

ASTRAY IN THE ANDES

By M. NELSON

(Four illustrations: nos. 57-60)

(We print this article by courtesy of the Editor of *The Canterbury Mountaineer*, in which it is also appearing.)

FOR a venture that had been in preparation for three years, the 1964 expedition¹ was notable for the lack of advance information obtained on the two areas visited. As a result, much time was spent by members of the expedition in a haze as to their exact whereabouts. The only map available of the Cordillera Real, Bolivia, is largely inaccurate and gives no indication of the valleys by which one may approach selected peaks, including our principal objective, Nevado Ancohuma at the northern end of the range. In addition, Kinzl and Schneider's fine map of the Cordillera Blanca proved to be in error in the Santa Cruz region.

After spending three frustrating weeks in Lima in negotiations to clear our equipment through the Peruvian customs, Don Mackay arrived in La Paz on May 16 with all the necessary gear, having miraculously passed through the Bolivian customs without a single hitch. Three days later he was joined by Ed and Jen Cotter and Harold Jacobs, and by Jean Nelson on May 22. An examination of aerial photos and a reconnaissance of the foothills by land rover indicated that the best approach to Ancohuma would probably be via the Chearucu river which crosses the Sorata road at Warizata, about fifty miles north of La Paz, and a mile from the shores of Lake Titicaca. Accordingly, arrangements were finalised with the Club Andino Boliviano to have two of its members join the party. They were to act as interpreters in negotiations with the Aymara Indians—to guard our base camp, and to gain some experience in mountain craft. Purchases of food, fuel and primuses were completed, and on May 27 the nine members and half a ton of gear were trucked from La Paz to Warizata. With the assistance of Edgar and Pacho, the two Bolivian additions, a contract was concluded for burros to move into Base Camp the following day, though it proved difficult to find an arriero (donkey driver) who knew the way. We were to discover that many people in this region know nothing of areas and names beyond five to ten miles from their home.

In un-Latin style the burros arrived at 3 a.m., two hours early, and by 5 a.m. the party was on the trail over the 15,500-ft. ridge which gives access to Lago San Francisco and the head-waters of the Chearucu river.

¹ Australasian-American Andean Expedition, 1964.

The trip was not uneventful. The altitude proved quite a work-out for unacclimatised Kiwis, and the arrieros turned out to be unscrupulous, on two occasions calling a halt to demand higher payment for the trip. These stops cost three hours of valuable time and created considerable tension—once, only Pacho's firm grip of a crampon carried the issue in our favour. At 3.30 p.m., still one and a half hours short of our Base Camp site, the arrieros called a final halt and unloaded the burros without heed to threat or persuasion. There was no alternative but to camp on the spot on the shore of Lago San Francisco. During the night Jean developed symptoms of pulmonary oedema, and next morning a horse was hired from Rinconada, a small village down the valley, and she was despatched as fast as possible to lower altitudes under Edgar's care. She spent one night in Warizata and then went on to La Paz where she recovered in three days.

The final establishment of Base Camp was undertaken at considerable cost, but otherwise without problems, with the help of Indians and horses from Rinconada. It would be extremely difficult to travel through this country without someone in the party who could speak Aymara, as few Indians speak Spanish. The camp site was at about 14,000 ft., in a broad valley visited daily by up to a hundred llamas and their herders. To the east, the head of the valley was ringed by heavily glaciated slopes, and 2,000 ft. above, on the north side, the ice-cliffs of the lower glaciers of Ancohumá dominated the scene.

The first day in Base it rained—the only time during two months in the Andes. During the following few days reconnaissances were made of the head of the valley and approaches to Ancohumá. On June 1 Ed, Don and Harold moved into a high camp at 16,000 ft., a hundred yards from the snout of the Chearucu glacier. On the first day they attempted 19,200 ft. Kasiri and reached the summits of Kasiri Norte, 18,900 ft. and Kasiri Aguja, 19,000 ft., but abandoned the climb of the summit ridge, due to fatigue and heavy fog. The next day they made the first ascent of a 19,300 ft. virgin (suggested name: Arichiri—The Sharpener) which is the first major peak in the range south of Ancohumá. The climb was straightforward, taking five hours up and one hour back to camp.

I flew into La Paz from Buenos Aires on May 29 and was met by Jean who was still recovering from the pulmonary oedema. It was decided to postpone the departure for Base Camp until June 1 to allow some time for acclimatisation in the comfortable surroundings of the city, and to allow things to simmer down after the May 31 presidential elections. The plan was to go from La Paz to Base Camp in one day, taking a low-level route following the Chearucu valley all the way. Jean, Edgar and I left La Paz at 10.30 a.m. and reached the end of the road at 2.30 p.m. By dusk, we were at the head of Lago San Francisco but could find no trace of Base. After half an hour of floundering in a bog in the

darkness we gave up and spent a cold night on a moraine outcrop. The journey was completed in half an hour the following morning.

At this stage the weather was settled, and stayed perfect for the remaining twenty days spent in Bolivia. On June 3 Jen, Jean, Pacho and I walked up the valley to help the others pack down their camp. They were just coming off the ice from their ascent of Arichiri as we walked into camp—a round of hand-shaking and our team was finally complete. Back at Base it was decided that more acclimatisation would be desirable before attempting Ancohuma. Consequently, next day Jean and I packed a load of food into the camp site at the head of the valley. Pacho and Edgar left for Warizata the same day with the promise to return early on the morrow. We were reluctant to leave Base unguarded even for short periods. We were visited constantly by Indians from down the valley who came either out of curiosity, to tend the llama herds, or to sell us supplies of eggs, potatoes and guinea-pigs. We had been warned that should such visits occur when no one was in camp the place would be 'cleaned out' in a flash. At noon next day there was no sign of our camp guards, so Ed, Jen, Jean and I left, with Don and Harold to follow as soon as Edgar and Pacho showed up. Don and Harold steamed into camp just before dark, having waited until the last herders left the valley before leaving Base, but still no sign of our 'boys'.

We were all away at 7 next morning—Jean and Jen unfortunately had to return as fast as possible to Base which had been left unattended overnight. Don was well acclimatised by this time and was 'leading the field' as the rest of us moved off in the direction of Kasiri. Ed and I were both feeling the effects of altitude and shied away from the final 700 ft. 45° face leading to the summit. Don and Harold reached the top at 11 a.m., the second ascent, while Ed and I settled for the much easier climb of Kasiri Aguja. After an hour on the summit Don and Harold moved off to attempt the 19,000 ft. virgin Kasiri Este, the most attractive peak in the valley. Running out of time, they turned in the climb about 300 ft. from the summit.

At 7 the next morning Ed left for Base while Don, Harold and I headed for a virgin peak south-east of Kasiri. This climb involved some heavy plugging, all of which was carried out by Don; even so I was finding it difficult to put one foot in front of the other and follow the steps. We moved straight up the Chearucu glacier gaining about 700 ft. before sidling up some moderately steep slopes on the south side to gain a broad ice plateau at 18,000 ft. which extended a mile or so southward before rising abruptly for the last 400 ft. to the twin peak which was our objective. We reached the summit at 11 a.m. (suggested name: Taparacu—Butterfly Peak). The day was cloudless; and as our position was offset from the main range, we had a fine view not only of the Cordillera Real between Ancohuma and Chearoco, but also of the Negruni range and

other less extensive cordilleras comprising 17,000 to 18,000 ft. peaks, lying immediately to the east of the main chain. The principal feature of this area is the heavy glaciation above 17,000 ft., comparable with the Fox or Franz Joseph névés in New Zealand; however, the ice is nothing like so active. The range is dominated by four huge massifs—Illimani, 21,201 ft. at the southern end; Huayna Potosí, 19,996 ft. a little north of La Paz; the Chachacomani–Chearoco complex, 20,100 ft., which appears as the central ‘anchor’ of the range; and the Ancohuma–Illampu group, 21,080 ft. at the northern end. North of the latter the range ends abruptly, becoming no more than 14,000 to 15,000 ft. tussock hill country. Technically speaking, most of the peaks are easy although there are plenty of interesting routes available. In most cases the lower peaks (those of 18,000 to 19,000 ft.) are virgin, although it is extremely difficult to get precise information on which peaks have been climbed, especially in the absence of a map which even locates the peaks. The Cordillera Real is of more interest to those who want to explore and/or undertake long ‘slogs’ on high snow peaks, than to those who specialise in technical climbing.

For an hour and a half we munched scroggin, photographed, and discussed the view before retracing our steps across the plateau. We were back in camp at 2.30 and at 4 p.m. packed up and headed for Base. Ed met us half way down and relieved us of some of our loads which were on the heavy side, as three of us were carrying a camp set up for six.

At Base Camp there was still no sign of our errant guards. This exhibition of irresponsibility brought home to us the hard fact that in countries such as Bolivia one should not depend on gratuitous assistance. The two boys from the Club Andino had volunteered to come with us for the holiday and experience in the mountains at no cost to us except transport and food. However, under these conditions it became obvious that we could exercise no control over them. If all members are to get the most out of an expedition it is essential that support in the form of porters or camp guards must be reliable and it must be possible to exercise control. The question of reliability is always a gamble, but control can usually be assured if the people concerned are paid.

It was decided to move ahead immediately with our attempt on Ancohuma. On June 9 we packed food and equipment to the site of our Camp 1, 17,500 ft., at the edge of the ice immediately to the north of Base Camp. This proved to be a gruelling 3,500 ft. climb half of which lay up steep tussock slopes and the rest along a moraine wall. On our return to Base we were surprised to find Edgar back but no Pacho—after five days’ absence we had virtually given them up. We never saw Pacho again, and Edgar’s visit lasted only two days before he, too, decided he preferred the plains to the mountains—we were to see him once more, in La Paz, the evening before our departure for Lima.

The following day Jen was left to look after Base while six of us

occupied Camp 1. Next morning, Edgar and Jean, who was still feeling the effects of her illness, left for Base. Ed, Harold, Don and I packed food and equipment to Camp 2. For two hours we climbed directly above Camp 1 until we emerged on a wide ice-shelf at 18,000 ft. which sloped gently upwards for three miles towards the north, culminating in the 2,500-ft. South-east face of Ancohuma. The seemingly endless plod across this expanse of snow took three and a half hours under a hot sun and windless conditions. We were thankful to dump our loads at about 18,700 ft. The repeat performance next day to establish Camp 2 left me in a condition where I was ready to retire from mountaineering on the spot. I rationalised that, fourteen days before, I had been in Buenos Aires, which is as close to sea-level as you can get. However, such excuses did not alter the fact that I was unable to assist in either the preparation of the camp or the meal, but lay quietly in the sack and meekly accepted whatever food and drink was handed out.

On June 13 we left the tent at 8.30 and for half an hour followed steps through the broad snow-basin, plugged twelve inches deep by Harold two days before; then on to steeper, firm snow-slopes below the West ridge. The foot of the ridge was gained at 10 a.m., where we roped up and Harold led off over the initial corniced section and then up on to a knife-edge rising for 700 ft. Snow conditions were excellent and we emerged at the top of the ridge on a broad shoulder of the mountain, 20,500 ft., after one and a half hours' climbing. We stopped for lunch, then Don took over the lead which involved energetic plugging up the broad ridge, reaching the summit at 2 p.m. We had brought with us two strips of 'Dexion' and a two-foot square piece of canvas to erect a flag on the summit, which hopefully could be sighted by theodolite from two points on the altiplano to establish the exact height of the mountain (Bolivian maps give it as over 23,000 ft.).² The flag firmly planted, we took some time to look round. To the south the view down the range was disappointing as we were higher than the rest of the peaks. To the east, three miles away across a 20,000-ft. ice-field, was Illampu, scarcely lower than Ancohuma and a real 'man's mountain'—with the possible exception of Condoriri, probably the most challenging peak in the Real. To the north and west the view across Lake Titicaca and the altiplano, with its blending of blue, yellow and brown, made the effort worth while. A cold wind was blowing, so after half an hour we moved on along the summit ridge, descending about 300 ft. along the South-east ridge, and then directly down the steep slopes of the South-west face, a descent of two hours.

The morning of June 14 saw little activity at Camp 2 until about 8.30 a.m. After agonising groans from the rest of us, Harold managed to

² The latest height for Ancohuma (*American Alpine Journal*, 1962, p. 188) is 21,082 ft.—EDITOR.

get the crew under way for Nevado Haukaña at 9.30. The route lay directly across a snow-basin west of the camp to the foot of the face of the mountain and then straight up the face. The climb was straightforward and apart from the basin the snow was in good condition. We were on the summit, 20,496 ft., by noon, and back at camp at 2.30. By 3 p.m. Harold was getting restless, and he and Ed left at 3.45 to attempt a 19,500 ft. virgin peak east of the camp. Don and I watched progress through the air-vent in the tent—they turned back on the ridge some 200 ft. from the summit at 5.30 because of the time-consuming work required to cut across the ice-flutings giving access to the summit.

In spite of Harold's urgings to climb more peaks while we were in position the rest of us had 'run out of gas', so next day we descended to Base, taking with us all that was left of Camps 1 and 2. The day following Jean and I re-established camp at the head of the Chearucu valley, and on June 17 made the second ascent of Arichiri. So ended our climbing efforts in the Cordillera Real. When Jean and I arrived back at Base, the burros to pack us out were already safely housed in the stone-walled corral which lay about 100 yards from our tents. In contrast to the trip in, the outward journey went smoothly with an amusing hour spent en route at the 15,000 ft. village of the arrieros while we negotiated the sale of our surplus oatmeal, sugar, empty tins, plastic bags, kerosene etc. which must have netted us all of ten shillings!

In our original plans we had allowed seven days to transfer from our Base Camp in Bolivia to Base in Peru. In fact this move required thirteen days. We arrived in the Santa valley ten days behind schedule to find that the porters arranged for us had given us up, and we heard that they had joined an American party in the Quebrada Honda. We contracted two other porters in Huarás without problem, and on June 25 moved everything to Carás. To our surprise we were able to arrange for ten burros immediately, and at 8 a.m. next morning, twenty-four hours after we had arrived in town, we were on our way to the Quebrada Santa Cruz. By 3 p.m. we had reached the village of Cashapampa at 10,000 ft., and were informed by the arriero that this was the last place before the upper valley where he could pasture his animals. We unloaded everything on to the porch of a vacant hacienda and half of us slept with the gear and half in a field near by. About 10 p.m. the drunken caretaker of the hacienda arrived with a friend and the noise which ensued for two hours would have done credit to any ten drunks. They chased the burros round the field in which half the party was nervously trying to sleep, and argued in raucous tones with both our porters and the arrieros. They were finally quieted by our paying two shillings, ostensibly to cover the cost of the grass which would be eaten by our ten burros during the night. In the midst of the bedlam, the two porters originally arranged turned up. Apparently they had not gone up the Honda as we had been informed

but had gone home, and on their return to Huarás had discovered we had 'been and gone', and had set out immediately in hot pursuit!

Two hours were spent next morning convincing our newly arrived porters that we could not employ four, nor would we cancel the agreement already made with Jacinto and Alberto. By 9 a.m. our burros were under way again and in half an hour we were in the impressive canyon which provides access from the fertile fields of Cashapampa to the quebrada 3,000 ft. above. By 4 p.m. we had established Base Camp at 13,000 ft. in a group of trees about a mile above Lago Atankocha. The comfort of this camp was in sharp contrast to our camp in the Cordillera Real. Here, we had all the firewood needed, plenty of shelter, and temperatures 10° to 15° higher.

The next morning we climbed the slopes on the south side of the valley to get a view of the access to our three objectives—Artesonraju by the North ridge, Quitaraju by the unclimbed East ridge, and a 19,000-ft. virgin between Quitaraju and Santa Cruz.³ The peaks and ridges of the Quebrada Santa Cruz are impressive, to say the least—after the relatively tame mountains of the Real they looked positively terrifying. From our reconnaissance we were convinced that we had identified both access and routes on all three objectives. Accordingly, on June 29 we set off up the Arhueikocha valley to the north (which joined the main Santa Cruz valley about half a mile east of Base Camp), to establish Camp 1 en route for an attempt on the East ridge of Quitaraju. A site was chosen at 15,000 ft. at the edge of the ice some three hours' packing from Base. The same day John Ireland joined the group having navigated in from Carás alone. He, Jen and Jean remained in Base. The following day Jean walked down to Carás with Alberto, as her time was up, and flew from there to Lima and Buenos Aires.

On June 30 we set out at 9 a.m. to establish Camp 2 on the 17,000 ft. col between Pucahirca and what we believed from the map to be Quitaraju. We gained the col in three and a half hours, but the view we obtained to the north was not at all what we had expected. Instead of a broad snow-shelf below the col, and a view of Alpamayo, we were greeted by a precipitous drop of 300 ft. into an extensive glacial basin, and no sign whatever of Alpamayo. Further, the East ridge of Quitaraju rising from the col was a tangled mass of cornices and mushrooms which would require several days to negotiate—something we had not scheduled in our plans. Since we already had considerable gear on the col it was agreed to go ahead and pack a second load that afternoon and get Camp 2 established, although as Ed wryly commented, 'I've never been in such a *good* position to be *out* of position to climb anything'.

It was decided that the following day Ed and Harold would try the

³ See the sketch-map of the Cordillera Blanca which appears at *A.J.* 69. 92.—EDITOR.

East ridge and perhaps push for the summit if it proved to be easier than it looked. Don and I would try to reach the basin on the north side of the col and sidle across to look at the North ridge of the mountain. With these somewhat hazy goals it was hard to generate much enthusiasm in camp that morning, and it wasn't until 8 a.m. that we actually clipped onto the rope and each party went in opposite directions along the ridge. The real climbing started five minutes from the tent and for Harold and Ed was sustained for the rest of the day. Don and I reached the *névé* on the north side after an hour. For the next three hours we picked our way between the blocks and debris which had fallen off the North-east face before striking up the face. It was 3.30 before we gained the North ridge at about 18,300 ft.; it was corniced and rose steeply above us for perhaps 1,500 ft.; there appeared to be no real technical difficulties and we estimated two to three hours to the top. Having decided that it was too late in the day to proceed and that the best course of action would be to return next day or the day after, with the full crew, to attempt the ridge seriously, we turned to take in our surroundings. There were a number of confusing aspects to the view—Alpamayo was still nowhere to be seen—we could look across the North-west face of the mountain we were on to the virgin, and could see a huge ice-shelf across it (not what we had expected)—we could now see Santa Cruz, and our virgin was *not* actually between this peak and Santa Cruz as we had been led to believe—further, the virgin was a big peak, surprisingly so to be still unclimbed. At 4 p.m. we shrugged off these various anomalies and started down.

During the day we had frequently had glimpses of Ed and Harold as they wound their way over or round the succession of mushrooms on the East ridge. We had last seen them a third of the way along the ridge and assumed that they had returned to camp. We surmounted the last obstacle on the ridge above Camp 2 just as darkness fell. In the gloom we could make out the dark triangular outline of the tent below and gave a yell to the boys to get a brew on. The answering call came not from the tent but from way out of the darkness on the South face of the mountain. Communication was a little difficult, but it was finally established that Ed and Harold would spend the night out. Don and I shook off our frozen crampons, scrambled into the tent, and set about preparing dinner. At 10 p.m. we imagined that we heard shouts above the roar of the primuses. I pulled on overboots and reluctantly wriggled out of the door, listened for a moment, and shouted 'What the hell's going on?' In spite of the absolute stillness I could not make sense of the replies; finally Harold's voice came clearly over the ether: 'I—have—broken—my—leg.' Such a message received at 10 p.m. on a high mountain has a chilling effect on one's spine! It was an hour and a half before we had filled thermoses with stew and cocoa, thawed our crampon straps, packed the sleeping-bags and first aid kit, and were on our way. By

1 a.m. we had reached a point about 300 ft. below them on the face. For two hours we tried to reach them without success and finally bedded down in a filled-in crevasse. We renewed the attempt at 7 a.m. and after some fine work by Don reached the boys at 9.30. We were relieved to find them in good spirits and apparently free from frost-bite. The next four hours were spent getting Harold down the 300 ft. to the névé. Ed left for Base early in the afternoon, while Don and I moved camp to the foot of the face and made Harold as comfortable as possible. Ed was back by 10 a.m. next morning bringing John and Jacinto, as well as Dexion and pack frames to make a stretcher. We had everything readied and Harold strapped aboard within an hour. After about fifty yards of trying to carry the stretcher over breakable crust we abandoned this method and sledged it the rest of the way down to Camp 1, using a plywood U.S. army pack frame as the runner. The sledge system worked well, though definitely tougher on the patient; nevertheless over the crevasses and ups and downs of the glacier it was still hard work for the 'horses'. We arrived in Camp 1 at 4 p.m. Don remained with Harold while the rest of us immediately departed for Base to muster up more man-power, arriving an hour after dark.

On the morning of July 4 everyone in Base was astir at 5.30—I left with one of the porters to get help from Capiakhueita, a small village two hours' walk down valley, while Ed, John and the other porter returned to Camp 1. Two men and a burro and its arriero were contracted, and by 1 p.m. we had a crew of eight at Camp 1, and the burro and arriero waiting in the Arhueikocha valley at the foot of the 1,200 ft. moraine wall on which the camp was located. We negotiated the moraine in an hour and a half, using six men on the stretcher. Once in the valley it was decided that it would be easier on Harold if he were carried rather than his riding the burro. It rapidly became apparent that, owing to differences in height, six with the stretcher was unworkable, especially carrying on the shoulder as the Indians insisted. Therefore we readjusted the carrying poles for four men. During the next three hours our two porters and the two mountain Indians treated us to an exhibition of strength and endurance such as I have never seen equalled. One of these tough men, who spoke only Quechua, had already astounded us by carrying down the moraine in bare feet—he now continued in the same fashion down the steep slopes of the valley over boulders, bogs and cactuses!

After the tension of the past three days our safe arrival at Base provided the condition for a spontaneous celebration. Unfortunately Harold, who was still in considerable pain and under drugs, was hardly in a position to participate or even appreciate the appropriateness of such a fiesta! Next morning we put Harold on the burro, and Don, Jen, the two mountain men and I accompanied him to Cashapampa. It was a rugged six

hours for our patient and he was completely exhausted when we arrived—as it was essential that he be clear-headed to stay on the animal, we had had to take him off drugs. Harold accomplished the remaining four hour journey to the road by horse the following morning and was in Yungay hospital five days after the accident.

On July 7 Don and I returned to Base to find Ed impatient to re-occupy the high camps. Our plan was now to put a camp on the col at the foot of the West ridge of Quitaraju (between Quitaraju and the virgin), attempt the virgin first and then see if we could reach the North ridge of Quitaraju via the North-west face. Accordingly next day Ed, Jacinto and I moved up and brought down what was left of Camp 2 to Camp 1; and that evening saw five of us installed there. The following morning Don and I prospected the 18,200-ft. col on the West ridge and found that there was easy access down to the ice-shelf on the virgin peak. The same afternoon we established and occupied Camp 2 at 17,500 ft. On July 10 John, Ed, Don and I left the tent at 6.30. An hour later, while we were resting on the col and casually taking in the sunrise, the awful truth as to our precise whereabouts began to dawn—the peak we had thought to be Quitaraju (and was so marked on our map) was in fact Alpamayo! In our feverish search for a view of this peak we had walked three-quarters of the way round, and attempted two ridges, of the same mountain—the peak we had thought to be virgin was 20,000 ft. Quitaraju!—the ice-shelf below us was the Alpamayo plateau. . . . We rapidly changed our plans for that day—there was a small peak north of Quitaraju at the western end of the plateau which we now believed to be the virgin, and we headed in this direction. John was still feeling the effects of altitude and returned to Base Camp. The rest of us climbed the peak by the East ridge in two hours and descended by the South face. We subsequently discovered that, far from being virgin, this peak was 18,373 ft. Loyacjirca and that ours was the third ascent!

On July 11 we were away from camp at 6 a.m. and made good time over the col and across the plateau to the foot of the North face of Quitaraju. The ascent of the 2,000 ft. face kept us fully occupied for six hours and we gathered on the delicate summit at 2 p.m. From this point one gets the classical view of Alpamayo and behind it, almost equally impressive, the five ice-spires of Pucahirca. The walk back across the Alpamayo plateau at sunset with clouds swirling in the valleys below and round the peak of Alpamayo was an unforgettable experience. We were back in Camp 2 at 6.30 after a day which constituted a fitting finale for the expedition. It was not feasible to try and reach the North ridge of Alpamayo by the North-west face and we had no time left to re-establish our camp on the East ridge and use the North-east face approach. Thus, next morning, with a tinge of regret, we turned our backs on this fine mountain and hit the trail for Base. Two days later, lounging in the hot



Expedition photo]

THE WEST FACE OF ALPAMAYO: PUCAHIRCA TO THE RIGHT.

(No. 57)



Expedition photo]

MAKING THE STRETCHER ON WHICH HAROLD JACOBS WAS CARRIED DOWN FROM THE EAST RIDGE OF ALPAMAYO.

(No. 58)



Expedition photo]

QUITARAJU: THE SUMMIT RIDGE.



Expedition photo]

PUCAHIRCA FROM QUITARAJU

springs of the Monterrey tourist hotel, we were once again in the category of retired mountaineers.

ASCENTS LIST FOR THE AUSTRALASIAN-AMERICAN ANDEAN EXPEDITION, 1964

Bolivian Andes, Cordillera Real:

Arichiri* (first ascent): E. Cotter, H. Jacobs and D. Mackay—June

Arichiri (second ascent): M. Nelson and J. Nelson—June

Arichiri Este (first ascent): E. Cotter, H. Jacobs and D. Mackay—June

Kasiri (second ascent): H. Jacobs and D. Mackay—June

Kasiri Aguja* (first ascent): E. Cotter, H. Jacobs and D. Mackay—
June

Kasiri Aguja (second ascent): M. Nelson—June

Kasiri Norte* (first ascent): E. Cotter, H. Jacobs and D. Mackay—June

Taparacu* (first ascent): H. Jacobs, D. Mackay and M. Nelson—June

Ancohuma (first traverse, fourth ascent): E. Cotter, H. Jacobs, D.
Mackay and M. Nelson—June

Haukaña (second ascent): E. Cotter, H. Jacobs, D. Mackay and M.
Nelson—June

Peruvian Andes, Cordillera Blanca:

Loyacjirca: E. Cotter, D. Mackay and M. Nelson—July

Quitaraju: E. Cotter, D. Mackay and M. Nelson—July

* Name subject to approval of the Bolivian Instituto Geográfico Militar.