# REVIEWS.

*On High Hills.* By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. Demy 8vo. Pp. 368. Methuen & Co., 1927. Price 18*s.* net.

In this book Mr. Young has given us a record characteristic of his personality and worthy of his great reputation as a mountaineer and a lover of 'high hills.' The cruel fate of war which ended his Alpine career, but which could not, thanks to his ingenuity and endurance, put a final period to his ability to move among the hills and even on the rocks, has left him with a wealth of memories which was bound sooner or later to find expression.

Mr. Young has written poems and 'papers,' and is responsible for a notable book on 'Mountain Craft,' but the sum of his experience was yet to come, and now we have got it. The writing of such a book must have involved great and prolonged labour, but labour obviously mixed with the keen pleasure of vivid recall of his adventures, pleasant, arduous, dangerous, exciting, exhilarating, and sombre. No climber has had a more varied experience: none, probably, has an equivalent record of grand expeditions. 'Grand' is the word which was used by the late Mr. Coolidge (by no means an admirer of the school to which Mr. Young belongs), when speaking to the present writer, of the great ridge climbs which Mr. Young thought out, worked out and carried out; and 'grand' is the right word.

But to come to the book; the style is his own, and the text wanders among the three 'twisted strands' which he says in his preface or 'Foreword' (he seldom uses the obvious word if a better, or sometimes even if a worse one is available) are always present in a day upon the mountains—'the things we are doing, the things we are seeing, and the things we are feeling.' The narrative runs from one to another in an engaging, if sometimes a somewhat irritating, way. Seldom do we get a coherent record of the 'doing' for long at a time; for the 'urge' (as he might put it) of what is seen and what is felt continually crops up and demands immediate attention and treatment.

This is no guide-book, and even the most consecutive narrative of a great climb would seldom, unless in the matter of sticking closely to a skyline, enable a party to follow his route in detail. Picturesque writing is often improved by an element of fantasy or exaggeration, conscious or unconscious. There is little to suggest that either enter into these pages, but Mr. Young leaves nothing to chance; for the exact localities where exciting incidents occurred cannot be identified, and the memorable situation on the Täschhorn, where, amid snow squalls, the two marvellously held slips occurred,

could probably not be found again even by the climbers themselves. Had Mr. Whymper envisaged the possibilities of lively controversy which he was unconsciously preparing for himself, we should doubtless have lost one of the best climbing pictures in any Alpine book. If the gap on the Ecrins arête is not (or was not) as depicted—it ought to be. Yet Nemesis arrived. But no such tribulation can await Mr. Young: his traces, good or bad, are always adequately covered. The book is, as already stated, no guide-book, but a chronicle of experiences, thoughts, moods, and reveries linked upon and about the best chain of Alpine climbs that any individual has recorded.

Many of Mr. Young's 'days' were very long ones, and many of his expeditions could not have been done in a day but by very fast going. Of the pace at which he and his companions could go, under good conditions, there is plenty of evidence, and many of his great expeditions have long been a matter of history. Few, however, are aware of his attempt, frustrated by a 'cold-footed' guide, to traverse the skyline of the Gorner basin in a single day, from Nordend to the Théodule. This he records among his 'failures,' though he traversed all the Monte Rosa summits, and the Lyskamm, and reached the col between Castor and Pollux before (with all the afternoon in hand) the guide complained of a 'sprained wrist.' Some of his other 'failures' touched almost the same level.

The best chapters from a climber's point of view are those at the end of the volume, and they deal with the great ascents with which the author's name will ever be associated. The Jorasses, the terrible climb up the S. face of the Täschhorn, the Brouillard ridge (a magnificent feat and marvellous record of a single day's effort), the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon, and the ever memorable last climb but one up the splendidly castellated W. arête of the Gspaltenhorn. These chapters alone would make a good book. In them the text often flows smoothly in page after page of unbroken narrative, and the thoughts thrown in are always welcome and pertinent: and much the same may be said of many other descriptive passages in the book. But other portions, exemplified by the chapters entitled 'Moods and Shadows' and 'Suspense and Colour' are written from the opposite angle and make less easy reading. The latter deals primarily with 'feelings'; and the author's thoughts and theories are elaborated, and illustrated by references, often short, to segments of innumerable expeditions, so that the reader is jerked about the Alps in sharp zigzags which cover the four mountain groups to which Mr. Young has mainly confined his activities and which he knows forwards and backwards, sideways and upside-down—the great massifs of Dauphiné, Mont Blanc, the Pennines, and the Oberland.

To follow these illustrations intelligently needs detailed knowledge, and the author's avowal that the book is addressed more to 'those who are interested in mountaineering' and in 'our reasons for

mountaineering' than to 'the converted who climb,' seems somewhat belied: for, while those who know the topography of the Alps and the history of modern mountaineering will follow the text readily, the galaxy of peaks, glaciers, and valleys alluded to indiscriminately seem likely to confuse the uninitiated, while the frequent allusions to an almost equal number of guides and companions by Christian name—surname—nickname—abbreviation or initials must be bewildering to those who have not a pretty intimate acquaintance with the *personnel* of the school of guides and amateurs belonging to the era concerned. Possibly if the novice were to read the book straight through, a course which the author does not recommend and which he states that he could not himself adopt, the key to 'who's who' might be found, but perhaps not. When, however, opening the book at random, one knows which of the many Josefs of the Alps is 'Josef' and which of the many Hanses is 'Hans,' and so on, it is easy to allocate to the right individuals the generous appreciation bestowed upon the splendid guides and gifted companions with whom the author has had the good fortune to be associated. And to any reader the charming vignette depicting the winter life of the renowned St. Niklaus guides, recalling the genial relationship which one associates with the mediaeval guilds, is all the more alluring because the group is easily identified.

Turning from the matter to the methods of climbing described, we must all admit the skill, daring, enterprise, and endurance of which there is such abundant evidence. The high pitch of technical perfection to which the curious art of 'axe-climbing' on steep rocks has been brought by Josef Knubel and some of the Lochmatters deserves remark. They seem to have evolved a safe technique; and a trick which many have used as an occasional resource and regarded as a bit risky would seem to have become, in the hands of these experts, a reasonably reliable procedure which opens up possibilities fairly frequently in otherwise impossible situations.

One note of criticism, with which Mr. Young would probably agree, may be safely made: the rope is discarded too much. In difficult and dangerous places it was, of course, always employed, and its need was sometimes shown. But slips and pitfalls are at least as frequent when they are least expected: some of the finest mountaineers have lost their lives where a rope would have saved them; many have been saved where ropeless they would have perished; and Mr. Young was himself lucky in a crevasse below the Ecrins. Most climbers can recall a momentary loss of balance, such as Mr. Young describes on the Rothhorn, recovered from without anyone else being aware of it; but the balance has not always been re-established: and the most menacing crevasse mishap which has occurred in the reviewer's experience was concerned with an immense but quite concealed chasm, floored sixty feet down by a lake of iced water, wide enough to swallow a châlet, roofed (till the middle gave way) by a slightly convex pie-crust of snow,

and traversed by the much used track of the ordinary Théodule route.

The book is enlivened by twenty-four illustrations, two of them portraits, eighteen well-chosen and beautiful photographs from nine sources, and four monotint reproductions of fine paintings by the late Mr. E. T. Compton, an artist unexcelled in the delineation of rock peaks. And there is a commendable index.

Will this book become one of the great classics of mountaineering literature? One of the dozen, say, out of the hundreds? The material is unexcelled and the author's literary gifts are obvious. The reviewer thinks that it stands a very good chance. Will Mr. Young's peculiar and very individual style enhance or diminish the chances? It seems impossible, without shirking, to avoid some allusion to the vast number of unusual words and phrases depicting phases of thought, feeling, atmosphere, motion, rock, snow, and ice which are one of the striking characteristics of the text. Take three short examples referring to atmospheric conditions—'dreen of hail'—'scuddles of sleet'—'rufous and stammel light.' Of these the first and second anyway are expressive; yet they do not compare with the beauty and clarity of Mr. Young's style at its best. 'That night it froze, starrily . . . and three o'clock discovered a clean darkness still pricked with stars.' This seems good enough to be 'a joy for ever': but the curiosities, though evidencing a very unusual gift, might be more effective if used more sparingly. Still, the reviewer has no quarrel with Mr. Young's style. The narrative is often thrilling, and sometimes even terrible; one comes across many happy thoughts very happily expressed; and there are patches of fine poetry both in verse and in prose; while many of the queer phrases and coined words, though seeming to imply that ordinary English is inadequate, do seem to taste better at the second gulp, a fairly reliable sign of good vintage. Our hope is that the book will be found among the twelve; perhaps high up among them.

But a good book, like a good picture, is worthy of a good setting, and a grumble at the publishers seems inevitable. Though the print is good, and the illustrations well reproduced, the book has a clumsy shape, like a 'text-book'; the paper is poor, the print, though good, is too crowded for pleasure-reading, and the margins are miserable, marring the appearance of the printed page, and sadly handicapping the illustrations. It is not a pleasant volume to look at inside or out, nor comfortable to handle in an easy-chair. Doubtless there were difficulties in the way; but two generously treated volumes would have solved the problem: or perhaps, with painful pruning, a single volume reduced to about three-quarters of the words, might have retained the essential qualities, and provided, on good paper and with decent margins, a pleasanter companion for leisured reading, 'to be dipped into as an occasional fireside distraction,' which is the author's avowed and modest aim.

Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, the reviewer can honestly end up by saying to the book, ' With all thy faults I love thee still.' At the request of the Editor the Club copy was sent to him by the Secretary ' for review.' He did not keep it long. Though it arrived at a time when there was but little leisure for such things, and though the bulk of the volume alarmed him, he promptly ' dipped into it,' and went on doing so till, long before either saturated or satisfied, he went to the book-shop and ordered a copy : and he will continue to ' dip in ' off and on for the rest of his life. ' Our Mr. Young ' has written a great book, and to the readers of these notes the writer would say ' Go to the book-shop.'

C. W.

*Reliquiae A. D. Godley.* Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher. 2 vols. Oxford University Press. 1926.

THESE volumes contain a large part of the extant literary work of a scholar and humorist well known to the Alpine Club, a lover of all mountains and hills and a strenuous climber, a patriot who served his country, whether England or Ireland, with head as well as with heart, and on occasion proved himself a man of action and resource. Not the whole ; for, besides books of professional scholarship, we are reminded of four published volumes of verse and two of ' Echoes ' from the *Oxford Magazine* containing much of his best writings down to 1912 ; and there remain also, accessible in Oxford, some five volumes of typescript, where no doubt more may be read than meets the eye here. We are indebted to the editor for his skilful handling of a mass of material, some of it, and not the least admirable part, fragmentary, and for the convenient classification under the several heads of interest. Still more grateful are we for the faithful *Memoir* of the man as he was. The editor is chary of adjectives, and does not use superlatives, so that it is a peculiar pleasure to read of Alfred Godley that ' he was one of the wisest men we ever knew, and by far the most even-tempered man we are ever likely to know ' ; and, later on, ' Though he had no illusions and was always conscious of the losing fight, he had probably much greater happiness as he grew older.' Here we have the key to the resolute and melancholy features shown in the fine frontispiece, in which, perhaps, it is not fanciful to discern a man who ' could not bear to be without a dog,' and who ' shared with many wise persons a most intelligent and comprehensive affection for the whole race of cats.'

We do not reach ' Alpina ' till we are well on in the second volume ; but in the first is a paper ' On a Map and Walks,' to which we will return, only noting the wholesome proposition (with the contradictory of which the writer makes pleasant work later on) that ' it may be taken as axiomatic that no one who can ascend a hill will walk on the flat.' Then we have the names of Lliwedd and its congeners, rolled out as though dainty on the tongue. In 1917, a year of stress, and of retrospect, we are reminded how, in happier

days, the P.L.M. train would crawl up the heights of Jura, and how, on the other side, the emancipated toiler

> Would climb the valley's unforgotten ways,
> And taste the fragrance of a purer air,
> And presently espy
> Guarding the gate of some Valaisian pass,
> The gleaming peak, the glacier seen afar,
> Rising above the pinewoods . . .

A lovely touch, anticipated in 'Switzerland' (*Second Strings*, 1902) (of which favourite poem a part is exhibited in the facsimile of the rough copy attached to Vol. II., where those curious in the workings of a poet's mind may find problems to solve [1]), and developed in the article contributed in 1916 to a Swiss journal.

With the exception of that article, all the papers included in 'Alpina' have appeared in this JOURNAL. They 'seem to the present editor almost the best of his prose writings,' and we cordially agree. Readers will form their own opinion as to which is their favourite. The first, read to the Club in 1907, contains a bit of autobiography for which the author apologizes. He tells us how he started for his first serious walk as a crassly ignorant amateur, taking to himself professionals and an alpenstock like 'the mast of some great ammiral,' the possession of an axe then implying some pretensions to be an expert (we are reminded of a highly controversial question of those days, 'A.J.' **4**, 126–9), and choosing the Adler from Zermatt to Mattmark as a test, because Baedeker said it was 'wild and hazardous.'

'Looking back on the cold details of that expedition, I can find nothing in it that a properly constituted mind could call enjoyable; yet I know very well that I seemed to myself to have discovered an entirely new and unmixed pleasure, and to have merely wasted all the years which I had spent outside Switzerland. I am almost ashamed to say how little I have changed my mind since then.'

The second paper, 'Crambe repetita,' was read before the Alpine Club on April 13, 1915, when Godley was C.O. of a battalion of Oxford Volunteers, soon to become a county force. It is a glorification of passes, and in particular of the great passes about Zermatt, not only those over the Great Divide between Switzerland and Italy, but those from one lateral valley to another, all 'the noblest series of Alpine routes, not one of them that is not in the grand style, like Homer.' We do not expect 'descriptions,' but there are flashes which betray the seeing eye and the inward enjoyment.

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[1] Why did two often-quoted lines run, as pencilled on the margin,

'Place me somewhere in the Valais, 'mid the mountains *east* of Binn
*East* of Binn and *west* of Savoy in a decent kind of inn'

(the italics are ours)?

The Valcournera will show the sort of thing, coming as unexpectedly as did the passage of the col of that name to the travellers:

'On that day, by some strange meteorological freak, the rain was not actually falling. Very fresh and green were the pastures of that most Arcadian valley, very beautiful the blue mountains of Cogne in the distance; it was such a scene as the admirable Tschudi, with emotion severely abbreviated by the limitations of his printer, is in the habit of describing as ID (*idyllisch*). And in the descent from the top of the pass to Prarayé there were occasional places where it was quite necessary to proceed with care. Altogether a delightful pass; and if it had not been raining at Zermatt we should probably never have seen it.'

Godley's own preference was for the Schwarzthor; which, by a rare stroke of luck (only discovered afterwards) he crossed on the very day and month on which John Ball made his memorable passage sixty-eight years before, with his alpenstock and his umbrella, and Mathias; and if we follow Godley's account, with *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers* at hand, and Adams Reilly's beautiful map, supplying the names of Alpine stations which man's necessities have added, we know that we are treading, under reverent guidance, in the footsteps of the great and good. 'There is nothing petty about the Schwarzthor.'

Very characteristic of the writer and of his friends are the obituary notices of Charles Cannan and Walter Paton Ker. In the latter a deep note is struck, but every line is simple truth. After speaking of the particular pleasure which W. P. K. found in the companionship of men and women much younger than himself, and they in his, he writes:

'They and others will long remember the peculiar intensity of enthusiasm which possessed him when he was walking or climbing among the High Alps. It was not generally (as his friends will readily understand) expressed in many words, and sometimes not in words at all; but it was there, burning in him like a fire, and somehow communicating itself to others. He was enjoying every moment. He idealized mountains; nothing in the whole business of mountaineering but seemed in a manner to him to have a kind of divine sanction; and the peasants who guided him ceased to be ordinary men, and became creatures divinely appointed to lead him into sacred places. Somehow in the Alps he seemed to be raised to a higher power. Merely to be on a climb or a high walk in noble scenery quickened his senses and his intellect. The Alps satisfied him, as great literature satisfied him. They brought out what was best in him; and the best of W. P. Ker was pretty good.'

From the article contributed in 1916 to the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, and signed by A. D. Godley, A.C.; Section Monte Rosa, S.A.C., we have already quoted for the exaltation with which an old climber mounted the Jura in happier days to the open gate into Switzerland. The writer claims that the Playground of

Europe is no land of regrets, even in evil days, but one consecrated by happy memories of life lived at its highest and of brave companionship. The paper is headed *Les Alpes et la Liberté*, the latter word one which Godley used in no vulgar sense, and which he justifies by quoting in full 'one of the noblest of Wordsworth's sonnets.' He ends with words of hope and cheer:

'Nous reviendrons, j'en ai confiance, dans votre pays—nous qui avons admiré ses institutions et les vertus de ses habitants—pour chercher le repos dans ses charmants séjours et dans l'air pur de ses hauts alpages; alors, quand nous nous reporterons de la sombre vallée des dernières années de souci et d'épreuve aux brillants souvenirs du passé, donnez nous le droit de sentir que nous sommes venus nous reposer et nous consoler auprès d'amis qui ont réellement sympathisé avec nous dans ce gigantesque conflit.'

Returning to Vol. I., we find the paper, already mentioned, 'On a Map and Walks,' which is reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* of August 1918, pleasant reading, even for those who do not know the country round Oxford, including, in an ample sweep, the Chilterns, the Cotswolds, and the Berkshire Downs. Godley was a strenuous walker; he carefully distinguishes 'a walk' (his own greatest recorded length is 33 miles), as from a mere 'turn or stroll,' so from 'a walking tour,' which implies at least one night away from home. Over and above his sense of the natural beauties of the several districts, he writes with enthusiasm, tempered by a sane care for the better housing of the rural population, of the picturesque old houses and villages. Thus of the Cotswolds:

'Nor are their beauties those of decay. Their houses are ancient, but of a hale old age. Cotswold oolite is a sturdy stone for the builder—not like the Headington stone which, by its mere friability, gives a false air of venerable antiquity to so many Oxford buildings which, after all, have only seen a couple of centuries. These Cotswold houses are for the most part much older than that, but outwardly they are none the worse for wear. And in form and colour they are often exquisite: every line and tint seems just right; they have the happiest gift of looking somehow like a natural part of the country which surrounds them. Perhaps in a world of balanced good and evil it would be too much to expect that all these picturesque villages should satisfy all the ideal requirements of rural housing: yet there cannot be very much amiss, for they rear a sturdy race.'

And again:

'Beauty and material prosperity do not in England always go hand in hand. If the people are to be drawn back in some measure to the land—as one must earnestly hope that they may—villages must be regenerated; there must be ampler and better housing: and much picturesque antiquity may perish in the process. . . .

'Well! one cannot have everything.'

The portraits incidentally given of other Oxford walkers are too

good to avoid quotation. He mentions two men of widely different interests, often found in company. H. was an honoured scholar, whose works survive him. 'C. was by some twenty-five years the older man of the two. He lived in a College, but his life had been neither cloistered nor studious. He had served in a Militia battalion abroad during the Crimean War, and afterwards commanded it at home. He had travelled far, in the backwoods of Canada and in the remotest parts of Asia Minor.'

C.'s chief recreation was hunting, and the common objects of the country appealed to him chiefly as they reminded him of days with hounds, the uppermost motive in a walk being the carrying out of a preconceived plan, of which the noticeable objects were noted beforehand on an otherwise immaculate shirt-cuff, and 'afterwards transferred to a manuscript volume known as the Book of Jasher, which is happily still extant.'

'To walk with C. was like going by rail. You took a ticket, as it were, and thereafter had no option in the matter. You were then bound to a time-table, due, if return were actually by rail, to arrive at the station neither after the train nor yet before it, but simultaneously with its appearance; and if this exact coincidence involved a "double" of a mile or so at the end of a twenty-mile walk, why "doubling" was regarded as a part of the game, and a legitimate and calculable expedient; not running, *bien entendu*—to run would have been a confession of miscalculation and therefore absurd. Above all, the chosen route must be followed, without mutability or shadow of turning. If nature or art interposed obstacles, so much the worse for them. It is on record that C. and a friend of like temper, returning to Oxford by a route supposed to cross the Thames by a bridge, found themselves confronted, more probably in consequence of the error of a map than of a convulsion of nature, by the unbridged river running bank-high. It was possible indeed to make a *détour*; but no such *détour* was in the prearranged scheme. Accoutred as they were, they plunged in: and I have no doubt that C., at least, reached home if not absolutely dry yet not visibly moistened by his enterprise. He had at all times the most extraordinary faculty of keeping clean and tidy when others were merely disreputable. Rain ran off an impervious surface, and mud did not adhere to him; and I have known him return, after a long day of Oxfordshire clay or Berkshire chalk, as spick and span at all points as if (to suppose an entirely improbable contingency) he had been going to a tea-party. To be immaculate, in fact, was his habit, and undeniably habit was his master.'

C., Colonel Thomas M. Crowder, for many years the Bursar of Corpus, deserves a place in any record of travelling and mountaineering. He was the invariable companion of the Rev. H. F. Tozer (1829–1916), a member of the A.C. from 1877 till his death, a most accurate scholar and geographer, and a veracious traveller, no less precise in person and costume than his friend, but on a somewhat

smaller scale. Together they ranged far in Greece and Asia Minor; together they climbed Mount Athos (6350 ft.) in 1861, and in the same year essayed Mount Olympus (9754 ft.), but were turned back by a storm when within an estimated 200 ft. of the summit of that elusive mass of peaks and ridges where the greater gods of old time had their several lodgings.[1] ('Researches in the Highlands of Turkey,' by Rev. H. F. Tozer, 2 vols., 1869. For Mount Olympus see 'A.J.,' vol. **36** and the present number.) In Vol. **8** is an account of Mount Taygetus, by F. F. Tuckett, the most ubiquitous of climbers, within his narrower world, who lived before Bryce; for a description of the mountain, the writer quotes and endorses that given by Tozer in his 'Geography of Greece,' p. 43, from his own experience, doubtless shared with Crowder.

Of Godley's own travels in classical regions, his paper on Ithome, the capital of Messenia in later Greek history, from *Macmillan's Magazine* of November 1899, tells us something:

'Every student, of course, realises the enormous value of excavation; but when he is away from museums and sees nothing but the havoc wrought by pick and spade, his gratitude is apt to be a little tempered. No doubt the thing is inevitable. Our modern passion for the naked fact will never be satisfied with hint and suggestion; we must stand on the very stones of the street, we must bare the innermost recesses of the house, we must rifle the grave itself. Yet should we really gain (after such fashion we may suppose a sentimentalist to meditate) were Messene, like the Roman Forum or the Altis of Olympia, a naked ruin, a chaos of skeleton antiquities? Certainly, it would be a sacrifice of pure natural beauty. Perhaps that is no great matter; yet for many imagination finds it easier to people ancient sites with ancient life when they have been left to fulfil their peaceful destiny, unprofaned by an exposure which shows much that was never meant to be seen, or a restoration which by its necessary incompleteness is less suggestive than no restoration at all. Some excavation there must be, that imagination may have a solid basis; but let it be done without wanton excess, sparingly. We are more directly, certainly more agreeably and pathetically, conscious of the vicissitudes of human life, when change has not been unduly diverted from its natural course; we are more alive to the mortal things which touch the mind when we see but the grave, than if we could actually touch the bones, the crumbling corpse of the Past that lies beneath. It is the broken column and the green grass growing over it that speak, more eloquently than hand-books and museums, of the transience of Man and the permanence of Nature.'

He sighed as a sentimentalist but obeyed as a working scholar. Indeed, it is said that in later life Godley took a serious interest in

[1] See *A.J.* **36,** 170–3, for a review by Godley of Kurz's *Le Mont Olympe.*

Greek archæology, and had been known to make himself happy over a Greek jar.

We must pass lightly, though our readers will lose much if they pass too lightly, over matters of academical interest. A large part of these volumes is concerned with the question of 'Compulsory Greek,' of which Godley was a stanch defender. There is much which is witty and eloquent, in verse and prose, mostly written in English, though in 1904 the slogan is sounded 'Scrobs vocat ultimus' (*Oxford Magazine*, vol. 22, p. 169). Over and above Godley's invariable courage and patience, we note his sympathy with the 'average man,' not the great pundits of scholarship, but those to whom the handling of Greek authors was an opportunity offered by the older Universities and, even when reduced to its lowest terms, was no 'Intolerable Burden' (or, to borrow Tschudi's notation, the IB) but the remnant of a great inheritance. They were his adopted clients, and he would never let them down. And he had little toleration for those who evaded a task because it was a hard one, or who prescribed 'soft options' to others. He would never have been found on pilgrimage with the poor creature who boiled his peas.

The same sympathy with the average man comes out in his championship of the writing of Latin verse (*Classical Review*, December 1917). A schoolboy might not hope to produce anything 'as good as the work of Jones *major* who tried for a Balliol Scholarship, or even as Virgil (at his best),' yet he should have the chance of turning out something which was 'his own' and not be left among those who go out into a cold world 'with all their music in them.'

Some very amiable men may be known by their antipathies, and a few of Godley's may be collected. He did not like the Mathematics, nor Motors or Motor-Buses, though the latter as Motores Bi, with genitive Motorum Borum, served him well in rhyme, nor Winter Sports, nor [Alpine] club buttons, nor Newdigate Prize Poems (in the mass). But he never failed to fall into line, and seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in shouldering an uncongenial task. He had little interest in sartorial developments, or in Faculties and Degrees of modern institution; but when it was put to him as Public Orator that he who presents scarlet-clad Doctors should himself be clad in scarlet, he made no difficulties, though preferring the decent black of the Master of Arts gown, which had been his working dress, Sundays and week-days, for a good many years. 'So, he gowned him,' being introduced, in terms of affectionate eulogy, by his old friend the President of his College.

Godley's own term of office as Public Orator began in 1914 (though he had already acted by special appointment for his predecessor). In June of that year it fell to him to present for an Honorary Degree Prince Lichnowsky, then, as we now know and as Godley had divined, labouring for peace. In terms of uncommon fervour he

breathes a hope, almost a prayer, that when all that hindered and vexed—things in themselves insignificant—had passed away, the deeper unity of genius, nobly represented by the Ambassador of Germany, might lead to a lasting understanding and mutual trust. And in 1916 he did the same office—how worthily we need not ask—for the leaders of the Allies by land and sea, of whom eight, headed by General, now le Maréchal de France, Joffre, were then honoured by the University.

The intervening years were painful ones, and it must have been a trying task to stand up before a depleted University and record the events of the year in the periodical Crewian Oration. 'There is resolute courage,' we read, 'in every line of the Oration of 1916' (which is not one of those now printed). We are carried back to the gallant stanzas of 'England at War'—perhaps the only poem in these volumes which is wholly serious—a rally to a nation then long unfamiliar with checks and reverses, in the dark days of January 1900:

> Let not the thought of private care
> Unnerve a nation's arm!

In 1918 came a matter of personal interest and piety, which gave him some anxious concern beforehand, but turned out cheerfully. In that year the venerable Master of Trinity died, and a reference to him in the Oration was essential. Dr. Henry Montagu Butler, A.C. 1860–1894, had been a link between C. S. Calverley and A. D. Godley. Butler had been in the Sixth Form at Harrow with 'C. S. C.', and, becoming Head Master in 1859, held office until 1885, so that Godley, whose school years were 1869–1875, comes about half-way down the remarkable list of brilliant scholars and serviceable men who passed through Harrow during his reign. The sentences, both dignified and full of feeling, in which he speaks of the teacher to whom he owed much, called forth the approval of a Cambridge scholar known as well for the warmth of his heart as for his exacting standard of Latinity. Godley writes to the friend who had told him of this:

> Postgate reads me: Postgate praises
> my commemorative phrases,
> views with an approving smile
> my obituary style:
> Postgate, who—it should be known—
> is not pleased by everyone,
> he who smites with mailèd fists
> many so-called Latinists.

The quiet postscript follows: 'But in sober prose I am much pleased, as I did not want to say the wrong things about Butler, and P. knows what is what.'

The thoughtful and sombre papers on Ireland, written from personal knowledge and out of a full heart, should be studied, as should the 'History of the Oxfordshire Regiment of Volunteers,

1914–1919,' which Godley had wished to make complete by the addition of a nominal roll of officers. The force took its beginning with citizens of Oxford and some senior graduates of the University—the younger graduates and the undergraduates were elsewhere—and then extended to the county under Godley as Colonel. In spite of scanty encouragement—to put it very mildly—from high quarters, it carried out much useful and unattractive work, such as the guarding of the Marconi station at Leafield, a place in Wychwood Forest, some eighteen miles from Oxford and difficult of access, and the actual handling of Government stores at Didcot in Berkshire. Altogether, a creditable chapter contributed by one of the smaller counties to our rough island story.

We must speak briefly of the five Lectures on English Literature, a discriminating study of the successive phases of Victorian Prose and Poetry. Perhaps the outstanding features are the writer's high esteem of Ruskin, and his personal devotion to Tennyson; in whom he found not only an artist of supreme felicity, but also an inspiring force to which other poets and other schools of poetry owed their being, and, still further, a seer who sounded the depths of thought in a difficult age. The man who in 1842 uttered such oracles as 'Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers,' and in a late decade of the century sighed over 'the love of letters overdone,' may well have made a special appeal to Godley. Yet he was no obscurantist, and some of the papers now included show research into matters of history, of the University and the City of Oxford for instance, not lying ready to the hand of every scholar or of every alderman. But he was sensitive to the danger of 'too much.' The Latin Grammar itself, with its clear teaching of right and wrong, might be obscured by an overgrowth of scientific statement, sometimes platitudinous. 'The College Cat' (*Second Strings*, p. 18) was better advised. A note of warning is sounded even to the Alpine Club:

'Inevitably, that vision is not for all, or for most. Nor indeed can it be wished that the case were otherwise. Excessive popularity might have its dangers. Let the public, *en masse*, take to climbing, and we may well imagine that there might be a cry for Brighter Mountaineering; we can conceive an appeal to make the Matterhorn Safe for Democracy. Things are better as they are.'

But we should not willingly see these volumes retrenched by a single page, and if more shall be forthcoming it will be welcome.

A. O. Prickard.

*Among the Kara-Koram Glaciers in 1925.* By Jenny Visser-Hooft. With contributions by Ph. C. Visser. 25 illustrations, 2 maps. London: Edward Arnold, 1925. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

The Karakoram Himalaya extend from the trench of the Indus on the S. to the valley of the upper Yarkand river on the N., and from the Chang-chenmo on the E. to the Gilgit river on the W.,

where they merge into the Hindu Kush. This vast mountain complex contains the biggest glaciers in the world outside the Polar Regions and Alaska. Since Vignes' explorations nearly a century ago these glaciers have been visited by many mountaineers; yet Conway's Pioneer Peak is the *only* summit which has been successfully ascended, though the Duke of the Abruzzi and Dr. Hunter Workman have been higher. There is evident justification for mountaineers to affirm that the Karakoram peaks are more difficult than those of the great Himalaya.

North of the main range, in Kanjut, a district of Hunza, we find a region of great snow mountains and bold rock peaks trenched with nearly impassable cliffy gorges, but with here and there, in the high folds of the hills, tiny woods of cedar, and sometimes, beside the torrents, little brakes of roses and small flowering shrubs, producing an entrancing contrast with the savage aridity of the scene. High above these profound gorges, towards the waterpartings, we occasionally meet with open grassy pasture valleys, their meadow bottoms fringed with willow and alder scrub and starred with primulas. The climate is generally fine and the snowfall not excessive, though the peaks run to 25,000 ft. and there is a great development of glaciers. Yet the region is so uncompromising that outside the main valley of the Hunza river there is only one permanent village—Shingshal.

It is in this region that Dr. and Mrs. Visser explored in 1925, and perfectly does Mrs. Visser describe the contrasts of this elemental country. Her account of the sustained ugliness of the Verjerab glacier, continuously swept by avalanches of mud and stones, makes but a foil to the majestic serenity of the great Batura or the immaculate purity of the Yazghil glacier with its little flower-decked bays of verdure in which she camps with such evident delight. The northern pocket of the district is entered by the gorge of the Khunjerab river, already explored to the pass at its head by Cockerill in 1892, but Dr. Visser broke new ground by exploring the tributary valley of the Barakhun. Then from the head of the Khunjerab, crossing a new pass, they entered the rat-trap of the unexplored Ghurjerab valley, which has so far defied all attempts at penetration from below. The rising waters had blocked the Khunjerab gorge behind them: down the Ghurjerab was hopeless: unless they could find a way out and over to Shingshal they must starve; nevertheless, they explored the whole of the several glacier sources of the Ghurjerab and successfully found a new and practicable route of escape to Shingshal. Then they explored the four great glaciers which flow northward from the main range into the Shingshal valley, getting right up to the foot of 'Dusto Ghil' ('a sheep-fold'). This is the Malungi Diás (24,580 ft.) of its discoverer Cockerill, more correctly spelled Malungutti-Yáz, meaning 'Middle-glacier Snow'; Mason got the name Dumata—'Father of Clouds'—just as Rakaposhi is commonly called Dumani—'Mother of Clouds.'

The topography of the south side of this great peak was most obscure and its solution demanded a long trek all the way round through Nagar and up the Hispar glacier, whence from the Kunjang glacier the secret was revealed to the Vissers and to their indefatigable surveyor Khan Sahib Afraz Gul Khan. A most successful and comprehensive examination of the whole of the huge Batura glacier, hitherto quite unexplored, was also accomplished by these untiring travellers, ably seconded by Franz Lochmatter and Johann Perren. Altogether this is one of the most remarkable and successful series of glacier explorations yet accomplished in High Asia, and the expedition is singularly fortunate in its historian.

There is very little to criticize in this delightful book. The descriptions of scenery are extremely good and the illustrations excellent. Some Indian words and place-names are spelled in a way unusual to English ears. The Mir of Hunza is a Maulai and would be horrified to be called a Sunni, whose stricter rule does not concern or confine his convivial nature; while the Mir of Nagar is a Shia and might well hate a Sunni more than an unbeliever—though all good Moslems may eat with Christians, because though 'unbelievers' we are not 'heathen' and through a different Revelation worship the One God. Happily the whole of the Gilgit Agency is singularly free from religious fanaticism, in spite of wide differences in faith and speech among its different tribes, and the people are very easy to get on with and first-rate travellers. Mrs. Visser's book must appeal to all lovers of mountain travel and is indispensable to every Himalayan library.

T. G. L.

*The Eagle Ski Club.* A guide to ski tours in the Upper Engadine. Map. King & Hutchings, Ld.

It would not be fair to give a general criticism of this little book, which only claims to be an attempt 'to suit the needs of the Club and the special conditions of ski touring in the Upper Engadine.' The claim is extravagant, but, doubtless, a second edition will be more successful, as the information in this first effort is both irresponsible, fragmentary, and inaccurate—to put it very gently. The authors of a guide book incur certain grave responsibilities. Considering that the map (which includes the sheets 520 and part of 523 of the Siegfried, rather badly enlarged to 1 : 40,000, disfigured by colouring and some grotesque red lines), must be the source of the names, the number of misspellings is appalling and amounts to over 50 per cent. of the local names. A good example of the kind of error is Sonne*r Hut* which is mentioned frequently as a starting point: few will recognize the well-known Hôtel Sonne in the Fexthal—accessible by carriage road. The authors are certainly to be condoled with in the following state of affairs . . . 'Albigna Hut, no data available. Capanna Cecilia. No data. Capanna Allievi. No data. . . . No data is available. They would include ski tours to the various huts mentioned and the climb

of mountains (*sic*) like Disgrazia and Bondasco (!) . . . data is required.' Such being the case, we will inform the authors that the district alluded to does *not* belong to the Upper Engadine, that there are three *Climbers' Guides* to this region, published respectively in English, Italian and German, and that the two latter carefully warn skiers to avoid the Bregaglia (= Bergell) side glens and its S. peaks. We do not wish to discourage the authors, as they really can do much better than this 'guide.' Moreover, much of their advice to skiers is excellent, and the book will not take these latter far enough from the Maloja Kursaal to get into much trouble.

## Two French 'Mountaineering' Novels.

*Terre de Suspicion.* By André Armandy. Jules Tallandier, Paris. 1926.

The author describes this work as a *Roman d'Aventures*. It is. We give the bald outlines of a story, which, when proceeding to the Alps, will pleasantly distract the reader's attention from the dangers of French railway travel. The style is a mixture of the author and Pierre Benoit; it appears to be founded on Kipling's 'Night Mail,' 'Lost Legion,' and 'The Man who would be King.' Indeed, the author makes no secret of his admiration for the latter tale. The adventures are incredible and entertaining in the highest degree.

Aeroplane No. 1 sets forth from Paris to fly over Mt. Everest. It fails to return. Its twin brother sets out to hunt for it. Aeroplane No. 2 gets into trouble owing to magnetic rocks in the Hindu Kush. It eventually crashes, but not before the hero and a charming lady reporter, hitherto concealed *outside* the luggage tank, have contrived, accompanied by their kits and a complete arsenal, to land in parachutes. They set out on foot to find the survivors of *Avion* No. 1. These are discovered among the Lost Tribes of Kafiristan. The hero interrogates the Pilot of No. 1 :—

'" . . . Vous avez renoncé ? Je ne comprends pas. Avez-vous, oui ou non, survolé l'Everest ? "

'" Certes, je l'ai survolé et les clichés que je rapporte le prouvent."

'" Alors ? "

'" Alors. Vous vous souvenez que nous devions jeter un pavillon français, dont la hampe lestée, se planterait sur le sommet du Toit du Monde ! " . . .

'" Eh bien ? "

'" Eh bien. Je ne l'ai pas jeté, voilà ! "

'" Pourquoi ? "

'" Ah ! Pourquoi ? C'est bête comme chou. Un scrupule ! . . . c'est bien simple, il y avait déjà un pavillon qui flottait sur la cime . . . oui, un pavillon : l'Union Jack. . . . J'ai songé au deux hommes qui avaient payé de leur peau le droit de faire flotter à cet endroit-là le pavillon anglais. Et j'ai pensé que ce ne

serait pas chic de leur ravir une exclusivité si chèrement payée. Voilà l'explication."

'"Non, ça n'aurait pas été chic. . . . Mais par contre c'est rudement chic pour Irvine et Mallory, ce que vous avez fait là . . . voulez-vous *secouer les mains* avec moi ?"'

Truly *chic*, and the book is without a touch of the now usual Chauvinism. There is a remarkable Colonel of Gurkha Rifles, whom the hero and heroine rescue from an uncomfortable situation. We feared that he would prove to be a villain, but no, he is a true *Deus ex machina* even although he had not arrived in an aeroplane. His description does not altogether tally with that of an ex-President of the Alpine Club. All ends well.

We recommend the work to the Technical Adviser to the Royal Air Force ; for the members of the future Everest Expeditions it is, of course, indispensable.

*Les Jeux Dangereux.* By Henry Bordeaux. Librarie Plon, Paris. 1926.

THE less said about this work the better. The author is a well-known mountaineer, and as such ought to have known where good taste begins and ends. The scene is laid in Mürren, which appears even more deplorable in fiction than in reality. The *dramatis personæ*, who are nearly all English, resemble no one that we have ever seen or heard of—not even at Mürren. There is a Baronet who has a Marquis as a son and another who is an Earl. To do him justice, or injustice, the author is an anglophile. We could forgive him everything if it were not for a really outrageous 'interview' with a dying mountaineer whom the whole Alpine world reveres. The general bad taste of this 'interview' is astounding and has seldom been equalled in fact or fiction. If we were sure that it would not benefit the author, we should be tempted to declare that the book shall not be allowed in the Club Library or our own. Unquestionably, the author means well, and, as 'the standard of taste varies so widely in different nations,' we had better refrain from further criticism.

*Bücherverzeichnis der Alpenvereinbücherei.* Von Dr. A. Dreyer: München. 1927. M. 20.

THIS is a remarkable work in Alpine bibliography. In 1124 columns —two to a page—is given a minute subject-index to the volumes in a particular library containing a very large collection of books and pamphlets relating to mountain districts and to mountaineering. The composition of an index which would include all works of the kind would be too large to be undertaken ; but this within its necessary limits will prove to be extremely useful. The compiling must have been a heavy task. The result is excellent, as the work has been very carefully done. Subjects and geographical names are arranged alphabetically in one continuous list, and under each

heading the authors are again arranged alphabetically. A Verfasser- and Bergnamenverzeichnis is given at the end, making reference to the work itself very easy. Leading articles in publications of Alpine Clubs are included. As an example of the extent of entries, we note that under Mont Blanc there are sixteen columns, with 390 separate entries. As an example of division of subjects may be taken Lechtal, Lechtaler Alpen (Allgemeines), Lechtaler Alpen (Heiterwandgebiet), Lechtaler Alpen (Klostertaler Berge), Lechtaler Alpen (Parseier Kette). The library treated of is more than a strictly Alpine library, for there are headings here such as Monte Carlo, Montreux, Mont St.-Michel, Mosel, München. As a work of reference the book will prove of great use. A minor matter of interest, yet one which must have given considerable trouble, is that the Christian names of authors are added as far as possible in those cases where they do not occur on their published works.

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## THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY.

The following works have been added to the Library :—

*Club Publications.*

(a = ascent : d = descent : 25, etc. = 1925, etc.)

**Akad. Alpenclub Bern.** 21. Jahresber. 9 × 6 : pp. 33 : plates. 1925–6
Neue Touren 1926 : Fiescherwand fr. F. Firn : Jungfrau fr. N. by Kl. Silberh. and N. face : Capucin S.W. face.

**Akad. Alpenver. München.** 1. Jahresber. 9 × 6 : pp. 12. 1892–3

—— 34. Jahresber. 1925–26. 8¾ × 5¾ : pp. 67 1927
Eiskögele N. Wand : Habachsp. : Gr. Glockner N. Wand : Glockerin by Mooserboden : Gr. Kircht. S. face : Musterstein S. face : Reichensp. S. Wand : Cima di Rosso N. arête : Schärtenwand N.E. face : Mittl. Wettersp. by Wetterwand : Zermatt Breith by N.W. face : Mte. Zocca W., N.E. face : Zsigmondysp. S. face.

**Akad. Skiclub München.** Jahresber. 1925–26. 8¾ × 5½ : pp. 51 : plates. 1926

**Alpine Club of Canada.** Journal, 1925.
Mt. Logan Expedn : First ascents, 1925 : Mt. Blade, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Munday, A. E. Agur : Cathedral Crags, E. V. Cowdray, G. Feuz ; Coppercrown, A. A. McCoubrey, Miss K. MacCallum, N. Reilly : Devil's Head, J. W. A. Hickson, L. S. Crosby, Edward Feuz : Hungabee, N. arête, V. A. Fynn, R. Aemmer.

—— The A.C. of Canada in Jasper National Park, Alberta, 1926. Publ. by Canadian National Railways. 19½ × 13 : 19 photographs.
Contains portrait of F. C. Bell, President of the A.C. Photographs of Mts. Geikie, Barbican, Bastion, Postern, Chrome Lake, Maligne Lake.

—— Quarterly Gazette. April 1921–June 1926. 6¾ × 5 : pp. 230. 1926
Particulars of death of Dr. Stone on Mt. Eon in 1921 : hints on use of axe and rope, diet : Mt. Logan expedn. : Cariboo notes : fourth ascent of Aconcagua, April 1925 : first ascent, Mt. Albreda, 1914, by Asa Horrobin : starting of Can. A.C. : first ascent, 1925, Mt. Coppercrown.