

REVIEWS

The Mountain Way : An Anthology collected by R. L. G. Irving. Pp. xxii, 656. 7½ × 4½. Dent, London, 1938. Price 10s. 6d. net.

WE are never satisfied with an anthology unless it does three things : it must collect all, or nearly all, our favourite pieces ; it must add some that were unknown to us before ; and by judicious comment, juxtaposition or selection it must show us the merit of some passages that we knew only in a superficial way. *The Mountain Way* does all this, and it is no disrespect to the excellence of Arnold Lunn's smaller and more restricted *Englishman in the Alps* to say that Mr. Irving's book is fit to be the standard anthology of its kind. Its 656 pages will send the amateur of mountain literature back to his own book-shelves with a new appreciation of their contents and a sharper sense of their shortcomings. The familiar names are here : Leslie Stephen, Douglas Freshfield, J. A. Symonds, Martin Conway, F. W. Bourdillon, A. D. Godley, G. H. L. Mallory ; and the familiar narratives : Whymper on the Matterhorn, Alfred Wills on the Wetterhorn, P. C. Gosset on the death of Bennen, C. T. Dent on the Dru, Gertrude Bell on 'A Face of the Finsteraarhorn' and Dorothy Pilley on 'The North Ridge of the Dent Blanche' ; but there is much that is unfamiliar, and the selection is not limited to English writers or to familiar European mountains. There are passages from Norton, Shipton, Smythe and Tilman on the Himalaya ; Maurice Hewlett on the Mountains of Greece, General Smuts on Table Mountain, W. W. Foster on Mount Logan, Mummery on Dych Tau, Christian Klucker on the Porta Roseg in 1898, Comte Henri de Tilly on Etna and Mlle d'Angeville on the ascent of Mont Blanc in 1838 ; and there are the passages from writers whom one does not think of primarily as mountaineers : Petrarch, Goethe, Rousseau, Gray, Chateaubriand, Borrow and Nietzsche.

So far, we are on well-known ground, and perhaps Gesner, Saussure and Töpffer cannot be called discoveries ; but even for those who know mountain literature well, Mr. Irving has something to offer : Thomas Green's 'Diary of a Lover of Literature' (1800) tells us more about 'the Porson of Oxford' than about Etna, but Margaret Symonds' *Our Life in the Swiss Highlands* (1890) is a book worth knowing if only for the descriptions of 'Catching a Marmot' and 'Hayhauling.' Warde Fowler's *A Year with the Birds* (1914) has some good passages on bird life in the Alps, and Baud-Bovy's *Le Mont Blanc* contains a gruesome account of a disaster more horrifying than the Hamel accident or the death of Carrel on the Col du Lion because it ought never to have happened. Among the poetry Mr. Irving

rightly includes a passage from Clough's *The Bothie* as well as others from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron and lesser-known writers. The romantics do not have it all their own way.

The Mountain Way is arranged in seven sections: How men have looked at it, How they have followed it, A way of change, Its halting places, Its warnings, Men of the Mountains, and Visions Near and Far. To each section Mr. Irving provides an introduction that adds to our interest in reading his selections, and the selections themselves reflect his own temperate and reasoned view. There is humour, but nothing of the laboured facetiousness ('the contents of a certain bottle') that used to creep into some Alpine narratives; there is enthusiasm, but no wild disregard of a sense of proportion; there is serious observation and comment, but no sham religion. It is not easy to make a selection of Alpine writing without allowing snobbery, or at least a touch of egregiousness to creep in: a passion for solitude, and for a sport that calls for many admirable qualities is always liable to tempt its practitioners to forget that the capacity to gratify the passion is a matter of luck, not merit, and that it is good to develop qualities of intelligence, courage, patience and endurance among mountains, but better still to apply them in ordinary life.

Mr. Irving does not forget that mountaineering is, on the whole, a recreation for the fairly well-to-do, and his selections do not treat mountains as so many climbs and grandiose views: they remind us of the life of cowherd and woodsman, cheese-maker and hunter. Something from Berlepsch or works like Coxe's *Switzerland* might have been used to fortify this aspect of the book. Then again, one or more of Mrs. Freshfield's tours might have been used to cheer the modest tourist, and something from Latrobe's *Alpenstock* (1829: the date is wrongly given in De Beer) to represent the early impecunious walker in the Alps. Something from Tyndall might have served to show how strict scientific description can evoke a vivid picture of sunlit rock and violet shadow more memorably than a page of high-falutin gush. Something about ski-ing or ski-touring ought to have come in, and why not Crauford Grove's account of the first ascent of the Aiguille de Bionnassay, for the sake of Buxton and his dry humour?

But it is easier to suggest additions than it is to find room for them. Some of the poetry, perhaps? And was it really kind to print the bombastic nonsense of Italian journalists? After all, one does not need to go beyond the columns of our own newspapers to find silliness about mountaineering; and the political writer's tendency to make political capital out of anything he can lay hands on is not confined to Fascist countries.

Part of the pleasure of reading an anthology lies in suggesting improvements and in producing a card or two from a well-stocked sleeve; but really there is remarkably little in this book that could be spared, and not a great deal that could take its place. Regretfully, the reviewer trying to enjoy the negative pleasures of hostile criticism has to admit that this is a good book, and take what consolation he

can from the fact that there is a misprint on p. 653 (line 10, for ' ten ' read ' the ') and another on p. 493 (line 2, for ' Vloot ' read ' Vallot ').

Scientific Results of the Dutch Expedition to the Karakoram. Volume II. Glaciology. (In German.) Written and published by Dr. P. C. Visser and Jenny Visser-Hooft. E. J. Brill, Leiden, 1938. Price 12 Gulden.

DR. VISSER joined the Alpine Club before the War and knows the Alps as thoroughly as most people, but for many years he has been Consul-General for the Netherlands in India. There he has spent much of his leave exploring in the Karakoram, penetrating as far north as Kashgar and Maral-bashi in East Turkestan. He has made four expeditions in all, in 1922, 1925, 1929-30 and 1935, and in the first three he was accompanied by Franz Lochmatter as guide.

It has been Dr. Visser's pleasure to make real scientific expeditions, not merely mild geographical tours, and as a result his exploratory work has been of the highest value. The first volume of his results appeared in 1935, and dealt with the geography, ethnography and zoology of the Karakoram and neighbouring districts; now we have Volume II, the glaciology. Geology, meteorology and physiology are still to follow. As an example of Dr. Visser's tireless energy he has recorded over three hundred glaciers which were either entirely unknown or else wrongly marked on maps. Several travellers, of whom Conway, Filippi and the Workmans are perhaps the best known, had noted such simple facts as the height of the snowline or the advance and retreat of glaciers, and Dr. Oestreich was the first to report scientifically on the Chogo Lungma, but real glaciological problems were left practically untouched, so that Dr. Visser is essentially the pioneer glaciologist of this area.

The following figures will serve to give some idea of the far greater importance of glaciers in this district than in the Alps, both relatively and absolutely. The Karakoram, excluding its eastern portion in Tibet, has an area of 19,480 sq. miles, of which 5274 sq. miles are glaciated, that is to say 28 per cent. The area of the Alps is 67,570 sq. miles, of which 1467 sq. miles, or 2·2 per cent., are glaciated. The biggest of the Karakoram glaciers, the Siachen, is 46½ miles long, while the biggest of the Alpine glaciers, the Great Aletsch Glacier, is 14 miles long.

Dr. Visser favours the following classification of glaciers :—

- (1) Valley or Alpine type.
- (2) Plateau or Scandinavian type.
- (3) Firn basin or Muztagh type.
- (4) Avalanche or Turkestan type.
- (5) Continental or Greenland type.

Personally I consider this method less illuminating than one initiated by Professor H. W. Ahlmann, who takes as its chief factor the condition and relative quantities of ice and firn snow to be found in the glacier. This is more scientific because the type is constant throughout a district, whereas, as Dr. Visser admits, various types are present in the Karakoram. The determining factor thus seems too haphazard.

Useful figures give an idea of ablation and precipitation in certain of the glaciers. Naturally, to make such figures complete, observations spread over many years and expeditions equipped with divers and complicated instruments are necessary. These and many of the results in the first part of the work will be of interest to the geographer and the explorer seeking information, but far more valuable, being of more general interest, are the chapters on the movement of glaciers and the nature of blue bands, those lines of clear, air-free ice which every mountaineer has observed in open crevasses or on séracs. Controversy on the nature of both these phenomena has raged for many years, largely I think because the amount of theory and even conjecture has exceeded the experimental evidence brought to bear on the subjects.

Dealing first with the question of movement, the two principal schools of thought support, respectively, what are commonly called shear movement and plastic flow. Shear movement demands that the glacier be divided into layers or laminæ and that these slip down one over the other like a pack of cards. The plastic theory requires minute units of ice to flow much as pitch flows. Dr. Visser has reached the conclusion that both these forms of movement take place and many intermediate stages as well. I cannot anticipate results still being worked out, but I may perhaps be allowed to say that during last summer we were able actually to watch both these forms of movement taking place, plastic flow in the névé area and shear or slip in the tongue of a glacier.

In regard to blue bands there have been three contending schools. The first, of which Forbes and Tyndall were the protagonists, likened the banding to the cleavage of slates under pressure, a belief that is now little held. The second urge that they are formed in the névé region by some process of stratification, for instance by crust building on the surface, the covering of this crust by snow and its subsequent icing up as melt-water collects in it. The third view is that they are formed by shear—the slipping of one layer of ice over the other, thus generating heat and causing melting and re-freezing over the area of contact. Dr. Visser, while appearing not to differentiate very distinctly between the first and third schools of thought, is of the view that practically all these forms are possible and that there are many variations grading one into the other. While not going as far as Dr. Visser in this, I have actually watched bands of ice forming from old crusts and other dense layers in the névé and in addition possess experimental evidence of blue bands forming through shear in the ice of the glacier tongue. There are therefore at least two and probably more different kinds of iced bands in a glacier.

If I may find fault it is that the beautiful photographs, partly from the use of too coarse a screen and partly from insufficient titular explanation, do not always appear to illustrate the intended point. This and the absence of an index make this book difficult to study, especially in a foreign language, but I must congratulate Dr. Visser not only on his remarkable work in producing a book of this kind as a

by-product of his leisure time, but also on the extremely commonsense turn he has given to these and other much vexed glacier problems.

G. SELIGMAN.

The Tetons : Interpretations of a Mountain Landscape. By Fritiof Fryxell. London : Cambridge University Press, 1938. Price \$1.50.

THE Teton Mountains, although not the highest part of the great American Cordillera, are one of the most interesting portions from a scenic and mountaineering standpoint. First appearing in literature as 'the Pilot Knobs,' they early acquired their present appellation from the French voyageurs, who baptized them 'Les Trois Tétons.' Whether seen from the flat expanse of Jackson Hole on the E., or Teton Basin (the historical Pierre's Hole, scene of many Indian battles) on the W., these peaks present one of the most impressive pictures in the American Rockies. Long neglected, almost forgotten, they have only recently reassumed the prominence they enjoyed fifty to a hundred years ago. With the creation of the Grand Teton National Park in 1929 and the resultant advertising which the region has thereby obtained, more and more travellers to the Yellowstone have turned aside to gaze upon or to climb the spire-like peaks of this range. Situated in the dude-ranch country of Western Wyoming, the mountains have been visited by increasing numbers on pack trips from these ranches.

The interest of the visitor in the explanation of the existence of this outstanding group of peaks is aroused by their utter dissimilarity from the surrounding country, their faery-like quality, and the tremendous cañons which separate them from one another. Although a number of technical geological papers have appeared on this region, no general work had appeared to satisfy this desire for a readable explanation. Dr. Fryxell, than whom there is probably no one better qualified, has now brought out such a book as a companion volume to his previous book, *The Teton Peaks and their Ascents*. He now does for the geology of the range what he formerly did for the climbing history of the peaks.

The reader, whether a student of geology, a mountaineer, or merely a casual tourist, will be most agreeably surprised and pleased by the easy treatment of the subject, which refrains from a pedantic or didactic style while at the same time restraining any tendency toward either emotionalism or over-simplification in explanation. The writing is straightforward and clear, understandable by the student and layman alike. Although this is primarily a treatment of the geological history of the range, it is no mere chronicle of events in the order of their happening, but presents a nice balance of cause and effect, each episode being linked with some present-day feature. In fact, the whole book is written from the standpoint of providing an explanation of the present physiographic features. Well written, the book provides pleasant reading. The pleasing effect is further increased by the fine typography and wide margins. The illustrations are as usual excellent, and strengthen the attraction of all lovers of the mountains to the book.

K. A. HENDERSON.

Unclimbed New Zealand: Alpine Travel in the Canterbury and Westland Ranges, Southern Alps. By John Pascoe. $9\frac{1}{8} \times 5\frac{5}{8}$; pp. 238; illustrations, maps. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London, 1939. Price 16s. net.

THE appearance of Mr. Pascoe's book is doubly welcome. In the first place no new book on the New Zealand Alps has appeared for many years, and secondly this book breaks new ground which is unfamiliar to most New Zealand climbers as well as to overseas mountaineers. Mr. Pascoe feels that too many are attracted to the highest Alps of New Zealand, and fail to experience the great attraction of the lesser known parts of the Southern Alps, and he shows that exploration in these less accessible regions is just as attractive if less technically difficult than the ice climbs of the Hermitage region.

The Canterbury Mountaineering Club, of which Mr. Pascoe is one of the most energetic members, has carried out several years' enthusiastic exploration in the Rakaia, Rangitata, Perth and Adams valleys and has certainly recaptured the joy of the first generation of mountaineers. As Mr. H. E. L. Porter says in a really excellent foreword, 'The young men of Canterbury have fed the flame of their youth with gallant deeds, and will keep it alive as the years creep on with happy memories.'

New Zealand possesses one of the finest mountain ranges in the world, and though it cannot claim the remarkable variety of the Alps of Europe, yet the extent of its glaciation is astonishing, while the icefalls and ice ridges equal anything outside the Himalaya. These Southern Alps are perhaps the finest training ground in the world for Himalayan work, and the author quite rightly states that 'New Zealanders do not have to migrate to the Himalaya to encounter exceptional mountaineering difficulties.' The monsoon can hold no greater terrors than the New Zealand nor'wester.

This book is largely a record of the great part played by the author in the enthusiastic exploration of these more northerly valleys. It is modestly, yet attractively and vividly written. He has made himself an authority on the early history of these regions, which he outlines very well, and he certainly throws an interesting light on the life and ideas of Samuel Butler.

His two unsuccessful attempts to scale Mount Tasman, which mountain he refers to as 'the most notoriously difficult New Zealand ice peak,' reveal faulty judgment and a lack of knowledge of the conditions obtaining in the Hermitage region. His party left Syme's ridge because it 'looked inclined to avalanche.' But the party courted greater disaster on the face of the mountain. If Syme's ridge was likely to avalanche no attempt on Tasman that day could be justified and certainly not a descent by the E. face.

The attempt by the Silberhorn arête ended in a night out in a very treacherous place. Here again the ridge was forsaken, this time because of its excessive steepness, although the party had hardly started on the really steep section of the arête. The author treats the spending of nights out in this area with a levity which displays a complete ignorance of conditions. He would be well advised to gain

more experience and reach some summits in this part of the Alps before he speaks so dogmatically about it.

The book is slightly marred by his excessive fondness for quoting second-rate poetry, often without any particular point, and by the enormous number of strings of names of parties who made first ascents. These disfigure many pages and should have been worked in by footnotes. And in parts his book is far too incoherent and disjointed, a fault which could have been avoided had he devoted a little more time to polishing it. His paragraph on 'Rock and Ice' on page 210 is rather typical. He quotes an opinion without either refuting it or endorsing it.

But both author and publishers are to be congratulated on a worthy contribution to New Zealand Alpine literature. The illustrations, nearly all the work of the author, are excellently chosen and splendidly reproduced, while the maps illustrate exceedingly well the territory so ably described in the book.

Alpes de Savoie. Vol. 5, Part 2. Les Hautes Alpes Calcaires du Faucigny. By E. Gaillard. 6" × 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ ". Pp. viii, 211, sketch maps. Librairie M. Dardel, Chambéry, 1938. Frs. 30. (Prix William Huber de la Société de Géographie.)

MAJOR E. GAILLARD keeps up the prolific output of his *Guides des Alpes de Savoie*, the issue of which began in 1912. One can hardly picture the immense labour which it represents on the part of one man. Major Gaillard has devoted the best years of his life to this task. He has contributed largely to the Alpine nomenclature of Savoy, in creating many names based on detailed historical research which are now all in current use. The fifth volume, dealing with the groups between the lakes of Annecy and Geneva, is in two parts. The second part, which has just been published, deals with the limestone Alps of Le Faucigny.

To give both a general survey and a detailed analysis of this district is a work as useful as it is difficult. The district is little visited. Are there not hidden within it two unclimbed peaks, the Tours de Saint Hubert? Most climbers have their attention diverted to the Mt. Blanc range.

The author has secured the collaboration of the man who knows it better than anyone else, a native of the district, M. Robert Perret. Besides being a geologist and a topographer, M. Perret is well known as a climber and an Alpine photographer.

The second part of Vol. 5 comprises these seven divisions of mountain groups: Buet, Tenneverge, Tour Salière, Dents Blanches, Avoudrues, Fis and Platé, and Colonné.

Four very clear plans enable the reader to place these divisions and to get his bearings among them, and it is advisable to do this before beginning any study of the text. The first plan is of the Buet massif, each of the other three plans is of two of the remaining six divisions. Major Gaillard has included in Le Faucigny the Tour Salière massif, which is entirely in the Valais. The geographical and geological

arguments he advances for so doing should prevent any protest against this *Anschluss*.

A whole series of fine summers would hardly suffice for the ascent of all the peaks described, even if the easiest ways were taken. To check all the 325 routes—21 for the Buet alone—would fill the mountaineering life of a single climber. Necessarily therefore these few lines are a summary, not a criticism of the work. Personal recollections of some thirty of the routes have enabled me to check their scrupulous accuracy, their rigorous precision. The logical deduction is that the remainder are described with equal accuracy and equal precision (the two terms are not synonymous).

The famous name of Wills recurs like a refrain throughout these pages; it may refer to Sir Alfred, to J. T. Wills, or to the family *en bloc*. We are told how the 'Fausse Guivre' on the Buet came to be explored (p. 27), the ascent of which involved the use of a ladder; also that Sir Alfred Wills, conqueror of the Pic de Tenneverge by several routes, was the first to set foot upon the summit of the Finiva, long before the official first ascent by Auguste Wagnon.

This guide to the Faucigny Alps is a model of what this type of guide should be. The author cannot be too warmly congratulated on the erudition, the patience and the care which has produced it.

Three small points might be noted in any new edition. The direct ascent of the Dôme¹ (on the Tour Salière) from Salanfe has not come to Major Gaillard's knowledge; no account of it has been published, except possibly in the records of some section of the S.A.C. The climb was done some years ago and must be extremely difficult. It would be well to tone down the impression of great difficulty in the account of the N.E. Corne du Chamois (p. 73); it was the impression of a first ascent by a novice. The same climber repeated the ascent in 1929 (24 years later) and managed the descent without the aid of pitons and in very quick time. The difficulties of the Col du Dôme on the Salanfe side have also been overestimated, because of the waterfalls which happened to be coming down the rocks on the day when the climb was done. Major Gaillard might also add to the list of mountain hotels the excellent little auberge-refuge d'Emosson, at the foot of the barrage of the Barberine lake, which was opened in 1938.

E. R. BLANCHET.

Rambles in Hong Kong. By G. S. P. Heywood. The South China Morning Post, Ltd., Hong Kong, 1938.

THE really keen mountaineer will find something to satisfy his wants in any country that is not relentlessly flat. A member of the Club employed in the Meteorological Department in Hong Kong has produced a most attractive and companionable little book of sixty pages, aided by photographs, sketches and a map, describing the walks and climbs in its islands and New Territories.

¹ This peak (3139 m.) was first climbed by the E. (Salanfe) face on September 2, 1934, by two parties: MM. A. Andères and J. Ramel, MM. H. and R. Coquoz.

He has found 13 peaks over 1700 ft. and 15 passes. The highest point, Tai Mo Shan, is 3130 ft., so Scafell could still retain her pride if placed beside it. There are some descriptions of mountains which tell you little more of them than a broadcast description by the police tells you of a missing man. This book tells you much more. It is a walker's book, though there are unmistakable signs that the author is a climber too. Some climbs are included, but grading or any attempt at classification into different degrees of severity and difficulty is entirely absent. Indeed, for that a micrometer for small subdivisions of the Munich scale between 0 and 1 would be necessary. Where pitons have been used they have been large wooden ones, which may owe their position to one of the many birds that live there. One was used on the lower waterfall climb on Tai Mo Shan. 'The sides of the gorge are vertical and quite impracticable, and the only way of escape is to rope down the little cliff by the side of the fall and wade the pool 40 feet below. A small but extremely tough tree has thoughtfully chosen to grow at the edge of the cliff; the rope is looped round this, and the party descends hand over hand in more or less undignified attitudes.' Mountaineers, like traders, introduce the vices as well as the virtues of the West. On Lan Tau Peak (the only other besides Tai Mo Shan that exceeds 3000 ft.), 'you look down precipitous gullies to the wild southern coast of the island. Some large boulders perched insecurely on the edge of the abyss proved too tempting for us. . . .' I wonder who started him on that! However, the author is sound on the main issue. 'The dusk is falling as you step out along the homeward path; a good day on the hills is behind you, and a hot bath and supper in front; what more could anyone want? And never mind *how* dishevelled you are when you board the train at Tai Po.'

The book often makes me want to be with the author; it may be on Ma On Shan, or in the Lam Tsun valley watching birds, or looking down on the perfect little harbour of Po To Au with its temple and its fishing boats at anchor. The language of these hills of Hong Kong has a good deal in common with that murmured by the hills of Skye and also those of Corsica. Not many of us will ever ramble in Hong Kong in the flesh, but I cherish the thought that through the author some invisible part of me has found its way into the company presided over by Tai Mo Shan.

Alpes de France. II.—Dauphiné. By Maurice Paillon. Coloured illustrations by Albert Doran, photographs by Jean Roubier. $13\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 159. Éditions Alpina, Paris, 1938.

THIS is not a climbing book, but a geography book of a very fine nature. To call any English work a geography book is enough to condemn it outright, for, unlike the French, we have not yet discovered how to write geography so that it can be enjoyed as literature. The method here employed of dividing the Dauphiné into natural regions and of describing them all individually has the undoubted advantage of facilitating reference. It necessitates generalisations and simplifications, however, which are not entirely true to fact, and which deprive the region as a whole of some of its essential unity.

The world is not divided up into clearly defined natural regions, any more than history is divided into water-tight periods. These terms are the conventions we use in our attempts to clarify the blurred outlines and gradual transitions of reality. In this case the picture resulting from this regional treatment is a detailed mosaic rather than a water-colour impression.

The descriptions themselves are full of delightful local colour and interesting detail. How pleasant it is for those with no historical knowledge to discover that over 1000 years ago the Saracens were marching up to Bourg d'Oisans where now skiers and climbers flock past the great hydro-electric works of the Romanche! Perhaps it will be equally pleasant for those with no knowledge of climbing to discover here some of the early history of mountaineering in the Dauphiné, or for those with no acquaintance with geology to find the reason why the Grandes Rousses are indeed red. Even if the letterpress were not so entertaining and full of spice the book would be worth having for the illustrations alone. There are a great many beautiful photographs and several fine reproductions of oil-paintings by Doran. The general format of the book does full justice to its contents and to the author. No one could have been better suited to the task of describing the Dauphiné from such a wide angle as M. Paillon, who was able to see the mountains with the perception of a geographer and the understanding of a mountaineer.

Le Mont-Blanc—route classique et voies modernes. By Claire-Éliane Engel, Docteur ès Lettres. Map and illustrations. Pp. 159. Neuchâtel and Paris, V. Attinger. Price 30 French francs.

Two features have been prominent in the annals of Mont Blanc in recent years, especially since the war. In the first place there has been an intensive investigation into the history of the early attempts on the mountain, and of its first ascent by Dr. Paccard and Jacques Balmat. These enquiries, if they have not led to universal agreement, have at least made clear the essential facts, and have dissipated the malicious legends, originated by Balmat and Bourrit and propagated by Dumas, which made Balmat the sole hero of the ascent. In the second place there has been a remarkable series of new and splendid climbs on the eastern and southern sides of the mountain, a classified and connected account of which was much needed. In both respects the standard works of Durier and Mathews are out of date, and in both the gap is admirably filled by the work before us. As in her recent account of *Les Batailles pour l'Himalaya*,² Mlle Engel shows remarkable skill in the selection, arrangement and exposition of her material. Without attempting to enumerate all the ascents, or to deal with other summits of the group, or with scientific subjects, or with the history of the neighbouring valleys, she has sought mainly to bring out the human relations, and to trace the development of mountaineering in idea and in achievement. In fact, for her 'Mont Blanc begins and ends at the snowline.' Her book, though compact and concise, is far from being

² *A.J.* 48. 379.

a dry chronicle, and is indeed not merely readable but often exciting. It includes a good deal of new matter, much of it discovered by herself. Consider for instance the sporting exploit of J. Michaud, who in 1787, shortly after Saussure's ascent, started off to ascend Mont Blanc with *two guides*—it would be interesting to know who they were, as notable exceptions to the usual demands of the Chamonix men—or the still more daring escapade of Élie de Montgolfier,³ who in 1799, at the age of fifteen, went up the mountain *alone*, spent three nights at the Grands Mulets, succeeded, in spite of storms and cold, in reaching some such height as the Grand Plateau, and got down safely to Chamonix. Again, Mlle Engel not only quotes in full Count Malczeski's narrative, containing many interesting details, of his ascent in 1818, but is able to add a hitherto unknown passage, from a note on his poem *Maria*, in which he gives a striking description of his impressions on the summit.

The routes on the Italian side of the mountain are very conveniently arranged in chapters entitled the Glaciers, the Ridges, the Faces. Most of the many fine climbs included are for the first time adequately described in a connected and up-to-date narrative. Amongst other impressive quotations, there is a sensitive translation of four pages from Mallory's description of his feelings during the ascent of the S.E. buttress of Mont Maudit. In this a *varia lectio* of interest is noticeable. Where Mallory's text⁴ has 'a spirit of *insolence* took him,' Mlle Engel translates, 'une vague d'*indolence* s'empara de lui.' Is this a brilliant conjectural emendation or is it preserved in the Winchester tradition? Here and there in the narratives there seems to be a slight uncertainty of touch. Eccles in 1877 took 3½ hours, not 5 hours, on the Péteret ridge—the 5 hours included the ascent from the Fresnay Glacier to the ridge. Baptiste Maquignaz, Farrar's porter who was frost-bitten on the Péteret traverse, surely did not become 'for 30 years one of the great guides of the valley of Aosta'? The Tête Rousse inn is described as 'too low'—but it is nearly 400 ft. higher than the Grands Mulets. In the account of the Dôme routes, if the variation made by Kugy and O. Zsigmondy is mentioned, why not that by Schuster and Lohmüller, which has even some claims to be considered an independent route? In the ascents made from the Glacier du Mont-Blanc, we miss the route up the S.W. ridge of the Bosses, devised by that great mountaineer Hans Pfann. But it is right to say that the general level of accuracy and completeness is remarkably high, and does our author the greatest credit. Add that her style is crisp and pointed, with many felicitous touches which continually refresh the reader's attention, and it will be clear that the book deserves the warmest commendation. There is an excellent classified bibliography, and a small but useful map—based on that which Freshfield drew for his *Life of de Saussure*—on which ten of the chief routes have been traced by Dr. Lagarde. We can only wish that the actual summits and all the huts could have been shown by distinctive marks, as is done for two or three of the latter.

³ *A. J.* 49. 70 *sqq.*

⁴ *A. J.* 32. 151.

The Alps in 1864. By A. W. Moore. Edited by Dr. E. H. Stevens. 2 vols. 524 pp., 15 photos, 10 sketch-maps. Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 1939. Price 10s. net.

FOR the first time, this Alpine classic is obtainable in a cheap edition. The first one was privately printed and the few copies which crop up from time to time fetch large prices. Kennedy's new edition in 1902 has been out of print for years and copies have always been expensive. Now, though the two volumes edited by Dr. Stevens are quite cheap, they are perfect instances of scholarly work and faultless typography.

Moore's accounts of his climbs are too well known to require any more praise. They are precise, minute and yet full of life; his style is always free from strain or pompousness. Moore succeeds in taking his reader along every bit of the routes he follows up or down mountains: the bad rock arête down Les Ecrins, the Moming Pass, the Brenva ice ridge. Yet there is nothing of guide-book dryness in his pages. Most of the mountains climbed were, if not always virgin, at least very little known; he always felt a sort of personality in each of them and said so in his diary. Dr. Stevens often points out how much he sticks to his own impressions; his descriptions of some difficult passage is often widely different from those of other members of the party. Moore tells his own tale, and nothing but his tale. He does not care much for the history of the hill he climbs, provided he knows who climbed it before and who failed. He never indulges in philosophical musings and very rarely in long descriptions, but anything connected with his own thoughts interests him. Thus readers are able to note, among other things, his immoderate passion for milk and justified terror of 'extortionate' landlords.

Dr. Stevens' notes are most valuable, both for climbers and scholars. As introduction, he reprints two articles written by 'those best qualified to speak with authority of Moore as a mountaineer and as a man,' Horace Walker and D. W. Freshfield, with a review of the Kennedy edition of *The Alps in 1864* and a list of Moore's climbs in 1864, 1865 and 1872. In several places he quotes extracts from later diaries when they throw some light on the earlier text. There is hardly anything to add to the editor's notes. I wish something more were known about the famous Jean Reynaud; he was almost the only Frenchman who cared for mountaineering at that time, and he survives in two of the best mountain books of the period, *The Alps in 1864* and Whymper's *Scrambles*. On p. 217, n. 17, one may remark that the Cabane Julien Dupuis has lately been rebuilt and is now called the Cabane de Trient.

The photos are magnificent. The most original is probably Prof. Graham Brown's 'Brenva ridge from above.'

Ski-ing from A-Z. By Dr. Walter Amstutz. An instructional film of 450 instantaneous movie photographs. $7\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 53. Oxford University Press, London, 1938. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THIS is an excellent little book, and by far the most handy, clear, and concise textbook on downhill ski technique for the average runner that we have yet seen.

The photographs and accompanying notes are all very easily understood, and are quite self-explanatory for the skier who has had one season's experience. But it would be more helpful and easy for the beginner if a short page were devoted to each film-strip to tell him what main faults to look for in each manoeuvre, how they can be recognised, and what to do to correct them.

The man with some experience, wishing to learn a new turn from the book, will have little difficulty, for to his eye the photographs tell the whole story; but the novice will fondly think he has read the story, may then find that the turn does not develop as it should, and be unable to understand the reason for its failure. A few kind words on the average beginner's mistakes and their correctives would be invaluable, and also the question of shoulder position and movement, which is so essential to the swings, might be brought out more fully, as this is a point that never enters the beginner's head.

But for the man who has mastered his straight running, stem turns, and a stop christiania swing in one direction, in other words the one-season runner, I can imagine no finer manual for his easy and swift development into an accomplished skier.

Le Chemineau de la Montagne. By Jacques Dieterlen, with Preface by Henri Ripport. Pp. 272, 10 illustrations. E. Flammarion, 26 Rue Racine, Paris, 1938. Price French frs. 22.50.

THIS is an interesting record of the mountaineering and ski-ing performances of a young French climber named Léon Zwingelstein. His most remarkable achievement was on skis in a cross-country journey in 1933, starting in January from Nice to Chamonix and on by the High Level Route to Zermatt whence he took a zigzag course via Binn, the Adula, Hinterrhein, Splügen and the Engadine to the Silvretta district, returning by the Oberalp, the Furka and the Bernese Oberland, ending the long trek at Chamonix in May. In 1934 he made a somewhat similar journey which he called the 'Croisière Blanche' lasting from March 29 to June 7. This proved to be his last accomplishment, as in July of the same year, he was joined by a friend, Pierre Martin-Morel, in an ascent of Pic d'Olan which ended tragically in a fatal fall on the descent. Their bodies were recovered and Léon Zwingelstein lies at rest in the cemetery at Grenoble.

Léon Zwingelstein was evidently an ardent lover of the mountains in the best sense of the word. He appears to have shunned any kind of notoriety in connexion with his activities. According to M. Dieterlen, he was of a very shy and retiring disposition, and we cannot help feeling that he would have resented the manner in which M. Dieterlen has brought him into the limelight with the somewhat florid and sentimental description of his wanderings and even of his thoughts, which must necessarily be purely imaginary. Zwingelstein left diaries in which his activities are recorded in very simple and dignified language.

M. Dieterlen also lays stress on Zwingelstein's love of solitary wandering, but this is hardly borne out by what the book tells us, as he appears to us to have been quite ready to take a companion provided that it were someone congenial to him. Apparently this was not often the case and consequently he was often alone on his journeys.

The book is exceedingly well written and M. Dieterlen has a great gift for vivid description, although we think that at times he has rather let his imagination run wild.

The illustrations are excellent and well chosen.

Berg und Mensch. By Oscar Erich Meyer. Pp. 63. Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Roth & Co., Berlin, 1938. Price RM. 3.50.

THIS is 'a book of devotion,' as the title page tells us. 'To love the mountains—not merely as a tourist, a passer-by seeking his own—to love them with urgency, so as to tread the sanctum of their trust, a man must be able to surrender to them, as if there were nothing beside them in the world.' The undercurrent of total surrender to the mountains runs throughout Herr Meyer's book. 'Take the mountain, and make of it the central point of your all. All things will then take shape, in the brilliance of its light.'

Others have found a life's philosophy in mountains; most of us probably do not claim more for our pursuit than that it acts as a sort of mental clearing-house for all the jumbled ideas of day-to-day life in the cities. Herr Meyer would no doubt dismiss us as 'vorübergehende Ferienreisende.' But we may at any rate agree with him that 'to see the mountain without the soul, but only with the eyes, is to see nothing.' In this and in many other passages Herr Meyer says what all reasonably sensitive men feel in their mountain wanderings. He says, too, what many have said before—but with a difference. The trees in the valley are to him not merely green, yet they are decidedly not purple; restraint, though not perhaps very marked in his actual attitude to mountains, is very evident in his admirable economy of words. His eye for detail, so far from leading him into discursiveness, merely serves him to pack whole chapters of a planet's history into a terse sentence. This felicity is most effectively shown in *Natursicht*, and in particular in the paragraph where he describes a boulder covered with fossils: 'aus der Tiefe ist er gekommen, aus der Höhe ist er gestürzt in einer Gewitternacht.'

In sixty pages there are ten short pieces, one in verse and nine in prose—but, in his own words, 'you may number and name the trees down in the valleys, but the sighing of the forest does not dwell in names and numbers.' Prose or verse, there is poetry on almost every page; and though others beside the reviewer may recoil from his demand for so unconditional a fusion of *ego* and mountains, his sincerity and the sensitive brilliance of his style are beyond question.

The Hills of Lakeland. By W. Heaton Cooper. Fredk. Warne. Library Edition. 15s.

THIS is the most exciting and rewarding book that has appeared about the Lake District since the reprint in 1932 of Collingwood's *The Lake Counties*. It is much more limited in compass than Collingwood's great survey, but within its scope it is an admirable piece of work. Heaton Cooper is a painter and writes from a painter's point of view. The problems which the Lake Country poses for him are the problems of interpreting the outward look of the land. He is interested to find

why the hills are built to the shape we know, what circumstances account for the swift changes of appearance which give to them so much of their fascination. He is also a climber and the structure of the crags appeals not only to his painter's vision but also to his climber's eye for a route and his climber's sense for the feel of rock. Collingwood, on the other hand, was first and foremost a humanist, and so he has given us the Lake District as a whole. For him, the landscape is not so much an end in itself as a lovely quality or condition of the special civilisation which has grown up within its small boundaries.

Heaton Cooper's illustrations are therefore the most important part of his book. The narrative is built round them, to explain them and to introduce us to the questions and conclusions about the country which the paintings have raised in his mind. The paintings are superbly reproduced, and the reproductions lose extraordinarily little either through the reduction in scale or through the mechanical colour process. There are sixteen plates in colour and thirty-six in monochrome.

Heaton Cooper is a great craftsman. He has achieved a certainty of technique which is a joy to look at. Every brush stroke and wash of colour has meaning and purpose and economy. His work has the athlete's characteristic of sure and poised expression. But in the matter of the vision or interpretation of the Lake hills I would like for one moment to put forward a doubt. The greatest painters impose their visions; they make us accept them as true whether they chime with our own or not. Now, Heaton Cooper has not quite made me accept the truth of his interpretation. For me, the special quality of the Lake District mountain landscape is given by those swift mysterious shifts from intimacy to grim majesty, from a lighting where every detail may be picked out with magical clarity to a scheme of heat mists through which the veiled hills loom vaguely at twice their normal height, from the tremendous colours of an approaching storm, or of scree and bracken and bilberry slopes after rain, to the delicate recessions of tone and hue on a clear dry day. It is a wizardry put upon the country by the moisture-laden air of the western seaboard. This quality requires a more dynamic approach. Heaton Cooper is apt to be too urbane. The District has been painted in this dynamic way. Turner has done it, in drawings which seem to give the very quintessence of the landscape. I cannot help feeling, too, that Heaton Cooper is too urbane in his beautifully observed drawings of the crags. I miss the sense of the astringent feel of Lakeland rock that I always carry away with me after a climb. I miss something of the grim soaring bulk of Pillar, the amplitude of Scafell Crag, the swaggering skyline of the Napes Ridges as they drop to the scree. However, no one who loves the Lakeland hills can afford to give this book an idle examination. It must be looked at again and again, and it must take its place along with Oppenheimer and Owen Glynne Jones and Collingwood.

(Reprinted in abridged form from the *Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal*, by the courtesy of the Editor.)