

WETTERHORN.—Two new routes are reported on the Wetterhorn: Herren Etter and Reiss, on May 20, 1945, climbed the N.E. face direct from the Schwarzwald Glacier, following the left hand edge of the rocks as shown in illustration *A.ŷ.* 41, facing p. 211 (see also *Die Alpen*, June 1945); and on June 24, 1945, Herr E. Krähenbühl with Jakob Pargätzi of Grindelwald followed by Dr. Finzi's 1929 route as far as the point where it makes a long traverse to the E., then took a zigzag course to the base of the W. ridge, and climbed this ridge to the summit of the Scheidegg Wetterhorn (see illustration *A.ŷ.* 41. 405).

REVIEWS

Mountain Holidays. By Janet Adam Smith. Pp. 186, with 32 pp. of photographs and 2 maps. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 1946. Price 15s.

WE are frequently told that the right use of leisure is one of the great problems of the future; here is a valuable contribution to its solution.

It should prove an excellent textbook for the mothers of prospective climbers; it is written by a mother, and the beginnings, the development and the end are convincingly good examples of the pilgrim's progress when the delectable mountains have been reached. Janet Adam Smith reached them early in life in Arran, the 'April Island' as she calls it; an ideal place for family holidays when the family 'straggled over twenty years.' And she had an ideal mentor in those early years in W. P. Ker; so wise in knowing what could be done and what should be left undone till later, knowing, in fact, that if, in their turn, the young were to find in mountain holidays a never failing source of energy and happiness, 'they must learn the right mountain way.' A mentor so wise as Ker knew that example was a surer instrument than precept, and his pupil writes: 'All my feeling for mountains is coloured by W. P., and yet I cannot remember his talking much about them.' The brief reference to his death at Macugnaga and the enchantment his personality had cast upon the Alps is a fine tribute to his memory.

Subsequent chapters arouse wonder that the first sight of the Meije from La Grave should have left the author content to play tennis with a French boy 'who cheated'; but the delights of the Alps below the snowline were discovered and appreciated, and gave an admirable foundation on which to build the higher pleasures. Moreover, she has at her disposal an imagination which can suspect a romance between Mr. Coolidge and Miss Brevoort and let her dream 'that Professor Joad had fallen off Monte Rosa.'

The Riffel was, for family reasons, the appropriate place at which climbing began, and the Rimpfischhorn, with its snow and rock well within her powers and its wonderful view of the great Zermatt peaks and the Italian Lakes, was a good choice for the first high ascent. After this, 'the Alpine Journals in the tall bookcase at Chanonry were no longer just part of the furniture of home.' Holidays which included climbs gave place to climbing holidays.

In 1931 we are taken to the Dolomites to begin with, and we end, as ambitious plans have often ended, in bad weather in the Oberland. There is not a great deal of the usual detailed description of the climbs; the fun of the climbing, the contrast between the Dolomites and the Western Alps and the ethics of an ascent by train are freshly and lightly drawn. The Cairngorms come in at the right time to play their part in a liberal education, and to make the last stage of a journey from London to Aberdeen particularly pleasant and instructive. The map at the beginning of the book shows how that last stage may be varied, and how the doubts and fatigues of the four passes through the mountains may have a happy ending at Maggie Gruer's cottage. Her picture, included in the illustrations, confirms the impression of the written word that she is one of Belloc's women 'whom God loves.'

In 1934, the right companion, Michael Roberts, appears and continues to play a major part in all that follows. His question on meeting the author at Bourg St. Maurice: 'What on earth are you going to do with that suitcase?' is a good indication of the principles on which future mountain holidays are to be planned. Lord Conway would have beamed, if he could beam, on this excentrist couple!

The Graians and the Tarentaise occupy many of the pages that follow. The sketch map of its rather complicated system of ridges and valleys enables the reader to follow the extensive wanderings in this district. Sometimes the couple are alone, sometimes William Empson or 'Brother Hughes' share adventures above and below the snowline and occasionally in philosophical speculation. The local inhabitants and their life contribute no small share of interest: M. Cusino, in his own words, 'one of the new men who bring big ideas into country places'; Mme Cusino with her piles of *Weldon's Ladies' Journal*; the living-room-cum-byre at Bessans where the warmth emanating from the cattle behind a low screen suggested 'that perhaps Mary and Joseph had not been put into the worst place at the inn that winter night at Bethlehem.'

It is always pleasant to be taken back to Val d'Isère, and especially by a person who is equally *persona gratissima* there as the fiancée or the wife of 'Michel' Roberts. Whether shepherding schoolboys up easy ascents, or enjoying the perfect liberty of a well earned holiday, or sharing in the revels of the winter sports crowd, the pictures she gives are full of local colour. Older readers, who know what a reputation Tignes had in Alpine literature, will be glad to know what its 'splendid mayor' at one house, and Mme Bertoli with 'her jaunty scarves

and gay make-up' at another, have done to remove its name for squalor.

The guide Othon Bron, whether he is at either end of the climbing rope or off the mountain, adds a very great interest to the book. The metamorphosis of the guide from a peasant to a professional athlete can be easily followed in Alpine literature; it has been more rapid and more marked in districts outside Switzerland than in the Valais and Oberland. But it is seldom we are taken into the guide's home as we are here and introduced to Mme Bron and the small Horace, for whom his father has quite other ambitions than to be a guide. It will be interesting to see what becomes of Horace! What a difference between the Melchior and Almer type and Othon! His politics, his moods, his *panache* and even his death are almost impossible to associate with his predecessors of fifty years ago.

A connecting thread running through the book is the author's own steady progress as a climber: from the nine-year-old just defeated on Goatfell by the wind, but returning with 'the two moments' in her hand, to the woman moving safely and quickly over the Bionnassay arête of Mont Blanc; and finally to the mother watching her son, not yet nine, running down from Striding Edge, also with 'the two moments in his hand.'

The thirty-two illustrations are varied and well chosen. They include reproductions of interesting old drawings by Francis Towne and Jan Hackeart and some pleasingly informal portraits of the author's companions. The Tarentaise is one of the least photographed districts in the Alps, and few of the subjects chosen, whether winter or summer scenes, will be familiar to many readers. The two sketch maps have been mentioned above.

R. L. G. IRVING.

Passion des Hautes Cimes. By René Dittert. Librairie Rouge et Cie., Lausanne, 1945.

IN the years between the wars mountaineering initiative in the Alps seemed to have passed from England to the Continent. The developments in climbing technique were, as a matter of observation, proceeding evenly all round; and our home climbers were never surpassed and not often equalled by any continental experts. But economic conditions dictated that our more brilliant exponents should be largely confined to climbing in their own country, while those whose pioneering instincts were irrepressible sought farther ranges beyond the customary Alps. For a time it was the French, through the first notable generation of the G.H.M., who led the Alpine way, in the Aiguilles at least. But the technical leadership passed from them to the Germans, and Italians, in whose countries political and economic conditions were combining to produce a disillusioned younger generation, thirsting for any desperate feat that might restore self-respect to the individual, under the guise of an aggressive nationalism.

Many of us watched with deepening concern technical climbing being forced to its reckless limits, while Alpine mountaineering as a beneficial and sporting tradition was falling yearly more in ruins, together with the many victims of the change.

I can remember when I first noticed that Swiss amateurs were beginning to take a more serious part. Oddly enough, the development which had taken place in the technique of the Swiss guides, especially associated with the Lochmatters, Pollingers and Knubels, never presented itself to our minds as a national movement. The ability of the guides was so much at the service of other nations that it was thought of as international. Swiss amateur climbing, except for some members of the Academic clubs and a few outstanding figures like Dübi, Gos, Montandon, was not reckoned with in my generation as a competitor in our exploratory work. But of course the guides' progress was in fact a Swiss progress, and as soon as a wider interest in their own mountains began among young Swiss, it was bound to show its effects.

In fact, for a number of years before the last war a few Swiss names of a more modern school began to be known to us, André Roch, Robert Gréloz, Mlle Boulaz, Marullaz, and a few more. Most of us thought them to be the Swiss expression of the new climbing furore, of the north face enthusiasts, of those who seemed out for records and results only, and cared not about the fashion of the doing. Only later have we come to know that this Swiss school embodied a renaissance of the highest mountaineering tradition, and that its spirit was very little in sympathy with the climbing fashion of the moment. These Swiss were learning to use the new techniques in the Alps, as our climbers were also doing in this country; but to use them with restraint and economy, with the same respect for a noble sport as such.

The war which shut up all the young Swiss for years with their own Alps, as it shut up our few remaining climbers with our own cliffs, gave a tremendous impetus to mountaineering as a Swiss national sport. Suddenly and with a rush, that which had seemed to be almost the exclusive province of the guides became the playground of the younger nation. Clubs multiplied. And since the S.A.C. was already there to provide every climber with all the conveniences which make a large and financially stable mountain association desirable, the new clubs could preserve the ideal social character, that of a few like-hearted friends, mutually selected, and held together only by personal bonds well tested in action. There may be now a score of these in Geneva alone: all with picturesque and expressive names, and each with its own character. And inspiring these clubs, and transmitting tradition to them, we find the influence of those climbers already notable before the war; whom we now know—by their works—to have been themselves guided by the highest mountaineering standards.

After the clubs naturally come the books. Switzerland is happy in

being able at this time to publish books of a dignified form and type that can respond to the greatly increasing Swiss demand for mountain literature. Apart from the delightful French prose of Charles Gos, of an earlier school, who has continued his studies of mountain, valley and guide life, we have a more specifically climbing literature. The first to reach us was *Klippen und Klüfte*, admirable German prose studies of climbs, by Jörg Weiss, a young writer and thinker who was killed all too early for his fame. André Roch, who writes with a singular simplicity and sincerity, has followed up his *Karakoram*, in which he gave a modest and entertaining new angle upon the Dyhrenfurth exploration, by the stories of some of his earlier Alpine feats. In these we have the first vivid accounts of what the new techniques can achieve of novelty on the well known peaks ; written with a sense of the nerve strain and physical exhaustion involved, but without sensationalism, and with a right regard for the proportions to be observed in undertaking greater risks with increased means of security.

And now we have *Passion des Hautes Cimes*, by René Dittert. Dittert has long made one of a small and remarkable Genevese group called l'Androsace, which has grown up round the inspiring personality of Francis Marullaz. He is said to have climbed all the Aiguilles in Chamonix by most of their routes, probably a unique record, and a large proportion of the greater Swiss summits, himself leading upon the majority. He writes out of a sense of loyalty to his colleagues, and Roch adds a foreword that sets us at once in sympathy with the author's personality. I may add that everything he writes conveys the same sympathetic impression. The modesty of the group, their relationship to their spiritual leader, Marullaz, attract us at once ; often we cannot tell from the account which of them has been leading on the ascent ; they climb, and they achieve, as a team. As we read we realise, behind the direct diction, that here is a school of modern climbing which is employing all the new devices and techniques, not with the bravura and the abandonment of the teachings of experience which made the inter-war stunting so melancholy, but sanely, with economy, and for greater security only ; which is alert with the sense of the greatness of the mountains, of their discipline and their perilous changes, and which cherishes every link that unites it with the romance of the past.

Mountaineers could not hope for a better guarantee for the future than that the younger generation of Swiss, those primarily charged with the responsibility for the Alps, should be developing their practice in accordance with the principle we have so long upheld—namely, that, while techniques must change with the changing generations, if climbing is to retain its hold no change should be admitted which will contribute only to quicker or more certain conquest ; but only such change as will contribute to opening up new and wider and steeper areas of attack and enterprise.

The book, a pleasure to warworn readers, is handsomely produced ; with fine illustrations, maps of real clarity, and artistic line drawings.

The stories are short or long as the climbs were felt, for Dittert writes from an inner feeling. He is sensitive to mountain beauty, and to climbing tensions ; as he is also susceptible to the thirsts produced by effort, and to the ' night before attack ' feeling to which leaders are peculiarly prone. He can comment, or compare ; but he is best at a story. He can give us the atmosphere of a climb, and make us share it ; and in his best accounts he carries us with him up the ascent—which many more experienced or detail-loving writers fail to do. Most clearly in my mind survive his pictures of the Nordend, the Furggen ridge, the south ridge of the Aiguille Noire de Péteret, and the Täscherhorn. I should like to ask, by the way, whether the fascinating small saddle, with room for one to sit and one on the crupper, where the Furggen ridge joins the Matterhorn head, is really gone?—it would be a cruel loss to the mountain profile ! I should hazard, too, the guess that stonefall on Alpine peaks is periodic—as would be natural ; and that just as the west wall of the whole Péteret ridge and its continuations used to be stone-free, and now appear to be bombarded, so also the Furggen, which was formerly suicidal even to attempt, has now become stone-free enough to be safely and frequently climbed.

His account of the Täscherhorn ascent has a special interest for me ; and he tells the story movingly, so that all climbers will understand his emotion as he reaches the summit, and looks out at the sunset, with the great wall conquered. He led the fourth ascent, following the more easterly finish up the face made by Taugwalder and Biner on the second ascent, and only a few days after the third ascent was made by Roch's party, which repeated more of the original route. It is worthy of remark that the two ascents by the easterly finish met heavy stonefall, which was not experienced by either party on the more central route. The terms in which he describes the character of the climbing, and of the sensations felt upon it, once again emphasise the strangeness and ferocity of this colossal face. In spite of a lapse of over thirty years, of the improvement which the years have brought in technique, and of the use of pitons for the better security, all the three later parties have suffered from the same depression, uncertainty and almost physical gloom under a shadow of undefined danger, as the first. And of what other ascent could this be said ? Dittert quotes Knubel, met in Zermatt as they returned, summing up the universal feeling—' That's a thing one does only once in one's lifetime ! '

Very significant is the tribute with which the book ends, to Franz Lochmatter as the heroic precursor. Now that the best of the Swiss amateurs are availing themselves of all the advantages which once gave the Swiss guides their superiority over the less well placed amateurs of other lands, the old distinctions and the former rivalry between amateur and professional are disappearing. Nor could the younger Swiss honour themselves more genuinely than by selecting as their prototype the great mountaineer who was in his lifetime equally beloved and respected in every Swiss valley which he entered.

So the book is more than good climbing reading : mountaineers may see in it a promise that a threatening shadow upon their mountains is passing over, and that those mountaineers who are most nearly concerned with the Alps have their best traditions and their right usage at heart.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

Karakoram Himalaya, By André Roch. Pp. 187, with many illustrations. Victor Attinger, Neuchâtel, 1945.

LIKE every experienced mountaineer visiting the Himalaya the author is profoundly impressed with the immense number of big peaks. Even to mountain beauty there can be a statistical approach, provided it is not exclusively statistical. In the Alps, says M. Roch, there are 92 peaks of more than 4000 metres, while in the Himalaya and Karakoram 200 'seven thousanders' have so far been counted. It may be admitted that the infatuated pursuit by the statistically minded collectors of the 'four thousanders' in the Alps was theoretically founded on sense. It was indeed a plausible supposition that Alpine peaks exceeding 4000 metres would afford magnificent objectives for climbers. Unfortunately there were numerous exceptions to what was only an optimistic generalisation, and the pertinacity of the devotees of this cult in climbing every pimple on the map, provided it was decorated with the desired magic figures, resulted in the inevitable *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole performance. It is now the turn of the Himalaya, with the fourteen 'eight thousanders' mentioned by the author. In the Himalaya, however, the artificial conditions are absent, for it is not the excessive number of insignificant triangulations that is responsible for the climbers' troubles, but the pangs produced by altitude in prohibitive combination with severe technical difficulties.

In the Himalaya and Karakoram everything is on a bigger scale than in other ranges—even beauty—and the latter can be compared, rather odiously perhaps, with the beauty of the Alps by making an approximately correct statement that Himalayan peaks are generally more than twice as high above their snow line as the Alps are in regard to theirs.

Although the international expedition here described was unable to carry through an attack on an 'eight thousander,' it was successful in ascending the four peaks of Sia Kangri, the highest being 24,350 ft., as well as the E. summit of Baltoro Kangri (Golden Throne), 23,786 ft. The book is an agreeable and necessarily more personal account than the official record of the explorations that has already been published (see *A.J.* 48. 192).

A modern large scale expedition of this kind certainly requires a formidable degree of versatility on the part of the leader. Even the talents of a film director and a company promoter are not to be despised, for finance is an all compelling dominant consideration. The leader has to appreciate the needs of publicity besides being prepared to lead a forlorn hope in an assault on some important summit. Perhaps the day will come when the managing director of some future monster

expedition will have to remain at home in his office grappling with the overwhelming finance problem and from time to time issuing inspiring directives to his troops in the field. The author fully appreciates the troubles of the leader and deplores the vicious influence of finance and publicity which are interdependent and exert a strangling grip on the fortunes of the whole undertaking.

Besides the eight climbers there was a cinema troop of five who were busily occupied in creating and producing a melodrama for their film, a good deal more sensational than the most startling experiences of ordinary Himalayan explorers. With this complicating factor it is remarkable that the climbing party was able to achieve so much.

Perhaps the most interesting suggestion in the book is that the near neighbourhood of Sia Kangri might provide a pass connecting the Baltoro Glacier with the Siachen as conjectured originally by Conway.

There are fine illustrations of the superb peaks surrounding the Baltoro Glacier, especially of Gasherbrum I (Hidden Peak), 8068 metres, with what appear to be difficult lower approaches and relatively easy upper slopes.

C. F. MEADE.

Pioniere der Alpen. By Carl Egger. Pp. 371, with numerous portrait drawings. Verlag Amstutz, Herdeg & Co., Zürich, 1945.

WHILE the title of this book has a familiar ring in our ears, the sub-title corrects the first impression: the subjects of these essays are all Swiss guides, beginning with those who assisted the early scientific explorers, continuing with the guides of the Golden Age and their successors of the second generation, and ending with a summary of overseas activities of Swiss guides, with special study of Ulrich Kaufmann, Matthias Zurbriggen, Joseph Imboden and Franz Lochmatter. In the central section, the arrangement of material is according to locality, Meiringen, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, Saas, St. Niklaus, Zermatt, Engadine; and thus, especially where the foundation of a school or tradition is established as under the influence of Melchior Anderegg, there is a coherence in grouping and a certain continuity of subject. The leading figures among guides, Melchior and Jakob Anderegg, the two Laueners, Christian and Ulrich Almer, Alexander Burgener and Christian Klucker, are given full treatment as is their due; others, such as the two Jossis, Johann Petrus and the two Maurers, receive comparatively small notice, while others again figure who have little claim to be regarded as pioneers. Much space is devoted to the career of young Peter Taugwalder, the author taking the occasion to examine further the question of responsibility for the Matterhorn accident of 1865, in which unfavourable light is cast upon the conduct of Edward Whymper. It is interesting to note that certain time-honoured inaccuracies of name spelling are here corrected, as in those of Franz Andenmatten and J. J. Benet, whom we know better as Bennen; no reason is suggested for the original error, which is the more strange as coming from men of such notable accuracy as Tyndall

and Tuckett. For incidents in the careers of his subjects, the author has drawn his material to a strikingly large extent from the *ALPINE JOURNAL*, from which several lengthy quotations are given in full. The book is well documented.

The author being of the same nationality as his chosen subjects, one may expect to find a clearer understanding of the guides' outlook, based on a familiarity with their home background such as could hardly have been so accessible to those who contributed to the English book that bears the same title. To some extent Herr Egger has used this advantage in introducing each character, but we cannot help feeling that he might have used it more fully, for the references to home surroundings are for the most part brief and factual, and further analysis of the background of a guide's life would have lent colour and interest to the book and might well have taken the place occupied by many small details concerning the less important expeditions. However, one must give full praise to the completeness of each record and the care with which the author quotes what has been written of the personal relation between guide and employer. This book is the outcome of most thorough research and is a fitting tribute to a distinguished body of men without whose skill and devotion our own Club could never have played its early leading part in mountain exploration. The book is admirably illustrated from contemporary photographs here put into the form of pencil portraits by Herr Emil Aufdenblatten of Zermatt. We congratulate and thank Herr Egger for his valuable contribution to Alpine history.

Wie die Schweizer Alpen erobert wurden. By Max Senger. Pp. 327, with numerous illustrations. Büchergilde Gutenberg, Zürich, 1945.

THIS comprehensive book, written in an easy and attractive style, covers a wide field, beginning with the earliest approach to mountains in the days of Petrarch and ending with the most recent manifestations of mountain craft and Alpine enterprise. The first section is devoted to the stages by which men overcame their fear of mountains, thus opening the way to the exploits of the pioneers. Naturally the first place in the pages dealing with exploration is given to the history of Mont Blanc, but in the following narrative it is to be noted that while nearly thirty pages are assigned to the activities of Whymper, including a full translation of the relevant passages from *The Times*, other British activities are condensed within seven pages; further, over twenty pages deal with the *Viertausender*, mostly in catalogue form, and thus the main currents of development tend in this portion of the book to lose themselves in a confusion of detail. When the author writes about guides, the formation of the S.A.C., the increase of club huts and the study of nomenclature, the course of the story becomes clearer and leads naturally to the scientific approach to mountain life and the thoughts of men as expressed in painting and poetry. We recommend this book as a concise guide to the varying and constantly widening attitude of the traveller's approach, with the

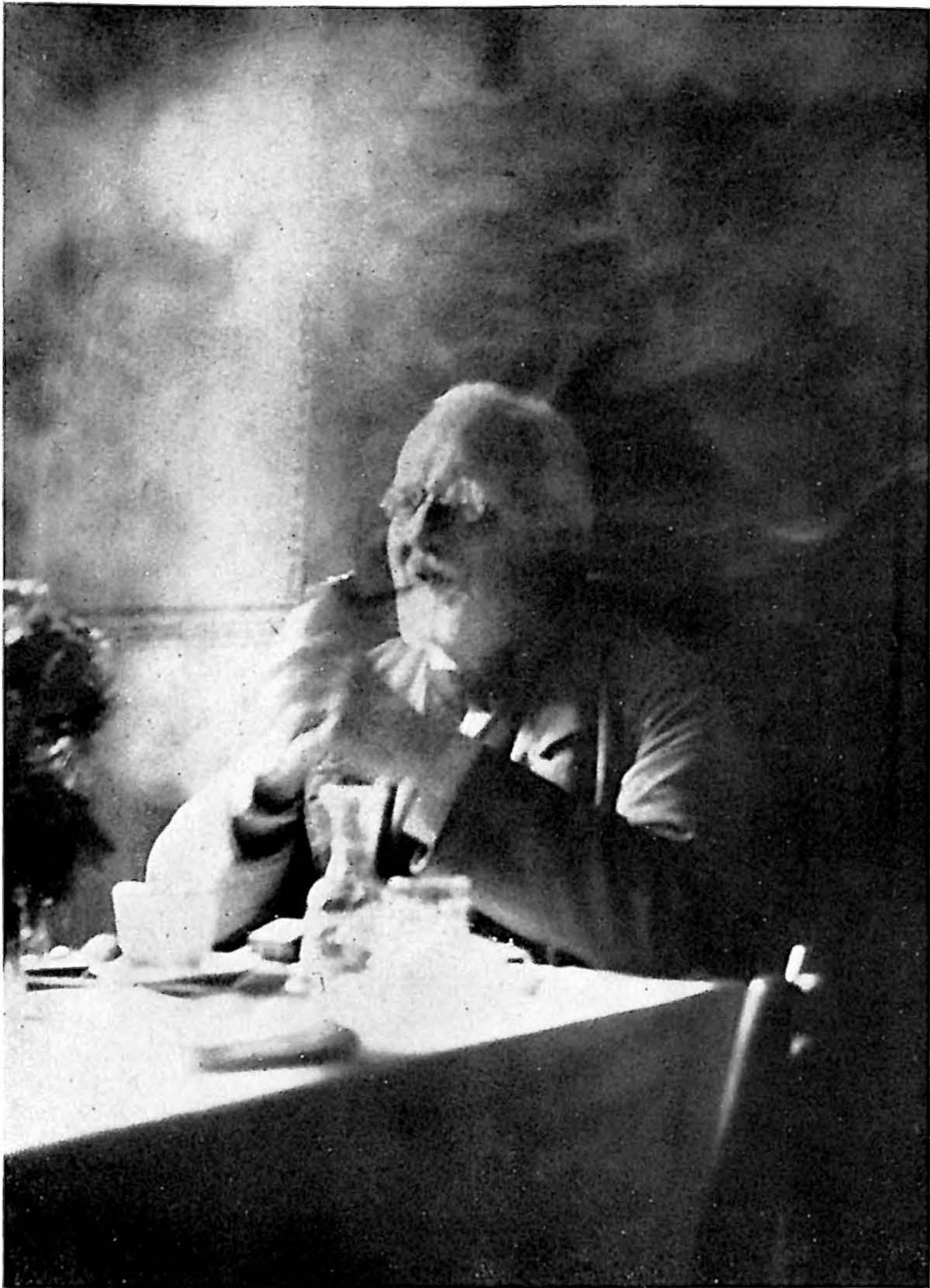
distinctions drawn between nation and nation, while the excellence of the illustrations, both in the use of old prints and of the best modern photographs, is a most valuable feature of the book.

Komm mit mir ins Wallis. By Walter Schmid. Pp. 248, with 112 illustrations by the author. Verlag Hallwag, Bern, 1945.

THERE is not one of us who would not promptly accept the invitation to come to the Valais, and if we were fortunate enough to be taken round by Herr Schmid much would be added to our knowledge. As, however, the invitation contained in the title cannot be accepted by all of us, we can find an excellent substitute in the text of this book, and thus explore many out of the way corners and learn many sides of peasant life which are not accessible in the course of a brief holiday. The book is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the countryside and its inhabitants, the second with certain expeditions, and the third with historical incidents including Napoleon's presence in the Valais. Of these three portions, the first will be found of the greatest interest and the widest information, for it covers almost every activity in the valleys which we know rather as a mere means of access to the glacier regions. It is therefore all the more pleasant to pause by the way and to be initiated into the mysteries of vine growing and cheese making, and to learn of the various styles of building and the diversity of customs in these valleys. Much space is rightly devoted to the Rhone valley itself, and details of architecture and of the history of such centres as Sion come to us with a new light in their proper setting. We have seldom seen a book with such beautiful and appropriate illustrations, and the balance between life in the valley bed, on the Alps and at the edge of the snowline is well preserved. If there is not much detail either in text or in illustration of the highest regions, the shifting of interest to the lower slopes is a welcome change, and when the time comes for us to return to the heights, the approach through the valleys will have a new meaning for all who may have studied this delightful and scholarly book.

Aus vergangener Zeit. By Julius Kugy. Pp. 322, with many illustrations. Leykam, Graz, 1943.

THIS book was published one year before the author's death, when he was in his eighty-fifth year. While one would hardly expect that, after recording the main events of his mountaineering days in his first book, *Aus dem Leben eines Bergsteigers*, and sketching the background of his home life and musical activities in a sequel entitled *Arbeit—Musik—Berge*, Dr. Kugy can have much to add, it is nevertheless remarkable that in this last volume from his pen, many sidelights are cast on events or personalities which figure in his earlier writings. If there is a sunset glow illuminating such subjects as his friendship with the Zsigmondy brothers and the dreamy peasants from Kronau who helped him to explore the Eastern Julians, the outlines still stand out clear in the evening of his memories. As in his later books, such as *Die Julischen*



Kugy

DR. JULIUS KUGY AT VALBRUNA.

Alpen im Bilde, certain passages already familiar are here repeated verbatim, certain incidents are mentioned only to be referred to their contexts in some earlier work, but many pages of this book develop what is briefly indicated elsewhere, especially when he looks back to his boyhood in Trieste. The essay on Rudolf Baumbach's friendship with his family and the comfort which that erratic poet found in sharing their home life adds much to the brief references in his first book which concern one of the most potent influences in the cultural and botanical side of his life. At last we are let into the secret of the culprit who ate up the whole ox tongue that Kugy's mother gave him for his first expedition ; the whole story of old Anton Tozbar's struggle with the Trenta bear is here told ; the origin of his friendship with the Poech family is unveiled in the sunshine of a long halt on the Wischberg. More important than such details are the occasional glimpses now revealed which show the craftsmanship and the inspiration of his writing, as in the chapter which records those passages in music that prompted the finest of his literary cadences.

Nothing was more abhorrent to Kugy than the introduction of politics into mountaineering, nothing further from his thoughts than war when he was writing of his travels and his mountain friendships. One need hardly remind his readers that his home town of Trieste has long been a debatable land where three races, German, Italian and Slav, have for generations watched each other with suspicious eyes. In these pages the question of irredentism is touched on in one incident at Noasca, described with characteristic humour. He was travelling with two friends, both of them good Italians, while Kugy himself had the Austrian outlook. During dinner the conversation took a sharp political turn, and his two friends rose from the table and withdrew. At that moment the waiter brought in three magnificent trout. Kugy waited for his friends in vain, ate up his own trout, then the second, then the third, finished the bottle of old Piedmontese wine and went off to bed. And when they all met next day, there was not a cloud in the sky. When he began his last book, he was again in the midst of hostilities, but no echo of war disturbs the peace of mind with which he brings back to us the steadfastness, the loyalty and the understanding of those many friends who shared his outlook. And among these friends it is only fitting that this book should be dedicated to Albert Bois de Chesne, whose garden at Santa Maria di Trenta enshrines every variety of the Julian flora. More than half the illustrations are devoted to these Julian plants, in search of which Kugy's earliest expeditions were directed : a just tribute from Kugy to his friend and benefactor, and the most graceful manner of showing his gratitude to these silent companions of his mountain way.

Few members of our Club were privileged to know Kugy. If those few read this book, they will again hear him talking to them as when he unbent in the smoky atmosphere of the inn at Valbruna or before a dish of Isonzo trout ; and if others study his pages, they cannot fail to recognise in the author a man who, with all his personal

distinction as a mountaineer, always held it his first duty to leave an inheritance of the highest mountain tradition and welcome to his successors.

Guide du Skieur dans les Alpes Valaisannes. Vol. I. 'Du Col de Balme au Col Collon.' Pp. 121, 22 full page illustrations. Vol. II. 'Du Col Collon au Monte Moro.' Pp. 144, 22 full page illustrations. By Marcel Kurz. Publication du Club Alpin Suisse.

THIS revised edition of a ski guide which has firmly established itself is very welcome. One most valuable feature of these guide books is the series of reproductions of the Siegfried map which is included. The beautiful full page illustrations are a welcome innovation. Many of these are aeroplane photographs, and as such particularly useful to those who desire a pictorial representation of the skiing possibilities of the districts under review. It was from an aeroplane photograph that I discovered the skiing possibilities of the Galmilücke, which is now one of the usual ski routes to the Rhone valley.

Kurz's historical notes on first winter ascents and first ski ascents are extremely thorough. Very few British names appear in his list of first winter ascents on foot, and only one British name among the records of first ascents on ski. Kurz has, of course, every qualification for this work. No skier has a longer list of first winter ascents to his credit in this region, and in addition Kurz is a topographical engineer by profession.

I do not agree with the rather old fashioned view that among the mountains ski are nothing more than a means to an end, still less that the ski mountaineer is only interested in mountaineering. It is to enjoy *two* great sports on the same expedition that the ski mountaineer invades the glacier world. Among my most cherished memories are those of glacier ski runs in the High Alps. Still less do I agree that it was necessary to excuse the diagnosis of snow conditions in the preface by the odd statement that these characteristics had not been treated explicitly in any previous ski manual or manual of ski mountaineering. Kurz's own excellent book, *Alpinisme Hivernal*, which contained long quotations from an earlier English work, was published as far back as 1925, since when Seligman's classic and scientific treatise on snow has been published.

ARNOLD LUNN.

Mountain Photography. By C. Douglas Milner. Focal Press. Price 19s. 6d.

MR. MILNER is to be congratulated on a very thorough and conscientious piece of work. For the mountain photographer, beginner or expert, walker or climber, it will become a standard authority. It claims to be the first book of its kind in the English language dealing with all aspects of the application of photography to mountains. It is of special interest also to the non-photographer who desires to develop his critical appreciation of the many books of mountain photographs on his shelves by Smythe, Poucher, Gardner, and many others of all nationalities.

They comprise collections of superb views, but are sparing of text; Mr. Milner goes further than this, for he combines the aesthetic with the practical and gives us a text book as well.

Mr. Milner knows his mountains and his climbing literature. The writer can vouch for his competence as a climber, especially at the front end of the rope. He is also an artist, and has shown a critical taste in bringing together, from all parts of the world, a rare collection of contemporary photographs. He has wisely resisted the temptation to include an excessive amount of his own work, good though this is, and has largely used his own prints to illustrate various technical points. Lastly, he can write in a very entertaining style, and at times shows a ready turn of wit.

This book is a mine of information for the climber-photographer who takes his hobby seriously. It is written by an amateur photographer who does not share the professional's justifiable disinclination to reveal the secrets of his art. The use of shape, perspective, viewpoint, angle, tone, colour and lighting are all systematically considered. Advice is given on equipment and the choice of a camera, and there are sections on pot-holing, snow and ice, telephotography, panoramas, stereoscopy, infra-red and colour photography, and photo surveying. There are also a bibliography and an index.

The use of filters is discussed with a lucidity which cannot fail to give the beginner a good grasp of this complicated subject. In the section on colour contrast, the author, no doubt unintentionally, reveals the prime defect of monochrome photography. Since different results can be obtained from the same subject by the use of different filters, it follows that the camera *can* lie. In fact it invariably does so, in that it reproduces in black and white what the eye sees in colour. This unsatisfactory state of affairs will be remedied when colour printing processes become more practicable, and it is certain that monochrome photography will then be relegated to the place taken by etchings and pen and ink drawings in pictorial art.

In these days of austerity, this book is so well produced as to compare favourably with pre-war publications. Diagrams are plentiful, and crystal clear even when illustrating complex subjects. Unfortunately, full page reproductions are not numbered. Where a succession of these occurs, the titles are several pages removed, and reference to them becomes tedious and even confusing. But this is a minor defect in an extraordinarily complete and fascinating book. At the end the reader is left with the conviction that 'the more that is put into photography, the greater the pleasure in and value of the results.'

J. R. JENKINS.