

As we steadily pressed on upwards, progress became much slower and we were having to rest every 200-300 paces. When we did stop to rest it became increasingly more difficult to stop falling asleep and on the odd occasion when one did fall asleep, he experienced immediate dreams. When came the final blow when, only a few hundred feet from the summit, CAR BURNBORD was taken ill and could not go any further. This posed no major problems (except for CAR BURNBORD of course) as we could leave him safely sheltered behind a rock, climb to the summit, then pick him up on the way back down.