

British Chinese Tien Shan Expedition 2010

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Financial Assistance

Mount Everest Foundation

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Equipment

Berghaus
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Particular thanks is due to Bruce Normand who visited the area in 2008 and 2009 and inspired us to go by being so helpful in sharing information and photographs.

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Aims of the Expedition

- 14 To make the first ascent of the north ridge of Xuelian East (c6400m)
- 15 To explore and report back on the mountaineering potential of the Chulebos massif.

The Team

Mick Fowler (54) British. Civil Servant. Leader.

Regular climber in the greater ranges since 1982. Taulliraju South Face (Peru, 1982), West Face of Ushba North (Caucasus, 1986), Spantik NW Pillar (Pakistan, 1987), Hunza Peak (Pakistan, 1991), Cerro Kishtwar (India, 1993), Taweche NE Pillar (Nepal, 1995), Changabang N Face (India, 1997), Arwa Tower (India, 1999), Mt Kennedy, N Buttress (Yukon, 2000), Siguniang NW Face (Sichuan, 2002), Kajaqiao (Tibet, 2005), Manamcho (Tibet, 2007)

Paul Ramsden (41) British. Health & Safety Consultant

Extensive rock climbing and mountaineering experience in Europe, Middle East, Africa, North America, South America, Asia and the Antarctic. First winter ascents of Cerro Poincenot and Aig Guillaumet. Winter ascent Fitzroy Supercouloir, New routes on Jebel Misht (Oman), Thunder Mountain (Alaska), Siguniang NW Face (Sichuan), Manamcho (Tibet) etc.

Mike Morrison (53) British. Contracts Manager

35 years of European alpine and rock climbing. North faces of Matterhorn, Eiger etc. Greater range climber since 1982. Member of successful expeditions to Peru (Taulliraju, 1982), Nepal (Taweche, 1995), China (Siguniang, 2002 etc.)

Rob Smith (46) British. Builder

23 years climbing experience. Rock climbing to E3 and ice to grade V. Alpine experience includes Frendo Spur, Swiss Route (Les Courtes) Brenva Spur etc.

Preparation

The Xuelian Massif is in Xinjiang Province close to the borders with Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan. In addition to the usual array of permits a military permit is needed. It is strongly recommended (and may be mandatory) that an agent is appointed to secure the necessary permits.

At the time we were making arrangements e-mail and outside telephone contact with Xinjiang Province had been cut and even e-mails to official bodies such as the Xinjiang Mountaineering Association went unanswered.

Contacts in China eventually directed us to an agent based in Kashgar who had the facility to pick up e-mails from outside Xinjiang Province.

This agent was reliable and is recommended. He had never arranged a trip to the Xuelian area before and we were particularly impressed that he travelled from Kashgar to the roadhead at Xiate Hot Springs to check the availability of horses and try to ensure that there would be no bureaucracy problems.

His contact details are as follows:

Taher Anwar:

E-mail newlandtravel@hotmail.com or
kashgaradvantour@sina.com

Visas

Getting visas caused considerable difficulty and six separate visits to the China Visa Processing Centre in London.

This office (which is nominally separate from the Chinese Embassy) gave the impression that they do not deal with many applications for visas to visit Xinjiang and made depressingly negative noises about our chances of success.

It would seem that there are frequent changes to the documents that need to accompany a visa application. Our applications were rejected firstly for no reason 'China has refused'

(!) and then because a) we had not supplied evidence of our booked flights and b) we had not provided evidence of hotel bookings - even though we had never been asked for such information! Each rejection cost us £141 administration fee not to mention the hassle and cost of going to London to drop off the applications and then returning to pick up the rejection advice three days later.

The best advice we can give is not to apply for visas without consulting your Chinese agent first. Our visas were eventually issued only when Taher intervened and contacted the London embassy.

Food and Gas etc.

Urumqi is a large, modern city and, within reason, everything can be purchased there. We shopped in a large, well stocked Carrefour store and took only a few dehydrated food packs from Britain.

There are several outdoor shops in Urumqi and we had no trouble buying propane/butane cylinders for our gas stoves. The price was 35 Yuan (about £3.50) per cylinder.

By arranging for the agent to supply all base camp equipment and purchasing nearly all our supplies in Urumqi we were able to bring everything we needed from the UK within our 20Kg luggage allowances.

Cost

After some negotiation we paid our agent \$3,000 per head (i.e. \$12,000 in total).

Essentially this covered:

- transport to and from Urumqi airport
- transport from Urumqi to and from the roadhead (a minibus).
- payments to the Liaison Officer, 'guide' and cook.
- all costs associated with the horses which carried our equipment to and from base camp.
- food for 12 days at base camp
- Bed and breakfast accommodation in Urumqi and Yining

It did not include:

- Evening meals
- Accommodation at Xiate Hot Springs
- Hill food
- Incidentals

UK to the Roadhead

We flew from Heathrow to Urumqi with Aeroflot via Moscow. The Moscow to Urumqi leg was actually on a China Southern Airlines plane but our luggage was checked straight through from Heathrow. The cost was £794 each which was considerably cheaper than the other options we researched.

Urumqi is a large, modern city with a population of well over 1 million. It is said to be the furthest big town in the world from an ocean. From Urumqi it took us 1.5 days to drive the 1,100Km or so to the roadhead at Xiata Hot Springs. The overnight stop was at Yining, a modern town of about 500,000 people. The drive to Yining was mainly on fast motorway toll roads, although the section through a range of hills at the Yining end was still being built.

From Yining it was half a day's drive through lush countryside to the roadhead. Despite Taher's reconnaissance the police at Xiata (the last village) turned us back saying that extra authority was required from the police at Zhaoshu. A 3 hour delay resulted but we were still at the roadhead by mid afternoon.

Roadhead to Base Camp

Taher had arranged for our 'guide' to meet us at the roadhead with the horses. All went according to plan and we were able to load up and get started on the walk-in within an hour of arriving. But we recommend that a visit to the (very!) hot springs here should be on every itinerary!

The night was spent in a rudimentary log cabin reached after about 3 hours walking.

A slow start the following day (caused by one horse running away at the prospect of what lay ahead!) meant that we didn't arrive at base camp until nightfall. The day turned out to be a bit of an epic as the weather was awful and an intermittent lake was in place. Two horses fell in and the rest dumped their loads in the rain a few hundred metres short of base camp.

It was at this point that we discovered that there had been a misunderstanding and we had no base camp sleeping tents.

Weather

The weather was very mixed. Of the 20 days we had at, or above, base camp there were four days of continuous precipitation, three of perfect weather and the rest mixed. Electric storms were a very frequent afternoon occurrence.

At base camp there was often a touch of frost at night. Precipitation tended to be rain at base camp with any snow (lots at one point!) melting away in a day or two.

The snow on the glaciers was frequently very soft and snow shoes or skis are strongly recommended. Sun hats are also recommended.

Climbing Potential

Further to Bruce Normand's very successful visits in 2008 and 2009 Xuelian North East is the only major unclimbed satellite of Xuelian (6,627m).

As regards technical challenges the west face of Xuelian West offers difficult looking possibilities (but it is difficult to match the Normand/Dempster/Brown 2009 route on this face) and the north ridge of Xuelian East (which was our original objective) looks good although it is a long way from base camp and might be technically exacting only for a relatively short section. 25Km each way could feel a long way to carry the gear if it is needed only for a short technical section! The north face of Xuelian north offers some challenging looking marble and a wonderful buttress in the cirque south east of Xuelian West looks exciting but very difficult to get to. At a lower altitude the north face of Khanalak 1 looks to give a difficult challenge with a straightforward descent.

There are numerous interesting less technical looking objectives on all of the Xuelian peaks.

The expedition also descended the Xiate Trail to a fort beyond the snout of the Muzart Glacier and then ascended the Chulebos glacier for about 5 miles beyond the snout. The Chulebos peaks are all unclimbed and look to offer good exploratory climbing although they are difficult to access and no really eye catching lines were seen.

The area immediately south of the Chulebos peaks looked very interesting. A detailed reconnaissance was not possible but from the glimpses we had there are numerous steep technical objectives on offer at an altitude in the region of 5,500m.

Achievements of the Expedition

Mick Fowler and Paul Ramsden made the first ascent of the north face of Sulamar (5,380m) and descended the unclimbed south ridge.

Mike Morrison and Rob Smith explored some of the unvisited glaciers to the north of the Muzart glacier.

Mick Fowler and Paul Ramsden did a reconnaissance of the Chulebos massif which had not previously been visited by mountaineers.

Mick Fowler wrote the following article about his and Paul's ascent of Sulamar:

After 35 years of mountaineering the experience of dangling deep inside a dark crevasse came as an unwelcome new experience for me.

Paul Ramsden and I had been descending an unnamed glacier in the Xuelian area of the Chinese Tien Shan range. The range had been visited by mountaineers just twice before and the glacier just once. I find unexplored terrain and remoteness great attractions when I am pondering objectives in the UK - but somehow such criteria felt less appealing now.

I had been probing cautiously when, suddenly, I felt that special weightless feeling followed quickly by finding myself 30 feet down rotating slowly among quickly dripping icicles. As icicles broke off like organ pipes it struck me that snowshoes and ski poles could make a quick exit on the challenging side. I dangled forlornly, eyes slowly adjusting to the limited light filtering down through my small entry hole. Above me our single 7mm rope cut deeply into the overhanging eaves. I had learned about crevasse rescue techniques on an Austrian Alpine Club course back in 1969. Perhaps now was the time to see how much I had retained.



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Sulamar North Face from above Xiatae Hot Springs. Photo Jed Brown.

Below me was a small fragile looking ice bridge between apparently bottomless voids whilst above the walls converged such that climbing up the side wall and bridging out looked a possibility. That though would require crampons and axes both of which were attached to the back of my sack. In the dim light, hanging frustratingly close to the ice bridge, I removed my snow shoes and poles and clipped them into my harness. Swinging

my rucksack in front of me I then picked short-sightedly at the tight knot in the thin black cord that I had thoughtlessly used to tie my crampons to my sack. Getting kitted out without dropping anything was not a job to be rushed.

By the time I was ready with axes out and crampons on my down jacket was soaked and I was getting concerned about what Paul must be thinking on the surface. The snow and ice seemed to absorb every trace of my shouts and communication was impossible. To my relief though the rope seemed to be taken in as I ice climbed the side wall, bridged up and finally thrashed inelegantly out of my entry hole. Gasping on the surface I felt distinctly like an exhausted seal emerging from a blowhole. Paul commented that I looked like one too. Falling in crevasses, I decided, is not to be recommended.

Paul Ramsden and I were in the Tien Shan mountains of China aiming for the first ascent of the north ridge of Xuelian East. And things were not going quite according to plan.

The plan was that we would start out by spending a couple of nights acclimatising at around 5,200m and then descend to base camp for a day of eating before tackling our main objective. Early that morning we had finished our acclimatisation nights and set out intending to get back to base camp that day. The best laid plans.....

By lunchtime a foot of snow had fallen, Paul had dipped below the surface in a crevasse and an hour had been spent sitting in our tent on the glacier because we had no option but to wait for better visibility. My little crevasse incident then intervened and by nightfall we had only managed to descend to the main Muzart glacier – a distance which had taken a mere 3 hours on the way up. By the following morning the snow depth was up to three feet and by that evening still more had fallen and we were still only half way back to base camp. By the time we arrived at base camp on the third day we had been without food for two days – more stretching than we would normally expect on a straightforward acclimatisation exercise.

With three feet of wet snow on the lower glacier, and goodness knows how much higher up, the prospect of a 25km wade to the foot of Xuelian East's north ridge was unappealing. It was time to instigate plan B, the north face of Sulamar, a 5,400m peak which had attracted our attention in a panoramic view of the range and had dominated our walk in to base camp. From what we had seen the face sported an eye catching steep buttress leading directly to a summit which had been visited just once before, by the British/NZ team of Bruce Normand, Guy McKinnon and Paul Knott, in 2008. Much as the face was unclimbed it adorned numerous posters and tourist literature in Xinjiang. In fact the more we contemplated the more enthused we became at the prospect. The fact that none of the photographs we had seen, or the views we had obtained, showed the bottom section of the face was merely an added uncertainty to the usual raft of uncertainties that go with greater range climbing. There was though one greater uncertainty – which valley was the foot of the face actually in? Our rudimentary map had disintegrated when one of our horses fell into a lake on the walk in and the answer was by

no means obvious.

It was then with a sense of exploratory excitement that Paul and I left base camp, retraced our steps along the walk in, confused local Kazakh herdsmen by wandering through their summer meadows wearing full mountaineering gear and headed in the direction which we hoped would lead to the north face of Sulamar.

Soon we were fording difficult watercourses, thrashing through lush, green vegetation and making crucial decisions about which way to go. Faced with such uncertainty it was with some elation that, late that afternoon, we exited from almost certainly being the first mountaineers to ascend a long and delightful ablation valley, to see that not only were we in the right valley but there were no insuperable obstacles to reaching the foot of the face.

Pitching our little tent on snow at the foot of the face we ate our crunchy fish heads (with no Chinese you never know what's in these Chinese food tins until you open them!) and noodles and scanned the full face for the first time. There looked to be some stunningly steep ice sections on the first half and difficult looking mixed ground towards the top. The main thing that struck us though was how big the face was for a 5400m peak. The height interval of about 1600m was actually greater than the height interval on our original 6400m objective.

'4.00am alarm?' suggested Paul. 'Local time?'

The 'local time' bit is important in this part of the world as the Uyghur people use 'local time' whereas the majority Han Chinese population use Beijing time - which is two hours different. With both Chinese and Uyghur people involved in our trip the potential for confusion was high.

Local time or Chinese time aside a clear night gave a good frost and we were pleased to be at the first difficulties, a steep band of snow dusted rock, by daybreak. The difficulties and problems started immediately. The first pitch was mixed snow and ice and for reasons I still can't explain both of my crampons started to come off at the same time. Paul watched with an air of detached despair as the minutes ticked by while I perched stork like on little steps cut in the ice and secured each crampon in turn. By the time I had successfully reattached them I was beginning to feel a bit of an expert at attaching crampons in tricky spots like inside crevasses and on technical ground. Concerned about a repeat performance I tied safety cords to each crampon but all was secure thereafter and they served no purpose other than to regularly trip me up.

The rock was interesting or appalling deciding on one's take on such things. It varied from coal-like black shale to shattered marble, both being equally unhelpful in terms of

finding secure protection. With the benefit of hindsight it would have been easier to link together surprisingly crisp snow patches but having committed ourselves to rock we persevered with time consuming technical looseness finally gaining what looked to be an icefield above rather later than we would have liked.

In fact the 'icefield' was initially rock slabs covered in powder snow and demanding care and was not at all the fast ground that we had hoped for. Above though there was distressingly obvious ice in the form of two unusual and very steep ice cones. How these cones had formed prompted a fair bit of discussion. The left hand one was near vertical for several hundred feet whereas the right hand one was perhaps 75 degrees. We concluded that they were almost certainly an unusual result of particularly severe spindrift (fresh snow sliding off the face) avalanches and we would do well to get above them before the regular afternoon electrical storms began. It was not long before we had failed in our race against the elements and our theory had been proved correct.



Paul Ramsden leading on day 1. SulamarNorth Face.

The deluge when it arrived was huge. 900m of face emptied vast quantities of hailstones down the shallow gully above the ice cone. I was belayed near to the top of the cone and just to one side of the flow. Even so the noise was akin to standing next to a speeding express train and the air full of choking, wind blasted snow. Paul had just pulled out of sight and I could only hang there well muffled on my belay and wonder how he was doing. Nothing happened for a long time. Eventually though the rope started to be taken in and I could only assume that I was expected to climb. It transpired that Paul had managed to cross the main flow before it came down and was belayed on the far side – a situation which inevitably meant that I had to climb directly across through the maelstrom. The experience was distinctly memorable and not one that I would care to repeat.

A brief attempt at further upwards progress failed and instead we focused on digging out (literally!) a sitting bivouac shelf from the impressively loose and fractured rock. Later the clouds parted momentarily and it was reassuring to see that we were now level with the unclimbed peaks on the opposite side of the valley.

A grey dawn prompted gentle grumbling. Paul's back was aching and my ribs were distinctly uncomfortable after a less than graceful plummet in the bath at our last hotel. Understandably Paul took every opportunity to regularly remind me about this embarrassing incident.

On the bright side though the spindrift had stopped, upward progress was possible and challenging climbing is a great cure for aches and pains. The section that stopped us the previous day was quickly despatched with and, in improving weather, we made good progress up a pleasant snow crest, across a memorable traverse and up a shallow couloir with great climbing up steep icy steps. Way above us we could see a prominent overhanging rock wall which we knew to mark the top of the face.

Paul and I tend to adopt a relaxed 9-5 approach to mountaineering. We enjoy savouring our limited time in the mountains and have no desire to rush up and down as quickly as possible. Usually we start keeping an eye open for reasonable bivouac sites from mid afternoon onwards. Here though there seemed good reasons to make an exception to the rule. Above us it was pretty obvious that steep, uncompromising ground continued all the way to the top and comfortable bivouac sites were non-existent. Furthermore it seemed just possible to get to the summit ridge and a probable spot to pitch the tent before nightfall. The temptation was too much. We made the decision to climb into the night if necessary.

Having made this decision it was perhaps inevitable that the daily electrical storm should be earlier and more intense than usual. Clouds gathered, visibility reduced and the ground was regularly illuminated by wild flashes of blue followed instantaneously by ear

splitting cracks of thunder. The wind seemed to gust from all directions at the same time and around us the face was awash with a sea of spindrift. Regretting that we hadn't dug ourselves in earlier we persevered. But it was hopeless. The combination of darkness, cloud and snow made the best route impossible to find. Cul de sacs abounded and there was nothing for it but to bivouac as best we could.

The chosen site from limited options was a small ice step under a slanting overhang. It was protected from the worst of the spindrift but inconvenient in every other possible way. After two hours we had fashioned an unattractively outward sloping bucket seat and Paul had ripped his down jacket open on the jagged rocks of the overhang. The conditions remained wild and in an effort to keep crucial equipment dry and facilitate a quick exit if needs be, we decided to don all our clothes, keep our boots on and not get into our sleeping bags. Having positioned ourselves within the tent fabric as best we could we set about tying ourselves snugly into the belay loops that Paul's mother-in-law had expertly sewn through the corners.

'She will be happy to know that her efforts are being put to good use' commented Paul.

It was probably the last positive observation of the night. After less than an hour my fidgeting in particular was attracting adverse comment.

'What are you doing? Can't you sit still?'

I suppose Paul was right in that a little fidgeting was going on. At the time of his asking I was experimenting with a new position which involved a semi inverted hang with my head down and knees and elbows against the slope. This went some way towards relieving pressure from my leg loops and restoring circulation in my legs but, as ever, it proved not to satisfactorily resolve the discomfort problem. Much to Paul's annoyance I spent the rest of the night fidgeting badly in a never ending quest for a comfortable position.

Daybreak revealed that we had been hanging a mere 25m from an easy exit through the summit cornice. Even in the midst of the storm it wouldn't have taken more than 20 minutes to gain a spot where we could have escaped the face and fashioned a ledge for the tent!

But the difficulties were not over. Instead of a straightforward short ridge to the summit we were faced with a long and crenellated snow crest which was roasting hot on one side and frostily cold and windy on the other. Soon the snow on the sunny side was such that we convinced ourselves of the reasonableness of stopping earlier than our 3pm norm and enjoying an idyllic, relaxing afternoon brewing, reading and generally soaking up the view. In a pre-dawn start the next day it all seemed so much easier and an enjoyable ridge crest traverse in spectacular positions led to the summit.

The descent is perhaps best not mentioned but suffice to say that the previously unclimbed south ridge was very pleasant until we were seduced into descending an easy looking snow slope to the west. I shall refrain from detailed mention of memorable ice cliff abseils and insecure soloing on shattered marble and simply conclude by noting that, the sense of exploratory achievement and satisfaction of completing new climbs in rarely visited places is difficult to beat.

Back at base camp Abdul, our 'guide', had a celebratory beer to hand. We drank a toast - and Paul cricked his neck such that all activity had to be put on hold for a day.

Mick and Paul then descended the Muzart Glacier and ascended the Chulebos glacier to get a view of the unclimbed Chulebos and surrounding peaks. Some interesting objectives exist here as per the following photographs:



Chulebos Glacier and unclimbed Chulebos peaks



Unclimbed c5800m peaks above the Muzart Gorge en route to Chulebos glacier



Unclimbed c5,500m peak from fort at junction of Muzart and Chulebos valleys.

Morrison and Rob Smith's account of their exploration follows:

20.8

Descended the grassy slope from base camp towards the Moraine and glacier. Walking was relatively easy with the chaotic nature of the dry Glacier below clearly apparent. Several fine looking rock lines 15 minutes along the moraine ... why did we not bring our rock shoes?

Approximately 45 min saw us reach the end of the moraine and the start of the descent down scree intermingled with boulders in various states of insecurity.

Time to start the laborious task of picking our way through the maze of dry glacier. Mick and Paul's foot prints, who had set out ahead of us, proved useful. 45 min saw us through to the icy glacier.

After a further 4.5 hrs we turned north towards the second glacier from base camp. The ramp of moraine rose steeply to the left of a cascade of melt water. Ascending this, Mike came across a large cat print..did it belong to a Snow Leopard? 10 hrs after starting out we made camp on the end of the dry section of the glacier a few hours short of the col.

21.8

Left next morning at 6.00am with crampons rather than snow shoes and reached the col after a couple of hours, pitched our tent and then thought we would attempt the peak on the left of the col. The snow was softening and after falling into the bergshund in 3 separate places we decided that early the next morning would be more favourable. Snow started falling over the night.

22.8

We rose early in the hope of good snow conditions, however, this was not to be, we were still unable to find away over the hidden bergshund, also attempted the very crest of the ridge where we were sinking up to our thighs.. really unusual snow conditions. Returned and packed up the tent . Using snow shoes because of the new snow, headed down the glacier finding plenty of hidden crevasses. Return trip to base camp took about 7 Hrs.

28.8

We decided to head west down the glacier for some exploration, Abdul (in his smart black shoes!) decided he would join us for a short while and then return back to base camp. We headed down the moraine and onto the dry glacier. After approx 1.5 hours the second glacier to the north revealed an appealing summit and lines. Continuing on, we could see a narrowing of the glacier and assumed this was the snout. Abdul was causing both of us some concern as frankly he was rather ill equipped although this didn't prevent him keeping up. As such we decided to turn back and accompany Abdul back to Base Camp after walking for 6 hours.

30.8

Heading north towards the first glacier above base camp we crossed bouldered moraine

looking down on the blue white glacial lake just above our camp. Looking east the mountains across the valley appeared to offer several worth while objectives although in many cases crevasses threatened.

It became apparent, it would have been better to have followed the old trade route below and cut across, however we were now committed. 2.5 hrs saw us on to the glacier for a morning brew. Continuing on snow shoes now, we made good progress to a point half way up the Col passing huge serac walls to our right and perilously loose exfoliating faces on the left, eventually the glacier steepened and we transferred to the moraine on the left of this steepening. We moved back onto the glacier above the steepening and shortly after this stopped and carved out a plateau for our tent.

31.8

Attempted ridge to the west and ascent to top of col, snow conditions were poor and dangerous despite being up before dawn, then attempted a ridge from a col below our tent leading to a summit and again despite being on the very top of the ridge the snow was incredibly soft for so early in the day. Returned to the tent for more reading.

1.9

Up early again this time crampons were replaced by snowshoes and even the snow shoes were sinking before daybreak we did however successfully reach the col (4800m) and fine views of the next crevasse strewn glacier basin, with lots of interesting looking peaks. Conditions unfortunately were not deemed satisfactory to attempt the summit.

The return journey took about 5 hrs. The water level of the lake above base camp had dropped significantly allowing us to boulder hop across rather than scrambling up and down the moraine, interestingly, the lake outflow was now milky as opposed to clear. The low water level meant there would be no ultra refreshing bathing .

4.9

After our lack of significant success to date we decided upon a small but appealing objective South east of base camp.

Back on the glacial assault course again, what joy! 4 hrs saw us at the side of a glacial river with a wall of ice behind. We carried on back up to the centre of the glacier in an attempt to find a way across but failed. Following several more fruitless attempts we decided to cut our losses and cut back across to the original glacier we had entered

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decided to cut our losses and cut back across to the original glacier we had entered on our first trip out. Rapid progress was made and we camped beside a stream on top of the moraine just below the glacier.

5.9

In the morning we carried on up, pitching our tent on a plateau at the base of a scree and ice face which we thought showed some potential. Once the tent was up we decided it was still cold enough to be worth attempting our route immediately. Unfortunately the whole thing, despite initially looking promising, was too unstable.

6.9

Dejected we packed up and returned to base camp.



The Team, posing beside a symbol left by the resistance movement.



Google Earth Map of the area

SULAMAR EXPEDITION

ACCOUNTS

Expenditure

	£
Air Fares	3,176
Payment to agent in Kashgar	7,750
Visa costs*	543
Insurance	1,039
Gas	88
Misc.	<u>800</u>
	13,396

* includes embassy administration charges for two failed attempts to get visas.

Income

Mount Everest Foundation	2,100
Personal Contributions	<u>11,296</u> (2,824 each)
	13,396

* Expenditure converted at \$1.55 to £1 and 10.50 Yuan to £1.