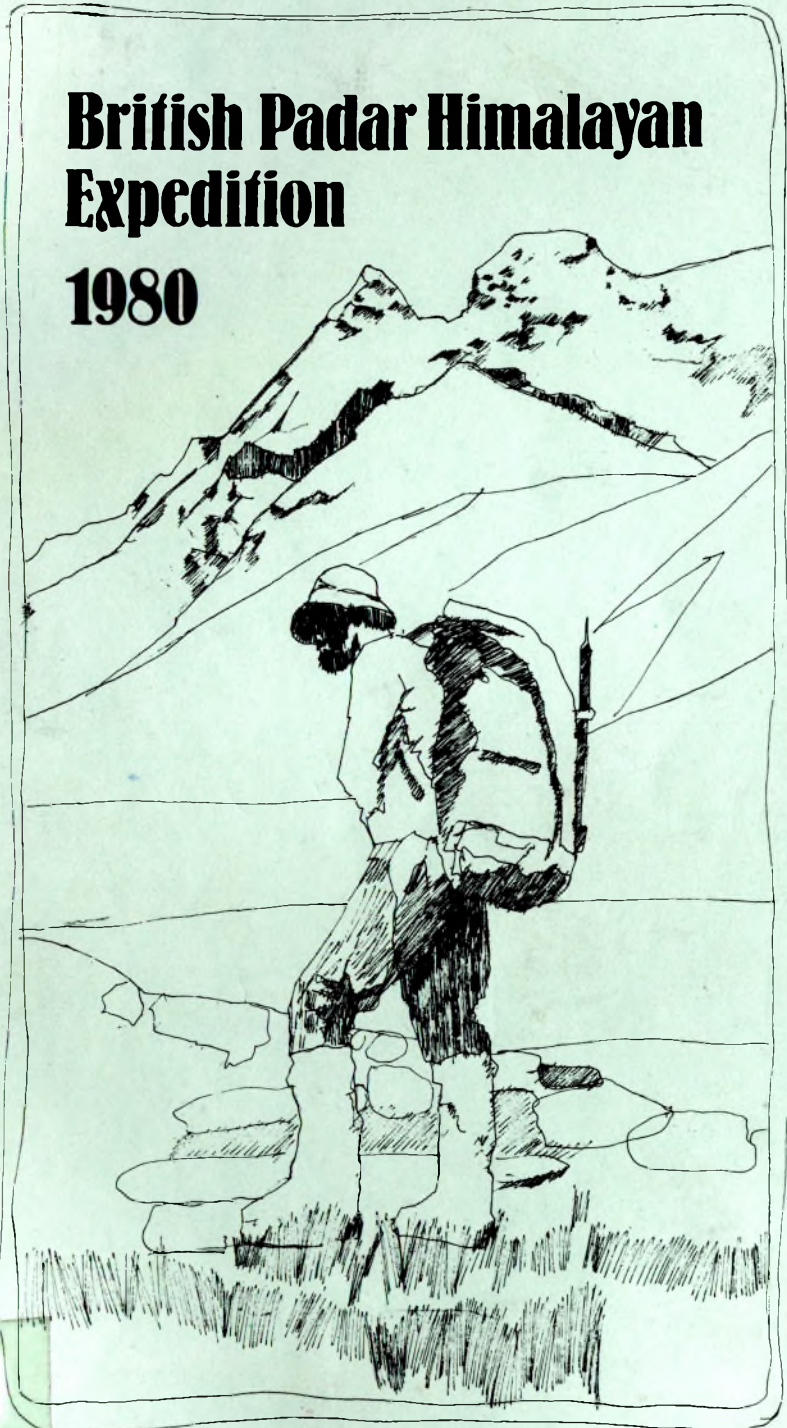


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# British Padar Himalayan Expedition 1980



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B R I T I S H P A D A R H I M A L A Y A N  
E X P E D I T I O N

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF  
CHRISTOPHER MARK LLOYD 1957-1980

acl 22828

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MEMBERS

- Chris Lloyd      Leader.    Age 22.    4 years climbing experience.    Two Alpine seasons.    First ascent Thui II, 21,500ft. in Hindu Raj, 1978.    Died on Chiring 23 August 1980.
- Chris Griffiths    Age 25.    7 years climbing experience, including 6 Alpine seasons.    First ascent Thui II 1978.    Employed by Alpine Sports Ltd.
- Dave Hillebrandt    Age 27.    10 years climbing experience.    3 Alpine seasons in Europe, Pyrenees, Hoggar, Mount Kenya.    Thui II Expedition 1978.    Doctor.
- Chris Pounds      Age 26.    8 years climbing experience.    One Alpine season, one Pyrenees season.    Outdoor Pursuits Teaching Course, Bangor.    Outdoor Education Instructor, Grampian Regional Council.
- Liaison Officer: E. Vasudevan ("Vasu").    Age 30.    Keen Himalayan walker.

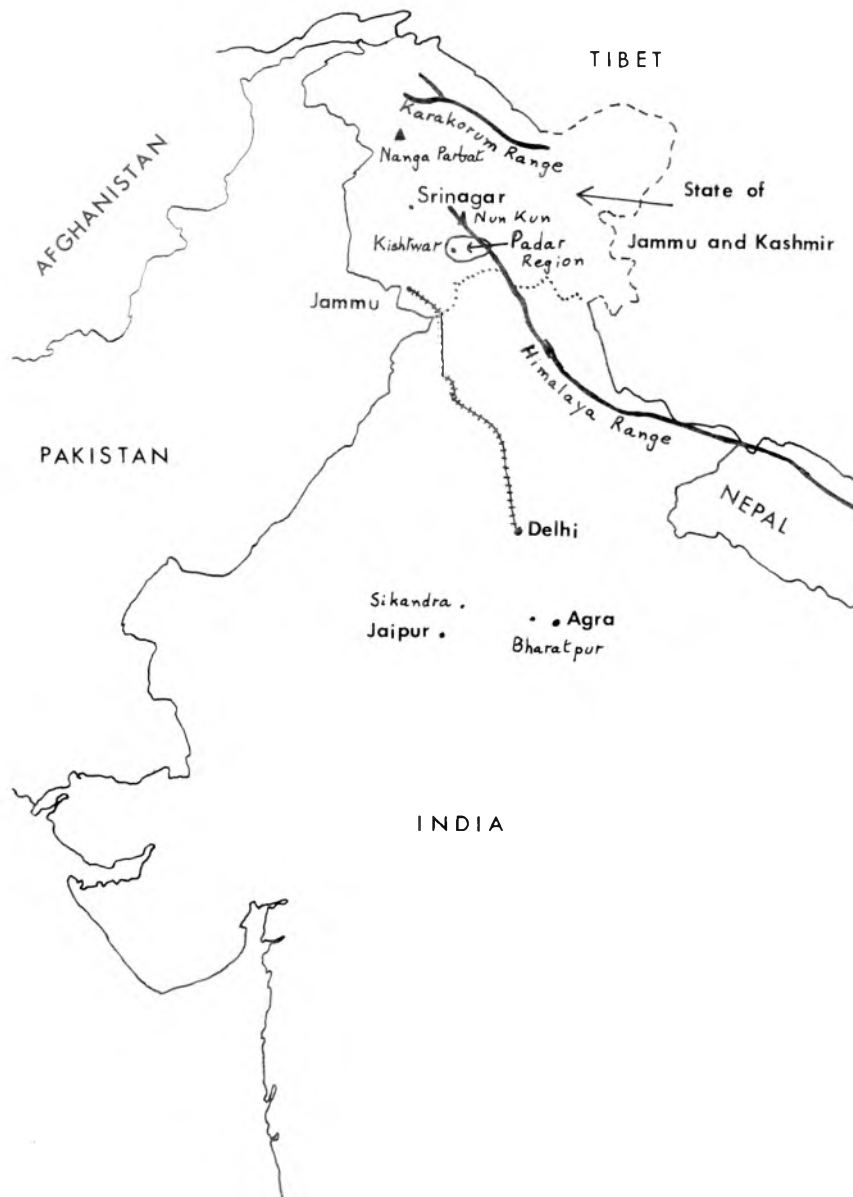
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DIARY OF EVENTS 1980

- August 2 - Chris Griffiths, Chris Lloyd and Ann-Clare Fourcin flew to Delhi.
- August 14 - Left Kishtwar with Vasu.
- August 16 - David and Sally Hillebrandt and Chris Pounds rendezvoused in Delhi.
- August 19 - Chris Griffiths, Chris Lloyd, Vasu and Ann-Clare reached site of Base Camp.  
- Dave, Sally and Chris Pounds left Delhi.
- August 20 - Chris Griffiths and Chris Lloyd started for Chiring Peak.
- August 23 - Chris Lloyd fell near summit of Chiring Peak.
- August 25 - Chris Griffiths got back to Base Camp.
- August 27 - Dave and Chris Pounds met Chris Griffiths and Vasu coming down from Base Camp. Search party organized. Chris Pounds and Vasu on to Base Camp.
- August 29 - Dave and Chris Griffiths abandoned search. Chris Pounds ascended Bhakrewal Choti.
- August 31/  
September 2 - Dave and Chris Pounds explored top of Hagshu Valley.
- September 4/5 - First attempt on Peak 6,100 - heavy snowfall.
- September 7/12 - Second attempt on Peak 6,100 - continuous snowfall.
- September 14/15 - Ascent of Khogaya Dost by Dave and Chris Pounds.
- September 16 - Summit of Khogaya Dost reached. Chris Griffiths explored side valley of Umasi Nullah.
- September 17 - Dave and Chris Pounds descended to Base Camp.
- September 18/23 - Walk-out to Kishtwar.
- September 28 - Returned to Delhi.





INTRODUCTION  
by David Hillebrandt

What is it about the relaxing pleasure of a food-bloated walk-out which makes one so quickly forget the heavy packs, aching muscles and complaining lungs of only a few days before ? On the walk-out from Thui II in 1978 we already started to discuss ideas for another expedition. We felt that a less explored area with several objectives and a more flexible lightweight plan might be more enjoyable, hopefully with less bureaucracy. We returned to the rain of Skye, the snow of the Ben and the granite of Cornwall, with the embryo plan slowly maturing.

Sally and I had our own plan for a two year world trip - working, driving and climbing - and it seemed sensible to fit a Himalayan venture in with this. We would be carrying camping and climbing equipment anyway, which should minimise the transport costs to other expedition members but, as it happened, with the political situation in Iran and Afghanistan, our "overland" route left Britain in March and went via The Sahara Hoggar and jungles of Zaire through the plain of Uganda, to acclimatise on Mount Kenya before shipping the car and flying to Bombay ! The research started in Penzance with many letters and thoughts of the Kulu but a hectic session in the Royal Geographical Society Library map room and Alpine Club Library and a rushed trip to see Paul Nunn in Sheffield convinced us that the Padar region of North East Kashmir answered our requirements - easy access, pleasant valley walk-in (if hard) and many possible unclimbed alpine style objectives with a 6,300m peak as the ultimate aim, all still relatively unknown. A team of four seemed ideal with the possibility of wives and girl friends joining us for the walk-in and first few days at Base Camp. Our team gradually fell together and eventually, by various messages relayed via London, Delhi, Tamanrasset and Nairobi, we all reached the Hagshu Valley.

As far as we could tell the Hagshu Valley had been entered by Europeans only once before. This was after Paul Nunn's attempt on Burnaj in 1977 and we had some photographs showing two peaks of about 6,100m which looked ideal for acclimatisation and one of officially 6,300m which we thought might be approached by the now unused Hagshu La (pass). One of the 6,100m peaks was the Chiring Peak on the west side at the head of our valley and which also bounded the head of the Chiring Valley, entered by Lindsey Griffiths in 1978. The other 6,100 peak was on the east side of the valley just before it took a right angle turn to the true, hidden Hagshu La. This was dominated from behind by the daunting 6,300m peak.

Tragically, our leader, Chris Lloyd, died in a fall on Chiring at an early stage of the expedition. This report, section by section, is written by the other members and is dedicated, as is the newly climbed and named peak of Khogaya Dost, to the memory of a good and close friend.

CHIRING PEAK  
by Chris Griffiths

I first refused Chris Lloyd's offer to go "expeditioning" in the Autumn of 1979. I had not forgotten the pain and suffering of our last trip in 1978 and refused, dreaming of a summer holiday in the south of France complete with sun, sea, skating and sex (all sadly lacking in the Himalaya). Again, I refused that winter, after a month's skiing, climbing, abseiling and generally "epic-ing" in frost-bitten Chamonix.

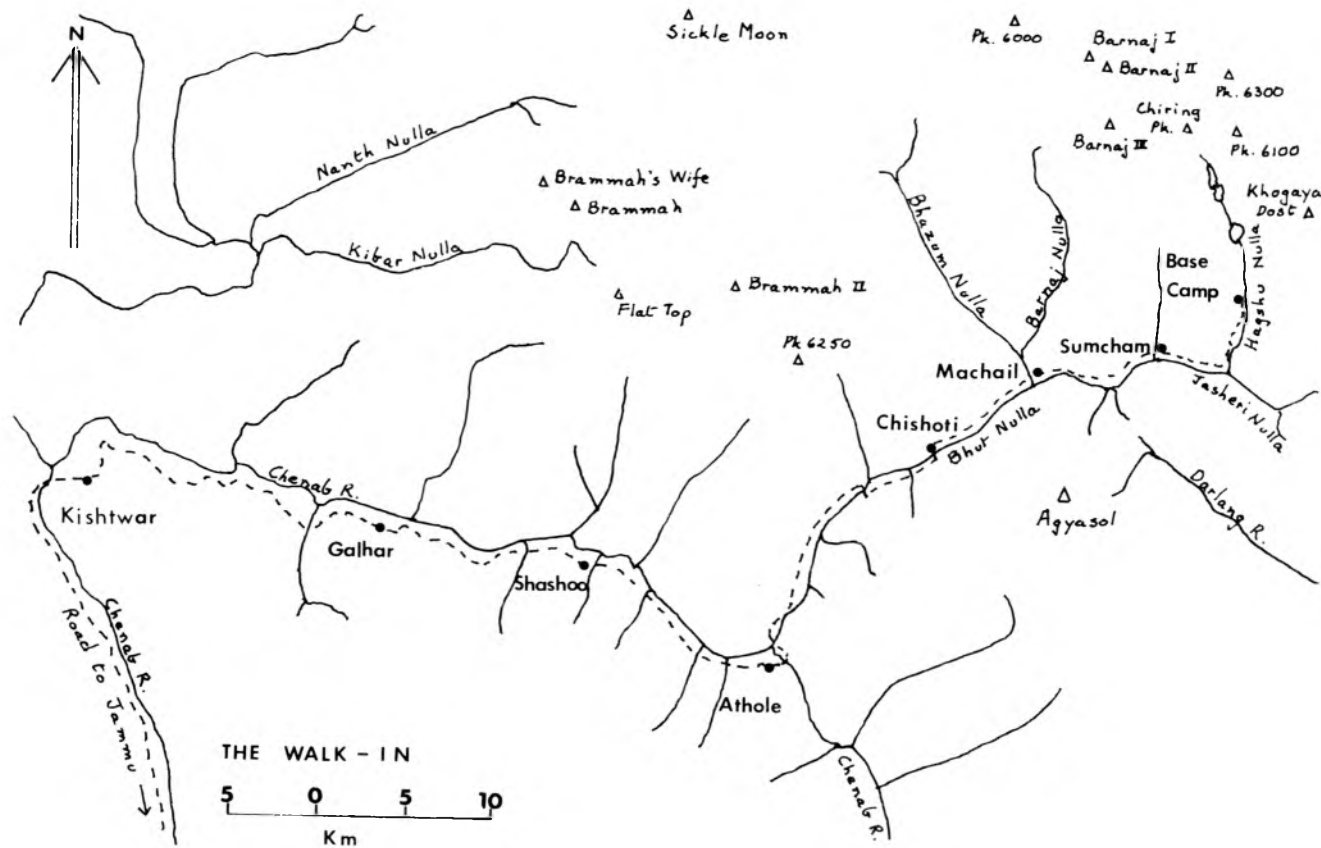
Chris is a very persuasive person so, eventually, one afternoon while working (and suffering) at the Camping and Outdoor Leisure Exhibition at Olympia for Alpine Sports, my mind clouded with alcohol, I agreed. Chris's presentation of the "holiday", as he called it, was brilliant; first he assured me that it would cost nothing (a lie), second he envisaged a true Alpine style trip, climbing several of the highest summits in the area by the most appealing routes. Chris Lloyd was an ideal partner for such a venture. We had climbed extensively together, always combining good routes with good times; there was no other partner I wanted to do such routes with. Chris dealt with the bureaucracy, money, etc., in his usual ruthless fashion, dreaming of distant summits, as I forgot all, submerging into London's half-life.

After a final night of training, I returned home to find Chris and girl friend, Ann-Clare Fourcin. We packed up and caught the Tube to Heathrow. Air India (our major sponsor) gave us the V.I.P. treatment and this was continued in Delhi by Guest Keen Williams Ltd., especially Mr Vijai Kapur (to whom we are enormously indebted). Living in luxury, our every need catered for, we were reluctant to leave G.K.W's Guest House. Alas, when Deirdre (a friend of Ann-Clare) and our Liaison Officer "Vasu", a student, arrived we had to move on. Expedition members tend at first to look askance at any newly arrived Liaison Officer, thinking he could be only a useless appendage to their team and it took a while to get to know Vasu. However, he showed himself later on to be, though small in stature, a tough but friendly character and he proved invaluable to us.

Immediately on arrival, India had awakened fond memories of Pakistan. On closer acquaintance I developed an enormous respect and liking for this huge continent and its people. The journey to our Base Camp further enhanced this impression, as the higher we went, the country and its people opened themselves to us. The senses are excited by myriad powerful stimuli, ranging from extreme poverty to breathtaking beauty.

The five days walk-in was sheer bliss, marred only by the 25kg sacks that we carried, in a last minute fitness drive. Unfortunately, Deirdre found the walking too strenuous and returned to Kishtwar to await the arrival of Dave and Sally Hillebrandt and Chris Pounds.

The walk was considerably enlivened by the presence of "Zorba" (his real name being unpronounceable, we called him after the famous Greek). Zorba provided us with mules, dope, booze, food and constant amusement throughout our journey. He left us at Sumcham, a small Tibetan-style village about four hours



from our proposed Base Camp, in the capable hands of Hari "the sapphire smuggler", another colourful character. Hari, the head of the village, was apparently respected enough to have a force of 14 policemen stationed at the village to ensure the nearby sapphires remained the property of the government and were not added to Hari's reputedly enormous wealth, including a dozen wives !

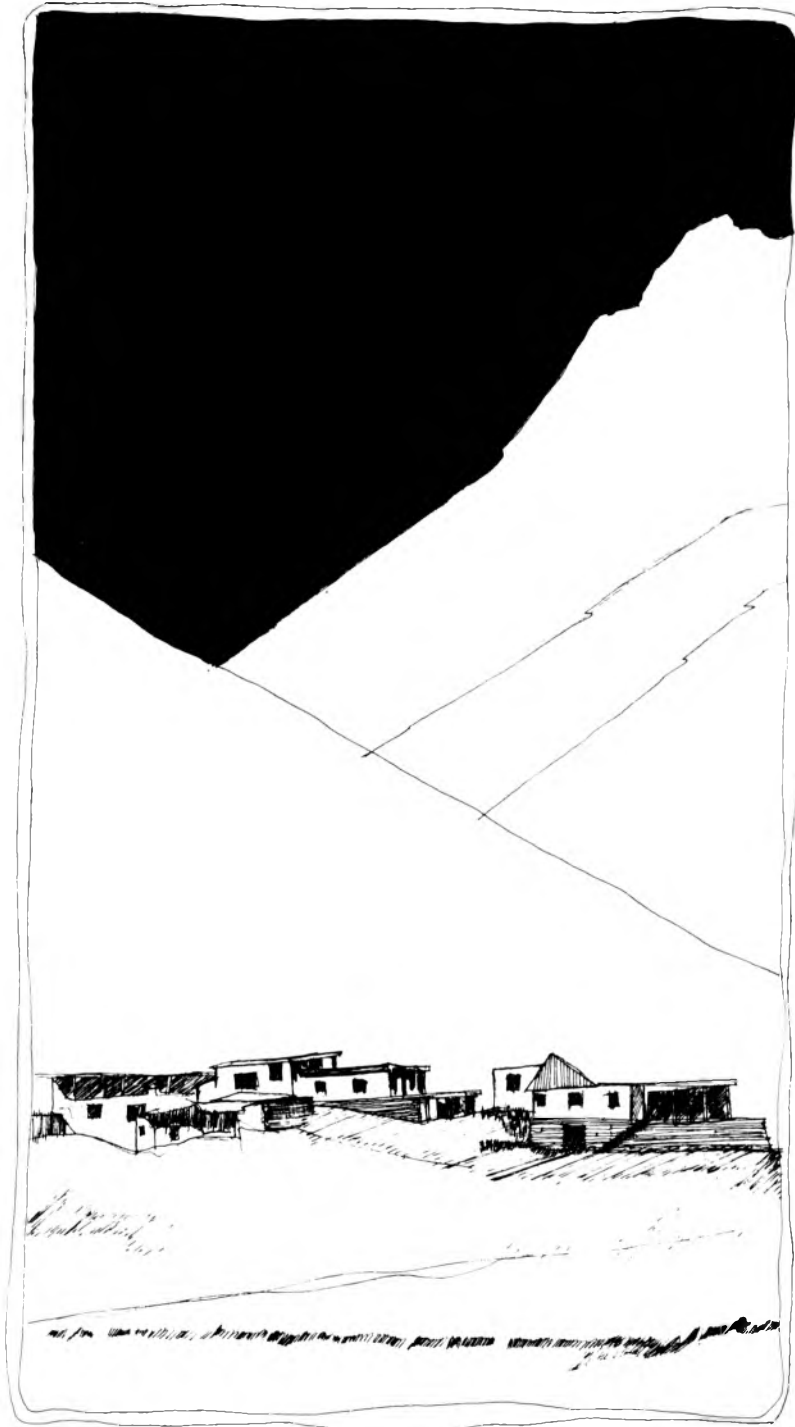
Base Camp was in an ideal location, with luscious vegetation, running water - complete with bathing pool - inspiring views and brilliant bouldering. Of course it rained on arrival, but Chris Lloyd, Ann-Clare and I ignored the dismal atmospherics. It felt so good to be there. The area seemed purpose-built for enjoyment.

The next day we rested, sunbathing and sorting out equipment; the following day, after a lazy start, we headed up, carrying enough for eight days. Ann-Clare started out with us but, with smiles and good luck wishes to Chris and me, left us to make her way back to Kishtwar as Chiring Peak, our first objective, came into view. Chris and I walked till darkness then slept out on a bed of heather. We cooked an enormous meal and talked of our ambitions. Chiring Peak seemed the ideal training peak; 6,100m high, it appeared basically straightforward, with a few "interesting bits" to dispel boredom, and also promised excellent views of our future objectives. These were to be Pt 6,300, the highest mountain in the area, which from photographs appeared to offer no soft routes, and Barnaj (climbed only a week before by the Japanese employing siege tactics). We were fit, climbing well and completely confident in each other. We felt we were where we had to be, with time, emptiness and "the force" with us. Realising we were not technically good climbers we were cautious, but knew that with our combined experience and commitment we could overcome the obvious difficulties ahead. Our aim was not glory, or even success; we just wanted to enjoy, and where better to do it than this unexplored valley with its fantastic summits.

Next day brought us back to the reality of this variety of mountaineering, i.e. hours of sweat, pain and suffering as we doggedly plodded our way up the glacier and icefall to the foot of the peak. By about 3pm we were near the bergschrund. We stopped and brewed up, waiting till 5pm when the sun should leave the vast gully system which presented the obvious approach to the summit ridge, and the now considerable stone fall should stop. We planned to climb at least two-thirds of the gully before stopping, allowing us to finish it before the stone fall started again the following morning.

Studying the mountain it appeared a little more difficult than when viewed from further back. The gully appeared to have three or four unavoidable steep rock or ice sections and the ridge above started with a tricky gendarme, then a 200m vertical wall topped by steep ice where the easy snow slopes to the summit began. The weather seemed set fair, we expected to reach the summit in two or three days, though should conditions deteriorate we had an ample margin to survive three times this estimate.

The thud of falling stones stopped as the sun sank beneath the ridge. We started up, roping up for the bergschrund and moving together above. Choosing a line as far to the right as possible,



staying clear of the impending left wall, from where most of the stones seemed to originate, we made good time up the soft snow. As the light faded we made slower progress, belaying each other up the odd tricky move as the difficulties increased. Putting on head torches we continued for an hour, looking for bivvies as the going got tougher; moving further right to avoid a repellent groove above us, ledges spotted from below turned to seventy degree scree-covered walls. Eventually we decided on a thirty degree shelf cleared with spectacular fireworks trundling. With a "Friend" in a good crack and axes hammered in above us, providing a satisfactory belay, we were soon cocooned in down and Goretex hanging from a Gordian knot of slings and rope loops. Suffocation, exhaustion and strangulation slowly turned to deep sleep - only to be abruptly ended by the first stone landing - bullseye in my sleeping bag.

Packing hurriedly we ran for the "safety" of the top of the gully. The running soon slowed to the usual crawl as the altitude started to have its usual nauseous effects, i.e. more pain, suffering, etc. Moving right we lost the stone-fall and relaxed a little as the ridge approached. After what seemed like miles and days of heart and lung-tearing climbing and a final two pitches of hard mixed ground we reached the ridge and a much deserved panorama. Having outwitted the gendarme by tiptoeing past on its right flank we were feeling pretty pleased with ourselves. But, oh dear ! sitting smoking and munching our reward of a square of chocolate, we were not so content viewing the horrific rock wall 100m above.

After two hours wasted on sorties to its left and right I left my sack with Chris and tentatively started up. Surprisingly the holds kept appearing; talk of retreat turned to yells of success as I belayed on a spacious ledge in a mind-boggling position on the crest of the ridge with nothing but air on all sides and a similar overhanging wall above.

Tired after the day's exertions we took the soft option and prepared for a comfortable safe bivvy. Words cannot describe this incredible position, or our feelings. The weather was calm and clear. A good meal and rest soon forced the wall above to submit (in our imagination) to a last short obstacle, soon overcome at dawn tomorrow. We slept well on our flat bed, wrapped in every bit of clothing we possessed.

Watching the verglas rapidly melt as the sun hit us at dawn, brewing, smoking and laughing, we thought only of the next 50m of rock and then the summit today. I tied myself to half our available hardware, as Chris led off carrying a light sack. He climbed brilliantly, the pitch proved classic V.S., nearly an hour of zig-zagging progress for a full 50m. I joined him on a good ledge at the top of the rock. The summit seemed within reach, with only easy ground above us. We left most of the hardware, food, rope (Chris carried one in case of difficulties), helmets and any other non-essentials, taking emergency bivvy gear only. The weather was now beginning to look a little worrying so we climbed the initial ice, then snow slope as fast as possible, hoping to make it back down to the ledge that day. We were both going well, the altitude now seemed to have no real effect, we moved together unroped as no good belays were available in the soft snow. Fifty steps each - stop - change leads, climbing diagonally leftwards, we were aiming for the snowfield on the left flank where the angle looked gentler. A couple of hours later



Chris arrived at the small cornice separating the two snow-fields. Cautiously he moved up, kicking bucket steps and using the shaft of his axe. I took out my camera to change films, ready for the summit, no more than an hour or two away. Chris planted his axe shaft over the cornice. Shouting down a few words about the summit being so near, he pulled up - his axe ripped out - he whispered "oh no" - he fell backwards - wordlessly somersaulting - spinning down the slope - he hit a rock and now - ragdoll like - sped down the slope. I watched as he fell off the slope, down a steep wall overlooking the Chiring glacier, I caught a last view of him as he hit a rock rib way down the wall. His axe lay about 300m below me in the snow.

I lit a cigarette and left the place after I had stopped shaking. I was shocked and scared and small, very, very small.

Two days later I returned to Base Camp. The descent had been extremely difficult, compounded by deteriorating weather and the fact that Chris had one rope and much of the gear. Vasu looked after me like a mother with a sick child. Next day I met Dave as I descended to Sumcham to climb round into the Chiring valley to look for Chris's body. He cried as I talked in the rain.

From then the expedition had no meaning for me. I could not enthuse, could not push. I sat on the side-lines, only really enjoying a three day solo walk towards Zanskar. I attempted a small peak but my nerve failed me when faced with stone-fall.

Chris Lloyd was a loner, a solitary individual. He was a keen climber, never letting other things steal his precious climbing days. Travelling constantly; always climbing and reading, and thinking; always looking for adventure, with an insatiable lust for something more. He had no mercy nor time for conformity; no time for the "wimps" staying low in the valleys; a total intolerance of everyday mediocrity and the slow death of a "normal android existence". Holding the essence of life in strong hands, refusing to allow material distractions to pollute his vision of reality (his "mainlining on freedom"). A meeting with Chris was always a breath of fresh air, to be inhaled deeply and savoured till our next climb.

I sincerely apologise for the delay in writing this short inadequate report and for the sorrow our "adventure" caused. I wish to all who gave so generously for our "adventure", the joy that we experienced for a few short days last summer.





ATTEMPT ON PEAK 6,100  
by Chris Pounds

Two stars, then three. No more, but enough to rekindle hope, and a thrill of anticipation. I lay warm and snug in my sleeping bag looking out from the back corner of a rock niche, at about 18,000ft. It was about an hour after sunset. We'd actually seen the sun set through a fiery red hole in the thick cloud on the horizon; a wonderful spectacle of colour in a grey-white world. Belayed to the ledge, I'd hardly been able to move for the last 30 hours. Chris Griffiths lay jammed up next to me; every time he slid down the sloping shelf he woke up cursing from his dozing as his tape belay tightened round his chest. Dave was six feet below us on another ledge, presently waxing lyrical about the prospect of the cloud, the grey blanket that had swathed us for the last two days with a gentle but persistent snowfall, clearing completely overnight to give us a clear sunlit day tomorrow - then the new snow on the summit cone would consolidate while we finished climbing the rock ridge leading to the snow arête below the summit.

Would I cross the 6,000m line for the first time tomorrow? Would I cope with the altitude or would my old foe, asthma, suddenly flare up in the struggle to breathe and let me, and the others, down? Would we find the summit pyramid too difficult? It looked such an inviting peak - one of the three that dominate the upper Hagshu valley, with Chiring Peak further up on the opposite side of the valley and the towering bulk of Peak 6,300 looming behind our objective. Peak 6,100 is a little Matterhorn, very symmetrical, stuck atop a very steep broken glacier, with a wide snow ridge (our route) meeting its base from the side. The base of the summit pyramid is about 5,800m and we were now at c. 5,600m, feeling more and more marooned in a sea of fresh, soft snow as time and the almost incessant snowfall went on. It had taken us four days to get one ropelength beyond the bivouac when, at 3pm, rising winds and snowfall had reluctantly convinced us we should make use of the good bivvy site we'd just passed.

Morning came after a surprisingly comfortable second night on our little ledge, but with it disappointment. We were still in the grey, spindrift world of the last two days, with no indication of any improvement in the weather to come. We lay in our pits drinking "Hinex" which the Japs from Barnaj I had given us and nibbling peanut brittle, contemplating the possibility of another day spent dozing on the ledge (we'd discovered if you sleep with the Goretex bivvy bag pulled over your face you can build up quite a concentration of carbon dioxide, which Dave said was the cause of his succession of highly erotic dreams - he declined to entertain us by divulging their content!). The more we discussed staying, the less point there seemed. We had enough food to wait one more day, but the weather looked set - we'd been warned winter could set in by mid-September and it was now the 11th. We could go on but the two rock bands would be troublesome in the deep fresh snow, never mind the problems, including avalanche, that would face us on the summit cone, and the prospect of a bivvy in the open in bad weather on the snow arête. Very reluctantly, but finally convinced we were doing the only sensible thing, we decided to start retreating at once. I led off, back round

the huge flat slab under which our eyrie was perched, back to the crest of the little snowfield and down it to the "slot". Here the snowfield abruptly stopped at a six feet drop but with only three feet separating the edge from a huge block. I scrambled down into the slot and belayed. The others traversed over my head then down to the ledge beyond, and rigged up an abseil point, using a small natural chockstone and a solidly placed nut. I hadn't seen Chris place the nut, and created a moment of near-panic when, with Dave ten feet over the edge, I pointed out that the chockstone was moving. Panic over, Dave was soon down the long pitch. An awkward step near its foot had kept Chris occupied a while during the ascent two days before, then it was on down the little snow ramp below. Another, shorter, abseil brought us to the top of the narrow chimney in the first rock step, but the rope ran round a bulge from the anchor and refused to run freely, so Chris had to downclimb this pitch with very scanty protection from natural belays. Dave led off down the next pitch - a full run out from a good peg took him down the awkward chimney, past my stance on the ascent, down the little steep gully below to the edge of the easy-angled first snowfield. I carefully moved the knot joining our two 45m ropes well down below the peg so it wouldn't catch on the rock walls at the top of the chimney, but the ropes refused to budge when I reached the snowfield. Back up I went, protected by a prusik, floundering in the soft snow. About half way up, the ropes ran round a low boulder but this was sufficient to jam them as soon as the pull came from below. There was only one realistic solution. I pulled the abseil rope through, and tied on as Chris took in at the bottom of the couloir, and thus protected, reversed the pitch. I'd been climbing in duvet and fibre-pile suit, and was in quite a lather when I rejoined the others.

A few welcome mouthfuls of "Apeel", complete with ice, followed by two pitches down the easy-angled snowfield, protected by deadmen, brought us to the site of our second bivouac, the first on the ridge. To reach this point we had solo'd a few hundred feet, with an airy traverse across exposed slabs on smallish holds, followed by three roped pitches. It had been pleasant climbing, on mainly sound rock on the narrowest part of the ridge, but now it was transformed by nearly six inches of fresh, soft snow. It would be very tricky to reverse, even roped up, and time was running out on us.

We decided a much quicker route would be to abseil straight down the 60° side of the ridge to where a steep snow ramp led into the huge couloir which ran the full height of the ridge from the snow arête down to feed the glacier we had so laboriously plodded up, in baking sunshine, four days before. Chris led off, and had to tie all his slings to the bottom of the rope before he reached a secure landing. Dave traversed the top of the snow ramp to sound belays, and two more abseils took us to where the angle had sufficiently eased for us to walk, or rather wade, down to the couloir.

Chris and I were still in the couloir when the avalanche came. Dave was well ahead, out of sight of the couloir and crossing the snowfield above the bergschrund. He heard the roar and just sat down and waited for the bits of coloured debris he

expected to see tumble out of the couloir. He must have had an awful few minutes, thinking he was the only one left alive on the mountain. Meanwhile, I was standing in thigh-deep snow, watching fascinated. I'd never been so near to an avalanche before. The reason for my complacency was a rognon the height and length of a row of fair-sized cottages dividing the couloir lengthways, and safely funnelling all the debris coming from the mountainside above the far wall down the far side. Chris, without my naive curiosity, was taking no chances, and was lying full length on his ice-axe within a split second of the first rumble.

The avalanche stopped as quickly as it had begun and we soon joined a much relieved Dave. We roped up again for the descent of the glacier, as dusk approached. A very tired, very relieved trio reached the moraine half-an-hour later. We all shook hands as though we'd just conquered a summit, then beat a hasty retreat to the bivvy boulder beyond the little lake, and shelter, food and fuel. It had certainly been an experience, and I like to think it was a victory, in a way - a victory for calm, rational, collective decision-making and a very safe well-executed retreat, for which I pay tribute to my more experienced companions. The weather, not the mountain, beat us. Perhaps one day.....

#### Summary

First attempt on Peak 6,100, 4/5 September 1980.  
Abandoned after heavy showfall.

Second attempt on Peak 6,100, 7/12 September 1980.  
Abandoned at c. 5,600m after heavy showfall.  
Ascent to this point took three days, descent two days from Base Camp. Overall technical grade A.D.-



KHOGAYA DOST - LOST FRIEND PEAK  
by David Hillebrandt

A patch of soft, trampled snow about three feet square, where two people had eaten an out-of-date Turblokken bar and made a simple, sensible and rational decision, was all that marked our high point on the unnamed and now unclimbed peak. Half-an-hour earlier we had decided that the unexpected extra cwm and bergschrund, combined with the desperately soft snow, meant at least another six hour round trip to the summit and that, despite its being the last possible summit day, with the donkeys on their way to Base Camp, we would yet again "give the mountain best". In that half-hour we had rapidly flown down the soft couloir, passing tracks that had taken three hours to make. Now, with yet more Japanese noodles flowing round our guts, I felt depressed and cheated. Two expeditions and still no summit reached. The couloir behind our bivvy ledges laughed at us, really such a very easy angle and surely not as far as it felt. The ice-fall below laughed at us. That, also, had provided unexpected problems at each turn and slope but each had had its simple, if interesting, key. Worse still, Chiring Peak, clearly visible in the excellent weather, taunted us from across the valley. A close friend had died there and its lesson of care at every step could not be forgotten, but equally his life deserved some Padar memorial. This peak, although not big or shapely, had already given a fun, "good to be alive" type climb with laughter, quiet self-satisfaction and also plain sweat and leg-aching grind. We had wanted this to be his memorial, his epitaph and our way of salvaging something of the reason for the expedition. Now even this had failed.

The M.S.R. blazed and the freeze dried goodness swept into our blood as we slowly rehydrated. As we lay on the separate ledges, watching the artificial satellites crossing the black sky above, we both had the same unspoken, aching thoughts.

"Chris ?"

"Yes"

"You got any ideas ?"

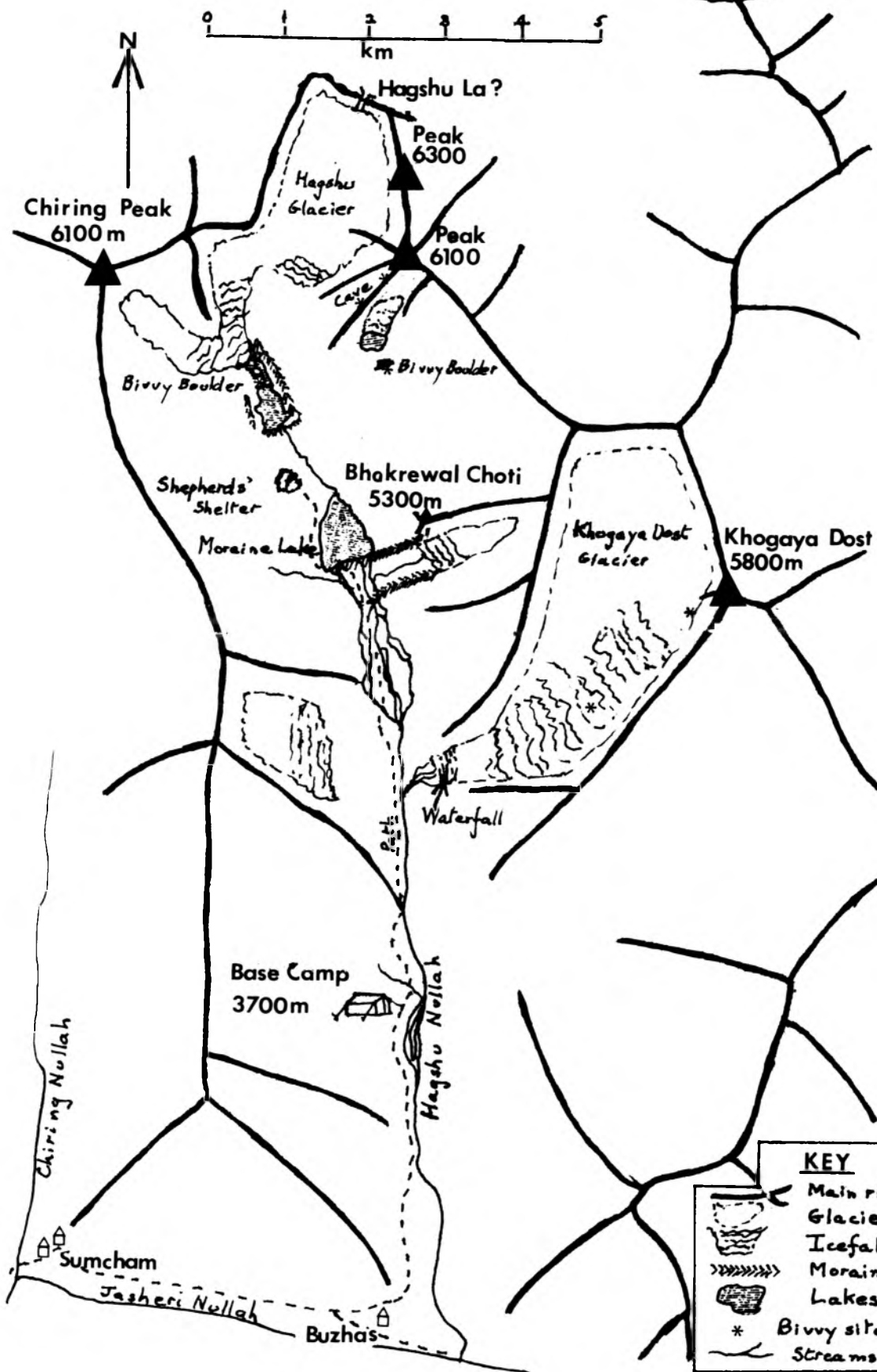
"Maybe"

"If you are awake about three give me a shout"


"O.K. - you do the same"

I thought back over the last four days. The arrival back at Base, after the attempt on Peak 6,100, chastened and beaten by the storm. The day spent overeating and rejoicing at still being alive and, so quickly, the nagging desire to return to the easy-looking peak we had glimpsed up the side valley so close to our Base Camp. The next day had dawned too fine to ignore the challenge and the sacks were quickly loaded with a minimum of gear and food for a quick and, hopefully, easy ascent. We had seen that the only major difficulty lay in finding a way through the three rock buttresses which, like the Old Men of Torridon, guarded the way onto the initial hanging glacier. The day started with the pain of a Himalayan river crossing, directly opposite Base Camp. Not the pain of entering the water, which is mentally acceptable, but the cutting knife-like pain shooting through ones lower limbs as one leaves the water and gradually warms. Half-an-hour later, as our toes returned to life, we wound our way up the right-

# THE HAGSHU VALLEY



## KEY

-  Main ridges
-  Glaciers
-  Icefalls
-  Moraines
-  Lakes
-  Bivvy sites used
-  Streams

hand moraine, traversed some scree and then went up, with a few delicate moves on damp slabs, to start an easy rising traverse across the right-hand buttress. We "knew" we had the key to reach the glacier. But, and it was to be a route of butts, a stream and waterfall coming directly out of the glacier barred our way. With memories of frozen legs still fresh in my mind I had dropped my sack and scurried round, slipping on the still verglassed rock. I was desperate to find an alternative route but, after a wasted half-hour, returned to a patiently waiting Chris Pounds who had accepted the inevitable and was already loading his clothes into his rucksack. With just a red helmet, red overboots, a 7mm rope and the icy rocks and freezing waterfall glistening in the morning sun he looked like the centre page from a backroom porno magazine. This, however, was no fantasy and well belayed he plunged into the rock pool, traversing up and out to a sunlit sanctuary. Like any second about to follow a psychologically desperate pitch I had paused, then plunged in, got to Chris and continued on through a second waterfall, making maximal use of a recess as my sack was pounded by the icy deluge. We had rewarded ourselves with a bar of chocolate before continuing the scramble across the middle buttress rising slowly to the lower glacier. Here a left and right ice-fall joined to block our way but our route was obvious from below - taking the right side of the left ice-fall and should, after a couple of pitches, have taken us into an upper snow bowl below our objective.

At about 1pm we donned crampons and soon the front points were sinking rhythmically into the par-thawing ice, axes and hammers biting with a security that made Broadmoor look like a nursery school. Eventually the nine and seven millimetre ropes came out of our sacks and I tied off to an ice thread whilst Chris led up steeply to a small ledge and ice screw belay. Above lay a wafer-thin knife edged serac top and gingerly I had led through only to be surprised by an easy move right and an unexpected traverse line leading to the next belay, a dubious deadman in a crevasse. The "couple of pitches" went endlessly on, weaving round seracs, on and off questionably anchored ice blocks, and round crevasses until it was 6pm and the gloves, up till then to protect 'terrodactyl' scourged knuckles, became a warming necessity. We had stopped, cut two ledges and a "kitchen" and snug in our pits devoured some freeze dried exotica with, as always, Japanese noodles. Next day it was the now traditional Jap. "Hinex" and glucose drink and off about 7am, with a rope so frozen that the difference between nylon and steel hawser became purely academic. Unfortunately, the sun reached the glacier just as we started to negotiate a particularly narrow bridge and it lit the immensity on either side of me as the rope, up till then offering rod-like security, thawed into a flaccid, wet mass. I cut a couple of steps and moved off the bridge. Chris had followed easily and together we had weaved our way upwards. Another thirty foot monster loomed open in front of us and we were forced left until I noticed an ice flake that had fallen across the chasm, almost reaching our side. In a confident, no problem, sort of way, I belayed and pointed out the "obvious" route to Chris. He rose to the bait and tip-toed off, stepping delicately onto the vertical flake, which could be climbed with hands gripping the top as it resonated



to the placement of our front points. I followed, not quite so confident, to join him for some "Dextrosol" in his ice cave belay. From there it was solo weaving into the upper snow bowl where we arrived, a day behind schedule, and already tired. Ever aware of the time deadline we had a quick brew of noodle juice (what else ?). Dumping our gear we had started our 2pm flog up the soft snow couloir to the end of our summit attempt.

\* \* \*

"Chris it's 3.45"

"Well ?"

"Well"

"O.K. let's try" and after the inevitable fight with double boots and gaiters and last packet of even more inevitable Hinex, we were off. The steps of twelve hours earlier were frozen and our ascent times were halved as dawn slowly lit our way. From the high point we chose a central sloping ramp and headed for the bergschrund directly below it. As we got close to the bergschrund the snow got softer until I was up to my waist and shovelling a trench, with Chris behind compounding the feather-like Father Christmas dream, to facilitate our descent. I swam over the bergschrund constantly expecting the powdery mess to plummet me downwards and after taking an hour to cover a hundred yards Chris again took over. We hung to the left wall of our ramp, hoping the rock would give some support to the desperately soft snow covering and at 9am made some delicate steps right, below a cornice, to step onto the summit ridge and a few feet of hard crampon-biting snow. If only it had all been like this ! Forty feet up and unexpectedly, as always, an unavoidable rock step. Only a scramble lower down but up here and in crampons I wished that we had bothered to include a rope for the summit. Soon that also was behind us and the lung-bursting, mental struggle continued, up - pant, up - pant, up - pant. Legs feeling as if they had rigor mortis and brain constantly warring with body. We now knew it was possible, we just had to keep moving. The donkeys could wait for ever, as far as we were concerned. Today was our day and tomorrow could look after itself. How long ? It felt like an eternity, but in fact was only two hours later and, typical of our teasing mountain, the false summit was passed. Two hundred yards of snow remained. I swear I heard a windslab crack but it was too late now, we were going to the top. Cautiously we examined the cornice, stepped as far as we dared and the spontaneous self-satisfied grin was caught on film. More film, change rolls, take some of 6,300 for next year's attempt, some chocolate, "Apeel" and, at last, a drop of malt from the hip flask that has been in my bivvy kit on so many Scottish hills. At 11.30am we started the cautious process of tiptoeing, scrambling, wallowing and tumbling back down the powder and rock to arrive happy and content back at the bivvy for a small but civilized lunch of "you know what".

The decision to down climb the glacier or try another route, seen from the peak, was discussed and re-discussed, and after dozing until early evening and having our last half meal we set off in the gloaming up and across the snow bowl. This opened out more and more in the moonlight, turning out to be

part of a massive glacier system (not marked on any maps). Stopping long after dark we bivvied again, somewhere between two crevasses. Up at five and off again, but soon the crust started to let us through and, spinning out our last remaining "Dextrosol", we slowly slogged our way up behind the rock ridge on our left, to a col at its back. We were now immune to the taunting new views we got of 6,300. We were on our way home as we started the long glissade and trot down the easy, hanging glacier high above the Hagshu valley. A glimpse of Base Camp far below, then scree and a different route to the moraine, with one abseil down the true right side of our glacier snout's triple buttress. On down to meet Chris Griffiths and Vasu out with the binoculars looking for us. All that remained was to repeat the hell of the first river crossing, but even this felt good as we collapsed on the grass of Base Camp.

What to call it ? How about Lost Friend ? It's a lost peak tucked away from the valley, it looks out over Chiring, and as the three of us finally walked down towards Kishtwar we felt an empty satisfaction as we left a good friend behind.

#### Summary

First ascent on 16 September 1980 by Christopher Pounds and David Hillebrandt of Khogaya Dost (Hindi-Lost Friend)  
Lat. 76° 30' E. Long. 33° 29' N. Estimated height (very approximate) 18,500 ft. Ascent took three days from Hagshu, descent took one day. Route finding problems and technical difficulty in first ice-fall. Overall technical grade P.D.

WILDLIFE  
by Chris Pounds

Most climbers have at least a passing interest in the countryside and its wildlife. Personally, I feel we should all have respect, interest and concern for the wild parts of our world that give us our pleasure. I hope I can further that aim by stimulating a few sparks of interest among those climbers who read this report, perhaps before visiting the Himalaya.

Plant Life

After the dusty plains around Delhi and the flat greenness of the intensely cultivated Punjab, the forested hillsides surrounding Kishtwar are a welcome contrast.

On the first day of the walk-in we came across a tall herb, rather nettle-like in form, but with leaves deeply divided into three 'fingers', growing along the trackside. This is hemp (Cannabis sp.), or the marihuana plant. For 50 nP in Kishtwar you can buy the short, conical, stemless clay pipes the locals smoke it in. It is so common the Jammu and Kashmir Government makes no attempt to control its use (bunches drying out in police stations are not remarkable), but export across the state boundary is illegal.

Around Shashoo the track goes through a forest of what appear to be large holly trees. They are, in fact, a species of evergreen oak, apparently adapted to resist browsing and drought. The locals use branches of it as fencing - the leaves don't drop, so the twigs form an effective barrier to goats.

Above Shashoo is the first of several lumber camps. Felled trunks are brought down to the river from high up the mountainside, in c. 4m lengths, by overhead cable systems. The only species commercially exploited seems to be the deodar. This tree looks like a very large fir, with 20cm long cones. It is probably the major export of the higher valleys, valued because its timber is inedible to termites. The logs are floated down the river, to be fished out at Jammu. Every trunk has the initials of the lumber camp of origin cut into the end. By just below Chisoti the path has climbed up to meet the deodar forest and there is a very pleasant flat stretch of track by the riverside, among these giants.

Near Sumcham, the vegetation, influenced by the long hard winters and shorter growing seasons, becomes more montane in character and to a European, more familiar. Birch woods appear just below Sumcham. One stand on an exposed shoulder is so blasted by winds blowing up the valley that all the trees are bent over horizontally about 1m up the trunk.

The tree line is crossed in the lower Hagshu valley, some way below Base Camp. Around Base Camp the only woody plants are dwarf willow and stunted juniper bushes, neither very common. But it is the abundance and variety of flowers in the valley which is so impressive. What intrigued me was the similarity to high grasslands in the Alps. There are edelweiss-like flowers in profusion, and at least two species of bright blue gentians. There are a few wood anemones, commoner in the lower pine woods, looking exactly like their European counter-

parts except that they are mauve instead of white. Growing in profusion near Base Camp was a bright pink flower, or rather, many small flowers clustered in the form of a spike. Another common flower grows in clumps, looking like large, deep pink daisies. This and several other species clearly show the effect of wind, for at Base Camp (3,700m) they have quite long stems, about 20cm. The same species occurs up to 5,100m on suitably sheltered scree patches but are virtually stemless up there. Apparently confined to finer moraine was a strange yellow flower. Rather like a tall dandelion, the heads curled over and drooped, and the petals closed in, when it snowed, to open up again as the snow melted off them.

There were many, many more brightly coloured flowers, none of which I can name.

#### Birds

Included is a list of birds I managed to identify. There were several more species seen around Base Camp and not identified, and many more lower down.

Birds are the most conspicuous form of animal life in the Himalaya, and quite a number of species will be familiar to those who have done some birdwatching in Britain. The new species provide a wealth of fascination, but so do the strange ways of familiar birds, e.g. the redstart I met on the mountain-top, with virtually no food for miles.

Some birds must surely impress anyone - the kites wheeling over central Delhi (the way they wheeled over London in Shakespeare's day), the huge vultures, and the brilliant parakeets. Behaviour, too, can be puzzling. Two Himalayan whistling thrushes, for all the world like blackbirds, used to chase each other along the river by our camp. The chaser would get above the front bird and push it into the river !

I used Solitel 8 x 20mm compact binoculars, which are excellent and weigh just a few ounces, but binoculars are by no means essential to enjoy watching birds along the walk-in.

A very useful book with generally good illustrations is "Indian Hill Birds" by Salim Ali, which I got hold of in Janpath, New Delhi, for Rs.125. Excellent for the walk-in, it does not include the common lowland birds.

No keen birdwatcher should leave India without visiting Bharatpur Wildfowl Sanctuary, near Agra - a huge marshland with many breeding species and huge overwintering flocks.

#### Mammals

There are far fewer species of mammals than birds in the mountains, and they are much warier and generally well camouflaged. Nevertheless, most climbers should be able to track down the strange piercing two-tone whistle to the rabbit-sized animal sitting upright on a boulder - the familiar marmot of the Alps. Not only is the whistle-call different, but the Himalayan marmot is a little smaller than the Alpine form, and has a much richer golden brown/dark brown pelage. It is encountered from the hillside above Sumcham upwards. We found a recently used burrow at about 4,800m. The marmot is probably the most numerous mammal in the Himalayan valleys, and the only noisy one.

Stoats were also seen near Base Camp and near the Umasi La (and, incidentally, in Delhi railway station, hunting rats). They are the same species as in Britain, but a smaller race.

High on Bhakrewal Choti I watched a group of four chamois-like animals watching me for several minutes, but we never saw any more.

There are bears in the area, lower down. We never saw any but were told there was a man recovering in Athole hospital after trying to "shoo" a bear from his maize field.

That leaves the mystery tracks. No, not yeti, something much smaller. Dave saw an animal, perhaps a foot long, running up a steep couloir at well over 4,500m. Later, on Khogaya Dost, we found numerous mouse-like tracks on the glacier, sometimes wandering along the edge of crevasses. There were also cat-like prints running in long single-file lines (like fox tracks do), in the midst of the glacier. I suppose the larger animal might hunt the little ones, but what they ate in a world of snow and bare rock at 5,000m, and what they were, is a complete mystery.

Finally, anyone keen to see the mammals of the fast-receding Indian forests should go on a night drive in one of the extensive Wildlife Preservation Areas. The 'Tiger Park' at Sariska, near Jaipur, impressed me, with its sambar (large deer), blue buck, civets, fishing owls and porcupines, and (so we are assured) twenty two tigers. We saw all these bar the tiger, but our guide assured us he smelt one !

BIRDS SEEN ON THE EXPEDITION

<u>Area</u>	<u>Species</u>	<u>Notes</u>
Delhi	House crow	Like Scottish hoodie crow in plumage, much tamer. Common mid-city.
"	Common mynah	Very common and noisy. Like a black starling with a yellow bill.
"	Rose-ringed parakeet	Brilliant emerald green parrot. In grounds of monuments.
"	Hoopoe	Common on lawns round monuments. Conspicuous crest which it keeps raising.
"	Black kite	The common large bird of prey seen in mid-city.
Plains	White-backed vulture	Circling villages or in groups of up to forty on ground. Soaring flight, very big.
"	Weaver bird	Inconspicuous brown bird, but its nest of woven grass hanging suspended below a branch is obvious.
"	Sunbirds	Many species, very brightly coloured. Like rather large humming birds. Often on telegraph wires.
Deep valleys in foothills	Himalayan golden eagle	Same species as British. Specimens we saw rather darker on body.
"	Himalayan griffon vulture	Huge, soars high above valleys and crags. Quite common. Dead mules a delicacy.
"	Red-headed tit	Very small, bright red cap. Sound like coal-tits, move like goldcrests, searching bushes for insects in groups of 8-30. Common.
"	Kashmiri dipper	Same as ours. Seen at Litari by stream.
Mid-part of walk-in	White-capped redstart	Very colourful and conspicuous. Usually in pairs on stream banks. Common.
"	Plumbeous redstart	Less conspicuous, less common. Perhaps more often near large river banks. Lacks white cap.
Around Sumcham	Yellow-headed wagtail	Head same colour as breast, not back. Also at Athole and Base Camp.
"	Mountain carrion crow	Jet black, usually solitary. Same species as British. Also in Hagshu valley, and down to Kishtwar.
"	White-cheeked bulbul	In bushes near crops. Also further down.
"	Himalayan whistling thrush	Looks like our blackbird, bill pale yellow, usually near water. Also at Base Camp.

<u>Area</u>	<u>Species</u>	<u>Notes</u>
Around Sumcham	Hodgson's pipits	Drab, small birds, but sudden flash of bright yellow when they fly. In flocks in willow groves.
Base Camp	Hodgson's pied wagtail	Very like British race. Very tame, often eating scraps in kitchen area. Quite common.
"	Red-billed chough	Jet black, wheeling flight. Musical, trilling call. Common on crag above camp.
"	Raven	Same species as in UK. Much bigger than chough. Few seen.
"	Imperial eagle	One possibly seen flying slowly over camp - like golden but wings held flat and head pale.
"	Unidentified pipits	Large numbers of two species were seen on migration down the valley. Twittering call, dipping flight, one sort with barred breast, other sort unmarked buff.
Hagshu valley	Brown dipper	No white breast. Quite often seen even high up valley. Feeds on invertebrates on river bottom.
"	Crag martin	One group of about twenty seen regularly. Very like sand-martins.
"	Wren	Same species as UK. Common amongst boulders up to 4,300m.
"	Kestrel	One seen hovering near moraine lake. Very dark cf. British birds.
"	White-eye (?)	Wren-sized birds, olive above, greenish yellow below. Small parties among boulders.
"	Hodgson's short wing	Often near river, high up valley. Weird bat-like flight. Very colourful - bluish, chestnut and white, in flight, but very well camouflaged grey at rest.
High up mountains	Indian pipit (?)	Just like female chaffinch but slimmer and with thin white bar at base of tail. Steep, grassy hillsides up to 4,800m.
"	Common redstart	= our black redstart. One on top of Bhakrewal Choti at 5,300m.

MEDICAL REPORT

by David Hillebrandt, M.B., B.S.

With the modern trend to smaller expeditions it is unlikely that a team will include a doctor, since all members must be chosen firstly and foremost on their climbing competence. It is also true that, in the case of accident high on a mountain, a well trained mountain first aider is often of more use than a doctor unfamiliar with high altitude problems. When planning a medical kit any medical officer (doctor or not) should plan within his competence and the choice of many items (drugs and equipment) will depend on his experience and the situation. For example, on a small expedition there is no point in taking oxygen or intravenous fluids since their weight precludes their being taken high enough on the mountain to be of any practical assistance. Whatever happens on an expedition the medical officer will be criticised for the size of his kit, hopefully because it is too big, but in the event of a serious accident it will always be found to be lacking and therefore improvisation and versatility of equipment is vital (e.g. rubber tubing could be used as a tourniquet, urinary catheter, naso-gastric tube or rectal fluid drip; codeine phosphate can be used to constipate or as a mild pain killer).

On our expedition I found my "duties" could be divided into five parts:-

1. Ensure that all the party arrive at Base Camp as healthy as possible and remain so.
2. Minor running repairs.
3. Major accident and high altitude problems.
4. Action in the event of death.
5. Care of local population and porters.

Before leaving home one member (the "medical officer") should ensure that all members are up to date with inoculations, both those legally required in the relevant country and those highly desirable for the members' safety. These may include cholera, typhoid, paratyphoid, yellow fever, polio, tuberculosis, tetanus, smallpox (officially eradicated from the world but not from some bureaucrats' minds), globulin for hepatitis and rabies (a new series of three intramuscular prophylactic injections marketed by Servier Laboratories). All members must take some form of malaria preventative tablets throughout the expedition and after their return home for about one month. Since the susceptibility of the parasite varies it is best to check with an expert as to the most suitable type of tablets but we used daily proguanil (ICI Paludrine) and I also carried a course of chloroquine in case of a resistant attack. I also arranged a blood cross-match of all members and although, on this expedition, I carried no donor equipment the compatible members could still be used as mobile banks at local hospitals. Dental problems can be crippling at high altitude and all members should have a check up prior to departure, but it can be useful if the doctor can get some very basic dental training and possibly temporary filling (Cavit) and extraction experience from a dental colleague. The medical officer should, of course, also be aware of any medicines required by members, and have a



spare supply in the medical kit. His planning of the medical kit should take into account any known allergies (e.g. erythromycin instead of penicillin in one of our member's case) or idiosyncracies. One of our members occasionally gets asthma and although he had no problems at altitude, in addition to his Salbutamol(ventolin) inhaler I issued aminophylline suppositories and carried an ampoule of injection. I suggested a spinhaler rather than aerosol inhaler since I had no information on the effect of altitude pressure on the metered inhalation dose.

Once in the relevant country basic hygiene should become the medical officer's obsession. Every member should have quick acting water sterilizing tablets and, more important still, should use them, although boiled tea (chai) is normally safe. We carried two H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>K</sub> water purifying filters (Better Living Labs Inc., USA, and marketed in G.B.) which were used for five months in Africa and then on the walk into and out of the mountains. Despite their rather corny name we were very impressed by their speed and ease of use and apparent effectiveness. Our expedition was also greatly helped by Guest Keen Williams Ltd., who housed us in their Delhi Guest House, fed us extremely well and generally cosseted us from the Indian heat and bugs. This, together with their support and personal friendship, made my job much easier and it is thanks to them that we must be one of the fittest groups to arrive at a Base Camp. Indeed the only imported medical problems which we took to Base Camp were fleas and some body lice. On previous experience I had not taken any powder and much regretted this, but careful washing and a daily bag inspection gradually reduced the daily flea count. We collected more of these friends at the rest houses on the walk-out.

On arrival at Base Camp the medical officer should supervise hygiene, especially with regard to any locally employed cook, the washing and toilet areas and drinking water supplies. He should also have ensured that all members are aware of the problems of high altitude sun on exposed skin, the initial signs of frostbite and of high altitude pulmonary (and cerebral) oedema (H.A.P.O.). In these conditions prevention plays a larger part than cure. On any expedition, not only the members' bodies but also their minds take a constant hammering. For the latter the medical officer should ensure at least some lazy rest days, rather than the artificial sleeping tablets preferred by some expeditions. For the former, a good supply of Elastoplast (best in long strips to be cut to size), joint strappings (Elastocrepe gives good support), some muscle rub and surgical spirit for cleaning blisters. He should keep an eye on the diet, although vitamin and iron supplements should not be necessary on a month's expedition but adequate salt and fluid intake is vitally important.

All members should have some understanding of the problems of acclimatisation and each should be able to give an intramuscular injection of a diuretic for H.A.P.O. We carried bumetamide (Burinex) since the dose volume is smaller than with the equally good frusemide (Lasix). I might also have given intravenous aminophylline but, of course, the only real

treatment is descent. I found that soluble Aspirin are as good as anything for the splitting high altitude headaches that can occur, although I had little trouble on this trip compared with Thui II in 1978. This time I simply did my suffering with associated vomiting, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and headache on Mount Kenya and out of sight of the other expedition members and this doubtless enabled me to go high on the Chiring glacier as soon as I arrived in the mountains. We also carried local anaesthetic eye drops in case of snow blindness but the addition of spare collapsible goggles to the first aid kit is far more valuable.

In the event of a major accident high on the hill one is unlikely to be able to carry adequate medical equipment, however, we all carried the new potent pain killer buprenorphine (Temgesic by Reckitt & Coleman). This "strong Fortral" is not controlled under international regulations and, by comparison with morphine, is relatively free from side effects, making it excellent for expedition work. We also carried some non-stick dressings and a Guedal airway in our small (6 ounce) mountain first aid kits. After an accident we would have to consider the best way to evacuate to Base Camp where I had adequate supplies to cope with injuries such as a compound fracture. Some of these could possibly have been carried up to an injured member to aid in evacuation. These include inflatable splints, cervical collar, injectable and oral antibiotics and a small surgical kit to help clean any wounds with the general anaesthetic Ketalar (ketamine). Although ideal for single-handed use in remote areas, this drug is not for the inexperienced and I was lucky to gain some experience of its use in Britain and again in Africa. The small surgical kit was also useful, combined with local anaesthetic, for minor operations on members of the local population (e.g. drainage of an abscess).

Any expedition will be approached by the local people and porters for help and great care has to be exercised in areas such as Jammu and Kashmir where local facilities are just being developed. For chronic conditions such as rheumatism, chronic bronchitis and presumed T.B. I always try to refer the patient to the nearest hospital and try to liaise with local doctors during the walk-in. I strongly resisted the easy temptation to give placebo tablets. It is often easy to treat minor wounds and I strive to use locally available materials such as soap, boiled salt water washes and boiled linen dressings and to demonstrate to the locals how they can also use these. In this area a few bars of soap could revolutionise local welfare ! For more serious infections I wish I had carried some depot injections of slow release penicillin since the barter value of tablets means that a full course of antibiotics is rarely understood by the locals and even more rarely complied with.

The enjoyment of our trip was marred by the death of Chris Lloyd and the medical officer's responsibility does not end with death but extends to the family of all the members. Doctors are normally familiar with death but even so it does not make it any easier to accept in a close friend. This familiarity with the paperwork does, however, make it easier for the doctor to cope with the necessary documentation.

If the body is approachable safely he should examine it sufficiently to make a police statement to act as the basis for the later issue of a death certificate. Although distasteful a photograph of the body can also facilitate much of the later bureaucracy. If the body is not found the process becomes more complex and the doctor should collect as much evidence of death as possible. Throughout he should keep detailed notes of the situation and copies of all messages and police statements, keeping the relevant Consul informed of all arrangements. Every member should discuss this possibility before an expedition to clarify any special arrangements for disposal of his body (normally safest if it is as close to the accident site as possible) and provide a list of next of kin. Local Consulates and Embassies often appreciate a list of these details, together with details of rescue insurance carried by the expedition. The medical officer must remember that the press can easily intercept personal telegram messages and he should do all possible to ensure that next of kin are informed of an accident as soon as possible and other relatives reassured.

As we leave the mountains we still have a full stock of lomotil and codeine phosphate for the legendary Delhi Belly. One member has a vaguely irritable gut and will produce an interesting stool sample for his General Practitioner on return home since he has not been treated with any antibiotics.

If any other expedition need any help with planning they are welcome to contact me and I thoroughly recommend an old friend of mine who has lived in my medical kit on several trips "Medical Care for Mountain Climbers" by Dr Peter Steele, published by Heineman Medical Books in 1976.

## FOOD AND EQUIPMENT

by Chris Pounds

### Clothing

The Jaeger "Sportswear" thermal underwear was well-fitting and extremely warm for its very light weight. On windless days the thermal underwear alone was adequate up to 16,000ft. Thoroughly recommended, if a little delicate.

Fibre-pile gear was used and even home-made gear in the cheapest material performed quite adequately; great for sleeping in. Easily removeable jackets, rather than vests, are recommended.

Goretex outer garments were used. One member used home-made gear. This performed well throughout the expedition but showed signs of delamination by the end.

Double boots were used. One member used Dolomite boots with pile-lined inners and pile-lined press-stud attached gaiters. A little heavy but extremely warm and comfortable. "Magic Mountain" gaiters were also used - good, but wore out. Over-gaiters are probably not necessary with modern plastic boots.

### Climbing Gear

All climbing was alpine-style, using double 9mm ropes. 7mm rope was also used occasionally. Apart from normal alpine gear an "Interalp" hammer-axe was used, on its own, by the last man on the rope. Although a little unweildy for extracting pegs, this cut the weight of tools carried. A selection of nuts, as well as pegs, was taken and proved useful.

### Tentage

Base Camp resembled a corner of an exhibition ground in the variety of tents present. The good old Vango Mk5 cotton/cotton got top marks for space and lack of condensation. The Goretex single-skin "Kennel" was very weatherproof but suffered from occasional condensation problems.

No tents were taken high. We all used Goretex bivi bags. Those supplied by "Wintergear" were highly successful. A home-made bag had a neoprene-proofed base - this proved to be a false economy as it acted as a condensation trap. Coupled with Point Five's latest "Expedition" bag, which has Hollofil below the sleeper and goose down above, only the last of five successive nights and one and a half day's festering was slightly damp.

### Rucksacks

The Karrimor rucksacks used (Jaguar 4, and Lynx for the L.O.) were as tough and reliable as ever. Careful cramming was necessary to get all gear in for longer trips, but recourse to the detachable side pockets was not needed. Some wear over the ends of the internal frame was noted.

### Stoves

An Indian-made primus was used at Base Camp. On the hill we used an M.S.R. stove fuelled with local paraffin. This was best primed with half a meta-fuel tablet.

Food

At Base Camp we subsisted mainly on food bought in Delhi (tinned meat, cheese) or Kishtwar (rice, dhal, dried peas).

On the mountain we used freeze-dried meals, which were excellent, supplemented by the large supply of noodles left for us by the Japanese Barnaj I expedition. Hinex, an all-in food powder rather like Complian, kept us going in the bad weather on the ridge.

LANGUAGE  
by Chris Pounds

India has about ten official languages and about three hundred and fifty others. Hindi is spoken by the most people and is the language of Delhi. Urdu is the second most widely spoken. Whilst neither is the mother tongue of anyone in the areas we went through, Urdu is widely spoken as a second language, even by many villagers. Hindi and Urdu are quite closely related languages but they keep very distinct because they are written with different scripts. Hindi is historically associated with the Hindu majority, and written in that weird Indian script where the letters hang from under the line. Urdu is supposedly the language of India's Moslems, though the villagers we met who spoke it were (except in Kishtwar) Hindus or Buddhists. It is written in Arabic script.

The local languages we came across were Dogri (in Jammu), Kashmiri (spoken by our muleteers and in Srinager), Pardri (from Athole to Machael) and Ladakhi (Sumcham). All but the last are to some degree related to Urdu. Ladakhi is a dialect of Tibetan, totally distinct in roots and script. In this area it is associated only with the people of the highest villages, Buddhists whose ancestors crossed the passes from Zaskar.

English is an official language in India, spoken by 6% of the people. Fortunately they include nearly all the people useful to an expedition - taxi drivers, station officials, local magistrates and teachers. Primary teachers are found in all but the smallest villages; the teacher at Chisoti was extremely helpful as an interpreter when bargaining with our donkey drivers.

If you want to learn some of the language before going out to the western Himalaya, Urdu is the one to learn.

URDU GLOSSARY

Please	...	shugria	salt	...	nimek
Thank you	...	shugria <sup>1</sup>	sugar	...	cheenee <sup>4</sup>
Thank you	...	merubani <sup>2</sup>	chapati	...	fulka
Hello	...	namastey	chapati, fried	...	parata
Goodbye	...	allevidah <sup>3</sup>	iron plate for	...	
O.K.	...	tiga	cooking parata	...	tawa
good	...	acha	brass cup	...	kassoo <sup>5</sup>
that's sufficient	...	bus	shirt	...	komiz
I want...	...	...chahia	cold	...	tende
water	...	pani	hot (boiling)	...	garam
rice	...	chawel	stream, river	...	nullah
flour	...	atta	mill	...	gharaat
maize	...	maki	potato	...	alu
wheat	...	gandam	cabbage	...	gobi
onion	...	pyazh	spinach	...	palak
chili	...	mirch	window	...	sheesha
milk	...	dood	watch	...	gheree
tea	...	chai	snow	...	bharaf
cucumber	...	kirah	peak	...	choti
" small, thick	...	kakri	goat	...	bhakre
apple	...	sev	sheep	...	beerd
cheese	...	paneer			

one	...	ek	twelve	...	bara
two	...	du	thirteen	...	tera
three	...	teen	fourteen	...	choda
four	...	char	fifteen	...	pundera
five	...	panch	sixteen	...	sola
six	...	shay	seventeen	...	sara
seven	...	sat	eighteen	...	attara
eight	...	atth	nineteen	...	unis
nine	...	noo	twenty	...	bis
ten	...	das	hundred	...	so
eleven	...	gara	thousand	...	hazhar

Notes

1. Same word for 'please' and 'thank you'. It is the common term for 'thank you' used for expected services.
2. Used for unsolicited benevolence. Perhaps translatable as 'the benisons of a few hundred gods be upon you'.
3. Namastey can also be used.
4. Also means Chinese, and in Pardri means a millet-like seed crop.
5. A Kashmiri word.

SOME URDU PHRASES

1. How much does this cost ? Es chez kay kitne kimat heh ?
2. Will you go on up to Machael ? Aap Machael tuk chalay gay ?

Degrees of politeness:

- (a) Chai lo ! Fetch tea !
- (b) Mujay dood doo. Give me some milk.
- (c) Mujay pani chahia, shugria. I want some water, please.

PRACTICAL DETAILS FOR FUTURE EXPEDITIONS

Application in advance to:

Secretary,  
Indian Mountaineering Federation,  
Anand Niketan Road,  
New Delhi 110021.

1980 exchange, 18Rs. to £1 massive inflation.

Cost for 6,300m peak is Rs. 3,000. Advise contacting IMF at least a year in advance and expect all letter replies to take months. The IMF will eventually supply a liaison officer and your expedition is expected to provide his equipment. Our liaison officer did not expect to go above Base Camp. Nobody seems to be able to agree whether he should be expected to go above Base and on a small expedition it is normally best if he does not. Many liaison officers express the desire to go high when met in Delhi but lose their enthusiasm as the expedition gets high into the mountains ! We did have a minimal amount of climbing gear for our L.O. and this doubled as our own spare. It is only fair to ensure that he is supplied with good quality Base Camp equipment (sweater, anorak, sleeping bag, Karrimat and tent) but many liaison officers are reluctant to return such lent equipment at the end of the expedition.

London to India

Due to extremely generous sponsorship by Air India three expedition members were able to fly by scheduled flight direct from London to Delhi - return. It was this kind donation, which we received early in the planning stages of the expedition, that made the whole project financially feasible. We are extremely grateful to Air India for their help.

One other member and his wife took devious overland route through Europe and Africa in their Subaru four wheel drive vehicle which was then shipped from Mombassa to Bombay. Due to delays in Africa they had to fly from Nairobi to Bombay. Airport bus to city centre costs 6Rs. and takes an hour and will drop you off near the centre of New Delhi - ask for E.A.T.S. bus.

Bombay to Delhi

Two members. Second class sleeper train is 70Rs. for 24 hour journey. Throughout the journey we found second class sleepers adequately comfortable provided one kept a Karrimat handy.

Delhi

The members were looked after and accommodated by Guest Keen Williams Ltd., whose help was invaluable in ensuring our quick, comfortable and efficient transit through the Delhi formalities.

One member spent two nights at Mrs Colico's Hotel, 4 Jan Path Lane. At 10Rs. a night this is good value, being clean and secure - if basic.

Shops and underground market near Connaught Circus sell chocolate, peanut brittle, toilet rolls, primus stoves and Tilly lamps (cheap and not very reliable).



Very basic mountaineering equipment from Supreme Mountaineering Equipment, Ajmeri Gate Market (useful for last minute additions to L.O. gear).

IMF are building a bunkhouse at their new premises to be opened soon near the airport. Standard and cost remain to be seen.

#### Delhi to Jammu

Air: There is a service to Srinagar at about £20 single - 20kg baggage allowance.

Train: First class air conditioned 240Rs. single.  
Second class air conditioned 120Rs. single.  
Second class 35Rs. single - used on journey to Jammu and good value.

Due to waiting list (long) on return journey we travelled first class a/c ! To avoid waiting list on way to Jammu we queued for three hours at Tourist Office to get special priority on "Tourist Quota", and got on a train within 48 hours.

Bus takes only slightly longer than the train (14 hours) and costs about 30Rs. for a single journey.

#### Jammu

Recommend Indira Hotel about five minutes walk from bus station. Clean and basic. Locks on the doors but also recommend having own extra padlock (can be bought for about 5Rs. and invaluable throughout India). Cost 20Rs. for double room per night.

Jammu is the last place to buy luxuries en route (e.g. chocolate) with any degree of certainty. Also useful to buy paraffin containers (we wished we had bought aluminium), buckets, pots and pans, toilet rolls etc.

#### Jammu to Kishtwar

Bus takes at least twelve hours (subject to rain and landslides) and costs 16Rs. per person single, so on a time for money basis is certainly good value. Stops en route for food. Recommend keeping Karrimat handy.

Taxi: Jammu station to Kishtwar, three people plus gear 550Rs., 8 hours - fixed price.

#### Kishtwar

DAK bungalow is one of the best in India. Book in advance by letter or telegram (former often more reliable) to Sub Divisional Magistrate, Tehsil Office, Kishtwar, Jammu and Kashmir. Cost 14Rs. per night per room. Cheaper to camp on lawn. Hot showers and electricity included. Excellent food extra but reasonable and endless good tea on request. Recommend French toast for snack. Will provide early morning tea in bed and early calls with breakfast for bus connections (e.g. 5am) !

One is expected to register with police and pay courtesy visit to SDM (Sub-Divisional Magistrate) and Tehsil Dar.

Small basic hospital in Kishtwar.

Basic food available such as rice, lentils, eggs, onions and tea. Paraffin normally available from shop opposite hospital and next to the bakery.

Best variety of shops located in old part of town, down hill off main street.

Kishtwar to Galar

Bus for 30 miles, two a day. Takes at least two hours and costs about 2Rs. Can arrange for bus to stop outside DAK Bungalow.

Galar to Base Camp (Walk-in)

Galar is the present roadhead. It has no real shops but some chai houses. It is the turning point for donkeys transporting grain into the hills for the government and is the place to arrange portering. Expect to spend a full day bargaining. It may pay you to walk the mile and a half up the track to the "Donkey Parking Area". For the sake of future expeditions, bargain hard for transport, but mules (besir) or donkeys are unlikely to be got for less than 50Rs. a day. Don't pay extra for mules or muleteers' food ! Don't give any money until the end of the contracted journey and then check all loads thoroughly (we found about 15m cut off one of our ropes). Do try to get muleteers to agree to go all the way to Base Camp. There is a track into Hagshu and to base of Omasi Nulla. They will be reluctant to go above Machael since they won't know the route, but this can save a day or two looking for porters and mules in the higher villages, often at terrible rates. Porters cost about 50Rs. a day and, in theory, they should carry 25kg. Mules should carry 60kg but bulk and balance are important, as we found when one fell and was killed above Sumcham. Luckily our load was safe.

walk days

1. Galar to Shashoo - about 17 Kashmiri kilometres - seven hot hours. Chai house at Lidrari with good food (rice and dahl) after 11km. Chai houses at Shashoo with rest house with vicious fleas !!!
2. Shashoo to Athole - 16km - first section hard then opens out to beautiful vale with many chai houses. Small bazaar in Athole with several "cafes". Can sometimes buy dried milk, rice and sugar but do not rely on this. Forest rest house at far end 2Rs. per night. Very basic hospital.
3. Athole to Chishoti - 25km - eight hours, one chai house (the last en route) after 19km. Beautiful forest rest house 2Rs. a night. We hired Dina Nath Rathore as our Base Camp cook from here. He cost 10Rs. per day, plus food and perks on cleaning up Base Camp and was good at basic chores and simple local cooking.
4. Chishoti to Sumcham via Machael - 17km - last permanent village; has resident policeman to control sapphire smuggling. Helped here by Hari Lal, an old man with acute business sense who provided donkeys to Base Camp, two hours away, and for walk-out to Athole. Also gave us goats' cheese (best fried) and potatoes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Our particular thanks go to Air India for their sponsorship in the form of three free air tickets, which literally and figuratively got the expedition off the ground.

We are also particularly grateful to the British Mountaineering Council and Mount Everest Foundation for major financial help.

A special word of thanks must go to Guest Keen Williams Ltd., and their Delhi representatives, Mr Vijai Kapur and Mr J.D. Kapur. Through their help we were supplied with luxurious accommodation while in Delhi, excellent food (our thanks to Orri, the cook !) and much help with getting equipment through customs, purchasing train tickets and travel information, as well as conducted tours of Delhi !

We also gratefully thank the Bank of Scotland (Oxford Street Branch) for their financial support and help.

Equipment

We are grateful to the following companies for the loan of equipment, or for substantial discounts:

Alpine Sports Ltd.		
Europa Sports Ltd., Kendal.		
Chilprufe Ltd.	...	... Thermal underwear
Karrimor Ltd.	...	... Rucksacks
Magic Mountain Ltd.	...	... Overgaiters
N.R. Components Ltd....	...	... Hi-Tech tent
Pennine Boats Ltd.	...	... Proofed nylon
Point Five Equipment Ltd.	...	... "Expedition" sleeping bag
Graham Tiso Ltd., Edinburgh	...	... Snow goggles
Vango (Scotland) Ltd...	...	... GA23 tent
Wintergear Ltd.,	...	... Goretex "Kennel" tent
Llanfair Hall, Caernarfon		and bivvy bags
Berghaus Ltd., Newcastle	...	... Overgaiters
Ibex Ltd.	...	... Ropes
Penguin Books Ltd.	...	... Base Camp reading
Faber & Faber	...	... " " "
Pan Books Ltd.	...	... " " "
Impwise Ltd.	...	... Water purifier

Food

General Foods Ltd.	...	... 'Apeel' dehydrated fruit drink
Rolling Clouds Ltd.	...	... Freeze-dried foods
Tokyo College of Pharmacy		
Barnaj I Expedition...	...	... Gave us all their left-overs, including about 40 packets of noodles and 10 bottles of soy sauce !

Medical Supplies

Searle Pharmaceuticals, High Wycombe	...	Drugs
Beecham Pharmaceuticals, Brentford	...	Penbritin
May & Baker Ltd., Dagenham	...	Drugs
Wellcome Foundation Ltd., Crewe	...	Drugs
Reckitt & Colman Pharmaceutical Division, Hull	...	Drugs
Macarthy's Ltd., Romford	...	Drugs and glacier cream
Schering Chemicals Ltd.	...	Contraceptives
Servier Laboratories Ltd., Greenford	...	Rabies vaccine

Advice and Help

Mrs Beaumont	...	Contact with Guest Keen Williams Ltd.
Mr Paul Nunn	...	Knowledge of Hagshu Valley
Mr Joe Tasker		
Dr Charles Clarke		

Other Benefactors

Subaru (UK) Ltd.	...	For enabling Dave to keep his car going throughout Africa, en route to India.
Royal Geographical Society		For information and hire of altimeters.

Report Production

Special thanks to Mr F.J.K. Hillebrandt, who not only gave financial support to the report production costs but also helped with the editorial work.

Thanks, also, to Mr and Mrs A.J. Pounds for their financial support.

\*We are grateful to the typist, Miss Jean Welch, for volunteering her typing services and, from our rough notes, transforming this report into something legible.