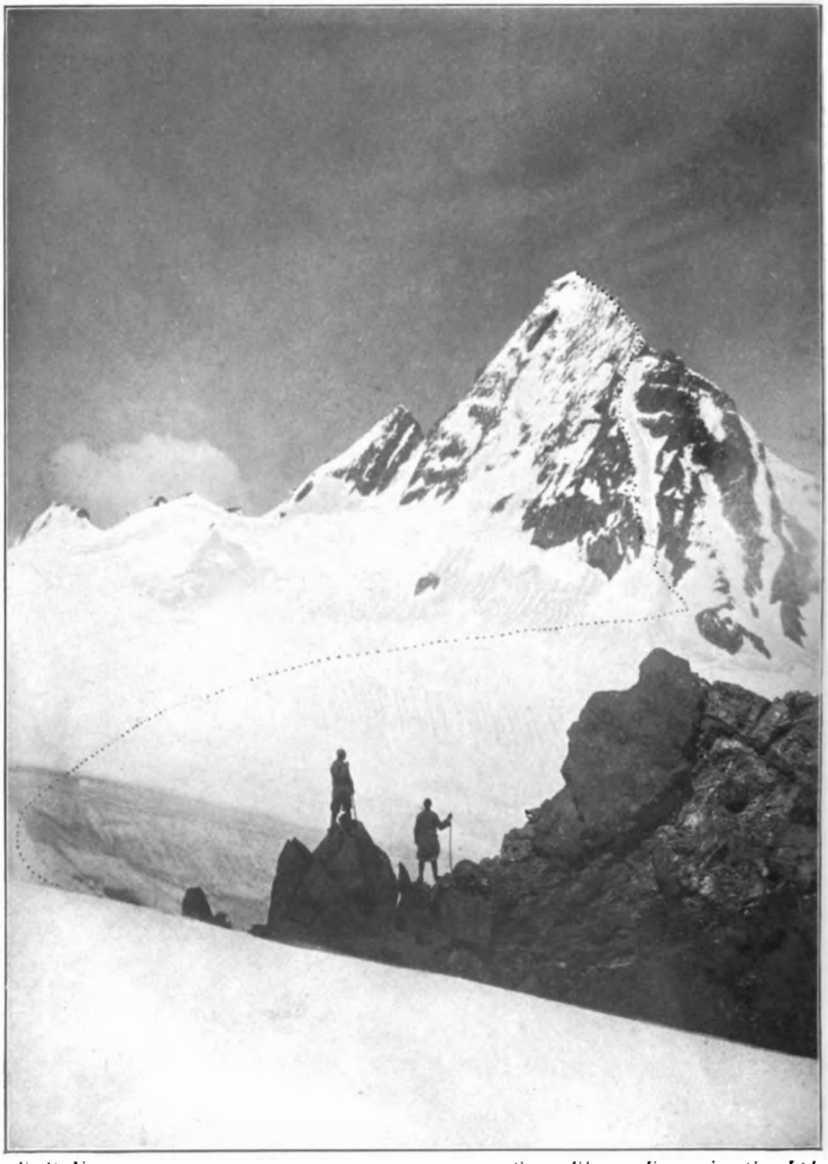
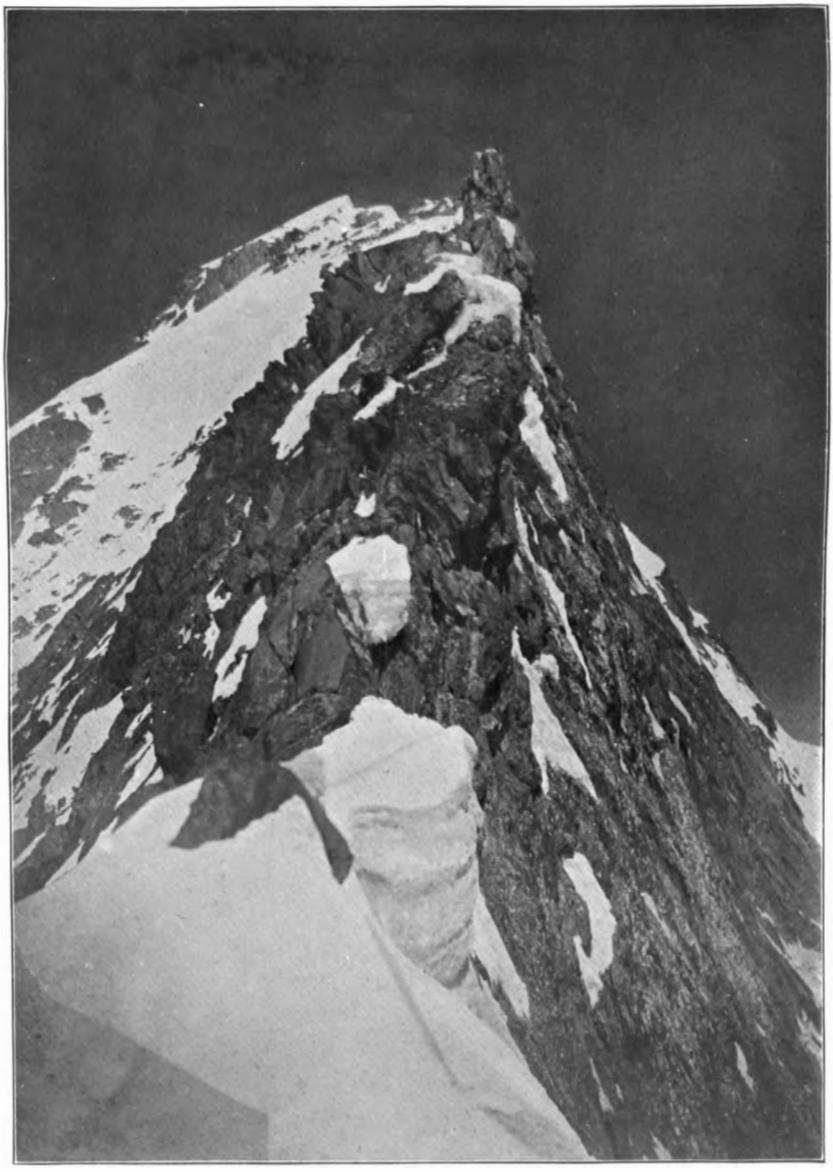


E. F. Neve. *Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

KOLAHOI PEAK,

Showing route to the top and the position of the shelter tent (marked x).

Digitized by Google



E. F. Neve. *Swan Electric Engraving Co., Ltd.*

KOLAHOI PEAK.

The last 300 ft. and the chief "gendarme," with the corniced summit to the left.

Digitized by Google

Main stream from ice flows just to east of and immediately below it.

The rock is in line with a square block of rock on the E. moraine of a whitish crystalline formation (size, 16½ ft. face by 13·7 ft. high by 13·4 ft. thick) and the first high point of the old moraine to W. where a pile of stones has been put together.

MEASUREMENTS W. OF ISOLATED POINT OF ROCK.

Marked a vertical slab of blue slaty limestone which forms the W. wall of the isolated point of rock. Slab shows striation and is quite smooth.

It was marked:

A. C. C.	TO ICE
AUG. 10	175 ft.
1911	ALONG WALL

In both markings an arrowhead was put at the point of measurement. The measurement in this case was made along the wall to where the ice of the glacier overhangs it. Here there was an irregular ice cave and the torrent poured from below it, immediately beside the rock wall—a whitish crystalline rock.

Magnetic bearing from this arrow to the most advanced ice is S. 30° W.

Just beyond where the rock slab was marked is a dry bed of the main torrent which sweeps outward around the old moraine farthest from the ice. This bed is not now in use, and the main stream, after leaving the cave, flowed to Berg Lake directly along the foot of the ice, in a position more westerly and much nearer the glacier. Three years ago the first-mentioned bed was in use.

THE ASCENT OF MT. KOLAHOI.

BY DR. ERNEST F. NEVE.

IT was a brilliant June morning when we left our camp on the Kolahoi névé, at an altitude of 15,300 ft., and with twelve porters lightly laden we crossed the mile of snowfield intervening between us and our climb. Facing us was the pyramidal peak, rising very steeply 2500 ft. Following

Digitized by Google

our former route we ascended at first to the right of the eastern couloir, and then, traversing, we continued the ascent on the left side, scrambling up steep rocks until we reached a point (16,200 ft.) where the snow of the couloir overflows its right bank and a tongue was resting on a rocky ledge. Here we proceeded to cut a small platform in the snow and underlying ice and pitched our Whymper tent. The porters were then dismissed, with the exception of one. The climbing party consisted of Lieutenant Mason, R.E., Asdu, Abdullah, and myself. Asdu accompanied Captain Corry last year when he and Lieutenant Squires so nearly reached the top.

Starting next morning before dawn, while the stars were still shining, we ascended steadily a steep rocky rib, occasionally cutting steps up the couloir, and after five hours we reached the point above the top of the couloir where our ridge joined the main eastern arête. At this stage it is necessary to creep round a rocky face with a north-eastern aspect, and from a snow cornice to ascend a little gully some 20 ft. high, which leads on to the arête edge.

The rest of the ascent is almost pure arête climbing. We kept along the edge on the skyline. The distance is apparently only about 300 yards; and the summit is perhaps 300 or 400 ft. above us. And yet, this part of the climb took us four and a half hours to the top and five hours coming back. This is due to the need for caution. Sometimes we were walking on the junction of snow cornice with jagged arête edge. At others we were creeping along a few feet below the skyline, but able to peer over and see the crevasses of the glacier 5000 ft. below. In places there are windows with rocky frame through which we look down into space. On our left, patches of snow and tiers of rocks drop away steeply at various angles between 45° and 70° to the snowfield. The climb is impressive and awe-inspiring; and yet it is not really dangerous, for there is secure hand and foot hold. And a party, three of whom are constantly moored while one moves forward, gives a feeling of confidence and safety.

Two gendarmes on the arête looked as if they might drive us off the route and compel a traverse to the left. But on closer inspection these were found to be climbable. One of them, the first, partly overhangs the precipitous face of the peak, and in descending it was pleasanter not to look down.

We reached the summit at two o'clock. The last 60 ft. was on snow. About 40 ft. from the top there is what looks like a fractured column of basalt, with, close to it, a small outcrop

Digitized by Google

of rock with Captain Corry's little heap of stones. To the left, at the foot of the last slope, there are also a few rocks. The summit itself is snowcapped and heavily corniced to the N. and W. and less so to the E.

Owing to its isolation and the pointed shape of the peak, the view on all sides is very striking. We look right over the top of the intervening ridges to the extended snowy line of the Pir Panjal Range, the chief points of which, the Brahma, Tatticooti, and Sunset Peaks, are clearly visible. To the N. range upon range stands up with peculiar sharpness. The dazzling white Nanga Parbat ridge at once catches the eye, and forms indeed the extreme boundary to the N. The snowy plateau of Nun Kun to the E. is plainly visible, with, rising from it, the great peak hitherto unclimbed. Quite near, and facing us to the N.E., is the group of Amarnath peaks picturesquely enclosing a snowy amphitheatre.

Heavy clouds were piling up ; so we felt it unwise to delay our descent. This was indeed rather more difficult than the ascent. Fortunately we had quitted the main arête before we were overtaken by night. And the light of the moon, which was nearly full, enabled us to make our way down to our little shelter tent. The climb had taken about sixteen hours. It would be possible to do it, under favourable conditions, in two or three hours less than this, but the risk would rise in direct proportion.

Three Weeks of the 1911 Season.

By J. H. CLAPHAM.

THEY all ought to cherish its memory—those who made great new ascents, those who sat about the knees of the giants or found their steeper shoulders unexpectedly kind, and those who went shouting from valley to valley able to reckon with a growing certainty that cloud would never drive them back, but that a way would be found over peak or pass into a fresh land. A fresh land after a real climb at least every second night is the wanderer's dream, and in 1911 he often dreamed true.

On a Sunday afternoon (July 30) three of us left the men of Turtmann, heavy with their Sunday drinking in the shade, to the fumes of the Rhone valley. The Rhone valley was

Digitized by Google