

Total number of members, including 1503 new members	14,072
Total income, inclusive of the gross receipts from the 'Jahrbuch'	143,217 = £5729

The principal items of expenditure are :—	frs.
New huts	8943
Repairs to huts ; furniture, insurance, &c. 'Alpina'	4434
'Jahrbuch,' vol. li.	12,532
Assurance of guides	46,128
Part assurance of members	6172
Rescue arrangements	9252
Various subventions	955
Publication of guide-books &c. and amortisation of stock thereof	2400
General expenses	21,725
	11,850
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	124,391 = £4976

It is intended in 1918 to enlarge the Bétemps and Mountet huts.

CHAMONIX, AUGUST 1918.—The Rocher Pitschner, named after a Prussian professor who ascended Mont Blanc in 1859, with great tribulation (as related by himself), is to be renamed Pic Wilson—after the President of the United States. Delegations from various Alpine Clubs are to attend at the Grands Mulets.

The weather has been very fine, but the tourists and climbers are fewer than last year. The glaciers are in a state of advance. The séracs are generally difficult. Most of the ascents of Mont Blanc are made by American soldiers on leave.

'THE CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE PENNINE ALPS.'—Dr. Dübi has undertaken, at the request of the Committee of the S.A.C., the compilation of the two further volumes—viz. vol. i., 'From the Col Ferret to the Col de Collon'; vol. ii., 'From the Col de Collon to the Théodule.' They will be similar to the double volume already issued, and will appear in French. The notes of Sir Martin Conway and of Mr. Coolidge have been added to Dr. Dübi's own notes, and he has already received other notes from members of the S.A.C.

Dr. Dübi will be very glad of any information as to unpublished new expeditions or variations of old ones.

It can be sent to the Assistant Editor for transmission.

REVIEWS.

Recollections. By John Viscount Morley, O.M., &c. Two vols. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. London : 1917.

ONE would hardly expect to find in these two volumes, interesting though they are, any matter for review in the ALPINE JOURNAL,

for Lord Morley has never been a Member of the Club, nor has he been prominently associated with any form of travel or geographical exploration. It was even at one time suggested that he might be more sympathetic in regard to giving climbers leave to explore in Nepal, but it is now known that there were good reasons for his caution. There are, however, two passages which deserve reproduction.

[The first, which is a reference to Leslie Stephen's 'Playground of Europe,' explains itself :—

' . . . Meredith used to say that some pages in Charlotte Brontë's "Villette," and some in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," are the high-water mark of English prose in our time. There are pages in Stephen's "Playground of Europe" that I would like to join to this pair. The piece of "The Alps in Winter" is a masterpiece in the rare and exquisite art of reverie. Only it was not art at all; it is the natural outpouring of a tender and masculine spirit with a patient gaze in a sore hour. He hints a modest reproach that Ruskin's "Matterhorn" is perhaps too fine, and some of us at least prefer Stephen's pensive but accurate vision of desolate Alpine effects, saturated as it is with deep thoughts and impressive human feeling, not a word of it forced out of the vein of sincere spontaneous musing, as in every sense more moving, strengthening, and true than elaborated prose like so much of Ruskin. The fifth of Rousseau's "Reveries" is a delicious idyll, and well deserves its fame, but Stephen's three or four Alpine pieces have a ray divine that is all their own, and they wear well, as he says of Wordsworth, because they rest on solid substance. They rest on the association of a personified sublimity in mountain nature, with the awe, reverence, hope, love, that mark the highest nature in man. To nobody was anything to be called sentimentalism less attractive than to Stephen. He defined it as indulgence in emotion for its own sake. These terrible eternal presences led him to a manful lesson all the more wonderful for a man walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. . . .'

It is pleasant to know that the book, which has been the delight and the pride of more than one generation of climbers, is, in the judgment of so great a master of letters as Lord Morley, worthy to rank with the great classics of English literature.

The second passage, which occurs in a letter to the late Lord Minto, who was then Viceroy of India, refers to a letter from Lord Minto describing a holiday in the Himalayas, and is as follows :

' . . . I read it (the letter) to my wife, and we sighed to think that we shall never see the Himalayas. The things in the way of sublimity that linger in my mind are the weird desolation of the Gornier Grat, the glory of the Matterhorn as the dawn steals out of the ice-caves, and lastly the maniacal fury of the Niagara Rapids—not the Falls: no doubt you saw them more than once when you were in Canada. I often think of that ferocious rush of waters still going on, while we mortals are fuming about our transitory pains and pleasures. . . .'

Most members of the Club have a wider knowledge of mountains than Lord Morley appears to have, but it would be very hard to pick out two better examples of the sublime in the Alps. The present writer would suggest as comparable a view of Monte Rosa from an Italian valley, or a sunrise on the Weisshorn as seen from above the Festi hut, but there can be no finality in such matters.

In conclusion one may note that the greater part of the second volume refers to the official career of a very distinguished member of the Club, the late Lord Minto. Though we may regret that the wider career which opened before him, with opportunities for travel and adventure in many parts of the world, seems to have taken away his early enthusiasm for the Alps, yet we may be proud to have had in our Club lists the name of one of the soundest and most valuable public servants that the annals of the Indian Government record.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE LIEUT. GIBSON.

DEAR CAPTAIN FARRAR,—You may care to hear that Mrs. Harry Gibson has now heard that her husband's body has been found and buried, the grave being No. 22 Northampton Wadi Cemetery, which I presume to be on the outskirts of Gaza.

I'm sure Mrs. Gibson will value Graham Irving's most sympathetic notice in the last JOURNAL. And for your own words to the Club. I know from my own experience the value of my Alpine training in this war. Certain unpleasant corners at night I always connected with certain stony couloirs of my memory, and the passage under the Aiguille du Midi when descending Mont Blanc; and always after getting back from Hooze inside the rampart of Ypres, it was like taking the rope off by the moraine. Those thoughts gave me just the feeling of romance, but then I was lucky in not having too much of it.

My only excuse in troubling you with this letter is that you may care to know the completed record of a very ardent member of the Club.

Sincerely yours,

H. E. G. TYNDALE.

4 Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.,
March 7, 1918.

THE LATE T. S. KENNEDY.

MY DEAR FARRAR,—I was very pleased to see that excellent portrait of T. S. Kennedy reproduced in the Feb. 'A.J.', as a copy has hung for years on the walls of my study. It brings back that remarkable personality with such great vividness, for it is absolutely lifelike. He was an old friend of my father's and climbed a good deal with