

REVIEWS.

Alpine Pilgrimage. By Julius Kugy. Translated by H. E. G. Tyndale. Pp. xxii + 374; illustrated, together with a map of the Julian Alps. London: John Murray, 1934. Price 12s.

THIS is a translation of Dr. Kugy's *Aus dem Leben eines Bergsteigers*, published in Munich in 1925, an appreciation of which by the late Captain Farrar will be found in 'A.J.' 38, pp. 147-50. Readers of Mr. Tyndale's beautiful translation should turn to Captain Farrar's review, where they will find material purposely not touched on in this notice. One sentence only must be quoted. 'If ever a book deserved translation, this does, but the outrageous cost of issue in England probably forbids it; and where, besides, can we find, as Guido Rey had the fortune to do, an Eaton, not merely to *translate the word*, but to reproduce the Author, his very self?' Mr. Tyndale has done what Mr. Eaton did, and Sir John Murray has published, at the splendid price of twelve shillings, a volume which one would expect to cost eighteen. The result is undoubtedly an 'Alpine Classic,' which will last for all time, and is available to English lovers of Alpine literature at a price which all can afford. It will rank with Whymper's *Scrambles* (a work which Kugy refers to as one of his two inspirations), with Moore's *Alps in 1864*, with Leslie Stephen's *Playground*, and with perhaps half a dozen others, according to choice; but the said Guido Rey's *Matterhorn*, Mummery's *My Climbs*, and Geoffrey Young's *On High Hills* are modern examples which might well be included.

This is a fascinating book. Those who start reading it will not skim it. It is the autobiography of a mountaineer with half a century of experience, who looks upon mountaineering as an inestimable source of spiritual guidance, as well as of incomparable enjoyment and physical refreshment. His mother always feared for him though he made light of possible dangers. She sent him off each year with her blessing. 'Even when I was grey-headed I kept silence before the Sign of the Cross, watched the trembling lip, and helped her with my joke. Think of this as you will, I believe that many guardian angels, whom I kept busy in the course of the years, had some portion in these sacred signs.' 'I have always disliked the word *Bergsport*. To me it savours of superficiality, one should not seek for mere scrambling-ground among the mountains, but rather for their spirit. The question of achievement, the claims of mountain sport, of guided and guideless climbing or philosophical treatises on Alpine travel have never really interested me. If you asked me what a mountaineer should be, my answer is: true, honourable, modest.'

In these sentences we have the note—the 'Motif' which runs throughout the book. Though he had many experiences which

kept the guardian angels busy, and some in which he must have worked them very hard, he never knowingly took risks. 'Bold in decision, prudent in execution' was his motto. 'My companions were always first-class men.' 'The climber must live and not die in the mountains: death in the mountains is not always a hero's death, but often an act of supreme folly.'

He does not like the idea of mountains being 'conquered.' 'The mountains should not be our enemy: mountaineering is not a battle. Many a victory, which seems to shed its light upon man's energy and skill, is yet due to their benevolence. They were quietly watching, in no wise hindering, their tremendous armour laid aside. I cannot imagine any place less suitable to choose than the high mountains wherein to display the mastery of mankind. They have observant eyes. If it is mere vanity, chance caprice, that brings a man to them, they mark it well. How many *climbers* of brilliant promise have I seen vanish in the twinkling of an eye. It is only to the devout lover that they open their inmost heart, draw him to themselves and make him rich. Happy is their favourite.'

Enough has been said of Dr. Kugy's philosophy, but these ideas keep cropping up and leaven the book. He abominates the desecration of the mountains with pitons and blotches of paint, and he 'cannot abide the modern mountaineering novel.' The book is the Alpine history of a man who is at heart also a pilgrim (hence the English title) and a poet. Many of the descriptions of scenery, of sunset, and so on, are little gems of prose poetry. The Suhi Plaz 'a radiant citadel of the gods borne heavenward on a pillared base gleaming in snow.' He loves bivouacs, and has bivouacked 'perhaps two hundred times.' 'If you have dwelt in the secret heart of the mountains as they unfold their signs and wonders from the going down of the sun to its uprising, nothing can efface the memory of such sights.' He is also a technical botanist, and while this is evidenced by many Latin names, his native felicity of expression constantly asserts itself. 'So the days came when I saw the first Alpine rose in bloom, gathered my first Edelweiss, and sighted my first chamois among the cliffs. Life has given me many joys, but none purer than these.'

It is not easy to turn to the narrative without quoting from the fascinating text: but this review would extend beyond all limits were one to indulge this temptation. Dr. Kugy has lived most of his adult life in Trieste. Close at hand was the Julian group, so little known to most of us, and though of modest height compared with the great Alps, so glorious in outline and in colour, and presenting sometimes seven thousand feet of cliff 'of terrifying grandeur' rising from meadows, woods and lakes and culminating in delicate pinnacles or massive summits. This group, to which a third of the book is devoted, was his happy hunting-ground, and his name is as intimately associated with its exploration as is that of Cecil Slingsby with Norway. He has been up, I suppose, every one of them, many

of them very many times, from all sides and at all seasons of the year. He likes to *know* his mountains with an intimacy that is not achieved by a single ascent, or by any number of ascents by the same route. Many of his climbs were first ascents, many were new routes, and many were new traverses from summit to summit, or circling routes on the terraces.

But Kugy was still young when the urge came to go further afield, and it was obviously with the assent of his guardian angels that he piously tricked his mother. 'A great wish came over me *to see my friends*, and my mother let me go. The truth was that I had sighted Gross Glockner.' And so he passed from these strangely named mountains (for besides Triglav and Montasch, we have Jalouc, Konca, Ponca, Baba, Spik, Kriz, Tosc, and Krn) to districts more familiar to us but much further away from Trieste.

Between the detailed description of topography and adventure in the Julians, of which, with the help of the outline map, the stranger is enabled to acquire some real knowledge, and that portion of the book which is devoted to the Great Alps, is a short 'Interlude' on the Carnics and Dolomites, interesting in itself, but perhaps even more so on account of some general comments on mountaineering. 'I realised that the splendid combination of rock, ice and snow in the Western Alps provide an incomparably greater and richer field for the mountaineer than the detailed work on Dolomite towers.' 'From being a mere rock-climber one grows to be a mountaineer.' The argument is extended to some length. '*Climbing* is only one element of mountaineering, and rock-climbing only one element of climbing. *Mountaineering* demands a far greater all-round development, and a much wider outlook.' 'To my mind also the reward is far richer.'

Kugy came first to the Western Alps in 1886 at the age of 28, being already a perfected 'climber.' Among all the great massifs he made many of the finest expeditions with ideal companions and a variety of guides which include some of the best that the Alps have produced. He also met and knew most of the prominent mountaineers and guides of the 'eighties and the 'nineties. If Andreas Komac was his ideal guide for the Julians, it was in Joseph Croux that he found the incomparable guide for the great mountains. But he climbed with many others for whom he has many words of appreciation, mingled sometimes with shrewd, outspoken, yet kindly criticism. Alexander Burgener and Daniel Maquignaz, both magnificent mountaineers, had points which we knew of where their armour could be pierced; but it will be news to many to learn that the immortal Daniel had the curious habit of frequently losing the way!

Dr. Kugy ascended both Dufourspitze and Nordend from Macugnaga and Mont Blanc by the Brenva, expeditions that only two or three individuals have accomplished, and he seems to have crossed practically all of the passes across the Mont Blanc range, a feat

which is probably unique. He was not much attracted by the Ortler, the Bernina or the Oberland ; but the Pennines, Dauphiné, Savoy, and the Graians all possessed the lure which brought him back and back again to them. His experience was far-flung and included a quota of the grandest expeditions which may perhaps be the greatest which any individual has achieved. The descriptions of his climbs are models of lucid and concise narrative, enlarging only on important or interesting details ; and though there are many comments on friends and guides, this portion of the book finds but little room for generalizations. It is a *multum in parvo* of great mountaineering, and one may feel tempted to skip some descriptions of well-known routes : yet this is impossible ; the narrative carries one on and is enthralling. Comment on this section would take pages.

The work closes with a short 'Epilogue' which brings us back to the outskirts of the Julians, and with it to his vein of poetic thought and phrase. 'Dear land of Carinthia ! At the sound of your name there springs a vision of resin-scented pinewoods, of the golden sheen of Arnica on upland meadows ; of blue lakes cradled deep in luminous hollows, of clear streams hastening on their way, of tall castles and citadels. Your mountains stand in shining ranks, a breath of joy passes through the air, and the music of bells finds echo in my heart.' The Epilogue ends with the reference to peaceful week-ends among the forests, rivulets, and foothills of the Karawanken, where he loves to bask with one or two chosen companions on sun-kissed grassy summits till the cool of evening drives them down, perhaps too late to catch the train.

The work is well printed in pleasing type, not too small. The pages have adequate margins, and the book is not too heavy in the hand. The illustrations (21 in number) are chosen from wide sources : they illustrate the text and many of them are excellent, among these being Whymper's 'Col Dolent' ; but they do not compare, as works of art, with the photographs reproduced in Dr. Kugy's beautiful picture-book, *Die Julischen Alpen im Bilde*.

Fortunate is the author for having found in Mr. Tyndale a translator who can not only clothe his narrative in lucid English but, as some of the passages here quoted bear witness, has been able to reproduce the shades of thought and spirit of a mountaineer of great experience, of wide knowledge and culture, and of many moods which come and go as do patches of sunshine and shade among his and our beloved mountains. Fortunate indeed are we British readers in the result of their felicitous collaboration.

C. W.

'Ces Monts affreux . . .' (*Les Écrivains à la Montagne, 1650-1810*). By Claire Eliane Engel and Charles Vallot. Pp. 320, with 16 illustrations by Samivel. Paris : Librairie Delagrave, 1934. 25 fr.

THIS is the first of two volumes designed to illustrate the development in the appreciation of mountains by a selection of characteristic passages from the most interesting and representative authors—in

French, English, and German—who have revealed in their writings their reactions to Alpine scenery and experiences. The selection is based upon exhaustive preliminary studies by the two distinguished editors,¹ and is made with a judgment and a thoroughness that afford many delightful surprises. The translations into French of the quotations from English writers are marked by the accuracy and elegance to which Mlle. Engel has accustomed us, and the introductions prefixed to the chosen passages are little masterpieces of insight and informing criticism. The title is chosen as characteristic of the feeling about mountains most often experienced in the period covered, 'affreux' of course meaning 'terrifying,' not 'frightful.' The English writers quoted are Evelyn, Gray, W. Windham, P. Martel, T. Amory (*The Life of John Bunce* (!), 1756), W. Hutchinson (*An Excursion to the lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland*, 1774), Thos. Blaikie (*Diary of a Scotch gardener*, see 'A.J.' 45, 1), Beckford, Dr. J. Moore, Mrs. Radcliffe, Wordsworth (6 pp. from the 'Prelude'), Coleridge, and there are three extracts from Goethe. The most interesting of the many interesting passages quoted are ten hitherto unpublished letters from de Saussure to his wife, which are simply delightful. The largest space (25 pp.) is given to Ramond de Carbonnières, and is welcome for the charm of the quotations, the importance of Ramond in the development of mountain literature,² and the comparative inaccessibility, at least to English readers, of his writings. Amongst other extracts, those from Stendhal, Sénancour and Châteaubriand (the famous attempt to 'debunk' mountain scenery) may be mentioned as noticeable for unexpected incident or reflection. The illustrations by Samivel are totally unlike his previous fascinating work: instead of the expressive line we have soft flat tones, with which the landscape effects are often impressively rendered. We commend the book to all lovers of Alpine literature.

E. H. S.

Everest, 1933. By Hugh Ruttledge. Pp. xv + 390, with 59 illustrations and 4 maps. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1934. Price 25s.

THIS volume is approximately uniform with the other three of the 'Mount Everest' series. It provides a Foreword by Sir Francis Younghusband and is well illustrated, containing in addition Jacot Guillarmod's fine map of the Mt. Everest area.

The book is a very notable addition to the literature of Mt. Everest. It starts with this advantage over its predecessors, that, so far as the narrative is concerned, it is mainly the work of one hand, a fact which adds greatly to the continuity of the story and

¹ *Tableau Littéraire du Mont Blanc*, by Ch. Vallot and C. E. Engel, 1929 (see A.J. 42, 367); *La Littérature Alpestre en France et en Angleterre aux XVIII^e et XIX^e siècles*, by C. E. Engel, 1930 (see A.J. 43, 413).

² Cf. A.J. 42, 371; 44, 156.

to the pleasure of reading it, for it is admirably written ; Mr. Ruttledge has the gift of style, and he tells his story with a clearness and simplicity which make it very easy reading and yet bring out the conclusions and lessons of the expedition in high relief. The book is written with that modesty which we have now come to recognize as one of the salient characteristics of its author, but, though he consistently minimizes his own share in the work, it is by no means an impersonal record of events, and full justice is done to the fine performances of a party which achieved the limit possible when faced with hopeless conditions.

The story is well known to most readers of the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, but I cannot refrain from paying here two tributes: first, not only to Mr. Smythe's technical performances on the ice wall below the North Col and, later, on the notorious slabs of the great couloir, alone and in a smother of fresh snow, but also to the hardihood and resilience which enabled him to sleep thirteen hours after his experiences on the latter, and at the end of it all to emerge with a heart not even temporarily strained. Secondly, to Mr. Longland's feat in escorting a party of eight porters down 3500 ft. of the N. face of Mount Everest in a blizzard ; ' Well for them that they had a great leader and a great mountaineer at their head ' ; this was indeed mountaineering at its very best ; there is something particularly fine about such performances as Mr. Longland's in 1933 and Mr. Odell's in 1924—performances undertaken for the good of the side and offering no hope of individual achievement, measured, as achievement is too apt to be measured, in feet or metres of altitude.

Mr. Ruttledge does full justice to these and the many other great exploits of his party, particularly to those of the porters, who in 1933 seem to have surpassed even their previous splendid standard, but he is perhaps at his best in his analytical examination of the results of the expedition and of the hopes for the future that he deduces from them. The chapter entitled ' Retrospect and Prospect ' is a most valuable contribution to the problem of Mt. Everest. Under the heading ' Operations ' he makes it very clear that it was the weather alone which beat the 1933 party. Admittedly the advance to Camp IV was, of set purpose, carried out very leisurely ; but since this policy was combined with a time-table which placed a party on the North Col and ready to advance by May 16—had weather permitted—few will cavil at its deliberation. Thereafter the weather dominated the operations, and if it was only on May 30 that the first attempt on the summit was made there was certainly no chance missed in the interim. Turning to the future the following paragraph might well be underlined in red for the benefit of the next expedition—' Bring your parties, climbers and porters, slowly up to Camp IV, conserving energy the while ; aim at reaching that point with your best acclimatized men somewhere about the middle of May ; allow a short period for acclimatization there ; and then go for the high camps and the summit as

rapidly as possible, keeping the slower acclimatizers in reserve at Camp III. The rest is on the knees of the gods.'

The second half of the book is principally devoted to a series of valuable technical treatises by five other members of the expedition, notable among which are Dr. Raymond Greene's 'Some Medical Aspects,' which is full of interesting and valuable material, and Mr. Wager's geological notes. Mr. Wager hoped to make his chapter on geology and glaciology of interest to the layman, and he has certainly succeeded. His new theory relating the upheaval of the Himalayan range to the Airy hypothesis of floating continental masses is a most intriguing and, to the lay mind at least, plausible one. After his interesting remarks on glacier troughs and pinnacles it is disappointing to find that he has not elucidated the mystery of the origin of the ice-cap on the North Col.

Drs. Sen and Chatterjee have, in conclusion, given us a paper on Himalayan meteorology replete with tabular statistics. Here again it is tantalizing to find that the table which should have been of paramount interest and importance to a future expedition, and for which data are obviously available, is omitted, viz. a table comparing the incidence of storms in 1924 and 1933 with that in a series of other years—in short, the data to enable us to estimate which we may regard as normal, the conditions of 1924 and 1933 or the very different conditions of 1922. On the answer to this question largely depends the hopes of any given expedition of the future.

Mr. Ruttledge and his party must be congratulated on having first provided such epic material for yet another Mt. Everest book and on having then written the story in so eminently readable a form.

E. F. N.

The Valleys of the Assassins. By Freya Stark. Pp. 365; maps and illustrations. London: John Murray, 1934. Price 12s. 6d.

PERSIA is slowly being opened up to the tourist. The far-flung tentacles of Wagons-Lits-Cook have fastened upon Tehran and, while travel is uncomfortable according to European standards, enterprising people are not wanting to brave the unknown terrors of new country.

Some of these forerunners of the tourist scramble even describe their adventures in print, writing glibly, after a month's experience, of Persia and things Persian with an audacity and superficiality that shocks as much as it astonishes the reader.

Dedicated to the memory of W. P. Ker, a distinguished member of the Alpine Club, Miss Stark's book is of a different and, one might say, older character. Cars, it is true, are mentioned here and there as inevitable means of transportation, but for the most part we are back in the old days of mule and donkey, horse and camel. Moreover, she has succeeded, in a surprisingly short space of time, in penetrating below the surface into the real life of the people, which persists beneath the veneer of industrialism and nationalism that

is slowly covering the country. It is more than probable that this older Persia of which we are afforded two glimpses—the free existence of the tribes in Lurestan; the unhurried life of the hillmen and *Jungalis* in the Elburz—is dying slowly before the inroads of modern progress, and it is all the more important that the features, good and bad, of its final phase should be recorded ere it passes. Doubly valuable is it if the sketch is penned with such insight and observation and illumined with such keen appreciation and humour.

We are taken first on two journeys to Lurestan in search of buried treasure. This sounds transpontine, but actually it is intensely dramatic, though the rare picture of tribal life is the more enthralling.

It is with the second half of the book that the mountaineer is more concerned. In search of the ancient castles of the Assassins Miss Stark made two journeys from Kasvin into the valleys of the Elburz mountains. One of these strongholds, Alamut, was known and had been visited by Europeans, but of the others she was the first to identify and visit Lamiasar. Finally, weak and fever-wracked, she trekked round the lofty peak of Takht-i-Suleiman, to be cheated of the ascent by the well-meant machinations of a Hungarian engineer on whom a wealth of technical expletive is lavished. I must confess to considerable sympathy with him; to anyone who did not know Miss Stark her plan of climbing a virgin peak of over 15,000 ft., a week after nearly dying of malaria and dysentery, must have seemed insane.

The maps with which the book is furnished are quite admirable, as are the photographs illustrating the Lurestan journeys, but it was unfortunate that many of Miss Stark's films of the Elburz were spoilt. There is an index.

It is possible to quarrel with some of the author's topographical notes—it is doubtful, for instance, if Takht-i-Suleiman can be seen from the Salambar Pass—but such criticism of details would be ungracious in view of the general excellence of the book.

Few men would care to carry out these journeys as Miss Stark did them, with a minimum of equipment and one muleteer as companion; fewer still could describe their travels so charmingly. But it was only this method, combined with a fluent command of the language, unwearying sympathy and no little medical skill, that enabled her to get so close to the heart of the people. Untiring patience is writ largely in these pages, and high courage. All who are interested in a Persia that is passing and in the changeless mountains of the country are Miss Stark's debtors.

D. L. B.

Mountain Days in the Isle of Skye. By J. E. B. Wright. Pp. 239; illustrated. London: Harrap, 1934. Price 12s. 6d.

FROM the publisher's announcement we note that the author is a professional guide who has made many ascents in the British Isles, the French Alps, as also in the '*Bavarian* and Austrian Tyrol.' From the text we discover that he is extremely fond of his profession,

is deeply appreciative of fine scenery, and is moreover a sincere lover of nature and of the unique West Coast of Scotland. Consequently, we will be as kind to the book as possible. Indeed, what may be described as the objectionable portion is due to indifferent or careless editing.

The work is composed in the chatty style. The narrative is full of expletives, slang and breezy conversations between the author and his various companions. He appears to be on intimate terms with especially the lady members of his parties: at all events, he refers to them both in conversation and in the text by their Christian names. This is his affair. But the following type of conversation is distinctly inadmissible:

'Who is this fellow X staying at Glen Brittle?' asked Y.

'Everest man,' I answered.

'Which Expedition?'

'Dunno. 1922, I think.'

'Is he the same man who wandered round Kamet with old man Z?'

'Yes.'

We have veiled the names of the well-known mountaineers concerned. Not so the text (p. 33).

Doubtless the account of some of the climbs will appeal to the participants, but they are not topographical descriptions; indeed, it is difficult to understand whether the work is intended to be a guide-book or not. The appendix, containing a list of the chief climbs in Skye, is certainly so presented. Others can judge how far the descriptions will help. The comments 'severe' and 'very severe' occur frequently, usually with the addition that 100 ft. of rope suffices for *four* persons. We understand that 'very severe' corresponds with the Eastern Alps' 'Grade 7.' This is described in Munich or Dolomite jargon as 'surpassing the limits of human possibility.'

The chief characteristic of the Coolin is, to our mind, the extraordinary firmness of the rock; a nail or two in each boot is sufficient to obtain adequate stance on the rough gabbro. Nevertheless, our author complains of loose rock being prevalent in many places. He may be right, but we doubt if he has ever experienced what rotten rocks in N. Tyrol, Valais, the Oberland or Dauphiné really are like.

The print is good, the (too numerous) illustrations moderate, the price excessive. The undesirable term 'Abseil' is spelt systematically 'Abzeil.' The incident on p. 25 is quite unknown to us.

A few other climbs, notably Ben Nevis, are related in the text. We cannot, however, describe the work as a future 'Classic.'

Engelhoernerführer. Published by the A.A.C.B. Pp. 80; illustrated, with a diagram map. Berne, 1934.

THE new guide-book shows a distinct advance upon the former one which, good though it was, was becoming out of date. The present

volume, produced in very compact form, describes in detail every climb in the Engelhoerner. The photographs and the outline drawings are excellent. Page 37 shows a sketch of the west wall of Ulrichspitze, a most attractive climb of some 2000 ft. A similar drawing in the former book, made from a different print, showed the route in greater detail. With this possible exception the new book is clearer in description and in diagram. The comparative difficulty of the various climbs is described from a somewhat advanced standpoint. The term 'äusserst schwierig' is not lightly used. Many climbers who know the *Macdonaldkamin* on the Simelistock would consider it rather more than 'very difficult.'

When a route is dangerous or is not worth doing this is distinctly stated.

A record of first ascents is given and is of great interest to all who know the Engelhoerner. In one instance there may be a difference of opinion, but the compilers of this volume show so accurate a knowledge of their subject that the matter may fairly be left to them. The A.A.C.B. may be congratulated in producing, in present book form, so invaluable a guide to this fascinating district.

M. G. B.

Zehn Jahre Bergführer Klucker's 'Herr.' Memoirs of A. von Rydzewsky. Vol. I. Edited by H. A. Tanner. Pp. 119, with a frontispiece. Berne, 1934. Price 4 fs.

SUCH is the title of Hermann Tanner's newest book, the first of a series which he intends publishing on Anton von Rydzewsky, a Russian gentleman and one of the pioneers of the Southern Bregaglia Alps.

When the editor of 'A.J.' asked me if I cared to write a short review of Herr Tanner's book I confess I was badly scared. Because this implied, whether I wrote the review or not, that I should have to read the book to the end. This I had given up in despair some time ago because it is such tedious reading that I can only recommend it to people who are suffering from insomnia—on whom the effect is sure to be more or less instantaneous. I hear the reader's astonished question: 'How can that be?' I will tell you: Herr v. Rydzewsky, who is dead now these many years, left a lengthy manuscript on his climbs in the Bregaglia mountains. He had intended publishing it, but owing to adverse circumstances never achieved his design. The manuscript came later on into the possession of Herr Tanner, who is now publishing it in series. But instead of compiling a book out of connecting parts of the manuscript which, if shortened, might have been of some interest, he splits up the latter into categories, and in the first volume brings Herr v. Rydzewsky as an artist before the public eye. Tanner lumps together out of Rydzewsky's *œuvre* all descriptions of mountain scenery, animal life and so on, which, if published in their natural sequence, would, partially, have been not so bad, although nothing at all remarkable. But in their endless accumulation these descriptions are tiresome in the extreme.

Herr Tanner dates his introductory note as follows :

'Bern am Badilettag, 1934.' That sounds rather mysterious. Is Badilet a private saint of our editor ?

R.

Was nicht im Baedeker steht : Schweiz ; Ost und Süd, Nord und West. By A. M. Schwarzenbach and H. R. Schmid. 2 vols. Pp. 240 + 304 ; illustrated. Munich : R. Piper, 1934.

THE title aptly describes these two delightfully written volumes which give all kinds of information respecting the towns and mountains of Switzerland. Quite frankly, they do not touch mountaineering, and will not be, consequently, of any practical use to the climber, who should nevertheless be interested to learn something about his favourite playground not found in ordinary guide-books. The various institutions of the country, the characteristic qualities, peculiarities and customs of its inhabitants are dealt with fully in an instructive and frequently humorous fashion. These volumes are well worth the attention of the foreigner, although he may find the German in which they are written not always easy to understand. The illustrations are excellent, displaying a keen sense of fun.

S. S.

Cambridge Mountaineering, 1934.

THE contents of this magazine, published once in two years, are very varied and interesting. The illustrations are excellent : especially views of St. Skagastölstind and of Ben Nevis, which latter gives a remarkably fine aspect of this ben. Articles cover Scotland, Wales, Norway, Pyrenees, Oberland, Greenland, Corsica, Himalaya. The Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, which is responsible for this magazine, was founded in 1883, largely by Mr. Valentine-Richards, for members of Trinity College. In 1918 it was re-formed on its present wider basis.

A. J. M.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

By A. J. MACKINTOSH.

The following works have been added to the Library :—

Club Publications.

- (1) Akad. Alp. Ver. Innsbruck. Bericht, 1932-3. $9 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 40 : pls. 1934
- (2) Alpenverein Donauland. Berg und Ski, Zeitschrift. $10\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$.
Wien, 1934
- (3) Cambridge Mountaineering. pp. 119 : pls.
London and Woking, Unwin, 1934. 3s. 6d.
- (4) C.A.I. Trieste. Guida d. Grotte del Timavo . . . $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 42 : pls.
1934