

SOKHA BRAKK '92



EXPEDITION
REPORT

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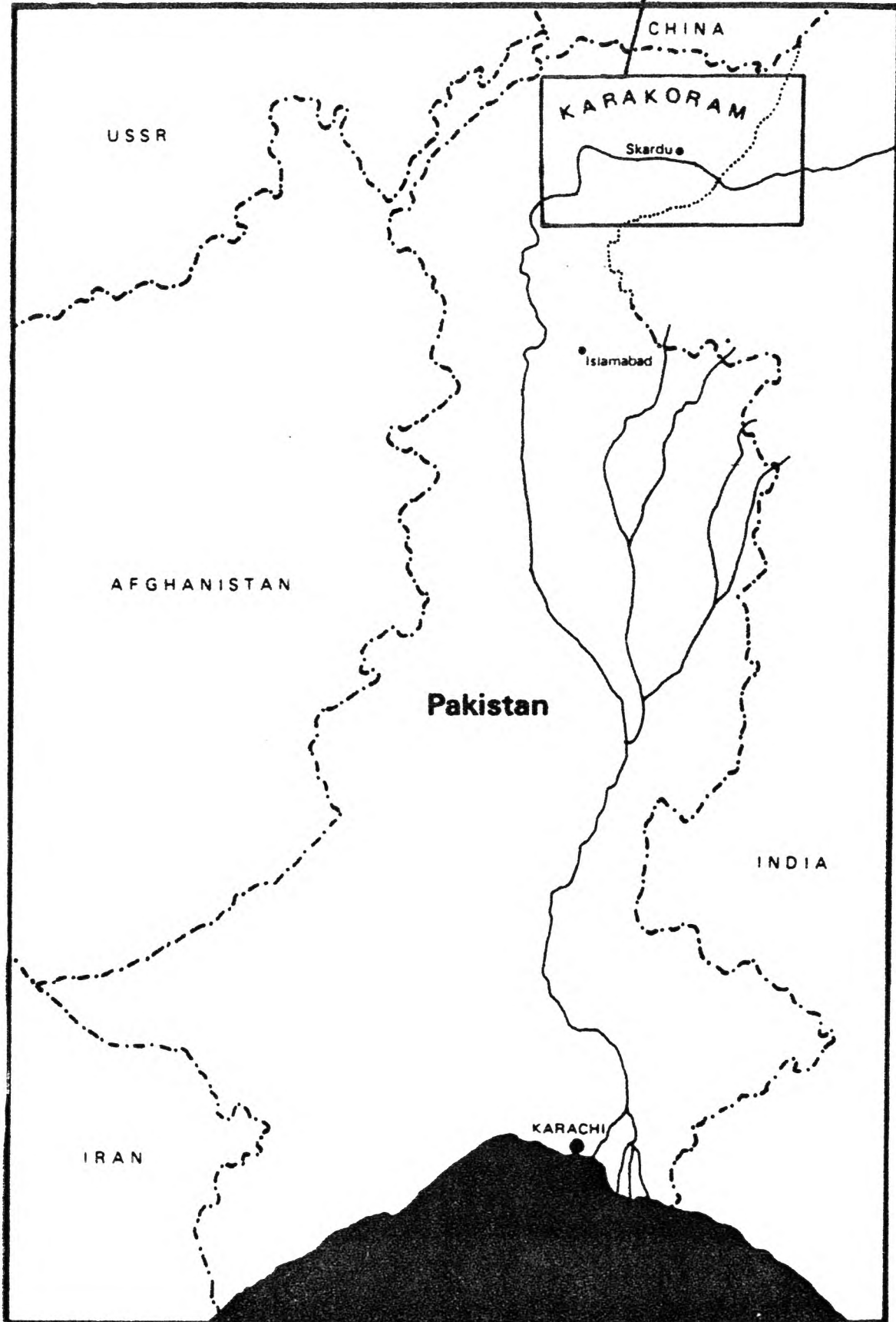
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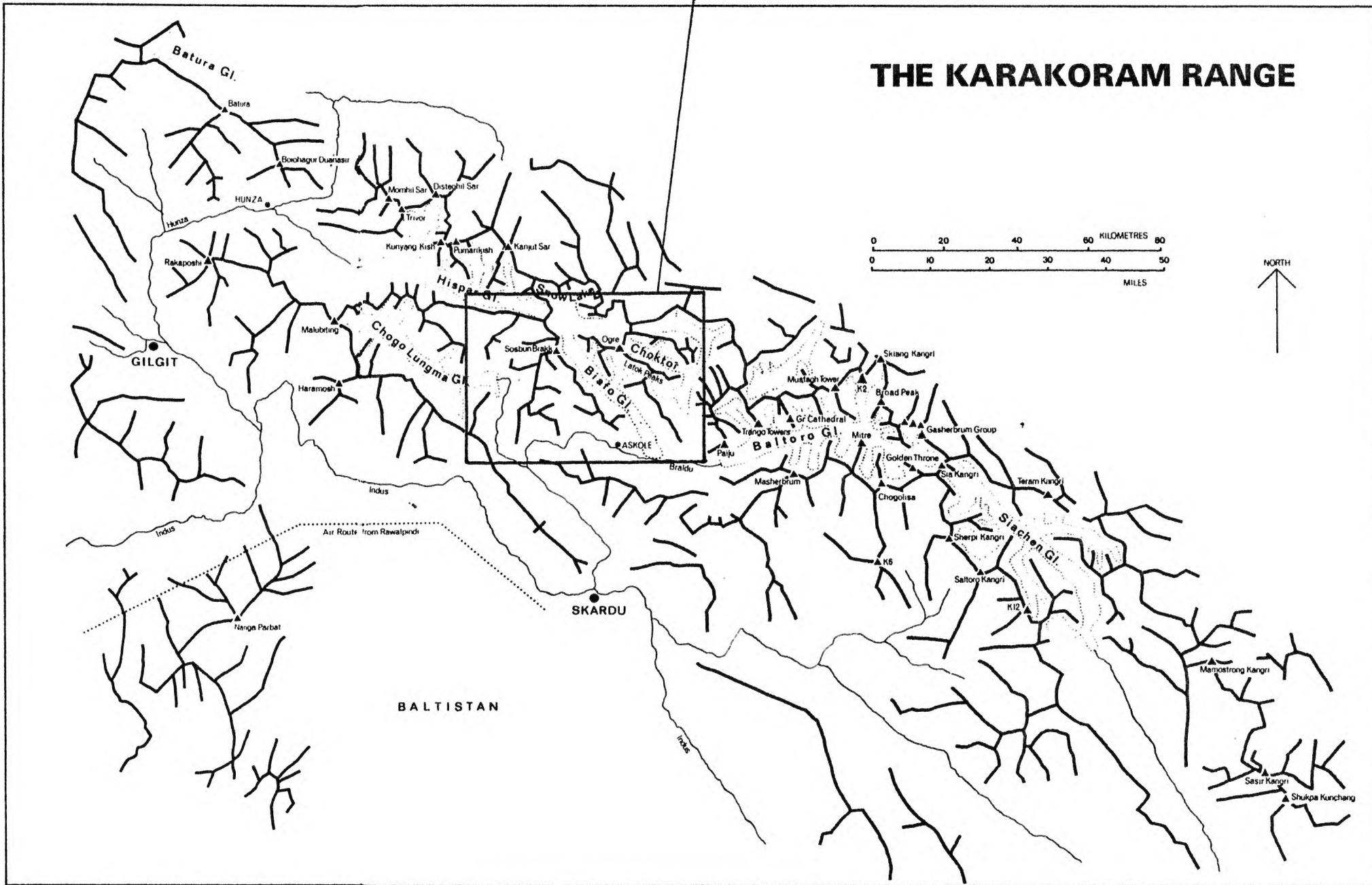
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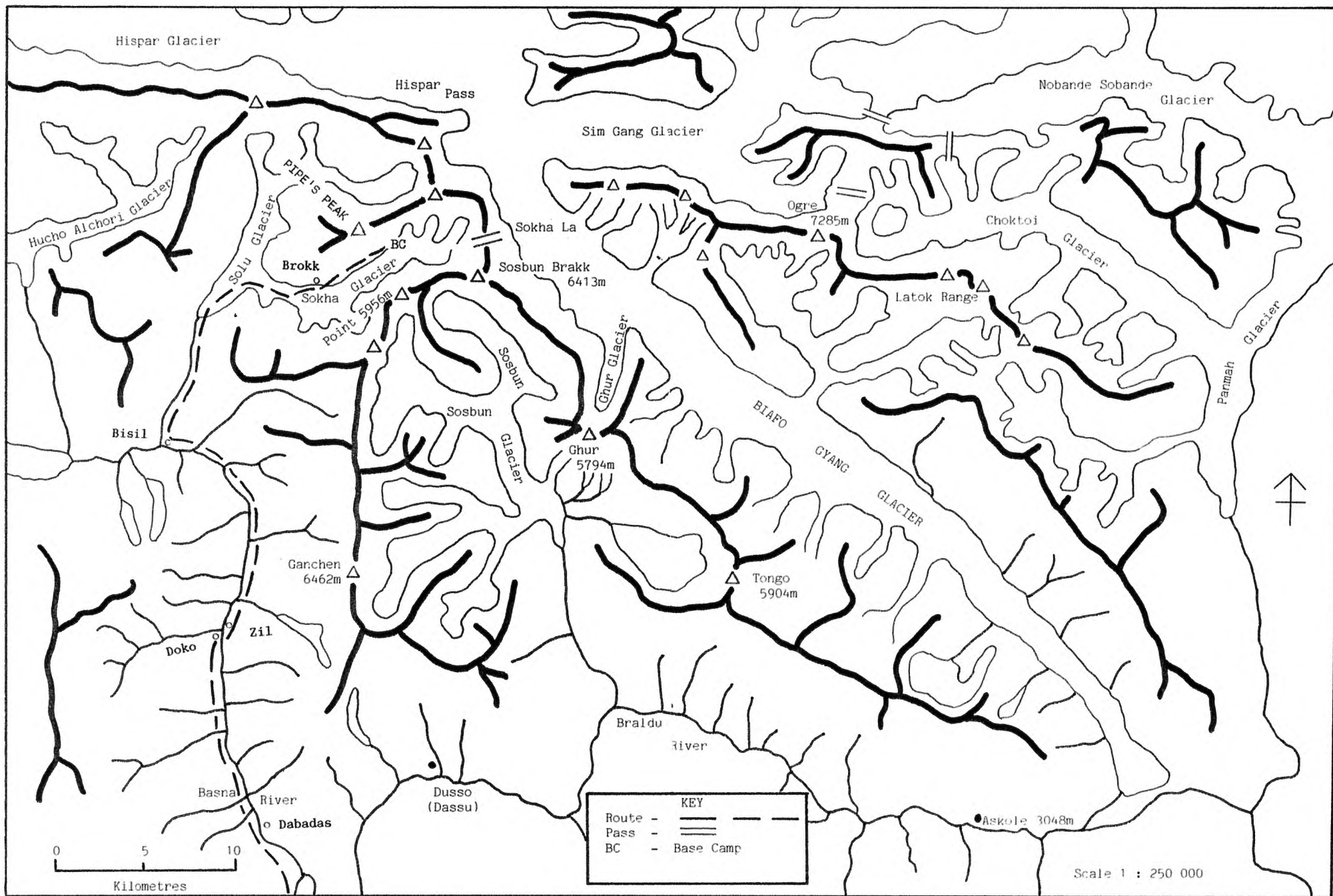
Area covered by Map 2



Map. 1. Location of the Karakoram in Pakistan.

Area covered by Map 3.





MAP 3. The location of Point 5956m (Sokha Brakk).

SUMMARY OF PEAKS CLIMBED/ATTEMPTED

03 - 05.08.92 PIPE'S PEAK (5495m) GRID REF C3946 37°54'N 75°30'E

Climbed via South face on snow and rock. 500m vertical height from col.

Grades:- Alpine D + U.K. 4c
UIAA IV + Scottish Winter III

13 - 14.08.92 SOKHA BRAKK (5956m) GRID REF C4243 37°52'N 75°32'E

1st attempt via NW face on snow, ice and mixed ground reaching 4800m just above the first rock band.

23 - 26.08.92 2nd attempt via NW face on snow, ice and mixed ground reaching 5250m on the second rock band.

Grades: Alpine ED - (ED1) Scottish V +

EXPEDITION MEMBERS

Chris Howarth (36) Mick Wrigley (41) and Ian Arnold (35) all live in Huddersfield, West Yorkshire. Between them they share a wide range of interests and considerable experience of the mountains and rock climbs in both Eastern and Western Europe. Further afield they have climbed in Australia, Kenya and Pakistan and trekked and travelled in Nepal, India and South East Asia. Although never having teamed up as a threesome for an expedition before, all three members have known each other and climbed in various permutations over the last ten years.

REPORT SUMMARY

This report documents a three-man Alpine Style Expedition to the Sokha Glacier in the Karakoram Range of Northern Pakistan. The team attempted two unclimbed peaks of below 6000m successfully climbing one but failing on their main objective Sokha Brakk. From the start of the Walk-in to the end of the Walk-out from Base Camp the expedition lasted five weeks from 28th July to 31st August 1992. In addition to this there was one week getting from Huddersfield to Skardu at the beginning and two weeks cut off by landslides in Hunza and Gilgit at the end of the expedition.

BACKGROUND TO THE EXPEDITION

Our choice of Pakistan for '92 was more the result of default than of planning. Originally we had researched the possibility of attempting some new peaks in Greenland but for small independent expeditions the costs are prohibitive. The options open to us mainly necessitated our reliance on a large number of unknown people to share the costs of private charter planes and transport. In our experience the chances of being let down seemed quite high and we were not keen to end up footing the bill if someone dropped out of this arrangement. The easiest alternative was for us to change the venue so that we could be independent. Choosing between Asia and South America we decided to return to Northern Pakistan to attempt a peak that we had seen during our trip there in 1989. This would be a considerable advance in technical difficulty from our previous expeditions as it would involve climbing a 2000m N Face. To offset some of this climbing difficulty we did have fairly recent knowledge of the area which we hoped would ease some of the problems of buying food, hiring porters and travelling to and from Base Camp. All in all this seemed to us a good plan. Very quickly all other alternatives were put aside for another time. On our map of the area, our chosen objective was marked as "point 5956m." As this doesn't flow off the tongue very easily in conversation we gave it the tentative name of "Sokha Brakk" in keeping with the local naming of adjacent peaks. (Sokha from Sokha Glacier, Brakk for Peak). Having made the decision of where to go and who was going we set about the various organisational tasks as outlined in this report.

INTRODUCTION TO THE AREA

The Karakoram mountain range is within the Greater Himalaya of Central Asia which stretches from Afghanistan, through Pakistan and China to India. The area within Northern Pakistan contains the greatest concentration of the Worlds' highest peaks including K2, which is second only to Everest. Many of the glaciers in this region are of Polar proportions and they are flanked by peaks many times more numerous than shown by the rudimentary maps. The Sokha glacier is quite small compared to some of its neighbours being only ten km by one km and it has seen very few visits and no recorded climbing expeditions. The peaks of the Karakoram vary in height, nature and technical difficulty and would easily represent several lifetimes of mountaineering challenge. All peaks below 6000m fall into the "trekking peak" category and thus have neither a peak fee nor the associated paperwork and red-tape. Simply get to Pakistan and start climbing.

EXPEDITION JOURNAL

HUDDERSFIELD TO SKARDU

Our departure from Britain was made much easier this year by taking a flight from Manchester rather than Heathrow. The newly scheduled P.I.A. direct flight from Manchester to Islamabad is very convenient for climbers and trekkers alike, though alcoholics would probably find themselves strung-out!

Checking-in at a very deserted terminal at 1815 on July 21st we had no problems booking on board the 143 kg of gear and food that we had between us. The extra baggage allowance that we had arranged with P.I.A. saved us the fuss and expense of separate freighting. With several hours to kill before our flight we said our fond farewells to several pints of Guinness, managing to leave Mick's boots behind at the bar before boarding the plane. There then followed an 11 hour flight with brilliant views of the River Humber and a short stop over in Amsterdam before arriving in Islamabad, Pakistan's purpose-built Capital. As with all journeys of this nature, there is plenty of time to put many of the worries of Western living behind you and centre on the tasks that will get you to Base Camp to start the climbing.

Islamabad was hot and humid, making us even more intent on getting into the mountains as soon as possible. We took a lowly room in the Cantt View Hotel in the Saddar area of Rawalpindi and used this as our base for a few days. The cockroaches were very friendly and the ceiling fan was close to decapitation level but it served our purpose and was very cheap (50p each per night). We used our work force and experience as much as possible, splitting up where necessary to use our time efficiently. Our main requirements were food for us and insurance for our Porters. This meant shopping around Rawalpindi for as much variety of food as possible and going by bus to Islamabad to arrange the insurance. We knew we'd be able to buy most of the bulky items like flour, sugar, vegetables etc. in Skardu so our immediate needs were quite specific and easy. The time was also spent introducing Mick to the East which, as is usually the case, was quite an eye-opener for him.

Predictably we all had a spate of gut-rot to contend with but that's par for the course. After just two full days in Rawalpindi we were ready to fly North to Skardu. The weather had other ideas though and so our flight was postponed until Sunday, 26th. Even then it only just cleared enough for us to get away, after an almighty storm that brought frogs to the main streets and turned the place into a quagmire.

The cooler environment of Skardu was most welcome and we felt very much at home as we met old acquaintances at the airport. One of these was Aga Abbas who arranges a lot of the jeeps for expeditions. He summoned one of his Suzuki drivers to take us to

the K2 Rest House and said he'd sort out a jeep to take us to the roadhead when we'd finished our preparations. Thus by 0830 that morning our tent was up and we were sorting out gear and tasks in the pretty gardens that look out over the Indus River. ALL of our gear had managed to stay with us this time and things were running smoothly. So far so good!

SKARDU TO THE ROADHEAD AT ZIL

Two full days in Skardu was all it took to get organised. This coincided with particularly bad gut-rot which had each of us laid-up at various times of the day. As expected, the variety of food available is increasing all the time in this frontier town and the main staple items are easily obtained and cheap. We were helped considerably by Martin Barnicott from Himalayan Kingdom Expeditions who loaned Mick a pair of boots for the duration of our trip. But for his generosity we could easily have had a problem finding replacements.

Our main dilemma concerned the hiring of a Sirdar (Porter Boss) and Porters to carry our gear from the eventual roadhead to our Base Camp on the Sokha glacier. Rough calculations estimated we would need eleven porters carrying 25 kg each for four days with one Sirdar who only carries his own gear. What we were unsure of was whether to take any or all of these with us from Skardu or to hire them at the roadhead. After various bits of advice and one false start with a Sirdar who wasn't very enthusiastic we decided to do everything at the roadhead. This should mean that we then had local men who would more likely to have a better knowledge of the area. It was a shame in some ways because we met several porters who'd worked for us on our last trip and would happily have come with us from Skardu. Unfortunately our plan could really only work as "all or nothing" so we couldn't employ them this time.

We pre-weighed each porter load that would be carried in the plastic barrels and old rucksacks we'd brought out for that purpose. Aga Abbas arranged our jeep and we set off at 0600 on the 28th July bound for Doko at the roadhead of The Basna Valley. The jeep rides themselves are always an adventure, bouncing up and down on top of the gear on the back on the jeep, looking down at some unnerving vertical drops or dodgy river crossings. The jeep is also fair game for local hitch hikers walking between villages. One pair of very scruffy individuals who were surprising eloquent with their English turned out to be a Headmaster and Teacher on their way to one of the village schools. It was suggested that Ian uses these as his role models! Five hours of jeep travel put us at the roadhead at Zil, just five minutes past the main town of Doko where our driver had re-arranged some roof beams and walls in the narrow streets as he negotiated the bends. We unloaded the gear with the help of some very enthusiastic locals and paid-off and thanked Ghulam, our driver. Any worries to date about lack of porter work force were immediately squashed as we were inundated with prospective employees, waving their National Identity cards at us in the hope that we would take them with us to Base Camp.

We knew that this stage of the trip was most important and had thought that we had a good idea of how we would negotiate the pay and conditions of the men. However, when faced with hordes of enthusiastic strangers it's very difficult asserting any authority or organisation to the proceedings. We were lucky to find a Pakistani Geologist working locally and he mediated for us in our negotiations. As he had no financial interest in this himself he was able to make sure that both the men and ourselves fully understood what the other was saying. It was all quite amusing as he spoke Urdu and a little English but none of the Balti dialect of the men. Thus we had a Pakistani interpreter who couldn't understand much the Pakistanis were saying! All good fun.

We appointed a Sirdar in the form of Abidin, a twenty-three year old local from Zil. This was quite a gamble, based on a loose written reference from a recent expedition which said he had been a good porter. It was probably his calm manner that impressed us, and he seemed keen to do the job. This was great, because it then became his task to employ the eleven men, and the focus could divert from us to him. We told him the pay and conditions that the men would need to accept first and allowed a little bit of bargaining on his part to improve this slightly. He then selected the men, took the abuse from those he left out, made sure they all had a rucksack frame or means of carrying the barrels and sacks, then allocated a specific load to each porter. Finally we made sure everyone knew we were setting off at 0500 the next day and prayed we'd made the right decisions. We remained on public display until we ate and turned-in that night. We slept next to our gear, under a big tree, contemplating the Walk-in that was about to start.

THE WALK-IN

Blessed with a continuation of the good weather we'd had since arriving in Skardu, we set off with a full compliment of men at 0500 on Wednesday, 29th July. We were on familiar ground, following the route we had taken on our Walk-out from our Biafo '89 Expedition. To our surprise we were not alone as another party from Britain were also bound for the Sokha glacier, hoping to trek up to the Sokha La. Thus we would spend the next few days in convoy.

Anyone not used to the porters methods of carrying heavy, awkward loads needs time to adapt during the first day. Starting at first light they usually set off together, stopping frequently every 200 metres or five minute intervals depending on the terrain. Often there are favourite walls or stones on which to rest the packs before setting off again after a quick breather. There are also traditional fire places and water sources where they will stop to make chappattis and chai (tea) and to rest again. If, like us you are the sort of person that likes to keep going at a steady pace without too much interruption, this style of walking can be very frustrating. However, you can rest assured that the porter stages that have been arranged are well within the capabilities of the men and they will get you to your planned destination for the day eventually.

Our first day was very picturesque, following the true left bank of the Basna River through highly cultivated terraces and orchards. Villages were small but fairly self sufficient and the population sparse. Ending the day at Bisil, it would be easy to imagine you had arrived back into the Middle Ages. Primitive farming, animal labour and ramshackle housing all present in a community whose ways haven't changed for centuries. For anyone looking for a modern day working museum of Medieval farming, this is the place. All was not sweetness and light however as the local headman Hussain Ali caused us numerous porter problems during the course of our afternoon there. In essence he objected to men from another village working as porters on "his patch." He gave Abidin our Sirdar, a hard time and for a while the overall feeling towards our party was quite hostile. The solution was to pay-off and send back four of our original men and employ four local men in their place. This caused ill-feeling from some of those we paid off but this was mainly directed at Abidin as it was his choice. (If you haven't grasped it yet it pays to get a good Sirdar!) Once this problem was sorted out (and it took almost half a day) we continued to be the centre of attention until daylight faded and we were given some peace. We cooked a meal and slept out under the stars next to our pile of equipment. Although we thought we had quelled all the earlier resentment we were keen to oversee that none of our gear went missing through retribution during the night.

Another fine day and 0500 start saw us heading North, away from Bisil and "into the mountains". It's an upward slog all the way to Dabadas passing through several of the deserted transit villages that are used in Spring and Autumn when the Yak herds are on the move. In places the track is precipitous and often overhung by unstable conglomerate slopes, but well trod by the constant deliveries to and from the Summer Pastures. More wittering from the trekkers' set of porters at one of the "chai" stops made for more bargaining during the day, but Abidin and our "boys" knew they'd be onto a good thing if they remained faithful to our original bargaining terms. On the opposite side of the river to Dabadas we camped for the night and experienced our first wet weather. Nothing too serious, but enough for our men to turn their tarpaulin into a rudimentary tent in order to huddle round the fire inside and keep warm. Fortunately the rain was not too persistent but we broke out our Base Camp tent just in case we needed to sit the weather out for a day.

In deference to the work done so far by our porters we let them have a lay in the next morning. Thus we set off at 0600 !! The walking for this section was harder going, with altitude starting to take its toll and the trail itself being far less distinct and decidedly temporary. Some small snowfields were encountered as we traversed the true Left Bank of the Solu glacier to its junction with the Sokha Glacier. Arriving at the corner of these two glaciers we were not rewarded with the usual stunning views up the Sokha Valley, but could sense our peak lurking behind the cloud and mist. A good rest and late breakfast were needed before crossing the awkward moraines of the Sokha glacier to Brokk, the Summer yak village on the true Right Bank.

Our arrival in the village caused quite a stir, with all the usual demands for medicine and treatment for a wide variety of injuries, sores and acute hypochondria. There was also the genuine desire for us to partake of milk, curd, cheese and all those products that abound in the village, so it wasn't just a one way trade. (Huddersfield readers that are wary of drinking green top milk would cringe at the products from Brokk!!!) We actually camped just a little above the village at 3775m and spent the day being stared at from all directions. We responded to various requests for gifts and treatments with either compassion or Yorkshire bluntness as was deemed appropriate. Our rival porters tried again to get our "boys" up in arms about the weight of some of the loads they were carrying. As this was the final straw Ian abandoned all attempts at Urdu, diplomacy and bargaining in favour of a colourful English monologue. Fair to say that regardless of actual understanding they got the gyst and that was the last we heard.

The last day of our walk-in was a short one, amounting to just 2 1/2 hours. Chris and Mick set off early, ahead of the main party to recce any possible sites for a Base Camp. Fortunately they found a small green site at 4030m hanging 50m above the main glacier and sitting in the U shape between two enormous debris slopes. The back wall of this bay is a steep rockface, known to the locals as Juma Khumbu and directly opposite on the other side of the glacier was our proposed face climb on Sokha Brakk. Unfortunately there was no fresh running water passing through the site, but with all the other factors in our favour we thought we could remedy that by collecting melt water from the glacier itself. Within a very short space of time we had dumped the loads, paid-off and thanked the men and were busy planning where to site the tents. Being early in the day most of the men would be able to return as far as Bisil now they were without their loads, and some even spoke of getting all the way back to Zil. Abidin got our special thanks for having handled several problems very well. We gave him one of our old canvas rucksacks to make him look more Sirdar-like for the future, together with a written reference for future employers. We were a little sad when the last of our "boys" disappeared from view, but we were able to revel in the delights of privacy, peace and one of the most glorious situations on Earth. The hardest section of our organisation was over. Now all we had to do was climb!

BASE CAMP (4030 m) - PART ONE

Knowing that Base Camp would be our main home for a month, we were careful to place our tents and equipment as logically as possible. The tarpaulin made a good shelter from the sunshine and our smaller tent made an equipment store. The three of us slept and lived in the larger dome tent which was ample for our needs. Water was initially collected in collapsible ten litre containers from the melt water streams at the edge of the glacier. This involved a precarious descent on loose moraine to the glacier edge and a frustrating struggle back up. The water was far from clear, containing large quantities of mica from the slopes above and didn't seem to help our already "dodgy guts".

We soon changed to collecting the clearer melt water from the streams in the centre of the glacier. This involved a thirty to forty minutes round trip, filling an empty plastic barrel and carrying it back in a rucksack. Although thirty litres of water is heavy and a little awkward to carry, it would last the three of us up to two days so it wasn't too much of a problem. Not only this, but the cleaner water and an extremely garlic-based diet soon had our guts back in reasonable order.

The peace and tranquility were shared for the first few days by the trekking group camping on the same site. This was O.K. whilst the trekkers themselves were in attendance, but when they set off for their trip up the glacier to the Sokha La their remaining porters were quite painful. A lot of scrounging and invasion of privacy were again responsible for us showing our more hostile nature. We even felt unable to leave our camp at this stage in case we returned to find most of it missing. This is not something that is usually a problem with Pakistanis due to the Islamic faith and we certainly didn't encounter it with our own porters. Maybe because they were not relying on us for work and wages the other porters simply regarded us as "fair game". We were noticeably much happier when on Monday, 3rd August, the trekkers returned from a successful trip to Sokha La, and the whole party moved off to return to Bisil. Once again we were back to just a threesome, and ready for our first bout of climbing. From our various sorties out onto the glacier we'd already had a good look at the lower slopes of Sokha Brakk. This allowed us to ponder the problems we would have there and to watch the face at different times of the day, looking for objective dangers such as avalanche routes and rockfall. We also gained an insight into the peaks on our side of the glacier, directly behind our Base Camp. These looked to give a number of possibilities for a training route, with work on snow, rock and occasional mixed sections. One snowy peak, less than 6000m seemed the most sensible choice, so when the trekkers had been gone less than an hour and our approach gully fell into shade we set off from Base Camp chomping at the bit.

PIPE S PEAK (5495m)

As we started up the loose rocky gully at 1515 it was obvious that we would not get anywhere near the summit of our peak that day. Our intention was to bivouac between 4500m and 5000m to aid our acclimatisation and help build up our fitness. In fact we plodded our way up vegetation, loose rocky scree and then a snow gully for four hours before finding somewhere "safe" to stop. It seemed that rocks and debris were a hazard just about everywhere that we climbed and a loose, shaley ledge at 4830m was the best shelter we could find.

We were spread out at three small sites approximately ten metres from each other with quite awkward traversing when it was time to eat or fetch a brew. In between times we were well belayed on our separate eyries, left to read, look down at the glacier or ponder the various lines on Sokha Brakk directly opposite. So ended the first day of the climb. The following morning we were

all suffering a little from the previous afternoons exertions and feeling a bit nauseous from the altitude. We decided to stay put for a while rather than rushing onwards and we made sure to have plenty to eat and drink throughout our stay. The weather was still very good but the clouds were building up and clearly things would change quite soon. Early afternoon we were feeling better and were keen to leave our strange abodes. It took less than 1 1/2 hours to complete the snow gully and arrive at a flat, safe rocky col at 5010m. This allowed us to excavate much better sleeping sites and gave a good view of our chosen peak. We had time to eat and drink plenty of brews before rain and hail showers had us cowering into our goretex bivi-bags. This was very much the story for the rest of the night.

The morning of Wednesday, 5th August saw three damp, dishevelled wrecks snatching a quick breakfast before setting off on the climb. Under different circumstances we probably would have taken the day off as the weather was far from promising. Swirling clouds, mist, drizzle and a cold wind were only occasionally punctuated by short, sharp bursts of sunshine. However, we felt quite safe with the knowledge of our retreat route and we desperately needed the activity at altitude if we were to prepare ourselves for Sokha Brakk. .

Knowing we would return to our bivi site on our way back to Base Camp we were able to leave all unnecessary equipment behind and climb with very light sacks. This climbing was initially on loose, easy angled, unstable rock where we managed to move together, un-roped. We then had to abseil down an evil, loose gully to regain a possible line through the rocks ahead. Chris excelled himself here, leading us through some tricky sections which were both loose and technical. His mastery of such situations, particularly in the wet, would unsettle the analysis of many a psychologist! Two hours and four pitches later we were on top of the rock step and had the snow plod ahead of us. We couldn't see the summit at this stage, but knew it had to be there somewhere. The snow itself was in very poor condition, soft, wet and not very-well consolidated. Had it have been much steeper we would have backed off, but some underlying insanity kept us going. The fact that we had completely under-estimated the distance and effort involved became apparent when four hours later we arrived at the base of the summit rock tower. Expecting the route to have been much easier we really had not equipped ourselves properly. Wet clothing, cold feet and a total lack of euphoria were what greeted the summit at 5495m when we finally arrived thirty minutes later.

Many climbers dream of gaining an unclimbed peak in the greater ranges of the world but for us it was a relief to know the upward slog was over. There was little or no view and certainly no improvement in the weather so this really had been purely a training exercise. This was a bit of a shame in view of discussions we'd had a few days before. Although it's not usual to name a peak before it is climbed, we'd thought of the name we would use if we were lucky enough to get to the top. As a tribute to Steve Pipe, one of the major organisers of fund raising for both of our Pakistan trips, we'd decided to call it Pipe's

Peak. It is certainly no reflection on Steve the fact that we found the whole thing such an effort. We'll look out for a nicer route for him next time!!

Our descent and abseils back to our bivi on the col took two hours with the snow in even worse condition than it had been before. Mick had suffered a wrenching of his knee on the descent in deep, wet snow which triggered off a recurrent problem he'd had earlier in the year. Back at the col bivi it was a unanimous decision to continue down to Base Camp, even though we had only just enough daylight to do so. The thought of a third bivi in wet gear was too much to contemplate.

Descending the gully was a tedious process as we had to face inwards and kick our way down for most of the way. The angle of slope would have allowed facing outwards and careful walking down but the snow was too rotten to make this safe. From halfway down the gully we were able to take off crampons and a few layers of clothing as we slid and staggered our way over the loose scree and moraines. We were amazed at how we had managed to climb up this a few days before as it seemed a very long way.

Dusk greeted us as we stumbled back to Base Camp on autopilot. Chris was characteristically into his "second wind" by this stage, having beaten Mick and Ian home by thirty minutes. He revived the team with copious brews and marmite parathas before we all crashed out at 2000. Pleased to have achieved a peak so early in the expedition we all had a warm, dry, flat, safe, contented sleep.

BASE CAMP (4030m) - PART TWO

What we could not have predicted was how timely our retreat to Base Camp would be. We awoke the morning after our climb to see rain and cloud, which meant new snow on the face of Sokha Brakk. This then persisted for a whole week with only minor spells of drier weather. Admittedly we were glad to have a few days rest and prepare our equipment for the "big" climb but a week was more than we'd bargained for. During this time we read, did the washing, experimented with the cooking and even gave some thought to the write up of this report.

Meanwhile the face of Sokha Brakk received several good plasterings of snow, and at night the avalanches could be heard all around the valley. We had numerous visits from some of the men from Brokk, tolerating their inquisitiveness but resenting the invasion of privacy when their visits became too long. We did manage to bargain for fresh eggs and more sugar though, so our culinary delights during this time were much improved. It was Tuesday before the weather looked like perking up and on Wednes-

day we spent a warm day "face watching" as the sun got to work on Sokha Brakk. Most of the fresh snow was burned-off during the day and the promise of cold clear weather had us packed up in readiness for an Alpine start that same night!

SOKHA BRAKK (5956m) - FIRST ATTEMPT

It never is easy trying to get your body into action when it believes it should be sound asleep. This was the case when the alarms went off at 0000 hrs on Thursday, 13th August. Having spent the previous few hours convincing our bodies they needed rest when their adrenalin levels suggested otherwise, it was with lethargy that we got our various acts together.

Our sacks were already packed with the exception of sleeping gear and we were part-clothed in readiness. Under a beautiful full moon we made a couple of brews, hid most of our spare equipment in the tent, then set off down to the glacier. The moonlight allowed us to move easily without torches and an hour of plodding and staggering across the frozen moraines put us at the bottom of the face.

The pre-climb rituals are usually the same. Complete as many bodily functions as possible before the world changes from horizontal to vertical and before clothing and harnesses make these physically impossible! Try to arrange the contents of the sack to allow a spare layer of clothing, drinking water, batteries etc. to be close at hand to avoid delays en route. Finally make sure at least one of your pockets is full of boiled sweets, toffees and assorted "spogs" to munch on the way. This done and all harness buckles checked, we roped-up 50 metres apart and set off uphill.

Within minutes came the first surprise. From the far off distance of our Base Camp we had made various estimates as to the size of the face. One of the yardsticks was the distance between two obvious boulders stuck in the lower debris slope. This had been estimated as about 50m and used to scale the length of the other sections. Unfortunately the reality of the situation was different and the upper boulder was reached by the leader as the lower boulder was left behind by the back man. Thus the distance was 100m, and the whole face suddenly doubled in length!! Undaunted by this we made rapid progress up the lower snow ramp until it gradually steepened and became more icy.

The conditions were excellent however and for 1 1/2 hours we worked our way steadily upwards. After our first good rest we had some highly crevassed and complex ground to cover. Many of the crevasses were not visible from our Base Camp, or from below, and the routes across and through them were both tenuous and fragile. At one point Chris led a steep, exposed 5m ice wall to allow us to gain easier ground above. Mick and Ian did some good impressions of trapeze artists to follow him, glad of a very tight top rope. An easy bergshrund crossing got us to the top of the first stage of the face before we took up the line of the leftward slanting slope of the second stage. This was not as

daunting as we had expected, though our progress was slower now and we were in the direct line of fire from any rock or snowfall from the upper faces.

After nearly two hours on this second ramp we reached the top of the snow and the base of some very loose, shattered rock gullies. Our original plans were to climb an ice hose for 50m to establish ourselves at the bottom of the second main snowfield. Those plans were based on a photo we had taken in late September. Now in early August there was no ice hose only a steep, green, wet rock wall. It required Chris to remove both brain cells again and battle his way up the gullies for over 100m with two gibbering wrecks in tow. I shall not elaborate on the "quality" of rock on this section in case the reader is too nervous to continue!

Once on the ridge we were just a corniced pitch away from a convenient resting spot which was both flat and protected from rockfall. It was 1000 hrs so we had a brew and some food as we planned our next stage. We had already climbed approx 1500m for just a 750m altitude gain from our Base Camp. This brew spot showed as 4780m on the altimeter so we had nearly 1200m of altitude still to go to the summit.

We knew from our observations that the sun would be on the second snowfield from about 1045 and we were keen not to be on it then. This was because it would be like climbing in a solar furnace and we would be in the direct line of avalanches. We could already see that the next section, transferring from our present ridge to the snowfield itself was not as difficult as we had imagined, so we would be able to get onto the snowfield and climb to its top in one push.

Happy with this knowledge we decided to bivouac where we were for the day and planned to climb the next section from another Alpine Start that night. We had cooled down considerably during this deliberating and were glad when the sun arrived on cue at 1045.

We had plenty to eat and drink and laid out our gear to dry off as we enjoyed the heat of the day. As with most things however the novelty did wear off. By midday we were being roasted alive and it took various ingenious uses of clothing and equipment to fabricate some sort of shelter from the intense U.V. rays. Sitting this out was sheer purgatory, and it was only in the late afternoon and early evening that things became bearable again. We were able to discuss our thoughts about the possible lines we could take on the section above. The mixed slabs that linked our ridge to the snowfield would not be a place to linger as the speed and quantity of debris coming down during sunlight hours was frightening. Having listened to the whizzing and whirring of rocks all afternoon and watched their descent in pseudo slow motion due to the scale of the surroundings, the gully's nickname of "Death Rattle Gulch" was not inappropriate.

The second snowfield looked long but steady, and probably quite icy towards the top where it steepened below the rock step above.

This rock step is not unlike the "Orion Face" of Ben Nevis except that it's perched at 5100m and forms a considerable barrier to the third snowfield above. Of all the elements of the face this one looked as if it could be the crux. The "easy" lines we'd picked out from below had not assumed it to be as steep as it obviously was. We would have to consider the best line once we were nearer and could view it in greater detail. Having made our "beds" as flat as possible we turned in for an early night expecting to set off at first light the next day.

Another 0400 brew and breakfast in the dark saw us making other plans. The early morning clouds were difficult to interpret and could easily have marked the start of a decline in the weather. Mick had woken with a sore knee from the previous days exertions and wondered if it would hold up for the rest of the climb. We had not yet reached the point of no return and still had plenty of expedition time left, so we decided to descend to Base Camp and leave the second snowfield for another day. The food and fuel that was spare we cached at the top of the loose gullies, and abseil gear left in place for use as belays should we return. The tricky ice wall section was abseiled using a snow mushroom and general route finding was much easier from our uphill viewpoint. The descent took just four hours in total back to the glacier, and we arrived just as the sun hit the bottom slopes. This gave a hot plod back to Base Camp but was rewarded with plenty of brews and food once re-established.

BASE CAMP (4030m - PART THREE)

The usual bouts of soul-searching ensued during the rest of the day, particularly as the "dubious" weather turned out to be glorious. We aired all the gear, checked the equipment and rested as much as possible. Not a day for decisions just an opportunity to unwind and de-tune. It was the following day, Saturday, 15th August that our plans evolved. Mick couldn't imagine his knee would allow him to climb Sokha Brakk, particularly as it would finish with a long, jarring descent. There was also no guarantee that it would improve for our walk out via the Hispar Glacier in two/three weeks time.

The Hispar is renowned for being difficult to walk on and we were expecting to have very heavy rucksacks. There seemed little point in him waiting at Base Camp while Chris and Ian climbed, so reluctantly he decided it would be best to return home. He knew the walk-in route via Bisil and could hire a porter on route if he found it necessary. Flights would need re-arranging and there would be various "unknowns" to deal with but it would be far more adventurous than sitting around at Base Camp. We couldn't make his share of the equipment much less than 35kg, so early on Sunday morning, before the weather took a turn for the worst, we said our farewells and Mick plodded down the glacier homeward bound, with a big heavy sack on his back. As his route took him first through Brokk, the locals must have assumed that we were all leaving the Base Camp and were inundated with visitors "on the

scrounge" for the rest of the day. Eventually we managed to bore them away, but they still weren't convinced that we meant to stay a bit longer.

The next few days were some of the longest of the trip. Mick's leaving was timely, as the weather changed again bringing rain, snow and dust-storms and a lot of time to kill at Base Camp. It would have been possible to use some of the time in search of other peaks to climb or stocking an advanced Base Camp elsewhere, but we were keen not to be distracted from Sokha Brakk. Having now had experience of the face we were keen to get back to push the route further. Maintaining this enthusiasm was more difficult than we'd ever found before, so our time at Base Camp was spent carefully. This was particularly true when we had a false start on the night of Friday, 21st August. Having sat through six days of bad weather since Mick left we thought conditions were right for a second attempt. After all the preparation of gear and general psyche up we woke up at 2330 to heavy rain and further deterioration of the weather. Going back to sleep wasn't a problem but it was obvious that there is a finite limit to the number of times you can prepare yourself in this way. Another day of reading, writing and chatting had us prepared to go again on the night of Saturday, 22nd August.

SOKHA BRAKK (5956m) - SECOND ATTEMPT

Fortunately for our waning inertia it was a clear, starry night though alas the moon was long gone. Fed and watered we were away by Midnight and soon retracing our steps across the glacier to the start of the face. For the sake of speed and in the light of our previous attempt we climbed most of the first snow slope unroped. This allowed us to climb steadily at our own paces on the un-crevassed section. We roped up once the going became more intricate, noting some very drastic changes to our original route. What had been a 5m vertical ice wall was now a 15m horror and we had to deviate a long way to find an easier alternative. In fact the whole of our route from there to our previous bivouac was different.

We took a direct line much further left than before, involving short steep sections interspersed with long straight forward plods. A slightly different line through the loose rock gullies only required Chris to remove one of his brain cells and had Ian gibbering marginally less than usual. Pleased with our progress we arrived at the bivouac ledge three hours faster than before and in good time to beat the sun onto the second snowfield. After a brew and late breakfast we retrieved our cache of food and fuel and tiptoed across "Death Rattle Gulch" as quickly as possible. At first we moved together, roped on the lower sections of the snowfield but conditions soon dictated that we climbed a pitch at a time. In places the snow was rotten and not consolidated to the underlying ice. In others it was pure ice with no snow.

Our original intention was to get to the base of the "Orion Face" and climb this in the same day if we had time, but again we were

beaten by the scale of the difficulties. By midday we were just ahead of the sun as we approached the top of the snowfield.

Ian had demonstrated his tiredness by throwing away various ice screws and krabs whilst juggling them into place on various belays and Chris was eagerly eyeing up any possible bivi sites. Needing some protection from the snow and ice above we spent three hours hacking a ledge into the face, at a time when we would have happily curled up and slept. Having already been on the go for thirteen hours and drained a lot of nervous energy, this task was a difficult one. However, by late afternoon we had a ledge approximately 1m x 3m that was comfortable to sit and cook on and gave us protection as we hung precariously in space. Our belays were good, using ice screws and a large snow mushroom so despite our situation we were able to relax. This was very necessary as the difficulties of the Orion Face had not appeared to ease during the approach and were going to need a lot of effort to overcome them.

Food, drink and a beautiful sunset saw us settling down to sleep in anticipation of another early start. Awake at 0430 it took us until 0700 before we began climbing. The confines of a small ledge, care not to drop any gear and cumulative tiredness in a rarefied atmosphere are not conducive to a speedy getaway. This bivouac was at 5100m and it felt it! One rope length took us to the base of the "Orion Face" where we traversed left for two more pitches before reaching the gully we'd decided to try. Other imaginary "lines" that we'd considered previously were discounted or simply non-existent now that we were so close. Most disconcerting was that even our chosen line looked hard, so again Chris removed both cells in readiness.

It is difficult to give a summary of the next section of the climb, as between us we could probably describe every single move in perfect detail. Suffice to say it was the hardest piece of climbing we have ever done anywhere. In essence it was a Scottish-looking gully, part rock, part ice, part snow. In places it was necessary to traverse short sections of rock to link one section of ice with the next, all the time in very steep, exposed situations. Anyone who has never climbed this type of mixed terrain in big boots, crampons and gloves should perhaps imagine climbing a down-moving escalator wearing roller skates and boxing gloves. It's not so dis-similar!! The climbing actually got far more technical as it became necessary to traverse rightwards out of the gully towards the third snowfield.

After nine hours of climbing and still only at 5250m, we had to resort to common sense. There was nowhere safe to bivouac, we wouldn't make the third snowfield before nightfall and it was becoming increasingly likely that one of us would have an accident. None of these factors were to be relished, particularly as we were rapidly running out of steam.

Reluctantly we decided to retreat. This proved to be quite tricky, even though we had only 150m of altitude to lose in order to regain our last bivi site. At 1800 hrs we were back on our

ledge, hacking out a bit more space to make it more comfortable than the night before. Again there was more soul-searching whilst eating, drinking and cowering into our warm sleeping bags. What we were happy with however was that there was no need to justify our actions to each other. We'd given it our best shot, there was no easier alternative to try, so we had to get ourselves safely back to Base Camp to be able to tell the tale.

Times like this always bring to mind the time honoured quote of mountaineering priorities "Come back alive, come back friends, climb the mountain." So far we'd managed to stick to that list of priorities, but neither of us relished the retreat ahead. We did have a well-earned sleep to look forward to and that was our immediate task.

The following morning, Tuesday 25th August, it took us until 0700 hrs again to get underway. We down climbed some sections and abseiled wherever possible. This took us on a different line to that of our ascent, from top right to bottom left of the second snowfield. We crossed Death Rattle Gulch just before the sun caught it, and decided to sit out the rest of the day at our first bivi. We could have descended the lower snowfields but would have been subjected to bombardment from above which didn't seem worth the risk. We were lucky as the sun was not as intense as on our previous stay and we were able to rest and sunbathe on our bizarre perch.

The following morning we made quick work of the rest of the descent, though Chris took a nasty blow on the head from a loose boulder. It was sobering to think what might have happened if we'd attempted to descend the previous afternoon. As if to compensate for the blow on the head we managed to find some of Ian's throwing gear, which was very lucky given the vastness of the face. The lower section of the debris cone was extremely awkward having been stripped of all its snow and was now just hard ice. We were therefore very relieved when we finally arrived at the glacier, reasonably intact and before the sun arrived.

Any moments to savour were shared with Wali, one of our frequent visitors from Brokk. He monitored our progress using his binoculars and came to greet us at the base of the face. It's funny what mixed feelings this sort of encounter brings. In this case it was quite an unwelcome intrusion, despite his good intentions and it took away any euphoria we might have otherwise felt at returning safely from another epic.

BASE CAMP (4030m) - PART FOUR

Our last few days at Base Camp were quite difficult psychologically we were obviously disappointed at not climbing to the summit of Sokha Brakk but also quite relieved when we realised it would have taken over a week to get up and back in safety. We were also faced with weather and logistical problems that upset the plans for our walk-out. Originally we were to go over the Sokha

La on the Biafo glacier, then cross the Hispar La and descend to Hunza. A violent thunderstorm and fresh snow on the night after our face retreat has us wondering at the sanity of wallowing in fresh snow on our proposed route. We could of course wait for the weather to pick up again but by this time we'd done enough waiting. Our other problem concerned the weight of our sacks. These had now hit the 45kg mark and for the Biafo-Hispar route would certainly have been "no Fun!! Thus we resigned ourselves to failure once more and chose to walk-out from the mountain by the same route we came in on. This decision was quite a relief for both of us, and with hindsight was the only one that made sense.

THE WALK OUT

Sunday, 30th August saw an early start, packing up the last of our equipment and leaving as little trace as possible of our month at the Base Camp. Wali and his friends came to relieve us of the last of our unwanted equipment then shot off ahead to make us some chai for when we later walked through their village.

With our 45kg burdens we set off at 0700 on a pleasant day aware that we were in for a long slog. We weren't wrong! We had our refreshments and photograph sessions with the villagers of Brokk before stumbling our way across the Sokha glacier. Wali showed us a good route to get us started but after that it was every man for himself. I cringe to think what sort of stress was absorbed by knees and ankle joints in these situations but it must be extreme. By lunchtime we dealt with the roughest of the terrain and stopped at our previous campsite opposite Dabadas. This was ostensibly for a brew and some food but could easily have turned into total collapse and a rest for the night. Fearful of another bad turn in the weather we decided to go on for at least another couple of hours and re-calculate our progress then. Putting the sacks back on was purgatory. We managed a little more than two hours and dusk brought us to the outskirts of a deserted transit yak village.

With a stream close by we ate, drank, washed then collapsed for the night. It was a beautifully clear starry night with numerous shooting stars and probably the last time we would be fully alone on this trip. Despite our fatigue it was still an experience to be savoured. Next day we cooked fresh chappattis for breakfast and a two hour slog put us at the campsite we'd hoped to stay at the night before.

This campsite was very close to the village of Bisil and we debated whether or not we should hire porters to help us from there to the roadhead at Doko. This decision was finally taken out of our hands by fate. As we descended into Bisil, expecting to be mobbed by the hoardes of kids, we recognised two characters descending behind us. It was Wali and his friend Hussan from Brokk. They were bringing our surplus gear to their houses in Bisil and jumped at the idea of being porters for us. This upset some of those who came to greet us from the village, but then many amongst them had given us bother before so ... "tough."

A pitstop and second breakfast at Wali's house in Lower Bisil allowed us to off load 25kg from each of our sacks and bring our burdens to a more reasonable 20kg. We felt we were walking on air. At 1000 we set off behind Wali and Hussain who were almost running ahead of us. We had all on to keep up until a change of footwear got us out of mountain boots and into trainers.

There was not much chance to savour the journey as it was fairly high speed. Lots of mini-stops to pick apricots and apples from the trees but otherwise a hectic pace. About thirty minutes from Zil our men were reaching what long distance runners refer to as "the wall". We sat for a while to top up their energy levels with a big bowl of curd and chappattis. Considering they had come all the way from Brokk that same morning I don't think anyone would have begrudged them this.

Our last major river crossing was easy with a new footbridge in place, so our arrival in Doko was untraumatic. It was also an anti-climax. There was no jeep to be seen and nowhere peaceful to stay. We walked out of the village and dumped our gear in a field by the side of the jeep track. We paid off the men, made a brew, humoured inquisitive locals and tried to make a plan.

As luck would have it we found a jeep not too far away, but the operators were too greedy for their own good and we decided to call their bluff. They were asking nearly twenty times the going rate for the relatively short journey South to Tissar. Unfortunately people who had gone before us had set a precedent by paying this amount, but we couldn't bring ourselves to perpetuate it. Instead we stopped at Sebiri village with a local teacher and his family. Again we were on show the whole evening and were only allowed to sleep after an awfully profound and tiring religious sermon. Not what we would have chosen after two days slog. The next day we hired two porters to help carry our gear down the road to Tissar. We were informed that we would find many more jeeps to get us back to Skardu. Interestingly enough the cost of two porters was only a little less than the jeep ~~would~~ have been but this method seemed far more in order and the men certainly earned their money. Needless to say, our six hour "saunter" to Tissar did not produce the multitude of jeeps we had been promised. Worse still was the fact that the jeeps that were available were run by the money-grabbing "bar steward" we'd turned down the day before. After much waiting, bargaining and uncertainty we finally scrounged a lift on the back of a Government truck and that cost us £15 each!! By this time we would almost have paid whatever was asked, simply to end the ordeal, but we tried to retain some of our principles.

The journey to Skardu was as spectacular as ever. Because the Shigar River was in spate, we went via the West bank before crossing to Shigar, which involves some amazingly improbable river crossings. A beautiful sunset on the approaches to Skardu once again highlighted the variety of scenery and the vastness of this stunning part of the world. Booking into the Karakoram Inn at dusk we finally let ourselves believe that the hard work was

over. There had been a few times when we'd thought the odds were stacked against us, but at last we could consider the Expedition had finished and now we were on holiday.

We were later to find that Mick's journey out wasn't exactly plain sailing either. Ten hours slog from Base Camp had seen him staggering into Bisil feeling he'd done more than just a good day's work. The locals that Chris and Ian were to shun later took good care of him and helped him recuperate that night. The following day he hired a porter for the walk to Doko and surprise, surprise.... no jeep. Continuing towards Tissar he stopped the night at the Government Rest House at Hemasil indulging in a well-earned Sulphur Spring bath. Again there was no jeep, so the next day he took another porter for a river-wading route to Dassu. This is more frequented by traffic plying the Braidu Gorge and with just five minutes to spare he caught a lift back from there to Skardu. None of the same rip-off deals here but hardly a piece of cake getting back to civilisation.

POST EXPEDITION EPICS

In Mick's case the journey from Skardu back to Yorkshire followed a fairly normal pattern. With no seats available on the flight from Skardu to Islamabad he booked a seat on the NATCO bus to Rawalpindi. Two hours into the journey, and feeling decidedly unwell he managed to jump ship into a privately hired bus full of clients from Exodus travel. Their trekking leader, Dave did a great rescue job and was an excellent ambassador for the company. A night in a plush hotel, armed escort through bandit country and a change of airline for the U.K. flight had Mick back in Huddersfield just ten days after leaving Base Camp.

So to Ian and Chris..... having failed to attempt the Walk Out via the Hispar Glacier to Hunza, Ian and Chris decided they should at least reach this area by road. A long bus journey from Skardu to Gilgit followed by a couple of days resting there had them taking a minibus North to Karimabad via the Karakoram Highway. They left the majority of their baggage at the Madina Hotel in Gilgit and travelled light in anticipation of a few days reading in the sunshine. They stayed just outside Karimabad, at the Kisar Inn at Altit and had a couple of days doing very little. This place is a busy traveller's crossroads on the China/Pakistan route, so constantly has new valuable input as people come and go.

It was refreshing to hear of other people's adventures and gain new ideas for future trips. Chris had his appetite whetted sufficiently to plan a few months trip to China in preference to going home. Only Ian's boring "stay at home" philosophy put the mockers on this. During these two days various plans were made for recesses of local glaciers and possible trips to do during the stay.

What was not reckoned on was the weather that was to come. The next forty-eight hours saw a tremendous amount of torrential rain. Houses were wrecked, possessions soaked, resources

stretched to their limit and roads closed by avalanche. The locals took all this in their stride, saying that this was quite normal if not a little early this year. What they didn't know was just how widespread the devastation had been. The influx of new people ceased and reports of conditions elsewhere were either fictional or guesswork. Local hoteliers keen to maintain trade, insisted that the roads would be opened again in a few days and that it would be prudent to wait. Unfortunately Chris and Ian had already re-confirmed their flight home and it was obvious that they would never make it to Islamabad in time. With no local telephones or radio working, they were keen to get somewhere where they would be able to cancel their seats. As Aliabad was the main telephone exchange and only a few kilometers away, they set off walking early one afternoon in the hope of making phone contact. It didn't take long before the wholesale destruction of the road and communications became obvious. Aliabad was a wash-out and hope for them, was fading. The only logical answer was to start the long walk to Gilgit, 90kms away. Although mainly on the road there was still much stone-dodging and scrambling to do.

In some places the road was completely obliterated, replaced by loose scree and hazardous precipices, but the only way on was forward. The first night was spent in the workers quarters of the solar power station at Hindi. It was shared with some German mountain bikers bound for China. They were a little disappointed at the suggestion that as far as their trip was concerned there was "no chance!" The next day was extremely hazardous and far more dangerous than any of the climbing done so far on the trip. Several of the landslides were so active that timing and pure luck were used to traverse them without being killed or injured. The rockfalls ranged in size to a maximum of a kilometre wide in places. So much for "they'll be cleared in a few days". A long hard day and one short 8km Suzuki ride took them to Rahimabad where they took a very rough room and collapsed for the night. Still no accurate reports of the state of the road from there onwards and fairly demoralising all round. Thus the following days journey was a great surprise. Away before first light it was only a one hour walk before meeting a minibus for a clear ride for the last 20km to Gilgit! This actually meant arriving in Gilgit for 0730, plenty of time for a full days business and planning. There were of course many other people in similar circumstances and it seemed that getting out of Gilgit would be a big problem.

The bad weather had so interrupted the flight schedules that even excessive bribery couldn't get tickets. Although a few tickets were available from \$150 US upwards (more than ten times the going rate), most travel firms and businesses were relying on self charter. Large scale army efforts were reported to be working to clear the roads but no one seemed to be arriving from the South. Fortunately the satellite phone links were operating, although it took fifteen hours of queueing to phone the U.K. to advise of the delay. The international flight seats were able to be cancelled so extra expense there was to be saved.

After five days of waiting Chris and Ian set off with full expedition sacks to "landslide-hop" their way South to Rawalpindi. Reports had come through that the journey was possible via the Swat Valley but no-one knew for sure. In the event it took just under twenty-four hours, thirteen different vehicles, bandit gunfire and vast amounts of energy to complete the journey, arriving in Rawalpindi at 0515 on Thursday, 17th September. This was much quicker than expected and with a few tasks to complete in the city, and not a little deft footwork it saw them obtaining two stand-by seats for the 1100 flight to Manchester. They were shattered, travel-lagged, relieved and still not quite believing their luck for most of the flight home. Sleep, regular food and relative luxury eventually brought them back to some sort of reality.

A bus ride in heavy drizzle to Manchester Picadilly railway station, a smart trans-pennine train to Huddersfield then a lift home from a slinky woman at 1930 completed what had been quite an epic. Considering all the obstacles that had been placed in their way it had to be agreed that they had been very lucky to be ONLY two days late. So endeth another trip!!!

FLIGHTS AND FREIGHT

Deciding not to freight anything extra from the U.K. was a big save of time, expense, paperwork and red tape. Marion and Loretta at P.I.A.'s Head Office in Bristol were their usual helpful selves and gave us a 20 kg excess baggage allowance each. This made the £600 return flight Manchester/Islamabad very competitive and convenient. It also allowed us to book the internal flight Islamabad/Skardu from the U.K. thus avoiding any rushing around on arrival in Pakistan. We could only get first class tickets for this internal flight but for the little extra cost involved it was well worth the save of hassle and it cut down our time in Rawalpindi considerably. Excess freight on the Skardu flight is charged at 5 Rs/- per kg. Cheap and convenient.

During the problems of floods and landslides before our return trip to the U.K. all internal flights were virtually impossible without an advance ticket. Tempers and emotions ran high in some ticket offices and were the cause of one of the riots in Gilgit while we were there. Its always prudent to allow plenty of time in your planning in case a particular flight is cancelled due to weather and a passenger backlog builds up.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Short of taking an official photographer along there never seems to be an ideal balance between a simple "point and shoot" camera and a full blown S.L.R. On previous trips we have suffered numerous problems with our prints and slides as a result of getting this balance wrong. Our compromise this time was for Mick and Chris to use slide film in their cameras while Ian tried to get an overall impression of the expedition with prints. The cameras were a mixed bag. Chris had an Olympus OMI with a 28 mm and 35 - 70mm zoom lenses. Mick had a Konica A4 AF "Point and Shoot" and Ian had an Olympus X.A. semi-automatic. We used a total of 15 x 36 print films and 16 x 36 slide films. Our thanks to Arcade Cameras of Imperial Arcade, Huddersfield who discounted the film and processing for us.

INSURANCE

For the three members personal equipment and medical needs a policy was taken out through the British Mountaineering Council in Manchester. They are experts in this field and provide the best deal available to climbers. The policy was extended to cover a further £2000 worth of communal equipment and the total premium was £490.

For the walk-in and walk-out porters, insurance must be arranged in advance, even if you are not sure of final numbers. We again used the Eastern Federal Union General Insurance Company Ltd in Islamabad who are amazingly non-Asian in their efficiency. We deliberately over-estimated our eventual needs but insured all of our porters for a total premium of £24.29. Eastern Federal can be found at 70/W, Al-Malik Centre, 3rd Floor, Blue Area, F-7, G-7, Islamabad.

PORTERS

Although this report appears to differ in places, we were actually very lucky with our porters. It was outside influences that created any problems we had with them. As usual the essential element is a good Sirdar and we were fortunate with our choice of Abidin. Our advice to future expeditions to this area would be to hire men on a daily basis rather than take them from the roadhead all the way to Base Camp. Although the latter system involves less negotiating it creates more local rivalry and strife than it's worth. There is an abundance of available porters in all the villages, except Dabadas, so there should be no difficulty hiring them one stage at a time. We were possibly over-generous negotiating porter stages as we paid the men a total of four. These were:- Zil to Bisil, Bisil to Dabadas, Dabadas to Brokk and Brokk to Base Camp. The last stage was really only 1/2 and could even have been incorporated into the one before. Payment was at the same rate as 1989. 90 Rs/- for each carrying stage, 45 Rs/- for the empty return home and 30 Rs/- for food. This makes 165 Rs/- per man/stage for a 25 kg load. Interestingly this works out at about £3.30 per man/stage in 1992 as opposed to £5.00 at the 1989 exchange rate. A large saving on our estimated budget. Our main problems were encountered at Bisil where we had to send four of our Zil porters home in order to give four Bisil men some work. Be warned if you intend to travel on to Arandu as they are renowned for being far worse. The going rate for payment in lieu of equipment is 150 Rs/- per man but Abidin negotiated 200 Rs/- from the outset. This was a very small concession considering the service we were given.

FOOD

With very little food bought from the U.K. and a reliance on what was available locally we had less variation than usual. Quantities worked out quite well though we overdid the atta by 20 kg and could have used just one jar of Marmite. Our friend Wali from Brokk supplied us with eggs when these were available and saved us from resorting to Sweetex by bringing 2 kg of extra sugar. A high intake of fresh garlic seems to help settle the guts after the traumas of the walk-in and is well worth its weight. It is certainly now possible to equip an expedition with food from Skardu, as long as real specialist items are brought from the U.K.

JEEP TRAVEL

Expeditions and trekking parties are very much at the mercy of local owners and drivers once you get away from the bigger towns and villages. We fell foul of various rip-off artists on a number of occasions, when we had no other options. Many people operate jeeps from Skardu. Natco are the main official agents but entrepreneurs such as Aga Abbas also provide a service. If you are intending to go in and come out from your expedition via the same route, and you have an idea of dates it is far better to arrange all transport from Skardu. Operators are generally very

reliable and of course this gives the chance of bargaining for a good return-trip rate. Simply to arrive at the roadhead in the hope of getting a lift at the local rate is becoming a thing of the past. Once they see your big rucksack and glazed, exhausted expression the dollar signs begin to roll.

SPONSORSHIP AND GRANTS

After previous abysmal attempts at obtaining a major sponsor we decided not to bother this time. Various firms gave us discounts on gear and we still had some shell garments and clothing that Craghoppers had given us to test over the last three years. Steve Pipe at Heckmondwike Secondary School did a sterling job with various sponsored events. His pupils put in a huge effort and raised nearly £300 for us. We received grants of £400 from the Mount Everest Foundation and £300 from the British Mountaineering Council. Other than that it was down to personal contributions. We did apply to various other Grant Giving Bodies as listed in some of the M.E.F. literature but we were not eligible for any of their categories this year.

RESEARCH AND PLANNING

We were very fortunate to have done so much research for the 1989 Biafo Karakoram Expedition. All that was necessary this time was to read up on the literature that had been produced since then to keep abreast of new peaks and recent events. As we knew the area to be visited and had photographs of the proposed route on Sokha Brakk much of the usual planning paranoia was averted. Chris did some clever detective work with old photos of the peaks on the Sokha/Sosbun watershed so, if anyone reading this is confused as to which peak is which give him a ring. Otherwise it would be fair to say that planning this trip involved very little effort. Our budget allowed for three years inflation on 1989 prices and was pleasantly on target. What we could not have foreseen was the technical difficulty of the route itself.

MEDICAL REPORT

We tried very hard to obey the various instructions of "Come back safe" that we received before our departure from the U.K. We suffered relatively minor mishaps and only our various unwanted intestinal guests received medication. This was just as well having drastically cut back on the Medical Kit we took to Pakistan last time. Before leaving the U.K. we all had the full dose of prescribed immunisations. These are for Typhoid, Polio, Tetanus and Hepatitis "A". (The Cholera immunisation is no longer recognised as being effective). Malaria prophylactics were started a week prior to departure and continued for 2/3 weeks after our return home. These undergo frequent changes as malarial strains become resistant to medication so it's worth checking the current trends at the Chemist.

A last minute visit to the dentist is essential and any personal medications must not be forgotten. Chris had the misfortune of cracking a tooth early on during the Walk In to Base Camp, which

could have been nasty. We decided not to use the emergency Dental Kit as the tooth didn't give much discomfort, but these unpredictable events can easily ruin a whole trip. (We knew he was O.K. because he continued to eat like a Gannet!)

Given the cost of prescriptions in the U.K. and the easily obtainable cheap drugs in Pakistan it would be worth buying most essential items abroad. Simple examples of drugs that are only available on prescription in the U.K. are Flagyl and Septran. These work out at £0.20p and £0.60p respectively in Pakistan, a big saving. Also malaria tablets are extremely cheap, particularly considering the three of us paid nearly £40 between us for these before leaving the U.K.

Early stomach disorders were dealt with by fasting and trying a 24 hour liquid diet. At Base Camp we seemed to shake off problems by using clean water and a high-garlic diet. At the end of the expedition the bugs were more persistent. Both Chris and Ian took a course of Septran, a broad spectrum antibiotic before returning to the U.K. and even then they still carried some unwanted immigrants. After stool tests in Huddersfield Chris was diagnosed with SHIGELLA FLEXNERI (bacillary dysentery) and Ian ENTAMOEBIA HISTOLYTICA (amoebic dysentery). The antibiotics prescribed for this ensured yet another 15 non-alcohol days!! Mick suffered some sickness and diarrhoea but this subsided with the routine of a western diet.

The only real accident occurred when a large boulder fell on Chris' head as he abseiled from Sokha Brakk. He was very fortunate in that his helmet took most of the force, but still broke the skin on the bony protrusion at the rear of his skull. Fortunately he remained conscious and there were no indications of serious damage so he was able to descend the mountain unaided. The boulder suffered severe fractures!

Mick twisted his knee badly descending the soft snow of Pipe's Peak. This aggravated a recurrent cartilage problem and was serious enough to curtail Mick's expedition.

We administered some very simple treatment to our porters but were keen to show we were not doctors. A sore eye was bathed daily in Optrex and foot sores were cleaned and swabbed with methylated spirits. This latter treatment is not really medically sound but the stinging sensation ensures the patient will not return for further treatment. In the villages many of the problems simply required a wound to be washed or a sore to be dressed. The best cure here is Education.

Our thanks to Roger Greef for supplying our dental repair kit.

REFERENCES

Medical Handbook for Mountaineers
Bailliere's Nurses Dictionary
Principle Drugs

Peter Steele
Kasner and Tindall
S J Hopkins

EQUIPMENT REPORT

It has taken a number of years to refine and streamline our personal gear. There was nothing that we were unhappy with or that we would leave behind another time. Our boot and gaiter combinations worked well and clothing performed well under duress. Chris' breathable Tri-star fleece from Craghoppers was particularly good as its versatility allowed less changes of clothing on route. The sympatex shell clothing was even slept in on a number of occasions and remained comfortable. The technical gear was tested more thoroughly on this trip. Footfangs would still be our first choice if we had to replace crampons. The modular ice axes were superb to use and collapse conveniently to pack inside a rucksack for long journeys. Plastic drums remain the best way to carry gear from the U.K. to Base Camp. Tents and stoves performed well as did the locally bought pans and utensils. With care and using D.I.Y. gaskets the local plastic jerry cans were again used for kerosene and water carrying. Karrimor's Alpiniste 60/80 rucksack is still the most comfortable sack we have used for both heavy load carrying and climbing.

EQUIPMENT - PERSONAL

	CHRIS	IAN	MICK
CLIMBING:-			
ICE AXE	CASSIN ICEFALL	CAMP HYPERCOULOIR	TERRADACTYL
ICE HAMMER	CASSIN ICEFALL	CAMP HYPERCOULOIR	CHARLET MOSER
CRAMPONS	FOOTFANGS	FOOTFANGS	EVEREST
HARNESS	WHILLANS	WHILLANS	WHILLANS
SCREWGATE KARABINERS	2	2	2
BELAY DEVICE	TUBER & STICHT	TUBER	STICHT
ASCENDER	PETZL SHUNT	2 PETZL KROLL	2 CLOG & SHUNT
HELMET	PETZL	PHOENIX	PHOENIX
PLASTIC DOUBLE BOOTS	RRAICLE FUTURA	RRAICLE FUTURA	ASOLO AFS EXP
GORETEX BIVOUCAC BAG	PHOENIX	PHOENIX	PHOENIX
WHISTLE	1	1	1
ROCK BOOTS	KAMET MATADOR	KAMET MATADOR	KAMET MATADOR
CLOTHING:-			
THERMAL TOP	DUOFOLD & HH	HH LIFA	HH LIFA
THERMAL LONG JOHNS	HH LIFA & HH DUPLO	LIFA & DUPLO	LIFA & DUPLO
SALOPETTES	C/H SPLETZ	C/H SPLETZ	HH
PILE JACKET	NO	TURIMA	HH
FLEECE JACKET	C/H TRISTAR	C/H MAKALU	NO
T-SHIRT	1	1	1
UNDERPANTS	3	4	4
LOOPSTITCH SOCKS	2	4	2
SPORTS SOCKS	3	3	3
DUVET	ME ANNA PURNA	ME ANNA PURNA	ME FITZROY
OVER JACKET	C/H GALEBREAKER	C/H STORMBREAKER	C/H CLOUDBREAKER
OVER SALOPETTES	B/H	C/H STORMBREAKER	C/H GALEBREAKER
BALACLAVA	HH	ME	NORTHCAPE
GAITERS	B/H EXP YETI	B/H EXP YETI	B/H STD YETI
MITTENS	2 PR DACHSTEIN	2 PR FLEECE & DACH	2 PR DACHSTEIN
THERMAL INNER GLOVES	DAMART	DAMART	NO
GORETEX OVERMITTS	W/C	W/C	W/C
SUN HAT	1	1	1
TROUSERS	TROLL OMNI & ROHAN	C/H TRAIL	C/H TRAIL
SHORTS	1 PR	C/H TRAIL	1 PR
NECK SCARF	2	2	1
TRAINING SHOES	NEW BALANCE	HI TECH TRAIL	REEBOK
FLIP FLOPS	1 PR	1 PR	NO
GENERAL TRAVEL:-			
SLEEPING BAG	ME REDLINE	ME REDLINE	ME ICE DRAGON
SLEEPING BAG LINER	1	NO	1
SLEEPING MAT	THERMAREST	THERMAREST	THERMAREST
HEADTORCH & BULBS	PETZL & 6	PETZL & 2	PETZL & 2
DURACELL BATTERIES	6	6	9
DARK GLASSES	3 PR	1 PR	2 PR
CAMERA & BATTERIES	OLYMPUS OM1 & 2	OLYMPUS XA & 1	KONICA A4 AF & 1
CAMERA LENSES	28MM & 35-70 ZOOM	FIXED 35MM	FIXED 35MM
WASHING KIT	1	1	1
TOWEL	1	1	1
BUM BAG	1	1	1
SUNCREAM	5	4	4
LIPSALVE	3	1	4
WALKMAN & TAPES	1 & 6	1 & 4	4 TAPES
WATER BOTTLE	2 X 1L	1.5L & 1L	2 X 1L SIGG
READING BOOKS	3	1	2
TEXT BOOKS	1	NO	1
MONEY BELT	1	NO	NO
PEN KNIFE	SWISS & 1	SWISS	SWISS
MUG, DISH & CUTLERY	YES	YES	YES
WRITING MATERIALS	YES	YES	YES
DIARY	YES	YES	NO
SPARE SPECTACLES	1	1	N/A
WATCH	1	1	1
RUCSAC	K ALPINISTE 60/80	K ALPINISTE 60/80	ALPINISTE 60/80

EQUIPMENT - COMMUNAL

CLIMBING:-	
ROPES	3 OFF 50M X 9mm
KARABINERS - SNAPLINK	40
'ROCKS'	3 SETS (30)
ROCK PEGS - ANGLE	1
- BLADE	3
ICE SCREWS - TUBULAR	1
- DRIVE IN	5
ABSEIL TAPE & ROPE	30M
TAPE SLINGS	9
'FRIENDS' (1/2 - 4)	8
GENERAL:-	
PLASTIC DRUMS	3 X 60L & 5 X 30L
PHOENIX PHORUM EXTREME TENT	ONE X 3 PERSON
PHOENIX PHREESPIRIT FLYSHEET	ONE
KEROSENE STOVE	PRIMUS 1/2 PT
MULTIFUEL STOVE	COLEMAN PEAK 1/2 L
SPARE GENERATOR TUBE	2
BILLIES	ONE X 2 L
KETTLE	TRANGIA 1 L
MEDICAL KIT	YES
TRAVEL WASH	2
ALTIMETER	THOMMEN 9000M
MAPS	4 X US ARMY
COMPASS	2 X SILVA
* KEROSENE CONTAINERS	5 X 10 L
SIGG BOTTLES (FUEL)	4 X 1 L & 1 X 1/3 L
SIGG POURER TOPS	3
LIGHTERS	3
FILM	15 X 36 PRINT & 16 X 36 SLIDE
SOLAR CALCULATOR	ONE
URDU PHRASE BOOK	ONE
* CANVAS TARPULIN	12' X 18'
TOILET ROLLS	5
* LARGE FRYING PAN	ONE
* COOKING UTENSILS	2
SPRING BALANCE	0 - 50 kg
TIN OPENER	6
THERMOMETER	-30 +50 C
COLLAPSEABLE WATER CONTAINERS	2 X 5 L & 2 X 15 L
WATER FILTER	'TREKKER TRAVEL WELL'
TOOL KIT & SPARES :-	* MOLEGRIPS (MED)
	ALLAN KEYS (ICE AXES & CRAMPONS)
	SPANNERS (AXES & CRAMPONS)
	FILE
	FOOTFANG FRONT POINTS
	AXE PICKS
	SMALL SCREWDRIVER SET
GENERAL MENDING KIT:-	ADHESIVE CLOTH TAPE 1/2" X 1"
	PACKING TAPE 2"
	CARPET TAPE - TENT REPAIRS
	'THERMAREST' REPAIR KIT
SEWING KIT :-	NEEDLES
	THREAD X 2
	ELASTIC 1/16" X 1/2"

* PURCHASED IN PAKISTAN

KEY TO MANUFACTURERS:-

BH = BERGHAUS C/H = CRAGHOPPERS HH = HELLY HANSEN
 K = KARRIMOR ME = MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT W/C = WILD COUNTRY

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT

	APPROVED NAME	TRADE NAME	UNIT ROUTE	STRENGTH	DOSE	DAILY DOSE MAX	DAYS	EXP. QUANTITY
GROUP								
ANALGESICS (for pain)								
MILD	PARACETAMOL		TABLETS	500mg	1-2	4(2)		76
MODERATE	BUPREMORPHINE (P)	TEMGESIC (1)		200mg				50
ANTIBIOTICS (for infection)								
	AMPICILLIN (P)		CAPSULES	250mg	1	4	5	150
ANTIAMOEBIIC (eg. giardia)								
	CO-TRIMOXAZOLE (P)	SEPTRAN	TABLET	480mg	2	4	6	72
	METRONIDAZOLE (P)	FLAGYL	TABLET	400mg				20
		(P) FLAGYL	TABLET	200mg	2	1	5	20
ANTIEMETIC (for vomiting)								
	METOCLOPRAMIDE (P)		TABLET-	10mg	1	3		50
ANTI HISTAMINE (for allergies)								
	CHLORPHENIRAMINE	PIRITON	TABLET	4mg(2)	1	4		60
HAEMORROIDS								
	BISMUTH SUBGALLATE	ANUSOL	SUPPOSITORY		1(2)	2(2)		23g
MALARIA								
PROPHYLACTICS								
	PROGUANIL (P)	PALUDRINE	TABLET	100mg	2	1		
	CHLOROQUINE (P)	NIVAQUINE	TABLET	200mg	2	1/WK		
EYES								
ANTISEPTIC								
		OPTREX	SOLUTION					110ml
THROAT								
			LOZENGES					32
TEETH								
FILLING								
		LIMPAT WHITE						25g
MOUTH								
ULCERS								
		BONJELA	CREAM					10g
LIPS								
PROTECTION								
		VARIOUS	CREAM					8
ANTISEPTIC GENERAL								
		TISEPT	SOLUTION					25ml
		STERETS	SWABS					10
		GERMOLENE	CREAM					55g
BURNS								
		BURNEZE	SPRAY					75g
SUNSCREEN								
		GLACIER	CREAM					1
		OTHER	CREAM					1
ANTIFUNGUS (for feet)								
		SCHOLL	POWDER					80g
DRESSINGS								
PLASTERS								
	DRESSING STRIP	ELASTOPLAST (1)		300mm				2
	SKIN CLOSURES	NEATSEAL (1)						9
	ROLL	ELASTOPLAST (1)		25mm*1M				1
	MOLESKIN	BOOTS (1)		50mm*100mm				2
		STERISTRIPS		75mm				6
BANDAGES								
	CREPE (L)			150mm				1
GAUZE (non stick)								
		MELOLIN (1)		50mm*50mm				10
CLEANING								
COTTON WOOL								
	WOOL TIP STICKS	BOOTS						20
INSTRUMENTS								
	SCISSORS	SWISS ARMY (1)						3
	TWEEZERS	SWISS ARMY (1)						1
	THERMOMETER			35C-42C				1
	SAFETY PINS (1)							1
	DENTAL MIRROR							1
	DENTAL FILLER							1
	SUTURE & NEEDLE (1)			3/0 SILK				1

Key:

1. Part quantity for climbing when away from basecamp.
 2. Details not shown on medication, therefore taken from reference book.
- (P) Drugs obtained on prescription.

FOOD FOR BASE CAMP

GB PURCHASES :-	BRAND NAME	WEIGHT (g)	QUANTITY
Pasta Choice	Crosse & Blackwell		30 pkts
Cuppa soups	Batchelors		50 schts
Marmite		500	2 jars
Toffees & boiled sweets.	Tesco	~130	20 pkts
Custard powder	various	72	12 pkts
Tea bags	various		500
Coffee		500	1 pkt
Sweetex (500's)			2 pkts
Yeast			8 schts

Cost (£62.42)

RAWALPINDI PURCHASES :-

Baked Beans	Heinz	425	12
Corned Beef		340	18
Cocktail sausages	Tulip	425	6
Tuna	Marina	200	18
Mackerel		200	12
Tomato puree		200	12
Sweet corn		850	6
Garden Peas		425	12
Peaches		850	4
Mushrooms		425	2
Crab		200	2
Boil in can meals			6
Cheese		340	6
Jam - apple		1000	1
Porridge oats	Quaker	500	6
Fruit powder	Tang		1
Marmalade - orange		1000	1
- lime		250	1

Cost 6346 R/- (£135.08)

SKARDU PURCHASES :-	COST R/-	Kg
Onions	60	10
Apricots (dried) & nuts	95	3
Chillies	10	0.1
Garlic	16	16 bulbs
Rice	40	4
Flour	220	40
Ghee	28	1
Oil	230	6 litres
Sugar	84	6
Milk powder	630	8
Chilli powder	12	0.2
Chocolate bars - Jubilee & Sixer	594	107 off

Cost 2019 R/- (£42.98)

Total £240.48

ACCOUNTS - INCOME

	£
Personal contributions £981.12 (x3)	2943.36
Mount Everest Foundation	400.00
Sports Council / British Mountaineering Council	300.00
Heckmondwyke Secondary School - sponsored events	265.00
Barclays Bank - interest on deposit account	17.01
Sale of food in Pakistan	14.90
TOTAL	3940.27

ACCOUNTS - EXPENDITURE

ITEM	U.K. £	Pakistan R/-	£	TOTAL
Travel - air	1902.00	--	--	1902.00
- road	57.10	6387	135.96	193.06
Accommodation	--	4090	87.06	87.06
Food - general	--	6493	138.21	138.21
- for base camp	62.42	8365	178.06	240.48
Equipment - general	19.51	4373	93.08	112.59
Porters - insurance	--	1141	24.29	24.29
- walk in	--	10480	223.08	223.08
- walk out	--	1415	30.12	30.12
Insurance	490.00	--	--	490.00
Visas	94.00	--	--	94.00
Freighting	--	500	10.64	10.64
Communications	34.33	2675	56.94	91.27
Photography - Film	87.50	--	--	87.50
- Processing	110.00	--	--	110.00
Airport tax	-	600	12.77	12.77
Loss on exchange R/- to £	15.23	-	-	15.23
Miscellaneous	67.86	475	10.11	77.97
TOTALS	2924.72	46994	1000.32	3940.27

Exchange rates:- UK - Pakistan average 46.98 R/£
Pakistan - UK 61.48 R/£

CALENDAR

21st JULY Fly from Manchester to Islamabad.
22 Arrive Islamabad.
23-24 Business in Rawalpindi/Islamabad.
25 Delayed in Rawalpindi due to bad weather.
26 Fly from Rawalpindi to Skardu.
27 Business in Skardu.
28 Jeep journey from Skardu to Doko/Zil.
29 Walk in begins, Doko/Zil to Bisil.
30 Bisil to Dabadas.
31 Dabadas to Brokk, yak village.
1st August Brokk to Base camp.
3-5 Climb 'Pipe's peak.
7-10 Confined to BC due to bad weather.
13-14 First attempt on Sokha Brakk reaching 4750m.
16 Mick leaves BC for home.
17-22 Confined to BC due to bad weather.
23-26 Final attempt on Sokha Brakk reaching 5250m.
28 Departure delayed due to bad weather.
29 Walk out begins, BC to Bisil.
30 Bisil to Doko.
31 Doko to Tissar, then jeep to Skardu.
3rd Sept. Travel from Skardu to Gilgit.
5 Travel from Gilgit to Altit, Hunza valley.
8-9 Torrential rain in Northern Pakistan.
10 Walk from Altit to Hindi.
11 Walk from Hindi to Rahimabad.
12 Travel from Rahimabad to Gilgit.
16 Leave Gilgit for Islamabad.
17 Arrive Islamabad and fly to Manchester.

SOKHAW	MONTH	AUGUST																		
	DATE	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	POSITION	ALTITUDE	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER
SKARDU	~c.7500' 2300m	☉	☉	↓																
DOKO	~c.8000' 2450m			↓	↓															
BISIL	~c.9000' 2750m				↓	↓														
DABADAS	~c.10500' 3200m					↓	↓													
BROKK	~c.12300' 3750m						↓	↓												
BASE CAMP	~c.13300' 4050m							↓	○	↓	○	↑	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
BIVOUCAC (PIPE'S PEAK)	~c.15500' 4750m									↓	○	↑								
PIPE'S PEAK	c.18028' 5495m											↑								
SOKHA BRAKK (BIVOUCAC 1)	~c.15600' 4750m																			↓
SOKHAW	MONTH	AUGUST																		
	DATE	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
	POSITION	ALTITUDE	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER	WEATHER
SKARDU	~c.7500' 2300m																			
DOKO	~c.8000' 2450m																			
BISIL	~c.9000' 2750m																			
BASE CAMP	~c.13300' 4050m	↑	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	↓		↑	○	○	↑				
SOKHA BRAKK (BIVOUCAC 1)	~c.15600' 4750m	↑									↓	↑	↑							
SOKHA BRAKK (BIVOUCAC 2)	~c.16700' 5100m										↓	↑	↑							
SOKHA BRAKK (HIGH POINT)	~c.17200' 5250m										↑	↑	↑							

MOVEMENT AND WEATHER (WALK IN TO WALK OUT)

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