

earth was flat and therefore found Slocum's journey incomprehensible. Three years, two months, and two days after sailing from East Boston he dropped anchor in Newport Harbor. He had done what he set out to do; and his real life was over.

The rest was a seedy decline and a weariness of the flesh. He had never been comfortable in the world, and as he grew older he grew more irascible. He gave lectures and wondered why he drew such small fees. He raised fruit-trees and hops on Martha's Vineyard, but his heart was not in it. Driven by devils, he had ac-

complished an act of superb heroism, and no one seemed to care. Restless as always, he sailed the *Spray* out of Menemsha Basin, speaking mysteriously about a voyage to the headwaters of the Amazon. He was never heard from again.

His tragedy was the tragedy of all seamen in love with the sea. "Ports are no good—ships rot, men go to the devil!" says the chief mate in Joseph Conrad's "The Mirror of the Sea." But he had his triumph. "I have made a voyage such as even the Emperor of Germany could not do," he wrote once. "The story will keep. No one

short of bone and muscle and pine knots will lower the record." And no one ever has.

LIFE UNDERGROUND: "Spelunking," which means cave exploring, may someday be as popular as skin-diving. It is similar in many ways, for it requires interesting special equipment (ropes, ladders, lamps, pitons, helmets, and so on), it flourishes among small groups of dedicated hobbyists, and it has a compelling mystique in the feeling of its practitioners that they are exploring a new and different world. You can get a good idea of what this world is like from Franklin Folsom's book "Exploring American Caves" (Crown, \$5), and you can also learn about the process of cave formation, and the discovery of such American caves as Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico and Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Along the way you will get lots of information about the natural history of the blind fish, salamanders, daddy longlegs, rats, and fugitives from justice that like to live in caves. You may not be impelled (as this reader was not) to get a rope, a lamp, and a hard hat and set out to crawl a few hundred yards through a ten-inch-high limestone fault, but you cannot fail to be impressed by the beauties of the living limestone formations that are described in Mr. Folsom's text and verified in the handsome accompanying photographs. If you know you're not a claustrophobe, and feel you were born to roam in the deep-delved earth, you might become one of the thousands of spelunkers whose enthusiasm has built the National Speleological Society into a unique fraternity of scientists and laymen united by a passion for caves. For the tyro hobbyist the book contains a complete guide to American caves, lists of equipment, and tips on how both to safeguard and enjoy yourself underground.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

ALSO NOTED: "Earth, Sky, and Sea," by Auguste Piccard (Oxford, \$4), will remind readers of one of the strangest cases of specialization in a practical man of science, for it is the work of the man whose long-haired head has peered out of balloon gondolas and bathysphere hatches in scores of newspaper photos in the last twenty-five years. Professor Piccard now explains, with an almost overwhelming accompaniment of technical data, the mirrorlike similarities between the problems of ascending through the thinning atmosphere and descending through the increasing pressure of the ocean. Although his book is too abstruse in spots for the



THE CASE OF THE MISSING FROGMAN:

One morning last spring the people of Britain awoke to find their Government involved in a real whodunit. They learned that on April 18 their wartime hero Commander Lionel Kenneth ("Buster") Crabb had mysteriously disappeared in the vicinity of Portsmouth Harbor after having checked in for one day at the Sally Port Hotel there. All clues led to the harbor, where on that day the Soviet cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* lay at anchor after bringing Soviet visitors Bul-

ganin and Khrushchev to England; and it was reported that Frogman Crabb, whose wartime job it was to remove enemy-attached mines from the bottoms of British ships, had been out frogging again around the bottom of the *Ordzhonikidze*. Embarrassed by the delicate international situation, even the British Foreign Office spoke up. "Commander Crabb," the Foreign Office announced, "carried out frogman tests, and . . . lost his life during these tests. His presence in the vicinity of the destroyers occurred without any permission whatever, and Her Majesty's Government express their regret at the incident." But the public was dissatisfied with this answer. Why, they wondered, had their frogman been spying on the Soviet cruiser? Had the Russians taken him prisoner? Had they killed him?

This week, hoping to capitalize on public interest in the mystery of the missing frogman, the publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons rushed into print a biography of Commander Crabb entitled "**Frogman**," by Marshall Pugh (\$3.50). The book is little more than a patriotic pat on the back for wartime hero Crabb, who had already been awarded the George Medal and the Order of the British Empire. But here and there are to be found some interesting facts about the pre- and postwar life of a national hero. A rover by nature, Commander Crabb had joined and left the British Merchant Navy early in his life, had managed to support himself at one time or another by becoming a gas-station attendant in Wind Gap, Penna., and had modeled bathing trunks for an advertising agency (with his hat on to keep his self-respect) in order to make ends meet. Down and out by the time the war broke out, the then Mr. Crabb, who was congenitally opposed to exercise in any form and who was capable of swimming only three lengths of a swimming pool, volunteered for the Royal Navy and finally ended up as a frogman, though he never improved his swimming in the least. By the time he disappeared this year Commander Crabb had been retired from the Navy without pension and could look forward only to an impecunious future. Then, apparently, came the orders to report to Portsmouth Harbor and his subsequent disappearance. Of this mystery, however, even the book is non-committal, for Mr. Pugh simply sums up the case of the missing frogman in the already published words of England's Prime Minister. His words: "I deplore this [situation] and I will say no more," thereby disclosing nothing.

—J. H.

layman it is nevertheless interesting to browse around in; for a person with nautical or engineering training it could be fascinating.

"Man and the Underwater World," by Pierre de Latil and Jean Rivoire (Putnam, \$5), puts together all sorts of strange lore about the sea from ancient times and the Middle Ages and gradually traces out the development of modern scientific attitudes about that mystic mother of life. Strikingly illustrated with old prints, photographs, and diagrams, and crammed with literary, scientific, historical, and anthropological information, this volume provides an intellectual feast somewhat on the order of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

"The Spirit of Adventure," edited by Whit Burnett (Holt, \$5), is a really discriminating collection of adventure narratives. Most of them are non-fiction, like Peter Freuchen's uninhibited account of Eskimo winter travel (complete with borrowed wife), Maurice Herzog's anguished recollections of Annapurna, Juan Belmonte's non-Hemingwayish account of the education of a bullfighter, Admiral Byrd's memories of his lonely vigil in an Antarctic weather station, and a number of essays on the new frontiers of supersonic air travel, rockets, and scientifically imagined space-travel. The level of style of these narratives is good, but they all suffer by comparison with the masterpieces of fictional adventure that are also included: parts of "Huckleberry Finn," "Moby Dick," and "Don Quixote."

"The Conquest of Mount McKinley," by Belmore Brown (Houghton Mifflin, \$6), a reissue of a book first published in 1913, is a reminder of the strange career of Frederick Cook, who claimed to have reached the North Pole before Peary. A few years before, in 1906, he made another equally dubious claim, that he had reached the top of the American continent, the summit of Mount McKinley in Alaska. A member of his party, Belmore Brown, who was a gentleman adventurer born in New York and brought up in Europe, Tacoma, Wash., and Alaska, knew that Cook had not come within twenty miles of his goal. Brown became involved in the Cook controversy and set out to climb Mount McKinley himself, mostly to get photographic evidence of Cook's failure. After two trips, in 1910 and 1912, Brown had come within three hundred yards of the 20,000-foot summit, and *without oxygen*. The present reissue is a worthy addition to the literature of mountain climbing and gives an unusual period-picture of camping and exploring methods in early Alaska.

—T. E. C.

FEMININE PORTRAITS



—Drawing from "Golden Interlude."

Emily and Fanny Eden in India—"... grandeur, jewels, silks, heat, vermin, homesickness."

The Splendour That Was India

"Golden Interlude," by Janet Dunbar (Houghton Mifflin, 230 pp. \$3.50), recounts the experiences of the Eden family, and especially its ladies, in India early in the Victorian era.

By Evelyn Eaton

ONE hundred and twenty years ago four unusual people, members of a great English family of diplomats, shared an experience which nowadays could not be duplicated in barbaric splendor and extraordinary contrast.

"The splendour of a Governor-General's Progress is at an end..." Emily Eden wrote in the dedication of her book about the experience, "Up the Country" (1866). "These contrasts of public grandeur and private discomfort will probably be seen no more on a scale of such magnificence."

Emily Eden and her sister Fanny, two high-spirited, witty, and indomitable English spinsters who contributed so much largesse to the life and literature of the nineteenth century, toured India in golden howdahs, silver tonjuans, or boats "contrived to look like gigantic peacocks swimming." As Emily walked down paths of scarlet and gold kincob she "mourned to herself that this stuff was a pound a yard in the bazaars; she had been trying to make up her mind for a week to afford enough for a dressing

gown, and here she was treading on it." They lived in silken tents pitched in the jungle and ate at a table with candlelight and silverware spread on a sandbar. They traveled with a retinue of 200 servants, a menagerie of pets, including a pet deer which went in its own howdah and had its own servants; they received gifts of jewels and silks, which they could only glance at before they were snatched away from them publicly to become part of the treasure of the East India Company. They endured heat and vermin and fatigue and, above all, homesickness. They wrote voluminous letters, kept journals, and made drawings, out of which Miss Dunbar has taken the bulk of her material for "Golden Interlude," her absorbing account of their six years in India.

They were there because their brother George Eden, second Lord Auckland, had been appointed Governor-General in 1835, and they as the "women" of his household naturally accompanied him, sometimes in his golden howdah, sometimes in a slightly inferior howdah with less decoration.

AUCKLAND'S instructions were to build up a rampart of friendly buffer states between India and Russia. Part of Persia had already been swallowed up by that incalculable empire rolling eastwards in Asia. The Ottoman Sultan had been attacked. Russian