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No. 42.

THE
Cairngorm Club Journal.

EDITED BY

J. B. GILLIES.

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Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1914.

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MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE recently-published work of our accomplished President, Mr. James Bryce—"South America"—is a somewhat diversified one, descriptions of South (or, as he frequently terms it, Spanish) America being accompanied by dissertations on its history, material resources, and political conditions, sketches of natural scenery jostling accounts of the people and speculation as to their future. It appeals at one and the same time to quite different classes of readers, providing material interesting and attractive to each, appreciation of its varying contents depending of course on individual taste and temperament. The book records observations made and impressions formed during a journey through western and southern South America, from Panama to Argentina and Brazil *via* the Straits of Magellan. The first eleven chapters are devoted to what Mr. Bryce saw of the scenery and the social and economic conditions of the seven republics of Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil; and these chapters deal with the aspects of nature, the racial and other characteristics of the inhabitants, and the natural resources of the several countries, attention being directed also to the relics of pre-historic civilisation, notably those which still exist in Cuzco and the land of the Incas. In the remaining five chapters Mr. Bryce treats mainly of the relations to the white population of the aborigines in

the Spanish countries and of the negroes in Brazil (which is Portuguese, not Spanish), of the conditions of political life in the several republics, and of the prospects for the development of industry and commerce.

The bulk of the subjects just enumerated are, of course, outwith the range of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, but mountaineers are always interested in mountains, even mountains so remote and so little known as those of South America, and, accordingly, Mr. Bryce's new book, so far at least as it deals with these, appeals to our readers with very special force. Though dedicated "To my friends of the English Alpine Club," it is not a "mountaineering" book in the ordinary sense of the term—it is not a narrative of climbs or of climbing experiences. But if, in this instance, Mr. Bryce did not climb mountains (or climbed comparatively few, at all events) he travelled amongst them—many of them about the highest in the world. He has much to relate of them, thus seen at first hand, that is new and highly informative, and he furnishes exceedingly graphic descriptions of them that at least bring them very vividly before the mind's eye. Charming, indeed, are some of his delicate touches of the picturesque views he encountered—such, for instance, as his felicitous suggestion of "the magnificent snowy mass of Illimani, towering into the sapphire blue sky with glaciers that seem to hang over the city (La Paz, in Bolivia) though they are forty miles away, its three pinnacles of snow turning to a vivid rose under the departing sun;" or that vista at Santiago of "a long, straight street closed by towering mountains that crown it with white as the sea crowns with blue the streets of Venice." The effect of not a few such word-pictures is heightened by the comparisons with other mountains or mountain ranges, or scenic views, which Mr. Bryce occasionally introduces. The Andes are frequently contrasted with the Alps, and even with Scottish mountains; and at Coillelfu, in Chile, it seems, there is "a rapid river, broad and bright like the Scottish Tay, but with clearer and greener water." The accuracy of observation and tenacity of memory thus

indicated inspire confidence in Mr. Bryce's delineation of the striking and superb spectacles that met his gaze in the Andes.

How splendidly he can depict mountain scenery, however, will best be realised by citing some illuminative passages from the work; and in view of Mr. Bryce's relation to the Club we feel justified in making larger extracts than would ordinarily be the case.

FIRST VIEW OF THE ANDES.

Mr. Bryce, having paid a visit to Panama and inspected the Canal works, sailed down the Peruvian coast, landed at Callao and visited Lima, and then resumed the voyage to Mollendo. Here he took train on the principal railway in the country (the Southern Railway of Peru), which climbs the Andes, traverses the central plateau, and sends out branches to Cuzco on the north, and on the south-east to the frontier of Bolivia, on the shore of Lake Titicaca. When the train has climbed to a height of over 4,000 feet, it stops at a spot called Cachendo.

We step out (says Mr. Bryce) and have before us a view, the like of which we had never seen before. In front, looking eastward, was a wide plain of sand and pebbles with loose piles and shattered ridges of black rock rising here and there from its surface, all shimmering in the sunlight. Beyond the plain, 30 miles away, is a long line of red and grey mountains, their sides all bare, their crags pierced by deep, dark gorges, so that they seem full of shadows. Behind these mountains again, and some 50 or 60 miles distant, three gigantic mountains stand up and close the prospect. That farthest to the south is a long line of precipices, crowned here and there by spires and towers of rock, 17,000 feet in height. This is Pichu Pichu. Its faces are too steep for snow, save in the gorges that scar them here and there, but lower down, where the slopes are less abrupt, every gully is white with desert sand blown up by the winds.

Next to the north is a huge purplish black cone, streaked near its top with snow beds, and lower down by lines of red or grey ash and black lava. This is El Misti, a volcano not quite extinct, for though there has been no eruption for centuries, faint curls of steam still rise from the crater. It stands quite alone, evidently of far more recent origin than the third great mass, its neighbour on the north, Chachani, which, though also a volcanic rock, has long since lost its crater, and rises in three

great black pinnacles divided by valleys filled with snow. Both it and Misti exceed 19,000 feet. They are not, however, the loftiest ground visible. Far, far away to the north, there tower up two white giants, Ampato, and (farther west) the still grander Coropuna, whose height, not yet absolutely determined, may exceed 22,000 feet and make it the rival of Illampu in Bolivia and Aconcagua in Chile. It stands alone in a vast wilderness, a flat-topped cone at the end of a long ridge, based on mighty buttresses all deep with snow and fringed with glaciers. These five mountains belong to the line of the great western Cordillera which runs, apparently along the line of a volcanic fissure, all the way north to Ecuador and Colombia.

CROSSING THE ANDES.

Having visited Cuzco in northern Peru, Mr. Bryce sailed down Lake Titicaca, in the heart of the Andean plateau—"a great inland sea lying between the two ranges of the Cordillera almost as high above the ocean as is the top of the Jungfrau"—and traversed Bolivia. Next to the Germans, he says, the most ubiquitous people in the world are the Aberdonians, and so he was scarcely surprised to meet one at Oruro in the person of the principal doctor of the place. Chile was afterwards visited, and then the Andes were crossed by the Transandine railway. This railway runs from Valparaiso to the Uspallata Pass, the central ridge of the Cordillera being pierced by a tunnel 12,000 feet above sea-level; and then the line descends the Argentina side of the range to Mendoza. Describing the journey, Mr. Bryce says—

From the hotel at the station (Santa Rosa) we looked straight up a long, narrow valley to tremendous peaks of black rock 30 miles away to the east. How they stood out against the bright morning sky behind them, a few white clouds hovering above! One felt at a glance that this is one of the great ranges of the world, just as one feels the great musician in the first few chords of a symphony.

* * * * *

The railway turns north and mounts along a narrow shelf cut out in the side of the great black ridge. The slope rising above the line and falling below it to the valley is of terrific steepness. The grade is also steep and the locomotive toils and pants slowly upward by the aid of the cog-wheel, passing through tunnel after tunnel till at last it comes out, 2,000 feet above Juncal, into

a wide hollow surrounded by sharp peaks, those to the north streaked with beds of snow, those on the south of bare rock, because the snow has been melted off their sunward-turned slopes. The bottom of this hollow is covered with enormous blocks that have fallen from the cliffs, and its northern end is filled by a small lake, part of whose surface was covered with ice. The fanciful name of Lago del Inca has been given to it. A scene more savage in its black desolation it would be hard to imagine. Compared to this frozen lake, the glacier lakes of the Swiss Alps, like the Märjelen See on the Aletsch glacier, are gentle and smiling. The strong sunlight and brilliant blue of the sky seemed to make the rocks blacker and bring out their absolute bareness with not so much as a moss or a lichen to relieve it.

* * * * *

Whoever crosses a hill on foot or on horseback, sees the surrounding landscape change by degrees, and is more or less prepared for the view which the hilltop gives and what lies beyond. But when carried along in the darkness through the very core of a great mountain range, expectation is more excited and the burst of a new landscape is more startling. So when, after the few minutes of darkness, we rushed out into the light of the Argentine side, there was a striking contrast. This eastern valley was wider, and the peaks rose with a bolder, smoother sweep, their flanks covered with long slides of dark sand and gravel, their tops a line of bare precipices, not less lofty than those on the Chilean side, but shewing less snow. The air was drier, and the aspect of things not, indeed, less green, for there had been neither shrub nor plant visible since we passed Juncal, but more scorched and more aggressively sterile. There was far more colour, for on each side of the long valley that stretched before us to the eastward, the declivities of the ridges that one behind another dipped towards it on both sides glowed with many tints of yellow, brown, and grey. A great flat-topped summit of a rich red, passing into purple, closed the valley in the distance. The mountains immediately above this upper hollow of the glen—it is called Las Cuevas—though 19,000 or 20,000 feet high, are imposing, not so much by their height, for the bottom of the hollow is itself 10,000 feet above sea-level, but rather by the grand lines with which they rise, the middle and lower slopes covered by sloping beds of grey ash and black sand, thousands of feet long, while at the head of the glen to the northwest, glaciers hang from the crags that stand along the central range, the boundary of the two countries. In the presence of such majesty, the grim desolation of the scene is half forgotten.

A second journey over the Transandine line was made, Mr. Bryce returning from Mendoza to Chile and subsequently reaching Argentina by sea, through the Straits of Magellan. When he arrived at the Argentine end of the tunnel at Las Cuevas, he quitted the train in order to mount to (on mule-back) and cross the top of the pass—the Cumbre, as it is called—which is 1,500 feet above, and over which, until the tunnel was pierced, all travellers walked or rode. On the level summit of the pass stands the Christ of the Andes, a bronze statue of more than twice life-size standing on a stone pedestal rough hewn from the natural rock of the mountain, set up to mark the peaceful settlement by arbitration of a long and bitter controversy between Chile and Argentina over the line of their boundary along the Andes. The figure is turned northward so as to look over both countries and bless them with its uplifted right hand. Mr. Bryce thinks it dwarfed by the vast scale of the surrounding pinnacles, but profoundly impressive “when one reflects on the feeling that placed this statue here and the meaning it has for the two peoples.” The opposite side of the pass was descended on foot in the teeth of a raging blast, and the descent of the Chilean line was made on an open trolley in the moonlight, Mr. Bryce writing enthusiastically of the “thrills” of the ride, “one passing into and out of the shadow of black crags as one spins along the ringing lines of steel.”

ANDEAN SCENERY.

In some observations on the scenery of the Andes, Mr. Bryce comments on the lack of water, wood, and verdure in Andean landscapes. “Green, the softest and most tender of hues, is almost wholly absent from the great ranges and the plateau.” Grandeur and wildness, not beauty, are the note of these lofty regions, and so they offer a much less favourable field for the landscape painter than do the lower mountains of European countries. But they have their alluring aspects nevertheless.

What redeems the scenery of the high Andes is the richness and delicacy of the colours which the brilliant desert light gives to distant objects. A black peak becomes deep purple ; a slope

of dry, grey earth takes a tender lilac ; and evening as it falls transfigures the stones that strew the sides of the valley with a soft glow. The snow sparkles and glitters at noonday and flushes in sunset with a radiance unknown to our climates. This is what replaces for these regions the charm of the thick woods and marshy pools of New England, of the deep grassed river meadows of France, or the heathery hillsides of Scotland, and brightens the sternness of those vast prospects which the Cordillera affords. Yet it cannot make them inspire the sort of affection we feel for the mountains of temperate countries, with their constant changes from rain to sunlight, their fresh streams and bubbling springs, and flowers starring the high pastures. So the finest things in the Andes are either the views of a single giant peak, like that of Aconcagua, or some distant prospect of a great mountain group or range, such as that of the snowy line of the Cordillera Real as it rises beyond Titicaca, or the volcanic peaks of Arequipa seen from the desert of the coast.

Mr. Bryce also visited Uruguay and Brazil, and comments no less interestingly on the Brazilian mountains, the average elevation of which, however, is from 2,000 to 3,000 feet only ; few exceed 7,000 feet, and the loftiest summit is Italiaya, about 50 miles to the south-west of Rio de Janeiro and nearly 10,000 feet high. The scenery of the richly-wooded eastern side of the mountains, where they break down steeply towards the Atlantic, is, he says, as beautiful as can be found anywhere in the tropics, and he is loud in his praise of the mountain wall, in most places clothed with luxuriant forests, which rises up behind Rio de Janeiro. Other cities there are with a noble background of mountains, "but in Rio the mountains seem to be almost a part of the city, for it clings and laps round their spurs just as the sea below laps round the capes that project into the bay."

Mr. Bryce has also something to say on the question whether a lover of nature in general and of mountains in particular can be advised to take the long journey to Western South America for the sake of its scenery ; but on this point, as well as regards many other particulars, we must refer readers to the book itself. Travel in the Andes, which is mostly on mule-back, is slow, and has become expensive ; and those who contemplate it ought to satisfy themselves that their hearts and lungs are sound. Mr.

Bryce did not suffer in any way from the thinness of the air in the high altitudes he traversed, save that it proved desirable in climbing hills to walk more slowly than he is accustomed to do at home. But many persons suffer from the mountain sickness which prevails all over the region exceeding 10,000 feet above sea-level, and even experience it at lower elevations ; and, in a general way, people with weak hearts and narrow chests are cautioned to avoid the stupendous heights of the Andes.

A SUMMER CAMP IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

PART II.

ON the 3rd of August, then, an eventful day for some of us, we were called by the boys at 5, and got up shivering to make a hasty toilet in the sharp morning air. I wondered even more than the night before why I was doing it, and envied the happy sleepers who, murmuring a drowsy "Good Luck" to us, turned over and relapsed into slumber. At Mr. Wheeler's instigation we choked down more breakfast than we wanted. Before every party started, the director read out the names, and also read, to those about to climb, a little sermon on the necessity of absolute obedience to the guide.

In camp a sort of martial law prevails—and necessarily so. A despotic monarchy—although a beneficent one—reigns supreme in the person of Mr. Wheeler, and on the mountains the guide's will is law. This year we had two rebels. One was an eccentric man who, starting with one company, attached himself to another—one of the cardinal sins here—and still further distinguished himself by coming down entirely on his own. That he did so quite safely made no difference to the principle involved. The other, I regret to say, was an Englishman with a passion for fire-arms—which are forbidden—and an unappreciated gift of extreme profanity. Both got their congé from the director and left unobtrusively early next morning. Against Mr. Wheeler's decisions there is no appeal, and we felt very content to have it so.

Behold us, then, in our climbing canonicals, staff in hand and burden on back, like Christian again, only the staff was an alpenstock and the knapsack was a light one, the real provisions for the journey being carried by the Swiss guide, with help from the men of the party. Edouard Feuz, a well known Swiss guide, whose father was a guide before him, led our imposing party of thirty-

five—and I came next. I knew enough to be quite aware that it was no post of honour. Anyone of whose climbing capabilities they know absolutely nothing, or any one from “furrin parts,” whom they are specially anxious to have graduate, is generally put in the best place next the guide, and I fulfilled both conditions. There are no more than five in any party, so we made quite a queue, as, with the good wishes of Mr. Wheeler ringing in our ears, we started up through the brushwood.

I had never climbed anything more formidable than Lochnagar and Mount Keen before, and in my mind there lingered a vague idea that all well regulated mountains had nice paths up their sides. Similarly, another deluded female later admitted she signed on gaily for what was said to be a *very* easy trip—an exploration of Storm valley. Her recollections of a valley were of something pleasant and fairly level. She concluded afterwards, however, that her recollections were at fault, or that valleys were not what they used to be. All definitions, we gradually learnt, go by the board here.

Well, I confess some of us found it hard, hot and thirsty work, climbing up that way with no trail. We held at it, however, tried not to drink the mountain springs dry, in obedience to counsels from those who knew better, and were rewarded by getting our “second wind” in due time. When up over 2,000 feet we came, from high above them, on the two lovely Storm lakes of purest emerald, at which we rested, quenched our thirst, and tried to fortify our souls for the struggle to come. Then, after some rough, monotonous work over slipping shale and boulders, came the eerie part of climbing up the steep rocks with but little hold for foot or hand. There were two “chimneys” to be negotiated, forming what the real climbers refer to casually as “a nice little bit of rock-work,” and providing the unhappy novice with the scene of future thrilling nightmares. A chance look downwards—we didn’t care to take many in spite of the unpromising prospect ahead—revealed the not very reassuring fact that every single company that followed us was securely roped together, while Edouard

let his particular charges clamber on in isolated peril. Later I was asked by many of the climbers why we weren't roped in such a place, but I had no explanation to offer. The one I hugged to myself was that possibly Edouard, seeing we were good climbers, had placed unusual confidence in us by giving us that test of our mettle. I submit this with the very greatest diffidence, however, for I must admit that if Edouard had any feelings of admiration for us at *any* stage of that day's proceedings, he succeeded admirably in concealing them. He certainly saw later on that he had made a mistake, for the next development was an outbreak of hysterics on the part of the lady following me. She wept, she sobbed, she declared she couldn't go on, there was no use speaking, etc., in such a giddy place. This had the effect of un-nerving us all considerably. I didn't feel at all superior. I have always felt that a spice of danger gave the zest best worth having to life, but I admit that the spice was too strong for my taste just then, though I flatter myself that I didn't show it. If I were to die, I thought I'd much prefer to die game! Well, it was of course impossible for her to go back, it was equally impossible to leave her there, and in time she was soothed sufficiently to go on. As soon as the change was practicable, I gave up my place next to the guide. She climbed well after that, and came down far better than I did. As soon as Edouard got an opportunity he roped us together, but to every one of us it seemed that the "chimney" he roped us for was not nearly so alarming as the one we had scaled by ourselves.

All through that precipitous part, a quotation of the director's at the preceding night's camp fire had rung in my mind. An unsympathetic outsider, he said, had defined the C.A.C. as "an assembly of lunatics, with strongly developed suicidal tendencies." I felt the thing couldn't have been better expressed! But apart from any danger to ourselves, there was the haunting dread of sending down, by some inadvertent movement, one of the many loose boulders on the innocent climbers winding

their way up below us. That was Edouard's great fear, and he imparted it to us so thoroughly that we were sometimes positively afraid to stir a step in any direction. Edouard was rather a worried man that day. The accident of two days before might have had something to do with this. He confided to us that he had never been at the head of such a big party before, and I knew by the tone in which he said it that he devoutly hoped he would never be again.

The last climb of all held no dangers, but was a steady, heart-breaking, apparently endless ascent through loose, rotten shale to the highest peak, on which the cairn stood out so welcome—but so distant. At last the very top was reached, and instructed as to the correct procedure, I touched the cairn with my alpenstock before sinking thankfully against it to rest my weary limbs.

After a brief, speechless glance at the wonders around, lunch was insisted on, for it was now almost 3, and we had breakfasted before 6. Lunch on this auspicious occasion was by no means a successful meal. The sandwiches, made 10 hours before, and carried on the guide's back in the sun since then, were hard and dry—one couldn't blame them—and better mixed than usual. Then, having no water to speed them on their way, and trying vainly to banish the tantalizing visions of steaming cups of tea, we had to eat mouthfuls of snow. If any of you, when hot, thirsty and tired, care to try that as a beverage, I think you will agree with me that it leaves much to be desired.

That Spartan meal disposed of, we were free to return to the view; *it* was eminently satisfactory. They tell me that real mountaineers climb for the joy of climbing, and that the view is quite a secondary matter. Well, I have long since decided that I am no mountaineer—no doubt you have too—and certainly I'd have felt much aggrieved if after all our hard work we had seen little or nothing at the top. The day was fortunately clear, and in every direction we saw a panorama of glittering mountains, peak after peak, range after range, a marvel indescribable of snowy beauty. We were in an elemental world, mysterious and

sublime, up among those silent sentinels of the sky, Ball, Whympfer, and countless other giants rearing their heads around us. And that *I* was really up there, so near heaven, was most wonderful of all to me! The Bow River wound along the valley far below us like a little silver thread. We felt we were on the crest of the world, and in fact we *were* practically on the crest of the New World, for Mount Storm takes its place on the Great Divide. On the one side, that of our camp, the mountain torrents flow to Hudson Bay, and thence to the Atlantic; on the other, to the Pacific.

But we have to descend, however reluctantly, to the world, and the bitter wind blowing up here makes us more reconciled to the fact, and also to the thought of the long miles intervening between us and home. Down the shale again we go, learning how to brace our alpenstocks and plant our feet for descent. We did not again tackle those precipices, but came down long, weary rock-slopes unmurmuringly instead. A glissade down the snow was a novel and exhilarating experience, but we struck surprisingly little snow on the whole. The hardest part for most of us came after the Lakes, under the timber-line, by which time the inevitable rain had begun. The four miles after that, through a pathless wilderness of thick brush, in pouring rain, each step an effort greater than the last, are no joy to remember, and seem liker forty in the retrospect.

The men were most good and helpful all the way through. I shall always remember gratefully the nice man who, seeing some of us weaker vessels puffing painfully up a long steep ascent, badly needing a rest but too proud to admit it, took in the situation at a glance, sank down in an attitude of extreme exhaustion, mopped his face feverishly—it was quite dry, unlike ours!—and said there was no use speaking, he simply *had* to have a breather. We rested thankfully, saying nothing—for breath was precious—got our wind again, and went on when he, seeing we were sufficiently rested, said he *thought* he could go on again. On the way home, too, the encouragement of the

men, more than the actual help they were so willing to give, cheered us wonderfully.

Our great aim was to get in before it was quite dark, and this was accomplished. At a little past 8, with joy unfeigned, we struck the familiar cluster of white tents, and were soon among friends, our hearts warmed by the cheer that greets the returning graduates. All except three, who gave up, had graduated—a pretty good proportion—having attained the height of 10,309 feet. Two of our number, however, had to be almost carried a good part of the way home. In spite of what they were good enough to call Scotch grit, I was tired to the very limit, and must have looked it, for the first two men I met—I happened to know both of them—simultaneously offered me brandy. I accepted—from both!—they made a bee-line for their tents, and I saw their faces no more. I know they came back, but meantime the director, on the spot as usual, came up with congratulations, and at once said: “Brandy—that’s what you need.” Producing a flask, he poured me out a stiff dose, of which I took about half, but he stood over me till I drank every drop. I was well off in every way, neither of my two special friends having climbed. Hot water, a rub down, fresh clothes, and a delicious hot supper in bed, with quarts of tea, made me feel that life was almost too happy. It was two hours later before the last of our benighted parties got in. Then knowing everybody safe, I slept the deep and dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion; the rippling creek was silent for me that night.

Next day I was pleased to find that I was quite able to move, which from my feelings of the night before I hardly expected. Sunday was a delightful day of well-earned rest. Every one who hadn’t climbed wanted to hear our exploits. As I looked up to the frowning heights of Storm—though the summit itself was invisible—I asked myself again in wonder if I had really been there at all. We had a simple service at 11 round the camp-fire, conducted by Dean Robinson, formerly of Belfast—a service that will always stand out unique in my memory. The Annual General Meeting was held in the afternoon, that being the

only day on which the people can be got together. An interesting talk by Professor Coleman on the making of mountains followed, while the evening's entertainment, highly un-Sabbatical, was an uproariously funny "Court Martial," by far the best thing of its kind I have seen anywhere. As the trial proceeded, the shadows grew deeper, the fire burned brighter, and we crept closer and closer to it, unwilling to lose a word, and refusing to think of bed till the thing was over and the prisoner acquitted of the grave charge brought against him.

I have left myself no time in which to tell of our delightful, if somewhat tiring, two days' trip to Prospectors' Valley Camp, some twelve miles off, where an auxiliary camp was pitched. On the way thither we saw the box-canyon in the pursuit of which we had suffered so many things the first day. Here we saw the glorious Valley of the Ten Peaks, and our friend Storm being voted too hard a climb, some of the Ten Peaks were attacked instead, with varying success. Neither have I time to tell of our happy little pic-nic to the five wonderfully-coloured fishing lakes. We had a perfect day and an ideal leader, and there was not even a hint of strenuousness in the whole excursion. In that it stood entirely alone. It was in the course of our afternoon tea here, after many unsuccessful attempts to balance my cup, first on one slippery leg, then on the other, that I solved, to my own entire satisfaction, the problem why so many men do not enjoy afternoon tea.

The last day came all too soon. This time the road could offer us no surprises; every iniquity of which a trail was capable we had sounded to the very depths. Surely, while memory lasts, I shall remember walking along that road with new friends who yet seemed, some of them, of such old standing—Storm Mountain, with all the unforgettable experiences of the last ten days, lying behind us, Castle Mountain in its extraordinary beauty at our side, and before us, with the shriek of the train (which unwonted sound stirred us mightily) civilization and conventionality again. When our train came in, what joy to get off our own hard-worked, blistered, abused feet, and to be borne

along without any effort on our part! As I looked back at Storm triumphantly, I felt something like Thackeray's retired sea-captain, who regarded the storm indifferently as being "another man's business." How we enjoyed our first civilized meal again, clothed and in our right minds, with Christian foot-gear on our aching feet, and how we delighted in piling up all the unnecessary dishes possible around us!

I'm afraid I don't sound a very enthusiastic camper, and yet I don't know that many enjoyed their experiences more than I did. One lady left the camp on the second or third day, with, we heard afterwards, nothing good to say about it or any one in it. It is far from surprising if some cannot stand it. To say that it was the most strenuous ten days of my life is to put it very mildly. I question if I shall ever pack as much sheer hard work into ten weeks in the future! And *we* had conscientiously tried, so far as possible, to put ourselves in training for it, while some of our co-campers were fresh from what has been well called "a pink tea existence." We had at least climbed before, if under far easier conditions. Some had hardly even *seen* a hill before. I think the wonder rather is that so many of us could by hook or crook be labelled graduates at the end of the time.

Even if most of the excursions *were* too hard to be unmixed joy to the novices, there was always the camp-fire to look forward to, with its good-fellowship, its lectures by distinguished specialists, its evenings of song and story, of Swiss pipe-music, of fun and frolic of every kind, generally sobering down before we went to bed to the singing of that exquisite Canadian paraphrase of the 121st Psalm to "Sandon,"—"Unto the hills around will I lift up my longing eyes." Of this "Camp-fire hymn," echoed back nightly by the mountains, the poor man lying helpless and broken in his tent said he had never heard anything that sounded to him more beautiful.

G. S. A.



Photo by

William Garden, Aberdeen.

BRAERIACH FROM CAIRNTOUL--LOCHAN UAINE
IN FOREGROUND.

THE HILLS.

Now men there be that love the plain
 With yellow cornland dressed,
And others love the sleepy vales
 Where lazy cattle rest ;
But some men love the ancient hills,
 And these have chosen best.

For in the hills a man may go
 Forever as he list,
And see a net of distant worlds
 Where streams and valleys twist
A league below, and seem to hold
 The whole earth in his fist.

Or if he tread the dales beneath
 A new delight is his,
For every crest's a kingdom-edge
 Whose conqueror he is,
And every fell the frontier
 Of unguessed empires.

And when the clouds are on the land
 In shelter he may lie,
And watch adown the misty glens
 The rain go marching by,
Along the silent flanks of fells
 Whose heads are in the sky.

W. N. HODGSON.

Spectator, August 23, 1913.

A DAY IN SUMMER.

BY DR. J. L. McINTYRE.

IN the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, of January, 1913, Mr. John Clarke gave an account of a "Circuit of the Cairngorms." He and his son having cycled from Boat of Garten to Loch Morlich, climbed in succession Braeriach, Cairntoul, Ben Muich Dhui, and Cairngorm, returning to Loch Morlich and then home by wheel. Last summer, on July 29th, the present writer had the privilege of joining Mr. Clarke in a reversal of this journey, under better conditions however, both as to conveyance and as to weather. A short account of the experience may encourage other members of the Cairngorm Club to repeat what is perhaps the most fascinating high-level tour in the Cairngorms that can be accomplished in one day, without undue stress.

We had decided to drive to Loch Morlich, and at 7.30 in the morning we set out, having, as we believed, successfully misled the anxious enquirers at home as to our intentions, and having at the same time covered our retreat should disaster overtake us. The Sluggan road was not in worse condition than usual: the Loch was still sleeping gray under the morning mist as we passed it, and the Cairngorm ridge was wrapped in cloud. Experience of the past few days, however, gave us hopes which were nobly fulfilled. At 9 o'clock our foot-journey commenced, across the bridge below Glenmore Lodge—the familiar way through the forest up past the mighty stone, Clach Fhairvaig, that a child's touch, it seems, might send whirling down into the valley. As we reached the ridge above Coire na Chais we overtopped the mist, and shortly came upon one of those thrilling sights which only the mountaineer enjoys. One has often, on passing through a mist on the mountains, been able to look back and down upon it as a dense white, glaring sea, lapping the mountain-side, and hiding all beneath. But this day, for the

first time, I looked down upon fleecy clouds, floating below us, and away out in the distance—glinting here and there in the sun while between them, and through their edges, the woods, fields and villages of Strathspey were clearly visible.

It was a fairy scene, and in natural conditions I should probably have idled half an hour over it. My guide, however, was haunted by a certain Colonel Bogey, known to golfers, who had done things in ridiculously short times, and whom we were evidently expected to keep in our minds, and defeat if possible. I herewith enter a solemn protest against this gentleman's admission to the Cairngorm Club.

However, we were a minute or two in advance of him at the top of Cairngorm (11.5 a.m.) The sun was now beating down in full force, the air was still, the sky almost clear of clouds—a perfect day had there only been a breeze to cool our faces. With the briefest of rests we were up and away by the shortest route to the “big Ben,” Muich Dhui. We dipped a little towards Loch Avon, striking the ridge again above the crest of the Coire an Sneachda: a little further on a corner of Loch Avon was seen on our left, plunged in its eternal shadows, its cool waters appealing to at least one hot and thirsty traveller above. We contented ourselves, however, with a sample of the source-waters of the much-debated Avon from an upper stream of the Feith Buidhe, which we compared, afterwards, with the Dee-sources. At this critical stage of the discussion wild horses will not draw from me the judgment which we passed. With a flying glance down Coire Etchachan, which raised memories of climbing days from Braemar side, we reached the shoulder of the Ben: the giant “pairting-stones” and boulders made for rapid going and the top was reached almost precisely at 12.30.

I have had clearer and more distant views from Ben Muich Dhui, than we had on this day, but never one so satisfying or so stimulating. The heat haze hung over the huge mass of Ben-y-Gloe to the South, over Lochnagar and Mount Keen in the East, and the Monadhliath Range

in the West; but this only served to bring out in stronger contrast the vivid lines of the near Cairngorms themselves. After all the popular mind is right in fixing on Ben Muich Dhui as being the finest as well as the highest of the range. Braeriach runs it close, and Ben Muich Dhui is itself unimposing when viewed from any other point. But the view from its summit excels all others; the deep gash of the Larig Pass, the huge rock masses dipping down into it from the other side, the majestic Angel's Peak dominating all; the weirdly rugged corries surrounding it, thrilling even in the thought of climbing. On this day the stillness and silence accentuated the grim beauty of these corries, which seemed to change their aspect with every step we took. There was no wind, no human voice reached us from any part of the hills: even birds were strangely absent, except that small bird which flits noiselessly from stone to stone before you. On the other side the quaint knobs of Cairn a Mhaim, and the mammoth backs of Ben Bhrotain and Monadh Mor stood vividly out. But, as it is *just* possible that some one has already mentioned these things in the Journal, I pass on.

Being sensible persons, we took half an hour's rest and lunch at the head of the Choire Mhoir burn, by which we proposed to descend into the pass. Looking across at Cairntoul, the next object of our ambition, we could not with any certainty make out the grassy course by which Mr. Clarke and his son had descended on the earlier circuit; the whole peak showed dry and gray, with only a few patches of grass here and there. Still, we hazarded a guess for it, and made first for the burn that runs down from Lochan Uaine below Angel's Peak. The Choire Mhoir was rougher than we expected, but it was nothing, as we shortly found, to the "roughness" of Cairntoul. This was really the only toilsome part of our journey, lightened in the descent (of some 2,300 ft.) by the charm of the Angel's Peak opposite, and its corries; but sheer drudgery in the ascent. We took the slope on the left of the corrie that runs down from Lochan Uaine, and were guided by deceptive grass runs on to a most un-

angelic mass of slithering scree: there were pleasant-looking flat stones here and there, which only waited for your foot to rest upon them to start incontinently for the pass below. An ice-axe, which I had been secretly rather ashamed of carrying up to this point, became all at once a friendly protector. The shoulder was made at last, however,—at a point overlooking the lonely Lochan to which, with its glorious buttresses, I promised myself a future visit. There followed a scramble—mainly, I confess, on all fours, so far as I was concerned—over the big boulders and so to the top, which we reached, “proud but puffed,” at 3.30 p.m. I began to wonder—while enjoying a well-earned rest—whether three such peaks were not enough for an amateur; the way to Braeriach seemed long, the heat became suddenly oppressive, to my fancy, and my limbs obtrusively heavy. Fortunately, however, Mr. Clarke was there, and he at once put his foot down firmly—in the direction of Braeriach. Being a social animal, I followed, and gathered spirit as I went. For after all, the day was superb, the worst was over, there was no dip to speak of: there was Glen Eidart and Sgoran Dubh to admire, and as I had been over the ground several times, it was something like a “kenned face.” Yet, I am certain if I had been alone I should not have hit as we did upon the very shortest route from peak to peak. One of the interesting things my companion brought to my notice on the plateau between the Angel’s Peak and Braeriach was the difference between the two sources of the Gharbchoire Burn, which is one of the head-waters of the Dee. In the branch we first crossed (from the “Wells of Dee”) the water was soft, almost lukewarm on that summer day; a short distance on, in the branch running down from the shoulder of Braeriach itself, the water was hard, pure and icy cold. One could hardly have believed that two so different waters could have come from springs so near each other in level and in position.

The top of Braeriach was reached at 5.10, a most exhilarating moment, which will ever be marked in my

mental diary. We stayed a little, in spite of my vain-glorious mood, to watch the strange shadow-hills—we could not decide as to their reality—that seemed to rise away beyond and above the Monadhliath range in the softening evening light; then made for the lower bothy of Loch Eunach where our labours were to end, past the edge of the Coire an Lochain, and down the long terraced dip to the valley. From afar we spied our trusty John asleep by his chariot, no doubt dreaming of better ways of spending a holiday than ours: the sight brought strength to our lagging limbs and weary knees, and by 6.15 we were on the Glen Eunach road. A rough but pleasant drive through the forest to Coylum Bridge, then on the high-road to “the Boat”—and our summer day was over.

At 7.59 (I must be exact here), Mr. Clarke re-entered his house at Boat of Garten; a minute later, it is said, the spirit of a certain Colonel Bogey looked in, but retired discomfited, using words which one may hear upon the golf-course, but never on the mountains.

JURA.

BY ALEX. INKSON McCONNOCHE.

THE beauties of the Kyles of Bute could hardly be appreciated from the deck of that good and well known steamer "Iona," for rain overtook us at the Tail of the Bank—Greenock seldom fails one—and when Tarbert was reached, the little open coach journey across Kintyre was made in a deluge, and we were glad to hurry below to the comfort of the saloon of the smaller steamer in waiting for us at West Tarbert. Rather depressing weather thought we for an afternoon on the Paps of Jura, and gradually all hopes of any climbing that day had to be abandoned. As a matter of fact we were still moored to the pier at West Tarbert when we were due in Jura, so that made an end of all worry as to what could be done when we should reach Craighouse. Yet the weather did improve when we left, and the sail down narrow West Loch Tarbert, and along by the north side of Gigha, was unexpectedly pleasant. We dropped the mails for that island not far off shore, and as we steamed rapidly away the "timorous sail" of the post office boat seemed very much at the mercy of the cross currents and winds which in these parts may well be dreaded by strangers.

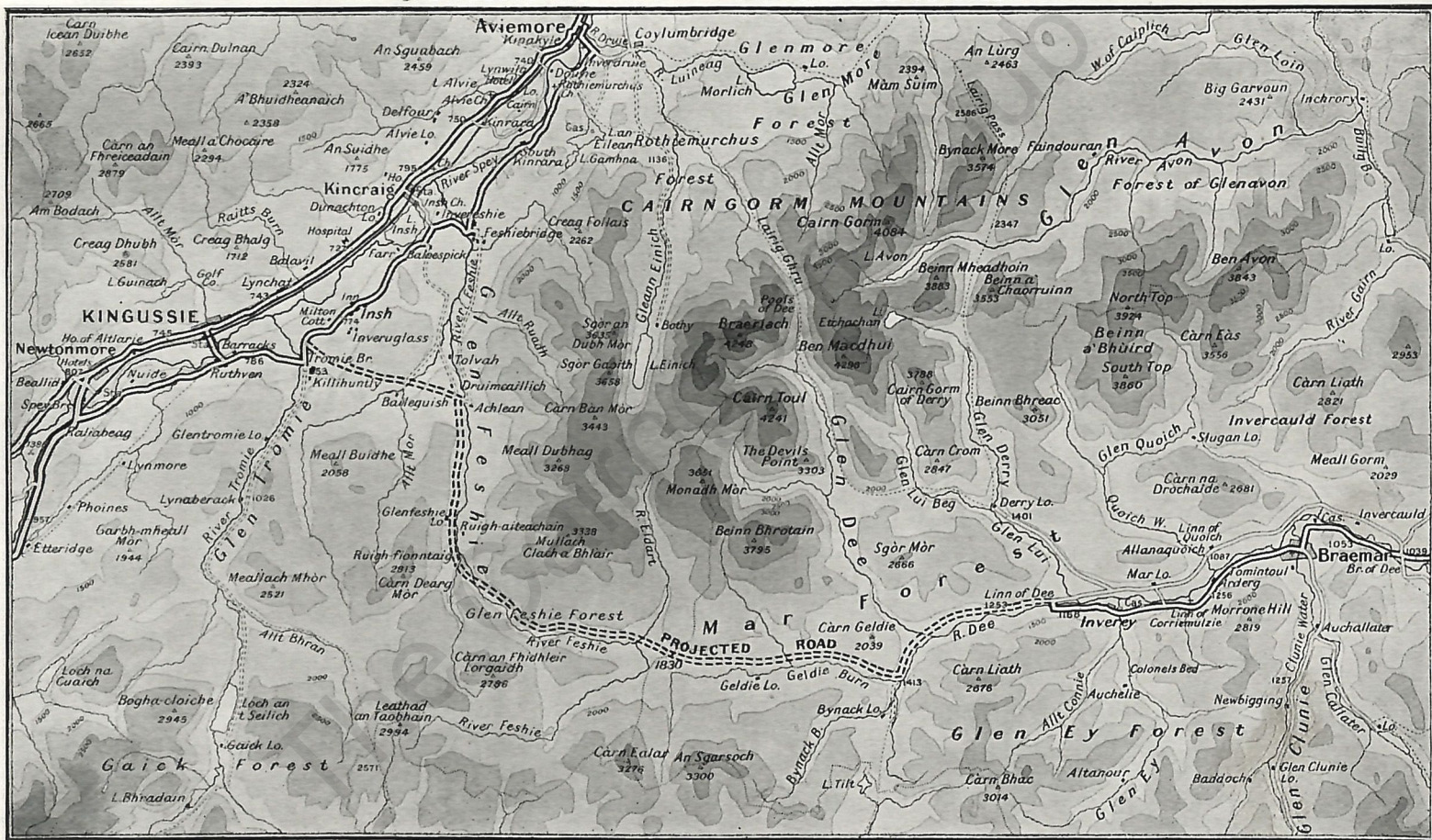
Jura looked very hilly and promising, Islay, save the south-eastern portion, less so, but neither island was a disappointment. The Jura pier is at Craighouse, in the south corner of the roadstead formed by Small Isles. When we came ashore there was no competition for our custom; later we found that the island boasted neither public-house nor policeman—and there were other wants, though the natives seemed happy. The only hotel (temperance) has no sign board, and so at first we passed it by as we explored the one short row of houses which constitutes the village of Craighouse. After dinner we had a remunerative walk with the doctor along the

shore—there is no road otherwise—and admired Nature. Little cultivation is possible on the island, but what a magnificent summer resort it could be made! Arran would have to take second place.

The early morning was not particularly promising, but we risked it and had a certain reward. The Paps of Jura have long held a charm for hillmen, but not always was that long island regarded with much favour by travellers. Thus a military writer of 1647 saw no beauty in mountain landscape: "From Yla we boated over to Jura, a horrid ile, and a habitation fit for deers and wild beasts." Even Dr. Macculloch, so often quoted in mountaineering literature, and better trained to appreciate Highland scenery, did not admire the green slopes and rocky ridges of the island; his criticism is even brutal and ignorant: "I have little to say of it, and much less to say in its praise." Yet in Jura the fuchsia grows like a weed, and often attains the dimensions of a tree; roses bloom as high as the eaves; and the iris blossoms along the coast line. Thankful we are that Grierson's "Rambles" reached a third edition were it only for his "Islay Letters"; he himself had forebodings that his "Wanderings" were to close with his "Fortnight on Deeside." But no! in his own words it "pleased the Great Disposer of events to enable me once more to intrude as a mountain climber." Intrude! He finally gave us 374 pages of "Rambles"; we could well have done with twice as many, and then forgiven him his "Church in the North." Grierson had a different song to sing of the Inner Hebrides.

There is indeed no group of island mountains now better known, or more admired, than the cone-shaped Paps of Jura. They form an outstanding group of three—Beinn an Oir, "the mountain of gold" (2571 feet); Beinn Shiantaidh, "the blessed (or consecrated) mountain" (2477 feet); and Beinn a' Chaolais, "the mountain of the Sound" (2407 feet). They are composed of fine-grained quartzite, and stand in the southern division of the island, draining to the Sound of Jura on the one side, and to the Sound of Islay and Loch Tarbert on the other. There are

THE PROJECTED NEW ROAD FROM SPEYSIDE TO DEESIDE



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PROJECTED ROAD THUS - - - - -

Scale - 4 Miles to an Inch

Bartholemew Edin'

two recognised routes for the ascent, from Craighouse on the east side of the island, and from Feolin Ferry on the west—the latter connecting with Port Askaig in Islay. The Sound between Port Askaig and Feolin is only about three quarters of a mile broad, and at certain times the narrow sea runs like a river in flood. Even in tolerably favourable circumstances the Sound has a somewhat fearful look to the nervous—one frequent traveller never crossed it without a cork jacket.

Gradually as the noted peaks appear on the horizon expectation is raised, and, given a clear day, one is not disappointed. Their individuality is pronounced, and, mountainous as all Jura is, there can be no mistaking the Paps, each with a family resemblance to the other. The two higher lie east and west of each other, while the lowest is northward of the highest, thus forming a triangle, the longest side of which is under two miles in length.

As Beinn Shiantaidh is perhaps the one most conveniently ascended from the bay of Small Isles we made for that peak. Its slopes are pretty much of the same character as those of Beinn a' Chaolais, being much covered with "angular and fragmentary stones, loose and shifty, but with heather and moss-stripes between," and occasional clumps of thrift. Beinn Shiantaidh may be regarded as the most symmetrical peak of the three, having steeper slopes than its neighbours. The road should be left near Corran Bridge, and the broad glen of that stream taken, but nothing is to be gained by keeping it more than a mile and a half. The only "wild beasts" seen will probably be cattle, sheep, and horses grazing in the lower part of the glen; higher up deer in considerable numbers will no doubt be observed. The so-called wild goats of Jura now frequent, as a rule, the rocky coast, and still occasionally yield a valued trophy to the hunter. As the eastern shoulder of Beinn Shiantaidh is slowly surmounted, Loch an t-Siob, "the loch of the wisp," at an altitude of about 550 feet, comes into view—a narrow green-banked, solitary tarn, from which issues the Corran

River. A curious group of seven pools, Lochanan Tana, "the shallow lochans," will be observed on the right; these put behind, the real climb of the peak may be said to commence. Often enough little life may be observed in the ascent—a few rabbits on the shore of the loch, a wandering frog half-way up the hill, and a velvet-antlered stag in search of food and his fellows. Grouse are few, owing to the wetness of the climate and the lack of heather, but likely enough ptarmigan may be seen. The bracken here, as elsewhere in the Highlands, seems to be increasing its hold.

Scree now prevails, and the climber is glad of the relief of an occasional narrow strip of grass as a change from the unstable stones. Even where the stones have been broken small the ascent is none the easier, for one is continually losing ground by involuntarily sliding downwards with the stream of angular pebbles. The last lap is particularly rough, but there is always the consolation that every step tells. The summit ridge is narrow, and the side towards Beinn an Oir is quite as steep as the one just mastered. The cairn, like those on the other paps, is rather considerable; there is no mistaking the summit even in mist.

At the col (*c.* 1600 feet) between Beinn Shiantaidh and Beinn an Oir is Imir an Aonaich, "the furrow of the nose," a suggestive name. There is a small loch and near it a stone hut. A well-built causeway leads towards the cairn of "the mountain of gold"; it was constructed by the men of the Ordnance Survey when Beinn an Oir was one of the points of observation in the great triangulation of the United Kingdom. (See *C.C.J.*, I., 164). On Grierson's visit he found the ground round about strewn with "scraps of old shoes, clothes, bones, bottles, &c., and close to it there is a fine powerful spring, which no doubt was the cause of their preferring this as their lodging place."

Grierson, writing of his journey across Islay from Bridgend to Port Askaig, thus refers to the prospect of the Paps near the latter village: "What principally

engrossed my attention was the view of the splendid mountains of Jura. These were directly in front, and the morning being fine, the view of them was particularly striking." Crossing the sound to Feolin ("The sea gull's") Ferry, where there is only one house, he had the disadvantage of traversing a considerable moorland scored with deep ravines fringed with birch and alder. Once on the shoulder of Beinn a' Chaolais he found the ascent to the great cairn of Beinn an Oir "uniform and very abrupt," loose blocks being so troublesome that much care was required to escape broken bones. Yet here and there he "found blaeberrries, crawberries, junipers, and braelics; in some cases all within a few feet of each other." The big cairn has fallen on evil times since the reverend gentlemen's visit, and must now be described as dilapidated.

The prospect on a clear day from Beinn an Oir is one of the most remarkable from any of the western summits, having of course the additional charm of island and sea when compared with most of even the higher mountains in the centre of Scotland. Long lines of heights almost in every direction, irregularly dominated by clean-cut peaks; the Atlantic, here bounded only by the horizon, there dotted over with islands and islets from Arran to the Long Island, islands and mainland so apparently commingling that one can scarcely tell which is which; numerous distant mountains on the mainland, both north and south—little wonder that the beholder is amazed with the enormous extent as well as the marvellous variety of the prospect. Several noted points in Antrim and Donegal may be seen, distant from 52 to 72 miles; hills in Islay, Tiree, Mull, and South Uist (Beinn Mhor is no less than 106 miles off); Ben Nevis, 73 miles; Ben Lawers, 12; Ben Lomond, 57; Goatfell, 37; and Merrick, 80—and these are merely a few of the best known mountains that crowd around.

We were not yet done with the Paps. The walk to Feolin Ferry the following day, especially the latter half of it, is one not to be missed. We broke it at Jura House,

lingering here and there by the coast as well, for the Sound of Islay has a certain fascination. The view from Jura House is extensive and peculiar. Across the Sound are McArthur's Head and the hills of Islay; to the south-east Kintyre; in the distance Ireland. 'Tis a lonely road all the way and in that is part of its charm. A little cargo steamer thrashing its northward way through the Sound seemed hard put in fighting the current, and we began to have fears that the ferry boat would not cross that evening. After a wait the ferryman decided to make the attempt, though we would have been happier otherwise. A spare oar lay in the boat and on it we kept our eyes, in case of a capsize, but somehow or other we got safely across, after shipping a little water. Port Askaig, a village of about half a dozen houses, was busy, for H.M. ship "Research" lay at anchor on the other side of the Sound, and Jack had an afternoon in Islay. Some had preferred to drive across the island, others remained at the hotel and were noisily happy. At 9.30 a steam launch carried them all off to the "Research." Several days were spent in Islay, their only connection with the present subject being the outstanding prospect of the Paps as we sauntered one morning from Ballygrant to Port Askaig to catch the steamer. We dwelt on the view of them as the steamer held for Craighouse, and when they faded from sight, as we neared Tarbert, we could only look forward to another and a more prolonged visit to Jura. The Paps we now feel certain should be crossed from east to west or *vice versa*.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

SINCE the last number of the Journal was published the only event of importance to chronicle is the Summer Meet.

The Club made its headquarters at the Invercauld Arms, Braemar, and the following took part in the Meet:— Messrs. Collingwood, Dickson, Gillies, Leslie Gray, Jamieson, MacDiarmid, A. P. Milne, J. W. Milne, Parker, Pyper, Rennie, Simpson, Simpson Jr., Tennant, Troup, Miss Angus and friend from Dundee, Mrs. Gillies, and the Secretary. Most of the party arrived in the course of Friday, and on Saturday Ben Avon and Beinn a Bhuid were climbed, the route being by Rattray's ferry and up Slugan. The conditions on Ben Avon, which was tackled first, were not good—cold rain and mist being encountered on the top. Most of the party were satisfied with the one hill, though a few stalwarts did the circuit of Beinn a Bhuid to the South Top and so back by the Slugan. In spite of the weather, an excellent day's climbing was enjoyed and everyone was satisfied.

Next day various programmes were achieved. Several members spent a day with their old love Ben Muich Dhui while a party of five drove to the Bynack, and proceeded down the Tilt to just short of the Bedford Bridge, whence they reached the head of Glen Ey by the tops, Carn an Righ, Macanan Carn and Ben Uarn. During the drive down Glen Ey in the evening an extraordinary number of deer were seen coming to feed on the flats near the river.

On Monday the party broke up. Those who waited till the afternoon found interest in watching the arrival and departure of The Scottish Reliability Motor Cycle Trials, whose programme for that day included lunch at Braemar.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

Two articles, titled "Speyside Revisited," appeared in the *Free Press* of July 29 and August 1, the first dealing with the Glenfeshie route, and the second with forestry prospects. The following is taken

FOOTBRIDGE from the first article—"Two of the purposes of the visit
ACROSS were, first, to examine the crossing of the Eidart, which, in
THE EIDART. the current number of the *Cairngorm Club Journal*, was reported by a visitor to be without a bridge; and, second, to ascertain, so far as one without knowledge of engineering could, the possibilities and the difficulties of a road through Glenfeshie from Braemar to Kingussie. On the first point there was immediate reassurance. A footbridge has been erected, evidently recently, across the Eidart about 100 yards from its junction with the Feshie. It consists of two pairs of light trees laid end to end and spliced in the centre, where they are supported by similar but stronger pairs, which act as a pier and are secured by a considerable pile of stones. The footway has battens at intervals and a strong wire on the upper side to serve as a parapet. The bridge will be of immense service to mountaineers and tourists, and it is to be hoped that it will stand the stress of the winter floods. It is, presumably, due to the good offices of Sir George Cooper, the tenant of Glenfeshie shootings, who has otherwise done much to improve the routes." As to making a road through Glenfeshie, the writer says it seems quite feasible but would not be without its difficulties, but the difficulties, "to an unskilled eye at any rate," do not appear insuperable, though they would probably entail additional expense for bridges crossing and recrossing the stream, embankment, and, possibly, some kind of viaduct.

THERE has been talk recently of a project—or the revival of a project—for constructing a railway to the top of Ben Nevis, and so bringing the summit of the highest mountain in the British Isles within comparatively easy reach of the general public. Not much pretence of disseminating a taste for mountain scenery is avowed, however. The promoters of the project are plainly "on the make," to adopt a slang phrase, for the chief recommendation put forward is that shareholders would earn a probable 6 per cent. dividend. What is aimed at, apparently, is to make the Ben a "popular resort," and to inaugurate a series of special excursions from the large cities of Scotland and the north of England; and as a necessary preliminary, the building on the summit which several years ago served as the meteorological observatory has been transformed into a hotel. The invasion of Ben Nevis by a daily horde of "cheap trippers" would be a lamentable desecration, and mountaineers can only contemplate its possible realisation as a calamity. Fortunately, there is just the possibility of this outrage to our "monarch of mountains" being averted. Ben Nevis

is owned jointly by the Abinger trustees and Mrs. Cameron Lucy of Callart, and the late Lord Abinger in his will directed his trustees to oppose any scheme for the construction of a railway line to the top of the mountain.

THAT Ben Nevis presents a peculiar fascination for record-breakers is demonstrated by the frequent exploits of mountaineers on its rugged slopes.

On Sunday, 21st September, a six horse-power motor cycle, with side car, was successfully piloted to the summit by Mr. D. Bell, Great Western Road, Glasgow. The machine is one which gained a gold medal in the English six days' trials, and, in fact, it climbed the mountain with the seals affixed by the A.C.U. officials attached.

The narrowness and somewhat rough nature of the bridle path were responsible for the usual difficulties experienced by the motorists who essay this ascent, and, as was almost inevitable, tyres were punctured and damage done to footboards. Negotiations in connection with the ascent had been in progress since Thursday, and when darkness fell the machine was abandoned for the night at the side of the track. The actual time occupied in climbing was ten hours, but the descent was accomplished in 2½ hours, there being on occasions as many as three passengers on the machine. On the upper reaches of the mountain, mist interfered with progress, and militated against successful photographs.—*Scotsman*, September 23.

THE question of who "discovered" Scottish scenery—discovered it, that is, in the sense of making its beauties known and so attracting other people to behold them—was practically revived in an interesting

article on "Wordsworth in Scotland" contributed by Mr. J. Logie Robertson to the *Scotsman* of September 13. Mr. Robertson asked what brought the Wordsworths (the poet and his sister) to the Trossachs in 1803, full seven years before Scott's revelation of that region, and gave as answer that the Trossachs had been discovered to the world beyond Perthshire by an article or contribution from Rev. James Robertson, minister of Callander, to Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland (1791-9). This was published separately and the pamphlet was well known to the Wordsworths. "I," said the worthy minister of Callander to a rival claimant for the honour—"I was the person who first made the Trossachs known, and I may say it without presumption, for before 1790, except to the natives and a few individuals in the neighbourhood, this remarkable place had never been heard of." But the Wordsworths had also in their possession the MS. of "Tours to the British Mountains" by their Quaker friend, Thomas Wilkinson, and had carefully read the section devoted to "The Perthshire Paradise." Wilkinson's Trossachs tour was made in 1787, though his work did not appear till 1824.

"A WORLD TRAVELLER RETURNED," writing on "The Finest Sights in the World" in the *Daily Mail* (July 11), said—"Among mountains I had long thought the Matterhorn to be the peak which grips you most; and I have seen something of the Himalayas and many other mountain ranges. So much depends upon the way you see a place, however. You must

abandon the railway in the Rhone Valley and go amid the mountains on foot until at that last turn in the road you see the lonely

SUPREMACY OF THE MATTERHORN. peak far above you, piercing the clouds, wreathed in whirling snow, Nature's mightiest expression of the thoughts which led men to build cathedral spires.

The mountains which are graven deepest in the memory are always those which have a certain isolation." This letter produced the customary controversy as to what really is the finest sight in the world. As regards mountain views, one correspondent declared for the superiority of "The view of the Jungfrau as seen on a fine evening in the afterglow from Wengen, when the vast expanse of snow and ice fades through every colour on the scale from rose pink to lilac and slate," adding—"Famous though the view from Muerren is, and justly celebrated by the late J. A. Symonds, it does not, to my mind, equal the sweep of mountains from Wengen."

THE most free and ideal of all holidays is the walking tour. It is the most recuperative to mind and body, the most full of happy adventure, the most devoid of a shadow of care. Walking tours are the

A PRACTICAL WALKING TOUR. enjoyment of a wise few; they would be the delight of many more if it were not for a misconception that the motor has spoilt walking. But the motor is tied to the

roads, and the pedestrian need be as little on roads as he wills. There are vast areas in Great Britain alone where you may walk all day and scarce ever tread a road. There are hundreds of miles of Alpine valleys where motor traffic is forbidden by law. Other misconceptions are that the walking tour is fatiguing, the transport of one's baggage is a grievous burden, and blistered feet are an inevitable trouble. A few simple observations will make a walking tour the most delightful experience you can imagine. They resolve themselves into where to walk, what to wear and carry, and how to walk. Make a programme before you start, but then make a resolution that you are the master of your programme and not your programme master of you. Nothing spoils a walking tour like the tyranny of a time-table. Both as regards Switzerland and the United Kingdom it is easy enough to plan tours from Baedeker for the former and Baddeley's splendid guides for the latter. All these books give specimen tours. The walking tours in Baddeley are particularly well worked out. Make up your mind what is the least possible amount of baggage that you can do with, cut it down to half, and then go ruthlessly through the remainder with the stern determination to halve it again. It is surprising how every ounce becomes a pound by the middle of a long day. Leave at home that old-man-of-the-sea of so many tourists' backs, the mackintosh. There are more fine days, when it is a desperate burden, than wet days, when it is a doubtful blessing. It matters not how soaked you may be if you keep moving, change directly on arrival, and have wet clothes properly dried. Many walking tours are spoilt all through by too much zeal at the start. Do nothing at all on your first day but loaf about. Take a mere saunter on the second day, on your third day commence with half what the guide-book gives for a full day, and then go ahead. Walk easily at first, and never hurry. Walk steadily; short rests will only make you tired. Take one

good rest at mid-day, and a light meal out of the rucksack. Drink as little as possible; never drink out of unknown streams and alluring springs. "T. B.," in *Daily Mail*, August 7.

NOT for a number of years have the high lying corries of the Cairngorms carried such extensive snow beds throughout the summer as was the case

during the present season, and at the date of writing (October 30) there are a larger number of beds of the old winter's snow still remaining than I ever remember during a somewhat extensive experience of this interesting hill range.

There are two important factors in determining the amount of snow which is to remain unmelted during the summer and autumn months. The first is, obviously, the nature and severity of the winter snowfalls, and the amount of wind which accompanies these storms, for it is entirely due to the wind that we have any eternal snow in this country, the heaviest snowfalls which are experienced on the hills being quite insufficient to remain beyond the month of June were it not for the fact that most of the snow is drifted clear of the summits and exposed parts of the hills, to be deposited in immense drifts in the more sheltered corries. The second factor in connection with the diminution of the snow fields, and one perhaps not generally realised, is the direction and strength of the winds which blow from May till October. A day of even the most tropical sun heat will have a less marked effect on a bed of snow than a night of storm and rain, with a southerly or sou'westerly gale sweeping the hillsides. The present season bears out in a striking manner this interesting point. From early June right on till October 13th there was a marked absence of winds of any force—the September equinox passed with nothing more than a fresh breeze—and what wind there was blew from an easterly point almost continuously. It may be set down as a general rule that the snow beds do not diminish appreciably after the first week in October, but this year we have experienced exceptional weather right up to the date of writing. With the exception of three days—October 21st, 22nd, and 23rd—when the temperature was below the freezing point and a certain amount of snow fell on the high grounds, the month has been marked by a quite unusual prevalence of southerly and south-westerly winds with a high temperature, and even now the snow beds are decreasing in size daily, though in an average season the high hills would already be covered by the fresh winter's snow.—SETON GORDON in the *Scotsman*, November 8.

THIS winter, under the auspices of the Aberdeen Grammar School F.P. Club, Mr. Seton Gordon, F.Z.S., etc., gave an interesting lecture, in the Lounge of the Palace Hotel, on the birds of the hill country. He showed some seventy slides, all very interesting; and some of great beauty. He dealt chiefly with wild birds in the county of Aberdeen, of which he has made a special study during the last five or six years. On many occasions he had been out all night for photographs of the golden eagle or ptarmigan. In connection with a slide of a golden eagles' eyrie in the Braemar district

he related the unfortunate history of the pair of eagles which had come to that eyrie for many years. Last year they built a new nest which was knocked down by a heavy gale of wind. This year they built in rocks not far away and the eyrie and eggs were burned out in a heather fire. He had photographs of the interior of the eyrie, showing the construction of the nest built with fir branches. Eagles always use living branches, never dead branches with the result that one fir he knew, which was the only one in a district of 4 or 5 miles, was practically denuded of branches. The next picture showed the same eyrie containing two young golden eagles only a week old. It was taken on a very cold day and the birds could be seen huddled up together for warmth. The eagle lays and hatches very early with result that the hen is often sitting while the ground is covered with snow. Then the birds were shown at the age of a month: the feathers began to grow quickly at that age. Both these birds fell out of their nest, and only one survived the fall of some 50 feet. The young bird was shown at the age of seven weeks. A sort of second eyrie had been constructed round it where it fell, in order, Mr. Gordon imagined, to show any stray fox that it was not alone. The photograph also showed the whole feathers grown save those on the neck, these being the last to come in.

Mr. Gordon then showed pictures taken at another eyrie in the Cairnwell district, which was, he said, visible from the main road from Braemar to Blairgowrie. It was pretty high up, about 2,700 feet above sea level. Interesting pictures were shown of an adult golden eagle in flight. The lecturer said he had several times tried to get these photographs without success, because the bird always saw or heard him coming. He ultimately got within 300 yards of the nest before the bird flew away, he hid himself, and to his surprise within two minutes, after circling high above him, the eagle returned to its nest and went to sleep. A young bird about ten weeks old was shown in flight. This was interesting, as showing the difference between the strong flight of the old bird and the timid uncertain flight of the young.

Young golden eagles on their first flights sometimes get into difficulties in long heather and are quite unable to rise into the air again. They cannot get their feet down to the ground. On one occasion, Mr. Gordon was rather surprised to see a young one jump into a pool of water about four feet deep and using its wings as oars to propel itself across. He had never heard of a bird deliberately throwing itself into water far out of its depth before. Continuing, the lecturer said that the female was always larger than the male. Two eggs were invariably laid, one hatching into a cock and the other into a hen.

An interesting picture was shown of the head and shoulders of a young cock eagle. When Mr. Gordon took that photo the camera was on the edge of the eyrie only about a foot or a foot and a half away from the bird. The curious third eyelid of the bird was very distinct.

Although two eggs are laid by eagles he found it the exception rather than the rule for both to come to maturity. Various reasons had been advanced to account for that, but apparently it was because there was an insufficiency of food and the weaker bird succumbed.

On the day before his lecture he had been watching a golden eagle driving a hill for grouse. The grouse flying down-wind to escape seemed to fly quicker than any birds he ever saw. He thought they must have been going about ninety miles an hour. The wind was blowing about forty-five miles an hour and grouse being able to fly at sixty, their speed with the wind would probably be nearly a hundred miles an hour. The same week in Glen Lui seven miles north-west of Braemar, he saw a young golden eagle being mobbed by about eight hoodie crows. The eagle alighted on a tree and one after another the hoodies came down almost touching him, but he took no notice of them and one after another they flew off.

The next photograph was of a golden eagle's eyrie in a birch tree not very far from Inch Rorie. Close to the nest there was a right-of-way through which people passed almost daily so that it was rather surprising that the bird succeeded in hatching out its young. It was the only instance of an eyrie in a birch tree that he knew of.

Mr. Gordon next dealt with the peregrine falcon and said that in a certain locality he had known of a nest since 1907 and he did not think that on a single occasion the birds had hatched out their eggs. There was a place on the upper Dee, near Braemar, where the peregrine falcon occasionally tried to nest, but he thought they were usually shot. This bird had a very hard time in Aberdeenshire. It was generally believed that it lived on grouse, but he might say that he had never come across the remains of grouse at a peregrine falcon's nest, which, he thought, showed quite clearly that at any rate it did not live entirely on grouse as keepers seemed to imagine.

Mr. Gordon then showed several photographs of tree stumps on the Cairngorms, evidence that perhaps 500 or 1,000 years ago the timber line was much higher up than now. The tree stumps had been laid bare in digging for peat, and it was interesting that these stumps made much better fuel than the present day wood.

In connection with ptarmigan, the lecturer said that it was an extraordinary fact that those birds seemed to prefer to roost in the snow. He showed a picture of the Pools of Dee at the top of Larig Pass, 2,700 feet above sea level with roosting hollows clearly visible on the snow. Mr. Seton Gordon referred to the protective colouring of the red grouse and the ptarmigan. Their respective eggs were very much alike, but the ptarmigan was very rarely found below 2,500 feet and the grouse very rarely above. At the time of laying eggs the ptarmigan moulted, which accounted for white feathers found in the nest. On one occasion when he found a sitting ptarmigan which he wished to photograph, he fixed up his camera, but a strong gust of wind blew it right over close to the bird which, however, never moved.

Fifteen minutes after hatching, young grouse and ptarmigan were quite able to run about. Sometimes they were to be seen running about with pieces of eggshell still adhering to them. Birds nesting on the ground were able to run about much sooner than those in trees where they were more secure. Ptarmigan's nests were very rarely found on the hill slopes facing north but generally on the south or east to get the sun. That also held true

with regard to grouse. Mr. Gordon said that he had brought ptarmigan as close as six feet by imitating the call of the young bird in distress.

Near Glen Feshie the black-headed gull, dotterel and snow bunting could be found. The dotterel was an absolutely tame bird and the Gaelic name for it meant "fool of the moss." It was rather like a golden plover but had a white stripe running down from the back of its head. In connection with a photograph of a couple of young dotterel rather an amusing incident occurred. He was out with an experienced old stalker and they saw from the movements of the old birds that there must be a brood of dotterel in the vicinity so lay down and waited. They noticed two get up and run away and knew that there ought to be a third but it did not rise. When eventually they got tired waiting and rose up the old stalker found to his astonishment that he had been lying on the third bird and it was squashed absolutely flat.

Dealing with the snow bunting, the lecturer said that a pair of snow bunting came and nested near Cairntoul, but an English collector took the eggs and shot the birds, which he thought was greatly to be regretted as these birds nested very early. Of course, owing to the nature of the country, they could not be protected by law, but he thought they ought to be protected by the collectors themselves. Mr. Seton Gordon, in conclusion, showed several photos illustrating the severity of snowstorms in the higher altitudes. A particularly interesting picture was that of the snow bridge at the Garrachory on Braeriach which is 30 yards across and which in the memory of man has never been known to disappear.

OWING to the large number of accidents occurring every year to mountain climbers and tourists in the Alps, several Swiss insurance companies have established an accident policy for the benefit of persons MOUNTAINEER- undertaking these mountain excursions. For a premium ING POLICIES. of sixpence a season, certain Alpine clubs offer insurance to their members to the amount of about £4 10s., with medical care, &c., included. The amount of the premium is less where groups of five or ten persons are insured together. There is also an insurance policy issued for the winter season against ski and bobsleigh accidents in the Alps.

"THE night passed over without anything worth mention but we had occasion to observe in the morning an instance of the curious evaporation that is noticeable in the High Alps. On the previous night we AN ALPINE had hung up on a knob of rock our mackintosh bag containing Rodier's bad wine. In the morning, although the stopper appeared to have been in all night, about four-fifths had evaporated. It was strange; my friends had not taken any, neither had I, and the guides each declared that they had not seen anyone touch it. In fact it was clear that there was no explanation of the phenomenon, but in the dryness of the air. Still it is remarkable that the dryness of the air (or the evaporation of wine) is always greatest when a stranger is in one's party—the dryness caused by presence of even a single Chamounix porter is sometimes so great that not four-fifths but the entire quantity disappears." —*Edward Whymper, "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."*

“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!'"

Correspondence.

ABERDEEN, 28th August, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I think it may interest some of our members to read the following record among the Cairngorms this summer, which seems to have been performed under somewhat unusual circumstances.

When residing at Aviemore last month I met a gentleman from London who told me that he casually picked up Mr. Seton Gordon's 'Charm of the Hills' at a London book-stall. Though he had never been north of the Border, and never used a map or compass before, he was so enthused by Mr. Gordon's descriptions that he determined to purchase these necessities, and to visit forthwith the haunts of the golden-eagle.

Finding himself at Aviemore, in the midst of the gorgeous weather—for which the summer of 1913 will long be famous—this is what he did:—

17th July.—From Aviemore to Braeriach by Loch Eunach, and back by the Larig.

18th July.—From Aviemore to Lurcher's Rock, Cairngorm, and back by Loch Morlich.

19th July.—From Aviemore to Braeriach by Loch Eunach, Angel's Peak, and Cairn Toul, and back same way.

20th July.—From Aviemore to Sgoran Dubh, from Loch Eunach, and back by Argyle Stone and Loch-an-Eilean.

21st July.—From Aviemore to Lurcher's Rock and Ben Muich Dhui, and back same way.

22nd July.—From Aviemore to Lurcher's Rock, Ben Muich Dhui, and on to Braemar *via* Loch Etchachan and Glen Derry.

23rd July.—From Braemar by Loch Callater to Lochnagar, down Glen Gelder, out by East Lodge, Balmoral, and caught motor-bus back to Braemar.

24th July.—Waded Dee at Ford, up Glen Quoich, climbed Ben a' Bhuid and Ben Avon, descended to Loch Builg, ascended between the Culardoch and Carn Liath, came down to Inver Inn by Glen Feardar, and picked up motor-bus to Braemar.

25th July.—Strolled up to Derry, rested till 10.15 p.m., started for Ben Muich Dhui, and reached top 2.30 a.m., saw sun-rise; got to top of Cairngorm 6 a.m., and breakfasted at Aviemore at 9.30 a.m.

27th July.—Climbed Braeriach, Angel's Peak and Cairn Toul (each twice), and back to Aviemore.

I had the pleasure of accompanying the gentleman on his last expedition, and a better walker, a more pleasant companion, and a man more imbued with the true spirit of the hills I have never met.

If Mr. Gordon's book inspires others south of the border or elsewhere, as it has done in this case, his work has not been in vain. I think we should be proud to have Mr. Hoare enrolled among our members.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM GARDEN.

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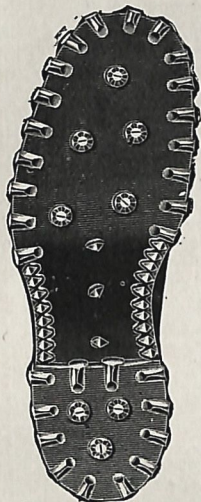


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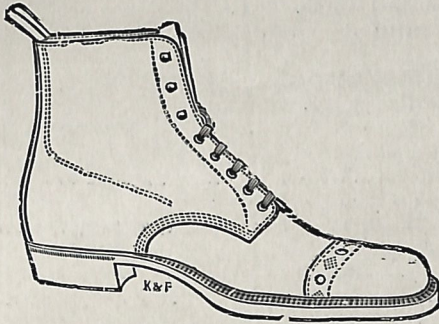
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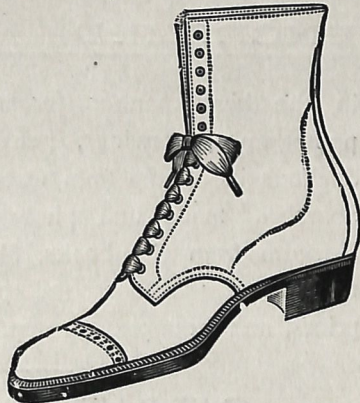
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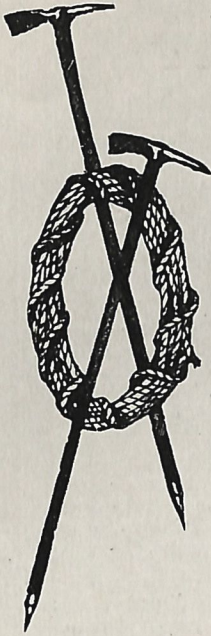
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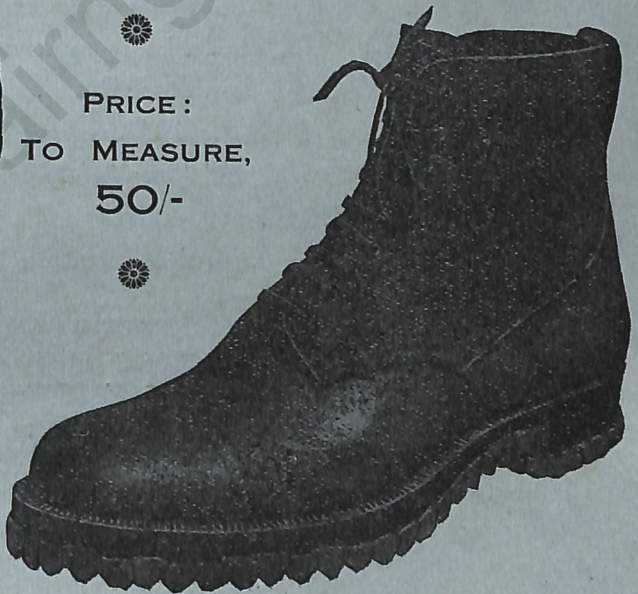
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