

**NORTH OF ENGLAND
KISHTWAR EXPEDITION**

1978

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July and August 1978, Kishtwar Himalayas, Jammu
and Kashmir State, India.

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EXPEDITION MEMBERS

Philip M.R. Bartlett Treasurer, Travel and Equipment

Lindsay N. Griffin Old man of the mountains

Robert H. Crawshaw Food, Medical

Jean-Louis Hourcadette Expedition Doctor, Photography

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

Mountaineering expeditions have changed noticeably over the last five or ten years. To the general public "expedition" still conjures up a vision of a large operation with dozens of members and formidable logistics whilst in reality the majority of expeditions are no longer like this - if indeed they ever were. Rather than wait to be asked on prestigious climbs, mountaineers organize their own trips. The very fact of the increased numbers of expeditions to major climbing areas necessarily makes sponsorship, both material and financial, that much harder to come by; small ventures draw almost all their resources from expedition members.

Such was the "North of England Kishtwar Expedition 1978". More often than not these things have no neat beginning or ending; they gradually materialise over a period of months only to die a death when report writing is over. No one remembers the beginning of this one. The nucleus was Phil Bartlett and Lindsay Griffin; Rob Crawshaw joined and after various members had dropped out with the familiar financial difficulties it acquired an international flavour when Jean-Louis stepped in as Rob's climbing partner. It was also reassuring, if only psychologically, to have a doctor in the party.

The expedition's main aim was to scale Barnaj II, a major unclimbed peak in the eastern part of the Kishtwar Himalaya in northern India. Previous attempts on this peak had failed primarily due to bad weather. Our own did so entirely as a result of a lack of time. For various reasons including mis-directed baggage, stolen money, stolen passports and the bookings of homeward flights, two of us arrived at base camp with only eight days left before the deadline for leaving. In these circumstances there was no alternative to a single alpine-style push; despite the virtual impossibility of acclimatizing sufficiently it seemed better to try this than do nothing. The mountain calls for climbing at a continuously high altitude; the approach is trying and dangerous and a successful ascent would probably entail a good

build-up of supplies high on the mountain. Given the time to realise this and attain acclimatisation it can certainly be climbed by a rope of two. However, besides the attempt on Barnaj II, the expedition did succeed in climbing two nearby virgin summits and almost reached the top of a third. Considerable exploratory mountaineering was done by PMRB before the expedition and Lindsay Griffin afterwards.

But if the expedition was not entirely successful in a formal sense it proved immensely rewarding. There were adventures and some unpleasantly dangerous situations; snow conditions and the quality of the rock were sometimes as bad as anything any of us had experienced. There was a whole world of mountaineering exploration and a lot to learn. After the hassles, worries and the physical discipline of India, we returned mentally and physically exhausted, confident that we had used our opportunities well and that we were still good friends, feelings which I hope will be borne out by the two personal accounts presented later in this report.

Philip Bartlett.

HISTORICAL

It would appear that the first mountaineering expedition to visit the Barnaj Nullah was that of the Japanese Alpine Instrument Technique Club under the leadership of Masaki Kaneka in 1976. They made an attempt on Barnaj II from the west side, retreating fairly low on the mountain and climbing pt 5130m on the opposite side of the valley before leaving the area.

A far bigger Japanese expedition under the leadership of Nobuyoshi Kubo gained permission to attempt Barnaj I in the premonsoon season of 1977. A base camp was established at about 13,000' in May and the attempt on Barnaj I soon abandoned due to three dangerous hanging glaciers. An attempt was then made to climb Barnaj II from the west and traverse the connecting ridge to the summit of Barnaj I. Camp I was placed at 15,400', camp II at 17,200' and camp III at 18,800'. The liaison officer forbade an attempt on Barnaj II but most members of the Team climbed pt 6150m (20,177') and pt 6170m (20,243') on June 13th and 14th. The liaison officer later reported to the I.M.F. that the Japanese had climbed Barnaj I possibly to cover for the fact that other points had been climbed without permission. The two peaks in question were described as lying to the south of the main summit of Barnaj II. It is possible that 6170m is the south summit of Barnaj II.

Later in the year a British expedition organised by Geoff Tier reached the area and first made a reconnaissance of the north side of Barnaj II via the Hagshula. Although finding the mountain more amenable from that side they considered the approach impracticable for porters. They attempted the mountain from the south-west reaching a height of about 19,300' on the south ridge below the south summit, before retreating in the face of poor weather. They left the area in September.

'EXPEDITION IMPRESSIONS'

PHILIP BARTLETT

I returned from a recent expedition to the Indian Himalaya with the realisation that planning to squeeze two trips into one is, at best, optimistic. Heading for home at 35,000 feet, I reflected on both - a two hundred mile trek through Ladakh and Kishtwar, and an attempt on Barnaj II, a 21,000 feet unclimbed Himalayan peak.

After the usual airport chaos I reached Delhi. When arriving in India it is as well to be mentally prepared for the pressures that will last until the moment you step back on the plane to England. Many Indians are natural businessmen - and expert high-pressure salesmen too. They have everything for sale, from shady currency deals to the Taj Mahal. Old Delhi and a day trip to the Taj are worthwhile; nothing else.

Ladakh and the Kishtwar Himalaya are reached from the vale of Kashmir, famed for its breath-taking scenery. Ladakh itself, sometimes called 'Little Tibet', is an 'in' place among tourists and, rapidly becoming ruined. Our plans took us south from Kargil by jeep, foot and mule up the Suru River and down into Zaskar. Bare, moraine-strewn mountains, receiving little more than an inch or two of rain, tower to the sides. Only Nun Kun (23,410ft) rising magnificently to the south as one walks up the Suru Valley, is snow covered. From Abring my companion Hamish and I left our mule and its arthritic owner, Mohammed Ali, and headed west into the mountains. We were making for a pass, the Umasi La, which should lead fairly straightforwardly into the valley of the Shut Nani and the long trek to Kishtwar. We never found it. Retreat back into the intense dry heat of Ladakh was unthinkable and eventually we were forced to cross a remote col in a ridge at about 18,000 feet and descend into a huge glacier system of which there was no sign on our rudimentary maps. Hamish's performance was particularly impressive; he had never been on snow and ice before and we had no rope with us.

Ten minutes after stepping onto the glacier he suffered the unnerving experience of falling into a huge crevasse. Arms grappling furiously on the surface, legs kicking in space, he got himself out eventually. Just below the col it was necessary to ascend a short ice slope above a bergschrund - a kind of gaping hole which forms along the bottom of ice slopes and often provides an impasse, always a headache, to mountaineers. Hamish's footwear was fell-boots, without the stiffness of a mountaineering boot, so important on ice. Nervous energy and adrenalin got him to the top. The following day, after a poor bivouac on the glacier, was physically less traumatic; we were, however, lost, and becoming increasingly anxious. Our direction might be totally wrong, but even if it wasn't there was no guarantee that our way would not be blocked by a mountain torrent. No path presumably meant no bridges, and attempting to ford or swim Himalayan rivers is virtually suicide. It was one of the rare occasions on which I would have been overjoyed to find a sardine tin or orange peel carelessly thrown by the path.

We left the glacier for the chaos of moraine ridges - millions of tons of rock grinding and falling its way before the glacier. And then suddenly a wide valley below; green pastures, a slow river with the occasional white flash of rapids, the stunted growth of a birch wood, sheep moving slowly over the flats. A tremendous scene.

In due course we came upon the shepherds, hardly noticing the amazement our appearance produced and parrying their greetings in a semi-dazed state. By our calculations, which hadn't been too good up to now, there was only one place we could be and twenty miles walk along the valley should take us back on to a path and the correct route. However, just before this there was a major river which somehow had to be crossed. There was no alternative but to wait and see how serious an obstacle it would prove.

After the depressing spectacle of Ladakh, where one had difficulty seeing the place through throngs of Germans, Japanese and British and where the Ladakhi people were as eager to receive money as the tourists were to

part with it, the next two days were refreshing. From all appearances most of the people we met had never seen westerners before. There was a mixture of fear and unquenchable curiosity in us and our possessions. All were natural posers for Hamish's camera.

Gradually the land changed. River rapids became more frequent and began to descend into a narrower valley, the green pasture and occasional woods giving way to steeper, conifer-covered slopes. We fell in with a group of hunters; then with a man and a boy carrying wool to Machail, our own destination. This at last seemed firm evidence that there must be a bridge, but with sign-language being the only means of communication we could only wait and see. Towards the end of the second day we reached the meeting of the rivers and the flat triangle of land between them, to be confronted by the remnants of a wooden bridge, swept away by recent rains. Our two companions seemed undeterred and soon had a log fire burning.

Schedules and deadlines detract immensely from this kind of holiday; they can ruin it altogether, and ideally one has the freedom of three or four months. Though I had no worries Hamish had a plane to catch and by this time the itinerary didn't allow for unforeseen hitches. There aren't many more clearly defined problems than crossing glacial rivers; one needs a bridge conveniently placed boulders or some kind of miracle. The worst thing is a courageous and over-optimistic companion. Before I am damned for ungratefulness I must say that Hamish, (who plunged off, sorry about that) in search of another bridge, allowed me to stay with the fire. More to the point, the man found a way across. Thanks Hamish.

He returned with the news, the discovery of a series of huge boulders not far upstream, which he had crossed to the other side. By the time we got there Hamish estimated the river had risen at least a foot. I've never liked rivers. I put it down to being a non-swimmer, which goes to show how much psychology is involved in crossing them; an Olympic medallist would be as helpless as I in that cauldron. I owe my life to the strong grip of the local shepherd who crossed with us. The key was a narrow channel,

very fast and very deep, and he was there to catch me as I lost balance totally on landing.

We ate the last of the food that evening. The remaining fifty miles, were, thankfully, less hazardous, and reaching Kishtwar became a matter of perseverance. Assurances of unlimited shops at the next village provided a well-needed morale boost until experience overcame the wish to believe. Even our offers of ludicrous sums in exchange for eggs and milk came to nothing. The land produces only enough food for local needs and the wise traveller ensures that he is self-sufficient; a rather different story from Nepal where trekkers can often survive very nicely thank you on the leftovers from expeditions. It was two very hungry men who, two days later, reached the haven of the Palmar hospital dispensary and caught the public lorry into Kishtwar.

And so a quandary. The trip was over, or should have been. Underweight and tired, Hamish was just going to make Srinagar in time for his flights back to England. Mentally and physically I was in a state to leave India too. Emotionally drained and a stone and a half underweight is no way to face a Himalayan peak; but then the investment of time and money had been considerable and a lack of effort now would wipe out all that. Well and truly adapted by now, I settled down as resident Englishman at the Linz cafe to wait for the team, and an attempt on Barnaj II.

The wait in Srinagar was a frustrating one; everyday was a day lost, an irretrievable lessening of the chances of success on the mountain. It was, however, an opportunity to explore the town and its surroundings, the famous Dal Lake and its picturesque houseboats. There is superb scenery and several magnificent ornamental gardens in which one can temporarily escape the noise and chaos of the streets. As in Delhi the fascinating part to me is the old town, much of it now in the process of renovation. A paradise for those fond of the discovery and exploration of narrow alleyways, strange shops and stranger inhabitants. A place to lose oneself but never ones vigilance.

After several days my three co-plotters arrived with the familiar stories of delays and misdirected baggage. More serious, Jean-Louis, our French representative, had had his passport and money stolen at Jammu station despite sleeping on top of it. A veritable feat of burglary with which the Watergate conspirators themselves would have been pleased. Jean-Louis, however, was not.

For me, it was an unsatisfactory feature of our plans that reaching our objective necessitated retracing the last three days of the previous trip. Unsatisfactory not so much because of boredom as for the unpleasant memories of desperately bad diarrhoea and then hunger; it held connotations I would have preferred to forget. On the other hand, we had the advantages of experience; I knew the hazards, the pitfalls, how to hire porters and other things only learnt by experience. We reached the side valley heading to the Barnaj Glacier after a crisis-free and quite enjoyable walk.

The most serious problem now was time. I reckoned on eight days before I had to leave the area; Rob and Jean-Louis had a little longer; Lindsay was, as usual, his own master. Despite the problem of acclimatisation the only possible plan of campaign seemed to be to shoulder clothing, food and fuel sufficient for eight or nine days and see how far we could get. So that is what we did, leaving the rest of our belongings in the care of a friendly and, we hoped, god-fearing local.

The first day's walking up a beautiful, lush green valley could have been in the Swiss Alps but for the solitude. Only on the second day did we reach the starkness of moraine and glacier and see the mountain for the first time. Very impressive it was too, towering magnificently above its neighbours, waiting to punish any ill-conceived move.

Late the same day we reached a point of choice. The key to the mountain was a high snow basin below the start of the technical climbing difficulties and guarded by serac-barriers, rock cliffs and huge moraines. The surest way to reach it involved a long detour but there was also a direct route, shorter and more dangerous. Eventually Lindsay and I chose the former, Rob

and Jean-Louis the latter; a splitting of the party that reduced the safety factor but perhaps increased the chances of eventual success. The following day revealed the formidable nature of the problem. On three sides of the basin loose rock walls, nasty-looking ice-falls, the dull rumble of avalanche a frequent thunder crack on the cold silence. Past one of these serac walls there was a weakness leading up to the magnificent ridge which fell from the summit of Barnaj II. At work in the seracs we could see the tiny figures of Rob and Jean-Louis.

Altitude, the length of the ridge, unstable weather and a descent which would take at least as long as the ascent; the summit is the object of ambition, staying alive the more vital, unsung wish. The less daring team changed its tactics and decided to aim for the summit of a subsidiary unnamed peak away to the side of the basin. Rob and Jean-Louis would make their own decision.

In the event our revised objective was quite a challenge, taking a further two days to reach the summit. Lindsay suffered from appalling headaches, I from morning lethargy. The climbing was technically easy, dangerous and of dubious quality. The temperature, even at night, wasn't low enough to support any self-respecting ice and the snow was soft, wet and avalanche-prone. Only the views were magnificent. Enveloped in mist one moment, the clouds rolled away the next to reveal a magnificent panorama, the major peaks of the Kishtwar Himalaya standing out stark, recognisable. This, really, is what mountaineers come for. Westwards Sickle Moon, the highest in the range; Brammah I, first climbed by Chris Bonnington and Nick Estcourt with a British/Indian expedition; and Brammah II the most fiercely impressive. Eastwards a host of lesser, nameless summits stretched into the unknown. Before descending we continued the climb to a second, slightly higher peak.

From the summit we could look northwards to the long ridge of Barnaj II, the mountain we had wanted to climb. Throughout the ascent we had kept an anxious eye open for any sign of our friends, knowing that the length of the route and the altitude told against them; in addition the snow conditions

would be highly dangerous. From our bivouac that evening we caught sight of their lights, low on the steepest section of the ridge and knew that they had either made an extremely fast ascent and were now on the way down or else were moving very slowly.

A thousand feet further down Lindsay's headache disappeared entirely and we made base two days later. It was good to be back in the land of the living, even if it meant the now familiar situation of being always surrounded by a dozen or so curious residents. Down in the valley with that flight from Delhi a continual worry I had no time to lose and began the long walk out. Lindsay stayed, with time to hatch and hopefully realise further plans. It was refreshing to cover the now familiar ground alone, free to amble slowly and think ones own thoughts. As Doug Scott has said, expeditions are good times to sort out a few things in the head.

The return to England was uneventful but for the shock suffered by friends and family. Not normally a heavy-weight, the loss of nearly two stone did nothing for my appearance; Gandhi would have been proud. A few days later I heard that Jean-Louis and Rob were safe, having got very high on the mountain before being forced to retreat in the face of exhaustion and dangerous snow conditions. Lindsay was still there, doing his own thing and preparing for a post-monsoon expedition to Nepal.

'A PERSONAL VIEW'

ROBERT CRAWSHAW

This was my first expedition outside Europe. I had been looking forward to it all my climbing life. It was natural, therefore, that frustration as well as profound satisfaction would be features of it. It was a complete experience from the point of view of cultural novelty, friendships, setbacks, physical hardships, mountaineering, and exploration.

It showed firstly the main differences and similarities between Himalayan and Alpine mountaineering. All one's energies in the Alps go into the climb, the approach looks after itself. In the Himalayas the truth is almost the opposite. We left England on July 26th, we did not reach the village at the end of the main Kishtwar valley before August 14th. From here to the glacier snout was a further two to three days march. So there was only time for one, or two, alpine style pushes in two ropes of two, carrying all equipment, each 'push' lasting about seven days. Only on and beyond the glacier was there any real resemblance to the Alps, and at this level, altitude was taking its toll. Phil Bartlett and Jean-Louis Hourcadette left on the 22nd and 24th August respectively. So they had only ten days climbing out of some thirty five to forty spent in India. Lindsay Griffin and I had only seven days climbing more. In retrospect, and I was grimly conscious of it at the time, we should have drastically reduced our approach time, at extra expense, by flying to Srinagar immediately on arrival in Delhi. As it was we unavoidably spent a week in the capital waiting for our ice-axes which had been mislaid by K.L.M., in Amsterdam. But without that week, the cultural richness of the whole trip would have been lost. There

were the bicycle rides in the heat; to Delhi Airport to find the axes, through the grain trading areas of the old city to Old Delhi railway station. There was the return train journey to Aggra and the Taj Mahal. There was also the time to enjoy the variety of foods, to read in the hotel, to appreciate ironically the mixture of real friendship, politeness, subservience, mockery, disdain and hatred which characterised the Indians' attitudes to West Europeans. It was inevitable that one viewed these experiences from the standpoint of the western bourgeois. All perception is selective. Moreover, the patterns of interaction between Indian and West European are inescapably defined. To be a so-called 'enlightened' traveller in India without becoming involved in intellectual or emotional self-deception is, I believe, impossible. Apart from the necessity of obtaining an adequate 'knowledge of the facts' there is the obvious difficulty of distinguishing between the mere reinforcement of previously held clichés and cultural authenticity. The latter notion must, by definition, be based on some consistent social theory and as such is, at best, open to doubt. The 'waste' of my own experiences is a succession of images and no more.

The delays in Delhi seriously interfered with the main climbing goal of the expedition and this was very worrying at the time, particularly to one with my inexperience of expeditions. I now feel that plans for rapid travel to the point where the march-in begins are vital, but that having made those plans, one should be psychologically prepared for every sort of delay. We failed on both counts, but that in itself was an education.

In fact to have arrived at Srinagar any earlier than twelve days after landing at Delhi would not have speeded up our progress. Phil, having suffered from perpetual diarrhoea during his two week 'reconnaissance' would have been too ill and exhausted to leave. As it was, it was only courage and determination which saw him through the march in. Rests, negotiations with porters, and frustrating breakdowns in communication extended the approach to eight days. My imagination constantly and impatiently leapt ahead. I admired Lindsay's stoicism while being annoyed by it; after all he had another three months in India and Nepal. Phil's 'waiting game' in bargaining with the muleteers I found less irritating than did Jean-Louis,

whose position was aggravated by his not speaking English. But ultimately we all kept our patience and the trek, while physically arduous, brought the wonder of new scenery and the intense delight of ice-cold swims which broke the monotony of ten hours protracted pain in the intense heat.

Covering between eight and fifteen miles per day we progressed West to East up the steep Chenab gorge along a switchback path. This was the main line of communication between Kishtwar and Manali, busy with foot travellers and mule trains. Very few Europeans came up this valley; those that did were almost all Trekkers on the Manali trail. Our own route veered North-East where the river forked at Atoli, the main village above Kishtwar. It was set in broad rich paddy fields and orchards but remained comparatively isolated from civilisation by the gorges downstream. The lack of time available and the impossibility of obtaining porters in the village of Halote, three days beyond Atoli, meant that base-camp gear had to be left in the hands of a hopefully trustworthy buddhist teacher. We were now committed to pushing on as far as we could go, carrying all our food and equipment in the knowledge that we could never acclimatise sufficiently fast to climb Barnaj II at our first attempt.

Jean-Louis and I made a preliminary carry to a point about five miles up the Barnaj Nala, the high hidden valley leading up to the glacier. The day after, we all set off with heavy loads through wild and beautiful surroundings. The lonely valley was alpine in character apart from the silt-filled flatness of its floor. Its even expanse, broadly dissected by the meanderings of the main stream from the glacier was studded with Edelweis and other flowers in species too numerous to be known in their entirety to any but the specialist. Cattle and semi-wild horses roamed free. Above and ahead a vast moraine gave access to the glacier leading to the Barnaj peaks themselves; their huge and towering masses seemed inviolable except to a liberated and decidedly whimsical imagination, or, as in Lindsay's case, to the hardened analysis of the 'professional' mountaineer.

That evening brought us to the point of decision: the approach to the upper Barnaj glacier. The party circumstantially divided itself into two ropes of two. Phil and Lindsay more prudently turned a rock spur to give

a longer but probably safer approach. After an early start, Jean-Louis and I, climbed the spur's loose and rather dangerous rock direct and reached the upper glacier by eight o'clock the following day. The two of us had decided the previous evening that we would attempt Barnaj II, this after all was the objective that had brought us here. We both desired to see how well we could perform in a battle against a giant whose dimensions had so dwarfed us on the previous day. I had few illusions as to the outcome, but such a vacuum was the stuff of Jean-Louis' motivation. 'Rollant est proz ...' Together we had no difficulty in fooling ourselves. It was something of the same feeling of excited uncertainty as overcomes the mind below a large Alpine face. Certainly it had little to do with wise mountaineering decision-making. Let 'the dreamer of the day' beware himself.

The route was quite clear. It led up a face to a gap in the extreme left-hand edge of a sérac barrier which ought to give access to a wide upper snow basin. From here a further slope interspersed with broken rocks reached towards the long summit ridge two thousand feet above. Ten o'clock found us moving unroped half-way up the initial face, about 50 - 55° soft water-ice, grubby with stones and rock dust uncomfortably reminiscent of photographs of the Eiger's second ice-field. The analogy became less than metaphysical when with a grumbling and whining of tiny helicopters periodic rock bombardments forced a hastening of the pace. Due to altitude, however, such a hastening was all but impossible. This breathless and nightmarish catch 22 led us to a rock shoulder giving protection from the couloir, which we would have to cross and down which the mainstream of rockfalls was being channelled. The moment I stopped a wave of nauseous retching and a splitting headache overwhelmed me. The difficulty of anticipating what lay above the ice slope the other side of the couloir coupled with the feeling that I would be unable to cope with serious technical or objective difficulties made me very reluctant to go on. Jean-Louis' frustrated incomprehension at my pusillanimity added a moral dimension to the physical presence in the stomach and behind the eyes. 'Rollant est proz' ... Budge I would not, however, and we remained 'in situ'. Jean-Louis, convinced that someone so mad as not to want to jump bodily into the lion's mouth must be seriously ill, fed me diuretics and, while he merrily brewed up, refused to allow me to drink anything until I had urinated. In view of my totally dehydrated

state this was the needle's eye of sadism. Miraculously, however, the impossible took place and a desultory dribble opened the gates to a paradise of Rise and Shine.

Meanwhile the dots of Phil and Lindsay could be seen crawling up the glacier in the blazing sun. Like spots on a huge white screen they edged imperceptibly towards the foot of the face then, after mouthing inaudible messages from cupped hands, edged away again towards the prominent snow spur leading to the peaks on the ridge opposite, three miles away. Good luck to them.

The following morning I felt sufficiently recovered to continue across the couloir, now frozen, to the snow basin and up the slope beyond, to a point from which we could expect to reach the ridge the following day. Exhaustion gradually set in as after a drugged sleep technically fine climbing up hardened 'neve' gave way to painstaking movement on friable rock stacked loosely in horizontal piles. The ridge at about 20,000' was our high point. We reached it in the afternoon of the third day above the moraine base where we had left the tent. The weather too was turning. A rapid descent next day saw us down amongst the moraine boulders, overcome with a puzzling mixture of bitter disappointment, satisfaction, relief and acute hunger. The hail of the previous evening had not turned to heavy monsoon snows which would have made the slope below the bivouac a classic avalanche danger zone. There was much to reflect on as we ploughed remorselessly back down Barnaj Nala with a fierce wind and torrential rain blasting our faces. Back in the village we discovered that Phil had already left, fearful of delays which would have stopped him catching his plane. Jean-Louis planned to leave too in two days time. My decision weighed heavily: to return with my climbing companion or stay with Lindsay and have another attempt. The latter choice won; who could say when the chance would arise again?

It was depleting to see Jean-Louis go; we had a deep bond of friendship. Having made the decision to join us at the last moment, against all the pressures of forthcoming medical exams, it was disappointing that his climbing should have been so short-lived and, relatively speaking, unsuccessful, I felt guilty on his account. Also, it rained continuously for the next

two days; having burned my boats by missing the September 1st flight this was the ultimate frustration. We were sleeping on the mud floor of a half built house which served as a stable; it was damp and cold, with no possibility of drying out the clothes still soaked from the Barnaj sortie. It was a relief when the sun came out with the full streaming force of the high hills. We dried everything out, packed our sacks and set off once more up the Barnaj Nala past the familiar spots to a bivouac below the moraine. The next, intensely gruelling day brought us beyond the point where the upper Barnaj glacier branched off. Forced onto the main glacier's right bank by a complex maze of huge crevasses we climbed rocks which brought us level with the upper glacier on the opposite side to Barnaj. I was discovering that while, in terms of breathing and stamina, I felt much fitter than on the previous 'push'; in terms of overall psychological and physical resistance I was easily tired. This I put down partly to the doubts about going on this second attempt while job and family waited at home and partly to general physical debilitation due to insufficient protein. The following day's progress in draining heat brought us up the unexplored glacier to a point on the frontier ridge of the main Himalayan chain. No one, perhaps, had set foot here, before. From there we had a view northwards down the Suru Valley in the direction of Kargil while South and East the magnificent panorama of Agyasol, Arjuna and the Brammahs formed a royal setting for our little camp. Our objective, unnamed, raised its loose rocky dome above us. Access to the rocks was via two bergschrunds and an open snow slope grooved with avalanche runnels. Above, we hoped that a couloir would lead to the easier upper slopes. We left the tiny hoop tent, and, carrying the absolute minimum made rapid and exciting progress up the slope. Our plan was to return that night after our bid. It was all my schedule could allow. Those three hours climbing were the essence of the trip: the two of us climbing solo, rapidity of movement, heat, exposure, competition, love, hatred, fear, sexuality, distilled in controlled tension. Such a level of intensity is, at the best of times very difficult to sustain; at that altitude the energy seeps out, as it did then, more quickly. Roped up now we progressed slowly over foully shattered rock, inevitably showering boulders down. A broken traverse round the ridge brought us to the hoped for couloir. The now familiar bombardment began again, intermittently. Lindsay, with the

scientific rigour of true nobility soldiered detachedly up the snow. The closer view of the couloir, the looseness of the rock, the lateness of the hour, the lack of bivouac equipment spelled inevitable retreat, some seven hundred feet below the invisible summit; a long descent with flickering head torches saw us back in the tent at midnight after a glorious ten foot leap over the bergschrund into the dark unknown!

The return went easily. Now completely attuned to the pace of life, physically weak but very fit it was a pleasure to swing easily down the Chenab valley. There was the meeting with Indian acquaintances of the march in, the meal in the State primary school in Atoli, the exquisite mixture of fresh rice, dahl and ghee, sweet tea and goat's milk, eaten at nightfall in a mountain shack. This was at least the strictly individual illusion of authenticity, pace bourgeois morality and the exchange rate.

So back in England after a narrow escape from the Delhi floods, impressions remain of a rich but hectic and physically exhausting experience. Insufficient time alone had prevented us from achieving our set objective. In recompense, the expedition had climbed another previously virgin peak and had explored an unmapped glacier. Finally, following my departure, Lindsay had, alone, penetrated the Chiring valley to the East of the Barnaj Nala and climbed two further peaks. Collectively, despite the monsoon, we had extended the knowledge of an area still relatively unexplored and inadequately mapped, and become tantalizingly aware of the immense mountaineering possibilities presented by some of the surrounding peaks. Much more, the immense range of physical and psychological events had reinforced, once again, the cliché-ridden 'truth value' of the mountaineering experience.

EIGHT DAYS ALONE IN CHIRING

LINDSAY GRIFFIN

I enjoy bivouacking alone. Apart from anything else there is nobody to get you up in the morning. Perhaps I am getting old but the joys of a leisurely approach to a day's climbing are becoming increasingly important when contrasted with the old Alpine dash tactics. With the rest of the Team having left for home and the prospect of a visit to a totally unexplored valley suddenly becoming plausible, the stage seemed set to indulge in a bit more of that Himalayan purgatory that seems totally ludicrous at the time, but keeps the body and soul together throughout the cold and wet months of a British winter.

"No people ever go into Chiring".

"Perhaps only a few shepherds from time to time".

"Man in Lossaine say no path".

I'd asked Shib Ram to find out what he could from the local villages, but he'd drawn a blank, so I set off with a huge house on my back, full of ropes and stoves and enough food for a week if need be. My directors said, "go to Sumsam and turn left". The map seemed to agree with this.

I had thought longingly of returning to the cream cakes and peanut butter sandwiches in downtown Srinagar but convinced myself that such an action would only be regretted in later months. I also felt the need to climb one more mountain as the track record was not looking too healthy in this respect.

Sumsam. A few small double-storied, flat-roofed, mud-caked houses. I noticed how all through the Himalaya from Kishtwar to Khumbu (Nepal), the dwellings are constructed from the same mould. The basement, a single stall full of hay where in summer the animals sometimes spend the night, but a

survival shelter throughout the winter months, the heat from both warm-blooded beast and festering manure rising gently upwards to the first floor - the living room. The large families of the mountain folk, cluster together in the upstairs quarters around the single clay oven fire. The walls, blackened by wood smoke, are decorated with copper and brass cooking utensils - ornamentally sculptured - and imported over high passes from Tibetan lands. No furniture - perhaps a small low table - and the characteristic sound of the racking, resonant cough, a product of no chimney and a high incidence of T.B.

I wandered to the foaming mouth of the gorge and struggled wildly, out of balance, too top heavy, to gain height on the left bank. Slipping, sliding, falling, getting up and falling down again. Finally it began to rain. I wondered seriously whether the first British Chiring Expedition was going to fail before setting eyes on the valley!

Four hours later, with a great gnashing of teeth, I emerged on to the gentler slopes of the valley just after dusk had swallowed up the fiery glow from Agyasol's north-west face. I contoured horizontally, falling over a small cliff and landing on an excellent camp site beside the river. Mumbling something to myself, about having a good breakfast instead, I collapsed into a cocoon of fibre pile and down, to pursue twelve glorious hours in one of my favourite pastimes.

Camp 11. A strenuous day - I hadn't recovered - trying all the time to find excuses to stop and in the end stopping anyway. The trudge down the valley had been almost flat. A series of boulder slopes bottle-necking the river, alternating with wider green pastures and deposited silt flats. Then waves of white daisy beating against a shore of grey moraine. Finally a rugged site pitched at the snout of the glacier against a backcloth of deep purple sky and the 6,000 meter peaks of Chiring and Barnaj III, exhibiting an austere front above the upper glacier, not dissimilar to the north face of the Grandes Jorasses.

It snowed a little during the night but next day was exploration day and I wandered up the left side of the glacier as far as safety would allow. I saw no signs of a straightforward approach to point 5950m. I peered into the corners of the icefall below Chiring peak and eyed with suspicion the

seemingly continuous undulating snow slopes leading to the south-west ridge of Barnaj III and a relatively easy route to the summit. A vicious snow storm suddenly sent me scurrying, amidst the flashes of lightning, back down the glacier to make camp III beside a huge boulder below the long east ridge of pt 5,650 meters, a fine looking rocky spire that looked like it might give a nice safe route to a man now fairly desperate to climb something after coming all this way.

I busied myself arranging the camp site, then arranging the bivouac tent, then re-arranging it again; it was taking my mind off other things.

At dusk, when Brammah closed his weary eyes, his anger abated. The snow stopped, the sky cleared, the stars came out and it got very cold. I found it difficult to sleep and amused myself with the extremely therapeutic exercise of trying to roll a cigarette while wearing large woollen mittens and talking loudly over the possible alternatives open tomorrow.

Camp IV. I'd failed on the east ridge. The first thousand miles had simply been an exercise in will-power even though I'd lightened the load by leaving pack-frame, kerosene stove, food and fuel for collection on return. When the ridge narrowed abruptly and looked very hard, I traversed horizontally across broken ledges on the south face to reach the flat plateau of a hanging glacier, perched on the main divide between the Barnaj and Chiring valleys. Overlooking it's far corner was a superb peak, the September sunshine capturing the elegance of a perfectly formed ice arête leading to a rocky ridge; horizontal at it's outset but rearing sharply to a spiky summit. Digging out a level site on the side of a crevasse, I anchored the tent with ice axes and estimated the height to be about 5,300 meters.

The isolation was acute that night. I could no longer see valleys but just an endless array of rock, ice and shadows, lengthening to the east. Outside the tent is a large, lonely, beautiful yet inhospitable world; inside the horizon is confined to the four walls and the ensuing false sense of security makes one forget the reality. I could have been anywhere. The barrier set up by the tent walls is more than just a few millimeters of blue fabric.

I lapsed into conversation again. I was beginning to enjoy talking to myself - after all we both agreed on so many different points. We expressed our thoughts openly -

"no option but to try the south ridge mate".

We agreed.

I went to sleep.

Smooth slabs and broken ledges led to the ridge above a gap between the peak and a spectacular fang of decaying rock. Again, the last two hundred feet beat me.

No way; I retreated and at half height decided to have one more look at the east ridge by traversing across the south face to a prominent notch about 100 meters below the summit. Luckily this proved to be the key. On the far side, a steep ramp of snow and ice led across the north face and into a gully. I left my sack, turned the lock and walked in. The first section was a touch delicate and I tried a few times to find the right line before reaching a series of spiky flakes that led steeply to the gully. A short sharp chimney, with a comforting depth of powder snow below in case of any misjudgment, and I was leaping up and down on the sunlit summit ridge, hot pains shooting through my fingers, wondering how on earth the last two frames in my camera would record the vast panorama stretching from the elegance of BrammahII to the mightily whale-like profile of Sickle Moon. Surprisingly enough the summit when reached was flat enough to sleep on. So I did; for about an hour in fact, until cautiously retracing my steps to reach the tent in time for afternoon tea.

The weather looked good. So did that peak on the far side of the glacier. I was becoming accustomed now to the situation and the constant concentration needed to avoid even the slightest turn of an ankle. Although one eminent mountaineer had recently shown his prowess in his ability to crawl long distances in awful weather, I was reluctant to test his theory.

Why not stay another day?

There were a good many reasons why not! One of them was the cold shower treatment, experienced in the morning, from the rapidly melting ceiling of ice that formed on the inside of the tent during the night. It was either

that or get out of the sleeping bag before the sun hit the roof and I opted for warm and wet!

The morning of day six was no different. Grabbing an axe and tying a waterproof anorak around my waist, I trucked across the frozen almost horizontal glacier and dabbled with the broken rock buttress giving access to the fine white line of the ice arête. Perfectly crusted snow; a joy to move on such delightful ground unencumbered by ropes and the usual weighty burden on the back.

The arête terminated abruptly at a short steep rocky step that marked the beginning of the main ridge.

"Which way do you reckon?" I said,
"Looks like they're two possibilities", I replied.
"We can traverse right and see what's round the corner - might be easier - or we could get on to the ridge directly by climbing this little chimney".
"Be quicker if we could get up the chimney - steep though!" I detected a lack of enthusiasm in the voice.
"Come on. Let's go".

I suddenly felt the need to take a furtive glance around, just in case anybody had been listening to this rather bizarre performance and was rather glad they hadn't when a few minutes later I wheezed and grovelled my way out of the top. Two out of ten for presentation!

The ridge now took on the aspect of the classic Ecandies traverse in the Swiss alps with little sections of Chardonnets thrown in for good measure. A section of broad easy broken ground and then a knife edge which rose in fine rough red granite to the culminating point.

I'd been musing over a name. "Sharks Fin Peak", I said "... or perhaps The Shark". I must find the Urdu equivalent when I came to naming the peak.

Later I had to re-name. Urdu is very much a Himalayan language - there are remarkably few sharks in this area!

Airy but straightforward climbing with a few eye-watering sections of 'a cheval', (a mountaineering expression culled from France describing the posture attained when sitting astride a steed), led me to the top. Across a small notch in the ridge lay the second summit - possibly slightly higher. I declined it's offer, it looked too difficult and returned the way I had come, keeping the precipitous north-east face to my right and skirting below the lower section of the ridge.

Had I time to take in that large rotten spike overhanging the main divide? It now appeared easy from this side - and so it was. Apart from the wafer-like summit the only interest was a large living organism protruding from the rock and bearing a remarkable resemblance to a sea anemone.

Back in the tent I shivered away most of the night, disgusted with the fact that my little thermometer refused to accept the fact that it was that cold, and with the gaz finished in the morning, I dried my equipment in what was left of the sun and scampered off down as the snow started to fall. I could go home now - the little house in Mangoo held attractions never before fully appreciated.

Steep grass slopes - they're always worse to descend when you're tired. Camps three and two sped by quickly and I was soon yelling my way through a few old Beatles numbers as the sun re-appeared and I reached the site of Camp I, just before dark, for the last of the dehydrated curry. (Fancy taking beef curry to India!)

The descent of the hard sections of the gorge went considerably easier than at the time of ascent. I fell down most of them - my companion casually standing aside to watch my progress - mocking - laughing.

Suddenly Sumsam appeared shimmering in the golden rays of autumn sunshine and I know the spell was broken.

On the slopes, not far short of the village, I was surprised from my dream-like state by a shepherd who accosted me in broken English. A shepherd speaking English? He was very proud to be one of the few people in the area

with knowledge of the language, which he acquired, if I understood him correctly, solely from reading books. He became increasingly depressed when he found I couldn't really understand a word he was saying and even more bemused when I refused, despite feeling pretty hungry, his kind offer of a muddy chapatti that he pulled from somewhere beneath the folds of his voluminous sheepskin coat.

Civilization; but if I was to make the appealing and longed for comforts of Hangoo before dark I would need to keep moving.

Somehow I seemed to have left my agreeable companion of the last eight days wandering high on the stony wastes of the Upper Chiring Valley. He didn't need me anymore, nor I him. I stumbled along the main valley track in silence, with the words of Robert Frost echoing through my mind -

"I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep".

An account of a brief sojourn in the previously unvisited Chiring Valley, at the eastern end of the Kishtwar Range, Indian Himalaya. (76.6° W, 33.6° N).

Peaks climbed:-

BLADE c 5,650m NW ridge D-
PROBLEM PEAK c 5,650m E ridge AD
POINTS 5,550m S ridge F

Early September, 1978.

MAPS
REPORTS
and
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

MAPS

It is unfortunate in this day and age, where every square inch of the globe has been accurately recorded on film by satellite, that the ordinary man in the street i.e. Himalayan Expedition organizer cannot, for military reasons, have access to the superb mapping now available through aerial photography.

The old and established survey of India 1.250,000 series covers all of the Kashmir Himalaya. These maps are restricted but can normally be obtained, through the Indian Mountaineering Federation, by the Liaison Officer. Unfortunately they are available for inspection but not photocopying at the R.G.S. in London. For the mountaineer they are not detailed enough to be of much use.

Larger scale survey of India 1.50,000 sheets also cover the area but again, they are both restricted and unavailable.

There is a more up to date series (Printed 1955-1960) produced by the Army Map Services of India and Pakistan. Scale 1.250,000.

For a general view of the Kashmir, Nanga Parbat Karakoram Ranges, the United States Army Map Services produce a world (Asia) Series. The 1. 1,000,000 scale is far too small to show the topography of individual mountains but is useful for geographical reference in planning an approach to the area. Added confusion arises from the fact that most place names marked on the map are not generally those in common usage i.e. Kullar (Kishtwar) Matsel (Machail) etc.

The sheet in question is N1 43 Series 1301 'Srinager' printed in 1966

Army Map Services (SX)
Corps of Engineers
U.S. Army, WASHINGTON D.C.

The saving grace is a Japanese ridge and valley sketch map. This is produced on a 1.200,000 scale and distributed by Yasvoka Akutsu. Unfortunately it is not very accurate - especially so towards the eastern end of the

range. Many peaks are not marked on the map. There is a giant of a peak just east of the Hagshu La which may well be as high as the Barnaj Massif and another impressive peak, which must be over 6000m to the N. East. Chiring peak c 6100m is also unmarked.

Spot heights are very dubious. Delusion peak marked as 6560m on the map was climbed by Collister, Cohen and Rubens in 1977 the height of the summit was found to be approximately 6000m! To the north of Puita, the peak marked 6550m would appear to be no more than 6200m at the outside. The most interesting discovery made was an easy pass c 5400 just west of Puita giving a very straightforward crossing of the main range from the Doda river in Zanskar to the Bhut Nadi, via the Barnaj Nullah.

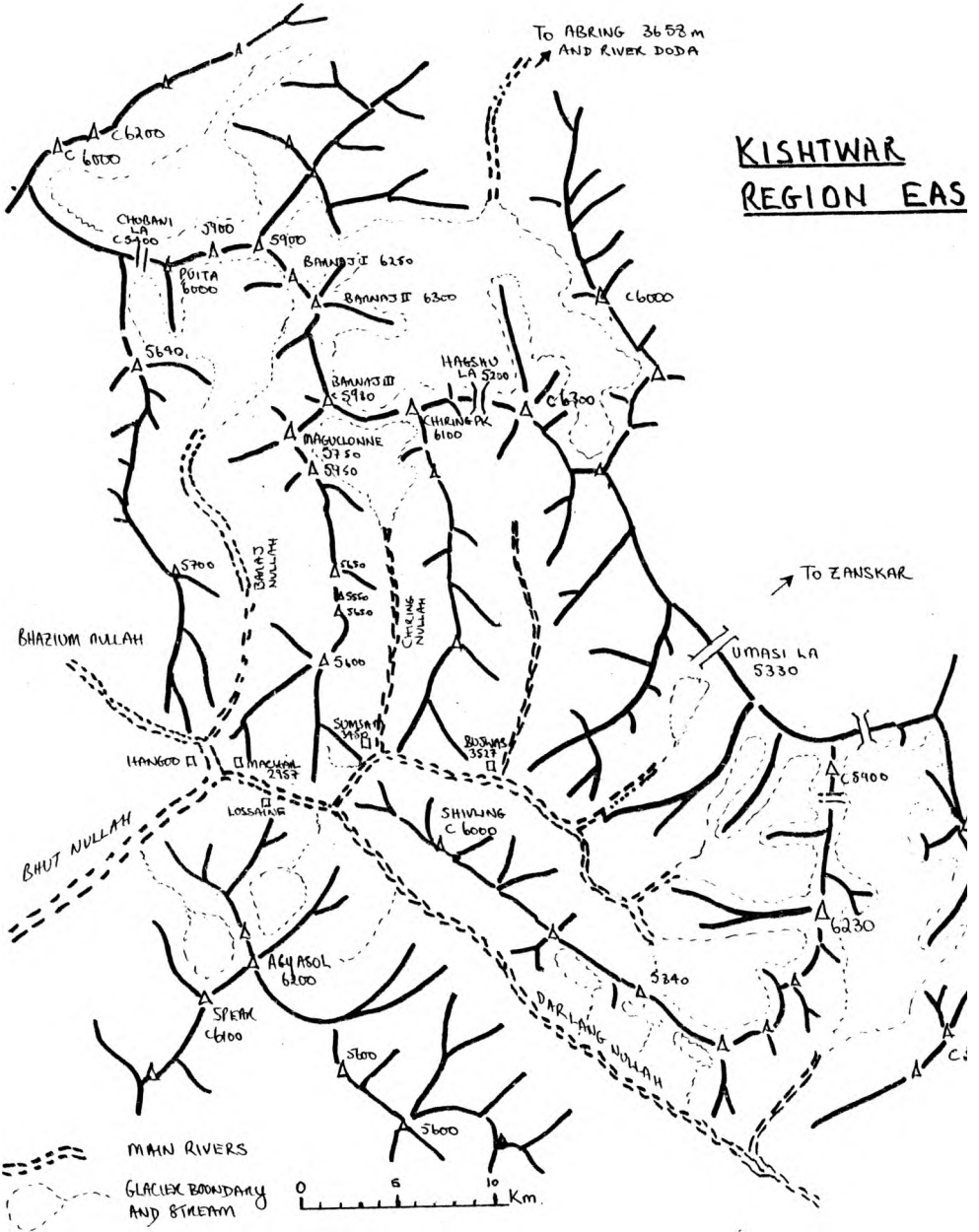
Further east the map can be misleading. Many people find the Umasi La difficult to locate when coming from Huttra on the Zanskar side of the range. It would appear that the route does not pass over the obvious looking col at the head of the valley, but that the Umasi La lies atop a rather improbable looking rock wall on the right side of the valley, reached by a steep but concealed path.

The river crossing shown between Tepuk and Abring is only possible when the water level in the Doda river is fairly low this would occur at the end of the winter months. In fact the Hagshu La appears to be seldom used as a means of crossing the range.

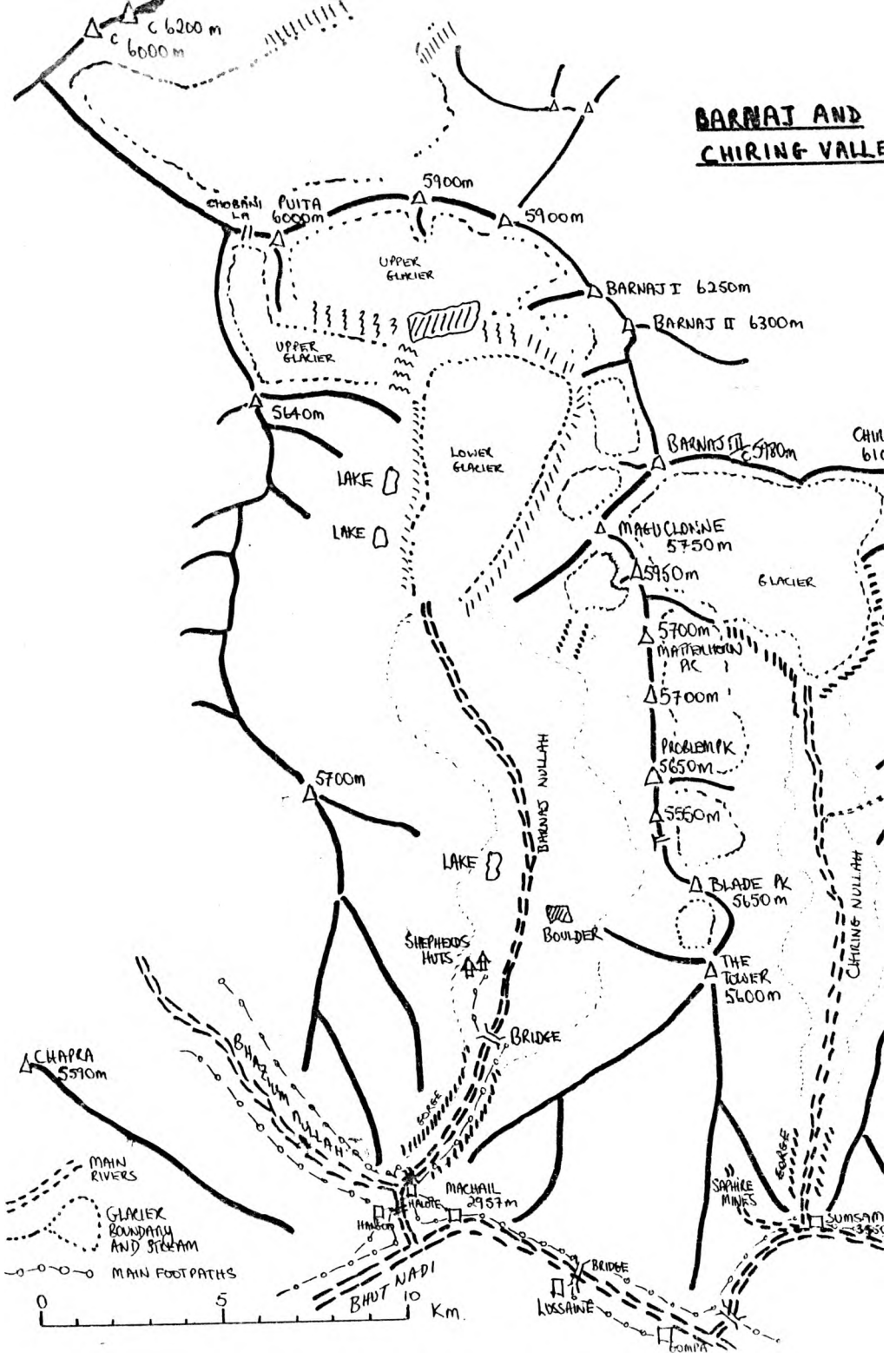
The most accurate maps and information on the region, readily accessible to the 'explorer', are to be found in various editions of the Alpine and Himalayan journals. Here lie several very good sketch maps to the area west of the Barnaj Nullah by J. Harris, C. Clarke and P.F. Butler. Semi accurate sketch maps are also found in Fritz Kolb's 'Himalayan Venture' (Lutterworth Press, London 1959).

The maps that complete this article have been compiled from various sources and simple observations made at the time. All heights shown on the large scale map to the Barnaj and Chiring valleys are approximate.

KISHTWAR REGION EAS



BARNAJI AND CHIRING VALLE



EQUIPMENT REPORT

The cost of equipment can add hundreds of pounds to an expedition budget, and the price of specialist mountaineering equipment in particular has risen dramatically in recent years. Under these circumstances the generous help of specialist firms is vital and greatly appreciated. In our own case it literally made the expedition possible; we extend a very warm thanks to all our sponsors. One is, however, committed to honest criticism and it is a relief to be able to say that all sponsorship items performed well.

G. & H. Cagjac and Overtrowsers were excellent; Lindsay converted his Cagjac into a jacket by cutting it off just below the pockets.

We took "Haston Alpiniste" sacs; it seems curious that the lid on these is not extendable and it must also be remarked that however useful the front zip may be for removing gear it can be very difficult to reclose! Otherwise they performed well.

Robert Saunders helped out with a "base camp" tent, and Troll Products over ropes and double boots.

We were very impressed with the Optimus III paraffin stoves which proved extremely reliable, and operated almost perfectly at 17 - 18000 feet. Infinitely superior to primuses these, their only disadvantage being the weight. Is it not possible to make a smaller and lighter version? R.H.C. staunchly defends his Optimus petrol stove, which P.M.R.B. was incapable of using safely. Our pressure cooker, supplied by Prestige was invaluable at base camp.

We overestimated the amount of clothing needed; Rob sweated continuously in his one-piece Helly Henson and some clothing was never used - Damart Thermawear is invaluable, particularly the vests. I must also mention that P.M.R.B. found his Dolomite Lavaredo boots to be the best and most comfortable boots he had ever used. Finally, the polaroid sunglasses were as durable as they were effective.

It is not the purpose of this report to provide a "checklist" of items; these are readily available in several expedition "coffee-table" books. Like everyone, we ran out of toilet paper and clean underwear. Cigarettes, even if you don't smoke, are extremely useful for diplomatic purposes.

FOOD REPORT

We should like to extend our particular thanks to the following suppliers whose generosity contributed to the success of the expedition:

Carr's Flour Mills Ltd, Stanwix, Carlisle	Financial assistance
R.H.M. Foods Ltd 10, Victoria Road, London NW10 6NV	Porridge
Farley Health Products Ltd Tor Lane, Plymouth PL3 5VA	Glucodin Complan
Wander Ltd Station Road, Kings Langley, Herts WD4 8LJ	Ovaltine Powdered milk
Whitworths Holdings Ltd Victoria Mills, Wellingborough, Northants NN8 2DT	Raisins
Weetabix Ltd Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Kettering, Northants	Alpen
Lipton Tea (UK) Ltd Lipton House, Stanbridge Road, Leighton Buzzard, Beds	Teabags
Tate & Lyle Leon House, High Street, Croydon CR9 3NH	Sugar Golden syrup
Nabisco Ltd Bridge Road East, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL7 1HP	Shredded Wheat
Quaker Oats Ltd P.O. Box 13, Bridge Road, Southall, Middlesex	Porridge oats
Ryvita Co Ltd Old Wareham Road, Poole, Dorset BH17 7NW	Biscuits

Thornton Ltd
Harrogate, Yorks

Fudge

Batchelors Ltd
Wadsley Bridge, Sheffield

Dehydrated Soup and
Ready meals

Other items purchased were chocolate, dextrasol tablets, dehydrated food; (onions, protoveg), biscuits, peanuts, instant coffee, instant mashed potato, rice, dehydrated emergency food blocks, flour, cooking oil, jam, Rise and Shine, dried milk, boiled sweets.

We were, therefore, very well supplied for food. Porridge, Alpen, dehydrated soup, Batchelors ready meals, instant mash, tea and chocolate, Rise and Shine formed the main diet at altitude. Instant mash dissolved in scup was particularly good, being hot, rich in carbohydrate and easy to digest. The main dietary element lacking was a regular source of protein other than peanuts and complan which might, to some slight extent have counteracted muscle wastage which was considerable, especially in the arms.

As far as possible to preserve supplies we ate in restaurants in Delhi and on the approach. The absolute necessity of taking stringent precautions in eating habits (avoid meat, milk and particularly cold water: boil or disinfect wherever possible) was amply demonstrated by the physical debilitation of P.M.R.B. who had persistent diarrhoea for three weeks. A course of anti-biotics might have checked this (at that stage he was not with the main party). Otherwise, Thalazole tablets taken daily throughout the expedition could well have prevented his going down with the bug; for weight reasons, we had left these behind. The expedition was otherwise remarkably illness-free. As far as food generally is concerned, the obvious point cannot be repeated too often: variety and interest in food is basic to the moral and physical well-being of an expedition and it is well worth catering in advance for individual quirks and preferences: it saves time, energy and much unnecessary friction.

MEDICAL REPORT

With one doctor and two hypercondriacs on the team the expedition was extremely well supplied, thanks mainly to the kind efforts of Dr. Patrick Crawshaw and the generosity of pharmaceutical suppliers who sent us goods direct on his request. We were limited by weight as to the ammount of medical equipment we could take with us and much was left behind which, arguably, might have been regarded as essential. In the event, fortunately, accident-free as we were, we were short of only small quantities of very simple items, which have been compensated for in the list below.

List of medical equipment: (between four people)

Elastoplast	rolls of thin and broad band; 5 boxes.
Elastic bandage	adhesive; 2 tins.
Aspirin	100 soluble; a very useful item at high altitude.
Welldorm	20; very useful at high altitude.
Mogadon	20; ditto.
Antibiotics	Penbritin, Tetracyclin; 50.
Maloprim	50; 2 taken by each individual one week before departure, thereafter 1 tablet weekly and for four weeks after return.
Salt Tablets	50 (slow Sodium) Not recommended for use at altitude since it is suggested that they could lead to Oedema by encouraging the secretion of water, though one member of the party used them throughout to counteract salt lost through perspiration. They were undoubtedly helpful in this respect on the march in
Lasix	40 tablets; anti-oedema diuretic; not used.
Hydrocortizone cream	2 tubes; extremely useful for cut hands and burnt lips.
Uvistat Sun Cream	4 tubes and lip-salve sticks; both absolutely essential.
Vitamin Pills	30 approx.
Antibiotic throat lozenges	20 - 30; very useful at altitude.
Codene	1 bottle.

Savlon Antiseptic cream very useful for cuts and septic spots .
Puritabs 200 + essential at all stages for water purification.
Tended to taste of chlorine .
Distalgesic 50 medium pain-killer. Used at altitude by one
member against headaches .
Fortral 5 capsules with disposable syringes. Medium/strong
pain-killer. Not used .
Valium 5 capsules with disposable syringes. Not used .
1 inflatable splint Not used .
Insect repellent 3 sticks; very useful .
Scissors, razor blades, and safety pins. Foot powder, anti-biotic powder,
foot cream.

We did not take embrocation which would have been helpful against torn muscles.

Our particular thanks should be extended to:

Dr. P.F.A. Crawshaw for help, advice and medical supplies
W. & B. Pharmaceuticals Ltd
Bracknell, Berks for supplies of Uvistat sun-cream and
lip-salve

J. Pickles Ltd
Knaresborough, Yorks for supplies of insect repellent, foot
cream and anti-septic cream. The insect
repellent in particular was extremely
useful and effective against midges

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

TRAVEL

Air flight

Booked through Capricorn Travel, 14 Ebury Street London SW 7. The English members travelled Afghan Airlines which was entirely reliable in terms of booking and flight times, but which involved several delays during the return flight.

Cost £285 net. approx. 20 hour flight time
Delhi - Srinagar one way approx. 1 hour flight time.
approx. £20.00.

Train fare

Delhi - Jammu 40 R's one way, 2nd class. 100 R's 1st class. 10 or 15 hour journey. Take 2nd class if available. Book one day in advance.

Bus fare

Jammu - Srinagar. 15, 20, 30 R's one way, according to coach comfort. Book by queuing at Jammu station from 6.00 in the morning for buses leaving from 6.30 - 7.00 onwards till 11.00. Approx. 11 hours travel time.

Srinagar - Kishtwar. 15 R's; at least 15 hours travel time.

ACCOMMODATION

Delhi

Mrs Calaco's Hotel, 3 Janpath Lane, New Delhi
10 rupees per night, showers, trestle beds, clean and comfortable.

Srinagar

Tourist Hostel recommended.

Kishtwar

Dak Bungalow. 15 R's per night. 3 R's for a tent or sleeping on the lawn. A veritable haven. Showers, meal service. Bliss on the walk out. The first contact with civilisation.

COST OF PORTERS BEYOND KISITWAR

Porters

15 R's per day = standard price but if you aim to travel distances of more than about 12 miles per day you should expect to pay for two days.

Mules

as per weight of baggage and number of mules. Bargain hard for the sake of future expeditions. Don't let the mules drop behind, the muleteers will play for time. If possible get mules in Galar to go beyond Atoli.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

EQUIPMENT SPONSORS

Robert Saunders (Chigwell) Ltd
Troll Products
Karrimor International
Nick Estcourt Outdoor Sports
Clog Products
Mountain Equipment
Optimus International
Prestige Ltd
Polaroid

FOOD SPONSORS

Thorntons Chocolates
Batchelors Ltd
Weetabix Ltd
Whitworths Holdings
Wonder Ltd
Farley Health Products
RHM Foods
Carrs Flour Mills
Lipton Tea (UK) Ltd
Tate & Lyle
Nabisco Ltd
Quaker Oats Ltd
Ryvita

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J. Pickles Ltd

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British Mountaineering Council
Mount Everest Foundation

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Sheikh Mushtaq
Gurpreet Sidhu
John Wilkinson
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Dr. P.F.A. Crawshaw
Expedition Home Agent, Mrs M. Bartlett
and everyone else who helped, both East and West

ALPINE CLUB
LIBRARY.

