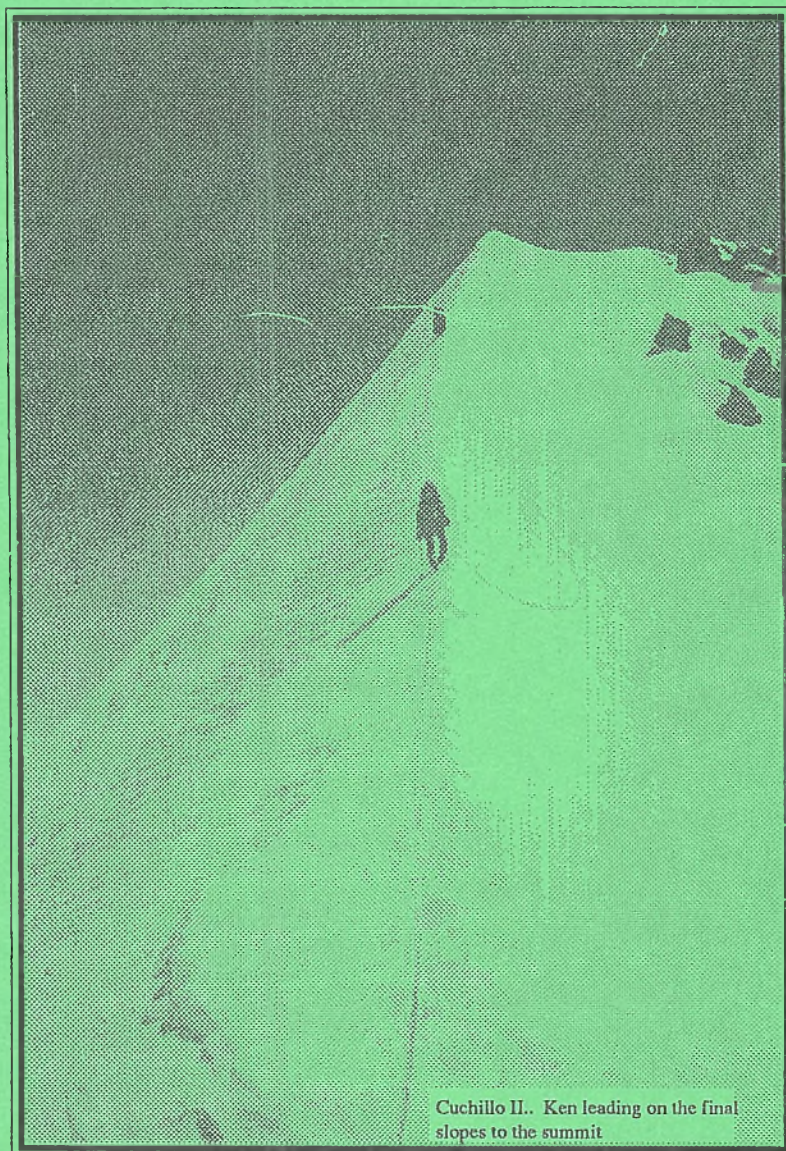


# Apolobamba

*in the Southern Mountains*

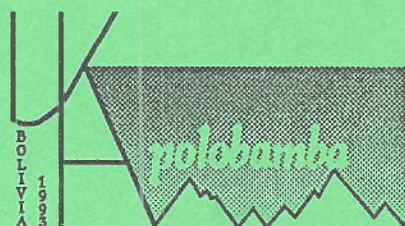


Cuchillo II.. Ken leading on the final slopes to the summit

MOUNT  
EVEREST  
FOUNDATION

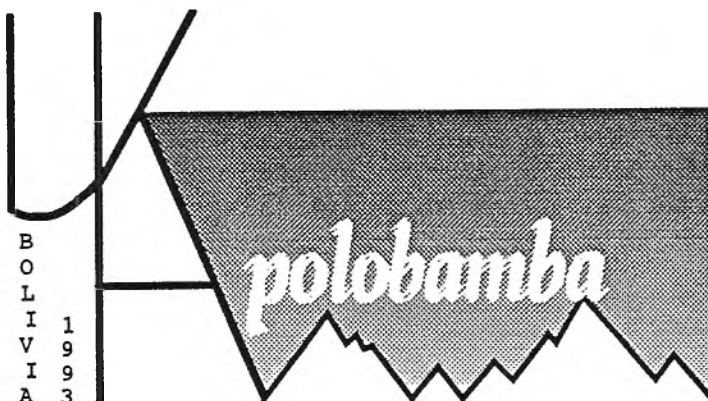
## Bolivia 1993

+ 533



*Final report*





Patron  
Chris Bonington CBE

## Summary

Our team of eight climbers from the UK visited Bolivia during August 1993 and journeyed to the Apolobamba mountains which lie north of La Paz and beyond the Cordillera Real. This area has been visited by a number of expeditions in the past but we were able to locate a southern area which seems to have had no visits by British teams.

The expedition managed to attain 5 first British ascents of named peaks and 4 first British ascents of un-named summits in the Apolobamba Range of mountains. In addition to these ascents the peaks of Sunchuli, Iscacuchu, Mita and Lisa were also climbed; Illimani near La Paz was also ascended.

The journey to our chosen base camp site at Sunchuli was interrupted at Passo Osipal when our drivers ran out of petrol! Fortunately two days later we were able to employ a passing miner and his truck to complete the journey.

During the four days at Passo Osipal 6 members climbed Sunchuli 5306m, 3 members climbed Lisa 5400m and 4 climbed the Iscacuchu peaks 5650m and Mita 5500m. It snowed over one night and during part of one day.

From the camp below Passo Sunchuli nine peaks were ascended and we enjoyed seven days of good weather before a fall of 2 foot of snow over Tuesday 10th and Wednesday 11th of August. Further snow followed and the days became overcast with low cloud. We were forced to leave the area four days early due to the passes being closed with snow and we walked out with six horses carrying our gear.

The peaks ascended from Sunchuli were; Cuchillo I 5655m ascended by six members, Yanaorco 5550m ascended by two members and also ascended to within 50 foot of its summit by four others, a traverse by four members over two days encompassing Point 5600-Cavayani 5700m-Point 5550 & Point 5450, Corohuari 5668m by two members, and finally in the Apolobamba a two day ascent of Cuchillo II 5450m by 5 members after the large fall of snow

Although this range has been visited by around six British expeditions there remain many summits unclimbed by British men and women as well as the possibility of a few previously unclimbed ones.

We have improved our understanding of the topography of the area and will produce an improved sketch map for the final report. Pamela Holt collected plant material and seed for the La Paz University and Kew Gardens, she also gave a lecture there. There are around 2000 slides and photographs of the mountains and areas we visited.

The Sheep (Cuddly Toys) which were sponsored for charity managed to climb 12 summits.

Two members still hungry for mountains upon our return to La Paz, set out and succeeded in climbing Illimani 6438m.

23rd July	Fly out of Heathrow
24th July	Land in La Paz some people suffer altitude effects
25th July	Shopping and check equipment/tents
26th July	Visit Guarachi and CAB while others also make enquiries about transport. Allippio agrees then reneges around 5 in the afternoon. Visit British Embassy
27th July	Transport arranged finally through <i>Guarachi</i> \$1200 for the next day
28th July	Set off for the Apolobamba - a long day- drivers get lost and we are dumped on the Passo Osipal at around 7.30 pm
29th July	Set up camp area and organise food. Small peaks climbed by Ray & Pam also Paul, Daniel, Ian and Sue
30th July	Sunchuli Peak 5306m climbed by Paul & Ken, then Ray & Les followed by Ian & Ashley
31st July	Snow overnight, a grey day most people stay in camp. Ken & Paul visit valley area near Lisa.
1st August	3.00am start for Iscacuchu 5650m - climbed by Ashley & Paul followed by Ken & Ian, Mita 5500m and an intermediate summit also climbed. Ray, Pamela and Sue climb Lisa
2nd August	Move on to the base camp at Sunchuli using local miners transport \$120
3rd August	New base camp built by most people. Pam collects seed and plants.
4th August	Cuchillo I 5655m climbed from base camp by Ashley, Pam & and Les then Paul and Ken. Ian ill on way up. A Condor visited us on mountain.
5th August	Ken & I walked up the valley to make a higher camp. Ashley & Les set off for bivi and plan to ascend Corohuari 5668m the next day .
6th August	Yanaorco 5550m climbed by Ken & Paul. Les & Ashley attain summit of Corohuari 5668m then use same bivi site overnight. Ray & Sue trekked round & see Corohuari climbed. Pam & Ian ascend to Camp 1.
7th August	Pam & Ian, Ken and Paul climb onto ridge -west of Cuchillo I. Slow progress means a bivi at 5620m on rock outcrop after ascending Point 5650m. Les & Ashley return to camp via Sunchuli
8th August	Cavayani 5704 climbed on continuation of day 1 by Ken, Ian, Pam & Paul; also two more tops. All 4 go down to base- Ray, Les, Ashley and Sue go up to same camp site.
9th August	Yanaorco climbed to within 50 foot of top by Ray, Les, Ashley and Sue- bad rock!
10th August	Snow overnight 2" by morning & continues heavily during the day. Members from higher camp return around 4 o'clock very tired.
11th August	Snow continued through night tents needed clearing every two hours. Kitchen collapses!
12th August	Digging out day. 2 foot of snow moved from around the tents.
13th August	Ashley, Ian and Paul make reconnaissance to Passo Sunchuli and onto the start of the ridge
14th August	Everyone except Ray set off for Cuchillo II, a little late-7.30am! Time consuming rock climb near top. Ashley, Les and Ian set off in deep snow return defeated by time and tiredness. Les & Ian abseil down but rest Bivi on the ridge. Reasonable night
15th August	Paul, Pam & Ken on one rope set off go beyond yesterdays high point then onto Cuchillo II 5450m. Ashley and Sue follow on after making sure it could be done.
16th August	Rest day. All thoughts of further peaks evaporate due to mountain conditions. Short walk by Paul, Ray & Ian south to next valley - see Acamani - an impressive sight!
17th August	Attempt on Cuchillo I by Ian, Ray and Sue is thwarted by low cloud and snowfall at midday.
18th August	More snow. Paul, Pam, Daniel and Ken visit Sunchuli.
19th August	Day 1 of walkout night at Illo Illo.
20th August	Day 2 of walkout night at Pujo Pujo.
21st August	Paul & Daniel walk to Ulla Ulla try to contact Guarachi - failed. Visit Vicuna Centre, stay night & others picked up around 8pm from Pujo Pujo - brought to Vicuna Centre.
22nd August	Pick-up day - one vehicle arrives at 2pm. At 3pm Paul, Ray, Pam, Les & Ken leave for LaPaz
23rd August	Ashley, Ian, Sue & Daniel return to LaPaz - late in the day! Ray & Paul visit Guarachi. Pam gives lecture to university audience 'Decorative Horticulture'. Contact British Embassy.
24th August	Relax & shop - LaPaz.
25th August	LaPaz/Chulimani. Ken & Ian set off to climb Illimani. Pam visits Comanche - rare plant.
26th August	Group split further. Cocacabana/Chulimani/Tiwanaku. Illimani
27th August	Isle of Sun-Titicaca. Trek to Chulimani. LaPaz Varig confirm flights/Titicaca. Illimani.
28th August	Isle of Sun-Titicaca. Illimani 6438 - Summit reached by Ken & Ian. Trek to Chulimani.- seed collecting. Isle of Dead-Titicaca/Cocacabana.
29th August	Isle of Sun-Titicaca. Cocacabana. Trek to Chulimani. Return to LaPaz from Illimani.
30th August	Isle of Sun-Titicaca. Cocacabana. Trek to Chulimani. LaPaz.
31st August	LaPaz. Pam reaches Chulimani. Tiwanaku.
1st Sept.	LaPaz everyone. Pack gear - check weight - extra weight from Varig confirmed at 6pm.
2nd Sept.	Collect air tickets from British Embassy. Pam visits Herbarium to deliver plant/seed collection. Fly out from LaPaz around mid-day, change at Rio for final leg home. Great hospitality on flight
3rd Sept.	Reach Heathrow 3.30pm, depart our separate ways. Forget team photo at airport.



Patron:  
**Chris Bonington CBE.**



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Expedition Advisory Centre

Paul Exley & Richard Jones

R.G.S.

research on our behalf

lots of helpful information

acting as referees

maps and information

Duncan Ellison

Robin Shackall

Wild Country



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BMC - Insurance

British Embassy - La Paz

Material for repair

for the use of their Hut  
in Wales & support

Thanks to all the firms, organisations & people who supported the Expedition



# THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM APOLOBAMBA EXPEDITION - BOLIVIA 1993

Gillian Holbert

Treasurer



Ken Findlay, 36, British, PGCE(FE) University of Huddersfield/FE Lecturer  
Research, MEF Liaison and Climbing Gear

In nine Alpine seasons Ken has climbed 21 4000m peaks, he has also climbed in the Pyrenees, Greece and the Karakoram. He is a member of the Leeds Mountaineering Club, and the Alpine Club and also an aspirant of the FRCC. He visited the Karakoram in 1991. This trip to Bolivia was his idea and to prove it he climbed the most summits of anyone.

Les Holbert, British, 37, Market Gardener - Morley.

Food & Cash in Bolivia, Medical + Treasurers assistant

Les has over 20 years of mountain experience and has visited all parts of Britain pursuing this interest, more recently he has also visited the Alps. In 1991 he was a member of the Karakoram Expedition. He is a member of the Leeds Mountaineering Club. A bad back hit Les at the start of the expedition but he still made two first British ascents.



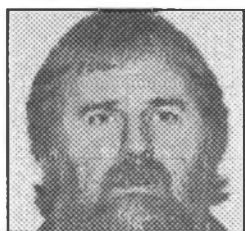
Pamela Holt, 43, Lecturer in Horticulture - Somerset.  
Medicine & Plant collecting

Pamela has an impressive record of five expeditions to S. America, combining mountaineering with plant collecting & recording. She has also managed nine Alpine seasons. Speaking good Spanish she was able to reach understandings with the locals when no-one else knew what was happening. Pam climbed four main summits on this expedition.

Paul Hudson, British, 43, Teacher of Art - Leeds

Gear, Press & Information, Maps & Report, + (Charitable Fund-raising)

Paul has climbed in Britain, the Alps and was on the Karakoram on the 1991 trip. He has a strong interest in the literature of mountaineering. Paul managed well on this expedition ascending six named peaks.



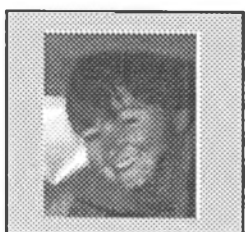
Ray Dimmock, British, 53, Retired Tool & Repair Kit

Ray has a vast amount of high altitude trekking and climbing gathered over the last 40 years. He visits the Himalaya quite regularly, enjoying Nepal immensely. He also sails and is always ready to crew around the world. He thought Bolivia great and is already considering a return trip. A bad back kept Ray in base for much of the time but he enjoyed the trip all the same.

Ian Wadsworth, British, 28, Researcher at Sheffield University.

Film & Medicine

Ian visited the Alps for the first time in 1992 and made several successful ascents of the higher mountains including the Jungfrau via the Silberhorn, the Monch and the Fiescherhorn. This was his first 'overseas' expedition. After three named summits in the Apolobamba Ian climbed Illimani.



Sue Cooper, 26, British, Travel to Bolivia

Sue is a newcomer to climbing and mountaineering and visited the Alps for the first time in 1992. There she managed the Monch as well as lower peaks. She has been intensively climbing on rock over the last two years. Sue climbed two peaks during the expedition and was unlucky on three others.



Ashley Hardwell, 32, British, Lecturer in FE Travel in Bolivia

Ashley is enormously experienced in all types of mountaineering and climbing. He has climbed extensively in the Alps and been on an expedition to Masherbrum in the Himalaya. As a trained nurse he was able to offer advice in that field. He climbed five peaks on this expedition.

# ASCENTS

## From Passo Osipal

July 30th	Sunchuli 5305/17405	3rd ascent	3rd British ascent
August 1st	Iscacuchu 5650/18537	5th ascent	4th British ascent
	2 peaks of Iscacuchu		
	Mita 5500/18045	5th ascent	3rd British ascent
	Lisa 5400/17717	2nd ascent	1st British ascent

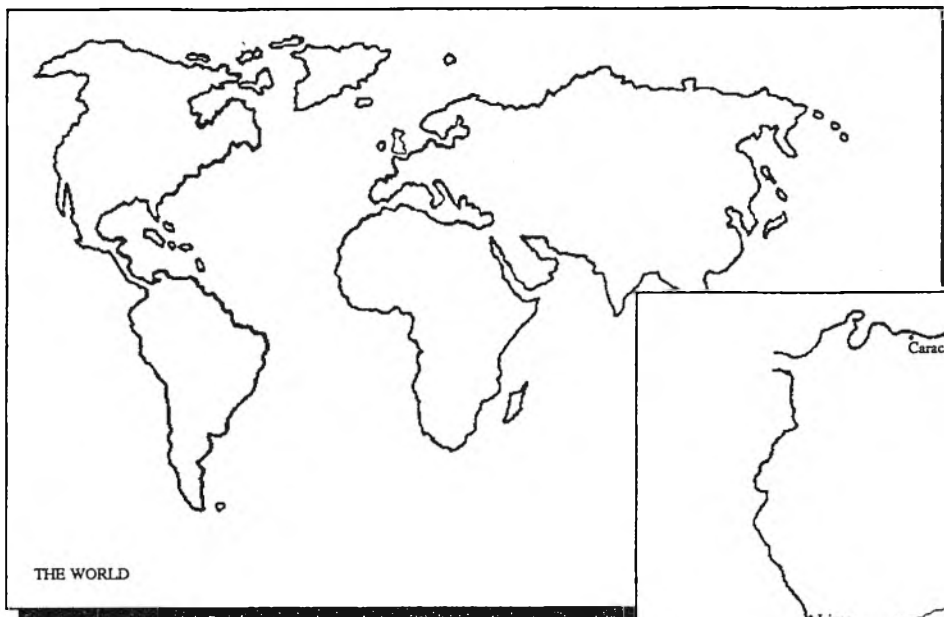
## From Passo Sunchuli

August 4th	Cuchillo I 5655/18242	2nd ascent	1st British ascent
August 6th	Yanaorco 5600/18373	2nd ascent	1st British ascent
August 7th	Corohuari 5668/18579	2nd ascent	1st British ascent
	Point 5600/18373		1st British ascent
August 8th	Cavayani 5702/18707	3rd ascent	1st British ascent
	Point 5550/18209		1st British ascent
	Point 5420/17782		1st British ascent
August 14th	Point 5400/17717		1st British ascent
August 15th	Cuchillo II 5450/17881	2nd ascent	1st British ascent

## From La Paz

August 28th	Illimani 6438/21122
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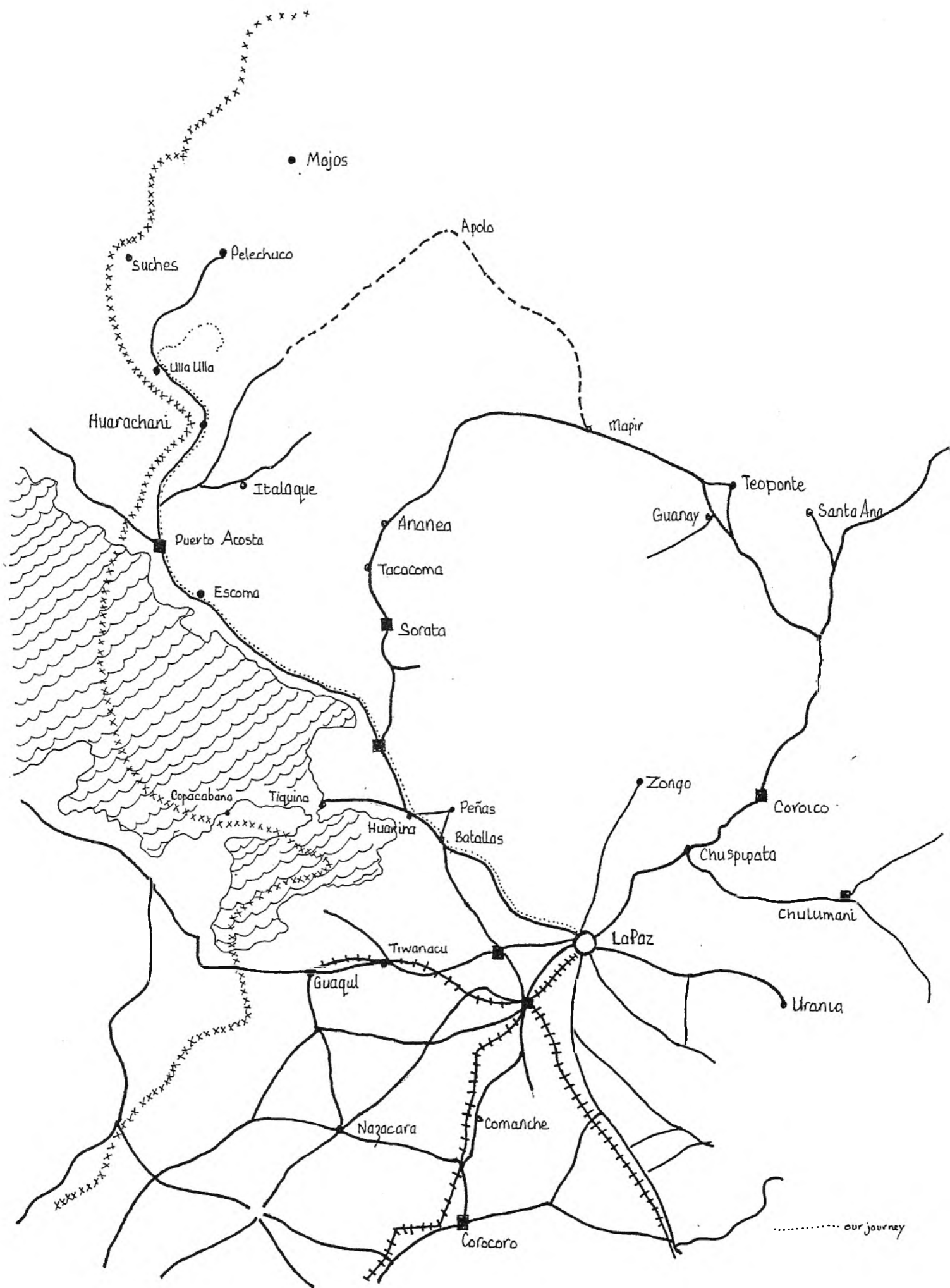


THE WORLD



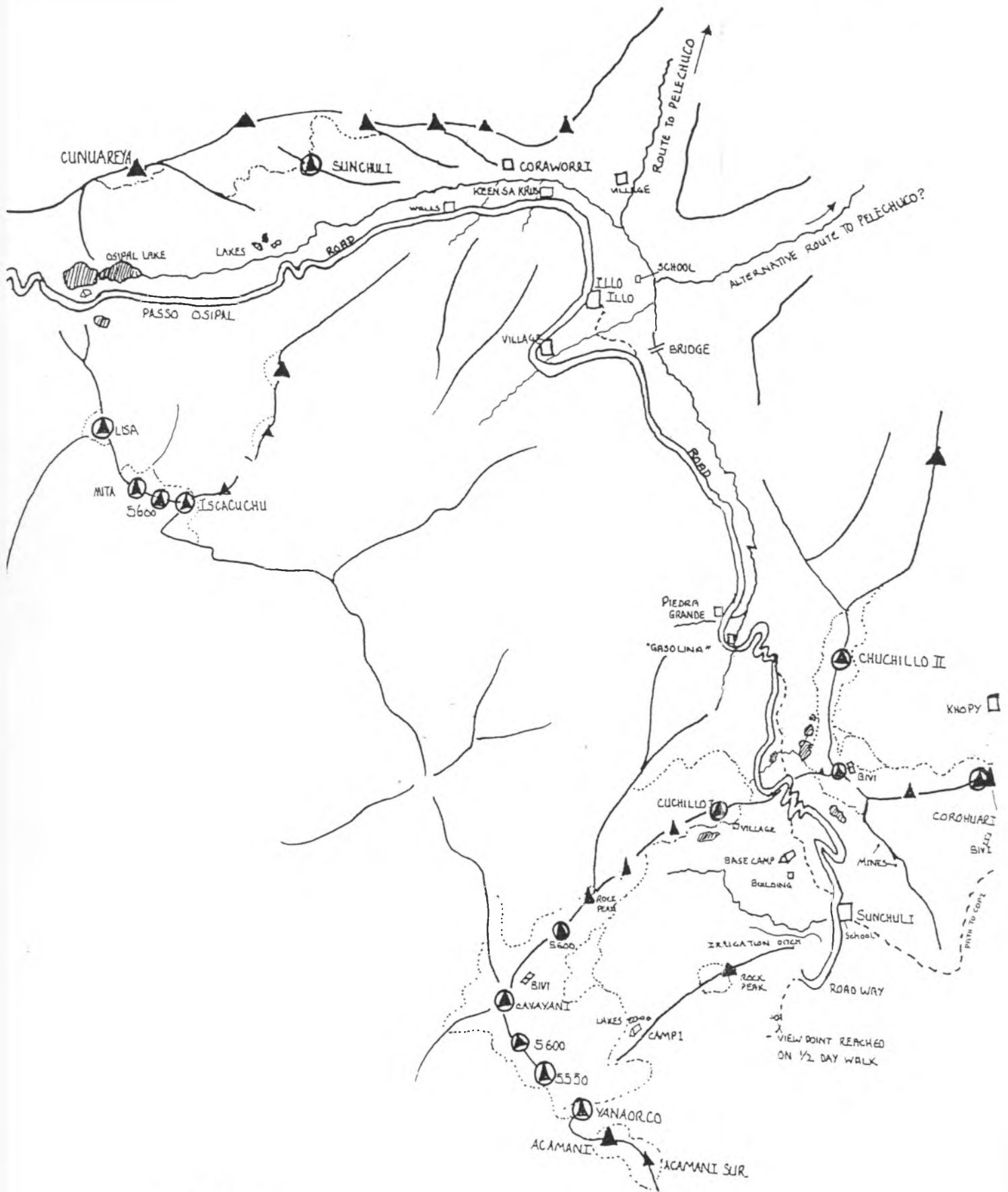
SOUTH AMERICA







# PEAKS CLIMBED



- RIDGE
- ▲ PEAK
- ⬤ PEAK ~ ASCENDED

# The story of the 1993 United Kingdom Apolobamba Bolivian Mountaineering Expedition

Paul Hudson

with contributions from  
Ashley Hardwell, Ian Wadsworth & Ken Findlay  
& comments from everyone



# EARLY THOUGHTS

Paul Hudson

It began of course even before we had returned from Pakistan in 1991. That was our first expedition and although we did not climb a major peak, or even a particularly difficult one it was after all an adventure. An adventure that in the end all who went on it seemed to enjoy.

Ken, "That's what it is all about enjoying yourself, having fun and achieving something. I like the sentiments of Tilman who said, 'The identification of distant peaks is a safe and harmless past time, provided it is not taken too seriously.' and Alexander Smith the Scottish poet who said, 'Everything is sweetened by risk.'"

Ken thought South America would be an interesting place and started the research when he and I made a visit to the BMC offices in Manchester. I was still interested in a return match with Pakistan which I had liked and thought full of further opportunities. Les, the third member of the initial group, thought he would need a change and agreed with Ken's idea, so there it was! Ken looked into the possibilities of Peru, Argentina, Ecuador and Bolivia. Peru was ruled out due to its political violence, Argentina because it would be the wrong time of the year to climb there, Ecuador because climbing volcanos did not appeal and the heights were less than in Bolivia; thus Bolivia it was. A further point was that Ken had received strong recommendations on the climbing there.

Known or unknown? I favoured a remote and 'unexplored' area and so out of Ken's possibilities of Cordillera Real, Apolobamba and Occidental the Apolobamba was chosen. A visit to the RGS on the way back from Portsmouth confirmed that the Apolobamba region of Bolivia was poorly mapped and that only a few British expeditions had explored the area and no one from the UK had, so far, climbed in the southern most group, apart from about 5 peaks near to the Ossipal Pass. Ken visited the Alpine Club Library and after wading through the expedition reports he found there felt he had as much information about Bolivia as anyone in the UK.

I began to collate the sketch maps and draw them up into my version of the whole range. The 1911-13 RGS border map was a good base on which to overlay the bits and pieces I managed to find. I became more enthused about the idea as the map progressed.

Ken meanwhile had been busy making contacts with numerous friends to see if we could swell the team.

Ken, "I wanted a team that would include youth and experience. There were the three of us from the Shimshal trip, Pam Holt was a name that I had seen over and over again in the reports I had read. When writing to her I tentatively asked if she would like to join us. I was extremely pleased when she accepted. She would bring strength and experience and her knowledge of the language would be an excellent asset. Word spread in the Leeds Mountaineering Club and two newer members, Sue Cooper and Ian Wadsworth indicated their interest, a further two members from the Karakoram group showed interest. Ray Dimmock who was introduced by Pam indicated that he would like to join. The team was there. We had both the experience and youth I had sought."

In early January '93 7/9ths of the team met in North Wales using the Cae Amos hut for eating and sleeping and Ray's house for chats and showing slides. Keith and Ian were unable to make this date.

A further meeting took place in Derbyshire during February, Keith, Ray and Sue could not make it.

By April it was clear that neither Keith nor John would be able to make the trip. So the numbers dropped from 9 to 7. Other people were interested but nothing came of it. We had approached a number of airlines and only Varig Brazilian Airlines had responded favourably. The drop from 9 members to 7 made Varig less interested; they only usually offer group discounts on minimums of 10. Sue negotiated and we sent them off the details of our proposed dates as a concrete request and awaited their answer. crucial to the trip was a reasonable baggage allowance enabling us to take tents, mountain food, climbing gear etc.

The approaches to a large number of manufacturers and distributors brought a small number of replies, they were all the more welcome for that. As in 1991 we were able to save by their kindness. Ray wrote to some acquaintances and managed to gather together donations of £300.00. This was an unexpected and welcome addition to the MEF and BMC & Sports Council grants.

Further ideas about how to raise funds included an expedition postcard, to be 'sold' for £1.00 and sent from the base camp at the end of the expedition. The other fund raising which took place was not for our own benefit but for a couple of charities concerned with mobilising people with disabilities. This was accomplished by inviting people to sponsor two toy sheep to climb peaks. The sheep had been on the previous expedition to Pakistan and had managed the first and last mountain peaks. People were generous on the charities behalf and they had promises of £400.00 in May which we hoped to increase by July. The other beneficiary of this fund raising event was to be a Bolivian school.

Gear was purchased and cards sold, sponsors were found for the sheep but still we had not managed to get a firm booking for the flights. Varig came up trumps and just in time we were offered the seats @ £634 with a baggage allowance of 35k per member. This weight allowance was confirmed for both outward and return flights.

Near the end but just in time to gain a seat on the Varig flight the last member, Ashley, joined the team. Some members were apprehensive about including a member at such a late stage, though a majority were in favour.

Our final purchases were made from a local shop 'CentreSport' who put in a lot of effort on our behalf to find our last minute requests. They offered a good deal and managed on our behalf to get a tent from Macpac in the very last days.



# Varig - out of London, into Bolivia

Paul Hudson

It was Friday 23rd July when the Leeds contingent set off in two cars for Heathrow. Pam and Ray were making their own way from the south. At Terminal 3 we began to add the various weights of the final packs, redistributed some items, and when everyone eventually arrived got the luggage accepted at the check-in. Then we waited for a couple of hours -the flight was delayed! At midnight we set off from the lounge, boarded the plane and were finally on our way.

Flying is always an interesting experience, just as your getting off to sleep its time to be given a meal. I missed the first due to a deep sleep factor. The meals and drinks on Varig were good and generous. Everyone liked the food and even though I had forgotten to order vegetarian meals I was still able to enjoy much of what I was offered. After a change of flight at San Paulo and a brief stop at Santa Cruz we flew into LaPaz. Coming in over the Altiplano we saw the Indian settlements surrounded by white mountains which stuck up like meringues. The city of La Paz lay in a bowl cut into the Altiplano by a small river. La Paz looked huge and seemed to go on for ever.

Ken, "The muggy heat slowed me down straight away and I noticed my pace slowing as I carried the gear out to the waiting taxis. It was the dust and the noise of the motor-horns that greeted me to LaPaz, a huge sprawling mass lying in a deep bowl. Skyscrapers grew from the centre of the city, surrounded by smaller buildings right up to the rim."

"LaPaz is noise and colour, its packed streets, bright market stalls, women's shawls and bowler hats, ponchos and blankets blend into a mass attack on the senses. Gold teeth glinted as we changed money on street corners, steep streets took our breath literally away. Our journey had begun."

Our first days in Bolivia were concerned with organisation. Getting the foods and equipment together, arranging the transport, sorting through the UK equipment to check if it was all working and there! Fortunately Pam had remembered a great hotel and the Hostel Republica on Comercio street gave us the comfort and room to accomplish all this. Most of the team coped well with flying into La Paz at 3800m but I had a terrible headache for a day and a half. To our surprise Pam, who should have known better as she had visited the area a number of times before, was the worst affected by soroche (mountain sickness).

Ken, Sue, Les, Ian and Ray were mainly concerned with the purchase of food, cooking equipment etc. Ashley took on the job of travel negotiator while I checked through the UK equipment. Pam had botanical licences to obtain and visits to make to the University.

Ashley's efforts in wheeling and dealing were undermined when the person he chose firstly postponed the leaving date then failed to materialise on the date set. Fortunately I had made contact with Bernardo Guarachi from England and had received an interested reply some time prior to leaving and so I called on him partly out of courtesy and also to find out if his price for the trip would be as high as some people had indicated. That contact was indeed fortunate as at \$1200 his price was not the most expensive and he was able to step in and deliver the transport at very short notice. Ray and I called at his office at around 2 pm. on Tuesday 27th July and he had the transport arranged for the next day!

We had also contacted the Club Andino Boliviano and at one point it looked as if we would be using their services but in the end the deal proved to be rather expensive, so it was with 'Andes Expediciones' run by Bernardo Guarachi that we travelled. Those first four days were probably the most hectic of all!

We rose at 6.00 on the 28th of July and breakfasted at 6.30 am. I sat nervously eating the meal, wondering if the transport would really arrive. At 7.30 am., after loading the trucks, we finally left the streets of La Paz behind and set off towards Lake Titicaca. The trip started well enough and we sped off on a metaled road. Behind us Illimani loomed above LaPaz a huge white peak glinting in the sun. First we had to stop to recover Ian's blow-up pillow which he let escape out of an open window, then we turned a sudden right and left the smoothness of the Tarmac road for the rough unmetalled surface which was to characterise the remaining eight hours of the journey.



LaPaz, set in a huge 'bowl', has its poorest areas at the top and its prestigious buildings at the bottom.

Ashley on the top of Iscacuchu 5650m. The high plain that surrounds the Apolobamba contrasts with snow and ice of the peaks.





A brief stop was made at Escoma and a fresh supply of bread and fruit was purchased for the rest of the day. This was the last opportunity for the drivers to obtain petrol but none was bought, that non-action was to have consequences later in the day! Then off again with the dust all around us as we sped off at 40 K p/h across the undulating terrain. Bottoms bumped and arms began to bruise. Suddenly - Blue! This was not the sky, but Titicaca, stretching out in front of us like a table cloth ready for a picnic. Lake Titicaca lay sapphire blue in a muted brown landscape. We stopped the trucks and photographed!

A journey across the hills of Bolivia is interesting as you ride through it but cannot be truly recounted here. It was impossible to predict the scenery which awaited us round each corner. There was little mechanisation to be seen, we had gone back in time. A stop for a bite to eat gave us views of the Cordillera Real to the south with Illampu dominating the range from here, green tree'd valleys lay below us. Flocks of Llamas and Alpaca began to appear and other animals such as pigs and sheep also put in appearances. There were notices declaring that villages were part of a potable water plan and this was backed up by a large number of small white buildings, one outside each house.

The novelty of driving along rough tracks soon wore off after the first four hours, so it came as a pleasant relief when after eight hours we came to a standstill on a massive plain with the Andes producing a white cyclorama. We had at last reached the Apolobamba area. Finding the correct road into the area we had chosen to visit proved difficult, the two drivers seemed to know the main route of the area to Pelechuco but not to anywhere else. Every few minutes the trucks would stop and discuss where they go next. Our first excursion led us to a small village of Hichicolo on the 'main highway'. Here the drivers asked the 'way'. Returning down the main road we passed a turning off to the left, the driver passed it by, but I opened my big mouth so the drivers unsure thought they would try it. This track led after half an hour to Hapu. Hapu was quite near where we wanted to get to but there was no adjoining road. We backtracked to the main road, the sun sank lower in the sky! Time and fuel had been wasted. Further down the main highway another turn-off appeared, this time the drivers thought it was the right one, we set off. After another thirty minutes we came into Pujo Pujo a 'deserted' village. Our truck was in the lead but we were surprised not to see the other vehicle following behind. We waited, wondering if something had gone wrong. Dust then the 4 x 4 came into view. It turned out that it had run out of petrol and had had to stop to refill its tank from one of the large canisters carried on its roof. The drivers discussed the situation and the younger one persuaded the other to continue further. At Cocha Uma the two vans came to a stand still, it was dusk now.

Earlier efforts at contacting Guarachi had used up a lot of time but had failed. The drivers decided that they need to consult the Boss now and set up the short wave radio again using the better aerial. It worked! Not to our advantage though. Pam did sterling work trying to follow what was going on and getting very cold into the bargain while most of the others just sat in one of the vans tempers fraying and looking sorry for themselves. Short of petrol, short of time, Guarachi seemed to order that they must return to LaPaz that night, we had not even reached Passo Osipal. Our requests about compromises seemed to fall on deaf ears and so it was with some relief that the younger driver indicated that they would take us five more kilometres.

Pam explained this to the disillusioned group and everyone wondered if that was to be the end of the expedition even before it had started! The track up was steep and potentially dangerous, it was now black and the headlights picked out a narrow track with drops on one side then the other as we weaved our way up. The second vehicle took longer and at one point was sliding backwards towards a long drop its weight proved too much for the incline. Ray suggested the driver engage four wheel drive and the passengers wondered if their driver really knew what he was doing!

The top was reached and the two vans pulled off the road onto a roughly flat area, it was now 7.30, black and very cold. While the gear was unloaded Pam and I wrote a note to Guarachi complaining about being dropped short of the agreed point and explaining that we would need picking up at Sunchuli. A feeling of deflation and disappointment overcast the whole group.

Ken, "At Paso Osipal I felt the first strain of altitude, a nose bleed and a headache. An early night was called for, as others put up the tents and made a brew." It was freezing now and a threat of rain made it even more uncomfortable, everyone was extremely glad to get into their sleeping bags.



# First Camp

Paul Hudson

We awoke on Thursday 29th July to our first day at Passo Ossipal, it dawned clear and bright. Looking round our disappointment at not reaching the Sunchuli area dissipated. North of the camp site a long ridge dipped to the east, at its west end it rose to a point. Further east other peaks covered in snow rose up. The morning was spent by most building a kitchen and latrine, sorting out the foodstuffs and personal gear. Daniel and I however, began the day by walking along the road towards Illo Illo. We hoped to find there, or perhaps an intervening village, animals that we could hire to take us to the Sunchuli area. We followed the road over the Passo Ossipal and after about an hour or so began a descent where the road, still a good one, dropped into the eastern valleys. The road zigzagged down a steep drop crossing over a river and stream. Daniel spotted the walking track which left the road on the right, as we climbed to join it we saw to our complete surprise saw a truck heading towards us on the road. Daniel quicker than I was the first to reach the road and stopped the truck just as it turned a tight corner. Daniel spoke to the drivers and I could not really tell what was taking place, anyway we hitched a lift back to the camp. At the camp site Pam came to our assistance in making the arrangements for the move. It was agreed that for \$120 the miners would pick us up on 2nd August and transport us to the Sunchuli area. The group had mixed feelings about the move, they wanted to explore the new area but were also enthused by the present location on. The arrangement had however been made and after discussion everyone agreed that Sunchuli should remain the central objective. In the afternoon two parties set out for some exercise Daniel, Ian and Sue and I went north crossing the lake at its narrowest point while Ray and Pam went south climbing the first rise on the ridge leading to Lisa & Mita.

The day was generally fine but cloud littered the sky and in the afternoon welled up from lower down the valleys.

On Friday 30th July Ken, Les and Ray and I set off after breakfast to climb Sunchuli Peak. Walking east along the valley we crossed towards a side valley which we hoped would lead to the lower slopes of the mountain. There was a relaxed air about the group as we started up, this was a training peak, testing our acclimatisation. Gradually gaining height we reached a stone chute and rather than drop down below a rock bluff set about climbing it. It was a great struggle with one step up and two back. About halfway up two heads appeared high above looking down. How come, we all thought, four intrepid and highly skilled mountaineers climbing a 'technical' peak are being spied on by two cows! At the top of the gully, breathless and feeling the height we rested before setting off once more up and down over the high moraine - slowly. Ken and Les were out in front when we reached the start of the snow, Ray next then me last, I always am. I led off up a small incline and onto the glacier surface, in front of us a large snow bridge spanned a wide crevasse. The bridge led onto the lower slopes of the mountain we had come to climb. We contoured round a large bulge and dropped onto the bridge, crossing over carefully we started to climb the slopes of Sunchuli. Here it was just a case of keeping going. We stopped from time to time to change the person who was blazing the trail, a very tiring job. Half way up we rested, below us two figures had started on the snow.

While we had been taking one route Ian, Ashley and Sue had taken another. Staying lower in the valley they had begun their climb up later and had taken the opportunity to climb an interesting ice fall. Ian not too enamoured with the conditions handed the lead to Ashley who thrutched his way up the 40 metres of water ice. Ian followed then it was Susan's turn. She managed well until around half way up, then her upper boot slipped and somehow without injuring her leg the crampon spikes caught in her lower boot and crampon and all were sent bounding down the ice slope. That was the end of her day, she was slowly lowered down the ice recovered the footwear and made the lonely journey back to the tents.

Over one crevasse, round another and then we were at the end of this part of the snow, a rock wall loomed up at the other side of a wide (30ft) gap. I wandered along the edge of the snow and luckily there was an easy way down to the bottom of the gap. Les and Ray sat down for a rest and indicated that with the sky turning grey they were ready to go back down.

Ken, "In my mind I hoped that Paul would carry on, I felt I'd come a long way and spent too much energy getting to this point to have it wasted by just stopping. I needed to give it a shot at least. Thankfully Paul was also keen to go on." Ken and I, ever keen to make it to the top took the opportunity, scrambled down, divested ourselves of unnecessary gear and started to climb the rock ridge. Try as we might we could not persuade the other two to join us. They said they would wait on the high snow lip for our return.



Above: Camp at Paso Osipal. It was a good site near to water but became very cold if any wind blew. Cunuaireya lies behind, looked at but never attempted.



Left: Ashley on the ice slope that Ian, Sue and he ascended on their way to Sunchuli Peak,

The rock was quite broken but easy to climb and it made a real change after the hours of snow. First I led then Ken, soon the rope became a hindrance so we coiled it up and continued. It took only twenty minutes for us to reach the summit. I cannot recall who was first, I think we got to the top together, after all the tension of the transport arrangements and being dropped short this was a moment I remember as one of the best on the trip. Ken, I and the sheep congratulated each other on our first ascent in the Bolivia. As usual cloud followed us to the top and reduced our views. Is this a compulsory meteorological event we wondered?

Soon we headed down. Back at the snow Ray and Les had been joined by Ashley and Ian and we called across how easy the last bit was. Ashley and Ian immediately decided to join us and then spurred on by our comments so did Ray and Les.

The journey down was without incident. Les went through a tired spell on the glacier but outpaced me in the valley. We were all glad as we entered camp and were greeted by Pam and her welcoming meal.

It was dark. It was night. It was 2.15am. Saturday 31st July came early! Ashley, up first, made breakfast while the three others prepared themselves. At three we set off in the dark towards the wide valley which lay south of the camp. It was a slow trot up the valley, gaining height, losing it again, trying to keep track of an animal path which led us towards our goal. At 4.30 Ken blew his nose, this you might think not such a dangerous activity however that action initiated an enormous nose bleed; despite coils of cotton wool the blood ran on for 30 minutes. Throughout the rest of the day Ken says he coughed up blood and thinks he left an excellently marked trail all the way up and down again.

We arrived at the junction on the rock and ice too early! It was still dark and impossible to see the way forward and we did not wish to make a mistake so early. We waited, ensconced in a shallow cave hiding from the chill wind and cold. As soon as the light had gained enough strength we set off again onto the ice. I led off on crisp snow and ice, it was easy going. As the slope steepened I slowed and so did the others. After a steep section I came to a short wall and looking right decided to gain a rock outcrop which seemed to offer a way up. Traversing right under the ice wall was easy enough and it was disappointing to come up against a wide crevasse twist me and the rock. I saw that I could gain the rock by descending 30 feet so I started down. Four steps later a loud boom echoed round as I kicked my right boot into the ice. I was on a hollow and thinning ice wall, I changed my mind and after a struggle to get my ice hammer out traversed back left. The wall proved the best way forward anyway as it gave access to the flat glacier. Ashley led over the ice, we followed. Again the ice steepened and Ashley moved easily forward. 60 metres above Ashley smashed in an ice stake and safeguarded us as we moved up. I led off over great snow with occasional ice pitches, near the top I placed an ice screw and climbed the wall below the col. Making a belay with the two ice tools the others followed, Ken first then he belayed the other two.

After five hours of climbing we were at the col between Mitre and Iscacuchu. The route onto the main summit filled us with mixed emotions. To stand on that small plateau at the end of the ascending ridge would be a fantastic experience but one poor footing along the way and tragedy would ensue.

After a rest Ashley and I were ready first so we roped up and set off. We climbed round and over a snow bulge avoiding a crevasse, then down an icy slope to gain a sharp arête conditions on the lee side were poor with much powder snow. The arete led off in a giant zigzag and was so sharp that for safety we tried to progress where possible on opposite sides. Ashley was in front and unsure of the snow and ice made careful progress. Half way to the highest bump of the ridge we crossed an ice cave and I belayed there while Ashley climbed the final part of the ridge. Iscacuchu 18,537 ft. was a rounded bump of snow and ice. Ashley tied to a snow stake and soon we were both together, hugging, relieved at achieving the difficult goal. Photographs of him, the others following and the peaks to the north were taken. The day was great, a fine blue sky covered us. I always wish I could remember more of the views from these points but it seems that relief and excitement often cloud the memory and ability to take in the surroundings.

Ken, "Once on the saddle I needed a real rest. Paul and Ashley went off first. I found it hard to watch them traverse below a crevasse, I had thoughts running through my mind such as, 'If the snow gave way they would both be swept to their deaths. Ian too was glad of the longer rest and slowly we followed the others. It was exhilarating to climb on a knife edged arete but I was aware that Ian was now extremely tired so I was vigilant all the way along the traverse. One slip could be fatal. The ridge went on forever but eventually we met Paul and Ashley coming off the summit, slowly we ventured upward and before long it was congratulations and chocolate, plus the obligatory pictures."

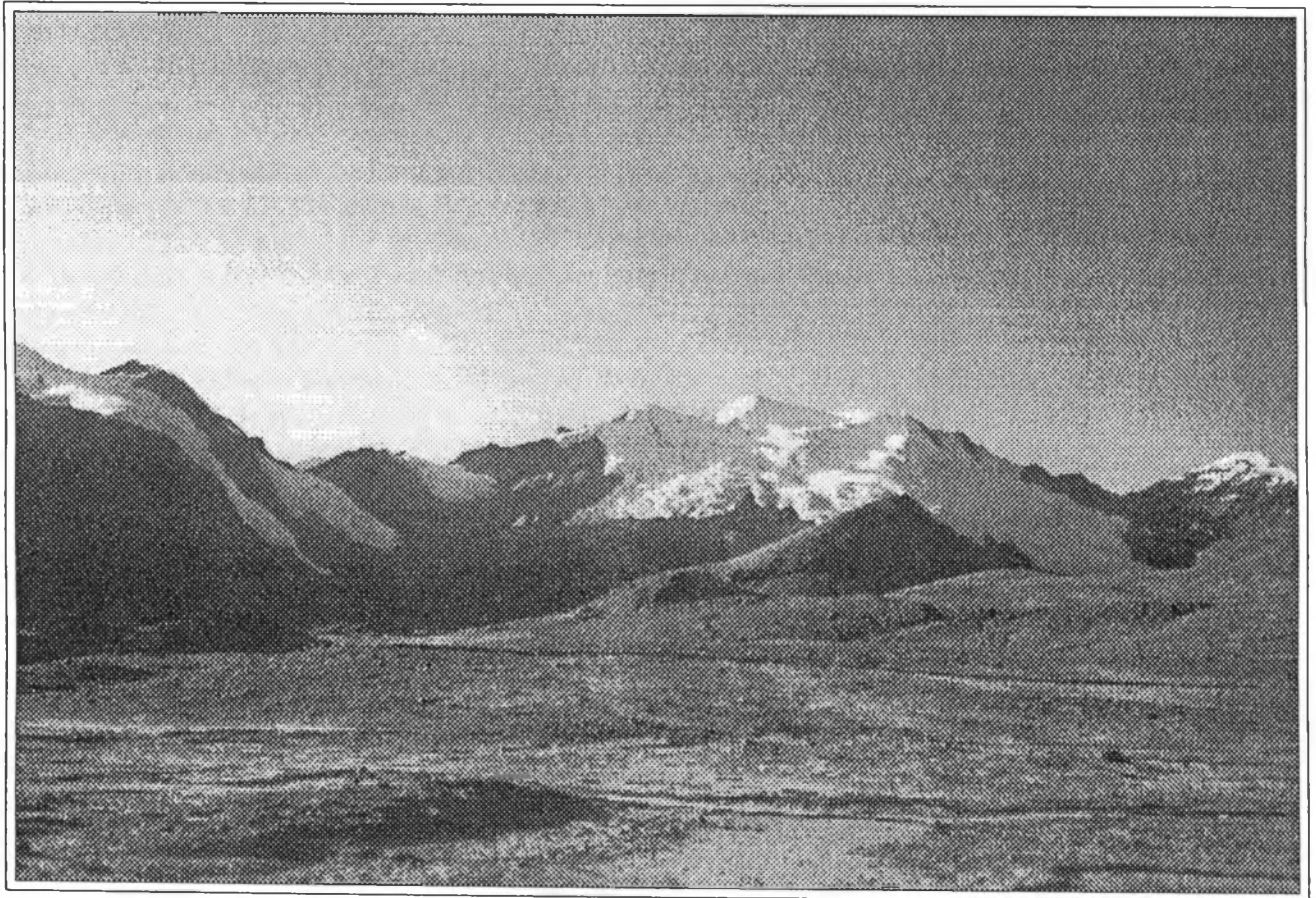
We passed the others going up the last few feet as we made our way down, it was easier now we knew the conditions and covered the ground quickly. Staying on the crest of the ridge proved less nerve racking than traversing. Soon we were back at the col waiting for Ian and Ken. We saw them on the ridge then they went behind the large snow mound. Minutes later we heard a shout, Ashley and I jumped! Looking at each other we silently inquired the others interpretation. Was it a shout of joy or despair? Neither could tell. Not wanting to know the truth and feeling tired from the day's efforts we slowly began to gather our gear. Fortunately just before we were about to set off back along the route Ian and Ken came into view. It turned out that they had seen Ray, Sue and Pam on Lisa 17,717 ft., and called out to them!

Rested we moved west along the ridge to Mita. The top came quickly and we then made the mistake of deciding to descend a rock buttress. It was loose and dangerous; Ashley was outvoted, he wanting to descend to the col and retrace our steps from there. On reflection he was right. I was the first to descend, Ashley lowering me, then followed Ken and Ian. Ashley abseiled last from a snow stake. On his descent Ken slipped and tested Ashley's belay. I was suddenly very tired and napped while waiting for the others. Eventually after some disagreements we descended a snow slope, easy enough when we were on it but looking intimidating from above.

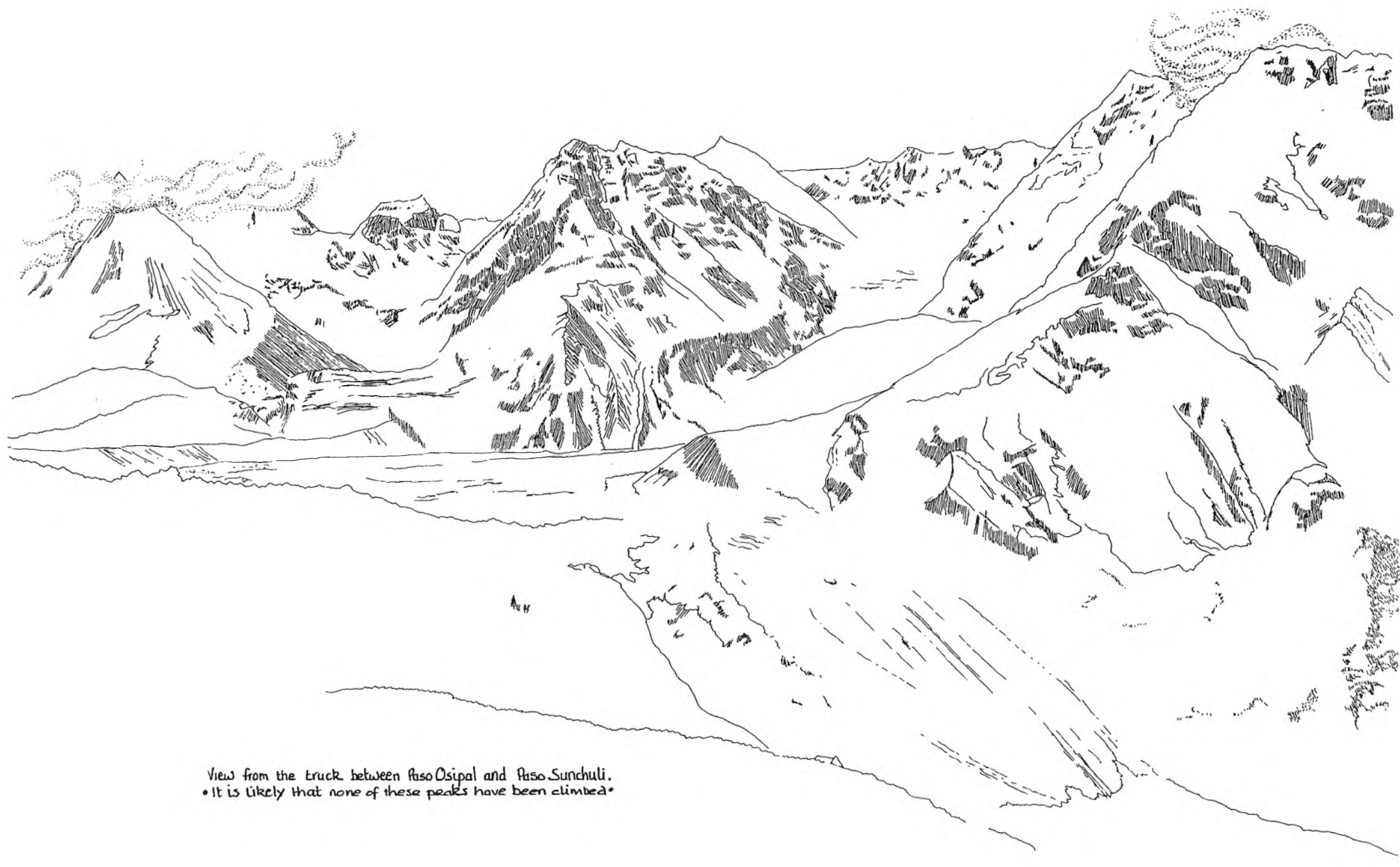
The journey back to camp was slow, Ian took off by himself while Ken and Ashley kept me company, waiting every so often as the evening light disappeared and the stars glimmered out. It was around 8 pm when I eventually made it back into camp, a day of 17 hours. Almost asleep, I enjoyed the soup the others had made on my return.

Ken, "My memory of the whole day was Paul sat outside his tent sound asleep, my feelings exactly. A great experience, the team had worked well and supported each other throughout the day."





Iscacuchu 18,573ft from the road. While Ken, Ian, Ashley and Paul were climbing it Pam, Ray and Sue were climbing Lisa Peak 17,717ft which is on the extreme right of this picture



View from the truck between Paso Osipal and Paso Sunchuli.  
• It is likely that none of these peaks have been climbed •

# Leaving Osipal, Arriving Sunchuli

Paul Hudson

On Sunday 1st August we began with a lazy start, we rose around seven o'clock. Slowly we struck camp, re-packing everything we had unpacked just a few day earlier. The mood was a diffident one as no-one knew what the area we were going to was like. Would it match up to the potential of the area we were leaving?

We were ready before the truck arrived, which was on time! The two miners loaded up our goods and we were off. Anxious glances were given to the inviting snow peaks of the Passo Ossipal as we passed them. Knowing that the likelihood of climbing around this area again was slim we reflected on the routes we had achieved with broad grins. So far the trip had gone well and now we were heading towards further uncharted areas.

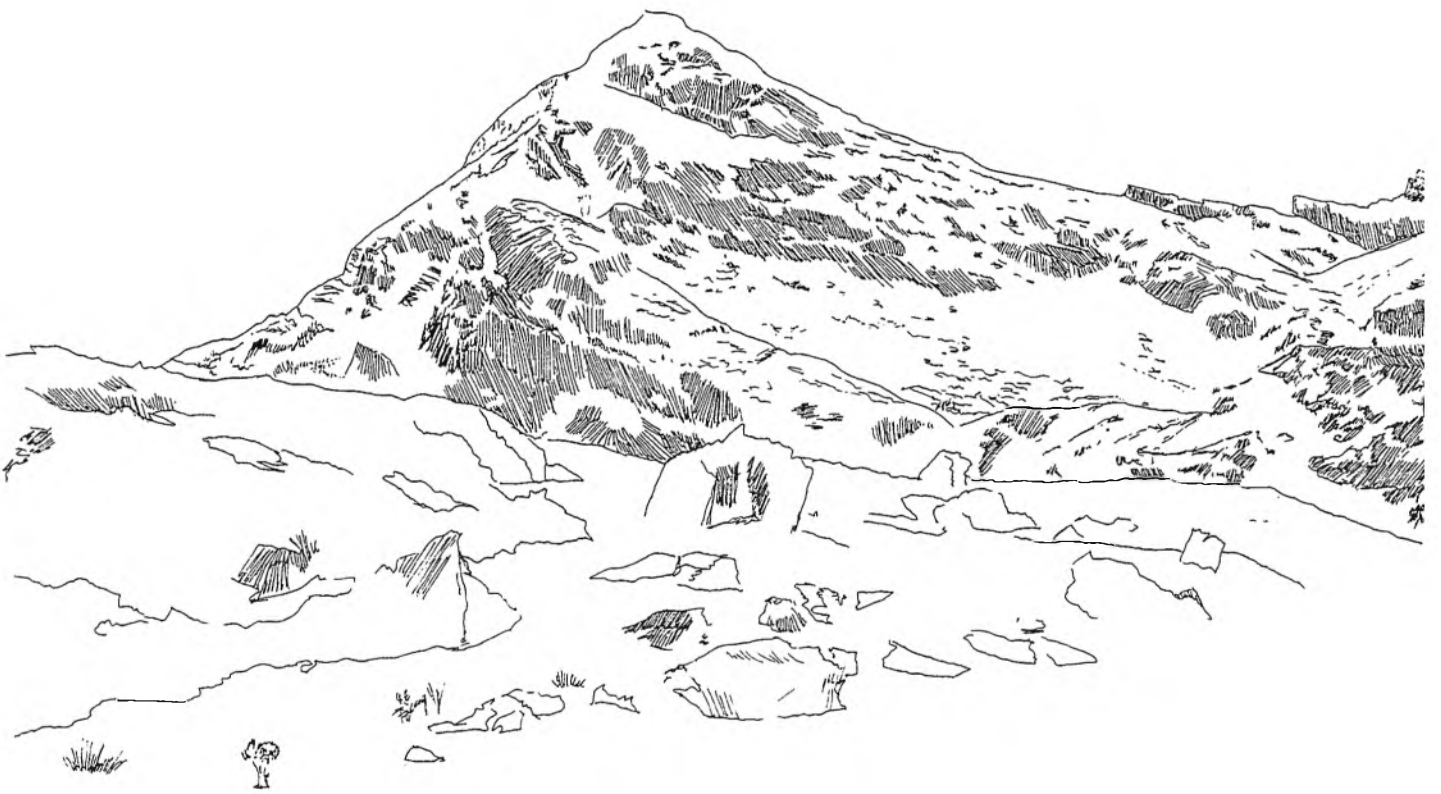
Ray and Sue had left camp at 9 o'clock to walk along the road and get picked up later. They had gone quite a long way before we reached them and had used sign language to communicate with some shepherdesses and shared some chocolate bars with them. I was doing my best to record the route we were taking by making notes and sketches. Sitting at the back of the truck I soon realised the dustiness of the road. I began the journey with a blue jacket and attractive but slightly greying hair, ending it with white hair and a grey jacket! Pam had a migraine which was brought on by hitting her head on one of the metal struts at the back of the truck. Les who had been in his tent for two days with a bad back ( the first of three people to suffer the affliction in the group) joined the drivers for a dust free ride. The road went on keeping the same quality as it had on the pass. It was obviously well used, though its dirt surface was a little rough. We passed through a number of villages as the road lost height and more as it began its climb to Passo Sunchuli. An attractive mountain came in view as we climbed out of the 'Gassolina' village, it had a long snow ridge running to our left, then another in front of us this one was conical and beautifully pointed. Looking on the map sent by William Petroske we saw that they were Cuchillo II & Cuchillo I respectively.

We stopped for a rest at this point and took in the surroundings. Moving on again the road began to drift to the right and took a wide curve that passed below the ice fall from Cuchillo I, then it rose against a wall to gain Passo Sunchuli. While we had been riding along, anxious eyes scanning the land for camping sites, we had noticed some areas which looked good but the truck had driven on. At the top of the pass we stopped again, we were unsure of what to do. The miners said that the water on the north of the pass was undrinkable but that the valley to the south which was the one we were about to drop into would provide good camping. Eventually we all got back on board and began the descent. Ken's diary recalls, "I found the journey to Sunchuli very interesting, little settlements dotted about beneath sharp arêtes amid snow covered peaks: Llamas and Alpacas running for cover and Paul covered in dust looking like Worzel Gummidge. Cameras clicked at every opportunity, when members were not cowering from the dust, scarves wrapped round faces for protection."

The road here zigzagged down a very steep drop, at the first sharp bend the truck had to stop and back up to negotiate the hairpins. That was bad enough but when we noticed the co-driver jump out and select a rock to put under the wheel we became concerned. Apparently the handbrake was not up to the incline and needed the assistance of the rock. Worried, we continued the descent with some of the party disembarking at regular intervals.

The truck stopped. To the west a wide valley ran before us, its north was bounded by a high ridge of snow covered with sharp peaks. The road was cut into a steep incline there were steep slopes up and down. It appeared that this was the place the miners thought it best for us to leave the jeep. They pointed to a flat area of land a couple of hundred feet below us and a quarter of a mile away. This is the nearest part of the road to that place it was explained. Discussion was followed by resignation. We unloaded the truck dropping the gear at the side of the road. A couple of people set off to investigate and Pam the first to arrive reported back by signing that it was OK. The hump began.

Some members took gear to a small lump of earth about halfway to the suggested site, whilst others took it the rest of the way. Every individual thought, I am sure, that they were carrying the heaviest loads and it is amazing how much gear can be moved on a short space of time when everyone works together. Within two hours all the gear was inside the derelict building, which was later to form storage and cooking areas and the tents erected. As the Primus roared into life for a well earned brew the sun dipped behind Cuchillo I and as the light faded the temperature dropped.



Above base camp one snow clad pointed mountain dominated the view north, it was to be our first excursion-Cuchillo I



# Camp at Sunchuli

Paul Hudson

It was a fine day on Tuesday 3rd August. The sun rose over the mine settlement and warmed the air and myself as I sat in the tent doorway. This day was spent building the 'camp'. Ashley, Sue & Ray built a toilet 57 feet deep with a stone seat. Ian & Daniel made a dam and created a swimming pool whilst Les & Ken rebuilt walls and created the 'kitchen' and 'dining area', I hardly did anything at all. Pam collected the plant specimens she had seen yesterday and cut the thicker stemmed ones into pieces suitable for pressing, she also found and collected some seeds. This was the start of Pamela's botanical collecting on behalf of the LaPaz University and Kew.

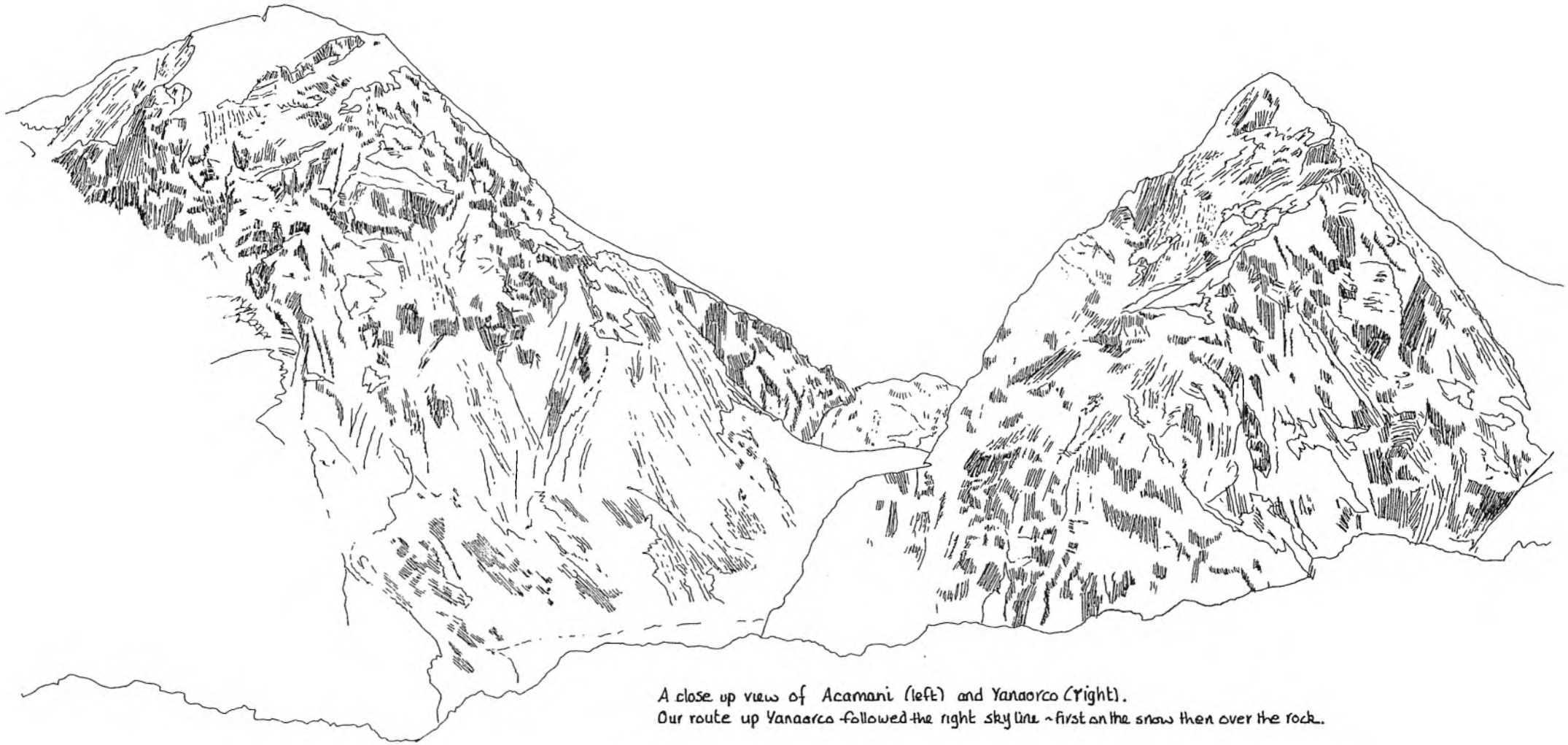
Another fine day brought Wednesday 4th August to our valley. I don't recall who chose it but six of us set off to climb Cuchillo I which lay next to the camp. This conical peak caught the early sun and shone as the sun rose. The scree slopes were not attractive to look at and not at all attractive to climb. Above them the ground gave way to gentler slopes and a greener environment. Ashley was well out of sight, Ian and Les were resting a couple of hundred yards away when I stopped on a mound above the water logged ground. Looking round I unexpectedly saw a village to my left. It was apparently a village used by the miners and Ray visited it a couple of times later in the expedition. I waited for Pam to catch up, she had fallen behind even me! We had a short chat and then set off again at our own pace. I gradually caught Les and Ian and together we climbed the rock buttress beyond the ice. Ashley was still out of sight.

Above the rock we stopped next to a large snow bank and as we ate lunch Pam joined us. Ashley called down and our lunch eaten we followed. Ian got slower and took more frequent rests. Then he said he felt a little sick and thought he could not go on. Ken & I took his sack and balancing it between us tried to make further progress uphill, at first it was a struggle and then a giggle, in the end we almost fell back down again while laughing out loud. Without his sack Ian managed to get to the ridge crest. Feeling tired he decided that he could not go on but felt well enough not to need to go down. He said he would wait in the sun for our return from the summit. Ashley, Les and Pam set off on one rope and Ken and I followed having ensured Ian really was OK. The climb was straightforward enough, a snow slope with a couple of crevasses led straight to the summit. The snow was interesting however as it had formed small ice walls, creating sort of 'rim pools' found in caves - nevé penitents. They provided a sort of ladder providing you were travelling in the right direction and became a nuisance if not. I felt great as we plodded up, the Duofold thermals, North cape Trousers and fleece jacket keeping the wind and chilly air away.

We attained the summit as the first three were busy taking photos and walked past them to the highest point. This was in the form of a prominent arete, dropping away a thousand feet on two sides. 'Conquerors' or 'Visitors' we were there 18,242 feet up in Bolivia, a first British ascent and, we think, only the second group to have ever gained this summit. Ashley recalls feeling that this was the Andean experience he had dreamt of but never really thought would become a reality.

Descending the ice/snow slope we were visited by a Condor. We reached Ian, now quite rested, and took a few items out of his sack to lighten it. Pam having developed a headache sped down the slope as quickly as she could. Lower down Ian got even more tired and Ken and I bullied the rest of his sack away from him. Les and Ashley escorted Ian down as Ken and I descended a little quicker.

Thursday 5th August was a day of inconclusive thought, ideas about which mountain to go for next were discussed. Two main ideas emerged, one to attempt a peak the other side of the Sunchuli village and the other to walk up the valley and climb a peak from there. Sub groups formed, disbanded and reformed with different personnel. There was a lot of sitting about until the final decisions were made; Les and Ashley were to attempt Corohuori and Ken and I were heading up the valley. Ken and me left camp at around 2.30 and made our way with extremely heavy sacks to a camp site high up the valley just short of the glacier where three pools were fed by meltwater. It was dusk by the time Ken pitched the Gemini and we made supper in a cold wind, our North Cape fleece jackets were certainly needed.



A close up view of Acamani (left) and Yanaorco (right).  
Our route up Yanaorco followed the right sky line ~first on the snow then over the rock.

# Climbs from ABC

Paul Hudson

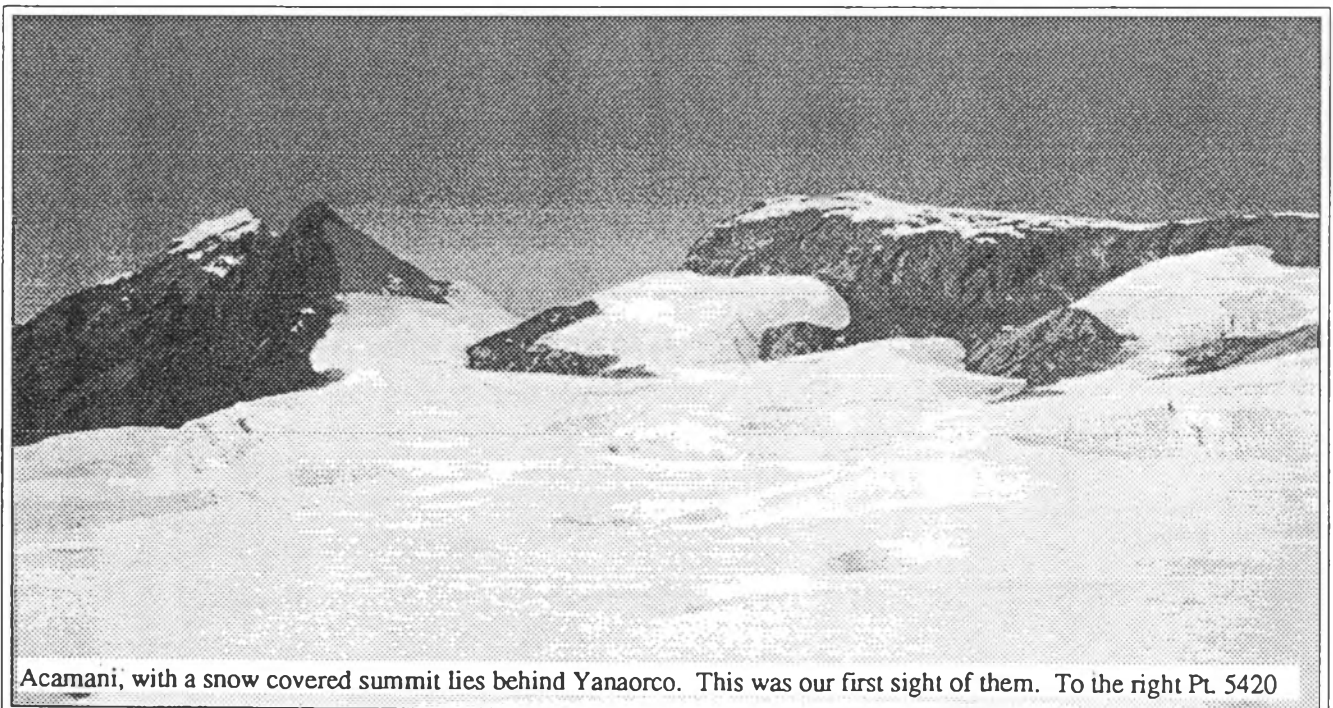
At 6.30am Friday 6th August Ken and I awoke to a fine day with high winds blowing from the west. After a warming breakfast we set off at 7.30 and crossed on to the glacier. No-one said much as we took an interesting line through the ice towards a small peak. As we gained height the vista opened and a much more alluring peak came into view. Like Cuchillo I this mountain had a conical shape from our view-point with a snow ramp leading nearly to the summit. Checking the map we discovered it was Yanaorco. Without discussion our aim for the day changed, Yanaorco was our new challenge.

Ken led off round a wide bowl of snow which was the head of the valley running up to a col between Yanaorco and our earlier objective. Narrow but long splits in the snow gave no trouble as we made our way to the base of the mountain. Ken and I moved together up the slope until he came across the Bergschrund, here he placed a stake and I moved up and beyond him. Two ice-screws safeguarded Ken as he crossed the crevasse. We used Ice-screws as running belays as we moved together high above the snow basin. After some delicate walking on thinning ice we reached its end, above us a rock gully led to the peak. I was leading to a firmish looking piece of rock half way up the gully and had been showering Ken with debris of all sorts. The final moves onto it were difficult and very frightening. Nothing was firm or offered any sort of hold! The larger piece of rock may have been as unstable as the rest but because of its size gave reassurance. I fixed a complicated belay to it using two chocks, and ice axe and a jammed rock and Ken moved up, past and onto the summit. It was 11.30.

Ken, "I thought the rock at the top of Yanaorco not too bad at all, it seemed quite Alpinish. I envied Paul his lead at this point as he led up, but was brought back to earth by falling debris."

Relief! We congratulated each other, took photos and looked around. Acamani a quarter of a mile away rose above us, a good peak by the look of it and we put it on the 'to be attempted' list. (To get to it from the col it would be necessary to drop a few hundred feet to a lake then regain height along a rounded rock rib leading up to the snow.)

Descending seemed easier and we picked a route over the 'rock' that gave access to the very highest piece of ice we could find. It was a great day out with fantastic views of many peaks in the area. I had made sketches from Yanaorco's summit of the surrounding landscape, adding to my understanding of the area. At 2.30 we were back at Camp 1, we rested, made drinks and rested again. Walking to the edge of the steep scree slope which overlooked the valley I saw two dots moving towards us. Ian had said he would come up to join us if he felt up to it, I supposed he was with another member. I shouted and waved but got no response, was it climbers from another group I wondered. Two hours later two figures, Ian and Pam, walked from behind the séracs, they had not seen my antics.

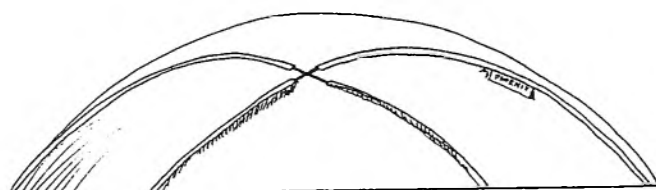
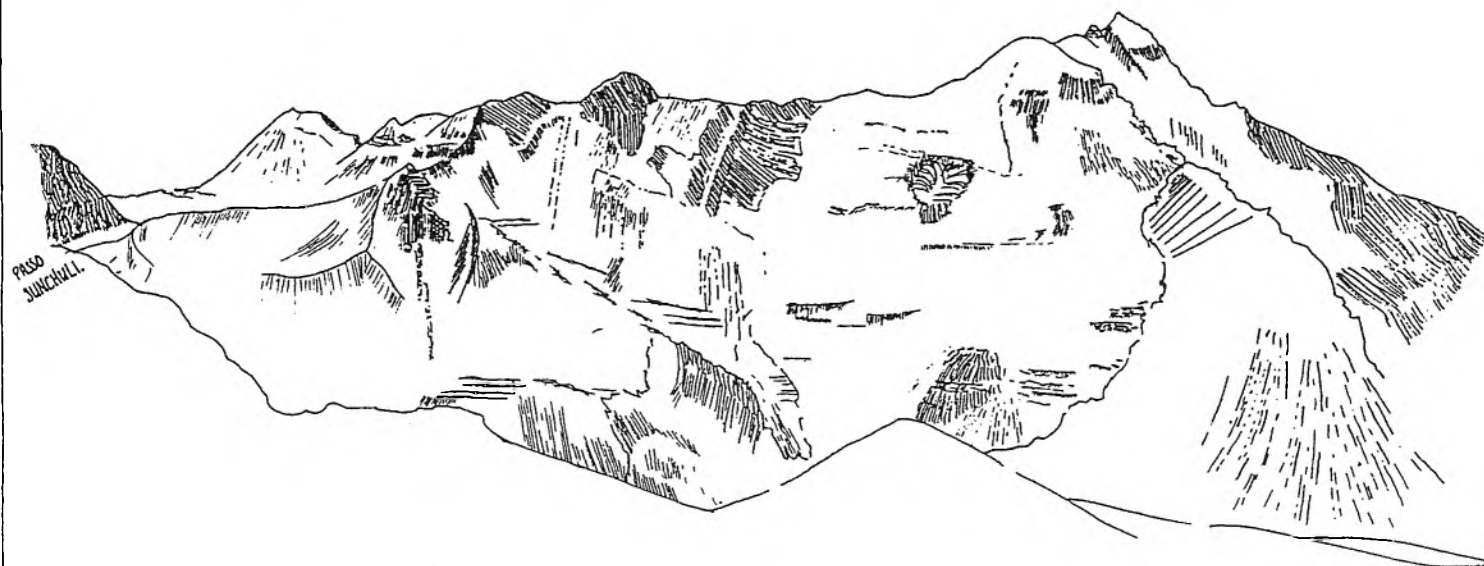


Acamani, with a snow covered summit lies behind Yanaorco. This was our first sight of them. To the right Pt. 5420

CUCHILLO 5450m

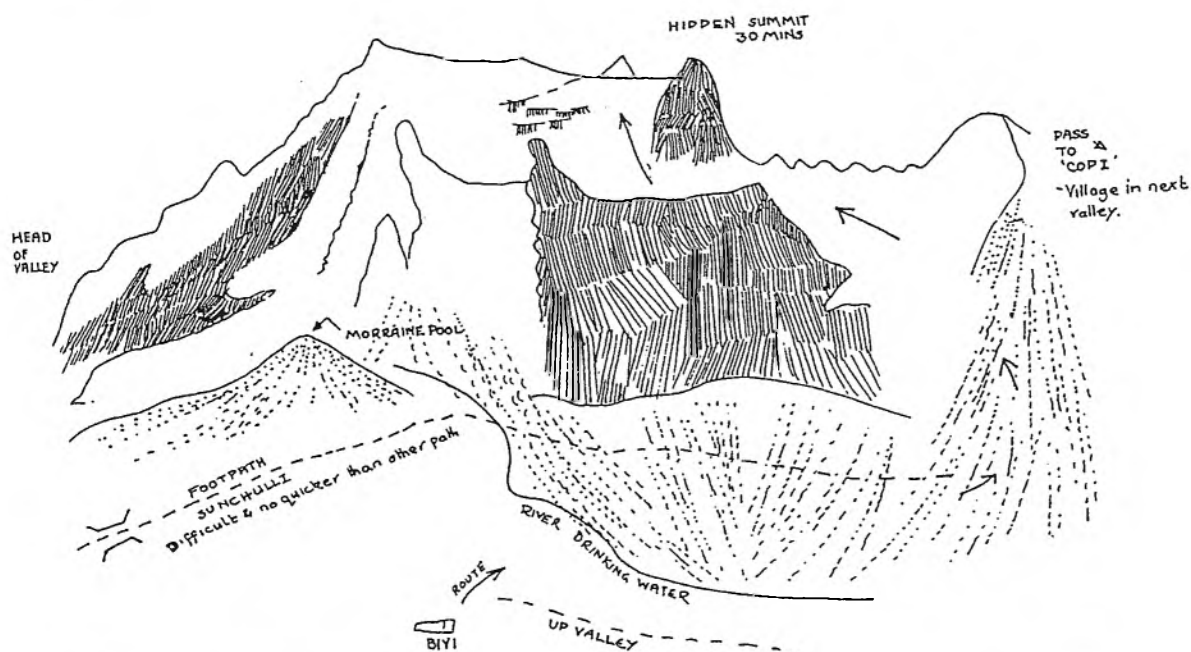
POINT 5400m

COROHUARI 5668m



VIEW AS SEEN FROM BASE.

COROHUARI 5668m



FROM BIVY RIGHT SIDE TO PASS AT HEAD  
BIYI TO SUMMIT = 5 HOURS

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH  
BY RSHLEY HARDWELL.

# Corohuari

Ashley Hardwell

Whilst Ken and Paul had decided to go up the valley, Les and I both thought that splitting the group and exploring different areas would prove productive. From a personal point of view it was also time to break away from a very close knit team for a few days and gain a breathing space. So far the team had gelled far better than I had thought possible, but even within the best of groups 'time out' is often called for. What better way of spending the next few days were there than by spending them with Les Holbert. So far I had spent very little time with Les. On the mountain I knew he was fit and strong and had plenty of stamina so I never doubted that we would achieve our objective - to climb Corohuari Peak from the east side of the mountain.

We loaded our sacks and with three days supply of food, set off towards Sunchuli. Skirting the village via the north-east slopes we were afforded two spectacular yet contrasting views. Firstly, we could cast our eyes back up the valley to our base camp. The magnificent peak of Cuchillo I dominated the scene and a wry smile broke on my face as I recalled the magical moment of the condor visiting us as we trespassed upon it top. Above us, however, quite a different picture unfolded. The mine workings of Sunchuli dominated the landscape and precipitous paths led into the massive scree slopes where rocks the size of houses seem precariously perched. Indeed, just such boulders had marked the end of the ruined village in which we stood. The new Sunchuli village is now a mile or so into the middle of the valley avoiding further devastation by rockfall.

We decided on the longer route into the next valley and used a good path which contoured on a convenient level. Due to our late start it was almost dusk as the stove was lit and we unrolled our Phoenix bivi-bags, four hours after leaving base camp. To our astonishment at least three groups of people, some with mules, appeared from the hillside opposite. We talked with one group and shared our tea and biscuits with them. Apparently a pass came through the mountain ridge at this point from Khopy and they seemed to indicate that Pelechuco could be reached by the way. It never ceased to amaze me throughout the whole trip how hardy the people of the area were and trips to Pelechuco, some two days walk away, were regularly taken.

Les slept well, I slept fitfully and at 6.30 could no longer stay in my pit. I took a walk further up the valley to take some photos and when I gained the ridge between the two valleys found substantial tracks leading down to Sunchuli.

Returning to camp I saw that Les was still in his sleeping bag but was about to make the effort to arise. We discussed our route over breakfast and decided to go for the lower snow field via two obvious scree slopes. We gained height quickly feeling fit and strong. The snow was reached with relative ease and we made our way up this and onto an area of broken rock. The scale was still tricking us and everything was larger than it looked at first. Technically there was little difficulty and after crossing a further rocky section we gained a 50° snow slope in superb condition which was spiced by the threat of ice cliffs. As we gained the huge plateau underneath the rock summit we realised that the true summit lay a further 45 minutes away and consisted of a beautiful triangle of snow. The last section was a pleasure and we reached the summit easily.

We had seriously considered dropping off the summit onto the long ridge which would have taken us back to the Sunchuli Pass and thus base camp. From our height we could now see that that would mean a high bivi, probably on the snow, and decided against it. We were contented with the achievement we had made and retraced our route and bivied at the same spot as the previous night. The climb up had taken six hours, we now descended in under two! As we watched the sun disappear we sank into our bags sipping a hot chocolate drink and reminisced upon the days climb, another first British ascent and possibly only the second ever ascent of the mountain.



# Two Days on the Ridge

Paul Hudson

*The second climb from ABC.*

It was another 6.30am rising on Saturday 7th August when Ian, Pam, Ken and myself emerged from the Gemini and Phoenix Extreme. By 7.30 we were heading off round the lakes and up onto the glacier. It was easy walking across the undulating snow/ice and without incident. As we approached the glacier bay I had suggested seemed to gain in steepness. The lower section was easy enough but as the angle rose we had to contend with deep soft snow, making it very difficult to gain height. Ken led up the steep slope getting annoyed with the conditions. I followed up with Ken pretending to be belayed. I moved further up leaving Ken sitting in the cold. Higher the conditions improved and I moved easily to a crevasse and across a bridge. Half way across it was obvious that the bridge was precariously perched, almost hanging over the gap. The four of us gathered 50 feet below the rim of the ice, lower down I had thought that it would be possible to walk from the snow onto the top of the ridge - it was not. Ken climbed to the lip of a break in the ice which was fortunately breached by a fallen block. Ken recalls, "After Paul had put in a snow stake and ice screw I led off. I launched myself onto the snow block and before I knew it I landed on top of Paul having disturbed a ton of snow. The second time was better, my axes dug in and I was able to gain my balance and traverse right and up the block."

I continued to belay Ken while he placed an ice screw and moved across to the ice wall and set about climbing that. When he was nearly at the top his left boot slipped on the ice and he only managed to maintain his balance by utilising the now outmoded 'chin jam'.

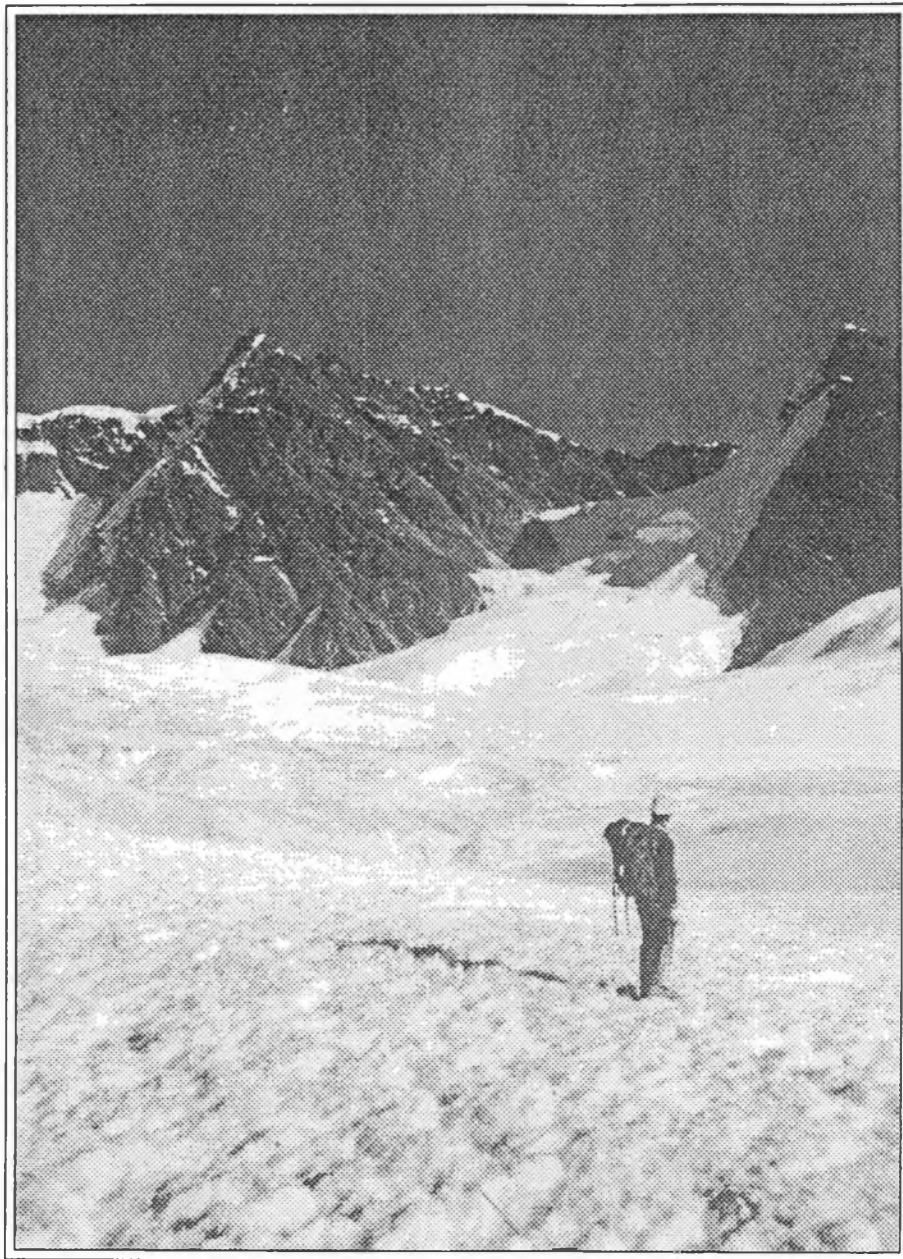
After a short rest we started off along the ridge. The rock was shattered and unstable but reasonable enough. The ridge seemed to go on and on and time was passing quickly. After around an hour we reached the bottom of the rock pinnacle that we had wanted to climb. While Ian rested and Pam caught up, Ken and I went for a reconnaissance round the rock. It turned out that we were on a gendarme which was separated from the main peak by a deep split. We returned to Ian and Pam with the news. It was now 3.30pm. After some discussion Pam got fed up with the prevarication and made the decision for all of us. From her experience she could see that the climb down onto the steep snow that lay below us on the side of the mountain was not too difficult at all. With Pam in the lead and accelerating all the time we lost about 150 feet in height, crossed a rock ledge and gained the snow slope leading to the further side of the rock peak and the continuation of the ridge.

Slowly Ken and I followed Ian and Pam up the slope. Ken looked tired now, disappointed at not attempting the rock peak. We regained the height we had lost and stood again on the top of a snow ridge, behind us the rock summit still beckoned mockingly. Moving west along the ridge, cloud came covering us and then blew away again. Gradually the afternoon began to get the feel of evening and we needed to make a decision, bivi or go down? Following discussion about the pros and cons of the situation we decided to bivi.

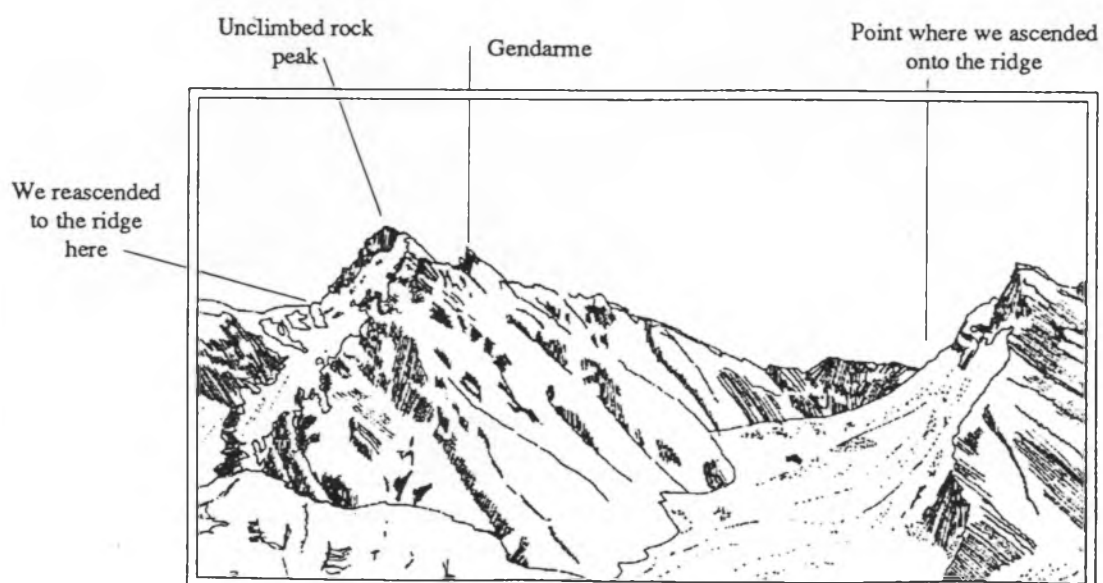
Ken, "My theory is simple, now that we had made such an effort to get up onto the ridge again why not stay up and continue with the business on the following day. Why throw away all that sweat. Getting down to base camp that night was not important. To me we made the correct decision and I for one would have stayed there even if the others had gone down. Yes I am that stubborn. My night was a good one and I was kept warm by the thought of more mountain ascents on the morrow. I did my best to keep Ian and Paul warm and Ian seemed to have a very bad night."

The decision to stay up was a good one had we tried to descend we would have been caught on steep slopes in the dark not being able to tell if the way forward was a slope or a sheer drop. The night was cold and Ian as Ken says seemed to have the worst of it.

Morning came and we rose stiffly in the cold air. Having pooled our supplies last evening we ate what was left enjoying the Vitafruit sweets, handful of nuts and one third of a Mars bar. We moved off along the snow ridge. Ken took the lead and moved well, seeming to have 'enjoyed' the night if his speed and vigour was anything to go by. We reached Cavayani 18,707 ft. in the morning sunlight. Good views all round. Photos, a rest, something to nibble and we were off again. The next bit of the journey was quite spectacular, a steep knife edge ridge led us down to an icy area which abounded in holes. The ice-stakes came in useful again and Ken used them on the way down the steep ridge and made sure they would hold any fall by carefully reading the instructions printed upon them. I collected them as last man and resembled a Christmas tree when I reached the bottom of the slope. Ken, Pam and I went on to climb two more unnamed peaks, Ian managed one. We got back to ABC at around 2 o'clock.



Ken looking towards the ridge.



The route of the first day



Ken fast asleep in his Phoenix bivi-bag, while the rest of us shivered!



Ian, Ken and Pam on the summit of Cavayani 18707ft. Phoenix-Diamond Gortex Jackets & North Cape salopettes keep Ian and Ken warm. The Cairngorm ropes were liked by everyone



The view north from ABC. The two day ridge route followed the skyline.  
(drawn from the top of Yanaorco)



After discussion Ken, Ian and I decided to go down to base. Pam, used to the peace and solitude of the mountains from the many solo trips looked forward to a comfortable night of peace decided to stay up. On our way down we met four of the team travelling up, we gave some of our gear to them to be taken back up. Later that evening Pam came into base, her peace and solitude having been wrecked by the other four members arriving at ABC.

Monday 9th August was not a very warm day, so I did not manage to get the wash I had been promising myself but washed the Duofold thermals and North Cape trousers instead.

While Ken, Pam, Ian and myself were at base resting the others, Les, Ray, Ashley and Sue had been mountaineering.

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## Group two at ABC

Ashley Hardwell

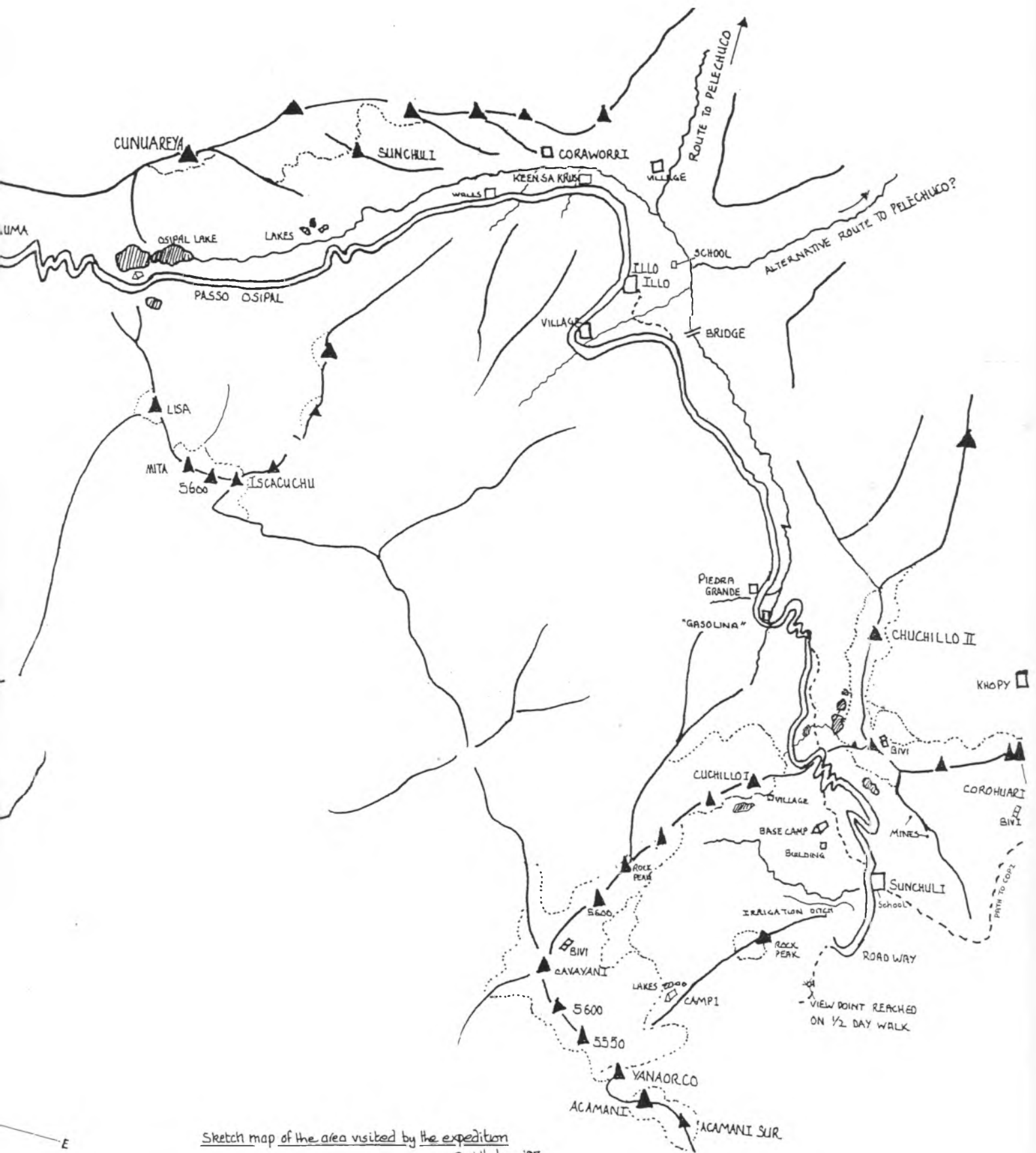
A happy band of Sue, Les, Ray and myself traced the steps of the previous group to ABC and met three of them coming down after an hours walking from base camp. Stories were swapped and routed discussed. We were all very impressed with what the other team members had achieved, four British 1st ascents in two days.

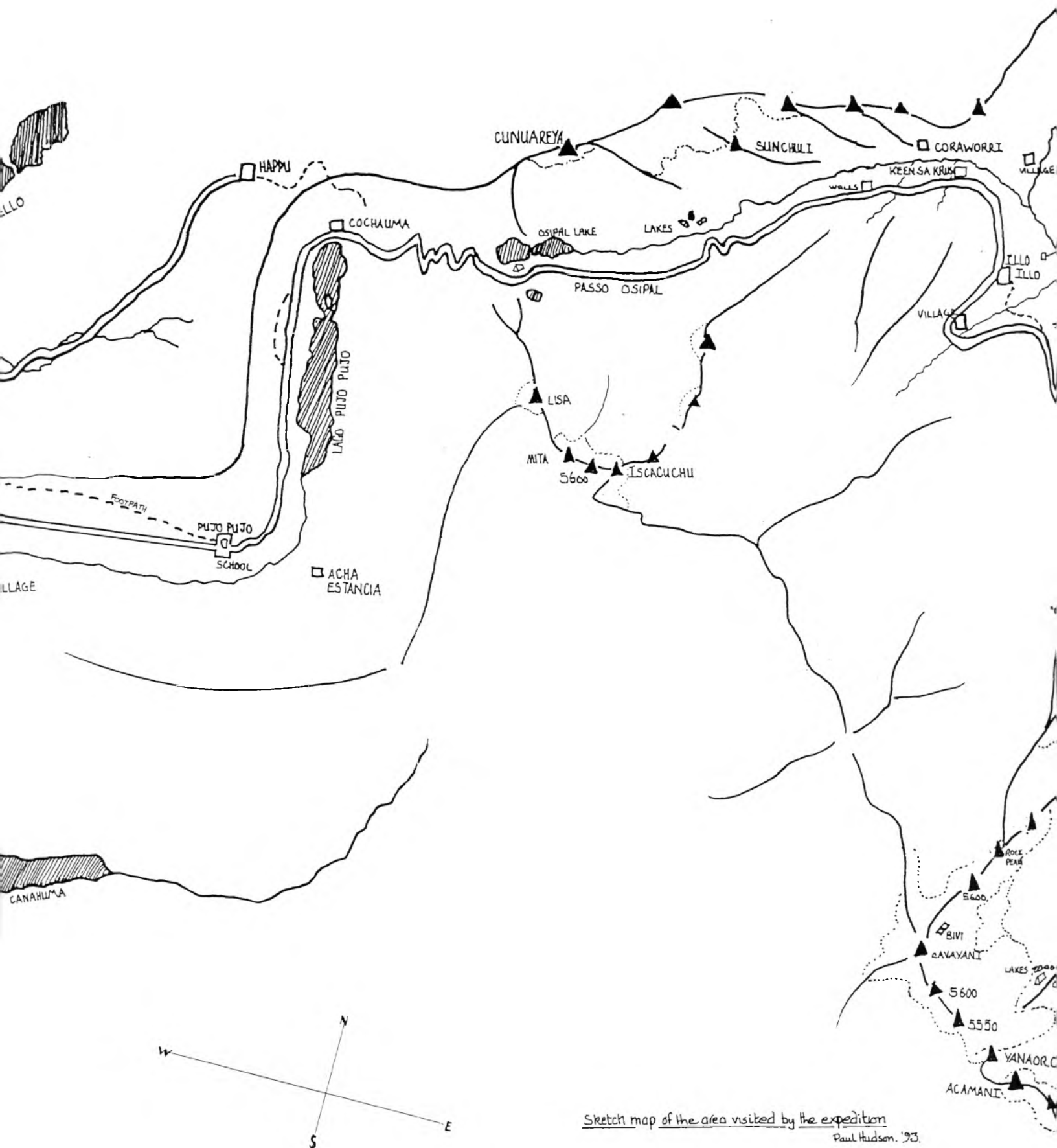
Our spirits were high too, we now knew that there was an unclimbed peak to go for, though Ken had mentioned the poor state of the rock. I wondered if there could be a gully or snow slope which would gain the summit more easily. These thoughts filled my head as I wandered into the camp. Pam let out a long shrill shriek, loud enough to bring the rocks down from above the camp. She like me had been lost in her own little world and had suddenly looked up to see this hairy stick insect in front of her.

The others followed shortly and after discussing the pros and cons of three in a two-person tent Pam decided to make her way back to base camp. We discussed the next days climbing plans with one eye on the pot and the other on the weather. It was obvious that the period of stable high pressure was coming to an end but we could not tell how quickly the change would occur.

The next day we made our way onto the magnificent snow plateau above the camp and soon our attentions were drawn magnetically towards Yanaorco. The snow arête leading to the rocky summit was stunning and in good condition. The rock at the top however proved too much for our nerves to take. Les got within 40 feet of the summit but the only stable block on the whole summit seemed a safe and convenient resting place. Then cloud rolled in, rocks came shooting down onto the slopes below me and enthusiasm dwindled. In retrospect we should have topped out if only to ensure a first womans' ascent of this beautiful peak. As we made our way down the weather further deteriorated and we began to justify our decision not to continue.

All night we could hear the light pitter patter of snow on the tents. When I finally mustered up the enthusiasm to find out what conditions were like I expressed my concern to the others. We packed up quickly and set off towards base in poor visibility and worsening conditions. A walk that should have taken one and a half hours took three! We will never forget the concern and relief shown by the others on our safe return. Through our shared experiences so far it was evident that we had become close friends and comradeship was high between us.





Sketch map of the area visited by the expedition

Paul Hudson, '93.

# Snow!

Paul Hudson

Tuesday 10th August dawned white! It had started to snow during the night and continued on and off all day. Daniel indicated that snow at this time was unusual. During the day we wondered if the snow was general or just on the lower base camp, I concluded that it would be sunny at camp 1, I was wrong! At about 5.30 pm a tired and cold group of climbers neared base. I rushed out to help them down the last 50 feet, started a cough which led to me putting my back out when I had a coughing spasm while crouching in the kitchen area. (That put me out of action for two days.) The group had had to wade through thigh deep snow to get down and had lost their way a couple of times in the poor visibility.

The snow continued all night and several people got up in the night to shake tents free of snow. That was a great idea but gave a few of us a fright.

Ashley, Les and I arose early on Wednesday 11th August and began to dig out the kitchen area. It appeared that around two foot of snow had fallen in 24 hours. Later risers cleared pathways and Ray overdid it - hurting his back. Much of the day was spent in the tents. This was Sue's birthday and a celebration was accomplished by producing and devouring of two Cheesecakes.

On Thursday 12th August another grey day passed slowly in a coldness, an occasional glimmer of sun came to nothing more.

It was a brighter day on Friday 13th August, Ken was in a desperate mood and seemed unable to manage a jolly word. Up to the snow everything had gone so well and Ken had been making plans for numerous other ascents, now they had been stolen, each snowflake had been a nail in the coffin of Ken's dreams. Ashley, Ian, Daniel and I made it a day of exercise by walking to the pass. We thought others might come but they did not. The deep snow even though it had been trodden by Sunchuli miners going to Pelechuco made it tough going. At the pass we climbed a short way up the west side and studied the mountains on the other side of the pass. We descended to the pass again where Daniel left us for base camp and we climbed the rock buttress on its east side.

The rock was loose but easy enough and we made good progress, then we were forced into a gully from where we had to climb up to the ridge again. From the ridge we travelled along its crest and in a short time gained the snow. We headed for a small rock outcrop above us and from there took in the views of the valley we had explored earlier in the week and the ridge we intended to try on the morrow. We descended by a new route down snow slopes leaving tracks for tomorrows attack.



# Cuchillo II - The Last Climb

Paul Hudson

Saturday 14th August came with sunshine, clear skies but a cold wind. The team, everyone except Ray, set off around 7am. On reflection we should have left earlier. We gained the pass slowly, Ashley, Les and Ian in the lead with Pam next followed by myself, Sue and Ken. The three chaps set off from the pass first leaving Pam high and dry on her own. This disagreement put a cast on the day. After some effort I met up with Pam and we tied on at the foot of the steep snow slope. Ken and Sue were making slow progress behind us.

The slope was made easier because of our descent yesterday and because of the footprints of the three in front of us. Gaining the ridge we made reasonable progress watching the others in front moving onto a steep icy section. Pam and I made yesterdays high point and decided to have a bite to eat. Ken and Sue moved up towards us, I decided that I would wait for them at the bottom of the icy section as I had all the ice gear, Pam would have preferred to get on.

Ken, "The fresh snow had made it hard work for me on the way to the pass and then up the steep slopes. The others seemed to be coping much better and did not seem affected by my despondency. As Sue and I reached the ridge I looked up to see high above me a rock buttress, hundreds of feet below it I noticed a dark stain. Immediately dark thoughts flooded into my mind; death, disfigurement. It was with relief that I saw three silhouettes at the top of the rock. Thoughts like these are not good for my nerves; 'calm down', I thought. CONCENTRATE, DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES, TAKE IT STEADY, NICE AND EASY."

I moved off as Ken reached the ridge and moved along to where we had belayed for the descent yesterday. This part was icy indeed and good balance and care was needed. As I moved up I placed a couple of ice screws as running belays, the others followed at half rope lengths. After a delicate top section of ice I reached the rock. Rock! Not as bad as Yanaorco but certainly not good, this slabby area was unpleasant but I made a short ascent to a perched block of reasonable size and made a belay with a jammed rock, choc and ice axe ( useful things these ice axes). Pam arrived first and after a very short pause I asked her to ascend the rock buttress for which Ashley was offering a top rope. He had lead this awkward section and had been waiting to offer assistance. Pam climbed the rock with style and allowed Ashley, Ian and Les to continue their journey.

Sue arrived and began to climb the rock, Ken was not far behind. Sue had a real struggle with this section, first it was her axes getting in the way and preventing her from getting into the chimney. Her voice told us that she losing concentration and real signs of frustration were showing. After a few more attempts by Sue Ken called up and tried to calm her down. He explained that if she left her rucksack and axes he and I would bring them up. Axes off, rucksack, off and a more assured Sue made the tricky climb to the top of the buttress .

I followed, tied the rucksack to the rope between myself and Sue, now belaying me and began to climb. I had tied the sack too close to me and it now began to push me out and off the rock, using my axe in a crack I stepped out round a corner and calling for a tight rope just managed to stay in balance. Ken bringing up the axes climbed easily up the chimney, round the corner and joined us on the shelf. We sat, chatted and shared some chocolate.

Pam led off on the final ridge of loose rock. As we reached the top of the peak, we saw three figures to our left along the ridge. Sue looked again, are they coming towards us she questioned? It was hard to tell, we stood watching. Yes, instead of making progress along the ridge the trio were coming back towards us! I untied and began to descend towards them, following in their footsteps.

On reaching them, Les explained that the ridge continued with knee deep snow, then became even worse where the ridge dropped into a hollow. The lateness of the day and the soft condition of the snow had made them turn back. The others joined us and as a group of seven we had a short discussion. Ken, Pam, Sue and myself had already made a decision that should it be needed we would bivi, Ashley, Ian and Les were not so keen. In the discussion it became clear that Ian was not only un-keen but that he loathed the idea! Ian had not brought his sleeping bag and recalled with horror how cold he had been on the last bivi. Les was not bothered one way or the other and agreed to accompany Ian in an abseil down the ice slope and return to the ridge, pass and base camp. Ashley eventually decided to stay up on the ridge after safeguarding the descent of the other two. While Ashley and I assured the others had gained the lower ridge safely, Ken, Sue and Pam had headed off to find a bivi site.

CUCHILLO II 5450 m

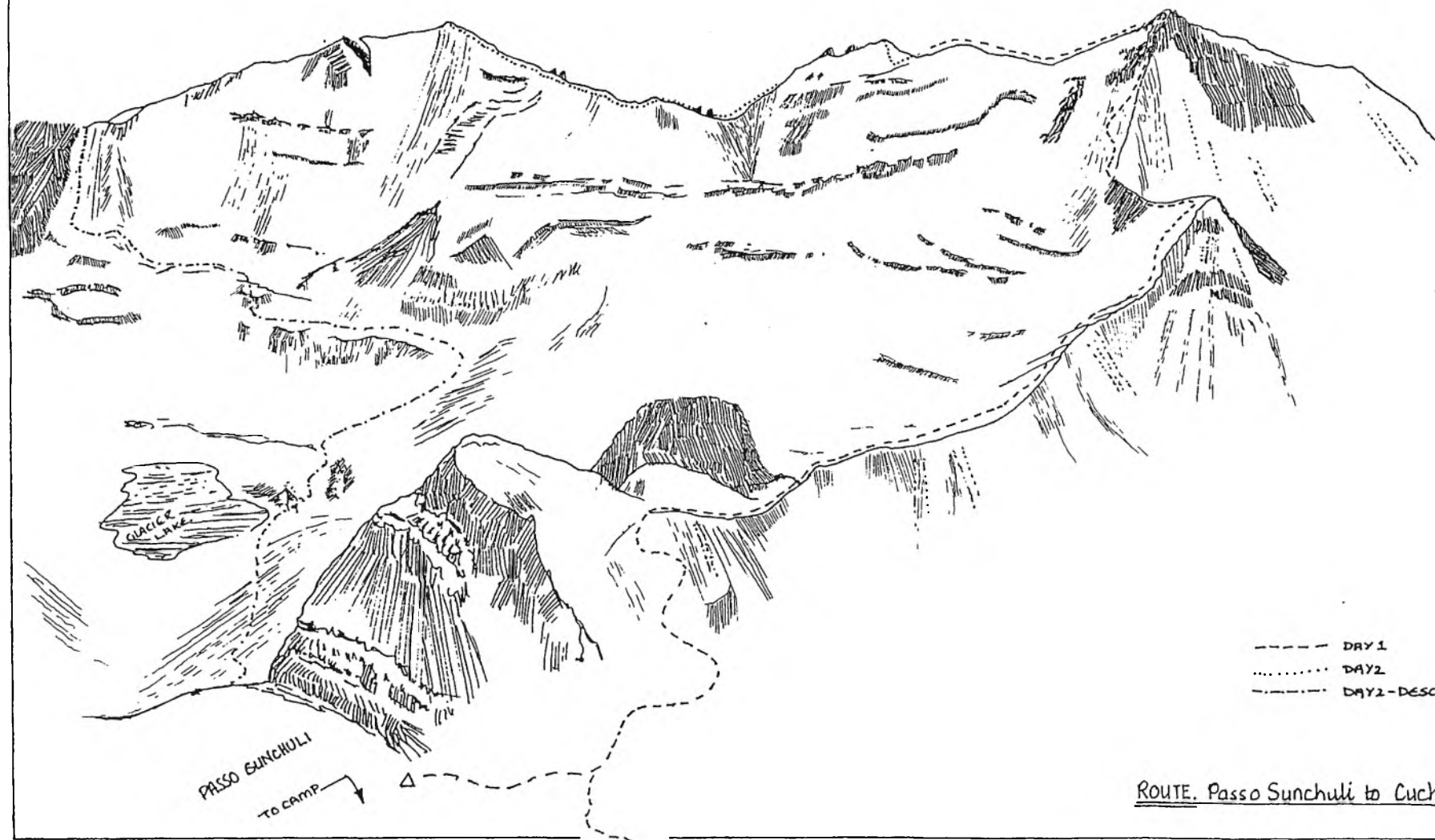
FURTHEST POINT REACHED - DAY 1

ABSEIL POINT - 1st Day

BIVI SITE - OTHER SIDE OF RIDGE

POINT 5400 m

(ATTAINED BY SHORT ROCK BUTTRESS)



--- DAY 1  
..... DAY 2  
- . - . DAY 2 - DESCENT & RETURN

ROUTE. Passo Sunchuli to Cuchillo II



Pam and Ken resting before the final assault on Cuchillo II 17,881ft. The real summit is out of sight behind the highest snow.



Cuchillo II from below ~ we descended on the left where ice gives way to rock and traversed right, across the slope.

When Ashley and I reached the chosen site Pam had cleared a platform on a snowy ledge which the others had rejected. Ken had chosen a few rocks forty feet below Pam and Sue seemed to be hovering. Sue and I went to see Ken, I hoped that we could find a site where we could all get together, Ken's site was too small for that. Sue and I returned to see Pam, it was a struggle climbing up through the deep powder snow. It was obvious from Pamela's greeting that having now prepared the site rejected by Ken and Sue she did not want others disturbing it. She had cleared just enough space for a luxurious nights rest on her Thermarest and in her sleeping bag and Phoenix Bivi outer. I think she feared the possibility of getting her gear damaged by a careless crampon spike. So much for my idea of all getting together!

Ken and I passed a good night and managed to have a couple of Ovaltine's Choc-a-mint drinks heating snow with blocks of solid fuel. I thought I had brought a solid fuel stove and fuel but on opening the box it contained fuel only! Still, three small stones sufficed. Ken as always slept well and kept my feet warm by sleeping on them. I began to wonder about Ken's power of smell as he made no comment about me not having had a full wash for over two weeks despite our close proximity.

Ken, "I seem to sleep really well on these bivi things and again tried to keep Paul as warm as I could. I felt it a privileged to be out here sharing an intimate evening with the mountain. My thoughts and fears of tomorrow lulled me off to sleep."

Above us on the snowy ledge, both Ashley and Sue had joined Pam much to her chagrin. Pam warm in her kit could have slept well but Sue and Ashley rather under equipped for a snow bed and sharing a bivi bag in an attempt to prevent hypothermia spent the night shivering, talking and laughing. Thus keeping Pam awake all night! At one point Sue tried to share in some of Pamela's warmth only to be rebuffed as she moved within range of a weary and frought Pam.

The sun woke us on Sunday 15th August making its slow progress over Cavayani. The deep blue shadows gradually gave way to a bright white. Ken and I began to melt more snow for a choc-a-mocha drink. Above us Ashley got his stove out grateful to move and looking forward to the sun's warmth reaching him, Sue also awaited the sun's rays and Pam arose from a warm but sleepless nights cocoon.

Soon we were off, Ken and I broke trail first then Pam ready as we passed by the upper bivi tied onto the middle of the rope. It was easy using the steps that had been made the day before, their deepness showed how soft the snow really was. After around 40 minutes we reached the end of yesterdays excursion and I led off into deepening snow. The snow had not consolidated at all and its powder consistency made for heavy going. We followed the ridge crest for a short while then had a decision to make, we could drop down to a crevassed area of ice and hope we could find our way to the col we could see a hundred yards away or climb a slope of deep soft snow of 55 degrees.

I looked at the flat ice and its crevasses but was unconvinced. The slope looked a slog and it might lead to an isolated summit but it was that which I chose.

Slowly I progressed through thigh deep snow, kicking hard to ensure that the crampon spikes would have a chance of finding something on which to bite. The deep snow made it difficult to take proper steps and it was a matter of side stepping at an upward angle or of making an upward move hoping that the higher step would not collapse into the lower .

I reached the top exhausted! Panting I lay down for a rest and searched for a belay point, nothing. Anyway I pretended that the snow stake was OK but backed it up with another ice axe belay where the axe was placed behind a jutting rock and fixed to myself at both ends. The others joined me, first Pam then Ken. Moving on through ever deeper snow we tramped over the high point and were relieved to see a simple way down to the col. Above the col a narrow ridge led up towards the summit of Cuchillo II, Ken set off.



The snow continued to swallow Ken and he wallowed slowly through like an elephant in a swamp. At the col Ken continued to keep to the rock band for a short distance but that eventually became impassable.

Ken's diary, "The snow was worse than ever here, it seemed to give way under my weight even if it felt firm. It sapped my strength but I had Cuchillo II in my mind and was confident of the outcome. From above Ashley called out. Once I was on that ridge I thought nothing would stop my progress, I poured every ounce of energy and swore at every false footstep and at the false summits. I ploughed on. I had to balance carefully on the sharp arete, to my left the world was a long way down. It was emotive stuff and I loved every minute of it. I felt in control, tiptoeing between heaven and earth. Whispers in the wind drove me on and the silence of the place was dominated by my own heavy breathing. Then relief, at last I was on the summit. It had been a tough and exhilarating effort but worth every ounce of sweat."

A voice called from above, "Ken, why not try the ridge?". Ashley treating the whole situation in rather a cavalier fashion was sitting on the small peak with Sue making a brew! They had been watching our progress down, from a grandstand as it were. Ken moved across to the ridge, nearly losing himself in a deep hollow and only escaping by adopting a swimming motion. On the ridge Ken found better though not good conditions. The left foot found hard crisp ice, which in places was like glass; the right foot floundered in deep unconsolidated powder snow.

Moving up the sharp ridge Ken made good progress. He left good footsteps for Pam and myself to use. Gradually the three of us climbed up. I was gripped at this point and found it difficult to watch for the next footstep and keep an eye on the two climbers above me in case of a slip. Behind us Ashley, originally put off by the horrible snow conditions, began to reconsider. He watched to see if we would make it up the ridge before trying to follow with Sue. Soon, after much persuasion and cajoling from Sue, they were starting his own journey towards the summit of Cuchillo II. Sue led off on the final ridge, Ashley followed.

After a couple of false summits Ken called back that the summit was in sight. At the top we rested and were soon joined by the other two. Another mountain rose far off to our right, that would have to be for another expedition! Soon it was time for the descent. Earlier we had decided to try to descend at the far end of the ridge where the ice abutted the rock. I set off enjoying the angle of gentle descent. In front of me a wide snow basin led down to a valley. I took the easiest way for a short distance, then moved left over some small crevasses. Near the edge of the cliff I turned right and moved just below the crest. At a steep drop Pam belayed me as I moved down but it soon became easy and proved to be the way to the col we sought.

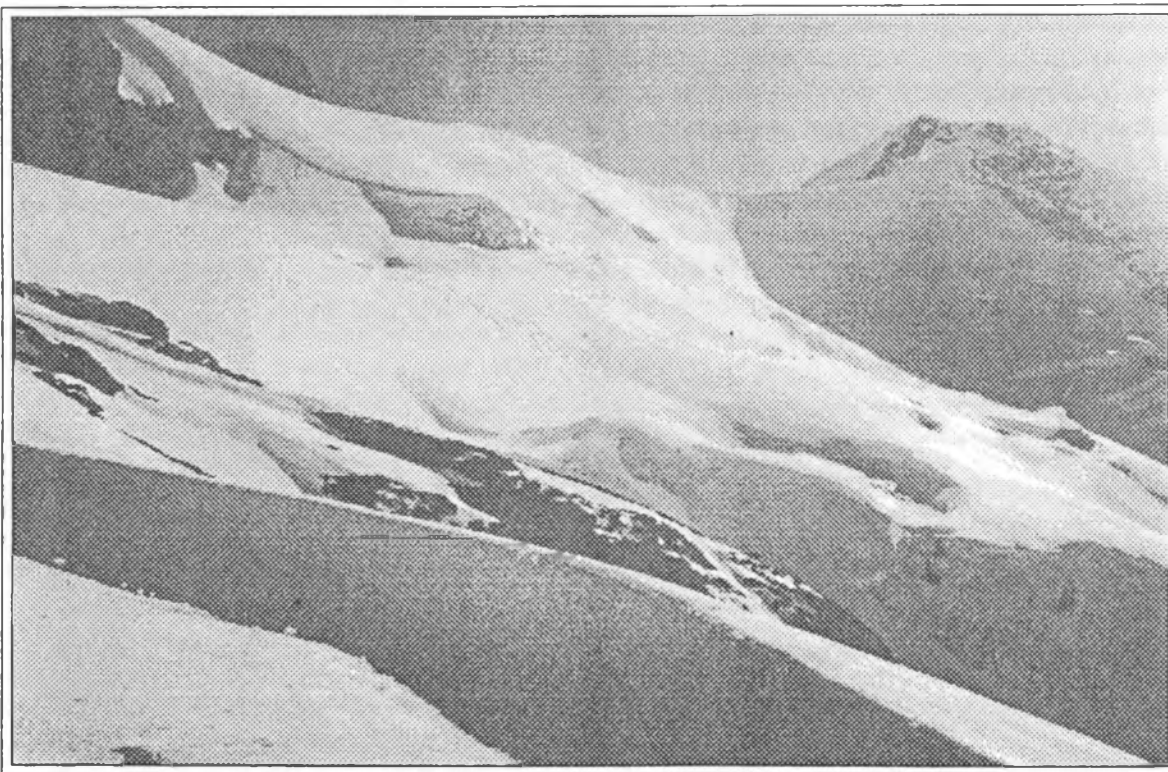
It was getting late as Ashley organised the belay and tied on. I moved down the snow slope, it had looked a dangerous slope from above, one that might have avalanched. I found the snow very deep but it did not slip as I moved down and at a ropes length I tied onto an ice-screw driven deep into clear ice found beneath snow and rock. Over the next hour the others followed and Ken led further down round a corner. There the team gathered and moved off left over the glacier.

Despite the areas of deep soft snow and tricky slopes the descent was most enjoyable and we managed to find a reasonable way down between the crevasses as the sun slipped towards the horizon. Ken and I went into the lead, leaving Ashley, Sue and Pam on the second rope. We reached the glacier lakes below the ice cliffs just as the sun set and after a rest set off to find the way back to Passo Sunchuli and from there descend to the camp.

It was now twilight and the shadows deepened as we moved round the lake, soon it was dark. Pam seemed to have developed super-stamina and moved off ahead to locate a path to the col. While the rest of us resorted to headlamps Pam relied most effectively on her night vision. All I can say is, "how many carrots does Pam eat?". The rest of us followed, some of us more slowly than others. I was tired, Sue was very tired and Ashley and Ken were carrying the ropes. Despite me sharing our Dextrasol to the lagging group Pam got further ahead as we took rests and tried to encourage Sue, she felt dead on her feet! After what seemed an interminable number of hours (two) Pam called back that she was below the col and that only a scree slope parted her from the top, a few minutes later came a yell to tell us she had made it. That was the last we saw of her as she immediately set off down to base camp. I had my head-torch on and after calling for Pam to shine her light down which never appeared, shone my

lamp for Ashley to climb the slope. He made the top and getting out his lamp shone it back down for us to follow. Half way across the scree I sat on a stone for a rest and lit the 'path' for Suc and Ken whose lamp had only a glimmer left in it. Ashley lit the top section and after a struggle the four of us stood on the road.

As we walked down to base camp I got out my flasher (a potentially dangerous thing to do in sub-zero temperatures) and we were all amused to see an answering flashing from Ian's. Eventually we gained the tents then the kitchen area to find our guardian angel Les hunched over a hot stove preparing soup and drinks for us. It was lovely!!! Fortunately Les, who is always thinking of the welfare of others, had heard Pam arrive and get into her tent. He got up to see where the rest of us were and decided to greet us with some sustenance. Even now three months later we all think 'Thanks Les'.



The view as we descended from Cuchillo II. With the sun starting to set we had to make our way across the glacier to the lakes which lay beneath Paso Sunchuli.

# Last days at Sunchuli

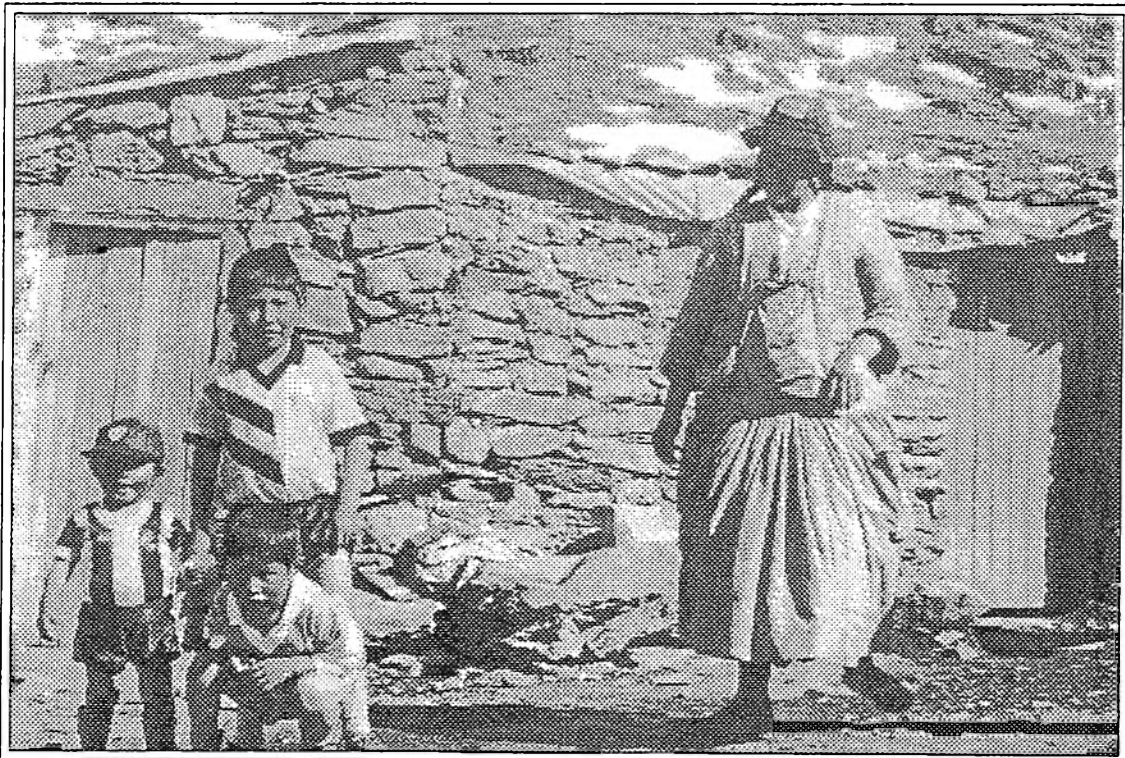
Paul Hudson

Monday 16th August came in a grey cloak and for the record it snowed again. Since the Cuchillo II group had left the 2 foot of snow had diminished drastically and some of it had turned into a small but pleasant lake around the rear of Ian's and Ashley's/Sue's tents. During the morning we had a visit from the 'driver' who came to chat about his contract for the walk in two days time. It was obvious from the banks of snow on the road that Jeeps were out of the question.

Later Daniel asked for an advance of \$100 to purchase some gold at Sunchuli Village. He left expectantly but returned empty handed explaining that the quality of the gold he had been offered was poor. Later in the afternoon Ray, Ian and I went for a short walk along the aqueduct then followed a small path that took us round the spur above the village, we reached the place where the road ended then took another path onto the head of the next valley. From there we saw in the cloud a different side of Acamani and Yanaorco. That evening as we lay in our tents lightening flashed away to the east while stars twinkled overhead.

On Tuesday 17th August I awoke early watched the preparations of Ray, Sue and Ian as they made ready to ascend Cuchillo I. Cloud thickened as they made their way up the snow towards the mountain. It began to snow. Ken and Ashley had been wondering about Acamani but now with low cloud and snow it was out of the question. After a gruelling climb, which could be mostly watched from our tents, the expedition of three were forced to turn back just as they reached the snow. Cloud came right down giving white-out conditions! The late afternoon and evening continued snowy, people moved in huddled bundles about the camp.

Wednesday 18th August continued snowing and cloud came right down to camp. Occasionally we were aware of the sun trying to break through, but it never quite made it. Halfway through the day Pam, Ken and Daniel and I visited Sunchuli Village, we wondered if they had managed to mend their short wave radio, no luck. Pam bought tinned sausages for the carnivores, fresh bread and milk. After sharing out some sweets with the children and showing them how to play with a frisbee which we left with them we trekked back. Chats in tents used up the late afternoon hours and that evening we ate a vegetable stew cooked by Pamela, some had hot dogs, and Les did a marathon two and a half hour pancake bake. For those brave enough to stay with him in the cold there were magnificent rewards. Ken managed six pancakes before waddling off to locate his tent.



# Walk out

Paul Hudson

On Thursday 19th August Ray and I rose early and started to dismantle the kitchen. Les and Ashley came to help and started to make a breakfast of porridge. There was lots to do and we were still working when Mr. Black and the horses arrived. Having surveyed the pile of gear we had assembled Mr. Black indicated that a sixth horse would be needed and the helper was sent off to find one. No other horse ever arrived and Mr. Black carried the barrel on his back. Sue, Ray, Ian, Les and I set off before the horses were ready, leaving Ashley, Ken and Pam behind. I made a slow climb to the pass and Ian, Ray and Les were already there when I arrived. As we rested a Bolivian lady arrived from the other side of the pass. She carried a shovel and explained that she was with a 4x4 which was making its slow way to the pass. They had left LaPaz four days ago and still had two-hundred yards to make on this side of the pass and the whole mile or so on the other to Sunchuli village. She lit a cigarette and sat down. A group of llamas approached with two minders who constantly seemed to be re-tying the loads on the llamas backs. They passed on.

When all were rested we moved off, first down the track then turning right dropping steeply at the side of a rock buttress. The llamas were at the bottom now and heading north along a reasonable track, to their left the road was visible leading round the edge of the valley bowl, passing near the icefall from Cuchillo I. The walk along the valley was rather pleasant, only the pass and the road to the south were covered with snow, here the ground was clear. Drifts of snow could however be seen occasionally on the road.

Les waited for me on a rock, the others had pressed on and were already out of sight. The walk out was giving me a chance to improve the sketch map I had drawn from the back of the lorry. We wandered on through the valley, passing Cuchillo II we passed the Anegach Egach ridge, dropping slightly from Cuchillo II towards the valley at 'Gassolina'. Ashley, "I looked back at this beautiful mountain and thought about the excursion along its slender ridge just those few days before, now I was leaving."

Just before we dropped back onto the road at the 'Gassolina' village we came across Ian sat at the side of the path by a furry cactus, waiting for the sun to come out to give enough light for a photograph. We joined with him and descended into the valley bottom. 'Gasolina' was passed and a short way on the settlement of Piedro Grande, there Les pointed out that we had seen hide nor hair of the main group and as it was three o'clock we ought to be joining up with them. We sat down and waited. Well not exactly 'sat' as the 'grass' had blades of steel which penetrated anything, including the rubber of our vibram soles! After 40 minutes they came into sight, five donkeys, two drivers, three climbers and Daniel.

Ken, "The walk out for me was an isolated world filled with music from my walkman. I enjoyed the solitude of my own thoughts and reminisced about the successes we had had over the last three weeks. The team had got on well, I was pleased that my judgements about them had been vindicated. Mountains are for me the reason for being and I had been existing in heaven. Illimani filled my thoughts for the rest of my stay in Bolivia."

Joining up with the main team we climbed slowly out of the valley bottom, Ashley it appeared had a very heavy sack. Upon enquiring it seemed that he was carrying not only most of the gear he intended to carry out but also the entire groups rubbish plus some that had been found at the site! We had intended that the rubbish would be carried by the animals but it had not been brought to Mr. Black's attention until near the end of his packing and he had refused as the horses already had enough to carry. I suppose it might have been buried in the five foot deep latrine but Ashley's environmental conscience prevented that.

It began to rain and darkness threatened. We turned off the main road and onto a side track leading to Illo Illo. Pam was somewhere behind us and Ashley, who by now could hardly stand, asked Ken and I to leave some sort of message to let Pam know where to go, we did. The track cut off a loop of the road and brought us to the bottom of Illo Illo. An enquiry brought us the use of a mucky barn with two rooms. Tired we cooked outside watched by locals over the walls, then to bed. The night was spent in good repose except that a cockerel chose to be an early alarm clock.

## Walk out~day two & a visit to Ulla Ulla

The morning came with mist but no rain. Below Illo Illo the School lay in the very bottom of the valley, bright green against the overall brown-ness. Breakfast made and eaten, local children on their way to school stopped off to watch us. Before long we were off again and moving out of Illo Illo on the dirt road that had brought us here nearly three weeks ago. The sun has burned through the mist now and the day had begun to warm up. In front of Ken, Sue and I lay the valley leading to Pelechuco, the horses and drivers, Les, Ray, Ashley and Daniel: Behind lay the track we had walked yesterday, Illo Illo and Pam. It was a pleasant walk along the dirt road and we overlooked the river and some small villages in the valley bottom to our right (north). Above the river and villages high peaks of rock, of snow, of ice gave a spectacular backdrop. Friday 20th August was our second walkout day

The morning drew on and slowly we made progress up the valley toward Passo Ossipal, the sun was warm but in the shade the cold lingered. Ahead of us we saw the horses and company pull away, looking behind we could not see any sign of Pam. At around eleven o'clock a landrover came down the road towards us and pulled over. In it were two French Canadians working on an irrigation project, they were on their way to visit a village and would be returning at around four o'clock and offered to give us a lift if we needed one.

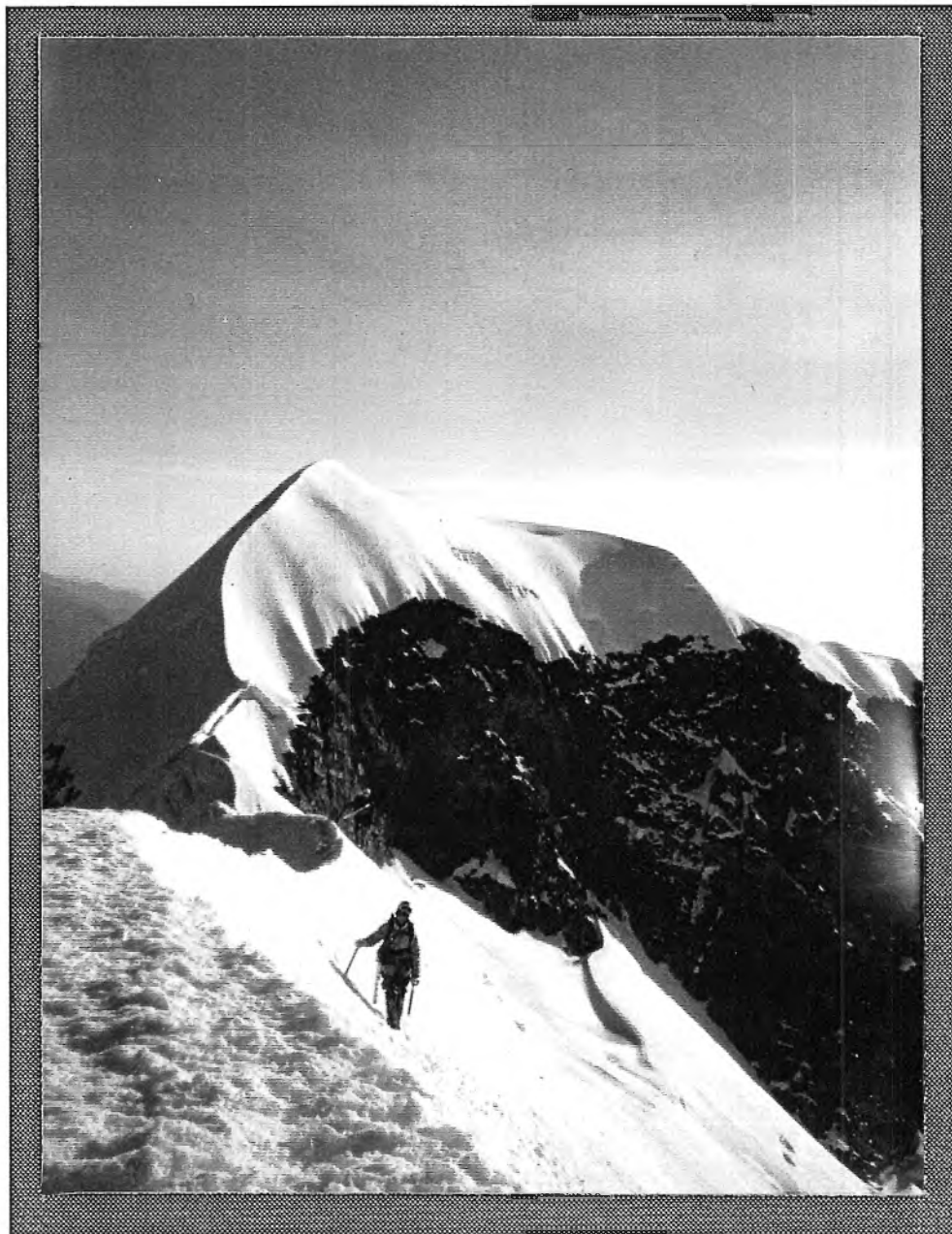
On we trekked, as we climbed to a grass area I got in front of Ken and Sue and reached an area where a stream and a sheltering rock offered a chance for a brew. After a slight struggle I got the stove lit and began to heat the water, it was boiling by the time Sue and Ken arrived and they were grateful for the Choc-a-Drink and Cupa-Soup I had with me. A snack of the last chocolate finished the 'meal'. At the start of the pass the land rover came from behind us, around two hours early. Pam was already ensconced in the back so we gratefully clambered aboard, squashed but relieved of the weight of the sacks.

Passo Ossipal looked very different from the day we had left it, now piles of snow covered the ground and the road was only a narrow path between them. The mountains were almost completely white and the clear edges of the snow fields and the glaciers had disappeared. We caught up with the Horse ensemble and the driver invited one more person aboard, no one accepted but we took the fuel container from Ashley's load. Ray further ahead and waiting by the Lake in the sun on a clear piece of grass likewise declined. Pam, Ian, Ken, Sue and myself in the company of the Canadians descended the steep road leading to Largo Pujo Pujo and despite hitting our heads a couple of times on the roof of the truck as it negotiated the bumps had a wonderful journey to the village of Pujo Pujo about two miles beyond the head of the lake.

There was now a misunderstanding. I had always intended for us to reach Pujo Pujo and had that in mind throughout the day, others however had formed the opinion that the village they were stopping at was the very small one at the head of the lake. When they reached that village and found no one there an element of annoyance crept in and as they wearily trudged the extra two miles or so, sacks getting heavier and heavier, their annoyance grew!

At the village Pam using her excellent knowledge of Spanish secured the use of the school room as the night's resting place. When we arrived however there was a celebration going on as a new teacher was being welcomed at the school. We sat down and joined in with the event and began to warm and relax in the festival atmosphere. Around two hours later a group of very tired and some very angry trekkers arrived. They too warmed by the room, relaxed and began to forgive me? Eventually the celebration ended and we had the room to ourselves. Soon a meal was organised, some beer bought and we sat at the desks eating by candlelight.





Pam moves along the ridge after descending from Cavayani 5704m on the second day of a two day climb along the ridge.



Concepcion and Daniel with Goni an orphan vicuna at the Vicuna Centre. This centre is helping to restore Vicuna numbers in the area

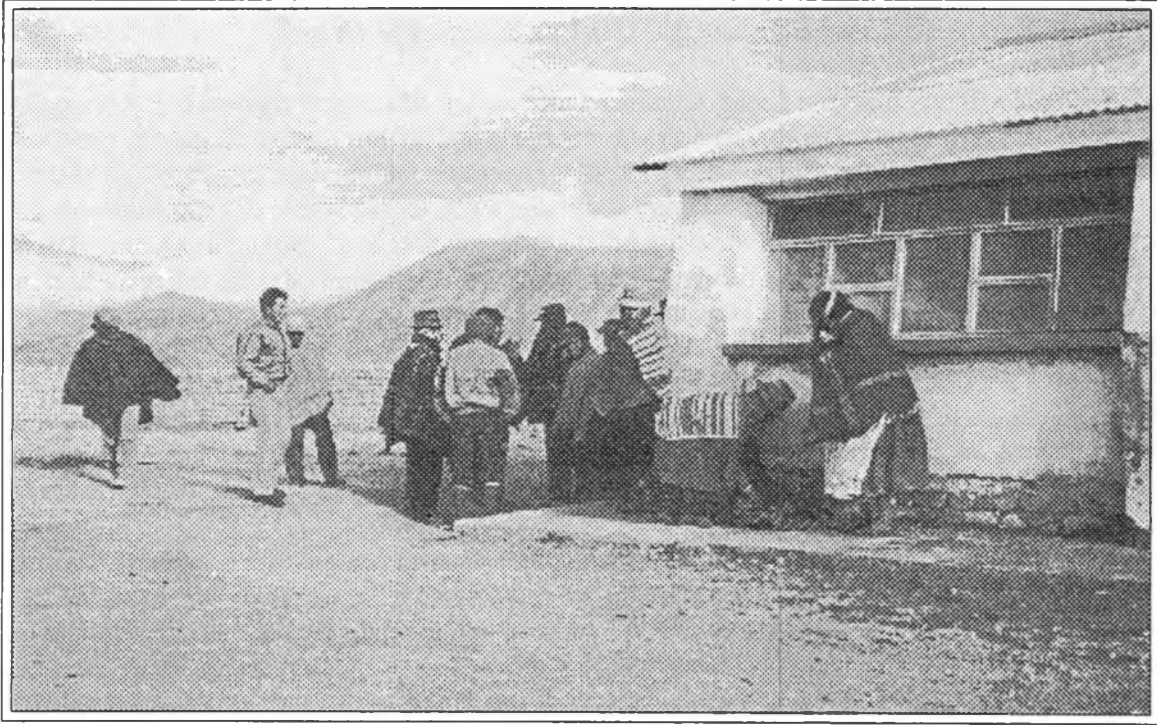
The next day, Saturday 21st august, Daniel and I decided to walk to Ulla Ulla and the Vicuna centre to see if we could contact Guarachi. Rumours had it that LaPaz had had a heavy snowfall and that vehicles could not get up on to the Altiplano, we wondered if our trucks would be delayed. We set off at around eight o'clock in the cool morning air. We followed a track above the road for around three miles, then dropped down to the road itself. The land stretched away in front of us. We set off, and passed an empty village that Daniel said was constructed by the LaPaz University students to show how the early Indians built their homes. I thought I'd explore it on our return journey. The sun rose behind us and warmed up the air, the jackets so necessary earlier on, became an extra item to carry. Ulla Ulla never seemed to come into sight, but we speculated on any buildings we saw or thought we saw. Eventually we reached the main road and knew that Ulla Ulla could not be far away.

We reached the Military base and Daniel negotiated the 'use' of their Short wave radio. Although the commander tried from two separate radios, contact was not made and we left around midday to see if we could find the workers from the Vicuna centre. There was a football competition taking place in Ulla Ulla and we made our way to the ground. Daniel discovered that the centre staff were away for the whole day meeting with officials somewhere in the south. Then he joined a scratch football team and after lunch played in a game. The final score was 3 - 1 against his team. The game was delayed in the middle by a hail storm and the referee abandoned their match until it was past. It was a lot colder now, the early sun had given way to grey clouds coming from the west.

At around five o'clock we set off to find the Vicuna Centre. At first we followed the road then cut across to a small and scruffy village to ask the way, no luck. We continued. Crossing a small river Daniel looked up and picked out the centre's entrance, I would not have noticed it. As we drew nearer a relief came over us and my plans of snuggling up behind a rock and spending a very cold night out in the open fell into the background.

We were welcomed at the centre by Concepcion, a young lady who worked as a cook there, and waited for the other workers to return. It got darker and I wondered if we could make it back to Pujo Pujo. We had no torch but I thought we could do it if we could make it to the Pujo Pujo road before complete darkness. Eventually a landrover drew up outside and four people bundled in, disappointed at the outcome of their meeting where their request for some extra funding had seemed to have fallen on deaf ears. It was arranged that the centre head would try to reach Guarachi tomorrow in the morning and that Daniel and I would spend the night there. It began to snow.

Concepcion began preparing a meal for us and the centre's workers. A discussion between the two French Canadians and the centre head continued and Daniel listened intently, then joined in. It had been decided that the others at Pujo Pujo should be collected and brought back here, Daniel would go along and explain things but in case there was any difficulty I wrote down the day's events and explained that the people here thought this was a safer place than the school at Pujo Pujo. At the last moment it was decided that there would be no room for even Daniel so I added a post script explaining this and the two trucks set off to collect our friends.



The school building at Pujo Pujo with the new teacher and members of the community.  
It was a windy place and quite cold.  
The school building gave us shelter when we needed it and we slept in comfort on the first  
night of our visit. We were able to cook inside the entrance.

## In the school

Ken Findlay & Ashley Hardwell

Actively involving oneself in organisational matters is a far better position to be in than the passive recipients of information. Sadly we were in the latter group. There were few places we wished less to be in than the School at Pujo Pujo awaiting news of the transport situation. We had been told by the British Embassy to steer clear of the area near Ulla Ulla as it was next to the Peruvian border for comfort and peace of mind. Looking in the Lonely Planet Guide did not help, it suggested keeping clear of all types of municipal buildings as they were often the focus of political terrorist attacks.

Even though it was a Saturday the school was open for morning lessons; the teacher having had rather too much to drink at the celebration yesterday was very late in starting, and arrived over an hour after he should have. The children were kept 'amused' by Pam, Sue and Ashley while Les looked after the baggage. Les had to eject a local who had come to see if he could appropriate any of our gear for himself as well as keeping it safe from the hand of the children. Ken assisted wherever he could. In the afternoon the school was empty and Ken played football with the locals showing them how to score goals and then giving a great performance in goal. His team won by 10 goals to 3.

All day we waited for Paul and Daniel to return. The day dragged with light-hearted lapses for lunch and the evening meal. It seemed our curiosity value had thankfully worn off and visits from the villagers abated. By 7pm the group was worried that something had happened to them. We played cards by candlelight and fresh concerns entered our thoughts. If Paul and Daniel had not managed to get through to Guarachi the two vans might well pass through Pujo Pujo without stopping during the night. We devised a plan to erect a road block at one end of the village using a climbing rope a notice and our flashing lights. We tried to explain our intentions to a passing villager but were unsuccessful. Snow fell through the darkness and the cold bit deep into our bones as we manned the block. Ray was putting up a tent so that we could take turns in keeping watch when in the distance we saw lights.

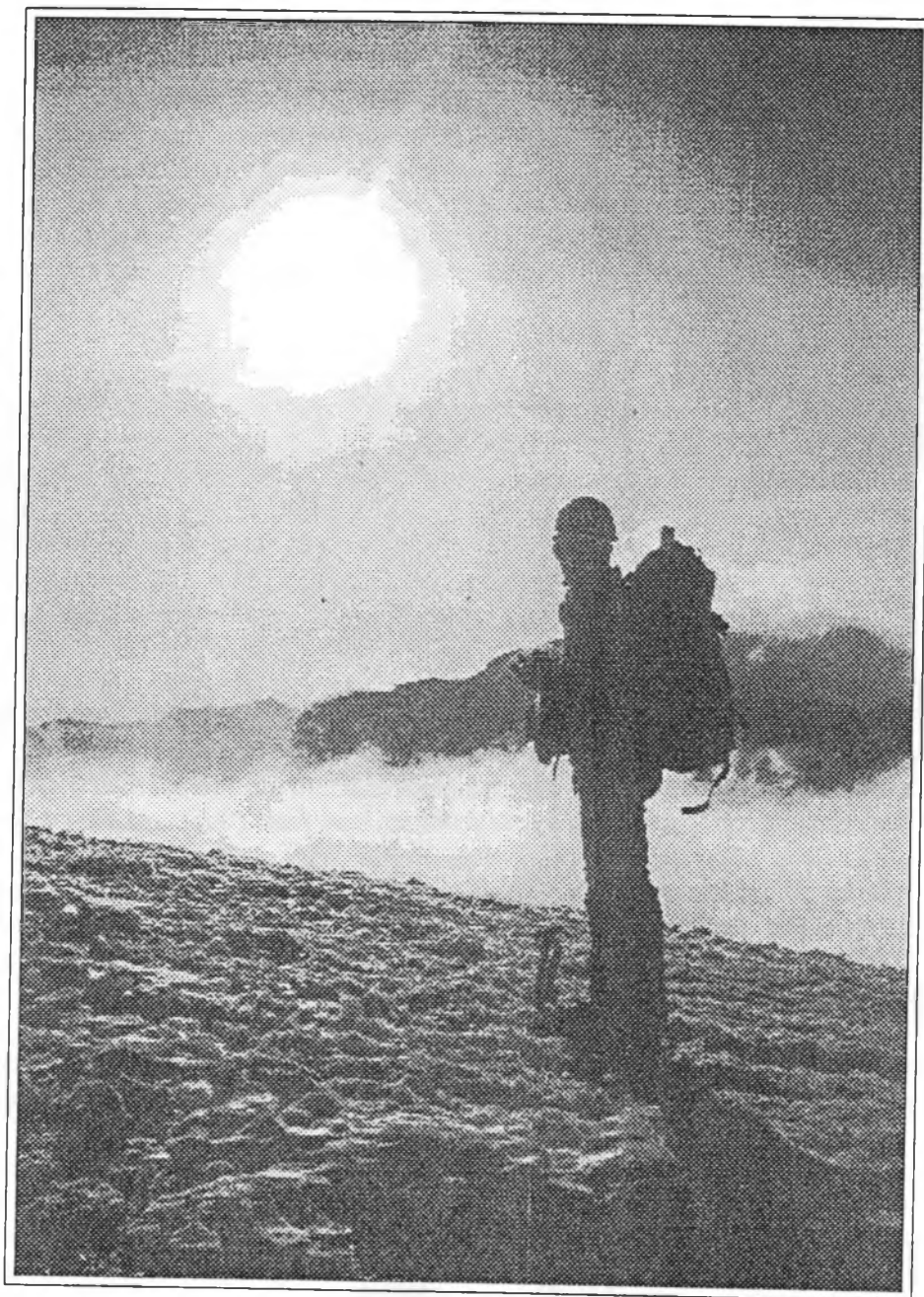
It seemed that we had caught Guarachi's men just in time! No one else would be driving here at this time of night. The two vans drew up by our flashing lights. We were rather taken aback when the two French Canadians who had given some of us a lift from Paso Osipal jumped from the trucks. They showed us what we took to be their official documents. We explained the reason for our road block and told them to put their papers away unaware of the fact that Patrick was actually trying to show us a hand written note from Paul explaining what was happening.

Had we only read this all our fears would have been allayed. As it was our imaginations went into overtime... 'They' had already captured Paul and Daniel and after interrogation had managed to find out the whereabouts of the rest of the group. 'They' had now come for us. These thoughts coupled with the uncomfortable jeep ride with bags and people on laps made for a disturbing journey to the Vicuna centre.

At the Vicuna centre (La Cabaña) we were welcomed by Paul and Daniel, bowls of soup, hot chocolate and the centre staff. We retired to warm beds happy and relaxed and relieved knowing that all was well.

During the night Ashley became sick. He vomited and had diarrhoea. The next morning he looked wizened and about ten years older than he had the day before. He stayed in bed except for frequent visits to the toilet area. Ian and Sue did a good job of looking after him and Sue even cleaned out the toilet that he had devastated the previous night. The day was cold but the sun gave it some warmth as long as you were directly in it. Two orphan Vicunas wandered round the buildings and other animals came to and fro. It was a great place and everyone thought that it would be an ideal place to stay if the vans were late from LaPaz. Ashley said later that he would not have known what to do if his illness, brought on we think by careless drinking of untreated water, had erupted at Pujo Pujo. We erected some 'signs' at the roadside in the hope that they would stop the LaPaz vans should they pass and spent the rest of the morning relaxing and waiting to see if the centre could contact Guarachi.. They did try several times and found out that the vans had left La Paz on time.

We did see a single truck pause at the gates and then accelerate by towards Ulla Ulla but supposed that it was not connected with us. Though Ray noted that it was the first long wheel based vehicle he had seen in the area. Later at around two o'clock a truck drew up into the centre, it was a Guarachi vehicle and had come to collect us. The other truck had broken down en route. The driver said he would take five people straight away and return for the others the next day. A lot of driving we all thought, LaPaz and back twice in two days. At three o'clock Ken, Les, Ray Pam and Paul started back for LaPaz. We were all back in LaPaz on the night of 23rd August.





## Epilogue

Ashley:- Expeditions are always a chance of circumstance and events. Ours was I think a lucky one, the group had a good mixture of personalities which made for all round entertainment coupled with a business-like approach. The work was shared equally and most members went about their activities enthusiastically. The climbing was very rewarding, physically challenging but still within the abilities of the group. Summits were gained regularly but not without difficulty. Had we had better weather in the last week there would have been ascents of other summits or more challenging routes.

I was blessed with a great group of people with mixed abilities and an area that offered something for everyone. As Ray said, "being here in these mountains is enough in itself"

Paul:- Expeditions are always a lot of work, the planning starts over a year before you go. However it is this planning that in some perverse way I like. Researching, locating, visiting are all facets of the process. Once we were in Bolivia the work did not seem to ease but what ever the trials it was all worth it. To gain the top of Sunchuli and Yanaorco with Ken or see Ashley turn as he reached the summit of Iscacachu was great. To receive the care of Les and his companionship was special. Pamela's tireless interpreting was good to see. I don't feel that I got to know everyone in the group and still have much to find out about Ray, Sue and Ian. It was a great country with great mountains and a good group of people to share it with.

Les:- This was my second expedition and the second time that Gillian, my wife, had given me the support I needed. As well as assisting the team by looking after the finances she also helped me through a very nasty patch when I nearly threw the whole thing up. I enjoyed having the variety of people on the expedition and eight members seemed just right.

Ken:- Looking back I would certainly have changed my approach to the organisational side. I know I made mistakes and sometimes assumed too much. This created tension amongst the team. I also felt a lack of support in some circumstances and a lack of understanding in some of the problems encountered along the way. The different personalities of the group sometimes caused problems but I think I managed to sort them out and smooth them over in most cases. I have already thought about the next big trip, I like to have aims and something to look forward to.

I am proud to have been a member of this expedition, it is a pity we had the snowfall as without it I feel I would have seen the full potential of the members realised. Even with that interruption it has been a great success and I thank all the members for making it so.

# Ascent of Illimani ~ Southern Summit

Ian Wadsworth & Ken Findlay

The most impressive sight in LaPaz is the spectacular view of Illimani massif dominating the skyline some 50km to the southeast of the city. Rising to 6480m, it is the most popular summit of the Cordillera Real. Although the expedition proper was over, we were not sated with climbing from the Apolobamba and the two of us had fully intended an ascent of Illimani from the moment we saw it from the air.

Whilst the others were making plans to visit Lake Titicaca and the Jungas, we were making enquiries about transportation to the mountain. Club Andino Boliviano (CAB) were able to offer us seats on a vehicle the day following our enquiry at a cost of \$40 each. Despite the heavy snowfall which had occurred all over Bolivia, we were assured that the summit of Illimani was accessible with the CAB claiming that they had taken over twenty climbers there over the previous few days. Before paying the fee, we made our desired destination clear, that was to be dropped off in the area known as Questa de los Animas (4,500m) on a miners track running along the flank of the mountain. This was where the normal ascent commenced.

The vehicle arrived at the Hostel Republica on 25th August at 8.30am. with two Germans already on board and heading for the same destination. It was anticipated that the journey would take some three or four hours enabling us to reach the base camp area of Nestes de Condores (5,600m) shortly after nightfall. Our anticipation however did not take into account the fact that the driver had never been on this journey before. This fact was only obvious when the track we were travelling on came to an abrupt dead end! On investigation it was clear that we were north of the summit of Nevada Mururata, itself north of Illimani! It was established that we had taken the wrong track at Ventilla, a small village. After losing around one and a half hours the correct track was found and the journey continued.

The route meandered high along valley sides providing superb views of the Altiplano. After some thirty minutes or so, a pass came into view, just before which was a lesser track bearing to the right. The map indicated that this would ultimately lead to the Questa de los Animas. A suspicion grew, however, as the track showed no evidence of other vehicles even where snow covered the path. Then the snow got so deep as to be impassable. Clearly CAB had not driven climbers to Illimani by this route in the last few days! We returned to Ventilla. There we took a more southerly route which went via Cohoni. We had now been on the road for six hours and tiredness and frustration was taking its toll. We arrived at Cohoni at 7pm, eleven hours after leaving LaPaz. We had asked directions in virtually every village, it seemed to us that no-one in Bolivia ever knew the way!

At Cohoni it had been a festival day and quickly we were surrounded by drunken locals who began to eye up our gear. We felt very vulnerable and we wondered if it would be best to return to LaPaz and set out again the next day. An English speaking Lawyer arrived and advised us that the track from Cohoni to Questa de los Animas was inaccessible to vehicles, but it was only a four hour walk. In the end we agreed to stay with the Germans who wanted to stay overnight and set off in the morning. Fortunately a French priest was kind enough to offer us the use of a small hall for the night. As we sank down into our sleeping bags relief spread through our bodies, it had been a twelve hour day full of frustration and anxiety.

We slept comfortably and in the morning set off along the track led by an orphaned deaf mute boy who lived with the priest. We expected the track to be easy enough to follow but hired the boy as a sort of repayment for the priest's generosity. This track took us through verdant terraces and along very old aqueduct systems. The land around us was very fertile and rich in cultivated and wild plants. A gradual ascent brought us to the valley floor, six kilometres from Cohoni. The track then ran along the river for a kilometre until a steep headwall was reached, this was at 3850m. At Ecia Jalancha a local lad called Carlos offered to carry Ken's sack for 10 Bolivianos (£1.80) and he needed little persuading before the sack was re-located. His pace increased but Ian was still only a blur in the distance, his fitness now coming into its own. The guide led us up a steep spur to the south east and we gained a more level track again at 4500m. The walk had taken six hours, twice the estimate. Europeans carrying 20k sacks obviously take longer.

We decided to set up camp on the track and continue our journey to Nido de Condores the next morning. Hoping to increase our chances of success we decided to try to hire porters. We asked Carlos, to see if any men could be hired from Ecia Jalancha and hoped for a positive result. He left and we set up the tents and prepared food. During our meal two men from Ecia Jalancha arrived, they had come to strike a deal for porters the next day. This was achieved amicably and the price was 20 B's per man.

At 6.30am the porters arrived, men and women. The Germans for some strange reason refused to allow their gear to be carried by women. After a lot of discussion the Germans carried their own gear and the porters carried ours. Setting off at a good pace we followed a small track which meandered through scree and boulders until we gained a wider path which took us to a ridge covered in loose snow. The ridge led directly to Nido de Condores at 5500m. We reached the base camp site which was around 200m above the snow line and it was obvious that no-one had attempted the climb since the snow had fallen. The claims of the CAB that climbers had already been on the mountain were false. Nevertheless, the conditions appeared to be ideal, a stable weather system engulfed the region and good nev  predominated.

The ascent to base camp had taken only four hours and we felt good. We had the whole afternoon to relax acclimatise and contemplate the magnificent face rising over 1000m above us to the summit. During the afternoon we were joined by a group of five Frenchmen and an English chap. The camp was on a flat shoulder with space for over 30 tents. The afternoon was passed by making and drinking various beverages, with occasional forays to collect clean snow and eating. The MSR was not stable on the snow and kept melting holes that it would fall into, we tried using snow stakes underneath it but in the end resorted to actually holding the stove. We felt it unusual not to have the mountain to ourselves, but we enjoyed the friendly and relaxed atmosphere as we waited for the next day.

The evening was clear and we could see Sajama, Bolivia's highest mountain, in the distance. LaPaz and Lake Titicaca were also within our vista. The cloud formations were spectacular and were recorded by a multitude of photographs.

At 2am we woke and began to make choc-a-drinks and porridge. Even this simple meal took over an hour and it was 3.30am before we started to climb. The near full moon gave good light until an hour later it dropped over the horizon. The next two hours we climbed in complete darkness but the route followed a clearly defined ridge which steepened as we progressed. At 5800m we reached a broad plateau and circumnavigated an ice wall by bearing to the left and ascended a 60° ice slope for about 120 feet. This was the first and only pitch on the route. Above the angle of the slopes cutting across the face was 45°. The hours past, it took about two hours to get below the final but long slopes. The end never seemed to come, at every bump the summit seemed to be running away from us. Ken was leading after Ian's morning of being out at the front. Ken was moving well and one could sense the feeling 'nothing will stop us now'. There was just one last crevasse to cross before we made the final winding ridge to the summit.

We discarded our gear and set off along the crest, at 11.30am we stood on the summit! Though tired we both felt the euphoria of achievement and the excitement of gaining over 6000m for the first time.

The views from the summit were superb and we spent some minutes trying to assimilate the spectacle of this massive four summit mountain rising alone high above the Altiplano. Reluctantly we began to descend, passing the Germans now storming up in our footsteps. Base camp was reached in three hours. The remainder of the day was spent reflecting on our achievement whilst drinking copious amounts of choc-a-mint and orange. We used the heat of the afternoon sun for drying out our soggy gear.

We departed from base camp the next day with the task of reaching Cohoni by 5pm to be picked up by our truck. The walk down presented us with views that we had not noticed on the way up. While Ian trudged down looking for any Photographic opportunity Ken reflected on the expedition as a whole; the accomplishments of the group, failures of communication, the frustrations of Paso Osipal and the snow. For both of us the winding down progress had just begun.

We made the appointment with the truck at Cohoni, boarded and headed back. The return journey was a blur. As darkness dropped only the lights on the hillside broke the monotony of night. We were in LaPaz for 9pm and after a quick wash we headed off into the fleshpots of LaPaz with Tom and Gunther the two Germans. Relaxation and reminiscences combined with food, drink and music.

## Epilogue/2

Sue noticed that not everyone had contributed something to the epilogue and decided that needed to be rectified. So she gathered them together,

Pam Holt:-

Happiness is:-

being given a kleenex tissue by a total stranger whilst your nose bleeds into a La Paz gutter.

being welcomed and accepted into a private celebration at a village teachers inauguration.

feeling totally safe walking about La Paz.

Where else could you take the wrong trail, ending up in someone's backyard and find no hostility or aggression?

Happy Memories:- the friendliness and generosity of the Bolivian people together with their total acceptance of you into their community.

Sue Cooper:- Bolivia 1993 - my first major mountaineering experience, one I shall not forget. My memory is filled with an abundance of emotions - the initial excitement of being accepted into the team in the early stages; the stress of organising flights, and the accompanying hiccups; the building anxieties as the departure date approached; the spectacular sights of La Paz, and the Apolobamba region; the general friendliness of the people of the places we visited; and finally, the very personal feelings associated with being in the remote mountains of the Apolobamba.

I would like to thank all members of the team for their support and encouragement - to Ray for his philosophies; to Pam for the chats; to Les for the boiled egg and biscuits; to Paul for his increasing insanity; to Ken for the whole opportunity; to Ian for being Ian; to Daniel (our camp guardian) for sharing his culture; and finally, to Ashley for being my friend.

Ian :- The Bolivia experience will remain impressed in my memory for a long time to come. The motivation for the expedition was to achieve First British Ascents of mountains in the remote northern Apolobamba, which we successfully accomplished. However, that in itself was not too important for me. Although some of my strongest memories are of the time in the mountains, I shall not forget many other aspects of the trip, especially the stark and beautiful Altiplano, the city of La Paz, and the people of Bolivia, both in the city and the remote villages through which we travelled.

We were all very privileged to have been to such a unique country and I would like to express my gratitude to all the team members for their contribution in making the Bolivia experience so memorable.

Ray:- Maybe we mountaineers are privileged people to stand upon remote icy summits and gaze alone at nature's works of art stretched out to far distant horizons.

Yes, Apolobamba, your secluded valley and mountains were very special to me, remote, beautiful and magical. Next year who knows ..... Dream on free spirit

# Appendices

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# La Paz to the Apolobamba

Ashley Hardwell

Despite a great deal of organisation in Britain by members of the expedition there was still plenty to do once we had established ourselves in a comfortable hotel in the city. This section of the report is particularly concerned with arranging transport to the Apolobamba region from La Paz. It has to be recognised that 2 or 3 days at least should be spent acclimatising in the city before thinking of going into the mountains. However, most modes of transport are unreliable in Bolivia and therefore it is imperative that, as soon as people feel able, arrangements should be made for transportation to your chosen area. The more notice given the more chance there will be of your deadline being met. Generally it would seem a reasonably easy task to arrange transport for 9 people with supplies to travel 350km to a mountain area. In Bolivia, however, nothing is straight forward. Below is a list of

- 1        **The Region** – we had chosen a particularly obscure area in which to climb. Although we were sure the area was accessible by vehicle the drivers in La Paz were not convinced. Most only knew of the roads to Pelechuco and Curva, places visited by trekkers usually on the Gold Diggers Trail. The mountains in between seemed unknown territory.
- 2        **Tour Operators** – in any business work must be taken on which is profitable. It would seem that tour operators are able to make better use of their vehicles on short trips around the attractions in the La Paz area rather than longer journeys into the out lying regions. However, the large sum of money for the longer journey is also a great attraction. Generally then, the operators will show a great interest in the longer trip, even confirm a date, but they will only arrive if other shorter, more lucrative trips have not been booked.
- 3        **The Roads** – once out of La Paz the roads are unsealed and often in poor condition. Speeds of 60km/h are generally the norm and vehicles take a considerable battering on the longer journeys. For the final 2 hours of the journey to the Apolobamba range 4 wheel drive vehicles were essential.
- 4        **Language** – most of the tour operators within La Paz will have at least one English speaking person working for them. It would be advisable for one member to have a good understanding of Spanish so as to avoid confusion. Often misunderstandings created problems which could have been avoided with a greater understanding of Spanish.

Due to the high cost of getting to the area we found that many companies expressed an interest in providing transport. Some we contacted directly, others just heard about the trip through 'the grape vine' and turned up at the hotel to offer advice and a free quote.

Deciding on who to go with was a difficult process. Some were decided against due to cost. The quotes were wide ranging from \$800 - \$3000 (US). Obviously there is a vast range of service being offered within these prices.

**Price** – like most purchases these days 'you get what you pay for'. Thus the cheapest way of getting to the mountains may not necessarily be the best way.

**Reliability** – this is singularly the most important factor in any transportation booking for the following reasons:

- (i)       most trips to Bolivia from Britain have only a limited amount of time to play with. Time is a precious commodity which can be wasted with an unreliable company.
- (ii)      as much as mountaineers enjoy the mountain environment it is comforting to know that at a specifically arranged date transport will arrive and the group will be returned to civilisation. The consequences of transport not arriving at best would be gross inconvenience and at worse running out of provisions and supplies.

C        **Haggling** – as with any purchase in Bolivia the initial asking price for the goods or service is inflated by at least a third of the actual price and private transportation is no exception. However, trying to get as many different quotes as possible and hanging on for the lower price we found was both stressful and time consuming. It is far better to deal with one or two reputable companies and haggle with the persons concerned. Do not get drawn in to meeting a dozen different companies a day and then go for the cheapest.

**D Group Work** – it is perhaps a good idea to assign two group members to the task of sorting out the transport. Preferably these should be Spanish speaking. It is, however, important to note that this is a crucial part of the trip and it is essential that all members be kept informed of how this aspect of the planning is progressing. Problems and alternatives should be discussed extensively and decisions made as a team whenever possible.

Below are listed the organisations with which we had dealings within the Apolobamba Expedition. General comments have been written about each but it must be stressed that these are only observed perceptions from one off dealings with these organisations. They may by no means be a true reflection of their general reliability and performance.

**Club Andino Boliviano** –

Calle Mexico, 1638 (Casilla No.1346), La Paz Tel: 324682

A warm welcome from an English speaking part time worker who has studied tourism at university. Apparently a non profit making organisation which provides a service for skiers, climbers and trekkers. A good information store on mountains and routes. Prices for the Apolobamba Region were high. However, local trips seemed on a par with other operators but certainly no cheaper, as the service to tourists might suggest. Drivers used seemed to have poor local knowledge and valuable time was lost getting to the mountains. The worker currently employed has been in place only briefly and is enthusiastic and hard working. Could be a good contact point in future. Certainly worth going to for information both from literature and from other climbers visiting the office.

**Indian Expeditions - Bernardo Guarachi** –

Plaza Alonzo de Mendoza, Ed.Santa Anita, Piso 3 Of.314 Tel: 320901(W) 310655(H) Fax: 005912-392344

The person with whom we eventually booked. Has a real interest in the mountains and is himself a mountaineer. One office staff member speaks reasonable English. Reliable transport and good vehicles supplied. Not the cheapest quote we received but had been used by another member in the past. Excellent for information on routes and general mountain topography. Although drivers seemed to know the route towards Pelechuco well they were unfamiliar with any of the detours towards the Apolobamba region. A final price for the services offered was amicably agreed.

**Mr Martinez** –

Gave the highest quote for transport of \$3000 (US). As a group we were unable to see why such a high price was being commanded. We came to the conclusion that Mr Martinez was hoping to make a few extra bucks if other organisations let us down. Whether or not we would have been willing to pay such a high price had such a scenario unfolded remains to be seen.

**Alipio** –

Seemed a genuine enough person and came up with the cheapest quotes, although these did creep up as negotiations continued. However, unable to keep deadlines and turned out to be totally unreliable. The group was under the impression that had we stuck with Alipio to save cash we may never have got to our chosen destination. Only one vehicle available. This was in good order. Apparently problems occurred with hiring a second vehicle and the reluctance of the second driver to go to the Apolobamba Range.

**C.E.A.C.** –

Another supposedly non profit making organisation which not only provides a service for trekkers and climbers but also give the opportunity for interested locals in the area to participate in treks and climbs. Transport can be arranged through this organisation although again prices seem to be no cheaper than other tour operators.

**Conclusion**

It essential that transport is arranged quickly once in La Paz. However, it must be high on any group's priority list to ensure that a reliable and affordable operator is chosen. A plethora of choices are available but it is worth considering those organisations which have a specific interest in trekking and mountaineering. Local knowledge and mountain information are extra services which can be provided by the specialist. These are important additions to the service when in an unfamiliar area.

# UK & Bolivian Purchases

Les Holbert

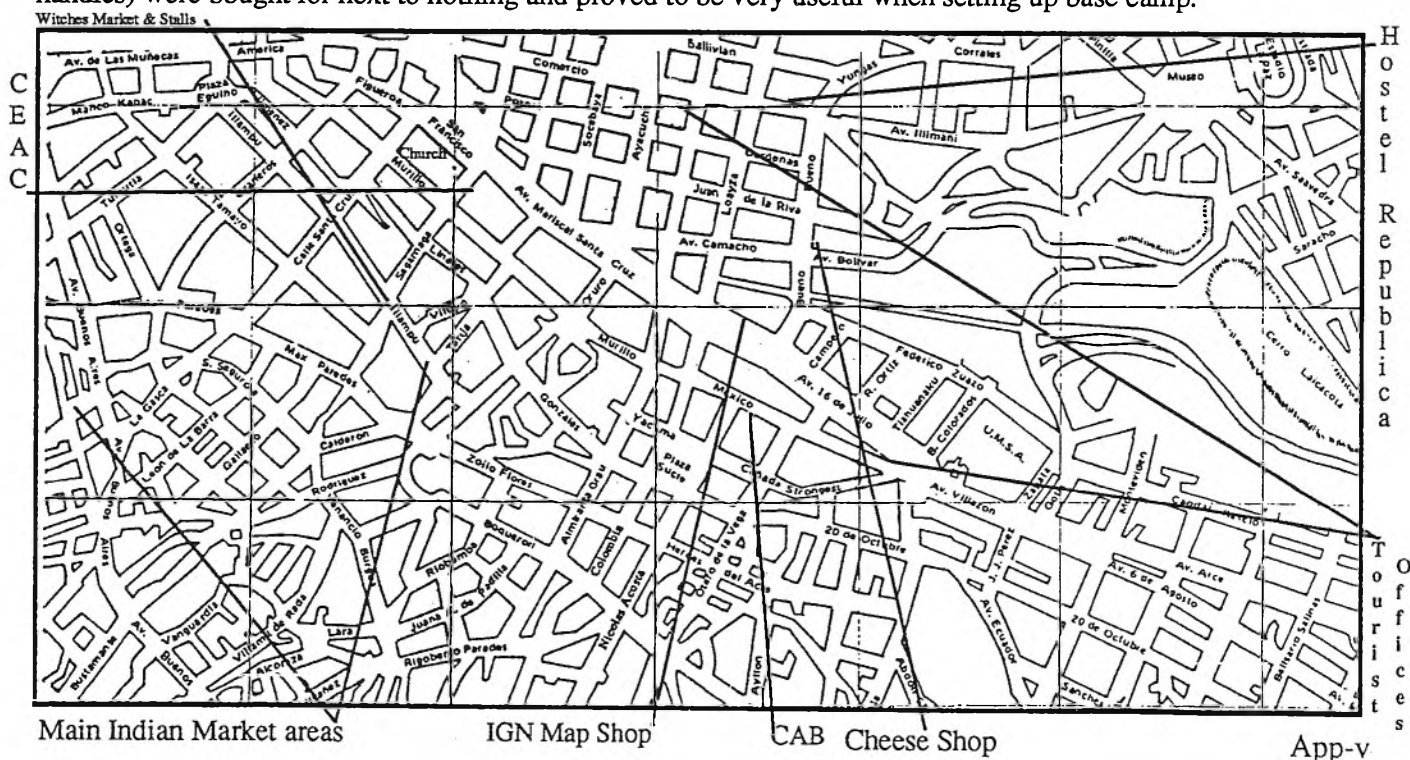
## UK

Headtorch batteries  
Teabags  
Dried Meals; Raven & Pasta Choice  
Instant soups  
Instant Choc drinks - given free  
Safeway Supreme Delight  
Cheese-cake mix  
Instant custard  
Long life compact candles  
Solid fuel & stoves  
Vitamint/fruit sweets - given free  
Choc bars - given free  
Lighters

## LaPaz

2k Tub Margarine  
10k Nuts  
5k Pulses/grains/lentils  
1.5k Pasta  
10k Rice  
2k Dried fruits  
2lt Honey  
3 Jars Peanut Butter  
12 Jars Jam  
10 Tins corned beef  
30 Tins Tuna  
8 Tins Hot-dog Sausages  
5 Tins fruit  
3k Flour  
135 Eggs  
90 Packets Biscuits  
15k Oats  
10k Sugar  
10k Cheese  
15k Potatoes  
4k Carrot  
4k Onion  
3lt Cooking oil  
.5k Salt  
.5k Herbs  
Stock Cubes  
500g Coffee  
2.5k Dried Potatoes  
1.5k Milk Powder  
5k Apples/Oranges  
  
2 Plastic bowls  
3 Washing up liquid  
1 Brillo Pads & 2 wire scrubbers  
15gal Paraffin  
2 Large cooking pans  
1 Pressure Cooker  
1 Primus stove

Ian Wadsworth



Pamela Holt

App-vi	APRIL				MAY				JUNE					JULY				
	5	12	19	26	3	10	17	24	1	7	14	21	28	5	12	19		
TETANUS	If you were not immunised as a child - a full course of 3 injections																Protection lasts for 10 years. Coach immunity- may need booster	
				*					*			*						
POLIO	If you were not immunised as a child - a full course of 3 injections																Booster - drop on a sugar lump	
		*						*						*				
TYPHOID	Two injections				4 to 6 weeks apart												Protection lasts for 3 years after that a single booster	
		*						*										
HEPATITIS A																	1 ml of Gamma Globulin in the backside shortly before departure gives boost to immune system for 3 months  Vaccine now available - 2 injections followed by a booster next year gives 10 years immunity	
						*				*								
YELLOW FEVER														*				Live vaccine - lasts 10 years. Available from Yellow Fever Vaccination Centre -See Dr. or Travel agent or Community Medicine Dept
MALARIA -TABLETS-	Take 1 week before departure & continue 4 weeks after your return to the UK																Chloroquine or Proguanil	
RABIES -OPTIONAL-				*				*									Two injections 4 weeks apart. If bitten avoids painful stomach injections	
CHOLERA	Given only to avoid the possibility of having to be given it at a border in Bolivia related risks of injections abroad																	



# Medical Report

Compiled from reports from Ian Wadsworth & Pam Holt

## (i) Pam Holt

Pam Holt, Ian Wadsworth and Les Holbert were all involved in the planning of the medical supplies we took. Pamela who had visited the area before consulted her doctor and sent the list of proposed medications to Les where Ian also had a look at them.

Pam sent out a vaccination diary which indicated when the various 'jabs' should be obtained ( see App ).

Ian used 'Expedition Medicine' an EAS document to devise the types and variety of drugs that should be taken. He also consulted his own doctor and used Les's experiences from the Karakoram. After consideration Les bought the general supplies from Sheards his local Chemists in Morley and Ian's doctor obliged with the necessary prescriptions for the controlled drugs.

As expected dry throats, coughs and nose bleeds were common occurrences during the trip. Following a bad reaction to flying in to LaPaz (3500m) Pam had difficulty in breathing during the nights, Sue also suffered with this difficulty. This condition was relieved by Vick's nasal spray. Paul suffered with a bad headache during the first 24 hours and Ian took to his bed a few days later with sickness. Most people were breathless when walking in LaPaz and its steep streets did not help. Gradually we all felt better and became acclimatised. It is interesting to note however that Paul thought he fared little better at climbing LaPaz's streets on his return from the mountains.

Diarrhoea was experienced by Ian and Ken whilst in the Apolobamba and Ashley contracted amoebic dysentery from contaminated water at Pujo Pujo. Ray suffered from dry throats and coughing whilst in the mountains. Ian also suffered and his condition affected his chest initiating a course of antibiotics and painkillers. One unforeseen trend in the mountains was a spate of back problems; first Les, then Ray and lastly Paul suffered from this. Older men obviously need to take care.

Peeling, dry and blistering skin around the nose, cheeks, lips and chin was common and an assortment of high altitude sun screen and moisturising creams were used. Ian and Ken both suffered from burns and Ian used a thick application of Flamazine cream to combat it.

Nosebleeds were also cultivated especially by Pam and Ken. Pam had had her nose cauterized earlier so this was somewhat of a surprise. Catarrh and blocked nasal passages are symptomatic of the dryness of high altitude air and caused Pam some considerable discomfort.

Fortunately no first aid treatment for accidents was required and bandages, sutures, antiseptics etc. were not called upon.

## (ii) Ian Wadsworth

The drugs which proved to be most useful were:

- Antibiotics; Erythromycin and co-trimoxazoles - both were used to treat gastro-intestinal & bronchial infections
- Mild analgesics; paracetamol & Ibuprofen - used for inflammatory related pain. Also Fortral a stronger opiate containing drug proved useful. Valtrol was used for back pain.
- Diuretic; Diamox was taken where mild symptoms of altitude were experienced. It was effective but never used as a preventative.
- The Metronidazole Flagyl proved invaluable on the one occasion when a member contracted amoebic dysentery. In conjunction with fasting and dioralyte, a cure was rapidly effected.
- Adsorbent drugs; Codeine phosphate is not recommended for acute diarrhoeas but Imodium was used in less severe cases to reduce the frequency of bowel movement whilst on the mountains.
- Other; Zimovane -sleeping tablets were used by Ian who exhibited no side effects on waking. Cough mixture alleviated bronchial irritation and Acriflex lessened the discomfort due to the inevitable sunburn.

## Other Medical Items Taken

Item	Purpose
Puritabs	water purification
Tincture of Iodine	water purification
Immodium	diarrhoea
Codeine Phosphate	diarrhoea/moderate pain
Paracetamol	mild pain
Aspirin (Iemsip)	Cold/flu symptoms
Temgesic*	severe pain
Septin*	infection
Metronidazole*	infection
Piritron*	allergic rash
Chloramphenicol*	eye infection
Fucithalmic / Chlormycetin*	eye infection
Causlon	indigestion
Throat lozenges	sore throats
Vicks nasal spray	nasal congestion
Vicks nasal inhaler	nasal congestion
Flamazine*	burns
Calamine cream	bites/sunburn
Glacier cream / lip salve -factor 15/20	sun protection
Dioralyte/electrolode	rehydration
Dental repair kit	emergency filling etc.
Oil of cloves	toothache
Syringe emergency travel kit	avoiding infection
Thermometer	
Safety pins	
Steristrips	skin closures
Dressings / Melolin dressing	lint, self adhesive, etc
Bandages	various / triangular
Moleskin/secondskin	blisters etc.
Micropore tape	
Jungle formula	insect repellent
Anti fungal powder	
optrex	

\*Prescribed items

**NB.**

**do-it-yourself 'Dioralyte'**

Doctor's recipe

1 pint boiled water

8 level teaspoons sugar

.25 (one quarter) teaspoon of salt

**W.H.O. recipe**

	1 litre boiled water		
glucose	20g	1.5 teaspoons	honey
sodium chloride	3.5g	one half teaspoon	salt
sodium bicarbonate	2.5g	one half teaspoon	baking soda
potassium chloride	1.5g	one quarter teaspoon	2 cups of fruit juice (any)

# Tool Kit

Ray Dimmock

We took a small tool kit put together by Ray Dimmock, this consisted of;

- 1 Small adjustable spanner
- 1 Small standard screwdriver
- 1 Jeweller's screwdriver
- 1 12 inch hacksaw blade
- 4 Small files round, square, triangular and oblong
- 2 Small pliers
- 1 Pack of Araldite
- 1 Tube of UHU
- 2 Rolls of insulating tape
- 1 Roll of self adhesive sail tape (buy from ships chandlers)
- 1 Brass eyelet kit
- 1 Press stud kit - heavy duty
- 1 Roll of Marlin waxed heavy duty cotton
- 1 Roll heavy cotton
- Selection of small stainless steel nuts & bolts
- Tent/groundsheet repair material
- Buckles for Rucksacks various
- Safety Pins various
- Buttons various
- Needles various
- Thimble
- Bulldog clips

The pliers were used to keep the stoves in working order but nothing much else was called upon except the self adhesive sail tape. This was used to repair all sorts of fabric tears, Ian alone had around a metre stuck to his clothing. I will make sure I always take some in future. Individuals of course took their favourites and we also had a crampon repair kit of tools and spares.

# Anticipated Expedition-Accounts

per member

Travel in the UK, Flights & Transport to the mountains in Bolivia	£1,000
Food and stores in UK & Bolivia	£ 200
Equipment including Tents, Ropes, Navigation and Cooking	£ 200
Peak fees	None
Hire of local labour in Bolivia-Mules & Llamas	£ 50
Insurance of members - medical costs & property	£ 120
Miscellaneous	£ 200
Per member	<u>£1,770</u>
Eight members	Total <u><u>£14,160</u></u>

## INCOME

Grants awarded by The Mount Everest Foundation	£ 700
Grant awarded by the British Mountaineering Council & Sports Council	£ 400
	<u><u>£1100</u></u>

Members will be putting in the outstanding amount

# Finance / Actual

Gillian Holbert

## Income

Member's contributions	8 members (£1200.63)	£ 9605
Sponsorship		
MEF		£ 700
BMC & Sports Council		£ 400
Foundation for Sports and the Arts		£ 700
Leeds City Sports Grant		£ 250
Ray Dimmock / Shell Gas		
Handigas		£ 200
Freedom Gas LPG		£ 250
Avon Gas		£ 25
Gas		£ 30
Bank Interest		£ 13
		<b>£12173</b>

## Outgoings

Flights	Varig 8 x £ 634	£ 5072
Lost deposits		£ 210
Insurance	BMC 8 x £139	£ 1112
Communal gear		£ 2160
First aid/ medicines		£ 210
Food ex-UK		£ 321
Transport in Bolivia		
Guarachi & truck to Sunchuli	(\$1500)	£ 1070
Animals used on walkout	(\$120)	£ 86
Hotel costs in LaPaz		£ 482
Meals taken in LaPaz		£ 315
Food bought in Bolivia		£ 411
Donations		
Use of School room Pujo Pujo		£ 14
Vicuna Centre	Stay / help for work	£ 68
Hire of camp guard	Bolivian	£ 200
Postage	Expedition cards from LaPaz	£ 20
Airport tax	getting out of Bolivia	£ 110
Administration / reports		£ 312
		<b>£12173</b>

## Sheep Sponsorship for Charities

Bolivian School via British Embassy	£137
Freedom	£220
Mobility Trust	£220

## Other expenses

Members also spent	£3089 on personal gear
	£ 725 on film Kodak



# Botanical Report

Pamela Holt

Shortly after joining the expedition in September 1992, Paul asked if I would be willing to undertake a botanical study. This, if I agreed to do it, would become one of the expeditions subsidiary aims. Having collected plants and seeds a number of times before in South America I wondered about concentrating on climbing but in the end agreed to the proposal.

I duly approached the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew where I had studied to obtain my diploma in 1974 and received a reply from John Simmons the curator. In his letter Mr. Simmons indicated the sparseness of the Bolivian collection at Kew and that their knowledge of the flora was limited. He gave me the names of a number of interested parties and the work began. Permits, CITES, letters, faxes and meetings took place as we moved towards the departure date. I also wrote to Dr. Stephan Beck in LaPaz whom I had met in 1986 when collecting Herbarium specimens for the university there. I was both surprised and delighted to receive an invitation to speak to the University on 'Decorative Horticulture' and check on the ornamental garden being established around the campus.

Telephone calls and letters continued to flow between Kew and myself and a Fax sent to Centro de Desarrollo Forestal, LaPaz went unanswered. The welter of paperwork and legislation concerning the collection of live material and the uncertainty of what I would find, led me to the decision to stick to seed collection and pressed dried specimens. This avoided the need for permits and phytosanitary certificates.

On arrival in LaPaz I visited the Centro de Desarrollo Forestal and received the all clear for collecting the material specified in my Fax. There was just one proviso, that was that I checked with the Director of the Herbario Nacional de Bolivia, Dr. Emilia Garcia.

When I arrived both Dr. Beck and Dr. Garcia were excited by the lecture I was to give, as horticulture per se is not taught at the University, only Botany. We discussed the format of my talk and its title, then arranged the date and venue. I was then escorted around the campus garden by the supervisor Rene Zeballos who took great delight in testing my botanical knowledge! Various introduced species struggled in the dry atmosphere of LaPaz whilst others succumbing to frost, had been given elaborate thatched shelters for protection.

During the three weeks in the Apolobamba region six specimens and seed were collected, described and pressed. Heavy snowfall which covered the area for the last week brought a premature halt to my botanical study. From 27th to 31st of August, twenty specimens and seed were collected on a trek from Tres Rios, east of LaPaz to Chulimani in the Yungus or sub-tropical valleys.

A total of twenty-six pressed and dried specimens were presented to Dr. Garcia and a duplicate set were later presented to the royal Botanic gardens, Kew together with seed and spores.

On the morning of Monday 23rd August I gave an illustrated talk entitled 'Decorative Horticulture in England - from public parks to private gardens' partly in Spanish and partly in English. I am indebted to Dr. Emilia Garcia for help in translation and her assistant who operated the slide projector. The audience eagerly devoured the leaflets and postcards of England I had set out. Dr. Beck seemed a little disappointed that the 'Academia' were not present, as he hoped to influence them with my talk, of his need to introduce Horticulture into the curriculum. I could then have advised on the course content and practical teaching.

## Acknowledgements

The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew for the loan of: Altimeter, plant press, trowel, collectors notebook, seed packets, envelopes, treasury tags, flimsies and drying paper.

The Director, Curator and all the staff who advised and helped me.

Doctor Emilia Garcia, Doctor Stephan Beck, Rene Zeballos and staff of Herbario Nacional de Bolivia, LaPaz for all their help and support

# List of Plant specimens (Pressed and Dried) and Seed Collected

Pamela Holt

1	Werneria dactylophora	+ seed	5,000m	Paso Osipal	Pink Form 29/7/93
2	Perezia sp.		5,000m	Paso Osipal	29/7/93
3	Werneria dactylophora	+ seed	5,000m	Paso Osipal	White Form 29/7/93
4	Nototriche sp.	+ seed	5,000m	Paso Osipal	29/7/93
5	Unknown Composite	+ seed	5,000m	Paso Sunchuli	3/8/93
6	Unknown Umbellifera	+ seed	5,000m	Paso Sunchuli	3/8/93
7	Unknown Composite		4,400m	Above Tres Rios	27/8/93
8	Lycopodium sp.		4,400m	NE of Tres Rios	28/8/93
9	Blechnum sp.		4,400m	NE of Tres Rios	28/8/93
10	Pteridophyte	+ spores	4,400m	NE of Tres Rios	28/8/93
11	Pellea sp.	+ spores	4,400m	NE of Tres Rios	28/8/93
12	Pernettya sp.	+ fruits	4,100m	Above Estancia Totoral	28/8/93
13	Pteridophyte		4,100m	Above Estancia Totoral	28/8/93
14	Lycopodium sp.		4,100m	Above Estancia Totoral	28/8/93
15	Fuchsia sp.		3,400m	Below Lambate	29/8/93
16	Fuchsia sp.		3,400m	Below Lambate	29/8/93
17	Tropaeolum sp.		3,400m	Below Lambate	29/8/93
18	Fuchsia boliviana		2,870m	Below Lambate	29/8/93
19	Lycopodium sp.		3,000m	Above Quircoma	29/8/93
20	Viola sp.		4,300m	Pass above Lake Kasiri	30/8/93
21	Ranunculaceae		4,000m	Below pass	30/8/93
22	Desfontainia sp.		3,700m	West of Chulimani	30/8/93
23	Orchid sp.		3,500m	West of Chulimani	31/8/93
24	Unknown sp.		3,100m	Above Chulimani	31/8/93
25	Sisyrinchium sp.		3,850m	Above Chulimani	31/8/93
26	Orchid sp.		1,545m	Near Chulimani	31/8/93

As well as collecting plant material in the Apolobamba region Pamela also undertook a lone trek from LaPaz to Chulamani, this plant collecting exploit is reported overpage.

# LA PAZ TO CHULAMANI TREK

A narrative account by Pam Holt of a journey taken after the Apolobamba Expedition.

In 1989 I had trekked from Tres Rios via Chunavi to Chulamani, but without plant press or collecting material. This time I aimed to include two variations and only cover previous ground for one day, collecting seed and pressed plant specimens en route.

## Friday 27 August

Despite leaving the hotel at 7.30 am it was 10.00 am before the bus finally departed for Tres Rios, a mining village to the east of La Paz. The journey gave spectacular views of Illimani and Mururata. By 2.00 pm the trek began by climbing steeply alongside the banks of the Rio Grande just below the village. Initially the trail leads to the old mining camp of Bolsa Blanca, but local lads strongly advised a more direct route to the South East which I duly followed. I was rewarded for my toil by a magnificent view of Illimani at 5.00 pm. Here at an altitude of 4,400 m, I photographed and collected small white flowered composite plants. As the sun dropped so did the temperature causing me to hurry down and across the northern flanks of Illimani in search of a level campsite and stream.

## Saturday 28 August

Awoke to frost on the bivvi bag and sun on Illimani. After breakfast I collected spores from ferns growing on the stream bank. Low cloud soon hid Illimani and the valley below. Following the sketchy trail downhill and along a rocky ridge, I stopped to press a tiny Fuchsia, Ferns and Pernettya with its attractive pink berries. Losing the original trail in a maze of animal tracks, I suddenly spotted the river and village far below during a break in the clouds. I cut down ever steepening tussock grass in a vain attempt to rejoin the path, managing to photograph Berberis in flower and razor edged Puyas on the way. Confronted with dense prickly vegetation at the bottom of a ravine, I contoured carefully until I could struggle through to cultivated land with the aid of a stout branch. Here young planted Eucalyptus made strange contrast to the native slipper flower Calceolaria of Estancia Totoral. Rejoining the dirt road I had left yesterday afternoon, I plodded uphill passing Chunavi where villagers were repairing a roof by floodlighting it with their truck! At 7.40 pm with the lights of Lambate visible ahead, I stopped for the night, bivving on flat ground above the road at 3,700 m.

## Sunday 29 August

Fine view of Illimani to my right with dense cloud over the Yungas below as I set off to Lambate, a small town on a bend in the road. Soon the heat increased as I lost height and filled my water bottle by a stream spilling over the road. Here beautiful Fuchsia, Tropaeolum or Nasturtium twined through shrubs and trees, ideal specimens for the plant press. A fascinated old lady sat at the roadside as I carefully laid out the plants on paper. She was soon succeeded by a young girl herding some pigs. We were able to talk in Spanish and continued along the road together.

I stopped later by a huge specimen of Fuchsia boliviiana for photography and collection, before finally leaving the dirt road to descend steeply through small cultivated patches on the side of the Chunga Maju valley. On the way down I passed through stunted trees with Peperomia growing on them and large flowering cactus on the ground beneath. Suddenly the valley bottom appeared, looking for all the world like the Garden of Eden, compared with the dry slopes above. Here at 2,300 m grew Peach and Almond trees in full blossom, Banana Passion fruit and Lemon trees by the river. I negotiated a log bridge acheval to reach what I thought was the track beyond only to walk straight into a campesino backyard and homestead! The owner and his family were quite unperterbed and set me back on the trail, which then climbed straight up the opposite side of the valley through the village of Quircoma. I got quite used to meeting cows and wandering through the vegetation or seeing marrows and fruit trees in the gardens around each humble dwelling.

Gradually the ascending track left the village with its water well far below, as open hillside and then cloud forest appeared. Anxious to put in a good distance, I continued up, zig zagging stone steps through bamboo and lush vegetation until quite late, when it seemed the path was not going to bring me out on the mountainside above. With darkness and mist swirling in, I located a suitable bivvi site in a small clearing close to a stream.

#### Monday 30 August

At 6.30 am I could see a couple of deserted stone and thatch huts below. The trail had led into a kind of lost valley like some high alp used for summer grazing, only the animal was a solitary brown horse cropping quietly at the head of the valley. With towering rock cliffs and water fall facing me, I set off up a grassy flank to the left hoping to join the original trail. Hoof prints showed a way possible despite the steepening terrain. Armed with the stout branch I was using as a walking stick I struggled through large burnt off areas. Who would want to grow crops at this incredible angle I wondered? Managing to contour around rocky outcrops, I arrived on relatively level ground to the surprise of several cows.

The cloud dropped to obscure the snow spattered peaks around me as I regained the trail to reach the desolate but beautifully tranquil Laguna Kasiri at midday. Here by Khala Ciudad, Pre-Columbian stone paving lead around the right side of the lake to reach the pass at 4,300 m. Quite a bit of snow obscured the top part of the trail, a legacy from the freak weather two weeks ago, however, tiny *Gentiana* and *Viola* managed to flower. A huge stone cairn dominated the pass surrounded by tiny stone altars.

Descending into the mist, thunder rumbled ominously. Quite cool in the late afternoon as I rejoined the main trail that I had trekked four years earlier. Now everything was wet underfoot with more luxuriant vegetation as the trail wound down into the Yungas, the sub-tropical valleys.

As I prepared my evening meal at 6.30 pm a tremendous storm sent me sheltering under moss and *Fuchsia* encrusted trees. Thunder and lightening raged and enormous hailstones fell. It was like clearing snow off my bivvi bag afterwards. I stood watching, fascinated as lightening continued to illuminate the night sky, long after the rain had stopped.

#### Tuesday 31 August

This was to be my last trekking day as I headed into dense cloud forest where yesterday's rain made the trail treacherous underfoot. The diversity of plant life increased in the humid atmosphere: Orchids epiphytic and terrestrial; *Begonias*, Bamboo and *Desfontainea* to name but a few. The ingenuity for trail building over and through such difficult terrain never ceased to amaze me. One moment high on a ridge with glimpses through the bamboo of distant forested ridges or descending tunnel-like through cuttings and dense vegetation. At one point the trail cut across a vertical rock face with built up granite walls to hold the path.

By late afternoon I emerged onto a cleared hillside with Chulamani tantalisingly close but beyond a deep gorge below. The warm smell of drying coffee beans and sight of citrus and banana plantations added to the sub-tropical scene.

It was 6.30 pm as I trudged wearily into town, heartened by incredible bird song and catching fleeting glimpses of yellow and black or bright red in the trees. I did not mind when it rained heavily all night, at least I was safe and dry in a modest hotel with a bus ride back to La Paz in the morning to look forward to.

# Gear

We based our equipment on what we had used on previous trips eg. Karakoram, Alps etc., and this proved more than adequate for the peaks of around 6000m. We had taken too much climbing gear to Pakistan, so in an effort to stop this happening again, I made up three racks of gear for the team to use while in Bolivia. A rack consisted of the following;

2	9mm Cairngorm Ropes
4	assorted nuts
6	Ice screws
10	Clip Krabs
3	Screw-gate Krabs
1	Dead-man
2	Rock pitons
3	Snow stakes
3	Sling extenders

There were no major problems encountered with the equipment taken. The snow stakes proved extremely useful especially on the soft damp snow. They proved their worth when used on abseils as they were strong & reliable. I would strongly recommend the use of snow stakes for any expedition to the higher mountain ranges of the world.

My personal gear which was representative of the teams' in general consisted of;

Plastic Boots	Asolo	Gortex Shell Clothing	Phoenix
Step-in Crampons	Salewa	Fibrepile Jumper	Serak
Gaiters		Fleece Jacket	North Cape
Full body harness	Blue water	Salopettes	North Cape
Belay Plate & Screw Krab		Duvet	Red Fox
3 long slings	Troll	Thermals - 2 pairs	Duofold
2 climbing axes	Camp	Gloves - 2 pairs	Daleswear
Helmet	Phoenix	Overmitts	North Cape
Balaclava	North cape	Goggles & nose piece	Salewa
Prussic loops		Sun Hat	
Head torch & Spares		Scarf	North Cape
5 Season Sleeping Bag	Red Fox	Socks - 3 pairs	
Bivi-bag	Phoenix		
Sleeping mat	Thermarest		
Snow Shovel (4 altogether)			
Altimeter			

Camera, Walkman, Notebook, Sketchpad, Dictaphone, Sun Block (factor 20/25), Sunglasses, Money belt, Phrase Book, Calculator, alarm clock & toiletries.

## Group Gear (8 members)

6	2/3man tents
4	XGKmultifuel stoves
1	Whisperlite Stove
3	Stove repair kits
5	Fuel Bottles
2	MSR Cook sets



# Gear

## Duofold Base Layer - Medium weight

Worn for three weeks continuously by most members. They washed and dried well. People gave them no thought! They hardly noticed they had them on as they were comfortable in most aspects. "I thought the Duofold vest and long-johns were terrific." Pam just found a couple of niggles "Length of the top was really good - no cold back! The cuffs on the legs too restrictive and the seam running front to back was uncomfortable." Ray "It was great in Bolivia, no problems, no faults."

## Nikwax - Various Types

We used Nikwax on Cotton trousers, fleece, woollens and a down sleeping bag all the items benefited from their treatments.

## North Cape

Fleece reversible Windjack - worn by two members throughout the expedition. Warm and light to carry the jackets were a real winner. Four zipped pockets ensured you were never sure where something you wanted was but you always knew you had it. Good fit, strong main zip.

Field Shirts - These were very warm and had wearing. The heavy-weight twill material and soft feel proved a success allowing Paul to keep up his appearances by keeping his tie on throughout the expedition.

Trekker trousers - The side pockets seemed a little small but managed to cope in the mountains. The cotton was a good weight but dried easily after washing. Elasticated waist helped keep track of diminishing middle. Comfortable.

Glove-liner - These small lightweight gloves kept the hands warm a lot of the time, even when climbing in snow. They are also light enough to go inside Dachstiens when the weather turns its worst. One pair lasted through the expedition but they are quite thin now. Only problem was that they started on the large side for the ladies smaller hands.

Salopettes - members found them warm and comfortable, but thought a heavier weight material could have been used on the reinforced areas. Ian ripped his 'bottom' patch to pieces the first time he wore them.

Rhovyl Plus turtle neck - great in the Karakoram and in Bolivia too, very lightweight and warm.

## Phoenix

Bivi bags - People took these in case of being caught out on the mountains, they were used a number of times and proved a useful addition to the overnight bag. Phreeloder was used by most, no problems. Pam found her Phrontline a little difficult to close and get in and out of.

The tents we used were Photon Extreme Gortex & Phusion Extreme. Both tents performed well though the Gortex was not as warm as two skin tent. A zip on the Phusion inner door broke early on but that was the only problem. Both were roomy and made living at base camp easier.

Diamond Gortex Shell - Everyone took these and found them great. The weather was really bad for a short period but it gave really good protection. A robust garment. Jacket had good large hood and freedom of movement. Good pockets. Over trousers easy to get on even over crampons, good lengths.

Wind-stopper mountain Salopettes - Super thick, super protective and super warm. The only problem was the side zips, at each side of the waist, kept coming down and I could not work out a way of stopping them.

Phoenix Helmet - good fit, good vision, lightweight.

## Salewa

Helium Ultralight Karabiner - great, superlight but felt good to handle.

Salewa Flexi-zoom - excellent, good fit and very stable. Front points a good angle.

Self inflating mattress - Ian tried this mat and found it warm and comfortable when inflated. It seemed to him prone to punctures though.

## Macpac

Sac Ascent 45/55ltr - The best sack I have ever bought, said Ian. Used throughout the expedition Ian thought the Ascent very comfortable and well designed. A lot of thought had gone into its design. Only problem he encountered was when the ice-axe tie came away and had to be re-stitched.

Tent Olympus Expedition - Roomy and overall well designed, possibly a bit much velcro though.

## Further Acknowledgements & Useful addresses

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Loughborough MC	
CD Bush	
Hilary Brandt	
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# LIST OF ASCENTS IN THE APOLOBAMBA REGION

Area	Metres	Feet	Name	Year	Ascent	Nationality	Ref	Details
1.0			<b>Peruvian Peaks</b>					
1.0	5900	19357	Donegani	1958	1st	Italians		
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1958	1st	Italians		
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1960	2nd	French		Climbed Difficult SW ice face
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1972	3rd	Swiss		East Ridge
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1972	4th	Swiss		South West Ridge
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1974	5th	Swiss		
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1974	6th	Swiss		
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1983	7th			North Face
1.0	5842	19168	Ananea	1984	8th	French		South Face Spur
1.0	5827	19117	Calijón	1958	1st	Italians		North east face
1.0		18504	Angelo vanelli					Glacial Peak near Calijon
1.0	5500	18045	Manco Capac	1979	1st	French		S of Donegani
1.0	5280		Huanacuni (Peru)	1970	1st			West of Palomani Cunca-near Caserio Chonacota
1.0	4996		Patichoquichambi	1969	1st			J Ricker from highest pass on Untuca-Sina Trail
1.0		17717	Pico de las Lagunas	1979	1st	French		
1.0		17717	Pico de las Lagunas	1979	2nd	French		
2.0			<b>Peru Border Peaks</b>					
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1957	1st	Germans		From Nort east
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1958	2nd	Italians		
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1961	3rd	Japanese		
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1968	4th	Germans?		East (Tarucane Basin)
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1969	5th	Germans?		North Ridge & Traverse over 3 unclimbed summits to CO
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1978	6th	French		
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1981	7th	Italians		
2.0	6044	19830	Chupi Orco	1984	8th	Swiss		
2.0	6000	19685	Chupi Orco Norte	1958	1st	Italians		East (Tarucane Basin)
2.0	6000	19685	Chupi Orco Norte	1961	2nd	Japanese		
2.0	6000	19685	Chupi Orco Norte	1968	3rd	Germans?		
2.0	6000	19685	Chupi Orco Norte		4th			
2.0	6000	19865	Angelicum	1958	1st	Italians		Lies N of Chaupi Orco
2.0	6000	19685	Jorge Chavez	1958	1st	Italians		
2.0	6000	19685	Jorge Chavez	1979	2nd	French		
2.0	5808	19056	Nevado de Salluyo	1958	1st	Italians		
2.0	5808	19056	Nevado de Salluyo	1961	2nd	Japanese		
2.0	5808	19056	Nevado de Salluyo	1979	3rd	French		
2.0	5808	19056	Nevado de Salluyo	1979	4th	French		
2.0	5808	19056	Nevado de Salluyo	1979	5th	French		
2.0	5808	19056	Nevado de Salluyo	1981	6th	Italians		
2.0	5808	19053	*Flor de Roca	1958	1st	Italians		
2.0	5808	19053	Flor de Roca	1979	2nd	French		South Face
2.0	5808	19053	Flor de Roca	1979	3rd	French		East Ridge
2.0	5808	19053	Flor de Roca	1983	4th			East Face
2.0	5808	19053	Flor de Roca	1984	5th	Swiss		
2.0	5800	19029	Tres Mujeres	1958	1st	Italians		Lies West of Salluyo
2.0	5800	19029	Tres Mujeres	1979	2nd	French		
2.0	5800	19029	Chocñacota (CAI*)	1958	1st	Italians		*Club Alpino Italiano Lies S of Salluyo
2.0	5800	19029	Chocñacota (CAI*)	1961	2nd			(5650/18537) A Martinez & H Nakajima
2.0	5800	19029	Chocñacota (CAI*)	1979	3rd	French		West Face
2.0	5768	18924	Palomanni Grande	1932	1st	Bolivian		
2.0	5768	18924	Palomanni Grande	1958	2nd	Italians		
2.0	5768	18924	Palomanni Grande	1961	3rd	?		J Amari & A Martinez
2.0	5768	18924	Palomanni Grande	1978	4th	French		
2.0	5768	18924	Palomanni Grande	1989	5th	British		South West Ridge-Bath Uni
2.0	5710	18733	Donegani(Denegani)	1958	1st			Also- Lunar de Oro (5530m?)
2.0	5710	18733	Denegani	1984	2nd	Swiss		
2.0	5700	18701	Desio	1958	1st	Italians		
2.0	5640	18504	Vanelli	1958	1st	Italians		
2.0	5633	18480	Palomani Tranca	1985	1st	British		
2.0	5629	18472	Palomani Cunca	1958	1st	Italians		
2.0	5629	18472	Palomani Cunca	1979	2nd	French		
2.0	5629	18472	Palomani Cunca	1979	3rd	French		
2.0	5629	18472	Palomani Cunca	1984	4th	Swiss		
2.0	5450	17881	La Sierra	1958	1st	Italians		'The Saw'-Lies near Ritapata
2.0	5423	17791	Ichocollo	1958	1st	Italians		Lies S of Salluyo

2.0	5400	17717	Huanchuchiri	1972	1st	Canadian	
2.0	5400	17717	Huanchuchiri	1979	2nd	French	
2.0	5400	17717	Huanchuchiri	1979	3rd	French	
2.0	5400	17717	Iscaicruziti	1968	1st		Near road over Iscai Cruyz Pass
2.0	5274	17296	Ritipata	1958	1st	Italians	(Ritapata) Near Iscai Cruz Pass
2.0	5274	17296	Ritipata	1961	2nd		P Centeno & S Nakagawa
2.0	5274	17296	Ritipata	1968	3rd		
2.0	5030	17300	Rinconada	1958	1st	Italians	
2.0	5030	17300	Rinconada	1974	2nd	Swiss	
2.0	5700	18701	Villasanta	1958	1st	Italians	SE of Salluyo
2.0	5600	18373	Monza	1958	1st	Italians	On spur SE of Salluyo
3.0			<b>Bolivian Peaks</b>				
3.0	5510		Un-named	1968	1st		above Tukurane Glacier
3.0	5500	18045	Un-named	1968	1st		above Tukurane Glacier
3.0	5500	18045	Cerro Levisito	1957	1st	Germans	
3.0	5500	18045	Los Tres Hombres	1961	1st	Japanese	K Kurachi & N Maruyama Prob in Salluyo-Soral basin
3.0	5300		BJE 2	1992		British	SE Glacier & Ridge
3.0	5050		BJE 1	1992		British	Traverse from BJE 2
3.0	5050		Pt 5050	1992		British	South Slope
3.1			<b>Above Lago Suches</b>				
3.1	5655		Montserrat N	1969	1st	Spanish	Difficult
3.1	5655		Manresa	1969	1st	Spanish	Difficult
3.1	5650		?Qurae	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.1	5640	18504	Soral Oeste	1959	1st	British	S face-vert ice-falls Not attempted/ Climbed from N Side
3.1	5640	18504	Soral Oeste	1981	2nd	Italians	(Ref above-also E Ridge tried defeated by last 1000ft)
3.1	5640	18504	Soral Oeste	1981	3rd	Italians	
3.1	5640	18504	Soral Oeste	1959	1st		
3.1	5640	18504	Soral Oeste	1980	2nd		N Face Lower part Diff - Upper V Diff + 75m Vert wall
3.1	5635		Sulika	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.1	5600	18373	Nevado K	1961	1st	Japanese	K Kurachi & N Maruyama Prob in Salluyo-Soral basin
3.1	5600	18373	Puinapata	1961	1st	Japanese	R Centeno & N Maruyama Prob in Salluyo-Soral basin
3.1	5525		Montserrat S	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.1	5470	17946	Soral Este	1959	1st	British	S side tried unsuccessful /N side-Descended via Pk 5280 SE
3.1	5470	17946	Soral Este	1981	2nd	Italians	
3.1	5450	17881	Cacahuaycho	1961	1st	Japanese	Prob in Salluyo-Soral Basin
3.1	5450	17881	Cacahuaycho	1968	2nd		K Gross
3.1	5430	17815	Chucuyo Grande	1959	1st	British	
3.1	5430	17815	Pt NW /Soral Este	1959	1st	British	
3.1	5430	17815	Pt NW /Soral Este	1981	2nd	Italians	
3.1	5405		Piramide	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.1	5401		Riti Superior	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.1	5390	17684	Pt NW / Soral Este	1959	1st	British	
3.1	5380	17684	Pt SE / Soral Este	1959	1st	British	/ East Corner
3.1	5380	17684	Pt SE / Soral Este	1981	2nd	Italians	
3.1	5350		A. Glaciar	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.1	5280		Pt SE / Soral East	1959	1st	British	Traverse from pt 5380 Descent by E side of NE Ridge
3.1	5320	17454	Pt SE / Soral East	1981	2nd	Italians	
3.1	5125		Penélope	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.1	4960		Riti Inferior	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.2			<b>Pelechuco Section</b>				
3.2	5700		Presidente	1969	1st	Spanish	AAJ '60 5640m on Brit Imp Col Exped Map
3.2	5680	18635	Matchu Sutchi Coochi	1959	1st	British	Traverse•1 NW to SE
3.2	5670	18603	Matchu Sutchi Coochi	1959	1st	British	Traverse•1 NW to SE
3.2	5670	18603	Matchu Sutchi Coochi	1981	2nd	Italians	
3.2	5660	18603	Matchu Sutchi Coochi	1959	1st	British	Traverse•1 NW to SE
3.2	5660	18603	Un-named MSC Ridge	1959	1st	British	Traverse•2 East of •1 on MSC Ridge
3.2	5650	18537	Pelechuco Huaracha	1959	1st	British	From N Facing Glacier then South Facing Slopes
3.2	5650	18537	Pelechuco Huaracha	1975	2nd	Germans	
3.2	5650	18537	Pelechuco Huaracha	1981	3rd	Italians	
3.2	5650	18537	Apolo II	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.2	5650	18537	Apolo II	1992	2nd	British	West Face
3.2	5640	18504	Un-named MSC Ridge	1959	1st	British	Traverse•1 NW to SE
3.2	5640	18054	Un-named NE/MS	1959	1st	British	Descent /North Rock Ridge
3.2	5630		Kantantica Oest	1992	1st	British	West Face Descent /NW Ridge
3.2	5610	18405	Un-named	1959	1st	British	Traverse•2 East of •1 on MSC Ridge
3.2	5600	18373	Matchu Sutchi Coochi	1959	1st	British	At Extreme NW of MSC Ridge / NE Ridge
3.2	5605		Lloco Lloco	1969	1st	Spanish	

3.2	5580	18307	Ascarani	1959	1st	British	
3.2	5580	18307	Ascarani	1969	2nd	Spanish	
3.2	5580	18037	Radio-aficción	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.2	5580	18037	Radio-aficción	1992	2nd	British	Traverse From Bures
3.2	5560		Bures	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.2	5560		Bures	1992		British	Traverse from Apollo 11
3.2	5530	18143	Katantica	1981	1st	Italians	
3.2	5525		Mo. Alba	1969	1st	Spanish	
3.3			L Cololo/Paso Osipal				
3.3	5916	19408	Cololo (Cachuca)	1957	1st	Germans	S Face,E Ridge, N Face, W Ridge & S Face
3.3	5916	19408	Cololo	1965	2nd	Japanese	AAJ'66 182 From South
3.3	5916	19408	Cololo	1987	3rd		
3.3	5916	19408	Cololo	1988	4th		Smith & Hick
3.3	5916	19408	Cololo	1989	5th	British(1st)	North Ridge- Descended / West Ridge Bath Uni
3.3	5916	19408	Cololo	89	6th	British(2nd)	Loughboro West Ridge
3.3	5798	19023	Huanacuni	1957	1st	Germans	W Ridge- Traverse
3.3	5760		Pt 5760	1992	1st	British	Traverse from Nubi (rounded summit twixt Huanacuni & Nubi)
3.3	5710	18734	Nubi	1957	1st	Germans	SW Ridge
3.3	5710	18734	Nubi	1988	2nd		Smith & Hick
3.3	5710	18734	Nubi	1989	3rd	British	from Head of Lake Nubi-Bath Uni
3.3	5710	18734	Nubi	1992	4th	British	SW (German) Ridge
3.3	5500	18045	Huanacuni Eastward	1992	1st	British	East Couloir (Pk is SE of Huanacuni) Ht. is estimated
3.3	5480	17979	Posnansky South	1957	1st	Germans	North ridge (lower peak to North)
3.3	5480	17979	Posnansky South	1989	2nd	British(1st)	Loughboro SW Flank - Desc South
3.3	5370		Cunuaireya	1989	1st	British(1st)	Loughboro NE Ridge
3.3	5305		Sunchuli	1989	1st	British(1st)	Loughboro East Flank
3.3	5305		Sunchuli	1989	2nd	British(2nd)	Loughboro East Flank
3.3	5305		Sunchuli	1993	3rd	British(3rd)	UK Apolobamba from west col
3.4			South of Paso Osipal				
3.4	5816	19080	Huerdncollac	1957	1st	Germans	North ridge
3.4	5816	19080	Huerdncollac	1965	2nd	Japanese	Traversed as 5th pk of 5
3.4	5816	19080	Huerdncollac	1989	3rd	British(1st)	Traversed W to N-Desc N Ridge
3.4	5810	19062	Coruquini	1965	1st	Japanese	AAJ'66 182/3 Just East of Huerdncollac
3.4	5706		Canisaya	1961	1st	Japanese	AAJ'62 254 AAJ'66 182/3
3.4	5706		Canisaya	1965	2nd	Japanese	Traversed as 3rd pk of 5
3.4	5702		Cavayani	1961	1st	Japanese	AAJ'62 254
3.4	5702		Cavayani	1965	2nd	Japanese	Traversed as 2nd pk of 5
3.4	5702		Cavayani	1993	3rd	British(1st)	UK Apolobamba -Traversed as 2nd pk of 4 summits
3.4	5700		Casarara	1965	1st	Japanese	(Casalala/Casarara) Traversed as 4th pk of 5
3.4	5700		Casalala(Calisaya)	1966	2nd		AAJ'70 171/2
3.4	5668	18579	Corohuari	1967	1st	Japanese	AAJ'66 182/3 South of Huarin
3.4	5668	18579	Corohuari	1993	2nd	British(1st)	Report UK Apolobamba by South side
3.4	5666		Acamani	1961	1st	Japanese	AAJ'62 254
3.4	5666		Acamani	1965	2nd	Japanese	Traversed as 1st pk of 4
3.4	5655	18242	Cuchillo I (Chuquillo)	1965	1st	Japanese	AAJ'66 182/3 S W of Chuquillo & S W of Pas Osipal
3.4	5655	18242	Cuchillo I (Chuquillo)	1993	2nd	British(1st)	Report UK Apolobamba by East side
3.4	5650	18537	Iscacuchu Central	1957	1st	Germans	Traverse
3.4	5650	18537	Iscacuchu Central	1989	2nd	British(1st)	Report Loughboro N Face
3.4	5650	18537	Iscacuchu Central	1989	3rd	British(2nd)	Report Loughboro Traverse of all peaks SW-NE
3.4	5650	18537	Iscacuchu Central	1989	4th	British(3rd)	Report Loughboro Treaverse of all peaks NE-SW
3.4	5650	18537	Iscacuchu Central	1993	5th	British(4th)	Report UK Apolobamba Traverse of Mita & Iscacuchu
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu SW	1957	1st	Germans	Traverse
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu SW	1989	-	British(1st)	Report Loughboro N Face (3hrs 45mins)
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu SW	1989	-	British(2nd)	Report Loughboro Treaverse of all peaks SW-NE
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu SW	1989	-	British(3rd)	Report Loughboro Treaverse of all peaks NE-SW
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu SW	1993	-	British(4th)	Report UK Apolobamba Traverse of Mita & Iscacuchu
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu NE	1957	1st	Germans	Traverse
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu NE	1989	2nd	British(1st)	Report Loughboro NE Ridge
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu NE	1989	-	British(2nd)	Loughboro Treaverse of all peaks SW-NE
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu NE	1989	-	British(3rd)	Loughboro Treaverse of all peaks NE-SW
3.4	5585		Iscacuchu NE	1993	-	British(4th)	UK Apolobamba Traverse of Mita & Iscacuchu
3.4	5600		Yanaorco	1961	1st	Japanese	
3.4	5600		Yanaorco	1993	2nd	British(1st)	UK Apolobamba by North side
3.4	5600		Point 5600	1993		British(1st)	Report UK Apolobamba 1st of 4 summits
3.4	5550		Point 5550	1993		British(1st)	Report UK Apolobamba 3rd of 4 summits traversed
3.4	5520	18045	Huarin	1965	1st	Japanese	(Hualin) South of Pas Osipal



3.4	5500	18045	Mita	1957	1st	Germans	Traverse
3.4	5500	18045	Mita	1975	2nd	Germans	
3.4	5500	18045	Mita	1989	3rd	British(1st)	Loughboro N. Ridge (easy axe-no crampons) Desc S/SE
3.4	5500	18045	Mita	1989	4th	British(2nd)	Loughboro N. Ridge/Desc S/SE-3hrs 15mins
3.4	5500	18045	Mita	1993	5th	British(3rd)	UK Apolobamba Traverse of Mita & Iscacachu
3.4	5450	17881	Cuchillo(Asano)	1965	1st	Japanese	Chuquillo II
3.4	5450	17881	Cuchillo II	1993	2nd	British(1st)	Report UK Apolobamba from south along ridge
3.4	5400		Lisa	1957	1st	Germans	Traverse
3.4	5400		Lisa	1993	2nd	British(1st)	UK Apolobamba by East side
3.4	5420		Point 5420	1993		British(1st)	Report UK Apolobamba as last of 4 summit traverse
3.4	5400		Point 5400	1993		British(1st)	Report UK Apolobamba from Passo Osipal
3.4	5375		Un-named South	1989	1st	British(1st)	Loughboro Laying W of Iscacachu/from col
3.4	5375		Un-named South	1989	2nd	British(2nd)	Loughboro Laying W of Iscacachu/N-S traverse
3.4	5375		Un-named South	1989	3rd	British(3rd)	Loughboro Laying W of Iscacachu/N-S traverse
3.4	5375		Un-named North	1989	1st	British(1st)	Loughboro Laying W of Iscacachu/N-S traverse
3.4	5375		Un-named North	1989	1st	British(2nd)	Loughboro Laying W of Iscacachu/N-S traverse
3.4	5375		Un-named North	1989	2nd	British(2nd)	Loughboro Laying W of Iscacachu/N-S traverse
3.4	5375		Un-named North	1993	3rd	British(3rd)	UK Apolobamba Traverse of Mita & Iscacachu
3.4	5340		Wellenkampf	1989	x	British(1st)	Loughboro NW Ridge from road/Desc E then N
3.4	5340		Wellenkampf	1989	x	British(2nd)	Loughboro NW Ridge from road/Desc E along ridge then N
3.4	5320		Acamani Sur	1978	1st	French	From South

# RESEARCH

## Reports & information obtained

### Apolobamba

1992 Southampton University M C Bolivian Exped	2 page preliminary rep
1992 Southampton University M C Bolivian Exped	22p one map +8maps sect
1989 Bath University Apolobamba Report	14p 4maps
1989 Loughborough Students Andes Expedition	AJ 1990/91 p258
1988 Yorkshire Ramblers Club	
1986 Anglo Scottish Womens Exped Apolobamba	2 pages
1985 Cordillera Apolobamba Exped: Peru	41p photos
1979 French Expedition Rep Club Alpin Francais	AAJ p246-247
1966 Japanese Report	AAJ 1966 p182-183
1959 Imperial College Expedition-Nudo De Apolobamba	p175-180 + photo
1959 Imperial College Expedition-Nudo De Apolobamba	AAJ 1960 p37-42 5photos
1959 Italian Exped Acct	AAJ 1959 p321-322
1958 German Exped	AAJ 1958 p102-103
Survey of Andean Ascents parts 1,2 & 3	AAJ's

### Bolivia - General & other areas

1992 EAC Expeditions to Bolivia	Gen info & report details
1991 Joint Services Expedition to Cordillera Real 1989	62p maps and photos
1991 RAF Mountain Rescue Exped Cordillera Real	39p maps & photos
1990 Exercise Inca Venture (Bolivia & Chile)	53p photos
1987 Jill Neate Mountaineering in the Andes	intro & p128-137
1979 French Exped Report	AAJ 1979 p246-247
1969 World Atlas of Mountaineering	p186-197 inc photos
1961 Franco-Swiss Peruvian Exped	AAJ 1961 p400-401
Newspaper The Independant 'Treasure in Bolivia	Sat 2nd Jan 1988 p9
N/d Photocopy 'Titicaca, Abode of the Sun	Nat Geog 1971 p272-294
Book 'Sons of the Moon' Travels through Bolivia	1991 Shukman
Book 'The Conquest of the Incas' 1513-1630	1970 Hemming
Book 'Bolivian Travel Guide'	

## Contacts & Helpers

### Members of the above Expeditions

William Petroske  
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Roy Lindsay

AS Miller

RGS Map Room

SAEC

RJ Shackell

John Main

Bernardo Guarachi - La Paz

Daniel Martinez

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### Information

The only recent accurate map of the area

Slide Show, Maps and Info

Assisting in research at Alpine Club

Advice

Information

Trekker planning 1993 trek in area

Information about no maps of the area

Obtained AAJ reports

Maps

Maps

Information

Vice Consul La Paz-Advice, information & help

General information - Bolivian mountaineering

Transport

Camp companion

## Further Opportunities

We found out that the road from Ulla Ulla through Pujo Pujo and Ilo Ilo to Paso Sunchuli was accessible by truck and that it was as good as any found outside LaPaz. It did have some steep sections and drops but nothing more.

The area of the Apolobamba we visited was but a small section of the range and even that offered great mountaineering and enjoyable days out. Pam has visited other areas and would be able to give accurate information on them.

While we enjoyed the area immensely and made a number of first British ascents we did not really go beyond taking interesting but easy lines. The two areas we stayed at both have numerous unclimbed routes which deserve further exploration.

The peaks around Paso Sunchuli were more numerous and thus would offer more potential to any successive expedition. We eyed up the more difficult routes and have photographs and slides that would indicate the possibilities. The faces are precipitous and do have, in a number of cases, dangers from icefall.

The rock peak which the Japanese seem not to have climbed remains virgin, the rock may be in a dangerous state but did not try out the west edge, the obvious ascent, so cannot really tell.

On our journey from Osipal to Sunchuli we passed a number of valleys that could bear investigation and from our high points we could see the peaks spreading north of Paso Sunchuli. A complete Traverse of the main ridge from Yanaorco in the south to Iscacuchu at Paso Osipal would be a formidable but exciting outing.

There seems from our own observations and from reading the reports that there are still a number of first British and even first ascents to be found throughout the Apolobamba.

The main task is to get to where you wish to go, the drivers do not seem to know their way at all well once they have left the main highways, perseverance by yourselves and good luck are also needed.