

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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THE HAPPY WARRIORS.

"Gone the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the foe,

Gone for ever! Ever? no—for since our dying race began,
Ever, ever, and for ever was the leading light of man."

(*Locksley Hall. Sixty Years After.*)

THE war has taken a heavy toll of our members, thirteen out of a total of sixty* who joined the Forces having, to use the phrase current at the Front, "gone west." The phrase, to our mind, is a happy and expressive one, and specially so to mountaineers. It reminds us of sunset with its lights and gleams, "its golden inlets and cloud ripples," seen from the summit of Ben Nevis, or many another Highland hill: it reminds us of that walk from east to west along the Cruachan ridge, the ever-changing panorama of sky and land and water, ending with a crimson sunset, as we wandered downward and homeward to Taynuilt or Loch Awe at close of day: it reminds us of sunset from one of the Cuillin peaks, with the Outer Hebrides floating on a sea of gold—the golden glories fade away, "the stars come out far over the summer sea," a great quiet, fit emblem of rest from strife, fills the night: with souls awed, but full of contentment and peace, we wend our homeward way.

The sun sets, but is not dead: he has only gone

* If we exclude those who did not go out of Britain the total would be forty-six.

further west to shed his life-giving influence on other lands, on other races. Surely the simile holds good with regard to our comrades: they followed "the path of Duty," they have "gone west," they have found "the way to glory": they have received promotion to a higher sphere of life and action.

"The man remains, and whatsoe'er
He wrought of good or brave
Will mould him thro' the cycle-year
That dawns behind the grave."

(*Tennyson's "Epilogue."*)

Those of our members who had foreseen the struggle and had prepared themselves to take their share therein by joining the Territorials, took up their duties at once; they have almost to a man given their lives for us and their country.

In Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior" we see the character of these our friends:—

"He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;

.
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who . . .

Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :

.
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is the happy warrior ; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Those who had not foreseen the struggle, and were under the age limit, recognising the vital nature of the issues involved, hastened to enlist, the majority as privates, so keen were they, that the delay which often occurred in getting a commission could not be brooked. Some over the age limit would not be denied the honour of fighting for their country, and along with others who had for

various reasons been once or more rejected, forced their way into the Services by one avenue or another.

“ — he needs must fight
To make true peace his own,
He needs must combat might with right,
Or Might would rule alone.”

(“*Epiloguc.*”)

We are proud of the part played by our comrades in the Great Conflict: the qualities they possessed as mountaineers were just those needed by the soldier, and our Roll of Honour tells its own tale as to their success.

At the Club Meets we shall miss their bodily presence, their genial greetings, their company on the hills—for us who knew them there will always be a blank: they have climbed their last hill, they have struggled through the snowstorm, they have breasted the icy slope, they have fought the blizzard and the whirlwind, and now as victors they have emerged “upon the shining table-lands to which our God Himself is moon and sun.”

Their moral influence and example will remain with us till we too “go west” and join them: their devotion to Duty, their love of Country, their determination to see the Right win, will act as an incentive to us, and will animate and cheer us when we are tempted to slacken our efforts or lower our ideals.

F. S. G.

IN MEMORIAM.

1914—1919.

I STAND among the sun-kissed hills,
And watch the white clouds sailing by :
 I hear the laughter of the rills,
 And listen to the lark that fills
 The air with melody.

And now the Westering shadows fall,
The lark drops silent to her nest :
 A gracious peace is over all :
 The very shadows seem to call
 The world to rest.

And still the shadows closer creep,
Dimmed is the pageant of the day :
 God in His tender mercy keep
 The souls of all our loved who sleep
 So far away.

For us they live—who through the night
Have trod the path we might not tread :
 Their feet have touched the utmost height,
 Passing from darkness into light—
 They are not dead.

THOS. FRASER CAMPBELL.

Editor's Note.—The Club are indebted to Mr Colin B. Phillip for designing the panels enclosing both the list of names and the photos.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

TO make a list of those members of the Club who have served their country during the Great War is surely quite a simple matter, and yet when one actually commences the task all kinds of difficulties at once spring up. Shall we include in the list men like our Secretary, Sang, who worked, year in, year out in the manufacture of high explosives, and incidentally gained the Edward Medal whilst so doing? Ought we to omit men like Sir Alex. Kennedy, who served on a number of most important committees, or members who, like Hillhouse, were engaged in the all-important task of designing ships? it will be remembered he escaped death by almost as narrow a margin as is possible. If, however, we include these, why should we not also include the humble volunteer, special constable, canteen or hut worker?—they all did their duty and none can do more.

Shall we limit mention to those who actually went to the Front? But those members of the Forces who stayed in Britain equally obeyed orders. The Editor must make up his mind what system he will adopt, and having explained the difficulties, ask the indulgence of any member who may prefer some other system.

We have decided to put in the list the names of all those who joined His Majesty's Forces.

It is hoped that the list is fairly accurate and complete, but owing to the modesty of some—in certain instances it might more accurately be termed lack of energy—the information is at times scantier than could be wished: unless, however, publication were deferred until the arrival of the Greek Kalends, absolute accuracy in lists like these is unobtainable. In whatever else we differ, we shall all be agreed that the list is an eminently satisfactory one and worthy of the S.M.C.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

The names of those who died are printed in **THICK type** and are marked with a †.

Name.	Branch of Service.	Rank.	How Employed.	Where.
† Air, Chas. A.	2/4th Black Watch	Captain	1914. 1915. France.
† Almond, George H.	R.A.M.C.	Captain	Pathologist at Base and Field Ambulance	1915. France. 1917-18. France.
ARTHUR, DAVID S.	8th Batt. Scottish Rifles	Major	Company Commander, Adjutant, and Second-in-Command	1915-16. Home. 1917-18. France.
† Beckett, Jas. R.	17th H.L.I.	2nd Lieutenant	1914-16. France.
BOYD, WILLIAM	R.A.M.C.	Captain	Field Ambulance	1915- . Ypres, Flanders.
BROWN, R. ARNOLD	Infantry	Captain	Staff Captain at H.Q., 95 Infantry Brigade, from January 1917 to October 1918	1914-17. France. 1918. Italy and France.
BUCHANAN, ERIC P.	7th Royal Scots	Lieutenant	Till May 1916 with Inf. Batt., to Jany. 1918 at Deal, thereafter in charge of legal drafting section of Gun Contracts Br., M. of M.	1915-17. Kinghorn and Deal. 1918. Deal and London.
CAMERON-SWAN, D.	R.N.V.R. and R.A.F.	Captain	Technical, attached Headquarters	1917-18. London.
† Clark, Chas. Inglis	R.A.S.C.	Captain	Motor Transport; manufacture of War supplies; special work for Admiralty; transport in Mesopotamia	1914-16. France and home. 1917-18. Home and Mesopotamia.
COMBER, H. C.	Royal Garrison Artillery	Lieutenant	Siege Battery, latterly attached General Staff, W.O.	1916. Artists Rifles. 1917. France. 1918. War Office.
CORNER, EDRED M.	R.A.M.C. (T.)	Major	For artificial limbs at Roehampton, and the 5th London General Hospital	1915-18. London.
CRAIG, HUGH JAMES	18th (S.) Batt. H.L.I.	Lieutenant	1915- . France.
CRAIG, JAMES	R.N.A.S. and R.A.F.	Major	Design and operation armament of aircraft	1916. Admiralty. 1917. H.Q. Air Board. 1918. H.Q. R.A.F.
CROMBIE, J.	R.A.M.C. (T.)	Captain	1st Scottish General Hospital, Aberdeen	1914-18.
CUMMING, STUART F. M. (M.C.).	R.F.A.	Captain	Commanding V/19 T.M. Batt.: mobile 6" mortars	1915-17. Home. 1918. France.
† Deards, Charles	R.F.C.	Lieutenant	In charge of fixed observation balloons	1916. Britain. 1917-18. France.

DONALD, GEO. R.	4/5th Black Watch (T.F.)	Captain	First Somme Battles: W.O., London, Legal work	1915-16. France. 1917-18. London.
GILLON, STAIR AGNEW	K.O.S.B.	Captain	? France.
GLOVER, GEO. T.	R.E.	Colonel	Chief Mechanical Engineer to the Railways of the British Armies in France	1917-18. G.H.Q., France.
†Goodeve, T. E.	R.E.	Major	Railway management, Palestine	1917-18. Palestine.
GREIG, FRANCIS	R.A.F.	3rd Air Mechanic	Driver	1918. London.
HARRISON, ALEX.	7th Batt. Royal Scots, attached M.G.C.	Major	O.C. M.G.C. in France, Platoon Commander and O.C. Infantry Co. in England	1914-16. Home. 1917-18. France and Italy.
HENDERSON, SIMON B.	R.A.F.	Flight Cadet	Flight Cadet
HOWARD, G. E.	Artists Rifles	Regt. Q.M.S.	Q.M.S.	1914-17. London.
LAMONT, WM.	R.F.A. (T.R.)	Lieut.-Colonel	Raising, training, &c., O.C. Depot 4th Lowland Brigade, R.F.A.; O.C. 2/4 Lowland Brigade, R.F.A.; O.C. 159 Brigade, R.F.A. (New Armies); O.C. 2/3 Suffolk (F.A.) Brigade, R.F.A., Special Staff Duties in France	1914-16. Britain. 1917-18. France.
LAWSON, G. MURRAY	Infantry	Private	13th Batt. Royal Fusiliers	1916-17. France.
LEVACK, JOHN R.	R.A.M.C.	Major	1st Scottish General Hospital, O.C. X-ray and Electrical Departments	1914-18. Aberdeen.
LOW, R. STUART	Croix Rouge Française	Ambulance Driver, Scottish Convoy	1916-18. France.
†Macalister, Wm. G.	5th Scottish Rifles	Major	1914-16. France.
M'COSS, JAMES	R.G.A.	Corporal	In the Field	1916. Britain. 1917-18. Belgium: France.
†Macdonald, Ronald	1/4 Cameron Highlanders	Major	1914-15. France.
†M'Jannet, Wm. R.	Seaforth Highlanders	Captain	1914-15. Britain. 1916. France.
M'LAREN, ALASTAIR C.	8th A. & S. Highlanders	Captain	With 51st Division first Battle of Somme, Battles of Ancre and Arras	1914-15. Britain and France. 1916-17. France. 1917-18. France: Hospital.
MACROBERT, HARRY	Infantry, I.L.I.	Captain	Regimentally, Intelligence and Staff	1914. Home. 1915-18. France.
MACROBERT, JOHN	1/6th A. & S. Highlanders	Captain		1914. Home. 1915. France. 1916-18. Home.

ROLL OF HONOUR—*contd.*

Name.	Branch of Service.	Rank.	How Employed.	Where.
† Marshall, Allan G. MENZIES, DOUGLAS H.	17th H.L.I. - - - Lovat Scouts Yeomanry and 10th Batt. (Lovat Scouts) Cameron High- landers	Captain - - Trooper and Private In England training, and coast defence; Dardan- elles in trenches; in upper Egypt and Libyan Desert, against Senussi; Macedonia in trenches, outpost work and mounted patrols; in France as observer of enemy movements and for artillery	1914-17. France. 1914. England. 1915. Dardanelles. 1916. Upper Egypt and Salonika. 1917-18. Salonika: France.
MILLER, J. BRUCE	R.E. - - -	Captain -	O.C. Army Troops Company, R.E. - - -	1915-17. France. 1918. France & Belgium. 1917-18. Midlothian.
MORRISON, W. A. (Edward Medal, 1st Class)	R.N.V.R. and R.A.F. Class	Captain -	Technical Bomb Experimental and Output Officer	1917-18. Midlothian.
REID, ALEX. K. (M.C.)	9th H.L.I. - - -	Captain - -
ROBERTSON, EUAN B.	R.A.S.C. - - -	Captain - -	Commissariat Departments, Home and France	1917. France. 1918. Germany. 1915-16. France. 1915-17. Home. 1918. France, 2 months. 1915-18. Britain. 1915-18. Britain.
† Rorie, Thos. H. B.	4th Black Watch (T.F.)	Captain - -		
RUSSELL, A. W.	A. & S. Highlanders	Captain - -		
RUSSELL, R. R.	Infantry - - -	Lieutenant - -	Regimental Brigade duties - - - -	1915-18. Britain.
SCOONES, PAUL	Royal Defence Corps	Lieutenant -	Guard duties - - - -	1915-18. Britain.
SHADBOLT, L. G.	R.N.V.R. - - -	Lieutenant -	Chiefly on shore with Royal Naval Division as an Infantry Officer in 1915; at M. of M. as Supply Officer for grenades, bombs, filling of chemical shells, &c., Admiralty Mines Section	1914. Britain. 1915. Egypt: Gallipoli. 1916-17. M. of M. 1918. Admiralty.
STEWART, HUGH (D.S.O. and bar, Croix de Guerre)	N.Z. Infantry - - -	Colonel - -	As 1st Lieut., Captain, and Major, Egypt and Gallipoli; then Lieut.-Colonel in command of 2nd Canterbury Infantry Regiment, N.Z.F.; after November 1918 appointed Director of Education for N.Z.F.	1914. Egypt. 1915. Gallipoli. 1916-18. France.
THOMSON, JAS. C.	15th (S.) Batt. H.L.I.	Captain -	1914. Home. 1915-17. France & Belgium. 1918. Belgium: Home.
TYNDALE, H. E. G.	King's Royal Rifles	Lieutenant - -		1915. Gallipoli. 1916-18. Home.

UNNA, P. J. H. -	R.N.V.R. -	Lieut.-Commander	Auxiliary Patrol - - -	1914-15. Leith & Sheerness. 1916. Egypt and Bristol Channel. 1917-18. Bristol Channel.
†Walker, Harry (C.M.G.)	4th Black Watch - -	Lieut.-Colonel	1914. Britain. 1915. France.
WATSON, H. M. D.	Infantry and General List	Lieutenant -	Training, Instructing, Service with Batt. in France; Staff-Lieut., G.H.Q. Troops. Accounting at W.O.	1915-17. Britain. 1918. France and Britain.
WATSON, ROBERT	R.A.S.C. -	Lieutenant -
WAVELL, A. G.	...	Major-General in Reserve
†White, Alex. -	5th Royal Scots	Major - -	1914. Britain. 1915. Dardanelles.
WILSON, A. R. -	R.A.M.C. (T.F.) - -	Lieut.-Colonel	Commanding 1st/3rd Welsh Field Ambulance; President, Recruiting Board (Medical), 23rd Area; President, No. 4 Travelling Board (Medical), Western Command; Officers' Board, Prisoners of War Reception Camp, Ripon	1914. England. 1915. England and Gallipoli. 1916-18. England.
WOODHEAD, G. S. (O.B.E.)	R.A.M.C. and A.M.S. (T.F.)	Lieut.-Colonel and Brevet-Colonel	Sanitary Service and Inspection, Eastern Command, 13 months; M.O. i/c Irish Command Depot, Tipperary, 1 year 10 months; Adviser in Pathology to W.O. 3 months; Inspector of Laboratories in Military Hospitals, U.K., September 1917 to date
WORDIE, J. M. -	R.F.A. (T.F.), 4th Low-land Brigade	Lieutenant -	Attached "D" Batt., 11th Brigade, Army Field Artillery	Shackleton's Expedition. 1917-18. France.
WORKMAN, R. E.	R.A.S.C. -	Captain -	In 14th Royal Irish Rifles up to November 1915; Siege Park attached to Australian Corps, Heavy Artillery	1914-15. Ireland. 1916-18. France.
YOUNG, J. R. -	R.A.S.C.	Lieutenant -	Secretary, and later Commandant to British Field Hospital, attached Belgian Army; obtained Commission and attached Tanks, B.E.F.; 36th Divisional S.C., 1917; and 36th Divisional M.T. Company, 1918.	1915. Belgium. 1916. Home and France. 1917-18. France.

A FORTNIGHT IN SKYE.

BY D. R. PYE.

A VISIT to Skye had long been my ambition, but one which had been put aside as unattainable under war conditions. And then a chance meeting at dinner led to an invitation to hear a paper on the Island by Dr Norman Collie at the Alpine Club in March. That paper was an inspiration. It made one realise, too, what an inspiration for years the place had been to Dr Collie.

My slumbering ambition was fanned into a passion, and I was astonished to find, as a result of determined inquiries, that it was quite possible to reach Sligachan in twenty-four hours, provided the weather was good and one started on the right day of the week!

For the two previous summers I had had the worst of luck with the weather: first at Wastdale, and then in Arran we had arrived literally *with* the rain after a long spell of fine weather; nor was Skye by all accounts a hopeful place to make for if one wished to break the evil spell. It had been very wet in London for a fortnight or more, and was still raining hard when L. G. Shadbolt and myself left Euston on the evening of 25th July 1918. Next morning found us at Inverness, the morning brilliant and a touch of east in the wind. Everything looked promising, and our spirits rose higher and higher as we travelled westwards, for the last twelve miles or more skirting the very beach of Loch Carron, shining and studded with small islands under a faint blue haze. A single heavy thunder-shower as we embarked that day at Kyle of Lochalsh was the only break in eight days of perfect weather.

G. H. L. Mallory and his wife had joined us at Inverness, and of our party of four only Shadbolt had been to Skye before. It was really wonderful how Providence stage-managed our introduction to the Cuillin during the first two days, spent on Sgurr nan Gilleann and Sgurr a' Mhadaidh respectively. They were none of the blazing, cloudless days, when one glances up from

under a sun-hat to see new peaks appearing inch by inch. Our first climb, up the Sligachan gully and then along the Pinnacle ridge, was in a light mist which every now and then would swirl away and reveal, here a peak and there a deep corrie, but only for a moment, so that one could not link up these visions of new worlds or prepare for the final raising of the curtain. It was not till the moment of reaching the very top that the whole range of the Cuillin lay suddenly revealed.

The breeze was from the north, and Sgurr nan Gillean was damming back the assaulting clouds which swirled about his northern slopes, like waves against a break-water. It was these clouds we had been climbing through. When we reached the top the ridge was just, as it were, awash. Here and there a cloud would get past the defence and drift about among the peaks and valleys to the south. There, too, was the sea, washing almost up to the feet of the crags: never so clearly as when looking down from these hills had one felt

“ . . . The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.”

I think it is this nearness of the sea which gives to the Cuillin a peculiar magic and grandeur; a quality of superb simplicity, unique among mountains; like monarchs who have dispensed with their courtiers, the foothills, and rule supreme, aloof and awe-inspiring.

As we turned for the descent of the west ridge and the traverse of the Bhasteir Tooth, the mist was still thick on the northern slopes immediately below. With a clear sun above and behind, no incantations were needed to call up the Brocken spectres. We exchanged greetings with the weird figures stalking on the mist, their heads each encircled by a complete *double* rainbow about 15 feet across: a halo any saint might have envied.

It was our intention next day to seek out a climb made by Archer Thomson and Shadbolt up the north face of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh in 1911, which Shadbolt thought had not often been repeated. An examination of the face from Corrie Tairneilear showed only one point at the foot,

about midway between the Deep Gash and the Slanting gully, at which a start could be made.

From this point the climb of 1911 had borne straight up, keeping slightly to the left, but it seemed that if only the overhang which blocks the way quite low down on the right could be surmounted, thereafter a fine route might go straight up the middle of the face. We started without any deliberate intention of finding a new route,



The North Face of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh.

but there was some uncertainty about the start, of the earlier climb, and while casting about, our attention was caught by a conspicuous fault, of the familiar basalt type, sloping up and to the right. It skirted round the overhang, and promised to be the solution we had looked for from below. A start was made along it, and the line was found to afford a delightful traverse, of the crouching type, for 150 feet or so; although nowhere very difficult, there is one point about 50 feet from the start which needs especial care, and so far as I recollect it is not till

one comes to a curious little archway, half-way along, that there is any belay.

From the end of the traverse the way lies, generally speaking, straight up the face, and has the merit of being, I think, the only possible route. Not far above the end of the traverse there is a large terrace from which the rest of the climb can be conveniently examined. Sundry deviations to right or left must, of course, be made, notably one to the left, to the foot of a curving black chimney, clearly seen from the terrace mentioned. The entry into the chimney is difficult, but not severe. Although there are perhaps only three moves on the climb which might be called difficult, the angle of the cliff is almost everywhere very steep, and careful climbing is essential. Of good belays there are few.

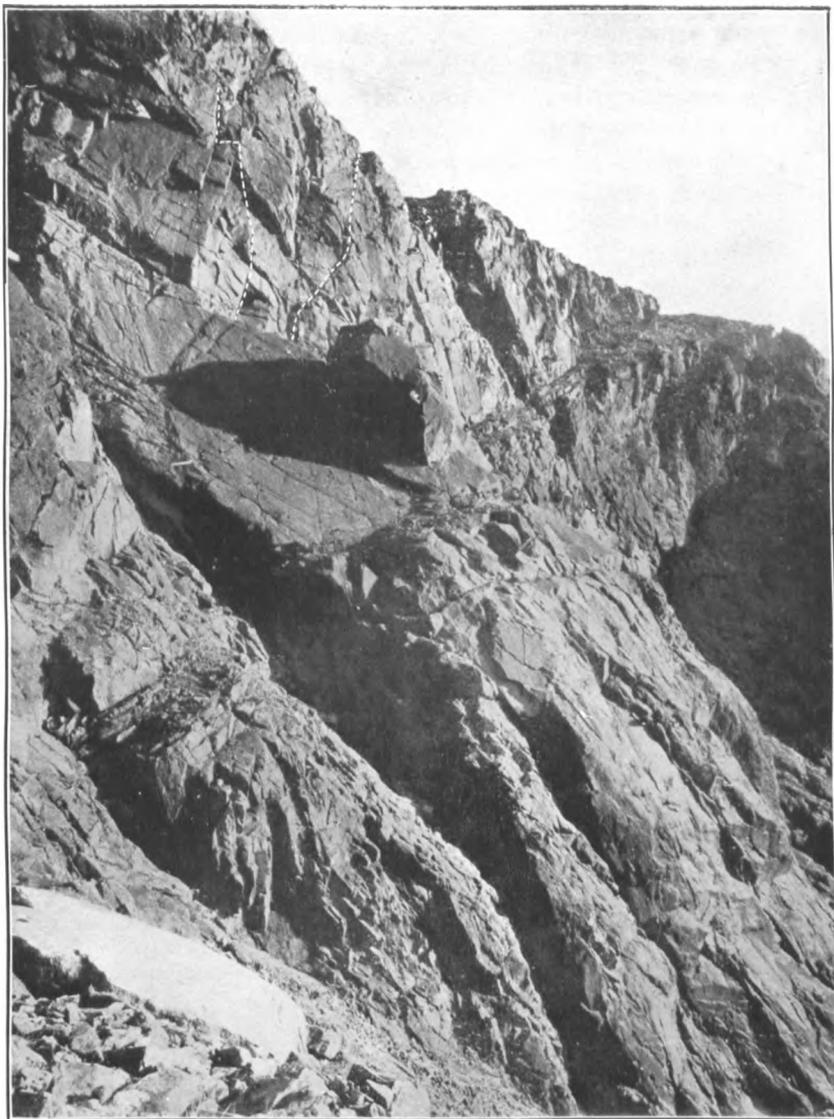
Easy scrambling leads from the top of the climb to the most westerly of the four summits of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh, surely one of the finest points of all from which to see the whole of the Cuillin. On Sgurr nan Gillean the day before we had been at one end of the huge horseshoe of the hills, and the glorious glen of Loch Coruisk had been hidden from us by the ridge of Druim nan Ramh. To-day it lay stretched at our feet, 3,000 feet below. There was a new wonder, too, to-day in the colour of the cliffs. As the clouds lifted for our arrival, some quality of the atmosphere made the whole range to our right appear a luminous blue, which must be seen to be believed, a deep glowing blue, soft and yet brilliant. Just below us, in the foreground of the picture, the sun caught a jutting green spur with a single pool of water reflecting the blue of the sky, a jewel of lapis lazuli set in malakite.

The weather on these first two days having played the part of showman, and introduced us to the Cuillin at their best, now left us to our own affairs upon the rocks, simply providing a week of days each hotter than the last. The first of these saw us over to Glen Brittle, crossing the ridge of Druim nan Ramh under a blazing sun, a perspiring struggle and an equally hot descent, quickly forgotten, however, in the enchanted ease of a lunch by the stream on the shore of Coruisk.

The climb up the face of Sgurr Coire an Lochain is worth the five hours' walk to its foot; so we decided at least on the climb: it is true there had been misgivings earlier in the day. There are several really difficult pitches, and towards the top some of the most delightful slab climbing I know, varied by sensational ledge walking and some elegant chimneys. From the top one easily reaches the deeply cut col between Sgurr Alasdair and Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. Very welcome was the clear view from here down over Coire Lagan to Glen Brittle, and supper. Only the sight of the sea below could have kept us out of Loch Lagan, with its dark blue-green centre, looking fathoms deep, surrounded by a border of the palest and freshest green. We raced down, and not knowing where to find the post office and our hostess, Mrs Chisholm, made for the sea, all thoughts concentrated on the bathe to come. The sea proved to be shallow, but nothing could spoil the first dip of the year into salt water. It was the crowning moment of the day.

Let me here pay a tribute to the hospitality of Mrs Chisholm. She was indefatigable, and no more delightful place to stay could be found than at her spotlessly clean cottage, placed as it is right down by the sea, and handy for the early morning bathe. Next morning before breakfast the tide was out, so we explored up the stream and bathed in a deep, clear pool by the side of a pebbly beach. As we lay afterwards on the bank, revelling in the warm peacefulness of the valley, it seemed fantastic to speak of that stream turned to a raging demon, battering at the bridge with great blocks of ice, and tearing it bodily away, as had in fact happened last winter. We had been surprised the night before at finding no bridge, and this morning had crossed by the only one which now served to connect the two sides of the valley, a perilous affair of three spans, and no more than a single plank's width, in places six feet or more above the water.

The next day was spent in a lazy ascent of the Cioch and much sun-basking on the top—at least on my own part, for my companions put me to shame by their energy. Mallory led Shadbolt up what we thought at the time



THE CIOCH--SRON NA CICHE

J. H. Buchanan.

was a new climb on the buttress behind the Cioch: a climb running straight up the face from the start of Mr Archer Thomson's route, which traverses up to the right. Although there is no mention of the climb in the Sligachan book, a cairn was found at the top. At any rate, new or old, I have their word for it that it is a fine little climb, and certainly, considered as an entertainment for the spectator on the Cioch, it is ideal. The upper part of the climb is shown dotted in the next photograph, Plate A, with the traverse climb to the right for comparison. The photograph, however, is taken from too far away to be of much help except to one who knows the place.

Some time was spent in prospecting, for there was clearly exploration to be done. From the top of the face climb Mallory inspected from above the crack which curves up the centre of the buttress behind the Cioch, so conspicuous and formidable from the Corrie below. The crack can be seen, but not very well, to the right of the Cioch, in the photograph of the face of Sron na Ciche. He reported that it seemed extremely stiff; the final pull over the chock-stone looked as if it would involve a sheer arm pull with no help from below; when exhausted, moreover, by the struggle up the last 20 feet of crack. It was to the magnificent face of Sron na Ciche, however, that our eyes were chiefly turned. There seemed to have been only two routes made really *up* the face, and both these started at a point on the groove, sloping up from right to left, well above the screes, which appears halfway up the right-hand edge of Plate B. Might not a way be found, climbing straight up from the screes to the summit ridge? We decided to try the next day, starting at a point towards the left or N.E. end of the cliff. Above this there is a fine stretch of water-worn slabs extending up to the final overhang, well shown in the photograph, taken from in front. The slabs looked forbidding, but were here and there sufficiently broken up to encourage an attempt upon them; and as for the overhang, well, there were possible-looking corners to get round, and if we were turned back it would be some satisfaction even to have got so far.

The next day we started early, for we aimed at being back by three o'clock, in order to walk over the pass to Sligachan and meet some new arrivals. The start was made from the screes, up a steep crack immediately to the right of an overhang, and thence up over slabs till the central gully was reached. (See Plate B.) It is always hard for an exploring party to estimate the difficulty of a new route. So far this certainly seemed to us the most difficult climbing we had met in Skye; the slabs afforded the very minimum of holds, and in wet or cold weather would very likely not go at all.

We had hoped to be able to salute the central gully and pass on, straight up the slabs above. A short distance up the gully the slabs on the right looked possible, and a start was made. Progress was slow, for the place turned out to be of the kind, not uncommon on water-worn slabs, where difficulties do not appear except on close acquaintance. More than once we two below called out to Mallory that "surely it would go up there," and always the answer came that there were no holds, or that they sloped the wrong way, and unless one could be certain of immediate security ahead, a further move was not justifiable. After attempts in three separate places, we were forced to retire baffled to the gully, although we had climbed 50 feet or more, and another 20, it seemed, would have landed us above the immediate difficulties of the place.

In the end it was necessary to break the direct line up from the screes by an ascent of the central gully for some 80 feet or more, until a crack offered a way of breaking out on the right and continuing straight up the cliff. The way at first was not difficult, but, as in the first section of the climb, one was led on to more severities. It is, indeed, or seemed to us to be, a characteristic of the climb that ever as one looked for relaxation ahead one was deceived, and that the standard of climbing was remarkably well maintained throughout. The most difficult stretch will probably be found to be that which starts, after an ascent of 60 feet or so from the central gully, with a traverse away to the right to a very exposed corner. From here it



J. H. Buchanan.

SGURR SGUMAIN AND SRON NA CICHE FROM COIRE LAGAN.

PLATE B.]

appears as if a single difficult move will land one into a groove at a very moderate angle, giving time for rest and comfortable meditation. The groove proves a fraud, however. There is little rest for body or mind, and straight ahead that inviting groove becomes a mere holdless slab. One is forced to move out to the right over rounded slabs, and then back again higher up at a point where the groove is really more accommodating. The crab-like movement over the slabs on the right of the groove is probably the most difficult on the climb; it is done on the absolute minimum of holds, and the position is, for the leader, precarious. He is at the end of a seventy-foot lead, and out of sight of his second man. It is doubtful whether the second man could usefully move from the belay to back him up.

There are still difficulties in the rocks above, but they are comparatively safe ones. After a further 30 feet or so, a fine rock shelf at the foot of the final overhang makes an excellent place for lunch, with opportunities for the evilly-disposed to play on the feelings of his companions, just arrived from the pitches below, and looking for an easy finish. The place is sufficiently forbidding: everywhere are the steepest of walls for 15 or 20 feet, which, without an actual trial, offer no hint of the step round a sharp corner on the right, which is the true escape. This step our leader had discovered before we arrived, but had kept to himself in order to enjoy our anxious speculations during lunch on the possibilities of advance or retreat. The next stretch of climbing is easy but delightful, and here again the climb reserves a stiff 10 feet to crown the pitch. The rocks are steep, with a magnificent overhanging wall on the right, and a fine view down to the corrie below.

From the cairn at the top of the climb proper a way may be taken either up the arête, or otherwise the gully on the left affords continuous easy climbing until the summit is reached. We had been more than six hours on the climb, and it was now past three o'clock, the hour when we should have been back for tea at Glen Brittle. That slope from Coire Lagan to Glen Brittle always

seemed, oddly enough, longer to descend than to walk up: a laudable quality in a grass slope except on a blazing afternoon like this, and in the face of the devastating knowledge that we must needs start off batheless for Sligachan if we were to keep our tryst on the col with Mrs Mallory and with the new arrivals on the far side. However, we swallowed down our yearning for a bathe with Mrs Chisholm's tea, and were on foot up the valley by a quarter to five. An hour and three quarters' steady but not hard walking took us to the col in good time for a glorious bathe in the Red Burn on the way down. As a glorious bathe it lives in the memory, and indeed the bathe itself was beyond words. But the midges! They were beyond words too. This was the first day that they seemed really to have come out in their millions. Grim tales are told of the man who went out defiantly with his tent to spend a night on the hillside, only to return next day a nervous wreck, gibbering, and tearing wildly at his face and head. Well could one believe it. It was scarcely possible to cope with these fiends for five seconds at a time; the only chance was to remain almost continuously under water, or run about at full speed: both of them methods of self-protection of limited usefulness.

Our next day was comparatively short and was spent in climbing the Waterpipe gully. Mallory had left that morning, but we were still three on the rope for the most part, as G. Bartrum had arrived to take Mallory's place.

Even after six days without rain the gully was well worthy of its name, for it was impossible to climb it direct without getting soaked at least twice. From every point of view it is a climb on which to be the leader. Not only was there a great deal of unsound rock in the long wet pitch, which had to be treated with the greatest possible care and often hurled down over the apprehensive heads of those below, but also, whereas it was their part to stand in the damp shadow and wait for the rocks to fall, the leader at the top of each wet pitch found himself suddenly emerged from the wet and slime into a blaze of sheltered sunlight. Here I removed almost all my

clothes, and spread them out to dry while sitting naked and contented on the hot rocks, listening to the plaintive curses of the others, getting steadily wetter as they came up.

Estimates of difficulty are notoriously personal and unsatisfactory, but it may not be out of place here to record my very emphatic difference of opinion from those expressed by Mr Abraham in his book, "Rock Climbing in Skye." Although not technically so difficult as some of the climbs we did, of which I should say Mallory's climb on Sron na Ciche described above and the "Crack of Doom" (of which more anon) were the most severe, yet I consider that to climb the Waterpipe gully throughout without assistance calls for skill and judgment out of all proportion greater than is required for the southern crack on the Inaccessible Pinnacle, the direct climb up the Cioch from the Coire, or the face of the third pinnacle of Sgurr nan Gillean. Although no movement is perhaps very severe, extreme care is necessary on the two long pitches on account of loose rock, and this in positions where there is no chance of help from the second man and where one is very much tempted to hurry by the waterfall which soaks one more thoroughly every minute.

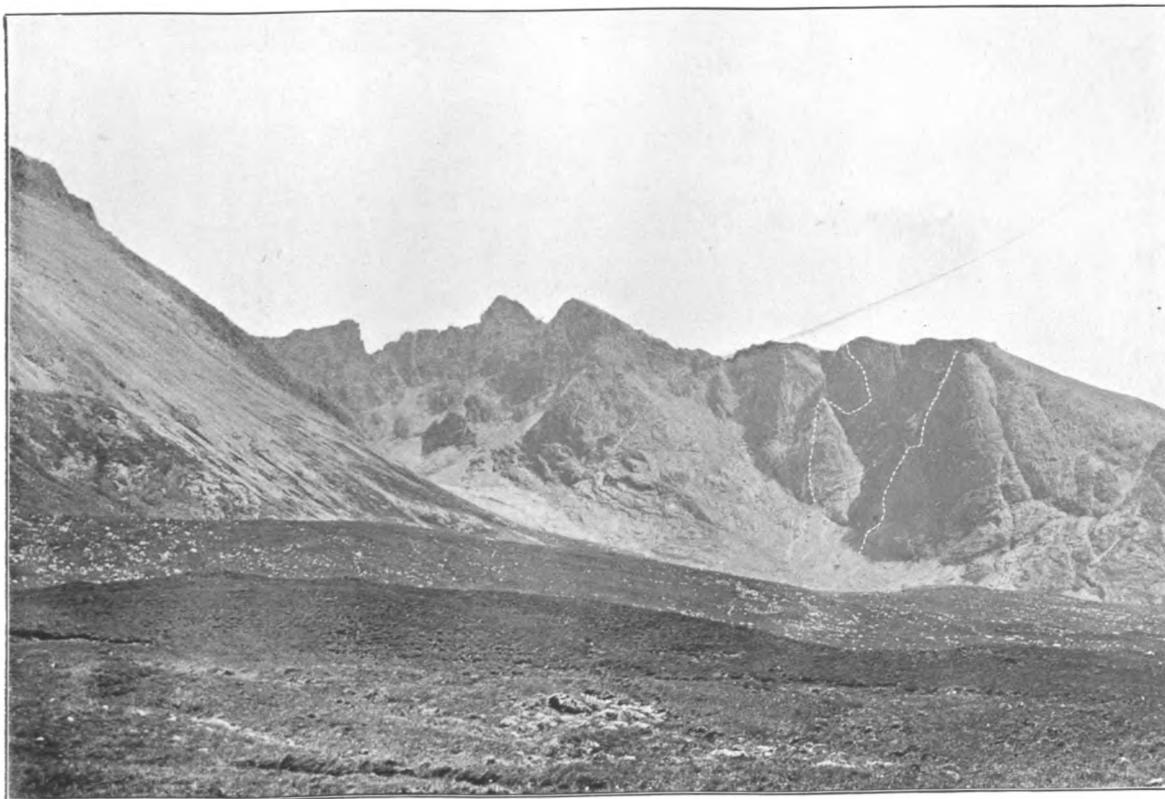
The Inaccessible Pinnacle we climbed next day, after a delightful ascent of the Slanting gully, and a traverse of the ridge from Sgurr a' Mhadaidh to Sgurr Dearg. We thought it as fine a piece of straightforward rock-climbing as could be found anywhere. It calls for absolute steadiness throughout the leader's nearly vertical run out of 80 feet, for a slip could hardly fail to prove fatal. Straightforward, however, it is, for the rock is splendidly sound, the holds are adequate, and immediately after each of the two really delicate movements there is a comfortable stance in which to take a contemplative pinch of snuff and survey one's surroundings. I do not mean to suggest that it is by any means a climb to take lightly, and it is not a climb which should be done, as we did it, at the end of a long day; for then one's steadiness, which is essential, is probably at its worst. We were fortunate in having warm, dry rocks; in fact our only inconvenience was from

a low western sun which shone straight into our eyes. The third pinnacle we did under the wettest possible conditions. This too, though very short, is a delightful climb, but not one which should ever be dangerous for a competent party. The movement out of the cave is very elegant if done without assistance, but a slip would not be very serious with the second man so near; probably the latter would fare the worse of the two!

From the Inaccessible Pinnacle we dropped down for our second visit to Glen Brittle after the eighth successive day of perfect weather. There were two climbs on this side which we had in mind more particularly to try: the direct ascent of the Cioch from the Corrie, and the so-called "Crack of Doom." The latter is the curving crack which runs up the centre of the upper buttress behind the Cioch: the crack which Mallory had examined from above on a former visit. Its position can be seen in Plates B and C. If it would go it would make a fine continuation of the direct climb up the Cioch, for there seemed little doubt that the foot of it could be reached by an easy traverse from the back of the Cioch itself.

With this plan in mind we started out next day. The clouds had come in the night, however, and very soon a steady downpour set in which made us content ourselves with following throughout the sloping crack which runs up the face of Sron na Ciche to the left, nearly parallel to and above the central gully. It is the crack from which the two first face climbs start, at or near the point where another crack forms with it a conspicuous V. We had suspected on our previous visit that this would lead up to the place where we had lunched on Mallory's climb, but had found no records of its having been followed, or cairns by the way. It made a very jolly safe climb for a wet day, and, as we suspected, landed us just beyond our previous luncheon place and at the foot of the penultimate pitch of that climb. The upper part of the route is shown in Plate B. We afterwards found a record at Sligachan that the route had been explored by a previous party.

After a day of lazing and fishing at Glen Brittle we again started up for Coire Lagan and the direct route



June 1908.

SGURR ALASDAIR AND SRON NA CICHE.

A. Gibson, Esq.

PLATE C.]

up the Cioch. It was in a very humble frame of mind that we approached the climb, after reading an account of the first ascent; so that we hardly dared to plan an attack up the Crack of Doom to follow, more especially as our day's plan included a return to Sligachan, crossing Coruisk after a traverse of Sgurr Alasdair and the Tearlach-Dubh gap.

Meeting the climb, as we did, under the best possible conditions, its distinguished position at the very end of Mr Abraham's list certainly seemed to exaggerate the difficulties. Unquestionably it is a fine climb, delightfully varied, and on sound rock throughout, but it is a pity so much of the height is made by little more than scrambling. There seemed to us to be two really difficult pitches, the first up a chimney on the right of a vertical tower, the second the famous Cracks pitch. At the latter, by the way, we avoided the sensational swing across from the right to the left hand one described by Mr Abraham by climbing the right-hand one throughout. At no point did we find it necessary to offer a shoulder. The whole climb took an hour and a quarter for a party of two.

After this unexpectedly quick arrival our thoughts turned at once to the Crack of Doom. This was going to be our last chance of trying it. But then it was clearly going to be a stiff struggle, even if we could get up at all, and there on the top of the mountain was Bartrum, who had walked up, already waving to us. We decided to risk his wrath. After all, he could ask for few better places than the top of Sron na Ciche for a midday snooze, with Loch Scavaig below him, blue sea and blue islands away to the south and west.

The traverse round from the Cioch gully was not as troublesome as we had expected, and in five minutes we were scrambling up the introductory gully below the crack. The rock soon became wet, but was splendidly sound, and we both warmed to the work as the clean curving crack reared itself above our heads. A bend to the right marked the beginning of the crack proper. I am not certain at what point a crack may be said to become a chimney; perhaps the latter describes the cleft better, for during

this lower part there was room to get well inside, and one felt perfectly safe. I felt certain these lower pitches would go; they looked as if one could in time have wriggled up them, even without holds, but then there was that forbidding looking stretch at the top, black and greasy and apparently holdless; it was necessary to keep a big reserve of energy for that.

It was a climb which gave one every encouragement. There is a chock-stone about half-way, and one felt that at least one could reach that and have a rest. When that was reached it was clear one might get a comfortable stance not many feet higher; at least one might get to *that* before giving up! When the stance is reached, although there is no belay, the leader is perfectly safe, with his back against the left wall (looking up), and comfortable rests for his feet. Resting here, he can bring up his second to the top of the first chock-stone, now about 12 feet below, and recover himself for the final pitch which starts immediately above him. The top of the first chock-stone gives ample standing room, and it is probably best for the second man to stay here until the leader is up the difficult pitch. If the latter needed help his second might come up to the stance which he himself has just left, but I doubt if much help could be offered.

Up to this point we had climbed either facing outwards or else facing the right wall, and when viewed from below one might expect from the lie of the rock that the top pitch would be best tackled that way also. After a preliminary experiment, however, it was clear that the other way was right. There are no holds at all on the right wall, which here becomes black and slimy. The left wall is dry, and it is possible to find just sufficient hold on it to raise oneself steadily and positively by the feet, with no wriggling. It will be interesting to learn how the pitch strikes other parties, and oneself on a second acquaintance. My present impression on looking back is that holds for hands and feet are excessively small, but that if they are used to the best advantage the place is not really very difficult; on the other hand, a failure to make the best use of what holds there are, and any resort to

wriggling tactics might leave one very soon exhausted, and with little chance of winning through.

The whole climb is no more than 100 or perhaps 150 feet, but I think all will agree as to its quality. Its value is immensely enhanced, too, by the fact that it follows on so conveniently as a continuation of the direct climb up the Cioch.

It is a great pity the return from this group of cliffs to Sligachan is such a fearsome undertaking. Elated as we were with victory over the crack, it seemed an easy thing as we sat at lunch to traverse the ridge to the Tearlach-Dubh gap, then drop down Coir' an Lochain to Coruisk, and so over the next ridge to Glen Sligachan. We lunched soon after two o'clock, and it was a very weary trio that stumbled down to the Coruisk stream for tea at five-thirty. It is not a descent to be recommended, though it may be there is no better one. It was blazing hot; the ridge of Druim nan Ramh seemed to get steeper as one looked at it till it was almost impending; the midges were out for blood in their millions; and to crown all we had sadly under-estimated our proper consumption of Mrs Chisholm's bannock. Butter there was, and bloater paste, but it was bulk we wanted, not mouthfuls to tickle the jaded palate of an epicure. The recollection of the morning's climb was still a kind of dull satisfaction at the back of one's mind, but all elation had long since evaporated, and it was with mere heavy-footed, dogged determination that we started for the struggle up the ridge. Over that, and over the midges at the top, and over the 6 miles of plodding down the valley to Sligachan, let a veil be drawn. Life returned only with a hot bath and those bottles of a superlative hock which we found, and I fear nearly finished, at Sligachan Hotel.

The next day Skye came out in colours new to us, though not to older inhabitants. It poured incessantly the whole day with driving sheets of rain.

Since our first day on the island we had not visited Sgurr nan Gillean. There were many things I had hoped to try there before we left, so that after two idle days we decided to start out thither on our last day whatever the

weather should be. The walk up to the pinnacle ridge was through clouds and rain showers, but it was a day full of promise for all that: a kindly day, giving an encouraging peep at one's peak just as spirits began to flag. Having plodded to the base of the third pinnacle in mist and rain, Coire a' Bhasteir, from being a blank wall of grey mist, became suddenly a boiling cauldron of separate clouds, breaking up and joining hands and finally blowing quite away and leaving the pinnacles black and wet and shining above us. We had time to examine our climb and to locate the famous cave before the mist shut down again and the rain returned. It is a pity the climb is so short; the cave pitch is certainly a very pretty problem and the slab below is à good piece of climbing, but these two pitches between them can scarcely be said to amount to an "exceptionally severe" climb.

Having climbed through the mist and up to the sun for lunch, we lay luxuriously steaming on the warm slabs. It had scarcely rained up here, to judge by the condition of the rocks; the warmth and light were delicious after the damp semi-darkness below. There were still three climbs in these parts whose acquaintance we hoped to make before leaving Skye: the Forked Chimney, the Deep Chimney, and most of all the Nick Gully. After some prospecting in the mist we struck the top of the Forked Chimney and descended by it, opinions differing according to bulk as to whether the best route lay inside or outside its many chock-stones. The ingenuities of the Deep Chimney proved very well worth a visit, and by five-thirty we were again on the top, just at the start of the Western ridge. We arrived just in time to see the final defeat of the mist. Sgurr Dearg and Sgurr Alasdair appeared, at first as black pinnacles immovable amidst a welter of white cloud, then broadening more and more until the blue cliffs at their base, and the sea, came out, all flecked with the moving shadows of clouds.

There can surely be no place in the world which provides two such surprising finishes within a few feet of one another as the Bhasteir Tooth! The mole-like wriggle out from the North Climb we had made on our

first day; that would have been sufficiently hard to find from above, but the chance of a newcomer finding the upper entrance to the Nick Gully must be negligible. Two of our party knew the place well, and even so we must have spent half an hour or more on the search. One began to think that the gloomy prognostications in the Sligachan climbers' book, on the chances of a lingering death in the last tunnel of the North Climb, might have come true here. It really seemed as if a fall of stones must have filled up the opening. When Shadbolt finally pointed to an absurd little opening between a stone and the main rock wall about 10 inches wide and told me to get on down it, I was utterly incredulous. There was not a glimmer of light from below and the place looked like a casual little pocket 2 or 3 feet deep. However, one's legs went exploring about and found nothing there, for the exit is, as it were, the chimney pot on the top of a chimney of very noble proportions. It was tight work getting down through the pincers at the top, but after the first squeeze was past, the difficulty, such as it was, was all the other way. One's legs drifted about like the tentacles of a sea-anemone, feeling for some solid ledge in the darkness. There must have been 30 feet or more of this Stygian descent with not a glimmer of light from below. At length one emerged into a low passage at the back of a dimly lighted cave. I called to the others what fun it was and told them to come along. Meanwhile I lighted a cigarette and sat down to enjoy the plaintive grunts and curses that came down out of the darkness above. But if the chimney-pot had been a tight fit for me, it was totally impossible for Bartrum. Several times he got half down, only to find himself jammed in the pincers. It was no help at all to be told that the place widened immediately below, or to have the third man all but sitting on his head and pushing him down as one does a Jack-in-the-box. There is a limit to the compressibility of ribs, and this was beyond it.

I had carelessly examined the pitch below the cave and called up that I would go on alone while the other

two went round another way. I was paid out for my rashness, however, for that lower pitch defeated me altogether and I had ignominiously to wait until Shadbolt came round to the foot and threw up a rope. The way which at first sight looks possible, to the right of the chock-stone (looking up) is a snare. It does not develop as it promises to do, but instead becomes greasy and holdless, so that after moving several times up and down the first 6 feet or so, and examining the place after a variety of contortions, I decided that patience was the right tactic. It was lucky I did, for when Shadbolt came I learnt that the true way lies down the other side of the chock-stone, on holds quite invisible from above, so that the place looks impossible and would be unjustifiable to explore without a rope or previous experience.

So finished our last day, with four good climbs and a bathe on the way down. It did not make one any more content with leaving that wonderful land to be told that we had seen more of the Cuillin in our fourteen days than the ordinary chances of weather might have allowed in fourteen weeks. It seemed a wicked waste to fritter away one's hard-earned fitness in a London office.

Our condition stood us in good stead, however, next morning when the car broke down at the head of Loch Ainort, 7 miles from Broadford. For an hour we tinkered with the thing, a forlorn group amid those unsympathetic surroundings. Perhaps Nature disapproves of motors among those hills. If so she was getting her own back now and did not hesitate to show that she knew it. Just as our last hope of coaxing the machine into action was fading away an inquisitive hare came lolling up the road to within 10 yards, wagged a contemptuous ear at us, and made off lazily to his better business on the hillside.

Soon it was decided that all question of running on the low gear was over for the day. It was top gear or nothing. We had now missed the boat at Broadford, for it was past nine o'clock, and we were faced with missing the train (the only one for two days) at Kyle of Lochalsh.

Things were beginning to look desperate, so we put

our two shoulders to the back of that infernal car, and for an aggregate distance of a mile or so we shoved for all we knew, as though it were an everlasting rigger scrum. It was a far more exhausting business than any of our struggles on the Cuillin that fighting for every inch of ground as the car crawled slowly up the hills, with clutch slipping and engine coughing and boiling. We reached Kyle-Akin after sundry further adventures and a journey of unrelieved anxiety lest at any moment the car should give up the ghost completely. It was therefore with all the greater sense of peace and well-earned satisfaction that we settled down in the train, saved from the loss of our reserved sleeping berths and the prospects of a crowded night journey early in August.

SATURDAY HILL WALKS.
(ABERDEENSHIRE.)

BY WALTER A. REID.

THE FIR MOUNTH ROAD.

THE Fir Mounth Road is not, in these modern days, so well known as it once was and as it might again be. It was, in bygone times, a main road—more, it was a royal road—connecting north with south. The names of places are changed with the centuries, as are the needs and inventions of man. Over the marshy tracks and immense roadless areas, it was necessary, on national grounds, to connect valley with valley and centre with centre. The most convenient method was over the hills—the various Mounth routes being cases in point.

The Mounth roads or tracks were all across the range of mountains called, in the sixteenth century, “the Grampians,” towards Aberdeen and the North. References to these occur as under.

Michie’s “Loch Kinord.”

Taylor, the Water-Poet. (See Hume Browne’s
“Early Travels and Travellers in Scotland.”)

S.M.C. Journal, Vol. I., page 104.

” ” Vol. II., page 190.

” ” Vol. X., page 142.

Most writers adopt the meaning of Mounth as mountain, according to the definition in Jamieson’s Dictionary. The “Monad” or “Monaid” is the correct name of the eastern end of the Grampians. (See page 114, A. Black Scott’s “The Pictish Nations.”)

1. The Causey Mounth.—From Cowie Castle (near Stonehaven) via Muchalls, to the “pots and fords of Dee,” near the Bridge of Dee on the outskirts of Aberdeen (built *c.* 1500). Cowie Castle was the seat of a Thanedom held by the Frasers of Cowie and Durris. The road was

said to be the driest available. This Mounth was, like the others, from point to point, travelling from one fort to another.

2. The Cowie Mounth.—This was also from Cowie Castle to the second ford over the Dee, at Tilbouries (Maryculter), opposite the Roman Camp at Peterculter. The North Road then went by Drum Castle, skirting the Loch o' Skene to the Royal Burgh of Kintore, passing Hall Forest Castle to Inverurie, which was the capital of the Earldom of the Garioch (Garaidh).

3. The Slug Road from Cowie Castle, by the Slocht or Slacks, by the west flank of Cairn Mon Earn to the Dee at Crathes or Leys.

4. The Cairn o' Mounth or Mont (1,488 feet).—From the old centre of the Mearns near Fasque, Kincardine Castle, by Clatterin' Brigs and the Brig o' Dye. There were two branches on this route, always picking dry ground (*a*) by Strachan down the Feugh to the Ford of Durris, thence, avoiding the Loch of Leys (at Raemoir, but now dried artificially), and avoiding also the Loch of Drum, and taking the Couper Road to the Garioch; (*b*) following the Feugh to Whitestone, then north-west through the Commony to Kincardine O'Neil.

There is an alternative and lower branch road starting southwards from Aboyne, through the Fungle, following the Aultdinnie burn, and rising to the southern watershed of the Feugh valley, thence descending, passing Birse Castle (on the left), following a path along the head waters of the water of Feugh,* over the Slocht between Mudlee Bracks (2,259 feet) and the Hill of Cat (2,435 feet), until it joins the Fir Mounth Road to Tarfside in Glenesk. The junction is half a mile from the Slocht. In passing, one may mention that Mudlee Bracks is the Forfarshire name, while in Birse it is known as "Mulnee" Bracks, which may be nearer the possible Gaelic, Maolna Breac, meaning the bare spotted hill.

5. The Fir Mounth Road.—This is the road from

* The word water applied to a stream is not used north of Kincardineshire.

Brechin, by Edzell ("Aigle") and Tarfside, to the fords at Dinnet, and on to Kildrummy, which was the chief castle of the Earls of Mar. This was the high road from the south—high meaning *altitude* as well as *main*, for even in the thirteenth century the envious southerners kept that route open, to plunder and subdue (succeeding in the former but failing in the latter). The important points northward were by the Cabrach passing the Castle of Auchendoun to Mortlach (now Dufftown), Rothies, and Elgin. This road from Tarfside to Aboyne is described later.

The other mounths are:—

6. From Glen Muick (near Ballater) by the head of Glentannar, across the west shoulder of Mount Keen, to Glen Mark and Lochlec. This is the road which Queen Victoria took on horseback in September 1861. A memorial well in the form of a Crown was erected by Her Majesty in Glen Mark. This road is remembered as "the Smugglers' Road."

7. The Capel Mounth, and the Tolmont, to the South Esk and Clova.

Other routes to the south from Aberdeenshire may be stated just to show the many openings for northerners in and to the south.

(a) The Glen Doll path from Castleton of Braemar to South Esk. *En route* via Loch Callater to Lochnagar is the white mounth, and this also leads on to Glen Muick.

(b) The Cairnwell Road (the Cairn Pass, or "Balloch") from Braemar via Glenshee to Blairgowrie.

(c) The Larig passes to Aviemore and Abernethy, also the Glen Feshie path proposed to be made into a driving road.

I have been twice on the Fir Mounth Road—on the first occasion going only half way, when I suffered from a plague of midges and a tropical heat, causing a thirst which prevailed for twenty-four hours, and on the second along with a companion from Aboyne to Tarfside, in a thick mist and a pitiless rain, but it was in summer, and therefore less uncomfortable than in carrying out the mission of the Club "Winter Climbs." We had heard of two stalwart

members of the Club who in similar circumstances had stayed in a friendly farmer's loft, where they took quantities of hay which they stuffed round their soaked bodies as a dry pad against wet clothes. On this occasion we were honest, and remained wet.

A former laird of Glentinar, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, who will be long remembered for the many excellent roads and beautiful wells he built on the property, recalled the importance of the Fir Mounth road by erecting a handsome memorial in granite, along with a well, on the route just about a mile from Dinnet. It is near to the farm of Tillycairn, which is within a mile of Glentinar. The inscription on the stone reads—

“FIR MOUNTH.

“This road was used by the invading army of Edward I., King of England, in 1296 and again in 1303.

“It was also used by the army of the Marquis of Montrose in 1643.”

Mr Michie refers to it also as being used by James IV. in 1504 in one of his frequent pilgrimages to St Duthus' Church in Tain.

That road then is the Fir Mounth road—the high road to the south. After crossing the Dee by the Bridge of Dinnet, observe there the high-water mark of the Moray floods in 1829, then keeping to the left along the main south road to Aberdeen, visit the old graveyard of Glentinar where Byron's “Mary” was buried. Then ascend by Tillycairn to the top of the road which descends to Glentinar, crossing the Tanar (or Tanner) pass (on the right), St Lesmo's Chapel with its thatched roof, keep south, then leave the Glentinar House drive, following a cart track (south-west) through the wood. This point may also be reached, probably more conveniently, from Aboyne, by the main south road to Bridge of Ess: from that bridge to the cart track is about two miles. The bridge over the Tanar, leading to the church (on the west) is an excellent starting-point. In the grounds of Glentinar there is a risk of straying, first in missing the junction

of the cart track and the road, and second, in the direction about a mile further on. The rounded hillocks in the forest of Glentanar are signs of glacier action in days of old; and whether they are lateral or terminal moraines may as readily be solved by the instincts of the travellers, as by the wisdom of the back room scientist. The rights of way in Glen Tanar Forest are not well defined, and there are ominous notice boards warning travellers of the risk of being shot! The route is to cross the avenue or drive 250 yards due south from St Lesmo's Church, taking the track through the wood in a southerly direction for about two miles, thus leaving the valley of the Tanar, and reaching a subsidiary narrow valley of a tributary of the Tanar, called the Burn of Skinna (pronounced Skin-eye). About 400 yards from the Skinna, cross a small burn (coming from the hill on the left) called the Burn of Counsel Tree. From that burn, about 250 yards farther leave the main track, *avoiding the ascending well-made path to the left*, and descend to the Skinna which is crossed by a foot-bridge. *It is essential to cross the Skinna.* Keep the track (south) between the Burn of Dunn (left) and Burn of Allachy (right). From Skinna foot-bridge travel southerly until you reach a gate in the deer fence which has also a wicket gate for travellers on foot. From Skinna crossing to the deer gate which is the top of Craigmahandle (1,848 feet) there is a rise of 958 feet, but the path becomes lost before reaching the gate. With the rise, the distance, two miles from Skinna, and the direction (due south) it should not be difficult to reach the gate point. From the gate there runs a good road along the deer fence. The direction is then sure going, in the first place due south with a point to the west for a short distance, rising somewhat to a large cairn, and then descending to the head waters of the Burn of Corn which flows east to the valley of the Feugh (Birse). At these head waters—a strong stream of beautiful running water for thirsty souls—are the remains of a built chimney, possibly of an old sapper's and miner's hut. Then the path is lost, but hold to the left slightly, ascending to the hill of St Colm (2,400 feet). The path is skirted by a deer fence

on the right. On the left is St Colm's well, and a carved stone with a cross and the words "Well Beloved." A little further along there is a large memorial stone with the legend WE 1810.

Unless at the last path after crossing the Burn of Corn, there is little danger of going wrong. In the descent from "Well Beloved" keep south all the time.

There is a tarn (on the right), and there are occasional cairns all the way from the deer gate; often a good made track, sometimes a path, and often plenty of wet walking. After going for half an hour from the well, one sees on the left the alternative path, above described, through the Fungle, Birse, and the Feugh, to Tarfside. It is a walk of one and a half miles at an altitude of 2,000 to 2,400 feet, and then of half a mile to 1,800 feet. The descent is easy to Tarfside. In the large scale Ordnance map the Fir Mounth is shown all the way, as well as the shorter alternative lower path to the east, but in Gall & Inglis's road map the only path shown is the shorter path from Birse by the Slocht to Tarfside.

The distances are as follows:—

	MILES.
Aboyne to Bridge of Ess - - - - -	1½
Bridge of Ess to cart track near St Lesmo's Chapel	2
Cart track to Skinna foot-bridge - - - - -	2
Skinna to deer gate at top of Craigmahandle - - - - -	1½
Deer gate to St Colm's Well - - - - -	1¾
St Colm's Well over the tops and down to the junction	
with the Slocht path - - - - -	2
From the junction to Tarfside - - - - -	3½
In all - - - - -	14¼

It is possible to get a cup of tea at Tarfside and it is very cheering, and, besides, it is a long road from Tarfside to Edzell (12 miles). But it's a bonnie country, and older legs may get a seat on a public motor, or wangle one from a kindly traveller in his own car. The views from the folding hills are striking, and the Saturday walk will be generally enjoyed. Probably the reverse order would be more attractive, from Tarfside to Aboyne, for the approach

to the Deeside hills can never be beaten. The peeps at Mount Keen (3,065 feet), for example, and his neighbour from Glentinar Forest are quite Alpine without the snow peaks. A schoolmaster in Glenesk remarked that people in the neighbourhood were not keen on traversing the Fir Mounth Road. He had once attempted it, lost his way and had to return home. Might not our popular president signalise his extended reign by doing something towards restoring rights of way? Does it not seem probable that after the sanguinary struggles of Armageddon more people will be anxious by road, rail, and track to see more of the beauties of Bonnie Scotland! Are not they benefactors who make roads, who build wells, and who draw the multitude from "the steamy, stuffy Midlands" to behold the everlasting hills?

311 Memoriam.

LIEUT. CHARLES DEARDS, R.F.C.

DEARDS is the twelfth member whose loss we have to deplore. He obtained a commission in the Royal Flying Corps in September 1916, and was attached to the Kite Balloon Section. At the end of September 1918 his balloon got adrift, and he had perforce to land by means of a parachute from a height of some 5,000 feet. He landed safely, but in so doing probably grazed himself. A few days afterwards blood poisoning set in, and he died in hospital at Rouen on the 5th October 1918, aged 37.

Deards was an Englishman who had a keen love for Scotland: in fact, his brother tells me, "he seemed absolutely infatuated with the Highlands of Scotland, and sometimes even went up there three times in a year." He was educated at Bedford School, was admitted a solicitor in 1907, and practised at 31 Bedford Row, London: he was unmarried.

As a young man he spent several holidays with a knapsack on his back walking in the Western Highlands, and his knowledge of Scotland was fairly extensive. In 1907 he was present as a guest at the "Cave" Fort William Meet. In 1912 he became a member, and attended the Easter Meets at Aviemore and Fort William in 1913 and 1914 respectively. The writer has a photograph of a party of ten on the summit of Braeriach, taken Easter Monday 1913, and curiously enough Deards is standing beside Marshall, who fell in 1917. Little did we think of what the next few years held in store for us.

At Easter 1914 Deards, with Watson and the writer, had a very jolly five days' trip in Knoydart and Glen Dessary. Our experiences were brightly related by him in the June 1914 *Journal*. What particularly struck me in that trip was the plucky way in which he kept up. Watson and myself, living in Scotland, had excellent opportunities for keeping ourselves fit; Deards, living in London,

was a little soft, but he would not give in. He was a bright and cheerful companion, and all the members of the Club with whom he came into contact liked him. The Club is distinctly the poorer by his death.

F. S. G.

WM. LAMOND HOWIE, F.R.S.E., F.C.S.

I FIRST met Lamond Howie at Fort William before the days of the S.M.C. and West Highland Railway.

He told me he was going up Ben Nevis to take some photographs, and as I was bound for the same destination, we joined forces and started for the pony track in fine Easter weather.

After a walk of about an hour we found ourselves well up Glen Nevis on the wrong side of the river, and as there did not appear to be a bridge we waded across and made up the slopes to the pony track.

Howie was carrying a sack containing his photographic apparatus, and a tripod stand about five feet in length. I relieved him of the sack and carried it to the top, wondering at its weight.

On arriving at the top Howie opened the sack, which I then found contained a heavy half-plate mahogany camera, 6 slides containing 12 glass plates, a spare box of 12 more plates, 2 lenses, a small metal tripod stand, changing bag and various other odds and ends.

We spent the whole day on the summit, and I have some of the photographs which Howie took on that occasion, and I remember very well how he insisted on a halt at the half-way house to watch a most beautiful sunset.

Since that day I have wandered with Howie through many glens and over many of the mountains of Scotland, and I never enjoyed the society of a more charming companion, always cheerful, full of energy, and always hopeful that the worst of bad weather would change and give him a chance of a picture.

I well remember tramping through the Ben Alder Forest in a blinding snowstorm, and I was for turning back,

but Howie, hopeful as usual, thought otherwise, and in the late afternoon the weather cleared, and although numbed with cold he secured one of his best pictures.

I don't think it was generally known that he was an able lecturer. I have heard two of his lectures, one on his beloved Scottish mountains, and the other on the Danube, both of them illustrated by his own lantern slides, and I never heard better lectures, or saw better pictures.

He died quite suddenly in December last, at the age of seventy-two, in full possession of all his faculties, and the S.M.C. has lost one of its oldest members, and some of us who knew him intimately, a very dear friend.

T. MEARES.

The following extracts from the *Pharmaceutical Journal and Pharmacist* of the 6th January 1919 are of interest from a professional point of view.

By his death "there is removed one of the most notable personalities in the sphere of British pharmacy, for than his there was no better known, popular, and more honoured name from Land's End to John o' Groats. . . . The first twenty years of Mr Howie's life were spent in Barrhead and Glasgow. In 1867 Mr Howie joined the staff of the historic house of T. & H. Smith, Edinburgh, upon which he remained for twelve years. . . . Early in the winter of 1870 he was dispatched by his firm on a business tour to Canada and the United States. . . . Mr Howie was elected a Fellow of the Chemical Society in 1876. . . .

"In 1879 he accepted the position of representative for Scotland and the North of England of the well-known London firm of Barron, Harveys & Co.

"From 1887 onward Mr Howie devoted much of his leisure and vacation time to the art of photography, in which he became quite an expert, and his originality of ideas and methods were distinctively exemplified in the judgment and skill with which he 'composed' his pictures of landscape scenery. . . .

"In 1889 he accepted a partnership in his firm, and in 1899 removed to London."

In May 1893 Howie wrote his first, and unfortunately for the Club his only, contribution to the *S.M.C. Journal*—an article entitled "Mountain Photography," Vol. II., pp. 249-253, and in the same number facing page 246 appears a reproduction of one of his photographs, "Lochnagar Corrie." From that time onwards the *Journal* has

contained many specimens of his skill, and the quality of his work is shown by the fact that among the many good photographers whom the Club has produced within the last twenty-five years, Howie has never been surpassed. His best known photograph was "Ben Nevis from Carn Mor Dearg," taken on the 15th April 1895, *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. III., September 1895, p. 306, an enlargement of which is in the Club Room. Another well-known one, also in the Club Room, is "Ben Alder from the North-East," Vol. X., January 1903, p. 228.

MAJOR T. E. GOODEVE, R.E.

AMONGST the many losses which the Club has sustained through the war, none will be felt more keenly than that caused by the death of Major T. E. Goodeve, accidentally killed in a railway accident in Palestine whilst on active service.

His death was particularly sad, in that he had gone safely through the campaign and had done brilliant work, for which he was twice mentioned in dispatches and personally complimented by the Commander-in-Chief. He was on a tour of inspection when he was run over and instantaneously killed.

Strong, active, fearless, and filled with boundless energy, the mountains offered scope to every side of his character, and he was never so happy as when his remarkable powers were being taxed to the utmost.

He was the life and soul of the Meets he attended, where his cheery good spirits, both on the mountain side and in the evening round the smoking-room fire, made him hosts of friends.

He joined the Club in 1903, and served on the Committee, 1909-1912.

In 1904 he went to the Alps, and in 1906 became a member of the Alpine Club. Most of the big climbs fell to his axe, and though his holidays were short, he was able to make the fullest use of his time, owing to his always being in perfect training.

He practically never missed a Meet after he joined the Club, and no discomforts of travelling prevented him, in a busy life, from taking any opportunity of a day on the hills, nor was any weather bad enough to keep him indoors.

With the writer, he has done most of the climbs in the English Lakes on stolen days. No day was long enough to exhaust him, and a striking instance of his endurance is shown in an expedition on Ben Nevis at New Year, which lasted thirty hours under the severest conditions.

On the hills he was a splendid companion, always cheerful, unselfish, undismayed by circumstances, and with a true appreciation of the spirit and the beauty of the mountains. Of his life outside the Club, it will suffice to say that he was educated at St Paul's, and after serving his time in the engineering shops he joined the staff of the L. & N.W. Railway Co., where his energy and ability brought him rapidly to the front.

Later he was appointed Assistant to the Locomotive Superintendent of the G. S. & W. Railway of Ireland, and though he was doing most important national work there, he could not be satisfied in remaining at home, and sought and obtained a commission in the R.E. He went out to Egypt with the rank of Captain to help in the organisation of light railways. He went forward with the force into Palestine, where his good work brought him promotion to the rank of Major and mention in dispatches. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss, and the sympathy of his many friends in the Club will go out to her in her bereavement. His death in the fulness of his powers and the prime of life leaves a blank which cannot be filled, but we, who knew and loved him, are richer by the memory of a true-hearted comrade and friend, who ever sought the highest.

W. N. LING.

SIR HUGH T. MUNRO, BART.

THE sad tidings of the death of the above original member, at Tarascon, at the end of March, have just come to hand as the *Journal* goes to press.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE members assembled at the North British Station Hotel in Edinburgh on Friday, 6th December, when there was a fair attendance. Dr Clark took the chair, and after the Minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved he called upon Mr Nelson as acting on behalf of the Hon. Treasurer—Staff-Captain Harry MacRobert, on Military Duty in France—to report on the finances of the Club.

Mr NELSON entered into a very full description of the position, speaking to the figures circulated to the members with the notice calling the meeting. He explained that since the issue of the notice, the accounts as they appeared had been audited by Messrs Napier and Naismith, and found in order and sufficiently vouched. He gave it as his opinion that the Club had come through a difficult year very creditably ; at the same time he asked members to bear in mind that the apparent increased balance was due to three causes : first, Mr Green's praiseworthy efforts to dispose of old *Journal* issues which had met with gratifying success ; second, the balance of last year's sales of the *Journal* which had appeared too late for inclusion in the last account ; and third, the commutation of subscription by several members last year. He therefore had to warn the Club that it was unlikely that, even if they agreed to the Committee's suggestion to be brought forward at a later stage on the increase of subscription, the Club could confidently look to the maintenance of the income at so high a level.

The balance in favour of the Club on the ordinary revenue account was stated to be £133. 6s. 8d., and on the Commutation Fund, £301. 13s. 4d.

The Income was stated at	-	£104	18	0
The Expenditure was stated at		87	0	8
<hr/>				
Cost of <i>Journal</i>	-	£37	5	7
Club Room Expenses	-	30	10	2
Printing, Postages, &c.	-	15	3	11
Books and Maps	-	4	1	0
<hr/>				
		£87	0	8
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The total funds at the Club's credit amounted to £535.

The PRESIDENT also spoke on the question of finance, and following thereon Mr NELSON answered several queries regarding the £500 4 per cent. South Australian Government Stock, which is held as an investment by the Club's trustees. A hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Sheriff PENNEY, and seconded by Mr PARKER, was accorded to Mr Nelson for his work on behalf of the Club.

Sheriff PENNEY and Mr CAMPBELL FRASER'S motion for the increase of subscription next came forward for consideration, and the Committee's report on that motion was read by the Secretary. After discussion the meeting decided by more than the necessary majority to accept the motion, and the Secretary was instructed to have Rule No. 8 amended accordingly: it will therefore read, "8. Every Ordinary Member shall pay an annual subscription of One Guinea," &c.

Following upon this the meeting entered into consideration of the increase of the commutation rates, and after considerable discussion Sir HUGH MUNRO moved, and Mr JOHN RENNIE seconded, and the meeting unanimously adopted, the following resolution: "Resolved that in view of the increase of the Annual Subscription it is desirable to raise the rates of commutation, and it is accordingly remitted to the Committee to consider this question and report to the next Annual General Meeting."

The SECRETARY next made a short report on the membership of the Club, in which he stated that the four candidates for ballot, Rev. R. P. Dansey, Alexander Harrison, James Cooper Lyon, and Professor J. E. A. Steggall, had

all been duly elected members, and that owing to the difficulty of obtaining the addresses of members on active service it was hard to say what the present actual membership of the Club was.

In the past year three members had been killed on active service, three had died—J. H. W. Rolland, Sir Alexander Christison, W. Lamond Howie—and two had resigned; that only unofficial Meets had been held, and these had been but poorly attended: that the officials were looking forward confidently to a resumption of the Club's activities with the release of its members from the urgent claims of national service.

The HON. SECRETARY next read to the meeting the Hon. Editor's report on the condition of the *Journal*, in which Mr Goggs stated that the printers had a sufficiency of paper in hand for at least two more issues, and that consequently he proposed to publish the *Journal* twice in 1919—April and October—at a price to the public of 1s. 6d. per copy. That he did not anticipate any great rise in the cost of production, and that he had in the past year exercised all economy consistent with issuing acceptable numbers. Mr Goggs was warmly thanked by the meeting for his highly successful work throughout a most trying period, and it was the unanimous wish of the meeting that he should continue in the post of Editor for a further period.

Mr GREEN read the Librarian's report on the year's proceedings. He had added no new books, but there had been the usual magazines, also a selection of maps had been purchased for lending purposes. He had been successful in selling a number of the back issues of the *Journal*, and still had a very considerable quantity to dispose of.

Mr J. H. BUCHANAN reported very fully on the slide collection, and made a proposal as to the amplifying of the catalogue with illustrations. He was warmly thanked for his work in connection with the collection, and as he resigned office Mr Murray Lawson was appointed as his successor.

The Office - Bearers, Members of Committee and

Trustees of the Club funds were re-elected. Mr A. W. Russell asked permission to demit the office of Librarian in favour of Mr G. B. Green, who had been acting for him during his absence. The PRESIDENT ruled that his resignation of the office should now be made to the Hon. Secretary, in writing, who would put it through the hands of the Committee for temporary appointment.

The meeting decided that the 1919 New Year Meet be held at Tyndrum and the Easter Meet at the Fife Arms, Braemar.

The formal Minutes of Sympathy to relatives of Captain Almond, Captain Inglis Clark, and Lieut. Charles Deards were read to the meeting by the Hon. Secretary and approved. He was instructed to have them signed by the President and forwarded to the relatives in due course.

At this stage the PRESIDENT made the following remarks on the losses the Club had sustained during the war :—

To-night we meet in happier circumstances. The shadow of war no longer hangs over us. Victory is ours, and peace is in sight. So often has the expression "after the war" been used, that now it seems incredible that that happy day has come. When the war came in 1914, our Club, in common with the nation, did its part, and our younger members rushed to battle, little recking the danger or sacrifice. Our homes were in danger, the liberty of the world was in danger, and that was enough.

The Great War came with a suddenness and intensity that, for a moment, staggered even those of us, who, like Harry Walker and others, had foreseen, and prepared by volunteer work to do their bit, if duty called for it. And now, after many a swaying battle, the war is, or seems to be, over; and emerging from the cloud our Club, still breathless, and even reeling, is working up into the sunshine of peace. But, as in thankfulness and solemn humbleness we call the roll, how many fail to answer it. Some have resigned, and some have died in the course of nature. We miss and mourn these, and cherish their memory. But outnumbering all these are the heroes who threw down the ice-axe and rucksack, the Alpine lantern and rope, the joys of home and ease, and plunged into the fray to fight for home and hearth, for the liberty and happiness of us all. And they have been victorious—all of them—but some have come back maimed or mutilated, or with nervous system shattered, and may never again breast the mountain slope with the energy of youth, or

grapple with rock slabs or pinnacled arête. Still they are with us, and we welcome them back to our midst. Others come with well-earned decorations after mighty achievements. We envy them their bravery. But others come not at all. These have passed to the other side, and receive the greater honour from us, their debtors. The memory of that noble band will surely be with us, as we revisit those mountains which were so dear to them, or talk over the experiences of bygone and happy days. Inscrutable though their presence be, their glorious sacrifice must influence us all in that which is good.

I now call on the Hon. Secretary to read the Roll of Honour of those who have made the supreme sacrifice, and request all present to stand in solemn silence.

The SECRETARY read the report by the special committee on the War Memorial, and after considerable debate the meeting agreed to the erection of a brass on the walls of the Club Room library engraved with the names of those killed in battle or died of wounds received in active service. The design therefor to be submitted and approved by the Committee, and the cost to be covered by a levy.

Thereafter the meeting adjourned to dinner, when the following members were present—32 in all. Dr Inglis Clark (in the Chair), Sir Hugh T. Munro, W. N. Ling, William Garden, George R. Donald, C. W. Walker, George Sang, J. Rennie, D. A. Clapperton, J. H. Buchanan, J. C. Lyon, J. R. Levack, W. A. Morrison, Arthur W. Russell, Scott Moncrieff Penney, Thos. Fraser S. Campbell, A. Ernest Maylard, G. B. Green, William Galbraith, Alfred D. Smith, Hugh S. Ingram, J. A. Parker, J. Gall Inglis, Walter Nelson, John Grove, G. Murray Lawson, Jas. C. Thomson, R. C. Paterson, T. R. Marshall, W. G. J. Johnston, Robert Jeffrey, and Alex. M. Buchanan.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH AT THE DINNER.

When the Committee met in October the nation was still engaged in bitter strife, and though the tide was flowing in our favour, yet the prospect of an early victory seemed uncertain. It was like the dark period before the dawn, and the Committee, making no suggestion for Meets, again decided on an informal dinner. But, like the rising of the sun in the Tropics, victory has suddenly come to us, and we look forward to an immediate

revival of our old activities. It is cheering to see so many of our friends around us to-night, and although the difficulties of travel and the exigencies of food restriction prevent the freedom and extension of past dinners, yet I am sure that our hearts feel lighter and happier than for many a day past. I do not intend to-night to refer to the doings of the Club, but in proposing the Toast of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, I should like to speak of the Philosophy of the mountains, and its imperative command to all of us to get back to the hills.

I have still a vivid recollection of how, starting with my wife a number of years ago, from Fort William to ascend Ben Nevis, and to stay overnight at the Summit Hotel, we experienced one of the strangest thunderstorms I have witnessed in this country. Reaching Fort William by the late train, and after a hasty supper, we took our way up the Pony Track in the finest of weather. Under the darkening shade of night Loch Linnhe gleamed brightly to the south, and Loch Eil reflected the after-light of sunset. But, by the time the Half-Way Hut was reached, we descried somewhere near Appin—a dark, ominous cloud, hurrying northwards like some threatening Zeppelin, and, gaining in size, making straight for Ben Nevis. It was the essence of an advancing thunderstorm, and spits of fire flashed out from all sides of the cloud. Looking down on it, it seemed to increase in speed as it approached Meall ant Suidhe, and the corries reverberated with the crash of heaven's artillery. The fringes of the cloud swept our feet, and then enveloped us as we struggled with the mighty tempest, and fought our way upwards in the growing darkness to our haven on the summit. The battle was long, and at times the odds were against us, but perseverance did it, and at length we passed above the thunderstorm and saw the torn rifts of cloud driving on below us. The five years which have passed since you did me the honour to elect me as your President have been the stormiest and the most strenuous in the history of our Club. As on the occasion just described, my Presidency began in halcyon conditions. A nobler set of members never existed—a spirit of adventure and enthusiasm for and on the mountains was abroad. The crowning honour of my life, after twelve years of secretarial work, had been conferred on me. The Meets of the Club were more popular than ever, and even Midsummer Meets had proved a success. The Club Room was a centre of eager life, and each year brought forward a number of aspirants, with an ever higher standard of attainment. The "Guide Book," so long prepared for and expected, seemed likely at last to come into being, and the nucleus of £100 from the Gaiter Club was a fairly solid one, and likely to be increased by handsome voluntary subscriptions. Who could have predicted at the Easter Meet 1914 that a storm was about to burst on us, wilder, more terrible, more devastating than even those appalling

icy gales that buffeted us on "The Ben," or staggered the climbers on the Mamore.

And the Club has suffered. We have already borne testimony to the supreme losses we have sustained, but the energies of the Club have also been curtailed. Our Meets, under more and more difficult conditions, gradually flickered out and were given up. Our Dinners, which used to be the rejoicing time, when we loved to show outsiders something of the faith that was within us, became informal, and under the reduced service of trains were so limited in duration that even the Toast List has been abandoned. The Monthly Meetings at the Club Room have ceased, and one might well ask, What remains of the Scottish Mountaineering Club? I am glad to say that the *Journal* still exists, and has worthily sustained its reputation through these dark days. Our warm congratulations and thanks are due to the Hon. Editor, Mr Goggs, for carrying on so successfully under difficult conditions, and to those who have helped him by contributing articles and photographs. The Hon. Secretary, Mr Sang, though hard pressed, has held to his post, and although at great personal inconvenience has never failed on a single occasion. The library and slides have been overhauled by willing workers, and the funds are still fairly satisfactory. The Club, therefore, is still in a position to carry on its work, and I believe the spirit exists to take it on to greater successes. Can we claim that mountaineering and the traditions of our Club have any power to help those who have either suffered personally or by the loss of their friends?

Longfellow says:—

" If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows thou would'st fain forget,
If thou would'st learn a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the hills."

I recall a letter from a climbing friend who lost his leg in the great Italian debacle, when the Austrian hordes poured over the eastern passes into the northern plains of Italy. He says: "The hills gave one a philosophy that carried one over the loss very easily. I hope even not entirely to find myself on the shelf as a mountaineer, if slightly more limited in ambitions! Health, hope, mechanism, and a sound leg will take one back some way on the old ways." The Philosophy of the mountains then must be something that has power to help one even in great trouble. One can understand that the mountains have many an influence on the climber. In Club dinner speeches we have heard how the qualities of courage, endurance, unselfishness, observation, and presence of mind are enhanced by mountaineering such as we delight to indulge in. Many other qualities are either called into being or developed, as the youth advances from a novice

through storm, discomfort, hunger, and even pain, and gradually grows into the experienced mountaineer. There is a certain philosophy in this which discounts present hardships for the future gain; which makes the rolling scree slope but as a staircase to the glorious pass above; which makes the lee shelter of a mountain boulder a haven of rest compared with the raging storm round the corner. Such a philosophy we all know. It is a chiselling of the character, a hardening of our resistance to difficulty, a refining of our best desires, so that we live in and yet above the discomforts of our surroundings.

Mummery says: "The sense of independence and self-confidence induced by the great precipices and vast silent fields of snow is something wholly delightful. Every step is health, fun, and frolic. The troubles and cares of life, together with the essential vulgarity of a plutocratic society, are left far below—foul miasmas that cling to the lowest bottoms of reeking valleys. Above, in the clear air and searching sunlight, we are afoot with the quiet gods, and men can know each other and themselves for what they are. No feeling can be more glorious than advancing to attack some gaunt precipitous wall with 'comrades staunch as the founders of our race.'"

But while we prize this hard won immunity, it seems to me that this effect of mountaineering is apart from the more mental and spiritual attractions, which perhaps might be designated the Philosophy of the mountains. The limitations or dimensions of Time are Present, Past, and Future, and if we analyse our mountaineering life, it is practically confined to the Past and Present. The Future is a state of planning, of expectation, of imagination of what may never be, and occupies but a small part in our Philosophy of the mountains. On the other hand, in "The Present" may be embraced those divine draughts of life which every true mountaineer feels when he gets a peep into the great laboratories of nature occupying the corries of the everlasting hills. There he sees the forming of the clouds, and in the shadowy phantoms as they flit past, recognises the agencies which control the rain and snow, and all that is meant in the terms weathering and denudation. Under the transforming influence of the sun, palettes of the richest colours thrill the heart, and seem to paint pictures worthy of heaven itself. The wine of mountain exhilaration imbues everything with romance, and whether on virgin snow, or rocky bastion, or grassy ridge, the Philosophy of the mountains elevates, ennobles, and strengthens. It is the close communion with a nature which, though the playground of the opposing forces of storm and sunshine, heat and cold, yet acts and reacts to these under definite law, and in the end exhibits those glorious effects we look for and see among the mountains. In all this the influence of companionship enters with intense effect, and the incidents of adventure are often so vivid that the "Present" produces pictures

which, impressed on the memory, are worthy to be a part of our Philosophy.

In 1555 Conrad Gesner wrote: "Give me a man moderately robust in mind and body, liberally educated, and not too much given over to laziness or luxury, and I should like him also to be a student and admirer of nature, so that from his contemplation and admiration of the great works of the architect of the universe, and of the immense variety of natural phenomena that is to be seen among the mountains . . . he might enjoy an intellectual pleasure in addition to the symphony of the pleasures of all his senses. What other kind of enjoyment, I ask, will you find within the field of nature which is more honourable, greater, or more complete in every respect?"

So far then in this analysis I have dealt with the Present, first, as it affects our physical powers, and then as it satisfies our senses. But if these were all, our Philosophy would fail to sustain those who, either by wounds or the increase of years, are unable to climb the mountains, or in any case can only do so with reduced ability

It is on the "Past" that most of our Philosophy must be based. Under the purifying influence of time, our memory purges itself of the discomforts of our adventures, or reduces them to their proper place, while it exalts and ennobles the higher delights, and rounds the pictures, so that our mountaineering memories are among the brightest possessions of our life. What memories of any other sport can compare with those of mountaineering? Discovery and exploration are of a kindred nature, but with these exceptions no sport can enter into competition.

We in this Club can recall those who have left us for a while, and in this glorious Philosophy again wander with them at Inchnadamph, or Braemar, on Ben Nevis, or on the snowy hills of Aviemore. Indeed our mountains have taken on a more sacred aspect, and are forever in our minds inseparably associated with our loved and mighty dead, who wait for us on the other side. It seems to me, then, that far from being paralysed by our losses, we must be incited to revisit the mountains, and there, while reverently glorying in these temples of nature, bring back and commune with those who used to sing with us the Club song.

The words of Tennyson well express this idea—

" I climb the hill.
From end to end of all the landscape underneath
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend."

It is for us who remain, to again raise the banner of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and to see to it that every function, whether of Meet, or *Journal*, or Club Room, or Dinner, shall be instinct with life and brimful of success.

I propose the toast—"The Scottish Mountaineering Club."

DINNER IN LONDON.

A MONTH after the declaration of the Armistice it was found that a number of members generally resident in Scotland were staying in London, and a suggestion that all members in London should dine together to welcome those returning from the Front, and to promote good fellowship, was cordially received. On Thursday, the 9th January 1919, twenty-two (nineteen members, three guests) met at Pagani's Restaurant, Great Portland Street, W., and after a pleasant chat and dinner walked across to the rooms of the Alpine Club, where amid congenial surroundings two hours or more passed all too quickly in recalling memories of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood." Hopes were expressed that without in any way interfering with the attendance at the annual dinner in Scotland, an annual dinner might also be held in London. A vote of thanks to the Alpine Club for their hospitality was cordially passed.

The following is a list of those present :—

Members.

Sir Alexander Kennedy (Chairman)

Mr Bell	Private Greig
Dr E. A. Baker	Mr Howard
Lieut. E. P. Buchanan	Mr A. M. Kellas
Lieut. Comber	Mr Meares
Major Corner	Mr Parker
Major Jas. Craig	Lieut. Shadbolt
Capt. Cumming	Mr Solly
Mr Goggs	Capt. J. C. Thomson
Mr Grant	Mr Unna

Guests.

Major Green	Dr Waugh
Captain Pye.	

1918-19 NEW YEAR MEET AT TYNDRUM.

Present :—Dr Inglis Clark; W. N. Ling, Esq.; Sir Hugh Munro; G. B. Green, Esq.; P. J. N. Unna, Esq.; Wm. Galbraith, Esq.; Ronald Burn, Esq.; Allan Arthur, Esq.; J. Gall Inglis, Esq.; George Sang, Esq.; Capt. S. F. M. Cumming.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—As I feel certain that I shall, all too shortly, be the shrinking recipient of a letter demanding an account of the “doings” at the New Year Meet, I am trying to get in first this time with a serious epistle on the subject of yours of the day after to-morrow. I say “serious” because I have been looking back over some old *Journals*, and am shocked to observe the levity with which the last New Year Meet at Tyndrum was treated by a then junior member of the S.M.C. That was in 1910, when there were no coupons, and coal was only “expensive,” and one could afford to be irresponsible.

Can you explain why, despite repeated fountains of persuasive eloquence, I dismally failed to extort a promise from any of the other members present to act as official chronicler of the Meet? I assure you that none deploras the other's selfish reticence more deeply than does your humble scribe.

If you will permit me a moment of retrospect ere I cut the cackle and get to the hosses, I should like to take you back to that former New Year Meet and ask you to remember the weather. Can you hear it still? I mean—Can you still hear it? If not, turn on all the taps and listen. And in addition, as Sir Hugh might say, it hailed cabs and omnibuses. In 1910, although many of the youngest and most energetic of the Club were present, the weather conditions were studied and reviled from the smoking-room windows, and the end of breakfast merged into the beginning of luncheon. This time fortune smiled, for we had one glorious day of absolutely perfect weather, when a brilliant winter sun skimmed the southern edge of a sparkling horizon and a virgin mantle of blue-shadowed snow embraced both hill and vale.

The period of the Meet had been officially fixed for the 28th December 1918 to the 2nd January 1919, and when the President, Vice-President Ling, Galbraith, Green, and the Secretary arrived late on Saturday evening, they found Unna and Burn already in possession. The former came from the far south, and the latter already had five strenuous days of peak bagging to the credit side of his "Munro" account. He totalled fourteen before he returned south. He recounted how, on the 27th, in the face of elemental dissuasion from hail and wind, he had visited both tops of Beinn Chalum, one of them more than once; in fact it threatened to become a habit with him, and it was only the misty grandeur of Col-nan-Each that broke the spell. On the 28th he had gone to Auch Viaduct and climbed Beinn Doireann, descending to Bridge of Orchy for the afternoon train. The day had been misty, with little view.

Sunday morning was not very promising. There was a slight drizzle in the earlier part, the mist was down to the 1,000-foot contour, and pretty dense. Later things improved very much, although it snowed practically all day and a thick vapour never left the hills.

The whole party—with the exception of Green, who expressed himself as too devout to face the threatening weather in such company—started off in the direction of Lui. It was very sloppy going, and by the time Coninish was reached there was a happy unanimity that conditions indicated a practice stroll up something reasonably close and but moderately exposed; with, in one case at least, the hope of an early return to tea at the hotel. The party therefore crossed the Coninish burn and wandered quietly up Beinn Dubhchraig. There was the usual sport about finding the top, but its effort to hide itself in the mist was frustrated by that most unsporting instrument the mariner's loadstone. The descent was made into Glen Achrioch. There was much soft snow occasionally covering old ice, and ready to move if vigorously assisted. It was mostly too soft for even that most uncomfortable method of glissading, which I once heard an alien lecturer describe as the "natural tobogg." The walk through the Coire-Chuic Wood was delightful, the snow-laden trees looking very

majestic, and the grand music of the falls filling the calm of the snow-clad valley. The Allt Gleann Achrioch was crossed by the bridge near where it joins the Coninish, and thence the party gained the railway, and so along the mile and a half of track to Tyndrum. I think that they all returned quite contented with their modest day of exercise, and I know that I for one delighted in experiencing once more that precious feeling of lightness, energy, and fitness that comes somewhere about the 2,500 feet. I don't know what it is, but there is something about the atmosphere at that level which suits my carburettor much better than down below. I get the right "mixture" somehow, and the engine runs freer and feels fit for anything!

On Monday we woke to a dull morning and much fresh snow; all the same there was a promise of better things to come, forecast by a rising barometer. We all got the 9.30 A.M. train from the West Highland station—it was like going off for a day's skiing from Davos!—and got out at Bridge of Orchy station. The fascination of the train proved too much for Burn, however, and having "oiled" the brakeman he insisted on three of the party accompanying him to Gorton Crossing, for which privilege these kind-hearted members paid the railway company the fare to Rannoch.

From Bridge of Orchy the President made a solitary walking excursion which took him as far as Inveroran and back by road to Tyndrum. Messrs Galbraith and Green ascended Beinn an Dothaidh and descended again to Bridge of Orchy, where they managed to raise tea, and so were fortified for the tramp back to Tyndrum. A thick mist which enveloped the Ben did not clear off until they were well on their way down, but they got some fine glimpses up the valley towards Starav.

The party from Gorton Crossing picked their way amidst the peat hags and inclined up the shoulder of Beinn a Chreachain, through the little wood marked on the map as Bad na Gualainn. One of the party was most anxious not to miss the 3,145 peak, and almost succeeded in engaging the services of a local guide, so sceptical was he of the ability of the leader's being able to tell where he

was going without being able to see his objective. I am not quite sure that he was convinced even in the end, for the ridge of Chreachain is not all plain sailing in a mist, and a little fancy work with the compass is called for more than once. The snow was deep and soft in many places. The ridge, where it turns southwards above the cliffs of Coire an Lochain, before one reaches the plateau of the Ben, was particularly well concealed with a continuous heap of soft driven snow, and if you add to this that the wind was fairly high and carrying a plentiful quantity of the snowy coating from the northern slopes, so that both seeing and breathing were at times seriously hampered, you will recognise one of the well-known types of British hill weather. The party found the steering back to the ridge from the summit cairn somewhat tricky. You will remember that the top lies (especially in the mist!) some considerable distance off the main line of the ridge. The weather conditions had greatly improved by the time the Meall Buidhe ridge was half traversed, and there were even occasional glimpses of Beinn a Chuirn, Meall Tionail, and Loch Lyon. The party enjoyed the small climb from the Crannaich col to the Northern peak of Achaladair. The snow was a little avalanchy as usual, and hard enough at the top to necessitate the cutting of steps. (Burn, in his notes, says he went up it on "hands and knees," but if this is a fact, it is only right to say, in exoneration of the rest of the party, that he must have resorted to this scandalous method of progression when the others were not looking.) The clouds were rolling off the hills, and before the cairn was reached there was a glorious prospect towards the west, with Cruachan and Starav looking truly majestic in the lambent light of the setting sun. The party, greatly to the distress of one of its number, gave a miss to the south peak, descending the Coire Achaladair burn to the railway bridge, and so along the line the four miles to Bridge of Orchy station in good time for the train to Tyndrum.

At the hotel that night the attendance was increased by the welcome arrival of Allan Arthur and Stewart Cumming, so the party round the smoking-room fire that

night was a cheery one indeed, and somehow reminded the writer of those days of Cave Meets at Loch Awe, a small and select gathering, where the stories become more reminiscent and personal as the night goes on, and the Presidential flights soar to their fascinating zenith.

Tuesday, the last day of the year, was one of Scotland's winter best. Ling, Arthur, and Burn set off for Lui. They had an excellent day, ascending directly from the great corrie and finding a good place to escape the cornice. The day was so fine that they were tempted to linger by the cairn admiring the wide prospect. Burn in his notes mentions that he saw the Cuillin, but I doubt if he was quite as far-seeing as all that! He also saw a bird—a great bird—on the way up, which he took to be a British eagle because it had “large white circles on the under sides of its wings”! Sounds as though it were the now almost extinct Gadget. They descended to the Lui col and crossed Ben Oss, and enjoyed a little glissading on the way down to Coninish. They reported very deep snow in places, and found some laborious going between Lui and Oss.

The President, Cumming, and Green wandered up Meall Buidhe to enjoy the alpine view. The prospect was almost too fine for violent exercise: it was one of those days when one gets the maximum of pleasure in just gazing at what is to be seen and noting the splendours of the colouring. Unna, Galbraith, and the Secretary, having collected planks from somewhere, gave themselves over to the joys of ski-running. They laboured almost to the summit of Beinn Odhar, but as it got rather icy there, left their ski and visited the cairn on foot. It was quite perilous descending in tacketless boots. They spoke of a grand run down to the hotel, but the President's party are of opinion that it must have been very tiring, as they appeared to sit down very frequently. At times they were even observed to lie and wallow in the snow.

That day Sir Hugh Munro and Gall Inglis arrived, and our party was at its maximum. The next morning early the President left us, and the senior Vice-President left at noon. It was a misty day, with snow and rain falling,

which made the conditions particularly unpleasant. Fascinated by yesterday's experiences, Unna, Galbraith, and the Secretary started off again on ski, and after some very severe spade work reached the shoulder of Beinn Bheag, which they crossed. They then made valiant attempts to slide down the opposite side. One of their number having fallen into a burn, decided to have his lunch there, and was shortly joined by the others, each choosing his special pool and taking care not to "muddy" the lower man's reach or to spoil his fishing chances. Lunch was not a great success. "It's awful beelious stuff yon watter." It was a very sodden party that returned to the hotel in time to see some of the others partaking of a delectable dry meal.

Arthur, Inglis, and Burn set out by road for Auch Viaduct. Inglis returned with all the wisdom of a past-master. Some little way up the Glen, Arthur's knee gave him trouble, so he returned, leaving the indefatigable Burn to ascend Beinn Mhanach alone, which he did despite the snow conditions, which made the going very strenuous. In his notes he says he had no time for Beinn a' Chuirn. As it was, he did not get back to the hotel till about 7 P.M.

Raeburn had arrived that morning. He was quite undismayed by the conditions, and having failed to rouse sufficient enthusiasm among those still in the house over the advantages of a complete change of water, he went out by himself, and lured by the delicate imprints of the agile ski-runners, he, at the cost of who can say what energy and great perseverance, I had almost said worthier a better object, found himself on the actual summit of Beinn Bheag, thereby doing the skisters out of the fallacy of claiming that peak. He specially noted that their tracks stopped a long way short of the 2,149 feet. In passing I should just like to say that to anyone interested in ski-running that southern side of the Corrie Chailein is probably the best suited for sport in the district. It is sufficiently steep, fairly free of boulders and gashed water courses, and has no fences ready and waiting to strangle one at the bottom of a run.

The 2nd of January was a distinct improvement on

the slop and slush of yesterday. Snow fell occasionally, but the sun won through several times in the forenoon. Green, Arthur, and the Secretary returned to their labours. Raeburn and Burn set out for Ben Lui. Up Glen Coninish they found very misty conditions, but undeterred by this they tackled the North Rib, which was in poor condition and did not give much sport. According to Burn's account, the visit to the mountain was memorable for some valuable instruction on the true art of glissading. I am relieved to see that he appreciated his good fortune in literally sitting at the feet of such a mentor. He does admit that his book-gleaned theories were cast to the winds, which I take it were not awanting on the practice field, the great corry, and a new groundwork, a flattened bottom, laid for the building of the correct method as brought to a fine art by one of its chief exponents. A party of three accompanied by the Hotel dog I understand, went up Beinn Dubhchraig, but were not very fortunate with the evil condition of snow prevailing, and got no view of anything.

Every one seems to have gone off next day, as ever, with the feeling of a few jolly days of well earned respite delightfully spent. The thanks of the Club are due to Mr Stewart for his kindness and attention, as also for the handsomely ample way in which the Meet was fed, warmed, and dried despite the difficulties of restricted rations. The only regret is that there were so few able to take advantage of the Meet, and it is to be hoped that improved conditions will eventuate before Easter and allow of a large attendance at the Fife Arms, Braemar, where we have the promise of the combined energies of all the Aberdonian members to extend a welcome to those unfortunate enough not to be able to claim Deeside as their native heath.

Always your obedient Secretary,
G. S.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY.

“Round Kangchenjunga.” By Douglas W. Freshfield. Presented by Hugh S. Ingram.

“Climbing in New Zealand.” By Malcolm Ross. Presented by Hugh S. Ingram.

The Club thanks the donor.

ADDITIONS TO SLIDE COLLECTION.

Mrs Lamond Howie offered the Club her husband’s collection of slides. Her offer was gladly and gratefully accepted. The collection, amounting to over 600 slides, not only very much enriches the Club’s existing stock, but will keep green the memory of our friend who has left us.

The slides may be roughly divided into the following groups :—

Scottish mountaineering subjects	-	-	-	290
Norwegian mountains and towns	-	-	-	81
Swiss mountains and mountaineering centres	-	-	-	123
Austria, Bavaria, Tyrol, and Passion Play	-	-	-	124
Miscellaneous	-	-	-	21

			Total	<u>639</u>

In addition a number of first-class negatives of mountaineering subjects were included in the gift.

The Club’s thanks are also tendered to the following donors :—

Home Slide Collection	S. F. M. Cumming	2 slides
Foreign “ ”	“ ”	19 “
“ ” “	Gilbert Thomson	13 “

MAPS.

Last year the Club took the opportunity of acquiring the following maps on very reasonable terms :—

SCALE ONE INCH TO MILE.

In leather covers. Linen mount.

Forest of Knaresborough, and surroundings.	Yorkshire to Long Preston.
River Wye, and surroundings.	Island of Arran.
County Kerry.	Peeblesshire.
Dartmoor.	Radnorshire.
Ayrshire.	Lanarkshire.
Yorkshire from Kirkby Stephen.	Berwickshire.
	Brecknockshire.

In card covers. Linen mount.

- River Tay, strip Blair Athole to Crieff.
- River Dee, Linn to Ballater.

Linen mounted. Uncontoured but shaded.

The numbers refer to O.S. sheets.

Inverness	-	-	Sheet 83	-	-	Glen Orrin, &c.
Grantown	-	-	" 74	-	-	Monadhliath.
Glen Roy	-	-	" 63	-	-	Loch Laggan.
"	-	-	" 63	-	-	"
Nairn	-	-	" 84	-	-	Lower Findhorn.
Tomintoul	-	-	" 75	-	-	Glenavon.
Rannoch	-	-	" 54	-	-	Ben Alder, S.W.
Roths	-	-	" 85	-	-	Aberlour.
Stirling	-	-	" 39	-	-	Ochils.
Kingussie	-	-	" 64	-	-	Glen Feshie.
Blair Athole	-	-	" 55	-	-	Schichallion.
Blairgowrie	-	-	" 56	-	-	Glen Prosen.
Fort Augustus	-	-	" 73	-	-	Invermoriston.
Forfar	-	-	" 57	-	-	Edzell.
Banchory	-	-	" 66	-	-	Glen Esk.
Balmoral	-	-	" 65	-	-	Lochnagar.

Loch Lomond includes Loch Vennachar, 1 inch to mile.

Killin and Upper Glen Lyon, Old, 1 inch to mile.

SCALE SIX INCHES TO MILE.

In card covers. Linen mount.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Castleton of Braemar (Aberdeenshire, 98). | Glas Maol. |
| Glen Ey Forest, Geal Charn. | Glen Avon (Aberdeenshire, 77 ; Banffshire, 45, 46, 48, and 49 ; Inverness-shire, 90). |
| Glen Gairn, W. (Aberdeenshire, 79). | Glen Callater (Aberdeenshire, 106). |
| Glen Gairn, E. (Aberdeenshire, 80). | Inverey (Aberdeenshire, 97). |
| Glen More Forest (Aberdeenshire, 76, 77 ; Banff, 47, 48 ; Inverness, 89). | Invercauld (Aberdeenshire, 89). |
| Glen Muick (Aberdeenshire, 100). | Glen Shee. |
| Balmoral (Aberdeenshire, 90). | Loch Muick (Aberdeenshire, 107 ; Forfar, 4). |
| Balmoral Forest (Aberdeenshire, 99). | Loch Builg (Aberdeenshire, 78 ; Banff, 49). |
| Ballater (Aberdeenshire, 91). | Glen Derry (Aberdeenshire, 88). |
| Dee, Geldie and Feshie Rivers (Aberdeenshire, 96 ; Inverness, 119). | Glen Dee, Larig Ghru (Aberdeenshire, 87 ; Inverness-shire, 104). |
| | Glen Doll (Forfarshire, 10). |

Scale 6 inches to mile. In leather case.

Glas Thulachan and Carn Bhinnein.

Scale 2 miles to 1 inch—Devonshire, shaded.

*Scale 8 miles to 3 inches—Sutherland, coloured.
Cairngorm Panoramas.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Alpine Journal, September 1918.—This number contains an article on "The Island of Skye," by Dr Norman Collie: it was read before the Alpine Club on 5th March 1918, and will be re-read by members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club with much pleasure. The paper opens with an autobiographical account of how the doctor started climbing—over thirty years ago. On the third attempt Sgurr nan Gillean was conquered. "That was my introduction to mountaineering, and for the next twenty-five years mountain climbing became more important to me than fishing, and more delightful than wandering on the shores of Cornwall and the west."

Then follows an appreciation of John Mackenzie—"The only real British climbing guide that has ever existed." A day with him, which evidently stands out in the author's memory, and well it may, saw the following route covered:—

Sligachan, Coire na Creiche, Bealach Glac Mhor, four peaks of Sgurr a Mhadaidh, Sgurr a Ghreadaidh, Sgurr na Banachdich, Sgurr Dearg, the fourth ascent of the Inaccessible, Sgurr Mhic Coinnich, Sgurr Thearlaich, Sgurr Alasdair, Ghrunnda Coire, Coruisk River, the 1,500 feet rise to top of Druim nan Ramh, and so by the Glen back to Sligachan.

"We got home just before midnight. It was one of the hardest days I have ever had amongst the mountains." It must be remembered also that in those days the easy routes had not been worked out—traverses backwards and forwards had to be made over and over again.

Then follows an account of the discovery in 1899 of The Chioch, and of its first conquest in 1906. Dr Collie proceeds to give the reader some idea of the wonderful coast scenery to be found in Skye, and this information will come as a surprise to the majority of climbing men, though they may often have visited the island. As he himself says—"That in Skye are to be found some of the very finest of sea cliffs is known to very few indeed. Yet

from Glen Brittle to Rudha Hunish, along the west coast of the island, there must be at least 60 miles of as wild coast scenery as can be found in Great Britain and Ireland. The cliffs run in height up to 966 feet at Waterstein Head. In most places they drop sheer into deep blue water." Two illustrations, "The Candle Cave" and "Sea Coast near Orbst," give one some idea of the beauty and grandeur of that wondrous coast. The article contains also one or two marvellous word pictures of the charms of Skye, worthy to rank with anything of the kind in the English tongue; but to those of us who know the charms of "A Chuilionn," by Norman Collie in Vol. IV., pp. 259-266 of our *Journal*, these new word pictures will not come as a surprise.

Cornhill Magazine, January 1919.—The above contains an article by Bennet Copplestone, entitled "The Salving of K13." Its interest to us lies in the fact that Percy A. Hillhouse, one of our members, was on board. The K13, it seems, was of a new type, some 300 feet long, and displacing some 2,000 tons when submerged.

On the 29th January 1917 the boat left her builder's yard to carry out diving trials in the Gareloch—Hillhouse, as Fairfield's naval architect, being one of those on board; she passed her trials successfully, but, before returning, it was decided to take one more dive.

Unfortunately, some ventilators were left open, the water poured in, and the engine-room staff of twenty-eight were drowned at once: the boat sank to the bottom of the loch in 70 feet of water on a level keel at 3.30 in the afternoon.

The air pressure in the part of the boat where the survivors were was raised to about two atmospheres, the senses of most were dulled, and an apathetic fatalism took possession as the slow hours passed without relief.

On the surface every effort was being made to rescue the imprisoned men, and the well-known salvage ship, the "Ranger," was wired for from Liverpool.

The forward oil tanks were blown out, the stern sank in the mud, and the bows came up: steel hawsers were

placed under the fore-part of the submarine, the ends secured to bollards on tugs alongside. A hole was cut in the bows by an acetylene plant. The race against time is vividly described in the article, and finally on the 31st January at 10 P.M., after 54½ hours of imprisonment, the forty-nine survivors emerged. Forty hours of bad and poisonous air, and fifty-four of bitter cold had brought the flame of life, in many cases, down to a flicker, but after hot baths and beds at Shandon, all recovered.

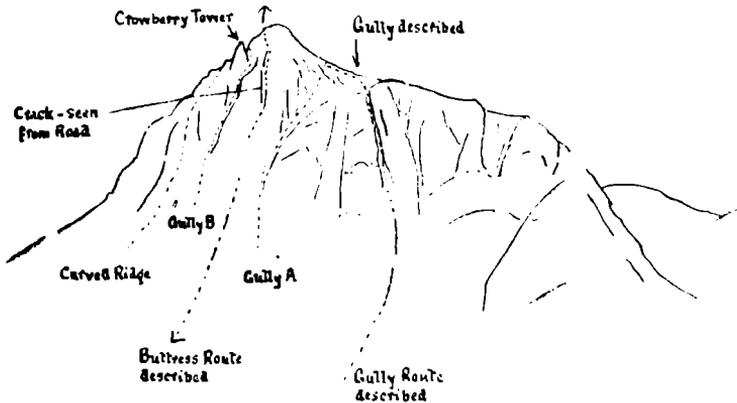
Owing to the regulations of the censor it is only now possible to refer publicly to the above occurrence. Heartiest congratulations to Hillhouse on his fortunate escape!

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

BUCHAILLE ETIVE MÒR (STOB DEARG).

THE following notes have been kindly sent us by Surgeon Sub.-Lieut. Gerald W. T. H. Fleming, R.N.V.R., who, along with Professor Baly of Liverpool, made these new routes.

I. NORTH BUTTRESS.—Route lies up the base of the buttress to



BUCHAILLE ETIVE MÒR (STOB DEARG).
From Glencoe Road, north of Queenshouse.

a conspicuous crack visible from the Glen Coe road. Rough scrambling leads to the foot of the first chimney. The climbing is nowhere very difficult; but one place where a large jammed block occurs is rather difficult as holds are scanty, but the block is quite safe and soon gives in. The climb lies straight up these series of short and wide chimneys. In places the rock is a little unsafe, but a route can always be found to either side.

II. GULLY.—North-east from A gully. It is the second gully from the A gully, and is quite conspicuous from the road as a narrow fissure looking almost perpendicular. It is narrow all the way, nowhere more than 12 feet. It was descended after climbing the curved ridge with variations. It is very steep and grassy to begin with, but is quite safe, and there is no real climbing until near the foot, when a pitch of about 50 feet occurs. There is a lot of loose rock about, but holds are plentiful. It is marked in Abraham's "British Mountain Climbs" as an unclimbed gully. So I should imagine this was the first descent made there.

THE SCOTTISH Mountaineering Club Journal.

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No. 88.

A MEED OF TRIBUTE.

THROUGH courtesy of a Club member, a copy of the April number of the *Journal* came to my hands, and its perusal induced to quite an unusual degree the contemplative and reminiscent mood. Not that the *Journal* itself was by any means new to me, for I have amongst my treasures not a few old numbers of exceptional interest. It was ever a pleasure to peruse its pages, but this time it had assumed the nature of a privilege; and from the quality of the emotions it excited, I was rendered, perhaps for the first time, fully conscious of my personal indebtedness to the Club for the part it has played in giving to the ideals it stands for a local habitation and a name. This sense of indebtedness threatens to become a burden unless it finds expression, and I beg of the Editor the boon of permitting me to make open acknowledgment of the obligations I have come under. This seems all the more called for, as I have been but a non-subscribing adherent, a mere hanger-on, even in the literal sense of the word, when it came to active participation in the game. And so, with his leave, to our confession; it must needs be personal, and no apology on that score is called for. I have no skill to make the matter clear, and am encouraged solely by the reflection that I am in the company of those who will sympathise, and sympathising, understand.

My first "Munro" was Lochnagar. I did not then know it was a "Munro," nor had I any premonition that I should ever meet the foster-father of that giant clan, though

there was, even then, no doubt in my mind that this was but a mere introduction to a wonderful programme. The occasion was really a picnic to the Falls of Dee, but a friend and I, scorning the softer delights of fair company and sundry picnic baskets (no mean attraction at our age), had chosen the more ascetic joys of mountaineering. It was a great day for us, for had we not our first view of the Cairngorms, and heard for the first time, from a ghillie with whom we foregathered on the summit, of the wonders of those hills, of Loch A'an and the Shelter Stone and the Forest, and we then and there embraced the firm resolve to explore some day their limitless tracks. We were at that stage when the mere names were enhaloed with a romantic effulgence. So, although that holiday was not a mountaineering one beyond this one modest performance, it still stands in memory as spent in the vestibule of the great hills. And, indeed, fortunate were we in the stage-setting of our first romance, when the awakening senses turned to all that was lovely in earth and heaven, when "every morning brought a noble chance." Dear Mother Earth was kind to our transcendent dreams. Up beyond the woods where the moorland spread itself in illimitable expanses of glowing heather, away to far ranges of mountains stretching in ever fainter but purer lines of translucent blue, here one looked into things that were afar off, and dreamed dreams of the beauty that is infinite. And the river that ran through our dreamland! From its highest sources, where 4,000 feet above sea-level it curls up amongst the granite sand of the great plateau, down the great corrie with a leap of falls to the glen below, then on by many a linn through the pine-clad heights to the lower strath, through which it lingeringly winds as though loath to exchange its cheery Highland home for the salt monotony of the sea. Here where it clings by many a shaded pool and sunny shallow, we met the spirit of romance face to face. Such was our introduction to the Scottish hills, in which the inborn love of them was confirmed in such definite wise that the succeeding years wove an unbroken chain of arduous delights and fortunate adventure.

The following year found us inevitably in Strathspey, under the spell of the Forest and the Darksome Pass. Of that Forest some have hinted that it is no more; that it, too, has been sacrificed in the holocaust of the world war. I do not dare to inquire if this be true. There are not many who knew all its secret paths, but to those who loved them something irretrievable has been lost, if indeed the axe has been laid to the tree. But, thank God, Craigellachie stands fast, and Cairngorm where it did.

Our first real expedition, solemnly studied and carefully planned, was a crossing from Rothiemurchus to Linn of Dee, taking in Ben Muich Dhui and Loch A'an on the way. It led to our first encounter with mountain mist and the fascinating business of steering by compass, and incidentally to acquaintance with honest Highland folk and their quaint ways. Other visits followed, and we learned to love the Cairngorms even beyond our first love of them. On "off" days we found great delight in the Strath itself. Sweeping in noble lines from its birthplace amongst the hills, it here presented all the elements that go to make up the magnificent in Highland scenery—soft and gracious in the meadows and groves wrapped in its bosom, standing fast in the boldness of its pine-clad bluffs and rising in flowing lines of strength through the mighty sinews of its ridges to the sublimity of its peaks.

And this strath has something that Deeside lacks—a loch in its bosom. I shall never forget one hour spent in company of my *alter ego* by its shores. The day had been one of storm which had cleared towards evening, and the panorama unrolled before our eyes was of such magic beauty that we sat spellbound and speechless. Before us stretched the waters of the loch, reflecting in the clearness of its surface and the perfect limpidity of the renewed air the many ranges of the Grampians which fell away in infinite perspective of fading blue and purple. Over the Monadh Ruadh hung the rearguard of the storm, still casting deep shadows in the corries, the last ranks glowing in the light of the sunset fires kindled in the west. This western sky over the Monadh Liath was wonderfully grand; the whole heaven, shrouded with gleaming clouds, tumbled

and tossed in extremest confusion, wrecks in the track of the storm. Through the rents the sun shot its last beams, which burned in purple flame upon the heather, and slanted in long streams of cerie light over the pine woods. In the magical clearness of the atmosphere the valley deepened infinitely as the twilight fell, and under the glooming shadows the mountains drew ever closer their solemn sentinel guard.

With the realisation in these prentice experiences of all that the cult of the hills held out to us, it was inevitable that the call of the Cuillin should come to our attending ears, and as inevitably we became conscious of the existence of the S.M.C. Its *Journal* became our scripture, and the names and exploits of its original members were made known to us and were already held in appropriate reverence. To look over these old numbers reconfirms the feeling that we should have esteemed a share in their experiences over everything short of the Military Cross. Theirs was a lot to be envied, for the pioneer work they did, however amateurish it may appear in these more sophisticated days, was charged with the real spirit of adventure. It may make an expert of to-day smile to read of their doings, and still more perhaps to criticise the emotions the work excited; but the later comer can never recapture the wonder and the charm that were the guerdon of these first explorers of the secrets of our Scottish hills. And indeed it was some faint realisation of such feelings that inspired our little party as we set out from Achnacarry to "walk to Skye." Not even in the *Journal* was there any record of the Mam na Cloich Airde, and we were confirmed in our impression of being genuine adventurers by the reception accorded to us by Flora Macdonald of Sourlies. Here we rediscovered the existence of that old proud Highland hospitality, where the mere suggestion of payment was held as a sore affront. And so we fared to Skye, being ferried across the Sound by a Macdonald, who had a boat o' her nainsel, to arrive in the fulness of time at Sligachan. Here it was that we first met the Club in the flesh in the person of William Tough, whose name was already familiar to us from the perusal of sundry entertaining articles from

his pen in the pages of the *Journal*. We had struck Skye weather, and were in need of expert advice, for which we duly applied to the Club representative. We had no need of introduction; it was enough that we were game to essay Sgurr-nan-Gillean under such abominable conditions. We were utter salvationists, of course, but we returned from that expedition changed men, most immoderately proud in the ill-fitting garments that the landlord had supplied for our appearance at dinner, when our thoughts ran back between the courses to that exciting crawl on hands and knees before we succeeded in leaving our cards at the cairn. And did not Tough bestow the blessing of the Club upon our success, and so forever confirm us in our allegiance?

This was the first of many links that bound me to the Club and all it stood for. I realised that the password was cameraderie, that the saving doctrine was love of the hills, and the saving grace the practice of that doctrine. I was to learn, too, that this faith transcended, whilst it observed the social conventions, that here was a Freemasonry under whose ægis one met as man to man. The idea was perhaps better expressed by Donald Mackenzie in the course of a chance *rencontre* on the moor above Sligachan, when he graciously accepted my apology for being unable to fulfil an obvious obligation of courtesy with the remark, "That's all right; sure, you're just a man on the moor like myself." If you, Mr Editor, can spare the space, the recital of one or two more experiences in which I came into contact with the Club will point the moral.

I had the privilege on one or two occasions of being a guest at the annual dinner of the Club. One that still lives most vividly in my memory was under the presidency of Gilbert Thomson. His presidential address, so deeply imbued with the sense of reverence—one might almost say of adoration—raised the cult to the level of a religion, and one realised that the God who had framed the eternal hills had joy in the worshippers of His handiwork as well. And so at Club functions and in various fortuitous meetings with members in the field the interest in its doings was

ever deepened, and the sense of community of spirit confirmed.

One such occasion put me deeply in debt, for to one of various friends who eventually became members I owe it that before the days of my activities were numbered I was introduced to the ecstasies of rock-climbing. An unroped ascent of the Castle Ridge offered a mild introduction, the north buttress of the Buchaille followed, and then I was deemed fit and prepared for the awful joy of an ascent of the Crowberry Ridge. I need not dwell upon what I owe to the leader for these sublime experiences, nor on how proud I am that he came safely back from the war with the Military Cross.

And there was the meeting with the compiler of the tables. We met on the "Glendale," and later at Sligachan, when he invited me to join him in a traverse of Blaven. I had most regretfully to cry off, being sadly out of form, and had to be content to go over to Broadford with the luggage as such. In the evening I took Campbell's car over to Torran to pick up the solitary climber. We spent a great evening together, communing of the hills and our experiences thereon; then the talk turned to painting and to music, and finished up in the small hours with a whistling recital of the greater part of "Faust." When in war days I heard that Sir Hugh was at the Bouches-du-Rhone on a work of mercy, I should have given much to have been free to volunteer. It would have combined so much that was dear to me, for I had learned as well to know and to love the erstwhile pleasant land of France. This final chapter to his life appeared most seemly and fitting, for I had been led to adjudge him in these meetings with him a "knight of true heart and fealty."

Indeed, one could not come into contact with the Club without feeling that the standard set for it was, in these respects, a high one; and to the younger generation who are making broad their shoulders to receive the weight of this responsibility, one would like to make a special appeal on this score. They are entering into a heritage of high traditions; the maintenance of a fine ideal of sportsmanship is passing into their keeping. As a disinterested on-

looker, one with no legal share in the renown of the Club, I am all the more free to "give the charge" regarding the responsibilities that they cannot evade assuming. The gaps which the last five years have created render the duty all the more insistent, and it is on this note that I should wish to conclude. It will be all gain to them, too. Of this the experiences of the past are the guarantee. Will you allow me, in as few words as may be, to attempt to describe one of these?

In the small hours of a morning of last summer I joined a party in the ascent of a Border hill. As to season, it was midsummer; as to mood, it was the darkest winter of our discontent about the progress of the war. I believe the true motive of the little expedition was to do something which might haply lift the pall of depression that involved our spirits, already well-nigh "dead of devotion and tired memory"—something to exorcise the ghosts of our fears and resuscitate the life of long deferred hopes.

The way to our hill led through a dale, deep-bosomed in woods, and in the full moonlight these assumed an air of mystic beauty that charmed our jaded senses. In the inviolable quietness that brooded over them, in the stillness of the breathless night, lay a spell that wrought a sense at once of relief and expectancy. But it was reserved to the hill-top to lend that note of ecstasy and triumph which silenced the tumult of our doubts and fears. The mist that had enshrouded the summit broke up as we gained it, and we had a wonderful outlook over the awakening landscape. From the higher ranges to the south, great wreaths of vapour were streaming in unbroken succession down the lateral valley which we overlooked, and we stood entranced as we watched their transformation from the cold whiteness of the mists of night to the radiance that the first rose of dawn lent to them. The sun climbed up through clouds that caught and held the most tender of opalescent lights, and ere long the level shafts of its first beams lit up the higher summits. As the mists faded away the full brilliance of a perfect morn was ushered in, and we could confidently say with Queen Katherine:—

“ Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.”

And now, having borne with the foregoing, will you allow me one final word? All the feats of the Club in the normal sphere of its being have been but as a forecast of the achievements of those who figure in the Roll of Honour. All the heroisms, all the ventures, all the virtues of the past have found a sublime apotheosis in those whose names are written in that roll with the affix of the Cross. A disciplined reserve must needs characterise any mere words that essay to express our thoughts of them—we are, indeed, under obligation to “stand afar off.” Long ago I had heard Harry Walker, in reply to the toast of “The Forces,” gently reproach the members for their lack of interest in pre-war preparation. How little one recked of the future in store; how humbly proud we must be of the record of the response that the definite Call evoked. Before that altar of sacrifice so cheerfully, nay, joyfully served, we can but stand uncovered and in silence.

We have no tears on their own account for those who have fallen. They went forth blithely, like the true knights they were, to battle for the right, recking nothing of the dangers of the way they followed, unabashed by the terrors of darkness that enshrouded the path's end. To them, of the dear memories they bequeath us, we shall rear an imperishable shrine of remembrance, and can only pray for grace to follow their beckoning on the path of self-forgetfulness. True and loyal comrades in this life, they have made themselves our brethren in a new and deeper sense; and, as one brother wrote of another, we may say of each of them:—

“ In perfect honour, perfect truth,
And gentleness to all mankind,
You trod the golden paths of youth,
Then left the world and youth behind.
Ah, no! 'Tis we who fade and fail—
And you, from Time's slow torments free,
Shall pass from strength to strength and scale
The steeps of immortality.

“ Dear heart, in that serener air,
If blessed souls may backward gaze,
Some slender nook of memory spare
For our old happy moorland days.
I sit alone, and musing fills
My breast with pain that shall not die,
Till once again o'er greener hills
We roam together, you and I.”*

* “ Fratri dilectissimo.” John Buchan. By permission.

A TRAMP BETWEEN LOCHABER AND THE
CAIRNGORMS.

BY REV. R. P. DANSEY.

ON August 20th, 1918, the West Highlands' only train deposited me at Rannoch Station, after a twenty-four hours' journey from Herefordshire, including seven hours or so spent in a carriage in a locked-up Glasgow station, where the night was passed, all hotels being full.

After donning my walking clothes in the waiting-room at Rannoch, and filling my rucksac only with what I deemed absolutely necessary for ten days, I sent my bag on to Tulloch, and started about noon for Ben Alder Cottage.

Two routes are described in the *Journal*, and as the weather was very wet and windy—rain had fallen pretty continuously since passing Shap Summit the previous evening—I decided to try the driest. Going along the Kinloch Rannoch road for a mile or so the Allt Eigheach was crossed and the old Corroul Lodge track turning up to the left was followed. This was left at the Allt Gormag, and a bee line was made for Loch Ericht, under the slopes of Beinn Pharlagain. Wind and rain increased, and I was soon so wet that it mattered not where I went, but at last Loch Ericht was reached after fording the Cam Chraichan, where its flooded energy was somewhat diffused a few hundred yards above the loch.

Ben Alder Cottage was indeed a welcome sight when I turned the last corner about 5 P.M. Alas, however, my hopes sank when the door was found to be locked. To go on another 10 miles to Loch Ericht Lodge was out of the question, but eventually an entrance was found into part of the cottage used as a hay barn. After a change into dry clothes and a supper of bread and cheese, helped by a few nips from a flask, quite a tolerable night was spent in the hay, while the storm continued to shriek without.

Next morning dawned fine and breezy, and when King



LOCH ERICHT.
(Ben Alder on right.)

R. P. Dansey.

Sol showed himself over the hill he found my sodden garments waiting his pleasure on the cottage drying lines ; but I could not give him time to complete his task, and started on about 9 o'clock along the loch side, there being a fairly good path from the cottage to the lodge, a distance of 9 or 10 miles. I had intended to do Ben Alder from the cottage, but was disinclined to spend a second night of loneliness with only a bit of bread and cheese as sustenance ; this was all the more regrettable in view of the fineness of the day. Loch Ericht Lodge was reached at 2.15, and it was quite a welcome sight for a lonely tramp to see human beings once more after over twenty-four hours' solitariness. Here Mr and Mrs Grant—an under keeper of the Ben Alder Forest—took compassion on me. From them I learnt that the M'Cookes left the cottage some time back, and now act as caretakers at the lodge ; the Grants succeeded them at the cottage, and had only left four days prior to my visit, to be at the lodge for the stalking season and through the winter.

I had arranged to meet a friend—J. H. Bell—at Aviemore on the 24th, and as it was only the 21st there was no object in hurrying, and I was only too pleased when the Grants offered to put me up for three nights. The 22nd was a pouring day till evening, when it blew a hurricane, and it was interesting to watch from my window the waterfalls on the far side of the loch. The wind would occasionally lift the stream from the cliff face and hurl it up in spray 200 feet or so to the top of the precipice, from where it had started. On the morrow Grant was to start deer-stalking, so I accompanied him, together with a young "rifleman" from Braemar, while three ponies brought up the rear. Passing Loch Pattack, deer were soon sighted, and it was decided to stalk some on the north-eastern slopes of Cairn Dearg. A choice, therefore, fell to my lot : would I go deer-stalking or bag Ben Alder ? Providence seemed to have given me a second chance which I would not forego. Leaving the stalkers to climb the slopes on the right, I made my way up the valley and finally reached, by the excellent shooting path, the north end of Loch a Bhealaich Bheithe. Crossing the stream

about 200 yards below the loch, I made for a prominent ridge running up to the summit plateau, with a fine view into a deep corrie on my right; the plateau was gained about 12.30, and the cairn a few minutes later. Slight showers had greeted me on the ascent, and the summit was in cloud; but just as the cairn was found the mist lifted, and though showers and low clouds prevailed over Lochaber way all day, to the east the view was all that could be desired. The Cairngorms were so clear that they are just discernible in the photo, taken a few feet below the summit plateau, and looking along the Garracories Loch a Bhealach Bheithe appears below, and in the distance the Dalwhinnie end of Loch Ericht. About two hours were spent on the top, but the west wind was chilly, with a temperature of 40°. By request of the keeper the descent was made by the same ridge and the lodge gained at 5.30 P.M. I was not surprised to find that good sport had fallen to Grant, for had I not heard five shots in quick succession and tracked blood on the path before reaching Loch Pattack? My only regret was that they were home so early, for the three ponies laden with a stag apiece would have made a capital subject for the camera. However, "Lone Ben Alder" was at last mine, and I was glad my choice had led me there.

The following day I set out for the remaining 6 miles to Dalwhinnie, where I boarded the afternoon train to Aviemore. Here I was joined by J. H. Bell, quarters being found at the Temperance Hotel, the "Cairngorm" being full. This was my first visit to Aviemore and the Cairngorms, and I suppose there is no mountain panorama in Britain equal to the magnificent view of the Cairngorm range as seen from Aviemore. Certainly in these first hours our eyes were seldom turned from them, the whole group being free from cloud. The morrow, therefore, saw us off towards the hills. Crossing the Cairngorm Club's new bridge over the Allt na Bienne Moire, we came to the deserted shieling of Aultdrue, some 4½ miles from Aviemore. This struck us as a possible base for an early start, so a couple of hours were spent in repairing the roof and making it passably watertight at the end where it was

least deficient. The day was close and sultry, and countless flies coming out of the rotten roof nearly drove us mad. A dip in the stream did not better matters, and even lunch outside the hut could not be endured for long; inside the hut, with the aid of a little smoke, their attentions became more bearable. At 2 P.M. we turned our steps towards the Larig, reaching the summit of the Pass at 5. Clouds enveloped the top, but late as it was we struck up the slopes of Braeriach, and soon became enveloped in mist and rain. With the aid of the compass we managed to cross the ridge somewhere about the 3,750-foot line, and get down the Allt na Bienne Beg corrie into Glen Eunach soaked to the skin, arriving at the bothy just below Loch Mhic Ghille Chaoile at 7.20 P.M. Aviemore was reached by 9.45, a late hour, but not too late to do full justice to the excellent Sunday dinner Mrs M'Laughlan had kept for us.

After such a strenuous day a few hours' rest on the morrow did not come amiss, so we did full justice to hotel meals, finishing up with a good tea, after which we set out for the shieling at Aultdruie, carrying with us bread, tea, sardines, and a few other necessaries, including a pan in which to boil the water. The shieling was reached soon after 7 P.M., and before supper preparations were made to render sleep more comfortable in the shape of a harvest of heather. Of dry wood for the fire there was plenty. Luckily the night was mild and calm, otherwise with half the roof gone, it would have been decidedly chilly. I cannot say I slept much—heather is *not* a comfortable bed, the stalks are too hard, and when one turns over it all has to be rearranged over one's legs, which are apt to get cold without a covering; my rucksac, however, proved a splendid sleeping bag for my feet. I think Bell passed a better night than I did. At any rate we were nothing loth for breakfast at 4 A.M. (*really* 3 A.M.), and got under weigh at 5 in the light of a waning moon. It was rather dark for the Larig track overgrown by heather as it is, in fact even in daylight it is easier in many places to *feel* you are on the track than it is to *see* it, for it is often a foot below the heather which hides it. When we cleared the forest many deer were seen, almost near enough to

photograph. Bell, in fact, did expend a film or two on them, but I desisted, knowing how small they would appear. The top of the Pass, 2,733 feet and $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Aviemore, was reached by 8 o'clock. Our objective was to explore the Garbh Coire of Braeriach, so passing the Pools of Dee, we traversed along the lower slopes of the mountains over rocks stable and unstable; progress was slow, and it would probably have been quicker in the end to have descended further down the infant Dee almost to its junction with the other branch coming from the Garbh Coire. However, the Fuar Garbhchoire, the corrie where the Dee falls over Braeriach's cliffs, was gained at last. Bell scrambled up to the summit plateau on the south side of the Falls, I preferred the north side where the ground was mostly grass, and we met at the top of the waterfall. The day was not kindly, mist enveloped the plateau most of the time, with occasional rain of the drizzly character; certainly there was no wind, and it was warm. The Dee was followed up along the plateau to its source at the Wells (4,000 feet), the water of which was found to have a temperature of 40° compared with the almost exactly similar temperature of 40.5° for the Pools of Dee, 1,400 feet below.

Retracing our steps we followed the cliff edge to the south, passing round the head of the An Garbh Coire. This corrie is really the very head of the Garbh Coire, and is set furthest back into the plateau. It is the "Eternal Snow Corrie" of Braeriach, and the snow at its head has never been known to disappear. On this day, 27th August, about five patches were seen, only two being of any size, but they doubtless remained unmelted, for September was very cold, and brought considerable accession of snow. I fancy, however, that the beds were very much smaller than usual, there being a large area below them devoid of any vegetation, and of a different colour to the surrounding ground. This was the only snow seen west of the Larig.

A slight drop with a last gradual rise brought us to the top of the Angel's Peak. Weather showing no signs of improvement, but rather the contrary, there seemed no



CAIRNGORM.
(Looking across Loch Avon.)

R. P. Dansey.

object in going on to Cairn Toul. The mist was very thick, accompanied by a fine drizzle, time was getting on, and we might easily have missed the final peak, or taken an unnecessary time to reach it. So I prevailed upon my companion to retrace our steps via Braeriach's summit. This we gained at 3.45 P.M. Occasionally the mist cleared off parts of the plateau, revealing distant glimpses into Speyside; over the cliff edge, however, and sheltered from the faint westerly air, the whole Garbh Coire was a mass of seething impenetrable cloud. Descending on the Larig side across interminable boulder slopes, we at last joined the track just at the watershed, and reached the shieling at Auldrue at 7.30. An hour's rest for tea, and we were off again at 8.30, reaching Aviemore at 10 P.M.

On the 28th, after tea, we again made for the shieling, this time getting a lift as far as Coylum Bridge on the timber train. This goes to Loch Morlich, where Canadians were at work. The night's experiences were much the same as last time. Next morning we were off again at 5 (4 o'clock true time), and ascended the slopes near the Castle Hill, and on up to the Lurcher's Crag. Our aim was Ben Muich Dhui, but as we had been in the clouds since about 3,000 feet, there was some difficulty in keeping to the route. At last, after one or two deviations, we found ourselves at the summit cairn at 9.20. The mist was as thick as ever, and though we waited two hours hoping for a clearance in a bitter wind and temperature of 36°, it was in vain. Of course when we could wait no longer, and had started on for Cairngorm, the clearance came, but time did not permit us to retrace our steps at that late hour. Some 500 yards north-east of the summit of Ben Muich Dhui we found a fair-sized snowfield facing south-east, and quite in the open; it was probably not deep, though 100 yards across, and Mr Seton Gordon tells me that he has known it disappear entirely. This year, though small, it probably "carried on." This was the only snow seen east of the Larig. While looking at it an eagle soared over us at a great speed in the direction of Lochnagar.

The day now improved, and the tops remained clear

for some hours. Passing above the head of Loch Avon we had a few ups and downs before breasting the final slope of Cairngorm. We reached its cairn at 2.45. Clouds were hiding the tops of Braeriach and Ben Muich Dhui again, and at times just touched our peak, and there was no view westwards where the clouds were lower, but to the north-east it was very clear. The sea was visible for miles, and a lighthouse on a long spit of land was very conspicuous as the sun shone on it. Whether it was in the Black Isle or as far off as Tarbat Ness I cannot say. There was a hurricane of wind, and the only sheltered spot was some rocks on the Loch Avon side of the summit; here we lunched and then made a bee line for the shieling, gaining the Larig track about a mile above it, and getting in at 6.30.

Bell, disgusted with our Braeriach weather, was desirous of tempting fate once more, and so avowed his intention of spending this night also at the shieling. I don't mind an *occasional* sleepless night, but I object to two in succession, so about 8 P.M. I left him—with the remaining food—and trekked to Aviemore, reaching it at 9.15. That night it blew, and as I thought of my friend in the roofless, doorless shieling, I congratulated myself in that I had chosen the better part.

Bell arrived at the hotel next day for tea. He had been to the top of Braeriach where a regular hurricane prevailed with showers of rain mingled with snow, and had descended by the Corrie Lochain into Glen Eunach. Our time at Aviemore was now up, and on 31st August in pouring rain and bitter cold we took train to Kingussie. This latter place was left by motor bus at 1.15. It was lucky we were not a day later, as the old bus was on its last legs, its top speed was broken, and finally it would not go except on first, and each hill necessitated about twenty starts, progressing in jerks about one yard per start. I believe it is 18 miles from Kingussie to Loch Laggan Hotel, and we were exactly four hours over the journey. At least there was no excuse for getting cold; we could always do a sprint or push the bus, and luckily the down-pour of the morning had given place to sunshine and

showers. No wonder we sought exercise to keep warm, for the hills were covered with fresh snow to 3,000 feet.

We were very lucky to get a room at Loch Laggan Hotel. We were told they were quite full up, but budge we would *not*. Our fate was in the hands of the gods. Certainly we were considerably surprised when in an hour's time a large room was allotted to us.

An interesting feature in the smoking-room was a fine specimen of the wild cat.

Much rain fell that night and all the forenoon of Sunday, 1st September, but after an early dinner we got off about 12.30, and though drenching showers were our lot off and on, we succeeded in finding shelter under trees or rocks. Aberarder farm house is now deserted, but had the weather been even tolerably decent we contemplated a tour of inspection with the idea of doing Craig Meggie via Coire Arder from there next morning, but being so hopeless we gave up the idea. Arriving at Moy Lodge the M'Donalds gave us an excellent tea; thus refreshed we pushed on to Roughburn (within 2 miles of Tulloch station), where a kindly shepherd's wife gave us a night's lodging, excellent food, and a cheery fire.

Another rough, wet night followed, and on the showery morning of 2nd September, with rainbows galore, some at our very feet, we breasted the slopes of Craig Meggie. Alas, the clouds refused to lift above 3,000 feet, and though we gained the cairn we saw nothing; the wind beat all records, progress beyond the cairn was impossible, it seemed to rush up a steep declivity close to us but invisible, and to cut into our faces like a cold skewer. Numbed and wet through we beat a hasty retreat, reaching the cottage at Roughburn again by 2 P.M. It really did seem the limit—and beyond. I had taken a post-card kodak up Braeriach, Ben Muich Dhui, and Craig Meggie, and had not been able to get a single view from any of these points.

My friend was due to catch the south-going train at Tulloch that afternoon, but I was going on to Fort William for the last week. There was a possibility of being able to board a goods train about 4 P.M. and thus reach my destination in an hour instead of waiting till next day

for the only passenger train. As we walked to Tulloch station the weather—as if to mock us—turned brilliantly fine and the clouds lifted off all the tops. My “goods” turned up all right, and having recovered my bag (sent on from Rannoch) and bidden good-bye to my friend, a complete change of raiment in the jolting guard’s van was thoroughly appreciated.

The following day was spent in visiting the snow beds in the Observatory Gully of Ben Nevis, but it was again spoilt by mist and wet. The deepest snow bed, where the main gully forks into the Tower Gully (on right) and Gardyloo (on left), was found to be 9 to 10 feet in depth, and was much less in area than in September 1916. Two other fair-sized beds were in evidence, one at the foot of the Observatory Ridge and Buttress, and the other higher up in the Gardyloo Gully. The weather improved next day, but I felt a rest was imperative, and, as it happened, it made me the more fit to enjoy the only two really glorious days of the whole trip. September 5 and 6 were cloudless and calm; on the former day the Aonachs claimed my attention. The loan of a bike materially reduced my labours, and I was on the top of Aonach Mor by 12.45 P.M. Lunch was partaken of on Aonach Beag, and here at 4,060 feet I sat in my shirt sleeves and lit the pipe of peace without shading the (precious war-time) match. The view was superb; to the north-east could be seen the Cairngorms with small drifts of the 31st August snow still encircling the heads of the corries; drifts could also be seen on the ridge between Mam Soul and Carn Eige, while there were also a few at the cliff edge where I sat. An old snow bed was still—as in 1916—in existence under the north-east ridge of the mountain. On my way back I paid a visit to the sites of two old snow beds under the cliffs of Aonach Mor. I should have said that one of the reasons for my visit to the mountains was the fact that owing to the peculiar character of the preceding winter I had expected the snow accumulations to be far smaller than usual; this view had been confirmed by hearing that Ben Nevis had lost its snow cap as early as the third week in May—a period when the *maximum* depth is sometimes



R. P. Dansey.

BEN ALDER.

(In foreground, Loch à Bhealach Bheithe. In centre, Dalwhinnie end of Loch Ericht. Cairngorms in distance.)

reached—and the Rev. A. E. Robertson had written me that he had never seen so little snow in the Highlands as in this summer. One of these beds under Aonach Mor had completely vanished, of the other only four separate slabs of snow remained, the thickest 4 feet in depth. But what struck me most was that the rocks all around and above were yellow and rounded, free from any debris and of a totally different colour to any others I had seen. Maybe they had not seen the light of day for fifty years. Although the bed had dwindled to the four slabs I think that even *they* “carried on” unmelted, there being no mild weather after my visit. Below the snow bed site a small dam of earth and rocks appeared to be in process of formation. Whether this was made by stones falling down the snow bed and coming to rest beyond it, or whether it was formed by the downward pressure of the snow bed lying at a steep angle on the rocks (after the manner of a glacier), I cannot say, but if by the first agency, why should the debris have stopped at the foot of the snow bed, and not have gone 500 feet to the bottom of the corrie? Well, a scramble up 200 feet or so of cliff brought me to the summit plateau again, the time being 5 P.M. Four and more glorious hours around the 4,000-foot line, but all good days must end at last, and in two hours I was back in Fort William.

The following day was spent on the Ben, around whose desecrated top I again had some four hours of unbroken solitude. The view extended from the Black Isle to the Paps of Jura. Bits of the 31st August snow lay around the top, but not so much as on the Aonachs. This is probably due to the fact that whereas the Aonachs have smooth tops conducive to drifting, the Ben having a rocky top, drifting cannot take place to much extent till the snow has attained some depth. One could see the green grassy slopes of Ben More, so clear was the air. But I must bring this prosy rambling to a close. Those two days came and went: they were a thing apart. It was not till three days afterwards that the weather moderated enough for me to try Sgor a Mhaim, and though the top was reached, it was in the ubiquitous mist which never lifted!

In despair I tried fishing in the loch, and succeeded beyond my expectations. The codling proved most excellent, but even here the weather intervened, and next day, leaving Fort William at 4 P.M., the through train to the south was joined at Stirling. This was packed. I was lucky in finding sitting room, as sleeping Tommies lay in the corridors snatching what rest they could. In my compartment were six soldiers—mostly Canadians—and a sailor. At Motherwell tea was provided, which my companions urged me—nothing loth—to partake of also. “Jack” appeared to get the best night, and seemed quite dead to the world, with his head wrapped up in an oilskin, the others slept at intervals in all sorts of impossible attitudes. At Crewe I had a three hours’ wait, followed by the last stage of 100 miles, stopping at every single station *en route*, and reaching my journey’s end just under twenty-two hours from Fort William. Such is war-time travelling, a strange contrast to the quiet peace of the everlasting hills.

BIDEAN CHOIRE SHEASGAICH.

BY JAMES A. PARKER.

THE above mountain may quite safely be classified as being amongst the least known of our Scottish hills. It is questionable if a dozen members of the Club could state off-hand where it is situated, and equally questionable if more than half a dozen have stood on its summit. For the benefit of the ignorant it may here be stated that it stands, proudly, I believe, on the watershed of Scotland about five miles west from the head of Loch Monar, and boasts a height of 3,102 feet above sea-level. It is one of the most un-get-at-able hills in Scotland, and I am not ashamed to state that it took Garden and myself eight and a half years to climb it, and a few days longer to make certain that we had. But I must not anticipate.

Since 1907 Garden and I have made it an almost yearly institution to cross the backbone of Scotland by one or other of the magnificent cross-country routes that exist north of the Great Glen. And in 1910, in pursuance of this policy, we crossed from Struy to Achnashellach via Glen Strathfarrar and its hills, as has been described in the pages of the *Journal* by Alexander, who accompanied us on that expedition.* From the top of our last peak, Sgurr Choinnich, we noticed a very sharp peak standing up prominently in the wild country beyond Lurg Mhor, and we should have liked to have gone over and climbed it there and then; but time would not permit, as we had barely more than sufficient on hand to enable us to catch the afternoon train from Achnashellach to Inverness. We, however, located the peak accurately as being Bidean Choire Sheasgaich, as is recorded in Alexander's article; but during the following eight and a half years we had pretty well forgotten all about it, and had, by some means or other, formed an idea that it was really Beinn Tharsuinn.

September of last year found Garden and I at Kinlochewe with the double object of qualifying a pro-

* See *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XI., p. 135.

spective candidate, Mr J. C. Lyon, and at the same time enjoying our well-earned holiday as much as possible in spite of the somewhat arduous task that we had taken on, for our friend still wanted ten peaks to complete his qualifying list of ascents. After adding Ben Eighe, Slioch, Liathach, and Alligin to the aforesaid list in the short space of five days, we found ourselves on the sixth day reclining on the summit of Fionn Bheinn, in perfect weather, and enjoying a panorama of Scotland which extended from Ben Avon and the Bin of Cullen on the one hand to the Outer Hebrides on the other, and from—

“Hallo, Garden! There’s that sharp peak that we saw eight years ago from Sgurr Choinnich.”

“So it is. I wonder what hill it really is.”

And there in the south-west, and just standing clear of the right shoulder of Sgurr Choinnich, was a most uncommonly sharp peak for the mainland; but whether it was Beinn Tharsuinn or Bidean Choire Sheasgaich we could not, from our present position, determine. However, as we had arranged to spend the second half of our holiday at Strathcarron, the unknown peak was at once added to our list of prospective engagements as being a suitable entry for our friend’s “list of ascents.” Two days later we arrived, in a downpour of rain, at the comfortable little Strathcarron Hotel.

We were up betimes next morning, and found that the weather was what the authorities in peace times (*i.e.*, uncensored times) would have called “fair to unsettled”; or as it is in the vernacular, “fine but coorse.” The unknown peak had, however, been getting more and more attenuated in our imaginations during the previous two days and nights, and we determined that we would locate and climb it forthwith in case the weather during the remainder of our holidays might break down altogether, as it very nearly did.

Leaving the hotel at 9.20 A.M. (summer time), we crossed the railway and took to the Glen Udale path, and after following the glen for about a mile and a half, struck up to the right by the path which leads over to the north end of Loch an Laoigh, and at 11.5 A.M. reached the rather

neat little pass (height about 1,650 feet) by which the path crosses the watershed between Glen Udale and Glen Ling. There is a little loch in the pass, and beyond it there is a cairn on the hillside overlooking Glen Ling.

We had pushed up rapidly during the last half hour or so as we were impatient to get a glimpse of the unknown peak ; but, alas ! when we reached the cairn we found that the whole of the Lurg Mhor group of hills was covered with dense mist down to a height of about 1,250 feet, and that, apart from the question as to whether Tharsuinn or the Bidean was the sharper, our most pressing problem for the moment was evidently to determine where they actually were, there being, in fact, some difficulty even in locating their bases. However, we pushed on for the head of Loch an Laoigh, and in due course reached it. The crossing of the somewhat sluggish stream which flows into it gave some mild excitement, after which we made for the entrance of Coire Seasgach, having decided that our best plan was to climb up that corrie to the Bealach an Sgoltaidh at its head, and thus put off the evil moment of having to come to a final decision as late as possible in case the weather might get better. The corrie, or to speak more correctly, the limited portion of it that the mist allowed us to see, was rocky, which possibly accounts for its name,* and in due course we reached the Bealach at 12.30 P.M. The pass is quite narrow, and is crossed by a dry stone wall running from north to south, behind which we crouched and tried with somewhat poor success to take shelter from the cold east wind that was blowing strongly through the pass, and through the wall, accompanied by a soaking rain. Half an hour here for lunch gave us ample time to consider the problem, and as under the weather conditions, which were now about as bad as they well could be, there would not be time to climb Beinn Tharsuinn as well as the Bidean and Lurg Mhor, we decided to omit it. In coming to this decision we were of course more or less guided by our slight knowledge of Gaelic, which led us to believe that a hill called a Bidean must be more or less pointed.

* Probable meaning, the barren corrie or the corrie of the dry cow.

Lunch over, we therefore turned south and tackled the Bidean. The first 750 feet were unexpectedly steep and had two vertical pitches. The lower and smaller one was passed without any trouble; but our first attack on the upper one failed, and we had to make a cast to the left, where we ultimately found a very steep hidden grass gully which ran slantwise up the cliff to the right, and by which we were enabled to get to the top. This pitch would be about 100 feet in height. Above this the angle eased off, and the ridge broadened out and held a small loch in an ice-worn hollow. Above this the ridge became quite narrow, with very steep slopes on either side, and led us to the summit, which we reached exactly one hour after we had left the Bealach.

There was, of course, no view, and a careful compass course had to be worked out for the summit of Lurg Mhor, which we reached without any adventures at 3.15 P.M., finding it to be slightly coated with fresh snow.* Rather an outlandish place to be in in such weather with only a very limited supply of food and daylight on hand. All this Garden and I "rubbed in" to the initiate pretty thoroughly, and solemnly impressed him with the fact that his life lay absolutely in our hands, as it would only be by the most careful steering and mountain craft on our part that he would ever see Strathcarron Hotel again, Lurg Mhor not being a hill like Ben Vorlich, on which one can with impunity make a trifling mistake of sixteen points in reading one's compass, and subsequently rectify matters by getting a motor car to take one home. Setting out a south-westerly course and going ahead with impressive deliberateness for the benefit of our companion (in another sphere he can give our "best ball" nine bisques and win the match, and we were now getting a bit of our own back), we in due time got below the mist and found ourselves where we wanted, viz., above the west end of Loch Calavie.

Here we struck a most excellent deer-stalker's path

* A good photograph of Lurg Mhor from Sgurr Choinnich appeared in Vol. XI., p. 144; but it only extends to the saddle between Lurg Mhor and the Bidean, which latter is unfortunately just out of the view.



May 1910

SGURR NA CEANNAICHEAN

W. Garden

which took us down to Beinn Dronaig Lodge,* which we reached at 5.15 P.M. We were, of course, right in the holy of holies of the Attadale Forest, and were, naturally, somewhat anxious as to the kind of reception that we might get from the keeper whom we saw working at his hay in the field below the Lodge. The "conventions" of deer forests were, however, not quite so strictly observed in 1918 as they had been in pre-war years, and while we were challenged, it was in no unfriendly spirit, and after a short rest we resumed our tramp to Strathcarron. We were greatly comforted by the keeper stating that Tharsuinn was a rounded hill, and also somewhat flattered by the appreciation that he expressed at our having successfully traversed the Bidean and Lurg Mhor in such weather. The walk home was uneventful and followed a fairly good path, and a most persistent and irritating deer fence, over the Bealach Allt an Ruairidh, and thence between Loch an Fheoir and Loch Chairn Bhain down to Achintee and the hotel, which was reached in darkness at 8.20 P.M., or eleven hours after we had left it in the morning.

It had been a very fine expedition, but we were worried somewhat by the thought that we might not have climbed the sharp peak after all, and might have to repeat the greater part of our route in a day or two.

On the next day we climbed Meall a' Chinn Dearg in clear but intensely cold and windy weather, and we saw the Bidean well, but it was broadside on and looked like anything but a peak. Clearly it would be necessary to climb some hill to the north-east of it and see it end on in order to settle the point finally. So on the following day we climbed Moruisg from near Glencarron station; but again we seemed to be doomed to disappointment, as all the hills in the south-west were shrouded in mist. From the top of Moruisg we followed the skyline to the top of Sgurr na Ceannaichean, and after a most tantalising wait there were rewarded by a sudden clearing of the clouds, which revealed the Bidean for a few minutes and proved that it *was* the sharp peak. The weather now

* Called Lub-a-Goil on the one-inch map.

settled down to do its worst, and we were compelled to abandon the intention that we had had of exploring the two gullies on the west face of Sgurr na Ceannaichean. We could see, however, that the big one was simply a very steep stone-strewn gully, while the narrow one to the north looked as if it contained some difficult boulder pitches which could possibly be easily turned by climbing out on to the north. But we were really far too wet to take much interest in gullies.

Alexander has already described the beautiful Allt-a' Chonais glen, down which we now made our way, but its beauties impressed us very little, as we were much more concerned with the merits or demerits of our respective waterproof (*sic*) capes to protect us from the deluge that was now descending. And it was a very wet and somewhat miserable trio that plodded or waded down the glen and along the main road to Achnashellach station, from which "the" train in due course took us to Strathcarron Hotel, and the now daily discussion as to who was to get "the" hot bath. For be it known that in 1918 there was only one west-bound passenger train on the Skye railway per day, and only enough water for one hot bath in the hotel.

On the following day we took things easy, or at all events easier. Garden and Lyon climbed Fuar Tholl and Sgurr Ruadh in mixed, but on the whole good, weather, and thus secured the tenth peak, while the writer strolled down to Strome Castle and climbed the little hill called Bad a Chreamba for the magnificent view of Skye which is to be had from its summit. Our second last day we devoted to that most interesting of hills, Beinn Bhan of Applecross, climbing it from Tornapress via the Applecross road, and thence across its most extraordinary summit plateau of eroded Torridonian sandstone to the 2,936 feet summit, and down by the south-east ridge to Tornapress. The weather in the morning was perfect, and in the forenoon we had magnificent views of the Ross-shire hills picked out with fresh snow; but later on the weather went all to pieces in the good old style, and in the evening the usual soaked trio returned to the hotel, this time to contest with

an equally soaked stranger for the honours of the bath. He lost by a short head.

Our last day, Sunday, was pretty much "whole water," and we spent the intervals between the excellent repasts with which our hostess provided us, in discussing with the stranger such diverse subjects as the differences between Udal and Feudal tenure, and their possible relations to Glen Udale and himself (his name was Mr Udale), the theory and practice of making boxes, and the features of a certain railway in the south of England, on all of which topics the stranger held his own successfully.

Were this record not already too long I might describe at length how for two hours on one of our expeditions we aided and abetted in stalking and ultimately murdering a stag in cold blood, while on another we, on our part, were for half an hour stalked by a keeper, whom we gave a good run for his money, or even how we managed to buy a pound of sugar without a coupon ; but such subjects are outwith the scope of the *Journal*. Sufficient to say that on the Monday the east-bound train took us back to Aberdeen, well pleased with the result of our holiday, and we soon forgot all about the wet weather, even as had been foretold by the optimist of the party in some of our most dismal moments.

In Memoriam.

SIR HUGH T. MUNRO, BART.

SIR HUGH MUNRO has gone. He died while running a canteen for French soldiers. The Club and Munro have been inseparably linked from its inception to the date of his death. When it was possible for him to attend, at no meet, dinner, general or committee meeting did he fail to be present, and on the few occasions he was absent the blank was at once marked and felt. He took the liveliest interest in every phase of the Club's welfare, and his racy comments on all that passed were one of the striking features of our gatherings. His joy at being elected President was intense. He even, in the exuberance of his delight, went the length of saying that he held the honour in higher esteem than he would have done had he been made Prime Minister of Great Britain.

I think it will be found that his attendances at our various gatherings were more numerous, whether on the hills or at the dining table, than those of any other member of the Club, and few amongst us knew the Highland hills so well as he did. With the exception of some half a dozen or so, he had reached the summit of all the 538 "tops" named in his "Tables." He was a most delightful companion, and to have him in a climbing party ensured a happy day for all present. His flow of capital talk and story was endless, and it cheered many a weary mile at the end of the day. A tale went the rounds some time ago that he and a great talker had a day on the hills together, and when they returned both complained they had been silent all day as neither could get a word in edgeways. Munro's talk was always good, and his stories excellent and well told.

Munro was unique—a laird, a politician, with a strange mixture of courtesy and pugnacity. His hostile comments in general meeting were always vigorous, but he never failed to give opposite views fair consideration. His

hospitality to the Club and Club members was great, and those who were able to take advantage of it will hold the occasions in loving memory. One has only to look over the pages of the *Journal* to see what an indelible impression he has made on the life of the Club during his nearly thirty years of membership; but no doubt his most important contribution was his "Tables giving all the Scottish Mountains exceeding 3,000 feet in height," which appeared in the first volume of the *Journal*. These Tables involved an immense amount of research, of much poring over 6-inch maps, and of special visits to certain tops to decide doubtful points. I remember meeting him one evening at Joe Stott's when the list was in preparation, and I have a vivid recollection of his enthusiasm as we discussed what was a mountain and what was a top till the small hours of the morning. I afterwards heard of a great visit paid to Sir Colin Phillip's in Arran, where "hills and tops" were discussed for three days and three nights with but little intermission. This list of "Munros"—as a 3,000-foot hill is now called—will be a lasting monument to his memory.

Professor Ramsay, his old friend and neighbour, sends a few words of appreciation which we are glad to possess. He says: "Munro was keen at everything he undertook, a keen sportsman, a keen politician, devoted to music; as keen a dancer as a climber, a warm-hearted host, and a promoter of good fellowship in every form, he combined all the qualities of a clubable man, and nothing could exceed the whole-heartedness with which he devoted those qualities to the interests of the S.M.C."

Miss A. K. Munro, his sister, in response to a request for a few biographical details, has sent me the following to use in this notice. I am sure we would all wish to have the words as they were written, so I give them as they stand:—

"Hugh Thomas Munro was born in London, 27 Eaton Place, in 1856—the eldest of a large family of nine. As a boy he was a great collector, and started collections of butterflies, birds' eggs, shells, fossils, &c. He had even then a great love of children, and used to save up all his pocket money to give the school children at Lindertis treats,

and organised sports followed by tea, and always ending up with a great display of fireworks.

“When he was seventeen he went to Stuttgart to learn German, and while there developed his intense love of the mountains, spending some of his holidays in the Alps, and began climbing.

“He also then began to love travelling, and when, two years later, he came home, and went into Messrs Rathbones' house in the city to get a business training—which it was thought would be useful to him in later life—used to save up his money and take first one sister and then another for little trips abroad.

“He lived in London in his parents' house in Eaton Place, and enjoyed to the full the London seasons. He was a magnificent dancer, and had a wonderful ear and memory for music. About this time General the Honourable W. Fielding, who was sent to attend the Italian manœuvres, knowing his love of travel, took him as A.D.C., and thus he saw Rome under most favourable circumstances.

“After some years of this life he had a bad attack of pleurisy, and the climate of the Cape was recommended. He went in 1880 as Private Secretary to Sir George Colley, Governor of Natal, and much enjoyed the social life and the interest of the flora and magnificent scenery of the Cape. On the outbreak of the Basuto War he volunteered for active service, and joined an irregular corps of cavalry, Landrey's Horse. He was all through that campaign, and had a most perilous experience carrying dispatches through the heart of the enemy's country. At the end of the war, and after Sir George Colley's death, he returned, bringing a fine collection of Basuto and Zulu curios, antelope heads, a black boy, and a monkey, home to Eaton Place.

“After this he lived principally in Forfarshire at Lindertis, managing the property, first for his uncle, Sir Thomas Munro, and then for his father, Sir Campbell Munro, and no year passed without his spending many days on the mountains he loved so well.

“From this time forward he took a deep and most active interest in politics. In 1885 he stood for Kirkcaldy Burghs, a forlorn hope; but it was thought well to contest that

seat in the Conservative interest, and no one else was willing to come forward. He made a splendid fight, but at that time Scotland was entirely Radical, and no Conservative had a chance of success. It was the only time he ever stood for Parliament, though frequently asked to do so for his own county—Forfarshire; for though he loved the contest, he would have hated the life in London of an M.P. He preferred pulling the strings and working for others, and no election took place without his working most strenuously for the Unionist candidates, speaking several times a day at contested elections not only in Forfarshire, but also in Perthshire, Fife, and Kincardine—organising the various meetings, putting up speakers at his home, Drumleys, and, on the day of the election, driving the electors from early morning till the close of the poll in the evening.

“He organised the political life of Forfarshire on the Unionist side; was long on Central Council of Conservative party in Scotland; Chairman of Tay Divisional Committee of National Union of Conservative Associations for Scotland; and Chairman of Forfarshire Unionist Association; member of County Council for Forfarshire since its formation; member of School Board; Secretary of the Primrose League; and later on, Chairman of the Unionist Association. He was also a most active member of the County Council and of the Airlie Parish Council. He married, in 1892, the daughter of General Byrne, and taught her to love travelling as much as he did himself. They went together to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, as well as many trips nearer home—Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Spain, Tangier, Morocco, &c. She died in 1902, and when his children grew old enough he took his daughters for many delightful tours. His eldest daughter went to Albania, Greece, Italy on one tour. Another time he took both his daughters to Algiers, Biskra, the Riviera, &c., and in December 1913 he started with his eldest girl round the world, going by America, visiting Niagara, the Grand Cañon, Yosemite Valley, &c., thence to Honolulu, Japan, China, Singapore, Ceylon, and so home. They were away five months. He also acted several

times as an extra King's Messenger through the kindness of a friend at the Foreign Office, who, knowing his love of travel, procured this pleasant way of seeing Berlin, and Petrograd, and Vienna, and Constantinople, to all of which he carried the Foreign Office dispatches. He was a wonderful courier, and his varied interests and knowledge of many subjects, architecture, art, nature, geology, &c., made him a most interesting and efficient guide.

"I say nothing about the mountaineering; you know that better than I do; and for many years he spent some time climbing amongst either the Alps or the Scotch mountains. I think this was the paramount interest of his life.

"When the war broke out, as he was past military age, he put his services at the disposal of the Red Cross, and went during the winter of 1915-16 to Malta to trace the missing. He returned in June very unwell, and suffering from some sort of malarial fever, which he never threw off completely. He devoted himself heart and soul to farming, raising stock, bringing land under cultivation, increasing the food supply in every way. In the spring of 1918 he went to Tarascon, in the south of France, with his two daughters, and under the auspices of the French Croix Rouge started his own canteen for the French troops, which has remained open ever since. When it was in complete working order he returned home to look after things at Lindertis. In the spring of the year he returned to Tarascon, and after a month's work at his canteen got a chill which developed into pneumonia, and the end came after a week's illness."

The following is an extract from a French local paper:—

"**TARASCON.**—OBSEQUES.—Samedi 22 mars, à 13 h. 30, ont eu lieu les funérailles de Sir Hugh Munro, fondateur de la cantine de gare de notre ville.

"Ce gentilhomme étranger, riche, âgé, qui vient de mourir dans une petite chambre d'hôtel, avait, avec sa sœur et ses deux filles, quitté l'Ecosse, son château, ses propriétés, une vie paisible et confortable, pour venir dans une petite ville faire le bien parmi nous, fonder une belle œuvre et lui consacrer son temps, ses nuits comme ses jours, son argent, sa santé et enfin sa vie.

"A l'issue de la cérémonie, Monsieur le Président de la Société de

Secours aux blessés méleurs a retracé en termes éloquentes et émus l'œuvre généreuse du défunt, qui, ne pouvant s'engager comme combattant, avait demandé à faire son devoir sur ce champ d'honneur le seul qui fût permis, où il a trouvé une mort glorieuse. Désolé de ne pouvoir relater en entier ce beau discours, je ne puis m'empêcher d'en citer les derniers mots : 'et Mesdemoiselles, nous garderons pieusement le souvenir de votre père, de votre frère. Permettez dans votre lointain pays la reconnaissance de vos amis de France.'

W. D.

GEORGE KEMP EDWARDS, M.B., Ch.B.

ON the 9th May 1919, Edwards died from typhus at Tai Yuan Fu, China, at the early age of thirty. Indirectly his death was probably due to the war : from 1916 he had charge of two hospitals in Tai Yuan : no reinforcements could be sent him by his Society, and the necessity of holding his post, coping with plague, and attending to crowds of sick folk took so much out of him that typhus found him an easy prey.

Edwards joined the Club in December 1910. As a guest he had already attended several Meets—Killin, New Year 1909 ; Fort William, Easter 1909 ; Tyndrum, 1910 ; Kinlochewe, Easter 1910. At the last-named Meet he and White did a good climb on Sail Mor (see an account written by White on pp. 161-3, *S.M.C. Journal*, Vol. XI.). The photograph illustrating the article was taken by Edwards.

Besides climbing in Scotland, he also had several seasons in the Alps. In 1910 he was at Arolla and Zermatt, in 1911 at Arolla again. Edwards was a man to whom you instinctively took ; he thoroughly enjoyed the Club Meets, and we were always delighted to see his cheery face. As a medical missionary, we felt sure that he would do well. In the service of others he has laid down his life, and is now with that noble band whose bodily presence we miss, but whose example remains as an invigorating and inspiring force.

The following extract is taken from the Baptist Missionary Society's *Missionary Herald* for July 1919 :—

“ Dr George Edwards was born at the very station which witnessed his brief span of earthly service, and Tai Yuan Fu became to him a place of happy home memories. The eldest son of our beloved friends, Dr and the late Mrs E. H. Edwards, he was reared in the noblest school of missionary devotion, and it is not surprising that the purpose to become a medical missionary took shape quite early in his life. Returning to England at the age of ten, George Edwards had all the advantages of a sound education both in Edinburgh and at Lausanne, and he then commenced his medical studies at the Edinburgh University. He obtained the degrees, M.B., Ch.B., in 1914, and after taking some post-graduate work, he offered his services to the Society and was appointed an honorary medical missionary on the China Staff early in 1915. He sailed for the Field that spring, and on arrival in China married Miss Ethel Chandler, of Edinburgh, who had already commenced the study of the language at Peking. The next year he was called upon to undertake, single-handed, the work of Tai Yuan Fu Medical Mission, and from then up to the time of his fatal illness this brave young doctor bore, without complaining, a load of responsibility that would have proved a heavy burden for many a medical missionary of long experience.

“ During those three full active years, Dr George Edwards had medical charge of both the men’s and women’s hospitals in Tai Yuan, and his willing service, whilst it taxed prematurely his vital powers, meant more than can easily be told to the crowds of sick folk who were treated by him, and to his missionary colleagues. Dr Edwards recognised our inability to supply reinforcements during the war, and held on to his big task, giving his utmost to it. Early in 1918 he had to cope with the danger of the plague epidemic which had then broken out in North China, and that was an extremely anxious time. This spring he was looking forward to the coming of his sister, Dr F. Marjory Edwards, to help on the women’s side, and also to the return of his father and the addition of a second medical man. It seemed as if the long strain were in process of being relieved, and now—we are left to mourn his loss. . . .

“ Dr George Edwards has left behind a widow and two young children, for whom the deepest sympathy will be felt, as also for the bereaved father. . . .”

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET AT BRAEMAR, 1919.

Members present:—Dr Inglis Clark (President), Messrs H. Alexander, J. H. Bell, A. M. Buchanan, J. Crombie, G. R. Donald, H. G. Drummond, W. Galbraith, W. Garden, F. S. Goggs, G. B. Green, R. Jeffrey, H. Kellas, G. Murray Lawson, J. R. Levack, W. N. Ling, H. MacRobert, A. E. Maylard, W. A. Mounsey, J. A. Parker, W. A. Reid, J. Rennie, G. Sang, G. A. Solly, P. J. H. Unna, and C. W. Walker. (26.)

Guests:—Messrs W. T. Clemens, G. W. Fleming, D. P. Levack, J. W. Levack, J. Philip, J. F. Tocher, J. Rose, R. G. Sharp, and A. Watt. (9.)

The Easter Meet of 1919 was a great success. The war was over and the Club felt justified in resuming its official Meets. Braemar was the place chosen for Easter, the Aberdeen members having persuaded those at the annual meeting in December that Braemar was the most suitable place for 1919. In spite of long distances and curtailed railway services, twenty-six members and nine guests found their way to Braemar, and were comfortably housed at the Fife Arms Hotel.

The winter had lingered long, and, only a week before Easter, heavy snow had fallen all over the district and lay deep and even down to the roads. All the big hills were white from base to summit, and it was still winter. But the cold weather suddenly ceased on Thursday, 17th April, and the snow began to melt.

With the exception of some mist on Monadh Mor on the 17th, and a cold north wind and sleet on Beinn a' Bhuid on the 19th, perfect weather—blazing sunshine, little wind, and unusual clearness of atmosphere—lasted for a whole week. The first shower of rain recorded during the Meet fell in Braemar on Thursday, 24th, twenty minutes after the last expedition reached the hotel.

Braemar was seen under the very best Alpine conditions, and every member and guest was delighted to be there, although one sadly missed the well remembered and cheery faces of those who will return no more to the hills.

The first men to arrive were Bell, Galbraith, and Solly, on Thursday, 17th. They reached Braemar by motor bus in time for lunch, and walked up Morrone in the afternoon. Bell and Galbraith had a glissade during the descent.

Green, Ling, MacRobert, and Sang drove from Kingussie to Ballochroich, on the right bank of the Feshie, walked to Achlean, and ascended Carn Ban, then made a direct route between Loch nan Cnapan and Coire Odhair to the head waters of Allt Luineach, followed the Monadh Mor ridge over the 3,651 and 3,575 points in thick mist, and thence down into Glen Geusachan. They crossed the Dee without difficulty, but the Luibeg burn was in high spate and had to be waded, as the bridge was broken. They slept at Derry, "not in beds, nor much."

Goggs and Fleming arrived in Braemar in the evening, having walked through Glen Tilt and Inverey.

Friday, 18th.—Bell, Galbraith, and Goggs drove from Braemar to Garbh Allt and proceeded through Ballochbuie Forest, past the Prince's Stone and into the great corrie of Lochnagar. They saw a big snow avalanche come down the cliffs, but the ascent of the Black Spout gave no trouble.

A large party, including the President, left Aberdeen by the early morning train, arriving at Ballater at 9.45. Motors were waiting and conveyed the party up Glen Muich to Allt-naguibsaich. With the exception of C. W. Walker and his two guests R. G. Sharp and J. Philip, who walked along to Loch Muich and ascended Lochnagar via the Cuidhe Crom, the whole party proceeded towards Lochnagar by the path.

Buchanan, Crombie, Jeffrey, and Lawson reached the summit by climbing the left branch of the Black Spout. The rest of the party went up the hill by the ordinary route and were in time to watch the finish of the gully climb. The leader, Lawson, was able to kick steps all the way up, and scorned the help of a rope thrown to him from

above to facilitate his progress at the steep finish. Goggs' party had already joined us, and there were now twenty-one members and guests assembled on the summit plateau of Lochnagar. The weather was very fine and the views were very clear. Every one was in high spirits, the President most of all, in spite of the fact that his luggage had gone astray on the railway and that he came up the hill in what he called civilian clothes and boots. The whole party moved westwards towards Braemar. Walker, Philip, and Sharp descended by the Stui buttress and so down Glen Garbh Allt. "The chief interest of the day lay in the crossing of a torrent in great spate. As is usual in these circumstances, a very fine uncharted bridge showed up round the bend a few hundred yards down stream." The rest of the party continued westwards over Cairn Taggart and down to Loch Callater, where conveyances were waiting to complete the journey to Braemar.

Drummond, Kellas, Parker, and Rose left Nethy Bridge shortly after 8 A.M., and climbed Cairngorm by the Fiacaille ridge and traversed Ben Muich Dhui. They had a long day on sunlit snow, and reached Braemar late in the evening. Maylard walked from Ballater through the Balmoral grounds, and Alexander, who had also walked through Ballochbuie, met him at the falls of Garbh Allt. They continued their journey to Braemar by way of the Lion's Face and Queen's Road.

Green, Ling, MacRobert, and Sang, who had stayed overnight at Derry, went up the Luibeg burn to a point above its junction with Allt Carn a' Mhaim, whence they climbed up the shoulder above Lochan Uaine to the summit of Ben Muich Dhui; then round the cliffs of Coire an Sput Dearg to the summit of Derry Cairngorm and along the ridge of Carn Crom down to Derry. They drove from Derry by the old road past Mar Lodge to Braemar.

Saturday, 19th.—A party of fifteen drove by way of the Bridge of Dee and past Invercauld House to the foot of the Slugain glen, up which they walked to Beinn a' Bhuid. The day was fine down below, but the tops were shrouded in mist, and a strong north wind was blowing. The main party,

consisting of Alexander, Buchanan, Crombie, Fleming, Garden, Goggs, Galbraith, Jeffrey, Lawson, Mounsey, and Unna, went up to Coire an Dubh Lochan, but the weather conditions became very wet, cold, and disagreeable, and a retreat was made at the 3,250-foot level. The rearguard, consisting of Clemens, J. R. Levack, and D. P. Levack, took it easy up the Slugain, intending to cross the Quoich and ascend to the south top of Beinn a' Bhuid, but the stream was an impassable torrent, so they followed it up as far as Carn Eas, the south slope of which they ascended to the edge of the summit plateau, and had 700 feet of a sitting glissade down again.

Kellas and Parker visited the Clais Fhearnaig glen between Glen Lui and Glen Quoich. The President and several members visited Inverey and Mar Lodge. Bell, Green, Ling, MacRobert, Sang, and Solly crossed Craigh nan Leachda and walked through Ballochbuie Forest to Garbh Allt falls, returning by the road. G. R. Donald and Rennie walked from Glassalt Shiel past the Dubh Loch to Loch Callater. C. W. Walker, Philip, and Sharp walked up Glen Callater a short distance beyond the loch.

Sunday, 20th.—The perfect weather of Easter Sunday enticed a number of men to the hills, although some members preferred to keep the day as one for rest and worship. Several attended early morning service and went for short walks afterwards.

Fleming, Galbraith, and Green went up Lochnagar via the Garbh Allt and Sandy Loch, returning by Callater. The views of the Cairngorms were particularly fine and clear.

Alexander, Ling, MacRobert, and Sang climbed Lochnagar from the Garbh Allt Shiel, past the Prince's Stone and straight up to Cac Carn Beg. The party was apparently in high spirits, and poked fun at the "Major Pimple" (Meikle Pap) and "Mr MacTaggart." "We spent two glorious hours on the summit of Lochnagar, from which we saw Arthur's Seat, the Pentlands, Lomonds, Ben Lawers, Buchaille Etive, and Ben Nevis. The view of the Cairngorms was wonderful." The party returned by way of Callater.

G. R. Donald, C. W. Walker, Sharp, and Philip had a most enjoyable day on Beinn a' Bhuid. "We ascended by the buttress in the centre of the corrie just south of the north top. Our route was to the true right of the main rock, and had for its chief interest a narrow arête—not difficult, but full of charm on account of the glorious weather. After passing the north top we had a very good sitting glissade down to a snow-bridge over the Quoich."

Buchanan, Jeffrey, and Lawson made the round of Carn Eas, Ben Avon, and Beinn a' Bhuid under the most perfect weather conditions.

Drummond, Kellas, Parker, and Rose also made the same expedition.

Clemens, Garden, the three Levacks, Reid, and Tocher walked from Loch Callater to Corrie Kander. Reid and Tocher returned to Callater, whilst the others had a delightful snow-climb up the broad central gully west of the loch, and a walk to the tops of Carn an Tuirc and Cairn na Glasha before returning to Callater.

Monday, 21st.—The very fine weather continued and most of the men were out on the hills, although a few had regretfully to tear themselves away and get back to business.

A large party, including the President, drove to Derry, and there split up into various sections.

Maylard and Solly climbed Derry Cairngorm. The President and Buchanan climbed Carn a' Mhain, and had about 2,000 feet of glissades.

Alexander and Watt had a short rock and snow climb on the same hill on the crags overhanging the Lurig.

Bell, Ling, MacRobert, Mounsey, Sang, and Unna went up Cairn Toul.

"The feature of the day was the great glissade in descending. We started sliding 100 feet below the summit and stopped 2,200 feet below it. The glissade was done in two stretches, with an interval of walking between of about 100 feet in height, about 600 or 700 feet down to the floor of the little cup-like corrie high up on Cairn Toul, and the rest in one long swoop from the lip of the corrie almost to the Dee, three-fourths of the distance standing."

Jeffrey and Lawson climbed Braeriach from the Larig, and traversed the tops over the Angel's Peak to Cairn Toul. "Had a terrific glissade of 2,100 feet on Cairn Toul. Descended from the summit to the Dee in thirteen minutes."

These glissading performances were seen from a point high up on the slopes of Carn a' Mhaim by one of the men on that hill. Two small black figures appeared on the sky line of Cairn Toul and moved down the steep eastern face of the mountain, gaining speed as they went. The impression on the spectator was that they were actually falling, so rapidly did they move. It must have been a wonderful sight.

All the Derry parties met again at the Lodge and had a highly successful tea party.

Crombie, Drummond, Parker, Rennie, and Rose walked from Callater to Loch Kander and climbed the snow slope out of the corrie, visiting afterwards, in detachments, the tops of Carn an Tuirc, Cairn na Glasha, Tolmount, and Fafernie.

Goggs and Fleming walked to Callater, then over Carn an Tuirc, Cairn na Glasha, Glas Maol, and down to the summit of the Cairnwell road, then over the Cairnwell, Carn Geoidhe, and Carn Bhinnein to the Spital of Glenshee.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Maylard and Solly walked to Callater and back over Meall an t'Sluichd and Creag nan Leachda to Braemar.

Green, Mounsey, and Unna walked over Meall an t'Sluichd to Callater.

Jeffrey and Lawson walked by Mar Lodge to Glen Quoich and Dubh Gleann to Glen Derry, had tea at Luibeg, and returned to Braemar.

Ling and Sang walked through Glen Tilt to Blair Atholl.

Wednesday, 23rd.—Alexander, Lawson, Maylard, Solly, and Unna climbed Beinn a' Bhuird from Mar Lodge. Two of the party returned after reaching the south top, the others went on to the north top and descended by the Sneck to Glen Quoich, and returned to Braemar by the Slugain.

Thursday, 24th.—Maylard and Solly made the last expedition of the Meet. “We went up Morrone and over the rather lower hills to the west of it—a very fine walk—till we dropped into Glen Ey, and returned by Inverey to Braemar. We reached the hotel at 4.50, and at 5.10 it began to rain, the first rain, I believe, during the Meet.”

The Club is much indebted to Mrs Macdonald of the Fife Arms Hotel, whose arrangements for the comfort of members and guests left nothing to be desired.

On Saturday evening Mr John Michie, factor to the King, and Mr Andrew Smith, factor to Mr Farquharson of Invercauld, dined with the Club, and extended to those present a hearty welcome to the district. Mr Mackintosh, factor to the Princess Royal, was, unfortunately, unable to be present.

Every facility for visiting the hills was freely and cordially given by these gentlemen. J. R. LEVACK.

SUMMER MEET AT SLIGACHAN.

JUNE 1919.

Present :—W. A. Mounsey, Robert Corry, J. Gall Inglis, P. J. H. Unna, Allan Arthur, Geoffrey E. Howard.

Guests :—Howard Priestman (ex-member), R. G. Elwell, Captain T. Howard Somervell, Claude F. Howard.

The whole party met at Inverness on the 7th June, finding, with some amusement, that eight out of the ten were Sassenachs, in marked contrast to the usual order of things, and there was considerable lamentation at the absence of various popular Scottish members. Sligachan was reached in safety at 8 P.M., via the Kyle of Lochalsh, Kyleakin, and the villainous if beautiful road through Broadford, a clear evening after a day of rain giving good hopes for the future.

June 8 was a wild day of wind and heavy rain, but seven started for the Pinnacle route up Sgurr nan Gillean. The weather got worse, so after a couple of scouts had run up the gully between the first and second pinnacles, it was decided to ascend the gully between Knight's Peak and

the summit. There was a good deal of snow in this. On reaching the top, terrific weather conditions were encountered. Five came down by the S.E. route, keeping the rope on, and thankful to do so, as practically every member of the party was blown off his feet at one time or another, Elwell damaging a knee in the process. Two managed the West Ridge and Nicholson's Chimney. On the return journey the burns were found to be a serious obstacle in their swollen condition, and ropes were brought into play. Oddly enough no one knew of the bridge on the Red Burn, within ten minutes of the hotel, and an hour and a half was lost in crossing the latter and the smaller stream to the south.

June 9.—Most of the party took an off-day, and fished with some success. Two walked up Bruach na Frithe, a doubtful joy in mist, rain, and a bitter wind.

June 10.—A party of eight started up Glen Sligachan, with some idea of doing the Druim nan Ramh Ridge and the Bideins, but as these were shrouded in mist while the Red Cuillins, were clear, it was decided, when opposite Harta Corrie, to turn east for Clach Glas. The usual mistake was made of traversing the S.W. face of Garbh-bheinn, where the deep-cut gullies inevitably force you higher and higher till you willy nilly find yourself on the summit. At the latter spot two returned along the ridge and over Marsco. The remaining six traversed Clach Glas, and found it a very much simpler problem than they had anticipated from the tremendous and awe-inspiring appearance of the rocks as seen from Garbh-bheinn. Three came down from the Blaven col, and made for home by Coire Dubh and Glen Sligachan; but Arthur, Somervell, and C. F. Howard climbed on to the summit of Blaven and down by a scree gully on the N.W. face. Even this did not satisfy them, and they must needs take Marsco in their homeward stride.

June 11 was too wet for anything but fishing, and the 12th looked none too promising; but five went up Glen Sligachan, and lunched at the Bloody Stone, which Corry and Arthur duly climbed. On reaching the ridge of Druim nan Ramh the clouds began to lift, showing

wonderful glimpses of Coruisk and its sentinel peaks, though Sgurr nan Gillean and its satellites remained shrouded. Two returned from the gap, and three traversed the central and north Bideins and the Castles to Bruach na Frithe, where they ran into mist and wind, reaching the hotel at 9.15, after a very interesting day.

Meanwhile, a party of three climbed Sgurr nan Gillean by the West Ridge and down the Pinnacle route as far as the top of Knight's Peak, where the mist was so dense that they could not strike the route, and had to return to the gap and come down the snow gully.

Inglis had a capital day with John M'Kenzie, who is still hale and active. They traversed Bhasteir, John coming down last on a looped rope.

June 13.—Nine started for Sgurr a' Mhadaidh via the Bealach a' Mhaim to Coire na Creiche. Mounsey, Arthur, Somervell, and C. F. Howard had an excellent two hour gully and chimney climb to the east of the Waterpipe on Sgurr na Fheadain. The rest went straight on up the execrable scree gully to the col, north of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh. Here two returned to scramble on one of the Bidein towers, returning by Coire na Creiche to avoid the screes of Corrie Tairneilear, but in that respect found themselves out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Meanwhile, all the rest, including the Sgurr na Fheadain party, traversed the four peaks of Mhadaidh, enjoying magnificent views. Five then descended from the col, between Mhadaidh and Thuilm, while the indefatigable Arthur and C. F. Howard came over Thuilm and down a large gully immediately to the west of the top, Howard being unperturbed by the loss of the sole of one boot and of—well—the corresponding portion of his breeches.

June 14.—Arthur and Somervell went home. It was a fine day with a very strong westerly wind, but most of the party took an off-day and fished, after their exertions the day before. However, three walked up Bruach na Frithe and along the ridge to Sgurr a' Bhasteir, taking Sgurr a' Fionn Choire *en route* and confirming, from that point of vantage, the favourable impression made on Somervell some days before by a remarkable needle which ornaments

the west flank of Sgurr a' Bhasteir. Its appearance is singularly like the Napes, and should repay a visit. Going along the ridge of Sgurr a' Bhasteir, a magnificent view of the Pinnacles atoned for the piercing wind.

June 15.—Terrific rain and a gale of wind started at 4 A.M. and continued unabated until 10 A.M. on the 16th. The interval was spent in eating, sleeping, and devouring the contents of the smoking-room library.

June 16.—The weather was still too unpromising for anything serious, so four walked, or rather waded, up Glen Sligachan to Loch Scavaig and back, being rewarded by some remarkable views of the peaks standing up out of heavy white cloud-bands. The whole party were delighted to find the Secretary and his wife at the hotel that evening, and only regretted that the rules of the Club had prevented their joining us until the official period of the Meet was over.

June 17.—Every member of the original party left via Broadford, though one motor missed the boat, owing to a puncture, and had to drive on to Kyleakin. I think most of us secretly felt that by far the most sensational expedition during the Meet was the drive along that road and down the appalling hill to Loch Scalpin [presumably Slapin.—ED.].

Considering the generally miserable weather conditions, the Meet was an enormous success, though serious climbing was almost impossible. There is a feeling of adventure about Skye impossible to describe. On a first visit the mountains astonish by their shape and grandeur. Afterwards they present an endless vista of climbs, scrambles, new varieties of route, and general possibilities. There must be hundreds of first-class climbs there which have hardly even been prospected. One must always leave it unsatiated, and with a longing to return; and one cannot help feeling that more frequent Meets there would be popular, difficult of access though it be. Anyhow, there was no doubt about the gratitude of all the members of the June Meet to the Secretary, for arranging it with so much care and forethought. May there be another soon!

G. E. H.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES



The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

S.M.C. ABROAD, 1919.

MR NAISMITH spent three weeks at Grindelwald in July. He ascended the Wetterhorn and Finsteraarhorn with Hans Kaufmann, in addition to several guideless scrambles, e.g., Simelihorn, Schwartzhorn, Schilt, Mettenberg, Tschuggen, and Zäzenberghorn.

The season was late, and there was much snow on the mountains. The Mettenberg involved the kicking or cutting of 3,000 steps!

W. N. LING was at Le Planet, Argentière, in August with several A.C. men, and after training walks up to Flégère and the Buet, did the Col des Grands Montet by the ridge from the Aiguille Bochart, Cols du Chardonnet, Fenêtre de Saleinaz and Tour, Mount Blanc by the Aiguille and Dôme du Goûter, and the Tour Noir, besides some minor expeditions. Perfect weather all the time.

HAROLD RAEURN was in Dauphiné in September, and JAMES R. YOUNG was at the Montanvert in August; but no particulars of their climbs have yet come to hand.

CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR MR EDITOR,—

PROPOSED "EIDART" BRIDGE.

You may know that at the Braemar Easter Meet of the S.M.C. this year a suggestion was brought forward in a letter from me to Mr Sang, that the Club should, if possible, take steps (perhaps in conjunction with the Cairngorm Club) to have a footbridge erected over the

Eidart, a little way above its junction with the Feshie, on the important path from Glen Feshie to Glen Geldie. At the place I refer to, which is quite on a good line for the route, there is a narrow deep rock cutting through which the stream rushes, over which I think a bridge could quite simply be placed. Say three long pine trees firmly clasped to the rocks would, I think, be all that was required. Short cross planks, of course, would be nailed across them.

As you are aware, the Eidart is a very nasty stream to cross, especially after rain.

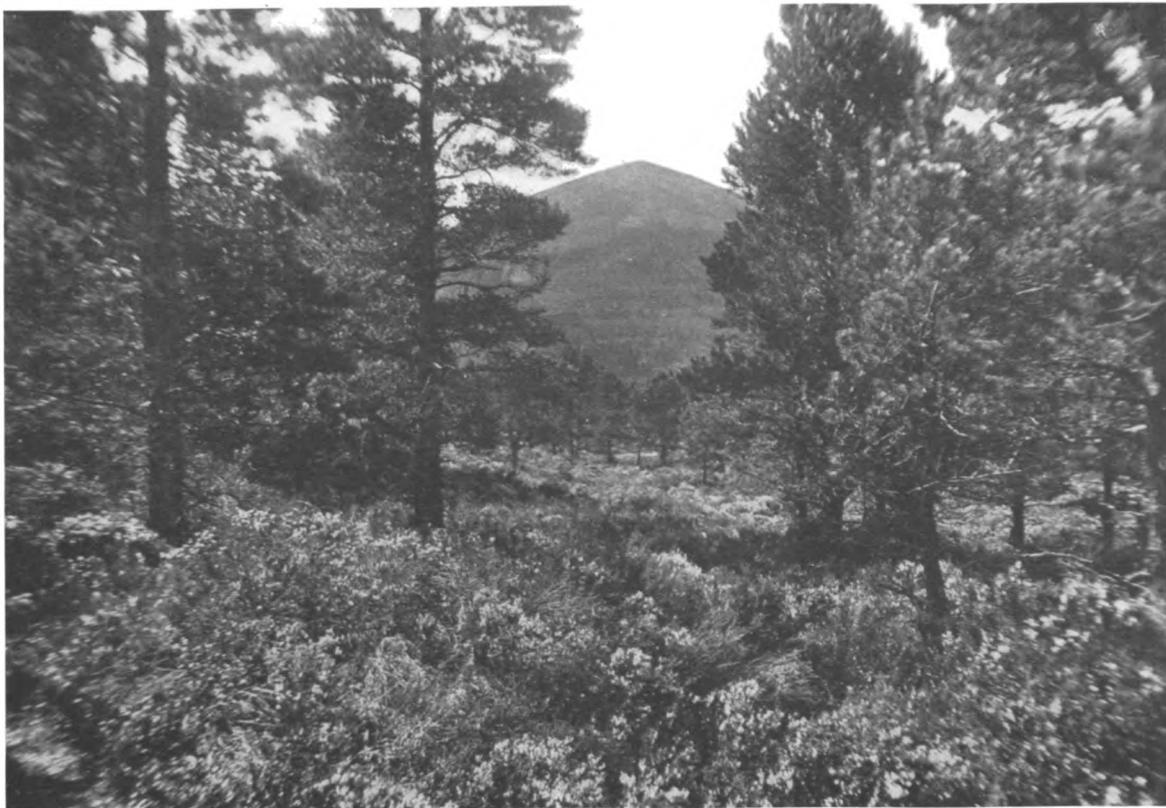
You will have seen in the July number of the Cairngorm Club *Journal*, a memorial sent by that Club to the Road Board, suggesting that a driving road should be made on this old route. I know the ground well, and the making of such a road presents numerous and *formidable* natural difficulties, and would cost an *immense* amount of money, which I am sure the Government, especially at present, would never think of granting. I much doubt that even if made it would be much used, and it would cost a lot to keep it up, too.

And from a hill walker's point of view, I think such a road would spoil the romance and interest, and much of the beauty of the route, especially in the narrow upper part of Glen Feshie.

Grant, the head keeper in the Glen, agreed with me that the place I have indicated would be the proper place for a bridge. Then, why should not the Clubs take the matter up? I would be glad to join with others in giving a donation towards the cost.

And then the path (there are not much signs of it) over the rather boggy moor, from the Eidart to where it joins the cart road down Glen Geldie, requires a number of good cairns erected on it to indicate the way. The trouble here is the scarcity of stones conveniently at hand. They would need to be carried up from the bed of the Geldie water some distance below to the south. But the building of such cairns would be well worth the trouble and expense.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER A. SMITH.



August 1919

CARN ELRICK

J. H. Buchanan