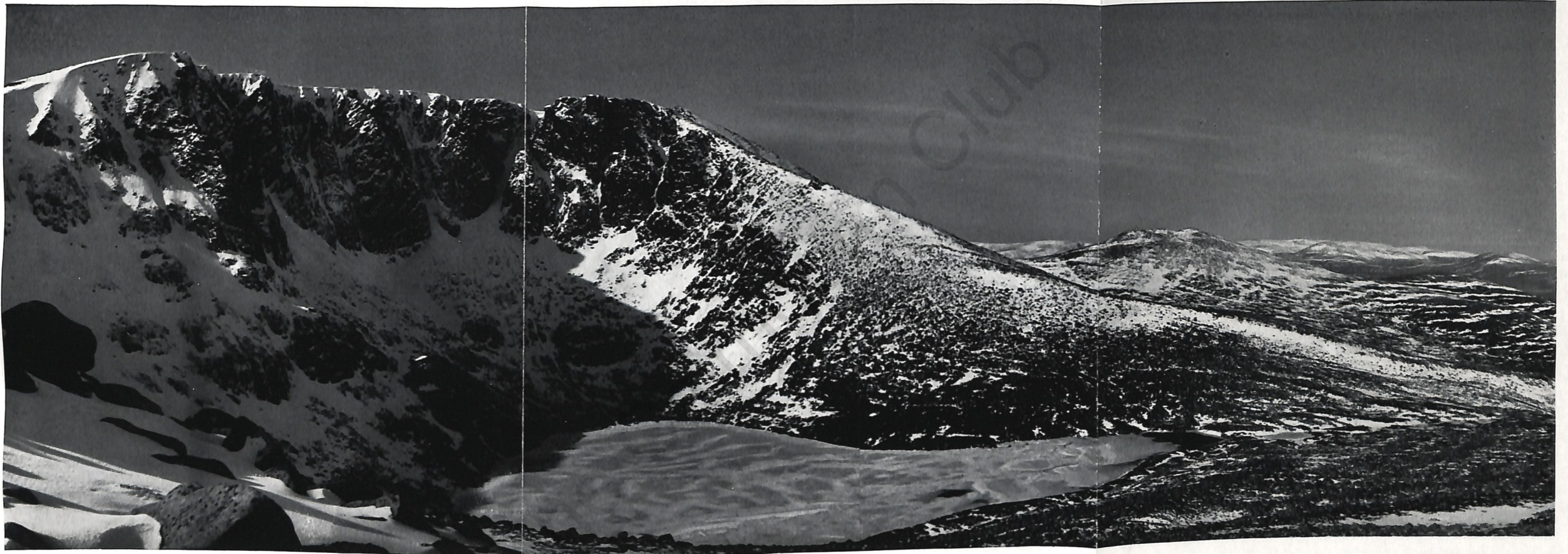
of the gullies of Lochnagar were climbed under winter conditions, and, now that we have had a series of snow-climbing excursions (initiated by McCoss in 1932), it is anticipated that there will soon be little left to do in the North-east Corrie of Lochnagar at all events. Although it has been a long tale of "the uniformly scandalous condition of the snow," the Douglas-Gibson was again attempted (unsuccessfully) this last winter. Leaving the question of transport aside, the modern climber has fewer difficulties to contend with than his predecessors. For the attitude of gamekeepers the reader is referred to that delightful story, "A Case for Forbearance," in Vol. XII., pp. 35-38. And Parker relates that in 1906 his party received permission to climb Cairn Toul provided it was accompanied by the keeper—Donald Fraser of Derry Lodge!

The *Journal* was issued twice yearly until 1924, after which it appeared annually, with the exception of the years 1929, 1931, and 1932, when we had two per annum. From the more modern and easily accessible issues (*vide* Low!) only a few of the more interesting items are selected. Brief mention may be made of the first and only "At Home," held on December 19, 1905—the forerunner of the Social Evenings of the 1930's. In 1910 the Club celebrated its coming-of-age with an ascent of Cairngorm; M'Connochie, John McGregor, and Thomas Kyd, who had attended the 1889 Meet, were also present on this occasion; of the others, the only surviving members are J. R. Leslie Gray, George McIntyre, and J. D. W. Stewart. In his article, "Twenty-one Years of Our Club" (Vol. VI., pp. 177-187), James G. Kyd gives a summary of events between the founding and 1910. By this time apparently the custom of serving hot lunch at 4,000 feet had been discontinued!

1912 was marked by the construction, by the Club, of the foot-bridge across the Allt na Beinne Moire,* an essential

* There appears to be no doubt at all that the spelling Bienne, used on the plate affixed to the bridge, is wrong. The form used in the

Selo H.P. Film, Zeiss Polarizing filter, 1/100 sec., f8, 11.30 A.M. March, bright sun, with deep shadows in the corrie. Parts of three negatives.



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LOCHNAGAR: NORTH-EAST CORRIE

R. L. Mitchell

link in the Lairig Ghru route. Previously the bridge was of wooden construction and, at that date, in a dangerous condition. The then Chairman, Dr John Clarke, was a prime mover in the project and, with the generous assistance of members and friends and the co-operation of the laird, Sheriff Grant of Rothiemurchus, the scheme went rapidly ahead. The bridge was the work of J. A. Parker; this was the first of many occasions on which Parker was able to combine his enthusiasm for the hills with his engineering experience to the public advantage. The new bridge was opened on August 3, 1912 (*C.C.J.*, Vol. VII., pp. 235-240).

This was the last gathering of the Club attended by the first Chairman, Alexander Copland. In his eighty-seventh year he walked a good part of the way from Coylum Bridge to the new bridge and made a "breezy little speech." He died a fortnight later. An account of his work and association with the Club appears in the same volume (VII., pp. 191-198). On January 28 of the following year the Club lost yet another of its founders—the Rev. Robert Lippe. Professional duties had prevented him from attending many of the Club excursions and consequently he occupied a less conspicuous place than either Copland or M'Connochie. Some amazing tales are still told of Robert Lippe, who, with his limp and long black Inverness cape, was a well-known figure in Inverey. He was wont to leave Mrs Gruer's at Inverey with the observation, intended to be reassuring, "I'll be back sometime." When he was late, which was frequently, Mrs Gruer would go out to the road and put her ear to the ground. On hearing his footsteps, easily recognized, she would return to the house, concealing that she had been in the least anxious. On one occasion he met a friend on Ben Macdhui and went down with him to Speyside, returning

O.S. map is now Am Beanaidh. It has not, of course, been possible to conform to O.S. spelling throughout the article.

The Larig Ghru of the bridge plate may constitute further errors. The old Learg Ghruamach has been successively Leirg Gruamaich, Làirig Ghruamach, Larig Ghru, Làirig Dhrù ("after Professor Watson's decisive [*sic*] pronouncement," *C.C.J.*, Vol. VIII., p. 180) and now, Lairig Ghru. He was a wise man who put forward the suggestion (not acted upon) that the inscription should be in Latin!

to his wondering friends on the Dee two days later! Strangest of all is the story of his having spent the night in a hole dug in a snow-drift at Loch Etchachan, where he had spent the time feeding the ptarmigan with his lunch! Himself so much at home among the hills, it never seemed to occur to him that others might be anxious about him during his long absences.

With the outbreak of the Great War the Club's activities practically ceased. Office-bearers continued to serve "for the duration," and the *Journal* was carried on, naturally, under considerable difficulties. Forty-seven of our members joined up, and of these several served with distinction, while nine were killed or died of wounds. At that time the Club numbered only half its present total.

A proposal to recognize, in some suitable way, the work of Alexander Copland had been under consideration but took no definite shape until, on the occasion of the 1914 Summer Meet at Dalwhinnie, a suggestion to erect a mountain indicator on Ben Macdhuì was put forward. This was to have been a bronze replica of Copland's panorama from Ben Macdhuì, but the material finally adopted was stoneware, which Parker had seen used on the Pic du Midi de Bigorre. The advent of the war held up the proceedings, which were, however, not entirely abandoned. In 1915 Parker submitted his design for an indicator on Ben Macdhuì and this was approved. Later, arising out of the erection of an indicator on Brimmond Hill to the memory of men of the Newhills district killed in action (June 2, 1917), the suggestion was made that an indicator on Lochnagar or a memorial plate on Ben Macdhuì be erected to the memory of members killed in the war. The matter was held over until the end of the war, when it was decided to proceed with the Lochnagar indicator first, as Lochnagar was the more popular hill and an indicator there would be of greater utility. A full account of the proceedings, from the selection of the site to the culmination of the many and varied labours



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LOCH AVON

R. L. Mitchell

of Parker and his volunteer assistants, on July 12, 1924, when some 142 people saw the indicator unveiled, is given in the *Journal* (Vol. XI., pp. 1-2, 53-67).

Armed with the experience gained on Lochnagar, Parker proceeded to the greater difficulties of the Ben Macdhui scheme. This chapter in the Club's history concluded on August 1, 1925, when 136 attended the unveiling ceremony. "The Unveiling of the Ben Macdhui Indicator" appears in the *Journal*, Vol. XI., pp. 185-197. It may be of interest to add that the Brimmond Hill indicator was the work of the late G. Gordon Jenkins, whose authoritative articles on curvature and mountain inter-visibility appeared from time to time in the local press, in the *C.C.J.*, and, finally, in a little book, "Hill Views from Aberdeen," published in 1917.

The post-war years saw considerable changes in the Club. The Rules were completely revised and the entrance qualification greatly stiffened (previously one ascent to 3,000 feet had been sufficient); the Chairman disappeared and became President; Office-bearers ceased to hold office after three years. The Thirty-second Annual General Meeting was followed by a Dinner, virtually a new feature in Club proceedings, for, as has been previously noted, the only dinners held after the first were those following upon excursions. There was a rapid rise in the number of members and especially in the number of ladies admitted; in the lists issued with the *Journals* the number was never higher than six until Vol. IX., when there was an increase of one! Since then the numbers have been 13, 41, 54, 64 and 64. Perhaps an earlier writer's observation that ladies were "impeditive" to an excursion and that feathered hats were out of place at the Shelter Stone sufficed to keep the numbers down! More and more excursions were (and are) called for, due in part, perhaps, to the increased facilities offered by the motor car and later by the ubiquitous bus.

Few references have been made to other Clubs or to Scottish climbing in general, but this deficiency may be made good in the next issue of the *Journal*. Of Sir Henry Alexander's work in connection with the S.M.C. "Guide

to the Cairngorms," as on many other points of more modern history, nothing has been said. The 1937 "celebrations" at the Shelter Stone are also of too recent date to be elaborated here. (They are recorded—but not in full!—in *C.C.J.*, Vol. XIV., pp. 296-297). Our main concern has been with the era of celluloid collars and deer-stalker caps, of umbrellas and Albert chains, of horse-drawn brakes and 3 A.M. starts, when some ghillies were hostile while others acted as guides and hosts, when the rucksack was unknown, its place being taken by a leather portmanteau. In the days before the Ordnance Survey maps, before the railway, Alexander Copland started on his first pedestrian Highland tour: "Strapped upon my shoulders my leather portmanteau—measuring outside 18 inches long, 8 inches wide and 6 inches deep—it contained a nightshirt, an extra pair of stockings, a needle and thread and other necessary knick-knacks which sufficiently served my limited requirements."

With the closing of what we may call the "Indicator Period" and the beginning of a period which suggests renewed and more intensive exploration of the cliffs, the present historian ends his task. It seems a good point for the unknown chronicler in the Centenary Number to begin!

[In the preparation of this article I have had the valuable assistance of some of the older members, in particular of the President and of Mr J. A. Parker, whose criticism of the first draft of the above was simply devastating! It ought now to have the hall-mark of that accuracy which goes, at times, a point beyond endurance. For the further edification of posterity, I should add that Parker disclaims all responsibility for the error in spelling on the *Beinne* Bridge!—W. A. E.]



CAIRNGORM CLUB: PRESIDENTS, 1889-1939

Drawn by T. Train



February 1939

LOCHNAGAR: BLACK SPOUT CHIMNEYS

R. L. Mitchell

INDEPENDENCE.

J. NORMAN COLLIE.

IN one's old age one sometimes ponders over many things that hitherto had not seemed of great importance and amongst others, the desires, the ambitions, and the restlessnesses of one's youth. When one is no longer young and looks at life from a different angle, why should it interest us ?

In the springtime, disquiet holds us ; we need wider horizons ; it is this urge that hurries us towards unknown experiences ; we want to be free and independent. Fortunately for some of us, if there is wild country near, this restlessness tempts us to wander there, partly to be away from the ordinary, everyday life and partly to be free. Although we do not know it, we are beginning to lay up the memories of happy days, remembrances of the years when, for us, the world was young, of the wide open spaces, the sunshine and the clouds, the streams and the sombre woods, the dark earth, mother of us all, that stretches into unknown lands, at last to lose itself in far-away, dreamy distances. We forget, for the time, the persistent round of daily happenings ; for the moment, we live in a new world, we have captured something that is our own, that is of our inward being, that will remain with us a possession of value and one that defies the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

It is these memories of our restless youth that, in old age, shine out with greater certainty than any of the events of later years. Well do I remember my first ascent of a real mountain. It was many years ago, in 1867, when I climbed the Hill of Fare. It was on a perfect summer day ; all the flowers were there to show that summer had come, the birds

everywhere busy with their nests. At the edge of the Glassel woods, I found a willow wren's nest full of eggs. From the top of the hill I had my first view of Lochnagar. The Corrichie burn was still running red in memory of that fierce fight in bye-gone days. Since then I have climbed many mountains, higher and more difficult, but the memories of those later climbs are not quite the same, part of the magic of youth is missing, the memory of them is more fleeting, not so vivid, some of the glamour has gone and, at last, the remembrances become more and more shadowy and are lost.

In those golden days of one's youth our mind receives impressions more readily than in our after life, and we need not fear that the realities will become shadows. Those who care to wander amongst wild mountains are indeed fortunate should they have near them a domain so full of beauty as the valley of the Dee. From the rugged solitudes of Ben Macdhui to the lower reaches of the River Dee, what other valley in Scotland can show so varied and so rich an environment? There can be found a far flung array of great hills, the highest in Scotland, spread over vast spaces; nestling in their corries, ancient pines still hold sway; the waters that are born in their fastnesses wander down over the moors to join their comrades, to form pools where the speckled trout lie and later to join the great river full of salmon. One has only to go to the Linn of Dee or the Falls of the Feugh to see them striving to win to the upper waters and the spawning beds.

In the summer time the Cairngorms can lead us ever onwards. The hills bathed in sunshine, the small burns have opened wide their doors as they wander through the heather, the curlews are calling across the low-lying land. But in winter all is changed; nearly all the bird life has gone; the deer are down in the glens, whilst, higher up, the winter gales hold high revel. If we go there, then we must indeed have a real knowledge of the hills, else the pitiless wind howling among the crags, the mist and the



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driving snow, burying all in gloom, may at last overwhelm us. Many are the memories one can bring back from the mountains, some of peace and some of stern fights with the elements, but they are all memories of freedom. The restraint of ordinary life no longer holds us down, we are in touch with nature. The sky, the winds, the waters, and the earth, surely these ancient elements of life can teach us secrets that a more protected existence hides from us. In the old Gaelic lore that deals with a people whose daily world lay close to the earth, one sees how their passion for freedom is told in their poetry. It came from their intimate relation with nature. May we not also find contentment and a larger interest in life from friendly communion with the hills and the wide open spaces of our Highland land ?

There is enchantment hidden away amongst the lonely expanses of the wilds. Perhaps we have inherited a belief in it from our Gaelic ancestors. It is an enchantment that can give us a new knowledge, that, in old age, "life's leaden metal into gold transmutes." In our youthful days we were easily made captive by these magic spells, and can lay up for ourselves fairy treasures. They are treasures that are our own; we can safely keep what we have bought; we are independent as far as they are concerned. But in this modern civilization that becomes more and more complex, it is difficult to find any path that may lead us away from the all-embracing shackles of modern life. It is freedom and independence that we seek. Long ago the Greeks in their wisdom said, "Know thyself," a saying that means, "Be independent of external things." This independence, however, must not be used for ignoble desires. Rudyard Kipling has written, "A man may apply his independence to what is called worldly advantage, and discover too late that he laboriously has made himself dependent on external conditions, for the maintenance of which he has sacrificed himself, so, he may be festooned with all the haberdashery of success and yet go to his grave a castaway."

I TO THE HILLS—

J. M. CAIE.

OH, laich an' lythe i' the bield o' the glen,
Far the blue reek drifts to the sky,
Stan' bonny an' bien the hames o' men,
An' the burnie gyangs birlin' by.

There's a windin' road by the still loch-side
Far the birks bend whisperin' doon,
An' it leads awa' far the fremit bide
I' the stew an' the steer o' the toon.

But see, far the hill's clad in amber an' reed,
There's a wee roch mountain track ;
Pit your fit tae that, an' ye'll never heed
Fin the cock-grouse cries " Go back."

It's up throu' the bracken, bell-heather an' ling
Far the air comes caller an' sweet,
Wi' your face to the breezes that roun' ye sing,
An' the deep moss under your feet !

But there's blafferts o' win near the mountain tap
That'll beat ye doon tae your knees ;
Sae hain your breath for the hinmost lap
Ow'r the rock an' the clatterin' screes.

There's a challenge that's flung on the roarin' gale,
An' the summit aye beckons ye on ;
There's a battle tae fecht, but ye'll never quail—
Warsle on, warsle on till ye've won.

Oh, there's magic up here, as the hill-fowk ken,
There are secrets the hill-win's tell ;
Hine doon i' the glen are the hames o' men,
But here—there's just God an' yersel'.

[From " The Kindly North,"
by courtesy of the Author.]

EVEREST AGAIN—AND AGAIN!

N. E. ODELL.

ALL mountaineers are aware that in recent years a succession of expeditions has gone forth in order to attempt the ascent of Mount Everest, the world's highest peak, a summit which was long ago triangulated by the Indian Survey and found to be 29,002 feet. It was the seventh expedition which set out last year for the mountain, and we broke very much with the past in the matter of organisation and resources. So much money was not available, and instead of a large and expensive expedition it was decided to run things on light, mobile, and economical lines. A minimum of stores and equipment was to be taken. H. W. Tilman was appointed leader, since it was he who, with E. E. Shipton, had on several recent journeys in the Himalaya put into practice the doctrine of extreme lightness and economy. No extras, nor specialists, such as scientists, nor other hangers-on, that might be styled transport officers or photographers, were to be allowed: in fact, no "frills," and every man a climber, and strict purists, if possible, at that! No "pansy" practices, such as saving up our strength by riding on ponies across Tibet to the base camp, were to be countenanced this time: we must go on our flat feet the whole 300 odd miles, and demonstrate the tough stuff of which Everest climbers should be composed! The simplest diet must suffice, no alcohol must be found in the stores, and few, if any, articles of spare clothing must be carried, whilst three candles per week must be sufficient for the illumination of our tents after early tropical sundown. In short, we must be a party of model stoics, self-renouncing, with our thoughts and eyes fixed on the great goal, and that alone.

Six of us, eventually, with this ideal in view, and accompanied by a dozen Sherpa porters, started off from Kalimpong, in the hills of northern Bengal, in early March, the

seventh member of the party, with other ideas as to a desirable modicum of comfort, not joining up until we were well on our way in Tibet. At the last village of Rongbuk we had such a sudden influx of coolies from Nepal, who wished to act as our porters on the mountain, that the expedition was seriously threatened with becoming a large and extravagant one of the régime of the "bad old days." But this tendency was speedily nipped in the bud by our watchful, somewhat "totalitarian" leader, and the greater number of recruits were sent home. Our punctual arrival at the mountain (April 6) put us in a good condition to establish ourselves for an unusually early attempt upon it, if conditions should allow. But no sooner had we commenced to carry forward stores and equipment, and establish our long line of camps up the East Rongbuk Glacier, than an absurd epidemic of so-called influenza struck us, and four of our party in turn were laid low thereby. The rest of us set to work to attempt the ascent of the North Col ice-slopes, but we found the ice so hard and the temperature so low that at about 22,000 feet we decided we had come too early, and the north face of Everest to be out of the question at the moment.

And so a pilgrimage of the sick and the halt, and the relatively fit alike, took place over the 22,000 feet Lhakpa La to the valley of Kharta, some 30 miles eastward. There, at a lower altitude and with the delights of opening spring around us, we endeavoured to recuperate, although a shortage of food somewhat hindered the process. Tilman became so ill that his condition suggested to our doctor a far worse malady than influenza. Storms and snow squalls blew up meanwhile over the mountains, and although only the beginning of May, and impossibly early for the monsoon, we began to have qualms that conditions looked uncommonly like the onset of that Himalayan climber's nemesis.

But true enough it was, for on arrival back at Rongbuk we found that Everest was white, and had been heavily covered in snow since, it was said, May 5. The monsoon does not strike the Himalaya in these parts usually until well into June, and sometimes not till July, although in the hapless year 1936, of the previous Expedition, it arrived in

May. Hoping that a spell of strong winds might arrive to blow the snow off the steep north face of Everest, we set forth again up the long glaciers, and quickly re-occupied our line of camps up to III below the North Col. The ascent of the slopes of the latter proved arduous and not without danger, for a great deal of the snow was in an exceedingly avalanchy condition, and on one tricky traverse the rope "usefully" stopped two of the party being swept away. However, a camp was eventually pitched on an airy shelf of snow on top of the North Col at 23,000 feet. Then a few of us commenced to struggle up the lower part of the great north face of the mountain, but the deep snow and the constant bad weather soon called a halt. Moreover, we were in danger of having our line of communication, or parties themselves, carried away on the treacherous slopes leading to the North Col camp. We must retreat, or a disaster comparable to that which overtook the German parties on Nanga Parbat might overwhelm us. Our responsibility for the Sherpa porters was, too, another factor in the balance of safety and obvious danger, discretion and glaring indiscretion.

A short spell down at Camp I, and a new effort was to be made, in fact, a last resort that had been condemned and turned down by most members of previous expeditions. A route was to be forced up the other (western) side of the North Col, and so avoid the avalanchy eastern side from which we had retreated. The main Rongbuk Glacier was ascended and a new line of camps pitched and equipped for this purpose. We were not reassured on arrival beneath the steep western ice-wall of the North Col to find that an enormous avalanche, perhaps a mile wide, and sufficient to wipe out a hundred climbing parties, had descended, perhaps a day or so before. With such a mass down, however, it was unlikely that more could come for some time. After much steep ice-climbing and step-cutting, with a long and rather sensational traverse thrown in, a route was worked out to the top of the North Col: but we were all agreed that it was no place for heavily-laden porters, but rather only for light-hearted Alpinists out for a day's sport.

The North Col camp reoccupied, and the weather ameliorating somewhat, parties at once got to work again on the great north face of Everest. It was hard work in deep snow, on outward sloping rocks and ledges, to force a route up to about 25,600 feet, where, on June 6, Camp V was pitched. The Sherpa porters did magnificently, some even returning, after carrying through their own loads, to assist their exhausted brethren still struggling up below. From here, Shipton and Smythe went on with seven Sherpas, and at rather over 27,000 feet established Camp VI, from which the porters were sent down. Next morning they started off early, but the intense cold drove them back to their tent, both hands and feet being in serious danger of frostbite. When the sun had arrived and warmed the air somewhat a second start was made. But the heavily snow-laden rocks soon brought them to a standstill, and all their struggles and efforts at upward progress were obviously hopeless. They must give it up, with the glittering final pyramid of Everest looking so temptingly close, yet still nearly a mile away and 2,000 feet above them. It was a bitterly disappointed party that slowly made their long descent to the lower camps.

Tilman and Lloyd, however, undeterred, determined to make another attack, the latter providing himself with oxygen apparatus in the hope that it might give him some advantage. But it was to no particular purpose, since neither he nor Tilman could, under the appalling conditions of deep powder snow, affect a lodgment on the upper rocks of the mountain, an altitude of perhaps 27,200 feet only being reached, and a long way from Norton's highest (28,100 feet) in 1924, and others of the 1933 expedition.

Two more of us were ready, if need be, to take up the attack; but our duties lay in another direction. A couple of the Sherpas who had been up to Camp VI, at 27,000 feet, were in a serious condition at the North Col camp. One was suffering from a sudden attack of pneumonia and pleurisy, and Dr Warren only kept him alive during one terrible night by constant inhalation of oxygen. The other porter had become completely unable to stand on his feet,

or to speak, and was altogether in such a paralyzed condition that we wondered how we should be able to get him down the 1,300 feet of ice-slopes and walls of the North Col. But it was accomplished, though under the greatest difficulty and with the utmost discomfort to the patient; while the pneumonia case put up such a demonstration of "guts" and resolution that he was able to climb down very largely under his own steam.

And so we once more left the great mountain with nothing further accomplished than previous expeditions, save perhaps the "technical" achievement of having crossed the North Col, the highest "pass" in the world that has been traversed! No more than this, indeed, with the exception of a fair number of scientific observations relating to geology, glaciology and meteorology, which the writer was able to fit in in the intervals of pursuing the main objective. Of scientific researches there are ample yet in this little-known region, and there is no necessity for members of an Everest party to feel bored, or even run into the danger of bed-sores, due to days of waiting in idleness, which one of our number this year claims to be the chief menace of these expeditions!

As to the future, Everest can and will be climbed, and it is hoped, of course, by a British party. But, given an amply experienced and able party—and there are more than a sufficiency of British mountaineers available—two conditions are necessary. One, the normal special permit from Tibet to enter the country, which is by no means readily come by; and two, a sufficiently long interval in May and early June between the cessation of the winter winds and cold and the arrival of the heavy monsoon snows, which, as we demonstrated this year, make the summit of Everest quite inaccessible.

CLIMBING WITH A CAMERA.

R. L. MITCHELL.

IN recent years developments in all branches of photography have come at an amazing pace, and apparatus, sensitive materials and technique which were up to date ten years ago to-day give results much inferior to the best obtainable. It seems opportune at this time, when there is some indication of a lull in these improvements, to summarize the chief points connected with the use of a camera in the hills. The main object of any climber is the exploration of the hills themselves; photography must always be but a means of producing some record of his excursions. Any photographic equipment should be easily portable and light, so that it does not hinder or even become a danger in serious climbing; it should be quickly operated, to avoid delaying the party unduly, and it should be possible to carry out most of the necessary operations with gloves on. At the same time, photographs should not be mere records but should attempt to recreate the atmosphere of the scene. For such a purpose apparatus of reasonably good quality is necessary; consistent results are unobtainable with cheap equipment and films.

The photographer who is in the hills merely to take pictures and who sees in them only one more subject, unfortunately less accessible than most, is no concern of this article. He, with his generally bulky and unwieldy equipment, must be left behind with the suspicion that his results will be no better than those obtainable with apparatus much better adapted for use when climbing. Most important is the camera itself. This should be small, versatile, and should wear easily. Modern films all enlarge well, so the negative size is of little moment once it is realized that it is not feasible to carry a camera capable of producing contact prints of adequate size. The true miniature (such as the Contax,

the Leica, or the Retina) or the semi-miniature, taking 12 or 16 pictures on standard $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches spools (of which the Ensign Selfix 220 or the Ikonta are examples) are the most suitable types. A good anastigmatic lens giving crisp definition is essential, while an aperture of not less than $f/4.5$ is advisable— $f/3.5$ is better. A lens by a reputable maker is always to be preferred to a faster lens of cheaper make. Many miniature cameras give the advantage of interchangeable lenses, and a telephoto lens of double the normal focal length is a useful addition to the kit, although it will generally be found that changing lenses in the hills is decidedly inconvenient. The shutter, also, must be of good quality; one in which the faster speeds of $1/100$ and $1/250$ sec. are available is essential. With exposures of longer than $1/100$ sec., camera shake is almost certain to occur and to become apparent in enlargements. A tripod for longer exposures to avoid shake is out of the question; its use entails a considerable delay; it is inconvenient to operate except in favourable weather conditions and a suitable, stable site is seldom to be found at the best viewpoint.

An eye-level view-finder, especially in the Albada form, has great advantages over the small reflex finders previously fitted to most cameras. Composition is easier in an image which is not reversed, and the extra 2 feet of height are often invaluable. The popular twin-lens reflex cameras are not too well adapted for use in the hills; they are somewhat bulky and awkward to wear, whilst the viewpoint is rather low. A coupled range-finder, however useful it may be for other purposes, is an unnecessary luxury as far as mountain photography is concerned, since most of the exposures are made with the focal setting at infinity. Much more important is some knowledge of the depth of focus provided at various lens apertures and focal distances. In this respect it should be noted that the foreground of a picture must never be out of focus; the background may be if emphasis is to be concentrated on a nearby subject.

All the cameras mentioned are roll-film models. Plate or film pack models are much less convenient to operate, whilst in a well-designed, modern camera no fault can be

found with the maintenance of roll-film in the focal plane. This is a common source of trouble in older cameras. Reasonable precautions are, of course, necessary; it is better to assist the opening of self-erecting models in order to minimize suction and to wind the film, not after making an exposure but just previous to the next, after opening the camera, at the same time as the shutter is charged. This soon becomes a habit and the danger of double exposure is negligible even if no prevention device be fitted. The camera is best carried in an ever-ready case slung around the neck and worn on the chest under a zip-fastened, wind-proof jacket. It is then immediately ready for use and yet never in the way. It is protected from the weather and kept at a reasonable temperature—an important factor, as a cold lens is very easily fogged by the breath when setting the controls.

Although a good camera is the first essential in any photographic equipment, it alone cannot produce the best picture obtainable; various accessories must be used if the best possible results are to be got. A lens hood designed for a lens of the focal length employed is perhaps the most important of these. It should be used for every exposure made when the sun is shining, although its advantage is greatest in "against the light" pictures. In the hills lighting effects are of especial interest, and the most effective shots are generally made with the sun in front of the camera. Such pictures can only be attempted if a hood be fitted over the lens to cut out stray reflections from the lens mount and glare from snow surfaces. In the taking of snowscapes the position of the sun is of special importance; only if the sun be in front of the camera can the structure of the snow be recorded and all the delicate gradation of a good snow-picture obtained. A picture showing snow as a pure white sheet is quite unacceptable. Even for general work, however, the photographer is well advised to fit a lens hood and to forget the oft-repeated advice to beginners to keep the sun directly behind the camera. It is to be understood that this refers only to monochrome work, as present-day colour films appear to need direct lighting, since their latitude is not sufficient to take care of both the shaded and sunlit portions

of a scene. Very accurate exposure is then the secret of success.

Careful exposure is needed also with black and white film, especially panchromatic, if the best results are to be obtained and a reasonably employed exposure meter is very useful. The photo-electric type is best but does not necessarily give the exact exposure. It shows a mean value for the proportion of high-light and shadow to which it is directed; modification in the value obtained must be made, depending on the type of negative desired. In general, it is best to give adequate exposure for the shadows and to curtail development somewhat to avoid blocking the high-lights. The combination of meter reading and experience cannot fail to give correctly exposed negatives. Unless the negatives are developed personally, or by a firm which specializes in the work, they will generally be found to be badly over-developed.

As far as the operation of the camera is concerned, the author's practice is to keep the shutter set at a speed of 1/100 sec. and to adjust the stop to that indicated by the meter, unless differential focussing or great depth of focus is needed, when the stop must be chosen and the necessary exposure given. The speed of the film and the factor for any filter are, of course, allowed for at this stage. The definition of a good lens, as distinct from depth of focus, is not improved by stopping down to very small apertures, and a sharper picture will often result from an exposure of 1/500 sec. at f/8 than from 1/100 sec. at f/16.

After experiments with most makes and types of film available, the author has reached the conclusion that the most suitable type has a fast panchromatic emulsion, and he now employs Selo Hypersensitive Panchromatic or H.P.2 film exclusively. This film is really fast (31° Sch.) and suitable for poor lighting conditions; its tone gradation is better than that of the slower fine grain panchromatic films, which, especially in some makes, tend to be too contrasty, yet its grain is fine enough to allow of enlargements of 10-15 diameters to be made if a fine-grain developer be used. Ordinary orthochromatic film is much inferior to

panchromatic film for general work, especially if true tonal values or cloud effects are desired. With strong filters to produce really dramatic effects, a red-sensitive panchromatic film is preferable to the newer orthopanchromatic type.

Even with a panchromatic film, true colour rendering is possible only with a filter, and for this purpose a green filter needing three to four times the exposure with the Selo H.P. film is best. The main use for a filter in mountain photography is, however, to introduce tone into the blue of the sky; a picture in which the blankness of the sky rivals that of a snowfield lighted from behind the camera is the best possible example of what not to produce. Sufficient tone can be introduced into the sky to give a printable image by almost any filter; the above-mentioned green screen serves excellently with panchromatic film, but much the same effect can be got with a yellow filter with less increase in exposure. This is valuable with small aperture lenses. Where an $f/6.3$ or $f/8$ lens only is available, a pale yellow filter, such as the Zeiss G1 with a fast panchromatic film, should give reasonably exposed negatives in moderate light at $1/100$ sec. The so-called sky filters, gradated from yellow to colourless, are not to be recommended. As usually fitted, directly in front of the lens, they cannot perform their purpose efficiently and a pale yellow filter is easier to use. Polarizing filters such as the Zeiss Bernotar can be used to give practically any desired sky correction. At the same time this filter needs a smaller factor to give a well-exposed foreground and often yields a better balanced negative. Considerable experience of the filter is necessary, however, before the best results are obtainable. The panorama of the north-east corrie of Lochnagar was taken with this filter, and its ability to give detail in deep shadow, as well as sky correction, proved very useful for such a picture. The actual exposure details for this and other pictures will be found at the foot of the page facing the picture.

For strong, overcorrected skies, a red or orange filter is employed. Caution must be exercised, however, as such effects can be overdone. Used in moderation, for really startling skies, it is very effective. A further use of the red

filter is to cut haze, and it can often produce results when the subject is only dimly visible and would be lost without a filter. A loss in atmosphere is generally noticeable in such pictures, and it may be better to use a weaker filter and retain some of the distance haze. Even longer-distance pictures can be got by using Infra-red film with the necessary Infra-red filter, but these generally necessitate a stand to prevent camera shake during the lengthy exposure. The Lancet Edge picture in the previous *Journal* shows the use of the red filter (Zeiss R10) for sky effects, and that showing the Ben Lawers group over 20 miles from Ben Alder the use of the same filter for distance. While a filter is needed to separate clouds and sky effectively, tone in the clouds themselves can be produced by correct exposure; with overcast skies no filter may be necessary. When climbing at high altitudes a U.V. or pale yellow filter should be included to cut out the excess ultra-violet light present. Any filter would serve, but correction at such altitudes is greater than that produced nearer sea-level, and black skies would result with darker screens.

The effect produced by any filter varies considerably with the conditions prevailing. Thus a green filter may give dark skies if employed on a day when the atmosphere is free from moisture and the picture taken with the sun. Against the sun, on the other hand, the sky is generally much lighter. The shots of the Barns of Beinn Mheadhoin illustrate very severe correction using a red filter with the sun and slight correction with a green filter against the sun. The value of the latter form of lighting for rendering snow structure is also apparent. The author normally carries Zeiss G1 (pale yellow), GR50 (green), and R10 (red) filters, together with a polarizing filter, a lens hood, a Sixtus photoelectric exposure meter, and a notebook to record exposure data. All can be carried, together with two spare spools, in the outside pocket of a climbing jacket. The camera with which the accompanying pictures were taken was a Super Ikonta 531, with an $f/3.5$ Tessar lens of 7 cm. focal length and a Compur-rapid shutter, giving 16 negatives $2\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ inches on standard No. 20 film.

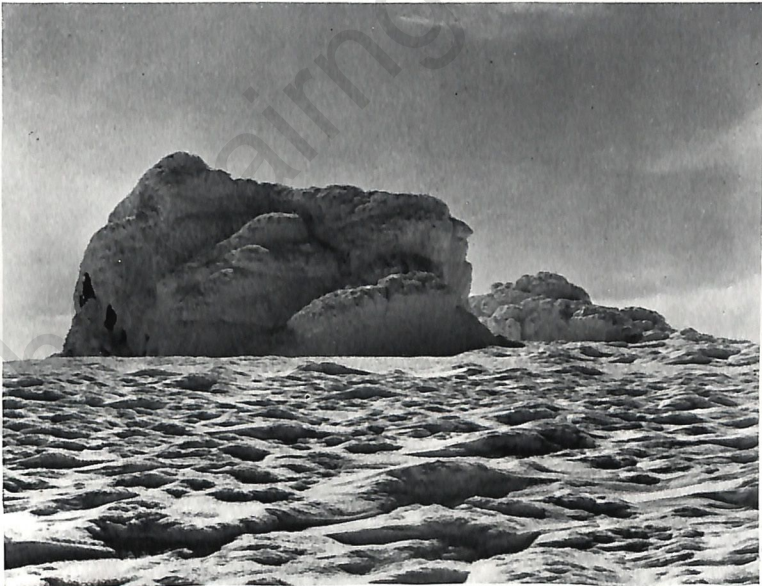
One point of importance must be noted. A photo-electric exposure meter incorporates a small permanent magnet which interferes seriously with any compass in its vicinity. Hence, compass readings should be taken at least 3 feet away from the meter, and in misty conditions it is best to ensure that these instruments are carried by different individuals who keep well apart.

So much for the camera and accessories best suited for the production of a picture. These, however, will not give results of themselves; it is the operation of the apparatus which counts. Indeed, it may be said that a picture is made or marred before the camera case is opened. The mechanical operations necessary after that are simple; it is the conclusions reached before it is decided to take a picture which are important. Choice of viewpoint and lighting conditions, selection of the most suitable filter to give the desired effect, and the general composition should all be considered. If there is any doubt about the suitability of a scene, it is fairly certain it will not make a picture, and an exposure would be a waste of time and material. On the other hand, a series of exposures with varying filters and speeds is the only way of getting to know the capabilities of the equipment.

Composition is a matter which has to be settled for each individual picture, but a few general points should be noticed. The subject should be kept simple, with one main point of interest, and the viewpoint so chosen that as much of the picture space as possible is filled. The camera does not possess the selective properties of our eyes of rejecting extraneous matter, and this often reappears in a disconcerting manner in a photograph. This is particularly true of background objects when a picture has its main interest in the foreground. Disappointment can also be caused by the miserable spot which represents that towering peak many miles away—once again the eye has picked out and emphasized the high point of a scene.

Selo H.P. Film, April 1.30 P.M., bright sunshine :

- (a) Zeiss R10 red filter, 1/100 sec., f11, with the sun.
- (b) Zeiss GR50 green filter, 1/100 sec., f16, against the sun.



April 1939

THE BARNES OF BEINN MHEADHOIN

R. L. Mitchell

When a suitable subject has been chosen it is scanned through the view-finder to ascertain whether it can survive on its own, cut off from the remainder of the scene by the four sides of the finder frame. The photographer will observe whether there is a suitable base for the picture—that the mountain side does not run feebly out at the bottom but has a solid support. A strip of foreground to support it may have to be included by lowering the viewpoint. The importance of this may be seen by masking off the foreground of the Pfaffen Hüt picture. The lines of a picture may not lead to the centre of interest, in which case the viewpoint will have to be changed, or a figure introduced to break disconcerting lines (as in the Jungfrau picture). The scene may be too symmetrical—bisected by a straight horizon or divided vertically by an object in the centre of the foreground. Both faults should be avoided by consideration before the picture is taken; much can be done by subsequent trimming, but often an excellent picture is lost through one such fault which cannot be repaired. If a figure be introduced, it must on no account be looking towards the camera and, if in profile, it must look into and not out of the picture. The effect on the balance of the picture can be well imagined were the figure in the frontispiece reversed. This picture, on Selo H.P. film with a G1 yellow screen, was taken at $1/25$ sec. at $f/22$ to give adequate depth of focus (from about 6 feet to near infinity) from the summit of the Arosa Rothorn at noon in September. Clouds on the south-east approached the summit; visibility to the west exceeded 30 miles.

The point of interest is best placed not in the centre but one-third of the distance from one side and from top or bottom. If the sky is more important than the landscape, let it occupy two-thirds of the picture; if the landscape warrants it, give it the major share. Such rules, however, are made only to be broken; one's personal judgment should lead all these points to be attended to unwittingly during a glimpse of the future picture in the view-finder. In composing, it should be remembered that it is tone and not colour differences which are recorded, and the respective values of the different

colours, which vary with the film and filter employed, allowed for in balancing a picture.

Where it is desired to record details of a district rather than to produce a picture, it may be necessary to include more than the limited angle of view (about 60°) of most lenses. A panorama can be produced by taking a series of photographs with some overlap and joining up the prints. It is possible, with care, to obtain a reasonable fit with hand-held exposures, provided the camera is held at the same angle to the horizontal and foreground objects kept out of the picture. Some patience may be necessary in the fitting. Because a match is not obtained at one point does not mean that one cannot be obtained somewhere in a pair of prints. Disappointments do occur, but the author has found reasonable fits in about four out of five panoramas so taken, so the carrying of a steady tripod and a panoramic head (an ordinary tripod head is of little help) does not seem to be justified.

The development of the film and enlargement of the resulting negatives are best done personally by the photographer. This is often impossible, but in such cases he or she is well advised to submit the films to a specialist firm, who will process them in any desired manner, if some indication of the degree of exposure and type of negative is given. This service is but little more expensive than rushed D. and P. work and negatives which are often irreplaceable deserve it.

It is hoped that these notes will have done something to help to produce better photographs—to change the uncertainty as to whether a picture “will have come out” to whether it will have come out as well as it could. It is only when the initial doubt has been banished by the acquisition of a good technique that real pictures can be produced. Of late years, too, the number of pictures submitted to our Editor has been meagre; perhaps members will be encouraged to remedy this.

Selo F.G. Pan. Film, Zeiss R10 red filter, 1/100 sec., f3.5, sunny, noon, April.



April 1938

BEN LAWERS FROM THE SHORT LEACHAS RIDGE OF BEN ALDER

R. L. Mitchell

WAITING FOR THE NEW

ARTHUR WALEY

“ WIR müssen auf den Neuen warten ” (“ We must wait for the New ”). One might have thought, from the fervour of his tone, that he was speaking of a new Messiah, had he not, as he said the words, standing outside the leafy open window, jerked his head towards the green mountains, still striped at the summit with patches of shimmering snow.

Often in winter, after a great snowfall, the skier looks out of his window at night, and seeing a clear sky pictures to himself the virgin, untracked slopes that await him in the morning. And so great is his longing to see spread out below him the unspoiled slopes, to lay the first track, that a whole night, even though spent in unconsciousness, seems an intolerable time to wait. And what of the summer, when he must spend not a few unconscious hours but half a year of long-dayed months waiting for the New ?

But the truth is that for the skier time does not count. Waiting is waiting, whether it be for a night or for six months ; and inversely the prospect of a ski-run is as exciting, day after day, to the *rentier* or *pensioner* who spends Michaelmas to May Day on the snow, as to the bread-winner who snatches a fortnight at Christmas. Each, on waking, thrills at the thought “ to-day I am going to ski ” ; each has sat for hours in heavy and perhaps wet ski-ing boots, merely to put off the moment when he must confess to himself “ to-day’s ski-ing is over.” As for the great wrench, the loosening of the bindings, and stepping out of the skis for the last time, the holiday-skier’s great pang—the man of leisure will do all in his power to avoid it. He lingers where there are still streaks of white above the tree-line, or near glaciers that can still be skied upon at three in the morning or nine at night ; he will not oil his skis or pack them away. The season is not over ; there is

a ski meeting on the Glockner in June, at the Jungfrau in July.

Meanwhile thick grass and leisurely buttercups cover the slopes where in winter-time split seconds were disputed. Beyond these slopes were once mountains, cornices, avalanches, blizzards; now there are only dwarfish green hills, tinged here and there with a mist of blue or yellow flowers. And if the gentian, the primulas, the soldanella, the snow-anemones in all their glory were suddenly blotted out by a metre of powder snow, no skier, even though he were also a great lover of flowers, would for an instant mourn. It is an obsession, a madness. Can there be any other sport that has such a hold? Does the fisherman lay down his rod with such a pang? This at least the skier has in common with the fisherman, that he is never tired of talking about his sport, never grows weary indeed of going over and over again through all the familiar stages of the same conversation. "The Telemark turn still has its uses," "Funiculars have ruined ski-ing," "Steel edges are dangerous for beginners." And when there is no one to talk to, the skier does run in his head, holds triumphantly the "Schuss" he has never quite ventured, changes the snow at will from the pillows and billows of January powder to the day-dream pliancy of "Firn" or the glinting steel of early-morning glacier snow. Of the New, lying lightly on hummocks of shale and over the brown autumn grass, he banishes all thought. It is far away; not months only, but manifold contingencies—wars, sickness, penury lie between.

[From *The New Statesman and Nation*,
by courtesy of the Author.]

Selo F.G. Pan. Film, Zeiss G1 yellow filter, 1/100 sec., f11, sunny, noon, September. Side lighting; at this elevation (9,400 feet) little difference is apparent with different filters. All produce dark skies.



September 1938

JUNGFRAU AND CONCORDIA PLATZ

R. L. Mitchell

ON LOCHS AND LOCHANS.

E. W. SMITH.

EXCEPT the joy of a sunny hour on the summit, nothing can give more delight than to laze by the side of one of the many lochs with which the Cairngorms and neighbouring groups abound. Some of these lochs are encountered on climbing days, but others are themselves excellent objectives for an excursion. -

On a holiday in the Aviemore district a year or two ago I made several such excursions. On that side of the hills there is, within easy access and in glorious surroundings, some of the finest loch scenery in Scotland.

To Loch an Eilein is a perfect evening stroll. Leaving the main road at Inverdrue, a road that looks like a carriage drive through birch and juniper leads to the shores of the Loch of the Island, with its ruined keep and memories of the Wolf of Badenoch. Though this loch by its very accessibility loses a lot of its charm, it still maintains that atmosphere of aloofness to an extent enough to draw you when more distant excursions are out of the question, or to round off a day spent on the hills.

Farther afield, passed *en route* for Cairngorm, is Loch Morlich. Here is a Scotch loch which seems to have found its way from Switzerland. In extent it may not compare with Loch Katrine or Loch Lomond, but its setting with a back curtain formed of the corries of Cairngorm, the Lurcher's Crag, and the entrance to the Lairig Ghru, its fringe of pines and birches, its stretches of golden sand, make it a spot to linger long beside. Continuing through Glenmore, past the lodge of the Forestry Commissioners, into the Glen of the Ryvoan, we came to the Green Loch (one of several of that name, but usually called simply the Loch of the Ryvoan). Here, although still at tree-level, something of the air of the higher lochan could be felt; perhaps it is its greenness or

the quiet, for there is no sound of running water, as, like the Pools of Dee, there is no visible outlet, the waters finding their way underground, eventually to add to the volume of Loch Morlich.

Another day we headed for Glen Einich with no other purpose than to visit the loch of that name. Loch Einich too has a magnificent setting. It runs far into the glen that is formed by the giants Braeriach, Càrn Bàn and Sgòran Dubh. A good driving road leads up past two bothies to the shore of the loch. On the right hand, but out of sight from the road, is another loch, shallow, surrounded by reeds and heather, with the astounding name of Mhic Ghille-Chaoile, the loch of the lanky man's son. This we visited on our way home, deciding to return to the glen next day to explore Coire an Lochan.

Loch Coire an Lochan lies high on Braeriach, only some 700 feet from the summit, in a corrie of red granite, most of the boulders covered with blue-green lichen. The corrie is reached by leaving the glen at the lower bothy, and though we turned down the hill from the loch side, it was only to avoid being late for supper that we did not make the top of Braeriach—we had spent too long mooning by the loch.

It was this excursion to Loch Coire an Lochan that made me think of the many possibilities of exploring the lochans of the Cairngorms, and of how much these little lochs add to the attraction of hill-walking.

On a day in March last year we had a fine bag of lochs. Starting from Spittal of Glenmuick, the majesty of Loch Muick was followed—after a trudge up the Mounth road to the shoulder of the Broad Cairn—by a glimpse of Loch Esk nestling in the shelter of Crow Craigies, demanding that that district would one day be explored. After a distant view of Loch Callater from the summit of Cairn Taggart we dropped down into the glen of the Dubh Loch. The going was over peat hags, and we were glad to get down to the path by the loch side. This is another grand scene. The crags of Cairn

Selo H.P. Film, Zeiss R10 red filter, 1/100 sec., f11, 2 P.M. April. Directly into the sun. Intense silver sheen on iced snow patches.



April 1939

BEN MACDHUI AND LOCH ETCHACHAN

R. L. Mitchell

Bannoch on the one hand and the Eagles' Rock on the other make a setting which can be grim indeed and justify the name of Black Loch. Returning to Loch Muick we continued down the north side past Glas-allt Shiel, where the loch with its little island looks its loveliest.

Lochnagar is best known as a mountain seen from the comfort of a car on the Deeside road, but the name really belongs to the loch that lies hidden in the heart of the north-east corrie; a loch of many moods. Almost lost at times in a covering of ice and snow in the winter months, or a mirror reflecting the beauties which inspired Byron, to get to know this loch I think it is necessary to have scrambled up over the boulders in the half-light, to pitch a tent on its shores in the darkness, and to waken in the early hours of the morning to find the cliffs lit with the first rays of the sun, the loch still in the shadow of the Meikle Pap, but reflecting clearly the outlines of the ridges and gullies streaked with snow, till that picture is perfectly duplicated on its face.

Ben Macdhui too has its accompanying retinue of lochs and lochans. Loch Avon, filling the floor of the great corrie between Ben Macdhui, Cairngorm, and Beinn Mheadhoin, greeny blue in the sunlight, or awesome in the shadow, or seen framed between the pillars that form the head of the Pinnacle Gully, is yet familiar to most climbers as the setting of the Shelter Stone. The memory of Loch Avon in the starlight of an early morning is one of the clearest recollections of hill scenery that I have. We had settled down to a cold couch in the Shelter Stone on a day in late April. The frost was intense, and about 2 A.M. some kind of "central heating" was clearly indicated. I got up to boil water, and going outside met an almost unbelievable scene—the loch in the starlight with wisps of white vapour rising ghostlike from its face. Needless to say, beautiful though the sight was it was enjoyed alone, and that only during the time it took to get the kettle to boiling-point.

Loch Etchachan, nestling at the foot of the great crags, frozen over for months in the year; Lochan Buidhe, high up on the plateau (3,683 feet), merely a big pool, but welcome as a guide on a misty day; the green lochans of Derry

Cairngorm, and Sròn Riach, are all encountered on the round from Glen Lui to Glen Derry.

Peaceful, sparkling in the sunlight, refreshing to the eye on a hot day, the Lochan Uaine in Glen Lui of summer becomes a fearsome place when encountered on a blowing wintry day, at least so we found it on a New Year meet. We had scrambled across the slopes of Sròn Riach, hoping to find possible a climb to Stob Coire Sputan Dearg, had given up hope of that and decided to go only as far as the little loch. On getting over the lip boulders we found that the wind had changed its sheltered calmness into a whirlpool of blown snow and ice. We regained the comparative calm of the Lui burn with a new interest in this lochan's infinite variety.

Whether it be the Green Loch below Angel's Peak, the Black Lochan in the corrie of Beinn a' Bhùird, or the fine stretch of water that is Loch Builg, beside the gentle slopes of Ben Avon, it is not the wintry lochs that have the attraction. Beautiful though they are in late spring with their miniature icebergs of green and blue and white sailing on a sea of inky black, it is the calm, rippling loch of a summer day that lures me to its side and puts into the mind thoughts of the folly of grinding farther up the rock-strewn slopes when here is all that heart can desire of the peace of the hills.

* * *

“Opposite is the great mountain of Lochnagar, a most renowned and celebrated mountain, not so much for its own sake as for the sake of a poem Lord Byron made upon it.”

—JAMES BROWN in “The New Deeside Guide,” 1866.

“Deeside a small, bleak valley? Whoever heard tell of such nonsense?”

—The same JAMES BROWN in the same book.

SNAW.

J. M. CAIE.

SNAW,
Dingin' on slaw,
Quait, quait, far nae win's blaw,
Haps up bonnily the frost-grippit lan'.
Quait, quait, the bare trees stan',
Raisin' caul' fingers tae the deid, leiden lift,
Keppin' a' they can as the flakes doon drift.
Still, still,
The glen an' the hill
Nae mair they echo the burnie's bit v'ice,
That's tint, death-silent, awa' neth the ice.
Soun'less, the warl' is row'd up in sleep,
Dreamless an' deep,
Dreamless an' deep.
Niver a move but the saft doon-glidin'
O' wee, wee fairies on fite steeds ridin',
Ridin', ridin', the haill earth hidin',
Till a' thing's awa'
An' there's naething but snaw,
Snaw.

[By courtesy of the Author.]



IN THE ÖTZTAL ALPS.

W. LAWSON.

THERE is no doubt that the cow-bell is romantic and makes a delightful souvenir, but like many other things its romance lies more in theory than in practice. Placed on the neck of a cow browsing outside your window at 4 o'clock in the morning, it takes on quite a different aspect. And this particular cow evidently found the grass outside the Hohenzollern Hütte to its taste, and the cow-bell clanged discordantly with just sufficient interval of silence to encourage vainly renewed attempts at slumber. The night had, in any case, been rather a restless one, our first night in an Austrian hut, and knowing that a long day lay in front of us, and that we were due to be called at 5 o'clock, the premature waking was far from welcome. I gazed out through the little window to the peaks outlined against the clear night sky, and the snow reflecting a faint, ghostly light. It seemed almost miraculous to lie here at last, to find that the hut existed in reality and not only in map and guide-book. The night journey to London, the day's travelling to Cologne, the early start and the long but interesting journey to Innsbruck, seemed already part of a distant existence, whose only link with the Hohenzollern Hütte was the hectic forenoon in Innsbruck, buying crampons, rope, haversacks and the like at the Sporthaus Schmidt, transactions which strained both my German and Herr Schmidt's English to the utmost. The journey by slow train and bus to Pfunds belonged to this new world, for city clothes were now left behind, and shorts and climbing kit had taken their place. The transformation was completed by the evening in Pfunds, spent in the inn common-room listening to folk-songs and tunes played on the zither, the performer inspired first by beer, and latterly by a discreet quantity of Scotch whisky.

From Pfunds to the hut the way had been steadily up-

hill, and a misty morning gave way to a scorching sun, and confirmed our suspicions that our packs were far too heavy. However, the beauty of the valley, the luxuriance of the flowers and vegetation, the glimpses of distant snow-topped peaks, counteracted the toil of the ever-ascending path, and sore shoulders were soon forgotten in the charm of the Hütte. My friend and I were the only occupants, and the hut-keeper and his wife were effusive in their welcome. The cutlet and roast potatoes were first rate, and in return we had infused a brew of real English tea which was sampled with great appreciation—the keeper declared it “suprafine,” and added: “Ah, the Colonies!”

As I lay, determined not to get up before the appointed hour, I heard him moving about downstairs, and just as the noisy cow-bell moved off to pastures new, and I fell into a deep morning sleep, his noisy knock and shout, and even more noisy tread on the wooden stair, announced 5 o'clock. Breakfast consisted of coffee, bread, and cheese, and we set off at 6 o'clock, after lengthy instructions regarding the danger of crevasses in the glaciers, the route to follow, where to fill our water-flask, and so on.

The morning was gloriously clear, with a slight chilly breeze, and we swung at a good pace along the excellent path, first over the meadow and then along the hill-side. Soon the path turned, and we waved a last farewell to the keeper. Ahead we could see the path running along the slope of the hill and ending in the snow-field, while we could make out quite easily the gap in the ridge which formed the pass we had to cross. The summit of the Glockturn, which was also included in the day's intentions, lay to the right of the pass, and the snow-fields terminated in the Glockturn Glacier. Although this is comparatively small, we were thrilled by our first sight of a glacier.

Still in blissful shade, we soon covered several miles, but where the snow began the shade ended, and we were then in the full glare of a sun now well up in the sky. As the hut-keeper had promised, footmarks carried on the track, but it was here also that he had warned us about the danger of crevasses, so we dutifully roped up with doubled

ropes, and also donned crampons. Progress was slow. Not knowing anything about the correct method of fastening on crampons, they were more often off than on; the doubled ropes dragged heavily; we carefully prodded the snow before putting a foot on it; the sun beat down mercilessly; in fact, a more comical picture of a couple of greenhorns on a glacier for the first time would be hard to imagine. We soon realized that in the steadily softening snow the crampons were merely a nuisance, and they were relegated to the rucksack after their first and last appearance on our holiday. In self-justification, however, I should mention that I was assured that if we had been a few weeks later, *i.e.*, in August instead of July, they would have been essential.

With confidence our speed increased, but it was a long trudge along the snow slope until at last we reached the pass. This is 10,000 feet, the hut we had left being 7,416 feet, and the Glockturn, which was now our objective, is 11,007 feet.

What a relief to unrope, get our packs off, and after a short rest set off unburdened along the ridge! The going was easy, first snow and then loose rock, and it was only on the final slope that the loose rock and soft snow, coupled with the precipice below, gave rise to the question of the advisability of roping up. The question was quickly answered—neither of us had considered it his particular task to bring the rope.

Going very carefully we skirted the loose stones and soon stood on the summit where at last we could see in all directions. The sky was perfectly clear, and in every direction we could see as far as perspective would allow us. It was only afterwards, when on most occasions a heat haze obscured the distant view, that we realised how amazingly fortunate we were in this, our first view from an Alpine summit. Our gaze turned naturally first to the south-west, where the Swiss Alps lay, and we quickly supplied the mountain masses there with names to satisfy the most thirsty imagination. Soon we turned our attention to the Eastern Alps, which lay all around us, and we settled down to study

the map and pick out our future routes and peaks. Our map had seemed at first a hopeless puzzle, with large white and blue areas signifying snow-fields and glaciers, but with practice it was becoming wonderfully clear and simple. The Gepatsch Glacier, which we intended to cross on the morrow, immediately attracted attention, stretching rather like a long, dusty road from the high snow-fields into the valley, and following it we could pick out our route over its upper stretches of snow to the rocky peak behind which is perched the Branderburger Haus, at a height of 10,000 feet. For almost an hour we lay, unwilling to leave so glorious a view behind, but there was still a long way to go, and at 3 o'clock, after draining the last drop from our water-flask, we reluctantly started the downward journey, and later, even more reluctantly, shouldered our packs. The descending snow-slopes were quickly covered, there being no fears of crevasses on this side, according to our hut-keeper friend, and our next halt was at a glacier pool where, taking our courage in both hands, we had a dip. Dip is the correct word, for short though the duration of the dip was, it took us quite a time to attain normal temperatures again. Perhaps it was the effect of the shock that made me leave my scarf behind, or perhaps it was to celebrate our bravery that I left the Cairngorm Colours at the side of that pool. After the soft snow the stones and gravel of the moraine were far from welcome, and we trudged patiently on, picking up here and there the guiding splash of red paint, until at last we came back to the luxury of vegetation. It takes a few miles of moraine slopes to make one really appreciate what a refreshing sight grass can be.

The path was now quite clear, and we felt a homely feeling descending the valley at the side of the noisy stream. It was only an upward look that reminded one that this was not some Scottish glen, although a closer look at the stream would have revealed that in place of a clear Scottish burn ran a muddy glacier torrent. At last the Gepatsch Haus was visible amongst the trees, but fate had a nasty trick up her sleeve for us and, lulling us into ignoring the clear markings of the map, she lured us along what seemed the

rightful path, then suddenly confronted us with a fringe of broken cliffs, below which ran the road up to the hut, if the imposing Gepatsch Haus could be given such a title. After several futile attempts my companion adopted the wiser course of retreating, and took the correct but circuitous route down, while I, goaded by the proximity of the end of our journey, persevered until at last, by throwing down my pack in front of me regardless of consequences, I was able partly to scramble, partly to slither down. It was practically dark at 8 o'clock when we thankfully put our packs on the floor of the Gepatsch Haus, and already most of the inmates had retired.

Our first consideration was food, and our meal was ordered. Next, we unashamedly booked a place on the *mattrazen lager*, or common bed, in spite of the surprise of the chambermaid that the wealthy English should not want a room for themselves. I should mention that these Austrian huts are almost like mountain hotels, and can offer accommodation in the form of bedrooms, or the common sleeping-room. The latter is generally a long room at the top of the house, and down the whole of either side runs the *mattrazen lager*, which is simply a long bed on which the thrifty mountaineer, of either sex, can obtain a place for approximately one shilling.

By the time we had changed, our meal was ready, and as we were the only remaining diners, we were entertained with the company of the waitress, who was delighted to meet the Englishmen, while I was equally pleased to exercise my German. As usual, we had to complete the register and produce our passports, and, also as usual, the photographs thereon gave rise to much amused comment, favourable and otherwise.

Soon we crept up to bed, well satisfied with our first day's climbing—it would have taken much more than cow-bells to keep me awake that night.

Selo H.P. Film, Zeiss G1 yellow filter, 1/100 sec., f22, 11 A.M. September. The sun was behind the thin cloud in the upper left-hand corner. Snow-bridged crevasses at Grünhorn Lücke (11,000 feet) between the Aletsch and Fiescher glaciers.



September 1938

SNOW

R. L. Mitchell

And next morning the noise of the departure of our bedmates passed unheeded in our blissful slumber, so that we rose to the sight of the sun already shining and doing its fell work on the snow.

Breakfast was a rush, and the long trudge up the moraine by the side of the Gepatsch Glacier was accomplished before the morning shadows had left the path. After a few miles the glacier itself had to be crossed, just below the ice-fall, and this we did in some trepidation. A little planning to find a route over the maze of crevasses at the edges was required, and at times our feet felt far from secure on the wet ice, but no real difficulty was experienced. The lower part of a glacier is bare ice and crevasses are plainly visible, so that there is very little danger—it is in the upper part, where the ice is covered with snow and the crevasses frequently completely concealed, that care is essential.

The Gepatsch Glacier is the biggest glacier in Austria, and the ice-fall presented an amazing collection of fantastic ice towers and shapes that filled us with admiration and awe. On the other side of the glacier stands the small Rauhekopf Hut, perched on an outcrop of rock, and here we thankfully removed our packs and sampled the rather sickly lemonade. The courteous suggestion of the hut-keeper that we should stay overnight seemed ridiculous, as it was only 10 o'clock, but many times during the next few hours I regretted our refusal.

Our route to the Brandenburger Haus lay over the snow of the Upper Gepatsch Glacier, snow now well softened by a blazing sun. For miles around us it seemed to stretch like a white desert, fiercely throwing up the heat the sun was beating down upon it. Its treachery was early revealed when my foot went through the snow to emptiness beneath, and left a hole down which I caught a glimpse of the blue, icy walls of a crevasse. As we plodded on not a breeze disturbed the shimmering air, not a cloud gave us a minute's respite from the glare of the sun. We soon stopped even cursing the weight of our packs, and our whole energies became concentrated in propelling our feet along the track of footmarks in front of us. Resting seemed out of the

question. To sit down meant sinking in soft snow ; to stop meant that we became still more conscious of the weight of our packs.

At last the Branderburger Haus came in sight, and very, very slowly we crept nearer. Over the snow ran ski-tracks, a sight that put bitterness in my soul as I ploughed along sinking knee-deep at every step. It was only 2.30 when, like a couple of drowning men, we put our feet on dry land and pulled ourselves up to the house, but it seemed to me as if I had lived through a complete existence since I first set out over that snow.

As I already mentioned, the Branderburger Haus stands at 10,000 feet, and there is a sense of non-reality in finding at that height a large barrack-like building where a bed can be booked and almost any kind of dish chosen from an elaborate menu. For us there was nothing unreal, however, about the meal when it arrived or about the bed, when after an orgy of dutiful post-card writing we took our places on the *mattrazen lager*.

We had decided to spend two nights at the Branderburger Haus in order to enjoy a day's climbing with no packs to carry, and the early hours of the following morning saw us marching carefree and packfree at the tail of quite a large procession wending its way over the crisp snow to the *Fluchtkogel*. There can be few more exhilarating sensations than that of walking along hard snow in the brisk air of early morning, and this morning was particularly fine with the sun just gilding the tips of the higher peaks. The *Fluchtkogel* itself is just a fairly steep snow climb and the only awkward thing about it was the way the steps had been churned up by those in front. There were about six parties in front of us, all, I think, accompanied by guides. The latter marched steadily ahead, the rope tied round their shoulders and grasped by one hand, their attitude being generally that of one leading an unwilling mule uphill. They were, however, always very obliging and on the summit one of them pointed out the various hills to us. He also praised our climbing, but in this I am afraid he was not altogether without ulterior motive, as he pointed out to his

patrons that only our great experience enabled us to dispense with the services of a guide, and we earned his approbation by explaining that we climbed practically every week-end in our native mountains. From the Fluchtkogel we intended returning over a rocky ridge from which rise several sharp peaks, so, after a short rest, we bade the guide farewell and half ran, half glissaded down the slope to the ridge. Soon we found that we had tackled much more than we bargained for. The ridge went up and down in a heartbreaking fashion, so that after having climbed for quite a long time the actual distance covered appeared negligible. It consisted mainly of piles of loose stones set in precarious positions and requiring great care, but there were quite a number of good pitches. The sun, however, was now almost overhead, and the rocks were becoming sufficiently warm to make our hands feel dry and hard, so that when we came to a convenient snow-gully we decided on the advantages of discretion, and descended to the snow-field. In leisurely fashion we returned to the Branderburger Haus to spend the rest of the day chiefly in observing our fellow-guests. The most surprising feature was their age—there were more middle-aged and elderly people than young people—and I admired the pluck they showed in facing the trudge over the snow to reach the Haus. One young fellow, I remember, had heard of Aberdeen and of its football team. The waitress, too, I particularly remember. She seemed to spend the whole day leaning against the wall close to the hatch to the kitchen, and beside all the red and burnt faces hers was a greyish-white, only occasionally relieved by a wan smile. On one occasion, after vainly trying to guess the meaning of most of the menu, I decided on an omelette and potatoes, and without a trace of surprise on her features, or the suspicion of a smile, she brought me a large jam omelette and a dish of roast potatoes! Severally, if not jointly, they were excellent.

The walk next day to the Breslauer Hut had one outstanding feature—we came again to green grass and the sight of trees. After a couple of days spent in the perpetual black and white of rock and snow, it was with a sense of

relief that we came again to restful green. The route lay across a shoulder of the Fluchtkogel and thence over the Guslar Glacier and moraines to the Vernagt Hut, where we rested and admired the very fine view of the Vernagt Glacier. The remainder of the journey was by a good path running high up along the hill-side and providing, in addition to the usual scenes of mountain ranges, refreshing glimpses of the wooded valley far below. By 1 o'clock we were at the Breslauer Hütte, and by 2 o'clock we were lying, well-fed and contented, basking in the afternoon sun. Towards evening it became dull, and eventually the rain started, so that we were driven to join the large crowd in the hut. As it is the starting-point for climbing the Wildspitz, the second highest mountain in Austria, the Breslauer Hut is a popular one, and there was evidently going to be many people on the hill next day. I was able to borrow a guide-book, and ascertained that there were two routes—the tourist route, on snow all the way, and the Partsch Weg, which followed a ridge commencing just behind the hut, and continuing on rock all the way to the summit, crossing Oetztales Urkund on the way. This route had formerly been a popular one, and furnished with artificial "steps," but these had been now removed, so that it was no longer a tourist route. We met a young Berliner in the hut who also intended climbing by this route with a guide. I asked him why, when he was employing a guide, he did not tackle a more difficult way up the mountain. Had I gone to the expense of a guide I would have made sure that I was taken up something providing very good value for the expense, although incidentally I discovered later that the guide's charges increase very greatly with the difficulty of the route. The Berliner, however, informed me that he was taking the most difficult way, and when I tried to explain what I meant by pointing out some of the steeper ridges on the mountain, he drew the distinction that these were not "ways." His attitude was typical of that of the German climbers we met—they never considered leaving the recognized routes, and appeared generally to have a horror of rocks, always climbing on snow where

possible. But one must admire their enthusiasm; an enthusiasm shared by every age and every class.

In spite of the previous evening's rain, we set off in a clear morning along the Partsch Weg. The usual procession, led by guides, was already wending its way over the snow, bound for the tourist route, and our Berlin friend and his guide were ahead of us. The ridge was narrow but not difficult, and although we were roped we moved together, except in one or two places. As we got nearer the summit a heavy mist came down, and we were quite glad to have the benefit of the footmarks of our predecessors as we climbed up the final slope over loose rock and boulders well sprinkled with freshly fallen snow. Only our friends were at the large cross which marks the summit, the main party having just left, and soon we were alone in the thick mist, which, in addition to wiping out any hope of a view, made lingering on the top too cold to be advisable. It had taken us three and a half hours to do the climb, and it was still only 8.30. My main feeling was one of amazement to find myself at a height of 12,520 feet, with the day's climbing done, at an hour at which, in a normal state of mind, one would only be having breakfast.

We descended rapidly by the tourist route, and once, when we arrived at a sort of cross-roads of footmarks, used our compass for the one and only time on our holiday. As we got lower the mist turned to heavy rain, so that we were very wet by the time we reached the Breslauer Hut again, but with a change of clothing and a second breakfast we soon recovered our good spirits. We had intended spending a second night at this hut, but by midday we could no longer resist the temptations offered by Vent, the little village some 6 miles away, and we packed and set off. The way was steadily down-hill, over rough pasture land, frequently too steep to make pleasant walking, and the rain was still falling steadily. A compensating feature, however, was the sight of the weary climbers toiling upwards to the hut.

We soon found a comfortable hotel in Vent, and in the evening the weather cleared sufficiently to induce us to take

a look at the outskirts of the village. Not far off lay a tree-encircled pool which reflected the distant glaciers and peaks, now softened by the sinking sun. The first part of our holiday was finished. To-morrow would see us on the way back to Innsbruck, and as we sat by the pool we felt well satisfied with our first venture in the higher mountains.

Our plans had all been carried through without a hitch; we had found that we could soon use a map with the same confidence as we did at home, and, of course, the weather conditions had been ideal.

Taking into account the excellent paths, the splendid, well-situated huts, and the not very difficult character of the mountains, there can be few places more suited for an introduction to Alpine conditions than the mountains of the Austrian Tyrol, or, to give them their more imposing name, the Eastern Alps.

* * *

“ The stillness and solitude here are profound, the rushing of the streams on the mountain sides only making the general stillness deeper. Standing at the entrance in the early morning, after a few hours spent under the (Shelter) Stone, we have enjoyed the gloomy and weird-like view of the scene around us, the loch resting quietly in its natural hollow at our feet. Such a scene would almost make the thoughtless think.”

—A. I. M'CONNOCHE in “ Ben Muich Dhui.”



LOCH AVON

From a Painting by T. Train

ARTIST IN THE HILLS.

T. TRAIN.

A LANDSCAPE painter in Scotland is an uncommon sight, not because painters are particularly scarce but because the modesty of the species tends to solitary effort! The finished work and not the processes involved are his desire. A collapsible easel, canvas, box of paints, and sketching umbrella, all adhering somehow to a cycle and cyclist, make passers-by turn round and stare. A canvas acts like a sail and, given favourable winds, is a great boon to an artist bent on conserving his energies for a full day's painting. In a head wind it requires the enthusiasm born of a monstrous conceit that art is important to enable him to press on to the chosen spot!

And how many counter-attractions, during the journey, tend to beguile him away from a set purpose! The burnished gold of wet, late-winter bracken, the weight of the snows having laid it level to catch and reflect the sunlight; or the ever-changing rhythms of ripples below a waterfall, some bubbles escaping the rush, seeking the safety of a backwater but soon slowly edging up to the pouring water again, a quick, mad dash of a few yards and again a desperate clutching at the mass of bubbles just in safety, often only to break off many others, and away they go into the swift stream, to be reborn, perhaps, at the next fall; or a lovely sky, with fretted, white cloud-islands, floating in cobalt blue, all so transient—and the hills remain the same, or do they? Great temptations but they must be resisted.

The Lui Beg path is left behind and, a few hundred feet up Càrn Crom, a comfortable bielled corner is found and the view is there. S'ron Riach, Ben Macdhui, Càrn a' Mhaim, Braeriach, Cairn Toul—the subtle lines of their forms sweeping together in cross rhythms. Nature has produced the composition; one just opens one's eyes and draws. The canvas securely anchored, the day's work

can begin. Braeriach and Macdhuì keep advancing and receding, sometimes in the sky, sometimes firmly attached to the earth, one moment misty blue, the next a purply dark, now cold, now warm, a veritable kaleidoscope!

From this rich store of colour, form and mood, a choice must be made and a masterpiece might be born. At least, all painters believe it possible and this will-o'-the-wisp is pursued with passion. One can become elated with the struggle, especially if success seems near, and distractions have little power now. One doesn't even stop for food, for, after all, feeding from the left hand is possible while the right hand paints. Looking hard all day and making delicately controlled strokes is physically exhausting, and prudence counsels a break or common sense says take a walk to regain circulation. But no, the stubborn artist lies back in the heather, stretches, hears the Lui again plainly, and may even have forty winks. Once again to work; but the colours now look doubtful; the composition might have been more convincing and the scene has changed radically with the moving sun. The Coire Sputan Dearg now looks more like a subject for cubism than impressionism. The massive content of the Ben, with its spurs, seems more evident, and the sweeping lines have been replaced by planes catching the light and casting shadows.

The sound of human voices breaks the spell of looking, the Nazi salute meets the eye and two handsome young Germans go striding past, methodically doing the job of climbing. They diminish in size as they ascend the Sròn Riach and, finally, two specks are seen moving on the Macdhuì ridge and one feels satisfied—why, it is difficult to say.

The light at last begins to fail and a wet canvas, even when pinned to another, is not the easiest of loads if there is a wind and a rough path to follow in the dark. A retreat as methodical as the Germans' ascent is made; the lure of warm food and a good bed hasten the step, and it is no use studying the fine forms of woods and mounds in Glen Lui or the tree shapes above the Black Bridge. All studies for another day!

THE MOUNTAIN NAMES OF SCOTLAND.

P. A. SPALDING.

Who first gave the mountains their names, and when ?

With a very few modern exceptions, such as individual peaks in Skye called after the man who was the first to ascend them (Sgùrr Alasdair, for example), we do not know, and no evidence is likely ever to be forthcoming.

Yet the old maps of Scotland and the topographical accounts of the early travellers in the Highlands are a fascinating study. Though we cannot say with certainty when, or even why a name was given, we can note its earliest appearance, the relative frequency of its occurrence in history, and the evolution of its form into that of the present day.

Some names remain practically the same through centuries; some, and these the majority, change according to the laws of phonetics, and some disappear altogether and are replaced by different names.

The earliest recorded Scottish names, as with all place-names, are names of islands, large rivers, estuaries, and territorial or tribal names. The mountain names only begin to creep in later; at first ranges and large groups have names, particular groups come later, and individual peaks last of all. Furthermore, in early times, a name which now applies to a single mountain, applied to the whole group of hills surrounding the mountain, of which it was the highest or most prominent part. Thus in a fourteenth-century map, "Lomond Mons" appears to include everything between Loch Lomond and the Braes of Balquhiddel.

The earliest mountain name on record is the famous "Mons Graupius" of Tacitus, in his account of the military operations in Britain of his son-in-law Agricola in the year A.D. 86. Owing to a scribe reading an M for a U, a mistake repeated down the centuries by every historian and

topographer of Scotland to the present day, we now speak of the "Grampian" instead of the "Graupian" mountains. Professor Watson derives this name from the Old Welsh word "crup," meaning a "hump" or "haunch," which is descriptive enough of the main range of the Grampians seen from any of the approaches from the South.

From A.D. 86, for well over a thousand years, we have only ten Scottish mountain names recorded, and these are all various designations of the great ridge, or parts of the ridge, of the Grampians and the hills of Argyll, stretching from west to east right across Scotland. For instance, in 695, Adamnan in his "Life of Columba," mentions Columba's missionary journey over the "Britanniæ Dorsum," the Ridge of Britain, and in 1165 in the "Chronicle of the Scots," we have the Gaelic form of this in "Drumalban," which survives as a district name to this day. These names refer to the western end of the great Grampian barrier: the other names in this period refer to the eastern end, to the Lochnagar massif and the hills on the Perth-Aberdeen-Inverness borders, a district which even now is sometimes referred to under its old name of "The Mounth." In the ancient records this name takes several forms—in the twelfth-century "Description of Scotland" it appears as "Mons qui Mound vocatur" (the range which is called Mound); and in the legend of Saint Andrew in 1279 we have the form "moneth." All these forms are derivatives from the Gaelic "monadh," a mountain or heathy expanse. The importance of the Mounth paths from the earliest times as highways from north to south and vice versa is shown by the fact that what is probably the first mention of a particular part of a range is in the so-called Gough map of the year 1340, which shows the "Monthe colli" and the "Month capelle," the Capel Mounth of to-day.

The earliest specific "Ben" in the records is "Crechanben" (Cruachan), which appears in Barbour's "Brus" in or about the year 1375. But one may search in vain the pages of the early historians of Scotland—Fordun, Hardyng, Major, Boece and others—for any reference to the mountains,

except once again the Mounth and the Grampians, and the fabled "marble ranges," which were always placed vaguely in the north, in Sutherland, Ross or northern Inverness; and it is not until Dean Munro's famous description of the islands (1549), the first detailed topographical work dealing with any part of Scotland, that we can discover any interest taken in the hills for their own sake. And even here the list is meagre. The Paps of Jura appear clearly enough as "Bencheilis" (Ben a'Chaolais), "Bensenta" (Ben Shiantaidh), and "Benannoyre" (Ben an Oir); but it is not so easy immediately to recognize the Cuillin masquerading in their earliest form as "Guilvelinii." To complete this first list of mountains we have "Gannock" in Skye, which I should tentatively identify with Glamaig, and "Copefaal" in South Harris, in modern dress, Chaipaval.

The maps of this century are still disappointingly poor in detail, and where there is detail it is often more puzzling than revealing. In the map published in 1573 by the geographer, Ortelius is the first of these obscurities, which is impossible to identify in the absence of any tradition. The curious name "Cnock sur Nuz" may mean "the hill on the (river) Ness," *i.e.*, Tomnahurich, but we cannot be sure.

The seventeenth century is the great age of Scottish topography, and the fact that by the end of this century the majority of the familiar Scottish mountains, besides numbers of the less well known, have appeared on maps or in descriptions of the country, is due almost entirely to the labours of one man as surveyor and topographer—Timothy Pont, who not only inspired an interest in the outlines and general features of the country but himself undertook a detailed survey extending throughout the Highlands and Islands, as a result of which Scotland ceased to be a *terra incognita*, as little known as China or Peru, and was instead as well charted as any country in Europe, and better indeed than many.

Pont's life is a romance in itself, and he was quite the most remarkable individual in the whole history of the mapping of Scotland. His survey was carried out at the

beginning of the century, and its results published in the fifth volume of Blaeu's monumental atlas in 1654, a work of primary importance to all interested in the early developments of topography. Unlike his predecessors and many even of those who came afterwards, Pont did not neglect the mountains, and many peaks, both well known and obscure, from Ben Nevis downwards make their first appearance on a map. Many hills in the Lowlands and Borders are included, and the total number of Highland hills is about seventy, a few of these being shown more than once on different maps. The greatest detail, as in all succeeding maps down to the period of the Ordnance Survey, is shown in the north-west generally, and particularly in the area of the three glens—Affric, Cannich, and Strathfarrar. As we move south the detail gets more and more meagre, except that there is an outburst of knowledge in the White Mounth area. Pont was evidently not much interested in the Cairngorms, of which he marks only two—"Bin Awin" (Ben Avon), and "M. Biniwroden" (Ben Bhrotain). It is nearly a century later that Cairngorm itself is first marked on a map. In Pont, Lochnagar appears under its old name of "Bin Chichins" (Cichean).

But this great advance in knowledge still leaves much to be desired. An attempt is made to indicate the approximate shape of some of the larger mountain masses, but no heights are given, nothing but the bare name. In the so-called Macfarlane Manuscripts, a collection of topographical notes and papers of varying dates, but belonging mostly to this century, we have the first recorded instance of the height of a Scottish mountain, and appropriately enough, this is "Kairne Gorum," which is stated to be 4 miles high. The anonymous authority was not, however, estimating the height above sea-level: he was thinking of the horizontal distance to the summit from the valley (Glenmore) from which the hill actually rises, and his estimate on these lines is accurate enough.

The first mountain to be measured scientifically was Schichallion in 1777, but long after this the heights of the mountains were reckoned rather by guesswork and local

tradition, and it was not until the end of last century that the old dispute between the supporters of Ben Nevis and Ben Macdhui as to which was the highest mountain in Scotland was settled by the Ordnance Surveyors. Before the days of the Ordnance Survey mountains were generally reputed to be much higher than they are in fact, as witness especially Slioch (3,217 feet) and Ben Attow (3,383 feet), both long noted as being over 4,000 feet, the former even being marked so on a post-war railway poster.

After Pont the next great survey was the military one undertaken after the 'Forty-five in connection with General Wade's roads, and this, with negligible corrections and additions, held the field until the first Ordnance Survey. This, of course, definitely established the position, name, and height of every mountain and hill with an accuracy and attention to detail remarkable even in this age of scientific precision.

To sum up and in general we may say that where mountains are marked on the early maps it is usually because they are landmarks, or still more, seamarks—*e.g.*, the Paps of Jura, and this explains why all the very earliest names are in the islands or on the coast of the mainland. And where they are included in written accounts, nine times out of ten they are so included as marking boundaries between one region and another, and not for their own intrinsic interest. In the early chronicles many lochs and rivers are named, but no mountains, only capes, headlands, and cliffs. In both maps and chronicles the great ranges—the Grampians, Lochaber Hills, Lomond Hills—are mentioned, and certain groups of hills in the north and west appear again and again as being supposedly metalliferous or rich in precious stones—*e.g.*, the “Montes Marmorei” or “Montes Alabastris.” Travellers right down to the nineteenth century scarcely ever mention the mountains at all, and when they do, with rare exceptions, it is with disgust or horror. When Boswell became enthusiastic over the mountains in Glen Shiel, Dr Johnson quenched his ardour by calling them nothing but “considerable protuberances.” It was due to Scott, of course, that the mountains first became interesting in

themselves, but even so it was some time before the first book was published devoted entirely to mountain scenery in Scotland. This was J. Hill Burton's study of the Cairngorms, which came out in 1864.

One wonders what the early chroniclers and mapmakers would have said to the vast body of literature that has come into being since that date dealing with this region alone! Yet it is only right that the Cairngorms should have led the way in this respect, since, when all is said and done, they form the most impressive mountain area in all Scotland.

In this brief article I have been able to give only the barest outline and summary of an extensive field of study, and one which can be combined with the equally absorbing question of the meanings of the mountain names, but I hope that enough has been said to indicate the interest of such a study for all those who are lovers of the hills.

* * *

"The Red Spout . . . may be descended by a party; but the Black Spout . . . will only admit of one person at a time, because if there were two, the second man could not avoid inadvertently dislodging stones that must fall upon the first."—A. I. M'CONNOCHE in "Lochnagar," 1891.

* * *

"They were attempting to ascend Raeburn's Gully by way of the Black Spout."—Press Item, 1939.

Inadvertently ?

A SOLITARY ALPINE SCRAMBLE.

W. MALCOLM.

OUR party were holidaying in Switzerland and were spending a few nights at a small hotel seldom visited by the ordinary British tourist. The hotel, situated at a height of 6,000 feet, was at the end of a lake not unlike our own Loch Muick, only the surrounding hills rose to a height of about 9,000 feet and had snow-covered summits. Looking along the lake from the hotel windows, one might easily have mistaken the view for a spring scene in the Scottish Highlands, as the hills rose only some 3,000 feet above the lake level. In the opposite direction one looked across a valley about 2,600 feet deep to precipitous snow-clad peaks of a more rugged nature. My friends were keen on climbing two hills at the far end of the lake and, possibly, of continuing along the ridge to other tops, but the writer, thinking this was to be too strenuous, decided on a solitary ascent of a peak which took his fancy, half-way along the left side of the lake. This peak, as seen from the hotel, presented a precipitous face crowned with snow cornices along the summit. To the right of the summit, an interesting looking ridge led down, at first steeply and then at a lesser angle, to the lake. To the left, the summit ridge led to a col joining it to the next peak of the range and, according to the map, there was a track, *via* this col, to the summit (8,760 feet).

Starting away on a fine, clear morning, the writer followed a good path for the first mile or so along the edge of the lake. An inferior track then branched off to the left and was followed, close by a small mountain torrent, to a lakelet some 600 feet up the hill-side.

Round the left side of this lake the track vanished in snow slopes below the steep face of the mountain, and a halt was made to consider the best route. Evidently the

map route to the col, although snow-covered, should present no serious difficulty, but an ascent by the right-hand ridge and descent by the map route might give some interesting scrambling and would enable a traverse of the peak to be made. The ridge was carefully examined through the binoculars and, finally, this route was decided on. A way was chosen so as to reach the crest of the ridge just at the foot of the steep part. A shallow turf gully led up to this point and no difficulty was encountered till within 50 feet of its top. Here the gully was interrupted by outcrops of very rotten rock, and some delay was caused before these were safely passed and the crest of the ridge attained. It seemed encouraging, at the time, to come across a large, flowering "butter-ball" in a small patch of grass.

The ridge was now seen to be narrow and precipitous on each side and, as the weather was changing to mist and rain, some anxiety was felt as to what lay between this point and the summit. After some easy scrambling, the crest of the ridge was blocked by an overhanging mass of rock some 10 feet high. To the right appeared impracticable; to the left the vertical rock of the side of the ridge rose higher the farther one advanced along a steep slope of grass and rock. The only route seemed to be close to the obstruction and on the left side of the ridge, where a vertical climb of some 10 feet would land one once more on the crest. Not much of a difficulty, perhaps, as the holds appeared to be good, though small, but enough to cause a solitary climber to consider the probable consequences of a slip, with no one to check it. Untrained limbs were now beginning to tire with the scrambling and it was evidently time for food and a smoke. If in a difficulty while climbing, it is wonderful what a different outlook there can be after partaking of these stimulants. Seated with back to the obstructing rock for shelter from the drizzle, I considered the position. The wet mist was silently creeping round; there were unknown difficulties in front and an objectionable

Selo H.P. Film, Zeiss G1 yellow filter, 1/250 sec., f16, 3 P.M. September. Cloud-capped Pfaffen Hüt from Rotegg, Titlis (9,000 feet), against the sun.



September 1938

THE PARSON'S HAT

R. L. Mitchell

retreat; one thing seemed quite clear—that this climbing business can be a much overrated game. (“It’s grinding toil at vast expense. Why do men climb at all?”—ED.) At one moment the silence was broken by the distant crash of falling rock. Considered opinion was that the summit was not far away, that there would be little difficulty in descending by the route marked on the map, and that the present obstruction might be the worst on the ridge. Probably the Swiss lunch, although not appetizing, had the right amount of vitamins. At any rate, once the rucksack was packed and a sling for the ice-axe extemporized out of a boot-lace, the bad step was safely tackled and the crest of the ridge once more attained. From here, what could be seen of the ridge did not look too promising, but the doubtful-looking parts, when approached, presented no real difficulty and, presently, the summit cairn appeared, just visible through the mist, across a hundred yards of easy rock and snow. The sudden rise of the spiritual barometer at this moment made one realize clearly the previous anxiety felt as to the outcome of the scramble. There was still a route to be found, in mist, down snow-covered slopes intersected with precipices, but this caused no depression and another meal was taken in a leisurely way near the summit in the hope of the mist clearing. There was also a possibility of meeting climbing friends here, and many hails were sent out in their presumed direction but only the echoes replied.

Hopes of either the mist clearing or the friends appearing were given up, and the descent to the col was commenced. This was mainly over large boulders, many of them loose, and required care. From the col, breaks in the mist enabled a route to be picked out down the snow slopes, and some good glissading was obtained. Farther down the track was reached and, in due course, the hotel, just as the rain turned into a downpour that was to continue for the rest of the evening.

In Memoriam.

MISS MARGARET SKAKLE.

It was with deep regret that it was learned that Miss Margaret Skakle had passed over at her home, Ernan, Cults, Aberdeenshire, on Saturday, January 28, 1939.

Miss Skakle joined the Club in 1920, and she served on the Committee during the years 1934-36. She took a keen and lively interest in the activities of the Club and in everything that pertained to its welfare. Several contributions to the *Journal* appear from her hand, and although in her paper on "A Spring Traverse of Lochnagar" she said it might be a hackneyed subject, it was not so coming from her flowing pen. No Club Dinner would have been complete without the Club Song, composed and set to music by her sister and herself, which she always sang so artistically, for her musical talent as well as her dramatic skill were widely known and appreciated by a large circle of friends. Miss Skakle was a fine walker, and a delightful companion on the hills. It was a pleasure to be in her company, especially on a spring day excursion, and to hear her appreciation of the budding trees and the singing of the birds, for these things appealed to her equally with the rugged beauties of Nature's great cathedrals. Many a long hill expedition she had to her credit, but whether it rained or shined she was always in her element among the hills, and many of us will miss her happy laugh and the sunshine of her smile.

W. G.

MISS MAGGIE GRUER.

THE closing of the hospitable door of "Thistle Cottage," Inverey, and the passing of its notable hostess, Miss Maggie Gruer, who died after a short illness on March 11, 1939,



MISS MAGGIE GRUER

E. W. Smith

will be regretted by all members of the Club, and indeed by all climbers in the Cairngorms.

"Maggie" was essentially part of the glen. Her couthie fireside was the resting-place after many a hard day on the hills. Her quaint bedrooms and sleeping neuks could be as welcome as any Ritz bedroom to the bedraggled "laddies" down from the Shelter Stone or from the Corrou.

"Maggie Gruer—Hostess"—what a subject for an essay! Did you arrive at midnight, she had not gone to bed; or come off the hill in the early hours of the morning, she was up and about. To your request—Could she put you up for the night?—the answer might be—"Well, there's a bed in the hut at the back"—or—"If you dinna disturb the laddies in the bedroom, you can ha'e a shak' doon at the tap o' the stairs"; but seldom, if ever, was the reply—"There's nae mair room."

Maggie—as a raconteur—on a winter evening after tea and before time for the byre—a chat with Maggie was a delight; whether it was local gossip, or an adventure with marauding stags; the foibles of her pet cats "Ramsay MacDonald" and "Morris Cowley"—(ladies both); or, best of all, back to the days of the Queen and John Brown, and to the heyday of the "New" Mar Lodge. She had a remarkable memory and a very picturesque way of describing events of these times. Her story of how she went with the laundry staff to listen in the background to the singing of a noted *prima donna*, her description of a dinner party given by the Earl and Countess of Fife (as seen by the cottagers peering over a hedge), or of being called out to curtsy to Queen Victoria, were tales told again and again.

To climbers Miss Gruer's great gift was her uncanny appreciation of their wants and weaknesses. This was understandable, for they had been her life. She was of the second generation of climbers' hostesses: her mother was well known to the founders of the Club.

Although Maggie had had little opportunity for exploring the hills and the glens, she had a great knowledge of routes, sometimes more colourful than accurate, and she was seldom at a loss for an answer when questioned by

newcomers. Her patience must have been sorely tried at times, for novices from south of the Border, where her fame had reached, were apt to expect a great deal of guidance from her, but she was a good hillman and never failed to impress such questioners with a wholesome awe of the ground beyond the Derry.

The Club has been fortunate in receiving from the President, to whom they were presented by Miss Gruer's heirs, her collection of Visitors' Books. These are now in the Library. How Maggie treasured them! "Have you put your name in my book?" was a ritual question to be asked of each guest; and a compliment to her scones or her remarkable porridge, in either prose or verse, gave her great pleasure.

E. W. S.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE Fiftieth Annual General Meeting was held in the Secretary's office on November 23, 1938, Dr D. P. Levack, President, in the Chair.

Accounts for the year were read and approved. Office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year and the usual Meets arranged. The Hon. Librarian presented his annual statement on the Library, Slide Collection, and other Club property, mentioning his intention of making a thorough examination of the Allt na Beinne bridge.

The matter of replenishing the stock of Club Rules, now exhausted, was brought up, and it was unanimously agreed to revise the Rules preparatory to reprinting, the revised draft to be presented to a Special General Meeting of the Club, to be called in due course.

The President raised the matter of the proposed Club Hut, and after explanation as to the present position, by the Chairman and by Mr J. E. Bothwell, was again left in abeyance.

To encourage Junior Members to attend Meets and Excursions undertaken by hired transport, it was agreed that they should be charged only half the hire charge.

The Annual Dinner was held in the Palace Hotel, Aberdeen, on November 26, 1938, the retiring President, Dr D. P. Levack, presiding over a company of 130 members and guests.

The occasion was one of some note, for it marked, as it were, the Jubilee of the Club. To enhance the importance of the event the Honorary President, Dr J. N. Collie, had come from London to attend, and Miss A. S. Lippe, a daughter of one of the Founders, was also a guest of honour. Mr Eric Maxwell, President of the Grampian Club, represented that Club, and Capt. H. D. Ross, Factor for Balmoral, and Mr J. B. Hosie, Factor for the Fife Estates, were also present.

The Royal Toast honoured, the President-Elect, Mr Hugh D. Welsh, in proposing the toast of "The Founders," said it was the first time in the annals of the Club that the memory of the Founders had been brought officially before a Club gathering. He described the circumstances that led up to the formation of the Club on Maghan na Banaraich (The Dairymaid's Field) at the head of Loch Avon, below the Shelter Stone, on the early morning of June 23, 1887. The Club was greatly indebted to those who brought into being the oldest mountaineering club in Scotland, and the names of those who agreed to form such a club should be remembered.

Dr D. P. Levack proposed the toast of "The Cairngorm Club," and in doing so reviewed the activities of the Club during the past

fifty years. While there had been no radical change in the conduct of the Club there had certainly been a great advance and a widening in the scope of its activities. It was interesting to think in this age of rapid transport how the first members organized their expeditions. It was also intriguing to speculate on the future of the Club, and to see what may develop in the next fifty years. While the members come and go, the ideals of the Club must endure as long as there are mountains in Scotland and men and women to climb them. There is an ever-increasing desire for adventure and experience, and the hills always stimulate the urge to see what is beyond.

The toast of "The Guests" was proposed by Mr E. W. Watt, who paid a special tribute to Dr J. N. Collie who had journeyed specially from London to attend the Dinner. He also referred to the presence of Miss Lippe, a daughter of one of the Founders. She was a link with that far-off day when the Club came into existence. Mr Lindsay Stewart replied.

Dr Collie, who was persuaded to say a few words, thanked the Club for honouring him in electing him again Honorary President. "In the hills," he said, "we can best offer homage to the great earth mother from whom we came and to whom we return."

A musical entertainment arranged by Mr Simpson provided great enjoyment.

The table decorations of bracken and heather, arranged for by Miss W. Hay, were a feature greatly admired, and the menu, printed in the Club colours, carried a photograph of the Shelter Stone.

Following the Dinner there was an interesting show of lantern slides, many of them in colour, by Dr Levack and Mr Welsh.

Three Indoor Meets, or Social Evenings, were held during the early months of 1939 in the Caledonian Hotel. The first, on January 14, was very well attended. Mr W. Garden discoursed on an interesting collection of lantern slides of some of the mountain area of the West Highlands and Skye. Mr J. A. Parker and Mr W. Malcolm also had a number of slides on which they commented. Mr A. S. Middleton gave some violin selections and recitations, and Master V. Youngson accompanied by Miss McWilliam sang some delightful songs. The President was in the Chair.

The second Meet took the form of a Dance on February 2. A large company of members and friends was welcomed by the President, and to music supplied by G. F. Davie's Band a varied programme was gone through until an early morning hour.

The third Meet, on March 6, was an exceptionally interesting one. J. B. Macdonald, with the assistance of R. O. Mackay, exhibited some of his ciné (colour) films to a large gathering. The scenes depicted covered familiar areas on and round Lochnagar and the Cairngorms, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The photography was

excellent, the reproduction of colour very true. It gave one a great thrill to see these places under apparently natural conditions—without the exertion and discomforts; and specially good were the close-ups of deer. Mr Macdonald is to be congratulated on producing such an excellent record of days among the great hills.

MEETS AND EXCURSIONS.

WHAT has come to be known as the Midnight Excursion of the Club has become a popular event among the members, the attendance, including guests, being an indication of the interest taken. On Midsummer Night, fairies, spooks, and such like things as go bump in the night, are supposed to be abroad and hold high revel, and an unknowing wanderer on Ben Avon on the night of Saturday, June 25, 1938, would have been excused if he had thought the figures he saw, ghostlike in the mist among the summit rocks, were a belated company recovering from the revels of the previous night, which happened to be Midsummer Night. The conditions then were anything but conducive to revelry, but the company were, in spite of it, cheery and good natured. The President, Dr D. P. Levack, was responsible for a party of thirty-three, which, after a rather noisy meal at Allargue Hotel on Donside, set off in the evening for Ben Avon by way of Delnadamp and Inchrory. There was a high wind from the north-west, with an angry sky, and the prospects for a pleasant night were by no means rosy. The sheltered bend of the River Avon at Inchrory was a pleasing picture in the evening light, but above, Ben Avon had a peculiar ghastly look against a leaden sky touched here and there with patches of reddish-gold from the setting sun. The ascent was made by Càrn Fiaclach and over Meall Gaineimh, and as height was made the full force of the wind was soon encountered. To the west and north the hill masses were outlined dark blue-purple against an angry gold blaze of the rapidly setting sun, and rain came on in gusts. Mist began to drive over, and the great rock outcrops which are such an interesting feature of Ben Avon, loomed grotesquely through the thick damp mist, emphasizing their fantastic shapes and outlines. The company was scattered, but eventually, somewhere about 11 o'clock, all gathered at the summit outcrop, Leabaidh an Daimh Bhuidhe, 3843 feet, and prepared to spend the dark hours in as comfortable a way as possible in crevices and in meagre sheltered nooks in the rocks. Everything and everybody was wet and clammy, the wind whistled eerily among the rocks, and grey vapour obscured everything a few yards away. To those warm and comfortable and able to sleep the night hours passed swiftly, but to those others who were not so fortunate time crawled. Lying huddled together, wet and cold, shifting stiffly to another spot to escape a water drip from the rock above, these unfortunates perhaps realized the funny side of the

expedition. Now and again some restless being would come seeking a drier and warmer corner, to be sent away with words of sage advice; others led community singing that sounded muffled and unreal in the grey obscurity, and somebody rather spoiled the harmony of the gathering by starting the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

At length, in a lightening of the greyness, a move was made about 3 o'clock, and proud possessors of "Silva" compasses showed their skill in the use of these "fool-proof" instruments. The intention was to make an ascent of Beinn a' Bhùird; a course was set for The Sneck, and a ghostly company trudged along in rapidly increasing daylight. Fortunately rain ceased, and by the time The Sneck was sighted, about 200 yards north of the course, clothing was almost dry. Milder conditions now prevailed, so a meal was partaken of by the stream coming down from The Sneck, the headwaters of the Quoich. Heavy clouds pressed down on the heights above, and rain began to fall heavily, so Beinn a' Bhùird was abandoned. Little time was lost in getting down the Quoich under Càrn Eas and up over the watershed into Gleann an t-Slugain. Over the watershed the conditions changed, the sun came out strongly, the clouds rose and dispersed, and it became oppressively warm. The footbridge over the Dee at Braemar Castle was a welcome short cut to Braemar, where a luxurious hot bath and an enormous breakfast in the Invercauld Hotel completed another interesting outing.

The last official excursion for the summer, to An Sgarsoch and Càrn an Fhìdhleir, on June 10, 1938, was marred by dismal weather conditions during the greater part of the day, but nevertheless the party of fourteen had an interesting day. Cars conveyed the party to the White Bridge above the Linn of Dee, and the well-defined track up Glen Geldie was followed to the bridge leading to the derelict Geldie Lodge on Allt Coire an t-Seilich, where Malcolm and Miss Gauld broke off to climb An Sgarsoch. The rest continued up the uninteresting glen to where the Allt a' Chaorruinn, coming off the east side of Càrn an Fhìdhleir, joins the Geldie. The water was crossed here, and, after a laborious trudge through extensive sodden peat hags, the long slope of Càrn an Fhìdhleir was surmounted, thick mist and drizzle being entered when about half-way up. At the cairn a lesson on map reading and compass work was given to one or two inexperienced in these very necessary qualifications, and practical route finding in the dense mist was indulged in by these so that the 900-foot dip before An Sgarsoch could be located. They proved apt pupils. The col between the two hills was mist-free, and views were obtained into Glen Geldie and Glen Tarf. The summit ridge of An Sgarsoch was cloud buried, and in due course, after a tiring confusion of peat hags on the long slope to Cnapan Garbh the descent to Lower Geldie was made in a bright evening, the river crossed by the bridge there, and the rough road to the conveyances at the White Bridge followed. The Invercauld Arms in Braemar was as usual the scene of a very welcome change of clothing and a substantial

repast. Outstanding features of the day were the monotony of Glen Geldie and the extensiveness and convolutions of the sodden peat hags.

The New Year Meet was as usual held at Braemar at the Invercauld Arms under the new President, H. D. Welsh. During the week-end the company numbered thirty, most of them arriving on the Friday evening. Wintry conditions were experienced during the four days of the Meet, the snow lying in Braemar to a depth of 8 to 10 inches, but in spite of the severity the days out were greatly enjoyed. Not the least enjoyable feature of the Meet was the way in which the nights were spent, and it says much for the physical well-being of those taking part that they were able to do a stiff day in the deep snow after indulging in activities lasting till 3 o'clock in the morning!

On the way up to Braemar on the Friday evening the President and two others were victims of a nasty accident in which the car they were in crashed in a skid on the icy road, demolished a drystone dyke, and rolled over two or three times. They were severely bruised and shaken but continued the journey in other cars.

At dinner on Friday night the factor of Invercauld Estates, Mr G. D. Menzies, and Mrs Menzies, were welcome guests.

Saturday, December 31, was a glorious sunshine-filled day, with dry powdery snow on the hills. Malcolm, Sellar, and others spent the day on the hills above Clunie Lodge; Smith, Bothwell, and Mitchell covered An Socach and the Beinn Iutharns from Glen Ey, while Butchart and E. B. Reid went ski-ing above Glen Callater, finding the desired conditions rather patchy. The main company motored to Alltdourie and ascended Beinn a' Bhuird by way of Gleann an t-Slugain and the usual route on the west side of the spur Carn Fiaclach to the south top. The conditions throughout the day were excellent, but distant views were unfortunately not very clear.

After dinner the usual social enjoyments were heartily engaged in, and just on midnight the whole company gathered in the drawing-room with Mrs Gregor and her three daughters. There the New Year was heralded in the time-honoured way. The President, in proposing the health of Mrs Gregor, regretted that this would be the last New Year Meet the Club would have at Invercauld under her motherly care. She was giving up the tenancy after a long period of usefulness, and her departure was a great loss to the Club. Mrs Gregor thanked the company for the expression of their regard, and hoped they would still favour the Invercauld Arms even in her absence. She also wished for the Club's continued prosperity.

Sunday, January 1, was ushered in by gently falling snow, and when parties were made up after early breakfast for climbs, the fall was thick and heavy and several inches lay in Braemar. Bothwell, Mitchell, Whitehouse, and others motored up to Loch Callater and crossed Lochnagar in blinding conditions over soft snow, returning to Braemar by Ballochbuie Forest. Later in the evening they returned

by car with Hutcheon to bring down their own vehicle after some difficulty. Hutcheon, the Dyers, and Lyra Murray had a wild day on An Sòcach, and Malcolm and Mackay succeeded in a careful ascent of Staic Buttress on Lochnagar in disagreeable heavy snow. The President, Ella Dey, and Mrs Hendry attended church in the forenoon.

On account of the bad conditions during the whole day a little apprehension was caused by the non-appearance in the late evening of Rose, who had gone off alone to Càrn Bhac at the head of Glen Connie. The position was discussed at some length, and it was a great relief when the truant arrived at the hotel about 10 o'clock. He had picked up a stranger in Inverey, had bagged their hill in thick conditions, and, making some error in compass reading, had found themselves in Glen Tilt! By that time the snow had ceased falling, and doubt was cast on their direction when they discovered the moon was on their left instead of on their right! There was nothing else to do but to cross the watershed into the Geldie and so down to the White Bridge and Linn of Dee. Adding to their enjoyment was the fact that the footbridge over the Geldie was washed away, and they broke through the ice into deep water in crossing the stream. A telephone at Linn of Dee or Inverey is long overdue.

Late that night news came through that E. B. Reid had, for some obscure reason, been awarded the O.B.E. The event was celebrated in proper fashion, and then it was discovered that Rose carried with him during hill-climbing expeditions a number of signal rockets for emergency purposes. Reid and Butchart seized upon this fact with great avidity, and to amplify the O.B.E. celebrations hilariously liberated these messengers in front of the hotel about 1 A.M., enthusiastically encouraged by those of the company who had not retired to bed.

Monday, January 2, was another good day with abundant sunshine. Bothwell and others had a great day on the Cairnwell, Sgòr Mòr and Càrn Aosda, the snow unfortunately being rather soft and wet. Reid and Butchart, with ladies, amused themselves on ski on the slopes at the top of the Cairnwell. Others penetrated into Gleann an t-Slugain and the Quoich. Smith and two or three of the more energetic did Ben Macdhuì, getting into mist and snow above Loch Etchachan, but having a very excellent day. The President kept to low ground, paid a round of visits in Inverey and went up to the Linn of Dee which was a magnificent spectacle with icicles hanging from the ledges. Most of the company returned to Aberdeen that evening. It was one of the most enjoyable New Year Meets of the Club, and it is to be hoped a larger attendance is secured in future.

The three snow-climbing excursions on Lochnagar, giving opportunity to those with little or no climbing experience of this kind to sample winter conditions, were, as usual, well attended. The first, on February 12, had an attendance of thirty-six members and guests.

Lochnagar has been done so often by members under varied conditions that to give a description of what route was followed, and so on, would be a case of repetition of what has been said in previous accounts. Various parties spread themselves on climbs from the main corrie—the Black Spout, Left-hand Branch, Central Buttress, and so on—while others contented themselves with ascending by the more prosaic route of the edge of the corrie above the Ladder. Snow was plentiful and in good condition, but a high, piercingly cold wind with battering hail and fine snow caused some discomfort. The outstanding event of the day was a very fine plucky ascent of Raeburn's Gully under difficult conditions by Lorimer, Reid, and Lawson.

The second winter visit to Lochnagar was made on February 26 in severe weather. Driving dry snow was encountered at Alltnagiubhsaich, the going was very heavy in the deep soft powdery covering, and two only, Malcolm and guest, succeeded in reaching the Indicator. The high cold wind carried the dry snow in clouds, progress in the deep drifts was very slow, and most of the party contented themselves with going as far as the col above the main corrie.

The third excursion, on March 12, was favoured by excellent weather. Snow was still plentiful and in good condition, and the party divided up, some ascending by various routes from the corrie, others by the corrie edge, and one or two going on Broad Cairn and round by the White Mounth. Distant views were extensive and very impressive. A very fine attempt on the Douglas-Gibson Gully by Lorimer, Reid, and Macdonald was unsuccessful. Continuous step-cutting on exceptionally severe snow and ice for two or three hours tried the leader sorely, and, owing to bad conditions above and shortness of time, they gave up when about 60 feet from the top. A nasty cornice blocked their exit, but the leader was assisted down to those below by a rope lowered from above.

Whether it is that Easter is an unsuitable time for members from Aberdeen to get away for a week-end, or that the rendezvous, Fortingall, was unattractive or too far away, it is difficult to say, but the attendance at this Meet was very disappointing, seven only being present. Another disappointing feature was that no office-bearers or members of committee were present, and the feeling was that while good days were had on the hills in the district the Meet could hardly be described as successful. But the hotel was very comfortable for those able to get in! Those attending deserve mention—Misses Duncan, Pittendrigh, Mearns, Mr and Mrs Angus, Rose, Whitehouse.

On Good Friday the snow conditions were ideal, and good views were obtained in every direction. It was a day of brilliant sunshine and warmth. Duncan and Pittendrigh had an excellent day on Ben

Lawers, the Anguses and Whitehouse revelled in their climb of Schiehallion.

On Saturday the Anguses and Mearns walked over the Lairig Chalbath from Glen Lyon to Loch Rannoch. Rose and Whitehouse motored eight miles up Glen Lyon with the intention of doing Ben Lawers via Meal Corranaich and Beinn Ghlas. They went up Glen Da Eig to Meal a Choire Leith, and found thick mist on the tops. The summit ridge was followed to Meal Corranaich, but the connecting ridge to Beinn Ghlas eluded them. They spent a considerable time on this extensive hill, abandoned the rest of their programme and descended by Allt a' Chobhain. Rose had with him a supply of emergency rockets, but the sticks did not survive the journey!

Five motored on Sunday to Invervar and spent a short day on Càrn Gorm, Whitehouse breaking away on the summit and returning to Fortingall over Meall Garbh, Càrn Mairg, and Creag Mhòr. He was fortunate in seeing a pair of dottrell on Creag Mhòr. Mearns and Rose spent the day on Schiehallion.

The May Holiday Meet at Braemar, from Friday, April 28, to Tuesday, May 2, was a Meet in name only. The sole representative of the Club was the President! Other members of the Club preferred to expend their energies at other centres like Glencoe and Glen Affric, and their numbers would have made quite a respectable company at Braemar. In spite of the lack of company, Welsh had three thoroughly perfect days in every way. Weather was ideal, snow was abundant and in excellent condition above 3,000 feet, and visibility was astonishingly good and extensive.

Saturday morning was bright and bracing with a sprinkling of fresh snow, and soon after 9 o'clock the "Meet" was swinging along the Linn of Dee road. Passing through Inverey on his way to Glen Ey, he saw with regret the preparations being made at Thistle Cottage for the roup of Maggie Gruer's effects that afternoon. From the lower end of Glen Ey the slope of Tom Anthon on the east side of the glen was climbed at a slant and Càrn Mòr topped. From there a dip led to the slope of Càrn na Drochaide which was followed round to Creag a' Mhadaidh, and an easy walk took him to Sgòr Mòr to the south-west of Glen Clunie Lodge. Retracing his steps over Càrn Ghriogair and Creag a' Mhadaidh, a long ridge of short heather was followed over Càrn na Drochaide and then to Morrone, and so down to Braemar, reaching there about 7 o'clock.

Sunday was the best of the three days. A visitor in the hotel motored the climber to Derry Lodge, where a large herd of deer, very tame, engaged attention for a little time. Leaving there about 10 o'clock our member followed the familiar path through the old Derry forest, oppressively warm, and was soon in the open glen above the upper bridge. The hills were well covered with snow and the spectacle was entrancing. Ice was thick over the water on the path, and though the

air was warm the wind was cold, and rapid progress was made. Near the Glas Allt a herd of deer was disturbed which lined along the slope of Craig Derry. So still did they keep that it was easy to find their number to be 117. Deep snow was encountered at the foot of Coire Etchachan, but the surface was hard and the ascent to the loch was not so tiring as it usually is. The scene at Loch Etchachan at 12.10 was astonishingly beautiful—the loch frozen over, and here and there on the cliffs above a buttress of rock rosy against the snow in the strong sun. Overhead was a cloudless sky of intense blue, soft delicate tints of lavender, mauve, and rose washed the snowy waste, but the wind was bitter and strong from the north and did not permit of loitering. In due course the summit plateau was reached, on crisp snow, and an indescribable panorama was spread around on all sides. The Braeriach-Cairn Toul picture presented was magnificent, but here also the cold was too arctic to allow lingering, and besides there was no shelter at the cairn, it being well covered by drifts. A worrying thought exercised the mind of the lonely figure. Clad in kilt as he was, in this bitter cold, in the event of an accident like a fall or a sprained ankle, would his spare garments—a sweater, thin raincoat, and muffler—be sufficient protection against the long night hours? Not much!

In order to get out of the bitter high wind so that lunch could be taken in comfort a descent was made across the Tailors' Burn to the col at the foot of Càrn a' Mhaim. Here was shelter and warmth; a hole was hand-scraped in the snow, lunch eaten, and a sleep lasting twenty minutes indulged in. Up and along the long ridge of Càrn a' Mhaim and down to the Luibeg path was a steady effort. It was midsummer in the Luibeg and Derry, and a waiting car was reached at 6 o'clock.

Monday was another excellent day. A return visit was made to Inverey on a round of visits. The remnants of Maggie's effects were being disposed of, and it was depressing to think that no more would the kindly figure welcome her "laddies" off the hill. Round by the Linn, across to Glen Lui and the Black Bridge and an ascent of Creag Bhalg above Mar Lodge was the next stage, the reward being an unusual panorama of Beinn a' Bhùird and the Western Cairngorms. A scramble down over rock and long heather, and then through the ancient pines led into Glen Quoich, past the Linn of Quoich and the Punch Bowl, and so back to the Braemar road by way of Mar Lodge grounds. As the evening was still young and fine, an ascent of Morrone by way of Coire Allt a' Chlair rounded off a long day, and a full week-end.

The first of the Saturday afternoon excursions took place on May 20 to Buck of the Cabrach. A conveyance carried a party of twenty up Donside to Lumsden and then by Craig Castle and Burn of Craig to where the Aberdeen-Banff county boundary crosses the road east of Meikle Cairn Hill. It was a dull, oppressive day without sunshine. The party divided into small groups. Longish heather and dry peat

hags retarded progress from the start and were a lesson to wearers of tight skirts. The county march fence was followed, for a large part across eroded peat, to Mount Meddin, one group continuing over Glenlaff Hill and Peat Hill to the upper reaches of the Kindie Burn. Another group dropped down into the beginning of Glen Laff, followed an old road to the east of Broom Hill and eventually emerged at Chapelton on the Kindie Burn. From there it was a mile or two to the Glenkindie Hotel, where a substantial tea was enjoyed.

Derry Lodge was the rendezvous of a company of about forty on May 28, with a varied selection of objectives to please all tastes. Climatic conditions were not too promising at the start, but by the time Ballater was reached the prospect was ideal. Cloudless sky, rather high temperature, and amazingly clear distant views were features of the day.

Four members went by Clais Fhearnaig into Glen Quoich and up into Dubh Gleann. Ben Macdhuì claimed a large number, several going by the usual Etchachan route, the Shelter Stone, and ascending by the Féith Buidhe. A small party attempted an ascent of Hell's Lum in the cliff between Coire Domhain and Féith Buidhe at the head of the Loch Avon corrie, but abandoned it on account of the great heat and the fact that considerable water was coming down from snow above. From the heat alone they decided the chimney was well named! A party of eight were energetic enough to do Càrn a' Mhaim and Ben Macdhuì, descending by Coire Etchachan and Glen Derry. Whitehouse, a member in Manchester, wrote that he was to be in Aviemore during the week-end and asked what the programme was for the day so that he could meet some of the party somewhere within the several square miles covered by the Cairngorms. A note of the possible routes had been sent him, and it would be pure chance were he able to get in touch with anyone in that great expanse as everything would depend on the weather. However, one party of three came upon him at the Sappers Hut on Ben Macdhuì, and they all returned to Derry by way of the Féith Buidhe, Shelter Stone, and Etchachan. He put up at Linn of Dee that night and returned to Aviemore the next day. Cairn Toul attracted a number, one party ascending by the stream coming from Lochan Uaine and then up by the Angel's Peak. Others favoured the usual route from Corrou. The Devil's Point was surmounted by the slimy wet rocks from Glen Geusachan. There was little breeze, the rocks were hot and reflected the heat, and by the time the company gathered again at Derry, all were well burned. Seldom has such a clear, extensive view from the summits been obtained. From Ben Macdhuì, with the exception of the eastwards view which was obscured by haze, practically everything marked on the Indicator was clearly visible. It was an experience to be long remembered.

A meal had been arranged for at Loirston Hotel in Ballater, and it was about 9 o'clock when the company invaded the place. With

never-failing efficiency, the staff cheerfully catered for the wants even at that late hour.

An afternoon excursion to Coyles of Muick on June 3 was another enjoyable affair. A conveyance carried a gathering of seventeen to Linn of Muick near where a footbridge enabled a crossing of the stream to be made. The weather was all that could be desired, but visibility was somewhat restricted owing to haze. The ridge of the Coyles was followed northwards, and one party descended into Glen Girnoc, coming out on the south road at Littlemill to the waiting conveyance at Strathgirnoc school. Another small party, deluded by Griffith into a search for the Holy Grail, followed a track through fir woods and came out on the road near Loch Ullachie, reputed to be haunted. Though the Grail was not located as hopes had been entertained, comfort and satiation were secured at Ballater, and Griffith's flagging spirits revived.

And with this the Club's activities in the open were brought to a close, to be recommenced with the Midnight Excursion on June 24, when the Cairngorms will be crossed by several routes from Aviemore. On the whole the Excursions and Meets have been successful in that new members have been enabled to visit parts new to them and thus acquire useful knowledge. Even members of long standing have trod for the first time places they have seen from afar. A bond of comradeship has been forged that will bind the members closer not only to one another but to all those who go to the Hills for what they have to offer. New places have been visited, new ideas formulated; old familiar scenes have taken on new aspects.

H. D. W.

MAY HOLIDAY WEEK-END.

[A reviewer has taken us to task because we in Scotland do not distinguish between climbing and hill-walking.]

Messrs Dyer, Hutcheon, Mitchell, Malcolm, and Smith spent the week-end in Glencoe. On Sunday, April 30, the first three had an interesting day in the westernmost gully on the north face of Stob Coire nan Beith. A short patch of snow led to a large chokestone which, from the bottom, appeared to be the only obstacle in the gully. The whole gully was, however, steeper than they expected and consisted of a series of short pitches, more or less vegetated, covered with thin, frozen snow and occasionally glazed. About half-way up there was 200 feet of good, steep snow, above which the only secure stance was got by the second and third men astride a narrow nose of rock in the middle of the gully, while the leader tackled the next section. Once out of the gully, difficulties were not over, as soft wet snow lay on the frozen grassy slopes leading to the summit and, with hold for foot,

hand, or axe at a premium, this portion was very treacherous. The gully took four hours to negotiate. Smith and Malcolm spent the time exploring the summit of Bidean nam Bian. The following day the party visited Sgòr nam Fiannaidh.

Misses Johnston, Hoggarth, and Jackson motored to Glencoe on Friday evening and spent the next day basking in the sunshine on Aonach Eagach, which was reached via the shoulder from the forester's cottage opposite the Meeting of Three Waters. The following day they had a stiffer pull up the shoulder which meets the Old Road slightly east of Clachaig Hotel. This shoulder leads to a nameless top and then on to Sgòr nam Fiannaidh, the highest peak on the ridge. They continued to the next top, Stob Coire Lèith, and again basked in the sunshine for an hour or two. The views of Ben Nevis, Ben More (in Mull), Ben Cruachan, and Bidean nam Bian were superb. On the third day they went up Stob Dubh, the highest top of Buachaille Etive Beag, from a point about a mile up the Lairig Eilde, and slid down a scree slope to a grassy brae in the Dalness direction, returning by the Lairig Eilde, which has the usual path habit of disappearing occasionally.

The Editor has also to record that he, with W. J. Middleton and L. W. Ewen, hill-walked up Meall nan Tarmachan and Beinn nan Eachan (the Perthshire Matterhorn!) on the Saturday, traversed Meall na Dige and Stobinian on the Sunday, and ascended Beinn Laoigh on the Monday.

CAIRNGORM CLUB MEMBERS ABROAD.

Messrs Hutcheon, Malcolm, Mitchell, and Smith spent a combined motoring and climbing holiday in Switzerland at the beginning of September 1938. On the first day at Engelberg, a day of mist down to the roof-tops, a training walk to the Ruckhubel Hut (7,520 feet) was taken. Friday, September 2, turned out a perfect day of sunshine, and the Titlis (10,627 feet) was ascended from Trubsee Hotel (5,870 feet). The next stop was at Fiesch, in the Rhone valley, and the hillside was climbed to the Jungfrau Hotel, Eggishorn (9,626 feet). On Monday, September 5, the party took the track past the Margelen See and so up the Aletsch Glacier to the Pavillon Cathrein at Concordia Platz (9,416 feet), Mitchell and Smith taking in the Eggishorn summit on the way. Three nights were spent at this admirable hostelry at the base of the Faulberg, overlooking the great ice-fields which go to make up the Aletsch Glacier. Although fresh snow prevented any major ascents, an enjoyable day was spent on the Grunhornli (11,812 feet), and wonderful views got of the Jungfrau, Dreieckhorn, and all the other giants of the Oberland. Hutcheon spent one day on the Joch, whilst the others had an off day. Smith and Malcolm were then taken to Zurich, whence they returned home by air, while Hutcheon and

Mitchell carried the search for better climbing conditions to Arosa, where excellent sport was had on the 9,000-foot tops in the neighbourhood. One day was spent on the Rothorn and Erzhorn, and another on the Furkahorn and the ridge joining it to the Thiejerfluh, excellent scrambling being obtained, although the rock is nowhere dependable. The homeward journey was commenced the following day and the afternoon was spent in an ascent of another Furkahorn, above the Furka Pass. The last day's outing was back again to snow and ice and bad conditions, with an attempt on the Galenstock. Too much fresh snow was encountered after the Rhone Glacier was left, and rather than cross the snow-covered firn the ridge of the Galengrat was ascended as far as the "window." The firn, from above, appeared free from crevasses and was crossed on the return journey, although one or two bridged crevasses were unintentionally discovered.

The season in Switzerland had not been good as far as climbing was concerned, and most hotels at this late time were almost empty—so that service everywhere was of the best. For serious climbing, of course, four to six weeks earlier is the best time in a normal season. In 1938 very few climbers had stayed at the Pavillon Concordia during August, so bad was the weather.

* * *

"Loch Avon is like a fragment of the Alps imported and set down in Scotland."—JOHN HILL BURTON in "The Cairngorm Mountains," 1864.

Hill Burton had a standing feud with James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, about the length of Loch Avon. "In his sombre moments he appeared to doubt if he were quite correct in insisting that the length was 20 miles; when he was in high spirits he would not abate an inch of 30."

NOTES.

THE Honorary President, Dr J. N. Collie, has honoured us in relaxing his determination not to accede to requests for articles and writing "Independence" for this number.

We are greatly indebted to Mr N. E. Odell for his account of the recent Everest expedition; to Mr Arthur Waley for permission to reproduce "Waiting for the New"; and to Mr J. M. Caie for his courtesy in allowing us to use his verses from "The Kindly North," and from *The Press and Journal*.

Both Mitchell and Train have spent a great deal of time and care on the illustrations in the present issue, the former preparing practically all the prints for the block-makers. The Index, etc., to the previous volume is the work of G. R. Symmers.

Contributions to the next issue should reach the Editor at the earliest possible moment, and not later than the end of April.

The following additions have been made to the Club Library:—

- "Scottish Youth Hostels Association Handbook," 1938.
- "Scottish Youth Hostels Association Handbook," 1939.
- "Western Scotland," Ward, Lock & Co., Tenth Edition, 1938.
- "The Mountain Way," edited by R. L. G. Irving, 1938.
- "The Alps in 1864," by A. W. Moore, 2 vols., 1939.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

Mrs Rose, 29 Beechgrove Avenue, has a number of interesting mountaineering books of which she wishes to dispose. In addition to Cairngorm Club Journals, Vols. 1-6 (bound) and Nos. 42-61 (unbound), with maps, etc., they include several books on Deeside as well as books by Mummery, Freshfield, Whymper, Norman Collie, etc. Members interested should communicate direct with Mrs Rose.

RELIEF MODEL OF THE CAIRNGORMS.

The extremely interesting relief model of the Cairngorms which Dr Alexander Bremner prepared some time ago has now been placed in the Regional Museum of the Art Gallery, and is well worth the attention of our members. The horizontal scale is 1 inch to 2,079 feet (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 1 mile), and the vertical scale is 1 inch to 1,000 feet. From east to west the model extends from Loch Builg to Loch Insh, and from south to north from Bynack Lodge to Cairn Rhynettin in Abernethy Forest; a total area of 24×19 miles. The size of the model being 5×4 feet. The model is enclosed in a glazed cabinet on the underpart of the south and north sides of which are draw-out slides containing copies of the 1-inch Ordnance Maps. These maps enable people to find the names of places readily, and have avoided the necessity of disfiguring the model with names. The modelling seems to have been most accurately done, and Dr Bremner is to be congratulated on having produced such a beautiful and interesting model of the Cairngorm Mountains.—J. A. PARKER.

CLIMBING JOURNALS.

A NON-CLIMBING reader of mountaineering literature must be struck with the unbridled enthusiasm of the devotees of hill walking, rock climbing, and ski-ing. From the mere rambler on easy, rolling hills to the parties attempting the Himalaya, all seem fired with the same urge to go upwards. This obsession is the common factor in all climbing. One may soar above Everest in an aeroplane, but that is not enough for man, who wishes to pit his body against the snow, rock, ice, and wind.

In the *Alpine Journal* of November 1938 (No. 257) we have the humorous, mock-modest style of Cyril Bailey in the "Treasures of the Humble," the accurately informative articles on "Masherbrum" by J. Waller, and "Mount Cook, a New Route" by L. V. Bryant; the kindly sentiment of "A Winter's Day at Courmayeur" and the purely technical treatise on infra-red colour-film tele-photography. Add to these the excellent plates and lists of expeditions and even the uninitiated can read and enjoy.

J. R. Jenkins, in the *Rucksack Club Journal* of 1939, argues about mountaineering and war. It may be remembered by many that the retreat of the Allies in 1918 was a relief to the man in the front-line trenches, whose chief terror was his inability to counter the shells, bombs, and trench mortars by any effort of his own. Man to man offered some chance of success, like mountaineering, which is a challenge to one's powers. Trying conclusions with an H.E. shell can have only one result.

The articles range the world from the hills of Torridon to the mountains of Japan, where B. R. Goodfellow found much to enjoy and much to criticise. Among the excellent illustrations, G. S. Bower's stand out by virtue of fine composition. It is probably true that most people look first at the illustrations in any book or journal and yet most reviewers dismiss them with "the usual high standard of photography is maintained," or, "they are a mixed bag."

The Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, 1939, considers we, in Scotland, should clarify the terms walking and climbing. Climbing south of the border means rock climbing, we are told, and the other thing is hill walking. This is probably good advice and, if acted on in their own magazine, may mean a change of name to, say, *The Journal of the Fell Walking and Climbing Club*. "Langdale Pikes," by W. H. Cooper, catches the eye with its fine form and colour and steals the thunder from even the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc. Marjorie S. Johnston pours forth her emotions in two poems, romantic in thought and scholarly in style. The list of new climbs must be a revelation to those who imagine that, in the Lake District, everything possible has already been done. Like some other journals, a list of accidents with causes, or probable causes, is given. This is all to the good when the great increase in the numbers taking up climbing is considered. M. M. Barker describes a whimsical walk along the border, a safe undertaking, nowadays, except for the bogs.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal, No. 126, opens with an interesting and optimistic article on Ski-Running in Scotland. It is to be hoped that the predictions may come true. As early as November the corries north of Cairngorm have looked like perfect nursery slopes. The illustrations to this article are especially interesting to us in view of the fact that they are nearly all taken on our special terrain. The Editor gives useful information about Coire Ardair, and "Sea Mountaineering" with a 36-foot motor boat is a wonderful idea for good sailors and good climbers. The Jubilee issue (April 1939, No. 127) is, of course, mainly historical and reminiscent, the history mainly contained in descriptions of expeditions right from the beginnings of the Club up to the present day. How the Club has improved the knowledge of mountaineering in Scotland is clearly demonstrated in this number. The severity of the entrance qualification is probably the real strength of the Club.

After the ponderous quality of many of the publications controlled by mere man, *The Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club Journal* of December 1938 is lightsome reading, with even the most serious articles having an undercurrent of humour. The members have travelled far, sampling the Canadian Rockies as well as the Alps and Africa. Further humour is added with the dashing and clever pen-and-ink drawings.

The avowed objects of climbing clubs are various, and geology, botany, and many other interests may entice the traveller to venture on anything from simple rambles on the flat to breath-taking climbs on precipices. *The Scottish Geographical Magazine* provides information which must entice many to step out and investigate at first-hand. What about a walk from Findhorn village to the source of the Findhorn River? Or, instead of bagging a few more Munros, why not all the Indicators? The "Future Work of the Ordnance Survey" gives valuable information to those concerned about maps and map reading, especially the proposed innovation of a national grid or reference index, the unit for which would be the international metre.

"Rock Climbs," by Richard Frere, is a guide to the crags in the neighbourhood of Inverness. It is hard to believe that this is the work of a boy of sixteen, and with such an old head on young shoulders his future as a fine climber seems assured.

The additions to Sir Henry Alexander's second edition of what might be called his Cairngorm Bible deal mainly with rock climbs in the eastern corrie of Lochnagar. The unfolding maps and diagrams make study a very practical proposition. R. Gordon Nicol's calculations of sizes and weights reach almost astronomical dimensions. A record of recent fatalities in the Cairngorms, sounding a warning note, the Glen Tanner right-of-way decision, information about gates on roads, Youth Hostels and bibliography make up a useful appendix to this excellent guide book.

T. TRAIN.

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