served with General Berthelot, commanding the so-called Armée du Danube, and General Prezan, C.-in-C. of the Rumanian Army. Baines's services to Rumania were rewarded by the Order of the Crown. Later in 1919 he rejoined the 1st Royal Scots and was stationed at Tiflis and Kutais in the Caucasus. He resigned his commission about 1920, when I lost sight of him, although he continued to correspond with me. An adept letter-writer, his news kept me in touch with his wanderings, which eventually terminated in New Zealand. He had always, although very limited in practice, been devoted to climbing. His interest in the three Everest expeditions was profound. His last letter to me, received on the very day of his death and dated Wanganui, March 27, 1927, contains the following: ' . . . I did a great tour of the South Island this summer, nearly 3000 miles, and saw much that was very fine. The Milford track is magnificent and the Franz Josef glacier unique. . . . I know, however, nothing finer than the view from my bedroom window of Ruapehu. I have been to the huts there every winter so far, and I can quite honestly say that they have been the best days I have spent out here. Egmont is a fine mountain and I hope to go there next holidays. . . . '

Well, he went, and one of our minor empire-builders and single-minded patriots met his fate. May he rest in peace.—E. L. S.]

REVIEWS.

George Leigh Mallory. A Memoir. By David Pye. Oxford University Press.

THIS is a worthy memorial to a great mountaineer and to a singular and attractive personality. Mallory's life, apart from his mountain climbing, was the not unusual one of a hard-working and cultivated man, strenuous in his profession, with intellectual and artistic interests and many friends. For those who knew him, an intense vitality and a vivid personal charm threw a glamour over all he did. By the world at large he will not be forgotten, owing to the tragic and romantic circumstance of his last mountain campaign.

But this was not the material of which a full-length ' biography ' could be composed ; and Mr. David Pye has, rightly, not attempted it. With impartiality and an excellent sense of proportion he has sketched a very human portrait, omitting what was immaterial, compressing what was usual, and selecting with skill from correspondence, conversation, incident and opinion just so much detail —sometimes only a few words of citation—as might serve to bring the portrait alive.

A man of varied interests, varying moods and irregular if continuous development, George Mallory probably never made quite the same impression upon any two of those who knew him.

Inevitably Mr. Pye's faithful sketch of the Mallory he knew will fail, in the same degree, to correspond with all these different impressions. That is unimportant. He has produced for posterity a veracious and lively picture of a man whose peculiarity it was to appear to others to make every movement, in action, correctly and harmoniously, with supreme and joyous unconcern, but to be desperately concerned mentally—not always with a like success—to arrive at a correct attitude towards the purpose of every action and the meaning of each emotion.

Probably Mallory was completely 'Mallory' only when in full action, leading a successful and where possible a novel and difficult mountain climb. It was only at such moments that the current of personality ran clear and single—undistracted from within, and exceptional in its suggestion of physical and nervous concentration. It is for this reason that we may regret that the memoir does not give us more of such pictures of him, on his great British or Alpine climbs, by those who shared in them. For them we might have been content to sacrifice much of his relationship with intellectual Cambridge. Climbing mountains was the breath of life to him, as well as the finest fashion of living. And yet we gather that some of his Cambridge contemporaries were even unaware that George Mallory was a climber at a time when mountains were already the centre of all that was not derivative in his thought and enthusiasm. Again, the story of the Everest campaigns is told, or is left to tell itself, with admirable restraint and effect. But, necessarily, here the note of endurance, suffering, and coming tragedy predominates. The figure of the man, returning twice to face conditions which 'took any pleasure out of mountaineering' and dangers the extent of which he perhaps alone never underestimated, looms always larger upon the imagination. In reading the last phase, when, with every consideration of domestic happiness and of an honourable career advising him to stay, he yet obeyed the call of a duty he felt to be owing to that which had given him so much in life, the least sympathetic with such a point of view will not be able, I think, to refuse the word 'heroic.' But this is not the atmosphere of joyous ease, of hopeful, confident sunlight, which gave to Mallory's twenty years of mountaineering their peculiar individuality. Sheer love of adventure, indomitable youthfulness—these were the dominant and sustained notes. The purposeful campaigns, the shadow at the end, are not discordant; but they are less characteristic.

Mr. Pye has handled his difficult material with noticeable skill and sureness of touch. He is master of a lucid, pregnant style. He rarely allows himself to express his own opinions or to sum up; but it is enough to read, say, his views on British climbing or the eloquent but restrained paragraph at the close, to know that this, the first memoir of a mountaineer simply as a mountaineer, is worthy of its subject and of our gratitude.

G. W. Y.

Letters of Gertrude Bell. Selected and edited by Lady Bell. 2 vols. Illustrated. Ernest Benn, London, 1927. Price £2 2*s*.

THIS book consists almost entirely of Miss Bell's letters to her parents. Most of the first volume relates to her travels before the war in the Persia-Arabia region. It ends up by telling us how her intimate knowledge of the people caused Admiral Hall and Dr. Hogarth to get her relieved from her early war work under Lord Cecil in order that she might join Intelligence at Cairo ; and how, as soon as the Viceroy hears that she is there, he gets her sent to India, and so on to Basrah. Nearly the whole of the second volume is taken up with her post-war work at Baghdad, where she was Oriental Secretary to the High Commissioner of Iraq. Thus most of the book is confined to the years 1904 to 1926 and to her earlier experiences in Italy, Germany, Persia, and round the world. It would be inappropriate to deal with these matters in the ALPINE JOURNAL ; especially after the many noble tributes already paid to Miss Gertrude Bell and her work.

What we are concerned with is her play ; and, owing to force of circumstances, her play in the Alps was restricted to the years 1897–1904, and so to an all too small part of the book. One cannot help wishing that chance might have led Miss Bell's parents to take her to the Alps before she was twenty-nine. Luckily they did so then ; and she made one or two minor expeditions from La Grave. Back she comes at the next opportunity—two years later—and rounds off her first season of serious climbing with Les Écrins and a traverse of La Meije. An unorthodox proceeding of that sort—rather like learning to row on a sliding seat—would be enough to turn any less versatile woman into an inveterate peak-bagger. No peak-bagger could, however, have given us such accounts of her climbs ; or shown in almost every sentence that the joy lies in scheming and doing the climb, rather than in having done it : and no one, peak-bagger or no peak-bagger, could have written in such a delightful way, if she had had the least notion that her letters would ever be published.

As one reads them one seems to be following her on another rope ; and it is for that reason, more than for any other, that future generations of climbers will revel in them—not because she made a clean sweep of the unclimbed pinnacles of the Engelhörner, or because she makes a famous attempt at a new route up the Finsteraarhorn ; but because she makes us feel cold when she feels cold, and thirsty when she feels thirsty, and as if we were nearly 'coming off' when she feels like doing so.

One cannot mention the Finsteraarhorn without referring to the most able and, with one exception, just appreciation of this book in *The Times*. There is no need to say that whoever wrote it has never enjoyed going up a hill ; or, in commenting on what is one of the best descriptive essays in mountaineering literature—and that is saying a lot—he would not have suggested that he would have preferred to hear more about Miss Bell—precisely what is not very clear—and less about 'the exact manner of her climbing of the Finsteraarhorn.'

One has to be a Ruskin before one can be permitted to say things like that; and I wonder how many non-climbers will this critic find to agree with him.

I much prefer the criticism of a past-master of English prose, the *doyen* of mountain-exploration. After commenting on Miss Bell's Alpine correspondence, he concludes: 'I find the accounts of the Finsteraarhorn and the Italian side of the Matterhorn the most thrilling things in Alpine adventure . . . because they tell a story and do not aim at an effect.'

I started the book directly after dinner; and yet I felt selfish annoyance when Miss Bell found that some French caravan had filched the tea stowed away at the Schwarzegg. I became inclined to wriggle into some warmer position, and began to think what a long way it was to the Grimsel, when she was suddenly confronted with a second night out in getting off the Finsteraarhorn. Scarcely any other climbing book makes one do things like that; and the fact that this one does greatly increases the debt which many besides mere members of our Club owe to Lady Bell for having kept the letters of her stepdaughter, and for allowing us to have them. She has, for us, cut the climbing part of the book too short, but we willingly forgive her irritating statement that there is at least one more long letter which we might have had; for this statement raises a hope that the Editor may secure it for the JOURNAL,[1] where we should like to read it best of all.

The Art and Sport of Alpine Photography. By Arthur Gardner. Illustrated. H. F. & G. Witherby, London, 1927. Price £1 1*s*.

IN 'The Art and Sport of Alpine Photography' Mr. Gardner has given us a most readable book, and one that will act as an inspiration and help to all photographers whether they are taking up the hobby as novices or are old hands. Mr. Gardner takes his photography very seriously, and the chief lesson of the book may be expressed in his own words: 'A few really satisfactory pictures are worth far more than a monotonous series of average quality.'

The book is illustrated with some 150 photographs, and every one is a real picture. The writer has never seen a collection of Alpine photographs so good in composition and technique, and practically every one is made to illustrate some definite point in the text. Mr. Gardner does not introduce any technical hints or suggestions, presuming that his reader has mastered the elementary technique of his craft. This is all to the good, but I cannot help feeling that some of his readers would much like to know whether he uses a panchromatic plate and what strength of screen, if any, he employs and whether he makes use of an exposure meter, etc.

The book is divided into four principal chapters. The first is 'Stating the Case,' in which the author dwells on the pleasures of a photographic holiday in the Alps and discusses the best centres and

[1] The letter appears in the present number.—*Editor.*

the advantages of climbing below the snow line rather than on the high peaks if you wish to get the best effects. To the majority of the members of the Alpine Club climbing will always be the first consideration and photography will hold a secondary place, and when one is on the rope with non-photographers on a big expedition the opportunities of taking satisfactory views will be few, if the harmony of the party is to be preserved; but even the most energetic must have some off days, and these can be devoted to serious picture-making. There is no doubt that from the lower peaks by far the most satisfactory pictorial effects can be obtained; a striking example of this point is the beautiful view of the Rosengarten taken from Ciampedie and the Durupi di Larsac from the same view-point, which most of us who have climbed the Rosengarten peaks have, I fear, entirely missed. The second chapter treats of 'Composition and Foregrounds,' and here is a wealth of highly useful hints which will be of the greatest help to the practised photographer as well as to the novice. Special stress is laid on foregrounds, which are really the most important question in the formation of a picture, and the author divides this subject into four sections, dealing first with Water, and here amongst other useful hints the importance of including the near shore of a lake is insisted upon, an omission that is all too frequent in the usual snapshot. Secondly Trees, then Rocks, and finally Ice and Snow are dealt with, and each group is illustrated with a delightful series of pictures. The third chapter is devoted to 'Weather, Lighting and Seasons,' and here it is pointed out that weather conditions which would make high expeditions impossible often give the photographer his best chance of getting really striking effects. 'Mountain Portraits' forms the subject of the final chapter, in which the author describes the sport of selecting a special mountain and obtaining photographs of it from every side and under varied conditions of lighting and weather. The three peaks he selects to illustrate this form of treatment are the Weisshorn, Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, and he gives us a most fascinating series of portraits of these giants from every side and under very varied atmospheric conditions, and suggests the possibility of carrying out this treatment with other less-known peaks. 'The Art and Sport of Alpine Photography' is full of just the sort of helpful hints that the serious photographer wants, and is a valuable addition to photographic literature and a book that every climber who carries a camera will do well to read.

H. R.-S.

The Experiences of an Explorer.[1]

THE second title of this volume may serve to conceal its main purport. For it is in substance a condensed autobiography of the author. Taken as such it will be found to possess the quality

[1] *The Light of Experience: a Review of Some Men and Events of my Time*, by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. London: Constable & Co. 1927.

essential to the success of works of this class. Sir Francis Younghusband's life has been full of various adventure and occupation; it has brought him into contact with many strange places and distinguished men. But it is his ingenuous self-portrait that links his pages together and gives to the volume as a whole a personal interest. The reader follows willingly the intrepid young adventurer across deserts and glaciers, lives with the frontier officer in the remote fastnesses beyond Kashmir, shares his travels as a *Times* correspondent in India or the Cape, or accompanies him in the crowning event of his career, the expedition to Lhasa, which he conducted with so much vigour and success.

Sir Francis was born a traveller. At the age of twenty-two, a young officer in the King's Dragoon Guards, then stationed in India, he succeeded in getting permission to travel on duty for several months in China. Seizing Fortune by the forelock, he took advantage of his leave to carry out a most adventurous journey from Peking to Calcutta, across the Gobi Desert and the Karakoram. His success in this novel and hazardous undertaking proved the first step on the official ladder. Younghusband's interest was now centred on Frontier politics, and he exchanged the Army for the Indian Political Department. In 1889 he was sent on his first political mission, to counteract the Russian advance on the Pamirs and the borders of Afghanistan. His subsequent adventures as Political Resident at Hunza and in the relief of Chitral are dealt with summarily; they have been told at length in previous volumes. In 1894 Lord Curzon, on his travels and acting as a correspondent of *The Times*, joined him in the mountains. Lord Curzon, Younghusband writes, 'was then both a pleasure and a trial.' But in subsequent years he found in him the best of friends. From Simla the Viceroy wrote begging Younghusband to look on him 'not as Viceroy but as an old friend and fellow-traveller.' Sir Francis's comment is shrewd: 'The first part of the injunction was difficult to obey. It would have taken a man with a larger imagination than I have not to look upon Lord Curzon as Viceroy!' In other passages Sir Francis records his warm if by no means uncritical appreciation of his chief. But we hold that he is mistaken in suggesting that it was the influence of Oxford rather than an inborn grain of conscience that created in Curzon that aloofness and self-assertion which hampered him through life. He came to Oxford from Eton 'a very superior person.'

In 1909 Sir Francis finally left India, after enjoying for three and a half years the pleasant post of Resident in Kashmir. On his return he was naturally invited to join the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, of which he was already a Gold Medallist, and in 1914 Mr. Douglas Freshfield, on becoming President, was fortunate in securing Sir Francis's services as one of its Honorary Secretaries. But for the War the attack on Mt. Everest, planned and worked for nine years before by Lord Curzon as Viceroy, but postponed owing to the existing political obstacles in Nepal and

Tibet, would have doubtless been speedily put in hand. It was not till 1921, when Sir Francis had succeeded to the Geographical Presidency, that the long-looked-for effort could be undertaken with the joint support of the Alpine Club and the Geographical Society. Under the auspices of Sir Francis and General Bruce there was no question of the adventure being pushed to the end. Some day we may possibly learn how that end came. At least it has been proved that the highest mountain in the world, the culminating peak of the Chomolungma Group, is not inaccessible to a party of mountaineers provided with adequate transport. That in 1921 the transport proved inadequate was due wholly to bad weather and ill-luck.

On one of his pages Sir Francis writes, ' the exploring spirit was on me.' His readers will probably conclude that it has been on him all his life, urging him to some form of exertion, muscular or mental, political or metaphysical. In his last chapters we are called on to follow him into a new field, beyond even Himalayan heights! Ill satisfied with the stiff Evangelicalism of his early surroundings, he found leisure during his sojourn in the wilds to seek for a broader outlook. Starting with the works of Herbert Spencer, he found little help in ' that dreary old philosopher.' So, on his return to England, he took courage to throw himself at the feet of a famous Cambridge metaphysician. The Professor was interested, and welcomed cordially the man of action who came to him with a singularly open mind. Their intercourse led to Sir Francis joining the Aristotelian Society. He describes with sympathy the participants in its debates. They encouraged him to look forward to the creation of a ' spiritual contribution that will sweeten the life of all mankind.' The nature of this new religion remains undefined. Mountaineers may however, some of them, be able to appreciate Sir Francis's eagerness to follow the gleam of moments of more than mortal vision. But such high matters do not come into the scope of this JOURNAL.

In conclusion we find this an occasion to address a protest, or rather a petition, to publishers. Sir Francis Younghusband has been both a voluminous and a versatile book-writer, and the work under review is in a sense a summary of his earlier contributions to the literature of Travel and Thought. It is a pity no list of them is provided. Publishers are too apt, if they advertise at all the previous publications of an author between the covers of his last book, to advertise only those they have themselves brought out. This practice is an injury to the author, and one that as a reader the critic has frequently cause to resent. D. W. F.

Mes quatre premières années de Montagne. By Jean Coste. Pp. v + 164. Illustrated. Paris, G. Ficker. 1927.

IT is always pleasant to read the unedited diary of an enthusiast. This little book should give an hour's delight to any reader. We note that the cost of publication has been defrayed by subscriptions

raised by the friends of the deceased author. M. Paul Helbronner has written a charming preface.

The diary is dedicated: 'pour l'Ubaye, ce pauvre pays si beau dont je suis navré de me voir presque seul à comprendre toute la poésie.' It commences with a boy's adventures, with enthusiastic and equally irresponsible companions, in the stony and desolate glens of the Cottian Alps. The style of writing is spontaneous and delightful; it is one of those narratives of which only a Frenchman is capable. Gradually, as the diary unfolds itself, we perceive a sort of feeling of responsibility attaching itself to the growing technical skill of the writer. The slips and tumbles of his earlier adventures—Le Tourillon—are things of the past. A rope is sometimes taken even if a frayed bit has to be cut off *en plein à pic*! Guides are no longer considered as mere encumbrances and obstructionists. A long ice couloir on Monte Viso gives an insight on new problems for a cragsman (hitherto) pure and simple.

The beauties of névé and glacier are revealed in a descent of Mont Pelvoux by the Glacier des Violettes. The Tête de Moyse followed by three nameless and abrupt Aiguilles give the author a new ascent. Later another difficult tooth (2829 m.) is scaled and is now named Aiguille Jean Coste after its young conqueror. Wonderful days are all these; Jean Coste starts on a bicycle, he pedals for miles, he clambers over numberless clapiers, he turns heads of glens, he climbs his Aiguille and regaining his bicycle late at night sometimes coasts 18 kilometres in 30 minutes to regain his home in the following dawn! The diary was, obviously, never meant for publication. It is all the better for that; glowing descriptions of somewhat dreary scenery, but to the author a dream of beauty and fairyland; adventures reckless, escapes, but through it all an entrancing *joie de vivre*. La Meije claimed a future author as well as mountaineer.

The pity of it all. France cannot spare these splendid boys so willing to sacrifice everything—'pour la Patrie par la Montagne.' Yet they know best and rest content.

A Naturalist in Himalaya. By R. W. G. Kingston, M.C., M.B. A. & F. G. Wittenby.

BEFORE he won distinction as naturalist in the third Mount Everest Expedition, Dr. Kingston had already earned the reputation of a careful and industrious observer of wild life in India. In *A Naturalist in Himalaya* (published in 1920) he describes in detail the observations, mostly of insects, made during a period of two years spent in one of the less known regions of British India. The district of Hazara is a narrow territory lying between Kashmir and the Indus, bounded on the S. by the plains of the Punjab and merging in the N. into the high mountains of Western Kashmir. In its diversity of natural features, its wide range of altitude from a few hundred feet to peaks of 17,000 ft., with the corresponding zones of vegetation, the district forms a sort of compendium of all

essential features of the Himalaya and affords a wide scope for the patient naturalist. Thousands of British officers and civilians have spent their days of leave in the Himalaya in pursuit of the markhor, the sheep of Marco Polo, the snow leopard and other great trophies of the hills. Few have been content to track the digger-wasp to its lair, to open up the drum of the cicada, or to watch the murderous activities of the glow-worm. The excitement and joy of the chase are the same, whether the quarry be tiger or ant-lion.

Dr. Kingston writes as he speaks, fluently and without reserve. Though the book has no special mountaineering interest, there is much in it to hold the interest of mountaineers, who may be presumed to be all lovers of Nature. The last chapter is a simple sketch of the geological history of the region. The book is illustrated with photographs and drawings and is provided with a sketch map.

Gebirgskrieg. Militärwissenschaftliche und Technische Mitteilungen. September–Oktober, 1927. Illustrated. Pp. 497–672. Vienna. 5*s.* or 3 mk.

THIS is a highly interesting publication, which should appeal, in spite of its technical character, to all mountaineers. As might be expected, the ' mountain war ' dealt with is almost entirely on the Italo-Austrian frontier. There is very little about the Carpathian and nothing on the Balkan operations. It begins with ' Tolmein ' (Caporetto), the pursuit of the routed army across the Tagliamento to the Piave, followed by ' the First defence of Monte Grappa '; the ' Advance of the 9th " Mountain " Brigade from Colbricon to Fonzaso.' An extraordinarily instructive chapter follows which can be translated ' Attack by the Valleys or by the Heights ? ' Next comes the ' Storming of the Hohen Schneid, 3241m., in the Ortler group,' which will probably appeal most to the average mountaineer. This operation, a tiny one with regard to the numbers engaged—a mere trench raid—nevertheless required an intensive preparation of many months. Real fighting and its attendant manœuvres are clearly impossible on glaciers. The last operation described is one on the Rumanian-Transylvanian front, the ' Defence of the Höhe Magura Casinului.'

The remainder of the work is devoted to mountain artillery, fortification, mountain pioneer battalions, machine guns in the mountains, history of ' mountain ' troop formations, including the organization and composition of the famous (German) Alpine Corps, the employment of Tanks in mountains [were these ever *really* employed ?], aircraft in the mountains, etc.

In these pages, admirably illustrated and with numerous maps and plans, nearly every phase of the most difficult forms of fighting is clearly and concisely described. There is a pleasant lack of bitterness and of the partisan spirit. The student of Suvoroff's Alpine campaigns will find a strong contrast with modern methods. These latter appear to display the remarkable ponderousness and

want of mobility so characteristic of the Isonzo-Trentino fighting, apart from the two great Austro-German attacks.

We should have liked a study of the Franco-Serb assault on the Dobropolje-Sokol heights, followed by another on the immortal Serb pursuit from the Moglenitza to Belgrade. Voïvode Michitch, like Suvoroff, understood true mobility and mountain warfare !

Guide de la Chaîne du Mont Blanc. 3rd edit., with 50 illustrations. By Louis Kurz. Revised by Marcel Kurz. Payot, Neuchâtel, 1927. Price 12 fcs.

THE first edition of this useful guide was published in 1892, and was welcomed as the first of its kind to the finest group in the Alps. The second appeared in 1914, and the present book contains nearly half as much more information and many more route-marked sketches, all re-drawn, without which guide-books are tedious reading. At the present time it is the only recent work of its kind to cover the whole group. It does not profess to give the vast amount of interesting detail presented in the volumes of the well-known Vallot guides, but the information is concise and to the point. It is apparently brought up to 1925.

The book commences with a voluminous bibliography of the group; then follows a list, up to date, of the huts with the approaches carefully described.

The Swiss portion of the chain is treated in great detail, as might be expected in a Swiss book. The Massif du Trient, dear to the Genevois, is neglected by our people, although it offers problems very suitable to the early days of a campaign.

In the Massif du Tour Noir it might be pointed out that the Aig. d'Argentière can be equally well ascended from the couloir at the head of the Glacier du Chardonnet by taking to the arête on the right (ascending) instead of as shown on page 88.

Mr. Oliver's passage of the Col du Tour Noir in 1926, when the time was very considerably reduced (' A.J.' **38**), should be noted.

The Mont Dolent comes in for elaborate treatment, M. Marcel Kurz having taken it in charge years ago in his monograph in the *Echo des Alpes.*

It is not correct to state that Mr. Whymper descended *d'un bout à l'autre par le couloir du Col du Mont Dolent*—as frequent use was made of the rocks of the right proper bank.

The interest increases when one reaches the massifs de l'Aiguille Verte, des Grandes Jorasses and des Aiguilles de Chamonix. MM. de Lépiney and Lagarde showed last year that the formidable Col de l'Aiguille Verte can be crossed in certain conditions in very much shorter time than stated on p. 152.

A sketch of the lines of descent from the Grand Dru to the Brèche of the Petit Dru would be welcome.

The note of the Col des Grandes Jorasses is not clear, nor have I ever seen a clear account. It reads (speaking of the S. side): ' *s'élever jusqu'au pied du col.*' Where is the *pied* ? Actually one ascends right into the couloir which leads to the foot of the narrow,

probably unclimbable ice-filled crack leading to the col itself. One keeps naturally to the right hand or E. side of the couloir close to the bounding wall to avoid possible stonefall. This bounding wall can be ascended at several places—old rope rings will be observed—or one can ascend to within 20 metres of the actual foot of the above narrow crack and then climb the E. bounding wall. It is nowhere easy. From the top of this one is never very far away from, although not in sight of, the narrow crack, and one bears again N. to the col, climbing *en route* a difficult slab in a crack of which is a wooden plug. The descent on the same side is readily made by the use of a doubled rope, and no stones were observed to fall on our descent. Snow and ice on this route may much extend the time.

The Hirondelles arête of the Jorasses is said to have been climbed this summer, but with assistance from above. Particulars have not been published.

The magnificent Rochefort arête seems, of recent years, to be coming into its own.

I do not agree with the sketch route up the N. face of the Géant (p. 208), nor do I follow the description.

Generally speaking, on the N. face one can keep all the way quite close to the left-hand arête—holds magnificent—until one reaches a fairly horizontal *vire* usually carrying some ice. One turns right-handed and follows this for about 30 metres until a broad and easy rock couloir leads to the gap between the two summits. This N. face is really easier than the original Sella-Maquignaz route—the rock is superb.

In route 689 the useful traverse across the face of the Grand Gendarme saving the big *rappel* is not given (*La Montagne*, 1925, p. 335).

I would not call route 740 by the Rochers Rouges dangerous. It is much shorter, especially on the descent—crampons are needed. I am glad to see Brenva route 759 condemned. This year a party wisely choosing the Moore route saw a big avalanche sweep route 759.

The book is sound throughout. M. Marcel Kurz states that he had the advantage of using his father's very careful notes of expeditions made since the 2nd edition.

It can only be improved:

(1) By purchasing it.

(2) By sending to M. Kurz, who will not be hurt, a careful note of any inaccuracies in old, and of any new, routes. The illustrations are good. The weight might have been less and each section should have been complete in itself, so as to be detachable.

J. P. Farrar.

Carte de la Chaîne du Mont Blanc, 1 : 50,000. Par E. Gaillard. 25 francs.

In issuing this popular map, which the general public will find useful, the Commandant represents the massif as it appears seen from the Brévent. The topography is brought out in a striking manner by

means of ten superposed colours, and the nomenclature is very complete and up to date, following the orthography based on the rules adopted, on the proposition of the author, by the Service Géog. de l'Armée.

The orientation is oblique like the B.I.K. map, *i.e.* the top of the map is not the N.

From a mountaineer's point of view this oblique orientation is objectionable, as many of us who have had to refer to a map in bad weather will know.

Contour lines are absent, but its clear, bold design, which does not pretend to supply close topographical details, will commend the map to the majority of visitors to the finest group of mountains in Europe.

J. P. F.

Through Tibet to Everest. By Captain J. B. L. Noel. Pp. 298. Illustrated. Arnold & Co. London, 1927. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

THERE are three official volumes on the story of Mount Everest. These large, well-illustrated and well-written books have been admirably compressed into a single volume—*The Epic of Everest*—by Sir Francis Younghusband. The purpose filled by the book under review is difficult to describe. For the sum of three shillings *more* than Sir F. Younghusband's book, the reader is provided with a chatty narrative, some extremely indifferent illustrations, and no map.

Captain Noel, official photographer to the 1922 expedition and a semi-official, cinematographic free-lance in 1924, is a traveller who, modestly, lays no claim to be a mountaineer. If he had been content to terminate his volume with the end of Part I we could have given him a modicum of praise, especially as no account of Captain Noel's solitary wanderings in Tibet has appeared, except in the *Geographical Journal*, we believe.

The book claims to be written from 'the human point of view.' If so, humanity must be in a sad state. The descriptions of the members of the Expeditions are neither sympathetic nor in good taste, the conversations between them savour of the 'titles' of an American film, and George Mallory, who, with Somervell and Finch, is the central figure in the drama, never uttered, although he may have written, the remarks attributed to him. There was infinite attraction in all that Mallory did; there was never anything theatrical in what he said, least of all in his three Odysseys to the Himalaya. The portrait on p. 214, stated to be that of Mallory, is one of the grossest caricatures in modern 'art.' The 'last letter,' illustrated on the same page, is interesting because there are two others in the Alpine Club, both addressed to Odell. The picture facing p. 268 represents no mountain in the world.

Few of us can appreciate a chapter entitled 'Combat! Achievement! Repulse!' This is hardly fit even for the screen and is on a

par with the ' sob-stuff ' names, coined, we believe, at the Scala, of ' Snow Field ' Camp, ' Frozen Lake ' Camp, ' Ice Cliff ' Camp, ' Citadel,' ' Eagles' Nest,' ' Windy Ridge ' Camp. The camps on the mountain are known to the members of the Expeditions—and to the world—solely by numbers, 1 to 6, starting from above the Base. If names had been given they would have been Tibetan.

There are many careless inaccuracies. The guides who accompanied the Abruzzi Expedition were the Brocherel brothers and Petigax ; the ' error ' of Mallory in 1921 in not visiting the outlet of the E. Rongbuk Glacier did not cause the loss of a day, hardly of an hour, to the 1922 party ; the explorers of that glacier did *not* sleep out in the open, neither did they exhaust themselves and their porters ; the Christian name of Strutt is not ' Frank ' ; there is no such person as Lord Salveson, and ' Gurkha ' is invariably misspelt. The idea of remaining in Tibet and of making an attempt on the mountain after the monsoon was never entertained by the Leaders on the spot. The question of sending a relief party from England in the autumn of 1922 was given up as impracticable. The porters were *not* Darjeeling ' bazaar coolies,' they were hill-men who came from great distances specially to compete in General Bruce's exhaustive selection ; the idea of recruiting more efficient porters on the way through Tibet is simply absurd. There are no superiors—probably no equals—to the gallant ' coolies ' of the three Mount Everest Expeditions.

Captain Noel was a good organizer for his part in the Expeditions. We turn to the appendix for his suggestions. Here are some of them :

(A) ' Collect an Olympic team of fine young men who represent the manhood of the world and send them equipped with modern scientific appliances and devices. Let them not attack nor assault Everest, but let them *walk up* [1] the mountain and prove its conquest without loss, injury or suffering to themselves. It would be a victory for modern man. . . . I am positive it could be done with correct organization and method.'

(B) Construct ' weather-proof huts ' and have the Base installed at No. 1 Camp ; construct ply-wood huts and mount them at No. 4 [23,200 ft.].

(C) Build a yak road to No. 1.

(D) Have nothing but animal transport from the Base to No. 3 Camp [21,000 ft.] ; in other words, train yaks to march over ice, séracs and, finally, crevassed névé.

(E) Provide a *Téléférique* from No. 3 to No. 4 Camp [North Col] to carry stores of 50 lbs. weight.

(F) Install W.T. stations to connect with India and the various camps [the one reasonable suggestion and a plan which, together with telephones, might have been adopted in 1924].

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[1] *Italics* in the text.

(G) Provide a ' white man cook ' for the Expedition.

Shades of Daudet and Albert Smith !

The book is written to ' popularize ' the Chomolungma range. This is, perhaps, as worthy a motive as a film (the taking of which is described on pp. 245–7) purporting to represent the deathless rescue of the marooned porters. This, as shown in London, took place in brilliant weather, or so it appeared to the audience. But, for ourselves, we have no use for gallery-play, nor for a cinema, nor for ' special pictorial postage stamps ' on the Throne of the Himalaya.

The scandalous episode of the Lamas brought to England in connection with the film, and with which the Expedition and the Mount Everest Committee were absolutely unconnected, is, we understand, largely responsible for present relations with Lhasa. It is mere justice to remember that the sale of the film rights to Captain Noel relieved the guarantors of the 1924 expedition from all liability. We can only regret that he has failed to realize his own liabilities as regards both the book and the film.

The *envoi* is in keeping with the rest. ' Will Everest be climbed ? Of course it will. Why, some day man will fly to the top of Everest and walk down breathing liquid oxygen gas. The world is owned by man. Man has infinite capacity within himself.'

Absit omen.

Switzerland Calling. By E. W. Jackson. London, 1927.

FRESHLY and pleasantly written and original in being the first book of its kind, a climbing book by a young climber. Considerable powers of observation are evident, and the writing is easy. The title is certainly up to date, being taken from wireless. There is youthful freshness in the remark on the Morteratsch climb, ' There was a divine chimney which was splendid fun scrambling up,' and there is wisdom in a later remark, ' All these things seem trivial, but the big things only come seldom.' And finally the true spirit of mountaineering comes out, ' You will understand why I dream and dream again of the glorious mountains.' All most excellent for seventeen.

Caravans and Cannibals. By Mary H. Bradley. London, 1927.

THIS volume is a record of a tour round Ruwenzori. Writers of papers on travel or mountaineering who read this work will get valuable suggestions as to method. Avoiding all endeavour to teach facts, the authoress takes the reader with her on the journey and by the ease and the detailed interest she feels in men, animals and scenery—expressed in just the right words—enables him to see and to feel more than he would have done had he himself taken the trip. This absence of the guide-book style and of the informative teacher is rare in modern works of travel. Early papers in this JOURNAL and elsewhere owe the pleasure they give the reader largely to a similar quality of well-informed simple directness in the writing.