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The NORTH KOHISTAN EXPEDITION Report



**EXPEDITION
ADVISORY CENTRE**

NORTH KOHISTAN EXPEDITION 1968

REPORT

Our grateful thanks are due to all organisations
and individuals who made the expedition possible.

R. J. Collister

A. Cormack (Leader)

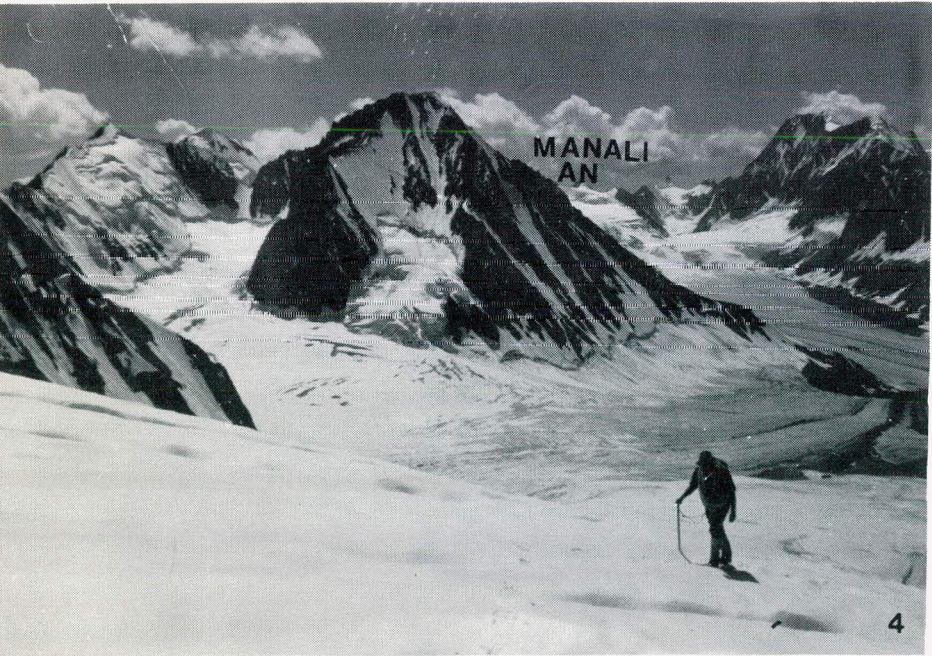
R. D. Metcalfe

J. F. S. Peck

I. H. Piper

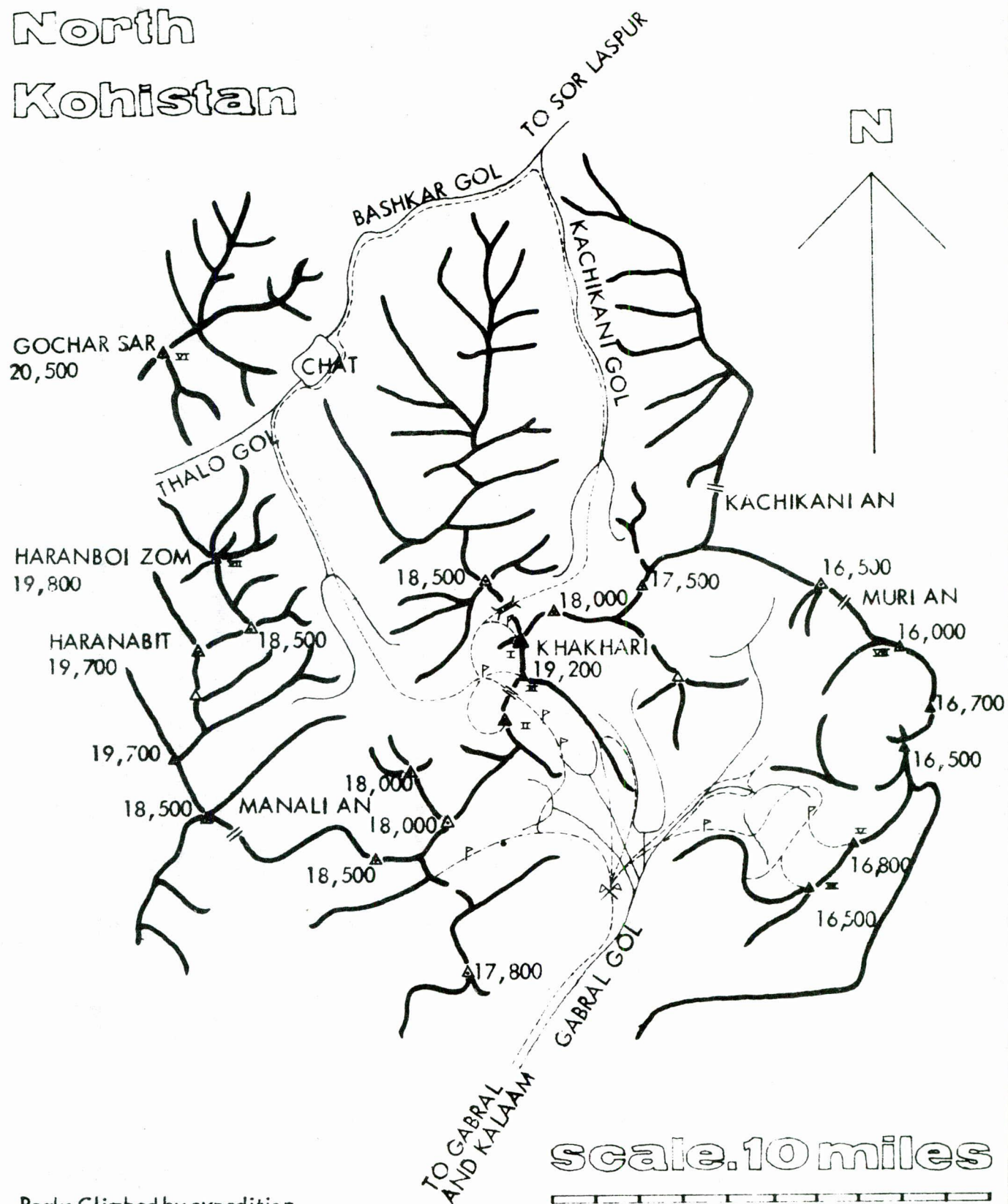


- 1 Kharkhari
Rob Collister & John Peck
- 2 Police and Porters Gabral
- 3 Fardsmen at 9,300'
Ease Camp
- 4 Loading up Ulrot
- 5 Crossing a beigschrund
Rob Collister



1. Ice Climbing
John Peck & Rob Collister
2. Couloir Peak
3. Crossing the River
Alan Cormack
1. & 5. Unclimbed peaks in the
Manali GoI

North Kohistan



Peaks Climbed by expedition

| | |
|----------------|--------|
| I Khakhari | 19,200 |
| II Snow Peak | 17,800 |
| III Twin Peak | 17,400 |
| IV Ridge Peak | 16,500 |
| V Couloir Peak | 16,800 |

Peaks climbed by AAC Graz 1968

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------|
| VI Gochar Sar | 2nd Ascent 20,500 |
| VII Haranboi Zom | 19,800 |
| VIII Peak climbed by Pinelli | 16,000 |

key

| | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| | Ridges |
| | Rivers |
| | Routes followed by the expedition |
| | Peaks climbed by expedition |
| | Peaks |
| | Base Camp |
| | Other Camps |

In its early stages our expedition was an amorphous collection of individuals scattered over the countryside, our chief link being a past or present connection with Cambridge University. It had its unlikely origin in a hut on Kilimanjaro when Alam Cormack and myself, Dick Metcalfe, were teaching in East Africa. With John Peck, sometime engineering student and sculptor, we made up the nucleus of the expedition.

Alan's Cambridge flat was our original organising centre. Here we assembled periodically to pour over maps and back numbers of the Himalaya Club journal in search of a reasonably accessible, yet unvisited region. Political and economic considerations led us to choose West Pakistan. The Indo-Pakistani border was still reported closed after the fighting of 1967 and this left West Pakistan as the only part of the Himalayas we could drive to which was still in the sterling area and to which the £50 limit did not therefore apply.

Finally we picked on the Sor Laspur valley in Chitral State of West Pakistan. This is in an area correctly known as the Hindu Raj; but since John had previously visited the Swat Kohistan (i.e. Swat mountain country), just south of Sor Laspur, we christened ourselves the North Kohistan Expedition. "North Mountain Country Expedition" seemed sufficiently vague to cover almost any change of plan.

In early 1968 we wrote hundreds of begging letters to firms and organisations, soliciting their support and many of them helped us. A huge pile of food and equipment built up at John's parents' Oxfordshire farm. Our party expanded to six – partly in the interests of safety when we were isolated miles from any assistance, but mostly to reduce cost per head. Ian Piper, about to take his final exams at St. Thomas' Hospital, joined us as doctor and chief mechanic. Rob Collister was recruited from the Tripos-haunted life of a Cambridge undergraduate. And Henry Day made arrangements to join us, briefly, on leave from the R.E.

We purchased an ex-T.A. Austin K9 truck to carry the five of us (Henry was to fly out and join us in Chitral) and our goods and chattels to Kalaam in Swat State, West Pakistan, the nearest point to Sor Laspur on a passable road. This was a terrifyingly large vehicle but, since we planned to carry all our food and equipment for the whole trip and buy as little as possible en route, we had about a ton and a half of gear plus five people to transport six thousand miles. The K9, rated by the army as a 1x1 tonner, was the smallest vehicle capable of this.

By the 1st June we were all suitably unemployed and gathered at Sarsgrove Farm. We hoped to be under way within a week, but the task of packing our rations into twelve man-day boxes, overhauling the truck and finalising our visas and permission to climb, proved far beyond our limited talents. It was 14th June before we rolled off down the Dover road, the truck bulging with ill-packed equipment and two of us perched precariously on the tail-gate.

Our first stop was at Osnabruck in northern Germany where Henry Day was stationed. Here we enjoyed the hospitality of his unit's mess whilst a couple of mechanics extracted our thermostat, blamed it for the over-heating we had experienced and threw it away. After a fast run down the Autobahn, the evening of 18th June found us in Salzburg feeling rather despondent, as our cylinder head gasket was leaking, no doubt as a result of the over-heating we had had before Osnabruck. Inevitably, the vast array of spares we had brought did not include a set of gaskets so we consulted the local B.M.C. dealers. With admirable efficiency they ordered one immediately from the U.K., assuring us that it would arrive within three days. After six days there was no sign of it: the postal strike had caused delays. I relieved our boredom by driving the truck into a deep ditch from which we were ignominiously fished by the Salzburg Fire Brigade. After ten days we were told the gasket had left England. After fourteen days, tired of waiting we bolted the head nuts down as hard as possible and drove on with our fingers crossed. We had no trouble from the cylinder head, but the time and, more vital, the money we had wasted was to dog our footsteps for the rest of the trip.

Our next difficulty was with the Turkish border authorities who thought John too much of a hippy to enter their country. For an hour or so he had to face the awful prospect of shaving off his fine biblical growth to prove his respectability, but the powers-that-be at last relented. We had a refreshing swim in the Sea of Marmora and went on to Istanbul where we crossed the Bosphorus into Asia. The sight of males wearing shorts offended the Turkish sense of morality and I was assaulted by a street urchin with a long stick.

By 12th July we were well on our way, bouncing along one of the poorer Iranian roads, when a violent rattling announced the first puncture of the trip. When we got out we also found an oil leak and traced it to a crack in the sump inflicted, we could but assume, when Ian tried his hand at high speed bird-watching and hit a pot-hole so violently that the front-wheel-drive differential hit the sump. We returned to Tabriz to have the sump welded. It was Friday, the Islamic rest-day, but we found a small welding shop open in the bazaar. The sump was removed with great difficulty and we found it was aluminium. Aluminium cannot be arc-welded and oxygen equipment was not available in Tabriz on Fridays. The sump was replaced with even greater difficulty and we wedged a billycan under it and drove off to Teheran with a few spare cans of oil. There we found a welder and, after a couple of days delay and further damage to our finances, we set off again. All went well until we hit the atrocious road from the Caspian to the Afghan border. Here one of our tyres, perished by many years' standing in a dealer's yard and already showing huge cracks, was finally demolished by a stone resembling a neolithic axe-head. We bought a remarkably cheap replacement in Bujnoord but even so, this was a further blow to our sick finances.

The Afghan frontier took over ten hours to cross – the moral of this story is: never reach an Eastern frontier on a Friday. Rob had his glasses stolen from under his nose whilst sleeping by the truck near Kabul. This was the only trouble we had with pilfering in our ten weeks' travelling. The timing developed a

neurosis and we had a couple more punctures, each costing us another inner tube. However, in the middle of a violent thunderstorm, our first rain for four weeks, we finally reached the quiet and cool of Buster Goodwin's Rawalpindi home.

Buster is the local representative of the Himalaya Club and his home is the traditional rest-centre for travel stained overlanders. A group of Austrians were already occupying his spare bedroom, his dining room was stacked high with the chattels of the Manchester expedition, but he welcomed us with open arms and gave us the run of his lounge. Unfortunately, we were way behind schedule and running short of money — our fortnight in Salzburg had seen to that. It was July 23rd and we had hoped to be high in the hills by then. We could only spend a couple of days in Buster's fascinating company whilst we repacked our gear and then we were away again on the last few hundred miles to Swat. En route we stayed with friends of Rob's at Nowshera and were laid low by a thoroughly antisocial attack of "Pindi tummy".

We arrived at our roadhead, the Tesseldar's office at Kalaam, on July 27th. The Tesseldar is the local, and lowest, representative of the Swat State administrative machine and we had to clear our permission with him before we could hire porters. As our authorisation was a letter from the Chief Secretary of Swat saying he had referred the matter to the Pakistani Government, we were a little apprehensive about it, but a phone call to the Chief Secretary brought us the all-clear. The Tesseldar seemed a little obscure about the best route to Sor Laspur. He said the route via the Ushu Gol (= valley) and the Katchikani An (= pass) would take five days to the village. The alternative route up the Gabral Gol would take ten days. He did not seem to have heard of the Manali An which was marked on our 1890 map and should take about three days to cross. Despite this, we decided to take the Manali An, as had an Austrian party who had gone in three weeks before. They were rumoured to have only taken five days. The Tesseldar arranged for porters to meet us at Utrot schoolhouse a few miles up the valley on the 19th. He also arranged for two of the local militiamen to accompany us and guard our belongings from "bad men" who were supposed to lurk in the hills. Our guard was to change every week and all of the many who accompanied us were pleasant and cheerful, keeping us amused with stone-hurling competitions and their local form of wrestling in which the two combatants grasp their left big toe between their right thumb and forefinger and hop madly towards one another. We were to pay their wages.

The actual work of hiring porters took a full day of haggling. Since John had last been at Kalaam in 1964, prosperity in the shape of road works and Japanese expeditions had reached Swat State and wages had escalated to three times what he had paid. We hired a student teacher from the primary school as jemadar but his English was fairly rudimentary; he also seemed unsure whether he was acting as our agent or the shop steward for the porters' union. We recruited the subadar at the fort and, finally, the Tesseldar to arbitrate, but had little success in reducing the rates to anything resembling what we had anticipated paying. We were to set off early the next morning with nine porters and seven donkeys, two "poluce" to guard our baggage and another left behind to guard our truck. Porters and poluce were to be paid 7 rupees per day; each donkey had its owner with it and he was to receive 10 rupees. This added up to a lot of rupees and, with our finances strained to the utmost, we could only hope that the Manali An would be clear and would take us, in about three days, to the Bashkargolo Chhat (= lake), our intended base camp. But the Manali An might be shut, in which case we should have to go over the Muri An into the Upper Ushu Gol and then cross by the Katchikani An. Paying for this long march was beyond us.

After a last argument about the weight and distribution of loads and the feasibility of crossing the Manali An at this time of year, we set off hopefully in the heat of the early afternoon, marching up the long wooded green valley, crossing sparkling tributaries of the milky white torrent that roared ceaselessly on our right on rickety log bridges, climbing up through the tumbled rocks of the many old glacial moraines that stood like lock gates in the valley floor and strolling over the flat green pastures dammed back behind them. Not everything was idyllic about the walk in, though. The combination of the unaccustomed exercise and our fifty-pound sacks of personal gear made us rather tired. The heat, the flies and the carefully regulated pace of the donkeys — our caravan was led by a small boy carrying a long stick which he poked into the face of the leading donkey if it showed any inclination to do one day's march in half a day — made us irritated. By midday on the second day we reached the point where the Manali An branched off the main Gabral Gol. Here our porters had a natter with the local shepherds and informed us that the Manali An was impassable, though whether because of crevasses, stone-fall or some local bogey-man, the deficiencies of our sign language prevented us from discovering. There might, however, be a passable route farther north, a pass occasionally used by crystal-hunters crossing from Chitral to Swat. Abdul, our jemadar, thought he could find replacement porters in the higher villages where the hardest shepherds had taken their goats for summer grazing high on the hills.

Late on the third day we reached the last grassy patches before the scree leading over to the Muri An and camped for the night. Abdul spent much of the evening galloping around the scattered hamlets on a borrowed pony; he looked impressive, but only managed to find us porters willing to carry over the Muri An on the seven day route to Sor Laspur. This we could not afford. It became apparent that the Austrians had gone the long way round and that there was no truth in the rumour that they had crossed the Manali An; the mystic figure of five days was the time their original porters had taken to do the round trip to the village where we were camped and where they had changed porters. So we paid off our porters from Utrot after yet another haggling session — these extensive negotiations are part of the local business ethic and, though carried out with much vigour, as soon as agreement is reached relationships returned to their normal easygoing state — and took stock of our position.

The camp site that was to become our base for the next six weeks was at 9,000 feet and about four miles from the headwall of the Gabral Gol. To the west was the long ridge that separated us from our intended base, the lake at Sor Laspur. We were only about six miles away as the crow flies, but the ridge

was everywhere over 16,000 feet. We should have to carry all our goods and chattels over the ridge to establish a base camp and to meet Henry Day who was expecting to find us at the lake on August 13th. It was now 31st July and we had not even the slightest idea where the alternative pass lay, except that it was somewhere over the valley wall to our left. We all had blisters of varying severity from the march in; Rob's at least were sufficiently bad to put him out of action for a few days. We went to our pits thinking despondently on the situation.

The next day, the 1st August, was our first day of climbing. Alan and I reconnoitred the lower reaches of the pass. We found three glaciers and spent a long time negotiating the ice-fall of the northernmost, only to discover an easy scramble leading around the side of it. The central glacier was passable in its lower reaches and the southernmost was too long to be explored in the time available. There was also a glacier bowl filled with fine peaks on the east side of the valley. It was after dark when we returned to find that the others had moved the camp, but after some confused shouting and light-flashing, the whole party was reassembled in the stone-walled, polythene-roofed sangar that the others had built in a sheltered hollow nearby. John and Ian made another recce the next day. The main result of this was that John failed to leap a raging torrent. Fortunately, he and Ian had had the sense to rope up, but he had to hobble back to camp with a badly bruised thigh that kept him out of action for over a week. Alan also had joined Rob on our sick-list with a neurotic knee, so Ian and I were left to carry a camp up onto the glacier and prospect for the pass. After four days' pottering around between snowstorms, we returned with news of an easy route up the central glacier to a snow-bowl which had a couple of possible-looking couloirs exiting from it.

We now decided to split our forces, it being obvious that if we tried to transport all our belongings over to the lake we should have no time for climbing. Splitting up one's forces is poor policy; it leaves one very vulnerable to sickness and injury, but we were left with little choice. Rob and Alan, now recovered, were to go over the pass after the whole party had established a dump of food as high as possible on our side of the pass and, after collecting Henry, were to reconnoitre the peaks on the far side of the frontier ridge. The other three, after John had recovered, were to attempt the peaks Alan and I had glimpsed on our first day out.

Rob Collister gives his version of the events of the next ten days :-

On 8th August the four of us who were fit carried loads up the moraines behind base and over a glacier to a snowfield at 13,500 feet where Alan and I spent the night, the others returning to base. By the following night, after a fine carry by the others from base to 15,000 feet, the two of us were esconced in a snow-bowl with three weeks' supply of food. We could choose our route over the ridge from some half-dozen spiteful-looking couloirs that debouched into our bowl. But before we were faced with a decision, we were allowed to spend two days contemplating the gigantic stonefalls that trundled regularly down them; the first day I was prostrated by altitude sickness, the second it drizzled all day. Eventually we were released to make our first carry up the least hostile of the couloirs. At its foot was a huge bergschrund, crossed by a complicated system of dubious snow-bridges and forty-foot rock pitch - most unpleasant with a heavy pack. The couloir stretched above for over 1,000 feet steepening towards the top, the snow deep and rotten and often lying over ice. It was an unpleasant place and it frightened us even more after a huge rock-fall from its slag heap-like walls landed only a few feet below us. After this we struggled on to the top, all sense of rhythm gone, and collapsed exhausted on a pile of rocks after a final ice pitch.

When we summoned enough energy to tramp over a last snow hillock and see what lay beyond, it was well worth the effort. For perhaps two miles a wide harmless-looking snowfield stretched away, giving an impression of immense space with nothing to overshadow it, before bending left and dropping to the Manali Gol. Beyond the Manali and straight in front of us rose Haranabit, Haranaboi Zom and Gochhar Sar, the peaks we had hoped to climb, and beyond them the countless peaks of Buni Zom and the Hindu Kush.

We descended the couloir in ten minutes, both of us glissading down the soggy, boulder-furrowed snow as though competing for the Kandahar Cup. Starting before dawn, we made another carry up the couloir the next day, without incident this time, and pitched a tent as an advanced base to which we could return. We set off immediately to meet Henry as it was the 13th August, the day agreed on for the rendezvous. We anticipated little trouble reaching the lake by the next day.

But it is unwise to predict anything from a photo-copied map made in the 1890's. Our first illusion was shattered when the innocuous snow-field before us developed into a glacier littered with cunningly concealed crevasses. This was bad, with only two on the rope and sure enough, after I had twice gone through to my knees, I looked round just in time to see Alan's startled face disappearing from view. Fortunately he wedged thirty feet down and, after a subterranean struggle that sounded like an all-in wrestling match, he struggled out of his pack and prussiked out. As I was standing on a sheet of ice, with no ice-screws, the incident was not without technical interest. Alan having been treated for shock with glucose tablets, we headed quickly off the glacier for the only slightly more attractive moraine at its edge.

We still had not reached the main glacier of the Manali An as night fell and we camped where we were among the boulders. The following day provided no respite for, once into the Manali, we were confronted by a particularly nasty species of moraine, ten miles long, down which we hopped all day. Alan's knee did not appreciate this treatment and so, imagining Henry's consternation at finding not a soul at "Base Camp", I went on alone the next day. Crossing the outwash plain of the Manali glacier and entering the swampy willow scribe of the Sor Laspur, I came at last to the lake which was to have been our centre of operations. On its far shore were some little yellow dots which materialised into the base camp of the Graz Hindu Kush Expedition. Over a mug of orange juice I learned that they had climbed Gochhar

Sar and Haranboi Zom and were leaving shortly. They had received a puzzled note from Henry in Sor Laspur village, ten miles away, but were unable to help. When I had rejoined Alan, we decided to push on to the village, hoping that Henry would still be there. Alan's knee was still gammy, however, and when we finally moved on after two days, it was only to discover from porters left behind by the Austrians that Henry had left for Chitral town the previous day. I met him three months later in Cambridge.

What now? We were equidistant from advanced base whether we back-tracked up the Manali or returned via the Katchikani Gol, the local trade route from Laspur to Ushu. We chose the latter and made good time down the Laspur valley on a well-worn path. Two days' walking saw us far up the Katchikani Gol. Overtaken by a fast-moving party from Laspur village, we bartered barley-sugar for bruised brown apples that were pure nectar, then parted company again when the locals bore left for the Katchikani An. We headed up the Katchikani glacier, making for the 17,000 foot col we had spotted on our antiquated map, which we hoped would bring us back to advanced base camp. A long day's walk over the glacier and up rock that revived memories of running up the downward moving escalator at Waterloo Station, brought us beneath the col. For the first time in several days we pitched the tent and slept soundly, waking at nine o'clock to find it curiously dark. Poking my head out, I found the sun shining and four inches of snow weighing the tent down. This unhelpfully hid crevasses and made the ascent a labour, but we were soon up. For some time we had been admiring the west face of Khakhari, towering above us on our left. Arrived at the col, it was clear that this was the place from which to climb it. Then we plodded down the other side, crossing a furrowed slope that seemed to have been turned by a gigantic plough and over a never-ending expanse of whiteness to the speck that was our tent. We were back just in time, our six days' provisions having been stretched to eight, and breakfast that morning had been a gruel too thin to be called porridge and a watery cup of sugarless Milo. Now we stuffed ourselves with mint-cake and Ryvita and talked of the mountains we might at last set about climbing.

Optimism matching enthusiasm, at 1 p.m. the following afternoon we decided to climb the shapely snow-cone rising from the col. Traversing round its base, we crossed a bergschrund and started up a west-facing snow-slope. It was straightforward the whole way, never exceeding 35 degrees, with a superb surface of snow-ice beneath a couple of inches of powder. We led through 150 foot runouts, an ice-screw at the end of each pitch for protection. After so much pack-carrying, it was quite intoxicating to be climbing beneath a cloudless sky with phenomenal views in every direction. Eight ropes' lengths took us to the summit (17,800 feet) where we took a round of survey photographs and headed down, jumping the bergschrund and running most of the way back to camp. Brimming over with joie de vivre, we set off down the couloir to re-establish contact with the others, arriving at base camp by the light of our head-torches at ten o'clock.

The others had not been idle in our absence. Dick Metcalf gives their story :—

13th August. After a day resting from portering for Rob and Alan and another two days watching the rain sweeping down from the snow-bowl we had left them in, John, Ian and I made a belated start for the "inaccessible glacier" on the east side of our valley. Our first attempts to cross the fast-flowing grey river were repulsed, but a kindly shepherd showed us the shallowest part, and after two hours paddling in melt-water we were lunching on the far bank, waiting for the feeling to return to our feet, having travelled at most a mile from camp. By the time we had plodded up to the last patch of grass below the glacier tongue, a snow storm gave us a much-needed excuse to camp for the night. Next day, we zig-zagged up the loose moraines to one side of the first ice-fall, crossed the flat step in the glacier to the true right bank and threaded our way through the crevasses of the second ice-fall to the broad snow-bowl, where the usual snow storm forced us to camp a little lower than we had intended.

The morning of the 15th was grey and overcast. John had developed septic sores on his feet and, after Ian had ministered to him, the two of us set off to reconnoitre the bowl. The cloud stayed high, allowing us to inspect the routes up the two main peaks, "Couloir" and "Ridge", and to make the depressing discovery that they were not as high as we had thought, only about 1,500 feet of climbing to their summits which could not be higher than 17,000 feet. We knocked off the "Plook", the pimple at the end of the ridge, hoping for a good vantage point, but yet again the snow fell and we had a damp plod back to the two Mountain tents that were our base.

Next day dawned clear and Ian and I made an Englishman's start for the "Ridge" peak, crossing a small col to the hard snow behind the west ridge; a couple of easy rock pitches led us to the couloir behind the big gendarme. We crossed this and climbed three ropes' lengths up the smooth, belayless slabs beyond, before they eased back to the no less nervewracking shattered rocks of the west ridge proper. From the summit we could see the impressive pyramid of Mianghul Sar, only a few miles down the valley. More distant were the high peaks of the Sor Laspur beyond the frontier ridge which we had hoped to visit. From our lowly peak they looked most attractive and we resolved to try to get closer to them when we had finished with our little snow-bowl. We descended a rocky spur to the north onto the steep snow, once again in shadow and hard-frozen. It seemed preferable to abseiling down the belayless slabs, though the huge rocks thundering down from the sunlit rocks to the left made us very aware of the looming ridge above. Nothing came our way, though, and we plodded back over the creary wet snow under a still cloudless sky.

The "Couloir" that gave the other major peak its name was a shallow depression in the west face of the peak and the sun reached it by 9 a.m., so the next day Ian and I dragged ourselves up for a genuine Alpine start with all its attendant horrors of spilt porridge and foul tempers. We crossed the bergschrund as the first sun of another perfect day touched the white summits across the valley and front-pointed up the easy-angled (about thirty degrees) snow-ice, moving together in the interest of speed. Near the summit

ridge the ice steepened and hardened, and Ian fell off. A shout of "Hold me!", a long heart-stopping moment looking at the point of my axe a bare half-inch in the ice and I looked down to see Ian lying on the only rock for a thousand feet, kicking his crampons in the air. We finished the couloir and the ridge leading below the impressively corniced summit moving separately and very gingerly, with ice-screws for assurance. We lingered too long on the summit, recovering and surveying the panorama from a dubious stance on the huge summit cornice. The couloir was sunlit when we reached it on the way down and trickling ominously with melt water, but the descent passed with no more incident than the odd harsh word about speed and safety. Again we plodded back through the soft snow and heat of a clear afternoon to the tents where John still languished feeling very sick and sorry for himself, his feet getting steadily worse. So next day, the 18th, we staggered back down the shattered glacier and its treacherous moraines, through the icy river and into the luxury of base camp where two new policemen relieved us of our loads and we collapsed onto the soft green grass.

After the obligatory fester-day, Ian and I carried more stores to the dump Rob and Alan had left behind. To provide a little comic relief, Ian threw his ice-axe down a crevasse and spent a cold half-hour fishing for it with his waist-line. John's foot was responding but slowly to treatment with antibiotics, so Ian and I decided to move over the ridge on the 23rd, but late on the 22nd two flashing torches and loud shouts in the dark heralded the return of Rob and Alan, without Henry, but full of enthusiasm for the high peaks over the frontier ridge. Now we were all together we could really start some serious climbing.

The next day it began to snow and continued to do so intermittently for a week.

Rob Collister takes up the tale again :-

After we had all sat disconsolately in the stone and polythene world of base camp for a week, the wind changed, the clouds blew away and we headed once more for the mountains. By this time, however, Ian was feeling very sick and Alan, eager to make a geographical and social study of the Gabral valley, volunteered to stay with him. So only three of us plodded up to the snow-bowl and, after a restless night cramped into a mountain tent, over the frontier ridge to dig out the stalwart Outward Bound tent that was advanced base. It was the 1st August and time was short, so John and I carried on to establish a camp on the 17,000 foot col from which to climb Khakhari, leaving Dick languishing with altitude sickness. We made an attempt on the peak but, after leaving the tent at 9 o'clock and encountering knee-deep snow everywhere, it soon became apparent that this was only a reconnaissance. By 12 o'clock the sun was on the ridge and the climbing was only just beginning. Tails between our legs, we retreated, to meet Dick who had risen from his bed of sickness in order to greet the conquering heroes.

We returned to Advanced Base for fresh supplies and decided to knock off a little 17,000 foot peak on the ridge before returning to Khakhari. Climbing the north ridge, we could look down the vertical rock wall of its east face hanging over the Gabral valley, with Base Camp somewhere 6,000 feet below. The ridge was short and, apart from a little ice-pitch, posed no problems. Soon we were seated uncomfortably astride the twin blades of the summit, something like Adam and Eve only considerably sharper. We were down by lunch time, and that afternoon crossed the snow-field back to Khakhari camp.

Sadly, John had broken a crampon - for him one more incident in a long catalogue of misfortunes. So it was Dick and I who scrunched away from the tent at five next morning. The old steps were firmly frozen and by six we had crossed the first bergschrund, traversed onto the broad snow ridge and reached our former limit. Taking a photograph of the sunrise, my camera shutter jammed. It did not unfreeze for two days. Above was a forty-five degree pitch of extremely hard water-ice, too hard for front-pointing as I quickly discovered, making a swift return to Dick's belay point. After chopping away for forty-odd feet, I came to loose snow a foot thick lying on the same ice.

Hurriedly I found a belay among some blocks. Clinging to a ribbon of snow and rock, we continued upwards until suddenly we emerged onto a col that had not been apparent from below. Leaving a dark, steep gully on our right, we moved together up easy angled snow, skirting a large bergschrund and jumping a couple of crevasses; then on front-points up firm snow-ice until we came to another sheet of glinting water-ice where Dick took a stance. Leaving a couple of comforting ice-screws in my wake, I chopped on until we could leave the ice for more snowed up boulders. Another pitch led by Dick, more soft but easy angled snow and then the summit appeared, capped by a giant cornice and only four hundred feet above us. We plodded on up steepening but still soft snow, to emerge at last on the summit-crest some way to the right of the cornice. Cautiously we belayed our way a little nearer the highest point and gazed at what was visible of the panorama below. This was not much as mist was eddying petulantly about us, only now and then parting to give views over the Hindu Raj to Tirich Mir. I descended a little way to some rocks on the Gabral side to leave a Union Jack presented by a well-wisher. On the way back I fell up to my armpits in a crevasse of impressive depth; it crossed our minds that it might be the fracture line of the cornice, so we headed down swiftly. Collecting John from the Khakhari camp, we continued to Advanced Base.

Dick Metcalfe continues the tale.

There were several fine unclimbed peaks in the vicinity but it was 5th September and our time had run out. Rob's term started in early October and the rest of us had to think of earning our living again. The shepherds had long ago taken their flocks down the valley and only the idiot white men and their police were left in the high pastures. John, Rob and I broke up the Advanced Base, placed by Rob and Alan so many weeks before. John broke up his ice-axe doing it as well. Then we set off down the horrific couloir with enormous packs tugging us off balance. John inadvertently tobogganed the greater part of it, breaking another ice-axe twice en route, so we roped up to cross the yawning bergschrund. Abandoning the cache Ian and I had left, we descended to Base Camp. Instead of the warm reception we expected, we

found the bare walls of the sangar and a few half-empty soup packets. It was now after dark and we had abandoned all the supplies in the high camps, so it was after a frugal and unbalanced breakfast that we set off on the two-day plod down to Utrot, even more strenuous in descent than ascent, with 90-pound packs each.

At Utrot we were greeted by a literally jaundiced Ian, who explained the abandoning of Base Camp. He had lain in state at Camp feeling iller and iller, so Alan had set off with a pack of heroic proportions. This had proved too much for him and he had had to hire porters to carry his burden. He was not fit to return for Ian so he sent a note with some porters explaining his predicament. Ian had meanwhile diagnosed his illness as hepatitis, so he got the police and porters to strike camp and tried to walk out. This proved beyond his strength so he hired a horse and rode out, arriving at Utrot with jaundice compounded with saddle sores. They had stayed in Utrot as guests of the primary school headmaster, awaiting our return and the headmaster and Abdul, our erstwhile jemadar, gave us all a meal and entertained us with dancing and sitar music on our last night in Swat.

The plains seemed oppressively hot after the hills and we had to struggle with the prop-shaft after a pronounced vibration showed it to be working loose, so once again we were glad to reach the quiet of Buster's house. Ian was taken to the Hospital of the Sacred Heart and left to the care of the nuns whilst we arranged for his repatriation; he was obviously unfit to travel back by road. Finally the British High Commission shipped him out as a Distressed British Citizen, impounding his passport until he could arrange for the insurance company to repay the Foreign Office the price of his fare. This was no simple task, as our insurance ran out the day before we reached Rawalpindi. Alan and I overhauled the truck (Ian had taken most of our fund of mechanical know-how with him) and after several days it was nearly as good as before we started. By the time Ian was relaxing in the fleshpots of Birkenhead, though in no fit state to enjoy them, we were bidding our grateful farewells to Buster Goodwin and setting off with a brand-new set of visas for the return journey.

This was remarkably trouble-free. The dynamo packed up in Afghanistan, but a passing Mancunian directed us to a nearby Afghani Road Corporation road camp where they stripped it down, buffed up the contacts and waved us on our way. At the Iranian border we were stuffed full of pills in case we were bringing smallpox with us. Our insurance cover expired on October 1st and we had arranged to collect a new Green Card in Teheran, but the journey took us only seven days so we had to go on without it, intending to buy cover as necessary at the frontiers. The Iranian National Tourist Office representative at the Turkish border advised us to make ourselves as respectable as possible because the Turks had intensified their anti-hippy campaign, but our attempts were rather hampered when the water in the gents was cut off just as Alan and I had lathered ourselves thoroughly. John pleaded a religious vow and was allowed to keep his biblical growth, but Rob had to shave his expedition beard off because his passport did not show him as bearded and therefore he could not enter Turkey with a beard. Just before the ferry terminal at Scutari a nasty clunking noise from the gear-box announced that second gear had left a cog or two in Asia. We had our coldest night of the expedition near Sofia and our wettest near Salzburg, where I tried to warm up the party by setting light to Rob's tent. Our gasket still had not arrived in Salzburg but we decided not to wait for it this time. We drove home non-stop from Salzburg except for a pause for refreshment at the Municher Bierfest, and arrived at Chipping Norton early on the morning of 3rd October, tired and relieved that it was all over and we could return to the comfort of our homes.

The North Kohistan Expedition had achieved rather less than we had hoped but we had still managed to visit the magnificence of the Himalayas and reach the summits of five mountains that no one had trodden on before. It had been a superb experience.

CLIMBING REPORT

The rock in this area is not to be recommended. Most of our routes were on the North or West sides of the peaks where we found excellent snow conditions; the East faces were in general bare rock and to be avoided. The glaciers were dry by mid-August, and crossing crevassed regions was a tedious business.

Our main Advanced Base was on the Chitral side of the frontier ridge at 16,500 feet. It was approached via a camp at the foot of the final couloir, which was best climbed as early as possible.

Climbs were also done from a camp at 16,000 feet in the snow-bowl on the East side of the Gabra I Gol.

IV. "Ridge Peak", 16,500 feet. I.H.P. & R.D.M. 16.8.68.

By the West Ridge. 4 hours. P.D.

The South side of the subsidiary peak was climbed until the couloir could be crossed to pleasant slabs on the South-west face of the main peak (IV). The rotten rocks of the West ridge were then followed to the summit. Descent was via the rock spur descending North from the gendarme on the West ridge; steep snow then led to the snow-bowl.

V. "Couloir Peak", 16,800 feet. R.D.M. & I.H.P. 17.8.68.

By the West face 5 hours. A.D.

The shallow couloir on the West face gave superb cramponing. A snow ridge led to the summit.

II. "White Peak", 17,800 feet. R.J.C. & A.C. 22.8.68.

By the West ridge. 4 hours. P.D.

Pleasant straightforward snow-climbing.

III. "Twin Peak", 17,200 feet. R.D.M., J.F.S.P. & R.J.C. 3.9.68.

By the North ridge. 3 hours. P.D.

One steep ice pitch before the summit rocks are reached

I. Khakhari, 19,200 feet. R.J.C. & R.D.M. 4.8.68.

By the North-west ridge. 7 hours. D.

A superb long ice-route with three steep sections. The ridge starts just to the south of the col crossed by Rob and Alan. The steep sections were all climbed at their right edges enabling traverses to be made to easier ground and rick belays as soon as possible.

SURVEY REPORT

The attempts to survey the area in which we were climbing were not successful, and so we have only produced a sketch-map.

The main reasons for our failure were :-

1. Our first intention was to make a survey based on panoramic photographs, but we only had one levelling head and when we were forced to split up, it never seemed to be in the right place at the right time.
2. Those panoramas that were taken were taken from too short a base-line (less than half a mile) to be of very high accuracy.
3. The three panoramas that were actually produced were taken using a different camera in each case. This led to considerable complications in plotting the map.
4. Our compasses both grew large air bubbles on the journey out and were worse than useless.

CLIMBING EQUIPMENT

| Description | Quantity | Comments |
|-------------------|---|--|
| Ropes | No. 3 Nylon No. 2 Nylon 11 mm. Perlon Polythene "Viking S" | 2 x 120' 2 x 150' 1 x 150' 800' |
| | | For fixed ropes. Not needed. |
| Slings | No. 3 Nylon No. 2 Nylon Nylon tape 1" Prussik loops | 6 4 4 12 |
| Karabiners | 20 Alloy | |
| Pitons | Rock Ice | 15 18 |
| | | Not needed. For fixed ropes. Not needed. |
| Screws | Tubular "Rohr" Bottle-openers | 6 12 |
| Axes | Assorted | 7 |
| | | Two spares was one too few. |
| Peg Hammers | | 4 |
| | | One each is needed for starting ice-screws. |
| Crampons Assorted | 7 pairs | 2 x Salewa adjustable taken as spares. |
| Overboots | 5 pairs | Made from old deck-chair canvas, very insubstantial. |
| Glacier flags | 12 x 6' 12 x 10' | With orange marker flags. |
| Snow shovels | 2 | |
| Pack frames | 5 | Ex--W.D. entirely adequate though heavy. |

Each member of the party provided a full set of Alpine clothing and down gear.

OTHER EQUIPMENT

| Description | Quantity | Comments |
|---|--|---|
| Domestic Equipment | | |
| Toilet Soap | 18 tablets | Less would be adequate |
| Soap Powder | 8 large packets | |
| Toothpaste | 12 small tubes. | More was needed |
| Wetproof Polish | 24 tins. | |
| Candles | 12 lbs. | |
| Cooking/Camping/eating Equipment | | |
| Knife, fork, spoon, plate, mug, dish | 6 sets | Plus 6 spare spoons from Rawalpindi. Several of these and two plates broken. |
| Polythene washing-up bowls. | 2 | One broke. |
| Plastic buckets | 2 | Very useful for water. One broke. |
| Vacuum flasks | 3 x 1 qt. | All broke on journey ! |
| Wooden spoon | 1 | Useful for stirring boiling clothes. |
| Large sharp knife | 1 | Invaluable. |
| Tin can | 1 x 3 pt. | Used for boiling clothes. |
| Polythene jerrycans | 15 x 1 pt. | All but 3 punctured on the journey out. |
| | 1 x 2 gal. | More sturdy. Stolen by porter. |
| Steel 'oil' drum | 1 x 5 gal. | Used for emergency and washing-up water. |
| Desert bags | 3 x 1 gal. | Invaluable in a hot climate. One was lost. One split. |
| Primus stoves | 2 x 1 qt. (silent) | Not satisfactory as they required cleaning too frequently. |
| | 3 x ½ pt. (roarer) | Used at high altitude where they were often difficult to light. |
| Mosquito nets. | 5 ex-Army | Only used twice but then very comforting. |
| Polythene-covered foam mattresses | 5 - 6' x 2' x 2" | |
| Millbank filters | 2 | Used in conjunction with sterilising tablets. |
| Tents | 2 large (1 bell, 1 scout patrol) | Both leaked and were not found to be necessary as it did not rain after Salzburg. On the journey we usually slept in the open. |
| | 2 Black's "Mountain" | These were all satisfactory at high altitude. |
| | 1 Edgington O.B. Venture | |
| | 1 Good Companion | This was once used without a fly- sheet at 16,000'. |

VEHICLE REPORT

Specifications :—

| | |
|-------------|---|
| Type | Austin K 9 ex-W.D. 1 x 1 tonner |
| Engine | 4 litre high speed petrol engine |
| Gear-box | 4 speed crash box, secondary box High/Low ratio, 2/4 wheel drive. |
| Max. speed | Approx. 65 m.p.h. |
| Consumption | 11.5 — 13 m.p.g. depending on grade of petrol. |

Modifications prior to departure :—

1. Painting the cab top gloss white
2. Provision of an extra seat in the cab.
3. Fitting by Messrs. Joseph Lucas of :—
 - a) a standard distributor
 - b) new sparking plugs
 - c) flashing indicators
 - d) a spotlight on the front bumper
4. Fitting of a bell in the cab, operated by a bell-push in the back.
5. Fitting a polythene lining to the tilt.

Spares :—

| Used | Not Used |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Inner tube | Clutch plate |
| Valve cores | Tyre gaiters |
| Valve tube | Fan belt |
| Light bulbs | |
| Contact breaker | Not Taken |
| Sparking plugs | Set of gaskets |
| Flasher unit | Distributor head |
| Wiper blades | |

Equipment :—

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Jack | Inspection lamp |
| Towing chain | Wheel brace |
| Grease gun | Starting handle |
| Air pump fitted to vehicle | Fire extinguisher |
| Tyre levers and patches | Full tool kit including : — |
| Jacking blocks | Heavy spanners |
| Fuel and Oil funnels | Wood and Hack-saws |
| Jerrycans x 3 | Drills |
| Spare oil | Mole Wrench |
| Brake fluid | And a big hammer |
| Gear oil | |

Problems encountered :-

Two faults that were to give us repeated trouble were poor quality tyres, due to their great age, and nuts working loose, possibly due to over-servicing whilst in Army hands.

Other major faults were :-

1. Cylinder-head gasket blowing. After B.M.C. failed to send us a spare, we tightened the cylinder-head bolts with a torque wrench and had no further trouble.
2. An encounter with a large pot-hole at speed. This caused the Front-wheel Drive differential to crack the sump. Despite the sump being of aluminium and being fractionally too large to allow it to drop out through the chassis members, Messrs. Rizza Brothers of Teheran stripped down, welded and replaced the sump in one day for only about £3.
3. Overheating. Our initial trouble was due to the thermostat jamming. It was removed by the B.A.O.R. Recurrences were probably due to the distributor retarding itself. These were at first cured by the local method of pouring water over the carburettor to condense the resulting vapour-lock, but re-setting the timing produced a dramatic improvement.
4. Punctures. Simple punctures were not too difficult to manage as our lorry had split rim wheels. Unfortunately, by the time a puncture had been detected and the vehicle stopped, the inner tube had been written off. On one occasion the worst of our tyres was completely cut through. The only consolation was that it happened in Iran where a new 1900-20 tyre cost only £35. We also had to replace the brass tube which holds the valve on one occasion.
5. The discovery that one of the four bolts that held the primary prop shaft to the thrust plate of the high/low ratio box was missing and that the others were held mainly by rust necessitated their replacement. Later, the onset of a violent vibration announced that the nut retaining the thrust plate had worked loose.
6. Generator failure due to corrosion of the contacts. These were buffed up for free by the Afghan Road Construction Corporation.
7. Second gear shed a cog in Istanbul on our way home. First, third and fourth sufficed for the remainder of the journey.
8. Accidents. We were mutually watchful and aware of the trouble that other expeditions had got into. We avoided excessive speed and night driving and were fortunately hit by nothing. We did ease into a ditch due to a momentary loss of concentration walking in the other direction. The local Fire Brigade lifted us out for £2. We also made slight contact with an irate commuter in the London traffic. Neither of these incidents delayed us unduly.

Garages : the farther East one goes the more likely one is to find a garage willing to carry out the most complex repairs. European garages are likely to think only in terms of replacing the sick part with a new one from stock or ordered from the nearest dealer. It is generally best to break down in Iran where the low cost of spares is accompanied by a reasonable standard of mechanical competence.

MEDICAL REPORT

The medical supplies were organised by Dr. Hawtry May of the Cambridge University Medical Service. He provided the kit from stocks given to him by the drug houses for this and previous expeditions. We are most grateful to him.

Of the drugs taken, the most important were :—

| | |
|----------------------------|--|
| Aspirin 500 soluble | Malarial prophylactic |
| Water sterilising tabs. | Malarial Rx. |
| Broad spectrum antibiotics | Sore throat tabs. |
| Sun tan cream | Vitamin tabs. |
| Pain killers : DF118 | Antiseptic cream |
| Antacids | Rx. for diarrhoea: Kaolin et morph. Sulphonamides. |

Other items :—

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Stitching materials and "local" | Plasters (very many) |
| Plaster, splints and bandages | Anti parasitic powder |
| Thermometer | |

The kit was packed in polythene bags in metal boxes. One of these was taken to Base Camp. The high altitude kits were in small metal boxes. Plastic containers would have been lighter.

Before the expedition left, members had a simple medical history and examination. Dentistry and chest X-ray were advised. Spare parts, e.g. spectacles, would have saved much annoyance.

The following "shots" are necessary :—

T.T.A.B.C.
Polio
Cholera
Smallpox
BCG (if not already Heaf + ve)

The diseases met were simply dealt with : diarrhoea and vomiting treated with sulphonamide; blisters with clean dressing and antibiotic cream. One member developed suppurating boil-like lesions on his feet. These cleared slowly on tetracycline; however, he developed unpleasant diarrhoea as a side effect.

Poor health was, in fact, one of our major problems in the mountains. People were careless in that they got blisters on the march in to Base Camp. These heal very slowly at that altitude and on the expedition diet, despite vitamin supplements. Old knee trouble flared up, probably due to sudden overwork after prolonged inactivity on the journey. One member suffered severe contusion to his thigh after a fall. This kept him off climbing for two weeks. There was one case of infectious hepatitis which fortunately did not develop till the last week. The strains of personality clashes were most felt during the ten day period that we were confined to camp by bad weather. We did not get high enough to run into the more serious problems of high altitude climbing. There were two cases of mild frostbite.

As most people find, the local population expect to be treated. However, they are becoming more discriminating and a variety of tablets are advised. It is not possible to do much for them beyond giving vitamin tabs. and aspirins. Large supplies should be taken for this purpose. They seem to regard a foul-tasting mixture as more medicinal than pills.

RATIONS

The expedition's rations were based on lists published in the reports of the Cambridge University Greenland Expedition, the Cambridge Chitral Expedition, the Cambridge Hindu Kush Expedition and the Manchester Hindu Kush Expedition. Their rations were modified to fit our requirements and to use foods which were either given to us or were available at trade prices. The **theoretical** ration per man/day is given below, along with the quantities to feed 600 men for one day. In practice, we not only divided our rations into climbing rations for use at High Altitude and Low Altitude rations, but further subdivided the latter into those which would be eaten at Base Camp and those to be eaten on the journey. As the Base Camp rations were to be carried by porters, they lacked some of the heavier items and the Vesta Meals which it was thought would not cook well at 11,000 feet. Sixteen boxes of journey rations did not contain Ryvita. These were to be used in those parts of Europe where bread was easily obtainable. Throughout the return trip we supplemented these rations with fruit and unleavened "flat bread" baked on eastern oven roof. Vesta Meals do not appear on these ration lists, but were used instead of rice and meat.

The estimated weight of a High Altitude box (containing 12 man/days) including a 4 lb. box, was 22-25 lbs; Low Altitude boxes were estimated to weigh between 24 and 28 lbs. In neither case did this allow for the weight of tins and the actual weights were approximately: L.A. 30-35 lbs. and H.A. 26-28 lbs. Whenever possible, items were packed in polythene bags, bottles, or in the makers' wrapping. The syrup was packed in small polythene bottles. When these were found to leak, they were placed in polythene bags. These were also found to leak.

The ration contained far too much dried fruit. Chocolate was more welcome on the mountain.

Six pounds of lemonade powder (Woolworths') was added at the last moment. This was not sufficient, although it was used only at base, and it should have been added to the individual food boxes, not taken in bulk.

Dried vegetables did not cook well above Base Camp and were discarded. A pressure cooker was used throughout the expedition and proved invaluable. As usual there was a good deal of grumbling over diet, but this is inevitable. We enlivened meals with a spice box containing black pepper, chilis, curry powder, fresh garlic and vinegar, all of which were bought in Rawalpindi market.

In general, we made the food boxes last for longer than they should have done. The only materials which ran out were "buttystuffs", especially when we were eating fresh bread. The rations lasted for approximately 565 man/days and there were six boxes left over.

NORTH KOHISTAN EXPEDITION – SUGGESTED RATIONS

| Constituents | oz. / man / day | | total requirements (lb.) | |
|---|-----------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| | H.A. | L.A. | H.A. | L.A. |
| Potato/rice/pasta (potato only at H.A.) | 2 | 2 | 38 | 38 |
| Porridge oats | 1½ | 1½ | 26 | 26 |
| Granulated sugar | 6 | 4 | 114 | 76 |
| Ryvita (and a little Vitawheat/biscuits) | 3 | 4 | 76 | 57 |
| Tinned margarine (oil extra) | 3 | 3½ | 57 | 67 |
| Jam | 1 | 1½ | 19 | 26 |
| Cheese (in practice more was taken) | 1 | 1½ | 19 | 26 |
| Marmite | ½ | ½ | not allowed for | |
| Dried veg. (tinned baked beans were also taken) | ½ | 1 | 9½ | 19 |
| Dried meat (Vesta Meals were also taken) | 4 | 4½ | 76 | 86 |
| Tinned fish (herrings/kippers/sardines) | ½ | — | 9½ | — |
| Dried egg | — | 1 | — | 19 |
| Packet soup | ½ | ½ | 9½ | 9½ |
| Tea/lemon/Ovaltine/Milo/Nescafe | 2 | 2 | 38 | 38 |
| Dried milk (barely sufficient) | 1 | 1 | 19 | 19 |
| Raisins/sultanas/figs/dates/prunes/ dried apple/Mint cake/glucose sweets/ chocolate | 6 | 4 | 114 | 76 |
| Salt (too much) | ½ | ½ | 9½ | 9½ |
| TOTAL WT. EX TINS | 32½ | 32½ | 634 | 583 |

In practice the Low Altitude (L.A.) rations contained more tins than the High Altitude (H.A.) and so were heavier.

NORTH KOHISTAN EXPEDITION – FOOD ACTUALLY TAKEN

| | lbs. |
|----------------------|------|
| Meat dried | 36 |
| Meat tinned | 80 |
| Fish tinned | 30 |
| Veg. dried | 34 |
| Veg. tinned | 63 |
| Instant coffee | 10½ |
| Tea | 12 |
| Milo (food drink) | 24 |
| Ovaltine | 4 |
| Dried soup | 25 |
| Macaroni | 28 |
| Dried potato | 72 |
| Rice | 30 |
| Sweets (asstd.) | 57½ |
| Chocolate (asstd.) | 47 |
| Dried Fruit (asstd.) | 80 |
| Ryvita | 76 |
| Jams (asstd.) | 75 |
| Cheese | 12 |
| Sugar | 185 |
| Dried milk | 54 |
| Dried egg | 18 |
| Porridge | 42 |
| Weetabix | 20 |
| Jellies etc. | 12 |
| Salt | 30 |

TOTAL 1,277 lbs.

ASSISTANCE — 1.

Our thanks are especially due to Colonel Buster Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Peck, and Sheila Cormack, for tolerating us and the chaos we engendered, at various stages of the expedition.

We are also indebted to :—

The Wali of Swat
H.R.H. The Prince of Chitral
Dr. Kurt Diemburger
Professor Carlo Pinelli
Dr. Hawtry May, Cambridge University Health Service
The Pakistan High Commission, London
The British High Commission, Rawalpindi
Trevor Braham
R.H. Fairclough, University Library, Cambridge
Mr. E. Jackson, Cambridge University Geography Department
Dr. P. Friend, Cambridge University Geology Department
Sir Harold Shoober, The Pakistan Society
Mr. I. Stephens
Geoff Raspin
Mr. T. S. Blakeney, The Mount Everest Foundation
Nick Emmanuel, The Kilimanjaro Mountain Club
The Royal Geographical Society
Cambridge University Explorers and Travellers Club
The Himalaya Club
The Japanese Alpine Club
The Directorate of Military Survey
L.L. Parmiter, Leitz Instruments Ltd.
Captain Henry Day
Bill Goodwin
Mr. R. Willans, Pakistan Tobacco Company Ltd.
Mr. Madden Gaskell, Pakistan Tobacco Company Ltd.
Mr. Fogarty, Pakistan Tobacco Company Ltd.

ASSISTANCE — 2.

We would like to thank also the following firms who donated items to the expedition :—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| The Egg Marketing Board | Egg Powder |
| Fullers Ltd. | Sweets and chocolate |
| Henry Sutton Ltd. | Tinned Fish |
| E.W. Denny Ltd. | Tinned Meat |
| Guinness Ltd. | Guinness |
| Whitbread Ltd. | Beer |
| Flower and Sons Ltd. | Chandy |
| Simpkins Ltd. | Glucose Tablets |
| Glaxo Ltd. | Complan and Ostermilk |
| Quaker Oats Ltd. | Porridge Oats |
| Tate & Lyle Ltd. | Sugar and Syrup |
| New Cheshire Salt Works Ltd. | Salt |
| Kemps Biscuits Ltd. | Cake |
| A. Wander Ltd. | Ovaltine Products |
| Scotia Mills Ltd. | Dried fruit and Cereals |
| Weetabix Ltd. | Weetabix |
| McDougalls Ltd. | Flour |
| Unigate Ltd. | Dried milk |
| Bryan & Mullinger Ltd. | Dehydrated Onions |
| Joseph Heap and Sons Ltd. | Rice |
| James Robertson and Sons Ltd. | Jams |
| Briess and Co. | Potato powder |
| James Bryanson Ltd. | Cake |
| The Pakistan Tobacco Co. Ltd. | Cigarettes |
| The Morland Scarf Co. | Scarves |
| E. A. Chamberlain Ltd. | Insoles |
| Kendal Knitwear Ltd. | Socks |
| The Bayer Products Co. Ltd. | Medical Stores |
| Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. | " " |
| Maws Pharmacy Supplies Ltd. | " " |
| Morfed (S. Wales) Ltd. | Tin Openers |
| Thames Board Mills Ltd. | Cardboard Boxes |
| Bakelite Xylonite Ltd. | Polythene groundsheets |
| Metal Box Plastic Films Ltd. | Polythene bags |
| Cascelloid Ltd. | Polythene bottles |
| The Streetly Mfg. Co. Ltd. | Encore Tableware |
| British Industrial Plastics Ltd. | Polythene sheeting |
| Aladdin Industries Ltd. | Thermos Flasks |
| The Prestige Group Ltd. | Pressure Cookers |
| The Kiwi Polish Co. | Wet Pruf |
| Ronson Ltd. | Lighters |
| The British Oxygen Co. Ltd. | Air Viva Unit |
| Joseph Lucas Ltd. | Electrical overhaul |
| G.S. Baker (Chipping Norton) Ltd. | Vehicle parts |
| Bryant & May Ltd. | Matches |

ASSISTANCE — 3.

We would like to thank the firms who supplied us with items at reduced cost :—

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Army Publications Ltd. | Vehicle Manual |
| Vitafoam Ltd. | Foam Mattresses |
| Marshalls (Glasgow) Ltd. | Pasta |
| Ryvita Ltd. | Ryvita |
| Rakusan Ltd. | Vegetable Oil and Dried Fruit |
| Vandenburgh & Jurghens Ltd. | Margarine |
| Bovril Ltd. | Marmite |
| Batchelors Ltd. | Dried vegetables and meat |
| Nestles Ltd. | Soups, tinned beans and chocolate |
| Marshalls (Aberdeen) Ltd. | Tinned fish |
| Melrose Ltd. | Tea and Coffee |
| Hax Ltd. | Dried apples |
| George Romney Ltd. | Kendal Mint Cake |
| J. & J. Hall Ltd. | Fire Extinguishers |
| E. Brigham Ltd. | Climbing Equipment |

ASSISTANCE — 4.

Our especial thanks are due to the following individuals and organisations who supported us financially :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| The Mount Everest Foundation | 300 | 0 | 0 |
| The Kilimanjaro Mountain Club | 70 | 0 | 0 |
| British United Shoe Machinery Ltd. | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Sheffield Smelters Ltd. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. M. Goff | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. & Mrs. S. Goodier | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. & Mrs. H. Goodier | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. & Mrs. A. G. Cormack | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. & Mrs. R. C. F. Gray | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. & Mrs. J.M.R. Graham | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | 408 | 17 | 0 |

FINANCIAL REPORT

Expenditure

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--------------------|-------|----|----|
| Vehicle and Spares | 345 | 0 | 0 |
| Petrol and Oil | 305 | 0 | 0 |
| Equipment | 190 | 0 | 0 |
| Food | 85 | 0 | 0 |
| Film | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| Insurance | 65 | 0 | 0 |
| Labour | 110 | 0 | 0 |
| Documentation | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| Report | 60 | 0 | 0 |
| | 1,255 | 0 | 0 |

Income

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------|----|---|
| Assistance — see above | 408 | 17 | 0 |
| Members' Contributions | 846 | 3 | 0 |
| | 1,255 | 0 | 0 |

OUTWARD ITINERARY

| Date | Camp | Miles/day | Cumulative Mileage |
|-----------|------------------------|-----------|-----------------------|
| 14th June | Chipping Norton | 9 | 0 |
| 15th " | Outside Boulogne | 209 | 209 |
| 16th " | arr. Osnabruck | 460 | 669 |
| 17th " | dep. Osnabruck | | |
| 18th " | Grosse Taschendorf | 353 | 1022 |
| 19th " | arr. Salzburg | 277 | 1299 |
| 1st July | dep. Salzburg | | 1419 |
| 2nd " | Bad Ischl | 50 | 1469 |
| 3rd " | Yugoslavian frontier | 162 | 1631 |
| 4th " | Beyond Belgrade | 361 | 1992 |
| 5th " | Haskovo | 354 | 2346 |
| 6th " | Kartal | 236 | 2582 |
| 7th " | Aladag | 212 | 2794 |
| 8th " | Samsun | 358 | 3152 |
| 9th " | Zigana Pass | 226 | 3378 |
| 10th " | Posi Dere Valley | 200 | 3578 |
| 11th " | Iranian border | 360 | 3938 |
| 12th " | Before Mianeh | 197 | 4135 |
| 13th " | arr. Teheran | 241 | 4376 |
| 15th " | dep. Teheran | | 4407 |
| 16th " | Belshahr | 213 | 4620 |
| 17th " | Behjnoord | 239 | 4859 |
| 18th " | Mashed | 294 | 5153 |
| 19th " | 140 miles beyond Herat | 213 | 5366 |
| 20th " | 90 miles before Kabul | 489 | 5855 |
| 21st " | Beyond Peshawar | 262 | 6117 |
| 22nd " | arr. Rawalpindi | 122 | 6239 |
| 24th " | dep. Rawalpindi | | 6289 |
| 25th " | Nowshera | 46 | 6335 |
| 26th " | Beyond Saidu Sherif | 182 | 6517 |
| 17th " | Kalaam | 29 | 6546 |

Roads were good tarred surfaces with the following exceptions :-

1. Giresun - Agri (E. Turkey). Good dirt surface except where under construction.
2. Tabriz - Ghazvin (W. Iran). Bad dirt and ill-maintained tarmac.
3. Shah-pasand - Afghan border (E. Iran). Dirt surface, abominable at times.

About 600 miles of dirt surface was encountered in all; in many places work is in progress to improve the bad sections, especially in E. Iran.

HOMEWARD ITINERARY

Cumulative

Mileage

| Date | Camp | Miles/day | |
|---------------|---------------------------|------------------|--------------|
| 7th September | Kalaam | 0 | 0 |
| 8th " | Rawalpindi | 217 | 217 |
| 17th " | Beyond Kabul | 323 | 540 |
| 18th " | Beyond Kandahar | 363 | 903 |
| 19th " | 12 miles before Herat | 315 | 1218 |
| 20th " | Before Iranian border | 203 | 1421 |
| 21st " | 90 miles beyond Bohjnoord | 292 | 1713 |
| 22nd " | In Elburz Pass | 344 | 2057 |
| 23rd " | Beyond Zanzan | 319 | 2376 |
| 24th " | Beyond Mt. Ararat | 340 | 2716 |
| 25th " | 35 miles beyond Erzincan | 318 | 3034 * |
| 26th " | Beyond Kirrikale | 393 | 3427 * |
| 27th " | Beyond Istanbul | 373 | 3800 |
| 28th " | Beyond Sofia | 341 | 4141 |
| 29th " | Before Zagreb | 412 | 4553 |
| 30th " | Before Salzburg | 299 | 4852 |
| 1st October | | | |
| 2nd " | Ostend | 756 | 5608 |
| 3rd " | Chipping Norton | 189 | 5797 |
| | | | + 6546 |
| | | Total | 13343 |

* This was the only change we made from the outward journey; the road ran across the Central Turkish Highlands, and though twisty, had an excellent gravel surface.

