



# JUST OFF THE PRESS

## Guide to the Latest Books

### BOOK TALKS:

1YA: Wednesday, July 5, 7.30 p.m.

4YA: Wednesday, July 5, 7.30 p.m.

### READINGS:

3YA: Wednesday, July 5, 8 p.m. O. L. Simmance.

4YA: Friday, July 7, 9.20 p.m. Professor T. D. Adams.

### THE MOUNTAINS

**UNCLIMBED NEW ZEALAND.** By John Pascoe. Allen & Unwin Ltd., London. 238 pp., with 78 illustrations, 2 sketches and 3 maps.

It was suggested by one reviewer the other day that this is the best mountaineering book produced in New Zealand in twenty years. He could also have said that it is the worst, since no other mountaineering book has been written during this period. The last book that anyone would think of comparing with it appeared in 1915, and all the books that could be compared favourably with it were written last century. Not that this makes it a good book. It is a good book, by any reasonable test, but it is not a reasonable test to compare it with books written by climbers of another generation. It is good because it is honest and interesting, because everyone who picks it up will go on reading it, and because no one who reads it will be misled. Mr. Pascoe's reaction to mountains is romantic. He feels about them as some men feel about the sea, and others about women. But he is not a romantic writer or climber or reporter. He climbs because he must, and it is probably true also that he tells about it afterwards because he must. But he is not conscious of that, or if he is, he is the best simulator we have in print. Not once in his 230 pages does he give the impression that he is writing for effect. He writes as he climbs—bringing it off sometimes, completely failing at other times, but never once stopping to ask what the reader thinks of him. He must have asked himself occasionally if he was not making much ado about nothing, or he would have said more about some of his most thrilling experiences; or perhaps he remembered that he once wore an old school tie.

Whatever the explanation is, most readers will regret that he has robbed them of some excitement. But if he has been selfish with

his pen he has been incredibly generous with his camera. No New Zealand mountaineer has ever assembled such an impressive collection of photographs, nor has any publisher ever taken more pains to avoid loss in the reproductions. There is also this amazing fact to be added: that all this writing, and all this camera work, and all the packing and climbing of which they are the expression,



"MUNGO PASS: From the Wilberforce Riverbed."  
—Paul Pascoe.

were carried out by a law clerk who could seldom escape from the city for more than a few days on end, and never when he did escape afford to spend more than five pounds.

"Unclimbed New Zealand" has been the subject of recent talks on the air in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch.

### A WOMAN'S DIARY

**THE FARMER'S WIFE: A COUNTRY WOMAN'S CALENDAR.** By Anne Earncliffe Brown. Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd. 7/6.

If this book does not run speedily into a second edition the women of New Zealand are not what they used to be. It is both witty and sentimental, a slice of life and yet a thoroughly good piece of writing. It is even a recommendation that it is no longer true as it stands. It was true when it was written five or six years ago, and Mrs. Brown is far too wise now to attempt to change it. She knows that a story can't be reconstructed any more than a life can be relived. Much has happened to her and to us all since the great

depression. We are no longer what we were politically, socially, or economically. Above all, we are different internationally. But in 1932 these were her experiences and her thoughts—the things she did, the books she read, the troubles she encountered, the jokes that neither poverty nor sickness could quite smother. It is not so much a brave book as the book of an articulate woman whose pen could not help recording things as they happened, so that it is neither tragedy nor comedy nor "cracking hearty" nor high-faluting. It is certainly sentimental, as we said to begin with. So are we all secretly. But Mrs. Brown was neither able nor anxious, when she wrote her diary, to rise superior to these ordinary human feelings. She has her kitchen moods quite as often as her romantic moments, and expresses one as frankly as the other.

The illustrations are clearly an afterthought, but they are such a bright afterthought, and have been so well printed, that no reader will feel them to be an intrusion. It is pleasant to see a New Zealand book so well bound, provided with such an attractive dust cover, and printed on such good paper. When the second edition appears the recipes and other quoted matter could perhaps be printed in a smaller face.

A talk on this book was given recently from 2YA, Wellington.

### IN ELIZABETH'S ENGLAND

**GLORIANA.** By C. E. Lawrence. John Murray, London.

It is hard to see history in true perspective. There are usually two conceptions of an age—the highly romantic, and the drearily realistic—and neither of them is correct. But in "Gloriana," C. E. Lawrence has caught the spirit of Elizabethan England without over-drawing anything or exaggerating the brilliance of the period. This he achieves by the simple method of making his hero a member of a group of strolling players who wander from town to town, coming at last to Burbage's Theatre, the Globe, in Shoreditch, where he meets Shakespeare. Indeed, great names dot the pages of this book—Marlowe, Shakespeare, Burbage, the Earl of Sussex, and Lord Burghley, besides, of course, the queen herself.