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# The Moray Mountaineering Club Journal

VOL. 1.

OCTOBER, 1936.

No. 2.

## MARCH CLIMBING ON BEINN TARSUINN

*The Wardens,  
Lossiemouth.*

*Dear Editor,*

*I herewith enclose an article on Beinn Tarsuinn which was written by the late John Ewen.*

*A few days after he and I had done the climb I called at Deanscreek and John read what he had written about it. I heard nothing further, and some time afterwards, when he had returned to Edinburgh, I wrote to him suggesting that if he had not lost or destroyed the Beinn Tarsuinn article he might send it to the Editor. He never received my letter, for he had left for Switzerland.*

*However, I wrote to Miss M. Somerville of the B.B.C. and explained matters; and it is entirely due to her care and thoroughness in going through all John's papers that the article was found.*

*Miss Somerville sent two typewritten copies and the original MS. On behalf of the Club I expressed our warmest thanks.*

*I am,  
Yours sincerely,*

*Edwin M. Davidson.*

1932

*The following extracts from my diary may be of interest:—*

*16th JULY—By train to Achanalt. Walked to Loch Fannich and on to Cabuie. Tea at Lodge. Through pass between Sguor nan Clach Geala and Sguor Bhreac to Dundonnell. Met John at 10 p.m. Very wet.*

*17th JULY—Climbed the Challichs; traversed all the tops from Sail Liath. Descended to Sheneralt, via Strath na Sheallag. Very wet all day.*

*18th JULY—Through glen by Lochan nid to Kinlochewe. Sun and shower. Magnificent scenery. Promised ourselves we would return.*

1933

*12th MARCH—Perfect day. Left Elgin in J. R. Thomson's car. John Black and W. Bain in party.*



*Went to Bruachaig. Ewen and I climbed Ben Tarsuinn. Other three did a circular walk by Lochan Fada Gleann Bianasdale and back.*

Since Sir Walter Scott first made the Highlands known to the world, the stream of travellers in search of picturesque Scotland has never ceased. In recent years the volume of the stream has increased enormously. Last summer the Highlands had more visitors than ever before; and this year, with the completion of great new motoring boulevards through the heart of the hills, and with the apparition of a dozen new Youth Hostels as from a sowing of dragon's teeth, there can be little doubt that last year's record number will be greatly exceeded. The Scotsmen who knew and loved the mountains before the days of motor roads and Youth Hostels cannot but be apprehensive at this invasion. Solitude and inaccessibility are essential elements in the charm of mountains; and increased amenity will not compensate for their absence. After the solitude of the mountain day, the sing song round the communal teapot is as much an anti-climax as the bridge and tittle-tattle of the Highland hotel.

And yet it must be admitted that the Youth Movement is a splendid thing; releasing thousands from their urban prison to the mountain country with its virtue of health and beauty. It is only in so far as it is a fashion that hiking has the crudity of fashion; and when the fashion dies there will remain many who have graduated into the fraternity of those who naturally and inevitably frequent mountains. The aesthetic problem of the closed car traffic is less easy to solve. There will always be those who only transfer their bridge and tittle-tattle from the suburb to the Highland hotel. Few, of course, can fail to appreciate the grace and romance of the Scottish hills. But it is doubtful if even the genuine traveller staring from his mobile box at the romantic facades on either side, sees more than an iota of the beauty of the hills. There are many who will confess to a sense of oppression at the unrelieved wildness of the scene, at the ceaseless succession of mountain, moor and loch. With nature, as with art, the imagination is rather oppressed than delighted by being continually surprised and arrested, even by beauty. The excitement which is the essence of all aesthetic experience comes from such things as perfection of form, and harmony of colour, which work by a slow alchemy in the mind.



It is probably true to say that only the mountaineer knows the true beauty of mountains; not only because habituation makes significant to him the detail of mountain architecture, but because in the contemplative rhythm of his climbing his eye will absorb the soaring lines of a buttress, or the tender curve of a corrie; and while he rests by the lochside, his ear will be attuned to the musical whisper of the waves on the boulders. There are ugly mountains just as there are ugly buildings; and there are mountains as perfect in their way as the Parthenon. Many, indeed most, of them are in remote and little visited parts of Scotland, still unknown except to shepherds and keepers and a few climbers. Two men, coming on such a scene on the last day of a climbing holiday will assuredly vow to return on the first opportunity. A week of perfect weather in March impels us to keep the promise with unexpected celerity. We start in the small hours of a Sunday morning and in the hundred mile journey from East to West we halt but once to watch the reflection of a golden sunrise in a half-frozen loch. It is the most windless day I have ever seen in the hills. My companion, remarking the extraordinary depth of the gorge on our left, will not believe that what he sees is the continuation of the hillside in the water. When we step on to the hill track the sun is already strong, and the morning holds promise of a perfect day. The click of bootnails on the stones, the feeling of the oval of the ice axe in the hand are symbols of the mountain day. We swelter inside our winter equipment and we strip by the water. From their long winter seclusion, our bodies creep forth like shadows in the spring!

When we reach Lochan Fada, the long lochan, the scene of our resolution of last summer, the day is divinely perfect. In its austere winter beauty the scene more than fulfills the promise of summer. A month hence it will probably be deep in snow; to-day much of the snow has melted. Across the loch stands the graceful pyramid of Sgurr an Tuill Bhan, half covered with snow, like a dancer half veiled. The long unbroken lines of its ridges are repeated, it seems with even greater definition, in the depths of the loch. To the north lies Beinn Tarsuinn, our objective. It is easily accessible from many angles; but we wish to find the line of most attractive resistance to the summit. We make therefore for the base of the great grey crag which the mountain presents to the loch. The rock is deceptive, spare of handholds and footholds; twice we have to retreat when we have climbed nearly the length



of the rope. At length we discover a series of chimneys which will clearly 'go.' Owing to the exigencies of the 'back and knee' technique, we have to put on our shirts. We climb in the most leisurely manner, hauling up axe and rucksack on the rope, lingering over technical problems. From the top of the rocks we have an easy slope to the summit, and we reach the cairn late in the afternoon.

The day is still bright; but there is a certain diffusion in the air which shuts out the distant scene and gives to the peaks the soft outlines so characteristic of the west. For long we sit by the cairn in a silence that is broken only by an occasional stone fall on the steep and icy north face of the mountain. As the distant view clears we can make out many a graceful companion of earlier days. At length the sinking sun warns us of the necessity of getting off the hill before nightfall. A wet but swift glissade down a snow filled couloir annihilates the first thousand feet, and we have time for a plunge under the waterfall which issues from under the snow bridge at its foot. We run down the remaining thousand feet to the loch, trying to leap over the peat hags without losing rhythm. Occasionally we halt, now at a sudden view of a coruscating Loch Maree framed in a cleft, now arrested by a startling change of the colour values on the opposing peaks.

When we reach the loch all colour has gone. Our grey crag is dark, like the entrance to a great cave. Under its white wisps of garments Sgurr an Tuill Bhan seems of an even deeper black. The crag is as remote and mystic as the end of a fairy play. As we look our last on Lochan Fada we see the sun's rim sink and vanish between the dark peaks.

JOHN EWEN.



## SCOTTISH HILL MAMMALS.

IN the first Club Journal I dealt with Hill Birds. In this my subject is Hill Beasts. It is surprising how few people study wild animals, and I am safe to say that for every thousand with a smattering of knowledge concerning birds, there would only be about one who has done much among mammals. Beasts are more difficult than birds—at least I have found it so. To gain a first-hand knowledge of their life-histories and habits in the field, one must possess patience, a good constitution, and be practically impervious to cold and fatigue. But, as in the case of the birds, the sight of a rare animal may add much to the interest of a day on the hills or on the high tops.

The number of Scottish Hill Beasts is small, and I propose to take the largest first—the Red Deer. Before civilization drove the Red Deer back from the rich grazings of the valleys and the shelter of the woodlands, it was a far finer animal than are even the best specimens of to-day. We know this from the antlers that have been dug up from peat deposits from time to time. Driven back to exist on cold, bleak hillsides, the best males slaughtered annually for sport or meat, the numbers allowed to increase unduly, it is little wonder that the race has deteriorated. Still, even the present-day stag is a magnificent beast, and fits in perfectly with the country in which it dwells.

Stags shed their antlers in late March or April, and a few backward beasts carry them into May. While growing, the new horn is protected by a covering of velvet, and this is discarded in August when growth is completed. After shedding the velvet a stag is "clean," and fit to be shot.

Red Deer are gregarious, but for the greater part of the year the sexes live apart. In late September the stags get restless and begin to roar, and wander far from their summer haunts. Fights are frequent, but it is seldom that any serious damage results. An evening in a deer forest in early October is an experience which will linger long in the memory. On every side one hears the fierce roaring of stags, and occasionally the crash of antlers as two rivals meet in combat. The cards are shuffled several times in a single day, and the



proud possessor of a fine harem in the morning may find himself with a miserable remnant ere the moon sheds a soft light over the glen.

The calves are born in June, but I have one record of a May calf on the Cairngorms. For the first few days the young are left concealed in heather or rushes, then as they gain strength they follow their mothers on the hill. Their coats when born are spotted or dappled with white, a camouflage no longer required, but useful in the light and shade of the woods where their ancestors would be dropped.

A stag is usually at his best at twelve years of age, from that onwards his head begins to go back. A "Royal" has twelve points, but a good ten-pointer may be a better head than many of "Royal" value. Hinds, probably owing to their hard life, do not drop their first calves until they are three years old. They are hardier than stags, and, bar accident, live to a good old age.

The graceful little Roedeer is not, strictly speaking, a hill beast, but many Roe do spend most of the summer months on the foothills. Roe differ in several respects from Red Deer. They are much smaller, and are more akin to the antelope. They are not gregarious, and are usually found in pairs, or in small family parties. The bucks shed their antlers in November or December, against April with stags. The does frequently produce twins, the red hind only a single calf.

Roe do not graze closely like Red Deer, but nibble daintily at a variety of plants. They are destructive pests in young plantations, and even a few specimens can cause a lot of damage. Like the young of Red Deer the calves are born in early June, and are pretty little creatures in their dappled coats.

Strange to say Roe have not deteriorated in weights or heads as have Red Deer, and according to my investigations, we have at present as fine specimens as existed in the days when wolves roamed in the Scottish hills and forests.

Now to a smaller and more familiar denizen of the hills and wind-swept tops—the Variable Hare. Unlike its cousin, the Brown Hare, a plain dweller, the Variable Hare changes colour according to the season. In November it discards the summer blue, and dons a coat of winter white, changing back in March. This colour change is of doubtful value to the hare, for in mild winters the hills may be clear of snow for long periods.

Intensive grouse preserving, bringing with it systematic burning of heather and destruction of vermin



has allowed hares to increase to plague numbers. Now they are of so little value that few trappers would have them for nothing, and in consequence they do much damage by eating and fouling the best sheep pasture.

Perhaps no wild creature starts out in life with less parental training than the hare. Suckled for a brief period, it is left to its own resources and gets none of the accumulated experience of its parents. Few animals are less sociable, and a hundred hares on a hillside in winter are a hundred individuals with no gregarious instinct, and nothing in common.

Take now the carnivora—flesheaters, usually lumped together as “vermin.” If one is abroad at dawn, particularly in a deer forest, a red form may sometimes be seen stealing home with food to a litter of lusty cubs in some cairn or “earth.” For centuries the Fox has been persecuted on the Scottish hills, and in all that time it has by cunning and adaptability held its own. Indeed, an epidemic of mange which swept across a large tract of country some twelve years ago did more to reduce numbers than all the shooting, trapping and poisoning has done.

In the old days there existed in the Highlands a big, strong race of foxes known as the red-legged or greyhound, and these would tackle and kill a full-grown sheep. Some years ago I made a special enquiry into their history, but found only one or two persons who knew and had seen them. Few beasts know better how to take care of themselves than Reynard.

The vixens hide their seven to ten cubs in a carefully chosen den, and should man’s scent be detected anywhere near, the young are immediately removed elsewhere.

Foxes live largely on rabbits, but hares, small mammals, game birds, and red and roe deer calves are taken when opportunity offers. The finest fox I have seen was an old dog weighing twenty-one pounds with a head like a wolf and his muzzle scarred with wounds received in fighting.

Few mountaineers are likely to see the next on the list—the Badger. Brock is a retiring sort of fellow, strictly nocturnal, and seldom seen abroad in daylight. I am glad to say that a remnant of the race that has dwelt on the foothills of the Cairngorms from time immemorial still exists, but I fear that their numbers are going down. It is not that they are deliberately killed, but they *will* get into fox traps and meet an undeserved fate.



A full-grown badger is rather like a miniature bear, and dens up during severe weather in winter. It is not a hibernator in the sense that the hedgehog, and the bat family are, and wakes up periodically to satisfy the pangs of hunger. In the so-called good old days, badgers were taken alive and baited by chosen dogs, but fortunately such cruel sport has long been abolished. So if some morning when dawn is just breaking, you should happen to meet a short-legged beast, with rather a lumbering gait, and with three white stripes on its head, you can tell your friends that you have seen a wild Badger.

The average mountaineer or hill-walker is not likely to see many wild cats, although they are on the increase, and extending their range. The Scottish Wild Cat is not to be confused with the domestic race, and although many specimens are reported in the press they are really the progeny of a domestic tabby that has taken to a wild life. The Wild Cat proper is fierce and untamable, and, living as it does in wild and hilly country, it is seldom seen abroad during the day. The tail of a genuine wild cat is shorter than that of a domestic specimen, and does not taper to a point. Although they are at present not numerous enough to be troublesome, wild cats are destructive, and the time may come when numbers will have to be reduced.

Although one may go to the hills for a lifetime and not have the luck to see a live badger or wild cat, there is a good chance of having a look at an Otter. Sitting by a hill loch in the evening, or casting a line in a Highland stream, one may chance to see a round black head break the surface of the water, or even see the Otter emerge and hunt along the shore. The Otter is really a big weasel that has taken to an amphibian life, and has acquired a fine turn of speed as a swimmer.

There is another member of the weasel family that I regret to say is on the verge of extinction — the Pine Marten. The original race hangs on precariously in one or two localities in the north, but unless strict protection is afforded it, the end is probably only a question of time.

Few more graceful creatures adorn the British fauna. Much larger than the Stoat, with bushy tail, a beautiful cream or orange throat and breast, the Marten is as much at home on trees as on the ground, and can catch and kill squirrels. This last, one would say, takes a bit of doing, but I believe it, for although I have only seen the Marten in captivity. I was impressed by its tremendous energy and activity. It is, alas, far too easy to trap,



and this failing has caused it to disappear from many districts, while more cunning beasts like the fox lived and held their own.

Most hill people know the crafty, cruel Stoat, and have seen his victims lying by the wayside. Strictly speaking he is not really a hill beast, but some specimens do, on occasion, wander to the foot hills.

In Scotland the Stoat changes from summer red to winter white, but the black tail tip is constant at all seasons. Fierce and bloodthirsty by nature, the Stoat is mercilessly persecuted wherever game-preserving is practised, but in spite of everything it holds its own. It delights in killing, and slaughters much more than it can eat, thus earning the hatred of the keepers. The Stoat, somewhat like the Otter, is a restless creature, hunting a district for a time, then moving on to pastures new.

There now remain only one or two small fry to complete the list. One, the Common Field Vole, is found quite high where there is cover enough to shelter it. It never, needless to say, increases to plague numbers on the high ground as it frequently does in sheltered valleys.

Another little mammal which occasionally strays to the hill is the Shrew, that curious-looking little fellow with the velvety pelage, long snout, and slender hold on life. I remember being out after foxes with the keepers one day and halting for lunch at a point about 2,500 feet. One of the terriers began scraping under a boulder, and I was surprised when he brought to light a litter of half-grown Shrews, for I did not suspect that they were to be found at that elevation. The Shrew is akin to the Mole, and displays the same voracious appetite, hot temper, and restless energy, although it is limited in numbers.

Not many mountaineers will be privileged to see all our Scottish hill beasts alive in their own chosen haunts, but even if they get but a glimpse of a genuine wild cat or the vanishing Marten the day will live long in the memory.

WILLIAM MARSHALL ("Mam Suim.")



## WITH A CAMERA IN THE HIGH HILLS.

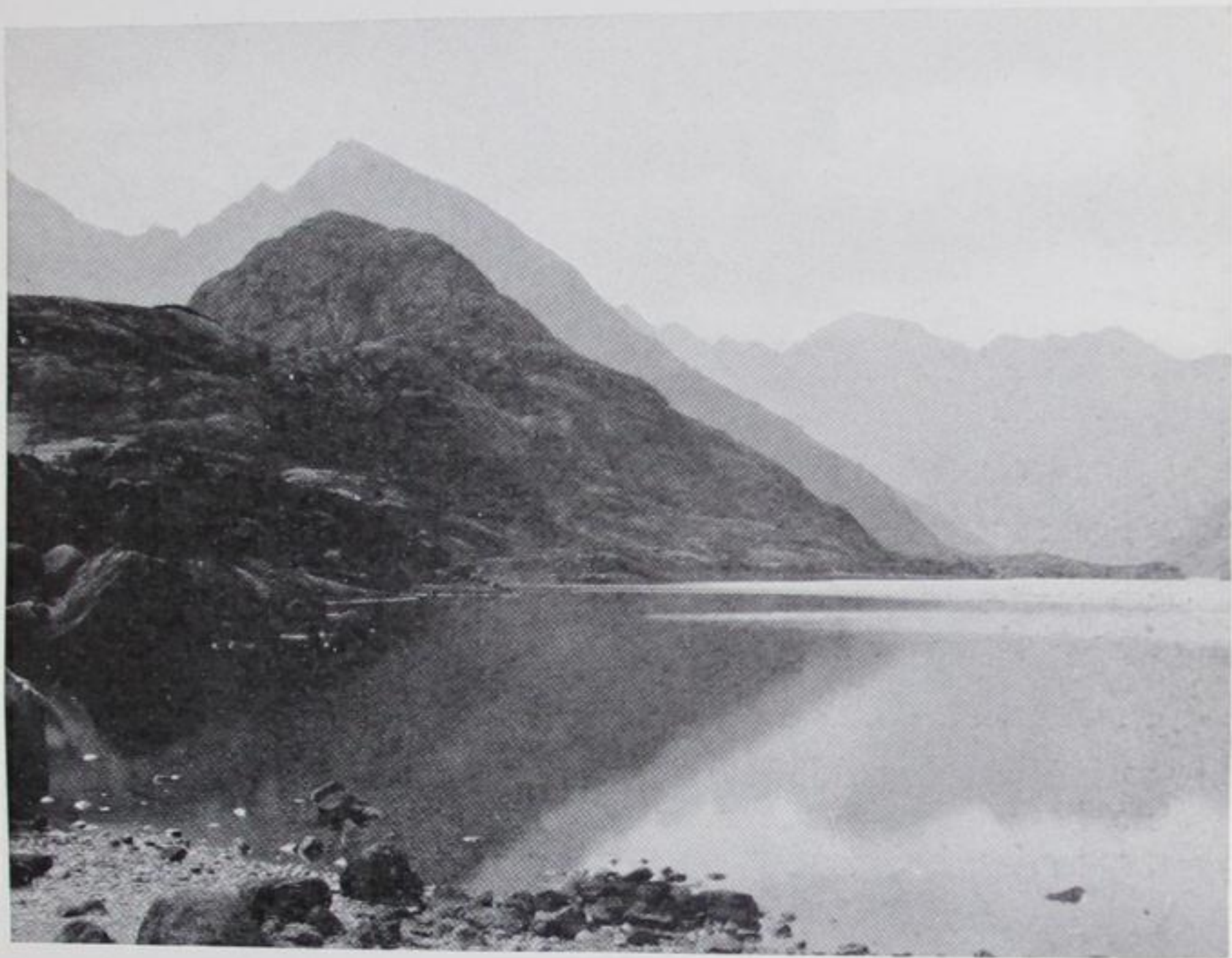
I SHALL never regret the decision to carry my camera to the mountains, but I deplore the long list of lost opportunities

If the enthusiasts of the Moray Mountaineering Club who use a camera, derive some slight benefit from a short account of my failures, the pages occupied by this narrative may not be altogether in vain.

On a certain morning about midsummer a friend and I were ascending Cairn Toul when a pair of golden eagles, hunting low together, wheeled in sight unexpectedly not more than thirty feet above us. The light was perfect, but I missed the chance of a life-time because I lacked speed in bringing the camera into action. It is possible after practice to remove a camera from its case, set the shutter, adjust the aperture and make an exposure within the space of five seconds. I can say, from experience, that it is worth while acquiring the necessary proficiency. This may readily be accomplished when the camera is unloaded.

Mountain photography is difficult. At all seasons of the year a mountain landscape, as a rule, appears somewhat flat and uninteresting unless there is sufficient sunlight. Strong shadows invariably make an attractive study, providing atmosphere and depth. Mountain peaks come out disappointingly small in a photographic negative. You may, however, depict the true height of lofty peaks by lowering the camera until the summits appear near the top of the picture in the view finder. One is apt to forget that, in the case of an ordinary hand camera, the lens is situated slightly lower than the view finder. A suitable allowance must be made by holding the instrument a little higher so that the lens will be in the position occupied by the view finder when you viewed the picture therein. On occasion I find it useful to hold the camera against my brow and aim at the picture. If the clouds are attractive, do make the sky a prominent feature. The foreground is also important, and a small lochan with reflections, or the introduction of one of your friends, suitably placed in the landscape, will improve the composition. A picturesque tree silhouetted against the sky is useful. A foreground footpath or mountain track will break the monotony of





LOCH CORUISK



a moorland and lead the eye towards the centre of interest in the picture. Strive for unity. This may best be accomplished by having *one* point of interest in your picture.

The study of wild life provides a wide and fascinating field for the mountain photographer, and a little patience and experience in stalking will enable you to secure a number of outstanding negatives. Make friends with a deer-stalker or gamekeeper and you will gather valuable information in the matter of ascertaining what to look for and how to approach the subject unobserved. Stalking wild life with a camera is intensely fascinating and at times really exciting.

When midges are about, take a glance at your lens before making an exposure. During one afternoon in Wester Ross, seven of my negatives were spoiled on account of midges alighting on the lens.

In photography, as in most other pursuits worth while, the desirability of careful thought before exposing a negative cannot be too often stressed. Each mountain has its own outstanding characteristics and particular charm. A little care in selecting the view point will enable you to bring out the salient features. Lack of forethought or good judgment has been the prime cause of most of my spoiled negatives.

I am always interested to see the work of my friends. To me, it appears strange that they should be so apologetic about their efforts. I have culled many useful ideas in picture-making from the work of beginners. If you are faced with a cloudless sky, a tree framework will convert a very commonplace subject into a first-rate picture. The same idea applies to a large expanse of heather moorland. It is a simple matter to find an attractive item such as a burn, a few bushes, or long grasses or reeds to take away that sense of flatness peculiar to so many moorland subjects.

During winter, when the sun is shining, there is a great deal of reflected light from the snow surface, and the use of a small aperture will eliminate startling contrasts of black and white, so that delicate tones and shadows may be truthfully rendered.

A folding roll-film camera ( $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate or less), fitted with a reliable shutter and a first-rate lens will serve your purpose. Always carry a sufficient supply of fresh film. Somehow I cannot readily forget the occasion when I was obliged to purchase three roll films in a chemist's shop somewhere near a noted deer forest where I had



the privilege of stalking red and roe deer. The film had been in stock for some time and was obviously stored in a room subject to damp. I was, of course, unaware of the defect at the time. Needless to say the negatives, when, developed, were worthless. One of the pictures consisted of a hind and her fawn which cost me a laborious stalk of two hours. There is no need for you to encounter a similar disappointment.

One of the earliest discoveries I made (I may say by accident) was to resist the temptation to increase the shutter speed in taking pictures of running water. If the water of a mountain burn, as it tumbles over its rocky bed, comes out slightly blurred, it will convey an impression of movement and life. A picture taken at high speed will appear lifeless in comparison. An indication of movement or life is a precious element in any picture, unless you definitely desire to suggest repose. A figure in action, especially in mountain pictures, may even assist you to depict the movement of clouds scurrying before the wind. Successful picture-making in any form demands careful thought, but I fear a large percentage of camera-users release the shutter and expect the camera to perform the brain work. It is so easy to exercise a little thought prior to exposing the negative. There is no expense involved, and the result justifies the effort.

Surprisingly good pictures may be taken at break of day, or in the late afternoon or evening facing the light, care being taken that the sun is more or less obscured by cloud so that its rays do not strike the lens. In such cases, reflections in a loch, or a mountaineer silhouetted against the sky, will provide an effective foreground. A small aperture is advisable. This also applies to exposures made around the sea lochs of the Western Highlands where the reflected light from salt water is appreciably greater than in the case of inland lochs.

I am still a happy amateur, and the Grampians provide a useful realm for continuing my apprenticeship in photography.

I feel confident that the club members who carry a camera in their rucksacks and use it with understanding, will have worthy permanent records of memorable days spent on the high hills of our native land.

ALEXANDER B. BEATTIE.



## THE TOWER RIDGE, BEN NEVIS.

THIS is a splendid climb. George Abraham in his "Modern Mountaineering" says "Undoubtedly the finest long expedition on Ben Nevis, or any other mountain in Britain, is the complete ascent of the Tower Ridge, starting with the on face ascent of the Douglas Boulder." There are many variations in the course of this climb of nearly 2000 feet, but it can be made very little more than a rock scramble, and it was as such that I made the ascent.

Our party of three approached the magnificent rock girt corrie which is the northern face of Ben Nevis by a direct line from the main Inverness-Fort-William road, and after slogging over the heather and grass of the foothills, we passed at the foot of Carn Dearg which holds the Castle Corrie within its rocks. Corrie na Ciste, which is divided into two parts by the projection of the Tower Ridge, is hidden from the road, but now began to open out and reveal great buttresses and faces of rock with broad, deep gullies, scree-filled, seaming them. Slowly parts of Tower Ridge came into view, and it was with a feeling of excitement that we saw finally the whole ridge with the great Tower, rising majestically, it seemed, a long, long way above us. The base of the ridge consists of a boulder of rock, standing almost by itself, then the ridge rises gradually with an easy gradient to the Little Tower, after which the great Tower stands precipitous and prominent. From the top of the Tower, the ridge flattens out for a short time and then sweeps up to the summit of the Ben.

We had our lunch on some rocks near the S.M.C. hut, washed it down with the cold, clear water of a near-by burn and started on the climb. The boulder at the base of the ridge is known as the Douglas Boulder, and it stands roughly some 700 feet high. There is a gap between this boulder and the main ridge which gives this piece of rock its individuality and up to this gap run gullies from the east and west sides of the ridge. These gullies are quite easy to ascend although the rock in the gully we went up flaked off rather too easily at times. We had made our way over the rocks round the nose of the Douglas Boulder in order to ascend the eastern gully. This brought us to the gap between the boulder and the main ridge and we found that the ridge was reached from the gap by a steep crack in the rock. There were, however, plenty of good



holds in the crack and with careful negotiation we were soon on the ridge. The corries to either side presented an enthralling sight. To the right as we looked up the ridge, all the rocks were picked out in the sunlight and rose precipitously from the scree mouths of the gullies with hardly a break in their face; rocks all the way without any sign of vegetation, recalling the corries of Skye and unlike so much of the rock elsewhere, where grass and heather and tiny plants find a footing in every crack. On the other side of the ridge, across the Observatory gully, the rocks of the Observatory Buttress and North-East Buttress were shrouded in darkness. In the forbidding gullies which divide the rocks on this side of the ridge, the snow must lie the longest, and we saw, in September, a survival of the previous winter in a large piece of discoloured snow.

The climb was now a straightforward scramble along the ridge which here was very broad with a well scratched route. It had nothing of particular interest until the great Tower was reached. This vast obstacle has not been climbed direct; a number of difficult climbs lie to the right of it; the easiest way is round to the left by means of a narrow ledge which skirts the base of the Tower and leads to an ascent through a natural rock arch. After passing through this, there remained the climb over the rocks on our right hand which brought us onto the narrow flat ridge running from the Tower Cairn to the final ascent. The ridge at this point is quite narrow, probably not more than four or five feet wide and as we had worked round the Tower, we had on attaining the ridge to retrace our direction to reach the Cairn on the Tower. Beyond the point where we joined it, a piece of rock has been nicked out to form what is known as the Tower gap. On the right of the ridge the rock falls away in a smooth precipitous wall; on the left, the rock wall is more broken as it falls into the Tower gully and is not so steep. The Tower gap is eight or nine feet deep and the normal route takes one out over the right wall for a few holds. With a rope there is no danger at this point as the person negotiating the gap can easily be held from in front or behind. For those without a rope wishing to avoid this *mauvais pas*, a comparatively easy way can be picked out on the left hand side by dropping a few feet from the gap and working across the rocks until various ways lead up to the ridge again.

After the Tower gap, there are no more difficulties. There is a final scramble in which the floor of the corrie





THE LARIG GHRU



recedes still further, more and more peaks can be seen stretching into the north west, people on the summit of the Ben assume more normal proportions; a scramble that spells the end of the climb. I found the summit of Ben Nevis disappointing. All those magnificent mountains which surround it were so dwarfed by the Ben's superior height that one looked down on everything and ceased to be impressed. There is compensation in the extensive view, in the range upon range of mountains drawing the eye into that distance where the sun's mist mingled mountain with sky; and so we sat and gazed over them all until the sun was dropping towards the Cuillins. Then we made our way down the mountain by the pony track.

ALTER EGO.

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### THE VENT.

ON the Sunday of the Glenmore Meet the "Vent" in Coire an Lochain was climbed direct by a party consisting of A. Henderson, E. M. Davidson, W. Falconer, M. Fletcher and A. Falconer, climbing in the order named.

Because of heavy going due to powdery snow, the first pitch was begun at 2 p.m. and consisted of 60 to 70 ft. of clear ice: the steepness of the gradient demanded careful step-cutting, and the leader took two hours to complete the pitch. The last ten feet, overhanging in parts, were forced directly, use being made of a knob of snow-covered rock on the right. On the previous ascent this part had been avoided by a traverse on the rocks to the right of the gully. The remainder of the party reached the top of the ice-wall by 5 p.m. The remaining part of the climb consisted of a steepish slope of very hard snow, which again required step-cutting.

At the top a slightly-overhanging cornice was surmounted by means of a protruding "ante" of snow, over which the leader managed to throw a leg, and reach the summit plateau. The whole party were on the plateau by 8 p.m., but took four hours to reach Glenmore, as the going in the Coire an Lochain was very heavy.

Weather conditions were rather adverse throughout the climb, there being a strong wind, with several hail showers, and later, mist, but notwithstanding, the party felt that the day had been a memorable one. Henderson led the climb throughout in splendid style. He had a real ice-beard and was frozen into his balaclava before reaching the top. He groped the last few steps.

"COMPASSES."



## THE MORAY MOUNTAINEER.

Oh! A club have we got in the North Countrie,  
As happy a club as ever you may see  
For our country holds the sources of the Don and the Dee  
So you'll no' stay in the Lowlands—Lowlands,  
But be a Moray Mountaineer

There are ridge walks, slabs and chimneys all waiting to be done  
There are boots and ropes and axes that want to join  
the fun  
And a joy that cash can't purchase when the day's objective's  
won  
And you stand upon the hill tops—hill tops,  
With other Moray Mountaineers.

We've President and Secretary who do the work of ten,  
You think that they are supermen, but they are only men  
Who work because they love the hills and know the where and  
when  
To lead us to the Mountains—Mountains  
For they are Moray Mountaineers.

And then we have the Treasurer, a thrifty soul is he,  
If you loose him on a mountain here's a tip for you  
from me,  
You may find him at the pub with a pot of boiling tea  
So comfortable and cosy—cosy  
For he's a Moray Mountaineer.

So we'll all go to the meet, though it costs us our last cent,  
Though the gas bill's overdue and we cannot find the rent  
Minor troubles fall behind us, we'll forget them in the Vent,  
When we go to Coire Lochan—Lochan  
With other Moray Mountaineers.

Then here's to our Club and the Sport that always thrills,  
To days of joyous memory and friendship on the hills,  
And our welcome to newcomers keen, sincere and without frills,  
A very hearty welcome—welcome,  
For all are Moray Mountaineers.

R. F. STOBART.

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## GLENMORE LODGE—APRIL, 1936.

WINTER still hovered around and Glenmore Lodge must have been just turning over to complete its peaceful hibernation when the Moray Mountaineers made their annual invasion.

Frae a' the airts they came till by Saturday evening the whole house reverberated with the sound of happy voices as acquaintances were greeted or with the clatter



of heavy feet as a party returned from the hills. Not only the tranquillity of the building was disturbed but those members who preferred the drawing-room to the blizzards of the mountain top were tactfully ousted from their sanctum while the room became the scene of rehearsal for stalwarts of the morrow.

The less said the better of the homage that was not paid to Willett and his Summer Time scheme. The loss of an hour's coveted rest was not much appreciated, though the advent of an early breakfast was no doubt welcomed by that member who had paced the terrace since dawn. His ration of blankets being inadequate and his bed-mate greedy he had to resort to some form of exercise in the interests of self-preservation! Nor were his slumbers less untrammelled the following night when his weary body tossed heavily against a compeer's "missing" souvenir of the meet—none other than a fine set of antlers discarded by some hill monarch.

The exodus from the Lodge on Sunday morning was led by the snow climbing parties, bearing equipment that suggested Mount Everest rather than Coire an Lochan of Cairngorm. Numerous other parties followed till there remained only those individuals whose efforts in the kitchen deserve a tribute of praise.

Lochan Uaine again enjoyed a full measure of popularity though the mystic hue problem is still unsolved. If Moray Mountaineers persist in making it the object of their affections would it be wholly unreasonable if every other tarn in the Cairngorms went green with envy?

The Punctuality Rule having failed a new restriction was forthcoming—an embargo on water. Applause is due to the Vice-President for the splendid example he showed, especially to his law-breaking colleagues, by plunging into the icy waters of the burn. (Regret to record this example was not followed.)

The Official Carver, for the second time during this meet, showed his preference for ice-walls rather than a tender joint, but a sumptuous evening meal was, nevertheless, served. Afterwards the more talented entertained the company with song and story. The adventures of Young Albert and his stick with the 'orse's 'ead 'andle, as told by the Sassenach, did much to dispel anxious thoughts caused by the non-appearance of the Coire an Lochan parties. After hearing of how Albert was swallowed by the lion, however, could one be blamed for visualising a such fate having befallen the absent climbers in the jaws of some mountain monster, and what if in the



morning a dozen sticks with pickaxe 'ead 'andles strewn on the hillside were all that remained to tell the tale! Nevertheless, at an unmentionable hour they did return safely, and really repentant, but excuses were lost in the enthusiasm with which they recounted their experiences. One party, not satisfied with their conquest of the Couloir, chose the long way home by the Lairig Ghru.

Monday was more or less an "off day" except in the counting-house, whither all were invited. This diversion from hills to bills opened up a discussion on such mundane subjects as Mr Chamberlain's Budget speech, whereupon one member set out on foot for Aviemore to procure a newspaper. Unfortunately, caught in a hailstorm on the return journey, he was obliged to use his pennyworth as an umbrella, with disastrous results. Snow battles were a feature of the day and at the kennels the puppies received many callers.

All too soon the hour of departure drew near and while in the evening sun Loch Morlich reflected the snow-capped summits the Moray Mountaineers mounted their steel steeds homeward-bound. Conveyance by lorry having evidently proved a successful experiment last year it was again to the fore. Sandwiched between baggage, ice-axes, etc., etc., the occupants settled down for the journey, but as the wagon moved off one bespatted leg had still not found its niche and aimlessly it waved in mid-air.

The suggestion that with the passing of this meet the Club would probably have to bid farewell to Glenmore Lodge as a rendezvous was received with feelings of regret. It can only be left to the unfailing Chiefs to use their ingenious tactics in dealing with the situation, and so we anticipate yet another happy assembly when again the Cairngorms are snowclad and the icewalls glisten in the Spring sunshine.

MURIEL FLETCHER.

P.S. — It has been subsequently learned that on returning to civilization the President's weather-beaten countenance caused him so much embarrassment that he had to resort to the use of a powder puff ere he could establish his identity.



A CLIMB IN THE WEST OF ROSS-SHIRE.  
AN TEALLACH—THE CHALLICHS.

ONE morning in early summer the small Inn of Dundonnell at the head of Little Loch Broom was filled with the bustle of preparation and the noise of hob-nailed boots as our party of mountaineers got ready for the ascent of An Teallach. The Gaelic name means The Forge, and is better known under the English form of the word—The Challochs. Ruck-sacks were packed with sandwiches, compasses, maps and jerseys for extra warmth on the bleak tops; and after a hearty breakfast we set off.

A chill wind blew up little Loch Broom from the sea. Before it hurried heavy clouds of evil countenance. We were not too optimistic about the weather. The more timid members among us wondered if we could venture on those fearsome ridges. What would happen if the mist should come down on us—for the Challochs are a long, precipitous, almost semi-circular group of peaks and ridges with steep corries and loose screes on the flanks? Then the sight of a stout rope round our stalwart leader's shoulders, for our help in difficult places, re-assured us as we gazed up at the summits. Some of our party were experienced hillmen — *they* knew no fear — and those of us who really were afraid were too afraid to admit it. So we turned our backs to the clouds sweeping up the Loch and took the main road to Dundonnell Post Office, where we left it for a sheep track that led up the hillside.

We climbed by the devious and comparatively easy path to the first top and the highest of the group—Bidein a Ghlas Thuill (3484). The black clouds pursued us hotly, and just as we reached the cairn the storm broke on us in full fury—rain, sleet, hail and snow. It was as if the Spirits of the Mountain resented our presence and sought to beat us back to the Lowlands where we belonged. Soon we were thoroughly wet and shivering with cold, and the mist was so thick that we could see but six feet ahead of us. All the other peaks were blotted out. We knew from our map that a precipice lay to the west. But we were on a little rocky pinnacle in the midst of a great sea of mist. Could we risk going on to the more dangerous peaks? We wondered! Must we turn back and admit defeat?



As we sat discussing the point, behold the mist lifted, and all the hills around sparkled in the sun! We could now see clearly in every direction. The views were superb. Hills o'er-topped hills: mountain lochs and rock-strewn burns were in all the hollows. North of us across Little Loch Broom stood the mountains of Coigach, and to the east were the Braemore Hills, South-east were the Fannichs. Southward lay the hills of Loch Maree—Slioch, Sgurr an Thuil Bhain, Ben Dearg and lovely Ben Tarsuinn gleaming in the sunshine. Away in the west, Priest Isle and the Lewis were set in the silver sea. We gazed entranced at the grand panorama—then shouldering our rucksacks went on without a word, to the next top—Sgurr Fiona (3474)—walking over a saddle or hill-shoulder, paved with flat stones that made easy going.

Snuggling among the stones we found the Sea Pink, *Armeria maritima*, and the tiny Mountain Campion, *Silene acaulis*, Stag-horn Moss *Lycopodium clavatum* too was there. But the winter had been a long one, and the wild flowers were creeping forth shyly as yet.

We rested for lunch on the top of Sgurr Fiona. The Mountain Furies made no further assault on us. Even the wind dropped. Nothing was left to remind us of the battle save the wedges of snow-crystals and the pendant icicles that were sheltered on the topmost crags from the sun's melting rays. Everywhere, too, there was silence; not so much as the sound of a bird; every where the vast and empty silence of Eternity.

From Sgurr Fiona we looked down on one of the prettiest hill lochans we had ever seen—Toll An Lochan. It is almost rectangular in shape, and its waters have the dark colour that speaks of great depth. From the sides of the loch the surrounding hills slope steeply, but eastward a burn flows from it in a silvery thread, and wends its way along a valley of the Dundonnell Forest.

All day long as we climbed we could see the lochan. And always it looked serene and lovely: never a ripple broke its surface. It is too well sheltered by the mountains round it for a teasing wind to ruffle its calm. But perhaps, when we humans are nowhere near, some mountain creatures bathe in it and break the stillness of its surface: who can say?

On leaving Sgurr Fiona the climb began in earnest—or rather the arduous part of the walk began, for we had made our height, and now it was only a case of ridge walking. But the ledges were often narrow and the precipices deep, and the grass was wet and slippery



under our hob-nailed boots. Sometimes we had to go down over a cliff, and sometimes we had to climb up again. But at all the tricky places we used our rope, and our steady-headed leader inspired us with a confidence we had not had on leaving the Inn at Dundonnell.

The geology of An Teallach is unusually interesting. The main mass is Torridon sandstone, cracked and fissured and weathered into escarpments, or table-like terraces. The rock itself is a coarse sandstone composed of red grains varying in size from very small to quite large pebbles. The sandstone had been laid down under water; some of the larger stones showed evidence of being water-worn, like the smooth round pebbles of the seashore.

Some of the tops of the Challichs are capped with white quartzite. One of the hills of the group is a perfect pyramid. The peak had been relentlessly exposed to the full force of wind and rain, snow and ice, while the flanks of the hill were protected through the ages by the detritus, in the form of scree, that had fallen from the higher ground. So in the course of time the peak has become a sharp point with the scree sloping gently down from it.

With the sun on it the quartzite top of the pyramid looked like a cap of ice; and here and there it seemed the scree had turned into a river of sunlit snow. It did not require a great effort of the imagination to believe that the glaciers had returned to Scotland. And indeed not so long ago, geologically speaking, these valleys had been filled with ice.

Other times, too, of great tribulation had An Teallach known: we could see evidences everywhere — movements of the mighty rock mass itself, slowly spreading from deep down in its core, upheaving and twisting, folding and crumpling, till here and there the great rocks cracked and left long chimneys right from summit to mountain foot, and here and there the rocks lay twisted from their natural bed.

We noted all these things as we passed onwards to Coire Buidhe and the Buttress of Coire Buidhe, and always, Toll An Lochan lay below us. To the north now was Bidein a Ghlas Thuill, and as we looked at it a dark cloud hurried towards it and wrapped a scarf of mist about its head. Surely another climbing party had ventured on it and once more the Spirits of the Mountain were enraged! But the mist disappeared again quickly, and the hill stood smiling in the sun.



It was now well on in the afternoon, and although we were tired and footsore the most easterly top of An Teallach beckoned to us invitingly. We climbed Sail Liath slowly—Sail Liath, the Grey Heel—how aptly it is named, for this last hill of the Challichs showed none of the red sandstone of the others. It is of grey quartzite. All our rock clambering was over. Sail Liath has a gentle slope that led us with no undue heart beating to the summit. There we had a brief halt and ate what remained of our lunch.

Looking backward at the ridges we had climbed earlier in the day it seemed scarcely possible that we could have scaled them, they were so sharp and steep. But we had learned that difficulties always seem greater at a distance, and that they tend to disappear if tackled with a stout heart.

And now we left the last top of the Challichs and scrambled down the scree. At the foot we crossed two escarpments and came to a mountain burn. The hills behind us stood sombre yet serene in the late afternoon sun. Peace filled our hearts. The path we struck lay by the right bank of the burn, through a small glen of silver birches. Everywhere we were greeted by primroses and violets, fresh and cool in the shade. We alone were spent and jaded. We had toiled laboriously up the steep slopes. We had pitted our strength against the mountain's might. The difficult ridges had tried our alertness of brain and of limb. We were weary, but we had triumphed. We knew the warm glow of achievement. Our minds were stored with pictures and incidents of the climb that will remain with us long after our climbing days are done.

E. T. D.

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### THE EAGLE.

Three men went toiling up the Larig Ghru  
 Speaking of eagles: suddenly one cried "See!"  
 It rose, unruffled, from a blasted tree,  
 Superbly arched and poised. The sun blazed through  
 Bright on its golden head, as slow it flew  
 In proudly widening sweeps, then eagerly  
 And flying low, went searching the bald scree,  
 Up past the Lurcher's Crag—into the blue.  
 Then, Jove's own bird, majestically it soared,  
 Pulsing the skies in empyrean flight,  
 And mountains numberless where wild winds roared  
 Dwindled to naught in its Olympian sight;  
 While we proud mortals scrambled wearily  
 O'er endless boulders to the Pools of Dee.

A. B. S.



## A DAY ON BRAERIACH WITH N. E. ODELL.

ON Saturday, 22nd February of this year, I looked in at "Edd's," just to say how thrilled we all had been by Mr Odell's lecture of the previous evening, when who walked in but Odell himself and Stobart. The latter is a very old friend of Odell's and it is to him that we, as a Club, are indebted for perusading Odell to come.

Knowing that his friend had not climbed on the Cairngorms, Stobart wondered if there was a possibility of remedying this omission during the week-end. We were discussing how such an outing could be brought about when Humble, our new President, arrived and soon it was arranged that Odell and Stobart should motor up to Aviemore that afternoon via the Culbin Sands, which Odell was anxious to see, and that the President, Secretary and myself would motor up next day.

I spent the night at Rothes with the President. It cannot be truthfully said that we slept as the arrangement was 4 a.m. breakfast and then motor to Lossiemouth to pick up Edd, all on a cold and very wintry February morning. But such was our excitement and joyous anticipation of a day on the hill that neither of us slept in and apparently neither had Edd as we found him slowly perambulating up and down a dark Lossie street as if he had not been in bed at all.

We went via the Dava Moor—encountered a heavy fall of snow on the way but arrived at Mrs Garrow's, Coylum Bridge, sufficiently in time to partake of a second breakfast with Stobart and Odell who had spent the night there. When packing rucksacs for the hill, it was discovered that Edd and I had both taken cameras and as his, a lent one, was highly recommended, I duly left mine behind. Alas! More of this anon.

We set forth up Glen Einich in the half-light of breaking dawn, little wind and a soft snow falling. A delightful walk it was and due to the fine camaraderie of the five of us and Odell's graphic descriptions of the Himalayas, never did the distance to the Lower Bothy seem so short. Here, led by Stobart, we took the path up the right bank of the Bennaïdh Bheag which stream, it will be remembered, enters the Bennaïdh proper near the Bothy.

The mists were low and, at intervals, showers of snow fell as we climbed to the centre of Coire Ruadh where we



lunched and two snaps of the party were taken. It was now decided to rope up and Odell asked to lead.

“But why should I?” he said. “After all this is your hill.”

“Yes,” we agreed, “but would you mind?” So very good naturedly he consented. I think I detected a knowing smile creep over his face and that he guessed we others had arranged this beforehand. I confess we had, for naturally we were keen to watch an Everest man climb. It was insisted upon, too, that Stobart, who had climbed so often with him on the Alps and elsewhere, should again act as his belay. I came next, then Humble and then Edd.

The snow was softer than we would have liked. Edd and Crowley had been there a month before and found it much more icy and tricky. However that was just our luck.

Suddenly a gust of wind swept up the Coire and away went my hat, careering up and up the snow face until lost in the mist. The party halted until I could get a woollen helmet out of my rucksack when the mists lifted momentarily and the truant hat was spied stuck between two stones about 400 feet above us.

“What about steering a course for Geddes’s hat?” shouted the leader. This was done and a very interesting course it proved, Odell afterwards remarking that it was the first time he had climbed with a hat as its objective.

To watch Odell on the rope, to see his technique on snow and ice and the care he exercised all the time, were, I need not say, of great interest to the rest of us.

No views from the summit were obtained, nor was the summit cairn discovered—we were standing on snow, feet above its top. By use of the rope, we were able to lower Odell to give him a peep into the Garbh Coire, the snow cornices of which were a memorable sight.

We descended the hill to the Lower Bothy again, picked up some of our gear left there, took four more snaps and set off for home.

I think the five men who wended their way down Glen Einich that afternoon must have been the happiest in Great Britain. We talked of many things and I remember being struck by Odell’s interest and knowledge in music and the other Arts. He was particularly fond, he said, of Mrs Kennedy Fraser’s Collection of Songs of the Western Isles and much interested in the way she had gathered these old airs and words, thus bringing to light many gems that, but for her, would have been lost for all time.

And so to Mrs Garrow’s, where a fine dinner awaited



us and a scramble to get Odell to Aviemore in time to catch the evening train for London.

So ended a great day—a day on Braeriach—the hill of all the Cairngorms I love most. Why it should be prime favourite I cannot say. One cannot explain these things.

But for Edd there was an aftermath. His camera shutter had not been functioning and the film when developed showed nothing. It was most disappointing and I felt sorry that with my usual laziness I had been so easily persuaded to leave mine at Mrs Garrow's. Had I taken it then there might have been one snap sufficiently good to illustrate this and prove that the outing really took place. However, later on, after much rummaging in old albums, a set of snaps, more or less complete of Braeriach, views from its summit and of Glen Einich, were despatched to Odell to shew him what he should have seen if only the weather had been more kind.

As we motored home that night, I know our minds were full of happy memories—of the snow-clad firs in Glen Einich, the cornices of the Garbh Coire,, the climb itself, but most of all of our splendid leader, that fine climber N. E. Odell.

JOHN GEDDES.

[In a letter from N. E. Odell, posted Port Said, he says he is on his way to India to join an expedition which is to attempt the ascent of Nanda Devi, the highest mountain in the British Empire. Tillman who, with E. Shipton, reconnoitered the mountain in '34, is also a member of the party of eight. We wish them every success.—R. F. S.]

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VERSE.

The moon was full; its amber face had risen  
Above a hawthorn tree whose scent, caught up  
With that of honeysuckle and grazing cows'  
Sweet breath, hung warm and heavy in the air.  
One star opposed the moon, and seeing it,  
I thought of starlight on the Gairawan;  
Where Loch nam Breac's deep waters brood, remote  
Mysterious loch. That night its guardian hills  
Had stretched their lengthening shadows as I climbed  
The last steep slopes of Luinne Bheinn and saw  
The sun in splendour dying over Skye,  
And flinging crimson pennons 'cross the clouds,  
While slender sea borne mists enwreathed her peaks.  
Loch Hourn untroubled slept; Loch Nevis gleamed  
A silver jewel in the darkened hills,  
And one pale star came out above Sgurr Mor.

ALTER EGO.



## THE COULOIR

The President leading the Couloir climb reached the top about half-an-hour before the Vent party. With the aid of the past president, and his jammed compass, and a member who thought the dark end of the compass needle pointed South, they steered the *near way back* to Glenmore, that is, via the Larig Ghru, over the top of Castle Hill, and by purple moor—made more purple and in and out and around those beautiful pine trees to Loch Morlich and finally the Lodge. They had a great day. The President set up a new record—he smashed three ice-axes. The Past-President found the short cut from Carn Lochain to Glenmore. One member staggered into the Lodge and the others strolled. Hats off to Miss Donaldson, who tripped home so fresh after this arduous day. Thempatine and MacMillan, also in the party, were loud in their praises of the Couloir climb. The short cut to Glenmore they declared to be very intriguing.

FERLA MHOR.

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## HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP.

FOR anyone who wants a climbing holiday, who does not care to climb alone, and who cannot manage to fix holidays with a friend, let me recommend a stay with the Holiday Fellowship.

The accommodation is excellent, feeding good, and excursions most enjoyable. In August, 1935, I spent a week at Alltshellach, the Guest House at Ballachulish, on the shores of Loch Leven, and I enjoyed every minute of my stay. The house itself is a beautiful mansion, leased from a Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. There is accommodation for fifty-five guests, a large entrance hall with table for Ping-Pong, a fine Common Room for games, a Quiet Room for reading and writing, and the Dining-room containing four or five tables, each seating ten to twelve guests. Guests are expected to move about from table to table, mixing freely, and thus fostering the spirit of fellowship.

Guests also share rooms, and I found myself with two jolly English girls in a second floor room, with a marvel-



lous view over the loch to Pap of Glencoe, Bidean nam Bian, Beinn Bheithir and other giants of Glencoe. Long after we were supposed to be in bed I might have been found curled up on the window-sill feasting my eyes on the beauties of the hills on those long summer evenings.

Excursions are divided into two lots, "A" strenuous, "B" less strenuous. After dinner each evening Andy, the Secretary, described the following day's outings, giving walking distance, climbing distance, nature of ground, etc., etc., and we had to say there and then which party we were joining. This allowed the kitchen staff to get on in the early morning with the preparation of the food rucksacks, which were then ready for us when we had finished breakfast. The men carried all the food stuffs, and I was sorry for them the day we were provided with melons for lunch, but those same melons were much appreciated on the hill top, for it was a scorching hot day, as were all the days that week.

Of the fifty-five guests only five were Scottish, three ladies and two men, and then Andy also hailed from Glasgow. But I must admit the English girls *were* sturdy, it would have taken two of us to have made one of them. One of the Scottish girls never attempted "A," the other went "A" two days, then dropped into "B," while I continued "A" until Thursday when Beinn Bheithir nearly finished me off, and I decided to go "B" on Friday. Unfortunately for me, however, Andy announced on Thursday night that Friday's "B" party would be practically a minor "A" party, and so it proved, for it was a most strenuous day. Sixteen of us set out, but only six stayed the course, but those who gave in must have had a long tiresome road walk, whereas we had a most delightful ridge walk, with the loch below us all the time, and a wonderful view. Most of the English girls went "A" every day, and I came to the conclusion that though they do not get a lot of climbing at home, they must do a lot of rough cross-country walking.

In the Common Room after dinner, the evenings were devoted to indoor sports, singing, dancing, debates, play-reading, and so on, and one evening we had a most interesting series of gramophone records describing the first ascent of the Matterhorn. Another evening the Scots had to teach the English an Eightsome Reel. One boy had great difficulty with the setting-step, and once he had mastered it was so afraid he would lose it again that he kept it up all through a whole set, much to our amusement. The male Scottish element, including Andy,



sported the kilt in the evening, and more than one Sassenach determined to have a kilt before going home.

The status of the domestic staff is one of equality with the guests, and no gratuities may be offered. The girls come to the Common Room in the evenings, and also join the excursions on their day off. They have a very busy time attending to all the guests, but it must be interesting, too, meeting so many different types every fortnight (no guest may stay longer than a fortnight): Guests make their own beds, and clean their own boots, a special room is provided outside for the latter job, and oil, etc., supplied.

Centres differ, of course, and I do not know if they are all as comfy as Alltshellach, but I mean to sample some others at a future date. It is a great holiday and really worth while. There is one snag, however, and that is that you must book up well ahead. For August last year I booked in March, and by April there were no beds available at Alltshellach for that period.

Full particulars of the Fellowship activities may be obtained by writing to:—

The Holiday Fellowship,  
Fellowship House,  
Great North Way,  
Hendon,  
London, N.W.4.

E. FRASER.

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### A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time in a Lodge high up amongst the mountains there lived a Pot and a Kettle. The Pot was nice bright shiny aluminium, the Kettle just cast iron and quite dirty. Next day, as there was a lot of company at the Lodge, the Pot reproved the Kettle quite severely for being black, and all the others said, Indeed yes it was very reprehensible whatever—for it was in the Highlands.

That day some of the company took both the Pot and the Kettle up the mountains and when they came back both looked equally black for there was a lot of snow on the ground and all the company, which had been feeling rather worried all evening, looked at them and said “Who’d have thought it?”

*Moral:* You never can tell.



## IMPRESSIONS OF A SNOW CLIMB FROM GLENMORE LODGE

7.30 A.M. — Wakened by sounds of nailed boots clattering up and down the passage. As we turn over to sleep again, we are re-awakened by shouts outside, on looking out we see various stalwarts stretching and coiling ropes.

8 A.M.—The gong for the early breakfasters. At the first sound there is a rush of boots down the stairs which effectively wakens anyone who has slept through the first commotion. A steady roar of voices rises up from the dining-room beneath us, and we hear the chairs pushed back one by one and the climbers clump out to collect sandwiches and rucksacks.

8.30 A.M.—We descend to wish the climbers good-bye and find the punctual ones kicking their heels at the front door, while the others are running about searching for sunglasses, ice-axes, etc. This gives us an excellent opportunity of studying the various costumes chosen by the climbers, and there is a fine variety. Most of them keep to quiet colours, but the familiar green and blue “colours” of two of the officials are well to the fore. The general idea seems to be that if you don't own the particular clothes that you fancy, why, you just borrow them. At any rate, we see one lady in borrowed trousers and a gentleman in his sister's boots.

9 A.M.—At last everyone and everything seems to have been found, each leader collects his party and they start off, suitably draped with ropes.

3 P.M.—We return from a walk, to find several people struggling for the only pair of field glasses; cries of “Look, there they are, just going up the corrie,” from the winner, while the losers vainly strain their eyes to find the place. When our turn comes for the glasses, we can see one party working up the snow slopes of the Corrie an Lochan, but the movement is very slow. When we tire of this sport we go in to tea and a warm fire, and think happily of our friends shivering in the snow. After a few hours we again look for them, but they have disappeared.

8 P.M.—Dinner time, and darkness, but no climbers. After dinner we amuse ourselves with songs, and as the time goes on, various people stroll down the path with torches, to see if there is any sign of the returning wanderers. The answer is always ‘No.’



10 P.M.—Some are telling each other gruesome tales of broken ropes and legs; others are extremely nonchalant and say airily, “What could have happened anyway”? The answers are so numerous that no one attempts to make them. The members of the committee keep on running to the kitchen to say, “Can you keep dinner a little longer”? There is always the imperturbable “Yes, quite easily.”

11 P.M.—(See 10 P.M. Crescendo.)

11.30 P.M.—Someone sees lights coming down the path and we all go to the door. The climbers return, most of them in good form, and all say that they have had a great day, with minor misfortunes, such as broken ice-axes, teeth and compasses. We strip off soaking coats, balaclavas and boots, and lead the hungry ones to the dining-room. Miraculously, Mrs Cameron is still able to provide a dinner, only lacking the pudding, which has long since been reduced to a cinder.

12 P.M.—We reclimb each face about 10 times and then do the last climb up to bed.

H. H.

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.....HOME FROM THE HILL.....

THE photographs which came to-day, of white-covered boulders by the burn and snow tracks in the high corrie, these and a sunburn fading in the south are the only visible reminders of the Easter Meet.

But other memories are very clear. It seems incredible that a week-end should have been marked by such an alliance of sun, snow and camaraderie. It isn't that one forgets the hailstorms, or how the smooth-seeming floor of the corrie was drudgery to walk on, and the downward view on the gully appalling to the ‘rabbit’ climber. These discomforts were transcended by the exultation of those perfect days, the pleasant, noisy evenings in the lamp-light by the fires. Outside members of all ages, expert or novice, could pass the day in becoming pleasantly tired; inside was comfort suspiciously near to luxury for hardy mountaineers, and only a blast of cold mountain air from the opening door reminded us that we were well up and away from the comfort zone.

A detailed perfection of arrangements gave the very desirable illusion that all was go-as-you-please, for organisation could defer to personal inclination. To the morning question, “What are you doing to-day?” one member was heard to reply comfortably “nothing,”



which meant an easy twelve miles or so before tea. And if the celebrated obduracy of the Cairngorms, and of mountaineers who *will* finish the climb, even with broken ice axes, lunch-sandwiches at seven, and midnight-dinner, upset the carefully made time-tables, these were but spots on a sun which shone generously on a very friendly company.

Big days and lazy days, how good they were up there! Our laboured tracks are gone from the hills, but the strong impression of our communal happiness remains.

KATHERINE HAMILTON.

### HILLS AND THE POETS.

THE experience of the genuine hill-lover being in some part a mystical experience, it might have been expected to find in poetry its true and powerful expression. Some poets, however, have been content to stand afar off and view the mountains as a majestic spectacle. Thus we have Tennyson's delicate and exquisite water-colour, touched off in a quatrain, of Monte Rosa as seen from the roof of Milan Cathedral at dawn:—

How faintly-flushed, how phantom-fair,  
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there  
A thousand shadowy-pencilled valleys  
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Byron struck a more intimate note when he sighed, with genuine fervour, as a boy in England:—

Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!  
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

It is the same note that echoes throughout Neil Munro's "To Exiles":—

Are you not weary in your distant places  
Far, far from Scotland of the mist and storm?

and it is, fundamentally, that nostalgia which is part of the heritage of the Scot abroad. That Byron understood it we cannot wonder—was he not, through his mother, a Gordon of Gight? But Byron knew, furthermore, that the longing for the mountains is not merely *mal du pays*, but a profounder thing, the home-sickness of the soul for solitude.

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture.

To the English poet Wordsworth, mystic and nature-lover, high mountains were also a feeling, and that feel-



ing he has communicated to us in rare but unforgettable flashes, as when he speaks of

The silence that is of the star-strewn sky,  
The peace that is among the lonely hills.

Fully to understand how Nature nurtured Wordsworth, however, one should read that spiritual autobiography of his, "Lines Composed above Tintern Abbey," with its reminiscence of a mountain-bred childhood.

I cannot paint

What then I was: The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling, and a love,  
That, had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.

Later, in the classic passage from "Tintern Abbey," the poet speaks of his

Sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains.

*Mens agitat molem*—it is the Virgilian as well as the Wordsworthian philosophy.

Stevenson, too, who roamed the Pentlands as a strippling, has caught the essential peace of the hills in the last stanza of "In the Highlands."

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render  
Through the trance of silence  
Quiet breath!

Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes:  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death.

And Buchan, in a poignant poem about 'life and death,' written during the War and entitled "On Leave," evokes the very breath of a summer evening in the hills.

But up frae the howe o' the glen  
Cam' the waft o' the simmer e'en.  
The stink gaed oot o' my nose,  
And I sniffed it, caller and clean,  
The smell o' the simmer hills—  
Thyme and hinny and heather,  
Juniper, birk and fern—  
Rose in the lown June weather.



And the returned soldier, disillusioned and war-wracked, finds peace and "life in the hert o' death."

But none of these poets, hill-lovers though they be, are poets of mountaineering proper, since theirs is a merely passive perception, no matter how insightful and how deeply mystical. The strenuous joys, the active intensified experience of genuine mountaineering are only to be communicated by such poets as Geoffrey Winthrop Young, himself a climber. You recollect his poem "The Cragsman." I wish I could quote it in full, but here is the second last stanza—

With this full breath  
bracing my sinews as I upward move  
boldly reliant to the rift above  
I measure life from death.  
With each strong thrust  
I feel all motion and all vital force  
borne on my strength and hazarding their course  
in my self-trust—  
There is no movement of what kind it be  
but has its source in me;  
and should these muscles falter to release  
motion itself must cease.

Only the late Poet Laureate, however, in a passage from his "Testament of Beauty," has knit all the mountaineering ecstasies explicitly in one: — the taut fiddle-string quality — life raised to the *n*th degree—ensured by the exigencies of the sport itself, and the mystical, the Wordsworthian sense of communion with Nature, and essential Poesy, in these remote and lovely solitudes. And with that quotation, the consummation of all that has gone before, this essay may fittingly conclude—

This is the supreme ecstasy of the mountaineer,  
to whom the morn is bright, when with his goal in sight,  
some ice peak high i' the heav'ns, he is soul-bounden for it,  
prospecting the uncertain clue of his perilous step  
to scale precipices where no foot clomb afore,  
for good or ill success to his last limit of strength;  
his joy in the doing and his life in his hand,  
he glorieth in the fortune of his venturous day;  
'mid the high mountain silences, where Poesy  
*lieth in dream* and with *the secret strength of things*  
*that governs thought* inhabiteth, where man wandereth  
into God's presence.

A. V. STUART.



## SOLILOQUY.

This wretched Club!  
 It is a pest;  
 It lures me from my Sunday rest,  
 To flounder over bogs and heather,  
 And climb high hills in any weather.  
 To rise at all unearthly hours,  
 And show my best resistance powers,  
 By scrambling over rock and boulder  
 To some elusive spur or shoulder  
 With promise of a view.  
 A view, alas, which, oft as not,  
 Resolves itself into a blot  
 Of mist and rain;  
 And, 'stead of far-flung, distant land,  
 I only see  
 From where I stand  
 An inch or so before me.

But stay,  
 What of the other side  
 To this dull picture?  
 I see again the morning mists  
 Lifting above the Chisholms' Pass,  
 While yet the newly-risen sun  
 Hath not the silvery dew dispersed  
 From off the dappled grass.  
 My thoughts recall the blood-red orb  
 Setting o'er lovely Loch Maree,  
 Ben Eighe and Slioch, either side  
 Like sentinels  
 Mounting guard.

Snow wreaths deep on Cairngorm,  
 Hill streams tumbling from the ben;  
 Light and shade in lonely corrie,  
 Far from the haunts of men.  
 The Green Loch and Loch Morlich,  
 Braeriach and Sgoran Dhu,  
 Ryvoan Pass, the Slugan,  
 Einich Glen, and Larig Ghru.  
 Sweet bog-myrtle,  
 Wild thyme, heather,  
 Sough of pine trees in the breeze;  
 Can I wonder  
 That they lure me—  
 Names, and scents, and sounds like these?



## THE ASCENT OF BEN MACDHUI AND CAIRNGORM.

“Where flaming colours speed the sun,  
Where western shadows glow,  
Where everything in nature calls,  
Oh! Pack your kit and go.”

After a few very inactive week ends at home the lure of the high hills took hold of me. I wrote my Highland friend of my proposed journey, and, full of enthusiasm, I packed my kit and set forth for Grantown. Arriving there, we made our plans and arrived at our starting point, Rebhoan Bothy, by cycle. In the late evening we began our hike to the Shelter Stone.

The air was close and heavy, and we soon found it was to be very warm work. We followed the rough hill track until we came to the other bothy at the mouth of the Garbh Allt. Comparing these two bothies, Rebhoan is a palace in comparison to this one. Crossing the bridge there, we followed the track up the Nethy and soon were in the midst of the hills with Cairngorm on our right. The Garbh Allt is not unlike the Larig in narrowness but it has not the rough splendour of the “public path to Braemar.” We plodded steadily on and when darkness overtook us, the track had a disconcerting habit of losing itself in peat bog, but we soon regained it.

Looking back, we were struck by the beauty of the sky in all its different colours, first a deep red, then turning to yellow, with the Speyside hills a dark blue. We climbed steadily on, and soon we reached the Saddle, to look down on the lark waters of Loch Avon. Loch Avon is the gem of the Cairngorms. It is cradled in secret by the giant hills who guard it well. Although its waters are 2500 feet above sea level, it lies in a deep corrie and is overshadowed by Ben MacDhui, Cairngorm and Ben Mheadhon. To see Loch Avon at its best is not at 2 o'clock on a Sunday morning but on a sunny afternoon with the sun gleaming on its silvery waters. There is an old saying which goes thus:

“The waters o' A'on, it rins sae clear,  
"Twad beguile a man o' a hundred year.”

Proceeding by the track along the loch side we soon reached the Shelter Stone to find the “house full-up.” Six others were in residence and shortly after we arrived four other wanderers, proper comedians, with lusty voices they were, arrived at 3 a.m., thus completing the family.



After a light meal we thought of sleep. Getting ourselves comfortably wedged in between boulders, we tried to settle down for a few hours.

Coleridge says, "Oh sleep it is a gentle thing," but I'm afraid it was anything but that morning. Midges were our deadliest enemies. They turned out in their thousands to torment us, and between scratching our heads, then our legs, sleep was impossible. About 4.30, leaving my friend, who was lying sleeping peacefully in spite of midges, I had a bathe in Loch Avon. The water was too sharp and cold, but it freshened me up considerably.

To our disappointment the sunrise did not come up to our expectation, being partly obscured by a driving mist from Ben MacDhui.

Another meal, and on we went to MacDhui via Loch Etchachan. A heavy mist was coming off the hill and at times we could hardly see twenty yards ahead of us. Between breaks in the mist, the huge bulk of Ben MacDhui reared itself up, and a ghostly effect was created when we saw something white appearing through the mist. Were we seeing the spirits which haunt the hills? On closer examination, however, we found it to be a corrie of snow. Certainly a ghostly effect was created!

Climbing still higher we were free of mist and soon gained our objective, the summit of Ben MacDhui, at 9 a.m. Here, in brilliant sunshine, we were treated to a remarkable cloud effect. The billowy clouds were marvellous. The corries all around were enveloped in this white, billowy substance, only to be broken here and there by the sharp heads of the Angel's Peak, Cairntoul and Brae Riach jutting to the sky.

We, I think, had the honour of first setting foot on the summit that morning, but our honour was short lived for soon about 12 people arrived. In the glorious sunshine we lazed about admiring the scenery around, the mist having cleared away. A look at the Indicator was taken, but the hills in the distance were not seen clearly. In the Larig, Carrou looked like a small boulder fallen from the hill side. The Devil's Point sharply jutted out and the Dee twisted and turned until it was lost in the distant haze.

Soon we had to leave Ben MacDhui, our destination being Cairngorm. The first part was over boulders but not too rough, then over delightfully springy turf which made the going very easy. A halt was made now and then for a breather and a drink of water would have done us a lot of good. We came at last to a burn only to find it dried up.



However, we carried on in the brilliant sunshine and soon came within reasonable distance of the summit. A halt was made close by Coire an t'Sneachda—the corrie of the snow—and after a stiff climb for a quarter of an hour, we reached the summit of Cairngorm.

There, as on Ben MacDhui, a panorama of hills spread before us. In the distance Loch Morlich gleamed like a sparkling emerald. Loch an Eilean could also be seen, although not so clearly. With the high hills all around us, a sense of greatness took hold of us, that we, mere men, had invaded the strongholds of the giant Cairngorms. But we had not much time for thought—food was our craving, so off we went to the Marquis's Well. Here, I think, is the finest and coldest water in Britain. It certainly took longer to boil than that of the burn near the Shelter Stone! We partook of a hearty meal, and then settled down to a well-earned rest.

Soon, too soon, we had to be “up and going,” and at 2 o'clock we started back for Rebhoan. Here, again, the going was delightful as we had no bog to contend with, the ground being perfectly dry. With the sun still streaming down on us, we passed close by Loch na Beinne, which looked tempting for a dip, but we decided to keep that pleasure for later on. Round the side of Mam Suim we came and shortly afterwards we arrived at the Green Loch where we had our longed for dip. Thence to Rebhoan to complete a lovely day in the hills.

One last long lingering look behind, and we bade the hills adieu:

“'Twas health and strength, 'twas joy and life to wander  
freely there,

To drink at the fresh mountain stream, to breathe the  
mountain air.”

J. D.



## THE ALLADIN BUTTRESS OF CAIRNGORM.

AN hour after noon one cold, sunless day in the month of April we sheltered from the North wind behind a few of the huge granite boulders that strew the floor of Coire an t-sneachda. The Secretary suggested we should lunch, and all agreed hot drinks would be at least acceptable. For the past few days the sun had been genial and the winds warm—the caress of early summer — This day, unfortunately, might have been one in November. The North wind had an icy breath. A cloudy, leaden, grey sky obscured the sun. The rocks, with a light coating of fresh snow looked gaunt and sombre; and the corrie, gloomy and stern, reminding us of days which signify the approach of winter to the High Hills.

After lunch G. R. Thomson, his son, Wee Geordie and a friend, Harry Halliday, ascended by the screes to the Fiacaille Coire Cas intending to go round the heads of corries to Carn Lochain, then descend to look into Loch Avon, and climb over Cairngorm on the way back to Glenmore. This they accomplished and the outing was thoroughly enjoyed.

In the second party were A. Henderson, J. Geddes, Affleck Gray and E. Davidson. Some weeks previously Henderson and Davidson had been working out a few snow climbs for the Glenmore Meet, and on climbing the Alladin Couloir, had decided to come and attempt the buttress. A more favourable day might have been chosen. However, here was the party assembled and in good form for a day on the rocks.

The climb commenced on the right side of the couloir, and a small cairn was built to indicate the place. Henderson was asked to lead and he readily consented because he enjoys having something to think about. The others came in the following order: — Davidson, Gray and Geddes. Gray, who usually wears the kilt, had very wisely borrowed a pair of breeches from Geddes for the climb. The party had no qualms in placing Geddes last on the rope with all the ice-axes and rucksacks in his charge. All in the Club know how very accommodating our former President is, and *this* party had no hesitation in taking full advantage of such an admirable quality.





SGURR NAN GILLEAN



The first pitch was easy and led to a platform about twenty feet up. The leader's remarks on the rottenness of the rock were appropriate, for this venerable rock with the decay of long ages calls for respect. Geddes called up occasionally to the leader to stop throwing down stones,—being quite unaware that precious hand-holds had given way.

From the platform Henderson worked out to the left, after Davidson had ascended to that stance. The lack of holds made him retreat, however, and lead up to the right. The direct route was impossible. Looked at from below the pitches appeared easy, but like the sandstone of Covesea the granite is deceptive and the holds mostly slope downwards.

Henderson made good progress on this next pitch of thirty feet until half way up when the holds became scanty. At the head of the pitch there is a granite boulder and this reminded the leader of haystacks and his aptitude at lassoing them with a left hand throw when he was a boy. At his request Davidson moved up to secure his heels whilst he successfully lassoed the stack. A very gentle strain was put on the rope in case the boulder took a flight downstairs. However, it was staunch and resisted a united pull. Minutes later all the party were together again around the stack. The halt was a brief one, for the cliff of Coire an t-sneachda is so place to linger on when the wind blows from the North. Ahead it is possible to traverse to the right above a vertical gully and get on to the nose of the buttress, but this time we climbed straight on to the left of the nose. An easy scramble it was until we came to the next pitch of twenty feet. This was vertical and surmounted also by a stack. Henderson, after attempting the left, retreated and finally got up on the right. Needless to say he could not resist lassoing the stack on the way. After passing the stack he disappeared from view. Davidson climbed up and had to search for the leader. First of all his heels appeared, then (naturally) his legs, body and head. He was stretched out on a narrow ledge which overlooked the couloir wall and anchored to some obscure belay.

The climb now got a trifle airy. This ledge forms a break on the couloir wall and extends for about twenty feet. It terminates against a table, breast-high, and topped by an upward-sloping shelf. There is an excellent belay on the right above the ledge. Henderson traversed along it to the table and Gray joined Davidson at the stack.



For the next half-hour Geddes had rather a lonely time. On one occasion he called up to Gray inquiring how things were progressing. Gray replied something to the effect that the breeches Geddes had lent him were not a good fit.

Davidson meantime joined Henderson at the table and prepared himself to act as a ladder. There was none too much room, but Henderson, endeavouring to tread like a ballroom dancer with his size tens, made good use of the ladder to its upper extremity. Finally with the aid of an upstretched hand to steady his heels he managed by means of his long reach to gain a good crack and so up and over. The others followed in due course—some dangling awhile by the way. Geddes is due much praise for successfully negotiating the difficulties burdened with all the luggage.

An easy scramble follows to Alladin's seat. As night was coming on, however, the party decided not to go to the seat, but descended into the couloir. Gray, taken unawares, started to make a lightning descent, but Henderson brought him up sharply on his axe belay. Careful cutting of steps was required on the descent, for the couloir was somewhat icy. By 7 P.M. the party reached the lunching place and ate a hurried meal. An hour later after a vigorous buffeting by the North wind to the accompaniment of squalls of hailstorm, Glenmore Lodge was reached. In the lounge Mrs Cameron provided us with an enjoyable tea and the climb was done over again.

MACDHAIBH.



MORAY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB—LECTURE  
AND DINNER.

21st FEBRUARY, 1936.

THIS lecture must rank as the most historic in the annals of the Club. It was our good fortune to have as guest Mr N. E. Odell, of Cambridge, who had accompanied the Everest expedition in 1924 and was the last man to see Mallory and Irvine alive, for they never returned from their final assault on the peak. Mr Odell's lecture was entitled "Everest, Past, Present and Future" and he held his large audience spell-bound for well over an hour while he told his narrative simply, illustrating it with some marvellous photographs of Himalayan mountain scenery.

It was a tale, quiet yet intensely moving, of difficulties encountered in the most awe-inspiring circumstances—such circumstances, to use Mallory's own words, as would make even the braver sort of men pause on the brink of their high endeavour. We saw a terrain so vast in extent, of such tremendous mountains, that man seemed to have no place in it. There were first, the reconnoitring expeditions to find the best line of attack—expeditions which, though less spectacular than those which followed from the point of view of height gained, are none the less memorable for the almost superhuman exploits of those who took part in them. By 1924 the project of climbing Everest had become feasible and success was believed to be possible.

The 1924 expedition set out on what proved to be a "do or die" attempt. We saw something of the detailed organisation that is necessary for such a party to move easily and effectively—the arrangements that must be made to pass through prohibited territory, the placating of villagers and tribesmen, the engaging of porters, and the transport of food and equipment. Mr Odell paid a fine tribute to these porters—their high courage and endurance in the face of terrible hardship. It was clear, indeed, that no small credit for what has been accomplished on Everest must go to these men, who, like the privates who do the fighting, are too often forgotten.

It was a merit of the speaker that, without undue emphasis,—rather, indeed, by under-statement—he could stir the minds of his hearers to a sense of the tremendous difficulties and the greatness of spirit that overcame them.



Of the part which he himself played he said little, and yet we have it on the authority of Sir Francis Younghusband that Mr Odell became acclimatised to the high altitudes better than any of the others. He was able, without distress, to stay at great heights, making geological observations of importance, and later went out alone to search for Mallory and Irvine.

High up on Everest there is a great belt of light-coloured rock whose composition shows that at one time it had been at sea-level. In such a simple statement one sees the ages of time that have gone to the making of the earth, the slow up thrust of titanic forces, compared with which man seems so puny and short-lived. And it was in such a theatre that a human drama of great endeavour ending in disaster was enacted.

For the final effort Mallory and Irvine carried oxygen.

This meant added weight, but respiration experts had affirmed that human beings could not live in such rarified air without it. Later experience on the mountain has destroyed this view. Mr Odell seems never to have subscribed to it and we may assume therefore that the later technique of becoming acclimatised owes much to him. In his own words the oxygen apparatus, lightly-constructed as it was, proved to be far more trouble than it was worth.

Mallory, however, knew that this was his third time on the mountain, that soon he would be past the age for such strenuous climbing as this and that, therefore, if he were to achieve his life's ambition he must do it now. If oxygen could help him in this, he would carry oxygen. Irvine was a young fellow, a fine athlete, and eager.

About mid-day on the day when the climb was to be attempted Mr Odell, who had stayed the night in the camp below, climbed up some distance. He was eagerly watching the peak for signs of the climbers when suddenly at a ledge of rock known as the "First Step" he saw two figures climbing upwards. This point was about a thousand feet from the summit, but they should have passed it some hours before. Something had made them late. As he stood watching, the mist swirled down and they were lost to view.

The next day Mr Odell climbed up to the last camp, but found it deserted. He thought there was a chance, however, that on reaching the peak they might have found another route down to a lower camp. Down he went to find that nothing had been seen of them. Once more he climbed to the highest tent, to find it just as he had left it. All hope had now gone. They had been lost.



Mr Odell had some interesting surmises on what had happened. In his view, there was a fair chance that they had reached the summit. The truth perhaps may never be known. In 1936 Everest is still unconquered, but if and when it is climbed the feat will owe much to those climbers who have gone before, who dared greatly and lost. But they have not lost in vain.

Mr E. S. Harrison proposed the vote of thanks and spoke in appreciative terms of the lecture and photographs.

JAIN MACDONALD.

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### PERSONALITIES.

There's Edd who maps our journeys  
While we follow just like sheep,  
Be the pathway e'er so stoney,  
And the hillside e'er so steep.

There's John who's always planning,  
And has brought our Club to be,  
One big and happy family,  
Such a genial soul is he.

There's our President so "Humble,"  
But we know he loves the hills,  
And will prove a worthy follower  
Of those whose shoes he fills.

There's Jim, our canny Treasurer,  
Who takes our last darn cent,  
Some day we'll lead him up the hill  
And dump him in the Vent.

There's stalwart R. F. Stobart,  
Who's a demon on the crags;  
He may meet with awkward pitches,  
But his ardour never flags.

There's Crowley ("Golden Wonder"),  
Who leads the younger men,  
His long legs never falter,  
In three strides he'll climb a ben.

There's Boa, Ross and Brewster,  
There's "Dick" and J. R. Gray,  
They're a cheery crowd from Forres  
Who make our Meets quite gay.

There's the ladies of the Club, too,  
And I hope you'll all agree,  
They're no that blate to pull their weight  
And not a hindrance be.

These but a few I sketch you,  
Of all the happy band,  
Who form the Mountaineering Club,  
Of far-famed Morayland.

E. EFF.



## R E V I E W S.

THE SECRETARY handed me THE ALPINE JOURNAL and I was naturally grateful. He said "Review it for our Club Journal." My gratitude waned somewhat, but his is the responsibility for giving me a task for which I am inadequate. I can only try to tell you some of the things you will miss if you are foolish enough not to borrow and read it for yourself.

There is E. E. Shipton's paper on the 1935 Mount Everest Reconnaissance illustrated by splendid photographs. If you have read his book on the Nanda Devi expedition of 1934 you will be more interested to hear what he has to say on the problem of Everest and "the advantage a light mobile party has over the cumbersome organisations all too frequently sent to attack the great Himalayan peaks." The exploration of the region round Everest and the topographical work produced valuable results. It is a well-told tale of mountain exploration and adventure.

Then there is an account by T. Howard Somervell of a climbing holiday in the Tatra Mountains, the highest group of the Carpathians. The rock is clean and sound and the tremendous ridges shown in the photographs promise good days to anyone who is so fortunate as to find himself in this rather remote playground. This is a district where besides excellent rock climbing one can vary the menu by cave exploring and pot holing on a grand scale.

The Walkins Mountains are the subject of a paper by J. Longland. These form the largest mountain mass in Greenland. The highest point, 12,250 feet, was climbed in 1935 by a party led by A. Courtauld. This party sailed from Aberdeen in the *Quest*. "The *Quest*"—Shackleton's old ship—with the British East Greenland Expedition. A week's sledging inland brought them to their objective which they succeeded in climbing.

From Greenland we pass to the Alps (Two papers: "From Tavern to Berneva," by J. E. Montgomery, and "The Zillertal Alps," by Colin W. Wyatt) then across the world again to Alaska and "The Ascent of Mt. Steele," by Walter A. Wood.

From there we pass to the Himalayas again by way of two papers on the Caucasus (A Second Caucasian Tramp, by W. Heybrook, and The Du. æ. A. V. in the Caucasus 1935, by Rudolf Schwarzgrober).

This is far from being an exhaustive list, but my object being to whet your appetite, not to reduce nourishing and tasty food to tabloid form, I hope this catalogue of dainties may persuade you to borrow THE ALPINE JOURNAL and taste for yourself.

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THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL for June 1936 contains a lot of interesting material apart from the compact and business-like reports of the Club's excursions. We like the minute form of these reports which all start with the roll of members and guests present. Such notes of special happenings as the record of the Glen Lui cloudburst of June 29th 1935 are just the kind of event such a club should record. There are some fine illustrations, very



notably Mr Ewen, the Editor's panorama of the Northern Coullins from Scur Alistair. The articles cover a lot of ground. L. A. Whelan tells of climbing in the North Island of New Zealand. "Vass" describes a walking tour in the Black Forest. Dr Elisabeth Rutimeyer and Mr McCoss report expeditions in the Zermatt Alps and there are several interesting articles on our own hills. There is a most interesting old group of the Club in 1889 on top of Lochnagar. The giants of those days did not deign to wear special clothes for climbing. One member appears in a high felt hat, gloves and an umbrella. The ladies wear long dresses, tight waists and hats like tall flower pots. Most of the men wear hard hats and of those whose legs are visible only two are not in long trousers. Nor is it a small party—almost sixty are present.



## CLUB DOINGS

*Braeriach Meet, 30th April, 1933.*

(Accidentally omitted from last Journal)

58 MEMBERS who travelled by bus and car from Elgin to Coylum Bridge were present. Parties climbed from Glen Einich to Braeriach and descended to the Larig Ghru, whilst other parties ascended via the Sron na Larig and Larig Ghru, and descended to Glen Einich. Our party, led by J. C. S. Ewen, had some good fun in the snow in Coire Brochain. The President, Mr Finlay Mackenzie, led a party up Sgoran Dubh. The morning was wet and mists were low on the hills, thus permitting members to put into practical use the theories of map and compass as taught to them by Capt. Borwick.

Only one member was lost—the Treasurer. Other members of his party retraced their steps to look for him. All the while he was drinking cups of tea at Mrs Garrow's. It is remembered that Mr Garrow says he had 17 cups in all—not a bad shilling's worth. The tea, it is hoped, fortified him to withstand the somewhat forcible and cynical comments of the searchers when they returned and found his hiding place.

The outing was greatly enjoyed. In the afternoon the sun dispelled the mists and the walk back to Coylum when the evening sun was casting rosy tints on the brows of the peaks was memorable. The cost per head was 6s, which included the excellent tea purveyed by Mrs Garrow. Junior members were charged 4/6. Our good friend Mr Wm. Marshall was present and led a party to Braeriach.

*Third Annual General Meeting and Dinner**23rd February, 1935.*

THE third Annual General Meeting was held in the Station Hotel, Elgin, on 23rd February, 1935—The President, Mr John Geddes, in the chair. The Secretary read the minute of last Annual Meeting and the Treasurer reviewed the balance sheet which showed a credit balance of £22 8s 11d. Mr Fred Manson, C.A., was elected an honorary member as a token of appreciation of his services in auditing club accounts.

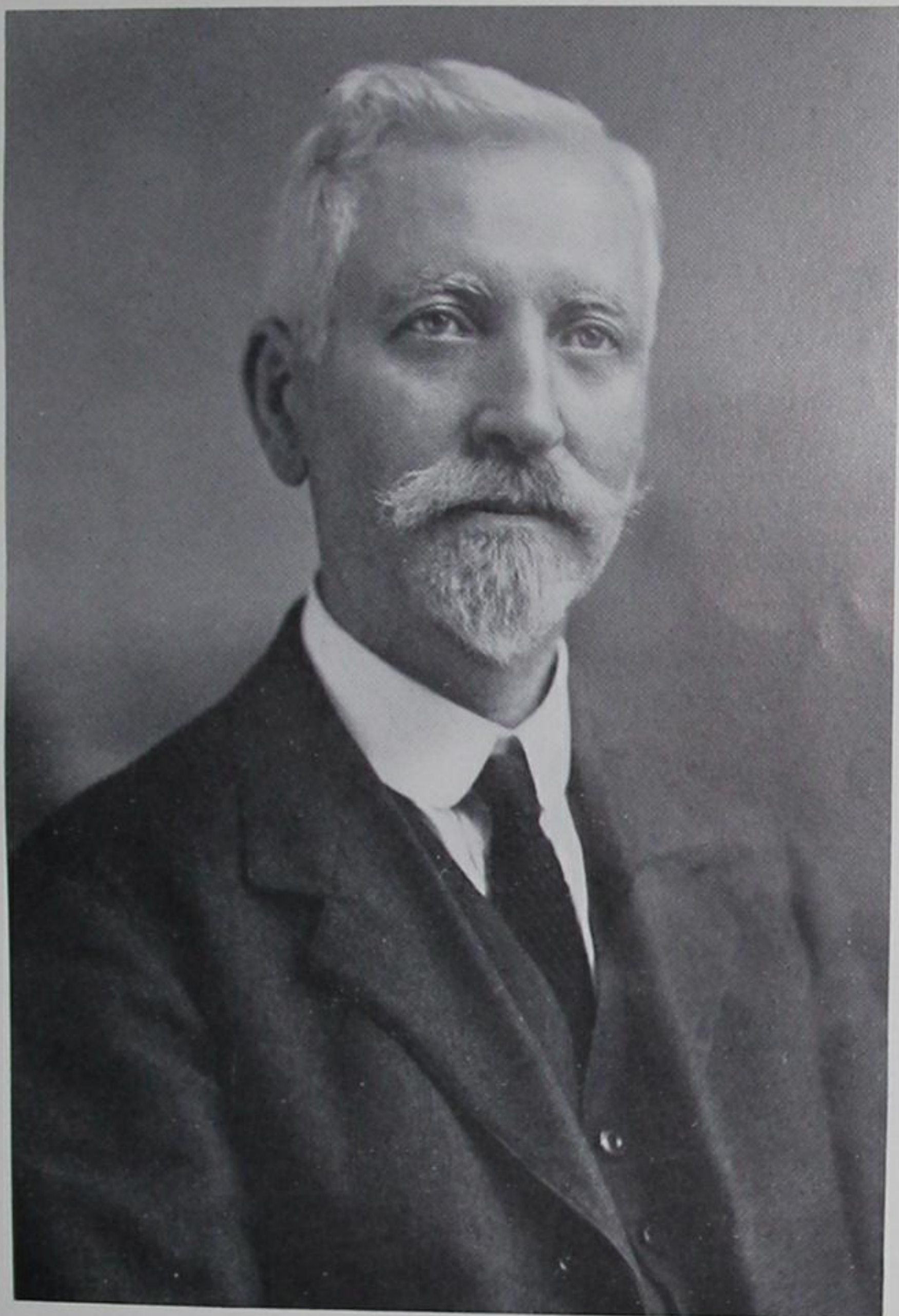
Miss Ethel Fraser, proposed by Miss Harrison, and seconded by Mrs A. E. Dawson, and Mr R. F. Stobart proposed by Miss Ethel Fraser, and seconded by Mr Iain Macdonald, as members of committee in place of Mrs F. Mackenzie and Mr G. R. Thomson retired Rule 6. The meets were decided on as follows:—April: Glenmore; May: Covesea and Kinlochewe; June: Braemore and Fannich; October: The Findhorn Valley (Newtonmore was visited instead of the Findhorn Valley); December: Ben Rinnes (the Blackwater and Glen Fiddich Hills were climbed in place of Ben Rinnes).





THE COLLECTION FROM HUBER & GILLES BRITIA  
JUNE 24, 1936





FINLAY MACKENZIE

PRESIDENT 1931-34



On the motion of Mr H. Humble, seconded by the President, the age limits for Junior members was altered from 16-18 years to 16-21 years. This concluded the business meeting. The lecturer for the evening was Mr Robert Moyes Adam of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, and his subject was—"Hunting Scottish Mountain Flowers." Mr Adam gave a most interesting talk, and the interest of all present was greatly increased by the wonderful series of lantern slides made by the lecturer from photographs he had taken. The Rev. George Birnie proposed the vote of thanks. Dinner followed, and the following toasts and replies were given:—

"The Club," by Mr A. B. Simpson, Rector of Forres Academy.

Reply—The President, Mr John Geddes.

"Our Guests," Mr H. Bell, Rector of Elgin Academy.

Reply—Rev. J. M. M. Madil, Elgin.

Mr and Mrs Burr sang several songs, and were thanked on the call of Colonel W. T. Johnston, C.B.E., of Lesmurdie.

Mr Humble gave the toast of the President.

The company sang "He is a Jolly Good Fellow."

The President modestly replied.

A very successful meeting finished after midnight with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

71 members and guests were present.

### *Glenmore Meet—April, 1935.*

As in April, 1924, the Club rented Glenmore Lodge, but this time procured the House for a full week—15th to 22nd April.

Early on Monday, John Geddes, the President, arrived in the coal and stores lorry and with him, McClelland, an unemployed young fellow, whose services as "Boots" were so much appreciated. Later in the day Mr E. S. Harrison and Miss Harrison (Lady Vice-President), and David M. Logan arrived.

On Tuesday Colonel Butchart from Aberdeen arrived with two sets of skis projecting through the roof of his taxi, and later on Miss A. V. Stuart arrived in the ship-like side car of a motor cycle.

On Thursday Mr Henderson and his friend Mr Muir from Dunfermline arrived and on Friday the following:—

Mr E. M. Davidson (Secretary), Mr Humble (Vice-President), Miss McBain and Mr R. F. Stobart and on Saturday, Misses Ethel and Rita Fraser, Miss Falconer, Miss Fraser and Dr Beatrice Ogilvie, Messrs Boa, Crowley, Forsyth, Ross, Main, R. Falconer, Ian Borwick and A. E. Dawson.

Several snow climbs were done and much enjoyed, as snow and weather conditions were excellent. The "Couloir" and "Vent" in Coire an Lochan, "Alladin's Corridor" in Coire an t'snechda were successfully accomplished albeit that the "Vent" party consisting of the President, Lady Vice-President, Secretary and two members of committee broke all records for unpunctuality by arriving back at the Lodge two hours late for dinner.

On Sunday we were delighted to be visited by some Elgin friends, including the Past President, Mr Finlay Mackenzie, his wife and daughter.

On the Sunday most of the party were on Cairngorm, either making its summit or practising snow technique. One party, led



by the President, did a snow climb and then descended to the Shelter Stone on Loch Avon. On the way home Miss Ethel Fraser, very suddenly and unexpectedly, gave a demonstration of a sitting glissade and how to stop by use of the ice axe.

The meet was a most successful and happy one, and terminated on the Monday evening. Our thanks and appreciation are due to Mr and Mrs Cameron and staff for the excellent catering and arrangements made at the Lodge.

### *Covesea Meet, 19th May, 1935.*

Fifteen members were present at the meet held at Primrose Bay and the bothy west of Covesea Lighthouse. A few climbs had been worked out previous to the meet, and in these instructions were given in rock climbing technique, the use of the ropes and correct knots used in climbing. A happy day was spent in the Porthole, Tunnel, and Bothy Traverses. Although numerous were the falls, the intricacies and balance movements of the Traverses afforded much amusement. The gallant effort of Humble in girdling the Girdle was loudly applauded.

### *Kinlochewe Meet— 25-26 May, 1935.*

60 MEMBERS and guests travelled by bus and car to Kinlochewe. The bus party arrived on Saturday evening after a pleasant run from Elgin. A halt at Strathpeffer for tea was made en route.

Ideal weather conditions prevailed over the week-end, and the meet was indeed a most happy affair. A word of praise is due here to Mr and Mrs Maclaren of the hotel for the kindness and consideration given to all members and the splendid arrangements made for their accommodation. Their hospitality had a real Highland flavour.

The President rather excelled himself in the way he arranged the sleeping apartments. There was the usual Geddes touch which made things go in that smooth and perfect way so characteristic of all things he does. Yes, even to the extent of putting married couples into single beds, and reserving the most palatial bedrooms with a double bed for himself and the secretary.

The lady vice-president had rather an arduous time. After settling very comfortably into a bed-room a member appeared to claim it, having been advised to do so by the President. Miss Harrison, with her usual consideration for members' comforts, vacated the room, then secured another, when the same performance happened again, and so on until finally she thought of camping out. However, by getting into a room, which was not on the President's plan, and locking the door on the inside, a bedroom was secured.

The following members were on Beinn Eighe:—Misses W. Falconer, M. Fraser, C. Scott, C. Baddon, S. Macaulay, M. Scott, H. Harrison, E. A. Hutcheson and Mrs Boa; Messrs Crowley, Boa, Sim, Melville, Clark, Ronald and Douglas Falconer, Henderson, Muir, Carsewell, Mitchell, Lawrie, D. McGregor, Bell, Mann,



Hutcheon, Symon, Wood, Stewart, and the Secretary. Conboy was reported to be on Liathach with a friend. In the evening they chased a cow down Glen Torridon for 5 miles before capturing the animal so that they might have milk in their tea.

The following members climbed Slioch and Sgurr an Tuill Bhan:—Misses Maclain, Ethel and Rita Fraser, Isobel, Janet, and Christina Banks, N. Shand, Warren, Herd, Laing, Stuart, Mrs Bell and Mrs Dawson; The President, Messrs Humble, Hyslop, Banks, Bowman, A. E. Dawson.

The Grand Old Duke of York has not a look in these days after the style in which Miss MacBain marched her party up the hill and then marched down again.

Ethel and Rita were in the party, and it is rumoured that they almost decided to throw the Duchess into Loch Maree.

Misses J. Duff, M. Wilson, W. Kellas, N. Macdonald and R. Davidson, Mr and Mrs J. D. Dickie, Miss L. R. Anderson and J. R. McKewin spent the day walking near Loch Maree.

Members travelled home by bus and car. The cost of this outing for the bus party, including fare and hotel expenses, was 15s per head. The club is indebted to Mr Hickman for his permission to climb these hills, and takes this opportunity to tender sincere thanks.

### *Braemore and Fannich Meet—23rd June, 1935.*

THE arrangements for a special train by Mr Brumfitt of the L.M.S. made a meet to the Fannich or Braemore Mountains possible, and the early start assured there would be ample time so that members could bag as many Munros as they felt inclined. The early start from Elgin, 7 a.m., was three hours earlier than previous train journeys. This was a very great concession, and only secured through the efforts of Mr Brumfitt, and the club should have made a greater effort to travel by train, so that the outing might have been more profitable to the railway. It is possible this concession may never be given again unless the club gives a financial guarantee. The train party numbered 32 members and guests: — The President, Mr J. Geddes, and Vice-President, Miss H. Harrison, Misses Maclain, Ethel and Rita Fraser, M. Herd, Fowler (guest), J. Laing, Dykes (guest), A. V. Stuart, M. Fletcher, Mrs Fletcher (guest), Mrs and Mr Van Cooten (guests), M. Fraser, W. Falconer, R. Harbinson (guest), I. K. Smith, and Messrs I. Clark, R. Carsewell, J. G. Watt, A. Henderson, Ronald and Douglas Falconer, A. E. Dawson, A. Mitchell, J. McNaughton, J. Hyslop, H. Bell, G. Hay, Sutherland (guest) and the secretary.

Train arrived at Garve 9.15 a.m. Owing to the difficulty created by the road from the junction to near Loch a'Bhraoin being too narrow it was decided at Garve to climb from a mile west of Loch Droma, the bus to go on to the junction and remain there until 7 p.m., then return for the climbers. The following members approached and climbed the Fannichs by the Alt a' Mhadaidh and returned almost the same way with a few exceptions. It is not possible to give the climbing parties, for the excellent good fellowship which exists in the club made it possible for members to be in different parties throughout the day. One bright boy, Ronald, who left his compass in a friend's ruck-sack, let off a few roars when the mist came down



and he found his party had disappeared. Fortunately he was collected by another party, for his shouts were never heard. Beinn Liath Mhor Fannich was visited by the President, A. Henderson, H. Bell, K. Carsewell, G. Clark, J. G. Watt, The Secretary, J. McNaughton, G. Hay, Van Cooten, A. E. Dawson, J. Hyslop, Misses Badden, M. Maclain, M. Herd, G. K. Smith, E. Fraser, A. V. Stuart, Mrs Van Cooten.

Sgurr Mor—All the party mentioned on Beinn Liath Mhor Fannich except Mr Van Cooten. Gordon Hay after reaching the summit of Sgurr Mor descended to the saddle where he joined Mr Van Cooten and returned by pony path to the glen.

Also on Sgurr Mor, the lady vice-president, Miss H. Harrison, Misses R. Henderson, W. Falconer, M. Fraser, and Messrs R. Symon, W. Stewart, G. Wood, A. Mitchell, Ronald and Douglas Falconer.

Carn na Criche—All members mentioned, and late in the afternoon Mr G. K. Main with a returning party.

Sgurr Nan Clach Geala — Ronald and Douglas, Messrs K. Symon, W. Stewart, G. Wood, A. Mitchell, the President, A. Henderson, T. Hyslop, Misses W. Falconer and M. Fraser; also climbing from Loch a' Bhraoin were Geordie Thomson with his father, Mr G. R. Thomson, and Messrs W. T. Davidson, G. K. Main, A. Christie.

Sgurr nan Each—The President, A. Henderson, G. R. Thomson and wee Geordie.

Meall a' Chrasgaidh—Misses M. Herd, G. K. Smith, R. Harbinson, Messrs J. Hyslop, R. Symon, W. Stewart, I. Wood, A. Henderson and the President.

Mr T. M. Crowley and his son were camping near to the Bus Halt and were joined by Dr Brewster and Mr John Gray, who had travelled by car on Sunday.

Miss M. Fletcher and Miss R. Fraser, who had set off for Ben Dearg despite the low mists, were enticed back to join Mr Crowley's party. They climbed Beinn Enaiglair Iorguill an Beinn Dearg. At the Bealach, on the way to Cona Mheall, Miss Fraser and Miss Fletcher descended to Loch a' Choire Granda, then walked across the moor to the road.

Mr Crowley and his party climbed Cona Mheall, and later joined Miss Fraser and Miss Fletcher. With the exception of the member who tried out his vocal chords when the mist came down, the party returned safely from the climb, and so to Garve, where an excellent tea was purveyed by Mrs Mackenzie at the Hotel.

Ronald turned up during the tea hour and received an ovation.

Members travelled home in comfort by train. Forty-one members and friends were present at the meet. The mists were low on the mountains in the morning, but later the sun and winds of summer created magnificent cloud effects on corrie, moor and hillside. The views of the mountains and the wonderland of Western Ross seen from the summits and the ridges and enhanced with the beauty of the clouds, were of rich magnificence and grandeur.



*Newtonmore Meet—27th October, 1935.*

ACCORDING to the Secretary's diary, 52 members and guests were present at this meet. Some names are not recorded because they had not intimated to the Secretary they were to be present. The leaders of the various parties were requested to write a brief account of their climbs so that particulars might be entered in the Journal. Miss MacBain was the one person to do so.

Members present:—Past President, Mr Finlay Mackenzie, and Mrs Mackenzie; the President, Mr John Geddes; Vice-President, Miss H. Harrison; Misses T. Christie, M. Macbain, W. Falconer, E. Fraser, M. Wilson, L. R. Anderson, R. Fraser, Banks, N. Shand, M. Fletcher, R. Harbinson; Messrs T. M. Crowley, H. Humble, A. Henderson, P. Falconer, J. Luckas, A. E. Dawson, Fairweather J. Boa, D. Campbell, A. Mitcheli, G. Hay, Borwick, G. Clark, R. Symon, I. Sim, R. K. Forsyth, Conboy, Watt, D. Falconer, D. G. McGregor, R. Falconer, G. K. Main. Guests:—Messrs Gerredo, Macdonald, Van Cooten, Thorne, Gibson, Downie, Grimes, Horner, Miss Macbain's party, including Miss Fletcher, Messrs R. Falconer, Gibson, Horner, Grimes and Thorne? They climbed Carn Mairg by eastern side of Allt Balloch, and higher up crossed the stream reaching the ridge at its lowest point and thence to the summit. After lunch they continued to Carn Ban, then Carn Balloch where they joined the parties led by Humble and Henderson. The descent was made by the Allt Fionnrich.

Weather: Bad. Mist and rain with fairly strong wind on the summit—patches of snow on the tops, and a promising snow cornice on the ridge between Carn Coul and Mairg.

View: None. White hares and ptarmigan plentiful.

Misses H. Harrison, W. Falconer, A. E. Dawson, Garredo, J. Luckas and the Secretary, ascended Carn Mairg. Members of the party led the climb in turn, doing half-an-hour then changing the lead. The mountain was approached by Gleann Balloch, then ascended to the nick in the ridge between Glas Macoul and Carn Mairg, and along the ridge to the summit. The descent was by the same way as the ascent. A very excellent meal was provided by Main's Hotel.

The comfortable and warm lounge of the hotel, where members gathered after tea, was thoroughly appreciated by all after the wet and cold of the hills. The opportunity was taken to present the club badges, recently designed by Mr E. S. Harrison, to all members at the meet. The President extended a warm welcome to all the guests, and expressed the hope that they had enjoyed the day on the hills. He then paid tribute to the veterans Mr Finlay Mackenzie and Mr T. M. Crowley, for the support they had given to the Club and to the example they had been to all through their love for the mountains. Badge No. 1 was given to Mr Mackenzie and Badge No. 2 to Mr Crowley as a token of the high esteem and respect in which they were held by the Club. Mr Mackenzie, without his kilt, and Mr Crowley with the Mackenzie kilt, created much amusement during the evening.

There was much merriment and singing in the bus on the journey to Elgin, which was reached about 10.20 p.m. The meet was one of the wettest ever experienced by the members, but also one of the happiest.



*Blackwater and Glenfiddich Meet—December, 1935.*

Members present :—The President, Mr J. Geddes, Misses M. Fletcher, Isabel, Christina and Janet Banks, Ethel Fraser, R. Fraser, M. Macbain, Messrs H. Humble, G. Borwick, I. Borwick, Iain Clark, Downie, I. Macdonald, the Secretary. Messrs Macdonald and Fairweather travelled by car to Glen Suidhe and climbed from the glen.

The other members travelled by bus to the Glacks above Dufftown, then walked over the moor to the Scout Hill, Carn alt Chailginn, Cooks Cairn, Corryhabbie, Muckle Lapprach, Carn Bhodach and Muldonich, then descended to Tom Bae where the bus was waiting the party. Perfect weather conditions prevailed. The of snow were crisp underfoot. In the bright sunshine the distant Cairngorms looked particularly attractive. So clear was the atmosphere that one member said that he saw Henderson and Muir climbing out of Coire an t-Sneachda. From the summit of Muldonich the sun was seen to go down between Macdhuil and Cairngorm. Tea was served at Craigellachie Hotel.

*Committee Meeting.*

ON the 31st January, 1936, a meeting of the committee was held at Baileur, Elgin, Mr John Geddes, President of the club, in the chair.

The business transacted at the meeting was the appointment of Mr Henry Humble, Rothes, as President in place of Mr John Geddes, who was due to retire (Rule 5). The appointment of Miss Mae MacBain, Rothes, and Mr T. M. Crowley as vice-presidents in place of Miss Helen Harrison (also due to retire) and Mr Henry Humble. Above to date from the next Annual General Meeting. As a result of these changes, and the retiring of Dr James Bain and Mr Iain Macdonald (Rule 6) 4 new members to committee were to be elected at the Annual Meeting.

It was decided to hold the Annual Business Meeting on 14th February in the Masonic Hall, Elgin, and the Annual Dinner and Lecture on 21st February in the Station Hotel, Elgin. This arrangement was decided on so that members might have plenty of time to discuss club affairs.

The following agenda for the Annual Meeting was decided :

1. Statement from the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer.
2. Electing 4 new members for committee (3 men, 1 lady).
3. Electing Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer.
4. To consider the increase of Annual Subscription to 7/6 for Seniors and 5/- for Juniors, the increase to cover the free issue of the Club Journal to all members.
5. Qualification for membership.
6. Fixing Meets for 1936.
7. Discuss member's proposal that the Annual Dinner should be held at Elgin and Forres in alternate years.

Mr R. F. Stobart intimated that his friend, Mr N. E. Odell, F.R.G.S., member of the 1924 Everest Expedition, had agreed to come to Elgin on 21st February and lecture on "Everest—Past, Present and Future."



*Annual General Meeting—1936.*

THE fourth Annual General Meeting was held in the Masonic Hall, Elgin, on 14th February, 1936, when Mr John Geddes presided over an attendance of thirty members.

The secretary read the minute of the last Annual General Meeting. This was duly approved.

The treasurer gave a report on the balance sheet which showed a credit balance of £10 5s 1d.

In view of the unexpected call on the club funds, the balance of £10 5s 1d was considered very satisfactory.

Mr John Geddes then intimated that as the business under his presidency was concluded he had now very great pleasure in asking Mr Henry Humble, the new President, to take charge of the meeting. He extended a very warm welcome and expressed the hope that he would find the happiness in his new duties which he had found during his term of office. He assured Mr Humble of a very loyal support from all members.

Mr Geddes vacated the chair, shook hands with the new president, and then took his seat with the members. Mr Humble, who was given a very warm ovation, said that whilst he was deeply conscious of the honour conferred, he nevertheless felt that there was very sincere regret in the hearts of all members because Mr Geddes had now retired. During his term of office he had endeared himself to all through his courtesy, tact, thoroughness, and great personal charm. Nothing in regard to club affairs had ever been too much trouble for him to do. The two years through which he had guided the club had seen the bond of good fellowship which existed develop in a marked degree, and he had succeeded in making all feel members of a large, happy family. He hoped when his term of office expired the club would be flourishing as it was to-day. He had very great pleasure in asking members to accord our genial past president a very hearty vote of thanks. This was given with much warmth.

Mr Geddes, in reply, thanked Mr Humble for his kind words and also the members for their appreciation of the things he had endeavoured to do for the club. He assured the members that he would always look back on the years when he was President as some of the happiest times in his life, and also he would like to take the opportunity to pay tribute to the first lady vice-president, Miss Helen Harrison, and her successor, Miss Mae MacBain, and Miss Ethel Fraser of the committee for the very loyal support given at all times. They were all staunch supporters and regular attenders at the meets, and had the interests and welfare of the club at heart. Their assistance had been a very valuable contribution towards the smooth running which characterised all club events.

*Appointment of secretary and treasurer.*—On the motion of the President, Mr Humble, and with the general approval of the members the secretary and treasurer were re-appointed for another year.

*Appointment of new committee members.* — Miss Muriel Fletcher, proposed by Miss Rita Fraser, seconded by Miss Ethel Fraser. Mr James Boa, proposed by Miss Muriel Fletcher, seconded by Miss Helen Harrison. Mr Alex. Henderson, proposed by Mr Henry Humble, seconded by Mr John Geddes. Mr Andrew E. Dawson, proposed by Mr E. M.



Davidson, seconded by Mr R. F. Stobart. Mr Dawson declined because he was too modest to accept the honour. Mr Douglas Falconer was nominated, but owing to his going away to London, Mr Falconer regretted he was unable to accept. Mr Andrew E. Dawson, after some gentle persuasion, agreed to accept the honour which he had formerly declined.

*Annual Subscription.*—Mr T. M. Crowley proposed there be no increase in the Annual Subscription. Miss Mae MacBain rallied to his support and seconded this motion. They carried the day after considerable discussion.

*Qualification for membership.* — Mr John Geddes proposed that no change be made from the existing rules. This was seconded by the secretary. Mostly all members were favourable to the motion.

*Club Journal.*—After a general discussion, it was agreed, on the motion of Mr John Geddes, to publish the second number of the Journal in September, 1936

*Club Meets.*—Glenmore—April; Dundonnell—May; Strathfarrar—June. Autumn meet to be decided at a later date by the committee. Ladder Hill—December.

*Annual Dinner.* — The Annual Dinner for 1937 to be held at Forres.

Lecture on "Everest, Past, Present and Future" (21st February, 1936), by Mr N. E. Odell, reported in full on page

*Annual Dinner.* — Present—Mr Henry Humble, President, and Mrs Humble; Mr N. E. Odell, F.R.G.S.; Col. W. J. Johnston, C.B.E., and Mrs Johnston; Mr and Mrs R. F. Stobart, Mr and Mrs J. Lucas, The Very Rev. Dean Robertson, Mr and Mrs A. E. Dawson, Miss Lindsay, Mr and Mrs G. R. Thomson, Mr Frere, Mr J. McNaughton, Miss Nicoll, Mr and Mrs Halliday, Mr P. T. Wiles, Miss Ross, Miss Mackerron, Mr A. Clark, Miss Rita Fraser, Mr Maclean, Mr John Gray, Mr and Mrs Carswell, Miss Helen Harrison, Mr and Mrs J. D. Dickie, Mr D. Macgregor, Miss S. McAulay, Mr J. Bowman, Miss Barron, Dr Brewster, Mr Wight, Dr and Mrs Bethune, Miss Molly Wilson, Mr McKnight, Miss Ethel Fraser, Mr W. B. Munro, Mr and Mrs Finlay Mackenzie, Mr and Mrs E. M. Davidson, Miss Fraser, Mr Macintosh, Mr and Mrs Burr, Mr Iain Macdonald, Miss Duncan, Mr R. K. Forsyth, Mr and Mrs Watt, Miss W. Kellas, Miss Johnston, Miss L. R. Anderson, Mr and Mrs G. Borwick and Mr Iain Borwick, Mr D. Campbell, Mr and Mrs James Boa, Miss J. Christie, Miss Mae McBain, Mr T. M. Crowley, Mr A. B. Simpson, Mr Downie, Miss Muriel Fletcher, Miss Burgess, Miss Margaret Macdonald, Mr Ian Clark, Miss R. M. Davidson, Mr Houston Ross, Mr John Geddes. Mr Wm. Marshall, Nethybridge, was present at the lecture, but had to leave immediately afterwards. A number of members attended the lecture and also their friends, but they did not remain to dinner.

#### *Dundonnell Meet—31st May, 1936.*

DEPARTURE 5 A.M. from Elgin by bus. Return Fare 6/6; Tea 3/-. Bus Party—The President Mr H. Humble, vice-president Miss M. McBain, Misses A. Shand, M. Fletcher, L. R. Anderson, J. Rothnie, I. M. Banks, M. Wilson, W. Falconer; Messrs J. G. Watt, A. Henderson, I. Clark, A. E. Dawson, J. Davidson Dickie, I. Borwick, W. Mitchell, E. M. Davidson, P. Falconer, M. Holm, J. A. Hyslop, Mr and Mrs G. Borwick. Guests—Messrs



D. Thorne, R. Tate, M. Nokals, A. Brebner, S. G. McGregor, Master Coull. By car on Sunday—Dr Brewster, Mr Wight, Misses J. Duff, E. Fraser, R. Fraser, Dr Beatrice Ogilvie, Mr and Mrs Selbie, Messrs S. Macaulay, M. H. Robertson, C. A. Baddon, Mr D. McGregor. By car on Saturday and staying at Dundonnell Inn—Mr J. Stuart and Miss A. V. Stuart, Edinburgh; Mrs A. E. Dawson, Mr John Geddes, Miss H. Harrison. By car on Saturday and camping — Misses A. M. and M. C. Donaldson, Aberdeen; Messrs T. M. Crowley, J. Luckas, J. Boa, A. C. Clark, I. Sim, I. McKnight, S. McLintock. Guests—Messrs Reid and Macmillan.

The bus arrived at the branch road to Strath na Sheallag about 9 A.M. Climbing parties were arranged beforehand, but owing to Mr Cowley having a longer morning swim in the burn than usual and Mr Luckas having an extra cup of tea, there had to be a slight re-arrangement of parties. The President and Mr A. Henderson led parties from the Sail Liath end and traversed all the tops. Miss Maclain's party ascended by the Glas Mheall Liath ridge to Bidean a Glas Tuill, then traversed all the tops to Sail Liath. The Secretary's party ascended to the loch and by the Cadha Gobhlach Pass to the ridge, and traversed the ridge in the wake of Henderson and the President. Messrs Crowley, Luckas and Boa were met on the ridge and explained their non-appearance in the morning.

Mr Geddes and his party ascended from the Hotel by Glas Mheall Mor, to Bidean a Glas Tuill and traversed the ridge south to Sail Liath. An unexpected Re-Union was held at the Pantomine Corner. A small crane, blocks and tackle and chair are to be erected there for the next Re-Union. It is rumoured that the past president was so greatly enamoured with the ladies in his party that he left his climbing rope on the summit of Sail Liath. This he remembered at the base of the mountain. He had a *lone* climb to retrieve it. Messrs A. Clark, I. Sim, Reid and Macmillan ascended by Sail Liath and traversed all the tops. Messrs A. E. Dawson, J. Davidson Dickie, J. G. Watt, G. Borwick and Master Coull, after ascending Sgurr Fiona via Glas Mheall Mor and Bidean a Glas Tuill, descended to the loch from the Saddle.

Mrs Borwick and party were on Bidean a Glas Tuill. Miss E. Fraser and party ascended the mountain by the path so far, and had an easy day. Tea was provided at the Dundonnell Inn. Later members returned by bus and car to Morayshire. The bus stopped near the junction for ten minutes so that members could view the Falls Measach. The bus party were rather merry. Capt. Borwick almost lifted the roof off the bus with the volume of sound which flowed from his strong lungs. The mountain air is a marvellous tonic.

### *Glen Strathfarrar Meet—21st June, 1936.*

DEPARTURE from Elgin by bus at 6 A.M. Bus Fare 5/-. Tea at Delmore 1/-. Bus Party—President, Mr H. Humble; Lady Vice-President, Miss Mae McBain; Messrs A. E. Dawson, S. G. MacGregor, A. Henderson, I. Borwick, D. MacGregor, I. Clark, E. M. Davidson, Misses M. Fletcher, E. Fraser, R. Fraser, J. Rothnie, A. V. Stuart, A. Shand, I. M. Banks, W. M. Kellas, R. M. Davidson, M. C. Macdonald, S. McAulay, W. Falconer, L. R. Anderson, H. Harrison, Mrs Borwick. Guests—Misses



Hilda and Irene Fletcher, J. Macdonald, J. Haggerty, Crichton, A. Rose.

It was impossible to find out the names of the members who travelled by car. The following were present:—Misses A. M. and M. C. Donaldson, who left Aberdeen at 3 A.M. to be in time for the meet; Miss C. A. Baddon, Mr Iain Macdonald, with guests R. Gordon, Wm. Stephen, R. L. Wiseman, I. Paterson. Mr Ian Sim with R. Melville, H. Gray and M. MacClumpha camped in Glen Cannich on Saturday evening and motored to Strathfarrar on Sunday. They had rather an arduous time pushing their car up and down the glen road before the engine started, a result of the battery failing to function. Messrs J. A. Hyslop, D. Banks, W. Forsyth, who were on a cycling tour to Skye via Glen Affric, camped in Glen Strathfarrar, and climbed Sgurr Ruadh on Sunday.

Dr Brewster, Messrs A. Lawrie, D. Campbell, J. Gray arrived by car after the bus party had started for the hill. Dr Brewster was reported to be on Sgurr Ruadh, Mr A. Lawrie to have gone so far up the mountain, and Messrs Campbell and Gray to the loch. Gray, it is remembered, could not wear his braces for a week, nor sit comfortably, as a result of too much sunbathing. Mr Murdoch Holm was present with a friend Mr Williams. Messrs Brebner, Millar, Thorne were also present.

Mr Conboy and a friend were reported to be in the Glen, but they must have been further west, because they were not seen. Messrs Reid and Macmillan were possibly two of the most fortunate members. They managed to motor up to Deanie. Mr A. E. Dawson possesses the quality which is so essential to mountaineering—forethought. He had his bicycle tied on to the bus, and had a very pleasant cycle run to Deanie, then climbed Sgurr Ruadh alone. The day was really too hot for climbing. Members who made the ascent of Sgurr Ruadh were Misses H. Harrison, A. V. Stuart, A. M. and M. C. Donaldson, M. McBain, I. Banks, M. Fletcher, The President, Messrs A. Henderson, D. Banks, J. A. Hyslop, W. Forsyth, S. Millar, S. G. MacGregor, Mr Iain Macdonald's party, A. E. Dawson, Reid, Macmillan, The Secretary, and others whose names have not been recorded. Many walked to Deanie and made a short ascent, then returned to Struy.

The return journey by the bus party was made in the evening with a stop at Delmore Road House for tea. This was thoroughly appreciated by the members. It was a pleasure to meet again, a member who was a frequent attender at meets in the early days—Miss Flora MacGilvray, now Mrs Green of Delmore. Later, the bus arrived in Elgin after a very pleasant run. To come all the way from Edinburgh to attend club meets shows a fine spirit and love for the mountains and also loyalty to the club. Such is the record of Miss A. V. Stuart, whom we are always very happy to have with us.

#### *Overnight Meet on Ben Rinnes—25th-26th July.*

To see the sunrise from the hilltop eight members of the club along with three friends made the ascent of Ben Rinnes overnight. They were Misses E. Fraser, R. Fraser, E. Mitchell, C. McGeorge, M. and I. Fletcher; Messrs F. Mitchell, J. Conboy, I. Clark, I. Borwick and C. Macdonald.



Seven chose the route by the north side of the hill while the others climbed from Glen Rinnes.

About 12.30 a.m. one party set out from Westerton Farm. A warm westerly wind was blowing and though cloudy it was sufficiently clear to determine the route. Scurran of Well was reached about 2 a.m., where the climbers remained on the lee side of the rocks for one and a half hours. At 2.45 a.m. dawn was heralded by a flame-coloured streak which gradually stretched eastwards from the Binn Hill of Cullen. In the grey light of morning the party moved on to the summit where they joined those who had climbed from Glen Rinnes.

A thick mist rolled up, completely obscuring the view, so that at 4.30 a.m. some decided to descend. About 500 feet down the mist cleared to reveal the silvery water of the Moray Firth and then the glorious sight of the sun as it crept up from behind a cloud. Unfortunately for those who kept vigil at the top the atmosphere was still very hazy when they struck camp at 5.30 a.m., the object of their endeavours seemingly defeated till they got below the vapoury mass. In the warm sunshine the descent into the purple-clad valley was very pleasant.

Climbing conditions were remarkably good; there was no rain in spite of the fact that in lower Moray several showers fell during the night; and the temperature on the summit seemed little below the average at the height of any day on Ben Rinnes.

It was unanimously agreed that the experience had been well worth while, the only regret being that so few members of the club had joined in this, the first, midnight meet.

M. F.

### *Glenmore Meet—April, 1936.*

THIS year we could only book the Lodge from Thursday, 16th to Monday, 20th April.

On Thursday Mr Geddes, past president, Mr and Mrs Harrison, the Misses Harrison, and Mr E. Harrison, jun., Miss Welsh, Dr and Mrs Geddie, Muriel Spiers and Kenneth Geddie, from Accrington; Mrs and Miss Hamilton, Mrs Borwick, Miss Ethel Fraser and Mr E. M. R. Thompstone, Miss Wilma Hay and Miss Donaldson were the house party.

On Friday a party consisting of Miss Donaldson, Miss Hay, Miss Hamilton, Mr Harrison, jun., Mr Thompstone and led by Mr John Geddes did the "Aladdin's Corridor" snow climb in Coire an t'Snechda, Cairngorm. The snow was deep and very soft, making for heavy going.

On Friday, Mr Humble, the new President, Mr G. S. Mackay, Mr Borwick and Ian, Miss McBain and Mr Watt arrived at the Lodge and by Saturday the house was full with the arrivals of Misses Wilson, Fletcher, W. Falconer, N. Falconer, Rothnie, R. Fraser, and Messrs Davidson, Clark, Falconer, Holmes, D. Davidson, Stalker, Goodall, Henderson and Macmillan.

On Sunday the "Vent" climb was done with Mr Henderson leading, and the "Couloir" with Mr Humble leading. Other parties made the summit, whilst others contented themselves by walking to the Nethy by Rebhoan Pass and "Green Lochy," Loch an Eilean, etc.



The snow climbers were very late in returning to the Lodge, due to the very soft condition of the snow making slow going. The weather, too, was squally, with blizzards of hail and snow, and towards evening a very dense mist came down.

The evening in the Lodge was very jolly. Parlour games and an impromptu concert were held, whilst the ladies played bridge. So serious a game was it apparently that one night they fled for peace to the "Boudoir"—the President and Past President's bedroom, and finding it unoccupied played there. The winners were teased that they made their expenses out of their winnings!

There was much snow and the views of the white-clad Cairngorms from the Lodge will not readily be forgotten.

All were sorry to leave on Monday.

Mr and Mrs Cameron and staff were kindness itself and catered for a large and hungry crowd most efficiently.

### *Lossiemouth to Findhorn—30th August, 1936.*

THE Secretary met himself at the bus terminus, and walked to near Primrose bay. He returned to Lossiemouth, bathed at the Hythe and home at 2 p.m. Conditions cloudy, strong westerly wind, visibility poor. It was rumoured that Crowley and Duncan Campbell swam across the bay from Findhorn to Burghead, hoping to meet a few members and escort them to Findhorn. They were disappointed when nobody turned up, so they ran back to their base in case it rained.

THE PTARMIGAN.

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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR First President, Finlay Mackenzie, is the subject of our portrait again. We find that he has changed so greatly since our last issue that we feel sure our members would appreciate another photograph. It is by Mr B. Wilken of Elgin.

Mr Alex. B. Beattie's four landscapes illustrate points in his article. The exquisite study of a Red Deer Calf was taken at over 3000 feet above the sea level. The others, as well as being most interesting landscapes, illustrate technical points. Scurr Nan Gillean, in Skye, shows the use of a slow shutter in treating running water. Loch Coruisk, the value of reflections in breaking a difficult line. The Larig Ghru, the use of a tree in the composition.

The panorama of the Challichs was taken during the club excursion by Mr Andrew Dawson. In the foreground Mr Borwick meditates on the frailty of human nature.

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