

## The Cairngorm Meet - 20<sup>th</sup> - 22<sup>nd</sup> June



A meet at the Shelter Stone seemed to fit in with the current Munro campaign, so Josie & I decided to go. The others would be climbing but, we thought, it would be sociable to bivvi with them in the famous howf.

Having recently become members of the “leisured class” the plan was to drive to Aviemore early, stroll over to Loch Avon on the Friday, and

have a brew ready for the late arrivals. However, in the tradition of the LMC, the “meet” went elsewhere.

Undeterred we carried on. Freed from the shackles of a meet leader we passed Loch Avon and carried our tent up to Loch Etchachan. Here we discovered that level, dry sites are a rarity. We pitched the tent however, and wandered up Derry Cairngorm in strong winds and the occasional hail storm, being rewarded with panoramic views from the summit.

Back at base we decided to do Beinn Mheadoin whilst the weather held, so dinner was postponed. It was but a short stride to the top, but as Sod’s Law dictates we were drenched by a sudden squall just before regaining the tent. Dinner was a damp affair and whilst enjoying a post-prandial digesif we noticed that the Cairngorm gale was trying to steal our tent. The decision was made. We would retreat to the shelter of Loch Avon, where I knew a sheltered, sandy cove. An hour later we were sitting by the loch brewing up.



Saturday dawned magnificently with clear sky and not a ripple on the loch. Breakfast was stretched out as long as possible so as to savour this special place. Dragging ourselves away in mid morning, we strolled up Coire Raibert and down the Fiacall Ridge to Aviemore. There were Corbetts calling and Dave Buchanan's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday party at Dundonnell. But that's another story.



Bernard Smith.