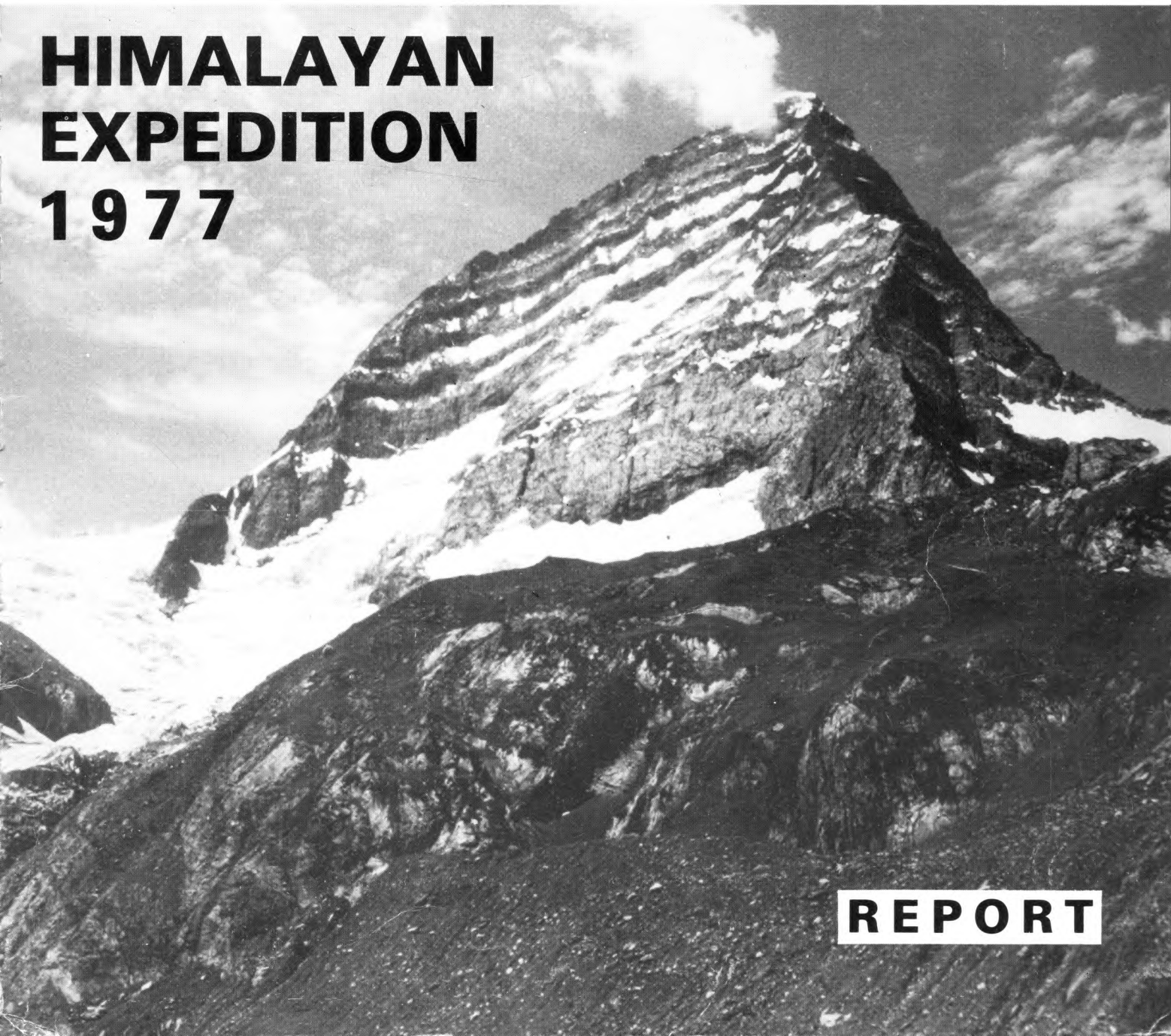


AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE

HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION

1977



REPORT

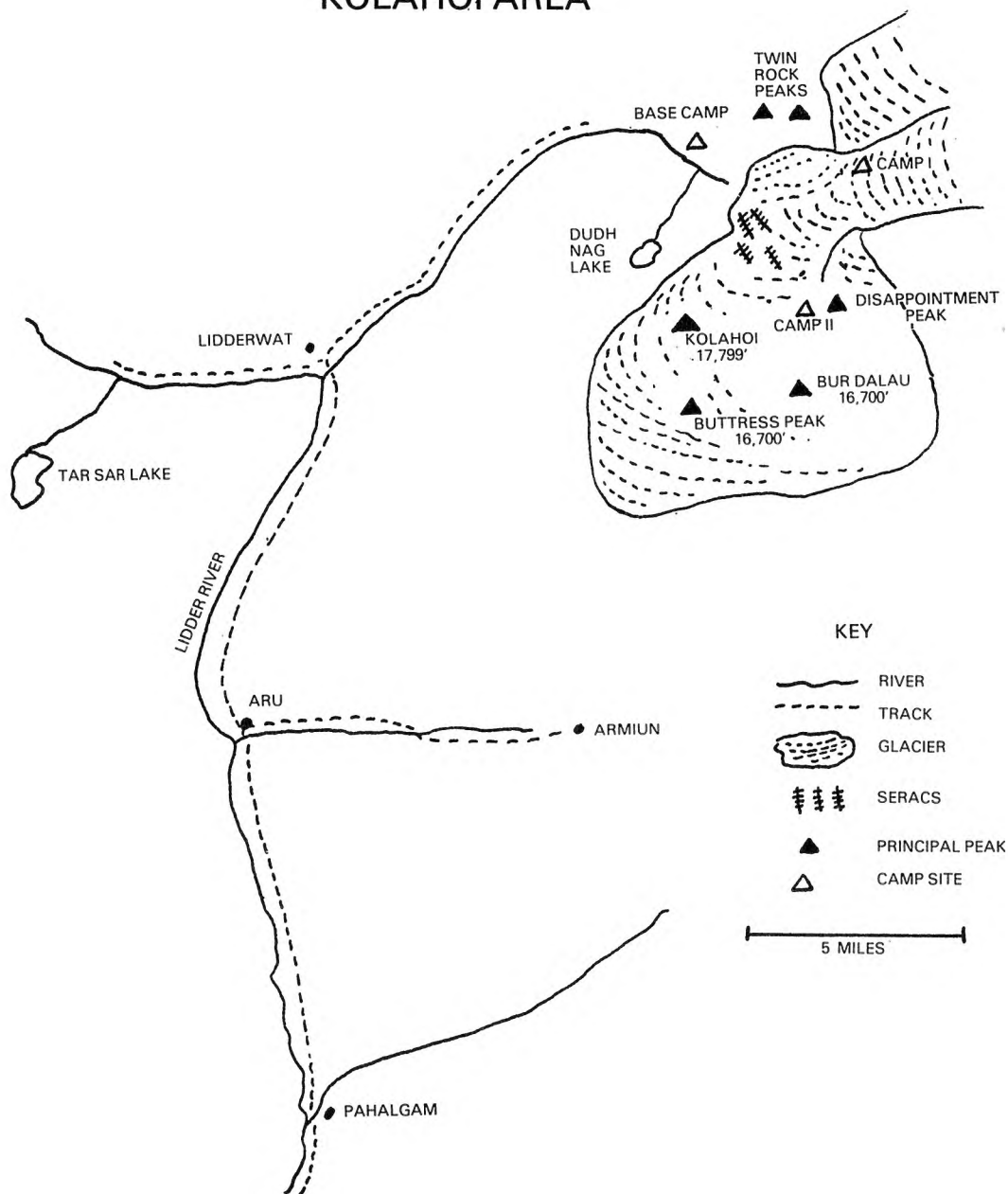
LOCATION MAP

ALPINE CLUB
LIBRARY.

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KOLAHOI AREA



ac 22264

Expedition Members

Richard Gilbert	<i>Leader</i>
Gerard Simpson	<i>Assistant Leader</i>
Fr Michael Phillips	<i>Assistant Leader</i>
Yves Dias	<i>Expedition Doctor</i>
Simon Durkin	<i>St. Aidan's</i>
Charles Morton	<i>St. Aidan's</i>
John O'Connell	<i>St. Aidan's</i>
Charles Dunn	<i>St. Bede's</i>
Jonathan Page	<i>St. Bede's</i>
Michael Page	<i>St. Bede's</i>
Ewan Duncan	<i>St. Thomas'</i>
Patrick Mann	<i>St. Dunstan's</i>
Robert Wakefield	<i>St. Edward's</i>

JOINED THE EXPEDITION IN KASHMIR

K. K. Sharma	<i>Official Liaison Officer</i>
Ahad	<i>Assistant to K. K.</i>
Ram	<i>Expedition Cook</i>
Azizmir and Lala	<i>Ponyman and pony permanently attached to the expedition at base camp.</i>

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Itinerary

July

- 8 Travelled to London, toured the Guinness Brewery at Park Royal and spent the night at the Hattrell's house in Burnham.
- 9 Left Heathrow by Air India Jumbo at 10.15. Arrived Delhi 23.10 local time. Stayed in the Broadway Hotel.
- 10 Left Delhi airport 14.30 and flew to Srinagar, arrived 15.45. Stayed at Youth Hostel
- 12 Left Srinagar by bus 0800, arrived Pahalgam 12.00. Camped in Pahalgam.
- 13 Loaded pack ponies and walked up the Lidder valley. Camped at Lidderwat.
- 14 Walked from Lidderwat to base camp.
- 15-19 Acclimatisation at base camp.
- 19 Established camp 1.
- 10 Established camp II.
- 21 Ascent of Kolahoi from camp II.
- 22 Assault party returned to base camp.
- 23 Camp II dismantled
- 24 Camp I dismantled
- 26 Walked down the valley and camped at Lidderwat.
- 27 Walked to Tar Sar Lake at 12,500 ft.
- 28 Continued down the valley to Aru.
- 29 Excursion to Armiun
- 30 Descended to Pahalgam camp site.

August

- 2 Bus to Srinagar. Stayed on houseboat on the Dal Lake.
- 4 Bus from Srinagar, 0800, to Jammu arrived 1930
- 5 Took sleeper train to Delhi.
- 6 Stayed at Broadway Hotel.
- 7 Flight delayed, put up at Ranjit Hotel by Air India
- 8 Flight delayed, put up at Oberoid Maiden Hotel
- 9 Finally away at 0230 to London via Frankfurt. Arrived Heathrow 0815 local time.

Equipment

Equipment was an expensive item on the budget. We had to be prepared for any eventuality so the equipment had to be good. In most cases we selected well tested items which we knew would not let us down. As it turned out we could have done without duvet jackets but we did not know this and they certainly proved their worth on the Lochnagar training camp. On the mountain we were never without a reserve of climbing tackle which could have been used if necessary for emergency abseils or crevasse rescue.

Here are a few notes which might be of help to future expeditions.

- Rucksacks.** The large framed Randonneur or the frameless Joe Brown Extendable. Both made by Karrimor and both satisfactory.
- Sleeping Bags.** Snowline by Mountain Equipment Ltd or Arctic North Cape by Allan Austin. Both excellent.
- Boots.** We used Dolomite Vetta, an Italian boot with a three-quarter steel shank in the sole for rigidity when standing on small holds.
- Gloves.** Dachstein woollen mitts as outers with Damart Thermawear inners.
- Duvets.** Snowline or Annapurna by Mountain Equipment Ltd.
- Anoraks.** We were given 100 metres of top quality ventile by Jim Wright — a magnificent gift — and we had this material made up into double thickness anoraks. They were warm, windproof and waterproof yet did not sweat and were an outstanding success.
- Ropes.** We used 11mm Kernmantel in 50m lengths as the main climbing ropes. We also brought some 9mm rope to act as fixed rope if the need arose.
- Tents.** We bought 3 Stormryder tents which were lightweight, had an integral flysheet and had been used by the Army on Everest. We found them disappointing, awkward to erect, not very rigid in strong wind and subject to condensation. Our other tents which were all quite satisfactory were: Vango Force 10 Mark III, Black's Mountain in ventile, two Robert Saunders and a Marachel. K.K. had his own tent and we borrowed two superb base camp tents from the Education Department in Srinagar. One was a 14 man bell tent with inner and the other a heavy duty canvas tent which we used as a cook and mess tent.

In retrospect we could have done with more glacier cream otherwise, apart from the Stormryders, the equipment was entirely satisfactory.

Equipment List for Each Member

Rucksack
Down Sleeping Bag
Anorak
Overtrousers
Karrimat
Mess tins, mug, plate,
K.F.S. tin opener
Boots
Breeches
Gloves (2 pairs)
Socks
Snow gaiters
Balaclava
Ice Axe
Crampons and straps
Harness or belt
Water bottle
Snow goggles
Head torch, spare battery
Slings and Karabiners.
Whistle
Soup sachets
Umbrella (optional)

Shorts
Swimming trunks
Hand towel
Washing/shaving kit
Jeans or light trousers
Gym shoes or training shoes
Camera and film
Log book and pen
Paper back books
Money, travellers cheques
Passport, vaccination certs.
Duvet jacket
Safety helmet
Change of underwear
Pyjamas
Short sleeved and long sleeved shirt
Two jerseys
Shoulder bag for 'hand luggage'
Poly bag rucksack liner
Poly bottle for paraffin
Aluminium kettle
Glacier cream
Water purification tablets
Lipsil
Kendal Mint Cake

Expedition Equipment

Two large base camp tents borrowed in Kashmir.

8 Lightweight mountain tents.

8 Primus stoves (2 × 1 pint, 6 × ½ pint, spare parts)

8 Ropes

Rock and ice pitons and hammer

Descendeur

Thermos flasks.

Bought in Srinagar :

2 large cooking pots

Strainer

Large ladle

Pressure cooker

The Appeal

Himalayan expeditions are notoriously expensive and because ours was the first from a British School and the eyes of many were on us we could not afford to go wrong.

We had limited time and could not spare frustrating days in Delhi trying to extract equipment and food from customs sheds, the lot of many expeditions to India! For this reason we decided to carry all our equipment with us, buy food in Kashmir, and hope to meet the 20kg limit imposed by international airlines.

Air India was recommended as being sympathetic to excess baggage for expeditions as well as being reliable and safe. We could have bought cheaper flight tickets from Syrian Arab or Iraqi Airways but we stuck with Air India.

Equipment was expensive as we needed the best. We were certainly not going to risk the party's safety by buying cheap ropes, tents and clothing.

We needed to arrive at base camp in good fettle and that meant hiring ponies not only for the main bulk of food and equipment but for our personal luggage too. We also needed the best drugs available and sound insurance policies. We planned to leave some equipment in Kashmir with the Education Department to help the mountaineering courses run by K.K. our Liaison Officer. Forecast costs rose alarmingly.

Chris Bonnington's Everest expedition was underwritten for £100,000 by Barclay's Bank International but we estimated that £8000-£9000 would cover all our costs. Our fund raising target was set at £3,500.

We actually achieved this target the very day before we left U.K. for India and the credit must go to the hard work of the expedition members as well, of course, to the immense generosity of our many benefactors.

The appeal was run along several lines:

1. Direct appeal to parents.
2. Appeals to industry.
3. Sale of souvenir ball point pens.
4. Raffle
5. Sponsored log collection for senior citizens.

The parents responded with enthusiasm and generosity and gave the appeal a good start.

The blue and white expedition biro's quickly saturated both the school and the immediate vicinity and 2000 were sold. The pens were good value at 20p each and entrepreneurs were active in the school buying in bulk and selling individually. To them and all purchasers, many thanks.

Industry is being squeezed by the government and by inflation and the days are over when large cheques are forthcoming for expeditions. We realised this and were doubly grateful for the grants received. Many of the contributing firms had an Ampleforth connection.

It was a great day when Everest Double Glazing came in with their generous sponsorship of £500 and I hope readers of this report will remember Everest if they are considering double glazing for their houses. Everest is the largest double glazing firm in the U.K.

The raffle was in full swing by the early summer. Over 50 prizes were given and 13,000 tickets were sold including one to an anonymous parent for £100. Our display at exhibition with "Fred" the dummy in climbing gear attracted much attention and helped sell many tickets. Congratulations to Burnford (St. John's) for winning the £100 travel voucher as 1st prize.

The boys, of their own accord, organised a sponsored log collection. They sawed up fallen timber and distributed over 200 sacks of logs to senior citizens in Ampleforth village and Oswaldkirk. A splendid effort.

Income	£
Parents contributions.....	1,000
Everest Lecture by John Scott.....	100
Industry	1,300
Raffle	700
Pens	200
Logs	200
TOTAL.....	3,500
Members contributions	4,750
	<u>8,250</u>

Expenditure	£
Travel.....	4,000
Expenses in India	1,000
Equipment.....	2,600
Overheads, insurance, permits etc.....	400
Report	250
	<u>8,250</u>

Acknowledgements

We are indebted to so many individuals and organisations for the success of the expedition that I'm afraid I cannot possibly hope to mention them all. For these omissions my sincere apologies.

Many of our benefactors wish to remain anonymous and can I take this opportunity of thanking them once again?

Patrons

Fr. Patrick Barry O.S.B. Headmaster of Ampleforth College
The Duke of Norfolk
Cardinal Hume of Westminster

Advisers

Lord Hunt
John Allen
John Scott
Simon Fraser
Maurice Baker

We received help in the form of free or reduced price food and equipment from many manufacturers. The 50 splendid raffle prizes were donated by friends and local shops.

I must mention in particular the following:-

Everest Double Glazing Ltd., our principal sponsor, £500
Kendall Travel Ltd, our travel agency, for a raffle prize of a £100 voucher.
Mr A. B. Copping £200
Reyntiens Trust Ltd. £200
Mr D. Harrison £100
Mr N. Moir £100
Mr D. Lennon £100
Mr J. MacDonald \$100
Mr R. Dunhill, for a lighter as a raffle prize
Mrs Houlton £60
Mr C. Brennan £50
Mr D. McCreanor £50
Mr T. Carroll for our Guinness visit
Rosser and Russell Ltd. £50
Mr M. Sinclair of Mulberry Hall, Stonegate for a coffee service as a raffle prize.
Mr J. Wright for ventile material for our anoraks and Mrs Anne Pugh for designing the pattern and making them up.
Mr R. Pearson for a Stormryder tent.
Mr B. Durkin for equipping the expedition with snow goggles.
Mr Davenport, manager of Barclays Bank, Helmsley for a £50 donation and for organising our finances, travellers cheques and currency.
Mr Dave Clarke of Centre Sports, Leeds for generous terms on our equipment.
Kodak Ltd. for film at trade prices.

Mr David Criddle for a new 11mm nylon climbing rope.

Mr Dunn for organising two fund raising evenings at his home in Droitwich.

Stefan Dammann, Dick Clough, Paul Hawksworth and Br. Basil for help in training the boys.

Trade Wings Ltd. our Indian travel agents.

Air India for cheap flights and for waiving excess baggage charges.

Mr and Mrs Michael Hattrell for feeding and accommodating the entire expedition prior to departure from Heathrow.

Mr and Mrs Duncan for their wonderful hospitality on our return from Lochnagar.

Our many friends and acquaintances who wrote from all over the world to wish us luck and send information, photographs, paintings and maps of the Lidder Valley and Kolahoi, especially:

Mr Francis Leeson F.S.G.

Mr P. S. A. Berridge

Miss E. Lane-Smith

Mr John Bingham

Mr B. Wilson

Mr P. Sales

Mr Trevor Howson

Fr. Costello

Mrs Fijalkowski, Matron of St. Dunstons for our many and varied injections, sympathetically administered.

Mr John Scott for his Everest lecture in aid of the expedition.

“K.K.”, our Liaison Officer without whose help the expedition could not have functioned in India. “K.K.”, was an energetic young man of 27 who had been educated at the C.M.S. in Srinagar. He was head of youth mountaineering and skiing activities in the state of Jammu and Kashmir and unlike many Indians he had a sense of urgency and got things done.

Sheikh Abdullah (Governor of Kashmir) and the Education Commissioner of J and K State for allowing “K.K.” leave to join the expedition.

Mr Sarin of the Indian Mountaineering Foundation for granting our permit to attempt Kolahoi.

Major Ahluwalia and Colonel Kumar both very eminent Indian mountaineers for giving us their time and showing such interest in the expedition.

Fr. Jones for meeting us in Srinagar.

Ahad, “K.K.’s” assistant, who was a great favourite, We will never forget his “morning-chai” as mugs of tea were thrust into the tent.

Ram our cook at base camp for making thousands of chupatties and many varied curries!

Azizmir and Lala his pony for acting as mail runner and regular carrier of fresh supplies from Pahalgam to base camp.

Last but certainly not least to my wife and children for sparing me for 4½ weeks of the summer holidays as well as for numerous weeks and evenings spent on training camps and administration.

Planning the Expedition

by Richard Gilbert

The spring of 1976 was particularly stimulating for Mountaineers. The British Army were climbing Mount Everest, Chris Bonnington's team had just conquered the south west face of Everest and Messner and Habeler were applying alpine style methods to Himalayan peaks with astonishing success.

At the same time I was poring over the atlas looking for an area suitable for an expedition from the Ampleforth Mountaineering Club. Our previous major expeditions had been to :—

Myrdals Jokull Ice Cap	Iceland	1968
High Atlas Mountains	Morocco	1970
Trollaskagi Mountains	Northern Iceland	1972
Lyngen Peninsular Range	Arctic Norway	1974

The Lyngen Peninsular was a region of quite superb rock peaks rising out of the Arctic Ocean to a height of 6 to 7000 feet but we were not a very experienced party and our climbing success was only moderate.

In 1976 however there was a very keen and talented nucleus of climbers in the school and I was looking for a more ambitious target. It would be a challenge to set our sights on one particular peak, a peak that would stretch us both technically and logistically. My personal preference is for the northern latitudes but the mountains in Iceland are slag heaps of volcanic ash and we had only just been to Norway. I researched Greenland, Baffin Island and Alaska but in every case the cost was prohibitive.

I was lucky to have long talks with John Scott who lives in my village of Crayke and who reached 28,000 feet on Everest last year. Simon Fraser was a mine of information too. Simon an old Amplefordian, had been with me to Iceland in 1972 and the High Atlas in 1970 and was about to lead his second expedition from Southampton University to Kashmir. They persuaded me to consider the Himalayan range.

There are of course many thousands of mountains in the Himalayas and it should be possible to find one that would be suitable for a school expedition but there are many difficulties. In the school holiday period of July/August the monsoon blots out the central and eastern parts of the range. The Karakoram region of north Pakistan is difficult of access and climbing permits are hard to obtain. This left northern Kashmir on the Indian side which is open to climbers, although permission is needed, and it escapes the worst of the monsoon.

A trip over to Manchester to see John Allen of the Young Explorer's Trust was fruitful. He had been to Kashmir and told me of Kolahoi the highest peak in the Kashmir valley area. In 1975 an expedition of Scout leaders and climbing instructors had been to Kolahoi led by Maurice Baker.

In June Fr. Michael, Gerard Simpson and I met Maurice for dinner in London. His party had attempted Kolahoi in three assault teams. One composed of rock experts had tried all the way on the rocky east ridge but had failed. A second party of snow and ice experts had tried all the way on snow but had failed also. The third party attempted a mixed snow and rock route up the south face and succeeded after a hard struggle taking 16 hours from the glacier. This had been the first ascent since 1970 at least.

Our enthusiasm for Kolahoi was kindled but before we could launch the expedition we had to undertake further research. Gerard and I spent an afternoon in the Alpine Club library checking references to Kolahoi in the Alpine and Himalayan Club Journals. Kolahoi had first been climbed in 1911 by Dr Neve and Lt. Mason following an unsuccessful attempt in 1910. Thereafter it had been climbed several times by the Neve couloir and the East Ridge. In 1935 John Hunt (of Everest fame) and Lt. Brotherton had made a new route up the south face in fast time - they were fit and acclimatised after an expedition to the Karakoram.

I was still worried that an expedition of schoolboys to the Himalaya might be foolhardy and irresponsible so I sought the advice of Lord Hunt. Over lunch he reassured me and said Kolahoi was an excellent choice. It is 17,900 ft. and the acclimatisation problems would not be too severe if precautions were taken. Kolahoi is also reasonably accessible being only two days march to base camp from the roadhead up the extremely beautiful Liddar valley. Lord Hunt helped us in several other ways:

He wrote to Mr H. C. Sarin of the Indian Mountaineering Foundation to support our application for a permit. He backed our request for Mr K. K. Sharma to be deputed as official Liaison Officer and he was instrumental in our obtaining a rock bottom group fare from Air India. Air India held the agreed price from June 1976 to July 1977 in spite of the disastrous collapse of the £.

Mr K. K. Sharma or "K. K." as he was always known was recommended by Maurice Baker and he turned out to be a gem. His services were indispensable and I doubt whether we would have climbed Kolahoi without him. He removed the responsibility of local negotiation from our shoulders leaving us to enjoy the expedition and plan the climbing.

Our permit duly arrived and we were charged only a 1,000 rupee fee by the I.M.F., a 50% reduction for which we were extremely grateful.

A preliminary notice in the Big Passage at school produced the overwhelming response of 60 applications to join the expedition. Who can say that the spirit of adventure in the young is dead? We planned to take only 8 boys which with ourselves and a doctor would make a party of 12. We were advised that a small party could make on the spot arrangements in India for such things as buses, pony and porter hire and accommodation. Fr. Michael, Gerard and I settled down after dinner one night at Crayke with a bottle of whisky and tackled the heartsearching job of selecting the lucky 8. We looked for mountaineering experience, fitness and compatibility and finally since we could not reduce the number below 9 we expanded the expedition to 13. The time taken on deliberations was well spent for although inevitably there were disappointments for the many unlucky boys the selected 9 lived fully up to our expectations of them. We were never once let down by lack of co-operation or determination.

We were introduced to our Doctor, Yves Dias from Thirsk, by Fr. Adrian. Yves fitted in perfectly. He was a thoroughly competent climber, extremely fit and undertook his medical responsibilities with great energy. On Kolahoi he made more carries up to camp 1 than anyone else on the expedition and his humour and vitality revived our flagging spirits on several occasions.

During 1977 plans gathered pace. We received 'approval' from the Y.E.T., the screening panel for expeditions of young people, but inexplicably they gave us no financial assistance. The Trust does not acknowledge the value of purely climbing expeditions. Had we undertaken some 'scientific' work we would have received a grant. I have taken issue with them on this point. Expeditions of adults and from the Universities can apply for grants from the Mount Everest Foundation and the British Mountaineering Council. However these organisations delegate the screening of school expeditions and the distribution of grants to the Y.E.T. who, as I have mentioned, are not sympathetic to purely climbing or exploring expeditions.

In February I was delighted to hear that I had been awarded a Winston Churchill Memorial Trust Fellowship as leader of the expedition. I regard this as a very great honour and I am deeply grateful to the Trust for their financial help and constant encouragement in the expedition. To them and to my proposers Fr. Patrick and Mr Roger Putnam, Warden of Eskdale Outward Bound School, my sincere thanks.

While these plans were progressing we were busy buying and testing equipment, rock climbing on local outcrops and fund raising. With G.C.E. approaching no one had a spare minute or if they had they were bundled off to St. Dunstons dispensary for yet another inoculation.

The day before our departure from Heathrow we were privileged to be the guests of the giant Arthur Guinness Brewery at Park Royal. We were invited to drink the brewery dry, although we did our best, we had to admit failure in the end. Many were the times when suffering in the stifling heat of India we thought back to that afternoon at the brewery.

I think we were all very thankful to relax into our comfortable seats in the Jumbo Jet next morning and some of us even ordered curry for lunch to enter into the spirit of India!

Training

by Richard Gilbert

We are lucky at Ampleforth in living only a few miles from excellent outcrops for rock climbing. There is a choice of gritstone at Hasty Bank on the North York Moors or at Almscliff Crag near Harrogate. At Whitestone Cliff and Peak Scar near Hawnby there is limestone. All these outcrops were used for training but Peak Scar was the nearest and the most popular. Most Wednesday afternoons and weekends saw climbing parties at work on the cliff.

The boys started working their way through the grades, difficult, very difficult, severe and occasionally very severe. After much practice a selected few were allowed to lead climbs using nut runners for protection. Later in the summer term some of us progressed to the 100 ft vertical cliffs overlooking Gormire Lake.

The rock climbing was tremendous fun for everyone and the practice in rope use and belaying as well as the actual climbing proved invaluable on Kolahoi. We knew we had to expect climbing up to severe standard at over 17,000 ft and this spurred us on. As it happened the loose rock at Whitestone Cliff prepared us for the same on the south face of Kolahoi.

In November during the half term break some of us travelled to the Cuillin of Skye and enjoyed 5 days rock climbing and scrambling on the rough gabbro in beautiful weather. We all climbed the Inaccessible Pinnacle and while freeing a jammed abseil rope nearly courted disaster as a huge boulder broke loose and crashed on to the screes beside us.

From a personal angle the Skye trip was rather an ordeal because two weeks earlier I had fallen, only 5 ft, from a wet piece of limestone in Monk's Wood while posing for a press photographer. I had landed awkwardly on a rock and badly damaged an ankle. This ankle refused to mend in spite of expert advice and treatment and even during the summer it was stiff and painful. However it stood up to a battering on Kolahoi and that is all I ever hoped for.

In May we all assembled in the Llanberis Pass in North Wales for a weekend of rock climbing. Simon, Patrick and Charles all led safely and efficiently, climbs of up to hard severe standard and many classic Welsh routes were ticked off. On the Saturday night we had an expedition dinner at the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel where in 1953 Hunt's team had assembled prior to leaving for Everest. Chris Briggs the manager made us very welcome and we all had a riotous evening. Chris helped us with letters to climbers in India and influenced directors of Air India in addition to caring for our substantial appetites and thirsts.

Snow and ice training took place on Lochnagar in the eastern Cairngorms. The cliffs of Lochnagar are second only to the north face of Ben Nevis for providing winter climbs. We were lucky to find the 1200 ft cliffs liberally plastered in snow and ice and we gained valuable practice in step cutting, cramponing and surmounting cornices. The weather was ideal for our purpose and our equipment was fully tested. The Highlands were in the grip of an exceptionally cold polar air stream and days alternated between clear blue skies with biting wind and full snow blizzards. We were camping in Glen Muick and everynight the burns were stilled with ice and mornings and evenings found us in duvet jackets stamping around in the snow wrestling with the primuses. These conditions were a good deal more severe than any we encountered on Kolahoi and it is no fluke that Scottish climbers such as Robin Smith, Tom Patey and Dougal Haston were among the world's best.

It is true to say that without this training we would have made little progress on Kolahoi. The route between camps 1 and 2 was a steep ice slope that was split by nasty crevasses and it required good cramponing and belaying techniques especially when carrying heavy rucksacks. The loose south face of Kolahoi required a head for heights, sound rock climbing ability and efficient and rapid rope work combined with the knack of detecting unsound holds.

The success of these training sessions was proved on Kolahoi where the entire party showed their competence as mountaineers.

The Journey

by Charles Dunn

July 9. At 0830 the thirteen expedition members were gathered together at terminal 3 at Heathrow Airport. In the middle of the group there was a pile of hand luggage, tents, ropes, ice axes and other odds and ends. We represented a motley group, some already wore the "uniform" of dark blue anoraks and heavy climbing boots, others had gym shoes, sweaters, shirts, dark glasses and pockets bulging with personal belongings. Representatives from Kendall Travel, Air India and the Press milled about dealing with luggage, ignoring the excess baggage charges and trying to take photos. We moved through to the departure lounge and bought cigarettes, tobacco and whisky as gifts for our Indian helpers.

The journey began, as it was to end, with a flight delay. We should have been away by 10.15 but it was 11.45 before we took off in an Air India Boeing 747 Jumbo Jet staffed by attractive Indian air hostesses dressed in green and orange sarees.

The flight was direct to Delhi. It was notable for its smoothness, the service, the cold lager and the film "Rocky" that so abruptly brought the downhaul of the blinds on the windows and prevented viewing of the magnificently awe-inspiring desert terrain of Iran and the occasional snow topped mountain that rose above the clouds. This 8 hour flight entered the night and at 0050 we circled the green and white lights of Delhi and landed.

July 10 Our first impression of India was slightly frightening. At 1 o'clock in the morning we stood on the tarmac with the air temperature 30°C and the atmosphere extremely humid. A bus took us from the tarmac to the arrivals building. Outside this depressing, neon lit concrete structure were enormous insects and cockchaffers dashing themselves to pieces on the lights, the ground was slippery with carcasses. Many forms and delays later we boarded a bus for the 20km journey into Delhi and our destination, the Broadway Hotel. Exhausted though we were, everyone noticed the lines of inert bodies lying packed together on the pavements.

It was about 0400 when we settled into our rooms and discovered how to operate the enormous fans suspended from the ceiling. The hotel appeared rather run down as though no-one had tried to improve it since 1947, on our return though it seemed luxurious and more like the three star hotel it claimed to be.

At 11.00 we all assembled for rice, curry, sterilised water and tea and then returned to the airport for the Srinagar flight. On the roads were carrier lorries, taxis, bicycle rick-shaws and horse and carts. Traffic discipline is non existent and the horn is used the whole time.

At the baggage and body search Jonathan handed over a sheath knife and an enormous and powerfully built Indian Officer demanded further weapons. One or two miniature penknives appeared and he threatened to keep us from our flight, he kept asking for explosives and it was rather an alarming incident. The flight in a 737 Boeing was cool and comfortable but we could not see the Kashmir mountains because of towering monsoon clouds. We descended towards the green and highly cultivated vale of Kashmir and at 4 p.m. stood once more on the tarmac.

We were met by K.K. Sharma, our Indian Liaison Officer who stood out in his jeans, tee-shirt and dark blue tinted sunglasses. With him was the local Catholic Priest Fr. Jones. As we entered Srinagar down tree lined roads we could see the hills beyond. Amidst the heat, the dust, the flies and the stench we reached the Hostel where we stayed for two days.

July 12 K.K. arranged for the scheduled Pahalgam bus to make a diversion and pick us up from the hostel. We loaded the roof with equipment and stores and two 5 gallon jerrycans of paraffin. Before we had even boarded the bus one of the jerrycans had been knocked over and a couple of gallons ran down the side of the bus. In town our bus soon filled up with an assortment of men, women, children and chickens. What we thought were seats for one were for two - and seats for two for three! The crush was alarming and the smell of paraffin overwhelming.

Pahalgam was 90 km. away and the drive was an experience. Overtaking everything in sight, horn roaring and narrowly missing cyclists and carts we travelled towards the hills. Fruit trees, paddy fields and maize grew on either side and sometimes little quarries and masonry works appeared with Indians squatting while they chipped at the stone. Mostly though the men sat by the road smoking their hubbly bubbly pipes.

At 12 o'clock we drew up in the main street of Pahalgam, a wide straight street with picturesque wooden shops like a Wild West town. Again K.K. persuaded the driver to go on for another mile to a wide green field by the river, our camp site.

The Return Journey

by Charles Dunn

Our journey back went as intended. It was slow so that we could try and see a bit more of India and appreciate it, which we hardly had time to do on the way out. Though most of us were now suffering some sort of stomach ailment and probably felt during the journey that we should have done better to have flown back to Dehli, afterwards I felt it was an experience not to have been missed. No one could have predicted the unfortunate end to our journey.

August 2nd An uneventful and beautiful drive back to Srinagar in the local bus which took a new and more rural route. We and our luggage were dumped on the pavement while K.K. and Richard organised house boats and taxis to get us to the Dal Lake.

August 4th It had rained all night and the incessant noise of the wedding on the next door houseboat had kept us awake. Of course our chartered bus was 1 ½ hours late but we said farewell to K.K. and set out for Jammu nearly 400 km. distance.

The road wound up slowly into the hills above the green valley. The pass we were to climb is probably the highest in the world that is kept open all the year round, about 12,000 ft. The top section was tunnelled and the far side was composed of terrific gorges with turbulent, swollen rivers at the bottom. From here on the journey became a nightmare, torrential rain, mist and landslides. As water seeped into the bus I retired to the back. On the back seat were some unexplained characters, "the driver's assistants" we were told. They were probably friends getting a free lift to Jammu. In places the road was running inches deep in water or slurry and in places it was part washed away with pathetic, drenched gangs of navvies trying to repair it with their hands. We could see the mud and stones being washed down the steep hillsides and it was remarkable that we ever got through.

The driver was crazy. He always overtook just before a blind corner and we had many miraculous escapes. He smoked non-stop except for one 45 minute period when he was especially irritable and drove even more badly.

At 7.30 p.m. we drew into the courtyard of the Jammu Motel.

August 5th All morning the leaders sweated at the station trying to sort out the rail tickets which had been issued for the wrong day. Finally we left on the Kashmir express at 4.30 p.m. Our sleeping compartments were spacious and the train left on time. The luggage racks at the end of the carriage where we had first placed our luggage were later found full of sleeping Indians. It was possible to obtain cooked food but where it was cooked we had no idea.

August 6th We arrived at Dehli station at 0600 and all our luggage was piled on to one small hand cart only for the cart to topple over. However a bus was there to meet us and take us to the Broadway Hotel.

August 7th At 1.30 a.m. we were driving to the airport and I was thinking of that Sunday supper waiting for me at home. We managed again to avoid the £200 excess baggage fee and we queued patiently for passport control, body search and other formalities. We sat on the plane for 6 hours, had breakfast and then the doors were opened and we were told to return the following day. Technical trouble. Air India put us up at the Ranjit Hotel which was full of frogs, lizards and insects.

August 8th Back at the airport at 1.0 a.m. for more formalities all over again. Free drinks on the place and then at 10.00 we were all sent back once more into Dehli. An oxygen valve was defunct this time. There were hysterics from the women and near riots from the men. Yves secured a place on a British Airways flight to London because he was a doctor.

Air India put us up at the Oberoid Maiden Hotel. Everything was free, French wine, steaks, cables and phone calls home, the lot. We were really too ill and exhausted to take advantage of everything offered.

August 9th Third time lucky. Ironic cheering broke out as we taxied along the runway and took off. After further delays at Frankfurt we arrived at London at 0830.

In all fairness to Air India I believe that it was the first time ever the Airline had experienced so long a flight delay.

Delhi

by Robert Wakefield

Arriving in Delhi at midnight the expedition might quite easily have been forgiven for regarding New Delhi more as a sauna bath than a city; it was 90°F at midnight. Not wishing to spend a night on the streets the expedition was transferred, through empty streets (for we later found that Indians require a more than average number of hours sleep), to our luxury hotel on the border between Old and New Delhi. Luxury in India is of course a relative term; on the return journey this hotel was to seem pure heaven yet having just emerged from comparative splendour in England the Hotel Broadway seemed no more than a motorway stop-over on the M.1. Sleep I found was v.diff to extreme and so I wasted no energy in that department. The bright lights of Dehli were calling and armed with my camera and aided by my personal assistant, Patrick Mann, I set out to discover all about India's great city. How sadly I was to be disillusioned.

The ancient theatre of warfare, that the area around Delhi represents, between the Kusus and the Panchala, that dominated Indian history in the sixteenth century, reflected an obsession to hold any one of the seven great cities, of which Delhi is one. Unfortunately I fear that few would be able to offer, apart from its strategic position, an adequate reason for this ever occurring today. Even though the haze was so thick (or was it cloud — I could never tell?) that one couldn't see the sun, the sunrise on that first morning seemed adorned with eastern mystical charm. In England the odd jogger in the park at midday is viewed with a particular anxiety as to the welfare of that man's mind. As my companion and I viewed what we assured ourselves was an oriental and extremely moving sunrise (or did it just get light?) we were greeted by the sight of what appeared to be raving lunatics attempting to exact vengeance on metal bars and ladders in a sandy park opposite our hotel balcony. So shocked were we by this sight (who does physical jerks at 3 o'clock in the morning?) that Delhi's mystical charm was regarded by us both with extreme caution.

Our initial endeavour into the city was to send us scuttling to the hotel to retrieve some more film. Although Delhi was filthy, dirty, grimy and intolerably smelly it held an incurable fascination for us both. But there again bodies lying asleep on the road or on the pavement or in fact anywhere a piece of flat ground was to be found, would have held something of a fascination. With a certain naive Britishism we set about exploring this sweaty, very hot and extremely peculiar city.

Our first sorties were carried out on foot — according to custom — but later efforts were not to be partaken in the same fashion. A small taxi, or motorised rickshaw or custom built motor scooter was hired for a nominal fee and Delhi was explored. In our limited time we attempted to digest as much as possible (we still didn't dare eat anything!) with each of us trying to out-do each other in the photography department. The Red Fort, the temples, the market, the monuments, the people, a few hotels and the Tourist Centre all fell under our unscrupulous attention. Duly unimpressed by everything except the Red Fort and the people, but then they are a change, we proceeded to mozey around and merely absorb. Delhi seemed to absorb a fair amount of our rupees as well.

Delhi was fairly unimpressive bar its character. On the return trip in our endeavour to sell a tent this character was fully expressed. Such immense poverty has to be seen to be believed. It is a cause for national and international concern, yet it didn't seem so at the time. The people seemed to make up for their lack in material wealth in a cascade of demonstrative wit and we found them amusing and endearing.

One should feel immediately drawn to dedicating one's life to helping these poor wretches yet this was not the case. Pure western physical revulsion of the conditions is as good an excuse as any.

Delhi contains much which the western world once had and was very glad to be rid of.

Life at Base Camp

by Jonathan Page

Each day at base camp officially started with Ahad's beaming face peering through the flysheet offering chai, behind him would be Ram, the cook, squatting on his haunches clutching a vast basin of tea. In the big tent a curious ritual was gone through each time as people searched groggily for their cups, passed them over to the door had them filled and then had them carefully passed back. The metal cups were invariably too hot to hold and the plastic ones would go all soggy so disaster always threatened. Tea was a good opportunity to take the anti-malaria (Paludrine) and anti-diarrhoea (Sulphatriad) pills we all had to have every day. The conversation after everyone completed the serious business of getting a cup of tea in hand would first consist of our unofficial competition among the leaders as to who had woken up the earliest, or if the curry had been particularly fierce the night before who had been out the most times. Then the weather and the days plans were discussed together being as they were intimately related. Some on finishing their tea would leap out of their sleeping bags and dash out to dance and splash in any one of the several freezing streams that ran through the base camp area. Always in the front of such activities was Yves our doctor who believed it was his duty to set a good example. Others would lie in their pits until drawn out by the sound of Ahad wildly smashing mess tins together to summon the faithful to breakfast.

Emerging from the confined world of one's tent you couldn't fail to be impressed by the grandeur of our situation. Base camp area was base camp area because it was the best adequately large flat grassy space before the summit. The site was between ten and eleven thousand feet, nearer to the latter. The valley at this point had widened slightly to form a flat floor largely surrounded by sheer sided ridges and spurs forming a giant bowl-like shape. The 'northern' side was formed by a ridge rising three thousand feet, the top of it forming the old administrative boundary between North and South Kashmir though in this remote area the boundary could never have been much more than a line on a map. The 'southern' side and the bowl was formed by a large spur rising 1500 feet to a lake called Dubh Nag. The Lidder, rising with the Kolahoi glacier flowed in at the eastern end of the bowl and out at the western end on down to Pahalgam and beyond. It came in and went out as one but in between it ran a lazy path twisting, dividing, rejoining. Being glacial the majority of the valley floor was thickly strewn with boulders of varying sizes but where we pitched camp, close under the towering northern ridge was for some reason boulder free. The site was served by a number of streams running off the ridge above and so we did not have to worry about mica schist being in our water supply.

In this factual description of our location I have singularly failed to capture anything of the beauty and majesty of the setting. It was truly magnificent never more so than when storm clouds scurried darkly overhead filling the entire 'bowl' with an ominous and strangely moving gloom, or when the sunset turning the rocks on ridges above us vivid reds and yellows. Such was the setting of our base camp, home from 14th to 26th July.

Food came to figure largely in our thoughts during the expedition and breakfast was of particular importance. Mess tins would be grabbed from under the eave of the cook tent and porridge or Kashmiri cornflakes would be doled out. Breakfast was usually a fairly leisurely affair. People would wander off, a mug of tea in one hand and an omelette rolled in a chupatty in the other, to sit on a stone to munch and sip in silence admiring the morning. For although we had our share of dark clouds and rain the weather on the whole was kind to us and never so severe as to force us to alter our plans.

Life at base camp revolved round the large circular white tent that slept up to ten, but usually less used it, and the khaki cook tent. In addition a number of two man tents were pitched and struck depending on the number of us in base camp and what tents were needed on the mountain. K.K. Sharma had his own little tent and normally two other small tents were pitched.

After breakfast we would set to the business in hand. It was only on the first day when we were acclimatising that no expedition of any sort was launched. Normally at least some of the party would soon be pulling on thick socks and strapping themselves into climbing boots, loading and checking rucksacks in preparation for some outing. When the serious business of bashing a route up the mountain and establishing camps 1 and 2 were in hand as prompt a start as possible and heavy loads were the order of the day. On other days when jaunts up the ridges to the north and the south were organised we did not get off particularly early.

There were, and this is inevitable in all expeditions since it is inherent in the nature of climbing, periods when a number of the party were in base camp waiting for others to carry out allotted tasks. There was plenty to do. Everyone had brought three or four paperbacks which collectively added up to quite a considerable and varied library. Books ranged from political philosophy such as Aristotle's 'Politics' and Machiavelli's 'The Prince' through the heavies of English literature like 'the complete works of William Shakespeare' and Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' to a host of novels, adventure yarns, thrillers, detective stories and science fiction. An enormous amount of reading was done. Some read noticeably more than they ever did at school. There were always logs to be written up and postcards to be composed for when we next came across a post box. Bridge became something of an obsession reaching the stage that when four of more were gathered together a pack of cards would be produced. The standard of cheating was quite excellent. Fr Michael and I were sitting in the big tent late one afternoon playing bridge against Euan and Mike. After a shaky start we had recovered nicely and had just bid and made seven spades when Ahad announced that the climbers were back. We thought he was referring to Gerard, Yves, Charles and Robert who had gone off that morning to establish themselves to support the summit party after it had made its attempt on the peak. Richard stuck his head into the tent. The summit party were back three days before schedule having conquered Kolahoi. It was a great moment.

We were not isolated at base camp, across on the other side of the valley nestling on the lower slopes were a dozen or so gujar tents. The nomads came up this far for three months during the summer to pasture their flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle and horses. The nomads drove their flocks by each morning and evening and, when it became known that we had a doctor, gujars from far and wide would converge on the camp. Yves on returning

from load carrying would find a small queue of gujars who would mostly be complaining of headaches. In all probability there was nothing wrong with most of them; they just wanted a pill so that if they fell seriously ill or were injured they had some 'medicine'. A very magical outlook on sickness and healing still persisted. Frequently children were brought to be examined. One father was asked the age of his daughter and shrugged giving ages varying between seven and fourteen. We also had contact with the gujars through our attempts to obtain fresh meat. Eventually we bought one sheep and one goat but in general the nomads were curiously reluctant to sell us any animals.

Nor were the gujars the only humans we had contact with while up at base camp. The route from Pahalgam to Kolahoi glacier was something of a recognised trek and was promoted as such by the tourist office in Pahalgam. So a number of people of several nationalities who were rather unfairly dismissed as tourists came through our camp on ponies on the way up to the foot of the glacier but the glacier was retreating at such a pace that its start was now forty minutes walk up the valley. We gave hospitality to various groups that stopped at base camp and on a couple of occasions they carried post down to Pahalgam for us.

The task of carrying post down was also performed by the fourth member of the Indian staff at base camp, our pony wallah Azizmir. Azizmir was retained from the porters who had brought all our equipment up, to purchase supplies when we needed them from Pahalgam. He and his twenty-seven year old pony Lala performed the round trip in three days. Without the aid of K.K., Ahad, Ram and Azizmir, the expedition would have run into incredible difficulties and life at base camp would have been much more strenuous and less comfortable than it was. The camp could not be left unattended and with Ram and Azizmir about we could all go out onto the mountain without worrying for the safety of the camp. It was most important that we had a well established, equipped and supplied base from which to launch the attacks on Kolahoi. K.K. and his team did much to free us from anxiety on that score leaving us free to devote our energies to the mountain. K.K. and Ahad were also a great help when it came to the climbing.

Returning from an exhausting day it was great to be greeted by a grin and a cup of tea from Ahad and Ram. Azizmir, his dark intelligent eyes sparkling from a brown and wrinkled face, would be squatting down behind a fire it was his task to build and maintain on which various pots would be steaming. More often than not he would be engaged in lighting a kind of mini hubble-bubble. Boots would be unstrapped, thick socks, peeled off and feet immersed in an ice cold stream. Supper would be ready by seven and everyone would crowd into the cook tent. The inevitable yellow curry would be dished up with potatoes and rice and eaten as everyone was so hungry. Afterwards pipes would be lit and stories told. All would be entertained and alarmed by Ahad's nightly tilly lighting performance which involved sending sheets of flame licking up to the canvas and the destruction of dozens of mantles. Then the grisly business of washing out curry coated mess tins in a dark freezing stream would have to be faced. Despite the determined application of gravel and moss the tins usually had a yellow tint the next morning.

And so to bed. Perhaps a last hand of bridge for the fanatics, or just finish the last few pages of the chapter or jot down some of the days events before the tilly and candles are extinguished. A last thought before sleep swamped all 'where did I put my cup?'

Such was life at base camp.

The Establishment of Camp 2

by Fr. Michael

As I stood, pausing for breath at Camp 1, I was able to look around at the magnificent setting. The camp was sited in the middle of a great snow bowl. To the north and east was a protective wall of rock with peaks rising nearly 2000 feet above the snow. To the west was the lip of the snow slope up which I had just come, with a jungle of minor peaks extending far into the distance. However my main interest was to the south where the ice fall guarded the way to the summit of Kolahoi and the summit itself was clearly visible majestically above the other peaks giving a clear view of the final ridge to the summit. Today, having climbed from Base Camp with full rucksacks, our objective was to establish and equip Camp 2 at the top of the ice fall. The whole party had set off that morning fully loaded soon after nine o'clock, and made good time up the boulder strewn lower slopes to reach Camp 1 at a quarter to twelve. Now, as we nibbled at lunch in the hot sunshine, we were able to examine the route ahead. There were two ice falls to be negotiated : a large one at the base of the ice fall and a smaller one about half way up. At this distance they did not look very forbidding but there was no way of judging the steepness of the slopes or the condition of the ice at this distance. Having changed into warmer gear and put crampons on, we made up two ropes of four. K.K. Sharma, Jonathan Page, Michael Page and myself on one rope and Gerard Simpson, Charles Dunn, John O'Connell and Euan Duncan on the other. We left the first assault party consisting of Richard Gilbert, Patrick Mann, Charles Morton and Simon Durkin at Camp 1 where they were to spend the night as part of their acclimatisation programme. The doctor, Yves Dias, having off-loaded some stores for Camp 1 was going straight back to Base Camp. The two ropes headed purposefully towards the ice fall. There were one or two small crevasses under a thin covering of snow but these were easy to avoid. The main problem soon became apparent. Snow was clogging on the crampons and this meant that you were soon walking on pads of ice. The feeling of safety induced by the wearing of crampons became purely imaginary. The walk to the foot of the ice fall was further than it had appeared and took a good half hour. The sheer size of the Himalayas was something that none of us had ever experienced and we were always being deceived about distances. The sun beat down mercilessly and we were glad of the snow goggles we were wearing. It was as well that K.K. Sharma did not linger at the foot of the ice fall as there was no time to worry about what lay ahead. Having knocked the snow off his crampons with the end of his ice axe he led off up the ice wall. The ice was melting on top and seemed to give a good grip. Going sideways, in short steps and using every crack in the ice to give a good hold for his ice axe, he made good time. There was a sense of relief felt by those waiting to follow him. It only needs one man to fall with a heavily laden rucksack to endanger all the others on the rope. With four on a rope, progress was slow, but soon the going got easier and we were able to move simultaneously, stamping each crampon into the ice to get a good purchase and, periodically knocking the accumulated ice off our crampons with an ice axe. In many ways the snow slope between the ice falls was more dangerous than the ice fall itself. Snow balling on the crampons, when left untouched for too long, caused many a foot to slip. Above the second ice fall there was a seemingly endless convex snow slope to climb. The going was soft and the

effects of altitude were beginning to appear. The apparently smooth slope of snow covered a number of small crevasses and although the snow bridges held in most cases, they did give way under the last man on the rope. I fell into two and was glad of the assurance of being roped up at the time. After an hour's steady trudge, we chose a sight for Camp 2 protected by a peak from the east but sufficiently far away from it to avoid the danger of rock falls. Having levelled a snow platform on the now gently sloping snow we pitched tent and piled all the supplies inside. The view from Camp 2 was magnificent although the summit of Kolahoi was coyly hidden behind a crown of cloud. Unfortunately there was not time to explore round the foot of the eastern buttress and see the snow couloir up which the assault party was hoping to reach the summit ridge. It was already time to set off if we wanted to be back at Base Camp before dark. There was, as a result, a temptation to go too fast although, now that we were no longer laden, the danger of a fall was diminished. After much slithering on the snow we soon got back to the ice fall. Going down proved much more difficult than coming up and by this time people were showing signs of tiredness or possibly altitude. Whatever it was, much careful belaying was needed to bring the rope safely down the ice fall. The trudge back across the snow field was no dreary trek as the party was buoyed up with success and individuals oozed smugness; the smugness of difficulties overcome. Now it was the job of the first assault party to establish Camp 3 and find the way onto the summit.

Camp 1

by John O'Connell

Richard had said on Sunday afternoon that a scramble up to Dudh Nag, a lake above base camp was the team's last day of relaxation. At this time I would have questioned his statement because for me that day had been at the campsite in Pahalgam. It seems that the statement "There's harder yet lads" would have been more appropriate.

Our second Monday in India started with the usual sunny sunrise accompanied by Ram and Ahad at the tent entrance with chai. The greetings had become less formal and now the two constantly giggled in my presence especially when my name was mentioned because in Kashmir Jon means good. Such is the sense of humour of the indigenous population. It was, perhaps, the anticipation of chuppaties and corn husks with instant milk that gave me "morning sickness", which the doctor diagnosed as a symptom of heat exhaustion and altitude, while the rest of the party preferred to think that I was going to produce another member for the expedition, which would make the number on the expedition a more fortunate one (ie 14). I am glad to say that only Yves was correct.

The preparation for a trek up to 13,000 ft was never much fun and always chaotic. Pills had to be taken, cameras had to be fitted, books, waterproofs, snow goggles and ice axes had to be dug out from the cook tent. Packing, of course. The equipment which was to be taken up the mountain was always terrific for one could never avoid the horror of seeing the amount of items one was about to carry. After this the casual exodus behind distant rocks with loo roll in hand began. As such rocks were few below the campsite and contamination of water would have occurred above it, many frustrated faces could be seen walking aimlessly on the scree slopes down the valley looking for a suitable hiding place. (later such modesty was abandoned).

The painful moment of mountains, the rucksacks on one's back came. With a tent, Kendal Mint Cake, primuses, flasks and paraffin inside, it is not surprising that such a weight left bruises on one's shoulders after the end of a day's journey. Over the moraine above base camp the going was hard and slow. Even though sizes of terminal moraine were evident. a large proportion of this detritus seems to have been formed by the melting glacier depositing lateral, medium and intra glacial moraine. Such geomorphological interest was not noted by the party on that trek. Steeply graded streams thundered down from the left across our path causing some slippery moments for a few chaps. After these traverses, a steep terrace of moraine was encountered, which seems to have been the remains of debris deposits by the glacier since 1912. (When our map was made). I certainly had not got used to the altitude and a rest behind two favourite rocks was exactly what I needed. From this vantage point a good view of the great pyramidal peak of Kolahoi could be gained. Munching a piece of Kendal Mint Cake and taking the odd photo from time to time, I certainly didn't want to move on.

The glacier with its gaping seracs and large snout was easily examined from this point. The outwash plane consists of a flat arch in which a green lake surrounded by larger splendid

deposits could be found. This lake was so coloured because fine green rock detritus had been transported down by melt water to this area, after having been crushed by the weight of the glacier. Time could not allow further examination and the party continued on its journey. The terrain encountered, even though not large moraine, was difficult to cross. As this slope, which had to be traversed, was very steep, we had to have our feet twisted in an abnormal position so that we were able to keep balance. However, this uncomfortable position often resulted in blisters in the insteps of one's feet.

We headed towards the col over which another branch of the glacier could be found. A very steep grassy slope had to be encountered before this. The direct approach to it was over large moraine, while the grass itself was slippery and stone strewn. It was certainly with fast and heavy breathing that I proceeded up this bank. Half-way up, a voice cried out to us from the top of the gully, It was a gujar spouting some incomprehensible gibberish. Even K.K had difficulty in understanding his screeches, as he tried to point out to us to be careful of any stones that the sheep might displace. He was dressed in the usual brown baggy trousers and waist coat, under which he wore a blue shirt. A Moslem skull cap crowned a face that showed two evil eyes. His beard, as was his voice, was that of a youth of some twenty years of age, while his wrinkled complexion seemed to put many more years on to him by western standards. This caused considerable dispute between Yves and myself. It was not until we had reached the top of the slope that we found out that this was the same chap who had been present when we had had chai with some nomads, some 300 ft below our present position overlooking the seracs. It was at this juncture that I set sight on some Sino-Tibetan like shoes, commonly worn in the area, with points that turned back on themselves. Unfortunately these were unobtainable when I later tried to buy them.

A scanty lunch of a half packet of biscuits was produced on top of a rest. Ahad seemed energetic and wanted to be on his way again, but K. K. kept him under control and told him to shut up and stop showing off while the others were oblivious to the rest of the world.

A further traverse over steep terrain was not welcomed. With hips firmly clasped in hands, each and everyone of us trudged along the slope. Small slopes and gullies were often found and these made balance even harder to achieve: No word of mouth was uttered while heavy breathing was the norm. It must be remembered that this was the highest point yet achieved on the expedition and total acclimatisation was far off yet. The monotony of these scree slopes was broken by some snow fields. Eventually the dazzling glacier was reached. Hopes that the climb up this would be easier were shattered. One took two steps up the snow before one slid back one step, so that only half the distance anticipated could be attained. A melt-water channel further up this snow slope, provided better footing for us on fine grained deposits. Luckily only the sound of gurgling water far underneath the glacier could be heard as wet feet, caused by water in this channel, would have made the going even harder to bear.

For some the glacier had been a disappointment because it was not of a virgin white colour. For me the ridges and runnels of moraine and snow emphasised the movement of the actual glacier towards the gujar's camp far below and made this huge mass of ice even more exciting to see. Another 1,000 ft above on the glacier, huge crevasses could be seen to be forming and, indeed, with the advent of rain and milder weather. up there, even more

crevasses formed, especially later on in the week.

Camp 1 was sited in a spot to the east of a peculiar moraine dump, right in the centre of an amphitheatre of mountains. To the North lay two peaks over 16,000 ft, which peaks formed a spectacular view each morning at sunrise from base camp. To the South East lay "Buttress Peak" at 16,000 ft, as it was marked on our map of the area. However, a dispute ensued as to the proper place of this peak, as K. K. thought it should be where Dudh Nag peak was marked on our map. Generally, being politically neutral, I usually disdain from taking sides in arguments, but such a petty difference in fact or opinion could only encourage bias on my behalf. This is why I opted for Richard's side (the leader of the Government as well as the expedition), who by popular opinion won this dispute, whether he was right or wrong. Such is the mentality of humans on expeditions of this kind. Finally, behind a small pyramidal peak of 15,000 ft lay the final ridge of Kolahoi only some 5,000 ft above us. The whole area was similar to that to what I imagined the high mountains of the Antarctic to be like.

Having gladly dumped our rucksacks, the party began to set up camp. Two "Stormryders" (The red and yellow ones) were erected after much stamping down and hacking away of sloping snow, which had to be made into a platform so that these tents could rest on flat ground so that the occupants might not find themselves at the bottom of the glacier when they woke one morning. Cloud had gathered and the placing of our items from our rucksacks into the tents was both tedious and painful on the fingers. The prospect of a swift return to base camp and supper helped us to persevere.

Camp 1 had now been sited but nobody was camping there as yet. Fears that the gujars might raid the tents that night were later seen to be unfounded. The toil and strain of the trip up to this camp was now long forgotten and it seemed a relatively easy jaunt back to bed.

Tuesday brought the prospect of establishing Camp 2 for me and the others not involved in the ascent party. While the latter were about to stay the night in Camp 1. Therefore Camp 1 was the first stage in the ascent of this mountain.

On nearing the camp, on a later trip, we met the first party in the mist. As they were supposed to be climbing the mountain that day, it seemed evident that, at the time, they had not been able to make the summit. However, these weary chaps told us of their success in conquering the mountain the day before. One would have thought that they had just been to a funeral judging by the enthusiasm that they showed. Most of them looked ready to collapse but I think it must have been the thought of the remains of the revolting skinny mountain goat specially carried with rice, that kept them going, all the way back to base camp.

I, myself, sacrificed a night at Camp 1 so that I might sleep in more comfortable conditions at Base Camp, while Charles, Robert, Gerard and K.K. braved the night there. I think, when we arrived the next day there to dismantle Camp 2 Robert had only just got up, looking rotten, while Charles lounged in bed, where he remained for the rest of the day. I do not know which I would have enjoyed more, a day ill in bed on the snow, or an extremely tedious trudge all the way up to Camp 2. Unfortunately, I was not given the choice.

Simon, Charles Morton and Patrick dismantled camp 1 the following day after our trip up to

Camp 2. Since then the tents were sitting on platforms some 1 ½' above the rest of the glacier. As the tents did not allow much rain to melt the snow underneath, this land form was created. However, as Robert and Charles will be able to say, this was accompanied by the collapse of the tents, which had caused these two to erect their tent again right in the middle of the night, as most of the snow which had covered the tent pegs had been melted away.

Camp 1's state was certainly worthy of mention. If beds, hot water facilities, non curried food and good lavatories had been provided. I would not have thought twice about staying the night there.

Srinagar

by Michael Page

The expedition arrived in Srinagar airport in a Boeing 737 of Indian Airways. It was 87° outside the aircraft, hotter than Delhi. The airport was partly military, and thus heavily guarded by Indian troops. Srinagar is close to the disputed border with Pakistan and this is reflected in the prominent military presence, including a United Nations delegation.

In the airport building we met for the first time K.K. Sharma, our Indian liaison officer, on whom we came to rely completely, and Fr. Jones, the local Catholic missionary. Our rucksacks were crammed in and on various taxis and cars and we drove into the city, to the Youth Hostel where we were staying. From the outside the building looked reasonably smart and modern, but the interior told a different story. The dormitory we were to sleep in contained thirteen beds, frames with webbing stretched across, a hand full of broken chairs, a couple of light bulbs and approximately half a million flies. A patch of grass outside the windows, we were on the ground floor, sustained a few cows some kites and other large carrion birds.

Srinagar can be divided into the old, Indian half, and the new 'European' half. The Youth Hostel we were in was in the old part of the city. When, in the evening Ahad, K.K.'s assistant, led us to Fr. Jones' house and the church, he took us through the back streets and alleys, past lines of one room open fronted dingy wooden shops selling everything from faded boxes of imported washing powder to sacks of rice and lentils. Dogs and chickens wandered in the rubbish on the street, and the shops thronged with humanity. Young, old, dirty, nearly naked or faces hidden beneath black veils, the evening was alive with the sights sounds and smells of people going about their business in the confined space afforded by opposing shop fronts.

By stark contrast was the electric lighted 'boulevards' of the richer quarter in which the church stood. Taxis and scooters swept down the wide tarmacked roads hooting and careering all over the highway. Glass fronted shops displayed their goods under the bright strip lights. Women in colourful traditional dress escorted by Indian men in European dress walked down the pavements. The church was set back in a garden along with Fr. Jones' house. He gave us a warm welcome, and then Fr. Michael said Mass in the church, which was a small pleasant newly built one. We then went to Ahdoo's restaurant where we met Richard and K.K., and had a cheap supper, before returning to the old quarter and the hostel.

The next day we were up at 7.30 and had breakfast in the Youth Hostel's rather sordid canteen. We then spent the morning wandering around the city in day-light. In the afternoon the supplies for the expedition were bought and piled on a wooden cart which was pushed back to the hostel by a wizened old man. We were to leave the next morning by bus to Pahalgam, glad to be able to escape the oppressive atmosphere of the city for the mountains.

At the end of the expedition we returned to Srinagar and made the mistake of staying on a couple of houseboats on the Dal lake. The expedition was divided onto two adjacent houseboats, flat bottomed wooden craft, with hulls not dissimilar from oversized punts. The boats contained two bedrooms which slept three in each, with adjoining bathrooms, a dining room and sitting room. They were reasonably furnished and quite comfortable, that is until we found we had to share

double beds, and various pieces of furniture were removed by the numerous house boys who never did anything they were asked to or supposed to do. One of the main problems was that our house boats were serviced by the one kitchen boat which was moored behind one of the boats. As a result getting meals served was almost impossible.

We got to our house boat by means of a shikara, a canopied punt which plied between the house boats and the road into the city. The days were spent going around Srinagar shopping for presents to take back, woodcarvings, papier maché, shawls, silk scarves, small carpets and even a hooker! (an Indian pipe).

The chief bone of contention during our stay on the house boat was that in a house boat near-by there was an Indian wedding taking place. It started that evening well enough with a boat carrying a band being towed past bearing the bridegroom to the festivities, and showering fireworks as it went. However a group of women began 'singing', wailing would be a better description. A noise which set one's nerves on edge, and which continued until six o'clock the next morning. As a result very little sleep was had by the party.

Not surprisingly we were only too happy to hire a bus, this time going to Jammu, and leave Srinagar for the last time, although we were sorry to have to say good-bye to K.K. with whom we had got on so well.

The Acclimatisation Period

by Euan Duncan

On arriving at base camp we needed time to recuperate from the journey and to accustom ourselves to the altitude. The general method of acclimatisation was to sleep low at base and then during the day to climb higher up, returning to base camp in the evening. The altitude may begin to affect someone from 9,000 to 15,000 feet, so base camp at 10,500 feet was very suitable for the purpose of acclimatisation. As it was, several of us were feeling ill when we reached base camp resulting from the effects of a combination of Indian food, the heat and the altitude.

Our first day at base camp was reminiscent of camping in Scotland. It poured with rain the whole day and we were confined to our tents. The high point of the day was the appearance of two very damp trekkers, Barbara and her Dutch friend. At first K.K. was annoyed at their arrival, especially as they were totally unprepared for the weather, but then he began to enjoy the female company. That evening Barbara, an American, gave us most of her life history including the family crisis that occurred when they found her accent had changed.

The next day, Saturday, we decided to go for a short walk up towards a possible site for camp 1. As it was still raining we set off about twelve o'clock, alongside the glacier river. We had our first experience of 'boulder hopping' which must be the most exhausting and painful mode of walking. The glacier was most impressive, disappearing up into the low cloud. The lower part of it was rather dirty, covered in scree. We made our way up a grassy gully on the east side of the valley at the top of which we collapsed in exhaustion. While we were sitting here, two nomads appeared, a man and a woman, carrying huge loads of wood. Obviously noting that we were English, they asked us, through K.K., in for a cup of tea in their tent nearby. So we went to their tent and were given tea out of little china bowls. In this tent, which was at 12,500 feet, lived the grandmothers, with two sons, one of whom had a wife and about 4 children. Apparently they stayed up here for about two and a half months a year with their sheep, goats and chickens. In about September they made their way down the valley to the plains.

We had lunch here and then made our way down to base camp, where Ahad, who was K.K.'s assistant, provided us with tea immediately.

In the evenings we were often afforded a most comical sight. This was the ritual of having a bath. The bather would heartily make off for the freezing cold stream and proceed to undress. But when the question of actually getting into the water approached the matter quickly became a good deal less fun. A toe was gingerly dipped in the water and by agonising stages the bather submerged himself. The ritual not only provoked strange glances from these less hygienically minded but also from a sizeable audience of sheep.

On Sunday Fr. Michael said Mass and at about twelve we set off to see a small lake behind the ridge between us and Kolahoi. We made our way up a stream bed trying desperately not to dislodge the scree onto those below.

When we arrived at the top of the ridge we were afforded a beautiful view of Kolahoi above this flower strewn slope. The lake, Dudh Nag or Milk Lake, was a beautiful creamy green colour.

There were some nomads, or gujars, huts nearby who had a herd of rather beautiful oxen. These people warned us that to throw stones in the lake would cause rain. But K.K. and Ahad ignored this warning. Sure enough about 2 hours later after a beautiful sunny day it began to rain. While having our lunch here we inspected the route up the unclimbed north west ridge of Kolahoi to the summit, which looked extremely menacing.

On the way down Ahad went rushing off ahead. About half an hour later we saw him attempting to take a short cut across the river. He first waded across to an island with his boots around his neck, looked forlornly for a route across the other half of the river and then returned the way he came. The next attempt was even more short lived when he had to turn back half way through a rather deep part of the river. Eventually he had to cross by the bridge further down just ahead of us. We took a different route down through rhododendrons and rather pretty lily type flowers.

Going through the small gujar encampment at the bottom of this slope the people inevitably came out and asked for the doctor. Somehow they had found out we had a doctor with us, and Yves was by now totally exasperated by all the complaints.

The next day we made our first real venture onto the mountain by setting up the first camp. Though probably we were now more accustomed to the height, it was exhausting carrying the loads up. It would possibly have been better to have spent longer acclimatising but since we had no idea how long the summit attempt would take, these few days were all that could be allowed.

Final Assault

by Patrick Mann

Our evening meal the night before our summit bid consisted of 'Cup-a-Soup', a tin of sardines and the inevitable chupatties. We were forced to restrain our appetites for a few moments while R.F.G. photographed the three of us about to eat them.

We had planned on rising at 3 a.m. the next morning and stumbling around in pitch darkness would be madness so we decided to melt the snow for breakfast that evening. We filled 3 thermos flasks with the resulting dirty water, (the snow was filthy) which were to do for our porridge and tea in the morning.

I decided to keep most of my clothes on in the sleeping bag to save a struggle in the dark early hours of the morning. I knew I would not be cold that night; sleep, I thought would easily come my way. It didn't. I lay there in a semi-trance thinking about the next day; about how well the expedition had gone so far: not a hitch and now two days ahead of schedule. Then I'd wonder what in the world I was doing here, 15,000 foot up a Kashmiri peak on a slow moving river of ice. My mind really boggled. I wondered about the condition and steepness of the rock. I knew it would take a lot to stop us now. I felt sure that nothing would. Some of the time I heard S.D. snoring, which made me try to force myself to sleep: an impossible task. I was envious of all that refreshing sleep Simon was getting but could not manage myself. I tried to think of other things: and slept.

I woke to the sound of tinkling cups and cutlery. Quickly the two of us tried to set up the breakfast apparatus so as not to be short of time later on, but the matches were damp. We seemed to strike 20 or 30 matches, but all gave a wisp of smoke at the most; none lit. To my relief Simon volunteered to get up, out of his sleeping bag and borrow some off the other two.

Soon we had eaten our only meal of the day. It consisted of a large mess tin of porridge (as much as we could eat), and a mugful of tea. At about four o'clock we were on our way. We edged over the glacier in the dim light towards the small rocky island where we had made a recce the day before. On arriving at this point, at about 6 a.m. we were faced with the most beautiful panorama I have ever seen, enhanced by the just risen sun.

We did not waste time, out came the ropes, helmets, slings and chocks. A length of very steep ice (45° - 50° slope), and we were onto the rock. Off came the crampons and we had our first feel of the state of the rock. It was treacherously loose, with apparently secure rock coming away in your hands. One of the main hazards on the climb was these falling rocks, especially if you were below them. Later in the day the situation got worse because the heat of the sun freed rocks which had been held by snow or ice.

A few steps on the rock and we knew we were up against something much bigger than expected. We had underestimated the effect of the thin air by a long way, every step was a great effort. We moved up slowly using a technique called 'leading through', sweating and panting as we hauled ourselves up the face.

The lack of oxygen and water, and the glare of the sun on the rock very quickly gave me a blinding headache. This lingered on throughout the whole day until we got back down to Camp 2.

After 12 pitches of falling rocks, headaches, exhaustion and lack of time to admire the view, we reached the ridge. This was a great morale booster, since the summit, which was in full view, seemed only a stone's throw away. I felt sure we would make it. However another six pitches were required to reach it, and on the first of these, my headache and dehydrated condition culminated until I felt very ill. After a sip of some warm, dirty, blackcurrant flavoured 'Rise and Shine' I felt better, very surprisingly.

At the top there were just a few smiles and precious few photographic sessions, just anxious faces wondering about the more difficult descent to come. There seemed to be cloud surrounding the summit but not actually sitting on it and no views were seen.

Coming down was less difficult than expected since we avoided the severe pitches near the top of the ridge. S. D. and C. M. alternately top roped each other, the leader placing runners on his descent to safeguard the follower. I was given a top rope by R. F. G. all the way down the rock. On asking why this was forced on me he explained that he was less exhausted and more experienced.

From the bottom of the rock face we abseiled off a sling on an outcrop down the steep ice onto a slightly safer gradient. It was now getting dark and from here we rushed back to Camp 2 in approx 30 minutes. The same distance took us about 2 hours earlier that day. We sucked down gulps of sweet tea to revive our dessicated bodies, and without celebrating, or even pondering over our conquest, slept soundly until late the following morning.

The Summit Attempt

by Charles Morton

Outside the tent it was cold, a keen breeze chilled the unwarmed air of the glacial depression in which we were camped. Inside the tent it was also cold and wet; the condensation accumulated during the day when a fierce and burning sun glared down on the glacier had been added to by that produced by the stoves and our bodies.

The alarm bell at 3 a.m. was a welcome call to summon us to action after 6 hours of lying shivering and chattering in damp sleeping bags inside precariously pitched tents. Even at this hour there was some conversation. "Look at all this water, I thought you told me your tent didn't collect condensation" said Richard accusingly. "It's not normally this cold". "That's the trouble with these nylon tents, the cotton ones never had this problem".

Still partially cocooned in our bags and hindered by our bulky down jackets we struggled to prepare some breakfast. Luckily we had melted snow the previous night and stored it in Thermos flasks to provide water for porridge, tea and our waterbottles. Without a strainer the tea was almost undrinkable so we opted for "Rise and Shine" — our only concession to European life — for our second brew. A rather serious note was struck when a discarded mess tin, placed outside the tent, slid tinkling out of earshot down the glacier.

By 4 o'clock we had no excuse to linger inside any longer and half an hour of fumbling around with frozen crampon straps, ice axes and ropes, our hands threatening to stick to the sub zero metal resulted in an orderly rope of four. Richard led followed by Patrick, Simon and myself. Our rucksacks contained a few items of bivouac equipment, balaclava, gloves, jerseys and down jackets were carried. The inevitable Kendal Mint Cake together with filthy looking glacier melt water in a bottle completed our load. An assortment of rock and ice pegs, a second 50m rope, Union Jack — not to mention the Irish Tricolour — were split up amongst us.

We set off in the dark, the light from our head-torches impotently penetrating the darkness ahead. Soon however the light of dawn reached us from across the wilderness of Ladakh and Tibet. Within an hour we were high on the shoulder of the glacier, our crampons biting into the frozen surface. Behind us to the east stretched countless mountain ridges, mostly indistinguishable but a few such as the spectacular Nun Kun 23,500 ft. stood up like stubborn shrubs in a windswept garden. Luckily these giants were safely in the distance and in no way dwarfed the pyramidal block of Kolahoi now only half a mile away.

The previous day we had reconnoitred the glacier as far as the foot of the face. Our route took us up a steep but broad snow field, almost at right angles to the face which led to the rocky top of a subsidiary buttress. There had been a choice of three routes up the south face and the middle one was chosen. The eastern possibility was a long suspicious looking tongue of snow but several rope lengths of dripping and overhanging rock would first have had to be negotiated. The third possibility, the Great Couloir, used by Lord Hunt in 1935 was filled with thin crumbling ice and in the afternoon sun acted as a funnel for the frequent cascade of boulders which fell from the broken areas of rock above.

It was 6 o'clock and here we arranged ourselves in two ropes of two, the leading pair carrying

the rock pitons. These had been in my rucksack for the past two days, and I was unable to get rid of them. Half a dozen steel pins and a hammer are not too heavy at sea level but here at nearly 16,000 ft. after three nights of irregular sleep and two weeks of little else than curried vegetables to eat they weighed on my shoulders as gently as a ton of bricks.

An hour and 500 ft. later, after negotiating a steep slope, roped but moving together, we scratched our way with cramponed boots on to a rocky platform. Looking down on the main glacier, well over 1,000 ft. below, a myriad of spidery cracks formed the complex crevasse network and it was probably here that the sense of isolation was most marked. We were in a no-mans-land poised high above the icy floor of the glacier, yet even further still from the rocky and barren ridge looming above us.

From here, once we had taken off our crampons and put away our axes, for the next 2,000 ft. was bare rock, we set off up the face for the summit ridge. The steeper slabs nearing the summit of the mountain looked near, by comparison with horizontal distances they were, just over half a mile away, but to us slowly feeling our way up the cliffs, in the morning sun as ants on a sunbaked wall, they seemed to remain the same distance no matter how long we climbed. Worse still, the nearby peaks of Bur Dalau and Buttress Peak appeared to remain level with us as we climbed. The sun did not seem hot, the air was still and we climbed in shirt-sleeves, but even higher above the glacier in the brown rock the reflected light from the snow made goggles essential. By this our third day on the glacier and in spite of theoretically adequate protection from the sun's rays our hands were like raw hams and skin was peeling off our faces like paint on a decaying house. We had a feeling of being fried without being hot. Eventually we became accustomed to the burning on our skin but a gap between my climbing breeches and my socks resulted in a vicious ring of sunburn, visible several weeks after my return to England.

There was little conversation other than the inevitable and as always over optimistic speculations about our distance from the summit. Everything else was subordinated to driving ourselves higher, rope length by rope length, in air it seemed rapidly becoming more rarefied. Careful acclimatisation on the mountainsides surrounding base camp enabled us to live comfortably up to Camp 2 at 14,700 ft. yet from here to the summit of Kolahoi was another 3,000 ft. inevitably we also had to cope with the hardest climbing of the expedition. The altitude at which we were climbing became fully apparent as the face steepened.

Climbing in pairs we led through continuously, alternately leading out the rope. 250 ft. of climbing then a rest while one's partner did the same. This went on for 4½ hours, the summit never looking any closer. Then whilst shifting my weight from one foot to the other on an uncomfortable stance Richard's voice came from above "I'm there — just wait till you see the view!"

A moments jubilation then realisation that although we had reached the ridge the summit was a long way off. I relayed the message down to Simon and Patrick, in the process of negotiating a blank stretch of slab, and set off up the final pitch of the south face. The climbing which had been on treacherously loose rock at the start had gradually become harder as we took to the safer smooth slabs. The standard was perhaps severe at hardest but we were fit and confident on rock and it never seemed too difficult. I stood on the toothed ridge and announced I was about to be sick!

Beneath our feet was the jagged tortured surface of the northern glacier, looking from here harmless and smooth. In between us and this ice was the unclimbed 5,000 ft. north face framed by the jagged ramparts of the north and north eastern ridges. To our right the north eastern ridge dropped steadily away towards the just visible camp 2, three orange dots tucked close under the sheer cliffs of Disappointment Peak. Unfortunately clouds had built up in the north denying us a view of Nanga Parbat and possibly even K2.

To our immediate left was a huge towering gendarme or rock pillar, leaning out over the face. Beyond this three hundred yards away, was the summit. The other two arrived and we deposited our rucksacks on the ridge and started the traverse to the summit. Three hundred yards means six rope lengths but because of the occasional need to descend from the ridge in order to by-pass gendarmes and because of our tiredness the mountain was far from climbed. It is almost impossible to describe the utter and complete lethargy of mind and body, the dormant emotions, thoughts registered without meaning in our oxygen starved brains. To quote from my log :

"I could see the summit and perched on an airy ledge the helmeted figure of Richard slowly taking in the rope running between us. To my right the stark snow patched precipice plunged to the glacier and just beyond were the microscopic dots of Base Camp. I was standing on something of a geological anomaly, a slab of white quartz the shattered edge of which went to the lip of the abyss. Here there was no parapet of frost shattered rock to give a false sense of security. I enjoyed the view then hurried across to the stance. My lead. With a small selection of slings and nut runners round my neck I inspected the next pitch. A patch of snow and I descended a few feet to kick steps across, then began the long tearing task of surmounting a secondary peak on the ridge. I need a rest so convince myself I haven't enough rope to go further. I belay and shout to Richard who soon joins me. The rope again starts to run out of my hands. How many more pitches, one, two, six? A tug on the rope then almost by numbers to ensure everything is done correctly I undo my belay and follow along the ridge.

The stonefall in the Great Couloir, bad all day, now increases in ferocity as the early afternoon sun melts large rocks out of the ice filled gully bed. One huge boulder weighing perhaps 30 tons topples over and bounces once, twice and shatters into a thousand pieces of shrapnel. The next belay is in a rocky hollow, the last rocks on the ridge lead on for a few yards then ice crusted snow leads to the top. What from base camp looked like a snow patch capping the apex is in fact sizeable. I thankfully clip myself into the belay sling and lean back against the rock as Richard leads across the snow. There is no thought now of leading through, one rope length is all one may manage without a rest. Another belay and I join Richard. Half a rope length more as steps are kicked in the snow and the Union Jack goes in — more worry for the snow cap is in fact just a giant cornice overhanging the north face. At this stage there is no sense of success, that came much later. Clouds drift by obscuring the view. I looked around and turned back arriving at the final belay at the same time as an incoherently muttering Simon, soon joined by Patrick. One by one they too went to the top and cameras clicked.

We all turned back for the rucksacks, it was half past one, we had been going without a rest for 9 hours and faced a similar return journey. The peak had been climbed but at the moment the conquest meant nothing. The desire to collapse listlessly on a rock was strong but at least the

descent, even if it involved harder climbing did not call for as great a physical effort as the ascent''.

The above account was written partly at camp 2 and partly at base camp some days later but the descent was, in the main, uneventful except for a stonefall which luckily bounced clear over our heads. We discovered an easier way down, passing the Indian abseil piton left there in the early 1960's; it wobbled precariously in its crack and we left it alone. We made good time to the glacier and in spite of some amnesia regarding the position of the tents reached camp 2 just after dark at 8.20 p.m. None of us felt like eating but after an interminable wait for water to melt I attempted some sardines but with disastrous consequences! Being sick made me feel better and I slept well, waking to feel just as tired the next morning, more than one night's rest was clearly needed.

The descent to base camp via camp 1 was a slog with the dangerously unstable state of the glacier and in particular the ice fall taxed our skill to no little extent. We finally arrived in the Lidder Valley in time to see some lamb going into the cooking pot, our first meat for nearly a fortnight.

Food

by Gerard Simpson

Most expedition reports give a detailed breakdown of rations provided, everything being calculated to the last ounce beforehand. We found it convenient and possible to work on a more informal basis.

Because we were flying out to India, we attempted to restrict our baggage to 20kg per person. Richard was anxious to avoid the worry of tracing crates of food shipped out earlier. We therefore planned to buy most of our food in Kashmir. Exceptions to this were plentiful supplies of Kendal mint cake, soup powder and 'Rise and Shine'.

We did no planning of food supplies before we left. Of course, experience built up over the years in estimating quantities and in providing a reasonably balanced expedition diet was invaluable. Most of our supplies we bought as we passed through Srinagar and Pahlgam. Azizmir, a ponyman, and Lala, his pony, were retained by us at base camp, and this meant that we were able to replenish supplies of food, especially fresh fruit and vegetables, at base camp. They would make the journey down to Pahlgam in a day, shop the next morning, then return, arriving back on the third day, having spent the second night with 'friends' on the way up.

As we enjoyed our flight to Delhi and tucked into Lamb Curry 'Mughlai', actually chosen for dinner on the plane by most of us, we little appreciated the amount of curry to be eaten in the next four weeks.

On the three days in Kashmir before we began our trek from Pahlgam to base camp it was fun to explore the food shops and buy our breakfasts and lunches. Especially attractive were the colourful displays of fruit. In the evenings we would dine out. The Luxmi, in Old Hospital Road, Srinagar was typical of the places K.K. found us. It provided us with a plentiful supper of rice, vegetable curries, curds and chupatties. Flies abounded. Yves banned the drinking water and the salad. Water was the only drink on the menu so K.K. arranged for Coke to be provided from a shop down the road. The cost in English money was 35p each, over half this sum paying for the extravagance of the bottle of coke.

The bulk of our stores for base camp and above were bought at a tiny shop, "The Marine Stores" in Old Srinagar. K.K. took Fr. Michael and myself there on the Monday morning and introduced us to the proprietor. We were able to poke around the shelves to find out what there was to be bought and to construct a rough menu. After lunch K.K. returned to the store with us and we placed an order: Cornflakes (malted), porridge (White Oats), jam, dried milk, tea, rice, flour, pulses, biscuits, sardines, honey, pasta, cooking oil, matches, salt, and other mysterious ingredients which our cook, Ram, chose to go into his curries. Richard arrived and asked whether we had remembered the curry powder. He was politely told by K.K. that Indians do not use curry powder.

We also paid a visit to a small hardware shop where we bought a 6½ litre pressure cooker (necessary for cooking at high altitude), two big cooking pots (which were charged for by weight), two teastrainers and, for the making of the humble chupatty, a rolling pin, baking board and griddle.

40 litres of paraffin were bought to operate our primus stoves brought from England and the two pressure lamps lent to the expedition by K.K. More paraffin had to be bought later in Pahalgam after one container emptied its contents down the front of the bus in Srinagar. We also found that the more or less continuous supply of tea, plus what leaked from the pressure lamps, increased our paraffin requirement. We were a little surprised to find K.K. ordering 24 mantles for the paraffin lamps, but when we witnessed the ritual of lighting the lamp (without meths) we understood why so many mantles were essential.

It was late evening before the Marine Stores had boxed all our food ready for its journey to base camp by bus and pony.

In Pahalgam, as well as buying food for immediate needs, we bought eggs, meat for four days, bread for two days, vegetables and apples. Sugar was obtained at a special cheap rate making use of a permit from the Tourist Office. We had planned to buy some cheese but there was none available that afternoon. The shopping was a long tiring business in the heat and it was such a relief to have K.K. to do all the necessary haggling.

Our daily diet at base camp started with breakfast of cornflakes or porridge, chupatties or parathas (the fried relative of the chupatty), an egg, jam and lots of tea. There was a need to drink plenty of liquid to avoid dehydration at high altitude and in the hot sun. A highlight of the day, if one feels in the mood for highlights first thing in the morning, was to be woken by Ahad's cheerful appearance with our "morning tea" one hour before the time appointed for breakfast.

We made do with a fairly light lunch: some biscuits or chupatties and jam, an apple, mint cake, tea when at camp and sometimes cheese, fried liver and kidney or sardines. Inevitably, the evening meal hinged around a curry. On a strenuous day we would start with soup; sometimes we ran to a sweet of stewed fruit and we always finished with more tea.

Supplies of meat were difficult. We bought enough mutton in Pahalgam to last us four days but then had to eat it in two days because it was threatening to turn bad in the heat. In fact because so much of what we had bought was bone, we were not really aware that we were eating four days supplies so quickly. We had a good supply and selection of vegetables that kept us for a few days until we were able to persuade the neighbouring gujar people to sell us a sheep at a suitable price. It provided 2 days meat in a limited sort of way. Fresh liver and kidney for lunch was superb, but our mutton curries were christened "sheepbone curry". Other attempts at buying meat produced an even bonier goat and chickens which were so tough we were wishing back the sheep bones. We were eventually quite content to settle for a simple vegetable curry.

Cooking at the higher camps was a problem without the faithful pressure cooker and for hot dishes we had to rely on supplies of soup, porridge and tea. Nutri-Nuggets, soya bean "meat", did not seem too popular. But there was food enough, and the food at the Woodstock Hotel in Pahalgam tasted even better when we returned to civilisation.

The Lidder Valley

by Simon Durkin

The day begins like any day in a civilised camp site, with a cup of tea, at the hour of 6.30. At last I felt we were getting somewhere, getting away from the hustle and bustle, the smells and the sounds of Indian towns, we were at Pahalgam.

After morning tea we packed our sacks, struck the tents and consumed a light breakfast of boiled eggs with bread and jam. Then as the pony men arrived, we gazed in bewilderment at the, at present, new scene of loading, negotiating, reloading, renegotiating and intense arguments that occurred as K.K. argued prices and weights.

In the end Richard, Yves and I the somewhat sicker members, decided to depart leaving K.K. the hard work. At first we followed the tarmac road close to the river, passing a smart bridge, on which a local, carrying in excess of 100 lbs. of fire wood, became immortalised on more than one Kodak film. Soon the road deteriorated into a track, similar to those in a British Forest winding along the valley bottom with the sound and sights of the great white river dominating one's senses. The hills on either side could have been in Scotland or the Alps, large evergreens reaching for the sky, green banks of luscious grass and a peasant shepherd leading his scraggy sheep up the path to the higher pastures. The scale was in proportion, the map alone telling you that the hill to the side was not 1,000 ft. of valley side but 5,000 ft. of Himalayan splendour.

The valley at this stage was still reasonably well inhabited and the track was being reconstructed after the winter's damage. The path wound up the valley side and through the trees, which provided a welcome shelter from the now scorching sun. After about two and a half hours we strolled into Aru the up and coming settlement of the Lidder valley, it is really no more than a collection of shacks forming the last post of civilisation. We welcomingly refreshed ourselves at a flea pit of a place called the "Paradise tea shop". Relaxing in the shade of a walnut tree we awaited the arrival of the following ponies. At 12.30 the colourful rucksacks, laden four to a pony, appeared accompanied by their 10 dubious pony wallahs.

After a brief lunch of bread and jam, washed down by the inevitable cup of tea, the party once more took to the path followed by the now watered ponies.

Above Aru the path gets smaller and the population dwindles to a few nomadic shepherds taking their sheep to the higher summer pastures. The route also becomes more beautiful, at first working its way through a mixed forest of large and ancient trees and then it opens out to reveal the green and luscious meadows sweeping down to the glacial river and rising up to the lofty hills.

The heat was staggering but the pace was gentle and we slowly moved through the meadows, resting at the mountain streams, and sheltering beneath the vast canopies of the solitary walnut trees.

Walking on, the path takes us down to the floor of the valley and we walk on, parallel to the river swollen with the milky dregs of the glacier. Our destination for that night's camp, was the fork of the river where the clear waters of a mountain lake join the bubbling mass of the glacial debris. We reached the campsite area, called Lidderwat, at about 4.30. The camp site was surrounded by

an amphitheatre of steep cliffs, the homes of kites and eagles. Beside the river which has descended from the lake is a government resting house, a tatty green wooden shack, with a half fallen down porch leading onto a veranda. At the back an equally dubious cook house is inhabited by the caretaker whose job it is to look after any trekker, whose senses have abandoned him, sleeping in the rest house.

We await the arrival of our ponies, which, kicking and snorting, appear about an hour after our arrival. Ahad is quick to organise the tents and in no time the pony men have set up their open air camp beside a boulder. The cook tent is pitched beside the hut, our large bell tent has formed the centre of a ring of tents and the cry of "chai" is resounding around the hills.

Between tea time and supper some truly British members of the expedition, failing to see a submerged horse rotting in the water, took a bath in the more than refreshing waters of the Lidder, whilst the literate members read books ranging from Francis Clifford to the complete works of Shakespeare.

Rising at seven o'clock to tea, chuppaties and eggs we struck camp and while waiting for K.K. who was arguing with the pony men, John discovered some monkeys scurrying around the river on fallen trees. At 9 o'clock the cavalcade of ponies set off followed by the members of the party. The path now closely following the river as we wind our way through a sparsely populated forest passing close to a gujar's house consisting mainly of turf and logs. The women were collecting fire wood on the other side, whilst the men minded their water buffalo, who stubbornly blocked the path while munching the still luscious grass. The path then moved on through a series of boulders through which the ponies squeezed, kicking one unfortunate Yorkshireman, who never went near them again. We then moved out of the woods, resting beside the torrents of the glacial river until the ponies caught up.

The path now swings round taking one into a pasture land of rough ground where Himalayan iris, Himalayan poppy, edelweiss and lousewort struggle for existence in the brief snowless season. The path is still reasonably good taking us through a small shepherds' village of about 4 mud huts which had been redecorated after the winter's worst.

We stopped to eat lunch opposite a large village of nine huts, on the other side of the river, the ponies carried on up the valley, which is now looking more hostile and vegetation is less frequent. Following them, it begins to rain as we struggle through the last boulders before we reach base camp.

Descending from base camp one tends to see more, with the mountain behind us and only the scenery ahead. The water fighting its way through the rock bands until it reaches the meadows above Lidderwat, where the bubbling mass feeds the flowers, the ponies and the water buffalo. The shepherds salute, salaam, as we pass their houses, while the children beg for baksheesh (a tip). The chickens cluck, the women stare and the marmots squeal as we disturb the peace of the valley. Charlie and Gerard have a marathon race with a gujar who refuses to allow them to pass while the rest of us gently walk into Lidderwat. At Lidderwat we lounge around awaiting the arrival of the ponies and our lunch. At 3.00 p.m. a triumphant Ahad arrives with the lunch and the camp is set up with great speed. Not long after the arrival of the tents it starts to rain for a couple of hours after which supper is cooked, logs are written and the company retires to bed.

The following morning we rose at 8.00 and after breakfast waited to see what the weather had to offer. At 11.20 however, all except Patrick and Robert set off for lake Tar Sar as the threatening cloud dispersed.

We climbed up above the camp until we joined a pony track, in the woods, that ran about 200 ft. above the river. For an hour and a half we briskly walked along the valley at this constant height above the river. The fast pace gently split the party up with Yves and Fr. Michael bringing up the rear. Most of the time we walked in silence concentrating on the pace and absorbing the beauty of the trees, the streams and the clearing horizon ahead.

After an hour and a half we rapidly descended to the river, where there seemed to be an absence of any means of crossing. Richard, seeing this as no problem, simply waded through, followed by the more enthusiastic members of the party, Yves removed socks and boots and armed with his brolly seemed set to cross the Victoria Falls. One or two cowardly members tried the grand hop but missing the central boulders were seen enjoying a swim.

Following this brief interlude the river split up, the path to the lake following the left hand branch. We ascended the rough terrain, now parallel to the river, the incline of the ascent now becoming more marked, and breaths more frequent. This continued for an hour until the river swung round out of sight to the right, leaving us in some doubt of the whereabouts of the lake. We moved on slowly somewhat argumentative about the existence of the lake, through the still rough terrain, dotted with anenomes, skullcap, alpine speedwell and gentian.

At last, as we were almost giving up hope of ever finding the lake, the source of the river was at last sighted. The lake was as you would imagine a lake in the Lake District before it was discovered by man. Surrounded by a horseshoe of hills the still waters stretched for $\frac{1}{2}$ km., and the only sign of life was the smoke rising from a gujar's fire on the opposite bank.

Exhausted after a climb of 3,500 ft. we soon recovered strength eating a rather miserable lunch of fried cheese and chuppaties. At about 2.00 we retraced our steps, each man to his own speed and his own river crossing. The view on the way down was even more splendid as we could see the Kolahoi glacier, high above us and miles ahead, slowly manifesting itself and that great pinnacle Kolahoi. Then as we moved even closer to Lidderwat the nearby ranges shielded our view never allowing us to see it again.

On reaching camp at 4.30 the inevitable and very welcome cup of tea was awaiting our arrival. Patrick and Robert returned at 5.00 with Azizmir having purchased and cooked a chicken to satisfy their appetites. After that the evening followed the usual pattern of reading, washing, cards and bed.

The following morning after breakfast, the luggage was divided into that going to Aru and that going to Pahalgam. This gave the ponymen even more to argue about and at 12.00 we set off leaving K.K. still arguing.

The descent to Aru was familiar but nevertheless refreshing, although it seemed to be longer than the first time when everything was still new. Michael, who had cut his knee the day before, together with Patrick hired the services of a pony for the second half of the journey. By the time we had reached Aru at 2.00 the sun had the sky to itself and the sweat was pouring off most of us.

The ponies arrived with the lunch at 3.00 and after unloading, some of the rucksacks continued to Pahalgam accompanied by Gerard, who had taken a turn for the worse, Yves and K.K.

After this we moved our rucksacks a couple of hundred yards up the valley running at right angles to the Lidder Valley, where we pitched six two man tents next to a green government rest house. Determined to enjoy a decent meal we purchased four live chickens in Aru and giving Ahad the job of killing them, set about cooking the evening meal. The paraffin burned late on into the night as we all produced truly western dishes, without a hint of curry or chupatty.

We were woken the next morning by the squawk of numerous crows and the barking of a hungry pack of dogs. The day was truly glorious, set to develop into the hottest day we had experienced. The plan was to have a gentle walk up to a small collection of huts called Armiun somewhere up the valley.

Charlie and Mike wisely abstained from this ramble, spending their time teaching Ahad the art of playing bridge. The rest of us set off up the valley, along the small track that led to Armiun. The route was the most magnificent we had yet taken, walking at first through a large forest of trees, reaching hundreds of feet for the sky, crossing a fast moving river by a solitary log and continuing to climb up through the forest on the other side. The sound of the animals, as they squeaked, chanted, whistled and squawked was almost deafening and yet they were all invisible to our untrained eyes. The route then left the forest taking us into an almost secret valley, flanked on either side by rock faces some three or four hundred feet high. The path now and then crossed the river taking us past the collection of huts dotted regularly along the valley bottom, where the ponies exercised with great agility. Agility was however certainly not the word to describe our progress, the heat and humidity had combined to make every step exhausting. We sweated our way along the track being forced to stop every half hour for no apparent reason.

After three hours we reached what we supposed to be Armiun, a collection of five huts on the left hand side of the river. We all lay down beside the river munching Kendal Mint Cake and recovering in this most tranquil of all settings.

On the way down speed seemed to be the essence, as Jonathan, closely followed by Euan, Simon and Richard, was determined to break the jinx of apathy. The pace got faster as we overtook bewildered gujars who prided themselves on their speed. We reached camp at 2.30 having completed the descent in 1 hour 10 minutes. Meanwhile Charlie and Mike had just brewed some tea which was soon demolished by the dehydrated walkers.

The evening took a leisurely pace, supper being started at five o'clock and was nearing its final stages at 6.30 when an army jeep rolled up. Out stepped Colonel Kumar with four other officers, he ordered tea from somewhere and was soon launched in deep conversation with Richard and Fr. Michael. It was only after his congratulations had been given and he had departed that we were informed that he had just lead an Indian Army expedition to the summit of Kangchenjunga, and had come to congratulate us.

By 9.00 the following morning, we had eaten breakfast, struck the tents and loaded our rucksacks. By 9.30 we were all on the track between Aru and Pahalgam carrying our rucksacks for the last stage of our return journey. The descent was fast and straight forward our minds too flooded with beautiful scenery to appreciate this final stage of our return to the Indian plains.

Medical Report

by Yves Dias

To be invited to be the doctor to an expedition to the Himalayas must surely be the highlight of any medically qualified person who loves the mountains.

Such an invitation came my way right out of the blue in November '76.

When I learnt of the ages of the members of the party I was assailed with doubts. They were seventeen and I was three times their age! I would obviously have to go into training so that I wouldn't hold the party up because of being unfit. A meeting with Richard, Gerard and Father Michael was arranged and when the introductions were over the details of the expedition were explained.

To put youths of seventeen on a near eighteen thousander was clearly a big undertaking and would require a great deal of preparation both in organisation and physical condition.

Preparation

There are numerous medical reports on Himalayan expeditions so that advice is not lacking on the medical problems that are likely to be encountered and of the types and quantities of medicines that are required to combat these problems.

1. Physical.

All expedition members had past experience in the mountains and on rock and some had experience of snow climbing. A training programme of rock climbing near Ampleforth was embarked upon on Wednesday afternoons.

Weekends away in Wales and Lakeland afforded opportunity for general mountaineering experience and improving physical stamina. A week camping in Scotland in March was a splendid chance to improve the technique of climbing in crampons on snow and ice and to give an idea what it would be like to camp in wintry conditions. In the event it proved to be colder on Lochnagar than on Kolahoi.

2. Medical.

All members were required to have a medical examination to ensure that they were physically fit. A course of immunisation and vaccination was required to be completed. This included protection against Smallpox, Typhoid and Paratyphoid fever, Tetanus, Cholera, Yellow fever and Poliomyelitis. Just prior to departure gamma globulin was given against Infective Hepatitis. On the day we left England Paludrin tablets were taken as a prevention against Malaria. They were taken each day and for twenty eight days after our return to U.K. Sulphatriad tablets were taken daily after our arrival in India. They were to try to lessen the liability to an infected gut. Members who had any known medical problems, particularly chest troubles were required to be carefully checked and passed fit. X-rays were advised but were not mandatory. In view of my age I personally was checked out at the Cardiac unit in the Newcastle General Hospital where E.C.G., pulse and blood pressure were monitored at rest and under stress to the limit of tolerance. It was some personal satisfaction when I was passed as being "exceptionally fit".

The problems that beset expeditions abroad and particularly at high altitude are well known. Gastrointestinal troubles are usually the earliest to be encountered. Vigorous attention had to be paid to hygiene and purity of water. Tablets were provided to each member of the expedition for water sterilization. These tablets gave the water an unpleasant chlorine taste and were not popular. I suspect that this was the main reason why some were beset with upset tummies and bowels soon after we arrived in India. Without the daily dose of Sulphatriad tablets I fear that we would have had many more gastro intestinal upsets. I had advice from another Doctor who had visited the area two years previously and together with other reports on many expeditions I estimated the number of anti-diarrhoea drugs that I would require. For good measure I multiplied the number by eight but in spite of this we ran out of these particular drugs three days before getting home! (Two of the days were not planned, they were due to delayed flight). Not everybody was equally affected with gastro-enteritis. Some had it on and off most of the time, two had no trouble at all and a few were only troubled on the last day or two prior to departure from India. One member was admitted to hospital a week after returning to U.K. for investigation. Three others had repeated bacteriological investigation carried out but a pathogen was only isolated in two specimens. A few factors were suspected as being the cause of the gut upsets :

- (a) Failure to sterilise all drinking and cooking water by either sterilisation tablets or boiling.
- (b) Lack of kitchen hygiene. Ram, the cook, wasn't too fussy about cleanliness and a certain 'green cloth' was used to wipe the floor of the kitchen tent, the paraffin lamps, the serving ladle and hands!
- (c) The almost 90% vegetarian diet plus curry.
- (d) The cooking on the houseboat in Srinagar was the last straw. Water from the lake into which all houseboat toilets are flushed was used for cooking. Members who had hitherto been unaffected now joined the ranks of the 'loo visitors'.

Mountain sickness.

This is the great spoiler of high altitude trips. Headache, vomiting, lassitude, shortness of breath. All these may occur as early as 10,000 ft. Youth is no barrier, in fact young people are more liable to be affected. Previous ascents to high altitude without any symptoms is no guarantee against an attack — witness the recent illness of Sir Edmund Hillary. Acclimatisation is the answer, a nice slow ascent after 8000 ft., and that is how we did it. Our arrival at base camp coincided with a break in the weather and we were confined to camp for two days. After this we reconnoitred up to camp 1 but returned to base camp at night.

Pulmonary Oedema and Cerebral Oedema.

Neither of these two potentially fatal conditions was encountered, nor were there any cases of frostbite.

Dehydration.

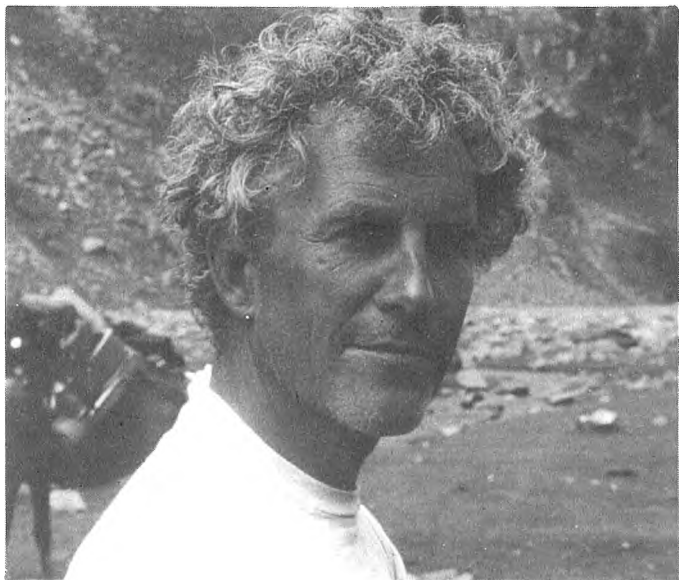
This is frequently a problem in the high mountains. It was hot and we sweated freely but it was impressed on all that as much water as possible had to be taken and thus we avoided any cases of dehydration.

Everybody was issued with antimalaria tablets, water sterilization tablets and Sulphatriad to prevent gastrointestinal upsets. Also provided were creams for insect repellent, Uvistat cream against sunburn and Uvistat L to prevent herpes of the lips.

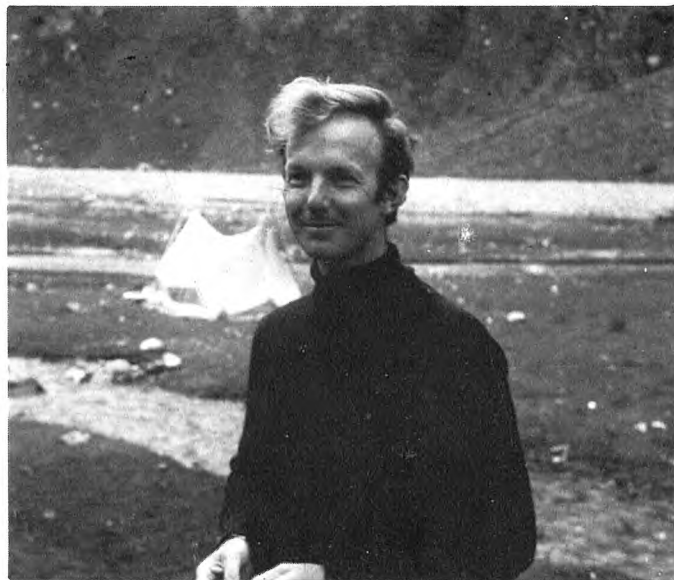
Medical packs were made up for camps 1, 2 and 3 and for the summit party. They contained dressings and plasters, antibiotics and drugs for treating a variety of conditions. Instructions were written on all items as to their use and dosage. The main supply of medical equipment was kept at base camp. A pack with emergency drugs and instruments was also kept at base camp ready for my use should I have been required to take it anywhere. Happily it wasn't needed.

The main contenders for medical treatment were the "locals". The complaints were various. Chests, stomachs, heads, some eyes and ears, throats and infected wounds. Ages ranged from 2 years old to 70, or what looked like 70 but according to K.K. was probably only 50. Some were genuinely ill but the majority were only there for the tablets, which once required were then kept for some future time when a real illness presented and they would be given these pills. It didn't matter what the illness might be and the fact that the pills might even make matters worse didn't seem to register. Because of this, unless I was certain of either a diagnosis or that the tablets would only be used by the person for whom I had prescribed them they were given a 'Fisherman's Friend' or a 'Mac' which though they are for sore throats or a cough seemed to cure most complaints of the nomads. Sadly there were some serious conditions, one of which needed intensive hospital treatment and another needed surgical treatment. Neither received the desired treatment although it was available free in Pahalgam only two days journey away. There is a free medical service at all levels in Kashmir but the nomads didn't appear to take advantage of it either because of apathy or of fear of being incarcerated in a hospital.

Everybody was in good physical shape when we left U.K. and all acquitted themselves well on the expedition. Our diet was dull and uninteresting and everybody lost weight. I came back 1 ½ stones lighter and Richard's trousers didn't look as if they really belonged to him! The summit party had a strenuous time and in retrospect their final big day may not have been so exhausting if they had had a more varied diet or something akin to what they were used to. A few sheep or goats with some meat on would have helped, rather than the skinny specimens we were able to buy. However, despite this lack it was a highly successful expedition.



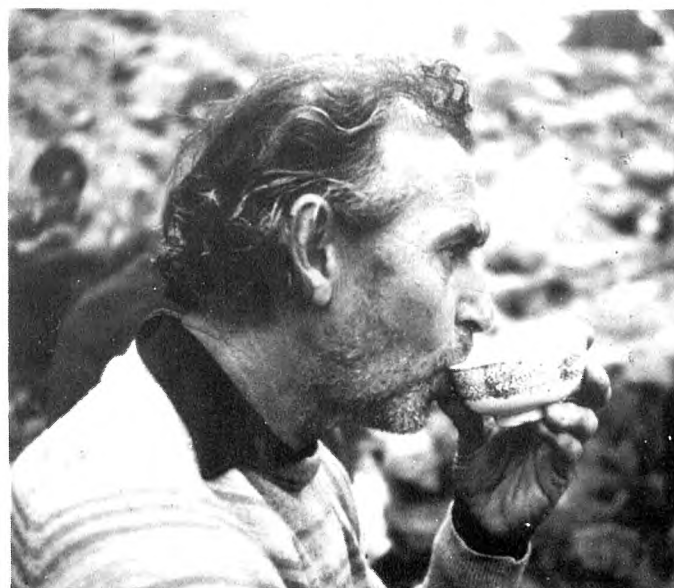
Richard Gilbert



Gerard Simpson



Fr. Michael



Yves Dias



Jonathan Page



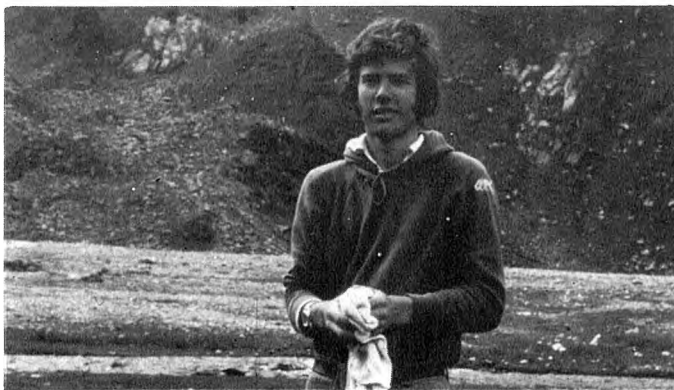
Mike Page



Euan Duncan



Robert Wakefield



Patrick Mann



Simon Durkin



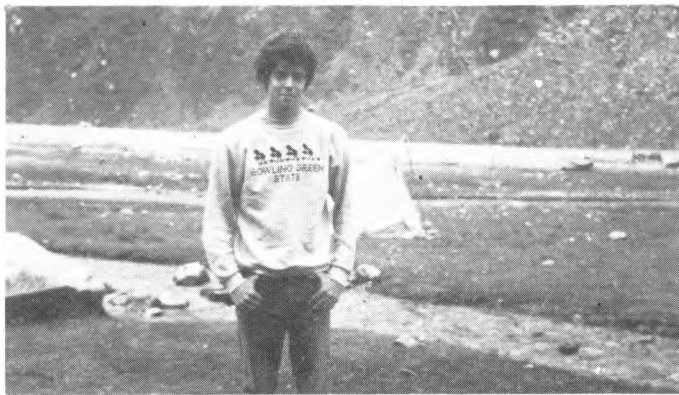
K.K. and Fr. Michael



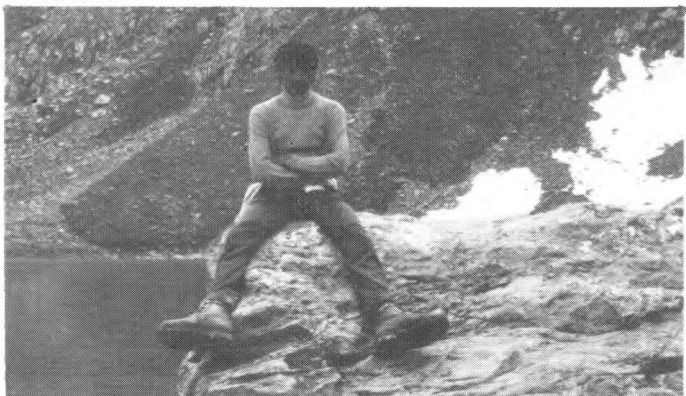
John O'Connell



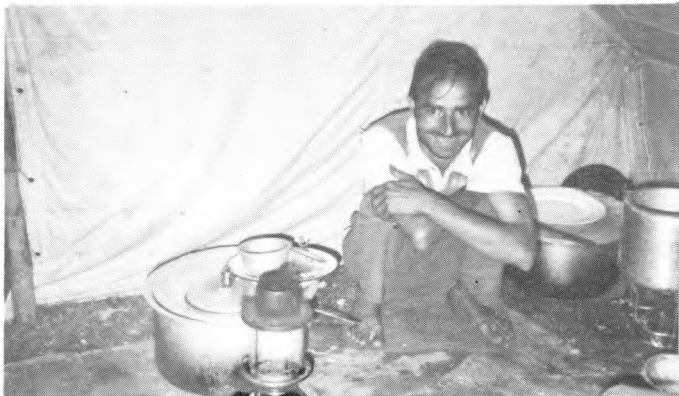
Azizmir and his pony Lala



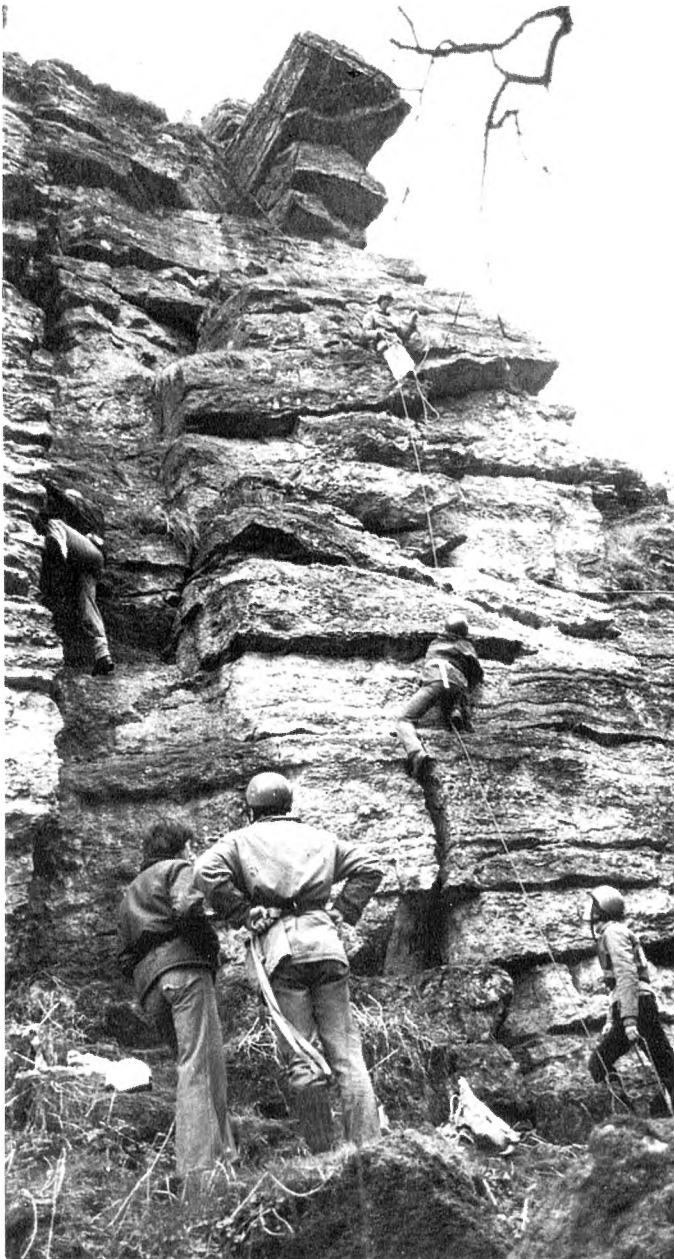
Charles Dunn



Ahad



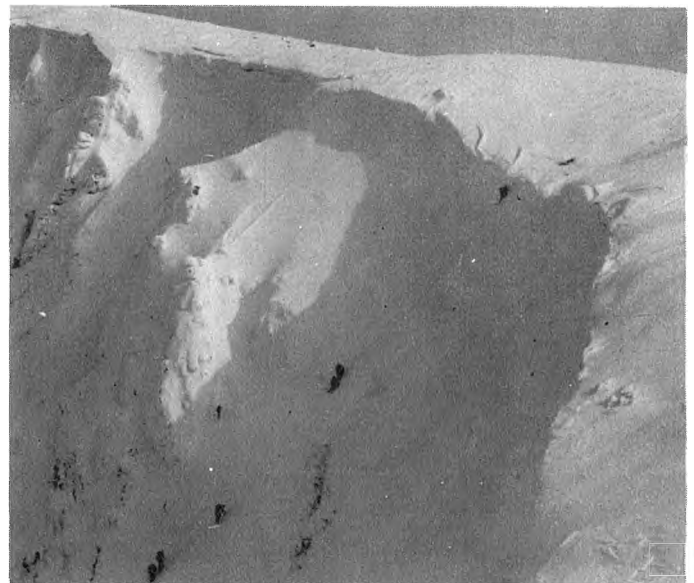
Ram the Cook



Rock Climbing at Peak Scar



Training on Lochnagar



Climbing the Red Spout on Lochnagar



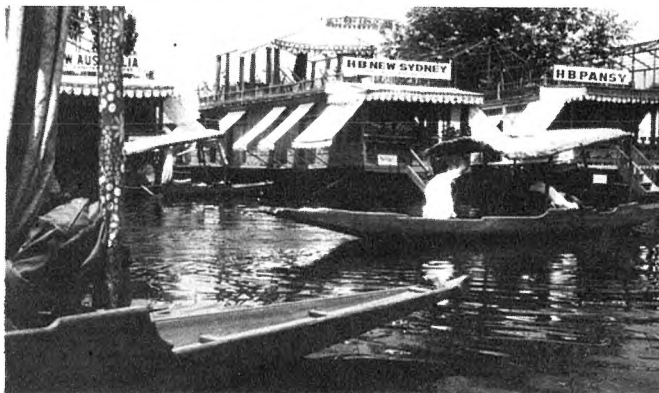
The Dal Lake - Srinagar



Bicycle Rickshaw in Old Delhi



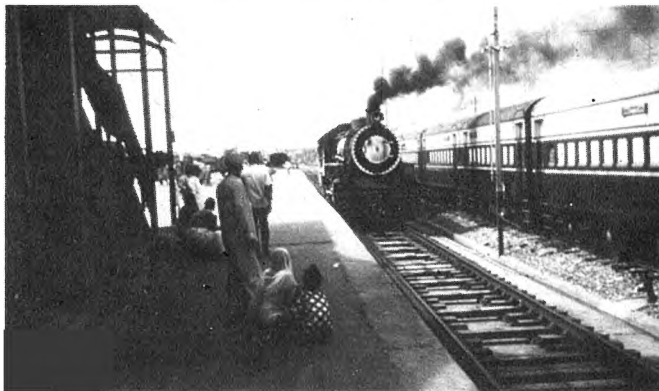
Srinagar



Houseboats in Srinagar



Old Delhi



Jammu Station



Unloading in Pahalgam.



Kashmiri visitors at Base Camp.



Base Camp Area



Girl offering Quartz crystals



Richard Gilbert



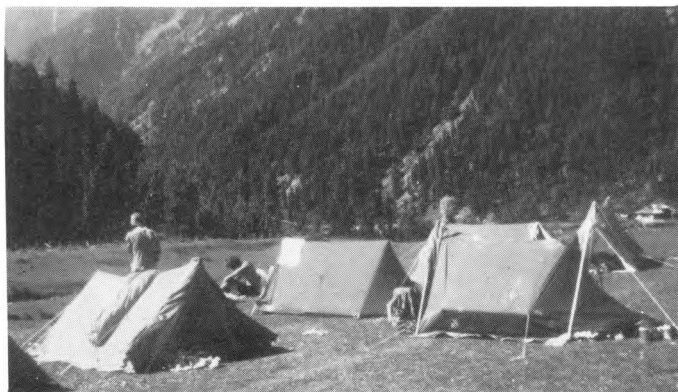
The twin rock peaks above Base Camp.



Lidder Valley near Pahalgam.



Kolahoi Glacier Snout



Camp at Aru



Camp 1



Charles Dunn



Camp 2



Camp 2



Camp 2



Levelling sites for tents at Camp 2



At the "Rock Island"



Charles Morton between Camps 1 and 2



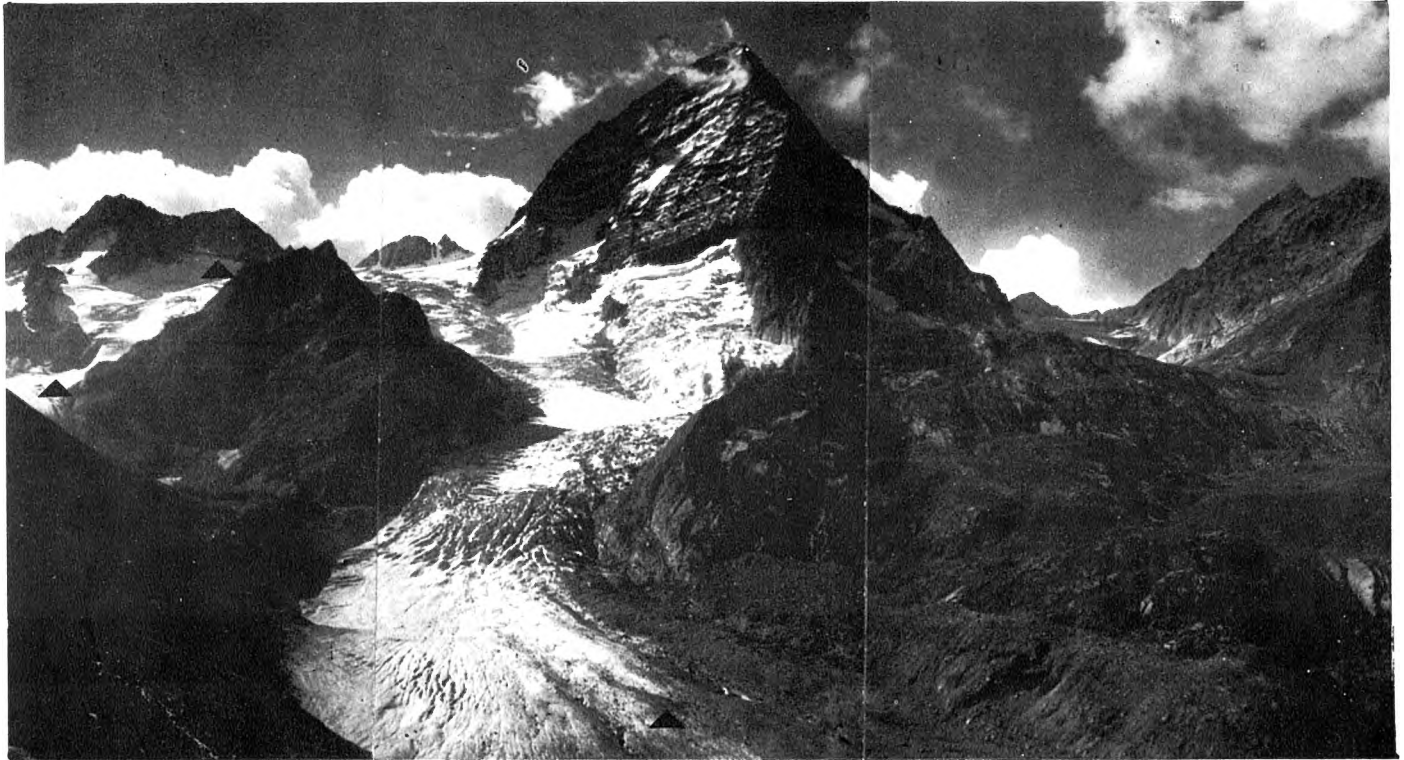
Three day old Chupatties at Camp 2
Charles, Patrick and Simon



Kolahoi from the north



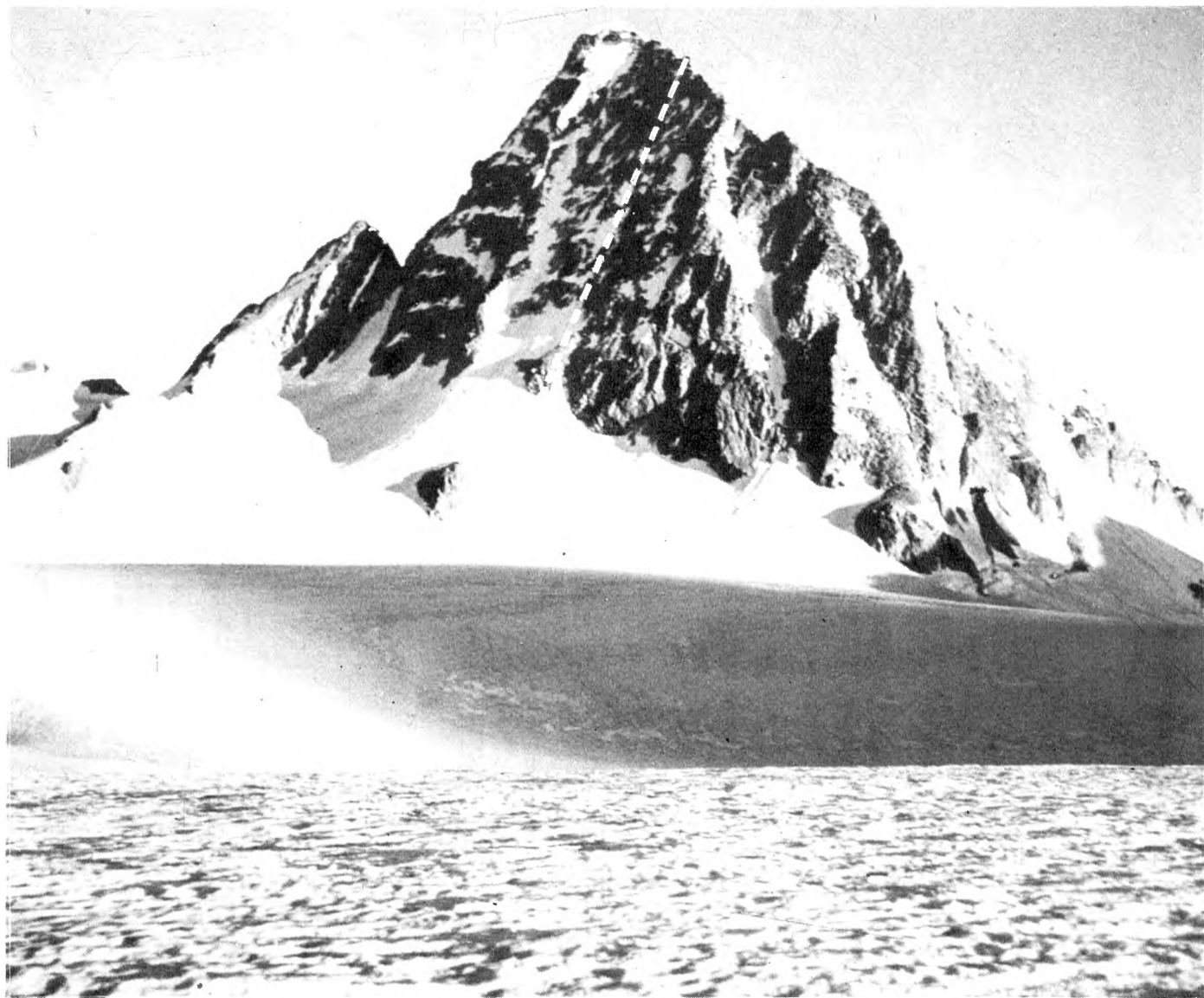
Simon above Camp 2
Bur Dalau in background



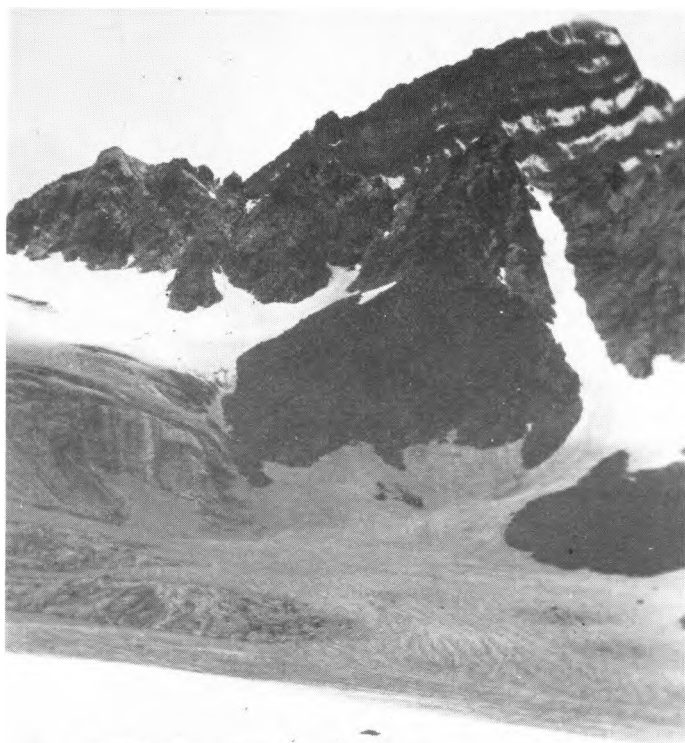
Lowest mark - Base camp

Kolahoi from the north
Middle mark - Camp 1

Top mark - Camp 2



The South face of Kolahoi.
Dotted line shows route from glacier to summit ridge.



Looking North from Camp 2



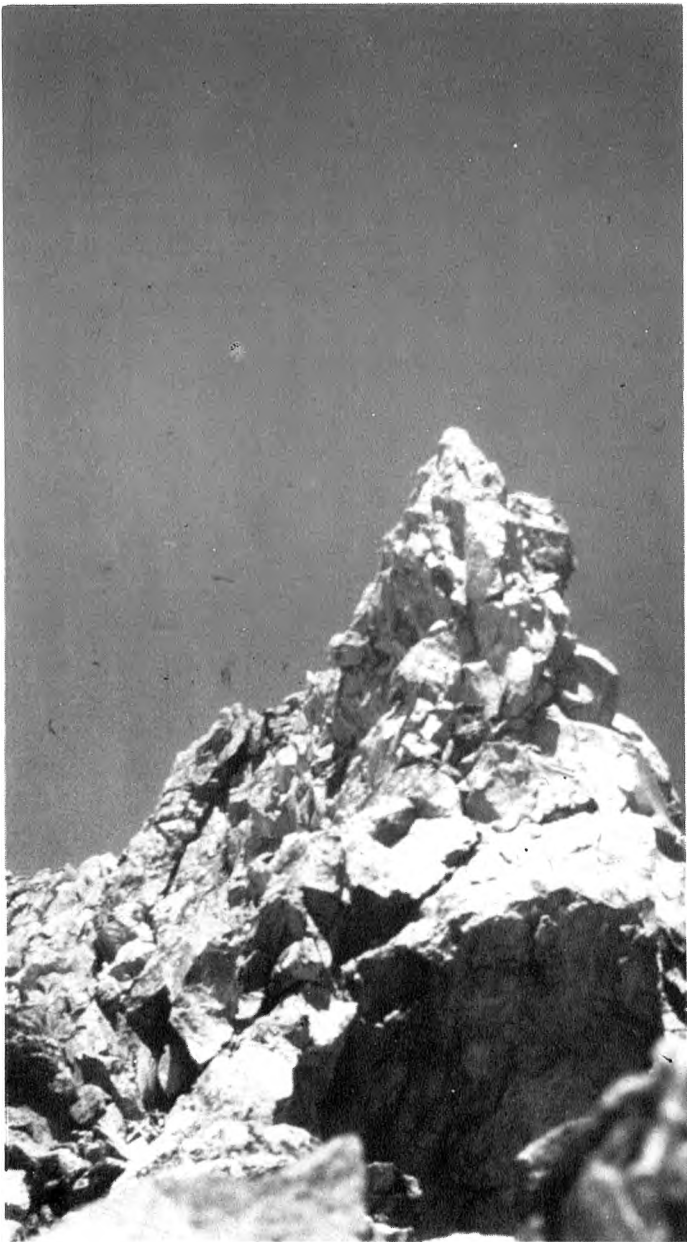
Looking North from Camp 2



Kolahoi East Glacier
On the left are the ice slopes below Camp 2



View south from about 16,000 ft. on
Kolahoi. Bur Dalau in foreground.



Gendarme on summit ridge of Kolahoi.



Early morning mists in the Himalayas.
Looking east from Kolahoi south face.



The summit ridge of Kolahoi.
East glacier below.



Patrick Mann and the
Summit of Kolahoi.



Gujar camp at 12,000 ft.

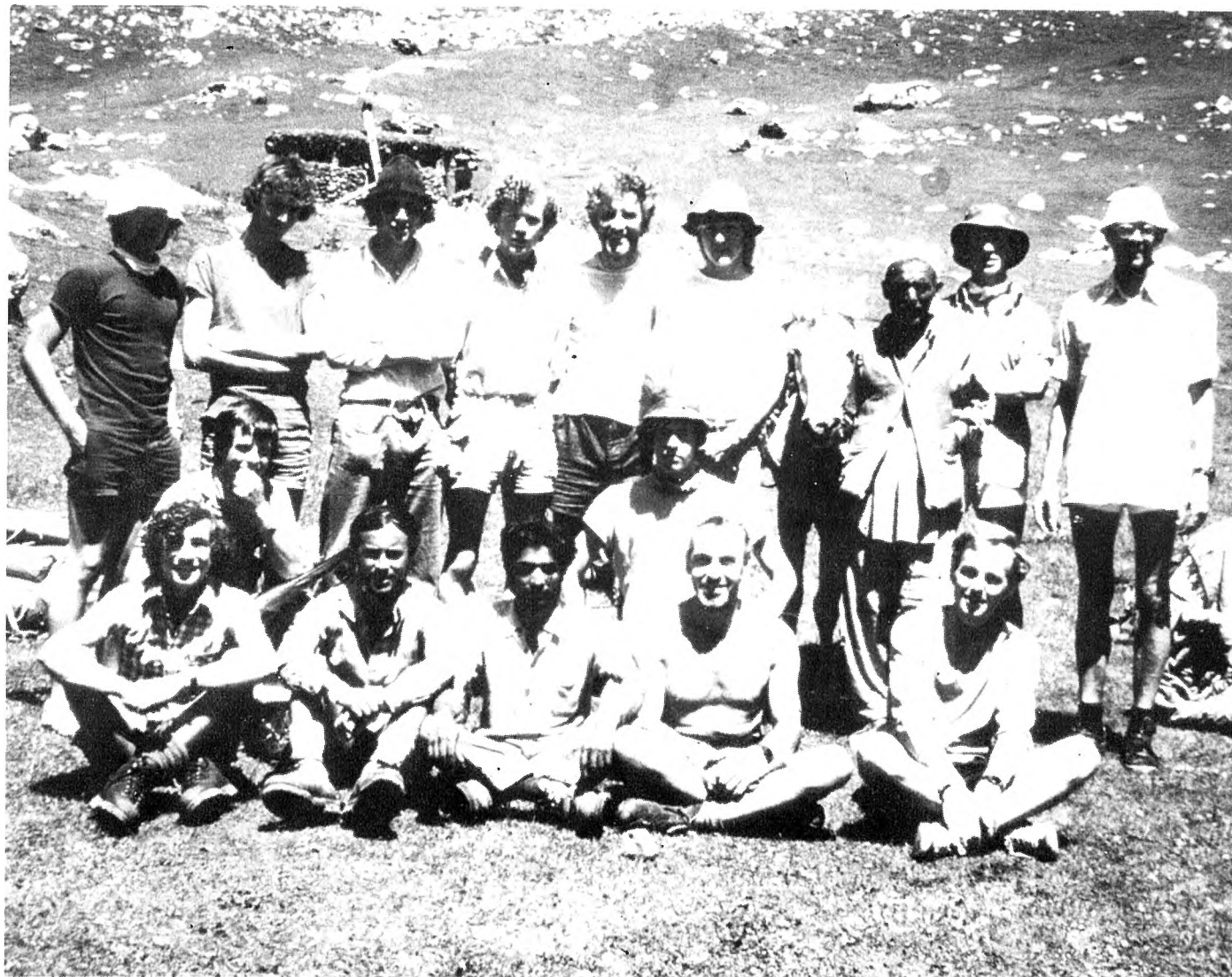


The walk to Base Camp.



Charles Morton on the Summit Snow Cap of Kōlahoi. July 21st, 1977.

ALPINE CLUB
LIBRARY.



The Expedition at Liddewat