

withhold tribute to the masterly passages of prose description which grace it. The author's commendation of John Muir stands out in these rather acrid pages as an agreeable oasis. We are not convinced, however, that Muir, great and admirable as he was, will, or should, be adopted as the prototype for American climbers.

Mr. Irving's entire discussion of American mountaineering literature gives strong ground for suspecting that he has but dabbled in it to find fodder for his intransigency. His appears to be a bad case that only a stiff dose of further reading, preferably in our later books, will cure and we venture to prescribe Wilcox's *Rocky Mountains of Canada* and Thorington's *Glittering Mountains of Canada*.² These we can assure him from personal knowledge were not written in Hollywood (mentioned in the text) where many of his notions about us seem to have arisen.

In conclusion we venture the prediction that American mountaineering will continue to follow evolutionary principles normal to our land and that the lessons of the hills will continue to be salutary, regenerative and wholesome. We hope and believe that they have broadened our horizons and inculcated a sound and benign spirit of international comity (particularly towards fellow mountaineers of other countries) which will preclude any American from sponsoring literary disparagements of his brethren wherever they may live.

H. P.

[The editor is in full accord with the present reviewer, and feels it desirable to conclude with opinion from a British source (G. W. Y. in *Lonsdale* "Mountaineering")—"We have enough to do to play out the game safely and fairly against our own chosen mountain difficulties; and, if we have not, we should seek out harder climbs. . . We can only make the perilous game more dangerous, as well as vulgar, if we add to our hazards that of climbing competitively against other nations or climbers, or of hearkening to distracting public comparisons."]

Climbing Days, by Dorothy Pilley (Mrs. I. A. Richards). 340 pages, 69 illustrations, and index. London: G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., 1935. Price 16s.

Mrs. Richards says she started writing this book in China, far from her beloved Alps and homesick for them; she wanted to recapture the "feel" of all that makes up Alpine climbing, and to pass it on to her readers. In this aim she has succeeded admirably.

² Howard Palmer's *Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks* should certainly be added to this tonic.—Ed.

We climb with her. The story is one not only of great climbs accomplished—although there is plenty of that, of course, including the magnificent north ridge of the Dent Blanche—but the other sides are in, too, the smaller climbs that you always do when the weather is not suitable for big things, and even the trips up to the huts that, perforce, go no farther. Sights, smells, sounds, all the graphic details bring out the picture so clearly. A description of bread and cheese after a long and exhausting climb was so vivid that a longing for that bread and cheese swept through me—it was minutes later before I realized that I had just finished an adequate dinner.

The workings of the climber's mind are there, too—for instance, the night before a serious climb "that queer dishonest half-hope of broken weather."

The book covers climbing experiences in the Alps of Switzerland, France, and Italy, with an Easter trip to Corsica, and two trips to the Pyrenees. The first hundred pages—much the least interesting part—are devoted to minute descriptions of climbing in the British Isles, while ten later pages cover Christmas at Mürren, climbing in the High Tatra, and a two-year tour of the world, with climbing in Canada, the United States, Japan and the Himalayas. At first glance this seems curiously unbalanced, but I rather suspect that this volume is in reality but *part* of Mrs. Richards' "climbing days," and that subsequent volumes will cover these other regions. I happen to know that the diaries are voluminous! At the A. C. C. camp in 1925 long after everyone was in bed, Mrs. Richards' light would be going, and she would write to within an hour or two of starting to climb again the next morning. No doubt it is this immediate writing of fresh impressions that makes the book so graphic and such a joy to the climbing reader.

The illustrations are excellent and well reproduced (I speak of the English edition, not having seen the American). Quite a considerable portion of those of Alpine regions are professional photographs that we have seen before; still, they are always striking.

There are a few slight errors—or perhaps they are better called differences of opinion. Americans do not call crampons "creepers," creepers being something different again. Mts. Baker and Shuksan are not in the Coast Range, but in the Cascades. Arctic explorers tell us that to rub frost-bitten hands "hard and long with snow" is

about the worst treatment. And on the earth-shaking question of the proper clothing for feminine climbers, Mrs. Richards' views and mine are as far apart as the poles! These and similar trivialities, however, do nothing to detract from the excellence of the book, and I heartily recommend it to all as a very good substitute for being in the act of climbing.

M. E. U.

Round Mystery Mountain, by Sir Norman Watson and E. J. King.
xii + 246 pages, 32 illustrations and 3 maps. London: Edward Arnold & Co., 1935. Price 15s.

Here is an enjoyable book, not pretending to be serious record of a scientific expedition, but rather the narrative of a journey undertaken in the spirit of an adventure, but with an entirely worthwhile purpose. After reading it one feels that the participants must have been well satisfied with the result of their trip, the principal object of which was to make the first high altitude crossing of the Coast Range of British Columbia in winter, on ski. Ski, however, played a minor rôle, saving perhaps one day of time on the Franklin Glacier, but no doubt adding greatly to the pleasure of those concerned. The party did no pioneering, as regards route finding, but when one realizes that they were all unfamiliar, both with the terrain and with the methods of western mountain travel, except for a very brief earlier visit by the leader in summer, one must credit them with a definite accomplishment. There are good illustrations, sketch maps, and an itinerary at the end (valuable in such a book), and an index.

The leader and backer, Sir Norman J. Watson, was fortunate in his choice of the professional members of the party, Emile Couttet of Chamonix for the mountain work, and the local men, Pete McCormick and assistants, for the approach. Weather seems to have been favorable much of the time. One member of the party was, we understand, greatly concerned with the supposed proximity of "ferocious" wild animals, but then for him, and perhaps even for the other uninitiated, that must have greatly heightened the sense of adventure!

The crossing of the Coast Range took just one month from Tatla Lake on March 18th to the head of Knight Inlet on April 19th, 1934. The actual crossing from the tongue of Scimitar Glacier on