

*Grill, genannt Kederbacher*, by Fritz Schmitt. 243 pages, with illustrations. Munich: Bergverlag Rudolf Rother, 1935. Price RM. 3.80.

*Der Sepp*, by Karl Springenschmid. 361 pages. Munich: Bergverlag Rudolf Rother, 1935. Price RM. 6.

*Junger Mensch im Gebirg*, by Leo Maduschka. xvi + 206 pages, with 48 illustrations. Munich: Gesellschaft Alpiner Bücherfreunde, 1936. Price RM. 4.80.

Three inspiring biographies, appearing within a year, are of exceptional interest to readers of German, and add to that small group of books which hold the psychology and activity of the professional and the amateur in relation to mountain sport.

Johann Grill (Kederbacher), held in affectionate memory by as competent a mountaineer as Captain Farrar, would have been 100 years old had he been alive on October 22, 1935. He died in 1917 at his birthplace in the Bavarian Ramsau. Belonging to the period of classical alpinism, he was reckoned among the greatest guides of his day. His knowledge of the limestone Alps, especially the Watzmann district, was then unequalled, and, in addition, he had visited all major groups of the Eastern Alps. Kaendl, Pöschl, Purtscheller and Blodig are among the famous names to be found in his *Führerbuch*. His tours in the late '70s included journeys to Switzerland, with first experience on the 4000-m. peaks. He knew the Oberland and the Pennine groups from end to end, and led to the top of Piz Bernina by a new route of his own selection. In August, 1883, he spent a night with Farrar in a trying bivouac on the Zinal wall of the Weisshorn—"I never saw him show any trace of anxiety. He was coolness itself."

As Karl Schmitt has chosen to write of Grill in lively, romantic style, so also has Karl Springenschmid in his life of Sepp Innerkofler—*Der Sepp*. In all of Alpine history there is scarcely a figure more compelling to the imagination than this little man of the Dolomites, who laid down his life so gallantly in the Paternkofel attack of 1915. It is a thrilling drama unfolded, set off with touches of splendid humor, among which the tales told by old Michel Innerkofler are unequalled by anyone before Conrad Kain. There are great spirits at rest in the little cemetery of Sexten.

Leo Maduschka (1908-32), a young Munich climber, perished in a storm on the N.W. wall of the Civetta. He was a poet and

a mountaineer of the modern school, the counterpart of Georg Winkler. The chronicle of his short life, edited by his friend, Walter Schmidkunz, is the seventeenth publication of the Gesellschaft Alpiner Bücherfreunde, and is superbly illustrated.

J. M. T.

*Le Terrain de Jeu de l'Europe*, by Leslie Stephen, translated by Claire-Eliane Engel. 8 vo., wrappers, 268 pages, with two illustrations. Paris: Victor Attinger, 1935. Price, Fr. 6.50; bound, Fr. 9.50.

Under the inclusive title of "Montagne" this is the third of a series of Alpine classics now appearing for the first time in French translation. The earlier volumes were Charles Gos' *Alpinisme Anecdotique* and Mazotti's *Dernières victoires au Cervin*. Now one receives Leslie Stephen's "Playground," admirably translated by Mlle Engel, whose researches in Alpine history are well known.

Frederic Harrison once said that "The Alps were to Leslie Stephen the elixir of life, a revelation, a religion." It is the summing up of the intellectual qualities which make his book of such perennial charm, a subtle blending of realism and mysticism that struck a new and inimitable note in Alpine writing. The list of his notable ascents begins in 1858 and continues to 1877. He was first to conquer the Bietschhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau from Roththal, the Zinal Rothhorn, and Mont Mallet—to mention only a few of the outstanding peaks in his pioneering. He was born in 1832, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, who climbed with him in 1866, died in 1935.

It is a good lesson for English-speaking mountaineers! Why cannot we have such translations? Splendid things such as "The Matterhorn" and "Peaks and Precipices" are, to be sure, at hand. But who will give us "Paccard wider Mont Blanc" and "Simler," or Carl Egger's "Aiguilles," or Rickmers' "Querschnitt," or Rambert's "Murmelhier," or Schuster's "Weisse Berge"? The Germans do these things well through the flourishing Gesellschaft Alpiner Bücherfreunde.

"Le Terrain de Jeu"—for once the French language fails for a compact equivalent. But may their mountaineers thrill in reading in their own language of this playground, even as we have with the original.

J. M. T.