BMC

02/10

DRAIOCHT PARAVAT

Irish Garwhal Virgin Summit Expedition 2002

Expedition Report

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Introduction

Introduction

We set out to climb an unclimbed peak in the Himalayas. Well truth be told we set out to have a few pints among friends. As the alcohol levels rose so too did the bravado until we were planning to climb great things in far away places and all the while struggling to stay on our bar stools. The talking led us to a search of the Indian Mountaineering Foundation web site where we found a goal, a peak referred to by its spot height, pk6,044. This became our focus. We researched the area, applied for the peak permit and began training and planning.

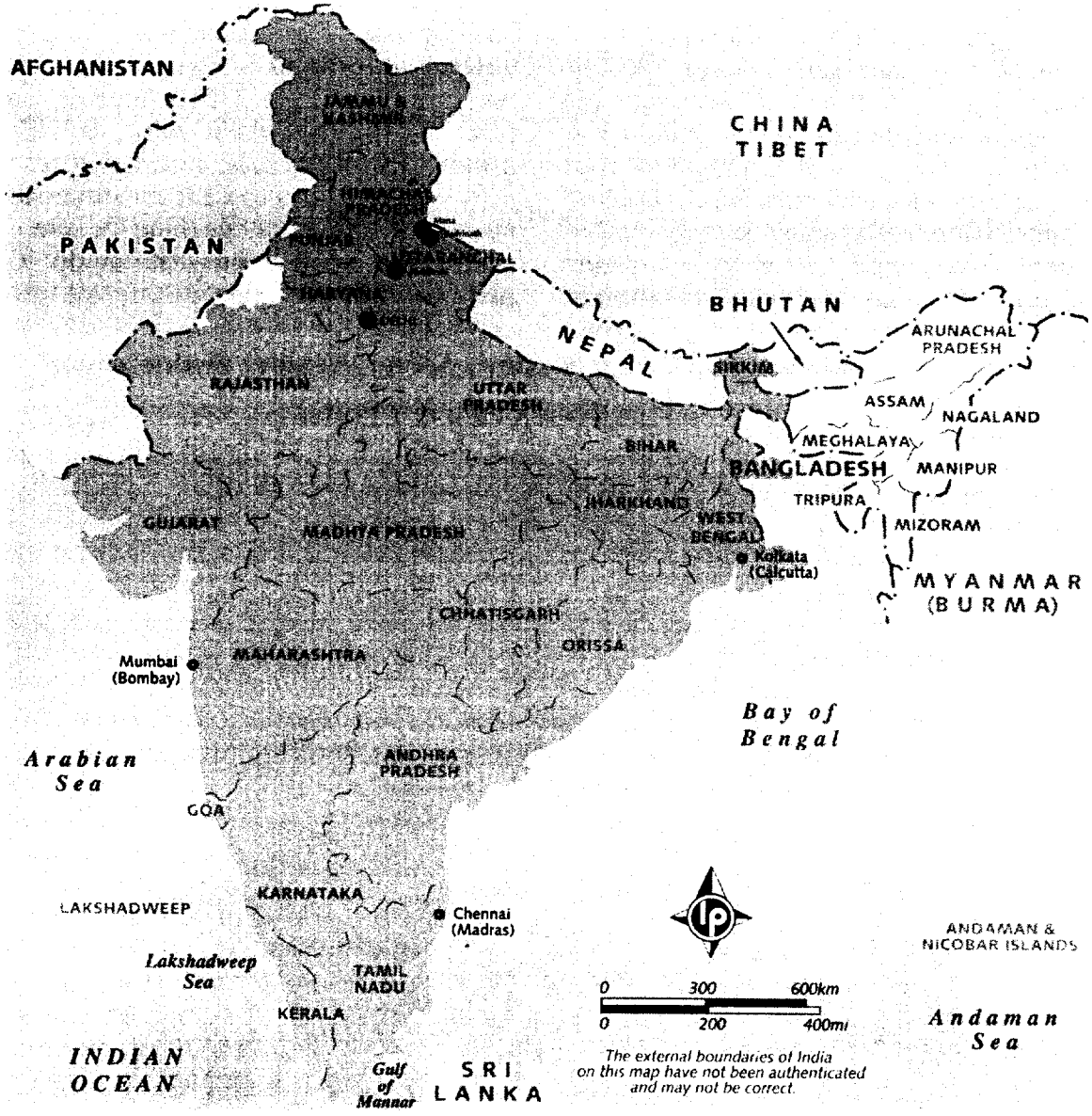
Pk6,044 is situated in the "Inner Line", a restricted area on the Indo-Tibetan border which is patrolled by the military. The mountain lies in the Birigathy Valley south of the Arwa Valley made famous by Mick Fowlers' successful ascent of the Arwa Tower and his subsequent photograph that appeared on the front the American Alpine Journal. The nearest major summit is that of Kamet, which lies 25km to the North East.

The area is remote. As far as we are aware, only a handful of expeditions had visited the valley prior to ours. The first was Meade in 1924, Eric Shipton explored the valley and much of the surrounding valleys in the 1930's. The most recent was Harish Kapadia who was there in 1997. Their accounts of the Valley were invaluable as the maps of the region are a little sketchy in places and, as we discovered, a little incorrect in other places.

Our secondary aim was to make a documentary on the climb. "Third Source Media", a Northern Ireland independent television production company, saw an opportunity to make a interesting documentary as part of Belfast's bid for European City of Culture 2008. The broadcast rights are currently being negotiated.

As a Doctor and a climber, Roger McMorrow has a keen interest in mountain medicine and wanted to conduct further research into using a drug called GTN to test acclimatisation.

Map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CHINA
TIBET
BHUTAN
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ARUNACHAL PRADESH
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NAGALAND
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MANIPUR
TRIPURA
MIZORAM
BANGLADESH
MYANMAR (BURMA)
RAJASTHAN
UTTAR PRADESH
BIHAR
JHARKHAND
WEST BENGAL
Kolkata (Calcutta)
GUJARAT
MADHYA PRADESH
CHHATISGARH
ORISSA
MAHARASHTRA
Mumbai (Bombay)
ANDHRA PRADESH
GOA
KARNATAKA
LAKSHADWEEP
Chennai (Madras)
TAMIL NADU
KERALA
Lakshadweep Sea
Arabian Sea
Bay of Bengal
Andaman Sea
ANDAMAN & NICOBAR ISLANDS
INDIAN OCEAN
Gulf of Mannar
SRI LANKA
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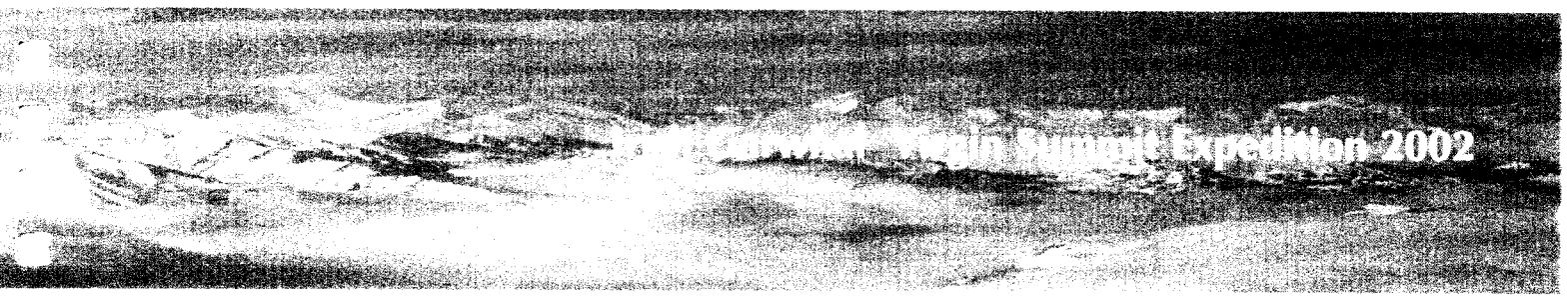
The external boundaries of India on this map have not been authenticated and may not be correct.


Kanchenjunga Summit Expedition 2002

The Team

Roger McMorrow	Team Leader / Expedition Doctor
Mickey McCann	Climber / Heart of the Expedition
Gustau Catalan	Climber / Spiderman
Sara Spencer	Climber / Token Bird
Connor Kane	Film Director / Producer
Angus Mitchell	Artistic Director / Cameraman / Photographer
Alan Manning	Cameraman / Climber
Amit Jhingran	Government Liaison Officer
Kim Shing	Sidar / Only true adult among the troup
Bam Burdha	Cook / Funnyman
Ritang	Cookboy / Secret Wealthy Businessman
The Rock	Cook's Helper / Porter

Logistics

Visas

We obtained our visas via the Indian Embassy in Dublin. Notification had to come from the Indian Mountaineering Foundation (IMF) to the embassy with all of our names and specifying that we required Mountain X visas. It is worth noting that British visas take a little longer to process as the Dublin Embassy has to liaise with the British Embassy. The visas cost €30.

Vaccinations
(by Roger McMorrow)

Diphtheria, Rubella, BCG, Tetanus (which requires a booster every 10yrs) and Polio (which also may require booster) are needed to travel to India. Half of our party took malaria prophylaxis. I did not. Mosquitos do not exist above 3000m so once in the mountains you are generally safe (bring strong mozzie spray neat DEET is good but melts plastic). Note most mountaineering clothing is now plastic. Japanese B Encephalitis is mainly in forested areas at certain times of the year mainly in the east of the country and vaccination for this is probably not required.

The following vaccinations may be required, check the current recommendations with your GP. Hepatitis A, Typhoid, Yellow Fever, Rabies (Some GP's don't recommend this but two of our members narrowly missed being savaged by a pack of wild dogs within six hours of arriving in Delhi), Meningitis A+C, Cholera.

It is worthy of note that HIV and Hepatitis A are endemic and are the most serious sexually transmitted diseases and have no cure. (There is a host of other presents you can bring back in your urethra so bring condoms if you intend to have sex with a new partner.) Ciprofloxacin will treat most things that you can pick up in your urethra - a dose of 500mg twice daily for three days should be sufficient.

Insurance

We got our insurance from the British Mountaineering Club.

Freight

We packed our equipment and personal luggage in large blue plastic barrels that we obtained from a Belfast dye factory. We cleaned the containers with a power hose, drilled holes in them for locks and spray painted phone numbers and the IMF address on them.

Transporting the equipment from Ireland to India and back again was problematic. The gas, due to its combustible properties, was packed and marked in a specific way, accompanied by copious amounts of paperwork and could not go on a passenger plane. We used CV freight who were efficient and cost effective.

Freight needs to be addressed to the IMF and have the expedition leader's name on it. It must be accompanied by an itemised list with a value for each item. This must not exceed $6,000 in order not to pay duty.

For exporting the equipment out of India, we required a letter from the IMF listing the items that were on the import list that we were not exporting (such as our 60meter ropes that remain at the top of the mountain).

Mickey had the honour of extracting our goods from customs at Delhi Airport. He began the intricate navigation of the Indian bureaucracy with good faith. By day three a plethora of signatures and stamps had worn his good faith thin. Eventually, he found himself in a booth only one up from his initial enquiry, with a file in his hands an inch thick. The barrels were released and Mickey handed the file over when he saw that it was placed in a room with similar files stacked to the ceiling. It was our first taste of the Indian's preoccupation with paperwork.

Flights

We flew with KLM from Dublin to Delhi via Amsterdam. The airline gave us discount flights for the filmmakers and were lenient with our over-weight baggage.

Delhi

Delhi

Delhi is dirty, loud, hot and, like most of the places we visited in India strangely seductive.

During our stay we had a briefing with the Director of the IMF, Col Rander Nath. He wished us each in turn every success on our trip and introduced us to our Liaison Officer (LO), Amit Jhingran. We also met with Mr Mandip Singh, the Director of Ibex, our agent who organised our bus, porters, cook and accommodation on route. We hired some extra snow stakes and a set of crampons from the IMF, paid our peak fee, researched some maps in the IMF library and obtained a permit for our VHF radios.

Accommodation

We stayed in the Indian Mountaineering Foundation during our time in Delhi at the beginning and end of our trip. The accommodation was basic dormitory style with air conditioning. The IMF had a big climbing wall, a museum and even a library so we were able to check out the latest edition of the Irish Mountain Log and Summit. The staff were helpful and friendly, the gardens a quiet oasis of calm and green in the midst of the insane chaos that is Delhi. It costs us 350Rs per night B&B with air con and 250Rs for fan cooled dorms.

Transport

Getting around was made easy by ubiquitous LPG gas powered rickshaws. Negotiating a rate in advance was necessary as the prices are not set and as a Westerner the drivers will charge you five times the cost for local people. On some occasions the drivers had no idea where they were going but were not too annoyed when we refused to pay fare and instructed them to take us back to where we set out from. It seemed part of the Indian acceptance that things happen.

As a rule the Indian people were very open, friendly and quick to laugh. We felt safe walking the streets in so far as we did not think we would be mugged or attacked, but if there was a chance for the Indian people to make money from us then they would try every scam they could. Rickshaw drivers would take us to a "handicraft emporium" regardless of where we asked to be taken. They make a commission from the shop hence their enthusiasm. Tourist Guides would take us to factory outlets for gemstones or inlay stone work, again for hefty commissions. The constant, persistent and vocal barrage of offers for taxis, rickshaws, postcards, scarves, souvenirs, cold drinks, leather goods, gemstones or charity is tiring but adds up to the character of the city and becomes oddly alluring after a time.

We learned that saying no meant that we were interested in their merchandise or service but the price or the goods needed negotiation. Stating "maybe I am, maybe I am not interested" got the reaction of "As you wish" and the seller would back off. A glazed eye and no reaction at all was another good technique that got us from one end of a street to another with less harassment.

Money

The IMF could not accept visa so we paid our peak permit in cash. We did this by taking out the maximum amount we could each day (five hundred pounds) from the Thomas Cook Office in the Imperial Hotel just off Connacht Place.

Delhi - Mana

We traveled by bus from Delhi to Mana stopping over-night in the towns of Rishikesh and Josimath. The road trip took three days.

In Josimath we were required to register with the military, the police and the district commissioner. Passport photographs were needed. Josimath is a ski resort but in May the snow had long melted and the slopes were deserted. The cable car still ran and while Roger tore his hair out placating the local bureaucracy a few of the team went for a jolly on the cable car. We traveled from Josimath to Auli and caught sight of Nanda Devi, India's highest mountain. We had been reading about Eric Shipton's exploration of the area in his book named after the mountain, Nanda Devi.

Nanda Devi

We passed through Badrinath before reaching Mana. Badrinath is a pilgrimage town boasting hot springs, a major tributary of the Ganges and one of the four great temples of India. On our return we spent a very worthwhile day in the town visiting the temple and bathing in the hot springs.

On the outskirts of Mana we gratefully said goodbye to our un-air-conditioned bus. The town is the last between India and Tibet and appeared exactly as Shipton had described it seventy years earlier.

"Its site was picturesque, overlooking the mouth of a terrific gorge and backed by a bleak hillside studded with prodigious boulders, some of which had rolled down, thus completely spanning the ravine. Here, low huts, roofed with rough flat stones, appeared to grow like some fungus out of the landscape, and here the Alaknanda Valley bent abruptly to the west and three miles up gave birth to a river at the adjoining snouts of the Bhagat Karak and Satopanth glaciers."

Due to late snows, the town was still deserted except for a military post. Following our first night camping we checked in with the army. They were not entirely happy with the permits we had. Our LO, Amit did some skillful negotiation and eventually they agreed to let us pass as long as we agreed to have our photograph taken with them. We happily consented and took some of our own for prosperity.

Our Army Buddies

Climb Preparations

The Walk In

It took us three days to walk-in. We found it difficult to comprehend the Himalayan scale and each day were hopeful that much ground would be covered. Despite our enthusiasm, the altitude and the massive scale meant our progress was slow. Our first camp was on a grassy plain just beyond the Vasudhara falls.

We stopped off at a Baba's (holyman's) home to have our expedition blessed. The Baba was a hermit who lived a few hours outside of Mana all year round. It must surely be a very harsh and isolated life during the winter months but he had a lot of company the day that we dropped in. Some of the Indian Army Patrol were there enjoying chi (sweet, milky tea) in the afternoon sun. He insisted on cooking for us, and not wanting to offend, we stayed for dinner although the food was oily and spicey to our western pallets.

On the second day the terrain turned from grass to rock to snow covered rock. We stuck to the side of the glacier choosing the relatively flat terrain of a moraine bank over the moguls on the glacier proper. The porters had no ground sheets in their tents and so were reluctant to sleep on snow. Thankfully we lucked out and found a large patch without snow on which to camp the second night.

Porters

Nepalese porters had been banned from the Inner Line just two weeks prior to our arrival. This resulted in students being hired as porters during their summer break. They were not experienced in the mountains and ate all their food on the first night. One porter had developed a nasty kerosene burn from a carrying a container with a faulty seal. Six porters abandoned the expedition on the second day, which resulted in the gear loads having to be split by the team.

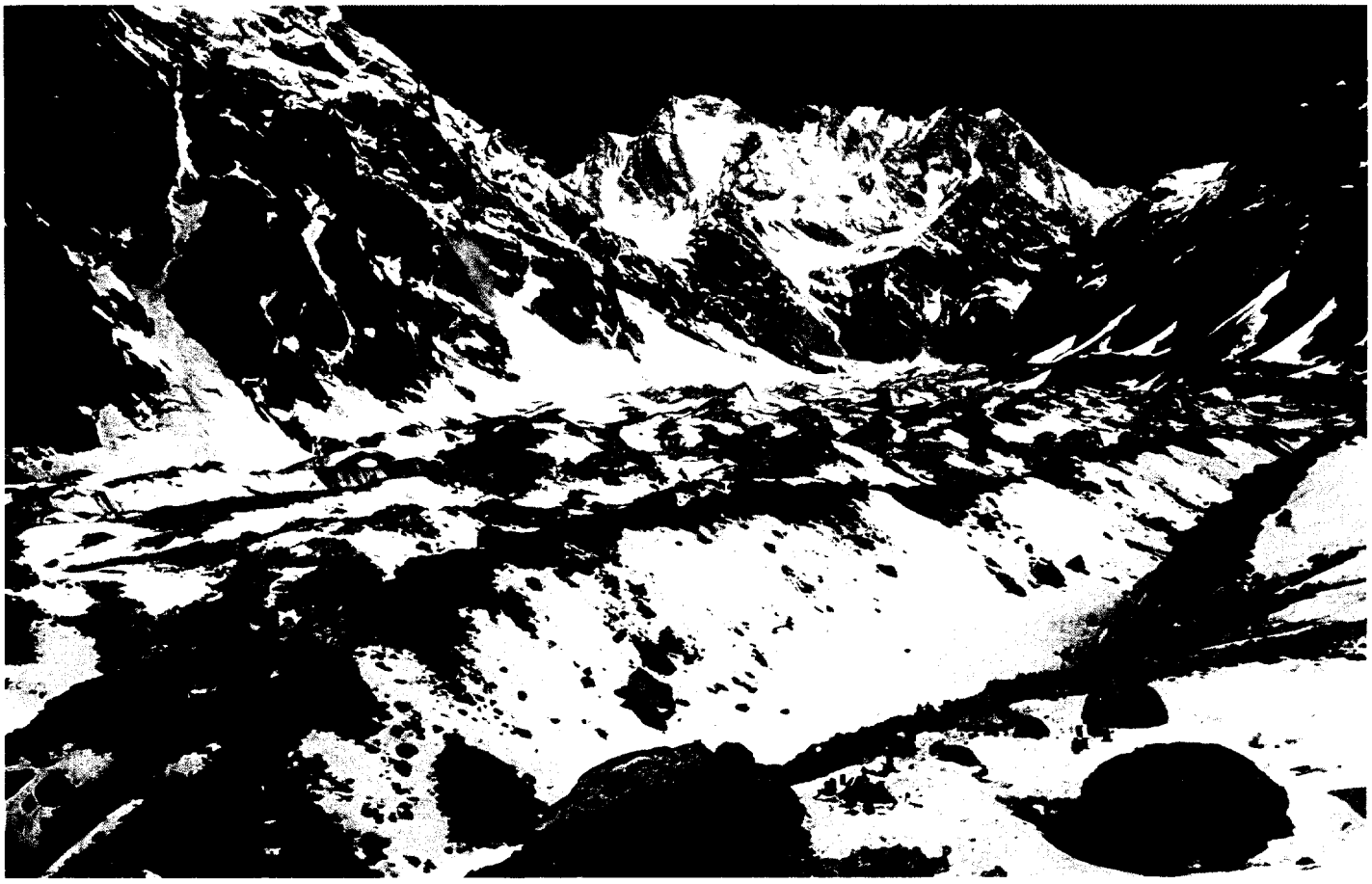
Trekking Across The Lower Slopes

Mickey, Goose, Angus and Alan stayed an extra day at camp two. The rest of us scouted ahead. Just three hours into the days walk the porters dropped our barrels and left. We could not even see our mountain yet. The situation was difficult but not unsolvable. Six porters remained with us and over a few days we would ferry loads up the glacier. We repacked the

barrels, prioritising the equipment and supplies. We sent word down to Josimath for more porters and we rang Mandip on our satellite phone. The following morning, just as we were heading off to reconnaissance further up the glacier, the head of the Porter Company arrived with six porters in toe. We were delighted to see them but discussions did not go well. They would not go higher on the glacier not even for the vast sum of six hundred rupees a day and a bottle of whiskey. Furthermore they persuaded the six porters who had stayed with us that going further was not a good idea so all fifteen porters went home. And so, by default, the site became our Base Camp.

Base Camp

Life at base camp was pleasant. We had a supply of running water and a boulder provided a good site for our hanging shower. We washed our clothes in the river and practiced ice axe breaking and placing snow stakes. Bam Burdha's food was good - sort of Indian with a nod to the west. Our favourite dish was chips closely followed by dahl and rice. Indian food is almost exclusively vegetarian but Bam Burdha did serve some canned meat with added garlic and spice. Our favourite pass-time was avalanche-watching, we would place bets on which slope or serac would fall next, we were guaranteed at least one every hour.



Base Camp at 4,500metres, with an avalanche in the background.

Flora and Fauna

Despite the harsh environment the butterflies were prolific. They must feed on the cabbage like plants that lived on the moraine bank. A Chinese crow took up residence at base camp. We spotted some fox tracks around the base camp one morning. Bears are now extinct in the region despite being prolific in Shipton's time.

A Chinese Crow

(Old World Swallowtail) Papilio Machaon

Waste Management

We tried to minimise our impact on the environment. We had removed any unnecessary packaging from our equipment, tent and food that we brought into the valley. Ibex had made provisions for the removal of any unburnable waste including plastic in the form of large canvass bags to carry it down. On our departure, we gave away any equipment that we felt was no longer safe to climb with. Bam Burdha was delighted to receive a rope, which he would use on his farm in Nepal. We did leave almost a full rack of gear and two 60metre ropes on the mountain during our decent but it was us or it at the time. Human waste was long drop method onto soil.

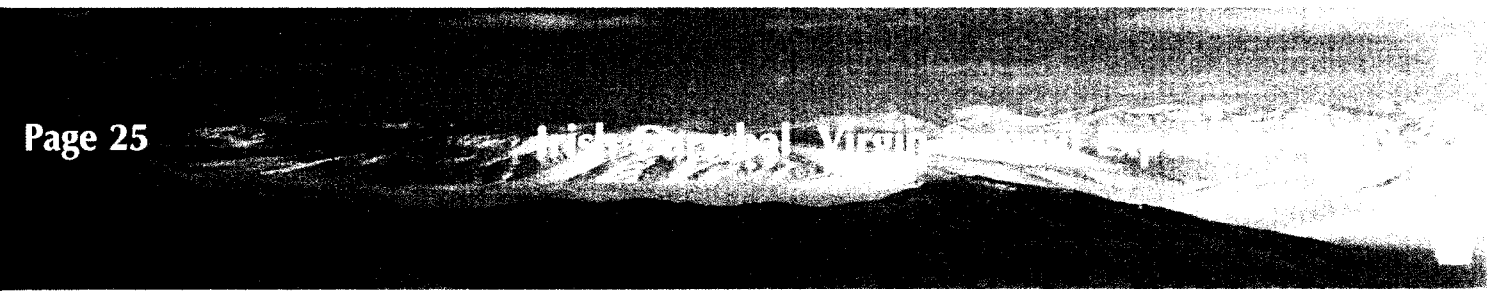
Weather

The weather was generally good. Sunny mornings usually gave way to cloudy afternoons but as a rule when the sun was up it was hot, as in roasting. As soon as the sun set, the temperature plummeted which sent us reaching for our down parkas. The weather was stable except, as luck would have it, on our summit day. We could see a storm come towards us from the South Valley. When we were on the summit it was white out but thankfully it passed and left a calm evening in its wake.

Food

Ibex took care of the food at Base Camp. We arranged our own food for the days at advance base camp, camp 1 and for our days exploring and climbing. We had purchased the food in Ireland and packed it in zip lock bags as 2 man x 2 day or 3 man x 2 day bags. Roger had the monotonous task of packing and his garage became a packing factory for a few weeks. We estimated that we required enough for five people for ten days climbing.

Bam Burdha Cooking



We brought some tins - a mixture of beans, sausages and potato wedges that although they were heavy to carry proved completely scoffable at altitude. Smash was also a big hit.

Relaxing At Base Camp Before Dinner

Breakfast	Kelkin Cereals
	Jordan's Crunchy Nut Cereals
	Powdered Milk
Lunch	Tinned Spam/Tuna/Mackerel
	Rivita Rye Bread
	Pepperami
	Jordan's Muesili Bar/Snickers/Kit Kat
Dinner	Easy Cook Pasta/Rice
	Soup
	Tinned Tuna/Bean Feast
	Tea Bag/ Coffee Sachet

Indian food in the North is almost exclusively vegetarian. We found it very tasty, certain dishes became our favourites. Dosa, thali, buttered naan bread, capati, dhal to name but a few. Unfortunately we did all get Delhi-Belly to some degree on the way in and on the way out (see medical report).

We did not like Indian sweets which were usually coloured, sugared milk-curd.

Shower Mountain-Style

Camp Credit Union

We continued on up the valley. Aided by The Rock and Kim Sing we established an Advance Base Camp (which we called Camp Credit Union on behalf of our main sponsor). The moraine back ran out shortly before a bend in the valley so we descended on to the glacier and continued up it. It was not overly crevassed at first but opened up a lot during our 2-3 week stay.

The film crew also took a place at Camp Credit Union. The valley was dynamic. Avalanches boomed, rock fall was frequent. As we slept at night the glacier creaked and groaned beneath us, on occasion it felt as though a gun had been shot beneath the ground as the glacier split somewhere deep below our tent.

We identified the mountain we had in our photograph. It looked easy. We counted the peaks and compared them to the maps and realised that the photograph we had was not pk6,044. Pk6,044 was an insipid peak in a long ridge. We planned to climb pk6,175 gain the ridge, skip along to pk6,044 and retreat via the north east ridge. Again the scale of the Himalayas made this plan redundant, actually a bit ludicrous, well okay then in retrospect totally preposterous. Eric Shipton and Frank Smythe had warned not to underestimate the Himalayas, there were many many times when we realised the wisdom in their counsel.

Camp 1

Now heading for Pk6,175 we packed supplies for Camp 1. Mickey and Gustau intended to take a line on the right. Roger, Alan and Sara chose a technically easier line on the left. The plan was to summit on the same day. Mickey and Gustau set off to reconanance the route but discovered it was impassable so joined forces with the other team.

Camp 1 at 5,200 metres

The Mountain

This table top mountain stood above a basin, on the left was a two peaked ridge which we named the devils horns. The front face was steep and heavily seraced. A south west ridge led to a hanging glacier that looked somewhat like a dragon and somewhat like a puppy dog. We chose the more dramatic name for the sake of well - drama. The dragon looked climbable and led to the summit.

Michael McCann considers his line of ascent

Risks and Hazzards

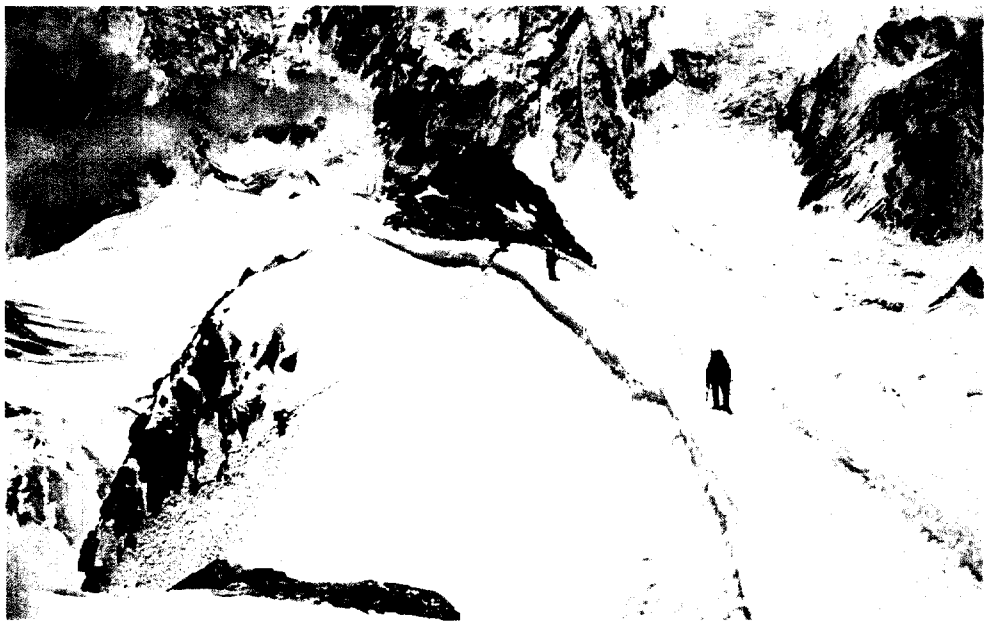
Our risks and hazzards included avalanches, crevasses, extreme weather conditions, rock-fall, sickness, falling, dehydration, altitude sicknesses and getting lost.

The Climb

The Climb

On the day of our summit push we rose at 3am, ate, kitted up and made our way, aided by starlight, to the south east ridge. We operated as two independent ropes but climbed together. Mickey and Goose on one, Roger, Alan and Sara on another. We covered the easy mixed ground in a few hours.

As the sun warmed the slopes the snow acquired the consistency of gloopy porridge sticking to our crampons. As it warmed further, the slopes strength weakened and small spontaneous avalanches trickled down the steeper sections. We elected not to cross a particularly unstable looking slope and proceeded to a small double corniced col proud of the dragon's snout.



Mickey belaying Gustau up the goopy porridge slope on to a double corniced ridge

A short rock step led up to the icy slopes beneath the summit. The weather, which had been calm and clear for the entire trip, chose this day to misbehave. Thick blue and deep brown clouds gravid with snow, gestated menacingly throughout the day. We could ascend no quicker than our lungs would allow. As the thunder rolled to the south we gained the summit ridge, but our thoughts were increasingly turning to retreat and survival. The storm had now broken in the neighbouring Gangotri valley however, its relentless march seemed

somewhat paused as we approached our summit. One more obstacle barred our approach, a large crevasse just thirty meters short of the top, we crossed it with some resentment.

Regrouping a few meters short of the summit we walked to the top simultaneously. It should have been a proud moment but in reality we had only one thought in mind - getting down.

From Left to Right Roger McMorrow, Gustau Catalan, Mickey McCann, Sara Spencer and (inset) Alan Manning on the summit of the previously unclimbed and unnamed pk6,175

The weather was closing in; small flurries of snow began yet the main body of the storm remained for the moment, content to the south. We had just two hours of daylight remaining and no visible line of descent. Our plan had been to go down via the easy north east ridge that led away from the summit but a large gendarme in the middle made it impassable.

Our assent route involved a considerable amount of traversing and some tricky sections. We discounted it as a possible descent route, as abseiling would be difficult and the rock we had climbed up was very loose on the top sections making sound anchors difficult to find.

There were two options. The first was to dig a snow hole and sit out the storm and the night then find a way to descend the following morning. The second was to abseil into a steep gully that we had ruled out as a possible descent route earlier that day. There was a difference of opinion among the group and under the pressure of dusk at six thousand plus meters an open and frank discussion ensued (read flaming row). The gully won. We plunged a snow stake in the ground, clipped in and abbed off.

The five of us agreed to stick together no matter what which was just as well because two sixty-meter ropes got stuck on the first abseil and had to be abandoned. The discovery that a crampon had severed one of the two remaining ropes was not good.

The gully was steep all the way down and littered with avalanche debris. The rock was dirty, Goose tried repeatedly to place a piton for our second repel but it splintered the stone and so would not provide an anchor. Roger opted to be the first on the abseils, as the night wore on it became an increasingly dangerous task. The risks were many and increasing. Firstly, we could not see beyond the three-meter range of our head torches. We tried using a camera flash to light up the way but it was not effective. Secondly exhaustion began to take its toll. It was now the small hours of the morning; we had begun the climb at 3am the morning before, which meant we had been pushing ourselves for over 24 hours. Fatigue was setting in, as was the cold.

Roger and Mickey felt it would be better to down climb the snow-covered section. Disheartened at how little progress we had made abseiling, we organised ourselves on the rope and tried to descend the snow. The slope was very steep. The less experienced of us were uncomfortable at the prospect. And then it happened, one person slipped, another was quickly pulled off their feet by the rope between them. Some fast ice-axe breaking and Garfield manoeuvres stopped the fall. Alan suggested the less experienced of us might front point and it worked. We were moving which kept us warmer and more alert. We were not

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able to tell if we were going any faster but we were heading in the right direction and as long as we kept our focus we were okay.

It is difficult to pace yourself for a journey that has no known end. As we approached steeper areas we would scavenge for anchor points and abseil. We hoped often that the next repel would be the last, that just fifty meters more would see us safely to the glacier and we were constantly disappointed. The gully finally spat us out at 4am.

Elated we began a 3hour glacier crossing which would take us up to Camp 1. As the ground became easier we untied and for the first time in 26hrs we distanced ourselves from each other and watched the sun rise for another day over the Himalayan range. We sat exhausted letting the sun warm our bodies. We reached Camp 1 where we slept and ate for some hours before striking camp and returning to Camp Credit Union and eventually to Base Camp for some welcome rest relaxation and Bam Burdha's good food.

Naming the Mountain

There was much speculation as to what we would call the mountain. An incident had occurred in Rishikesh which captured most of the teams' heart (or part of the anatomy at any rate).

A vagrant airborne sheet of newspaper assaulted Angus during an early morning film shoot. He peeled the offending material from his face and instantly fell in love with the vision of eastern promise which beheld him. Her name was Kim Sharma. The boys thought her beauty more than worthy of naming the mountain and for a time this was the plan.

Plans change, which was fortuitous for the female expedition member. A word was introduced to the conversation by Alan that everyone whole-heartedly agreed was appropriate. The word was old Irish for enchanted/magical, we pronounced it Dreya. On our return to Delhi we researched the word and established its spelling as Draoicht. "Paravat" is the Indian word for "Mountain". The mountain, Pk6,175, became Draiocht Paravat.

The Indian Mountaineering Foundation will forward our reports with photographs to the Survey Office who will adapt their maps to include our information and the new Irish/Indo name pending acceptance.

Exploration

Survey Bhagirath Kharak Glacier Head May 2002

What follows is at the time of writing the most comprehensive and up to date photographic survey of the Bhagirath Kharak glacier head.

History

Known expeditions are as follows:

- 1924 Meade - reached Chaukamba Col 6053 in 1924, via a hidden valley (marked).
- 1934 Shipton & Tillman - failed to reach Chaukamba Col as they didn't find the Hidden Valley they went on to summit Pk5837 then crossed to Shrak la via the Deo Dakkhni plateau where they summited Pk6075 (Shri Parbat - Mr. Mountain), then crossed North into the Arwa valley.
- 1997 Kapadia - almost reached Chaukamba Col then crossed Shrak la via the Deo Dakkhni plateau into the Arwa Valley.
- Other small Indian expeditions are rumoured to have entered this valley buy there are no reported assents of mountains by these groups. H.Kapadia would be the most up to date reference source for these expeditions.

Our primary reference sources where Shiptonís expedition book Nanda Devi, Meeting the Mountains and Peaks and Passes in the Garhwal by H.Kapadia also the photograph reputed to be of the Shrak la pass in the Himalayan journal Vol.54. An excellent radar contour map was provided by the Indian Mountaineering Foundation.

We had many problems identifying the peaks in the photograph and their relationship with the maps, we also had problems relating the Harish Kapadia's route map and orientating it to the view in the valley. We eventually came to the conclusion that there where some errors in the published texts, as follows.

- The photograph of the Shrak La was incorrect
- Harish Kapadia's route description was also incorrect

After Summiting Pk6175 we arranged to survey the valley and correct the errors. We walked to the Head of the glacier to photograph the col between Pk6044 - 6175 which we had

positively identified (see map and photo survey) this col was reputed to have been crossed by Harish Kapadia in 1997.

We found this col defended by high vertical cliffs and a hanging glacier. It in no way looked like the published photograph of the Shrak la col in the Himalayan Journal Vol. 54. It would take a mountaineer of considerable skill and with no regard to personal safety to even attempt to cross this pass. It can not be crossed easily and would certainly not have been chosen by Shipton in 1934 nor do I believe Kapadia in 1997 especially when there is an easier col to the East via the Deo Dakkhni plateau.

We conclude that this is not the col crossed by Kapadia in '97 (See photographs).

We then Climbed to the Deo Dakkhni plateau and photographed the only passable col which was located between Pk6038 and 6075. This col looked easily passable and was similar in character to that described by both Shipton and Kapadia. This col also matches the published photograph of the Shrak La pass in the Himalayan Journal.
I therefore conclude that this is the col crossed by both Shipton in 1934 and Kapadia in 1997. This also means that Pk6075 is Shri Parbat and not Pk6175 as referred to in Harish Kapadia's texts, as this is the name of the mountain to the right of the col. This mountain was climbed by Shipton and Tillman in 1934 (See Photographs).

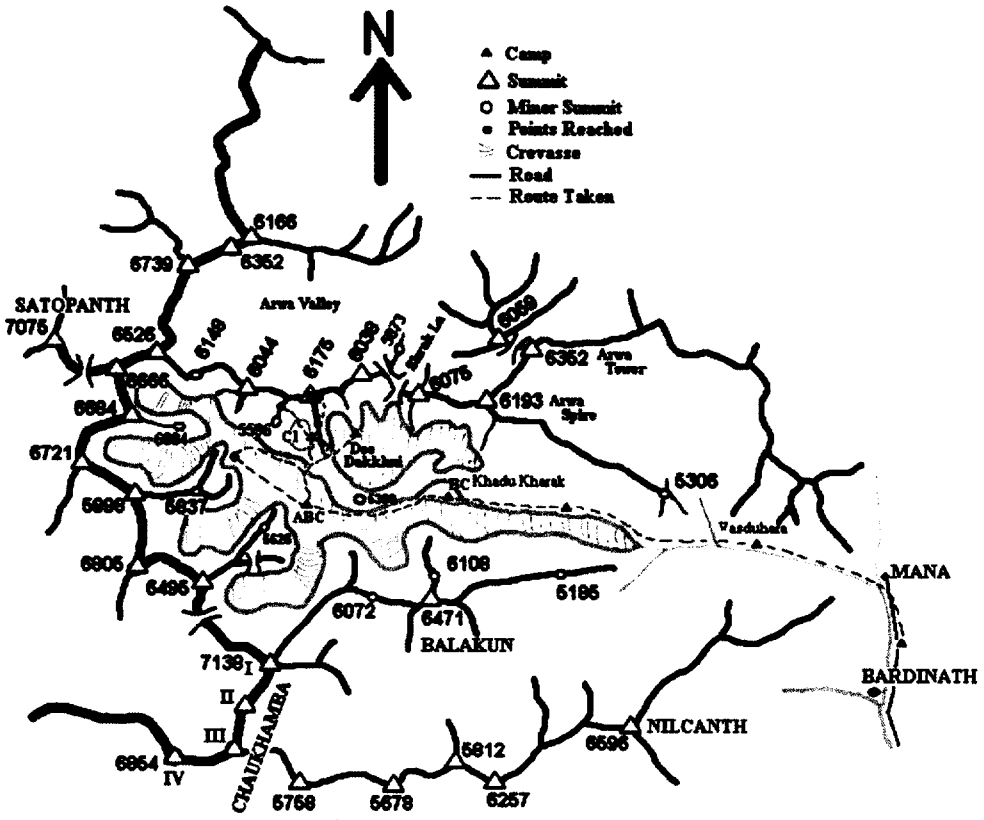
Legend

ABC	Advance Base Camp (Camp Credit Union)
C1	Camp 1
N	North
E	East
S	South
W	North

Picture Labels

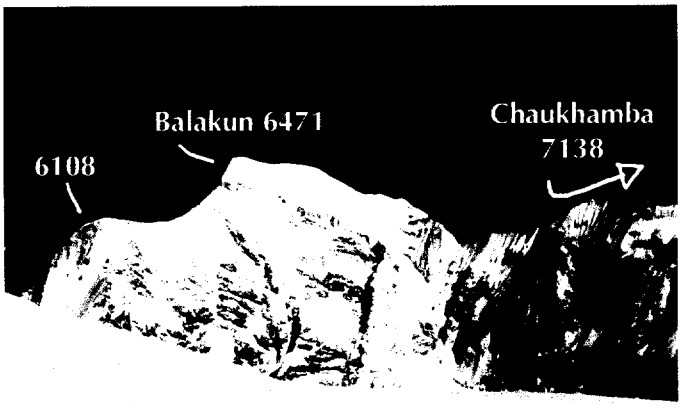
Pictures are labelled as follows:
(location picture taken from) - (Compass orientation in viewing direction)
E.g. ABC - NNE = Photograph taken from Advance Base Camp looking North North East.

MAP OF BHAGIRATH KHARAK GLACIER AND IRISH TEAM ROUTE 2002

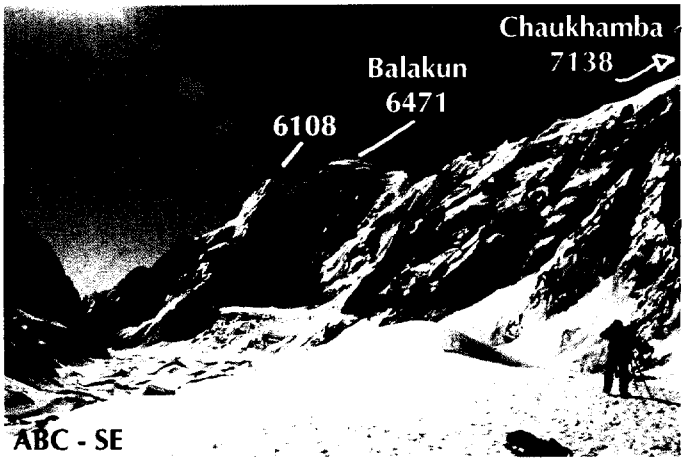


SURVEY BHAGIRATH KHARAK GLACIER HEAD
MAY 2002

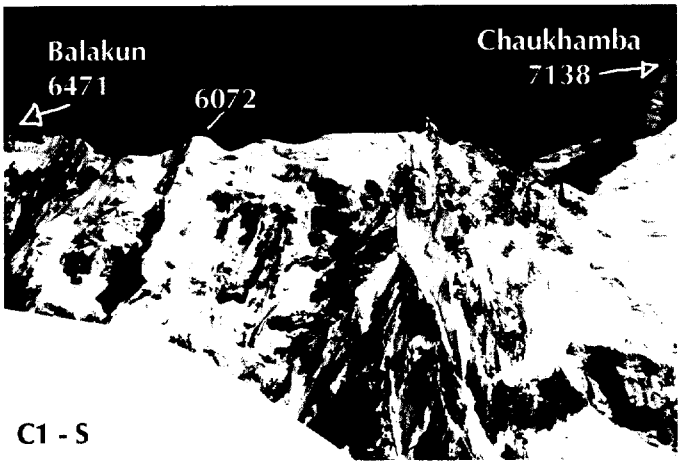
Photographic survey of Bhagirath Kharak Valley head, clockwise rotation.



C1 - SE



ABC - SE



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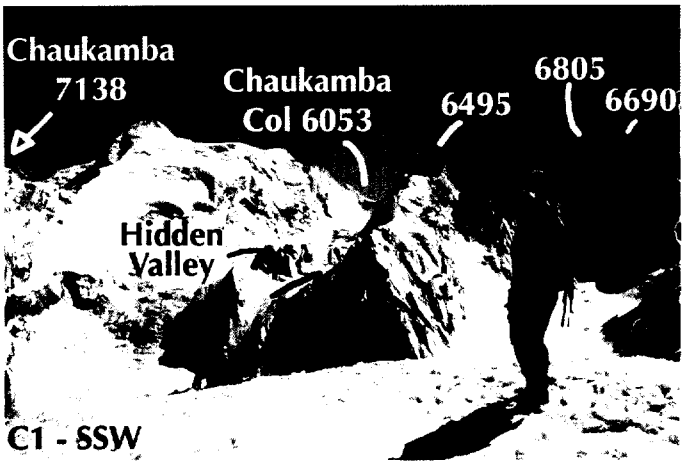

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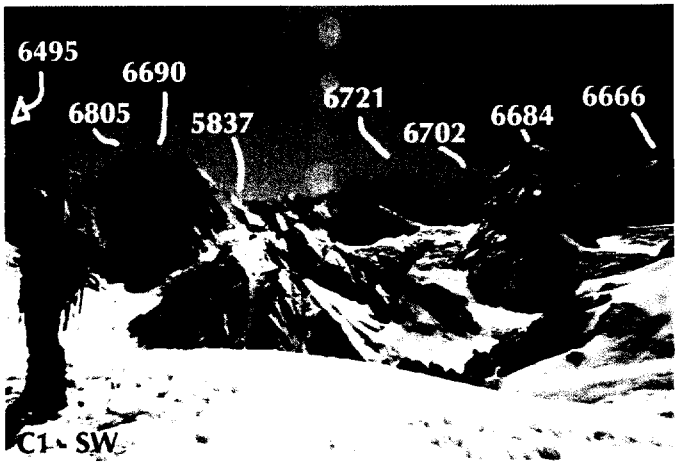

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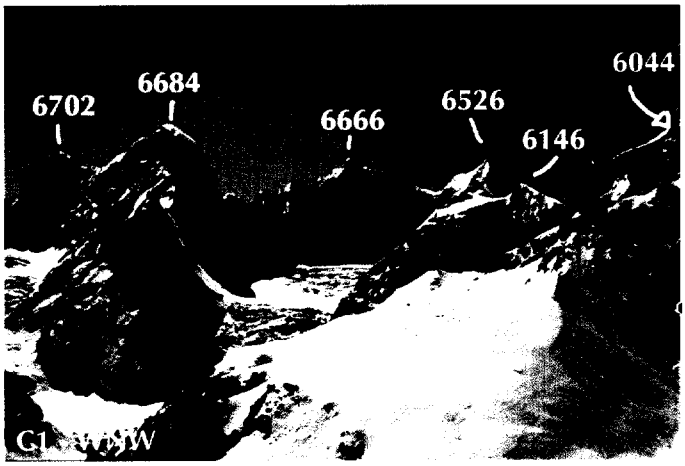
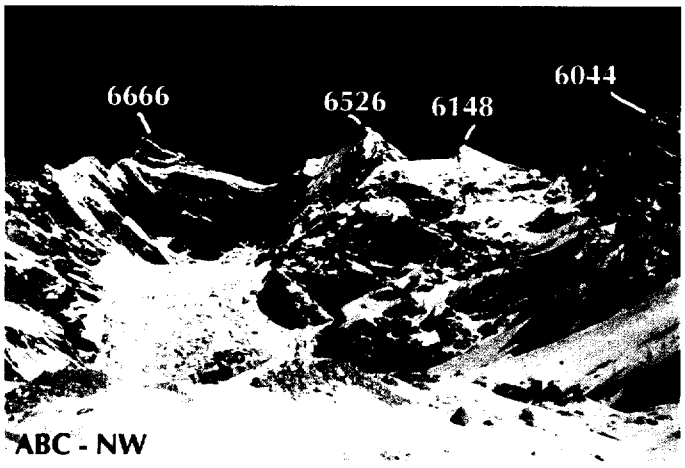
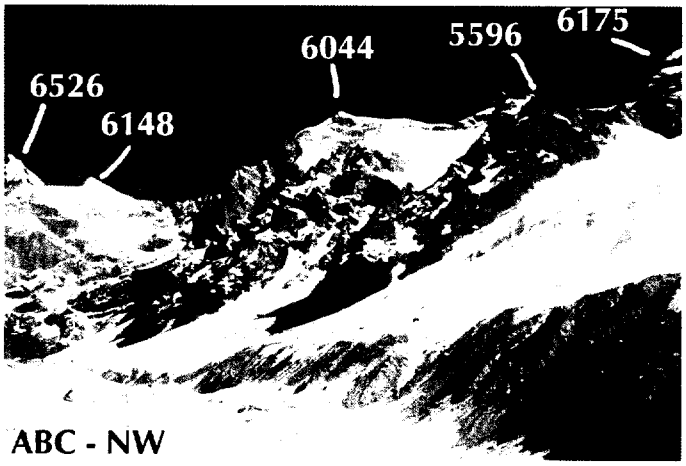
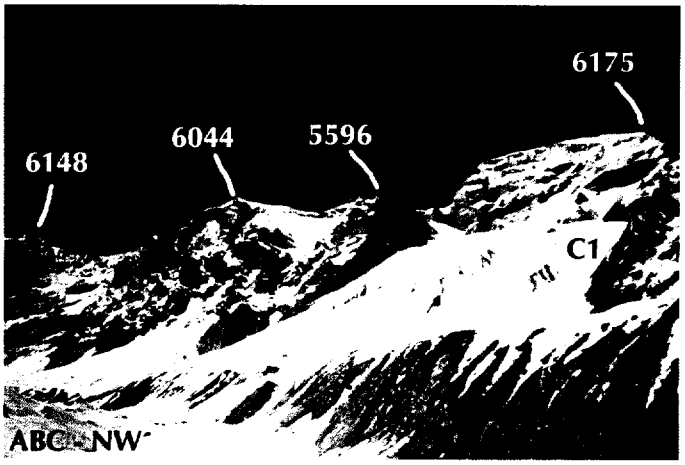
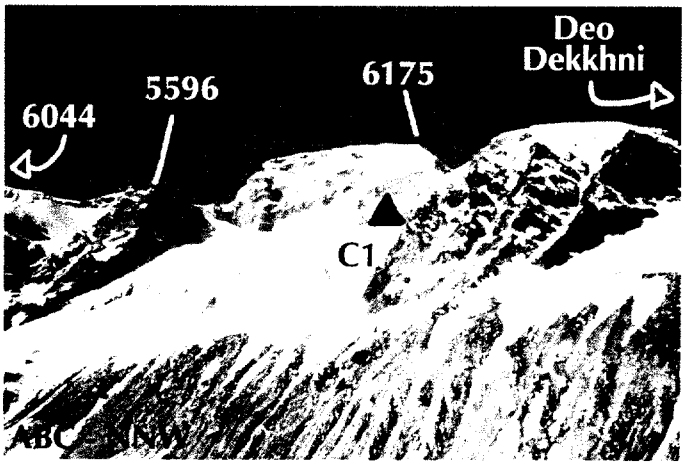
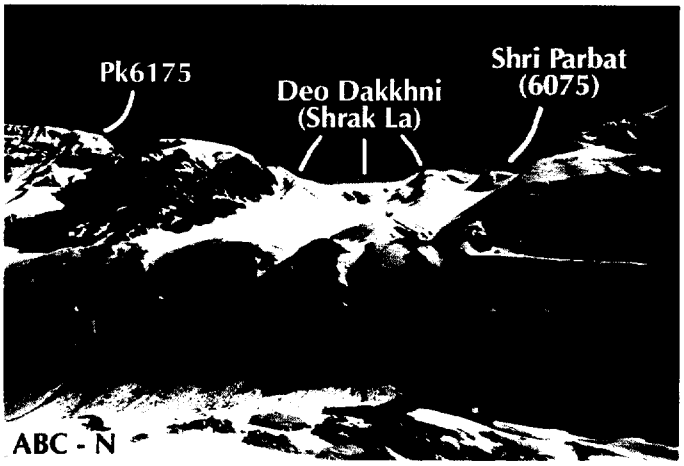
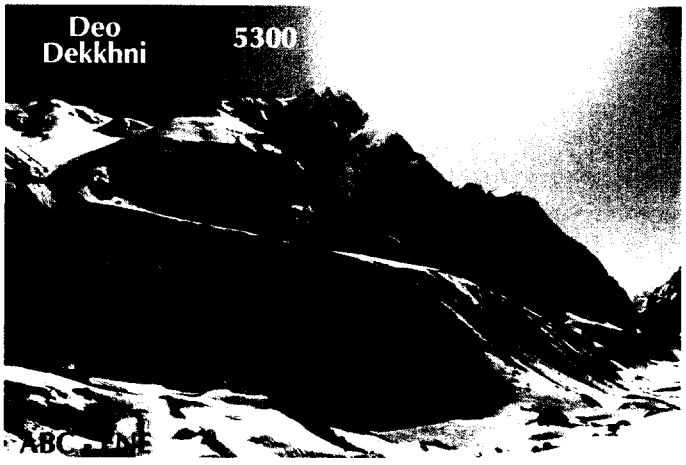
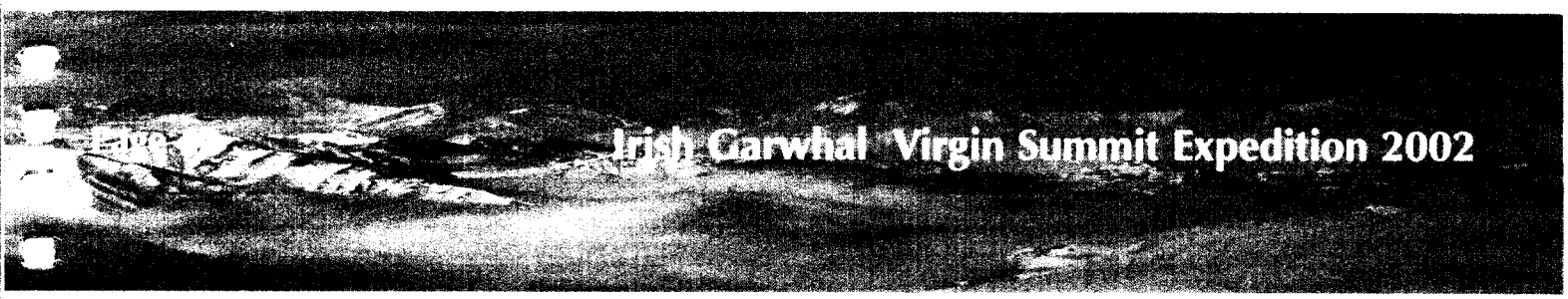


C1 - WSW

SURVEY BHAGIRATH KHARAK GLACIER HEAD
MAY 2002

Photographic survey of Bhagirath Kharak Valley head, clockwise rotation.