

# The Cairngorm Club Journal



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# THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL

Edited by Hazel A. Witte

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## **ILLUSTRATIONS**

Ruins of Dalruinduchlat in Glen Ey; Lime kiln at Dalnafae in Glen Ey;  
Bob Ruddiman; The Wedding.

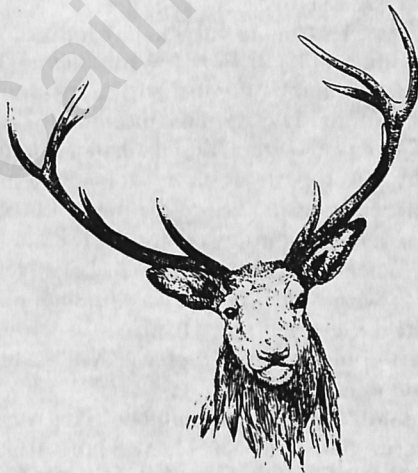
The line drawings are by Ian Strachan except where indicated.

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## THE PRESIDENT

Mrs Gillian Shirreffs was elected President of the Club at the annual general meeting in November 1991, in succession to Mr Eddie Martin. She was born to a climbing family in the Welsh borders, and developed a love for the mountains. Gillian came to Aberdeen University in 1967, became involved in hill walking and joined the Club in 1970, a month after Richard, now Club Secretary, whom she married in 1973. She became a medical social worker following an MA Honours degree in Sociology and a post-graduate diploma in Applied Social Studies.

Gillian first joined the Club committee in 1978 and took a leading role in the institution of the annual barbecue and wine and cheese party, and later the weekend meets. She became Vice-President in 1986 and was involved in the arrangement of centenary events the following year. Gillian has championed the cause of younger members and her twin daughters joined the Club on reaching the admission age of 16. She expects to complete the Munros soon, reserving An Teallach for last. Gillian has written an account of her first two years as president which appears on page 152.



## SNOW ON THE EQUATOR

BY PETER BELLARBY AND RHONA FRASER

Some ideas lie in the back of the mind, slowly germinating without one really realising it. Then suddenly Spring is here and they are at the front. Action occurs and we are off on another adventure. I'm not sure when the thought of going to Africa occurred – probably just a dream originally and as likely to happen as a trip to the moon. Long ago, well not all that long ago, I (that is Peter) acquired a book by James Ramsey Ullman entitled “The Age of Mountaineering”. It fired the imagination with accounts of mountains around the world, tales of difficult ascents in far-flung places. Then he could write that Africa's greatest uplifts of Kilimanjaro, Kenya and Ruwenzori were little different then than they had been hundreds of years' earlier. He could say that Mount Kenya had been scaled on several occasions, but only by highly-skilled climbers. We were not highly-skilled climbers, but times have changed. What once seemed an impossible dream because of difficulties of climbing and difficulties of travel is now possible.

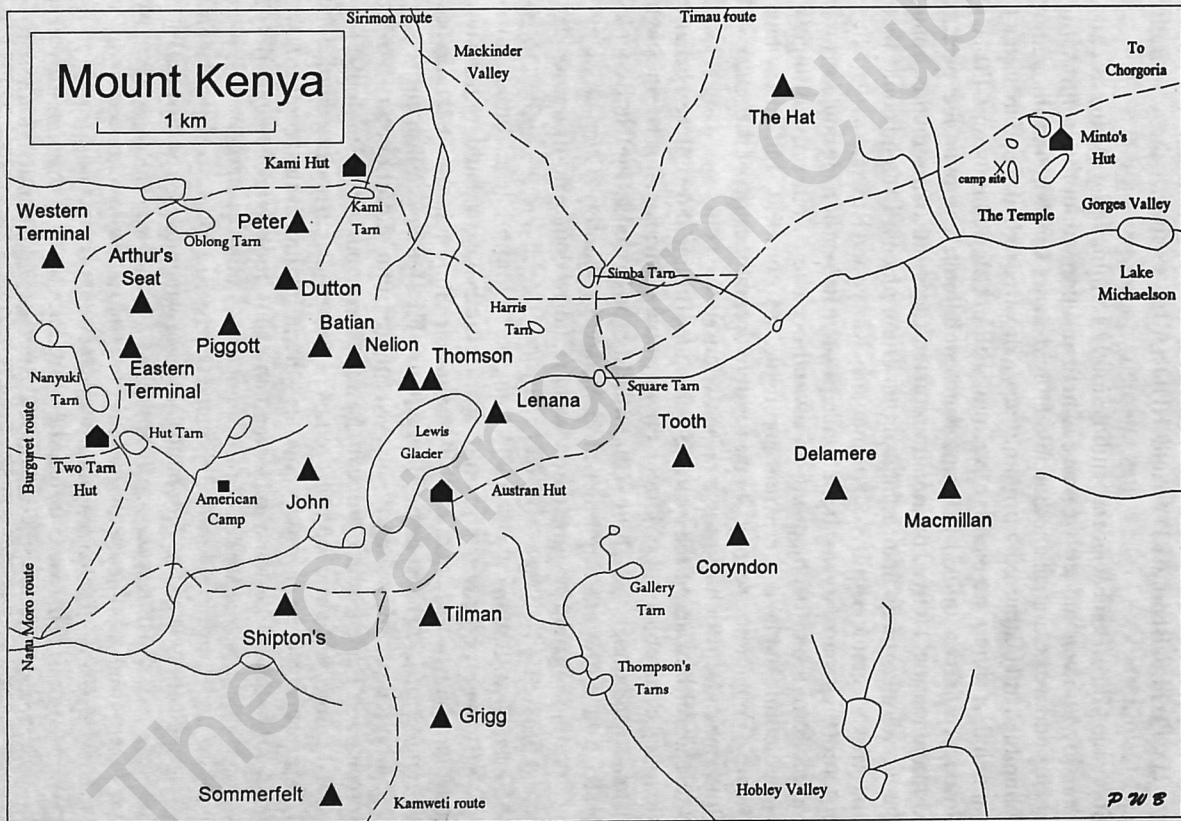
In 1849 a German missionary called Krapf working in Mombassa became the first European to sight Mount Kenya. Snow on the Equator – impossible – was the response he got from William Desborough Cooley and Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society. One can picture them sitting comfortably in the Athenaeum Club in London as they said: “It's no doubt chalk as we have at Dover.”

So he wasn't believed. It's true he only had a glimpse from 140km away on a hill top above the village of Kitui. For a few minutes he could see the white of Mount Kenya's glaciers and distinguished the two horns of Batian and Nelion – the two highest tops. Then clouds obscured the view again.

It wasn't until 1883, two years after Krapf died, that Mount Kenya was seen for the second time by a European, Joseph Thomson, a Scotsman. Born at Penpont, Dumfriesshire, he was the last of the major European explorers of Africa, making several lengthy journeys there. In 1882 at the request of the Royal Geographical Society he took a caravan to Lake Naivasha in the Rift Valley and to the south-west of the mountain. Although he got on well with the Maasai people there, he was prevented from getting close to Mount Kenya by inhabitants nearer the mountain. Krapf was vindicated at last and his description of the mountain confirmed.

A mountain of this stature just had to be climbed. This was achieved in 1899 by Halford Mackinder (in spite of the name he was born in Gainsborough) and the Italian guides, César Ollier and Joseph Brocherel. They went by boat through the Suez Canal and down the east coast of Africa to Mombassa, a standard method of travel to East Africa until aeroplanes arrived. From Mombassa they travelled by the newly-opened railway line to Nairobi. Bad weather, difficulties in finding supplies, warring locals, jungle vegetation and





wild animals combined to make it a formidable task just to reach the perimeter of the highest land. Mackinder was successful in reaching the summit of Batian, the highest point of Mount Kenya, and gave names to the tops. Batian and Nelion, the two highest tops, are named after two brothers, who were supreme Maasai chiefs in the 19th century. The third-highest top is called Lenana, who was the son of Batian and also supreme chief in his time.

Our party of Geraldine and Robin Howie, Janet Lambert and the authors assembled at Heathrow. Our journey to Africa was to be swifter than that of Mackinder, flying via Paris to Nairobi with exciting glimpses of the Alps around midnight. As dawn came we found ourselves over the parched northern parts of Kenya and then it was seen – definitely snow on the equator – although it seemed rather small and we wondered what all the fuss was about climbing Mount Kenya.

Nairobi was a new world we had not seen before – haggling for taxis, haggling for tee shirts, haggling for everything. We stayed at the Boulevard Hotel, comfortable and not too expensive. The Norfolk Hotel, however, became our choice for eating. At the time it was established, in 1906, there was little else in Nairobi besides the railway station. We could sit on the veranda in the warmth of an Africa evening as we ate. But we did venture farther to sample the delights of true African cooking at the African Experience and to drink coffee under the Thorn Tree which stands outside the New Stanley Hotel, a favourite meeting point for travellers in Nairobi.

Two of us planned to climb the easier Lenana and then make a circular walk round the summits. Three of us had ambitions to climb to the highest top of Mount Kenya, Batian.

We are not expert climbers, but thought we might have a chance of repeating the route taken by Shipton and Wyn Harris when they made the second ascent of Batian in 1929. The route lies up the South-East Face of Nelion, the second top, just slightly lower than Batian, over the summit of Nelion, down to the aptly named, Gate of Mists, and so to Batian. Through Andrew Wielochowski of Executive Wilderness Programmes we obtained the services of John Temple, who had much experience in Kenya, having lived there for some time, although now resident in England. With his knowledge and experience we had some hope of success.

So we left Nairobi by hired minibus, and travelled to Chogoria to the east of Mount Kenya. We had chosen the Chogoria route because of its reputation for beauty, though the approach to Mount Kenya this way is longer. Here we met porters and local guides, Lawrence and Charles, who had been engaged through the Chogoria Guides and Porters Association.

We used their four-wheel-drive vehicles to lurch 30km through the forest along the rough muddy approach track. Then comes the Park Gate where fees have to be paid. Shortly after leaving the gate one of our four-wheel-drive vehicles became a two-wheel-drive vehicle. All gear was piled in the other and we walked to the track-end for the night's camp by the Nithi North stream

at 3300m. Rhona was not feeling too good – too many mangoes for lunch! By now it was dark and cloudy – then in the twilight we caught a glimpse of the sharp outline of one of Mount Kenya's outliers and excitement mounted. Then came Peter's turn to be miserable as his stomach churned all night long – a result of the catfish we had bought at a wayside stall and eaten for dinner.

Next day the real effort began as we walked up the path westwards. Down on the left we could see the Gorges Valley with the striking plunge of the Vivienne Falls and Lake Michaelson. Ahead, our objectives could be clearly seen – Batian, Nelion and Lenana – no cloud for a change. In spite of the catfish I was doing well. We reached Minto's Hut (the porters' home for the night) and shortly afterwards Hall Tarns at 4270m. This was an idyllic campsite with giant groundsel, some as tall as a man. The mirror smooth waters reflected every detail of the peaks we had come so far to climb – and the sky was blue. It was Hogmanay 1991. After half-an-hour Janet and Robin began to suffer greatly from altitude sickness. In retrospect, it would have been better to have spent at least one more day on the ascent to help with acclimatisation.

*Rhona continues the story.*

Next morning, Robin and Janet seemed much better, but not fit enough to climb, so Peter and John left for Mount Kenya. The remaining group followed the base of the sheer cliff called the Temple which supports the large plateau containing the Hall Tarns down to the circular Lake Michaelson 300m below. The descent was steep and bouldery, and the lake nestling among the cliffs reminded me of the Seanna Bhraigh lochan (Loch Luchd Choire), with Macmillan Peak to its south like a very large An Teallach (from Toll an Lochain). The 300m drop made a tremendous difference to those suffering from the altitude. Unfortunately, we were doing the opposite from what is normally recommended (climb high, sleep low), ascending to sleep back at Hall Tarns.

The next day was to be the climb of Lenana. The weather, as usual, was excellent in the morning but deteriorated in the afternoon with the return of good conditions in the evening. We set off at 8.30a.m. The route, at first, went across the flat area called Temple Fields, the scenery rather like a desert except the cacti were giant groundsel. Above this the vegetation all but disappeared and the obvious footpath led up steep zigzags on orange-coloured scree towards Square Tarn (4600m). The angle eased a little and our first snow was reached before Tooth Col. The route then descended a little before crossing scree slopes beneath the South Face of Point Lenana. I was starting to feel the altitude now and having to slow my pace in order to remain comfortably breathless. To the south-east, Gallery and Thompson's Tarns sparkled green in the sunshine, sitting at the head of the immense Hobley Valley. To the east stretched the jagged outlines of Delamere and Macmillan Peak, and to the valley's southern edge the softer lines of Tilman and Sommerfelt Peaks. We reached the Austrian Hut at 11.30a.m.



However, little could be seen of the cliffs of Nelion, the clouds swirling round the upper Lewis Glacier which lies between the hut and the cliffs. The glacier itself bore the scars of recession, wrinkled with debris and cracking ice, the collecting pool at its base, the Curling Pond, grey and stagnant.

Lawrence, our guide, did not give us much time to rest at the hut and appeared to want to rush us up Point Lenana. Was he aware of the approaching bad weather? The climb was 200m up on the South-West Ridge – easy scrambling on a shattered ridge. At 4900m I abandoned trying to keep up with the others and went into Dead Woman's Pass Mode – learned on the Inca Trail, Peru – 10 paces . . . stop for breath . . . 10 paces . . . stop. What a difference it made to the enjoyment of the climb. I stopped feeling exhausted and could relax and enjoy the scenery around me. I reached the summit (4985m) just before 1p.m. to hear (music!) Peter's voice drifting over the Lewis Glacier from the top of Nelion. They were safe!

The clouds were starting to roll in. Even so, as far as the eye could see there were rocky ridges, tarns and cliffs. A patchwork of geology lay beneath our feet and I could have stayed for a long time. However, the day dreaming was abruptly stopped by a hail storm. We had to move.

Robin, Geraldine and Janet ascended in snow showers back to Hall Tarns. I was left alone with the other guide, Charles, at the Austrian Hut, with no functioning stove, to make the circuit of the peaks. The hut was better than expected, consisting of three small rooms with elevated sleeping platforms. The environs were not particularly pleasant – grey and bouldery like the Ben Nevis plateau but its location was breathtaking. It sat at the foot of a giant amphitheatre, the towering cliffs of Nelion to the left, curving down to the shattered pinnacles of Point Thomson, and back up to the broad South-West Ridge of the now snow-covered Point Lenana. The tatty Lewis Glacier nestled in the bowl of the corrie. That night, tea consisted of a cup of coffee begged from Germans and a bowl of soup from a Japanese couple.

I slept well that night, the altitude headache receding. We set off at first light on what turned out to be the most interesting walk I have ever done. Almost with each step the scenery seemed to change. It was like circumnavigating the Cuillins in one day with extra lochans thrown in, just in case you got bored with pinnacles, 300m-plus cliffs and rocky spires.

I had been fearful of my usual hesitancy down steep scree slopes but the overnight snow had consolidated the ground. Charles, however, was struggling and slipping frequently. I looked down in horror to find him wearing normal leather shoes with no grip and holes in the soles. Even with money, apparently, walking boots are impossible to buy in Kenya outside the capital. The route led down the edge of what used to be the Lewis Glacier. Across the glacier valley Nelion's south ridge, leading to the fin-shaped Point John, basked in the orange of sunrise. We contoured round the top of the Teleki Valley to reach the American Camp, littered with brightly-coloured tents. I looked up at the steep untracked boulder field directly ahead. It was my route

to Hut Tarn (4490m) and the first climb. It was an effort, mainly due to the awkward terrain, but I was surprised to find how quickly we got to the top. The view from Hut Tarn was awe-inspiring – a tranquil lake set among 300m cliffs, the cathedral-like spire of Point John reflecting in the water. Hut Tarn was small with no windows and six sleeping platforms.

Within yards of turning the next corner Nanyuki Tarn appeared, like a large Pool of Dee set in tundra-like terrain. Emerald Tarn was next. This could have been a Scottish scene. No dramatic cliffs but gentle grassy slopes surrounding the lake. However, the traverse around its upper edge to reach the Arthur Seat/Western Terminal Col required the only scrambling of the circuit on easy, but snow-covered, potentially slippery rocks. Of all the breath-taking views of the walk, the one from the Western Terminal Col to Oblong Tarn was the most awesome. All around me appeared cliffs and apparently vertical snow-covered slopes. I gazed down at the snow-speckled valley floor and the grey Oblong Tarn reflecting the clouds in the sky.

To my right the north cliffs of Point Pigott loomed jagged, dark and menacing. We had our second breakfast (cheese and bread) at Oblong Tarn, eyeing suspiciously the clouds sneaking in from the north. The climb to Hausberg Col (4591m) was surprisingly easy and consisted of a zigzag ascent up a steepish snow slope, the limitation not being the altitude but the heat. We were now over halfway round and it was only 10.30.a.m. We were doing very well!

The descent to Kami Tarn, and its tin hut, involved another long scree slope ending in a boulder field. The brightly-coloured buildings of Shipton's Camp were visible in the Mackinder Valley below, the greys of the screes being replaced by the olives and browns of the vegetation lower down the valley. I was looking forward to the final pull up Simba Col (4620m) but had to first try and keep up with Charles on a bouldery contour back up to the footpath leading to the col. We started to ascend up the east side of a little corrie, the Gregory Glacier with the spires of Point Thompson silhouetted on the skyline. I felt old and tired having to occasionally stop for a breath. Afterwards I discovered why. He was taking me to the Harris Tarn area at 4750m, in an attempt, I believe, to reascend Point Lenana via the North Ridge. I could see no point in doing the hill when no views would be visible and I felt knackered. From the top of the col the terrain was similar to Coire a'Ghrunnda in Skye – a small lochan among bleak barren slabs of rock.

It started to sleet as we descended back to the Hall Tarns area. The two miles back seemed long and tedious. I arrived at 1p.m. Now the wait for Peter and John. It seemed a long time, not helped by having to watch increasingly heavy snow showers from the comfort of the tent. What was I to do if they did not appear? The local hyrax (small marmot-like creatures related to elephants) got quite used to my company and squabbled and squeaked around my tent

as the hours passed. Then at 5.30p.m. John appeared, followed by Peter looking very cold and completely exhausted. Hot food and fluid were forced down his unwilling throat.

*Peter takes up the story.*

John and I went up to the Austrian Hut just as the others would do the next day. Spirits were high. John remained at the hut while I made the ascent of Lenana. I wanted to be sure of reaching at least one of the tops. I looked across the Lewis Glacier to the cliffs of Nelion where mist came and went, accentuating the steepness and giving it an air of impregnability. Could I really climb it? Back at the hut we met Gordon and Robert, two lads from England, and agreed to climb together so we had two ropes of two.

In the cold light of early morning, we crossed the Lewis Glacier and went up the screes to the base of the cliffs, the South-East Face of Nelion. It wasn't as steep as it seemed from afar and we climbed some of the early pitches unroped. We climbed up easily to a broad ledge, traversed left, up a gully, a long traverse right ending round a corner at III-. Then there's a choice – Mackinder's Chimney or the Rabbit Hole or a crack up a steep wall at IV-. The first has hard moves high up. The Rabbit Hole is awkward with a rucksack, also high up. We used the crack – delightful climbing on small holds which I enjoyed. By now the rock was warm. Above there were several more pitches to reach the ridge and a sensational view down the South Face. We climbed Mackinder's Gendarme, John urging speed. John's ploy was to overtake other parties who were taking the more usual line to the left of the Gendarme. And so to de Graaf's variation – up a corner to a ledge at IV and the crux of the climb. This I found hard and I was glad not to be leading – I'm a bit short on the leg and find some moves difficult.

By 1p.m. we reached the summit of Nelion where my shouts were heard unbeknown to me on Lenana below. Safe so far. Very near the summit is an amazing sight – a hut. Ian Howell carried it up in sections in several solo ascents. There is room for four, rather squashed, so this was why John was keen to get up front. We left gear here and continued. But things were different. Where was the warm rock? Instead, suddenly, we were in a Scottish winter climbing situation. The temperature plummeted. It snowed. The rocks were snow covered. Here we had the advantage of having two ropes. We abseiled down a snow slope using one rope to the Gate of Mists, leaving it there to facilitate the return. From here we went round the north side of a gendarme, then on to the south side and up walls at III+ to easier ground to the top of Batian (5199m). The dream of long ago had turned to reality. I was only sorry that Janet and Robin, who should have been there, were not.

No time to stand and stare. Quick photograph. Must get back. The ascent of the snow slope was slow. Between us John and I had one pair of crampons and a small ice axe – to reduce the weight. I was getting cold – too much gear had been left in Howell's Hut. Nelion to Batian and back took somewhat more



than five hours, compared with a guide book time of three. I dived into sleeping bag to try to get a little warmth and a fitful night followed.

Next morning we started down – my eyes were watery with the cold so I couldn't see very well, and I yelled at John: "I'm going to fall off."

We were not roped and the drop was long. His only concern seemed to be speed – but he was right. We had to get down before the afternoon storms. Several long abseils (another advantage of the two ropes – they were tied together) and we traversed the glacier to the Austrian Hut.

We rested in the hut while the snow billowed as it fell outside. Then the long slow descent to Hall Tarns. If Rhona was knackered towards the end of her trip then there seems to be no word left to describe how exhausted I felt. The trouble with the catfish meant that I had not eaten or drunk as much as I should have and I suffered.

We spent a day in Nairobi "between mountains", and then travelled south by bus to Moshi in Tanzania. Our climb of Kilimanjaro involved a west to east traverse across the south side of the mountain at altitudes between 3600m-4000m on the Shira route. This way gave us a good chance to acclimatise and also a remote and interesting route.

We camped, usually with the clouds obscuring the highest peaks in the evening. Next morning we awoke to see high cliffs leading up to steep glaciers which surround the summit area. We then joined the upper Mweka route and spent the fourth night in the Barafu Hut. We left at 1a.m., climbing the South-East Ridge to Stella Point, halfway round the summit ridge.

What a thrill it was as the sun rose and we glimpsed the glistening icy walls at the nearby glacier. There remained the short, but slow walk, round the rim of the caldera as we gasped for breath and struggled to reach the final top, Uhuru (5896m). At 7.30a.m. we had all reached the roof of Africa, its highest point, and were elated with our success. The ascent was the normal tourist path.

So we had a very successful trip. There was, indeed, snow on the equator.



## MUIR OF INVEREY

EDDIE MARTIN

Muir of Inverey is known locally as 'The Moor'. The original Moor Cottage was on the south side of the road and was burned down on May 10, 1911. It had a thatched roof, and it is thought that the cause of the fire was a spark from the chimney. The two brothers who occupied it, Lachie and James Gordon, were offered Quoich Cottage – where Bob Scott lived after he left Luibeg – but as they were reluctant to move so far away from Inverey, the estate agreed to convert the barn and byre on the north side of the road into a dwelling house for them. This was completed and ready for occupation on September 27, 1911. The cost of conversion was £82 6s 7d less £60 received from the Royal Insurance Co. for damage done to the original cottage by fire. The fact that Muir is a converted barn explains why it is the only cottage in Inverey which is gable end to the road. All the other cottages face the road. The O.S. map of 1869 shows Bench Mark 1144 at Muir. This was rediscovered behind the fireplace wall in the dining room during reconstruction in 1980.

Muir was first leased by the Cairngorm Club from Mar Estate in November 1949. As the club also had the lease of Derry Lodge from 1950, the cottage tended to be used more by our own members than other clubs. Family parties were a feature of the summer months. The George Taylor Bequest was specifically for use in developing a heritable property, so to extend Muir, the Club had to own the feu of the cottage. The late Alan Watt, President from 1967 to 1970, approached the factor of Mar Estate in December 1967 regarding purchase of the feu, in the knowledge that estate policy was that feus should not be sold. However, Captain Ramsay of Mar was willing to make an exception in the case of the Cairngorm Club, and negotiations were finally completed and the Feu Charter agreed in February 1972. Under the direction of Peter Howgate, Huts Custodian 1970/72 and President 1979/82, work on the extension and reconstruction of the existing cottage was well in hand, and the new Muir was formally opened on July 1, 1972 during the Presidency of Sheila Murray. A fuller account of Muir appears in "The Cairngorm Club 1887-1987" by Sheila Murray, but this brief history is provided as the Centenary book is now out of print.

Being a new building, maintenance at Muir was minimal for the first few years. However, the log extension has some inherent defects which have proved difficult to resolve, notably a tilt to the west and south. This caused some concern, so in 1984 Graham Ewen's two brothers carried out a structural survey which was initially quite alarming. Tie bars should have been inserted at the time of construction, to prevent lateral movement of the logs, but this was not done. It had to be established whether the distortion was due to initial shrinkage and settlement, or whether it was a continuing process. An annual check of verticals since then has indicated no appreciable further movement.

There has been water penetration at log joints and gable ends. Weather boarding and mastic on the west gable has partly resolved the problem, but shrinkage allows water penetration during westerly gales and rain. We hope to cure this during 1994. Sanitation has also presented problems. The septic tank has functioned well, but frost damage to the glazed drain pipes in the inspection manholes between the cottage and the tank, caused recurrent blockages. Replacement with plastic piping sorted this out, but one memorable New Year we had another blockage. We eventually discovered, after much digging, that the soakaway had silted up causing the whole system to backfill. These recollections are not happy memories.

We are greatly helped by people living locally to tackle these problems. It used to be almost impossible to persuade tradesmen to go out to Inverey, but I have recently located people nearby who will do electrical, plumbing, building and carpentry work which we cannot do ourselves, or for urgent jobs. When it comes to fence repairs, digging trenches and ??????? out drainpipes, Bill Lobban of the Old Schoolhouse at Inverey is always willing to give the benefit of his experience and practical help when needed. Bill has even bulldozed snow out of the car parking area to give access to Muir in winter.

Water supply can be erratic. Whenever there is heavy rain, heather tips are washed down the burn and clog up holes in the perforated intake pipe. With very heavy rain and thaws after snow, the intake pipe vanished under a foot of gravel. Exhortations not to meddle with the valves inside are often ignored, and the resultant overflow from the pipe at the east side of the cottage, is a sure indication that someone has fiddled with the valve marked "Do Not Touch" in the ladies' loo. Anti-frost heaters were installed throughout the cottage in 1985, and this has done much to take away the dampness and chill from the rooms.

Kitchen arrangements have given rise to some criticism. The initial concept of two sinks was well thought out, but it was not possible to create a watertight seal between the worktops and the wall. Over the years water penetrated the joint, and rotted the plasterboard wall and blockboard under the worktops. The present single sink was installed in 1991, with the able assistance of Dick Newton and Peter Howgate. It is a bit too low, but a wire basket raises the washing up bowl. Like most things in life, it is a compromise.

Safety boards have now been constructed for the top bunks in all bedrooms. It may take some agility to climb in, but once there you cannot fall out. The old foam mattresses have been left for those who prefer them to the interior sprung ones, and to allow for overflow when accommodation is over-subscribed.

Bookings have increased dramatically over the last few years. In 1981/2 the occupancy was 1654 bed nights, but this has risen to 2475 in 1992/3. Weekends are booked solid a year in advance, the present policy being to allocate weekends at the beginning of one year for the following year. Some outside clubs have used the cottage regularly for more than 10 years. Many of



our members have regular bookings at Muir. Aileen Cook takes two parties from Beechwood School there every year. It is a delight to read letters of appreciation from youngsters who have never seen deer or squirrels before, and who have been given an opportunity to enjoy a well-supervised, yet, unrestricted holiday in the country. Neil Cromar and party have the Braemar Gathering weekend, except one year when the new custodian let it to two other parties who had not left a telephone contact number. Being the gentleman that he is, Neil accepted that a mistake had been made and settled for a day trip instead. Burns' night and New Year are Club-only weekends, and for the last 20 years this Hut Custodian has had a regular Muir week at the end of July.

Comparing notes with other Hut Custodians can be very revealing. It seems we all have a list of undesirable outside clubs whose identities are only revealed after a dram or two. Another common experience is the need for constant re-stocking of toilet rolls. Apart from the obvious, what do people do with them? All huts are short of teaspoons which are bought by the dozen but simply disappear. Crockery and glasses need steady replacement but it is unusual for anyone admit to breakages. If people phone or write to say they have left something behind it is rarely found, yet there is always an accumulation of old shirts, socks and towels in the drying room, fit only for the rubbish bin. There is still a pair of inners for winter climbing boots awaiting an owner.

Each year we allocate a week in May for spring cleaning and general maintenance. It is hard to strike the balance between 'many hands make light work' and 'too many cooks spoil the broth', but experience has established that around 10 is the ideal number. We can usually guarantee a few fine days within the week for outside work. The policy is that if the cottage is clean when a party arrives, it is usually left in a similar state. Accidents can happen, and in 1993 a fall of soot left the kitchen and dining room in an almost indescribable state. Five man-days were needed to wash down the walls and two woman-days to remove all soot from the floor. Increasing use by our own members helps, as they often take on such jobs as washing down the food shelves or cleaning the cooker when in residence.

Deliberate abuse is rare, but on one occasion a party punched holes in the metal waste bins, and filled them with live coals to use as braziers in the hall to heat up the building. They were black listed. There have been two fires, one in the dining room when socks left to dry fell on to the stove and set alight the old mantelpiece and wooden linings. The other happened when a plimsoll dropped behind the old tubular heater in the two-bedded room, and ignited when the heaters were switched on. Fortunately, in both cases the fires were contained and damage was limited. George Kynaston now regularly checks the smoke detectors and fire appliances.

The scope for increased usage of Muir is limited, but mid-week parties are becoming more frequent and are to be encouraged. The Club is making a valuable contribution in providing reasonably-priced accommodation for outdoor enthusiasts, and this is appreciated by all who use the cottage.

Unsolicited testimonials rate it as the best hut in Scotland. It is fascinating to read the log book and to appreciate how many people from all over Britain and abroad, have stayed there. The Cairngorm Club owes a deep debt of gratitude to its earlier office-bearers who had the foresight and resources to purchase and improve the cottage. Let us hope that Muir continues to prosper for many years to come.

**Editor's note.**

*Eddie Martin has recently demitted office as Huts Custodian having served the Club in that capacity since 1980.*



Ian Stuart

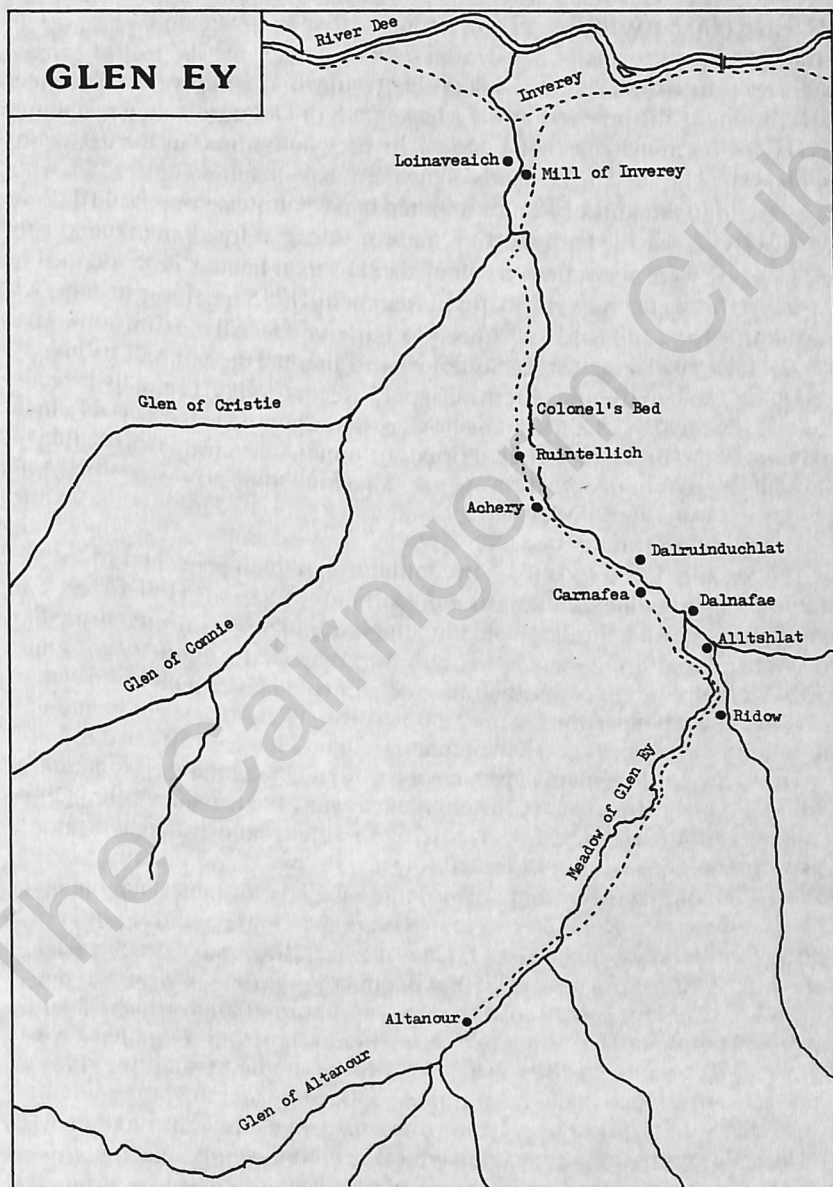
## GLEN EY, A HISTORY

GRAHAM EWEN

Glen Ey or most of it, has always been part of the Estate of Inverey. The estate was originally the property of the Mackenzies of Dalmore, but was acquired by James Farquharson, first Laird of Inverey some time in the early 17th century. It continued in the hands of the Farquharson family until 1785, when it was sold to the Earl of Fife by another James Farquharson, the 11th Laird of Inverey. While the Farquharsons had considerable freedom in running the estate, there were restrictions put upon them by their Feudal Superior, the Earl of Mar. (He lost the Superiority for his part in the 1715 rebellion, and this was later bought by Lord Braco who became Earl of Fife). All the fir woods on the estate were the property of the Superior, who also had the rights of fishing and of hunting deer and game. For the last purpose there were designated areas of 'reserved forest' to which the tenants were not supposed to have access. In the early days, in addition to paying his feu duties, the laird was required to provide certain services to the Superior. These included provision of men and dogs to assist with hunting parties, and more seriously to provide men for military service if requested.

The tenants of the estate were required to pay their rents and to assist at shoots, help with the harvest and go on errands of various kinds. They were entitled to servitude timber from the Superior's fir woods for repairing their houses or barns, and for any other purpose connected with their agricultural activities. It is not clear whether there were any tenants in Glen Ey when the Farquharsons acquired the estate, but it seems likely that there would have been some in the lower part and perhaps as far up as Achery (spelled Auchelie on the O.S. map). Above there the glen was used as summer pasture by the tenants of Inverey and also Corriemulzie, as were the tributary valleys of the Connie and Cristie. The upper part of the glen, then called the Glen of Altanour, was part of the 'reserved forest'.

During the time the Farquharsons were in charge of the estate, the arable area of the glen was greatly expanded, perhaps as a response to increasing population pressure in the area. It is known that the population of the parish was expanding during this period. Although no one has lived in the middle part of the glen for 150 years, the ruins of old farm buildings and sheilings survive. The first place of interest seen when walking up the glen is the Mill or Millcroft of Inverey. The mill was situated on the bank of the river just beyond the locked gate at the entrance to the glen, and the miller's house a little farther on, below the drystone dyke close to the road. Little remains of the mill itself, but the course of the mill lade can be clearly seen travelling in a southerly direction towards the sheep pens, where it is crossed by the modern road, and comes back to the river bank just above the existing road bridge. At this point the lade bed is about a metre and a half above the river. It is not clear





how the water was raised to this height, as there is no sign of a substantial dam. It seems more likely that a wooden or dry stone structure had been built along the edge of the river from a point about 40m or so upstream. Whatever the structure was, it was not substantial enough to survive the test of time as nothing of it remains. There were problems in working the mill from time to time. In a court case heard in 1723 between Patrick Farquharson of Inverey and Kenneth Mackenzie of Dalmore, two witnesses gave the following evidence.

They could remember that for a period of 54 years (the other said 44), the tenants of Glen Ey carried their corn to the said mill for grinding, except at times when the mill was not in condition to serve, having been stopped by frosts or storms of snow, or carried away entirely by the Water of Ey.

The first written record of the Mill of Inverey found was in the Roman Catholic baptismal records for 1706, when a James Harro of Mill of Inverey had a son baptised James. From 1734 to 1773 the mill was run by a family called Downie. By 1810 the miller was Arthur Dingwall who was a founder member of the Braemar Wrights' Friendly Society, the group responsible for starting the Braemar Gathering. The mill continued in the ownership of the Dingwall family until its demise.

Almost directly across the river from the mill is Loinaveaich, which must be properly included as one of the settlements of the glen. In 1752 it was occupied by a William Lamond and from 1811 to 1881 by McIntoshes. This holding continued to be inhabited until the 1950s when, if my memory serves me right, the householder was called McDougall. In recent years a new keeper's house has been built on the site and so it is occupied again.

About 400m beyond the Colonel's Bed is Ruintellich. Here are found ruins of buildings on both sides of the modern road, which cuts off the corners of two of them. Little remains apart from the foundations but the layout of the buildings can be clearly seen. There are two at right angles to each other on a mound on the east of the road, with a corn kiln and store built into the north-east corner of the larger one. There were always two tenants on this holding. One is known to have owned a dwelling house, barn, stable, byre and peat shed, so there must have been more buildings at one time. The 1866 map shows four buildings on the west side of the road, only two of which can be found today. It is not known whether the missing buildings were lost due to construction of the modern road or whether the stones were removed earlier for other purposes. The tenants here in 1752 were John Farquharson and Charles Macdonald. In 1808 there was a Stuart and a McGregor, but from 1828 onwards both tenants were called McHardy.

At Achery the two prominent ruins which can be seen today do not date from the former farming community, but were more modern buildings constructed for gamekeepers. It is not certain when, but they are shown on the 1866 map. They were of stone and lime construction and had slate roofs, whereas the older buildings were made from dry stone and had thatched roofs, although

no trace of these remain. The dwelling house was still habitable in the 1950s until the estate removed the roof around 1964, either to prevent people using the building or to save having to pay rates on it. Little remains of the older buildings at Achery. In addition to the dwelling house there was a barn, stable, byre, cart shed and sheep cote. Some of them were situated alongside the existing road and had a small enclosure behind which has survived. A corn kiln and at least two other buildings are found higher up the slope nearer the Allt an Sionnaich. Presumably, these buildings were robbed of their stones for the construction of the newer buildings described above. Beyond the house one can see an extensive area of cleared hillside stretching well up the slope, most of which has a favourable aspect facing the south-east. For much of its recorded history the farm had two tenants, being Duncan Shaw and Donald Downie in 1752. From around 1815 there was only one, an Angus Macdonald whose son, Charles, took over some time in the 1830s.

Beyond Achery is Carnafea. Although there are several ruins here and a corn kiln, there is not much evidence of improved land compared with the previously described sites. There is a small triangular enclosure which might have been a garden plot or for stock. A William Grant lived here between 1767 and 1773. No other written evidence of occupation has been found.

Across the river from Carnafea are the three farms of Dalruinduchlat, Dalnafea and Alltshlat. They can be reached by fording the river just above Achery or by going up to the road bridge and retracing one's steps on the other side. This area was originally a sheiling ground for the tenants of Corriemulzie and was not farmed until around 1670 at the earliest. The first mention of this is found in a memorandum from Mr John James to the Earl of Mar, dated 1707, in which it is stated that "the late Inverey, without my Lord's either liberty or knowledge, did labour and manure his sheilings in Glen Ey and remove his sheilings farther towards the forest, so that now, in effect, it is no forest at all". Further evidence came to light in the court case of 1723, already mentioned. Mackenzie of Dalmore made the case that the sheilings of Dalruinduchlat and Alltshlat had been thirled<sup>1</sup> to his Mill of Dalmore in the same way as the lands of Corriemulzie, and therefore the possessors of the new ploughed lands ought to be thirled to the Mill of Dalmore in the same way. John Mackland, one of the witnesses stated that the tenants of Dalruinduchlat and Alltshlat carried their grindable corn to the Mill of Inverey, and reported that they had done so since these lands were first laboured, which he heard was about 50 years' ago. This statement was confirmed by other witnesses. I do not know what the Earl of Mar's reaction was when he received the memorandum, but the farms remained where they were and the tenants of Corriemulzie continued to use the new sheiling area which lay to the south of Altanour. The tenants of Auchindryne were also given sheiling rights at Altanour, either at this time or perhaps somewhat later.

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<sup>1</sup> Bind or oblige a person to give his services or custom to a particular person, in this case a miller.



*The ruins of Dalruinduchlat in Glen Ey.*



*Lime kiln at Dalnafae in Glen Ey.*

Dalruinduchlat is situated on the flat ground immediately to the north of Piper's Wood. Here are found some of the best preserved and most extensive ruins in the glen. There are eight separate buildings including a dwelling house, barn, stable, byre and cart shed. Apart from the cart shed which had a wide door, it is impossible to distinguish which was which. There is also the remains of a corn kiln or lime kiln set into the bank at the edge of the flat ground. The slopes above contain the remains of numerous sheilings which had been built by the tenants of Corriemulzie. Nothing is known of the original tenants, but between 1752 and 1769 Duncan Clark lived there. He was one of the suspects in the murder of Sergeant Davies, a Redcoat soldier who was killed in the Glen of Connie in 1749. Fenton Wyness recounts this amply in chapter 36 of his book "Royal Valley". The Lamonts came to Dalruinduchlat in the early 19th century. There were two tenants to begin with, Malcolm and William Lamont, but from 1824 onwards it was farmed by William Lamont on his own. I wonder if Malcolm Lamont was the piper Callum Lamont who is reputed to have given Piper's Wood its name.

Immediately south of Piper's Wood is Dalnafae. The ruins are less extensive than at Dalruinduchlat but there is an exceptionally well-preserved kiln. There was a house, barn, stable, byre, cottar house and sheep cote. Here too are ruins of several sheilings on the hill above. Dalnafae only had one tenant at a time. John Shaw lived there in 1752 and remained for at least 40 years. Donald Lamont was the tenant from the early 1800s.

Alltshlat was situated on the south bank of the burn of the same name. The house had a flagstone paved floor, part of which remains visible. There was also a barn and two byres. Ruined sheilings can be found on the hill above. The tenant in 1752 was John Grant, who was followed by William McDonald in 1773. From 1808 the farm was occupied by McIntoshes.

These three farms occupied an extensive area of flat land on the east bank of the River Ey. The ground is remarkably clear of stones, and stone clearance heaps can be seen along the river banks and elsewhere. The remains of drainage ditches are visible on the flat ground, still working to some extent although they are silted up. On the hillside above there is a ditch running horizontally to drain water from the hill away from the cultivated area. Despite some 150 years of neglect, this ditch still performs that function fairly well.

A few hundred metres to the south of Alltshlat is Ridow. Here one gets the impression of buildings older than any previously seen. One in particular is built with very large stones. Little reference is found of Ridow in any of the records, but in 1752 it was known as the sheiling of Alex Farquharson of Inverey. Two of his daughters were born here, Marjory on January 24, 1755 and Ann on December 2, 1756 – odd times of the year to be staying at a sheiling. The extensive area of flat land which extends to the south of this point to almost as far as Altanour, was called the meadow of Glen Ey. Presumably, this is where the Farquharsons of Inverey grazed their cattle in



the summer. If this area had been reserved for them, it would explain the almost complete absence of other sheilings in this area.

Altanour Cottage is at the end of the road. It was built by the Earl of Fife in 1838, and a plantation of pine trees established around it to provide shelter. It seems unlikely that it was ever lived in for any extended period, since in every census from 1841 to 1891 it is listed as uninhabited. It was probably only used in the shooting season. Like Achery, it remained intact until the 1950s or early 1960s when its roof was removed by the estate. Today the site is a scene of dereliction, with the ruins of the cottage surrounded by a wood which has been devastated by gales, and the fallen tress left to rot. The ruined sheilings of the tenants of Corriemulzie and Auchindryne are scattered over a fairly wide area some 500m to the south-west.

In addition to the holdings so far described, there must have been two others as their names are mentioned in the Precept of Clare Constat<sup>2</sup> given by the Earl of Fife to Charles Farquharson and others. They were called Riensleek and Delnabreck. Riensleek was probably situated to the north-west of Ruintellich where there are some ruins on both sides of the head dyke. Delnabreck was probably somewhere between Achery and Carnafea, but no substantial ruins have been found. So far, no record has been found of either being tenanted.

It is not clear why the tenants were removed from the glen. There are, however, many reports of tenants in the area poaching deer, allowing their cattle to graze on reserved areas of the hill, stealing wood and even starting forest fires. In addition, they were all in arrears with their rents, some of them seriously so. There is no doubt that the tenants caused a conflict with the proprietor's shooting interests, and that the shooting was much more profitable. In 1843 the Duke of Leeds paid £1200 for Mar Lodge shootings, whereas the total annual rent payable by the tenants of Glen Ey was only £78.

Conversion of the glen to a deer forest apparently began in the mid-1830s with the people of Little Inverey losing their grazing rights in the Glen of Cristie in 1836. Three years' later the Meikle Inverey inhabitants lost theirs in the Glen of Connie. This must have had serious implications for the viability of the village's small agricultural holdings, as they would have been very dependent upon their sheilings for summer grazing. The holdings in Glen Ey were much larger than those in the village of Inverey and consequently their rents were higher. The average rent in Glen Ey at this time was £13. This compares with an average for Meikle Inverey of £6 10s, while at Little Inverey the average was only £3 15s 3d. The McHardy's of Ruintellich lost their hill pastures in 1841, then in 1843 the tenants of the five holdings of Achery, Dalruinduchlat, Dalnafeae, Alltshlat and Ruintellich were served notice of removal. The exact dates of removal are not known except in the case of the two McHardy families in Ruintellich, who were the last to leave at Whitsun 1844. It seems likely that the others left at Martinmas the previous year. All

<sup>2</sup> Precept of Clare Constat – a legal document by which an heir is recognised by the feudal superior and which lays out obligations and privileges of ownership of an estate.

were paid compensation for the value of their buildings. Angus Macdonald of Achery received a total of £19 17s 4d. The tenants of Corriemulzie and Auchindryne lost their grazing rights in the Glen of Altanour in 1844.

The first time that definite population figures for the glen became available was in 1841. At that time the total population was 52, of whom 41 lived in the middle part of the glen, the remaining nine in the lower section. Of these, 17 were employed, six farming plus five farm servants and four female servants, one miller and a tailor. Previous writers have assumed that the glen had a much larger indigenous population in earlier years. I must dispute this. In 1696 the poll book lists three tenants and seven sub-tenants, a total of 10. Between 1752 and 1810, for all the years checked, there were either eight or nine tenants or sub-tenants and after 1810 this fell to eight. These figures might suggest a slightly larger population in the 18th century than at the time of the clearances. Looking farther back to the 17th century only half the area we have looked at was cultivated, so presumably it would support fewer people. There were eight different surnames found in the glen in 1696, Farquharson, Young, Macdonald, M'Aver, M'Gilevie, Keir, Stewart and Duncan. By 1752 there were six, Farquharson, Macdonald, Shaw, Downie, Grant and Clark. At the time of the clearance there were only four, McHardy, Macdonald, Lamont and McIntosh. The only name to occur consistently is Macdonald, and it is known that Angus Macdonald who lived in Achery at the time of the clearance, was born at Dubrach in Glen Dee. I would therefore conclude that while these people were probably indigenous to Upper Deeside, they were not specifically native to Glen Ey.

What happened to the tenants after the clearance? Robert McIntosh of Alltshlat had died before the event and it is not known what happened to his family. Donald Lamont in Dalnafae moved with his family to the village of Inverey, where he stayed until his death in the 1850s. Four of his family were still living there in 1881. His youngest son Robert, who was only two years' old at the time of the clearance, became a gardener at New Mar Lodge. He lived at Alltchclair in Corriemulzie for some time in the 1870s, but moved back to Inverey in 1903 and lived there until his death in 1930. He is thought to have been the last survivor of the farming community in Glen Ey. William Lamont of Dalruinduchlat stayed on in the glen as a gamekeeper. When he died his wife moved to the village of Inverey with her daughter, Catherine (Kate), who survived until the 1920s and lived latterly in Moor of Inverey. What happened to Charles Macdonald of Achery is uncertain, but it is known that other members of his family settled either in Dunfermline or Forgandenny. Perhaps he followed them. George McHardy from Ruintellich settled at Croft Muickan in Glen Clunie (now part of the golf course), where he was described as a farmer of 30 acres, a fairly large holding at that time. James McHardy, the other tenant of Ruintellich, was visiting his brother, George, at the time of the 1851 census. He was the tailor mentioned earlier, but we do not know his permanent home after the clearance.

Donald Dingwall at the mill was not affected by the clearance and stayed on there until around 1860. It would appear that the mill no longer provided him with an adequate income by that time, and he was paid by the estate to do other jobs, such as erecting deer paling, driving sand to Corriemulzie Cottage and repairing bridges. By 1861 he had left the glen and settled in a small holding to the north of the Roman Catholic Church in Auchindryne. Five gamekeepers lived in the purpose-built house at Achery, starting with William Lamont in 1843 and ending with George Mitchell who left in 1921. Since George Mitchell left, the glen has been uninhabited with the exception of Loinaveich, now home to the gamekeeper.

*Most of the information on which this article is based, derives from the Duff House papers which are held in the Special Collections Department of the University of Aberdeen Library.*



## PIPER'S WOOD. REPORT 1989-1993

HEATHER SALZEN

Since the plot in Glen Ey was enclosed by deer fencing in 1989, there have been noticeable changes in the vegetation. These are not as yet visible at all seasons of the year, but in summer the abundance of herbs flowering at full height and the luxuriant growth of grasses, clearly indicates how protection from grazing animals allows native plants to reach their natural size. The contrast between the close-bitten turf outside the fence, heavily grazed by both sheep and deer, and the colourful sward inside, was apparent the first summer after enclosure and becomes more marked each year. Some plants have increased or appear more dominant because they are now able to flower, while a few have diminished due to the increasing dominance of grasses.

### **The birches:**

The 16 old, isolated, and ailing birch trees are now reduced to 14, two near the lower fence having fallen in the winters of 1991/92 and 1992/93, one being completely dead while the other still puts out green leaves. However, the vigorous growth put on in the last two years by many of the small, multi-stemmed birches which were repeatedly grazed almost down to ground level before enclosure, give grounds for optimism. In 1992 many put on 15cm of growth and more in 1993. At this rate they could be expected to reach three metres in 10 years, assuming total protection from grazing. Their rate of growth should increase as they produce more foliage and a larger root system, year by year.

Every zone within the enclosure except the upper marsh, contains numerous birch seedlings, all of which show the many-stemmed bushy growth of repeatedly-browsed plants, and can be several to many years' old. So far I have been unable to identify any one, two or three-year-old seedlings, which would be recent progeny of the old birches. Only a few of these old trees produce a little seed, and the bushes now growing will not do so for some years. However, if the fence is kept in good repair, I do believe that the existing small birches will grow quite rapidly to form small groves, providing a more varied habitat for wildlife and justifying the title of Piper's Wood.

### **Notes on changes in the vegetation zones:**

This section should be read in conjunction with the full botanical survey and map which were published in the 1991 edition of the 'Cairngorm Club Journal'.

### **D – The dyke and the strip of grass and heather hummocks:**

There is now a striking contrast between this and the grazed heath outside the fence. The dry heather hummocks are disappearing, becoming overgrown



by grasses and sedges. Creeping Willow has greatly increased and shows great variability in leaf size and shape. The large colony of Fragrant Orchid which was a wonderful sight in 1989 with over 150 flowering spikes, seemed to have failed in 1990, but has since reappeared though not flowering in such quantity. The old dyke is becoming increasingly overgrown and a wet ditch is developing above it. The Northern Bedstraw flowers abundantly on the dyke and the conspicuous Melancholy Thistle flowered for the first time in 1992. Three Rowan seedlings grow in the N.E. corner.

#### **UB – The upper bank:**

This is now completely covered with vegetation, whereas before enclosure there was some bare soil. Heather appears to have increased; seedlings are numerous but it is nowhere dominant. The annual Field Gentian has greatly increased and a second site has been noted for the Moonwort Fern. There are many small birch seedlings on this bank.

#### **UM – The upper marsh:**

The narrow strip of wet ground at the base of the upper bank appears to be getting wetter and extending to the north. The bog mosses (*Sphagnum* spp.) seem to be increasing. Flote Grass was first recorded in 1993.

#### **G – The grassland:**

Here there is a notable contrast between this and the closely grazed grass outside the fence. Grasses and herbs flower at full height. Tufted Vetch and Red and White Clovers have appeared. Lady's Bedstraw has greatly increased and flowered abundantly in 1993, as did Yarrow, Sneezewort, Bird's Foot Trefoil and Devil's Bit Scabious. Heather appears to be increasing on the slightly drier knolls where birch seedlings are most numerous. Thecroft house ruins are becoming overgrown by grasses.

#### **LB – The lower bank:**

This is still very dry but with much less open soil than before. Erosion at the top is being reduced by plant growth. Bell Heather is most abundant here as is Yarrow and Mouse-eared Hawkweed. Cat's Ear covers a dry knoll at the north end. Small birches are very numerous and show great variation in size and shape of leaf. The Melancholy Thistle has appeared in a new site beside the runnel, just north of the bank.

#### **LM – The lower marsh:**

This seems drier than during the first year after enclosure, and is becoming more like damp grassland than true marsh. The grass Yorkshire Fog now dominates the rushes and sedges. The pool of open water dried out in summer 1992, and in 1993 the mud was colonised by Toad Rush and Yorkshire Fog. More than 40 birches are growing well near the south fence.

**R – The river gravel:**

This is still an open plant community with few species, but some new ones have been recorded in the slightly increased vegetation cover. Many small birches are showing steady growth, although more slowly than those in the lower marsh. There is a particularly dense group just below the dead fallen tree. Spignel, Harebell, Thyme, Alpine Lady's Mantle and Cow Wheat have appeared, the last being a new record for the enclosure.

**Additions to the flora:**

Species numbering 26 have been noted since 1989. Some of them would have been present before then, but were overlooked as they were prevented from flowering by grazing animals. It is interesting to note that of these 'new' species, almost half are marsh plants. Does this indicate that the enclosed ground is becoming wetter? About as many species have been noted as having extended their range within the plot since enclosure.

**Additions to the flora of Piper's Wood, 1990-1993**

EQUISETUM FLUVIATILE – Marsh Horsetail. LM  
 NASTURTIUM OFFICIALE – Watercress. LM  
 CARDAMINE PRATENSIS – Cuckoo Flower, Lady's Smock. UM,D,LM  
 HYPERICUM PULCHRUM – Slender St. John's Wort. UB  
 MONTIA VERNA – Blinks. UM,LM  
 VICIA CRACCA – Tufted Vetch. G  
 TRIFOLIUM ALBUM – White Clover. G  
 TRIFOLIUM ROSEUM – Red Clover. G  
 POTENTILLA PALUSTRIS – Marsh Cinquefoil. UM  
 POTENTILLA STERILIS – Barren Strawberry. UB  
 FILIPENDULA ULMARIA – Meadow Sweet. UM, LM  
 EPILOBIUM PALUSTRE – Marsh Willow Herb. LM  
 RUMEX ACETOSA – Sorrel. G  
 ERICA TETRALIX – Cross-leaved Heath. LM, D  
 MELAMPYRUM PRATENSE – Cow Wheat. R  
 GALLIUM PALUSTRE – Marsh Bedstraw. LM  
 TARAXACUM OFFICINALE AGG. – Dandelion. G  
 CIRCIUM HETEROPHYLLUM – Melancholy Thistle. D, LB,UB  
 DACTYLOPUS ERICETORUM – Marsh Spotted Orchid. LM  
 CAREX ECHINATA – Star Sedge. UM  
 CAREX CURTA – Pale Sedge. LM  
 DESCHAMPSIA FLEXUOSA – Wavy Hair Grass. UB G  
 CYNOSURUS CRISTATUS – Crested Dog's Tail. UM  
 POA PRATENSIS – Smooth-stalked Meadow Grass. G  
 HOLCUS LANATUS – Yorkshire Fog. G, LM  
 GLYCERIA FLUITANS – Flote Grass. UM

## WIND AND A LONE SHELTERED CORNER

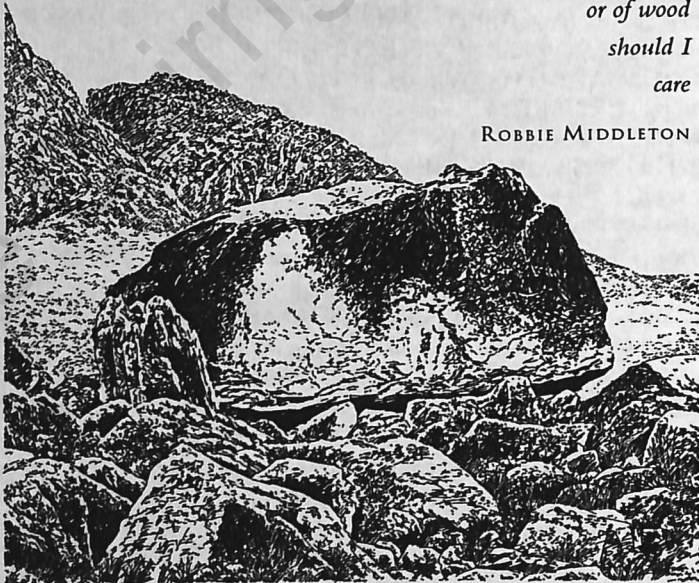
*Wind and a lone sheltered corner, if it's wood or of stone I don't care  
it's a cold black night in November with stars in abundance to share  
but I have my shelter prepared so kneel down and watch it in awe  
watch the wind rushing by on this fiercest of nights  
feel a calm as it shrieks on its way*

*I could stay in my shelter for ever and more  
to leave I need never dare  
it's a very small lone  
little shelter*

*but of stone  
or of wood  
should I  
care*

ROBBIE MIDDLETON

ILLUSTRATION BY NORMAN SHEPHERD



## BLACK SPOUT BUTTRESS (By Fair Means or Foul)

STUART STRONACH

It was November, and the first snows of the winter had just settled on the hills. Eager for a winter route, after managing nothing the previous year, Nigel and I quickly packed the sacks and headed for Lochnagar. We were keen, and arrived at the Glen Muick car park before anyone else and marched as fast as our fitness would allow to the North-East Corrie. Nigel therefore arrived at the col above Foxes' Well 10 minutes ahead of me. The descent into the corrie was interesting. Six-foot deep fresh powder snow and no one ahead of us to break trail. Fortunately for me, Nigel had a telescopic ski pole with him and volunteered to lead off. What a helpful chap. Not far on, he realised his mistake and thrust the ski pole at me. We eventually made it to the first aid box after struggling, falling, rolling and wading through the drifts, and had a stop to eat and eye up the routes. We had done Shadow Buttress A three years' ago, Central Buttress two years' ago, and none of the gullies were in nick. This left us with Black Spout Buttress as about the only route in condition, within our limited capabilities, that we hadn't done before.

Nigel led up the snows to the base of the climb, where we geared up. It was decided democratically that he should lead the first pitch (I was still knackered and fancied a longer rest) so off he went. All went easy till he came to a chimney. This was full of unconsolidated snow, unfrozen turf and not much else. He decided to belay and let me try it. I got about three feet farther than he did before remembering about discretion and all that. I therefore pointed out that it was possible to avoid the lower section of the climb by traversing in from half-way up the Black Spout. Nigel needed no more encouragement and we quickly descended and headed up the gully. Again I trailed behind.

At the fork where the Left-Hand Branch of Black Spout heads off to the left (surprisingly enough), a steep traverse to the right leads onto the level section of the buttress halfway up. I found myself a comfortable seat and sent my willing partner onwards and upwards, with instructions to follow the crest and belay at the top of a short chimney. When my turn came, I was surprised to find him entrenched at the bottom of the chimney. "This won't go," he said, gesturing behind him. I reckoned he was just being a lightweight, so I took a turn in front. He was right. Looking for an alternative, I moved right round a nose of rock and came across a steep staircase of ledges covered with soft snow. A succession of delicate moves with no protection led to the top of the chimney. I continued to the base of a 15ft. wall which I recalled was the winter crux. I felt it was my duty to let Nigel savour its delights so I brought him up to me and pointed him ahead. He barely reached the first ledge up it when he decided that it really wasn't fair for him to have all the good leads, so it looked like it was up to me.



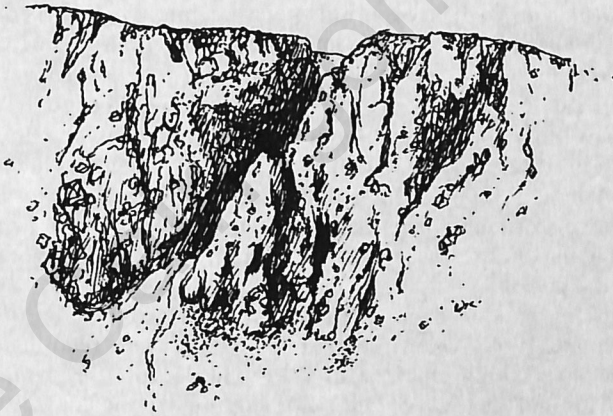
The first bit was all right, and I got a good nut in a crack at waist height. The problem was that the wall was a series of sloping ledges typical of Lochnagar granite, with few placements for axes and positive footholds. After humming, hawing and gibbering a bit, I went for it, utilising a small notch as a hold for my right axe, and a horizontal jam for my left one, my first attempt at the technique of torquing. It worked in as much that I didn't fall off and gained height, but (there's always a but) when I got myself into a position where I could go for an axe placement over the top of the wall, I found only a flat, blank slab with soft snow on top. I couldn't get any higher, which meant that I had to reverse all I had just climbed. I gibbered again and then went for it (down, not up), warning Nigel that I might fall off. I didn't, but I think that may have been luck.

We were now in an awkward position. We couldn't go up, but we could go down by abseiling into the Black Spout, which meant we wouldn't complete the climb. So, were there any alternatives? Obviously there were, or this would be a rather short story. I remembered that there was a rarely-climbed Grade II gully, Western Slant, immediately right of the buttress (it's not for nothing Nigel calls me Stuart the Guidebook!). I had a look and decided we could dodge the crux this way. A short descent into the gully bed brought me into deep, soft snow, where progress was inward instead of upward (not much use on a climb). I had to stay on the side wall of the gully until a break allowed me to regain the crest of the buttress above the winter crux but below the summer crux (avoided in winter). I brought Nigel up and he set off along the avoiding traverse line back into the head of the gully. After an aided slide across a verglassed ledge, he reached a corner crack which again proved deceptively difficult. He retreated and I found myself at the sharp end again. At the base of the corner crack, it was necessary to gain a standing position on a ledge three or four feet up the right-hand side. This was achieved by a combination move involving an arm jam, a layback and a bridge across the corner. Unusual, but great fun. A little higher, I took a belay and brought Nigel up. He continued out of the gully and on up the final slopes to the right of the buttress, with instructions to head left as soon as he could. After a while, I followed him up, shouting to him that he was no longer being belayed. I found him at the bottom of a slab of rock, looking perplexed. He finally selected a rising traverse line right across the slab, followed by a snow shuffle back left along a ledge above it. When he regained the crest, he brought me up, before disappearing again up a short rocky step that led to the top. Once he was safe, I headed up. However, Nigel was so pleased at getting to the top, he forgot to take in the rope as I ascended, meaning that I had to coil it as I climbed or risk getting it caught as it trailed below me. This meant I had to finish the climb almost one handed, which proved interesting.

We had made it though. Not by the guidebook line, missing out the lower buttress and avoiding the chimney and crux, but nevertheless starting at the

bottom and finishing at the top. Not a pure ascent because of the aided slide across the iced ledge, but a lot of fun anyway.

However, the day was a long way from over. When we got back to the car, it wouldn't start. A call to the AA (the public phone box at the Spittal is a lifesaver), an hour-and-a-half wait in sub-zero temperatures and a bit of mechanical wizardry and we were on our way again. And next time, Nigel wants to climb a gully.



## LYME DISEASE

SANDRA CURTIN

*Sandra Curtin is a research associate in the Department of Medical Microbiology at the University of Aberdeen and is currently completing her thesis on Lyme Disease.*

Lyme Disease has received a great deal of publicity recently. In the US there is so much widespread concern that the government spends a great deal of money on Lyme Disease research – second only to the amount that is spent investigating AIDS! So where did this disease suddenly appear from and just how worried should people in Scotland be?

### History:

Lyme Disease was probably first noticed in Germany in 1883 when a physician called Buchwald described an unusual skin rash (later to be called *erythema migrans*) which occurred after a tick bite. This sparked off a number of other reports of patients who had started off with the same characteristic skin rash following a tick bite, but who had then gone on to develop a vast and confusing range of symptoms. For years debate raged as to the cause of this mysterious illness – was it caused by a toxin injected by the ticks or was this an infectious disease passed on by ticks? The answer came in the 1940s with the development of penicillin. Many patients who were given the antibiotic experienced a dramatic improvement in their symptoms, a fact which suggested that the disease was due to a bacterium, although the type of bacterium remained a puzzle.

This strange condition remained exclusively a fairly rare European problem until the late 1960s when the first few cases were recorded in the U.S. However, everything changed in 1975 when a mini-epidemic of arthritis occurred around the town of Old Lyme in Connecticut. A massive investigation was launched and it was found that all of the people affected had suffered a tick bite with the characteristic skin rash (*erythema migrans*) at the start of the illness, before the arthritis began. However, because arthritis was a very rare symptom in the disease described for so many years in Europe, it was thought that this might be a totally new condition and so the name Lyme Disease was created – after the town where the problem was first noticed.

The cause of this disease was discovered by complete accident in 1981. The physician, Willy Bugdorfer, was investigating another American tick-borne disease called Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. He noticed some large spiral filaments in the mid-gut of two female *Ixodes dammini* ticks, which turned out to be bacteria, and managed to grow them in the laboratory. These spiral bacteria or spirochetes, were found to be previously unknown members of a family of bacteria called *Borrelia* and the name *Borrelia Bugdorferi* was devised

for them. Further study showed that these bacteria were responsible for both the American tick-borne epidemic of arthritis and also its familiar European counterpart. Thus, nearly a 100 years after it was initially described, the cause of this strange condition was finally found and both the European and American diseases were referred to as Lyme Disease.

### Tick Vectors and Hosts:

The discovery of *B. Bugdorferi* allowed the development of commercial diagnostic kits and Lyme Disease has now been reported from all five continents. Although other ticks or even flies may transmit the disease in some areas, the usual carriers or vectors, are now known to be the small hard-bodied ticks of the genus *Ixodes* which carry the bacterium *B. Bugdorferi* in their mid-gut without suffering any problems themselves. The most common vector of Lyme Disease in Europe is the species *Ixodes ricinus*. Other *Ixodes* ticks are also found in Scotland, including *I. hexagonous*, *I. canisuga*, *I. uriae* and *I. trianguliceps*, but these do not feature in the transmission of Lyme Disease simply because they do not bite humans. *I. ricinus*, also known as the common sheep tick, has no such qualms and will bite anything available.

As with many other infectious diseases where insect vectors such as ticks are important, the biology of *B. Bugdorferi* is now known to be complex. Although these bacteria can produce disease in many animals, some mammals such as mice can have *B. Bugdorferi* in their blood for many months without any ill effect – thus they are known as reservoirs. *Ixodes* ticks have a three-stage-life cycle, larva, nymph and adult, taking a single blood meal during each stage of development (see table). The newly-hatched larvae are very unlikely to have *B. Bugdorferi* in their gut, but if their first meal is from one of the reservoir mammals, bacteria will be introduced into their mid-gut. They will then be able to pass the bacteria to any animal that they subsequently bite, possibly producing another reservoir individual and so maintaining the cycle. However, not all animals are able to act as reservoirs of infection. It appears that humans and some large domestic animals such as cats, dogs, cattle, sheep and horses, *B. Bugdorferi* will be quickly cleared from the blood stream. However, this is at the cost that the animal may suffer the clinical illness of Lyme Disease in the process. More knowledge is rapidly accumulating about this disease. For many years it was thought that humans were the only animals who caught the disease, but it is now accepted that dogs may sometimes suffer from Lyme Disease if bitten by a very large number of ticks. It used to be thought that deer too were reservoirs for the disease in Scotland, but it is now recognised that they are important as the breeding ground for huge numbers of ticks. If deer are removed from a Lyme Disease area the incidence of disease will decrease because a major tick habitat has been removed, not because the deer blood stream is a major reservoir of *B. Bugdorferi* bacteria.

The activity of ticks is dependent largely on climate. Feeding begins with



the onset of warmer weather in early spring and declines during the hotter summer months. A second peak of activity occurs in late summer and early autumn. There is a slight difference in the life cycles of *I. ricinus* on the east and west coasts of Scotland, with the milder climate of the west allowing for a longer period of tick activity both through the summer and the early winter months.

As ticks live in the bracken undergrowth of woodlands and rough grassy pastureland of the Highlands, it is the people in such areas who are at most risk from contracting Lyme Disease. The highest concentration of ticks are found on the edges of little paths and tracks used by small mammals, and are most likely to quest for hosts in the evening when the animals themselves begin to forage for food. Questing ticks travel to the top of grass blades or bracken leaves, anticipating the approaching host. The ticks can sense both heat and carbon dioxide from the advancing animal and prepare to grab on to fur, hair or clothing using fine pincers located on the front pair of legs. When questing, larvae and nymph ticks are typically located at ground level, while adults are normally at knee level. Both usually gain access to human hosts by climbing up the legs as the host brushes by. Ticks cannot jump or fly.

#### **General clinical features:**

A feeding tick usually remains attached to its host for a number of days and, even if bitten by a carrier tick, illness is rare if attachment is for less than 24 hours. This is because it takes that long for *B. Burgdorferi* to travel from the tick's mid-gut where it lives, up to the salivary glands from where the bacteria can wriggle into the skin to cause infection.

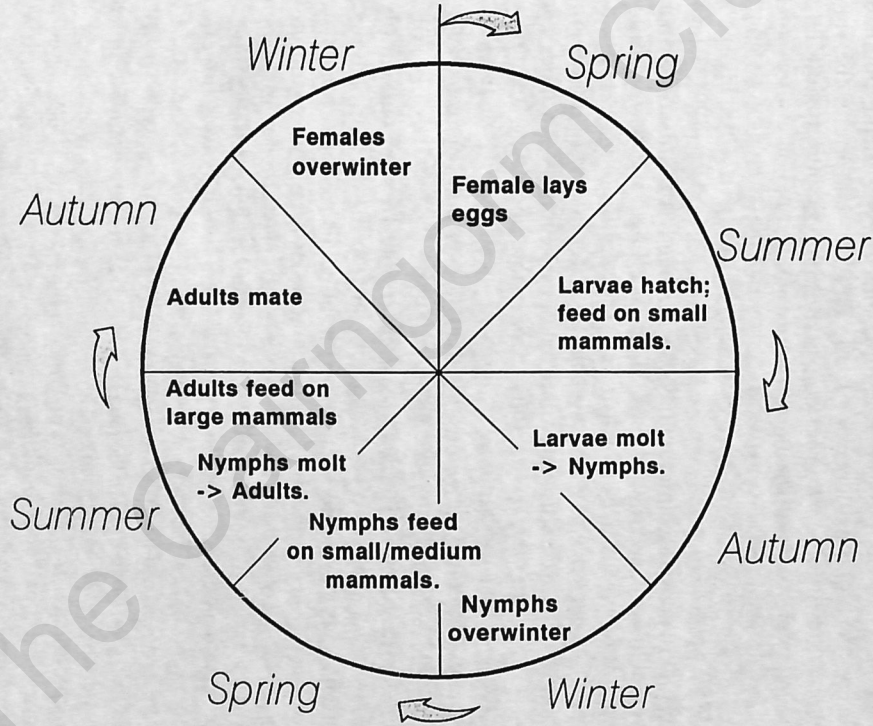
As previously mentioned, Lyme Disease can take so many forms that diagnosis is difficult. The most consistent feature is the skin rash, erythema migrans, which develops around the site of the tick bite. A huge number of different symptoms may then occur weeks or even years later. If the disease was contracted in the US, the most common complaint is usually arthritis. If it was contracted in Europe, the range of symptoms is much broader, although problems with heart or nerves, such as mild meningitis or partial paralysis are particularly well known.

Lyme Disease can be very successfully treated with simple antibiotics such as penicillin, although more expensive drugs may be required for more advanced disease.

#### **Diagnosis:**

The presence of erythema migrans is the hallmark symptom of Lyme Disease. It is a large rash surrounding a tick bite, usually 10cm across, but up to 20cm in diameter – especially on the back, with a distinctive line round its outer edges. This should be distinguished from the lumps and bumps which may occur immediately around a tick bite. These are caused by a reaction to the bite itself and do not indicate Lyme Disease. If you suspect that you have

# The life cycle of the Ixodid tick.



the erythema migrans rash, you should visit your G.P. **while the rash is still visible**. Once the rash disappears the diagnosis of Lyme Disease is much more difficult as the symptoms can be so diverse.

If further help is needed for diagnosis, a blood sample will be taken and sent to a clinical laboratory. There tests will be performed which will detect antibodies produced by the patient which react with the bacterium *B. Bugdorferi*. Normally, there are none of these antibodies present so if antibodies are found, this is very good evidence for Lyme Disease. Unfortunately, the immune response to *B. Bugdorferi* is frequently quite poor and so antibodies against the bacteria may be difficult to find in some cases.

### Prevention:

Modern genetic techniques have shown that Lyme Disease probably has an ancient history, and they also explain why clinical symptoms are so variable. It seems that there are many different strains of *B. Bugdorferi* throughout the world and each one may cause a slightly different sort of infection. The local Scottish ticks are particularly unusual because it has not yet been possible to grow the *B. Bugdorferi* that they carry in the laboratory, even though DNA tests show that the bacteria are present in up to 35% of ticks locally. So, although fortunately less common than in some parts of the US, it is certainly possible to catch Lyme Disease in Scotland.

The prevention of Lyme Disease is straight-forward and simply requires proper dressing to prevent tick attachment. During the warmer months of tick activity (May to September), when in areas likely to harbour ticks such as bracken or old pasture, it is advisable to wear protective clothing, including shoes, long trousers and a long-sleeved shirt. Tucking the trousers into tight-fitting socks worn with boots forms an effective barrier to tick bites. Remember that it needs many hours of tick attachment before infection usually occurs, so check for ticks after working or exercising outside and remove them promptly. The best way to remove a tick is to grasp it firmly with fine tweezers as close to the skin as possible and unscrew it **anti-clockwise**. This ensures complete removal of the tick mouth parts which may otherwise produce an unpleasant boil if broken off into the skin. Squeezing or randomly twisting the tick may cause regurgitation of gut contents into the skin and therefore increases the risk of *B. Bugdorferi* infection. The old-fashioned remedies of smearing the tick with Vaseline, butter, alcohol or nail polish and burning with a cigarette or hot match may not make the tick let go, and may even cause it to regurgitate bacteria in to the skin and so increase the chance of infection.

Scotland is not a particularly high-risk area for Lyme Disease. Remember that this infection can be caught world-wide, so seek medical advice if you develop unusual symptoms after a tick bite.

## THE ARDMORE ADVENTURE

BOB RUDDIMAN

What were we doing here – four pillars of the Aberdeen establishment, aged 60-63, waiting with our gear on the west coast of Sutherland on a cold, gusty April day? It all began when Frank announced at a party that his family had given him a week at the John Ridgeway Adventure School as a birthday present. Three of us decided that such a challenge should be shared, so plans were made. There was no backing out now. Gradually others appeared, all aged between 25-40, until a group of 20 was complete. Most hailed from the south of England.

The scene was set. The chief instructor, Justin, introduced himself. Our luggage had been piled into a rather beaten up Land-Rover while we were waiting for a late arrival. More than an hour had passed by this time and we were all thoroughly chilled by the cold wind, a feeling intensified by our mounting apprehension. We knew that we were to travel the last mile-and-a-half by sea as this was indicated in the brochure. Justin led us along the path and round a small hill at the head of the loch (shades of the pied piper?) and introduced us to our transport. There were 10 two-man canoes on the shore and two larger rowing boats lying off. We then received the firm directive: "Right, you have two minutes to change into trainers and shorts and you are going to paddle to the camp at the other end of the loch."

We were shown how to get in and out of the canoe and we put on life-jackets over our clothes. I jumped in the front with Ian in the back and we were off. The honeymoon had ended with a vengeance.

We reached our destination after a considerable time and had to raft up with all the other canoes. Justin gave us a well-practised spiel about how we must be able to escape from an overturned canoe in an emergency. Ian and I had been last to raft up which made us first in the next act. We were told: "Overturn your canoe, bang twice on the sides to show that you are in control, then swim ashore with it and stack it in the canoe shed."

We decided unanimously that (a) this wasn't our scene, (b) we couldn't escape this unhappy predicament other than by the only route open to us, so we went over. The cold was intense and the shock beyond belief. I opened my eyes but forgot to bang on the sides. It was like looking through one of these antique frosted lemonade bottles. I baled out upside down and hit out for the shore 20 yards away. The life-jacket certainly ensured flotation but precluded normal swimming because it so elevated one's chin that it dictated a sort of doggie paddle. Having covered a few yards I realised that I had forgotten two very important things – Ian and the canoe! This was remedied smartly and we were soon struggling up the steep, stony foreshore to reach the grassy beach. Fortunately, we were helped by a strapping lad and lass, otherwise we would never have made it.



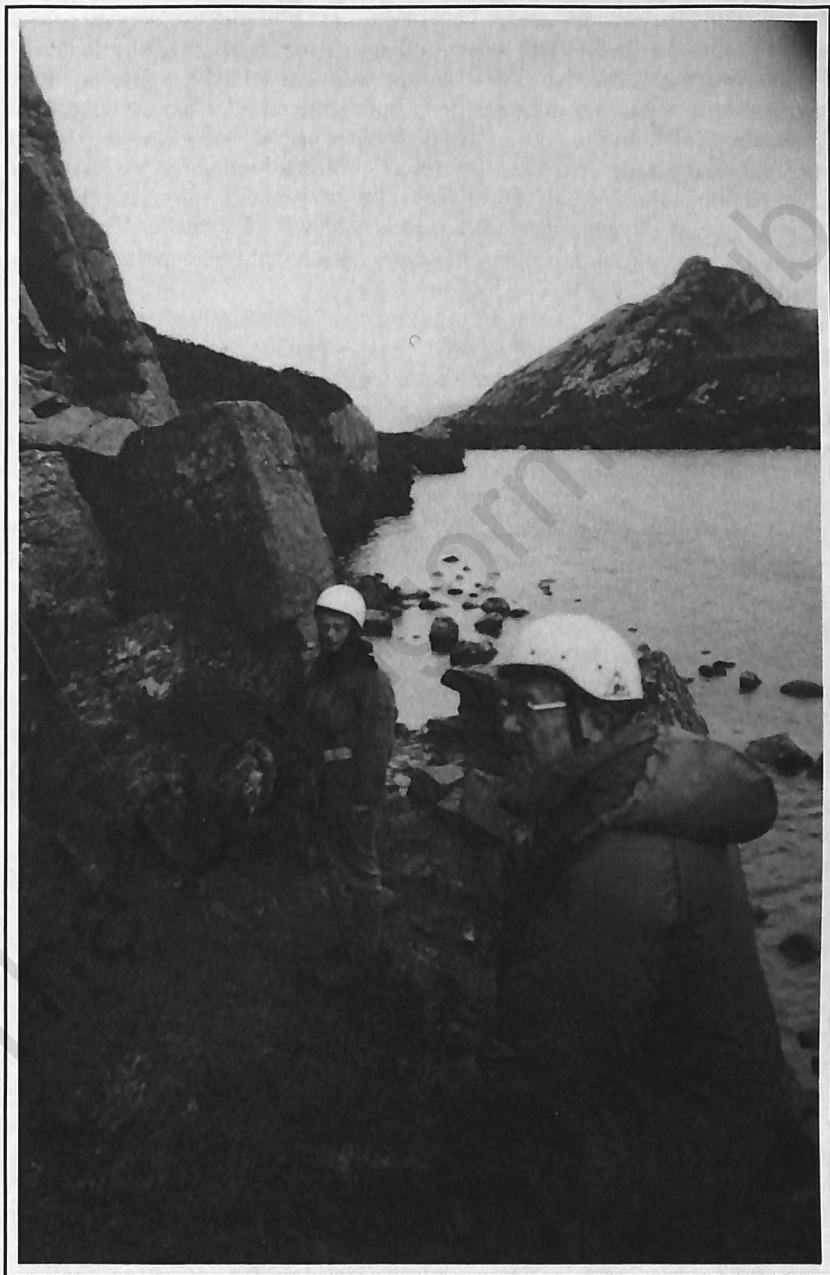
We helped each other to strip off our sopping clothes with the utmost difficulty, fortified by a generous measure of Glen Morangie. After a hot shower we proceeded to similarly medicate the others as they arrived. Frank and Jimmy appeared much later, very shocked and blue with cold. Having been the first canoe to arrive, they were the last to complete the ducking procedure and had to watch and wait, becoming colder and more anxious as they saw the rest of us floundering. Within the hour we were organised and soon enjoying a delicious meal followed by an introductory lecture and tour of the area led by Rebecca, John Ridgeway's daughter, who was one of the 10 instructors.

Sleep came very quickly that night, and we were wakened at 5.30 by the lovely Maureen with a mug of tea. At 6.00 we embarked in boats and went to the end of the loch from where we had paddled our canoes. We had three choices. We could walk for two miles and run for three, or walk for five. Ian and I decided to run while Frank and Jimmy walked. This became our standard morning routine followed by shower, breakfast and sandwich making. We then set off for Sandwood Bay. This entailed walking about 10 miles over fairly rough country and gentle hills, descending finally from high cliffs. It was cold and blustery with a watery sun, and John R. was half-an-hour late, which introduced a positive chill factor. We became used to being cold and wet, for the drying facilities were quite inadequate. The best method was to hang clothes on the fence and hope that the sheep did not eat them. The jersey in which I swam ashore was not dry until Thursday, despite being in the drying room.

We were off to the usual running start on Monday, modified only by the header I took down a very steep, muddy slope in the rain. Our group next went rock-climbing then abseiling. First casualty was Jimmy who cricked a knee by overflexing in the last step of the ascent, a sheer rock face about 80ft high. We were securely roped up but it was fairly daunting. Ian had considerable difficulty due to limitation in one knee following an old injury. He slipped and dangled on the rope several times before eventually succeeding.

It was amazing how quickly we had become a team, and how keen we were that each individual achieved. Our traumatic, wet arrival had united us firmly in adversity. I made sure that I abseiled first and was soon down. Ian was less fortunate, lost his footing beneath an awkward overhang and swung badly. He received a very nasty bruise on his posterior and was in considerable distress. Frank likes to be different. When he passed the overhang he lost his footing and completed the descent inverted but unhurt – apart from pride. Half of our gallant company were now retired hurt, and it was only Monday lunchtime!

Frank and I had to canoe across to a little islet in the afternoon, make a landing, run round it and return to base. This was a bit scary but we were learning fast. The return trip took much longer than the outward as both wind and tide were against us, but we reached home without a ducking. Fear certainly concentrates one's faculties. After an excellent dinner we would



*Bob Ruddiman takes a breather after abseiling down the sea cliff.*

happily have had an early night, but John R. had other ideas. We were to set off in groups of three at five-minute intervals on an orienteering exercise. Frank, Dave and I drew the short straw and were last off in the gathering dusk. We found the first two of our objectives, but darkness fell when we were 500ft above the camp and separated from it by cliffs and slippery slopes. Moving carefully in the dark we eventually found a house which we recognised, and reached home after 11p.m. to find Rebecca about to call out a search party. This ploy was to recur in various forms and we duly recognised it as a Ridgeway device to tire us out. It certainly succeeded as sleep was instantaneous.

On Tuesday, we set sail in John's beautiful yacht *English Rose V1* for Handa Island, the famous bird sanctuary some seven miles south of Ardmore. We were given a quick outline of equipment and procedures, and off we set in a Force 7 gale. Some of our group had not sailed before and it was incredibly exciting. We all had a turn at the wheel and learned a lot in a short time. The first possible landing site proved unsuitable since the anchor dragged, so we tried a second bay where it held. Our next trick was to leap into an inflatable dinghy over the heaving stern. We then had to jump on to slippery, seaweed covered rocks and walk to the beach. There was no time to feel scared which was just as well. We walked round Handa and found it fascinating. The island measures roughly one mile by one-and-a-half miles, and rises from sea level in the south where we landed, to cliffs of 300ft in the north. Here hundreds of seabirds soared in the gale only a few feet from us at the cliff edge. It truly is a bird watchers' paradise.

Our day was far from over. After dinner we went off dinghy sailing. We were in the largest one which had an auxiliary motor and doubled as the safety boat. Toby, our instructor had grown up on boats and was a perfectionist. He took great pride in carrying out all procedures immaculately. We very nearly got it right, having tacked and veered gracefully along the full extent of the loch for more than an hour without a hitch. All went well until we made to secure to a buoy. One of our crew misinterpreted a long string of rapidly-delivered orders. We had to tell Toby that all was not well, we were not tied up and were drifting. He was trying hard to grasp how this could possibly be, when we spotted one of the sailing dinghies broached-to on the ribs of an old wreck about 50 yards from us. Willy, the beautiful Dutch girl seemed in despair, so I added this little gem to the now considerable overload on Toby's mind. It was hilarious. We jumped into frenzied action. The motor was started and we pulled the dinghy off the wreck without damage. This time we managed to secure both boats in a smart and seaman-like manner and all reached shore quickly. Toby was still trying to work out what had gone wrong, while his fellow instructors were helpless with mirth, having watched the drama unfold.

Wednesday was a bit of a farce. Our assigned task was canoe portage, but we refused since the distances we had to carry the canoes overland after

getting them ashore were physically beyond us. We had a brief argument with John R. who then sent us on an orienteering exercise. We were given an Adventure School map of the area and off we went to find a dozen or so marked posts. Frank and Jimmy went clockwise, Ian and I the opposite. The plan was to meet the main party at the farthest point of the peninsula. We had great difficulty finding the first reference. It was off the map, and this ought to have alerted us. We eventually met up with the others, and set off again after a picnic lunch. The landscape was an apparently repetitive series of ridges, small hills and lochans making navigation difficult. We managed to take bearings from ridge tops to an island, and arrived home last and exhausted. We were late for dinner – no one was in the slightest bit interested in our epic journey, and those who had done the trip before knew that the map was wildly inaccurate. Had again! When John R. later recalled that he had nearly missed South America on one of his journeys, I was quick to suggest that he may have been using one of his own maps.

We set off early on Thursday for Lone Bothy by Loch Stack. Steve, the youngest instructor, Maureen and the four of us climbed Ben Stack while the fast party shot ahead to do Arkle as well. Maureen had to be put to bed exhausted, having attended a wake until 4a.m. following the instant dismissal of a popular but rebellious senior instructor. We soon prepared a superb meal of haggis, neeps and tatties and were warm, with dry clothes for the first time since arrival at Ardmore. Bliss! We had a short sing-song then had to face the major problem of bedding down for the night. Five ancient, rusty, ex-army double bunks with wildly defective springs and soggy mattresses accommodated 13 of us, while three camp beds occupied the remaining floor space. Fortunately, we all had waterproof Karimats and sleeping bags. The night passed none too quickly, hanging on to the side of the bunk to prevent falling out. We were up at 5.a.m. and away by 6.15a.m. after a very basic breakfast. The Foinaven ridge provided a most appropriate last day. It is a spectacular ridge walk entailing ascent from sea level to just a few feet short of the magic 3000ft, and is exposed for a long way with one near-vertical descent of about a 100ft. Frank has a fear of heights, but managed this superbly, following me and roped to a very competent instructor behind. We were on snow some of the time, the views were superb and the company was of the best. One could feel the prickings of incipient euphoria, but we were not through yet. The descent proved to be long and hard, and once we were at low level several miles of burn-side bog walking had to be covered to reach a metalled road. We reached the hotel at Rhiconich with tongues hanging out, only to find it deserted with all the doors open. The Ardmore Land-Rover arrived in response to our phone call, complete with cans of beer sent by the faster party. Another crisis resolved.

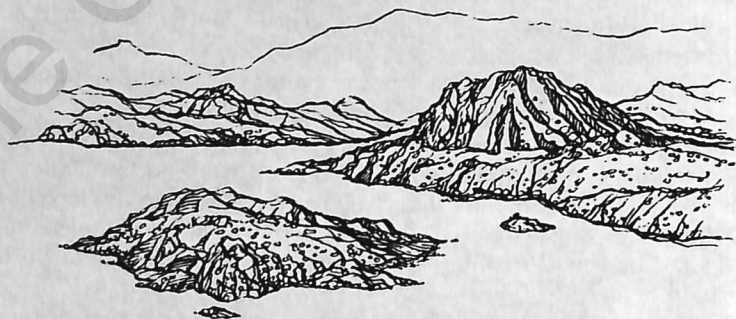
We had a memorable celebratory final meal with all the participants and instructors. Frank is a fine pianist and led the singing afterwards with gusto. We continued the revelry in the bunkhouse, then a very brief night later it was



time for breakfast. We bought delicious smoked salmon and made fond farewells. The Ridgeway family operate on a the principle of precept and example and set high standards. We had accomplished a lot in a hectic week and found it difficult to part with all these fine people. Boarding Ardmore Rose to sail along the loch, in a manner befitting proven survivors, now seemed a routine procedure.

There was a television documentary recently featuring an Aberdeen-based oil company team at Ardmore. Many of the participants were there unwillingly, and some clearly should have been excluded on physical and, or psychological grounds. Extreme situations were manufactured and things got out of hand. John Ridgeway and his team were portrayed in a poor light, and the programme left rather a sour taste. We should remember that the media often seek conflict for it's dramatic impact. This can be cruelly damaging, and once the smear has been made, it is difficult to refute. The trails of innuendo are devious.

We understand what the Adventure School is about and approve of it's aims – which are to achieve every day. The four of us certainly derived a lot more than we had ever imagined and our friendship is firmly cemented. We now set off for a week each year to have similar holidays in rather more luxurious conditions. I take my hat off to the Ridgeways, thank them for the experience, and wish them many happy and rewarding years for their hard work. They are now off on a family adventure for 18 months. May they journey safely and return refreshed.



## WALKING IN THE BLACK FOREST

WILL CAMPBELL

Going to the Scottish hills is often about enduring the rigours of a hostile environment. Raw, biting winds, thick fog, soggy peat, swarms of ravenous midges and miles to go to the nearest pub. An experience to match Scotland's often bleak and unforgiving history. An experience for all that which few of us would want to turn our back on for too long. But if you ever hanker for something different – a more relaxed, more sybaritic hill experience – turn your thoughts to southern Germany's Black Forest. Green, rounded hills, conifers the height of skyscrapers and a complex network of way-marked paths to lead you over berg and tal (or ben and glen if you prefer). But best of all are the hostelries with which the countryside is so generously sprinkled. Not just in the villages and small towns which occupy steep-sided valleys, but even more thoughtfully (and Germany has of course, produced many great thinkers) on or near the tops of the hills.

To tramp through the summer heat and be greeted by a wayside gasthaus dispensing beers produced under the strictest brewing laws in Europe, is to face an irresistible temptation. And when the same establishment also offers the legendary Schwarzwald Kirschtorte – that most seductive of cakes – then you realise that it is possible to combine exercise and indulgence, virtue and vice in a uniquely satisfying synthesis. Compare that to a misty day in November on Carn Bhac.

There are, however, serpents in this Eden. You can coax your under-powered car up steep hairpins while the rear-view mirror fills up with restless Audis and Mercedes. Climb to the summit of the Feldberg, the highest top at 1493m and you will find a US military installation, radar dishes monitoring the non-existent threat from the east. You will also find a monument to Bismark, the 'iron chancellor', who united the 19th century German states under the militaristic rule of Prussia. Some enterprising soul has scaled the monument to colour the chancellor's nose red – certainly a comment on his liking for strong drink rather than his political leanings. You can ponder the irony that way-marking does not necessarily ease navigation, when the signposts at a crossroads carry the symbols of half-a-dozen different long-distance routes. The map is still not a luxury in the heartland of way-marking. As far as we could establish, Saturday afternoon and Sunday closing of shops is rigorously observed.

There, in a nutshell, is the Black Forest (if you can have a forest in a nutshell). A paradise for the self-indulgent walker. If you hit just the right balance between exercise and indulgence, you could just about come away much the same weight as you went. But maybe getting the balance wrong wouldn't matter too much. After all, there's still Carn Bhac to come home to!

## THE WEDDING

Annabel Youngson and Adam Gouldsworthy chose to be married during the Club outing on August 23, 1992. They and their guests joined the bus in Aberdeen and walked from Ballater to Glen Esk on a fine day which, unfortunately, became showery. This affected their plans for the wedding to take place in the old church yard on the north-west shore of Loch Lee, so the Rev. John Forbes conducted the ceremony in the nearby church at Invermark. This was packed with relations who had come by car and 43 club members, some of whom provided musical accompaniment for the hymns and the song shown below. It was a very moving and special occasion which we were privileged to share. The high tea in a Laurencekirk hotel was supplemented by wedding cake, and the newly-married couple sat beside each other in the bus on the way home.

### THE HIGHLAND WEDDING BLESSING

To be sung to the tune of the "Skye Boat Song".

Bless dear Lord this husband and wife,  
 Make them live as one.  
 Bless them each day, all their lives long,  
 Learning from you to love.

Deep is their trust, warm is their love,  
 Grant that they never fail.  
 Life's path is hard, weary they'll be  
 Help them to trust in you.

Bless dear Lord etc.

Much joy they'll have, sadness they'll share,  
 Your strength will lead them on.  
 After this life, in heaven above  
 Grant them to be with you.

Bless dear Lord etc.

Anon.

Bel and Adam later left on a world tour, lasting several months. The following article describes one of their many adventures.



*The happy couple, Bel and Adam Gouldsworthy, after their wedding ceremony at Invermark Church.*



## COPLAND PASS, NEW ZEALAND

BEL AND ADAM GOULDSWORTHY

It was the beginning of December 1992 and we were nearing the end of our travel in the South Island of New Zealand. For the most part, we had enjoyed incredible weather, with high pressure sitting over the Chatham Islands, but it was now beginning to break up with fronts coming in over the west coast.

We decided to finish our tramping in New Zealand with a crossing of the Copland Pass, the main divide from east to west of the Southern Alps at a height of 2148m. The pass is graded Extremely Challenging in the guide books. Although not technically difficult, it is prone to severe weather changes, and has caught many people unawares. There are grisly tales of groups caught for days in the Silver Barrel Emergency Shelter just below the pass, and it has claimed a few lives. At the Department of Conservation Centre in Mount Cook Village, where you register your intentions, they are inclined to be off-putting about the route. The tramp starts here and follows the Hooker Valley up to the glacier lake and then picks its way over moraines above the true right bank of the Hooker River. The Hooker Hut is perched high above the river, its days numbered with the constant erosion of the glacier banks. It is also reputedly haunted, and this, combined with the thought of the hut sliding down into the icy wastes of the Hooker Glacier, does not make for a good night's sleep. The route continues up the Copland Ridge behind the hut, a loose, shale scramble which again is so eroded that the actual approach changes often as rock slides down and alters the access. It is very exposed at times, although with tremendous views over to Mount Cook and the other Southern Alps. Farther up the ridge at 1029m is the Silver Barrel. Dramatically perched, it is an emergency shelter made of corrugated iron, equipped with a couple of bunks, blankets and a radio. From here the route is in snow for a farther 150m to the top at 2148m. An access gully from the top leads to broad snow flanks which in turn lead to the head of the Copland Valley. From here it is 6-7 hours' walk to the Douglas Rock Hut and a farther two days' walk out through the rain forest, via Welcome Flats Hut and hot springs, to the SH6 road on the west coast.

We had already sampled some of New Zealand's excellent tramping routes. In the North Island we had walked round Mount Egmont for four days and then climbed to the top (2516m) in fair weather and perfect snow conditions. In the South Island we had spent five glorious days on the Abel Tasman tramp, walking along sand and through bush, camping by empty beaches and scrambling on curious rock structures eroded by wind and sea. We followed this with four days on the Routeburn, a "Classic World Walk", which had recently been opened after snow had blocked the Harris Saddle (2516m) and which included inspiring high level walking above the Alfred Valley with extensive views over to the Darren mountain range and out to Martin's Bay.

In the West Matukituki Valley we set out to have a go at the North West Ridge of Mount Aspiring, the Matterhorn of the South, but for once the weather was against us with freezing levels higher than Aspiring itself. However, we had adventures getting on to French Ridge and exploring the approaches to the mountain in soft snow and mist.

Leaving Hanukkah and the West Matukituki Valley we caught a bus to Mount Cook Village, while our surplus luggage was sent on another bus to Franz Joseph where we hoped to be reunited in four days. On arrival we had a brief look at the famous Hermitage Hotel, surrounded by Japanese tourists posing for photographs, obtained a weather forecast from the Information Centre and set off in the afternoon sun up the Hooker Valley. We met day trippers coming back from strolls along the Hooker River but soon left them behind as we approached the terminal lake. From there we headed uphill on the moraine, crossing numerous glacier streams, avalanche paths and gullies, then traversed around scree slopes below the Hayter and Stewart Glaciers. We were pleased to reach the Hooker Hut in two hours and forty minutes from the village, our first sub-guide book time (3-4 hours). We shared the hut with three others from Britain, two who had just come up for the walk and the other who planned to go up to the top of the pass and down the same way. That evening we reconnoitred the following morning's route and caught tantalising glimpses of Mount Cook between the showers.

We rose at 3.40 after not much sleep – a combination of nerves about the forthcoming route and the noise of the wind which had been gusting round the hut for most of the night. Fortunately, there had been no sign of the ghost. We set off an hour later, making our way up the scree, feeling sluggish in the early morning and with the weight of our packs, looking enviously at David who had only a small day-sack for his return trip. We, by contrast, were lugging sleeping bags, food, spare clothes, ice axes, crampons, big boots, harnesses, rope and other climbing paraphernalia, as well as first aid kit, stove, pans, plates, mugs, wash kit, torches, bivvy bags, hats, gloves, snow goggles, sandfly repellent, sun cream etc. We scrambled to the top of the first rock boulder, descended the fixed wire to the scree and traversed across the gully and over rock-strewn snow. Higher up on the scree we gained the route to the ridge and were rather disconcerted to find it so loose. Odd cairns marked the way and the steep drops on either side were dramatic. We picked our way carefully upwards but enjoyed the fine situation, with extensive views down to the cloud-smothered valleys and across to the myriad of Alpine peaks glinting in the early-morning sun.

After three hours we reached the Silver Barrel Shelter and met David on his way down again. We stopped to put on crampons and sun cream and continued up a 35° snow slope, reaching the top of the pass forty minutes later at 9a.m. It looked very threatening over to the west and we moved as quickly as we could in the soft snow to find an easy way down the other side. We descended a short gully on to broad snow slopes and made it down the first few hundred

feet before we were engulfed in cloud as we headed in to the murk of the dark Copland Valley. The going was fast down the snow-filled rock basins until we reached the end of the snow where, with relief, we could take off our big boots to follow the river down into the valley. There was no sign of the Douglas Rock Hut from the head of the valley and the only clue the route description gave, was that it was situated five minutes after entering the bush. The walk became interminable through tussocky grass in the drizzle, up and down rock beds, over streams, avalanche gullies, scree and loose boulders, stumbling through scrub and bush which had obviously grown since the guide was written. Eventually, five hours after leaving the Divide we reached the cosy Douglas Rock Hut and could finally rest. We were somewhat disturbed to learn from the occupants that two walkers had been over the Copland Pass the day before in only jeans and trainers. Their description in the hut book read: "Quite difficult and wet, but possible." Foolhardy would have been a better description, especially as the National Park staff strongly recommend that parties should have crampons and at least one rope, plus the necessary mountaineering experience.

The next day we continued along the Copland Valley to the Welcome Flats. The path was a bit of an assault course, starting with the very bouncy wire bridge over Tekano Creek. These bridges are made of three lengths of cable, one to walk on and the other two at shoulder height to hold on to. It felt frighteningly like being a trapeze artist. We then had to scramble – aided by a chain – over tree trunks covered with chicken wire, slippery boulders, avoid dubious looking moss-covered trees suspended over streams and be extremely careful on the mossy rocks which made up the path. The Welcome Flats Hut must be one of the most palatial in New Zealand. With room enough for 50, it has a huge sleeping area upstairs which looks down on to the cooking/eating area, a commodious vestibule for hanging wet clothing, large coal stove, a balcony upstairs and a verandah below. However, it is the nearby hot spring which makes the place. The source pool is dark and bubbling, and the other three pools green and steaming, surrounded by orange mud. As no one else was about we stripped off, then discovered that we were not alone after all. A swarm of hungry sandflies surrounded us and we had to quickly submerge in the hottest pool. We wiggled our hands and toes in the soft green mud at the bottom, felt the aches and tensions of the crossing disappear, and appreciated the often quoted New Zealand saying "relax and enjoy", while we soaked, surrounded by bush and mountains.

The final day's walk out to the west coast has a guide book time of six hours, and wanders in and out of the rain forest, crossing numerous streams. It looked at its best – green, lush and dripping, but we too were soon sodden from all the wet vegetation. The streams were well flooded from a night of heavy rain and we used footbridges to cross six of the seven creeks, fording only Rough Creek, the last, since by then we were so wet that a soaking made no difference. It was a testing path with every step having to be carefully trod on

slippery rocks and tree roots, hard going with our heavy packs. We had the compensation of magnificent views of three waterfalls cascading from the Sierra Range, and of the Copland River, grey and swirling, racing downstream. There was no respite, flood detours taking us up steep forest banks and huge boulders, through mud and streams until we at last reached the car park and shelter on SH6 where we emptied our boots, changed into dry clothes and waited for the bus to take us to Franz Joseph.

New Zealand is a great place for tramping. It has the most wonderful scenery and a well-organised system of huts, ranging from Grade 3 basic bothies to Grade 1 hostels, complete with running water and cooking facilities. For further information see the Lonely Planet series, "Tramping in New Zealand", by Jim du Fresne.



*Loch Lee from the old churchyard*



## THE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE

KAY WARD

Bejtjeman, Ward, Tester, Quin – the names are clearly marked on small wooden plaques at the sides of the track, every mile or so, like headstones. The tangled mass of New Zealand bush winds around every hand-hewn log, smothering the few lonely specks of orange aubretia. On the horizon, an avenue of cedars stretches above the native bush in a conspicuous line. A tall chimney stack stands 50 yards from the muddy track behind a network of bush and trees. A few rusty relics are in the fireplace – a separator, a pot, a small press.

A silver plaque is nailed to the bricks. “Those named on this plaque came to the ill-fated Mangapurua Valley to celebrate the 100th birthday of Fred Bejtjeman, 70 years after he arrived as a settler and 47 years after he was forced to leave. When they were asked they gave so much; when they in turn asked they received nothing.”

So what and where is this deserted Mangapurua Valley? It is an increasingly popular 20-mile-long remote valley branching off the Whanganui River, 20 miles above Pipiriki, in the south west of New Zealand’s North Island. One would think of this as just another of the beautiful, lonely valleys in the area, until these intriguing reminders of man’s failed attempts to subdue nature catch the eye. These are all that remain of a settlement that in 1917, moved into, and cut down, the virgin bush. The most stunning reminder in the Mangapurua Valley is the sudden shock sight of a massive concrete bridge across a deep gorge, in a seemingly trackless patch of pungas, brush and manuka – the Bridge to Nowhere.

At one time just fewer than 40 men, most of them married, called this home. The valley was one specially opened up for them by a grateful Government as a reward for their military service during the First World War. The scheme was the last large-scale back-country pioneering development in New Zealand. One by one the disillusioned settlers walked off their farms, abandoning their holdings to erosion and regenerating bush. By 1942 all but three of the farmers had left the valley, and they were forced out when the Government refused to maintain the treacherous access road. It is possible to walk through the valley on what was once the 12-foot-wide road from the Mangapurua Landing on the Whanganui River to Whakahore. I did so at Easter weekend in 1993 with the Heretaunga Tramping Club and found myself, not only in beautiful bush, but in the depths of a history book.

The Whanganui/Taranaki area, like the west coast of Scotland, is known for its rain. It can be torrential and so it was on Good Friday when we drove through Ohakune and Raetihi to Pipiriki on the “great, grey green, greasy banks” of the Whanganui River.

Saturday dawned damp and the river was full and muddy, with logs and branches swirling downstream. The rapids were covered by an extra 16ft of flood water, so the jetboat trip upstream was relatively smooth. Our river trip was scenically stunning – high cliffs where the Whanganui has gouged deep into soft land; grasses, rushes and creepers hang in clumps to the steep cliffs and drape over the gaping mouths of caves. Despite the area being a Maori stronghold, none settled in the 15-mile stretch from Tangarakau to Parinui, in the centre of which is Mangapurua. There were no canoe landings, no flat land capable of cultivation near the banks, and there was the evil presence of a taniwha named Okuarei which was said to attack hunters.

The area was first surveyed in 1914 but not opened up until the Returned Soldiers Settlement Act of 1916 pressurised the Government to provide land for the British Empire's forces. A poet once wrote: "When war is over and wrongs are righted, God is forgotten and the soldier slighted."

In 1916 there was no thought that this would be the complaint 30 years' later. Sale plans of the valley were hurriedly written describing the "undulating to steep, hilly country, soil fair to good, resting on sandstone and papa formation". The price was £1.10 an acre and holdings ranged from 1800 acres of poorer land to 500 acres of better quality ground.

There are records that a ranger did write to the Commissioner of Crown Lands warning against use of the farms, but the reply was that discharged soldiers were advised to inspect the land before purchase and had bought them of their own free will. News spread fast through hospital wards and clubs, and the valley began to fill. There was enthusiasm and dedication, but sadly, many settlers lacked the knowledge of how to farm this fragile land. Expert advice was not available but the New Zealand pioneer spirit was running high. A ferry boat carried people from Wanganui to Pipiriki. A large hotel housed everyone for the night and huge breakfasts were eaten before the upstream tug left at 5.30a.m. to convey travellers farther to Taumaranui. It was a struggle, and strong cables were attached to the banks to haul the craft over the rapids. When the settlers arrived, one by one, they found the valley densely covered with a forest of tawa, kamahi, rimu, miro, totara, kahikatea, matai and beech. The main stream was deeply gorged, in some places to a depth of 200ft.

Our first day on the track was one of showers. It was dark and dank in the bush. Our packs were heavy but the path was quite clear, though there were few signs of the 12ft road which once cut through the area. Our trip is not comparable to Jack Ward's in 1917: "Having decided what our first load would be – blankets, bread, a few spuds and enough tucker in tins to keep us going until we pitched camp. (A tarpaulin would have been included in this first load and, although heavy, was soft and pliable to carry.) We get sorted out, each with a load on his back, an axe, slasher, billy and camp oven in hand. All told, it seemed to weigh about half-a-hundredweight when we started and half-a-ton when we finally got there six hours' later. My memory is of that

large camp oven and the grindstone being just the worst things I know to lug along through a bush track.”

It takes about 45 minutes to reach what is now a monument and one of the highlights of the trip – the Bridge to Nowhere, a concrete, arched edifice, cracked, dying and surrounded by thick bush. It was opened in 1936, the valley having coped with a swing bridge since 1920 and prior to this a cage in which settlers pulled themselves across the 136ft-wide gorge. The 130ft drop below was most unnerving, especially as the crossing wire was only four lengths of No. 8 fencing wire. This was soon strengthened to six wires and sides were put on the cage.

Jack Ward, an early settler relates: “Ken walked over to get a closer view of the cage. As I looked up to him, he had his eyes on me and said: ‘Do you think I’m going over on that bloody thing? To hell with you and Bill Massey and everyone concerned. Why, I would rather be back in France facing the Jerries than have that thing on. Have you any money? Let’s call the whole thing off and get the hell out of this’.”

As Jack had only a few bob, having spent all his money getting to Mangapurua they had to continue. “I get up and push it away from the bank and it tears out into the middle, then it stops and sways. I remember looking down and this is not what one is supposed to do. Instead, I should have grabbed the rope and started pulling myself the rest of the way across, but I felt ill with sheer fright and yelled to Ken to pull me back. I staggered off the thing feeling weak, nauseated and looking as pale as a lily.”

The remnants of the 1920 swing bridge are still visible on the upstream side of the Bridge to Nowhere.

Another spectacular sight on the first day is Battleship Bluff. One looks over the stream to an impressive clear papa face called the Battleship. When it was finally agreed to widen the road from 6ft to 12ft, the most difficult area was the road around Battleship Bluff. Looking today at the cliffs, the poor soil is obvious and one wonders why people ever contemplated farming it. The removal of scrub and trees left the earth exposed. It baked rock hard in the sun and slipped in huge earth slides during the storms which frequently swept through the area.

We spent our first night at the site of Fred Betjeman’s farm. It rained, but we managed our own celebrations for a member’s birthday around our gas stoves and tents, the miserable fire of damp wood only hissing and sizzling. We ate cake after our routine dehydration rations and yarned into the night, with our hoods turned up against the drizzle and drips. Food in the 1920s was freshly-baked bread using a treasured culture of potato yeast, and tins of meat. Pork was caught wild, and although pig hunters still frequent the area, the signs of rooting boars are plentiful. Eels could be caught in the Mangapurua stream. The only mention of vegetables and fruit are as onions in stews and vegetable gardens cultivated by the women. A lemon tree was found at one house and a redcurrant bush by another. The house cow provided milk.

Women began to arrive in the valley about 1923. There are a few awesome tales of women reaching the ferry landing, being hoisted on to horseback and led along the track to their new homes. There was not much steep track when we walked through, but Mrs Tester certainly found one stretch. Her horse slithered down from top to bottom, where it came to an abrupt halt. The unskilled rider did not stop, but carried on and a valiant attempt to catch her only broke her fall. Ahead, the pack horse's saddle had loosened and in the struggle to regain its balance, had fallen over the bluff to its death 100ft below. Alf Tester was obviously relieved on eventually reaching home: "On arrival, my wife, to my amazement, instead of bursting into tears and demanding to be sent back to Scotland immediately, sat down on a chair, looked at me and smiled. I kissed her and said that she was a heroine."

There were parties for the men as they married, and although the wives did much for the stability of the area, their arrival was regretted by some of the bachelors. The continuation of the comradeship of the war years, the strictly male world liberally stitched with drinking, late nights and rough humour, soon changed. The sight of women is still novel it seems, as a party of pig hunters whom we met were amazed that half our party were female and carrying our own rucksacks. Many of the settlers worked on the road, mostly on a contract basis. It was essential work as it was the only ready source of cash for the purchase of necessities. The rest of the year was planned round the felling of bush in winter and spring; the burning in high summer (February), and the immediate sowing of grass seed by scattering it evenly over the burned ground at the rate of 32lb to the acre. There are wires projecting through the gnarled trunks of trees and a sheep race at the McDonald site where the gate till swings. Sheep were bought, ferried upstream, grazed and sheared, but the Depression affected wool sales.

We walked in sunshine admiring the scenes. We passed the site of the school which survived from the late 1920s until 1939. The teacher's salary was £90 based on a £15 capitation fee per pupil, and an estimated average of six. However, in 1935 there were as many as 13 pupils in the single school room. We climbed to the only view point in the valley, the Mangapurua Trig. The track here is still wide and is one of the few stretches where one can imagine the vehicles straining up the road. At the top we lunched in sunshine along with the strong smell of potent billy goat, and could see the clouded tops of Ruapehu in the central plains and Taranaki on the south-west coast. The road was wet and great puddles lay on the clay or raced downhill, creating furrows and making walking difficult. We spent the second night at the site of the Coutts' house. Two chimney stacks remained standing, one stark and lonely on the rough grass that was once a cleared paddock, the other nestling in some rhododendrons. The latter was being used as a wall for a hunters' shack, as pig and goat hunting is plentiful. We built a fire in the chimney and brought warmth into the ruins and dark valley.

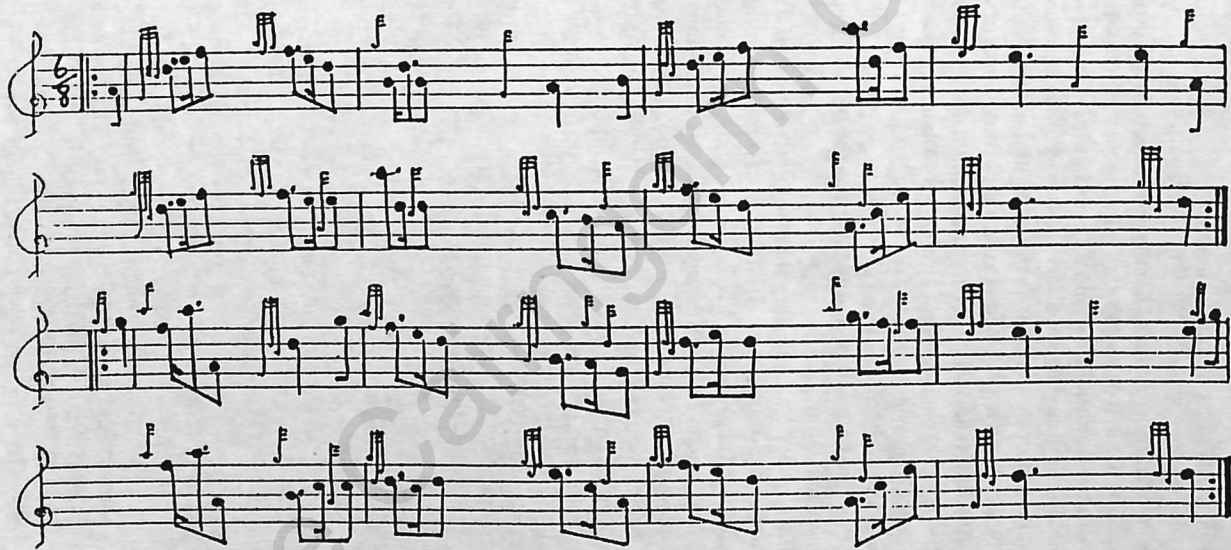


As we walked out of the valley three days' later, we thought of the end of the Mangapurua community. The first seeds of doubt appeared as early as 1920 when an article was published in the "Returned Services Association" magazine. However, it was some time before Government granted any more money. The right to additional funds was assessed by junior rangers and was on the basis of work done in the section. Young men, particularly bachelors, were walking off their land. The married settlers found themselves tied. They had put all their savings into the land and so had no money to move. No one wanted to buy the holdings. A recovery in farming during 1925 meant the valley was carrying about 18,000 sheep and 1000 cattle. Some 360 bales of wool were gathered annually and taken to Raetihi once the road was metalled. The much-used wool press at the river landing, which had kept men and horses busy, was then no longer required. However, 1926 led to 1927 and the full bitterness of the Depression.

Twenty years of farming began to take an unexpected ecological effect – landslides. Heavy rain and floods continually blocked the roads with slips and washouts, and destroyed the steeper slopes of farmland. Many of the slips which scar the hills today date to the 1936 flood. The hair roots on main tree roots hold the soil together, even after clearance. However, as the hair roots die and lose their grip on the soil, the whole land becomes unstable. Wild pigs exacerbate the problem. The land was generally found to grow good grass for three years, but thereafter reverted to fern and scrub. Settlers downstream were affected by altered flow and navigability of the Whanganui River as erosion increased and logs and mud were washed from the gorges. There were many floods during the 1930s, and the result can still be seen in the many slips which scar the landscape. The final blow came in January 1942 with one unprecedented downpour of almost six inches between 9a.m. and noon. The authorities refused to continue repairing the road. All remaining families were asked to abandon their properties. The road would be opened for them to remove their livestock and chattels. Mrs Betjeman was among the last family to go, and left the area as she had arrived, on horseback. Pleas from the remaining farmers that they could maintain the road if it was repaired for the final time, were ignored. Meagre finance was provided for resettlement.

We walked out down the steep-sided gorges and on the narrow track, completely unrecognisable as a road until we reached inhabited farmland. Our walk ended at the old Whakahora school, which is now a visitor centre and hostel. As we climbed wearily into our truck to return to Hawkes Bay, rain clouds obscured the sun and the weather closed in. Maori legend indicates that falling rain and misty low cloud shows the presence of the spirits of the dead. The 25 years of settlement is now a fading memory and the valley is being reclaimed by nature. The last large-scale pioneering farming effort in New Zealand ended in failure. The bush and fern will soon recolonise the whole of the valley. The scenes of its rise and fall will be in our memories only, but the story must be remembered – the story of this valley of abandoned dreams.

**“ALISTER’S LAST MUNRO”**



Peter Cromar composed this pipe tune to mark Alister Sword's completion of the Munros, which covered a period of 48 years. A group of more than 40 shared in the celebration on the summit of Schiehallion on a glorious day in May 1984.

## A CRITICAL TIME FOR THE CAIRNGORMS

CHARLES GIMMINGHAM

The next few years will be a period of the utmost importance for the future of the Cairngorms. The Cairngorms Working Party has submitted its report 'Common Sense and Sustainability' (1992), and at the time of writing the Secretary of State for Scotland is considering his response. Whatever we may think of the administrative mechanism proposed – and opinions differ widely – the fact remains that the Report offers, in outline, a management strategy for the Cairngorm area that could be of great significance if ways and means are found to implement it. However, to put flesh on the bones of that outline and to turn it into a practical programme to secure the future of this magnificent and precious part of Scotland's 'natural heritage' will require a suite of decisions that, to succeed, must be soundly based on the best ecological, social and economic information available.

Members of the Cairngorm Club may therefore be interested to know of a project that is under way to gather the results of research relating to the Cairngorms, and to use them to establish a solid foundation of knowledge on which decision making can be firmly based. Upwards of 20 scientists, land economists and managers are collaborating in the project, the outcome of which will be a publication planned for the end of 1994. The time is ripe for an effort of this kind: there are so many different interests, some of them conflicting, among those who own, use, manage, live or visit the area that it is hardly surprising that it has often been at the centre of fierce controversy. On the other hand, because this is one of the finest and certainly the most extensive uninterrupted area of upland natural and semi-natural ecosystems in Britain, it has provided the location for many important ecological and socio-economic studies. There is now an excellent opportunity to explore the implications of these investigations in setting objectives for future management and, as far as possible, achieving reconciliation of the various interests in the use of the land.

The aim will be, first, to set out the scientific, ecological background of information which is the essential foundation for understanding the area, establishing clearly why it is of such special importance and identifying those features which are the vital elements of our 'heritage'. Building on this, a number of key issues involving land use and management will be examined. Finally, an integrated approach to the formulation of options for the future, will be based on the principle of ecological sustainability, will be attempted.

Admirable accounts of the natural history of the Cairngorms are already available – notably Desmond Nethersole-Thompson and Adam Watson's book "The Cairngorms" (1974). Our project will not be trespassing on that ground, for its distinctive purpose is to review relevant research and seek to identify the main factors which are responsible for the present condition of the

landscape, vegetation, fauna and environment of the area. Particular attention will be given to the processes of change which have operated in the past and are taking place today, both on the low ground and at high altitudes, and to the principles which should determine the future status and administration of the territory. The needs of those who live and work in the area, as well as visitors from far and near, will be addressed in the context of a conservation plan.

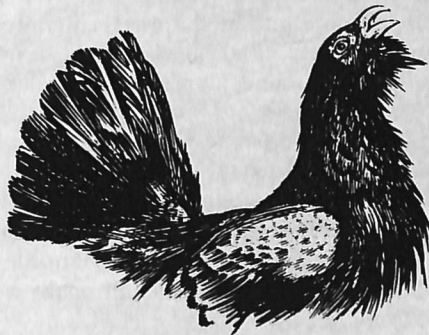
Recent studies of geology, geomorphology and climate will be used to highlight important aspects of the physical environment and set stage for a discussion of the terrestrial ecology (plant communities, bird, mammal and insect populations, etc.) and of the aquatic and sub-aquatic ecosystems (rivers, lochs, marshes, bogs, etc.). Key issues to be taken up include past and present land use, the surviving examples of native woodlands and their future, forestry, agriculture, sporting interests (deer, grouse, moorland management), recreation and tourism, conservation of nature and landscape. Examples of past conflicts and their resolution will be examined in order to draw attention to lessons that should be learned from them. The selection of ecologically-sound objectives for future management and the means of putting them into practice will be the focus of the forward look.

It is hoped that the project, when completed, will make a constructive and timely contribution towards resolving conflict and reaching conclusions which are both realistic and ecologically acceptable. The conservation of a highly-sensitive area, recognised internationally, nationally and locally as of the highest importance, is the overall theme.

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## MY FIRST ICE CLIMB

SHARON STRONACH

As the only member of the Cairngorm Club taken out by the Club's climbing 'experts' to do an ice climb last winter due to the dearth of suitable climbing conditions, I have been asked to write about this unique event.

After a great deal of nagging, interspersed with generous quantities of pleading, I finally convinced Stuart (Stronach) to take me out on an ice climb. The resistance I experienced led me to believe that I was asking Stuart to break one of the commandments of Scottish ice climbing: "Thou shalt not allow women near ice climbs." The excuses were abundant: "You don't have plastic boots. – You don't have crampons suitable for going ice climbing. – You don't have a proper climbing axe. – You won't like the cold."

I finally got my wish on April 18, 1993, when the Club had a bus meet to Cairn Gorm/Bynack More. My rucksack held my shiny new crampons and ice axe along with gloves, hats and extra fleeces so that I could survive the intense cold I had been warned about.

Stuart and I planned to climb a Grade I climb – Faicaille Ridge. As we walked up, we saw that the Goat Track that led up the back of the corrie was completely snowbound which meant no backing out now. It was the climb or nothing.

Before we started the climb, we bagged the demoted top, Faicaille Coire an t-Sneachda. The snow was sparse at the bottom of the climb and so we brought forth our ice axes but left our crampons – which would be more of a hindrance than a help – in our rucksacks. At that point, since the ridge was wide and looked easy, we decided not to rope up, just as well really, considering we had left the ropes in the bus.

Roughly one-third of the way up the climb it started to snow. Underfoot, the going had become more treacherous and so we decided to stop and put our crampons on. This was achieved sheltering under an overhanging rock complete with icicles, on a two-foot ledge. The crampons made a big difference and I felt much more sure-footed, as a result my confidence soared.

I followed Stuart up a bit farther and was thoroughly enjoying myself. The climb became steeper and I found myself using the front points of my crampons.

"This is what it's all about," I thought. Stuart kept making sure I was doing okay. The huge grin on my face would answer his question. I was having a whale of a time.

As we reached another steep section Stuart asked if I would like to go first. But, of course! Off I went, feeling like a real mountaineer. Stuart took some fairly unflattering photographs of my rear end during my ascent. Still, at least it was proof of my adventure.

The climb was over much too quickly and I would quite happily have gone

back down the hill and done it all over again. I was feeling exhilarated and immediately told Stuart I wanted to be taken ice climbing again. I had just soloed a Grade I, now there was no stopping me.

That day, we went on to bag three more tops, another demoted top and, of course, Cairn Gorm. I had a wonderful day and I am looking forward to ice climbing this winter. And, I liked my climbing instructor so much that I married him.

## HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN

*The sun fades gently out of sight  
behind the tall pine trees  
and ends again a day so pure  
that nature sleeps in peace*

*But nature sleeps throughout the night  
as darkness shrouds it in  
and in the morn a peewit's call  
resounds the mountain o'er*

*The grassy slopes, the craggy rocks  
where small flowers cling to life  
awaken as the sun sweeps out  
and brushes off the night.*

ROBBIE MIDDLETON

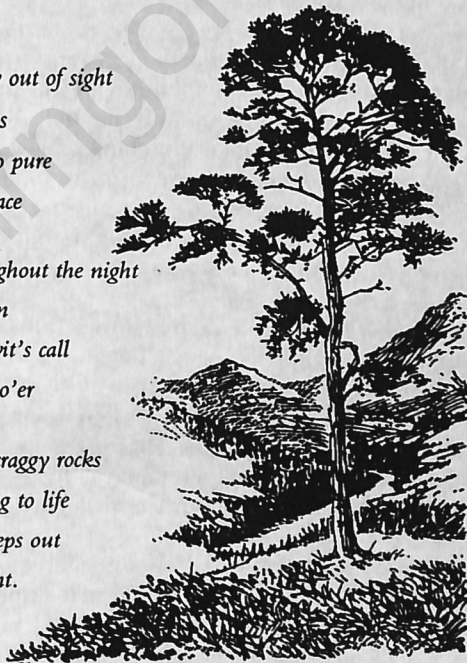


ILLUSTRATION BY NORMAN SHEPHERD

## MERGING EMERGENCIES

GEORGE DOWNIE

In the UK, the management of an emergency such as a climbing accident in summer, rarely lasts for more than 24 hours. What follows are the entries in my diary for 10 days in August 1983.

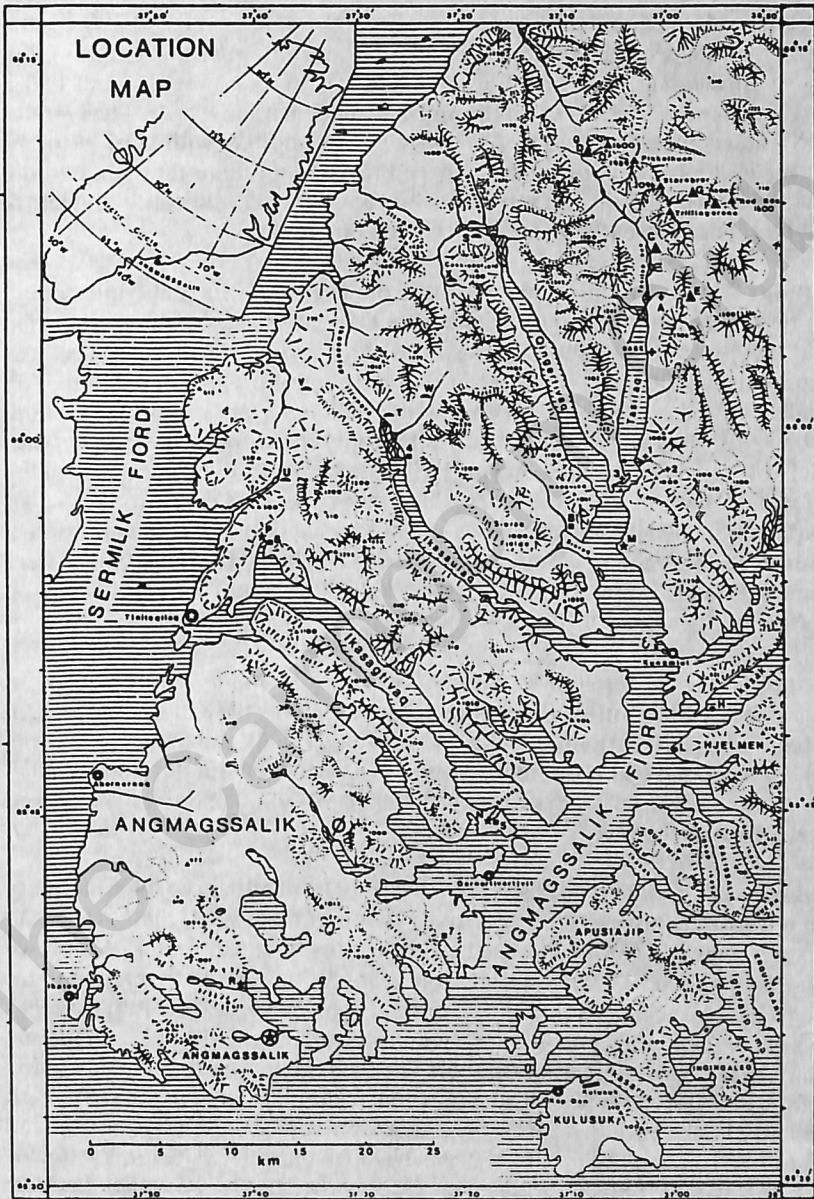
The third phase of the 50th Anniversary Expedition of the British Schools Exploring Society to East Greenland in the summer of 1983, had a base camp at the head of Tasilaq, the east arm of Angmagssalik Fiord, just south of the Arctic Circle at 66°10'N. The 100 members of the expedition had flown to Keklavik in Iceland, then on to Kulusuk in East Greenland in 10-seater turbo jets. This was dependent of good weather as airports here do not have radar approach systems. Travel to base camp to meet the advance party and the six-week supply of stores shipped out in April, was by boat – sea ice permitting. Sea ice did not permit, so half the party overflew the obstruction by helicopter. The others arrived by boat after the wind changed from south to north and removed the blockage.

**Tuesday 16:** Four weeks into the expedition and only two more to go. Adventure groups left at different times and in various states of readiness and composure. By early afternoon only the two Royal Marines who were the crews of the Gemini inflatables; the chief science leader; Mike, the base camp manager; Sharon, a young explorer with torn shoulder muscles, and I were left at base. 21.00 hours: "One of our climbers is missing." A twilight search drew blank, but the second sweep early on Wednesday morning, found the lost soul on the wrong side of the river, sound asleep in his bivouack bag at 08.00 hours.

**Wednesday 17:** The Marines and Sharon left in two inflatables to dump food and equipment at a rendezvous near Tiniteqilaq. 18.00 hours: Four ski-tourers came back to base for the Bell stretcher. "Oliver Crispin lost control crossing a snow gully and has a suspected broken ankle." The casualty was carried from the bottom of the gully to the head of Tasilaq, whence a Greenlander who was camped nearby, took the stretcher on his boat to arrive in base camp at 23.00 hours. Dr Valerie Pollard was with this group and had the injury in plaster by 24.00 hours.

**Thursday 18:** Essential equipment, which should have gone with the Marines the day before, was found while clearing store tents. The Greenlander who ferried the stretcher was hired to take Mike to the village of Kungmiut where he was able to hire another boat to take himself and the equipment to the rendezvous at Tiniteqilaq.

**Friday 19:** The inventory of remaining stores was completed, and Oliver tested his mobility using paddles for crutches.





**Saturday 20:** Spare tents were pitched to dry out then repacked. At supper time the Marines and Mike returned from the rendezvous. 22.00 hours: Richard Madders and Mark Young arrived from climbing camp to report that Hazel Brown had been hit by a large boulder in a snow gully and had a fractured femur. She had spent the night sedated, in a snow hole. The Gemini was readied in the dark, and the Marines left for Kungmiut with Mark as torch-bearer in the bows, looking out for ice brash. From there they phoned the emergency services in Angmagssalik and arranged a radio call with Henrik Nielsen, our contact there, for 01.30 hours on Sunday.

**Sunday 21:** Henrik informed us that if the fog lifted, the helicopter could arrive as early as 04.00 hours. The next radio contact at 04.00 hours reported that the fog at Angmagssalik prevented any flying, but a clearance was expected at 08.00 hours. By this time we had clear skies but could see the fog blanket to the south. At 09.00 hours the helicopter arrived at base camp, collected Dr Val who had been called in from the ski-touring group to base, Richard and Mark as guides and the Bell stretcher and went to the scene of the accident. On its return journey, the helicopter collected Oliver from base. Dr Val accompanied the two casualties to Angmagssalik Hospital. Radio contact with her at 16.00 and 22.30 hours informed us that both Hazel and Oliver were comfortable in hospital and that Dr Val would return to base camp on Tuesday.

**Monday 22:** 07.45 hours: Radio contact was made with Henrik in Angmagssalik to confirm arrangements for evacuating the expedition. Freight to be shipped out to Angmagssalik on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. People to be transported from base to the airport at Kulusuk on Sunday and Monday of next week. The kayak expedition and others in Angmagssalik to be moved to Kulusuk on Tuesday of next week.

**Tuesday 23:** 16.00 hours: Two French climbers, members of the Chambéry Club who were also in the area, arrived to report that two of their group had fallen in Oliver's Gully, and one had broken his tibia and femur. Would we send for a helicopter? The Marines left again for Kungmiut to telephone for assistance, but met the fishing boat, Timmik, with Dr Val and the Bell stretcher aboard, at the entrance to Tasilaq. Timmik is equipped with radio telephone which made communication simpler. The helicopter would not be available before dark. 18.00 hours: The two French climbers and I took the Bell stretcher to the casualty, since no evacuation was possible that night, and protection could not be provided where he lay in the gully. The French doctor and Dr Val made him comfortable on the stretcher and he was taken back up the gully and cared for in a tent overnight.

**Wednesday 24:** At first light both expeditions combined to carry the casualty down the glacier to the head of Tasilaq. The stretcher was placed on the

Gemini for transfer to Timmik, thence to a rendezvous with the hospital ship, which has a regular run, weather permitting, round the isolated communities in this area.

**Thursday 25 and Friday 26:** Groups returned to base, stores were packed and shipped. The emergencies had stopped merging.

*Two Cairngorm Club members were part of this expedition. Alastair Matthewson was involved in the second evacuation, while Jean Downie, sensible lady, had returned to Scotland before these incidents occurred.*



## A SHORT WALK IN GREECE

MARGARET M. GIBSON

Holidays in Greece conjure up images of island beaches and tours of archaeological sites. Greece, however, has another side, a chain of mountains known as the Pindos which stretch from the Oracle of Delphi in the south to the Albanian border. These mountains are easily accessible for the walker, rich in wildlife with splendid scenery and the bonus of a hill culture long since gone from the hills of home. Add cheap summer charter flights and an excellent network of internal bus services, and Greece rapidly becomes an ideal walking destination. In the autumn of 1989 Ken and I abandoned plans to go to Ireland, on the basis that it was both too wet, and too expensive, despite the size of the Irish Government's subsidies to Aer Lingus.

You can walk all the way from Delphi. I gather it takes about a month. We chose to walk in the far north, from the town of Ioannina to the highest point in the Pindos, Mount Smolikas, near the Albanian border. This section starts with a descent into the Vikos Gorge, 1000m deep with steep limestone walls. They say it is more splendid than the Samarian Gorge and it is certainly less popular. It is a full day's walk and a tough start to the holiday, the climb out seeming much farther than the morning's descent. The Papingo villages, both large and small, are worth the effort, with pleasant tavernas serving the about-to-become familiar fare of Greek salad, chips, fried egg or chops. The local Vlach culture was very much in evidence, with the traditional black costume contrasting with the white-washed village houses.

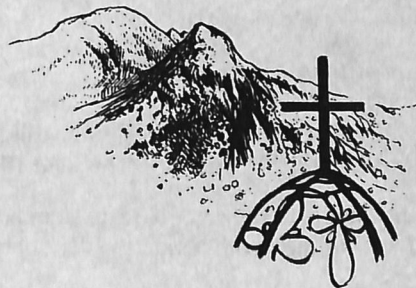
From Papingo the route climbs towards a col offering the finest sunset of the holiday. Two peaks can be climbed from here, the rocky summit of Astraka (2436m) or the moon-like ridge of Gamila. We spent a day on the col, climbed Astraka and were entertained in the evening by the domestic in-fighting of a Greek climbing party occupying the hut near our campsite. From here we turned towards a tributary of the River Vikos, crossing a ridge prior to descending towards the village of Tselepovo. It was September, and the scarcity of water necessitated frequent returns to the more lush valley floors. On one occasion, while trying to find our way, we were guided by one of Greece's familiar sights – a party of hunters with a bag of beautiful, if somewhat lifeless, birds. We had paused to admire a wall creeper. Ken put his binoculars away. The hunters left us at the crest of a ridge, which was a pity because our photocopied 1942 British Army survey map failed to show the cliffs on the slopes below. We found a way down eventually and were rewarded by close views of crested tits, a pleasant reminder of our native woods at home, and an impressive collection of wild flowers which were certainly not familiar.

Tselepovo village was a sleepy spot. We were, however, soon approached by a local entrepreneur, Alexi, with the offer of a room. He was mentioned

in our guidebook and clearly proud of the fact. We asked for a traditional Greek dinner; we ate egg and chips again. Jam purchased for the following day was clearly labelled 'Booker Cash and Carry', a rather bizarre reminder of home. In Tselepovo we finally established what we had suspected for some time, Greek bread was incapable of destruction. The following morning we cheated and caught a bus, on time as usual, to Vrissohori; the bus pausing on the way to allow passengers to have a roadside cuppa. From there we circled beneath the steep, tree-clad slopes of Gamila and descended through aromatic pine forests to cross the River Aoos. A kingfisher flew by. Behind us a bulldozer tore down the forest to make way for a new road. It was an odd feeling.

We soon reached Palioselli, a village with few tourist facilities but a playground that doubled as a campsite. We climbed from there and camped some distance above the village, looking back over the country we had crossed. The following morning we climbed to the summit of Smolikas (2647m) passing Dragon Lake, so called from its population of crested newts. Much of Greece was visible from the summit. The locals had warned us of bears. Our brief encounter with a Greek sheepdog convinced us that bears were probably the least dangerous of the two. The village of Samarina, destroyed by the Germans was not far ahead, but we were running short of time and turned. We passed the dog again on the descent. It did not improve on further acquaintance. We returned to Palioselli and from there took a bus to the coast. We have now been to Ireland – it was more expensive and it certainly rained. We will probably return to Greece.

For those interested, "The Mountains of Greece", by Tim Salmon is essential reading. A sense of humour is advantageous and days should be planned to take into account the inevitability of getting lost at least once, unless the Greek attitude to maps has become more enlightened. The Vikos Gorge is not advised until June. Water in late summer is a problem, although with care there is no need to go short. We camped, but a route could certainly be planned using village accommodation, which will, no doubt, become more plentiful as trekking gains in popularity. Some knowledge of the Greek language is helpful, as is German. English is not widely spoken. Greece is certainly a rewarding destination, but do watch out for the dogs.





## MOUNTAIN REMEDIES

HELLA ALEXANDER

It is now four years since my retirement, and at long last I can take part in the Thursday outings of the Club. Everybody has a subject to discuss as we enjoy our walks. I have an interest in what can be gathered freely from the countryside and used as remedies. During my childhood in Austria, collecting nature's bounties took up a large part of our summer holidays, and home-made potions and lotions were widely used. Here are two which you may like to try for yourselves.

### Spruce cough syrup:

Pick dry, pale green, new tips from spruce branches towards the end of May when they are 2-4cm long. (Gather these from well-established trees and not young plantations where this could affect their growth). Put the tips in a large jar (a sweet jar is ideal), and sprinkle three tablespoons of granulated sugar on each 3cm layer of spruce tips. I use 500g sugar for every 2kg of tips. Continue the alternating layers of sugar and tips until the jar is full, then carefully seal it with cling film as well as the lid. Place the jar in a sunny position on a window sill until early August, or when the needles are brown and float on top of the liquid produced. Sieve into small bottles and use as required. If any mould develops in the jar, add a crushed Campden tablet. The jar should not be opened otherwise. Visiting grandchildren tend to pretend that they have sore throats, as they like this so much!

### Elderflower juice:

#### Ingredients

- 1.5 kg sugar
- 10-15 large heads of  
elderflower blossom
- 100g citric acid
- 1 litre cold water
- 4 diced lemons



Mix together in a large bowl, cover and leave in a cool place for four days, stirring occasionally. Sieve and bottle, adding one crushed Campden tablet to each bottle.

To use, dilute with water or soda water to taste. It makes a comforting hot drink for colds, and well diluted with aerated water, an excellent lemonade.

## HUTS, HOSTELS AND BUNKHOUSES

This updated list has been prepared by the Weekend Meets Committee. Bookings for huts belonging to other clubs are often only accepted through our Club secretary.

	<i>BH Bunkhouse</i>	<i>OC Outdoor Centre</i>	
	<i>IH Independent Hostel</i>	<i>SC Self Catering</i>	
<b>South Scotland</b>	Gordon Arms Hotel, Yarrow	BH	09975 254
	Walk Inn, Wanlockhead	BH	0659 74482
<b>Glasgow</b>	Backpackers Hostel	IH	041 332 5412
<b>Edinburgh</b>	High Street Hostel	IH	031 557 3984
	Belford Youth Hostel	IH	031 225 6209
	Cowgate Tourist Hostel	IH	031 226 2153
<b>Fife</b>	Anstruther Bunkhouse	IH	0333 310768
<b>Arrochar</b>	The Old Stables. East Kilbride M.C.	Hut	
	Glen Croe. 8 Miles High M.C.	Hut	0592 714354
<b>Oban</b>	Jeremy Inglis	IH	0631 65065
<b>Crianlarich</b>	Ochils M.C.	Hut	0259 217123
<b>Tyndrum</b>	Pinetrees Bunkhouse	BH	08384 283
<b>Auch</b>	MacDougall's Cottage. Clachaig M.C.	Hut	041 427 1325
	The Way Inn	BH (No SC)	08384 208/209
<b>Bridge of Orchy</b>	Glencoe Ski Club Lodge	Hut	041 632 5317
	Clashgour. Glasgow University M.C.	Hut	0360 311917
<b>Forest Lodge</b>	Inbhirfhaolain. Grampian Club	Hut	0382 78786
	The Smiddy. Forventure	Hut	041 959 9965
<b>Glencoe</b>	Black Rock Cottage. L.S.C.C.	Hut	0505 20148
	Kingshouse Hotel	BH	08556 259
	Lagangarbh. S.M.C.	Hut	0389 31917
	Clachaig Inn	BH	08552 252
	Kyle M.C. Memorial	Hut	
<b>Kinlochleven</b>	West Highland Lodge	BH	08554 471/402
	Mamore Lodge	BH	08554 213
	Rose Cottage	BH	08554 471/396
<b>Onich</b>	Manse Barn. Lomond M.C.	Hut	031 357 4137
	Inchree Hostel	BH	08553 287
	Alex MacIntyre Memorial.		
	B.M.C./M.C. of S.	Hut	0324 554452
<b>Mallaig</b>	Sheena's Backpackers Lodge	IH	0687 2764
<b>Fort William</b>	Fort William Backpackers	IH	0397 700711
	Mr Kimber, Calluna	BH	0397 700451
	Snowgoose Holidays	BH	0397 772467
<b>Glen Nevis</b>	Steall. Lochaber J.M.C.S.	Hut	0397 772599
	Achriabhach	IH	
	Ben Nevis Bunkhouse, Achintee Farm	BH	0397 702240

<b>Ben Nevis</b>	C.I.C. Hut. S.M.C. Allt a' Mhuillin	Hut	0309 56994
<b>Roy Bridge</b>	Aite Cruinnichidh Lodge.	IH (SC)	0397 81315
	Grey Corries Lodge	IH	0397 81236
<b>Fersit</b>	Ewen Smith, Fasgadh, Fersit, Roy Bridge, Lochaber. PH31 4AK	IH	No phone
<b>Corroul Station</b>	Morgan's Den	BH	0397 85236
<b>Laggan</b>	Jock's Spot. Edinburgh University M.C.	Hut	0383 732232
	Raeburn. S.M.C.	Hut	0505 842004
<b>Glen Lochay</b>	Batavaime. Edinburgh University M.C.	Hut	
<b>Glen Lyon</b>	Balgies Bunkhouse	BH	08876 221
<b>Aberfeldy</b>	Dunnoly House	BH	0887 20298
<b>Glen Isla</b>	The Round House	IH (No SC)	057 582 238
<b>Glen Clova</b>	The Clova Hotel	BH	05755 222
	Carn Dearg M.C.	Hut	05755 222
<b>Banchory</b>	The Wolf's Hearth, Tornaveen	IH	03398 83460
<b>Glen Muick</b>	Allt na Guibhsaich. Aberdeen University Lairig Club. Physical Education Dept.	Hut	
<b>Braemar</b>	Braemar Outdoor Centre	BH	03397 41242
	Muir of Inverey. Cairngorm Club	Hut	0569 730852
<b>Strathdon</b>	Jenny's Bothy	IH	09756 51446 or 031 440 2041
<b>Tomintoul</b>	Glen Avon Hotel	BH	08074 218
<b>Craigellachie</b>	Craigellachie Lodge	IH	0540 673360
<b>Ballindalloch</b>	Ballindalloch Station Hostel	IH	0540 651272
<b>Grantown</b>	Ardenbeg Bunkhouse	BH	0479 2824
<b>Dalnain Bridge</b>	The Old Schoolhouse	OC	0479 85246
<b>Kincraig</b>	Kirkbeag Cabin	IH	0540 651298
	Insh Hall	IH	0540 651272
	Kincraig Bunkhouse	BH	0540 651207
	Badenoch Christian Centre		0540 651373
	Mill Cottage (Bell Memorial) M.C. of S.	Hut	0540 661779
	Milehouse L.S.C.C.	Hut	0738 85493
<b>Glen Feshie</b>	Glen Feshie Hostel	IH	0540 651323
<b>Newtonmore</b>	Craigower Lodge	OC	0540 673319
<b>Glenmore</b>	Badaguish Centre		0479 86285
<b>Fort Augustus</b>	International Travellers Hostel. Book at Lock Inn Pub.		
<b>Drumnadrochit</b>	Loch Ness Backpackers	IH	0456 450807
<b>Dores</b>	Stratherrick Hostel, Torness	IH	0463 75314
<b>Inverness</b>	Inverness Student Hostel	IH	0463 236556
<b>Tomdoun</b>	Tomdoun Hotel Bunkhouse	BH	08092 218
	Garrygaulach	IH	08092 230
<b>Knoydart</b>	Inverie	IH	0687 2331
	Doune	BH	0687 2667

<b>Knoydart (contd)</b>	Barrisdale Bothy	Bothy	
	Torrie Sheiling	IH	0687 2669
<b>Kintail</b>	Morvich Outdoor Centre	OC	
	Glen Lichd House. Edinburgh		
	University M.C.	Hut	031 667 7470
<b>Garve</b>	Aultguish Inn Bunkhouse	BH	09975 254
<b>Achnashellach</b>	Gerry Howkins	IH	05206 232
<b>Achnasheen</b>	Inver. Jacobite M.C.	Hut	031 650 5270
<b>Kinlochewe</b>	Kinlochewe Bunkhouse	BH	044 584253
<b>Torridon</b>	Ling Hut. S.M.C.	Hut	0463 871274
<b>Dundonnell</b>	Sail Mhor Croft	IH	085 483 224
	The Smiddy. Edinburgh University		
	M.C.	Hut	0854 612354
<b>Gairloch</b>	Badachro (winter only)	Hut	044 583 291
<b>Achiltibuie</b>	Achiltibuie Bunkhouse	BH	085 482 215
<b>Elphin</b>	Elphin Outdoor Centre	OC	
<b>Thurso</b>	Thurso Youth Club	IH	0847 62964
<b>Islands</b>			
<b>Skye</b>			
<b>Kyleakin</b>	Skye Backpackers Guest House	IH	0599 4510
<b>LowerBreakish</b>	Fossil Bothy	IH	0471 822 644/297
<b>Sligachan</b>	Sligachan Hotel Bunkhouse	BH	047 852 204
<b>Portnalong</b>	Croft Bunkhouse	BH	0478 640254
	Skyewalker Independent Hostel	IH	0478 640250
<b>Glen Brittle</b>	Glenbrittle Memorial. B.M.C./		
	M.C.of S.	Hut	03573 533
<b>Coruisk</b>	Coruisk Memorial. Glasgow J.M.C.S.	Hut	041 942 4145
<b>Dunvegan</b>	Uiginish Lodge	IH	047 022 445
<b>Staffin</b>	Dun Flodigarry Hostel	IH	047 052 212
<b>Raasay</b>	Raasay House	IH	047 862 266
<b>North Uist</b>	Uist Outdoor Centre, Lochmaddy	IH	087 63480
<b>Lewis</b>	Bayble Bunkhouse, Point	BH	0851 870863
	Stornaway Hostel	IH	0851 703628
<b>Orkney</b>	Browns Hostel, Stromness	IH	0856 850661
	Evie Hostel	IH	0856 675208
	Herston Hikers Hostel, South		
	Ronaldsay	IH	0856 83208
<b>Shetland</b>	Ristie Hostel, Foula	IH	03933 3233
<b>Arran</b>	Corrie Croft		0770 302 203
<b>Jura</b>	Knochrome Bunkhouse	BH	049 682 332

The Scottish Youth Hostel Association provide hostel accommodation in many areas. Contact the SYHA District Office at 11 Ashvale Place, Aberdeen. Tel. 0224 588156. The Club has a SYHA Group Card which is held by the Secretary.

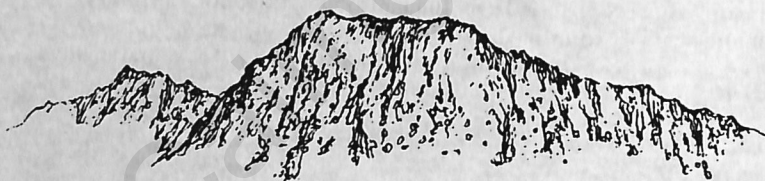


The Mountain Bothies Association maintain unlocked bothies throughout Scotland. Their Secretary is Simon Strachan, 10 Clydeford Drive, Uddingston G71 7DJ.

There are 100 independent hostels in Ireland. Their contact is: Vary Findlay, Bantry Hostel, Bishop Place, Bantry, Eire. Tel: 010 353 27 51672.

The Huts Custodian holds information on club huts in England and Wales.

Could members please inform the Huts Custodian of any similar accommodation not on this list.



## IN MEMORIAM

The Club records with regret the death of the following members :

Mr Brian F. Davies (A 1964)	Mr Archibald G. Mitchell (OL 1961)
Mr Ralph A. Gerstenberg (OL 1950)	Mr Myles Morrison (OL 1930)
Mr Derek C. Gilbert (O 1978)	Mrs Elizabeth R. Newton (O 1979)
Mr Lewis L. McAllan (OL 1948)	Miss Greta Sumner (OL 1961)

### RALPH A. GERSTENBERG

Ralph, President of the Cairngorm Club from 1984-1988, died on September 27, 1993 aged 94. He came to Aberdeen from Glasgow in 1932 as the first local manager of the Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society. In recognition of his hard work and business skills he was duly chosen by his colleagues to be President of the Aberdeen Insurance Institute. He retired in 1962.

Ralph joined the Cairngorm Club in 1950 and threw himself into its activities with enthusiasm. This, along with his helpfulness and energy was soon recognised and he was elected to the committee, and became Vice-President and President all in the space of seven years from 1958 to 1964. He carried out these duties with his customary charm and with apparent ease. It was during his presidency that around 1966 the lease for Derry Lodge came up for renewal. Despite prolonged negotiations with Mar Lodge Estate the Club failed to obtain acceptable conditions, a great disappointment to Ralph who had worked so hard to that end.

For a number of years, until advancing age began to take its toll, he seldom missed a Club meet and his outgoing and cheerful personality made him popular with fellow members of all ages. He had a particular knack of creating a fire from dry heather, sometimes on a swiftly-constructed island of stones in a burn, and would brew up tea in his battered kettle even in the worst of weather. Walking, talking and sharing with him the sights and sounds of the hills in all their moods was always a pleasure.

Ralph's friendly and happy manner marked him out as a special person whom it was a delight and a privilege to have known. We also remember his wife, Grace, and her interest in the social events of the Club, and we extend to her, and her daughters, our sincere sympathy.

S.M.

### LEWIS L. McALLAN

Lewis joined the Club in 1948 and was a regular attender of bus meets. He was a Local Government man who served in the legal department all his working years, latterly as Director of Law and Administration. Lewis simply loved to sing in choirs, the Haddo Choir being perhaps his favourite.

On the death of David Gordon of Haddo he undertook the duty of treasurer to the Trust then created – a task he performed with the utmost dedication. His keen interest in railways sent him on numerous journeys, providing material for articles he wrote for railway publications. Bad health drained his energy and he died very sadly, still hoping and looking forward to walking again. We remember him with great kindness.

I.F.F.

#### ELIZABETH. R. NEWTON

Elizabeth was born in Hengelo, Overijssel in 1928 and lived through the deprivations of occupied Holland during the Second World War. She trained as a meteorologist at Amsterdam University and Imperial College, London, and was then appointed to the Colonial Office who directed her first to Kenya, then Uganda. She recalled a KLM pilot being quite confused when approaching Entebbe Airport, to hear the weather report being given to him in Dutch, and by a woman meteorologist, unusual itself in the 1950s. Here she met and married Dick who worked in the Uganda Government Game and Fisheries Department, and their three children were all born in Uganda.

The family came to live in Banchory-Devenick in 1962 and Elizabeth soon became involved in local issues, working enthusiastically at whatever cause she felt deserved support. Over the years these included the Stroke Club, the Kincardine and Deeside Community Council and numerous fund-raising projects. She relished the introduction of the computer to the Citizens Advice Bureau, and her skill in mastering it was further developed when she bought her own, using it to enrich life when physical disability became poor.

Elizabeth joined the Cairngorm Club in 1979 and attended bus meets regularly, originally often with her son. She was never a Munro-bagger, preferring interesting deviations from the more popular routes, particularly if a Trig Point could be visited. She was a stimulating companion on the hills, keenly observant and with a wealth of interesting anecdotes. She recorded accurate details of every walk, even in appalling weather, all later concisely described in her notebook. She was a committee member from 1987-1989.

Her final illness was borne with amazing courage. Friends were unanimous in admitting that after a visit or telephone chat, they had gained more than they had given. Most bravely too she carefully scanned the memorabilia of her life and discarded what she felt was of no use to others. She is survived by Dick and her grown-up children who supported her so lovingly in her last year.

R.W.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB

### GENERAL MEETINGS

The 1991 Annual General Meeting was held on November 27. Gillian Shirreffs was elected President in succession to Eddie Martin, and Peter Bellarby was elected to the vacant position of Vice-President. All of the other office-bearers appointed the previous year were re-appointed.

The 1992 Annual General Meeting took place on November 25. Fiona Cameron was elected to the vacant position of Vice-President and all of the other office-bearers re-appointed.

A Special General Meeting was held immediately before the 1992 Annual General Meeting, its purpose being to consider resolutions put forward in the name of the committee for a number of changes to the constitution.

The main changes proposed were:

(a) Amendments to the rights of Associate Members – that up to two Associate Members could serve as Ordinary Members of the committee, although not as office-bearers.

(b) An amendment to the objects clause – that the mention of encouragement of hillwalking and climbing was related more to standards than to actual engagement in the pursuit.

(c) Increases in the numbers needed for requisitions, quorum etc., in line with the general increase in the size of the Club.

(d) An adjustment to the provision about committee rotation – that the number retiring in any year did not have to be made up to three if fewer than three had served the normal three-year term.

The proposed changes were all approved, with minor amendments in the case of the objects clause, and the constitution was amended, reprinted and copied to all members in March, 1993. At the same time the Members' Handbook, of which only new members had received updated versions since it made its first appearance in 1977, was thoroughly revised, reprinted and copied to all members.

The 1993 Annual General Meeting was held on November 24. Eddie Martin demitted office as Huts Custodian after 13 years' service (three of them overlapping with his presidency); Robbie Middleton was elected in his place; Peter Ward stepped down as Librarian after seven years' service spanning two moves of the library. Ken Forbes was appointed to replace him. All other office-bearers were re-appointed.

### ANNUAL DINNERS

The 1991 Annual Dinner was held at the Stakis Tree Tops Hotel, Aberdeen. Simon Richardson, the guest speaker, gave an illustrated talk, "Traversing Alaska's Mount Hunter and Other Mountaineering Adventures".

The 1992 Annual Dinner, at the same venue, was addressed by Eric Langmuir, who's talk, "Climbing and Exploring in the Kingdom of Bhutan", was accompanied by superb slides.

The 1993 Annual Dinner – same venue – presented the opportunity for Dr Robert Aitken to give an illustrated talk, "A Time to Care: Scotland's Mountain Footpaths". This linked in with the committee's decision earlier in the year to sponsor a footpath maintenance project on the Coire Etchachan track.

Richard Shirreffs.



## MEETS AND EXCURSIONS 1991-1993

The average attendance at excursions for the period covered by this journal was 31.6, about the same as in the previous period. The attendance for each one is given in the list at the end of this report. The best turnout was 52 for the Cairngorm traverse in 1991 and the poorest was 18, shared by the Ladder Hills and the Speyside Way outings, both also in 1991.

The first excursion was from Inverey to Spittal of Glen Shee. This was rather a misty day on the tops, and members either crossed from Altanour to Glen Thaitneich via Beinn Iutharn Mhor or by the glen that runs round the east side of Beinn Iutharn Bheag. The following one to Beinn a' Ghlo was planned without a meal, to give a longer day for a complete traverse of the three main summits. The party started from Killiecrankie and made their way to Shinagog by way of Glen Girmaig and returned to Blair Atholl via Glen Fender. Although it was a beautiful day, time did not allow for all three to be climbed due to the length of the approach and the walk out at the end. However, recent improvements to the road up Glen Fender may allow us to take the bus up as far as Monzie in future, which would solve this problem.

The overnighter from Loch Quoich to Glen Sheil started off very inauspiciously. The bus journey to Invergarry was through continuous, heavy rain. However, by the time we reached Loch Quoich it was dry and gradually cleared to give a beautiful night. Two parties climbed Gleouraich and Spidean Mialach, one of them going on to Sgurr a' Mhaoraich, while the majority tackled the South Cluanie Ridge.

The next meet attracted a very poor turnout, on a day of good weather. Half of the party crossed Ben Rinnes while the others walked along the Speyside Way from Dufftown to Ballindalloch. Here, the old railway track wound its way through a deep wooded valley from Dufftown to Craigellachie, with more open countryside on the remainder of the route. A feature of this walk was the discovery of a pub at Carron in the early afternoon, where welcome refreshments were enjoyed by all.

The Cairngorm traverse attracted a very large attendance, the best for many years. The weather was good and as usual a number of different routes were followed including the Lairig Ghru, Ben Macdhui and Derry Cairngorm or Carn a' Mhaim. One member climbed all the Munros on the west side of the Lairig Ghru from Braeriach to Carn Cloich-mhuillin and was first back to the bus. The party which limited itself to the Lairig Ghru were late.

Very few members managed to finish the traverse from Glen Clova to Dykend within the allotted time, although no one was seriously late. This was partly due to the length of the walk, but mainly because of the thick mist which made navigation difficult between Mayar and Glen Finlet. The road improvements between Aberdeen and Perth have made day trips to Perthshire possible. On the Ben Challum meet the bus made the journey to the starting point at Auchtertyre in only three hours and 10 minutes. Although the weather was good on the lower slopes, the hill top remained shrouded in mist all day, but there was plenty of time to enjoy the climb. The traverse on the Ladder Hills from the Pole Inn at Glen Livet to Strathdon was poorly attended. It was a brilliantly sunny day with a fair bit of snow lying on the higher reaches. The following excursion offered three possible routes, the Bulig Mounth, the Stock Mounth or the Cryne Corse Mounth. Only the first two were followed, with the bulk of the party choosing to go by the Bulig Mounth and climbing Kerloch on the way. This area is now very extensively forested, but the trees are still small enough to afford views which sadly will disappear.

1992 started in traditional fashion with the Lochnagar meet. It was an unpleasant day of wind and drizzle, with very little snow cover except on the higher parts of the plateau. Unfortunately, one of the party slipped and broke her wrist while descending from the south summit. A much better day was had for the outing to Morven, but again there was an almost complete absence of snow. It was rather windy on the Inverey meet, and most people climbed Carn Bhac. Our first winter excursion to Glen Isla for many years proved successful, apart from the difficulty experienced in turning the bus, the previous turning space at Auchaven having been fenced off. Most members went to Mayar or Glas Maol and one party ascended Tom Buidhe. Once again there was hardly any snow.

The Easter Meet was held at the Glen Affric Hotel in Cannich, with 37 attending. These included several from furth of Aberdeen, one of whom had cycled from Bedford. Although the weather was mixed, it was not unpleasant and enabled parties to achieve a wide variety of walks (over a wide area), including Glen Affric and the Loch Mullardoch and Loch Monar areas. One party hired a boat which dropped people off at various points along Loch Mullardoch, allowing climbs to be done on both the north and south sides of the loch. Snow cover was confined to wet snow on the higher reaches, but the ground elsewhere was sodden, and wet feet seemed very much the order of the day.

The outing to Beinn a' Bhuid took the form of a traverse from Allanoich to Invercauld. There was no meal to allow for a longer day on the hill, and all accomplished the traverse in rather mixed weather. A fine day accompanied the next outing from the Devil's Elbow to Glen Clova. The entire party crossed Glas Maol, Cairn of Claise and Tolmount. From here some went eastwards to climb Cairn Bannoch and Broad Cairn while the rest went over Tom Buidhe and descended into Glen Doll, all having a wet finish. A very large party traversed from Achlean to Coylumbridge, with most going over Carn Ban Mor and Sgoran Dubh Mor on a hot, sunny day.

The 1992 overnigher involved catching the train for Corrou at Bridge of Orchy. As on the previous occasion, the train made an unscheduled stop for us at the south end of Loch Treig. Around half the party climbed Stob Coire Easain and Stob a' Coire Mheadhoin on the west of Loch Treig, while the others went to Beinn na Lap, Chno Dearg and Stob Coire Sgriodain on the east. Unfortunately, it was misty on the tops and a bit windy, although a very pleasant morning on reaching lower ground.

The traverse from Ballater to Glen Esk attracted an unusually high turnout for the end of August, attracted by the wedding of two of our members, which was planned to take place at the end of the walk in the ruined church by Loch Lee. Unfortunately, weather did not permit such an outdoor event, but the wedding went ahead in the church near the car park at Invermark.

A smaller number than usual attended the Cairngorm traverse, with most going over the summit of Ben Macduih before splitting up for different descent routes. The excursion to Ben Challum the year before encouraged the attempt on Ben Vorlich by Loch Lomond, which was again a success. The bus took just under three and a half hours to reach Ardlui, leaving seven hours to climb the hill. This proved just enough, there being more to the hill than the map would suggest. Those who attended the traverse from Crathie to Glen Muick found more snow on Lochnagar than there had been on the last three winter excursions to this mountain. The weather was fine, but due to snow conditions, not all the party managed to complete their planned route, some retiring from Meall Coire na Saobhaidhe to Coire na Ciche.

The Ochil Hills excursion was on a somewhat wild day with mist on the higher summits. However, all but one party completed the traverse from Sherriffmuir to Dollar. In contrast the weather on the traverse from Tarfside to Bridgend of Lethnot via the Hill of Wirren, was very good. On this occasion one party apparently disturbed a pheasant shoot, although it was almost dark by that time.

Conditions were appalling for the 1993 winter excursion to Lochnagar. The bus reached Spittal of Glen Muick without too much difficulty, but it seemed for a time that it was inadvisable for it to remain there. However, a snow plough came and cleared the road later in the morning and the blizzard abated. Nobody attempted Lochnagar, although one party did manage to reach the Meikle Pap. On the next outing to Glen Clunie, we lost some time in the morning when the bus broke down at Invercanny. It was a cold, misty day and climbs were accomplished on both sides of the road from the car park. The main party traversed from Sgor Mor to Morrone. We enjoyed brilliant sunshine at Glen Clova, but the wind was fierce. Most members went up Mayar and Dreish while others climbed in the Loch Brandy area. On the Linn of Dee excursion the day was very cloudy with mist shrouded hills. Derry Cairngorm was the main objective for most people, but some turned back at the Etchachan Hut as the weather deteriorated.

The 1993 Easter Meet was based at the Spean Bridge Hotel. Despite the excellent terms offered, once again attendance was disappointing, with a maximum of 27 on the Saturday night. The weather was really quite good with a beautiful, sunny day on the Friday, dry and clear on Saturday and it cleared up nicely at lunch time on Monday after a morning of rain. It will perhaps be remembered as the Easter Meet on which few Munros were climbed. On Friday one party ascended Beinn a' Chaorainn in Glen Spean while another climbed Sgurr na Ciche in upper Glen Dessary. On Saturday one group reached the summit of An Gearanach in the Mamores. Most people concentrated on lesser ascents, some as far away as Ben Hiant in Ardnamurchan.

The outing to Cairngorm or Bynack More turned out to be a beautiful day. The bulk of the party went to Bynack More, either by the Pass of Ryvoan or from Cairngorm car park via the Saddle. Others climbed Cairngorm and Ben Macdhuì. One member reached Beinn Mheadhoin, and the rather remote Corbett of Creag Mhor also received attention. The excursion to Ben Vorlich and Stuc a' Chroin took the form of a traverse from Edinample to Callander. Conditions were good and most people climbed both hills. The following meet to Ben Avon was also a traverse, this time from Cockbridge to Invercauld. It started off as a dull, misty day but cleared up to give a beautiful afternoon.

The overnighiter was from Braemore to Kinlochewe, with some people starting from Dundonnell or Poolewe instead. It turned out to be a very poor night, which restricted the amount of climbing. Time was lost due to poor visibility and difficulty crossing swollen rivers. Some members climbed Sgurr Ban and Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair. Other lower hills were ascended, but the two parties who set out for A' Mhaighdean failed to reach it.

On the Ben Lawers excursion most people left the bus at Lawers Hotel to do a traverse of Ben Lawers and Beinn Ghlas. Although it was a fairly good day at lower levels, it was not pleasant on the tops. The Cairngorm traverse, in contrast, was in fine weather despite a rather misty start. The usual variety of routes were followed, but as on the previous year the attendance was disappointing. Both these excursions have been notorious in the past for members arriving back at the bus late, so it is perhaps worth recording that everyone returned in good time on both occasions.

One feature of the outings in the period covered by this report, has been an increase in the number of young people coming along, with those under 21 accounting for 13% of total attendance. 10 of the 36 on the 1993 overnight excursion were in this age group. It is an encouraging trend which I hope will continue.

Graham Ewen.

**EXCURSIONS**

**1991**

12 May	Inverey to Spital of Glenshee (22)
1 June	Beinn a' Ghlo (25)
22/23 June	Loch Quoich to Glen Sheil (27)
25 August	Ben Rinnes/ Speyside Way (18)
15 September	Cairngorm to Linn of Dee (52)
6 October	Glen Clova to Dykend (29)
26 October	Ben Challum (32)
17 November	Ladder Hills (18)
7 December	Bulig Mounth/Stock Mounth (42)

**1992**

19 January	Lochnagar (49)
9 February	Morven (41)
29 February	Inverey (24)
22 March	Glen Isla (30)
25 April	Beinn a Bhuird (28)
10 May	Devil's Elbow to Glen Clova (25)
31 May	Achlean to Coylumbridge (45)
20/21 June	Corroul to Fersit (28)
23 August	Ballater to Glen Esk (45)
13 September	Cairngorm to Linn of Dee (29)
4 October	Ben Vorlich (28)
24 October	Crathie to Loch Muick (27)
15 November	Ochil Hills (21)
5 December	Hill of Wirren (25)

**1993**

10 January	Lochnagar (34)
30 January	Glen Clunie (25)
21 February	Glen Clova (34)
14 March	Linn of Dee
18 April	Cairngorm/Bynack More (40)
9 May	Ben Vorlich/Stuc a' Chroin (38)
29 May	Ben Avon (27)
19/20 June	Braemore to Kinlochewe (36)
22 August	Ben Lawers (27)
12 September	Cairngorm to Linn of Dee (34)

**EASTER MEETS**

1992	Cannich
1993	Spean Bridge



## WEEKENDS, 1992-1993

Candidates for the 'Weekend Gold Star Award' in the last two years must include Rum – apart from the diabolical crossing, and the cold, torrential rain on Sunday. Still, one good day on the ridge made all the planning and travelling well worth while.

Carbisdale Castle must rank as the most magnificent of Youth Hostels, and meeting some fishermen on a Corbett-bagging trip resulted in fresh brown trout for tea.

A winter weekend at Muir introduced some of the participants to Piper's Wood – a sapling 75cm high was found. Just enough snow for some winter skills training gave an energetic alternative to long walks.

Tower Ridge from the CIC hut saw mist clearing slowly from the Ben at mid-day. It would have been too cold to linger long, but we spent a happy hour along with the Lochaber team who were busy with reconstruction and clearing up round the Observatory Tower. When the mist finally cleared we were rewarded by a guided tour of the summit – ruins, climbs and views. It was a pity numbers had dropped at the last minute. Was it the weather forecast, the thought of walking in after dark or just the usual collection of last-minute domestic and work commitments?

A full house at Black Rock Cottage was the base for a delightful day in Glen Etive – but Oh, the midges in the evening.

From Ullapool we settled for Corbett-bagging, followed by dinner at the Ceilidh Place. Despite adverse weather conditions most of us managed a morning summit followed by an afternoon reconnoitre which somehow saw us on the top with just time to get back before dark. It has to be said that there were some notable absentees on this second leg. For some the morning's soakings had prompted a vain search for dry clothes. A quick dash back to the shops in Ullapool was the remedy.

Minnigaff proved less popular – was it the time of year, or do we still like to plan for the bigger hills, keeping the lower ones for 'off' days? Those who went enjoyed a challenging day on the 'Awful Hand', with some tricky navigation as mist enveloped the summits.

For me, the Gold Star goes to Newtonmore in 1992. Several of us had hoped for skiing, but with no significant snow to be had we opted instead for a day on Creag Meaghaidh. The summit plateau, reached up Sron a Choire was a splendid snow field. Next, traversing to the window and up on to Stob Poite Coire Ardair for lunch, we watched the climbers toiling out of the coire below. Out to Carn Liath and off down a strategic snow field rounded off the day. A warm, comfortable bunk house followed by a fun day of picnics in the sun and snow slides on Carn an Fhreicheadain completed the weekend. Only bad summit erosion on the latter marred the trip.

At the other end of the scale there was a snow storm on Rest and be Thankful and generous helpings of mist, rain and slushy snow. Whiling away the odd hour waiting for conditions to improve may be spent planning future attempts, or in reminiscing. Mostly we indulge in tales of past glories, but how about the guilty secrets? Have you ever, for instance, opened your rucksack on some high peak only to discover that it isn't yours, that the sandwiches/apple/pork pie etc. from a previous expedition are mouldering away undisturbed in some dark corner, or that the polythene bag of 'kit' that you hastily rammed into your rucksack actually contains the family's dirty washing? If you would like to unburden your conscience, why not join us on a weekend meet.

Booking accommodation without firm figures well in advance is an increasing problem. There are a number of new hostels, but pressure on all types of accommodation is outstripping its availability. It is embarrassing for the club if we book early

and members cancel at the last minute. However genuine the reasons for cancellation, losing a deposit only hits the pocket, but preventing another group from booking reflects badly on the club. On the other hand, if booking is left to the last minute it often results in disappointment. Camping is an obvious answer and is gaining in popularity with some members.

Fiona Cameron

WEEKEND MEETS WITH NUMBERS ATTENDING				
1992			1993	
February	Crianlarich	12	Muir	18
March			Newtonmore	14
May	Rum	9	Glen Brittle	7
June	Cannich	20	Carbisdale Castle	6
July	Muir	18	Achnashellach	7
August	Minnigaff	4	Black Rock Cottage	14
September	Onich	17		
October	Ullapool	10	CIC Hut, Glen Nevis	4
November	Ardgartan	8	Crianlarich YH	18

#### CLIMBING SUB-COMMITTEE REPORT

The resurgence of climbing within the club continues to go from strength to strength, with this year's summer going down as the best yet, despite the weather.

The first event of the session was last December, when a well-attended indoor talk/seminar was held on winter hillwalking skills. Some of the techniques discussed were put into practice during the Muir Cottage weekend meet, when Sunday was spent learning ice axe skills on a patch of snow on the hillside above the cottage. The previous day, a climb was ascended in Coire Sputan Dearg – Glissade Buttress, in semi-winter conditions.

Unfortunately, the winter all but ended after that weekend, and it was by chance that another ice climb was sneaked in on the Cairn Gorm/Bynack More bus meet – Faicail Ridge, in pleasantly icy conditions (see article). That marked the end of the winter activities, but it was less than a month until the summer sea-cliff sessions started on Monday evenings.

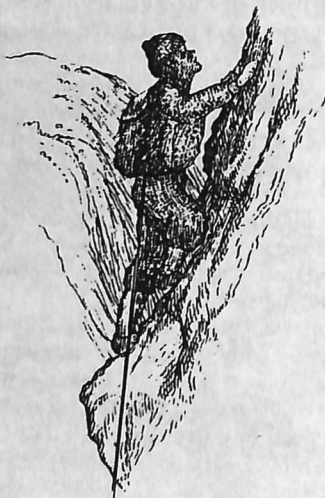
These were well attended all through the summer and it was decided to continue them, for the first time, until the shorter summer evenings at the start of September. Despite the wet summer, we only lost three or four evenings due to the rain. One evening was spent at the Beach Leisure Centre rock wall. As has become usual, a core of regulars developed with other occasional visitors. The first member to join the Club, purely through climbing activities, was one of the regular gang, and three more should be joining soon. With so many members each evening, we were grateful for the invaluable help provided by Graham Callander and Hal Taylor on many evenings.

Most of the climbers showed improvement over the season, with some fairly intimidating routes being attempted and Charlie Milne leading Severe-graded climbs by the end – a fine achievement.

Due to numbers, it has been necessary to purchase some new climbing gear: two harnesses with belay plates, karabiners and a large holdall to store club gear. Thanks to Fiona Cameron for the use of her bag for much of the summer. For those interested, the club gear is available for borrowing by members when it is not required for club activities, providing they are competent in its correct use. The climbing gear owned by the club is listed below:

Two 50m x 9mm ropes suitable for climbing.  
One 50m x 9mm rope only suitable for abseiling.  
One 50m x 9mm rope suitable for very little. (i.e. trashed).  
Two Ultimate climbing helmets.  
One Troll Whillans sit harness (size L).  
One Wild Country Alpiniste harness (size M).  
Three Wild Country PLJ harnesses (One size fits all)  
One Mountain Technology Vertige ice axe (45cm).  
One Mountain Technology Vertige ice hammer (45cm).  
One pair Salewa Everest crampons.  
One DMM deadman.  
Six assorted ice screws.  
Four assorted pitons.  
Four HMS screwgate karabiners.  
Twenty two assorted screwgate karabiners.  
Two assorted snapgate karabiners  
Two assorted extenders  
Ten Wild Country Rocks (sizes 1-9, and an extra size 6).  
Three 2m slings.  
Two 1m slings.  
Two figure of eight descenders.  
Two Latok Tuber belay plates.

Stuart Stronach



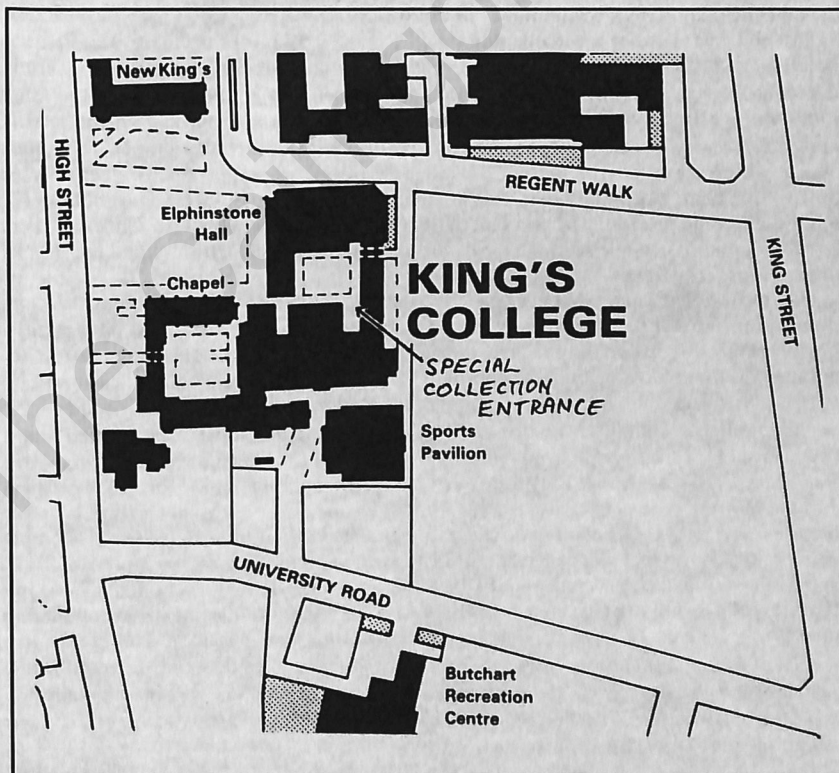
THE LIBRARY

On March 10, 1993, the library moved from 24 Albyn Place to the Special Collections Unit of the Aberdeen University Library at King's College. It is situated down the passage leading eastwards between Elphinstone Hall and the buildings around King's College. (see map) The library is open from 9.30a.m. to 4.30p.m. on weekdays. Car parking spaces are usually available at lunchtime, but be prepared for a longer walk at other times during University terms. Members can borrow books on production of a Caimgorm Club membership card. There is a bright, comfortable reading room and the librarians are welcoming and helpful. A selection of books will continue to be available at indoor meets.

The three fine bookcases given to the Club by past members, notably Past-Presidents, William Garden and James Parker in 1929, have had to be sold, along with some smaller bookcases and duplicate books. The income derived has been set aside as library funds, and conservation of some of our old and more valuable books has begun.

Peter Ward, Librarian to November 1993.

Ken Forbes, present Librarian.





## HOME THOUGHTS FROM A PRESIDENT

I was driving to Edinburgh last year, and listening to the radio, when I heard a voice say: "Judy, Richard and I still enjoy it even though we have been many times soaked to our knickers." I didn't at first recognise the voice, but the content was familiar. We were sitting on the Fiacail Ridge on the Cairngorm traverse, being interviewed for Radio Scotland by a friend of the said Judy (Middleton). This was one of the many things that a Club President of the 1990s seems to land, and I can assure you that the variety of the last two years has certainly been the spice of my life, rarely the bane of it.

So what does being President involve? I have found that one of the most important aspects is that of picking up the ideas and feelings of members, taking them to the committee and in many cases translating these into action on behalf of the Club. These have included our first ceillidh dance, subsidising some of our younger members on mountain safety courses and the footpath improvement scheme in Coire Etchachan. Early on in my Presidency the request to hold a wedding on a Club Meet was approved with great pleasure by all in the committee. Graham, of Bus Meets, was delighted to have one of the biggest turnouts for years on an August outing, and with no one late back, was heard to suggest that perhaps weddings should happen more often. A continuing role has been that of sales lady, a mantle which I brought with me, so future presidents need not consider this as part of the job. Members have become used to me selling sweatshirts, tee shirts, polo shirts, badges and Christmas cards at Club events. I wonder what will have been added to this by the time I demit office?

Part and parcel of the job is meeting people, either officials or professionals in areas pertinent to the many and varied interests which have become characteristic of the Club. A recent instance was meeting the Principal of Aberdeen University when the Club Library was officially handed over to the care of the University. It is always interesting to discuss the Club with older members, many of whom can recall so much about past events which form part of the Club history. It is just as important to meet new or prospective members, and to demonstrate that any reputation of us being middle-aged, middle-class and real tough nuts is a bit of a myth. I enjoy getting to know Club members better, whether it is while resting on hill summits, dancing reels, tramping along tracks or renewing acquaintances at the Dinner.

Having the Secretary as the President's husband has proved invaluable. We can discuss business at meal times, which saves time-consuming visits and phone calls. Fortunately, we agree on most things, though not all. Our phone does seem to be red hot at times, so there have been some complaints from our daughters and their friends.

In my first year, I felt more like a catapult ball in flight than President of the oldest hill walking club in Scotland. I use this analogy with feeling and have been assured that it is justified. That first year started with the formation of the Cairngorms Working Party Sub-committee. This was closely followed by our first meeting with Magnus Magnusson and the Working Party, when we were invited to speak on the issues raised by their deliberations on access and management. It was a shock to find myself the only female among 30 or more men. Richard and Eddie Martin were the other Club representatives at this, the first of many meetings with, and to discuss the Club's views on, the Working Party. By the end of my first year I was beginning to feel more like an environmentalist than a hill walker, as we had other conservation issues to consider. The committee worked hard. The meetings seemed to be long, as we also debated our committee structure and other aspects of the constitution. My second year has been less demanding, and meetings shorter. Who knows what 1994 will bring? The last two years have been rewarding and I look forward to the third.

Gill Shirreffs

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Mountaineer*, Chris Bonington. Diadem Books 1989, £19.99.

This is a departure from the usual Bonington book. For a change, the text plays second string to the photos. These cover his entire career as a climber and photo-journalist in a sort of photo-autobiography. The text is just sufficient to fill in the details of the various expeditions, with a page or two at the start of each chapter and smaller paragraphs scattered among the pictures, which are informatively captioned. The book proceeds in a rough chronological order, and it is interesting to see how equipment has improved over the last 30-40 years. Indeed, some classic designs first got an airing on Bonington expeditions, e.g., the Whillans sit harness designed for Annapurna South Face 1970, and still in use today.

This is a coffee table book, large and glossy with text simple enough to be understood by non-climbers. However, enough technical details are given to interest the more knowledgeable. One criticism – which may be a problem with autobiographies of successful careers in general – is that from time to time, he appears to be blowing his own trumpet a bit loud, and over-dramatising certain events. With a book like this though, you don't really buy it for the text. Just enjoy the superb pictures.

S.S.

*Classic Mountain Scrambles In Scotland*, Andrew Dempster. Mainstream Publishing Company (Edinburgh) Ltd. 1992. £14.99.

Before I picked up this book, I did not think that I had done any serious scrambling, merely some casual hands and knees work in the course of climbing some Munros. The first thing therefore was to find a definition of 'scrambling'. The author addresses this in his introduction, and although loathe to be pinned down precisely suggests that "a walk becomes a scramble when you have to use your hands and; a scramble becomes a rock-climb when you start using a rope" is as near to a definition as is possible. So perhaps I have done some scrambling after all!

The author then goes on to define a grading system that he uses throughout the book. Ranging from 1 to 5, with Grade 1 being mostly walking and Grade 5 "extremely serious, highly committing and demanding scrambles" such as the traverse of the Cuillin Ridge. The Aonach Eagach in Glen Coe and An Teallach are given Grade 3.

With the exception of an appendix which covers a few technical aspects of rope work, most of the book is devoted to descriptions of 50 scrambles. More than a quarter of these are in Skye with another quarter on Ben Nevis or in Glen Coe. Each description is, in the time-honoured fashion, a guide to following the route and is illustrated with a simple sketch map and a number of photographs, most of which appear to be included for their scenic value rather than as aids to the route itself. On some routes the level of detail appears to be minimal, but is probably sufficient to guide the climber along the intended path, particularly when the route is an arete and to deviate would entail descending near-vertical cliffs.

All in all, this is a book for the more adventurous who, having done some simple scrambling, feel the need to keep the adrenaline pumping by tackling more and more 'interesting' routes, or for the rest of us, to read in bed and dream!

D.P.

*Second Man On The Rope: Mountain Days With Davie*, Ian Mitchell. Mercat Press. £6.95.

Ian Mitchell and Dave Brown have already made a mark on the mountain literature scene with "Mountain Days and Bothy Nights" and "A View From The Ridge", the latter being the joint winner of the 1991 Boardman-Tasker Prize. Their depiction of the Scottish mountain scene – bothy, hill and the weather in all its infinite variety – represent a grass roots experience with which most of us will find something to identify or recognise. In this latest offering, Mitchell has gone solo – at least where writing is concerned. His erstwhile co-author is however, very much present as he leads Mitchell up classic climbs, generously accompanies him on Munro-bagging expeditions and resolutely promotes the faith that bothying and weekendng are the purest forms of mountain experience. The book is an affectionate portrait of the relationship between two men united by their love of the Scottish hills. In the process it describes some of the range of experiences possible in those hills – Aonach Eagach in winter, thirst on the Cuillin Ridge, floundering through a flooded plantation in Glen Pean – and a variety of the characters who are encountered in such places, not all of whom contribute to the camaraderie of the hills or the "fight against cultural entropy". There is an underlying hint of nostalgia for the pre-Goretex world of their younger days, but equally, a looking forward to new experiences. The book ends on a positive note as Mitchell completes his Munros, enjoys a memorable night of celebration at the new Scott's Bothy and relishes the prospects of adventures still to come.

W.A.C.

*The Cairngorms, S.M.C. District Guidebook, Sixth Edition*, Adam Watson. Scottish Mountaineering Trust, 1992. £17.95.

This is the sixth edition of a guidebook which was first published in 1928. The guide covers the same area as previous editions, that is the area west and south of the A9 and north of Pitlochry, and has a similar format. There is an introductory chapter providing an overview of the natural features of the area, its natural history and its human associations, and the character of the hill walking, climbing and skiing. Then follow chapters on the various groups of hills that make up the Cairngorms.

The routes on and over the hills are very well described, accompanied by much interesting and informative comment on features and associations of the route. Each chapter has an introduction on the geology, natural history and human history of the area covered, a clear sketch map, and recommendations for further reading. The book is not intended as a rock climbing guide, but the chapters have summaries of the opportunities for rock and snow climbing available in the area covered, including the sea cliffs and the potential for ski-mountaineering. The book is illustrated with 88 fine colour photographs.

The author's wide and deep knowledge of the Cairngorms is evident throughout the book and there is a wealth of information in it. Apart from its obvious utility as a guide to travelling in the Cairngorms the book can be read with considerable enjoyment away from the hills, and for any hill lover is truly a guidebook to the Cairngorms.

P.H.

*The Cairngorm Glens*, Peter Koch-Osborne. Cicerone Press 1991. £4.99.

This attractive little book, subtitled "A personal survey of the Cairngorm Glens for mountain bikers and walkers", consists primarily of descriptions and maps of the principal low-level tracks. The author knows this ground intimately both as walker and mountain biker, and has included useful and interesting information on topography, natural history, grades of tracks, relative difficulty of ford crossings, and the degree of comfort and shelter offered by the area's bothies and shelters. Among several new tit-bits, I learned that Loch Builg provides a crop of high-quality eels every few years.

The style is reminiscent of the Wainwright 'Guides'. Thus, the text is hand-written rather than type set, the numerous very detailed maps are hand drawn and annotated with commendable clarity and accuracy, and most of the bothies and shelters in the area, together with other local features are pleasantly recorded with the author's line drawings. I was pleased to see that the location of the Secret Howff of Slugain is not divulged, though perhaps it is not known to the author.

About 30 glens and route are covered, including some such as Glen Loin, that are visited very infrequently. On the other hand, the scope is somewhat less than that of the corresponding S.M.C. District Guide, particularly to the west and south. For example, the Minigaig Pass, Glen Callater, Glen Muick, Glen Tanar and the Angus Glens are not included. As expected from the recent publication and the author's meticulousness, the information in the book is very up to date. It is surprising however, how quickly some things change in the hills, and I notice a few details that are now incorrect. Thus, Delnadamp Lodge is demolished, the Cullardoch shelter is not in the position shown and the footbridge over the Quoich at Allanquoich is now restored.

Most Cairngorm Club members have an ambivalent attitude to mountain bikers, particularly, when like me on one occasion, they see a pair attempting to ride up the path from Loch Etchachan to Ben Macdhui. Members should have no qualms about this book, as the author is at great pains to stress his environmentally-friendly approach. I am not a mountain biker but have occasionally used a folding bike to ease my passage to, and from the end, of a hill walk. I bought this book because of its intrinsic interest to walkers as well as bikers, and for the extra information it offered over the standard guidebooks.

J.J.C.

*The First Munroist*, Peter Drummond and Ian Mitchell. The Ernest Press 1993. £13.95.

Sir Hugh Munro was not, of course, the first Munroist, he never completed them. The Rev. A. E. Robertson was the first to achieve this and his story is told by two latter-day mountaineers, both former residents of Aberdeen. This enjoyable account of the life and times of 'The Rev.' has been compiled from old records and includes many photographs of interest to all lovers of the Scottish hills. It must be said that Munro-bagging was not a pursuit that could be followed by many in these Edwardian days, but the comfortable life of a country minister with a private income enabled the Rev. to become a mountaineer of note, together with both his wives. There are several references to the Cairngorm Club in chapter nine which deals with early problems with access to the hills, including a quotation from Sheila Murray's book. This read should not be missed by any present-day Munroists, aspiring Munroists, humble walkers of the Scottish hills, and those interested in the history of our pastime. The book is worth getting for its delightful photographs.

P.R.W.



*Icewalk*, Robert Swan. Jonathan Cape, 1990. £7.99.

There seem to be an increasing number of explorers venturing to the opposite ends of the earth, getting there by some unique means or under some novel umbrella. Robert Swan's book is not just a travelogue of yet another such venture. The photographs themselves are well worth looking at. Often they not only set the scene, but supplement the text with clear, sometimes dramatic illustrations of events. The most unique feature of this party was that its eight members were drawn from seven countries. This mixture of nationality, language, culture and physique formed the central part of the story, which for me became the fascination of the book.

The idea for this particular trip first germinated as Robert Swan was nearing the end of his three-man journey to the South Pole. Over time it grew and developed, nurtured by lecture tours, his contacts and friends, concern for the environment and his involvement with the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. This resulting trip led to him becoming the first man to walk to both poles, and in so doing, drawing attention to the increasing dangers of environmental pollution. The story of the journey itself is an interesting one, of how each member of the group coped or failed to do so with the many stresses encountered, and how the roles of each clarified. The particular and unexpected problems thrown up by conflicting cultural values, related to such issues as acceptable ways of handling illness, injury and overwhelming fatigue. One major difficulty which was suspected, but the full extent of which had not been foreseen, was the physiological problems encountered by a young, coloured American whose body is adapted to the rigours of excessive heat but not those of extreme cold. It would have been easy to slide in with a report of squabbles, and occasionally the book seems to head that way, but the author avoids the temptation, explains the circumstances, and pays tribute to the different forms of courage displayed by each member. I found this to be a lively and informative book which was difficult to put down, perhaps not easy to read in bed because of its weight and size, but certainly gripping enough to try to do so. The photography was the icing on the cake.

G.M.S.

*My Ascent of Mont Blanc*, Henriette d'Angeville. Harper-Collins 1992. £17.99.

A most delightful book which has been translated from French. Mlle d'Angeville was the daughter of an aristocratic French family, born in 1794, whose grandfather had been guillotined and whose father had suffered during the French Revolution. She lived within sight of Mont Blanc and resolved from an early age to reach the summit. She achieved this ambition on September 4, 1838 at a time when women were not supposed to do "things like that". She wore 21lb of clothing "A voluminous belted cloak, fleece lined plaid, peg-top trousers and thick woollen stockings over silk stockings. A close fur-trimmed bonnet with a green veil matched a long black boa, a black velvet face mask and deep fur cuffs". How much more interesting it would be if the ladies of the Cairngorm Club dressed so well today. This is the most enjoyable mountaineering reminiscence I have read, and I recommend it to all. Unfortunately, a missed decimal point in the conversion factor given for the pre-Napoleonic unit of measurement, the toise, makes nonsense of the heights of the mountains. For example, Mont Joli would be 2,666,232m by this factor, whereas its height is 8748ft, or if you must use the ridiculous Euro-measures, 2666m.

P.R.W.

*Scottish Hill and Mountain Names*, Peter Drummond. Scottish Mountaineering Trust. 1992. £9.95.

This book contains a very comprehensive list of Scottish hill names drawn not only from the Highlands, but from all over Scotland. The author indicates the particular Scottish difficulty of defining the meaning of many of these names, as many derive from languages no longer in use. Most are rooted in four languages, two of which have died out – Brittonic, which was spoken mainly in the south-east and Old Norse, which was in use along the north and west fringes and in the isles; and two languages which are both in a serious state of decline – Scots, which was widely spoken in the south and east and Gaelic, which was in use all over the Highlands and even in south-west Scotland. Of the four, Gaelic is the most important as far as hill names are concerned. The book is well researched, and it translates and explains the meanings of names where this is possible. In some cases it is not clear from which language a hill name is derived. This is sometimes caused by the spelling having become corrupted with time, or in some cases the Ordnance Survey printing the spelling wrongly when the area was first surveyed, and these spellings have become accepted.

The Cuillin, for instance, has been spelled 16 different ways in its English version, and the author explores various possible meanings. His favourite is clearly 'high rocks' from the Old Norse word 'kjollen', but it could mean 'sea holly' if derived from Gaelic. Many of the Gaelic names refer to colours, animals, birds, parts of the body or legends from the past, but of the latter, many have been lost largely due to the massive depopulation which has left some areas virtually empty of people. The author has however, collected many that have survived. Most of the names have origins from many centuries ago, but there are some more modern such as 'Sgurr nan Spainnteach', the Spaniard's Peak, which dates from a battle fought in Glen Sheil in 1719, and more recently, 'Sgurr Mhic Choinneach', named after the Skye mountain guide, John MacKenzie. The book is well laid out with footnotes on each page to assist with Gaelic pronunciation, and it is pleasantly illustrated with pen sketches of mountains, hill features and wild life. It makes very interesting reading, and would be an invaluable reference book for those with an interest in the hills and their names.

G.E.

*The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*. Vol XXXV No.183, 1992. Edited by K. V. Crocket. Published by The Scottish Mountaineering Club.

The meat of the Journal is the usual mixture of well-written articles. Of particular note were Robin Campbell's review of "Munro's Tables 1981-1991", which ended with the sound advice that even the demoted Munros should be climbed, and Alan Dawson's amusing "The Language Barrier" – a note on the troubles experienced by the English with Gaelic hill names.

Finally, Rob Milne's tale "The Crack" ends with a discussion of the proposed revision of the Scottish winter grading system. This is dealt with more fully at the start of the New Climbs Section, which gives a comprehensive list of all winter routes of Grade V+ up to the end of winter 1991-92 and their suggested new grade (Climbs of Grade I-IV are largely unaffected by the new proposals). The section continues with the list of all that is new in 1992. Miscellaneous notes raises a couple of interesting points about Sgurr nan Gillean. Firstly, the height of Knight's Peak is brought into

question – is it above 3000ft? If so, should it be a top? Secondly, a note is made of a little known south top of Sgurr nan Gillean, reached from Bealach a' Bhasteir. The list of newly-completed Munroists includes one or two Cairngorm Club members. Also present is the ghouls' guide to who got killed where, when and how – the Scottish Mountain Accidents section, which contains one amusing incident. A total of 159 man-hours were spent looking for a rescuer who wandered off down the wrong glen during a callout. The usual reports of SMC activities, reviews, obituaries and adverts comprise the rest of the volume. A very entertaining read.

S.S.

*The Fell and Rock Journal*, No. 73 (1992).

The Club Library receives journals from several kindred clubs. Since I did my early walking and climbing in the Lake District as a student more than 40 years' ago, and have returned there most years since, my favourite journal is that of the Fell and Rock Club. This issue is, as usual, beautifully produced with colour plates and black-and-white drawings. The mixture of articles is wide. June Parker has written on walking the levadas in Madeira and includes a couple of interesting tips on avoiding vertigo. Ron Young tells the mathematically inclined how the earth was weighed using Schiehallion. Two articles which strike a chord were by W. A. Comstive on looking for puffins at the top of Sgurr na Coinnich in Skye (Yes!), and another humorous article by Pat Andrews on how a hut full of members decided what they would do that day. Marjorie Alferoff, who is in her eighties, writes a lovely article of reminiscences describing how she was introduced to climbing by her father, and later, sadly, how he died on the hills and was buried wearing his climbing togs and boots. As they say, "and so much more besides", but you must read it for yourselves and enjoy it as much as I did.

P.R.W.

## VERTIGO



Ian Stuart

*Mountain Bothies Association Journal*. December 1992.

As a charity for maintaining (and not as we are reminded, a club for using) bothies, the M.B.A. has done a splendid job for nearly 30 years in conserving a heritage which is all too vulnerable to climatic and sometimes human attack. This issue of its Journal packs 34 items and 20 photographs or illustrations into 50 small pages, ranging from the bureaucratic (accounts and address lists) to the emotional (poems and politics). Somewhere in the middle of this spectrum, there are two relatively substantial articles which may be of particular interest to Club members. One by Jim Cosgrove, deals with the renovation of the Feith Uaine bothy the 'Tarf Hotel' – a typical story of organisation, transportation, construction and sheer hard work by dedicated volunteers. The provision and upkeep of bothies in the Cairngorms is a matter of increasing debate. It is good to hear that this well-known, but perhaps less-frequented haunt has been the focus of M.B.A. effort. The other, by David Hillebrandt, concerns "Environmentally Friendly Dumping" – a review of the problem of human faeces in mountain areas around the world, including references to the meagre medical literature, the minimum safe but ecologically over-indulgent number of toilet paper sheets per wipe (5), and various horror stories from Everest, Torres del Paine and Cwm Idwal. Dave Minter later provides a commentary in relation to Scottish bothies, around which the problem also exists. The rest of the Journal will, in varied ways, evoke memories or stir the thoughts of all those who have enjoyed these shelters and their ambience.

K.J.T.

### CROSSWORD

Here are the answers to Robin Howie's crossword which was on page 42 of the 1991 Journal, for those who have not yet solved the clues.

**ACROSS** – 1 The, 5 Rip, 6 Conch, 7 Egg, 8 Pal, 10 Boreal, 11 Sad, 13 Arc, 14 Rosebay, 15 Rhu, 16 Sun, 17 Martin, 18 Rum, 19 Beg, 20 Elgol, 21 Tor, 22 Ayr.

**DOWN** – 1 Treasurer, 2 ECG, 3 Union Street, 4 Sheil Bridge, 5 Replays, 9 Lochnagar, 12 Drummer, 19 Bla.

### CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions will be considered for the Journal, although the Editor reserves the right to edit, abridge or omit material submitted for publication. Main articles should be between 1500 and 3000 words in length. It would be particularly appreciated if they could be on computer disk. If submitting black and white photographs it would be helpful if the negatives were available. Transparencies can also be used.



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