

REVIEWS

Henriette D'Angeville au Mont-Blanc. By Emile Gaillard. Pp. 155, with many illustrations. Editions Lire, Chambéry.

IN his account of this 'Ascension Romantique' made in 1838, our Honorary Member M. Emile Gaillard has brought within reach of the general reader one of the most interesting descriptions of early mountaineering that has ever been written. His short book is based almost entirely on the *Carnet Vert*, the notebook in which Henriette took notes and made sketches on the spot during her ascent, and the *Album* in which she took immense pains to ensure the preservation of its treasured memories.

M. Gaillard's claims for this latter work are high: 'le plus alerte, le plus vivant, le plus sincère et le plus détaillé que le Mont-Blanc ait jamais inspiré à l'un de ses vainqueurs.' The extensive quotations from the text and the illustrations he has been privileged to reproduce show that the claims are not exaggerated. No less than eight artists were chosen to depict the scenes so well retained by the author's vivid memory and powers of precise observation. The portraits of guides and porters are likenesses, the grouping and attitudes are natural; even the mountain forms, as in the pictures of Chamonix, are far more realistic than the impossibly attenuated caricatures in most pictures of the period. The great staircase of the Mur de la Côte is an exception, possibly because Henriette was then feeling at her worst and desperately sleepy.

Two specially interesting figures are those of Joseph-Marie Couttet and Jean Mugnier, the second porter. Reading of Couttet's care and skill in valeting Henriette recalls a passage in E. T. Cook's *Life of Ruskin*: 'The letters home (written by Ruskin from Chamonix in 1845) show how carefully Couttet guided, guarded and physicked his charge.' Jean Mugnier, the youngest of the party (31), though a mere porter, appears to have been more at home on a big mountain than any of them. He reconnoitres the route above the Grands Mulets, seems to have spent the night there happily dangling his legs over the cliff, was lent to the two other parties and led from the Grands Mulets to the top of the Mur de la Côte, and was so far from showing the signs of distress usual at that point that he offered to carry Henriette to the top. No wonder she strongly recommended his promotion from porter to guide. His name appears first in the list of guides in the only ascent of 1844. With his strange axe (was it the only one in the party?), the carrier pigeon in its cage, his huge straw hat and loaded rucksack, he is a pleasing and interesting figure.

The oldest guide, Tronchet, is 52. Readers over 50 may learn with envy that his age conferred on him 'le triste privilège de ne rien porter.' One or two of us know from personal experience that the privilege is still enjoyed, though the age limit seems to have been raised a few years.

The list of provisions includes *blanc manger*, for which a recipe is

given ; it sounds sustaining and easy to eat when food is unattractive. Everest climbers might take note. The heroine's costume worn above the Grands Mulets only arouses wonder that she should have carried it as well as herself to the summit. The use of the bâton as a sort of balustrade for the traveller walking over glaciers, as in Saussure's ascent fifty years before, rather than roping him to guides, suggests that the danger to the latter of being dragged down with him into a crevasse was at least as present to their minds as his safety.

Maria Paradis, the only woman to precede Henriette on the summit, provided much entertainment at the banquet given to the guides to celebrate this exceptional ascent. The contrast between what these two women expected and what they got from their ascents is most striking. Henriette stands out among all the early climbers of Mont Blanc as a genuine lover of the great mountain, simply for what it was. She had no sort of scientific object in view. Her personal observations on the summit of the small effect of altitude on sound are delightfully unscientific ! Her mountaineering activities did not cease with this great achievement, as was the case with so many of her predecessors. The chapters which describe her winter visit to the Signal de Retord and her astonishing ascent of the Oldenhorn in her seventieth year, in city garb and *bottines*, are further evidence that she had the whole root of the matter in her. A love of adventure without a trace of the adventuress, a quite remarkable emancipation from convention and a magnificent reserve of strength and determination characterise this vivid personality, a true prototype of the genuine enthusiast, for whom mountains become and remain transmitters of the best things in life. And, remembering the vehemence of claims for credit in Alpine literature, none will cast a stone at her for not being 'insensible à la gloriëtte.' We owe M. Gaillard a real debt for turning such a full and attractive light upon her.

R. L. G. IRVING.

Mount Everest 1938. By H. W. Tilman. Pp. 159, with 49 photographs, two maps and two diagrams. Cambridge University Press, 1948. Price 15s. net.

MAJOR TILMAN justifies the writing of a sixth official account of a Mount Everest expedition on grounds of continuity and because of certain new aspects in the organisation and conduct of this expedition. He need have no misgivings as to the value of his book ; not only does it supply new and useful data bearing on the problem of Mount Everest but the story is eminently readable. Those who have read his previous books will make allowances for his habit of understatement, which cannot minimise the fine achievements of his most efficient party pitted against impossible conditions ; while his characteristic brand of dry humour provides a spice to descriptions of the earlier routine stages of the expedition. The book is arranged with an introduction, eight chapters of narrative, a final chapter of reflections and four appendices. The photographs are of a uniform standard of excellence, well worth their place, even if some of the subject matter is becoming rather familiar. I would call particular attention to no. 29, facing page 132, which brings

out, as does no previous photograph I have seen, the true steepness of the N. face of the mountain between Camp 6 and the great couloir and supplies an answer to suggestions that Camp 6 might be established closer to the latter.

In its initial stages the expedition proceeded according to plan, and it was only when contact was made with the mountain that the party came up against weather conditions somewhat of the type of those experienced once before in 1936 when the North Col was the limit of achievement. In 1938, however, Camps 5 and 6 at 25,500 and 27,200 ft. respectively were established and a reconnaissance pushed by two successive parties to a height of some 27,300 ft. and within 100 ft. or so of the N.E. ridge. This operation, carried out with the minimum of fuss and under most difficult conditions, is an interesting commentary on the strides that have been made since, in 1924, the establishment of Camp 6 at a lower point and under excellent conditions was considered something of an achievement. The party made a valuable contribution to future planning by its thorough test of the western approach to the North Col. Even in a year when the N.W. wind had not its usual devastating quality there would seem to have been nothing here to tempt a future expedition to waste time on this alternative approach. Some fresh light is thrown on the oxygen problem which was studied more exhaustively than hitherto. Suffice it to say at this stage, however, that results remain inconclusive.

It is perhaps in the introductory and final chapters that the greatest interest of the book centres, and here Major Tilman deals with some very controversial points.

On the subject of large versus small expeditions, including the question of expense, it is perhaps a reasonable criticism to say that the author protests a trifle too much in his advocacy of the small and cheap. For surely after the results of 1935 this issue may be taken as decided in principle; few will now be found to advocate a reversion to the mammoth expeditions of the '20's and '30's, both British and foreign, with their superfluous personnel and elaborate equipment, their wireless installations *et hoc genus omne*. Apart from all considerations of sentiment, to which Major Tilman does full justice, it is more than doubtful if the requisite funds will be forthcoming in the future for an expedition on the grand scale. The whole point, of course, is to define what constitutes a small expedition to Mount Everest. Without attempting here to cover the ground I would confine myself to two pleas. First, let us not omit a doctor from a future expedition, for the necessity for expert medical advice has been proved again and again on such expeditions to the high Himalaya; the Alpine Club can produce a steady supply of the dual purpose article, doctor and climber. Secondly, in deciding on the number of climbers it is well to remember how high a proportion of carefully selected mountaineers prove unfit for high altitudes on their first essay. We shall not soon again dispose of such a galaxy of tried and tested Himalayan talent as made up the 1938 expedition.

On the subject of ration scale Major Tilman touches perhaps the most controversial subject of all : his book makes it quite clear that his possibly extreme theories did not carry 100 per cent. of the expedition with him. None the less there is a lot of sound sense in his views. One thing is quite certain—that the most Lucullan scale of provisioning will not escape caustic criticism when applied above the base camp on Mount Everest. On the vexed question of the inclusion of scientists and their equipment Major Tilman probably hits the nail on the head when he says in effect : ‘ All the science you like in the Himalaya, but not as a major object on Mount Everest.’

Finally on the subject of oxygen the author is—as ever—clear cut in his views—he would dispense with it, if for no other reason for this : that even were the mountain climbed with oxygen we should immediately organise an expedition to climb it without—a possibly new, and certainly a forcible argument. The whole question is one into which sentiment enters very largely ; it is a matter of mountaineering ethics, but one practical argument against an oxygen apparatus as so far developed must never be forgotten. In the last 1000 ft. of the climb and particularly in the vicinity of the great couloir it would almost inevitably prove a real man-killer. The margin of balance is too delicate to admit of any such handicap.

The appendices contain much of interest and value, but I confess that it is with some astonishment that I find Major Tilman devoting some ten pages to a serious attempt to establish the existence of the ‘ abominable snow man.’ At first I suspected a leg pull, but on mature consideration I lean to the idea that here again is a matter of sentiment, and that the author is irresistibly attracted to a being who spends his life above the snow line, presumably inadequately clad, living on air—and very thin air at that.

E. F. NORTON.

British Hills and Mountains. By Peter Bicknell. Pp. 48, including 9 coloured and 23 uncoloured reproductions of drawings and paintings. Collins, London, 1947. Price 5s.

THE scrupulous care taken in the writing of such a book could easily have prevented us from seeing the wood for the trees, or rather from seeing the ranges for the mountains, and the mountains for their faces ; while avoidance of this disaster might have led to insipidity. The reader is safe from either danger. To sincerity is added the charm of piquancy : the author is an architect, a man seemingly destined by fate to build us, and with us what our great grandfathers would have called Nature, into a carefully planned strait-waistcoat of a highly unadorned and unflowered kind. But this is no triumph of logical planning, complete with its derisive Nemesis smiling at the coming dominance of unappreciated factors ; but full appreciation, great and wide, even of rocks, their colour unclassified by the British Colour Council, tumbling about in disorder, and bestrewn with flowers. It gives us two things long waited for : an informed, well written summary, and illustrations of such wealth of stimulation that on putting

it down we find ourselves new men, sharing the minds of others. The keynote is struck by the first illustration, a drawing by Joshua Crittall, which stirs imagination and memory profoundly ; and by the brief but great introduction. These two could keep one going for many weeks of mountain experience, inside one's own room, and at the end one would know more of the mountains and of oneself than before.

Short accounts are given of the hills, of their shaping, of their discovery, and of their immediate future. Mr. Bicknell is not only good when he takes us up over the hills, but fortunate in his rare occasions when he lures us down to controversy. By saying that the Cairngorms are something altogether different from anything else in British hills, something on a larger scale, he leads your reviewer back to a distant Highland interior. By the fireside sit Norman Collie, Cecil Slingsby, and Colin Phillip, who, the other two say, knows more and understands more of the Highlands than any man. Phillip is speaking : ' The Moor of Rannoch is different, for sheer scale of landscape, from anything else in Britain ; it would fit into something of almost Himalayan dimensions ; how it got slipped into our little island is a mystery. The Cairngorms ? Oh ! . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . but, for sheer scale, Rannoch.'

We are led into other company by a phrase about Turner's ' bewildering virtuosity.' This time our author is almost shouted down from all sides : ' Turner was undoubtedly an able man ; but he never let his ability dictate to his perception. If there was anything remarkable about him, apart from his immense greatness as an artist, it was not virtuosity, but energy and industry beyond the vitality of ordinary men. *Virtuosity* belittles him.' ' Great painting doesn't come from expertness, but from intense fear of great failure. Rembrandt was *afraid*. Holbein was *afraid*, as every line of the Windsor drawings proves. Greatness comes from a heroic effort to meet an immense opportunity.'

And then Mr. Bicknell leads us up again over the mountains, to ' climb slowly up one of these glens to the watershed and then drop suddenly to the western sea, into a different world, an enchanted land.' The author enumerates the dangers now threatening our hills as never before. The most lasting damage of all is being done by the raising of lake levels. Professor Collie had it from the Geological Survey that no new shore line could be built up in our hills in less than 10,000 years ; till it had, the new water line would be a line of drowning on a hillside, with none of the characteristics of a lake shore.

The author has had to compress himself into the equivalent of 24 pages of text. He must have suffered. To complain of omissions and brevities would be ungrateful ; two, however, are of such importance that they should be noted. It is our misfortune that the first painters to penetrate the wilder recesses of the Western Highlands were of a generation that painted in an idiom now usually incomprehensible to us. It is a law of painting of all periods that the current language of the grandparents is as a closed book to their grandchildren.

Some of the explorers said notable things ; their prince was Colin Phillip, the first man to model a Highland hillside in full richness of form ; his intellectual mastery was completely subservient to mountain enchantment. His enrichment of perception of the Highlands was without parallel ; without one of his watercolours, the illustrations seem incomplete : the principal figure after Turner is missing. Unless an account of mountains is limited, as this is not, to geology, say, or flora, or climbing, the next most important subject to the mountains themselves would appear to be the hillmen who have lived among them so long. The bridges that can link the thoughts of the climbers with those of the hillmen are not numerous. Here at home we have the complications of language, of confusing geographical pattern of Gaelic, Iberian and Scandinavian ancestries, and in the north-west, of a time gap which seems as effective a barrier as the gap between the climber in the Dauphiné and the descendants of the Saracens in the valleys below him, in spite of their Moorish customs. This is not a book specifically about climbing ; yet, while twenty sympathetic lines are given to the hillmen, 180 are given to the climbing of their mountains by us their visitors. It is of course doubtful if these 20 lines could be amplified to 150 without their taking charge and gate-crashing into several thousand ; and it might be difficult to give a proper account without betraying confidences. As climbers we will acquiesce in the virtual omission of the hillmen. As mountaineers we will regret it. The last word should be one of thanks and congratulation to the author.

NOEL ROOKE.

Alpine Roundabout. By Anthony M. Robinson. Pp. ix, 214, with author's illustrations. Chapman & Hall, Ltd., London, 1947.

ONE is at times tempted, possibly with a tinge of malice, to wonder whether there lives a mountaineer who can resist the temptation to indulge in reminiscences, the more so when wars and economic crises conspire to keep him away from the high peaks. Mr. Robinson is no exception, but we would not begrudge him his personal indulgence, for, unlike many of his fellow mountaineers, he has a pleasing facility for describing what he sees and hears and a happy knack of recalling to his nostalgic reader those half-forgotten sounds or incidents of a climb. His descriptions of a moonlit night at the Cabane de Valsorey or sunset at the Mountet, or again of the view from the Cima di Jazzi, are happy examples, which, with the minimum of effort, transport one in a flash to those delectable places.

Mr. Robinson began his mountaineering career in the traditional manner, and his was a different approach to the Alps from that more frequently adopted in the present age by highly skilled rock climbers, who, having exhausted most of the 'Severes' on British cliffs, thereupon tackle the great Alpine peaks without first serving their apprenticeship on snow and ice. He was fortunate to have parents who took him to Switzerland for their summer holidays, and so it came about that he found himself one day gazing with incredulity at the N. wall of the

Eiger soon after leaving Schwendi en route for Grindelwald. It seems that, from this moment, the urge for the high hills truly took hold of him, although one wonders whether this same spectacle might not, by its sheer ferocity, have the opposite effect on incipient mountaineers. Walks and easy expeditions in and around Grindelwald followed, including a night walk in an organised party up the Faulhorn to see the sunrise, the discomforts of which savour of Mark Twain. It is, however, pleasant to think that, in this mechanical age, people will still trouble to put up with some discomfort for the sake of witnessing the most glorious of nature's spectacles—dawn on the high hills.

Thence we follow gladly, and without nervous strain, in Mr. Robinson's footsteps as he takes us, usually with a guide in the lead, up the peaks and across the glaciers of the Oberland and Valais. For it is to these two regions that he returns again and again, with brief excursions to Tyrol, the Tarentaise and Mont Blanc. The reader must not look for accounts of expeditions of great difficulty, for Mr. Robinson was usually content to climb the great peaks by the best known routes, an exception being the Rotengrat of the Alphubel. But he will, on the other hand, find Mr. Robinson tending more and more to look for the more neglected peaks, and some of the most pleasant reading in the book consists of his accounts of traverses of the Dürrenhorn (descent by the N.W. ridge) and the Trugberg (ascent by the N. ridge), the latter account in particular being well worth studying by anyone intending to repeat the expedition. It was the same spirit which later prompted him and his companion, then climbing guideless in the Tarentaise, to explore the possibilities of the Aiguille de Péclet instead of being drawn to the more popular Aiguille de Polset, and they had their just reward.

Mr. Robinson does not suffer from the prevalent affectation to which some modern writers are prone in their minimisation of the difficulties of a climb, and he is refreshingly outspoken in the expression of his sensations. One even wonders whether, in his description of the traverse of the Aiguille de la Vanoise, he has not veered too much in the opposite direction. He seems usually to have been blessed with fair weather, but he had his troubles, as witness his unpropitious start for the Nordend, which, thanks to dogged determination, led to a successful ascent.

One hesitates to bring up the evergreen subject of maps, but, to many readers, detailed maps of the Oberland and Valais ranges and glaciers would have been a great help in following Mr. Robinson's wanderings over the lesser known ground, such as that to the N. of the Weisshorn or to the E. of the Wetterhorn. And one small spelling criticism : cannot 'programme,' even if a borrowed word, still be spelt so and not as 'program' ? There are a few conventional photographs, mostly of the Valaisan peaks, to illustrate a pleasant book, pleasantly written by one who obviously enjoyed writing it as much as he enjoyed the climbs.

M. G. MEADE-KING.

Berge Der Welt. Volume II. With numerous illustrations. Edited by Marcel Kurz. Schweizerische Stiftung für Alpine Forschungen, Zürich, 1947.

THE second volume of *Berge Der Welt*, edited by M. Marcel Kurz, is very largely a Himalayan edition. Nearly half the book is taken up with contributions by members of the successful Swiss expedition of 1947, and includes interesting accounts of their ascents and adventures in the Gangotri district of the Himalaya. Among the peaks climbed were the 7000-metre Satopanth peak and the near 7000-metre Kedar-nath peak, which only fell at the third assault. Many exceptionally good photographs help to give readers some idea of the beauties of that magnificent region.

The next hundred or so pages are written by the editor himself, who contributes short histories, with excellent sketches, of most of the highest mountains in the world. In addition he gives brief accounts of other Himalayan expeditions between 1939 and 1947, and of the summer season in the Alps in 1947.

There are two British contributors: N. E. Odell, who writes on the use of oxygen at heights, and Colonel Strutt, who supplies the foreword. In this he rightly congratulates Swiss mountaineers on their recent successes, but in his concluding remarks he is somewhat sterner towards his own compatriots.

E. B. BEAUMAN.

On Rock and Ice. By André Roch, with a foreword by Frank S. Smythe. Pp. xv, 80. Adam and Charles Black, London, 1947.

AT the present time when our visits to the Alps are so restricted, books of mountain photographs are particularly welcome. In this volume André Roch has collected 81 fine photographs of the peaks, nearly half of them taken by himself, and the remainder by other well known continental mountaineers and photographers. In fact one would have to be both a first class mountaineer and photographer to have obtained the majority of these pictures.

There are some very striking and unusual action photographs showing climbers on such sensational and exposed spots as the N. face of the Petit Dru, the Isolée, La Fiamma, the Gabelhorn of St. Niklaus, and the Clochetons de Planpraz.

There are also interesting and original shots of some of the difficult passages on the Viereselgrat, the Ferpècle ridge and the N. ridge of the Dent Blanche. The more ordinary mountain scenes are equally pleasing, and the production is very good. Appropriately enough, another eminent mountaineer and photographer—Frank S. Smythe—has written the foreword.

Certainly a book to possess, which has given and is giving at least one mountaineer much pleasure.

E. B. BEAUMAN.

A Camera in the Cairngorms. By W. A. Poucher. Pp. 144, with 93 illustrations and key map; $9\frac{3}{4} \times 7$. Chapman & Hall Ltd., London, 1947. Price 21s. net.

MR. POUCHER has tackled a very stiff proposition in attempting to illustrate photographically the desolate windswept plateaux which are so characteristic of the Cairngorm scenery. I am not at all sure that he has succeeded. The Cairngorm mountains have their own peculiar charm, but it is not of 'form' but rather of atmosphere and colour.

Mr. Poucher explains that throughout his expeditions the weather was most disappointing. This was probably quite true, but it is what photographers have to put up with when working among the mountains. At the same time it should be remembered that unsettled weather provides the opportunity for those unrivalled lighting and cloud effects so much sought after by the mountain photographer. When the 'picturesque' is not possible the only alternative is extreme detail, or, to express it differently, the picture must be either beautiful or topographical. Judged by this standard, it must be admitted that Mr. Poucher's latest work cannot bear comparison with his earlier efforts and in particular with *Escape to the Hills*. One has only to compare the two snow scenes on Ben Macdhui (plates 35 and 36) although taken on a 'perfect day' with 'No. 2 Gully Exit on Ben Nevis,' or 'Evening by Loch an Eilein' (plate 69), with 'Early Morning by Loch Awe.' It is generally agreed that snow scenes should be taken in brilliant light and against the sun. Only one photo of snow shows any texture, 'The Last Rise to the Summit Plateau' on Lochnagar (plate 10). Perhaps the worst example, showing neither light nor shade nor even a reasonable sufficiency of detail, is plate 8, 'The Precipices of Lochnagar.' The only reason for publishing such a photograph would be topographical, but the details are too blurred to be of any interest even to the rock climber.

Looking at the pictures as a whole, perhaps the publishers are at fault and the plates have been badly reproduced. The juxtaposition of plates 81 and 82 is disastrous. The latter is a beautiful picture, but it runs into 81 and the whole effect is spoiled. Perhaps the excessive enlargement of the small films is also to blame.

The most attractive and most typical of all the photographs is plate 62 showing the 'Northern approach to the Lairig Ghru,' which breathes the very spirit of the Cairngorms. Of a different nature altogether is plate 61 showing light and shade in the Rothiemurchus Forest with the hills beyond. Plate 76 is a beautiful study of a Scotch Pine. In fact many of the outstanding plates are studies of trees such as 'Sgoran Dubh from the last tree in the Glen' (plate 73), 'The Path through the Pines' (plate 59) and 'The last old Pines in the Forest' (plate 82) already referred to.

The introductory notes and the short descriptions which precede each chapter are excellent and very much to the point. The only exception which can be taken to Mr. Poucher's remarks are his references to 'accommodation' and 'approaches.' One of the greatest

charms of the Cairngorms is their inaccessibility and lack of inns or hostels. A great fight will have to be put up against any encroachment on those solitudes by the institution of National Parks. It is devoutly to be hoped that the example of the National Trust for Scotland in forbidding the erection of hostels or the making of roads or paths in the beautiful mountain areas now under their control may be followed, if and when the Cairngorms come under national ownership. The condition into which that lovely mountain land, the English Lake District, with its innumerable cairns and signposts, has fallen, should be a warning to all lovers of our few remaining solitudes.

H. MACROBERT.

THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY

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The following have been added to the Library :

Publications of Clubs and Societies.

- Akademischer Alpenklub Bern.** 42. Jahresbericht Nov. 1946–Oktober 1947. $9 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. Pp. 28. Panorama. 1947
- Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, London.** Camping and Outdoor Life. Vol. xlii, Nos. 7–12. $9\frac{5}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 169. Illustrations. 1947
- Climbers' Club, London.** Journal. Vol. viii, No. 2 (No. 72). $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$. Pp. 120–219. Illustrations. 1947
- Club Alpin Français, Paris.** La Montagne. 72e année. Nos. 335–338. $10\frac{3}{4} \times 8$. Pp. 84. Illustrations, portraits. 1947
- Club Suisse de Femmes Alpinistes, Winterthur.** Nos Montagnes. Vol. xxvi. Nos. 259–268. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$. Pp. 288. Illustrations. 1947
- Colorado Mountain Club, Denver, U.S.A.** Trail and Timberline. Nos. 337–348. $9 \times 6\frac{1}{8}$. Pp. 204. Illustrations. 1947
- Federación de Ski y Andinismo de Chile, Santiago de Chile.** Revista Andina. Año xi, No. 58. $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. Pp. 41. Illustrations, portraits. Mayo-Octubre, 1947
- Fell and Rock Climbing Club.** Journal. Vol. xv. (No. 1), No. 41. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. Pp. 125. Illustrations, portrait, sketch map. 1947
- Groupe de Haute Montagne, Paris.** Alpinisme. 22e année. 78–80. $10\frac{5}{8} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$. Pp. 123–224. Illustrations. 1947
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- Mazamas, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.** Mazama. Vol. xxix, No. 13. $10\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. 88. Illustrations. December, 1947
- Mountain Club of East Africa, Kenya Section.** Bulletin, No. 4. $13 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$. Pp. 20. September, 1947
- Mountain Club of South Africa, Capetown.** Journal, No. 50. $8\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{7}{8}$. Pp. 102. Illustrations. January, 1948
- New Zealand Alpine Club, Wellington.** Bulletin, No. 4, News and Views. $13 \times 8\frac{1}{4}$. Pp. 14. 1947
- Royal Geographical Society, London.** The Geographical Journal. Vol. cviii, Nos. 1–6. $9\frac{5}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{8}$. Pp. 288. Illustrations, maps, sketch maps and diagrams. July 1946–April 1947
- Vol. cix, Nos. 1–6. $9\frac{5}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{8}$. Pp. 303. Illustrations, maps, sketch maps, and diagrams. July–October, 1947