

THE
MORAY
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB JOURNAL



Volume 1

Number 1

September 1935

Published by
THE MORAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
19 COMMERCE STREET ELGIN

I N D E X.

	Page No.
Office-bearers	2
Foreword	3
Moray Mountaineering Club (poem)	5
A Botanist on Ben Wyvis	6
Glenmore Lodge (poem)	9
Across Rannoch to Glen Coe	10
Scottish Hill Birds	13
An Invitation to Covesea (poem)	18
Glenmore Lodge	19
O'er the Hills and Far Away	21
An Open Letter to Members of the Club	27
In the Hebrides, North Uist	28
The Use and Misuse of the Rope in Climbing	30
Glenmore Lodge—April, 1935	32
Among the Snow-Clad Mountains	35
Y. Gully, Coire an Lochain Cairngorm	36
In Glen Cannich	38
The Reconnaissance	39
The Kinlochewe Meet	40
Open Letter	42
In Memoriam	43
The Vent—Coire an Lochain	45
Proceedings of the Club	48
Advertisements	62

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Facing Page
Past President	} ... 3
President	
The Committee	13
Lake Dwelling, Uist	29
The Cairngorms From Loch Morlich	33
Beinn Eighe	} ... 40
Three Cannibals	
Beinn Eighe	} ... 41
Do.	
John Clifford Spence Ewan	43
Do.	45
Approach to the Vent	} ... 47
Nearer the Vent	
Club at Summit of Cairngorm	57

THE
MORAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Past President,

Mr FINLAY MACKENZIE.

President,

Mr JOHN GEDDES,
Baile-Ur, Elgin.

Vice - Presidents,

Miss HARRISON,
The Bield, Elgin.

Mr H. HUMBLE,
Schoolhouse, Rothes.

Hon. Secretary,

Mr E. M. DAVIDSON, 19, Commerce Street, Elgin.

Hon. Treasurer,

Mr JAMES LUCKAS,
Elmleigh, Reidhaven Street, Elgin.

Custodian of Slides,

Mr G. R. THOMSON, Abbey Street, Elgin.

Members of Committee,

Miss M. M. MACBAIN.

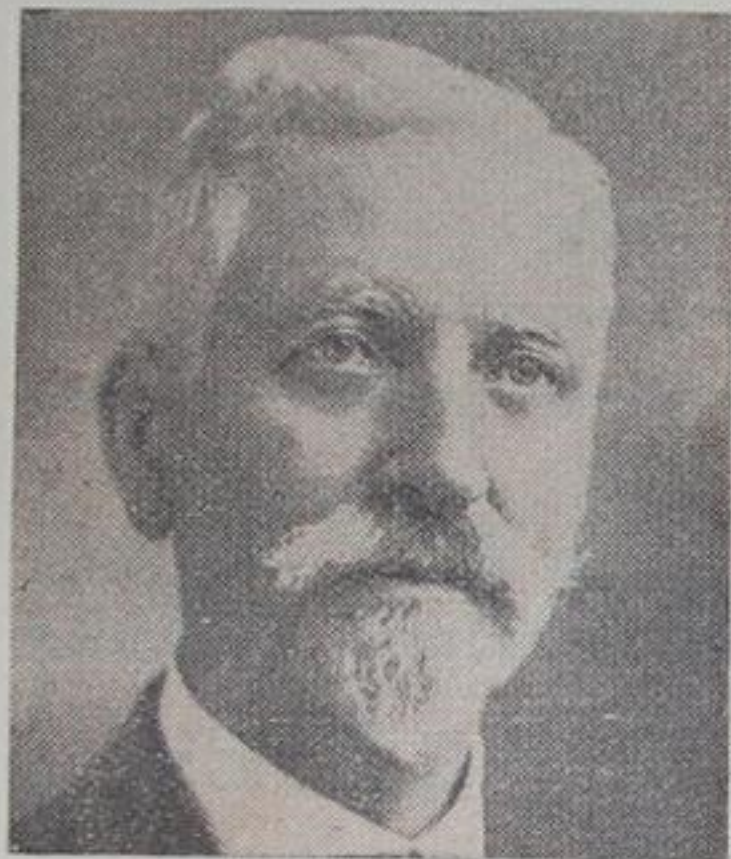
Dr J. BAIN.

Miss E. FRASER.

Mr R. F. STOBART.

Mr T. M. CROWLEY.

Mr I. A. MACDONALD.



FINLAY MACKENZIE,
Past President.



Miss Tyrrell,

JOHN GEDDES,
President.

The Moray Mountaineering Club Journal

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1935.

No. 1.

FOREWORD.

DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS,

I HAVE been asked to write a Foreword in this first number of our *Journal* and I do so with very great pleasure. Mr Macdonald, the Editor, has endeavoured to make it as comprehensive and attractive as possible, and we owe him a deep debt of gratitude for all his work and trouble. We congratulate and thank sincerely the contributors for their valuable aid, and it is hoped that others will emulate their good example and send in articles for publication in future numbers of the *Journal*. Only by so doing can its success be assured, our interests increased and outlook widened.

When our Secretary called a few of us together in November, 1931, to discuss the possibility of forming a mountaineering club in Moray, I feel sure that none of us ever imagined that from that small beginning there would evolve a club of 120 keen hill lovers, nor did we ever think that we would one day be publishing a history of the club's activities.

I recall with pleasure the memory of those gathered there, and especially our genial and courteous friend Mr Finlay MacKenzie, who was our unanimous choice as president. We had the ideal president in Mr MacKenzie, for not only has he a supreme knowledge of Scottish mountains but he is also an enthusiastic lover of our hills, and when he acceded to our request to act as president we felt it augured well for the future success of the venture. Mr MacKenzie has the esteem and affectionate regard of us all. We are proud to see him at our meets and to know that we can still draw upon his knowledge and experience.

We persuaded Mr E. M. Davidson to act as hon. secretary and to him we owe everything. He is a fine mountaineer in every sense of the word, and I know how happy he has been, in his own quiet and unassuming way, to place his knowledge for our guidance and help.

To have a day on the hills with our Secretary is a great pleasure as we all know, and I, who have had that pleasure and joy so often, would like to say that some of the happiest memories of my life are those of days spent with "Edd" on the high hills. His unfailing courtesy, tact and friendliness and his readiness to help others have endeared him to us all. To him is due in no small way that delightful atmosphere of real comradeship that has always pervaded the doings of our club. Knowing him as I do, I realise how much he would prefer that I should say nothing about him, but I feel sure that you would like me to take this opportunity (unknown to him) of saying how much we appreciate all he has done and is doing for the club.

Mr Luckas accepted office as treasurer and to him we owe much for his most careful and efficient work in dealing with our club's funds. To that keen and willing band of officials, the two vice-presidents, Miss Harrison and Mr Humble, and the committee, past and present, we owe our thanks for all their interest and help. To Mr G. R. Thomson, the custodian of slides, and to our esteemed friend Mr Crowley of Forres for his great help as a leader at meets, we tender very sincere thanks.

On that first meeting in November, 1931, it was felt that it would be a good thing if the Club were to be the means whereby the high hills would become known to those not already familiar with them, so that they would come to know something of the spirit and beauty of the mountains and learn to love them in all their moods—to climb in sunshine and in storm, in mists and in snow. We wished them to gain enough experience to lead others, or, better still, to get sufficient confidence in their own powers and knowledge to be able to rely on themselves to climb alone and thus to taste to the full the sense of being at one with nature—that wonderful experience which can never be forgotten when we know in our hearts the companionship of the mountains and are filled with a sense of their freedom.

Many months have passed since the evening I speak of, and now I recall all our happy meets together. These memorable days on mountain, moor and glen—happy days—golden memories—full of the spirit of real comradeship.

This *Journal* then goes forth as a reminder of these days and in the hope that it may further strengthen that feeling of good fellowship which is such a splendid feature of our Club. We are proud of that, proud of our Club, proud to be members of it, and I wish this, its first *Journal*, every success.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN GEDDES, *President.*

FRONT COVER DESIGN OF JOURNAL AND PROPOSED BUTTON FOR MEMBERS.

The Design of the Front Page Cover of the *Journal* is the work of Mr E. S. Harrison, The Bield, Elgin. In it is incorporated the proposed Button for Club Members which is also his design.

The Club is very grateful to Mr Harrison and tenders its sincere thanks and appreciation.

M ay our Club flourish,
O n through the years,
R ichly embellish,
A ll who may cherish
Y earnings for mountains,
 moors, lochs and glens.

M ornings of sunlight,
O thers of rain,
U nder all phases
N one e'er complain,
T ramping o'er moorlands,
A lways a pleasure,
I n rich beauties noting
N ature's vast treasure.
E ach knows his own thoughts,
E ach his own powers :
R anging the high peaks
I n sunshine or showers,
N othing can daunt us,
G ay freedom is ours.

C alling us early,
L ate, and all time,
U nto the mountain tops,
B ack we must climb.

A BOTANIST ON BEN WYVIS.

By ELIZABETH T. DAWSON, M.A., B.Sc.

It was a hot and dusty day in June, and we climbed laboriously from Achterneed station on our way to the top of Ben Wyvis. At first the path lay through a small belt of alder trees by a stream; and there we had temporary shelter from the blazing sun. Then we wandered through fairly flat bog and over moorland for a mile or two, past masses of cotton grass and bushes of bog myrtle, till at last we came to the mountain slope itself and found it covered with the beautiful little cloudberry, lifting its dainty head to get the summer sun. Gladly I sat down in the shade of a big, grey boulder, for I was hot and weary. "It's hard work this climbing business," I said to myself; "but I came here of my own free will. It must be a more arduous business still to grow here." And I sat there musing on the various ways in which the plants I saw had succeeded in growing, under the trying conditions of the mountain-side. Being a plant is not such a dull, restful, easy-ozy occupation as it would seem to be. The gist of the difficulty lies in the fact that the plant is sedentary. It cannot run after its food and its water supply. It cannot even carry them in a ruc-sack—although some plants have water storing parts. When the wind blows and the storm comes the plant must put up with things; and the only way it can protect itself from the fierce noon-sun of a summer day is by closing its petals and drooping a little. For all these reasons it is no easy matter to succeed in living on a hill. How have these mountain plants solved the difficulty?

Let us first of all look for a little at the way in which all plants feed. There are two sources of food supply—(1) The sun-filled air and (2) the water in the soil. Plants make all the starch and sugar part of their diet by means of their green parts—leaves mainly, and stems—simply by breathing in air (through little openings like the pores in our skin), in the sunlight and combining it with the material in their cells. Some plants have no green parts and so they have to live parasitically on other plants in order that they may obtain their starch and sugar supply. Some plants again are partly dependent for these on other plants. They have green factories of their own, but find it better

to draw on the supplies of other plants to eke out the quantity. The red Lousewort (*Pendicularis sylvatica*), so abundant on Ben Wyvis, is one of these.

Plants depend on the water supply in the soil for their mineral-food requirements. They get the water through their roots. The water supply to the plant is like our blood-stream to us—carrying up food and building up tissues. So plants require a large amount of water. Very often the water-supply on a hill-side is meagre. Plants lose water on a hot or on a dry, windy day by evaporation, just as when we are hot we perspire. We lose water through the pores in our skin, and plants lose water by evaporation through the pores on their soft green parts.

Now there are two distinct kinds of drought. The plant may be unable to obtain the water it needs because there is actual poverty of water or because it is frozen in the ground. Again there may be abundance of water as in a bog which the plant may be unable to use because it is full of acids that make it undrinkable: so that in the bog, which *we* find wet enough when we step in over the ankles, the plant may be water-starved in the same way as the "Ancient Mariner" was!

Trees with large leaves are not characteristic of our mountain flora because the leaves mean that there is a large area presented to the sun and the drying wind and so there is great loss of water by evaporation. Our dominant mountain tree is the Pine. It is well suited to growing where water is scarce. First, it has small leaves, mere needles, so that the evaporating surface is greatly reduced. Moreover the breathing "pores" are on the under-surface of the pine-needles, on the side away from the sun and the wind. Pines have another protection. They possess in their tissues an aromatic oil which gives off an aromatic odour and this has the effect of reducing the evaporating capacity of the air around. Another feature of the Pine is its shallow and very wide-spread rooting system which enables the tree to tap a large area near the surface for its water supply. This has its disadvantage, however. When the hurricane comes the Pine is easily uprooted, and we have seen many fallen monarchs on our hill-rambles.

Another plant frequently found in the moorland is the Whin. Like the Pine it has reduced its leaves. In fact they become so small and thin that large areas of stem remain green in order that the plant may have sufficient starch and sugar.

The predominant plant of our hills is the Heather. So successfully has it solved the situation problem that it

covers the hills with purple. Like the Pine, it has small leaves. The edges of these leaves are rolled back longwise and the "pores" are on the under-side and so are protected. This type of leaf is found in many plants of the heather family.

In mountain pools where water is not permanently present we get plants which have water-storage cells. The best known example of this is Sphagnum Moss, which was used as a surgical dressing during the late War simply because when it is squeezed dry it has a great capacity for absorbing moisture and it stores it in its large water-storing cells. On the mountain when the pool dries up the Sphagnum has a store of water with which to tide over the period of drought. The Sedums Sachems we find on the hill-side (as well as in many other situations) may be regarded as water-storing plants. Their thick fleshy leaves are a store.

When soil is poor, as it usually is on a mountain, it is deficient in one or other of the crude chemicals that are the plant's food. Mountain moorland is lacking in an adequate supply of nitrates. These form the plant's beef supply: they are very important. Where the supply fails we find insect-trapping plants setting themselves out to catch beef proper. The prettiest one is the little blue Butterwort with its rosette of pale green leaves at the base, covered with a slimy substance. Flies and other small insects fly to these leaves as they glisten in the sun. They alight and are unable to fly away again from the sticky leaf surface. Then the plant digests its catch and gets its meat ration.

Another group of our insect-traps is the Sundews. These, too, have a basal rosette of leaves, but on the leaves are tentacles. Each tentacle has a glistening drop of slime at its tip, and this it is that lures the insect prey. When the insect alights and touches a tentacle all the tentacles bend in their heads till they touch the insect. A digestive fluid is excreted—and soon there is no more insect!

Our third insect trap, the Bladderwort, is on a different plan. It is a water-plant, growing in bog. Part of the leaf forms a small bladder, with on one side a tiny opening surrounded by a fringe of hairs. The opening is closed by a small door which can easily be pushed inwards, but which will not open outwards. Along comes an unsuspecting insect, bumps against the door and is hurled headlong into the bladder. Inside, he is a prisoner without ransom.

But there is a less grim method of obtaining nitrates. In the soil are lowly plants called bacteria. One group

of these build the nitrogen of the soil that plants cannot use into the nitrates that they need. All our vetches and peas fix some of these bacteria on to their roots, where they form little nodules—quite easy to see if you dig them up very carefully. Alders and Bog Myrtle too have them. That is why we get these in marshy land.

The most interesting arrangement for obtaining nitrates is found in the case of Heather. This plant lives in partnership with a Fungus, *i.e.*, a group of plants to which Toadstools belong. From the Fungus the Heather gets nitrates and in return the Heather gives the Fungus sugar—for it has no green parts by means of which to make its own sugar. Without this partnership the Heather could not live, for Heather grows in extremely poor soil. So dependent is it on the Fungus that when the parent Heather plant seeds provision is made for these seeds to have a coating of the Fungus. If they germinated without it they would die at once.

Looking over the hill-side it is evident that the vegetation is low-growing. Hills are wind-swept places and no long fragile stalk could survive the tempests. Even the shrubs and trees are hard put to it to maintain that hold, and often they show distinct traces of the wind's buffeting. We have often seen Pines with all the growth on one side—the lee side.

GLENMORE LODGE.

A house of happy memories,
Of days spent on the hills,
Of evenings round the log-fire
With tales of climbing thrills.

Dear Glenmore Lodge we love you,
Loch Morlich at your feet,
The Cairngorms before you,
In truth a sweet retreat.

Our Club indeed adores you ;
Where else have we such joys ?
Such unrestricted freedom
For mountaineering ploys ?

So when—our brief stay ended—
Reluctantly we pack,
We'll dream of future visits,
When with joy we shall come back.

“ LEHTE.”

ACROSS RANNOCH TO GLEN COE.

BY AFFLECK C. GRAY.

How I came to Loch Ericht from Rothiemurchus is neither here nor there, but it was afoot and shod with heavy brògan, which later were to cause me both grief and pain, that I took the path from Finladh Mòr's door, and stepped it up the loch-side to the bothy that was once Joseph McCook's.

I was snug that night on a bed of heather which I cut with the sgian out by the bothy, and in the morning when it was too early for honest men to throw aside the blankets and early enough for the grouse cock to beck from the heather, I slipped into the chill waters of Loch Ericht, and blessed the grand day that was to be. The mists were close down on the breast of the loch, and Ben Alder hardly showed her feet, but there was a metallic lustre in the air that I never saw yet fail to betoken a bright day. "Stop you!" I said to myself, running up and down the hard seirpus grass to dry my tingling skin. "This will be a day of days by ten o'clock." So the old frayed kilt of a tartan that never shamed Badenoch was thrown on, and a cogan of brose eaten with an appetite that only a hill can sharpen; and while the morning was still in a half-sleep, there I was stepping it through the stunted firs at the west end of Ericht like the man with the fairy shoes. The mists were still low, and I could see barely a hundred yards ahead. Not a hill was there on which to rest the eye. But there was a deal to reflect on, for when I came to the end of the stunted firs I wondered who could have been the *ólocaire* that planted Scots Pine on a peat bog and expected them to grow. There were the young plants in their rows, not a drain to be seen, and hardly one that showed a living bud.

That metallic lustre betokened just what I had told myself, for as I set my feet in the airt of that wilderness of Rannoch Moor the sun was ghostly, like a moon, through the heavy mist, and before long there was a rift here and there on the moor. Blue sky appeared, disappeared, and reappeared. A hill-side to the west dropped down through the mists as if eager to escape from their clammy embrace. Ben Alder behind me rose

in a smooth slope that showed none of the rugged grandeur of its North-East face. Soon the dew on the heather pearled in the glinting sun, below a sky that was, I felt, never so blue. I was humming a song of Duncan Ban MacIntyre's as I swished through the damp heather that steamed under the hot sun; but I no longer strode westwards like the man with the fairy shoes, for the hard brògan, of which I was doubtful before putting my feet to the heather, gripped sorely, and before long I had them slung over my back. "Airt-adhart" I cried, and set out barefoot by a sheep-track. A lochan with little waves shimmering in the sun, and a sandy bar at its end tempted me, and swimming to a half-submerged rock in its middle I lay on my back beaking in the sunlight, while the lap of the water glucking about the rock caressed my sides, and sent little quivers of pleasure through me. So it was from then on. I was in and out of every lochan that smiled in the face of the sun, till I skirted Rannoch Clachan without going in, and came to Loch Lydoch. The heat of the sun would have put any man in the key for a hopeful visit to every clachan he might see, but I had shortly before met a man whose tongue was further west than Rannoch, and to my anxious question he just said "Ochone, Ochone!" and pulled a face as long as a wet week. But tea is a good enough substitute, and better than most, so in the company of shaggy Highland cattle, I built a little fire, and put a pan of Lydoch water on to boil. The cattle splashed to cool themselves, and following their example, I threw off my kilt and swam about beyond them, while they watched in mild curiosity. Then over a cup of tinkers' tea I gazed across at Schiechailin's shapely peak lifting itself from a bluish haze. In the distance the cone of Ben Lawers sought the cool breezes from the high ridge that lies to the north of Meall Buidhe and Carn Mairg. Along the shore from where I sat a rocky bluff ran out to meet the dancing water, and a solitary birch leaned over to smile in all its summer beauty at the reflection in the water. Beyond that I could glimpse the blue-wash of the Ben Achaladair range. But the heat of the day was on them in a haze, and they were loth to reveal to wandering eyes their scarred and rocky corries. The water lapped gently over my feet, and the sun was hot on my back. The grand day I was having! But it was wearing on, and the worst of Rannoch Moor was to come. So I took the track for Glencoe, and held to it like a stag sure of his



M. H. Gloyer.

THE COMMITTEE.

Standing, L. to R.—R. F. Stobart, G. R. Thomson, Iain Macdonald, T. M. Crowley, E. M. Davidson.
Sitting, L. to R.—H. Humble (Vice-President), Miss M. Macbain, Miss H. Harrison (Vice-President),
J. Geddes (President), Miss E. Fraser, F. Mackenzie.

ground till I came to Tigh na Cruaiche. But beyond that I lost it, and wandered amongst peat hags and bogs for hours without seeming to get any nearer the wilds of Black Mount. I began to feel that I had suddenly been condemned to spend my life slushing through bogs and jumping peat hags; and indeed it is sure that in a half light, and neither sun, moon, stars, nor a hill to guide him a man might well spend days seeking to cross yon man-forsworn wilderness, and die in the seeking. There is an eerie stillness about it even in the broad of day, and pippets piping in the heather. But the cry of a moor fowl is like a lost soul, and the air quivers to it like a jarred string.

I was weary with the heat, and stumbling through hags. A thirst burned fiercely at my throat, but the moor was barren of sweet water. I made a drammach of meal and peat water, and could hardly stand to drink so ravenously did the midges suck at me. I seemed still to draw no nearer the edge of the moor, and the sun was dipping over Mamore. But I was heartened by the grandeur that lay ahead. The evening air was clearer, and sunset and shadow lingered over the great scarred corries of Ben Achaladair and Ben Gothaidh. High and bold looked the wide aprons of Clach Leathad and Buachaille Etive, and the portals of Glen Coe seemed dark and forbidding against the flare of the western sky. The glory of the evening hour grew more and more vivid in ever increasing crescendo of colour, and for a little the hills about me were golden, and rose-coloured, and blue-green in the depths of the corries. Heedless of midges I sat on the bank of a peat hag, and watched the day die till the intoxication of colour faded, and grey, the echo of colour, had taken its place.

There was a gloom and a chill falling over the moor when I spied Black Corries Lodge and a smoke that seemed suddenly very dear. I began to hum "Hi ri ri that e tighinn," but I had still a mile or two of slimy bog to pick my way through, tho' it looked at first but six spangs and a jump. And then I was sitting ceilidhing over a peat-fire with the keeper and his wife who knew a cousin of mine from South Uist.

SCOTTISH HILL BIRDS.

By MAM SUIM.

EVEN a slight knowledge of the birds met with adds much to the pleasure of a day on the hills or the high tops. In this article I intend to deal with the bird life common to 1000 feet and upwards. These will comprise, of course, both resident and migratory species. The only two which can claim to be truly resident on the highest ground are the Ptarmigan and the Golden Eagle, but during the summer months quite a few others nest and remain until the young are reared. Some birds, such as the Ring Ouzel, prefer a strictly limited altitude; others, as the Meadow Pipit and the Wheatear, have a nesting range from sea level to 4000 ft. There is a fair variety of bird life at or just about 1000 ft., but as the altitude increases the number of species diminishes until on the tops one could count them on the fingers. One of the most interesting Scottish hill birds is the Greenshank, a rare wader, cousin of the more common Redshank. The Greenshank may be recognised by its green legs, slightly upturned bill, and white rump. This latter characteristic is best seen in flight. The Greenshank haunts hill lochans and peaty pools, and nests on the moors in the vicinity of its feeding grounds. The call is wild and clear, and while courting the male goes through extraordinary antics, with wonderful aerial stunting and passionate love-song. Altogether a most interesting and charming bird. I must not omit to mention that self-appointed guardian of the moors, the suspicious, watchful Curlew. It needs no description, and I fancy that many Highlanders in their dreams, whether they shiver in the frozen north or toss restlessly in equatorial heat, hear again the whistle of the Curlew and the bleat of the sheep. This long-legged bird takes his duties seriously, and no doubtful-looking bird, beast, or person crosses his territory without an instant alarm being given. Many a fox must curse the Curlew, for he is spotted immediately and harassed until he leaves the neighbourhood, which he generally does.

The Ring Ouzel arrives about the first week of April, just when the shepherds drive the hogs back to the hills after wintering on the low ground. It resembles a black-bird, but has a crescent or sickle-shaped white patch on

the breast. There is a song of sorts, but the usual note is a harsh chatter. And who does not know and love the gallant little Dipper, the gentleman in evening dress, with dark suit and white front? He haunts hill streams and the margins of lochs, and no matter where you meet him, he is always cheery and bobs and curtesies to you in his own inimitable way. The Dipper is the only bird I know that sings in the whole twelve months of the year, just as the Daisy is the only wild flower that blooms from January to December. A very early nester, the Dipper is sitting on eggs long ere many birds are thinking of building. Now I come to one I do not love so much, the sinister, thieving Grey or Hooded Crow. No bird is more detested by keepers. During the nesting season Hoodies will live on nothing but eggs if they can get them, and the havoc they can do if left unmolested is almost incredible. Near one of their nests I have seen shells of capercaillie, blackgame, grouse, woodcock, mallard, curlew, and other eggs, showing the range of ground they can cover. Even young birds are not safe, and many a brood of grouse and ptarmigan are slaughtered if caught on a bare patch. That is why, for the information of those readers who are not up in game-preserving, heather is burnt in narrow strips or small patches. Of a different type is the Hoodie's big cousin, the Raven. He is much larger, but lives largely on carrion and the flotsam by the shores, and is not very destructive to game. Ravens formerly bred on the Cairngorms, but they are practically extinct there now. There are always plenty on rocky coasts, however, and in some deer forests. I always think that the croak of the Raven seems strangely in keeping with the surroundings, usually so grim and wild, in which we hear it, and I must confess to a sneaking fondness for the big black bird. Now I will say something about the birds of prey. The smallest is the dashing little Merlin. He is quite tiny, only some 7 to 8 ozs. in weight, yet he can tackle and kill a snipe, although he lives largely on such small fry as Meadow Pipits and Wheatears. The Merlin is a common visitor to the hills, and comes in about the beginning of April, practically with the Ring Ouzel. The same corries are resorted to year after year, and the eggs are laid in a scrape among long heather, no nest being built. A Sparrow Hawk works largely by surprise tactics when looking for prey, but the Merlin will chase a bird in the open and fairly fly it down. So if you see a diminutive, slaty-blue hawk you may safely conclude that it is a Merlin,

Much larger and more powerful is the noble Peregrine Falcon. He may be known by his black cheeks and long, pointed wings. Formerly nesting in the Cairngorms, the Peregrine has been banished by game-preserving, but still breeds in many deer forests and on rocky coasts. In some respects I consider this Falcon a finer bird even than the Golden Eagle, for while the latter will on occasion stoop to eating carrion, the Peregrine scorns anything but its own kill. Tremendously fast on the wing, a Peregrine can overhaul a grouse as a racing car overtakes a push cyclist. And so terrific is the impact that sometimes the head of a grouse is knocked clean off. Naturally keepers could hardly tolerate it on a moor, but in forests grouse are not so much preserved. The eggs are laid on a ledge of rock, sometimes quite inaccessible even to an experienced man with ropes. I once saw a Raven's and a Peregrine's eyrie within a few yards of each other on the same cliff. It was in May, and to show the difference in nesting times, I may say that the Raven's young were fully fledged and ready to fly, while the Falcon still sat on the eggs.

Who does not know the Golden Eagle, and remember the murmur of excitement among the party when the big bird was sighted for the first time? Truly it is a magnificent bird, and none can dispute its title as "King of the Air." In wing-spread it measures from 6ft. 9ins. to 7ft. The record in my notes stands at 7ft. 4ins., and in that respect, forgive me for saying so, not many people have fuller figures than I have, or more hardly acquired. I have weighed a specimen scaling 11½ lbs., so it will readily be seen that the Eagle is a larger bird than many imagine. And strong. I have seen one in captivity come down to a rabbit thrown in. It gripped the carcase with its talons and instantly I heard the bones crack. For food it takes numbers of hares, rabbits, grouse, ptarmigan, etc., and when pressed will take carrion. The eyrie is usually built on a rock or cliff, but occasionally on a tree, and the same sites will, if the birds are unmolested, be used for centuries. Two eggs are the usual clutch, but I knew one old hen that laid only one freakish egg. She may — I'm not joking — have been anything up to a hundred years old, and had lost the vigour of youth. But even if two eaglets are hatched, it frequently happens that only one is reared to maturity, for they fight and quarrel in the nest, and if one is pushed over that is the end. I once went with two young men to ring a pair of young eagles.

It was the month of June, and at that time they were big, hefty youngsters, and protested vigorously while the job was being done. As is the case with other birds of prey, the female Eagle is the larger, and where there is a casualty at the nest, I fancy that the female is generally the survivor. When fit to fend for themselves, the young are driven from the home beat, for Eagles like plenty of elbow room, and I have, from observation, put the extent of territory against a pair as about a hundred square miles.

We are gradually ascending, you will notice, and now, over 2500 feet, we are into Ptarmigan country. Possibly you have seen, as I have, a slight over-lapping, and flushed grouse and Ptarmigan together. The high tops, however, where the mists swirl and the gales of winter shriek, are the chosen home of the white grouse. There are times, naturally, when the snow lies deep and no ridges are blown bare, that they must descend or die, but at the first opportunity they return to the bleak, inhospitable country of which they belong. Like grouse, ptarmigan have their cycles, and I have seen numbers at a low ebb, and bumper years like 1934. Ptarmigan are late nesters. I have seen hens on quite fresh eggs in mid-June, but nesting is general in the last week of May. Nine is my record observed brood, but six and seven is common.

Here I will mention a neat little bird sometimes met with on high mosses, the Dunlin. While the Meadow Pipit nests from sea level to 4000 feet, the Dunlin breeds at the coast and on the mountains, leaving a considerable gap of altitude. Why I do not know, but one experiences many uncolved problems in nature study. Quite a dapper little fellow is the Dunlin, with (in summer plumage) black patch on breast and long bill. He has a whistle with a birl in it too, just like that of a football referee, only not so powerful. I remember crossing a high plateau in thick mist one day. Suddenly a whistle sounded almost beside us. My companion literally jumped in the air and exclaimed, "What on earth's that"? "Oh," I said, "It was only a Dunlin that you almost trod on with your big feet."

Sometimes the Dunlin has for a nesting companion the Golden Plover, a much larger bird, but in spring dress with a similar black breast, only that it extends up to the neck as well. In my opinion there are two races of Golden Plover, one commonly nesting in Britain, the other travelling north to breed. The birds nesting high up on the Ptarmigan ground are probably a few

of the northern type that have for some unexplained reason elected to stay behind. These have jet black breasts, and are later in laying than their friends down on the moors. In autumn they lose the black necks and breasts, so look out for the gold spangling on the back as a means of identification.

Another Plover, and a near relation, is the so-called "Fool of the Moss," that confiding and altogether charming bird, the Dotterel. Like the Ptarmigan, it is a pure mountaineer, seldom nesting below say 3500 feet, and usually much higher. Few men can have walked more after Dotterel than I have, and I feel that my knowledge of their ways is yet incomplete. They are, in the first place, definitely rare, and only some ranges seem to have an attraction for them. I have gone to new places which to my, shall I say it, trained eye, seemed eminently suitable, and have not seen a single bird. They are much persecuted by egg collectors, and possibly this partly accounts for their scarcity. Another reason was the shooting of Dotterel on migration for the sake of their feathers for tying flies, but I hope this is now discouraged. This Plover with the chestnut patch on its breast nests right on the roof of Scotland, and lays its eggs in a scrape among the reindeer moss. A peculiarity is that the clutch is usually three, while the others of the Plover family lay four. Some writers say the male Dotterel does all the incubation, but I know definitely that this is not the case, and the sexes share it. How these people distinguish the sexes beats me, for I have lain watching them from a distance of a few feet, and had no earthly idea which was which. There is only one certain method in the fields, although dissection would be conclusive after death.

Remain now only several small fry, one of which is the ubiquitous Meadow Pipit, or Titlark. Even the tyro cannot fail to distinguish this sober-coloured little bird with the two white outer tail feathers. Of all the British birds it seems to have the widest range of altitude, and it nests from sea level through all heights right to the tops. Meadow Pipits rear, at least in this part of the country, more young Cuckoos than any other bird upon which the Cuckoo is parasitic. Indeed, one seldom sees a Cuckoo make a flight without one or two Titlarks in pursuit.

Another small summer visitor to the high ground is the Wheatear, a bird readily known by its grey back and conspicuous white rump. It comes in early, generally

in March, and is one of the first to make its appearance in spring. It, too, has a fair altitude range, but is partial to old homesteads in the forests, nesting in rabbit holes or old walls.

Comes now the last on the list, the Snow Bunting. Few mountaineers, myself included, have seen this bird in Scotland in the summer months. I have made special trips to the most likely ground and been on the move at daybreak, for that is the best time to locate Snow Bunting by the song of the Cock. But in spite of the expenditure of much energy I have never been lucky enough to locate a pair, although I know one or two people who have. Flocks of northern-bred birds arrive here in autumn and winter with us, but few, very few pairs ever remain to breed in Scotland. I frequently see them on the foothills in open weather in winter, feeding on grass and heather seeds. It is only with severe weather conditions that they come down to the stackyards at the upland crofts. A local name for this Bunting is the Snowflake, and certainly a flock of several hundreds on the wing looks like a shower of snow. That concludes the last of Scottish hill birds likely to be met with on a summer excursion, and in winter, of course, most of them would be absent.

AN INVITATION TO COVESEA.

By "SEAGULL."

Come and do the Lighthouse traverse,
 Then muse beside the Afterthought at the tail of the Serpent,
 And watch the mingling crimson and gold of
 the western skies before you tackle the
 Lighthouse Direct or survey the Bothy
 Layout from the Covesea Crack, then
 Absile to Jam in the Kitchen, or take a
 Header off the Girdle, then waltz around
 The Portholes and one-step through the
 Cavern to emerge at the Window and
 See the light of day at Primrose Bay.
 Do come.

GLENMORE LODGE.

GLENMORE LODGE — what fascinating visions the very name conjures up for members of the Moray Mountaineering Club! For my own part the first vision which swings into view is of my first visit there, in that warm, dry summer of 1933, and surely July 3rd was the hottest day of all that broiling period.

A blazing sun tempted us to rest in the shade of the forest firs, but such a rest was not to be for long, the ants in their millions saw to that, and, defeated by these tiny creatures, we had to trudge on anew. Round the next bend swept a car containing two Academy masters, their naked bodies gleaming with the oil with which they had been annointed. We could only stand and gasp, but we did not envy them the state of their skins when bed-time should come. We reached the loch, tired, hot and hungry, but the sight there well repaid our long trudge. The perfect blue of the sky reflected in the loch; the deeper blue of the surrounding hills, and the peace and solitude, decided us that though there *may* be other spots as beautiful, surely there can be none more superb.

That vision fades, to be replaced by one of utterly different conditions, namely our memorable Meet in April, 1934. Glenmore now stands in isolated solitude, cut off from the outer world by deep drifts of snow. Mrs Cameron is hanging on to the Glenmore end of the telephone line, demanding to know whether or not the Club are coming for the week-end, while hanging on to the Elgin end are our President and Secretary, the balance swaying this way and that in favour of "yes" or "no." But their final decision of "yes," is one that we members who were fortunate enough to be able to attend that Meet, can never regret.

By Friday the roads were again passable, and when we arrived on the Saturday, there was very little snow left on the path, but plenty of water on the rivers and burns. Sunday was a beautiful, sunny morning which tempted us to set off for the Shelter Stone. Was it fate which decreed that our final party on this occasion should number 13? Certainly we had no mishap, but when we reached the 3000 line we were faced by such a blizzard that we had to abandon our attempt to reach the

famous Stone. Despite a rather gruelling time the day was not without its lighter side. The thrill of a delightful glissade; the fun when the gale came with such force as to blow us all over into the snow like a set of nine-pins; the laughter when one of our worthy dominies decided suddenly—oh! *very* suddenly, to have a bath in a much swollen stream. We would have done our best to dissuade him, owing to climatic conditions, and the distance which still divided us from the Lodge, but it was all over before we could voice a protest, and it at least provided us with much amusement, dampening though it must have been for the dominie. We others preferred to wait until we got back to the Lodge, and there we enjoyed *hot* baths.

Then there is the memory of the pink snow we saw on our walk down from Glenmore to Coylumbridge on the Monday evening. “Pink snow!” I hear you exclaim. “Pink snow. Ah, now you are letting the cat out of the bag. Just what did you have to drink at dinner before you left the Lodge that night?” But no, it’s true. The setting sun turned the snow on the hills to a delicate pink, contrasting sharply with the dark blue of the loch, and the still darker brown of the bare patches on the hills.

Truly, Glenmore Lodge has gained a place in our affections from which it will only with difficulty be displaced.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

WALKING TOUR.

By T. M. CROWLEY.

THE first snows of late autumn had fallen on the high tops, as on a squally day in mid-October rucksacs were heaved on shoulders, and we hit the track at Strattan, Fairburn, Muir of Ord. Not a very promising start!—distant glimpses of snowy peaks, only revealed at rare intervals through the rents in lowering rain clouds; the river Orrin on our left—to-day a raging, foam-flecked, turgid mass of seething waters, very unlike the clear purling hill stream of the long summer days. How it roared over its rocky bed!—a fit accompaniment to the wild October day. Far above it rose our route, for a mile or so through thick pine woods odorous with resin, presently emerging into the usual bare terrain associated with the deer forests. About 2 miles on, high up on the right bank is a deserted house, Tyacochan, o'er-shadowed by a steep bluff—Cairn Aoire a mhadaidh. At this point the valley begins to close in, and assumes a wilder and more rugged aspect, now accentuated by the approach of evening. On reaching the Allt an Annraidh which crosses the track, a long detour had to be made, owing to the spate water. Here our worthy treasurer made his first introduction on the trip to wet feet, which didn't at all damp his enthusiasm, and here also was heard the first stag roaring his challenge from some distant mist-covered height. Luib, about half-way up the glen, was to be our first night's resting place. On reaching Catson the wide-open house door with glowing ruddy fire within simply drew us like iron to the magnet. We were received with true hospitality. I won't use the hackneyed word "Highland," as it has the same fine qualities all the world over.

Our host and hostess were kind and courteous; lashings of good food, tobacco and a blazing fire to thaw out of our limbs the cold of the nor'-wester. Comfortable beds soon brought sweet sleep.

Devotees of the Clach Dhian and the cheerless hill bothies, as well as those poetic souls who love to see the roseate dawn tinge the black peaks, may scorn the prosaic

comforts of a good bed, but I will confess to a strong love for a downy couch at the close of a day spent among the hills. How after what seems endless trials, twistings and turnings, eventually the tired limbs relax into the position of perfect rest, and sleep comes like some beautiful sorceress—only with the most beneficent intentions. Your heavy physical being slips away and before the final oblivion one experiences the sensation of a spirit existence, floating on—or rather forming part of, a warm billowy cloud. Imagine being rudely jolted out of that happy state by a querulous voice complaining about a gnawing rat in close proximity to his bed, and is it to be wondered that for a brief space my brain became full of violent, even murderous thoughts, towards rodent and human. Next morning we departed with regret, mingled with gratitude at the privilege of a sojourn, brief though it was, amongst such noble-hearted folk.

Our blessings on thee, Venithee,
Of the sweet smiling face;
May thy children winsome be,
Full heirs to thy quiet grace.

The day was clear and bright, and due south the cone of Ben a Vach Aird, with its diadem of snow, glittered in the early sun. Our destination was Strathmore at the west end of Loch Morar. The morning air was like strong wine to the senses, crisp with frost, and the peaks and ridges were white-mantled down to 1800 level. Our onward walk revealed vista upon vista of superb mountain scenery. The great masses of the Strathfarrar range on our left, scored and gashed with wonderful corries and deep, gloomy ravines, down which foamed and rushed many a torrent to swell the Orrin, on our right the long serrated hill rampart forming the northern watershed between us and the Meig valley — past the deserted house of Tigheorrieharbie, the track following closely the river—to-day a much subdued, soberer stream, chastened by the over-night's frost, after its excesses of yesterday. At the Allt an Sleaghhaich, which has its source near the summit of the stately Sgur na Ruaidhe, the weather suddenly changed for the worse into a nor'-wester of almost gale force, bringing sheets of sleety rain, blotting out everything except the near landscape. We had one provoking glimpse of the mighty mass of Sgur a coire ghlás, with its twin peaks and the twisted, tortured ridges of Sgur fhuar thuill and Sgur na Fearstaig—afterwards the curtain of rain hid completely the encompassing hills. We tarried a while at Luib, our

intended resting place of yesterday, ceildhing with the stalker. Onwards with heads bent to the blast, till Craig a' Ghlastail loomed out of the clouds on our right. It towers steeply above the glen and to-day looked like some grim awful sentinel guarding the rugged fastnesses of the upper Orrin basin. Amidst a crescendo of howling wind punctuated at frequent intervals by the hoarse bellowing of amorous stags, we pushed on past Loch na Frianach and Am Fiar Loch to the remote and lovely Loch na Caoidhe, a very gem ensconced in the bosom of the hills. An old ruin near its western end provided an indifferent shelter from the fury of the wind and also for taking our meal. It was 2.45 p.m. when we reached Loch Coye, and the Beallach na Cois, which marks the water shed between Orrin and Loch Morar, and is situated not far from its head. Still following the Orrin we crossed it near its source and climbed the Beallach which rises to 2200 feet, and after half a mile or so of elevated plateau drops steeply to Loch Morar side, alt. 500 ft. The shades of night were falling when Loch an inbhir was reached and after a short halt for refreshments in the ruined house, followed by a plunge thigh high across the icy waters of Alt a choire Fionnarach rushing down from the heights of Maolundaigh, we groped in the dark along sheep tracks to the swish and lap of Loch Morar's wavelets. In the shelter of Reidh Cruaidh's wood a much-needed rest. It was an exciting adventure, one minute to go floundering in a quagmire and the next to find yourself stepping right into Loch Morar. The only calamity was the loss of his staff by our Treasurer, which I am glad to say he survived, though in a very miry condition. At last the welcome light of Strathmore showed up. Here we stayed, and I may say that even a visitation of all the rats of famed Hamelin city wouldn't have disturbed our rest that night.

Lovely Loch Morar lay hidden under a thick blanket of mist as we set out in the morning. My pal was dubious about starting after our gruelling of yesterday. However, on testing his muscles, they proved quite swack and free and responded vigorously to the mental urge which drew us to the western ocean. We stopped a while at Pait for a news with the guidwife, who wanted to cook a meal for us altho' we only breakfasted half-an-hour previously. So to placate her, and with great satisfaction to ourselves be it said, we consumed huge quantities of rich golden milk. Our track now lay by the Pait River and a series of lochs which it drains,

Am Gead Loch, Lochs Teachdaidh and Goblach. At the latter it was our planned intention to diverge and climb Lurg Mor (3218), an outlier of the West Morar hills. It was hopeless with mists and weeping skies—the landscape above 200 ft. level from the track was completely veiled. It was disappointing yesterday to miss seeing the magnificent north corrie of Sgur na lapaich with its twin lochs—Loch More and Loch Beag—a corrie to my mind unexcelled in our mountains. One could only gaze on the mists, and imagine the wild and rugged grandeur hidden behind its impenetrable veil. On past the watershed the Coire-nan-Each by a good, well defined track and better made than the majority of hill tracks. Here we observed the soil even at this altitude was rich and fertile and bore evidence of extensive cultivation in former times. Now alas the “gloom of desolation” was surely there. The dreariness of the day had impressed us both and my cheery friend was silent with his thoughts turned inwards. I think it is ineffably sad to see the ruined homesteads of the vanished Gaelic race. I asked my comrade to sing and out rang the song of “the Darkies’ Sunday School,” so a truce to melancholy—when Black Avise is with you your pack weighs double, aye treble. The notes of the song and the leaping Alt Coire-nan-each on the right dashing foam-crested from the heights of Aonach Buidhe and Creachail Beag took eyes and thoughts away from the sad mounds of stone and green clearings and we reached the summit of the corrie (1500 ft.), a denuded, rather featureless slope not to be compared with the fine corrie at the head of the Orrin. As we ascended the mist enveloped us, and the bellowing of numerous stags round us, not far away and sometimes dimly visible through the mist, was a thing to be remembered. It was eerie, and involuntarily one would draw back as if anticipating a charge of the great antlers with cruel tines. Luckily the monarch of the glen at this, to him, feverish season, is a good deal more frightened of the human than the latter is of him. In passing, there is a good hut near the head of the corrie with a stove, fuel, bedstead, etc., and one could be tolerably comfortable there for a night. We paused awhile at the hut for a ceilidh and a dram with the Pait shepherd—a very pleasant interlude in an otherwise dreary day. Maps out and much lore of the surrounding hills gleaned from him. We were now well into the Kintail country—a name that conjures up many a glamorous tale and legend of the times when the clans held the glens and

the mountains. It was down this track and our yesterday's one on the Orrin that the wild clansmen of Eilean Donan swept four hundred odd years ago carrying fire and death into the Lovat country. It wasn't very difficult to conjure up a vision of the fierce MacKenzies and MacRaes trooping down the pass with black murder and pillage in their hearts.

Our thoughts turned towards a roof and a meal, as the rapidly descending track past Loch Mhoirean and Alt Doire Garbh made us strain our eyes for a distant human habitation, and here I will remark that the Loch and its outflow with the surrounding peaks, forms a scene of rare beauty, even dimly seen as it was through the mist. In the precipitous gorge of Doire Garbh even at this late season, numerous alpines were blooming and several fine specimens of the saxafrage family could be seen. Soon our eyes picked out the outlines of the "Iron Hut." What an incongruous title in this country of loveliness and Gaelic place names which "melt into music."

At the "hut" we once again struck the hard high road, how hard it felt beneath our feet after the soft springiness of the hill tracks. The mists began to clear and Strath Duilleach, Loch-na-Leitrach and Glen Elchaig with just a glimpse of the sea loch beyond, began to unfold their charms to our gaze. And at a turn in the road, perhaps the things needful to complete the scene—human life and the domestic animals—we suddenly came upon a slim, dark, dreamy-eyed woman driving the cows home for the milking.

That night we stayed near Loch-na-Leitrach, and had there the kindly welcome for the wayfarer, which is the blessed gift of the glen people to all strangers.

From the point of view of distance and going it had been an easy day.

Our host came home after we had supped, and so, soothed with tobacco and with limbs stretched before a blazing peat fire whilst he told us in soft accents old world tales of the Kintail country, what greater happiness could wayfarers wish?

Our next day's stage was to be the Dornie, with a diversion to the Falls of Glomach, but it was impossible to cross at the stepping stones owing to the swollen water. Further down the glen at Coille Righ we crossed the Elchaig, intending to go by the Glannan pass to Dornie. Just here a peculiar experience befell us. A man suddenly appeared from nowhere like a vision,

but certainly a substance and not a shadow. Out of the ground he appeared to come, an ancient venerable man, dressed in rough country garb, somewhat like one of those old sturdy pines sometimes seen standing alone high up the hill and far removed from any of its confrères. We made salutations, which he returned in the Gaelic tongue, and on enquiring about the Glannan road, unfortunately in lean, unlovely English, we found he couldn't or wouldn't answer in this language. After a good deal of effort we found our venerable friend wanted us to keep away from the Glannan which was impassible after the continuous rains and go back to the high road. He gave us a blessing, and we took his advice, tho' the hills beckoned to us. His disappearance was just about as sudden as his appearance — maybe he possessed the old Highland gift of the "Shean"—who knows. On we pushed in vile weather to Kilillan, embowered in its leafy screen, and meeting a countryman, we found that the stranger of Coille Righ was a famous smuggler in the days gone by, and even yet was under suspicion of making "a wee drappie." At Faddoch great hunger came on us and we made a meal of bully beef and piping hot tea in an old disused house. The bully accompanied us from Stratton and we were glad to be revenged upon it.

What hill lover doesn't curse the hard high road, and certainly we did plodding down in the rain squalls by the shores of Loch Long to our destination at Ardelve. We sighed for the Glannan track, water and all. We arrived at Ardelve, Loch Duich, without further incident, except the heavy soaking which had been our daily experience since the start. Here we had great difficulty in finding a lodging place, but eventually found one to our heart's desire—a small croft kept by two maiden ladies (sisters)—who ministered to our wants in a way that left nothing to be desired.

Not much more to relate. Rain pouring in torrents next day, so we decided to cut short the tour and diverge to Strome Ferry for the railway and home. Our clothes and rucksacs were sodden and there would be no point in continuing the journey to Glen Ely and Loch Hourn.

One might well ask where is the pleasure in walking among the hills in such vile conditions. It can't be explained. We are both hill lovers, which I suppose really explains everything. I can't analyse the feeling. The hills call and one must needs follow till age dims the eye and renders impotent the spirit to do and dare. Anyhow my friend and I had never a weary moment.

Depression for a short while at the Coire nan each, when—

The mists came down and the track was weary,
And the winds from the corries were sighing eerie;
Still, rest is sweet and a dram men say—
My sorrow!—An empty waeme won't thole usquebaugh.

This I know. That our walk will be cherished as a most delightful memory in the days to come.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

DEAR FELLOW-MEMBERS,

In this, our first Club Journal, I feel it behoves us to put on record our appreciation of our Office-Bearers and Members of Committee, for the way in which they, ungrudgingly, give of their time and energy in arranging our Meets for us.

I have heard it said in some quarters that we do not get enough Meets per annum. Personally I find the present number of Meets quite sufficient for my purse, but I am only one, and why don't the grumblers voice their opinions at the General Meeting, and let the Committee know their views?

Does the average member, I wonder, ever consider the immense amount of arrangement a Meet entails? I am only a humble member, but I have kept my eyes and ears open, and have realised a little of what it means. To take only one Meet—Glenmore last April—this was a big undertaking and meant a lot of arranging before it could be a success. Just how great a success it was we who attended that Meet know, and we reaped the benefit of arrangements, many of which were made by our President and Secretary in the wee sma' 'oors because our Secretary at that season was so busy that that was the only time he could spare. But it is only by chance that we ordinary members come to hear these small but important details, and for this and all the other delightful Meets, I think we owe them a very deep debt of gratitude.

A GRATEFUL MEMBER.

IN THE HEBRIDES, NORTH UIST.

By A. STEWART.

THE beautiful coast of Skye, still more beautified by brilliant sunshine, was long left behind.

True, it was with a pang that I had said a lingering good-bye to the Cuillins, Scurr Alasdair, and Loch Coruisk, and the conversation now turned from the Old Man of Stor, and the Shiant Islands to our immediate surroundings, for the Maddies hove in sight, silently but forcibly informing us that we were nearing Lochmaddy, the chief port of that interesting island North Uist, full of legend and lore and countless relics of an age we can conceive of but hazily.

The sojourner in far away parts is greeted with a warm welcome in the old language of the Gael—"bhur beatha 'n duthaich" (you are welcome to the country)—a salutation not easily forgotten.

This indeed is an island answering minutely to the poet's picture in the following well known and descriptive lines:—

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pailt ann am biadh;
'S e Eilean a's àillt air'n do dhealraich a' ghrian;
'S e Eilean mo ghriadh-s' e, bha 'Ghàidhlig ann riamb;
'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth gus an tràigh an Cuan Siar!

The mountaineer, possessed with that mysterious urge created by the fascination of the hills is immediately interested in Lee, Burrival and Eval. From Eval, which is the highest hill in North Uist, a wide view of the island is obtained.

Looking down towards Locheport, the lochs appear so numerous that it would seem that one could get a foothold but with difficulty.

At Burrival there is a cave entering into the solid rock for about forty feet. In strange silence it tells ancient tales of by-gone days, of hardy warriors and fierce Norsemen. Their age is all but forgotten, for man is but frail and short lived, as in the words of Henry King—

The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.



Alex. Stewart.

LAKE DWELLING, UIST.

Almost every loch has its Dun or ancient lake dwelling, the stronghold of the ancients. These strongholds do not exist by a mere chance of nature, but are the work of primitive man. They are similar in shape and almost all have their "roadway" or stepping stones to the shore. On these almost submerged roadways a flat stone or slab was so pivoted that an intruder was in danger of overbalancing, and the noise made the inhabitants acquainted of his approach.

Of fresh water lochs, there is an abundance, with hungry trout ready for fly or bait.

Here indeed is a paradise for the angler. Little fear need be entertained as to the art of "striking" for these, the only custodians of their particular domain, do everything to assist the angler's efforts, until the fight begins, and then, well, let every angler tell his own tale.

From Eval to Kallin in a rowing boat is a never-to-be forgotten experience. Here are islets in plenty—a veritable Archipelago.

The tide is on the ebb, and the current strong, necessitating endurance and strong muscles. At times there is scarcely sufficient depth of water to keep the boat from "touching," while again, passing between the islets, the breadth allows the boat and nothing more.

Seaweed in abundance hangs down the face of the rocks on all sides, thirsting in the hot sunshine, awaiting the return of the tide, the departure of which has left it bare to the extent of fifteen feet or more.

Here and there as we passed, a heron was fishing with its natural tackle in the shallow water, its "basket" apparently always requiring replenishing.

In the Hebrides the eye never wearies. Many old and interesting customs still survive. On visiting a house the process of butter-making with the old-fashioned churn may be in operation.

At one time this important task was performed with the utmost secrecy, lest the "evil eye," or indeed the fairies might remove the "toradh" or substance from the cream, and the operation turn out a failure. These old beliefs are long since dead.

The making of Harris Tweeds in the various stages—dyeing, carding, spinning and weaving may be studied in detail.

The huts with the fire in the middle of the floor, and a hole in the roof to let the smoke escape, to which Dr Johnson referred in his famous trip to the Hebrides, are now things of the past, and substantially built houses are to be seen everywhere.

Alas ! the few weeks at my disposal in such interesting surroundings seemed to melt away, and it was with a tinge of sadness that at last I bade farewell to the rocky fastnesses of Eval, the sporty brown trout, disturbed but rarely, and the sheer beauty of nature, unspoiled by the hand of man.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF THE ROPE IN CLIMBING.

By "BELAY."

THERE is a polite fiction that no mountaineer ever slips, and of course he never should do so, but the fact that we use a rope is proof enough that we recognise the possibility, and my excuse for writing these notes for members who are roping up for the first time.

The rope can be a source of real danger to a party if it is not used in the right way, therefore it is up to you when climbing to look after the rope at all times.

Wherever possible keep it clear of the ground, especially in places where it can get chafed, and never tread on it. These are obvious points, but are often neglected. When you get home see that your rope is properly dried before you store it away. Rot can begin among the inner strands and be almost invisible on the outside.

You will soon learn to tie the necessary knots—the bowline for the men at the ends and the middleman's knot. Practice these till you can tie them quickly and surely even in the dark.

Generally on a climb one man will move at a time. When the man above you moves see that the rope is clear so that no sudden jerk comes on him and give him plenty of warning as to how many feet he can move up before using up the slack. If there are loose stones, take care that they are not dislodged by the rope. When your turn comes to move it may be that the man above is out of sight at first, or that owing to conditions he can not hear your directions as to taking in the rope. A well intentioned pull from above may be very disconcerting to your balance. In such a case a system of signals is useful.

One shout = Stop taking in the rope.
or whistle. and hold.
Two shouts = Take in the rope.
or whistles.
Three shouts = Slack off gently.
or whistles.

When your turn comes to bring up the man below you must first make sure of a belay. On a snow climb this will probably be your ice-axe, driven securely into the snow or a solid knob of rock if it is available.

Where you have a thoroughly good stance with a good belay it is better to make yourself secure to the belay and take the rope of the man below over your shoulder. Should he fall you will have more control over the rope, and there is less chance of it breaking owing to a sudden strain shock as it would get on the rock belay.

At times you will find your ice-axe very much in your way and may wish you had an extra hand sling. You may, of course, get a little "behind-hand," but it is easy to get rid of your axe by slipping it through the rope round your waist, at the back, where it will be secure unless the rope is too slackly tied.

Never allow the rope between you and the man below to fall slack, but keep just enough tension to ensure that should he slip you have him held without a jerk. On the other hand you must not pull unless he asks for help.

Remember that the rope is there as a safeguard, not to help you to slur over difficulties on the climb. So try to climb every inch without its help. This may take time, but you are right to attempt it unless your leader ordains otherwise.

Your leader's word is law.

Very soon you will find yourself doing all these things instinctively so that they do not interfere with your enjoyment of the surroundings.

GLENMORE LODGE—APRIL, 1935.

A SERIES OF DISCONNECTED IMPRESSIONS.

By A. V. STUART.

A DISCIPLINARY note was struck upon arrival by terse announcements affixed to the looking-glasses in the bedrooms, enforcing punctuality for meals. These, however, were speedily discredited by the return, unrepentantly, an hour late for dinner, of a climbing party consisting of the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary, and two committee members. Explanation — none, save a casual allusion to the efforts of one committee member to embrace the President on a snow climb having resulted in the destruction of the latter's glasses.

The high-handed methods of Committees are well attested by the fact that there was immediately filched a pair of sun glasses from the luggage of an absent member, into the frame of which were deftly inserted the Presidential lenses—still happily intact.

Tribute must be paid to the resourcefulness, not only of the member who performed this skilful operation, but also of that other who, by an ingenious combination of first aid and housewifery, mended a broken teapot spout with a length of sticking plaster and a piece of bent tin.

An alarming collection of ice axes and ropes encumbered the front hall, but these tools of the profession did not always fall into the most skilful hands. One member was ironically complimented on her dainty manipulation of the ice axe. "You handled it like the bow of a violin." Another, inadvertently casting from him into the corrie a stout stick, his only visible means of support, ascended the last 50 yards of the snow climb "employing the breast stroke."

Instruction in the true pronounciation of the Gaelic place names was freely proffered. With admirable independence, however, the member from Aberdeen scorned all instructions except such as concerned the 'passing by' (or ignoring) of half the Gaelic letters involved.

Acting on this one word of wisdom (*verbum sap.*) he consistently perverted Creag a' Chalamain into Creag Smack—a place name which now enshrines a bit of local



A. E. Dawson.

THE CAIRNGORMS FROM LOCH MORLICH.

history, since the worthy member, slipping in his skis, is alleged to have come down *smack* near the Creag of that name.

Considerable interest was excited by the appearance in the drawing-room of a diagram ably executed by the President and relieved by sanguinary reds and viridic greens, depicting (it was supposed) the circulation of the blood. Closer inspection, however, disclosed the fact that this purported to be a chart of the climbs in Coire an Lochan of Cairngorm.

The intimate knowledge of local topography revealed in such names as Aladdin's Corridor, the Vent, the Couloir, etc., was much admired, until the secret leaked out that all these names were the inventions of the Secretary, and one might search for them in vain on the local map.

It was no doubt as nemesis for this lapse from strict exactitude that the Secretary was doomed to spend six hours on a roped climb in "the Vent," the most difficult pitches of which were, for the tail of the party, accomplished by sheer haulage on the part of the Secretary and his stalwart second man.

It was on this occasion that the President broke his glasses, and he and the Committee finally forfeited all reputation for punctuality.

The principle of snow climbs seems to be to test human ingenuity and endurance by ascending the mountain by the difficult route, since the more forthright way is beneath contempt. On such occasions as these, long pauses gave the beginners ample time to contemplate the technique of their leaders. One leader repeatedly stood on his head to observe the ascent of his second man. A precarious position, one would suppose, but he alleges that it gave him a better view of So-and-so coming up. The tyro of the party, reflecting on the sore tax on his patience caused by her maladroitness is of the opinion rather that he stood on his head to cool his fevered brow in the snow. At intervals the corrie re-echoed to the jovial songs of the second man, appropriately trolling forth *Standchen*. The tail of the party was left wondering whether the cascades of snow that descended continually on their cowering heads were dislodged by the stout boots of their leader, actively kicking the footholds, or by the vocal reverberations of their second in command.

During the last evening the raconteur from Forres held the party spell-bound by the tale of his recent

walking tour in the Orkneys. Fifty lbs. of luggage, the sum total he and his veteran companion were allowed free on the aeroplane in which they crossed, unfortunately tallied with the weight of the narrator's dog, with the result that, on their own few requisites, they had to pay excess. The common sense of the members of the M.M.C. instantly suggested that he should

- (a) Have given the dog a hair cut,
- (b) Have removed its collar,
- (c) Have subjected it to a slimming treatment,

but these suggestions were, of course, too late to be of any practical value, and the last had the unfortunate effect of leading the narrator into an all too vivid account of the dog's wholesale "slimming" during the crossing.

Slimming (of course, by the more orthodox methods) was definitely a topic of the day. But whatever may have been contributed to the happy result by hard exercise was no doubt counteracted by the Club's hearty enjoyment of the ample fare provided by Mrs Cameron and carved for them by their indefatigable President. It is, nevertheless, gratifying to reflect that members' appetites remained unimpaired, whether they ate their sandwiches while moored to an ice axe, and roped up, during the first (or an "easy") part of a snow climb, or consumed an identical picnic lunch, out of paper bags, amid all the comforts of civilization in the drawing-room of the Lodge, with a pot of exceptionally strong tea to aid digestion.

The company was much enlivened by the presence of a junior member, the nephew of the President. He, for his part, appeared to subsist entirely upon large spoonfuls of Lyle's Golden Syrup and copious draughts of lemonade. He it was who nick-named the less active members of the Club the Old Ladies' *Knitting Society. With the adaptation of "Old" to "Elderly" the initials spell Elks, and this year the Club showed a disquieting tendency to hive off into a section of Elks, who preferred the tranquil beauties of Lochan Uaine to the rigours of summit climbs.

Since all good things must come to an end, the party dispersed at the close of the week, the member from Aberdeen projecting a pair of ski standard-wise through the roof of the car, and the lorry party tucked up in their lorry, "weel happit" in layers of assorted coverings. Over such items as one rug, one hearth-rug and one coat

*Only none of us ever produced any knitting. (Foot note by one of the Elderly Ladies.)

was drawn the lorry tarpaulin, and beneath it they looked like a very illustration to—

“The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi’ muckle faught an’ din.”

It is fanciful to suppose that the rooms of the Lodge, now empty, still hold an echo of the voice of the Secretary,

sorting out a due admixture of “missionaries and cannibals” for his climbs, or the voices of members upraised in laughing expostulation at this or his financial extortions? Do there hover about Glenmore the kindly intonations of the President, finding a welcoming word for everyone, or the murmurs of the Vice-President counting over blankets for the bedrooms, or driving a flourishing trade in her wee shoppie?

Linger, echoes of happy voices, till the real voices come back again in the meet of next year!

AMONG THE SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS.

“Far from the smoke and grime of cities,
Far from the noise of man’s machines,
Up among the snow-clad mountains
Gleaming white in April sunshine,
Or frowning boldly through the mist,
There am I drawn; and willingly I go
Where silence reigns supreme,
Save for the sound of mountain torrents
And the rasping cry of snowy ptarmigan:
Onwards and upwards my footsteps carry me
Through pine woods first and then through heather,
And Nature’s glories spread before me.

Onwards and upwards, now through snow,
Until at last my goal is reached,
And from a lofty summit I can survey
The snowy peaks, cold and barren,
Outlined against a darkening sky.
A sense of quiet satisfaction fills me,
And reluctantly I turn homewards,
But, halting by a small grey cairn,
I remember that Nature does not always smile,
But takes her toll of those who venture far
When storm winds blow and soft snow falls.”

“MACATERICK.”

Y. GULLY, COIRE AN LOCHAIN CAIRNGORM.

By TOM STOBART.

THE day was fine, succeeding one of storm. A fair wind was blowing, but once in the corrie we were sheltered and soon spotted the great fan shaped entrance to our gully lying between two steep buttresses. We lunched in a snowy hollow at the foot of the buttress on the right. We did not linger long over this, but soon started up our gully. The climbing here was easy though steep and laborious on account of soft snow, but what we missed in difficulty was made up by the beauty of our surroundings. Steep and grand buttresses rose on either side, plastered with snow and ice, so that we might have been in some Alpine couloir. Moreover, the bright sunlight, the silence, broken by noises so well known, the distant rumble of the burn pouring from beneath the snow, just like the stream that pours from the snout of a glacier, the occasional rattle of stones, the crack and swish of snow and ice which broke from the cliffs above and fell past us, all added to produce this illusion. A gully running up on the left resembled a frozen waterfall and under similar conditions should offer a fine and difficult climb. However we took the more obvious branch on our right and, halting for a moment, changed the order on our rope, so that Miss Harbinson took the lead. The order was Miss Harbinson, Mr Stobart Père et fils and Mr Thompstone.

The Gully now became steeper and in one place the underlying rock and ice came near the surface of the snow, but we were soon all gathered below the final snowy wall. If there had been hard snow we could have been out in a few minutes, but in fact the cornice, which we discovered to our cost later was of ice, had filled up in front with soft snow. The leader was well protected, however, as Thompstone was belayed on one side and Stobart Père on the other, so that the leader was protected by two ropes and a fall would only have resulted in a tumble into steep soft snow.

For some feet it was necessary to scrape away the soft snow to reach snow firm enough to proceed by, even so it was necessary to use the arm faced in up to the shoulder to keep balance, but eventually a position was

reached ten feet below the lip. Here operation were begun with a view to tunneling, but before long, having cut into ice, it was realized that further operations in this direction were useless as the time was late, and storm tactics would have to be adopted. A small cave had been made in the solid snow and this proved a good place to belay. An effort was made to get at the edge above by leaning back on the belay, but only a little was cut this way as the belaying axe could only be driven in at an angle and soon pulled out. Finally, Mr Stobart Père was brought up and held by the leader crouched on the belay in the cave, cut a small nick in the cornice edge. Then, belayed in the cave, he was able to support the leader whilst he climbed on to his shoulders, leant backwards on the belay and got his arms over the edge.

By now it was evening, and the sun shining still on the plateau above was in sharp contrast to the gloom of the gully below. The position was precarious until an axe was passed up and the pick driven in as handhold. To draw up and over the edge, with feet waving in the air, was a struggle. Cramped arms failed and feet kicked madly, then a blessed foothold — the head of Stobart Père—but it held and we were up.

The honours go to Miss Harbinson and Mr Thompstone, who stood for hours cold, cramped and bombarded with ice and snow and made it possible for the other two to enjoy themselves. Also to Mr Stobart Père, who sacrificed some hair, but perhaps most of all to the hills, which gave us yet another wonderful day. Oh ! and I forgot—to those who waited for us to return, and held up the bus.

IN GLEN CANNICH.
AN SOCACH.

By GEORDIE THOMSON.

ONE Sunday in the month of March this year, I arrived by car at Benula Lodge, Glen Cannich, with my Mother, Father, Mr Henderson and Mr Davidson. My Mother was not climbing, but had an "off" day at Mrs Ross's fireside.

We left the Lodge at noon for An Riabhaichan by the Alt Coire A Mhaim. The weather was disappointing. Mr Henderson remarked that the wind was rather draughty, but it occurred to me that it was very much so, for the wind at times came in very fierce squalls. Mr Davidson thought it would be "airish" on the hill and I agreed. At times Mr Davidson would stop and point where the mountains were. I remember he mentioned Carn Eige and Mam Sodhail and a whole string of Gaelic names of other mountains, but I have yet to see them. The mountains were hidden in the mists and I might have been anywhere so far as the view was concerned. However, half way up the burn, the sun came out and we had a lovely view of An Socach with snow on it, so we decided to make this mountain the climb.

My Dad was after an easy hill walk up the mountain and I cannot explain how it happened otherwise, but the other two members managed to get us on to the snow and before we realised things they had us roped up and off on to a steepish snow climb. About 2 p.m. we reached the top of the ridge. I enjoyed the climb and so did my Dad and we are both keen to do another one.

I am very keen for my Dad to take me on a rock climb and am going to suggest the Observatory Ridge of Ben Nevis which would make a fine start. (The chances of his taking me are, like Loch Fannich, very remote.)

On the ridge it was very cold, cloudy and a strong wind roared over the top. The Governor was very cold and hungry, so we popped into a hole on the ridge for shelter and something to eat. I think he should have been wearing his big flannel shirt instead of leaving it at home. However, I am sure he will know better next time.

We then proceeded to the Carn, round the ridge and back down the Glen which we came up early in the morning. We reached the Keeper's House at 7 p.m. and had a big tea—thanks to Mrs Ross. I ate an awful lot because I was very hungry.

We arrived home about 2 a.m. We could have been earlier, but Dad, who was driving the car and seemingly had not had enough excitement for one day, took us a long way out of our road to see a big farm fire.

My Mother gave us a big feed of roast duck and coffee and that was a grand finish to a day on the hill.

P.S.—An Socach left its mark on my big toe. I had a blister there for three weeks. However, it was well worth it.

Editor's Note.—It may interest readers to learn that Geordie Thomson is aged 12 years. Here is a list of the hills this young veteran has climbed:—

Brown Muir	Braeriach
Brylach	Creagh Meaghaidh
Ben Rinnes	Creagh Dubh
Fionn Bheinn	An Socach
Carn Elrick	Liathach
Ben Nevis	Cairngorm
Sgurr Gaoithe	Sgurr Clach Geala
Ben Eighe	Sgurr Nan Each
An Teallach	Suilven (within 100 feet)
Bruach na Frithe	Ben Hope
Mealfourvounie	Ben Loyat

THE RECONNAISSANCE.

By ALEX. HENDERSON.

THE Powers thought that a knowledge of the snow-climbs, possible and impossible, in the corries of Cairngorm would be helpful for the Easter Meet at Glenmore, and so on the morning of the 24th March, the Chamois and Compasses left Elgin early. Using the arrangement that both did not sleep at the same time — most necessary when motoring — they arrived at Glenmore about 8.30 a.m. A cup of tea from Mr Cameron warmed their frosted interiors, and they set out for Coire An t'Sneachda by the "High Traverse" Route. Arrived at the rocks about 10.45 a.m., a possible snow-climb was found on the left of the central buttress. On investigation a broad snow-covered corridor was discovered, which

gave about 1½ hours delightful climbing, in the course of which very fine views of the snow-powdered rocks and buttresses were obtained. The last pitch was nearly vertical and provided the most interesting part of the climb, which, on the whole, was classed as "quite interesting" and christened by the Chamois as "Aladdin's corridor."

The party then proceeded along the top of the corries to Coire An Lochain. An easy climb was noted on the right hand corner of Coire An t'Snechda, while there were found in Coire An Lochain, namely the "Vent," the "Couloir," and the "Y Gully." The first, on a superficial examination from the top, was classed as easy, but was subsequently discovered to be a "not so" climb, and the last was known to be both difficult and sensational. It was decided to test the merits of the "Couloir" by descending it, and two hours were occupied in this, step-cutting being necessary for a considerable distance. The final assessment of the "Couloir" was "interesting, but not sensational."

Returning to Glenmore, a welcome tea was provided by Mrs Cameron, and the party set out for Elgin. The return journey was made in rather heavy rain, and the Chamois wearing a gaily-striped blanket and Balaclava, gave the inhabitants of Grantown and Forres a bright moment in an otherwise drab evening.

The Reconnaissance was over.

THE KINLOCHEWE MEET.

AN IMPRESSION.

By X.Y.Z.

SURELY the Kinlochewe Meet, held on May 25th and 26th, was one of the most enjoyable and most successful the Club has ever had. It lingers in the memory still as a week-end of happy achievement and good fellowship under perfect weather conditions. We have all the kindest thoughts of Loch Maree, Ben Eighe, and Slioch.

The bus left Elgin about 5 p.m. on Saturday, picking up passengers at Forres and Nairn—and what a comfortable bus, too. The break at Strathpeffer for tea was welcome, though only the more experienced or more aggressive foragers managed to achieve the fifth cup. Then on by

KINLOCHEWE MEET, May, 1935.



Margaret Fraser.

BEINN EIGHE.



Winnifred Falconer.

THREE CANNIBALS.
(Puzzle find the Lady Missionary).



BEINN EIGHE.

James Boa.



BEINN EIGHE.

Margaret Fraser.

Garve and Achnasheen to Kinlochewe—stopping at the head of the hill to see a wonderful sun setting in golden red over Loch Maree. The heartiest of welcomes at Kinlochewe, then the scurrying for rooms. And so to bed.

Next morning a most varied and comprehensive breakfast set the right tone. Parties were detailed and set off for their various objectives. A welcome sight was the arrival of a Forres contingent by car. One party had camped out and climbed Liagath the previous day, a mere scamper compared with their tracking down the cow for 5 miles, then driving her home the same distance so that their porridge might have the correct accompaniment. The Ben Eighe parties, having started from different places, met on the top and exchanged congratulations. The Ben Slioch parties, not content with one hill, added another on their way home.

All arrived safely back, nor were the early comers forgetful of their later neighbours. Cars dashed along the Torridon road laden with full bottles of beer and returned with Moray Mountaineers. Surely climbing de luxe! What a magnificent day. What wonderful views. Not least was that magnificent high tea awaiting the bronzed heroes. But hold! Where is our Treasurer? The cry goes round. Eventually he is found. The bus starts, and so to Elgin and mundane things. Next day the roads of Morayshire were lit up by ruddy countenances. No need to ask who had been to Kinlochewe.

.

But when things go most smoothly there is always the more skilled work behind the scenes. To take a large party to Kinlochewe, put them up in the hotel and bring them all home happy—for 15s a head—is a magnificent piece of organising. The warmest thanks are due to the President, the Treasurer and all who helped them. Then, on all sides, we were received with Highland hospitality at its best. The owner, Mr Hickman, gave his full consent to our climbing and through his keeper, Mr Matheson, made smooth the rough places. The hotel staff catered to our every need. The bus driver, too, entered into the spirit of the outing. We are most grateful to them all. It was a gala week-end for the Moray Mountaineering Club. When is the next one?

O P E N L E T T E R.

*The Editor,
Moray Mountaineering Club Journal.*

SIR,

I should like to encroach on your space to raise a question which is already interesting several members of the Club. I mean, should not there be some form of qualification before any one can become a full member of the Moray M.C. ?

For the Cairngorm Club and for the Scottish Mountaineering Club it is necessary to have climbed a certain number of "Munros." The S.M.C. run a Junior Section, where members can obtain practice in climbing under skilled guidance and can later be put forward as members of the Senior Club when they have sufficient qualification. The Ladies' Climbing Club also have a system of graduating members who are not full members until they have been present at two meets, have climbed a certain number of "Munros" (several under winter conditions) and have led a climb. All this means that to be a full member of these Clubs one must have shown some ability in hill craft and not merely have paid a subscription.

Actual details would need to be worked out by the Committee, but I feel sure that the time has now come for a full discussion of this important matter, so that, for example, the button (as symbolising full membership) might be awarded only to those who have satisfied some agreed on qualification. It would be interesting to hear the opinions of other members.

As a suggestion, I might put forward as a qualification, 20 "Munros" (5 in snow), presence at 5 meets of the Club, and leading parties at 2 Club meets. This is, of course, a matter for adjustment, but I am certain, Sir, that members will be prouder than ever of their membership if they feel that they have earned it. It is a great privilege to be a member of the Moray Mountaineering Club.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

BEN RINNES.



B. Wilken.

JOHN CLIFFORD SPENCE EWEN. 1903-1935.
KILLED ON THE ALPS ON SUNDAY, 21st JULY, 1935.

Mr EWEN was a native of Aberdeenshire and was educated at Cullen, Banff Academy, Aberdeen University and Trinity College, Cambridge. He had a particularly brilliant scholastic career—was first Bursar in Aberdeen University Entrance Examination, where later he took first class honours in Mathematics. At Cambridge, he took a high place in the Mathematical Tripos and thereafter gained experience in the direction of educational studies. From there he came to Elgin as principal teacher of Mathematics and left in October, 1933, when he was selected from a large number of candidates from all over Scotland for the very responsible post of Secretary to the Scottish Council for School Broadcasting.

I N M E M O R I A M.

JOHN CLIFFORD SPENCE EWEN.

THE news of the tragic death of John Ewen, through a climbing accident on Mont Brévent, Chamonix, was received with very deep regret. He was leading the climb and when two-thirds of the way up the accident occurred which resulted in his death.

The correct report of the accident is that the ascent had been easy and when the two climbers had arrived at the ledge, John wanted to adjust the straps of his ruck-sack. First he wound the rope (between him and his companion, Owen) round a rock, then stepped out on to the scree to adjust the straps. He stood there, with his back to the scree slope, joking with Owen. In setting his foot on the scree, however, a boulder above must have been disturbed. It came crashing down, accompanied by an avalanche of smaller stones. Owen says before John had even time to cry out, he was swept off his feet and fell headlong into a deep ravine. And so died an able and gifted personality.

Nature had endowed him richly with a brilliant intellect and fine physique. Although naturally reserved and at times aloof, he was also genial, generous and lovable to those who knew him. I had the good fortune to climb with him on many occasions, and thereby came to know him intimately. He possessed a natural aptitude for climbing. His alertness, coolness and perfect judgment when leading a climb were fine to behold and his was the finished and perfect style of the balance climber. The beauty and grandeur of the mountains often moved him to expressions in words which revealed his fine cultured mind and deep love for the high places.

In November, 1931, he joined the Club, and during his stay of two years in Elgin took a prominent part as a leader at the Meets. At the first Annual General Meeting and Dinner he delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on Rock-Climbing Technique and Rock Climbs in the Black Cuillin and elsewhere. To his many valuable suggestions much of the success of the Club is due.

The last Meet he attended before leaving for Edinburgh to take up the responsible duties of Secretary to the Scottish Council for School Broadcasting was on 29th October, 1933, when, with a party, he ascended the Buck—in the Cabrach district. In the Grouse Inn after the Meet I had, in the absence of the President, the privilege of making him a presentation from the Club and expressing our indebtedness for his leadership and assistance and of conveying the good wishes of all members for his future success and welfare. In his reply, John assured us that he would ever remember his happy associations with the Moray Mountaineering Club and though leaving Elgin he would like to be still regarded as an active member of the Club.

He came from Edinburgh to the Glenmore Meet held between Xmas and New-Year, 1933-1934, and this was his last time with us. We expected his company at our Annual Dinner in February of this year but, unfortunately, pressure of work, at the last minute, made it impossible. He wired us his regrets and good wishes. His duties at the B.B.C. kept him very occupied otherwise he would have been present at the recent meet at Glenmore Lodge.

My last climb with him was in July, 1934. I was accompanied by Tom Crowley for whom he had a fond regard. We met at the Calchaig Inn about noon and in the afternoon John led us on the climb of the Crowberry. The following day we were on the Aonach Eagach but the weather was so bad and as he had to return early in the evening to Edinburgh, we did not complete the climb.

The photograph which accompanies this, was taken at Covesea, Lossiemouth, where we often went to practise and work out climbs for the Club. The first was named the Lighthouse Traverse, then the Serpent, the Bothy Traverse, Covesea Crack, Kitchen, Tunnel, Girdle and Porthole Traverses. This last one John jocularly named after the Window Buttress on Sgurr Dearg in Skye. Those days he loved. He had climbed several times in Skye and did, alone the traverse of the main Cuillin Ridge under very adverse weather conditions.

In writing these lines many memories of his fine companionship on the days we spent together crowd over me. Now he has gone from the hill and a brave heart is still. It is sad to realise that we shall never see John again here or on the mountain side or that he will never again feel the mountain wind he loved so well. I recall the words of Guido Rey written when looking towards the picturesque little Churchyard of Zermatt:—



That little plot of soil which contains, together with other victims of the mountains, the first victims of the Matterhorn, fills me with deep emotion every time I visit it; I think of the eternal peace which has followed upon the hours of fierce struggle; I grieve for these young men torn so early in their lives from the enjoyment of their noble pleasures, and then I wonder whether it were not a blessed thing to die as they died, quickly, unexpectedly, painlessly, in a moment of perfect peace, when life seemed full of beauty, and the mind was purified by passion and by joy.

.
"For all of beauty that this life can give
Lives only while I live,
And with the light my hurried vision lends
All beauty ends."

John sleeps in Chamonix under the shadow of the mountains.

EDWIN M. DAVIDSON.

THE VENT—COIRE AN LOCHAIN.

By MAE MACBAIN.

By 9.30 on 13th April we had breakfasted in Glenmore Lodge and were making our way towards the Corrie Lochain. It was a lovely morning—clear, calm and not too cold. The path leading from Glenmore to Cairngorm more irresistible than ever on an April morning tempted us to linger, but our occasional glimpse of the snow-covered corries, silvered with the morning sun, beckoned us onwards.

Soon we had left the scent of the pine trees and the rushing of the burn behind us, and were slowly approaching the snow line. Our tread over the snow was crisp—just enough frost to make ideal walking conditions—and by mid-day we were lunching in the grandeur of the mountain fastness of Corrie Lochain.

Immediately after our halt we were to start on the actual climb. On the left of Corrie Lochain there is an opening known as "the Vent," and this was our objective. The climb was described as being "not so easy"; and our party consisted of three experienced climbers and two "not so experienced."

To say our climb began at mid-day is not being strictly accurate, for the experts had really conquered the Vent the previous evening. In the comfort of the drawing-room at Glenmore Lodge we had decided on our positions on the rope, and five matches had "belayed" and "anchored" each other across the table. Now only the practical work remained to be done.

First a traversing movement was required across the wall of the corrie, and this necessitated roping, and so, with the trustfulness of a small child, I allowed myself to be knotted into the rope. The slope was gentle, and with no difficulty we were all safely across and gazing upward, into the Vent. As we gazed our wonder grew.

I had expected to find myself standing between two solid walls of rock, but one look around assured me that I had stepped right into Fairyland. All around beautiful ice-flowers were strewn in profusion, while from every ledge and crevice icicles hung like silver pendants, and over all was a feathery covering of glistening snow, giving an ethereal charm to the whole scene.

A sudden jerk of the rope brought me back to earth, and I realised that the man in front had used up his length of rope, and I must proceed, or hold up the party. The slope had now become steeper; walking in the leader's steps felt very much like climbing up stairs. It was colder now, for we had entered right into the crevice of the rock and were hidden from the kindly radiance of the sun.

The next few feet went easily enough until the leader reached an almost verticle wall, where the snow was too soft to afford a foothold. The first real work of the day now began. Here the leader began to clear away the snow and attack the wall of gleaming ice, which lay beneath. It was clear that every step we advanced would have to be gained by cutting steps in the ice, and each step took many strokes of the axe to fashion. Our position on the rope may have been inglorious—it certainly was unenviable! Chips of ice and fragments of frozen snow came pouring down on us, and we stood anchored in our steps and subjected to a never-ending fusillade of debris from above.

Once a particularly large lump of ice came crashing past me, and I turned to watch its career down the gully. Slowly it went—then faster—and suddenly, like a thing gone mad, off it went, round and round, whirling, leaping, crashing until it was lost in the whiteness below which was the floor of the corrie. For one awful moment as I looked at the wall of rock before me it began to move, slowly at first, then faster, round and round, and I, too, seemed to go head over heels, down—down—down! I grasped the rope tightly and closed my eyes, and when I looked again the rocks had mysteriously righted themselves. The vertige was gone!

After what seemed a few hours of heroic hacking we saw the leader pull himself upward to the opening above. Here the going seemed easier, and very soon the second



J. Geddes.

APPROACH TO THE VENT.



J. Geddes.

NEARER THE VENT.

man was up and over the ice-wall too. Now, I thought, our troubles are over, and the Vent is ours! But alas! This was the short-lived delusion of an inexperienced climber. The second man shouted down for more rope, and so I warily approached the ice-wall. Here I managed to make myself as secure as possible by digging my toes into the wall, and hanging on by both hands. At first, this did not feel very secure, but gradually I gained confidence and pulled myself upward until I could peep over the ledge above. To my dismay our leader had re-commenced hewing the ice and clearing away the snow. He seemed as fresh as ever, and down came the debris fast and furious. He was further in advance this time, so that the ice-chips had gained a considerable force before they reached me. Also, as they descended, they gathered loose snow and ice with them, so that our fusillade had now attained the proportions of a small avalanche. In my position on the wall I was practically immovable, but by keeping well under the top of the wall most of the snow shot over my head and landed on the two unfortunates who were below me.

How long I stood in this position I do not know. Once I felt my fingers go numb, and so I removed first one hand from the ice, then the other, and worked the muscles until I felt them tingle again. Occasionally I held on by both hands while I moved my feet.

Once I looked down on the spot below, where we had lunched. How many hours I wondered since we had basked in the sunshine. It was now 4 o'clock—four hours and we had moved only about 100 feet. At last when I had given up hope the call came to move on. Unfortunately the fine display of icemanship was completely obliterated by the falling snow—not a foot-hold remained to be seen. I'm afraid that it was only by the Herculean efforts of the second man on the rope that I ever surmounted that wall. From above came the aroma of tobacco, the comforting news that our leader had found a place to enjoy his pipe. Surely our difficulties were over at last. Another nasty corner followed almost as difficult as the first, and then I too had reached the spot for the siesta.

Before us stretched a long line of unbroken snow, but the slope was more gentle, and the snow held. One by one, we toiled slowly upwards, every step taking us nearer to the crest of the ridge. Suddenly the leader disappeared from view, and as suddenly the second man dropped from sight. There was an impatient tugging at the rope, and then I was over the top.

Six o'clock and five human flies were lost to view in the mist of Coire Lochain.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

1931 — 1934.

ON the evening of 15th November, 1931, the following met at Richmond Lodge, Institution Road, Elgin—Mr Finlay Mackenzie, Mr John Geddes, Mr G. R. Thomson, Mr H. Humble, Mr John Black, Dr J. C. Shiach and Mr Edwin M. Davidson, when the proposal to form a mountaineering club in Moray was considered and discussed. As a result of this, it was arranged to call a public meeting and explain the aims and objects of such a club.

Those present banded themselves together to act as Office Bearers and Committee with Mr Finlay Mackenzie as President, Messrs Black and Geddes as Vice-Presidents and Mr Edwin M. Davidson as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

A Meeting, well attended by those interested, was duly held in the Masonic Hall, Elgin, on 27th November, 1931, under the chairmanship of Mr Finlay Mackenzie, President, who gave a brief outline how the Club came to be formed and then called upon Mr Davidson, Secretary, to explain the aims and objects of the Club.

Mr Davidson said it was encouraging to see so many present, especially such a large representation of young people, for it was to Youth that the Club looked for its future success. The chief aim in forming such a Club was to encourage mountaineering and to form a bond of union among lovers of the Scottish Hills. He said that the first Meet would be held in April, and, in the intervening period, lectures on equipment, endurance, rock and snow climbing technique, use of map and compass, etc., would be given. It was not given to all to be great mountaineers, he added, and the members did not profess to be such, but they did profess to be lovers of the hills. He hoped that the Club would be the means of making the hills known to the members and that interest in the flora, geology and wild life of the moors and mountains would be developed. Mountaineering developed the best qualities, uplifted the spirit, widened the mind and broadened the outlook.

Twenty-eight members were enrolled at this Meeting. The annual subscription for adults was fixed at 5s and for juniors, 2s 6d.

At a Committee Meeting, which followed at the close of the public one, the names of Mrs Finlay Mackenzie, Mr A. J. McCaskie and Mr J. Luckas were added to the Committee. It was left to the Secretary to arrange for a lecture on a mountaineering subject at an early date, and he was also instructed to write Mr A. G. Cockburn, Town Clerk, Elgin, to ascertain if a room in Grant Lodge, Cooper Park, Elgin, could be let to the Club as a Meeting Place. It was also agreed that the Club should be known as The Moray Mountaineering Club.

“Mountaineering”—Lecture by Mr Wm. Marshall.

On 11th December, 1931, the Club was honoured by having a Lecture on “Mountaineering” from Mr William Marshall (“MAM SUIM”). His talk on equipment was most helpful and he emphasised the importance of physical fitness, the care to be taken when on the hills, and the careful attention to be paid to proprietors’ ground in leaving no litter about and no marks of camp sites.

Mr A. J. McCaskie, in the name of the Club, thanked the Lecturer.

“Skye—The Black Cuillin with Glimpses of the Mainland.”

The above Lecture, illustrated with beautiful lantern slides, was given by Mr Edwin M. Davidson, the Secretary, in the Parish Church Hall, Elgin, on Thursday, 14th January, 1932. This meeting was a joint one with the Elgin Young Men’s Guild and was well attended by members of both the Guild and the Club, who listened to Mr Davidson’s graphic and racy account of his climbs with great pleasure. The Rev. J. M. M. Madill, Hon. President of the Young Men’s Guild, conveyed the thanks of the meeting to Mr Davidson.

First Field Meet—21st February, 1932.

The first Field Meet of the Club took place on 21st February, 1932, when 27 members journeyed by bus to Meikle Balloch on the Cabrach Road, walked across the moor to Scaut Hill (1987), Cairn Allt a Chailginn (2035), Cook’s Cairn (2478), Carn a Bruar (2240) and thence down Glen Suidhe to Tomnavoulin—16 miles and 2000 feet of climbing.

Notwithstanding the cold weather and frequent snow showers the outing was voted a success and afterwards in the Aberlour Hotel, where the party had had tea, Mr

Mackenzie complimented them on their enthusiasm and keenness and hoped that this would be the forerunner of many climbs on the hills.

The cost of the outing was 4s, including tea.

The Ladder Hills—20th March, 1932.

24 members travelled by bus to Tombae, where they were met by John Ewen and H. Humble who had spent the previous day climbing near Tomintoul. The party walked up Glen Suidhe and ascended Letterach (2583). After lunch they proceeded to Cairn na Glascoil (2398), Dun Mur (2475), and on to Carn Mor (2636). On this summit the mists closed in and heavy snow fell, but the party continued on to Monadh-an-t-Shuichd (2620) and to Carn Liath (2598) and descended west of the Iron Mines to the Lecht—the hill road from Don to Spey. Altogether was covered approximately a distance of 15 miles with 2500 feet of climbing. The party then proceeded by bus to Tomintoul, where an excellent tea was provided at the Richmond Arms Hotel.

It was stated that the next climb would be on the Cairngorms, and the baptism of winter climbing received on the home-land hills should stand the members in good stead for the more arduous climbing on the Grampians.

The cost of this outing — bus return fare and tea was 4s.

*Lecture in Club Room, Grant Lodge, Elgin—
22nd April, 1932.*

Mr George Borwick, M.A., St. Andrew's, Lhanbryd, gave a most instructive Talk to the Club on the use of the Map and Compass in climbing. The Lecturer had a number of maps and compasses at hand and members availed themselves of doing some practical work under Mr Borwick's able tuition.

There was a large attendance at this meeting.

Cairngorm Meet—8th May, 1932.

Glenmore Lodge was the meeting place on Sunday, 8th May, 1932, when the Club essayed its first climb, as a Club, on the Cairngorms. There were 38 present who had travelled from Elgin by bus and private cars. Some climbed by the direct tourist route, others ascended by the Fiacail Ridge between Coire an Lochain and Coire an t'Snechda, where an interesting snow climb near the summit of the Ridge proved thrilling and enjoyable.

The weather conditions were perfect. Lunch was partaken on the Summit and all lay basking in the hot sunshine. The sun shone with intense fierceness and the mountains in their snowy mantle presented a scene to make a lasting impression on all the climbers. The descent was made by Coire Cas.

The cost of the outing was 5s for return bus fare and tea.

Meet to the Fannich Mountains—12th June, 1932.

Over 60 climbers and friends travelled by train, specially chartered by the Club, to Achnasheen Station and from there in parties climbed Fionn Bheinn (3059) via Strath Chrombuith and the north east ridge of the mountain. Non-climbers had a happy and enjoyable day in visiting the lovely surrounding district.

Visibility from the summit was excellent. The peaks to the West, Island of Rhum, and two peaks of the Black Cuillin in Skye were seen, and splendid views of the Torridon Hills and Slioch obtained with the more northern peak of Beinn Tarsuim and the Challichs beyond.

The descent was made direct to Achnasheen where tea was served in the Station Hotel.

The Club is indebted to the L.M.S. Railway for the excellent travelling facilities they provided.

The cost per member for return fare was 5s 6d.

Kincraig Meet—Sunday, 31st July, 1932.

34 members travelled by special train. Some left the train at Aviemore and climbed Braeriach via Glen Eunach. Others went on by train to Kincraig and climbed the Sgorran Dubh Mor Ridge from there and descending to Loch Eunach walked down the Eunach Glen to Aviemore. Good weather prevailed in the morning and the outing was much enjoyed.

The cost was 5s 6d; return train fare.

Autumn Meet to Dallas—Sunday, 23rd October, 1932.

A party of 24 took bus to Craigroy, Dallas, and walked via Ballachraggan—Torwinny—the Seven Sisters Springs to Carn Kitty (1711) and returned by the hill road passing Lochs Trevie, Noir and Dallas and across the shoulder of Carnachie to Red Craig and Auchness.

From Carn Kitty excellent views were obtained. This is probably one of the finest view points in Moray.

An excellent tea was provided by Mrs Rothnie at the Dallas Inn. The cost per member was 2s 6d, which included bus fare and tea.

Mannoch Moor—Sunday, 13th November, 1932.

A few members walked over the Mannoch Moor from F'ogwatt to the Village of Archiestown, a distance of 14 miles. Tea was provided at the Archiestown Hotel.

The company returned from there to Elgin by bus.

Scottish Youth Hostel Association and Lantern Slide Association.

At a Committee Meeting held in November, 1932, it was decided that the Moray Mountaineering Club should be affiliated to the Scottish Youth Hostel Association as this, it was felt, was a movement well worthy of support.

Mr G. R. Thomson kindly consented to act as custodian of Lantern Slides and members were notified of this and asked to send in to Mr Thomson any "snaps" taken on Club Meets or views of Scottish Mountain Scenery so that these might be made into Lantern Slides.

Lecture on 8th December, 1932. By J. A. Parker, Esq., Aberdeen.

The Club had the pleasure of listening to Mr J. A. Parker on Thursday, 8th December, 1932. This Meeting was a joint one with the Elgin Young Men's Guild and was largely attended by members of both the Club and the Guild.

The Lecturer gave a most interesting Talk on the Scottish Mountains and also on some of the mountains he had climbed in Japan and in America.

The Lantern Views shewn were particularly fine.

Mr J. C. S. Ewen proposed the vote of thanks and this was cordially responded to.

Mr Parker has been a particularly good and helpful friend to the Club and at its Annual Dinner is a very welcome guest.

*First Annual General Meeting and Club Dinner—
17th February, 1933.*

The first annual General Meeting and Dinner of the Club were held in the Gordon Arms Hotel, Elgin, on Friday, 17th February, 1933 — Mr Finlay Mackenzie, Club President, in the chair.

The Secretary's Report on Club Meets was read and approved, and the Treasurer's Statement shewed a balance in hand of £8 12s 6d, which was considered satisfactory.

Mr E. M. Davidson who, up to this time, had acted both as Secretary and Treasurer, asked to be relieved of his duties as Treasurer, and Mr James Luckas very kindly consented to act as Treasurer. This appointment had the unanimous consent of the whole Club.

It was arranged that the present Committee should remain in office for another year and that before the next annual General Meeting the Club Constitution should be drawn up for the future guidance of the Club.

Thereafter, Mr John C. S. Ewen, Mathematical Master in Elgin Academy, delivered a Paper on "Rock Climbing Technique and Rock Climbing in the Black Cuillin and elsewhere." Mr Ewen proved himself to be the ideal lecturer, and his talk was much enjoyed by all present. Lantern views shewing the correct technique for balance climbing were shewn.

At the close, Mr Luckas thanked Mr Ewen in the name of the Club for his splendid contribution to its Syllabus.

The company adjourned for Dinner, purveyed by Mr Arni of the Gordon Arms Hotel. The toast of the Club was proposed by Mr J. Davidson Dickie and replied to by the Secretary. The toast of "Our Guests" proposed by Mr John Black, was replied to by Mr Wm. Marshall. The worthy President, after much persuasion, gave a delightfully humorous and racy account of some of his hill climbing escapades. Mrs Borwick, Mr Borwick and Mr John Black favoured the company with songs and a happy evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Lecture on the Alps—Alex. Harrison, Esq., Edinburgh.

On 10th March, 1933, Mr Alex. Harrison, Secretary of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, very kindly came north and gave a most interesting and graphic account of some of his climbs on the Alps.

The Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, Mon Maudit were only a few of the thrilling peaks mentioned by Mr Harrison in his splendid Talk. He also touched upon the requisites for Alpine climbing as opposed to Scottish Climbs.

The lecture was illustrated with lantern views of the Alps. At the close, Mr John Ewen said how much the

lecture had been enjoyed and how much the Moray Mountaineering Club appreciated the honour of having a mountainer of Mr Harrison's calibre and repute with them.

Ben Rinnes Meet—Sunday, 19th March, 1933.

45 members travelled by bus and car from Elgin on Sunday, 19th March, 1933, and climbed the Hill from the Glen Rinnes Road. The descent was made on the Aberlour side. One party did the climb by the reverse route.

Achnashellach Meet—Sunday, 11th June, 1933.

The Club chartered a special train to Achnashellach on Sunday, 11th June, 1933, and 60 members took advantage of it. Somewhere on the way, the Secretary, it is believed, pulled the communication cord and when he stopped the train the President and a small party descended and raced for Morruisq ere the bewildered guard could stop them. One lady member complained afterwards that she was literally bundled out of the train by the Secretary despite her remonstrances that she never wanted or expected to climb Morruisq. As the party, when well up the hill was accosted by a rather irate keeper, this lady is fully convinced that the Secretary was well aware he was lying in wait for them and dodged being implicated himself by proceeding on the train to Achnashellach and leaving them to their fate. Probably there is more than a grain of truth in the lady's surmise.

At Achnashellach the Club was to be met by Humble and Geddes, but for reasons best known to themselves, they elected to meet it outside the Station precincts. These two members had spent the night before camping by the shores of Loch Doule.

Several parties were formed. One did the round of Beinn Liath Mhor and Sgurr Ruadh, whilst others made for the Saddle between Sgurr Ruadh and Fuar Toll, where packs and other impedimenta were left as they climbed Sgurr Ruadh. Retracing their steps to the Saddle for their luggage, some descended the glen by the path, whilst a few hardy ones made for the top of Fuar Toll and thoroughly enjoyed the rough scramble down the steep face of the mountain towards Achnashellach. A heavy rain storm overtook them on the way down and it was rather a soaked and bedraggled band that reached the train at Achnashellach Station. All were very wet,

yet all were very cheerful and happy. A change into dry clothes and a welcome meal on the train were an excellent finish to a very happy day.

Humble and Geddes returned home by car—raced the train and won easily. Humble seemed to be in a mood for breaking speed records apparently, for Geddes was heard to remark that he felt very much safer on a rock face than when acting as ballast in a car cornering on two wheels.

The cost of the outing was 6s 6d per head.

Ben Macdhui Meet—Sunday, 23rd July, 1933.

The Club Meet to Ben Macdhui on Sunday, 23rd July, 1933, was attended by 34 members who had journeyed from Elgin by bus. Unfortunately there was a distinct lack of members able to lead parties, so the Secretary, brave fellow, took sole charge and led up the whole army. Before leaving Coylum Bridge there arrived two members who, staying in the vicinity and having climbed it on the previous day, did not relish the idea of seeing the Summit Indicator of Ben Macdhui on two consecutive days.

The day was fine—not too hot for climbing—and so up the Larig Ghru—the Shoulder of Coire an Lethcoin—the Meadow of the Fawns and so to the top. Here fine views of the near hills were obtained. A few energetic people descended to Loch Avon via the tourist path—Loch Etchachan and Coire Etchachan, but the main party returned by descending the shaft into the Larig Ghru.

Tea was purveyed by Mrs Garrow. The cost of the outing was 5s for the return bus fare and 1s for tea.

Buck of Cabrach Meet—29th October, 1933.

The morning was very wet, and probably in consequence of this, only 16 turned up at the bus. Such was the day that these hardy members deserve to have their names recorded for all time. They were — Misses H. Harrison, M. Fletcher and E. Fraser; Messrs T. M. Crowley, Forsyth, Ewen, Strachan, Macdonald, Thomson, Farquhar, Bowman, Luckas, Davidson, Civiera, Bolton (guest), Conboy (by motor cycle), and J. Smith, the bus driver.

The bus took the party to the Buck Farm. They climbed the Buck, Mount Meddon, Dun Mount and returned by Sand Hill and Kindy Burn. There was a halt at the Grouse Inn for tea, after which the Secretary,

in the name of the Club, handed over a fountain pen and a copy of G. Winthrop Young's "Mountain Craft" to Mr John Ewen on the eve of his departure for the South to take up an important position with the B.B.C.

A very happy day was spent, despite the very bad weather conditions.

*Xmas and New Year Meet—29th December, 1933—
2nd January, 1934.*

This, the last Meet for 1933, was held at Glenmore Lodge and probably the time was not a suitable or convenient one for the Club as there were only present—Mr and Mrs Bell, Miss Kelly of the Ladies Climbing Club; Messrs Ewen, Macdonald, Davidson, Crowley, Forsyth, Scott and Forsyth, junr. Geddes and Carsewell, staying at Aviemore, joined them.

Splendid climbing conditions prevailed on Cairngorm. One party led by Ewen had a snow climb in Coire an t'Snechda, whilst Davidson and Macdonald had a snow climb up the Fiachail Ridge. Macdonald, Forsyth and Scott descended to the Shelter Stone and found the going on the Garbh Allt very heavy and tiring.

On New Year's Day Ben Bynae was climbed and a visit paid to the Barns of Bynae. During the previous night rain had fallen—temperature had risen and consequently snow was very slushy and unpleasant. There was no visibility, as mists were low.

1 9 3 4.

*Second Annual General Meeting and Dinner—
23rd February, 1934.*

The second Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on Friday, 23rd February, 1934, in the Grand Hotel, Elgin—Mr Finlay Mackenzie, President, in the chair.

The Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and approved. The Treasurer shewed a Credit Balance of £13 18s 7d.

Mr Finlay Mackenzie (under Rule 5 of the Club Rules) then vacated the chair and gave a cordial welcome to Mr John Geddes as his successor in the Office as President. Mr Geddes paid a glowing tribute to Mr Mackenzie for all his splendid work as the Club's first President. He then conducted the meeting.

Owing to Mr Geddes becoming President and Mr John Black leaving the town, two new Vice-Presidents



CLUB AT SUMMIT OF CAIRNGORM.

W. Lyon.

had to be elected, and Miss Harrison and Mr Humble were duly appointed, whilst the names of Miss MacBain, Messrs T. M. Crowley, Iain Macdonald, and Dr J. Bain were added to the Committee to form a Committee of six. Dr Bain was asked to represent the Junior Section. Dr Shiach and Mr A. J. McCaskie retired from the Committee.

Mr William Marshall, Nethy Bridge, gave a Paper on "The Wild Life of the Moorlands and Mountains." This was most instructive and interesting. Mr Marshall is, of course, an authority on the subject of Birds and Hill Fauna. Mr Iain Macdonald conveyed the thanks of the Meeting to the Lecturer.

Dinner followed, when Colonel W. J. Johnston, C.B.E., of Lesmurdie, proposed the Toast of the Club to which the President replied. Mr Humble proposed "Our Guests," to which Mr John A. Parker, S.M.C., Aberdeen, replied. Mr and Mrs Borwick sang for us.

A very interesting presentation took place when the President asked Mr Mackenzie, the past President, to accept a case of pipes, suitably inscribed, from the Club as a token of its esteem and regard. Mr Mackenzie, in very happy vein, replied.

The Meeting terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Ben Rinnes Meet—25th February, 1934.

The Club paid another visit to Ben Rinnes on Sunday, 25th February, 1934, when 32 were present. The company went by bus to Kemp's Farm on the Aberlour-Grantown Road and climbed the Ben from there and descended into Glen Rinnes and walked to Dufftown where tea was served in the Commercial Hotel.

On the summit the wind was blowing with gale force and the day was very cloudy, so no views were obtained.

There is only one accident to report — the Treasurer parted from an old friend—his hat. This led to several opinions being expressed as to where the errant headgear would be found. One member facetiously suggested that it might be searched for in the Malt Kiln of Glenlivet Distillery!

Lecture in Masonic Hall, Elgin—6th April, 1934.

With so many new members joining the Club, it was deemed advisable to have another Talk on the use of the

map and compass in climbing, and once again the Club was indebted to Mr George Borwick for giving a very helpful talk on this important subject. Each one present had a map of the Cairngorms and a compass, and under Mr Borwick's able tuition and that of some of the more experienced members, everyone had the chance of doing for himself or herself that very necessary operation of ascertaining a position—verifying it, etc.

Glenmore Meet—12th-16th April, 1934.

The Forestry Commission again consented to let Glenmore Lodge to the Club, and the Spring Meet took place there from 12th to 16th April, 1934. There was a full house and 42 members enjoyed every minute of their stay in this lovely spot. The catering was in the capable hands of Mrs Cameron, Housekeeper at the Lodge, and she and Mr Cameron were indefatigable in their efforts to make everybody happy and comfortable. The Club owes them their sincere thanks.

A severe snow storm took place a few days before the Meet and it was a vexed question whether the roads, which were blocked with snow, could be cleared in time to permit of the Meet being held. However, it was managed and a very happy Meet followed.

Several parties were out on the Saturday and Sunday with Cairngorm as their objective. Different routes were followed and some practice in snow climbing gained.

On the Sunday one small party of Veterans with Mr Crowley as leader set out to reach the Shelter Stone on Loch Avon via Coire an Lochain, Cairngorm, but the leader found when he reached the floor of the Coire that his party had mysteriously increased to 14—most of them young ladies of course. In the soft snow, the going was slow, but it is reported that the speed was less slackened by the snow than by the keenness of one Forres member who, complete with a compass de luxe, insisted on using his plaything at every possible and impossible moment and must have the whole caravan stopped to watch him read the dial. Whether it was solely due to the unreliability of this compass or not, but it is understood that the course steered by it up the Coire was very much more zig-zag than straight. A howling wind with driving snow on the top soon sent the party down to the shelter of the floor of the Coire, which was descended by using the one and only rope it possessed.

Apologies were made afterwards to the Leader for upsetting his programme, but he good naturedly remarked that he had enjoyed himself with his large family party.

A really excellent piece of work, however, was done on the Monday by Miss Harbinson, Messrs Stobart, Stobart, junr., and Thompstone when they accomplished what is probably a first climb on the Y gully, Coire an Lochain.

The charge for this Meet was 10s per day. To accommodate those who could only come for the week-end (Saturday-Monday), a charge of 25s per head was made, which included bus fare to and from Elgin to Coylum Bridge and board and room at the Lodge.

The whole Meet was a great success and all hoped that the Committee would be fortunate enough to get a similar one arranged next April.

Ben Wyvis Meet—10th June, 1934.

Once again the Club engaged a special train from Elgin and went to Garve. There were 60 members present. The day was very close and sultry with a heat haze all day, so no long distance views were obtained.

Most of the party left the train at Auchterneed Station and climbed the Ben direct from there and descended by the An Cabar to the Ullapool Road. On the way down members met Mr and Mrs Humble, who had arrived by car and were climbing the hill from the Ullapool Road.

Members walked along the road to Garve Hotel where a splendid tea was waiting them — all excellently purveyed by Mrs Mackenzie of the Hotel.

The train had gone on to Garve where a few non-climbers had spent a happy day by Loch Garve.

The return train fare for this Meet was 5s 6d.

Glen Affaric Meet—23rd-24th June, 1934.

Several parties left in cars on Saturday evening and camped by the shore of Loch Beinn a Mheadhoin. It was a lovely evening and those fortunate enough to be there are not likely to forget readily the lovely scene of hills and woods with the trees mirrored on the dark quiet waters of the Loch.

Early next morning—very early indeed, the Secretary went the rounds of the tents with early morning cups of tea, but his kindness was not at all appreciated by some sleepy heads.

The members who came for the day and had left Elgin at 5 a.m. by bus arrived and soon parties were on their way along the shores of Loch Affarie.

One party which had set off earlier than the others reached the top of Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan, whilst other parties did Mam Sodhail, Carn Eige, Sgurr na Lapaich, Tom a' Choinich and Tuill Creagach.

The day was ideal—in fact one of these very rare perfect days for climbing. The visibility all day was perfect. Views were obtained of Ben Nevis, Isles of Rhum and Eigg, Lewis, the Grampians. The Cuillin in Skye were a sight to behold and nearer to hand were the Torridon Hills and Slioch. The beautiful expanse of Loch Affarie stretched down below.

Tea was served at the camping place, and then the owners of the cars kindly motored down to the Dog Falls all the bus passengers as the heavy bus was not able to come nearer the Loch than at this point.

This was one of the Club's most successful outings. Weather, scenery and climbing conditions were perfect.

Meet to Creag Meagaidh—21st October, 1934.

Twenty members and guests travelled by bus and car to Loch Laggan on Sunday, 21st October, 1934. The past President, Mrs and Miss Mackenzie were present and continued by car to Fort William where they were to spend a few days climbing. The weather was cold and the clouds were down to 1500 feet. The wind blew vigorously from the west. All climbed by the path to Lochan a Choire Arder, then to the Window and west to the Cairn of Creag Meagaidh. The views were nil.

After lunch, the party retraced its steps to the head of Choire Arder, which was encircled, and the descent made by Sron a Ghoire and Allt Bealach a Ghoire.

An excellent tea was provided at the Laggan Hotel and afterwards, Dr Brewster, Messrs Gray, McGregor and Sim entertained the company with song and story. Mr H. Bell led the choir.

The Meet was voted a success despite the weather.

Ben Rinnes Meet—30th December, 1934.

The last Meet for 1934 took place to Ben Rinnes, when some 20 members journeyed by bus up Glen Rinnes and climbed the hill. At Craigellachie, they were joined by two very keen and popular members — Miss Stuart, Edinburgh, and her brother.

The weather was good, but mists were encircling the top, so no views were obtained. The parties descended to the Rocks and to the Aberlour Road via the Distillery.

Tea was served in the Lour Hotel, Aberlour.

After tea, the President said he thought it a fitting thing that the Club should wind up its Meets for the year by re-visiting its own home hill — Ben Rinnes — and he said how much they all missed not having their good friend the Secretary present. This, through illness, was the first Meet that he had missed since the Club began in 1931.

[The Club proceedings for Year 1935 will be given in the next number of *The Journal*.]

General & Commercial Stationery

Printing, Bookbinding and Maps of all kinds.

JAMES D. YEADON,

32 Commerce Street, ELGIN

and at QUEEN STREET, LOSSIEMOUTH.

'Phone Elgin 411.

Kinlochewe Hotel,

Ross-shire - - -

Fishing Mountaineering

Loch Maree and River—Spring Salmon and
Sea Trout—Lochs Rosque and Cran—
Brown Trout.

For Terms Apply, JOHN M'LAREN.

GRESHOP DAIRY

MILK
CREAM
HONEY

BUTTER
EGGS
CHEESE

Speciality — Pure Guernsey Milk

Also Certified and "Grade A" T.T. Milk.

FORRES - - -

Telephone—
Forres 69.

MOUNTAINEERING

Demands clothing made from materials
that are reliable.

We Invite Your Inquiries.

The following are always in stock:—

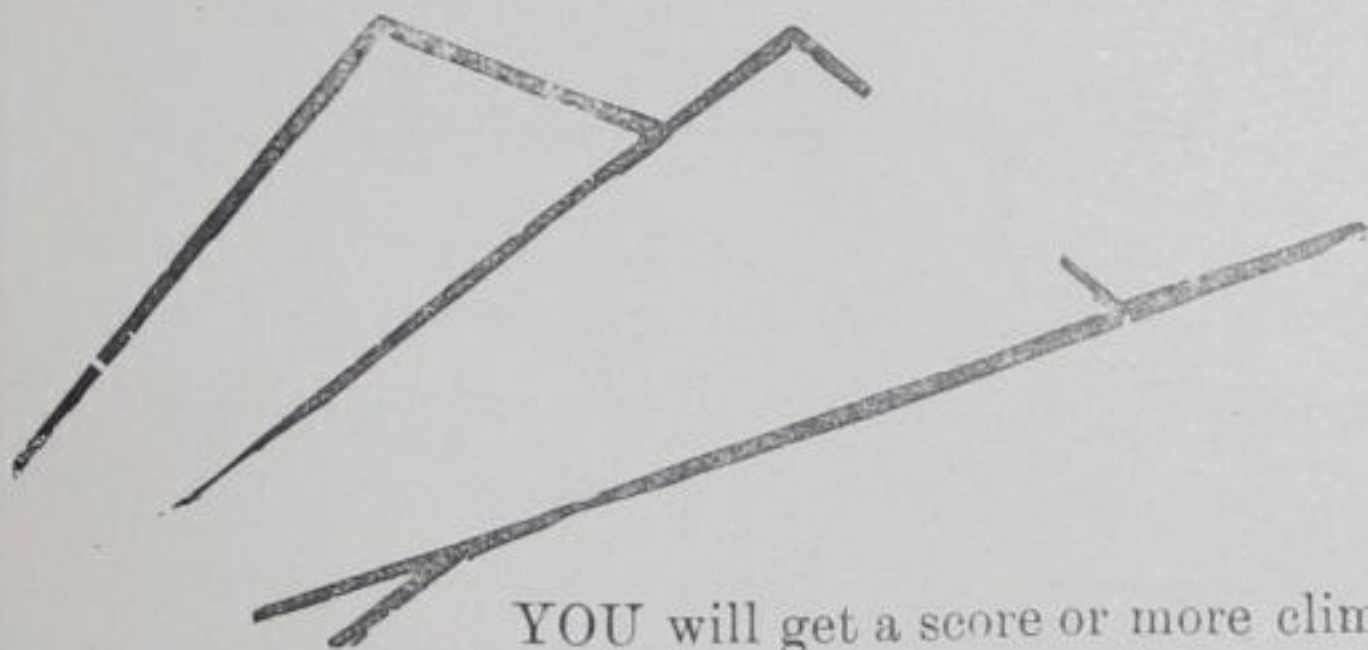
*Harris Tweeds, Scotch Knitwear, Shetland Goods,
Knitting Yarns, Travelling Rugs, Scarves, &c.*



DRAPERS

OUTFITTERS

Leopold Street - - Nairn,
TELEPHONE No. 178. SCOTLAND



YOU will get a score or more climbs, each
giving you that confidence—therefore
more eagerness, out of an Alpine
Club Rope than you have ever
expected from a rope before

Sole Maker of the

ALPINE CLUB ROPE

As specified and in use by the Mount Everest Expedition 1936
Reconnaissance Party.

ARTHUR BEALE 194 Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON,
(Temple Bar 2960) W.C.2.

Hints for Hill Climbers



Never climb without a COMPASS.

Protect your eyes from sun glare by using Crookes' SUN GLASSES.

If you wear Spectacles have the Lenses of SAFETY GLASS.

See the details of the distant view through a pair of FIELD GLASSES and of the flowers underfoot through a POCKET LENS.

All these aids to safety, comfort, and the increased enjoyment of mountaineering can be obtained from

A. E. DAWSON,

F. S. M. C.,

SIGHT-TESTING OPTICIAN,

39 South Street, ELGIN.

MEMBER OF THE MORAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

Officially appointed by the Automobile Club

GARVE HOTEL

(on Dingwall and Skye Railway — on West Coast Road).

Loch and River Fishing.

Daily Mail Motor Service from and to Garve, Ullapool, and Achiltibuie.

Proprietor Garve and Ullapool Daily Motors from and to.

Cars for Hire. Garage. Lounge. Petrol and Oils.

Telegrams : "Hotel, Garve."

Phone 5 Garve.

W. D. MACKENZIE, Prop.

The beneficial influence of the Cod Liver Oil Cream

is shown in the following circumstances—

Rapidly eases troublesome coughs.

Prevents attacks of bronchitis and asthma.

Brings health and strength to delicate children.

Keeps one warm and free from colds during winter.

Wards off infection during epidemics.

Builds up the system after illness.

The COD LIVER OIL CREAM is pleasant and easy to take. It is like dairy cream—always supplied freshly prepared. The Cream is patronised by Royalty, and is highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

The Prices of the Cream are 3s, 6s & 9s; postage extra.

PREPARED BY

R. THOMSON, CHEMIST,

Abbey Street, ELGIN

DUNRONNIE MIXTURE

AN IDEAL BLEND FOR THE
DISCRIMINATING SMOKER

Only from . . .

**DUNCAN CAMPBELL,
THE CROSS, FORRES.**

PRICE 1s PER OUNCE.

LOCH LAGGAN HOTEL

Via KINGUSSIE

Bathing : : Boating
Fishing on Loch and River
Magnificent Scenery
— Very Bracing —

MODERATE CHARGES.

Apply Manageress.

The President

Recommends the Improved Climbing
Trousers which are specially designed
for comfort and warmth.

GRENFELL WINDPROOF CLOTHING

TRICOLINE Do.

SOCKS

GLOVES

PULLOVERS

HELMETS

SCARVES

William Davidson & Sons,

*Ladies' Tailors, Gentlemen's Tailors,
and Outfitters,*

19-21 COMMERCE STREET, ELGIN.

'Phone 311.

The Latest in Cameras

"KODAK" RETINA F 3.5 Lens—Takes 36 pictures on
one spool, when printed enlarged to $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$. Fits easily into
the pocket and is ideal for mountain work where compact-
ness means so much. Price—£10 10s.

Demonstration Given Willingly.

NEW "KODAKS" (Six-20)—£1 19s 6d, £2 15s, £3 12s 6d.

NEW "BROWNIES"—8s 6d, 12s 6d, 15s.

D. G. HUGHES, M.P.S., Chemist, 26/28 High Street, ELGIN

ROBERT LAWRIE, Ltd.

(LATE OF BURNLEY)

FOR MOUNTAINEERING and WINTER SPORTS
EQUIPMENT.——HAND-MADE BOOTS FROM STOCK; TO
SPECIAL MEASUREMENT; OR ON CUSTOMER'S OWN LASTS.

Goods sent on approval Write for Catalogue and Self-measurement Form

SHOWROOMS AND OFFICES--

38 BRYANSTON STREET MARBLE ARCH, **LONDON W.1.**

50 YARDS WEST OF CUMBERLAND HOTEL.

'PHONE :
PADDINGTON, 4993.

INLAND TELEGRAMS : "ALPINEST WESDO," LONDON.
CABLEGRAMS : "ALPINEST," LONDON.