

*Alpine Pilgrimage*, by Dr. Julius Kugy. Translated by H. E. G. Tyndale. 374 pages, 25 illustrations. London. John Murray, 1934. Price 12s.

Perhaps you have a corner of a shelf among your mountain books reserved for *The Playground of Europe*, *Scrambles Among the Alps*, *My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus*—the old dependables. Don't you turn to it twice as often as to the big expedition books or the narratives of the modern daredevils? If you have such a shelf push something over and make a place on it for this one. Dr. Kugy's book is the genuine and authentic vintage.

There are those who will find *Alpine Pilgrimage* unexciting. Its author believes that it is better to live on the mountains than to die on them. Here are no five-day bivouacs along the Peteret Ridge or hanging in ropes all night on Dolomite faces. It is an unpretentious record of climbs made, most of them, many years ago. They were, to a large extent and except for the pioneer work in the Julian Alps, repetitions of classic routes. They were made with guides.

And yet the book is one that stirs you and leads you on.

The reason for it is plain. Dr. Kugy is a great and simple soul who loves mountains with a passion that pervades every atom of his being. He cares so much that he could probably have made the subject exciting even if his writing lacked the charm that it most decidedly has.

The first section of the book is devoted to the Julian Alps. For that group, plainly visible from Dr. Kugy's home in Trieste, he has the deepest affection. It has preoccupied him from childhood to old age and he knows it as a man knows his own yard. The Julians are, I suppose, new territory to most of us. To one who likes to study a new district this part of the book, with its accompanying map, offers the material for many well occupied evenings.

After a rather casual encounter with the Dolomites, for which he never particularly cared, Dr. Kugy goes on to the Western Alps. At the age of twenty-eight, in 1886, he came to Zermatt, making his entrance in the grand manner by a traverse of Monte Rosa. For nearly thirty years he came back season after season, going everywhere, but giving his chief attention to the Pennines and the peaks of Dauphiné. The climbs are well described and

hold the interest whether or not one is familiar with the routes. His climbing career bridges the gap from the Golden Age to the modern. We see Mummery, Collie, Alexander Burgener, Daniel Maquignaz and many others of the stalwarts.

The book, which was first published in Germany ten years ago, has been well translated. The type is readable and the illustrations, although nothing out of the way, help the text.

E. M.

*Everest 1933*, by Hugh Ruttledge. Illustrated with 59 photographs, charts, diagrams and maps. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., 1934. Price 25s.

This account of the fourth Everest expedition is written in greater part by the leader, Ruttledge, with one chapter by Smythe, and a large final section devoted to observations and discussions of special aspects of the work, by the doctor, the geologist, and other specialists. It makes a fine book.

The perennially thrilling story of an Everest attack is related in the usual modest and matter-of-fact British manner, enlivened here by an easy style and a delightful subtle humor. Although unexpectedly heavy snows and a monsoon that arrived three weeks early prevented the expedition from reaching its goal, the attempt was noteworthy for two very definite achievements—a perfected expedition technique and a substantial addition to knowledge about the highest parts of the route. The equipment and provisioning of an expedition, the health and acclimatization of its members, the morale of the porters, the strategy of the attack—all these are matters of prime importance in high Himalayan mountaineering, for it is generally through failures here that expeditions are so weakened that they can be ultimately defeated by weather. *Everest, 1933*, merits all our admiration, for no such failures seem to have occurred.

The handling of that vital problem, acclimatization, was especially fortunate. The men were systematically held back at each of the lower camps, for really slow adaptation, with the result that when the time came for the final assault, almost all of them were fit—an unprecedented situation on Everest. The porters also made a remarkably fine showing carrying at high altitudes, every detail having been thought out that would help keep them well and cheerful. A successful experiment was the use of