

NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER, 1964



THE
Ceunant
Mountaineering
Club

What changes this affluent society has brought about in the mountaineering club world! Eight years ago we used to gather in the pub opposite the Friends' Institute, wondering how we were going to get to Wales at the week end; nowadays the abundance of members' cars often proves an embarrassment to the meet leader. Then, people who had visited Switzerland were looked on in awe as they showed us photographs of peaks whose names we knew only from books; now, members infest the alps in ever increasing numbers.

All this is absolutely splendid, but we have not reached the limit yet! We may aspire to ever greater heights in this space age. A travel club offers us a "once in a lifetime chance to climb the famous Himalayas". Trips are being run by jet plane to New Delhi and Srinagar (only 150 miles from the mountains) at dirt cheap prices (£200), with ample time to do two or three 8,000 metre peaks if you get a bit of a move on.

Anybody coming? All you need are a few Sherpas, and you are well set!

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CLUB NEWS

ANNUAL DANCE

The Ceunant Mountaineering Club Annual Dance will be held at the BOURNBROOK HOTEL, SELLY OAK, on FRIDAY 4th DECEMBER, 1964. A buffet will be laid on, and an extension has been applied for.

FORTHCOMING OUTDOOR MEETS

November 6th - 8th	LLANBERIS	Bonfire Party. Leader W. Yale
November 14th - 15th	MID WALES	Cross-Country treasure Hunt (Walking) Leader M. Kerby
November 27th - 29th	TREMADOC	Pant Ifan or camping Leader P. Holden
December 13th	PONTESFORD	Day Meet Leader B. Pearco
1965		
January 1st - 3rd	LLANBERIS	Leader A. Daffern
January 15th - 17th	THE RHINOGS	I.V.C.Hut Walking Leader I. Corbett

ADDITIONS TO THE CLUB LIBRARY

Conquistadors of the Useless	Lionel Terray
On Snow and Rock	Gaston Rebuffat
This My Voyage	T. Longstaff
Scrambles Amongst the Alps	E. Whymper
Playground of Europe	L. Stephen

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Salute the Mountains

W. Pause

High Conquest

J.R. Ullman

Selected Climbs - Dolomites

Sheffield - Stanage Area Guide

Mountain World 1955

Many thanks to Bill Jones, who recently presented the club with a complete series of "Mountaincraft" from as far back as 1952. An index of the principal articles has now been prepared for the use of members.

We were delighted to hear (after the event) of the marriage of Ray Reeves and Joan at Stirling Road Chapel, Quinton on August 15th.

Our heartiest congratulations and all best wishes to them both.

Joe and Chris Brennan wish to thank the Club for the present which they received on the occasion of their wedding.

CLIMBING NOTES SUMMER 1964 by Tony Daffern

This summer has seen an increase in members climbing at a reasonably high standard. The number of VS leaders has been doubled since last year, and there are several seconds who should be leading VS's regularly next season.

No one has yet made a breakthrough into the realms of excess climbing, though Mike Connelly has been hovering on the fringe for some time.

Pete Holden, who started the year as one of the club's

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most promising leaders, went gallivanting off round the continent for three months, and has only recently returned. He has already proved that he has not lost his touch, by making an ascent of the White Edge on Ilam Rock, Dovedale, after an all-night binge at Tony Fowler's party. It has been said that each time he wanted "slack on red", or "tight on white", he had to waken his sleeping second!

Limestone cliffs have taken over from Gritstone for Sunday meets, and club parties have visited Stoney Middleton, Water-cum-Jolly, Dovedale and Ravensdale. A few of the harder limestone free climbs have been tried; at Stoney Middleton, Froth and Glory Road have both had at least three club ascents, and Sin and Pearly Gate one.

The two Lake District meets were fairly well attended, in spite of the distance and traffic conditions. Dow Crag was wet as usual, though Jack Parker, an early riser, got in Eliminate A before it rained. At Langdale it was again the early risers who benefited, the Crack on Gimmer being climbed by two parties before the downpour started. Robin Costello and Nick Gavin, who stayed in Langdale a few extra days, did Slip Knot, Gordian Knot and White Ghyll Wall.

The weather in the Pass being rather poor during many week-ends, Tremadoc has received more than its share of attention. Mike Connelly has led the Plumb, Leg Slip and The Fang; and Stromboli, Striptease, and Helsinki Wall have been popular.

The Carneddau have been visited by several parties, the usual climbs being The Grimmet, Pinnacle Wall, and Mur-y-Niwl. Robin Costello recently turned his attention to the Devil's Kitchen where he ascended Advocates Wall, and on the upper cliff, Northern Slabs.

Club parties do not appear to have been very active in the Alps this year. Pete Holden and Pete Hay, at Chamonix did seven peaks in the ten days they were there, including the Charmez - Grepon traverse and the S.W. Ridge of the Marie. Roger Lavill in the Dolomites did seven

PAVE SIX

routes including the Bernard-Mase Dari route on the Punta Emma and the Preuss route on the Cime Piccolissima.

MEET REPORTS

WATER CUM JOLLY - 30th August, 1964 by Peter Holden

This day the Ceunant M.C. was out in numbers with set ideas of having a "good time" in this beautiful valley. Pairing off was soon achieved, simply because there were almost as many females as males. The club set off up the dale in a very business-like manner, with bulging rucksacks being carried by the male contingent.

A member who had been before led us expertly along the public footpath and informed us of the whereabouts of the various routes, none of which could be seen because of the prolific vegetation. He stopped suddenly and pointed to a 50ft pinnacle rising out of the greenery. This, he assured us, was an excellent climb, and bounding with enthusiasm began to beat a path through the undergrowth, but this was not quite what the rest of the club were looking for, so they moved on until they reached the middle of the dale. From here it was decided that something ought to be done, and after a perusal of the guide book, three parties set off to attack the same pegging route. (Yes, there are other routes, but the club members cannot bear to be separated). The remainder of the club succeeded in overcoming the undergrowth and collected round the bottom of "Virgins Crack". The ladies hung back, but there was a rush from the men, and that redoubtable fellow, Fowler emerged first to try his luck - and he moved quickly at first in an experienced manner over the preliminary stages. But before the real thing could be entered, he paused for a rest, viewing the problem before him, and arranged some protection. Then with all eyes upon him, he made the first move and looked quite comfortable with a boot securely jammed and reaching upwards gained good holds for his hands. Now the major difficulties were over and he climbed well up the remainder of the crack, came out at the top, and tied on to a tree. This route was repeated by two

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other parties, and one adjoining route done, then feeling satisfied, the club retired to the top of the crag to relax in the sun and have lunch.

Meanwhile Tony Daffern had been pegging his route, found it enjoyable but not too difficult, and when he reached the top, untied and walked away, leaving John Hurst patiently holding his rope at the bottom. But Tony had good intentions - wanting to know if anyone desired to climb the route before John took the pegs out - immediately three members were galvanised (so it was heard) into action and disappeared. Now two of these members had never "pegged" before, and their first attempts came up to the hilarious standard expected and provided excellent entertainment for the more lethargic members. One member did attempt to climb free on the same wall and with great difficulty reached a ledge at 20ft, but was brought to a halt by a blank wall and had to be rescued with a rope from above.

After this burst of climbing, the club members paired off and generally made themselves scarce for the afternoon recess. But the club flag was kept flying by Pete Hay who had discovered a line of expansion bolts up an overhanging wall and climbed them with much energy. He proceeded to peg the last 20ft to the top of the cliff, the whole thing providing much interest and entertainment for Pete and a small group of spectators. One more rescue was made, that of a solo climber who, having free climbed half-way up the wall, had to have a rope and pegging equipment sent up to him so he could ascend the last 20ft. Quite a pleasant route apparently, but the young lady on the other end of the rope was unable to follow, as the gentleman had to pass his rope round a tree and take the equipment out on his way down. By then Tony Daffern had followed Pete Hay up his climb, and the club walked back through a very peaceful dale on a beautiful summer evening to the cars for a race to arrive in Yoxhall in time for a much needed drink.

LANGDALE September 4th - 6th by John Daffern

Eighteen members and guests were present on this meet, and for accommodation there was a choice of camping or the "Achilli Ratti" hut, where a few places were reserved. Most people preferred to camp, and the new official camping site, with most mod.cons. laid on, was used. Although a little crowded in places, a rather quieter spot was found at the far end of the site.

A little fog is not unexpected in September, and we were not disturbed to wake up on Saturday morning to find visibility reduced to one field-width. So with the idea that it would blossom out into a beautiful day, perhaps giving views above the clouds, many of the party set out in twos and threes for Gimmer Crag. After toiling up the steep part behind the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, and traversing across towards the foot of Gimmer, the earliest parties were duly greeted with a restricted but wonderful view across the mist-filled valley, with the peaks on the opposite side just showing clear. This lasted only a few minutes however, and no more views were had that day.

There was plenty of activity on the cliff, and climbs done included A and D Routes, Gimmer Chimney, Gimmer Crack, and Cartwheel. Some included Middlefell Buttress on the way up. By early afternoon the first spots of rain were descending and soon the sky fell down on us without so much as a "below", and it didn't stop until well after the evening meal had been poured out. We should have seen the warning signals; yours truly had taken out his camera and left behind his waterproofs, and Arthur Becker, who had been to the Lake District many times without ever having seen any of it for mist, was present on the meet.

Another party went to Bowfell, and some of them did that excellent classic: Bowfell Buttress.

Sunday was quite different; it looked as if it was going to pour, and didn't. The average height attained by members was consequently lower, but there was more variety of venue, ranging from 2,900 feet above sea level

(Bowfell area), down to 318 feet (camp site). Actually there was plenty of activity and a lot of climbing was accomplished. Two members went to White Ghyll, and did Slab Route I, Gordian Knot, and Slip Knot. Another party went back to Gimmer to do Main Wall, and visits were made to Middlefell Buttress, Bowfell Buttress, and Lower Scout Crag, while others enjoyed a walk from lower down the valley over Lingmoor Fell.

This was Tony Fowler's last meet with the club before going to Australia to his new job. We shall certainly miss him as a regular member on our meets, but wish him every success in his new life.

CWM SILYN MEET 18th - 20th Sept. Roger Lavill

A very heavy storm on Friday night scattered the members on this meet into various corners of the Cwm. When the meet leader arrived on Saturday morning, he found a number of people at the B.A.I. hut while others had set off with their tents towards the Cwm but had given up the struggle on the way and anchored near the track. One only had reached the Lake. Heads soon appeared, however, from behind walls and boulders and from underneath piles of wet canvas, and the day's activities began.

Most people started with a climb but one member, no doubt tired of this activity (which, let's face it, takes place with monotonous regularity on all our outings), delivered an invalid chair to Criccieth for a change.

A discussion took place amongst the climbers as to which routes to do. This proved difficult, because no one could quite remember what the routes were. The one member with a guide-book did a fine route called Unicorn in **The Pass!** It was eventually decided that those who wanted to do Ordinary Route should take the easiest line, those for Outside Edge should keep as near as possible to the outer edge of the Slab and the people doing Central Route should try to go up the middle. After only one pitch it seemed as if everyone was heading for the same ledge but

then the paths diverged again. Central Route gave some good pitches but then petered out on a grotty ledge. This was later improved by 'Holden's Finish', although this was considerably more difficult than the rest of the climb. Those who could then did another route but all finished with some sort of walk. The 'Chair-man' returned from Criccieth for an evening climb.

After sitting by a roaring fire in the hut for an hour and feeding a horse which seemed to regard the hut as some sort of 'mare's parlour', all left for a hostelry and showed that the Ceunant is a climbing club not a darts club.

Sunday looked less promising to start with and turned out to be very windy and cold. Robin Costello arrived from Tyn Lon with the coveted guide but people weren't so interested in the hard routes today. Ordinary and Outside Edge were repeated and Robin and John Hurst shivered their way up Kirkus's. Abortive attempts were made on other routes but the day was more suitable for those who set off for a ridge walk in the direction of Y Garn.

A heavy down-pour in the late afternoon cleared the last lingerer off the rock and people began to drift back to the tents and the hut. Basil who had ventured into the sea on Saturday now revealed his truly amphibian characteristics by entering the Lake, as he put it "To complete the pleasures of the weekend."

Mrs. G.H.Daffern

THE EDALE to MARSDEN WALK Oct.9,10,11th

This meet was arranged for the benefit of the walkers in the Club, but curiously enough very few attended, and the majority were the hard core of the rock climbers.

At Edale at 6.30 on a freezing, dark morning 17 club members were awoken by Jack Parker's alarm clock and by 7.45 were away in the minibus to Marsden in the north. The keenness shown by all to rise at this hour was truly astounding. We started the bogtrot from Wessender.

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Reservoirs at 9.10, the pace being so fast that I, for one (the meet leader!) could hardly keep up. The weather was refreshingly cold and sunny, although the industrial valleys on either side were hidden in smoke haze. As expected, en route up Black Hill, 1900 ft., the party divided itself into three; a slow one, a fast one and Pete Holden, who was not seen again until Edale. A long valley took us down to the Woodhead Road, the minibus, and Godwin, who supplied us with biscuits, ginger beer, a fruit drop and a humbug.

Thus fortified, we charged up Bleaklow, 2066 ft., and reached the top first time - a pole stuck in a peat hag. The difficult terrain between the summit and the Snake Pass Road was more swiftly overcome than was thought possible and as we descended to the road, the minibus by some fortunate chance came growling round the bend. Some of us hitched a lift to the Snake Inn $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles down the Pass. This Pub is well placed in the forests, a very agreeable contrast to the bleakness of the moors. But I suppose its chief virtue is that of eleven hour opening.

At 3 p.m. we toiled, burping, up Kinder, 2088 ft., blue and shadowy against the low sun of an October afternoon. Fairbrook Clough was quite beautiful; rather narrow, the stream descending in small falls laced with deep green pools. Topping the plateau, the weather changed from sunshine to hailstorms with skies as black as the peat itself. The homing instinct asserted itself and it was almost a race to see who could reach Edale first. Jack, in his haste nearly led us down Blackden Clough to the Snake Pass again. In Grindsbrook runners in shorts and singlets and of all sizes, shapes and sexes were puffing laboriously up and down the hillsides. They didn't seem to be enjoying themselves much. The tents were reached at 5 p.m. There were ten in this fast party; Bill Yale, Tony Mynette, Pete Hay, Robin Costello, Jack Parker, Pete Hopfinger, Bill Cheverst, his girlfriend Barbara, Tony and myself. Pete Holden turned up an hour later, having done a few extra miles, "as it was a nice evening".

As soon as the Nag's Head opened we were there, vying with the army for seats. At 9.30 p.m. we were just thinking about a rescue party for the slow party - Basil Jones, Joan Gabriel, Mary Kahn and Bill Jones - when they arrived looking a bit shattered, after an epic crossing of Kinder in the dark with one torch between them. They were full of praise for Basil's night navigation by maps and compass, but then, he has had plenty of practice!

Fortunately, it was raining on Sunday morning. After early afternoon tea at Bill Cheverst's abode near Hathersage a pleasant afternoon was spent at Lawrencefield Edge above Grindleford. This is a gritstone edge with a difference, being sheltered from the winds and in a setting of birch trees. When not sunbathing, routes done were Gingerbread, Meringue, and Great Harry; all V.S., Snail Crack; S., and Nailsbane and Pulpit Groove, V.Diff. Pete Hopfinger spent an interesting two hours on a narrow ledge waiting for Barbara to climb the second pitch of Three Tree Climb, a severe V.Diff., and when at last it was his turn to move, a hailstorm descended with such ferocity that the crags were stripped of people in seconds, that is, except for Pete, Barbara and Bill Cheverst - but they abseiled down eventually. The rain had obviously set in for the evening, so after a mug of tea at Eric's in Stoney Middleton we all returned to Birmingham.

The success of the meet is due in great measure to Godwin Ladell who drove the minibus and provided welcome refreshment during the walk.

NOTES RE OTHER MEETS

Dow Crag - June 12th - 14th

Attended by nine members and five guests. Routes of all grades were done on both days, although on Saturday the crag was very wet.

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Rivals - June 26th - 28th

Attended by fifteen members and nine guests. The activity for Saturday, which was wet early and generally dull later, is listed as: swimming, festering, pushing vans down hills, photography, and drinking. Sunday: same except for the drinking.

Llanberis - July 10th - 12th

Attended by fifteen members and eight guests. After a wet beginning the weather was good, and walkers and climbers were active in the Pass, and at Tremadoc. Aquatics also took place at Black Rock sands.

WANDERING IN THE MOUNTAINS - KARWENDAL by Peter Holden

For three months this summer I was in the happy position of having given up my job for the sole purpose of wandering amongst the mountains of Europe.

I left Birmingham on June 1st with a 60 lb pack on my back, hitch-hiking to Dover, where I took the ferry to Ostende. From there I travelled across Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany and south to Switzerland. This was my first visit to the Alps, and as I closed in on the Bernese Oberland, the famous trio of the "Eiger", "Monch" and "Jungfrau" took most of my attention. But I did not stay long in this magnificent country, moving on over some magnificent passes via Lichtenstein into Austria, where I made straight for Innsbruck, which I reached one week after leaving Birmingham.

Those who have been to Innsbruck will have seen (perhaps visited) the Karwendal Mountains dominating the view to the north of the town - a long ridge of yellow limestone, supported by a green base of dense shrubs and trees and very often with a deep blue sky for a backcloth. It was on a perfect day that I took the tram to Solbad Hall, a village a few miles from the town, and from there set off on foot with my bag, now heavier by a week's

supply of food.

This walk was up a rough car track in a most magnificent valley filled with luxurious green shrubs. This gave way to a complete contrast, dry rock slopes culminating in a wonderful skyline of ridges on all sides. The purgatory of humping the sack in the extremely hot sun necessitated frequent rests - every fifteen minutes I should think. I gazed at the wonderful view, and searched for ways of gaining the peaks, the like of which I had not seen before. The walking distance up the valley was about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a height gain of 2,600 ft. to a height of 4,600 ft. at my camp site. The time taken was $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and I was much in need of the glass of beer which revived me at the mountain hut. I camped on the edge of the trees and had excellent views towards the top of the valley and the ridge rising to about 9,000 ft.

After a good nights rest - perhaps a little cold after the excessive heat of the day - I was away by 8 o'clock, and walking very slowly up to the nearest ridge. The slow pace was necessary because the sun was blazing down again, and though the path was winding its way easily upwards amongst the shrubs, every pace was an effort until I found a good rhythm. I reached the ridge at 5,500 ft. and was rewarded with an extensive view southwards to the snow-capped mountains of the main chain quite a few miles distant. Now my route simply followed the crest of this ridge - a pure rock ridge with quite an interesting topography - sharp pinnacles and steep-sided gullies abounding. Though very good scenically, the rock was bad for moving on, being extremely loose and needing careful handling. Technically the ridge was not very difficult, and I spent about 2 hours traversing a distance of 2 miles - the highest point being 7,400 ft, one of four peaks along the ridge. The views of the Karwendal area were very good and I was able to plan my route out for the morrow to the top of the highest peak in the area. I descended from a col by way of a long scree slope, which brought me down to the luxury of soft grass and a stream from which I was able to quench my thirst. The remainder of the afternoon was spent relaxing in the meadows and lingering over the walk

back to the tent through the woods. Unfortunately the tent I returned to was covered with sunbathing flies and it was impossible to sit in it with the flap back because of the risk of being invaded, so I had to put up with the heat. I spent a quiet evening reading and thinking of home until sleep was possible after the sun had dipped beyond the ridge.

The following morning was as hot as the others, and I proceeded as planned up to the head of the valley, and then followed the zig-zag path up the hillside to a col, having one rest on the way under the very welcome shade of some bushes, and washed my mouth with a little of the precious water from my bottle. From the col at 6,700 ft., I took a more or less horizontal path along the mountain-side, crossing a number of scree slopes which reflected much heat from the sun. The only respite was gained from the few remaining snow patches, which were a good source of drinking water. After following this path for 2 miles I reached the Bettelwurf Mountain Hut which was inhabited by the Guardian and his wife, accompanied by a dog and a number of goats and chickens. The view from this hut was superb and I relaxed for a few minutes to contemplate the life led by the occupants, so remote from civilization; perhaps a little envious of the advantages, but realising my lack of courage for the many disadvantages. From the hut to the top of Gross Bettelwurf the path kept on its horizontal plane for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, then rose steeply for 2,100 ft. I gained the summit in one hour, there being no real difficulties, the short climbing sections being provided with steel ropes and iron rungs. I spent over an hour on the summit gazing down a very steep northern slope 4,000 ft. clear into the valley, from where I could faintly hear cowbells, and viewing the extensive Karwendal Range with its miles of sharp rock ridges and steep mountain walls. To the south were the shapely peaks of the Austrian Alps. Having signed my name in the book I descended by the same route, rested again at the hut and decided to take a shorter path down which I could see leading across the mountainside. On the map this track appeared to stop at a steep cliff, which aroused my curiosity. On the way down I encountered

many chamois which soon took flight, speeding gracefully over the very rough terrain to a safe distance. As shown, the path I was following petered out into the bushes and I was suddenly confronted with a huge "U" shaped gorge with a near vertical 300-400 ft perimeter wall, a little less severe on my near side than the opposite side. This problem took me about an hour to solve, which I eventually did by descending a narrow rock rib, then traversing across its flank into a gully and so down to the bottom. This required some quite difficult climbing and careful handling of loose rock and a tight control on the nerves before I could relax on firm ground. This climb down brought me to the woods, and through those to the meadows of long grass and many beautiful flowers giving off a very pleasant aroma, much appreciated after many hours on dry barren rock. Another quiet evening reading until it was dark enough to sleep.

Having explored both sides of the valley, I decided to spend the third day traversing the fine looking ridge at the valley head. On the two previous days I had spent much time looking at this ridge and trying to decide if I could traverse it on my own because the sides were obviously very steep and escape down them might prove impossible if one of the many pinnacles and gaps proved too difficult. But backed with the philosophy that "Where there's a will there's a way", I started off cheerfully the next morning through woods and meadows and up the long scree slope I had descended on my first day out. Two hours brought me to the col on the left hand end of the ridge at 6,700 ft. From the map I could see that the ridge had an average altitude of 8,000 ft, and produced 6 peaks, the highest being 8,700 ft. It was about 4 miles long. The first peak was gained quite easily up a rounded shoulder, and from it I could see the ridge stretching out before me to the north until half-way along it took a sharp turn to the east.

I had never before had the prospect of following such a long, sharp ridge with so many pinnacles and gaps. The first section was not too difficult - very pleasant scrambling, although the rock tended to be on the loose

side. The first difficulties started when I ascended towards the next peak, and I was forced off the crest of the ridge on several occasions, whereupon route finding became interesting, choosing which side of the ridge to attempt, and where exactly to regain the crest. Gradually the positions became more exciting as the exposure increased, and I treated the poor rock with even more respect. This second peak gained was also the highest, and I relaxed on top and melted some snow to wet a very dry throat. The views were superb in all directions and I felt quite lonely as I looked about, because there was not another person to be seen on the mountains and I saw from the book that nobody had been up during the past week. This peak had a tremendous north face sheer for 1,500 ft. to the screes below, and I thought the ridge above it was going to be the most difficult section - exceedingly sharp with two or three pinnacles and awkward looking gaps to overcome. I soon found the rock on this section was worse than any previously encountered, and the exposure was too much to even think about. I had to do some quite serious rock climbing and balancing acts in precarious positions, and in one place had to pass over a hole through the ridge which was capped by a fragile looking bridge of rock for about 3 feet - quite interesting. Having overcome this difficult section, I proceeded more easily to the next peak where the ridge turned eastwards, and from then onwards I was looking down a very steep north face and nearly all deviations from the crest were made on the less severe south side. The next peak was gained quite easily, passing en route three huge rock towers which rose from the near-horizontal ridge, making quite an imposing sight. There followed a very loose descent, then I ran into difficulty when ascending again, being confronted with many vertical pinnacles which I could not climb and had to turn on the south side. Quite often I was not successful on my first attempt, and had to combat much steep rock on rather doubtful holds. By now I was beginning to feel rather tired, my bag was weighing heavily on my back, and I was anxious to have the difficulties behind me as my nerves were a little worn. On top of this last but one peak, I was relieved to see the end of the ridge, and it looked quite easy after the

initial descent from the summit. I was surprised to find no entries had been made in the book since the previous summer - this must have been because it had been hidden by snow. Descending this peak proved to be the last real difficulty. I had to wander quite a way down from the ridge before I could find a place to regain the crest. On the last peak I relaxed in the sun and ate the last of my food, and looked back along the ridge, admiring its formation and pleased that there had been no barrier to prevent my traversing the complete length and to spoil such a wonderful day. The ridge down to the col was relatively easy and I descended in high spirits singing loudly without a care in the world. From the col the path led to the valley and so back to my tent, where I relaxed, feeling very tired after such a good day out. The ridge from col to col took about $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The next day was Sunday, and as I had completed all I wanted to do in the area I decreed a day of rest, and perhaps a short walk in the valley. The weather was not up to usual standards, being cloudy and humid. I moved into the hut close by, wrote a few letters home, and drank a large bottle of beer before I went for my walk. I enjoyed a pleasant afternoon wandering round a rocky hill rising out of the valley, although I did have to shelter from the rain at one point.

All that night it rained heavily and eventually the tent sprang a leak, and my sleeping bag got wet, so I spent a long uncomfortable night waiting for morning. When morning did come at last I packed up in the rain and walked back down out of the mountains, finding the going much easier downhill, and the rain quite refreshing. Soon I was back in Innsbruck, with many memories of an excellent few days in the Karwendal Mountains, which I can recommend as a splendid area for a walking holiday.
