

“WHILE engaged in these operations the mist that enveloped the glacier and surrounding peaks was becoming thinner; little bits of blue sky appeared here and there until suddenly when we were looking  
 DESCRIPTIVE towards the head of the glacier far, far above us at an  
 WRITING. almost inconceivable height in a tiny patch of blue  
 appeared a wonderful rocky pinnacle bathed in the beams  
 of the fast sinking sun. We were so electrified by the glory of the sight that it was some seconds before we realised what we saw and understood that that astounding point, removed apparently miles from the earth, was one of the highest summits of Les Ecrins. The mists rose and fell presenting us with a series of dissolving views of ravishing grandeur and finally died away leaving the glacier and its mighty bounding precipices under an exquisite pale blue sky free from a single speck of cloud.”—*Edward Whymper, “The Ascent of the Matterhorn.”*

## REVIEWS.

THE most interesting article of a general character in the October number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* is one on “Argyll’s Bowling Green and Glen Croe,” by Mr. F. S. Goggs, the editor.  
 ARGYLL’S The name of “Argyll’s Bowling Green” is in common use  
 BOWLING to designate the triangular tract of country enclosed by Loch  
 GREEN. Long, Loch Goil, and Glen Croe, in Argyleshire; but as this peninsula embraces eight hill tops over 1200 feet high, and as, to quote Mr. Goggs, “a rougher piece of country in a similar area it would be hard to find in Scotland,” it has been generally assumed that the name was given facetiously. One writer has supposed that it was meant either ironically or as a delicate compliment to some Duke of Argyll. “All Western Scotsmen,” he says, “have a high opinion of the greatness of Macallum More, and it may be that those who first applied the name meant to intimate by it that so powerful is the Duke, that what to ordinary mortals are stupendous hills, are to him a mere ‘bowling green’.” On making a little research, however, Mr. Goggs discovered that in the 6-inch Ordnance Survey map, the playful epithet was employed—not to denote the whole peninsula, but only a small plot of ground between Mark, on Loch Long side, and The Saddle, this being a flat and grassy spot, very like a bowling green. This was confirmed on reference to the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, who said the name had been ascertained to apply to a small spot of ground near an old bridle path leading from Portincaple Ferry to Lochgoilhead, being the route traversed by the Dukes of Argyll in journeying to and from their seat at Inveraray and the south, prior to the formation of the present road through Glen Croe; and who added that it was in connection with their traversing this route that the name was derived. Mr. Goggs accordingly considers it a reasonable

supposition to make that "the application of the term Argyll's Bowling Green to the whole of the peninsula has arisen from a pure blunder, and that the theory about the roughness of the district being the humorous foundation of the title has no foundation in fact." Ardgoil is a name that has been given to the peninsula in modern times and is now likely to be perpetuated, as the Ardgoil estate, consisting of 14,740 acres, was gifted to the Glasgow Corporation eight years ago by Lord Rowallan (then Mr. A. Cameron Corbett). Mr. Goggs points out that Ardgoil is the only tract of country (of any size) in Great Britain which at all corresponds to the National Parks of the United States, of Canada, of New South Wales, &c. His article describes a walk across Ardgoil, including the ascent of the eight hill-tops—a walk involving some 6,500 feet of ascent, and occupying eight hours, excluding halts. In a note of some length Mr. Goggs furnishes very interesting particulars about the "Rest and Be Thankful" stone at the head of Glencroe, which was visited by Wordsworth during his tour in the Highlands and was duly commemorated by him in a sonnet beginning—

"Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,  
Who, that has gained at length the wished for height,  
This brief, this wayside call can slight,  
And rest not thankful?"

THE greatest and loftiest mountain mass in North America is that of Denali in Alaska, more ordinarily called Mount M'Kinley, so named after the President of the United States, who was assassinated in 1901.

ASCENT OF MOUNT M'KINLEY. It has been described as offering to the mountaineer the obstacles of "magnificent, inaccessible granite cliffs and large glaciers." Nevertheless, several attempts to reach the summit, 20,500 ft. high, have been made; none, however,

with complete success until last year (1913), when the quest was accomplished by Dr. Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon, and Mr. H. P. Karstens, who were accompanied by Mr. R. G. Tatum, a young Alaskan, and Walter Harper, a half-breed boy. An interesting account of their ascent is given in the November number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The enterprise assumed dimensions something like those of a regular Arctic expedition, provision having to be made for prolonged subsistence, and conveyance (by dogs and boys), of the necessary food supplies and tent equipment. As a matter of fact, the "expeditionary party" consisted of six men and boys and fourteen dogs, and a start was made in the middle of March from Menana, on the Tanana River. From this, a journey of ninety miles had to be made to the Kantishna mining-camp where a ton and a half of food-stuffs had been previously cached, fifty miles from the base of the mountain.

On 10th April, a base camp was established at an opening in the Alaskan range called Cache Creek, at an elevation of about 4,000 ft. A week later, the party were camped on the Muldrow Glacier, "the great broad highway to the cliffs and peaks of Denali, the one avenue that permits approach to them," the elevation being now 7,500 ft. By 3rd May, all the stuff had been transported to the head of the glacier (11,500 ft.), and the immediate

climbing-base established there. The task of transportation was a laborious one for dogs and men, but when it was finished the party found themselves with wood for a month and food for two months; "that wood was precious—it had been hauled twenty miles and raised nearly 10,000 ft."

The difficulties of the climb now presented themselves—glacier walls on each side and a ridge in front, access to which was impeded by "mile upon mile of huge ice-blocks, heaped in confusion." A "trail" had to be made, but the making of it was greatly delayed by bad weather, and it was not until 25th May, that the camp was moved on to the ridge, at an elevation of about 13,000 ft. Many more difficulties were encountered and surmounted, which cannot be detailed here, but at last the party camped on the Grand Basin (about 16,000 ft. elevation), this Grand Basin lying between the two great summits of Denali. The ascent was finally made on 7th June, and accomplished in seven hours, the real top being the crest on a ridge above the two peaks, the North Peak and the South Peak. Part of the scene disclosed is thus depicted by the Archdeacon—

"What infinite complexity of mountains, range upon range, until gray sea merged with gray sky in the ultimate south! The near-by peaks and ridges stood out, startlingly stereoscopic—the glaciation, the river drainage, the relation of each part to the others, all revealed. There the Chulitna and Sushitna, with networks of shining tributaries, received the southern waters for Cook's Islet; here the Kantishna and the Nenana, their forks and their affluents, gathered the northern waters for the Yukon and Bering Sea. In the distance the snow-covered tops of a thousand peaks dwindled and dwindled away, floating in the thin air when their bases were no longer distinguishable, stretching perhaps 150, perhaps 200 miles; the whole beautiful crescent curve of the Alaskan range uncovered from Denali to the coast. . . . It is difficult to describe at all the scene which the top of the mountain displayed, and impossible to describe it adequately; one was not occupied with the thought of description, but wholly possessed with the breadth and glory of it—with the amazing immensity of it."

Dr. Stuck, in conclusion, protests against the pernicious practice of abolishing the names of mountains bestowed by the original inhabitants of the land and substituting for them the names of modern politicians. It is too late in the day to recall the name of M'Kinley which has become peculiarly associated with the mountain, but he would have it retained only for the south or highest peak (perhaps 20,500 ft. high, or even a little more, where he and his party were the first to climb), to be called the M'Kinley Peak of Denali. The North Peak, some 20,000 ft. high, might be called, after the men who climbed it in 1910, the Pioneer Peak of Denali, for they were members of the Order of Alaskan Pioneers. The name Denali, however, should be retained for the whole mountain mass, and a companion peak should have restored to it the native name—Denali's wife.

A BEAUTIFUL little poem of three verses on "Speyside" appeared in the issue of *Punch* of September 17. The features which give the Valley of the Spey its peculiar charm and attractiveness were well caught

POEM  
ON

by the writer, and were graphically presented in the opening verse—

SPEYSIDE. "A land full of the lilt of running streams.  
The Highland scents of peat and whin and fir,  
The crested hills like giants in their dreams,  
The light airs, heather-sweetened as of myrrh,  
The golden sunshine flashing out in gleams  
And all the clouds astir."

Unfortunately, as in so much of *Punch's* poetry, the effect is destroyed by an anti-climax. Speyside becomes merely "a gallant land" where the writer and a friend

"Calling a truce with books and briefs and bills,  
Tarry a space to cast the luring fly,  
Or walk in wariness upon the hills  
That small red birds may die."

THE annual issue of the *Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club* of the English Lake District contains accounts of climbs within the Club's ordinary "sphere of influence," interspersed with

FELL AND ROCK narratives of mountaineering exploits in the Pyrenees, the CLIMBING CLUB Dolomites, and the Italian Alps. Judging from the JOURNAL. article on "Adventures Among Mountain Birds," there

are as ardent naturalist-mountaineers in Cumberland as here; and another article, "The Climbers' Ferns," reveals a nice taste in botany. Ladies seem to be numerous in the Fell and Rock Climbing Club and to do their fair share of the climbing indulged in: one of the best things in this number is a description of "A Blizzard on Doe Crag" by Miss Rosalind Murray. The Mountain Birds' article contains a story about Cherry Kearton which is so good as to warrant repetition—"Kearton was suspended over the edge of a sea cliff with an operator making a film of him at work, when the rope broke and Kearton fell a great distance into the sea, to be picked up immediately by a boat. His first words on regaining consciousness were to the operator, 'Did you get me falling?' and when the distressed operator explained that his own position on the cliff had been so precarious that he had great difficulty in not following Kearton in his unpremeditated descent, 'Good God! you'll never get such a chance again!'"