REVIEWS

Everest: The West Ridge. By Thomas F. Hornbein. Edited by David Brower. 201 pp., including illustrations. Sierra Club Exhibit-Format series. Price $25. (George Allen & Unwin, London. 1966. Price £6 6*s*.)

It is hard that this book should be reviewed by a mountaineer, for the expedition which produced it seems to have been tainted by a mood well expressed by Norman Dyhrenfurth himself—'you know how long it took to raise our money and, I repeat, the Swiss have done Everest and Lhotse. If we do less than that as an expedition, to the world, not to mountaineers, we are less successful'. It was hard that 'the world' had to be so much considered, particularly hard on a leader who felt his obligations keenly and must honour them, and who at the same time is every inch a mountaineer. Because of 'the world' the importance of reaching the summit again and again was paramount and in my view, and judging by this book only, exerted a quite disproportionate effect on the conduct of the expedition.

Everest: The West Ridge begins with a 'build-up' worthy of Everest itself: Preface, Foreword, and Introduction, as well as a puzzle-photograph of the Himalaya from outer space and a note on 'the make-up of the book'. There is here great insistence on the difficulties of production and assembly and, in the Editor's Foreword, a most impressive assertion that in spite of all difficulties the two editorial projects, an account of the West Ridge climb and an Exhibit-Format publication, resulted in an unexpectedly good marriage. Perhaps because of the 'build-up', it was without expecting a great deal that I went on to view the rest of this large, glossy and very expensive mixture of picture-book, anthology and straight narrative, in this case the narrative of a most notable climb. The mixture provided is very roughly in the proportion of nine pages pictures, four pages quotation and five pages Hornbein's narrative.

When I am re-reading what are now the older books of mountain exploration I often regret that more photographs were not printed to clarify the text, but going through *The West Ridge* I found myself wishing, since plates were rationed, that there were fewer pictures that had nothing to do with the text. Mountain picture books in recent years have become a fashion and it often seems as though for a mountaineering book a collection of good photographs must first be obtained and that some sort of text, it does not much matter what, may then be attached: indeed I was once approached by a member of the staff of

a well-known magazine and told: 'Gimme your Kodachromes to look at when you get back; if they're spot on, I'll take them; never mind the story, I can make it up'. *The West Ridge* is much better than that, for we are honestly told at the start that there were nearly a hundred Kodachromes that must go in, that they could only be reproduced at the desired quality if there was one page of text for each plate, and that the missing pages of text are filled by 'editorial interludes' which it is hoped will give pleasure. These interludes are mainly quotations from well known writers, and many are old favourites of most mountaineers.

No two men will agree about what should be in an anthology and every man is entitled to his own view about what quotation, if any, can be tolerated beside any particular mountain picture: I myself am irritated when the simple caption of a fine photograph of Kangtega and Thamserku has to share a page with the syrupy phrase 'They were there. . .'.

Given the title *Everest: The West Ridge*, the book is ill-balanced. Out of a hundred pages of text only one-half is given to Hornbein's story; out of ninety-two photographs only nine, including the magnificent frontispiece which is also the cover picture, have anything to do with the West Ridge route or the approach to it from the Western Cwm, and excluding five portraits of American members of the expedition, only thirteen other plates have anything to do with any route at all on Everest. Many of the remaining photographs gave me, having known those valleys and some of the people, intense pleasure, but they are hardly relevant to the West Ridge route, and such an historical mountaineering event as the first traverse of Everest, and the first ascent of one of its ridges, deserves detailed documentation. We all know how difficult it is to obtain a full photographic record of a climb, and perhaps there were no more photographs available, but I wish there had been more and that they had been thought worth reproducing.

The two real merits of the book are a first-hand account of one of the great feats of recent Himalayan mountaineering, and a collection of photographs which, though it sometimes seems that they were chosen at random, are often fine and always superbly reproduced.

Hornbein's own narrative is free from such gratuitous invitations to the critic as occur in some passages not written by him, for instance 'it (i.e. the ascent by the West Ridge) would be the biggest thing still to be accomplished in Himalayan mountaineering' or 'the first surveyor-general of India, Sir George Everest', and though Hornbein modestly suggests that his writing has been 'polished' by others, the substance is Hornbein; it conveys his fanaticism about the West Ridge and his preoccupation with its problems. Though so much journalistic use of direct speech is made that parts of the story are confusing, and

though much use is made of 'edited' recordings, Hornbein's own tale survives and remained for me a centre of interest.

From the early planning stages of the expedition it appears that some members were more drawn to making a new route by the West Ridge (the 'ridgers') and that others were more drawn to the South Col and the greater certainty of reaching the actual summit of Everest (the 'colers'); as Hornbein's tale unfolds, and on the mountain the expedition faces competition for even its large resources, considerable tension develops between the 'ridgers' and 'colers', whose needs for obvious reasons are mutually incompatible; little is heard of the needs of the 'researchers', but presumably the leader's burden was further increased by the need also to hold something back for them. As a mountaineer-reader, I soon became an out-and-out 'ridger' wholly in sympathy with Hornbein; and it seemed to me to need explanation that so few men could be spared to support the 'ridgers', and strange that, out of a team of twenty mountaineers, many attached such importance to the mere gaining of as ummit again and again (even that of Everest) that they chose to repeat the South Col route when the chance of a new route on a vast unexplored mountainside was before them. Hornbein and Unsoeld chose the unknown route, knowing well that this choice lessened their own chances of going to the very top; no mere reader who was not in the Cwm with the team can fail to admire their stubborn resolution, or fail to be persuaded by Hornbein's story that his project and Unsoeld's, noble in the eyes of a mountaineer, was less well supported than it deserved. It is true that there were some notable members of the team and a few Sherpas who helped them on their way, but my impression was that most of the help they had from this huge expedition was in the form of words, sometimes, as on pp. 144–6, not even very encouraging words.

Hornbein's descriptions of storm and calamity on the ridge are as true to life as his description of the climbing higher up and of the the descent to the South Col, and I found his text and Barry Bishop's photograph 'Makalu and descent to South Col' strongly evocative. With the help of Al Auten, Barry Corbet, Dick Emerson (it is sometimes tiresome to have to sort out the Als, Barrys and Dicks) and five Sherpas, Ang Dorje, Ila Tsering, Tenzing Gyaltso, Tenzing Nindra and Passang Tendi (none of them, I have the impression, hitherto regarded as first class), they in one day pioneered a route to Camp V at over 27,200 ft. and occupied the camp, a remarkable feat of combined route-finding and porterage. Hornbein and Unsoeld left this camp on May 22 and very soon encountered difficult rotten rock down which they thought retreat would be impossible: about 1500 ft. of unknown ground still lay between them and the top. They now faced a problem (familiar to mountaineers) in a form more precise, more limited, and

more urgent than when, as members of a large team, they had earlier accepted the risk of the Khumbu ice-fall: 'Is the top, or the route, worth this much risk to my life, my companion's life, our feet, our fingers, or the risk to others of a possible rescue operation?' On Everest the same question may have put itself as precisely years ago to Mallory and Irvine, or it may not: we shall never know. The question is one of calculating the degree of risk as best we can and then deciding whether that much calculated risk is too great or is acceptable for the prize in view, or for any prize. The element of a gamble about accepting the risk may be very small indeed, but some element of it there must be as long as there are unknowns to face: a band of unclimbable rock in the case of the 'ridgers', or a serious change for the worse in the weather. Tom Bourdillon and I faced the same general question in a very clearly defined form on Everest's South Summit in 1953, when a cold-blooded assessment could be attempted. It is not clear whether Hornbein and Unsoeld could make their decision in cold blood, but it is clear that they came to a point from which they could only go up. At this point, either deliberately or almost imperceptibly (and to which of us, as mountaineers, has this not sometimes happened?) they had burnt their boats, and now only the utmost climbing skill, determination, endurance and courage would enable them to survive; fortunately Hornbein and Unsoeld had these qualities, and they reached the top at 6.30 in the evening, at dusk. They needed also luck with the weather, for if they had sat out their enforced high bivouac that night in the sort of conditions we experienced on the South Col on the night of May 26, 1953, I do not believe that the 'ridgers' or Bishop and Jerstad, the two 'colers' who waited for them below the South Summit, could have survived.

Deliberately taken, such decisions as that of Hornbein and Unsoeld, to go 'up and over', are a part of the climbing scene today, but would have been condemned a generation ago by many fine mountaineers of judgment as not being in the best traditions of the sport; it may be arguable by some devotees that mountaineering is more than a sport, but it is certainly not to be confused with war. What would have been unjustifiable decisions a generation ago may be justifiable today on the grounds that knowledge (much of it the sum of the experience of previous generations) enables the degree of risk to be very closely calculated; they can never be justified by carelessness about the relative values of the possible price to be paid and the prize to be won, matters which every individual has a duty to weigh and decide for himself.

Everest: The West Ridge provokes the reader who was not there to ask himself tantalising questions: Am I right in my impression that the splendid idea of the West Ridge was somehow played down until

the attempt itself became an under-privileged and therefore risky side-show? If my impression is right, why was this allowed to happen after Everest had been climbed from the South Col? Was the decision to accept the risk of the traverse deliberate? If deliberate, was it justified? Success may be said to be absolutely its own justification, but the tone of Hornbein's concluding paragraphs is one of doubt, even tinged with sadness and disappointment. Early in Hornbein's story there is a hint of the expectation of some revelation on Everest, hint of a hope of some experience that will help a man to live with himself. Is Hornbein telling us at the end, like others before him, that the attainment of no success, no summit, no great route, can in itself give peace; that peace lies within ourselves, in knowing our values and our strength to do what seems right?

For me the most telling quotation in the book is Barry Bishop's on p. 169: 'There are no true victors, only survivors', a quotation perfectly matched with the great photograph of Makalu and the descent to the South Col, showing in the foreground two small descending figures which must be Hornbein and Unsoeld, the latter with feet later to be found 'marble-white' and 'hard as ice', the former to write later: 'The goal, unattainable, had been attained. Or had it? The questions, many of them, remained. And the answers? It is strange how when a dream is fulfilled there is little left but doubt.'

R. C. EVANS.

Spedizioni d'Alpinismo in Groenlandia. By Guido Monzino. Pp. 424. Illustrations. Mondadori, Verona, 1966. (No price)

THIS book records in text and photographs the activities of six expeditions to Greenland. Each summer, from 1960–64, Guido Monzino took a party numbering from nine to twenty-one members, to travel in the coastal regions, three times to the west coast and twice to the Staunings Alps on the east coast. The sixth expedition was a short spring sledging trip near Umanak (70°30′ N.) in April, 1962.

A remarkable feature of these expeditions was their short duration; on the longest the members were only away from Milan for four and a half weeks, while for most of them they were away about three weeks. They were, in fact, holidays in Greenland rather than expeditions in the accepted sense. Such is the accessibility of Greenland, given the judicious use of air travel.

Each of these expeditions is clearly summarised in the text; in addition there are numerous maps, and technical notes and black and white drawings of the peaks climbed, the best being three fine peaks climbed from the Viking glacier in the Staunings Alps in 1964. Boat travel was a major feature of the expeditions to the west coast, and in the summer of

1962 they travelled from Søndrestromfjord (67° N.) in the south to Thule (76° 30′ N.) in the north.

However, this book of 400-odd pages will be valued most as a fine album of black and white and colour photographs. The majority are just attractive records of mountains, fjords, icebergs, and the Greenlanders' way of life, but I picked out a dozen, including some monochrome, which were pictures I would have gladly framed and hung.

The photographs as a whole confirmed my memory of Greenland. It is not predominantly a mountainous country. Mountains are there in their thousands, but the overall impression given by these photographs is horizontal rather than vertical. They present Greenland as a land of great beauty, of extraordinary clarity of atmosphere, with far horizons ever beckoning.

How about going there next summer?

F. R. BROOKE.

Spedizioni d'Alpinismo in Africa. By Guido Monzino. Pp. 348. Illustrations. Mondadori, Verona, 1966. (No price)

OUR member Guido Monzino has produced for those interested in African mountains a lavishly illustrated book, dedicated to his companions, the guides and porters of Valtournanche. He describes five expeditions carried out between 1959 and 1965 over the Christmas and New Year holiday periods when conditions in Africa are propitious. Only one lasted over three weeks out from and back to Italy—such are the benefits of the jet age.

The book opens with a brief general survey of the mountain ranges of the whole continent (all the South African peaks being oddly lumped together under 'Drakensberg') and then passes to the five expeditions, to Kilimanjaro, Mount Kenya, the Ruwenzori, Tibesti and Hoggar. Each account is prefaced by general notes and the mountaineering history (which must have involved a lot of painstaking work). There are excellent small and large scale maps and clear sketches of peaks with routes marked. Each trip is described tersely in diary form.

On Kilimanjaro, Gillman's Point was climbed and the night spent in camp pitched in the neighbouring Johannesscharte. No attempt seems to have been made to reach the summit of Kibo, Uhuru Peak (Kaiser Wilhelmspitze), lack of acclimatisation doubtless being the reason.

On Mount Kenya, Batian and Nelion were climbed by the now ordinary route, as was Margherita the culminating summit of the Ruwenzori. (There is a minor historical error here. Pat Neylan did not take part in the first ascent of Elizabeth Peak; he generously remained at the bivouac in order not to slow down the party by the addition of a third member).

The Tibesti and Hoggar expeditions are wisely described in greater

detail, as is fitting for less familiar areas, and there are more detailed maps and route sketches. Prehistoric graffiti in the Tibesti region are dealt with in an illustrated appendix.

Other appendices give technical details of climbs on all five expeditions, a list of equipment required for the Hoggar trip and hints on Kilimanjaro and the Ruwenzori supplied by the Kilimanjaro and Uganda Mountain Clubs (equipment, porters, food, rates of pay and general information). A useful bibliography concludes the book.

Above all it is well illustrated in colour and monochrome. The standard of photography (for which Mario Fantin was generally responsible) is very high, but reproduction leaves a little to be desired.

DOUGLAS BUSK.

Men and the Matterhorn. By Gaston Rébuffat. Translated by Eleanor Brockett. Pp. 222. 118 illustrations, 23 in full colour. Nicholas Vane (Publishers) Ltd., 1967. Price 63*s*.

GASTON RÉBUFFAT is known to all mountain-lovers and readers of mountain literature as one of the greatest guides of the day, a man of high intelligence, a writer and lecturer with a strong poetic gift for evoking every facet of the many-sided mountain scene, a first class photographer with both still and ciné camera, and a mover of superb skill and grace on rock, snow and ice. It is therefore disconcerting to be left for once in a state of no great enthusiasm by a book wearing his name.

'Men and the Matterhorn'—perhaps that is the trouble from the outset? What is there, after all, to be said any more about the Matterhorn and that wide variety of men who have been drawn by its magic spell to attack it, climb it, photograph it, goggle at it, or debase it into a publicity symbol and an ad-gimmick for the sales promotion of anything from watches to tooth-paste?

After all that has been written, argued, re-written and re-argued about Whymper's triumph-disaster; after all the press, film and television publicity the Swiss trumpeted to the world only two years ago to mark the centenary of that most notorious of alpine sagas; is there really room for a book, the greater part of which is devoted to re-telling a story that even the non-mountaineer must now know almost by heart, and re-telling it far less evocatively than did *The Day the Rope Broke*?

The detailed and authentic history of subsequent climbs, successful or tragically less so, which makes up the rest of the book, holds little new for the regular reader of mountaineering books and journals. Guido Rey, Emile Gos and many other devoted lovers of the peak—Rébuffat successfully conveys his own love-relation—have all given it to us before; till there seems little more to write about it than that it is unique, the most dramatic of alpine mountains—though surely not, as the author claims, the most beautiful in the world? And that men will therefore

continue to be drawn to climb it, photograph it, goggle at it and advertise by it? But, may we hope, not to write books about it?

Eleanor Brockett's translation is as readable as ever, but a number of misprints have slipped through: e.g., Mi*s*habel, pp. 16 and 62; B*e*rgener, p. 51; Dole*n*, p. 76; Bersaglier*o*, p. 166. And the statement, on p. 53, that (from the Schwarzsee) 'the party climbed nearly 11,000 ft. towards the Hörnli Ridge' must surely embody another typographical error.

Even the photographs—always excepting a high proportion of Bradford Washburn's superb aerial shots (particularly pp. 54/5 and 68/9)—for once leave much to be desired. Whether the fault lies with the originals or with reproduction it is difficult to judge; but many of the black-and-white pictures appear to be enlarged beyond the number of diameters the originals could tolerate. In many of the colour-plates there is a greenish 'cast' overlaying even rock faces and level snow, though a few are dramatically, and fewer still chromatically, successful. However, the reproduction of old sketches by Whymper and others, if many of them are familiar, is a pleasant feature.

We will all, I am sure, look forward to another of Gaston Rébuffat's splendid books about his mountain life; on the whole, three guineas seems rather a high price for this one.

HUGH MERRICK.

The Conways: a History of Three Generations. By Joan Evans. Pp. 308. Illustrations. The Museum Press, London, 1966. Price 30*s*.

THE THREE generations dealt with here are of Martin Conway, his father and his daughter; only the first-named need concern the *A.J.* The book is based on Martin Conway's diaries and papers, left to Miss Joan Evans by the daughter, Agnes, and it is a matter for satisfaction that Miss Evans should have undertaken the duty bequeathed to her, for all who know her books will know that she is exceptionally expert for such a task.

Claude Wilson (*A.J. 49.* 252) wrote that 'some day, some one may write a "Life" of Conway, which will do justice to his varied activities', and readers of the panegyrics written at the time of Conway's death may well find Miss Evans's study something of an eye-opener. She says of him (p. 8), 'I had, and have, an amused liking for Martin Conway . . . yet I see him as a man of interesting but fallible taste, too anxious to make a quick impression to be a serious scholar; an adventurer in the bad as well as the good sense of the word, too much interested in making a quick profit to figure among the great explorers'.

Again and again, throughout the book, we are reminded of this verdict, and it is hardly too much to say that the impression one gains of Martin Conway is a disagreeable one. Selfish and somewhat superficial, all his life he sponged on people: on his widowed mother, while at Cambridge;

on Henry Bradshaw, the University Librarian; and, pre-eminently, on his wife and her family. Had his 'in-laws' not been long suffering about paying the debts of Conway, the latter might on numerous occasions have come to grief. He endeavoured to turn his Andean expedition of 1898 to profit, by obtaining a large concession of land which he tried to float in the form of rather doubtful companies; but his dreams of vast gold mines, of immense contracts for building railways, of rubber syndicates, all came to little or nothing. People did not put up the capital to enable Conway to make fat profits.

Mountaineering, for all that he virtually ceased it in 1901, at the age of forty-five, was among his more persistent loves, and his contributions there were real. *The Zermatt Pocket Book* (1881) was the forerunner of the Conway and Coolidge *Guides* (in which Coolidge did nearly all the work); if the two Spitsbergen expeditions achieved little (the books were dull and sold badly), the Karakoram and Andean trips made their mark.

Nevertheless, Miss Evans's book tends to cut Conway down to size. It is his daughter, Agnes, who is the best figure in the volume: terribly injured as a child, she rose superior to great disfigurement and one is glad to know that she obtained some happiness in her married life with an archaeologist. Conway himself can hardly have been much comfort to her.

T. S. BLAKENEY.

White Horizons. By Myrtle Simpson. Pp. 191. Illustrations. Victor Gollancz, London, 1967. Price 32*s*. 6*d*.

THIS book contains no mountaineering, but it is an excellent tale of adventure in Greenland, by a party that crossed from east to west, man-hauling all the way. They followed a more northerly route than that taken by Nansen in 1888; the journey was not a stunt, but was designed to study the effects of stress, both physical and moral, on adrenaline activity.

Readers of Mrs. Simpson's earlier book, *Home is a Tent*, will know that she and her family (husband and three small children) make their journeys together so far as practicable. In Greenland it was not possible to take even the eldest (aged five) on a trans-ice-cap journey; the party had all they could do to drag their loads as it was. But the children flew out to meet them at the expedition's western terminus, and to enjoy camp life among Eskimos.

One of the most fascinating features of the book is to get a woman's 'slant' on such a journey; hardy as Mrs. Simpson is (she has lived with aborigines in Australia; climbed in Peru—all before marriage; and conducted journeys in Iceland and Spitsbergen with infants aged only a few months), she found the physical strain and the mental stress (even if unconsciously) severe and more exacting than the three men did (the

adrenal gland registered these tensions faithfully, for each one of them). Indeed, Mrs. Simpson expresses doubt (p. 110) whether 'a team of women alone could cross the Greenland ice; I think their ability to keep slogging on would be flooded by emotion, which would lose them the day'.

The exhausting nature of the journey is by no means the whole subject of this book; the Simpsons have a gift for getting on with people, and at both ends of the trip made friends with the Eskimos; their children of course proving a great asset in this respect, as, some years ago, the two small boys had been in the jungles of Dutch Guiana, where they almost stole the show.

Mrs. Simpson is a forthright writer and is not afraid to criticise famous names in Polar travel—Greely, Scott, Watkins; though Nansen is always a hero to her. The party were repulsed by the impenetrable inability of the Americans they encountered at an Early Warning (against atomic attacks) Station, midway across Greenland, to rid themselves of the cloying American Way of Life; but she remembers to record also that extra food packages were bestowed upon them by the Americans when the sledge party continued on its journey.

This is a very readable book, about a first-rate adventure. If it was hard work running the journey, it was hard work, too, organising and raising funds. Perhaps the remark made on p. 23, that they were unlucky in their appeals to Geographic Societies and to the Mount Everest Foundation might have been worded more accurately, for the M.E.F. *did* give them a grant, though less than they had hoped for.

T. S. BLAKENEY.

SHORTER NOTICES

Selected Climbs in the Mont Blanc Range. Vols. I and II. Edited by R. G. Collomb and P. Crew. Pp. 241 and 185. Diagrams and maps. The Alpine Club, London, 1967. Price 35*s*. and 28*s*.

THESE two volumes are a revised and enlarged version of the single volume in 1957 and reviewed in *A.J. 63*. 143. Between them they describe 328 routes, evolved not only 'from eliminating uninteresting climbs and minor variations but also from an attempt to estimate which climbs will be popular with British parties in the future'.

Volume I covers the area from the Col de la Seigne to the Col du Géant and Volume II carries on from there to the Petit Col Ferret and Fenêtre d'Arpette. Sixty-eight diagrams cover the routes.

The editors, in spite of the expert opinions to the contrary of Sir Gavin de Beer and the late Professor Graham Brown, give a further

lease of life to the story that Marie Couttet made the first ascent of the Bosses arête by himself *c.* 1840.

Dents du Midi and *Bregaglia West*. Edited by Peter Crew. Pp. 92 and 86. Diagrams and maps. West Col Productions, Reading, 1967. Price 18*s.* and 16*s.*

BOTH these little books are volumes in the West Col Alpine Guides series. The *Dents du Midi* is an interim guide-book pending the inclusion of the Argentine region, and gives details of nearly seventy routes covering the Midi—Tour Sallière—Ruan—Prazon—Tenneverge groups. The six diagrams, on which not all the routes are shown, are not of the standard of those in the S.A.C. and Vallot guides and an index would have been a welcome addition to the book.

Bregaglia West is the first in a series of three guide-books to be devoted to the Bernina and Bregaglia groups. It covers the area between the Zocca Pass and Piz Badile and gives a selection of popular and recommended climbs compiled by Robin G. Collomb and Peter Crew. Fifty-five routes are described.

There seems little use in quoting bus or railway fares in any guide-book; fares are subject to revision and may be increased at any time. Comparison with the current Swiss time-table shows that those quoted on pp. 19–20 are already out of date.

La Chaîne du Mont Blanc, III: Aiguille Verte—Triolet—Dolent—Argentière—Trient. Guide Vallot. Third edition. By Lucien Devies and Pierre Henry. Pp. 497. 81 sketches and diagrams. B. Arthaud, Paris, 1967.

LITTLE need be said of this excellent guide. Previous editions appeared in 1949 and 1959. The new edition includes ascents made in 1965 and has also particulars of first ascents of each summit and route. A winter ascent, it may be noted, is defined by the authors as one taking place during the calendar winter, between December 21 and March 20 inclusive. It is to be hoped that these dates will in future be universally adopted.

747 routes are described as against 614 in the previous edition. In spite of this, space has been found to include a vast amount of historical information, a welcome feature that is too often crowded out of modern guide books. The book will be invaluable to anyone visiting the district, and to the historian.

Zwischen Munjan und Bashgal. By Wolfgang Frey. Pp. 56. Illustrations and maps. Arbeitsgemeinschaft 'Klettern und Bergsteigen' der Ortsgruppe Göppingen e.V. im TVdN, Göppingen, 1967. Price D.M. 4.50.

THIS little book contains an account of the exploration of the Munjan–Bashgal area of the Central Afghan Hindu Kush between 1961 and

1965. During these years seven expeditions visited the region between Koh-i-Chrebek, 6290 m., and the Weran Pass, including the Scottish 1965 expedition, and one in which the author himself took part in the course of which seventeen first ascents were made.

A detailed list of all the peaks climbed is given and there are additional chapters on the vegetation of the Central Afghan Hindu Kush and on the flowering plants of the Hindu Kush, this last by Sayyed Akram.

In addition to the maps in the text, one covering the whole region on a scale of 1:50,000 is provided as a free supplement and this indicates both climbed and unclimbed peaks. Although the 6000-ers of the region have fallen there remain many virgin peaks in the 5000 m. range.

A useful book, both to those intending to visit the district and as a work of reference.

Copies may be obtained from the author at Stöcklestrasse 24a, D.74 Tübingen, Germany.

Carneddau (Climbers' Club Guides to Wales, No. 1). By A. J. J. Moulam. Second edition. Climbers' Club, 1966. Price not stated.

MOULAM's first edition of this guide appeared sixteen years ago. The present volume will be welcomed, not only because its predecessor has been unobtainable for some time, but because much of the best climbing in this rather despised area has been done since it was published. For example, Moulam's own great route, Mur y Niwl, which quickly became a classic, was done too late to appear in the original guide; ane there are now six routes on that wall alone. The same sort of advancd has been made on Llech Ddu, the only other genuinely formidable cliff of the Carneddau. The Crafnant valley has been almost completely opened up as a climbing ground since 1950, and other examples could be mentioned.

All this new material is included in the new edition of the guide, and the older route descriptions have been revised. Four crags which properly belong to the Glyders, but are more conveniently dealt with in the Carneddau volume, are also described.

Not surprisingly, the guide is much thicker than its predecessor; in fact, it is now the bulkiest of the C.C. Welsh guides. This is not entirely because of the extra material. The C.C. has resorted to a new printer, who uses slightly thicker paper and definitely larger print. No doubt, this change was made in the interests of economy, and one cannot quarrel with it if so; but the guide is slightly less satisfactory to handle and to read than other recent guides in the C.C. series. Its content is excellent, though, and it may be obtained from Messrs. Jackson and Warr Ltd., 1–2, Hardwick Street, London, E.C.1.

An Introduction to Mountaineering. By George Alan Smith. Pp. xiv, 134, illustrations. New and revised edition. Thomas Yoseloff, Ltd., London. 1967. Price 42*s*.

A NEW edition of a book first published in America in 1957. Its main purpose is to teach the rudiments of mountaineering: it does not deal with advanced technique, but has the beginner in mind all the time. The beginner will find the advice is sound; the outlook is conservative, if not old-fashioned.

Mallory of Everest. By Showell Styles. Pp. 157, illustrations. Hamish Hamilton, London. 1967. Price 21*s*.

THIS is a disappointing book: it is hardly a study of Mallory, but is a *réchauffé* of the first three Everest expeditions, with some special emphasis on Mallory's activities on them. There is little or nothing new: the book has neither index nor bibliography, though one feels that it would have been reasonable to make some acknowledgement to W. H. Murray's *The Story of Everest*, to which it would seem to be in debt.

Tiger in the Snow. By Walter Unsworth. Pp. 126, illustrations. Victor Gollancz, London, 1967. Price 18*s*.

THIS is a study of Mummery's life, and as such should appeal to mountaineers. The difficulty in this sort of work is the lack of material: Mummery was under the age of forty when he died, and as his wife said in her introduction to his book, he had in contemplation plenty of plans for future climbs. In fact, his recorded ascents are relatively few, though Freshfield's tribute to him indicates that not all his climbs are known to us.

As it is, any study of Mummery tends very largely to be a re-telling of the stories in *My Climbs*, and there is no real substitute for this last. Within these limits, Mr. Unsworth has told his tale adequately.