

tom
20 May 83
10.29

(B)

1250 00

90 8'S
770 36'W

I

A flat slopes
up
B land

S. 2 grey
rocky
hard
texture
sharp
many peaks
white

I A up change down
B intrus.
incl.

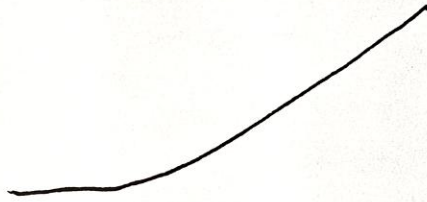
increment headache

1250 00



TOM
20 May 83
1029

9° 8'S
77° 36'W



a flat sloping up
B land

S-2

grey

rocky

hard

textured

short

Many peaks

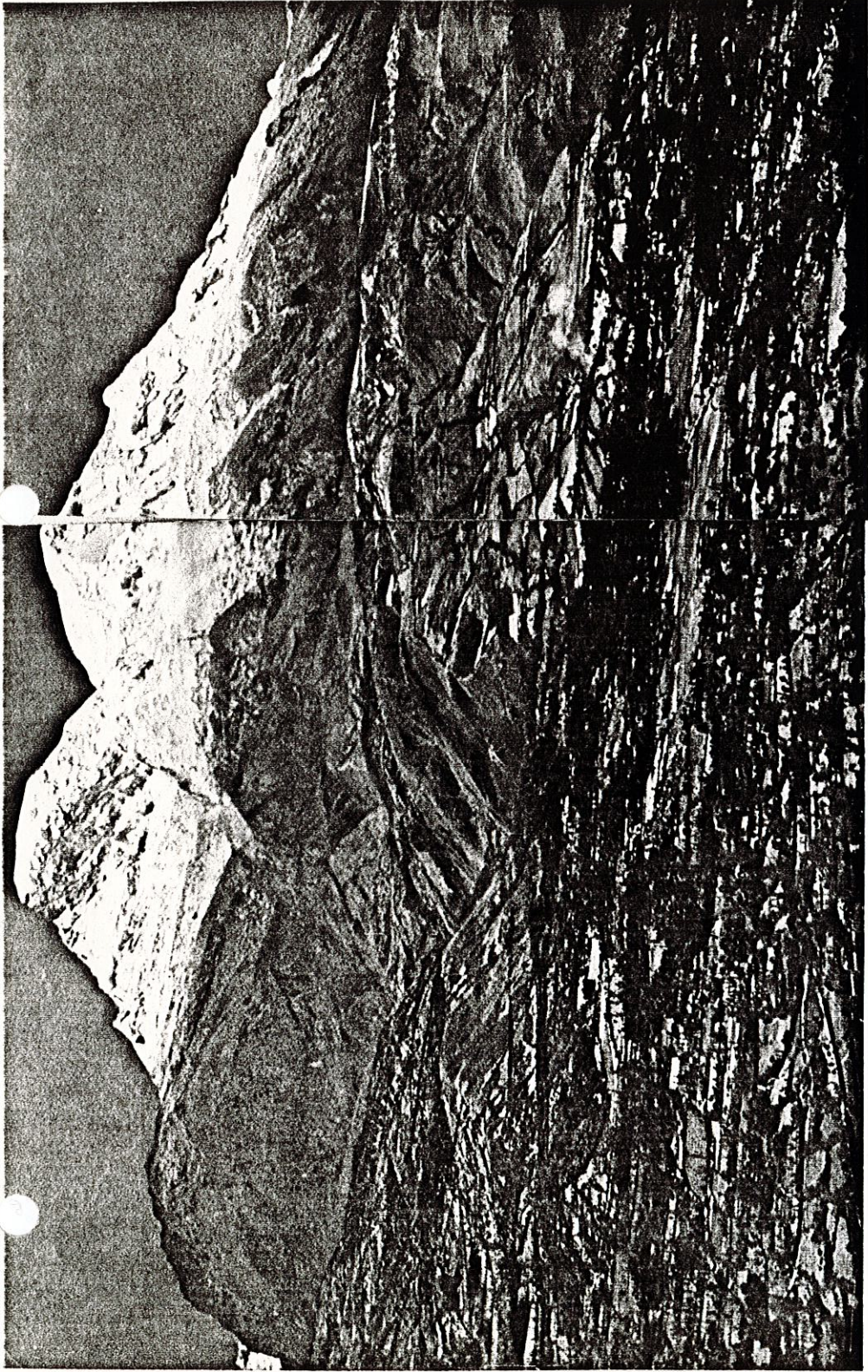
white



A up & down

B mtns

End



Doom overhangs the peaceful farms and villages of Callejón de Huailas—corridor of greenery—in the “Switzerland of Peru.”

When disaster struck, ice and snow fell away from the tongue of the glacier, here licking the head of a gorge beneath the north summit of Huascarán (center of opposite page).

The avalanche scoured the zigzagging canyon, crushed Indian villages, and rolled across the fertile bottomland and its towns. Compare “before” picture at left with “after” photograph on pages 858-9.

1250 00

Serenity blessed the valley before the catastrophe. Here, near Huarás, a woman spins wool while tending flocks.



roar “like that of ten thousand wild beasts,” as one man described it. “Like an earthquake,” said another. “I could feel the rumble in the walls of the belly.”

Mountain climber Lamberto Guzman Tapia heard the noise and knew at once what it was. He had just arrived at his aunt’s house. Inside some forty guests clapped and sang the happy Peruvian songs called *huaynos*. “*¡Ay!*” he shouted. “*¡Avalanche!*” No one could hear him. They only laughed and clapped all the harder. With

a distinguished caller, Ranrahira Mayor Alfonso Caballero. The mayor, whose house stood across the street, stayed only long enough to say “*buenas noches*” and stroll on.

1250 00

“A Roar Like 10,000 Wild Beasts”
At 6:13 p.m., two and a half miles overhead, Glacier 511 shuddered. A man in Yungay first thought it was a cloud turning golden in the sunset. “But I saw that the cloud was flying downhill.”

The first long fall was quiet and quick. Then the ice mass, equaling the weight of 1,200 navy destroyers combined, crashed wildly into a troughlike gorge. A crushing sound echoed the length of the valley. Then came a

Alberto Méndez, wealthy owner of a trucking line, had a moment ago arrived home tired from Lima; now he was resting in his comfortable house. Over cobbled streets Lamberto Guzman Tapia, a barrel-chested mountain climber of 26, walked with happy impatience to a large family party. In the schoolyard teen-age sisters Lira and Wanda Giraldo gossiped and giggled with passers-by.

Others worked. In a nearby garden 13-year-old Herminia Mejía hurried to dig the last of the day’s potatoes. And at the stroke of 6, town electrician Ricardo Olivera arrived at the power station for his vespertine ritual: throwing the switch to give Ranrahira five nightly hours of electricity. Olivera welcomed

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