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[Frontispiece]

“LLYN BOCHLWYD”

F. J. R. Dodd

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TEN DAYS IN AUGUST

CAPTAIN J. M. L. GAVIN

IT was nearly the middle of August 1939. For the last week it had rained ; and the mountains, seen occasionally through breaks in the clouds, were plastered with snow. Frank Smythe and I sat in the Pavillon de Trélatête and played draughts.

We had been out ten days. We had begun in the Dauphiné, and arriving in fine weather had climbed Les Bans and traversed La Barre des Ecrins. But even the traverse had been a race against the approaching storm : long before we reached the Col des Ecrins we were drenched through.

Since then the weather had scarcely let up. In La Bérarde we had smoked innumerable pipes and made and remade plans ; and in the end we had given up all hope of climbing the Meije and the Ailefroide and decided to move to a new district. Mont Blanc was our real destination ; the big climbs were out of the question, but Smythe hit upon the good idea of going to the lesser known and easier Western end of the range. Two hours' walk above Les Contamines was the Pavillon de Trélatête, where we would be comfortable and well placed to take advantage of any improvement in the weather. So thither we had gone ; and it was still raining.

For two more days it rained, and then it stopped, soon after dawn. Tentatively and rather late we set forth for Mont Tondu. Mont Tondu is very easy, but on that day of low cloud with occasional hazy sunshine and deep new snow, it was just what we desired. We returned happy—it had not been a good day, but it was the beginning. Our luck seemed to have turned.

It had ; for there followed ten perfect days. I have never known such settled weather in the Alps, least of all on Mont Blanc. There were clouds, but only photographers' clouds to add to the view ; they never worried us. It was the one good

period in a hopeless season, the lull before the storm of war broke over Europe. In such weather it was all too easy, for in the Alps the weather conditions make the climb.

On the first day we left at six for the Col Infranchissable. Our three hours' sweat up that interminable glacier was well rewarded by the magnificent view of the S.W. face of Mont Blanc. The Dôme route and the Brouillard ridge lay just across the valley. We were looking straight at the Col Emile Rey, and at that angle the narrow snow couloir looked quite vertical. I thought of Winthrop Young's account of their night ascent and told myself that no snow slope is too steep to ascend, but I could scarcely believe it.

We climbed the Tête Carrée to get a better view, up by the quite amusing snow-and-rock ridge from the col and down by the ordinary face route. Everything was deep in new snow, but the hot sun would soon settle things. Down on the glacier the heat was overpowering, and the glare made one's eyes ache even through dark glasses. That night we planned our next few days, the traverse of Mont Blanc from west to east.

We started at six next morning for the traverse of the Aiguille de Béranger and Dôme de Miage to the Refuge Durier. The Aiguille de Béranger is an easy yet delightful climb, and deservedly popular—how popular we soon discovered when we met nearly twenty French parties coming down before we were half way up. French parties all seem to start so early and to hurry down: they miss half the joy, we thought, as we lazed on the summit.

The rest of the day was a magnificent ridge walk, reminiscent in its scale and grandeur of the Lyskam-Castor-Pollux traverse, a day such as I enjoy as much as any other in the Alps. Ahead was Mont Blanc, separated from us only by the Aiguille de Bionnassay; to the left St. Gervais-les-Bains, thousands of feet below; to the right Italy; behind us, eighty miles away, the Dauphiné peaks, amongst which we could easily recognise the Ecrins and the Meije; and at our feet an ever-interesting and steep snow ridge. We lingered as long as we dared, and reached the Refuge Durier about four.

The Refuge Durier is very small, smaller than the attic at Helyg, and it is perched precariously on the edge of the Col de Miage. It is one of those huts where one must not sleep-walk or step too boldly out of the door. It is also sheathed completely in tin to protect it from the very frequent thunderstorms, during which the hut is continually struck by lightning, but the inmates spend a theoretically safe though nerve-racking time inside.

When it is all over they probably emerge in a dazed state, creep slowly down into the valley and are never quite the same again.

We found the hut very dirty, and had just cleaned it up a little and started our methyated stove going when a French-guided party of four arrived, coming straight up from the valley. Six was a crowd, but it was warm and we spent a not uncomfortable night. Next day we got away just five minutes ahead of the Frenchmen, once again at six o'clock. The Aiguille de Bionnassay is a good climb which had not been done for some time owing to the bad weather, and we were determined to do it on our own.

We climbed unroped for the first half hour, walking up hard snow in crampons ; then along an almost horizontal snow and rock ridge which led us to the steep rocks of the mountain itself. The ordinary rock route lay slightly to the left, but it was cold there in the shadow, and we chose to go to the right where the rocks are broken by snow couloirs. It was slower at first and the French party nearly drew level with us, but soon we stepped out on to good hard snow and walked up it in crampons to the summit. We had been three hours and three minutes from the hut.

The Bionnassay is a perfect summit, a knife-edge of pure snow, as narrow as one could wish for. But it is no place to linger. The ridge to the Dôme de Gouter is heavily corniced to the North, so heavily corniced that one is forced to leave it altogether and traverse across the South face below it. And a steep South face is no place to be on late in the morning soon after new snow with a burning hot sun. So we turned right handed along the ridge, and overtook a French guide and two ladies who had come up the N.W. arête.

The snow was already turning bad and it was very steep. Sometimes it slid off altogether and we were able to cut a step in the hard old snow underneath. We kept very close with a tight rope and dug our axes in hard before every step. Just ahead, the ladies had obviously no idea of rope technique or how to use their axes, nor had they any idea of the danger. They just followed their guide, who certainly earned his pay that day. We offered to rope on or else go ahead and make the track, and he accepted the latter. Soon we were on easier ground.

The rest of the day was pure, lazy enjoyment. The ridge wound on up, and the Dôme route joined it from the South. Our halts became more frequent. We looked back along the whole length of yesterday's ridge walk and found it hard to

imagine two better days. At about 4 p.m. we reached the Vallot Hut, and drank eighteen cups of tea at Fr. 10 a cup.

We stayed in the old Vallot Hut and enjoyed it in spite of the price of tea, until the early morning mountain-sick crowds from Chamonix began to arrive. Then, at 5 a.m., an hour earlier than our standard starting time, we left, to walk up the 1,500 feet to the summit of Mont Blanc in an hour and ten minutes. I had never stood on the summit before, and surely dawn is the best time. There was no wind, but a sea of clouds in all the valleys, and the dawn shadow of Mont Blanc thrown half across Europe.

We meant to descend by the Brenva route, so we hurried on. Down to the Mur de la Côte, through the séracs and down the long snow slope, and conditions were so good that we reached the famous ice ridge with scarcely a halt in an hour and a quarter from the summit. There was something sad in finding so great a route so easy, with a huge staircase up the long last slope, which in some years as hard ice may tax the skill and endurance of the strongest party to the full. The ice ridge too was disappointingly easy, and even the characters in A. E. W. Mason's novel would have found *à cheval* tactics unnecessary this year. But the title of his famous book was an apt description of the conditions a little lower down, for in the hot sun the whole mountainside was streaming with water.

One of the main interests in the Brenva route is the near view it affords of the Brenva face and the three great routes up it, and with Smythe as companion my interest was naturally intense. From this angle the climbs lose a little of their steepness and stand out as a succession of ribs and buttresses rather than a sheer face. There are definite places where one could sit down comfortably and have lunch. The well-named Red Sentinel is clearly visible.

We reached the Col Moore with our breeches and stockings wringing wet, and crossing the glacier to the Col de la Fourche de la Brenva was a miserable business, sinking in to our thighs with each step. We expected to go into a crevasse at any minute and used the full length of the rope, but all was well.

There is now a small refuge on the Col de la Fourche, and in it we found Armand Charlet and a *Messieur*. They were planning to do the Red Sentinel climb the next day, and were delighted to meet one of its originators. We spent a happy hour or so with them before going on. Descending from the col to the Géant glacier was tricky work in the afternoon and involved an hour's step cutting. In one particularly awkward place I

amused myself by cutting a large ice belay—the sort of thing one sees in books and never uses, because one so seldom has the time.

The Torino Hut was full. We were told there was no room, but eventually managed to get two bunks in a huge overcrowded dormitory. During this delay we sat about in our wet clothes drinking chianti and eating an excellently cooked meal; and when we went to bed, after a long look at the Brenva face and Peutérey ridge, I tried out an old idea of mine and slept in my wet clothes rolled up in the one dry blanket. Smythe did the opposite, but we proved nothing, for by next evening we both had roaring colds.

We got up early enough, however. Our clothes were still wet so it was rather a dismal affair, but we left at five for the Rochefort arête. This delightful snow and ice ridge is so narrow in places that your footholds go right through and come out the other side. The short climb up the Aiguille de Rochefort at the end is a sad contrast, for it is all on rotten rock. But it is worth ascending for the view alone. Nearby, the Dent du Géant was swarming with people, shouting and waving to each other: there must have been two hundred on it that day (it was an Italian holiday) and we revelled in our own solitude. In the distance we could just discern two black specks leaving the rocks at the top of the Sentinel route below the last snow slope. Armand Charlet had been very quick. We sent him a post-card of congratulations that evening.

We returned to the Torino, had our passports stamped, and went on down to Courmayeur; and on the way down that rough path Smythe twisted his ankle. After a short wait he was able to proceed slowly and painfully and we concluded that nothing was broken; but it cramped his style, and even when we returned to England the pain and swelling were still there. Our entry into Courmayeur with a sprained ankle and streaming colds was not quite the gay thing we had pictured; in fact the only part of it that lived up to our imagination was the bottle of Asti Spumanti we had for dinner.

All this time we had been waiting and planning, hoping that the fine weather would last long enough to open up the great routes on the South side of Mont Blanc, the Peutérey ridge, the Innominata face and the Brouillard ridge; magnificent routes in their length and directness up the greatest mountainside in the Alps. None had, so far as we knew, been done by a guideless British party. We hovered between the Peutérey and

the Innominata, and chose the latter, planning to do it in a day from the Gamba Hut without the usual bivouac.

The Gamba Hut, at nearly 9,000 feet, is a six-hour walk from Courmayeur, and we took two days to get there. We were risking a day's good weather, but Smythe's ankle was very swollen and we were both feeling so miserable when we reached the delightful Restaurant Purtud that we decided to stay the night there. The rest was worth it, and our luck held.

We found two German parties in the Gamba Hut, one of which was going for the Innominata too. They were three soldiers from a Bavarian regiment, their leader a most charming captain who had fought in the last war. Owing to the unexpected absence of the hut guardian we were a little short of food, and they kindly insisted on dividing their supply with us. They left to go up to their bivouac next day; and we followed in the afternoon to reconnoitre the rather complicated Brouillard glacier. Our climb was to be handicapped by a complete absence of moon, so we took good care to memorise our route and even marked it in one or two places with large sheets of newspaper under stones. We went as far as the Col Frêne, left a small supply of food there, and then returned to an early supper and bed.

It was 1.11 a.m. when we left the hut again. The night was misty, only a few stars shone unsteadily. Was the weather breaking at last? We strode on in silence by the feeble light of our torch, across the rocks to the glacier, up the glacier wending our way through the maze of crevasses, and on to the Col Frêne by 4.11 a.m. Dawn was just breaking and the mists were dispersing. Yes, it would be another good day.

On over the Pic Eccles. We wasted time, going too much to the left when we could have traversed round on snow to the right. Even so we came to the bivouac place on the Col Eccles less than an hour after our friends had left it; we could see them a short way ahead and exchanged greetings. They had spent a cold and uncomfortable night balancing on a ledge six feet by four. We stopped there for breakfast for one hour.

From the col, the ridge continued till it merged into a buttress on the face proper, snow at first, then moderately difficult rock where we could not always move together. There was one chimney of Welsh very difficult standard. Then off the buttress to the left, till we were on the edge of the great couloir which runs up the face here. We had caught up the Germans now, and had to wait in the shelter of an overhanging rock while they

cut up some hard ice and began crossing the couloir. The whole face was streaming with water, and to add to the usual mountain dangers some huge icicle would crash down every now and then. One rather smaller one, about 2 feet long, just missed Smythe's head, to the consternation of everyone except Smythe who did not see it coming. We were glad to get across the couloir to the safety of the rocks on the other side. Incidentally there are two routes here: the guide-book route crosses the couloir about half way up and continues to the left, while we chose to cross it much higher up, nearly at the top, and there were signs of other parties having done so too.

The rocks led up to a short snow ridge, and the enormous length of the climb now became apparent: it was already 1.30 p.m., yet a long snow slope lay ahead before we even joined the Brouillard ridge. We halted a short time and took the lead over from the Germans.

The snow was rotten. The hot sun had been on it all day and there was nothing for it but to brush away the top foot and cut into the ice beneath; it was too steep a place to take any liberties. It was slow work, and exhausting; and it took nearly four hours. When at last we stepped out on to the Brouillard ridge I was very tired, as tired as I ever remember being. But it was our last difficulty, Mont Blanc de Courmayeur was very near. We were almost there.

At 6.30 p.m. we stood on the summit of Mont Blanc. It was only four days since we had been there before, but this time I was too weary to admire the view, this time the pure joy of achievement drove all the other pleasures of mountaineering into the background. Our German comrades insisted on taking our photos, and we out of politeness took theirs. I think they also vowed eternal friendship, and we repaid their former kindness by paying for their night at the Vallot, where the French guardian refused to take German money. It was after seven when we reached the hut—eighteen hours, a long but a great day.

That was the end. We completed the second traverse fittingly enough by walking down the ordinary route to Chamonix and finishing by the funicular. The clouds were gathering, it looked as if the spell was broken, and there was talk of mobilisation in France. We left at once for England.

RAW DEAL FOR A PRECIPICE

A. D. M. COX

MODERN rock-climbing has been criticised on many grounds and by weighty critics. It has exhibited fascist tendencies. It has failed to bear in mind the distinction between a mountain and a gymnasium. It has used rubbers on cliffs that tradition had made sacred to boots, and boots on holds that posterity required should only be touched by rubbers. The force of these charges may possibly still be open to dispute ; but among the evils undoubtedly ascribable to modern rock-climbing is one about which much less is heard—the decay of that noble conception, the precipice. More accurately, it is the precipice itself which is in decay, for the conception of it is exactly as it was a hundred years ago : a crag of fearful size and steepness. But during these hundred years the qualifications necessary for a cliff aspiring to such rank have become steadily stiffer, and the precipice has been pushed steeply up through a great number of degrees. Many were the pleasant, rounded hills which easily passed the test in the days when men grew giddy on the top of Y Wyddfa ; later, as Hugh Pope said, “ only quite steep slopes were called precipices ” ; and now an increasing familiarity with steep places has forced the poor precipice back, right to the vertical or beyond it, so that as a mountaineering term it is in danger of complete extinction because too much is expected of it.

“ A crag of fearful size and steepness ” : a proper conception of a precipice, but it will not do as a definition. It is too subjective, for it makes the whole question turn on the purely personal question of fear, and what frightens me may leave you quite unmoved. Is there no better, more absolute definition of a precipice ? “ Cliff or rock-face,” says the Pocket Oxford Dictionary, “ that is or looks so steep that one could fall headlong from top to bottom.” Nice, vivid phrasing ; but as a definition a little loose, for by its terms no rock-face in Wales has more

often or conclusively proved its title to the dignity of a precipice than the Helyg Boulder. Nevertheless, it comes quite near the truth, and only needs, I think, two slight modifications : firstly the cliff must be large as well as steep, and secondly it need not matter if in falling headlong one should be able to stick half way down. Emend it, then : " large cliff or rock-face that is or looks so steep that one could fall headlong a sufficiently long way down it " ; sufficiently, that is, for one to be convinced that it is a precipice. Possibly this reintroduces the personal element, for some men are much more difficult to convince than others. But it will do, for my present concern is not with precipices in the gross, but with a particular precipice, whose right to that title I have every other reason for accepting.

I believe it is in the records of this Club that one of its most distinguished members of earlier days, finding himself on the skirts of Snowdon and recollecting that he had stood ninety-seven times on the summit of that peak, conveyed himself over it, without the assistance of steam, three more times in a single day. More recently the development of motor transport has enabled other energetic persons to visit the highest points of Scotland, England and Wales within the space of twenty-four hours. An extra two hours' grace and a private aeroplane have accounted for Eire as well. In the Lake District champions are found, from time to time, ready and able to travel through 120 miles of horizontal distance and in vertical height through the combined altitudes of Everest and Leith Hill. Less sensational perhaps than these accomplishments, but calling for many of the same qualities, was my own little known feat of crossing the col above Ffynnon Llugwy seven times, if I remember rightly, in seven days. One hour thirteen minutes, it was, if one went along the lake and straight up to the col, one hour fifteen minutes up the long slope of Pen Helyg and down onto the col ; and either route laid one out at the top, incapable of further movement for half an hour to an hour and a half, according to the state of the weather. But even on the sunniest day it was a quicker and less strenuous approach to Craig-yr-Ysfa (for that was its object) than the motor route via Bettws, Dolgarrog and the wrong track up the Eigiau valley, a journey over which an Alvis of unlimited power had to be excused for taking three full hours. Whichever way one looks at it, Craig-yr-Ysfa is likely for some time to remain an old-fashioned cliff in the matter of approaches.

In other respects as well it has been slow in moving with the times. Not that it has altogether escaped the wave of explora-

tion which has been dated from the making of the first climb on Clogwyn dur Arddu. But dur Arddu itself, or the Terrace Wall, or Idwal East Wall and the other cliffs have all been opened up as regular climbing grounds, whereas such new climbs as have been made on Craig-yr-Ysfa have in general been made and recorded and not made again ; a curious fact, seeing that after all Craig-yr-Ysfa ranks as a precipice with the other two great rock faces of Wales, Lliwedd and Clogwyn dur Arddu. Is it the situation of Craig-yr-Ysfa which protects it—the fact that it must always be a dour labour to cross a 2,300-foot col as a preliminary to 800 feet of cliff, and the dourer if one has to carry rubbers over the col and boots up the 800 feet, with the alternative of facing the col on the return journey if one leaves them at the bottom ? Or is the nature of the cliff itself in some way unsuited to be submitted to the normal process of climbing development ?

Two noble climbs there are, whose whitened holds show that at any rate to parties travelling rubber-free the walk over into Cwm Eigiau is not, even for this generation, an unendurable hardship : the Amphitheatre Buttress and the Great Gully. The character of these time-honoured ascents throws a good deal of light on the character of the cliff as a whole. The one is a buttress climb of the old school, a truly Alpine sort of buttress, so much of a buttress that it is altogether free of falling stones, falling ice, falling sheep or any other of the objective dangers which make the ridges of the Alps to be preferred to the gullies. It can never give more than one route for all its area of rock, simply because of that Alpine quality—one can go almost where one likes, making one's way up it ; there is no specialisation about it, and it is a type of climb now regrettably rare in Britain. The Great Gully is also, of course, the best kind of another old-fashioned type of climb ; and if it is liable to at least one of those objective dangers, the tradition of British gully-climbing is that such things should be taken as they come. It is a paradoxical climb, for although one can easily escape out of it altogether in at least three places, and can turn the hardest pitch and almost all the others without serious trouble, yet it so encloses one within its deep walls that one has the feeling that it is essentially an unartificial, unescapable climb, and that with it one is embarked on something which must be carried through. Since the supply of British gullies is strictly limited, it is bound to remain one of the finest climbs of its type.

The climbing traffic on Craig-yr-Ysfa has virtually canalised

itself on these two routes, nor is it surprising that it should have done so. The outstanding feature of the rock structure of the cliff is the number of its gullies ; probably there is no cliff in Wales which offers so many. Two gullies make one buttress, three gullies two buttresses ; and if on Craig-yr-Ysfa the progression does not seem to work out quite as one would expect—for there somehow appear to be a good many gullies too many—yet the alternation of buttress and gully is in fact there. Many of the gullies are imperfect specimens ; Arch Gully is good at the top but hopeless at the bottom, Vanishing Gully good at the bottom but devoid of a top, Bending Gully no real good anywhere. The buttresses often suffer accordingly, failing to stand out from the mountain in the way that makes ascent worth while, even though the angle be easy and infinite variety in detail possible. The architecture of the cliff seems to demand the “ mountaineering ” climb, Alpine up the buttresses or British up the gullies ; but by its own failings in construction it provides only one really good specimen of each. The cliff thus misses a great opportunity, for if it had been properly built on the lines on which it is laid down, it would offer half a dozen first-class routes of each mountaineering type, an alternating succession of Great Gullies and Amphitheatre Buttresses. But in spite of its shortcomings it is probably still to be thought of, with Lliwedd, as the best purely mountaineering cliff in Wales.

There is no avoiding the fact, however, that for a precipice Craig-yr-Ysfa relies too much on mere bulk and not enough on steepness. If lack of definition in the outline of most of its buttresses is one of its main faults, the other is that it permits those same buttresses to trundle down to the floor of the cwm in their own time. And although it makes some effort to correct this in the lowest third of its height, where the angle is a good deal steeper, it is really no better than an annoyance, when climbs which begin promisingly, if messily, for six or seven pitches peter out into 500 feet of steep heather. There are several of this type ; on the easterly block of cliff, the Slab Climb and Birch Tree Chimney, both of which do manage to heave themselves clear of the lower undergrowth to give a short, steep wall before they exhaust themselves ; on the westerly block one or two nondescript routes on the toe of the Great Buttress, and Vanishing Gully itself. This is probably the most disappointing of all these incipient climbs, as being the best while it lasts ; for four pitches it looks like making good as the ideal gully—all the time burrowing deeper into the mountain, among delightful

moss, flowers and bracken—and then the mountain suddenly slopes back too quickly for it, cuts it off, and leaves it to burrow out rather foolishly into thin air. Incidentally, a party in search of consolation at that point can go round and look into the Great Gully and, if it so pleases, try and lever into its long home the pleasing pinnacle which is so familiar a feature of the outward view from the Great Gully's middle reaches.

As if to atone for the general failure of its upper half to come up to the mark, Craig-yr-Ysfa has provided a few areas higher up which are to some extent exceptions to the rule. A climb quite unlike any other on the cliff is Arch Wall, the steep upper portion of the buttress between Arch Gully and Bending Gully, one of those boot climbs on which the ordinary man will probably end by carrying them. More typical of Craig-yr-Ysfa, at the same end of the cliff, are two rather slight buttress climbs, Truant Rib and the Staircase, both pleasant routes with nothing desperate and nothing very particular about them. A very particular merit, however, attaches to another such climb, secluded in the top right-hand corner of the Amphitheatre—the Amphitheatre Rib, a clean, steep buttress giving almost the perfect mountaineering route in miniature. It is the sort of climb which ought to have been made nearly twenty years before it was; the fact that it was not discovered until 1931 is a good illustration of an interesting point in Craig-yr-Ysfa's history, the complete absence of original enterprise between the first ten years of exploration and the beginning of the past decade.

The Amphitheatre Rib was a climb which smacked of the past, but its discoverer, C. F. Kirkus, also made at about the same time a very much harder climb and one which was more important for revealing the future possibilities of the cliff. This was the Pinnacle Wall, which lies up the very steep west wall of the Amphitheatre itself, and thus breaks completely away from the gully and buttress tradition which had hitherto dominated Craig-yr-Ysfa. There is nothing else of the conventional about the Pinnacle Wall; if it was not also very severe one might be tempted to call it quaint. Properly it should begin with an exceptionally severe direct start, up a slimy, tilted crack which has little to be said for it, save that the second man can conveniently be asked to go round to the bilberry terrace at its top and hold the rope from directly above. Twenty feet above the bilberry terrace is the obvious groove by which one aspires to continue; but in order to reach its foot one has to promenade into the far distance along the terrace, climb up a sort of staircase,

and walk back across the cliff by an airy 90-foot gangway, which seems to slope outwards in two dimensions, and leads to one of those ill-conceived ledges at which the belay is placed a number of feet below the stance. The groove above and the horizontal crack which follow it appear to be working in partnership ; the groove is so greasy that one must climb it in stockings, the crack so brutally sharp-edged that stockinged feet are promptly torn to bits. But the lacerated leader who manages to limp to the final stance, at the Pinnacle itself, will at least find himself able to convalesce in one of the most bracing situations in North Wales.

This admirable climb, which would be an ornament to any cliff, was the more valuable because it was the first to take account of an obvious but until then unnoticed aspect of Craig-yr-Ysfa's construction. It has been said that the cliff is an especial home of gullies, some of them deeply cut. Indeed the central feature of Craig-yr-Ysfa, the Amphitheatre, is itself no more than an extremely wide gully. Obviously a deeply cut gully, while its bed may give disappointing climbing or no climbing at all, is also to be considered as a gorge with two steep containing rock walls. On a cliff whose average inclination is gentle these side walls may provide the otherwise missing element of steepness—exactly as does the East Wall of the Idwal Slabs, the discovery of which began to be made at about the same time as the first ascent of the Pinnacle Wall. Undoubtedly Craig-yr-Ysfa, with its plethora of gullies, is better able to provide opportunities for this flanking type of climb than most of the cliffs of Wales. The steep slabs to the left of the upper Arch Gully have given two such routes, short but difficult, and there is another, the Grimmett, to the left of the original Pinnacle Wall. Possibly this whole type of climb is not one which can ever get very far, for except for girdle traverses such routes must nearly always be rather short ; but, for what it is worth, the Craig-yr-Ysfa rock, clear of heather, is very good, the walls sometimes very steep, and the small holds ideal for rubber climbing. And if the next generation should be ambitious of places which ours considers unclimbable, one of the great climbs of the future should undoubtedly lie on the tremendous 300-foot wall to the right of the existing Pinnacle Wall climb.

There are still, then, possibilities in Craig-yr-Ysfa ; it is hard to say whether they will be exploited, or whether the place will continue to receive a raw deal from a climbing world in whose eyes precipice stock has slumped. It is an unhappy rule that

all good British precipices face north. Craig-yr-Ysfa has to pay the price which this rigid, ill-considered convention among precipices demands, and has to pay it in gloomy seclusion at the back of a high and forbidding col. One can only say that one would like to see the whole cliff transplanted; it should be turned carefully through 180 degrees, so as to face south, and then towed a mile or two along to what seems the obvious site for it, now unfortunately occupied in part by Pen-yr-Oleu-wen. The lowest rocks would then slope charmingly down into Llyn Ogwen, and the main mass would run high up onto the face of Carnedd Dafydd. It would enjoy more sun than any other cliff in Wales; more often than not the Great Gully would be bone dry, and what vegetation managed to survive such torrid conditions would quickly be scoured away by the devouring activity of the crowds diverted from the Milestone. If Vanishing Gully should thereby lose its verdant charm, at least the greasy groove on the Pinnacle Wall would be entirely clean and the unholy partnership with the sharp-edged crack would have to go into dissolution. Only perhaps if the contractor could tilt it up twenty degrees could Craig-yr-Ysfa become another Clogwyn dur Arddu, yet even if this was beyond his powers, it would at least be found to offer as good climbing, as modern and as varied, as could be had in the whole of Cwm Idwal across the valley.

οὐδε κεν ἀμβαίῃ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ, οὐ καταβαίῃ,
οὐδ' εἰ οἱ χεῖρες τε εἴκοσι καὶ πόδες εἶεν,
πέτρη γὰρ λῖς ἐστὶ, περιξεστῇ εἰκυῖα.

μέσσω δ' ἐν σκοπέλῳ ἐστὶ σπέος ἡροειδές,
πρὸς ξόψον εἰς Ἑρεβος τετραμμένον—
ἐνθα δ' ἐνὶ Σκύλλῃ ναίει δεινὸν λελακυῖα.

[Odyssey, XII, 77, *sq.*: “No mortal man may scale it or set foot thereon, not though he had twenty hands and feet. For the rock is smooth and sheer, as it were polished.”

“And in the midst of the cliff is a dim cave, turned to Erebos, towards the place of darkness—and there dwelleth Scylla yelping terribly.”]

SERPENTINE

THERE is a pinnacle that few could scale,
Though he had twenty hands and twenty feet
That stands upon the shore in Kynance vale,
On a long neck of sand where the waves meet :

And you can reach the bottom at low tide
And look at it, and start upon a climb,
And then come off with haste, because the side
Is smeared with sliminess beyond all slime,

On which a limpet well might make a slip.
And this upon a face of serpentine,
Upon whose polished wall no pointed tip
Of claw can hold, and certainly not mine ;

So I have called it in my category,
(A Mild Severe) and left it, to my shame,
And hope some ace will come, and climb, and try
The first ascent, and win immortal fame.

But please remember if you make a fuss,
 That we are not the men our Fathers were,
 And those that follow will be less than us,
 And though you may not call this climb severe,

Homer had put it in a higher class,
 As in his story Scylla waited there,
 To snatch a hapless climber who might pass
 And take him off his balance from the rear.

And though you find no cave in which to rest,
 I dare say Scylla's absence will be best.

A. W. ANDREWS.

SUNSET ON ZENNOR HILL

BELOW a buzzard hovers in the air,
 With wide-spread wings, so still they seem to be
 Cut out of stone, and waits and watches where
 His prey hides from him, but I watch the sea,

Lacking the hawk's keen glance, with eyesight poor,
 And strive to pierce the impenetrable veil
 That dims my view beyond the darkening moor,
 And as the light fails, so I also fail.

While sinking 'neath its load the winter sun,
 A tired traveller, with shortening stage
 Relaxing strain, at last, his respite won,
 Opens the prison door of night's dark cage ;

When, lo ! beneath the ball of dying fire
 Shows a faint speck before my wondering eyes,
 Not there, that's Scilly ! on the right, look higher !
 The Islands of the blest, where Lyonesse lies.

A. W. ANDREWS.

ON FOOT TO MT. CLEMENCEAU

R. HIND

A TALE is told in the Northwest of an old prospector who on returning home after many years of fruitless searching for gold, was asked what he had to show for so much lost time ; and who replied, "I have seen the Rocky Mountains." Many nowadays can say that, but it is still few who have really seen them, who have travelled the vast, little-known territory between the Transcontinental Railways, still unscarred by roads. Glimpses are given to the tourist, but only to the mountaineer, travelling to the hidden places on his own two feet, are shown the secrets of the hills.

The climber from the Alps will seek in vain for the familiar sights of chalet, grazing cattle, and paths with a liberal sprinkling of signposts. Instead are tangled, spruce-clad slopes, a few packhorse trails in the main valleys, and the rest, trackless forest. The wealthy traveller may take a pack train led by men who will take him and his horses over almost any obstacle, but the ordinary climber must go on foot. No horse to carry his gear ; no stalwart packer to hack the fallen timber from his path.

This, then, is an account of such an expedition.

A chance remark in a book on the Rockies led my old climbing companion Captain Gibson and me to aim at the four highest summits of the range. No one had yet climbed more than two of them and in that foolish spirit of which even mountaineers are sometimes guilty, we were determined to be the first to climb all four. It seemed best to temper this ambition by starting on the smallest one, so early July saw us in Jasper, Alberta, preparing for an attempt on Mt. Clemenceau, 12,001 feet high.

Three previous parties had been to the mountain, all with extensive pack trains, and it had been ascended twice. Two snags lay in our way, the Athabasca River and a high pass, never before crossed, that lay on the Continental Divide. Most of the high

peaks of the Rockies lie on the divide, and since this is also an Interprovincial Boundary, excellent maps are available. Unfortunately, Mt. Clemenceau lies just off these maps, and all we had was a sketch map made by a previous party. However, the maps did show a pass on the divide at 8,000 feet which looked possible and which would make a direct high-level route to the mountain, saving a great deal of travel in trackless bush. We decided to try it. The river was at least a known quantity. With horses it is easily forded, but the footslogger must build a raft and this we went prepared to do.

Two Americans, Sterling Hendricks and John Southard, had come from Washington to join us, and July 6th found us on our way south by car. After a drive of 35 miles we left the car and set out on our journey. With tents, sleeping-bags, ice axes, ropes, etc., and 27 pounds of food each, we were carrying nearly 60 pounds apiece and were glad our first day started at 6.40 p.m., so that about 2 hours saw us pitching Camp I by a convenient stream.

We reached the Athabasca at 9.30 next morning. A stand of fire-killed spruce supplied the timber, and with our 2-pound axe and sundry nails and bits of rope we constructed a 20-foot raft. This had to be hauled upstream to a point where the current gave some promise of swinging us over to the farther bank. We then loaded ourselves and our dunnage on board, and poled furiously for the promised land.

The current behaved as predicted and as we approached the other bank Hendricks plunged in and carried a rope ashore. The first snag was surmounted, and leaving our raft tied in a convenient backwater we went on our way. It had taken us five hours to cross the Athabasca.

Our route now lay up the Chaba River, a stream which runs in many channels over wide gravel flats. We were continually crossing little streams only to find them all running together higher up so that the bank could only be regained with difficulty. However, we progressed rapidly and camped on a much-used site at Fortress Lake. Thus far the way was known and often travelled; to-morrow we were off into the blue.

As we sat at lunch on the gravel flats on our third day out I looked up the valley and was somewhat startled to see a large bear bearing (sorry) rapidly down on us.

"Here comes a bear," I remarked. "It's a grizzly too."

Our party showed some signs of imitating their remote ancestors in nearby trees, but I was convinced the bear had not

yet seen us. Those who have heard me yodel have expressed no desire to hear me again, but few will realise that it will stop a charging grizzly bear. However, this is the case. The bear stopped and circled warily, shaking his great shaggy head, apparently to relieve his outraged ear-drums, and vanished up the bank at great speed.

That evening we pitched Camp III at the foot of the West Chaba glacier and carried about 90 pounds of stuff part way up the ice to save us on the next day. Our first glimpse of our so-called pass gave us an unpleasant shock. Instead of 8,000 feet it is very nearly 10,000, and looked steep. But to-morrow could look after itself.

July 9th dawned fine and clear, and seven o'clock saw us making a belated start. An hour and a half brought us to our cache where we loaded up in earnest and plodded up the ice. The going was easy enough, and we stopped for lunch at the foot of the "pass."

Anyone who has climbed even easy slopes with a load approaching 60 pounds will have an idea of what the next few hours were like. Those who have not need not feel their loss too deeply. At last, about 100 feet from the top, we stopped on some rocks which broke through the snow and Gibson went on without his pack.

The snow was good, and a short bout of step kicking brought him to the corniced ridge. At this point the cornice was partly broken away, and he soon battered a way through. The packs were then hauled up and we assembled in a comfortable hollow just below the cornice. Another minute and we should see our peak for the first time.

We topped the ridge and were met by swirling clouds and a howling wind which whipped frozen snow into our faces, and reduced visibility to a few feet. Hendricks seemed to be praying from the few words I caught as we hurried down into the unknown.

The glacier we were on, christened Peary after the arctic explorer, is unmapped, as was all the country now before us, but the sketch map showed broad lines running here and there over the Peary Glacier, as if the previous party had laid down a series of motor roads thereon, so we had no fear of serious difficulties. It was now raining steadily as we plodded down ever steepening slopes. The clouds broke for a moment, and we looked down seemingly a tremendous distance on to the level glacier below. Though the distance seemed not encouraging,

at least we were given a line, and we hurried on. I was foolish enough to have a new pair of crampons and was relegated to the rear, the others impressing on me that I would be better able to hold the party than anyone. Southard's crampons were beginning to fold up under the strain of a 60-pound pack thudding down hill, and he set off for the bottom with great velocity several times. Stopping a man and his pack under these conditions is no joke, as one's own pack seems eager to precipitate one down the slope. At length we found ourselves at the foot of the glacier, among the wildest seracs I have seen, and faced by a 200-foot cliff down which we could not possibly descend. It was now eight o'clock and time to get down if we did not want a night on the ice. With a bit of step cutting we managed to get off to the side of the glacier and, leaving the others, I shot off down the rocks at top speed. Within twenty minutes I had reached the first timber, and a column of smoke rising through the rain guided the others into Camp IV.

All the next day it rained, and we remained in our sleeping-bags, only getting up twice to cook meals. The tents were extremely small, and the advantages of being a reasonable five feet six over an exaggerated six feet one were amply demonstrated; I kept dry at both ends.

July 11th was still wet but we moved our camp higher up to a timbered ridge above the Clemenceau Glacier. We still had not seen the mountain, but had established our whereabouts pretty thoroughly from the sketch map.

The 12th was fine and 6.30 saw us on our way. The soaring ridges of Mt. Tusk took my eye, but that had been climbed once, and nothing but a first ascent would do for the others. After an exhausting struggle through soft snow, occasionally thigh deep (on me), we reached the 10,000-foot summit and named the peak Chettan. The descent was made over snow so steep that we had to face in at first. Lower it eased off and became very soft, threatening to avalanche. We had a remedy for this and starting an avalanche slid merrily down in its wake and were soon back in camp.

That the next day was the 13th did not worry us, and at 5.45 we were on the glacier, on our way to Clemenceau. At 8.50 we left the ice and, roping up, proceeded up easy snow slopes. We had gone almost half-way round the mountain on the ice and were now on the west face. The new country to the west proved so interesting that the leader fell in an open crevasse

while admiring the view, but aside from our comments the incident caused him no inconvenience.

The weather was not promising, and at 11.50 we stopped for lunch with clouds coming down on the mountain. We lingered while the weather made up its mind, and finally decided to go on. The face here was broken by huge schrunds, the upper walls being 50 feet or more in height. Fortunately we were able to make our way into and through these without much difficulty. A steep snow slope brought us up to a level platform on the west ridge. We donned crampons here, and a short bout of alternate kicking and cutting brought us to the top at 3.30. Three great, heavily corniced ridges come up to a perfect summit.

The view was superb, a tumbled sea of peaks in every direction as far as we could see. The four twelve-thousanders were easily identifiable, and we spent a pleasant three-quarters of an hour picking out old friends and speculating about the unmapped country to the west. It became chilly and we strode down the snow at speed and were back in camp at 8.30.

Six days of strenuous toil had proven too much for my digestion, and I elected to remain in camp the next day and cook bannocks. Cooking bannock in a frying pan over an open fire is quite an art, and though we were not living exclusively on bannock, as Mr. Tilman seems to do on chapattis, still we were eating a great deal, and I was kept busy cooking it.

A word regarding our food. We took no tinned goods except butter and jam. We had a large piece of bacon, rolled oats, flour, sugar, and dried fruit; dried carrots, potatoes, and spinach; dried milk and eggs; rice, macaroni, and cheese. These, with odds and ends such as nuts, raisins, and chocolate, formed our menu. I might add that the dried spinach was not a success.

In the midst of my cooking, Hendricks returned looking somewhat green, and I learned that my malady had attacked him also. The others returned in the afternoon with a long account of their explorations, which I suspect had been conducted from a sunny corner on some nearby moraine.

The following day it rained again, but July 16th was fine, and by eight o'clock we were threading our way through the marvellously intricate icefall between Mts. Duplicate and Tusk. Tottering seracs leaned over us threateningly as we hurried by, but by 9.30 we were through and trudging up the open snowfield above. It was a warm and brilliant day and the mountains glittered under a shining mantle of newly fallen snow. We

reached the tri-peaked summit ridge of Mt. Duplicate at eleven and erected a cairn on each of the virgin summits.

A glorious glissade of 500 feet brought us to the Duplicate-Sir Ernest col, and we reached the 10,400-foot summit of Sir Ernest at one. With two first ascents to our credit we felt we had done a day's work, and only mild desire was reflected in our glances at unclimbed Mt. Shackleton nearby.

Our time was up, and we were due at the Annual Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada in three days' time. It was our intention to make the trip out in two days, as our loads were now reduced to about 40 pounds.

An uneventful day saw us far on our way. The descent of the "pass" had proven icy, but we drove in a piton in some rocks near the top and slid down to the snow. We passed the site of Camp III at 5.30 and camped at the forks of the Chaba about three hours above Camp II. It was a long day, but the mountaineering difficulties were over.

A warm night left the stream very high and we forded it with difficulty. I was washed off my feet when almost across and banged my knee severely. Though not painful, this caused the knee to lose all its strength and I had to keep it straight or it collapsed. To walk 25 miles in a day carrying a heavy pack and keeping one knee straight is, to say the least, tiresome, and I was blessed with a crop of blisters which kept me hobbling for days.

We reached our raft at three, and were tempted to try to float down the river to the Club camp 15 miles down-stream. However, caution prevailed, and when after half a mile the current carried us near the east bank Hendricks once more leaped in and took a rope ashore. It was well that he did so, for we left the raft, and it floated away and ran aground a little way down stream.

It was then nearly five in the evening and nearly five hours walking still ahead of us. We hurried on and at the site of Camp I stopped for a last tremendous meal, doing such execution that when we arrived at the road at last we had but 4 pounds of food left.

So ended two weeks of hard work, all pure enjoyment. We had seen new country, crossed a new pass, and made three first ascents as well as climbing our main objective, Clemenceau. For the man who is willing to do the work the Rockies offer more such trips than he can ever do. There is still adventure there.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN ENDEAVOUR

A SPIRITUAL DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS WITHOUT APOLOGIES TO IBSEN

H. E. KRETSCHMER

All characters and incidents in this play are fictitious and any likeness to actual persons living or dead is entirely accidental.

Dramatis Personæ :

1ST CLIMBER

2ND CLIMBER

3RD CLIMBER

VOICE OF IDWAL

1ST AFANC (DONALD)

2ND AFANC

The opening scene is the rocky platform below the Holly Tree Wall in Cwm Idwal. Grey rains beat incessantly against grey rocks. 1st Afanc (wearing glasses) is seen attempting the first pitch of the Holly Tree Wall climb. 2nd Afanc (wearing glasses) is beating his head against the dreary grey rock. Enter three climbers. (*In chorus :*)

We are three cragsmen intrepid
And Guide Writers experienced.
What shall we climb ?

2ND CLIMBER :

Like a nightmare on my heart,
Weighs the burden of my birth.
All the high emprise that stirred
In me, now is veiled and blurred.
Force and valour from me fail,
Heart and soul grow faint and frail ;
As I near my climb I change—
I cannot climb at all.

(Looks down into the valley.)

TO 1ST CLIMBER :

Thronging come memories born of memories dead.
See yon jutting mountain gully called the Javelin.

I have heard it said that once you made a path directly up its
beetling proneness.

1ST CLIMBER :

Ah, 'tis so. But I was young then.
Yonder is danger, go not near it.

3RD CLIMBER : Yonder is foulness, thou must fear it.

2ND CLIMBER *(firmly and finally)* : Nay, that way let us pass.

1ST CLIMBER *(declaims in muffled tones pointing towards the gully)* :

There summer's sunshine pierces not
And polar rainblasts rive and rend
And dank and stifling mists descend
And primeval slime prevails.
We must not pass that way.
Never ask such like of us.

(Then with sudden air of resignation) : Ah, well.

*(The climbers begin to make their way up to the foot of the Javelin
Gully).*

VOICE OF IDWAL :

And now th' illustrious company
Stands out against the rainy light
Below the gully on the height.
Their shadows taper to the west,
Farewells are uttered, hands are pressed
And now they part, the leader moves
Upwards away, westwards to wend,
And waving hats and kerchiefs send
Their farewell messages of love.
But they shall not prevail.

1ST CLIMBER *begins to ascend the right-hand corner of the gully with
slow deliberation. After some twelve feet he pauses, seemingly leaning
against the sheer grey rock.*

1ST CLIMBER :

Here I remain. My home is here !
And here my battle flag I'll rear.

2ND CLIMBER :

Think what you lose
And chiefly think of what you quit.

1ST CLIMBER :

Myself I lose if I go on.
It is the turn of those that follow me.

At this stage the 1ST AFANC (DONALD) gives up his attempt to scale the first pitch of Holly Tree Wall.

2ND AFANC momentarily stops beating his head against the grey rock : Why can't you climb that pitch ?

DONALD (*very caustic*) :

If I abandon the attempt
'Tis not for lack of skill or strength.
It is because I realise that where I lead
You could not follow on.

DONALD *sights the climbers. He whistles, thereby drawing their attention and revealing a remarkable lack of front teeth.*

DONALD :

Oy ! You're on the wrong route.
The climb goes up on the left.

1ST CLIMBER (*severely*) :

That the common route for common people lies on the left
And thus evades and cheats the gully's bulwarks.
That, my man, we know.
We chose this way from our own choice.

2ND CLIMBER (*aside*) : I have charted and recharted the beetling proneness of this cliff, and yet he charges me with ignorance thereof—he, an afanc. But he is right and ignorant are all of us. Despise we may not but where such contempt be mutual.

AFANCs *stare upwards incomprehending.* DONALD *starts climbing up to the foot of Javelin Gully while the 1ST CLIMBER descends.* 2ND AFANC *has started again to beat his head against the grey rock.*

1ST and 2ND CLIMBERS : Now it is the turn of the third man.

3RD CLIMBER : No.

1ST and 2ND CLIMBERS : Yes.

3RD CLIMBER (*looks askance upwards, then softly and timidly*) :
I am the meanest worm that crawls.

2ND CLIMBER (*taking up his stance immediately below the gully. Coaxingly*):

Look I stand as firm as Idwal,
Firmer than the heart of Idwal.
On my shoulders you shall stand
Upwards thence your way to wend,
Up the steepness of the gully.

3RD CLIMBER :

Hence a thousand miles away !
How I long to fly afar,
Where the sunlight and the balm
And the holy hush of calm,
And life's summer-kingdoms are.

(*Bursts into tears.*)

My life is new and sweet, I cannot go.

1ST and 2ND CLIMBERS remain unmoved. 1ST AFANC is still climbing up to the Javelin Gully.

A flight of ring ousels pass over accursed LLYN IDWAL and fall dead into the lake, while the 3RD CLIMBER climbs over his two companions swiftly up the cliff. Then he stops and looks down into the valley.

3RD CLIMBER (*with a cry*):

Now roars a sea of sweeping gulf and surging space
World-wide, world-deep 'twixt you and me.
Into my heart creeps cold a serpent of affright.

1ST and 2ND CLIMBER : Man must struggle till he falls.

3RD CLIMBER :

Am I a butterfly, dainty and slight ?
Oh, if the klettershoe will but bite !

(*After a pause*) Ha, now redemption is at hand.

(*As he moves, his feet slip.*)

3RD CLIMBER : I am off

(*but he stays on.*)

1ST and 2ND CLIMBERS (*scornfully laughing*): You built upon a quaking slime and put your feet where rock was sheer and vertical.

In the course of these events DONALD has come up to the level of the first two climbers. He repeats his advice and then, much puzzled, he directs his second to cease beating his head against the grey rocks and he begins to reel him in. For the next few acts the following type of dialogue between the two afancs provides a background for the main action.

1ST AFANC: There is a perfectly good handhold for your right hand six feet above your left ear.

2ND AFANC: It's no use. I can't reach it.

1ST AFANC: You're not even trying. You'll never be any good if you don't even try.

2ND AFANC (*meekly*): I know I am no good to-day.

He tries surreptitiously to use a handhold within easy reach and is duly reprimanded by DONALD. This is repeated ad infinitum.

3RD CLIMBER: Say what further.

1ST CLIMBER: The thing's impossible. Turn home!

3RD CLIMBER: Good; then I come.

(*Lets go of all holds.*)

VOICE OF IDWAL:

Down he slides,
Down he swings,
Shrieking till the echo rings.
Fluttering down the jutting brae.
Ha, he's rolling down this way.

3RD CLIMBER *lands on top of* 2ND CLIMBER, *who stands as solid as a rock.*

2ND CLIMBER (*murmuring faintly*): If perhaps you could manage not to stand on my left ear . . .

* * * * *

Unfortunately the greater part of the rest of this epic play has been destroyed by fire. The action of the lost acts is, of course, a matter of speculation, but modern researches seem to bear out Professor Gnih Ton Wonk's hypothesis. According to this eminent Chinese historian the lost acts constitute essentially a repetition of the earlier parts of the play. Each attempt by the climbers to scale the gully is followed by advice from Donald. After the thirteenth attempt the two afancs are reunited, the 2nd Afanc having stolen on to the platform while Donald was looking the other way. Donald then offers "a rope from above" to the climbers. The 1st Climber rejects this offer proudly in a lengthy peroration. He then climbs up to the height above the Javelin Gully via Lazarus, while the 1st Afanc

ascends the gully by the usual route. When Donald gains the mantelshelf on his fourth attempt he triumphantly proclaims himself conqueror of the gully and he declares that his earlier failures were partly intentional and partly due to the bad rope-management of the 2nd Afanc. The second tries to follow his leader, but Donald always manages to jerk him off with the rope whenever he shows any signs of getting up the mantelshelf. In the meantime the 3rd Climber has been pulled up the gully bodily by the 1st Climber.

* * * * *

(The end of the play has been preserved.)

2ND CLIMBER :

Fix belays round half the mountain,
Double rope,
Then treble it
and let the haulage begin.

1ST and 3RD CLIMBERS are seen tying themselves to huge boulders and lowering six ropes down to the second.

2ND CLIMBER (*who has just climbed up the impossible pitch with steady ease before the other climbers had time to pull in the ropes, apologetically*) : Well, it just goes to show ; you never can tell.

VOICE OF IDWAL :

Never shall thou win the gully's spirit
Ye in mortal flesh were born.
Spurn its bidding or revere it
Equally thou art forlorn.
See the grey rains' death-shroud streaming
Silently from crag and crest
Softly, silently dissolving
Wearing, washing
Till there's nothing left.

CLIMBERS, AFANCS, and cliff are all washed away and only LLYN IDWAL remains. A horrible deathly calm spreads gradually over the lake.

IN MEMORIAM

SIR FRANCIS DYKE ACLAND

FRANCIS DYKE ACLAND, 14th Baronet, of Killerton, inherited wide local responsibilities, and devoted the greater part of his life to the public service. We need not here dwell upon his many offices and activities. Officially he only came into contact with our mountains as a leading member for many years of the Forestry Commission ; and between the conflicting demands of scenery-preservation and tree-growing he showed a constant tact, and often acted as our friendly counsellor. He had himself covenanted with the National Trust as to the preservation of a large tract of his estates in Somerset, including Dunkerry Beacon. He was a keen lover of nature and especially of moors and hills. A fisherman first of all—he had learned from Sir Edward Grey—I remember well what fun we had as students with the municipality of Jena, when he and Hugh Sheringham, afterwards angling editor of the *Field*, used to practise casting from the roof of our house into the goldfish pool in the garden. We first walked together in the Harz mountains. He was a rapid and tireless walker, a tall man with a short, almost running, pace. Later he came climbing in Wales and the Lakes, and joined the Man Hunt ; and one year was with my party at Bel Alp, doing good rock peaks. His health put a stop to his mountaineering at heights ; but he claimed to have had only one mountain accident, when he dislocated an elbow fishing for the blind trout in Llyn Teyrn.

His energy of mind and body seemed inexhaustible, and as a candidate even in Yorkshire and Northumberland he did his canvassing on a bicycle. He was an unusually lively and affectionate companion, and could vitalise any company in hut or camp or dinner with his singing and stories. Some of the Club may still remember his first and brilliant speech as our Guest in one of the years of my presidency, when he exulted

resonantly over having been able to climb up a rock on the Bel Alp path which had defeated the Club President, because "a long and concave front enabled me to fit over its protuberant curve, and reach the one hold at the top!" Indeed, his tall spare figure, his black hair, and his lively devotion to all movements which seemed to him for the good of the public or of his neighbour, remained characteristic of him to the end.

G. W. Y.

THE HON. CHARLES GRANVILLE BRUCE

Probably no man since the time of the Schlagintweits had a wider knowledge of the Himalaya than General Bruce. No one ever had so intimate a knowledge of so many of its peoples. Bruce's climbing experience extended from the Safed Koh to Sikkim. He was with Conway in his notable expedition to the Karakoram, and with Mummery and Collie in the first attempt on Nanga Parbat. The snows of Khagan and Kulu were his happy hunting ground. In 1907, the Jubilee year of the Alpine Club, he nearly arranged the first exploration of Mount Everest; but at the last moment the plan was vetoed in London for political reasons. Again in 1910 he got leave from the late Maharaja of Nepal to explore Everest from the Nepalese side; but again at the last moment this had to be given up for fear of arousing religious hostility.

By profession a soldier, he was an acknowledged master in the difficult technique of fighting on the North-West Frontier. His influence with his own Gurkhas was phenomenal; indeed his desperate wound at Gallipoli was counted equal to the loss of a battalion. But mine is not the pen for an account of that side of his life. I never heard him allude to his fighting days except once: a lady asked him about his frontier experiences, and he merely replied, with a modesty invariable in my experience, "I think I have run away from every Pathan tribe on the Frontier at one time or another." He was equally modest about his mountain climbing, as I well remember when I first met him forty years ago at Zermatt, with some of his Gurkhas, whom he was training in Alpine work.

His greatest contribution to mountaineering came through his wide knowledge of the tribes of the Himalaya. It was he who first trained Gurkhas for serious mountain work. He started the Baltis of Kashmir and the Bhotias of Garwhal on the upward

path, a lead which Kellas so ably followed. But his great discovery was the value of the Sherpa, a Tibetan tribe long settled in Nepal. These, with their purer Tibetan cousins, have been the mainstay of every Himalayan expedition of recent years. Owing to him it is no longer necessary—though it may still be extremely advantageous—to take European Alpine-trained guides and porters to the Himalaya. The cause of his success was his sympathy with and knowledge of the language and habits of these varied peoples.

In 1923 he was elected President of the Alpine Club. In 1915 he was awarded the Gill Memorial, and in 1925 the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

It was the adventure, not scientific interests, which absorbed him during his climbing holidays and longer expeditions. Of the latter, the Everest expedition of 1922 stands out. He made an ideal leader. But it is as a companion, the perfect one, that I most remember him: especially with Arnold Mumm and myself in Garwhal in 1907. He was the most invariably considerate and pleasant and uncomplaining companion it is possible to imagine. Not even the injured knee which deprived him of climbing Trisul with his devoted Subadar Khabir Burathoki drew one word of disappointment or complaint from him. Bruce's name became a household word: but only his friends knew his real worth.

T. G. L.

DAVID HEWITT

In the passing of David Hewitt, Snowdonia loses a widely known and much-loved figure.

Born sixty years ago at St. Helens, Lancs, where he lived his youth, he succeeded by quiet determination in breaking industrial bonds and freeing himself to express the artistic feelings which dominated his personality. He studied art in Italy, spent some years at Bettws y Coed, then settled in Beddgelert, where he married, and where his home—The Firs—soon became well known to many of those who love the hills.

He was a painter of landscape, his art developing gradually from the soft, sunny scenes of Italy to the wild grandeur of the Welsh mountains which he came to love so intensely. In his later years few could depict better than he the form and texture of rock face and moorland slope, or the atmospheric effects of

sunshine and cloud. To-day many a climber draws inspiration and pleasure from examples of his work.

One of his hobbies was his garden, and in laying out and tending a beautiful half-acre, sloping down to the rocky bed of the Colwyn River, he again expressed his love of nature, and his artistic sense.

As a climber he did many of the harder rock courses in the district, though perhaps he derived greater pleasure from scrambling. Of his 580 ascents of Snowdon many were incidental to sketching expeditions, but most of them followed naturally his happy custom of introducing novices to the thrills of Crib Goch. Many owe to him their first experiences of a new world of mountain slope and rocky ridge.

Unselfishness and service for others were the key-notes of his life. He did much public work in Beddgelert and the surrounding district. It is a tribute, both to his character and his capabilities, that amongst a people perhaps more intensely Welsh than any other he was entrusted successively, and over many years, with their representation on the Parish, District and County Councils.

Truly of him it can be said that he lived respected and died regretted.

G. L.

DR. A. SCOTT RUSSELL

The mountains can scarcely have claimed as their victim a more devoted lover and admirer than "Sandy" Scott Russell, who died as a result of a slip whilst glissading on the north slopes of Ben Nevis at Easter, 1939.

The news of his death came not only as a shock but as a surprise to his friends, for he was one who invariably climbed well within himself and never forsook the high standard of safety which he set himself. A native of Scotland, he had an intimate knowledge of the Highlands, and nearly every holiday was spent by him in wandering over the hills he knew and loved so well. It was only comparatively late in life that he took to rock climbing, but, with his usual thoroughness, he rapidly developed into a sound and capable leader. It was the same spirit that prompted him, a year or so before his death, to take up flying, with the result that he soon became a competent pilot. His enthusiasm was infectious, and he was never happier than when setting off

for Helyg from Bristol, the journey of 190 miles being started at any hour on Friday night for the sake of fitting in two days on the Welsh hills. He also climbed in the Lakes and Skye, to say nothing of many and various ascents in the Avon Gorge, made in the early dawn so as to avoid the attentions of the local police and passers-by on the highway below. His only visit to the Alps, where he climbed from Zermatt, was marred by illness, with the result that he expressed himself as happier on British hills. He was a very keen photographer and had a wonderful collection of photographs, taken on Scottish hills in particular. His scientific training gained him a position of responsibility in the Imperial Tobacco Company, which he held at his death.

He might, at first glance, have been regarded as a Scotsman of the somewhat "dour" type, but he would quickly reveal himself as the best of companions and a faithful friend to those who cared for the mountains as he did.

M. G. M.-K.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

THE CARNEDDS

During the past eighteen months a large amount of exploratory work has been carried out on the Carnedds. No details are yet available for publication: in any case it is hoped to produce guide-books before long. The chief centres of these developments have been Ysgolion Duon, Craig yr Ysfa, Llech Du, and Creigiau Gleision the Younger.

CARREG WASTED

Dead Entrance.—A minor variation was made on this route on March 22nd, 1940. After the 60-foot horizontal traverse to the left of the derelict block, it was found easy to descend to the tree ledge at the level of the second yew (now known as Green Park) from the derelict block as follows:

Pitch 4. 30 feet. Descend the corner to the left of the block, by the vegetation at first, and then by abseiling from the tree conveniently placed where the corner becomes narrow and steep, to Green Park.

This is much easier than the original, and eliminates the jump or awkward swing necessary to reach Green Park by that method.

CASTELL Y GEIFR

THE BRACE AND BIT.

First Ascent November 6th, 1938.

Second Ascent November 18th, 1939.

High up on the East-north-east ridge of Y Garn is a large buttress facing the summit of Glyder Fawr. To the right of this is a smaller buttress similar in shape and size to the Terrace Wall. This is Castell y Geifr. The rock is very broken up and reminiscent of the first pitch of the Direct Route on Glyder Fawr. The whole cliff is very steep.

Start in the middle of the cliff immediately below a square cut off Cairn.

(1) 50 feet. Up to the overhang. Traverse to the right, up again, and back to the original line. Belay.

(2) 90 feet. Up in a direct line avoiding possible variants on either side. This pitch consists of two sharp steep rises, which could be used to make two pitches of it.

(3) 30 feet. Scramble to the top of the buttress.

CLOGWYN Y DDISGL

CHORISTER'S CLEFT.

First Ascent March 17th, 1939.

Party : G. K. H. and R. C. E.

Start : At the first obvious break to left of the Gambit Climb, about 40 feet away.

(1) 60 feet. A 15-foot vertical corner on good holds landing on a slab. There is a large bollard about 45 feet up.

(2) Stepping off the bollard, traverse up a groove to the right. There is an awkward corner after about 20 feet, and beyond this a feeble belay with a meagre stance.

(3) Climb up over the belay to a steep groove which can be overcome by a sort of layback. This lands on a sloping shelf. From here a chimney is climbed with an overhanging start. There are good holds high up. About 50 feet.

(4) Continue the line of the Cleft on to a grassy ledge after which rock and grass lead to the left end of the "Green collar bending east" of the Gambit Climb.

(5) From here any of three cracks may be taken to a grassy bay. The farthest right is formed by a flake and leads to a pleasant little nose. The other two cracks are loose.

(6) 10 feet. Leave the bay by its left retaining wall to reach the Arête.

Standard : Very difficult. Pitch 3 = S in boots, but can be avoided by traversing into the Gambit on the right.

CRAIG NANT PERIS

It has been decided to simplify the nomenclature on this cliff. West Buttress Arête becomes West Rib, the Central Buttress Arête becomes Central Rib and the gendarme on the latter climb will in future be known as the Pinnacle.

Two visits have been made to these cliffs during the year and have resulted in one new climb and one variation and the second ascent of each of the existing climbs.

WEST RIB.

A variation start has been made to this climb. The original discoverer of these cliffs introduced the writer of the guide-book to them,

and showed him where the climbs should go. He did not agree, and hence the following variation start of this climb :

Start : At the foot of the scoop on the immediate right of the foot of the buttress.

- (1) 55 feet. Up the scoop on the immediate right of the rib to the shelf and belay on the rib proper. This scoop has a little overhanging step in it, low down.

Standard : Very difficult.

CENTRAL RIB DIRECT.

First Ascent March 23rd, 1940.

Party : R. H. and J. E. Q. B.

235 feet. A pleasant route, steep, bad rock.

Start : On the scree at the foot of the easy gully between the Central and East Buttresses. The climb goes to the centre of the prominent rib on the left and up this as close to the crest as the looseness of the rock allows.

- (1) 50 feet. Scrambling to where the rock steepens.

- (2) 35 feet. Up a gangway to the right for 20 feet below the steeper rock, then up to a large ledge which runs right across this section of the cliff. Belay on the left.

- (3) 90 feet. Walk round the ledge to the right for 20 feet, and then up the steep chimney groove on the immediate right of the rib, to a small platform on the rib itself. Here take to the left side of the rib and up to a little grassy corner which comes out behind the Pinnacle.

- (4) 60 feet. Scrambling to the top of the cliff.

CWM IDWAL

THE SUB CNEIFION CHIMNEY.

First Ascent December 16th, 1939.

Party : D. F. H. B. and J. F. W.

Standard : Just severe.

This chimney is on the south side of the Sub Cneifion Rib towards the top. The chimney contains two flakes ; the climb goes to the left of the bottom one and to the right of the top one. There are two pitches, both strenuous.

DINAS CROMLECH

After a certain amount of local research it has been considered proper to scrap the old names for this cliff, that is the "Castle," "Columnar Cliff," and "Cromlech Ithig," in favour of the name given above. This retains the local association as well as the peculiarly suitable descriptive flavour of Cromlech. Also, in order to

simplify the description of the climbs, it is suggested that the large ledge which is common to Dives, the Spiral Stairs, and the Sabre Cut should be called Hyde Park. Also, for similar reasons, the large expanse of grass and heather crossed by the Sexton's Route and Nebuchadnezzar's Crawl, should be called Hampstead Heath. Nebuchadnezzar would have been happy there; at least, let us hope the allegory is not too forced.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S CRAWL.

A new variation has been made on Neb's Crawl to the pitch up the steep wall which follows the crossing of Hampstead Heath.

Standard : Very difficult (high up in that group).

(3) 30 feet. The wall ahead has two cracks in it. Climb the vertical wall between the two cracks to the tree above.

This way is easier than either the left- or right-hand cracks, but for the first part of it, vertical is probably an inadequate description. It can also be used as a variation to Pitch 4 of the Sexton's Route.

SEXTON'S ROUTE.

By mistake, a harder way of doing the fifth pitch of Sexton's Route was found in October.

Standard : Very severe.

(5) 50 feet. Keep in the right-angle corner immediately behind the trees and on the left wall of the corner. This is good clean rock, but rather pointless, as the original way of doing this is wholly delightful.

HOLLY BUTTRESS.

Instead of traversing left on the final pitch the following way may be taken :

(5) 60 feet. Climb the holly, through the vegetation above, and thence up the steep crack straight ahead to the top.

Standard : Severe, but less exposed than the original route.

.

Several short climbs have been made above the Valley, which runs across the cliff at two-thirds of its height.

IVY SEPULCHRE CRACK.

50 feet. Steep and strenuous, perfect rock.

Standard : Very difficult.

Start : From the Valley a little to the right of the top of the Ivy Sepulchre. The crack is large, clean cut, and of the monolith type.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the crack.

It is not known when this was first done.

CENOTAPH CORNER FINISH.

Cenotaph Corner has not yet been climbed, but this little pitch will ultimately be the last pitch of Cenotaph Corner.

First Ascent October 21st, 1939.

Party : R. H. and J. E. Q. B.

50 feet. Steep, good rock.

Standard : Severe.

Start : Above the Valley, the line of Cenotaph Corner is continued by another large right-angled corner. Start at the foot of this.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the corner for 20 feet, and then break out to the left on to the steep wall, and over to the left-hand skyline. The initial moves are hard.

TRIBUTARY CRACK.

First Ascent October 21st, 1939.

Party : R. H. and J. E. Q. B.

40 feet. Pleasant, good rock.

Standard : Difficult.

Start : From the Valley a diagonal crack, starting a few feet to the left of the Cenotaph Corner continuation, offers an easy exit from this section of the Valley.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the crack which slopes up to the left skyline.

DINAS MOT

The variation on the fifth pitch of the Dinas Mot Direct Route, which avoids the strenuous finger crack of the original route may be described as :

(5) 20 feet. Up the grassy V chimney beneath the overhang on the right side of the scoop, stepping to the left at the top.

This climb is one of the finest routes in Wales, and a good combination of delicate and strenuous climbing. It is surprising that it is so rarely done, particularly as it is extremely easy to reach from the road.

GALLT YR OGOF

THE SKYLINE BUTTRESS.

First Ascent May 14th, 1939.

Party : J. H. B. and G. F. P. leading through.

This is the second buttress to the left of the main cliff, and it is identified by a stone wall which runs up to its foot. The climb goes up this buttress and no detailed description is necessary. A small alp breaks the buttress half-way up and there is a certain and welcome amount of heather and bilberry.

THE ROCKING STONE CLIMB.

First Ascent November 27th, 1939.

Party : J. S. T. G. and J. H. B.

Standard : Difficult.

This climb is on the upper part of the Skyline Buttress, and starts just to the right of the lowest point of this part of the buttress, close by a luncheon stone and about 20 feet to the left of a low stone wall which forms the eastern boundary of the Alp.

Traverse up and to the left, and then slightly right to an ash tree. Above and slightly to the left can be seen a block which looks from below like a small edition of the Bellevue Terrace on Tryfan. Go up a messy ledge and over a small overhang, on good holds, just to the left of this block. Then up over the block and other large boulders (one of which rocks) and scramble to the top of the buttress, with a fine precipice on the left.

The overhang was not led, owing to the necessity of clearing away a lot of turf. The pitch was turned by traversing to the right and going up two little chimneys and a groove.

J. H. B. writes : " The climbing on this buttress is reminiscent of parts of the West Buttress of Lliwedd, short pitches interspersed with heather ledges. The rock is good and lavishly provided with holds. Although it was sleeting all day the rock was not unpleasant to handle, and this buttress, sheltered as it is from the West wind, can be thoroughly recommended for climbing in bad weather. The left wall of the buttress would provide climbing of a sterner type."

GLYDER FACH

THE HAWKS NEST BUTTRESS.

A variation to the hard pitch of Hawks Nest Buttress was made by F. P. P., January 1940. Details of this climb are not available at the time of going to press, but will be published in the next journal.

GENERAL.

Amongst various interesting climbs carried out the following may be mentioned :

Probably the second ascent of the Marble Slab was made in December 1939, by R. M. P. H. and P. W. W. N. In the same month the true traverse of the Holly Tree Wall was done by another C.U.M.C. party, the first time that this has been done for several years. Also it is recorded that one member of that club thought that Suicide Groove would make a good approach to the Holly Tree Wall.

The Dinas Mot Direct was done in September and December. Longland's route was done several times in the spring and summer, although there is no record of the other Clogwyn du'r Arddu climbs being attempted from Helyg, with the exception of one assault on the

Curving Crack at Easter. With the restrictions on petrol there has been a tendency towards the end of the year for climbers to concentrate in the Ogwen Valley, which is rather a pity. More attention has also been paid to Gallt yr Ogof, and the second ascents of most of the routes there have now been done. No one, however, seems to be able to get up the Chalkren Stairs; in fact each party goes less far than its predecessors. It will be regretted if this amusing climb becomes impossible owing to the decay of the vegetation before the climb has been done again.

J. E. Q. B.

MOEL SIABOD

There are steep rocks on the face of Moel Siabod overlooking Llyn y Ffoel. They are easily reached either from the lake or from Capel Curig. On the extreme right, from the lake, is a loose heathery buttress going up to the bump that forms the end of the shoulder overlooking Capel. This is divided from the next on the left by a nick in the skyline, the top of an embryo gully. On the left of this gully, in the upper 200 feet or so, is a fine straight buttress, christened Lone Buttress, offering a good direct climb if the ridge be properly adhered to, not more than difficult, but with steep, sometimes loose, rock near the top. On the right of the gully in this upper half are clean-cut rocks in steep steps, with several things to look at. But there is much on Siabod to explore.

C. W. F. N.

BOOKS

Among the mountaineering literature published since the last *Journal* are the following :

DAYS OF FRESH AIR. By the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery. (Jarrolds. 15/-.)
A CAMERA ON THE HILLS. By F. S. Smythe. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12/6.)

THE ALPS. By R. L. G. Irving. (Batsford. 10/6.)

PEAKS AND LAMAS. By Marco Pallis. (Cassell. 18/-.)

APPROACH TO THE HILLS. By C. F. Meade. (John Murray. 10/6.)

THE EVERLASTING HILLS. By J. Waller. (Blackwood. 15/-.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A MOUNTAINEER. By F. S. Smythe. (Dent. 7/6.)

HIMALAYAN HONEYMOON. By Bip Pares. (Hodder & Stoughton. 15/-.)

EDWARD WHYMPER. By F. S. Smythe. (Hodder & Stoughton. 21/-.)

We acknowledge with gratitude receipt of :

ALWAYS A LITTLE FURTHER. By Alastair Borthwick. (Faber & Faber. 7/6.)

EDITOR'S NOTES

Much water has flowed under the bridge, though none unfortunately under ours to be at Ynys Ettws, since last this journal went to press. Many members of the club have been called to active service, among them A. D. Malcolm, whose ability as secretary is only equalled by that of J. E. Q. Barford who has taken his place, and E. M. Viney (now Major), whose return would be welcomed by none more than his temporary successor. We wish them all good luck and a swift return.

* * *

In September the committee crept under a sandbagged doorway through a building filled with bald heads and long faces in the prevailing mood to stop everything. Work on Ynys Ettws must be suspended, the journal cancelled (the assistant editor scenting

responsibility ahead, readily agreed), the welfare of the club was handed over for the duration to an able sub-committee, and even the problem of how Chantrell would be able to deal with twenty expectant mothers was not overlooked.

In view of the difficulties experienced by many, it was resolved that members on active service may if they so desire reduce their subscriptions by half (with a minimum of 10s 6d.).

* * *

Since September things have somewhat improved. Chantrell's protégés, none the less expectant, have continued their upward progress by devious routes, though a tendency to confine their attention to the Ogwen Valley has been observed. Bank Holidays have naturally proved most popular, but even on the intervening week-ends an appreciable number of visits have been made, though as transport is further restricted the numbers must inevitably fall off. University Meets have been held as usual, that in December showing more activity than has been seen on similar occasions for several years. Occasional visits have also been made to Bosigran Count House.

* * *

The Annual Dinner was held at Frascati's this year, on February 24th, with a moderate attendance. Speeches had in general been banned and this perhaps was just as well, for more people had laryngitis than had not. Among the sufferers was the President, who, nevertheless, conducted the annual general meeting, and later reviewed the past year and the future with his usual cheerful good humour and optimism.

* * *

The journal, after a decent interval, has been reborn, and after passing through an embryonic stage when it was a bulletin, emerges immature as a "slim volume." I am very grateful for the assistance of J. E. Q. Barford in its preparation.

* * *

A mass of material is gathering for at least three new guide-books, *Snowdon*, the *Carnedd's*, and the outlying climbs; indeed the hard-worked writers must at times feel that they are fighting a losing battle, as more and more cliffs are explored. These guides, which were originally intended to be in two volumes, and now three, may in fact have to become four, unless the modern climber evolves on the lines of the female kangaroo. It is gratifying that the labours of the writers and the guide's editor continue to bear fruit in the increasing number of sales. *Tryfan* was reprinted during the summer with little alteration and a new edition of *Cwm Idwal*, which J. M.

Edwards has nobly revised, will appear shortly. Whether it will still be possible to publish the long-awaited Snowdon guide this year remains to be seen.

* * *

Ynys Ettws, alas ! must remain a dream for the future, though we retain the lease, and it should not take long to put the existing plans into effect when the opportunity arises.

* * *

It would be hard to name anyone whose absence will be more sadly felt in the mountaineering world than General Bruce. To everyone he will be remembered for his Himalayan achievements, but to many in this club there will be the more compelling memory of personal friendship at home. A splendid raconteur, no mountaineering club dinner could be considered complete without him ; typical was the remark heard at a Northern dinner which evoked French's cartoon in the 1931 journal, "When in London I go to Richmond Park, and don't return till I have put a chalk-mark on the tails of at least three deer." Above all he was fond of his native Wales, and he took an active part in the foundation of Helyg and was, of course, present at the opening ceremony of the extension in 1933. The kindest and happiest of men, he was never happier than when introducing novices to the hills.

* * *

It is with regret that, as we go to press, we have to report the death of Lieut.-Commander Haselfoot, R.N., who was in command of H.M.S. *Thistle*, recently reported missing.

Grave anxiety is felt for E. M. Viney, who is also missing.

* * *

Members are asked to note the revised arrangements which have been made for the library. By kind permission of Messrs. Kennedy & Donkin, this is now housed in the basement of their offices at 12 Caxton Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1. Admittance may be obtained on any day, including Sundays and holidays, between 9 a.m. and 10 p.m. by application to the caretaker—Mr. N. Stafford (ring the bell outside the street door). Members should give particulars of books taken, and sign their names in a book provided for the purpose. Applications by post should still be sent to Mr. S. A. Marples, at 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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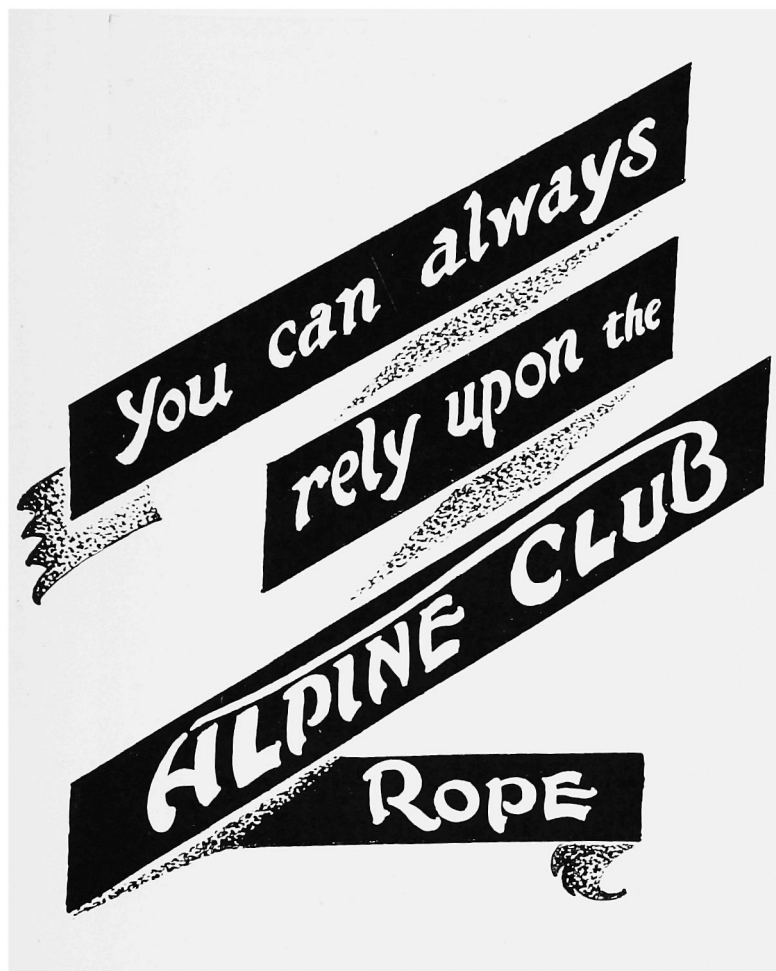
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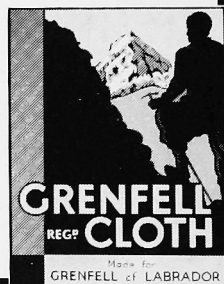
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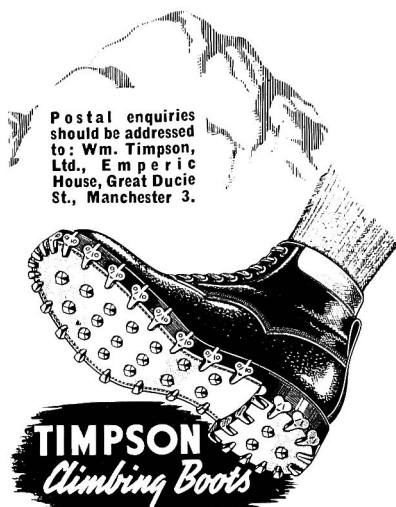
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