

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

FURTHER EXPLORATION OF THE MT. TUTOKO DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND.

IN his recent 'The Conquest of the New Zealand Alps' Mr. S. Turner devoted chapters x. to xii. to a description of his three expeditions in this district. He gives several photographs of the mountain itself and the neighbourhood, showing some fine glaciers. From the Wellington *Evening Post* for May 23, 1923, we learn that Mr. Turner left early in March for Hollyford Valley on a fourth expedition (see sketch map, p. 285 of his book). From the Hollyford Valley his party explored the head of Stickup creek, with a view to gaining the icefield at its head. They also explored the valley at the head of Lake McKerrow, whence, after about eight days' work, they got to the head of a great glacier with three ice-falls. His main object, however, was to find a pass by which tourists could make a journey all round the Tutoko group. In this he appears to have been successful. Mr. Turner's explorations involve considerable alterations in the present maps. The flora and fauna are described as very interesting. Mr. Turner is to be congratulated on his boundless enthusiasm for mountain exploration.

REVIEWS.

April and Rain. Poems by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. London: Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., 1923.

SELDOM does a book of verse touch the heart of the mountain-lover as this little volume does. We venture to think that it will add many to the admirers of Mr. Young's poems. It seems to us of a rarer fancy, a finer sympathy, and a more excellent workmanship than his previous volumes.

' So still rain falls, so gentle in its grief,
the falling tears stir not the still, green leaf—
rain falls so still.
So still it falls, the sun may steal away
bright tears yet trembling from the still green spray.

' So still rain rests, so faint the tears it sheds,
the misted violets droop no mourning heads—
rain rests so still.
So still it rests, so light the sorrow lies,
daisies laugh up, through brimming golden eyes.'

Here are two stanzas which show a perfect appreciation of form and rhythm, and a subtle simplicity which takes us captive.

The spirit which runs through the mountain poems is everywhere alive, even in the intimacies of the sequence with which the book begins. Thus the mountains find their place in the delightful verses 'To My Son,' from which we extract a few lines (would that space allowed us to quote them in full) :

' Take your share
in this keen frost of air, that cracks the oak
the sycamore and pine
to a loud welcome of your morning song.
Take your right to be strong ;
your freedom of deep skies, and autumn dawns,
your corner in the thoughts of friendlier folk
than dwell in lightless towns.
Fill up your eyes with light, your heart with laughter,
your soul with resolute life.'

It is easy to see how deeply the author loves his home, and how thoroughly he knows its every mood. 'April and Rain' fitly stands on the title-page.

You breathe in reading it the open air, the rain wets your face, the shy April sun suddenly greets your eyes. You are walking among lakes and woods and mountains—the atmosphere is Westmorland.

Here is one of the mountain poems :

' Great mountains love great storms,
and lesser hills long rain.
They reach their arms in riotous ridge forms
to hail cloud-comrades from the drenching plain.
Their gorges drain the upward rush of thunder ;
Their torrents, speeding under,
pour back the lees to breed cloud-riot again.

' Great mountains hold harsh truth,
and lesser heights long trust.
The warring crests make comrades of our youth,
burnish our manhood, rasp our spirit-rust.
Kind hills bend for our age a gentler shoulder ;
staying our hearts, grown older,
with hope new-fashioned from our faltering dust.

Here is the second stanza of another mountain poem :

' Mountains are most beautiful
in September.

For evening and distance,
 the sun's more level glance
 lifts under curling lashes of rain-mist
 to rest on hills, silvering, and shadow-kissed :
 in our September
 all hours of life grow beautiful.'

In reading Mr. Young's pages we feel little inclination to criticise his wording, or cavil at a phrase. We are grateful to him for recalling so much of the gladness of the hills, so much of the power of the mountains to catch us in their mysterious web of joy and gloom.

Nor is the criticism of life which Matthew Arnold demanded in true poetry absent. Take the following lines :

' These splendid limbs—
 Life lent you them ; you did not make nor choose them ;
 but yours the right to use them
 right royally for a span.
 When the light dims,
 When their day wanes, and all the stars are beckoning,
 see you return them proudly for the reckoning,
 to prove you lived a man.'

Let us conclude our quotations with a poem which wins us at once, and which we shall long hold in our hearts :

' I have not lost the magic of long days ;
 I live them, dream them still.
 Still am I master of the starry ways,
 and freeman of the hill.
 Shattered my glass, ere half the sands had run—
 I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won.
 Mine still the hope that hailed me from each height,
 mine the unresting flame.
 With dreams I charmed each doing to delight ;
 I charm my rest the same.
 Severed my skein, ere half the strands were spun—
 I keep the dreams, I keep the dreams I won.
 ' What if I live no more those kingly days ?
 their night sleeps with me still.
 I dream my feet upon the starry ways ;
 my heart rests in the hill.
 I may not grudge the little left undone ;
 I hold the heights, I keep the dreams I won.'

G. Y.

The Assault on Mount Everest, 1922. By Brigadier-General Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., and other members of the expedition. Arnold. 25s.

A YEAR ago neither scientist nor mountaineer could tell with any certainty whether the human frame could endure the exertions of

climbing to the top of Everest and there was a baffling difference of opinion between the best qualified prophets. To-day we have before us a record of the first determined assault. It was delivered immediately after the long and difficult journey through Tibet, and was quickly brought to an end by an early monsoon. Yet it has proved beyond question the possibility of an ascent.

General Bruce has played no small part in bringing this about and not the least of his achievements is the thoroughly readable account of his expedition which fills the first half of the book. Though much of this account must of necessity be an itinerary, it does not contain a dull page. The journey through Tibet lacked the complete novelty which made it so interesting in 1921, but the author fully makes up for this by his shrewd yet sympathetic observation of everyone around him. He is at his best when telling us of the many strange men who travelled in his caravan, or of the natives whom he met on the way, and we should have welcomed more of this side of his story. We would, for instance, gladly have learnt something of the eighteen smiling and woolly-headed nuns of Ta-tsang, who appear to have so thoroughly enjoyed lining up for the photograph which is reproduced on page 34, or of the correct ceremonial for the placing of the 'ubiquitous Homburg hat' upon the head of a Gembo La. After the coming of the monsoon General Bruce and some of his party travelled back through the Kharta, and we are given a description of the pleasures of travel in this moist and fertile land, as compared with the arid and wind-swept plains of Tibet.

Mr. Mallory has contributed a detailed account of his journey up the Rongbuk Glacier, and the great climb of May 19 and 20, in which he took part. His narrative is enlivened by vivid descriptions of his feelings and thoughts while living in high camps, climbing at great altitudes, or struggling with extreme mental and physical exhaustion. Incidentally he discloses that his long experience of climbing without professional assistance has taught him one of the great secrets of mountain happiness. One sentence on this subject is such an epitome of what goes to make up happy success in high mountain enterprise that it is worthy of quotation. 'We had a single aim in common and regarded it from common ground. We had no leader within the full meaning of the word, no one in authority over the rest to command as captain. We all knew equally what was required to be done from first to last and when occasion arose for doing it one of us did it.'

Captain Finch tells the stirring tale of the second attempt, how he and his two companions held on against a furious gale in a camp at 25,500 feet, how after twenty-four hours they rejected an opportunity of retreat which would have proved irresistible to many men, and how they held on for a second night and then, in spite of starvation diet, continued the climb. The arrival of two of the party at the record height of 27,300 feet after such an experience

is an astonishing example of determination in the face of adverse circumstances.

Mr. Somervell makes valuable contributions on acclimatisation to high altitudes and Tibetan culture. Physiologists will find occupation in the attempt to analyse the still scanty evidence as to the advantages of oxygen in high mountaineering. To the layman the most striking piece of evidence in its favour is Captain Finch's account of its effect during the second night at his highest camp, rather than anything which he tells us of its use while he was climbing. We note that Mr. Somervell, the one man with a medical training who has ever climbed to a height of 25,000 feet, is by no means an oxygen enthusiast.

Mr. Mallory, in giving his personal views as to the best method of getting to the top of Mt. Everest, expresses the hope that the reader may find the book the more interesting if the joint authors disagree. The reader will not be disappointed in this respect. Mr. Mallory is in favour of two camps above the Chang La with a supporting party of climbers at the highest camp. He gives a qualified approval to the use of oxygen, but believes in the possibility of an ascent without its use. Captain Finch makes the interesting suggestion that the Chang La might be more easily reached from its west side by the main Rongbuk Glacier. He is strongly of opinion that only one camp should be made above the Chang La, and advocates the use of oxygen from about 22,000 feet upwards. Mr. Somervell would rely largely on acclimatisation to high altitudes and would have nine or ten climbers remain at a high camp and make repeated attempts. Were it possible to have nine or ten Mr. Somervells in the high camp, this plan would doubtless succeed. A point upon which there is general agreement is that the final camp must be pushed further up the mountain, the 3500 feet which remained between Captain Finch's highest camp and the top being too much for the last day.

Though hampered by their other duties as officers of the expedition, Dr. Longstaff and Major Norton found some time for zoology and botany, and Dr. Longstaff gives a short account of the result of their work. In spite of the barren nature of the greater part of the country through which they travelled and the disinclination to take animal life, which is a marked feature of Tibetan civilisation, they were able to bring back a number of interesting specimens.

Captain Noel, who is responsible for most of the excellent illustrations which adorn the book, is described in Sir Francis Young-husband's introduction as a whole-time photographer. No one who reads the account of his visit to the Chang La, will deny him this title. Taking his cinematograph apparatus with him he stayed there for three consecutive nights, at a height of 23,000 feet, rendering services to the expedition which evidently went far beyond the realms of photography.

For the general public the story of the assault of 1922 will provide

just that spice of dangers encountered, that slight suggestion of do or die, which it has demanded of its explorers elsewhere. It is doubtful whether educated mountaineering opinion will be wholly uncritical. Many members of the Alpine Club will disagree with the assertion of one of the authors that on Everest the margin of safety must be narrowed down, if necessary, to vanishing point, and that the climber must drive his body on and on, even to destruction if need be. Judged solely by the accounts placed before us in this book, the risks run both by climbers and porters appear to us to have been on more than one occasion out of all proportion to the object to be attained.

The illustrations are simply superb, and the price for a book turned out as this is, is very moderate.

Guide des Alpes Valaisannes. Vol. i. Du Col Ferret au Col de Collon. Par Marcel Kurz, A.C., etc. Payot & Cie. Lausanne. 1923. 10 Swiss francs.

THIS volume completes the series of Valais special guides published by the S.A.C. viz. :

Vol. i.	Col Ferret au Col de Collon.	Par Marcel Kurz.	10s. ¹
Vol. ii.	Col de Collon au Col Théodule.	Par le Dr. Dübi.	9s.
Vol. iii.	Col Théodule au Simplon	„ „	8s.
Vol. iv.	Simplon à la Furka.	Par Marcel Kurz.	8s.

Vol. iv. was reviewed in 'A.J.' xxxiii. 451.

The present volume covers a district, some of which is still imperfectly mapped and not often visited. M. Kurz has spent some considerable time on the spot clearing up various points, so that we are now in possession of dependable information upon the whole district.

The volume includes the first six sections of the 'Climbers' Guide to the Central Pennine Alps,' published over thirty years ago. The exploration that has taken place may be roughly measured by the fact that the Velan district in the new volume takes 60 pages as against 12, and the Combin district 40 pages as against 10 in the older book. It is, however, understood that the additional information of the present volume is based on original research, and that the Swiss Club wishes it to be considered as an independent work.

It forgets, however, that it turned full late to Guide-book making when already a whole series of Climbers' Guides had been issued by the labours of Mr. Coolidge and Sir Martin Conway. These established an eminently practical type. The earlier Swiss Club Hochgebirgsführer, so far as they dealt with districts covered by the Climbers' Guides, were entitled *translations* of these, brought, of course, up to date.

The present volume is, with the lapse of time, so much fuller

¹ Obtainable from Stanford, 12 Long Acre, W.C. 2, at these prices.

that it could not bear that designation. But it would have been at least courteous had the title page borne the former imprint :

‘ Avec utilisation des Climbers’ Guides du Dr. W. A. B. Coolidge et de Sir Martin Conway.’

This is, of course, not the business of the author, who is responsible solely for the contents of the book—not for its title.

One is unwilling to conceive anything so futile as the possibility that the present authorities of the C.A.S. are suffering from an attack of chauvinism, or resentment at the share of English mountaineers in the opening up of the ‘ Playground of Europe.’ Viewed on the purely material grounds, Englishmen have been, are, and hope to continue to be, good customers of the uniformly excellent Swiss hotels and employers of the corps of great guides which, more than anyone, our pioneers did build up and inspire to great, and splendidly appreciated, deeds.

Once I was requested to omit frequent or any mention of Mr. Coolidge in any Alpine article I might write. My reply was that I might as well attempt to write a treatise on Theology and omit the name of the Almighty !

As a ‘ veteran ’ of the C.A.S., I venture to recommend its Governors to act likewise, and to try to realise that any failure to acknowledge the pioneer services to mountaineering of Mr. Coolidge and Sir Martin Conway, fully and generously, will stultify themselves in the eyes of the informed brotherhood of mountaineers. I trust the title page of any further edition of this valuable book will not peradventure omit, on orders, any reference to M. Marcel Kurz !

You, my young, enthusiastic friend are still at an age when you cannot conceive ever growing old or being passed over as a back number. We veterans rejoice at an enthusiasm which calls up to us the past, and I dare say in the resentment at any attempt to kick away or ignore a ladder that helped us all, some fellow feeling may possibly creep in !

Be that as it may the C.A.S. could not have entrusted the work to abler hands. By profession a topographical engineer who has been in Swiss and Greek service, M. Kurz is one of the most capable and energetic mountaineers of the day, and in this volume he exhibits valuable powers of research. We mountaineers have every reason to be grateful for the very close application that has produced it.

One feature of supreme importance is the admirable series of fifty-six route-marked sketches due to the skilled draftsmanship of M. Charles Jacot Guillarmod, the topographical engineer, lately returned from the Chinese Government service, who was also responsible for the sketches in vol. ii. To me, who am prone to idleness, these are of much greater value, as more easy of assimilation than even the text ; in fact they make even a map superfluous. Those of the Combin, for example, on pages 97, 114, 115, 118, 120, and 125, are superb. Fynn and I with these would not have

failed to find the line of descent on the W. side of the Col de Sonadon!

One gathers that a new edition of the Siegfried map to cover the frontier ridge may soon be expected, and that it will clear up much of the faulty presentation of the terrain on the other side of the frontier. Meantime the present volume contains sketch maps 1:75000 of the Velan and Combin groups and a detail map 1:25000 of the Région de Crête Sèche, likewise by M. Guillardmod.

The volume is a joy to look through, and gives equal delight to the veteran like myself, now a mere gleaner, as it must to the graduating mountaineer with a whole harvest of summits before him.

The book could have been much lighter. The 'Mont Blanc Führer' of the Austrian Club is a notable example of weight-saving and should be followed. I see what M. Kurz says in the admirable preface, but every ounce counts.

Probably nothing has so much aided the exploration of the Alps as these careful compilations, the development of which we, of course, owe to Mr. Coolidge, Sir Martin Conway and others. I do not forget the various Itineraria issued by the Swiss Club as long ago as the 'sixties.

For the climber weary of the crowded Zermatt and Oberland mountains there is here a great district where he will hardly be disturbed, and to the opening up of which English mountaineers have contributed not a little, of which the author is very generous in his appreciation.

However careful the author, a Climbers' Guide must be in a constant state of revision, and climbers can best show their appreciation of the arduous work of the authors of such guides by taking *on the spot* careful and detailed notes, whether in amplification or in correction of the existing information.

J. P. FARRAR.

Le Cervin par l'Image. Par Charles Gos. Chambéry, 1923.

It was a happy idea of the author of this little book to bring together reproductions, chronologically arranged, of various pictorial representations of the Matterhorn. Leaving aside two fragments of early maps in which the mountains are mere diagrams, the earliest truly pictorial representation of the mountain here reproduced is after a drawing by J. J. Meyer, dating from about 1820. It renders the main outline and details of the pyramid with an accuracy not again equalled for many years. Most of the pictures raise a curious psychological problem. They are by artists who presumably were able to draw with tolerable accuracy an object set before them. Nothing is more definite in form than a rock-mountain. Its outline is in no way vague. Anyone, in fact, who chose to give time and attention could succeed in depicting it truthfully. Every part can be measured. Yet one artist after another seems to experience a kind of compulsion to distort the

forms. Even Loppé, as late as 1864, at least doubles its precipitancy and sharpens the acuteness of the summit. The explanation is that the mountain did in fact thus impress all early visitors. Its imagined inaccessibility, its believed abruptness, its fancied cliffs, distorted the vision of those who beheld it. On this matter I can speak with the authority of experience, for somewhat thus I also falteringly drew it in the blind enthusiasm of boyhood on a first brief visit to Zermatt. Th. Müller, about 1854, is one of the few who kept his head and set down facts veraciously; and Ruskin, five years earlier, truthfully depicted the things he saw, though essential elements of the mountain's structure escaped his notice. The fact is that till men climbed the Matterhorn no one really saw it as in fact it is. It was by no means the result of chance that Whymper first fixed the veracious type of mountain imagery which later artists were bound to follow. Climbers were the first to understand mountains and to realise the inadequacy of the rendering of them by romantic painters. This is the lesson we learn from turning over M. Gos's reproductions. Whether the cubist rendering which forms the last plate will appeal either to climbers or to mere lovers of mountain beauty is a question I will not attempt to prejudge. The key-note of the Matterhorn's beauty of form has always seemed to me to be the marvellous combination and contrast of curves which build up its outline. A cubist rendering replaces these curves by straight lines, and thus in my opinion obliterates the beauty of the mountain's form. Ruskin came nearer to essential truth when he compared the peak, as seen from Zermatt, to a rearing horse. I have always found it difficult to explain the likeness to others, but the elements of form in peak and horse have in fact much in common, and once you catch the analogy you can never forget it. The author's text accompanying his selection of illustrations is interesting and suggestive. His little volume will give much pleasure to mountain lovers of many kinds.

M. C.

Den Norske Turist Forening's Aarbok for 1923.

WE members of Den Norske Turist Forening have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon being connected, in however humble a degree, with a great and flourishing Scandinavian Institution. This last issue of the Aarbok is in every respect a first-rate Tourists' as well as a Mountaineers' Year-book, in the production of which no reasonable expense has been spared.

Fortunate enough to possess a copy of each annual issue since the initiation of the Forening, I can truly say that, in varied and special interest, the Aarbok for 1923 surpasses most of its predecessors. The copious illustrations are really beautiful, especially the plates which illustrate an interesting botanical paper by Dr. phil. Rolf Nordhagen, while some excellent views by our fellow A.C. member, Ferdinand Schjelderup, of the peaks overshadowing the renowned

Raftsund Sulitelma—many years ago considered to be the culminating point of Scandinavia—and the Dovre Fjeld are each honoured by an interesting paper.

During the last few years several very intricate caves have been discovered and explored in a limestone district in Central Norway. From the excellent illustrations these caverns much resemble those in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Somerset. The Norsk explorers of these have much the same wet, dirty and slippery low-roofed passages to creep, crawl or walk through as we have in England. In one respect they beat us, viz. in their cavern photography.

From every point of view the Aarbok for 1923 is admirable.

W. C. S.

Grenoble, Capitale des Alpes françaises. Par Henri Ferrand. J. Rey. Grenoble. 1923. 16 French francs.

THIS admirably got-up book, issued at the low price of 4s., is one of a series which includes 'La route des Alpes' (15 fr.), 'Aux Lacs Italiens' (15 fr.), 'Au Mont Blanc' (16 fr.), 'les Alpes françaises' (16 fr.). The 198 heliogravures are among the very best I have ever seen in any book of travel, while the text is characterised by that command of his subject to which our Hon. Member has accustomed us. To most of us Grenoble is known as a convenient sleeping-place en route for the 'Meidje.' This book is a revelation of undreamt of interests in the old town and of charming surrounding country.

An English edition is to be published by the Medici Society.

Aus der Firmenwelt. By J. J. Weilenmann. Vol. i. Rhätikin—Silvretta—Ferwall. Rudolf Rother. Munich. 4 Swiss francs (bound).

THIS enterprising publisher has produced, at a very low price, a new, well-printed edition of this famous old book, with quaint black and white illustrations. Weilenmann, born in 1819, was at least comparable to our own pioneers in the Alps. His expeditions were made with many disadvantages of which our people knew little or nothing. He could seldom secure the services of more than one guide, while many of his expeditions were made without guides and, frequently, alone. He may be said to be the pioneer of guideless climbing. Some of his chapters are among the pearls of Alpine literature.

Die Viertausender des Alpes. By Dr. Karl Blodig. Rudolf Rother. Munich. 1923. 10 Swiss francs.

DR. BLODIG is well known as a great mountaineer and writer on Alpine subjects. He enjoys the unique distinction of having ascended—nearly always without guides and as leader of his party—all the Alpine summits of 4000 metres and upwards. The Federal Bureau have, however, raised the height of Piz Zupo to 4002 metres, which will therefore require the Doctor's attention. In the present volume Dr. Blodig brings together the narratives of his ascents,

most of which have appeared in various periodicals. The book is of a convenient form and well printed, while the illustrations are for the most part admirable; many of them are quite novel. The author writes with a swing that carries his reader along, while his technical knowledge enables him to present an easily grasped and accurate picture of the climb.

¶ One misses an account of one of the most adventurous climbs in the Alps—the passage of the Silbersattel—which, led by a great guide, Christian Ranggetiner, killed later on the Glockner, the author in 1880 was the first to do.

If an English edition could be produced at something like the same price it should sell; but English books seem to be as high-priced as ever, forcing one to curtail one's purchases.

Champéry et la Dent du Midi. Par Daniel Baud-Bovy. Published by the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva. Price bound 28 Swiss francs, post free.

THIS is another of the superb mountain books by the same author. The present volume contains eight full plates and over 100 text illustrations, many from photographs by the well-known Fréd. Boissonnas. The companion volumes are in the A.C. Library.

ACCIDENTS IN 1923.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE POINTE DE LA GLIÈRE.

I REACHED Pralognan from Paris on July 9, and found my friend and climbing companion, Colonel Lawrie Oppenheim, already arrived. On July 8 he had been up the Grande Casse by the ordinary route with Pierre Blanc of Bonneval-sur-Arc and a local porter. This expedition was the first of the season so far as Lawrie was concerned. Leaving Pralognan on July 10 Lawrie, Blanc, the local porter and myself went up to the Félix Faure Hut on the Col de la Vanoise, where we slept the night. It had been our intention to climb the Pointe de la Glière on the following day, but as it seemed to me a pity to waste the fine weather on a small peak like the Glière, I easily persuaded Lawrie to substitute the traverse of the Grande Casse for our projected expedition. On July 11, accordingly, we ascended the latter mountain, reaching the summit, viâ the N. face, in 4¼ hours. The conditions were wonderful, and we slept a second night at the Félix Faure Hut. During the evening Adolph, son of Josef Pollinger, joined the party, the porter returning to Pralognan.