

scurrying to and fro probably meant fully a hundred miles—a truly remarkable feat of energy and endurance. A highly entertaining and enjoyable book, profusely illustrated with the author's splendid and eloquent photographs.

C. R. S. PITMAN

The World of the Tiger, by Richard Perry. Cassell, 30s.

This is a book worth reading. For the most part it is accurate, and the subject has been well presented and developed, the result of considerable research. Many are the quotations and tales from other writers, some possibly true, others just exciting stories which I feel the author leaves to the judgment of readers with experience of tiger in India.

The author considers that there are now fewer than four thousand tigers in India, which I am sure is a low estimate; nor do I share his opinion that the end of this century will see India tigerless except for a few in sanctuaries and national parks. In spite of the extermination of deer by poachers in many parts, there is little risk of tiger disappearing. Its domains are in forests so vast, with areas difficult of access to the poacher, that it will still be found ranging over suitable areas for another century or so, and the Federal and State Governments are fully alive to the necessity of conserving existing forests. The author's observations about tiger never eating their kills in daylight are not wholly correct; in fact instances to the contrary are quoted in his book. A tiger's "pooking" is, surely, a call of suspicion and uncertainty, far more likely to drive away sambhur than to attract them, and many readers will disagree with the author's conclusions on the tiger's sense of smell. Are there "alligators" in India? I think not; crocodiles definitely. This reminds me of a little rhyme about a naturalist in India who, on being informed that his wife had been eaten by an "alligator", replied: "How very sad," and then with an engaging smile, "but I think you mean a crocodile!" The author is indeed fortunate in the photographs of tiger he has been able to include.

R. C. MORRIS

The Management of Wild Animals in Captivity, by Lee S. Crandall. University of Chicago Press, 97s.

Many men swear that when they retire they will write a great book about their life's experiences. Unhappily few carry it out. Lee Crandall is the exception. This book on mammals in captivity is a model of objective summarising of a long life's work. Crandall, who joined the New York Zoo in 1908, remained there for over half a century, rising to the position of General Curator, and no one could be better qualified than he to produce a reference work of this kind.

Packed tight with information, it is arranged, not topic by topic, but family by family, following the taxonomic arrangements laid down by Simpson. If one is seeking details of a particular mammalian group or species, therefore, the book is of enormous value, but it is not so helpful when cross-sectional information on a mammalian topic or theme is wanted. For example, vital statistics such as body weights, measurements, longevities and breeding seasons are scattered all through the volume, arranged, like everything else, according to the taxonomic groupings. It is arguable that the book could have been less bulky if this kind of information had been tabulated in a few pages at the back (as has been done with the *International*

Zoo Yearbook). The other criticism of this fine production is that the photographs are ludicrously inadequate for the subject. With only eight pages of photographs for 761 pages of text, they can hardly even begin to sum up the visual aspects of the management of captive animals.

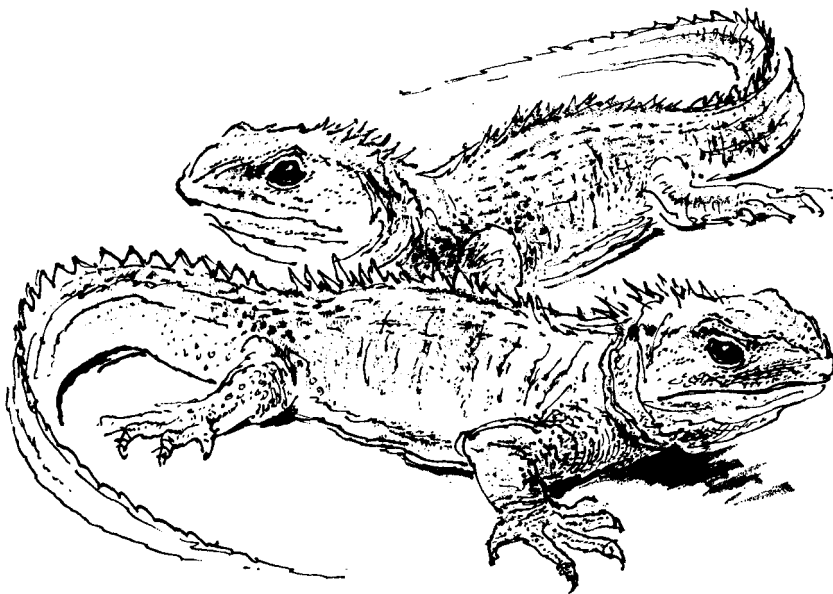
But it is churlish to comment adversely on these minor points when the author has provided us with such an immensely useful desk volume. No one concerned with the care of wild mammals can afford to be without it.

DESMOND MORRIS

Menagerie Manor, by Gerald Durrell. Hart-Davis, 21s.

Those who have been enchanted by Mr. Durrell's previous animal books will not be disappointed by this one describing the first five years of the Jersey Zoo at Les Augres Manor. It consists of a series of delightfully told anecdotes about the inmates of a very happy zoo. Visiting there last summer I was immediately impressed by the tameness and general well-being of the animals, due, I am certain to the pains which Mr. Durrell and his staff take to get to know each one as an individual; they all recognised and greeted him with unmistakable affection when he passed by.

The author is conservation-minded, and he describes the dilemma of the zoo director faced with the offer from a dealer of a young orang-utan. Should he refuse it on the grounds that to accept is to stimulate further demand? Or should he accept because his zoo offers the best chance of survival for this particular animal? Until the zoos and conservation authorities have this question worked out and until the recent legislation controlling the import of rare animals in this country becomes effective, the zoo director must be guided by his conscience and balance his altruism against his acquisitive enthusiasm. Among the rare and exotic animals



Tuataras, drawn by Ralph Thompson, from *Menagerie Manor*, by Gerald Durrell