

## Igloo Lessons

ARCTIC MOOD. By Eva Alvey Richards. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 282 pp. \$4.

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

ALBERT EINSTEIN would find his ideas on relativity confirmed by one delightful passage in this book by a woman who taught in a native village beyond the Arctic Circle.

By the middle of March the temperature in Wainwright, just southeast of Point Barrow, had risen to four below zero. This would put a New Yorker in bed with extra comforters. But to the little Eskimo children, after the brutal Northern winter, four below was warm. Suddenly they had spring fever. Recess periods had to be lengthened. The youngsters had little time for books when the weather outside the classroom was an inviting four below!

The period described in this book was 1924 and 1925. Mrs. Richards had a remarkable experience. She treated the hurts of the primitive Eskimo people and consoled their mental wounds, too. She was the midwife at many births. More than once she slept on the fur-heaped floor of igloos, when seven or eight men and women who had not bathed since August

occupied an area of nine square feet.

The frontier teacher was fascinated by the most treasured toy of her wards. This was an embryo taken from the abdominal cavity of a slain female seal. The frozen seal embryo made an excellent sled. It would last until thawing time in July, when it would be made into boot linings if the children had not worn off all the hair sliding down icy drifts.

The most useful adaptation of this work would be to read it to children. Mrs. Richards has a devoted affection for the Eskimo tykes whom she taught to read and write and to know about the mysterious outside world. This affection shines through the book. We see that the children of Wainwright have all the capacity for mischief, brilliance, and neuroses of their U. S. brothers and sisters.

Because the setting of Mrs. Richards's Arctic odyssey was a generation ago, it is unfortunate she has not included some analysis of what has happened in the Wainwright region since she left there. We should like to discover what happened when the U. S. Navy drilled for oil, when the Eskimos were organized for guerrilla warfare to stand off the Japanese invader, and when the natives were asked to buy U. S. savings bonds.

This is part of the Wainwright story, too.

## Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

OH, HAPPY, HAPPY WEDDING DAY!

Mary Malone, of Trenton, N. J., offers nine quotations from well-known novels which describe the heroines' appearance on the wedding day. Allowing five points if you can name the bride, and another five if you can also name either the author who created her or the title of the book in which she appeared, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. Emma's dress, too long, trailed on the ground; from time to time she stopped to pull it up and delicately, with gloved hands, picked off the coarse grass and the thistledowns while Charles waited.
2. A chaste and perfect column draped in satin as pure as the wax of the tapers on the altar.
3. A robed and veiled figure, so unlike my usual self that it seemed almost the image of a stranger.
4. Neither silk, lace nor orange-flowers would she have; her sisters braided up her pretty hair, and the only ornaments she wore were the lilies-of-the-valley.
5. My darling's dress was of pure white, clouded with faint lavender, and as simple as need be, except for perfect loveliness.
6. Her bride's bouquet of three huge magnolia blossoms, still clutched in one hand, sent up waves of perfume which the wide brim of her white straw hat seemed to pocket and hold in her face.
7. All in gold, with a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums, she was attended by four ladies of the college, all neat and ladylike in appearance.
8. When, at last, they stood together to be married, her confiding little hand in his, and her downcast lashes throwing thick black crescents on her pink cheeks, he still did not know how it all came about.
9. The bride was dressed in a brown silk pelisse and wore a straw bonnet with a pink ribbon; over the bonnet she had a veil of white chantilly lace, a gift from Mr. Joseph Sedley, her brother.

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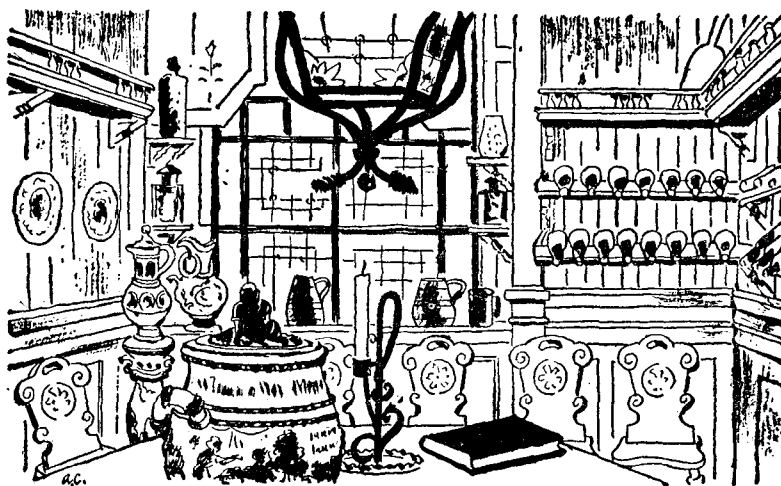
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—From "Vines in the Sun."  
"Tasting Room, Inglenook Winery."

## The Gladdening Grape

*VINES IN THE SUN.* By Idwal Jones.  
New York: William Morrow & Co.  
253 pp. \$3.50.

By ROBERT G. CLELAND

**I**DWAL JONES has his own peculiar niche in California letters. He is novelist, essayist, unorthodox historian, folklorist, raconteur. He delights in the hidden and forgotten, the inviting bypath rather than the thickly traveled highway. The subject of this book was made to order for his special genius. He knows and loves wines and vineyards, vintners, and vineyardists. To him grape husbandry and the fermentation of the fruit of the vine are not a business but a divine inheritance, perhaps the finest and most important of the arts.

"Vines in the Sun" is a leisurely, learned, and discursive tour of the grape-growing districts of California—from the small hillside patches of vines of the far north to the 5,000 acres of grapes, "the largest single vineyard in the world," planted by Secondo Guasti and his family on the hot Cucamongo Plains at the base of the San Bernardino Mountains.

When Idwal Jones speaks of wines and their making he speaks as a connoisseur to connoisseurs, as the high priest of a sacred, almost mystic cult to other priests. Much of his book was never written for anything so irrelevant as the hoi polloi, the ignorant mob to whom wine is wine, the rude Philistines of gross, barbaric taste.

But "Vines in the Sun" is not alone a subtle, highly-refined treatise on the California grape, which all the initiate will welcome. Because of its wealth of anecdote, character sketches, and rare descriptions of scenes and places, it is a fascinating book even for the layman. If imagination seems at times

to run beyond plodding fact and historical allusion rest on questionable foundation, who is the poorer? The tale at least is good.

Here one will find proverbs from Burgundy and the Hindu, tales of the '49, reference to the Great Diamond Hoax, the story of Paderewski's ranch at Paso Robles, and the hold-up staged by Chris Buckley, the "Blind Boss" of San Francisco, to save his crumbling political control.

Here, too, one may read of the vine "that is happier on the Santa Cruz Mountains, where it can shiver in the night fog"; of "a rivulet that expires in summer but in spring rushes in lively fashion and fills the gully with gusts of sound"; of Paul Masson, the Burgundian, last of the baronial vineyardists of California, and of Alexander Duval, who spent a million dollars to create a dynasty for his daughter at Chateau Bellevue in Livermore Valley, only to have the Infanta run away with her tutor so that her father never found trace of her again and presently died; and of Agoston Haraszthy, Indian fighter, sheriff, assayer, and refiner at the U. S. mint in San Francisco, often called the father of the commercial wine industry of California.

"Vines in the Sun" is a book of the present, that looks also to the future and even more to California's full, rich, irrecoverable past. Idwal Jones writes best of places and people that belong to yesterday. "I don't know who they are," said the woman. "There's nobody around that remembers them any more. It was so long ago."

Robert G. Cleland is a member of the research staff of the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

## The Mount They Love

*PILCHUCK: The Life of a Mountain.*  
By Harry W. Higman and Earl J. Larrison. Seattle: Superior Publishing Co. 288 pp. \$3.50.

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

**M**OUNT PILCHUCK is no Everest or McKinley. It is not even a Rainier or Lassen. In the State of Washington, a realm of imposing glacial summits, Pilchuck's 5,000-foot nob is somewhat less than conspicuous. It gets featured in no tourist advertisements, nor does it qualify for top booking in its own county. All around Pilchuck are peaks which cast a shadow across it. Baker and Shuksan, for example, double its modest height. But to two young naturalists in Seattle, forty miles away, Pilchuck is no ordinary mountain. For them it has personification. Each ridge and fir grove and canyon is a facet of Pilchuck's mood. The marmot on a ledge belongs to Pilchuck; so does the kingfisher on a bough or the winter wren in the sky.

This book is the biography of a mountain—Pilchuck. To the authors it is as unique and individual among mountains as Walden was among ponds to Thoreau. Indeed, this short volume has some of the flavor of "Walden." While lacking Thoreau's knowledge of the human spirit, these men see in the grunting frogs and the waving hackberry bushes some of the same symbolism which inspired "Walden."

Nor did Higman and Larrison lose a sense of continuity with the pioneers for whom the wilderness of the Northwest had had a similar meaning. They carried onto Pilchuck's ramparts the journals of David Douglas, the frontier naturalist for whom the majestic Douglas fir tree is named. And they annotated where Pilchuck's fickle characteristics either sustained or challenged Douglas's conclusions.

At first, Pilchuck seemed lonely and inhospitable to these men from Seattle, a city of half a million. But soon its teeming life came to hold more friendliness than the cold multitudes of the metropolis. For six years Higman and Larrison studied Pilchuck. They came to know the soft pad of a particular cougar or coyote. The shape of a cloud, clinging to Pilchuck's roof like a tattered pennant, told them whether the next morning would be bright or stormy. "The more time we spend on Pilchuck," they write, "the more we have lost the thought of its simplicity and the more impressed we are with its well-nigh inexplicable complexity."

The authors have failed to make

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