

limbs made outside  
the backing of M. M. P.

Sat. 24<sup>th</sup> May, 1933.

BEN AIGEN, 1544.

Rita, Jimmy Bowman & I left Elgin with the 2.30 bus this afternoon, and went to the junction of the Keith Road. Here we left the bus, crossed the river & began our climb of Ben Aigen.

It was very warm & I found the first part of the climb rather stiff as I was very puffy. However, we took our time & eventually arrived at the summit. The wind was fairly strong here & we were forced to descend a little way & find shelter before we could take our tea. The view going up Ben Aigen is really beautiful one gets such lovely views of the Spey Valley right down to the coast. We were very much amused at the number of trains we saw from the summit. They seemed to be running in all directions.

After tea, we wandered down in the direction of Craigellachie. Looking through the Ardilly woods we saw a few young birds, grouse & chicks running about the path. They were lovely. We walked on down the Rother Road & finally got a bus which took us home to Elgin where we

we were just in time to escape the  
chores which came on. Jimmy left  
us at hinkwood hood - I went along  
with Rita for tea, having enjoyed the  
outing very much.



ON BEN AIGEN, MAY 1933.



SUMMIT OF GOATFELL.



SUMMIT OF GOATFELL.



BRODICK BAY FROM SUMMIT OF GOATFELL.



210851. J.V.

THE SUMMIT OF GOATFELL, BRODICK.



210849. J.V.

Goatfell and North Goatfell from Ben Tarsuinn, Brodick

Sat. 14th. Aug. 1933.

GOATFELL, 2,866

It wasn't too good a morning when we set off for Goatfell, but we were determined to go as the weather had prevented us setting out on Tues. After making our breakfast we caught the bus to Loch Ranza & arriving there we had to change to another bus & had some little time to wait. Just as we entered the second bus (or very up-to-date one) the rain came on very heavily & the roof had to be closed.

We were set down at the end of the road leading up to Goatfell, & we found notice boards erected at one or two points saying "To Goatfell" so there was no difficulty in finding the way. Before we started the ascent proper Rita dumped her spare shoes in a bush until we should return. The path all the way up was indicated by cairns so that it was very easy to find the way. After such a lot of rain as we've had all the week we found the streams very swollen, but managed to get across them all. We met a party coming down, they must have been early on the road this morning.

There is a bit of stiff climbing at the top of Goatfell, but we were well rewarded by the glorious view from the top, but had only a very few

minutes to enjoy it. when the mist came  
down we were completely enveloped. It  
started to rain too, so we found a little  
shelter, but nothing much. The wind was  
pretty high and we were jolly cold, but simply  
had to stay there till the mist lifted & we  
could see our way down. We fell in with  
a little girl of about 12 or 13 who had got  
separated from her father, but she didn't seem  
to worry & apparently was quite at home  
on the hills.

We enjoyed the descent, & found  
we had a long walk to Boodick where  
we reached the foot, & we were quite  
ready for our tea in Woolley which  
he did full justice to. On arriving  
home at Altoplach we were greeted by  
waving of towels etc. & great hilarity  
& had to give a full account of our day.



Monday, 2nd July, 1934.

GAIRN GORM, 4084

Beautiful morning when we met at  
the Plainstone - Mr. Christie, Mr. Stevenson,  
Jack, Rita + I. We had a lovely sun. to  
Islenmore, but unfortunately I was very  
sick. Going up the Slugan we were  
stopped at the galls + told we could not  
go without a permit. However, after a little  
to do we got through - to see the Camerons  
at Islenmore!

We found Cairngorm very easy to  
climb, there being a path practically all  
the way + we took the Tourist Route, not  
the route we took in April. It was a  
glorious day + perfectly clear so that we  
got magnificent views all the way up.  
When we reached the Caion, however, the  
wind was very strong + bitterly cold, so  
we had to don all our extras, +  
descend a little to the rocks where we  
found shells to have a meal, but oh  
it was cold. We then carried on down  
till we could all hock avon + we  
sat for a long time enjoying the view  
of hock avon + the Rheta's Stone with hock  
Etchachen 600 feet above + Ben Macdhuie  
towering over all with her snow-  
wreaths still lying white although it

is now the height of summer.

We then climbed back to the top of the Corries & walked along the edge of them, & from here we had a magnificent view of Loch Morlich & Glenmore, well described as one of the greatest views of the Cairngorms. We found some lovely pieces of rock which we took home with us, & I also brought a little fern. We had great fun doing a little "terrace-walking" & finally got on the ridge for the return.

On reaching Loch Morlich we were entertained to tea by the Academy boys who were camping there, & enjoying themselves immensely. We reached Elgin about 10.30 after a fairly enjoyable day amid the high hills, even though we have still not attained our great desire - namely, to visit the Shelter Stone.



LOCH MORLICH, FROM CAIRNGORM.



LOCH AVON, & BENN MEADHAIN.



BENN MEADHAIN, FROM CAIRNGORM.



CAIRN ETECHACHAN, WITH A GLIMPSE OF  
LOCH ETECHACHAN BEYOND.



AT THE SUMMIT GAIRNGORM.

Sunday, 30th. Sept. 1934.

DEN HIGEN, 1934.

Muriel & I left Elgin with the 2.35 bus, & despite a threat of rain when we left Elgin we had a great afternoon & it kept up beautifully. There was a fairly strong wind blowing, but otherwise conditions were very good, & we got a splendid view all round. The country was looking lovely, with the autumn tints beginning to show. We had a snack near the summit & a long rest admiring the view, after which we carried on down into Craighallach, but did not enter the village, choosing instead to come down by the railway line which cut off a good stretch of road. The bus overtook us just as we were entering Rothes & we were back in Elgin shortly after seven.



Sat. 17<sup>th</sup>. Aug. 1935.

I arrived at Alltshellach about 4 pm. after a somewhat tedious journey, although I enjoyed the run along by Loch Earn immensely.

At the house I was greeted by the Host, Mrs. Mallinson & the Stokes, Miss Bickle. Mrs. Mallinson then showed me to my room, where I had a wash & tidy up, but could not get changed as my cases had not arrived.

Dinner was at 4.30, & I was rather surprised to find that the great majority of guests were English, & it was rather interesting listening to their talk, their views & their outlook on life. After dinner Mrs. Mallinson & I walked down to the Inn & came back in time for the evening's entertainment. This consisted of games & music in the Common Room. We played "Bigamy", danced the Ballachulish Hop. Paul Jones sang some of the songs, listened to ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> sing "Hinder Hear" & Annie sing "Comin' through the Rye". Then Miss Bickle amused us with the Mocking Bird & after singing again we retired to bed at 10.30.

As two of the beds in my

rooms were evidently occupied, I waited  
some time for the girls to come in, but  
fell asleep before they had done so +  
found next day that they were away for  
the Sunday. I had a splendid sleep +  
woke quite early, rose + admired the  
view from the window, it was really a  
treat, + then went back to bed till  
the rising-bell went at 8.15.

Breakfast was a jolly meal +  
I found a Glasgow girl <sup>now</sup> <sup>in the Common Room at 10.30</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>Mr. Mallinson,</sup> <sup>now</sup> <sup>staff</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Common</sup> <sup>Room</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>10.30</sup> <sup>now</sup>  
felt more at home. + I went to Church at Orisk at 11.30 +  
had to leave before the end of the service in  
order to get back for lunch at 1 pm. In  
the afternoon we did as we pleased and  
at 4.30 tea was dispensed in the Common  
Room, the gentlemen serving, clearing  
away, + washing up. Then Miss  
Bickle took a party for a ramble, I  
had cleared up + was a lovely evening -  
I enjoyed the walk very much. We  
were just in time for supper when  
we got back, in fact we had to rush.

The evening was spent in a  
discussion "Has Art or Science contributed  
most to human happiness." It was very  
interesting + lasted till fully 10.30.



Monday rising bell went at 1/45,  
breakfast at 8.30. It was quite a good  
morning, with just a little mist on the  
hill-tops. We crossed the ferry, & then got  
the bus through Glenoe. Buihaille Slieve  
was a pretty stiff climb, but I thoroughly  
enjoyed the rock scramble. At the top  
the mist came down, but all the way up  
we had topping views. It was not at  
all cold at the summit & we stayed  
there a considerable time. The descent  
was rather exciting, first a long scree  
slope & then down the bed of a river  
(dry) over huge boulders. We had tea  
at a cottage, very welcome, then got  
to the main road to await the bus.  
Some of the gayer spirits danced &  
carried on at a good rate, much to  
the amusement of passing cars.

In the evening the entertainment  
took the form of indoor sports - Potato race,  
kneeling race, walking on honey-tins, & then  
the Scotch element had to demonstrate an  
heighsome Reel and the English tried one  
after us, which was really very funny.

Tuesday, rising bell went at  
1/15, breakfast at 8. The Skye party set  
out first, then all the others took bus to

Norman Kemp, A. & B. dividing there. Our party (A) set off for Ben Kell, going up via the waterfall. All the way up the views were magnificent, even better than yesterday as we had the lochs, with the hills as a background. This was a totally different climb from yesterday, starting off with a boggy patch, then grassy slopes all the way. Just as we reached the summit the mist came down & blotted out our view, so we did not stay long, but came down a bit & had lunch looking down into Glen Scaddle - a most wonderful view. Then we descended into the Glen & had a long rest at a rocky pool, where we bathed our feet. After that it was a long walk back to Ardross for tea at the Hotel.

The first part of the evening was devoted to a recital of Gramophone records of the first ascent of the Malin Tor. A Beetle Drive was supposed to be the next item, but time was too short & instead we had some singing, etc to bed.

Wednesday, rising bell went at 7.45 today. Breakfast at 8.30. It was a fine morning, with promise of a good day, but likelihood of showers.

Skyl party (day trip), + Staffa, Jona, +  
Inverary parties set off at their various  
times. Miss Bickle, Joy, Jenny + I set  
off about 10 for Glen Affric. We did enjoy  
the run up the Canal, the locks were  
looking lovely in the sunlight. We had  
various stops to admire specially beautiful  
parts. When we got to the Glen, it began  
to rain + came down very heavily for  
some time. Previous to this we had our  
lunch at the side of the Drumadochit  
Rd. opposite to where I had tea with  
the Duttons last week. Even in the rain  
Glen Affric looked lovely + we sat a long  
time admiring a couple of heron who  
seemed to be enjoying the rain.

All then carried on to Inverness  
where we had to call at the home of the  
assistant manager's mother. We stayed  
there about 15 minutes + strange to say  
I found <sup>later</sup> that that was Eppie Mascoe's  
home. Next we called at Skethelby, the  
A.F. Guest House, + from there started on  
our homeward journey, coming down  
the east side of the Canal this time,  
a very rough road, but very pretty.  
By this time we found we were going  
to be late, + poor Miss Bickle had to step

on it very heavily. We did not reach  
Alltshelack till 9.30 - just an hour late,  
but we got our dinner after the others had  
finished. It was a most enjoyable day,  
& the English folks were very thrilled  
with all they saw.

Thursday, rising bell at 7.45,  
breakfast at 8. I was awake early this  
morning & had a look out - a most  
wonderful morning, not a scrap of  
mist on any of the peaks, it was a  
real feast of beauty. As I write this  
it is 9.15 p.m. & still they are all  
as clear as can be; it has been a  
truly marvellous day.

After breakfast we had our  
photos taken on the lawn, & then "A"  
party set out for the fanny. Getting over,  
we started off on our walk up  
Glen Chaolais, then climbing up to Sgorr  
Dhonnill <sup>(3,284)</sup> over a very narrow ridge. It  
seemed a long way to the summit, there  
were so many humps, but at last we  
reached it & had lunch there & a good  
rest.

Again we set off, this time  
for Sgorr Dhearg (3,362). A drop of 500 feet

Took us down a grassy slope, & then the ascent was up a stoney rise to the summit. It was loully up there, the views being magnificent, very peak as clear as could be. Again we had a rest, & then began the descent, which was not at all difficult, being grassy all the way.

I found today jolly strenuous, & have decided to go "B" to-morrow, so that I'll not be too tired for going home on Sat.

The evening consisted of a treasure hunt, & a play-reading, the latter being very amusing.

Friday, rising bell 4.45, breakfast 8.30. Another great day, a little mist on the hills in the morning, but it cleared away later. As decided I went "B" today, which, however, was really a minor "A" party & we had a jolly strenuous day. We set out, but only 6 of us finished the course. I found "B" a much jollier party than "A", & we had some good fun. First of all we did Mann na Cuallain, & then carried on for some distance before we stopped for lunch as we wanted to have a stream

near us. It was very hot & we were all glad of the rest, enjoyed our lunch, had a sing-song & a snooze. Our leader allowed us a long interval & I felt quite refreshed when we set off again. Miss Bickel & others descended into the valley while we six Mrs. Mrs. Mallinson, Annie, ~~Ann~~, Mollie, Dixie & myself carried onto Beinn na Lallaich. It was a most delightful ramble & we all were quite glad we had not given in.

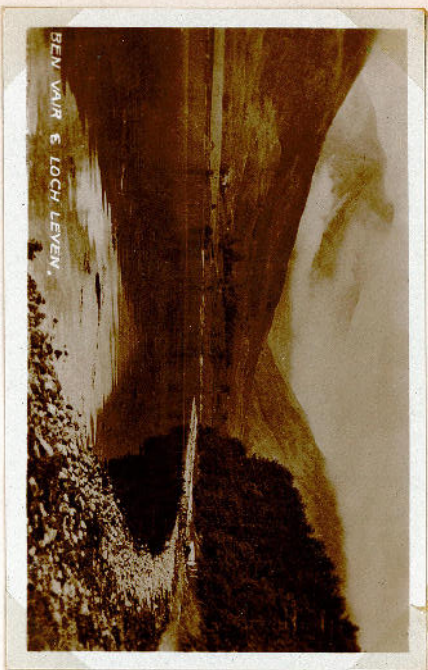
The view was really great, Loch Reven lying below, with the ribbon of road winding round the shores, & cars, bikes, & ~~hills~~ passing & re-passing each other.

The descent was rather tedious, but Mrs. Mrs. M. & I found a path of sorts (very rough & stoney) for some distance. The others scrambled down the face - rather steep, & we rejoined them further down. The latter part of the descent was awful - a stoney path again which zig-zagged till one was almost dizzy. I don't think anyone could have done this descent with shoes, boots were practically a necessity. Further on we joined the Cairnigvor path, which

took us down into Kinlochleven, in  
which place I was very disappointed.  
It ~~like~~ lies in a lovely situation on  
the head of Loch Leven but is utterly  
spoilt by the smoke & fumes from the  
Aluminium works, & some of the streets  
were just like slums & so depressing.

We were all glad of Tea, which  
we had to swallow quickly in order  
to catch the bus, & the run home was  
simply perfect. The reflections of the  
mountains in the loch, especially  
Bidean Nam Bian were marvellous, I  
don't know that I have ever seen  
anything to beat it.

So ends my last excursion  
at "Allshellaich" & I have enjoyed  
the week immensely. The weather  
could not have been better & I have got  
the benefit of all those lovely views.



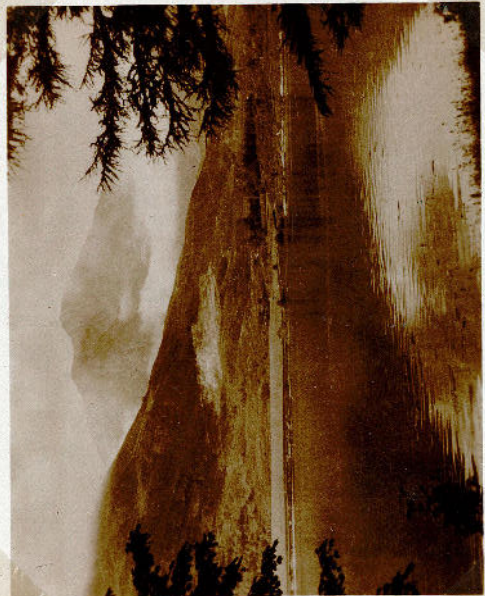
BEN MAIR & LOCH LEVEN.



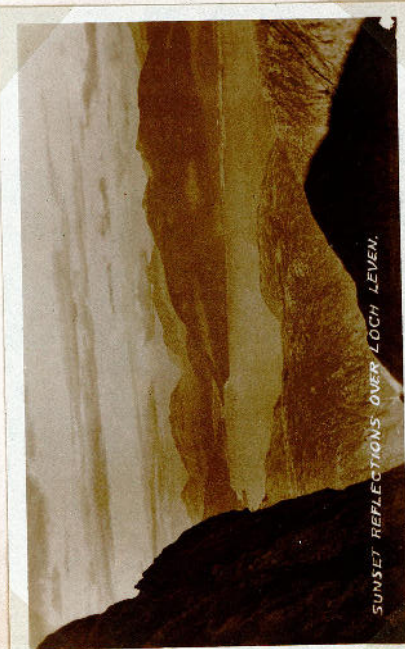
SUMMIT OF BEN MAIR.



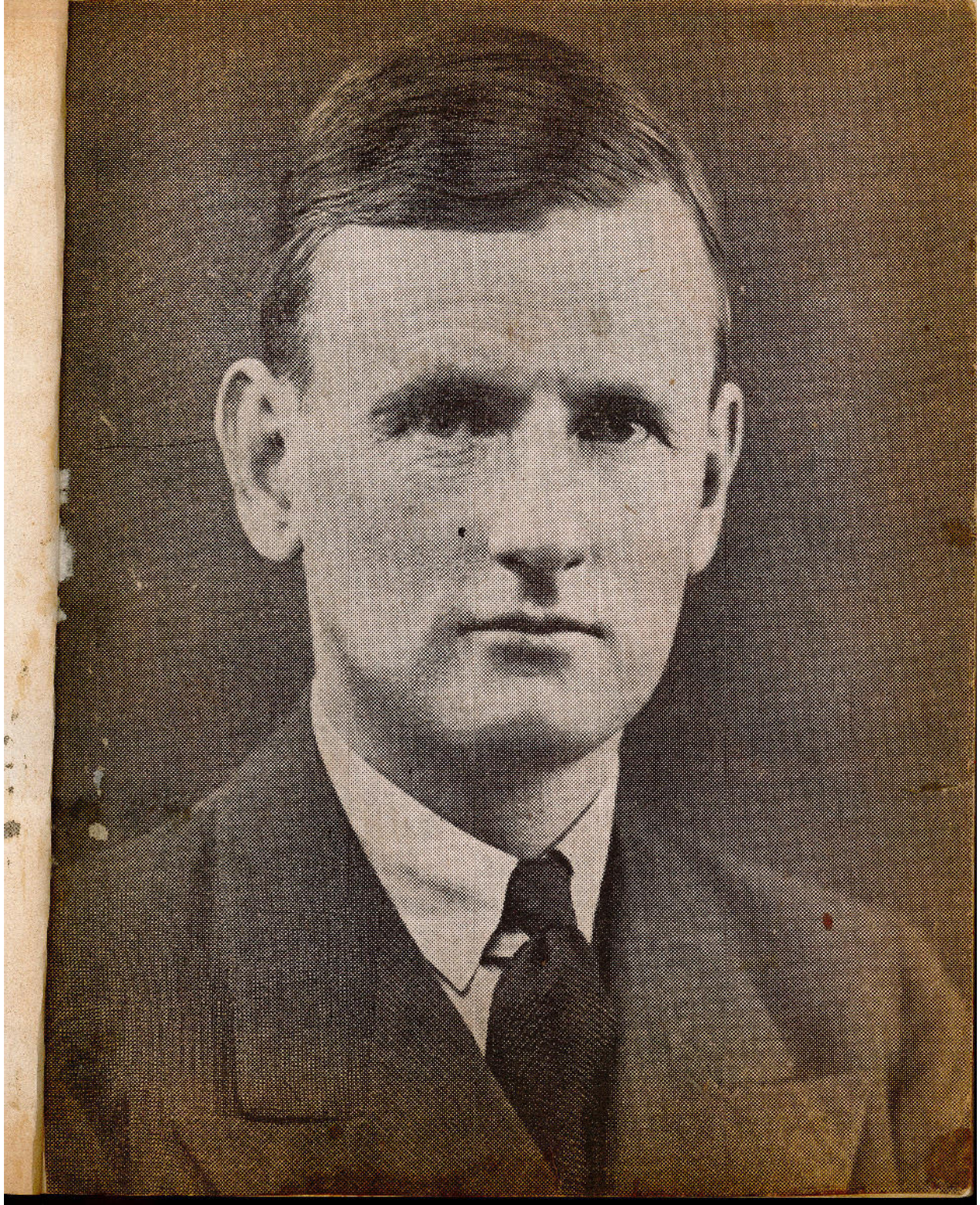




GLENCOE HILLS FROM GALLERY.



SUNSET REFLECTIONS OVER LOCH LEVEN.



Sat. 18th. May, 1937.

Ben Rinn

Miss. Harrison, Muriel, Kila  
I set off this afternoon to climb  
Ben Rinn. The morning was very  
dull, but it cleared up a lovely day,  
was very hot for climbing, in fact  
I never found it so warm at the  
summit of the Ben before. We were  
able to lie beside a snow patch  
& sun ourselves for over an hour.  
We all enjoyed the outing and return-  
ed to Kelgo about 8 pm.

Sat. 23rd May 1937.

The Mammoth Moor

Party:

Miss. Harrison.

Miss. Anderson

Muriel

Bonnie

Rita

Ethel.

We took the 2.20 train to  
Knockando for the start of our walk.  
It was an splendid day with a  
delightful breeze, and we had a  
thoroughly enjoyable outing, and  
we re all disgusted with the hard  
road when we joined it above  
Binnie where we were to get the  
bus. I was very sleepy coming  
home & pretty tired, so it was  
good an outlook for the Corrie-park.

Sat. 2nd July - Mon. 4th July 1938.

Harig Shou

At last I have accomplished a long-wished for desire - walked through the Harig Shou.

Miss. Anderson, Miss. Hood, Kilo & I left Elgin with the 2.20 train, reaching Aberdeen shortly after 5, where we had tea & then got the train for Ballater, thence by bus to Poraeman which we reached at 8.45. The sky by now was pretty dubious looking & we got a slight smirr of rain before we had been long on the road, but we passed through it & although we could see it raining round and round that was all we got till 9 a.m. on Sunday, just before we left the Harig.

Our first pause was on kin of Corriemulzie where we had a snack, & then carried on to the kin of Dee. Here we watched a fishes for a short time, read the notice to lifes-loups and then proceeded to our grand adventure.

We did not halt again till we reached Derry Lodge at midnight. We now had our supper & then lay down on the heather & had a rest for an hour. It was a warm night with only an occasional suggestion of a breeze but I had been so warm walking that I soon felt cold lying, & moreover we appeared to have chosen an ant-hill on which to sleep - and that was not very pleasant. We lay here for an hour, then set off again & found we had to go through a wood which was rather dark & eerie, & had it not been for our torches we could hardly have found our way. At last, however, we were through the wood and over the stream to where the path divides for being there & being on hoarings. It was now fairly dark, but we carried on till 2 am. and the bridge across the Lurbeq Burn. Here again we rested for an hour beside some gaunt, dead trunks of trees.

which looked as if they were relics  
of some battlefield.

When we rose this fine  
day had broken & we could now  
have no difficulty in finding the  
paths. Altho an experience it was,  
walking through those desolate, desolate  
old acres with never a sign of  
human being, in the early hours  
of a lovely morning. Before us  
was Beinn Bhrotain & on our  
right Cair a Bhainne & then, when  
we had round the corner, the length  
of the pass before us, and the  
mists of morning slowly lifted  
from each hill-top till every peak  
was as clear as could be.

Opposite Comharr Bothery we  
rested and had breakfast - 4 am.  
No sign of life at the bothy, but  
we could pick out a white patch  
which we took to be a tent  
pitched along side the wall.  
No time was now beginning to  
die & we saw several deer

As we trudged, past the lovely  
entrance to Isen Gensachan,  
past the Devil's Point, to the mouth  
of Coire Brochain, still shrouded  
in mist, but this very kindly  
lifted for an instant to allow  
us see the infant Dee plunging  
down from its lofty cradle on  
the plateau of Poraerach.

Then over those awful boulders  
to the Pools of Dee, clear, icy, and  
most refreshing after our long trudge.  
Rita & I loaded John in the  
water, for with him we made  
our first acquaintance of these pools  
and he are all so sorry about  
his recent accident and hope  
it will not be an end of his  
climbing days.

Thus we came, past the  
March Burn to the summit of  
the pass. Miss Hood took some  
Snapshots & we lingered long, looking  
down into the lovely valley of  
Rocheimurchus. By now the sun  
was quite high & the effect of the



Rainbow Screens of Ben Macdhuin was simply wonderful. I could not tear my eyes from them & was for a time missing my foot holds.

Where the path crosses the stream <sup>for the last time</sup>, we lay down on the rocks & had a sleep, to be awakened by rain, but the shower soon passed, & we came at last to that delightful grassy spot by the Cairngorm Footbridge. All those long miles this grassy place had been in my mind as the place where it would be delightfully soft to lie & slumber, but no sooner had we got settled than a terrific shower came on & we were forced to find shelter under the trees. Shortly after this, (I omitted to mention) just as we emerged from the hazy <sup>haze</sup> we met Jacob, Jesse & McGeorge sitting off for Macdhuin, so we bethought for a while, wished them "good climbing" & carried on.

how it made for Leysan  
Mrs. Barrows where we received  
very hospitality, such a dinner  
and then BED to sleep for 12  
solid hours + waken fresh as  
daisies. Breakfast, two miles  
walk to Aviemore + so home  
by train to Elgin. A wonderful  
outing, long anticipated, and  
now a lasting memory.

Sat. 30th Aug Sunday 21<sup>st</sup>. 1938.

Ben Homond.

Sat. had been a most un-promising day - squally showers and heavy lowering sky.

However, at 10 pm. Rita, Billy & I set off by bus to Balmaha. All the way hikers were coming on and getting off, and Rita & I were terribly amused at two young nippers who came on loaded up with haversacks bigger than themselves.

By now it was a great night, very dark, but still and starry, the Plough before us, and Jupiter like a young sun, at our backs. No sound save that of our own heavy boots, and the lapping of the hoch water. At one point Billy stopped to flash his lantern on the rocks & it was as clear as glass, we could see right to the bottom.

So on we went to Rowardean, our jumping off place

Billy lit his stove & made tea  
after which we tucked ourselves in  
& lay down in the slings by the  
"bonnie bonnie banks" & had a ~~sleep~~  
Jupiter made a path of light  
across the water of the loch, a  
thing I've never seen a star do  
before. And now the moon was  
up, at our backs, and thus we  
slept till 11 am.

A beautiful morning with  
moonlight till daylight came through  
& then the first heralds of the rising  
sun, a magnificent sight, never  
to be forgotten. Both Lamond lay  
at our feet, calm & peaceful. We  
might have been in a world, un-  
inhabited save for our three selves,  
till nature began to awake, the  
sheep bleated & the grouse called.

A slight wisp of mist  
floated down the valley and at  
times obscured the summit, and  
we had a rose yellow view of  
a "glory" rainbow.

Coming down Kita & I were  
simply enthralled by the wonder of  
the views, this part certainly takes  
some beating for sheer loveliness.

Down to the beach side again,  
bacon, eggs & tea, scrumptious.  
The long hard road-walk, back to  
Balmaha, the bus to Glasgow,  
home, a hot bath, dinner, -  
to bed. Another desire accomp-  
lished and another happy memory  
to look.

Holidays at Sitouan  
13th - 19th Aug. 1938.

Rita & I arrived at Sitouan on Sat. night after much tribulation as we had not been warned that the train must be advised to stop at Sitouan.

Sitouan is a lovely spot & we had only to walk a pace or two from the door of our digs to get the most wonderful view of Ben-y-Gloe & Ben O'rackie, while the rocky water ran past the door, with an ancient hump back bridge over it & the well kists on a hummock on the other side. A short cut round the back of the Rills took me to the road via the Salmon heap & here daily & at all hours people came with cars, walked down the path & watched for the salmon to leap.

On the Sunday, Rita & I went to church, a congregation of 16! After services, we took the bus to

Blair Atholl + saw through Blair  
Castle, very interesting. We had  
tea in the Atholl Arms + came  
back to Kinross for supper.

Monday was a lovely day,  
with a brooding hot sun. We set  
off to walk over the hill to Loch  
Dummel, but half way we fell  
in with a shooting party &  
could not get past, so had to lie  
in the heather for 4 hours till  
we were absolutely "done brown".  
Finally we reached Loch Dummel  
in time to have our tea at the  
Hotel, then set off on our home-  
ward journey & got soaked en route.

~~Wed.~~ <sup>Tues.</sup> was inclined to be  
showery, so we merely walked  
up the North Rd., then the sun  
came out + we lay down on  
a grassy bank & had a sleep  
till lunch time when we  
wandered home. In the afternoon  
we walked down to the Falls of

Bonnav. These are very fine & well  
worth seeing especially the upper  
reaches.

Wed. another splendid day.  
We set off with the 10 bus to Blair  
Atholl in the hopes of climbing  
Ben. of Gho. At Auntie's request  
we called on the McKays, head-keepers  
at Rade Lodge. Mr. McK. was out  
on the hill, but Mother & daughter  
advised us not to climb as there  
was a big party out. So we had  
a cup of tea & a long talk &  
then Miss McKay showed us a  
short cut to Glen Dilt. Oh what  
a glorious glen. I never walked  
on such a grassy path & the  
river was wonderful. We came  
at length to a waterfall where we  
set down for lunch, & could not  
tear ourselves away, such a  
beautiful spot it was. I dangled  
my feet in the water, snooped  
& in every way enjoyed myself.



Then at last we dragged our  
sleds away & walked up the Glen  
to the limit of our time & then  
turned. Coming back we got  
into the Glen woods & lost our  
sleds completely, and finally  
emerged at the Castle.

I am more determined than  
ever that, all being well, I  
will walk through the entire  
length of Glen Dilt next summer.

It was showery, but  
after lunch we took the bus to  
Killiecrankie, walked down the  
Pass & got the bus at the other  
end for Knockanroch. This  
is a very exposed place & the  
wind off the loch was bitterly cold.  
We had a walk along the end  
of the loch & then back to the bus.  
~~But~~ Schindler was looking  
marvellous today & looked so easy.  
Then the bus back to Struan  
& packing, for we left on Friday for  
Glasgow.

