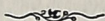


EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.



NOT long ago a friend and I climbed Mount Keen, starting from Ballater, and it was in this connection that I suggested to Dr. John Milne that it would be a good thing if some Scottish mountaineering club

INDEX STONES would erect on every outstanding mountain summit a
ON stone such as I saw in the Riesengebirge district. It
HILL TOPS. was about four feet high, had a large square top,
seemingly of hard dark slate, and on each section of the

square, which faced N., S., E. and W., was cut a rough outline of the corresponding horizon line. The names of the principal peaks were given, and other objects of interest were also indicated, thus making it easy even for a stranger to identify the surrounding mountains, distant towns, rivers, etc. I know that it would be almost useless for any one to erect such a stone on our Blue Hill, for instance, until the bump of destructiveness has got still further diminished in the Aberdeen youth and he has become as careful of public and private property as his Continental cousin. But I think that even on Bennachie such a stone would not be tampered with; there is no likelihood of injury being done it by the type of man who ascends Loch-nagar. If this suggestion is taken up by the Club I shall be very glad to contribute a little towards the expenses entailed in carrying out the proposal.—D.

ON CAMPING OUT :

HOME AGAIN TO MOTHER.

Yes, I used the extra overcoat you sent,
And for the blankets I'd enough to make me smother.
But I didn't need the oilskin *in* the tent—
Oh, no, mother!

Yes, it's true I had no change of underwear,
But I borrowed some from Jimmy Thomson's brother.
He was staying in a cottage quite near there—
Oh, yes, mother!

No, we really never worried at the storm ;
In the evenings? Well—er—we read to one another,
Or conversed on university reform—
Oh, yes, mother!

Yes, we've all enjoyed the camping very well,
It's a finer life I think than any other.
What? It's cheaper to put up at an hotel?
Oh, no, mother!

A. S. Wallace in "University Verses."

ON November 21st, 1910, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in the theatre of Burlington House, London, Dr. Filippo de

Filippi gave an account of the expedition of H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi to the Kaakoram Himalayas. WORLD'S RECORD CLIMB. Major Leonard Darwin presided over the meeting, and others present included the Italian Ambassador, Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, Colonel Godwin-Austen, Sir Francis Young-husband, Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, and Dr. T. G. Long-staff. The lecture was illustrated by a large number of lantern views from photographs taken by Cavaliere Vittorio Sella, whose already high reputation as a mountain photographer, gained on some of the Duke of the Abruzzi's previous expeditions, was materially enhanced by this further exhibition of his powers. In the course of his lecture, Dr. de Filippi explained that the expedition consisted, besides the Duke, of his A.D.C. Marchese Negrotto (Lieutenant R.I.N.), Cav. Vittorio Sella, and himself, together with seven Alpine guides and porters from Courmayeur, and Cav. Sella's photographic assistant.

After describing the explorations of the expedition in the neighbourhood of Mount Godwin-Austen, Dr. de Filippi summed up the position by stating that the Karakoram range does not seem likely to offer an opportunity of solving the problem of the highest altitude attainable by man. The greater portion of the chain looks absolutely inaccessible. The exploration of the Godwin-Austen glacier was completed by the end of June, and the Duke then decided to attempt reaching a great altitude upon some other peak of the same group. His choice fell upon the Bride Peak, the height of which has been fixed by the Trigonometrical Survey of India at 25,110 ft. In spite of untoward atmospheric conditions, and of the deep soft snow, which considerably increased the fatigue of the ascent, the duke succeeded in establishing a camp on the Chogolisa saddle (20,778ft.), between the Golden Throne and the Bride Peak. From this high camp he made two attempts to ascend the peak by its eastern ridge. After spending the night of the 11th at 21,673ft., he started with the guides J. Petigax, H. and E. Brocherel, and reached 23,300ft. A heavy storm forced him to come back. On July 17 he again camped at 22,483ft., and on the following morning, with the same guides, in spite of a dense mist, succeeded in reaching an altitude of 24,600ft. on the same ridge, a little over 500ft. below the summit. Here the party waited two hours in the vain hope that the mists might lift. In view of the obvious risk involved in climbing a steep ridge fringed by a perilous cornice, without being able to see the way, the Duke was compelled to give up the attempt to reach the summit.

THE Club is primarily indebted to Mr. James Reid, Kennay, for the very interesting article which begins this number of the *Journal*. It was originally sent under a *nom-de-plume*, but as, alas, the contributor died shortly after posting it, there need now be no half-veiled anonymity. When returning the proof Mr. Reid thus wrote: "Alas! it is the last of my old scholar's work I am destined to see, and I cannot say how sorry I am. The fact is he was run down when he returned to China. Instead of getting up strength and recruiting when home, nearly

THE LATE
REV. WM. RIDDEL,
M.A., M.D.

the whole time was a grind, preparing maps of a great district of China for being lithographed. No professional could have done them more beautifully, and yet all his knowledge in this direction he got from me. No fewer than twelve large maps, 3 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 5 in., did he execute. He had surveyed the district—the work of several years—at various times; roads, villages, heights of mountains, etc., all were marked exactly as you may have seen the maps of proposed railways prepared for parliament and as neatly done. The labour was immense and now he has paid the price. By the way, these maps were not to bring him a single copper—all was gratuitous.”

A “LINE” through the Larig would be more to the purpose perhaps, but even a “line” to the Larig has much to commend it. Such a means of conveyance would obviate a long preliminary or concluding

A “LINE” walk, which is apt to be irritating in the one case, wearisome in the other. To most pedestrians conversant with TO THE Larig! the route, an “air-line” would seem the only feasible means whereby to “annihilate both time and space” in this

region; but I have been agreeably surprised to find a line of rails actually laid in the direction of the Larig. Holidaying in the Aviemore district, I bethought me one day (Saturday, June 4th), of following the old footpath from Coylum Bridge to the Larig. The regular route of course is by the road leading past Tullochgrue and joining the road from Kintara and Loch an Eilein. But there is a much older footpath (which, I suspect, is the right of way proper) meandering in delightful fashion across the moor, now hugging the Bennie and anon skirting the pine woods, of which I furnished a detailed description in an early number of the *Journal*. (See Vol. III., p. 55). I duly struck the track, but had not proceeded very far when it got lost in the precincts of a sawmill. Inquiring at one of the employees where it emerged again, I received the reply—“Oh! ye’d better tak’ the line.” “The line!” “Tak’ the line!” The suggestion was amazing—well-nigh incredible; one would as soon have thought of hearing “Change carriages for the Larig Ghru!” Nevertheless, a line of rails extends from the sawmill to what is generally known as the Kinrara post, a little short of the footbridge across the Bennie. The line is a very narrow gauge, and is used for conveying timber in small waggons, horse traction being employed where the gradient does not provide a sufficient momentum. The “track” thus constituted is more direct than the old footpath, to be sure, but I doubt if you save much time by “counting sleepers,” as the Americans would say, and certainly that method of progression has not the attractions of the irregular and ever-deviating footpath. A “branch line” crosses the Bennie and takes you into the heart of the forest—and leaves you there! At any rate, I had some trouble in getting out, though possibly I may have misunderstood the rather vague directions I received from a workman. But, after following one track after another, and ultimately, in desperation, making a bee-line for Carn Elrick, I finally emerged near the post at the entrance to the Larig.

The day was so charming that one was tempted further afield. For me the Larig has no attractions: I have had my “sairin’” of it—been roasted in it and drenched in it, and compelled to be out a night in it. So I turned into the path that leads to the sluices at Loch Morlich—the right-hand path

of the two paths that confront you at the Larig post. The path is almost obscured at many points by the invasion of the adjoining heather and undergrowth, but it can be followed without much difficulty. Its pursuit indeed is a useful lesson in the occasional deceitfulness of memory. "Surely it should not bend in this direction," you say to yourself every now and again; and you are not surprised to find more or less familiar "landmarks" on the route elsewhere than where you expected. But previous passages this way have established perfect confidence in the path bringing you out at the edge of Loch Morlich, which it does after a steady walk of 45 minutes. If the walk has not been—as it ought to be—its own reward, you will find ample compensation in the magnificent view from the shores of Loch Morlich comprising, as it does, in one massive line, Cairngorm, the Larig, Braeriach, Glen Eunach, and Sgoran Dubh. On this particular day, the view was rendered specially fine by the masses of snow which still lined the mountain crests and ridges. Strikingly conspicuous in the panorama were the precipices of Cairngorm and the corries of Braeriach, the depth and contour of the corries being delineated by the snow outlines in a manner not nearly so observable when these adjuncts are wanting. But the whole spectacle—the mountain mass with its many commanding features "picked out" in snow—was very striking and impressive. Possibly it was the enjoyment of this spectacle that accounted for the walk to Coylum Bridge appearing much shorter than I have frequently felt it to be.—ROBERT ANDERSON.

AT New Year (1910) J. A. Parker and H. G. Drummond paid a visit to Glen Doll and neighbourhood to investigate the possibility of new climbs in a district where none had been previously recorded. On
 GLEN CLOVA 1st January an ascent was made of Craig Rennet by a
 AND ridge slightly on the Glen Doll side of the junction of
 GLEN DOLL. that glen with the glen of the Fee Burn. The climbing was made difficult by icy conditions.

On the 2nd, with Bruce Millar, they climbed the central buttress in Winter Corrie, Dreish, and continued up a snow and ice gully leading directly to the summit-ridge of the corrie. The party were, however, compelled to retreat when a short distance from the top, but completed the ascent by a gully immediately to the right.

THE fourteenth Saturday afternoon excursion was arranged for the Hill of Wirren (2220 ft.), and was duly carried out. Wirren is a prominent hill to the north-west of Edzell, from which the ascent is made by a
 HILL variety of routes. The weather was rather cold and blustery,
 OF which probably deterred a good many from attempting what
 WIRREN. proved a most exhilarating walk and climb. On the southern side of the hills the weather remained clear and dry, while the breeze, which blew from the north-west, had a fine bracing effect. The Caledonian excursion train was nearly if not quite up to scheduled time, and it was about 3.45 before the village of Edzell was cleared by the party making the ascent. The route selected lay for some three miles of good road by the West Water, a tributary of the North Esk, which falls into it a little below Edzell. The track then diverges over rough pasturage on to the heather and the ascent is plain sailing until the cone is reached, where the climbing is pretty stiff. The top lies about seven miles from Edzell, and it

required good steady going especially in face of a strong breeze, to reach the summit at 5.45 as was done on the occasion. The feature of the view, both in retrospect in the ascent and from the top, is the grand expanse of south country that is opened up. Strathmore lay stretched out at full length, the fields, white to harvest, lit up here and there by shafts of sunlight and interspersed with patches of brilliant green—the outcome of the recent rush of growth through rain. The coast could be plainly followed right down to the Tay and beyond; the basin of Montrose showed close at hand almost in the foreground. Then the Garvock hills, with the monument on the top, lay across the strath, and further south the Sidlaws, behind which Dundee was hidden. Beyond the Tay, Largo Law and the East Lomond hill, in Fifeshire, were clearly visible. Nearer by, Edzell, Brechin, much hidden by the trees, Montrose, and the course of the North Esk were prominent. The northern view is restricted a good deal by high ground in the immediate vicinity. Mount Battock and Clochnaben were well in view, and more to the west the hills at the head of Glen Efock and the patches of wood and other greenery by the Water of Saughs and other feeders of the West Water. The outline of ridges towards the clear horizon of the sinking sun was very beautiful; their identity was difficult to establish in the glare of light. One summit looked very like Craig Maskeldie, which lies just over Loch Lee. The cutting wind and piercing cold of the top precluded any prolonged stay; besides, time was pressing. Forty-five minutes of “go-as-you-please” over the fine heather slopes of the eastern ridge—the ascent having been made by the western slope—brought one back to the high road, after which the return walk to Edzell was a simple matter.

THE twenty-second Annual Meeting of the Club was held on 16th December, 1910, the Chairman, Mr. John Clarke, presiding. The Treasurer's Accounts, OUR TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING. of which the usual abstract was in the hands of the members, were passed. Office-bearers and Committee were elected as on page ix.

It was agreed that an excursion should take place on the spring holiday to Buck of the Cabrach, and on the summer holiday to Schiehallion.

At the close of the meeting, the question of the desirability of the Club endeavouring to raise a fund for the erection of a substantial iron foot-bridge over the Allt na Beinne Moire at the Rothiemurchus end of the Larig Ghru was discussed. It was considered that the object in view was one which deserved the support of the Club, and an appeal will probably be made with a view to endeavouring to raise the necessary funds.

REVIEWS.

No. 4 of the series (forming No. 1 of the second volume) of this Club, which devotes its energies to the English Lake District, was issued in November last. It is a bulky part, containing no fewer than 156

THE JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB. pages, besides numerous excellent illustrations, and reflects much credit on the editor, Mr. William T. Palmer. While naturally devoting most space to its own climbs, the Alps are not forgotten and “The Lone Soracte” of the Central Apennines is well described

by Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby.

THE "Times' Literary Supplement" of June 23, in the course of a review of

THE MAGIC
OF THE
MOUNTAINS.

"The Charm of Switzerland: An Anthology compiled by Norman G. Brett James" (Methuen 5/- net) says—
Mr. Brett James's Anthology, which comprises prose as well as verse, is a curiously and pleasantly miscellaneous compilation in which the modern jostles

the medieval, and the classical and the ephemeral stand side by side. Old Conrad Gesner, for example, is elbowed by Mr. A. E. W. Mason; Longfellow is sandwiched between Mr. Francis Gribble and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson; Rousseau figures in close proximity to Miss Braddon; substantial slices from the works of John Ruskin are quickly succeeded by solid blocks of the eloquence of the Rev. G. B. Cheever, that most exuberant of American Divines. The volume, in short, is one which may help us, though help from other sources may also be required, to form some idea of the circumstances in which poets and other emotional writers and men of taste came to reconsider their attitude towards mountain scenery. Of old they shrank from it as from something hideous and horrible; nowadays they gush over it. That is the well-established fact, stated as briefly as it may be; but when we look for the explanation of the fact we find many theories. According to some, it was the Romantic movement in literature that ushered in the change; others represent the new point of view as a by-product of the French Revolution; a third school, anticipating the advertisements of the tourist agencies, attributes it to the increased facilities of locomotion provided at the time when Napoleon made the Simplon and the Faucille roads. . . Conrad Gesner, from whose writings Mr. James gives two quotations, was a pupil of Plattner and a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Zurich; and he actually, at about the time of the Reformation, climbed mountains for no other reason than because he liked to do so. This is how he expresses himself—"The mind is strangely excited by the amazing altitude, and carried away to the contemplation of the great Architect of Universe . . . Cultivators of philosophy will proceed to contemplate the great spectacles of this earthly paradise; and by no means the least of these are the steep and broken mountain-tops, the unscalable precipices, the vast slopes stretching towards the sky, the dark and shady forests." That is the modern note; and it is modern in the sense, one may almost say, of the Alpine club-man. It associates mountain scenery, that is to say, not only with intensity and exaltation of feeling, but also with the sensuous enjoyment of the healthy man who delights in being out of doors; and a little further on we find yet another modern idea—the conception of the mountains as a place of peace, far away from the dust of the strife, where the excitements and dissensions of the plains hardly matter. The first appearance of this sentiment is commonly supposed to be in Bourrit, who preached a sermon on the subject to a company of guides assembled on the Montanvert. As a matter of fact, Conrad Gesner had it as early as 1555—"There is nothing here," he wrote on Pilatus, "to annoy the ears, nothing to importune them, no tumults or noises from the cities, no brawls of men at strife. Here, from the lofty mountain crests, in a deep and solemn stillness, you will seem to hear the very harmony of the spheres."