GEOFFREY YOUNG.

I HEARD with no surprise that Geoffrey Young had been severely wounded; he had been asking for it for the last two and a half years, facing the risks of the battlefield with serene steady eyes, not in ignorance but of a set purpose, just as he did the chances of a hard ascent. But when a few days later came the news that, as a last resource, his leg had been amputated above the knee, one could hardly help being profoundly affected by this grievous handicap to the Alpine career of the 'fleetest of foot of the whole Alpine brotherhood' of the day.

His good work in command of a Red Cross Ambulance at Ypres in the heavy fighting of November 1914 and up to June 1915 brought him the ribbon of the Order of Leopold, besides a mention, very rarely given to any civilian, in the British Despatches.

He was then transferred to the Italian front, where he has served in command of a unit of ambulances for nearly two years.

What the Italian Higher Command thought of his services is shown by the award of the coveted silver medal 'For Valour,' corresponding to our own D.S.O., in the following order of the day:

'Sempre fra i primi, con alto sentimento del dovere, con vera abnegazione e disprezzo del pericolo, efficacemente coadjuvó in molteplici occasioni, al soccorso ed all sgombero di numerosi feriti in zone intensamente battute dal fuoco nemico; mirabile esempio a tutti di coraggio e di filantropia.'—'*Locazione*: Plava: Gorizia.'

Night after night, in the recent fighting, he forced a few volunteer cars up across the face of Monte San Gabriele to the saddle between the crests, while the crest was still in enemy hands, thus getting the wounded from a few hundred yards of the actual battle line.

The night he was hit his ambulances got mixed up with a division moving up in support. The Sella di Dol road, a regular mountain road, was blocked with transport under a fiendish fire—while the road barrage, H.E. shells and shrapnel, fell like a curtain just outside the road on the steep hillside. Dismounting from his car, he forced a passage through the sheltering troops until he was finally stopped by a new huge shellhole. Starting back to his car, a H.E. shell pitched right on the road beside and just behind him, severely wounding the left leg.

Owing to his fine condition and muscular development it was hoped at first to save the leg, but the artery and veins proved to be so damaged that amputation above the knee had to be resorted to.

His commandant writes: 'He is laying up sober plans for the future based a good deal on the merit of the mechanical limbs available nowadays. If he was to lose his leg he could not have done so in more honourable circumstances, performing his proper duty gallantly within a few hundred yards of the enemy, surrounded by friends, English and Italian; no mistake made in his subsequent

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surgical treatment and the highest appreciation shown by our Allies at what he had done both on this occasion and during the last two years while he has lived in the zone of fire. General Capello himself sent to inquire about him and to say that the work of the ambulances had been splendid.'

One does not condole with a man of the strain of Geoffrey Young. We who knew him *could* not doubt he would play the man, and particularly lamentable as is this handicap to his matchless activity, he will not complain.

The inwardness of the man blazes out in the words with which one of his first letters, written since the operation, ends: 'Now I am ready to get quite as much from seeing for the remaining years how near I can screw myself up to my old standards again. I'm still out for the hills!' And again: '*You* will believe me when I say that I am not only not upset by what has happened but I'm *glad* to have the new fight before me.'

We are proud of this worthy son of the Club.

J. P. FARRAR.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS HENRY PHILPOTT.

1840–1917.

IN his charming 'Memories of an Alpine Partnership of the 'sixties' ('A.J.' xxx.), Mr. Philpott gave us his Alpine autobiography. I never met him, yet the very many letters we exchanged when his paper was in the making made him to me into a quite familiar friend. There ran, as a golden thread, through all his letters a most unswerving search after accuracy in recounting his Alpine work, an almost painful examination of his recollections and, withal, a certain joyousness of memory which commanded one's profound respect quite apart from the vivid interest in his past work and intense admiration for the invigorating enthusiasm of the veteran. Our correspondence was renewed over a paper on 'The Roththal side of the Jungfrau' in the last JOURNAL. Then came on May 29 a letter from Mrs. Philpott, which I cannot forbear to give here:

Bowcote, *May* 28, 1917.

'DEAR CAPTAIN FARRAR,—I feel I must write and tell you that my beloved husband died suddenly early on the morning of the 22nd. He had been ailing for some days, but was about as usual, and on the 21st out in the garden and village quite a lot. I rejoice to believe that the end was as painless as it was quick, and for him no death could have been more desired, his vigour and vitality practically unimpaired to the last. I want to tell you how much

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