

UNITED KINGDOM
CORDILLERA CENTRAL
EXPEDITION

PERU 1997



Tomapampa Valley
Miraflores - Yauyos
Lima
Peru

22nd July ~ 28th August

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The purpose of this report is to inform other explorers

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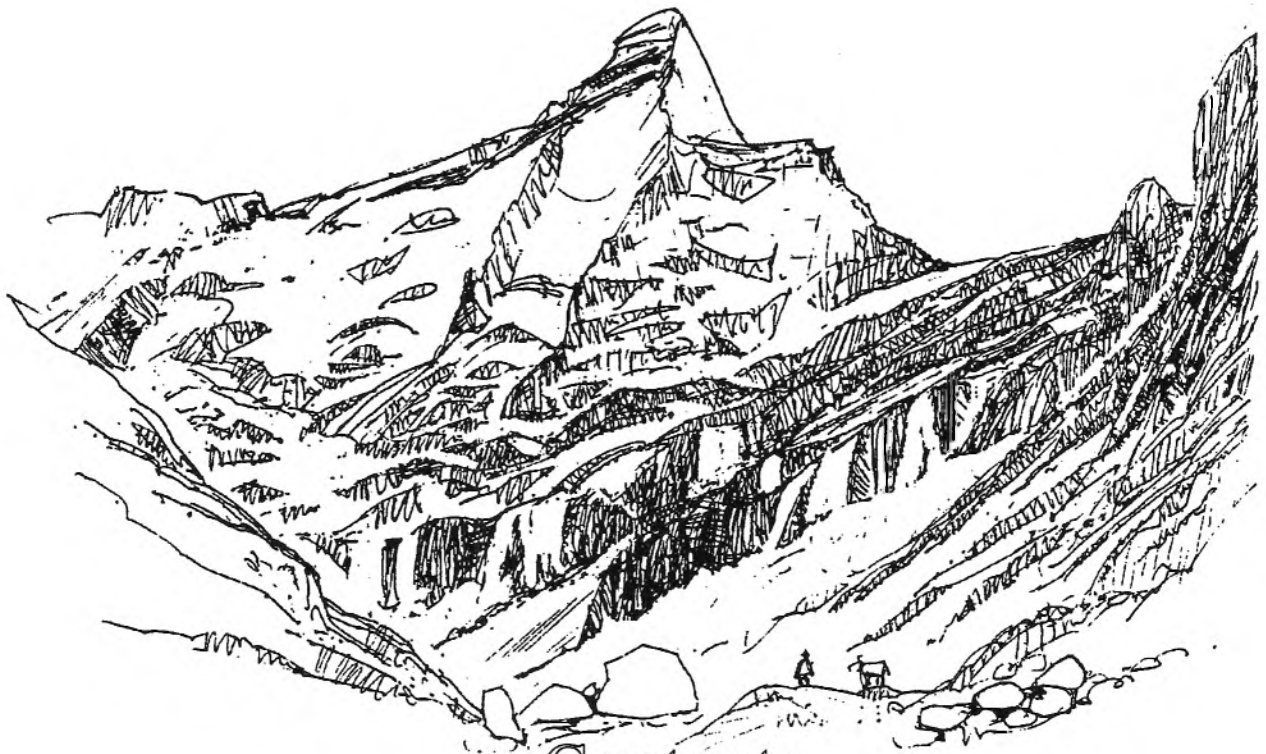
Patron: Sir Chris Bonington CBE



UK Peru 1997
Cordillera Central



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Summary

An eight member team spent the summer of 1997 in the Cordillera Central. The team left the UK on 22nd July and returned on 28th August.

This is an area of snow capped mountains which lies around 100km from Lima, the location of the range is at 12° South and 76° West. The range is about 27 miles (50km) east to west and 50 miles (90km) north to south, as the southern area had not been visited by a team from Britain, as far as I could tell, that was our destination. The area includes Ticlla 5897m, Llongote 5780m, Quepala 5270m and Padrecaca 5362m .

The journey to Miraflores-Yauyos was via Huancayo, a mountain city in the Valle del Mantaro. Huancayo was an excellent base with a vast market and a number of Supermercados where we were able to get all of the supplies we wanted. An alternative route to Miraflores-Yauyos is via the coastal road but we cannot say if that would be easier or more difficult.

We used a private bus on the way to Miraflores-Yauyos and a public one for the return leg. The costs were reasonable on the way out and fantastic on the return.

The area we chose has suffered from a decline in its glaciation since the maps we had were drawn (1969) and at least 50% of the snow and ice had disappeared now (1997). The mountains that surrounded the camp site were Ticlla 5897m, Llongote 5780m, Quepala 5270m and Padrecaca 5362m all of which were attempted by some one in the group. Other excursions took in a three col route south of Ticlla, Tictuni, Pta Balaitus and a ridge with no name.

There were a number of stomach upsets but nothing serious and even the frostbite of the toe of one member of the group turned out, with prompt medical action, to be superficial.

The area has further peaks that should be climbed some of which will be first ascents but it is not an area that offers easy access and the peaks look to be separated by reasonable distances and high ridges.

While we were there Peru suffered a heavy and unseasonable snow fall which avalanched and killed some climbers in the Real and also killed, through hyperthermia, travellers caught in their cars on the high passes between Lima and Huancayo. We somehow missed all that and only had a one inch maximum fall of snow over three cloudy and unsettled days. Overall the weather was reasonable but always felt unsettled and heavy cloud formed over Ticlla in particular on nearly one day in three.



Patron



Sir Christian Bonington

The expedition benefited from the assistance of the following people and firms

Richard Jones & Peter Latimer



The Mount Everest Foundation were good enough to back the expedition and award a grant of £600.00 The BMC/ Sports Council also awarded a grant which totalled £650.00.

750



**NORTH
CAPE**



Yet again a number of firms were able to assist us in preparing for this expedition and without their help the task would have been more difficult and more expensive. As there is little we, as a small group, can offer in return their generosity is all the more appreciated.

IBERIA

Iberia was approached via its London office and came up trumps, allowing us the extra weight we needed, with the flights being a reasonable £650.00

CANLAND UK LTD
HOTPACK * NutraBlast

THORNTONS' FUDGE

Canland were very good to give us 72 bars of Nutrablast and allow us to purchase more bars and HotPack meals at trade price. Both items went down well with the team and certainly made for good eating on the hill.

Thorntons were approached by Peter and gave us their fudge bars as an energy source in the hills, it certainly worked.

Incas del Peru through Mirka Ninoska & Lucho Hurtado helped in Peru.



Foundation
for sport
and the arts

We are waiting to see if the 'Foundation for sport and the arts' will grant us any award for this expedition. Thanks go to all the other people who helped and supported us.

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Members

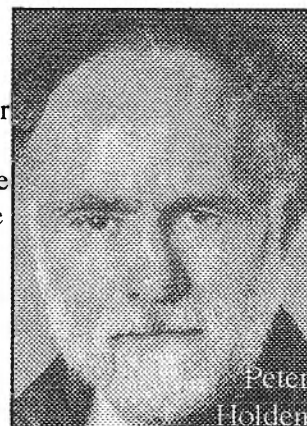


Christopher Woodall

The fuzzy appearance here is due to the fact that he can never keep still!

Christopher was the 'Billy Whiz of the team always trying to get to the next peak, col or valley before anyone else had even woken up. When he returned to the UK he found he was totally unfit and had to start training for the 'Karimor Mountain Marathon

Peter had a calm exterior but always joined in the Whiz Kid's activities. He probably did most of the washing up but used the river to help him with the stubborn stains. During the trip he became more & more like Norris the Gnome!



Peter Holden



Pamela Caswell

Pamela was great in the mornings, the porridge duty became her own. She put up with the rest of the team, all men, with good humour and resignation. There is a rumour about a video of some of her exploits but we wait to witness that.

Ken wanted to be rescued just to keep up with his friends, and even got frostbite to help. His rescue however was not by helicopter but by horse so beware he may wish to try again.

He was called Ken Chico during the trip.



Ken Findlay



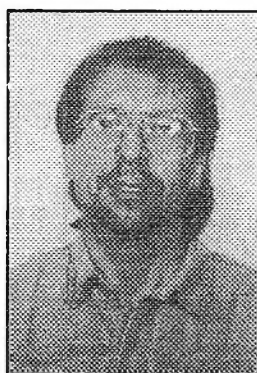
Ken Mosley

Ken was defeated from the start when Paul forgot to bring the margarine. All the special recipes went out of the window and he had to make do with mouthwatering chips, for those lucky enough to be invited in. He was called Ken Grandé on the trip to separate him from Ken, the other one.

Paul rebuilt the cook tent on the second day and retired. He only ventured out when woken by Pamela. Always ready for a bivi he tried to record a personal best on this trip, he managed a three night bivi attack on Ticlla. An introvert, he spent much time with his sheep.



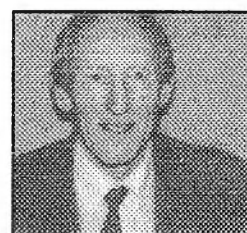
Paul Hudson



David Wynne-Jones

David is a good sport as you could see from his wardrobe, captured on slides. As well as pink stretch tights he managed to bring a different fleece for every day of every week! Some thought he was going to set up a climbing shop in Miraflores but it turned out to be only his personal rack of climbing gear.

Stuart brought the biggest two man tent ever seen on an expedition. This brought about a quality of living to compare with a 30 - 80 holiday. He also brought a Gnome called Norris, and to think he laughed at Paul's sheep in the Tien Shan! Norris turned out to be the best climber of the trip, after the sheep, and raised hundreds of pounds for children's charities around Durham.



Stuart Gallagher

The Itinerary

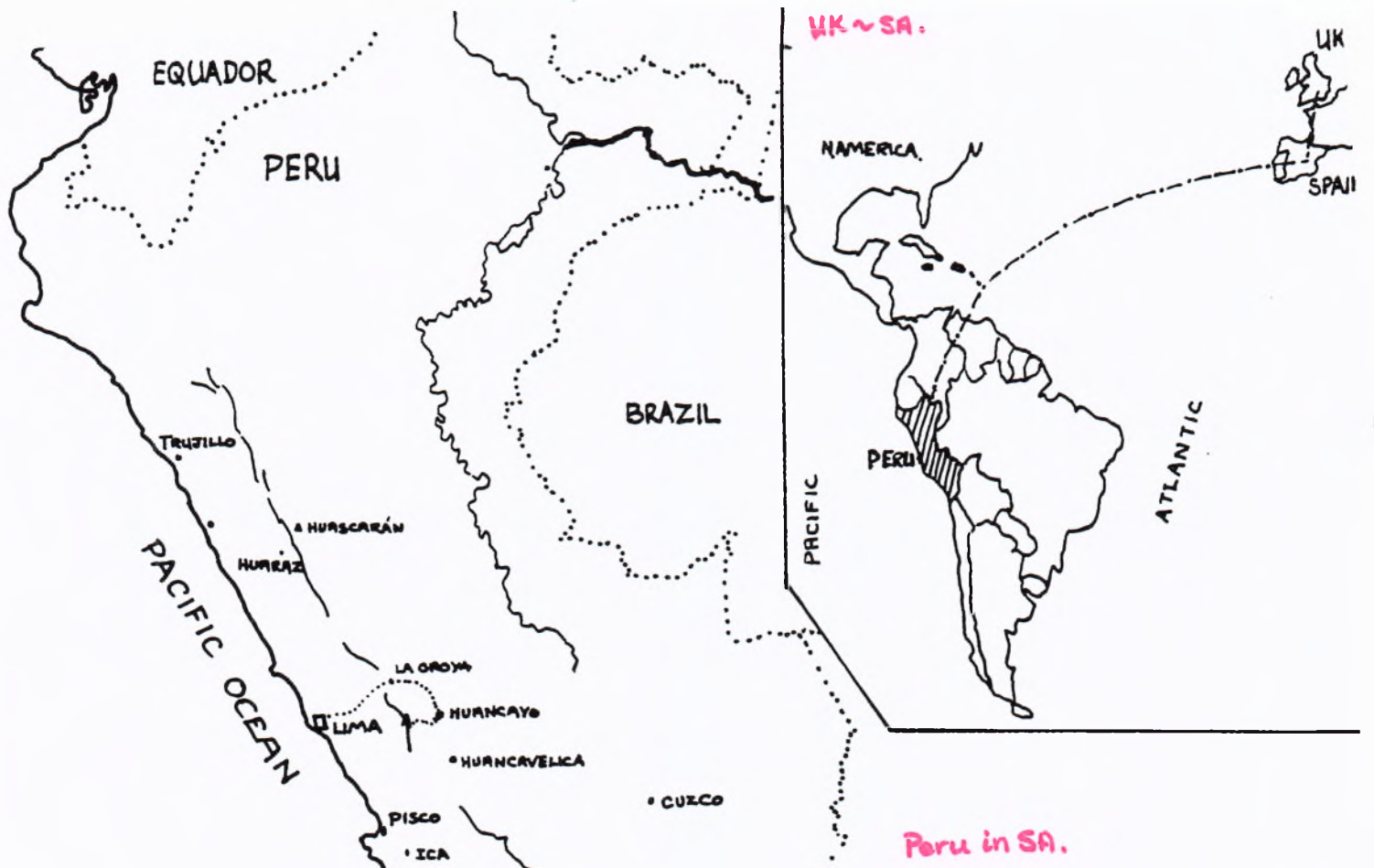
1m = 39.39in

Marching days and colder nights.

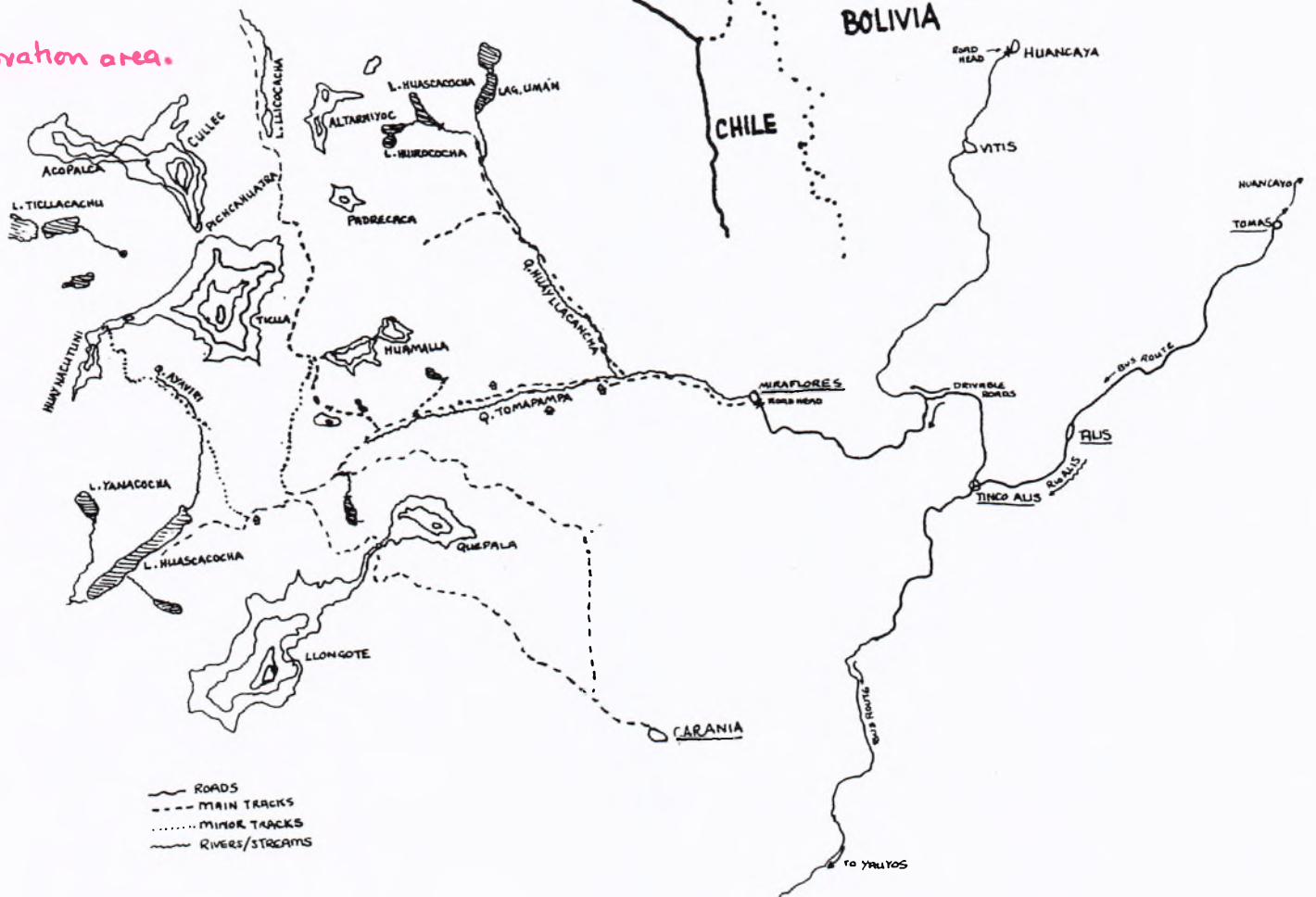
- 22/7 Leeds - London - Madrid.
- 23/7 Madrid - Lima
- 24/7 Ken Findlay, Peter Holden, Chris Woodall & Paul Hudson go to Huancayo 3250m.(10,668ft)
- 25/7 Stuart Gallagher, Ken Mosley, David Wynne-Jones still in Lima.
- 26/7 Pamela Caswell arrives in Lima.
- 27/7 Stuart Gallagher, Ken Mosley, David Wynne-Jones & Pamela all arrive in Huancayo.
- 28/7 All the team catch a bus to Miraflores. We all stay in the 'Alamo', Miraflores Town Hall
Chris Woodall explores the valley above the village running up and back in about four hours.
Ken Findlay and others try to get some Burros for the next day.
- 29/7 The Burros that were booked do not arrive so the group carries gear up to dump at a proposed "Base Camp". Paul Hudson tries again to get some Burros and with the help of a shop lady it looks as if it might happen.
- 30/7 Some people make another carry as the Burros do not appear on time, but eventually they arrive and half the remaining gear sets off at two pm on six Burros.
Every one returns for another night at the Alamo in Miraflores 3700m (12,145ft)
- 31/7 Another Burros day and the final carry to Base Camp 4390m (14,410ft) takes place. The hard work begins.
- 1/8 The team work hard making Base Camp just like home.
- 2/8 Paul Hudson and Ken Findlay make an ascent of Nevado Quepala Punta 5270m (17,290ft). This turns out to be an easy walk except for the final 300 feet which is loose rock and needs care. They see the smallest glacier in the world.
Stuart Gallagher and Chris Woodall traverse three cols, this is a terrific effort and gives Christopher ideas about climbing Ticlla from the West side. David Wynne-Jones and Pamela Caswell make an ascent of another col. Ken Mosley goes fishing in a nearby lake. Peter Holden rests his injured knee.
- 3/8 Chris Woodall and Paul Hudson climb part way along the ridge to Tuctuni, abseiling off when they run out of time below the summit.
David Wynne-Jones and Pamela Caswell make an ascent of Pta Balaitus 5055m (16593ft)
Peter Holden, Ken Findlay & Ken Mosley ascend 'Tres Tops' 5150m (16,905ft)
- 4/8 Stuart Gallagher, Ken Mosley, David Wynne-Jones, Pamela Caswell all go over 'Peters Col' 4900m(16,076ft) and bivi below Nevado Padrecaca. This is a snow peak seen from Peter's Col.

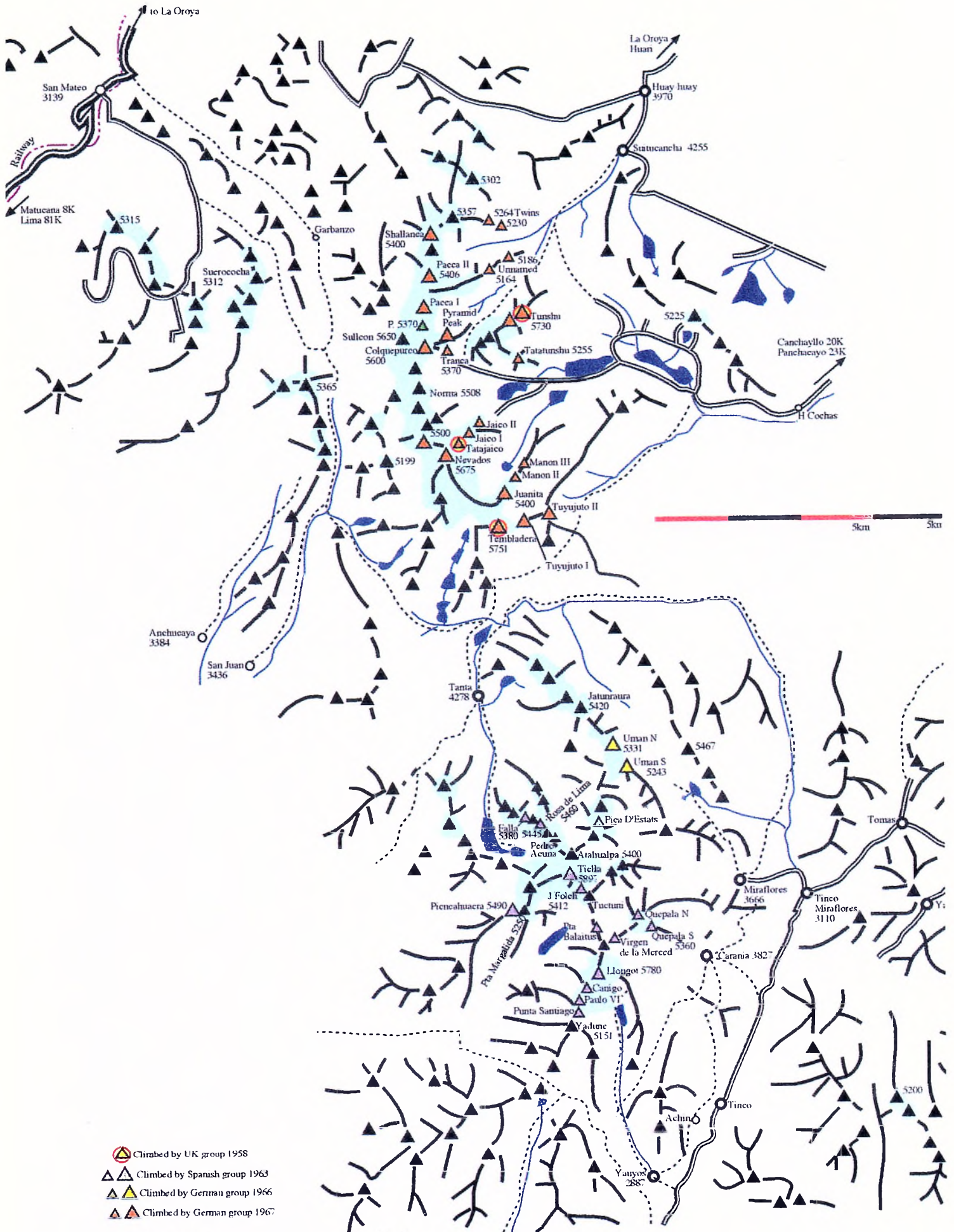
- 5/8 Stuart Gallagher, Ken Mosley, David Wynne-Jones, Pamela Caswell, all climb Nevado Padrecaca 5362m (17,592). The weather is unsettled and heavy morning cloud delays them.
Ken Findlay, Peter Holden, Paul Hudson & Chris Woodall arrive at the bivi for their turn to climb Padrecaca. Stuart and Ken M return to base while Pamela and David stay another night, being rather tired. Norris spends the night out-on-top!
- 6/8 Ken Findlay, Chris Woodall, Peter Holden, Paul Hudson all make their ascent of Padrecaca. Ken F collects Norris. On the return to base it begins to snow and thunder and lightening reverberates around the valleys.
- 7/8 Snowfall keeps everyone in Base Camp.
- 8/8 Snowing again. Paul Hudson walks up the valley.
- 9/8 Weather clears up. Stuart Gallagher goes ice climbing, Chris Woodall go for a lone walk up the valley and Peter Holden and Paul Hudson visit a shepherds cave and climb Pta Balaitus.
- 10/8 Peter, Chris, Paul, Pamela and David make a carry to establish Advanced base at 5000m (16,423) going over 'Chris's Col'. Ken M carries a load to the Shepherds house, there we split the weight between the rest of us. Stuart has a bad back. Chris Woodall, Peter Holden stay at that camp planning to make an attempt on Ticlla.
- 11/8 Chris Woodall, Peter Holden climb the West Ridge of Nevado Ticlla 5897m (19,347ft). This is done in one day from the Advanced base, the route is straight forward but near the top seracs and route finding cause problems.
Rest of the team rest at base
- 12/8 David Wynne-Jones, Pamela Caswell, Ken Mosley go to Advanced base. Peter and Chris return to base.
Stuart Gallagher, Ken Findlay & Paul Hudson climb to Stuart's col via Peter's col and bivi below S.E face of Ticlla, snow overnight
- 13/8 After a try on Ticlla which is aborted due to poor weather Ken Findlay, Stuart Gallagher, Paul Hudson climb on to the ridge of Tuctuni 5200m (17060ft)
Peter and Christopher set off for Llongote.
Stuart Gallagher returns to Base Camp with a shoulder injury, while Paul and Ken F bivi out.
- 14/8 Ken Mosley returns to base.
David Wynne-Jones and Pamela Caswell, climb the West Ridge of Nevado Ticlla 5897m (19,347ft) and return to Gortex camp for the night.
Peter Holden and Chris Woodall make a climb on Llongote 5780m (18,963ft) but do not make the summit due to terrible rock conditions.
Ken Findlay, Paul Hudson climb the S.E Face of Nevado Ticlla 5897m (19,347ft). The sun sets as they near the summit and it is dark on the top, They try to descend by following footprints but after losing them are forced to bivi just below the summit. Overnight Ken F has frostbite in his big toe but does not realise it.
- 15/8 Ken Findlay, Paul Hudson return to Advanced base. David Wynne-Jones & Pamela Caswell go back to Base Camp having descended from the gortex camp just below the West col of Ticlla that morning.

- 16/8 Stuart Gallagher & Ken Mosley arrive at Advanced base from Base Camp then set off for Gortex camp for the night. Ken Findlay & Paul Hudson spend the day resting at Advanced base.
- 17/8 Ken Mosley, Stuart Gallagher climb the North ridge of Nevado Ticlla 5897m (19,347ft) and return to Advanced base.
- Ken Findlay & Paul Hudson explore area around the red Towers, await the safe return of Ken M and Stuart then set off for base carrying huge loads. At the Shepherds house they leave some food, get a hot drink and two fish.
- 18/8 Ken Findlay uncovers frost bitten toe. Concerned about Ken's toe Paul Hudson goes down to Miraflores to try to organise an evacuation but the trip is unsuccessful.
- Ken M and Stuart return to base.
- Peter and Chris prepare for a night start to climb Ticlla, but give the idea up when hearing of Ken's frost bite and agree to help organise departure.
- 19/8 Paul Hudson, Chris Woodall and Peter Holden make an early carry to Miraflores and with the help of a school teacher organise Burros for the next day. Peter and Paul continue on to Alis to try to use the telephone there to contact Huancayo and the insurance company. The 'twenty minute' walk take around three hours! The 'phone is a radio telephone and it is not playing due to the weather. Chris returns to base and makes two more carries and is awarded the Olympic title! Ken F gets fed up and Ken M and Stuart rest at base. In the afternoon Pamela and David make a carry of their gear to Miraflores. Evening meal at Richard's.
- 20/8 Pamela, David, Chris and Peter head off to base to get loads ready. Burros arrive at Miraflores and the driver and Paul escort them up to base. The whole team descends down to Miraflores, most walking but Ken F on a horse.
- Arriving early at Miraflores Peter and Chris continue on down to Tinco Alis to get the taxi" truck. Talk about gluttons for punishment! Success! Peter and Chris arrive back in the truck and we all descend to Tinco Alis in the rain and stay in the lodgings there: two to a bed.
- 21/8 Luck is with us and the bus today heads to Huancayo not Lima. The loads of gear do not concern the bus people and we set off paying 10 soles per person. Arrive in Huancayo at around 2.30pm and book into the 'Grandmothers House'
- Ken Findlay goes to the Hospital in Huancayo, taken by Mirka.
- 22/8 Fireworks at the feast of a saint in Huancayo. Ken must be OK as he dances into the night
- 23/8 Trip to Hualhuas and local textiles are bought for the folks back home
- 24/8 Pamela Caswell & David Wynne-Jones leave Huancayo. Pamela flies to London via Miami.
- 25/8 David Wynne-Jones flies over the Nasca Lines. Chris Woodall, Paul Hudson, Stuart Gallagher & Ken Mosley say good bye to Mirka and leave for Lima. Ken F has a last visit to doctors with Mirka.
- 26/8 Ken Findlay, Peter Holden leave Huancayo for Lima. David Wynne-Jones arrives in Lima. The Lima team visit the British Consulate to get money and documents back, Paul calls in on Iberia to check weight allowance. David arrives from Nasca. We all pack up
- 27/8 The team flies from Lima to Madrid.
- 28/8 Madrid to London and the home.



Exploation area.





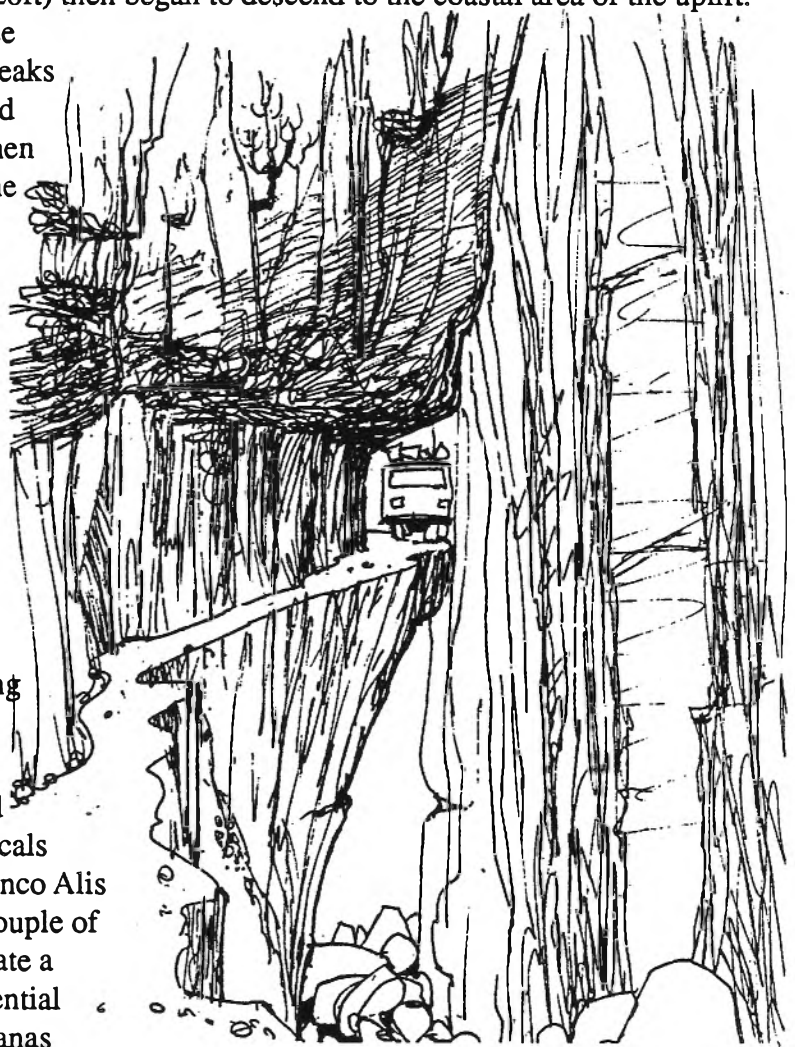
The Expedition

Travelogue

Miraflores-Yauyos

The journey across the high plateau was eventful for its twisting roads and excitement of going. David had obtained a 1:250,000 map of the area which contained most of the route between Huancayo and Miraflores-Yauyos. We looked out excitedly at each village sign so we could trace our erratic journey across Peru. To gain one Kilometre horizontally the road had to wind three times that distance to allow for the undulations on the landscape. A couple of times our driver had to stop to ask people the way but we made good progress along the roads which reached a high point at 4850m (15,920ft) then began to descend to the coastal area of the uplift. It seemed strange that we had to lose height in order to reach the highest peaks in the area but there you are. The road began its descent across more plain then followed a deepening gorge where the road narrowed and the drops became more precipitous. At one point the bus had to negotiate a rock tunnel and in the process caught the top left-hand side of its roof. Peter recalled the report of the two mountain bikers who had bravely cycled our journey in reverse, we were coming to the worst section of the road! We thought of the bald tyres beneath us as the road surface broke up even more. A blowout here and we could all see what river rafting was like in the area, just after that exciting free fall feeling.

We arrived at Tingo Alis around one in the afternoon and again the locals were asked the way to Miraflores. Tingo Alis is on the main road and there are a couple of small diners there. While our driver ate a full lunch we, still careful of the potential problems of 'local' food stuck to bananas and Aztec Cola, this was rather like Cream soda or OJ.



The road to Alis.

The group arrived and we greeted them all, especially Pamela who we had not seen since our meeting in the Lakes. As we gathered their bags Lucho arrived and gathered taxis for them and their luggage, whisking them away to Cassa de la Abuela. We had told Lucho that we did not need them staying in the Cabaña as we did not want them to suffer the noise we had been enduring.

The Abuela was a quiet place at the end of Ave. Giraldez and it looked an ideal place to stay, their one night there set them up for the journey westward the next day. Lucho and Mirka had tried hard to get us a bus to take us to Miraflores and had at last found one that would take us on the Monday. All sorts of prices had been mentioned from 400 soles which was the top price and thought by Mirka to be too much to 500 soles for the two trips to take us and bring us back. On the evening before Lucho had said it would be 300 soles though a request for an extra 50 soles should be looked upon favourably by us.

After a meal at the Cabaña we all retired to bed for an early call in the morning, the bus was due at 10am but there were still things to do before we boarded the vehicle.

After an early morning breakfast I was off to the market, some extra washers for the primus stoves, some bowls for Ken and some thread and a needle to sew up the sacks for the donkeys from the large market and then back to the Cabaña via a baker to get a picnic of lots of cakes, bread, cheese, butter and drinks for the journey.

Nine thirty came and with it the bus, there was a lot of room and we needed it! Climbing gear, was placed on the roof rack, foods, fuel and personal sacks inside. There were still enough seats to have one each if we wanted, the driver turned on the ignition and the engine started, the trip had begun.



Back at Jose Luis we began to amass the gear we would try to get to Huancayo on this first excursion. We decided to try to take as much as possible leaving the other four with just their own sacks to bring. We could then contact the Lima group if we found items unavailable in Huancayo and get them to bring them from Lima, probably from Wongs Supermercado which was just at the end of the street.

In the morning we left in three taxis along with the other three members who were off to the British Embassy to say hello and drop off our details, air tickets and some excess cash. At the bus station our luggage pile grew and grew as more and more bags appeared from each taxi. After a wait it was our turn to have it all weighed and an excess baggage amount to be calculated. When we booked the tickets the English speaking chap seemed to say the cost was eight centimos per kilo but the amount being asked for now was 160 Soles (4 soles = £1.00), I began to argue about the amount and it was reduced to 100 Soles. I was still saying that it was still too much but was ready to pay when the chap crossed out 100 and wrote 60 Soles. I went off to pay at a Kiosk and the luggage was taken away. When we boarded the bus our personal rucksacks were asked for to be put in the baggage hold under the seats but some of us just ignored the request and Peter just refused point blank so they just let him on board with it. We were worried that had we given them up they would have been rifled through by the porters and things taken, We had been warned about this by a woman in the Pension.

The journey to Huancayo was on a really well engineered road which wound its way up a main valley and over a high pass to La Oroya and then along a high plain to Jauja and Huancayo. The journey took around seven or eight hours with the last section being in the dark. The road was paved all the way so the journey was a good one and it was punctuated by a meal served rather like on a plane and later in the journey by a game of bingo with various passengers interpreting the numbers for us. We did not win.

We arrived at Huancayo in the dark and were met by a chap from Incas del sol who took us and our luggage to the Cabaña where we were to stay. The celebrations for independence had brought lots of people to stay in Huancayo so we were unable to get a place at La Cassa de le Abuela. The Cabaña had some pleasant rooms in a little garden to its rear but unfortunately for us the bands in La Cabaña played excessively loudly and continued far into the night as people rehearsed for the main celebrations. Ken did not mind so much but the other three of us dreamed of a quiet night or we would have, had we ever got to sleep.

Our days in Huancayo were spent thinking about what we needed to take to the mountains, writing out lists and then setting off to find and purchase it all. Gasolené Blanca was a problem but after some active searching by Peter and Christopher they found a hardware store that sold it, stoves were also on the list and they were got from the large market and a shop down town. The market also supplied bowls, cups, plates, jerry cans with seals etc. etc. We even bought a lamp though that was never used due to our worry at base camp over the amount of Gasoline Blanca we had. Food was purchased from the market, a supermarket that was closed but let us in anyway and some local shops on Ave. Giraldez

The Sunday group were late getting into Huancayo because the bus was stopped at the army/police post outside Lima and had all their passports collected to be checked and this took around an hour. We used the station waiting room and were subjected to the most appalling television I have ever witnessed, it was truly unbelievable, Ken quite liked it though.



Lima central a busy bustling place.

The Pension Jose Luis turned out to be an oasis in the desert of Lima. You open the metal gate with hanging baskets on it to find a huge and solid wooden door. When this is opened you enter a minute garden complete with fish pond and covered in plants, that grow up the walls and hang down from them. Its coolness is striking. Inside the house is a delightful mixture of styles. Perhaps there was some Japanese, Colonial and just homely, others would no doubt see other elements.

The rooms lie up stairs in a warren of corridors and are quite reasonable, a mixture of single and bunk beds inhabit the rooms. Some rooms seem crowded others have space. One nice touch is the library as you reach the top of the first flight of stairs with a couch to relax on, I never made use of it but noticed others that did.

My research was not as thorough as it should have been and failed to show that we would be arriving just before the independence celebrations on the 28th & 29th July. This meant that everyone was travelling and that prices are doubled on all transport. Prices can be accommodated but lack of seats on a bus cannot! After we had dropped the clothing off for the orphanages at the SAEC and looked around a bit there, discovering no information or maps that were of use to us we left to find out about getting to Huancayo. The nearest bus station was the Cruz del Sur on Jr Quilca so off we went to book some tickets.

Our lack of Spanish was a hindrance but they found an 'English' speaker working in the baggage area and he helped us get tickets. We discovered that there were four seats left for the Thursday bus and then it was full until Sunday when we were able to book a further four. The people who were to go first was determined by the fact that we had to have our passports to book the seats so it was Christopher, Peter, Ken -sans passport but with a promise to be early tomorrow and myself. We got the Sunday seats held over but had to get there by 9am the next day to secure them. It was now getting late in the afternoon so after a brief stop in a department store on the main street we headed back to the Hostel in a taxi. It was rush hour and the cars moved from lane to lane as they manoeuvred their way to the fast lane or exit. The drivers just seemed to wave a hand or arm and then move one way or the other, the other drivers giving way. It felt frightening at times but we never saw a crash or even a bump.

The Expedition

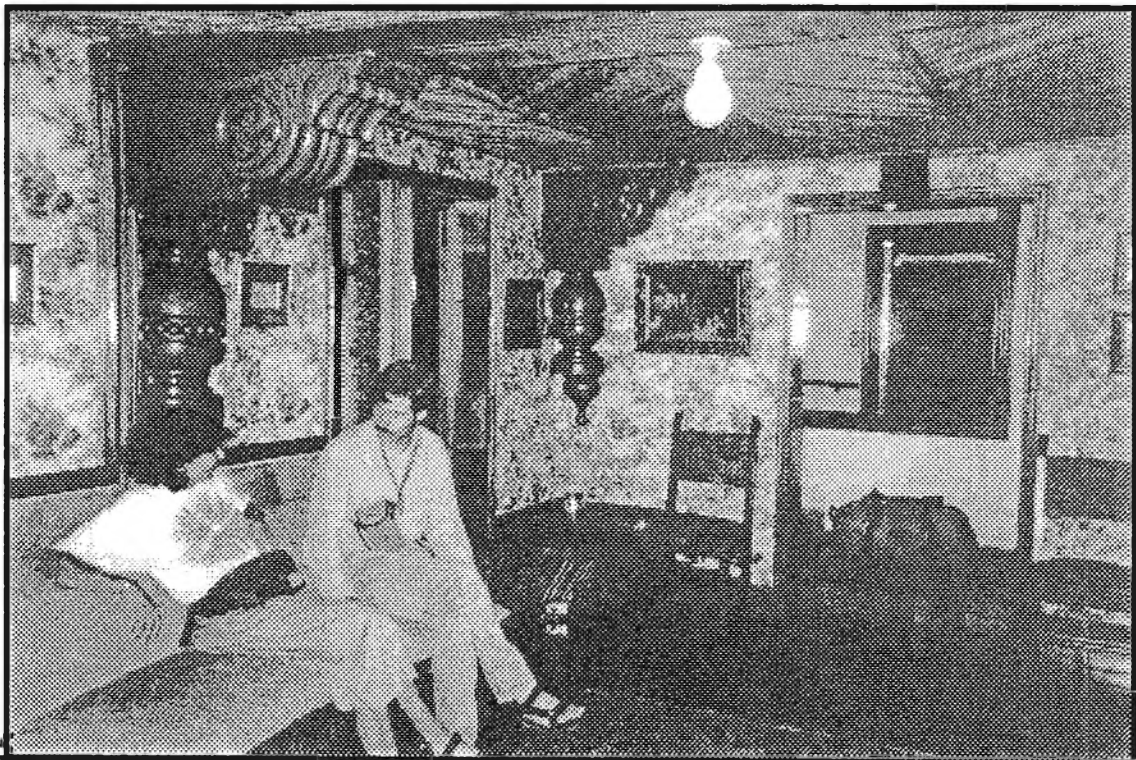
Travelogue

Getting to Huancayo

Lima was busy or at least from our protected cocoon of the airport door we could see that the airport was, Taxi drivers and their touts were all rushing round trying to make the highest price they could before the new travellers found out the true price of a trip into Lima. I decided it would be unwise to exit as a group to the mercy of the crowd and far too hot for me, so while five of us rested in the cool of the airport David and Ken Chico went to work getting us a good deal to Miraflores and our hotel. First they were accosted by a young woman but that offer turned out to be the wrong sort so then they went beyond the barrier that was keeping most of the drivers at bay and fighting off a number of them went to inspect some of the vehicles. After some wheeling and dealing we got a minibus and an estate taxi for \$10.

The trip to Miraflores was interesting as it took a route along the Pacific coastline, this was the first time I had seen this ocean, along part of the route we saw the rubbish of Lima being pushed into the sea! Soon we left that bit behind though and came to where surfers were waiting on wave number seven and the area had a cleaner look. I supposed that the long shore drift and the sea currents had a northerly flow. Lima was NOISY, Lima was HOT, the El Niño was doing its bit to alter the normally cool clear weather.

I think it must be Ken Findlay. There was trouble about flying over Iran when we were trying to get to Pakistan, the Shining Path group when we wanted to get to Bolivia, the Chechnia troubles while we were in 'Russia' and now this year the El Niño!



1

The entrance hall at the Hotel Jose Luis

A short excursion into Peter's garden for a photo and we were off, roaring back to the M1 and then south to the delights of the M25 and Heathrow. Returning the hire cars to the depot turned out to be an adventure as I got confused with Gatwick where the depot was just round the corner. The two mile drive was thus a surprise to me but at least I saw all the signs first time round which is not what Christopher managed and he had to do a second circuit. Anyway about a day later we met up at the Budget centre and confirmed our return dates moving them from the booked 28th July to the correct 28th August.

I cannot recall much of the events at the terminal but we did have too many separate pieces so we had to tie a couple of



There at the end of the M1 lay our adventure

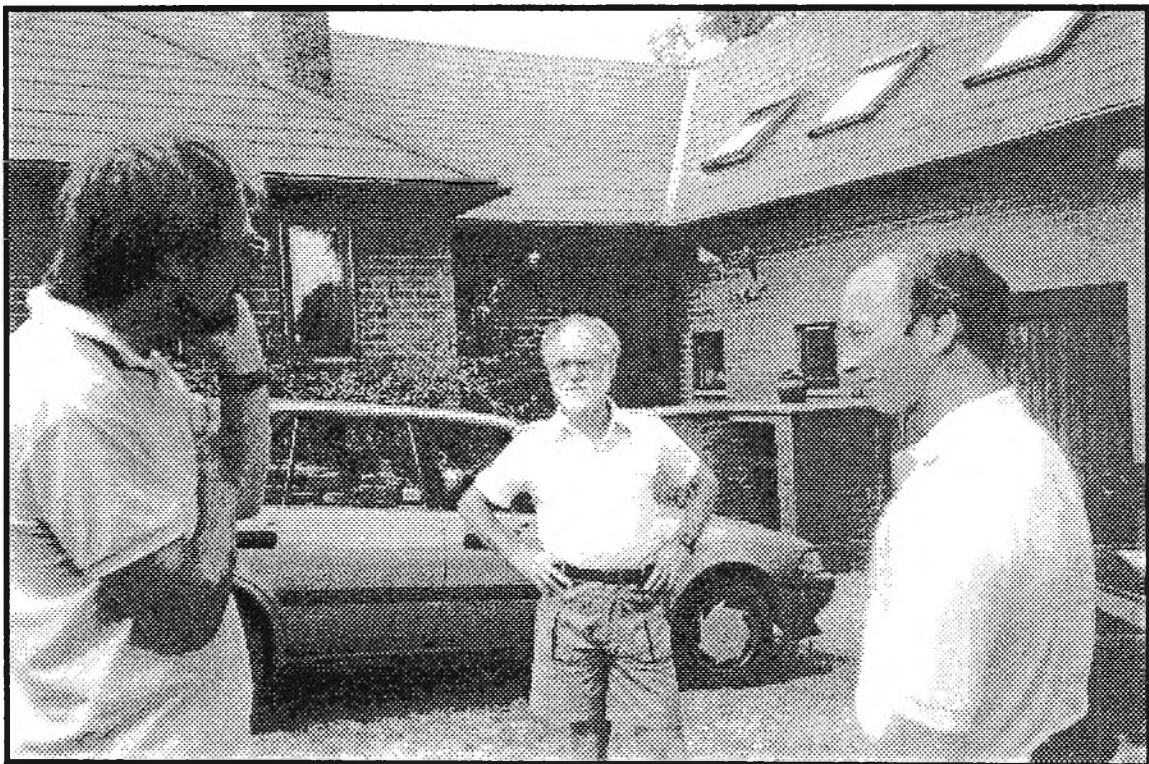
The Expedition

Travelogue

Setting Off

Budget Car Hire again supplied the cars to get us to Heathrow, though there was a little mix-up early on when Peter tried to do a central booking for us all. That sorted, Christopher in Cleveland and myself in Leeds collected the vehicles and then collected our passengers and set off.

Both cars armed with maps of how to locate Peter at his house in Crich homed in on his kitchen, cups of tea and cake. David who travelled from Manchester was there first, then Ken F and I arrived and looked in disbelief at the loads of gear we had to cram into the estate. Perhaps two cars were not the best idea I mused, or perhaps we were overgeared. When Chris, Ken M and Stuart arrived we were all engrossed in eating so they went unnoticed at first, until they wanted our places at the table. We looked again at the gear David and Peter had, looked at the space in the car, looked at the space they needed to sit in than began stuffing gear in anywhere we could. There was also some space in Christopher's car so that was also used.

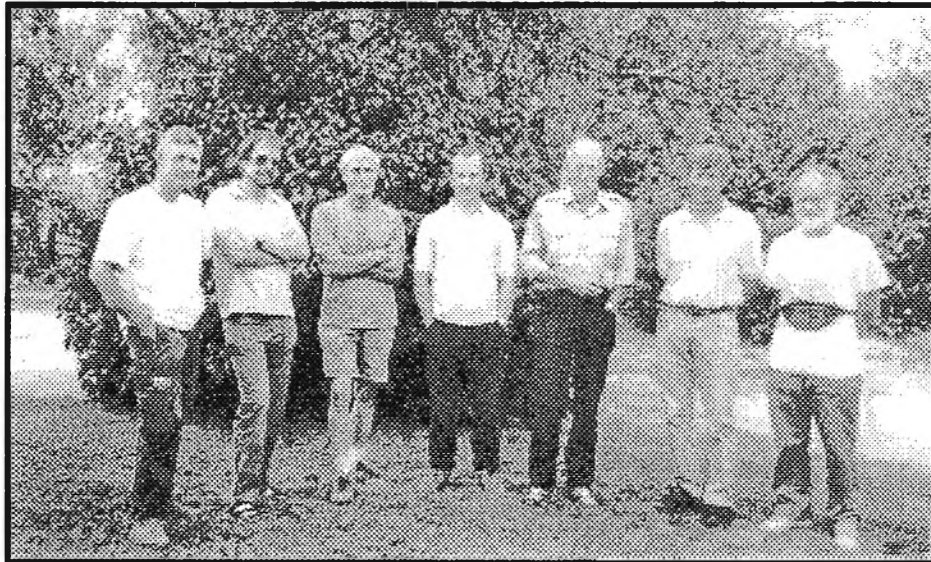


Would it be possible to actually fit Peter in we wondered?

I contacted Lucho Hurtado who was a guide in Huancayo and recommended in a number of the South American guidebooks, he was able to give me advice about what we could get in Huancayo and book us places to stay there.

I contacted the **Mount Everest Foundation** to ask if they would support yet another expedition with me on it and after a meeting with the screening committee they granted us £700. The **British Mountaineering Council** and **Sports Council** also granted us an amount of £650. These amounts were very useful in helping to keep the individual contributions down but possibly more importantly the support of these two bodies encouraged various firms to donate foods and give special deals on particular pieces of gear. In 1995 we also had a grant from the Foundation of Sports and the Arts and I also wrote to ask if they could help again but at the time of writing (23/11/97) we have received no answer.

I was lucky enough to receive a personal grant from the **Leeds Sports Fund**. £250 was given towards the expenses of the trip and the special gear needed. The Leeds Sports Fund has supported Ken Findlay and I on a number of occasions.



A garden party - the group or 7/8's of it assemble at Peter's

The Expedition

Travelogue

Early Stages

History seems to have repeated itself for when we went off to the Tien Shan the area was chosen by Les Holbert who in the end did not join the expedition and with this location a similar thing occurred. At an early planning meeting Philip Kendon came in with Kelsey's 'Guide to the Worlds Mountains' and showed us page 835 and 837 "It says here", he announced "that this area is almost never climbed, sounds just the sort of place we could have to ourselves" That was how we came to choose the Cordillera Central for our 1997 expedition. Then not long after that decision had been made he decided to 'elope' to New Zealand with another Leeds Mountaineering Club member called Anne Kemster.

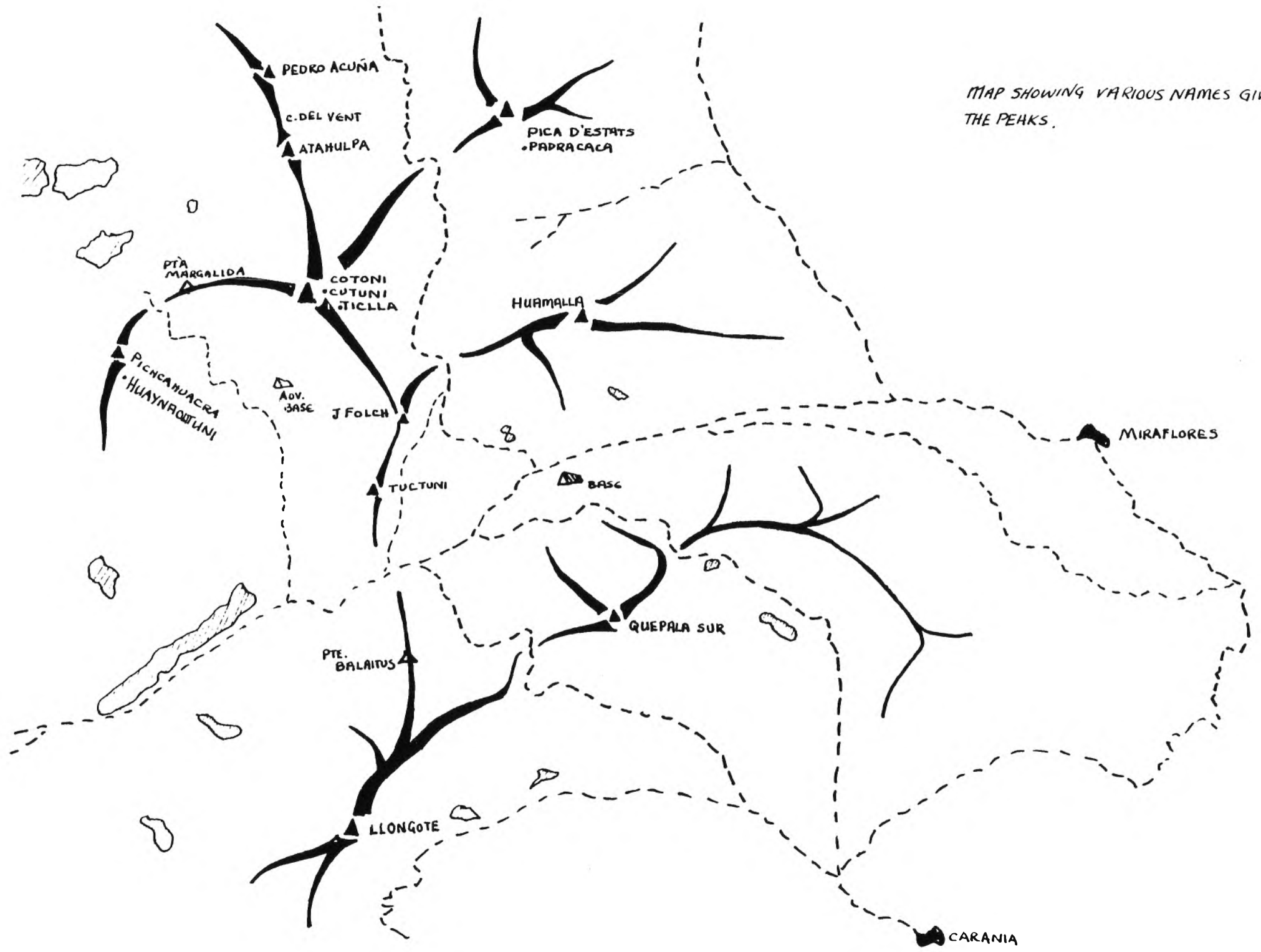
I decided early on to join the South American Explorers Club which turned out to be a good move as there were some really helpful people in Lima at the time who took the bother to purchase and send me maps of the Central area that I had seen in the RGS. I don't think I'd get the same response from the new manager in Lima so I count myself lucky I contacted them when I did.

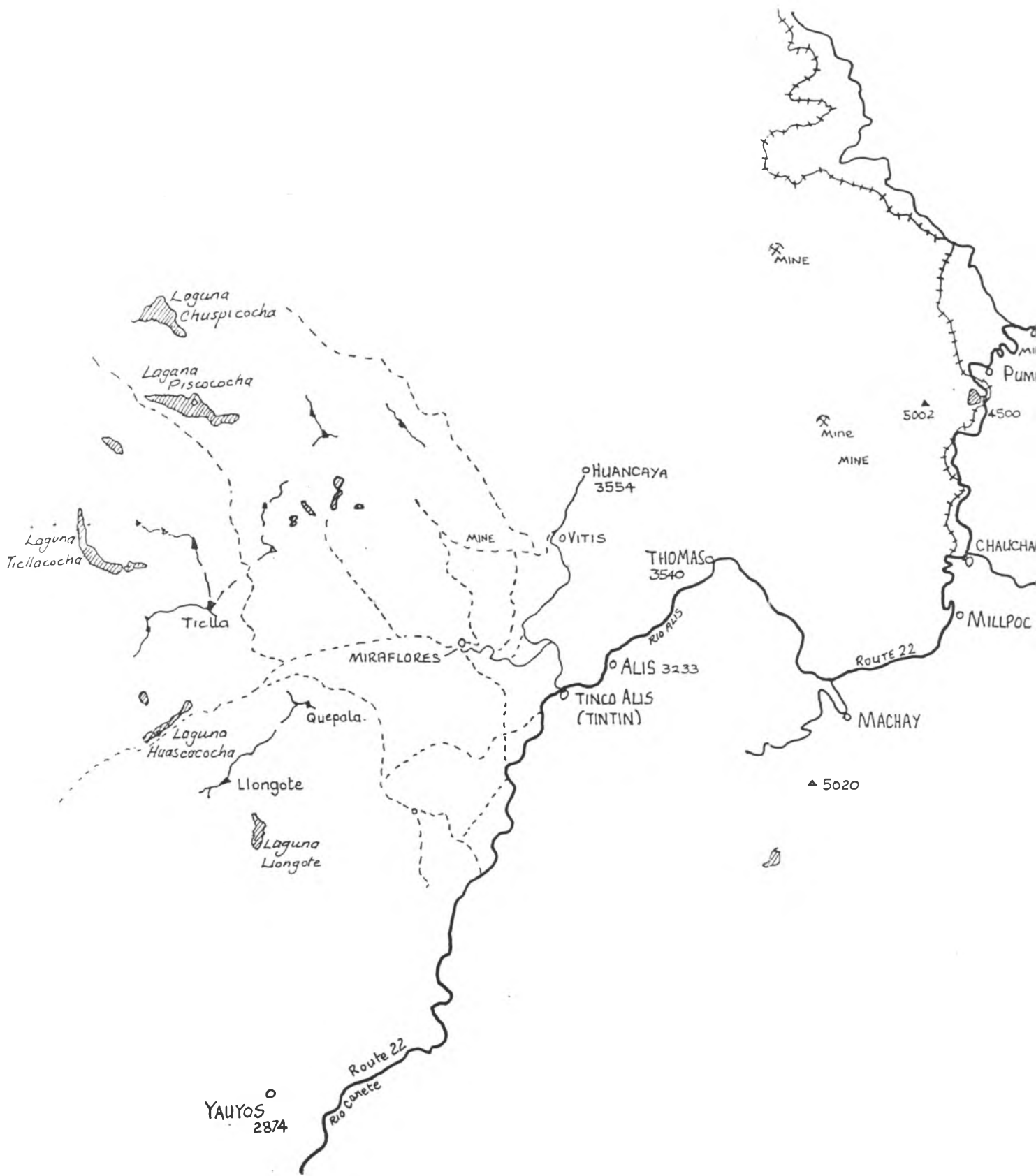
I also wrote to a few airlines about getting us there and back again, Varig wanted to help but their flights did not coincide and there would have been a wait of around four days in San Paulo, KLM were not offering any weight allowance over the standard 20k but Iberia came up trumps. They were able to give us 64k per person on the outward journey and 30k on the return. We flew from Heathrow to Madrid then on to Lima via St. Lucia

With Philip off the team the old couple were left alone, **Ken Findlay** and **Paul Hudson**. Its not that I did not want to climb with Ken, in fact that's who I always get to the top with, but just two people seemed on the small side to me. A note in the FRCC Chronicle brought a phone call from **Stuart Gallagher** saying that he and **Ken Mosley** would like to join the team. This was a great surprise to me as I thought that after the food fiasco in the Tien Shan they would never speak to us again let alone consider joining another Hudson/Findlay expedition. Stuart then brought in **Peter Holden** and **Christopher Woodall** also FRCC members who were also experienced climbers and seemed to have begun climbing before I was born, almost. Certainly when you looked through the lists of climbs and amount of experience I should not really have been there at all, having only seen a postcard of Mont Blanc and once watched a borrowed video of one of Chris Bonington's climbs, though I could not recall which one. As the 'leader' they decided to let me stay on, provided that I learned to tie myself up, or was it on?

In the summer of 1996 I set about researching the area and a visit to the Alpine Club and the RGS proved that while the area had been visited it had been left almost alone for around thirty five years and that no British expedition had ever visited the southern area around Ticlla (pronounced by the locals as Tiglia). Thus we (or I) decided that the southern area was the place to go.

MAP SHOWING VARIOUS NAMES GIVEN TO THE PEAKS.







EXPLORATION AREA & HUANCAYO

19/20

Soon we were of again now we had left the main road and headed along the side of Rio Cuñele a tributary of the Rio Alis, after a short distance we turned a sharp left and began to climb. The road twisted round the side of the cliffs gaining height, at one point a young couple and a little baby were resting at the side of the road as we passed they indicated that they wanted a lift so we all shouted and the driver came to a halt and let them board. There was still some way to go before Miraflores came into view so we were all glad that we had been able to be of assistance.

The young man was able to direct the driver to the village centre and we arrived just as a celebration of independence finished. We all set about unloading the truck, keeping a watchful eye on all the gear we were removing from the confines of the bus. Peter maintained with some evidence in the end that we were all too suspicious and should not put our own society's ills on the people of other places.

Ken negotiated a place to stay, it was the village's two story municipal building we had use of the top floor. It was rather dingy and dusty and Ken Chico christened it 'The Alamo'. All the gear was moved by ourselves and numerous volunteers from the crowd that we drew. We collected all the loose change we had and handed it over to the chap who seemed to be most in charge and he distributed it. Day one of the expedition was upon us.

Christopher had been sitting down all day he said and while it had made the rest of us a bit tired he felt that he needed to stretch his legs. "I'll just bob up the valley and see what its like, it wont take a more than a tick or two." and with a call of "See you all shortly." off he ran.

Lucho Hurtado had assured us that there would be Burros for us to hire here and so Ken Chico began the attack as he knew more Spanish than the rest of us. 'Burros?' he asked, "Burros?", "Burros?", "Burros?", "Burros?" when some time later he had contacted every living thing in the area he found a squat man carrying a rope over his left shoulder. Excellent we all thought he looks just right, "Manyana" the chap indicated yes we had six or seven Burros all set up! Well that was easy we all sighed in relief.

It was getting darker now and even outside the dingy room the light was fading but no Christopher had returned, we began to worry, though I think Peter knew better than to bother with that. Then there was a step on the rickety stairs and Christopher popped his head over the bannister, He had found a good camping site by a boulder field, it was about 3 hours away. We settled down for the night dreaming of new peaks, first ascents and a pleasant walk behind a stream of Burros to a beautiful base camp.

Richard's Diner

by Peter Holden

Richard's Diner is to be found in Miraflores, a high Andean village nestling in a deep valley at 3200 metres, with about 200 houses - mostly still occupied. We arrived in this village late afternoon in our hired bus from Huancayo. This after a journey of seven hours - through from the well-irrigated, fertile Montaro valley, leading up to arid highlands, where we saw herds of Llama and Alpaca grazing, and finally a long descent through the gorge of the Rio Alis. Later we passed the small towns of Tomas and Alis which sit next to their lifeblood river; with the valley walls rising for 1000 metres above. These towns are

in decay from an earlier prime as there are many dilapidated, unoccupied dwellings, many roofless with the adobe walls slowly decaying back to the earth from whence they came. Most buildings now boast corrugated iron roofs that have replaced the indigenous thatch which is still on a few. This iron is slowly roasting to blend in with the earth colour of the towns, but free local labour and material cannot repair it in the way that thatch was so repaired for hundreds [if not thousands] of years.

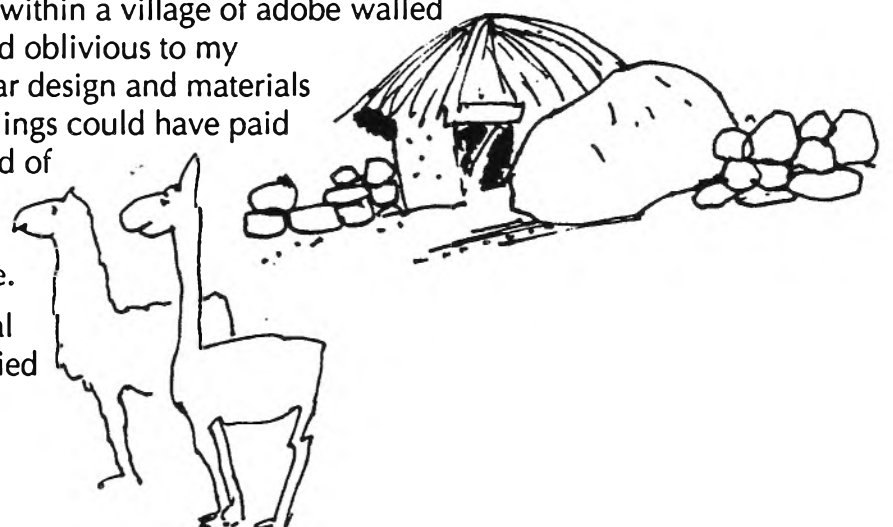
At its narrowest the gorge was barely wide enough for both road and river to transport through; the rock walls seemed to almost meet above the bus and soared upwards for ever. And then we stopped at Tinco Alis - 'My God what an awful place' could be its apt motto. Tight in the junction of two precipitous sided valleys, venturi winds blasting the dust from the roads at all animate and inanimate things - the latter cannot cower. It boasts two restaurants come stores, because it is a bus stop, and three or four houses. One restaurant might just provide a living, but two is just the ugly face of capitalism - competition to the death. But the fare is good with chicken, trout, meats, vegetables, rice and fruits on offer.

Miraflores is approached by a tortuous road, climbing up from Tinco Alis, where we left behind the main dirt road for this minor dirt road. Again the valley has beautiful greenery by the river and above it is arid. A gorge, with the road blasted out of the sheer rock wall, caused my stomach to turn as I contemplated the river fifty metres below the outer wheels edging the broken edge of the track. The driver grinned - he knew!

Yes late afternoon and the local politico's are preparing to give speeches to the small group of villagers who have gathered for this Independence Day celebration. We dumped our gear at the quiet end of the square and ascertained that room was available for us to stay in above the 'commune' offices from the steps of which the dignitaries were declaiming their worth to all assembled. Fortunately their worth did not take long to declaim and we were soon able to move into our quarters. This was a large, first-floor room approached by way of a staircase set at an angle designed to repel ascent to all but the most determined. A room with a view - the village set out below and over the corrugated and thatch roofs of this could be seen bold craggy peaks against the skyline.

The centre of the square had been 'modernised' under bureaucratic dictat, being enclosed in blue painted iron railings and furnished with concrete and exposed aggregate furniture. This was most incongruous set within a village of adobe walled buildings. But the locals seemed oblivious to my sensitivities to lack of vernacular design and materials and to my railings that their railings could have paid for a decent public toilet instead of the cantilevered 'squat block' foully hanging over the river bank just down from the square.

The men had retired to the local bars and the square was occupied by women of all ages, some of



whom were imbibing beer and invited us to join them in this. A good opportunity to take photo's and soon there was a host of youngsters taking great interest in us. What a lot we have lost in the West, the simple joy of children meeting with strangers without thought on their behalf of any possible danger and no worry on our behalf of misinterpreted intentions. Soon I was being escorted around the village by three youngsters. Jessica was a very bright, assured, talkative girl of about eleven, a quieter girl and Richard, aged eight, who we were to get to know so well. They took me right to the top end of the village and plied me with questions all the way. The look that Jessica gave me when I could not comprehend any of her questions would normally take years to perfect by the most haughty of teachers, but hers was without the disdain that jaundiced age would bring in the West. Richard was quite different with my ignorance - he would repeat and repeat the question until in exasperation, at my lack of understanding, he would throw his head back and laugh at the oddity of it all.

On the way back through the village I attempted to explain to my young guides that our group needed somewhere to eat that night. This concept was quite beyond their experience and they first took me to a small store in which were sold bottled beer and packets of biscuits. By dint of sign and body language I got the message through about more substantial food and they started to knock on doors and female villagers appeared to join in the 'no comprende' game. Eventually one astute lady laughed at comprehension and commanded Richard to run off to his own house and sent me to follow him. Richard can certainly run, but fortunately it was not far and he opened a courtyard door and disappeared - soon reappearing with an old lady and much talking and gesticulating at me. A sort of message was getting through and I felt that I was explaining that 'ocho' hombres would like a meal that evening if possible. 'Soupa' and 'came' were much used in this dialogue, with great nodding of heads and laughter from Richard and earnestness from Jessica; we seemed to come to an agreement and the youngsters took me back to our communal quarters. I explained what I thought the deal was to the others and asked whether they wished to do this. I couldn't say that they were all ecstatic as some were displaying extreme paranoia of children, which is not bad for teachers, and were shooing my new-found friends back down the stairs. Pam was keen to know more of the possibility of eating and she went back with the children to look into matters. An inconclusive little trip, so I went back with her and we seemed to confirm the arrangements and informed them that we would go in two groups of four. We were still suffering from security delusions at this stage of the trip, but we were to lose these entirely later in this village of honest and generous souls.

I went to the second meal sitting with Chris, Paul and Ken Chico. Chris had returned from an incredible evening reconnoitre right up to our future base camp; this would come be a five hour round trip for most of us when acclimatised! What a great little occasion the meal was - we sat at a table in a little adobe walled and earth floored shop, with bottles of beer, biscuits and a few other items on the shelves. Richard's father sat close by and Richard sat at our table loving every minute of it. That tilt to his head, with a laugh and shining eyes, that gives me such great pleasure to recall. He loved it as Ken taught him a few words of English and he remembered and could recall well. His father sat and relished

proudly this attention to his son. The meal was excellent with vegetable soup as a starter and a rice dish with a little meat and cheese and a sweet potato, with a beer to swallow it down. The old lady bringing the food in admonished Richard for disturbing the hombres, but we assured her that he was no trouble at all.

The next day we started to ferry gear up to base camp, and on one occasion, when returning to the village, we saw Richard's family milking cows and smiling Richard popped up over the field wall to say "Hello Peter". His father beckoned us over to drink some fresh milk, but we felt reluctant to trouble them and just waved back. The grandmother would not take this and rushed over with a foaming jug of this warm elixir and we downed it with relish as it eased our parched throats. These people are just so naturally hospitable, in total contradiction to all of the dire warnings of hostility and thievery that we had been told to expect before we came out to Peru. We have virtually lost all of this natural hospitality in our neurotic Western societies.

The dawn of the 29th came with cup of tea from Pamela and a Nutrablast bar, after that we were all ready for the off. At first we waited patiently, then as the time wore on rather anxiously and in the end in disbelief. There had already been estimates of how long it would take us to move all the gear by ourselves - around four exhausting days, at least, seemed to be the consensus. Four days! At 10am we began carrying, in pairs the team set off taking variously packed sacks up into the unknown valley eager to share Christopher's view of the mountain he had seen, I recall I took up four paraffin containers on that day, resting quite often and even falling asleep at one point.

On the 30th I waved good bye to the last of the group as they made their way across the square being improved by a mosaic park in its centre, it was still an early 7am. It seemed unbelievable that the villagers were not at all interested in earning some soles by hiring out their Burros. I was determined to try again so I carefully wrote out, "Donde puedo alquilar algun burros/caballos para equipaje campo es tres/cuatio horas arriba."

The men of Miraflores had been of no help at all so I decided to attack our problem via the main workers of South America the women. The shops on each side of the central square all had women running them so that was to be my first try. At the first shop I waited while the customer in front of me completed her conversation and then said hello and thrust the paper into the hands of the shopkeeper, when she had deciphered my writing she talked for a moment to the friend and proceeded to escort me to another shop on the opposite side of the main square, locking her own premises behind her. In the second shop more conversation took place and another trip took me to a third shop lying just off the main square towards where Richard's family lived. Here I met a very little lady in a very small shop but she turned out to be my saviour. Locking her shop my new acquaintance began dragging me round different houses whom she knew had burros.

Three stops later which included another visit to the second shop and there seemed to be the promise of some beasts. The drama was not over yet though, the families with the burros did not it would seem want to accompany the trip to our base and they were unwilling to trust strangers with their animals. My new friend went into action again on our behalf and somehow, I cannot exactly remember how, got agreement of the owners that a young local councillor Jorge Human Davila could take charge of the burros, I felt elated.

There was always the worry that the Burros would not happen though and even when I was telling the others that evening I felt it wise not to get too 'excited'. The 30th July dawned, we made tea and waited. I began to worry, the hour of eight thirty had come and gone but there were no Burros and there were murmurings in the group. At nine thirty Chris and Peter left with yet another carry followed by the others over a short period and by ten when there was still no sign of the animal transport I was left on my own. It was about eleven thirty when a Burro appeared outside in the square, then another arrived and suddenly my concerns evaporated and the carry was on. The gear had been moved from the first floor to the entrance early that morning so Jorge set about choosing loads to put together for the different sized Burros. We eventually set off at two o'clock.

I started the walk with a rucksack but soon found that I could not keep up with the animals, 'fortunately' some of the fuel containers began to leak and had to be removed from the Burro's back and my load replaced them. Jorge and I carried containers in our hands. The journey was an interesting one with Jorge showing me how to jostle the Burros along and keep them on the track when some alternative route beckoned them. The Burros kept going well and made good progress up the path to the valley above. I was really glad when we reached the flatter area.

As we neared the proposed camp site I could see some of the group returning. Somehow I had got the idea that we needed to usher the Burros down again in the same way we had brought them up so I asked someone to return with us to the camp site, Ken Chico obliged. I dare say you can imagine both of our expressions when after dumping the loads Jorge suddenly mounted the horse and galloped away chasing the mules before him. Ken and I made a slow and late return to Miraflores. On our way down we met Peter who was joining Christopher at base to look after the gear we had taken up, it was getting dark when we met so we wished him luck in finding the single tent and continued down.

On the 31st July we said our aurevoir to Miraflores and made the last carry to base, Burros and the remaining people shouldered the last gear and supplies and together made the slow walk to base. Crossing the bridge to the path on the river's true right we followed the walled track as it climbed higher following the river. The walled fields finished and gave way to open areas of grass and scrub, bushes and cacti. Just after a couple of walled enclosures and a small hut the track crossed the river again to the other bank and the ground began to level off. There was still a way to go and the camp site was not in view until we were another hour along the track. Jorge was not with us all the time and at one point disappeared altogether, returning after 20 minutes with a couple of small fish caught in the river. The fish were presented to us as a present.

At base Peter and Christopher had done an excellent job in organising and moving all the gear that had been deposited earlier and as the others had arrived they too had given a hand so by the time that Jorge, the Burros and I arrived a little town of tents was erected. The following day was one of building, digging, sorting and looking, the base camp took shape.



The Expedition

Travelogue

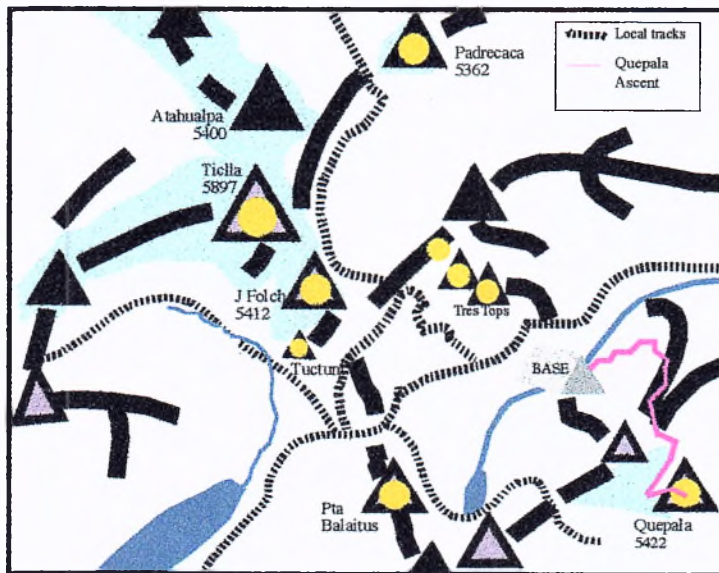
Climbing and Exploring

On August 1st Ken and I decided to take a look at a peak that lay immediately above the camp. As we had walked up the valley I had caught a glimpse of snow at its summit so we decided that it was worth a look. At first glance the route to Quepala looked best via an 'easy' and long ridge running in a descending curve north from the summit but as we climbed away from the valley and nearer to the ridge its true nature became apparent. It was not the broad crest I had thought but a much narrower 'Striding Edge' and it was completely shattered, we steered clear.

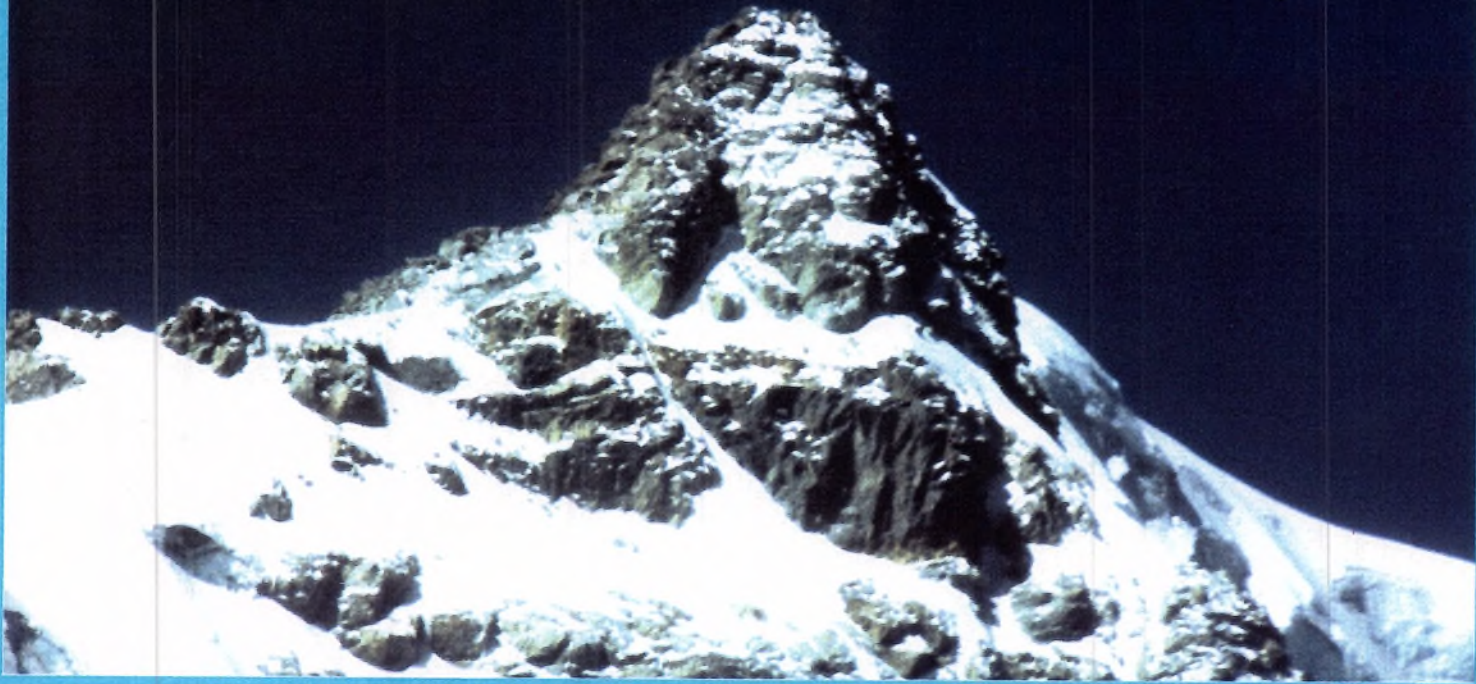
We had been making slow progress up steep, loose ground at first but after a while found some exposed rock that offered easy walking with odd scrambling sections. The slope that lay ahead was broken up by a number of flat 'meadows' where small lakes and streams cut into the flat 'greens' of the plants. When we reached the third such flat area we noticed evidence of a track soon we found a well worn animal track, or perhaps it was more.

There was a notch in the ridge above us now and it became obvious that it was the way this Llama/ Burro path took to reach the next valley we continued to use the path to make height but as it neared the notch and ridge we veered rightward and up some slabby rocks worn smooth by long ago glaciation. This once glaciated area was now just bare rock and provided easy walking. Loose rock littered the smooth slabs so care was needed as we ascended rightward towards the ridge. I looked up at one point to see one of the few Fauna I came across, on top of a rock that jutted out over the slope I was on was the silhouette of an 'Andean Rabbit' but as soon as I got near it scampered off never to be seen again.

At the top of the ridge the climb took on the ambience of an afternoon stroll, though the height



of 4500m made the going hard. The rocks we were crossing were also worn smooth like the ones below but here they were in a wide expanse where the bottom of a glacier had once scoured the surface. As we made height the rock became more broken and debris littered the surfaces making the going more difficult. Above we could now see the summit a rock spire jutting up into the clean Peruvian air. To reach the bottom of the last section of the peak we first had to cross areas of absolutely shattered rocks where we were holding rocks in their



Quepala from the west side, our ascent route took the skyline on the left.

The view down from the summit of Quepala, the north summit lies the other side of the remains of glacier, "the smallest in the world".





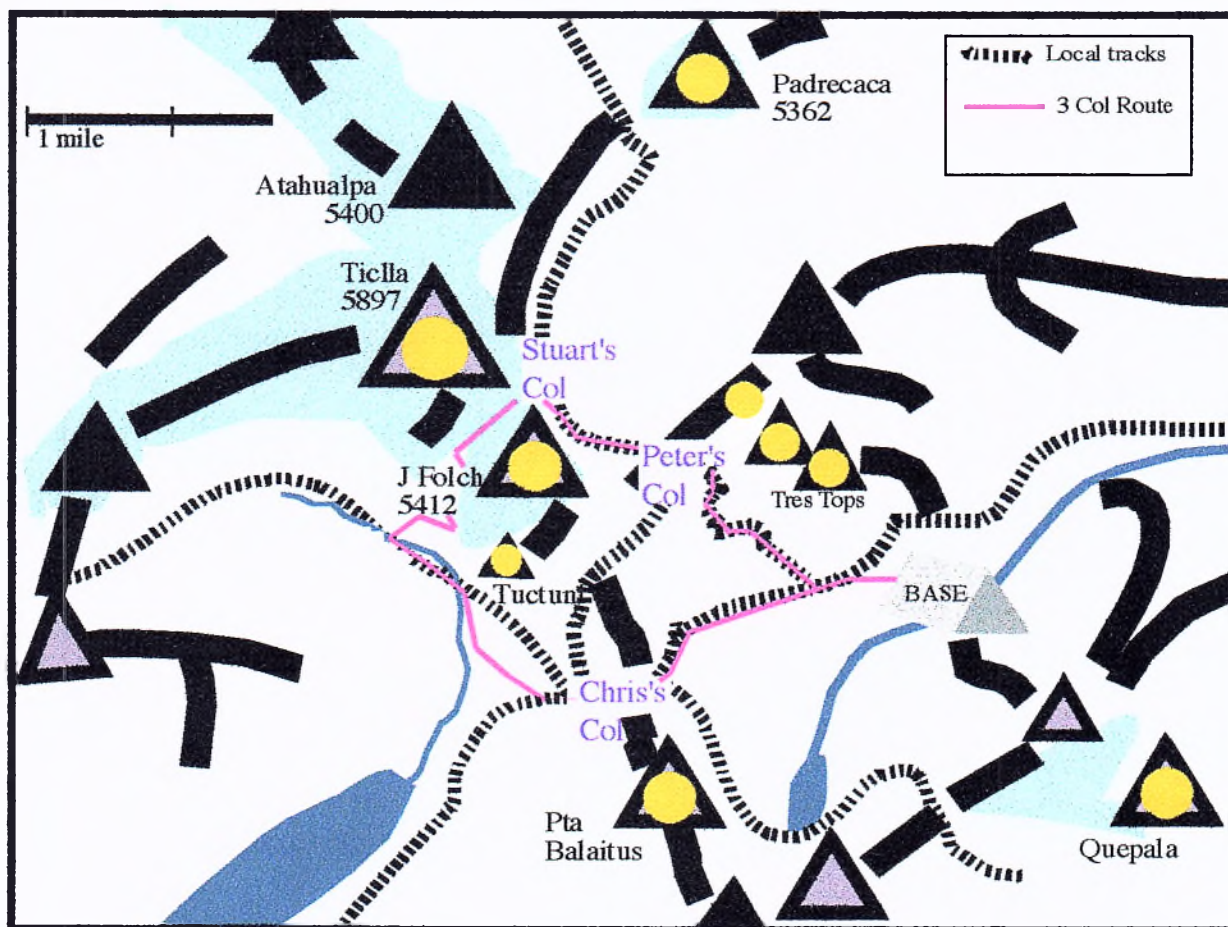
places as much as holding onto them; we then climbed a rock wall just next to the glacier. Above the wall we geared up, swapping my trainers for the plastic boots I had been carrying we put our crampons on and axes in hand climbed another thirty feet. It was here that the true nature of the summit was realised, we had climbed all the ice we were going to get, above us it was just shattered rock.

Devoid of snow and ice the last 300 foot to the summit was composed of loose blocks of various sizes, areas of shattered rock and 'scree', extreme care had to be taken. Having removed our crampons and laid aside axes Ken Chico set off first, he always did, especially when I gave him a shove. The route had to be picked with care as it was easy to send rock falling down. He managed quite well except for a nasty chimney where I had to dodge some bits and pieces that he obviously wanted me to have a look at straight away. After three pitches we reached the top and clung onto a shattered ledge just below an even more shattered summit. Opps! I've just realised we did not actually stand on that summit we just put the sheep there and put our hands on it so you might say we failed. Well we felt we climbed it whatever you think and we'll claim it anyway. After a few photos we said goodbye to Nevado Quepala Punta 5270m (17,290ft) and started to descend. The descent went well and just to return his favour I recall that I let a few nice stones shower around Ken on an interesting bit.

We rested at the bottom of the glacier and soaked in the last rays of the sun as it began to sink behind the flank of Ticlla. Here at the summit of Quepala was the smallest glacier I am ever likely to see. All that is left of the glacier that would have, in its prime, travelled for miles and miles was a stump of around 100 feet wide, 60 feet high and 90 feet deep. This nestled between the summit and a lower high point on the ridge descending north west. I made a few sketches and ate a Nutrablast bar while Ken ate some Thorntons Fudge. Revived we set off down the loose rocks knowing the time had the better of us. When we set out in the morning it was ten thirty and we thought 'let's just go and have a look', but we had just carried on and on forgetting the time really. It was now approaching 4.30pm and would probably be dark before we reached camp.

The light was dim when we reached the path again and darkness fell as we set about making the final descent of 1000ft to the valley bottom. We were getting tired now, there had been no real rests all day except for an odd ten minutes here and there so when Ken's torch gave out I got annoyed at him for not sorting his gear properly. We struggled on but Ken was tripping up a lot so I let him use my light and we continued.

The valley floor was very welcome, but the darkness was absolute. Above us the stars stood out as you can never see in the UK, the Milky Way was a ribbon across the sky. Camp was found at around seven thanks to someone shining their torch in our direction otherwise we could have walked right past it.



While Ken Chico and I were having an easy day Stuart Gallagher and Chris Woodall decided to make a traverse of the three cols if it was possible. This meant leaving base and heading west to Chris's Col then following the valley north where it lay underneath the west ridge of Ticlla and working their way up some rock outcrops to gain Stuart's col and then dropping down to the path that would lead them up to Peter's Col and base. This was a terrific effort and it gave Christopher, Stuart and the rest of us some idea of the situation on that side of Ticlla. Christopher developed ideas about climbing Ticlla from the West side by using either a huge rock buttress or a snow/ice couloir. Stuart had other ideas forming though.

We started to name the cols we visited after the various members who had first visited them in order that we could identify them. The names used are of course just for this report.

August 3rd dawned fine and everyone woke ready to try something interesting. Pamela set the tone by getting up first and putting the porridge on. This event she repeated more than anyone else, I think, and we were always pleased to find someone else in the cook tent first. There was no rush to be off and it was only slowly that pairs of people made themselves ready and set off from camp.

The first away were Christopher and myself, Christopher wanted to explore the rock which lay above Chris's Col on the Ticlla side, behind us came Pamela and David. They had spotted a good training walk to Pta Balaitus and followed us up to Chris's Col then turned left to follow the line of the ridge toward Llongote. They climbed all the high points on the ridge even the 'potato' that lay just before Pte. Balaitus.

Christopher and I started to climb up the grass slopes on the right of the pass then over rock and a gully of loose sand then rock again. It took us quite a long time to reach the crest of the lower ridge that led to the buttress Christopher had seen the day before. The going was easy but soon the real climbing began, Christopher would have got on a lot quicker by himself and would have soloed the climb if I had not been there. Christopher led and I followed, pitch followed pitch and at one point Christopher down climbed a pitch to retrieve some gear we had left at a lower point when we discovered the best way off at a higher elevation. The sun was beginning to dip when we reached the base of an evil looking tower and as we did not want to bivi we decided to abseil off. The abseil points were interesting to say the least and I was not at all sure of their safety on more than one occasion, but as Christopher always went first he must have trusted them. The descent took a long time and even the walk out below the scree run took a while and it was in the very last glimmers of light that we re-entered camp.



Christopher recalls the climb and subsequent rescue of his gear
YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE

An account of climbing on a satellite ridge of Ticlla by Christopher Woodall

We struggled slowly up shattered rock gullies, gendarmed ridges and sugar snow, unaccustomed to the altitude and feeling a distinct lack of confidence in the quality of the grey granite. I was never committed and shivered in the bitter wind blowing from the shadowed icy face onto which we had strayed. A glance at the sun showed late afternoon and the problems of a descent on a single 50m rope added to the creeping doubts.

What appeared to be the final tower looked close but uninviting with no obvious weakness on it's friable surface, beyond that the ridge stretched on and down towards a col through acres of penitente. It seemed a suitable moment to suggest that to continue would result in us being benighted. The response was not the one anticipated. Paul's eyes lit up. At that stage I didn't really know this guy and I thought, 'Hell, he would like to bivi!' Such suggestions were quickly pre-empted by reminding him that we had little more than 'T' shirts and windproofs. Undeterred, Paul added that we also had rucksacks to keep our feet warm. This failed to impress. He looked disappointed, he had allowed a wimp to join his trip but agreed to comedown.

Those who have climbed with me may have been just a little surprised to see me fixing good gear as abseil points, but the presumption was that we would be returning soon, perhaps even tomorrow. We down-climbed and rapelled off rounded bollards in worrying

low relief. I tried looking confident in order to win back a few credibility points and Paul followed without emotion, as if he dangled off such crap (nasty stuff) every day of the week. We returned to base as the sun sank behind Llongote and darkness heralded another long cold night. It was good to be in a tent.

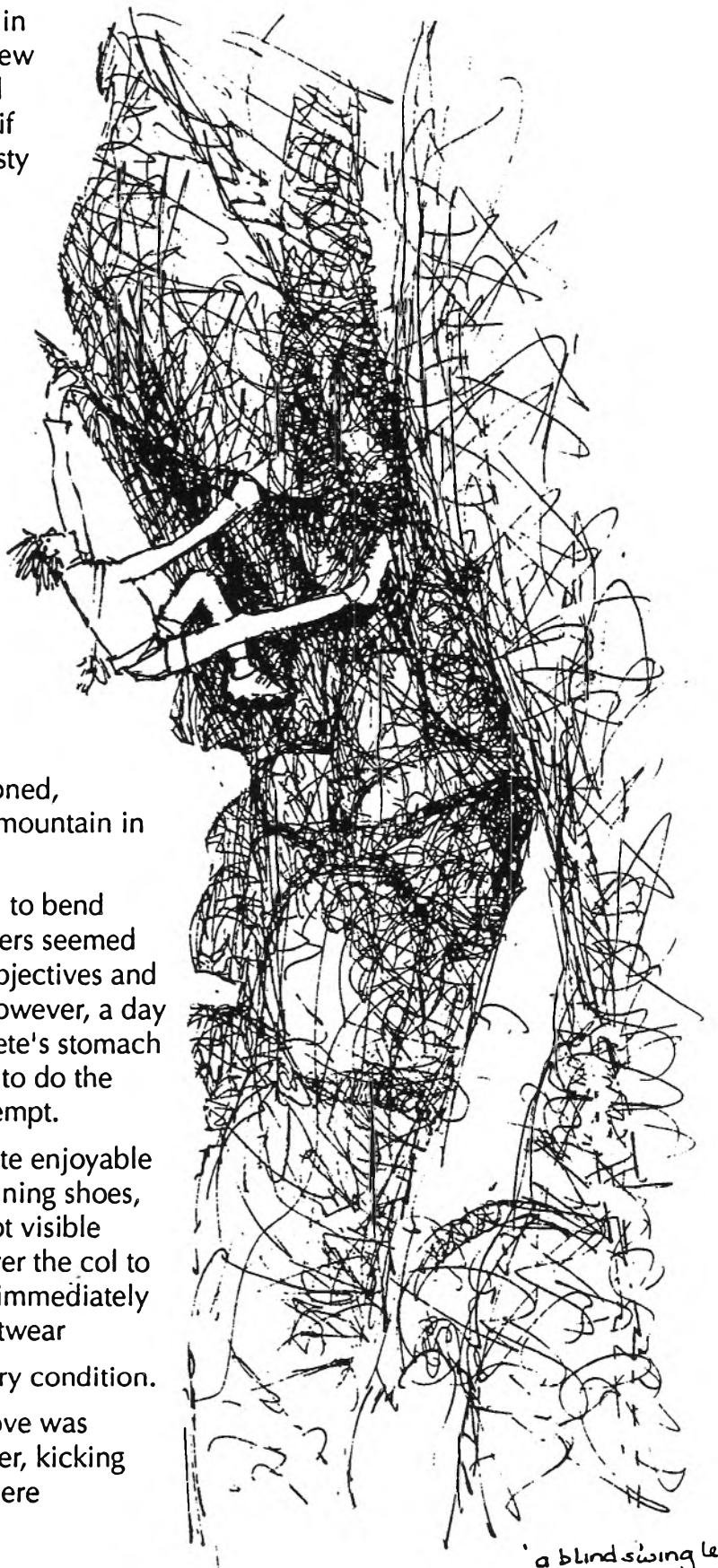
The days and weeks sped by and my chocks and crabs began to haunt me on sleepless nights. They owed me nothing, we'd been partners for many years, unequal partners as I relied on them. Caressed, praised, hammered and abused they had never once let me down, always protecting me when I was most vulnerable. Now they were abandoned, encased in snow on a wind swept mountain in a foreign land.

No, I couldn't leave them and tried to bend plans to climb that way but the others seemed unconcerned, there were greater objectives and besides, they still had their gear. However, a day or two of inactivity, as a result of Pete's stomach upset, left me with little option but to do the right thing and launch a rescue attempt.

The long haul up the scree was quite enjoyable in the cool conditions, wearing running shoes, but the actual line of ascent was not visible from base camp and scrambling over the col to reach the base of the initial gully I immediately regretted the decision taken on footwear

The ridge was now in a rather wintry condition.

A tentative attack on the steep groove was made, punching holes in the powder, kicking bendy soles into drifts, bridging where



'a blind swing left'

possible, until at last the first shining crab was located in a sentry box. The exit was by a hanging flake which, although now proven, still looked doubtful. A back-rope was clipped, a deep breath followed by a blind swing out left and nervous scrabbling led to more compact slabs above the bulge. Great, relax, first problem over. Unfortunately progress stopped abruptly, the back-rope jammed in the inverted flake below. More soul searching but the reverse with full knowledge of the 'grips' went simply and with confidence boosted it was back up without clipping the rope.

The slabs were pleasant, then a chimney, backing and footing, snapping icicles which tried to bar the way. Another step out onto snowy holds but again no joy, this time the free trailing ropes conjured a snag 50m below. The yo-yo pantomime continued, thankfully witnessed only by a pair of disinterested eagles. Eventually sitting astride the sharp spur which sported the highest of my abseil gear and contemplating the small, steep snow field above I felt my belt. It was heavier and complete.

The job was done and good sense prevailed.

Peter, Ken Chico and Ken Grandé had had their own exploration while Christopher and I were out on the rock buttress

A Day out on the Ridge

by Peter Holden

My left knee had become extremely painful having strained it whilst jogging down to Miraflores from base camp between load carries. I became almost immobilised and had to resort to anti-inflammatory tablets, rest and an elasticised knee roll. It was so bad I could not envisage it recovering quickly - but a day of complete relaxation seemed to ease it enormously and I determined to give it a go on the hill.

Immediately above the base camp there was a small valley giving out to a couloir leading to the ridge 800m above and I decided to explore this. A few hundred metres from the camp there were some stone walls enclosing small sheep compounds and built-in to these there was a small circular stone hut with a neat thatched roof uninhabited at that time but it was obviously still in regular use - a most primitive and rudimentary shelter.

The valley was pleasant enough and I eased my way up it without straining my knee. Soon I was on a boulder field and gaining height quite quickly, and as I did so the detail of the mountain became more apparent and various options for ascent emerged. On closer inspection the couloir looked to be less attractive being filled with poor snow and loose rocks. I decided to break out to a ramp system running parallel to and above the couloir. This was approached by some very smooth, glaciated slabs for about 100m which required care to ascend and gave me concern for the descent. Above the ramp was appalling broken rock and some tricky, short rock walls which lead to easy snow and the ridge. The views from this ridge were superb - immediately across the valley was the South-East face of Ticlla and to the North of this was an attractive small snowy peak which seemed to offer a good training climb. The walk to this would be over a col (Peter's Col) and then following a tremendous looking trail crossing the very steep flank of Ticlla, and traversing some cliffs on the way.

I had thought of traversing my ridge down to this col, but the rock was so poor that I discounted this immediately. Well the knee had survived ascending but it was in descent that it had packed up before - so how would it fare? Back down the same way seemed the realistic, if conservative, option. The short rock walls are always more difficult when climbing down and these were no exception and the exposure also seems to be greater in descent. It was with relief that I got down these walls and decided to seek an alternative to down-climbing the smooth slabs. Whilst contemplating this I was surprised to hear an echoing "Helloah" and on looking around saw way below me two figures ascending a fine looking ridge. I hailed and waved to them to indicate where I was until they acknowledged. I carried on descending and began prospecting an alternative route down, which involved finding a way through some quite steep rocky ground. As I was poking about above this void I was hailed again from much closer this time and looked up to see the figures clearly up on the ridge way up above me. I called to them and waved until they could see me amongst the broken ground. I then thought that I might join them if I could find a way up the steep ridge to them from a col to my left. First I had to ascend for a while before I could traverse to the col and then consider the best line of ascent. I traversed some loose broken rocks from the col and then had to ascend a steep groove in a very exposed situation. A few stretched bridging moves and a nervous pull on a flake saw me up this and onto easier ground leading back to the crest of the ridge. This rose up in a series of steep steps, but was solved by an unexpected traverse line round to the other flank and a very pleasant climb on sound rock to meet up with the two Kens. It was good to join them and they told me that their ridge was a very good scramble. We descended this and it was very very good. At the bottom we decided to go down to a lake on the left at the end of a very fine valley. The lake had been dammed to raise its level to better supply water for an irrigation channel. It was a beautiful spot with excellent views up the valley to some impressive looking peaks, but in reality probably much too loose rock for comfort. Whilst relaxing here we were surprised when Stuart emerged at the lake having taken a stroll up from base. We all descended after a very fine day out. I was particularly pleased that my knee had held out. It was interesting to see that the irrigation channel had been damaged and had not been repaired, and yet the dam was only raised in the 1970's

From Peter's Col we had all seen an interesting peak that looked straight forward enough to be used as a 'training' peak before we tried to tackle Ticlla. On the 4th August half the team set off to Padrecaca, the route lay over Peter's Col and down a path the other side. This path looked good where we joined it but across the valley it seemed to traverse a sheer cliff, we hoped Stuart, Ken Grandé, Pamela and David would find the going OK. The reason we decided to split the group up into two fours was that it meant base camp would not be left unattended for too long. As the second group set out the first would be returning.

The weather down the valley to the east had been looking unsettled for a couple of days and we had seen lightening there in the evenings, on the morning of the 5th cloud had seeped up and over our own mountains and we wondered if the first group would be making the ascent they had planned. By ten or eleven the weather had cleared somewhat and the cloud was now broken so Peter, Christopher, Ken Chico and I set off up towards Peter's Col. Somehow despite thought and rethought my sack still



Padrecaca

NEVADO UMAN
5431

NEVADO ANCOVILICA
5447

5346

NEVADO
ALTARNIYOC

L. HUASCACOCHA

L. HUIROCOCHA

The view North from Padrecaca

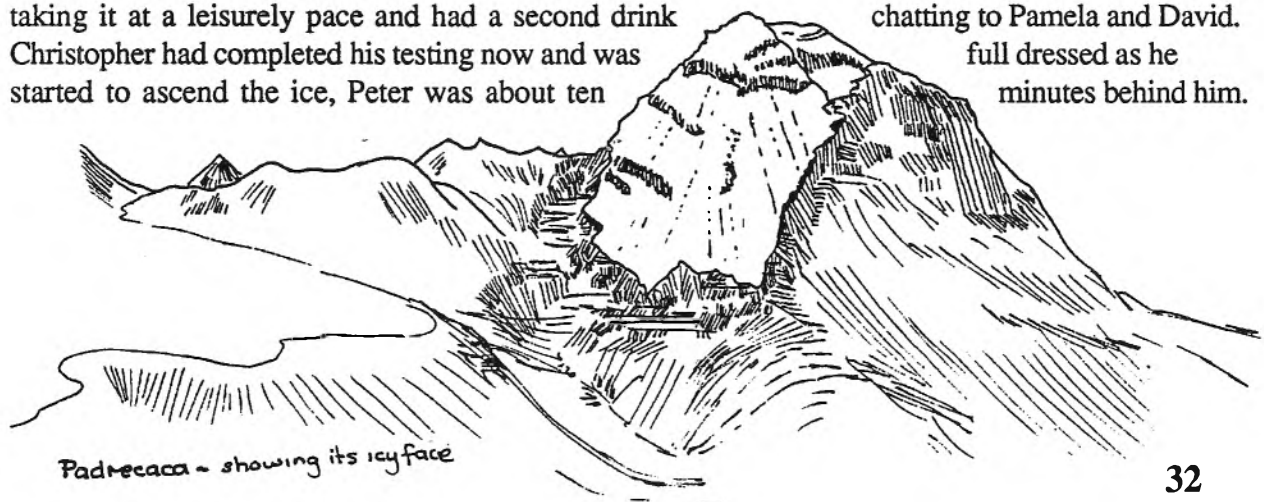


seemed heavy. Ken Chico and I tried a new way to the col but it was more difficult than the original so by the time we reached the col Peter and Christopher were over it and half a mile ahead on the track that went round the head of the next valley. The rumours that we were behind because of any other reason like not being as fit as the older members of the group are just malicious. We descended the path in front of us straining our eyes to see how the path crossed the blank bit, we still could not tell but supposed that the earlier party had managed it successfully. In the event the path clambered over some rocks which as why the path had seemed to disappear.

The path kept going and the distance to Padrecaca was more than I had thought, eventually we turned a corner and could see our destination in front of us. We left the path which was still climbing and descended towards the bivi. We could see four people now two heading towards the mountain and two returning to base. As we neared the bottom of the slope before starting the climb up to the base of the mountain we met Ken Chico and Stuart. They had made the climb successfully and in good time though they had indeed delayed their start that morning due to the heavy cloud and unsettled weather. They explained that David and Pamela were still at the bivi as they had taken longer over the climb, they had waited at the bivi site to see them safely off the steep slopes and then started back. We found out that Norris the Gnome was on the top of the hill and Ken was appointed chief rescuer.

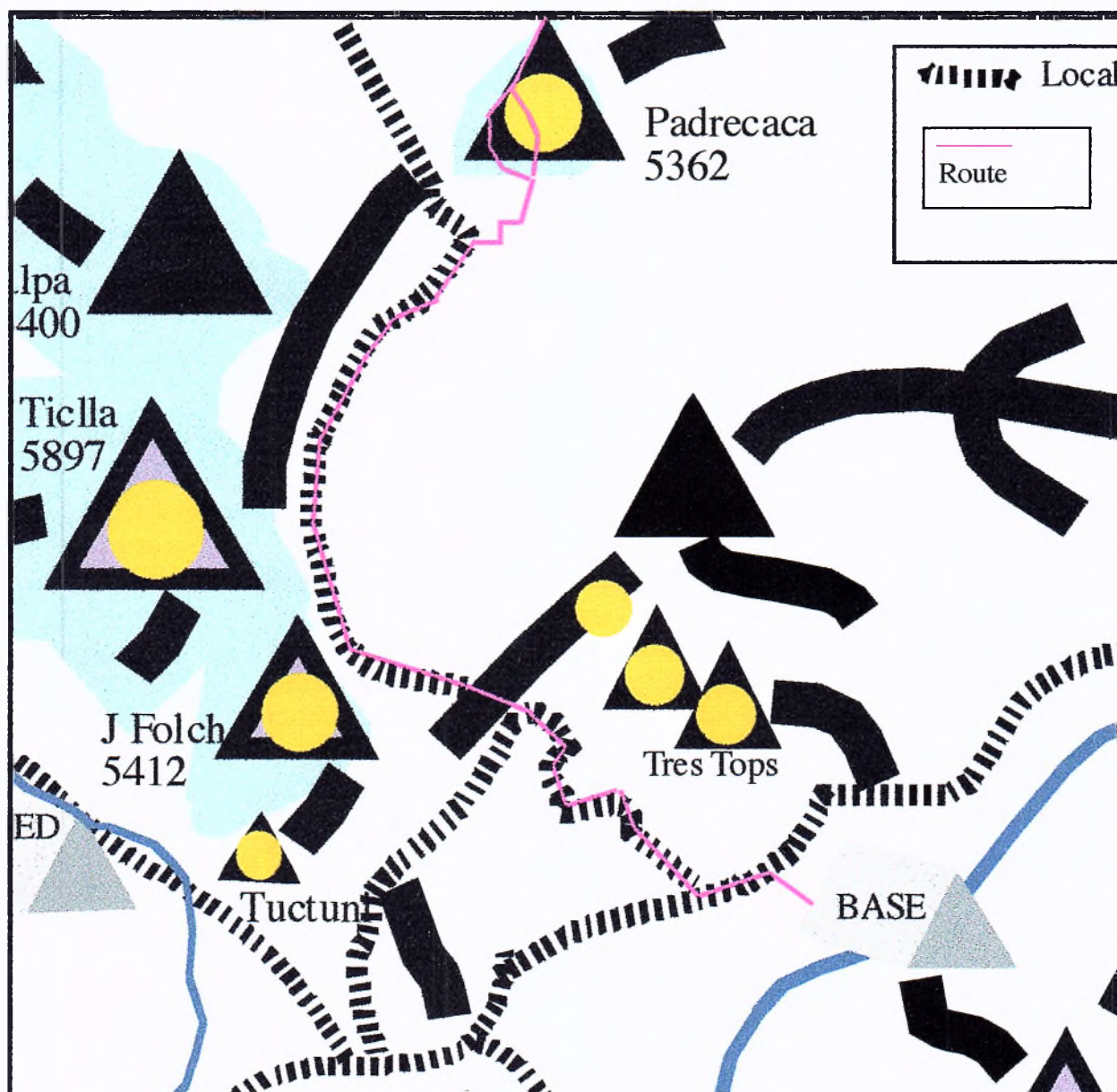
The uphill bit to the bivi site took a long time as it was over large boulders and loose scree, but we got there in the end to find Peter's Saunders SpacePacker fly up and ready for habitation. Christopher was involved in some sort of testing which meant he had to sleep out on the rock in only his thermal socks. "You need to know just how good your gear really is.", he said as Pamela averted her eyes. Pamela and David were not getting ready to depart as we had expected but had decided to stay the night as they were feeling tired after the descent and the lateness of the hour now would have probably meant them descending from Peter's Col to camp in the dark, not a pleasant prospect as Ken Chico and I were to find out. We shared some of the Nutra Blast, Thorntons' Fudge and drinks we had brought with David and Pamela who were out of food by now and tucked into our HotPack ready meals.

Just as the sun was going down I sprinkled some Cocoa leaves on the surface of the little lake just above our little 'camp'. The night was cold and it snowed a little, Peter, Ken Chico and I slept well but the thermal socks that Christopher wore did not quite live up to his expectations and we arose to discover that in the night he had had to put on his woolly hat as well! The sky was covered in a dark cloud and snow showers continued to fall during breakfast. Another HotPack meal a drink and we were away, well not quite. Peter and Christopher were always in front of us so we had to pretend to be taking it at a leisurely pace and had a second drink chatting to Pamela and David. Christopher had completed his testing now and was full dressed as he started to ascend the ice, Peter was about ten minutes behind him.



Just a point here about climbing pairs, while Ken Chico and I not only climb together within chatting distance and tie together whenever possible or a dangerous 30° rears up in front of us. Peter and Christopher not only did not climb near each other they even missed each other on the top of the mountain. To me this is taking independence and self sufficiency to an extreme.

The other six members had taken the left hand ridge from the start but Ken and I decided to be different or perhaps we just are different. We began our ascent near the lowest ice which put us in the centre of the face below an interesting ice cave. We started off on easy angled ice but it soon became steeper and we came to a halt level with the cave, at first I thought about going over to say hello but on further consideration I decided against it. The danger of falling ice, one knock and you're out, convinced me not to bother to see if anyone was at home. Before we set off I buried some Cocoa leaves in a small hole and then we roped up and started our traverse to the left hand ridge. We had looked at a route straight up the face but the rock bands which interrupted the snow looked evil so we opted for cowardice.

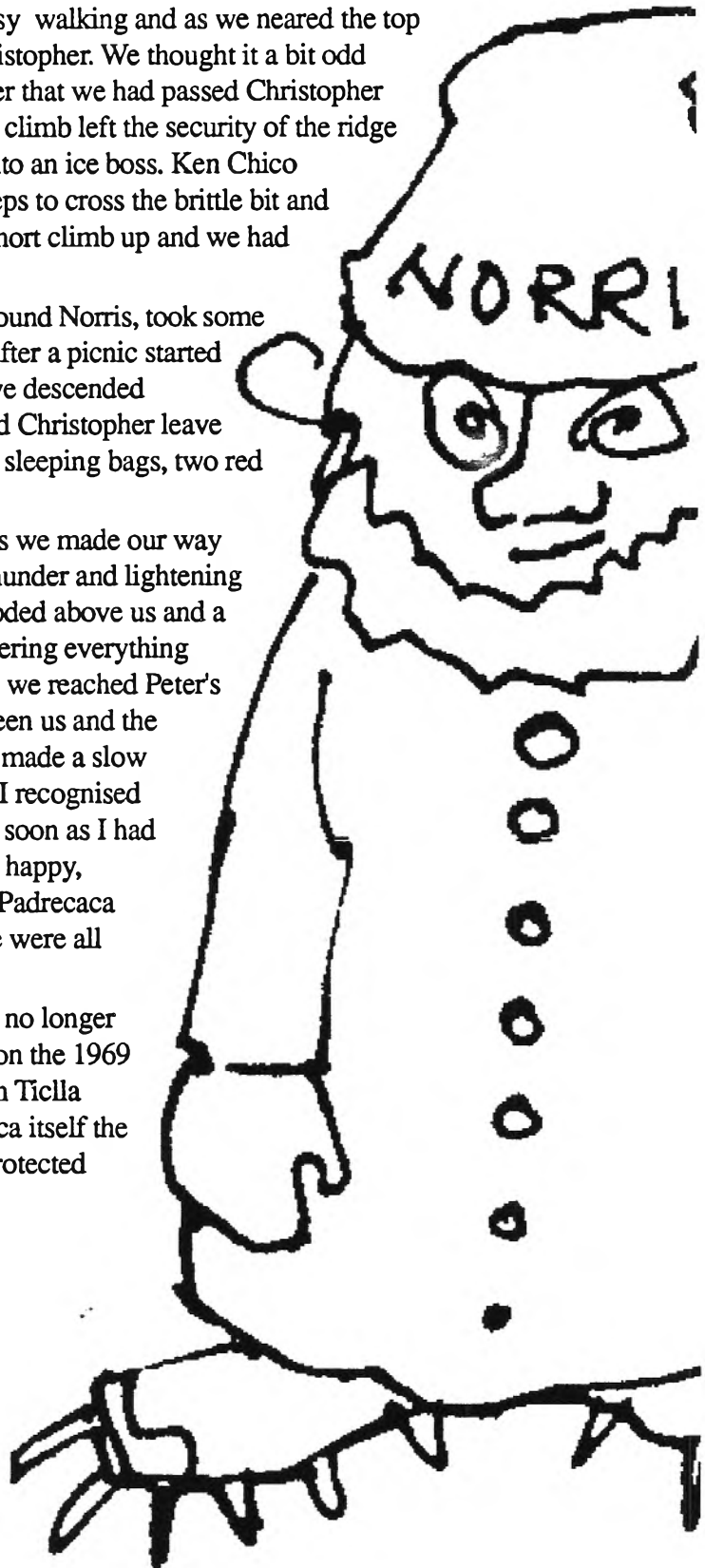


We crossed the good snow, the surgery snow, the rock and then ascended a steeper ice ramp as we climbed to the ridge. The ridge was easy walking and as we neared the top we came across Peter still looking for Christopher. We thought it a bit odd really, mislaying ones partner but told Peter that we had passed Christopher quite a bit lower down. The next bit of the climb left the security of the ridge with its nice footsteps and ventured out onto an ice boss. Ken Chico belayed and I set off, it only took a few steps to cross the brittle bit and soon I was finding deeper snow again, a short climb up and we had reached the top.

The top was to our surprise flat. We found Norris, took some photos, I made a couple of sketches then after a picnic started the descent. Apart from the top ice pitch we descended unroped. Half way down we saw Peter and Christopher leave the bivi site and all we could see were our sleeping bags, two red blobs of colour on the brown rocks.

Our walk back was quite eventful. As we made our way back over the rocky outcrop on the path thunder and lightening which had been further off suddenly exploded above us and a little later the snow fell in large flakes covering everything including us in a matter of minutes. When we reached Peter's Col the sky was black and the rocks between us and the camp very slippery. I lost the way and we made a slow descent in a zig zag manner, occasionally I recognised some place but seemed to lose my way as soon as I had found it again. We reached base damp but happy, everyone had made a successful climb of Padrecaca 5362m (17,592ft) by its SSW face and we were all safely back.

One point of note is the Padrecaca is no longer joined to Ticlla by glaciation as is shown on the 1969 Peruvian map. The ice running down from Ticlla stops well before the pass and on Padrecaca itself the only ice was on this SSW face which is protected from the sun.



The Expedition

Travelogue

An Interlude

Thursday 7th August is best summed up with this diary entry from my exercise book,

"Today the snow continued from last night and we have been sitting in a veritable gray mist with showers of snow from time to time. I went for a very slow walk up the valley (towards Chris's Col) and back again while the rest read, made tea and wrote, though Peter was also out and about somewhere.

At lunch Pamela made mini pancakes which were delicious and then retired to her tent. I have been writing up the climbs so far achieved by Ken and myself. I made a 'door' for the cook-tent and put a few stones in for pans to rest on before coming in (to the tent) to complete climb 2 (Padrecaca) and this little bit.

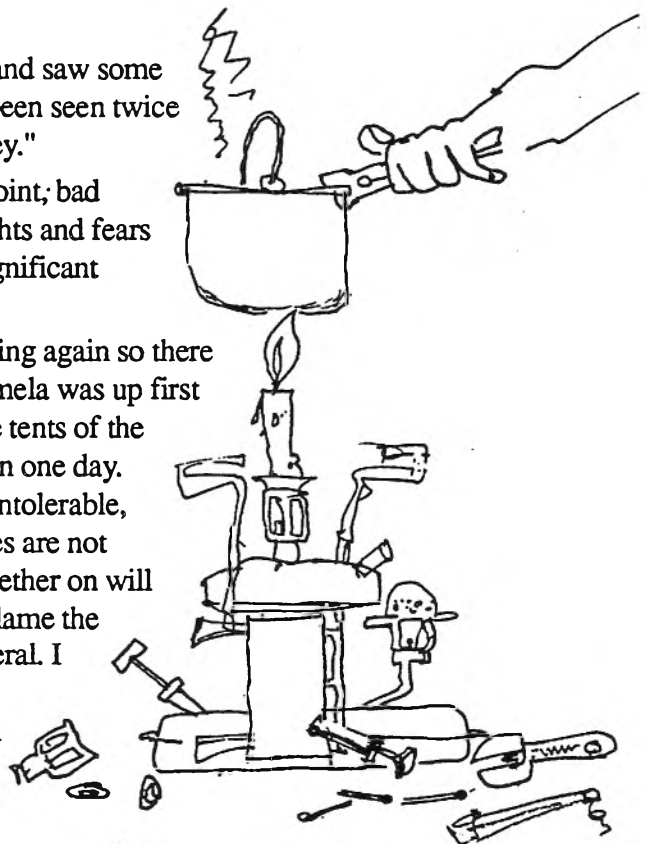
Birds seen today

- 1) Blue Grey
- 2) Yellow Breast
- 3) Browns

also disturbed a grouse type bird yesterday and saw some birds with more pointed wings. A large bird has been seen twice over ridges - black. Peter saw a falcon in the valley."

The moral of the group plummeted at this point, bad weather itself is bad enough but there were thoughts and fears about future climbing if the snow dumped any significant amounts on the mountains.

Again my diary:- Friday 8th August Snowing again so there was no activity except from the book readers. Pamela was up first and made the porridge and Peter took some to the tents of the 'I'll lie here' group. Ken Chico completes a book in one day. With nothing to do people are finding the nights intolerable, Christopher says he has had little sleep. Our stoves are not working at all well and it seems pot luck as to whether on will work properly or at all. We are not sure what to blame the fuel the seals the poorness of manufacture in general. I decided that staying in the tent all day was not an option so set off for Pte. Balaitus and Peter joined me.



We set off at a good slow pace heading towards Chris's Col to where Peter had seen the Falcons. When we reached the shepherds cave we had a scout round and Peter found a mathematical problem on the torn out page of an exercise book which he decided to keep I left a sweet bar tucked into the wall in its place. There was a rock hearth set behind the rock wall at one end and some dirty sheep skins at the other. A well polished stone in the centre had been used often as a seat. Outside the cave was a flat area that would have been used to collect the sheep in and all round it were torn pieces of polythene, tied onto sticks, continually fluttering in the wind perhaps acting like scarecrows.

We continued up the valley along our spur and gradually gained height the snow along this area was insignificant and boded well for the amount that would have fallen higher up. As we climbed the wind became stronger and as we reached the crest I felt very cold. Just below the crest we found a sheltered corner and Peter put on his gloves and ate some Nutra Blast, I did the same.

The summit lump was gained by scrambling up a snowy gully and suddenly we were out of the wind. Somehow the summit was calm and we took in the cloudy scene that lay all around us. On a clear day this would be a great view point but today Llongote, Ticlla and even Quepala were hidden. "Rather a Scottish day", commented Peter.

As we descended we came across an area that had a series of small stone walls, I could see no reason for them but they reminded me of something I had see on TV. The Ice-Mummy programme was about children who had been 'sacrificed' on the tops of mountains and the area on the TV seemed to have similarities here, Of course there were no little Mummies for me to find but I still could not work out why anyone would build these walls.

Further down we came across more lakes that had been dammed then abandoned, perhaps the melt water had diminished so much that it was no longer worth keeping them up. Behind one of the lakes we came across a wonderful stone column, somehow it balanced in the harsh winds and we wondered just how and what it marked.

The night was very windy and strong gusts of wind tore round the camp, I wondered about the cook 'tent', my socks drying on the line and Stuart's and Ken Grandé's tent. All were well in the morning though Stuart muttered something about hanging on for dear life to one of the poles. I think this has been the coldest night so far, that would please Peter I thought as he had said it was much too warm for this height 4450m (14,600ft) There was a little more snow but not much and what had kept me awake was the spindrift blowing against the tents.

I was up first on Saturday 9th August and got the MSR going nicely, I made some milk-rice which I really enjoyed as a change from porridge, the others did not agree and porridge was made later. Everyone was up early and Christopher ever the outward bound masochist had a wash in the still frozen stream.

Ken woke to tell me that it was Ronnie's birthday, Opps! I forgot to tell him on the 5th about Richard. The weather seems to be moving towards better conditions as the grey clouds are a lighter grey and there are occasional glimpses of blue between them.

The Expedition

Travelogue

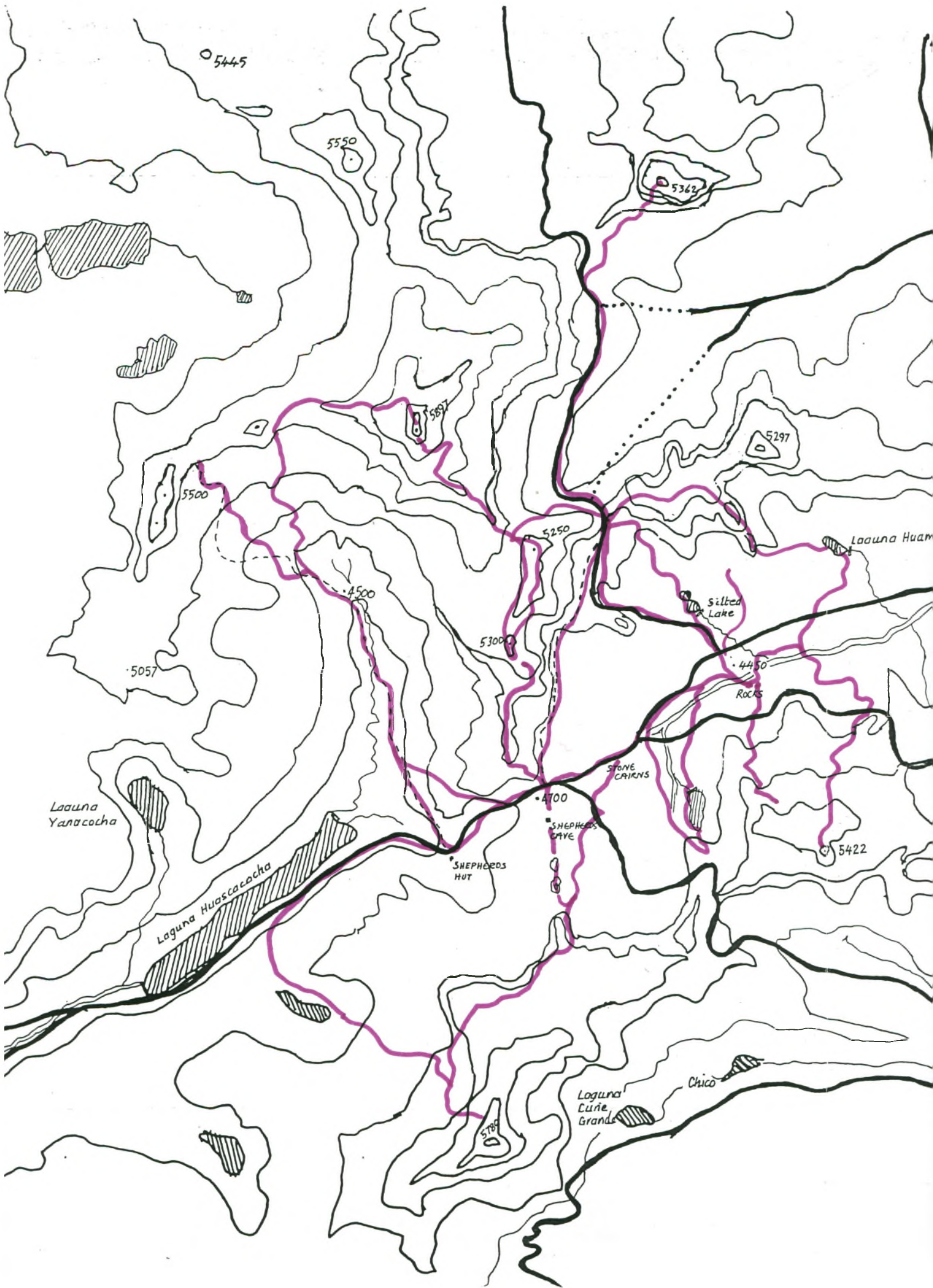
A New Start

August the 10th was better from the start and spirits were higher from the moment we woke. After some discussion in the morning we decided to make a carry to the next valley, Peter and Christopher were going to stay there and have a go at some line or another, Pamela and David took their own gear and some extras and I took some food. My sack included an extra kilo of rice, some biscuits and pots of jam for some chap who had greeted Christopher and Stuart as they passed on their three col spree. To this day I still wait to meet him! In the end we gave all this stuff to the 'Col Shepherd'. Ken Grandé also helped by bringing some stuff as far as the Shepherds hut over Chris's Col. From there Christopher and I took it on.

This was the first time most of us had crossed Chris's Col so we were seeing new places and new views. Just over the col at 12.15pm we met with a donkey man who had about seven animals of all different sizes. We could not ask where he was off to thought by the tracks seen on our return later that day it was Miraflores. The snow was deep on this side of the col so walking in my trainers seemed not such a good idea and by the end of the day my feet really ached.

At the Shepherds hut where Ken Grandé left us Christopher tried to find the young lady, about 9 or 10, he had seen on his last visit. He wanted to leave some chocolate for her but there was no one in so we went on our way. We descended into the next valley by a sheep track bearing right, the main track went left here and along a wonderful looking lake called Lugana Huascacocha. Our route headed almost due north following the small river Quebrada Ayaviri. The track went on and on with Christopher usually in the lead and the rest of us wondering how much further he would take us. Eventually after passing a Shepherds or Cow-herders rock we began to climb up towards an area below a huge scree. At its base was a meadow with streams cutting through it. There were cows in residence and we had some concern about them trampling all over the tents and gear but they just ignored us all the time we and the tents were there. David, Pamela and I were getting concerned about the time now as it was approaching three and we had only one torch between us for the return journey. While the three of us rested Peter and Christopher explored the whole area and in the end after we had departed came back to where we had stopped in the first place.

It was just after three when we set off for the return journey to base, by the time we reached the col it was covered in mist and very cold I was by far the slowest going up and Pamela the fastest. Once over the top I was able to speed up and even got in front of Pamela who waited for David. We reached camp together at around five thirty in a grey gloom.



NEVADO
UMÁN

— Extent of travel/exploration.



4 K.

- TRACKS
- DISUSED TRACKS
- - - MINOR TRACKS
- == DRIVABLE ROAD
- == LARGE STREAMS
- SMALL STREAMS
- WATER
- CONTOURS (Indicating lie of the land)

a Huamallacocha

SHEPHERDS HUT.

BRIDGE

SHEPHERDS HUT.

SHRUB
CACTUS

Land slip

MIRAFLORES

ROAD TO TINCO ALIS (TINTIN)

Laguna Verdecocha

Laguna Canacocha Grande

Chico

PINOS

CARANIA

The evening improved a little and it seemed to be clearing from the east, we even saw a few stars. Then low cloud rolled in again and the wind increased giving us another windy night. Pamela saw just a lone star in the middle of the night when on a nocturnal visit. In the morning heavy cloud was above us and mist covered the valley from just below camp.

No one had any enthusiasm and there seemed little reason to set off to advanced base. I lay in my sleeping bag with my head out of the door looking up at the scudding clouds overhead, their shape ever changing in the high winds. Pamela up first again made the porridge and that brought us all out of our tents to discuss the day and its attractions. As the morning wore on the day improved but remained cold. We had intended to return to advanced base but Pamela and David decided to use this as a rest day and I was unsure about making a third in Peter and Christopher's party. They worked well together and knew each others limitations which were well above mine, I decided to stay as well. The plan developed and the idea was that Pamela, David and Ken Grandé would go round the next day for an attack on the long ridge above advanced base; Stuart's idea having traversed all the area with Christopher was to use Peter's Col and Stuart's Col to gain access to the interesting SE face. Ken Chico liked the idea so I was left wondering what I should do, go round to support Peter and Christopher or join this new group. In the end I decided to go with Stuart's initiative. There were even ideas of traversing round to include the peak that lay beyond Ticlla. The day improved all the time and in the afternoon we had clear skies with cloud only over Ticlla.

In the afternoon I walked up the valley to a moraine lake below the west face of Quepala and got some better shots of the mountain and saw some interesting rock formations and plants. From the lake I could see how the Burro track climbed up the steep rock and scree ridge to gain access to the next valley. There Burro men are mountaineers themselves! The day continued cold but mostly clear and the evening looked promising.

No one could quite work out how big David's wardrobe was, besides his four pairs of trousers which included a fluorescent pair of stretch pink 'leggings', he seemed to have a fleece for not only every day of the week but for every day of every week. A couple of people even say they witnessed him changing his fleece halfway through a day on a couple of occasions but that may just have been rumour. David always decided which clothes to take on an excursion the day before leaving but invariably resorted them before setting off on the next day.

Our easy day was in stark contrast to Christopher and Peter;



A journey of miles

The modern day Conquistadors come searching,
Villagers stare out from the darkness,
Different clothes and smells,
With a phrase book in our holsters,
We shoot blind,
Arranging deals,
Clicking our heels,
It's always Manyana,
But tomorrow never comes,
The local language we fail to grasp,
A sense of importance invades our space,
Hidden eyes,
Hidden face
Escapes.



Time melts into nothing,
Books read at speed,
Meals cooked and eaten,
While we look weather beaten,
The snow never stops,
Hampering our journey,
Of sharp ridges and snow domes,
Using snow to build our home,



Flying ever upwards,
To climb over mountains,
Racing through valleys,
Open roads and oceans,
Cast aside a shell,
Onto a new horizon,
We trip and slide
into the open arms of an angel,
As we scream then die.

Ken Findlay



Cutuni, Cotoni or Tiella ?

The Expedition

Travelogue

Unfrequented Snow

Climbs of Ticlla 5897m (19,347ft) in the Cordillera Central

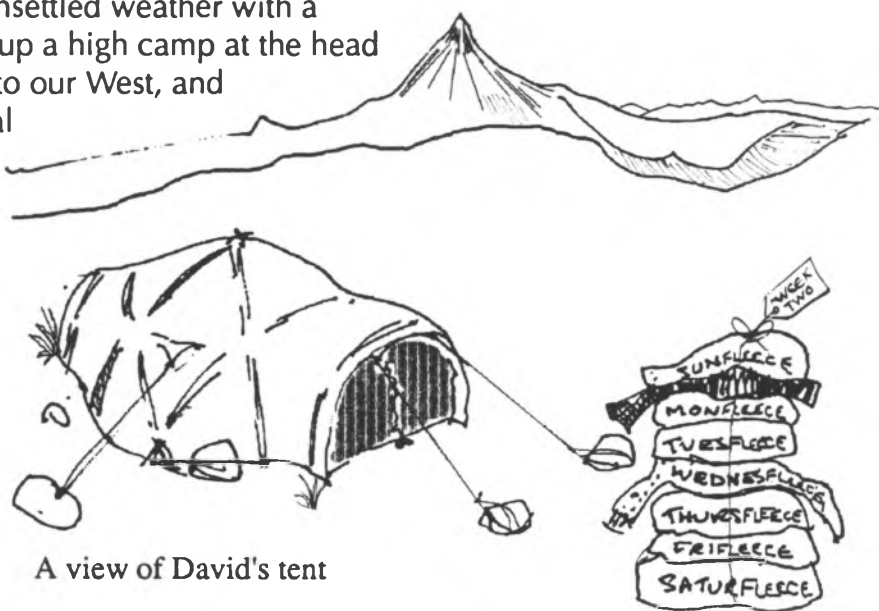
Part 1

Peter Holden and Chris Woodall

The story is told from 10th August

From base camp we could see the snowy summit of Ticlla rising above a high rocky intervening ridge, and from this nearer ridge we later gained closer views of this side of the peak. But for me the rest of the mountain was an unknown quantity. Chris had been over the col at the head of our valley [Western Col] and down and round to the other side of the mountain twice and came back with descriptions of steep complex faces, rock buttresses and an easy ridge. These he turned into a fine watercolour view with his excellent artistic skills. We spent some time debating the possibilities on the mountain during a five-day period of bad weather. This turbulence deposited a considerable amount of fresh powder snow on the hills and meant that at the first break in the weather we decided to go round to the other side of the mountain to inspect conditions.

Six of us set off in the still unsettled weather with a definite objective of setting up a high camp at the head of the valley over the ridge to our West, and with open minds as to actual action depending on what we saw there. As we descended into this Western valley Ticlla was seen partly veiled in cloud but clearly displaying a huge amount of fresh snow on it. In fact Ken Grandé declared that he would return to base from that vantage point as he thought the mountain needed a few sunny days to clear the snow before he wished to attempt it.



A view of David's tent

Ticlla 5897m

Views Top to bottom. 1) From SSW 2) from SW 3) Close up of summit from Nevado Hraynacutuni



We took some gear from him and descended to the valley floor and then plodded up to the site of our high camp. Most of us found this gear carry a great exertion and were well pleased to finally get to the site, after a three hour trek, and deposit gear. Chris and I set about establishing camp whilst David, Pamela and Paul took a short rest before returning all the way back to base.

The campsite was excellent, well situated, pitched on grass between two small streams. Just below the end of a large glacial moraine at 4400m. (14,436ft) In fact the grazing cows gave us some concern because we wondered how they might treat our tents - but in the event they just ignored us. We pitched my Saunders Spacepacker Plus fly and the two-man Goretex single skin Gemini. We both slept in the latter and used the Saunders as a store and for cooking in.

The next morning there was heavy cloud cover on the mountain and we were a little unsure as to what to do. In the event we decided to travel light and ascend at least to the col 700m above, with the possibility of going higher if things improved. So we set off at 7:30 with a few food bars [Nutra Blast and Thorntons' fudge], a bottle of drink and a bivi bag each.

The crest of the moraine was followed to a rock outcrop and then we teetered across the moraine flank on an icy animal track to the valley and up this under scudding grey clouds to the glacier. The col above looked quite close, but progress was appalling slow as we floundered up in the deep powder snow. Or, more truthfully, I floundered in the trail that Chris blazed with his strong mountain runners legs. The snow just got deeper and softer and in places we could progress only by leaning into the slope with our ski stick held horizontal in both hands and resting on the snow. Whilst engaged in this little stretch of purgatory the clouds blew away and the sun burned down on us from a deep blue sky. The steeper slope beneath the col was firmer snow and we reached the col after about four hours labour.

The ridge ahead looked easy, the only uncertainty was the extent of the crevasses just below the summit. The weather was fine and looked settled and I was knackered (jolly tired) and told Chris that I was not coming up to this col again - so we had to get up the mountain even if it meant a bivouac on the descent.

The views to the North were superb, in the next valley a group of mountains with quite fine icy faces and beyond these really fine isolated snowy peaks in the distance. In the near foreground to the West were some incredibly impressive vertical granite walls which Chris had dubbed 'The Red Towers'

Our ridge was easy-angled, but progress was impaired by the 300 - 450mm high névé penitent, which was a pain to stagger over. We stopped for a rest and I checked the time. Well as best I could as I cannot read without glasses - 2:30 I announced. Chris gasped! "At this rate we will never get up the mountain" he said; "Well maybe you should read the time." I said, and so it was deemed to be only 12:30 and the peak was possible. We decided to leave our rucksacks at that point and go on with the minimum of gear.

The slopes steepened around the serac barrier and we had to think out the route amongst the crevasses, eventually exiting onto the summit ridge to find that it was a broad easy penitent slope to the top. It was 3:15 when we reached the summit and thus we had taken about seven hours to plod our way up the hill and in three hours it would be dark. We stayed for just a few

minutes and cooled off very quickly in the cold breeze and moved off on the descent. Our rucksacks were tiny specks down on the ridge and looked a long way away. But the descent was made very rapidly and we were soon down to the sacks and enjoyed magnificent views, in the evening light, across to a red hued Llongote ; and at the col we were thrilled at seeing a superb 'brocken spectre' thrown onto the cloud that had filled-in to our valley.

Below the col the snow was now fine and even on the glacier it was not too bad progressing down our previously hard-won trail. We kept the pace up down below the

glacier in the boulder valley, up onto the moraine crest and down to the camp in the last of the light. From this moraine we had enjoyed the sight of a herd of about twenty Vicuna as they fleetingly swept below us and were soon out of sight. These are the small, rare version of the Llama family and we were very pleased to have had this sight of them.

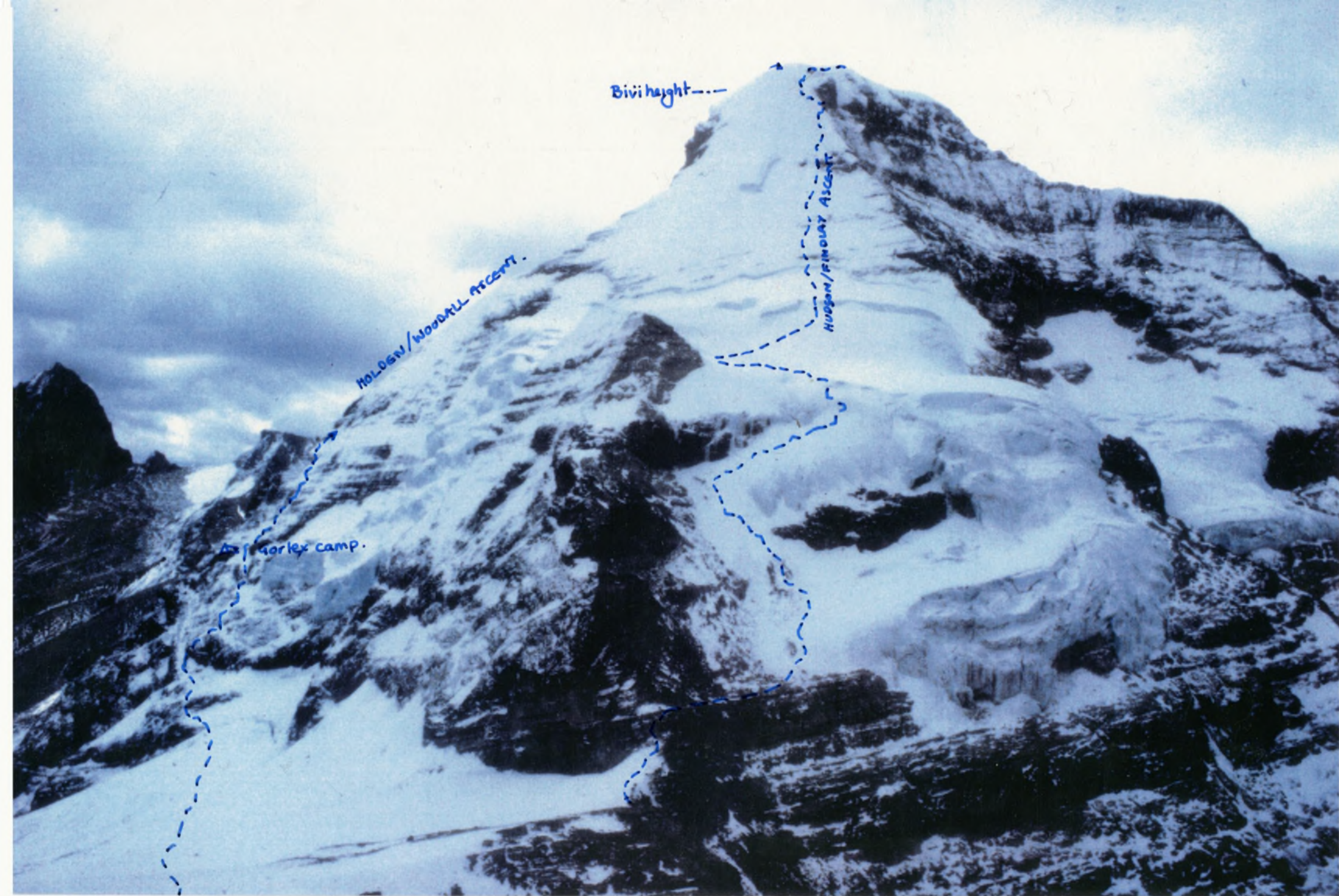
The camp was unoccupied, obviously the others had delayed their return. We had to confess to enjoying this solitude without having to take others into consideration. Another 'boil-in-the-bag' meal was prepared, well washed down with plenty of liquid. My small Optimus stove did not like the 'Benzina Blanca', and was a little temperamental.

(Was this a lost day I wondered as I woke on the 12th August to clear skies. Pamela, David and Ken Grandé left first, just after lunch leaving Stuart, Ken Chico and myself to depart just after them in a different direction. Christopher and Peter were now returning to base having already climbed Ticlla.)

The morning dawned really fine and frosty and it was great to relax, breakfast and slowly pack up our gear. The camp was visited by a 'walking' hawk which strolled about close-by' across the stream, until it lazily flew off down the valley.

Eventually we walked down the valley and up to the Western Col. Below the col we met David, Pam and Ken on their way to the advance camp. We briefed them on the route up Ticlla and wished them well. At the col we waited for a herd of cows which we had seen travelling well behind us. As they breasted the col we saw the herdsman and asked if we could take his photo - he agreed and spirited from amongst the cows his two daughters to be included. These girls were a magnificent sight, the eldest perhaps age twelve and the youngest perhaps age eight; but she was really quite small. This youngest had a splendid face and gazed at us with wondrous eyes, and what a sight she beheld. Me in my bright yellow shorts, what did she think? Chris organised a few goody bars for them and the elder sister reached out eagerly to grasp these. But where had they come from and where were they going to? They had probably travelled for half a day to the col and there was nowhere within at least another half days walk, and that over an even higher col than the one we were on. The herd moved off and the small girl followed slowly behind glancing back over her shoulder at the strange apparition she had met (imagined?) at the col.

When we got back to base it was unoccupied as Paul, Ken Chico and Stuart had gone up to the East side of Ticlla. Again we relished the solitude and took the opportunity to have a big tidy up of the base, which was a little messy by then. The weather over the next few days was somewhat unsettled and we just pottered. Ken Grandé returned from the advance base feeling slightly unwell and Stuart also came back to base from the high col under the South-East face of Ticlla.



Bivi height

HOLGEM/WOODRILL ASCENT

HUDSON/FIMOLAY ASCENT

Gorlex camp

Unfrequented Snow II

Paul and Ken Chico had decided to sit it out on the mountain.

"Above us the slope ran up and away in a smooth and beautiful surface broken only by the harsh blackness of a couple of rock outcrops. Not that they broke the angle of the slope for they lay close to the ice giving only the eye something to rest on.

The sun glittered amongst the clouds even higher above us than the summit but the slope was now out of its rays and a grey sheen lay across its surface. All the better to climb we had thought as it became obvious that we would start the upper slope after two in the afternoon, crispness would return we argued forgetting perhaps that the late hour at the bottom would mean a late hour at the top. Ken and I looked up at the delicate feathering as spindrift from high above caught the sun's rays as it ran down the slope.

Stuart had been with Ken and I yesterday but after one bivi a 'lost' day due to the weather Stuart decided that his back could not stand another night on the rock ledge followed by the prospect of a hard days climbing and opted to return to base.

It had been another cold night and more snow had decorated our bivi bags, the morning had started cloudy but it was thinner than yesterday so we set off in better spirits. When we reached yesterday's high point, below the rock and ice cliff, we started a traverse to the right under the threatening icicles and loose rock bands. The snow was sporting enough not to be boring and had arranged itself in alternate soft snow and hard ice sections together with some nice in-between bits. After a hour I passed a break in the cliff above but this was guarded by a water ice boss which though beautiful to look at, glistening in the now sunny air, proved too difficult to ascend. One hundred foot further on I decided to start an upward traverse back upon myself over some large névé penitents. This proved difficult in some places and I nearly lost my hammer down a very deep crevasse on the slope which was hidden behind the upward thrusting penitent. At the top of the slope I belayed and Ken allowed me up, "Just like walking up some stairs" he joked. Behind us as we faced out across the slope we had climbed lay a wide shelf, it was about half a mile square and covered in the awful névé penitents which had already caused us some problems. Slowly with one foot being supported and the next plunging a foot below the surface we made progress to the base of the main slope.

It was two in the afternoon now and we decided that we needed to take a break and replace some of the liquid we had lost. The stove was lit for a brew of tea. It was around 2.30 when Ken and I were ready to start off again.

Ken being the lighter was sent off to cross the bergschrund on a soft snow bridge that covered a deep crevasse, three attempts later Ken had surmounted the snow wall that threatened to give way at every load bearing move and then climbed higher up the slope. From his belay he hauled me up the disintegrating slope and away from the jaws of the crevasse.

The slope above, now dramatically foreshortened, looked invitingly short. We could not see the upper slopes now as the first band of rock became our horizon. I set off working my way left to the gap where the rock gave way to a continuous snow slope. We had thought from base that the rock sticking out of the





slope would give us some resting sites, but that was not to be. The uncovered rock was only a foot higher than the ice and worn to the same angle with no resting ledges at all.

We made good progress by climbing together, I would place protection near the end of each rope length to provide a running belay between us. Sometimes a snow stake would go in sometimes an ice screw.

We did not know it but we were being watched by Peter and Christopher from their route on Llongote and just as they decided to call it a day on a narrowing rock ridge that quivered as they moved up it we broke through to the upper half of the slope. As we climbed higher the sun moved further and further round and the time moved on. The slope had been quite mixed since the first rock band though the angle had remained around 65° ice had given way to beautiful nevé but that had not lasted long before soft and deepening powder had forced me left.

The skyline above my head looked promising now and I imagined a slope laying back at an angle one could walk on but on arriving at the crest I found a narrow crest of soft snow running down from a rock a little way above. Beyond the crest a slope of 80° fell away into the crevasses below. Ken joined me now then led off just as the sun set. As soon as this happened the temperature plummeted and immediately I began to freeze. Ken was making slow progress in the soft snow but I could wait no longer and started off after him. The effort began to warm me a little and as I climbed Ken disappeared over the curve of the slope, soon after that he started to take in the rope that now lay below me in a long loop. The angle above me at last began to lay back and the final summit bump came into view with Ken belayed at its base.

As soon as I reached him a wind driving in from the Northwest cut into me, the wind-chill factor would have been immense as it was now dark and the temperature well below freezing. We dumped our kit and walked to the top of the summit but even that was not easy as the snow gave way at every other step. We struggled on and were pleased to find the footprints of our friends all around the top. It was good to know that some of the others had attained the summit and we felt pleased for them. Ken and I shook hand on the summit of Ticlla 5897m (Tiglia to the locals), this was the highest I had climbed and I was pleased to be making a new personal record.

Returning to our gear we reclimbed to the summit and looked forward to an easy descent by following the footprints. The moon had begun to rise now casting its even light across the snow and we began the descent easily but soon the footsteps now in shadow disappeared on a hard ice surface and they seemed impossible to relocate. I think on reflection that we were just too tired to concentrate the freezing wind had taken not only our remaining reserves of strength but also our ability to think sensibly.

After a short time of fruitless searching we decided to follow a curving snow ridge to a platform a hundred feet below us which looked as if led on down to the ridge we thought we wanted. I began to lead across the slope but soon found the soft snow more than I could manage and inside I was cursing Ken for not taking the rope. That feeling was without reason and was perhaps indicative of my near complete exhaustion. Ken took over and led off and making good progress across the steep soft snow then down the curving ridge. We jumped a small crevasse and were on the platform we had seen from above. The Nutra Blast I had eaten while Ken led off was helping so I descended the slope below slowly to see if I could determine where it led, in the moonlight it was difficult to judge distance and get a clear understanding of the layout of the jigsaw below us. After an hour we just had to give up and re-climbed the slope to the platform. There we found a snow scoop which was out of the wind and provided us with some shelter. The snow was too soft to dig into so we made the scoop a little deeper and lay down. Below our 'nest' a huge crevasse formed the base of the ice cliff which now towered above us and even the overhanging icicles seem not to alarm us. Frozen crampon straps, frozen fingers and the delay of getting into the bivi sack wore me out even more. Then the stove took an age to boil water but eventually we got a hot drink and then settled down to wait out the night. I had been unable to remove my boot as the laces had become frozen solid so my Rab down boots remained unused. We kept our toes moving all through the night and I moved my hands to where ever I thought warmest. Occasional bursts of wind would steal our heat and throw spindrift into our bivi-sacks.

Eventually dawn came and I made a hot drink, The stove had been emptied by the last evenings efforts and while filling it making sure not to spill any petrol onto myself I sustained frost burn on all my finger ends. As the day lightened we began to understand the layout of the slope below us, what had looked like a continuous slope from higher up was in fact broken by a number of cliffs, We had made the right decision to stay high.

We moved down the slope a little then to our right where it seemed there might be a way down and were delighted to see below us the tracks that we had lost higher up. If we could descend to them all our troubles would be over. I tried one route but it ended in an overhang and returned to Ken, while I had been re-climbing the slope Ken had spotted another possible route so off he went further right across an avalanche chute, under an ice arch and onto a steep slope which was immediately above some of the tracks.

The route down was a easy now that we were being led along by the footprints of our friends, but it was still hard work. The tiredness was still there and it was always a struggle. When we had reached the ridge Ken had spotted two figures low down on the snow but despite our combined efforts they did not hear our greeting calls.

Eventually we got back to advanced camp just as Pamela and David were about to leave it, it had been them descending from the bivi tent that Ken had spotted earlier. They delayed their departure and we shared a thirst quenching drink. We decided to stay and rest. I was concerned about my fingers as they were very cold and white not realising that Ken had in fact sustained frostbite in the big toe of his right foot. I don't think he realised it either.

The Expedition

Travelogue

Llongote 5780m (18,963ft)

by Peter Holden

The day after we returned to base the weather looked even more settled and Chris and I decided not to lose any time but to explore a route on Llongote. We debated as to which side of the mountain to go for, and opted in the end for the West side as we had at least seen that from afar. Another lightweight foray seemed appropriate as it was a long way to the mountain. Back over the Western Col we went and down to the lake we called 'Wastwater', but this time we turned to the left on the large trail and hoped to find a way to another higher, smaller lake shown on our map. Much to our surprise we came across a cairn and small path leading off our trail up towards the higher lake, and soon we had superb views of the long ridge and the many summits of Llongote.

Just below the lake was a huge boulder and beneath an overhanging side of this had been built a rude shepherds shelter; but it was unoccupied then. The lake, nestling in the bottom of it's huge mountain basin, was in an idyllic spot. Cows grazed along it's side and on the far side there were trees growing on the hillside. There are very few trees left in this arid and over-grazed land. The ground rose steeply on all sides of the lake, except at the entrance which we had approached it from, and high above the far side were the precipitous flanks of Llongote.

We were unsure as to which summit was the highest but thought it might be the very 'snowy peak, which appeared to be recessed behind the main ridge from our vantage. It was obvious that the whole mountain had suffered from a huge reduction in snow cover over the last decade or so; leaving vast expanses of rotten rock and snow fields scarred by the debris of this rotten rock in flight.

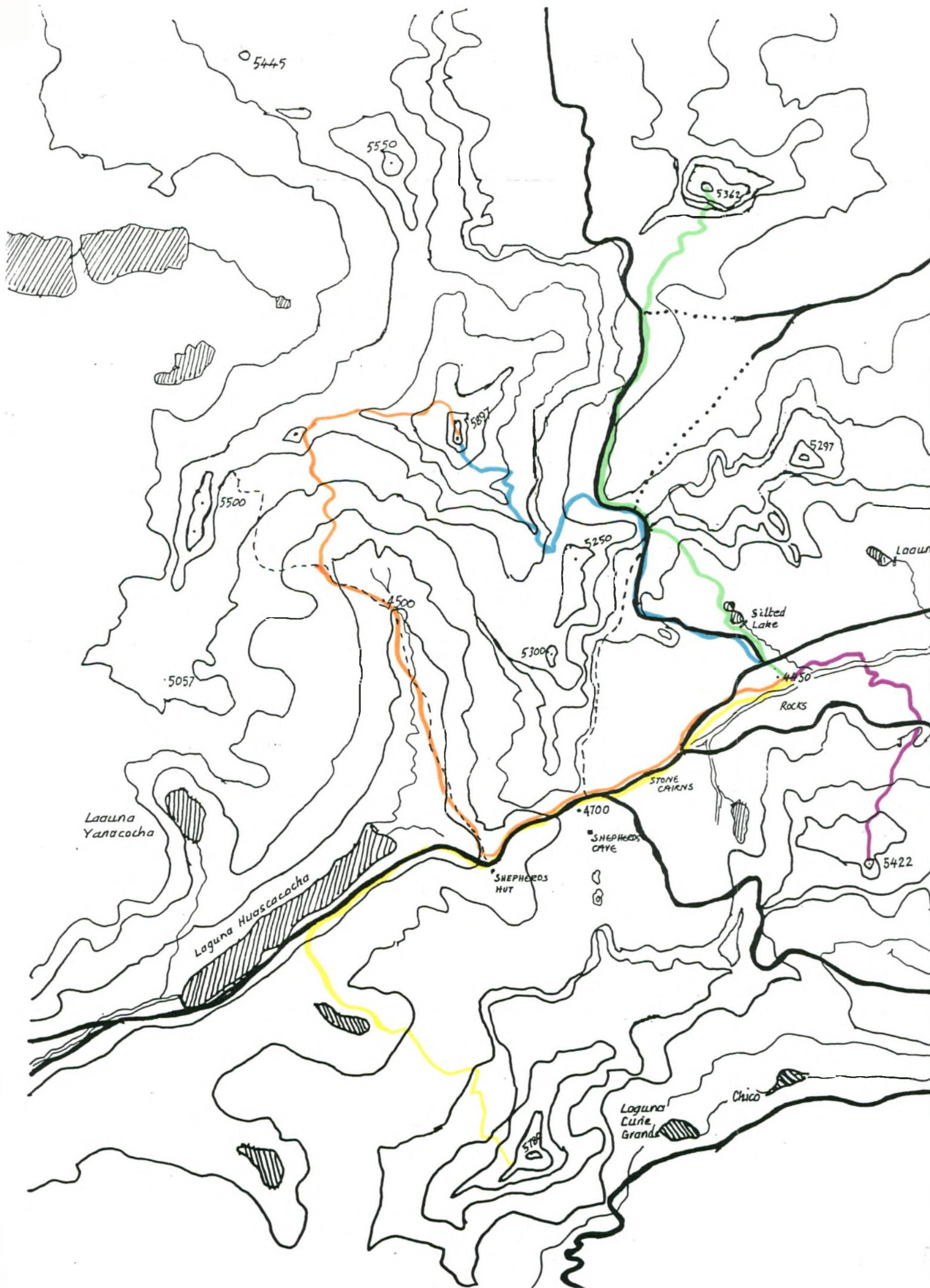
The easiest way to the summit ridge appeared to be via the glacier on the right-hand end of the massif and therefore we chose a line out of the lake basin up the steep right flank leading to a moraine beneath the glacier. A flog it was up this dried grass and stony slope to reach the steep moraine crest and grind up this to an area of broken ground and eventually a water supply. This was a tiny rivulet flowing through a micro desert of soft fine sand that looked most enticing to lie upon. Yes it was soft but in the evening wind it blew just about everywhere. The bivi spot was at 4500m (14,764ft) and from it we had magnificent panoramic views of Ticlla and the mountains beyond.



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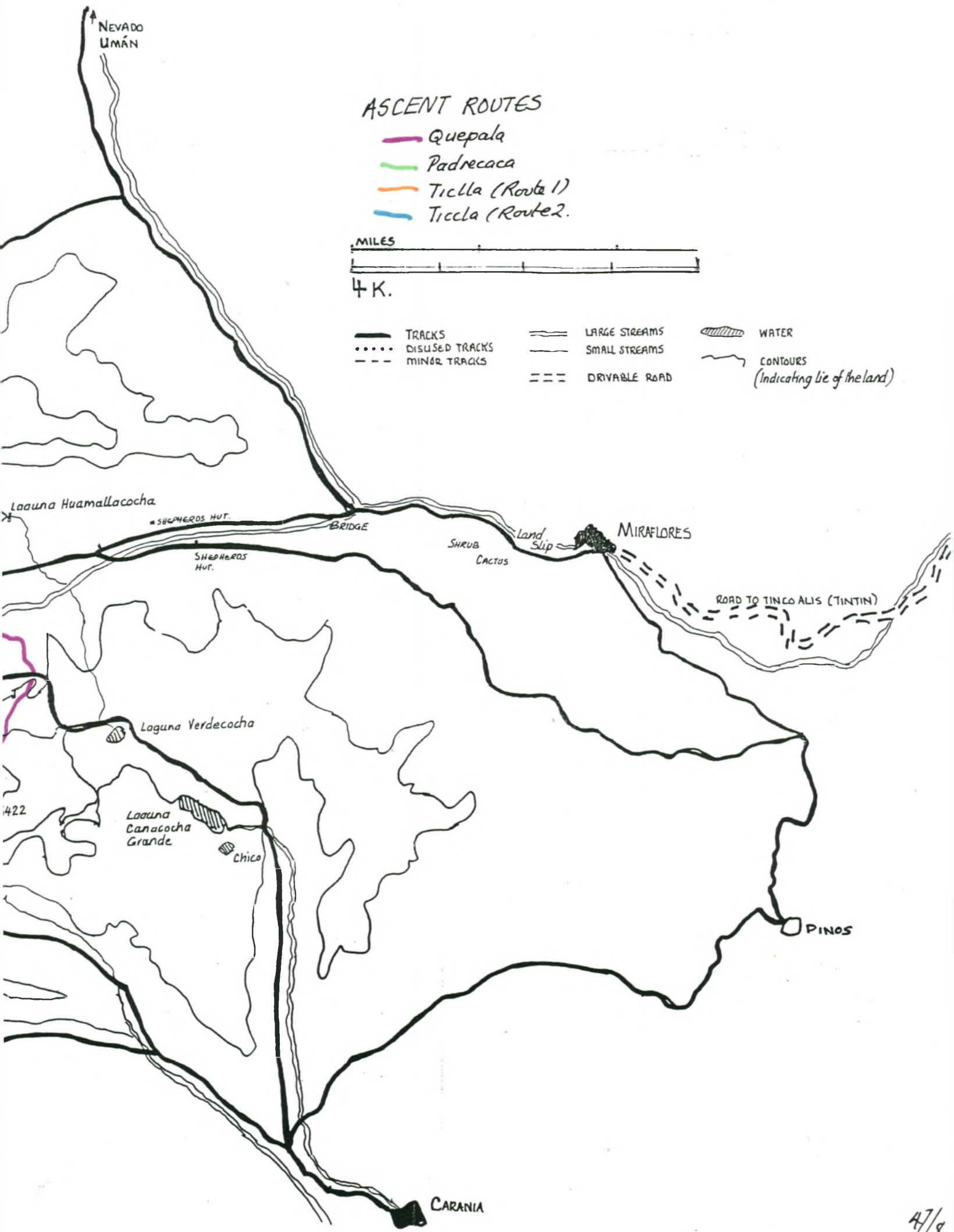


ASCENT ROUTES

- Quepala
- Padrecaca
- Ticlla (Route 1)
- Ticlla (Route 2)



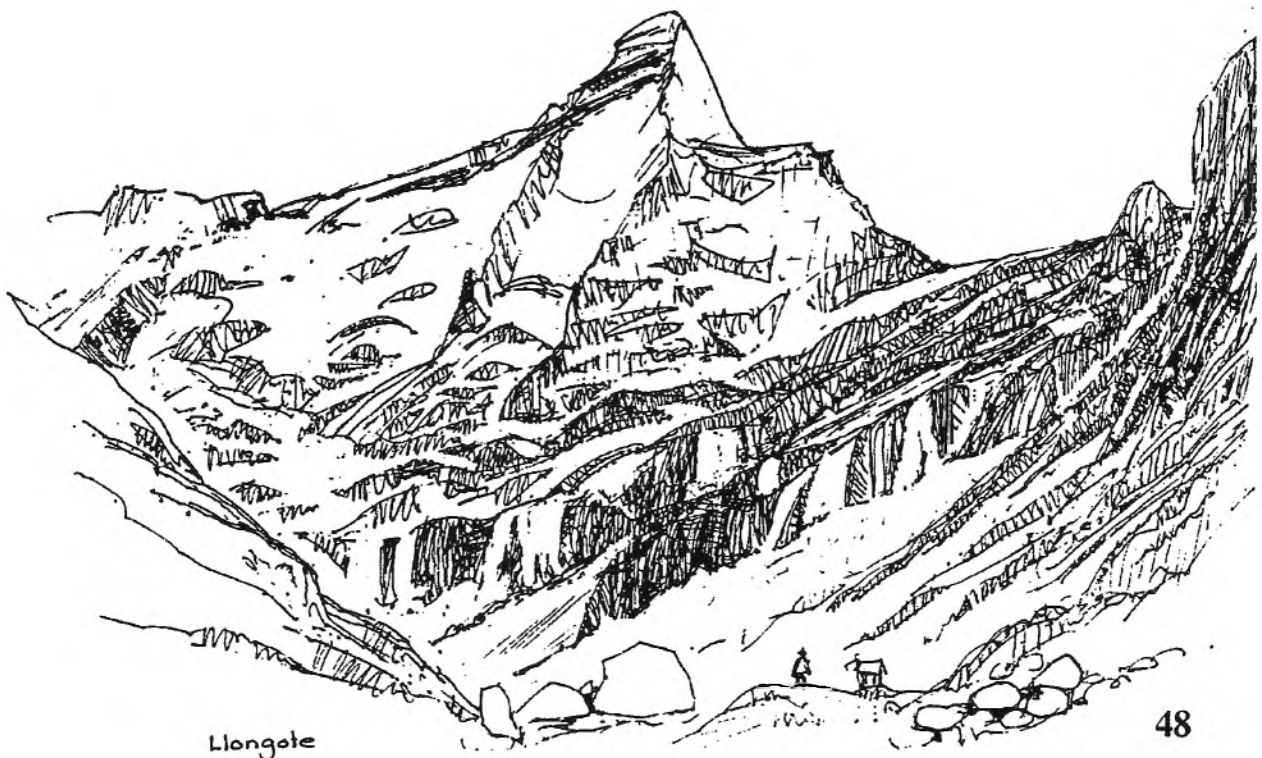
- TRACKS
- DISUSED TRACKS
- MINOR TRACKS
- LARGE STREAMS
- SMALL STREAMS
- DRIVABLE ROAD
- WATER
- CONTOURS (Indicating lie of the land)



To cook we retreated to a 'cave beneath a huge boulder - puzzled slightly by it's damp floor. All was revealed when quite suddenly a stream gushed across the sandy floor and we had to evacuate this sheltered spot [presumably caused by the evening sun melting snow high above]. In the last of this evening sun we studied the South-East face of Ticlla for signs of Paul and Ken, and eventually Chris spotted them through the binoculars and we were thrilled to see that they' were making good progress on the face. We watched them until the dusk hid them and we thought of how cold their bivouac would be on the summit as we expected them to make it there that evening. Even at our lower altitude it was bitterly cold that evening and more so in the night. Once darkness came we whiled away the hours spotting satellites as they skimmed across the brilliant starlit night sky.

Morning was cold and we brewed and ate and were soon away up the steep, loose, boulder hillside; then more moraine, short rock walls and finally some precarious verglassed scrambling to reach the foot of the glacier. We cramponed up and moved off onto yet more penitenté covered slopes. This was warm work in the sun, the tediousness broken by a little foray descent into a crevasse and climb out the other side to more penitenté. Eventually the slope steepened and we traversed to a steep snow ridge, which was incredibly exposed on the other side. Falling away to the south was a precipitous snowy face for over 700m. This short piece of climbing deteriorated firstly into a brittle corniced ridge and then, when it became horizontal, the ridge comprised totally unstable broken rocks and we perched above the void to our right and the less steep but unpleasant debris to our left.

Time for decisions I thought, after we had made some precarious progress along this near horizontal ridge, and I sat down to contemplate. We sat together and mulled over the situation. The route seemed to offer a long traverse of this increasingly unpleasant looking ridge until barred by a gendarme, perhaps a descent on the rubble on the left flank of this



to reach the final 50-100m of the 'snowy' summit. But it was obvious now that the highest peak was the next one along the ridge, another 100m higher and very unstable looking rock and snow.

I decided not to go on on such terrain and Chris was good enough to agree with me. To go one way was a high risk, to have to return back along it seemed unjustified. So down we went all the way down that hard laboured ground to the desert bivi. On the descent we decided to return to base by what we hoped would be a short-cut by going round the head of the valley at a high level and contour round to join eventually the main trail below the Western Col.

Well we packed up and set off on this ill-conceived venture, delighted to see a small family of 'chamois', which we disturbed. It soon became apparent that the ground was much more tortuous than appeared from afar, and the closer we got to the far side of our valley, we realised that our planned line of traverse below some huge cliffs was a potential nightmare. The option of descent down an unseen slope to the lake was uninviting as we knew that huge cliffs abounded there, so we took the risk of following a snow speckled gully for a few hundred metres up to the ridge above. On the crest of this ridge were rocky bluffs and no easy looking way off; therefore we scouted a steep, rocky gully and decided to go for it. Fortunately we managed to climb down this and found our way round various rock bluffs until we could see down into the valley which our trail followed to Western Col. We were then about at the level of this col, with a steep descent to the valley below it to be made first. I took the binoculars out and scanned the trail for signs of life and below the Western Col espied David in his bright pink tights and ahead of him there was Pam.

Ours had been an interesting 'short-cut', but after descending to the valley floor we were soon back on known ground hauling up to Western Col once again; over this, down the other side and we walked into base camp just before dark."

The only pair not to have ascended Ticlla now were Ken Grandé and Stuart and at base they were being convinced by the others that it was worth doing so they set off for advanced base on 16th August arriving around 2pm. After a short rest they set off again for the Gortex camp just underneath the col. We had indicated the route though from the meadow you could not really see any trace of it so we were glad to see them start the traverse across the long slope of compacted dirt.

While they made their ascent the next day Ken Chico and I took a walk to the red towers shouting our support for them as they made good progress on the lower slopes. Ken Chico was slower than me and I thought he must be unwell little knowing he had frostbite. We returned to Advanced base after an easy day as in the event we chose the wrong end of the towers and from there there was no way to reach the top. We packed our gear and waited to see Stuart and Ken Grandé safely back, they decided to rest overnight after their exertions, this was the highest so far for Stuart and the first time he had been able to see the curve of the earth from land. Ken Chico and I were jealous of the views they had had from the



LATER IN THE EXPEDITION PETER
TOOK TO CROSS DRESSING

Llongote 5780

Top to bottom. 1) The shepherd and his daughter living below Llongote 2) Llongote from N. 3) Ken and Laguna Huascacocha.



summit compared with the blackness and cold we had experienced. We then set off for base carrying huge loads taking as much as we could manage to help clear the camp. We struggled down the path and along the banks of the river at one point my load disintegrated and Ken Chico kindly took some of it. After a long struggle up hill we reached the Shepherds hut and enclosure. Here we found the family at home and were pleased to be able to give these people some of our food as well as get rid of some of our weight. In return the shepherd made us a hot drink and with it offered us some of the biscuits we had brought him explaining that they were for his family not us, We left and slowly began to make our way towards the col over which lay base camp, suddenly the chap came running after us producing two large fish as a present in return. At first we tried to decline this unnecessary gift but he seemed to want us to take them so we thanked him and went on our way.

It was dark when we neared the top of the pass and were glad when the moon rose high enough to light our track. We made it back to camp tired and glad to be able to rest. The rest of the team congratulated us and Peter explained how they had seen us.



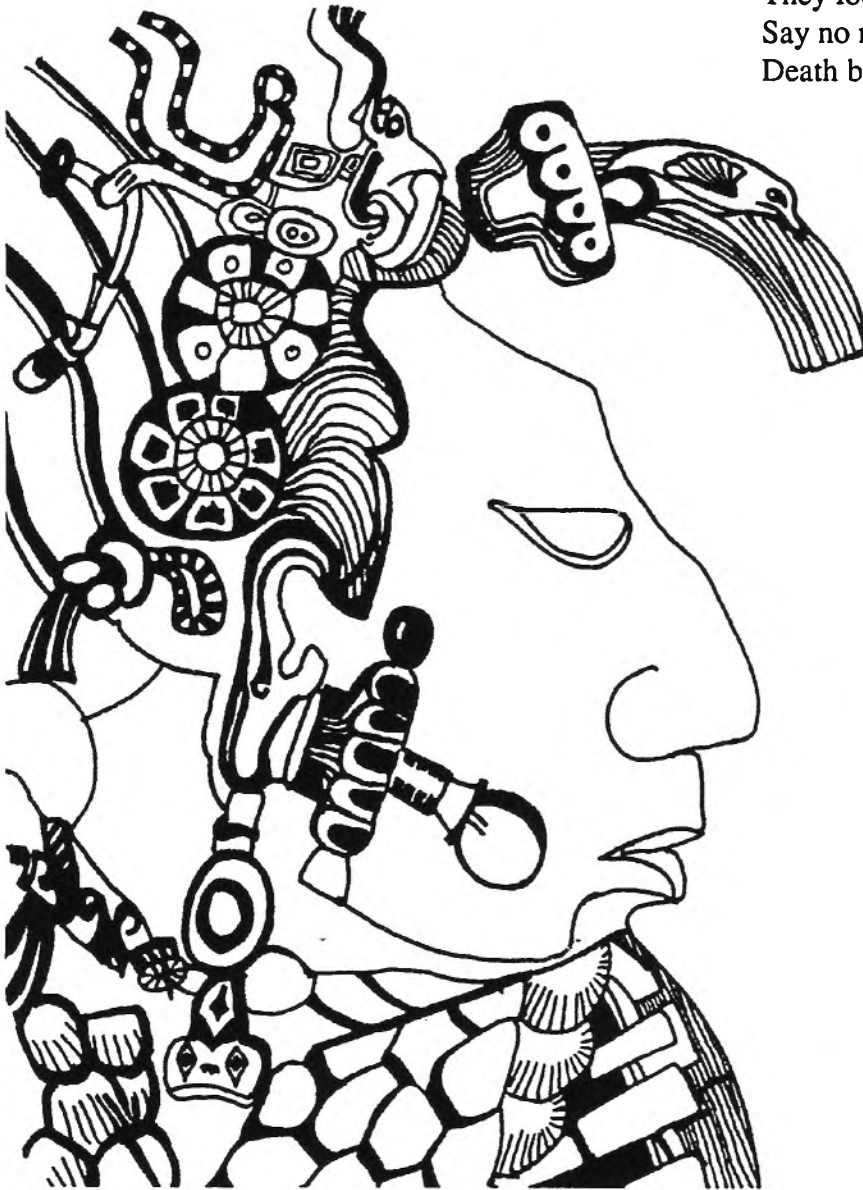
Spirits of an Idiginous Race

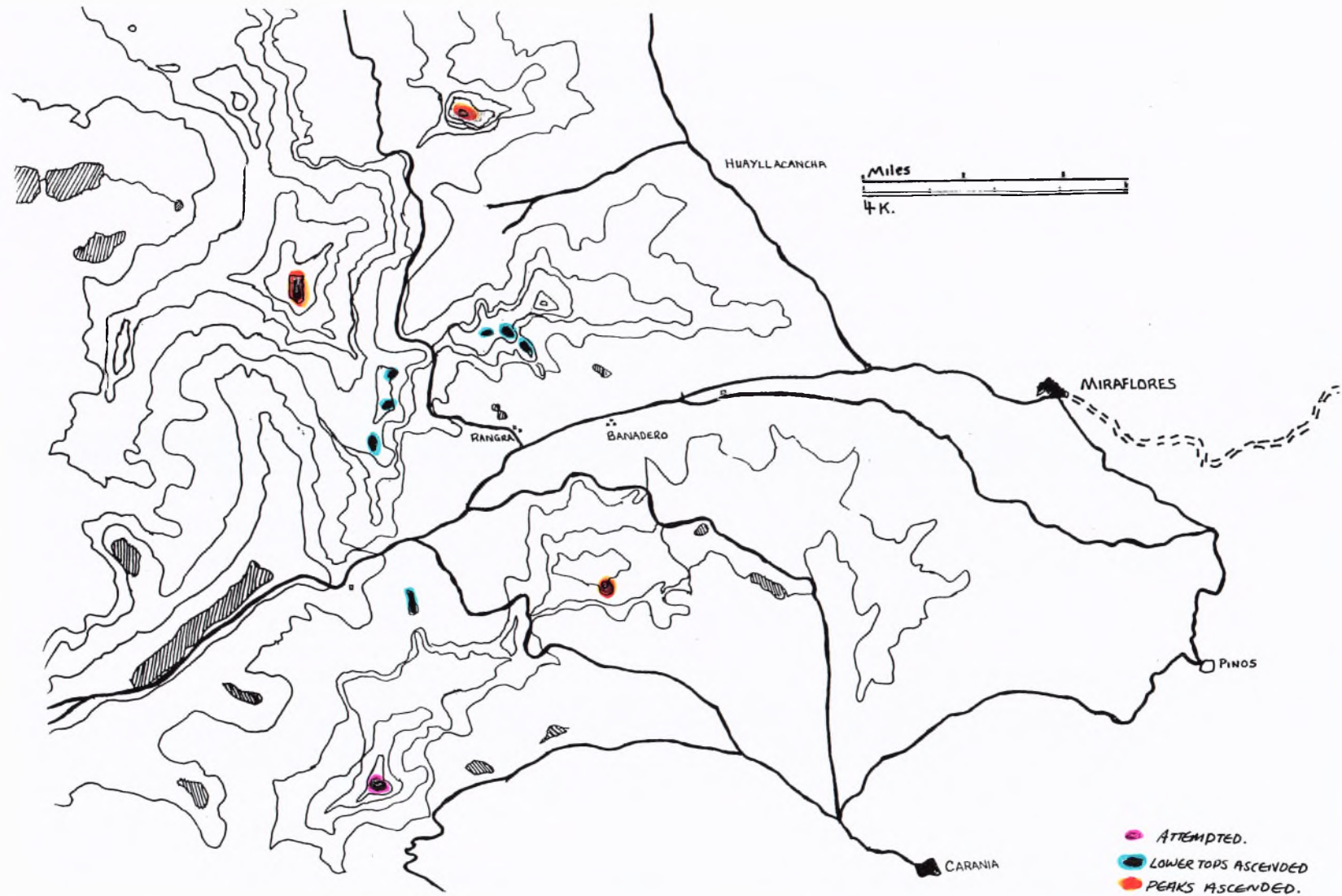
How hast thou come to this land?
From which far distant shore?
And what is it you seek here
Our gold, the food we have in store?

No, I cannot take you're answer
It never could be true,
The snow and ice of our high peaks,
Our sky so often blue!

When men last came adventuring
Our souls, our gold they took.
Our armies were defeated
And slavery our part.

Those pointed sticks and axes
They look like arms to me,
Say no more of climbing
Death be your destiny .





The Expedition

Travelogue

Heading Home?

It was now the 17th August and people were now thinking about leaving,, there is often this in-between time especially when you can change the outcome, Even in the Tien Shan where we were relying on a helicopter, people thought about seeing if the date could be brought forward when the weather began to deteriorate. Pamela and David had to be out of the hills and back in Lima by the 24th for Pamela's flight so they were thinking about how to get back to Huancayo or Lima and others were wondering about leaving at the same time. We had arranged for the bus to return on the 24th but some members thought that a bit late and they may have been right. Ken and I talked it over in the tent just before we went off to sleep and though Peter and Christopher had plans afoot to climb Ticlla by our route we thought a trip to Miraflores the next day would be a good idea. If there was a telephone there we could contact Lucho and bring the bus date forward as long as we could get the gear down to Miraflores in time.

The 18th was a cold but clear day and we slowly got up after the long walk home yesterday. We planned to go down to Miraflores after an early lunch and just as we were choosing what to eat Ken explained that he was worried about his foot, Even then he was reluctant to show me but when I enlisted the assistance of the others he unrolled his sock. I took one look at it and thought frostbite as did Peter who had himself had his fingers damaged on a previous trip.

We banished Ken Chico to his tent or at least the camp and I set off alone to Miraflores. Though I thought I had seen a telephone in the civic office of the 'Alamo' there was no one in authority I could find to ask and the rest of the village said no, only at Alis. I asked where Jorge Huamán lived but did not fully understand the answer, was it that he was visiting in Lima or that he actually lived there! I felt as if in a dream or nightmare where nothing one is trying to get done is possible, I walked round the village a few times half hoping to bump into the helpful shop lady, trying to make some sort of decisions, or just in a daze. I ended up sitting on a stone just below the school wondering whether to walk to Alis to try the telephone there but in the end decided against and as dusk began I wearily started the walk back to base.

It was dusk when I got back and Peter and Christopher were full of excitement about the climb they were about to embark upon. Their plan was to set off at midnight and climb continuously to reach the top of Ticlla around ten or eleven then descend and bivv at the advanced base site before returning the following day. I must have looked and acted really fed up, there seemed to me lots of people saying we should get out early, Ken's toe, the 24th was too late, everything was done etc., but no one wanting to help with the organisation. This may have been my fault as I did not get people together and put the situation to them and organise what needed to be done.



As I sat in the cook tent drinking a hot cup of tea with Peter and Christopher we discussed the situation. I cannot recall why I did not go round to see Ken Grandé and Stuart perhaps I felt they were tired and needed the rest. Anyway Peter and Christopher took pity on me and for the sake of Ken's frostbite decided to forgo their climb and help me instead by returning to Miraflores early in the morning to see if we could organise Burros. Later Peter and Christopher said they had lain awake all night and could not get off to sleep still high from their expectation of the climb now not to be. (Sorry chaps, but I could not have done it without your help)

That night I sorted out a plan of action, we would involve the school teachers, in Bolivia they had been helpful and a source of local information and I would try the telephone in Alis. Christopher, Peter and I set off early next morning with rucksacks full to the brim though I was carrying only half the weight of the other two. Peter had in fact two sacks one on his front and one on his back! Part way along there was a shepherd and his wife who were about to become the recipients of some of our excess food, Christopher dropped it off and had a 'Chat'.

When we arrived in Miraflores we dumped the gear in the civic 'Alamo' and went down to the school, There I knocked on one of the classroom doors and tried to explain why we were there. We were directed to another classroom housing older children who by chance were reading from their English books. The teacher waited while I consulted my phrase book and Christopher produced a drawing of a Burro, my words were not as effective as his drawings and straight away we were being escorted to a house. It turned out to be 'Richard's' house and we were to see his grandfather. I tried to explain about Jorge Huamán, Ken's 'frio frio pie' and the need to get back to Huancayo. We booked five Burros and one Horse for Ken to ride and asked that we set off early the next morning eight o' clock we said.

Back at the Alamo we had a snack and a drink then while Peter and I set off for a twenty minute walk to Alis, Christopher set off back to base for a second load. Pamela and David were also bringing loads down but there was some difficulty for David in getting the right gear in the right order in the right sack of the correct size; it apparently took him until 1pm to achieve this. Pamela who was quicker waited around for some while but in the end set off by herself but too late in the day to make a second carry.

Peter and I continue on down the road towards Tinco Alis which we were again assured by the locals would take us only 20 minutes. From there it would be about half an hour to reach Alis and the telephone. From there we hoped to be able to contact Huancayo and our insurance company in the UK about getting Ken to a hospital quickly. The 'twenty minute' walk took around three hours! The road just went on and on and every time we thought aah here is the last bend before the village it never was. When we did reach Tinco Alis Peter had fish and rice at the cafe and I had some fruit, we both had lots to drink.

The walk to Alis probably took more than half an hour and we were glad when we arrived there, there was no problem about finding the man in charge of the Radio Telephone and we went into his office to use it. The radio telephone system is not really a good one if the weather is at all unsettled and also seems better if the use of the airways is reduced, the best time to use them is at night or early in the morning. We had no luck at all and were unable to contact even the nearest station. We decided not to bother waiting to try an evening call as we found out that there would be a bus to Huancayo in two days anyway. If we could be at Alis for seven o' clock on the 21st we could be in Huancayo that day. Peter left his book at the radio station and is yet to get it back.

After a snack of pasta in a deserted café we set off back towards Miraflores not looking forward to the climb up from the valley. We asked about a 'Taxi' at Alis but no one seemed interested in earning a bob or two or at least anyone with a car so we set off walking. Someone had mentioned that we could get a taxi from Tinco Alis to Miraflores but we were unconvinced. When we arrived we walked round the village and found a chap working on a large lorry, we asked him about who had this taxi, it was him. The cost I thought was 7 soles, each I supposed and the car must be round the back. We waited in the cafe.

With a roar a lorry drew up outside, in it was our chap, this was the taxi and the seven soles had turned into seventy (£18.50)! Peter and I were quite tired and it was getting late so we decided to go for it, paid the fare to the drivers wife got in and were off.

We arrived at Miraflores to find Pamela and David; David had not long arrived but Pamela had been there some time. A short time later Christopher came in with his second load from base. Instead of saying crumbs that was a hard day and having a well earned rest he set off again to base. He seemed very het up and Peter said to just let him go, we expected him to sleep overnight at base but instead he turned up much later that night with a third load!

That evening Peter, Pamela, David and I had a meal at 'Richards'

Peter recollects

We did not see our friendly villagers for a few weeks whilst we were in the hills, but when we returned it was great to be back amongst them. Richard once again was our main contact and we arranged to eat at his house again. The time arranged for the meal appeared to be the rather late hour of eight-o'clock, Richard was happy to join us in our 'commune' room and we sat and talked and sorted bits of gear as the dusk and the intense cold came on. Talk with Richard was limited, but he did understand that we were 'frio' and laughed at this. He must have been quite inwardly amused at our talk of 'mucho frio' on the mountains as we quite obviously could not cope too well with a bit of evening cold.

Eventually he insisted that I go with him to his house, despite it being well before the appointed dinner hour. So Richard and I went off into the deserted streets and he ran into the courtyard at his house and disappeared into the door of a building I had not seen before. I peered in through this doorway and was immediately beckoned in to what was obviously their kitchen/diner. What a grand turn of phrase that is, with connotations of suburban affluence and chick surroundings. Well the room was about five metres by three, earth floored, rough stone walled to one metre and adobe walls above to a thatch roof. In the far corner was a blazing, open kitchen fire built amongst boulders, and with huge copper cooking pots about or upon it. The smoke from this fire curled up to the roof and generally declined to exit via the small hole in the wall left for it - but lingered in the rafters until filtering through convenient places to the outside. The doors and windows stood out from the general drab look of the building because they were painted green with superb paintings of flowers on the window shutters and a lovely heart design painted on the door. The one concession to modernity was the single un-shaded electric light bulb.

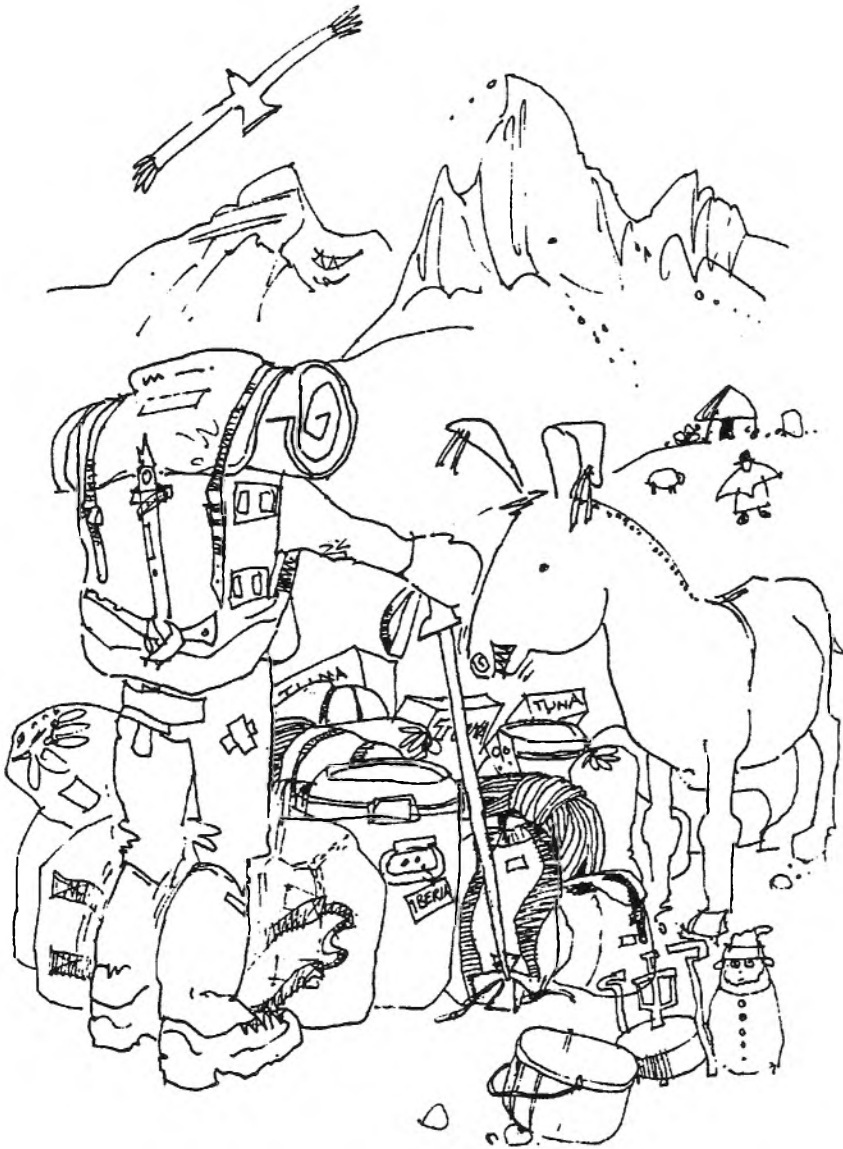
I was welcomed and ushered into one of the three child sized wooden seats near to the fire; and I was immediately cosy and as warm as toast. Good thinking Richard, this was so much better than the gloom and cold of our room. The family were glad to make me feel at home and we indulged in the normal simple communication possible with signs and a very few words; but just being in each others company was enough for us all.

Conversation is often but a superficial social act that exists at a totally different level to the 'experience' of just being there. But my friends were very definitely not there and after twenty minutes or so of a gentle, deep bone-marrow roasting I began to feel for them just a little in their Spartan room. I enquired how long the soup would be and was told twenty minutes, so I asked if I should get my 'compardres' "Si"- and I upped and off into the cold-night-air to collect them. Pamela and David were eager, but Paul was less keen because, as a vegetarian he felt bad about the possibility of declining their 'came' food. I convinced him that at least he could sit by the fire and get warm and worry about eating or not when he got there.

It was great as we all squeezed into the diner, Richards mother and father came and went, his grandmother did the cooking and his grandfather did the knitting. The conversation livened with the added numbers and soon the soup was being handed round. Paul was relieved to find that it was a vegetable and cheese soup and we all relished this fine fare. At some time Richards grandmother noticed that he was wearing a green baseball cap which I had given to him. She sharply asked him where he got it from and he said "Peter" and pointed at me; she took it off his head and returned it to me. I explained quickly that I had given it to him and placed it back on his head and thought no more of it.

The main course was fried egg on a bed of superb boiled rice, not the soggy mass so often served in the UK. Paul was in on this one too and now thoroughly glad to be in on this total experience. After mugs of tea it was time to go and we reluctantly left the warmth and glow of people and fire. In the courtyard I was beckoned over to Richard sitting on a bench next to his father and to my surprise, and mixed consternation and pleasure he presented me with a hand-knitted scarf. Such genuine kindness as displayed by this simple gesture. My factory mass-produced, cotton hat for a hand produced scarf was a trade of most unequal gifts. Fortunately we had plenty of food and cooking equipment to distribute at the end of the trip and some of this was given to Richard's family in grateful thanks for the hospitality shown to us.





On 20th August Pamela, David, Chris and Peter headed off to base early to get loads ready. I waited for the Burros and while they were not on time they were ready for ten o' clock which was the earliest ever. The burros were not too happy at the walk and had to be continually kept on track but we got to base to find everyone ready and all the gear packed ready to be tied onto the Burros. There seemed to rather a lot but by the time some of us had picked up loads it looked manageable. Richard's grandfather started to choose the various loads and put them onto the backs of the various sized burros. I noticed that it was not always the biggest animal that was awarded the largest load. Tying the loads on was good fun but the barrels caused real problems not

only then but all the way down. Our driver did seem to be able to adapt his traditional methods of tying things on to suit the slipperiness of the plastic barrels.

Loaded we got Ken on his horse and started off, while Stuart, Ken Grandé and I stayed with the Burros the rest of the team set off independently to try to get some transport organised for the stretch between Miraflores and Tinco Alis.

The two plastic barrels which had been split on the way up by Jorge were now placed together as one load. This was beyond the experience of Richards Grandfather and his way of tying loads onto the burros could not cope with the slipperiness of the barrels' surfaces. Time and again on the way down we were forced to halt to readjust them and on three occasions they slid so suddenly that the poor burro took fright and headed off in any direction to try to escape the wretched weights that clattered around him or put him totally off balance. We had to round him up then try to settle him down and re-tie the load. It was on one of these occasions that the burro, being very unhappy, resisted and pushed me head over heels over a rock and the next day I found out the consequences a lost pair of spectacles and a broken pair of mountain glasses!

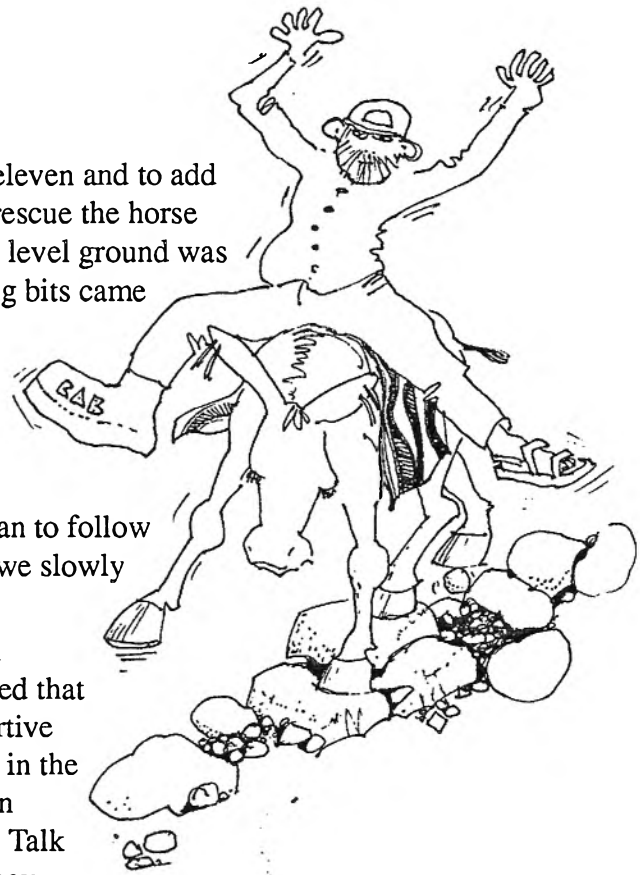
Ken had not been on a horse since he was eleven and to add injury to the insult of there being no helicopter rescue the horse provided him with an interesting ride. The more level ground was as Ken said 'not too bad' but the really interesting bits came with the down hill bits. 'It was bad enough just going down while perched six feet in the air but the crunch came, literally, when the horse decided to jump down from one level to another!'. I could hear Ken's crunch myself.

As we moved down the valley a storm began to follow and we could see the rain edging towards us as we slowly began the last part of the descent.

We eventually arrived in Miraflores to find Pamela and David with the gear and they reported that Peter and Christopher had decided, after an abortive attempt to hire the truck which had been parked in the main square since we had arrived, to continue on down to Tinco Alis to try to get the "taxi" truck. Talk about gluttons for punishment! Knowing how they were expert at getting things done I expected to see them at any time but the others seemed to dismiss the idea and David and Pamela were slowly getting things unpacked for the night. I decided that at the least we ought to be prepared so Pamela and I began to sort out all the things we no longer needed, food was taken round to Richards, the new clinic and I kept the promise of taking some of the woven bags bought in Huancayo to the owners of the burros.

That done we started to get a few things together just in case the perky pair succeeded, as time passed I think the other were giving up hope as it was now dark and the rain had started. I was out on one of the balconies when along the road I heard a sound, it was a truck. Suddenly there it was at the bottom of the street making its way to the next bridge to gain access to the square. One second it was in view then it was gone so by the time I had shouted 'They're here, they're here' there was nothing for the others to see and they thought it was another of my pathetic jokes, It was only when they saw the lorry turn the corner that they followed me down he stairs.

I greeted Peter and Christopher as they descended from the cab and congratulated them on their mammoth effort then everything was a bundle of sound and movement as we stowed all the gear on the back of the lorry. Loaded up we all got on board waved farewell to the few locals in the square and descend to Tinco Alis in the rain. We went down the winding road with the steep drops in the darkness with the

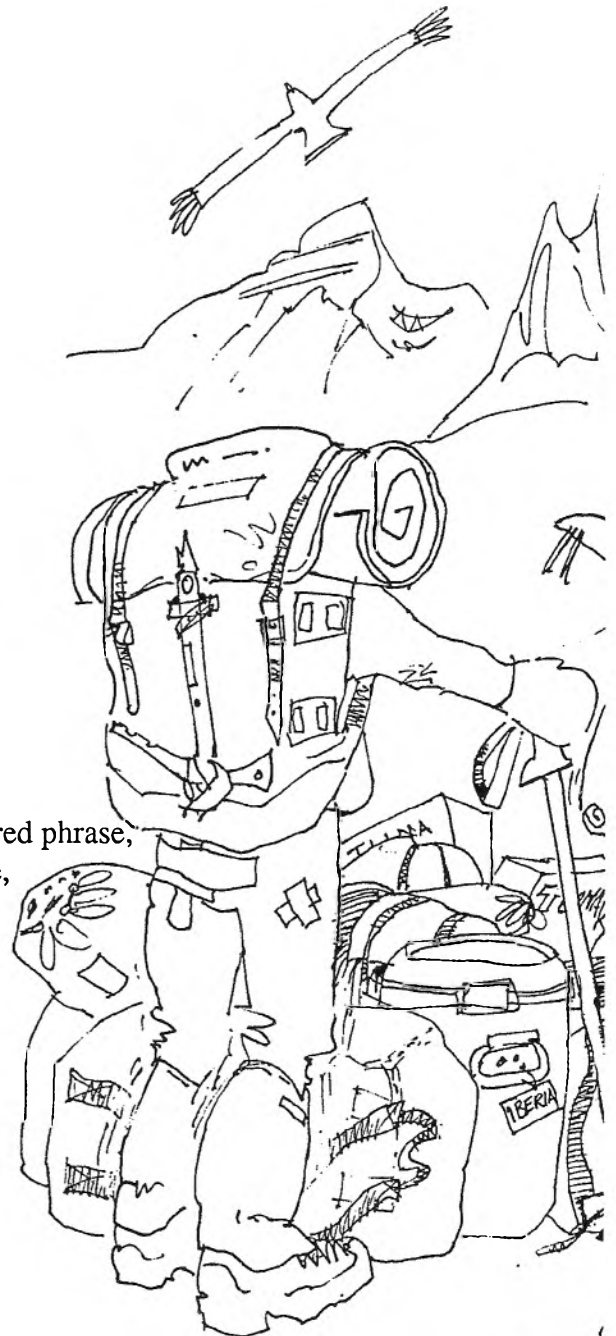


The Plan

Each journey starts
Before the last's complete.
The twining of
Experience and dream,
'What could', 'What should', 'What will',
The next time round.
An empire just out of reach,
A time just past,
That 'opportunity now gone'
Will drive us on
To try again the lottery
Of rock, of snow and sky.

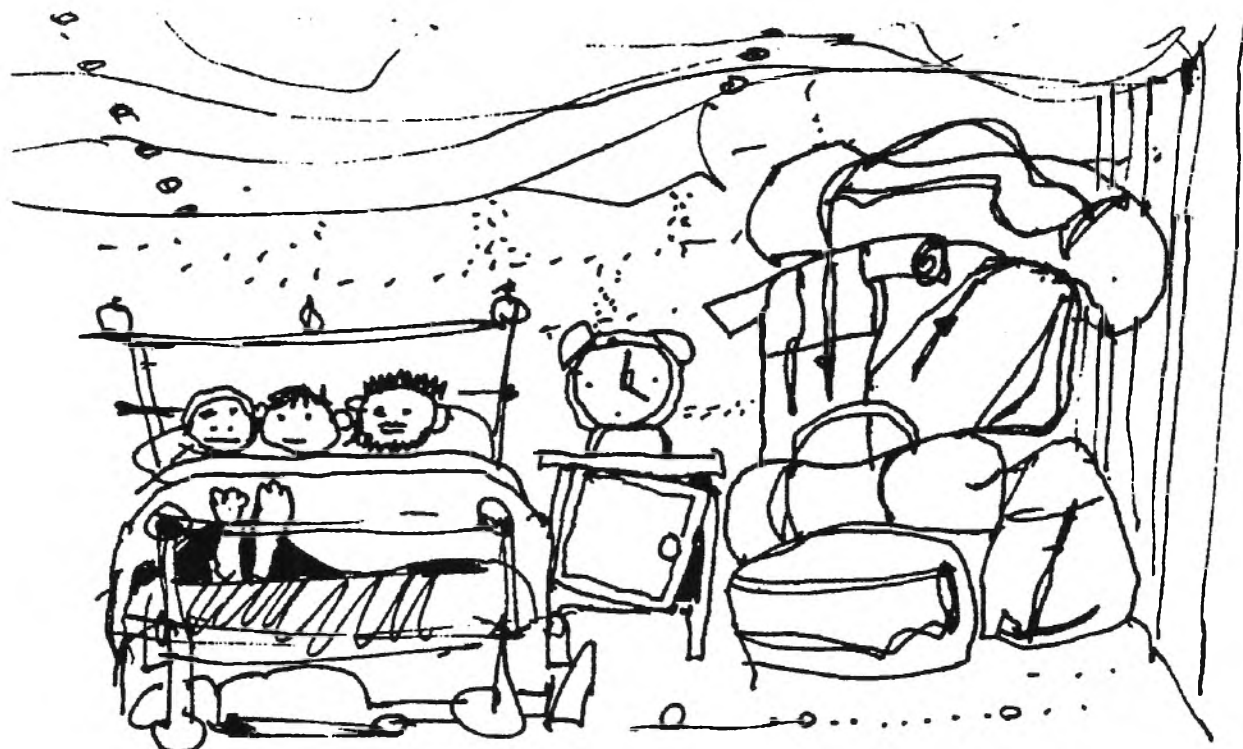
To travel back across the paths
That took us in;
Beneath the rock, the snow,
The peaks of ice and air,
Means setting off
But that is only setting out again!
One footstep leads us to the next
And that is always on ~ not back:
No matter that we travel 'out',
Pretending on a home return.

The pause, the after shock
Belies the action,
Deep beneath tectonic plates.
The tension starts to build
A comment, picture, story, whispered phrase,
A valley still untrod, the inner urge,
Is all we need to activate,
'Reactivate' ~ **The Plan!**



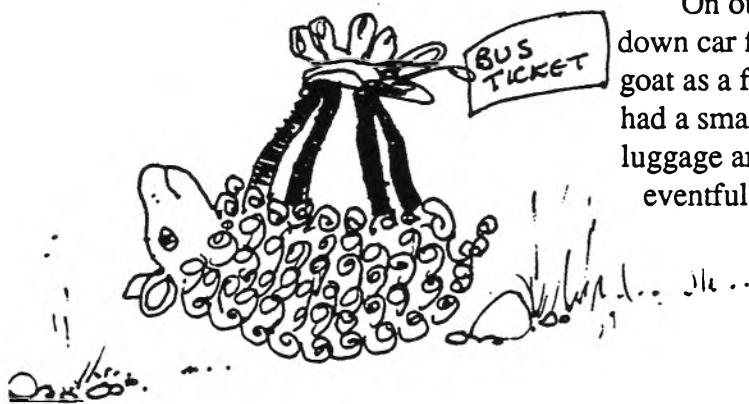
lorries headlights picking out the narrowness of the way, I'm not sure if that helped or not. The route was interesting as we made the driver go via Alis before we found out that we could stay in Tinco Alis itself.

We stayed in a four bedded set of two rooms owned by our driver and just feet from the place the coach would pick us up from. It was two to a bed and most people slept in a sleeping bag on top of the covers. We had soup in a local café and were entertained by the owner playing a local traditional harp, it was excellent, then we went off to bed setting all the alarms we had for five in the morning.



The 21st August was dull and a fine drizzle dropped slowly from the sky, outside our little lamplit room everything was black as one after another set off with head torch to locate a convenient convenience. We had established yesterday that the coach today would be heading to Huancayo and not Yauyos but I never believed it to be true until it pulled in facing the right direction. Luck I felt was with us and the bus loaded with our 'tons' of personal belongings set off and I paid over the ten soles per person fare. Two pounds fifty for a seven or eight hour journey!

Our bus from Tinco Alis turned out to be run by Empresa de Transportes on Ave Grau in Huancayo.		
I went back later to find our the route details, they were		
Monday	6.30am	Huancayo to Yauyos
Tuesday	4.00am	Yauyos to Huancayo 6ish @ Tinco Alis
Wednesday	6.30am	Huancayo to Yauyos
Thursday	4.00am	Yauyos to Huancayo 6ish @ Tinco Alis
Friday	6.30am	Huancayo to Yauyos
Saturday	4.00am	Yauyos to Huancayo 6ish @ Tinco Alis
Certainly a trip worth taking!		



On our journey back we towed a broken down car for a few miles, had a small black goat as a fellow passenger in the coach and had a small heard of sheep placed in the luggage area under the seating. It was an eventful journey!

We arrived in Huancayo at around 2.30pm and set off to book into the 'Grandmothers House'. Later that evening Ken Chico was taken to the Hospital in Huancayo for the first time by Mirka.

It was reassuring to be back in Huancayo with Ken being looked after by the doctor friend of Mirka's. We looked at the toe from time to time but could see no real change. We now began setting about arranging for transport to Lima for Pamela and David; Paul, Christopher, Ken Grandé and Stuart; Ken Chico and Peter in that order.

We all managed a trip to the local weaving village and Ken Chico and I nearly went to Huancavelica but the train did not run. Instead we walked back through Huancayo and explored the Sunday market at a very early hour. Food was a major topic and meat seemed to be on the teams minds rather a lot so while they frequented a restaurant with chicken and chips as its speciality I would wander off to locate a tortilla joint. On one evening in my wanderings I found a cake and hot chocolate café to which we all retired at a late hour.

On our return to Huancayo and its civilisation other meat was also on Ken's mind and that was Guinea-pig. I think Ken and then the others saw this as a challenge so Lucho's mother was drafted in to prepare this exotic fare. It turned out rather a disaster. Some members were unwell so could not participate, the special Pisco to be made by Lucho never arrived, the room was cold and it seemed that the five members eating the dish of Guinea-pig in peanut sauce were sharing just one animal! If you're ever there the message is DON'T BOTHER.



The area has lost quite a lot of its lower glaciation and now only the higher slopes, particularly those away from the sun, hold snow and ice.

This has changed the nature of the area from 1963-69 and the 'mountaineering' that is left is discrete to particular tops and even particular slopes of these tops. To the north of our base camp lay the Uman peaks which looked an interesting snow/ice area and further beyond them other isolated iced areas though the best approach to them is unclear to me.

What has become prominent now are the high rock walls. They are quite steep and one imagines reasonably stable. Certainly they are unclimbed and would offer proper climbers an inexhaustable play or serious ground. Such faces were seen on the north side of our approach path to base (Cerro Lalpo Punta) and in the valley of the Ayavini Stream on its east side and on the Huaynacutuni Towers. The grades of these potential routes must be in the "crombs I can't see how you can stay on there" area.



The sheer granite cliffs of Nevado Huaynacutuni ~ a climber's dream!

Appendices

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Miraflores has been established for over 100 years but was not granted its status as a 'village' until 1903. Each year on August 10 the village celebrates its status with various activities. Today there are around 300 people living there.

MEDICAL REPORT

Stuart Gallagher

DRUGS LIST

*CLOVE OIL		
*CIPROXIN	90 x 250mg	ANTIBIOTICS
*ERYTHROMYCIN	120 x 250mg	ANTIBIOTICS
FRUMISIDE	60 x 40mg	ANTIBIOTICS
DEXAMETHAZONE	60 x 2mg	ANTIBIOTICS / ODEMA
*DIAMOX	14 x 500mg	ALTITUDE
*NIFEDIPBNE	60 x 5mg	FROSTBITE
*IBUPROFEN	150 x 400mg	
·BUPRENORPHINE	60 x 0.2mg	
MORPHINE		
METRONIDAZOLE	100 x 400mg	
·FLAGYL		DYSENTERY
*CODEINE PHOSPHATE	120 x 30mg	
PARACETAMOL	50	
·CHLORAMPHENICOL	4 tubes	EYE OINTMENT
*TEMAZEPAM	20 x 10mg	
*CHLORPHENIRAMINE	30 x 4mg	ANTI-HISTAMINE (Priviron)
*AMETHOCMNE		EYE DROPS
*LAXATIVE		

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT

*ASSORTED WOUND DRESSINGS
·NEEDLES & SYRINGES
·TAPE
·CREPE BANDAGES
*TUBIGRIP
·DENTAL KIT
MELOLIN
·THERMOMETER
·SCISSORS
·TWEEZERS
·COTTON WOOL
*SAVLON

(* = Used)

Medical Notes

Stuart Gallagher

In general the team stayed healthy; avoiding intestinal disorders such as dysentery and giardia, which in any visitors to Peru suffer from - whether this was because of:

- * care in water sterilisation
- * luck in our choice of eating places in Lima & Huancayo - or
- * just plain good luck - (I don't know - probably a combination of all three!!)

Minor bouts of diarrhoea were treated either with Codeine Phosphate - (some members of the team preferred Ciproxin). This expensive antibiotic seemed to clear stomach trouble after 1 or 2 tablets.

The most potentially serious injury was Ken Findlay's frostbitten big toe; which was treated with Eriihromycin and Nifedipin as soon as he reached base camp -3 days after he was frostbitten. Four days later the doctor in Huancayo prescribed Posipen (antibiotic) and Froben (anti-inflammatory).

On our return to the U.K. our medical consultant, Dr Cooper. saw no reason as to why these drugs should have been changed.

Update 23/9/97- Ken's toe is making good progress - with the black bits dropping off and pink skin emerging underneath. 23/11/97-All is now recovered and Ken has a fully functional toe.

In future, particularly when visiting the tropics where there are 12 hours of darkness, would take more Temazepam to aid sleep.

The quantities of the other drugs proved to be more than adequate. MEDICINE

It's always good to bring back something from a country one visits, in 1991 it was Shigella and Giardia. This year from Peru Paul Hudson tried Campylobacter. Here is the text from the leaflet that was sent to tell him about it.

CAMPYLOBACTER - WHAT IS IT?

Campylobacter is a germ which may cause:

- * Flu-like illness
- * Headaches
- * Feeling sick
- * Vomiting
- * Stomach pain
- * Diarrhoea

The symptoms, particularly the stomach pains, can be severe. They usually last for 2 to 5 days, although in some cases may last for longer.

HOW DO YOU GET IT?

By swallowing the Campylobacter germ when eating or drinking contaminated food, milk or water.

Raw, unpasteurised milk and raw meat and poultry may be contaminated. However, thorough cooking of meat and poultry, and the pasteurisation of milk will destroy the germ. The germ may also be passed on from birds which have pecked at the foil tops of milk bottles on the doorstep.

Fingers may carry the germ to the mouth after contact with contaminated soil.

Campylobacter can also be found in untreated water such as in rivers and lakes. If accidentally swallowed, this too may cause illness. Drinking unchlorinated water is also a risk.

Farm animals and pets may harbour the germ. Infection is possible when there is an accidental transfer of animal faeces to your mouth.

CAN YOU GET IT FROM SOMEONE ELSE?

It is possible to catch Campylobacter from someone else who has the infection although this is rare. Spread may occur when parents of an infected child come into contact with soiled nappies.

CAN YOU GIVE IT TO SOMEONE ELSE?

If you have the infection, washing your hands regularly and thoroughly, especially after going to the toilet and before preparing food, will prevent anyone else catching it.

IS THERE ANY TREATMENT?

Most people get better without special treatment. In severe cases an antibiotic may help. Your family doctor can advise if this is needed. As with all infections which cause diarrhoea and vomiting, young children and the elderly most easily become dehydrated. If you have any worries about symptoms you should contact your family doctor.

WHAT ABOUT GOING TO WORK OR SCHOOL?

Anyone with Campylobacter should stay off work or school until they feel better. Usually, as soon as you feel better and any diarrhoea has settled you can go back.

HOW CAN CAMPYLOBACTER BE PREVENTED?

Wash and dry hands carefully after handling raw meat and poultry.

Keep raw meat and poultry away from other foods, particularly in the fridge. Wash utensils and chopping boards with hot water and detergent.

Make sure meat and poultry are properly cooked, particularly at barbecues.

Wash hands regularly and thoroughly, particularly after using the toilet, before preparing or eating food and after changing a baby's nappy.

Protect foil topped milk bottles from being pecked by birds. Throw away milk in bottles which have had their foil tops pecked by birds. Alternatively, boil the milk thoroughly before use.

Avoid swallowing water when doing water sports and avoid drinking unchlorinated water.

Be particularly careful when travelling abroad to countries where there is poor sanitation and drinking water may not be pure.

Help Yourself and Others Always Remember to Wash Your Hands

For further information contact: your family doctor; health visitor
or

Leeds Environment Department, Leeds City Council, Telephone: (0113) 2476286

Food

We took some specialised food from the U.K. This consisted of the following :-

NutraBlast energy bars	216 bars	(too many)
Boil in the bag meals	44	
Tea bags	500	
Cup a soups	60 packets	
Chocolate drinks	80 sachets	
Angel delight	40 packets	(not everyone liked them)
Marmite	1 jar	
Fudge	192 bars	
Galaxy	25 bars	
Dairy Milk	32 bars	
Muesli Bars	80 bars	
Noodles	500 gms	
Spaghetti	500 gms	
Rice	500 gms	

Food in Peru (The £ was worth 4 soles at the time we were there)

Most of the food was bought during our stay in Huancayo. The market stalls were very good with a wide variety of foodstuffs, there were also a couple of Supermarkets as well. Our list was as follows :-

Rice 10 kgs	Jellies 10 pkts	Currants 2 kgs (12 soles)
Flour 3 kgs	Semolina 1 kg	Nuts 2 kgs
Porridge Oats 3200 gms	Honey 2 kgs	Prunes 1 kg (8 soles)
Sugar 6 kgs	Chocolate Drink 1 kg	Stock cubes 50
Eggs 90	Biscuits 64 pkts (2.5 to 4 soles)	Apples 8k (2k=7soles)
Salt 1 kg	Tuna 15 tins	Oranges 5 kgs (2k=6soles)
Dhal 5 kgs	Hot Dogs 4 tins	Pulses 3 kgs
Oil 5 Lt	Milk Powder 3 kgs	Orange Drink 10 Lt
Potato Mix 500 gms	Coffee 500 gms	Noodles 250 gms
Potatoes 18 kgs	Condensed Milk 6 tins	Tomato Ketchup 4 bottles
Carrots 4 kgs	Ideal Milk 3 tins	Cheese 5 kgs (61 soles)
Onions 4 kgs	Dried Papaya 1 kg	Lentils 2kgs
Pasta 5 kgs	Mayonnaise 3 jars	
Jam 5 kgs		

Other provisions that we bought included

Matches, Candles, Soap, Washing Powder, Toilet Rolls,

The food was sorted out into three equal sections in the food tent, thus indicating the length of stay in the mountains. Some foods were very popular while other foodstuffs were hardly touched.

We were left with;
lots of NutraBlast,
20 packets of Biscuits,
Jelly 4 pkts
Fudge 30 bars
Angel Delight 6 pkts
Jam 3 kgs
Rice 4 kgs
Toilet Rolls 4 kgs
Marmalade 2 kgs
Flour 2 kgs
Pasta 2kgs
Semolina 500gms
Beans 1kg
Dhal 1kg
Nuts 1kg

Tuna 3 tins
Lentils 1kg
Sugar 1kg
Ketchup 2 bottles
Honey 1kg
Cheese 3kg
Soups 4 pkts
Teabags 250

All the surplus food were given to the local shepherds, various people in Miraflores.

Compiled by Ken Findlay.

Gear

The gear needed for Peru in this area was very basic and what we took was too much.

The problem with going on such trips is the feeling of needing to take everything you are likely to need, just in case. This is usually preceded by the phrase well once we are there we will not be able to get any extra equipment. This whole area is a dangerous one and of course one day something that was discarded early on will indeed be needed, so it's just a matter of taking care and thinking things through.

The items I took were:-

Boots	1 pair	Plastic, Asolo
Down Boots	1 pair	Rab
Socks	3 pairs	all long
Thermal/LJ's base/layer	1 pair	
Thermal top base/layer	1	
Silk Top base layer	1	North Cape
Shirts mid/layer	2	North Cape
Thermal tops mid/layer	2	North Cape zip necks
Salopettes mid/layer	1	North Cape wind proof
Jacket mid/layer	1	North Cape wind proof
Jacket & Trousers outer/layer	1 set	Phoenix, Gortex
Duvet	1	Red Fox
Hat	1	fleece + 1 bought in Peru
Scarf	1	Wool, bought in Peru
Inner gloves	3	North Cape
Dashtien gloves	1	
Trousers	1	Light cotton, North Cape
Trainers	1	
Sleeping bag	1	Red Fox 900g fill
Sleeping liner	1	North Cape silk
Sleeping bag fleece	1	Dalesware of Ingleton
Thermarest	1	
Karimat	1	
Bivi bag	1	Phoenix

Harness	1	Full body
Descender	1	Tube
Screwgate Karabiners	2	Safety
Sling	1	Safety
Rope	1	60m
Ice axe/hammer	1 pair	
Crampons	1 pair	
Gaiters	1 pair	
Ski sticks	1 pair	(unused)
Helmet	1	Phoenix
Rucksack	2	Joe Brown & old Karimor
Mountain Glasses	1	

Group gear

Ice screws	2	Titanium
Ice drive-ins	2	Titanium
Chocks	4	assorted
Karabiners	8	lightweight
Slings	3	assorted
Snow stakes	4	

Extras

10 titanium ice screws/drive-ins
One pair of Titanium Crampons

Other personal items

Cameras	2	Olympus OM1n & Muji
Notebooks, pencils etc.		
Phrase book		Should have had a dictionary as well
Film	24	Slide 100 & 400 ASA, + Black & White & Print
1st aid and sun creams		

Other Group items

Stove	1	Old MSR
Fuel bottles	2	
Billies	1	MSR + heat exchanger

Gear

Comments

There were a number of hits on this expedition, some were expected and some were not.

The **North Cape** wear that I took all performed brilliantly. The two Polartec windbloc garments, salopets and jacket, were great being both warm and comfortable. This was the first time that I had used the jacket and I was well pleased with it, I liked the feel and fit and felt that it complemented the salopets well. I had used the salopets in the Tien Shan and apart from making a minor adjustment to keep the side zips closed while climbing found them as good as ever.

While there are those who only use **Buffalo** I have found the multi layer system to my liking, the thermal tops from **North Cape** are always warm and the zip at the neck gives good ventilation when needed.

For much of the time I wore some **North Cape** thin inner gloves as they gave me the added warmth I needed without being too bulky, for more extreme uses I used either a pair of Dashtien mitts or a pair of Polartec **North Cape** gloves. Both were excellent.

I can highly recommend the **North Cape** silk sleeping bag liner as I have used one on all the trips and have always found them excellent in adding warmth and for keeping the bag clean. They are easy to wash and quick to dry.

The down boots from **Rab** were excellent and thought I could not use them in our high bivi due to the plastic boots being frozen on I used them lower down to good effect, they also kept me warm at advanced base. Most important of all the **Rab** boots kept Ken Findlay's frost bitten toe warm and protected on the journey out and in camp before that.

Having virtually thrown the **MSR** stoves away upon our return from the Tien Shan, especially when on returning them to the company they could not release the 'frozen' inner wire even with their sound baths, blaming everything on us, I was pleasantly surprised by the way the rescued stove performed in Peru though I ran it without the inner wire in place. It ran well on paraffin and got us through many a meal at base when the locally bought primus stoves gave up.

One thing I will never do again is to fail to replace the batteries in my cameras. I thought that the ones I had in would last out, needless to say they did not. This meant that instead of being able to use the lightweight Muji on the ascent of Ticlla I was forced to thak the heavier SLR.

Base camp needs somewhere that all the members can congregate together. We had difficulty in arranging this so in future we will be considering taking a large cheap tent or a lightweight tarpaulin from the UK.

Finances

Expenses

flights	£4691.90	members payment PH	£ 850
U.K. foods	£ 355.00	members payment KF	£ 850
U.K. 'gear'	£ 25.00	members payment SG	£ 850
UK expenses-pre ex	£ 250.81	members payment KM	£ 850
medicine	£ 198.28	members payment PH	£ 850
Peru Food	£ 370.00	members payment CW	£ 850
Peru 'gear'	£ 50.00	members payment DWJ	£ 850
Peru travel	£ 450.00	members payment PC	£ 173
Peru donkeys	£ 65.00	MEF	£ 700
Peru accommodation	£ 358.00	BMC	£ 650
Peru other exp	£ 180.00		
UK travel	£ 346.50	Income	£7473
post ex report	£ 133.50		

TOTAL £7473.99

The figures above exclude the personal expenses of the members in respect of upgrading their own gear, photography, meals at the end of the expedition and other personal items.

Peru is a good place to visit as there is no bureaucracy or fees for peaks and associated expenses

We took out our insurance through the BMC Greater Ranges Insurance Scheme for the trip at a cost of £148 per person. One person made a claim against the policy for some spectacles lost on the walk out. The claim was sent off on the 5th September 1997 but no response has been received as of January 10th 1998.

Useful information

UK

Budget Car Hire
Reservations 0800 626063
or Yellow Pages

Iberia Manchester
Iberia Group
Room 1, Level 7
Terminal 1, Intercontinental
Manchester Airport
M901QX

or
London
The Iberia Group
Venture House
27/29 Glasshouse Street
London W1R 6JU
Group Bookings (10)
Tel. 0171 830 0033
Fax 0171 413 1262

Embassy of Republic of Peru
52 Sloane Street
SW1X 9SP

CentreSport
57/59 Briggate
Leeds LS1 6AS
Tel 0113 245 2917

PERU

British Embassy
Lima
Fax 433 4735

SEAC Av. Rep. de Portugal 146
(postal: Casilla 3741)
Lima 100 Peru
Mon-Fri 9.30 - 5.00
Tel/fax (51-1) 425 0142
E-mail- montague@amauta.rcp.net.pe

IGN (Take your passport)
*Try to have identified the maps you want
from other sources eg RGS*
Avenue Arabburu 1190
Surquillo
Lima 34
Tel 475 3085

Hostal Jose Luis
Fr de paula Ugarriza 727
Miraflores
Lima 18 Peru
Tel (51-1) 444 1015
Fax (51-1) 446 7177
E-mail- hsjluis@telmatic.edu.pe

Cruz del Sur (Coaches)
Jr Quilca 531
Tel 423 5594 / 424 1005

Mariscal Caceres SA (Coaches)
Av 28 de Julio 2195
Lima 13
Tel 474 7850 / 474 6811
& Jr Huanuco 350
Huancayo
Tel 23 1232

Mirka Galvez B
Av Giraldez 652
Huancayo
Tel. 51 64 223303
Fax. 51 64 222395

Incas del Peru
Lucho Hurtado
Av Giraldez 652
post:- Apartado Postal 510, Huancayo
Tel/fax 00 51 64 222395
Tel 00 51 64 223303
E-mail incas&lucho@hys.com.pe

La Casa de la Abuela
Margarita Z de Hurtado
Ave Giraldez 1081
Huancayo
Tel 00 51 64 - 238224 /223303
Tel/Fax 00 51 64 - 222395

Empresa de Transportes
Ave Grau 476
Tel 4315198

La Cabaña
Av Giraldez 652
Huancayo
(tour guide, restaurant and hostel)
Tel 00 51 64 - 223303

E Wong Super mercado
Av Benavides 1475
Miraflores
Lima

Burger Boy
Av Alfredo benavides 1113
Urb San Antonio
Miraflores

Benzina Blanca
Union Ferretera SA
Calle Arequipe 333
Tel 235051

GRANTS

Mount Everest Founda
Mr W Ruthven
Hon. Secretary
Gowrie
Cardwell Close
Warton
Preston
PR4 1SH
Tel/fax 01772 635346
Application dates
31st August & 31st December

Foundation for Sport and the Arts
PO Box 20
Liverpool
L13 1HB
Tel 0151 259 5505
Fax 0151 230 0664
Apply anytime

Leeds Sports Council Grants Panal
Leeds Leisure Services
The Town Hall
The Headrow
Leeds LS1 3AD
Apply anytime

Lyon Equipment Expedition Award
Lyon Equipment Ltd.
Dent
Sedbergh
Cumbria LA10 5QL
Tel 015396 25493
Fax 015396 25034
Apply October 1st / complete by March 31st

Research.

- 1) Kelsey - Guide to the world's Mountains ISBN 0944510-02-7
- 2) Neat - Mountaineering in the Andes ISBN 0-907649-64-5
(n.b. the ref 75°W on map should read 76°W)
- 3) EAS (Expedition Advisory Centre) Royal Geographical Society, 1 Kensington Gore, London. SW7 2AR
- 4) Servei General d'informació de Muntanya centre de documentació alpina, Apartat de Correus 330, 08200 Sabadell, Spain
- 5) RGS Library, 1 Kensington Gore, London, SW7 2AR.
- 6) Alpine club Library, 55 Charlotte Road, London, EC2A 3QT.
- 7) American Alpine Journal Vol 16 1968-9 p.195-198
- 8) MONTAÑA ? p 470-477 'The 2nd Spanish Expedition to the Andes' Barcelona (Spanish.)
- 9) American Alpine Journal 1968 p 194-198
- 10) Neat Mountaineering in the Andes early edition at Alpine club ISBN 0-907649-33-5
(Lots of detailed references in this copy.)
- 11) NZ Alpine Journal Vol 25 1972 p 79-81
- 12) SMC Journal 1958/9 p. 359-361
- 13) Revista Peruana de Andinismo y Glaciología 1966-68 No 8 p 39-40
- 14) Revista Peruana de Andinismo 1964-5 Año 14 No 7 maps facing p 102.
- 15) Simon Cook, 127 Gretton Road, Winchcombe, Gloucester. GL54 5EL.
(2 reports of trips to Peru)

Area	Name	Metres	Feet	Year	Ascent	Nationality	Ref	Details
2.0	Cerro de Ricci	5400	17726	1966	1st	German?	Neate	
2.0	Cerro del Medio	5360	17594	1966	1st	German?		
2.0	Colquepucro	5592	18357	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section NW face by Bram & Hillerbrandt (Pachancota, Yarumaria)
2.0	Colquepucro	5560	18357	1938	1st	American	Neate	via N face climbed by Dodge & Peruvian porter
2.0	Felsnadel (?)	5200	17069	1967	1st	German?	Neate	
2.0	Jaico I	5057	16601	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section by Rubel, Bram, Edrich & Huber
2.0	Jaico II	5198	17061	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section by Hillebrandt
2.0	Juanita	5397	17717	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section by Rubel, Mirwald, Edrich & Huber
2.0	Manon II	5283	17340	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from S by Hillerbrandt, Bram, Mirwald & Jahl
2.0	Manon III	5287	17356	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from N by Rubel, Bram, Edrich & Huber
2.0	Mellizo Sur	5280	17331	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section S face 6 members
2.0	Mellizo Sur	5265	17282	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from S glaciers 6 members
2.0	Minacho	5200	17069	1967	1st	German?		
2.0	Nevado Cochas	5530	18152				Neate	(Runshu) lies against Tunshu
2.0	Nevado del Medio	5460	17922	1966	1st	German?	Neate	
2.0	Nevado S 17	5410	17750	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from the S by Rubel & Jahl
2.0	P. 5370	5370	17627	1972	1st		Neate	from E
2.0	Pacca I (Sur)	5400	17717	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section E face & N ridge by Rubel, Bram, Mirwald, Edrich, Huber & Jahl
2.0	Pacca I (Sur)	5400	17717	1966	1st	German?	Neate	
2.0	Pacca II (Norte)	5410	17736	1967		German		Tunshu section E face & S ridge by Rubel, Bram, Mirwald, Edrich, Huber & Jahl
2.0	Pacca II (Norte)	5410	17736	1966	1st	German?	Neate	
2.0	Pico Chaca			1966		USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyaos/Yupanca Valley area by C Heller & R Johnson
2.0	Pumahuasin Central	5212	17150	1966		USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyos/Yupanca Valley area by 6 members (Pumahuain)
2.0	Pumahuasin Norte	5342	17525	1966		USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyos/Yupanca Valley area by 5 members (Pumahuain)
2.0	Pumahuasin Sur	5278	17325	1966	1st	USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyos/Yupanca Valley area by Bauer & Heller (Pumahuain)
2.0	Pyramid Peak	5270	17290	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from N by Hillebrandt
2.0	Pyramid Peak	5267	17290	1970		?		Tunshu section by NE ridge
2.0	Shallanca	5397	17717	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section E face & S ridge by Rubel, Bram, Mirwald, Huber & Jahl
2.0	Shicra West	5368	17620	1966	1st	German?		via Yarumaria glacier & NW slope
2.0	Tatajaico	5591	18352	1958		UK	Neate	Tunshu section S face by Wallace (Nahuin, Jica, Jaico)
2.0	Tatajaico 1	5070	18111	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from E by Hillebrandt & Bram

2.0	Tatajaico 2	5200	17069	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from E by Hillebrandt & Bram
2.0	Tatatunshu	5255	17241	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section on skis from SW by Rubel, Bram, Edrich, Jahl & Huber
2.0	Tembladera	5595	18358	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section North wall by Rubel & Huber
2.0	Tembladera	5595	18358	1958	1st	UK	Neate	Tunshu section from base of Tatajaico by Wallace
2.0	Tembladera	5595	18358	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from the South by Hillebrandt & Mirwald
2.0	Tranca	5367	17618	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section Eastern ridge by Rubel, Bram, Edrich Jahl & Huber
2.0	Tullujuto	5756	18894	1938	1st	American	Neate	via steep ridge Dodge & porter
2.0	Tullujuto	5756	18894	1965		?	Neate	S ridge
2.0	Tullujuto (snow dome)	5600	18382	1967	1st	German?	Neate	
2.0	Tullujuto West	5701	18714	1936	1st	American	Neate	
2.0	Tunshu (3 tops)	5650	18546	1958	1st	UK	Neate	Tunshu section NE ridge by Wallace &
2.0	Tunshu (Norte)	6550	18537	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section N face/decended SE by Mirwald, Edrich & Huber
2.0	Tunshu (Sur)	5565	18258	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from N by Mirwald, Edrich & Huber
2.0	Tuyujuto 1	5600	18373	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from N glacier by Huber & Errich (same climb as Tuy 2)
2.0	Tuyujuto 2	5650	18471	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section N ridge by Huber & Errich (same climb as Tuy 1)
2.0	Tuyujuto Central	5165	16954	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section from N glacier by Huber & Errich (same climb as Tuy 1 & 2)
2.0	Twins 1	5262	17273	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section by Rubel, Bram, Mirwald, Edrich, Huber & Jahl
2.0	Twins 2	5227	17159	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section by Rubel, Bram, Mirwald, Edrich, Huber & Jahl
2.0	Uman Norte (Grande)	5328	17480	1966	1st	USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyos/Yupanca Valley area by 6 members
2.0	Unnamed peak 1-67	5162	16945	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section by Rubel, Bram & Jahl
2.0	Unnamed peak 2-67	5198	17061	1967		German	RPA 66/8	Tunshu section by Hillebrandt
2.0	Yarumaria 1	5500	18054	1927	1st		Neate	
2.0	Yarumaria 1	5500	18054	1966		German?	Neate	by W ridge
2.0	Yarumaria 2	5550	18218	1966	1st	German?	Neate	Traverse of 2,3 & 4
2.0	Yarumaria 3	5600	18382	1966	1st	German?	Neate	Traverse of 2,3 & 4
2.0	Yarumaria 4	5550	18218	1966	1st	German?	Neate	Traverse of 2,3 & 4
3.0	Acuna	5360	17594	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Ancovilca	5358	17580	1966	1st	USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyaos/Yupanca Valley area by S ridge/ 5 members
3.0	Balaitous	5055	16593	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Balaitous	5055	16593	1997	2nd	British 1st	Expedition	Wynne-Jones & Caswell
3.0	Balaitous	5055	16593	1997	3rd	British 2nd	Expedition	Holden & Hudson
3.0	Canigo	5470	17955	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Cullic	5200	17069	1965	1st		Neate	by S ridge

3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	from W
3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1966	2nd	USA	AAJ 68/9	Followed Spanish route Bauer & Johnson
3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1966	3rd	USA	AAJ 68/9	Difficult new route from E (rest of team)
3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1987	4th		Neate	SE face to 5600m (ice)
3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1997	5th	British 1st	Expedition	SW Ridge from col Holden & Woodall
3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1997	6th	British 2nd	Expedition	SW Ridge from col Caswell & Wynne-Jones
3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1997	7th	British 3rd	Expedition	SE face route Hudson & Findlay
3.0	Cutuni (Cotoni or Tiella)	5897	19025	1997	8th	British 4th	Expedition	SW Ridge from col Gallagher & Mosley
3.0	Huamalia	5200	17069	1969	1st		Neate	via SE rock ridge
3.0	J Folch	5412	17765	1963		Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Lancoc	4950	16404	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	North Yauyos section by A von Hillebrandt
3.0	Llongote	5781	18976	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Manuel Falla	5380	17660	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	P.5015	5015	16462	1970	1st		Neate	(Padrecacca Massive) SE of P.5082
3.0	Pacarin	5240	17191	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	North Yauyos section NW ridge by P Mirwald
3.0	Paulo VI	5430	17824	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Pica d'Etats	5362	17385	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	Called Padrecaca (Pariacacca, Llica) by USA 1966
3.0	Pica d'Etats	5362	17385	1966	2nd	USA	AAJ 68/9	Called Padrecaca by USA 1966
3.0	Pica d'Etats	5362	17385	1997	3rd	British 1st	Expedition	West face/ridge route 4 members
3.0	Pica d'Etats	5362	17385	1997	4th	British 2nd	Expedition	West face/ridge route 4 members
3.0	Pichahuacra	5490	18021	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Pico Chaluacocha			1966		USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyos/Yupanca Valley area by E Bauer
3.0	Quepala Norte	5350	17561	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Quepala Norte	5350	17561	1997	2nd	British 1st	Expedition	Hudson & Findlay
3.0	Quepala Sur	5360	17594	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	San Jordi	5460	17922	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Santa Rosa de Lima	5460	17922	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Santiago	5150	16905	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Taurantoyoc	5431	17827	1982	1st		Neate	20k E of Yauyos rock peaks/small glaciers
3.0	Uman Sur	5243	17275	1966	1st	USA	AAJ 68/9	Yauyos/Yupanca Valley area by 4 members
3.0	Verdaguer	5390	17693	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Virgen de la Merced	5475	17972	1963	1st	Spanish	Neate	
3.0	Yadone Norte	5090	16708	1953	1st		Neate	
3.0	Yana Salla Ccorancata	5200	17061	1967	1st	German	RPA 66/8	North Yauyos section from the S by A von Hillebrandt



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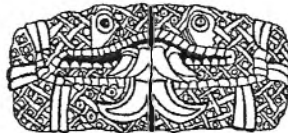


Paul Hudson, 88 Ash Road, Leeds. LS6 3HD Tel. 0113 2 782531 Fax. 0113 2 782531

E-Mail PHudson@PGSL.demon.co.uk



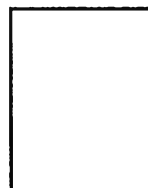
United Kingdom
PERU 1997



Cordillera Central
Expedition



Patron : Sir Christian Bonington



Mount Everest Foundation, British Mountaineering Council, Sports Council, Leeds Sports Grant



IN TRAINING: Norris with his mentor, Stuart Gallagher.

Norris the gnome given some peak practice

AN intrepid little gnome from Houghton is off to darkest Peru this summer to conquer mountains so far unclimbed by man or gnome.

Norris Gnome, age unknown, will be accompanied by Stuart Gallagher, 46, a geography teacher at Houghton Kepier School, and a team of climbers from all over the country.

They will be climbing mountains deep in the Cordillera Centrale, until recently held by rebel guerrillas.

Maths teacher Linda Flinn has made Norris a rucksack and sleeping bag and he is looking forward to the trip.

As far as anyone knows, it will be Norris's first mountaineering expedition.

"Norris just appeared in the staff room one day as if by magic, as gnomes do," said Stuart. "He seems to have settled at the school and now lives here."

The question of what would

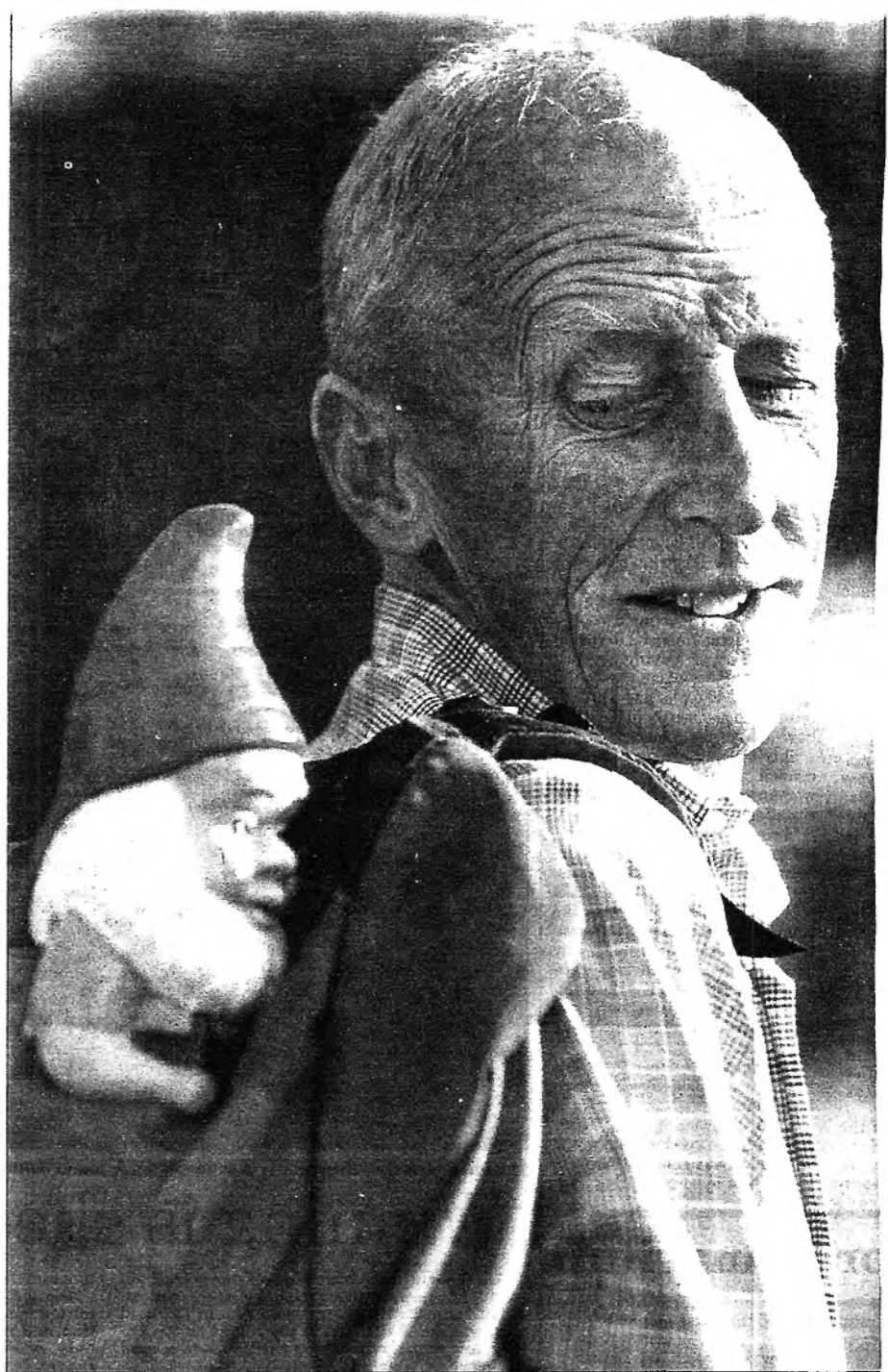
happen to Norris during the six-week summer break was resolved when he decided to go on the climbing expedition. He is now looking for sponsors, with all the proceeds going to children's charities.

He is not nervous about his first trip, because Stuart is a very experienced climber.

Stuart, who has been climbing since he was 16, has concentrated recently on Central Asia, tackling mountains out of bounds even to the Russians during the time of the Soviet Union.

There has been no expedition to the Cordillera Centrale for at least 30 years. The highest mountain in the range is 5,800 metres, 1,000 metres higher than Mont Blanc, but much of it is uncharted territory.

● Anyone willing to sponsor Norris Gnome to raise cash for children's charities can contact Stuart Gallagher at Houghton Kepier School. Tel. 5843122.



■ Haven't you got a gnome to go to? Stuart Gallagher with Norris

Picture: JOHN McCORMICK

Stu's gnome-coming gift

GEOGRAPHY teacher Stuart Gallagher has scaled the heights for our Princess Diana appeal with his sidekick Norris the gnome.

The teacher at Houghton Kesper School, in Houghton-le-Spring, Tyne and Wear, climbed one of the world's highest mountains during an expedition to Peru.

And everywhere Stuart went, Norris, the staff room mascot, went with him. They even posed together for photographs at the peak of the mile-high Padre Caca mountain.

The pair were part of the first British expedition to conquer the peak for more than 20 years. When they returned, Stuart recounted the tale of their trek to pupils in a series of assemblies.

A collection after the talks raised £315 and Stuart decided to donate it to *The Northern Echo's* Princess Diana memorial appeal.

This newspaper has teamed up with the Butterwick Hospice in Stockton to open the North-East's first children's hospice in the name of the People's Princess. We need to

IN MEMORY OF DIANA



BUILD A NORTH-EAST CHILDREN'S HOSPICE

raise £500,000 and, so far, £230,000 has been raised.

Stuart said: "We weren't sure where we were going to send the money until I read about the appeal in your newspaper. It struck me as the best place for it to go."

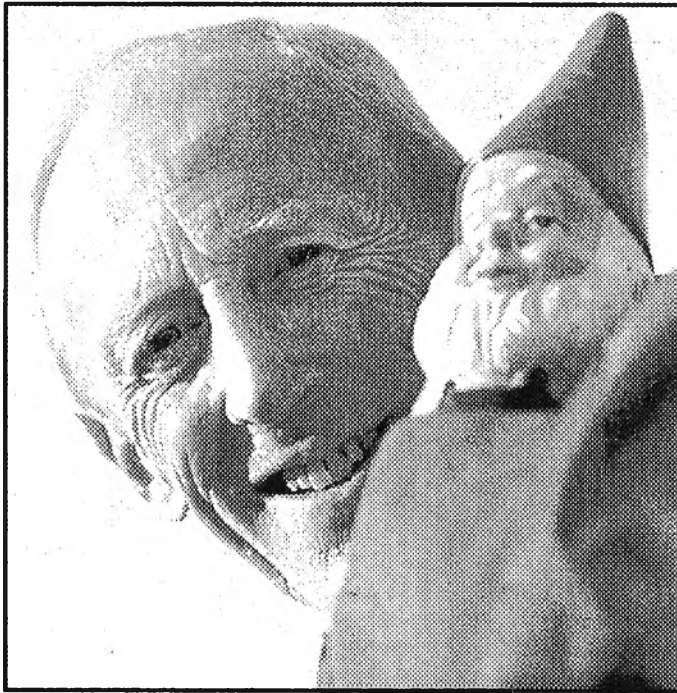
He added: "Norris did very well. He didn't suffer altitude sickness at all and I am pretty certain that this was the first Gnomish expedition to make it to the top of Padre Caca."

A further £1,600 was delivered to the hospice's fundraising office on Thursday.

And the appeal was boosted by a gift of £200 from Christy's hairdressers in Lowland Road, Brandon, near Durham city. Customers and staff gave £100, and owner Ethel Turnbull doubled it.

● Polam Hall School in Grange Road, Darlington, is holding special bazaar and craft fair today from 10am to 5pm. Superb crafts to see and buy. Admission fee to *The Northern Echo* and Butterwick Trust children's hospice appeal.

in time for hospice appeal



■ **Stuart Gallagher with Norris**

How to donate

- Call the credit card hotline on (01642) 624231.
- Cheques payable to the Butterwick Children's Hospice should be sent to The Butterwick Hospice, Middlefield Road, Stockton-on-Tees, TS19 8XN.
- Cash donations can be made at *The Northern Echo* head office in Priestgate, Darlington, weekdays during office hours.
- Look out for donation points at council officers, leisure centres and hospital throughout the region.

NORRIS the intrepid gnome has raised more than £300 for our hospice appeal in memory of Diana, Princess of Wales by climbing in the Andes with his pal, geography teacher Stuart Gallagher.

The pair were part of a British expedition to Peru.

Stuart, a teacher at Houghton Kepier School in Houghton-le-Spring, Tyne and Wear, carried the good luck gnome all the time in the mountains.

And when he returned home, Stuart raised money for the appeal by giving talks to pupils in a series of special assemblies.

A collection raised more than £315 and yesterday a cheque, together with a note from Norris, arrived at the appeal headquarters in the Butterwick Hospice, Stockton.

The money will help to build a children's hospice in memory of Diana.

Stuart said: "Norris knew the appeal was the right place for our money to go."

And he praised his pint-sized pal's climbing expertise, adding: "He was an excellent climber and didn't suffer altitude sickness at all."

The Northern Echo teamed up with the Butterwick Hospice after being repeatedly turned down for a grant by the National Lottery. We need £500,000 to build a hospice for terminally ill children in the North-East and their families.

Nearly £2,000 arrived from generous members of the public yesterday and the

IN MEMORY OF DIANA



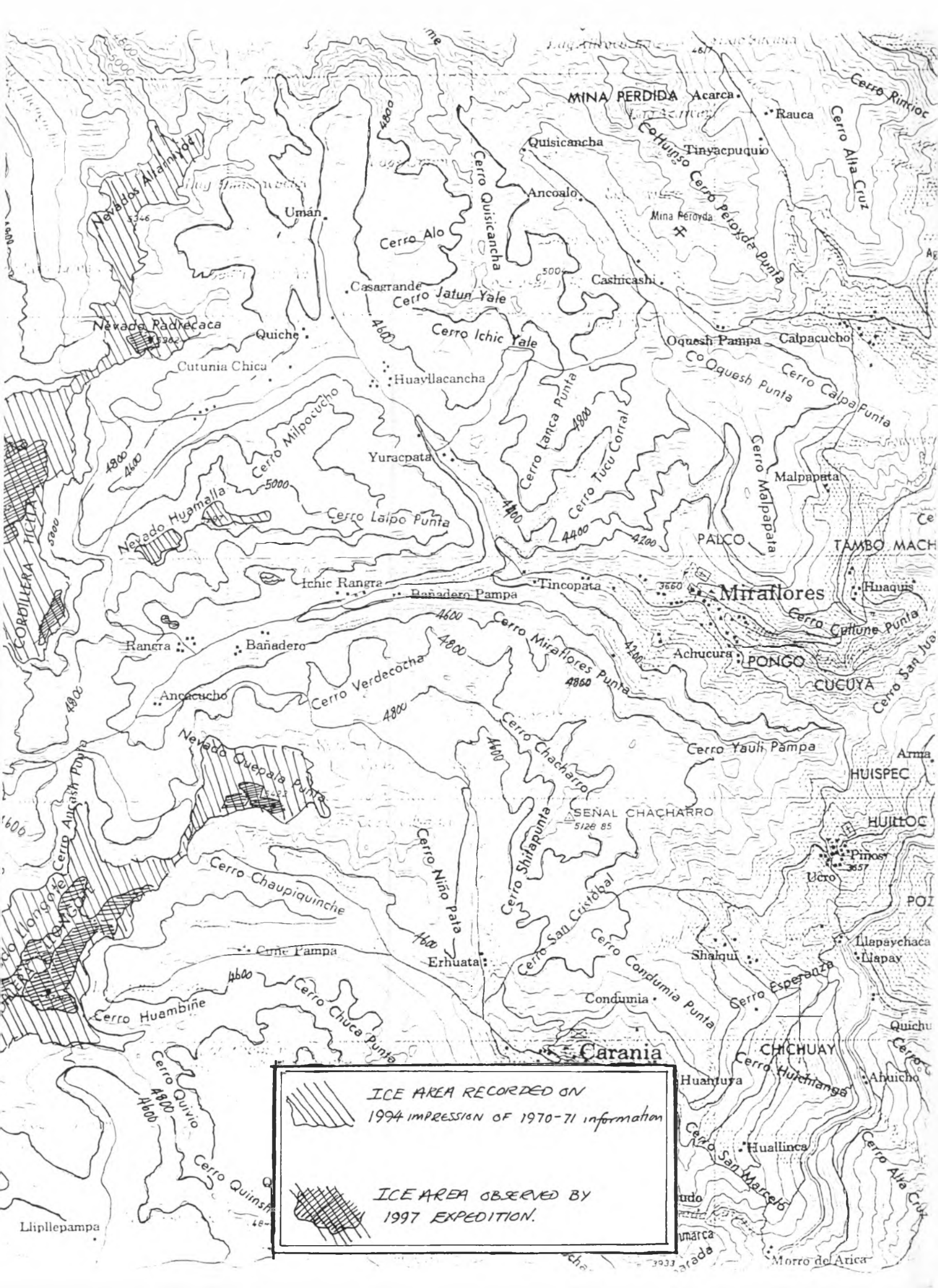
BUILD A NORTH-EAST CHILDREN'S HOSPICE


appeal fund currently stands at more than £240,000.


Graham Leggatt-Chidgey, the fundraising director, said: "We're very grateful to Norris and Stuart for their generous donation. Climbing in the Andes must have been very difficult, it's wonderful they found time to help terminally ill children."

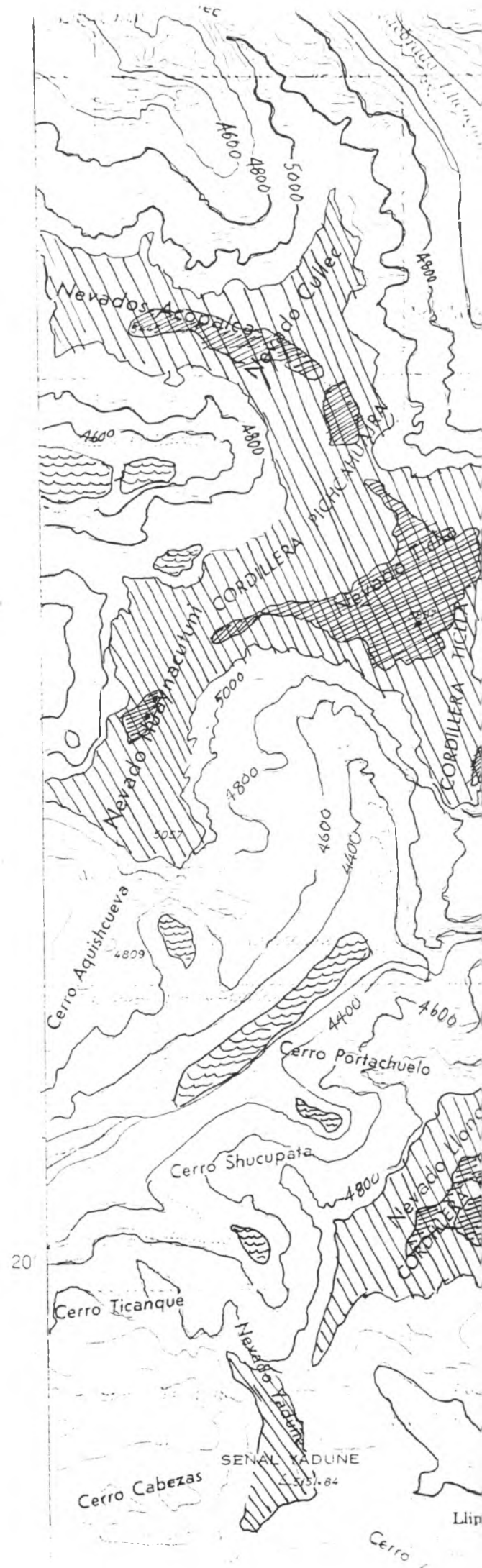
But more money is still needed if we are to achieve our aim of opening the North-East's first children's hospice by Spring.

Mr Leggatt-Chidgey said: "Every last penny is one step closer to our goal. All donations, no matter how large or small are gratefully received."

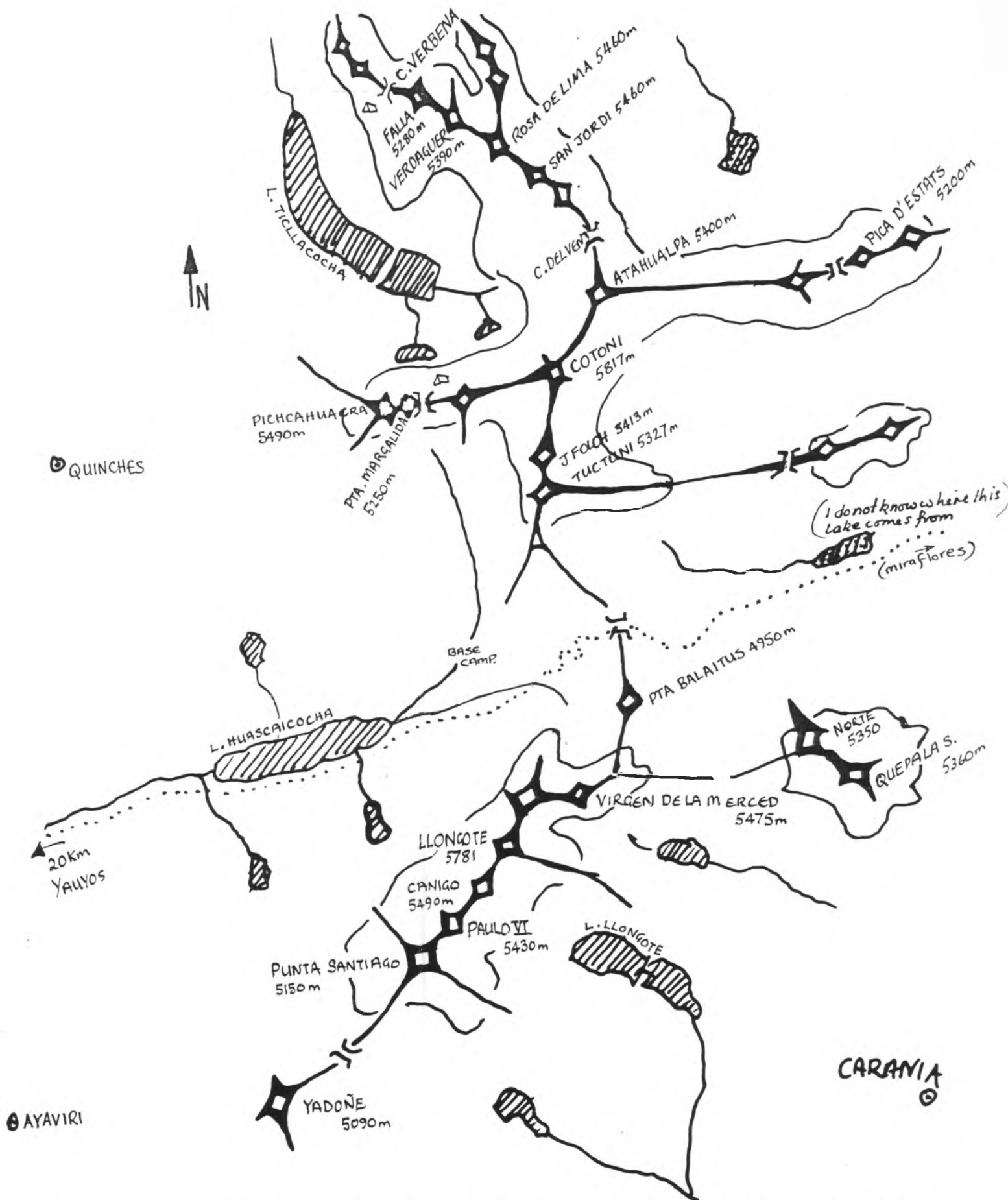


 ICE AREA RECORDED ON
1994 IMPRESSION OF 1970-71 INFORMATION

 ICE AREA OBSERVED BY
1997 EXPEDITION.



This is a copy of a map from the PERUVIAN Times of 1963. The map was compiled from the Spanish Catalanian Expedition in 1963. () bracketed comments from 1997.



(Every point seems to have been given a name on this map, more than I think deserve them)
 (Some heights vary from the currently adopted ones)