

and MOIRA. Also some valuable topographical information was gathered.

There is a great field of unnamed and unclimbed peaks in this district, covering 70 miles between Mt. Aspiring group and Tutoko, heavily glaciated and varying from 7500 ft. to over 9000 ft., which will provide work for a generation. The size of the icefields and glaciers is remarkable for such low altitudes.

A party consisting of Messrs. Speden, Dicky, and Jackson, members of the N.Z.A.C., made the second ascent of Mt. TUTOKO (9042 ft.), near Milford Sound. The first ascent was made by the late Samuel Turner with Peter Graham as guide. This later ascent was guideless, and from the party's account the climb was not nearly so difficult as Mr. Turner led us to suppose.

It was a well-organized expedition in difficult country, carried out with skill and ability.

Several new ascents have also been made in the mountains at the head of the Rakaia River and a new trans-insular pass.

A greatly increased activity has been evident all through our Alpine districts.

ARTHUR P. HARPER.

REVIEWS.

Himalaya. Unsere Expedition 1930. By G. O. Dyhrenfurth. Pp. 380 + 120 illustrations, 1 panorama, 1 geological section, and 1 map (Kurz). Berlin : Scherl. 1931.

DYHRENFURTH calls himself the Editor, and not the Author of the book. The following collaborators are mentioned on the title-page : Charles Duvanel, Hettie Dyhrenfurth, Hermann Hoerlin, Marcel Kurz, Helmuth Richter, Erwin Schneider, Ulrich Wieland. So let us mean them all when we say 'Dyhrenfurth.'

I am a bad reviewer ; I am afraid of a fat book. And nearly all the outstanding books are fat. Should celebrities be fat ? Apparently the publisher's answer is 'Yes.' He may be afraid of his output being overlooked. But why not bind a hundred pages of text with two hundred of excellent notepaper ? The pearl in a heavy casket so to speak. In fact, according to my own experience, the publisher asks you to supply the 'standard size' of 300 or 400 pages whenever he agrees with your own idea of having done something out of the common. He might, however, take a leaf out of journalism by producing permanent reports in the shape of short books. These would form the library equivalent to the more perishable snappy articles in the press.

Think of the general reader who is called thus because he wishes to read and not to study. Anyway he dislikes being forced to study by a weighty appendix coming like a sudden drag on his

fancy's flying feet. A book of the kind under review could be split into two: 'The Adventure' and 'The Results.' Both would be bought, the former by the general reader including the specialist, the latter by the specialist. Such division of labour and saleability would make books more movable, very much retarding their ultimate fate of freezing into solid blocks on the shelves or in the remainder department.

In some ways I am prejudiced, of course. Belonging to the older generation of climbers, I see the whole of the Kangchenjunga trail before me starting with Freshfield's solid landmark, so that his followers smack of appendices with much unnecessary repetition. But here we touch the deeper problem of past accumulations. The doer of the deeds of the day does not hark or refer back. Literature, like life itself, is for ever being 'brought forward.' Half of what is done and written to-day was done and written yesterday. We blossom on the top of our fossilized sediments. I dare say the palæontologist, delving in the strata of mountains or libraries, takes a chastened view of modern originality, especially when he happens to have written one of the older books himself.

The ordinary review, the re-hash, is too easy for him who does not mind the drudgery; too much hard labour for him who wishes to do justice to the book. In one of the German periodicals I find eleven big pages, closely printed, describing the Kamet expedition. This practically amounts to a condensation and review of Smythe's forthcoming book which I thus get for threepence. Whereas I would gladly pay 2s. 6d. for a reprint of his *Times* articles. Reviews of this type do not inspire the buyer for the simple reason that the reviewer lacked inspiration, feeling hard pressed for want of time or interest. Either say: This book is fine (or glad, bad, mad) in its line (novel, poetry, travel, adventure, science); or give a truly judicial summing-up. But a judge is worthy of his hire. I have myself tried the game of cadging for review copies; I gave it up long ago. Too brutal, too dishonest and a permanent nightmare of irksome work left undone. Good reviewing is very hard work to be paid accordingly. The second-hand price of a book hardly ever pays for the review it *deserves*. After all, judges are paid to 'review' possible offenders. Yet they are not bribed.

Now, what about Dyhrenfurth? What am I to say? If this were a bad book, I would say so. It is *not* a bad book. If it were an excellent book, I would say so. It *is* an excellent book. Have I read it from beginning to end? Never! I have sampled it thoroughly. What am I to do? Pick out tit-bits or mistakes? Index its contents? They say that repetition is the soul of journalism. But I am not a journalist, unfortunately not. Moreover the readers of the 'A.J.' are familiar with the outlines of recent mountaineering history. They know all about it. When in need of more, they will apply to the fountain-head. So I simply say: Here is the source; it is fresh and good.

Dr. Dyhrenfurth is my friend. I gave him *my* book which he may have read right through. Honour and gratitude unto him. Perhaps I am a poor fish as regards gang discipline, literary and otherwise. But then I do not expect a return for every service I may possibly have rendered. I am nice to a girl because I like it. I do not consider her bound to be nice to me in return. If she is, so much the better. But that is good luck. I believe in respecting mutual independence.

What is there to criticize in a book truthful, well-written and well put together? Should I gouge out plums with a fat finger, or spit out, for public inspection, every little bit of grit which our teeth will strike in every large cake? Shall I darkly hint at hearsay from behind the scenes? Things have been said about organization. I am a wholesale organizer of travel myself. Yet I must confess that the ideals of the department store do not form the ultimate criterion of great adventure. Alas, they rather spoil it! Even if Dyhrenfurth were an enemy, I should remain conscious of the fact that machinery must be supplemented by luck, or, let us say, the absence of bad luck, especially in the East. The traveller in England finds a big traffic machine ready for him. Into it he fits the mechanism of his plans. The explorer ventures into the wheels of chance.

The report of a Himalayan expedition is not a textbook on the Elements of Chemistry or Greek Grammar, nor a book pretending to revolutionize poetry, nor an accumulation of historical facts. One criticizes fundamentals or facts. Dyhrenfurth states his facts correctly and obeys the fundamental laws of mountaineering (as understood to-day). This is a tale. A tale is bad, indifferent or good. The bad we damn outright; the indifferent we praise with faint damnation, the good we appreciate. Dyhrenfurth has done very well indeed. One may find fault, sympathizing with him in the selection of his object after Freshfield and after the experiences of Bauer. The emotional plums had been picked, that is to say according to my purely personal taste. As to first discovery, I am heartily tired of the Poles, Everest and Kangchenjunga. Even the spelling¹ does not add new zest. The peach-bloom of mystery and adventure is off. We enter the second stage, that of rationalized sport and record-breaking.

Yet I must observe a few of the conventions. Here goes. The first half is the record of the journey. Straightforward, honest writing. The Maid-of-All-Work (Mrs. D.) adds a delightfully humorous inside view of herself; short and sweet. The Professor skilfully handles the question 'Can Kangchenjunga be Climbed?' This first section is really quite short, 150 pages only. The second or specialized part (200 pp.) is well arranged and nowhere shows undue padding for the sake of merely creating a 'scientific'

¹ 'Kangchendzönga.'

impression. Whoever wishes to keep abreast of Himalayan geology, equipment, meteorology, photography, filming and *bandobast* simply must refer to Dyhrenfurth. The chapter on human physiology (acclimatization, oxygen) is very thorough (50 pp.). Thirty pages deal with the map, its making and naming, with explanations of native words. The two sections make a well-balanced book of travel. The narrative is bright; the appendix is nowhere stodgy. It forms an indispensable source of reference for Himalayan experts and would-be explorers.

The photographs are up to the mark. Camp life, the natives, forests, and, of course, the peaks. Impressive: Ridge of Wedge Peak (No. 27), N.E. flank of Jongsong, which is one cascade from top to bottom; Lhonak with Glacier Lake (No. 67), and 'Hettie.' Photography of standing landscapes has not advanced since Vittorio Sella. Snapshotting of lively pictures has made enormous strides.

Marcel Kurz with his fine map, 1 : 100,000, follows the readable style set by the Swiss maps and those of the D. und Ö. *Alpenverein*. Contributions by the Survey of India, Freshfield, Garwood, and Jacot-Guillarmod are duly acknowledged. The glacial centre shows much exact detail. The outlying hill and forest country appears more formal, with the exception of the valleys of approach which teem with villages.

I hate reviewing, being haunted by a fear that author, editor (of the paper), publisher and reader expect a vest-pocket edition on the one hand, and on the other a sauce of comment out of the tabloid of judgment. It seems that this age of Fordism and scientific management seeks compensation by expanding into the infinite void of language. Having grown from enthusiastic youth into a mischievous old man I only enjoy slanging a thorough howler. Unfortunately the amusingly bad books are as rare as the masterpieces. Or, I want an enemy, with whom I do not agree. So I have done rather well after all. Through sheer force of character Dyhrenfurth's book has made me write more about it than I ever thought possible. *Floreat!*

Let the above be the general introduction to all the reviews henceforth to flow from an unwilling pen moved by grateful intent and the best of intentions stirring my bosom after the free gift of a book.

W. R. R.

Berge und Gletscher im Pamir. By Philipp Borchers. Pp. 255 + 8 plates, 103 snapshots, and 2 maps. Stuttgart: Strecker and Schröder. 1931.

Now this is another pair of shoes from the foregoing. Dr. Borchers commanded my Skyscraping Squad in the Western Pamirs. So I am interested and prejudiced. But if I had a fault to find with the work of my comrade-in-arms, I would have passed it on to someone else. Besides Borchers, the railway porters Nos. 1-4—as they called

themselves in fun, owing to frequent appeals for help from the map-makers—were Allwein, Schneider and Wien of Kangchenjunga fame in the years to follow.

Needless to say, we were all of us mountaineers. But to Borchers and his stalwarts fell the special task of reconnoitring the higher regions and bagging peaks. They thus helped in clearing up topography. They did their best to show how pure sport can be blended with pure science. Apart from those of his close companions, the author also acknowledges contributions from Finsterwalder, the cartographer and Lentz, the linguist.

Among them the four climbed 14 peaks below 4000 m. ; 4 between 4000 and 5000 ; 29 between 5000 and 6000 ; 8 between 6000 and 7000 ; one of 7127 m. (Mt. Kaufmann), or 56 in all. This in spite of being 'hampered' by the general plan of campaign demanded by the aims of the expedition. Had they been out for mere trophy-hunting they might easily have brought this bag up to 70. As it stands it is one of the biggest on record, if not the biggest (for one party in one season, not counting the Alps). But statistics of this sort should not be taken too seriously.

The height records, according to the latest figures are interesting, however : *Peaks* : Kamet, 7756 m. ; Jonsong Peak, 7459 m. ; Nepal Peak, 7153 m. ; Dodang Nyima, *ca.* 7150 m. ; Trisul, 7134 m. ; Mt. Kaufmann, 7127 m. ; Ramtang, 7105 m. ; Ser (Nun Kun), 7100 m. ; Pinnacle Peak, 7091 m. ; Pawhunri, 7075 m. ; Aconcagua, 6960 m.

Greatest heights reached : Everest : Mallory and Irvine (last seen) about 8600 m. ; Norton, 8572 m. ; Kangchenjunga (Allwein and Wien), 7900–8000 m.

Borchers's volume is an indispensable complement to my own book (*Alai! Alai!*).² The unpretentious, simple prose keeps a happy mean by not taking too much for granted, and not too little. The reader gets a good idea of the frame in which the mountaineering exploits are set : now history, alas ! The mental food that formerly lasted us for a couple of years is now the pabulum of as many days. New 'sensations' like Kangchenjunga and Kamet—nearly forgotten by those who discuss the prospects of the coming season—restrict the value of memories to those who *did*. The present ever belongs to those who *hear*. A kind of infinite approximation or infinitesimal fractioning seems to aspire towards a state where the reality of deeds only lasts as long as the reality of sound (broadcasting). This must be the idea of futurist art with its record of unco-ordinated sense impressions.

Owing to terrific spiritual combat between Highbrow and Lowbrow, I am a bad subject for the writers of serious books. Classical virtue is forever being assailed by the secret vice of 'Wallacing.' Small wonder then that a review unloosens my complexes and calls forth my worst instincts. But all of a sudden I found myself deeply

² *A.J.* 42, 143–4.

absorbed in the book of my travelling companion. Yes, so it was, and thus we did. There was nothing to jar upon recollections thus pleasantly revived. A better compliment I cannot pay.

W. R. R.

Adventures of an Alpine Guide. By Christian Klucker. Translated from the third German edition by Erwin and Pleasaunce von Gaisberg. Edited and with additional chapters by H. E. G. Tyndale. Pp. xiii + 329, 18 illustrations and a sketch-map. London: John Murray. 1932. Price 10s. 6d.

Die Erinnerungen eines Bergführers were reviewed at length in 'A.J.' 43, 196-9, and were recommended highly to all lovers of the Alps. To this, the first English edition, even greater praise may be given. Mr. Tyndale has fulfilled admirably his duties as editor. The additional chapters include the epic first ascent of 'Mont Blanc by the Aiguille Blanche de Péteret'; 'Klucker and Davidson'; 'Klucker and Farrar,' and five very interesting appendices,³ the last of which contains the great guide's obituary from our JOURNAL. The editor has succeeded in compressing an enormous amount of precious material into these *addenda*—a great deal of which had never before appeared in English print. Sir Edward Davidson's private diary gives a wonderfully vivid account of an early traverse of the Aiguille de Grépon and some Dolomites, while Klucker's letters to Farrar are thoroughly characteristic. In the chapter 'Mont Blanc by the Aiguille Blanche de Péteret,' Mr. Tyndale has accomplished the feat of compiling a concise précis from 'Güssfeldt'—than whom no one was at times so needlessly verbose—and Klucker's notes. An interesting letter from Mr. Kesteven, who encountered Güssfeldt's somewhat jaded and hungry party on the summit, is added.

Of the chapters written entirely by Klucker full praise was given in the review of the German edition. They lose nothing in their English form. Klucker's restrained yet forceful style has been reproduced excellently by the translators. Dr. Thorington has brought the nomenclature in the Canadian Rockies up to date. The student of Whymper's expedition to the said district will share Klucker's perplexities, while the editor has smoothed out some former rather crude asperities. As for the Bregaglia and the extraordinary old man with whose name Klucker's great exploits are so intimately connected, Mr. Tyndale's tact has realized the wisdom of leaving well or evil alone. No guide has suffered at the hands of his employer as Klucker did. 'Der Russ' has deserved his fate: '*Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin,*' from Klucker's own pen. But the guide's name alone will live in that great 'Granite-Land.' Dr. Jenny's admirable biography remains: it is an attractive character study. Klucker among guides was unique. Some of the 'unhappiness' mentioned by Dr. Jenny was owing in part no doubt to a lonely life, but its

³ In Appendix II, the letter from Klucker to Risch should be studied most carefully by every 'modern' beginner (pp. 307-10).

origin was due in our opinion to the great spirit knowing that there existed no height nor position that body and mind could not have risen to. Opportunity alone was wanting. 'We shall not look on Christian Klucker's like again.'

To conclude. The illustrations are well chosen and beautifully reproduced. They include an admirable portrait of the author, taken in 1922 and hitherto unknown to us, as well as good photographs of Klucker, Davidson, Farrar, Güssfeldt, Emile Rey and Sepp Innerkofler. The mountain views are all excellent, especially 'The Forno Glacier from Piz Bacone.'⁴ A small sketch map of the Bregaglia is very useful for the lay-reader. The general 'get-up' is more than adequate, while a good index is provided. No library in the British Empire or America is complete without the *Adventures of Christian Klucker*; we shall be surprised if it does not go through many editions.

Pomen in Razvoj Alpinizma (Significance and development of Mountaineering). By Henrik Tuma. Published by Turistični Klub Skala, Ljubljana. 1931. 120 Dinars.

DR. HENRIK TUMA is the recognized doyen of Slovene mountaineers, and not only in virtue of his years. He stands out as the first Slovene mountaineer who introduced the modern scientific manner of climbing into the Yugoslav Alps. He was known abroad in pre-war days as a mountaineer of note—the Tuma route up the Triglav N. face bears his name—and his interest in mountaineering has kept pace with the times. Finally, from first to last, he identified himself with Slovene, to be merged in due time in Yugoslav, national feeling.

I am sure that if Dr. Tuma had written his book in a language widely known, instead of that of a small Alpine people, it would find interested readers in many lands. As it is, he has given his people from the depths of his long experience a very remarkable book, his contribution to the work of post-war new and national education and ethical reconstruction.

The book consists of a preface and eight chapters. Chapter I sketches the development of mountaineering from classical times to the present day. It is crammed with statistics and facts concerning every Alpine society, club, and publication of note. Chapters II and III outline the historical and ethical growth of sport in general, and are a brilliant defence of it as well. In England, Dr. Tuma's belief in the ethical and educational value of sport has long been endorsed, but in Yugoslavia the battle is not yet completely won. Alpine climbing in especial comes in for a great deal of uncomprehending criticism—as though cragsmen were obsessed by a perverse desire to commit suicide in a roundabout way. For Tuma, moun-

⁴ The names Cime 'Vazzeda' and 'di Rosso' in the letterpress (pp. 66-7) should be transposed.

taineneering is the noblest of all sports, and therefore fit sport for the noblest of mankind, a finishing school for character and the highest human virtue. He quotes liberally from what leaders of men and notable mountaineers in all ages have said and taught concerning sport and mountaineering, from the days of the Greek sages to Byron and Goethe, and modern climbers of all nations. Chapter IV deals in the same way with travel and what he calls tourism, a term which conveniently includes tramping, camping, rambling, etc. In Chapter V he returns to the subject proper of his book, giving a summary of the spread of modern mountaineering, referring to epoch-making men and events. In this chapter as well as in Chapter I, Dr. Tuma pays a warm tribute to the pioneer work of British mountaineers all the world over, no less than to their most recent achievements. 'For the first time in human history,' he says, 'Alpinism was given visible form and instruments by the foundation, in 1857, of the *Alpine Club*, with the motto ⁵ of the notable climbers Hudson and Kennedy: "Where there's a will, there's a way."' Modern mountaineering, as Dr. Tuma points out, was initiated by British mountaineers. Into this chapter Dr. Tuma has introduced the full account of the accident on Triglav N. face on July 5, 1927, when, owing to the snapping of a piton, Mr. Edo Deržaj, a well-known Slovene cragsman, fell about 50 metres and was gravely injured. He owed his life to the fact that his fall was slightly broken. The rope held. Followed his rescue by his companion, Mrs. Marko Debelak, a young woman of 22, an excellent climber, but of no exceptional physique. Single-handed, she contrived to let her half-conscious and battered comrade step by step down the face to a ledge near the foot, whence the rescue party could carry Mr. Deržaj on a stretcher to the Aljaž Hostel in the Vrata Valley (above Mojstrana). Dr. Tuma gives the tale in Mrs. Debelak's own words, quoting the incident as an illustration of the spirit of comradeship that mountaineering breeds in those who go up into the hills together. This article appeared, in German, in the *Österreichische Alpenzeitung* of February, 1931. The Slovene original has a lawful place in this book which deals above all with the ethical aspect of mountaineering.

In Chapter VI we are given biographical sketches of Oskar Erich Meyer, Dr. Guido Lammer, and Dr. Julius Kugy, by way of showing different types of mountaineers, adding Dr. Klement Jug and himself as representatives of his own nation. The exact position of Dr. Jug in the history of Yugoslav mountaineering is not easy to define. He became, *de facto*, the founder of post-war Slovene climbing, which is by now tantamount to Yugoslav mountaineering. He was not the first post-war native mountaineer, and much of what he did as a cragsman is open to criticism in the light of modern climbing technique and science. But he was articulate. He wrote of his tours, his philosophy of life and Alpine climbing. He

⁵ This is *quite* news to us!—*Editor*.

struck a chord that reverberated—in short, he created a tradition which outlived and vastly outgrew him. He met his death on the Triglav N. face in 1924, at the early age of 25.

Tuma's own life story is very modestly told. It is an interesting chapter in the history of the Yugoslav *risorgimento*. Son of a poor tradesman in Ljubljana, his love of the open country led him to choose the profession of a schoolmaster. He incurred the displeasure of the Austrian authorities because of his nationalist feeling, and presently found himself without a job. He then studied law, and eventually rose to the position of a leading advocate in pre-war Gorizia. The war ruined him financially, and compelled him to make a fresh start in Ljubljana instead of being able to retire at the age of sixty and devote himself to scientific research in his beloved Alps. The mountains of his country he came to know and love in early boyhood; later on he made the most of his opportunities to climb in the Alps of Tyrol, in the Carpathians and the Salzkammergut. Dr. Tuma is now 74 years of age, and he still goes mountaineering. His stride is elastic, his long, lean body finely conditioned. In our mountaineering world he occupies a special position as arbiter and counsellor, being at once the pioneer of fifty years ago and the leader of the party of youth.

Chapter VII speaks of mountaineering in conjunction with science, and contains special reference to Dr. Tuma's own topographical research work in the Slovene Alps. No one has done more than Henrik Tuma to verify, correct, interpret, in many cases to re-discover the old Slav names throughout the eastern Alpine regions. He has opened up a field for scientific research which may lead to a complete revision of the dates at which the Slav immigration into those parts is assumed to have taken place.

Chapter VIII sums up the book.

Tuma's work does not make easy reading. There is a plethora of material, and it is so studded with quotations, beautiful and apt in themselves, that the harmony of style suffers. The lawyer is intent on proving his case and literary niceties are by the way. Only in the Preface, the Conclusion and the short autobiography does he give himself a chance. He writes tersely, simply, and sincerely, borne along by his own conviction as he propounds his gospel of the heights—summits of mountains, loftiness of mind and soul, physical fitness and pride in endurance.

Those who know Dr. Tuma best agree that he is one of the few great men one has met, but constrained through life to carry on under circumstances too narrow to give his personality and abilities full scope. In *The Significance and Development of Mountaineering* he has recorded his *credo* as a mountaineer, a patriot, and a man: that 'we are called to be warriors in joyous fight and victory, ever seeking deeper, ever striving higher—in this is our life and life eternal.'

The book is well got up, illustrated with excellent copper print

reproductions of numerous, very beautiful photographs taken in the Yugoslav Alps by various members of the Yugoslav mountaineering community. It is a publication that does credit to the T.K. 'Skala'—and the Slovene printers.

F. S. COPELAND.

Diary of a Scotch Gardener at the French Court at the end of the Eighteenth Century.
By Thomas Blaikie. Edited with an Introduction by Francis Birrell.
Pp. xii + 256. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 1931. Price, 10s. 6d.

THIS is the Diary of Thomas Blaikie, a Scotch gardener and botanist (1733–1824) who lived for many years in France in the service of the Comte de Lauraguais, the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X) and the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Egalité). The book is of interest in many ways, for Blaikie had much force of character, and was a shrewd, energetic and likeable man. The story told in his own diction, with spelling which is frequently phonetic, and a curious absence of stops, gives a vivid account of French horticulture in the 18th Century as well as of the general state of France, and leaves no doubt of his ability as a gardener.

Here we are more concerned with his travels in, at that time, little known parts of the Jura, Savoy, and Switzerland. Though the place-names are often difficult to follow, the narrative bears the stamp of truth. One of the most interesting passages is his account of the Paccards.

'Left this place (Sollinche, *i.e.* Sallanches) early in the morning here I was struck at every step with the height of the mountains on each side but above all Mont Blanc which stands superiour as King over the others in form of a cone entirely covered with snow. After refreshing at a publick house at Chamouni went with my letter I had for Mr. Paccard, found him at home; he seems to be a man of respect in this place, he has three sons very genteel young men after some discourse there was two of them proposed to go along with me in purpose to conduct me and at the same time to learn plants; the Oldest son is learning surgery the second is a Priest and the youngest [t] [Michel Gabriel, the future conqueror of Mt. Blanc] about 20 is studying at the university of Turin learning to be a Doctor. With the two Sons of Mr. Paccard I set off to the bottom of Mont blanc by what they call Bouchets which is like the bottom of the Other Mountains covered with spruce firrs; went by what they call Ortaz upon the borders of the Glaziers du Bois; there is a great quantity of the *Rhododendron feruginum*; here the view of this valley of ice is wonderful it proceeds from the top of Mont Blanc and runs down to the bottom of the Valley even within a little of these cornfields the Ice never thaws, what a contrast.'

He afterwards went with Michel Gabriel Paccard and his brother the Abbé to 'a little triangulare piece of ground called the Courtil,' an old French term for garden. The description is too long to quote.

Blaikie describes the Gemmi in detail :

‘ Here is a vast concourse of people during the Summer resorts for there health to those Baths [Leuck] ; there is one spring essuing out of the Rock almost boiling hott and as clear as crystall which almost forms a little revelutte another a little from that where the water is as remarkable cold ; this is remarkable as those spring is so near one another but no doubt there origin must be very remotte. I drinkt some of this hott water the tast of which was not desagreable. There is a great many of the people which brings sallads to this place in this hott season which seems quitte withered ; I saw them put into this warm streem and in a short time they recovered as if neully cut ; this surprized me to see such a thing as warm water to cause vegetation ; this water as it runs smokes and even the grass and other plants grows into the water where the inhabitants letts them grow. I searched all round but found no new plants as one might expect in such a situation ; after dinner and drinking of this medecinal water we sett out towards the Mount Gemmi where there is a road cut where the people goes up a perpendicular Rock amazing high and in some places there is ladders tyed from rock to rock where the people passes ; here we can see the people like little birds upon the top of these rocks beginning to come down or going up but from the top you can hardly dicerne the houses in the vally ; here going up the road or rather ladder there is upon one of the opposite rocks a sort of sentry box but I could not discover how it was placed nor how they could get to it as it seems to be fixed upon the sides of the rock neither could I desciver the use of it but to gard this passage which might easselly be intercepted, by breaking one of those ladders non can pass ; it is endeed very surprizing how this road stands it seems only tyed slightly to those rocks with branches. Near the top of this rock I found several plants such as *Diapensia helvatica*, *Cherleia sedioidas* and several sorts of *salixes*. Here when we arrive at the top of this perpendicular Rock there is a sort of a plaine with a lake which is not only surprizing but beautifull towards the left there is still prodegeous high rocks covered with snow ; near the Borders of this Lake there is built a publick house as this is the Summer road to those baths which seems to be frequented in the summer ; here I judged a most convenient place to pass some time and searche those Mountains which promised great quantitys of Alpine plants ; this house is well built with stables &c and seems to be very convenien[t] the people all speak German. Here I was obliged to have recourse to my enterpreter who spoke bad french but the people of the house was exceeding ceevil.’

The following is Blaikie’s account of how street scavenging is done in Berne :

‘ There is one thing which I observed which struck me was to see a great many people chained to a cart with iron chains round their waist and leg. I enquired what they were they told me those was

the criminals which ensted of transporting them they kept them to clean the streets, no doubt this is a greater punishment; the women sweeps and has an Iron colour about there necks with a bar of iron standing out about a foot or 16 inches that everybody may see them. Here every cart has its number with a conductur. However I did not see them so mortified with there sittuation as might be expected, for all along the street while they stopes to load I saw them dealing with the people in buying and selling shoes or other old clothes which they bought up and mended to sell at there spare times as indoubtably there was amongst them some good workmen of different trades.'

He gives us many quaint details of adventure in the mountains and in France, and concludes his Diary with a very graphic account of the massacre of the Swiss Guards.

G. Y.

Men, Women and Mountains. By Sir Claud Schuster. Pp. xvi + 143. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 1931.

MANY who some twenty years ago read and enjoyed a record of Alpine wanderings published under the title *Peaks and Pleasant Pastures* will have looked forward to another book from the same hand, and these and readers of a younger generation as well will welcome the collection of mountaineering memories which Sir Claud Schuster has brought together in the present volume. We are not to look in it, the author explains in his preface, for more than he sets out to give. He makes no claim to tell us of new ascents, and he is not proposing to write a guide for climbers or a contribution to Alpine history. 'But in the evenings of spring and autumn recollections crowd confusedly upon one which cannot be composed until they are allowed to bubble up in words'; so he describes the impulse from which he has written, and the words in which his recollections express themselves have a vigour and charm of style which will make the book a valued addition to mountaineering literature.

Why do we do these things? he asks in his opening paper, as many climbers have asked before him. In the first place, he answers, for the definite pleasure of bodily exertion, which mountaineering can give in a peculiar degree; and secondly to satisfy two deeply-seated instincts, the desire to get to the top, and the desire for the other side, to look down over a strange land or into a new valley and to descend into it. In bringing out this double appeal of mountaineering, its blend of the enjoyment of physical exercise with the enjoyment of travelling, the author speaks for a large central body of mountain-lovers who, as he puts it, can neither hope to accomplish the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon nor can accept the Ruskinian doctrine that the beauties of the Alps are best seen from the ground level. And readers to whom the mountains make this double appeal will find recorded here memories which it will be a pleasure

to share and which will help them to revive similar memories of their own.

The author's gift of calling up a landscape vividly to the reader's mind comes out conspicuously in his paper on 'Walks in the Pyrenees.' He gives here incidentally some notes as to times and distances which may be of practical service to those visiting this still comparatively unknown country. He has, however, no striking ascents to tell us of. We gather that his party were unlucky in their season, they were prevented by bad weather from attempting the chief climbs they had proposed, and when they reached the top of anything it was usually in a snowstorm. But this story of bad luck helps to bring out a thought which runs through the book, by reminding us that the things in our climbing experience which were worth having were not only the achievement of some coveted peak, or the excitement of the final climb, but all the chances of the day as they came, the change of weather which sometimes turned us back, the early morning start up the glacier and the tramp down-hill in the evening. The following picture of a valley on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees may serve to illustrate the author's eye for country.

'By your side beyond the river is a great terraced limestone wall, studded with the trees of the pine forest, and the river itself leaves a pleasant sandy shore, very agreeable after the heat of the upper glens. The scene seems set for man to take his pleasure. And the effect is heightened because no man comes there. Where a tree has fallen, there it lies.'

Sir Claud Schuster's contemporaries will perhaps turn with most interest to the papers in which he draws the portraits of a group of mountaineers of the generation just before his own, 'the masters or friends who helped and encouraged me upon my way.' 'An epitome of English life now passing or already passed; a judge, an official lawyer, two dons, two schoolmasters, a banker, a merchant, a manufacturer, a brewer'; so he sums up the members of this group, and he sets them before us in a series of short living sketches, from which it would be tempting to quote at length, if space permitted. Those who knew Charles Wollaston will appreciate what is said of him and of 'his sweetness of temper, his joy in every incident of the day's march, and his cheerful acceptance of bad fortune as of good,' to which a deserved tribute is paid. For another instance of the author's skill in portraiture reference may be made to his picture of William Pickford, Lord Sterndale, on the occasion of the climb which celebrated his farewell to the Alps. 'His magnificent presence, his erect form, his calm and regular features (the index of his mind), bore witness that the vast frame of his body was still full of vigour and proclaimed his unshaken constancy of soul; while a certain light in his eyes, a certain pucker which came and went about the corners of his lips, relieved what might have seemed austere.'

Some of the author's contemporaries may find it difficult to keep

pace with him when they come to the later papers in the book which deal with ski-ing. It must be a good many years now since we heard Schuster discoursing on the 'Middle Age of a Mountaineer.' But in these papers he is to be found taking his place among a younger generation, and almost, it would seem, ranking himself with them when they tell us that if we want to get the best out of the Alps we should go, not in the summer to climb, but in the winter to ski. And here the elderly climber, who knows winter sport only by hearsay or by an occasional brief visit at Christmas, is likely to be moved to protest. This business, he will be inclined to say, of going uphill in the morning by a mountain railway and racing down a snow slope in the afternoon can no doubt be exciting and pleasant enough, if one does not tumble, or even if one sometimes does, but surely it is not to be compared as a serious sport with the experience of varied difficulties on ice and rock which make up mountaineering as we know it. But on this question Schuster has something to say which he asks us to listen to. Ski-ing has more in it than the thrill of rapid motion; it can be a form of mountaineering on a great scale, in which there is as much scope for mountain craft, the planning of expeditions, and the right balance of risk and judgment, as there is in summer climbing. Here is a new branch of Alpine sport growing up that can be practised, not only for the two or three weeks at Christmas which is all that most English visitors can spare, but well on into May or June, and that is coming to play a large part in the lives of the natives of Switzerland and the neighbouring countries. 'The future,' he tells us, 'is clear to be seen for anyone who reads the signs, either in continental Alpine literature or on the spot. The youth of Central Europe have already laid their hands upon it.' And English mountaineers, he suggests, may find it worth their while to pay more attention to this development than they have yet done.

We need not however end on a point of controversy, for the old-fashioned mountaineer will be again on familiar ground when he comes to the last paper in the book. He will find himself here carried back 'across the waste of years to what was the hottest and for its length the best of all seasons' (was it 1906 ?)⁶, and he will share with the author his memories of the bivouac above the Z'mutt Glacier, of hearing the stones whizzing overhead as he fell asleep, and of the climb up the *Grat* next day. And he will close the book with a sense of gratitude to Sir Claud Schuster for having assumed the rôle of Ancient Mariner and having played it so well.

R. G. M.

Les Carnets Pyrénéens de Ramond. Tome I. Pp. xxvi + 138. Éditions de l'Échauguette. Lourdes, 1931.

THIS is the first publication of the earlier of two notebooks written by Ramond de Carbonnières, containing accounts of his tours in the

Pyrenees in the years 1792 and 1793-5 respectively. The book is an admirable piece of printing, faithfully preserving Ramond's spelling and punctuation, and the special thanks of the Alpine Club are due to the 'Musée Pyrénéen,' and to its conservator, Monsieur L. Le Bon-didier, who has edited the reprint, for the presentation of a copy of the *édition de luxe* ('sur Japon supernacré blanc,' in a charming coloured wrapper) of which only five copies in all are issued.

The works of Ramond hitherto known are his translation into French of Coxe's 'Sketches . . . of Swisserland,' and his two books on the Pyrenees. To the former (published in 1781) he added numerous notes (based on a two months' walking tour in Switzerland) which 'made Coxe's book into a work of art,' and reveal such a feeling for mountain beauty as to justify Mdle. Engel's reference to him as 'le premier romantique de la montagne, en France au moins.'⁷ His 'Observations faites dans les Pyrénées' (1789) are expressly described as a continuation of those on the Alps inserted in the translation of Coxe, and are enlivened by many delightful passages of adventure and reflection. The 'Voyages au Mont-Perdu' (1801) describe his two attempts (in 1797) to ascend the mountain (which he finally conquered in 1802), and enter heavily into the geological formation of the Pyrenees.

The present volume fills a gap between these two books. Its first entries recount the stages of the illness of Madame R——, who died in April 1792. Whether to soothe his grief at the death of the woman he loved,⁸ or to escape the dangers threatening the moderates in Paris, Ramond left the capital with his sister on July 25, and spent August and September in the Pyrenees. They toured the valleys round Barèges (Cauterets, Gavarnie, Escoubous, Campan), crossing many of the ridges from valley to valley, and twice ascending the Pic du Midi. Some of these walks were new to Ramond, but many were repetitions of his easier expeditions of previous years. The diary, as the editor points out, is intermediate in style and character between a pocket-book in which one makes brief jottings during one's excursions, and an extended narrative drawn up for publication perhaps years afterwards. It is in fact 'a day-book, written up when hand and head are at rest, in the evening on returning from the mountain, or on off-days of bad weather, while the memory is still fresh and clear, but the mind can reject the merely trivial detail.' Thus composed, the diary reads easily, and has many interesting observations, striking suggestions, and charming pictures. We can only afford space for a few typical extracts.

'Quelle différence, en tout point, entre un berger des pyrénées & un berger des alpes ! Icy c'est un barbare surpris au milieu de ses grossières habitudes

⁷ See *A.J.* 42, 371.

⁸ On p. 61 there is a most affecting apostrophe to 'pauvre Ursule'. 'Où es tu, Ursule ? Ah ! il faut que je te cherche plus loin, aux bords de l'Allier, et je n'y trouve qu'une pierre. Il y a deux mois que j'y pleure & que tu ne me répons pas. Ursule ! il n'en était pas ainsi quand à voix basse je te disais bonsoir à ta porte : ta douce voix me répondait à l'instant.'

par la civilisation qui l'environne & ne l'atteint point; là c'est un homme versé dans une partie importante de l'économie rurale, & dont l'utile industrie a marché de pair avec sa perfectibilité sociale. . . . Il faudrait être bien ignorant ou de bien mauvaise foy pour ne pas sentir que cette différence ne tient ni au climat ni au caractère. L'un & l'autre sont à l'avantage du Berger des pyrénées. Elle tient à la pauvreté conséquence nécessaire & terrible d'un mauvais gouvernement, à la pauvreté qui engendre la pauvreté plus sûrement encore que la richesse n'engendre la richesse, à la pauvreté qui se communique des Pasteurs à son troupeau, qui prive le veau, l'agneau, le chevreau du lait de sa mère, fait des élèves sans force, des vaches sans lait, des Taureaux sans fierté, qui épuise les paturages où la nature est féconde, abandonne ceux où elle exige des avances, Détruit les bois sans les remplacer, multiplie ainsi les calamités qu'entraînent les débordemens & la chute des lavanges, dépouille la terre de sa parure, repousse au loin dans les vallées basses les Troupeaux & les habitations.'

'À Ste Marie il y a une église autour de laquelle les habitations se ressèrent. En voyant du haut des montagnes les toits se presser autour du clocher, on disait que les maisons y sont venu entendre la messe. En entrant dans cette superbe vallée de Campan, on perd quelque chose à quitter celle de Grip. . . . Mais ces pertes sont bien compensées par le superbe développement qu'acquièrent les montagnes occidentales, par l'étendue qu'y prennent les coteaux, par la largeur majestueuse de la vallée, par la profondeur de la perspective qu'elle ouvre sur la plaine, par les belles échappées de vue que fournissent latéralement d'étroits vallons qui remontent rapidement vers ces montagnes supérieures dont les sommets lui dispensent les eaux & les vents, la stérilité ou l'abondance, & qui semblables au Dieu dont un froncement de Sourcil faisait le destin de la terre, marquent d'un front obscur ou serein le sort de la contrée.'

'Il y avait à Gèdre messe solennelle. Je vis sortir de l'Église les hommes & les femmes qui se séparèrent bientôt, car les sexes se mêlent peu. Tous étaient en habit de fête. Les maîtresses de maison se distinguent par un voile blanc, d'un tissu de laine très fin & très clair qui descend jusqu'aux jarrets, faisant des plis très nobles & très pittoresques. Semblables aux otahitiens & à tous les peuples simples, ceux cy mettent de la vanité à se charger de vêtemens. Une femme aisée a la tête couverte de cinq coiffures: d'abord un bonnet blanc, ensuite un bonnet noir qui laisse paraître le premier. Le capuchon rouge couvre l'un & l'autre sans les cacher. Le voile blanc les surmonte & par dessus le tout le Capulet noir qui descend jusqu'au bas du Jupon, ajusté de manière à laisser entrevoir tout ce qu'il renferme.'

'Nous soupâmes comme nous avions diné dans un appartement d'en haut où sous divers prétextes on fit gras nonobstant le Vendredi. Le seul curé de Gèdre resta en bas faisant maigre avec une quinzaine de convives dont un Espagnol. Les femmes faisaient leur cuisine à part, comme c'est la coutume, & mangeaient séparément. On chantait & l'on dansait partout, mais je n'eus pas un médiocre déplaisir de ne voir danser que des contre-danses françaises & chanter que des chansons de Paris. J'aurais donné beaucoup pour qu'on me fit entendre quelque vieille romance du païs, si toutes fois il y en eut jamais dans cette contrée où depuis les troubadours il n'a pas résonné un instrument ni un chant indigène.'

E. H. S.

L'Appel des Sommets. By Edouard Wyss. Pp. 284. Illustrated. Edition Victor Attinger. Paris and Neuchâtel. 1931.

WITH this book, Monsieur Edouard Wyss can hardly claim to have added much to the history of Alpine climbing, but he gives some pleasant descriptions of the traverses of several first-class peaks by more or less difficult routes, successfully carried out with two or three adventures which add to the interest of his story.

Monsieur Wyss is evidently a real lover of the mountains for their own sake, and we think that the best chapters in his book are those interspersed in the narrative which record the charmingly expressed impressions produced by the mountains on a sensitive mind.

In two respects, we regret to have to find serious fault with his work. We must take exception to the somewhat patronizing and often unfriendly attitude adopted towards other parties whom he met on the mountains, and the book would have been vastly improved by the omission of the stories of the incredibly vulgar behaviour on more than one occasion of his youthful companion, Willy; our opinion of which can be well expressed by the remark of the Saxon gentleman on the Zinal-Rothhorn—'Es ist unerhört.'

Family Name. By Arnold Lunn. Pp. 282. Methuen, 1931.

THE story opens with a description of an Eton and Harrow cricket match which introduces the principal characters: Claude, Viscount Fairlight, heir to an earldom and impoverished estate, and his friend Daniel Martinez of Jewish origin. Both become climbing enthusiasts. At the Strahlegg hut they meet Malone, a solitary climber bound for the S.W. ridge of the Schreckhorn, and join him in the ascent. The three descend to Grindelwald where a long argument on snobbery ensues, Malone being a proletarian. At Garda, Claude meets his friend Dicky Boyle with his sister Pamela. Claude loves Pamela but tells her he must 'marry some female with pots of money'—to restore the crumbling family estate—'and master the art of discreet adultery.' Claude and Daniel next proceed to climb the Matterhorn in threatening weather and are benighted in a storm on the descent; this scene is vividly depicted and one could wish for further Alpine adventures. But the reader is switched off to London, where Claude cleverly secures his Jewish friend's election to an exclusive club. Disquisitions on Bridge and on the social relations of Jew and Gentile follow. We return to the Alps, this time in winter, and are immersed in the intricacies of ski-ing and the somewhat hectic frivolities of a fashionable winter-sport resort. Claude here becomes engaged to a pretty girl with money, but, unluckily, she dislikes climbing and bores him stiff. He is pondering a way of release, when in an unguarded moment he slips on a descent from the Lauteraarhorn traverse and is killed. Claude's sister, Lady Moira, a very outspoken young lady of great personal attractions, now becomes heiress to the estate and takes up the running. The wealthy Daniel is enamoured of Moira who accepts him, frankly avowing that she would not have done so had he been poor. Their marriage is a failure—Dan is a highbrow and proud of his ancestry; his wife cannot sympathize with his racial loyalties, his constant 'playing on the Jewish harp.' She

soon wearies of him and pairs off with Dicky Boyle, who 'wanted her like hell.' Dan is left with an infant son whom he resolves to bring up as a Jew and who now becomes heir to the peerage, Moira's father being killed in a motor accident. Thus Martinez becomes the family name of the earldom! Dan, contrasting the ideal happiness he once found among the mountains with the purgatory of his married life, rejoices in his freedom to find solace in his beloved Alps.

The story is loosely woven and not one of absorbing interest. One feels that the author introduces incidents in it as pegs on which to hang his views of contemporary social and ethical problems. The slangy and cynical dialogue of the bright young people who figure in its pages is rather too clever and introspective to be natural, and generally strikes a jarring note. One hopes that the characters are not altogether typical examples of the younger generation. But they are shown in holiday mood—at Mürren—and perhaps one should not take them too seriously. The mountaineering scenes are excellent, although the author cannot always resist the opportunity they afford to point a maxim or a moral. There are a few misprints: 'Hoardes of people,' p. 43; 'beseige the citadel,' p. 69; 'Solway' for Solvay hut, pp. 71, 72, 73; 'Briethorn' for Breithorn, p. 96; 'Agasizjoch' for Agassizjoch, p. 180; 'Maestre' for Mestre, p. 209; 'Watale' Head for (?) Wastdale, p. 246; and most comical of all 'Arolla' for Airolo, p. 201! But in this respect the author lets us off more lightly than usual.

Hochgebirgsführer durch die Berner Alpen. Vol. III, 2nd edition. Published by S.A.C., Section Berne. Pp. 182 + 47 outline sketches. Berne: Francke. 1931. Price 8 francs 50 cents.

THE format of this *Climbers' Guide* is precisely similar to that of Vol. IV lately reviewed,⁹ while the sketches are of the same high order. The compilers are now Herren Triner and von Bergen under the general editorship of Herr A. König, while the Bietschhorn Group is, of course, in the capable hands of Dr. Lauper. For reasons of economy of space and other causes the bibliography is now reduced almost to vanishing point: one reference only is given under each route and, that often, by no means to the *chief* account of the exploit under discussion. The route descriptions are no longer in chronological order but commence with the ordinary line of ascent and are then followed in the compass direction W., S., E., to N. The said routes are all in numerical order, facilitating, in accordance with S.A.C. practice, the use of the outline sketches. Thus in this volume—'Bietschhorn and Aletschhorn Groups'—there exists a total of 225 routes, besides the inevitable and numerous

⁹ *A.J.*, 43, 417-8.

variants. The boundaries of the district are shown, as in Vol. IV, on the small coloured map reproduced at the end. The reference sheets of the Siegfried map required for the entire Bernese Alps are likewise given in miniature. Another great point is that references are provided in the text and sketches to new and unpublished heights *about* to appear on the map revisions, proving the close and valuable liaison existing between the Federal Topographical Survey and the S.A.C.

Of the work itself we need say little beyond recommending it highly to all mountaineers. Errors may no doubt be found in this work as in all previous (and future) *Climbers' Guides*. But it would be a heart-breaking labour to detect them and we have made no attempt to do so. The routes effected in 1929¹⁰ on the Rothlauhorn and Schilthorn are declared as 'most probably possible,' but their accomplishment has somehow escaped the notice of the editor. *Three* Mr. Youngs flourish throughout the district: Winthrop, Geoffrey, and W.; in fact, most of our countrymen possess a great variety of initials and their surnames display an amazing versatility in spelling. Their *sex* in some cases appears also in doubt! The general excellence of the work is alone the cause of such trivial criticisms, effecting in no way the value of an admirable Guide.

We are all again indebted to the S.A.C. and its energetic Section 'Bern.'

As in Vol. IV, full acknowledgment is given of the use of the Conway and Coolidge and Dübi series.

Erlebnisse und Gedanken eines alten Bergsteigers, 1880-1930. By Charles Simon. Pp. 224; illustrated. Zürich: Orell Füssli. Price 9 fs. 50 cents.

IN the course of half a century, Charles Simon has visited almost every district of the whole range of the Alps from the Hohe Tauern and Dolomites to the Maritimes, and also the Pyrenees. The author, although in his day a keen and skilful cragsman, is interested in mountain-travel rather than in the technique of climbing. He possesses a thorough knowledge of Alpine topography and delights in planning and carrying out cross-country rambles. In the course of his trips, M. Simon has met and climbed with a good many famous mountaineers. In his book, enriched with reminiscences and intimate knowledge of mountains in all their different moods and varied aspects, he tells us much. These tales are embellished moreover with a shrewd sense of humour. A few mistakes, such as Donkin having been the conqueror of the Aiguille du Dru instead of Dent, will be corrected in the second edition. The book contains 45 most interesting and well-produced illustrations, while the letterpress is enjoyable and can be recommended warmly.

H. L.

¹⁰ *A.J.* 41, 418.

Skiführer für die Silvretta-Gruppe und die Rhaetikon. By Walter Flaig. Pp. 192; illustrated. Munich: Rudolf Rother, 1932. Price 4 marks.

THIS admirable little book is published as a ski-ing guide to the above-mentioned district. It is written by an experienced mountaineer who knows the regions he describes both in summer and in winter.

The Silvretta Group is an ideal early spring playground. It contains excellent huts belonging to the D. & Ö. A.-V., glaciers generally speaking without many crevasses, while the expeditions are not unduly long. One of the charms of this part of the Alps is that many of the mountains are very easily climbed, *e.g.* Augstenberg, Dreiländerspitz, Piz Buin, Piz Tasna, etc.

The book is furnished with three excellent maps and a large number of photographs and sketches on which the various routes are very clearly shown. It is, moreover, expressly stated that the text is not to be regarded as a *pons asinorum* for inexperienced persons.

The author commences by stating: 'This book is published as a guide for those who are practised and experienced ski-runners and mountaineers: let those who do not come under this heading learn ski-running and mountaineering and take guides.'

Apart from the glacier expeditions, a number of the other excursions described are by no means always safe; on reading the descriptions one frequently finds the following note: 'Only to be undertaken under really good snow conditions.' A suitable example of a place where this warning may be needed is the ascent to the Madlener Haus from Partennen.

J. W. B.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

By A. J. MACKINTOSH.

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