

There was no objective, and he wandered round the awful desert in a huge circle, re-crossed his tracks south of the lake and wandered off again to complete a figure of eight. It sounds a fantastic thing to do, but nobody could read his excellent account of this epic without understanding what he did achieve, the prize which he has won for himself alone.

Had he been a game warden or a D.C., there would have been nothing to it, because years of experience would have rendered the journey a matter of routine, with landrovers and a squad of askaris. But John Hillaby apparently knew nothing about anything, and, unlike most travel writers, does not pretend that he did. He had never met a camel before, he could speak no African language, he had a gun which he had never even fired, and he did not really know where he was going. He had no communications, no base to fall back on, no means of calling for aid. If he were still wandering about today, I am not clear if anyone would know that he had not yet reappeared. It may sound mad, but it certainly proclaims the spirit of adventure *par excellence*.

His prize is that he alone knows what the early explorers in Africa really felt. And he may have known and felt even more than they did, for they were always wonderfully organised, bristling with weapons, and expert shots. Hillaby's description of his first efforts at shooting birds and game are classics of sporting humour. Likewise his painful progress at conversation with his camel boys and with the scattered tribes which he met. But it would be foolish to single out items from the narrative, because every line of this book is totally absorbing, and those like myself who are "comfortable" travellers, with journeys tightly jammed into an office life, are reduced simply to envy and a keen sense of all that one has missed. Nobody who professes an interest in Africa, wildlife or travel can fail to enjoy this splendid story.

AUBREY BUXTON

The Enormous Zoo, by Colin Willock. Longmans, 30s.

Having been bitten by the bug of Africa, for which there is no cure, Colin Willock has produced a most readable book about the Uganda National Parks. After a gracious tribute to Ralph Dreschfield, the first Chairman of Trustees, and the late Ken Beaton, the first Director, he etches in a background of steady development, with glimpses of the difficulties encountered, and generally overcome, in bringing the founders' plans and hopes to the reality of the firmly based organisations of the three parks which flourish today. Here too are some of the answers to the visitor's stock question: "What does a park warden do?"

Anyone connected with national parks knows the many excuses and subterfuges used to gain special facilities for filming there on a no cost basis and without benefit to the park concerned. Here is the other side of the story, showing how, by a substantial contribution to the cost, Anglia Television made it possible to go ahead with the task of moving the threatened white rhino outside the parks into the sanctuary of the Murchison Falls park. A further excellent example of theory translated into practice is the case of preservation by control, described here from the first reconnaissance of the Fulbright scholars to the eventual establishment of the Nuffield Unit of Tropical Animal Ecology: the first practical and scientific confrontation of this problem in Africa.

Some excellent photographs, together with a dust cover that itself is worth preserving, make this book a well produced and worthwhile acquisition for anyone interested in African wildlife and national parks.

C. D. TRIMMER