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BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THE CORDILLERAS VILCANOTA AND REAL

1982

Sponsored by Mount Everest Foundation and British Mountaineering Council

EXPEDITION MEMBERS

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Any person visiting either of these areas and wanting more detailed information is cordially invited to contact members of the expedition.

INTRODUCTION SV

During the summer of 1981 Dave Wilkinson and I took part in a second unsuccessful attempt on a new route on Kunyang Kish, in the Karakoram. As time ran out, the weather worsened and life became bleak, Dave would relieve the misery with tales of Peru - a land where the potatoes came in a hundred varieties, where the sun always shone and one actually reached the summits of mountains. By the time we left Pakistan I had resolved to climb in the Andes the following year. Dave was also keen to return there; Lindsay Griffin and Jan Solov already had plans afoot to visit either Southern Peru or Bolivia and it seemed appropriate to join forces in an "Alpine-style Andean Expedition".

Dave and I were free to leave in early July; the others couldn't come until the end of the month. We agreed to meet in Bolivia's capital, La Paz and spend August climbing in the Cordillera Real, a range reputed to be less affected by bad weather in August than the ranges further North, in Peru. Dave and I had three weeks in July, when the weather in Peru ought to be excellent. The Cordillera Blanca is probably the most spectacular range in Peru; but Dave had been there before and I was keen to visit a less frequented area further South. I also wanted to see Cuzco so we decided on the Cordillera Vilcanota nearby, where there are numerous unclimbed faces on 5000 m and 6000 m peaks.

CORDILLERA VILCANOTA SV

On July 8th Dave and I checked in our four large rucksacks at Heathrow. The following day, at the end of a long flight, we flew over the Cordillera Huayash and descended to Lima. Within three hours of arriving in the capital we had lost two passports, several maps, an air ticket and all Dave's money and cheques. We had expected the city to be crawling with thieves but I was not prepared for violent assault at a bus stop in broad daylight. The robbery caused a three day delay, while we obtained new passports and cashed one of my ordinary bank cheques at the helpful, efficient British Embassy. One cannot overemphasize the risk of theft in Lima and Cuzco. All money and documents should be carried in a strong wallet, firmly secured underneath one's shirt, and it is worth having a length of rope to tie loose pieces of luggage together.

We finally left for Cuzco on a moderately comfortable bus. The journey lasts two and a half days and takes in at least two 4000 m passes, so it is a good chance to see something of the country, acclimatizing all the while. On the third morning we saw our first real mountains since the aeroplane, the Cordillera Vilcabamba, as we drove over the final pass to Cuzco. In spite of the hordes of European "travellers", it was a delight to walk through the cobbled streets of the old city and to look out from our hotel balcony, over red-tiled roofs, to Spanish Baroque towers and cupolas, with the snows of Ausangate, the highest



peak in the Vilcanota, hanging above the altiplano, sixty miles away. However time was short and we only dallied one day, buying food supplies for two weeks (the supermarkets are well stocked and the street markets have a wealth of excellent vegetables). On July 17th we took all our luggage down to Limacpampaquito, to catch the Ocungate bus. Opinions as to the departure time varied enormously, but the bus did eventually materialise, backfiring its way triumphantly through the streets of Cuzco. The journey to Ocungate takes several hours and the bus usually continues from there to the tiny "hacienda" of Tinki, where horses can be hired for the approach to the mountains.

We found a charming but indolent "arriero" by the name of Gerardo, who agreed to a very reasonable price for the services of his moth-eaten horse, which carried about 45 kg on the two day approach to base camp. It took a lot of coaxing to get Gerardo to base camp and at one stage we took the horse and carried on without him. His behaviour was not typical - most arrieros in Peru and Bolivia are energetic and efficient, as well as being scrupulously honest.

The Vilcanota was quite unlike any range I had visited before. There was not the sense that one has in the Himalaya, or even the Alps, of being in the middle of a great range - just a cluster of dazzling snow peaks, rising abruptly from the brown expanse of the altiplano. The only other visible glaciated mountains were the Cordillera Vilcabamba, nearly a hundred miles to the North. The peaks here are truly Alpine in scale and few faces or ridges are higher than 1000 m. Most of the faces are unclimbed and we had seen a photo of one of them - the West face of Jatunhuma 1 - which appeared to be a good objective. As we crossed the 5000 m Campa pass, on the second day of the approach, our mountain came into view, immediately dominating the valley we were descending into.

One hour later we arrived at base camp - a grassy hollow at 4750 m, complete with little turquoise lake - Ticclacocho. By day it is a comfortable spot, but in the evening a cold wind blows down the glacier from the Campa pass, and we were glad to be able to spend the evenings in the warm kitchen tent of a French team camped nearby.

As soon as we saw the mountain, we set our hearts on Jatunhuma 1 : an unclimbed face on a 6000 m peak was a chance not to miss. First we had to acclimatise and, after a day at base camp watching the llamas and alpacas, we climbed Campa 1 (5480 m) - an easy climb which is done as a training route by most parties visiting the area. Two days later we climbed a little higher to the 5720 m summit of Ccapana. I was tempted by the steep, unclimbed South face, but we had brought no bivouac gear and intended to return to base camp the same day, so we opted for the easier "voie normale" up the Northeast glacier, following the tracks of some Austrians who had been there a week earlier - hardly exploring, but a steep ice wall provided some entertainment before we continued up the summit ridge, reaching the top five hours after leaving base camp. The weather was still perfect and we could see almost the whole of the Vilcanota. There were so

many attractive choices - one of the routes up the spire to our South - Pachanta; the unclimbed South face of Chimbaya (also called Cayangate V); or the East faces and spurs of the other Cayangate peaks. The West faces of Jatunhuma 11 and 111 looked nearly as interesting as Jatunhuma 1; further North there is the Colque Cruz group, with their elaborately corniced ridges and steep, unclimbed South faces. On the West everything is dominated by Ausangate. Being the highest mountain in the range, it is zealously attempted by most expeditions. Many of them get bogged down in deep snow on the South side of the mountain and never reach the prestigious summit. Three steep routes have been climbed on the Southeast face and on the West end of the North face, but the main North face remains formidably virgin.

I felt tempted by all the choice but we only had time for one big climb. We were now well acclimatised and, ten days after leaving sea level, ready for our 6000 m peak. We decided to have one more rest day before attempting Jatunhuma 1. In fact an unusual afternoon storm dumped three inches of new snow, extending the rest to two days. Finally, on July 26th, we set off with heavy rucksacks for the foot of the face.

The Peruvian map refers to Jatunhuma 1 as "Tres Picos", because of its distinctive three summits, which are linked by an exciting, corniced ridge. The North summit is just the highest and was first climbed in 1957, from the Northwest. It was not an easy climb and nor was the West buttress, climbed by Italians in 1978. At the time of our ascent we didn't know about the Italian route, but anyway we were interested in the big ice face to the right of the spur and decided on a direct route to the central summit. The face is 700 m high and we hoped to climb it in one day. However we knew it could well take longer, with only twelve hours of daylight, and we knew that finding a way off the mountain was going to be difficult (there is no easy descent), so we took food for four days.

The first bivouac was very comfortable - a wide snow ledge under a huge rock overhang near the bergschrund. The night was warm and cloudy but, as so often happens in the Andes, the clouds came to nothing, so we started climbing just before dawn. The clouds soon dispersed and for most of the day we climbed under a blue sky.

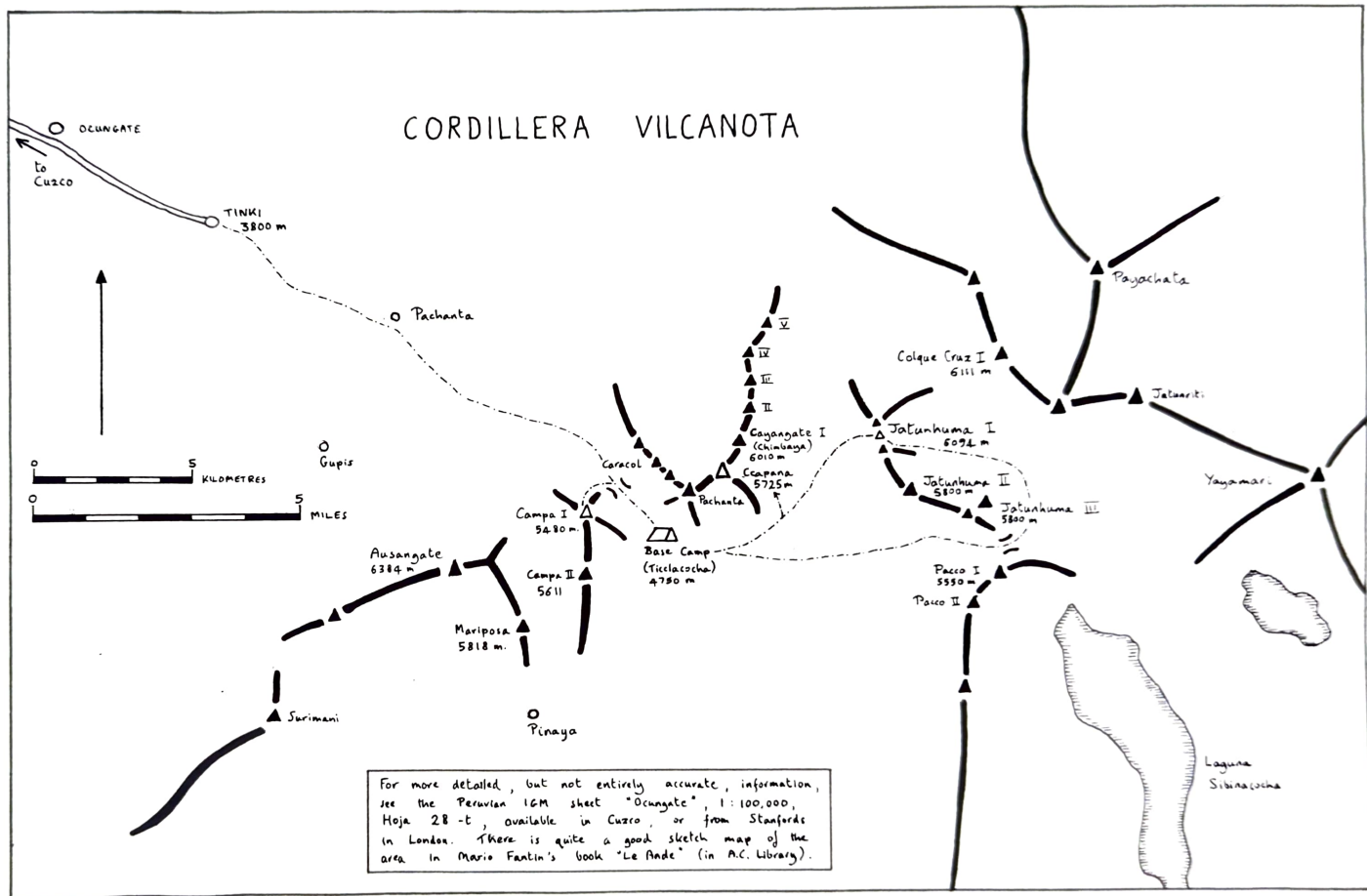
The route was similar to many Alpine ice faces; but there were differences, like the ice grottos on the edge of seracs, where we belayed on the lower part of the face; and the unusually deep but firm 55° snow in the central section, where we were glad of Dave's long snow stakes for belays. It would have been quite reasonable to solo, but at that altitude one was glad of a chance to rest every 300 feet. Two thirds of the way up the face the climbing became more interesting, with two pitches up delicate mixed ground, secured by rock belays. Then we climbed up into classic Peruvian territory - steep, hard ice runnels, curving up between precarious snow flutings, towards the huge summit cornices. The ice was unpleasantly hard, the crests of the flutings appeared to be bottomless and the secret seemed to be to strike a happy medium on the edge of the flutings, belaying to ice screws in the runnels. We were still climbing

when the sun set and it was dark when I started up the last pitch, to join Dave in a small cave underneath the summit cornice.

The night was cold (maybe -20°C) and I was glad of good bivouac gear. In the morning we climbed the remaining few feet to the central summit. Now the fun began - we had to find a way off the mountain. The East side looked most promising. After a long day of traversing snow mushrooms, crossing improbable crevasses, straddling ice aretes, abseiling and down-climbing on snow, ice and rock of every consistency imaginable, we reached a point near the bottom of the Southeast spur of the South summit. We were now descending the final rock buttress to the glacier on the East side of Jatunhuma, but darkness fell before we reached the bottom. We settled down to a third bivouac and in the morning did two final abseils down to the glacier. At last we could relax and it only remained to make the long glacier plod round the back of Jatunhuma 11 and 111, back to base camp. That evening we reached a point close to base camp, slept out on a luxurious patch of springy turf and returned to camp the next morning, exactly four days after leaving it.

We were now due in La Paz. On July 31st we walked the eighteen miles back to Tinki. In spite of a monstrous rucksack, I enjoyed the walk. Late in the afternoon we stumbled across the last few miles of rolling grassland to Tinki, stopping occasionally to look back at the Vilcanota, incredibly luminous against a dark sky. In Tinki and Ocungate we feasted well, before taking the unique bus back to Cuzco. We had hoped to find Phil in Cuzco but there was no sign of him; because of the unreliability of the Peruvian post he hadn't received our message about a rendezvous. We finally found him with Lindsay and Jan, in La Paz, on August 4th.

CORDILLERA VILCANOTA



CORDILLERA REAL L.G.

By the time Jan and Lindsay arrived in the worlds highest capital city after two and a half days continuous overland travel from Lima; the poorest nation in S. America was already beginning to experience the political unrest that was to significantly hinder progress throughout the entire stay. An increasingly unpopular military government combined with rabid inflation led, a few days later to a total transport strike. The hotel manager shrugged his shoulders to their query, "Who knows? The previous one lasted three weeks". The whole of Bolivia it appeared was at a standstill for an indefinite period. La Paz appeared to be one of the nicest and most interesting of Third World capital cities. At an altitude of 3670 m it exhibits the attractive proposition of being able to offer the visiting human being a fair degree of altitude acclimatization simply by lying in bed or lounging about in the numerous inexpensive cafes. Access to the peaks of the Cordillera would be both lengthy and problematical were it not for the extensive system of mining roads which penetrate high into the range. Some, for example those servicing communities in the Illimani region are in daily use, yet on others 'regular' mining trucks ply once every two or three weeks. Various parts of the range, notably around 'Huayna Potosi' can be reached in a mere few hours from the roadhead. Even more remotely placed peaks can be attempted after only two or three days walk-in. In general summits are higher and weather supposedly better than many of the Peruvian ranges, although the latter was not found to be the case and a fair amount of bad, though never violent weather was experienced throughout the expedition. Few British parties appear to have visited the area, especially in more recent times and consequently information is difficult to assimilate in this country. With regards to mountaineering exploits the most reliable source is to be found in copies of The American Alpine Journal. However, for general help on food, accommodation and travel within the country, thanks are due to Kate Webb, who was able to give a fair indication of what might be involved before we left Britain.

Before total immobilization, interesting visits had been made to the shores of Lake Titicaca with it's famous reed boats and islands, plus an afternoon at the archeological site of Tiwanaku, the oldest remains of civilization on the continent. Time, however, was at a premium and with Phil's departure to England due to personal problems, Lindsay realised with horror that he would have his work cut out to climb with two chaps who had spent the previous month oscillating around the 6000 m mark.

Various possibilities were discussed but all were futile without transport. At one stage they seriously considered returning to the Vilcanota, as Peruvian owned Overland Bus Companies were still able to operate services into La Paz.

For several days they persevered with false trails and fruitless contacts, the frustration only alleviated by sampling a wide variety of Bolivian food. As a final resort, they began accosting anybody on the streets who looked as if they might own some form of transport. Surprisingly, this worked.

They agreed on an astronomical price for a ride to Ancoma, a small village in the Tipuani Valley and lying on the ancient 'Gold Diggers Way' used from the earliest years of the Inca empire to transport 40 Kg of gold quarterly to the Sun King at Cuzco. From here, two days walk would leave them at a base camp in the heart of the Ancohuma-Illampu massif at the northern end of the Cordillera Real.

Late one afternoon they sped along a reasonable gravel road cutting across the Altiplano and giving excellent views of the whole snow capped range lying on the far (East) side of this giant wind swept plateau. Sometimes alone, sitting high on their luggage perched on the back of a large mining truck; sometimes simply overflowing with a varied assortment of good humoured local campesinos cadging a ride.

In complete contrast to countries further north, the Bolivian Indian appeared warm, hospitable and in general an honest person. Travelling gringos would expect and do indeed receive a fair amount of 'banter'. However the light hearted spirit in which it was given left little to grumble about.

The night was spent in Sorata, a low lying and fertile village on the fringes of the Amazonian jungle. Civilization was then left behind and a torturous switchback mining track followed over 4800 m passes and down into deep subtropical valleys before finally pitching tents on the outskirts of the primitive hamlet, much to the delight of a whole host of scruffy Ancoma urchins who pestered long after dark.

They had quickly been approached by a prospective Arriero and the next day found them walking over yet another high pass to the Candelaria Mine with three fully laden horses and the frequent and spectacular sighting of two ginormous Condors.

They descended steeply SE to the Rio Cooco, whose waters would eventually find their way to the Amazon. Near the head of the valley a small village provided an overnight camp on, amazingly, their football pitch. Horses could progress no further and a long arduous day was spent reaching base camp with a team of llamas. Whilst a horse can quite comfortably manage a load of 45 kilo, a llama will refuse anything more than 15, and their newly acquired Arriero forced repackaging into nine small bundles; the animals with their continuous aloof stare of disdain stood on the sidelines, spitting at them from time to time.

Chearcota at 4665 m formed an excellent campsite with picturesque mountain tarn and flat sandy land sandwiched between streams to accommodate the two tents.

Feeling somewhat of a passenger at this stage, and realizing that the others would hardly allow Lindsay to wallow in the lengthy acclimatization program that would bring him to their level of fitness, he managed to persuade Steve that a small peak would be in order and the next day an ascent of Viluyo I was duly made via the pleasant W ridge. A somnolent Wilkinson was left nursing a pair of sore feet whilst the duo crossed large rocky scree slopes to the glacier tongue. Venables had neglected to bring a rope but to compensate for this folly had also neglected crampons and so

was restricted to a fairly reasonable pace that Griffin was able to follow, assisted most of the way by small névé penententé which provided excellent footholds and kept step cutting to a minimum.

A day later Jan resigned herself to enforced isolation as the three left with heavy sacks for what turned out to be an appalling walk to the upper sactuary of the Ancohuma glacier basin. In recent years visiting teams, notably from USA and Italy, had climbed most of the fine lines springing from this vast amphitheatre. Dominating the basin the E face of Ancohuma had in fact received two ascents by differing lines on the R hand side in 1978 and 1979. An attractive granite pillar on the left of the face offered a challenging possibility to the second highest summit in the range.

An easier proposition for starters would be an ascent of Llihirini, a peak of just under 20,000' which offered a broad (almost $1\frac{1}{2}$ km long) south face, steep yet only about 400 m in height. Griffin was duly dragged to the base of this, tucked up in a sleeping bag and magnanimously provided with dinner, breakfast and an inexhaustible supply of Paracetamol or such-like to combat a violent headache. Well before dawn the trio were crossing the Bergschrund below an unclimbed snow/ice couloir on the east side of the face. Excellent névé conditions made the anticipated technical difficulties of this face somewhat of an anticlimax, but the traverse of the long summit ridge that followed provided excellent, varied and interesting mixed climbing at a beneficial altitude. Weird yet stable cornice conditions led to curious antics such as the crossing of bottomless ice bridges and the crawling through natural ice tunnels below the thin flakey crest. Suncup formation on the north slope greatly aided progress as did excellent granite for both climbing and belays.

A descent westwards led to the high col beneath the short North Face of Ancohuma and splendid views along the southern ridge of Illampu, before wandering gently down to the glacier basin for another bivouac. The following day a return was made to base, this time via the broad col on the NW ridge of Hancopiti I. To totalise Griffin's acclimatization program, they deviated to the summit of this peak via the west ridge, which should have provided stupendous and informative views to those in a position to appreciate them. Descent was effected down the very short, steep N. face and the haven of Chearcota reached that night.

The privilege of enjoying perfect weather now ended. It was mid August and the next five days were spent sheltering from almost continuously snowy weather, improving a meagre expertise at the criptic crossword.

A combination of rising frustration and slight improvement in climatic conditions led to a return ascent and bivouac below the 6-700 m east face of Ancohuma. A blatant error in judgement of the stability of this complex granite face, seamed by couloirs, pillars and hanging glaciers, combined with lack of visibility due to an afternoon snowstorm, found them bivouacing in an apparently sheltered and warm nook tucked in below the steep plinth of the leftmost pillar on the face. During the night,

when at this altitude temperatures began to fall to around -16 to -18°C, their slumbers were rudely interrupted by violent stonefall. Cowering under hastily grabbed rucksacks, whirling missiles thudding into the ground, a yelp from Dave suggested a direct hit. This was closely followed by a bang to Lindsay's right leg. In the intervening silence before the next volley, bodies and gear hastily made their way a few hundred metres out on to the safety of the glacier and Dave's arm, badly cut through smashed sleeping bag and clothing, attended to.

The injuries, when viewed in the bright sunshine of the following day, were not serious, fortunately. Whilst Griffin, unable to put weight on the leg, lay on the glacier, frequently massaging the affected part, Venables and Wilkinson traversed the easy summit of Espalda, confirming Dave's fear that the arm injury would preclude any further technical climbing.

Next day a sorry team moved very slowly down the glacier, an improvised crutch made from two ice axes assisting Griffin's progress. Once off the glacier a painful yet safe descent would lead, in time, back to base. Steve, having kindly escorted the injured to this point, returned to a bivouac on the col and next day soloed a short, steep ice couloir leading onto the SE ridge. This he climbed to the broad summit and descended by the NW ridge and glacier basin in 12 hours.

With everybody united at base, and food at a minimum, there was no option but to return to La Paz in the hope that wounds would quickly heal and time would allow a climb on Illimani.

Dave descended rapidly to Cooco in order to send up a team of llamas, whilst Jan and Lindsay followed, taking two slow days for the same trip. Despite various setbacks in transportation, only a days wait at Ancoma was necessary before the arrival of an exceptionally ramshackled truck bringing an eagerly awaited drum of kerosene to the village. The national transport strike had finished and in two days, for less than one tenth the price of the outward journey, they were back in La Paz, tucking into incredibly inexpensive large steaks, due to the floating Bolivian Peso and a fifty percent decrease in value against the American dollar.

Arms and legs improved daily. Dave, however, had other worries. The problem of his stolen air ticket was still unresolved and expecting considerable delay, he returned to Lima. His mission failed; the Airline Office appeared totally unsympathetic to his claim, and eventually he was forced to get the British Embassy to bail him out, arriving in Britain two weeks after leaving La Paz.

The complex summit ridge of Illimani rose clearly visible to the south of the city. The unexplored and remote east face had been discussed as a possible project, but Lindsay now had neither the time left or the inclination, with a still dubious leg injury, to consider the prospect. The easier west ridge was more inviting offering a greater chance to reach the high summit that had so far eluded him on this trip. Now very well acclimatised after over a month spent above 12,000', it was decided to attempt the mountain from opposite sides in the vain romantic hope of meeting on the

summit and descending together. Jan expressed a strong wish to go to the foot of the mountain or further and was not to be dissuaded. As dawn broke on a cold and dreary La Paz morning, all three boarded a truck heading vaguely south, passing through the lunar like landscape of the La Paz river basin to discard Steve at some inhospitably deserted road junction to await another truck while Jan and Lindsay's long, dusty and excruciatingly uncomfortable journey finally terminated just after 2 pm in the shanty village that provided living quarters for the Mina Urania. Following vague llama trails northward they reached a col and the subsequent broad but disused mining trail in the dark, making a pleasant bivouac beneath the W face of the mountain.

Illimani is an enormous, sprawling mountain; even today it's exact topography is unknown. It exhibits five summits, the southern-most being the highest point and the complete traverse from S to N only completed in 1979 for the first time by a German team. The west ridge rises gently for five thousand feet before petering out into the steeper slopes of the west face where, in general, previously parties have slanted leftwards to a shallow col between the central and southern summits.

On the lower section of the ridge, below the snowline, their route finding was appalling and probably three good hours were wasted slipping, sliding and swearing up fine loose scree until vague traces of a path led rightwards to a col at the foot of the ridge. The lower section was turned on the right in the afternoon snow shower which appeared to now be the norm at this time of year. A small platform was excavated on the snowy ridge at about 17500' as the night cleared and the thermometer fell to -12°C .

The bivi stove was inefficient for this sort of work and it always took several hours in the morning before the day's activities were begun. Jan was suffering badly now from altitude and moving very slowly despite the easy ground. The ridge became fairly sharp and set at a reasonable angle as they passed the so-called 'Eagles Nest' and traces of previous camps. Snow conditions remained excellent and despite strong persuasion to the contrary, Jan continued to keep going. The surprising formation of a transverse crevasse on the narrow ridge had formed a small notch and this necessitated precarious negotiation of the short vertical step on the far side. Above lay a small plateau of deep soggy snow where Jan finally ground to a halt and the duo returned in a vicious snow storm to the safety of the crevasse where they dug in for their third bivouac.

Given the all clear for a continued ascent, Lindsay left before 5 am the next day. The difference made by taking minimal rucksack contents was enormous and he was able to move rapidly across the plateau only to find the way barred by a maze of crevasses. A small subsidiary peak on the plateau was taken via a pleasant 40° snow slope to the ridge continuation. It was after dawn when the broad glaciated expanse of the west face was reached. A more appealing line leading directly in 2000' to the summit was taken and rising gently at first continued in a series of steeper sweeps of snow/ice separated by easier enclosed crevasse basins. The only problems encountered were a number of complex crevasse crossings and a short slope of bare ice reaching an angle of 50° where the

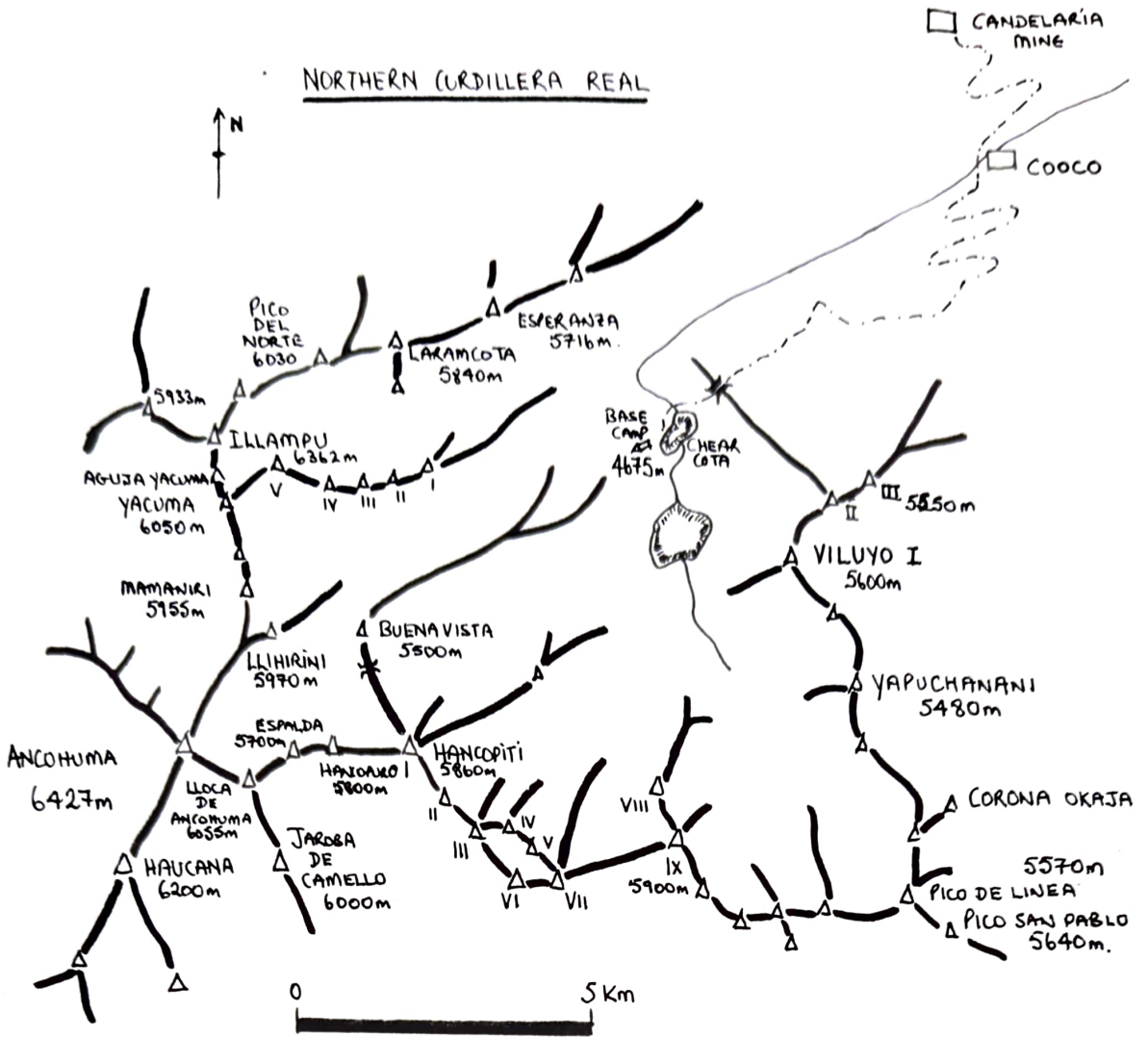
snow had failed to adhere. This had not really been expected and only one ice axe had been brought.

After 3 hours a large crevasse 20 m below the summit barred the way and a long detour leftwards was needed before a suitable snow bridge was found. To his surprise the terrific drop down the east face was in fact only a few hundred metres to a large glacier bowl which stretched first east then south. A few minutes walk along the ridge lay the highest point and the finest view of the whole holiday. The Cordillera Chain stretching northwards to Ancohuma; the rather uninspiring sight of the Quisma Crux range to the south; giant volcanoes on the Chilean border just visible in heat haze, while in the opposite direction billowing clouds rapidly thickened over the Amazonian jungle. The sun glinted from the fuselage of a giant jet as it rose from El Alto Airport, gained height and flew alongside the mountain en route to countries further south. Then, noting that there was no trace of Steve and that camera film was exhausted, Lindsay set off down, going further north this time to find a better descent, but still unable to avoid a very slow and mentally exhausting front pointing exercise down a similar slope of bare ice. A sunbathing Jan was much relieved that an envisaged two days of enforced boredom at 19000' had come to a premature end.

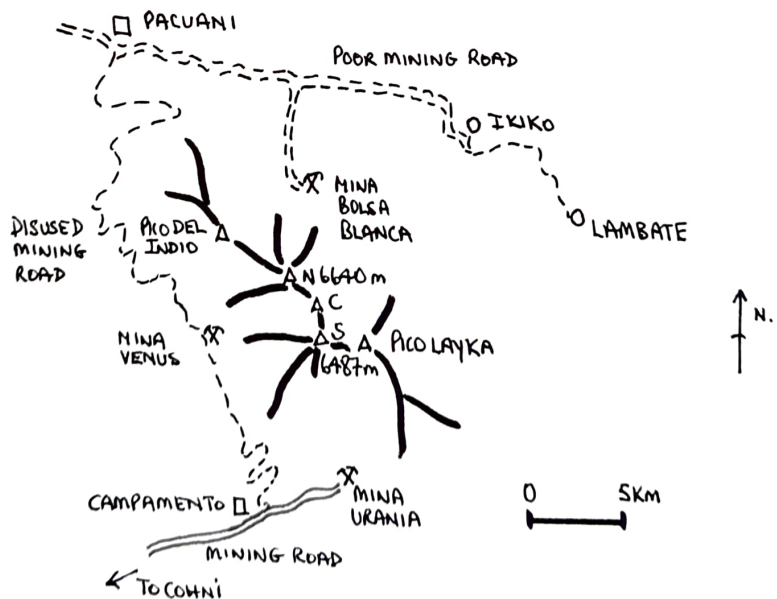
The afternoons weather appeared more ominous than of late so with the few remaining hours before sunset, they continued their descent at an increasingly brisk pace as oxygen became ever more plentiful. Consistent with the intense 'rigours' experienced on previous bivouacs, their fifth was made on a flat, comfortable site where they suffered 8 hours of perfect sleep, preceded by a gourmets repast of freeze dried 'Beef Almondine' followed by diced apple, cream biscuits and custard. Six inches of fresh snow fell throughout the night and a feeble sun was their only accompaniment as they quickly descended the correct line on the lower section of the ridge and reached the mine the same day.

Further transport strikes had occurred and the party spent several days bivouaced under the eaves of the village church in heavy rain, eventually being fed by the local inhabitants until a truck finally arrived. Venables had reached the east face quite easily, but had found it vast, extremely complex, with no obvious line, and after two days of study decided the dangers were unjustifiable. He was able to reach La Paz before the strike commenced and hastily made the overland journey to Lima. In La Paz Griffin and Solov were severely hampered by the closure of all monetary exchanges, civil disruption and associated military intervention, but were finally able to fly to Lima where they met Venables for the return journey to Britain.

NORTHERN CORDILLERA REAL



ILLIMANI



PEAKS CLIMBED

CORDILLERA VILCANOTA (PERU)

<u>Campa 1</u> (5480 m)	An easy snow climb. The summit was reached in 2½ hours from base camp.
<u>Ccapana</u> (5725 m)	Climbed via the Northeast glacier. One pitch of technical climbing on the bergschrund below the col between Ccapana and Chimbaya.
<u>Jatunhuma 1</u> (6094 m)	First ascent of the West face of the central summit. which is about 20 metres lower than the North summit. Descent along the summit ridge to the col between central and South summits and, from there down the East face and Southeast spur.

CORDILLERA REAL (BOLIVIA)

SORATA MASSIF

<u>Viluyo 1</u> (5600 m)	West ridge. 3 hours from base camp.
<u>Llihirini</u> (5970 m)	First ascent of the South face, followed by Northeast ridge, where we found traces of an earlier ascent.
<u>Hancopiti 1</u> (5860 m)	West Ridge.
<u>Espalda</u> (5700 m)	
<u>Ancohuma</u> (6427 m)	First ascent of the Northeast couloir (in the corner between Ancohuma and Jaroba de Camello). This gave an interesting climb, leading onto the ESE ridge, which was followed to the summit. Descent by the Northwest flank.

ILLIMANI MASSIF

<u>Illimani</u> (6487 m)	Ascent of the South (highest) summit by a combination of the West spur and West face.
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FINANCE

EXPENDITURE

Flight (London - Lima - London x 5) :	£2100
Insurance	150
Food and medical supplies in UK	50
Expenses in S. America	1200
Total	<hr/> £3500 <hr/>

INCOME

MEF	£500
BMC	300
Members' contributions	2700
	<hr/> £3500 <hr/>

SPECIMEN COSTS

PERU (1982 exchange rate £1 = 1,100 sols)

Lima hotel (double room)	2000 sols
Bus : Lima-Cuzco (one person)	15000
Hotel : Cuzco (double room)	800
Bus ; Cuxco-Tinki	2000
Arriero horse (2 days)	12000
Food for 14 days	30000
Bus : Cuzco-La Paz	16000
Extra baggage (20 kg)	2000

BOLIVIA (The exchange rate in 1982 changed every day!
most of our spending was done when the rate was
about £1 = 170 pesos)

La Paz hotel (double room)	400 pesos
Food for 3 weeks	9600
Charter truck (La Paz-Ancoma)	20400
Return transport (public)	1800
Arriero : Ancoma-Coocoo (3 horses, 2 men)	1600
Arriero : Coocoo-base camp (9 llamas, 2 men)	1600
Truck La Paz-Mina Urania and return	400