REVIEWS

Erfolg am Dhaulagiri. By Max Eiselin. Pp. 204. 38 photographs. 5 colour-plates. 2 sketch-maps. Orell-Füssli Verlag, Zürich, 1960.
[English translation *The Ascent of Dhaulagiri* by E. N. Bowman, Oxford University Press, 1961. 25*s*.]

On May 13, 1960, the summit of Dhaulagiri, the world's seventh, or according to recent revaluations,[1] sixth, highest mountain, was reached for the first time, by six members of Max Eiselin's Swiss expedition—Ernst Forrer, Albin Schelbert, Kurt Diemberger, Peter Diener and the two Sherpas, Nima Dorji and Nawang Dorji. The climb was made by the North-east spur.

There had been seven previous attempts. In 1950 Herzog's French expedition reconnoitred the mountain and, failing to get a footing on it, turned, successfully, to Annapurna I. Five successive attempts, by the Pear route up the North face and West ridge, followed: these were by the Swiss in 1953, Argentinians in 1954, a Swiss-German expedition in 1955, Argentinians again in 1956 and again the Swiss in 1958. In 1959 an Austrian party attempted the North-east spur for the first time and failed, owing to bad weather, some 1,300 ft. below the top.

Eiselin's book is a well-produced and excellently illustrated account of the expedition he organised and led. It is a pity that it should be so confused, contradictory and contentious that the reader has the greatest difficulty in sorting out what really happened.

After sketching the history of the previous failures, the author describes at great length the flight of the expedition's aircraft from Switzerland to Nepal. It is one of the faults of the book that more weight is given to the aerial than the climbing aspects, although the aircraft was almost responsible for reducing the operation to a fiasco and the unfortunate results of its defection emerge only too clearly.

This was in fact the first assault on an eight-thousander to rely entirely on airlifting of its climbers, their supplies and equipment to the 19,000 ft. level, so as to dispense with the usual army of porters and the heavy ferrying of loads on the lower slopes. Unfortunately, no alternative was provided—not even a spare engine—and when 'Yeti' proved an abominable snow-plane, and sat idly in the plains for three weeks awaiting a replacement from Europe, only to crash irretrievably on the Dapa Col, the basic plan was cracked wide open.

A climbing-group consisting of Forrer, Schelbert and Diemberger with two first-class Sherpas, Nawang Dorji and Nima Dorji, who had

[1] Eiselin uses 26,976 ft. as against the accepted 26,811 ft.

been flown safely to the 19,000 ft. North-east col, was marooned there with less-than-sufficient supplies and equipment and no oxygen. The rest of the expedition was strung out down the lower part of the mountain without cohesion or communications. In the absence of porters they were left to carry up the bulk of the supplies and gear on their over-burdened shoulders.

A second serious defect in the air-lift plan had early been revealed. Several members of the expedition found the sudden transition from the steaming plains to sub-zero temperatures altogether too much for them and had to be flown down again in various stages of collapse. The greatest number of those who remained on the mountain found acclimatisation far more difficult and slower than after a normal approach on foot.

Fortunately for the success of the expedition, the group at the top, left completely out of touch with everything for weeks on end, spent the time in gradually humping what materials they had up the North-east ridge and eventually siting three high camps on it (III, IV and V, the col being advanced Base Camp II). Acclimatising rapidly in the process and becoming very fit indeed by the end of it, they decided to make a small party, no-oxygen, no-porter bid for the summit, based on Diemberger's experience of success by similar methods on Broad Peak with Buhl in 1957. On May 4 they were narrowly beaten back at 25,600 ft. by bad weather and returned to the col; on the 9th they started up again, taking Diener with them on the final climb, sited a new top camp (VI) on the 12th and from it reached the summit next day.

Eiselin's account of the two bids is cramped into passages of three and thirty-five pages respectively. He was, of course, not present on either. While the first was being mounted he was down in Pokhara, feverishly supervising repairs to 'Yeti'; during the second he was trying to acclimatise at the col, though in the end he reached III at 21,650 ft., just as the successful party was coming down on the 14th.

Interlarded with digressions to events at and below the col, his version of the final climb is so confused and contradictory that it is very hard to establish even the relevant dates. A meticulous study, however, reveals two discrepancies—one major, one minor—when compared with the mutually consistent accounts given by two of the men who actually climbed the mountain, Diener in *Die Woche*, June 13, 1960, and Diemberger in *Mitteilungen des Ö.A.V.*, Aug.–Sept. 1960, Vol. 8/9, and other publications since.

The major discrepancy concerns the events at Camp V—a one-tent camp, to which the French–Swiss members, Roussi, Vaucher and Weber, had gone up in search of acclimatisation while the Forrer group were recuperating down at the col between their attempts.

Eiselin's story is that on May 11 the Forrer group of six arrived back

at Camp V, bringing up only one tent with them: a heated discussion then arose as to how nine men could spend the night in two tents. With Diemberger as its violent spokesman, the Forrer group claimed the right to make their second summit bid and insisted on the three French–Swiss going down, leaving behind the two tents. This the French–Swiss did in high dudgeon, returning dispirited and resentful to the col on the 12th (elsewhere he says 11th).

Diemberger says the Forrer group brought *two* tents with them up to V, on May *10* not 11, and that all nine men spent the night in three tents; Diener's account supports this. Neither mentions any friction, and Diemberger's much fuller report says that the French–Swiss undertook amicably to go down to IV next day and bring up yet another tent. He explains that this was to allow the summit party to take one tent up with them to constitute a final assault camp VI. The French–Swiss were to reoccupy V in support; then, even if the summit party came down defeated and exhausted, there would still be a three-tent camp at V with sufficient shelter for all nine men.

The divergence is obviously a serious one. In the last resort the reader must make up his mind whether the accounts given separately by two of the actual climbers or that given by the leader at second-hand are more acceptable.

One would be less inclined to question Eiselin's accuracy if it were not for the numerous 'digs' against the German–Swiss element and particularly Diemberger (not even a Swiss, but an Austrian 'guest') and the continual undue emphasis on trivial high-altitude frictions.

The second clear divergence of fact is unimportant except as supporting evidence of bias. In this, Eiselin alleges that Diemberger, in his haste to leap-frog the French–Swiss before they could make an attempt on the peak, rushed his party up from the col to IV in a single day. There is no dispute about this as a fact, but he describes it as a 'childish stunt' and, to prove his point, declares that the effort so exhausted the whole party that they had to take a complete rest-day at IV on the 10th and could only move up to V on the 11th.

A careful study of the internal evidence of the book itself disposes effectively of this suggestion for, by the evidence of Eiselin's own dates, there could have been no such rest-day.

Members of the Club who attended Eiselin's lecture last autumn will also recall that he did not mention Diemberger even as a member of the summit party or—although he certainly led the final half of the last day's climb, giving way 100 ft. below the summit to allow a Swiss member of a Swiss expedition the honour of being the first up—as having reached the top, until in question time the reviewer elicited the grudging information that it was Diemberger who took the summit photographs.

On the whole, it therefore seems reasonable to accept the independent accounts by the members of the summit party, as given in other publications.

A great final success on a great peak like Dhaulagiri deserves a great book. This one is, instead, unsatisfactory and slightly unpleasant.

The superstitious will no doubt attach significance to the fact that the thirteenth eight-thousander to be climbed fell on May 13 to a party belonging to a thirteen-man expedition.

Perhaps a more rational and charitable explanation of the book's defects would be to ascribe them to the author's condition at the col on May 9, as described by himself: 'I was inert, drained of all energy, lacking in will-power. Even the writing-up of my diary seemed a heavy burden and it was with the greatest reluctance that I scribbled things on paper—and then only items of the utmost importance.'

For the chief defect of this book is precisely a failure to assess the right degree of importance to be attributed to this or that aspect of what should have been a great climbing story.

HUGH MERRICK.

Bayonets to Lhasa. By Peter Fleming. Pp. 319, illustrations, maps. Rupert Hart-Davis, London, 1961. Price 30*s*.

So much is known about Tibet today that it is difficult to sense the air of mystery that shrouded that country at the turn of the century. Lhasa was the 'forbidden city', almost as unapproachable as the Poles. The little that was known of its geography was from the journeys of the Pundit explorers. The Indian government had respected the Dalai Lama's desire for seclusion; its servants were forbidden to cross the border.

The Younghusband Mission in 1903–4 was a break with this tradition. It was the last active move in the 'great game' of political chess played between London and St. Petersburg throughout the nineteenth century. Border intrigues, mostly on the Pamirs and in the states of the North-west frontier, had been rife for fifty years. The romantic atmosphere of this frontier hide-and-seek is well caught in Kipling's *Kim*, first published in 1901. To a man of Curzon's temperament, experienced by travel in the north-west borderlands, reports of Russian intrigues at Lhasa, coupled with Tibetan intransigence and disregard of obligations, had a familiar ring.

A hesitant British government sanctioned a political mission under Francis Younghusband to seek out the truth of reports coming in and to propose a new agreement with the Dalai Lama. Younghusband, just forty years of age, was the ideal man for the task. A daring and resourceful Central Asian traveller, he was a wise political officer with

twelve years' frontier experience, and probably knew the Asiatic mind better than any other officer in his day; he had great physical and moral courage and well-nigh inexhaustible patience and humanity.

Peter Fleming, himself an experienced traveller and student of British activities in Asia, has written an absorbing account of the Mission. He has sifted much unpublished material, official and private, including the contemporary letters of Younghusband to his father, to whom alone he confided his exasperation. He can therefore interpret the actions and reactions of the chief actors with confidence and accuracy. Some modern writers, obsessed by the propaganda nonsense of 'discredited imperialism' fail to realise that the security of a country sometimes requires an active defence. The author has avoided this pitfall.

The causes and sequence of events are related with great clarity—the mistakes in organisation of transport, pardonable perhaps at that time; the harshness of the climate and the long halts on the inhospitable plateau, caused by the refusal of the Dalai Lama to negotiate; the inevitable minor scraps on the road to Lhasa; and the successful outcome when the agreement was signed in the Potala at Lhasa on September 7, 1904. At any time from the autumn of 1903 until August 1904 it was open to the Dalai Lama to negotiate, and Younghusband undertook a daring ride into the Tibetan camp in a vain effort to reach agreement. It was the refusal of the Dalai Lama to negotiate that made the advance to Lhasa imperative, and Younghusband knew it.

The attitude of the Home government comes in for much well-deserved criticism. This attitude is of great interest. It seems inconceivable that the Cabinet, having launched the Mission, should have failed to support the Commissioner in his arduous and delicate task. Curzon did so; Brodrick, the Secretary of State, did not. To what extent the incipient clash between Curzon and Kitchener was responsible for the inadequacy of the escort preparations, and the appointment of an inefficient Escort Commander, it is difficult to judge, but there can be no doubt that the animosity of Brodrick towards Curzon had so baneful an effect on Whitehall policy that it almost wrecked all prospects of success. Brodrick hated the Mission from the start; he knew nothing of the borderland problems; he never appreciated the qualities of Younghusband; and he was ever fearful of disaster. Fortunately, Younghusband was well served by his immediate staff and by the junior officers and men of his escort, who trusted him implicitly, and he himself had the moral courage to exceed his instructions.

The treaty signed by Younghusband, though modified, was the basis of a lasting friendship between India and Tibet. Wise political officers in turn have fostered that friendship, as the members of the inter-war Everest expeditions well know; and in the years since 1904

Dalai Lamas in their need have counted on it, and turned to India for refuge in distress.

KENNETH MASON.

No Latitude for Error. By Sir Edmund Hillary. Pp. 255, illustrations. Hodder & Stoughton, London. Price 21*s*.

IT seems to me that a great polar journey is very like a war: it attracts a wealth of phoney glamour; in the event, it is mostly remarkable for its long stretches of boredom coupled with discomfort; the boredom is occasionally shattered by periods of fear and anxiety when the participant heartily wishes he was bored again; finally, in a notably short time the polar traveller is counting the days to the end of his journey. In fact the whole thing is like some of those ill-chosen mountain routes we have climbed and wild horses would not drag us back to: very nice when it's over.

In *No Latitude for Error* (a well-turned title) Hillary tells the personal story of his leadership of the New Zealand party in the Trans-Antarctic Expedition, the highlight of which, of course, was his 1,250 mile journey to the South Pole with his modified Ferguson farm tractors. They were squat, heavy vehicles, ideally suited to locating crevasses by crashing through the bridges! The mountaineer is familiar with the unease of venturing, even well belayed, on to a doubtful snow bridge. Hillary, very graphically, describes the unremitting anxiety of driving heavy vehicles over wide crevasses which could easily have swallowed his Fergusons and trailers. Hillary, and, indeed, Fuchs, made very full and enterprising use of light aircraft, thus giving vastly increased scope and mobility, not only to the tractor team on the Polar Plateau, but also to dog teams there and in the mountain areas further north.

This book, naturally, gives Hillary the opportunity to refute much of the ill-informed ballyhoo which appeared (mostly in the British press) during his alleged "race" for the Pole and his disagreement with Fuchs. He presents a restrained and well-reasoned case for the defence. It will be recalled that Hillary more than fulfilled his undertaking to lay petrol depots for Fuchs' vehicles and that, in the event, Fuchs only used a fraction of the petrol cached for him. No one who knows the ice cap would expect a man of Hillary's dynamism to hang around a depot doing nothing for weeks while Fuchs was apparently dragging his feet on the other side of the Continent. Hence Hillary's journey to the Pole which, characteristically, he calls a 'jaunt'.

Another aspect picked on by Hillary is the whole object of the crossing. Only mountaineers and yachtsmen these days are permitted to do great things for their own sake; polar travellers, in theory at any rate, have to journey in the sacred name of science. Hillary points out the way in which the scientific programme was inevitably skimped because Fuchs

had to go flat-out during most of his journey in order to get off the Plateau before the onset of winter. There is also something schoolboyish in Fuchs pretending that the big American station at the South Pole did not exist and that accepting any help from them would be an infringement of some polar variation of the Queensberry rules.

Because this is Hillary's personal story the activities of the remainder of this important expedition receive brief notice. Admittedly this avoids the need for writing in the third person but a leader's book ought to do justice to the expedition as a whole. For instance, our member Richard Brooke's splendid dog sledge journey of over 1,000 miles and lasting 126 days, including the ascent of Mount Huggins—'the best piece of mountaineering yet recorded in the Antarctic' is dismissed in a couple of pages.

The story moves well, hustled along by Hillary's crisp, laconic style which is devoid alike of pomposity, concessions to literature or exploratory voyages into the emotions.

In this book we learn for the first time how the original concept was transcended, by Hillary's vision and thrustfulness, from a mere depot-laying chore into an ambitious and mettlesome exploit of which the New Zealanders can be justly proud; and this despite the misgivings of the over-cautious Ross Sea Expedition Committee. Ed Hillary turned out to be nobody's stooge.

M. E. B. BANKS.

Les Aiguilles de Chamonix. By Henri Isselin. Pp. 265, illustrations B. Arthaud, Paris, 1961. Price N. F. 16.

THE Aiguilles of this history are those that tower above Chamonix from the Midi to the Charmoz. We are told how they have catered liberally for man's love of adventure and desire for achievement since Windham, 'oisif quelque peu désoeuvré' managed to get up to Montenvers, 'au prix d'une fatigue incroyable'. It is nice to be reminded by a French writer that Lord Blair made Chamonix the gift of four guineas to put up the first alpine hut. We are offered interesting suggestions about the origins of names for the Aiguilles, and are left to decide between M. Vallot and M. Isselin why the name 'd'envers' has been given to the sun-exposed slope of the peaks instead of to the shady side as in most alpine valleys.

A love-sick Pole, Count Malczewski, is the first conqueror of an Aiguille; he gained the lower summit of the Aiguille du Midi in 1818. He described the ascent of Mont Blanc made a few days later as a 'partie de plaisir après la triste et terrible Aiguille du Midi'. That ended his climbing career. George Sand dressed as a young man in company with a young man masquerading as 'une jeune fille de bonne humeur' and another girl dressed as one, did not get further than Montenvers.

'Concevez-vous rien de plus bête qu'une montagne!' was George Sand's view. We might find her like in the streets of Chamonix today! Coming down from his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1846 the Comte de Bouillé is struck by the magnificent precipices of the Midi; an attempt in 1856 fails owing to its 'rochers perpendiculaires et gelés où ne pouvaient s'accrocher ni les crampons ni les échelles'. We are given a fairly full story of the subsequent 'tentative sérieuse et désespérée' from the east, one of the porters' sacks including 'ses morceaux de fer et ses outils'. Quite in the modern style! There is a wonderful lithograph of Bouillé's moonlight camp by the Tacul Lake; it is anyone's guess what the peaks in the background are. The guides terrifying description of their ascent of the final peak leaves the waiting Bouillé no option but to retreat and be content with the conviction that no one else could ever succeed in reaching the point where his 'legitimist' flag proves the political aim of the ascent has been accomplished. It is well he did not live to read that 3,800 people reached it on one day in 1957! (by téléphérique).

Text and illustrations testify to Ruskin's special devotion to these Chamonix Aiguilles and to the pains he took to portray them accurately; we are told how later Ruskin 'maudit les atteintes au temple, ces escalades qu'il aura cependant contribué à susciter!' A few pages are given to the structure of the Aiguilles, so well set up for safe if difficult climbing. Visits were rare, however, while first ascents of higher Alps were to be made. In 1860 Whymper evaded gendarmes and by climbing over the lower part of the Charmoz ridge reached Montenvers only three hours after Napoleon III had left.[2] In 1871 Eccles 'type représentatif du gentleman riche et cultivé' made light of an ascent of the Midi but failed on the lower Aiguilles. T. S. Kennedy climbed the North peak of the Blaitière in 1873 (1837 is a misprint), Whitwell the highest point the next year. Now we come to much more familiar history and with the doings of Mummery, Burgener and Venetz on Charmoz and Grépon what Guido Rey called 'alpinisme acrobatique' has begun. The author's high opinion of Mummery is derived from his writings, from which we have well-chosen extracts, not from his obituaries which he considers to be 'd'une fadeur et d'une banalité sans égales'. The conquest of the Requin by the famous four, Mummery, Hastings, Collie and Slingsby, 'marque une date dans l'histoire de l'alpinisme'. Except for Dunod, on the Grépon, Frenchmen play little part till in the first decade of this century Emile Fontaine comes on the scene and illustrates Isselin's point that while British climbers tended to concentrate on new routes up high peaks already climbed, the French climbed secondary summits that were virgin. The ridge between the

[2] Whymper relates that he arrived 'as the Imperial party was leaving'. *Scrambles*, 1st. ed., p. 11.

Blaitière and the Plan bristled with such summits, though Fontaine was too modest to give his name to the Aiguille du Fou, the Crocodile or the Caïman, nor did he succeed in preventing the cartographers from adding 'Dent du' to the last two. The Caïman certainly provided an exciting climax to these notable victories of Fontaine.

The absence of any record of V. J. E. Ryan's exploits and his insistence on leaving everything except the actual gymnastics of climbing to his famous Lochmatters incline the author to judge him one of the less attractive characters in Alpine history. The perfect pair, Young and Knubel, receive full and generous treatment. Young's two well-known volumes, in Isselin's opinion, have provided Alpine historians with 'les éléments d'information les plus complets sur une des plus longues et des plus fructueuses vies de montagnard qu'on connaisse'. The history of the Aiguilles in the post-war years 1918–31 is largely a record of the doings of the recently created G. H. M. Chevalier and de Lépiney have left their names on two points between the Caïman and the Fou; the midnight traverse over steep ice below the Crocodile by de Lépiney, de Ségogne and Lagarde, with de Ségogne, having only a penknife to supply the need of a lost axe, must have satisfied the keenest desire for excitement. Then comes the invasion of the Aiguilles by the 'Androsace' of Geneva, Roch, Gréloz, Dittert, Marullaz, de Rham and others, to show they have made themselves '*alpinistes complets, qualité rare chez les sans-guide*'. The passage by a tunnel under the ice of a huge wall of the hanging glacier on the North face of the Plan must have been an anxious affair. The North face of the Charmoz provides a wonderful escape from death for Fallet and Tézenas and, soon after, four nights of '*intolérable torture*' for Merkl and Welzenbach; it reads like a prelude to the tragedy on Nanga Parbat.

A new chapter in the development of technique and equipment is opened by Pierre Allain and his fellow adepts of Fontainebleau, the 'Bleusards'. 'La technique de l'équipement venait compléter fort utilement celle de l'escalade'. With the grading of difficulties I–VI the descriptions of climbs in the *Guide Vallot* become very precise; as Isselin says of one quoted from that guide 'Il paraît difficile d'aller plus loin dans la rigueur scientifique et le refus du lyrisme'. It is disquieting to read that with this new emphasis on technical achievement 'Peu de récits de course qui, à partir de 1930, n'expriment un sentiment de déception lors de l'arrivée au sommet'. In the period 1933–60 climbs on the Aiguilles go through the same sort of changes as those of rocks in Britain, new routes on minor points like the Peigne and Aiguille de l'M., the traverse of not one but many Aiguilles in a single expedition. Occasionally a disintegrating Aiguille provides by a rockfall a new route, as the Blaitière did for G. Herzog and L. Terray in 1951, and in 1954 for J. Brown and D. Whillans.

The last chapter is devoted to a soliloquy by Isselin and a discussion with a friend on the future of alpinism; the setting is appropriate, the fine new refuge d'Envers. A sentence or two will indicate the sort of points raised. 'Pour les nouvelles générations, plus de parois vierges, ni d'arêtes invaincues. Où iront-elles chercher leur "accomplissement"? . . . 'Si certains d'entre eux n'y trouvent rien qui les retienne, c'est qu'ils découvrent non "l'épuisement" des Alpes, mais celui de leur propre sensibilité'. Perhaps the best comment is that made by the friend: 'Il appartient à chacun de rechercher les voies de son propre développement'.

Among the many excellent clear illustrations in the book it is hard to express a preference; mine would be for the human fly caught in a web of rope opposite p. 201 and the magnificent panorama of the whole range from the Aiguille de l'M. to the Col du Midi. I wish there had been an illustration to illustrate that 'depuis la guerre, les grimpeurs britanniques peuvent être aisément identifiés par leur tenue étonnamment négligée'. What a contrast to the immaculate appearance of Young and Knubel as shown opposite p. 32!

R. L. G. IRVING.

Quand Brillent les Etoiles de Midi. By Marcel Ichac. Pp. 115. Arthaud. 1960. 42*s*.

THE first part of this fine book is an account of the author's earlier experiences as a climber and a cinéaste. He went out with H. de Ségogne's expedition to climb Hidden Peak in 1936; the avalanche episode and the tale of a box of films confided to a very odd English missionary are well told. Ichac finds ski competitions easy to film, but speleology not so; 'aucun film ne rendra jamais l'angoisse de l'ombre'. With Armand Charlet he made what was for years the typical climbing film *A l'assaut des Aiguilles du Diable*. In 1945 occurred the episode that was to supply the first scene in the great film which is the subject of this book, the amazing escape from a French patrol of a German prisoner by a deliberate leap over a precipice. In 1950 came the expedition to Annapurna and the beginning of the co-operation with Lionel Terray. The two decided to produce a film together.

It was to be a genuine climbing film, no sex, no blood, not even cardboard rocks! 'Un film de montagne doit etre bâti sur des aventures d'alpinistes, et non en transposant dans le cadre des Alpes une histoire de passe-partout: rivalité amoureuse, drame de l'espionnage, ou le pire mélodrame.' There are three main episodes, the escape of the German prisoner, the rescue of two men benighted on a hopeless ledge, the actual ascent of the East face of the Grand Capucin. These are combined in the following story. Terray returning to the Col du Géant from an expedition with Thérèse Erthaud is told the story of

the prisoner's escape, an admirable subject for the first scene of the big film. The photography was done on the ridge between the Aiguille de la Glière and the Aiguilles Crochues. Ichac explains: 'ce ne sont pas les détails de l'ascension qui comptent pour cet épisode, c'est le comportement des hommes.' The comedian who played the prisoner must have found it exciting, judging by the picture of the leap. Next day, Terray and Gérard Herzog (brother of Maurice) each lead a climb on the South face of Mont Blanc. A third party of two fail to return to the hut that night and Terray decides to start early next morning to look for them. The two have been benighted on a ledge below and above great drops; a fall of rocks has cut off most of their rope and their belongings. Providentially (?) Terray's party encounter a solitary tourist who has seen a flashlight fall from the ledge. Many dramatic incidents connected with rescue work are combined here; e.g. the need to untwist the fragment of rope they have left and tie the thin elements to form a sufficiently long *rappel* to reach a ledge below; a pendulum act to carry the rescued across a fearsome chasm to the ledge where Terray and others are perched; one of the rescued has his eyes out of action from snow blindness! The photos of Terray's attempting and eventually succeeding in flinging a rope across the chasm are very dramatic: so are the pictures of the eye-bandaged René Desmaison being hauled across from one small ledge to another and then being carried over an overhang on René Collet's back. One great difficulty was to find a rock face with ledges at the necessary heights. It was found on the South face of the Aiguille de Roc; the perch appeared to be inaccessible, but Terray undertook: 'J'en fais mon affaire!'

The third episode of this remarkable film is the ascent of the East face of the Grand Capucin, the huge bastion of reddish rock on the east side of Mont Blanc du Tacul. The photos had to be taken from two eminences: le Petit Capucin, 120–160 m., and le Trident, only 80–100 m. away. The difficulties of mounting, fixing and working the cameras on them explain the need for all the operators to have passed the 4 sup. test of climbing. Excellent pictures show close-ups of Terray and Vaucher on various overhangs and more distant views of them as flies on vertical faces. The preparations for the actual climb and the stationing of the cameras and operators can be imagined from the splendid photos of the Capucin. The first ascent by Bonatti in 1951 required three bivouacs on the face and 200 pitons; the position of the bivouacs is clearly shown in the sketch on the back of page 98. The times of Terray and Vaucher on the actual climb filmed were: foot of climb 5.50; first bivouac site 8.30; second bivouac site 11.30; summit 17.10. The camera-men had their strenuous work too: 'une caméra de cinéma a penétré dans le royaume interdit du 6me.'

The most striking of the four fine coloured pictures is that of

Terray ('marqué par dix-sept heures d'efforts'). All the incidents, though taken from various sources, are authentic. The title is a pleasant reminder of de Saussure, who noted the phenomenon of stars visible in a dark blue sky in 1787. Terray is the star performer and adviser; the success of the film is evidence of the greatly increased interest in mountaineering in France.

The showing of the film takes about two hours; this book affords longer entertainment.

R. L. G. IRVING.

La Prima Ascensione del Monte Bianco. Di T. Graham Brown e Sir Gavin de Beer. Pp. viii, 638. Illus. Aldo Martello Editore. Milano, 1961. lire 5200.

THIS Italian translation of the standard work printed in 1957 is entirely worthy of its original. It is beautifully produced and makes a very handsome volume. The opportunity has been taken to correct one or two slips: e.g. on p. 206 of the English edition, line 6, 'Balmat' should be 'Bourrit', and again on p. 398 (item xxxii); and a number of new illustrations have been inserted.

It is unnecessary to commend this notable 'detective story', that studies the rival claims of Paccard and Balmat for the credit of climbing Mont Blanc for the first time; but it is well to draw attention to the enterprise of the Italian translator and publisher, who faced a formidable task in tackling so large and so intricate a book, and who have produced so distinguished a result of their labours.

T. S. B.

The Alps. By Wilfrid Noyce and Karl Lukan. Pp. 312. Thames & Hudson, London, 1961. 63*s*.

THIS is a large and weighty volume made from the German original, containing more than 200 photographs, many of them full page. The only name on the jacket (depicting a lurid sunset behind the Matterhorn), is that of Wilfrid Noyce. His contribution is limited to an Introduction of 8 pages and notes on the pictures. The essays introducing the Groups of Alps from the Mediterranean to the neighbourhood of Vienna are by Karl Lukan, translated from the German by Margaret Shenfield.

Both Noyce and Lukan are expert mountaineers, but they have succeeded in treating the Alps from the general reader's point of view. In his introduction Noyce tells us something of their geological history, the infinite variety that seasons and weather can bring for those who look at them and those who climb them, something of the story of their conquest as well as of the disadvantage of crowds and the apparatus of

commercialism. He ends with the wise reflection of the French *pater familias* 'Les Alpes sont pour tout le monde'. His notes on the photographs are informative and at times embellished with apt quotations from our poets; they also show that in many cases he writes from personal knowledge and lively appreciation of the mountain portrayed. In reading his reference to the first ascent of Mont Blanc one must not forget that Freshfield and others had made clear the relative parts played by de Saussure, Paccard and Balmat long before the appearance of Graham Brown and de Beer's book in 1957. I am perverse, even after seeing pictures of the south side of the Everest group, in refusing to take a pinch of salt with Mallory's comparison of Alps and Himalaya, to the detriment of the latter!

There are so many excellent photographs of peaks, gorges, lakes, ice formations, clouds and even 'mountain freaks' that individual preferences will make it hard to pick a favourite. Except for the Verdon Gorge, the Maritime Alps get no mention; and admittedly they are less photogenic than better-known Alps. The Viso has not been quite so neglected by British climbers as Lukan suggests, and I doubt if he is right in saying that 'most climbers who know the region would agree with Purtscheller that "no climber who has not seen the Dauphiné has seen anything in the Alps"'. A serious reflection on the modern climber is contained in a note on the Vallot hut: 'If it had been made of wood instead of metal it would long since have gone to heat its own stoves!' A wooden Vallot hut offered hospitality to climbers for very many years before a metal one replaced it. Those familiar with the upper part of the usual route up the Matterhorn may be bewildered by this: 'Beyond the shoulder . . . there are no more difficulties to be overcome. . . . Many climbers only feel the full effect of the tussle with the shoulder when they reach the last snowfield.' Nor was the iron cross on the summit planted by Croz. Another puzzling problem is Prof. Thurweiser's ascent of the Ortler. Pichler, 70 years of age, who made the first ascent, was left behind at the 'upper glacier' at 11.0 a.m. Deprived of his leadership 'for more than six hours we wandered over the ice and snow. . . . Above wild barley was growing, forming a soft deceptive covering to the solid ground beneath and in many places probably concealing ice-abysses. . . . At half-past twelve the party reached the summit of the Ortler.'

The Dolomites are more fully dealt with than the Western Alps and Lukan gives us an account of adventurous hours on the North face of the Pelmo. Noyce's note on the Drei Zinnen should impress the 'general reader' with the present standard of rock climbing: 'The Cima Grande starts with an overhang of 720 feet now full of pitons. The Western peak is harder.' On the picture of the Zwölfer he notes: 'the easiest route is a serious undertaking'; it looks it! Lukan is

evidently a very keen and expert rock climber but he is kind to ice-climbers: 'Their love of mountains is no youthful passion which soon burns itself out, but a mature affection which will last a lifetime.' There are a few pages on Alpine Sports, with a plea for ski-mountaineering for pleasure in preference to ski competitions and practice for them. The craze for arithmetical tests of merit has now produced six grades for rapids-shooting. Alpine historians will no doubt find some notable omissions and a few mistakes in the list of important dates in Alpine history. But the book will be prized for the pictures, which show the infinite variety of the visible attractions of the Alps. The text serves to tell us how the appreciation of those attractions has developed. It also shows a few apparent extensions of our Alpine vocabulary: the Walker *Pillar* on the Jorasses, *swashbuckling* strides, the '*gully at the peak*', Schwanda's rule, 'Traverses should be taken as *deep* as possible'. Small idiosyncracies of the translator, which do not diminish the great attractions of the book.

R. L. G. IRVING.

Record of an Ascent. A Memoir of Sir Richmond Thackeray Ritchie. By P. L-S. Pp. 43. Illus. Dillon's University Bookshop, London. 1961. 10*s*. 6*d*.

THE 'ascent' recorded here is that of Sir Richmond Ritchie's career in the India Office, ending as Permanent Under Secretary of State from 1909 to 1912, when he died at the age of 58. The only ascents of a mountaineering nature in Ritchie's life seem to have been one of Mont Blanc in September 1869, when he was 15—he is claimed as the youngest person ever to have climbed to the summit, which is not the case, though he may have been the youngest at that date—and in 1873 and 1874 he was with Freshfield (who married Ritchie's sister) in the Alps.

The opening words of the book are: 'Few today remember Sir Richmond Ritchie', and the question at once prompts itself, whether there is any need to remember him, beyond such records as the *D.N.B.*? Judged by this book, the answer is, No. Ritchie is portrayed as a hard-working, dismal individual, who lacked enthusiasm for anything he did: he never really cared for mountaineering, and this outlook, we are told, was symbolical of his whole life. That he was a worthy public servant is obvious, and he worked himself to a premature death at tasks which he can scarcely have thought to be worth while. He would appear to have been one of those men possessed of an inability to delegate work, and of a fussy fastidiousness that must have made him at times maddening to work for. It is little wonder that we learn that so ebullient a personality as Sir Winston Churchill 'has no particular recollection' of meeting with the pessimistic Ritchie in 1911—no two characters could be more unlike.

T. S. B.

The Abominable Snowman and Company. By Odette Tchernine. Pp. 174. Illus. Robert Hale Ltd., London. 1961. Price 18*s*.

THE Yeti, under one name or another, has been with us for a very long time (the author traces him back to the third or fourth century B.C., in *The Ramayana*), but cannot be said to have caught the public eye, until Colonel Howard Bury reported the Metohkangmi's (spelt Metch Kangmi in this book) footprints on the Lhakpa La in 1921. Since then the Yeti has never been lost to mind, and the present expedition under Sir Edmund Hillary is only one of several that have tried to run the beast to ground.

One of the troubles about the Yeti is that, apart from reputed skins, eye-witnesses' accounts are usually second-hand; Sherpas or Lamas tell of them being seen, but the actual writers normally have not, if we except Mr. Tombazi (who saw something) and the dubious testimonies of Rawicz and of Thorberg and Frostis—the two latter mysterious individuals claiming to have had a fight with one. As with the Indian rope trick, it seems always to be somebody else who has seen the Yeti. Footprints in the snow, of course, are another matter; these have been photographed by reliable travellers, but the identification of such tracks is still vigorously debated.

For those who are attracted by this problem, the rather discursive book under review may prove of interest, collecting as it does all sorts of stories, good, bad, and indifferent. Shipton provides a Foreword and Tilman a Postscript; the latter is the best thing in the book.

T. S. BLAKENEY.

Hired to Kill. By John Morris. Pp. 272. Rupert Hart-Davis, London. 1960. Price 25*s*.

MORRIS is a well-known name, not only to lovers of the Third Programme but to early Everest climbers, for he is one of the survivors of the 1922 expedition. But his book deals with more than mountaineering, for in addition to reminiscences of the First World War in France, we have also an interesting account of his life in a Gurkha regiment between the wars, particularly on the North-west Frontier of India. He makes no pretence of being a typical soldier, for he found life in cantonments deadly, as he did not share in the interests of his brother officers.

His chapters on Everest make excellent reading, with their sidelights on the various members of the expedition, on which he was transport officer. Hardly less readable is his account of his journey with H. F. Montagnier in 1927 in Hunza territory, north of Distaghil Sar up to the Mintaka pass and the Taqdumbash Pamir. General Bruce had introduced Montagnier to Morris some years earlier, but the partnership was not a happy one. Montagnier was too much addicted to comfortable living and luxurious food to grapple successfully with the rough travelling

on the Turkestan borderlands. In Morris he had a thoroughly competent organiser of the expedition, but the contrast between the relatively Sybarite standards of the one, and the practical acceptance of hard conditions by the other, foredoomed the adventure, and Montagnier departed half-way through the trip. Morris, however, make good use of his time.

The book ends with the author back in Lansdowne, whence he was invalided home with tuberculosis. Perhaps a further volume will bring his story up to the present day—one hopes so.

T. S. BLAKENEY.

Space Below My Feet. By Gwen Moffat. Pp. 286. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1961. 18s.

'This is the remarkable book of a remarkable woman', writes Jack Longland in his foreword, and with reason. She disliked, as she puts it, being 'steam-rollered into mediocrity', and this autobiography, covering (with a few gaps and silences to intrigue the curious) the years between the end of the war and 1957, is the record of her successful resistance. A.T.S. driver, deserter, tramp, labourer, deckhand, forester, theatre wardrobe-mistress, hotel chambermaid, hostel warden, writer, broadcaster, mobile grocery roundsman; loves, heart-breaks, two husbands, one baby; living in the open, with rats in a Skye cottage, in a stable, in a derelict boat (with husband and baby), in the Pinnacle Club hut; sudden illnesses in inconvenient places—the vicissitudes have been many. The resilience and hardihood with which she has met them, and the candour with which she relates them here, compel the respect and admiration even of those who would not endorse her philosophy of life.

Pervading all the vicissitudes, and the reason for most of them, has been one enduring passion, the passion for climbing. While, therefore, there is much more in the book than climbing, it is the climbing that dominates it, as it has dominated Gwen Moffat's life. Not by chance was she the first, as she is still the only, woman to practise as a certificated professional climbing guide in Britain. Wales, the Lakes, Scotland and Skye are all here, with a variety of friends, chance companions and professional clients and, in addition, there are three Alpine seasons which included some notable climbs.

In the descriptions of climbing, as in the rest of the book, two qualities stand out. One is economy and speed. There are no bridge passages, no explanations; we are taken straight from one incident to the next with quite literally never a dull moment. The second quality is vividness. This derives partly from the author's eye for the detail that brings the scene to life, but above all she has a rare ability to recall and record convincingly what she felt *at the time*. Thus, we really share the freshness of those early days of climbing, the final moments before

the first V.S. lead, the shock of the leader's fall on Kern Knotts, the thrill of setting off for the Alps, the fright of the Dolomite rappel, the exaltation at the top at dusk after a taxing ascent of the Younggrat. To Gwen Moffat, as to many others, the Alps have given an intensity of experience beyond that of climbing at home, and because she can project that intensity into her writing, the Alpine chapters, more detailed than the rest, are the highlights of this absorbing and most enjoyable book.

A. K. RAWLINSON.

MOUNTAINEERING JOURNALS

American Alpine Journal

1960. A fine folding panorama of the Alpamayo region is a fitting prelude to L. Ortenburger and David L. Dringman's tale of the North American Andean expedition of 1959, during which six peaks were climbed (none was a first ascent, but three were 'seconds'). Geoffrey Bratt follows with an account of the very successful Imperial College expedition in the same year to the Nudo de Apolobamba, Bolivia, when more than a dozen first ascents were accomplished. Wm. J. Buckingham writes of the ascent of Mt. McKinley by the Western rib of the South face, on June 19, 1959; and there are seven pages of notes on Japanese explorations in Central Nepal

J. Monroe Thorington provides a sketch of W. O. Moseley, the first American to be killed on the Matterhorn, and one who has given his name to the well-known slabs below the Solvay hut. Francis P. Farquhar has an interesting article on the naming of the Cascade Mts. 'Climbs and Expeditions' (58 pp.) are always a prominent and valuable feature in the *A.A.J.*, and among the 'In Memoriam' notices we find one, on J. H. Strong, the oldest member in the A.A.C., from the pen of a lady climber, Elizabeth S. Partridge (formerly Cowles), well known to many of us in England.

1961. The first third of this substantial issue deals with Himalayan and Karakoram climbing, Wm. Unsoeld writing of the American expedition that made the first ascent of Masherbrum in 1960, and Norman Dyhrenfurth dealing with the successful climbing of Dhaulagiri in the same year—the latter tale is so dogged with remarks about lack of acclimatisation that one more and more wonders if the supplying of this expedition by air (the 'Yeti' plane that crashed) was not a mistake.

John S. Humphreys, in 'North of Dhaulagiri' tells of an exploratory party in 1959. This expedition forms a link between J. O. M. Roberts's survey in 1954, round the northern side of the Dhaulagiri massif (*A.J.* 60. 248) and Tyson's 1961 journey into the Kanjiroba Himal—the latter mountains being just beyond the limits of the American expedition. Humphreys' final paragraph is worth quoting:—

> 'As we look back on the expedition, we are deeply satisfied. Somehow the fact that the four or five ascents made were all of minor mountaineering importance does not seem to us of prime significance. To have lived for a few months the elemental mountain life in close contact with the rugged people who know nothing else; to have added our small increment to formal geographical knowledge of one

> of the most spectacular regions on the globe; to have experienced and met, both singly and collectively, the spiritual and physical challenge of a climb to even moderate Himalayan heights; these are the rewards we have been seeking.'

Is it unreasonable to hope that a similar spirit will inspire other explorers of the innumerable lesser Himalayan heights, now that, with so many 'giants' of the Himalayas climbed, mere altitude is no longer important?

There is a useful though all too brief summary of Japanese Himalayan ventures in 1960—Himal Chuli, Noshaq, Api, Jugal Himal, etc.—and the New Zealand Andean (Nevado Cayesh) expedition is also described. Naturally, a number of novel climbs within the United States find their place, the East face of Long's Peak in Colorado clearly (as the photographs show) being an achievement of a high order of rock climbing. Francis P. Farquhar deals with the naming of peaks in the Colorado Rockies—this is a piece of work that must have entailed a lot of research.

'Climbs and Expeditions', all the world over, runs to 69 pp.—a useful section. Throughout, the standard of illustration is as high as we have come to expect.

Appalachia, vol. xxxiii (1960/61)

Nos. 130/1. 'Death from Cold' by Martin B. Kreider gives a start to this volume and is a study of the principal sources of loss of heat from the body. One of the longest articles is about Joseph Seavey Hall, one of the earliest of the White Mountain guides. 'The Ascent of Masherbrum' by Geo. I. Bell, and Henry Kendall's 'Peru 1960', deal with events more familiar to readers on this side of the Atlantic.

No. 132. 'Notes on Mountain Climbing in Antiquity', by A. S. Pease (Emeritus Professor of Latin at Harvard) is an interesting record of travel in mountainous regions prior to the sixth century A.D. George Cochran writes of 'Climbs in the Cordillera Real' (Bolivia) in 1960, and Bradford F. Swan has the most attractive article in the journal, 'The Historic Huts of the Antarctic'. Antarctica cannot now be considered outside the scope of climbing parties, and it is good to read of the old huts connected with the names of Borchgrevink, Scott and Shackleton, and of the care (one might say, reverence) shown by the U.S. Navy to preserve them as memorials of the 'Heroic Age'.

British Ski Year Book, 1960. An article by Gerald Seligman on 'Snowcraft and Avalanches' is of importance, as coming from one of the greatest experts living. Lord Glentworth writes of a ski tour in the Oberland (Easter 1960) and Sir Douglas Busk has an interesting article, 'Prehistoric Ski-ing in Russia', dealing with rock carvings of

skiers that are dated to the second or third millennium B.C., though the oldest actual ski in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad is of the seventh or eighth century A.D.

Cambridge Mountaineering

1959. 'High Barbary', by A. D. Roberts, deals with the High Atlas. Jack Longland has a fine notice, 'Geoffrey Young and Cambridge'.

1960. Outside the normal climbing areas, whether at home or in the Alps, three articles especially catch one's eye: T. J. C. Christie's 'Memories of Corsica'; N. H. Pott's 'Fight Fiercely', which deals with a hurried visit to the Purcell Range, B.C.; and D. Fagan's 'Poor Man's Caucasus', in other words, the Tatras. There is a depressingly long list of obituary notices.

1961. Apart from several short articles on difficult individual climbs, at home and abroad, R. G. Mason, 'The Old Mancunians' Lyngen Expedition, 1960', and T. J. C. Christie's, 'The High Atlas of Morocco' (which connects up with Roberts's article in the 1959 issue) are the most useful contributions. G. J. Sutton writes feelingly of the late G. H. Francis.

Canadian A.J.

1960. Pride of place goes to Karl Ricker's account of the All-Canadian Mt. Logan expedition of 1959; S. Silverstein writes of the Battle Range, B.C., summarising the work of three expeditions, 1958–59, when a number of first ascents were made.

1961. Hans Gmoser describes a High Level Ski Tour from Lake Louise to Jasper in April 1960. It was largely pioneering, for they lacked huts, there was an absence of good trails in the valleys, and there was insufficient knowledge of alternative routes in case of need. But they proved the feasibility of the venture and hope it will lead to many other people embarking on similar trips. The same writer, in 'How Steep is Steep', draws attention to the exaggerations too frequently embodied in records of ascents in the Canadian Rockies.

Climbers' Club Journal, 1960. Wrangham's article, 'Disaster on Ama Dablam', rightly takes first place here. W. G. Roberts describes the attempt on Saraghrar in 1958, when Peter Nelson was killed. Bonington on the North face of the Grosse Zinne, and Colin Mortlock, who was with Noyce on the climbs told of by the latter in *A.J.* 65. 27, write of their adventures so briefly that the quality of the climbs is concealed. New Climbs and Notes, covering Snowdonia, Cornwall and Ireland, account for over 20 pp., and there is a fine obituary of A. W. Andrews by E. C. Pyatt.

Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. (No. 54—1960.) Gunn Clarke leads off with an account of the North faces of the Grandes Jorasses, with some striking photographs. Dorothy Pilley Richards writes nostalgically of early climbs round Kandersteg, and Peter Grindley introduces us to the Monroe mountains in Ireland.

Ladies' Alpine Club Journal

1959. The principal articles here are those of Mrs. Charles Evans on 'Crossing the Tesi Lapcha' (in 1957) and Janet Roberts' 'Record of the Meije'. An interesting note is contributed by Mrs. F. S. Copeland on her ascent of Triglav at the age of 86.

1960. Nea Morin's article, 'Ama Dablam, 1959', and a combined narrative by Margaret Darvall, Eileen Healey and Dorothy Gravina, on the Cho Oyu expedition the same year, account for a good proportion of this journal. Esmé Speakman describes a traverse of the Weisshorn, up the Schalligrat and down the North ridge, in very bad conditions.

1961. Joyce Dunsheath and Eleanor Baillie deal with the Abinger Afghanistan expedition of 1960, an attempt on Mir Semir (which was the subject of Eric Newby's very readable book, *A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush*). Mrs. D. P. Richards contributes a notable obituary sketch of Joseph Georges le Skieur.

Mountain Club of Kenya, Bulletin (1959–60)

No. 48. The principal climbs noted are the second ascent of the West face of Mt. Kenya on January 29, 1959, and the first ascent of the Northey Glacier on the same mountain on January 31. Both were by Robert Chambers and Michael Adams. Neither route proved anything but difficult, and a bivouac was needed for the Northey Glacier climb. Even so, the severity of the ice work slowed down the climbers, with the result that they had to diverge on to the North ridge, to avoid falling ice on the glacier once the sun was up.

No. 50. This issue is mainly devoted to records of rescue operations on Mount Kenya. In one instance (January 1960), it was a case of getting down a patient suffering from pneumonia; the other, a month later, was due to the breaking away of a rock that was being used as an anchor for an abseil. Two deaths resulted.

No. 51. The most notable climbing article in this number is P. A. Campbell's 'Kibo from the West'; the same writer, with I. C. Reid, also contributes 'Hints on High-Altitude Living', in continuation of some notes on 'Catering on Mountains' in No. 50.

New Zealand A.J. (vol. xviii, 1959/60). Lately, the Antarctic has been a serious rival with the N.Z. Alps for first place in the *N.Z.A.J.* and now the Andes are beginning to put in their appearance.

The great N.Z. peaks of Cook, Tasman and the like still maintain their prominence, however, and a glance at the photograph (p. 290) of the East face of Tasman enables one to understand Mr. von Terzi's remarks that it was the toughest proposition he encountered in the Southern Alps.

In 'A Southern Summer', John Harrison records some of the climbs of the N.Z. Geological and Survey party in Antarctica in 1958/59, and readers of the old classics by Scott and Shackleton will note with interest the first ascents of Mts. Terror and Discovery, and the third of Erebus.

Mrs. H. Simpson writes of a successful expedition in 1958 in Peru, during which Huascaran was climbed by the South face and ridge (the second ascent by this route); and J. C. Tothill records the work of the N.Z. North American Andean party. Since then, New Zealand mountaineers have returned to the Andes with notable results, as recorded elsewhere (see p. 199, above).

R. W. Cawley has an important article on the N.Z.A.C. Antarctic Expedition, 1959/60, to the vicinity of the Beardmore Glacier, and A. J. Heine, a New Zealander with an American party, explored Victoria Land (a map would have been welcome here).

Among book reviews, notice must be taken of the sharp handling given to George Lowe's *Because it is There*.

Oxford Mountaineering

1909–1959. This Jubilee issue makes very good reading, but the historical touch is lightly applied, Arnold Lunn, Elliott Viney, and Alan Blackshaw dealing with the main events of the fifty years. For the rest, a host of writers, including Harold Porter, Tom Peacocke, Robin Hodgkin, Hamish Nicol and John Neill, recapture incidents in their mountaineering careers.

1960 and 1961. The brevity of the articles in the first of these numbers detracts from their interest; but we are better off in the 1961 issue, and Nigel Rogers is able to spread himself a little over the Oxford Andean expedition of 1960 to the Cordillera de Carabaya. Colin Mortlock gives us a synopsis of the climbing of Trivor, and Colin Taylor writes of the N.W. route on the Sciora di Fuori in the Bregaglia.

Rucksack Club Journal, vol. xiv

1960. Neil Mather summarises the developments in British climbing in the Alps in the decade or more following the War, and rightly lays stress on the remarkable rise in rock-climbing standards at home, as a factor in the great upsurge of achievement in the Alps. He observes, however, that with few exceptions, the hardest Alpine climbs

have been those that were first made pre-War, and he hints that in the next decade new routes may come into vogue.

1961. The longest article here is Peter Harding's, 'A Rock Climbing Apprenticeship'—on British rocks. Frank Kiernan has a short but agreeable note on 'Places and Personalities'. A. S. Pigott and P. E. Brockbank contribute a worthy *In Memoriam* notice of Eustace Thomas; and it is only fitting to note that this issue of the *R.C.J.* is the last to appear under the editorship of Brockbank, who completes 14 years' service in this role—a fine record.

Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal (vol. xxvii)

May 1960. This issue opens fittingly with a photograph of J. H. B. Bell, for 24 years Editor of the *S.M.C.J.*, a great record to which tribute is paid. T. W. Patey's, 'With Arne Randers Heen on the Romsdalshorn' is so light-heartedly written that the Editor is constrained to add a postscript, warning readers to take a grain or two of salt! But they will enjoy the article nonetheless. Tom Weir writes of winter climbing on Lochnagar, which, according to a frivolous song of Aberdeen climbers, is good training for Gasherbrum, Masherbrum and Distaghil Sar. Notes and New Climbs occupy some 30 pp. of the Journal, and there is a noteworthy obituary of W. W. King (cp. *A.J.* 65. 93).

May 1961. 'Modern Scottish Winter Climbing', by J. R. Marshall, takes first place here; several articles deal with mountain security and rescue in various places. As in the previous issue, Scottish mountain accidents are listed in some detail.

South Africa, Journal of the Mountain Club of. 1959. This journal includes 47 short articles totalling 125 pp., so it is unusual to find any one narrative of more than about 3 pp. In 'Pathfinders to the North', K. A. R. Bain tells of the early travellers in the Cape Province who have carved their names on the rocks of Heerenlogement Cave and at Berghfontein Spring, the earliest being in 1682. Jan Graaff has a useful and critical review of the Mountain Club of Kenya's *Guide Book to Mount Kenya and Kilimanjaro* (1959). Most of the other articles deal with individual climbs in all parts of South Africa, some of them evidently of a high standard of rock work. The illustration (p. 98) of The Prow, a 900-ft. spur in the Waterberg Range, N. Transvaal, is striking, and the general quality of all the illustrations is excellent.

T. S. BLAKENEY.