Myitkyina

Friday, June 17th 1938.

Tony and I sailed from Marseilles on April 30th, in the 'Britannia', and reached Bombay on May 16th. Lewa met us there and came up with me to Simla, while Tony went straight across with the baggage to stop with H.D and Winsome in Calcutta. To my surprise, we had had a certain amount of difficulty with the Customs at Bombay, and notably over the Rangefinder, the wireless and the .410 walking stick gun; but the two former were eventually sent over in Bond to Rangoon, and the latter I was able to arrange about in Simla. We reached Kalka in the early morning of May 18th, after a hideously hot and dusty journey (especially near Agra, where the temperature in the compartment was about 120°F), and there I took the motor-train up to Simla, while Lewa followed on by the ordinary steam one a few hours later. I got to Simla about 11. a.m, and was met by Aubrey Metcalfe's rickshaw and taken up to his house, 'Knockdrin' about five minutes from the station. He himself was away in the Office, and Lady Metcalfe was

in bed still, as she had not been too fit; so I had the house more or less to myself until lunch-time. It is built on the top of a small khud, overlooking the main road, with a lovely garden full of trees and flowers — the carnations being particularly good — and I was lucky in being able to see the snow-capped mountains in the distance. Lucky because for the rest of my time there the dust-haze was so dense that they were completely invisible, and the view was limited to seven or eight miles.

Sir Aubrey and Lady Metcalfe were as delightful as ever, and I really enjoyed my stay with them. That evening we went to the first night of the A.D.C.'s show "And So to Bed", which was amazingly good and well worth seeing. The following evening I had drinks with Gilbert Laithwaite, the private secretary to the Viceroy, and there I found Philip Nash, who had now risen to the giddy heights of Assistant P.S. I had last met Laithwaite in Calcutta at the very beginning of 1937, when we were under a cloud as a result of our last trip (John H.T and I); and Philip when he was back on leave in 1937 Summer. On the 20th I had a short interview with Linlithgow at 12.30, during which he was very pleasant indeed; and Lewa and I motored down to Kalka, by road, on the evening of the 21st and took the midnight train for Calcutta. Sir Aubrey, and Saridge, (his assistant in the External Affairs department), were both as helpful as they could be, not only in promising to do what they could to help with leave to Tibet next year, but — in the case of Sir A — by getting me to put in for £300 from the Government on account of services rendered in 1935 and '36. Whether it will come off or not, I don't know, but it will be simply grand if it does, especially as we will need more money on this trip, owing to scandalous misjudgement on my part. Winsome and Tony met us at Howrah on the morning of May 23rd, and we went straight back to 10 Alipore Road, where a bath and breakfast made me feel more or less human after another infernally hot journey. Lewa went back to Darjeeling that night, to buy one or two things and to bring down the other servants in due course; and we settled down in Calcutta

until the morning of the 31st There were a good many things to buy, such as ration bags and ground sheets, and I still had a lot of work to do on "Salween", which I had hoped to have finished on the way out to Bombay. Dr J. van Manen was just the same as ever, with huge paunch and flowing beard, and he was the greatest help to me in getting sixteen or eighteen end pieces made for the chapters, by a Tibetan artist. Little Tibetan line drawings of various subjects. I had dinner with the Sinclairs one night, and we were given a superb time by H.D. and lonesome from first to last. The servants arrived on May 30th, seven of them and all hand-picked by Lewa. Besides him and Nyima Töndrup, they are as follows:- (3) Chetuk Lepcha, the cook, small, nice-looking, clean and very solemn. I haven't seen him smile yet, but I like him. (4) Lhanga Sherpa, who looks a pure Tibetan, and is, in fact, half Tibetan and half Sherpa. He is also a good looking lad, and the only one of the lot who wears a pig-tail, wound round his head in the usual Tibetan style. He is said to be able to read and write Tibetan well, and even the honorific language, but I have not tried him out. (5) Lhakpa Sherpa, small, wiry and cheerful. (6) Kyipa Sherpa, short, broad, bovine, ugly; but a really delightful soul who is always hard at work, and who has a most attractive grin. The seventh, Pasang Sherpa, went to hospital here with syphylis, so I have discharged him and sent him back to Darjeeling.

Rather to our surprise, the crossing from Calcutta to Rangoon was quite calm (the boat, called the 'Ekma', was terribly hot and stuffy), and I finished "Salween" on board. We reached Rangoon on June 3rd, and put up in the Railway Rest Rooms at Rs 8/- per day each. We had not been there long when W.M. Mitchell, the manager of de Souza's and a most amusing Scot, came round to say that Burroughs Wellcome had let him know that we were coming, and he would be only too glad if we would use the firm's car and chauffeur as our own for as long as were in the place. That was only the first of his many kindnesses, for he went out of his way to

see that we had a good time and that everything was made easy for us. A.H. Seymour, the Secretary of the Defence Department; A.J.M. Lander, the Additional Secretary to the Defence Department; and F.S.V. Donnison, the Secretary to the Financial Commissioner, were all extremely kind, and we had drinks with the first and breakfast with each of the other two. A. McCracken, the Secretary to the Home Department, was also very helpful, and the government of Burma allowed everything in duty free, with the exception of food. We bought clothes for the servants in Rangoon, and, as soon as we knew that all the baggage had been unloaded from the 'Staffordshire', we left for Myitkyina. That was on the night of June 7th, and Mitchell came to see us off. We reached Mandalay about half past eight on the morning of the 8th, and moved into the Railway Rest Room for one night as we had to go up to Maymyo to see Major V.G.J. Barton who wanted to tell me of a few things he needed information about north of Fort Hertz. We took a taxi for the forty odd miles up to Maymyo, leaving after lunch and taking about an hour and a half over the journey. Both Barton and Mrs Barton were very nice, and Maymyo itself is a lovely spot, about four thousand feet up, with masses of trees and pleasantly cool. We changed in the Club, had dinner with the Bartons, and got back to Mandalay at 1.30 a.m. in a torrent of rain. The taxi cost Rs 16/- which I do not think was excessive. We left by train at 6.40 a.m. on June 9th and reached Myitkyina at about 5.30 am. on the 10th. I was assailed by a slight attack of bacillary dysentery on the way, and went into the Civil Hospital that night, staying there till the 13th morning. The European ward is one small room and a bathroom, and patients have to make their own feeding arrangements. Capt. J.G. Stonham, I.M.S. looked after me, and I soon felt fit again. We started re-packing the baggage as soon as I got out and had it done after two hectic days of manual labour. We needed 65 mules, which Maung Gyaw, the Deputy Commissioner, had very kindly engaged for us from Wang Chao Tu, the contractor, at a rate of Rs 25/- per mule per month, the return trip having also to be paid for. That is a good

deal more than I paid Tan Li San in 1935, but it is now the wet season, and it is quite possible that some of the mules may die either from Sarra or by tiger and panther. The baggage, and all the servants except N.T. went off yesterday morning, and we are catching them up tomorrow at Weski by car. That is as far as cars can go at present. As ever, everybody in Myitkyina is kindness itself. We have had dinner with U Aung Gyaw and his wife; with Major Jones, the Commandant Western Battalion; and with Major and Mrs D.V Bryceson of the Eastern. And we have had tea with Mr & Mrs R. Dudrow, he being the American Baptist Missionary at the Chingpaw Mission here and a very good chap. Major Jones had carefully preserved my .375 since it was deposited by Capt. A.J. Power in 1935, and he sent it back a couple of days ago in first class condition, for which may he be rewarded. Capt Durrant is following us to Fort Hertz (also from Weski) on Tuesday the 21st, to relieve Parkes, the present A.C., who is on his way down with fever. The A.S. is de Glanville (I think that's how he spells his name).

Myitkyina never seems to change at all. There are the same two taxis, the same numbers of box-like, horse-drawn vehicles in a fearful state of disrepair, and the same numbers of mangy dogs in the bazaars. It only differs from what it was like when I was last here in the fact that is hot and very sticky at present, with the sky almost permanently covered with thick clouds, so that it is rare even to glimpse the sun; and, except for the last two days, we have had heavy rain for several hours a day since we arrived. The Irrawaddy is in flood, sweeping down, brown, turbid, but silent, and carrying with it a few trees or bushes, and occasionally the corpse of a buffalo or other animal. The humidity is terrific, and even sitting down, one sweats in streams from ten or eleven o'clock till the late afternoon. Plenty of mosquitoes, and swarms of small black beetles at night (at least in the Circuit House) flying round the lights and covering the dressing table. It is a great thought that we will be on our way tomorrow, and even though it is going to be very uncomfortable, until the end of the rains, I am looking forward to it all,

Weshi. Saturday, June 18th 1938.

A fine day without a drop of rain, pretty hot and sticky, although I don't think the temperature can have risen to more than about 90°F in the shade. In the morning we went down to the Post Office to pay Cook's bill; to the Hospital, to say good bye to Dr. Yarde, the Assistant Civil Surgeon, a very nice Anglo-Burman; to Singh's to buy a pot of white enamel for gun sights; to the Brycesons, to say farewell there; and to the Club for a few minutes before lunch, where we had a last drink with Stonham. The D.C & his wife were away on tour, and Major Jones had gone to shoot an elephant, so they were off our list. Then lunch at the Circuit House, and at 1.40 we bundled into an ancient, clattering Austin, with a crew of two, Nyima Töndrup and our bedding, and headed for Weshi. Every time I do this stretch, I am more pleased to have decided to cover the 33 miles by car, for it is an uninteresting bit on the whole, very flat and with little to see apart from the jungle on each side (from Alam on) and two or three stretches of the Mali Hka towards the end. The only excitement was that a jungle cock rose in front of the car just this side of Chinkhkrang and flew off into the trees. Durrant is on his way to Fort Hertz also, to relieve Parkes who is coming down with fever, and we passed his baggage at Alam. He himself is not starting till Monday, and is catching the mules up here. The bungalow here is not as good as those further up the road, but it is not at all bad, with two bedrooms and bathrooms and a living room, some fifty feet above the right bank of the Mali Hka. The servants are in a small hut just outside, and the fourteen muleteers in a rather larger one a little way off. After getting in, I cleaned the .256 and then went up the road for about three miles to see what I could see. It wasn't much, for all I scored was a jungle cock and two hens, and a brace of green pigeon. I hadn't a gun, and if I had had, I wouldn't have got a shot. Tony went for a short stroll down the road, and saw nothing. I wanted to do some fishing, but the river is so high that sunken bushes stretch out further than one can cast, and

it would be merely a case of losing spoons. To night we have been visited by large numbers of beetles, grasshoppers and flying ants; a few cockroaches, moths and sand flies; and one praying mantis. It is good to be in the mess.

N Sopzup. Sunday June 19th 1938.

A fine day until 11 p.m., hot, sticky and with hardly a breath of wind. At 11 am a strong S.W. wind arose, force 5, and, after a quarter of an hour, a very heavy rainstorm began, lasting until mid-day. From then till 3.30 p.m., although rain continued to fall, it was only moderately heavy. The wind died down at 11.15 am, and after 3.30 pm the afternoon was fine though heavily overcast with nimbus.

We got up at 5.30 a.m. in good, old-fashioned style; had breakfast at 6, and were away by ten minutes to seven, to the howling of distant gibbons. Sand-flies had been bad during the night, although I personally had not been afflicted, and before the start of the march the muleteers had to build a number of smudges to save the mules from torment. Up till about seven thirty the river was hidden in a thick layer of mist, but, as the day grew hotter, this cleared away and evaporated completely. It was a really hot march of nine miles over a gently undulating path, close to the right bank of the Mali Hka. We were thankful it was not longer, for neither of us are yet in training, and we were both glad to get in, sink into comfortable chairs, and drink pints of water — warm, but not so warm as we. For the whole way, both sides of the valley are covered with thick jungle, but near the path most of it has been cleared and is now covered with nothing worse than long, coarse grass and some bushes. The bungalow itself is almost identical with that at Hresli, but in rather better condition and with a covered way between us and the kitchen. We are about fifty feet above the river, with a grand view down, and not a bad one up; and steep, forest covered hills all round. After about four miles I sat down on a convenient rock and took a photo up stream, but I think it was the rest rather than the picture which attracted me. All things considered, I think we did well to get here after two and three quarter hours (I) with Tony only five minutes behind. As regards Natural

History, it was a disappointing day. I saw a vulture, which flapped over the path near Weshi, with a heavy sighing of wings; several dung beetles, earnestly rolling their balls of manure; a few assorted lizards and butterflies and birds; and this evening we heard an elephant trumpeting in the forest west of the bungalow. I had a slack day, cleaning the .256 and .375, and the .410; reading a bit, and writing a letter to Enid. Dinner at 6.30, preceded by a short walk and a bath. By the way, I was able literally to wring sweat out of my shirt when I got in, as though it had been dipped in water; so I spent the rest of the day stripped to the waist to give it a chance to dry.

Tiangzup. Monday. June 20th 1938.

A baking hot day with plenty of sun and no more rain than a slight shower between 11.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. A staggeringly hot march, too, of thirteen miles, all the way along the bank of the Mali Hka, with jungle immediately above and below the path. It was a very flat march, but, like yesterday, most of the path was very muddy, and, unfit as we are, both Tony and I were exhausted by the time we got in. We left N Sopzup at 6.30 a.m. and arrived here at 10.45, after having rested for a quarter of an hour at the 4 mile and 8 mile post. A really deadly march, and the last three miles or so were ghastly. It was an effort to get our legs to move at all, let alone to keep up a reasonable speed; and the only things which saved my life were 3 pints of water here in the bungalow, and a cold bath — which almost sizzled when I got into it. I only hope it doesn't take us long to get fit, or every day is going to be hell. All the same it was an amusing march too. I saw a couple of jungle fowl, a couple of black-faced langurs, and, on turning a corner of the path, I walked into a fine panther at about twenty yards — a big fellow, very dark brown in colour. I snatched my rifle as it cantered easily away, but found, to my misery, that I had brought the .375 (which was unloaded) and not the .256 (of which the magazine is full). So it got away and we saw it no more. Otherwise beetles, butterflies, lizards and frogs, but nothing else of excitement. This is the best bungalow we have had so far, with big bedrooms. It stands

about 80 feet above the river, and immediately South of the Triangzup bridge, a permanent affair of steel cables, metal towers, and concrete anchors. This afternoon, about 2.30, I went down in shorts alone (my shirt being too filthily wet) to the other side of the bridge, to take a couple of photoes of the bungalow. They would have been good, I think, but the film has wound up crooked, so I should think light will have got in. I only hope it was my fault and not that of the camera.

Supkaga. Tuesday, June 21st 1938.

The morning was very cloudy (thick stratus) and indeed, up till about 7.30 a.m., the valley was filled with mist. As a result it was much cooler on the march than it has been up to date, and I enjoyed the nine miles from Triangzup — rather to my surprise. Enjoyed it more than Tony, I think, because I was here without hurrying a good twenty minutes ahead of him. After about a mile the path left the Mali Hka and climbed easily (all the way through jungle) along the sides of several ridges. It was fun having the steep drop below the path, because we looked out more often than not on to the tops of the trees; and once or twice we could see miles over the forest. Not so wonderful really, I suppose, but after even a short while in jungle, anything like a view seems almost miraculous. Nothing at all of note on the march. The only things I saw were (a) a small crab paddling in a rut on the path, so far from any stream that it seems as if, in the rains at least, they must make lengthy journeys through the forest; and (b) a quantity of tree-frog spawn on the path. We have not yet begun collecting, however, owing to the difficulty of constantly opening boxes on the road, so the crab and the spawn were allowed to dree their weird. This bungalow is on the top of a small ridge, with nothing much to see but other jungle-covered ridges all round, but it's comfortable, like all the abodes on this road. I felt energetic about mid-day, and wandered off into the jungle with the .256, hoping for the best. It was damn silly of me to go at that time, because it was a very hot afternoon, and all the animals, being sensible creatures, were lying up until the evening. I was out till nearly 5.30 p.m., and saw nothing larger than a

pair of squirrels, or more dangerous than some ferocious looking ants. It was quite an amusing time, though, and more especially as I got slightly adrift on my way back and had to retrace my steps twice or three times before I found the right path. David, the Kachin interpreter, now keeps me company on the march, carrying my rifle and camera etc, and making valiant efforts to keep up. He seems to be quite a good little chap, and so far I am glad we took him on.

Kadrangyang, Wednesday, June 22nd 1938.

More rain than fine to-day, for it was coming down in buckets at 5.30, when we woke, and until 6 o'clock. It started again at 6.30 and went on till 7; then from 8.45 till about 12.30; and from 3 pm. till 5.30 or thereabouts. In other words, we had plenty of rain on the twelve mile march, but that was pleasant rather than the reverse, for it kept us cool and cooled the air. Another feat march along the sides of ridges, through thick jungle with a lot of bamboo and banana trees, and with fine views of tree-tops like yesterday. David and I were a long way the last to start, and we had a further delay when we went back (in rain) to see if we could find the ferrule-plug of the .410, which had dropped off somewhere. But then we made intelligent use of short cuts. The first brought us to fifty yards behind Lewa & Co, who were otherwise at the tail of the procession; the second took us just in front of the leading mules, where we picked up Chetuk and Kyitja, on their way to have tea ready for us at Kadrangyang; and the third must have gained us a good mile and a half, though we picked up a few leeches on it. Shortly after that we passed another tempting path into the jungle, but this we abhorred, as it is only a short-cut if the march is being doubled, joining the main path about two miles beyond this bungalow. However the attraction proved too much for Tony, Nyima Tündrup, Hanga and Lewa, who all started along it. The two last named early decided that it was a false trail, and burst through the forest back to the road; but Tony and N.T. not only persevered but lost the path and had a sweaty time reaching the mule-track, and even then started along it the

wrong way! They got in at last about an hour behind the last mule, but in excellent spirits, all things considered. The only other excitement of the day was that Kyipa was stung in the finger by a small scorpion which had travelled under the ground sheet on a cloud. He rushed in to me, pale and quivering, almost incoherent with fright, to say that he had been bitten by a snake; and Tewa was only just in time with the corpse and the real story to save me from cutting into his finger and making a mess of him. A scorpion of that size is painful but not dangerous, so I merely told him to take a day off, and by the evening he was complaining of nothing but stomach ache. The bungalow here is on top of one of the highest ridges in the neighbourhood, so that it feels very open and airy. After this afternoon's rain it was quite incredible to hear the frogs in the valley. Thousands upon thousands of croaking voices echoing up from below and merging into a muffled roar of sound, punctuated and broken by the more strident yells of the crickets. Amazing to listen to! Talking of sounds, there were gibbons on the march today as usual, although we saw none. There were fresh tracks of barking deer along the path for two miles, and I found a dead snake — Natrix of some sort.

Kawapông. Thursday, June 23rd 1938.

To-day has been very heavily overcast, but, apart from a very heavy shower this afternoon there has been practically no rain. Herrings and the remains of the pulao rice for breakfast; roast chicken, potatoes, and those fungi that grow on trees and look like small, white "Hands of Fatima" for dinner. We have finished ½ lb of tea since Myitkyina, but it doesn't really matter. We can always buy more from Fort Hertz (or Rangoon) if we run out, or rather when.

A flattish march to-day of about 8½ miles (all except for the last three hundred yards up to this bungalow, and they are steep), the path running mainly through jungle and along the sides of ridges, as on the last two or three days, although this time we passed several small villages and a good deal of cleared ground. I really am happy now, being on the move in grand country like this, and at present the only fly in the ointment is Tony. He rather gets on my nerves, partly because his

mind is as fat as his body, and he never has anything to say except 'yes' or 'no'; partly because he has a dreadful habit of breaking wind in the house; and partly because he doesn't seem to have any guts. Yea, I weep when I remember thee, O Zion — in the shape of Comrade Jonathan! However, time will show and he may improve. The odd part is that, considering he says he's done such a lot, he doesn't know a damn thing — not even how to clean a gun, or darn a sock, or what to do in case of snake-bite.

I don't know why I've been speaking scornfully about the views over the jungle. Certainly to-day they were magnificent all along, and best of all from this bungalow, which I think has the finest position of any between Myitkyina and Fort Hertz. A solid mass of trees, broken only by occasional narrow, twisting clefts (where the streams are flowing), and stretching away, ridge after ridge — a mottled, rumpled carpet of various greens — it's wonderful to look at; and a solitary wisp of smoke rising out of the forest somehow gives one an inkling of the amazing courage of primitive man who backed (and backs) himself against the whole teeming force of Nature in her very stronghold — the jungle. We all take life too easily, I'm afraid. Tony and I, now, with our two good meals a day — we know they'll be ready for us when we want them, just as if we were in a hotel in London. It's merely a matter of paying out money some time before (and laying in stocks). And though our breakfast isn't very big, and after ten or twelve miles and 12½ hours wait we really enjoy our dinner, think how much more we'd enjoy it if we had to get hold of it ourselves and were not at all sure that it would be forthcoming!

Ever since Hkasi the ground has been thick, red, heavy clay, and very tiring to walk over after rain. Kyipa is quite fit again to-day, after his adventure with the scorpion. I reviewed "In Search of the Mahatmas of Tibet" this afternoon, which is one thing off my mind. There were many civet tracks on the path to-day, but apart from ants, lizards butterflies and beetles etc, the only thing of interest was that I heard two jungle cocks crowing at each other about half way.

Tingpai. Friday, June 24th 1938.

Not unduly hot to-day, as it was heavily overcast

all the time, and we never saw the sun. Heavy rain from 8 a.m till 10.30, and a lighter shower from 5.30 pm till 6.15. Breakfast of Onion omelette, and a couple of chapattis and jam; dinner of chicken soup and chicken goulash, with chapattis and coffee.

A march, by the cart track, of ten miles over an undulating path running mainly through jungle and along the sides of ridges, with more gloriously sweeping views over the forest. David and I took several short cuts successfully, and then tried a more ambitious one from about the 4½ mile point, just at the time the rain began to come down in real earnest. We started some fifty yards ahead of Tony, who was faithfully keeping to the main road, and the success of our path as a short cut can be gauged from the fact that we arrived here rather more than an hour behind him! For three hours we careered through the jungle, soaked to the skin, staggering up and down steep, slippery paths, wading streams, and continually picking off leeches — though we were not bitten more than half a dozen times each, we must have removed a good fifty apiece, which is not bad for a first baptism. All the same I thoroughly enjoyed it, and that in itself pleased me as showing that I'm beginning to get fit. We passed through two Kachin villages, with their sacrificial crosses (to which buffaloes are tied for the slaughter on great occasions) and the little bamboo platforms raised ten or twelve feet high on poles, for offerings to the Nats. The houses are the same as those in the Nam Tamai, on low piles, fifteen or twenty yards long for the most part, the walls built of plaited bamboo, and thatched with the leaves of a kind of palm. Pigs, chickens, dogs and buffaloes seemed to be the only livestock. I didn't see any goats. We also passed three graves by the side of the path, one fairly old, the body having been buried (or the bones, rather); the other two not so old, and each consisting of a coffin of wood, with the two ends carved in conventional whorls and painted in red and white — the general shape was like that of a dug-out canoe — wrapped in an old blanket, and supported each on a little platform its own size, about four feet off the ground, and covered with a thatched roof. The bodies are first burnt, and then the bones are preserved in

these coffins for any time from about six months to three years, according to what is fixed by the Nat Prophet for each individual case. At the end of that time, I imagine with some little ceremony, the bones are buried, and the place marked with a more or less elabrate erection of bamboos.

No wild life whatever on the march of any interest. This is the first thatched bungalow we have met with so far, all the others having been roofed with that hideous corrugated iron, painted the usual government red. A marvellous view to the west from here, but unfortunately no light to take a photo, and to-morrow will be away too early. Incidentally we left to-day at about 6.45 am, and I personally was not in until past 11. Even then I was ahead of the mules, for five were missing this morning, and the baggage could not start until they were finally rounded up from a couple of miles down the road. An extraordinary thing is the shortage of flies we've been experiencing. There are seldom more than about a dozen in the room at once, but here at least their lack has been more than balanced by myriads of ants, especially on the table and the seat of the latrine — the latter a particularly awkward place.

Maihtawng Htka.
Maithonga. Saturday, June 25th 1938.

A fine day though heavily overcast until about 5.30 p.m. when it began to rain, more or less hard. It is still raining (the time being now 8 p.m.) and sounds as if it might go on all night. It is now the fourth day since we have seen the sun, and photography is difficult. Breakfast of fried eggs (2 each) and chips, chapattis and jam; Dinner of chicken curry, preceded by chicken soup, and followed by coffee. I think it's a good idea on the whole to record what we have to eat, because if it does nothing else it will serve as an accurate guide as to what things can be obtained locally and to what extent we have to rely on stores. There is not much milk on this road, and vegetables are very scarce at this time of year. Indeed, except for potatoes and those fungi (both of which we could buy at Kawapang) they have been unobtainable. Ata we were able to buy in Kawapang also.

A march of 12 miles, gently undulating as usual (the road is beautifully graded) and

all the way through jungle. Most of the way also was along the sides of ridges as before, and for almost the entire distance the path was muddy and slippery. Not many short cuts to-day, but on one of them I saw my first live snake of this trip — a ratrix of sorts, and probably Himalayana, but it was moving too quickly to say for certain, and the long grass made matters still more difficult. About three feet long. Otherwise I saw only one small dark-grey squirrel with a very fluffy tail, a couple of large, red-brown, heavily armoured beetles with immense probosces, in coitu on a bush (I collected them, but let them go when I reached the bungalow), and the hacks of a barking deer. I heard one barking in the forest too, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, and of course gibbons were yelling as usual in the early morning from about 6 a.m.

Tony seems to have strained his knee somehow, and complains that it almost seized up on to-day's march, besides being painful. I hope it's not anything serious, but even if it is I am certain that the best thing for that kind of complaint is plenty of work. I am sure it was the constant walking on it which cured my tendon achilles when I pulled it on this road in 1935, even though it was damn painful taking the cure.

Daria came in this afternoon full of gloomy stories about the road being blocked between here and Prasathka, and telling me that if we took two days over it we could yet reach the place by making a detour through the jungle. However, having met a couple of bullock carts this morning on their way from Sumprabum I had no hesitation in refuting the story and saying firmly that we would go straight through. I have not been sufficiently interested to find out whether it was an attempt on the part of the muleteers to earn an extra day's pay, or whether it was an effort on Daria's part to curry favour by earnestly looking after our interests. Probably the latter, I think.

I averaged 4 m.p.h. for the first six miles to-day, which was pretty fair going considering the state of the path. Tony tried to open Old No 1 this afternoon, and, typically, jammed the wrong key in the lock. It took me twenty minutes to get it out again.

I received 'A Roving Commission' by Henry Newman.

Wasat Htka. Sunday, June 26th 1938

A fine day, though very cloudy, and pretty warm marching. We did not have a drop of rain, and we actually saw the sun faintly between 8.30 a.m and 9 o'clock. Breakfast of hard boiled eggs in white sauce, and mashed potatoes, chapattis and jam; dinner of chicken soup with liver, roast chicken, roast potatoes and spinach, chapattis and coffee. And this afternoon Chetuk got hold of some excellent corn cobs, which we had grilled for lunch.

We doubled the march to-day, coming right through the 15 miles to Wasat Htka instead of making two short stages of 7½ miles each and stopping at Senang Htka on the way. The path runs mostly through jungle, and along the sides of ridges fairly high up; but there was a good deal of cleared land close by to-day, under mountain rice and maize, and as much or more which had been cleared but had been allowed to become overgrown with banana trees. Tony's knee held out all right, but he had to keep it permanently bent or it gave him hell. Still, it means that it's getting better, and that's a grand thing. We left at 7 a.m and did not arrive here till 11.30; but that was not bad really, because the path was very muddy for almost the whole distance, and it was tiring to go at all fast. About four miles after passing Senang Htka, we (that is myself, Chetuk, Hanga, Hakpa and Kyipa and David) took to a short cut which brought us into the Cart-track again not more than 200 yards from the bungalow, and cut off perhaps 2 miles. There were ~~two~~ three excitements along this path, for (1) we heard a barking deer so close that if he had gone on barking a little longer I would have tried to stalk him: (2) we came on the tracks of a tigress and a half-grown cub, made, I should think, early this morning, and followed them for half a mile until they forsook the path about 3 miles from here: and (3) I captured a fine tortoise in the jungle, and have brought him along to keep me company. This is a good little bungalow, on the top of a hill as usual, and we are stopping here to-morrow to rest the mules. It appears that the first bridge on the Mackeya road has been swept away, so that it looks as if we will

have to go via Sumprabum after all.

I spent the whole afternoon sewing a pair of chaplis, of which the stitching had burst, and shortening the straps which had stretched. I have another pair to do tomorrow. The leather-sewing awl is a boon.

We have had sandflies every night and morning so far, and a few horseflies of both kinds by day; but only one blister fly, which is quite amazing. Sitting round the lamps at night, however, we are tormented by beetles, crickets, white ants, moths, flying ants, cockroaches, and God knows what — including, of course, sand flies; but tonight is the record, I think, first with a swarm of white ants littering the table, our books and us with shed wings, and steadily copulating the moment their wings have gone; and then with hundreds of yellow beetles, rushing madly round in the light. In fact they are such a trial that I am off to bed.

Wasat Hka. Monday, June 27th 1938.

It pomed with rain all night, and until noon today, but the afternoon was fine, and, from about 2.30 pm. to 5.30, there was even some sun, and a few patches of blue sky. At 7 pm. it began to rain again, and it will probably go on all night. Breakfast of scrambled eggs surrounded by a wall of mashed potatoes, chapatties, jam, and of course tea; more maize in the afternoon; and dinner of spiced goat stew, preceded by goat soup, accompanied by chapattis, and followed by coffee. It was a very small goat, and we bought it today for Rs 1/8 from the darwan. Enough on it for perhaps two meals.

The rest here was rather fun, although one day of it has been enough. This morning I repaired another pair of chaplis, and then tried to classify the tortoise. There was nothing applicable in Boulenger, but from Pope it looks as though it may be Testudo impresa. I say 'may' because impressa ought, I think, to have an entoplastron, and our beast has not. Furthermore its a little bit light in colouring, and so it will have to be collected, if I can only keep it alive till I open the boxes. I've tried it with grass and leaves, but it shows no sign of wanting to eat them, so I suppose the next thing ought to be earthworms in the lines of a terrapin. I went down the Machega road

this afternoon, but only for about five hundred yards, as the bridge has been destroyed in very truth, at a place where a moderate stream runs through a short rocky gorge. There must have been a sudden terrific flood, enough to raise the water level about ten feet or more, and now all that remains of the structure is one upright on the far side. There is no place for the mules to ford either, so Sumprabum it is to-morrow. If I remember right the Dak Bungalow is fairly squalid here, but it can't be helped. Having inspected the bridge I then turned up the cart track for about 1¼ miles to get some exercise, and then came in. I was met on the road by a couple of Gurkha M.P's who presented me with a letter from someone in Sumprabum under the impression that I was Durrant, who is two days behind us. They said that Parkes had reached Machega to-day, travelling on a stretcher; and that old Nital Chand had come into Sumprabum this morning to make arrangements for him. I hope we see him to-morrow.

A propos the tortoise, Kyipa tells me that it is a Sherpa belief that such animals are natural separators, and that if you offer one a saucer of milk diluted with water, it will skilfully extract the milk, and leave pure water behind. The Sherpa name for tortoise, by the way, is Rúpar.

We are perched up on high again in this bungalow, and, with a good view to the south, there is something really awe-inspiring about the monsoon clouds, just bursting the tops of the hills as they sweep slowly, relentlessly onwards — like a victorious, or rather an irresistable army, never ending. And the lower edges of the clouds are held back by the hills they touch, and this more than ever gives the impression of countless gigantic figures moving steadily in ranks, with a purposeful forward stoop.

Sumprabum. Tuesday. June 28th 1938

A dull day with practically no sun, and intermittent showers in the morning. From sunset till 8 p.m. the sky was nearly clear, however, and the stars magnificent, but after that clouds rolled up again and there was more rain. Breakfast of goat's liver and kidneys, surmounted by a fried egg apiece, and surrounded by a wall of mashed potato; chapattis and jam; tea. Dinner we had with Major Stubbs here.

By the cart-road from Wasat Ukka to Sumprabum

is 13¼ of the most boring miles in Burma, but there is an excellent short cut which probably cuts off 3-4 miles, and which runs through the jungle, dropping steeply into two valleys and climbing, equally steeply over two ridges. Needless to say, David and I took that, while Tony continued his anti-short cut policy (to which he has firmly held since Kadrangyang) and plodded around the long way. Actually David and I went wrong towards the finish, and having reached the top of a ridge two miles South of Sumprabum shortly after 9 a.m., we dropped down by what seemed the shortest route, passed through a large field planted with rice, yams, brinjals and chillies, and eventually found ourselves in impenetrable jungle. That is to say, at the end of a quarter of an hour's serious work we had progressed about 40 yards. That disheartened us, and we climbed wearily up to the top again and were still there at half past ten. After that it was plain sailing, though, and we romped into Sumprabum by the Machega road (only moderately muddy) and came straight round to pay our respects to J. L. Leyden, the Assistant Superintendent, who is in charge not only of the Sumprabum district but of the Triangle as well. Both he and Mrs Leyden were in — they are perfectly delightful — and after I had had a bath he insisted on fitting me out with dry clothes, and then that Tony & I should stay with him until the 30th morning. So that is what we are going to do, and more especially because it will give the servants a change, having a day off no work and being able to talk to the Gurkhas of the Military Police. Leyden filled us both up with beer (it tasted like nectar even after so short a time) and I revelled in the luxury of cigarettes again. We had been invited to dine with Major Stubbs, the Asst. Commandant, and we did in fact dine at his house; but as both he and Parkes (who arrived in from Fort Hertz the day before) were in bed and not feeling too fit — Parkes having got malaria on top of stone in the kidney — it was the same family party as we would have had here. We left early and then sat talking till 11.45 in front of a log fire.

As regards the march, I saw eight jungle fowl in a bunch not ten yards from me, and a little further on I noticed a jungle-fowl's egg lying on the path. It must obviously have rolled from a nest, so I looked about and after a minute or two I spotted it, a bare six feet from the path, with the hen still sitting, as

motionless as the dead. We watched her for two or three minutes, and she never blinked an eye; and her colouring blended so well with the background, we would never have seen her if it had not been for the egg. I saw a very large, dark brown squirrel as well, and Tony made the first snake capture, in the shape of a Typhlops diardi, 346 m.m., tail 6 m.m. I got some spirit from the hospital and am pickling it in a bottle until we open the tanks.

We also watched some football (squad competitions) in the evening; and we are sleeping in the same room here. There were a large number of green parakeets on the way, with a whistling cry, quite unlike the harsh screaming of those in Tibet.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, June 29th 1938.

Not a drop of rain until 10.30 p.m., and there were even intervals of sun. Altogether a magnificent day.

I started the day by opening the Typhlops and gutting it, finding that it was a gravid female with six eggs in the ovaries, measuring 13 m.m. x 5 m.m. Then into 50% spirit, and I'll leave it in that for a day or so before popping it into the 75%. After that I played tops with young Peter (aged 7), being soundly defeated; and then we went down with Leyden to visit the school run by the American Baptist Mission. It was started from nil by Sara Maran Robbin, who had already retired on pension after 30 years of Government Service, and now the place is an eye-opener. There are boarders and day pupils, boys and girls of from twenty odd down to five or six, grouped in class entirely owing to their capabilities, and with no false pride about them. That is to say, a man of twenty five does not in the least object to being put into the lowest grade with small children when he first joins, and nobody thinks any the less of him for being there. In a country where 99% are illiterate it would be difficult to behave in any other way, of course. We went in, sat down in front of them all, and then they sang three songs written and composed by themselves. [I don't mean that three is all they have made up; but that was all we heard.] It is amazing to think that the Kachins in their own villages have no music whatever, and that these people had been taught about it from scratch when they came to the school; for not only the melodies, but the harmony was lovely, and there is no doubt about them having natural ears for music. The tunes were really simple and quite beautiful — not unlike

Some of the Maori music in form. Incidentally the whole place, including the chapel, has been built (except for the carpentry which they haven't yet learnt) by the pupils themselves, and the keenness and happiness of these people is wonderful. They work in school from 9 till 12 and from 1 till 4; and on top of that they grow all their own food; prepare and cook all their own food; have to make their own fields out of virgin jungle; and are at present engaged in terracing the hillside to improve cultivation — the first time it's been done in this part of the world. It means hard labour from morning till night, with no spare time at all, and yet there isn't a soul in the place who slacks in the very slightest degree, and they have a grand pride in what they've done. There are fruit trees too, and mulberries for silk worms — and nothing would have been done at all except for the enthusiasm and drive of old Lara Maran Robbin, now over 60 — a grand old Kachin with a wispy beard. Better almost than anything (because the reading, writing, etc is of direct value only to about 1% in the long run) is the fact that they are taught to be scrupulously clean (whereas naturally they're just the reverse) and that they carry these ideas of cleanliness back to their villages when they leave. And soon there will be efficient carpenters and blacksmiths among them, for they are even now building a new house to act as a workshop. The school has been a wonderful thing for the Kachins up here; — they come in from 4 and 5 days away — the government gives so small a grant that every year Robbin has to lay out the whole of his pension in buying seed rice so that there will be enough food later; and yet he was given a Coronation Medal as a reward (a damned insult, I think) when George VI came to the throne.

A Burmese breakfast at 11 a.m., and in the afternoon we (that is the Leydens, Peter + us) went for a walk to the signal station on top of the hill, 500 feet above the post. We had an amusing time coming down, because we climbed and slithered down a fresh landslip and down the source stream of the Irrasatthka, getting filthy but having the time of our lives. Durrant arrived this morning, and he and Stubbs came over for drinks in the evening.

I have fixed up with Leyden that Tony and I will do the Triangle next open season, doing a Chukker round for four or five weeks in the North

Triangle with him next December (it will mean coming down the Nmai) and then moving into the south on our own. He's anxious for us to do it, because White men are never seen there unfortunately - the place having a bad reputation — and of course for us it's the chance of a lifetime. If Tibet is off we will spend the whole time there and do it thoroughly; and in any case the whole open season.

Machega. Sunday, June 30th 1935.

An amazingly fine day, with one slight shower in the morning, and not another drop of rain until 11 p.m. We had a magnificent Burmese curry (it has a much more elusive flavour than an Indian one) at 11. a.m, and that succeeded in bloating me, at any rate, for the whole of the afternoon.

We sent the baggage off in the morning, and stopped on with the Leydens until 5 p.m — they are the most delightful people I've met for a very long time — before walking the six miles down to Mache just in time for dinner. Last night we did not realize how late it was, and found that it was 2 a.m before we were in bed, so I decided to break my rule and sleep till 8 at least. However, it was not to be, for at six o'clock in came Peter and one of their servants with a flying squirrel they had caught in the house. That woke me up properly and by the time I had stowed it safely in a tin I was wide awake. Actually I shall let it go, because it is difficult at the moment to do any skinning and it will only die if we try and keep it. We are on the mule-track now, as opposed to the cart-road, and owing to the two dry days we have had, the surface was very good to-day.

There is going to be famine in the Kachin Hill Tracts next year on account of the amazing amount of rain that has fallen. They have a ten year cycle of cultivation here, which means clearing the new fields of a ten years' accumulation of jungle each year. The undergrowth is first fired; then the larger trees are cut down and carried away; and the ground is fired a second time to remove the last débris. This year they have not been able to fire the fields, and it is now past the time for planting Paddy. The only district which is going to be unaffected up here is that round Putao, where it is plains cultivation (in which

jungle burning is not necessary) as opposed to the hill cultivation everywhere else. Fortunately Putao produces a tremendous amount of rice. An old Kachin soothsayer told Leyden several months before the beginning of the monsoon that this was going to be a very bad year and that the rain would begin early. That is remarkable enough, but the Kachins themselves swear that he has been prophesying about this year since 1935!

Sara Maran Robbin, of the School, sent us a huge papaiya. We said good-bye to Major Stubbs, Dunant, and poor Parkes (who is still down with fever); and the Leydens saw us on our way for more than a mile. It is good to think that we will be seeing them again for Christmas.

This business of being fixed up to Sumprabum has been absolutely providential. Meeting the Leydens & fixing up about the Triangle are two of the best things that could possibly have happened.

A few green parakeets on the road.

Friday
Hpungin Hka. July 1st 1938.

There was a fair amount of rain last night, which continued as a heavy drizzle until 9.30 a.m.; but after that the day was fine, pretty hot, and with sun shining through light stratus clouds most of the time. Breakfast of minced chicken and mashed potato, bread (from the Leydens), jam and tea: dinner of chicken and potato soup, chicken pudding (à la Steak and K.P), toast and coffee — also a few french beans bought at Machè. A march of 11 miles through jungle, the path as usual running along the sides of ridges, and a good deal more up and down than we had been having up to Sumprabum. Not being a cart-track, of course, there is no need for the very careful grading of the other stretch. All the same the surface was good — a great deal better than the bigger road — and there was very little mud. Owing to landslides one or two bits were pretty narrow, but good enough for mules. We left Machèga at 7 a.m and got in here at 10.45, having seen nothing on the way but a large black-and-white hornbill flapping into a tree, and a young buffalo cow which regarded us (and especially me, being in the lead) with the darkest suspicion. It had been coming towards us, but stopped when we came into sight, held its ground till we were within five yards, and then turned

precipitately round and stambled off down the path. There was nowhere for it to turn off (the hillside being as steep above as below) but it waited hopefully round each corner, husting that we had somehow gone another way. As we appeared, it gallumphed dolefully on; and this continued for a mile or more until at last it was able to shuffle into the jungle. When we last saw it, it was perseveringly heading up the path again; but the mules were a mile behind us about, so I imagine it wearily went through the same business all over again!

Arrived at this little bungalow (from Wasat on, inclusive, they have all been thatched) I busied myself in finishing the film that was in the camera using the tripod for the first time. When I took it out, however, I found my labour had been wasted, for not only had it wiled up crookedly, but it was very damp. I looked at the first film, which has been in the rucksack for some time — a silly place, I admit — and that also was ruined, so I start again from scratch with the new one I've just put in. As regards the crooked rolling, I think I've got that taped; and, although this one too may be crooked, if it is it will be the last. A nuisance losing what I've taken so far, but it can't be helped.

Sandflies were very bad last night at Mache, and our nets were no good at all. I was an ass not to have borrowed sand-fly nets from Stubbs before we left Sumprabum, for when I went to bed there were several hundred inside mine and life was a misery. However I got out and sprayed the whole net, inside and out, with Bamber Oil, and anointed myself with it liberally, and that was 100% effective. Tony followed suit, but for some obscure reason it didn't work with him and he was bitten all night. As this bungalow is only 100 yards from, and about 100 feet above the Hpungin Hka — a moderate river — sandflies will probably be as bad tonight.

Otherwise, and apart from camera work, I oiled a gun or two; had the magnificent axe that Leyden gave me sharpened and cleaned; and read a good book called 'Spartacus' by Leslie Mitchell.

Kyipa has a headache and is probably getting fever; and three of the muleteers are likewise complaining. I have dosed them all and am hoping for the best. The big Surra flies are bad here, even at night.

Hpungchang Hka. Saturday, July 2nd 1938.

A wet night and a wet day until about 9.30 a.m. when the rain stopped. There was no sign of sun, however, but anything better than thick stratus cloud over the whole sky. Little or no wind. Breakfast of fried eggs and chips; bread, jam and tea: Dinner of chicken goulash (and very good – a fine, meaty fowl), with chicken soup, toast and tea.

We left Hpungin Hka at about 6.50 this morning, and made a march of about 10½ miles, up and down, mainly through a secondary growth of bananas and bamboos, or through cleared land planted with rice or maize. After about 2 miles we crossed the Hpungin Hka by a lengthy suspension bridge, hung from steel cables, and with a floor of wood and bamboo. The mules were held up here for some time as only one could cross at once; and if the load was too wide to fit between the sides of the bridge it had to be carried over by the muleteers. The same thing applied to the similar, though shorter, bridge over the Hpungchang Hka, half a mile short of this bungalow. David, Khanga and I arrived here at 10.40 a.m., and the mules not until mid-day. On the way I caught up three young Kachins each with a load of fifteen or twenty bamboos of green tea which they were taking up to sell in Putao. Each bamboo was some three feet long by three inches in diameter, and having bought them for from 3 to 4 annas each, they hoped to get 4 to 6 annas in Fort Hertz. At that rate the maximum profit would be Rs 2/8, and for that they were going nine days' march.

Had a great afternoon cleaning all my guns and the camera. Incidentally, when we were unwrapping the 9 m.m. and the shotgun from ~~the~~ their shroud (the old tent fly) we found that a small scorpion had chosen it for its home. It seems a popular place, because it was unpacking this that Kyipa was stung some way back. He incidentally says he's no better than he was yesterday, and Chetuk is also complaining of headache and aches in the joints. I suppose it's fever, but I haven't seen any anopheles about yet. They are both being dosed now anyway.

Hearing that there was a salt lick not far from here, I took David and went off this evening at 4.45 to try for a barking deer. If we had had any gumption

we would have turned back as soon as we got into the jungle, for it was desperately thick, and there were no paths at all. Even the few game paths invariably petered out in fifteen or twenty yards, and it took us until 6 o'clock to reach the salt lick, having made as much noise as a batallion of soldiers on the way. There were tracks of sambur, pig and barking deer, all fresh, so we sat down in the pious hope that something might come along. And something did, in the shape of a large number of leeches, and a swarm of virulent red-ants. So we left that place and cut our way (at least David cut and I had the rifle) up a stream bed and through cane, bamboos and bushes, to the bungalow. It meant cutting very nearly every step of the way, and we did not get back until past 7 p.m., having seen no animals but a herd of buffalo in a swamp, and one squirrel. The buffaloes came out of their wallow at our approach with enormous squelching noises, and stood all facing us as though we had been tigers.

Tutuga. Sunday, July 3rd 1938.

A fine day until about 9 a.m. when there was a heavy shower, and since then showers have been frequent. The day has been uniformly cloudy (heavy nimbus or stratus), with little wind until 5 p.m., when a gusty breeze, force 3-4, got up from the S.W. and has continued to blow at intervals. Breakfast, the remains of last night's gonlash with mashed potato, bread and tea (the jam being finished): dinner, chicken soup, chicken curry — a very good one —, toast and coffee. ~~[illegible]~~ an easy march of about 11 miles, I should think, over a good mule-track, running for most of the way several hundred feet up the sides of the ridges, through jungle, patches of bananas, and cleared ground planted with rice. Tutuga is on the top of a small, steep ridge, and God be thanked, neither sand flies nor horse flies nor mosquitoes are at all plentiful. Mosquitoes and blister flies have been remarkable by their absence ever since Myitkyina, and there were no blister flies even there. Photography is almost impossible these days. Both to-day and yesterday not only has light been lacking, but at about 3000 feet (or 1000 above the bungalows) where the path runs for most of the way, it means walking continually in cloud. The awful part is that having got a film in the camera, it is essential to finish it quickly before

the damp gets at it. I saw a big black and white hornbill flapping along from my window at Hpungchang Hka this morning, but nothing at all on the march. Arrived here I reviewed 'Lubeckantes Tibet' not unkindly; put in as many of the Latin names as I could to my appendix; and typed two pages of a letter to Mother. Chetuk is now cured of whatever was wrong with him; Kyipa still looks miserable and complains of headache; and Lhakpa has developed diarrhoea. Cuchna for the first two, and Epsom salts for Kyipa & Lhakpa. In the last two days we have had fires in the bungalow to dry out cameras and things. I believe it's a good plan.

Lawawnga. Monday, July 4th 1938.

A fine day on the whole, with one or two light showers in the morning, and never a sight of the sun all day. In the afternoon a fairly S.W. wind, from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. blowing with force 3-5. Heavy strato nimbus clouds.

For breakfast chicken with pulao rice and tea; dinner of chicken & liver soup, roast chicken and potatoes; toast and coffee.

A very short march, and very flat, of just over 7 miles, through jungle, bananas, and cleared grazing ground towards the end. Lhakpa was a bit light headed to-day, and, after dashing around picking things up and putting them down again in the same places, he set off along the road at a great speed. Tony eventually found him lying down in the middle of the path and stirred him up to continue as far as this. Kyipa also has a kind of fever, and I was too optimistic about Chetuk yesterday, because he too has gone down with it — this afternoon to be exact. I wonder if it isn't possibly sandfly fever they've got, though I have never heard of it up in this part of the world. In any case I don't know how to treat it if they have, and though I am giving them quinine and various things for their stomachs, they will have to wait for real treatment till Nihal Chand can see them.

About half way along we caught up the three bullocks and two men who take the mail from Myitkyina to Fort Hertz, making a dismal clanking of bells as they move along. These bullocks are extraordinary creatures. They never seem to do more than about 1 m.p.h., and yet this particular lot left Myitkyina 8 days after our mules, and were due to camp at Masumzup to-night, and reach

Fort Hertz on the 6th morning — 13½ days for 220 miles of mud track in the middle of the rains seems a pretty good effort for the old bullock train. Shortly after that a short cut forked left from the path, over flat grazing ground with buffaloes and through light forest and bamboos, straight to this bungalow. There were two streams to ford, — one quite small over which there used to be a bridge, and one which is really a river. David and I started to cross this at what looked a good place, but I was soon in difficulties myself, not so much owing to the depth (which was only up to my waist) but because of the strong current which almost swept me off my feet. In the end I had to turn downstream with it, and after a frightful struggle I reached the other side, soused from head to foot but otherwise no worse. I yelled to David to go back and round by the mule-track, thinking, I must admit, more of my camera than of his safety; but when he arrived at last my worst fears were realized. There was half a pint of dirty water in the camera case, so the various bits have been drying out by the stove all day. Unfortunately the camera itself got a bit hot, so I imagine that means that another film is ruined. I finished the letter to Mother, and at about 4 p.m Tony and I both went out, he to see if he could bag a barking deer, and I after snipe or green pigeon. We were neither of us successful, although I ought to have got a brace of green pigeon. I saw tracks of Sambur, civet, otter, jungle cat, and a monitor lizard, and actually I had to ford the river again, but it turned out that there was a regular ford about half a mile upstream where the water was only half way up my thighs and the current not bad, so there was no difficulty. This evening David also complains of fever. Thank God I have my trusty Lewa, N.T and Lhanga all well and in good spirits. A few leeches this evening, but not enough to worry about. I have now been bitten twenty or thirty times since the start, and not one place shows signs of sepsis. Is this because I have a bath every night and keep the bites clean, or is it that I myself have more resistance now than I used to?

Masumzup. Tuesday, July 5th 1938.

A very fine day, with one light shower of five minutes at 2.30 p.m. Between 9 a.m and 10.30 a.m there

was sun, and about half the sky was blue, the other half being heavily overcast. Cirrus stratus, and a light S.W. breeze, force 2. Breakfast, fried eggs and bacon with chipped potatoes, and tea and chapattis: dinner of chicken soup with the liver in, chicken goulash, chapattis and tea: and for lunch we had tea and banana fritters.

A long and incredibly hot march of fourteen miles, entirely through jungle, and very undulating. As a matter of fact it only began to be really hot when the sun came out at 9 a.m, and we cursed it roundly. One is never satisfied. Before this I have been complaining mildly about the lack of sun making photography difficult; but as soon as it comes out I curse it for its heat! Talking of photography, my Rolleiflex shutter has stuck again, and I will have to send it back to England. I have written to Sinclairs telling them to get the makers to exchange this camera for one that works, and only hope they are able to do it. I took three snaps of mules coming & going along the path, and then it went, so I've had to waste half a film, and I will have to rely on the Rolleiflex until it comes back. Incidentally we had a tremendous hunt to find it this evening, because all we could remember was that it was packed with the small Survey instruments such as prismatic compasses and aneroids. We had damn nearly every box we possessed opened and searched (except the K & T Stores boxes), and eventually found it, and them, in my tin hat box!
One of the most delightful things about these Inspection Bungalows is that nearly every one since Myitkyina has had a hedge of Gardenias.

On the road to-day we met a string of mules, ponies & bullocks going to Lawaunga to meet Durant. Why they were all going there, when he is coming to Fort Hertz in any case, I could not follow. But there is much in the Army which baffles me.

At last we have come up against bloody flies, and this afternoon they were terrific in the bungalow. In fact we had to put on pyjamas and douse ourselves with Bamber Oil.

Htawlo. Wednesday, July 6th 1938.

It rained hard from 4 a.m. till 6, and from 8 a.m till 9.30, but after that the clouds cleared away with a light S.W. breeze, force 2, till the sky was 5/10 clear. There was sun from 10 a.m until 6 p.m, raying

from bright to diffused, and the S.W. breeze persisted all day. The night is 5/10 covered with light shatus cloud.

A march of 13 miles, through jungle, and, for the last half of the way, along the sides of ridges bordering on the Hkamti Long which stretches away, flat and forested, to the west. In consequence of all the sun it was infernally hot, but it would have been good for photography if I had it taken three excellent pictures without winding on the film! That, of course, was because I had got used to the Rimaflex, which winds on as you set the shutter. We left Masumzup at about 7 a.m, and did not hurry on the way, getting in at 11.45. I saw nothing of any interest on the march barring a very large Typtelops (Diardi, I think), about 18" long. Before I could lay hands on it, a Hkamti Shan, who was keeping us company, leapt at it with a shout of fury, and cut it to pieces with his dao, so that it was lost to science. I spent a good part of the afternoon in overhauling my fishing gear in readiness for to-morrow at Nawng Hkai, and in greasing the line. Incidentally I have discovered a brand new line which I'd forgotten all about. Then this evening, after dinner, I had to dose two of the muleteers for fever, and attend to one who has a nasty septic leg from having scratched sand fly bites. Incidentally, sand flies were fearful while I was dealing with him, biting in swarms. I have tried Sulphonamine on him as well, in the hopes that it may clean him up from inside. I had a short bathe in the river here this afternoon, instead of a bath, and was much afflicted by blister flies.

I have made a friend in the shape of an ancient Kachin who is driving a buffalo up to Putao. I passed him yesterday for the first time and had a short (and limited) chat about where we were both going and how excellent his buffalo was. I passed him for the second time to-day and we continued our conversation on much the same lines. If only he is on top to-morrow I will take a picture of him, light or no light.

I saw a cluster of lovely pink orchids high up on a tree this morning.

Nawng Hkai. Thursday, July 7th 1938.

A heavy thunderstorm broke late last night, the rain continuing till 7 a.m. After that, the day

was fine, though heavily overcast with stratus clouds, until 2.30 p.m, when heavy rain began to fall again, continuing until 3.30. After that once more fine but cloudy. Wind S.W 2 all day.

Last night's rain was enough to ruin the fishing, unfortunately, though to be frank I am not at all certain that there would have been any even if it had not rained. The Mali Atka is a good 20 feet higher than in the cold weather, and there is now nowhere to fish it from on the banks at all, and only one place, so far as I could see (is just above the Confluence) from which it can be fished from a canoe. It is the only place the canoe can be held and still give room for a cast. There might have been fishing up the Nam Lang, (and indeed I tried there shortly after we arrived) because there was an attractive rapid some two hundred yards up which could be fished from a sandbank; but the Nam Lang was so filthy that I couldn't see the Spoon four inches under the surface, and so, needless to say, there was nothing doing. A bit of a disappointment, but I hope to catch something in the Nam Tamai — though God knows where. Fishing to-day I went down as

usual in one of the dug-out canoes. The river is an amazing sight now. Not a rock breaks the surface, and of the big rapid from the Confluence nearly to the Suspension Bridge, not a trace is left. The water is smooth from top to bottom, but with the most terrific eddies — eddies which make one shudder to look at, imagining what would happen to anyone who fell in.

But if it was a disappointing day as regards fishing, it was good for Natural History, for early in the march (a little over 12 miles) I captured a small Colubride Snake, which I have not yet killed and classified; and, if I had only had a gun with me instead of a fishing rod, I would have got a brace of Jungle Fowl. One of them got up not three yards in front of me (I expect from a nest), and the other was pecking about in the path a bare ten yards away as I came round the corner. The noise of birds in the Jungle has been most astounding during the last two or three days — everything from really beautiful whistles, liquid and mellow, that would make anyone's fortune on the stage, to a fearful thing which sounds like an unoiled wheel going round, and which I now remember to have heard

in the Mishmi Hills. And there is one bird which sings quite clearly "Oh pretty birdie" & all ridiculous phrases. I vowed give a £5 to hear it say something less mawkishly sentimental, but there's no help for it. That's what it says and there's an end to it! I only wish I knew what even some of the birds were, (It's a dreadful feeling to be really ignorant), but all I can lay claim to is Jungle fowl, Hornbill, and Green Pigeon (it whistles perfectly) by their notes, and if you add half a dozen more by sight I think I'm finished. Chetuk had the biggest adventure about three miles back, when he was going down to a stream to get a drink, and almost walked on two cobras, which sat up and spread their hoods at him most viciously. He seized a stick and hit them both a hearty blow, meaning, he said, to break their backs and bring them in as specimens. However, their backs were tougher than he had expected, for all he did was to send them flying a yard or two. Not at all pleased, they made haste to come for him, upon which he smote them again, damping their ardour, so that they made off.

It was a long job getting the mules and baggage across, even though the ferry is a good one, of a platform, some 10' square, on two canoes, and with a crew of four. The first of the boxes started over about midday, and the last was brought across at 7.30 p.m. by which time fourteen mules still remained on the far bank. And there they will have to stay till to-morrow.

Chetuk, Thakpa and Kyipa are all well, but Thanga has gone down with a bad go of fever now. I have given him 35 grs of Quinine and 15 grs of Phenacetin & Caffeine to try and pull him through by to-morrow morning. He has a pulse of 152.

I went back over the river this evening to the school, which has as headmaster the man who used to be at Rogmung, that having been closed 3 years ago. I engaged a youth of 14 called Lämong Tu (I think), at a wage of Rs 7/- a month, food & clothes, to be trained as skinner of birds & beasts. I hope he's some good, but if he isn't I can easily sack him.

A letter from old Nihal Chand was waiting for me here, inviting us to 11 o'clock breakfast to-morrow, and saying that de Glanville is away in the Pargana due direction seeking news of Chaplin & Howard.

Fort Hertz, Friday, July 8th 1938.

It rained most of last night and until 9 a.m this morning; continued fine but very cloudy (stratus) until about 5 p.m; and then rained heavily until late at night. Breakfast of scrambled eggs and mashed potatoes; dinner of chicken pie, fried potatoes, chicken soup, and baked custard.

This morning Khanga was rather worse, but he thought he could sit on a pony, so I ordered one for him, gave him another dose of quinine, and set off for Fort Hertz with Tony and David at about 8 a.m. We arrived about 11.10 (me) and 11.45 (Tony) after 13½ very flat, boring miles across a plain covered with long grass 3 feet high, and with many patches of jungle. On the way I saw a jungle hen with three chicks which did not look more than about a fortnight old, so that I was amazed when they took the air off the path, and flew ten yards up the hill into a bush. When we arrived we went straight to the old doctor's bungalow, had tinned beer (and very good), cigarettes, and then a colossal second breakfast of Grape Nuts, fish cakes, Curry, and scrambled eggs. Our mail came in while we were there, and I had a letter from Mother, two from Joan and several business ones to see to. We sat talking with him until after three, then went round to the Hospital, came back and sent the baggage (or most of it) round to the Dak Bungalow, as there is no room to store it in Durrant's place, where we are putting up for the few days we are here. Just as we had finished that Khanga turned up on a stretcher, as when the time came for him to start from Namyitkai he was incapable of sitting up, and Lewa had very wisely cancelled the pony and ordered coolies to make and carry a stretcher. Khanga was unconscious when he arrived, with Cerebral fever, and was at once put to bed in the hospital, given an intramuscular injection of atebrin, and an intravenous one of 1 pint glucose & Saline. By nightfall he had not recovered consciousness, and the chances are that he never will. I have sent Nyima Tondrup over to the hospital to keep watch with one of the orderlies.

The doctor had dinner with us tonight. It really is good to see him again, and it's good too to be having a rest here. It makes a change from constant marching.

Fort Hertz. Saturday, July 9th 1938.

Rain most of the night, and up till 8 a.m, after which

the day was fine until about 6 p.m when heavy rain began again and continued throughout the night. No sun of course, and heavy/shatus clouds changing to nimbus. Wind S 2.

Thanga died this morning, without recovering Consciousness, at about 5 a.m, and was buried in the afternoon at my expense. It is a very great blow, not only because it is the first time I have lost a man, but because he was one of the most delightful characters one could possibly have to deal with — always willing and cheerful, and a hard worker. He was married too, which makes it worse, and I am writing to his wife to tell her about it and to say that I have instructed Lloyds Bank Darjeeling to pay her Rs 500/-, not in any way to make up for his death, but to help her over what might otherwise be a difficult period, now that she is a widow.

There are 55 coolies ready here (mostly Khasiyas) and I am sending them off to-morrow in advance to Pangnamdim, paying them Rs 1/- each for rice for the journey and allowing them 5 men to carry their rations. Thus 50 loads will go. There is no means of telling when other coolies will be available, but the Chief Clerk here seems to be an efficient man, and I have no doubt he will get them as soon as possible. The main difficulty is cash, for with de Glanville away the Treasury is closed, and the most we have been able to gather up from the shops is Rs 200/-. However I think we will be able to have more sent up to us from time to time, and we ought not to need much once we reach Pangnamdim. We are taking 120 Cbs of salt to pay for specimens, and that with all the needles we have, ought to last us for some time.

Lewa brought in a new turtle to-day, and I think it's a Clemmys, but it is really almost impossible to say without killing it and removing at least some of the shields. I wish I could send them back alive, but I think I shall have to pickle them in the end.

I went to the hospital in the morning and afternoon to see injections made, including Autohaemotherapy for the first time, in which blood is drawn from the patients' vein and injected intramuscularly. It seems to be a cure for a great many things, including sores, arthritis, and even, to a certain extent, gonorrhoea, but it beats me why it should be. We are very comfortable here with Durant, and he is doing no good.

Fort Hertz. Sunday. July 10th 1938.

Rain at night and up to 7 a.m.; then fine till 4 p.m., after which steady rain. No sun, and heavy shatus clouds changing to nimbus. Wind E 2-3.

I sent off the 50 loads this morning, and have given orders that a hut should be built at Pangnandim for the baggage, another for the servants, and possibly a third if the Rest House is not up to scratch. Then round to the Hospital again to see more injections, and after that a certain amount of work in the house, mostly typing. I have got a supply of sand-fly nets at last, and Lämom Tu has been passed fit by the doctor. I gave him Rs 6/- to buy himself some clothes, and I hope he will be some good at skinning. He's young enough and ought to be able to learn. David doesn't seem to be any good as interpreter here after all, which is more than just a nuisance as very rashly I paid him 2 months' wages in advance only yesterday, so I'll have to keep him till the end of August simply to get my money's worth! He was a complete failure with the Nung coolies this morning, and as we are going to Cire with Nungs at any rate till December it's a poor look out. I went round to the hospital again this morning to see intravenous and intramuscular injections done, and did some typing in the afternoon. Durant has a wireless (a Phillip's) which is working well and a great boon as regards news in the evenings. We heard of the Palestine troubles last night. I should think it might blow up to something pretty big again. Now that there are three of us in this bungalow (it isn't really a bungalow, because it's got two storeys) I am sleeping in my camp bed in the passage, and am very comfortable.
Mosquitoes are very bad here, and nearly all Anopheles, but so far everyone is keeping well.

Fort Hertz. Monday. July 11th 1938.

A vile day with a lot of very heavy rain in the afternoon and evening. Wind S. 2-3.
Wrote a couple of letters, including one to Lloyds Bank to authorize payment of the wives of our servants by Postal Order every month, and a lump sum of Rs 500/- to Yangdzum, the wife of Hanga, to tide her over difficulties. In the afternoon I unpacked the Sulphuric Acid and Quinine Sulphate from the Medicine Boxes and took them round to the Compounder at the hospital to have some liquid made up in case I need it on the road. I also sent off cables

to Mother and to Joan to tell them we have arrived here all right. I forbore to mention Hanga's death in case Mother got a false idea of the dangers of fever. We were able to get another Rs 360/- changed today, and à propos that there seems to have been some dirty work put in by David. The exact sum was Rs 364/15 and it had been counted out in front of Lewa and the chief clerk in the Collector's Office. David carried the sum over in a bag, and when they had brought it to me, Lewa, who takes nothing for granted, insisted on counting it again here, and found Rs 5/- missing! I have not yet seen David about it, but will do so in the morning. Another 59 coolies have turned up, and I have duly given them Rs 1/- each for rations. I think we will leave here on Friday July 15th — that is the day after the mail goes — as there are a good many things I have to do before then.

This evening, after dinner, the old doctor came in and the four Jews played Vingt-et-un until 11.45 p.m., by which time I had lost Rs 2/-, Nital Chand -/8/-, Tony had won Rs 1/- and Durant Rs 1/8. A pleasant time at very little cost.

We are having an entirely new Rest House put up at Pangnamdin, with two bedrooms, two verandahs, two store-rooms and two bathrooms; a hut for the servants, and a kitchen. Altogether a kind of garden city, which will cost a total of Rs 1000/-: that is, Rs 500/- for the bungalow, Rs 300/- for the servants' quarters, and Rs 200/- for the kitchen.

Fort Hertz. Tuesday, July 12th 1938.

It rained most of the day, and was very dull the whole of it, with low clouds entirely hiding the hills and limiting visibility to about four miles. Wind E 2, with gusts of 3 in the afternoon between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

I had David on the mat this morning. He produced Rs 5/- like a lamb, but swore that he had not stolen it and that the loss was just an unfortunate happening. He said he swore on his Christian God, and was ready, nay eager, to put his Christian Bible on his head — of all places — but, as I told him, his oaths left me cold, Christians being at least as prone as the heathen in his blindness to petty theft. Personally I haven't the least doubt that he did pinch it. It was such an obvious opportunity, once it had been passed as correct in the Chief Clerk's Office, to remove some on its' way to me. It must have

shaken him badly when Lewa announced a recount! But I haven't discharged him, largely because he asked me to advance him Rs 60/- on account when we arrived, and I want to get my money's worth before he goes. I went round to the hospital this afternoon, and did two intramuscular injections into females, one into a man; and one intravenous into a man. All under supervision, of course, but that is what I want, and I have learnt a lot which will make all the difference when I have to do them by myself.
We have taken on a Gurkha called Khanka Bahadur as interpreter and largely also to take Thanga's place. He is about 27, I should think, clean, efficient, and I hope an excellent man — as good as he looks. He speaks (genuinely) Kachin, Yunnanese, Nung, Lissu, + Marn, and he gets on very well with the servants, which is more than David does. As a matter of fact, and quite apart from the affair of the money, he is getting on my nerves most terribly. He's so infernally smug. Caught a snake at the hospital.

Fort Hertz. Wednesday. July 13th 1938.

Still another pouring wet day — not continuous all day long, but very nearly so. The wind E 2-3.

It is time we had a fine spell for a change, though there doesn't seem to be any prospect of one turning up; and now, quite apart from feeling sorry for de Glanville, I'm beginning to feel sorry for us when we start out for Pangnamdim. I have decided to leave here on the 15th, by the way. I went round to the hospital both this morning and this afternoon and did nine injections, including one intravenous in a female which was a little difficult owing to her very small veins. I took two shots to get in, but I felt quite satisfied even so.
It was a big day to-day, as the mail arrived while we were having lunch — 2 letters from mother, one from H.D, 1 from Mitchell and the magnifying glass I asked him to get, and several business letters. Oh, and 1 from Ted Dimmock also, if that's how he spells his name. The Weekly Times turned up too, for the first time. It is very thrilling getting mails and a great thought that we shall have them monthly now for a considerable time.
I went round to the Dak Bungalow this morning to see what baggage there was left and to pack one of the medicine boxes. While we were there the Dhobi turned up with a bundle of clothes he had washed.

Lewa was checking them, and presently I heard a torrent of wild abuse from him, ending up with the rhetorical question 'Did the Dhobi think that his Lord was a sweeper?' I turned at this to see Lewa, purple in the face, brandishing a pair of pyjama trousers in front of the luckless one — trousers which looked as if a bomb had burst in the legs. Lewa considered that not only was the Dhobi undeserving of payment for anything, but that he should be fined the cost of the trousers; and as they had been made expensively of silk in my palmier days, the fine would probably have broken him for years. When I heard his halting explanation, however, that a cow had snatched them up and eaten bits out of the legs, I thought it was worth paying for and gave him his price with a blessing. The best part of it was that Tony (it turned out later) had actually witnessed the crime, not knowing that they were my trousers and howling with laughter. He said the beast was wandering about with the garments draped rakishly over its horns, & chewing the legs discontentedly as though they left a good deal to be desired as food, but were possibly better than nothing. The Dhobi was even then pursuing it with cries and curses. We built a Tortoise Fence this afternoon, of strips of bamboo stuck into the ground in a circle, so as to provide a run for Theophrastus and Nevdric. We watched them trying to get out for some time, and strengthened the defences at one or two places, before going indoors with happy minds. On my way to the hospital, at 3.30 p.m., I saw that both had somehow escaped, and though I recovered Theophrastus later on, after a frenzied search, Nevdric has definitely made a get-away. A heavy blow, but perhaps we will come across another in the Ram Tamai. I went and had a drink with the old doctor this evening, and we discussed Education for the Masses, he being moderately pro, and very much against.

Fort Hertz. Thursday, July 14th 1938.

Still rain, nearly all day; heavy nimbus clouds; and an E wind, force 2.

I sent off 24 coolies in advance today, of which 2 were carrying their own rations, and otherwise spent the whole time in writing letters and getting off telegrams of immense length to de Souza's and Barnett's. The whole time, that is, with the exception of about an hour at the hospital in the afternoon,

when I gave two intramuscular injections. The old doctor came round this evening to have a chat and invite all three of us to breakfast tomorrow before we push off. He really is most awfully kind, and he will do absolutely anything to help at any time. We have bought ~~three~~ eight hens and two cocks which we will try and keep at Pangnamdim to provide a source of eggs

Kankin. Friday, July 15th 1938.

A pouring wet day, almost without a break; thick nimbus clouds: and wind E 2.

I got up at 5.15 to finish a business letter to Cooke before the typewriter had to be packed. At about 10.30 a.m there was a hitch over the coolies, because Tony (like John in 1935) had miscounted the loads two days before, and we were thus 7 coolies short. A damn nuisance, but the only thing to do was to send the 3rd on with Chetuk, Thakpa, Nyima Tendrup and Kyipa, and tell Lewa to keep the remaining boxes with him and follow us as soon as coolies were forthcoming — today if possible, but if not then tomorrow. It is now 10 p.m and he has not turned up, so I imagine it will be afternoon before we see him, and we will therefore stop here a day to let him catch us up. I went around to the Dak Bungalow myself to see what was what, and that made me late for breakfast with the doctor, so that we didn't begin until about 11.45. A good meal of grape nuts, Bakawa, Curry and Omelette, washed down with copious draughts of tea. Then good-bye to him & Dumont, and we started off with Khanka Bahadur and one belated coolie carrying a rucksack with Tony's ammunition. The path was dreadfully muddy all along, and flooded in many places, so that there was little joy in the march. Leeches, however, were not very numerous, and I was only bitten twice. The path is that to Nawng Ikkai for rather more than 1½ miles. It then branches left from that by a large Gurkha village, leaves this on the left, and continues over open grassy plain, with many ~~[illegible]~~ patches and belts of jungle, for one mile. It then enters light jungle, and continues in this for 1½ miles, when the jungle becomes moderately dense. The whole of the rest of the way is through this fairly thick forest, and the march is very flat, with numerous fords not more than knee-high even in the rains. After

some 10½ miles the path runs down the right bank of the Mali Hka (about 60 or 70 yards wide in this season) and there are two, thirty foot, dug-out canoes acting as ferries, and capable of taking four passengers each, with loads, and the two boatmen. The Rest House (1 Room, a bathroom, and a verandah, on 5-foot piles) is built of wood, bamboo, and thatch, and is some thirty yards from the eastern landing. Kaukkin is a village of 6 huts, inhabited by Shans.

Two of our boys died of exposure on the march today, which was a sad blow, but we have been able to buy seven more for Rs 6/- each. Very few mosquitoes, a few sand flies & blister-flies.

Nam Ti I.B. Saturday July 16th 1938.

Heavy rain from 6 & a.m till 2 p.m, and light showers for the rest of the day. Thick nimbus clouds, and wind E 2. We had a considerable set back today, when 12 of the coolies deserted from Kaukkin and left us in the lurch. I sent on the remainder with the servants, and stopped behind until 3.30 p.m in the hope of being able to get hold of some more. A vain hope, though, because every able-bodied person in the district had already been roped in on my behalf, and there were none left. Tony stayed with me till 12.30. Actually there were 13 missing, one load being the faithful coolies' rations, and in the end I was able to induce one of the Naitas to bring it as far as this. Our own 12 boxes, including all the medicines, are in the Kaukkin Bungalow; but we ought to meet de Glanville tomorrow, and I will ask him to let us have some of his coolies when he has finished with them. I saw an otter swimming in a backwater this morning, not 20 yards from the bungalow. Quite unconcerned, it was, and frisking about in the shallows. A pleasant march of 10¼ miles. In the first mile, the path was some six inches deep in mud, running through a grassy clearing in the jungle.* It then entered the forest proper, running across the plain and finding several swift streams up to one's knees. At 1½ miles the path climbed 150 feet on to a broad terrace, once the bed of the Mali Hka; continued level again, and then at 2 miles began to climb easily in zigzags diagonally up, and at length along the crest of a ridge. After 5 miles and a climb of some 1800 feet, the ridge

* In the remainder of the way the path was not bad, and there was not much mud.

was crossed, and the path then dropped 500 feet steadily in the next half mile, after which it descended irregularly and gently another 500 feet to the Nam Ti (a ~~[illegible]~~ torrent 30 yards wide) at 8¾ miles. This was crossed by a light suspension bridge, hung from two steel cables and capable of taking one mule at a time; and the path then climbed easily up 500 feet to this bungalow (with accomodation for servants and about 60 coolies near by) at 10¼ miles. There is one house here, with a Tawng Ok.

The bungalow is rather smaller than yesterday's, thatched, and of bamboo on wooden posts. One room (25' x 15'), a washroom, and two verandahs, which are really only landing platforms. I arrived at 6.45 p.m. to find the 24 coolies we sent off on the 14th all waiting here, blast them, because, they said, two of them were not feeling well. At least, though, none of them have deserted, which is something. Before I arrived, the coolies had brought in 2 lizards, a tortoise, and a good pair of Takin horns, all of which Tony bought on my behalf, giving 2 pice each for the lizards, 4 annas for the tortoise, and keeping the horns till I could fix a price. The silly idiot rejected what sounds like a Caecilian though, and also what he described as a "common frog". David is coming along with the coolies rations. God knows when they will arrive. He is not much good, that fellow. Lewa and he and the 7 coolies turned up early this morning, having spent an uncomfortable night in the jungle, a couple of miles from the ferry. I hope Lewa does not get fever, as a result, because he had no mosquito net with him.

Matsatap. Sunday, July 17th 1938.

Rain most of the day, heavy from about 5 a.m till 11 a.m, and after that light but steady till 8 p.m. It is now coming down in buckets again. The whole sky was covered with nimbus clouds from morning till night. Wind E 2.

This morning the producer of the tortoise bought it back for the 4 annas we had given, having come to the conclusion that there was more than 4 annas worth of meat on it! But after all, why should we be surprised at people eating tortoises, when we ourselves look on turtle as a delicacy? And the woman who brought the takin horns wanted them back too, as we disagreed over the price. I offered 4 annas, and she wanted Rs 8/-! Four of the advance party went back from here, but, like honest men (and women) they first produced baddis, and so

I had no objection and paid them what they had earned to date with As 4/- backsheesh. I was pretty well certain that David could be relied up to make a mess of things, and this morning it turned out that he and the coolie had not arrived until about 11 p.m., and that the coolie had left about 30 lbs of rice by the bridge, saying that he couldn't carry it. If it had been one of my Sherpas responsible for the job, he would have brought it on himself if need be, but David is the soul of slackness. As a result, the coolie started back early this morning, without waiting for his pay, and has gone off with the rice.

A march of 11¼ miles over a fair path, running wholly through jungle. from Nam Ti bungalow the path climbs 1000 feet in 1¼ miles to the top of a ridge, and thence climbs up and down, running more or less along the summit, until at 8 miles it drops down a matter of 1500 feet to this small bungalow, which is pretty well a replica of yesterday's. After 4½ miles I met S. de Glanville, the A.S. Putao, on his way back from Pangnamdim where he went to find out about Chaplin & Howard, & the 60th who were last heard of (at Pangnamdim) on May 8th. He found that they had crossed into China, via the Taron Valley, on May 19th, and almost as soon as he had discovered that a wire came from McDorgal, the Commissioner, to say that they had been arrested in China. Where, & how long ago, we don't know. De Glanville is a very nice fellow, and we stood chatting for some time and smoking his cigarettes, being joined presently by Tony. I bought a fly rod and reel off him for Rs 20/-, and if I can contrive a line and a small spoon, I will have a crack at Mogmaing. He is going to arrange about the 12 loads we had to leave at Kanbin, and he says it will be all right about the Cash Question. Everyone seems to think we're very brave coming up at this time of year, which is silly!

I began dressing today, patching up half a dozen sores on coolies' backs (saddle galls!) and doing a dozen or so for fever. A coolie brought in a black & white striped snake (which I have not yet examined, but which behaves like a krait), a small legless lizard, which is already in pickle, and a large millipede, being rewarded at the rate of As 2/- per reptile, and 2 price for the millipede.

I have given David notice at last. He was carrying Tony's ~~kitbag~~ haversack, and though Tony walks pretty slowly

he was nearly an hour behind him at this hut. I asked him why this was, and he then claimed to be ill (I think this is no more than an excuse, as he did not ask for any medicine), so I said in that case I had better send him back to hospital in Putao. I went on to say that in any case he had been useless since I had engaged him, going into the subject at some length. He made a fuss about not being able to afford to get back to Myitkyina, so I said that I would pay a coolie from Nogmung to Putao, and, as he had already had 2 months' wages in advance and a further Rs 10/- in Myitkyina, he could make his own arrangements from there on. He said he had none left, as he had spent Rs 15/-, sent another Rs 15/- down in cash by the head muleteer to someone, and a Money Oder for Rs 30/- to his family in Pharmo. I told him that if that were so I would write a chit to Durant telling him to hand over Rs 30/- to him for Journey money; and all David would have to do would be to show him the M.O. receipt which he had said was with the rest of his papers in the keeping of the Chief Clerk. He made such a fuss over this that I am quite sure there is no receipt, and that he never sent the money. But that arrangement seems to me to be fair, and I shall stick to it. There is not much room for the servants to sleep in the kitchen, with mosquito nets, so Kyipa and Thakpa are on one of our verandahs to-night. I am giving us all a regular dose of 7½ grains Cinchona every evening as a prophylactic. I am sorry all the medicine boxes have been left behind. I feel very short of everything without them.

A third hen died to-day on the march. This mortality among our barnyard fowls is getting serious.

Nogmung Monday, July 18th 1938.

Heavy rain all night and until 7 a.m. After that the sky was completely covered with dense stratus clouds, but no rain fell until 10.30 a.m., when there was a light fall lasting until 2 p.m. Since then no rain, but the sky heavily overcast as usual. Wind S.E 2.

The first day since Putao on which we have had no rain on the march, though the path was pretty muddy as a result of last night, and many times it was flooded to a depth of about six inches. A march of 9 miles over a fair path. From Matsatap the path* drops about ~~600~~ 600 feet in the first 2 miles, when it crosses a large stream by a bamboo bridge 15 yards long. This stream could probably be forded in the dry

* runs through jungle the whole way, and

season without difficulty. From this bridge the path climbs up and down, descending gradually about 150 feet on the whole, until, at 4 miles, it comes onto the level floor of the Nam Tisang valley. At 4¼ miles a moderate stream, 10 yards wide and knee-deep at this time, is forded. At 8 miles the path reaches the right bank of the Nam Tisang, and continues close to this until, at rather less than 9 miles, a ferry is reached immediately opposite Nogmung. The ferry consists of one large canoe, capable of carrying 5 coolies and their loads besides the boatmen. The Nam Tisang at this season is 100 yards in width, deep & swift. Nogmung is a Christian Nung village of 11 huts, with a good Rest House on the bank of the river a short distance up stream from the village proper. The Rest House is rather smaller than that at Matsatap, but clean and in excellent repair.

We left Matsatap at 7 a.m and reached the ferry at 10 a.m this morning, after a march on which very little of note occurred, except that there were a good few leeches about and a fair number of the brown horse-flies. I was bitten two or three times by each kind of pest, only. David caught a fine specimen of what I think is Oligodon herberti, and one of the coolies brought in a small Trimeresurus ~~jerdoni~~ albolabris for me, for which he received 2 annas as usual. A Squirrel was brought in which I gave to Tony to skin; but as he mucked it up altogether, that was a dead loss. And a couple of delapidated bird skins which I bought as being better than nothing. Also one or two beetles. We met a small procession on its way to Putao, carrying a woman in a doolie (the wife of the Tamingok of Pangnamdim), who was 7 months pregnant and badly down with fever. I am sending quinine & purgatives after her to-morrow by runner, so that she can be having treatment before she reaches hospital.

All our coolies have waited here instead of going on to Pangnamdim, as none of them want to go so far; but as proper arrangements have been made for baddis I don't much mind. I am sending on 50 or so to-morrow, and we will leave with the remainder the day after. As we were warned by de Glanville, the Tamingok here is pretty useless, but, under the circumstances, that does not matter.

I bought 300 cheroots from Dunant before leaving Putao, and am really enjoying them — much more than I have ever enjoyed cigarettes. The river is no longer

in any danger of being mistaken for a cake these days! Sand flies are bad here, and blister flies annoying during the day; and there were great numbers of hover flies this afternoon — so many as to be a nuisance, though they don't bite. I did some work on snakes to-day, and it looks as though I shall have to broach the spirit before Pangnamdim, though I hope not. at present I have only the two bottles I brought from Sumprabum. The headman gave us a salaami of three cocks for which I shall reward him to-morrow.

Nogmung. Tuesday, July 19th 1938.

Heavy rain from 5 a.m until 10.30 a.m, after which it was fine but dull until 3 p.m when a faint sun broke through the clouds. at 5 p.m there was a heavy sun shower lasting half an hour, and since then there has been no more rain. Clouds heavy nimbus changing to moderately thick stratus in the afternoon. The wind still seems to be S.E 2, but with a uniform and very low layer of clouds overhead it is difficult to say what it is really, and it may only be the ground wind I am recording.

I had a great time this morning paying off forty-six coolies, and checking their names against the list I had given to me in Putao. It took hours, but they all seemed very satisfied in the end; and incidentally I discovered that we have only just got enough cash to pay for our transport to Pangnamdim, so I am sending Kyipa back to-morrow to change as much as possible of Rs 9500/-. He can also bring back some more rations as well, while he's about it. I spent the rest of the day in doing two snakes (Bungarus multicinctus, and Trimeresurus albolabris) and two agamide lizards — I think Japalura. David went off to-day, with Lalvanna Tu, but we have been adopted by A Song, the Tibetan (Zayul) I saw in Putao. He seems a good soul and if he is no use I will send him away. The first batch of 50 coolies went off to Pangnamdim this morning, with a Piata to look after them, and we follow on to-morrow. I tipped the headman here a hunting knife, 8 cartridges, and Rs 2/-, which absolutely took his breath away. To night I wrote notes to de Glanville re cash, Dumont re various small jobs, and Nihal Chand re stores.

Sand flies are as bad here as I have ever known them. I have had to open a drum of spirit, and to begin to use one of the tanks after all. There was no more room in the bottles.

Tasa Hkru. Wednesday, July 20th 1938.

Moderately heavy Shatus clouds in the early morning, growing steadily lighter until by midday the sky was only 5/10 covered, and the sun was shining. After 3 p.m the sky clouded over again, and at 5.30 p.m there was a light shower, lasting fifteen minutes. Wind S 2.

It is almost unbelievable that we have had a day with some sun and practically without rain. It would be marvellous if this clear spell continued until we were safely ensconced in Pangnamdim. As a result there were no leeches on the march at all — or if there were I didn't see any. It was a short march of rather less than 6½ miles. From Nogmung we continued over the flat valley floor for 1½ miles, through jungle with several large clearings; and we then climbed easily up about 500 feet. From 2¼ miles to 5¾ miles the path climbed up and down, never more than about 150 feet at a time, without losing or gaining much height in the end. At 5¾ miles we crossed a moderate stream by a light wooden bridge, 10 yards long, and climbed fairly steadily about 400 feet to this bungalow, near which is a large hut capable of accomodating about 60 coolies. Tony & I left Nogmung at 7.10 am, and arrived here at 9.40, about 2 hours ahead of the coolies. The whole way the path runs through moderately thick jungle, with several large planted clearings. This hut is on the crest of a narrow ridge, precipitous on the S.E side, and there is an attractive waterfall of about 100 feet falling close by, and a good view over the Tisang valley to the two ranges of hills we crossed between Kaukkin and Nogmung. Kyipa set off this morning for Putao, with one coolie. I should think it will be a good fortnight before we see him again. On the march today I carried the shot gun, in hopes of getting a jungle fowl or a pigeon; but though I saw several of the latter within easy shot, they would have fallen miles down the slope and we would not have found them, so I did not fire. After we arrived here I climbed some way up the path to try again, but saw nothing edible. Blister flies were bad here today, so I lit a fire as soon as I arrived, which discouraged them as far as the bungalow was concerned. The coolies brought in a fine Psammodynastes pulverulentus, a big Elaphe porphyracea, a third snake which I have not yet looked at, and a small bat. Somewhat to

my surprise. Tony made quite a good job of skinning the bat. I hope he does as well on other things from now on, because so far he has been more or less of a dead weight on this expedition, content to do nothing but read, eat, and sleep. I spent a good part of the day in classifying, painting and bottling the snakes. Incidentally, my paintings, though not approaching good yet, are good enough to give quite a reasonable idea of the colourings of the snakes. I'm very relieved, because I was doubtful as to whether I should be able to manage the job at one time. I made a miss hit over the Slaphe though, and had to do it over again. The Tamang OK of Nogmung, (the fellow who was there during our stay is apparently only a locum) passed through to-day on his way from Pangnamdim. He said that he had done a good deal in getting coolies and repairing the road for us, so I tipped him Rs 6/-, in view of the fact that we may want a good many other things done in the future.

In several places the path had been carried away by landslides, and we had to tread warily.

Goletutap. Thursday, July 21st 1938.

No rain last night, and this morning from 5.30 am till 12 noon the sky was not more than 5/10 covered with light cirro stratus clouds. Wind nil. At 12 noon a S.W wind, force 2, got up, bringing over thick nimbus, and at 1.30 pm a heavy thunderstorm broke, lasting 40 minutes, by which time ½ inch of rain had fallen. From 1.10 until 2 p.m no more rain fell, but since then it has been falling steadily.

A marvellous morning, with blue sky and hot sun, and once again a march without rain or leeches, although rain came later on and I reckon will get the leeches to-morrow. A march of 8½ miles over a fair path with little mud, owing to the two dry days we have had. From Tasatkin the path climbs steadily up for about 1600 feet, until, at 1¾ miles, it reaches the crest of a very narrow ridge. From that point, for the next 1¼ miles, it climbs up and down along the top of this ridge in a N.E direction, making a further 200 feet in the process. After 3 miles it begins to descend moderately steeply and fairly steadily about 2500 feet, until, at 7½ miles, it reaches the level floor of a valley. It continues across this for a further mile to this very small bungalow on the right bank of a moderate stream from the N, and 30 yards above the confluence of this stream with a larger one from the N.E. There is accomodation here for about 60 coolies, and a village of 6 huts called Goletutap, some 2 miles up the stream from the N.E, on the left bank. The path ran through jungle the whole way,

but visibility was moderate, and from several places there were excellent views both over the Tisang valley, and across to the Salween-Taron watershed, which is the Chinese frontier. I looked in vain for the lonely little hut I remember seeing so well in 1935 down in the valley to the E, when John and I rested for a while on the top of the ridge. It had gone, and I only hope no ill has befallen the inhabitants. I carried the gun again, together with my camera and the haversack, but of course I saw nothing to shoot. On the other hand, coming down I spotted a large green snake (Zaocys nigromarginatus), a good five feet long, which took refuge well up in a clump of bamboo and thorns. Directed by Tiny, Kharka Bahadur & Thakpa, who acted as spotters, I plunged down a very steep slope into the thicket and beat about there for just about an hour in an effort to snare it in the snake stick. Twice I got its head into the loop, but each time it was too quick for me, and in the end it made good its escape and I was left lamenting. However, as a poor sort of compensation, one of the coolies brought in a good Anguine lizard, — an Ophisaurus gracilis, I think, — which went into the bottle this afternoon. It was jolly hot coming down into the valley to-day, and we were running with sweat, and with sodden clothes, long before we arrived; but still we had to light a fire in the bungalow to drive off the hordes of blister flies which attacked us, and we have continued to roast ever since. One of my chaplis burst its buckle-strap to-day, and I finished the march tied up with pieces of string in a Heath Robinsonian manner. We began insect collecting to-day, with a fine batch of parasitic wasps and sawflies, which were hard at work in one of the supports of this house. The wasps were particularly interesting to watch (neat little creatures with minute waists) as they came home to their burrows in the wooden pillar, carrying small yellow caterpillars, which they quickly pushed in, to act as food for their grubs when they hatched out. From many of the holes a head, or a pair of twiddling antennae was poking out, as the owner was busied with her stern end laying an egg on the latest caterpillar. And then, when all was ready, the door was carefully sealed up with clay, tamped down till it was hard to tell it from the wood itself. One I watched made six trips for clay before the job was done.

We have had chicken soup and chicken since first Heath,

every night, but to-night we had a Maggi Soup for a change, and we had bamboo shoots as a vegetable, left over from yesterday.

Sumtsangtap. Friday, July 22nd 1938.

At 5.30 a.m the sky was 9/10 covered with light shatus clouds. Wind S.W 1. Conditions remained unchanged until 9 a.m when the cloud began to clear. By 9.30 a.m the sky was 6/10 covered with shatus cloud. At 1.30 p.m light nimbus cloud began to come over, and from 2 p.m until 3 p.m there was a slight shower. After 3 p.m shatus cloud took the place of nimbus. Wind S.W 1.

Another dry march, God be praised, though there were a few leeches about as a result of last night's rain. A march of 7¾ miles. From Goletutap the path crosses the stream from the north, some thirty yards above the bungalow, by a light cane suspension bridge (very narrow) twenty yards long. It then follows the right bank of the stream from the N.E, up a narrow, very level valley; finds this stream (at this time 15 yards wide, knee-deep and swift) at 2¼ miles; and at 2½ miles begins to climb up the side of the valley. The climb is irregular, sometimes being steep, and at other times running level, or slightly downhill for several hundred yards at a time; but by 6½ miles it reaches a height 1800 feet above the start. It then descends easily some three hundred feet, crosses two branches of a moderate stream at 7½ miles by light wooden bridge (each branch about six yards in width) and climbs up 200 feet to this small and decrepit bungalow, beside which is a hut giving accomodation for about 60 coolies. The path runs through jungle the whole time. The surface was not bad to-day, but it can be very slippery after much rain. I carried the gun again to-day, but saw nothing, not even a pigeon, until the very end of the march, when a bamboo partridge sat up at my feet within sight of the hut. I was slow off the mark, however, and shot behind it just as it vanished into the jungle. This hut is almost as bad as that at Goletutap in 1935; and though no one has actually fallen through the floor, it is only by dint of great care that we have escaped. The roof too was full of holes, but we set the coolies to work on them with banana leaves, and even if it rains to-night I think we will be moderately dry. I got to work at last on "Modern Explorers in Central Asia"; because no snakes were brought in and I had some time to myself; and we made a fine haul of grasshoppers, and

after dinner, of moths and mantids. A most fearful spider appeared too, colossall and built like those big S. American spiders. I believe it's the very same one B.C and I had such a struggle with in 1933! It certainly looks years old in sin. It knocked some of our specimens onto the floor, made a mighty spring itself, and, I hope, vanished through a hole. At least it vanished somewhere, and we must for good. It was great fun collecting the grasshoppers this afternoon. I only had to make a start myself for fifteen or twenty of the coolies to follow my example, grinning with delight, and bouncing right and left in the grass. It's a bit difficult drying the specimens on the march, but it will be easy enough when we are in Pangnamdim.

We started at 7 a.m with the coolies; and arrived here a few minutes after 10.a.m; while they did not turn up for 3½ hours later.

Chicken soup and an excellent chicken stew for dinner. To-morrow night we will have some luxuries!

Pangnamdim. Saturday, July 23rd 1938.

At 5.30 a.m the sky was wholly covered with light strato cloud; wind S.W 2. By 8 a.m the sky was 4/10 clear, and although at 9.15 am there was a light shower lasting some twenty minutes, the sky continued to clear, until by 10 a.m, it was 8/10 free of cloud. It remained so until 4 p.m when thick strato cloud began to come on from the S.W. At 5.30 p.m this had changed to nimbus, the sky being entirely covered, and a light rain was falling. It has continued on and off ever since.

Another lovely day, and a really satisfying march, even though it was of only 6½ miles. From Sumtsangtap the path climbs, more or less steadily, for 2300 feet, (except that the last 1¼ miles are very flat), reaching the top in 3½ miles. That is put rather badly. Actually the path climbs through jungle about 2200 feet in 2¼ miles, and then continues round the end of a ridge, very level, for another 1¼ miles, climbing a further hundred feet. From the 3½ mile point there is a steady descent of 3000 feet into the Nam Tamai valley, reaching a fine cane suspension bridge, 70 yards long and capable of taking mules, at 6½ miles. The second half of the descent is mainly through cleared ground, with good views both up and down the valley. The village of Pangnamdim (8[15] huts and 1 belonging to the Taung Ok) can be clearly seen some 300 yards above the bridge on the <u>left</u> bank, and not on the right as it is shown

on the S.F.I. maps. The Rest House is immediately above, and 30 yards from the eastern end of the bridge. It is much better than it used to be, and is now not at all bad, though there is little accomodation for the servants. There is a hut for about 60 or 70 coolies one hundred yards upstream. To-day was my birthday (29th) and it has been a great day. Early this morning I spent some time packing the flies and grasshoppers we collected yesterday. Then the march, which I thoroughly enjoyed, although I saw nothing at all except some beautiful reins of the beautiful, steep-sided, dark green Tawai valley, with a twisting coffee-coloured snake of a river at the bottom, and Pargnandim nestling rather snugly at the foot of a cleared patch of ground. It is a most lovely valley, and a real joy to be here again. All the advance baggage was here, and one of the coolies had caught a 5½ foot Elaphe, which I hope will prove to be a new species. It is coloured like Taeniura, but the head shields are different. It had eleven big eggs in it, when I opened it up. One of the first things I did was to get out Mammy's present from Jackson's. It was simply grand — everything in it — and the Cocktail Assortment Biscuits were prosibly the best. The book was Para Handy and Other Tales, by Hugh Foulis, one I had wanted to read for yeass; I was running rather short of soap and toothpaste; and the sweets and other biscuits were highly appreciated. The things were packed very well too. An afternoon spent between paying off all the coolies, and attending to snakes; and then the birthday dinner of Sandwies, Campbell's Beef Broth (excellent), a chicken curry, Christmas Pudding, Herring Roes n Chapatti, and a dollop of rum in my coffee. A good birthday altogether, bless my little Mammy. It is good to be here at last, and now we can really get down to collecting, which I am very much looking forward to. Tony got a snake to-day (not yet looked at) and the coolies brought in two Rana Hmalayana and a frog, besides several large beetles and other oddments. They are getting on with our house, and a deputation called this evening to ask me to point out what size it was to be on the diagram. I don't know when it will be finished though. The best thing almost of all is that, although blister flies and dwarf bees are bad during the day, there are no sandflies and very few mosquitoes.

Pangnandim. Sunday. July 24th 1938. Max 86° Min — B. (6 a.m.) 26.5 (6 p.m.) 26.4

another grand day. At 5.30 a.m the sky was covered with thick stratus cloud, but by 8 a.m this was clearing in a S.W wind, force 2, and by 9.30 a.m the sky was 8/10 clear. Conditions remained unchanged until noon, when the wind festened to force 3. At 3 p.m stratus clouds began to come over in large quantities. By 4.30 p.m (wind force 2). the sky was 9/10 covered, and by 6 p.m wholly obscured. At 8.30 p.m there was a very light shower lasting 20 minutes. A day spent in getting things settled in, and in mild collecting. I did several snakes (5, including a large Trimeresurus which I can't place, though at first sight it looks like jerdonii) and Tony skinned a squirrel and a bird quite effectively. A bitter blow has befallen us in that we now find we have left all 4 gramophones in Fort Hertz, instead of bringing one with us. I had a pen made for Thesphrastus, who is still well and very friendly, though inclined to hiss angrily if picked up without due warning. Our coolies went back to day, and those that are going to Putao said that they were going to double march the whole way, which is more than I should like to do. This evening the hens, (which are running about loose and giving an air of prosperity and permanence to the establishment), considered that our bathroom would make a good roosting place, and moved in about 7 p.m with some determination. Tony saw them perching on the basins and elsewhere, and gave a loud yell, upon which one fell into my bath (a rubber one and only six inches deep) while the others fled in disorder. The bathing belle remained there where she was, until Ngwina Tindrup approached with outstretched paws: then she did that which she might not to have done, and having defiled the crystal spring, shot out with a squawk evading capture. None the less we rounded them all up, lest worse befell, and shut them in their baskets.

The unknown Trimeresurus was caught on top of the ridge, with 12 large eggs freshly laid in a disused rat-hole, about a yard from the surface. Her stomach was completely empty, except for one large viperine fang, which was probably her own.

To-night we took a Premis lamp out and put up the screen. We waited for a couple of hours but there was not much variety — only moths and small diptera. A couple of frogs were caught with our fingers though. I'm disappointed that no lizards have been brought in yet. I must get hold of some somehow. Incidentally there are no

tortoises in this valley — apart from Theophrastus, an alien. Breakfast to-day of chopped chicken and herring roes, in mashed potato; chapatties, jam and tea. Dinner of chicken soup, chicken goulash, peaches + cream, toast, coffee + rum. We could hardly have done better in London. Chetuk's bread is a great success. We opened the birthday cake to-day. Most excellent it was. A couple of Darus came in to-day from up the valley — naked except for a wisp of rag and a little homespun plaid slung round their shoulders. Very simian but very friendly. One had a small blue circle tattooed just above his left breast, which, he said, meant that he was some sort of a chief. I must find out more about it though. Many of the Nung women have a blue line tattooed under and parallel to their lower lip. I put up an ant-proof drying shelf this morning.

Pangnamdim. Monday, July 25th 1938. Max 87° Min — B (6 am) ~~27.46~~ 26.55 (6 pm) ~~27.6~~ 26.4

Heavy rain most of the night and until 5.30 a.m when it suddenly stopped. By 6 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear, the clouds being stratus. Wind S.W 2-3. Conditions remained unchanged until 3 p.m., when the wind increased to S.W 3-4, gusty, until 6 p.m., when it dropped to nil. The night is 5/10 clear. Wind nil.

Last night's rain came through the roof of the verandah in torrents, and soaked everything that was there to soak; and it came through the roof of the room onto most of my books and folders. The trouble wasn't discovered until I got up at half past five, and then I, Lewa, Nyima Töndrup, Lhakpa and Kharka Bahadur spent an hour and three quarters in frenziedly drying things over the fire. Tony seems to carry out his principle that it is better to watch others work than to work himself, for he never stirred to help us from beginning to end, and all to-day he has just sat around doing nothing, except when he took his gun and went for a walk this afternoon. However, it will be good practice for me to learn to do the whole bang shoot myself in preparation for next time. After the drying episode and breakfast were both over, I made five drying trays for insects (Cheesman Patent), and pinned all the large beetles that were ready, in my cigar box. Then arranged all last night's catch in the trays, and did other odd collecting jobs. A fine Draco was brought in to-day, and several Laocys nigromarginatus, and two Trimeresurus jerdonii (?) — but these already pretty high and useless. Another frog too. God knows when I'm going to have time to write those accursed articles, or even to write letters. As it is we don't get dinner until

8 p.m., and I'm working right up till then. It was a lovely day, though, and perhaps it is only because I have not yet got things properly coordinated that I don't seem to be able to get things done. We ought to get a mail in a few days time, I think. For breakfast, Finnan Haddie with mashed potatoes, toast & jam; lunch of fish cakes, from the remains; and dinner of roast chicken, fried potatoes and fried bamboo shoots. The ration problem is beginning to loom large, owing to the impossibility of our getting any meat. We still have ten fowls, but we are hoping that they will keep us in eggs, and so are not going to slay any more for a while. So far they have shown no sign of wanting to lay! Otherwise we have rice, potatoes, flour and our stores — which are not enough to live on for a matter of eight or nine months. Tony is a comic soul in many ways. He armours himself in long trousers against blister flies, (which are not really bad here), but has not yet acquired the gumption to put on shorts for coolness when going out for a walk. He complains of sweating a lot! My old interpreter came in on his way to Nogmung from up the valley. Brought 7 eggs as a present.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, July 26th 1938. Max 87° Min 69° B(6am) 26.55 B(6pm) 26.41

Heavy rain from 2 a.m. until 5 a.m. By 5.30 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with light cirro-stratus; 5/10 with nimbus. By 6 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, and by 7 a.m. 8/10 clear: wind S.E 2-3. Conditions remained unchanged until 6 p.m., when stratus cloud began to come over in large quantities. By 7 p.m. the sky was wholly covered.

The roof was repaired to some extent yesterday, and was certainly much improved, but that only meant that the rain did not come in onto the tables & books. Baffled there it turned onto me with redoubled rage, and at 2.45 I was woken by a ~~little stream~~ trickle of water coming through from the middle of the top of my mosquito net. Wearily I tottered out of bed, to find a small lake up there, fed by two streams from the roof. I drained the lake with a mug, and gloomily got into bed again with a basin which I held on my hip, thus dozing till 5.30 — my usual time for getting up. By that time the basin was 1/3 full, but I was dry though a little cramped from holding it.

A day spent wholly in collecting & preserving, but I got more done this time, so perhaps I'm getting better. What takes more time than anything (I being no artist) is painting such of the specimens as are likely to change colour in the spirit. However I did rather a masterpiece of the Draco, though I failed completely with the underside of a frog, which was too complicated for me to manage. I shall

try and find somebody to give me a few lessons when I get back. Our woodman brought in a small Natrix nuchalis this evening, which differed from the usual in having a pink belly instead of black or, at least, dark. But that may only be due to its being immature. Tony did rather better to-day, packing a large number of moths quite well as far as I could see. I have instituted a mammal-catching Competition, in which we and the servants have three traps apiece — the man with the biggest number of captures each week getting a rupee. Specimens with broken heads count only ½ point. The servants are very keen on it.

I had to strengthen the spirit in both tanks this afternoon, that in the ~~trap~~ final one being down to just under 70%, and the other to about 45%. After dinner we set to worked & packed a large number of moths & butterflies (Tony till 11.15, and I till about midnight). Breakfast of potato curry & pulao rice, toast & jam; dinner of kichri, Maggi Pea, paratas, & coffee. Lunch was the remains of breakfast.

Another lovely day. I only hope this rain-at-night business goes on for the rest of the rains. The roof was repaired again to-day, and now looks really good. I spent some time this morning making out weekly ration lists, so that we can live up to the limit of our resources without fear. Of course, if the worst comes to the worst, we can always get more from Barnett's, but that will cost a good deal and we haven't got much money. It's funny that here at Pangnamdim the people all seem to prefer money to salt for specimens. I hope it's different when we get into the Triangle. As a matter of fact I know it will be, because Leyden said so. My old interpreter went off to-day. I gladdened his heart with 6 cartridges & Rs 1/-.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, July 27th 1938. Min 69° Max 84° B(dry) 26.51 B(wet) 26.44

Rain most of the night, and until 6.30 a.m. from then until 8 a.m the valley was filled with heavy mist. At 8 a.m this cleared, and the sky was 8/10 covered with heavy stratus cloud, the remaining 2/10 being light stratus. Wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until 3 p.m. when a S.W 2 wind arose, and the clouds began to change from stratus to nimbus. At 3.30 p.m there was a light shower, lasting fifteen minutes, and from then on showers were frequent; the sky was wholly covered with nimbus; wind S.W 2.

The roof is effective at last, and except that it leaked a bit onto the max. & min. thermometers, we were dry and snug all night. The trapping had no particular luck last night, only one rat being caught (Lewa) and that having a broken head. In one of mine the chapatti bait had been eaten (I think by ants): in another, the potato bait had

been chewed, but I had set it too firmly and it did not
go off: in the third, the onion bait had not been touched,
so I went try it again. Only frogs came in today, so
I spent most of the morning and afternoon packing insects; then
did the frogs; discovered that I cannot paint a frog with
any hope of success as half the colour effect lies in the
soft iridescent skin, which I am not artist enough to
compete with; went out on a short insect shikar, but was
so bitten by mosquitoes that I soon returned, especially as
insects were not plentiful; considered fixing up the
wireless, but found a connection to be broken and so decided
to wait until the tools come and I can solder it; sealed
up a couple of finished tubes (spiders and parasitic worms)
with wax; and that brought us to dinner time, just
before which, to my great joy, two five lizards were
brought in (I think Calotes khakhiensis), and a pair
of Trimeresuri caught in coitu. I'll do them tomorrow
though. Breakfast of bacon, eggs and roasted potatoes,
toast & jam: dinner of roast fowl (bought for As.8) with
fried potatoes and 'Petits Pois', preceded by chicken-
and-Oxo soup. The servants always call Oxo, 'Oxsoup'!

After dinner it didn't seem a good night for insects,
so we decided to have a frog hunt. Tony gave up early,
and went home, saying his trousers were coming down, though
I think it was fear of possible leeches that deterred him, for he
could easily have put on another pair and come out again.
Lewa persevered for an hour and a half before retiring,
but the real heroes were Khanka Bahadur and myself,
who scoured the country and waded up and down
streams, ploughed through jungle and peered under
rocks, for a solid 2½ hours — without finding or even
seeing one. The bitterest blow of all was that a stray
female, who had no connection with the hunt whatever,
came down to the stream for water, and picked up a
large frog near the bank. It was enough to make me
lose all faith in the virtue of human endeavours.

Pangnamdim. Thursday. July 28th 1938. Min 70°.5 Max 85° B(6am)26.43 B(6pm)26.38.

Moderate rain falling at 5.30 a.m. and continuing till 6.30 a.m.
After that the sky remained entirely covered with thick clouds
(heavy stratus for the most part), but there was no rain
until 3.30 p.m. when a light shower came down for ten
minutes. Then again no more rain until 8.30 p.m. when
it began to come down steadily and fairly heavily. Wind
S.W 2 throughout the day.

A day to be remembered, for at last one of our hens
has done her duty. Tony and I had half the egg each

for lunch, had boiled and made into a "patty" by being wrapped in a piece of chapatti and fried. I only hope our one heroine fries the other eight with her splendid example. So far one egg from eight hens in five days is our proud record. Nobody got anything in the traps to-day, but two of mine had been sprung, and the bait eaten in the third, which could not go off owing to the wood swelling, so I think I was unlucky. I'm not going to say any more that I did insects in the morning followed by reptiles in the afternoon, because it's a waste of time and paper it being a daily event now. A grand colubride was brought in to-day, and I think she is an Elaphe, but I can't place her at all. The great thing is though that she's safely in pickle; and talking of that we had an exciting time with the two Trimeresuri, who were as mad as hornets with having been kept a day and a night in the bamboo. I manoeuvred them out through a hole in the end, while Tony stood by with the snake stick. When one was out I shoved the plug in again to keep the other safe. Both struck furiously at anything within reach, including the snake stick. Next had to catch them by the body, and, while Tony slacked off the strap, work them down until he could tighten up again just behind the head. That was to give me a chance to dose them with nicotine — after which all was over. For the last two days Nyima Tindrup has been excused work on the ground of his having slight fever. I think he's getting better all right, but he now says his head is going round. That may be a slight toxic effect of the Quino-plasmoquine I've been giving him though, and I'll wait till to-morrow and see what is to be done. I wish I had the medicine boxes. I thought they would arrive to-day, but no luck. I was working on those snakes till past 8.30 p.m., after which it became a bit dark and difficult and I had a bath and then dinner. Dinner over, I went out to set my traps and thus set the servants an example of keenness — though God knows I don't particularly want to go in the pouring rain with the path flooded and everything as slippery as ice. Except at Kankin I've had a bath every day now since the beginning of the trip (our rubber bath is a boon indeed), and even Tony, who hates washing, has been inspired by a few words of mine to do the same. He makes up for it in the morning, though, saving soap by just putting his face in the water and then drying it off.

Breakfast of minced chicken, mashed potato, and a minute omelette, toast, jam and tea. Dinner of a Maggi soup, (Oxtail, I believe), with a Mac Ration and mashed potatoes. very good too. We have now finished our bread, and are down to our last pound of flour and our last two pounds of potatoes. If those loads don't soon arrive from Kaukin, we shall be nice eaters with a vengeance. Three bats to-day.

Pangnamdim. Friday, July 29th 1938. Min 70° Max 82° B(6am) 26.44 B(6pm) 26.40.

At 5.30 a.m. v. heavy rain was falling, and though it slackened to moderately heavy at 6 a.m., rain continued to fall until noon without a break. From then till 10 p.m. it was fine, in the valley, with the sky heavily overcast with stratus and nimbus clouds, and rain falling intermittently on the hills. Clouds down to 6000 feet. Wind S.W. 1. Not much news to-day except that those infernal twelve loads have not yet arrived from Kaukin, and now we're out of everything but rice & onions. I expect de Glanville has decided to send them with Kyipa, so that somebody responsible goes with them. If that's so they won't be here for a week.

A small, rather battered, striped squirrel; a bird; an Oligodon herberti; and several insects were brought in this afternoon. It doesn't sound much, but with the insects we had already I was kept hard at work up till about 6.30 p.m. Lewa & Khanka Bahadur have become the chief collectors, and are really extraordinarily good — especially at butterflies — and very keen. They are out together most of the day and never fail to bring in a good haul. Not blessed hen has given up her best again to-day, but her sisters stubbornly refuse to fall into line. Chetuk however, who is self appointed poultry keeper, swears that all will yet be well. He says they look as if they might lay at any minute, but to me they merely look dyspeptic and disillusioned.

Nyima Tindrup is more or less well now, I think, but Thakpa has got fever and tape worms. I can't do much about the latter till my medicine boxes come, but I have quinine luckily. This evening I stood outside the house and potted at bats, with remarkable lack of success. Out of eight shots I hit one slightly. It fell, but we never did find it. Good fun, though, and pretty good practice. I put up a second ant-proof shelf to-day, as the first was becoming too crowded. Still no luck with the traps. I have moved all mine to see if fortune will change.

Pangrandim. Saturday. July 30th 1938. Min 70°5 Max 78°5 B(6am)26.45 (6pm)26.44

Steady rain was falling at 5.30 a.m, and this continued until noon, the sky being completely covered with heavy, low nimbus. Between noon and 6 p.m there was no rain, and the clouds were mostly thick stratus. At 6 p.m steady rain began again, and this is continuing. Wind S.W 2 all day. Not much news to-day, except that I have given up lunch as being too much of a good thing; and that there was not even a single egg, in spite of Chetuk's assurances! A grand snake was brought in, which I think is a variety of Dinodon flavozonatum, though that seems to differ in some ways (notably the ventral count) from this. Four bats, two Taphozous nigrovaginatus (which I later turned loose, as they were both females), three birds, a squirrel, and some insects and two frogs were to-day's haul. I was responsible for 1 bird, going out on a hunt this evening, but I missed several. Our cartridges (bought from Burma Arms Co) are old stock, I'm afraid, and have swollen so that it is difficult to extract them. Our house has not yet been begun, but the ground is almost clear, and most of the bamboo has already been cut and brought along. I did a little typing this morning, of the Reptile list, after doing the insects. Ngima Tindrup is more or less fit now. Ntakpa has gone down again this evening. Salmon fish cakes for breakfast; Sardine pulao & Oxford for dinner, followed by fowmes.

Pangrandim. Sunday July 31st 1938. Min 70° Max 88°5 B(6am)26.50 (6pm)26.44

Steady rain was falling at 5.30 a.m, and this continued until 9 a.m, after which the sky became covered with heavy stratus clouds down to 6000 feet with some mist down almost as low as the river. By 10.30 a.m the sky was 6/10 covered with stratus clouds and the sun was shining in the valley. At 2 p.m nimbus clouds began to come over, and from 3 p.m onward there have been numerous short showers. Wind S.W 2-3 all day long.

I must have misjudged Tony I think because no one could have done better than he to-day. He got up an hour and a half later than I, as usual, but as soon as his breakfast was done he set to work skinning and kept at it like a Trojan until nearly 8 p.m, doing 6 birds and 2 bats in that time. A grand show!

Once more Martha, the hen, has done her stuff, by presenting us with another egg this morning. Chetuk

insists that the others will come round in time, and I only hope he's right; but we slew one of the two cocks this morning as a warning to the others of what they might expect if eggs were not soon forthcoming. The slaying was quite a business! A small boy turned up with a cross-bow, and Khanka Bahadur seized this to do the job. He crept up to within less than 6 feet and missed it! The cock was only mildly interested, so he stalked it again and, from much the same distance, succeeded in putting an arrow through it's comb, upon which it took to the jungle in dudgeon, pursued by half a dozen bystanders who presently brought it back with its neck wrung! If specimens continue to be brought in at the rate they arrived to-day, we are going to be unable to cope. And still I haven't written those articles. They hang over me like a nightmare, because I never have time to do them. A man came in from Nogmung to say that David ransacked three of the boxes in Kaukkin on his way down, and that the Coolies, finding the boxes open, were afraid they would be blamed, so that the women all fled into the wilderness and only the men remained in Kaukkin to face it out. The coolies were those sent down by de Glanville, of course. So I am sending a letter to de G. by the same man to-morrow to tell him what I have heard, and to ask him to make enquiries and see what really has happened. I think it may only be a garbled version of Kyipa looking for his bedding somewhere on the way up.

Several snakes and a good lizard, but otherwise nothing very exciting. I finished a film by taking the building of our new abode, in which they are now doing the frame of the cookhouse. Nyima Tindrup is quite fit again now, and Khakpa too seems to be more or less all right. All the servants (including Ah Sing) clipped their hair off this morning, leaving only the tufts. I took hourly readings of the Therm. & Bar. to-day, but missed two or three, so will have to do it again.

Pangnamdim. Monday August 1st 1938. Min 71° Max 88°. B(6am) 26.54 B(6pm) 26.41

At 5.30 a.m light rain was falling, and this continued until 9 a.m, when the sky began to clear. By 10 a.m the sky was 5/10 covered with Stratus cloud, and conditions remained unchanged until 2 p.m, when it began to cloud over slowly. By 5 p.m the sky was 9/10 covered with Stratus cloud, and at 6 p.m thunder began to come over. At 6.30 p.m there was a

heavy shower lasting forty minutes; and since then it has been raining on and off fairly regularly. Wind S.W 1-2.

A very slack day for me, because, for the first time, no snakes or reptiles of any kind came in at all.

After doing the insects I went out collecting with Lewa, Lhakpa & Kharka Bahadur, going up the valley towards the village, and as far as the new house. That lasted some time, and at about 1 o'clock I came back to get my camera. I found Chetuk struggling with the dried egg powder (issued to-day) and spent some time in rigging up weighing machines with sticks & string so as to work out just how much powder & how much ~~egg~~ water was equal to one egg. In the end I made it 2 dessertspoonfuls of the powder and the same measure of water, and by test that was very satisfactory. After that I went out collecting specimens, bird & mammal, and succeeded in shooting five; but two of these we couldn't find at all. I'm shooting very badly at present, and I've come to the conclusion it's because I'm jerking off. I must cure myself and then see what happens. After a while (at 3.45 pm) Kharka Bahadur and I crossed the river and pushed down the right bank by a path which old Tony showed "perched out" about 200 yards from the bridge. We didn't go very far really, but it took us a long time, as the track was Mishmash in its riliness, though quite amusing. We crossed a biggish stream at almost our furthest point, by a very flimsy bamboo bridge, and turned up it for a little, finding a plaited bamboo fish trap in a waterfall and a beautifully made dead-fall trap for otters. I studied that for some time, and for simplicity and efficiency it caught me a lot. We got back, after having tried several photos up-stream at the bridge, at 5.30, and almost at once a coolie brought in a very young squirrel, with its eyes still closed. I bought it for Annas 2, in the hopes that it may live, and it's been drinking Nestlés milk with avidity. It seems happy and sleeps a lot provided it's kept at body heat, so it's in my pyjama pocket now, curled into a ball. The only thing is, I believe it's got a chill on the tummy, and, if it's anything like a bird, it will peg out — but I do hope not. It will sleep with me to-night anyway, and in my pocket there is no fear of it getting squashed.

Lhakpa is of about the same mental calibre as Tashi Tindrup. Yesterday I gave him the rather

high corpses of a couple of dishevelled bats, and told him to throw them in the water — meaning, of course, the river. I took them helplessly in his hand, pondered darkly, and then said "Shall I put them in hot or cold water, Sahib, and how long for?" Our runner went off to-day to Putao with letters for the A.S. and Durant. He will arrive on the 4th. I took hourly readings of the Therm. & Bar. but missed a good few owing to being out.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, August 2nd 1938. Min 70° Max 82° B(6am) 26.55 B(6pm) 26.44.

At 5.30 a.m the sky was wholly covered with thick stratus cloud. Wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until noon when a S.W wind arose, force 2, bringing over small quantities of nimbus cloud. At 1 p.m there was a moderate shower, lasting 20 minutes, but though rain fell on the hills throughout the afternoon in small amounts, no more fell in the valley, and after 2 pm until 5 p.m the sky immediately above was 5/10 stratus, with a certain amount of sun. At 5 p.m it clouded over entirely. To night S.W.2. The little squirrel slept all night in the pocket of my pyjamas, (in a bed of cotton wool, because she's not house-trained yet) and was full of life this morning. Her name is Jane, by the way. She spent the day in the breast pocket of my shirt, sleeping most of the time, but taking her milk valiantly from a teaspoon about every three hours. What I'm afraid of is that she may have had too much (perhaps 6 or 7 spoonsful altogether), because she's full of jerks and shudders to-night, poor little thing. I only hope she gets over it. Having got her through last night and to-day it would break my heart if she died now. She's in my pyjama pocket again, and I think she's asleep, though it's hard to say, her eyes not being open. She's minute, with a body less than three inches long, and a tail a bit longer, but she can talk quite well. She chatters furiously when anything goes wrong, (such as the milk going up her nose instead of into her mouth), and when she got buried under the cottonwool this evening, she gave piercing squeaks of distress until she felt me groping for her. She looks upon me as her mother now, and is used to me, but she resents being handed to anyone else, and tries to creep away. Kharka Bahadur very nearly got another Draco this evening, from the same tree the first one was caught in. He was well up in it, and Maran Yong (our Khanung house-coolie) was waiting underneath, when he put one up. It made a long gliding flight of thirty yards down almost to the river bank, and though Maran Yong was

right on its tail, running like the devil himself, it just got into a hole in a big tree before he could grapple it, and we could it get it out. I am offering a rupee for each Draco brought in, but I don't think there will be many. A song has given notice and gone. The trouble was that Lewa + K.B. took him with them when they went insecting up the side of the valley, but when he was told to get to work after some beetle, he said he would be ashamed to do such a thing. Lewa took umbrage at the insult, and instantly clouted him, saying that if I could do a certain thing then there was no call for a lousy Layuli to feel shame in doing the same! I think in any case we will be better without him, because stopping still like this there wasn't enough work for so many. A man came in to-night saying that Kyipa and the coolies will arrive to-morrow. Great news, if it's true, and we may get a mail. Insects kept me busy a large part of the day; Jane a good deal of the rest; but as far as reptiles were concerned it was not much better than yesterday, for only 1 tiny lizard was brought along, and that very common. It is just as well the boxes are coming to-morrow, because my tank is bung full and I was wondering what to do with no soldering apparatus to seal a kerosine tin.

Took hourly readings of the Barometer + Thermometer.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday August 3rd 1938. Min 71° Max 89° B(6 am) 26.56 B(6 pm) 26.44

At 5.30 am the valley was filled with mist down to 3000' and a light drizzle was falling. Wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until 7.30 am, when a S.W wind arose, force 2, and by 8 am. the drizzle had stopped and the sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus clouds. The valley was clear of mist. By 9 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, and by 10.30 am. it was 8/10 clear, the remaining 2/10 being covered with light stratus clouds. At 9.30 pm nimbus clouds began to come over. By 10.30 pm the sky was wholly covered, and there was a shower lasting 3/4 hour, at the end of which time most of the clouds had blown away, and the sky was 5/10 clear. More than the usual amount of work this morning on insects, and this evening another Laocys nigromarg: ♀ and another Trimeresurus jerdonii ♂ were brought in. I have kept the latter. Tony and I went for a walk at shortly after 1 p.m down the right bank of the river to get a picture of the bridge, and coming back we found that the rumour was true and that Kyipa and the baggage had turned up. It is grand to have everything under one roof again, but the rumour about

the theft is also true, and Daria (the dhobi) has been arrested in Putao for stealing a pair of shorts, 2 pairs of socks and two odd socks, a khaki shirt and Rs 3/- from Kyipa; and 30 lbs of sugar and 6 lbs of tea from us. At least de Glanville has'nt got all those details yet, and I'm sending them up to-morrow with the Piata who came in charge of the money. De Glanville owed only charge Rs 3000/- at this time, but he's keeping the other 6500 until November when a new supply comes up from Myitkyina. Kyipa brought a mail too, including a letter from Mother, one from Joan, the Weekly Times, (which I haven't had time to look at) and a telescope each for Lewa + N.T from Jonathan. That was about all there was for me except chits from de Glanville, Durrant, + the doctor, who had bought onions + potatoes for us. The darwan of the Dak Bungalow sent a bunch of bananas and two pineapples too, which were most welcome. I paid off the coolies this evening, keeping one to take back our mail when it's written. Yesterday the river was up more than 10 feet, but by this morning it had sunk five of those feet. At its height it was a fearsome sight from the bridge. I stood there for a while yesterday morning, wondering what chance anyone would have who fell in, when a big log came sweeping down. As I watched, it was caught in a swirling eddy. It stood right up on end, and vanished altogether from sight, and at that I thought my question was answered. Poor little Jane has got rickets I think, though I'm hoping against hope that it may only be over-feeding, and praying that alcohol will help. She has the most awful shudders, especially in her hind quarters, and they come so often that she can't get as much sleep as she needs. I've got no cod-liver oil, but I've dosed her with sardine oil as a poor substitute. She doesn't like it, but it remains to be seen whether it does her any good. It rends my heart to see her as she is.
Docked a man with a sore foot this evening.

Pangnandim. Thursday August 4th 1938. Min 70° Max 90° B(6am) 26.55 B(6pm) 26.40

At 5.30 a.m the sky was wholly covered with dense stratus cloud, and the valley was filled with wisps of mist down to 3000'. Wind S.W.1. By 8.30 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear (the other 5/10 being very light stratus) and there was no mist in the valley. Conditions remained unchanged until 1.30 p.m. when the wind increased to S.W 3 for nearly an hour, then dying away to S.W 1 again. At 7.30 p.m stratus clouds began to come over, and by 9.30 p.m the sky was entirely covered.

With constant interruptions due to lizards + frogs being brought in, tents + wireless having to be

seems to, and, this evening. by a man coming in with a nasty sore on his leg, I did my best to write that damned article "Modern Explorers in Central Asia". I did about a third, I suppose, but at all costs I must finish it to-morrow, come what may. This morning we had all the tents out to dry, and put up the larger one to see how it went, only to find that Edgingtons have sent 2 middle pieces and 1 end to the ridge pole instead of vice versa. The only thing to do is to let them know at once and get them to send another end, but it will be months before it arrives. The others are all right, but this one is all we have to work in failing a hut — and I don't expect we will get huts up the Taron. Had all the medicine boxes out and emptied to get thoroughly dry too. Only one was wet, and that, as Luck would have it, the one with all the cotton wool in it, so the place was festooned with drying wool, like a Christmas tree, all ~~night~~ day. I took a stroll for twenty minutes and went down to inspect our new abode and take a picture of it. It's coming along well. The kitchen and the servants quarters are finished, and one latrine, and the mansion itself has the frame completed and half the roof. I reckon it will be done in about a week, ten days at the most. I soldered a couple of broken connections in the wireless too, and that is now working pretty well, though I think the H.T. is probably down rather. I must buy a T. Signal to-morrow, as I regret to say I forgot to wind the Chronometer last night for the first time. I did my first intravenous injection all on my own this evening, and quite decently, when I gave the sufferer iodine to help on his sore. I dressed the place with Antiphlogistine, and he is coming back to-morrow, so I will see how things have gone. Jane is a hundred per cent better than she was yesterday (bless old abdul), and pretty skittish. In fact she fell out of my pocket twice, but seems none the worse. She's developing a mind of her own too, and often refuses to stay in her pocket, and insists on sleeping in my hand. She fits into the palm with plenty to spare! We took a photo of her to-day. Tony had his hair all clipped off, except for the tuft, this afternoon, and looks vile!

Breakfast Sardine fish cakes. Dinner Maggi Tomato, pumpkin curry, and banana fritters. Also Coffee. Nearly every night since we've been here there's been a very slight Earthquake — just enough to

make a flimsy house like this sway a little. The trouble with this banana leaf thatch (a latter roofing) is that one hot, dry day lotters the leaves, and then when the rain comes, it just comes through.

Pangrandim. Friday August 5th 1938. Min 71° Max 91.5 B(6am) 26.54 B(6pm) 26.35.

Weather conditions exactly the same as yesterday, except that the wind did not freshen until 2 p.m, and died down to S.W.1 at 3.45 p.m

Hospital opened to-day, at about 7.30 this morning, with the mail injected last night and several sufferers from fever. It was rather slow work, because I still had'nt got out all the things I wanted and it meant constant opening of medicine boxes; but now the entire clinic is on a table on the verandah and I'll be able to get things done quickly from now on. Then work on that blasted article (it isn't nearly finished yet) until this evening, when a gift of snakes was brought in and I had to work on them like a madman until 8 p.m. However, though they interrupted my writing badly, there were two among them I haven't had before. One a female Trimeresurus mucrosquamatus, and one a small Colubride snake I haven't been able to place at all. Another grand day, and very hot. Jane is getting more and more frisky now, and really likes being petted, bless her heart. I think her eyes ought to open soon, and when they do I think she'll be a bit of a handful. At intervals she gets tired of her pocket, and insists on sleeping in my hand. Thakpa has now been starving for two days, on account of a swarm of tapeworms which are molesting him. To night he had a dose of salts, and to-morrow I shall dose him with male fern & more salts. Maran Ying too has followed the prevailing fashion and had his hair cut off.

Pangrandim. Saturday. August 6th 1938. Min 71.5 Max 88° B(6am) 26.54 B(6pm) 26.36

At 5.30 am the sky was covered, in the western half, by light, and in the eastern, by heavy strato clouds. Wind S.W.1. By 8 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear, the remaining half being covered with very light strato and strato-cumulus. Conditions remained unchanged until 1 p.m when the wind increased to S.W 2-3, dying away to S.W 1 at 4 p.m. At 6 p.m strato clouds began to come over, and by 7.30 p.m the sky was entirely obscured.

Hospital at 7 a.m, but only one patient to-day — a youth with a very nasty cut on his shin which had been bleeding all night and was still going strong. It was too late to stitch it, but I put on a tourniquet and

dressed it, and we'll see how it is to-morrow. Then work on reptiles & insects all day until about 5 p.m., when I wrote to Mother, as our dak goes in the morning. Lewa has got a slight go of fever, but he had the gumption to let me know in time and so we will soon have him fit again. And to-day I gave Thakpa 180 minims of Male Fern and a dose of salts, which has quite shattered him — but also, I believe, shattered the worms. Tony was more incapable than usual to-day, and as a result I am feeling rather disgruntled, as it only means that I have to do his jobs for him apart from my own. That is, apart from the skinning, at which he does do some work. Jane very fit and well, in spite of having twice fallen from my pocket onto the floor with a thud. I'm sure her eyes will open to-morrow. Breakfast of chicken omelette and fried potatoes. Dinner of Oxsoup, vegetable curry, and jam tarts. Wrote to Mother, Nihal Chand & Durrant.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, August 7th 1938. Min 72°.5 Max 86° B (6am) 26.50 B (6pm) 26.36

At 5.30 a.m. steady rain was falling, and the valley was filled with mist. At 6.15 a.m. the rain ceased and the mist started to rise. Wind nil. Until 1 p.m. the sky remained completely covered with stratus clouds, mingled with patches of light nimbus, and there were constant showers on the sides of the valley and from 1 mile upstream onwards, though no rain fell at Pangnamdim. At 1 p.m. a S.W. wind arose, force 1, and by 1.30 p.m. the sky was 4/10 clear — the remaining 6/10 being light stratus or light nimbus. At 3 p.m. there was a short shower, lasting twenty minutes, and after 6 p.m. the sky became completely covered with heavy stratus clouds. Wind S.W. 1. A dreadful tragedy has occurred. I woke up suddenly this morning at 4 a.m., and for no apparent reason felt to see if Jane was all right in my pocket. She wasn't there, and with a sinking heart I hurriedly explored the bed, and found the poor little thing dead under the small of my back. She must have woken up and clambered out of the pocket to find my hand — according to her custom — slipped off onto the sheet, and gone to sleep against my back. Then I turned over and she was finished. I'm really upset about it. She was an absolute darling, and I had been looking forward so much to seeing her grow up and having her with me as a constant companion. Hospital again this morning, but only the two men with places on their legs. After

that I seemed to spend the whole day sewing up snakes in their shrouds and pickling frogs. I was at it till nearly 6 p.m anyway, and was just going to develope a film (because I've got four to develope now) when another specimen of a Colubride snake, which I first saw two days ago, was brought it. It's got me completely baffled; but it's too much to hope that it's new. Tony was busy skinning most of the day, and went out dissecting this evening, getting quite a good collection of flies & wasps. I sent off my letters (including a note of Congratulation to Francis Fairbrace) and a big order for stores this morning. The runner will get to Putao on the 10th evening, and we might to get our stores about the 20th. Lewa is better to-day, but I kept him in bed, and'll see how he is to-morrow. I've been feeling rather below par myself for the last couple of days, with incipient headache and generally under the weather. It probably means I've got fever coming on myself. I did a sketch of a lizard to-day, and have got the film drier put up. It looks very good. Breakfast Scrambled eggs & mashed potato. Dinner was a tremendous feast, because, with ill-advised Enthusiasm, Chetuk opened not only a tin of ham,

but me of baked beans as well, making a composite dish with mashed potato and raw onion-and-chillie salad. It was followed by a boiled 'Mixie Pudding'.

Pangnamdim. Monday. August 8th 1938. Min 71·5 Max 79° B(6am) 26.51 B(6pm) 26.44.

From 5·30 a.m on the valley was full of mist, and rain fell throughout the day — mainly moderately heavy, but very heavy from noon until 3 p.m. It was not until 9 p.m that it stopped raining. No apparent wind.

The fine spell broke to-day with a vengeance, which was a pity as to-day was set aside for developing the 4 films I had on hand before they went bad on me. Apart from a short period dressing the two Legs (which are both getting on well), and another while the Opthochrom Tank was drying, which I spent in typing out the list of specimens up to-date, I was at it from morning till night. The Agfa Tank was very good for one film (though a good bit more trouble than the other), but in the second the film-guide suddenly broke and I lost half of it. I continued with the Opthochrom after that, which worked as well as ever. It's a slow business though, in any case, and not even the first film has shown any signs of setting dry by to-night. They are all four in the shroud, which is

a great success. Joan can consider it as one of her triumphs. Leon is getting on, but he still had a temperature of over 100° this morning, so he has stayed in bed, and I have gone on dosing him with Quinine Di-hydrochloride — 20 grs a day. Every one else fit and well. A grand yellow toad was brought in this evening, but I haven't done anything about it yet as I want to sketch it. The roof leaked again last night, but not unduly — all the same it will be good to move into our new home. That's going to be ready in about 4 days now. Tony spent the day skinning, quite effectively, and neither of us went out at all. Breakfast of a fried egg & chips: dinner of potato curry and the remains of yesterday's mince pudding, preceded by Maggi Mushroom. Very good, but I overate myself most firmly.

Pangrandim. Tuesday, August 9th 1938. Min 70° Max 84° B/(6am) 26.51 B/(6pm) 26.45.

At 5.30 a.m the valley was entirely filled with mist, and a heavy drizzle was falling; wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until 11 a.m when the mist began to rise. At 2 p.m the rain stopped, and from 2.15 pm till 3 pm the sky was covered with light shatus cloud, and there was even diffuse sunlight in the valley. At 2.30 p.m a S.W wind arose, force 1, and by 3 p.m heavy shatus clouds were beginning to come over. By 4 p.m the sky was wholly covered; wind S.W.1.

Work on the toad and packing snakes & lizards this morning; work on that accursed article this afternoon, till 5, and then cutting up and packing the films which were just about dry & no more. However, in spite of their 24 hours & more in the shroud, there wasn't a speck of dust on one of them, and that is a great tribute to the excellence of the idea. It was just as well I did sketch that toad, for a few minutes after he was killed he turned from a bright, but dark yellow to a muddy sepia. A lizard I put into a tin last night to keep till I had time to pickle her, had laid an egg by this morning — for lack of anything better to do, I imagine. I kept her till this evening in hopes that she would lay another, but she failed. All the same, by a Caesarian Operation I have collected 8 eggs from her and am going to see if they hatch out. Perfect little eggs, like miniature hens eggs to look at, but only a

short loaf inch in length. Incidentally it is still only Martha the hen who is laying, and I am rapidly losing patience with her sisters. They had better buck up before it is too late. I went to see our new house this evening, just before it got dark. It's absolutely palatial, and we will move in the day after to-morrow, all being well, as now there are only a few small jobs which remain to be done. I have bagged the room which looks over the river. It is smaller than Tony's, because they found that if they made them the same size the main pillars would come right in the middle of the passage, so they added 4 feet to one room + took it off the other. It's really fine, and my idea of a covered way from the kitchen to the servants' quarters is good too. I'm very pleased and am looking forward to moving in, though it's still a bit damp + mess. Lewa is still better and did some work to-day, but he hasn't quite got rid of his temperature yet. As usual, hospital in the morning, but no new patients. Only the two boys. I have got some sort of ringworm on my right foot. It didn't respond to permolene, so I am persevering with iodine now. Tony did more skinning to-day. No snakes came in, but one more Calottes — the same as all the others.

Pangrandumi. Wednesday August 10th 1938. Min 70° Max 85.5 B(6am) 26.52 B(6 p.m.) 26.47.

At 5.30 a.m the valley was filled with mist, and light rain was falling: wind nil. By 8 am the rain had stopped, and the mist was beginning to rise very slowly. At 11 a.m the sky was covered with light strato clouds. At 1 p.m a west wind arose, force 1, and by 2.30 p.m the sky was 5/10 clear. The remaining 5/10 being light strato as before. Conditions remained the same until 6 p.m, when small quantities of strato cumulus began to come over. By 8 p.m the sky was 7/10 covered with this; wind W/1.

Hospital, insects + reptiles all the morning, with that accursed article weighing more and more heavily on me. Our mail runner arrived this afternoon, however, and among others was a letter from Sir Percy to say that owing to the slump Newnes was having to cut down a good number of the articles, and that neither "Modern Explorers in Central Asia" nor "Huc + Gabet" would be wanted any longer — though they would be paid for, as having been commissioned. That they would feel like me on my own journey, but that if it was going to be an awful nuisance I need not bother about it

and that is only a tactful way of saying that they don't really want that either. I feel years younger, quite literally, and know that my collecting luck will improve now that I haven't got a gnawing responsibility at the back of my mind. It's so exactly what I have been longing for, that I should think it's certainly been arranged — bless their hearts. Lewa & K.B went out dissecting ~~to-night~~ this afternoon, down by our new house, and found the most colossal spider in a heap of dead wood. The image of the one I saw at Sumtsangtap, and a good 5" across the legs, which are as thick as knitting needles all the way down and bristly. A frightful black, furry body completes this horror, and K.B actually caught it in his bare hand — having not only more courage, but a great deal more stupidity than I. All spiders are poisonous, and these big ones, which can easily bite through a man's skin, can be very dangerous. Fortunately they can only bite downwards, however, and can be caught by jabbing a handkerchief onto them from above. I have nothing big enough to hold him at the moment, and he has had to go into one of the snake jars, where he now reposes — bloated and hideous. The house was finished to-day, and we move in to-morrow. I paid a total of Rs 192/- for everything (Rs 50/- for the house; Rs 20/- for the kitchen; Rs 30/- for the servants quarters; Rs 20/- for two latrines; Rs 12/- for the covered passage; Rs 20/- for the stones' shed; Rs 25/- backsheesh for house; Rs 15/- backsheesh for the party who built the servants quarters etc; Rs 10/- for the kitchen party) which I consider was more than fair, but needless to say some of them complained that it was not enough, and the house party even sent back their pay with a message to that effect. I told them to complain to de Glanville if they thought I was doing them and I would abide by what he said; but seeing that their bluff had failed, they took back the money and went quite happily off. Another T. mucrosquamatus was brought in to-day, a male this time, God be thanked, and of unprecedented size. But I wish that some little assorted snakes would come in now and then. I haven't had much of a selection yet. I spent a few minutes weeding and labelling my negatives and have finally preserved 24 good ones. There's no point in keeping anything which isn't up to standard.

Breakfast omelette; dinner rissoles (alias 'Alu Chaw') and golden Syrup-Bread Pudding. Coffee too.

Pangnamdim. Thursday August 11th Min 72° Max 87° B(6am) 26.54 B(6pm) 26.38.

At 5.30 a.m the valley was filled with mist, but no rain was falling: wind nil. After 7 a.m the mist began to rise, and by 10 a.m the sky was 5/10 covered with very light stratus cloud. At 1 p.m a west wind arose, force 2-3, and this continued until 2.30 p.m, when it died down to force 1. At 6 p.m stratus cloud began to come over, and by 7 p.m the sky was wholly covered with a thin and very patchy layer. Wind W1. Conditions unchanged as late as 9.30 p.m. We had a great move to day (in fact the great Trek), starting at about 7 a.m with packing, and being entirely installed in the Mansion by 1.15 p.m, with the wireless aerial up, the fire lit and everything arranged. A triumph of efficiency on everybody's part except Howey's. True to his principles he didn't do a stroke — quite literally — the whole day long, except to pack his own box. He sat comfortably by, reading the Daily Mirror both at the old house and here, while all the rest of us were working hard, leaving me to pack up all the collecting gear, and unpack it; take down the ant proof shelves and re-erect them; see to the stacking and arranging of all the stores boxes; see to the stuffed specimens and the skulls; see that a window was made in the cookhouse; that the zoo was re-built for Theophrastus; that the wireless mast was erected (and taken down, incidentally); and a hundred other things. I have now lost patience, and am doing my best to persuade myself that I'm alone, neither noticing him nor speaking to him. There's no room for a chap like that in this sort of life. He needs a nurse, and a good spanking and my opinion of his parents has gone down to rock-bottom. They must have spoilt him from the day he was born. Otherwise everything is grand. There's room at last for all the bottles + books and I can keep things neat. We have a room each, so that I need see very little of Howey. I've got a table of my own; the servants are well fixed; and best of all it's my own house — the first I've ever had! I don't count Howey as part owner. He had nothing to do with the design or anything else — not even the moving in! I took a couple of photos of it just after 1 o'clock, and then got down to those Tibetan names, finishing P (which I'd started with Erik & Elsa) and R as well. It's the most wonderful relief not to have those articles to do! Breakfast of the remains of the alu Chams! Dinner of Curried Eggs & a most amazingly doughy pudding — heavy as lead! The eggs (10 of them & 2 hens) were a

present from my ex-interpreter, who has come back with the Taung Ok of this district — the same one we met at Tasa Hkru. He is off up the valley to see about the road, the day after to-morrow. The wireless was working well to-night. I got Russia, Java, Manila, Tokio, China and Germany all at good strength. I've temporarily lost my wireless book though, so I don't know what most of the stations were. The Taung Ok brought back Rs 6/- which had been handed over to him by two of my ex-coolies, whom I had somehow overpaid! I can scarcely imagine that happening with the coolie class in England, but then we're civilized.

Pangnamdim. Friday, August 12th 1938. Min 71° Max 87° B/(6a.m) 26.54 B/(6p.m) 26.30

At 5.30 a.m the sky was covered with light nimbus cloud, down to 5000', and a moderate rain was falling. The rain stopped at 10 a.m, and by 11 a.m the sky was 7/10 covered with light stratus clouds, and there was some Cumulus low on the horizon to the east and south. Conditions remained unchanged till 2 p.m when a west wind arose, force 2-3, blowing until 4.30 p.m, when it decreased in strength to force 1. At 6 p.m fresh stratus cloud began to come over, and by 7.30 p.m the sky was wholly covered. Wind W 1.

No hospital either yesterday or to-day, except that this morning I gave the Taung ok some aspirin & cough mixture, and a small bottle of Eucalyptus this afternoon. Packed insects early in the morning; then sewed up snakes; and finally put my whole consignment of 72 into a kerosine tin for shipment. Soldering it down was the devil, as, in the first place, I'm not a very good hand at the job; and, in the second, spirit persisted in bubbling out every time I put the iron on, and soaking everything. Then a leak appeared at the bottom corner, and altogether it took more than an hour to do. But now at last it's done, and all is well. It will have to wait though until another is filled, I think, as I don't yet see how to pack one singly. Two are easy. Various specimens of frogs, lizards & crabs were brought in, but none of any interest, so I gave them their freedom, by dropping them out of the window. The frogs and lizards made off at once, but the avalanche had drawn the attention of one of the hens, who hastened up just as a crab (about 3½ inches across the back) arrived on the ground. She took a cautious peck at one of its legs, and the crustacean, astounded, shuffled on a

few inches and awaited event. This emboldened the fowl, which stepped up and gave it another, firmer peck, at which the crab put itself into a position of defence, with raised claws. At the third peck, it caught the bird by the beak. There was a sound like a dozen hens being murdered, and the chicken ran as though a fox were at it's very tail feathers, while the victor quietly moved down hill towards the river. I gave the Taungtok a present of a Knife, a shaving glass & Rs 10/-. He was delighted and promised to do anything in his power for us, beginning with the repair of Tazungdaing Rest House, which we will use this autumn for a while.

I have mislaid my wireless book, which is a damned nuisance. I can only imagine I must have left it at Fort Hertz somehow, as I haven't had it out since then. I started a letter to William this afternoon and did one or two odd jobs. I'm going up the valley to morrow for exercise and collecting. Breakfast of fried egg, bacon & chips. Dinner of tame potato pie (the ham has tasted marvellously) and fried green-pigeon, the latter being brought in by a Naung as a specimen. I haven't heard any round here, but this proves that there are a few at least. The roof of the servants' hut leaked badly last night, so I rallied the builders and told them to make it good, without pay, which they did uncomplaining.

Pangnandin. Saturday August 13th 1938. Min 69° Max 87° B/(6am) 26.55 B/(6pm) 26.46.

At 5.30 a.m the sky was covered with light stratus cloud, and there was some mist in the valley. Wind nil. After 8 a.m the clouds began to thin, and by 10 a.m the sky was 7/10 covered with light stratus and cumulus cloud. At 1 p.m a west wind arose, force 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 7 p.m when the wind dropped to force 1. After 9.30 p.m nimbus clouds began to come over in small quantities and there was some thunder, but no rain up till 10.30 p.m

No hospital, owing to lack of patients. Another hen has started to lay, (which is just as well because Martha is taking a rest) but all the same, having acquired another cock the day before yesterday, we ate the original to night, as I did not believe he was trying! A lot of work on insects this morning, and then an awful sweat filling the 8 inch H.T. batteries for the wireless, as I felt that the old one was probably a bit run down. It's definitely improved reception, but I'm awfully stuck by not knowing where I am as regards wave lengths. I only hope I did leave the book in Durant's place, and that he's found it. I sat about

a dozen stations at food strength tonight, so I ought to be able to raise a Kine signal from one of them. I was busy till nearly half past one, and then I went out with Lewa, Kyipa + K.B insecting over the river. We turned up stream for about half a mile and then climbed into a little valley with very thick jungle. We didn't get very much, and mostly aquatic insects at that, but what we did collect was good stuff, and especially some Daddy Long Legs. Then back and more work, until 8 p.m., putting our day's collection to rights. A shot Partridge (I think Arrakan) was brought in today. Like yesterday's green pigeon, we ate it thankfully, but we stuffed the skin as well, so it did double duty. Lewa is an old dear. While I'm having my bath, he takes the greatest pride in warming my pyjama jacket for me at the fire; but I notice that it gets more smoked than warmed, for with streaming eyes and aerated head he always holds it bang in the middle of the fumes; and the same applies to my shirt in the mornings! These Kha[illegible] (Darus) are perfect marvels with their cross bows, and they bring in birds about the size of crows neatly transfixed with a little 9" arrow, feathered with a piece of dried leaf. Birds like that are shot sitting, of course, but I've met several people who couldn't hit a sitting bird with a shotgun, let alone a bow. Like true hunters, whether with or without a gun, they make certain of their shot by stalking the quarry till they are within about 10 yards. Then a sudden loud twang, and a bird or squirrel drops from a tree, and silently the Daru moves off through the jungle. In large game, such as sambur, they use poisoned arrows (aconite) as they can't be sure that the arrow will go deep enough to reach a vital spot. The poison is very quickly fatal, and when they come up with the beast they cut out a piece of flesh about 2" in diameter and the same deep just around the wound and eat the rest. They must be inured to it, however, for if Europeans take some of the meat it invariably makes them very ill — and that applies to natives who don't use aconite as well. They poison fish very often with some sort of plant, (walnut leaves, pounded up) and in that case most of the poison becomes concentrated in the roes and one can eat the flesh. Talking of guns, I've just had the most perfect false alarm. The servants went to bed some time ago, and suddenly Nyunia Tindrup + Chetuk (who sleeps in the kitchen) burned into my room in a great state to say that there was a panther close to our latrine. Mr. T had been woken by it coughing and roaring, so he said. I loaded a rifle and went into the steps with

a torch, while the two clustered nervously behind. I shone the beam slowly round, and suddenly a pair of gleaming red eyes shone out of the darkness, not twenty yards off, looking as big as saucers. I trained the light on the beast a bit better to give me a fair shot, and found it was a Mythun miserably wandering by itself. N.T. & Chetuk much embarrassed, but I promised I wouldn't tell Lewa! Breakfast poached eggs & bacon; dinner roast cock and pumpkin with roast potatoes, preceded by dhal soup and followed by fried partridge.

Pangnamdim. Sunday August 14th 1938. Min 71° Max 88° B(6am) 26.58 B(6pm) 26.48.

Rain began to fall steadily, and fairly heavily, at 11 p.m last night, and it continued throughout the night. At 5.30 a.m it was still raining and the valley was filled with mist down to 3500 feet. Wind S.W 2. By 6 a.m the rain had stopped, and by 8 a.m the mist had vanished and the clouds were thinning. By 9 a.m the sky was 5/10 covered with very light stratus clouds, and at 10 a.m it was almost cloudless, with a few cumulus clouds to the east. At 4 p.m light stratus clouds began to come over, and by 6 p.m the sky was 5/10 covered. Wind S.W 2. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

Packing our yesterdays haul of insects took me some time this morning, but at 10 a.m Lewa, K.B, Lhakpa, Maran Yong and I set out and climbed up about 1500 feet above the left bank of the river. The path was very steep, and the day was fearfully hot, but it was good fun all the same. The Pangnamdim fields stretch to about 2000' above the village, with rice, maize and at least three kinds of yam all growing together on the hillside, without any terraces. I began botany to-day and collected a lot of weeds & things for the Museum. Insecting was very difficult owing to the length of the grass and we didn't get much; but returning at 3 p.m I had tea and a cold bath, without wasting much time, and was then kept hard at it packing the plants until 8.30 when we had dinner. A huge specimen of the unknown Elaphe(?) was brought in this evening — a male, nearly 6 feet long — and another Alsophylax. I'm relieved at their arrival, because I've had no specimens worth keeping since we moved house. Breakfast of an onion omelette: dinner of mock turtle soup, rissoles & pumpkin, and a savoury of onions in batter. I've begun on the Chindra (yesterday) and it is really excellent. I only wish I had some to send to John, as he liked it as much as I. No hospital to-day. The rain last night

came pouring through into my pillow, but I was able to devise a sloping roof by letting down one side of my sand fly net and putting a waterproof sheet on it. We were to have had the roof made double to-day, but nearly all the men were out digging roots, and by the time they came back it was too late. They patched up the obvious holes and are going to make a job of it to-morrow. A glorious moon is shining on the rapids in the river, and above the dense black silhouette of the hills stars are showing for the first time in weeks.

Pangnamdim Monday August 15th 1938. Min 71.5 Max 91° B(6am) 26.59 B(6pm) 26.42.

At 3 a.m it began to rain heavily. at 5.30 a.m it was still raining heavily, and the valley was full of mist. Wind force 1, blowing down the valley, but impossible to see the true direction, though probably S.W. By 7 a.m the rain had become a fine drizzle and the mist was beginning to rise. By 8 a.m the sky was wholly covered with very light stratus cloud, with some very thin patches through which Cirrus could be seen. Wind S.W 2. By 10 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with stratus. Conditions remained the same until 6 p.m when it began to cloud over again. By 8 p.m the sky was wholly covered with dense stratus. Wind SW 2.

A fine day, with a fair amount of sun, and pretty warm. Still no hospital, but to cheer me a male of the 'unknown' Colubride came in, and, better still, a water shrew of sorts for which I gave the fantastic price of As 8. Both were caught swimming in streams. I don't know whether the 8 annas have anything to do with it, but for the last two hours men (4) have been diligently scouring the jungle on the far bank of the river — their flaring, smoking torches a collection of disembodied lights, & possibly a Quadruple Drag with the L.N. God knows what they're been looking for, but I hope it's something for me! I was in all day, not having a heather until 3 owing mainly to those plants I left yesterday. I had no idea how long it took changing their papers while they're still damp and floppy. Most of the morning anyway, followed by insects, followed by reptiles. It rained again last night, but I was protected by a comic awning of 2 ground sheets put up by Lewa, and looking about twice as unsafe as B.C's famous contraption. But though it leaked everywhere else in the room, and Tony was washed out of his bed, mine was alright and never a drop fell on it. My sponge was delivered of a whelk shell this evening, about ½" long. At least it's a proof that the sponge is

genuine. I thought at first, when I felt it, that it was some ghastly beetle which had gone in for shelter and had been miserably drowned. Lena and K.B each got a fine collection of flies & wasps to-day, including four or five I'd been longing for, having previously only one specimen of each. Breakfast of fried eggs, bacon, and fried potatoes: dinner of dhal soup, potato pulao, and potato & onion patties as a savoury. I've taken to talking to N.T in Tibetan as much as I can these days, with frequent reference to a dictionary. I hope it bears fruit and I learn something. I fear Tony has more or less wrecked the shrew's tail by trying with might & main to pull out the bone and then half cutting it down; but it will probably be recognizable.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday August 16th. Min 71° Max 86.5 B(6am) 26.56 B(6pm) 26.58.

Rain began to fall heavily at 4 a.m and continued until 5 p.m with short intervals from noon till 1 p.m; 1.15 till 1.45 p.m; and 2.30 till 3 p.m. From dawn until 10 a.m the valley was filled with mist, and at no time during the day were the clouds (nimbus) higher than 4000 feet. Till 3 p.m the wind was S2; from 3 till 5 p.m S.3-4; and at 5 p.m it veered to the S.W, rapidly decreasing to force 2. The night sky is wholly covered with nimbus, and it is raining in the hills, but not in the valley. A wet day without so much as a glimpse of sun, but the glass is amazingly high, so I imagine we are in for a change of some sort. All indoor work to-day, and no hospital. Flowers and pinning some thirty wasps & flies took me till well on in the afternoon (from 6.30 a.m) and then nine insects came in, ex Lena & K.B. Otherwise not much news. The roof leaked again last night, but it just missed my bed, praise be; and as to-day has been so wet, it will be perfectly all right until the next sun. There are a couple of mythun, belonging to the village, which hang around here most days. Salt seems to be a favourite dish among Burmese ruminants, for the larger of the two has all but demolished a shirt and a pair of trousers belonging to Chetuk, which had been hanging up to dry! They are now very much like my pyjamas. Small flies, including a few sand flies, have turned up in swarms both last night and to-night, immolating themselves in thousands round the light, and generally being a damn nuisance. They get into one's food, drink, eyes, shirt, over one's book — everywhere. All the same, mosquitoes and blister-flies (though we have them both) are fewer than at the Rest House.

Horse flies are worse, though not many come into the house. That bastard Singh, in Myitkyina, has done us over the ghi we bought from him. It's been adulterated with Coconut milk, and though we can use it for cooking it's pretty poor stuff. Wireless working well, but still no Time Signals. Tony unpinned to-day, too, and actually volunteered to (and did) do a fair amount of work helping with the insects. As a result I feel happier about things.

Pangnandin. Wednesday August 17th Min 69° Max 76° B(6am) 26.62 B(6pm) 26.59.

At 5.30 a.m. light rain was falling steadily, and the valley was full of mist. Wind force 1, but impossible to tell direction. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, and to-night (8.30 p.m.) it is still raining.

A very wet, gloomy day. No hospital again. Work on flowers and insects, and late this afternoon I wrote to Bill, and started a letter to Sir Percy. Lewa & K.B built a massive (and rugged) chest to hold the tin of snakes, and then we spent some time packing the tin into it. I shall send it off with our best mark, and will pray to Heaven that it doesn't spring a leak on the way. Minute flies are very bad to-night, swarming round the light (and me) in clouds, and making writing very difficult. The servants swear that the two mythuns have brought them from the jungle, but not even a herd of mythun cried as well as this, however hard they tried. I set my Time Signal at last, from Singapore ex London. At 1400 hours G.M.T the chronometer was 7h 54m 13.4s fast. Talking of mythun, the beasts are wary, even of their owners, but they have a passion for salt, and it is by taking advantage of this that they are caught and led home. However, there being no salt in this valley, they are deluded by means of an old piece of bamboo (licked to a polish by countless mythun) which is carried about by the woman in charge of the beasts, so as to absorb as much sweat as possible. It works admirably, and on being presented to the creature, causes it to amble up and stand placidly licking while a cane noose is slipped round its neck.

To-day 2 Chinese came down the valley on their way back from the Adung Long, where they had been to collect lily roots. This makes a total of 11 I have seen already, and as they said that this year only about 20 had come over, and that there were still another four or five up the Adung, I think they were probably speaking the truth. Their route in is over the pass and down the Taron valley to Renam: then up the Nam Tamai. There lily

roots (which are found also, among other places, at Lungphuk and in Ngagong), fetch, they say, some Rs 5/- or Rs 6/- a seer when sold in China. The better quality are used as a base for dying fine silk, and from the inferior type a fever medicine is made which is said to be something like quinine. Rose two men had between them about 20 lb weight of bulbs, as far as I could judge, so that I think the price must be a good deal higher than they said, or it would not be worth their while to come 14 or 15 marches out, and the same back, to get them. I shall ask the next bunch we meet too, and see what they say. Breakfast to-day of dhal puris; dinner of Celery Soup, vegetable pie (mainly pumpkin & potato), and a savoury of fried potato-and-onion patties. I got the news too from Singapore at 8.15 L.M.T (relayed from London) but there was none to speak of.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, August 18th 1938. Min 68.5 Max 79° B(6am) 26.52 B(6pm) 26.41

It rained steadily all night, and at 5.30 a.m a light rain was still falling, and the valley was full of mist. No apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 4.45 p.m, when heavy rain began, and this has continued up to the present (9 p.m). Nyima Tindrup went down with a heavy bout of fever this morning, with a temperature of 103.8°, so I gave him an ~~intramuscular~~ intramuscular injection of .3 gm of Atebrin in 3 ccs, and by this evening he was down to 100.4°. I shall give him another to-morrow, and then, after three or four days, put him into a course of Quinoplasmoquine to clear the whole thing up. Everyone else is fit and well. Work on flowers, and reptiles only to-day, Tony doing the few insects. I did a sketch of a new lizard (also phyllax) this afternoon, and wrote more of a letter to Sir Percy. A chilly wet day. There is a white heron which has spent its time fishing from a sandy beach just over the river. I'm on the look out, and the first time it comes over it shall die, beautiful though it is. It will make a grand specimen. I sent Tewa to the village to-day to see if any of their pigs were for sale, but they weren't. They are kept strictly for sacrifice, they say. Small flies worse than ever to-night. I must to bed & get away from them.

Breakfast of scrambled eggs & mashed potato; dinner of dhal soup, 'head patties' (i.e. hollow cubes of fried bread filled with scrambled egg & onion), mashed potato & curried pumpkin; and a savoury of one of the birds Tony skinned to-day.

Pangnamdim. Friday. August 19th 1938. Min 69° Max 80° B(6am) 26.46 B(6pm) 26.40

It rained all night, and at 5.30 a.m it was still coming down lightly but steadily. The valley was full

of mist and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 4.30 p.m when heavy rain fell for an hour and a half, thereafter decreasing to moderately heavy. This has continued up till now (9 p.m).
We have now had unbroken rain for three days and nights, but it doesn't seem to affect the river very much. Normally it is about 2 feet higher than before the rain really began, but a sudden heavy fall, such as we had this afternoon, has a remarkable effect on it. It must have been even heavier up the valley than it was here, for I saw the river rise about 2 feet in little more than 5 minutes, and another foot in the next ten. Lots of work on flowers, and a biggish Trimeresurus (I think a variety of jerdonii, but the scale and ventral counts are a bit odd) was brought in, of which I made 2 sketches this afternoon — rather good ones, but they took me an awful long time. Nyima Töndrup is much better to-day, and I gave him his second injection at 2.30 p.m. This evening he only had a temperature of 100°, and now he will have no medicine for 3 days, before starting on Quinoplasmoquine. It doesn't agree with Atebrin — hence the interval.
By some error of judgment I entirely forgot to wind the clock or the chronometer last night. The former didn't matter, but it was a nuisance that the chronometer stopped as now I shall have to start rating it all over again. I got another W/T signal to-night from Singapore. At 1400 hs G.M.T the Chronometer was 2h. 27m. 47.9 s. fast. I am getting up early to-morrow and going after that white heron. It turns up about 6 a.m and perches on the east end of the beach opposite for a few minutes, before beginning to fish. If I start out about 5.30 I should just about be in time to catch him. I got a good haul of mosquito larvae to-day from the hens' drinking trough. I am breeding them out so as to get the corresponding mosquitoes as well. The pit viper had a nest of 6 eggs in a maize field. I opened one to measure the embryo (188 mm + still unpigmented) and am trying to hatch out the remaining five. I also did some mud grubbing with hands and ice axe, digging a drain to carry off some of the water from the passage roof. Breakfast of last night's savoury: dinner of Scotch broth, rissoles, and a kind of spinach, followed by potato and onion savoury.

Pangnamdim. Saturday August 20th 1938. Min 68° Max 80° B(6am) 26.48 B(6pm) 26.39

At 5 a.m. heavy rain was falling, and the valley was

full of mist. There was no apparent wind. At noon the rain diminished to a heavy drizzle, and at 4 p.m increased to light, steady. Since then Conditions have remained unchanged. Unbroken rain now for four days and nights, and the glass is lower than ever, so I imagine it will continue for a bit. I was up at 5 a.m. and set out with K.B at 5.30 to get that heron (or rather egret, as it turns out to be). The path was difficult in the half light, and we both fell several times, but we got into position on the edge of the beach (there was hardly any above water, as the river was 4 feet higher than last night) in some bushes. Punctually at 6 a.m the egret came up the river; K.B gave me a sharp cluck of warning; and I got him as he landed. It has made a good skin, and we had the rest of him curried for dinner. Chetuk went down with fever late last night apparently, and has not been at all well to-day, so I gave him an intramuscular atebrin, and calomel to-night; and N.T still has a temperature, so I have continued the atebrin course (oral) with him, instead of giving him a rest for a few days as I had meant. Work on flowers this morning and until 4 p.m; then 2 snakes were brought in (an elapine of sorts, and an Oligodon herbeti); and at about 6 p.m our stores arrived from Putao, with a small mail and a summons for Kyipa to attend David's trial as a witness on the 30th. Perfectly useless, as Kyipa does not even pretend to have been an eye-witness; but David insists on having him, so up he has to go. Anyway he will be able to bring back more stores of rice and things when he returns. The only thing is, it will delay our start up the Taron a good deal, but that can't be helped. Besides, two men are sick, and all this rain would make travel damned unpleasant. Kyipa goes off to-morrow morning, taking with him the tin of reptiles; and I must get up at 5 again to write some urgent letters. Durant sent the wireless book, and I have found the lost thermometer (with my tooth picks!) so all is well. The headman of the village came along to-day (rather a cheery soul — we know him quite well) to say that as the village had not yet given us any present suitable to our importance, they had decided on a pig — one of the swine, incidentally, they would not sell. If we would accept it, would I lend them my 12 Bore to kill it with, as it was beyond the power of man to catch. I did so most gratefully

and more especialey as he said he cowd manage a shot gun, though a rifle was outside his competensies. I sent K.B to see that all was well, and at length he returned, bubbling with laughter, to say that the headman had missed the hog at ten yards with both barells, greatly to his consternation, and that he himself had finally done the execution. It was impressed on me that the pig was a present, so I was equally insistent that the Rs 8/- I handed out were also a present, and the headman was delighted.

Pangnamdim. Sunday August 21st 1938. Min 69° Max 86.5° B(6 am) 26.47 B(6 pm) 26.36.

At 5 a.m a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was full of mist. No apparent wind. At 6 a.m the drizzle stopped, ~~10 a.m the mist began~~ and at 10. a.m the mist began to rise slowly. By noon the sky was 5/10 clear, the remaining five tenths being covered with light cirrhus and cumulus clouds, with heavy nimbus clouds low over the hills to the west. By 2 p.m the sky was 9/10 clear, 1/10 light cirrhus, and there was a S.W wind force 2. At 8 p.m nimbus clouds began to come over in small quantities, and light rain began at 9.30 p.m. Wind SW 2.

A fine day, which makes me realize more than ever that this is a most comic valley. On the 17th, when the glass was at its highest point it was a filthy day; and now, when it is at its lowest, we have sun and blue sky. A different sort of day in other ways too, for in the first place my ex-interpreter (1935) shot a bear cub some five miles above Pangnamdim, on the path, and presented me with the skin. It had been shot with a 12-bore about 4 times, so the skin is far from first class, and there was a good deal of sewing up to be done before K.B and I could begin paring off fat, skinning out the ears and feet, and rubbing in Burnt alum + Saltpetre. It was probably the fattest bear that had ever been seen, and the two of us were hard at work on it from about 9 a.m till after 5 (with no intervals) of which about an hour was taken up with re-stretching the skin so that it was straight, and putting on new cane strips. It's drying in my room now, and a rich smell of bear pervades the whole place. Secondly I saw some bats this evening flying around the house, and managed to shoot 2 of them (both different, and new to us) with my 4" and my 6" shot. I had 3 more shots after that, but the light was getting very bad and I didn't send. It's astonishingly good practice, and I shall keep it up

on fine evenings. I was up at 5 a.m to write letters to Durrant, de Glanville, the Doctor, Dudrow, and Mrs. Cook before Kyipa and the snake tin went off to Putao. The tin is being shared by two coolies, as they want to double march there. I expect Kyipa back on the 7th with some more rice and a tin of ~~kerosine~~ mustard oil. Nyima Tondrup is now fit again, so I shall give him his interval from to-day before starting plasmo-quine; and Chetuk had his second injection — given with the new syringe which arrived yesterday and is much better than the ones I had already. The Taung Ok looked in to pay his respects before going back to Putao. He says the Pangnamdim Taung Ok is due here in a few days. My ex-interpreter is his assistant.

Breakfast of liver, fried onions & chipped potatoes; dinner of pig's head soup, pork goulash, and jam tarts. I am very tired to-night, as both yesterday & to-day I have been at it for 18 hours.

Pangnamdim. Monday, August 22nd 1938. Min 70° Max 88° B(6am) 26.50 B(6pm) 26.44

At 5.30 a.m a light rain was falling, and the valley was full of mist. No wind. By 6.30 a.m the rain had stopped, and by 7 a.m the mist was beginning to rise and a faint sun was shining through. By 8 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with light stratus clouds, and there was a S.W wind, force 2. By 10 a.m the sky was cloudless except for a few wisps of very light stratus. At 2 p.m the wind increased to force 3, with occasional gusts of force 4, but died down again to force 2 shortly after 4 p.m. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. The night is cloudless; wind S.W 2. I had no time to do any flowers yesterday, but they were none the worse and I got down to them again. Then re-furbishing of the bear skin, which is beginning to dry quite well, followed by sewing of snakes into shrouds — the latter taking a long time. Then I dealt with 2 frogs and a small Natrix nuchalis, and finished up by doing the few insects we had on hand. All this rain has rather interrupted insect collecting, but we'll get down to it again now that it's clearing up. This evening I had shooting practice at the swallows, without hitting any, and then collected 3 more bats. There's no doubt about it, it's improving my shooting a lot and though I'm not good, I'm a lot better than I was already. The Khanung girls have a charming way of putting tassels of very green, broad leaved grasses into their ears, with the leaves pointing forward. It looks perfectly delightful, and I must take photos of them. Chetuk much better, but

he complains of pain in the small of his back, which may be either lumbago or rheumatism. Hoping it's the latter I am dosing him with Sodium Salicylate & Potassium Iodide. Nyima Tondrup is back to work.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, August 23rd 1938. Min 69° Max 90° B(6am) 26.47 B(6pm) 26.42.

At 5.30 a.m the valley was filled with a light mist, and there was no wind. The mist began to rise shortly after 6.30 a.m, and by 7.15 a.m had vanished, the sky being almost entirely covered with very light stratus clouds. By 8 a.m the sky was cloudless, and there was a S.W wind, force 2. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, and the night is cloudless (10 p.m) wind S.W. 2.

Lhakpa, I believe, really is lacking in intellect. This morning Levoa told me that he (Lhakpa) was not feeling fit, but would not come to me himself to tell me, as he was afraid! God knows what there is to be afraid of in me. A milder man never stepped. But there it was, and when I asked how long he had been feeling ill, he said 4 days, at which I rent him, telling him, among other things, that if he didn't come to me at once, another time, I would pack him off to Darjeeling to join Pasang. I gave him a Quinine injection too, to learn him. It's not nearly so comfortable an affair as an atebrin one. Silly damn fool, it will probably take him a couple of weeks to get cured now, and give me the hell of a lot of trouble. Having dealt with him, I spent sometime removing the old skin of a handsome Japalura which was brought in last night. It took about 3/4 hour to do; and after that I spent sometime in making it's portrait, before pickling it. In the middle, two Yunnanese came along with a large cat (or perhaps marten) skin, and to have some doctoring for a deep cut in the sole of a foot. While I was doing the foot, I asked about their work in the Adung Long, and they were very truthful in telling me what was what. They said that the lily bulbs were sold in China at a price which varies from Rs 10/- to Rs 15/- (in a year of glut) or Rs 25/- to Rs 30/- (in a year of scarcity) per seer. Occasionally the price rises even higher, and they had known it more than Rs. 50/- a seer. The bulbs are dried well, ground to a fine powder, and drunk (a pinch at a time) in hot chicken broth as a cure for coughs and fever. They said that in a good year like this each man with any capital would buy as much as 80 seers of the bulbs from the people in the Adung Long — the others as much as they could afford from 20 seers or so up; and

This is a staggering figure. Fletcher said that although only some twenty odd Yünnanese come over the passes, down the Taron and up the Nam Tamai, in a year, more than three hundred either go up the Taron and so into the Adung Tong, or cross the two watersheds from the Salween. These latter traders (the 300) do not descend far into the valley but remain high in the alpine meadows and have the bulls brought to them there. I was a little doubtful about the 80 cents business, but sure enough they had 2 coolies each for their bulls with them (which means 60 cents apiece anyway) and they said they had sent some in advance. After the Japalua was done I did the flowers, and then wrote a letter to Major Barton asking him to get the I.G.I. Maymyo to send me a few maps I need and a Field Graticule Sheet, and to try and get me a couple of pairs of English army boots size 5, for Chetwyk. The boots they supply to the Military Police, made in Burma, are so earthly good. I think they're made of paper, and anyway if there's any rain they come to pieces in one march. That done I started to write out the Route Report from Putao here to send with the letter, and had very nearly finished it when the light went. What was my surprise and joy at that moment to see a new Jane brought in — possibly slightly larger than the old, but still with her eyes not open. I'm taking no risks with her (she is called Janetoo) and she is pinned into my pocket at night. She refused to have anything to do with milk from a spoon, but in the end I made the top of a fountain pen filler into a teat; and though it was much too big to go into her mouth, if I squeeze it so that milk dribbles through she sucks away quite happily on the extreme tip. She's comically like the first Jane, with the same mannerisms and the same predilection for sleeping in my hand. I seem to have had luck with my pyjamas. First it was a cow, and now a beetle, which I found sitting on my arm energetically chewing chunks out of my sleeve. I discouraged him.

Pangrandim. Wednesday, August 24th 1938. Min 70° Max 90° B(am)26.52 B/(pm)26.48

At 2 a.m. steady and moderately heavy rain began to fall, and this continued until shortly after 5 a.m. when it diminished to a heavy drizzle. At this time there was no wind, and the valley was full of mist. By 6 a.m. the drizzle had ceased and the mist was beginning to rise. By 7.30 a.m. the mist had vanished and the sky was wholly covered with moderate shafts

cloud. at 8 am a SW wind arose, force 2, and by 8.30 a.m the sky was almost cloudless. Conditions remained unchanged for the rest of the day. The night is cloudless (9 p.m); wind S.W. 2. The rain it all came in, it did, but unfortunately, by missing my bed, it did not impress me with the full gravity of the situation. I got up at 2 a.m to see if anything was getting wet except the floor: it was not, so I went back to bed and to sleep. By 5.30 half a dozen boots were very wet, and a good many other things, and the floor (which is covered with ground sheets as a pathetic substitute for carpets) was more or less awash. The result was I was an hour and a half late for breakfast, and this put me out of my stride to such an extent that I couldn't properly get down to work and had a very slack day in consequence. However a Trimeresurus monticola was brought in — the first we have had so far, though I got several in 1935 — and another Draco, the same species as before. I did them; gave Hakpa another quinine injection; wrote a short word about Chinese & Tibetans coming into this part of Burma; wrote to A.H. Lander; and started a letter to Bill. This evening I did a little injecting with the screen, but there wasn't much to be had. Like the parrot in 'The Ghost Train', Theophrastus has proved himself to be a female by laying a lovely white egg (50x26 mm), and from now on must be called Theophrasta. I only wish our hens were doing their duty as well as she! Jane is flourishing and now drinks from a spoon like a little lady. She is very talkative and squeaks & chirrups loudly whenever she wants anything. I hope her eyes open soon, because then she'll be even more fun. Tony has a headache this evening, but no temperature, so I expect he is just a bit below par, and nothing worse.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, August 25th 1938. Min 71° Max 83° B(6a.m)26.52 B(6p.m)26.52

at 5.30 a.m the valley was filled with mist, and there was a slight drizzle falling, which ceased about 7 a.m. No apparent wind. At 7 a.m the mist began to rise, and by 9 a.m it was lying across the top of the valley at about 6500 feet. At 9.30 a.m. a S.W wind arose, force 2; the mist was blown away, and after a very short period of almost clear sky, heavy humbus clouds came over. At 10.15 a heavy rainstorm broke and there was some distant thunder. At 11.30 a.m the rain became light, and stopped altogether (in

the valley, at 12.30 p.m., although it continued to rain on the hills, and the sky was still covered with nimbus cloud. Between 2 p.m. and 2.45 p.m. there was another fairly heavy shower; and at 6 p.m. the sky began to clear. By 6.30 p.m. it was cloudless, and so it has remained up till now (10 p.m.). Wind S.W.2.

Thakpa is better to-day, with practically no temperature, and I am putting him on a course of Quinine Dihydrochloride, 20 grs a day. The first job, of course, in the morning, is to give Jane her milk — a proceeding of which she thoroughly approves — but as yet she is not a very clean feeder. In her anxiety to get it down as fast as possible, she splashes it all over herself and me, but she seems to enjoy herself, and she knows perfectly well when she's had enough. And that is more than most young men can say! She's growing up fast, and to-day opened her left eye, while the right remains obstinately shut and gives her a most rakish appearance. After Thakpa came flowers; then sewing up snakes; then dealing with yesterday's Oligodon; then writing to Bill and old J.M.H. (who, I thought, might like a letter); and finally a bat shoot. Bats weren't plentiful though, and I only got one, out of three shots. This evening, during dinner, a Rana sp. frog (Piscator?) was brought in with a small frog in its mouth. When I picked it up, it managed to disgorge it with a fearful effort, but only because it had not yet begun to swallow it and only the head was in its mouth. The roof leaked in two places to-day, during the rain; but leaves are plentiful, and it was soon put right. All the same I must get it thatched this cold weather. In the last three nights (just as we saw before, on the other side of the river) men have been scouring this bank with flaring torches. It turns out they are hunting, not for fish, but for frogs, which are much esteemed in this part; and not only the legs — everything barring the guts! Breakfast: half the partridge they shot yesterday, with 2 fried eggs: dinner: chicken soup; roast chicken with roast potatoes & fried onions; and a chicken liver savoury. We also had part of a cake to-day. It didn't look up to much, owing to the flour not being of the best, but it tasted very good indeed. We used dried eggs in it too — or rather Chetuk did.

Pangrandun. Friday, August 26th 1938. Min 69° Max 89° B(6am) 26.51 B(6pm) 26.41

At 5.30 am the valley was filled with mist, and there was no apparent wind. By 7.30 a.m. the mist was

beginning to rise, and by 9 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with very light stratus + cirro stratus clouds. By noon the cirro-stratus clouds had disappeared, and a S.W wind had arisen, force 2, bringing over small quantities of cumulus in the eastern half of the sky. Conditions remained unchanged until 4 p.m, shortly after which the sky became cloudless. The night (up till 9 p.m) is cloudless. Wind S.W 2.

Thakpa had no temperature to-day, and I think will be able to get up to-morrow without a doubt. Otherwise no doctoring. Several Oligodon taeniatus were brought in to-day: I think a fourth variety (if not species) of Japalura; and the Natrix which I take to be tessellata. also some squirrel and civet skins. I was at work on the snakes for some time: on some flowers; and I started a letter to Joan (long overdue) besides typing out two pages of the list for Tin No 2. I still haven't been able to get any W/T signal station, but I hope it's only because this is a bad place for reception. I'm entirely dependent on Singapore otherwise, but luckily that comes in pretty well. Jane has now got both her eyes open, and is getting very active when not asleep — which she is most of the day. When she comes out of the pocket, she likes to have an energetic scratch (thought I haven't seen any vermin inter) and then gives a most comical wriggle to her hind quarters — like a dog coming out of water and finishing his shake — with such vigour that, nine times out of ten, she shakes herself quite off her feet and falls in a miserable heap. The family has been increased by Thomas, a very young Pig-tailed Monkey, who has been adopted by Tony. I think it's a toss-up whether he will live or not, because he has had a blow on the eye, which is completely black; his nose bleeds at frequent intervals; and altogether he seems very low. He's got the face of an old, and very disconsolate man, and the servants stoutly maintain that he's the image of Chetuk! He takes his milk, with a few drops of rum, from the teat, but without any great show of enthusiasm. Breakfast of noodles: dinner Oxsoup, Kichri and fried spinach. I had three shots at bats this evening, but failed to tone. However I think I know what I'm doing wrong, and that is a great thing.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, August 27th 1938. Min 71° Max 86° B/(bar)26.51 B/(6pm)26.37

At 5.30 am the valley was filled with mist, after family heavy rain during the night, and there was no apparent wind. By 7 am the mist was rising and by 9 a.m the

sky was 8/10 covered with heavy stratus clouds, with light nimbus on the tops of the hills. At 9.30 a.m a S.W wind arose, force 2, bringing new large quantities of nimbus. At 11.30 a.m heavy rain began to fall, continuing till 12.30 p.m, after which the rain became light. At 1.30 p.m the rain stopped altogether, and by 2.15 p.m the sky was 8/10 covered with stratus clouds. By 4 p.m it was 5/10 clear, and by 6 p.m almost cloudless, wind S.W 2. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

To-day's big event is that Neophasia has laid another egg. She has a poor idea of nest building, though, for both are lying carelessly on the ground about a yard apart. I got her on June 26th, a rather more than 8 weeks ago, and she must have been mated before that, so the eggs take a long time to develope. It will be interesting to see whether they hatch out, and what the baby ones are like. I am beginning to wonder whether those strange 'rotifers' aren't possibly Sibynophtes, though so far I haven't been able to find enough teeth. But then tooth counting has always been one of my difficulties, so they may be there. It's certainly not S. collaris, though, which I got last time. Plenty of work all day, and have ate a few mouthfuls of a small fig, with apparent relish. I see that I shall presently have to relieve Tony of Thomas. He was very keen to take him on at first, though I warned him that T. would have to be carried & petted to live; but now that he finds it a bit of a nuisance he just leaves him wrapped in an old coat on a chair, and Thomas is not only getting cold, but very miserable left all alone. I must say I don't think much of a fellow who takes a thing up and then neglects it simply because it's rather a bother — but then I don't think much of Tony anyway, I regret to say. A very big flying squirrel was brought in to-day, and a big, white bellied rat, but both were already going and the hair slipping badly, so they were no good. Skins are beginning to come in now, but I wish the fools would keep the skulls. They will begin to, I think, once they realize I want them. I bought a good crossbow & quiver to-day for Rs 21. They are not made by the local Khasiyas, but are all bought & traded from the Lissus further down the valley, together with the aconite they use for poison. It is apparently only the root which is useful as such. They pound it to a paste and leave it overnight, by which time it has turned to a gum-like substance. Good quality will last an arrow for two or three months. They only use the poisoned arrows for

deer and taper same still, such as bears. Breakfast of Kichri + mashed potato: dinner of Green Pea Soup, Salmon with onion + chillie salad, + mashed potato + pumpkin. The chronometer has an average rate of + 0g.s48 for the last week, with a maximum of + 0g.s9 + a minimum of 0s.s7.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, August 28th 1938 Min 71° Max 87.5° B(6am) 26.49 B(6 pm) 26.41

At 5.30 a.m the valley was full of mist, and there was no apparent wind. By 7 a.m the mist was beginning to rise slowly, and by 10 a.m the sky was 1/10 clear, the remainder being covered with heavy stratus cloud. At this time there was a W.S.W wind, force 1. By 11 a.m the sky was 5/10 covered with heavy stratus clouds, and the wind had changed to W3. At 12.30 p.m light nimbus began to come over in small quantities, and at 1.30 p.m the sky was entirely covered with nimbus and light rain began to fall. This has continued, with intervals of heavy drizzle, for the rest of the day and up till 11 p.m. Wind W3.

Thakpa is into full work again now and the whole camp seems to be fit and well. In fact the only complaint comes from me, and I have some form of Tinea on the toes of my right foot. I've been doctoring it now for some time with Iodine + Iodex, and think it's getting better. It's only annoying at the worst, and not painful at all. I took over Thomas to-day, but it was too late. He woke up with pneumonia from having been allowed to get cold, and matters were aggravated by the loss of blood from his nose, which I discovered, after a little search, to be due to a water leech well up inside. I failed three times to get it out with salt + water, but it didn't make much difference. Thomas made a brave rally in the afternoon (after spending all day inside my shirt) but life was too much for him and he died this evening in my arms. I'm not heartbroken, as I would have been if Jane had died instead, because monkeys don't appeal to me enormously; but the death-bed was a pathetic business. He was so nearly human and so tragically baffled by the pain of breathing. Jane is by no means weaned yet, but she will occasionally nibble a bit of fig to please me. She's still devoted to her milk, and is a wonderful advertisement for Nestlé's. Maran Yong dramatically gave notice to-night by bringing back his mosquito net and casting it on the floor of my room. It appeared that the trouble was owing to his not being able to talk to anyone but K.B, with whom he had just

had a enamel, so I told him that if he was still of the same mind in the morning I would pay him off & give him a good chit. I also told him he might as well take his mongoose net back and put it up for the night, and this he did without more ado.

Mac bat shooting this evening, with me very nice shot. I got three in 6 shots, but that is much better than my real average.

Pangrandim. Monday, August 29th 1938. Min 70° Max 81° B(6am) 26.50 B(6pm) 26.43

At 4.30 am light rain began to fall. At 5.30 am the valley was full of mist, and there was no apparent wind. The rain continued all day, varied by intervals of heavy drizzle, but the mist rose to 6000 shortly after 10 a.m. and did not re-descend into the valley until 7 p.m. There was apparently a S.W wind during the afternoon, but it was impossible to say what the force was.

A wet day, and nothing much happened except that various snakes came in and had to be dealt with: but I was kept pretty busy with flowers as well. The most noteworthy event was that 3 good specimens of a Phalanger were brought in, for which I gave Rs 3/-, and though I think we ought to have skinned them tonight, for fear they go bad on us, it was going to be too unpleasant owing to all the sandflies which have suddenly appeared, and so I decided to risk it. Maran Yong has changed his mind and now wants to remain on. He's a good worker and I'm very glad, though I have a feeling he will go before long, none the less. I have given up lunch again, as I have not been able to get any exercise for a couple of weeks and I shall soon be getting fat if I don't look out.

Pangrandim. Tuesday, August 30th 1938. Min 69° Max 80° B(6am) 26.47 B(6pm) 26.38

At 5.30 a.m rain was falling steadily, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, except that the mist rose slightly after 10 a.m and remained at about 4000' until 6 p.m. Tonight it is still raining steadily, and the mist is down to the river.

I started on skinning this morning, to help Tony out with the three phalangers. I took a good deal longer than he to get the skin off (I only did one), but my finished article looked far more like the original than his: and that cheered me. They are lovely animals these — silvery grey (very dark) & gloriously silky, like chinchilla.

After that reptiles & flowers filled up the day, and

I started a letter to Stonehaven to congratulate him on his viscountcy. I got a new snake today (the first for several weeks) which brings my total of species up to 30. I think there should be about 35 to 40 species in this district though, so I still have some way to go before I shall feel satisfied. Incidentally it was Natrix johannis today, I think, but the colour varies so much in that snake that I am not certain. I should very much like another specimen of that Dinodon flavozonatum, and, as I find that the things I really want generally come along, it will probably turn up before long. A filthy wet day, but Jane is flourishing and it has been a Red Letter day for her. In the first time she started to use her tail as a balancer, instead of miserably dragging it as a burden behind her; and she wasted her face & paws for the first time, sitting up just as if she was a full-grown Lady. We have conversations together now, though always on much the same subject I'm afraid. I chirrup to her, and, after a moment or two for reflection, she chirrups back, and sometimes throws in a high squeak as well, particularly if she has just had a meal and is feeling gloriously full. So it goes on, chirrup for chirrup, squeak for squeak, until one or other of us gets tired of talking and shuts up. Breakfast omelette: dinner Oxtail soup & pumpkin pulao. I had to speak sharply to Chetak for bringing dinner at about 7 pm without being told. Needless to say Tony started swilling down his soup at once, but my time for dining is 7.30 so I told him to take mine away at once and wait until I told him to bring it. I loathe living in a squalid 'Bohemian' way, with meals being pushed at me at all hours of the day and everything in a mess.

Pangnangdim, Wednesday, August 31st 1938. Min 70° Max 79° B(6am) 26.41 B(6pm) 26.35.

At 5 a.m it was raining steadily and fairly heavily, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. Condition remained unchanged throughout the day, except that the mist rose to about 3500 feet between 10 a.m & 6 p.m. The night is wholly overcast; it is raining steadily; the mist is down to the river; and there is no apparent wind.

I have now started getting up at 5 a.m instead of 5.30, in order to have an extra half hour for work, as it is almost impossible to do any after dinner owing to the flies. I started by developing a film: then did the flowers. I went round to the servants' hut to get them myself, and it was just as

well I did, for Hakepa was in charge and so busy stoking the drying fire that he had not noticed that one of the presses was smouldering. However luckily no damage was done to any of the flowers. I find I have to have a pretty big fire underneath, to dry the flowers really quickly, or they never dry at all and go mouldy.
Then I went on to insects, and spent the next 9½ hours hard at work — 6½ hours packing, pinning & labelling, and the remaining 3 hours in putting up what we have to date for mailing to the B.M. I'm surprised the folding cartons they provide are so small. They won't take a cigar box, or even one of their own large cardboard boxes. I shall suggest that they get hold of a larger size.

Tony did not show to-day, I regret to say. He spent the whole morning rolling in a chair reading, and the whole afternoon (until about 5.30 pm) asleep on his bed. I feel (not unjustifiably, I think) that he might possibly have helped with the insects at least, and thus cut down my 12½ hours working day to give me time to clear off my arrears of mail. As it was some birds came in (4 to be exact) during the afternoon; he began skinning at 6, and did 1. The remaining 3 will probably be had by to-morrow. I'm tired of pointing out things for him to do, and I should have thought by this time that he would have realized there is always work of one kind & another in Camp, and always plenty of it. I very much regret having brought him. He's been spoilt all his life, and is against work on principle, with eating & sleeping as his idea of a good time. The river has risen a good six feet to-day, though it is not yet as high (by 2 feet) as it was on August 20th. I tried out the sights of the .256 and the .375 to-day, firing at marks on the other bank of the river, some 80 yards away. The .256 is shooting about 3" high at that range, and the .375, 1' high; but both are perfect in direction. When I get back I must have a higher foresight put on the latter.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, September 1st, 1938. Min 69° Max 76.5° B(6a.m.) 26.42 B(6p.m.) 26.40
at 5.~~30~~ 00 a.m. it was raining fairly heavily; the valley was filled with mist; and there was no apparent wind. Rain up till 6 p.m. 3.5". Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day.

Another infernally hot day, the second on which no snakes have been brought in. Up at 5 a.m. again, but as that is going to be my rule until further notice I shall not mention it again. My felin is not yet quite dry, so I started off with flowers this morning, without finding it much of a labour

as I have had practically no fresh ones since this rain began to come down seriously, and the flies are almost all dry. A break like this is very welcome occasionally, and to-day insects also were short, so that I had plenty of time to write to Silver & Edgington enquiring them to send the missing part of the ridge pole; and a long letter to Geoffrey. Incidentally, last night Newa caught a flying swallow by hand, as it hovered outside a window where he was standing for a few seconds. This must be an ornithological record, I think! Otherwise no news to-day except that the river is up to the level of August 20th, and Tony did quite a lot of work on birds. We shall have to devise some means of keeping flies off the mammal specimens. We found (or rather Tony did) maggots in the feet of one of the squirrels, and I discovered fly eggs on the feet & hands of poor Thomas. The Tamgoth arrived to-day, and turns out to be one of the Riatas who came with us in 1935. I gave him a Salaami of a hunting knife, a mirror, and Rs 10/- in return for a hen, a little packet of tobacco, and a langur skin (ex. Nogmung, though there are some deep in the jungles in this valley) and he is going to see to the thatching of the house in the winter.

I also bought a damaged skin of a big phalanger from the Chingman whose foot I shot a week or so ago.

Pangnandim. Friday, September 2nd, 1938. Min 68° Max 76° B(6am) 26.50 B(6pm) 26.44.

At 5.~~30~~ a.m it was raining steadily & fairly heavily; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. Conditions have remained unchanged throughout the day, the mist never rising to more than 3500'. Rain from 6 p.m to 1.30 pm 3"6.

We have now had unbroken rain for five days and four nights, and there is still no sign of a change. I have done what I should have done a long time ago, and that is made a rain gauge of the simplest type, out of a large & handsome tin. I put it in the ground in front of the bungalow, and it has needed a permanent guard, as every Nung who passes by naturally thinks it to be a cast-off, and takes it away with him. Or did, rather, because I have now had it fenced round with a few pieces of bamboo, and all is well. I did flowers this morning, packed up the two damaged Compasses for the R.G.S, and then got down to writing letters to try & reduce the vast number I owe. All went well until 1.30 p.m when a youth and a small boy hurried in with a mangled snake (Trimeresurus monticola) which had bitten a man in the foot. It showed great intelligence on their part to bring the

snake, so that I could see what it was (and fortunately it was a small one not more than a foot long). I started off almost at once with K.B, and a haversack as a substitute for the doctor's black bag, not forgetting a gun in case we saw any birds on the way back; and then we had the most hellish climb about 1000 feet up the side of the valley, along a narrow & a path which for nearly half the way was 8 or 9 inches deep in mud, and for much the same distance just a muddy torrent. It was steep from start to finish, and it ended in what seemed like a precipice, up which we clambered from root to root, with a very small house on the top — only 1 room perhaps 12'x6', with a low roof, but perched on piles a good 10' high. The sufferer had been bitten in the left little toe, and had applied no less than 4 ligatures of bow string to (a) his instep, (b) his ankle, (c) just below his knee, and (d) just above. As they were fiercely tight and he had left them on for at least two hours, he was naturally in considerable pain, at least as much due to the cord as to the snake. I gave him a shot of morphine for the pain; had the cords off, temporarily replacing them with cloth tourniquets, more to show what should be done than for any good they might do after so long a time; opened the place slightly to reduce the swelling; washed it with Mercurochrome; and ended by putting on Antiphlogistine. He was convinced he was going to die, but I persuaded him that that was not, and left him much happier with a promise that I would come up again in the morning if he was not much better. His ancient & Simian wife was wearing a necklace of red, blue, white, yellow and amber coloured beads which were said to have been brought in by Chinese traders. From it was dangling what seemed to be a hare's scut (also sold by a Chinaman) but no one knew what it was (there are no hares in this part of Burma) or what it was for, except that it had been handed to them as a powerful amulet. Then back again — it was nearly as difficult as going up — doing a little botanizing by the way, and getting in at a little after 4 p.m. There weren't many leeches, and I only removed about a dozen, of which three bit me. More letters until dinner at 7.30. The river fell 5 feet between 5.30 a.m and 10 a.m: remained more or less steady until 4 p.m; and since then has more than made up the 5' it lost earlier. My roasted hens are still not laying (with one exception, who gives an egg every Monday) but are simply eating

their rations in sloth. On Chetuk's earnest representation, I have spared them for another 4 days; but if they are not doing better by the evening of the 6th September, it is the pot for them all without mercy. Breakfast of fried eggs & chips: dinner of dhal soup, and chicken stew, followed by a savoury of toasted birds & coffee.

Time put in another good days work skinning.

Pangsandim. Saturday, September 3rd 1938. Min 67.5 Max 81° B(6am) 26.50 B(6pm) 26.45

Between 1.30 p.m yesterday, & 6 a.m today, 3.3" of rain fell, and between 6 a.m & 6 p.m a further 0."3 only. Early this morning the river was 2 feet higher than the previous high point, reached on August 20th, but during the day it has fallen 6 feet. At 5 a.m. it was drizzling heavily, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. After 7 a.m the mist rose slowly to 4000'. At 2 p.m the drizzle ceased until 3.30 p.m when it began rain again, and at that time (and, later, at 6 p.m) it was possible to see that there was a S. wind blowing, force 3, above the top of the valley. Shortly after 6.30 p.m the mist came down again to river level; and today it is drizzling steadily.

A certain amount of work on the flowers we got yesterday, and then got down to letters again. About 2 p.m a big hawk came gliding down the valley, and I darted out with a shot gun to try & bag him. It was no good though, and he settled in the top of a bamboo on the other side of the river, so I had a shot at him with the .256. It wasn't a hard shot, but I missed, I'm sorry to say. Later I saw four of them and went out with both guns to try my luck, but I didn't get a shot. The nights are getting colder now on the hills and the birds (and presumably the animals) are beginning to come down into the valleys. The first arrivals were the swallows (or whatever they are) who began to skim about over the surface of the river about a week ago. There has been a great increase in the number of wagtails too, and now I hope we will get a big variety of birds. Trap is working well on them. Snakes are not coming in much now, though today a fair sized Trimeresurus monticola was produced, which had been caught in the compound of the Tangsa's house with a T. jerdoni. I didn't take the latter, as its captor was ill advised enough to grumble that Rs 2. was not a large enough price for it, and to say that he wanted Rs 1/-. He got the snake back instead, and I refused to buy it at any price afterwards. No news about the man who was

bitten by the snake, so I imagine he's doing all right. He'd better let me know soon though, because it's certain to go septic. My film was more or less dry by this morning (that is 3 days + nights after it began to dry!), and the exposures were good; but somehow or other every film was marked with air bubbles during the development, so I cast them adrift as not being up to standard. I can repeat them all as soon as there's some sun, so it doesn't really matter much, though it's a nuisance.

Jane is increasing in stature, if not in wisdom, and I have never imagined anyone half so greedy over her food. She does her best to climb into the spoon, and gets so wildly thrilled that she often misses seeing it altogether.

A fine heron was brought in this morning, and after Tony had skinned it, we had it curried for dinner. Very good too. And K.B got a green pigeon this evening, which we had as a savoury. For breakfast a chicken liver omelette.

Paungnandin, Sunday, September 4th 1938. Min 67° Max 83° B(8 a.m.) 26.54 B(6 p.m.) 26.44

Between 6 p.m and 6 a.m 0".6 rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m & 9 a.m, when the rain stopped, a further 0".1 fell. At 5 a.m a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was filled with mist. There was no apparent wind. The drizzle stopped at 9 a.m, and by that time the mist was at 3500 feet. It continued to rise slowly, becoming thinner & thinner until at 3 p.m the sky was 3/10 clear. By 4 p.m it was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with dense Stratus cloud, and there was a S. wind, force 1. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. Work on flowers, and then down to writing letters again. About 11 a.m. I had another shot at one of the big hawks with the .256 at about 100 yards, but I missed again, the bullet hitting a branch about 2" low. It was bad shooting, and it's time I had some practice. However in the afternoon Khanka Bahadur got me with the 12 bore, after a fine piece of stalking up a stream bed, and Tony (ever keen to try some new dish) had the heart fried for dinner. He said it was very tough, but otherwise not bad; but I have a prejudice against eating kites, and confined myself to sardines, onion salad, and potato rissoles. As usual we finished the meal with toasted bird & coffee. This evening a team of rats settled not far from the house, and I went after it with the 12 bore. I got close to where it had landed, and saw it standing in a clump of grass about 30 yards off, so I fired, only to find that what I had seen was an amazingly bird like piece

of wood! However the heron had not got up, so I moved on a little and saw it on a rock. Before I could shoot it saw me, and moved quietly into a thick bush, quite out of sight. I fired blind at where I thought it probably was, and hit it in the legs. It got up, flew over the river, and circled back not 20 yards above my head while I howled to K.B for another cartridge. In the first hurry he had forgotten to bring any, and the bird flew over the river, tried to land in a bamboo clump, and fell at the foot of it on the bank. We started after it at once, and arrived at the spot just as it got dark; but the place was a mass of fallen bamboos, crossing & recrossing one another to 6 or 8 feet above the ground, and though we searched everywhere we could with a torch, we didn't really stand a chance of finding it and had to come back empty handed. I hate leaving anything wounded, but there was no help for it.

Between the bridge & the house, the path is crossed by several small streams, flowing out of low dark tunnels of undergrowth. I saw a flow worm by one of these, and in bending down to pick it up, I happened to be facing up the tunnel. It was the most lovely, fairy like sight I have ever seen. The whole tunnel was lit with hundreds & hundreds of glow worms till I could almost see a crowd of the little People gathered there for a meeting with their torches, moving quietly about, sometimes stopping to relight their lamps when they had gone out. There was something very friendly about the sight, and it gave me the same feeling of almost painful happiness that I have had occasionally in Tibet when finishing a bitter march late at night, at the first sight of the lights of the village twinkling far below. Every stream was gay with the fairy lights in the same way, and I was as entranced at each as I had been at the first.

A good specimen of Tonnerosaurus maculosquamatus came in today, but that was about all, apart from enough birds to keep Tony busy, and a new squirrel — like Jane, but with a white stomach.

This morning the river was 2 feet higher than last night, but it has dropped 5 feet today.

We are having great trouble these days (and especially owing to this last wet spell) in keeping the skins free from mould and maggots while they are drying. On the shelf in my room some of them have taken a fortnight to dry, and in spite of vigilance we had to destroy 2 today.

(a bat and a rat) which had been damaged. It is not good for skins to dry them at a fire, but I've come to the conclusion that we have no choice at present, and so I have fixed up the trays in the verandah a little to one side of the hearth, to see if that helps matters at all. Small flies and sand flies have been very pleasantly scarce the last two nights. It is very cheering to me to think that by engaging coolies, having the house built, and paying for specimens, we are being a real god-send to this district; for when the famine comes there will now be money to buy rice from Putao. I missed the W/T signal to-night.

Pangnamdim. Monday, September 5th, 1938. Min 68°5 Max 83° B (6am) 26.51 B (6pm) 26.42.

Between 6 p.m + 6 a.m less than 0".1 rain fell. Between 6 a.m + 6 p.m. a further 0".2 fell. At 5 a.m. a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. At 7 a.m the drizzle stopped, and by 7.30 a.m the mist was rising slowly. At 10 a.m a heavy drizzle began, lasting until 10.30 a.m, by which time the mist was up to 4500', where it remained until 6 p.m. Between 1.15 p.m and 4 p.m there were several short periods of light drizzle. At 6 p.m the mist began to rise further, and by 7.30 p.m it was at about 6000'. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. There has been no wind to-day. A little work on flowers this morning, and then down to letters again, while I sent K.B and a Khanung to see if they could find the heron by daylight. They had no luck, however, and the one consolation I have in the matter is that we have done our best to find it. I saw a large otter swimming down the river this morning, going through foaming rapids and fearful eddies + whirlpools as though they were a joke. I had a rest from letters when a pretty big Trimeresurus monticola was brought in with a small Elaphe taeniura by K.B, as a substitute for the heron; and then, getting down to half a dozen small Natrix nuchalis, which I have had for a couple of days, I had to go to the box where we keep our skins, for more labels. I took a look at the skins we have bought, and found them all slightly mouldy, so some time was spent in opening them up and painting them with Preservative Fluid. I think all native skins will have to be cut open + doctored at once in future. We had to move the skulls down nearer the fire too, for the same reason, and now they are suspended in a festoon under the ant-proof trays, making the place look like a head hunter's temple more than anything else. Jane discovered the joys of

jumping to-day, and is beginning to flirt her tail as though it were some food to her. On the other hand she has taken to deliberate biting, which isn't so much fun, especially as she draws blood. She started this afternoon for no reason, so I tapped her on the head with a finger. She was surprised, but bit again, rather harder, half a minute later, and got another tap. This went on four or five times, and at last I decided to give her a real lesson, so I flicked her four or five feet onto the ground. She has been very good for the rest of the day and I think she may be cured. If not, one more flick will be enough I think. If I can't cure her, by any chance, I shall have to kill her, because soon her bite will be really nasty, and if she's going to do it for fun whenever she feels like it, it's not going to be worth keeping her. No small flies at all to-night, so it looks as though they are finished for this year.

Pangnamdim, Tuesday, September 6th 1938. Min 69° Max 83° B(am) 26.52 B(pm) 26.50

Rain began at about 1 a.m., and, between then and 6 a.m., 0".5 had fallen. Between 6 a.m & 1. p.m a further 0".7 fell. At 5 a.m there was a light rain falling; the valley was filled with mist; and there was no apparent wind. At 7.30 a.m the mist began to rise slowly, and by 9 a.m it was at 4000', where it remained for the rest of the day. At 1 p.m the rain stopped. The day continued to be very dull with mist covering the valley at 4000 feet, and no wind. A little doctoring to-day at last, doing a woman's hand (cut with a dao) in the morning, and giving Quinine to the Tamugok; and an iodine injection and Antiphlogistine to K.B who has a crop of sores on his legs, and binding up a girl's toe in the afternoon. I think we have got the moved question settled at last, praise Be — and that's a very great weight off my mind. This morning I saw a man fishing in the river with a net stretched between two long bamboos. He stood up to his chest in the water, dipped the net in in front of him, moved it about for a little and then rapidly brought it to the top. It must have been cold work, and I didn't see him catch anything; but there are fish about now, for the Tamugok brought me a present of one this evening — weight about a pound, and some kind of toothless bottom-feeding creature, with very small scales. Talking of presents, the village made us one of a couple of pounds of fresh pork this morning — part of a pig which they had sacrificed last night for some reason. To my joy, they sent

a little message by the Taungok to-day too, to say how happy they were that we had come here to give them work and distribute money, with which they would be able to buy rice in the famine. They expect the shortage, by the way, from January m. I learnt something to-day, which is that the population from Gawai down to Awiwang is not Khanung but Darw, and that the population of the Adung Lng is not Darw but Talang. There is a third clan up the Taron called Tsewang, but no one knows much about them. I fix the marches taped from here to Rangseng (or Rangching) where we cross the Nmai to get to Chahtung in the Triangle. It's 21 marches from here, mostly over a bad path. More letter writing to-day, and Jane tried her biting act twice and was twice chastised. The second time she renounced me and spent 10 or 12 minutes pretending to enjoy herself on the floor, before meekly climbing up my leg again. We ought to get a mail to-morrow when Kyipa arrives. No flies to-night, and very few blister flies during the day, but ordinary house flies are a nuisance still

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, September 7th 1938. Min 69° Max 84° B(6 a.m) 26.56 B(6 p.m) 26.50

Between 6 ~~p.m~~ & 6 ~~a.m~~ 0.7 of rain fell. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m a further 0.7 rain fell. At 5 a.m light rain was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 1 p.m, except that the mist rose slowly up to 4000' after 7 a.m. At 1 p.m the rain stopped, and it began again, fairly heavily, at 8.30 p.m. The valley is full of mist to-night, and there is no wind.

A big disappointment to-day, when Kyipa failed to turn up after all. It was made all the worse, because, having almost given him up after 3 p.m, I thought it just possible that he was doubling the last two stages, in which case he wouldn't come till the evening. We kept our eyes on the path up the hill, and about 5 I suddenly saw some figures coming down with loads on their backs. They were only just visible, but we took it for granted they were our chaps, until Tony brought his field glasses. Woe is me, they were villagers with baskets of bamboo shoots! As a matter of fact, I think it's more than likely that he's shown some gumption and delayed his start for a day in order to bring the latest mail. He will turn up to-morrow, without any doubt. A bit more hospital to-day, with KB's legs and the woman's hand. Now a fair amount of work over snakes, mainly

in taking and pickling embryos from the eggs of 'my' T. jerdoni. Then more typing, and finally I skinned a squirrel to help Tony out. This evening there was something moving about in the bushes on the other side of the river, and people said it was monkeys. In some time I could not see what it was, with my glasses, but in the end it turned out to be a pair of big martens, dark brown & greyish white. I only hope one or both shows up to-morrow when there's light enough to shoot by. Breakfast of yesterday's fish: dinner of chicken soup, roast chicken with fried potatoes & onions, and hashed bird.

(Sumtsangtap)
Pangnamdim, Thursday, September 8th 1938. Min 69° Max 90° B(6am) 26.54 B(6pm) 26.47.

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m 0".9 rain fell. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m. a further 0".9 rain fell. At 5 a.m. light rain was falling: the valley was full of mist: and there was no apparent wind. The rain continued, with intervals of heavy drizzle, until 1 p.m, and after mid-day the mist rose to 4000', by which time there was a S. wind, force 1. Conditions remained unchanged until 5 p.m when light rain began again; and the mist came down to river level soon after 6 p.m.

A certain amount of work in the morning sewing up snakes, followed by more letter writing. Kyipa had not turned up by 3 p.m, and as I felt that there was a very good chance of his having gone down with fever on the road, Lewa, Maran Jong and I started off at 3.15 p.m to look for him. It took us exactly 3 hours to reach Sumtsangtap (1½ hrs for the 3000' climb up, & 1½ hours for the remainder) and when we got there the place was more or less of a ruin. There wasn't a single dry spot in the bungalow; the coolie hut was falling to pieces; and the kitchen was the only habitable spot — though even there it was difficult to find 3 places to sleep where drips weren't falling. We should, in any case, have messed & slept together to save labour and because we only had one lantern, but as things were it was impossible to do otherwise. We had been prepared to double march through to Goletutap that night, (and to Fort Hertz if necessary in the next 3 days), but on the way to Sumtsangtap we met three Khanungs who had left Kyipa that day, and they said that he was stopping the night at Goletutap and coming through to Pangnamdim the next day. Accordingly Sumtsangtap was as far as we went. It wasn't at all bad either in spite of the wretched state of the building. It was about 10 feet square, with a fire in one corner near the door; and at the opposite end a raised platform taking up half the

space in the shack. We found dry room on this for one man to sleep, so I put my blanket there; Lewa was half underneath it; and Maran Yong squeezed in between the fire & the wall, where he must have been very hot. I had a sand-fly net draped over me — held up at one end and tucked in at the other — rather like the days with B.C when we had half each; but the others didn't bother to put theirs' up, as there was so much smoke within that only the hardiest of flies would have ventured to approach. Rain pouring down made the fire seem incredibly cosy, and after a dinner of curried potato and tea we turned in.

Pangnamdim. Friday September 9th 1938. Min 68° Max 76° B (6 a.m) 26.54 B (6 p.m) 26.46

Between 6 p.m and 8 a.m 1.3" rain had fallen. At 8 a.m a light drizzle was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent ~~rain~~ wind. Throughout the day conditions remained much the same, with light rain at intervals and drizzle the remainder of the time. The mist did not rise to more than 4000! Between 10 a.m & 4 p.m there was a S. wind, force 1. We expected Kyipa & the mail to arrive in Sumtsangtap about 11 a.m, and the five hours from 6 a.m seemed like an eternity with nothing whatever to do except eat our breakfast of rice and tea, and put out the leaf roof, which caught fire twice, and the wall, which blazed up once. It rained up there till 11, and we cheered ourselves at intervals by yelling loudly in the hope of hearing an answering shriek from the coolies below. However, there was no sign of them, and about 11 I went out and caught a few grasshoppers and a beetle, and then did a little botanising till about noon. After that we cheered ourselves again by making tea, and at last, at 1 p.m, Kyipa turned up, followed shortly after by 4 coolies. He had not been able to leave Putao until the 2nd owing to an attack of fever, and hence the delay, but he brought the good news that David had gone to prison for a month, with the option of a Rs 40/- fine — which, needless to say, he did not take. I think he got off very lightly. I should have given him 6 months myself. Maran Yong and I started back at 1.25 p.m with the mail as it was Tony's birthday (26) and I wanted him to get his letters as soon as possible, reaching the bungalow after 2 3/4 hours, soaking wet, of course, but otherwise in good heart. Lewa & Kyipa followed on more slowly, botanising on the way and getting quite a good selection of stuff. In the mail I had 2 letters from Mother, 1 from Sara, 1 each from the Leyden's, with a pickled ~~Typhlops~~ Caecilian, 1 from Dunant,

and I from Mitchell. Shu's book has not yet arrived, but it is on the way, as Mother has sent it off — thought I don't know exactly when. She also sent various press cuttings of it, and I must say (it probably shows the smallness of my character) I rather object to being generally known merely as Shu's companion, as though it had been his expedition from start to finish, with me as a kind of hanger-on. The birthday dinner was a Campbell's soup, Rissoles, tinned pineapple and a kind of egg savoury, and as vegetables we had brinjals + potato — the brinjals a present from the Darwan at the Dak Bungalow, Putao, with some bananas + a pineapple. Jane is very frisky now, and doesn't bite any more. She just nibbles occasionally, and of this feeling very affectionate she mumbles in my ear and then nips it gently. Another tortoise, Habbakuk, was brought in yesterday from Matsatap. It's odd that there aren't any in this valley.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, September 10th, 1938. Min 68°5 Max 84° B(6 am) 26.52 B(6 pm) 26.46

Between 8 a.m yesterday + 6 a.m to-day, 1".2 rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m + 6 p.m a further 0".3 rain fell, of which 0.2 were before 1 p.m. At 5 a.m a light rain was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. The ~~drizzle~~ rain continued, with short intervals of ~~light~~ heavy ~~rain~~ drizzle until 1 p.m, by which time the mist was rising slowly. By 2.30 p.m the mist was at about 5000' and after 3 p.m there were several short light showers. At 6 p.m the mist began to descend into the valley again, and by 7.30 p.m it was at zero level. Little news to-day. I put a lot of letters into the envelopes which came with Kyipa, paid off the coolies, advanced K.B. Rs 20/- to send to his wife in Putao, and did a snake (Elaphe taeniura) on the afternoon. I also finished a letter to Miss Cheesman and wrote to Mother.

I took the W/T signal as usual this evening, at what I have always thought to be 1400 hr G.M.T, and just after I had got it, the reception faded a little, but I could swear I heard the announcer say "It is now a quarter to two in the afternoon, Greenwich Mean Time". If that is so it would explain why I have been unable to get any Morse Time Signals, and I have been trying a quarter of an hour too early always. I shall check up on this to-morrow.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, September 11th 1938. Min 69° Max 82°5 B(6 am) 26.52 B(6 pm) 26.49

Between 6 p.m + 6 a.m 0".8 rain had fallen. Between 6 am + 6 p.m a further 0".2 rain fell. At 5 a.m a light drizzle was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. After 7.30 a.m the mist rose gradually to some 5000', reaching that height at about noon, and throughout the day (after 6.30 a.m when the drizzle stopped) there were frequent light showers. Owing to the mist

covering the valley it was impossible to see what wind there was, if any. At 6 p.m the mist began to come down again and it started to rain lightly and steadily. By 7.30 p.m the mist was at eye level, and the rain became moderately heavy for an hour, then reverting to light again.

Chetuk has gone sick again, with what I am afraid is abscess of the liver. He has considerable pain on the right side of his body, just under his ribs — enough to make him lie down very miserable; no headache; no rash; temperature 98°6 in the morning, 99°4 in the evening; motions normal; pulse 88; and no other pain. His tongue also is clean and wet. He has been having a course of Quinoplasmoquine, however, since his fever, (beginning 4 days after the Atebrin injections) and I think it may be that he is intolerant of Plasmoquine and that this is the reason. Anyway, before sending him to Putao I will see what happens if the Plasmoquine is discontinued. Incidentally it has had no bad effects on Ngima Tondrup, who took on the cooking to-day under my supervision. Lewa & K.B have gone up to Hpalaplangdam for a couple of nights to see if they can get any insects. I was only just in time to prevent Lewa from taking Htakpa and Yonga as well, which would have left us frightfully short-handed here, with Chetuk incapacitated. Hospital again this morning, but only K.B's eyes (sores) and the woman's hand (and, of course, Chetuk); and after that sketching a lizard, sewing up snakes & fish and doing the flowers seemed to keep me pretty well occupied. Jane is in great form, dashing around all over the place, and often hurrying back to me for praise. She still isn't weaned, though, and prefers her milk to anything. As she seems to be thriving on it I'm not worrying. Breakfast of minced chicken and a poached egg; dinner of potato-and-Oxsoup, fried herring roes in bread crumbs, with potato rissoles, bamboo salad, & pumpkin; roast & coffee.

Pangnamdim Monday ~~Sunday~~, September 12th, 1938. Min 68° Max 86° B(6am) 26.61 B(6pm) 26.54.

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m. 1".2 rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m 0".05 rain fell. At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist; a light drizzle was falling; and there was no apparent wind. Between 6 a.m & 7 a.m there were short intervals of light rain, and at 7 a.m the drizzle stopped. At 7.30 a.m the mist began to rise, and although it continued to hang on the sides of the valley at about 5000' throughout the day, by 8 a.m there was none above the valley itself and the sky was 8/10 covered with light shallow cloud. Wind S.W 2. By 10 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear, and conditions thereafter remained unchanged until after 6 p.m

when it began to cloud over again from the S.W. By 7.30 pm the sky was wholly covered with stratus cloud. Wind S.W 2.

Chetuk is much the same to-day, so I am sending him off to-morrow to Putao, for the old doctor to see, in a doolie of sorts. If it's serious that's the only thing to do; and if not it will be worth it to relieve our minds. The mail goes to-morrow as well. Work to-day sketching another Japalura; packing it and a T. jerdoni? which came in; doing the latest pictures for mother; and getting on with the mail. Hospital only the woman's hand and Chetuk, but I shall have to get down to Kyipa's leg, which has sores on it from leech bites, to-morrow. Nyima Tondrup is doing well as a cook. He is a most excellent servant and very hard working. Another phalanger came in this evening, and the skins of two large ones were brought along this afternoon. A fine day at last though I wasn't able to take advantage of it to go out, unfortunately.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, September 13th 1938. Min 69° Max 85.5° B(6am) 26.61 B(6pm) 26.50

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m 1."25 rain had fallen. Between 6 am & 6 p.m 0."05 rain fell. At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist, and a light drizzle was falling. There was no apparent wind. By 6 p.m the drizzle had stopped. At 7 am the mist began to rise and gradually became very much thinner so that at 8 a.m I could clearly see the sky through it, as being 8/10 covered with light stratus cloud, and with a S.W wind, force 2. By 9 a.m the mist had entirely vanished except along the sides of the valley at 5000' and over, and the sky was 6/10 covered with light stratus cloud. At 10.15 a.m a dense bank of nimbus began to come over, and at 10.45 a.m there was a light shower lasting approximately half an hour, after which the sky ~~became~~ was 4/10 covered with light stratus cloud. Shortly after 6 p.m the sky cleared entirely, but by 7 p.m mist was forming in the valley, and by 7.30 pm it was impossible any longer to see the sky. I finished a few letters early this morning (as a matter of fact they dragged on till 9.30 a.m) and then sent them off, with two parcels of insects for the B.M and one of prismatic compasses for the R.G.S to repair, with poor Chetuk. A primitive sort of palanquin, like a covered stretcher, had been made out of the ever useful bamboo, and though it could be carried by only two men at a time I sent four, so that there would be two reliefs always ready. Chetuk started off walking, but I told him to use the doolie at once if the pain became any worse. He should arrive in Putao on the 21st, and he has with him Rs. 50/- to pay the coolies

and for personal expenses. If he needs any more I have told him to collect it from Nihal Chand to whom I sent a further Rs 100/- It was, on the whole, a fine day, with some sun, but otherwise not much happened. An Elaphe taeniura ♀ was brought in during the morning, and during the afternoon Lewa & K.B came back from Hpalap Langdam with a very good haul of insects including about 15 or 16 which we had not yet got. They said the path up the valley was not good; that it was very overgrown and with many leeches; and that the grass round the two Rest Houses had grown to such a height that little more than the roofs could be seen. Putting these insects in trays to dry, and packing some which were already dry took me till nearly 6.30 p.m., and before I/we had finished a male Asiatic Brush-tailed Porcupine (Atherurus macrura) was brought along, having been caught in a burrow at the foot of a tree round about 5000', and killed by a blow on the snout. Tony had a grim time skinning it, because, in the first place, the skin tore like wet blotting paper; and, in the second, because the flesh stuck to it closer than a brother. The final result looks rather as if it' been in a heavy bombardment, and to make matters worse we found, after dinner to night, that we couldn't sew up the holes. In spite of the way it tears it turns out to be quite impossible to force a needle through the skin without using so much force that it makes the rent even bigger. So about 9 p.m we started in to peg it out and apply burnt alum & saltpetre just as it was. It took us till about 10.30 p.m. We had the porcupine meat curried for dinner (or rather we had the legs, the remainder being reserved for to-morrow) and it was quite excellent. I only hope we get another, though I don't expect Tony does!

The last two days blister flies have been bad, and there have been a fair number of small flies round the Camps at night. Apparently constant rain discourages them, and a fine day brings them out.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, September 14th 1938. Min 70° Max 86.5° B(8am) 26.60 B(6pm) 26.51

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m 1.6 rain fell. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m a further 0.1 rain fell. At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist and a light rain was falling. There was no apparent wind.

The rain stopped at 7.30 a.m and soon after that the mist began to rise. By 8.30 a.m the sky was 6/10 covered with light shatus cloud, above which small quantities of cirrus cloud could be seen, and the mist only remained in patches on the sides of the valley at above 5000'. There was a south wind, force 2. About 10.15 a.m

nimbus cloud began to come over in moderate quantities. By 10.45 a.m the sky was wholly covered with it, and there was a light shower lasting 25 minutes, after which the sky was 8/10 covered with patches of heavy stratus cloud and light nimbus. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, and there were several short, light showers. The night is overcast with heavy stratus & light nimbus: wind S 2.

Hospital this morning, but only for K.B & Kyipa, their sores, which are doing well. K.B was done first, with Kyipa squatting in front of me waiting for his turn; and, when it came, I told K.B to wash the places for me as I was tired of bending down. There followed, sotto voce, the following conversation, interesting in view of the number of times one is assured at home that "not even one's best friend will tell one". K.B. (bluntly) 'From thy feet a stink ariseth. It is not right then that ~~though~~ thou shouldest thrust them under the nose of our lord'. Kyipa (mild as ever). 'True, friend, there is an odour; but yet it was our lord himself who counselled me to wear boots & stockings that the bandages might not fall. In them lies the cause. Blame me not.' K.B. 'Truly thee do I blame, oh fool, for wherefore not wear clean stockings? Or, there being none, wherefore not wash thy mishapen feet?' Kyipa (after a long pause for reflection) 'Good, I will do so anon. There is much wisdom in thy words!' I thought that one of Theophrasta's eggs had hatched this morning, when I found the empty shell in the enclosure. But after a lengthy search in which we (Lewa & Yonga & self) failed to find the new arrival, I think it more likely that either she or Habbakuk trod on it and broke it, leaving everything to be cleared up by the ants except the shell. I have removed the other one and put it with the snake eggs for safe keeping. There was some sun this morning, and I hurried to finish a film which had been in the camera for about a fortnight. After that I spent the rest of the day pinning the insects brought back from Hpalaplangdam. Blister flies were bad again. About 5.30 p.m I saw 3 macaques stroll over the patch of sand beyond the river and dashed for the rifle. Too late, of course, but while I was waiting in hopes of their showing up again, a pair of martens dashed across from the opposite direction, without giving me a chance of a shot. I hope it means that the animals are moving down from the hills, though I shan't do any hunting till the rain stops and the place dries up a bit. A great blow this evening when (I don't know whose fault it was) the bundle

of dry flowers was allowed to catch fire seriously. Through carelessness on the part of the servants the flower papers have already been on fire 7 or 8 times, but have always been put out before damage has been done. This time, though I haven't opened them to look yet, it appears as if about a third of them have been ruined. The whole fact of the matter is, I've got too many servants. There isn't enough work for them all, so none of them do any, except Nyima Tondrup. To say that I'm disgruntled is putting it very mildly. So far this month (up till 6 p.m. to-day) we have had 24".15 rain — and Leyden promised us a dry September!

Pangnamdim. Thursday, September 15th 1938. Min 69° Max 86° B (6am) 26.56 B (6pm) 26.46

Between 6 p.m. & 6 a.m. 1".3 rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. & 6 p.m. 0".5 had fallen, mainly after 5 p.m. At 5 a.m. there was a light drizzle falling, and the valley was full of mist. At 6.30 a.m. the mist was already rising and the drizzle had stopped. There was no apparent wind. By 8 a.m. the sky was 7/10 covered with light stratus clouds and there was a S.W. wind, force 2. After 10 a.m. the clouds became denser, though not more numerous, changing to heavy stratus with occasional patches of light nimbus; and between then and 4.30 p.m., although there was a good deal of sun, there were several short light showers. At 4.30 pm heavy nimbus cloud began to come over, and at 5 p.m. a heavy shower began, lasting until 5.45 p.m. By 5.30 p.m. the sky was wholly covered with nimbus, but shortly after that this was replaced by heavy stratus and a mist began to form again in the valley. Wind S.W. 2. By 6.15 p.m. the sky was no longer visible. This morning one of 'my' T. jerdoni was brought in — a female, about 4½ feet long — which had been taken in a hole under a rock with 3 clumps of 12, 9, and 8 eggs, which were already hatching, the young being about 9" long and quite prepared to bite. This is a great find, as I was badly in need of hatchlings and I am not sure that the eggs I have are going to hatch out. But not only that, it raises a most interesting question, taken in conjunction with a previous specimen found with 2 clumps of 8 eggs each some days ago. There seem to be only two possibilities, in view of the fact that I have never yet taken a female of this species containing more than 8 eggs, although they must occasionally have 12. Either they commonly lay 2 or 3 batches of eggs, which presupposes an interval between each laying for fertilization and developement; or 2 or 3 females are accustomed to use the same hole for their eggs. In view of the fact that all 3 clumps brought in to-day were hatching at the same time, the first suggestion is, I think,

impossible; while against the second is the fact that in neither case has more than one female been found with the eggs. This is probably only coincidence, for if it is not so, it would appear that one female only remains on guard at a time, and no snake has sufficient intelligence to arrange this. The most reasonable solution is that several females do use the same hole, but that the 3 which appear to be missing have already been collected by me since they laid their eggs. A big Natrix nuchalis was brought in this evening, which made every effort to escape except by biting. I wish I could think how to find out what the nuchal glands are for, but at present my mind is a blank on the subject. This Snake business kept me pretty busy all day, (and there are still a good few to deal with) but I had my room spring cleaned, and changed the position of the aerial from roughly E-W to NW-SE. Reception was very much better this evening, though I still wasn't able to get Daventry. K.B. & the Tamangs have borrowed my 12 bore and gone after pig & deer which are said to be not far off on the south side of the valley. They should be back the day after to-morrow, though empty handed I expect. This valley is not so bad as regards producing supplies as I had thought. So far, small quantities of maize, eggs, sago, millet, a few fish and hill partridges; and plenty of bamboo shoots have been offered for sale (and bought), not to mention a small amount of crushed rice, exactly like that one gets in southern Tibet. The sago is particularly good and makes excellent fried chapattis, almost like puris. The disease on my toes is not really responding to iodine, and I think I shall have to use Kaulback's Special, as in 1936, though I confess the thought appals me.

Pangnamdim. Friday, September 16th 1938. Min 70° Max 84° B(6a.m.)26.55 B(6p.m.)26.47

Between 6 p.m. & 6 a.m. 0.1 rain had fallen. Between 6a.m. & 6 p.m. a further 0.1 fell. At 5 a.m. a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. The drizzle stopped at 6.30 a.m., and soon afterwards the mist began to rise. By 8 a.m. it had almost entirely vanished, and the sky was 8/10 covered with medium stratus clouds: wind S.1. At 10 a.m. small quantities of light nimbus began to come over, and at 10.30 a.m. a light shower began, lasting for ½ hour. At noon a second light shower fell, lasting until 12.45 p.m. For the remainder of the day the sky was 8/10 covered with medium stratus cloud. Wind S.1. At 8 p.m. light rain began to fall. The snakes are still hatching, though there were only two new ones to deal with to-day, and I was busy most of the morning and afternoon with them

and yesterday's brood. The two sexes are almost equal in numbers so far, and they are making a good series. I am pretty certain now that it's an entirely new snake, but I'm quite prepared to find it's been known for years, as new snakes must be getting pretty scarce these days. Anyway it's not in ~~Boule~~ Pope & Boulenger, but the trouble is that Boulenger wrote his book in 1890 & thereabouts, and that gives plenty of time for it to have been found since. This afternoon a Dusun brought in a silvery Phalanger with a very young baby, both alive. It is typical of the callousness of these people that to save himself trouble on the way (because they are free little creatures when caught) he had knocked out the mother's teeth. A sickening piece of cruelty, for which it was no good beating him as he simply couldn't take it in. I was on the point of killing her when I suddenly thought that she is the one hope for the baby, and that she herself may be able to live on milk and, later, something like boiled sago & rice; so I made them a nest in a box, and though the mother wouldn't take any milk this evening, I am full of hope for tomorrow. After all I myself wouldn't feel much like food if I had had my teeth out either. Shortly afterwards 2 large macaques and the skin of a hornbill were brought in by another Dusun, for which I gave a total of Rs 5/-. It wasn't until the evening that I discovered they had been shot by K.B and the Tamingok, and that therefore no backsheesh was required? That's the thing of not knowing the local language. Half a dozen chaps turned up to help with the skinning, but I was foolish enough to allow Tony to dust on the Alum + saltpetre himself. He is as bad as the servants and wasted enough for a whole tiger skin on them. We ate the flesh of the hornbill for dinner, and it was quite excellent. K.B & the Tamingok came back tonight after all, having shot nothing but the monkeys, the hornbill & two other birds, but bringing some good flowers & a bunch of insects.

Pangrandim. Saturday September 17th 1938. Min 70° Max 79° B(6 a.m) 26.55 B(6 p.m) 26.53

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m. 1".25 rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m a further 0".6 rain had fallen. At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist, and light rain was falling. There was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 2.30 p.m when the rain stopped, except that after 8 a.m the mist rose slowly and by mid-day had cleared completely, showing the sky to be wholly covered with nimbus cloud. Wind S.W 2. After 2.30 p.m the clouds were mainly heavy strato-nimbus, with small quantities of nimbus above the sides of the valley. At 6 p.m the sky was entirely covered with nimbus, and moderately heavy rain began to fall. Since then conditions

have remained unchanged. Not much news to-day, except that I was busy most of the time on the hatchlings, and a large part of the remainder with Jemima (the phalanger) and Sarah her daughter. Jemima took her milk pretty well on the whole. Considering she was a mass of nerves, and was put off drinking for minutes on end by anyone coming into the room or even moving in another part of the house. She sat on my lap for her meals (she had 3), and Sarah seems all right so I imagine she is giving plenty of milk. Helen, a cousin of Jane's, was brought in to-day and adopted by Tony— though his method of bringing up a young animal consists of pushing it into a pocket and forgetting all about it until it's time to pour milk down its throat. And then he complains that it doesn't seem to get very friendly! I cut off all my hair to-day. Starting by trying to give myself a smart trim, I found it quite hopeless, so ruthlessly shore it off to the skin. As I have found before it's very much more comfortable than having hair, as well as being very much cleaner. You can wash your whole head when you wash your face, and dry it with no more trouble. Helen is slightly younger than Jane, I should say, but there is very little in it.

Sandflies very bad to-day, and the small flies at night round the Camps.

Pangrandim. Sunday September 18th 1938. Min 68° Max 75° B(6am)=6.54 B(6pm)=6.50

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m 5".1 of rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m a further 6".4 of rain fell. At 5 am the valley was full of mist, and moderately heavy rain was falling. It was impossible to see what the wind was, but the valley wind was blowing downstream (i.e. from W to E) force 2. After 7.30 a.m the mist rose gradually to about 4500' where it remained until 5 p.m, then dropping to sea level again. At 10.30 a.m the valley wind changed and blew upstream, force 3, and at 11 a.m the rain decreased from moderately heavy to light. The valley wind changed again at 3.30 p.m and at 4 p.m moderately heavy rain began again, increasing to heavy at 4.30 p.m, after which conditions remained unchanged till 8 p.m when the rain dropped to light. The river had risen 7 feet between last night & 6 a.m this morning, and during the day it rose a further 5½ feet to a new high level— 6 feet higher than it has been since the end of July— bringing down large quantities of pawpaws & bamboos as well as many other trees. The first excitement to-day was when I went to give Jemima her milk and found that she had escaped

from her box, leaving Sarah behind, who by that time was very cold and hungry. The top of the box was of 3-ply only, tied in the middle, and she had managed to push up one end and clamber out. I gave her up for lost, and got Sarah warm again in my pocket, before feeding her with Nestlés. Then Helen got away from Tony, and, after a short chase, she hid under a pile of wood shavings and completely disappeared. We hunted in the house and under the house, with never a sign of her, but in the search who should we find but Jemima crouching behind one of the medicine boxes. There was nothing to stop her from getting away, and I think she must have stayed on account of Sarah. After I had picked her up she was very much tamer and less full of heroes, hardly even pausing in her meal when someone came in; and although later in the day I let her climb about on me and she jumped off and hid under the bed, I was presently able to reach her with my hand and pick her up quite quickly. The odd thing is that Helen Boo was caught this evening. I heard her squeaking from somewhere the other side of the house and told Tony, but it was Lewa who saw her in the tunnel for the bathwater and grabbed her as she dashed into some grass. That which was lost is found twice. Sarah is doing very well, and Jane is very playful with me, but no one else. Altogether the zoo is doing well, as even Hosea (the native nuchalis) is nothing like so wild as he was. The remaining excitements are that we have had 11½ inches of rain to-day, that the river has risen 12½ feet since 6 p.m. last night — which must mean floods lower down I should think; and that the old wireless mast, which was put in well above high water mark, is in imminent danger of being swept away, and is now leaning over at 45° and vibrating tremendously. Kharka Bahadur is down with fever, but he came to me at once (Temp. 102.2; pulse 92) and I gave him an Atebrin injection, so I think it will be quickly over. Breakfast of fish cake; dinner of Maggi Consommé with chicken liver (from which Lewa had neglected to take the gall-bladder, so that it was very bitter), and roast chicken followed by bird savoury. Yesterday we had some large stewed frogs for dinner, about the size of big brilliam beans and bright red. They were quite good though without much taste, but they gave everyone tummy aches except me and I shall eat some more of them before long.

Pangmandim. Monday, September 19th 1938. Min 66° Max B(6 a.m.)26.49 B(6 p.m.)26.42

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 4".65 rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 5.65 rain fell. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of

mist and rain was falling moderately heavily. At intervals throughout the day there were short periods when the rain dropped to light, and at no time did the mist rise higher than 3500', so that it was impossible to see what the wind was. The valley wind was very light and changed very frequently from up to down stream. This morning at 5 a.m the river was 1 foot higher than last night at 8 p.m, but during the day it dropped 5 feet, reaching its lowest point by mid-day and remaining steady at that level. The mist dropped to the river at 5 p.m, and to-night it is raining steadily and lightly (as from 6 p.m). Neither yesterday nor to-day have there been any blister flies or mosquitoes, and life has been exceedingly comfortable as a result. K.B is better to-day, with temperature normal, but his pulse is so abnormally low (60) that I think he has possibly got a paratyphoid infection as well as malaria. I gave him his second injection this afternoon, and to-morrow I will dose him for paratyphoid — leaving it till then in case the two treatments don't mix very well. Anyway he feels all right, and that is a great thing. Yesterday, as a matter of fact, when he was supposed to be buried under his blankets, sweating, he heard that a hawk was perching in a bush near the servants' godown, and pulled himself together enough to shoot it with the air gun through a hole in the wall. a brilliant effort! To-day, however, he incurred my mild displeasure by coming along with a Lisaw and a Daru who had brought (at least the Lisaw had) a female musk-deer skin for sale. He was very useful, as the business needed double interpreting — from Lisaw into Daru into Hindustani — but he ought to have stayed in bed. The musk deer had been killed at the Adung-Sciphiken confluence. The Lisaw had been out 2 months and had shot 35 with a cross bow, so they must be pretty common. He had a lot of musk-pods with him, but wanted Rs 5/- a tola for them which I thought was too much. He had a collection of the tusks as well. I gave Rs 6/- for the skin which had no head or legs but was otherwise in quite good condition. So far this month we have had 49.8 of rain, and the Taungok, who seems to be something of a weather prophet, swears that we will have another 7 days like the last two. If we do we will beat the 100" for the month — but I only hope he is not underestimating it, as we leave here on the 28th without fail, and if it's like this it will be hell! The snakes have nearly finished hatching now, and I only expect one more. Semeina, Sarah, and Jane are all doing well, and the former was tame enough to give herself a thorough wash on my knee this evening. Another porcupine to-day, the Bengal Porcupine (Acanthion bengalensis) but as we had already killed a fowl for dinner, the servants ate it.

It was extraordinarily cheery coming into the Nam Tamai Valley after that of the Tāla Wang. Although there is game in the forests of the Tāla Wang valley (certainly more than in the Nam Tamai), they seemed dead from first to last, because there were very few birds. There was a heavy unnatural quiet everywhere, intensified rather than diminished by the sound of the river below — a thick, inimical silence which I found infinitely depressing. The Nam Tamai is vigorously alive, with birds everywhere (from cormorants + kites down to tiny things not much bigger than hummingbirds) hopping and fluttering through the trees + bushes, and singing, whistling chirruping + merely squeaking from morning till night.

Tuesday
Pangnamdim. 1 September 20th 1938. Min 66° Max 70° B(6am) 26.45 B(6pm) 26.47.

Between 6 p.m + 6 a.m 5".1 rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m and 12 noon 5".0 fell; and between 12 noon and 6 p.m 2".3 rain fell — a total of 12".4 in the 24 hours. At 5 a.m heavy rain was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 9.30 a.m when a wind began to blow up the valley (i.e from E to W) with force 3. At 11 a.m this valley wind ceased in direction, blowing downstream for 15 minutes, force 2; after which it varied very frequently from force 0-3, both up and down the valley. At 3 p.m the rain diminished to a heavy drizzle, and at 5 p.m it stopped altogether, the mist then rising rapidly to 4000'. At 5.45 p.m light rain began again and continued until 6.30 p.m. A break until 8 p.m, when light rain began once more. At 5 a.m the river reached a new high level, 9 feet above that of last night (and incidentally not more than 7 feet below our house) but it dropped steadily during the day, and by 6 p.m was 8 feet lower than it had been in the morning. We have now had 62".2 of rain this month, up to 6 p.m to-day, and we are still going strong. The first excitement this morning was the new high level of the river, which was sweeping down trees and bamboos enough to stock a timberyard

for months. Then the old wireless pole went at last, during my breakfast. It had stood up to the floods nobly for 2 days, but this last rise was too much for it, and after a determined struggle it had to give in. It wasn't lost, because one end of it was anchored to the aerial, and it swung downstream and into the bank, where it was rescued. Then 5" of rain between 6 am and noon seems to me to be worthy of note, as does 12".4 in the 24 hours — this being a new record for us.

Otherwise not much news. I spent the whole morning, and most of the afternoon pinning insects — the ones brought by K.B from his day's hunting. Incidentally his name is not 'Khanka' but KHARK Bahadur, and his jat is SUNUWA. Then there were two snakes to deal with — the most recent hatchlings — and then it was nearly 7 p.m and time for a bath. Kyipa has gone down with malaria again, and in view of the atebrin injections Nirbal Chand gave him about a fortnight ago, I am trying him on the Quinine cure only to see what happens. To-day he has had 20 grains of the Bi-hydrochloride, and his temperature and pulse have dropped from 102°.4, 128 to 99°.0, 92 by this evening. K.B is much better, and indeed is pretty well all right now. None of the rest of us have any complaints. No wireless news or time signal, of course, to-night, as there was no aerial. The last of my cheroots was smoked yesterday, and though N.T. insists on providing me with supplies of his own cherished stock of tobacco, rolled up in scraps of paper to make cigarettes, they are by no means the same. I shall have some for Christmas though, if all goes well.

Pangnamdim, Wednesday September 21st 1938. Min 66° Max 80° B/(6a.m) 26.55 B/(6p.m) 26.50

Between 6 p.m and 6 a.m 4".7 rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m and 6 p.m a further 1".1 rain fell; making a total of 68".0 rain this month up to 6 p.m to-day. At 5 a.m light rain was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained the same until 9.30 a.m when the rain decreased to a light drizzle. At mid-day it stopped altogether, and the mist rose rapidly to 5000', thinning to such an extent that I could see that the sky was 8/10 covered with light shaken clouds and a few small patches of nimbus by 1 p.m; wind S.W.2. During the afternoon there were several short light showers, and some intervals of diffused sunlight until 5 p.m when the sky clouded over entirely with nimbus and light rain began to fall. By 5.30 p.m the mist was down to ten feet, and since then (up to 8.30 p.m) conditions have remained the same. Not much news to-day. K.B is all right again and so I put him on to light work fixing the two monkey skins into drying frames so that I could have them in the house.

Since being skinned they have been pinned to a couple of large boxes in the baggage shed, and under normal conditions they would have dried all right, I think. This amazing amount of rain, however, has completely saturated the air, and when I went to look at them this morning they were simply sopping. We had off all the wet alum + saltpetre; dried them off with wood ash; strung them to the frames; and put on fresh ones almost before Tony was up, as he didn't breakfast until 8.30 to-day. Incidentally he has still got this theory that skimped work is the best, and it's a theory which absolutely drives me to a frenzy. It means too that I daren't leave him to do anything without carefully inspecting it afterwards, to see that he's done a thorough job.

Kyipa had a subnormal temperature of 98°0 this morning, with a pulse of 86, but he had another attack of fever at 3 p.m this afternoon, lasting until 5 p.m. If he has one to-morrow, I shall give him Atebrin injections after all, and conclude that a simple course of 20 gr Quinine a day is no good, in spite of what the Malaria Commission says.

The river was 2 feet down this morning from last night, and during the day (up till 6 p.m) it fell a further 7 feet — a total of 9 feet in all. Encouraged by this, we put up the wireless mast again, and trust that it stays up, as I think it will. We can't possibly get another spell of rain like the last at this time of year. To-day makes me feel that the monsoon is now really over and that for the next month we will have nothing but occasional showers. Jemima is now pretty tame but rather shy. I let her go this afternoon to see what happened, and she went under the bed again at once, where she sat quite happily washing herself for a couple of hours. The house was quite empty for most of that time, and she could easily have got away either by the doors or the windows. When she was first brought in, I noticed what looked like a small cut on her right arm, just below the shoulder, and doctored it with Iodex. It was only to-day that I found she must have been wounded by an arrow, and that there is quite a nasty place, going deep in. I'm treating it with Mercurochrome now, and I think it will probably be all right although I can't put on a bandage without her having it off in a couple of minutes. She eats fruit eagerly, if I break it up and give it to her on my finger, and drinks her milk well too. Helen is much tamer, now that Tony has taken to letting her run about in his shirt and bringing her out at intervals during the day. Jane bites her when occasion offers!

After 3 days freedom from blister flies, they came back to-day.

Breakfast of the remains of last nights pulao. Dinner of Maggi Consommé, marrows & potato curry, with kangra & onion salad, fried bamboo shoots, & dhal.

Pangnamdim, Thursday. September 22nd 1938. Min 65° Max 80° B(6am)26.61 B(6pm)26.44

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m 0".8 rain had fallen. Between 6am & 6 p.m the rain was negligible in quantity. Total rainfall for this month 68".8. At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist, and there was no apparent wind. By 8 a.m the mist had risen to 5000', and through it the sky could be seen 9/10 covered with light stratus cloud: wind SI. By 10 a.m the mist only remained on the sides of the valley, at 5000' and upwards. At 2 p.m small quantities of light nimbus came over, and between 2.30 p.m and 3 p.m light drizzle fell. after 3 p.m there was no more nimbus to be seen, the sky being, as before, 9/10 covered with light stratus cloud. Thornton on conditions remained unchanged, with wind SI. At 6 a.m this morning the river was 1 foot lower than last night, and during the day (up to 6 p.m) it fell a further 2 feet — a total of 3 feet in all.

Kyipa is much better to-day, and there was no return of fever, so that I think the Quinine treatment is working all right. I had a bit of work going over the flower-press which was burnt some days ago, and putting the specimens into new papers. It was amazing that I hardly had to throw away any; and, in point of fact, it was a very good thing that I had to go through them all — though it took me till about 4 p.m — because several were slightly mouldy, and I was able to treat them with a concentrated solution of Corrosive sublimate in spirit. We were out for a bit this morning, as the Tawngok (whose wife arrived on foot from Putao on the 19th and had a fine baby on the 20th — mother & child both doing well!) came along to say that the local blacksmith was working to-day, I having asked him to let me know so that I could see how things were managed. The smithy was under a granary a short way above the village, and while the smith — an ancient of years — squatted on the ground with his hammer in front of a flat stone, as an anvil, a youth energetically kept the charcoal fire going by means of two bamboo (5" diam) cylinders with a small pipe at the bottom leading to the embers. The pistons were like those in Tibetan tea churns, and were most ingeniously made to fit close by means of a circle of feathers as a piston ring. He worked me in each hand, up and down without a pause. The old man was making daos and small knives, taking the iron out of the fire and holding it with a pair of bamboo tongs tipped with iron. I ordered a small knife and a dah for myself. The iron is dug out in the Tisaing valley

somewhere above Nogmung, as I believe I have said before, and I feel I must make a trip there this cold weather, if possible, to see the miners and smelters at work. After the stay at the Smithy, where I took several pictures, we went down to the main part of the village and into a couple of houses, to watch the women weaving cloth. I shall arrange to have it done in the open one sunny day, so that I can take pictures, but it is done in exactly the same way as the Tibetans weave garters — that is, with only two movements of the hand; half moving at once when the weft is put in, and then that half going down and the other coming up — not in a frame, but just fastened to the wall at one end, and held tight with a bamboo strap round the back of the female at work. They have their own temp thread, which is used for the weft; but nowadays they buy cheap coloured cotton yarn from Putao for the remainder — not nearly so strong as their own stuff, but more flashy — and sometimes they use this altogether. The cloth is woven in lengths about 1 foot wide and then sewn together. Enough for a skirt, which comes down half way between the knee and the ankle and wraps round about 1½ times, costs Rs 2/- or Rs 3/- if bought; but of course they all make their own. A small knife, with a blade about 6" long, costs As 2/-: and a small dah with a blade some 15" long, round about As 12/- — so these are not cheap. They last for years, though, in good hands. Then back to the flowers, and about 5 p.m. on to snakes of which there were 3 to do. I let Semvina out again to-day, and once more she vanished under the bed, where K.B saw her just before dinner. After the meal however she was not to be found, and must have climbed out of the window and run away. She will starve in the jungle, toothless as she is, but I doubt if she's got the intelligence to come back to where she will be well fed. Even worse was the fact that Sarah, left alone in the nest, was freezing cold when I went to see her about 6 p.m. I got her warm again in my hands, and K.B continued the good work while I had my bath, by the end of which she was as warm as toast; but it had been too much for her, and she died in my pyjama pocket during dinner. So the phalangers are no more. Bloater this very bad day.

Pangnamdim, Friday September 23rd 1938. Min 68° Max 85° B(6 a.m) 26.61 B(6 p.m) 26.60

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m rain nil, Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m 0".2 rain fell, making a total for this month of 69".0. At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist, and there was no apparent wind. After 7.30 a.m the mist rose rapidly to 4500', and between 8 a.m

and 9 a.m it rose to 5000' where it remained covering the valley throughout the day until 6 p.m when it quickly descended to river level once more. Between 9.30 a.m + 5 p.m there were several short light showers of not more than 10 minutes each, and one moderately heavy shower from 1.30 p.m until 2 p.m. At 9.30 p.m the valley was full of mist and there was no wind. At 6 a.m this morning the river was 1 foot lower than yesterday evening. The level remained steady throughout the day. Ayoth was wearing a small cane bag this morning (or rather it's made of fine strips of bamboo) using the natural bamboo colour, black, and red. The black is not a dye, as I had thought, but a naturally black material (actually tree fern). — made from what seems to be the bark of some kind of palm. The red was dyed with dye brought from Putao Bazaar; but I feel certain there must be dyes in the jungle here, just as there are in the Triangle, and that even though these people find it easier to use manufactured stuff they must still know how to get and prepare them; so I have set enquiries going. Incidentally, to make a bag some 10" x 9", and working in spare time only, takes about 2 months. Some at least of the rice is now ripe and the women were collecting it yesterday. They have two baskets for the work. One, a large one, is on their back; and the other, a good deal smaller, hangs from a strap over the right shoulder in front of the left thigh. They move along, pulling the heads of rice over this latter basket until it is full, and then empty it into the large one and begin all over again. The men also help with the work, and in much the same way, except that they (for some reason I don't yet fathom) carry the small basket from a strap round the waist. Apropos crops, a considerable quantity of ginger is grown in the fields here — or, to be more accurate, a small quantity in a considerable number of fields. It is not yet ripe (nor will be until late in November) but already excellent for brightening up curries + things. A great tragedy this morning. When Tony woke up and found that he had overlaid Helen, just as I did June 1st. It's very sad, because she was becoming really tame at last by virtue of much handling, and was altogether a delightful creature. So, in about 12 hours, the zoo has dropped in numbers from 4 to 1!

About 4 p.m I was hard at work soldering up the second tin of reptiles, when Maran Yong rushed in to say that there was a kite circling over the house. I grabbed my gun + rushed out, followed by K.B (my armour bearer) and hit it with both barrels and No 4 shot. It was rather high, though, and was not brought down but flew

heavily off down the valley and landed in a field some 300 yards away. We sallied down the path after it and then up a very slippery mud track to where our prey had settled; but just before we got within range it managed to get up again, and flew to the river to a tall tree at the far end of the bridge. Off we started once more in pursuit. Going down the mud track K.B slipped and landed on my backside, and K.B in a well-meant if unintelligent effort to be of use, seized the gun as I was getting up, and with a finger on the trigger. by the breech & he somehow managed to push forward the safety catch, and the gun went off with the barrel not 6" from my leg! Luckily it was flying parallel to it, and the shot ploughed into the middle of the main path where it would have slain anyone passing. K.B was so shaken that it was unnecessary to berate him! We continued our run to the bridge. I crossed it alone and shot the kite without any more difficulty. Tony did not have time to do it today, but it will probably be all right tomorrow still. I continued soldering up holes in the tin until 7.45 p.m and there is still one more to do. A large white-bellied rat was brought in this evening alive, and to kill it I dosed it first of all with 3 drops of nicotine, and then with 5 more. The poison made no difference to it whatever, though Heaven knows it's strong enough: and both the Dorai and the servants said that it is no use giving a rat any ordinary poison as it habitually eats poisonous things in the jungle, and is immune. The Dorai even went so far as to say that it can eat aconite without any ill effect. After seeing it swallow down that nicotine I believe there may be something in what they say. A little doctoring of sores and cuts on legs and feet of the locals this afternoon. A new snake today in the shape of Elaphe mandarina. It was badly cut about, but I have kept it as so far it is the only specimen I have.

Pangrandiu. Saturday, September 24th 1938. Min 66° Max 74° B(6am)26.64 B(6pm)26.63

Between 6 p.m and 6 a.m 0".2 rain had fallen. Between 6a.m and 6p.m a further 01".2 rain fell, making a total for this month of 70".4. Light rain began to fall at 430 a.m, and at 5 a.m the valley was full of mist and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 9 a.m when the rain decreased to a heavy drizzle and the mist began to rise. By 10 a.m it was at 5000', and sufficiently thin to show that the sky was wholly covered with nimbus; wind nil. After 11 a.m the rain increased slightly to light with periods of heavy drizzle; and after 5 p.m it decreased once more to heavy drizzle. Between 7.30 p.m and 8 p.m the mist descended to river level, and by night (9.30 p.m) a

heavy drizzle is falling; wind nil. At 6a.m the river was
1 foot lower than last night; but between then and 2p.m
it rose 2½ feet, and finished by falling 6" to 6 p.m

Not much news to-day. I finished soldering the tin early this morning, and then did flowers and finally snakes. Tony got on with the kite which was already very high indeed. I coaxed wind it, to my great discomfort, at 30 feet; but he has absolutely no sense of smell, and was quite happy with his nose 6" above the corpse all morning. It must be a blessing sometimes to be thus afflicted. I should have been sick! We will have 2 boxes of skins to send back to the Museum before we leave, but I'm afraid Pocock is going to be disappointed with what I've been able to get for him so far. However, I've done my best, and it's been the weather more than anything which has been my undoing. No blister flies to-day, presumably on account of the rain. For breakfast a bird-v-potato-cake; for dinner there was actually Maggi Celery and vegetable pulao, but both had so much salt in that I refused to eat them, making my meal off bread and a bird patty which was the savoury. Tony benefitted again by having no sense of taste (or very little) and was able to eat everything quite happily. He was busy skinning most of the day, and then developed a film. In view of the various accidents he has had (he hasn't succeeded with a film yet), I put it into the tank for him, and also took it out to dry. It looks as if it's a good one.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, September 25th 1938. Min 64° Max 84° B(am)26.69 B(pm)26.65

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m 0".2 rain had fallen. Between 6am and 6p.m there was no rain. A total of 70".6 for the month.

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist and there was no apparent wind. By 7.30 a.m the mist was rising, and by 8.30 a.m it had almost entirely vanished, the sky then being 3/10 covered with strato-cumulus clouds and 1/10 with very fine shatus clouds. wind W1. By 9 a.m the last of the mist had vanished from the sides of the valley, and the sky was 2/10 covered with strato-cumulus cloud; wind W2. Conditions remained unchanged until 5 p.m when shatus cloud began to come over. By 5.30 p.m the sky was 8/10 covered with shatus cloud, and mist was coming down the valley in moderate quantities from river level up. By 6 p.m the valley was full of mist and the sky could no longer be seen. At 6 a.m this morning the river was 2 feet lower than last night, the level remaining steady throughout the day.

I checked up on the various crops grown in the district this morning, and found an immense number of different kinds. Large quantities (comparatively speaking) are grown of

the following: 1. Millet: 2. Dry Rice: 3 Maize: 4 Yams: 5 Marrows 6. Pumpkins (both these two being small): 7 Pangrawng (a Khanung word) which is like a large millet: 8 Nai Hpung: 9 Nai Hkyeng: 10 Nai Yum: 11 Wahkum si: 12 Tungka 13. Tsa: 14 Chingnam: 15 Shihpyeng si: 16 No si.

A fair amount of ginger[17] is grown, and also Simi[18] and Shamhpawng[19], the latter being like a millet but with a larger head. And finally small quantities of (20) Gādawng Nai: 21 Sweet potatoes: 22 Karela: 23 Pingwang si: 24 Chillies. Then from the jungle they eat 1. Thup (a Khanung word) which is the pounded wood of a large tree-fern, of which the inner bark is black and very strong, used for plaiting with bamboo strips to make a pattern; 2 Sago called Ule; 3 Bangu, or Bangu si (a Khanung word); and 4, but only if all else fails, Gaikuré (a Nepali word), which is the root of a kind of fern. Pangnamdim is a mixed village of Khanungs and Darus, but they do not intermarry apparently. There are 5 clans in the village altogether, and the system of marriage is strictly exogamous, with other villages in the valley. The girls are betrothed when very young, the usual present from the man being at that time 1 mythun (a bull), 15-20 rupees, a couple of ceremonial dahs, a spear, cloth, and rice. Then, when the marriage draws near, a cow mythun is given, with a pig and rice. The two latter are eaten at the ceremony, and the bride bursts through a grass screen, as among the Kachins. A bull mythun is valued at about Rs 40/- and a cow at round about Rs 115/-, so that the price of a wife appears to be high. In reality, though, this is misleading, as the whole of the man's clan combines to provide the presents, and sooner or later they come back again when a man from the girl's clan marries, as there is generally a ring of three or four clans which marry together and the same presents circulate. They are really no more than tokens. I find that the Chinese are now administering in the Taron valley to below Mungdam: collecting taxes and appointing at least one Taungok (a Tsewang) to look after the place. I don't know whether the Government has heard about this or not, but I was always under the impression that the Chinese frontier ran more or less along the Taron-Salween Divide, and that even if we did not administer up the Taron, it was still considered ~~as~~ in the same light as the Lohit Valley. We only administer up to Makhungdam, which is 6 marches from here. For the first 4 marches up the Taron (as far as Hkusanlam), the people are Darus. Then follow Tsewangs, whom I take to be a branch

of Darus; and finally (until we reach the Tibetans) the Tarongs, who give their name to the river, which is misspelt Taron. These sound very like Mishmis by their dress, and the name itself is strikingly similar to the Taroans of the Lohit Valley (though I've never found them) and it will be interesting to see what they are. The languages are all different. Huts are being put up for us as far as our administration runs, and after that we will have tents. I pursued a large kite this morning as far as the village, in the hope that it would come down low enough for a shot, but in vain. And this afternoon, about 3 pm, K.B and I took the .256 and the 12 bore and went a mile or so up the valley to try for some of the monkeys which have been damaging the crops the last two days. We sat there until 5.30 p.m, but it was too fine a day, and they did not appear. The rice here ripens at different times. Some has already been cut, some is being collected now, and some will not be ripe for another couple of weeks. Men (or at least people) are now stationed night and day in the fields (one to a field) to discourage the monkeys and barking deer (possibly also sambhur?) by yelling loudly at intervals. They seem to have no clappers as at Hpalap Langdam and beyond. It was pathetic this evening to find a small youth, aged about 8, all by himself on guard in a field, and weeping silently for terror of the jungle and the thought of a night there on his own. We comforted him to some extent by sitting with him for a while and persuading him that he was such a hunter that the animals were all frightened of him; but we had to leave him at last, and it may well have been that his fears came back, poor little devil. We saw a cunning and very simple trap for some kind of deer, where a fresh game track came out of the jungle down a steep bank to the path. It was only a sharp bamboo stake stuck into the ground in such a way that it would pierce the animals' stomach as it jumped down the bank. Probably highly effective, I should think. A wild duck of sorts (some kind of teal) was caught in the stream by the village this morning. It was apparently full grown and yet it was caught by hand by a woman close to the bank. I can only imagine that it was on migration from the north and had dropped out through tiredness, though I have seen no migrating flocks of anything so far. For breakfast 2 fried eggs and fried potatoes: for dinner Maggi Consommé, fish cakes (the fish a present from the Tamyok): and a tapeoly in the shape of the duck. I had

ordered it roast as a savoury, but Kewa thought he knew better. He roasted it up and mixed it with potato, and then fried it. The result was so deplorably soggy and tasteless that I refused to eat it.

Pangnamdim. Monday, September 26th 1938 Min 66° Max 85° B(6am)26.69 B(1pm)26.70

Between 6 p.m. & 6 a.m. no rain fell. Between 6 a.m. & 6 p.m. 0".2 rain fell, making a total so far for the month of 70".8. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and there was no apparent wind. By 7 a.m. the mist was rising and evaporating, and by 8 a.m. it had entirely disappeared and the sky was 7/10 covered with stratus cloud: wind SW 2. By 9 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with strato-cumulus clouds. At 1 p.m. nimbus began to come over in moderate quantities, and by 1.45 p.m. the sky was 8/10 covered and light rain began to fall. Rain, varying from light to light drizzle, continued to fall until 4 p.m. when the nimbus finally passed off, leaving the sky 4/10 covered with light stratus. After 5 p.m. the clouds increased rapidly, and by 5.30 p.m. the sky was wholly covered with heavy stratus: wind S.W 2. Mist began to come down the valley, and by 6 p.m. the sky was entirely obscured. The river was 1' foot lower than last night at 6 a.m. this morning, and the level remained more or less constant throughout the day.

I got on with a few letters which had to be written before we leave for the Taron, and packed up the snake sketches for D. Malcolm Smith. In the morning the Tamyok came round to find out whether we were going to cross the Chinese frontier or not, as he would have to inform de Glanville of our plans. I was able to tell him that we were not going to do anything of the sort, as I did not consider the Chinese frontier to extend into the Taron valley; that we were merely going up the Taron and down the Adung, with possibly a short trip up to the Diphuk La. He told me a thing I wish I had known before, and that is that there is at least one kind of snake at Goletutap which is not found in the Nam Tamai, and two or three more at Nogmung. If only somebody had thought of telling me this before I could have made a trip back there during the summer. As it is I shall try and get a few specimens early next year before we go into Tibet. Incidentally a crowd of specimens came in all at once this evening, including at last another Dendrelaphis formosanum, unfortunately a female like the first, but very welcome with laying. A small boy brought in 6 lizard eggs, which he claimed to be those of a Draco. So far as I know there is no way of telling ~~him~~ whether they were or not, and after some discussion I gave him a consolation prize of As 1/- and

told him to go and put them somewhere where they would hatch out, promising to pay for the young at the regular Draco & Gonna Lizard rates as the case might be. Jane ran off into the jungle this afternoon, and was away for 1½ hours, while I was filled with fears that she might have fallen a victim to a snake. When she came back, dripping wet and very bedraggled, she was immensely proud of herself, but soon fell into an exhausted sleep in my shirt, only waking for her evening meal at 8.30. Tony did good work packing the remaining skins for transport. We expected the mail today, but it did not turn up unfortunately. I hope it comes tomorrow, & we will miss it altogether and have to wait till we get back at the beginning of November. Breakfast of rice & potatoes: dinner of Oxsoup and potato curry. We have one remaining fowl which we will eat tomorrow. Blister flies very bad today, and there were a good few mosquitoes.

Pangrandim. Tuesday, September 27th 1938. Min 66° Max 87 B/(9am) 26.74 B/(6pm) 26.71

Between 6 p.m & 6 a.m there was no rain. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m there was also no rain, thus making the total for the month 70".8 up to date. At 5 a.m there was some light mist in the valley, and the sky was covered with moderate stratus clouds. Wind nil. At 6.30 a.m a S.W wind arose, force 1, and by 8.30 am the sky was 5/10 clear. By 10 a.m it was cloudless and remained so for the remainder of the day. At 5 p.m a small amount of mist came down the valley, but the night is cloudless: wind S.W. Not much news today except that I soldered the snake tin again (as we spewed a hole & two in it when putting it into the crate) and wrote to Leyden & Mrs L; besides sewing up snakes and packing insects. However the mail came this evening, with the two cheeses we had ordered from Barnetts. We have begun on the 11 pound Dutch one, and it's a perfect boon. Natal Chand says that he does not yet know what is wrong with Chetuk, but he doesn't think it's as serious as gall stones. Good bearing, and he will probably be back with us by the time we return to Pangrandim. Stein's book arrived, and I am reading it now. It's good in a journalistic style, but he has taken whole passages verbatim from what I have already written, and that rather annoys me. We are off tomorrow.

Tilikawong Tri R.H. (Mungdung) Wednesday, Sept 28th 1938.

B (9.30 am P) 26.70: 74°: B (6.30 am) 26.55: 70° (29, 9.58)

No rain last night & today. Total 70".8 for the month so far. At 5 a.m the sky was 9/10 covered with stratus clouds, and there was a small amount of

mist in the valley: wind nil. At 6.30 a.m a S.W wind arose, force 2, and by 8 a.m the sky was 8/10 clear. By 9.30 a.m the sky was cloudless and so it remained for the rest of the day. The night is cloudless; wind S.W 2

A good deal of work this morning before we left, so I got up at 4.30 and packed insects, nailed up the snakes, packed a collecting box, a medicine box and my own box; and wrote to Cooks, de Glanville, Durant and the Doctor. Most of the coolies were away by 8.30 a.m, but it was 10.30 a.m before I was ready, and getting very hot. I started off in good form and did well for about 5 miles, when I was as enough to take a drink of water. It finished me altogether, first by making me terribly thirsty so that I had to drink twice more; and secondly by completely sapping my strength. I thought I must be ill, because I wanted to be sick and could do no more than crawl along at a bare 1½ miles an hour with frequent rests from the 6½ mile point on. But anyway it's taught me a lesson, if it's done nothing else. Tony, with 8 drinks, was even worse and had to stop and sleep on the path at one point! A march of 8¼ miles over a good motor track, except that the bridges would take nothing but foot traffic. Taking the march as starting from our house, we [traded] a moderate stream at 600 yards, close to the Rest House, and a second at ½ mile, the path so far running beside fields and cleared ground to a large extent. At ¾ mile we entered jungle and began to climb very easily and gently. At rather more than a mile we were some 250 feet above the river, and from there we descended slowly to the Tawang Wang, a large swift stream, at 2 miles, which we crossed by a light cane suspension bridge with a footpath of 2 bamboos, and capable of taking one man at a time. The stream was some 30 yards wide and 5 or 6 feet deep. We then climbed steadily up and by 2¾ miles were some 1200 feet above the Nam Tamai. Shortly before this point 15 yards of good gallery crossed a rock face. We descended steeply 500 feet and climbed again to 1300 feet above the river, at 3¼ miles, then descending perhaps 200 feet to 3¾ miles where we passed some fields both above and below the path with one house called Mayin. After this I was not in a fit state to note things and will

do the route again when we go down the Nmai in November. A typical little Rest House here of 1 room and a bathroom some 300' above the river. It was not bad when we arrived, but Tony fell through the bathroom floor, leaving a crater like a shellhole, and eventually came out from under the house; so it's not so good now. We've increased the zoo again to the extent of one macacque (very young, and called Tondrup by the servants on account of the strong family likeness to N.T.!) and two young phalangers, silver grey like Jemima & Sarah. Clarence has been taken on by Tony, and Maria lives with me to the great and burning jealousy of Jane. The people here have been pathetically collecting skins and things ever since they heard we were coming this way; and they offer them for sale with an anxiety so intense that it's almost concrete. Happily I've been able to buy nearly all of them, there being only a few which were hopeless. Mungdung itself is about 1/2 mile away from the Rest House, over the next ridge down the valley and out of sight of the path. There are only 4 houses but a good deal of cultivation of the same crops as at Pangnamdim except that no maize is grown. Oddly enough these people in the Tamai Valley eat practically none of their rice, but use it all for making rice beer and arrack — chiefly the latter. The headman met me 1/2 mile down the path, and later a present of two hens was produced by him (as 'headman' of the Rest House), and by the headman of Mungdung — one each. Mungdung, mixed Khanung & Darn. We also got sweet potatoes and small pumpkins and some eggs, so we're doing pretty well. A glorious sweet smell of warm vegetation on the march today, which filled me with joy. It reminded me somehow of Zayul in the summer, and also of that last ghastly march in to Putao in 1933. Smells rouse memories almost more than anything else I think.

Renam. Thursday, September 29th 1938. B(T, 6.30 a.m.) 26.55. 70°.5
B(R, 3 p.m.) 26.53. 82°.

At 5 a.m. the sky was 8/10 covered with stratus cloud. Wind nil. By 7.30 a.m. the sky was 9/10 clear: wind W2. By 9 a.m. the sky was cloudless. Conditions remained unchanged until 2.30 p.m. when heavy nimbus clouds came up and the wind freshened to W3. By 3.15 p.m. the sky was entirely covered, and light rain was falling. Between then and 5 p.m. (when the wind dropped to W2) there was a fair amount of distant thunder, but in the deep valley it was not possible to tell in which direction it was. The rain continued until 7 p.m., and the night sky is completely overcast: wind W2. A march of 8 miles over a ~~good~~ moderate mule-track.

From Nilikawngthi the path descends gradually 100′ to ~~cross~~ ford a moderate stream (5ˣ wide) at ½ m; and thence continues to descend very slowly & irregularly, mainly through a secondary growth of long grass, reeds & bushes. At 2 miles a moderate stream is forded (6ˣ wide) and the path enters thick jungle. At 2½ miles it crosses 5ˣ of good gallery over a rock face, and at 3¾ miles it reaches a level no more than 20′ above that of the river (at present fairly low). For 150ˣ it continues at this level, and this sketch is impassable during floods, the recent high water mark being a good 10′ above the path. It climbs a low spur, some 50′ in height and descends the same distance to a cane suspension bridge at 4 miles, over the Dableu Wang, and at the confluence of this river with the Nam Tamai. The bridge is 40 yards long, and capable of taking one mule at a time. The Dableu Wang is deep & swift. The path then climbs easily to some 400′ above the river, reaching the top of the climb at 4¾ miles, from which point it climbs gently up & down without either losing or making much height. At rather less than 6 miles the confluence of the Tawn with the Nam Tamai is reached, and the path turns east up the former. At 6½ miles 8 yards of good gallery are crossed over a rock face, and at 7¼ miles a moderate stream is forded (6ˣ wide) flowing in a steep gulley. At 8 miles the Rest House is reached, 250ˣ short of the village of Renam (9 houses, mixed Khanung & Darn), and 50ˣ short of a large stream. It is about ~~150~~ 100′ above the river.

As far as the march was concerned, the weather was glorious, and, compared ~~to~~ with what it was like on our way up to Pangnamdim, travel is absolute heaven now. Mind you I enjoyed it even during the rains, but it was with a grim sort of enjoyment, more because I was away from cities and the steaming flocks of sheep-like people than anything else. Now, with the sun filtering down through the trees, butterflies hovering over the path, an occasional view of tiny sun-drenched fields way up on the hills, and surrounded by dense, dark-green jungle; or a sight of the river flashing in sparkling rapids far below us; and especially the blessed smells which make one feel alive at last; I have gone along to-day feeling as though I had a singing bird inside me and a tiny fountain playing from an overflowing heart. God, how I love this life, and especially when we're on the march. Unlike yesterday, too, besides the general smell of green things there has been from time to time an almost overpowering smell of flowers, though I have never seen any

which cowd have caused it. Perhaps they were up in the trees high above the path, and, on a windless morning like this, the scent has come drifting down from the land of the birds & squirrels. At 3½ miles I stopped to take a view up the valley and then sat down to smoke for a while with K.B. We were presently joined by some of the coolies and the Taungsk's representative, and they said that very often on clear nights a strange light can be seen moving about under the water of the river just below where we were sitting. They said that the phenomenon was very localized, and only occurred in a stretch of water about 200' in length, the light being round and about the size of a large grapefruit. Only one light is ever seen at a time, and almost the entire population of both Mungdaung and Renam has seen the affair. At intervals proposals have been put forward for an attempt to catch whatever it is that makes the light in fish nets, but they have never come to anything because the people say hauntedly that they are afraid when it comes to the point. The Taungsk at Nam Ti, who hails from Renam, is said to have gone down to the bank at this point before he went blind, to collect sand; and while scooping it up a strange globular creature, completely spherical and without apparent legs, somehow careered from near his foot into the river, and vanished. This is credited with being the maker of the light. I seem to be fated to have light mysteries thrust upon me, but I have promised to camp at that spot when we move down to the Triangle and have a look myself, if it's a good night for the show. There are a few leopards in this part of the valley (though I have not yet seen any skins, but only the teeth which the hunters fasten to their dao scabbards) and to-day what would have been a fine clouded leopard skin was offered for sale. It was slipping, however, and I rejected it sorrowfully. There is also said to be an occasional tiger, but I showed like confirmation of this. It is a great feeling to be in the Taron valley at last. It's much steeper and apparently even more densely wooded than that of the Nam Tamai (if possible), at least down here; and the opposite side is almost a cliff for about 2000'. There is a good deal of clearing immediately round Renam, but elsewhere a solid mass of jungle as far as we can see. The village is mixed Darn & Khanung, both lots inter-mingling with each other occasionally. They are a cheery lot and very friendly, full of smiles. To-day they

brought in a couple of snakes, about 80 insects (some of them quite good) and a few skins; and one man had shown his initiative by fixing up a bamboo fish trap above a path, in which he had caught no less than 28 bats the night before. Ten of these were pretty high, but I bought the other 18 which included 2 species we had not yet got. I sent a male nuchalis back with 6 coolies who were returning, to join Hoca & companion in the box. Hoca, I may say, is a female! It was a much cooler march to-day, partly because we started earlier (about 7.30 a.m.) and partly because, owing to the direction of the valley, there was more shade. After 11 a.m. too, there was an occasional hateful breeze. I drank no water, true to my vow; and even Tony held out till the last mile before having a drink. That set up a thirst however, and he drank four times before the end! This is a typical little Rest House, like yesterday's. We were presented with a hen by the headman, and bought a good deal of maize (a lot of which is grown here), some sweet potatoes, and 2 small marrows. I hear that the bridge over the ~~Tatsi~~ Tatsi Wang on to-morrow's march is unfit for transport, but that the chaps are hard at work repairing it. Wangme seems very pleased to see us, if only because we are bringing money into the valley.

Wangtsitap R.H. Friday, September 30th 1938. B (R 7 a.m.) 26.74. T 69°
(W 6.30 p.m.) 26.44. T 72°

There was some rain during the night.

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with dense shatus cloud with some nimbus: wind S.W 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 3 p.m. (except that there was slight drizzle between 9 a.m. & 9.30 a.m.) when the clouds began to clear. By 5 p.m. the sky was cloudless, and has since remained so: wind SW 2. Fifty yards after leaving the R.H. a moderate stream is crossed by a light plaited bamboo bridge, 30' long — the stream flowing in a steep gulley. After 250' Renam (9 houses) is passed immediately above the path, and almost at once the road enters jungle since the greater part of the cleared land is W of the village. At ½ m however, the path runs immediately below some large fields of maize, rice & millet, which continue for some 400'. At ¾ m there is a steady descent of 100' in 200' to the right bank of the Taron, after which the path runs fairly close to the water, climbing slightly up & down. At rather less than 1½ m it begins to climb easily and fairly steadily, reaching a height of some 700' above the river at just over 2 m, and continuing more or less level for about ¼ m. At 2¼ m it begins to descend gradually and irregularly, occasionally making short climbs of 50-100'. At 3 m a stretch of good

gallery, 5 yards long, is crossed over a rock face, and at 4½ m the descent steepens considerably. At 4¾ m the path crosses a moderate stream by light log bridge, 8ˣ long, not more than 20' above river level; and after crossing this stream it climbs easily 150' to 5¼ m, coming out of the jungle into cleared ground covered with long grass + small bushes. At 5½ m it enters jungle again, and begins to descend steadily, reaching the bank of the Taron at the confluence with the Tatsi Wang at 5¾ m. [In September the Tatsi Wang is a river some 40 yards wide by 10-12' deep, with a current of 8 knots; but in the dry season both men + mules can ford it immediately above the confluence] In the wet season a very bad path leads from the confluence above the R bank of the Tatsi Wang to a cane suspension bridge at 6 m. This bridge is 50ˣ long, with a tread 2 bamboos in width, and it is capable of taking only 1 man at a time. From the bridge, 20ˣ of bad path climbs steeply up to join the mule track. When it reaches the crest of a very narrow ridge, this continues to climb steadily to 6¼ m, and then irregularly and more easily along this ridge to 6¾ m, by which time it is some 400' above the river. It then descends gently through cleared land, and at 7 m passes a short way above the village of Aliwang (5, Darn). At 7½ m a moderate stream is crossed by bamboo bridge, 20ˣ long, and 30ˣ further on is the Rest House Wangtsitap in a small clearing in the jungle.

The hut consists of 1 small room, a bathroom and a verandah. There is a kitchen, and accomodation for about 30 coolies. It is about 150' above the river.

A gloomy day as far as the weather was concerned, but an amusing march. The Taron seems to be uniformly narrower than the Nam Tamai (in general not under than about 40 yards) which means that it must be a great deal deeper, as it is the main stream. After the rain of yesterday and last night there was a certain number of leeches, and I personally was bitten about 25 times. Even Tony, who went armoured in hosiers, boots + puttees, scored 2 or 3 and was very disgruntled. The bridge over the Tatsi Wang was the best we have crossed so far. When we arrived men were still hard at work adding cane supports, but even when they had finished there seemed to be a certain amount of doubt as to whether it would stand the strain. I went over first, and no less than 6 of the supports gave way with dreadful cracks in one place and another, so that my doubts were very pronounced and I sat at the far end for more than ½ hour watching our coolies cross the swaying, swinging erection. However, since by the end of that time there had been no accidents, I gave up my visit and pushed on to the bungalow. One of the men at the bridge had a fish spear on a ~~bf~~ long bamboo with a bamboo safety

rope fastened to the butt end. The head had four iron prongs, like this  , unbarbed, and the fish were severally, but not always, caught at right ans a inch.
A rumour came to us at the bungalow that 2 sahibs had arrived from China at Yungtang the day before yesterday, with 15 n 20 coolies. I think they must be Chinese, though what they are doing is a bit of a mystery beyond a possible spying out of the land. It will be interesting to see them in any case, assuming, that is, that the rumour has any foundation at all. Many snakes were brought in, including Sibynophis collaris which I had not so far got this year, and a few skins; also a kite, a live snipe, and a live phalanger with it's two lower teeth knocked out. I refused to buy the latter, as that seems to me to be the only way to teach these people not to do that sort of thing. Maria is doing splendidly, and comes out of my shirt for her meals like a shot when I squeak. She & Jane are getting on better too, and though Jane teases her a bit, it generally ends by them both falling asleep in a pile. Maria, being nocturnal, seems to spend most of the night in wandering about in the bed, (largely over my face) but it doesn't worry me much. K.B tore a nasty hole in his thigh on the march to-day by stepping backwards so that a freshly cut bamboo pierced him. The gash is about 3 inches long by ½ inch wide and deep; but even if he would have let me (and he was strongly against it) I would not have sewn it up, as the stitches would have torn out as soon as he started to-morrow's march. Still thick jungle everywhere, and if we don't start climbing faster than we have been doing, we'll be in it for the devil of a long time. I asked for the map case this afternoon to see where we were, only to find that Kewa (after I had carefully shown him which one I wanted) had packed the other which contains nothing of any use at all. It's a damn nuisance, but it can't be helped now. Even if I sent a runner back for the other, we would be beyond our administered area by some three or four days before he could possibly catch us up again, and he might never arrive. I don't know how the people in the Chinese Taron get on with those in the British.

Patsaulamdam R.H. Saturday, October 1st 1938. B (W 6.30 a.m.) 26.45 T64°
B (P 6.30 p.m.) 26.38 T68°

At 5 a.m the sky was 3/10 covered with light cirrus clouds: wind S.W 1. By 6.30 a.m it was entirely cloudless, and since then conditions have remained unchanged.

From Wangtsitap, a moderate mule-track climbs easily about 50' through thick jungle, and at less than ¼ m begins to descend steadily 200', reaching the river bank at ½ m. For the next ½ m it continues very level on the whole, close to

the river, and running slightly up and down. At 3/4 m a path branches off to the left, up the side of the valley, leading to Saidam (a Daru village of 3 huts) about 1/4 m away; and at rather more than 1 m a second path also branches to the left, up a narrow valley, leading to Asang (a Daru village of 3 huts) about 4 miles away. Immediately after passing this second path, the mule-track crosses a moderate stream by light bamboo bridge, 5x wide, and climbs easily some 350', passing a small field at 1 1/4 m, and reaching the top of the climb at 1 1/2 m. There is then a moderately steep descent of 100', after which the path runs slightly up & down at about 250' above the river. At 2 1/2 m it begins to descend steadily, and crosses the Malin Wang, a moderate torrent 20x wide and 2-3 feet deep, by light bamboo bridge at rather less than 3 m. [The Malin Wang is about 20' above river level and the crossing is 40x from the right bank of the Taron. After heavy rain the stream would be impassable. Four hundred yards below the confluence with the Malin Wang, the Taron is spanned by a cane Rope Bridge, used only by hunters and men collecting cane.] From the Malin Wang the path climbs steadily up to 350' above the river, reaching the top of the climb at 3 3/4 m. At 4 m it starts to descend; reaches the river bank at 4 1/2 m; and arrives at the Rest House Patsar Lamdam (Hkusan Lam?) at rather less than 4 3/4 m. The R.H is on the right bank of the river where it makes a sudden bend from W-E to SE-NW. It is supposed to be kept up by the village of Asang, but it was in a wretched state of repair when we arrived. No supplies of any sort, but good wood & water. A very short march which we finished by about ~~8.30~~ 10 a.m and the coolies not long after. The R.H was fearful when we reached it, and the floor was a booby trap of the first order; but the coolies set to work as soon as they came in and made it habitable. They repaired the floor; made a second door through the back, with steps leading up; built a bathroom just outside and a latrine a little further off; and walled in the kitchen, which was previously no more than a roof. The walls of the kitchen & bathroom were no more than big leaves, of course, as it was all only for one night, but even so it was a stout bit of work on their part. They are very willing little people, all of them. I heard fearful screams this afternoon, and looked out to see Tondrup (the monkey) being given a bath in the stream by Lewa. With its' wet fur it had shrunk to nothing almost, and its wretched little face was distorted with rage and horror. I took a photo of the scene. The bath wasn't much of a success, as it rolled in the dust as soon as it was released, and became covered with a thick Bees were very bad here to-day, and were a damn nuisance. Tony was stung once, and A.T on the tongue. Onion brought down the swelling.

cake of mud. Tindrup runs about a good deal now, and generally makes tracks from the kitchen for our quarters where it roams about gibbering, and climbs on to one or other of us to go to sleep. To-day, however, I was busy packing insects, and so she had to be removed by force and tied up, as she insisted on examining and destroying the specimens. Apropos work, it is all rather difficult on the march, even with weather like this, as there is no time for anything. Tony & I arrive pretty early as a rule with KB, closely followed by N'I & Maran Yong; but the Coolies, with the collecting boxes etc, on an average don't turn up till about 2 p.m. Specimens are brought in from the village, and it only gives us a chance to skin perhaps 3 if we're lucky, and deal with a few snakes before the light goes. The insects have to be dried by the kitchen fire, and the mammals carried by hand on the march, pinned to their boards. Of about a dozen mammals so far we've been able to keep the skulls only, and we've had to jettison several birds and 1 bat which went bad on the road. We can't work much after dinner, for one thing because of the sand flies, which have been bad at most places; and for another because we have to get up early so as to make an early start and avoid the heat; which is considerable at mid-day. However we're getting a few things, and they will all help to swell the collection. The bungalow may be bad here, but that fact is more than compensated by its position. It's on the bank of the river, where the sides of the valley come down like cliffs. The water is flashing in the sun; there's a tiny island with a clump of trees just opposite, and far far above is the top of the valley rising in three great limestone blocks of nearly the same hight, and quite sheer, on this side at least, for three or four hundred feet. The Dayaks say that they are the home of great spirits, and that the 'Lord of the Spirits' lives in the highest (most easterly) one, in a great cave of which only the entrance can be seen from afar, and that is shaped like a huge doorway. These three peaks are swarming with goral, serow and pig but no native is handy enough to go near them — or practically no one. A Dayak did go up almost as far as the entrance to the cave once, returning with a marvellous story of a set of stone seats outside, with stone figures surrounding them. The awe of the place defeated him before he reached the doorway, and he fled; and, since both he and his family died very shortly afterwards, no one else has ever been up, or is likely to for a very considerable time. In fact the Dayaks, inveterate hunters, have made a game preserve which they respect far more carefully than if it were policed by a dozen wardens. Breakfast of fried eggs and corn; dinner of chicken curry & dhal.

Yungtang. Sunday October 2nd 1938. B (P 7 a.m) 26.60 T 58°5
B (Y. 4.30 p.m) 25.37 T 80°

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless, and there was a light wind blowing, force 1, but there was nothing to show from which direction. About mid-day and until 4 p.m the wind increased to force 2, then dying to 0; but otherwise conditions remained unchanged. A longish march of 9¼ miles over a most excellent mule-track. From Patsarlandam the path climbs steadily, through thick jungle, up and over a narrow ridge, reaching the top, 500′ above the river, at rather more than ½ m. It then descends 100′ fairly steeply and crosses a moderate stream by log bridge (6ˣ long) at ¾ m, after which it begins to climb steadily to a height of 3300 feet above the river, reaching the top of the climb at rather less than 3¾ m. For the last ½ mile, the ascent is very gradual. The path begins to descend at once, fairly steeply, and reaches the right bank of a moderate stream, flowing in a very narrow gulley with precipitous sides, at 5 m. It turns down this bank for some 350ˣ (by which time it has descended a total of 1500 feet), crosses to the left bank by light log bridge, 6ˣ long, and climbs steadily up the side of the gully for about 150′, reaching the top of the climb at 5½ m. It continues fairly level for ¼ m, and descends some 50′ to find a small stream at 6 m. From the stream it climbs moderately steeply 450′ to 6½ m, when it emerges from the jungle into cleared land covered with long grass and bushes. There is excellent visibility both across and up the valley. From this point the path is more or less level for ¾ m, after which it drops into a narrow valley and enters jungle again, descending steadily 500′ by 7¾ m and finding a small stream. It then climbs as steadily 500′ up, reaching the top and coming out of the jungle at 8¼ m, beyond which the north side of the valley is almost entirely cleared, and covered with short grass and a few bushes. [There is forest high up, and in the gullys, but otherwise little or none, although the opposite side of the valley is still thickly wooded with but one or two small clearings.] From 8¼ to 8½ m the path is very level. It then begins to descend fairly steeply a distance of 1300 feet to the Dorm village of Yungtang (9 houses) 300′ above Meria at 9¼ m, close to which is a small R.H, with a kitchen and accomodation for about 40 coolies. No supplies can be relied on, but it is probable that maize, marrows, pumpkins, a few eggs and perhaps a fowl may be bought. A good march in every way. In one thing I have got about sick of creeping along within a few hundred feet of the river, and to-day's switchback path has brightened me up enormously. It's taken my liver up too I think, and that's all to the good. I climbed the

last 2900 feet of the big ascent in an hour and twenty minutes, without being more than easily breathed at the finish, so I have great hopes that I may be getting fit at last. And secondly this is the most glorious valley without jungle. In some strange way it's reminiscent of parts of the Rongtö, although here, of course, the frost is fine. It's superb to be able to see these grand views after 3 solid months without any at all. As usual I feel years younger, the jungle always having an ageing, slightly depressing effect on me if I'm in it for too long. Far more of the valley is cleared here than is ever used for fields. The people say that it is their custom to have an open space around them, so they burn the forest, and that's all there is to it. Incidentally the villagers of Yungtang are Darus without any doubt, though they stoutly deny this and say they are 'Yungtangs'. Since it appears however that from now on for a few days at any rate every village claims to be a ~~but~~ tribe, I shall continue to call them Darus. There appears to be a good deal of Chinese influence here, in the matter of dress at least, for I have seen two or three men in Chinese jackets & trousers, two or three more in the jackets alone, and one wearing a black Chinese skull-cap. But everyone is as friendly as could be, and the headman bought a salaami of 2 hens and 10 fresh eggs, and was such a cheerful old soul, with his 3 wives (unfortunately either he is impotent, or they barren) that I donated a hunting knife and 3 small mouris, for his womenkind, as well as the usual Rs 2/-. As regards the mysterious 'sahibs', they did not come lower than Mäkungang, and were in fact Chinese, although wearing European boots which gave rise to doubts as to their nationality among the simple Darus. Their clothes were Chinese. One of them was about 40, and the other 20 odd, and they had 15 or 20 coolies, apparently Chinese. They stopped 2 days in Mäkungang, and, as far as I can gather, their reasons for coming were (a) to collect flowers — of which there are very few at this time in the valley, and (b) to see what the RH was like with a view to building similar ones higher up. Both excuses seem to me to be very thin, and I can't help feeling that my first suspicion was right and that they had come to spy out the land, turning back when they heard of our movements, possibly thinking that we were officials. I shall try and find out more about them at Mäkungang when we get there to-morrow. Jane & Maria are now at peace and sleep in a huddle together in my shirt on the march; buried in cotton wool to protect them from the sweat which rolls down my stomach in streams. The Pista caught a new snake on the march, which

I think is a Coronella, though I'm not at all sure. And a panda skin was bought in to-day, which I hope will delight old Pocock's heart. No leeches in the march, but sandflies and blister flies are bad here. The latter are much larger than those we have been getting in the Nam Tamai valley. No horse flies.

Mäkumgang R.H. Monday, October 3rd 1938. B(Y 7 a.m) 25.64 T 58°
B(M 6 p.m) 25.90 T 74°

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless; wind nil. Between 10 a.m & 4 p.m there was a valley wind force 1, but nothing to show whether there was an upper wind or not. Otherwise conditions remained unchanged. The night is cloudless: wind nil.

An excellent path running across open hillside, with forest only in the gullies and high on the north side of the valley. The south side is also largely cleared in this march, but forest predominates throughout. From Yungtang the path runs above the right bank of the Taron, dropping into and climbing out of numerous small gullies, but keeping very level on the whole for 4¾ m; by which time it is about 300' above the river, never having been closer than 200' or further than 400' from it. At 1½ m a moderate stream is crossed by light bamboo bridge, 6ˣ long, and at about 2½ m there is a Cane Rope Bridge across the river, from which a path leads over a pass to China — 6 days to the first Chinese village, crossing the pass in the 4th day. ~~Some fields above the left bank~~. At 3¼ m a second moderate stream is crossed by light bamboo bridge, 5ˣ long, and at about 4¼ m the Dam village of Htkusken (5 huts) is some 200' above the path on a spur. [The slight vagueness as to the positions of both this village and the Rope Bridge is due to the fact that neither can be seen except from further along the path. I saw the bridge from the 3 m point, and the village from 4¾ m]. From the 4¾ m point, which is on the crest of a small spur, the Dam village of Mäkumgang (4 huts) can be seen at a distance of about 600ˣ upstream, on a ridge 150' above the left bank of the river. From this point there is a steady descent of 300' to Mäkumgang R.H at 5¼ m, close to the right bank of the Taron, and some 30' above the water. A small R.H, but in fair class repair, built largely of planks and with a thatched roof. A short distance below the R.H is a Cane Rope Bridge across the Taron, connecting with the path to Mäkumgang village; and immediately opposite is the confluence of the Taron with the Mäkumgang Hrang, a fairly large stream flowing down a steep valley from the S. From Mäkumgang village there is said to be no path either up or down the left bank of the Taron, except for a very short distance to ramons fields; and only a hunter's track up the Mäkumgang Hrangdong further than a settlement of 5 huts at ¼ m,* there being no pass at the head of the valley. Mäkumgang is at the end

* See note in 4.10.38.

of the Government mule-track. A short and very easy march today, and we were in early. On the way I got a good view through my glasses of the highest Cairstone peak I mentioned on 1.10.38, and of the great doorway which was clearly visible to the naked eye. It may or may not be the entrance to a big cave (I thought I think it's unlikely myself) but it's so astonishingly like a doorway deliberately cut out of the rock that I don't wonder the Danus have built a story round it. It must be at least 100' high, & about 20' wide; and, at least to someone without glasses, it appears almost perfectly rectangular, though actually what appears to be the Central is a place where the rock has flaked away, and the real top of the door is quite asymmetrical. There is no deception, however about the sides, and there is certainly some sort of a hollow behind the opening, but how far it goes in I couldn't see. Nor could I see the stone seats & figures outside, though I examined every inch of the rock face for some minutes.

I have decided to wait here to-morrow partly so that three or four men can be sent ahead to repair the path if necessary, and partly because I shan't be happy until I have got a record of the daily barometric variation. It seems to be extraordinarily big here (at least, this month) and something like 0".3. Runs at Renam, between 3 p.m and 7 a.m the difference was 0".21, though that is not a very good illustration, as we had rain that night. At Patsalandam between 6.30 p.m & 7 a.m (between which times the variation would not be a maximum by any means) it was 0".22. And at Yungtang, between 4.30 p.m & 7 a.m, it was 0".27. At this rate, if I don't get my full hourly record, I may have an error of 1000' in 3 days, and we will find the pass into the Adung Long to be higher than Everest! From here on inclusive, the people are said to be untrustworthy and indeed treacherous, so that a man cannot travel the path alone or unarmed. This sort of reputation always seems to be given to people in these parts of Asia beyond the Government roads, and so far I have always found it to be undeserved; but I will take a few elementary precautions all the same until I see what's what. Eleven coolies are going back from here (6 from Pangnamdim; 4 from Renam; and 1 from Wanptsitap), and I am sending back the wireless (which has a broken connection) and the Primus lamp of which the mantle has broken. I forgot all about connections breaking and didn't put in the soldering iron, and though I put out 6 mantles in case of accidents I must have overlooked them when packing my box the day we left Pangnamdim. A bad show on my part. Talking of coolies, one of the men we have with us has slight leprosy. He

is a very good worker, but it is most interesting to see that (in view of the fact that Indians don't pay much attention to lepers) the other coolies steer very clear of him to such an extent that they will not even talk to him if it can be avoided. He is made to march alone, either right in front or right behind; eat alone; and sleep right away from the coolie hut; as they say that if they consort with him they will probably be infected themselves. And besides, they add, the disease makes him smell foul! One snake was brought in (Zaocys ingromarginatus ♀) and a bamboo containing a mother Phalanger and two babies, alive and well, the same silver grey kind as Maria and Clarence. They had been caught yesterday in a hole in a tree. The mother I killed as we are short of females for specimens, and Tony and I have each adopted a baby. Mine is Josiah, his Ethel, and we hope that later they may make suitable life partners for Maria & Clarence respectively. After a short period of distrust they were welcomed into their new families, and my three all sleep in a huddle now. Neither Josiah nor Ethel have opened their eyes yet. Töndrup died last night, though no one can quite make out why. She clambered out of Nyima's bed in the middle of the night, and went over to sit by the fire. In the morning she was still there but dead. I shan't take on any more monkeys. I don't like them very much for one thing, and they're an awful nuisance. Our zoo of 5 is big enough to deal with. Josiah & Ethel have to be fed out of a fountain pen filler, and their teeth are just beginning to grow. The headman of this place (an unprepossessing figure with a slack mouth and red-rimmed truculent eyes) brought in a salaami of 2 fowls and a brace of enormous pumpkins. There are apparently plenty of men in the village anxious to work as coolies, so we should have no difficulty in getting enough to replace the eleven. Actually we only need 10, of course, now that the wireless is going back. That makes our total 27 loads. Khark Bahadur's leg is much better, I'm glad to say, and to-morrow's rest will do it a power of good. In the last three days & four nights there hasn't been a cloud in the sky. Perfectly lovely weather, and an unbelievable joy to see all the stars again. Until now we've practically seen none since the beginning of June — 4 months! The bungalow here is first rate, new, clean & solid, and it will be fun to wait here a day before tukking on. Tony was stung on the neck by a bee this evening. It made me laugh because he is so frightened of them and yet it is always he who gets assaulted. Whenever one buzzes

round him he lets out a high treble shriek and flaps at it ineffectively, thereby driving it into a frenzy! I reckon he asks for what he gets!

Mākumgang R.H. Tuesday, October 4th 1938. Min 58° Max 86° B(6am) 26.08. B(6pm) 25.84

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless, and there was no apparent wind. From 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. a wind blew up the valley force 2, then dying away to 0, but otherwise conditions remained unchanged. Not much news to-day. I spent the whole time taking hourly readings of the barometer, and sewing up the snakes I have got so far. I also took on a third little ~~Phalala~~ phalanger (Deborah), which was brought in with a dead mother. It's simply minute, and much smaller than Jane was when she first came, but I'm full of hope that she may live. She & Josiah both eat well from the fountain pen filler. I have now got Jane (my dearest love, though I have to smack her often), Maria, Josiah and Deborah. As far as the Chinamen are concerned, what news there is seems to show that they were genuine collectors, providing, that is, that the news is reliable. As far as we can gather they got here on the 27th and stayed here on the 28th collecting flowers & insects. Apparently they talked with no one, (apart from when buying supplies, I imagine) and their coolies all came from Mahawndam, 3 days up the valley – if that's how it's spelt. Mākumgang itself has only 4 houses – those above the left bank of the river, – but the headman is in charge of 20 scattered houses in the immediate neighbourhood, five being a short way up the Mākumgang Wangdong. Each little group of houses has a different name, and the inhabitants of each claim to be a different tribe. All this is too confusing, however, and, for all practical purposes, Mākumgang is a scattered village of 20 houses. I did the headman an injustice yesterday in my remarks about his personal appearance. He must have been fresh from an orgy, for to-day when he turned up he looked a different person, quite respectable and very cheery in a dour sort of way. He was smartly dressed in a scarlet jacket of Lihsaw cloth – the thread being from Putao or China – and when I had given him his salaam he introduced his young, and remarkably good-looking wife so that she could have her mirror. He must have heard of the Yungtang gifts! I gave him a knife as well as Rs 2/- since he has done us very decently on the whole and this hut deserves something extra. I saw the first Tsewang* (or Dzewang) to-day, on his way down the valley. They are certainly not Darus, if he was a typical specimen, but could pass for Lihsaws or even western Chinese. He was wearing blue chinese trousers & jacket, & over the jacket a gaily patterned kind of waistcoats

* No! A Tarung!

but he was not near enough for me to see what the cloth was or even what the colours were. Otherwise he carried a bag and a dao, like the rest of these people, and he had a wispy moustache and imperial and very short cut hair. I took a lot of photos of the local Dams to-day, entirely for types. They has a very trying habit of invariably taking exactly the same things as I do from exactly the same positions. I wish he would desist, though, I suppose, for no good reason. The hourly variation was as follows.

6 am	26.08 (+0.36)	T 58°	
7 am	26.10 (+0.38)	T 58°	
8 am	26.09 (+0.37)	T 58°	The sun reached the bottom of the valley at 8.15 am.
9 am	26.05 (+0.33)	T 63.5°	
10 am	25.98 (+0.26)	T 69.5°	
11 am	25.91 (+0.19)	T 74.5°	
noon	25.84 (+0.12)	T 81°	
1 p.m	25.79 (+0.07)	T 83.5°	
2 p.m	25.74 (+0.02)	T 85°	
3 p.m	25.72 0.00	T 86°	
4 p.m	25.73 (+0.01)	T 85°	The sun sank behind a ridge at 4.30 p.m
5 p.m	25.77 (+0.05)	T 79°	
6 p.m	25.84 (+0.12)	T 74.5°	
7 p.m	25.88 (+0.16)	T 69°	

The fresh coolies have arrived and we are off to-morrow. We bought about 8 lbs of excellent fresh fish to-day, which gave a good meal to everyone. For breakfast fried eggs & fried runner beans (the black sort); for dinner Oxstp, and fried fish with fried sweet potatoes and french beans — followed, of course, by our noble cheese, as was breakfast.

Tsingerdamtap Camp Wednesday, October 5th 1938. B (M 6.30 am) 26.04 T 59°
B (T 3 pm) 25.33 T 85°

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless; wind nil. During the day, from about 10 a.m till 6 p.m, a wind blew up the valley, force 1-2, but apart from that and until 6 p.m, conditions remained unchanged. There was nothing to show what the true wind above the valley was, if any. At 6 p.m very small quantities of light shallow cloud began to come over in a S.E wind, force 3. At 6.30 p.m the wind ceased altogether and the clouds (much less than 1/10th) remained motionless. Since then conditions have remained the same. The path (unfit for loaded animals) is good on the whole, with a few bad stretches. From Mäkumgang it runs up the right bank of the Taron, close to the river, with a belt of jungle immediately above, and open ground below to the water. At 1/4 m the path enters jungle, emerging from the forest into cleared land at 1/2 m, still close to the river bank. Here are bamboo brakes and light forest some 80' above, and at this point the Taron makes

a sharp bend to the north. At rather more than 3/4 m a moderate stream (15ˣ wide) is crossed by a fallen tree-trunk. After passing through a narrow strip of jungle, the path emerges onto the open river bank at 1 m; picks its way for 200ˣ over and among large boulders; and then climbs some 50' up and down [largely along narrow ledges, and causeways of small saplings, 6" wide, fastened to the rock face) in order to pass a cliff. At 1¼ m it reaches the river bank again; runs over and among large boulders for about 60ˣ, and then enters thick jungle. At rather more than 1½ m it begins to climb steeply 250', reaching the top 200ˣ later; the Taron here running through a narrow gorge of which the E side is very steep for 800'. After about 40ˣ the path descends fairly steeply, and reaches the river bank, some 20' above the water, at rather more than 1¾ m. Between that point and just beyond the 2¼ m point, there are 2 short periods over boulders in the river bed separated by one through thick jungle. There are 2 log ladders to negotiate and several bad stretches of path. At rather more than 2¼ m the path climbs a log ladder, 15' high and enters jungle; and at slightly less than 2¾ m a path turns off up the hillside. [This is a cattle track, used to avoid the bad stretches lower down, when taking cows from up the valley to Mākumgang,

and vice versa. It rejoins the footpath close to Mākumgaing]. At 2¾ m a moderate stream (5ˣ wide) is crossed by two bamboos, and the path then descends about 30' gradually to the river, reaching the bank in 200ˣ, and continuing along this over sand and among stretches of boulders for about ¼ m. [At low water a path continues along the bank to rejoin the wet weather path at 3¾ m]. At rather less than 3¼ m a bad stretch of path leads steeply up 200' in $\frac{100}{150}$ˣ to a large field (no village), reaching the top at 3¼ m. The path then improves to quite good, descending through jungle gradually and irregularly to the river bank which it reaches at 3¾ m. [¼ m below this point is a cane rope bridge over the river, used only by hunters and when cutting sago palms. About ¼ m above, on the right bank, is a fine cascade, falling some 200' down a rock face and called the Kampang Wang. The river is here about 30ˣ wide only, with a steep gradient.] For ¼ m the path runs over and among large boulders on the river bank, passing close to the cascade which throws out quantities of fine spray; and at 4 m it enters moderate jungle again, composed largely of bamboos, beginning to climb slightly. At rather less than 4½ m there is a small yam field along the path, followed soon after by a field

of rice and millet. At 4¾ m a moderate stream called the Dădung Wang (10ˣ wide, ¾ and swift — unfordable) is crossed by light bamboo bridge. [Up the right bank of this stream runs a path to 1 house, part of the village of Dădung]. From this stream the path continues to climb, but more noticeably, mainly through cleared land covered with long grass and bushes. At 5 m it reaches a point on the crest of a ridge, some 200' above the river, from which a path branches off up the side of the valley to Dădung (a Tsewang village of 1 large house, making a total of 2 in all with that beyond the Dădung Wang). There follows a short, moderately steep descent of about 40', 50ˣ beyond which is the Camping ground Tsingardamtap (220' above the river) at a little more than 5 m. It is a small level space a few yards beyond a tiny stream. Wood & water good, but no supplies can be relied on from Dădung, although eggs, beans, rice and perhaps a fowl may possibly be bought. There is normally no hut, but at this time there were 3 bamboo shelters which had recently been put up for a party of 2 Chinese who visited Mäkumgang at the end of September. From Dădung up, and including that village, the Taron valley is administered by the Chinese. I thoroughly enjoyed to-day's march, more especially as it was the first time we have been off the government Mule-track since we left Myitkyina. Tony didn't enjoy it as much, I don't think! He fell down half a dozen times, and went along complaining loudly what a filthy path it was — when, in fact, it was pretty good on the whole except for the stretches over the narrow galleries, and up & down the log ladders and along the few narrow rock ledges, and among the boulders in the river bed. The galleries were the most primitive I have yet struck; no more than a couple of small saplings laid together & fastened to the rock face. They were only about 6" wide, and though there was never much of a fall below (not more than 20 or 30 feet as a rule) it would have been enough to have given me a nasty jar. At one place there was a rather lovely cascade, falling about 200' down an almost sheer rock. As I remember noticing in 1933 at the Dati falls, the water came down in beautiful feathery shapes, seeming to fall very slowly — in fact just to drift down. It wasn't more than 6 or 7 yards wide, and I think that that possibly added to its loveliness. Like some other beautiful women I have seen, if they are built on too large a scale they become merely handsome and no more. I passed close to the cascade, and was covered with a fine spray in so doing. The rocks near where it fell were carpeted with

little magenta trumpet flowers, the one blazing patch of colour in a sketch of dull granite boulders. We are doing well at these camps (or at least I hope we shall be), as normally there is no hut here at all, and we are benefitting by the visit the two Chinese made to Mäkumgang. They seem to have had bamboo bastas put up for them, which, with a little improvement, do very well for us. We had a little shelter put up for a bathroom, and a latrine, and then we were very comfy. The people here are Tschangs, and now that I have seen a good many of them, it is clear that they are very like Daros and are obviously of the same stock. The language is said to be different, but it seems to be a dialect of the Daru spoken lower down the valley. They dress the same (yesterday's specimen seems to have been an exception) with the one difference that both sexes women wear from about 40 to a hundred or more circles of thin cord round their waists, varnished black with a gum they obtain from what appears to be a form of plantain, both sexes Chang wear 2 or 3 heavy embossed rings of some silvery metal (mined & cast in the upper Taron valley) slung on as well. The Headman of Dädung brought a salaami of 10 eggs, and the one drawback to the camp was a plague of bees which infested our hut. Until sunset there were never less than about 100 with us, and they were a damn nuisance, although only I was stung — on the thigh, once. I spent some time working out the heights of the camps from Pangnamdim with the daily variation I got at Mäkumgang, only to find that it must have been an exceptional day as it was obviously over-correcting a great deal. The height of this camp, which must be close on 4000', came out at about 2800! After some thought I have come to the conclusion that, by a strange coincidence, for the two days on which I noticed that the difference between about 3 p.m. & 6 a.m. was some 0."3, the barometer must have risen rapidly; and that it must have been falling as rapidly on the day I took the hourly observations at Mäkumgang. I shall see what I can do about it tomorrow. It was a glorious day today, but I don't like the look of these clouds tonight, even though they are light and not many.

Dädung Camp. Thursday, October 6th 1938. B (T 7am) 25.66 T 66°
B (T 3.30pm) 24.59 T 75°

At 4.30 a.m. light rain began to fall, continuing until 5.30 a.m. At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with light nimbus cloud; wind S.W.1. By 5.30 a.m. this had been replaced by light stratus cloud. At 11 a.m. the wind increased to S.W.2. At 3 p.m.

heavy nimbus clouds began to come over, and at 3.30 pm light rain began to fall, continuing until 6 p.m. Fog 3.45 pm until about 6 p.m the sky was entirely covered with heavy nimbus cloud; but after 6pm the nimbus began to be replaced by dense stratus cloud. At the same time mist began to drift down the valley, and by 6.30 pm it had filled the river gorge to a height of some 1200' above the river, moving slowly down the valley on a breeze, force 1. The night sky remained totally covered with dense stratus cloud: wind S.W. 2.

From Tsingaidam a moderate path runs through cleared ground for 200x to cross a stream (5x wide) by a briage of 2 saplings; and it immediately starts to climb steeply up the side of the valley, by a path which runs almost straight. At rather more than 1 mile the top of the climb is reached at 2300' above Tsingaidam; and from there a good path descends fairly steadily for 1300' to the 2¼ m point, passing opposite the Tsewang village of Manghkin (4 houses, about ½ m to the left of the path) at ¾ from the top. At 2¼ m a small stream (4x wide & shallow) is forded, and the path then climbs easily and slowly about 100', running in and out of several small gullies, and reaching the top of the climb just short of 2¾ m. There is then a descent of about 40' to the Tsewang village of Dädung (1 house. The name is precisely the same as that of the village above Tsingaidam, but the two are otherwise unconnected) at 2¾ m. (some 5x below the path; some 5x from the path) and from there an undulating path continues for about 300x to the Camping ground Dädung at rather less than 3 miles, some 30x beyond a very small stream and about 1100 feet above the river. This camp is on a very small, nearly level space on the crest of a rounded ridge. There is water, but no wood at all, though this can be obtained from the village of Dädung. On today's march the north and east side of the valley is almost completely clear of forest: the other side is jungle with a few small clearings, but above Dädung it also is almost wholly open.

A sweaty climb up from Tsingaidam top this morning, which made the descent the other side seem all the better; but a ghastly event has occurred! Jane is gone! She jumped out of my shirt into the grass about ½ way down, and I went back for her then and collected her; but just short of Dädung she jumped out again (my shirt being very wet by then) and ran off into the long grass & bushes which covered the side of the valley. I whistled & called, and moved off a few yards in the hope that she might come dashing back; but she had entirely vanished, so I finished the march in the hope that after a couple of hours she might get tired of wandering and come back. In the afternoon I returned to

where I had lost her and whistled and called for a long time, but in rain. And though, when I left, I engaged a couple of the local Tsewangs to comb that patch of grass, with the offer of a reward if they were successful, Jane has not been seen. I wouldn't mind her running away very much if she preferred to go wild than to live with me provided there was forest about and plenty of stuff for her to eat. But here there there isn't any jungle for a long way up or down; no other squirrels; no food for her and no shelter; and, to make matters worse, it's been raining a good deal this afternoon. The thought of my poor Jane all wet, cold, & hungry goes to my heart. There is a very faint chance that she may have been found late this evening, and that the finder is waiting till tomorrow morning to bring her along; but it's really too slim a hope to cling to. Poor Jane. Once again we used the Chinamen's huts; and when I arrived, some way ahead of everyone else, the old headman had lit a fire in each and was busily engaged in cutting the grass round about with his dao. Later he brought a gift of ten eggs, and sent 10 loads of wood, cut some 300 or 400 feet down the valley; so I rewarded him with Rs 2/-. His ancient and much tattooed wife was a cheery old soul. She met me on the path, wreathed in smiles, and chattered unintelligibly. I answered 'It is so' in my best Khanung, and she seemed more than satisfied, though I haven't the slightest idea of what she was talking about. She was wearing two enormous silver rings in her ears (one in each) with corals on them, and no less than 5 of those heavy silvery rings round her waist cords. I must try & get some of them when we go further up the valley. The roof of our hut wasn't too good, and when it came on to rain we had to put a couple of tent flies over it to make life supportable. Otherwise it was grand. More or less open on three sides and deliciously airy. As soon as I told Tony that we were over 5000' he said how cold it was; made that an excuse for not having a bath at once (he loathes washing) and went to bed in all his clothes. He really is a fuggy devil; and in that connection it was amusing when Lewa & K.B were giving me a fresh shirt & pair of trousers to put on as soon as my bedding arrived, said to us both quite frankly that my dirty, sweat-soaked shirts always smellt sweet, while a shirt that Tony had worn (even if only for a few minutes) 'had a very bad smell'! Tony thinks it's funny though and fugs on.

I had three tent flies got out to-day for the coolies, and a shelter was made just in time before the rain came, which pleased me. I got down to making a graph of the daily

variation as found at Mäkungang this afternoon, and it must most certainly have been an exceptional day, with the barometer falling very rapidly until about 11 am, and then betaving fairly rationally until my last observation at 8 p.m. The only thing I could do was to build up a graph from the portion 11 am to 8 pm, continuing it on to 6 am + 10 p.m. I used that to look at the heights (it gives a maximum variation of about .24") and they seem quite reasonable though if anything a little on the high side, which would mean that my graph was showing rather too ~~big~~ small a variation. I must try + check it somehow or other, even if it means waiting for another day before long. An enormous fire fly, all alone, came along to the camp this evening. It was so big that as it approached I thought for a moment it must be somebody coming along the path with a lantern in the distance. It hovered around for a while but never came near enough to be caught, though I doubt if I should have had the heart to have killed it even if it had, it looked so lovely flitting about, like a fairy visiting the camp. There was a good deal of buckwheat growing in fields along the path to-day. The first time I have seen any this year. I wonder if height affects it much, as nobody down the valley has any at all. All to-days march the river has flowed in a very deep gorge, and there is not even a footpath lower down than the one we used. It's magnificent country, and will get better and better as we go up.

Mäyadam Camp. Friday, October 7th 1938. B (D 6.30 am) 24.74 T 62°
B (M 2 pm) 25.06 T 78°

At 5 am the sky was wholly covered with light stratus cloud, and the river gorge, for 1200 feet below the camp, was filled with mist. Wind S.W 1. By 8.30 a.m the mist had risen + vanished, and the sky was 3/10 clear; wind S.W 2. Between 9.30 am + 10.30 am the sky was entirely covered with cirro-stratus cloud, which cleared to some extent after 10.30 am, so that it was 4/10 clear by 11 am. Conditions remained unchanged until 5 p.m when the sky began to clear rapidly. By 6 p.m the sky was cloudless, and the wind dropped to S.W 1. The night is cloudless; wind S.W 1. On this march the west side of the valley is largely clear of forest; the east side almost entirely so, with jungle only in the gullies and close to the river.

From Dadung Camp, a moderate path ascends fairly steadily through jungle for some 800', reaching the bottom of the descent at rather more than 3/4 mile. It then climbs gently up about 50', and at rather more than 1 mile climbs a short ladder, 15' high, to the top of a big rock. From here an almost horizontal ladder bridges a large stream, which flows at this point between two large boulders. [This stream could be forded if necessary in the dry season a few yards below the bridge, without great difficulty]. From the stream, the path

runs up a notched log 12'; continues very level for some 200ˣ to a little more than 1¼ m; and then climbs steeply 500' up the side of the valley through long grass, reaching the top of the climb at rather less than 1½ m. It then runs slightly downhill for 100ˣ to the 1½ m point, after which it descends moderately steeply 700' through long grass & patches of light secondary forest, reaching the river bank, about 30' above the water at 2 m, at a point where there are 2 small lean-to shelters. [At a little more than 1¾ m it crosses a small field, immediately below which is a cane rope bridge across the river, connecting with a path to Mādamjagon (a Tarung village of 1 house, 200' above the bridge) and then running both up and down stream to the various small settlements above the left bank]. From 2 miles the path climbs easily some 40', and descends to the river bank at water level just short of 2¼ m; then running for 400ˣ over and among large boulders on the bank. At rather less than 2½ m it enters light forest, and at 2½ m begins to climb up the side of the valley. At a little more than 3 m it reaches a point 500' above the river; descends about 100'; and climbs moderately steeply the same distance to 3¼ m, at which point it is some 200' below the Tarung village Māpalang Chang (2 houses). [From here Gamle (Tarung, 3 houses) is about 1 m distant on the north side of a cleared ridge beyond the left bank of the river, and about 800' above the water]. From 3¼ m the path is fairly level for 300ˣ, after which it climbs irregularly (running in and out of several narrow ravines) a further 300' to 4½ m, and then descends steadily 450' to a large house at 5 m, called Māyadam, some 350' above the river and 30ˣ beyond a small stream. [At 5 m the path forks thus →/. It is the right hand fork which leads back some 20ˣ to Māyadam. The other runs to the village of Mawn~~dam~~ Mareng (1 house, about 1 mile away) and thence up the right bank of the Taron.] Water can be got from the small stream, and wood can be cut in a small patch of forest a short way below the house. No supplies can be relied upon. From Māyadam a path leads steeply down to a cane rope bridge across the river (bearing 55° from the house) and then climbs 200' to the camping ground Mawndam~~tap~~ (1 hut, bearing 40° from Māyadam). Mawndamtap is the camping ground for travellers moving down the valley just as Māyadam is that for those moving up. From Mawndam~~tap~~ a path continues ~~up~~ up the Taron valley above the left bank. Some 300ˣ above the camp it forks, the upper branch climbing steeply up the side of the valley to the camping ground Ssepi (Sāpi?), and crossing one pass into the Salween valley on the second day. This pass is

open throughout the year, though after a heavy fall of snow it is sometimes difficult for a short time.

Not very much news to-day (except that Jane did not turn up, and is now gone for good I'm afraid) until this evening. The march was a bit of a switchback, and fairly hot while the sun was shining — I was sweating in streams — but it wasn't a bad path and there was no difficulty. The Piata says that formerly we administered up to this place, but that it was going to be such a gigantic task building a mule-track up from Mäkumgang, that we renounced this sketch (which has since been taken over by the Chinese) and retreated to the latter place. I can appreciate the difficulty of making a mule-track in country where the only footpath has to climb steeply up & down the whole time to avoid cliffs & circumvent gorges; but if we have come to such a pass that we cannot administer a place without having a mule-track in it, then it seems to me we no longer deserve to have it and that the Chinese are more fitted to hold it than we are. They seem to do very well with only a footpath.

K.B fell off the path to-day, head over heels, just after he had suggested carrying my camera for me. Fortunately I had kept it myself; and still more fortunately he only fell some four & five feet, and was none the worse. It's infinitely more fun spending most of the time high above the river in this open valley, than wandering along down at the bottom as we have been doing until lately. I get starved for a sight of the country after a while when we're always limited to a view of perhaps two miles; but for the last two & three days I've been able to feast my eyes on miles & miles of steep ridges rising one above the other, in varying shades of green, to bare light-brown rocky summits, with only occasionally a glimpse of the green & white river foaming down through the gorge far below. It's the feeling of space which is so glorious, and which is so lamentably lacking both in Europe and in thick jungle. In Europe, no matter what people may say about the delights of Switzerland, & Scotland, & the Lake District, there is always the devastating knowledge that within a few miles is a stinking town, a railway, and a charabanc lumbering along a road scattering paper bags & streamers as it goes.

We are in Tarung country now, and incidentally I can find no justification for calling the river the Taron, as it is called after the Tarungs, and Khamungs, & Danus alike call it Tarung also — Wang, Hka & Hka as the case may be. These Tarungs look very like Lisaungs, though their language is very different. There is a great variety of dress, some wearing blue cotton Chinese jackets &

trousers, and others going about like Tsewangs or Darus; but a common peculiarity is a homespun garment like an abbreviated Cherba, reaching only to half way down the thighs and with sleeves to the wrists and no further. This is woven in indigo and white and is generally worn over a blue cotton jacket. Like the Tsewangs, men & women wear the belt of varnished cords and the silvery rings. The hair of the men is cut very short (I have seen no women yet) and thin moustaches are common. They are rather a fine looking lot on the whole, and those that we have met are very friendly. The house here is an ordinary large village house, standing on piles to make the floor level, (as the hillside is steep) and divided into 4 rooms, each stretching the full width of the building, by partitions about 5' high. A central passage runs right through from the front door to the back, and there is a fireplace in each compartment. No chimneys, but the smoke runs along under the roof ridge and out at the ends. The roof is thatched; the sides and partitions are of plaited bamboo; the floor of bamboos laid close to each other & parallel, and covered in one room with bamboo mats; the pillars, roof tree and beams are of wood; and the framework of the roof is bamboo. It used to belong to the Tarung who acts as Taungok for the Chinese; but then it was decided to make it a camp, so he has moved to another about 1 mile away.

The headman of Măpalangchang, the nearest village, came in shortly after we arrived (we had actually met him on the road) with a present of a fowl; and the Taungok came in this evening (an ancient man with a moustache, and very self conscious, which is odd for a jungly native) with another, so 2 dinners are assured at least without our having to open stores. He said that it was going to be a difficult matter to get coolies, as most of the men here are now up in the hills hunting or collecting mirmira and roots. He might get 4, he said. This will be awkward, as all our coolies from lower down want to return now; and I feel it may possibly be an Asiatic method of preventing us going up the valley. Much the same thing has happened to me before, and notably at Menthok gompa. If so it will be because of the Chaplin Howard episode that orders have been sent to prevent any Englishmen from coming up the valley. On the other hand, of course, it may be the truth. I gave him a knife and Rs 3/- and told him to do his best anyway; and we will wait here to-morrow to see what happens. As regards our own men I have said that for those who continue I will provide ration money at the rate of As 2/- per man per day, and a ration coolie for every ten men for each eight days; and that said I have left them to think it over. A Chinese trader who came along

this afternoon said that there was no need to cross the river here, and that we could continue up this side for 8 days to Laktata, from which place we climb out of this valley into that of the Adung, 4 days march. The Tamgak, however, says that we must cross here by the rope bridge (in which, by the way, they use wooden sliders just as in Tibet) as the first march on the west side is fit only for unloaded men. So we will cross here (if we get coolies) and then back again, but where I don't know. The two Chinese collectors (the elder is said to speak English) are somewhere up the valley. I should like to meet them. The Chinese traders have already mentioned bringing cattle, hens, cotton cloth, salt, buttons and pins from China, and barter them for mirmira, lily bulbs, skins, (especially of bear & fox) and anything else which he may later be able to sell. The lily bulbs are used for coughs, and, I gather, consumption. They are ground to a powder, and 1 tola is taken dry by the mouth twice a day, followed by a drink of hot water. It is even more efficacious if mixed with raw pigs liver, slightly warmed over the fire — on the same principle, I imagine, as our liver extract.

While I was having my bath this evening, there was a sudden strong smell of incense (— smell both Mother and I adore) lasting from about 6.40 to 6.42 p.m. Absolutely glorious it was, and I thought how Mother would have loved it.

Mäyadam Camp. Saturday, October 8th 1938. Min 59° Max 83° B(6pm) B(8am) 25.19

At 5 am the sky was entirely covered with light Cirrus Clouds: wind nil. At 6 am. a S.W wind arose, force 2, and by 6.30 am the mist was rising rapidly from the river. By 7 am it had vanished entirely and by 8 am the sky was 5/10 clear. By 9 a.m it was cloudless, wind S.W. 2; and after that conditions remained unchanged. The night is cloudless: wind S.W 1-2. Tony was afflicted with a frightful attack of diarrhoea during the night, and has stayed in bed all day — except when making hurried and blasphemous rushes to the latrine, which he has done with considerable regularity. Always a believer in whole measures I have kept him off food till this evening, (when he had 2 scrambled eggs — not buttered eggs) and have given him a total of about 4 ozs of Epsom salts. That ought to clear the trouble, I think. I have also given Little Josiah a dose (but of castor oil) as he seems to be constipated and is off his food. Ethel is dead, but we don't quite know what from. I feel no great sympathy is required as she was never a favourite with Tony. My fears as to our being refused permission to proceed have proved groundless. I'm glad to say, and we leave here to-morrow. The old Tamgak seems to have done his best for us and has produced 11 coolies of whom we have rejected two on account of their size; and of the others, all but 8 say that they are

very glad to come along if I will give them rations, or money to buy the same, and, if necessary, 1 coolie per 10 men to carry the food. That is perfectly fair and reasonable, and we are all happy again. Six of them say they will come right round with us, and the others will come at least 8 days to where we leave the Taron and climb up to the pass. The men from here too will come at least as far as that and possibly further. Of the 8 who are going back, all said that they would come on another day or two if we wanted; but in the circumstances it was not necessary and I have paid them off. I also gave the Tawgok another Rs 2/- for good work at which he was overjoyed, saying that if we come again to Mäyadam, and can only let him know in good time, he will do better still. I spent the day making out a barometric variation graph (taken at each ½ hour) which I hope will be better than the last. It is odd though that the maximum is just before 8 am, with the minimum at 3.30 pm and the second maximum at about 9.30 pm. One would expect the first maximum to be about an hour later. Furthermore it is .09" higher than the 2nd maximum, and the greatest variation is .27". I also did insects and a couple of reptiles in the interals. The coolies spent the day mainly in making new bamboo head-bands for the loads. They twist these like the ordinary rope crowns sailors make, but I don't yet know how they cut them and plait the ends. I must try and find out. My poor Jane! There's no hope of getting her back now.

Mawmbälidamtap
~~Mäyadam~~ Camp. Sunday, October 9th 1938. B (May: 6.30 am) 25.16 T 60°5
B (Maw: 11 am) 25.27 T 77°

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist: wind nil. By 7.30 am the mist was rising rapidly, and by 8.30 a.m it had entirely vanished, the sky then being cloudless; wind S.W 1. Conditions remained the same until 11 am when the wind increased to S.W 2; and after that until 6 p.m when status cloud began to come over. At about 6 p.m the wind dropped to S.W 1. By 9 p.m the sky was 3/10 covered with status cloud. A good path descends nearly 400' in some 200ˣ from Mäyadam to a bamboo rope bridge 20' above river level. [B at bridge, 7 am, 25.53 T 59°] This bridge is 40ˣ long, made of 3 thin ropes, on which wooden sliders are used as in Tibet. With 28 loads & coolies, and 6 extra persons, the crossing occupied 2¼ hours. From the bridge, a good path climbs easily for some 300ˣ over cleared ground to pass Mawndam Camp (1 hut, 20ˣ below the path and 150' above the river), and at rather more than ¼ m from Mäyadam. The path continues very level at about this height above the river, and at ½ m the footpath to China turns off it and climbs steeply up the side of the

valley. Shortly after this, the path descends slowly to river level, passing a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes, 35ˣ long, at slightly less than 1 m. [From this bridge a path climbs above the right bank of the river to Mawon Mareng, and thence both up and down the valley.] After passing this bridge the path enters a belt of light forest, about 100ˣ in width, with cleared land above, and continues in this close to the river. At 2 miles it crosses a small patch of sand on the river bank, and then enters light forest again, composed largely of bamboos. It continues in this close to the river bank for 1 m more to a small clearing with a bamboo hut, called Mawmbälidauntap, 20ˣ from the left bank of the Taron and 15' above the October water level. Some 250ˣ further up there is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes across the river, from which a path leads to the Tarung village of Marengdam (2 houses) a short way up the right side of the valley. Above the camp on the east side of the valley is the Tarung village of Mawmbäli (3 houses) which is under the headman of Marengdam, and is said to be some 2 miles by path from the camp. This headman is responsible for the camp at Mawmbälidauntap

It was fun crossing a rope bridge again, so like those in Zayul except that the ropes are much thinner here, as there is no cane to make a one, and so three (and sometimes four) are used together, and fitted into the sliders in a bunch. I went over under my own steam, as usual, and so did K.B (whose leg is doing well); but Nyima Tindrup was dragged over by a coolie, and Tony & Teresa pulled across with a rope. My theory is that that's all right for the ancient, but a disgrace for the young and lusty, who should be able to manage on their own! An excellent little hut here, of bamboo with a thatched roof and walls of bamboo leaves. It had all been prettily done up for us by the headman of Marengdam (the man whom I took to be a Tsewang at Mätsumgang!), and he brought a noble salaam of two fowls and a great bunch of 'Sag' which I take to be a form of spinach. I gave him Rs 2/- and a knife as a reward. My poor Deborah is defunct — overlaid in the night like Jane 1st and Helen. It's a great grief to me because she was doing so well and was such a funny little beast. And I had a dreadful fright over Maria today. She was sitting in my hand this afternoon when a man brought in a cicada. I put her down on Tony's bed while I put the insect in a bottle and fished out 1 pice; and when I turned to pick her up again she had vanished. I searched everywhere inside and out, including in his bed and in mine, but she was not to be found, and at last I came to the gloomy conclusion that she must have fallen off the

bed and been silently snapped up at that crucial moment by a yellow dog which had been seen hovering in the outskirts of the camp. I was very grief-stricken, especially after the loss of Deborah as well; but in the middle of dinner Tony suddenly noticed that his sand-fly net was billowing in an odd way. He whipped it up, and there was my Maria peering out and very hungry. It's a perfect mystery to me where she can have been, because I thought I'd searched that bed pretty well, short of taking it to bits completely. It was a glorious relief to get her back, and a general order for the extermination of the yellow dog if seen again was immediately cancelled. So much for circumstantial evidence! The new variation graph seems to work very well. I computed all the heights from Pangnamdim on by it, and they are now quite reasonable. One thing I forgot to say in yesterday's diary was that the Piata went back from Mäyadam, having done well by us all the way up. I gave him Rs10/- and a good chit, together with quinine, epsom salts & iodine for the road. He was going to Mäkumgang in one day, and would reach Pangnamdim in 3. To-day both sides of the valley are largely clear of forest, but there is considerably more on the west side than on the east, and on both sides a belt of jungle runs along close by the river. When we reached this camp some of the coolies took the opportunity to bathe in the river (T 58°) and K.B followed their example. I must find out sometime who has been up the Taron except Morshead. I have a vague idea that the Duke of Orleans crossed from the Adung over into the Taron & then into the Salween, but I'm not sure about it.

Sheraw Thuk Camp. Monday, October 10th 1938. B(M 7am) 25.38 T 61°
B(S 2.30pm) 25.08 T 67°

At 5 a.m the sky was wholly covered with an uniform layer of light nimbus clouds, and light drizzle was falling: wind nil. Conditions remained the same until 8.30 a.m, when the drizzle stopped. It began again at 10.15 am and continued until 11 a.m; and between 1 p.m & 2.30 p.m there was also light drizzle. The night sky is completely covered with light nimbus: wind apparently nil. From Mawmbälidaungtap a good path leads through light forest (largely composed of bamboos) & climbs slightly up and down close to the left bank of the Taron. At about 200' a moderate stream (8' wide & swift) is crossed by two bamboos, there being a short bamboo rope bridge some 5' below this for use in the wet season. At about 250' a bamboo rope bridge crosses the Taron, from which a path leads to Mawngdam (2 houses). At rather more than 1¼ m there is a bad stretch of path some 250' in length, first along a steep rock face, and then over large rocks in the

river bank, 10'-20' above the water. The path then enters light forest again. At a little more than 1/2 m a small stream flows into the Taron on the right bank. About 1 m up the valley of this stream and some 200' above it is Mäli Mareng (Tarung, 2 houses). At just under 2 m a bamboo rope bridge of four thin ropes is reached, spanning the river at a point where it flows in a cleft 25ˣ wide between steep rock walls some 40' from the top to the October '38 water level. The bridge is 40ˣ long. From it a bad path continues up the left bank about 2¼ m to the Tarung village of Kwidzung (2 houses), but there is no path on the left bank further up than that. [with 28 loads & coolies, and 6 extra persons, the crossing occupied 3ʰ10ᵐ — the extra 55ᵐ over the time taken at Mäyadam Bridge is explained by the fact that at this second bridge there is a slight uphill slope from the left bank to the right.] From the bridge the path descends quickly to the river level and runs among boulders on the right bank for about 150ˣ before entering jungle again; and from this point it is no more than moderate. It continues fairly close to the river, climbing slightly up and down, and crosses a moderate stream (10ˣ wide + swift) at a little more than 3 m by a fallen tree-trunk. Both just before and just after the 3¼ m point a short stretch of boulders is crossed — the first some 10ˣ, the second 25ˣ in length — and at rather less than 4 m the path climbs steadily up to about 200' above the river, reaching the top at a little less than 4¼ m. There is then a very steep and bad descent, mainly down wrecked logs, to the river bank at 4¼ m, opposite the fields of Kwidzung — though the village itself cannot be seen. For 150ˣ the path runs over boulders close to the water, and for a further 150ˣ it is bad with many wrecked logs to surmount. After those 300ˣ, however, it becomes moderate once more, and climbs easily to rather more than 4½ m, by which time it is 150' above the river. From here it descends towards the river rather irregularly, and from about 4¾ m on it runs at between 20' and 50' above the water. At a little more than 5 m there is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes across the river from which a path runs to Sherawkhen, a Tarung village of 1 house, at about 2 miles from the bridge. At 5¼ m the camping ground Sherawthuk is reached, some 30' above the water, on the right bank of the Taron. This is a bad camp, with little room for more than 5 or 6 people to sleep in comfort, although both wood (drift wood) and water are good. A damp sort of day, the first we've had for a long time, but never a sign of a leech! In fact we haven't seen a leech since the march to Pattanlamdam, and the people here say there are none in this part of the

talley at all. That is wonderful to hear, but I can't believe that it's true. I'm quite certain that, even if there are none in this actual stretch, we will come upon hordes of them as we climb up towards the Adung — just as in the Seinghku valley. Or at any rate I can't see why we shouldn't, as climatic conditions can't be very different. We missed the real camp to-day owing to the headman of Marungdam who gave us detailed instructions as to how to recognize it — that it was under a large rock like a cave, a short way below the path etc — but then complicated matters by adding that it was about 3 m from the bridge. Knowing that a 'mile' to these people is a very variable quantity, I was prepared for anything from 2 to 4 and kept a good look out between those points — or rather from beyond the 2 mile point, as we didn't go as far as 4 m — but I saw nothing of it; and when we got here a local passed who said that it was miles back, apparently about 1 mile only from the bridge! A 'mile' in this part of the world is really a stage between rests; and so the worse the path is the shorter the mile. From Mawmtälidamtap he estimated the bridge to be 1½ m ff, whereas it was really almost 2, but the path was good, except for one stretch, here. There was one very bad bit to-day, when the path came down pretty well nothing but notched logs for the best part of 200'. It was all right for us without loads, but the coolies had some difficulty over it. The worst load is the big museum box, not so much on account of its weight (which is not more than the usual 60 lbs) but because of its size. The coolie who was carrying it overbalanced on this stretch, and was saved by Lewa who grabbed the box with one hand and pulled it back. Unfortunately though he had to snatch with his right hand at whatever he could ~~find~~ seize, to avoid falling himself; and by bad luck he hit on a freshly cut bamboo, which jagged him deeply between the thumb & forefinger. He had bound it up with a dirty rag, and though there is not much tetanus here normally I have been anxious to night about him as he says the gland in his armpit has begun to hurt a good deal, and not the cut. I have asked Abdul to help with it, so I expect everything will be all right. If it isn't, by any chance, I have no anti-tetanus serum with me, as I left it all in Pangrandim for considerations of space. This is an uncomfortable camp. We have annexed the one small level space and are sleeping in a little bamboo shelter with a roof of teak-flies which the coolies put up. The rest of the party are among the boulders where they've made a sort of sleeping place by clearing away the bigger stones and rigging up

the remaining tent flies over them. In the whole of th. day we have been down by the river (without much to see. The sides of the valley are very steep, and seem to be well forested for a considerable distance above the river. Tony, Tewa & Nyima Tondrup all came over the bridge th. day without help!

Prahkawa Camp. Tuesday, October 11th 1938. B (S 7 a.m) 25.25 T 61°
B (P 11.30 am) 25.09 T 74°

At 5 a.m the sky was wholly covered with nimbus cloud, and light drizzle was falling — having begun at about 10 p.m. Wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until 7.30 a.m, when the drizzle stopped. At about 8.30 a.m a S.W wind arose, force 1, and by 9.15 a.m the sky was 2/10 clear. By 11 a.m the sky was 4/10 clear, but after that it began to cloud over again and by noon the sky was entirely covered with nimbus cloud. At 1 p.m light rain began to fall, continuing till 1.30 p.m, after which light drizzle fell until 3 p.m. It began to drizzle again at 6 p.m, and has since continued varying from light to heavy. It is impossible to see whether there is a wind to-night or not. From Sheawathuk a moderate path leads through forest (composed mostly of bamboos) and fords a fair-sized stream (8ˣ wide + swift) at 20ˣ. At rather less than 1/4 m the path begins to climb steadily, reaching a point 400' above the river at a little more than 1/2 m. From there to the 3/4 m point the climb is less regular and more gentle. At rather more than 3/4 m the path emerges from forest into cleared land with a few trees at intervals (as in an orchard) and from here the climb becomes steep, running up a broad ridge with a strip of forest 200ˣ to the south of the path. At a little less than 1 1/4 m, and when about 1200' above the river, the climb becomes much less steep, a good path running diagonally up the face of a ridge and along the crest. [The ground on the east side of this ridge is completely clear of forest, but moderate jungle extends up the west side to the summit.] The top of the climb is reached at 1 1/2 m, 1650' above the river, and from here 2 houses of the Tarung village Prahkathuk (4 houses) can be seen on a shoulder to the west, across the Prahka Wang, and about 800' above the river. (The other 2 houses are close to the Prahka Wang, a short distance upstream of the rope bridge over this river). The path then runs very level along the crest of the ridge for a further 100ˣ, before dropping into the Prahka Wang valley, at first moderately steeply and then steeply. It enters light forest about 800' above the river, and reaches a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes across the Prahka Wang at 2 1/4 m.* [The Prahka Wang is some 30ˣ wide at this point and unfordable, with a current of about 8 knots. At the north end of the bridge, in a small patch of light forest, and 20ˣ

* With 28 coolies & loads, and 6 other people, the crossing occupied only 2 hours, owing to a slight slope from the right to the left bank of the Prahka Wang.

from the left bank of the Prakka Wang, to the good Camping ground Prakkatuk. Both wood and water are good here, and there is a shelter, consisting of a roof covering an area of some 8 yards square. Above the 2 further houses of Prakkatuk there is ~~said to be no path~~ a bad path up the valley of the Prakka Wang, which reaches the Tala Lakha pass in 4 days.† This valley is well wooded without clearings, except close to the village, and the sides are very steep. No supplies can be relied on at this place.* Not much news, except that it was a pretty foul day, and that we must have broken all records for a short march. Short, that is, in distance, but the climb both up and down must have been something of an effort for coolies. In fact that it is so can be seen from their statement that the march is 7 miles, whereas I make it not to be only 2¼! From the top of the climb there was a simply grand view both up & down the valley, and though the light was filthy a kind Providence had inspired me to take along the tripod and I think the pictures I took ought to be all right. Up the Tarom valley the country looks as if it's very open, and there are at least two villages which look pretty big, built on flat-topped spurs reminiscent of the villages in the Rongtö. I disproved the statement that there are no leeches in this part of the valley, by being bitten twice on the way up — but twice is nothing,

* above and including Prakkatuk, the right bank of the Tarom is administered by Tibet, only the left bank paying taxes to China. See 13.10.38. + 15.10.38. † see 22.10.38.

and if there are no more than that about there's no need to worry. Lewa was bitten once, and one or two of the coolies, but that was all. It's awful fun having the same coolies the whole time as we are doing with our faithful Pangrandimites. They become part of the family after a little, and are always ready with a smile or a helping hand — whichever seems most called for. And even those whom we took on later (including the men from Mäyadam) now seem to have been absorbed into one whole. They are all good chaps and very willing. A big specimen of Pseudoxenodon macrops was brought in to-day, and having nearly a full complement of teeth I was able to classify it at last. I say at last because I have had three or four specimens of the same snake which I had supposed to be a Natrix of some sort. It makes a total so far of 10 genera and 22 species on this trip. Not very much, but if that Trimeresurus is a new one, as I hope, it will have been one more than worth it for that alone. The coolies use the tent flies every night now, and are very contented in consequence. Lewa's hand is getting on splendidly, and whether there was really no fear of Tetanus or whether Abdul Latif just mattered right I don't know. I suspect the latter. Sand flies don't seem to put in an appearance in this part of the valley except

in the early morning, for which I am devoutly thankful. They are fairly numerous then between 5 a.m and about 7 a.m, but then they vanish again. Practically no mosquitoes, and but many blister flies. I saw one or two pairs yesterday, and to-day there were numbers of them like an advance guard moving down the crests of the ridges. The sky line is still much the same. all pines. It is a great sight to see them at last, even though the jungle down is

Shangringgumbutap Camp. Wednesday, October 12th, 1938. B(P 7am) 25.10 T 60°
B(S 11 am) 25.01 T 67°

Drizzle/rain continued all night, and at 5 am the sky was wholly covered with heavy nimbus clouds and light rain was falling. There was no apparent wind. From about 6.30 am the rain diminished to heavy drizzle, and this continued until noon, when there was a short interval of 1 hour, followed by light drizzle until about 5 p.m when heavy drizzle began. This has since continued. The night sky is completely with heavy nimbus clouds, and there is a heavy drizzle. N.B. During the day the cloud layer was so uniform that it was very difficult to see if there were any wind or not. About midday at least, however, there seemed to be a South wind blowing, force 1-2. From Prahkawa a good path runs down the left bank of the Prahka Wang, climbing easily and gently through light forest for 1/4 m, by which time it is some 80' above the river. It then begins to descend gradually and irregularly, and at 500v passes the Prahka Wang–Taron confluence, turning up the right bank of the Taron. From here to the 1/2 m point the path runs through alternate stretches of forest and clearing, at from 20' to 60' above the river and close to the bank. [On both sides of the valley jungle extends to about 100' above the river, higher than which the sides are almost entirely cleared with forest remaining only in the gulleys.] Just short of 1/2 m there is a moderately steep descent of some 40' to a small stream (3" wide) at 1/2 m, crossed by 3 saplings; and the path then climbs fairly steeply for the next 200" to some 250' above the river. From here it descends easily through cleared land towards the river, passing opposite the Taroung village of Skowahang (5 houses on a bluff 100' above the left bank of the Taron) at 1 3/4 m. At rather less than 2 miles there is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes across the river, from which a path runs to Skowahang and thence up the river. [Close to the path, at the west end of this bridge, is a bamboo shelter for travellers.] From 2 m on, the path keeps very level at between 10' and 40' above the river and close to the bank, there being no more than a thin line of trees on the right bank of the river and some small patches of forest higher up. At 3 m the Taroung village of Pöidam (5 houses) is passed, standing on a steep bluff 250' above the left bank of the Taron; and at this point the path forks — one branch leading steeply 200' up the side of the valley to the Taroung village Kändi (2 houses), while the main road

continues close to the river for a further ¼ m to the good Camping ground Shangringgumbutaps, in a small meadow 30ˣ from the right bank of the Tarm and some 10' above the water. There are 2 small bamboo shelters here, and both wood and water are good. A very short march — so short that Ryima Tündrup, with the advance guard, hesitated to make camp until I had arrived on the scene. But it had to be. For one thing opposite this is the abode of the Taungok responsible to the Chinese authorities, and though he is small beer I think it would have been discourteous to have passed on without seeing him; for another our Pangnamdim Coolies were out of rations and it looked as though this would be a good place to buy; and finally none of our party knows the road from here on, and we had to ask to find out about the camps. There was a little half shelter of thatch on bamboos, when we arrived, for us, and a more or less respectable hut for the kitchen. That didn't need altering, but we enlarged our place with the old tent fly — a relic of my 1935 tent — by sketching it out in front; and the coolies made themselves a shelter out of the ever-useful bamboos and the 4 other flies. Soon after we had got things arranged the Taungok turned up, resplendent, comparatively speaking, in a dark blue Chinese gown of cotton, with a blue kenja and leather Chinese slippers. He brought a fowl and some millet as his salaami, and received Rs 3/- and a knife in return. He is a thin faced man with a wispy moustache and a too-ready smile, and he seemed to be rather obstructive; and I have taken a dislike to him — though possibly without reason. First of all he informed us that the path up the right bank of the Taron was very bad — too bad for loaded men — and that the only way for us to reach Lakhata was by crossing the river here and taking the longer road beyond the left bank, which apparently runs high up the side of the valley and is 9 marches from here to Lakhata. That was a bit of a blow, but there appeared to be no help for it and I decided to do that, having apparently no other choice. Then came the question of rations for our 7 faithful ones. He could provide millet, he said, at the rate of Rs 1/- per 4 Cs or so, (a price which seemed exorbitant) but it could not be brought until the following morning, as it would need to be collected from various scattered houses. That looked as though we would have to wait here a day (if we bought the stuff), and I was seriously considering providing the coolies with rice out of our own rather meagre stock and hoping to find less of a profiteer somewhere higher up the valley, when Lewa discovered that the Taungok and I were rather at cross purposes. He was talking in Chinese rupees and I in Indian, which appear

to be worth about 2½ of the former. That put an entirely different complexion in the affair; and when the millet arrived in the middle of the afternoon my opinion of the Taungok rose slightly. The coolies worked out that Rs 1/- (Indian) would buy enough to last one man for a week, and as I had already given them a rupee each at Māyadam, they spent that and will buy more at Lakhata, provided there are any supplies there — and God send there are! So that was all right. Then a Chinaman appeared (from Yünnan) who had been trading in cloth up this valley. He had been to Putao and Myitkyina (the former down the Taron & via Pangnamdim) and had recently been a coolie with the two Chinese collectors who have now crossed into the Salween valley and who are expected back here in 10 days. He said there was a perfectly good path up the right bank, reaching Lakhata in 5 marches, and that the 2 Chinese had actually gone up that way. So the Taungok's stock slumped again and I finally decided to keep to the right bank after all, starting to-morrow. I bought a side and a leg of pork from the Chinaman, and have given all but enough for one meal of pork chops for us to the servants. We will have the chops to-morrow, as our fowl had already been killed by the time the pork arrived. We bought some of that spinach like vegetable here, some more haricot beans, some more pumpkin and some green chillies. I had the latter fried as an hors d'oeuvres to-night (or, rather, sauté), a way in which they are delicious. Tony had some too, and said they were very hot! So far, except for the rice, dhal, flour, & tea & sugar we brought with us from Pangnamdim, we haven't had to touch our stores and have been living remarkably well. No onions or potatoes, but chickens without fail, eggs quite often, beans, pumpkin, fish several times, sago lower down, & greens occasionally. Rice & chicken, of course, have been the staple foods. From and including Prahkathuk, all the houses in this valley so far have been log-built and very like Tibetan houses, except that they are thatched and not roofed with planks. Apropos that I hear that the people at Lakhata speak a different language from that in use down here, and I shouldn't be at all surprised to find that they are Tibetans of some bastard kind when we arrive. I don't think we will be able to go up to the Diphuk ha after all. This trip is taking longer than I had expected. It is five days from here to Lakhata, and I gather 4 more up to the pass leading into the Adung Long, which brings us to the 21st October. I don't know how long it will take to the Seinghku confluence, but I imagine about 10 days, as the path won't be very good.

that is already the 31st October, without allowing for any hitches en route; and if we go up to the Diphuk La and spend about 4 days there looking for takin (even without crossing into the Di Chu valley) it will be November 16th before we get back to Pangnamdim. I've got to allow a month to meet the Leydens, and for all I know they may expect us before December 16th in the Triangle. And we will need a few days at Pangnamdim to get things packed and settled. Anyway we may find takin on our trip down the Adung. There must be some there. We've got a fire of pine wood burning in our shelter (picked up on the bank of the river). In Tibet I never realized how heavenly the smell is — having it nearly every day when there was wood at all — but after months of ordinary wood fires, it's a revelation!

Shenjung Thursday, October 13th 1938. B(S 7.30 am) 24.98 T 61°
B(S) 2 pm) 24.56 T 71°

Heavy drizzle fell throughout the night, and at 5 a.m. it was still falling, the sky being covered with an uniform layer of light nimbus: wind apparently nil. During the day there appeared to be a S. or S.W. wind, force 1, but it was very difficult to tell. Otherwise conditions remained unchanged, and there was mist in the valley at some 300' above the river from morning till night. Throughout this march the path (the path is passable only during the dry season) runs very close to the R. bank of the Taron, from Shangring-gumbutap a moderate path leads up the right bank of the Taron, ranging in height from 10' to 100' above the water. [In the first ½ m., both sides of the valley are mainly clear of forest, and the path runs through fields of millet. Beyond that there is as much forest as clearing, and the path runs chiefly through jungle (largely composed of bamboos)] At ½ m a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes crosses the river, used by the people of Kraungmu to reach their fields; and at a little less than 1¼ m the Taroung village of Rungra (4 houses) is passed, standing on a shoulder 150' above the left bank of the Taron. Shortly after 1¼ m a bamboo rope bridge of 2 ropes crosses the river, from which a path runs to Rungra and thence to Kraungmu; and from this point on both sides of the valley are almost entirely forested, with no more than a few small clearings for fields close to Rungra. At a little less than 2 m there is a bad descent of 30' down notched logs, and at 2 m the path runs into the sand on the bank of the river, not more than 3' above the October water level. It continues very close to the water with alternate stretches of sand and forest. At rather less than 2½ m a deep and very swift torrent (4x wide) is crossed by a log just above its confluence with the Taron; and from here a bad path climbs steeply (mainly up notched logs, and ~~across~~ along

galleries of 1 log each) across an almost sheer rock face to some 200' above the river, reaching the top of the climb in about 200ˣ. The path then descends gradually, becoming moderate again after 2¾ m, and reaching the edge of the river, some 3' above the water at a little less than 3 m, at the confluence of the Măga Wang (a swift river, from the NE (or E?), some 20ˣ wide) and the Taron.

[Immediately below the confluence, on the left bank of the Taron, is the Tarung village Mătsalthuk (1 house). There is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes (A) over the Măga Wang just above the confluence, and one of 3 ropes (B) over the Taron, also just above the confluence. — These connecting with a path from Mătsalthuk to the right bank of the Taron. A foot path runs up the right bank of the Măga Wang to the Tarung village Asum (3 houses) about 4 (?) miles up the river, and thence in 2 days up the Măga Wang to the Parw Lakka Pass on the Taron-Salween divide, from which it is a further three days to Sholang, the first Lihsaw village on the bank of the Salween.]

At 3 m the rope bridge B is passed, and at a little less than 3¼ m there is another bamboo rope bridge, of 3 ropes, from the right bank to a small island in the middle of the Taron — this bridge being used only in order to reach a fish-trap on the far side of the island. From 3¼ m there is a bad stretch of path which climbs steeply up a series of wrecked logs to some 60' above the river. At the top the path becomes moderate once more, descending gradually to reach river level again at about 3½ m, and thence continuing alternately over short stretches of boulders and through forest at between 5' and 40' above the water. Shortly before 3¾ m there is a bad descent of 40' by wrecked logs, and in the next ½ m there are several similar short bad stretches both up and down. At rather more than 4 m, a deep, swift stream (8ˣ wide) is crossed by light log bridge, and beyond this the west side of the valley is largely cleared of forest. At 5 m the Taron makes a sudden westward bend round the foot of a steep ridge. Some 300' up this ridge, on a shoulder, and at right of the path, is the Tarung village Kărzawng (2 houses); and, at the bend of the river, the east side of the valley also is clear of forest for some 300ˣ in length, and at least 300' in height. Above that the view of the valley side is blocked by a spur. [From this point up, the Taron flows in a gorge with steep sides rising to about 1000' above the water. Above this the slope is much less severe]. Very shortly after the 5 m point there is a bad ascent of 200', mainly up wrecked logs and rock ledges; followed by a short gradual descent; and finishing with a very bad descent down almost vertical wrecked logs for the last 100'. The river bank

is reached again at 5¼ m, and the path then becomes moderate, running through forest — both sides of the valley being now thickly wooded. From 5¾ m the path becomes good, and from here on the west side of the valley is almost wholly cleared for about 1000' above the river. At rather less than 6 m the path climbs easily to about 100' above the river, and descends as easily some 50' to the rather scattered Tarung village of Shenjung (5 houses) at about 6¼ m, passing a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes across the Taron shortly before reaching the village. [From this bridge a path runs to Sheramlum (Tarung, 2 houses) immediately opposite Shenjung, and thence, at some considerable distance from the Taron, to Kraungmu — this being the main road to Lakhata] At Shenjung there is a small, thatched, plank built Rest House, and here we spent the night. I don't really like the Tarungok yet, but as a result of to-day's march I see that I have certainly misjudged him. His description of the path was a good deal nearer the truth than that of the Chinese trader; and though it was only bad in patches, those patches were difficult enough to give some of the coolies the devil of a time, the larger boxes having to be pulled up and let down on ropes by four and five men on the worst sketches. But there were no complaints and they plodded along grimly, doing pretty well to cover the 6¼ m in a little more than 7½ hours. The Tarungok is coming with us as far as Lakhata (clearly in the hope of more backsheesh) and he was most useful to-day in giving information. In fact, if he keeps this up, he will get his tip without a doubt. The order of march was I, the Tarungok, K.B., & Tony — the latter making fearful efforts to keep up. I wish to God he wouldn't hang on to my shirt tails like this. I've told him several times that I don't like it, suggesting that he either goes right ahead or stays behind with the coolies, and so leaves me alone; but he giggles weakly and says he daren't as he's afraid of the "wild tribesmen", if he's alone. I believe it's true too. He sleeps with a great knife under his pillow in case he's attacked by some night marauder! If I were marking him out of a possible hundred for each quality, I should give him 0 for Initiative, 0 for General Gumption, and about 85 for Incompetence. He saves 15% on that by doing adequate work skinning when there is any to be done. Oh, and I should give him 0 for Guts too! At about 2½ m from Shangringgumbutap the Taron flows through a grand rock gate, the two sides being, as far as I could judge, almost completely vertical to the water's edge from about 600 or 700 feet up, and about ¼ m through. It was a lovely sight, but one of the difficult places for the coolies, as the path climbed up slippery

notched logs and along tiny galleries of 1 or 2 saplings fastened to the rock (and seldom more than 6" wide) to some 200' above the swirling Tarom; and even the descent, though comparatively gradual and not difficult for unloaded men, needed a good deal of negociation before all the boxes and bales were safely down. The worst bit of the lot, though, was between 5 m and 5½ m, where there was another steep climb of 200' up more notched logs and rock ledges, followed by a short piece of moderate path, and then a most fearsome descent of more than 100' down a series of more notched logs which were very close to the vertical. I'm not a bit fond of these damned logs. There are sometimes 2 close together, but severally only 1; and the notches, worn smooth and sloping by years of use, are just big enough to get a toe into and no more. With both hands empty they are no trouble at all; but I carry a gun (in the pathetic belief that sometime I shall see a bird big enough for the pot) and, with that in one hand, it is sometimes quite difficult to keep my balance while groping for a toe hold below. At about midday a flock of 10 brace of rather large dark brown duck, with lighter brown bills came down the valley 50' above the men. They swung back on seeing the coolies and for 3 or 4 minutes circled up & down stream while I crouched behind a bush on the bank hoping they might come close enough for a shot. They didn't, however, and thus it is that my description of them is so vague. I hope S.K. may be able to make something out of it. I don't expect he will. It was, and is, a filthy day with continual heavy drizzle, and we arrived at Stenping soaking wet. There is rather a smart little Rest House here though — smart, that is, compared with the bamboo shacks we've been having — built of roughly hewn planks about 1½" thick, with a plank floor, a heavy door on wooden hinges, and 2 plank bedsteads, Tibetan pattern. In fact, except for the thatched roof (as I have said about the houses lower down, I think) it might very well be Tibetan altogether. And, to complete the illusion, there were some illiterate and almost illegible Tibetan scrawls on the walls, and a typical key-pattern done in white ash on one of them — [illegible] something like that. I asked if many Tibetans came down this valley, and what they came for, and, in the course of the discussion which followed, it leaked out that the right bank of the Tarom is actually administered by Tibet as far down as, and including, Prakkathuk, the Chinese having both banks from there to Dading (1 day from Mäkumgang) and the left bank above Prakkathuk — though I don't yet know for

how far. So, technically speaking, we've been in Tibet for the last 2 days! The Tamgok of Kraungmu collects the taxes both for the Chinese and Tibetan authorities, and every year five or six Tibetans come down the Taron to whom he hands over the dues. These taxes are paid at the rate of 1 dao per year per house, together with an uncertain (and apparently variable) amount of deer-skins, mi~~x~~mira (a ~~Arpale~~ Kachin word for a certain medicinal root[x]) and beeswax. The toll of daos may perhaps explain their presence in Zayul, for those there are neither made in Zayul nor (except for a very few) bought in Sadiya. These Tibetans are said occasionally to bring down dzos with them for sale or barter, but so far it's a mystery to me how they get them over the path, unless they are only young calves capable of being carried or hauled up and down the ladders. There are a few dzos here at Sheujung, and Lewa saw one just below Shangringgumbutap. I'm willing to bet that whatever they know about the Chinese, the Burma Government does not suspect that the Tibetans are also collecting taxes from the Taron. I am sleeping without a mosquito net to-night for the first time, as there don't seem to be any mosquitoes, and sand flies have been very few lately except in the mornings. One of the faithful coolies went down with fever last night, so I took on

x also called 'Kamtok' in Kachin; and, in Khanung, 'Ningring' or 'Man'.

a temporary man from Kraungmu to carry his load. The sufferer came along to-day looking, and, I imagine, feeling like death, with a temperature of more than 102° and a pulse of 134! It refused to stop behind though, so on his own head be it. As soon as we arrived I gave him one of my blankets to roll up in, and he has had 20 grains of Quinine to-day. It will be interesting to see how long it takes him to get over it on the march like this. A few rather unripe lichis on the march. Not bad.

Luktsongdap. Friday October 14th 1938. B (S 6.30 am) 24.64 T 60°5
B (L noon) 24.50 T 69°5

Heavy drizzle fell throughout the night and until 4.30 am. At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist down to some 300' above the river; the sky was covered with an uniform layer of nimbus cloud; and there was no apparent wind. During the day there were frequent short showers, with a S.W wind force 2; and between 11 am & noon there were one or two glimpses of blue sky through the clouds. At 2.30 pm steady heavy drizzle began, and this continued until 5.30 pm, after which the sky remained completely covered with nimbus clouds: wind S.W 2. Throughout this march the path runs close to the right bank of the Taron. For the first mile the west side of the valley is largely clear of forest, except in the ravines and gulleys, but there is a considerable amount of secondary growth in the shape of young trees & bushes.

The east side is almost entirely jungle, with a few small fields at intervals. After 1 m both sides are mainly clear of forest except in the ravines and gulleys. From Shenging a moderate path leads downhill for 100ˣ to cross a stream (8ˣ wide and swift) by light log bridge. It then climbs easily up to about 150' above the river (which has a steep gradient in this reach), reaching the top at a little more than ¼ m; and descends very gradually, arriving on the river bank, some 10' above the water, at rather less than ¾ m. The next 250ˣ are bad, mainly up pitched logs and along galleries of 1 or 2 saplings at some 50' above the river. At rather more than ¾ m there is a descent of 40' by pitched logs to a swift stream (7ˣ wide), crossed by light log bridge; and shortly after this the path again becomes moderate to the 1 m point, when it becomes good. At 1 m it begins to climb easily and fairly steadily, except that at a little less than 1¼ m there is a short descent to find a small stream. [A short distance above the confluence of this stream with the Taron there is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes which is used only to reach fields above the left bank of the river]. After finding this stream the path continues to climb easily round the end of a broad ridge, on which, about 400' above the Taron, is the scattered Tarung village Dengu (6 houses), invisible from the path. At 1½ m the path is 200' above the river, and from here it continues very level, neither rising nor falling much. At 1¾ m 1 house of the Tarung village Chuthi (2 houses) is passed, standing 100' above the left bank of the river; and just above this village is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes across the Taron. [Chuthi is divided in an odd manner, since the other house is beyond Pabö]. From 1¾ m the path climbs up about another 100', passing through the Tarung village Palip (6 houses) at a little more than 2¼ m, and thence running up and down without either gaining or losing much height. At 2¾ m the path runs opposite the Tarung village Pabö (1 house), on the left bank of the river, some 20' above the water, and from here it begins to descend gradually and irregularly. At 3¼ m it is 150' above the river, immediately opposite the 2nd house of Chuthi, which is 40ˣ from the left bank and 30' above the water. [40ˣ N of this house is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes connecting Chuthi with Tilang]. From the 3¼ m point the Tarung village Angzaro (1 house) is visible some 600' above the left bank of the Taron, on a conspicuous ridge forming the north wall of a steep ravine. From 3¼ m the path descends easily 60' to Tilang (Tarung, 2 houses) at rather less than 3½ m; and it then drops steeply over

a moderate sketch (including several notched logs) for a further 60' to a large and very swift stream (here only 15ˣ wide) which is crossed by log bridge some 30ˣ from the right bank of the Taron. [About 100ˣ above this point, on the left bank of the river and 30' above the water, is Tilangdam (1 house)] A good path then climbs easily and irregularly to 80' above the river, reaching this height at 4 m, and there beginning to descend very gradually. At 4½ m there is a bamboo rope bridge of 2 ropes across the river, with a slope of about 10° from the right bank up to the left, and 200ˣ above the east end of this bridge is Wakka (Tarung, 1 house). At 4¾ m the good camping ground Luktsongdap is reached, on a small level space, 20ˣ from the right bank of the Taron and 15' above the water. At this camp there is a bamboo rope bridge of 2⅔ ropes across the river, from which a path runs 250ˣ up the left bank to Malang (Tarung, 1 house); and immediately above the camp, 150' above the right bank of the Taron, is Luktsong (Tarung, 3 houses). No supplies can be relied on at this camp, but wood and water are good. Another filthy day, but the path wasn't so bad — in fact it was pretty good on the whole except for one short sketch. The headman of Shenjung is coming with us as far (I think) as Lakkata, and

the Taungok has gone on ahead there to see that coolies are available. The Shenjung headman is a funny little fellow, rather small with a round, smooth face and a 'choker' necklace of white buttons sewn on a strip of leather. He came with me, ahead of the others, from Tilang on, and kept up a running monologue almost the whole way, of which needless to say, I understood practically nothing. In connection with him, the people up here call themselves Tarungs like those between Kraungnau and Mäyadam, but their language is different (Daru is the lingua franca up this valley as far as there can be said to be one at all) and they look to me to be a different people. They dress like Darus, without the chuba effect of the Tarungs lower down; they are, or seem to be, more stockily built as a whole; their faces are markedly rounder, and hairless almost without exception — in striking contast to the beards and moustaches of the others. To unravel all the various races there are in this part of the world would be a life's job for an anthropologist. They seem to vary every few miles in this valley, and I should think it possible that most of them are the remnants left over from racial or tribal movements, as in the Caucasus. The Taron being a sort of backwater I should imagine, as it seems to me

that the main routes of advance from the north must have been down the Salween and across into the Nmai. However, I'm no anthropologist, and for all I know Darus, Hkunungs, Kachins, Tsewangs and Tarungs may be all one and the same, though I don't think that's at all likely. I'm thoroughly disgruntled with Tony at present. He has a disgusting habit of breaking wind all day long, and apparently all night long as well. It doesn't affect me on the march (though I notice that K.B keeps a long way behind him if possible), nor was it so bad in our house at Pangnamdim where he had a room to himself and where we worked apart. Even on the road up this river I have been able to put up with it because we have been sleeping in bamboo shacks very airy and well ventilated. The house at Shenjung was different, and small besides, so last night I told him he would have to put a check on his bowels while we were there, out of elementary courtesy to others. This morning, just after we were called, he lay in bed breaking wind like a grass fed horse for a good ten minutes, saying that it was his daily pleasure to do so. Whatever it may have been to him, it was very little pleasure to me and I feel I've now had about enough of him and his smells. If I'd known he was diseased in this way I'd have come alone rather than dream of taking him. There was one miserable shelter here when I arrived, but four or five men from Luktsong got to work under the vigourous orders of the Shenjung headman (who is apparently Overheadman for some way up and very capable) and soon had the framework of a house built, with walls of bamboo leaves. We put tent flies over the top (2) to make a roof, and the coolies & servants slept under the remaining 3. The original misery acted as kitchen, more or less indifferently well. Khark Bahadur has gone down with fever, so I have dosed him with Quinine & Epsom salts and he is wrapped up in his blankets trying to sweat it out. Asin, the coolie, is much the same, though he says he feels better. He is in my blanket again. The rest of us are all fit and well except for a few minor abrasions here and there. The river gradient is getting considerably steeper now, so we ought to start climbing more quickly before long. It's about time we did, as according to my reckoning, we're still at less than 4500'. The valley is very much narrower than it has been, and the river is flowing in a gorge, with sides about 1000' high and pretty steep. It has more rapids than calm sketches and is getting a little chillier. I took the temperature

of the water here at noon and then it was 56° F. It' still fairly warm though. Tony is now on strike against baths, and, in view of the servants' remarks about his body odour, which is hideously pungent, I should have thought that that was the last thing he would do. However he's refused to have me either yesterday or to-day, on the grounds that it's too cold. The minimum temperature is not less than 58°! I shall soon have to have an isolation ward for him to sleep in — and perhaps to live in as well. I loathe dirt, and I loathe smelly people.

Lungyen. Saturday, October 15th 1938. B (h 7am) 24.61 T 59°
B (hr 10am) 24.36 T 64°

At 5 am. heavy drizzle was falling; the sky was wholly covered with Nimbus Clouds; and there was no apparent wind. Drizzle continued until 4 pm, varying from light to heavy, and after about 7 am there was a S.W wind force 2. At about 5.30 pm light drizzle began again, and this has since continued. The night sky is entirely covered with Nimbus clouds. It is impossible to see whether there is a wind or not. For the whole of this march the path runs close to the river bank, and both sides of the valley are about half cleared of jungle on the whole, except in the ravines & gulleys where the forest is untouched. From Luktongdap a good path runs up the right bank of the Taron, mainly through a narrow strip of forest which lies close to the river. At 250ˣ Malang (Tarung, 1 house) is passed, standing close to the left bank and some 20' above the water. At 1¼ m the path passes the confluence of the Taron with the Pawatken Wang (a large stream from the N.W), and shortly after this it forks — the left hand branch continuing up the right bank of the Pawatken Wang for 200ˣ and crossing by a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes, while the right hand branch descends 12' to the stream and crosses by light log bridge, the Pawatken Wang being here 15ˣ wide, deep & swift. The path continues up the right bank of the Taron, passing a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes over the river at 1½ m, from which a path leads up the left bank to Parai Mareng. At 1¾ m Parai Mareng (Tarung, 5 houses) is passed, standing close to the left bank and some 50' above the water; and, at a little less than 2 m, the path begins to climb steadily 200', reaching the top at rather less than 2¼ m. From here it continues very level on the whole, passing Tungöng (Tarung, 3 houses, about 50ˣ above the path) at 2½ m. At rather more than 2½ m it begins to descend steadily, finding a moderate stream (6ˣ wide) at 3 m, and reaching the river bank, about 3' above the water, at 3¼ m. Hence it runs up & down through forest at between 20' and 60' above the Taron, and at 3½ m it emerges from the forest

into fields of millet and yams. At 3¾ m it reaches the outskirts of the scattered village Lungyen (Tarung, 7 houses) in the shape of 2 houses some 50ˣ above the path, and 1 close to the left bank of the river. At 4 m it crosses a small torrent (4ˣ wide) by log bridge, and 50ˣ further on reaches a thatched, plank-built Rest House, 80ˣ from the right bank of the Tarom and about 50' above the river. Supplies of millet, maize, cured maize, and possibly a few fowls and eggs generally can be obtained here; and, in the autumn, pumpkins, beans and chillies. From Lungyen a bad path runs up the west side of the valley, crossing the Tala Pass into the Adung Long on the 6th day. No Chinese traders ever use this route, all going up via Lakhata. A short and very easy march to-day, so that I was here with the headman of Stenjing by 9.30 am. and all the baggage had arrived by about 11 am. This is a good house about 20' square, and we have installed the kitchen in here as well, as anywhere outside would not only be miserably wet in this continual ~~eternal~~ infernal drizzle, but would mean destroying crops of pumpkins to a certain extent. The headman brought a salaami of 10 eggs, some chillies and 3 lbs of cured maize, of which I am very fond. I think it is a pity that Tony doesn't like two of the staple supplies in this part of the world — maize and sago — as it means he has a dig into our meagre (and expensive) stock of atta in the shape of puris both for lunch and tea, eating, I should think, the equivalent of one of our small loaves of bread at the two meals together. Whatever he may do as regards skinning, he's a pretty good bastard in every other way, and in Tibet he's going to be perfectly useless I'm afraid, and just another mouth to feed. Maria & Josiah are getting on magnificently and growing fast. So is Clarence if it comes to that. They are very playful in bed with me, and are sometimes a damned nuisance. Maria always makes a rush for my feet as soon as we get in, and is allowed about 5 minutes rioting down there, nipping my toes and being rolled about till she's had enough and is ready to sleep. Last night there were a few sandflies about, and I had to sleep with my head under the sheet. This was the signal for both my hats to attack my ears; and though I fought them off for about twenty minutes they showed no signs of wearying and were eventually cast into utter darkness. Josiah soon repented and squeaked to be allowed in again, but Maria, unabashed, wandered into Tony's bed; was thrown out of there before long; careered round the hut; and finally crept back and fell happily asleep. Happily too, for me! There are a great many peach trees here, and the fruit is ripe and very good. I have eaten a lot to-day, and

so has Maria — a lot, that is, for her. I think I've finally got this tax-collecting business taped. We administer and collect taxes up the Taron as far as Mäkumgang, above which the Chinese collect taxes, and apparently administer to some extent, up to Prahkawa on the right bank, and Kraungmu on the left. Beyond ~~that~~ those points nobody seems to administer at all, but both Chinese + Tibetans collect taxes from both banks every year without fail, neither side wishing, I imagine, to give up a vague claim to the area. If the Chinese collect first in a year, they are very soon followed by the Tibetans, and vice versa. The Tibetan taxes I have already mentioned (see 13.10.38), but those of the Chinese are as follows:— Rs 2/- (Chinese) per year per house, paid either in money, which is very scarce up here, or in kind. It can be paid in skins (a panda skin being valued at Rs 2/- (Chinese) the equivalent of 4 goral, serow, or musk deer skins); ~~in~~ with about 1 lb of mirmira; or 4 or 5 lbs of beeswax of good quality. No davs are collected by the Chinese. Altogether these people seem to be pretty hard hit, in having to pay double taxes. As regards the phalangers I forgot to mention that we are now down to our last tin of milk but one, so Tony and I are now doing without it altogether as otherwise our poor children may starve on the road. The two patients are getting on well. Asin carried his load to-day and says he feels all right, and K.B is a good deal better too. It is obvious that the daily variation of the barometer has changed very considerably since the fine weather ended, so I spent to-day after we arrived in plotting a new graph to correct heights by. I wasn't here early enough to get the maximum, but it shows a probable variation of only 0".14 between about 8 am and 3.50 pm, instead of the 0".27 we have been having. Another 8 of the coolies (men from Mäyadam) have now decided to come right through with us, so we are stopping here tomorrow for them to buy rations as there are said to be none available at Lakhata. I shall be able to get a complete graph then, on which to-day's fragment will be a check. The river is simply tearing down now, with an average gradient of more than 50' per mile. I am very sorry we can't go right up it to the source, but for one thing that is in Tibet proper and I have sworn a swore not to gate crash again; and, for another, time puts it quite out of the question. From Lakhata we leave the Taron and climb out of the valley, though I gather it is 4 days up to the pass, and in those four days we shall still be in the Taron valley. Tony had a bath to-night. A great event!

Lungyen. Sunday, October 16th, 1938.

At 5 am the sky was wholly covered with dense nimbus clouds; light drizzle was falling; the valley was full of mist to

within 300' of the river; and there was no apparent wind.
During the day there appeared to be a S.W wind, force 2 (although the clouds were so uniform that it was difficult to say) until about 5.30 pm; but otherwise conditions remained unchanged.

Little A/c to day. I paid off the coolies who were going back, and gave the remainder (19 there are now) Rs2/- each to buy rations as far as Pangnamdim, which more than delighted them. In fact there were originally only 18, but one of those who wanted to return from here, on seeing the extra Rs2/- instantly changed his mind and, amid much chaff, joined the die hards. I made out a new variation graph for this wet weather, which kept me tied to the house — though, to be sure, there was little to tempt me out; and the Tamgok came back from Lakhata with the headman of that place, to say that there were 10 coolies waiting for us there if we wanted them. The Tamgok hasn't done at all badly for us after all, and though I still don't like him particularly he's probably a very worthy fellow. At last I've found out about the Chinese who cuss into the Adung Long from this side, and I am told that though the numbers vary year by year, there are seldom more than about 30 who cuss over altogether — a much more reasonable figure than the 300 I was given at Pangnamdim. This wet weather is an infernal nuisance, as I've practically been able to take no photos at all since the day we arrived at Mäyadam — at least nothing but one or two views, because the light has been much too bad for groups. And it doesn't look as if it's going to change for some time yet, so that my records of ~~Tadungs~~ Tarungs will be nil. There has been no rice since Mäkumgang, but only millet, buckwheat, pumpkins, maize, chillies & beans — and now, of course, peaches as well, but they can hardly be called a crop. I enquired about the amount of ata which goes into one helping of puris for Tony. Rather more than enough for a loaf of bread each time, or about 2½ loaves between lunch & tea. Accordingly I have stopped puris & chapatties, and he will have to eat bread, which seems to go further, if he won't touch anything else. I am seriously considering separating from him at Pangnamdim and letting him go whither he will (he would make tracks for home, I imagine) as long as it's not with me. Apart from the skinning (at which he worked well, but of which there won't be much from now on) he is perfectly useless, and, worse than that, he doesn't even try. I asked him to get down to making a Route Report on this trip up the Tarm as a beginning, that being the most elementary form of exploring I can think of. I told him exactly what things to note, so as to make it easier for him,

and he did it, indifferently, for abnt 3 days. After that it seemed to him to be rather a sweat, so he just gave it up weakly, and now he literally does nothing at all except cling to my shirt tails in the march — a thing which has always irritated me in anyone. He will never be the faintest good at this life, and I'm not cut out for the part of Cornish, boarleading idle young men abnt Asia. Besides I can't stand his habits, which are those of a monkey. He breaks wind and belches continually; he gurgles his soup; and he doesn't wash. As far as he's concerned I'm nearly at the end of my letter. It's going to be a bit difficult over the cash question as (after we've settled up what he owes the ship) he will have to take half and half the stores, and I shall have to buy out his half share in presents. But there's just a chance that there may be someone at the R.G.S who can come out and join me this winter to take his place, in which case he will have to subscribe £1500 - £2000 to balance what I've paid myself. That will make it all right. I don't mind a chap being a fool, provided he plays and has got the manners of a gentleman; but this fellow Stoney is beyond the Pale altogether. If the worst comes to the worst and no one else is forthcoming, I'd far rather be on my own than have him. He's no help at all and gets on my nerves to the most colossal extent.

Lakhata, Monday October 17th 1938. BP (Ln. 7am) 24.34 T 57°
BP (La 10.30am) 23.93 T 63°

Heavy drizzle fell during the night until 4 a.m. At 5 a.m the sky was completely covered with dense nimbus clouds; there was light mist in the valley to within 300' of the river; and there was no apparent wind. At 6.30 am heavy drizzle began once again, and by 7 am a S.W wind was blowing, force 1-2. Conditions remained unchanged until abnt 5.30 pm when the wind died away. Heavy drizzle is falling to night, and the sky is wholly covered with dense nimbus clouds: wind nil. From Lungyen a good path runs up the right bank of the Taron through cleared land with a few scattered trees and an occasional small patch of forest. After 200ˣ the path climbs easily abnt 50', reaching the top at ¼ m and then descending gradually to the river bank again, (10' above the water) at rather less than ½ m. At a little less than ¾ m a moderate stream is crossed, flowing in 2 branches (20ˣ apart; 7ˣ + 4ˣ wide respectively) by log bridges, abnt 100ˣ from the confluence with the Taron. The path turns up the left bank of this stream and after 250ˣ begins to climb very steadily and moderately steeply up the side of the prominent ridge immediately

north of this stream. [There is no path directly up the Taron which runs in a deep, narrow forge with very steep sides from about ½ m north of the confluence with this stream to rather less than 1 mile south of Lakhata. Unloaded men have occasionally been through this forge, but even for them it was very difficult]. ~~After 3/4~~ The S. side of this ridge is very open with a few scattered trees. ~~After~~ At 2¾ m the climb becomes very easy, and the path reaches a narrow cleft in the top of the ridge 300ˣ later, at a height of 3200' above Lungyen. The crest of the ridge is very narrow, and in less than 1ˣ the path (now moderately) begins to descend moderately steeply through thick forest with much bamboo. At 3½ m it emerges from forest onto open hillside, with a few scattered pine trees; and from here on it is good, though slippery in wet weather. At 5 m it reaches a point some 200' above the right bank of the Taron, and it turns up this bank, descending gradually. At 5¼ m it reaches bean & millet fields; crosses a large and very swift stream (Razhi Wang, 10ˣ wide) by log bridge at 5½ m; and reaches the Tarung village Lakhata (10 houses) at a little more than 5¾ m. We put up in a thatched, log-built house, 20'x30', at the south end of the village, this house being 120ˣ from the right bank of the Taron, and 35' above the water. We remained here one day in order to have the path on the next march repaired as far as possible. Small quantities of millet, buckwheat / pumpkins, chillies, maize, beans, and excellent peaches can be bought here, or exchanged (even more readily) for coat darning n/needles. It is said to be 2 days march from Lakhata up the Taron (crossing the river by log bridge twice) to Kranga Lembu, the first Tibetan village. 'Kranga Lembu' does not appear to be a Tibetan name, however, and is possibly a Tarung corruption of the true name. Another fine day, cold & wet, and I shall have to produce a pair of stockings when we leave here, I think, to keep Maria & Josiah warm. They were both very chilly at the end of the days march, and from now on will be climbing fairly quickly. My mind is more than ever made up about getting rid of Tony Howey. When he got diarrhoea in the night at Mäyadam, he not only spread his mess all over the wooden foot rests in our latrine, but left it there for me when I turned out to do my duty in the morning. When I told him to clean it up for God's sake, he actually used the best part of our supply of Bromo to do so, although there were leaves in millions and grass all round. I'm a patient man by

nature, however, and made certain allowances on the grounds of his sickness — though I can't help reflecting that when I was much worse than him, with dysentery below the Trakge La, I still kept my head and carried on with full work. To-day, however, our Katrine was exactly the same — fool beyond words — when I rejoined the latter directly after him; and once again he had made no attempt to clear it decent after him. I should have thought we learnt all these things before going to a prep. school. I went off with the headman of this place this morning, Wiley pursued as usual by Howey, but we left him behind I'm glad to say. We didn't burst ourselves climbing by any means, stopping once for 4 minutes and once for 3 on the way up the ridge (and I was surprised when we reached the top); but we did the 3200' in a little less than 1h 40m, halts included, and that now seems to be about my normal. It was devilish chilly on top, although the thermometer showed as much as 49°F (height 8280'), in a biting wind and light rain, and I was glad I only had to wait there a quarter of an hour before we could start down the other side, which was, besides, out of the wind. Again I cursed the weather on the way up, because if it had only been clear there would have been a magnificent picture looking up the gorge which is very narrow with immensely steep sides rising to about 2000' above the river — the east side covered with deciduous trees wherever they can get a footing; while the west is sparsely dotted with pines. The farm rushes through the gorge in the most tremendous rapid, as indeed might be expected, for the drop in river level is 480' between here and Lungyen, and the distance by water can't be more than about 3 miles, I don't think, at the outside. I was here 2½ hours before the coolies arrived — that is to say the advance party under N.T — and about 3½ before the main body; but this is a good little house, and a couple of fires soon made it very cheery. I sat by me, and Howey by another. I won't sit with him if I can help it. We've got the kitchen in here again, and the coolies are sleeping in various houses in the village as at Lungyen. I was wrong about these people being Tibetans, though only by 2 days as the first Tibetan village is that distance up the river. They are Tarungs all right (and don't even understand Tibetan) of the same kind as those we have been meeting from Shenjung up. The headman, though, looks more than half Chinese as I suppose he well may be. The Chinese who pass through here are bound

occasionally to have liaisons with the local women.
We got a few eggs in Lungyen, useful for breakfast, and otherwise we have been living almost wholly on chicken (with & without rice) pumpkins, maize, beans, & chillies since Mäkumgang where we last had fish. The pork, of course, was a failure as I have said — and much to my grief, for it is a favourite dish of mine. This is the first village in the Tarm & Ram Tamai where I have heard anybody singing. There have been several to-day, and the tunes are so familiar that I must have heard them in Zayul I think. More peaches here, but they are not ripe yet as we are abt 450' higher than at Lungyen. All the other crops are just on the verge of ripeness, and the pumpkins (fortunately) are ripe enough to be eaten. The beans (they are runners) are fully ripe.

Lakkata. Tuesday, October 18th, 1938.

At 5 a.m the sky was wholly covered with nimbus cloud; there was mist in the valley down to 300' above the river; and heavy drizzle was falling. No wind. By 7 a.m the drizzle had stopped, and a wind, force 3, blowing up the valley, had dissipated the mist. There was a S.W wind force 2, and I could see that snow had fallen in moderate quantities to abt 12500' or a little less. At 10 a.m the clouds came down again to abt 7000' and heavy drizzle began lasting until 3.30 p.m. After this the clouds rapidly became lighter and by 5 p.m the sky was 2/10 clear, and blue sky could be seen in many places through the clouds. At 6 p.m the wind ceased, and by 6.30 p.m the sky was wholly covered with thin shallow clouds. Since then Conditions have remained unchanged. We remained here to-day as apparently the path needs repairing in one or two places and the Headman wanted to send men off in advance. I was not altogether sorry because it gave me another chance to make a variation graph for the barometer. In our room here there are 31 takin heads (2 very large) which have all been killed by the owner of the house high up on the sides of the Razhi Wang valley. It shows there must be plenty of them about, but hunting through as we shall be I don't suppose we shall see any. There are goral & serow also up the valley, but the same applies to them. There was a little trouble over coolies to-day when the headman here only produced 9 (instead of the promised 10) of whom 1 was obviously unfit for the job being altogether too small. That only left 8, and 10 men from Lungyen and Dädung and Mawdam were going back. There seemed

to be no help for it but to go on waiting here until the two extra men could be collected from up the valley somewhere, so I cursed the headman roundly and told him that, as the trouble was his fault entirely for not having the men, I would take his backsheesh for every day we had to stop in his village, and if he wanted more than a couple of annas he had better set to work. The crisis was averted, however, by one of the Mawndaw men who said he would come along after all; so we leave tomorrow for the Tala Pass, as I think it's called. I spent a good part of the morning in repairing chaplis and leather socks and in splicing ropes to prevent them fraying; and a good part of the afternoon in working out heights & things. I really believe it's going to be a fine day tomorrow, and that there may be a chance to take a few pictures at last. We have been able to buy a few onions here — about 1½ lbs and very small but good — or rather not to buy but to exchange for 3 needles. I think the man would have been pleased if I'd given one only, but I was so glad to get the onions that I added the extra as a thank offering. The people here would rather have salt or needles or thread than money, and I hope that may be a good omen for the Triangle. We're going to be out of cooking oil in a few days, but I hope we may possibly come across some Tibetan villages in the Adung where we will not only be able to buy butter but also milk for the children. That is going to be a bit of a difficulty before we get back, — at least for Josiah — as the one remaining tin can't last very long. I have fleas at last, doubtless from sleeping in these houses, and we had our first shikar this morning with a total of 15. Not many, but they seem to be more active than the Tibetan ones, and my waist and thighs are covered with bites and very itchy.

When the clouds + mist rose today we could see snow down to 12500' also on the sides of the valley. It will probably be cold on the pass.

Tamagar Camp. Wednesday, October 19th 1938. B(L 7am) 23.98 T 51° B(T 10.30am) 22.28 T 54°

At 5 a.m the sky was wholly covered with light stratus cloud: wind nil. By 6 a.m there was a S.W wind, force 2, which increased to force 3 by 7 a.m. By 6.30 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear and 9/10 clear by 7 a.m. Conditions remained unchanged until 3.30 p.m when heavy stratus cloud began to come over. By 4 p.m the sky was 5/10 covered. At 5 p.m the wind dropped to S.W 2. Between 7 p.m + 8 p.m light nimbus cloud began to come over, and by 8.30 p.m the sky was wholly covered and light drizzle was falling. This continued until 9 p.m. The night sky is entirely covered with light clouds. Wind S.W 2. From our house in Lakhata the path (moderate) runs back towards the Razhi Urang for rather more than 100ˣ through fields, and then starts to climb

steeply up the side of the valley and into that of the Razhi Wang over open hillside very lightly corced with trees, mainly pines. I ~~to the 1¾ m point~~ up to the 1¾ m point the N side of the Razhi Wang valley is very lightly wooded, mainly with pines. Up to the 2 m point the south side of the valley is thickly wooded with deciduous trees and with pines on the crest of the ridge. Beyond that, this side is almost bare precipitous rock to a height of some 2500' above the Razhi Wang, with some bushes and a few small patches of trees low down] After ¼ m the climb becomes slightly less steep, and at ¾ m the top is reached, about 1650' above Lakhaka. The path then descends easily some 50', after which it begins to climb gradually, and from here on it is much overgrown with grass and hard to see in places. At a little more than 1 m a track branches to the left down the side of the valley, leading only to a field. At rather more than 1¼ m there is a moderately steep descent of 150', difficult for loaded coolies owing to a loose, slippery surface; and after that the path climbs up and down until, at 1¾ m, it enters fairly thick forest with many rhododendron trees and much bamboo. It now begins to climb very easily and fairly steadily to reach the bad Camping Ground Tamagar at 2½ m. This camp consists of a small level space (5ˣ x 3ˣ) at the foot of a noticeably large tree, which is partly hollowed out by fire. The camp is some 300' above the left bank of the Razhi Wang. There is wood in plenty, and a small trickle of good water falls over a rock some 20ˣ to the N.E. and a short distance above the path. Even for the coolies this was a short march, but it apparently can't be any longer as there is no other possible camping ground short of to-morrow's halt. This camp is pretty bad, so it looks as if the valley gets even steeper higher up. It's a grand valley though, very narrow & very steep, both as regards the sides and the gradient of the Razhi Wang, which has an average fall of about 1000' a mile! This side of the valley is well forested, but there are not only pines but also rhododendron trees — a most cheering sight. Plenty of bamboo too, but it's all very small and not more than ¼" in diameter and perhaps 4 or 5 feet high. Just opposite the camp is a magnificent cliff — a great wall of almost bare rock rising to about 2500' above the stream, with a few small bushes clinging precariously to the face and some bold pines low down. There are three or four small streams falling down the cliff, apparently from the very top, and as the top of the cliff is the top of the ridge, and very narrow, it's a mystery to me where the water comes from. Soon after we arrived K.B and I pushed further along the path to see

what it was like. We didn't go very far. At about half a mile from Tamagan there is a fearsome log ladder — quite the worst it has ever been my misfortune to come across. It's only about 30' high, I suppose, in 2 bits; but the lower part, of one rather spindly log, stood well clear of the rock face (so that there was nothing to hold onto at all apart from the log itself) and had very small notches. Underneath was a tumble of boulders sufficient to break me up if we fell even from that height. Then came a short scramble up a ridge to the second ladder, which looked better at first sight as there were two logs running almost vertically up against the rock. It was a delusion though that it was better. It was actually worse, for one of the logs was quite rotten; both were loose and bottomless; and there was a sheer drop of about 100' below into a rocky stream bed. I had the gun with me, and I took it up the first ladder with considerable difficulty. I felt years older at the top, and left it there, preferring to have two hands for the next stretch, which was bad enough even so. I didn't go far beyond the ladder — not more than 2 or 3 hundred yards — as there was no point in it. There was obviously no possibility of pushing the camp up further, and the path just climbed on and on through forest on a very steep hillside. On the way back we got down to botany, and collected 16 different kinds of flowers which I pressed this evening; and shot a yellow-bellied squirrel which I had seen before running down the log ladder. When I shot it, it was playing by itself in the sun on the rocks, and it went to my heart to kill it; but we only had a couple of indifferent skins of that species, bought from the natives, and so it had to be. As a matter of fact I'm not often sorry when I miss specimens (as I often do). If I kill it's another skin for the Museum, and that's all to the good; but if I miss, well good luck to whatever it is, for they're generally happy little creatures. When I got back I found a good little shelter had been put up for us by Lewa, with two of the tent flies — one over each bed — but that the Lakhata coolies had no fly; so I gave up mine (as I prefer to sleep in the open anyway, unless the weather's fearfully bad) and handed that over to them. I had a bath too, though Tony, needless to say, did not!

The headman of Lakhata is coming with us for a few days. He is a pleasant little man.

Päladap Camp. Thursday October 20th 1938. B (T 7 am) 22.35 T 49°
B (P 1.30 pm) 19.84 T 51°

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with light skatus cloud: wind nil. By 7 a.m. there was a S.W. wind blowing, force 2, and by 8 a.m. the sky was 9/10 cloudless. By 10 a.m. it was cloudless, and since then it has remained so. The night sky is cloudless: wind S.W. 2. From Tamagan a moderate path runs above the left bank of the Razhi Irang, descending

slightly through light frest with many rhodsdendron trees. At 1/4 m it is about 100' above the confluence of the Razhi Wang with a smaller ~~stream~~ torrent from the N.W, and from here it descends to reach the left bank of the latter stream in rather more than 100ˣ. It climbs up this bank moderately steeply over boulders for some 40ˣ; crosses the stream (here 15ˣ wide, 1-2' deep and swift) by natural stepping stones; and climbs steeply up the nose of a rocky ridge 100' to a difficult ladder of notched logs, some 40' high, at rather less than 1/2 m. From the top of this the path climbs moderately steeply through light forest above the left bank of the Razhi Wang. At a little more than 3/4 m there is a second and short notched log to surmount, and soon after this the ascent becomes irregular and more gradual. At just over 1 1/4 m the left bank of the Razhi Wang is reached, and the path then runs close to the water, climbing steadily and crossing a patch of large boulders at 1 3/4 m. At 2 1/4 m the path turns away from the Razhi Wang and emerges from forest onto open hillside covered with bushes, there being scattered pines and rhodsdendron trees a short way above; and 200ˣ later it reaches a rocky stream bed containing a small trickle of water. The path climbs up this, the ascent being fairly steep, and at rather more than 2 1/2 m it leaves the stream bed to the E and continues to climb through bushes some 4'-5' high. At 2 3/4 m the ascent becomes more gradual, and at rather less than 3 m the path enters light frest again, composed almost entirely of bamboo, rhodsdendron trees & pines. At 3 m there is a short steep climb of some 12' up rocks, and soon after that the path descends easily, reaching the left bank of the Razhi Wang at 3 1/4 m and continuing thereafter close to the stream. The ascent is now gradual, mainly through small rhodsdendron and other bushes upto 3' in height, with some pines 50'-100ˣ away on each side of the path. At 4 1/4 m the valley floor becomes very flat, and about 100ˣ wide, with the Razhi Wang flowing on the south side. The floor of the valley is carpeted with small rhodsdendron bushes upto 2' in height, and there is a fair amount of aconite. Two hundred yards after this the good camping ground Päladap is reached, 15ˣ short of a small stream, with many small pine trees close at hand. A really lovely day and I thoroughly enjoyed the march, even the log ladder having been much improved by a couple of men sent up from Lakhata, who fastened the logs properly. All the same I carried the gun slung on my back this time, and I noticed that N.T had deserted his stick altogether at the bottom. I wanted a picture of the coolies going up, and as there were no blisters this at Tamagar, but

plenty in the neighbourhood of the Ladder, I waited 1¼ hours by the fire in camp before starting out. I had reckoned on the Coolies taking at least 2 hours over the Ladder, but as it happened I was only just in time to snap the last few. Lewa said they had gone up like monkeys, loads and all, and that there had been no great difficulty except over the bulky things like the Museum box and the bedding rolls — and even those had been pushed and pulled up fairly quickly. It must be a marvellous thing to have semi-prehensile toes like these people! There were a good many raspberry bushes on the way here, the fruit not being orange like those lower down in the Tarm valley proper, but about the same colour as a ripe strawberry. They were just as good, though, and I ate quite a number as I went along. I shot a laughing thrush close to the camp, but unfortunately it was too battered to be any good as a specimen, and in the end it joined our last fowl in the pulao we had for dinner.

The valley is still very narrow with steep sides, but trees are getting few and far between. The whole floor here is carpeted thickly with little rhododendron bushes of several kinds, and about June it must be a mass of colour and more than lovely. Even now it's rather beautiful, but in a much quieter way — a little green, silent valley (for there is no wind here to-day, and even the Razhi Wang makes no noise, the gradient is so slight) with bare steep rocky walls. To the east it suddenly falls away out of sight about a quarter of a mile away, and there is nothing much between that and the snow-capped Tarm-Salween divide, some 20 miles away. And to the west the valley seems suddenly to come to an end in a barren wall of rock rising to about 13000' or a little more. We cross it to-morrow, by the Shera Lakha, which can just be seen from here immediately South of a solitary limestone needle. I imagine the pass to be on the Tarm-Adung watershed, and it looks as if it's going to be a devilish steep climb up. The pass, and this route into the Adung Lung in general, is used not only by the Chinese trading in lily-bulbs, but by the Tarungs from this part of the Tarm as well who take over salt to barter for daos, which they apparently don't make themselves. The standard price is about 2 lbs of salt for 1 medium sized dao, and I must say it seems cheap enough to me. The salt is obtained in turn from China, being exchanged for musmira or skins. But there is no great amount of traffic over this road. The 30 or 35 Chinese who ride the bulk of it every year, for a dao lasts a long time and the population of the Tarm is not great. Occasionally men cross from the Adung (apart from

the Chinese on their way home) bringing knives for sale, but apparently not often. Tony is sleeping in a tent again, and tonight I am under a tent fly just in case it comes on to rain all of a sudden. I am getting on better with him again, I'm glad to say, and I think that possibly I set too high a standard. All the same he will have to set down to work apart from skinning, and this I shall tell him in due course. I am still keeping up my nightly baths, but tonight's was pretty chilly. All the same it's well worth it so far, it's so lovely once it's over. It's a magnificent starry night, and the only thing to spoil the day has been the loss of one of the two butterfly nets which fasten on the back of Tony's chair. Lewa was trying to put it on, forgetting that his right hand is still not of action owing to bandages. It slipped from his fingers among some small rhododendron bushes, and though he and the other servants searched the place as well as they could, no sign of it was seen. The chair can now only be used as a stool.

Katage Camp. Friday, October 21st 1938. B (P 7 am) 19.87 T 32°
B (L 4.30 pm) 19.30 T 44°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless and there was no apparent wind. By 6.30 am there was a S.W. wind, force 2, and by 9 am the sky was 4/10 covered with moderate shatus cloud. By 11 am the sky was 9/10 covered with moderate shatus cloud, and at 2.30 pm the wind increased to S.W 3, bringing over nimbus cloud. By 3.30 pm the sky was wholly covered in nimbus cloud, and heavy drizzle began to fall, lasting until 7 p.m. After 6 pm the clouds rapidly became much thinner, and by 7 p.m. the sky was 4/10 clear. By 8 pm the sky was 6/10 clear, and the wind had dropped to S.W 2. Up till 9 pm conditions had not changed. From Päladap, a moderate path runs up the left bank of the Razhi Wang, climbing very slowly through light pine woods and low rhododendron bushes some 2' in height. At 1/4 m it finds the Razhi Wang (here 20ˣ wide + about 1' deep, flowing slowly), the ford running first to a small island in mid-stream, and, from the W end of that, rather upstream to the right bank. The path then continues fairly close to the stream, through clumps of small bamboos and among low rhododendron bushes, the flat floor of the valley being exceedingly marshy and with several small streams to cross. There is pine forest running close above the path on the south side of the valley, and some patches of pines on the left bank of the Razhi Wang. At rather less than 1 1/4 m the Razhi Wang (here 10ˣ wide + shallow, flowing gently) is forded to the left bank, and 200ˣ later (at

1¼ m) the path enters light forest and begins to climb easily / inregularly some 300', close to the bank of the Razhi Wang. At 1¾ m it emerges from forest, and from here the valley floor is very flat for abut 600ˣ, ranging from 50ˣ to 100ˣ in width, and covered with short grass. The south side is precipitous rock with few trees, while on the north there are some / small patches of / pine forest. At rather less than 2 miles the Razhi Wang (5ˣ wide, shallow & sluggish) is forded to the right bank, some 40ˣ short of a prominent angular rock 25' in height; and 300ˣ later the path / (low wood) begins to climb steadily and easily up the grassy side of the valley, now very bare & with few trees. At 2½ m the trees come to an end, and at 2¾ m the climb becomes moderately steep, reaching the Shera Lakha Pass at 3¼ m. [About 150ˣ W of the Shera Lakha is a small saddle between two prominent dark rocks, roughly on a level with the Shera Lakha. On this saddle runs the bad footpath from Lungyen, to join that from Lakhata some 200ˣ N.W of the Shera Lakha. From this pass the Pilmang Lakha Pass, which is crossed on the following march can be clearly seen about 3 miles away, bearing 299°]. From the Shera Lakha a moderate path drops steeply to the N.W, over a surface composed largely of small boulders, into the valley of the Pilmang Wang, a large stream which flows into the Tarm some 2 or 3 miles above Lakhata. [There is no path down this valley to the Tarm]. At rather more than 3¼ m the path is about ~~some~~ 1000' below the Shera Lakha, and the descent then becomes very gradual indeed, close to the right bank of the most easterly of the 3 source streams of the Pilmang Wang. At about 3½ m the sides of the valley become fairly well forested with pines, while the floor remains very open with no trees and few bushes. At 4 m the stream is forded to the left bank (it being here 4ˣ wide & shallow) and soon after this the path begins to descend steadily a further 600', entering light forest of pines and rhododendrons at 4¼ m and reaching the flat grassy floor of the Pilmang Wang valley at 4½ m. About 100ˣ later the second source stream of the Pilmang Wang is forded, this being 3ˣ wide & shallow, falling in a cascade from a low rocky ridge forming the head of the valley, about ½ m to the S.W. Shortly after fording this stream the path begins to climb easily about 50', close to the right bank of the third, and main, source stream (the Pilmang Wang) which flows from the Pilmang Lakha Pass. At 4¾ m the moderate camping ground Katage is reached,

30ᵏ from the right bank of the Pilmang Wang and on the edge of light pine forest. Wood and water are good, but the ground is marshy and there is little room. From this camp the Shera Lakha bears 117°, and a high snowy peak can just be seen beyond the east side of the Pilmang Wang valley, bearing 39.5°.

There were 3° of frost last night — just enough to give a pleasant nip to the air and to make bed seem really good. And this morning K.B and I conducted a great hunt for the missing nut after the coolies had left, and at last, when all hope seemed to be gone, I found it in the earth under a root. So the chair is once more a chair, and a thing of comfort, if not of beauty. After all, the climb to the Shera Lakha wasn't at all bad, and I reached the top rather dry in the mouth but not even panting. It often happens that a slope seems terrific when seen from some way off, and is really quite easy when you attack it. And that is as true metaphorically as in reality. The pass is on a narrow ridge — not the Tarun-Adung watershed after all — and it was pretty chilly up there in the snow (6") (which was down to a couple of hundred feet on each side) and a temperature of 40°, with a biting wind. Not really cold of course, but we've been having fairly warm temperatures of 50° and over for months now, and we were only in shirt and shorts. From the top we could see to-morrow's pass (and that must surely be the Tala Lakha at last, with the Adung long the other side). It looks an easy march up the valley from here anyway, and the pass must be about the same height as the Shera Lakha. I must make a more careful measurement of the tree line when we get into Layul again, because here (if my height of 12860' for the Shera Lakha is not very far out) there are no trees higher than about 12400'. On the way down I found a few little pale blue, and some yellow primulas, and quite a number of buttercups clustered together in a tiny dell at 12000'. They were the last surviving flowers up there, and it was a lovely thing suddenly to come upon them, a forlorn little patch of colour in the bleak valley. This is the highest camp of this trip (at 11~~400~~280'), and my bath this evening was very chilly as a cold drizzle started just before I took it, and the wind drove it onto my bare back. We had a little difficulty in finding a dry spot to sleep on, as the whole of the valley floor here seems to be marshy and sodden; but at last we found a little space on the edge of the pine forest which was dry in patches, and now we're quite comfortable. Tony is in a tent again, and I am once more under a fly, as it looked as though we were in for rain. However it proved to

be only mist which cleared off soon after dinner; and there is another gloriously starry night. Tony says he won't think of having a bath until we're below 5000' again, and apparently that goes for washing too — and even for teeth at night! He's a most chilly person and has to sleep in all his clothes and four blankets in a hermetically sealed tent, although it's scarcely below freezing at night. God knows what hell do in a Tibetan winter. I am now under two blankets, but still in my summer pyjamas, and I'm just warm enough. I have seen pygmy tare droppings all round the camp, but no pygmy tares so far. Tonight Maria drank my Oxo with every sign of delight, and that has cheered me as showing that perhaps we can feed them all on Oxo when the milk runs out. It's simply heavenly to be up above the jungle in this cold clearness, and a gloomy thought that tomorrow we will be going down again.

Toula Lunggar Camp. Saturday, October 22nd 1938. B(at 8.30 am) 19.39 T41°
B(at 4 pm) 19.15 T42°

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless; wind S.W 2. By 7.30 am. light shatus clouds were coming over, and by 8.30 am the sky was 5/10 covered. By 10.30 am the sky was wholly covered with heavy shatus cloud and the wind had increased to S.W 3. By mid-day heavy nimbus cloud was beginning to come over, and at 12.30 pm the sky was entirely covered with nimbus and (12700') light snow began to fall in very small crystals, mostly six-pointed and about 0.5 mm in average diameter. By 1.30 p.m (12000') the snow had changed to heavy drizzle, and at 3.30 p.m (11400') the wind increased to S.W 4 and light rain began to fall. Since then (up to 8.30 pm) conditions have remained unchanged. From Latage a good path (though very wet) runs close to the right bank of the Pilmang Wang, climbing very easily and rather irregularly through low rhododendron bushes and some grassy swamps. There are many large boulders in the floor of the valley, and a few small patches of pine trees on both sides (up to the 1½ m point, beyond which the country is v. bare). At ½ m a stream from the South (10ˣ wide + 6" deep) is forded, and at 1 m the Pilmang Wang (here 5ˣ wide and 2' deep) is forded to the left bank. At 1½ m the path begins to climb steadily and more steeply at about 50ˣ from the Pilmang Wang; and at rather more than 1¾ m a very level terrace, some 200ˣ wide, is crossed, at the north end of which, and slightly above the level of the path, is a shallow lake about 80ˣ long and 40ˣ wide. The path then climbs fairly steeply for 150' to the Pilmang Lakka Pass, at rather more than 2 miles. [This pass is on a flat-topped limestone ridge some 30ˣ across. The valley immediately W of the pass is that of the Tangdam Wang, (called Prahka Wang further down) which flows into the Taron 500ˣ below Prahkawa Camp — see 12.10.38. From this

pass the Shera Lakha bears 119°] From the Pilmang Lakha the path continues to climb easily about 50' to the W.N.W, mainly over loose stones; and at 2¼ m it descends gradually the same distance, and then climbs steeply 50' to the crest of the narrow, rocky ridge forming the head of the Tangdam Wang Valley, which it reaches at just under 2½ m. It descends this ridge to the W, and reaches a grassy saddle at 2¾ m from which a bad footpath runs down the Tangdam Wang Valley, reaching Prakkathuk in 4 days. From this saddle there is a moderately steep descent of about 500' into the Lungsha Wang Valley to the N, and at 3 m the path is joined by a bad footpath which runs up the Lungsha Wang from Raktai Märeng, a Tareng village of 3 houses close to the right bank of the Taron, and 4 marches from this point. [Raktai Mareng is one day's march from Lakkata for an unloaded man, or 2 days with Coolies] Immediately after 3 m the path finds the Lungsha Wang (here only 1ˣ wide and very shallow) and begins to climb fairly steeply up the W side of the valley, the slope being very bare with nothing more than short grass and a few low rhododendron plants, 3" high. At 3¼ m the path runs some 50ˣ E of a small lake 100ˣ long and 30ˣ wide. At 3½ m the ascent becomes very gradual indeed, and at rather less than 4 m the path reaches the S. end of a small lake (150ˣ long and 40ˣ wide, with an outlet to the E into the Lungsha Wang). It follows up the E bank of this lake, and from the N end climbs 50' moderately steeply to the Tala Lakha Pass, on a narrow grassy saddle on the Taron-Adung watershed. [From this pass the saddle passed at 2¾ m bears 124°] From the Tala Lakha a bad path drops steeply, over loose stones, into the valley of the Tala Wang to about 400' below the pass, after which the descent is less steep. At 4½ m the path finds the Tala Wang (2ˣ wide and 6" deep) to the left bank, and from here it is good, running along the very level grassy floor of the valley, which has few bushes and no trees. At 4¾ m the path leaves the Tala Wang and runs to the S of a small mound, the stream flowing to the north of it. At 5 m there is a moderately steep descent (through very light pine forest & rhododendron bushes 2-3' high) for 200ˣ onto a large shoulder with some pines at the upper end. This shoulder consists of several flat terraces, and is the excellent, though very exposed, camping ground Tonka Lunggar, with room for about 50 tents. There is a small stream a short distance to the south, and both wood and water are good. This morning would have been one of unmitigated gloom if the dreadful happening had'nt been rather funny — though it' taken me all day to see the humour of it, so the morning was a gloomy one after all!

It has been my custom from the start of this trip to keep my precious tooth in my mug at night, and Lewa has always taken it out in the morning when he filled the mug again with toothwater. We had 6° of frost last night, and this morning the water in my mug was nearly all frozen into the shape of a mug itself. While I was shaving by our enormous fire, Lewa, feeling cheerful, extracted this bit of ice and handed it to Adang Kudang (alias Maran Yong, this being his Kachin name) saying that here was a fine tumbler for him. Adang Kudang took it absentedly, and then, finding it was ice, not unnaturally cast it into the blaze; and it was only then that Lewa realized my one eye tooth was frozen within. We attacked that fire with water + sticks, and all got more or less scorched; but, though we recovered the gold plate in the end, the tooth was gone and now I have a fearful gap in my face. I shall send the plate back (in Mail from Panghandin, but it will be at least 2 months before it can get to me again, and by then I fear that my mouth may have changed shape enough to make it useless. Ah me! It was a very pleasant march up to the Tala Hakka, and I enjoyed every minute of it, but as soon as we arrived there it began to snow and the wind was bitter. Going down we got colder + colder, and though the snow changed to rain before we reached this camp it didn't make much difference to the temperature. We had to wait here some time before the coolies + tents arrived, and by the time they were up (I am in a tent at last) we were so cold that life held no more pleasure for us, and I personally have'nt been able to get warm since. This is a most bleak spot, completely open to a strong wind which is sweeping up the valley, and I had to decide against a bath for once. I am in the big tent as we needed somewhere to eat (and anyway Lewa thinks it more fitting for me than a small one!); Tony is in one of the Whympers, and the servants and coolies are under the various flys. They seem quite happy, but I am so cold in this tent that I hate to think what I should be like where they are, for though the flys keep off most of the rain they are no protection against the wind. These Tarungs are so amazingly like the Zaynlis that I am wondering whether the latter are as mixed as I have always supposed, or whether they are not themselves mainly of Tarung stock with an occasional mixture of Khampa blood. They not only look exactly the same, most of them, but they all have the typical and rather battered Khampa coolie boots (with uppers of coarse, generally dark brown cloth, and a single rawhide sole) among their belongings, and most of them wear short grey Chupas. The Tarung language is very like Tibetan, and many of the words are identical — such as

Lakha for 'pass'; shing for 'wood'; yakpo, gar for 'camp', mi'for'me' (fire) lung for 'an open space in a valley'. On the other hand many other words are Darn, such as 'wang' for 'water' & 'dong' for 'valley', so that the language seems to be much of a cross between the two. 'Sangnyi' for 'to-morrow' is common to both Darn & Tibetan of course.* Finally, and this has struck me very much, they not only put stones on the pile on top of a pass, but just as they're going down they shout out "So-so-o-o-o" exactly as the Zayuls do. I saw no pygmy taves at Latage, but two were brought in this morning which one of the coolies had trapped. I am sleeping in all my clothes to-night (a thing I abhor) simply because I haven't the courage to change into pyjamas. Josiah is always ready for his food, but I had to coax Maria out of my shirt into the cold for some time before she would eat hers; and as soon as the meal was over she vanished inside again and has since stayed there comfortably curled into a ball. This (and not Latage) is the highest camp of the trip at 11400'.

Păladetap Camp. Sunday, October 23rd 1938. B (TL 8.30 am) 19.17 T38°
B (P 3 p.m) 20.06 T44°

At 5 am the sky was cloudless: wind S.W 2. By 7 am heavy shatus clouds were coming over in moderate quantities, and by 8 a.m the sky was wholly covered. About 8.30 am heavy nimbus cloud began to come over and at 9 am light snow began to fall (11000'). By 11 am (10500') the snow had changed to light rain, and this continued throughout the day. To-night light rain is falling; the sky is wholly covered with dense nimbus clouds; wind S.W 2. From Tula Lunggar a moderate path, (with a few good sketches) runs fairly steeply down the end of the shoulder for about 200', after which the descent becomes gradual through clumps of thin bamboos 4-7' high and small bushes. The floor of the valley is very marshy and the sides (especially the north side) are lightly wooded in patches with pines, and plentifully covered with bushes. At 1/4 m the Tala Wang (4x wide and 6" deep) is forded to the right bank, and at 3/4 m (6x wide and 6" deep) back to the left bank. After 1 m the descent becomes very gradual indeed, the path running fairly close to the stream. At 2 m the Tala Wang is crossed to the right bank by a single sloping log with a handrail, at a point where it flows between 2 steep rocks, the stream being 4x wide and about 4' deep; and from here the path continues close to the river, descending gradually. At rather more than 2 1/4 m it enters a ship of light forest, (mainly of pines & bushes, with a heavy undergrowth of rhododendron bushes) and continues in this for a quarter of a mile, after which the trees become scattered and the undergrowth light. At rather less than 3 m a

* They also use head straps alone in carrying loads (like the Zayuls) without the yoke used by Darus, Kachins, Hkunungs & Tsewangs. They all have wooden shoes, and, in the Tibetan fashion, they have a midday meal at the march

moderate stream (6ˣ wide and 6″ deep) is forded; and 150ˣ later (at 3 m) a second moderate stream (3ˣ wide × 1′ deep) is also forded. From here the path runs through thick bamboos, up to 10′ high, for 1/4 m, and then through bracken and low bushes. At rather more than 3½ m the path enters light forest of pines, bricken, and rhododendron trees; and at 3¾ m it begins to climb very gently, close to the right bank of the Tala Wang. At 4¼ m it is some 300′ above the river, and from here it starts to descend gradually, emerging from the forest at 4¾ m. It then runs mainly through dense thickets of bamboos (10′ high) for 300ˣ, and once more enters forest; arriving at the small camping ground Pāladetab at 5 m.

This camp is in moderate forest (composed mainly of pines, bricken and rhododendron trees) about 150′ above the right bank of the Tala Wang and 30ˣ beyond a very small stream. Wood and water are good, but there is little space at this camp, although the ground is fairly level, and, with much clearing, space for 5 or 6 tents could be found. This was a villainously wet march, for almost as soon as we started it began to fall, which melted most of course; and by the time we were low enough for the snow to turn to rain we were already about as wet as we could be. As a matter of fact this was not altogether on account of the rain (and/or snow) but very largely because a good bit of the path ran through thickets of bamboo, which simply poured water down from their leaves as soon as we touched them. Since Tamagan KB and I (and Tony, who still clings to me as if I were his nurse!) have stopped behind at every camp for an hour or more after the coolies have left, as they move very slowly and I don't like too much waiting on the march — the alternative to that being a very good chance of overshooting the camp, as there is seldom anything to show where it is. Even so I generally catch them up in a couple of miles. We caught them at half way today, finding them huddled round two or three big fires in the forest, as their hands were so cold; and when they finally pushed on (they were loath to do so) we stopped behind at the fires for another half hour before following them. I wore my blue blazer on the march for the first time, partly for warmth and partly to keep Maria & Josiah as dry as possible in their basket. Josiah is not at all well I'm sorry to say. He's not only got ophthalmia (so that his eyes are almost permanently gummed shut, needing frequent applications of Lanoline to the lids) but there seems to be something wrong inside, which makes him chatter horribly and bite with no provocation. He draws blood every time and I'm getting a bit tired of it. His sudden break in

the weather has caused the coolies to ask angrily who has been collecting aconite — that being apparently a certain way of bringing rain! I have, twice, at Päladap and on this march, as a man at Pangnamdim tried to sell me a root for Rs 1/-, and said I would never find any for myself; but I have kept silent about this and allowed the coolies to go on wondering! Tony is the least sure-footed person I have ever come across. He falls on an average (he says) 8 times a day, but, by the mercy of God, so far without coming to serious harm. He's got no balance whatever, and is already longing to get onto the mule-back again — which, from my point of view, will be a sad come-down from this rather interesting track. Besides I can't get much exercise from 7 or 8 miles along a mule track. It's too easy. We've started on our stores at last with a tin of herrings for dinner to-night, but even so we should have a fair amount in hand by the time we reach Pangnamdim, and that will be all to the good. I'm in the big tent again, owing to the rain, and as there's a small lean-to hut here, so that some of the coolies can sleep there, we've set the old fly rigged up in front of it like a porch, with a huge fire just in front of that; and sitting and eating under that we are very comfortable. I had a bath again, thank heavens, and have finally decided never again to sleep in my clothes. It's too foully uncomfortable. Tony has slept in his ever since Tamagan and intends to go on doing so. This morning the snow was down to 11500', just above the Camp.

Shaikpungdap Camp. Monday October 24th 1938. B (P 8am) 20.15 T 41°5
B (S 330pm) 20.79 T 44°

At 5 am the sky was cloudless, wind S.W 2. By 7.30 am heavy nimbus cloud was coming over, and by 8.30 am the sky was wholly covered and light rain was falling. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, and to-night the sky is entirely covered with heavy nimbus cloud and light rain is falling: wind S.W 2.

On this march both sides of the valley are steep and well wooded down to the river. From Päladetap a moderate path runs down the Tala Wang valley, through forest (composed mainly of pines, birches and rhododendron trees, with a heavy undergrowth of rhododendron bushes) frequently running along fallen tree-trunks. For the first ¼ m it is very level, after which it descends gradually and irregularly about 200' to the right bank of the Tala Wang which it reaches at rather less than ½ m. It continues very close to the water and partly over boulders in the river bed for about 150x, and at ½ m it begins to climb easily and slowly. At about 1 m it is 200' above the Tala Wang, and from here it descends very easily and rather irregularly, keeping at much

the same height above the river. At 2½ m it emerges from forest and descends steadily about 200' through Cow bushes, crossing a small, and very marshy, level space about half way down. At a little less than 2¾ m it crosses a moderate stream (3ˣ wide and 4' deep) by three small logs, at a point where the stream flows in a cleft between 2 rocks. It turns down the right bank of this stream for 20ˣ to reach the right bank of the Tala Wang at 2¾ m, and from here the path is bad. It continues through forest with much bamboo (up to 20' high), keeping close to the river and climbing up and down slightly at between 20' and 100' above the water. At 4¼ m it descends to the right bank of the river again at a spot where there is a small but good camping ground with one lean-to hut; and then climbs gently to 80' above the river, reaching this height at 4½ m. [From here a bad footpath branches off up the side of the valley and into that of the Thiroldang Wang, continuing up this for 4 days to near the source of the latter stream, and thence crossing various ridges westward. This path is used by Chinese and Likaw hunters and gatherers of Lily bulbs – the latter being found in the second valley to the west of the Thiroldang Wang dang — but it must also be the only possible summer route from the Tala Lakha down the Tala Wang valley, as much of the path we used runs within a few feet of the October water level. None of my Taung coolies, however, could enlighten me on this point, as none had been down this valley in the wet season.] From the 4½ m point the path is hard to distinguish, descending gradually to find the Thiroldang Wang (10ˣ wide and 1' deep) at a little more than 4¾ m, some 50ˣ above its confluence with the Tala Wang. It then climbs to 60' above the Tala Wang, and descends again gradually, reaching the moderate camping ground Shaikpungdap at rather more than 5½ m, on the right bank of the river, in forest, and 5' above the water. The camp consists of a small level space with room for 5 or 6 tents. The ground is rather marshy in wet weather, but wood and water are good. Another villainous day, pouring wet from the moment we started. But Fate has been kind to us the last two days in that it has not begun to rain (or snow) until after we have broken camp. I know of few worse things than rolling up tents etc in the rain. Considering this is the end of October I reckon we ought to be getting fine weather instead of this misery. We cracked along today in good style (Tony falling time and again) but presently I left him and K.B behind, and the coolies hours back and pushed on by myself. At 4½ m I came

to the front where the path divided, and, as the right hand fork was much the clearer of the two, I took that. It wasn't long before I realized that it was the path used by the Chinese collectors of Lily bulbs, for it began to climb up a large side-valley; but having time in hand I persevered in order to see what it was like. There were several camps of Lean-to huts along it, but I was surprised to see that none of them were anywhere near water, and I should like to know what these Chinese eat on the march, that they don't need to drink. I finally climbed down a streambed to the Rinoldang Wang, crossed by a sloping tree-trunk, and so went into the jungle the other side in the hope of getting a bird or two for the Collection. There didn't seem to be any birds, but before long a perspiring Khark Bahadur found me, having followed my tracks from the main path up in the belief that I had lost the way. We went back together and were nearly at this camp when I saw four of the coolies grouped round a tree and pointing up for my benefit. I gathered there was a squirrel up it, but for the life of me I couldn't make it out (especially as it meant looking up into the light and the rain) until one of them violently shook a bush. Then the squirrel suddenly leapt into view as it moved its head, and I shot it. As far as I'm concerned it's a new one. There's very little room at this camp, but we are both in tents again (with an awning in front of mine made of 2 groundsheets — and rather inefficient — as all flies are needed for the servants & coolies) and quite comfortable. I had a bath under a groundsheet upheld by 4 coolies and close to the fire, so that I was cosy in spite of the frothy weather. Incidentally the daily range of temperature seems to be amazingly small during this rainy period. At 8am (when it may have been as much as 2° above the minimum) it was 41·5; and at 4^{330} pm. (when it may have been as much as 1° below the maximum) it was only 44°. That means a total range of only 5° or 6°. When we left Palaeotop this morning the snow was down to 11000′ — some 400′ below our last camp.

Chakhathuk top Camp, Tuesday October 25th 1938. B (S 8.30 am) 20.88. T 43°
B (C 3 p.m.) 21.70 T 50°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind SW2. By 8 a.m. light shallow cloud was coming over and by 9 a.m. the sky was wholly covered. At 10.30 am light nimbus cloud began to appear, and between 11 am and 11.30 am there was some light drizzle. After mid-day the sky became 3/10 clear, remaining so until 5.30 p.m. when it clouded over again. The night sky is entirely covered with light shallow cloud: wind S.W 2.

On this march both sides of the valley are steep and

thickly wooded. From Staikpungdap a bad path runs down the right bank of the Tala Wang, through thick forest of bamboos, pines, birches, and rhododendrons, climbing slightly to about 100' above the river. After 1/4 m. though the path is mainly bad, there are some moderate patches; and from this point it descends steadily to the river bank, which it reaches at a little less than 1/2 m. From here it continues close to the water, occasionally running over short stretches of boulders in the river bed, and never climbing to more than 50' above the river. ~~At~~ From 1 1/2 m the path runs very level, and the gradient of the river is steep, so that at 2 m the path is some 200' above the Tala Wang. Shortly after 2 m there is a steep descent of 150' to find a small stream, after which the path descends gradually, keeping at about 50' above the river. At just over 2 3/4 m the Tala Wang is crossed to the left bank by a single steep notched log, sloping up from the right bank, the river here flowing swiftly, 20' below the bridge, through a narrow gap between sheer rock walls 9[x] apart. The path then climbs easily to some 50' above the water, and descends again gently, reaching the river bank at 3 m. and running over boulders on the edge of the water. At rather more than 4 m it climbs to a height of 50' above the water and runs through a dense patch of tall plants (4-5' high), reaching river level again, and crossing a short stretch of boulders, at 4 1/4 m.

The path then enters forest, keeping very close to the river bank; crosses a second short stretch of boulders at 4 1/2 m; and re-enters forest in which it continues to 5 m, when it reaches the poor camping ground Chaktantuktap, at the base of a very large pine tree, 15[x] from the left bank of the Tala Wang, and 10' above the October river level. Not more than 3 small tents could be put up here, and even for them much clearing of trees & bushes would have to be done. Wood and water are good. A pretty fine day at last, and my conscience no longer pricks me as it did over the matter of the aconite. K.B and I really did miss the path today, and spent an hour and a half in the wilderness hoping to find it again before returning to where we had lost the way. The trouble was that the main path today was really no more than a hunter's track, and where it turned down to the bridge an actual hunter's track continued down the right bank. We followed that for some way before we realized our mistake; but, as so often happens, it was well worth it, as we found the fresh tracks of bear (Himalayan), sambhur & barking deer. On our way back we saw Tony & the coolies going down the other side of the river. The bridge was not pleasant, even with the rather flimsy handrail the coolies had put up. Apart from that it was just a single notched log sloping up at about 60°

over the Tala Wang, which was eddying through a narrow cleft between rock walls 9ˣ apart, some 20' below the bridge. Carrying my gun in one hand I was quite glad when I got to the top and stepped off onto the left bank — and, judging by his face, so I think was K.B. We caught up the coolies rather more than a mile further on, and they pointed out a Caughing thrush in a bush on the far bank. I shot it for a specimen, there being a most convenient fallen tree across the river here by which one of the coolies was able to retrieve the corpse. I had one of my rare falls today, catching my foot on a boulder and skinning my left knee. This is a poor camp, with little room, but we have cheered ourselves by opening a tin of ham which we ate with rice and tinned beans. Most excellent. That noble Dutch Cheese is almost finished, but it has every reason to be proud of itself. It's done good service since the 27th September and will still last another day. Josiah has been biting badly today, and has been climbed heavily more than once.

Chithuktap Camp. Wednesday, October 26th 1938. B (Auk 8 am) 21.86 T 41°
B (Chi 3.30 pm) 22.14 T 51°

At 5 a.m the sky was 2/10 covered with light Stratus cloud; wind S.W 1. At 7 a.m the wind was N.W 1, and at 8.30 am NE 1. After 9 a.m it died away altogether until 10.30 am when a S.W wind, force 2, arose bringing over moderate quantities of Stratus cloud. Between 11.15 am and 12.30 p.m the sky was 9/10 covered with Stratus cloud. After 12.30 p.m it cleared rapidly, and by 1.30 pm the sky was cloudless. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. The night sky is cloudless: wind S.W 2. On this march both sides of the valley are very steep and thickly wooded right down to the river. From Chakhanthuk Camp a bad path runs down the left bank of the Tala Wang over boulders on the edge of the water. After 100ˣ the path enters forest (consisting largely of pines, birches & bamboo thickets, with some rhododendron trees) and continues in this for 500ˣ, very close to the river, Emerging onto boulders by the edge of the water again at just under 1/4 m. It runs along these, with one or two very short stretches through the edge of the forest, and crosses a moderate stream (6ˣ wide, 1' deep & swift) by a fallen tree at 1/4 m. At a little less than 1/2 m it enters the forest and climbs fairly steeply 150', then running very level. At 1 3/4 m it begins to descend irregularly 200' to the bank of the river, which it reaches after a further 250ˣ at the confluence of the Tala Wang with the Tung Wang, a large stream from the N & W. from here it runs over boulders by the river, and at a little less than 3 m enters forest and climbs 50' by a very bad path, descending at once by a wretched log (most difficult for loaded coolies) to reach the boulders a

the river bank again at 3 m. The path then improves to bad, running over these boulders and finding a moderate stream (which flows in several small channels) after 50ˣ. It then runs through a dense patch of tall plants (4-5' high) for 200ˣ, at a height of 30' above the river, and then through forest for a further 300ˣ, after which it descends onto boulders at the edge of the water. It continues along these to rather more than 3½ m, and then enters forest and climbs to 50' above the river, after which it descends gradually. At rather more than 3¾ m it reaches river level again, and crosses to the right bank by light log bridge, the river being here 20ˣ wide, deep & very swift.

[There is usually a bamboo Rope Bridge of 3 ropes at this point, but, the path being little used, it had not been repaired and had broken. We therefore built the log bridge ourselves, but it will not survive the summer of 1939.] From the bridge the path runs down the right bank of the Tala Wang over the boulders on the edge of the water, and reaches the poor camping ground Chithuktap at 4½ m, 10ˣ from the bank of the river and 10' above the October water level, immediately opposite a large pyramidal limestone rock in mid-stream. There is room here for 2 tents on a small level space, and for numerous unsheltered men in the forest, which comes right down to the river on both sides of the valley. Wood & water good. There was a pretty grim log ladder onto day's march, coupled with a slippery descent across the edge of a cliff to the top of the log. It wasn't difficult for an unloaded man (although I had to hand my gun down to a coolie below about halfway) but it was bad for the coolies, especially as a large tree-trunk had fallen across the ladder about 12' from the bottom, and they had to climb onto this and then fish for the notches in the log with their toes. The descent ended down a steep slippery rock, and I stood at the bottom of this holding the coolies' feet as they came down. All went well until the very last man, who was carrying the big Museum box. He sat down as far as the tree trunk and two men went up to help him over. They set his feet onto the log below and he came down a couple of notches. Then he slipped, sending one of his helpers flying head-first down the rock, and himself ending 4 feet below doubled sideways over the projecting stump of a branch, with the heavy box hanging from his neck by the forehead strap. I thought the first would have a fractured skull and the second at least a set of broken ribs, if not a broken neck; but, strangely, neither was more than bruised, and the greatest damage done was that the coolies' yoke was broken in half!

Then we got to the place where the rope bridge should have been, to find that it had broken — apparently a few days

time ago — and no one had repaired it as this path is used so little. There were three big wicks stretching in a line across the river (which was only 20ˣ wide, but deep and coming down like a mill-race), and we wasted about half an hour bridging the gap between the first two before we found that it was practically impossible to get over the second gap without a man on the far rock to seize the first log and make it fast. So we gave up that idea, and tried a few yards further upstream where there was a rock projecting a short way out into the river and the far bank was shallow. The two Baptists who have gone ahead of us, ostensibly to make straight the way, (though they haven't done much about that as far as I can see) had felled a large pine in the hope that it would fall across the river. It had fallen crooked, though, and broken to pieces on the rocks; but among these pieces there was a long heavy stick which we thought would get across, and everybody got onto that (except Tony, needless to say, who sat by and complained of the cold!) and heaved and dragged it over the boulders and on to the rock. I had to take my chaplis off here, as the stone was too smooth for them to get a grip. We pushed our bridge inch by inch over the river, with frightful efforts, and it was about ⅔ of the way over when it broke in two on the edge of the rock — and that finished the second of our plans. But it was obviously a good place, so the coolies set to work and cut down a small tree, and when all the branches had been trimmed off we dragged that out of the jungle to the same rock, pushed it across and saw the far end drop in shallow water the other side. Two coolies made a rather wobbly way across to fasten that end by wedging it among boulders, and then started to make a handrail. It was perishing cold working in the water, so I sent them over some fire, and everything was finished in half an hour. We trekked across and are now on the right bank again, camped on a small level space by the river, with hardly any room at all. I killed Josiah this morning and cast him into the river. He had bitten me eight times in the night and twice before breakfast this morning — so he went. I have now got only my beloved Maria, and the zoo has shrunk from 6 to 2. Jane ran away; Deborah was overlaid; Ethel died; and Josiah I have killed.

Hpamborg Camp. Thursday, October 27th 1938. B(C 8am) 22.26 T43.5 B(H 5pm) 22.60 T50.5

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless: wind S.W.1. By 7.30 am the wind had increased to S.W.2 and small quantities of shatus cloud were coming over. By 8 a.m the sky was 4/10 covered with moderate shatus cloud, after which

conditions remained unchanged till 5 p.m when the sky rapidly cleared altogether. At about 6 p.m the wind dropped to S.W. The night is cloudless: wind S.W.1.

On this march both sides of the valley are very steep and thickly wooded down to the water. The path runs close to the right bank of the river the whole way. From Chithuktap a bad path runs down the right bank of the Tala Wang, over boulders close to the edge of the water. At 1¼ m it climbs 40' up the stony bed of a stream, and crosses this stream (3ˣ wide and 1' deep) after 50ˣ by a fallen tree, thence running through forest, composed mainly of pines, birches and rhododendron trees. Just before 1¾ m there is a short stretch over boulders close to the water; and at 1¾ m the path climbs steeply to 50' above the river, descends as steeply, and runs through forest some 10' above the water, reaching the boulders on the river bank at a little more than 2 m. After 100ˣ over these boulders there is a steep climb through forest to 100' above the river, followed by a short level stretch and a steep descent. The path reaches the river bank again at 2¼ m and continues over boulders to 2½ m, when it once more enters the forest and climbs steeply, (the path is very bad here) to about 100' above the river in 50ˣ, descending by an even worse track to reach the boulders on the river bank in a further 50ˣ. From here the path is merely bad, running over boulders on the edge of the water to rather more than 3 m, when it enters jungle and begins to climb fairly steadily. At 3¼ m it is 300' above the Tala Wang, and from there it descends irregularly, crossing a moderate stream (8ˣ wide and 9" deep) by a fallen tree at rather more than 3½ m, the crossing being 20ˣ from the confluence with the Tala Wang and 15' above it. The path then runs along the boulders by the edge of the river, until, at rather more than 4¼ m, it enters thick forest (of pines, birches & oaks), and climbs up and down at between 15' and 150' above the water. At 5¾ m it begins to climb fairly steadily from 15' above the river; and shortly after 6 m there is a steep climb of 100' to 300' above the water. It then descends gradually and irregularly, keeping at much the same height above the river, which has a steep gradient. Soon after 6½ m it begins to descend fairly steeply for 300' to the small but good camping ground Hpanbong at 6¾ m, on a patch of sand on the right bank of the Tala Wang, 5' above the October water level. There is jungle on three sides of this camp and water on the fourth, so that both wood and water are good. Not much news to-day, except that the path is getting pretty bad, and that it's said to be worse to-morrow and still worse the day

after. As far as I can gather, for the whole length this valley is completely uninhabited except by a few wild animals. There simply isn't the faintest possibility of making even one of the steeply sloping fields you find in the Nam Tamai for example— the sides of the valley are much too precipitous. In fact the ~~Tacon~~ Tala Wang is flowing in what is almost a gorge, and, as it obviously gets more so lower down I can well imagine that the path becomes worse, and it probably runs some way above the river. Apropos animals, while the coolies were climbing up one of the worse stretches to day, and I was sitting on the boulders by the river waiting for them to get on (at the 2½ m point), they suddenly made violent signs to me. I looked where they were pointing and saw 5 or 6 large reddish monkeys with no (or very short) tails, in the trees not far up the slope. K.B and I started in pursuit with my 12 bore and we had a steep climb, while the monkeys made off a little higher & higher. He was very anxious to shoot one himself, so I gave him the gun and acted as a blind while he stalked them. That is to say I made myself as conspicuous as I could in one place, waving and looking around. The monkeys were interested, and K.B got to within 20 yards of them. Then he fired and missed! The reason the coolies were so anxious we should get one is that the damn fools who are coming with us to Pangnamdim (and to whom I gave Rs 2/- each to buy a fortnight's rations in Lungyan) behaved like my Talangs in 1935. They bought practically nothing, thinking there must be a village on the way where they could get food cheaper and so make on the deal; and since yesterday morning they have been foodless, the idiots. We ourselves have only enough rice for four days, so we can't help them out and they'll just have to go hungry. It's a pity the path is bad, though. It will take a lot out of them. Two men are going ahead from here to the first village and will meet us again on the road somewhere with rations. Besides monkeys, I saw fresh barking deer tracks along the path today, and at our camp there were Sambur and barking deer tracks in the sand. I wish I had brought my rod with me. The river here is perfect for fishing, and I have seen half a dozen good-looking fish of about ¾ lb to 1 lb each. The last coolies got in to night at 6 pm, just as it was getting dark.

Tomlung Camp. Friday, October 28th 1938. B (H 7.30 am) 22.72 T 46°
B (T 5.30 pm) 23.19 T 52°

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless: wind nil. By 6 a.m there was a S.W wind, force 2, and a few light strato cumuli were coming over. By 8 a.m the sky was 3/10 covered with light strato cumuli: wind S.W 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 5 p.m when the sky cleared rapidly. By 6 pm it

was cloudless and the wind had dropped to nil. The night sky is cloudless: wind nil. On this march both sides of the valley are exceedingly steep and thickly wooded down to the water, except where sheer cliffs occur, these being of bare limestone rock. From Hpaubong a bad path runs down the right bank of the Tala Wang, over boulders close to the river. After 40ˣ it enters thick forest (composed mainly of pines, birches & oaks, with some rhododendron trees), and climbs to 40' above the water, then descending to reach the boulders on the river bank at a little less than ¼ m. It continues over these for 250ˣ, and once more enters forest, climbing gradually and irregularly to about 200' above the water. It reaches this height at ¾ m, and from here it climbs slightly up and down, remaining at much the same distance above the river. At 1½ m it begins to descend fairly steadily, and when, at a little more than 1¾ m, it crosses a moderate stream (4ˣ wide, deep and swift) by a fallen tree, it is only 50' above the Tala Wang. From this stream it climbs up again to 200' above the river, reaching this height at 2 m, and then running up and down slightly. ~~At~~ From 2½ m the path is very bad, and from this point there is an exceedingly steep climb to 350' above the water (including one notched log 12' high which is difficult for loaded coolies), followed by a stretch of narrow log gallery across a cliff face and into a steep gulley. The path climbs round the west wall of the gulley, and, 100ˣ later, crosses a crumbling layer of earth on a steeply sloping rock 15ˣ across, which falls away as a sheer cliff down to the river some 20' below the path. [Both this and the gallery are very difficult for loaded coolies]. A short distance beyond this the path descends steeply 50', and then fairly steadily until, at 3 m, it is within 100' of the river. It then remains at much the same height above the water, climbing up and down slightly. At rather more than 3½ m there is a steep descent of 60' into a narrow gulley, with precipitous rock walls, which contains a small stream. Having forded this stream the path climbs up a log ladder 15' high, and descends gently round the west wall of the gulley. From the end of this wall it starts to climb steadily and moderately steeply, reaching a height of some 350' above the Tala Wang shortly after 3¾ m, and continuing very level to rather more than 4 m. It then descends steadily some 200', and finds a small stream at 4¼ m. After a short level stretch it climbs steeply 200', reaching the top at rather less than 4½ m, and thence running up and down without apparently losing or gaining much height

At 5¼ m it begins to descend rather irregularly, and at a little more than 5½ m it is only 40' above the river. It then keeps close to the water (at between 40' and 80' above it) and at 6¼ m it descends 30' very steeply (and mainly by notched log) to the small camping ground Tonlung. This camp consists of a level space 10ˣ long and 3ˣ wide, 20' above the right bank of the Tala Wang. It is partly sheltered on the north side by an overhanging rock. Water must be brought up by a bad path from the river, and wood brought down from the forest above. A really rotten path to day — so bad, in fact, that 8 of the Coolies (with Lewa to look after them) have not arrived at all to night and are camping without food somewhere on the road. As they started at 7 a.m. it means they have taken (counting till 6.30 p.m. after which it was too dark to see) more than 11½ hours for 6¼ m. How much more I don't know till they turn up to-morrow morning. I was frankly scared by that earth harasse to day and very glad when it was over. Bare feet must make a big difference, but even so I wouldn't have tried to take a load across that place for any money. It was 15ˣ of loose earth, a thin layer on top of a smooth rock with scarcely a crack in it which sloped steeply down for 20', and then fell sheer away 350' to the river. Almost every step sent a shower of earth + pebbles shooting out of sight, and there was nothing to hold on to. Solid rock I don't mind, but this loose earth business gives me the jumps. I had to stop half way to sling the rifle over my shoulder and so leave both hands free, and I reckon I was ten years older by the time I was across. After that things were better, in the sense that the path was not likely to fall into the river, but it was pretty bad all the same and I was quite glad to reach this rotten camp at about 5 p.m. It's on a little ledge about 20' above the river, and there's no room for anything on it but our two beds, two small fires, and just room for N.T, KB & Yimpa to curl up. The coolies (those that arrived) are further along the path somewhere. The stores box is with Lewa, but luckily the rice is with us, and there was a tin of bacon in the cook box, so we had bacon + rice for dinner — most excellent. That Redgate tinned uncooked bacon is the best I have ever struck. It's just as good as fresh bacon and a joy to eat. For breakfast to-morrow we have our dried eggs and more rice. We have very little wood to-night for fires, because it was too dark for the coolies to see to cut any when they arrived. The only one who produced some was the old man from Lakhata, and he, (being also the only

one who knows the path) arrived first. He's a stout old chap and does great work. He went back to-night with one of our torches to locate the missing coolies if possible. He didn't get to them because he met one of them who had come on without his load, bringing the news that they were a couple of miles back. That being so, I don't expect they will turn up till about mid-day to-morrow, and we will probably have to stop here, as they will almost certainly need a rest. It grieves me to think of Lewa foodless, beddingless and even tea-less. I shall send Adang Kudang back with a mess of rice to meet him in the morning.

Mădungsa Camp. Saturday, October 29th 1938. B(T 8.30 am) 23.34 T 45°
B(M 4 p.m) 23.42 T 55°

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless: wind S.W1. About 7.30 a.m the wind increased to S.W2, and after 11 a.m small quantities of light stratus cloud began to come over, the sky being never more than 1/10th covered. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. The night sky is 1/10 covered with light stratus cloud: wind S.W2.

On this march both sides of the valley are thickly forested down to the river, and both are very steep. From Tomlung a very bad path descends 15' (to 5' above the river), and climbs a difficult notched log at the start of an irregular ascent to 250' above the water, through forest on the precipitous side of the valley, and largely up further notched logs. The top of the climb is reached at rather more than 1/2 m, and from here the path descends steeply, until, at a little less than 3/4 m, it is some 8' above the October level of the river. It then runs very level; crosses 15x of narrow log gallery across a cliff face; and arrives on the boulders, close to the edge of the water, at 3/4 m. The path then improves slightly to bad, and continues over these boulders (with one short stretch through forest) to 1 1/4 m; after which it climbs steeply 150' through forest, and descends as steeply to reach the boulders on the edge of the water in 300x from the 1 1/4 m point. After a further 50x a moderate stream (6x wide and 1' deep) is forded some 15x from its confluence with the Tala Wang; and at a little less than 1 1/2 m the path once more enters forest. It continues in this, close to the river, for 250x, and again emerges onto the boulders by the river. At a little more than 2 m it enters forest, and shortly afterwards climbs very steeply 30' by notched log, descending gradually to reach the boulders on the water's edge at a little more than 2 1/4 m. After 150x over these it enters forest and climbs steeply to 80' above the river, and descends 40' slowly. The last 40' are very steep, down a difficult log ladder on a cliff face to the boulders by the water — these being reached at some 250x over 2 1/2 m. After 100x over boulders

the path enters the forest, and climbs steeply up to 40' above the river, thence continuing at between 30' and 50' up until just short of 3 m, when there is a moderately steep descent of 40' on to the boulders by the edge of the water. After a further 100ˣ over these, the small camping ground Mädungpa is reached at 3 m. This camp is on a patch of nearly level sand 20ˣ long and 5ˣ wide, between the forest and the river, not more than 2' above the October water level. It is 30ˣ NE of a small wooded island. Wood and water are good. Adang Kudang went back this morning with a dish of rice for Lewa (who ate it on the path most gratefully), and, much to my surprise, the coolies all arrived by about 8 a.m, having left their cheerless camp as soon as it was light enough to see — i.e about 6.15 a.m. That being so there was no need to stay where we were (for which I was sincerely thankful. There was no room even to have a bath!) and we were all off by 8.30 a.m. The path was so bad over the first 3/4 m that it took the coolies 2½ hours to cover it; and over the whole march of 3 m they took 7½ hours — but that included a wait of about an hour at the top of a frightful log ladder at a little more than 2½ m. As a matter of fact the ladder itself wasn't particularly bad, though it needed a good deal of earnest tying up with strips of bamboo before anyone cared venture on it. It was the approach down to it, along a slippery grassy ledge (slipping not of course) with a most grisly lack of handholds. It was quite a job getting on to the ladder at all, and 40' is a bit to fall if there is only 6" of water covering the rocks at the bottom. I went down first, as soon as the old man from Lakhata had finished tying things up; and I sat at the bottom for some time watching the coolies bring down their loads. On places like that they much more than earn their pay, I always think. I pushed on with K.B before they were all down, following the O.M. from h, and followed by Tony. It was a mistake to do so, because if I had only thought of it I would have loved to see the big Museum box coming down. Lewa said he put 6 men on to it. There was the coolie, with the box on his back; 2 men below him propping it and him up; and 3 men above with ropes. I can't imagine how the ladder ever stood up to it! Both yesterday and to-day there have been a few large ticks in the forest. I have collected 4 or 5, without being bitten, and Tony has been bitten two or three times. Never a leech though, and that is so marvellous as to be almost incredible. I can only think that it's because it's setting

chilly now, because there must be lots here in the summer.. K.B and I sat for a while on the boulders in a very quiet spot by the river, where a small cascade poured out of a narrow gulley. I saw a diver I wanted as a specimen, a wren of sorts, and a big yellow-bellied squirrel — all quite unafraid and well within range — but, though it sounds ridiculous, I didn't dare to shoot! I had the strongest feeling that the place was the sanctuary of some being, and that if I killed in it, I would probably fall off the path or something further on. At the time I knew nothing of that fearful log ladder a mile ahead, or I would have been even more impressed. It was odd though, for neither before nor after that place did I feel anything of the sort, and there was nothing about the place itself to work up one's imagination. I had no thought of the kind until the squirrel appeared, when I seized the gun and stood up to shoot. Then it came over me in a wave, and though I drew a bead on it four times as it skipped along, I was frightened to press the trigger because of what was going to happen to me if I did. At this camp we were met by the two Lakhata men who had gone ahead to get rations for the coolies (no, one of them was from Pangnamdim), and by a fresh batch of coolies who are relieving those from Lakhata. They were mainly Talangs but there were 5 Lihsaws among them who had come up the valley to trade and had seized the opportunity of trying to earn a little more by coolie work. Men have come than we need though, and I shall only take on the Talangs, as this is their country and it is only fair that they should earn the money. I had a bath to-night, and so (praise be to God) did Tony. He smells at any time, but not having washed since Lakhata, nor changed his shirt (in which he sleeps as well as marches) he was becoming most offensive. The coolies are all very cheerful again now that they have fed. I doctored a cut knee and a damaged toe, and prescribed an ointment for Yonga's feet which are still suffering from the snow on the Shera Lakha. It was the first time he had ever been in snow. Dinner of pemmican soup, followed by an excellent dish of Bully & carrots. Chivers tinned vegetables are first class.

<u>Tāla Long. Sunday, October 30th 1938.</u> B (M 8 am) 23.64 T 42°
B (T 3.30 pm) 24.14 T 62°

At 5 a.m the sky was cloudless: wind apparently nil. By 6.30 a.m there was a S.W wind, force 1, and small quantities of light stratus clouds were coming over. By 8 a.m the sky was 1/10 covered with light stratus clouds, and between then and

5 p.m conditions remained the same. At 5 p.m the clouds began to disappear, and by 6 p.m the sky was cloudless. The night sky is cloudless: wind S.W.1. On this march both sides of the valley are well wooded with deciduous forest, which, from 2½ m on, contains many banana trees. From Mädungpa a bad path runs down the right bank of the Tala Wang, over boulders on the edge of the water. At a little more than ¼ m it enters thick deciduous forest, and soon after climbs steeply to 60' above the water. It then descends gradually, and at ½ is about 15' above the river, after which it runs very level for 200ˣ before dropping on to the boulders by the water. It continues over these, with one or two very short stretches through forest, until 1 m, when it enters the forest and climbs fairly steadily to 100' above the river — the path being now moderate. It reaches the top of this climb at 1¼ m and runs very level for rather more than ¼ m, then descending 150' (the river having a steep gradient) moderately steeply to the boulders on the edge of the water, which it reaches in 100ˣ from the top. The path runs under a large overhanging rock (forming a cave with 2 entrances) and re-enters forest almost at once, keeping ~~½~~ at some 20' above the water. At a little more than 2¼ m the path becomes bad, climbing steeply up to about 100' above the river, and dropping as steeply 50' into a narrow gulley, where it crosses a moderate stream (4ˣ wide, 1' deep and swift) by a small log. It then climbs to 150' above the water, reaching the top at about 2½ m, and continues rather up and down to rather more than 2¾ m, when it descends fairly steeply some 100' and arrives on the valley floor (here 150ˣ wide, flat, and covered with tall reeds and grasses, and a few trees) at 3 m. [From here on the path would be good if it were not so badly overgrown with reeds and grass] It continues down the broad valley floor, at 50ˣ & 60ˣ from the river bank, and at 3¼ m passes a well-built plank house, and a granary. [This house is now unused, owing to the death of the occupants]. The path then runs through a narrow belt of trees (including many peach trees bearing rather unripe fruit at the end of October), and, after crossing a small stream by light log bridge, through what was once a field of maize and millet. At rather less than 3½ m it runs along the right bank of the Tala Wang for about 100ˣ (the sides of the valley now closing in again to the river); and at 3½ m it starts to climb steadily, through tall reeds & grasses, reaching a height of nearly 200' above the river at 3¾ m. To 4 m it continues at this height above the water, and then begins to descend steadily, reaching the right bank of the Tala Wang at a little more than 4¼ m and continuing close to this at about 20' above the water, through small trees and low bushes. At just under

4½ m the path descends on to boulders in the bed of the river; runs over these for 50ˣ downstream; and at 4½ m crosses to the left bank of the Tala Wang by a bridge of saplings, the river being here 15ˣ wide, deep, and flowing very swiftly between two large rocks [This bridge exists only in the dry season, and is washed away every summer]. From the bridge the path climbs steadily up the side of the valley (through fields of maize, millet, buckwheat, yams and pumpkins) to the temporary settlement Tala Long (2 plank-built huts) about 200ˣ from the bridge and 100' above the river. These huts are used only while the fields are bearing, the inhabitants coming up from Talatkin (6 houses, containing Tarungs, Dams and Talangs. Wood and water are provided here by the headman of Talatkin. The path was reasonable to-day on the whole, and a marvellous change from what we have been having lately, but it was strange no longer to have the little old man from Lakhata in front showing the way. He and his minions went back this morning, all very pleased with the wages they received. It doesn't look as though the Chinese pay as highly. I met one of the men who had gone right ahead from Lakhata to warn the villagers down here of our august approach, about 2 miles from Tala Long, and told him that if he would come back to that place I would reward him for his work, as well as hand over some money for the other man who was apparently at Mädungpa last night though I didn't know it. However he declined to do this, with many thanks, saying that if he did not get a move on he would have to do the whole journey alone, and that he was anxious to have company on the road. So off he went without backsheesh, as I had no money on me. The real excitement of the day was at 3 miles, when we came onto a sudden widening in the valley floor which was very dry and covered with long grass + bushes. One of the Coolies suddenly yelled 'Snake', and though I conjured him from my perch on a rock (where I was hoping to get a photo down the valley) to catch it, he appeared palsied; so I got down and caught it myself with the snake stick. It was what I think will prove to be the second Trimeresurus monticola, several inches longer than the big one I killed for near Darjeeling (I think); and it's got the very high ventral count of 170 as compared with about 146 which is usual. It had just eaten a big rat and was so bloated that it could not move except to strike with its head and a few inches of neck. The last snake I got was at Shenjung, more than a fortnight ago. Tony seems to be incapable of following a path in the jungle — he can't pick it out at all — so to-day, between 1 m + 2¼ m when it was not at all bad, I stepped out with K.B and left him far behind in order to

make him find it for himself and so get practice. We waited some time at 2¼ m, having caught up the coolies, and we could hear him yelling and shouting along the path, having apparently lost his head altogether at being left alone. When he finally caught us up (all of a dither and very flushed) he said he'd lost the way twelve times and had fallen seventeen! He's perfectly helpless and hopeless in jungle, off a government mule-track.

It was great fun getting to this little place today. There are only two houses (of which we have taken one), but it's twelve days since we've seen habitations, and it seemed like a metropolis! The headman is a most excellent soul, and he brought a fowl and 5 eggs as his salaami, besides giving me a little tobacco. And we were able to buy a pumpkin or two and a little millet; and to exchange an empty tin for a pound of garlic — not as strong, anything like, as Tibetan garlic, but very welcome none the less. We are in a very small house of which one half is the kitchen. The other half is just big enough for our two beds, two boxes and a table, and the bathroom is on a small balcony just outside. I saw a Taroung bee-hive today (the same as those used by the other Upper Burmese tribes). It's a hollow log, about 9" in diameter and 2' high, with a small hole near the bottom, and one near the top, and a flat stone as a roof. I should think it very comfortable for the bees, and before this I had no idea they kept them at all. I thought they merely collected honey from the jungle when they found a nest of bees.

<u>Talathutap Camp. Monday, October 31st 1938.</u> B (Tl. 8 am) 24.32 T 44°
B (T 1 pm) 25.08 T 69°

At 5 am the sky was cloudless. Wind S.W.1. Conditions remained unchanged until 1 p.m. when light shallow clouds began to come over. By 2 p.m. the sky was 3/10 covered, but it began to clear after 4 p.m. and by 4.45 p.m. was once more cloudless. The night sky is cloudless. Wind S.W.1.

Up to 300' above the river the S. side of the valley has nearly as much clearing as forest on this march, and there is a considerable amount of secondary growth consisting largely of banana trees & bamboos. Above 300' it is well wooded. The N. side is very lightly wooded in patches, but is mainly clear. From Tala Long a good path runs fairly steadily down from the upper of the two houses (in which we spent the night) through fields of maize, millet, buckwheat, yams and pumpkins. At ¼ m it crosses a moderate stream (5ˣ wide and 9" deep) by light log bridge, and thence runs through secondary growth of bamboos, bushes and banana trees, close above the left bank of the Tala Wang. At ½ m it enters thick deciduous forest, and at 1m there is

a steep descent of 30' by log ladder on to the boulders by the edge of the river. After 30x over these the path climbs a few feet into secondary growth as before, interspersed with small fields of buckwheat, millet and pumpkins. At rather more than 1¼ m the path again descends on to the boulders by the water; runs over these for 200x; and once more enters secondary growth & small fields. At a little less than 1½ m it crosses a moderate stream (5x wide and 1' deep) by light log bridge. The gulley in which the stream runs being well-wooded and narrow. After 1½ m the path becomes moderate only, with a few good stretches; and soon after 1¾ m it climbs moderately steeply to about 50' above the river, and then descends gradually and irregularly to reach the boulders on the edge of the water at 2¼ m. It runs over these for 100x, and climbs moderately steeply once again to 50' above the river, continuing through alternate patches of secondary growth and forest, and descending gradually and irregularly. At 200x over 3 m it reaches the boulders by the water, and runs over these to 3¼ m, then climbing a few feet into secondary growth and continuing close to the left bank of the Tala Wang. At rather less than 3½ m it crosses a small stream (3x wide and 1' deep) by log bridge, and 170x later passes a cane suspension bridge over the river, from which a bad footpath runs down the right bank to the Adung Long. [This bridge is mainly used to reach fields, however.]. At rather more than 3½ m the path descends on to the boulders at the edge of the river, and continues over these until rather more than 4¼ m, with 3 short stretches through forest. It then begins to climb easily 50' through secondary growth and maize fields, reaching the top at about 4½ m and continuing very level across a small grassy terrace. At 5 m the Adung Wang - Tala Wang confluence is passed, and 200x later the path reaches the boulders on the left bank of the combined river, now called Wang Thu. After 60x across these boulders it climbs fairly steeply to 40' above the water, and descends very steeply by notched log to reach the boulders again at 5¼ m. It runs over these for 150x, and then through secondary growth and maize fields, reaching Talathu (6 houses, mixed Tarung, Dorn and Talang — those of the Tarungs being plank-built) at a little more than 5½ m, close to the left bank of the Wang Thu. At Talathu the path crosses to the right bank of the river (here 35x wide, deep & swift) by a narrow cane suspension bridge, with a foot-way 3-4" wide.* It climbs moderately steeply from the bridge to 60' above the river, and descends slowly for a short distance, and finally steeply (for 30') by a bad stretch

* [From the N end of the bridge a footpath runs up the right bank of the Wang Thu and so into the Adung Long]

of path. It continues very level from here through secondary growth to the good ~~camping ground~~ camp Talathutap, in a maize field, at 5 3/4 m. This is a Government Camp, consisting of 2 bamboo huts (thatched), 35ˣ from the right bank of the Brang Nu, and 12' above the water. Wood is provided by the headman of Talathu, and water is brought up from the river. Supplies of millet, maize and pumpkins can be obtained here, and a few fowls and eggs. A pleasant and easy march over what was, in the main, a good path; but I did not distinguish myself as a shot I'm afraid! We waited at Tăla Long for 1½ hours after the coolies had left (Tony, K.B., and I), and, just as we were starting off, the headman pointed out a bird the size of a thrush sitting on the ground about 30ˣ off. I missed it however and we started the march bridles. We had not gone far when I saw a party of 3 or 4 monkeys in a tree on the other side of the river, not more than 100ˣ away. I could only see them at intervals for a few seconds at a time, when they showed through the leaves and branches; but one of them sat fairly still in a fork for 5 or 6 seconds at last. The bullet hit a branch 4" to the right and that was that! Other game there was none. Tony fell several times as usual, screaming like a girl each time. It makes me wonder sometimes whether he isn't perhaps an Eunuch, and it infuriates me too, because I feel he is letting down the prestige of the English. One expects a native of this country to yell + whimper (though not all do, by any means); but for an Englishman to do so is rather too much of a good thing. It suit only when he falls either. If a bee or a wasp comes near him he shrieks too! For nearly all the way the Little Talang headman of Tălathu (headman also of Tăla Long) acted as guide. He was very lame (I think from rheumatism in the knee) and had to use a stick, but he set a cracking pace nonetheless for which I admired him. Where the path was good he kept up 3 m.p.h, and he never dropped below 2. The bridge was fun, with its narrow swaying footway, and a change after the rope ones in the Taron valley and the mysteries we have had since crossing the Tăla Lakha. It is at Tălathu, a mixed village of Tarungs, Talangs and Daous, in which the Tarung houses stand out prominently being built of planks like those from Shenjung up to Lakhata (and, presumably, beyond); while the Talang + Daou houses are, of course, of thatched bamboo. I sat at the end of the bridge for some time before crossing, and was warmly greeted by two Tibetans from Shedunthang, now residing in Meting, whom I well remembered from 1935. We had quite a chat, and they are going to collect

butter & milk for us if they can to bring along to-morrow's camp. It was so cheery seeing Tibetan faces again that I gave them Rs 1/- between them when they came along here this afternoon. I would have liked to have taken a photo of them but like a fool I had forgotten to put in a new film. They went back and took me of the bridge though and that was something. Shortly after we got here (that was at about 1 pm) the headman brought me most enormous salaami I have had in Burma. Three cocks, 29 eggs, 4 huge pumpkins, 12 lbs of millet, 6 lbs of beans, 6 lbs of maize 'tsamba', 3 lbs of millet flour, and a little tobacco. We're burdened with food – especially pumpkins, of which we bought 3 yesterday – and we can stop eating our stores again, which rejoices my heart. Where stores are concerned I'm a bit miserly, and if we can avoid broaching them I'm delighted and I always feel the day may come when there will be nothing else to feed on. We have now finished our tea, as well as the rice, cooking oil, chillies and baking powder; but we have coffee, and millet makes a good substitute for rice. If the butter and milk materialize we shall want for nothing. I gave the headman Rs 6/- and a knife and I think he deserved it all. A young monkey was brought in to-day, which we bought on principle: but after our experiences with Thomas and Tindrup, we killed it at once and they will skin it to-morrow. We apparently reach the Adung Seingkha Confluence the day after to-morrow, and I imagine we camp across the Seingkha at Tazungdap and reach Gawai the following day. There are some sandflies about at last and we have had to put up nets in the hut. This evening my soul revolted at the thought of another fowl chopped to pieces with a hatchet (as has been Lewa's custom) and served up a mass of splintered bones from which it needed considerable skill to extract any meat at all. I gave a demonstration of jointing a fowl in the kitchen therefore, and another of grilling the morsels on a spit. with garlic & pumpkin, and for the first time since the start of the trip we had a chicken which it was a joy to eat. Henceforth all fowls are to be jointed.

Dizantap Camp. Tuesday November 1st 1938. B (T 8.30 am) 25.22 T 43°
B (D 12.30 pm) 25.29 T 58°

At 5 am the sky was cloudless: wind S.W.1. By 8 a.m small quantities of light stratus cloud were coming over, the sky never being more than 1/10 covered. At 1 p.m the cloud began to increase and by 2 p.m the sky was 5/10 covered with heavy stratus cloud. At 3 p.m it was 9/10 covered with heavy stratus cloud and some nimbus, and at 4 p.m it was wholly covered and a few heavy drops of rain fell from 4 p.m to 4.5 p.m. The nimbus cloud then passed over, and by

5 p.m. The sky was 9/10 covered with woolly stratus clouds. Wind S.W.1. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

On this march the S. side of the valley is thickly forested. The N. side is wooded in patches, but is mainly cleared ground. From Talathutap a good path runs down the right bank of the Wang Nu, ranging in distance from 5ˣ to 60ˣ horizontal from the river, and in height from 10' to 50'. For the first ¼ m it runs through fields of maize, yams, millet and buckwheat; and it then passes through a strip of forest 40ˣ wide, very close to the river bank, and emerges into fields and old cleared land now covered with bracken, bushes, and a few small trees. At a little less than 1 m it begins to climb fairly steadily to about 200' above the river, reaching the top in 250ˣ. The path runs level for 50ˣ and descends smoothly to 1¼ m, ~~when~~ when it crosses a small stream (3ˣ wide and 6" deep) by 2 logs. From here the descent is slight. At a little less than 1½ m it enters thick forest, some 20' above the river, and continues through this to 1¾ m, when it comes out into fields, with forest 30ˣ from the path on each side. Shortly after this it climbs easily to 70' above the river, reaching the top of the climb at a little less than 2 m. It then passes through a belt of forest 40ˣ wide, and emerges into a patch of cleared grassy land (containing a cattle pen) at 2 m. It descends easily through this clearing, with forest close on either side, and at 2¼ m enters the forest close to the bank of the river. After 40ˣ it descends into sand and boulders by the water's edge (the path then becoming moderate) and continues over these for rather more than 2½ m, when it climbs 30ˣ through forest to a height of 20' above the water, and reaches a cane suspension bridge (40ˣ long, with a 4" footway of bamboos) over the Wang Nu. The river is here 30ˣ wide and deep, with a current of 8 knots. [From the N end of the bridge a path leads up the side of the valley to fields only; and a second path continues for ½ m down the right bank of the Wang Nu to a single Tibetan house, called Tongkwan by the Talangs and Kyesang Tsering (that being the name of the owner) by the Tibetans.]. The path crosses to the left bank of the Wang Nu by this bridge, and turns down this bank close to the water, becoming good again at 2¾ m. At a little more than 2¾ m it reaches the right bank of the Taske Wang (a large stream 15ˣ wide, 2' deep and swift) and crosses to the left bank, some 30ˣ above the confluence with the Wang Nu, by a cane suspension bridge, 20ˣ long with a 4" bamboo footway. [From the N end of this bridge a path runs up the left bank of the Taske Wang for 200ˣ to Taske Long, a Tibetan grazing ground of 5 huts. When we passed this way the suspension bridge was in need of repair, and a

temprary log bridge had been built 30ˣ further up the Taste Wang]. From the bridge the path runs on a flat grassy space. [At a little less than 3 m a track branches off up the west side of the Taste Wang valley for abmt ½ m to Dizar Märeng (Talang, 5 houses) which is invisible from the main path] At 3 m the path runs through forest for 50ˣ and descends on to the boulders on the left bank of the Wang Chu where it becomes only moderately good. It crosses these boulders for 300ˣ and enters forest. At 3¼ m it begins to climb 100' moderately steeply, descending gradually from the top to reach the bank of the river, 12' above the water, at 3½ m. From here it continues through secondary growth of small trees + bushes (with forest close to the path) and over occasional patches of boulders until, at 200ᵛ over 3¾ m, it reaches a cane suspension bridge (40ˣ long with a footway of bamboo, 4" wide) over the Wang Chu. The path crosses to the right bank of the river by this bridge (the Wang Chu being here 25ˣ wide, deep, and with a current of 12 knots) and (good one mine) climbs to abmt 40' above the water through light forest, then descending gradually down this bank. At 4 m it crosses a moderate stream (5ˣ wide and 6" deep) flowing in a narrow gulley, and 50ˣ later it reaches the camping ground Dizartap, 20ˣ from the right bank of the Wang Chu and 20' above the water. This is a government camp of 2 thatched bamboo huts and a lean-to. Wood is provided by the headman of Dizar Märeng, and water is brought from the stream 50ˣ up the path. Small supplies of millet, millet flour, maize, maize flower, chickens and eggs can be obtained from Dizar Märeng; and milk, butter + cheese from the Tibetans of Taste Long.

A short and very easy march on which nothing of note occurred except that when we reached the Taste Wang we were met by a small party of Tibetans bringing butter, milk, and fresh cheese. They joined us on the road and when we arrived here I bought abmt 8 Cbs of good butter and half a gallon of beautiful milk from them not to mention ½ a Cb of the cheese which we had fried for lunch. The butter ought to last us for cooking and everything else till we reach Pangnamdim I think; and the milk, with boiling, for perhaps a couple of days. The headman of Dizar Märeng produced as a salaami 2 hens, 25 eggs, abmt 4 Cbs of ~~maize~~ millet flour and 8 or 9 Cbs of millet, together with a packet of very welcome tobacco, so I gave him Rs 4/- and a knife. I bought some more millet too from the Tibetans and a few chillies, so that we are now well provided for the road. The millet was especially necessary owing to

our complete lack of rice. It makes an excellent substitute as we found this evening when we had a pulao. The millet flour too makes good chapatties. I was rather doubtful whether Maria would like fresh milk after always having drunk Nestlé's Sweetened, but she fell upon it like a little pig and swallowed it down till she was sick! One of the Tibetans (aged about 50) came this evening with a present of tea, very anxious for an authorization to change his home from here to the lower Seinghku valley. I told him I didn't see why he shouldn't root where he wanted, but he was clearly worried without a note, so I wrote him one stating that in my opinion nobody would care a hoot where he lived, provided he paid his taxes, and that satisfied him. To ease my conscience on the matter I insisted on buying his tea! The reason he wanted to move, he said, was that, although he had lived near here for 20 years, his field was so steep that it was proving too much for him as he grew older and he wanted somewhere a bit flatter. It's marvellous to have butter again, and good tasty butter too. We haven't eaten any since we were in Fort Hertz last July. Both last night & to-night I gave an iodine injection to one of the Coolies who has a nasty sore on his shin. Thank God I can manage intravenous injections now without difficulty. It makes a world of difference, all blessings on old Nihal Chand! We reach the Seinghku confluence to-morrow, and I gather we camp in the old place, called, as far as I remember, Tazungtap. And Pangnamdim with chocolate, mail & cheese on the 7th!

<u>Seinghkuthutap. Wednesday, November 2nd 1938.</u> B (D 8 am) 25.48 T 46°
B (S 1.30 pm) 25.55 T 63°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless: wind apparently nil. At 11 am a few light shatus clouds were beginning to come over on a W wind, force 1. By midday the sky was 2/10 covered with light shatus cloud, and by 1 pm it was 5/10 covered. At 3 pm it was 9/10 covered and some nimbus was appearing over the top of the valley. At 4 pm a few heavy drops of rain fell for 10 minutes, and after 4.30 pm the nimbus clouds had disappeared. At 6 p.m the wind dropped to 0, the sky being still 9/10 covered with moderate shatus clouds which began gradually to evaporate in spite of the fall in temperature. By 8.30 p.m the sky was 9/10 clear, and by 9 p.m it was cloudless: wind nil. On this march both sides of the valley are thickly forested down to the river, with only a few small clearings. From Dizartap a good path runs down the right bank of the Wang Chu, through thick forest, keeping close to the

river and rayging in height from 20' to 150' above it, with no steep climbs or descents. At a ~~little~~ little more than 1/2 m a moderate stream (3ˣ wide and 1' deep) is crossed by light log bridge; and between 1 m + 1/4 m much of the ground below the path is cleared and planted with yams. At rather less than 1 3/4 m a cane rope bridge of 4 ropes crosses the river, from which a path runs to Dizankāsaphu (Talang, 1 house) a short way ~~of~~ from the bridge. At 1 3/4 m a moderate stream (5ˣ wide + 2' deep in the middle) is crossed by a log. [There is a hunter's track up the right bank of this stream]. At 2 1/4 m the path forks, one branch leading up the side of the valley for some miles to Talu (Talang, 2 houses), while the main path descends 20', emerging from forest on to the boulders at the edge of the river, and becoming moderate only. It runs over the boulders for 50ˣ and re-enters forest, climbing steeply for 80'. From the top there is a slight descent to 2 1/2 m, followed by a fairly steep climb to 150' above the river, after which the path descends gradually and irregularly, coming out of the forest on to boulders by the edge of the river at rather more than 2 3/4 m. It continues over these for 200ˣ; runs through forest, close to the bank, for 100ˣ; and comes on to the boulders again at 3 m. It runs over these (with several bad patches) to 3 1/2 m, and then enters forest, climbing easily + steadily about 80' and reaching the top at 3 3/4 m. From here it descends gradually about 50', and reaches the left bank of the Thiyam Wang in 200ˣ, some 20ˣ from its junction with the Wang Thu. It runs up the Thiyam Wang, climbing gently, and after 150ˣ crosses part of this stream (4ˣ wide and 1' deep) by a log to a small island from the upper end of which it crosses the main branch of the Thiyam Wang (10ˣ wide, deep + very swift) by log bridge, 15' above the water. [There is no path up the Thiyam Wang, apart from a track to a plantation of tree ferns used as food.] At 4 m the path becomes good, running through forest close to the right bank of the Wang Thu, and 40' above the water. At 4 1/2 m it descends steeply on to the boulders by the river (becoming moderate once more) and continuing over these to a little more than 4 3/4 m. It then enters forest again (becoming good) and climbs steadily about 120' in 200ˣ, ~~and~~ descending slowly and irregularly from the top. At 5 m a path runs down the side of the valley to a cane rope bridge across the Wang Thu (this bridge being used only to reach fields), and 50ˣ later the main path runs through Seingkenwangthu (Darn, 4 houses). Two hundred yards N of the village the path reaches the left bank of the

* pronounced 'Stanghkn' by the Darus.

Seinghkn*, about 50' above the water, and turns down this, descending moderately steeply soon after to reach a cane suspension bridge over the Seinghkn, 30ˣ long with a bamboo footway 4" wide. [This bridge is 350ˣ from Seinghknwangthu, and 50ˣ above the confluence of the Seinghkn with the Wang Thu. The Seinghkn is here 20ˣ wide, deep & very swift in the middle.] From the W end of the bridge the path climbs up steeply 70' to the good camp Seinghknthentap on a broad flat terrace, covered with bushes and young trees, immediately above the confluence. This camp consists of 1 small bamboo hut, in very good repair, and a kitchen hut, both kept up at Government expense by the headman of Seinghknwangthu, who also provides wood. Water must be brought up from the river. There's always something exciting about coming back, and now that we've crossed the Seinghkn and are once more in the Nam Tamai (though only just!) there's much the same feeling I had when we reached Nyonliang in 1936. If there wasn't this excitement of having something to look forward to — in this case the mail — a return would always be rather depressing, and just the end of a trip — for all trips, difficult & easy, are good at the time, even if one is sometimes cold and wet and hungry; and they are doubly so in retrospect. To-day the path was easy, and tomorrow we get on to the mule-track and ride simply buzz along. It's been extraordinary having no leeches at all since the day we arrived at Prahkahwa, and (especially in the Tāla Wang Valley, where leeches would have made life rather grey) it has made the most enormous difference to the trip. I wish though that we had been able to go up the Seinghkn from here, as I would like to know what they are like above Meting at this time of year. Other pests too have been very few. Some sandflies up to Lukkongdap (and there have been some from Tālathentap as well); not many blister flies; half a dozen ticks; and nothing else barring fleas, which we got rid of at Pālatap. What could be better? There were no excitements on the road till we got on to the bunds by the river at 4½ m. There we were met by the headman of Seinghknwangthu, whom I remember very well from 1935, and he came along with K.B and me to the camp — delighted when I said that I recognized him. He had a henchman with him, who, for part of the way, was carrying a fish spear like the one I saw on the way to Wangtitap — but where he picked it up & put it down, and why, I have no idea. Then at Seinghknwangthu itself Adunk was waiting, beaming all over his face, and looking very well. He is the man I used to think was called Mik Shi (from Meting) who

was at Lungphuk when B.C and I arrived there in 1933, and who came through to Shikathang with John and me in 1935. I was really pleased to see him, and when he came to the camp as well I gave his As.8, and told him to see if a load of butter could be sent down to Pangnamdim, which he said he would try to arrange. All the Meting cattle are apparently above Tashe Long at present; but they are coming back in a day or two. It seems to me that not only will this butter be a good deal better for cooking than mustard oil, but also rather cheaper — and if the price is too high I can always pay the coolie and send the butter back. Tony was a help to-day in collecting flowers on the march and pressing them afterwards, while I was busy with what I take to be a Trimeresurus monticola (caught by the Thiyam Wang) although it differs in a good many particulars from the normal type. He has suggested that when we get into Tibet he should take over insects and flowers and leave me free to do the map — and that is more than I would have expected of him a short while ago. The headman brought a Salaami of a hen, 8 eggs and about 10 lbs of millet, receiving Rs 3/- and the last knife, more because this hut is entirely new and because he had done great work clearing the path than because of the size of his offering. I must try and get some more sheath knives from Rangoon, as they seem to be popular presents.

The yams are ripe and we got a very few to-day. There will be more lower down, and they are as good as potatoes.

Selungdamtap. Thursday, November 3rd 1938. B (S 8.30 am) 25.68 T 50°
B (S 1.30 pm) 25.60 T 60°

At 5 a.m the valley was covered by light mist some 200' above the water; wind nil. At 5.30 a.m a valley wind arose, force 2, blowing upstream, and by 5.45 am the mist had vanished and the sky was cloudless. By 7 am there was a S.W wind, force 2, and by 8 am light stratus clouds were coming over in small quantities. By 11 am the sky was 3/10 covered with light stratus cloud, which was becoming heavier. By 1 p.m the sky was 4/10 covered with heavy stratus cloud, and by 3.30 p.m 9/10 covered, with some nimbus. At 4 p.m there was as much nimbus as stratus (the sky being 9/10 covered) but no rain was reaching the ground. By 5.30 p.m the nimbus had passed over, and the sky was 9/10 covered with heavy stratus clouds which now began to lighten. At 6 p.m the wind died away to 0, and the sky was 9/10 covered with moderate stratus cloud, which began steadily to evaporate. By 8 p.m the sky was 4/10 covered with light stratus cloud, and by 9.30 pm it was cloudless: wind nil. On this march, for the first 4½ m, both sides of the valley are steep & thickly forested down to the river. After 4½ m, though still steep, there are several clearings on both sides. From Seinghkuthutap

* called Tholo Rămai by the Darus + local Khanungs — Nam Tamai Hka being the name used by the Khanungs of the Nmai Hka.

a good mule-track runs down the valley of the Nam Tamai Hka* (that being the name of the combined Wang Thu + Seinghku) some 70′ above the right bank of the river. The path is very level, along a broad, flat terrace, once the bed of the river. For the first 1/4 m it runs over once-cleared ground, now covered with tall bushes and young trees; and after 1/4 m the forest comes down to the path while the ground on the river side of the path is as before. At a little less than 1/2 m the path enters forest, and at 1/2 m it descends 30′ and crosses a moderate stream (5ˣ wide and 1′ deep) by light log bridge. After a further 50ˣ it begins to climb (at first moderately steeply, and then easily) directly up the side of the valley; and in November 1938 this stretch was impassable for baggage animals, owing to a small landslide having necessitated the use of a log ladder. At 3/4 m the path is some 200′ above the river, and from here it runs rather up and down, climbing 50′ more to rather less than 1 m. At 1 1/4 m it begins to descend irregularly, and at 1 1/2 m it reaches the right bank of the Nam Tamai, about 15′ above the water, and crosses a moderate stream (2ˣ wide and 2′ deep) 150ˣ later, by 3 small logs. From this stream it climbs to 60′ above the river and runs up + down to 2 1/4 m, when there is a moderately steep descent of 40′ to the bank of the river, 20′ above the water. The path then climbs to 150′ above the Nam Tamai, reaching the top at 2 3/4 m, and descending fairly steadily to the river bank, 20′ above the water, at rather more than 3 m. From here it climbs easily to some 200′ above the river, descending to reach the bank (20′ above the water) at 3 3/4 m, and thence continuing very level for 1/4 m, when it starts to climb easily. At 4 1/4 m it fords a small stream, and it arrives at the top of the climb, 200′ above the river, at 4 1/2 m. It then runs over a flat, cleared terrace (an old bed of the river, ~~now~~ covered with long grass, bushes, and some trees) for 200ˣ, and descends steadily, apart from one short level stretch in the middle of the descent. At 4 3/4 m a small path branches off towards the Nam Tamai (leading to a cane rope bridge across the river, used only to reach fields and for collecting cane and jungle roots) and 50ˣ later the main path crosses the Tyen Wang (a large stream, 10ˣ wide, 2′-3′ deep, + swift) by a cane suspension bridge 16ˣ long, with a footway 4″ wide. [There is no path up the Tyen Wang except for a track, used once a year, to a plantation of tree ferns]. From the bridge the path climbs steadily up for 300′, reaching the top at 5 m, and emerging from forest on to a broad,

cleared space, planted mainly with millet and rice. [There is no rice higher up the valley than this]. It runs level on this clearing for 200ˣ, and descends very gradually through alternate stretches of old cleared land, fields + fruit to 5 3/4 m. when it enters fruit altogether. At 6 m it is 40' above the right bank of the Nam Tamai, and from here it starts to climb steadily, reaching the good camp Selungdamtap at rather more than 6 1/4 m, some 300' above the Nam Tamai and close to the right bank. It consists of 2 bamboo huts and a kitchen hut in old cleared land, now largely covered with bushes and young trees, on a small and fairly level terrace. The headman of Selungdam (Dam, 6 houses) is responsible for the upkeep of this camp, and his house is 60ˣ distant, directly up the side of the valley, together with 4 empty houses now unused. The other 5 houses making up the village are scattered among the various fields. At Selungdamtap wood is good, but water must be brought from a stream about 300ˣ back along the path and 150' below the camp. [There is a path leading from the kitchen down the side of the valley for 40ˣ to a very small stream, but this is unreliable in the dry season, and in any case the water does not appear to be good].

The day started off badly when I went to the latrine after my shave and found that Tony had made his mess all over the wood again. I had it out with him when I saw him before breakfast. He first denied having done it; then said he couldn't help it (and if he couldn't – which I doubt – why not clear it up?); and finally became abusive. I suggested that we separate from Pangnamdim, and he jumped at the idea, so that is now settled. I don't quite know what I'm going to do about financing this trip, but I shall manage it somehow, and anyway (apart from the cash question), I think I shall be better off without him. I have obviously got plenty of faults myself (my manner is apparently one thing which annoys Tony) but however that may be if he and I get on each other's nerves to this extent after only 5 months, the thought of what it will be like after 2 years is too ghastly! I will write to Geoffrey when we get to Pangnamdim in case there is anyone else anxious to try me! If there is, all will yet be well. We're on the mule track now and the going is very easy, more especially as the Tanngoh has sent orders to all the headmen to have the path cleared. I left Scinghkunthutap ~~Selungdamtap~~ in the belief that we would reach Gawai today (stupidly) and it wasn't until half way through the march that I remembered this place with a start. I sometimes think my mind must be going – and I only hope I'm

mistaken in that gloomy suspicion! The headman met us 1/4 m from the camp, he being my friend with the moustache and imperial to whom I gave a cigarette in 1935 with John. The mystery of his type is explained by his saying that he is part Darn, part Khanung, and part Lihsaw — a rich mixture! He is a most cheerful individual, and a great drinker of arrack, it appears! He brought a bottle along for me soon after we arrived, but though I thanked him I wasn't having any! If I ever reach Tibet, after this break, I think I shall be completely abstemious and keep off chang as well. He was so anxious to point out the amount of work he had had done on the path that I suspected there was something behind it; and sure enough this hut we are in is in poor condition. You can see the stars through most parts of the roof, and the floor has to be treated very gently indeed for fear of a sudden collapse. However he brought a hen and 3 lbs of rice, and I gave him Rs 2/- more for auld lang syne than anything else. The last dregs of the milk went sour to-day and were cast into outer darkness; but I'm sure sure that Maria doesn't almost prefer tinned milk, and as for my tea I'm having butter in it to remind me of Tibet. We got some more yams here, I'm glad to say. They're just as good as, if not better than, potatoes, and with any luck will be able to get them all through the winter. The stalks too make a delicious vegetable. We had three young Tibetans as coolies to-day. They came down specially from Tashe Long to take over at Seinghku-thutap, and I imagined they would be coming through to Pangnamdim. But it appears they are going back from here, and it seems to me a longish way to come for one day's work. They're a happy lot and always laughing. One of the most jungly coolies (I must try and take a picture of him before he goes!) who has come round from Dădung, I believe, wears a short Chinese jacket down to his hips and a diminutive loin cloth. The latter always seems to slip round behind, so that he wanders stoutly about quite decent in front but dismally vacant as to the hind quarters! He's a joy to watch! A snake was brought in to-day (Zaocys nigromarginatus, about 5' long) but it was another female, so I let it go in the jungle. I don't believe I have got a single adult male of this species yet, and where they get to is a mystery.

Găwai, Friday, November 4th 1938. B (S 7 am) 25.76 T 46°
B (G 12.30 pm) 26.07 T 65°

At 5 a.m the valley was filled with light mist through which the larger stars could be seen. At 5.30 a.m a wind began to blow up the valley, force 1, bringing mist with it, so that by 6 a.m (when it began to grow light) visibility was limited to 200x. Conditions remained unchanged until 8 a.m when the mist began to rise slowly. By 10 a.m it had vanished and

The sky was cloudless: wind nil — apart from the light valley wind, which was now blowing down the valley. At abt 10.30 am a NW wind arose, force 1, bringing over small quantities of light shatus cloud; and from now on the valley wind changed very often, blowing as much up as down stream. After 10.30 am the sky was never more than 1/10 covered with light shatus clouds, and soon after 5 p.m these rapidly cleared. By 5.30 p.m the sky was cloudless, and at 6 p.m the wind dropped to 0. From Gawai I could see the sky up the valley to beyond Seinghkunthutap, and from Selungdautap up the weather to-day appears to have been the same as that recorded fr 2.11.38 & 3.11.38. At the start of this march both sides of the valley are steep and thickly forested down to the river, with some clearings fr fields here and there. From Selungdautap a good mule-track runs down the valley, above the right bank of the Nam Tamai, descending gradually through secondary growth of young trees & bamboos. At a little less than 1/4 m it enters forest, and at 1/3 m begins to descend steadily and more steeply, reaching the right bank of the river at 1/2 m, 40' above the water, and emerging from forest into a large clearing planted with maize. After a further 300x the path re-enters forest, and climbs about 30', continuing at between 60' and 80' above the water, and close to the bank. At rather less than 1 1/4 m it descends 30' to cross a moderate stream (5x wide and 1' deep) by log bridge; and runs fr 100x along the bank of the Nam Tamai to a cane suspension bridge across the river, which is here 30x wide, deep, and flowing at abt 6 knots. [The bridge is 50x long, with a bamboo footway 2'6" wide. It is intended for mules, but in November 1938 the footway was very rotten, and the bridge would take only 1 coolie at a time. It is 20' above the river]. From the bridge the path runs down the left bank of the Nam Tamai, climbing slowly through forest. At 1 1/2 m it crosses a small clearing, and reaches the top of the climb at 1 3/4 m, about 150' above the river. It then descends to 50' above the water, and climbs a short distance to a level, partly cleared terrace, which it reaches at 2 m. [From this point the E side of the valley is largely cleared of forest up to 500' above the river, and the path runs mainly through secondary growth of bamboos, reeds, bushes and young trees. On the W side also there are many clearings] After 400x along this terrace, the path runs slightly up and down, and at a little more than 2 1/4 m there is a short climb to 100' above the river. [From the top of this climb, there is a cane suspension bridge over the river, 50x to the S, from which a path runs to fields only]. From here the path descends easily, reaching the left bank of the river, 60' above the water, at 2 1/2 m, and continuing up and down to 2 3/4 m, when it starts to climb gradually. At 3 m it is 200' above the river, and from here there is a very slight descent fr 250x into a gulley to find a small stream,

followed by a steady climb to 350′ above the river. The top is reached at 3¼ m, and the path then descends slowly, reaching a very level terrace at a little less than 3¾ m, and continuing along this at about 200′ above the river. At rather less than 4 m it reaches a large field of rice + millet (belonging to Gāwai) immediately above the path, and 300ˣ later a track branches off down the side of the valley to a cane rope bridge across the river. [From this bridge a path runs to a plantation of tree ferns only]. From here (at a little over 4 m) the path descends 60′ and continues fairly level, crossing a moderate stream (4ˣ wide, 2′-3′ deep + swift) by a bamboo bridge, at 4¼ m. [Up the right bank of this stream there is a path, which runs to fields only] Shortly after crossing this stream the path climbs 50′, and at 4½ m emerges from forest into cleared ground, (with a large rice field below the path) and descends slowly. After 200ˣ it re-enters forest, and at rather more than 4¾ m climbs 150′ to about 250′ above the river, reaching the top at 5 m. [From here there is an excellent view down the valley] The path then continues through cleared ground (partly consisting of fields, and partly of strips of secondary growth as before, with forest in the gulleys) running up and down at between 250′ and 100′ above the river. At 6 m it crosses a moderate stream (5ˣ wide and 18″ deep) by 2 bamboos; and from here it climbs slowly 50′ to 6¼ m, thence descending regularly and very gently to 7 m, when it crosses a moderate stream (5ˣ wide and 9″ deep) by a single bamboo with a handrail. From this stream it climbs 80′, to about 180′ above the river, reaching the top in 300ˣ and thence continuing level. [Some 200ˣ from the stream 30ˣ of the mule-track had been carried away by a landslide, and, in November 1938, a short bad stretch of path climbed steeply up 25′ — partly by notched log — to short-circuit this]. At a little less than 7½ m the path runs about 100′ above Gāwai Māreng (7 Darn houses and 1 Lihsaw); there being a cane rope bridge across the river at this village, from which a path leads to fields only) and from here it descends gradually about 40′, fording a small stream, and reaching Gāwai Camp 200ˣ later at 7¾ m. This is a good camp in cleared ground, consisting of a small but excellent bamboo Rest House, a kitchen, and quarters for coolies, about 100′ above the left bank of the Nam Tamai and 50ˣ horizontal from the river. Wood is provided by the headman of Gāwai, who is also responsible for the upkeep of the camp; and water must be brought from the stream 200ˣ up the path. Sandflies were pretty bad this morning at Selungdamtap (though I didn't notice any about last night) and so I didn't wait for my usual hour and a half in camp, but set off almost as soon as the coolies, with K.B. The bridge was in much the same condition as in 1935 (that

is to say the footway was so rotten, with a good many of the slats missing altogether, that it was as much as one's life was worth to tread (if the cane chips down the middle), and it seems to be my fate always to reach it when it's in the last stage of disrepair. It must be mended sometimes, but never until just after I've used it! It was a very easy march and I was in about mid-day, after many halts on the road to write up the Report. Even the coolies were not much later than 1.30 p.m. And it's a really good little Rest House, quite new & very clean, with a grand view both up & down the valley. In fact the only disadvantage about travelling now is that the precious bath has sprung so large a leak that it's past use until I can get a tyre repair outfit — possibly by Christmas if Leyden can get one up in time. Till then, and including to night, my baths will be out of a bucket, and provided the water is hot it's quite a comfortable way of having one. Apropos that, since we decided to separate Tony has given up baths altogether. He didn't even have one last night when the bath was still in action; and that makes me even more satisfied with the new arrangement than before. The fellow's beyond the decencies, and beyond hope. I told the servants he was going, soon after we got here. At first they were horrified to think that 2 Sahibs had come out and only one was going on; but in a little while Kewa said he thought it would be a good thing, and that he was glad. As for work, he said, I was doing all but the skinning in any case, and a way could doubtless be found to manage that as well. In any case he (Kewa) was my right hand, and I was his father & his mother (metaphor a little mixed!) and he owned to me that all went well when I was alone. I think I mentioned that we got some maize 'tsamba' in Tsethuktap. It's most excellent stuff and we have been having it made up with tea in the Tibetan style at the end of each march. It's just about finished now, but I think I shall have some made while waiting at Pangnamdim to use in the Romai. Grinding it will be the only difficulty, but if it doesn't get properly mashed up in the village rice mortars we can always manage to fix up a couple of flat stones somehow, and I think the work of turning them would be within Thakpa's powers! There are a few blister flies here, but not bad enough to be much of a nuisance. I have now got a nasty sore on my left shin, started in the Tāla Wang valley when I barked it on a tree. Acriflavine doesn't seem much good for me and the Mercurochrome is finished till we get back to Pangnamdim. Worse than anything I stupidly forgot to tell Abdul about it until last night. However, Antiphlogistine and Mercurochrome will soon put it right with his help. I saw a Communal

flying down the valley this afternoon — the first I have seen on this trip. It will be grand if I find their breeding ground for J.K.S — to whom, by the way, I must write. And this evening, from 6 pm till about 9 pm, a barking deer was barking from over the river. The sound isn't really like a dog's bark, but a hoarse Waugh! Waugh! The headman of this place brought a salaami of a hen and 10 eggs, and received Rs 2. He is very slit-eyed, with a thin, tight lipped mouth, and skin drawn tightly over prominent cheek bones. I asked what he was, and he said "A Krădzi" which had me stumped; but after a good many questions it turned out that that is the name of a Down clan. All the same, he looks very different from the average Down.

Hpalalangdantap, Saturday, November 5th, 1938. B (G 7am) 26.22 T 47°
B (H 11am) 26.27 T 58°

At 5 am the valley was full of thick mist down to about 200' above the river: and there was no wind. About 5.30 am a valley wind arose, blowing downstream force 1-2; and after 6.30 a.m this became very variable, changing direction frequently and blowing as much up as down. After 8.30 am the mist began to grow thinner without rising, and by 9.30 am it had almost entirely vanished, the sky being cloudless: wind apparently nil. By 10 a.m the last traces of mist had gone, and at about 11 am a W wind arose, force 1, bringing over very small quantities of light shatus cloud. Between 3 p.m & 5 pm the sky was 1/10 covered with this light shatus cloud; and after that the clouds rapidly became fewer, so that by 5.30 p.m the sky was cloudless. At 5.45 p.m the wind dropped to 0.

On this march, for the first 2½ m the E side of the valley is thickly forested down to about 500' above the river, below which it is largely covered with secondary growth of reeds, bamboo, bushes, & young trees, with forest in the gullies. Between the 2½ m and 6¼ m point it is forested down to the river with few clearings; and beyond that there are fields & secondary growth up to some 250' above the river. The W side is wooded down to the river throughout, with some clearings & fields. From Găwai a good mule-track runs down the valley, very level and through fields, at about 100' above the left bank of the Nam Tamai. After 250x it enters secondary growth as above, with forest in the gullies, and at rather more than ¼ m it descends a short way before starting to climb steadily. It reaches the top of the climb, some 350' above the river, at a little less than ¾ m; descends about 70' and climbs a further 120', reaching the top at 1 m. From here it runs very level (with the ground falling precipitously from the path to the river) to 1½ m, when it climbs 50', descending slowly from the top. At 1¾ m the descent becomes more pronounced, and at 2 m it

once more becomes gradual. At 2½ m it crosses a moderate stream (6ˣ wide and 9" deep) by light log bridge, and enters forest, continuing to descend slowly to 2¾ m, when it is some 30' above the water and passes a cane rope bridge over the river, used only to reach fields. From here the path continues close to the bank of the river at much the same height to 3¼ m, when it starts to climb steadily about 200'. It reaches the top of the climb at a little more than 3½ m, and passes through some small fields of buckwheat and yams, re-entering the forest at 3¾ m and climbing a further 50' to 4 m. From here the path is fairly level, climbing very slowly 50' more to 4½ m, and then descending 100' to ford a small stream. From this stream it climbs some 60' to 4¾ m, and descends 100' to rather more than 5 m, after which the path is very level to 5½ m when it emerges from forest into secondary growth (largely of reeds) and descends slowly. At rather more than 5¾ m it passes a cane suspension bridge over the river (from which a path runs to fields only) and enters forest, continuing the descent to the Tãren Wang (a large stream 10ˣ wide and 2-3' deep) which it crosses by cane suspension bridge at a little less than 6 m. [This bridge is 5ˣ long, with a bamboo foot way 4" wide. In November 1938 it was in need of repair and we therefore crossed the stream by a temporary bamboo bridge some 30ˣ lower down]. From the Tãren Wang the path is very level, emerging from forest into secondary growth of bamboos, reeds, & bushes at 6¼ m. At a little less than 6¾ m it fords a moderate stream (5ˣ wide and 6" deep), and reaches the good camp Hpalalangdawtap 200ˣ later, at just over 6¾ m. The camp consists of a small bamboo Rest House, in excellent repair, together with a kitchen & quarters for the coolies, on a cleared level space (planted mainly with rice & millet) about 150ˣ from the left bank of the Nam Tamai, and 100' above the river. The village of Hpalalangdaw (8 Daru and 2 hitsaw houses) is ¾ m S. of the camp — from which it is not visible — and 200' above the right bank of the river. A path runs from the village to the camp, crossing the river by cane suspension bridge about 250ˣ below Hpalalangdawtap. The headman of the village is responsible for the upkeep of the camp, and provides wood. Water is brought from the stream 200ˣ up the path. A small amount of rice, some eggs and perhaps a fowl can be obtained here.

Howey persists in fooling the Katmie, and this evening it was only by the mercy of God that I didn't step in his clearings. There must be something mentally wrong with him I think, what with one thing and another; and I feel badly towards his people that they let me bring him without giving me warning. As regards the Katmie I can't bear it any longer, and have been reluctantly forced to give orders for a separate one to be built for me in future. K.B saw a jungle cock on the path to-day and stalked it apparently to about 20 yards before missing it. He's quite a good stalker, and his only trouble

is that he can't hit the things he's stalked! Living is very luxurious at present with our butter (which will just about last to Pangnamdim) beans, eggs, fowls, pumpkins, millet, (+ millet flour) chillies, yams, (of several kinds), rice, garlic + maize — to mention only the things we are getting from the country — and our own tea, ata + salt. The maize, of course, is very dry + hard now, but it's quite good grilled on a hot plate (off the cob) and eaten with a little salt. As his salaami the headman here produced the usual hen, 8 eggs, about 6 lbs of rice and 3 small fish, and I gave him Rs 4/- for having cleared the path so well and put up such a good bungalow. The latter has been a rush job, as apparently his villagers had been taking their time over the business before. They heard only yesterday that we were close upon them and set to work most earnestly, so that by the time we turned up the place was complete except for 1 wall and the bathroom, and those were finished in another couple of hours. A good many skins were brought in to-day, the fame of our buying having reached as far as this at any rate. Needless to say, from the date of the split, all such things go on to my private account.

Ngawatap. Sunday November 6th 1938. B(H 7am) 26.27 T 47°
B(N 11.30am) 26.46 T 62°

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist was rising slowly and evaporating more rapidly, so that by 11 am. the sky was cloudless: wind apparently nil. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. On this march both sides of the valley are thickly forested down to the river, but there are a number of clearings. From Hpalalangdamtap a good mule track runs down the left bank of the Nam Tamai, varying in height from 60' to 150' above the water. The first 150x are through secondary growth of tall reeds, the path then entering forest. At 200x a footpath branches off down the side of the valley to a cane suspension bridge over the river (and thence to Hpalalangdam); and at a little more than ½ m there is a short climb of 60' to 200' above the river. Between ¾ m and 1 m the path passes opposite the scattered village Hpalalangdam (8 Daru houses, and 2 Lihsaw) which is 200' above the right bank of the Nam Tamai. At rather more than ¾ m it begins to descend irregularly, ~~entering~~ emerging from forest into rice fields and passing a cane suspension bridge over river (+ Hpalalangdam) at a little more than 1 m, after which the descent becomes moderately steep. At 1¼ m the path reaches the bank of the river (30' above the water) and enters forest, continuing close to the bank at between 30' and 60' up. At rather more than 1¾ m a cane rope bridge over the river is passed (from which a ~~path~~ track runs to fields and a plantation of tree-ferns); and at 2 m the path starts to climb steadily and moderately steeply, reaching the top at rather more than 2¼ m, (some 350' above the river), and thence running rather up and down to 2½ m. It then descends 150' moderately steeply to rather more than 2¾ m; runs fairly level for 200x; and descends a further 100' to cross a moderate stream (5x wide + 9" deep) by a single bamboo with a handrail, at a little less than 3¼ m.

From here there is an easy climb of 60' in the next 300ˣ, followed by an easy descent to reach the river bank at 3½ m, 20' above the water. The path continues at between 20' and 60' up, close to the bank, and crossing a moderate stream (4ˣ wide and 1' deep) by a single log with a handrail at rather more than 4 m, and a similar stream by bamboo footbridge ¼ m later. It then climbs easily to about 120' above the river, reaching the top at a little less than 4½ m and continuing very level for 200ˣ. [From this point the E side of the valley is largely cleared to some 250' above the river, and covered with secondary growth and fields, although the path runs mainly through forest.] The path descends from here, through forest, to reach the bank of the river (30' above the water) at 4¾ m, and starts to climb gradually to 150' up, reaching the top and emerging from forest into secondary growth of reeds & bamboo at 5¼ m. The path now runs very level for 250ˣ, then descending easily 50' to cross a moderate stream (5ˣ wide and 1' deep) by bamboo footbridge at a little less than 5½ m, after which it runs rather up and down through secondary growth + some strips of forest at between 100' and 150' above the river. At rather more than 6 m it begins to descend gradually, passing through Ngawa (18 Darw houses) at a little more than 6¼ m, and reaching the good camp Ngawatap at 6½ m. This camp consists of a small bamboo Rest House (in excellent repair) with a kitchen & cookie quarters, on a level, cleared space about 30ˣ horizontal from the left bank of the Nam Tamai and 50' above the water. The headman of Ngawa is responsible for the upkeep of this camp, and for the provision of wood. Water is brought from a small stream 50ˣ down the path. Small supplies of rice, millet + maize can generally be obtained, with a fowl and some eggs. While still on the sordid subject of Latrines (made unfortunately necessary by Howey) I think it is as well that I have now ordered a separate one to be built wherever we may be. This morning ours was in such a state that I had to send a man to clean it up before I could go in, and, visiting it once more before the march started, it was again foul — an effort which he had made worse by scraping some earth over the top. He's still off baths and doesn't wash more than his hands and cheeks in the morning and hands at night. It will be a happy day when he goes, even if I'm broke as a result. Having relented in re K.B and the milk, I sacked him again on the march to-day, because (for about the 40th time) he dropped miles behind. However my heart softened once more by the time we arrived and I re-engaged him — not altogether for his sake, but because he's very useful in many ways, and because life would be difficult until I could get another interpreter. In any case I'm much too lastly hampered, and I must try and keep a check on it. More skins when I get in (including some fine big martens) and a freshly killed Jungle cat, which (Howey doing no more work) I thoroughly enjoyed skinning myself. We're having delicious lunches these days, at the end of the marches, of sauté yams with a little fried garlic. Our Tibetan tea will last till breakfast to-morrow

and then, for a day and a half, we shall be on coffee. A salaami of a hen, 18 eggs (2 bad) and 6 or 7 lbs of rice; and Rs 4/- in return. This house too has only just been put up, and the coolie quarters are no further than the frame; but it's glorious weather and they are all very comfortable sleeping out.

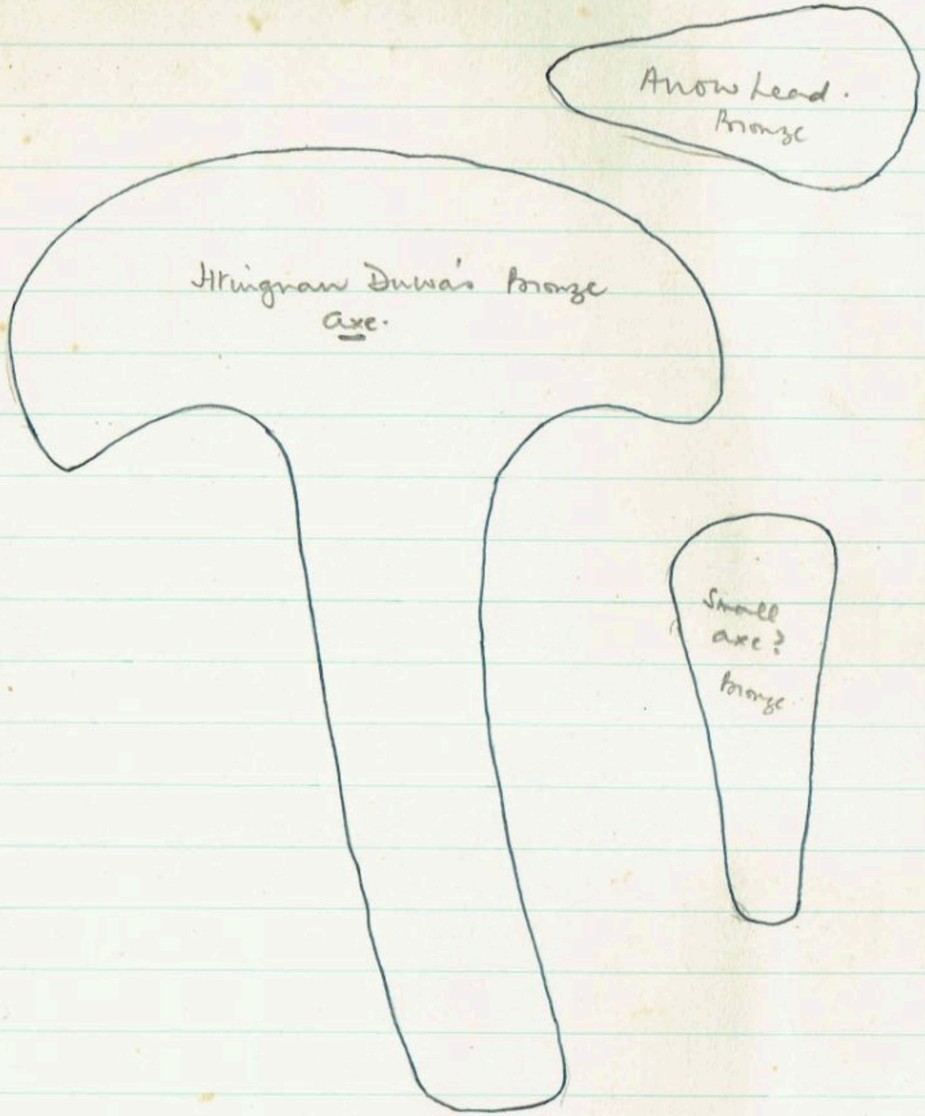
Lungnatap. Monday, November 7th 1938. B(N 7 am) 26.47 T 49°
B(L 11 am) 26.53 T 59°

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist: wind nil. By 8 a.m the mist was rising and evaporating; and by 10 a.m the last traces of it had vanished and the sky was cloudless: wind apparently nil. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. On this march there are many clearings on the E side of the valley (which is otherwise thickly forested down to the river) for the first 4½ m. After that there appears to be few or none. The W side is forested to the river with some small clearings. From Ngawatap a good mule-track descends 30' to find a small stream at 50ˣ, and thence runs down the left bank of the Nam Tamai, at between 10' and 40' above the water, through alternate stretches of forest and secondary growth of bamboo, reeds, and bushes, with a few small fields. At rather more than ½ m the path turns away from the river bank, and at ¾ m it climbs to 60' above the water, and crosses the Tahpru Wang (a large stream 20ˣ wide and about 2' deep) by cane suspension bridge at a little less than 1 m. [This bridge is 30ˣ long, with a footway 4" wide. When the stream is low, however, a temporary bamboo bridge is used 50ˣ further down] From the bridge the path turns down the left bank of the Tahpru Wang for 100ˣ, and then down the Nam Tamai valley, climbing slowly to about 150' above river level and reaching the top at rather more than 1½ m. It then descends slowly and irregularly, and at 1¾ m is once more close above the river bank. At 2 m it is 20' above the water, and from here it continues, through forest and close to the river, at between 20' and 40' up, to 2¼ m, when it fords a moderate stream (6ˣ wide and 6" deep) and begins to climb steadily through alternating stretches of forest and secondary growth. At rather more than 2½ m it is about 160' above the river, the ascent being then gradual and rather irregular to a little more than 2¾ m, at which point it is some 200' up. From here it descends irregularly to reach the left bank of the river (15' above the water) at 3 m. The path continues along the bank, at between 20' & 40' up, and at 3¼ m starts to climb steadily, reaching a height of 150' above the river at 3½ m. It then descends irregularly for about 100', and at rather less than ~~3¾ m~~ 3¾ m runs very level through a large field of maize and millet. At 3¾ m a footpath turns off towards the river (leading for 50ˣ to a cane rope bridge and thence up the right bank to fields); and from here the path runs up and down at about 50' above the river, through patches of forest & secondary growth. At about 4¼ m it passes 200ˣ W of Terather Mareng (13 Daru houses, 1 Lihsaw, 1 Tibetan), and at a little less than 4½ m it crosses the Tera Wang (a large stream, 15ˣ wide, 2'-3' deep, & swift) by cane suspension bridge. [This bridge is 20ˣ long, with a footway 4" wide. When the stream is low, a

bridge of 1 log, with a handrail, is used, 20ˣ below the suspension bridge.]
Here the path enters forest, and climbs fairly steadily to some 200' above river level, reaching the top at a little less than 4¾ m and descending gradually. At a little less than 5¼ m it reaches the river bank, about 20' above the water; and after 200ˣ climbs 60' moderately steeply, descending immediately from the top, and continuing rather up and down, at about 50' above the river, to reach the good camp Lungnatsp at 5½ m. This camp consists of a small bamboo Rest House (Nov. 1938. In poor repair) a kitchen and a hut for coolies, in a clearing in the forest some 50ˣ long and 20ˣ wide. It is about 50ˣ from the left bank of the Nam Tamai and 50' above the river. The headman of Terakhu is responsible for the upkeep of this camp and for the provision of wood. There is a very small stream, giving a good supply of water, 5ˣ E of the S. end of the coolie hut. Apparently no supplies can be relied on here. A fearful tragedy has occurred. Maria has gone for good. It was my own fault entirely, and if I hadn't been so sleepy I wouldn't have been such a fool: but in the very early hours of the morning she began to gallumph over my face, waking me up to a realization that my leg was hurting rather. I shoved her under the bed clothes two or three times, but she always came out again and started her games, so finally I pushed her out from under the sand-fly net and told her to excavate somewhere else. Of course by this morning she had returned into the jungle, and as she hadn't come back by the time we left Ngawatap that was the finish. When I was waking up this morning I spent some sleepy minutes in feeling about the bed for her, wondering where she was. Then remembered what I'd done, and knew at once I should see her again. She would have run off sooner or later, of course (most wild animals do if they're allowed free) but I feel very lonely without her, and miss the feel of her racing about in my shirt and all her confiding little ways more than I can say. It's odd that there is a Tibetan & his family living in Terakhu. It's very low and miles from the pines they love; but his wife at least speaks no Tibetan at all, so I imagine they must be from people who settled a long time ago in the Adung & Salween valleys and became acclimatized to jungle. Their baby (in a green little blue-linen hat like an acorn cup) was brought to me with some nasty pussy spots inside its lips. I would have liked to open them up, but I was afraid that without proper attention they might get worse if I did, and so I put on iodine and then vaseline to stop the smart. I left more vaseline with the mother and told her to come in to Pangnamdim if the places didn't get better. The baby was a devil to doctor. It yelled and struggled the whole time. About a year old, I should think, female.

Sand flies bad as usual this morning, but there haven't been many blister flies. The hut here is only moderate and the roof bad: ~ Salaami of 2 Rens. So a return of 2 rupees. A barking deer has been barking all the afternoon, and is now very close to camp. There is no path up, however, and it would be hopeless to try & get through the jungle in the dark.

Lyep. Hair of same



Pangnamdim, Tuesday November 8th 1938. B(L 7 a.m) 26.55. T 52°
B(P 11 a.m) 26.66. T 63°

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist, and there was no wind. By about 8 a.m the mist was rising slowly and dissipating, and by 10 a.m the sky was cloudless: wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day. On this march the S side of the valley is thickly forested down to the river for the first 7 m, with some clearings here and there. After that it is almost completely cleared up to some 200' above the water. As far as Pangnamdim it is impossible to see up the N side of the valley, but the path runs almost entirely through forest. From Pangnamdim down this side of the valley is largely cleared to a height of about 500' above the river. From Lungnatap a good mule-track runs down the left bank of the Nam Tamai, through thick forest, at between 40' and 70' above the river. At rather more than 1/4 m it begins to descend easily, reaching the river bank at a little less than 1/2 m (15' above the water) and continuing close to the bank at between 20' and 40' up. At 1 m the path begins to climb gradually, reaching a height of 100' above the river at 1 1/4 m, when it crosses a patch of bamboos, bushes & young trees 100x long and begins to descend rather irregularly. At a little more than 1 1/2 m it reaches the river bank (15' above the water) and from here a footpath runs for 50x upstream to a cane rope bridge of 4 ropes, used when fishing or cutting tree-ferns only. After 50x a moderate stream (7x wide and 18" deep)

is crossed by bamboo bridge, and from here the path starts to climb gradually, reaching the top (about 200' above the river) at 2 m, and thence running rather up & down without either gaining or losing appreciable height. At 2¼ m it begins to descend slowly and irregularly, dropping about 100' in the next ½ m when it nearly begins to climb, fairly steadily. At a little less than 3¼ m the gradient ascent becomes slight, and the top is reached at 3½ m, some 350' above the river. The path then runs up and down, descending very gradually. ~~slowly~~ From rather less than 4½ m it runs more or less level for ¼ m at about 250' above the river, and then descends irregularly to a little less than 5¼ m, continuing rather up and down at an average of ~~at~~ 150' above the river. At a little more than 5¾ m it passes immediately above a large field of rice and millet (which extends almost down to the river) ~~and~~ with forest coming down to the path; and re-enters forest completely in 100ˣ. At a little less than 6¼ m the path emerges from forest and ~~runs through~~ descends fairly steadily through a large field for 400ˣ, entering jungle again at a little less than 6½ m and dropping moderately steeply into a gulley. At 6½ m it crosses a moderate stream (7ˣ wide and 2' deep) by bamboo bridge, 30ˣ from the left bank of the Nam Tamai and 20' above the water, and climbs easily to about 120' up, descending again to reach the river bank (20' above the water) at rather more than 7 m. The path continues close to this at between 20' and 40' up, and about 60ˣ further on finds a moderate stream (4ˣ wide and 1' deep: bridged with a log in the wet season) and passes immediately below Pangnamdim (15 houses, Darn of ~~Ham~~ Khanung: 13 m
There is a Tamang & here resp: for Adang & Nam Tamai & Ghebang: Darn & Makumgang.
the left bank, 2 opposite on the right). At a little less than 7¼ m it crosses a moderate stream (4ˣ wide and 1' deep) by a single log, and arrives at a large thatched bamboo house built by R. Kaulback in 1938 (with kitchen, shed for baggage & servants' quarters) at 7¼ m, 20ˣ horizontal from the left bank of the Nam Tamai, and 30' above the water, in a small clearing in forest. [I have ended the Route Report at this House as I think there is no doubt that after the Spring of 1939 it will be used as the Rest House in place of the present small and uncomfortable building at the N end of the cane suspension bridge, some 600ˣ further down the river. In that case the headman of Pangnamdim will be responsible for its upkeep, and for the provision of wood. There is a small stream of good water at the W end of the clearing.] Nothing of note on the march except that I saw a black squirrel running up a tree by the path — but it is more than likely that it was only one of the red-bellied ones in a particularly dark patch. Angtwang Lewa has insisted on carrying the .256 both yesterday & to-day, and K.B with the 12 bore was some way back, so it ran it quite safely. It was great fun getting back here again and seeing Chetuk, Kyipa & Thakpa all looking fit.

Chetuk, so Nihal Chand says, had been suffering from hepatitis, and it was a very good thing I sent him in promptly, or it might have developed into something really serious. As it is he was in that Hatta for about 5 weeks being treated, and for 10 days of that time he was in hospital with external applications of Antiphlogistine and injections of emetine. For the remainder he was an out patient, living with the darwan of the Dak Bungalow. The mail was a great thing, and enormous in size so that the only snag about it is the number of letters I shall have to answer. I had no idea (needless to say, the wireless having been sent back) that Europe had been so very near war — a matter of minutes almost it appears — and am more than thankful that everything seems to have now been quietly settled, even if only for the time being. As good news is it that William's tendon is now pretty well fit again; and a third good piece that my book is probably out by now. It was to have been published at the beginning of October, but owing to the war scare it was put off till after the All Clear was sounded. Oh Lord, how I hope it's a success! One thing which worries me is that Mother says that some at least of the photos have been put in 2 to a page, which is one thing I loathe as I maintain that done like that they are then too small to be seen. However it's no use glooming about it now. Tony is definitely leaving from here, but I'm very glad to say without rancour on either side, and I now feel quite cheery. He's going on the 12th, direct on foot to Putao & Sumprabum: by Car to Myitkyina; and then to Melbourne where some property of his needs seeing to. I suggested this afternoon that unless he was really set on going back (in which case there was no more to be said) we might have another shot at working in together. It brightened up enormously, but said that he'd come to the serious conclusion that he really wasn't cut out for this life (he isn't either) and, that being so, the sooner he went the better — not only for him, but for me, as it would give me a chance to get somebody else to take his place. We were friendly again straight away, and he's been most astonishingly generous about things, refusing to let me buy out his half share in things like stores, the house, the wireless, presents for Tibet or anything else; and only taking half the remaining cash (little enough) less what he owed the expedition, to see him to Australia. Apart from his habits, (which would always have driven me frantic, I'm afraid) he's a very good fellow, and I shall be quite sorry to see him go. I had a long letter from Leyden, disclaiming responsibility for our wet September (which he promised would be dry when we saw him last!) and saying that the Chaktung route and most of the flies from the Amai to the Triangle had been

wasted away by it, so that it was hopeless to think of doing that way as I had planned. In any case, he said, he would not be able to get into the N. Triangle until sometime in January after all, owing to work, and he suggested that we (or I, as it now will be) arrive at Sumprabum about the 23rd, & spend Christmas there, moving on two or three days later. I think that's a good idea, and I shall do it, especially as it will be cheaper than the Kmai would have been and I shall be fairly short of cash until someone else joins me from England. Besides it will be good to have beer and my cheroots for Christmas, and amusing company to boot. He said too (which I had not heard before) that 'Tibetan Trek' was now in a 6th edition. I'm glad.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, November 9th 1938.

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist was rising slowly, and by 10 a.m had entirely vanished, the sky being wholly covered with heavy stratus clouds: wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged for the rest of the day.

I had a very slack time to-day, doing very little but read and sit around until the afternoon, when I went over all the skins we collected on the Taron trip and labelled them — those that needed it — merely putting in latitudes & longitudes on the others. It took about 4 hours. Kyipa is not altogether so stupid as I have thought him. Quite without being told, he has kept a record of the October rainfall here (to the nearest ½") and has collected 7 snakes for me. A pretty good show, more especially as one of the snakes seems to be new to the collection from the rapid glance I have given it, though it may be a young Pseudoxenodon macrops. The rainfall record is as follows: October 10th Some light drizzle. Oct. 11th 5½" Oct. 12th Light drizzle. Oct. 13th 5½". Oct 14th 3" Oct 15th Light drizzle Oct 16th Light drizzle. Oct 17th Light drizzle. Oct 18th 5½". Oct 19th 3"

Or, a notable total of about 23½" for October.

He also reports that on Oct. 28th about mid-day, there was a slight earthquake lasting 1 minute or so, and accompanied by a distinct rumbling sound. I put K.B on to skinning a grey phalanger to-day, and he has really made a very good job of it. If he can only get as good as that with birds it will be a tremendous help. I reckon I now have a total of Rs 5920/- or thereabouts. Not a life of getting into Tibet with it, of course, but it should last out until someone else turns up with some cash. I soldered the wireless joints which were broken yesterday, but there isn't a sound from the thing. It seems to me it may be a valve, or the phones being completely dead now, or the L.T battery absolutely down, or a transformer. I hope it's a valve or the battery. I must in any case set up a new pair of phones from Rangoon; but if it's a transformer

it will mean sending the set there and hoping to luck that there's somebody who can mend it.

Pangsaudin, Tuesday November 10th 1938. Min 56° Max 72° B(6am) 26.68 B(6pm) 26.64

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist down to 300' of the river: wind nil. By 8 a.m the mist was rising, and by 10 a.m it had vanished altogether, the sky being wholly covered with dense stratus cloud: wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day. I seem to have done nothing at all to-day in the way of work, but this is my last day of rest. It's very pleasant in a way for a short time, but it worries me none the less to do nothing, and so I don't expect I benefit much by it. A great event to-day though, when, after having been mislaid since the middle of June, our gramophone and records were discovered to-day by Tewa! That we had not had them before was, of course, my fault for two reasons. First of all that I expected Tony to be efficient in lists of box-contents and everything else from the start of the trip; and second that I relied on Tewa's very shaky memory to support Tony if necessary. Both failed, and there is no one but me to blame — not that it has mattered, luckily. We went through very nearly every record between this afternoon and after dinner, and I honestly don't think I could have done much better with the choice. It's as difficult to choose records for a journey as books; but apart from a laughing one and the Tibetan ones (none of which I count set), and excluding Jazz. (which I won't have) I think they're rather a good lot. Another man was bitten by a snake (Trimeresurus monticola again) to-day, in the heel, and brought in three hours afterwards. I gave him that new stuff Lexin to sniff (though I don't see that it can be any good); lanced & cauterized the punctures; and put on Antiphlogistine. It was too long after to worry about tourniquets, and the lancing was done more for effect than anything else; but the snake was only half grown and I think all should be well. This is very dull weather wise having, and the Taungth promises rain before long. However it's November now, and I don't imagine it will be much, even if it comes at all.

Pangsaudin Friday November 11th 1938. Min 59° Max 68° B(6am) 26.64 B(6pm) 26.66

At 5 a.m the valley was full of light mist, and light to heavy drizzle began to fall: wind nil. At 11 a.m light rain began, continuing until 8.30 p.m, when it decreased once more to heavy drizzle. Between 5 a.m & 6 p.m 01.25 inches of rain fell.

A filthy day, damp and dreary, and it looks as though Tony will have a cheery march to-morrow, especially as the camp at Sumtrangdap is practically non-existent. It's presumably worse than when Tewa, Adang Kudang and I went up to it to look for Kyipa and the mail, and God knows it was bad enough then. Things become rotten very quickly out here. The

suspension bridge was quite good at that time, but I hear that it's now in much the same state as the one above Gawai, with only a narrow strip of safety down the middle, and that in a day or two it's going to be cut down and rebuilt so as to be in good shape for when de Glanville arrives here in December. I did some work today at last on the snakes, and packing the flowers and what insects I had to go with Tony. I'm full of hope that I've got another completely new snake too, and whether it is or not it's new to my collection — an Amblycephalus. It will be a thrilling day when I hear from the Museum what some of my doubtful snakes are, and especially what the Trimeresurus is. Some of the villagers brought a whole pig to me today as a present, with some yams and yam leaves, saying once again how grateful they all were for my coming among them and giving them luk and backsheesh just before the famine. Needless to say I gave them a return present for the swine (as was expected) but it was a pleasant and very welcome gesture none the less.

Pangnamdim, Saturday. November 12th 1938. Min 54° Max 66° B(am)26.65 B(pm)26.64

At 5 a.m heavy drizzle was falling: the valley was full of mist; and there was no wind. At 8.30 a.m light rain began, continuing until 3.30 p.m, after which it diminished once more to heavy drizzle. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. Between 6 p.m and 6 a.m 01".2 rain fell; and between 6 a.m & 6 p.m a further 01".8 fell, making a total for the last 24 hours of 03".0.

Another filthy day, and worse even than yesterday; but Tony seemed opposed to the idea of taking a tent for the night he will spend at Sumtsangdap, and sending it back from there. Well, it will give him experience, if nothing else! I spent this morning writing to de Glanville to tell him that Tony was on his way back, and to ask him to hand over Rs 1168/- to him in Putao — that being the balance of money owing to him on top of the Rs 582/- he has taken from here —; and in writing a short note to Durrant also to explain and ask him to give Tony Supera No 7, which has one of the saddles in it. It may be useful to him in Australia, provided he doesn't relapse altogether into sloth, and in any case it is always a saleable article. These letters, with 2 of Tony's, 1 of Kevin's and 1 of K.B's, will arrive in Putao on the 15th; and now that it is the open season, I am only paying 4 days wages to the runner, instead of the eight I gave during the rains. He and the 8 coolies pushed off about 9.30 a.m; N.T + Kyipa followed at 10; and Tony wandered off about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes later. He soared from 300' up, and then vanished into the mist. So I'm now on my own. I had my room cleared out, and a good many things put into his, which makes for space and tidiness, and then I tried to find out what's wrong with the wireless. The L.T

battery was all right. I changed all the valves, and that made no difference. The H.T. battery is all right; and now I have a gloomy feeling it must be the transformer, as I've been over all the connections again and found none broken. It's a standard transformer though, and I ought to be able to get another one up from Rangoon and fit it myself I think, even though I don't know the first thing about the job. After that I did 5 snakes including another (and my 3rd) Dendrelaphis flavozonatum, and that took me till after 7 p.m. I've been late in getting to bed ever since we got back here — it's 11 p.m. now — and getting up at 5 a.m. makes me a little sleepy. Pork chops for dinner with fried yams & yam leaves.

Oh, I forgot to mention yesterday that we had a grand farewell meal. Sardines & Cheese Ramekins: soup: roast fowl, with fried potatoes, beans & tomatoes, and with bacon; Christmas pudding; Savoury eggs; Cheese; Coffee & rum.

Pangnandim. Sunday November 13th 1938. Min 54° Max 70° B(6am)26.70 B(6pm)26.66

Between 6 p.m. & 6 a.m. 0."9 rain fell. Between 6 a.m. & 6 p.m. a further 0."2 rain fell, making a total of 01."1 in the last 24 hours. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist to some 200' above the ~~lake~~ river, and heavy drizzle was falling: wind nil. Between then and 8.30 a.m. there was heavy drizzle to light rain; but at 8.30 a.m. the rain stopped and the mist began to rise slowly. By 11 a.m. it had vanished almost entirely, and the sky was 8/10 covered with light stratus cloud: wind S.W 2. Soon after 1.30 p.m. again 4 minutes cloud began to come over and by 2.15 p.m. the sky was wholly covered and there was a light shower lasting until 2.45 p.m. The sky then began to clear, and by 3.30 p.m. was 6/10 covered with light stratus cloud: wind S.W.2. At about 5 p.m. the wind dropped to 0; and at 6 p.m. heavy mist came down the valley and further observations were impossible. This looks like the end of this wet patch at least, for which I'm sincerely glad, but it lasted long enough this morning to get very thoroughly wet on the march to Goteik, I imagine. I spent most of the morning and some of the afternoon in developing 3 out of my 7 films. The Agfa tank worked very well (though it's a labour turning it the whole time); but the old Optochrom failed me to a certain extent by sticking for no apparent reason half way through, whereby I lost half a film. I was able to save the other half by strenuous efforts under the blankets. The Optochrom will have to be demoted to the position of spare. For the rest of the time I was busy on the wireless. I found another broken connection after all, and the set is now working more or less, though not very strongly. However it shows there is nothing radically wrong with it anyway; and as, in my clumsy efforts to locate the seat of the trouble, I shorted the H.T. battery, it's more than likely

that that's not looking too well. My leg is coming along slowly and should be quite healed up in three or four days I think. This little bit of rain we have had has brought the river up about 2', and, from being a rather lovely green when we arrived on the 8th, it's now the same dismal mud colour it was during the summer. There were quite a few blister flies about this afternoon; and since the 11th there have been a lot of sandflies, moths, daddy-long-legs and various other creatures about round the camps at night. Before that very few, so, (as we noticed before) they need rain before they come out in numbers. The most pest here though is the stink-bug, of various kinds from ¼" to about 1" long. He lands in one's room or the verandah mostly by day and wanders slowly about, shattering my morale; because I know that if I brush against me, or even tread too near it — much less pick it up and cast it into utter darkness — it will emit that peculiarly sickening stench best known perhaps from the bed-bug of ill-fame. Apart from this they are harmless creatures. They bite not, neither do they sting.

Pargnandim Monday, November 14th 1938. Min 54° Max 71° B(6am)26.70 B(6pm)26.68

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist, down to some 400' above the river. There was no wind. About 7.30 a.m the mist began to rise very slowly, and by 8.30 a.m it remained only on the sides of the valley from 600' above the river upwards, the sky being wholly covered with shatus cloud at this time: wind nil. By 9.30 a.m the mist had almost vanished and the sky was 8/10 covered with light shatus cloud: wind nil. By 11 a.m the sky was 4/10 covered with woolly shatus clouds, and there was a S.W wind, force 1. Conditions then remained unchanged until 5 p.m when the wind dropped to nil. The night sky is 4/10 covered light shatus clouds: wind nil.

I developed 2 more films to-day (Clearing only 2 to be done) and this time the Optochrom behaved perfectly well so that there were no losses. I think it's failure yesterday may have been due to the fact that the last to use it was Tony. It's an odds on chance therefore that the spirals weren't properly clean when it was put to dry, and that would account for the film sticking as it was going in. In spite of to-days fine weather they are taking a long time to dry though, and it's a blessing I've got the shroud to hang them in. After that I started a letter to Mother and did 2 sides before the light went. My watch and 2 clocks (the chronometer not counting, as I forgot to wind it once in the Taron) differed each from the other by about 20 minutes, and I was prepared for about a week of effort in trying to get a Time Signal, not knowing which if any was right. However by a great stroke of luck I got onto a new station giving the news from London last night just as

the man said "1.30 G.M.T." and then there came Big Ben. No good for the chronometer, of course, but I got the other clocks set to a few seconds and, provided I can hear anything at all, I ought to get a Time Signal to-morrow night without difficulty. Snakes are very few and far between now that it's getting chillier. I only hope it doesn't mean there'll be none at all in the Triangle. That would be dreadful — but at least there are sure to be some coming out in April just before I come up here again. There were quite a number of small fish rising this evening in the river by the house. As soon as I've got these films done and one or two other odd jobs I shall take a day off & have a shot at getting some. The Taungth is off on the 16th to Seinghkuntu, and he will try to collect eggs & fowls for me on his way back. May he succeed!

K.B. skinned 2 birds to-day really quite well. I'm more than delighted.

Pangwandim, Tuesday November 15th 1938. Min 56° Max 67° B (6am) — B (6pm) 26.68.

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist to some 400' above the river: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist had cleared from above the valley and remained only on the sides at about 600' above the river. The sky was wholly covered with an uniform layer of stratus cloud: wind nil. About 11 a.m there was a S.W wind, force 1-2, bringing over small quantities of nimbus cloud; and between noon & 6 p.m there were several very light showers of not longer than 15 mins each. The total rainfall for this period was less than 0.05. At 6 p.m steady light drizzle began, and at 7 p.m light rain, which has since continued (9 p.m). I developed another film this morning; cut up and packed two which were dry; and then got on with a letter to Mother. It will be a record letter for length because there were four others to answer, which had piled up while we were in the Taron, and I thought it a good thing to get all my mail polished off as soon as I can. Otherwise very little news, as life is peaceful here. K.B did a duck + 2 more birds, and thought I had to throw me of them away because all its feathers had vanished in the process, the others were surprisingly good, and much better actually than Tony at his best. In the afternoon four or five monkeys appeared on the sand across the river and I took a shot at one. I missed it, but it was quite satisfactory in one way because the bullet landed exactly where I was aiming at any rate — that is to say immediately under the monkey's backside — though why I vaguely aimed there I can't think. Finally in the evening I got my Time Signal from Hong Kong without difficulty, except from the sand flies which seem to be getting worse now. I bought a few skins too from the headman of ~~Mungdaung~~ Renam, and must hurry to send them off to old Pocock as they include a polecat and a badger. ~~Another clouded leopard~~ A marbled cat skin was brought in from above Mäkumgang, but the hair was slipping in tufts and so, like the clouded leopard at Renam, I had to hand

it back with regrets. The bridge was cut to-day so that a new one could be put up, and the river looks sharply naked without it. I meant to wander down and take a few pictures of the men at work, but the light was too bad for photography so I didn't bother. They'll still be working to-morrow and the weather may be better then.

Pangrandim, Wednesday November 16th 1938 Min 55° Max 60° B(6am) 26.78 B(6pm) 26.73

Between 6p.m. & 6am 0".68 rain fell. Between 6a.m. & 6p.m 0".3 rain fell making a total of 0".98 for the last 24 hours, and of 6".38 for November to date. At 5 am the valley was full of mist, and light drizzle was falling: wind nil. By about 8 a.m the mist had risen to some 200' above the river, where it remained for the rest of the day. Between 11 am and 12.30 pm there was no rain; but at 12.30 p.m light rain fell for ½ hour followed by light drizzle for the remainder of the day. Little news. The water was so cold that I put off developing my last film until to-morrow, in hopes of a fine day which may warm it up a little. Instead of that I finished my letter to mother, which has developed into a vast thing eleven pages long, and wrote me to Bill of 4. A small Kapkie taenura was brought in, but I forgot all about it until late this evening and will do it to-morrow. This is filthy weather, and I've felt quite chilly all day - probably because of the damp. I've also been feeling depressingly slack even since we got back on the 8th. I must pull myself together and get things going again. There isn't really very much work to do at the moment, but at least I can polish off a lot of letters and have them off my mind. And cold or not I shall do the last film to-morrow. There are a lot of cormorants about here which are fun to watch. Four of them (two pairs) fight regularly on the water just above the house, about nine every hour on an acreage, hunting in couples. There's a fairly calm stretch there about 50 yards long, and soon after they're afloat they dive together and presently come up some distance downstream within a few seconds of each other and in almost the same spot. That brings them to the top of the rapids, and away they go in the white water, bobbing like corks, till they've got their breath. Then they pop under once more with a magnificent disregard for rocks or eddies, and, the rapid being a long one, I can see them appear again two or three times if I'm lucky before the river sweeps round a bend. After that I have to wait till the next performance begins. The dao I had made here arrived to-day, and is quite a good little piece of work; with a very heavy back which not only gives weight in cutting but adds strength to the otherwise rather soft metal. The half-scabbard too has been quite well made; and having given Tony the small knife I have now ordered another for myself. In this connection my

photo of the old smith at work were both underexposed. When the Tawngtk comes back I must remember to take some more.

Pangnamdim, Thursday November 17th 1938. Min 53°5 Max 58° B(6 am) 26.88 B(6 pm) 26.73

Between 6 p.m. + 6 a.m. 0".45 rain fell. Between 6 a.m. + 6 p.m. a further 0".05 fell, making 0".50 for the last 24 hours, and 6".88 for November to date. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist to within 200' of the rim, and light drizzle was falling: wind apparently nil. During the day the drizzle varied from v. light to moderately heavy, and there were a few short periods during which none fell. Conditions otherwise remained unchanged until 6.30 p.m. when the drizzle stopped.

Again a restless day. My leg seems to be getting on slowly with its two daily dressings, but I wish it would hurry up + heal. My shins have been so much assaulted by leeches (largely in 1933) that they're now very vulnerable indeed; and though I heal cleanly + quickly everywhere else, the old shins are more or less done if anything happens to them, and give up the ghost at once. It's a nuisance, but I think I'm lucky to have only two such places on me. I might be like that all over, and have to spend my whole time doctoring sores. After all I didn't develope the film to-day, as it was even chillier than yesterday. I dealt with the Clarke: inspected fishing rods to see what needed repairing; had a shot at a large hawk which seemed to have its eye on my chickens (thought only knocked out a few feathers from its tail, and did no serious damage); and wrote to Joan. After 3 months of having the Primus lamp on a box beside the table, so that the many insects it attracted fell, most of them, into my soup; I pulled myself together this evening and had it suspended just clear of the table. Not only is the light 100% better, but the corpses and the semi-defunct, or moribund, insects now fall straight onto the floor, where no one objects to them. Why I didn't think of this before, instead of eating flies, night in night out, God Knows!. It seems to take me the devil of a long time to learn gumption. One thing of many that Chetuk cannot do is to make a cake. Old N.T. can manage it far better. In four months Chetuk has produced one fairly good cake (obviously by a fluke) and his latest beats the band. It's burnt outside and completely raw within — a state of affairs he has tried to remedy or disguise by cutting it in slices and smoking it in imitation of toast! I sent the helping back in silence; but I will give him one more chance. If the next one is eatable, all well and good: if not cakes are off unless he can get lessons from someone in Sumprabum.

Pangnamdim, Friday. November 18th 1938 Min 54°5 Max 67° B(7 am) 26.87 B(6 pm) 26.81

Between 6 p.m. + 8 a.m. 0".06 rain fell. There was no rain after that; the total for November being now 6".94. At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist to within some 200' of the river, and light drizzle was falling: wind apparently nil. Shortly after 8 a.m.

the rain stopped, and by 8.30 a.m the mist was rising rapidly. At 8.45 a.m the sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus clouds, and there was a S. wind force 2. By 9.30 a.m the sky was 4/10 clear, and by 10.30 a.m it was 6/10 clear. Conditions then remained unchanged until 2 p.m, when the sky cleared completely. At 5 p.m the wind dropped to 0; and after 6.30 p.m light stratus clouds began to form above the valley. By 7 p.m the sky was 5/10 covered, and by 8.30 p.m it was wholly covered: wind nil. I laboured in the vineyard to-day typing out the list of heights from the Taron trip, with a copy; and now that I've done it it seems more than probable that I shall have to do it again sometime on account of a possible error between here and Thilikawongthi where I forgot to read the barometer until the following morning. I've got to go down there in any case to make the route report for that stretch, as well as to have a look for the mysterious light in the river (which I bet I don't see). I shall first make sure that this fine weather has come to stay for a bit though, and if my leg is going to heal at all I should like it to be fit before I start walking on it again. The morning started badly, as I didn't get my tea until 7 a.m instead of my usual 5. The servants had overslept, and though my alarm had obviously gone off, for the whole of this last week I would have slept through an earthquake, and I never heard it. Actually it's probably done me good, but it's annoyed me all the same. For the next few days at least I shall have the old clock beside my pillow to try and get into the way of waking automatically at 5 as I always used to do. The more I consider Thakpa the more certain I am that he's wanting. I'm sure he tries, but he's worse even than Tashi Tondrup — not having the foggiest idea of what to do ever. Incidentally I fined him Rs.1/- to-day. He borrowed a dao from one of the locals to cut a bamboo, and returned it looking as though he'd taken a hammer to the edge. The distraught owner came to me, displaying the mangled weapon indignantly; but when I asked whether he would like me to buy it outright, or merely to give him the price of repairs, he said he didn't want any money at all, and that he'd only brought it along to show me — and apparently to get sympathy! None the less I gave him a rupee and a lecture on the inadvisability of lending things to those who were clearly simpletons. I stopped the rupee out of Thakpa's pay to teach him to be less of a fool — though I doubt if anything would do that.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, November 19th 1938 Min 53° Max 69° B(6am) 26.91 B(6pm) 26.80

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist to some 300' above the river: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist was rising rapidly, and by 9 a.m it remained only in patches on the sides of the valley. The sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus

cloud. wind nil. At 9.30 a.m a W wind arose, force 3, and by 10.30 a.m the mist had vanished and the sky was 5/10 clear. By 11 a.m it was 8/10 clear, and the wind dropped to W2. Shortly after mid-day the sky was cloudless. At 5 p.m the wind dropped to W1, and at about 6 p.m it died away altogether. At about 8 p.m a mist began to blow down the valley, but the sky was still cloudless, and, until the mist became too thick, the stars could be seen shining through. I have felt like death all to-day, but as I have no temperature and my pulse is nothing out of the ordinary, I don't imagine it can be much. I've been damn cold the whole time, with aches in the old bones and especially in my back, so that I thought I was probably in for fever; but apparently not. A slight headache also depressed me. As a result I did not have my usual bath, and I have given orders that I am not to be called in the morning. If I can sleep it whatever it is so much the better. I wrote to Pocock and an immense screed to Geoffrey, mainly asking someone else to join me. Otherwise I didn't do much but sit & gloom, & occasionally play a few hands of Piquet.

Pangmandin, Sunday November 20th 1938. Min 52° Max 67° B/(6am) — B/(6pm) 26.76.

At 9 a.m the sky was 8/10 covered with moderate stratus clouds: wind W2. By 10.30 a.m it was 7/10 clear. Conditions then remained unchanged until 5 p.m when the wind dropped to 0. The night sky is 3/10 covered stratus clouds: wind nil (8 p.m).

I went to bed last night at 9 p.m and slept through until 9 this morning — a thing I wouldn't have believed possible! As a result I'm feeling a lot better to-day, though still considerably below par (with a slight headache & a pain in my chest and back) and I shall probably be fit again by to-morrow. All the same I don't seem to have done much work to-day. I measured a couple of bats and a rat for K.B to skin; tried to identify some of the birds, now drying, from Whistler, with fair success; and played a lot of Piquet. That book William sent is magnificent, and if I'm not a player by the end of this trip I never shall be. I wish I knew whether my heavy had yet appeared. The 27th was the date put forward by the doctor, but he may easily be out one way or the other. A small Glaphe taenura was brought in yesterday but to my shame I forgot all about it to-day and it is still reposing gloomily in its bamboo. I shall do it to-morrow. My nose seems to be running rather. All this business may only be that I have a cold. Whatever it is I wish to God I hadn't got it. I don't want to do anything but sit, and there's such a lot to do. No nonsense about baths to-night though. One night without is quite enough.

Panghandin, Monday November 21st 1938. Min 50° Max 68° B(6am) 26.90 B(6pm) 26.79.

At 5 a.m the valley was filled with mist down to 300' above the river: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist was rising steadily, and by 9.30 a.m it had almost vanished, the sky being then 9/10 covered with moderate stratus cloud. By 10.30 a.m the sky was 6/10 clear, and there was a W wind, force 1. By 11 a.m the sky was 9/10 clear, and cloudless before 11.30 a.m. Conditions then remained unchanged until about 5 p.m when the wind died to 0. After 7.30 p.m mist began to come down the valley in moderate quantities, and by 8.0 p.m the valley was filled with mist from the river up. Feeling more like myself to-day, thank God; and it's just as true as it's hackneyed to say that one doesn't appreciate how good it is to feel fit until after one has been off colour for a while. I spent the entire day writing to Hicks about a possible successor to the late lamented A.J. Howey, and making out a list of clothes + things for him to act as a sort of guide. I only hope there is somebody who is not only willing but can afford to put down the £500 for the expedition funds when he gets to Myitkyina. Otherwise I shall be hard put to it, and Tibet will be off. For that very reason I am certain that someone will be forthcoming, as I know I'm going to Tibet. By Christmas I shall have about Rs 5000/- in hand, and even if the Indian Government stumps up £300 for my last work — and it doesn't look as if anything will come of that — that only brings the total to about Rs 9000/-. I shall be moving around in the Triangle for 4 months anyway and will probably spend at least Rs 2000/-; so that by the end of that time I shall have a maximum of Rs 7000/- and a minimum of Rs 3000/-. I can't face Tibet with either I don't think, though I might cut down everything to a very low level and risk it on Rs 7000/-. In fact I vowed if the £300 materialized, keeping the presents, the survey instruments, bedding, + personal boxes only; and dumping everything else. But that's a very forlorn hope!

Otherwise not much to-day. The strongest station on the wireless is now Kweiyang, in Kweichow, on 43 m (call sign XPFA). I believe it must be a new station (or an old one moved from further east owing to the war with Japan) as there was no strong station anywhere near there up to the time we left for the Taron. A good deal of the programme seems to be taken up with news of the fighting and general anti-Japanese propaganda, in English, Mandarin, Cantonese + Malay. The announcer in English (a rather American) is a girl. She said something about giving the time at 8 p.m to-morrow [which I reckon to be 7.30 p.m Burma time, (as she said they were 1 hour behind Shanghai) or 1300 G.M.T] but it probably only means that a gong is hit by somebody handy

and in that case it won't be much good to me. Blister flies are annoying nowadays in the mornings & afternoons, and I have to wear long trousers and sleeves down; and there is a plague of large black flies. There has been, as a matter of fact, since the 18th, but they're not in the least annoying. They're rather amusing in a pathetic kind of way, because they seem to be half witted! They land heavily on the table, or wherever it may be, and as often as not forget to fold up one wing, so that they look like nothing so much as a collection of dowdy old women. They wander around aimlessly and very slowly, with a futile sort of six-legged waddle and many stops to rest. If given a prod, they haven't the gumption to fly off, but either remain where they are, astounded, or shuffle on a few dreary steps. Mournful creatures!

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, November 22nd 1938. Min 50° Max 67° B(6am) 26.94 B(6pm) 26.80

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist down to 300' above the river: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist was rising slowly, and by 10 a.m it remained only as vestiges on the sides of the valley, the sky being 8/10 covered with moderate stratus cloud. At about 11 a.m the sky was 5/10 clear and there was a S.W. wind force 1. By 11.30 a.m the sky was 9/10 clear, with a little very thin stratus cloud and some small tufts of ~~cumulo stratus~~ stratocumulus. Conditions remained unchanged after that ~~the night~~ until about 5 p.m when the wind

died to 0. Three of the local girls turned up this morning with some yams & eggs, and after being paid hung around giggling until I asked what they wanted. Bashful hiding of faces at this, and more giggles, but it appeared finally that they were dying to hear the gramophone! So we had a concert, and the audience was swelled by everyone who passed until it was about 20 strong. What they like best is something loud with a good fast time to it, and sung. I must have another shot at getting that laughing record though. Perhaps there's one in Rangoon. It's been a tremendous day. The mail arrived with letters from Mother & William; 2 pairs of excellent boots for Chetuk from Major ~~Barnett~~ Barton in Maymyo: 4 Weekly Times: and a registered letter from Sir Aubrey Metcalfe. I opened this eagerly and found the Government of India has granted me Rs 3000/- for the work on my last trip — or about £230. I'm overjoyed! It means that, if a pass is forthcoming, Tibet will be possible; and besides that it cheers me to think that the authorities really are pleased with what I've done. Letters from Mother and Bill would alone have been enough to make it a great day, and as it is I'm overwhelmed. They are the only letters I get of which I turn each page in an agony of apprehension in case the next is the last. I had a delightful letter too from old Bags to whom I wrote some time ago to thank him for all he did for me at Rugby. I'm very glad I did. It seems to have

been really pleased and touched; he said it was the first time it had ever happened. At any rate I gather that 'Salween' is now out, as it was apparently due to appear on October 31st. It seems to me that I might almost get it by Christmas. A letter from de Glanville too, with his tour programme, showing that he will arrive here on December 2nd. That's good too. He'll stop here on the 3rd before leaving en route for Mäkumgang, and I shall be able to get to know him a bit, instead of just having another chat of a few minutes on the road as in July. I missed that damn macacque again to-day, 2" to the left. My shooting is very bad!

Pangnamdim, Wednesday, November 23rd 1938 Min 50° Max 69° B(6am) 26.91 B(6pm) 26.79

At 5 a.m the valley was filled with mist down to some 300' above the river: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist was rising steadily, and by 9.30 a.m it had entirely vanished, the sky being then 8/10 covered with thin sheets of stratus and some stratocumulus. By 11 a.m the sky was 6/10 clear and there was a S.W wind force 1. By noon the sky was 9/10 clear, the remaining clouds being light stratocumulus. By 1.30 p.m the sky was cloudless. Conditions then remained unchanged. At last I'm feeling 100% fit again, except for a very sore throat, and so I did a fair amount of work on skins & labels, and some on snakes. Another specimen of the Amblycephalus was brought in (praise be!); a new toad; a small Natrix nuchalis; a giant Elaphe taeniura, 6'2" long and not particularly pleased; and a moderate Trimeresurus monticola, also much disgruntled. The latter was interesting, because when it bit it chewed like a cobra to make sure of the fangs penetrating. I may say they were foiled by the excellence of my gloves, but it made several vigorous efforts, none the less. What I feared as to the Kweiyang Time Signal was only too true. For one thing the warning was given in Chinese and so escaped me; and for another the signal, when it came, was two mournful hoots on a sort of kazoo! Once again my temper got the better of me to-day and I sacked Khark Bahadur for the third time. He had opened one of the boxes and taken out a hunting knife on his own, which annoyed me at the start, and then when I was berating him for this he appeared to pay not the slightest attention to me, but continued cleaning the said knife. Hence instant dismissal and an immediate counting out of his pay. That done, however, some work fortunately diverted me from actually paying him off until my rage had cooled; and by that time it seemed to me that a fine was nearer the mark. In any case he had been near enough to it to be really frightened, and that may have a good effect. He's a most useful man really, now that he is getting on with the skinning so well, and it would be a serious loss if he went. The mail is now arriving in Putao on Mondays, owing to the cold weather speed-up of the bullocks, and leaving on Tuesdays: so if I want to catch

the next one I must send off a runner to-morrow morning. Chetuk has at last got the cake business taped, thank the Lord, and as I have suddenly remembered the dried orange, tangerine & lemon peel Motter made for me, he's going to put that in to the next one. I hear that Roper has gone over the Rhud in his car near Sumpaburn, and if he's not too badly broken up I imagine it's likely that he has been taken in by the Leydens, so I am inting to ask if it's still all right for me to turn up for Christmas or whether there will be no room after all.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, November 24th 1938. Min 49.5 Max 64° B(6am)26.89 B(6pm)26.80

At 5 a.m the valley was partly filled with mist, which obscured 5/10 of the sky. The latter, however, appeared to be cloudless: wind nil. Soon after 8.30 a.m the mist began to rise and by 9.30 p.m had vanished altogether, the sky then being 8/10 covered with wispy stratus & some stratocumulus cloud: wind W3. At about 4 p.m the sky began to clear, and by 5 p.m, when the wind dropped to W1, it was cloudless. Small quantities of mist began to come down the valley after 8 p.m. The mail runner left this morning with letters for home and 1 for de Glanville by itself, as I reckon he should be able to hand that over between Kankin and Namtti. I don't think it has ever happened yet that I haven't had to keep the runner waiting while I madly write one or two last minute notes. Next time I must seriously try to get things finished by the night before — if only because it will be such a change! K.B did a bird most beautifully to-day, besides a second bird, a squirrel & a tree-shrew, which were all done well. In fact I've told him that if he keeps this up I shall raise his wages. A bit of a change from yesterday! The bird book is being more use than I thought it would be when it first came. It's a considerable sweat hunting the things up at present, because, except for the ones I've learnt in the last week, I don't even know whether they're barbets or robins so to speak; but as I gradually learn what is what it will become more & more easy. My leg is healing slowly, but that it is healing is fairly obvious now. The little headman of Mungdung paid me a surprise visit to-day, with a present of a hen. I was pleased to see him and told him I should return his call on the 28th when I must go down to get the route report done for that stage. I believe I may get another mail to-morrow, as word has arrived that a runner is on the way though with what exactly no one seems to know. But with the mail reaching Putao on Mondays now, Friday night is letter night with me. Failing that, of course, it may be a wise to say that James has arrived; but it can scarcely be that, as I've seen no comet as yet & other portent in the sky, though I've nearly cricked my

neck peering up at the stars!

Pangnamdim, Friday, November 25th 1938. Min 47°5 Max 66°5 B(6am) 26.90 B(6pm) 26.77

At 5 a.m the sky was 5/10 obscured by the mist which partly filled the valley, but it appeared to be wholly cloudless: wind nil. By 8 a.m the mist was rising steadily, and ~~at~~ by 9 a.m it had vanished altogether, the sky being then cloudless: wind W2.

At about 5 p.m the wind died down to W1. At 8 p.m mist began to come down the valley in large quantities, and by 8.15 p.m the sky was wholly obscured. I started the day by missing that blasted monkey for the 3rd time when it appeared on the sand across the river. At least I think I missed it and I hope it's not wounded. When fired it leapt sky high and fell flat on its back in the most comical manner, before breaking all records for the ten-yard dash back into the jungle. I'm sorry to have to note that it was a very easy shot! I'm getting a bit better with my cross-bow these days, and after some target practice this morning I took it into the jungle. I only got one shot though, and that was at a bird about the size of a postage stamp, so I didn't feel ashamed of missing. After that I put in a good days work with Tewa checking stores and packing what I shall need for 6 months in the Triangle; repacking the remainder and separating the sheep from the goats — those which are to stay here from the things I must take along. It was a full days work, and tomorrow I must do the non-eatables. For the six months I am taking 3 stores' boxes, and I think that even that will probably be more than I shall need. I don't break into stores much, apart from tea, coffee, sauces + sometimes bacon; and if I were budgeting for myself alone on another occasion, I should not bring much. A fourth stores' box contains Mother's Christmas present; a big Christmas pudding (from Mrs Walker) which may be useful in Sumprabum; a couple of bottles of Camp Coffee; and that's about all. The runner has not materialized, so I don't suppose he ever existed outside the rumours. Big work today by Lhakpa, weeding the 'lawn'. It's a job he's well fitted for!

Pangnamdim Saturday, November 26th 1938. Min 46° Max 66° B(6am) 26.90 B(6pm) 26.78

At 5 a.m the valley was filled with mist down to some 300' above the river: wind nil. By 8.30 a.m the mist was rising steadily, and by 9.30 a.m it had entirely vanished, the sky being 8/10 covered with light strato cloud. About 10.30 a.m a W wind arose, force 2; and by 11.30 a.m the sky was 8/10 clear. By noon the sky was cloudless. Conditions then remained unchanged until 5 p.m when the wind died down to 0. About 8.30 p.m mist began to come down the valley in moderate quantities. Most of the day was spent in going through the non-eatables apart from my personal goods & chattels. It's

always an exciting job because (with me, at least) it means a continual re-discovery of things mislaid for months — or, even more thrilling, of things you'd forgotten you ever had! The Tanugok arrived back this morning from Seinghkututap, and presented me with about a dozen eggs. Hens are at a premium it appears up the valley, and eggs were all he could manage to get hold of. Very welcome, none the less; and in any case I have one fowl which is being preserved until de Glanville arrives, so all is not lost. This evening a bashful girl brought round the skirt she had woven to my order, to act as a counterpane. She's done me proud, bless her heart, by putting in stripes of every colour she could procure! I could wish she'd been less lavish! However there's no doubt that it brightens up the room; and I was touched to see that she had put on her best attire to bring it round — a little white jacket and a clean skirt. I was touched also (to such an extent that tears dribbled down my face!) by an appeal by the Royal Cancer Hospital in the Weekly Times, which had, as its mainstay, a reproduction of 'Visiting Day' by Jean Geffroy. It's the most agonizingly tragic picture I've ever seen, and I think the saddest part of it all is the poor thin neck of the man. If I remember I shall cut it out and send it to Mother. I don't see why I should be the only one to weep, and I know perfectly well that she will — if only because I did!

Pangnamdim. Sunday, November 27th 1938. Min 46° Max 66 B(6am) 26.85 B(6pm) 26.71

At 5 a.m the valley was full of mist down to about 300' above the river: wind nil. The mist did not begin to rise until 9 a.m, but by 10 a.m it had almost entirely vanished, the sky being then 7/10 covered with stratus & cirro-stratus clouds: wind W2. By noon the sky was cloudless. About 5 p.m the wind dropped to 0: and at 8.30 p.m mist began to drift down the valley in moderate quantities. Work to-day in making out lists of the contents of all the boxes, both those that I'm taking with me and those that are staying here, and in the course of this it suddenly struck me that I'd been a fool over the rations. I've got to pick up 24 tins of milk in Putao, and as they're already packed in a box with various other stores, it was obviously going to be cheaper and less of a sweat to leave behind everything that was duplicated in the milk box, and take the entire box from Putao. So that led to more unpacking and packing of tins, and one less box to take from here. Then I started in on my own things, thinking that I could get all I wanted into 2 boxes: but having wasted several hours on the job I came to the conclusion that it couldn't be done, and will do it all over again on the three box basis. I took the gun out this morning and shot a small sparrow-like bird and a Blue-throated Barbet. The latter fell in a thick

patch of jungle where I lost it completely, though I spent twenty minutes in the search: but when I got back I told K.B where it was and to hunt for it himself later in the day. This he did and found it. He said that I had trodden within 1" of it! It's a brightly coloured bird,—brilliant green with a scarlet head and gleaming blue throat — and one would imagine that it would be very conspicuous, especially when you know exactly what you're looking for; but actually it blends with the jungle in the most surprising way when it's dead — and therefore motionless. K.B has lost two or three himself. This evening I saw a most lovely sight — a pair of mallards floating down the river near the far bank. A duck and a drake, the sun glistening on their sleek feathers made them look like a couple of jewels. They were never more than about a yard away from each other (for if we stopped to fish about under a stone the other followed suit), and sometimes they were almost bumping, and they were so obviously proud of each other and so happy at being together that I suddenly became quite ridiculously happy myself and laughed aloud! It's a fearful thing to be a sentimentalist such as I, and I have no doubt that if I ever reach an advanced age I shall be 'a very foolish, fond old man' and a trial to all who have anything to do with me! Talking of ducks reminds me that I am very short of water-birds (all birds — even the semi-aquatic ones like Redstarts. Two or three ducks, a heron, and an egret just about make up the total in fact (oh, and I've got a few waders), because it's very rarely that one gets a chance to shoot one of these birds where it won't fall into a stream or the river and be carried away. In any case there are some that I wouldn't have the heart to shoot — such as the Little Brown Dippers which have their beat along the edge of the river just below the bungalow. There are two, but their beats don't overlap, and as one is a little way upstream it is the other who is my particular friend. He's a plump little creature, so full of life that he's never still for a moment, but spends his time flopping in and out of the water — and half of it just for fun when he ducks under time after time in the same place & spends a good minute in hopping from one boulder into the water & back again. He's a joy to watch. In one thing, when he comes flying low over the water, with very short, rather jerky, wing-strokes, he doesn't use his feet as brakes when he alights (like any normal bird) but comes down on his breast with a little splash and a general air of intense self-satisfaction. And he doesn't really dive, but goes under water with an indescribable little wriggling movement, very perky. And finally he comes straight out of the water into the air, like a bullet, without any preliminary shuffling about over the surface — just like

a cormorant I saw yesterday incidentally, which not only shot out like this but dived straight in again after about 10 yards just by shutting its wings. However this was halfway down a rapid, where the current must have been a big help to it in getting out; and in any case it gave the impression that it hadn't meant to do either. Perhaps some particular eddy had forced it's hand. I went out after bats this evening and missed 2, and on the way back I saw a colossal shooting star with a tail like the comet I have told William I'm expecting. I wouldn't be surprised if James hasn't appeared to day — though to me hell always be Ebenezer. It was too late to order a celebration for dinner, and tomorrow I'm off to Mungdung, so it will have to be the 29th.

Dilikawng thi Camp. Monday, November 28th 1938 B(P 7.30 am) 26.85 T 50°
B(T 1.30 pm) 26.47 T 65°

At 5 am. the valley was filled with mist down to 300' above the river. wind nil. By 8 a.m the mist was beginning to rise slowly and by 9 a.m it had almost vanished, the sky then being cloudless: wind W 2. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day.

On this march the S. side of the valley (apart from the first half mile, in which there are some fields) is densely forested down to the river. The N. side is mainly forested with some clearings as described in the report. From our bungalow at Pangnamdim an excellent mule-track runs down the Nam Tamai valley, close to the left bank and some 30' above the water, through semi-cleared land partly covered with fields and partly with strips of secondary forest consisting of young trees + bushes. The ground between the path & the river is thickly forested. After 600' a fine cane suspension bridge (70' long & capable of taking one mule at a time) is passed over the Nam Tamai, from which the main road runs to Putao; and a few yards further on a moderate stream = (4' wide & 9" deep) is forded. [Forty yards beyond this stream and immediately above the path is the old Pangnamdim P.H.] From here the path begins to climb very gradually and rather irregularly, finding a moderate stream (4' wide & 9" deep) at ½ m, and entering forest at ¾ m. At rather less than 1¼ m the path is ~~150~~ 200' above the river, and it then descends steadily ~~50~~ 100' to find a moderate stream (3' wide & 9" deep) and climbs fairly regularly to 250' above the river, reaching this height at about 1½ m. The path then descends steadily for 150' to cross the Pumang Wang (a large stream, 20' wide deep & swift) at a little more than 1¾ m. [In the wet season mules are unable to cross this stream, and the path crosses by narrow cane suspension bridge, with a bamboo footway 4" wide. In the open season there is a bamboo bridge for both mules and pedestrians some 25' further up stream] From this bridge the path ascends steadily and moderately steeply to 550' above the river, reaching this height at 2½ m and thence climbing very gently a further 50', and crossing 12' of gulley on a rock face, to a little less

than 2¾ m. There is then a short descent of 150', followed by a fairly steady climb to 3¼ m, at which point the path is some 900' above the river. From here it descends steadily and easily, reaching a large field (belonging to a settlement of 1 house, called Mid Mareng, which is above the path but not visible) at a little more than 3¾ m and continuing immediately below this for 200ˣ before re-entering forest. At rather more than 4 m a moderate stream (3ˣ wide and 1' deep) is crossed by bamboo bridge at about 350' above the river; and from here the path runs more or less level to a little less than 4½ m, when it once more begins to descend. At rather less than 4¾ m it crosses a fairly large stream (13ˣ wide and 1½' deep) by light bamboo bridge, at a height of 100' above the river; and thence it climbs about 150' to 5 m, and continues rather up and down. At rather less than 5½ m it begins to climb moderately steeply about 100', reaching the top of this climb in 200ˣ, and thence descending slightly. [From 5¾ m, for 200ˣ, the ground between the path & the river has been cleared and is now covered with reeds & grasses] At 6 m the path is about 300' above the river, and from here it descends 200' fairly steadily to find a moderate stream (3ˣ wide and 1' deep) at a little less than 6¼ m. It then climbs 100' and continues very level. At 6½ m it emerges from forest into cleared land (covered with tall reeds & bushes and with a few small clumps of trees) at about 200' above the river,

and it runs through this ~~to~~ to 7¼ m, when it re-enters forest. At rather less than 7½ m it descends about 100' to the Tungwi Wang (a large stream, 15ˣ wide, deep & swift) which it crosses, at 7½ m, by good Cane suspension bridge, capable of taking one mule at a time. The path then climbs gradually 100' to a little less than 8 m, and descends about 80' into a narrow valley to cross the Tărang Wang (a moderate stream, 8ˣ wide and 2' deep) by bamboo bridge at a little less than 8¼ m. [From this stream down, the N. side of the valley is very largely cleared to about 800' above the river, being partly covered with fields and partly with bamboo and long grass.] From the Tărang Wang the path climbs very gradually to about 300' above the river, reaching this height at a little less than 8¾ m, and continuing very level to the good camp Nilikawngthi at 9 m. This camp is immediately S. of the path, on the crest of a narrow ridge, and about 300' above the L. bank of the Nam Tamai. It consists of a small bamboo R.H; a kitchen; and a hut to accomodate 40 or 50 coolies. Wood is provided by the headman of Mungdung, who is responsible for the upkeep of the camp; and water is obtained from a small stream 100ˣ back up the path. It was great fun to be on the move again, and did me a lot of good sweating off all the fat I have put on since November 8th. It was a sweat too, as it was quite hot on the march. As I believe I noted in

September, the valley running E + W here, the path sets the sun all day. After about 3 miles K.B and I were met by a sturdy little Dorm and his son who had come up to see if I would buy their skins. One was of a Golden Cat (Profelis temmincki), and the only specimen I have seen so far this trip. I gave Rs 3/- for it, and the two Dorms followed us rejoicing all the way to this camp. Peacock says that many Burmese ~~belief~~ believe that the golden cat dominates all other cats, and even tigers; but the Dorms + Khamungs have no such theories. To them it's just another blasted ~~cat~~ nuisance which kills their pigs and must be removed — in this case by means of a deadfall. K.B shot a large + brilliant bird on the way (No 398) which I take to be some sort of Barbet, though the beak is much more like a shrike's. Whatever it may be I can't find it in Whistler, and I shall have to wait till I get back to London to see what it is. All the same I'm improving over birds and can recognize quite a few now. It's fun, though still very difficult with most. We arrived here to find no wood, no water, no headman and no preparations of any kind, so I imagine we are not expected till to-morrow, and probably because K.B's Dorm is by no means perfect. I think he must have said 'In 4 days from now' when he was warning the headman the other day, instead of 'On the 4th day from now'. On the first trip here, when I was feeling so deathly from having drunk on the march, I estimated the length at 8¼ m instead of the 9 it really is, so it's a good thing I came down again. It shows how health affects judgement though. Yesterday, the Mercuroc solution being finished, I made up some Acriflavine for my leg for a change, and in an effort to make sure of a quick heal made it 1 in 200. The result has been a very painful skin, blistered as if by an acid; but at least it has taught me something valuable. I had it nearly as strong coming down the Dala Wang, and I shrewd think that is certainly why the place did not heal. Next time I'll try it at 1 in 1000. At this time of year it's lovely to look down on the jungle from a few hundred feet up and see the thousands of bamboos rising above the dark green blanket of trees, and drooping in beautifully graceful curves like the streaks of light left by as many rockets. They shine soft silver in the evening sun.

Pangnamdim, Tuesday November 29th 1938.

At 5 a.m the valley was filled with mist & within 400' of the river, and there was no wind. The mist began to rise slowly at 8 a.m and by 9.30 a.m had almost vanished, except in patches on the sides of the valley, the sky being 8/10 covered with light strato-Cumulus cloud. About 10 a.m a W wind arose, force 2, and by 10.30 a.m the sky was cloudless. At 3 p.m light strato-Cumulus clouds began to come over, and by 4 p.m the sky was 9/10 covered. The clouds then began to clear, and by 4.45 p.m.

the sky was cloudless again. At 5 p.m the wind dropped to 0. At about 8 p.m mist began to come down the valley in moderate quantities. Back again this morning from Dilikawngthi, and it was some time before I realized why I was feeling so very light-hearted on the march — it was the first since 1st Hatz on which I have not had to make a Route Report, estimating speed & distance the whole time and jotting down every detail in a book. Instead I went after birds and shot very badly, getting 4 (including one new one, not in Whistler) and missing 5. But I enjoyed myself a lot. Back here I developed the last film and then had hours of labour tying labels on specimens. It's a fatal thing to put off labelling at all, because in a very few days the skins accumulate until they're a real sweat to do. It's fun to think of de Glanville arriving in 3 days' time. I could do with a decent cigarette for one thing. I should like to know how many kinds of birds I've eaten on this trip. With the exception of the hawks and owls, everything has gone to the kitchen; and though I shall have to wait until I can get a full list from the Museum before I know anything like everything, I can think of half a dozen kinds of thrushes and babblers, pigeons, doves, barbets, an egret, a heron, wagtails, several ~~divers~~ waders, ducks, sparrows, finches, flycatchers, willow-wrens, chloropsees, and the devil of a lot I can't place at all. They all taste much the same and they're all good, though the fishy ones would not be if they were not skinned. I missed that damn monkey again this afternoon, but this time there was some excuse as it was a long shot up the side of the valley — a good 200 yards. The trouble with the people who give names to birds is that so often they have no sense of what is fitting. An instance 'Sunbird' is a beautiful name for some glorious/iridescent little birds not much bigger than hummingbirds — all honour to whoever first bestowed it — but to precede this with 'Purple Rumped' (an adjective better fitted to a baboon) is little short of an insult.

Pangnamdim, Wednesday November 30th 1938 Min 52° Max 58°5 B(6 a.m) 26.77 B(6 p.m) 26.74

At 5 a.m the valley was filled with mist down to 300' of the river. Wind nil. At 8.30 a.m the mist began to rise slowly, and by 9.30 a.m it remained only in patches on the sides of the valley from 600' above the river upwards. The sky was then 9/10 covered with heavy stratus clouds, and there was a W. wind force 2-3. At 10.45 a.m nimbus clouds began to come over in moderate quantities, and at 11 a.m light drizzle began to fall. By 11.30 a.m the sky was wholly covered with nimbus cloud, and light rain fell from noon to 12.15 p.m after which there was light drizzle until about 6 p.m. At 5.30 p.m the wind dropped to W.1. The night sky is wholly covered with nimbus cloud: Wind W.1. Between 6 a.m & 6 p.m 0".06 rain fell, making a total of 7".00 for November.

The great event of to-day was digging up the potato patch (planted in September) to see what we would have to offer de Flauville when he comes. Considering we only had 7 plants it wasn't bad to get about 3 lbs of quite respectable potatoes — and incidentally we were only just in time, as they were beginning to be eaten by insects. That will be a thing to remember in future, that potatoes grow well here planted just after the rains, but that the end of November is the latest they can be left in the ground. The onions we planted at the same time all seem to have perished miserably. I went out again this morning with the cross-bow and fired off a lot of arrows without hitting anything. I've come to the conclusion that it's not so much my direction that's wrong (though that is also shaky!) but my elevation, and I must get down to that seriously. On my hunt I rounded a bend in the path and there was a very dark, smallish cat facing me about 40 yards away. (Now I come to think of it wasn't to-day I saw the cat at all, but the 27th! I had the 12 bore then) The beast turned and vanished up the path, so I followed cautiously in the hopes of seeing it again, and eventually caught sight of it trotting some way ahead. For half an hour I did what I thought was a brilliant stalk, and finally located it crouched under a bush about 20 yards off. I could only see a bit of it though, and I wasn't sure which end I was looking at; so, in an agony of suspense in case it suddenly flashed off into the jungle, I moved round to the side, lost it altogether, and crept nearer. All at once I found myself gazing into a pair of wide yellow eyes, and that disconcerted me because the cat stared so mildly at me and miaowed. By all the rules of the game it should either have fled or shown some signs of resentment; but it did neither, and, filled with vague doubts, I came nearer still to investigate. From a distance of 2 yards it miaowed again, stretched, and wandered off into the jungle, and I returned home, disgusted, to enquire about the mysterious creature. It turned out to be the Taungok's pet, a common (or garden) tame cat brought with much labour from Putao, and the only one of its kind between there and some Dzong in Tibet! I sewed up snakes for a good part of the afternoon for transport home, and will solder the tin to-morrow. The Taungok brought a present of a fish and I gave him 8 empty kerosine tins — a gift which took his breath away by its lavishness. My leg is healing well now apart from the blisters which are still blistering

Pangnamdim. Thursday December 1st 1938. Min 52°5 Max 67° B(6am)26·79 B(6pm)26·79

A sunny cloudless day. I took out the cross-bow this morning

along the path leading to the bridge, and soon saw a wagtail running along about 12 yards ahead. I fired and missed, but it didn't seem to be worried and just ran on a few more yards; so I followed, fired and missed again. This went on eight times, and then we were 300ˣ from the bungalow and I had run out of arrows. I went back; collected about 50; and returned to find the bird more or less where I had left it. I missed it six more times, and might have gone on all day if it had not grown impatient at last and flown away. I should think that stands a pretty fair chance of being the record for missing the same bird! However I persevered with others, and had some elevation practice on a tree; and in the end I brought off a striking shot and skewered a fly catcher at ten yards. It was more or less a fluke, of course, but it has heartened me none the less. This afternoon mules were spied coming down the hill, and instantly all was excitement, with everyone thinking that de Glanville had turned up a day early — either that or that we were a day out in our reckoning, a possibility which led to some frenzied questions all round as to what the date was. Finally a figure in khaki drill crossed the bridge, followed by another in a white topee, who was therefore obviously a babu of sorts. The Tamgok had put on his best clothes and pushed off to act as an impromptu deputation of welcome, and the servants were hard at work cleaning the 'guest room'; but time went by and no de Glanville appeared at Kaulback's Acre, so presently I went along to the Rest House to see what had happened. I was a bit taken aback on arrival when a Madrasi (he of the white topee), not content with waving to me from afar, pressed forward to shake me warmly by the hand; and while I was still wondering who or what he might be a very voluble young American came out, full of teeth. His name, it appeared, was Forest Forbes, and what he's doing here is still something of a mystery to me. He lives chiefly by joint with the Madrasi (name of Paul, and thus a Christian, which explains his familiarity), their beds being jammed together: and ~~but~~ when asked whether he was here on pleasure or to do a job, he said he was collecting worms and (mysteriously) busy with something else — but we'd talk about that at some better time! He didn't (and doesn't) seem to know much about worms anyway, and it seems to me to be the wrong season for them, the ground being about as dry as it ever is. As the settled inhabitant I asked him to dinner and felt it incumbent on me to invite Paul as well since they seemed to be companions, but it went against the grain. Forbes was holding a sort of meeting of the village this evening (to look at types as far as I could gather) but they came round at 7 or thereabouts and have

stayed till after 1 a.m., the Madrasi offending me by his very presence and an object of fearful scorn to Lewa & the servants who persist in calling him 'The Black Man'. Yates is a frightful bore but otherwise not too bad. They are going to be here a week and may go up the valley before returning to Myitkyina where Yates has taken a bungalow with his wife and two children, and may stay any time up to about a year. God knows what his game is. The Tamgok has to act as second interpreter in all talks with the locals. Yates says what he wants to say in American; Paul puts it into Burmese; and the Tamgok into Daru. All very complicated. A note came from de Glanville this evening to say that he will be a day late here — not arriving till the 3rd — owing to a go of fever at Nogmung. He also enjoined me to sink Yates in the Nam Tamai with a weight. I gather he doesn't like him!

Pangnamdim. Friday December 2nd 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. I went out with the gun this morning and down about 2 miles towards Mungdung. I shot 4 birds, including another ~~green~~ blue throated barbet, but I was only able to find one. If they fall in this thick undergrowth you've got to mark the spot to a matter of inches to have much chance of finding them — at least I have — and even then it's not too easy. I shot the barbet, for instance, on a high branch, and it fell like a stone only a short way below the path; but though I hunted that small area for twenty minutes, turning over leaves and pulling aside branches, it remained invisible, and finally I had to give it up. Yates is definitely a missionary of some sort. I asked the Tamgok to-day what yesterday's meeting was about, and he said it was all about Jesus. I find it rather amusing that he has not breathed a word about it to me, and in fact has gone out of his way to give a different impression by saying that he was collecting worms and studying hippos etc. I wonder if Tony mentioned that I don't like missionaries! The Tamgok himself is a Christian (surprising, because he's a good fellow!) and I should think makes a willing interpreter at these prayer meetings. There was another to-night, and as far as I can gather the village have to go en masse under orders. These poor missionaries waste so much time preaching at jungly natives, and it doesn't do the least bit of good. They will all say they're converted in order to save trouble, but in point of fact they don't know what on earth the chap's talking about, and they care even less. The idea of somebody even giving his life for a friend baffles them completely, and as for giving it in order to work out sin's — well in the first place they don't know what 'sin' is (unless it's something that happens to displease the local nat) and in the second the whole idea would seem to be patently a lie, even if they did. The Tamgok brought his young brother in

this afternoon, obviously in a very bad way. Fundamentally he's in the last stages of consumption, I think, with a temperature of only 95°4, a pulse of 116, and a respiration rate of 60; but he's very emaciated, except for his face which is puffy & swollen, and I have an idea that that may be beri beri. He hasn't lain down for 6 days and nights now, but has sat hunched up, sometimes dropping off into a doze, and coughing up phlegm continually. He hasn't spat blood for the last fortnight. If it is consumption nothing can be done for him in any case; but in case it isn't I told the Tamgok that the only hope lay in sending him in to Putao at once. Two coolies were produced, and paid (bygne); I gave a supply of Marmite to drink as soup; wrote a letter to the Doctor; and off they went, with the Tamgok who was going as far as the top of the hill to see them off. However they didn't get far, because the youth said he didn't want to go to Putao and the Tamgok gave in. Well, I can't do anything as I've told him, so on his own head be it. The mail came this evening, but very small — only a couple of 'Times's' — so I imagine the other things are at Sumprabum. I also imagine that Mother has forgotten to warn the 'Times' about the change of address.

Pangnamdim. Saturday. December 3rd 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. I took out the cross-bow again this morning and shot off a great number of arrows without hitting anything. I've seriously come to the conclusion that the bow is not shooting straight, and that ~~the~~ he bird I shot the day before yesterday was a fluke. Some of the shots I had today were so easy that I don't think it can be all me. I must get one of the local experts onto the matter. After some time I went up the hill with the idea of meeting de Glanville as well as to pursue birds, and about half way up a Jinghpaw gave me a note from him to say that he had had fever at Nogmung and that if it came on again at Goletin he would be another day late. He also sent a brace of fine big ducks (plucked, and I don't know what they were) from Nogmung. I went on though, because I thought that if the fever had smitten him on the road he might be at Sumtsangtap and that I could see how he was. I waited for a bit on top of the ridge, and then carried on down, but I ran into him before very long. It was grand fun to see him, and a real excitement. We sat down and smoked some of his cigarettes by the path, (and they tasted heavenly after the original wild cabbage or whatever it is I've been smoking of late) and then came slowly along to Pangnamdim. I had killed a goat (ex Chinin & Renan) this morning, at the request of the servants who wanted me to christen the big kukri, and though I can't say I was much good at it — it took me two shots to

remove its head — it was deliciously tender and, roast, made the main course of a most excellent dinner. De Glanville provided whiskey + soda as well as cigarettes and we chatted till late to-night. He's a most excellent chap, and I can't think why people have told me he's very difficult. He's stopping here to-morrow — and talking about stopping, he's forbidden the Taungth to act any longer as interpreter at the prayer meetings I'm glad to say. He says he's not going to have Government servants pestering the people as unofficial missionaries. It appears that Bates got Leave to come up here by telling the Government also that he was worm collecting and concealing the fact that preaching was his Rule; and this in itself doesn't seem to me to be particularly Christian. When de Glanville taxed him with it, he said that 'they wouldn't have understood', whereas what he really meant is that they'd have understood only too well!

Pangnamdim. Sunday. December 4th 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. It's great fun having a visitor and I'm really enjoying myself. Besides, we're each benefiting the other in material ways too. He has given me 3 tins of milk, a bottle of Tabasco and a Carple of hundred cigarettes; and I have retaliated with a Super Cake and 2 homemade ones, half the cheese, a tin of toffee, a tin of spiced biscuits, and a leg and a side of the goat. In this honour the servants have been going about in their best clothes (comparatively clean raiment such as I never see!) and Chetuk has been doing splendidly. We didn't do much to-day except sit and talk and smoke and eat, but in the afternoon we arranged for some chaps to bring their fish spears and took some snaps on the river bank. It appears that Tony broke wind as continually in Putao as he did with me, and de Glanville says he himself had to spend most of the time going out of the room on one pretext or another till the atmosphere had cleared. At a guest of only two days he refrained most nobly from upbraiding him! Tony's greatest passion is for bananas, and I gather he got some at Kankin and ate 25 at a sitting! Word having gone round that I am shortly moving on, skins have been pouring in from all around and I now have enough for another one of the big boxes which is satisfactory. I am leaving the day after to-morrow, incidentally, and have deposited 30 odd loads with the Taungth here to pick up on my way to Tibet. No news about James' arrival yet, but of course the telegram will be in Sumprabum.

Pangnamdim. Monday. December 5th 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. De Glanville moved on this morning to Mäkhumgang, and I saw him on his way for 4½ miles. I had meant to spend the rest of the day in packing, but

first Tribes came in to collect a dah and a crossbow he had asked me to get for him, and he sat talking for about an hour; and then Chakravarty paid a visit and remained for much longer. He is really with de Glanville as doctor, and arrived here yesterday, but owing to work on the road he's a day behind. We went round together to see the Tamgrok's brother. It's Consumption all right — the last stages — but what I took to be beri-beri is oedema directly caused by the T.B. There's nothing to be done for him in any case. His temperature is now 96°4, but his pulse is 140 and respiration 65. I listened in with the stethoscope, and have never heard such a noise. It was like a broken down engine. Chakravarty says he can't tell when he will die. It might be to-morrow, or he might possibly hang on for another couple of months. After he'd gone we had a great time packing the specimens. I had over 40 labels to put on, and by the time that was done and the box packed it was 10.30 p.m and we laid off for the night. It will mean a frenzied rush to-morrow, but that can't be helped. De Glanville says that coloured yarn (black, red, green, yellow, in that order) is the most popular present for women, followed by buttons, safety pins, needles, beads, combs; so I shall lay in a large stock at Putao in Sumprabum. He also says that it is quite a good thing to organize simple sports such as thread the needle races, potato races, archery competitions, and lucky dips for the children with rice in rotten flour. I shall try out the idea.

Sumtsanglap. Tuesday. December 6th 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. The effort of packing this morning was even worse than I had feared and it was about 10.30 am before the last of the coolies set out. It's been quite a wrench leaving my house, but all the same it's very good to be on the move again. [Incidentally I must not forget to tell Durant that de Glanville will be at Kankiau on the 25th: and Leyden that if he wants him to help with arrangements for the Mänau they are having at Sumprabum on January 9th, he can start from Putao on the 27th. Otherwise he will arrive on January 8th.] I dropped in at the Rest House on my way to say good bye to Forbes. The Madrasi powders his face. They both assisted in setting me on my way, but as their winds cracked up completely about 50 yards from the bridge or less, that luckily didn't amount to much. But Forbes has come out in his true colours at last, because his final gesture was to thrust a tract and a paper copy of St John's Gospel into my hand. I read both this evening. The tract was the most incredible bit of writing I have ever struck, a mixture of

bigotry, exhortations, quotations to prove the fallacy of evolution and then the literal existence of Adam & Eve, and business advertisements. The Gospel was quite interesting and I enjoyed it, though having read through it I don't want to see it again for a good many years. The best bit in it is the short scene where Mary is outside the tomb after the Resurrection. I couldn't help being struck by the utter unpretentiousness of John Compared with the attitude of so many of our priests & prelates nowadays, who give the idea that they consider themselves to have a vested interest in God, and to be deep in his councils.

This hut is in grand condition now. A considerable change from when I was last here. I bought a couple of smoked fish from an itinerant vendor from Nogmung. Hideously black, but very good, if rough.

Goletutap, Wednesday. December 7th 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. There's no doubt about it, Sumtsangtap's a windy spot, and that probably accounts for the grisly state the hut is usually in. There was a considerable breeze, veering in all directions, all last night and till after we left this morning, and the roof is already beginning to show signs of feeling the strain. It's a short and pleasant march down and I was here by about 11 o'clock with nothing much to do, as the coolies didn't arrive till close on 1 p.m. But I'd seen fresh sambhur and barking deer tracks on the way, so I went down the valley to try & find a good spot to wait in this evening in hopes of getting me. I had an amusing walk, mainly along hunter's tracks in very dense jungle. I spent some time watching a couple of Khamungs putting their fish spears together and trying for fish. The hooks on the spears, which puzzled me when I first saw them on the way to Wangtsitap, are now not so puzzling, as each of the hooks comes loose from the shaft when stuck into a fish, and is then held only by a string attached to the non-pointed end. The place where they were trying was full of respectable sized fish which looked like trout of up to about 1¾ lbs; but they were all gathered together on the other side. One of the Khamungs waded over lower down, but the other stripped and swam across close to where I was standing. It surprised me, as I didn't know these people could swim, and I'm very certain they don't in the Nam Tamai and Taron districts because there's nowhere swimmable. He used the breast stroke, which I imagine is the most primitive form of effective swimming, though some at least of the American Indians used the side-stroke centuries before it was known in Europe. I watched them miss a good many times and went on my way. I had intended to go out after the deer about 4.30 p.m., but the local women turned up hopefully about 4; and after I'd had a great time distributing

needless they were so much emboldened that they all produced sores or burns to be dealt with. This encouraged the men to do the same and it was 6 o'clock before I cmed start out. It was already getting dark and much too late, but I went to the place I had chosen hoping for the best, and sat there till after 7. I didn't see anything, and left my again early in the morning. More skins were brought in here, and a brown grey gibbon which K.P.S skinned. I didn't know there were any gibbons north of Nogmung, and this grey one is new to me altogether. I thought there were only two gibbons in Burma, the White-Browed, and the White-handed; and though this may be the White Handed, it seems a poor sort of name for a beast which is grey all over. It was pregnant, with an embryo 112 mm from head to rump, well-developed. I don't know what the period of gestation is, but I imagine it must still have had about 3 months to go. Even that brings it only to February, but it's quite likely that they have no fixed mating season. I met the Pangnandin Pista on the road, with a note from Leyden to say he can't reach Sumprabum till the 25th

Tasa Htan, Thursday December 8th 1938.

A fine sunny day, with some very light cirro-stratus cloud. At dawn this morning I was out again in my chosen spot hoping for a barking deer or sambhur, but I saw nothing whatever, and there were not even any fresh tracks since yesterday. I imagine the animals must have been scared off by our moving into camp, though barking deer are not generally as shy as that. Whether one gets anything or not it's great fun being out at dawn, watching and hearing everything (including the jungle itself) wake up for another day. Before the first light comes there's an almost complete silence, broken only by the tiddling of a stream over pebbles; and there's a gloriously fresh, exciting smell of dew-wet earth & leaves. With the first hint of grey in the east a very gentle breeze comes up the valley, and all the trees wake together with a sleepy rustling of leaves and stretching of branches. Then come the birds — not with shouting and laughter as in the bare Salween valley, but unobtrusively (furtively, almost). So that the first sign of them is probably a wagtail flitting along the edge of the water; but with the sun they cheer up, and soon the air is full of squeaks, whistles, chirrups, murmurings and a wide variety of indescribable chatterings. The laughing thrushes, with their soulless peals, don't start in till well on in the morning. I shot a couple of birds on the march, but otherwise there hasn't been much to-day except for a perfectly wonderful sunset made up of a fan of fine cirro-stratus clouds, pink on a pale blue sky. I spent a good part of the evening re-nailing one of my chaplis.

Nogmung. Friday December 9th 1938.

A fine sunny day, with light cirro-stratus clouds and a W. wind, 2. It was grand to look down towards the Nam Tisang (or Shang Hka, the other being the Shan name, as Nam Tawai is also Shan) this morning. The valley was covered with mist, and from Tasa Hka it looked like a huge white lake with a few rocky islands poking up here and there. The march is almost entirely downhill and very easy. I shot a wagtail on it and missed something else in a high tree. This evening I enjoyed myself enormously with the headman (who, as I may have remarked earlier this year) looks ~~astonishingly~~ astonishingly like Henry Butterfield. At about 3 p.m we crossed the river rather down-stream, and had a hunt after pig, ~~Sambhur~~ Sambhur, or barking deer, up a largish tributary of the Shanghka. Until after 5 p.m we stole along over the sand or shingle on the bank, or wading through the water; but though there were plenty of fresh tracks of all three we never saw anything to shoot at. While we were on the way up there didn't seem to be any wind at all, but coming back there was definitely a light breeze blowing up the stream, and so I think it possible that there may have been the faintest suspicion earlier on, just enough to give warning of our coming. If we saw no game, though, I had the best view of an otter I ever hope to get. It came swimming down while we were wading along the bank, and we froze at once, so that it never saw us. It was hunting too, and came along alternately under and on top of the water, about 2 yards each — a big fellow, close on five feet from nose to tip of tail, I should think. Crossing a pool it spotted a fish and was after it like a flash, making a magnificent swirling turn under water and travelling at amazing speed to catch it in five or six yards. We could follow the hunt by the V-shaped wave on the surface. It came up at the finish with a fish 9" long cross-ways in its mouth; tossed it about for a little to get hold of the head; and swallowed it in one. Then it came on down again as before; explored another pool for half a minute, not more than 5 yards from us, so that we could see every detail from its sleek bullet head to the thick tapered tail; and then vanished round a curve. A great sight. It was long after dark when we got back (I gave a hand with the canoe, but from my knees and not standing up!) and I was feeling in fine form for dinner. I gather our kerosine may last till after dinner tomorrow, but no longer. Ah well! There are only two days after that till we can get some more. My ex-interpreter (of 1935) who is now either at Putao or on his way back from there, left a small boat here to be given as salaami when I arrived. I don't really want

it, but I can't very well refuse to accept the damn thing. Will take it with us into the Triangle. I suppose it will grow. There's not much on it at the moment!

Khak Bahadur shot a Black Breasted Kalij pheasant close to the R.H. out of a flock of about a dozen.

Matsatap. Saturday. December 10th 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. I didn't wait long in Nogmung this morning, being full of hope that if I went early I might get something on the road; and once over the river I stepped out a little in order to get ahead of the coolies. In fact, seeing nothing of any interest, I continued to move pretty fast and covered the 10½ miles in 2hrs and 40 mins — an average of just about 4 mph. Of course the going was good and there was not much climbing, but when I remember how thrilled and proud I was at keeping up that speed for 6 miles on the main Myitkyina-Sumprabum road in June, and how weary I was at the finish, it seems to me that I wasn't so fit then as I had thought. Soon after I arrived, I went up the hill a little and shot a squirrel and a couple of birds, one of which I couldn't find. An old woman from the village near here has a beautifully worked skirt — far the best I've seen, so far — but she won't sell, and I can't say I blame her.

Ratnamutti. Sunday. December 11th 1938.

A cloudless, sunny day. Getting to the top of the ridge from Matsatap was much more of a sweat than I had remembered, but there were compensations. As we got higher and could look down over the Shang Hka valley, the sea of mist was a most lovely sight, with dark green hills rising out of it, and snowy peaks beyond. I took several photos, and they may be good as the beauty lay not in any ~~etc~~ colour, but in the setting and the contrast between the white mountains, dark hills and white mist. On top of the ridge I caught quite a large Pseudoxenodon macrops in some dry leaves. It was very annoyed and did its best to bite all the way to the camp. One of the coolies got another; and 2 Trimeresuri stejnegeri and a lizard of sorts were brought in by the villagers together with a toad, so it's been a good day for reptiles. And for skins if it comes to that, including a Peacock Pheasant, which I ate gratefully. Both it and the Kalij were excellent. Not far from here we met the ex-interpreter on the road, on his way to Nogmung, and he came back here to collect backsheesh for the goat. I gave him 50 cartridges for his gun which delighted him and was cheap for me. To me it was the equivalent of Rs 6/3, and for him Rs 10/-, that being the price, I gather, he has to pay in the Coffee Shop. The old Taungtk of Pangnandin now lives here in retirement, having gone completely blind. He

came in with a good Khanung bag as a present and had a chat, asking presently if I could get him have some cartridges for his presentation gun so that his relatives could get some game. I gave him 25 instead of the 5 or 6 he'd hoped for, and he nearly burst into tears. I got 2 or 3 nice birds on the march today.

Kankin. Monday, December 12th 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. Not much on the road. I shot a pied wagtail and took a few photos, including one of a lovely glimpse of the Mali Hka and the Hkamti Long which I got through a gap in the jungle. I didn't get here till about 1 p.m, owing to a good 2 hours spent at Nam Hti repairing the hem of my green shorts; and soon after I got here I took a young Shan as guide and went into the jungle after barking deer with the .256. We wandered along down a small stream (only about 1' deep) and after a little a barking deer leapt up from a patch of tall grass on the bank, about 30 yards away, and vanished into the jungle. I didn't have a chance to shoot. Then we were spotted by a troop of macaques, which made enough din to wake any number of dead, yelling, shouting, and shaking the branches, until we were once more at a safe distance. A little further down a small bushy tree stuck out 10 or 12 feet over the water at an angle of 45° or so, and as we got near there was a great plunging in that. I thought it was another monkey and was only mildly interested until a barking deer jumped down and streaked away. I'd never heard of one climbing into a tree before (even such an easy tree) and though I had had a pretty good view of it I thought I must have been seeing things and went to have a look. There was no mistake: the tracks were plain, both where it had come up and where it had jumped down, and it had been feeding on the leaves & twigs. That was a seen and not a shot bird. Then one began barking not 100 yards away, and we stole along towards it. Everything was in our favour. The wind was right; it was quite close to the bank somewhere; and the chances were all in our getting it. We were about 40 yards off when there came a shattering report from close by, however. The deer vanished of course (not that I saw it) and Khark Bahadur came crashing through the bushes with my .375, convinced that he had hit it. I had left him with 5 birds & mammals to skin, but thinking I was well out of the way he had struck work, 'borrowed' my rifle & cartridges, and gone off for a hunt on his own. He was so shattered at being caught that I did no more than curse him severely; but he had made so much noise that that bit of jungle was

useless, so we came out by the river and moved quietly upstream to about ¼ m from the Rest House. There were tiger, panther, sambhur and barking deer tracks in the sand in any number. We turned up a small stream for a little, and the shan suddenly touched me and pointed. There, 40 yards off, was a small chestnut patch through the branches of a bush. I couldn't see which part of the animal it was, but I let drive at speck and a female barking deer dropped dead, shot straight through the heart by the most amazing fluke. It was getting dark and I couldn't have seen to shoot much later. We brought it back in triumph; skinned it by the light of bamboo torches; and I am taking it in to Durant as a Christmas present. A grand afternoon. I also got some oranges this ~~morning~~ evening. They apparently grow in the villages below here. Very good, but not as much taste as the Indian ones.

Putao. Tuesday, December 13th 1938.

A sunny, cloudless day. I started out with the coolies this morning, and hurried along in front, hoping to get a jungle fowl on the way. There were tiger, panther, and an assortment of other tracks along the road to within 4 miles of Putao, and I saw half a dozen jungle fowl, but only 1 within shot. Him I missed with both barrels,

to my shame. I did the 10½ miles in 2 hrs + 40 minutes again, and arrived here at 9.40 a.m. to find Durant in and in great form. He had nobly kept 4 bottles of beer to celebrate (½ his supply having gone astray on the road) and we put them down pretty quickly. It's a good thing de Glanville has told me I can dip into his! It was good fun to see Durant again. He's most amusing in a very dry way, and keen on international politics which interest me too. Nikal Chand is looking very fit and is as delightful as ever. I went round and saw him at the hospital (which is almost empty) and he came in for drinks this evening. There was a bit of a mail for me, with a letter from mother saying that 'Salween' was out and getting good notices; but also that H+S's damned reader had changed my word 'colitis' into 'diarrhoea', blast him. However she + Bill + Miller have done them in the eye, thank God, (H+S being unwilling to call in the books issued) by issuing a correction in the Press, over their heads. The Rolleiflex had also arrived, and I opened it bursting with excitement to find that though the shutter is now correct there is something wrong with the release mechanism, so that it only fires about once in ten times. I've almost given up hope about it now, but I'm leaving it here in case de Glanville can do anything.

He's good at that sort of thing. Durant is very braced with the barking deer. We had some for dinner, and it's deliciously sweet & tender. N.T. & Kyipa both here and very well. They seem pleased to see me, blast them! I caught a glimpse of an amazing light like a ball of fire falling behind the hills to-night.

Putao. Wednesday. December 14th 1938.

Apart from the morning mist, which cleared at about 10.30 am, a fine, cloudless day. I went down to the quarterguard this morning to get me a few things out of the boxes, and found that one had been riddled with white ants; so I had them all taken to the servants' quarters to be opened, inspected & cleaned. Luckily it turned out that that was the only one, the others having been untouched. I've given Durant 8 lbs of jam and I got out the 3 tins of Caviar to eat here, feeling that there might be too many people at Sumprabum if I kept them further. We had me with drinks this evening, on fingers of buttered toast. Marvellous it was too. The old doctor came in again and revelled in it. Durant and I sat up till 1 p.m. last night and till about midnight to-night, just talking. He's easy to get on with and I like him a lot. I did no work, but read a good deal of "Elmer Gantry" by Sinclair Lewis. By Jove what a book, and what an insight it gives me into the religious racket in the States. Talking of that, Forbes & the Madrasi turned up to-day, but they haven't been near us and neither of us intend to call on them. They are living in a tent to save bungalow fees. We don't especially want to see Forbes, but it seems damn rude of him not to call as we've both entertained him to a certain extent.

Putao. Thursday. December 15th 1938

Mist till 11 a.m., but after that sunny & cloudless.

A gloriously slack day doing nothing but label skins & read 'Elmer Gantry'. I've passed 450 with skins now, which isn't too bad, and Durant has arranged for 28 mules from Chan Te Kaing to take my things to Sumprabum at Rs 7/8 a mule. The normal price at this time of year is Rs 4/-, but unfortunately the only mules available were already due to take rice there, and so naturally for taking me instead, and leaving the rice till later, the price is higher. Even so it's a lot cheaper than coolies, two of whom would work out at Rs 10/8. Another tin of Caviar to-day (again shared by the doctor) and we lifted 12 bottles of beer from de Glanville's store-room, the Dutch Cheese he'd given me, and his headphones. The latter have made the most amazing difference to the wireless, and to-night I got Daventry simply roaring in. Thank the Lord I've ordered a new pair already.

Putao. Friday, December 16th 1938.

A fine cloudless day, with the usual morning mist till about 10.30 a.m. A peaceful morning, and this afternoon I went out past Putao village and across the Nam Palak with an orderly to try for pig & barking deer. Dunant was coming later, and we had arranged to meet on opposite banks of the river a bit upstream at 5 p.m in case any duck came along. I didn't see any pig, so I made a brilliant (!) cross country march through the jungle to the appointed place, to the horror of the orderly who did his best to dissuade me on the grounds that we would both get bushed. I had hardly reached the bank when five bissish birds got up from the water a little way above where I was, and came flying downstream. I thought they were geese (it was dusk and not too easy to see) and brought off a right and left as they passed — the first I've ever done! They both fell in the water, so we rushed through the jungle till we could get down to the bank, and waded frantically in to pick them up as they drifted along. Then, of course, I found they were cormorants! However, they will do for specimens and when they've been skinned I shall see if the meat isn't perhaps eatable — though I'm not very hopeful about it, as not even the Khamungs will eat them.

We then waded across and I met Dunant who had not seen anything except an owl which he'd missed. We came back together through the dark. I wish I had a dog like his. Bill is a black retriever and a most excellent animal.

Putao, Saturday, December 17th 1938.

Mist till 11 a.m, and then a fine cloudless day as usual. Both Dunant and I have rather overeaten to-day, owing to going round to the Doctor's for 'breakfast'. The old doctor has his at 11.30 a.m, in the Burmese style, but we feel we couldn't wait empty till then, so we had a pretty big meal of our own at 8 o'clock. The doctor's breakfast was a good deal bigger than our usual lunch (curry, of course); we had a good tea; toast & caviar at 6; and a lavish dinner. I haven't mentioned that Chetuk went down with tummy trouble the day we reached Kankin and that I pushed him into hospital as soon as he arrived here. He was discharged to-day. I didn't know what was wrong with him, but the Doctor says it was gastritis, and that this and the other trouble he had have been directly caused by indulgence in the local arrack! I never even knew he drank, and though I don't mind on a work hours I shall have to warn him seriously that if he gets ill from it again he will have to go. I did a fair amount of

packing to day, in a rather desultory manner, but there are still my three personal boxes to deal with in the morning.

Nawng Hkai. Sunday December 18th 1938.

Morning mist till 1030 a.m, followed by a fine, cloudless day. I packed the boxes pretty early and the mules & servants left abnt 9 a.m. Dent got talking with Durnant, and wrote to de Glanville, by which time Lunch was nearly ready. So I stayed for that. We got talking again, and then the old doctor came along and we realized it was Ka-time. So I stopped for that too, and didn't push off till 4.30 p.m, on a bicycle borrowed from Durnant. God-forsaken machines though they are, they have their uses, and I got to this place in abnt an hour and a half instead of the four I should probably have taken on foot. It was dark before I got in, and tricky work avoiding boulders & pot-holes, though luckily that end of the road is a good deal better than the other. Incidentally when Tony left here, he sold his saddle to Hashim Bhoy for FIFTEEN RUPEES! He must be mad. It would have been a bargain at Rs 100/-.

Hkamhs. Monday, December 19th 1938.

Morning mist till 10.30 a.m, and a fine, cloudless day afterwards. The cold weather bridge just above the confluence cuts off abnt 3 miles of road, so that to-day's march was abnt 10 miles only. I saw a couple of jungle cocks on a patch of sand between the path & the river not far from here. They were out of shot so I stalked them into a patch of grass & bushes, quite skilfully for me. I got to within abnt 20 yards and missed! There were 3 actually — 2 cocks and a hen. Soon after K.B & I arrived here, a tall young Kachin came along to say that a tiger had killed a couple of bullocks two nights ago, and we went with him to see if there was a chance of getting him. It wasn't more than a quarter of a mile from the bungalow, in very thick jungle, and one corpse was lying on the bank of a small stream. At least, half of it was — the front half. I found, on enquiry, that the other had been thankfully removed and eaten by the locals — the thanksgiving because they were Government bullocks, and therefore no loss to them! I bore in mind Peacock's advice not to build a machan too low or too near; and after discussing the probable direction of the night wind, I picked on a tree abnt 30 yards away from the kill, and gave orders for a machan to be built 30' up. That was done by 4 p.m, and I took up my position there at 4.30 with the .375, soft nosed bullets, and a torch. I had forgotten to bring a cushion, but K.B sacrificed his coat and I wasn't uncomfortable except for the sandflies and a few

mosquitoes. The sand flies were Legion, but life was better when it grew dark and I could move a little to scratch myself. Before dusk I was able to watch a squirrel (red belly) frisking about on the kill and now and then taking a nibble at it; and there was a barking deer calling from over the river. It grew dark about 6 p.m., and shortly after that a couple of cats (or civets?) began purring & mewing to each other close to my tree. Perhaps a third joined the party, for there was suddenly a furious outburst of snarling & spitting, and then the sound of a body in flight through the bushes. A little before 7 p.m. dead silence fell, and soon after that the tiger began to feed with a great tearing and flapping of meat as he shook his head from side to side to wrench the pieces off. I gave him about 5 minutes and then turned on the torch. He must have been standing directly head on to me, I think, with his fore feet up the bank of the stream, for I could see nothing but his face with two great greenish eyes gazing straight into the light. I aimed between them and fired, holding the torch in my left hand, but I certainly didn't hit him where I aimed, and I think he must have moved his head a little at the crucial moment. He fell, got up, and crashed away through the jungle, coughing so frightfully that I think I have probably hit him through chest &

lungs. The coughs grew steadily fainter till they were little more than gasps, and I think I shall find him about 50 yards away in the morning, dead. But I'm inclined to be optimistic about most things, and the sounds could have been produced equally well if he wasn't so badly wounded and had continued to gallop off for a considerable distance, except that after 50 yards there was no more noise of crackling bushes & sticks. It being my first tiger, I thought I might be very nervous and shoot badly; but I wasn't — just gloriously excited and keyed up. If he's not dead close by, though, I reckon I'll have my fill of nervousness walking him up in the morning! I stopped in the machan till nearly 10 p.m. because so much of the bullock had been eaten in two nights that I hoped there might be another tiger concerned; and my hopes shot sky-high when some time after 9 I had gone there was a sudden crackling of bones from the kill. While giving whatever it was time to settle down though, I came to the conclusion that there wasn't enough noise for a tiger, and sure enough when I switched on the torch there were a couple of big civets (large Indian?). They weren't much worried, but they shuffled into the grass to be on the safe side, and though I fired a shot at one I missed. Nothing much else. The civets came back and I watched them for a little, but didn't shoot

again. Finally I got down (rather nervously!) and wandered back to bed. I shall be thrilled if I can only get the tiger tomorrow.

Masumgup. Tuesday, December 20th 1938.

Morning mist till about 10.30 a.m., and then a fine, cloudless day and pretty hot. Soon after dawn I started out with K.B, and we were soon joined by 7 Kachins, all eager to earn an honest penny by helping to carry the tiger in. We went straight to the kill, and soon picked up a fairly heavy blood trail which we followed, with one or two short checks, for the best part of another ¼ m to about 50 acres of six foots reeds, growing so close together that visibility was practically nil. I was dismally certain by this time that the tiger was far from dead, and I hated the thought of looking for it in those reeds more than I can say; but there was nothing for it, so in we went — I in the lead (naturally) and my followers 6 or 8 yards behind and noticeably silent. A couple of hundred yards in, and they said it was no good following any more, he had obviously gone for miles; and I think they might have turned tail if just then I hadn't come on a regular pool of blood, which showed that he was certainly badly hit. This cheered them, and they came on — very fortunately, as it turned out, because I overshot the mark and was looking round for the line when there came a yell from one of them and I jumped round to see a patch of tiger (apparently some part of its side) about 12 yards to my left and behind me. It stayed quite still, and everyone was about to rejoice and rush forward to inspect it, when I saw that the 'corpse' was breathing and told them so. They all retreated instantly and massed in a phalanx with drawn dahs to my rear, while I cursed myself for an idiot. Before we started I'd been so successful in persuading myself that it would be dead, that I had only put 2 rounds in the magazine, and those more for show than anything. In any case at that range I couldn't risk putting a shot into what might easily prove to be its backside, and so I started to creep up (with a literal, and very respectable, staking on the knees) to where I could get a better view. At about 10 yards the tiger moved what I took to be its head, and I put in a shot which must have partly stunned it; for it leapt up with a crash of reeds, but instead of charging (and getting) me, it made a chucker round at speed and collapsed in a thicket not 5 yards from its original position, drawing great bubbling gasping breaths which could have been heard 100 yards away. It was in a bad way, but left to itself it

might have lasted all day, and besides being in a hurry to get on I'm against tearing any animal to die like that. All the same it was a grim business trying to get a sight of it. K.B + the Kachin who had first brought the news insisted on coming with me (having more guts than I) and we prowled round the spot where the tiger was, never more than 10 yards away, and I fully expecting to be charged at any moment. We couldn't see a thing, and, driven to desperation I crept up alone to about 5 yards, with no better result. I hadn't the nerve to go closer, and so we went back to the rest of the party. I then crept up again and stood in a small open space, 10 yards from the enemy, and so tensed up that I felt I might snap. At a signal from me the chaps cast a volley of sticks and stones, but too much to the left. No result. I redirected them, and the next lot was better aimed, and there came a plunging towards me though I still saw nothing except the reeds wildly shaken. The tiger was now only 5 or 6 yards off but invisible again, and my relief can be imagined when I realized that it couldn't raise its fore quarters. Another well-aimed log, and it lifted its head and glared at me in a last grand gesture of defiance. I shot it through the ear and that was the end. There was great joy all round for some minutes; and then most of the Kachins hurried off to collect a pole and creepers to carry the tiger back. When they returned (and waiting for them I was eaten alive by sandflies) they had with them the headman of the village, an ancient + skinny individual with a beard. In ringing tones he addressed the corpse for several minutes, conjuring it to be of good heart since it had fallen at the hands of a God even as it was itself. Eight Jus had a frightful job carrying the tiger back to the bungalow — more because the path was poor + very narrow than because of the weight, which can't have been much more than 400 lbs. We measured it there on its back between pegs — 9'1½", tail 3'. That's quite good, as the Burma Game Manual only records 6 of over 9'; but it's a good deal short of the record, which is 10'4". We skinned it, (helped out by various Yawyins on their way to wash gold in the Mali Hka) and Khark Bahadur carefully preserved the eyes (which, dried and carried as a talisman, ensure that the bearer will not be attacked by any tiger); the leg bones, which command a high price among the Chinese for medicine; two small pieces of cartilage from the arm pits, which, if carried about on a tiger hunt, make it

certain that the tiger will show up in a good position to be shot; and the testicles, which are also used as medicine by the Chinese. Kyipa took a piece of the tongue, as this, when dried and rubbed over a sore, produces a rapid and certain cure. The skull was smashed to bits and quite useless as a specimen, so I took the one unbroken upper tooth to put on my dah, and gave one of the lower ones each to Khark Bahadur + Adang Kudang for theirs. The meat was quickly divided up among Kachins and Yawyins, who took on it as a delicacy. The skin was carried in a bundle on the march, and we cleaned, stretched + preserved it here this evening. The frame will have to be carried like a huge bedstead as far as Sumprabum; but if the skin dries all right I shall give it to William.

La Awn Ga. Wednesday. December 21st 1938.

A fine, cloudless day. Nothing much of note to-day. The skin came along all right, protected from the sun with plantain leaves, and it seems to be doing quite well. It's an object of tremendous admiration to all the locals, who say it's the biggest they've seen. We had a bit of an effort this evening getting the frame up the stairs and into the bungalow to protect the skin from dew, but we managed it in the end.

Shilinghkyet. Thursday. December 22nd 1938.

A fine, cloudless day as usual. We had been told that it was a march of about 14 miles to-day, but in point of fact it can't have been more than about 9, and the path was very good. This short cut of Leyden's is much more fun than the main road, and in future I shall always come by this if I can. It runs through jungle almost the whole way and there seems to be plenty of life about. I saw a big brown phalanger high in a tree on the way, and missed it with both barrels. It fell, actually, but only because in its hurry it missed its footing; and after parachuting down it dashed off into the undergrowth while I was reloading the gun. Khark Bahadur and I stopped for a bit on the way to sit and chat with 3 Kachins; and later we were met by 3 more who said that a panther had killed a buffalo calf just short of Shilinghkyet. The calf was there all right, in trodden grass about a yard off the path, where no tracks showed up at all; and I had a hide built about 25 yards away in a field, as

there wasn't a tree anywhere near. It was screened with branches, and there was a small gap, like a little tunnel, for me to fire through. I went in at a little after 4 (the kill had been moved slightly by the animal before that) and at about 5.45 it suddenly appeared. It was a most extraordinary thing, because my sight hole somehow magnified everything, so that it looked as if the kill were about 50 yards off and the cat the size of a lioness. It was that awkward half light when you can't see very well, and yet too light for a torch to be any good; but presently I let fly at its head and was so certain that I'd killed it that I got out and walked over to investigate. My horror was extreme when I suddenly heard a rustle in the bushes behind the kill, about 10 yards from me. I switched on the torch and saw two yellow eyes (not a panther, it must have been a big jungle cat I think) so I realized I must have missed my first shot and took a hasty second one. Well I hit it, but that's about all I can say. It crashed off into the jungle, snarling and spitting, and I shall have to follow it up in the morning. What beats me is why it didn't run away after the first shot.

Nma Ga. Friday, December 23rd 1938.

A fine cloudless day. I went back soon after dawn to follow up the cat, and also perhaps to have a smack at a large boar which has apparently been about for some time now. I found his tracks (nearly 5" long so he must be a considerable size. The locals say he is as high as a man's chest!) but didn't see him. Then I went over to the kill to pick up the line, and there was I dead cat, about the size of a big spaniel, a nearly uniform dark grey with a patch of tawny shading on the neck. I had got it in the head all right, and the eyes I saw (which misled me) must have been those of its mate. I imagine she must have run at the first shot, and then crept back to see what had happened to him. I couldn't follow her as she left a very small trail through very thick jungle; so when I got back with the corpse I told the villagers that she was wounded somewhere and that if they found her and brought her in they would be rewarded. However, she hasn't turned up to-night, so I don't expect they found her. I've skinned the cat at Shilinghkyet, and stretched + preserved it here. The skull is pretty badly broken, but the front and the jaws are all

right, so it can go in to the Museum. A very pleasant march. There was a solitary gibbon close to the path, but he didn't give me a shot; and I missed a pair of large phalangers very high up in a big tree. There is a very big banyan tree on the road closer to a village I haven't seen any further north, but apparently there are plenty in the Triangle, and they are favourite abodes of Rats. The bungalows on this 'Private' road are a great deal better than those above Putao. They all have 2 bedrooms, and at Shilnghket there was a dining room as well, made by walling off part of the verandah.

Sumprabum, Saturday, December 24th 1938

To-day was cloudy throughout. This road is so much better fun than the Government one. There's always something to see. To-day I got a gibbon with the .256 (a White-browed one) and a bamboo partridge. I should have had a brace of them but the second barrel was loaded with S.G, and as the fowl got up within 2 yards of me there would have been nothing left of it if I'd fired. I missed five big hornbills which were all sitting in one tree. As I came along the path one got up with the usual tremendous swooshing of wings, but I couldn't see it because at that point my view was blocked by another tree. I went on a few yards and looked across to see where it had gone to, when a second flapped out of the tree — on the other side, of course. I was a bit annoyed at not having seen it as well as rather amused; and then a third hustled out. This seemed remarkable to me, and I was pondering over the matter when K.B arrived on the scene. Immediately a fourth lumbered off! We regarded that prolific tree with astonishment, and caught a glimpse of a fifth still working there. It was a long shot (about 60 yards) so I tried S.G on it and missed! We came down over the Signal Hill where the helio station is, and from a long way off could see a mysterious figure shrouded in white sitting in the Leyden's garden. When we turned up it was Mrs Leyden having a hair cut! They are both in great form and I'm very glad to see them again. They've given me 200 cheroots as a Christmas present, and an amazing worm like creature, rather like a thick thread some 10" long. It lives in water and doesn't appear to eat anything at all. It's been in a bottle now for 19 days and is full of life. The Kachins say you can dry them in the sun and revive them at any time by dropping them into water again. They are rare (they got this

one in the Triangle) and I wouldn't be at all surprised if they aren't entirely new. This afternoon we went out to see the school sports, and I met the Dudrows again with their children Dorothy & Donald; Miss Bonny, another Baptist missionary and a most excellent soul, who is now in charge of the school here; and Captain Thunder, a queer, affected, and useless individual, who apparently spends most of his days asleep in bed. I was glad to see the Dudrows. I like them both. The parcels of delicacies from Mother & William have arrived, bless them both. It is very sweet of them to have done it, and they have chosen beautifully as usual. I'm going to enjoy this Christmas. The only fly is that I can't send cables to my strangelings as the Post Office is shut. I had a long one from them, though, to say that Bill & Vi have got a daughter (Carolyn Rose) born on November 24th, and also that Bartholomew is keen to join me out here. Good news both ways, though I would have preferred a nephew to a niece. I'm sorry 'Salween' hasn't turned up yet, because I wanted to give it to the Leydens for Christmas.

Sumprabum. Sunday December 25th 1938.

Cloudy all to-day, and there was rain in the valley though none here. A peaceful and cheery day. In the morning the clerks, doctors etc came round to pay their respects to Leyden; and La Doi, the chief Taungok in the Triangle, came with a present of a Chinese ham, a tin of biscuits, a tin of fruit and a sack of walnuts for Leyden, and a tin of biscuits, a tin of fruit and some walnuts for me. He's 54 and has stood by the Government all his life — so much so that at one time he used to have to change his tour programmes regularly when actually on the march because he was due to be bumped off and an ambush was ready for him on the road he was due to take. He helped to build the first road up to Putao, fighting most of the way, and he's been in hundreds of fights in the Triangle. He's tough all right and quite delightful, very square built with big features and a loud voice. I hope I shall see him in the Triangle when I get there. I'm going first to Htingnan to drop the things I shall need, and then I shall come back here for the big manau which is on the 18th. Htingnan ~~Hkam~~ Kum Ja, the duwa and a pretty big man, has just escaped being poisoned with aconite in his beer. Leyden has found out that the miscreant or miscreants are in his family, (his wife being almost certainly one of them) and

he says that that being so Htingnan Htkum Ja's number is up. There will be no mistake next time and there'll be no evidence as to who did the deed. At dinner to-night there was Leyden, Mrs Leyden, the Dudrows, Miss Bonny, and Captain Munder — the latter very late and very tight. In fact he was rather a nuisance taken all round. Otherwise it was a good little party. We had Bell's Caviar as hors d'oeuvres with the drinks beforehand. I forgot to mention that last night we went round to the Christmas Eve Concert at the Baptist school. We didn't stay very long. The piece de résistance was a number of tableaux illustrating the events leading up to the birth of Christ. The angel of the Annunciation was particularly comic, but the whole thing was rather touching all the same. During each scene the appropriate passage was read in Kachin from the Bible.

Sumprabum. Monday December 26th 1938.

Cloudy all day. The Leydens, myself and one of the S.A.S's play a spirited game of deck tennis every evening now, which is doubtless good for my liver. I sold him the Air Rifle to-day for Rs 20/-. I would much rather have given it to him for nothing, but he was stubborn about that so we compromised. It's not much good to me for collecting, because it makes too big a hole, and he says he's wanted one for years. It will be good for Peter to learn on too, though it's so much too big for him at present that he has to hold the butt in his armpit. Oddly enough he aims with his left eye, the gun being on his right, and yet makes quite good shooting. Dudrow left to-day for Myitkyina and we saw him down to the bottom of the valley with Mrs Dudrow, Dorothy (aged 10), and Miss Bonny. I got off with Dorothy on the way back and we had a long conversation on life in general. She is going to be either a nurse or a dancing instructress when she grows up she says. Dudrow has taken a box of snakes and me skins with him for me. It's very good of him and I'm most grateful for the way he has sent on everything I've posted down to him.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, December 27th 1938.

Cloudy all day. Leyden arranged a drive in the valley this afternoon for anything from jungle fowl to tiger, and the school was given a holiday so that the boys could act as beaters. They beat energetically, shouting, banging tins, and (in 2 cases) playing mouthorgans, yet oddly enough we never saw a thing except fresh tracks of barking deer, sambhur and tiger. The barking deer must

have been there in dozens, and there are usually plenty of jungle fowl to be seen. We did in fact see one on the way back, but not to get a shot. all the same it was good fun not knowing what might turn up at any minute. Dudrow was met by a car on the road and arrived back to-day to spend one more night before going down all the way in it to-morrow. We didn't see him though.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, December 28th 1938.

Cloudy all to-day. I was beginning to feel a bit guilty at staying so long with the Leydens, and so ~~I~~ arranged for Coolies for the 29th yesterday; but Mrs Leyden was so insistent on my staying over New Years Eve anyway, when we were talking this afternoon, that I agreed — very gladly, as a matter of fact, because I'm enjoying myself a lot. Nice a good couple. The Judge seems to have fixed matters on his own, actually, because he said to-day that he didn't expect any Coolies to turn up to-morrow! I've fixed the 1st instead, and that is definite. I should have skinned out the ears of the tiger instead of leaving them to look like a fool. The rest of the skin is perfectly all right, but the hair is slipping badly on them. Leyden says that Van Ingen & van Ingen of Mysore are far and away the best taxidermists in India, and that they will probably be able to remedy matters somehow; so I've sewn it up and will send it off to them. It will be a pity if they can't manage it, as it's not a bad skin otherwise. I wrote to Sir Aubrey to-day about getting permission for Tibet for 1939 for Bartholomew and myself; and to Larden about Bartholomew coming up here in Tony's place. The latter, incidentally, seems to have been playing the dirty to a certain extent. He told the Dudrows that he had to leave me because he couldn't exist on nothing but tinned food, while in point of fact we lived mainly on nice & fresh food the whole time; and when he saw McGuire for (apparently) only 5 minutes in Myitkyina, he made good use of this time by saying that I was terribly secretive, and that I deliberately left the maps behind when we went up the Taron so that I wouldn't know where the Chinese frontier was and could claim that I had crossed it in error. It isn't marked on the maps anyway, but it doesn't seem to have made McGuire any more friendly to me.

Sumprabum. Thursday, December 29th 1938.

Cloudy all day. This weather is rather interesting. The Kachin winter solstice began (I think) on the 21st and will last till the 31st The Kachins call it "the sun goes away and washes his face", and they explain that that is why it is cloudy and sunless now. There is usually

rain at this time, though we haven't had any this year yet, and Leyden says that these ten days of cloudy weather never fail to turn up. The soothsayer who prophesied the heavy monsoon of this year, says there will not be much rain in 1939. We went up and had a drink with Captain Dunder this evening.

Sumpaburn. Friday. December 30th 1938.

Cloudy all day. No news, apart from the usual game of deck tennis.

Sumpaburn. Saturday. December 31st 1938.

There was quite a bit of sun about today, so the old thing must have finished washing its face. Everything is packed except my boxes which I will do in the morning. I've had a fearful cold for the last two or three days, but it seems to be improving a little. God be praised. Being New Year's Eve, there was a bonfire at the school — or rather a whole series of them — and Mrs Leyden had promised on our behalf that we would attend. We reeled her during dinner, and tottered down about 11 p.m., being much cheered on the way however, because it was such a glorious night. We went to the Dudrows' house, to find only Miss Bonny keeping watch. Mrs Dudrow & Dorothy (& Donald, needless to say) were improving the shining hour in sleep. I don't think Dorothy was meant to wake up, actually, but she did and popped out in her pyjamas to join me in the passage. She has adopted me fondly now I think. I sent her back sternly for dressing gown & slippers, and then was able to prevail on Mrs Dudrow to let me take her out to watch the fun, wrapped in a blanket. There wasn't much fun really. A chap beat a long drum for some time, accompanied by two or three small boys on cymbals: there were some sporadic outbursts of crackers; an occasional thunderous report as an enthusiastic Kachin fired off his gun; a short dance by the women in which Mrs Leyden & Miss Bonny joined; a couple of hymns: a few prayers; and a sermon in which the preacher begged the congregation not to let their stomachs die within them in the New year. This, Leyden said, was an idiomatic way of telling them not to start off with too much of a bang. We then roared off to bed.

Tanglin. Sunday. January 1st 1939.

A fine, cloudless day. I have not felt at my best today probably owing to a combination of cold & liver. Whatever it was it was complicated by a letter I got from de Glanville this morning, causing me for having mentioned glaring as a possible reason for Tibetans coming on the

Diphuk Ha in my brief report to the military in August. Also for not having had the courtesy to send him a copy first. I quite see his point, especially as regards the latter complaint, and I'm damn sorry about it. I didn't send him a copy because it never struck me that he'd want one, foolishly enough. In one thing there was obviously nothing new in what I said, and for another I never imagined it would get any further than the military. He was unfair though when he said that he "now realized it was impossible to persuade me that there was no starving & in his area" because he never mentioned the matter till December, some 3 and a bit months after I'd written the damn thing. And naturally he has persuaded me. He ought to know.
He then dealt with what he called a "more serious matter" saying that he had definitely traced a case of syphilis in a girl in Mahkumgang to Khark Bahadur; that Chakravarty said he was suffering from it; and would I therefore remit Rs 40/- at once as compensation, and be good enough not to bring Khark Bahadur up to Putao again. It didn't seem to me that de Glanville was being fair on K.B to sentence him without hearing a word in his defence, so I sent him round at once to the M.O here for an examination as a preliminary.

The answer was that the doctor could find no traces of recent V.D whatever, though K.B admitted that he had had it 2 years ago and had been treated for it in the hospital in Sumprabum. I wrote to de Glanville apologising for the slave business, and enclosed the medical report, which ought to settle K.B's affair anyway.

It worries me a lot (not less so because I was definitely in the wrong about not letting de Glanville have a copy) because I shall now have de Glanville up against me and McGuire more so than ever — not to mention a strong probability of the Commissioner as well, who has so far been rather friendly. I only hope to God they don't have me out of the Triangle as a result. I'm very gloomy indeed.

I didn't leave Sumprabum till about 2.30 p.m. The Leydens came with me for about a mile before turning back. It's a very short march of about 5 miles, running through forest the whole way, first along the top of a ridge, and for the last 2 miles or so downhill into the Malikha valley. A good path and a good bungalow. Mrs Leyden had nobly presented me with a tin of fresh bacon, and a bottle of beer to cheer me on my arrival. It was flat though, and of little value as a

restrative. I am arriving back in Sumprabum on the 16th so as not to miss the big sacrifices that night. I don't know where I shall put up, but possibly in the Triangle Bungalow with de Glanville. If so it looks as if it will be a merry party!

Ringma. Monday, January 2nd 1939.

Thick mist in the morning, followed by a cloudless day. A march of about 6 miles to the Mali Hka. over a very good mule track. There is a bamboo raft ferry here for taking mules, but we all crossed in canoes. The bungalow is on the left bank of the river, which is about 100 yards wide at present, and very sluggish. Seven of the Coolies went back this morning, and I paid them As 8/- each. They claimed As 12/- as the rate. Leyden had told me As 8/- for the Triangle; but as this is not yet the Triangle I felt that I might perhaps be doing them down, and gave them a chit asking Leyden to pay the other As 4/-, if necessary, for me. There is a whole string of Yawyins on the right bank here, washing for gold. I meant to go over and take some photos, but I left it until too late. There will be plenty of other opportunities I expect. I went out this evening with one of the local hunters to see if there was any game about, but we only saw 1 jungle hen, and as I was carrying the rifle at the time I didn't get a shot. I searched for it in the jungle for a while, but it had vanished somewhere. Further on it sounded as if there was a sambhur not far off the path. The jungle was pretty thick there and there was no hope of stalking it, so we waited on the path for some time in case it showed come our way. It didn't though, and we moved on again. More coolie trouble this evening. They all said they were going back from here, while the headman maintained (probably quite truly) that there were nothing like enough men here to take their places. I summoned them all to find out what was the matter, and it appeared that they had been told in Sumprabum that they would get As 12/- a day each. I had then told them this morning that I was only giving As 8/-. I made matters right by explaining that it was my wish to pay As 8/- a day, but that, if Coolies worked 4 or more days for me at a stretch, then I gave an extra As 4/- a day for the return journey. This satisfied everybody, so all is well again. One of them shot a snake in the river this afternoon with his bow. It's a big Pryas Kowas, and so new to the collection. It also seems to be one of the biggest on record (certainly bigger

than any local has seen) but Boulenger doesn't give many details as to size, so I may be wrong about that.

Lungtkang 9a. Tuesday, January 3rd 1939. 2200'

Thick mist in the morning, followed by a cloudless day. A march of about 11½ miles I should think, mostly through forest, and all slightly uphill; but so slightly that it was no effort at all. On the way a barking deer darted into the jungle from close beside the path (I only heard it) and I went in after it in case it had not gone far. I prowled around for about half an hour with no luck, though there were many tracks, and when I came out again K.B told me that a large marten (?) had come out from my side and crossed the path shortly after I went in. It may possibly have been that that I heard, and not a barking deer at all. After that I missed a King Crow at easy range 3 times. We were met about 1½ miles down the path by the headman of this village, who is a good example of the general (though not invariable) rule of ultimogeniture. He is 15 years old only, while his brother is 30. This morning the man who had carried the big Museum box wanted to go back, and the substitute from Ningma claimed that it was too big for 1 man to carry. It has been carried without complaint for 6 months now by Khamungs & Daruns, and, though big, it is not particularly heavy. I told him this, but added that, provided they understood that I would only pay a single wage for it, they could take any number of men they liked to it as far as I was concerned. Eventually 2 set down to it, and on arrival here demanded Rs 8/- each, refusing to take Rs 8/- between them. That was nonsense, so I left it on the floor where they had put it; and at last, seeing that their bluff had failed, they came back and took it away. A man then brought in a mouse, which he had killed with a pellet bow. He showed me how to use it, and, knowing pretty well what would happen, I took a powerful shot at a bamboo. Needless to say it hit my thumb a most almighty crack, and that nail is doomed. A couple of minutes later I had to sit down, as I thought I was going to be sick; and it's still very painful and swollen.

Htingnam. Wednesday. January 4th 1939

A cloudless day. A march of about 8½ miles over a very good path. I heard some pheasants in the forest close to the road and went in after them. I presently saw one and let fly, finding to my astonishment that I had shot a pair, male & female. There was a

third there (another ten) but I didn't get a shot at her. Like the one K.B got at Nogmung, these are Black-breasted Kalij I think. The hens are mottled fawn. I had a poor night last night, as my never-to-be-too-much-accursed thumb worried me a good deal. It's better now though and not throbbing so much by a long way.

about 1 mile from Htingnan we were met by Mägwela Duwa (who appears to be one of the big chiefs here, though I haven't yet got down to what he is) and 2 Piatas, who came in with us. The village is pretty scattered but big (of more than ~~30~~ 30 large houses — 31 is the exact figure I find); and the Rest House and Doctor's Bungalow, with Dispensary, are in a grand position on the top of a bare open ridge which gets the sun all day. Htingnan Kum Da met us when we arrived. He's a tough looking specimen (but very cheery) with a broad, rather fleshy body & face, a big mouth, a drooping moustache, and a thin, wispy beard. Like so many of the people I've seen in the Triangle so far, his teeth are just about perfect. Joshi, the S.A.S turned up shortly after, in company with the Tamgrk, who looks so like the old A.D.C's brother (whom John & I met first in Shopando, and who later was posted to Shikaltang) that I almost took a dislike to him at first sight. He's probably a very worthy fellow. The doctor seems to have been finding things a bit lonely here I gather. At least he said three or four times how glad he was that someone had arrived with whom he could talk English! He's not a bad fellow, but I hope that doesn't mean that he's going to drop in at all times. Htingnan Kum Da & Mägwela Duwa came in and sat down, bringing presents of hens & eggs, and they remained talking for some time, harping back at intervals to the point that they were both short of cartridges! They say there is a large ground-living monkey on the hills about 6 miles away from here, but it doesn't seem to be the same as the gorilla-like Ga Woi which La Htoi talks of from below Kajihtu. This one definitely goes on all fours and doesn't beat its breast like the other. I must get it though, as I haven't any idea what it is. It will probably turn out to be a common macaque anyway. The coolies were paid off this evening, and again there was dissension in the ranks — this time from the Tanghtu men who had done 3 days work. The seven of them claimed that the arrangement made at Nringma was to the effect that 3 days qualified for 12 annas wage. Khank Bahadur said that he'd said what I'd said (and I see no reason why he should've done) while the Piata seemed

distressingly vague about the whole thing (though I had told him personally at least twice what the ruling was, at the time); and the 7 coolies all said that 3 days was the time. Accordingly, as there seemed to be some doubt about the matter, I made it clear finally and for the last time, and gave them the extra As 4/- as an act of grace. It's a pity that Piata speaks English. He reminds me too much of David when he's talking, and he's not much more efficient.

Ittringham. Thursday. January 5th 1939.

A completely endless day. Impossible to see what wind there was, if any. Ittringham Kumsa & Mägwela Duwa came round this morning, and sat for some time talking. I wish to God I could understand what they said! I'm making big efforts to learn though and I hope to be able to soon. Ittringham Kumsa showed me his amulets, which he carries round in his bag. The first was the very big (and strangely gnarled) tusk of a boar, a good 9" long. That was quite interesting, but nothing out of the ordinary. The second, however, was a bronze axe head, in fine repair, followed by a bronze arrow head, and what seems to be a small axe head, also in bronze. I've put out 2 of them on the first page of this diary. They are obviously prehistoric, and he says he's got a whole bag full in his house. I couldn't find out much about where they had been found, for they have apparently been in the family for a very long time. He says (as far as I could gather) that they were dropped from the sky by a rat, and that none have been found in recent years. I'd like to get some, but I should think it will be difficult as they are all looked upon as potent charms. The boar's tusk is a protection in battle, and I think the others are too. He also showed me three polished and very hard stones, which also I couldn't get to the bottom of. The first (about 1" long, smooth but rather irregular in shape) he said came from the root of the tail of what seems to be a dragon. He described it as an immense snake, with teeth some 18" long, a huge mouth, a girth like a barrel, and 3 tails. It had been killed many years ago in the jungle by 2 men, as it was sleeping. There was a stone in its head also, but that had been taken by someone else. The other 2 stones also came from a very big snake, but one which only had a single tail. The stone from its head was a perfect egg shape, about 3/4" long, and apparently of agate, black (a very dark) with faint regular lighter bands through it. The other, from its tail, was flat underneath and rounded on top, narrow and perhaps ½" long, also possibly an agate, but not streaked like the first. Both were highly polished. These three were kept in a small bamboo

box, with yet another charm; this being a hair of a "Lyep", which K.B translated as 'Jangli admi', but which seems to me to be some sort of a devil. This also is very old. The 'Lyep' was not killed, but met with in a field many years past. He pulled out this hair, put it on the ground, and told the men who were there to take it and keep it, which they did. Htunghian Kumsa said that he only has half; but although it was in a coil, like the hair one finds in old lockets, it seemed to be between 2 and 3 feet long, which would mean a very lengthy hair, if that is true. It's a very coarse, brown hair, and it gave me the impression that it was vegetable. I put on the gramophone for a little, but I don't think they liked it very much; and Htunghian Kumsa in particular is keen on talking rather than on listening, whether to music or to somebody else. This afternoon we put up a huge bamboo as a wireless aerial, after much difficulty. It now towers above the bungalow, and I only hope we have no strong wind from the N.W. or I'm certain it will crash through the roof. Yenga has gone down with some disease, though I don't think it's much. He has no temperature, and no pulse to speak of, but complains of 'fever' & headache. His tongue is very red, and he has no pains apart from his head. Joti thinks it may be incipient malaria, and thought I don't agree with him the specimine can't do him any harm, until we see what transpires.

Htunghian. Friday, January 6th 1939. Min 8° Max 66° B (6am) 26.66 B (8pm) 26.66

6 a.m Dry 48°: Wet 44°25. 8 pm Dry 54°: Wet 50°.

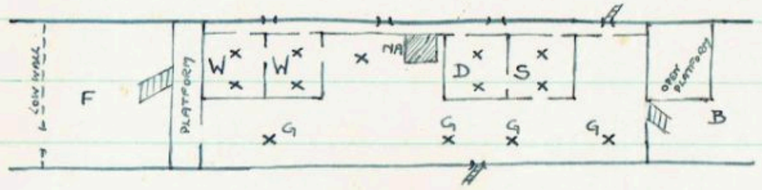
A cloudless day throughout, with no apparent wind. I spent nearly the whole of to-day in writing to Mother, with a small portion of the morning in writing to Parker at the Museum — just a note to go with the list of the specimens in Tin No. 3. One of the Piatas brought me a leg of barking deer this morning, for which I gave him 3 cartridges. Yenga seems to be much the same to-day (or perhaps slightly better); but Htakpa has now gone down with congestion of the lungs, which is likely to lead to pneumonia. The doctor says both lungs are badly affected. I put on Antiphlogistine on his back this afternoon, and Joti sent over some pneumonia mixture. He's on a soft diet, and we'll see how he is to-morrow. Htunghian Kumsa came in this evening specially to listen in on the wireless. I was able to get him England, Russia, Germany, Spain, China, India & Rangoon, and he was delighted — especially with Rangoon, as he can understand Burmese. I got a note too from Leyden to-day. I must have misunderstood him when I thought he said Rs 8/- was the daily rate

in the Triangle, with no return fare. The extra As 4/- is paid on all occasions except when the march is so short that they can get back to their own village comfortably the same day. I therefore owe the coolies from Ningma & Lunghkang Ga something, which I shall pay on my way down again. One queer thing about Joshi is that I have never seen him take anybody's temperature yet, and yet the two patients I have taken along personally suffer from suspected malaria and pneumonia. Very mysterious. He has a thermometer too, standing on his desk in a pot of disinfectant; but perhaps it's broken and he doesn't like to admit the fact.

Htingnaw. Saturday, January 7th 1939. Min 47° Max 66° B(6am) 26.67 B(6pm) 26.61

6 am Dry 47°: wet 43.25. 6 pm Dry 57°: wet 49.5

A completely cloudless day, so that it was impossible to say what the wind was, if any. There was a light variable ground wind throughout. I finished the letter to Mother and went through some of the sewings this morning; and then over to Htingnaw Kum Ja's house to get some idea of what a real Chingpaw mansion was like inside. I still don't know much about it, but at least more than I did. The house is about 50 yards long and 10 yards wide, divided up as in the diagram, which is not to scale, as I did it by eye only.



F, Front porch: W, women's rooms: NA, Nat altar to the Mädai Nat:
D, Duwa's room: S, his sons' room, apparently when married.
I don't know where they sleep before that: G, guests:
B, back porch: xxx, fires, of which he has 13.

In the front porch there are several carved and painted posts, which I couldn't understand the purpose of. I must ask Leyden about them when I see him. It's quite safe to ask him anything about Kachin customs and beliefs. He's got them all at his finger tips. I didn't like to examine the Nat altar too closely, so I don't know what was in it apart from 10 or a dozen tubular silver pots, about an inch in diameter and 9 inches high, which held water and which were covered with twisted leaves of some sort in the form of candle snuffers. It is the roof (of bamboo leaves) which is the most permanent part of these houses. Thoroughly smoked inside, and weathered outside, they apparently settle down to last for ever; and Htingnaw Kum Ja says that when a house is being replaced, it is the old roof which is put on the new building — carried across in sections.

He says a well-built house will last 50 or 60 years easily; an ordinary one about 30 years; and a flimsy affair like the Rest House here, perhaps 8 to 10 years. This means, of course, with frequent repairs to the floor + walls — but those are small matters. What eventually ruins a house is the decay of that part of the uprights which is in the ground. In the Rest House these are not more than about 6" in diameter; in Htinghan Kum Ja's house the main ones are about 18" across; and Leyden has seen some no less than 5' through. Up to a few years ago H.K.J's house was about 100 yards in length, with pillars like this last, and 60 men used to sleep in it as his retainers. After the country was taken over by the British, he had only about 30, which left half the house empty; and enemies took advantage of this one night to creep down to the village and set the vacant end on fire. The whole house went up in flames, and the present one is rather a makeshift. When his sons grow up and need more room another big house will be built like the original. In front of the house are 12 or 13 sacrificial crosses like this  , standing 10 or 12 feet high, and called Nga Nda. The buffaloes are tied to these for spearing. There are 6 small altars, perched on poles, for assorted Nats; and one very much higher one, to the Sun Nat (called Jan Htindri) which is a good 20 feet off the ground — a little square platform on four tall bamboos. above it there is hanging a thing like a bow, with a representation of the crescent moon tied on, like this:-  I don't know (and couldn't make out) what the 'bow' is meant to be, or why the moon should dangle from it. That is another of the things I must ask Leyden. Under the eaves of the house, on the guest side, are stacked the Manan Posts. I stopped there about half an hour all told, and Htinghan Kum Ja showed me his treasures, including a pair of Zeiss Binoculars presented by the Government; a Webley .38 automatic; an elephant tusk given as a present by some other chief; and several flint-lock muskets, one of which was a genuine Tower Musket of the time of George IV. When I came back the Tamyork had brought in a male barking deer which he had shot this morning, so that it could be properly skinned. We did that and he presented me with about half the meat, so I gave him 5 cartridges in exchange for that, the skin + the skull. I then started the Taron Route Report, and at 3.30 p.m. I went out with the Tamyork to see if we could get another barking deer. We wandered through the jungle for some time, not standing very much chance because it was all so dry, and there were so many dead leaves, that it was impossible

to move quietly. At last we went a couple of miles up the path to a salt spring, where we sat in a tiny hide to await events. The only thing to turn up was a Chingpaw hunter, who told us that sambhur occasionally came to the spring, but not, as a rule, before midnight. It was likely to be cold, and I was quite hungry, so we left him in possession and came back. A barking deer rushed off through the bushes close to the road, but we never saw it. I shall spend the night in the hide tomorrow, taking a blanket with me and some sandwiches. The Tamgok is a Christian. With my very limited experience it seems to me that you can always recognize a Kachin convert by the fact that he wears large unlaced boots (rubber or otherwise) with short socks & bare legs. The boots make him walk flat-footed, and they look strangely grim waggling up & down under his skirt. Lhakpa says he feels a bit better today. This morning his temperature was 102°: pulse 106: respiration 33.

Htingnan. Sunday. January 8th 1939. Min 46° Max 63° B(6am) 26.66 B(6pm) —

6 a.m. Dry 48°: wet 41°.

An entirely cloudless day. Impossible to see what the wind was if any. There was a light variable ground wind throughout the day, force 1-3.

Not much today, except that I wrote to Bill and to Erik & Elsa, as the Tamgok is going to Sumprabum tomorrow and can take any mail there is. I have written much. One for Mother, one for H.W. Parker, one for Bill, one for Erik, and a note to Leyden which I shall write tomorrow. I am just off down the road to the salt spring, with a blanket and a packet of sandwiches. I have a feeling that the moon is wrong; though you would expect the Chingpaws to know about that, and the fact that a hunter was sitting up last night would seem to show that it must be all right. I think I have heard that taking comes to salt springs on a waxing moon towards the full; and the moon is now well on the wane. Lhakpa is getting better, thank God. His right lung is all right, and his respiration is down to 25: pulse 106.

Htingnan. Monday, January 9th 1939.

An entirely cloudless day, with no apparent wind; but a variable ground wind force 1-2. I got to the hide last night at about 6.30 p.m. and installed myself quite comfortably with a blanket on the floor and a log for a pillow. It was just long enough for me to lie out in, and high enough to sit in without hitting my head on the roof; and there was a slit in front (well shielded with banana leaves) which covered the salt spring from a distance of about ten yards. The wind was all right, but not a thing turned up. I was quite happy though, except that my feet were a bit cold. I slept most of the time, waking up about every half & three quarters of

an hour to see if anything was doing. The moonlight was nearly as bright as day, so that anything larger than a mouse would have shown up; but the only sign of life was the sweet, sad call of some night bird which stayed close to the hide all the time, and cried every few minutes. I got back here about 7.30 a.m; had a shave and breakfast; and then settled down to work on the Taron Route Report. I just dashed off a note to Heydon first which duly went away with the other letters. The Report kept me going till 7 p.m., when I knocked off for the night. Lhakpa is still getting along, but I've unfortunately run out of Antiphlogistine, and had to make shift to-night with a hot water bottle. I must see if Joshi has any more.

Ittingnan, Tuesday, January 10th 1939. Min 50° Max 69° B(6 am) 26.75 B(6 pm) 26.67

6 a.m. Dry 51°: wet 44°.

An entirely cloudless day, with no apparent wind. A light variable ground wind throughout, force 1-2.

Practically nothing to-day, apart from labelling birds and animals in the morning, & going round to the doctor to ask whether Lhakpa needed more Antiphlogistine. He doesn't, apparently, and the hot water bottle is good enough. He's getting on quite well, though there is still some pain in the left lung.

Ittingnan, Wednesday, January 11th 1939. Min 50° Max 62° B(6am) 26.72

6 a.m. Dry 53°. Wet 44°.

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with an uniform layer of dense stratus cloud: wind N.E 1. About 10 a.m. nimbus cloud began to come over, and by 2 p.m. the sky was entirely covered with nimbus, although no rain was reaching the ground. At 3.30 p.m. a few drops of rain began to fall. At 4.15 p.m. the ground wind rose suddenly from N1 to N5-6, and light rain began. At 4.27 p.m. the wind dropped as suddenly to N1 again; rising as before to N5-6 between 6.30 p.m. & 6.45 p.m., and then once more dropping to N1. The upper wind appeared to be constant. About 6.30 p.m. the nimbus cloud began to pass off. The rain stopped at 7.45 p.m. The night is wholly cloudy — apparently stratus but it is difficult to see.

I spent most of the day on the Taron Route Report, apart a short visit to the doctor to ask whether Lhakpa could now begin solid food. A big Langur was brought in — the first we have had, and several more birds. Lewa shot one with the .410, too. He seems to be the only one of us who can hit anything with that damn weapon, and I must arrange for more cartridges to be sent up. I've got lots, in point of fact, but I had given up hope of their ever being any use and left them all in Pangmandim. They

certainly aren't much use there! I mended a couple of Connections in the wireless this morning, but one of them can't have been very well done because it came adrift again this evening. I'll do it tomorrow. Lhakpa is getting on slowly.

Htingnan. Thursday, January 12th 1939. B(6am) 26.74

6 a.m. Dry 52°5: Wet 48°5.

At 5 a.m the sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus cloud: wind N.W 1. By 8 a.m the sky was cloudless: wind N.W.1. Conditions then remained unchanged throughout the day.

I spent the whole of to-day, until 6 p.m or thereabouts, on the Taron Route Report. Just as it grew too dark to see, Joshi came in for a chat and stayed till about 7. We talked earnestly on abstruse subjects such as reincarnation, dreams, and possession by spirits. He was interesting about the latter, as he had apparently come across several instances himself. Otherwise no news except that there was a great outbreak of gun-firing and bamboo-beating from beyond the village this afternoon, accompanied by yelling, to do with the funeral rites of a woman who committed suicide by poison about 20 days ago. The din was to discourage her spirit from returning to the village and causing trouble there, as far as I could gather. She was cremated; I imagine owing to her having taken her own life, as burial seems to be the rule in this district to judge by the suspended coffins by the side of the main road.

Lunghkang Ga. Friday. January 13th 1939.

A cloudless day throughout, with no apparent wind.

The coolies left early this morning, and I stayed on till about 8.30 a.m, doing nothing in particular. Just as I was going Joshi came out to say good-bye, and it transpired that he was out of reading matter, so I went back and got out "Kai Lung unrolls his Mat" as being the only thing there was available. I think he's probably too literal minded to appreciate it though. I'm only taking 7 coolies to Sumprabum, and leaving the bulk of the baggage, Nyima, Kyipa & Lhakpa behind. Just beyond the village the path was 'blocked' by a bunch of reeds, with a small log across it in front, and in front of that a whetstone. Leading into the reeds, from the village side, was a bamboo strip bent into a V; and a couple of yards in front, and a little to the left, was the headless body of a fowl. Like this  x marks the body!

This was also designed to defeat the spirit of the suicide, and the fowl was to give it food; but I must ask Leyden the meaning of everything in the collection. Nothing else of interest on the road. A lot of birds were brought in

soon after we arrived, including two hornbills, one of which I returned as the hunter wanted Rs.1/- for it! A Pseudoxenodon macrops macrops, and a Trimeresurus monticola, neither of which I could keep because I've left the snake boxes behind; and a squirrel. The headman gave me a salaami of a boars tusk, which, he said, had been carried in battle in the old days as a talisman — but it looks to me more as though it had been sewn on to a Dumra's hat. He also produced a small stone axe which I bought. Apart from saying that it was the work of Nats, and that it had been in the family for very many years, he could give no information about it. I'm glad I've got one, though I want many more; and the next thing now is one of the bronze ones. Soon after the coolies came in I got down to work again on the Route Report, and brought it up almost to Tamagar. I don't think I stand a chance of finishing it before we reach Sumprabum, but it would be grand if I could. There was a barking deer very close to the camp this evening at about 5.30 p.m.

Ningma. Saturday, January 14th 1939.

A cloudless day throughout, with no apparent wind. Altogether an uneventful day, except that I wasted some 20 minutes on the march stalking a macaque which was up a tree, calling, in some thick jungle. The trouble was that I didn't know what tree it was in once I had started after it, because I couldn't see up anywhere very far on account of the bamboos, and because it had obviously heard me and fallen into a suspicious silence. Finally I was just giving up in despair when it decided to move to a healthier neighbourhood, making off with a great swaying of branches and rustling of leaves. I did see it then, through a gap in the undergrowth; but only for a second, not long enough to draw a bead on it. I spent the rest of the day in going on with the Taron Route Report.

Tanghkun. Sunday, January 15th 1939.

Thick mist this morning at the bottom of the valley, up to some 1200' above the river. Clear by 11.30 a.m., after which it was a cloudless and apparently windless day. An uneventful march. When I got here a fine male barking deer was brought in by the son of the headman of Nkaw Bum, who is on his way to the Hkaman with a collection of dependants, wives & daughters. It had been shot quite close to Tanghkun this morning. I bought it, flesh & all, for Rs.4/-, and I will give the corpse to the Leydens to-morrow to help them out with their catering on the 18th & 19th. It ought to keep all right, I think, as the weather

visit particularly hot yet. The hunter says that near Nhkaw Bum there are some of the very small barking deer which Leyden has heard of. They appear to be about the size of a mouse deer, and to be a bright chestnut all over; and they bark, but with considerably less volume than the ordinary kind. I have told him I shall come on to his place from Htinghaw when I get back there, to have a try for one. I think they must be altogether new to science. The headman of Nhkaw Bum and his elders sat and chatted for a while; and in the evening his female attendants (to the number of 9) paid me a visit and sat down on the verandah floor. They brought a present of a live bamboo partridge, a dead porcupine (rather small & young), a lump of dried & rock like tiger's milk, and a little packet of mirmora. I gave them Rs 3/- and my blessing. This tiger milk is a potent medicine for women whose own supply of milk is scanty or running short. The block (which is smoked dark brown) is scraped off a bit, and the scrapings mixed into a paste with water. This is applied to the breasts of the woman, and is said to be a certain remedy. But why give it to me? Some live doves were brought in too (about 4 of them), which had been snared in the fields.

Sumprabum. Monday, January 16th 1939.

Mist in the early morning, up to about 1200' above the Mali Hka. The remainder of the day was cloudless, with a W. wind, force 1. I left Tanghkam shortly after 7 a.m and pushed along a bit, leaving K.B and the Piata (from Htinghaw) behind, and reaching the Leydens' house at 9.30. Miss Bonney, Thunder, & Hashim Bhoy were there but they soon pushed off and I stopped for breakfast. As usual the Leydens were in great form. After that I went down to the Triangle Bungalow which I am sharing with de Glanville and Nihal Chand. De Glanville seems to bear no malice about this slavery business, which is a weight off my mind; but he is still convinced that K.B is responsible for giving gonorrhea not only to the original girl from Mahkumfang, but to 5 others now, and this in spite of the medical Certificate I sent him. I can't see what possible grounds he has for saying this under the circumstances; but he is an abysmally stupid man, though quite pleasant, and it is a waste of time to argue with him. I shall just quietly let the matter drop. In the afternoon we went up to see some buffaloes sacrificed to the various Kasen Nats who have to be

propitiated and cleared away from the scene of a mănan before the Mădai Nat can come. The Mădai Nat is the nat of the Duwa's. Only a Duwa, who is also the holder of the ground, can give a mănan; and even then no mănan can be held without the presence of the Mădai Nat, who is, incidentally, the one nat who never does any harm to anybody. The Mădai nat will not come if there is any other nat anywhere near the place; and hence the need for numerous sacrifices and the building of many altars. The worst nat of the lot is the Mărawng Nat, that of Jealousy, because if he gets into the mănan at any time (or if he arrives anywhere) there is certain to be a fight, or some kind of bad trouble, and that will bitterly offend the Mădai Nat. On the slope of the hill near Leyden's house there were 10 or 12 small altars raised on bamboo, and half a dozen sacrificial crosses. Four of these were occupied this afternoon, by 2 buffaloes and 2 cows, tied firmly by the heads, panting feverishly. In front of each sacrifice a dumsa was squatting, (indistinguishable from the rest of the men as far as clothes and general appearance went), holding the bamboo strips for divining in his hand, and reciting the appropriate words to the nat, to bring to his attention that the sacrifice was being specially made for him. There was quite a crowd all round, sitting about and taking matters very easily; some drinking, some eating, some chatting, and a few taking a hurried nap. After a long time the dumsas turned towards the beasts, murmured a little more, and scattered a little salt & rice over them. That finished their part in the business, and it was then time for the killing. There was no rule or regulation about this, for anyone can do the actual slaughtering, and, as far as I could see, more or less when they feel like it, within any reasonable time. The job is generally, though not always, done with a spear. Sometimes with a dah. De Glanville and I wanted pictures, and chose the Lămu (sky) nat's buffalo, which was to be bumped off by Ma Gwila. He was as tight as a tick, but thoroughly enjoying himself. He took about six prods at the wretched beast, and fell twice before the job was done, while the one next door was finished with one thrust. The buffaloes were then skinned & cut up, and the meat distributed. There is no dancing yet, because until the Mădai Nat turns up the mănan isn't open. He will be brought from his home in the north Triangle sometime to-morrow night.

Sumprabum. Tuesday. January 17th 1939.

I went round to breakfast with the Dudhows today at 10.30 am and stayed on till about 6 p.m., being entertained by Dorothy. We spent most of the time, she and I, in catching up with her home work in Geography and Arithmetic, and part of the evening in my reading to her from some books she got for Christmas. I enjoyed myself, and she only allowed me to leave on condition I promised to come again, so I can't have been as boring as I generally feel I am. Drinks with the Leydens, and after dinner we all went up to the Jaiwa House, behind the mānau ring, to watch the Jaiwa's starting to bring the Mădai Nataling. There were 2 Jaiwas actively engaged in this — one an old man of at least 60 (by his appearance), the other perhaps 40 — both wearing old brocade robes and cane hats with tall crests of dhongo and immensely long pheasant (?) feathers from China. Soon after we turned up, a collection of men (no women are allowed to help with this), who were mainly Duwas, began to dance to the Jaiwas; and, still dancing, they escorted them round the mānau ring and into the Jaiwa House. There were several fireplaces in this house, one for each of the main Kachin tribes; and, on the left hand side as one came in, was the altar for the Mădai Nat, built over a small fireplace. Only Duwas are allowed to touch / make this altar or the fire beneath it. There were groups of people round the other fireplaces, and when the Jaiwas came in they were given cane stools in front of the altar, while most of the Duwas squatted on the other 3 sides. These Jaiwas have a pretty fair ordeal in front of them, because they have to be on the job, without sleeping, for as long as the Mădai Nat is here — that is to say until the morning of the 20th. The theory of this fetching of the Nat is that the Jaiwas project their spirits to its home in the North Triangle, going mentally over every step of the road. When they arrive they reason with the Nat, telling it (with small regard for the truth), not only that the site for the mānau is in every way desirable, but that there is no one present who is not rich, happy, and on terms of the greatest friendship with everyone else; for the Mădai Nat will not come unless he can be persuaded of all this. [In passing I might remark that last night Leyden had to go down and exhort promises from two Lunge parties of Kachins, that they would not start any funny business against each other. Both had come armed to the teeth in the deepest distrust of the other's intentions!] It was the old man who was doing most of the work. The other seemed to be more of a support

than anything else. After two invocations — one on behalf of the Duwas, given by the Chief Jaiwa; and one on behalf of the Government and Europeans present, by the other — the old man mixed water & spirits together and poured them into the edge of the fireplace. He then seemed to fall into a kind of a semi-coma, as he started his journey, keeping up a low-voiced description of where he was the whole time, and rocking gently backwards & forwards. People listened or not, as pleased them best, or carried on conversations of their own, and this is no more than logic. After all they know that they can't help the Jaiwa in his job. If the Mädai Nat comes there will be a hänan; if he doesn't there won't; and in any case it's no good worrying until they know one way or the other. The hut was fairly well lit with a Petromax, but the atmosphere was pretty heavy with smoke & tobacco fumes. The Mädai Nat is expected about dawn. We stopped there about half an hour or so before leaving them to their own devices. One of the chiefs who came in with the Jaiwas was Shädan Du, chief of the Shädan tract in the Central Triangle. He has a fine-cut, ascetic face, and, with his prominent nose and cheek bones, he looks very like an American Indian of the better sort. Leyden says he's one of the finest men he's ever met, and that he's almost worshipped by his people. At the time of the trouble he was arrested (quite wrongly), handcuffed, and marched back under a guard of 50 soldiers. He slipped his handcuffs in the night, escaped from the escort, and was 'wanted' for 3 years, living in his own hills, where not a soul would breathe a word about his whereabouts, in spite of the Government reward. He finally gave himself up, and was pardoned. Leyden says he looks after his people in the best possible way; and as an instance he quoted the case of one of his men who wanted to leave the tract and settle on the Myitkyina Road. The system under the Duwas is rather feudal, and normally, if a man wants to go, he has to get his chief's leave and pay a very considerable compensation of something like 3 buffaloes and a considerable number of smaller presents. This man went to Shädan Du, and said he wanted to go, but that he couldn't pay his compensation at that time: could he pay later. Shädan Du said he didn't want any payment at all. All he would like would be for the man to promise that he would put up any men from the tract going to or from Myitkyina, in his new house, so that they would have a friend on the road. I don't think you'd get that sort of spirit among many feudal barons.

Sumprabum. Wednesday. January 18th 1939.

All is well! The Mädai Nat agreed to come, and his post has been set up in the middle of the mänau ring, with 2 beams at the foot representing the legs and feet of the big yellow and black hornbill, which are his legs – that being his bird. The ~~Comm~~ Councellor, Sir Walter Booth-Searcly; the Commissioner, McDougally (?); the Deputy Commissioner, R.E. McGuire; and Major Stubbs, the ~~Battalion~~ Battalion Commandant, arrived this morning by car, and were met by most of the Kachins, firing guns, and by all the Europeans in the station except Mrs Andrew and myself – we having no official position. At 12 we were all in the Dunbar Hall waiting for the presentation of the Chiefs, which was due to start then; but it was almost 12.45 before the Councellor & bunch turned up, they having been late in arriving. Everyone stood up, of course, as they came in, and the four I've mentioned went up on to the platform & sat down. Leyden then asked permission to introduce his men, who came up one by one to in front of the platform where Sir Walter was standing. They gravely saluted each other after the name had been read out, and the chief passed round and back to his seat again while another came up. It all went without a hitch, at the rate of about 4 to the minute, although some of them were well-bottled, to put it very mildly. There was a great variety of garments. Some were in once-gorgeous brocade robes; some in ordinary Kachin clothes; and a few in ancient European jackets & great coats. After the Triangle had been done and the Sumprabum area, de Glanville introduced his people; and it was fun to see one or two well-known faces from the Nam Tamai, including A Duk from Meting. That over we went back to lunch, and in the afternoon we all had interviews with Sir Walter. The Leydens & de Glanville had met him before, and had said that he was a tenor; but, to my surprise, he couldn't have been nicer, and the Judge said later that he had completely changed. There has been no trouble at all about my going up the Taron, and no trouble either about these cases of gonorrhoea, although de Glanville had definitely reported them as being due to Khark Bahadur. I had a chat with McDougal and McGuire too. I don't like McGuire much, though he was very pleasant. He's altogether too smooth & smiling for my taste. Then, in the evening, we turned up to the mänau. Neither Jus having danced Kachin fashion before, de Glanville and I took lessons in the afternoon from his servants, and in the evening he had in 4 girls to

continue the course. It's energetic and very hard to describe; full of rhythm; and you have to be very supple all over. The first dance was for the Counsellor, so he had to perform too, and we all did our stuff in his honour. Then for the Commissioner; then the D.C; and finally for Leyden; after which it was more or less open to all and went on without a break. The music was provided by several long drums, a couple of pairs of cymbals, and one reed pipe; and you can begin or stop just when you feel like it. I was so bitten with it that I carried on till 1 a.m at frequent intervals; but the official party went home about 11.30. Ma Gwila was the shining light, and when possible I tagged on behind him. The dancing stopped about 1 a.m as the noise was keeping the Counsellor awake, but to-morrow night it will be non-stop. There was a display of sword-dancing for the Counsellor in the middle of the show, together with spear-work, and a quarter-staff bout, and Chinese pike drill by one of the muleteers(?). The sword dance is nothing like the Scottish one, but real stuff done with a dah in each hand. The swords flash round and round, passing up & down the man's back, front and sides, and now and then he breaks into a mock fight, guarding with one and cutting with the other.

Sumprabum. Thursday, January 19th 1939.

The Counsellor & Co went back to-day after lunch, having inspected the Hospital & the Signal station and had what I gather was a stormy interview with the Triangle chiefs. We turned up to see them off, and after they had gone I tried to get some pictures of the people dancing; but I dont think they'll be much good. There was an awful lot of dust for one thing; and, for another, it was almost impossible to get more than about 2 people in focus at the same time. Otherwise not much. A drink with the Leydens after an energetic game of deck tennis. No more dancing for me (or only a very little) but it's going on all night.

Sumprabum. Friday, January 20th 1939.

Mail day, and I heard from Bartholomew, who wrote a very cheery letter saying that he would be arriving in Rangoon on February 21st in the Bibby Line "Emmendine", and would reach Myitkyina on the 24th. We all (except Mrs Dudrow & Miss Bonney) had breakfast with Hashim Bhoy. The two non-arrivals had to stop at home because Donald is not very fit. It was a large meal, and after it was over I got down to the report again. In the evening deck tennis and drinks with the Leydens.

Sumprabum. Saturday, January 21st 1939.

I have decided to stay here until Tuesday next, as I've

got to get on with the report and this is as good a place to do it in as any. Two cafés of 'Salween' came, one being for the doctor and one for me — but as I'd forgotten to order one for de Glanville (who, being Eurasian, would probably take it as a slight) I gave him mine, and now have none at all. I'd like to read it too! Deck tennis again and drinks with the Judge.

Sumprabum. Sunday, January 22nd 1939.

De Glanville left today for a tour round the Konglu area. His mules went via Machega to Hpungin Hka, and he finally took the short cut there himself on foot. I say finally because he hovered and wavered about which way he should go for a couple of days, apparently unwilling to take the short cut because it's steep (though all downhill) and yet anxious to do so because it really is short — about 8 miles I believe. So it's only the doctor and I now in the Bungalow. More work on the report, followed by deck tennis and drinks as usual.

Sumprabum. Monday, January 23rd 1939.

The doctor pushed off this morning, and after bid some I went to the Andrews for breakfast to carry out my promise to Dorothy. We spent the day together till 4.30, largely engaged in drawing and in making a bonfire in the garden. At 4.30 I came back to play deck tennis as usual, and after that drinks with the Leydens. I've decided to go down to Myitkyina to meet Bartholomew. I can come in here with Leyden when he comes back from tour on the 20th February, and then it will give me an opportunity to go to the Babu dentist down there as well.

Tanghkan, Tuesday, January 24th 1939.

I meant to spend most of today typing at the report, but I breakfasted with the Leydens and I didn't seem to get away till after tea. Then I had to go down to the School to say good-bye to Miss Barney, and it was actually after 4.30 when Khanka Bahadur and I set out. We finished the last two miles or more in pitch darkness, and I was heartily thankful the path was good, as we had'nt a light. In the cleared patches it was'nt so bad, because there we could just pick it out; but in the jungle there was'nt even a scrap of light (except when we came on an encampment of 4 Yawyins on the path itself) and then it was more or less luck. Leyden & McGuire are arriving in Htinginan on the 29th. No excitements today. I have left Chetuk behind, apprenticed to the Leyden's cook, to pick up some tips; and I will pick him up on Feb. 25th.

Ningma. Wednesday, January 25th 1939.

An uneventful march. Here they are putting up a

small hut beside the Rest House for McGuire, as the chances are that Mrs Leyden will be coming along too. I went out this afternoon with Sinli, the Taungtk of the northern triangle who lives in Htingnan, to see if we could get a barking deer. It was a fatal thing to do on account of his ghastly canvas boots, which flapped and clattered at every step, so that naturally we saw nothing. Otherwise I spent the day on the report.

Lungtkang Ga. Thursday, January 26th 1939

Nothing much doing on the march except that I shot a couple of birds on the way, and missed a couple more. Several hornbills were brought in here, and now I come to think of it there was a small excitement on the way. Passing a village I saw a clouded leopard skin on a frame by the path, with several Kachins hopefully standing by. It must have been a good skin, but it had been shot 4 days before and since then nothing had been done; so it was more than doubtful as to whether I could save it. I said I'd give them Rs 3/- on spec., and a further Rs 2/- if I could manage to make anything of it. By the time it arrived here, though, it was past hope, and I gave the remnants to Khank Bahadur. A pity. There seems to be some grim fate against my getting a clouded leopard skin. Be me at Revan was in much the same state, only a bit worse.

Htingnan. Friday, January 27th 1939.

I had about 5 shots at birds on the march today, and missed all but one. I wish to God I could use a shotgun. I think it's probably more mental than anything else, but that's not much comfort. If the effect of an inferiority complex is as bad as all that, it might just as well be some physical incapacity. Khakpa is now perfectly fit, and he, Kyipa and Ngima all met me beaming at the top of the hill. Joshi was pleased too, I think, because he is not a type which can be really content without company. I shall move out of here and sleep in this house on the 29th, and this evening we had a considerable packing (especially of specimens) to get the place cleared out.

Htingnan. Saturday, January 28th 1939.

The people here are doing well with specimens, and today there was a stream of bats, spiders, birds & snakes – not to mention some field-mice – which kept K.B and me busy the whole time. In fact I haven't had a minute to get on with that damned report since I left here, let alone get out after the small barking deer (there are two, as a

matter of fact. The Lagoi Chihkyi, which is the smallest of the lot (about the size of a hare), and the Pohkaw Chihkyi, which is rather bigger) or the serow which is now hanging around within about a mile of this place. The small hut for McGuire was finished to-night.

Htingnan. Sunday, January 29th 1939.

Leyden & McGuire arrived about 9.30 this morning, without Mrs Leyden, so I have moved from Joshi's place to the little hut, while the two of them are in the Rest House. We got everything cleared out this morning, and the place spring-cleaned, so that there was no shame when they arrived. It was fun seeing Leyden again, and not quite so much fun seeing McGuire. This evening McGuire, the Chief Clerk, Dr. Bedia and I played deck tennis, and after that we joined Leyden who, with some of the sepoys, was playing that Burmese game where you have a ring of people, with one in the centre, and all kicking a cane ball, so as to keep it in the air. I don't know the name, but it's a very good game. In fact one of the best I've struck. I got the news for them on the wireless, and dined with them. Drinks were on me, I having borrowed gin, whiskey and bitters & vermouth from the Judge when I went to Sumprabum for the mănan, and not having used them. Leyden says Chetuk is doing so well that once, when he did the dinner, there was no apparent difference between his work and that of the regular cook. The government money has arrived in Rangoon from India, but it has shrunk from Rs.3000/- to Rs. 2000/- !

Htingnan. Monday, January 30th 1939.

There was a big excitement last night. About 1.30 a.m I woke up to hear shouting and banging, and to see a strange light through the sides of my bungalow. It took me a little time to wake, and at first I thought the banging was guns, and that the Post was being attacked. I got out of bed, with a curse, and by the time I was up I realized that there was no attack, but that something was on fire. I went out, and it was Htingnan Kum Ja's house blazing. Leyden was watching from his window, and I went round to join him. The flames were roaring up 60' above the roof and there was no hope of saving the place, which had been lit (by a gunpowder bomb) from this end only. There was a most ghastly sight when suddenly a pig rushed out through the fire, screaming with agony, the whole of its back literally in flames. It fled, like a living torch, down the side of the hill and out of sight; but its yells suddenly stopped, and it must have died. The general impression was that the

house had been fired by men from the Wa Ndu tract, which Htingnan Kum Ja has been trying to annexe by the simple means of burying their Duwas — he's done 7 of them — but, as Leyden said, if they'd been going to do it, they'd have done it properly, from both ends and with a posse waiting to shoot down the inmates as they came out. He thinks it is merely another warning, and that Kum Ja's hours are more surely numbered than before. The heat of the fire was so great that I saw a small hut, some 30 yards away from the house, catch fire spontaneously; and the main posts were smouldering all to-day. Kum Ja was in tears this morning; more, as Leyden says, because his nerve has now gone, than because of the loss of his house. This morning he, McGuire and I went up to the helio station, and Leyden took a photo of the Post with the smouldering mins beyond. Like a fool I hadn't brought my camera, and I missed a great opportunity. The whole village was hard at work cutting bamboo to-day to build a new house. The rule is that the man for whom the house is being built has to provide food and opium for the others while they are working for him. More deck tennis and more "ball-game" this evening, followed by dinner in the Rest House. A new snake was brought in to-day, which I thought at first was some kind of ~~Unopelt~~ Unopelt. It isn't though, and I can't place it at all, so I'm full of hope that it may be a new genus. And this evening Mary Ann arrived — a very small bear — who is taking Maria's place in my affections. She is about 5 weeks old, I gather or perhaps only a month. I'm not sure yet whether she's Himalayan or Malay, but I think the former. The V on her chest is certainly white at present, but it goes cream when wet, hence my doubt.

Htingnan. Tuesday, January 31st 1939.

Leyden & McGuire pushed off early this morning (about 7) while I was giving Mary Ann her breakfast; and shortly afterwards I moved in to the Rest House again. A very full day with snakes & frogs, and still I've had no time to get out or get on with the Report.

Htingnan. Wednesday, February 1st 1939.

I sent off a few letters to-day by runner, and apart from that the whole time was taken up with doing snakes, frogs, and labelling birds & mammals. Joshi came to dinner this evening, and we had an Indian vegetarian meal which was very good, but very filling. It was odd to eat with one's fingers. I gather his cook gave advice about the preparation of the meal. Mary Ann is doing very well, but

her stomach seems to be deranged. She drinks a full tin of milk every day, and yells when she's hungry just like a baby.

Htrugnan. Thursday. February 2nd 1939.

No news. I was working in the bungalow all day. Mary Ann needs a lot of petting and being played with, or she feels neglected and moans. But her claws are about 1" long already, and I had to smack her tonight when she nearly removed my scalp! Her tummy seems to be a little better, though it still leaves a good deal to be desired. I'm also collecting a puppy from the Judge when I get back. It's partly spaniel, but more than that I can't say! A bitch, I shall call it Susan.

Htrugnan. Friday. February 3rd 1939 Min 49.5 Max 68° B(6am) 26.62 B(6pm) 26.

6 a.m Dry 50°: Wet 45.5.

From 7.30 a.m till 2.30 p.m I was hard at it sewing up countless snakes & frogs, with two short intervals for feeding Mary Ann. I also cut her claws, to her intense gloom; but she soon cheered up, and it's made a big difference to handling her. She's an affectionate creature. Then at 2.30 I went out to try and find the waterfall where the serow are said to be. I failed, and spent some time in the jungle up the side of the valley in hopes of a gyi or a sambhur. I didn't see a thing. Joshi came in for a chat after I got back; and tonight Yenga asked for 3 weeks leave to visit his home. That's all right, and he can go tomorrow, getting back here on the 30th, when Bartholomew and I will probably arrive from Sumprabum.

Htrugnan. Saturday. February 4th 1939. Min 49°5 Max 70° B(6am) 26.64

6 a.m Dry 50°: Wet 46°. A cloudless day, with a N.W wind, force 2.

I went out at 6 a.m and up the side of the valley to try for whatever there might be — a gyi or even a monkey — but no luck. Thought I pushed on over the ridge and into the next valley, and was not back till about 10.30 a.m, I didn't see a thing except for a couple of red-bellied squirrels running along a branch in a tall tree, and a nye of 6 Black-breasted Kalij pheasants which I watched for a few moments from about 20 yards off. I only had the .256 with me, so they were quite safe. I passed 300 in the Reptiles + Batrachians today; and the mail arrived this evening, which is good going considering it only reached Sumprabum yesterday morning. A grand long letter from Mother; and at last things are moving with her book, which is the best news I've had for a very long time. Also Harcourt Brace want to publish 'Salween' in America, and that is good too, as now my present

for Mammy won't have fallen so flat. I'm leaving for Bawmwang (en route for Tinghpang to meet Leyden) on the 6th

Htingnan. Sunday, February 5th 1939. Min 53° Max 64° B(6am)26.60

6 a.m Dry 53° : Wet 48°.

At 5 a.m the sky was 8/10 covered with shatus + light nimbus cloud: wind N.W 1. By 7.30 a.m the sky was 9/10 covered with light nimbus cloud; and at 8 a.m a few drops of rain began to fall. Between then and 7.30 p.m stray drops fell occasionally. At 7.30 p.m the wind increased to N.W 4, remaining at that force for about 2 hours, after which it dropped again to N.W 1. The night sky is wholly covered with light nimbus + shatus cloud.

No news. Work on snakes, frogs etc, and labelling birds + mammals took me till 10.30 p.m; lectured a little in the evening when Joshi came in and played the gramophone for me. A little crowd came in too, (as it always does when the music starts at Kere) and sat around on the floor much impressed. I'm running perilously short of labels for mammals, largely because I have none at all for the birds and am purloining mammal ones for them. I've sent a cable to the Museum conjuring them to send a large supply by air; but it's a very doubtful question as to whether I shan't be miserably destitute before they arrive. Already I've had to construct a large number of skull labels out of old bits of brown cardboard. They look grisly, but they are quite good otherwise. I want some more shooting, but unless work eases up, God knows when I shall get any.

Bawmwang. Monday, February 6th 1939.

Some light rain fell during the night, but today has been cloudless; wind N.W 1. To-night is also cloudless: wind N.W. 1. A march of about 8 miles on a little less, over a very good, rather undulating mule-track. This is a typical 'Leyden' bungalow on the side of the hill; and the chaps were frenziedly finishing it when I turned up. Nothing on the road, except that I went to look at the salt springs where I waited for the sambhur, to see if there were any signs of anything now. There wasn't much. The tracks of a sambhur, a gyi and some kind of cat were all that I could pick out; but it's a favourite place for buffaloes to visit, and there were so many of their tracks about that there may have been much more which had been wiped out. Before starting today I went in to Joshi's bungalow, as he was anxious to send me on my way with prauntas (or paratas, as they are called outside the Punjab) and a cup of tea. We were in the middle of this, and discussing

international politics with an almost complete lack of knowledge on both sides. When Magwila turned up, cheery as usual; but he had a complaint to make on behalf of the village, none the less. This was that two nights ago a couple of my servants went down to the village very late when everyone was asleep, and made a great nuisance of themselves, shouting for liquor and beating on the walls of the houses. The next night all the men were ready with sticks to beat them up, but they didn't come. Anyway I told him I was very glad he'd come to tell me about it, and I'd see that such a thing never happened again. Actually I'm not sure that it was Lewa & N.T (it was certainly no body else of mine), as they both strenuously deny it, and say that it was Joshi's servant - the sepoy who came back from Leyden's party a few days ago with gonorrhoea; but in any case I have put all Kachin houses out of bounds, and all villages after dark. A monkey was brought in, and a few birds, when we got here. I finished the Taron Route Report, and now only have to do various notes & things on it.

Chikkyirawng. Tuesday, February 7th 1939.

A fine, cloudless day, with a W. wind from 1. At 5.30 p.m light nimbus cloud began to come over, and by 7.30 p.m the sky was 6/10 covered; after which it began to clear. By 9 p.m the sky was cloudless: wind W.1.

A wholly uneventful march of 9 miles rather up & down but with no steep climbs & descents. I saw nothing at all on the road, and, when we arrived and I asked whether there was anything in the jungle, the locals said that there probably was, but that they themselves were not hunters and could not say for certain. As Chikkyirawng implies that there are many Barking Deer, if nothing else, this was a bit of a disappointment; but I sat down to doing the list of heights over again for the Report instead, and that kept me busy all the afternoon. In the evening, just when I was getting down to my dinner, in came a couple of the chaps. They said there was plenty of stuff about; that there was a prolific salt-lick only a mile away: & that they themselves were hunters and would have taken me to it if they had only known in time. Anyway I've fixed up with them for when I come back with Leyden. Mary Ann is a great attraction now, wherever we go; and especially to the women & children. At first they are all inclined to be very timid; but when I have assured them that she doesn't bite they pluck up courage, and before long it is difficult to tear her away from them. They always

ask what she eats, and, when they hear that it is only milk, it gives them plenty of opportunities for rustic backchat with whoever of their number happens to be in milk at the time. There's generally some body.

Nkhang Shangreng Ga. Wednesday, February 8th 1939.

At 5 a.m the sky was wholly covered with thick stratus cloud: wind S.2. At 7 a.m heavy nimbus cloud began to come over, and by 7.30 a.m, when light rain began, the sky was 5/10 covered with nimbus; 5/10 stratus. Light rain continued until shortly after 8 a.m, when the sky began to clear. By 9.30 a.m it was cloudless; wind S2. Conditions remained unchanged until 7 p.m when light stratus clouds began to come over. By 9 p.m the sky was 9/10 covered: wind S.2. A shortish march to day of about 6 miles, dropping gradually down to the Hpat Hka and then climbing steeply about 1000' to the village which is built on the side of a ridge. This last climb is steep enough to be moderately difficult for mules I should think. On the way a barking deer got up from the bushes beside the path, about 20 yards away; ran through them for a little (just a streak of red); crossed the path, and shot into the jungle beyond. It stopped to bark some 30 yards in. I hadn't had a chance of a shot, as I was carrying the 12 bore with only 8's in it; but I quickly changed to the .256 and went in after it. No luck though. The place was very thick and I didn't see it again. We got here about 11 a.m & the coolies didn't arrive till 2 p.m, so I did no work, as I wanted to hunt up the bank of the river for whatever there might be. I started about 2.30 p.m & got back about 6.30, having seen nothing but a lot of gyi and sambhur tracks, and 1 jungle cock. I was pleased to see that, even though I only had the rifle with me and spared it, because I was beginning to be doubtful whether there were any in the Triangle, especially as Leyden has never seen any. Wandering along I came to a place where the path (such as it was) petered out and the only way of continuing was by a primitive, and flimsy, bamboo raft. I embarked boldly enough, after one false shot which taught me that it was unsafe to stand anywhere except in the dead centre; and after an erratic journey I reached the path again. Scientifically I grounded the front end, so that I could walk ashore without the thing submerging; but I had reckoned without the ancient bamboos, which broke half way, so that I shot through the floor and became miserably wet. After that nothing of any

moment. It was a good place, and I think I would have got (or, at least, seen) something without a doubt, if there had'nt been 5 or 6 people scattered along by the river, cutting bamboos, inspecting fish traps, and fishing with a bare hook on the end of a line suspended from a bamboo. This latter system was simple. The fisherman crept along the bank until he spotted a fish lurking by some rock. He dangled the hook in front of it, and when it came to investigate, he gave the rod a sharp twitch in the hope that it would foul hook the creature. I watched one at work for a few minutes. He didn't catch anything, but it must work on the whole or they wouldn't do it. Another cat was bought in this evening, like the one I shot at Shilinghkyet. I gave Rs 3/- for it. This morning I took some pictures of a woman rolling cotton into sausages to make thread, and later spinning it on a spinning wheel worked by hand. I tried my own hand at it. I found the sausages were not hard to make, but the thread was a different matter; and I didn't succeed at all with that.

Nyen Ga. Thursday, February 9th 1939.

During the night there was fairly heavy rain, and at 5 a.m the sky was wholly covered with heavy shatus clouds: wind S2. By 7 a.m it was 8/10 clear. At 9 am it began to cloud over again with heavy shatus & some nimbus; and by 10.30 a.m it was wholly covered. At 11 a.m the wind increased to S 3-4, rather gusty, continuing until 11.30 a.m. when it died down to S2. At 12.30 p.m it once more increased, to S. 3-5, very gusty, dying down to S 2 at 12.50 p.m. The day remained wholly covered with heavy shatus & some nimbus, but there were no more than a few spots of rain.

A very short march of about 4 miles only, rather up & down; and, as they say to-morrow's is of about the same length, I could easily have doubled them if I had only known. Nothing much to-day except that I shot a jungle cock on the road, which will do to send to the wireless operator on the 'Britannia'. I promised him a skin to make fishing flies of, and so far I haven't been able to send him one. I'm also getting very sick of Mary Ann. She makes an infernal noise whenever she's awake, and is getting hoarser & hoarser on the milk.

Tuighpang. Friday, February 10th 1939.

To-days march was only 3½ miles, down and then up. I started pretty early, so as to be here to meet Leyden, and arrived about 9 a.m. I waited a little and then set off to meet him. I didn't have to go far, as it happened, because I found him coming along not a

quarter of a mile from the Rest House. It is fun to be with him, even though he has a heavy cold and isn't feeling up to much. He has had a fairly exciting time in the Ngalang tract. Ngalang Ta, trying to increase his own prestige, did not appear to meet him & McGuire, nor did he turn up to pay his respects when they had settled into the Rest House. After a bit Leyden went round to his house, dragged the swine out, and literally pulled him along the ground to the Rest House, kicking him in the buttocks now and then for good measure. Ngalang Ta is a killer, pure & simple, who is always surrounded by a body guard of thugs like a Chicago gangster; and the Judge was not at all sure that he wouldn't set a spear in the back during the lugging process. Fortunately all was well, after some very doubtful moments; but he says we must keep out of the Ngalang tract at all costs, as the next European who goes there without a big escort will be bumped off to a certainty. The distressing part of the whole show is that McGuire was seized with fright and humidly left the Camp until it was all over, instead of standing by the Judge. Ngalang Ta, of course, will be out for his blood now, but I'll back Leyden to beat him at that game. In any case I wasn't going to Ngalang, so it won't make any alteration in my plans. This afternoon I went out with one of the local Märips to see if I could get anything. He took me to a place where there were a good many barking deer, but the bushes were far too thick to see a thing. As we went along he imitated the mating call on a large leaf, and at one time there were two, highly interested, within ten yards of us, one on each side of the path; but I couldn't so much as get a glimpse. And a third got up a bare five yards away, and still I saw nothing. There were some large reddish macaques about, and at last I got a long shot of about 150 yards at one of them, across a very narrow ravine. I think I probably hit it, because it fell off the branch it was on; But after a devilish climb down & up through very thick undergrowth we failed to find it. It may either have been wounded slightly enough for it to make off, or (more probably) it may have been that we didn't find the right place. It was very hard to see where we were. On the way back I had a snap shot at another, but missed. Finally I beat my hunter at long jump and running, and so we came home. I saved the remains of my gin & whiskey to bring along from Htingnan, and we had a cheery little evening.

There's just enough for to-morrow, and after that the Judge has half a bottle of sherry which will do us for the day after.

N'Khang Stangreng Ga. Saturday, February 11th 1939.

A cold, damp, miserable day, with rain this evening; and it's raining fairly hard to-night. We doubled the march without any difficulty, as the Judge is in a hurry to get back to Sumprabum. He has things arranged very well indeed on the march. His cook and another servant have to arrive well ahead of him so as to have coffee ready by the time he turns up at 9.30 or 10 (starting about 7 every day); and the cooking pots, chairs & table are carried more or less at a run by relays of coolies provided by the villages along the route. Before the start he has a couple of scrambled eggs & some tea: after his coffee at the next camp he has a bath & a shave; and then a proper breakfast to set him in form for work. I had a very slack day, doing little but read some of the books he's got with him. I had my hair cut here by one of the ~~Gurkhas~~ Piatas. He made a good show of it.

Chikkyirawng. Sunday, February 12th 1939.

Some rain to-day, and it looks as if it's raining hard over Sumprabum way. It hadn't struck me, until Leyden pointed it out to-day, that if this rain goes on cars won't be able to come up from Myitkyina. That will be the devil of a nuisance, as it will put out all my plans for meeting Bartholomew. If it is so, it's doubtful whether I shall be able to reach Myitkyina at all by the 24th, unless the road is open as far as Maithong Ga at least; but sufficient unto the day. I shall go earlier than I had intended to Sumprabum — in fact as early as I can — and then see what's to be done. The hunters didn't turn up to-day, so I didn't go out into the jungle. I spent the afternoon making out the list of flowers for the B.M. To-night we drank half Leyden's sherry, watered down to make it last longer. That leaves enough for to-morrow night and he is sending an urgent message to Mrs Leyden by Helis to send some more to meet him at Htingnan.

Bawmwang. Monday, February 13th 1939.

A filthy day, with plenty of rain on the road, but otherwise nothing much of note, except that 2 specimens of Psammodynastes pulverulentus were brought in, and another Amblycephalus of sorts, different to the two I got at Pangrandim. We finished the sherry to-night, watered as before, and if the other stuff doesn't arrive at Htingnan in time will be reduced to my vermouth,

which neither of us like. I shaved the Judge's neck this morning, and made rather a smart job of it, all things considered.

Htingnan. Tuesday, February 14th 1939.

A grim day, with plenty of rain and a high wind in the evening. The afternoon was fine though, and we sat out in the sun for a bit, whereby my face has got rather burnt. On the march we saw a barking deer dash out over a side track and then back into the jungle again, so I seized Sinji's shot gun and went after it. It came onto the path again, in full view, not ten yards away; but it was a hammer gun and I'd forgotten to cock it, so nothing happened when I pressed the trigger, and it galloped off down the said side-track. I took one of the Gurkha's rifles, and pursued; but I didn't see it again. All very annoying. The reason for it's coming out of the jungle again a second time was that it was being hunted by a pair of 'foxes' (wild dogs?) whose tracks the Kachin's found. It came out the first time; was turned back by us; found the dogs still waiting for it; and made off at right angles down the path. We had an anxious afternoon and evening waiting for the coolie to arrive with drinks; but he turned up in the end, with a bottle of sherry, no cigarettes, and a note from Mrs Leyden to say there was no more gin or smokes in Sumprabum. She also said that my stores had come from Barnett's, and I only wish she'd had the gumption to open the boxes. There are gin and cigarettes in plenty in them; and she, as a heavy smoker, must be suffering with nothing at all. Anyway we finished the bottle of sherry between us, and felt quite exhilarated. A rat has eaten part of the face of one of my gibbon skins, blast it.

Htingnan, Wednesday, February 15th 1939.

Rain a good part of the day. The judge pushed off this morning, to make one day of the stretch to Ningma; and I am following slowly to-morrow with Lewa, Nyima and K.B, leaving Kyipa and Lhakpa to hold the fort. That same rat devoured the head of my one jungle cock last night, so now we have set half a dozen traps for it, baited with potato. Spent the day packing two of the big Museum boxes with birds & mammal skins, to take down to Myitkyina. If this rain goes on there'll be some difficulty about getting a car though. Joshi left with the party to-day, on his way to Kajitu via Sumprabum.

Lungthang Ga. Thursday, February 16th 1939. (Tibetan New Year's Day)

It rained this morning, pretty heavily, but by the time I started it was fine and remained so for the rest of the day. An uneventful march. I saw nothing to shoot at, and just trickled along to this place. It was Tibetan New Year's Day, so the servants brought me a large dish of chicken & noodles, and a cup of the local change, with khatas; and I have promised them Rs 5/- each when we get to Sumprabum. A fine new Agamide lizard was brought in — new to me — and I am now beginning to wonder when I will hear from Malcolm Smith about the snakes & things.

Nyigma. Friday, February 17th, 1939.

Rain last night, and it is raining again this evening, but the day was pretty fine. Again nothing of note. Leyden, Mrs Leyden & Bonney (who came down to meet him here) left this morning, and are going straight through to Sumprabum to-day.

Tanghku. Saturday, February 18th 1939.

Rain last night, but not much to-day until about 10 a.m (just after I had got in here) when there was a very heavy thunderstorm, with the water coming down in sheets. It didn't stop ~~at~~ till about 4 p.m, and it is raining again (though not very heavily) to-night. The path was pretty muddy, but otherwise nothing to worry about, and there were a few leeches around. This hut is getting a bit poverty stricken in appearance, but it will still last for a bit, I suppose. During the heavy rain I sat by the fire in the kitchen waiting for the coolies to turn up with a change of clothes. Four Kachins (two of them boys) and K.B kept me company there.

Sumprabum. Sunday, February 19th 1939.

A fine day though there was not much sun. I hurried along as usual from Tanghku and got in here at 9.30 a.m, being met by Leyden, Peter, Delphine and the nurse about a mile out — the Judge in great form as usual. I had breakfast with them, and then moved down to the Triangle Bungalow, which I have taken on at a rent of Rs 15/- a month to act as a permanent base where things can be stored indefinitely. There was a mail here including a letter from Malcolm Smith dealing with the first two lots of reptiles. I've done better than I hoped even, for not only is the Trimeresurus new (now T. kanlbacki!), but all the agamide lizards (5) and frogs (3) were

also. Since then I've filled two more tins, one of them containing what I think is a Coronella, and a pair of Amblycephalids (this has already been sent); and the other with several odd lizards, another Amblycephalus, a black Typhlops, and a mystery snake which I can't place at all. I'm full of hope that all these are new. I should think that any of the other things — birds, mammals, etc — have been classified yet. Miss Bonney left here by car yesterday, and hasn't arrived yet in Myitkyina; so it looks as if the road is pretty bad. I dined with the Heydens too.

Sumprabum. Monday, February 20th 1939.

A wire came to-day from Bonney saying that she got in last night at 10.30 p.m., and that the road was fearful. It doesn't look too good for me, but I don't think it's worth starting in fact to meet Bartholomew. The rain is bound to stop soon and then the road will dry.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, February 21st 1939.

Bartholomew ought to have reached Rangoon to-day, and I was full of hope that I might be able to start off to-morrow when a car arrived this evening, after 4 days on the road. However it turned out to be for one of the P.W.D. Clerks, and not mine at all, though mine has apparently started. McGuire arrived this afternoon from Putao, and it will probably be better if we travel down together, to give support to each other in the bad stretches.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, February 22nd 1939.

Both McGuire's car and mine turned up to-day, and I wanted to move off to-morrow; but the driver said he was exhausted and must have a full day's rest, so it will have to be the 24th, all else being well. Some rain to-day, and things don't look very good.

Sumprabum, Thursday, February 23rd 1939.

A wire from Bartholomew, sent from Shwebo, to say that he was on the East Cap. I have asked Dudrow to meet him at the station and pilot him to the Circuit House. It's raining hard to-night, and the Lord knows whether we'll be able to leave to-morrow; or, if so, how long it will take us to get down.

Maithong Ga. Friday, February 24th 1939.

Early this morning the weather didn't look too bad, and I got all my things into the car, including the two huge Museum boxes, by about 7.30 a.m. We routed out Maung Ngun, the driver, and his accomplice: they filled her up with petrol; and then down came the rain again in torrents, so that the road past the bazaar was like a river. I sat in the car to keep

dry. About 9 a.m. McGuire turned up, and we decided (willy nilly) to put off the start and have another shot at noon; so we went up to the Leyden's & had breakfast. The rain stopped, more or less, but the road was foul, and he was so undecided about even trying that I made up my mind to go without him if necessary, and said so. That seemed to stiffen him, and off we went about 12.30 p.m. We got about 2 miles, when the half-shaft in my Chevrolet snapped; but by some amazing chance we were carrying a spare, and the repair was done by shortly after 2 p.m. The rest of the day was spent in pushing each other's cars, and digging them out of the mud; only livened up when the near back wheel came off the Chevrolet just below Senanghka. No harm done, however; and at last we got to this place — 28½ miles away from Sumprabum — after 7 hours endeavour and dispute. One of the big troubles was that not one of the 3 cars (the P.W.D clerk joined us at the end of the procession) had more than one chain!

Myitkyina, Saturday, February 25th 1939.

We were off this morning at 7.30, and had an energetic time of it as far as Supkaga, after which the road became quite reasonable. It took us an hour to cover the first mile from Maithong, and at the end of that we took the chain off the last car (P.W.D clerk) and put it onto mine — thus giving me 2 — on the theory that if I could make a sort of road through the mud, McGuire would improve it with his one-chained vehicle, and then the Ford could make the grade. It worked, as a matter of fact, but it would have been better if the last driver had had the skill to keep in the ruts we made. As it was he was out of them and in the slough more often than not, and once we had to help him back when his front wheel went over the edge; but at least our two cars didn't give us as much trouble as they would otherwise have done. We got in at about 9.30, and I came straight round to the Circuit House where I found Bartholomew. He's a good deal older than I had expected, but a good soul and apparently very efficient. I think he'll do all right, and I'm very pleased. There doesn't seem to have been any rain below Nsop for ages.

Myitkyina. Sunday, February 26th 1939.

One of my reasons for coming down here was to pay a visit to the Babu dentist. However, he's pushed off to Bhamo apparently, so I shall have to go down

to Maymyo, which is a nuisance. I shall leave to-morrow night, and with luck I might be back on Friday morning. Bartholomew will be all right here, fishing. We had tea and dinner with the Dudrows to-day, and that meant that I had a packet of exercise this afternoon playing with Dorothy and Donald. A fellow called Morrison and a German called Tabel turned up this morning by train, on their way to Tengyueh. They are putting up in the Dak Bungalow, but they are without servants and the food question was acute. Hence they came round here to ask if we could give them breakfast, which we did; and I have told them to feed here as long as they are in Myitkyina. They seem very decent. Stonham is in good form. We drank with him in the club this evening.

In the train. Monday, February 27th 1939.

We did a good deal of shopping to-day, buying plates and other oddments in the bazaar; and had tea once more with the Dudrows. Dorothy is off to school, travelling on this train with Bonney, and playing with her in the carriage to-morrow will give me something to do. I sent off a wire to Major Barton asking if I could lunch with them on Wednesday, and as I haven't heard from him I expect it's all right.

Maymyo. Tuesday, February 28th 1939.

Very hot in the train, and I spent most of the time in Bonney's compartment trying to amuse Dorothy while she had a rest, reading. It's difficult to amuse a child in these trains because there's so much noise that you can't talk without yelling; but she seemed quite happy, so all may have been well. We got to Mandalay at 5 p.m., and I sent off the Museum boxes straight away to Cooks, while Bonney and Dorothy hurried off to wherever they were going. Then Nyunia & I took a car and got up here about 7.30 p.m. By virtue of a wire to them from Dudrow, we are in the Mission Rest House, where the food is certainly good and everything is apparently very well run, by a Mrs Geis, the widow of one of the A.B.M. missionaries who was out here for years. I got a bit of a shock, though, when I arrived. The place is stiff with missionaries (mainly ancient females it seems), and after dinner I had to listen to a talk on some World Convention they have just had in Madras. That was pretty grim, more especially as no one was smoking, and I hardly liked to start off.

However, my room is a good one, and I went up there as soon as I could, and had a read and a cigarette before going to bed.

Maymyo. Wednesday, ~~February~~ March 1st 1939.

I was in luck this morning about finding the dentist, as Mr. Swan, one of the American missionaries, was taking his wife along to have a set of fake teeth fitted, and there was room for me in the car. Major Bepp, the army dentist here, takes civil patients in the morning, and was able to fit me in about 9.30, after I had spent some time waiting at the station (where the Swans had dropped me) to get a taxi, and had been up to the P.O. to send off some wires. He's rather common but nice, and he works very fast and seems good. I had hoped to have been able to get away to-morrow; but he wants me to come in again, so that can't be. I might as well have a good job done while I'm about it. Then I went round to the Bartons, getting there about 11, as I wasn't sure whether they had Burmese Breakfast or not. He was out, and it appeared they didn't, so I had a beer with Mrs Barton, and then went off again and filled in time till 1pm. It was a great piece of luck finding them here at all, as they are going home to-morrow, on leave. A Captain Harmon was at lunch as well (Burma Rifles), and he is taking over temporarily from Barton at H.Q. I handed in my Route Report of the Taron trip, and they seemed pleased with it, so that's all right. Otherwise nothing much.

Maymyo. Thursday, March 2nd 1939.

Dentist this morning, followed by drinks with Bepp + his wife, who is very much like him — large, rather loud-voiced, fleshy, a bit Jewish in appearance, but very nice. While we were having drinks in their house, she accompanied the gramophone indifferently well on a violin, which is, of all instruments, the vilest unless really well played. But she was giving us a treat, so I was enthusiastic. I bought some records this morning, and a watch for Ryvina, and this encouraged me to get me for myself too. It's waterproof and guaranteed for 2 years, so it ought to last this trip. I went to the Cinema this evening, and saw a rotten film; but I enjoyed myself. Ryvina came too. ↳ spent the early morning on the roof, helping Mr. Swan put up a new aerial for Mrs Geis.

~~Maymyo~~ Mandalay. Friday, March 3rd 1939.

Another long session with Bepp, after which I had lunch with him & his wife at the Club. I'm now

finished with the dentist, after having had 9 teeth done, and I only hope they last me till the end of this job. Then I went round the Gardens with Mrs Geis and a couple of other females, and about 4.30 Myitkyina + I left for Mandalay by taxi. We are now in the Dak Bungalow, and the whole place is like an oven and swarming with mosquitoes. I had dinner in the station restaurant.

Train. Saturday, March 4th 1939.

Nothing at all to-day except that it's been devilish hot in the carriage, which I am sharing with a Sea man — quite a pleasant soul. We left at 6.40 a.m.

Myitkyina, Sunday, March 5th 1939.

I arrived this morning at the usual time (5.30) and went round to the Dudrows' at once to leave some ice I'd promised them. Bartholomew has been enjoying himself fishing, though he hadn't caught anything; and, as Major Bennett, of the Royal Corps of Signals, is leaving for Sumprabum to-morrow, we are going then too, in case the road is bad. We had breakfast with McGuire this morning, together with Major Bowers, Major Bennett; and tea + ice-cream with the Dudrows. Then the taxi driver came to fetch us with a story that Kadwa, the agent for the B.O.C, had run out of petrol, and we couldn't start in the morning after all. We went to tell McGuire the sad story, and he came down with us + berated Kadwa. It turned out though, that mine was arriving by the passenger train to-morrow, so all is well. A letter from Simla to say Tibet is off. 'A staggering blow.

Maithong Ga. Monday, March 6th 1939.

Bennett was off before we had got our petrol this morning, and we didn't see him again till we got here. We started at 8.30 a.m, and were full of hope that we might get right through to-day, as the road was not at all bad; but the oil feed broke and delayed us several times, and as it was dark when we got here we decided to stop for the night. Nothing of interest on the road.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, March 7th 1939.

It was just as well we didn't try to get here last night, because the road was thick with mud from Maithong on; and although this was partly due to rain last night, it must have been pretty bad even before that. But apart from the usual digging out and pushing along (increased by the fact that there was only 1 chain between the 4 cars!), the

only excitement on the road was that at one point we found it blocked by a dead bullock, and we had to heave this down the khud before we could get along. Bartholomew had a great time taking ciné pictures of the cars and us working on them. We had breakfast with the Leydens, and were able to bring an offering of fresh kippers and fresh butter from the Cold Stores. We had dinner with them too, together with Thunder & Bennett.

Sumprabum. Wednesday March 8th 1939.

Not much news to-day, except that we have got mules as far as Htingnan and are off to-morrow. The wireless is in now, and the telegraph line has now ceased to function, much to the distress of Bose, the Postmaster.

Ningina. Thursday, March 9th 1939.

Grâce aux mules we were able to double march this afternoon, after breakfast with the Leydens, and thus avoid that grimmish hut at Tanghku. I got a bird on the way, but otherwise there was nothing of interest.

Lunghkang Ga. Friday, March 10th 1939.

On to-days march I missed two jungle cocks most shamefully, but atoned to some extent by stalking and getting a peacock pheasant which was calling not far from the path, and two squirrels. I missed a monkey with the .256, and I ought to have got that too. Half a dozen stone axes were brought in to-day, which we bought up at once

Htingnan. Saturday, March 11th 1939.

I got two doves on the road to-day, and developed a couple of films after getting in. Htingnan Kum Ja came round and tried in rain to get me to put in a word for him to Leyden à propos the house burning. Stone axes are coming in by dozens, and it looks as though we shall be swamped out very soon. Nothing of bronze though yet. Yonga got back on the 6th, I gather. A week later than he was meant to, so it is just as well for him that we were late ourselves. I developed some films.

Htingnan. Sunday, March 12th 1939.

A runner turned up this afternoon (actually one of the Piatas) from Leyden, bringing his automatic Rolleiflex which he is selling me for Rs 400/-. He is taking my old one back to England when he goes on leave to sell it there, and will take out of the price the extra he will have to pay above Rs 400/- on a new automatic one. Bartholomew and I went out to-day

down to the water fall to try for a serow, but we didn't see anything at all, apart from some old droppings and 1 set of fairly fresh tracks close to the lip of the fall. The fates were against us because half a dozen clearings were being made close by, and whatever might have been there otherwise had been frightened away; but it was good fun, and the waterfall is a great sight. I developed some films

Htingnan, Monday March 13th 1939.

Thunder turned up to-day, to our surprise. We knew he was coming here, and leaving Sumprabum on the 10th, but he had told me that he was coming by the Southern road which takes about six days, and not by Ningma. I can't say either of us were overjoyed to see him; but we gave him dinner to-night. Bartholomew went down to the stream by the salt springs to try for some fish. He had no luck.

Htingnan. Tuesday, March 14th 1939.

A fine, sunny day again. Bartholomew spent most of the day re-fitting the Theodolite case, which was allowing some shaking: and I was kept hard at work dismantling and cleaning the Rangefinder, and adjusting the Theodolite. We paid a duty call of a few minutes on Thunder this evening, and after dinner took observations for Latitude & Longitude. We were using the Chronograph stop watch for timing, but as this showed a loss of 3" in one hour against the Chronometer, I am going to discard the results and take another set to-morrow, working with an ordinary stop watch as I did on the last trip. I developed a couple more films.

Htingnan, Wednesday, March 15th 1938.

Thunder went off this morning. I had a tiring day, mainly in sewing up snakes and things, and to-night we took our observations over again. I think they ought to be all right this time. We are leaving to-morrow for Akhail and as much of the survey work as we can do this time; but it wasn't until after dinner that word came to the effect that there were enough coolies to be had. It's a bit difficult at present, because there's all the work to be done in the fields, more especially since last year's crops were so bad. We didn't think we were going to get away, and have done no packing, so to-morrow morning is going to be a bit rushed. Since arriving here stone implements have been pouring in, and now, in

self-defence, we can only take the very best. I have got a total of 208!

Kumhpang Ga. Thursday, March 16th 1939.

After frenzied efforts we got away at 8.30 am, with 40 coolies, and had a short and easy march of about 6½ miles to this place on the top of a steep ridge. We took only an hour and forty minutes over it, and the coolies were here at 11.30, with a few stragglers coming in until 12. On the way I saw 3 langurs, but I couldn't get a shot. Seventeen of the coolies were going back from here, so I paid them As 8/- each, according to what Leyden said — that if it's a very short march and they can easily get back the same day, then there is no need to pay the As 4/- return. However there was some trouble about this. The 17 refused to take the As 8/- and pushed off without it, and four more followed their example a little later without saying anything about it. I don't know whether we'll be able to get others here or not, without waiting a day, but I hope so. We haven't got much time in any case before we have to be at Kăring to see the big mănan. I think that's about April 15th, and the less we wait about the better. I hate having trouble with coolies like this. I feel so like a few haggling over money, and I loathe it. But the Judge said that was the rule, and I feel I ought to keep to it. I spent the afternoon working out last night's observation, with fair results, though the P.L figure wasn't very good. I get Htingnan to be N 26°36'31". E 97°52'47", which agrees with the map. That's cheering as it means that probably the area we are going to do is also in its right place. A man brought in an old buffalo-hide shield (an oblong double concave) and a cane helmet for our inspection this evening. The boar's tusks (generally 2 as far as I can make out) worn on the helmet were in the nature of charms, to protect the head from danger; and besides them there was a vizor-mask of sambhur-skin sewn in front of it (not hanging over the face) with 2 eyeholes in it. This was also a charm, so that when arrows or bullets were fired at the wearer they would strike this mask and go through the helmet without doing any damage, instead of landing in the warrior's face. This is a Maru village, by the way.

Gam Măjaw(ng), Friday, March 17th 1939.

All was well about getting coolies by this morning,

and we left Kumhpang at about 7.30. The march is of only some 5½ miles, but it takes it out of the coolies a bit by dropping right down into a valley and climbing a couple of thousand feet up the other side, fairly steeply. The camp is actually called Lungmat, below the village Lungmat Gahtawng. This means Lost Stone, because of a legend concerning a large rock just behind the Rest House. The top of this is hollowed a little, and the end is shaped like the genitals of a female, and human says that many years ago there was a long boulder lying atop inhabited by a nat who was married to the female beneath him. One day somebody hung out some wet clothes over him to dry in the sun, and this so offended him that in the night he took his stone away to another female rock some 2½ miles down the valley, and he has never come back. The home of the Mädai Nat is close by here, and Bartholomew went up to see it this afternoon while I was busy doing snakes and lizards. He says it's quite interesting, but I must go there myself on our way back. Second-hand stuff is never very much good.

Mästaw Dinpa. Saturday, March 18th 1939.

Once again there was some doubt as to whether coolies could be found to replace the 29 who were going back from here; but they turned up early this morning, and all was well. It is a march of 10 miles, up and down almost the whole way, and we got soaked by a very heavy thunderstorm from 8.30 am to about 9 a.m. That is to say I got soaked, for Bartholomew had an umbrella. There wasn't much of interest on the road, which runs mainly through jungle with much bamboo, but we spent some time trying to get a shot at some smallish hornbills, without success; and later I had a fruitless stalk after a peacock pheasant. It had got too long a start though, and the jungle was very thick. I didn't see it again. This is a grand site for a camp on the top of a steep ridge with a tremendous view N + S, and to the E over the area we are hoping to survey. It's very open though, and there's a chilly breeze blowing tonight, which makes us glad of the fire. Steady, moderate rain began again at 5.30 p.m. + lasted till about 8.30, with thunder. Again there is said to be a poor chance of getting away tomorrow, as we need 29 coolies and they have to come from some distance.

Mästaw Dingpa. Sunday, March 19th 1939.

The coolies cmed not arrive in time to-day, but we weren't particularly disappointed as it has rained almost the entire day, and this afternoon, at about 3.30, it rained very heavily indeed for half an hour or so, with one short interval of hail when the stones were about half an inch in diameter. I have discovered that I have left the snake labels behind, like a fool, and so I am sending a man back with a note to Kyipa telling him where they are; and also to forward my umbrella. I've only got half a dozen labels with me, and those I must reserve for snakes, which won't travel unseen; so the frogs (which will, and of which I've had about fifteen brought in to-day) have to go in to the tank unlabelled. Apart from doing them I spent a good part of the time writing to Mother.

Nawayang Ka[8]. Monday. March 20th 1939.

It rained nearly all day, but not more than a drizzle most of the time. A march of 7 miles over quite a reasonable mule-track. From Mästaw Dingpa the path winds round and down the hill, and crosses the Singyang Hka (a biggish stream some 20 yards wide) by bamboo bridge at 2½ miles. About 100' or less from the left bank are several hot, salt and sulphur springs with a temperature of about 100°F; and this place is apparently a fruitful hunting ground because there is a small but permanent hut beside them as a hide. It is only used when there is a moon, however, as otherwise the hunters cannot see their sights. From the Singyang Hka the path climbs up & down (but considerably more up than down) for the remainder of the way to Nawayang Ka, on a steep hillside about 1200' above the Hkaungtka. It runs through moderate forest throughout.

We were here some time before the coolies, as usual, and, as we are now beyond the Rest House area, and relying on tents, we went into the headman's house and sat by a fire until the camp was ready. Bartholomew is being much troubled by fleas. Only one or two at a time, but they seem to be enough to make life a misery for him; and he can frequently be seen making frenzied hunts in his stockings or elsewhere. He is also very vulnerable to blister-flies, and I hope for his sake that he soon becomes as immune to them as I am. They don't worry me much now, and scarcely itch at all. We've got

two tents up, and a double 'bathroom' has been constructed of bamboo wall mats not far away, with a latrine a little further off. The kitchen is in the porch of the headman's house, so that the servants are dry and comfortable; at this evening it cleared up almost completely, and we were able to eat out of doors, with a large fire for good cheer. Twenty nine coolies went back from here, and at first there was the usual doubt as to whether substitutes could be found at once; but they've all turned up now and we can get off to-morrow. A big Tremesisurus monticola was brought along this afternoon. I did that & typed some letters in my tent.

Htisyengyang Camp. Tuesday, March 21st 1939.

A fine and very hot day, cloudless from start to finish. A march of 5¼ miles over a good footpath, running through forest the whole way and pretty steep up & down. It reaches the right bank of the Htkrang Htka at 5 miles, and the camp is in a small level clearing on the bank, ¼ mile further on. Not much news to-day. I heard a pheasant calling and spent five or six minutes in a fruitless stalk; but I didn't get a sight of it. And I had intended to go out after barking deer, & whatever there might be, in the afternoon, but the coolies said there was nothing doing round here, nor closer than about 5 miles up the side of the valley, so I didn't go after all. In any case the jungle is thick and it would have been difficult going. Bartholomew spent the entire day fishing without any luck at all, the only bites he had being from blister flies; and I made a few casts in the evening with his rod. In tents still, with a kitchen shelter under one of the old flies; a bathroom, and a latrine. Frogs & lizards came in, but no snakes. A lot of flowers were also brought, but I haven't got the pressing paper with me.

Htkrangka Camp. Wednesday, March 22nd 1939.

Another cloudless, hot day, though out of the sun the wind was quite chilly. A very short march of 3½ miles only, over a fair footpath; but it was steep up and down the whole way (through moderate forest) and trying for coolies. The camp is on a cleared ridge, about 300 or 400 feet above the right bank of the Htkrang Htka I should think, but I can't see the river and won't know till to-morrow. Tents again. There is a salt spring just below the camp,

and I had been looking forward to having a shot at something there; but when we arrived I saw that it was much too close to be of any use. Instead we had a drive, with the coolies as beaters, and Bartholomew, the Pyada and myself as the guns. We were all in good positions along a stream crossed by various much-used game tracks; but we didn't see a thing, and when the beaters came in again they reported that everything had gone far up the valley. It was good fun though, even waiting for nothing. The runner came back from Htingnan, bringing the Sumprabum mail. Kyipa had failed to understand the note about the labels, and had sent several bottles and my aconite instead; but as 40 more had been found among the mammal labels it didn't matter as much as it might have done. They may just last out I think, though already I have only got 14 left. I did all the frogs & lizards this afternoon, and Bartholomew mended the chairs which were getting a bit wobbly.

Redja Ka.[30] Thursday, March 23rd 1939.

A fine sunny day, which the local Khamungs were using to advantage by burning the jungle to make fields for this year. After the rains of 1938, which almost put field-burning out of the question, they must be full of joy over this dry weather. A march of 6¼ miles, steeply up and down for the most part and through moderate forest. At rather more than ½ mile, a large stream is crossed by bamboo bridge. The camp is on a small but adequate ledge a short distance below the village, and about 1300' above the Htkrang Htka. The people are all Khamungs up here, and many of them look identical with the Talangs of the Adung District. The younger women have very fine breasts, and they are a nice looking lot on the whole. We can see well into our area from here, and provided we can pick up enough of the fixed points, it doesn't look as though it should be difficult to do. If we work south from Ahke (sometimes called Ahkal, but never Ahkail) I think we might do all that bit of it this time, leaving the north for this autumn after we come down from the Diphuk La region.

Ruden Camp. Friday, March 24th 1939.

A fine sunny day. A march of 6½ miles, descending to and crossing the Htkrang Htka by raft at about 1¾ miles, and crossing a large stream by cane suspension bridge at 2¼ miles. From there the path climbs up fairly steeply to Hpunsang; after which it runs along a ridge for a time; drops steeply into a narrow valley; crosses a

stream, and climbs steeply up to this camp. Rulu is on a small ridge, some 500* N.W of the more easterly of the two portions of Ahke. There is an old house here for coolies, and plenty of room for tents. Water is quite close & wood plentiful. We've got the big tent up as well as the small ones, to work in, and it looks as though this camp is going to make quite a good station. I can see what I think are 3 fixed points, and I took a provisional position from them this evening. There were 3 connections broken in the wireless, which Bartholomew mended, but we have entirely failed to get any but the weakest signals from it, and I can only think that the H.T. batteries are down. Needless to say I have not got any spares with me. All the same I managed to get a Time Signal to-night; but we didn't take an astronomical observation because the ground here is so rotten that it would be awfully difficult to get any sort of steadiness on the tripod.

Rulu Camp. Saturday, March 25th 1939.

The position I got last night is undoubtedly wrong, and after several fruitless hours spent in trying to spot more fixed points, we finally climbed a couple of thousand feet (or a bit less) steeply up to the top of a small hill to try from there. It seemed to be a pretty good place with a long view to the N, S, & W; but we didn't get a chance to do any work because, (actually while we were climbing up) the local Khanungs began a series of fires to clear their new fields. There must have been a dozen huge blazes going at once, and, although some were as far away as 5 or 6 miles, the air became so thick with smoke that soon after we reached the top we could see none of the fixed points at all. We stayed there hopefully for a bit, with smarting eyes, and then came down again, baffled. It drove us to find a spot for the theodolite tripod at all costs, and this we managed in the end. We took observations of ζ Ursae majoris, γ Corvi, α Canis majoris, and β Aurigae to-night. I think Bartholomew is a good recorder; but I won't really know until I've worked out these results. I injected Yonga with .3 gr atebrin to-day. He has fever (I think quartern).

Rulu Camp. Sunday, March 26th 1939.

A fine day until about 11.30 a.m. after which it clouded over rapidly. From noon on there was light to heavy rain and much thunder. The rain stopped about 10 p.m but the night remains cloudy.

We sweated up to our hill again this morning

starting at a little after 7 a.m in order to get to work before the flies were lit again. Bartholomew was following on and somehow hoisted the way so that he was presently seen on a neighbouring ridge with a deep gulley between us and him. In the end he found a path across, and arrived triumphant but late. Not that that mattered, as I was unable to fix the position and have come to the conclusion that Tagulum Bum cannot be in the position shown on the map. So back we came and worked out last nights results which seem to have been very good. They leave the latitude as I would have expected, but bring the Longitude about 1 mile further to the west. Rain stopped any more outside work. A specimen of Trimeresurus Raulbacki was brought in today, which is good. I was beginning to wonder if it was wholly confined to the Tamai valley.
I gave Yonga his second injection this evening.

Rulu Camp. Monday, March 27th 1939.

A fine sunny day until 2 p.m When it clouded over rapidly from the west, and began to rain lightly. The rain stopped about 4 p.m, and the clouds began clear at 7 p.m. The night is cloudless.

We put up the Plane table in camp this morning and got down to identification of fixed points together. Bartholomew was much better than me, and we finally (on the basis of the latitude) got four points. Then up we staggered to our hill again. I set the table on those points, and all lines intersected absolutely dead the first time. The relief and the rejoicing have both been tremendous; and we worked from 10 a.m till 2 p.m, when rain forced us down in fear of damage to the graticule sheet. One of the main difficulties on the points has been Hkangri Bum, marked as Pt. 70. Away to the south east is a high snowy peak, and when I asked what it was called, the answer was Hkangri Bum. Bartholomew has at last deduced that it is not 70 but 76 that we can see, however; and I have similarly worked out that what they call Tagulum Bum on the map is nothing but an unnamed rock, and that the real Tagulum Bum is 73. We're all set now though and given a certain amount of fine weather and not much haze, we ought to be able to leave here by the 30th. After coming back I did various snakes (including a fine big krait — B. fasciatus, 4'-8") and lizards, and that took me till dinner time. The Trimeresurus,

by the way, is not Raulbacki but Jerdoni, the markings in this case being precisely similar. I set the Range finder to-night by the moon, and after that spent an hour or so 'Brushing up my wits' with the aid of a book of problems brought out by Bartholomew.

Rulen Camp, Tuesday, March 28th 1939.

A fine sunny day till 2 p.m. when heavy clouds came over on a N.W wind force 3. Between 2.30 p.m. and about 5 p.m. there was some light rain at intervals. after 5 p.m. the clouds diminished a bit, and to-night the sky is 5/10 covered with light cirro-stratus: wind N.W 2. Up to our hill again this morning, starting work there at 8 and finishing (partly owing to haze) about 1 p.m. There is no doubt whatever that the position of our station is correctly fixed, but I make the Mnai Divide round here to be about 1000 yards further east than it is shown on the map. It may be that the Rangefinder is out, but I do not think it possible that it can be out to that extent considering I calibrated it last night, and the total range (according to me) is only about 7000 yards. I think it must be the I.of I who are out, but I wish I could be certain. Having finished with Station 1, we will make S2 on the next ridge north of the Camp to-morrow; finish with that, and a little from the camp; and leave for the south on March 30th. We are having slabs of sauté yam at present in place of chapatties; and to-day some Rambang came in, which did excellently as a basis for Jam at tea-time. We are on our last ½ lb of tea, and coffee is finished. Bartholomew has completely converted me to the delights of Klim. It's just as good as fresh milk, and infinitely lighter than the condensed stuff of course. It may be a bit more expensive, but it will be well worth it. I did nine snakes to-day (Elaphe mandarina and Natrix nuchalis) and three specimens of Megophrys, one of which is certainly new to this collection. This evening the Primus Lamp ~~faulted~~ failed, and on examination I discovered water in it. Not very much but apparently enough to stop it working, because after that it has gone splendidly.

Rulen Camp. Wednesday, March 29th 1939.

a fine day in the sense that there was no rain, but not fine enough for us to do any plane table work. We went on to the ridge N.W of the camp, which looked a very good place from Station 1; but when we got there we had the greatest difficulty in finding any place from which we could see the fixed points; and when

We did finally discover a place, not only could we see very little else, but to finish matters, one of the essential points obstinately vanished in mist and remained hidden. We waited in hope for a while and played a game of battleships, but in the end we had to give up and come back. After that I sewed up snakes and labelled birds till dinner time. The blister flies were worse than usual to-day, and 1 anopheles settled on me this evening, without surviving for long. We are off to-morrow, and it will take 11 marches to Htingnan. Unless anything unforseen happens we will go down to Kajihtu and spend the rains there or thereabouts, leaving the Diphuk La area till next year. A good many onions have been brought in, relieving a serious want.

Hkunlum. Thursday, March 30th 1939.

A fine day without much cloud till about 2 p.m, after which a N.W wind force force 2 brought over moderate stratus cloud which covered the sky by 4 p.m. The night is cloudy: wind N.W 2. A march of 4 3/4 miles over a good footpath. From Rulu Camp the path descends moderately steeply through both parts of Akhe, and crosses the Htinge Hka (a fair sized stream) by cane suspension bridge at 1/4 miles. Thence it runs steeply up and down over 2 ridges, and up through Kumtar (3) which it reaches at 2 3/4 miles. The top of the climb is reached at 3 1/4 miles, and it then descends gently, finishing by a short but steep descent to cross a stream and an equally short steep climb to Hkunlum. The camp is on a large level space in the village. It was a sweaty climb up to the top of the ridge, and it proved too much for Lhakpa who arrived about 20 minutes after us and came in for a certain amount of abuse from me as a result. We spent a couple of hours up there working with the plane table, but we were hampered, to start with, by haze; and to end with by the usual forest fires which blanketed everything with smoke to such an extent that we gave up in disgust. All the same we got quite a bit of work done; but since we come out of our area on to-morrow's march and move down the Hkrang Hka valley again, this is probably the last bit of work we will do this time until we are in the Chahtung neighbourhood in four or five days' time. Trouble has been brewing for some time between Lewa and Khark Bahadur, and this afternoon matters came to a head with a stand up fight in which K.B very definitely came off second best, and streaming with blood. Lewa actually started it, as far as I could gather; but since

K.B has been making himself generally unpleasant for some time I told them it was both their faults, and cursed them impartially. I don't want to sack K.B if I can help it, though he is not a particularly inspiring character, because he is a very good skinner now; but I feel that if they don't settle down together it may come to that. I got down to Contouring what we have done so far on the map, and it seems to be working out fairly well. An Ophisaurus was brought in which I thought at first was probably a new one, as its tail was very short; but I now think it must be gracilis in spite of that.

Arakhan(9) Friday, March 31st 1939.

A fine day until about noon, when heavy/ limbus clouds began to come over on a S.W wind, force 2-3. By 2 p.m. the sky was wholly covered and from then until about 6 p.m there was intermittent light rain with some thunder. After 6 p.m the rain became moderately heavy. A march of 6½ miles over a good footpath. From Htunlum there is a steep descent to cross the Tui Hka by cane suspension bridge at ½ mile; and thereafter the path is fairly level, with no long climbs, to 4½ miles, where there is a steep ascent to 5 miles. The remainder of the way is moderately level. The camp ground is just below the village and is very small indeed, with not more than enough room for 3 single tents and a cookhouse. Not much news to-day, except that I got on with the contouring, and did two more specimens of that Ophisaurus, which I am now quite certain is gracilis. As far as the contouring is concerned I have just begun Sh.3, and one more day should see me finished. It isn't a very big area we've done so far, but it is at least a start, and if we have fine weather we may be able to do some more before leaving Chalkung. A Zaocys nigromarginatus was brought in this afternoon — the first I have seen from the Triangle — but with only 1 label left I feel I had better discard it in case something really worth while turns up later. I shall have to send to the Museum for reptile labels as well as soon as we get to Htingnan. I have only two left here, and at this rate they won't last long. I've used about 50 in the last fortnight. We came out of our area to-day and are now in the main Hkrang Hka valley again, so there was no survey work on the road. Three headmen came in with presents of fowls, fish, & eggs, and the young headman of Mahkawng Ga (an excellent and good-looking youth who first met us at Htisyenyang) also turned up to make certain that we were coming to his village to-morrow. He said also that there

were some scrow within reach, and an interesting Cave within a couple of miles; so I told him that he and I would see the Cave and then go hunting together. We've got a little hut to eat & work in here, but the roof wasn't too good, and we have had to supplement it with the old tent fly from the 1933 trip.

Mǎhkawng Ga.(10) Saturday, April 1st 1939.

A filthy day. It rained hard most of the night and until 1 p.m; and the day has remained wholly overcast with very low nimbus clouds. A march of 5 miles over a good footpath, which, for the first 3 miles, is fairly level. At about 3 miles there is a long descent of 1000' or so to the Dite Hka [illegible], a large stream which is crossed by bamboo bridge at a little less than 3¾ miles. There is then a steady climb of some 1600' up to the village. The camp ground is in the village. I was rather in two minds about starting early this morning, & waiting for a while in hopes of the rain clearing up; but the locals, on being applied to for their advice, reckoned it might go on all day. So we broke camp and were off by about 8. I carried an umbrella on the march for the first time, as well as a gun, but it's difficult to say whether it did much good or not as my shirt was so soaked with sweat that I could not make out whether part of the wet was rain or not. I don't know what I should have done if I'd seen anything to shoot at, but I didn't — not even a squirrel. Because of the weather, the general state of the paths and the prevalence of leeches (I didn't get any, but some Khamungs who came in were pretty covered with blood) I neither went hunting nor to the cave, but sat at home and wrote a couple of letters. All the women of the village brought in small posies of flowers for which I gave them an anna or two each — not that the flowers are any good to me, as we haven't brought the paper with us, but so that when we come back with presses, more will be forthcoming. Bartholomew says he will take on the botany, which is good, and it's better still to know that he is really quite interested in it, so that it won't be just a sweat to him, as it was to me.

Wadam (8) Sunday, April 2nd 1939.

A cloudless morning with a N.E wind force 2. By 11 am. light nimbus clouds were coming over and by 1 p.m the sky was wholly covered. By 3.30 p.m. the sky was 5/10 clear and by 6 p.m it was 9/10 clear. A march of 8¼ miles over what would be a mule-track if the bridges were improved. The path is fairly up & down, with a long

irregular descent from about 4 miles to 6 miles, and a steep climb of about 2000' from there to 7 miles. It finishes with an easy descent to Wadan, the camp being on an old house site 150 yards east of the village. The best thing about to-day's camp is that there are masses of wild raspberries (the orange ones) growing close by, and we had a fine dish of them for a sweet at dinner to-night. On the road I came upon a group of chaps with a young male serow (full grown, but with rather small horns) which one of them had shot last night. It being for sale I said I'd give Rs 7/- for it, which seems to me to be a fairly high price, and Rs 1/- for a bear skull which was also on display. However their ideas were rather large (probably because they know I buy most things) and they asked Rs 20/-. That finished matters as far as I was concerned, as I never bargain, and I went on my way again refusing the skull as well. There seem to be plenty of serow about, and I won't be happy till I've got one for myself. I finished the contouring to-day, and it now only remains to put in a couple of names. A good few frogs and a couple of snakes were brought in to-day, which I bought as usual. Later I set them adrift as they were all fairly common and I have no more labels till Htingnan. Apropos that I have decided against going to Chahtung this time. The direct route from here (like that from Ahke) has not been used for some years, and since the other way does not pass through our area at all there seems to be no point in our going to Chahtung. It would merely add another 4 or 5 days to the journey for no purpose. We will head straight back to Htingnan now, and wait there a couple of days before going down to Kăring for the manan.

Jangmăja 9a (9) Monday, April 3rd 1939.

A fine day without rain, though the afternoon was pretty cloudy. A march of 8¼ miles over a reasonable mule-track needing only a few bridges strengthened and enlarged. From Wadan there is a descent to the Hpat Hka (the last ½ m being fairly steep) which is crossed by bamboo bridge at 2¼ m. The path then climbs up steadily to 2¾ m, and continues rather up and down from there to 5 m. There is then a steady climb to 6½ m, followed by a moderately steady descent to 8 m. The remaining ¼ m is level. The camp is on a level space beside the headman's house. It was a pleasant march, with gibbons yelling all round. There was a troop of them quite near the path, and I got up

to within about 30 yards and might, I think, have got one; but at the crucial moment 3 Kachins came along the path talking + singing, and the gibbons vanished away. This afternoon I went out hunting with the headman's son from 2 p.m. till about 6. We had a strenuous time and I thoroughly enjoyed it, but we saw nothing at all except for some macaques (which I tried to stalk and failed) and the tracks of many barking deer and pig. It was heavy going and I'm sleepy tonight. I only got five leeches, which isn't bad considering. Bartholomew went out with the .22 and did better than I, coming back with a squirrel. Since Htkunlum he has had a young phalanger (one of the large brown ones) as a pet. It seems to be thriving under the name of Nesbald, but at present it has an awful smell owing to its unfortunate habits. A pleasant beast though. This is a Kachin village.

Paina Ga. (19) Tuesday. April 4th 1939.

A fine day with some patches of cloud now + then but no rain. A march of 4½ miles over a mule-track. From Jangmaja Ga the path descends moderately steeply to the Hpat Hka (a fair sized stream) which it crosses by bamboo bridge. There is then a steady climb to 2¼ m, passing Samatu at 2 m. The remainder is mostly downhill. The camp is just above the village. Being a very short march we were in early, and about 1 p.m. I went out with the young headman (aged about 15) of this place and the son of the headman of Jangmaja Ga who has come along here with me. We had an exhausting afternoon in dense cane jungle, following sambhur + barking deer tracks (for the most part almost on hands and knees). There were the tracks of two fair sized panthers as well. At last we came to a grand spring of natural soda water, fairly warm, spouting up on a ledge about 20' above a large stream; and the ground all round was trampled into mud by sambhur (all fresh tracks), so I am going to sit up there to-night in hopes of getting one. We came on a second sparkling spring a few yards further down, gushing up through the water of the stream, and both of them were very good to drink. We came back down the stream and along the bank of the Htkrang Hka, where the going was pretty bad. I got so hot that I stripped and had a bathe, but it was a short one, the water being chilly-ish. I had collected a

good few leeches too by this time, and was able to give the bites a good wash. Then a steepish climb of about 1000' back to the village, and I must shortly push off back to the spring for the night. I am taking a tin of rice and one of sardines as well as a few beans & fried onions & bamboo shoots, so I shouldn't do badly.

Pavia Ga. Wednesday, April 5th 1939.

A cloudy day, with a few showers between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., and heavy rain from 8 p.m. on. I started out a bit late last night, partly because I was weary, and partly because my rice wasn't ready. In fact it was 6 p.m. before I was off. I took Yonga with me to carry my blanket & provender, and he was so nervous at the thought of coming back on his own through the dark (it was about 3 miles), that when we met a Kachin with a gun he prevailed on him to turn again so as to be company for him on the way home. I said good bye to them at the stream, took up my burden, and waded through the black to the cliff below the mineral spring. I climbed cautiously up that in case there might already be a sambhur on the ledge, but there wasn't, so I went straight to the place I had picked out as a good hide. However, I discovered it was full of leeches before I had unrolled my blanket even, so I got out of that, and eventually, after trying two other places, settled down where I was screened from the spring and from the two main game tracks. Three smaller ones opened out almost on to my blankets, but that couldn't be helped. There were leeches everywhere, but I had brought my bedspread with me, and by spreading that out flat and lying in the middle of it, I appeared to disconcert most of them. I don't suppose I had more than a dozen the whole night; and, apart from 3 rats (two of which were bold enough to climb on to my shoulder before long) they were the only things I saw that night, for never a sambhur appeared. In the morning I packed up my goods and came back, having a short and fruitless hunt on the way with the same gunman who took Yonga back last night, and getting in about 8 a.m. Then at 11 we set out with 3 modern rifles (self, Bartholomew and K.B.), one modern 12-bore (the Pyada), one ancient single barrelled 12-bore (ex Jangunāja Ga) and five flint locks, on a large beat with no less than 40 beaters. The first beat produced 1 barking deer which was missed by K.B.; and the second

nothing whatever. Discouraged we came home, and I had a shave and a bath at 3 in the afternoon, and since then have had the greatest difficulty in keeping awake. I had to kill Reobald to-day. Something had gone wrong with his guts, and he had sunk into a stupor with constant diarrhoea.

Lungmat (Gam Majaw) Sunday. April 6th 1939.

It rained all last night and to-day has been almost wholly cloudy with a S.W wind force 2, and frequent showers. A march of just under 5 miles, over a reasonable mule track. From Paisa Ga the path descends to the Hkrang Hka about 1000' in 1½ miles, and crosses the river by bamboo raft. There is then a steady climb up to 3 miles, and thence the path runs rather up + down without either gaining or losing much height. At 3¼ miles it passes Gam Majaw. Nothing of note to-day except that we stopped half way up the hill for Bartholomew to have a shot with the .22 at a squirrel, and thus missed a possible shot at a sambhur which must have been standing in the path about 20 yards further up round a bend. And I saw a skein of 21 geese flying high to the S.W. Our tea was finished after dinner last night, and we are now down to cold water in the early morning and Klim Milk at other meals. A mail came in to-day, with a letter from Mother but otherwise nothing much. We should reach Htingnan on the 8th. There was also a note from Leyden who seemed in fair heart, but didn't mention anything about the Manau at Kasung. I hope it's still on and that we haven't come all the way back from our area unnecessarily.

Htingnan Friday April 7th 1939.

On the way between Lungmat and Kumhpang I pulled off quite a decent shot at a Langur, wounding it in the body. Then the Pyndu, K.B and myself had a fearful time following it up through the most terrific bamboo forest on a very steep slope. It was cutting all the way, but in the end we came upon it so all was well. I then felt that we might as well double the march and come right through. We only stopped long enough in Kumhpang to have a spot to eat (we and the coolies) and pushed on to get here about 1 p.m. That bloody rat had taken one of my gibbons' hands, but I rejoice to think that it has paid the penalty. Kyipa caught it in one of the traps. There were several parcels here, including "Kai

Lung's Golden Hours" from Joan, and my tooth at last. It was really thrilling to have it in again, though I was only just able to get it in at first, owing to a certain change in the shape of my mouth. However it's settled down now all right.

Ittingnan. Saturday April 8th 1939.

There were a good many showers to-day, and the sky was cloudy all the time. Not much news. I spent most of the time in typing out the list of snakes for Tin No 4 (from No 229 to No 402 inclusive); in writing to Malcolm Smith to thank him for having named the Trimeresurus after me; and in packing the tin, which Bartholomew soldered most expertly. I also sent a runner to Leyden this morning with what mail we have, and an exhortation to bring potatoes, flour, onions, milk and cigarettes to Karing on our behalf when he comes. I hear from the Tanngok that he is leaving Sumprabum on the 10th so the note will just get to him in time.

Ittingnan. Sunday, April 9th 1939.

Rain this morning till about 9 a.m., then fine but cloudy till 5 p.m., when it began to rain fairly heavily with a high wind; and pretty fine again after 7.30 p.m. This morning we trailed up to Umsa 9a to attend the first day of the celebrations attending the final burial of one of the Duwas. He died 27 years ago, and since then his people have been saving up to provide him with a fitting send-off. The whole show will last ~~two~~ three days, but this will be our one attendance. It's about 3½ miles from Ittingnan, over a moderately steep hill. There wasn't very much doing to-day, but what there was was quite fun. The 'lup' was gigantic — a good 60' high — just outside the village, and shortly after we turned up everyone made off there in a procession, headed by the women. These gathered together at what looked like the old coffin shelter (though the coffin was not to be seen), just beside the 'lup', and, leaning on it in a bunch, all mourned loudly for some minutes, while the more enthusiastic of the men let off their flint locks, ~~and~~ others removed the shelter bit by bit, and piled it together for a fire, which they lit with a torch brought from the present Duwa's house. While the groaning and burning was in process a Dumsa stood by muttering prayers. When the roof of the shelter had gone a log was put up on the supports and draped in a piece of cloth to represent the coffin; and finally this was attached to a carrying pole and carted off to other supports on the far side of the 'lup'. Then the rest of the shelter

was pulled up and added to the fire. That finished the performance at the 'lup' and we all trapesed back to the village where refreshments were served, of rice wrapped in plantain leaves, and rather weak rice beer. Bartholomew and I both ate & drank with the others, though in my case with some trepidation, knowing what this beer generally does to my insides. About this time a buffalo was led out and tied up as a sacrifice just outside the Duwa's house; but it wasn't killed until much later, and we actually missed seeing the job done. The next item on the list was when the firewood was brought in for the night's cooking. Apparently at a ceremony of this sort no one can bring along more than 1 piece of wood, so all the men got down to it and went off into the jungle, coming back with a log apiece till there was a big stack ready. That done the young men of the village (for there were a few from other villages there as well, although most of the visitors were not turning up till later) went off a collected a leafy branch each. Then they danced to a big drum (6' long at least) and three gongs, for some minutes. After that the Jaiwa, (who had been sitting outside the house praying, with a spear in his hand decorated with bamboo strips and a small bell at the end) started a dance off. He was the same man who had been at the Sumprabum manau, dancing mainly with Magwi La. In this dance he was closely accompanied by a man whom he was instructing. This fellow carried an imitation spear made out of a long reed, with an imitation bell of bamboo on it. After dancing for some time they came up and performed in front of us where we sat up a small slope; so, taking my cue, I joined in and after a while I even induced Bartholomew to come along too. He looked like a dyspeptic camel shuffling around! We danced into the house and there sat down for a rest (and strong beer, of which I had ½ a pint or so), and it was during this interval that the buffalo was killed. The Duwa then earnestly invited us to stay on for the dance to-night; and at length I said that, though we had to go back to do some work, we would return to Umsa and sleep at his house. That said we came away. We had an early dinner to-night, and, after a period of indecision, owing to the foul weather, came to the conclusion it was up to us to go having said we would, and are just about to push off.

Htingnan, Monday, April 10th 1939.

Rain nearly all day. Last night was a mixture of great enjoyment and hideous misery. We arrived at Umsa about 9 o'clock and were at once seized upon by Magwi La and the Jaiwa to dance. The greater part of the dancing was done in the house, full of smoke and even fuller of people, in the dim light of the fires. Forty or fifty of us moved slowly round by the wall to two drums & a pair of cymbals in a simple, rather pleasant step which was new to me; but after about an hour of that or a bit more, we went outside for a change and continued there, round 3 or 4 more fires. Here I learnt 2 more new steps. At about 11.30 it began to rain and I came in for a rest, still feeling quite fit; but before long I knew that my hour was come and went miserably to bed at the end of the house, leaving the others to continue the revels. During the night I was kept busy going out either to be sick or assailed with diarrhoea and I didn't get much sleep. The dancing stopped fairly soon, but an indefatigable party of minstrels kept going solidly till 5.30 a.m., singing choruses to the rather attractive, if monotonous chant, of a little dwarf. At one period during the night two men at the nearest fireplace squatted quietly, smoking opium and occasionally conversing sleepily; while outside the rain poured down in torrents. I staggered up this morning, not in the best of good humours, with my stomach still in a poor state as a result of yesterday's beer, and discovered that Khark Bahadur was nowhere to be found. I made heavy weather of the return journey, and by the time we had got here again I had decided that he must go. He turned up drunk a couple of hours later, and instantly dropped off to sleep, which only strengthened me in my decision. I have spent a most miserable day, but by this evening things were moving towards normal again, and I came to the conclusion that I was being unjust to punish him so heavily for this one spree. Hence I have done nothing but warn him to be careful in future. We are leaving here on the 12th for Karing, spending the 13th at Hkrang Hka to give Bartholomew a chance to fish there.

Htingnan, Tuesday, April 11th 1939.

Showers throughout the day, but nothing very heavy. We spent the whole time in packing up and getting ready to push off to-morrow. I have got another box of skins ready for the Museum, as well as the snake

rin now. I am sending Lewa & Yonga up to Pangnamdim to-morrow, to bring down the bulk of our stores to Sumprabum. They are going via Tinghpang and reach Laawnga on the 14th if all goes well. I heard from Leyden to-day to say that he can't manage Karing after all, owing to a bout of gastric 'flu, but that he will be at Kajihtu on the 19th. Hence we will go there before Sumprabum. It is just as convenient for us as the baggage has to be dumped there anyway.

Hkrang Hka. Wednesday, April 12th 1939.

Rain until 11 a.m and from 5 pm on. Otherwise moderately fine. A march of 11 miles over a good mule track to this camp on the right bank of the Hkrang Hka. I stalked a pheasant on the way, but by mischance it saw me first and I didn't get a shot. However, having let Bartholomew go on ahead, (owing to my wholehearted dislike of travelling in a band) when I got here he reported 5 ducks on the water a couple of hundred yards up by the bridge. We went out (he with the .22) and found them still swimming about. I shot one from the bridge (he missed) and the rest flew downstream for only about 100 yards before settling again; so I performed the second stalk of the day, and got another. They were so tame that I felt like a murderer, though I suppose without reason. We needed them both as food and specimens, and, tame or not, it was no worse killing them than butchers killing sheep at home; and much better than some of these people who feed pheasants on their lawns till they're so confiding that finally the beaters have to kick them up to get them in the air to be shot. We didn't get away till close on 9 a.m this morning, owing to some difficulty in getting the Htingnan coolies to turn up (why I don't know yet) and the last coolie wasn't in till half past five. Lewa & Yonga are on their way to Pangnamdim. The ducks made the best dinner we have had for a long time.

Hkrang Hka. Thursday April 13th 1939.

Rain last night till about 5 a.m. A few showers during the day, and heavy rain from 4 p.m to 5 p.m. After that light rain. Bartholomew went out fishing this morning and afternoon but without any luck. This rain has mucked up the water too much, and I don't think he expected to get anything really. I sewed a chapli in the morning and did various odd jobs till about

3, when I too went down to the river to have a few casts. It wasn't worth staying long, though, and we both came back just in time to escape the rain. Almost as soon as it started, a big swarm of flying ants came fluttering over from 10 or 12 feet up to about 100 feet, making rather heavy weather through the downpour. At first they seemed to have the sky to themselves, but before long one swallow appeared and then, like magic, there were suddenly between 2 and 3 dozen of them making hay as fast as they could. They kept hard at it for about a quarter of an hour, making no impression on the swarm whatever; and then had to give up, bloated. From the bats' point of view it was a pity that the swarm appeared so early; for by the time they were out on the hunt the ants had vanished and easy meals were off for the day.

Käring Ga. Friday, April 14th 1939.

A fine day, with occasional glimpses of sun, until 4.15 p.m., when very heavy nimbus clouds came over and light rain began. From 4.30 p.m to 5.30 p.m there was heavy rain, driven by a high N.W wind (force 5). Light rain continued from 5.30 p.m on, wind N.W 2.

A march of 11 miles climbing up and down, but with no steep hills. Mainly through forest, and on a good mule track. I shot a langur on the way, but without giving me any cause for pride, as I needed 3 shots to finish it. At least it has taught me that it is essential to have a definite target and not simply the animal as a whole, so it has not been a wasted morning. I missed a second langur badly. We sent off 40 loads out of the 70 direct to Kajiktu, under the care of the Pyada, this morning, and are travelling with nothing but necessaries ourselves. When we arrived here we were apparently a day ahead of expectation; but presently the Dewra hurried down with various henchmen, full of apologies. I like him quite one of the best I have met so far. The big bungalow was not in a particularly good state, so we have settled into the little one which is quite good, if cramped, and will be staying here tomorrow. After we had had our lunch the Dewra came down again to take us to see the sights. The dancing part of the maraw has not started yet. They had sacrificed a buffalo this morning and were generally getting things ready, and to-morrow the fun will begin. It turns out to be only a small show after all. The maraw proper was last year, and this one is just to take up the posts. As far as I can gather it's going to be mostly indoors, so photos

will be off. We saw over his house and then came back; and I had been intending to go out into the jungle after barking deer, but the rain came on and so I didn't. Pretty soon it was coming down in sheets with a high wind which drove it through the walls of the bungalow in a most dismal manner. In the evening the Duwa and his son (who came back to-day from school in Myitkyina) paid us another visit and said that they would be sacrificing another buffalo to-morrow, so that, if there's any sun, we will be able to photograph it. He was very anxious to have a photo taken of his house group and I promised to do this and send him a copy for himself. The soup was burnt to-night, but on the whole Nyima is doing very well as cook and I have few complaints.

Karing Ga. Saturday, April 15th 1939.

A fine day with plenty of sun. About 11 a.m a party came down from the village to escort us up to see the ceremony. They were headed by the Duwa's son and came with a gong, a couple of drums, a pair of cymbals, and a mouth-organ, so we went along in due state. When we arrived we were taken into the Duwa's house, and sat down just in front of the altar to the Mädai Nat, by which an aged Dumsa was mumbling prayers, with a bamboo of mixed spirit (or beer) and water in his gripe. Almost at once two parties of four dancers (each having a dao, another man, and 2 women) started from opposite ends of the house and moved down till they reached us. They danced in front of us for a minute or so, and then passed each other and travelled to the ends of the house again. This happened half a dozen times, after which, instead of dancing to us, they did their stuff on each side of the altar, crossing over as before and repeating several times, to welcome the Madai Nat. Then we went out and sat in a little shelter, while offerings of every kind of grain & foodstuff were carried in baskets up a bamboo ladder to the top of an altar raised about 40' up. This altar, I think, was for the Mädai Nat too. That took some time and I took a few photos of it. Then we migrated to the other end of the house where a large buffalo (paid for by us — Rs 30/-) was to be sacrificed. It took 6 jabs with the spear to do it in, and again I got some photos, which I hope may be good. Then back to our shelter, to see the food offerings being brought down again and distributed among the populace. That finished the show, and we went

home to send up Rs 30/- for the buffalo. The Duwa was so pleased that he organized a little mānan to-night just for us. It began when we turned up about 8 p.m and finished 3/4 hour later when we stopped dancing ourselves.

I've enjoyed our stay here.

Lahkang Nbandu[25]. Sunday April 16th 1939.

A pretty foul day, with fairly heavy rain till 8.30 am and after 11 a.m, just allowing us to do the march in comfort. A march of about 7½ miles over what would be quite a good mule-track in dry weather, but which was very slippery to-day. For the first 5¼ m we returned back along our route to Karing, and then forked left on to the main Ittungnan-Kājihtu road. This is a pleasant camp on a ridge opposite the village. There hasn't been much work to-day, but I have written me a two letters; and after dinner to-night a mail arrived from Leyden. He will be at (or get to) Chatihka to-morrow and is going to stop a day there for a communal fishing. He says there is no room for us to be there at the same time as he has got Mrs L., the children + Nanny with him, filling up the bungalow completely. We will stop here to-morrow therefore, and then, if the road dries off at all, will double march to Dap Gahtawng the day after.

[redacted] We are just out of Kerosine now.

Chatihka Camp. Monday, April 17th 1939.

A fine day with plenty of cloud but not much rain. I began this morning by writing a note to Leyden; but then I thought that, as there was nothing much else to do, I might as well walk down the 7 miles myself and collect some decent cigarettes. So I did, leaving Bartholomew in Lahkang Nbandu with a sore throat. When I got here Leyden had had a hut put in order for us and had sent up a chit to that effect telling us to come along, though I had missed it on the road. So I stopped here and he sent another to Bartholomew saying 'pack up + come along. Have got a house ready here'. For some obscure reason this was interpreted to mean only bedding; but fortunately he brought mine as well, and the remainder of the stuff will come to-morrow I expect. We will be stopping here till the morning of the 20th, as it's a grand camp on the bank of the river and everybody is enjoying it. It's grand to see the Leydens again, and they're both in good form. I played a game of Chin Lon this evening. The first since the middle of February. I had a bathe with Mrs Leyden this afternoon. The water was pretty chilly, but good all the same.

Chatikka Camp. Tuesday, April 18th 1939.

A fine sunny day! (but it rained heavily in the night.) I sent back Kyipa this morning to make sure that the rest of the baggage was coming down; but fortunately he didn't have to go far, as he met them about half way. Today was the great communal fishing, down where the Chati Hka divides into two branches. Last year, about this time, the southern branch was fished in the same way and about 100 viss of fish were collected; but we had bad luck this time and didn't get much. The theory is simple and good. Two dams are built, one at each end of the piece to be fished. When the upper one is finished the water level begins to drop, of course, between the two, and walnut leaves are then pounded (mainly by the women) towards the upper end of the water. The juice trickles downstream and stupefies the fish, which mostly rise to the surface and are killed with dahs. Everyone lends a hand with the business, and the day's catch is then divided out at the end. I had a great time carrying stones for the dam (getting soaking wet in the process); pounding the leaves; and finally splashing around after the fish. I was at it for about 3 hours, and that we only got so few was entirely due to last nights' rain, I think. The stream was pretty high this morning, and when the upper dam was nearly finished the strain was too much for it and it broke. The flood of water which swept down then must have pretty well cleared out our bit. My stomach has gone back on me since last night. I don't know why but it's very disturbed now, and I feel rather sick. Bartholomew's is also not too good.

Chatikka Camp. Wednesday, April 19th 1939.

I went out early this morning in the hope of getting a jungle fowl; but though I heard a good many and saw three I didn't get a shot at one. A hen was clucking in the jungle not far away at one time, so I did a bit of stalking and got pretty close when she fell silent and moved off a little. I was standing listening for her when the grass parted not more than 2 yards away from me and a jungle cat pushed silently out. It didn't see me, and stood listening intently (for the same hen) for some seconds before turning away and vanishing into the grass again. I took a chance shot with 6's at where it had gone. There was a frightful snarling and spitting from the cat, an outbreak of shrieks from the hen, and a flurry in the undergrowth before everything became still again. I found blood & hair from the cat,

which had fallen down a steep slope; but I couldn't trace it after that, and of the ten, of course, there was no sign. On the way back I shot a woodpecker. Then in the afternoon (though feeling weary and rather dispirited on account of my accursed stomach) I was out for between 3 and 4 hours after a possible barking deer. I didn't see one, or even fresh tracks; but after creeping through thick jungle for a long time I saw a family of 3 langurs in a tall tree and made some pretty shooting, getting the lot, and all with heart shots. I sent back coolies to bring in the corpses. One of the smaller type of barking deer was brought in today.

Dap Gahtawng. Thursday, April 20th 1939.

Rain in the night, but a fine sunny day. A march of about 6 miles over an excellent mule-track, climbing most of the time though very gently. We are travelling with the Leydens, as there is room for us all both here and at Kajihtaw; but between there and Sumprabum we shall be a day ahead, as the camps are small. My stomach is still in a bad way, but I suppose it will settle down again soon. Chinlon this evening, and later a man reported that a barking deer had gone into a patch of jungle just below the bungalow. I left some beaters and stood where it would have to pass if it came out; but as there was no sign of it I think it must have turned back very soon after being seen.

~~Kaj~~ Kajihtaw. Friday, April 21st 1939.

A fine hot day, and a march of 4½ miles uphill. This is a superb place with the most enormous bungalow, which we will have when the Leydens go. There's a grand view all round; and, at 3500 feet, it ought not to be unbearably hot in the summer. Better still, La Doi will be here a good part of the time, and he will see to it that if there is anything doing in the neighbourhood we get the full benefit of it. My stomach is wretched and I feel rather lifeless. I played a bad game of Chinlon.

Kajihtaw. Saturday, April 22nd 1939.

A fine, sunny day. I was up 8 times during the night with my stomach and have not done much today as a result. Bartholomew and I will leave here for Sumprabum on the 24th. It is good news that Munden is going back to Myitkyina and that Durrant is taking his place in Sumprabum.

Kajihtaw. Sunday, April 23rd 1939.

A fine sunny day. I went round to the doctor (Sokhi

is here for the time being) this morning, and had an ounce of Castor oil, which I swallowed with difficulty. Even though it was made into an emulsion with Tragacanth, 20 minims of Tinct. Opii, and a plentiful flavouring of peppermint.
It seems to have done the trick though, and I am feeling very much better, though still very slack. A mail came in this morning, but there wasn't much in it for me.

Nburu Dawn. Monday, April 24th 1939.

A fine, hot day, and a march all downhill, of not more than about 9½ miles, I should say, though we had been told it was a good 13. We crossed a stream about half way, and looking down I saw the tracks of a big tortoise in the mud, so the Pyada, K.B and I went to try & find it. I put down my rifle, and we were poking about when the Pyada called out cautiously. I looked round and there was a fine barking deer wandering quietly across the stream, as though it had all the time in the world at its disposal, a bare 30 yards away. By the time I'd got to my rifle it had disappeared into the jungle, and though I sprinted after it and followed it up for some way, I didn't see it again. This is an attractive camp, built on the very edge of the river. The Pyada and I made our way along the bank up stream this afternoon, but had no luck. We didn't start out till about 3 p.m, and by then (to judge by the tracks) the barking deer had already drunk. There were plenty of tracks of them, and I saw those of sambhur, a panther, several otters, and a couple of monitor lizards. The panther had been scenting around on the look out for whatever might turn up, and had eventually run across the tracks of a sambhur. It had sniffed around these for a bit and then gone off after the beast. It seems to me that animals must be able to recognize from tracks which way to go by sight and not by smell. There were a lot of jungle fowl about, but the Pyada, who had the shot gun, only got me shot, and that he missed. Bartholomew was out fishing. He didn't get anything (though I saw a lot of fish about), but on my way back I took a shot at one, of about 5 lbs, with the rifle. I must have just creased it. It came to the top, belly up, but it took about 5 minutes for a man to turn up in a canoe, and when he seized it it just had energy enough left to wriggle free and go to the bottom. It came up again once more, but then went for good. My stomach seems to be fit again now, thank God.

Sinan Ittra Camp. Tuesday. April 25th 1939.

A very hot day with plenty of sun. A march of 18 3/4 miles, up and down, over a good mule-track. There was a bit of a hitch over coolies this morning as 14 of the men wanted to go back. Normally there are plenty to be had from a big village a couple of miles back along the path from Nbum Jaru; but as luck would have it the whole place (apart from the halt + the maimed) had gone up to Kajitthu to see Leyden about some law-suit. In the end he set off after the 12 who were coming on, and left the Pyadar with the rest of the loads, in the belief that he would be able to get coolies when Leyden turned up there to-day and the villagers came back. He and they arrived here late to-night. There was nothing of interest on the road except that lizards are out in hundreds now, (Lygosoma that is) and that I caught a couple of Natrix subminiata helleri which I let go almost at once. By the end of the march I was exhausted (a combination of heat and hang-over from my stomach?) but I was revived by a most glorious bathe with Bartholomew in a deep pool just below the bungalow. The water must have been at least 70°. It was lovely. I had a short nap in the afternoon — a thing I hardly ever do — and went down in the evening to watch Bartholomew fishing. He caught a small Redfish in our bathing pool and then decided to wade over just above the rapids and try the other side. It was a grand sight. He got about half way, and then, after falling several times, he stuck completely. Three naked Khasiongs, who had been bathing higher up, rushed to his aid, and, arm in arm, they looked like some kind of dismal folk-dance, swaying backwards + forwards and disappearing in rotation. He didn't get anything else, and at last I went in for another bathe. It was getting dark and I caught my hand on a rock in deep water and pulled off my ring, which is a dead loss. There isn't a hope of getting it out again even in daylight, as the current is very strong there.

Sumprabum. Wednesday. April 26th 1939.

A fine sunny day, and pretty hot. A march of 10½ miles over a good and very pleasant mule-track, along which I saw 3 squirrels and nothing else of interest. We dropped in at Bonney's on arrival and pretty well drank her out of lemon squash and tea; and we went to her for tea in the afternoon and had some grand waffles. Mrs Leyden has made our house look

magnificent with curtains in all the rooms, and a carpet and tiger skin in the dining room. It's been very good of her and it makes a tremendous difference. A man brought in what I take to be a hamadryad (though I haven't yet classified it) of about 7 feet in length. It was killed close to the path we used to-day, and is a bit battered but well worth having.

Sumprabum. Thursday, April 27th 1939.

A fine day, but cloudy. The Leydens came in to-day about 11.45, and I spent most of the afternoon up there. He has been collecting information about the biggest of these mysterious 'monkeys' (the Māshang Jiwoi) which hang out in the dense forest near Sadon and north of the Hukawng, besides possibly in the South Triangle. They are said to be at least 6'5" in height, walking erect and living singly. The natives are terrified of them and even when they are seen (which is rarely) they will run rather than shoot. All the same one was killed near Sadon some time ago, and its scalp and finger nails have been preserved as charms — the latter being about twice as big as a man's. It's toes must be turned up somehow, because in walking it leaves the marks of only the heel and the ball of the foot. It is a great paddy eater, and occasionally tears down the walls of the Taungya huts to get at the paddy stored there. The Gawoi stands only about 5' high, I gather, and is also fierce and erect; but its tracks are like those of a big monkey and it moves in pairs. I am sacking K.B at last. He was drunk again last night, and much the same this morning; and I think I should be able to get someone here to take his place without much trouble.

Sumprabum. Friday, April 28th 1939.

A most grisly mail to-day, without a single letter for me. I paid off K.B to-day, and have taken on ~~Kwaw~~ Hkawng Hpung, the pyada who came with us from Htingnan on the Ahke trip, and also round via Kajihtu. He has resigned from the police and I am giving him Rs 35/- a month with the prospect of a raise to 45/- when he becomes a good skinner. We had the Leydens down for drinks this evening, and I had told N.T to fry some herring roes and chipolatas as snacks. Nothing turned up, however, and when I went to investigate I found him in a drunken stupor. Eventually the Leydens' own cook came down and did his stuff, but of course he had to go back to cook their dinner, and ours was a mockery. I have come to the conclusion that it would

be better if I got rid of all the servants and took on Kachins instead. They seem to degenerate in this country, and they're all taking to drink, except Htakpa — and he never washes either himself or his clothes, which is a trial in a hot country. I shall ask Leyden about the possibility of getting others. Htawng Htung is off to Htingnam to settle things there, and will be back on the 5th.

Sumprabum, Saturday April 29th 1939.

N.T. was still drunk today, and he has been given the sack, though I shall hang on to him till I get another cook. I asked Leyden about things and he said that it could be managed. He said too that the people in the Triangle cannot stand Lewa & Co for various reasons such as that (a) they try to use force with the locals; (b) they cannot understand the language, and when explanations are offered they are brushed aside with blows; and so on. He says the Triangle people have got quite attached to me personally, and say openly that it is a pity so good a master has such rotten servants. To do Lewa & Co justice, they were good in Tibet, and I think it is the country here which is their undoing; but they must go, all the same. I shall not sack them, because I may need them when I next go to Tibet, but I shall pay them off for this trip on the grounds that fever is bad round Ningchangyang, where we shall spend most of the rains, and that I want no more deaths among them. This excuse has the advantage of being perfectly true!

Sumprabum, Sunday, April 30th 1939.

Not much news today, except that Durrant is arriving on the 1st to take Thunder's place; and Sayer on the 3rd to replace Leyden, who is staying till the 10th.

Sumprabum, Monday, May 1st 1939.

I went down towards Machega to meet Durrant shortly after 9 a.m., and ran into him a couple of miles along the road. He had had a mule killed by a tiger 3 marches out, and I was full of hope that it might be worth trekking off there at first; but I came to the conclusion it wouldn't be. Too far for one thing. I went up to Thunder's house with him, and sat drinking beer and chatting till 4. In that time we only had 3 bottles each (Dyer, Peakin), but the result was terrible. I wasn't right (though Thunder was, and Durrant well on the way), but I had the most awful mouth and felt dreadful. Thunder is off on the 3rd, and seems anxious to get to Myitkyina as soon as possible, though I don't imagine he will get much of a welcome.

Sumprabum. Tuesday May 2nd 1939

La Doi arrived from Kajihtu this morning, with the news that a big python had been caught alive for me, and was being preserved in the village. It said it was well over 20' long and must have recently fed, because it was very sluggish when captured. The two men who found it tied it up and carried it in on a doolie, staggering under the weight. It has undertaken not only to find me good servants, but also to get our roof here repaired at a reasonable cost. I had asked one of the local contractors what he wanted for it, and he said Rs 200/-, so I turned him out. La Doi's man will do it certainly for not more than Rs 50/-, which is much nearer the mark. We went up and had drinks with Durant and Thunder this evening, and stayed to an indifferent meal.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, May 3rd 1939.

Thunder left for Nyirkyina this morning on foot, expecting to be caught up by Sayer's car when it goes back; and Sayer came in this afternoon. We went round to the Leydens' for drinks and found him there. I don't like him at all. He's one of those rather superior young men (very common nowadays) who think

they know everything; and, to make matters worse, he shaves his legs like a dawn chorus girl, and looks, with a thin moustache, like an ice-cream merchant. It makes me grieve more than ever that the Leydens are going on leave; but I don't see why I should meet him more often than the barest minimum, and anyway we'll be out most of the rains. I've been doing a certain amount of developing since getting here, including one of Leyden's films this morning. I'm taking on Misha, the hound (a blend of cocker and Fox Terrier, with leanings towards the former) when they go. She's a good little thing, and devoted to Peter, whom she never leaves. I hope she doesn't miss him for too long.

Sumprabum. Thursday May 4th 1939.

The troops were out on the range this afternoon, so I went down to join them to try out the .375 which I thought was firing about a foot high at 100 yards. It was quite true (my suspicion) and I have handed it over to the armourer to make a new foresight for it. He will have done it by to-morrow, when I shall be able to test it again. The usual game of deck tennis this evening, at which Sayer made a damn fool of himself. I can't imagine why so many people persist in the belief that they are comedians of a high order, when they only succeed in ruining other peoples' pleasure. Leyden can't stand him either, and is furious because he has brought up a Burmese prostitute with him to pass the time with. I sympathize with the Judge, especially as the woman will undoubtedly live in his house. This afternoon I took on Lashu La (ex. pyada) as cook, till we can get a proper one when he will be bearer. He doesn't know much about cooking, but is learning from the Leyden's man. He's a good chap, I think.

Sumprabum. Friday, May 5th 1939.

More shooting this afternoon. The new foresight was such a success that, from firing a foot high, the old rifle was at least 2 feet low; but that was a good fault, and, with the aid of a file, the armourer got it dead in the end. I fired about 12 shots with it all told, wearing only a shirt, and feel as if my shoulder had been kicked by a lusty mule. The recoil is a good deal heavier than with a .303. I also took down the ~~.375~~ .256 for centreing, and found that was about 3 inches to the left. It too is all right now, and I can rely on them both.

Sumprabum. Saturday May 6th 1939.

Mne shooting this morning, at 200 yards, but only to see what the sighting was at that range in case I have any long shots next year at Takin round the Diphuk La. It was a bright sunny day, and I don't know whether that had anything to do with it or not; but I found it needed the 300 yard flap to get the bull — the rifle being the .275. I didn't take out the other. I should like to try it again on a cloudy day.

Sumprabum, Sunday May 7th 1939.

No news. Just the usual peaceful life, with deck tennis in the evening, and drinks at the Leydens afterwards. A wire came in from Putao to say that Lewa is there, and asking whether he is justified in taking some of the boxes out of the Quarter Guard. A marbled cat cub (name of Melchizedek) was sold to me for Rs 2/-. About a month old, I should say, and very fierce. Thank God we can get milk here.

Sumprabum, Monday May 8th 1939.

The headman of the Gurkha village came in this morning with 2 men from Hkinda to say that the tiger had killed last night not far off, so I left about half past ten with Hkawng Hpung to investigate. The kill was about 3 miles away, just over the top of the hill that leads down to Machega. It was a good sized buffalo, but it had certainly not been killed last night. I should think on the 6th probably, though the tiger had certainly fed again last night. It was in a small narrow ravine, and very high. The hind quarters had been eaten, and the remainder looked as if it had been smitten with leprosy, covered with great patches of white flies' eggs, some of them about 2 square feet in area. There was no good tree for a machan, so the two Hkindu men set to work cutting bamboo and stuff and put me up for me. It was a bit close, as the furthest we could get with any hope of seeing the kill was only some 20 yards; but it was on the edge of the ravine and to a good 40' up. I had expected to have been able to get back to the house in the afternoon to change into long trousers and things; but the work wasn't done till 4.30, and very rashly I decided to stay as I was, in shorts and a white shirt. It was stupid, because mosquitoes and sandflies came in their millions as dusk fell, and I had the hell of a time. It was quite impossible for me to sit still, and I think if

the tiger had come back he couldn't have failed to spot me. He didn't, however. At 7 or so a barking deer began to call loudly some way down the valley, towards where the tiger was said to be lying up, and I thought it had probably crossed the tiger's track of the morning. Half an hour later the tiger woke up, and let off a round dozen hearty roars. It wasn't more than ½ mile off, and I got ready for him with great joy. Nothing happened for some time, and then the barking deer called again, much closer. The next thing I heard was a heavy thud and a crash, 100 or three hundred yards off, and I knew the worst had happened. The tiger must have walked into that damn gyi and taken it, instead of coming back for a good meal of ripe buffalo. I heard it dragging it for a little, and then there was silence again. More from cussedness than anything else I waited in the machan till half past nine, and then came down and walked home. I can't say I enjoy walking through the jungle at night, when I know there's a tiger somewhere near (even when it's just killed), but there are always compensations; and this time it was the patches of glorious jasmine. Like scent which I kept on coming across. They were too lovely for words. I don't bother about sitting up again over that buffalo. It's getting too old now, and my one hope is that the tiger will kill again before we leave here.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, May 9th 1939.

Heavy rain fell last night after I got in, and all this morning, so the Leydens decided not to wait till to-morrow in case the road got too bad. I went up to see them this morning, and stayed till they pushed off shortly after 12. I feel quite sad about them going, but it will do the Judge a lot of good. He works too hard and could do with a change. Then say they will look up Mother in London. They'll be back in February, and I'm looking forward to it already. I took on Utpisi Nawng (also an ex-service man, a Lance-naik) this morning to act as Bartholomew's boy, and Mischa too now joined the household. She's a good little bitch. I hope a panther doesn't get her in the South.

Sumprabum, Wednesday May 10th 1939.

A fine and very hot day, which made me feel very slack. I sent a cable to William for his birthday, and then took Mischa for a walk to the Gurkha basti to give the headman a tip for bringing me news of the tiger, and to encourage him to go on with the good work.

He wasn't there, but I found one of the villagers working in a field and gave it to him to hand on. I hear the Leydens' car (one of the two) has broken down at Maihtong, and that they may leave their baggage until another can come up & fetch it, and all march down in the one which is still working. Luckily there's plenty of time before their boat sails from Rangoon. We de-flead Mischa this afternoon, and got, I should think, about 200 off her. Even now she isn't quite free, but there can't be very many left. Melchizedek is still as fierce as ever, and hard to feed. I must try to get a baby's bottle in the bazaar, because I think that once her feeding becomes a comfortable matter she may settle down and get tame.

Sumprabum. Sunday. May 11th 1939. (Bill's Birthday)

A fine, hot day, during which I didn't do much but write letters until the evening. Nem went down to the Gurkha basti again to make sure that the headman had got his tip; and after that Mischa and I went up to the signal hill to see if we could see the snow beyond Putao. It was too dark by the time I got there, but I saw a grand exhibition of lightning instead. Some of the flashes looked as if they were going upwards and not down as they usually do; but I can't swear to this. I must look out again next time there's a storm and make certain. I dropped in at Dumant's on the way back, about 8 o'clock, and stayed there till after 9, when Hkawng Hpung came to fetch me with a torch. Mischa was with me the whole day, and won't leave me now for more than a few minutes at a time. We were able to get Melchizedek's feeding bottle in the bazaar all right. The only thing is, the cub eats a nipple a day, and I only hope they have a plentiful stock in the shops.

Sumprabum, Friday, May 12th 1939.

A fine hot day, with practically no wind. The mail came in this morning, and with it the Primaflex camera, which now seems to be in good order. I took it and Mischa out about mid-day along the water road to test it; and afterwards came back to write some more letters. I had a whole pile to answer, which, owing to lack of space on the table, I had put on the floor by my chair. A zealous servant had opined that they were waste paper, and they've all been burnt! I can't remember several of the names, and half the addresses. I went for another walk this evening along the water road and up the stream to the signal hill, where Mischa put up a hare and a half of partridge. There

was a jungle cock calling too, and I think it might be worth while taking a gun up some day. I stopped at Dunaut's on the way back to hear the news; and brought him here for dinner. We were celebrating Bill's birthday (in place of mine, which is too near Bartholomew's) and the meal, arranged by B, was very good. Both Dunaut and I have gone strictly on the waggon since yesterday, for no particular reason except that we feel like it. Our drink now is Lime Juice.

Sumprabum, Saturday May 13th 1939.

Heavy clouds most of the day, and some light rain in the afternoon. Major Stirling turned up on his way back from Nawng Itkai, and was going to stop the night with Dunaut. However, he saw that the weather didn't look too good, and so pushed off after lunch in the car which came for him yesterday. He got about 20 fish at Nawng Itkai, none of much over 20 lbs, and almost all by trolling between there and Kaukin. He's a good soul. I had lunch with him and Dunaut. Just after he went off, the old doctor arrived, leaving on pension, and we all had dinner with Dunaut. Altogether I seem to have spent most of the day up there. Mischa is in good form now and very cheerful; and Melchizedek is getting on too, though still very fierce. I finally kicked Nyima Tondrup out this evening. He was drunk again, and making the devil of a noise in the back quarters, so I paid him off at once.

Sumprabum, Sunday May 14th 1939.

Nihal Chand pushed off this morning after a heavy shower which lasted from 6 a.m till about 11 a.m. The rest of the day was cloudy, but no more rain fell. I spent most of it talking with Dunaut in his house, and had some good games of deck tennis in the evening. We have taken on Ittingnu Gawng Itka, a young Kachin, as cook; and are now complete for servants. Lhakpa gave notice to-night, knowing that he will be going sometime, and wanting to go with Nyima, I think. That saves trouble.

Sumprabum, Monday May 15th 1939.

A foully wet day until the late evening, and I think the rains have really come now. A wire came from Dudrow to-day to say that Lanan La, McGinness's cook, is free for 7 months; so I sent back that we would have him at Rs 35/- a month & food if that suited him, he to go direct to Kajihtu. In 7 months he ought to be able to teach Ittingnu Gawng Itka all he knows, and then will have good food for the rest

of the trip. A muleteer arrived here at 4.30 pm with news that a tiger had killed one of his mules last night just below Wasat Htkn, about a couple of miles away. I pushed off at once with Htkaung Hpung + the Chinese, and we eventually found the corpse in a dreadful bit of bamboo forest, with not a tree of any size for miles. The rear half of the animal had been eaten completely, and the remains dragged 100 yards from the place of the kill. I ought to have sent back at once for rope to peg it down with; but like a fool I trusted to luck, and we set to work in a machan. By 7 o'clock we had made a tiny erection in a very flimsy tree about 40 yards from the kill, and had cleared just enough bamboo to let me see it; so Htkaung Hpung went back and I sat down to wait. At 8 o'clock there was a sudden crashing + dragging from where the kill had been. The damn tiger had removed it again, part dragging + part carrying, to take it a further 150 yards down the hill. Needless to say I could see nothing, but I had the pleasure of listening to him making a hearty meal. After some minutes of that I went home, getting in just as dinner was being finished. Shi Nirasin and Baidia were dining with us, so it was just as well. One comfort about sitting up in rain for a tiger or anything, is that you always learn something; which you don't if you're successful.

Sumprabum, Tuesday May 16th 1939.

Solid rain all night + day. Dudnow says Lahan La is willing, and now on his way to Kajitkn. Melchizedek is coming along well, but still intractable.

Sumprabum. Wednesday May 17th 1939.

Wet as usual now with nearly continual rain. Lewa + Maran Ying turned up with the baggage from Pangnamdim + Putao this morning, and I broke it to them that they were going. Fortunately Lewa had been going to ask for 3 months leave in any case, his wife being very ill, and he took the matter philosophically. I told him I should want him when I next went to Tibet. Lhakpa + N.T are off to Kajitkn on Friday to collect their goods + bring Kyipa back.

Sumprabum, Thursday, May 18th 1939.

More rain. The Leydens sailed this morning. Otherwise no news.

Sumprabum. Friday, May 19th 1939.

More rain. It appears that Bartholomew has to go to Myitkyina to give evidence about the theft of his goods.

they have been recovered. Word was sent down from Putao that one of the murderers had been trying to sell an automatic there, and so they searched the convoy at Myitkyina when it arrived and found everything, which is good. It's a damn nuisance his being called on to give evidence though, especially as he can't give any.

Sumprabum, Saturday May 20th 1939.

A ~~Friday~~ fairly fine day which is a surprise, with not more than a shower or two. A wire from the Asst District Magistrate, Myitkyina to say that "a Commission is being prepared for his examination up here", which is ridiculous beyond all words. If they've got to have his evidence Myitkyina is far better than here because it's within easy reach of where we shall be in the South Triangle; while if he's got to give it here it means stopping in Sumprabum until the "Commission" arrives — in a fortnight or so. I am writing to try & make them see sense. We took on Penelope the Pangolin today, but I don't know whether she will be a success or not. Feeding her is going to be a big difficulty.

Sumprabum, Sunday May 21st 1939.

A fairly fine day. Our roof is being repaired at last, slowly. Otherwise no news.

Sumprabum, Monday May 22nd 1939.

Not much sun, but practically no rain; and I'm beginning to wonder whether the rains have really started yet or not.

Sumprabum, Tuesday May 23rd 1939.

A fine day. Kyipa arrived from Kajitku, very distressed to think that he was going; but I told him it was no fault of his, which cheered him, and that I would take him again when I went to Tibet. He was full of stories about ghosts in the Kajitku bungalow. He said that on the 27th of April he was sleeping in what had been Leyden's bedroom, when, sometime in the middle of the night, a man came in & said "Get up & dress. We must be off down the hill." Still half dazed, Kyipa got up, and had half his clothes on when it struck him that it was midnight or thereabouts and the whole thing was very queer. The man was waiting outside the door, and he thought it was a friend of his named Daw Ze. Kyipa said "This is all rot. I'm not coming", and went back to bed;

and that was the last he saw of the man. In the morning he asked Daw Ze what the hell he was doing coming around at that hour of the night and trying to make him take a walk down the hill. Daw Ze swore he had done nothing of the sort, and proved the matter by reference to his wife and two guests who had been sleeping close to him. The general opinion was that it had been a ghost. Well, that may or may not have been so; but anyway Kyipa was sure it was. The next night he was sleeping with two coolies in the same room, when he was woken by hearing what he thought were voices just outside the door. This suddenly opened and two old Kachins came in dressed in something like white sheets. One stood by the door and the other came over to his bed. Kyipa has no fear of ghosts (which he says are only men of air and can do no harm), but once again he thought that these were real men. The room was full of moonlight, and he could see quite clearly. He pulled out my big kukri & leapt out of bed saying "What are you doing here? You must be robbers and I shall kill you". He took an immense swipe at the old man and only just missed his own leg. Both figures vanished. He woke the two coolies who had slept through all this, and they searched the place but found no sigis of anyone. In the morning La Doi said that ghosts were frequently seen there. The bungalow is built on some old graves and from to time the spirits wander about. It would be interesting if we saw any ourselves. I was stung this evening by a Sum Mat near the top of the signal hill; and have been in torment ever since.

Sumprabum, Wednesday May 24th 1939.

A fine sunny day. I got no sleep (or very little) last night owing to that blasted Sum Mat; but this afternoon Lashu La went out into the jungle and brought back another specimen. He scraped off the bark and rubbed it on the afflicted spots (my knees) and the result was magical. He says it will need doing again as it was not put on at once, but that after that all should be well. I dined with Dunant and played Bezique till midnight. The servants came round to say good bye to-day, bringing salaamis of eggs & potatoes & flowers; and Kyipa excelled himself by baking a cake for us. I'm sorry they've gone, but it's better so.

Sumprabum, Thursday May 25th 1939.

A fine sunny day, except for two or three short, heavy showers, most of which took place while large portions of the roof were off! We took on Martha the Macaque today. She's an attractive little beast, and very affectionate. It may be that she will survive all right. Bartholomew is going to leave for Myitkyina on Sunday, when I leave also for Kajihtu. I shall meet him at the ferry as near to June 10th as I can. I am reckoning on 45 coolies with me and 5 with him.

Sumprabum, Friday, May 26th 1939.

Fine + hot today. No news of any kind, except that Melchizedek has adopted, + been adopted by, Martha, which is all to the good. I took him out for a walk this afternoon + had the greatest difficulty in getting him to go anywhere at all until Martha appeared. He made a bee-line for her, purring loudly. She nibbled his head for him in a pleasant way, and from then on he wouldn't leave her. In fact we moved in a body for a couple of hundred yards all told and he became so tame, (comparatively) that I could pick him up + hold him in my arms without great danger. Penelope still refuses to eat anything, and is getting a bit weak. I shall let her go on the road somewhere. Martha

7 months.

is in great form. Lahan Ja arrived this evening as cook for /

Sumprabum. Saturday May 27th 1939.

A fine hot day. It's not at all certain that I shall be going to-morrow as Bhudwian Rai (the Bailiff) doesn't know yet whether coolies will be available or not. Bartholomew will be all right though in any case, and we have both got most of our packing done. We went up to Dumanti to dine to-night (Sayer was there too) and played Vingt-et-un afterwards till nearly 2 a.m. I won about Rs 1/-, and Bartholomew was up too a bit; but poor old Dumanti lost about Rs 20/-. Oh well, he suggested the game! Mail to-day, but nothing for me except bills!

Swian Hka. Sunday, May 28th 1939.

A blistering day, + practically cloudless. This morning 48 coolies arrived in dribbets, while the final total of loads was 53. It looked as if I should have to wait a bit longer, as, by the time we went up to Dumanti for breakfast, there seemed to be no hope of getting any more at least till the evening. Bartholomew (taking Martha, to whom he is greatly attached) pushed off about noon, and I went back to our bungalow to see if anything new had transpired. To my amazement enough coolies had turned up, and we

left almost at once. I dropped in in Bonney to say good-bye and quite forgot to give her the remains of the marshmallow and ½ lb Super Chocolates. I'll send them back from here in the morning. The march was sweltering, but nearly all downhill luckily. The bridge over the Swan Htka had been washed away in the last spell of rain, and there were 3 rafts as a makeshift. I arrived there well ahead of Cheyne, and picked out the smallest raft as being probably the easiest to manage. Unfortunately I didn't see that the landing place was a hundred yards or so up stream on the other bank, but set boldly off straight across. The first shock came when I found the damn thing would only just carry me (and that with a strong tendency to turn turtle); and the next that the pole wouldn't reach the bottom but had to be used as an inefficient paddle. The third was when Mischa swam eagerly after me, going much faster than I, and boarded the vessel, causing it to sink by the stern. Much valuable time was wasted in prodding her off, and before I could get the craft going again we had been swept down to the edge of the rapids and all was up. We struck a rock & instantly capsized. Mischa was also in the rapids but swam them valiantly and reached the shore. At last, with the help of an ancient Kachin, I salved the raft and we punted it up to where it should have gone in the first place. The mosquitos were lively tonight. Hundreds & hundreds of them flitting about not more than a yard above the ground like a wispy shawl over the grass.

Nbum Dam. Monday May 29th 1939.

Fearfully hot with hardly a breath of wind. Owing to a shortage of coolies I didn't get away till nearly 9, and the march was pure hell. About half way Htawng Hpung, Mischa, & I stopped by a stream for 40 minutes rest in the shade; and a mile from the ferry we were melting so fearfully that we stopped again and slept for nearly an hour. Even so we arrived 3 hours in advance of the coolies, and I spent the rest of the afternoon asleep & dozing. Mischa lay down in every stream & pool we passed. I let Penelope go this morning, but she wandered into the open again very soon after and was seized by one of the coolies. I fear her end is sure.

Dap Gahtawng. Tuesday. May 30th 1939.

Heavy rain from 4 a.m till 9.30 a.m and light showers for the rest of the day. The sky covered almost entirely with dense nimbus cloud. Wind S.W 2. There was considerable difficulty about coolies this morning, as 22 were going back and only 2 substitutes could be

found. In the end I left 20 Loads behind to be sent on as soon as possible, and actually 8 of them turned up this evening. It was a sweaty march, the path being very muddy & slippery, but not a long one thank the Lord. La Doi arrived about 6 p.m on his way to Nbum Dam, and we had a long chat about nothing & another. He will be coming back in about 3 days.

Kajihtu. Wednesday May 31st 1939. Max 79°5.

Some showers during the day, which was mainly cloudy (nimbus & cumulus). Wind S.W 2. I got a green pigeon on the march, and knocked some feathers out for a record. No less than eleven of my birds, which I left behind here, have been eaten by rats, damn them; and ~~one~~ two marten skins. Part of the damage had been done by beetles, and I only hope there are none still lurking in the skins which look all right. Anyway I've given them a tremendous dose of dope, so they ought to be all right. Lawan La is definitely a good Cook and my meals are something to look forward to now. All the remaining Loads arrived this evening from Nbum Dam. Lucky La Doi's hand in this!

Kajihtu. Thursday June 1st 1939. Max 80°.

A fine morning, but cloudy. Heavy rain most of the afternoon. Wind S.W 2. I sent off a runner to Myitkyina this morning (with luck he will get there in 4 days unless he's held up at the Tena Hka) with a letter to Bartholomew asking him to buy a couple of oil stoves for drying; and conjuring him to catch Lewa before he leaves Myitkyina so as to remove the .410 stick gun from him. I gave it to him when I still thought we were going to Tibet, knowing he would either trade it or lose it up there; and then I forgot about it. Of course if he carries it about in Burma or India he will be arrested at once, and I will get it in the neck too. I went out with Hkawng Hpung and the rifle this afternoon in hopes of a barking deer. We went to the bottom of the valley but had no luck. The jungle's pretty thick, and all I saw was a brace and a half of partridge, and a few leeches. Not very many though.

Kajihtu. Friday. June 2nd 1939. Max 75°.

Heavy rain at intervals throughout the day, which was cloudy the whole time — dense nimbus. Wind S.W 2.

I didn't go out to-day at all. There didn't seem to be much point in it. Instead I developed a film; unpacked the medicine boxes; and wrote to Sara. No specimens of any kind have been brought in since I got here, which is

odd. I must remind the people that they'll get backsheesh for anything brought in, no matter what it is.

Kajitku. Saturday, June 3rd 1939. Max 72°.

Heavy showers at frequent intervals except between 3 p.m. & 6 p.m; and the sky covered all day with heavy nimbus clouds. Wind SW 2. I went out this afternoon about 3 p.m. with one of the pyadas to see if we couldn't get a sambhur or a gyi. We went along the ridge to the east and then down into the valley on the south side; but though we were out till 7 we saw nothing to shoot. We found the sambhur's tracks and those of the gyi, but that was all. I was only bitten by 10 or a dozen leeches all told. The film I developed on the 1st morning is not dry yet, and of this weather goes on God knows when it will be.

Kajitku Sunday June 4th 1939. Max 75°.

Heavy showers all day long, and, like every day we've been here so far, a thick mist from down in the valley between about 11 and noon. I spent the morning working out loads, and reckon we will need 58 not counting what Bartholomew may have with him; so I've asked 63 coolies (to be on the safe side) for a start on the 6th. It means I shall be 2 days late at the rendezvous at least; but that can't be helped. No, only one day, all being well with transport on the road. I developed another film this morning and took down the first one (now dry) only to find, to my misery, that the emulsion had melted on nearly all of them. I was only able to keep out of twelve, and they were all good except for that. I developed it at 75°, which seems to be above the critical point for Agfa film. The second one was done at 70°, and I only hope that that's not gone too.

Kajitku. Monday. June 5th 1939. Max 78°.

To-day was mainly cloudy, and there were some showers; but it was a good deal drier than yesterday. I spent the morning instructing Hkawng Hpung in bird skinning; but as the only birds I had were 3 young doves (?) just coming into feather, it wasn't really fair on him to ask him to deal with them. We actually only did 2. I went to kill the third, and when I opened the basket he immediately squeaked loudly and opened his mouth for food; so I cadit the bird. I fed him instead, with bits of cake soaked in milk, and he ate enormously. He can come with us to-morrow and stay on till he's big enough to fend for himself.

N'gumla. Tuesday, June 6th 1939.

A sunny and very hot day. A march of 7½ miles, taking every short-cut. By mule-track the whole way I

showed guess about 8½ or 9 miles. We had a fearful business getting off, for only 44 coolies could be mustered (and that after much chirrying on the part of the Pyadas); and in the end I had to leave Hpisi Naw behind to bring on the remainder when, and as, he could. As a result of all this I didn't get away myself till getting on for 11, and the heat on the road was staggering. The path is pretty well up & down too, by the short cut. All the stone & bronze implements are called, quite simply "Heirlooms" by the locals; and it always delights me when a man drifts in to my room, and, after a while, asks glumly "Do you want to buy any Heirlooms?" Of course, they are heirlooms, because they have almost all been found ages ago when digging fields, and have been handed on from father to son as potent talismans in time of War. A good many of these treasures are simply odd shaped pebbles, but they're all equally treasured. To-day, just before we left Kajihtu, even the bystanders giggled when an ancient man asked if I'd like to buy a Kanpa Tanhtu, or Heirloom Tortoise. This was a rock which did, in fact, look so like a tortoise that I am not at all sure it wasn't possibly a fossilized one; and I'm sorry now I didn't buy it.

The young bird survived the march well and ate a large meal at the end, including 2 small grasshoppers & a fly. I gave it these in some trepidation, not knowing whether they would be good for it or not, but so far everything seems all right.

Tăra Hka Camp. Wednesday June 7th 1939.

A grilling day and cloudless. Also windless. A march of 8½ miles (mostly downhill) using all available short cuts. By the route back I should think about 10½ miles probably. Fearful difficulty over Coolies again, as all that came here yesterday (apart from my 'followers' numbering seven) wanted to go back on the grounds (a) that they had no food and it was impossible to buy any in the village this year; and (b) that the South Triangle where we are going is notoriously unhealthy, and everybody developes goitre there. In the end, after fearful effort, we found ourselves only two men short, not counting some of the loads which arrived this morning from Kajihtu, and now have to stop here. Hkawng Hpung and Htingun Gawng Hka took a double load between them (the big collecting box), and that left me with 2 heavy haversacks (about 40 lbs together), 3 guns, field glasses and a

malignant billy goat which was presented to me last night. As this was beyond my powers, so I enrolled 3 small boys, two of them to take a gun each and the third to conduct the goat. This, however, proved intractable, spending its time between lying down and refusing to budge; pulling with all its might against the rope; and dashing into the undergrowth on each side of the path, to get tied up round trees & bushes. It weighed about as much as the youth did, so I gave him the third gun and dragged the beast myself. After 3 miles, when we came to a village, I was beginning to feel that life was hardly worth the effort. The goat & I were both exhausted, and we all 5 sat down for a much needed rest. An old woman turned up, full of chat, and I passed the bastard upon her; but just as she was taking it away it assaulted her violently in the backside, and she was so indignant that she gave it back again, on the grounds that it was an evil beast. At this all hope fled, and with aching arms and a heart of lead I started off with my prisoner once more. Why it never occurred to me to set the thing adrift in the jungle, in the hope that some panther, or other benevolent creature, would speedily finish it off I cannot imagine. Before long, almost prostate as I was, I exchanged goat for gun with one of the youths. To begin with all went suspiciously well, but then the billy made a wild charge on the dompteur, unannounced. It caught him fair & square in the fundament. There was a short & hideous pause (of stupefaction on the one part, & satisfaction on the other) and the pair of them, moved by an equal & opposite impulse, went ricketing down the path, the youth maintaining a precarious lead of a couple of yards in front of his lacerating tormento. To his eternal credit be it said, he never let go the rope; and when I came upon them at last, a quarter of a mile on, both were motionless, sitting dead beat on the path. I took it on again. It passed out completely at the 6th mile (just when I began to wonder how much longer I could hold out) and was carried the next mile on a porter to a friendly village where I thankfully left it to be brought on to-morrow. This camp is on the bank of the Tära Hka, which looks good for fishing. At dinner time the temperature was still 90°, and no breath of air. Sand flies & mosquitoes bad.

Tära Hka Camp. Sunday June 8th 1939. Min 75° Max 88°.

Heavy rain early this morning till about 7 a.m.; but from then on the day was fine though cloudy. Post on

hope of getting away to-day for lack of coolies. We have struck a bad place for transport it seems, and this morning (all our yesterday's coolies having left — except for the followers, of course) only 5 could be produced. We sent them off, knowing that even they would be missing if told them to come back another day, and this afternoon a further 9 came in from over the river, and were also loaded up & sent off. So 14 out of about 60 loads have gone anyway. Upsi Naw turned up this afternoon with the balance of the stuff — a good piece of work.
The goat was brought down this morning from the village, the man who lugged it complaining bitterly that it had worn him out. As I told him, he had nothing to complain of. He'd only brought it for 1½ miles, while I had born the burden for 7 yesterday. Anyway I had it killed and divided out between the servants & followers, with a bit for myself. The next march (when we get off) is nearly all up hill, and that would give the goat too much of an advantage. I went along shortly after the execution to see about some boxes, and there was a fearful fight. One of my Jawyins was squatting by the fire with a pair of enormous testicles skewered on a bamboo, toasting. He said they would be excellent when done, but I hadn't the heart to stop & watch him bite into them.
I went out this evening up a fair sized stream to see what I could see. It was impossible to move in the jungle, so it was the stream or nothing. It was quite fun wading along, but I didn't see a single living creature; apart from a squirrel which chattered abuse at me from a clump of bamboos; and the only track was an old one of a big boar. It gave me exercise though.

Tàra Hka. Friday, June 9th 1939. Min 77° Max 88°

A few showers, but fine on the whole, though mainly cloudy. I sent off Hkawng Hpung & one of the Khanung followers this morning to go down to Warazi & buy 10 sacks of rice to feed the coolies if we ever get any. The idea is for him to park a sack at each camp on the way back & round up men at the same time. One of the difficulties about getting them at present (apart from the fact that villages are not only scattered but very small) is that they have no easily portable food this year; and if I can provide that it may improve matters. Actually they're improved anyway, due mainly to

Hpsi Naw who made an immense tour of the neighbourhood in search of transport. About 20 men came in during the day, & were loaded & sent off; and he says he has got 30 or so for to-morrow morning, so we will be off then without fail. How far we will get without further hold ups is another matter. I did some doctoring to-day, and, among other things, successfully had out a large molar which its owner swore was giving him hell. Even when it came out it looked a perfectly good tooth to me; but that was his look out, and anyway he said that all the pain had gone, very shortly after. I only froze it (Ethyl Chloride) to pull it out, but I gave it a good doing, and he said it hardly hurt at all. Mischa is on heat, and I greatly fear will allow herself to be seduced by a foul yellow pie dog which is roaming round. I've driven it off several times without much avail, and I ought really to tie her up; but she's so miserable if I do that I haven't the heart. Sheer weak mindedness on my part.

Shāgri Bum. Saturday, June 10th 1939.

A fine hot day until 5 p.m when there was a heavy shower lasting some 20 minutes. The day remained heavily overcast after that until 9 p.m when the sky cleared completely. Well, we got off to-day about half past eight, and made a march of about 6¾ miles, mostly up hill. The first 2½ miles were pretty steep. I was looking forward like anything to a cigarette (they having gone ahead the day before yesterday by mistake), but what was my gloom to find that almost everything had gone on to Numhkre from here, cigarettes included. It's actually a damn good thing, of course, though it's doubtful even now if we'll get away from here to-morrow with what we've brought along — 33 loads. The headman here seems a surly sort of bloke. He has not brought any present, and sent a message to the effect that if I wanted him to help in getting coolies I'd better send him some money! No fireflies up here. Nor there were at Kajihtu or N'gumha either, or only very few. They seem to flourish better low down. Looked at closely there the most amazing creatures. Small beetles (not flies at all), with the end third of the abdomen white. This is the light, and in effect and appearance it's exactly like one of those white gas-filled electric bulbs. It switches on & off so completely that you can almost swear you heard the click. Sewed up frogs all the afternoon, and there are still a

good few to do. Because of the wet weather, both my cameras are packed away in one of my boxes. If it hadn't been for that I could have got a grand picture of the rafts crossing the Tāra Hka this morning. A pity, but I shall doubtless see much the same from another good place some other time. An excellent vegetable is the inside of cane (called Simbwi Si). It's first class, and I only wish I'd known about it last year at Pangnamdim.

Numhkre Camp. Sunday, June 11th 1939.

Heavy rain all last night, and to-day it continued steadily and moderately heavily until 1 pm, after which it was fine with some sun. Wind S.W 1-2. A march of only 6¼ miles taking the short cut which is only a bad footpath (too bad for coolies) through thick jungle. There were a lot of leeches on it; but most of the way is downhill or level, and it wasn't unpleasant. By the mule track it's about nine miles. I did the 'headman' an injustice in what I wrote yesterday. In the first place he is not the 'headman' at all, but Tsum Hka San, duwa over the whole tract from here to N'Changyang with the exception of the bit from Samatu to Mawlayang inclusive; and he seems to be a thoroughly good chap. That business about the money must have been only a 'try-on', because he next said that if I gave him the order he would come with me and see that coolies were forthcoming. So I did and he is. The result is that we got away this morning without any trouble, and (even though we caught up with all the loads here, and now need 59 men — the onions having gone bad which cuts the loads down by one) we will be off again to-morrow without fail. This is a pleasant little camp, except for a few million sand flies. Bang in the jungle at the bottom of a valley, with jungle fowl calling all day, and frogs croaking all night. Fireflies too, but not very many. There was a report of pig having been seen in the morning not far off, so I went into the jungle this afternoon and hunted from 2.30 to 6.30, but without seeing anything except the track of a big boar and four or five macaques. The jungle is very thick and again leeches were bad. Mischa behaved extremely well to-day. I hadn't gone more than a couple of hundred yards from the camp before she came dashing up, full of joy; and I sternly sent her back with the man who had set me on the path. Moving slowly I had got about 2 miles when she appeared again, wagging all over, and this time it went to my heart to send her back. She was very good, though stricken with gloom.

and turned miserably home again. The pathos of it all struck me even more half an hour later when I met an old man coming from Numtkre. I asked if he'd seen any game on his way, and he replied no, but he had seen a small black dog (here he made signs how big) hotting through the jungle towards the camp. Anyway, as I say, I saw nothing but the monkeys, and they were too far off to try a shot. Cigarettes again!

Sanatu, Monday, June 12th 1939.

Heavy nimbus clouds all day, with a S.W wind fnce about 2. It was fine until noon when it began to rain fairly heavily. Continuing till 3.30 p.m. The sky continued to be covered with dense nimbus, but no more rain fell until 9 p.m. Light rain began then which has gone on. A march, by the short cut of only 5¾ miles, though the mule track is said to be 9 miles. The path is rather up & down except for the first 2 miles which is more or less level through thick jungle, and there is a fairly steep climb towards the end. I was out at 5 a.m in the jungle again, but there were not even any fresh tracks, and the only thing I saw was a macaque. Just a glimpse and I didn't get a shot. However, there were not nearly so many leeches about as yesterday, and I caught an Amblycephalus or a big ore a very small stream. On the march I also caught a Japalua of sorts, so it's been a good day for me, as I don't generally catch much myself. Again on the march I saw 3 macaques; but they had been scared by Mischa running ahead and I didn't get a shot. I spent half an hour in very thick jungle after them, and caught one sight of one, but that was all. While I was busy like that, Hpsi Naw saw the fresh tracks of what he took to be a Sambhur. He borrowed the 12 bore, & SG, and went after it. It turned out to be a big boar, but he missed it. Tsum Hka Sau went back from here. I'm sorry he's gone. He says he is coming down to N'Changyang in 4 or 5 days time though, so I will see him again. I must say goitre is becoming very much more prevalent down here; and they say that from Mawlayang on the people are very degenerate through in-breeding; and very small & weak, so that they cannot carry even a full coolie load. I would not have minded waiting here if necessary, as this village is only about 4 miles from Burulang Bum where there are bison & sambhur; but coolies will be forthcoming so I must get on to save killing a further wait. A lot of frogs came in here, including 2 or 3 I haven't already got.

Mawlayaing. Tuesday, June 13th 1939.

Heavy rain last night and until 7 a.m. After that the day was very misty, with little or no wind, and occasional light showers. Owing to shortage of coolies again I had to leave 14 loads behind with Hpsi Naw in Samatu and come on with the rest. The path (8 miles with no short cuts) is up and down nearly all the way, and it was very muddy & slippery, which made it hard for the coolies, two or three of whom have not arrived at all. I was here by 11.30 and had great hopes of being able to get up to date with the frogs I have still outstanding; but as my boxes didn't turn up till nearly 7 p.m., and the camp till much later, I had nothing to do at all, except play Patience. I might have gone out into the jungle, but the people here swore there was nothing in it, so I didn't. It was just as well, probably, because I've got a rubbed toe on each foot, and it wouldn't have done them much good. I shot a big hornbill (black & white with golden neck) not far from Samatu. It was a nice shot with the .256, and I was pleased to see that the solid bullet didn't make a staggering hole. I didn't bother to skin it, as I've got plenty of them; but gave it to the servants for their dinner. Htaung Hpung arrived here this afternoon with rice. He was able to buy 10½ loads in or near Yeshi, at Rs 3/2 a load, which isn't bad at all. It's normally cheaper than that, but the new bit of road between Chyinghtaung & Yeshi is impassable for carts at present, and prices are high. Willy was out at Yeshi when he passed through. He says that there is a direct road from Ayeyaung to Pãli Bum, 1 day, cutting out Ndawyang, so I reckon if the coolies can do it we'll go that way & save a march. As soon as I know for sure I'll send a note to Willy to tell him to make for Pãli Bum to meet me there. I don't know whether we'll be able to leave here to-morrow or not. It depends partly on the weather (because if we have much rain not only will the path be bad but the bridge over the Nungtaung Htka will be carried away); partly on how early the other loads arrive here; and partly on whether we can raise enough coolies to move those we've got with us. Twenty four of those from Samatu are coming on, now that I can feed them, and that's a help. My flocks are increasing. I left Kajitku with 2 young billy goats (pleasant creatures) and bought a Nanny & 2 female kids yesterday for Rs 4/- the big one and Rs 2/ each the little ones. That's a total of five and there has been some talk about bringing in a couple more for sale, though

they haven't materialized so far. And I was forgetting. I'm the proud possessor of another female and a kid in Putao. I gave Mischa a bath this afternoon. As soon as she was finished she rushed into the muddy path, and not content with rolling in it in a frenzy, she dug a hole and half buried herself as well. The soil is all heavy clay here, and when she dried she dried pretty well solid, like a brick. However, the bath was mainly to get rid of fleas, and she'd have been filthy in any case after the next march.

Mawlayang. Wednesday. June 14th 1939.

Heavy rain last night, and showers throughout the day. The sky covered with an uniform layer of nimbus. Wind apparently S.W. 1-2. We couldn't get off to-day for several reasons: viz last night's rain had made the hill ahead of us impassable for coolies; in any case none of the loads had arrived from Samaka and we hadn't enough men to get on with those that were here. However the Ningchang Hka bridge is still said to be intact, and that's something. I sent off a youth with a note to Willy to tell him to make for Pali Bum forthwith, and I bought not two but five more goats, so that we now have an imposing flock of ten of all sizes + sexes. To judge by the behaviour of the two largish billys, we will presently have even more! I got all the snakes + frogs done to-day, and in the afternoon I went out into the jungle with a hunter who had found tracks of sambhur. I don't know what the villagers were thinking of yesterday to say that there was nothing here; because there were plenty of sambhur tracks; pigs had been rooting; we disturbed a gyi, thought I didn't see it; and heard jungle fowl. This is the sixth time I've been out since leaving Sumprabum without getting anything; but I'm cheered now. It can't be altogether me because twice I've been out with good hunters + still got nothing. The luck will change presently and I'm learning all the time. The jungle is very thick here and there are a good few leeches. All but me load turned up from Samaka this evening, and I think we'll be off to-morrow.

Ayeyang Camp. Thursday June 15th 1939.

Moderate rain last night and heavy showers at intervals throughout the day. The sky entirely covered with dense nimbus. Wind S.W 3. A march of 9 miles over quite a good mule track, though very muddy and difficult for coolies. The Ningchang Hka was high but the bridge was still standing so we should have been struck there. At the last moment, strange to say, more coolies turned up than we needed; and I only hope we don't find after

that that we are stuck for reliefs here to-morrow. This is a very small hut compared with most of Leyden's; but even so, with a bedroom + a dining room, it's better than those north of Putao. Soon after I got here a chit arrived from Willie to say that he will be at Pāli Bum on the 17th. I'd forgotten that he had no cooking pots, table or chair with him. He'll be pretty uncomfortable to-morrow at Ndawyang I'm afraid. The only excitement on the march was that we came across more of those blasted hornets (Hkatsang) with their nest in a tree by the path, just this side of the Ningchang Hka. The first warning we had was when they stung a small boy (carrying rice) on the head, causing him much grief. I was just behind and took warning. We cut a path through the jungle as a by-pass, but even so several of the coolies were stung. Those hornets are devils. I was stung by one in 1933, and there is still a deep circular scar on my leg. I went out into the jungle this evening with Hpsi Naw, and we (or rather he) found the tracks of a couple of sambhur and a gyi, but that was all. Leeches were bad. This is the seventh fruitless hunt I've had.

Pāli Bum. Friday, June 16th 1939.

Heavy rain in the night and until about 5.30 a.m. From then till noon there were frequent moderate showers; but the clouds were thin, coming over fairly fast on a S.W wind, force 3. After noon there were one or two patches of blue sky in ~~light~~ stratus cloud, and no more rain fell. A march of only 6 miles, climbing fairly steadily for the first four. The path would be good in dry weather but it was very muddy to-day and not too easy for the coolies, of whom 3 have not arrived yet. One of the coolies was a real dwarf not more than about 4'6" high, with very short legs; but he arrived first of all, and carrying a heavy load at that. It is a pleasant march running along the crest of a ridge with a grand view over the N'Changyang plain, which is said to be stiff with game. It certainly looks good enough, and I think it will be fun being there. A tiger was shot there yesterday. I went out this afternoon with the headman's son, but, for the eighth time, came back with nothing but leech bites. We saw sambhur + gyi tracks in plenty, and we did put up a young sambhur; but by mischance at that moment I was 5 or 6 yards behind, owing to a stony stream bed which I had had to cross very slowly because of the nails in my chaplis; and I didn't see it. Mischa disgraced herself by following me again, and refusing to go back. To do her justice she kept well to heel,

and didn't make a noise; but she picks up so many leeches — that's the main snag. There are bison near here, and unless the weather is quite impossible I shall go out again to-morrow. I've got to wait here anyway for Billy to turn up.

Pāli Bum. Saturday, June 17th 1939.

Heavy rain last night and until 6 a.m. this morning, after which the day remained almost entirely overcast with light nimbus clouds, and there were frequent showers. Wind S 2-3.

Billy arrived this morning in good heart but very wet; and Martha shortly after with one of his coolies. She actually remembered me and was delighted, leaping on to my lap with a friendish grin and lying there comfortably. She even remembered Mischa, after one spasm of fright; but the joy at that meeting was one-sided. Mischa doesn't reckon much to Martha, who pulls her nose and her hair. It was good to see Billy again, and he'd done all the jobs in Myitkyina (such as sheets for me, a store for drying, a brush for Mischa, & bringing out a good deal of the stores from Barnetts) except the matter of Lewa & the gun-stick. He didn't get to Myitkyina till the 6th, and by that time Lewa had gone. I can only hope that he doesn't display the damn thing either here or in India, or there will be trouble. In the afternoon I went out after bison with a hunter, but we only saw sambhur & gyi hucks. We tracked one sambhur for 3 hours and another for rather more than two; but the jungle is so thick that we didn't really have a chance. We couldn't move fast enough for one thing, and we saw nothing. I was exhausted by the time I got back, and in need of stimulants, so I had some Whiskey in my tea, which did me good. Leeches were plentiful and I was bitten a lot. This is the ninth failure to date.

Labu Ga. Sunday, June 18th 1939.

Heavy rain last night, and the day was showery & very cloudy. A march of 5 miles downhill, so that in dry weather it would be ridiculous to halt here at all. To-day, though, the path was very slippery in patches and not too easy for coolies. This bungalow is smaller than usual, and in a bad way owing to beetle, so that one has to walk warily, and it's difficult to find a spot to put the chairs in without danger of instant collapse. We now have twelve goats, so that even if hunting is a failure there should be no shortage of meat in the camp. I felt very slack to-day and did absolutely nothing after we got in; but Billy has done wonders in putting new arms on to the light folding chairs, so that they

are now as good as new.

N'Changyang. Monday, June 19th 1939.

Some rain during the night; but the day, though cloudy until abt 3 p.m., was fine + hot. There was a glorious sunset of deep pink fleecy clouds on a background of solid smoke-blue, so with any luck to-morrow will be a good day. A march of 6 1/1 miles, very level, finding the N'chang Hka twice, not much more than knee deep. The Camp is a couple of hundred yards east of the village, in which the houses are much smaller than in the Kachin villages, and each one fenced round with bamboo. It is quite strange to see Shans here (as far as I can make out this is the only Shan village in the district), and especially the women with their tall dark blue cylindrical turbans. It sounds good for hunting, unless the jungle is impossibly thick, as they say there are sambhur, gyi, pig, + ga-wai always to be found (the latter in the hills surrounding this plain) and frequently tiger + leopard. Furthermore it's a good Camp on the bank of a stream, with a decent bungalow and lots of other huts, all of which will no doubt be useful. The people are all very cheery, and I think will be of great help in bringing news of game and in collecting. Mischa's tonics + biscuits came along with Lilly, and she seems to be looking infinitely better already. She has one Spratts Puppy biscuit every evening; a dose of Benbow's alterative mixture once a week; a daily dusting with vermin powder (Pulvex); she will have an occasional Bob Martin's conditin powder; and there are worm powders in case of need.

N'Changyang. ~~Mon~~ Tuesday, June 20th 1939.

A gloriously fine, sunny day with some light shattus clouds coming over in the late afternoon on a S.W. wind, free 2. I went out into the jungle about 5 a.m. with Htoi Naw, and found it most terribly thick. We had heard that sambhur were raiding a field not far off, but we were too late for them and crept about in the jungle for some time in hopes of picking something up. However there didn't seem to be much chance, and I sounded the signal for retreat. We were wandering back, without great care, when suddenly Htoi Naw who was leading, heard something and we froze. A boar came rooting along, and stopped perhaps 5 yards off to scratch himself against a tree. The jungle was so thick that I could see nothing except a lengthways slice of his back (not even knowing which end was which), and I only had

the .256 with me; but I was afraid to wait, as it was so near that the slightest change of wind would have carried our scent to him. I aimed at the backbone then, and fired. As I found later, the bullet hit a branch about an inch thick which was just in the line of fire but not of focus to me, and was deflected so that it went in sideways in the region of the kidney. The boar charged, and I've never seen such leaps as we made! The jungle was all cane there, but we plunged into it as if it had been a feather bed! It was lucky that the pig didn't turn & come back, as I doubt if I could have stopped it in time at that very short range; but it had the hell of a wound and wasn't feeling too good, so it rushed straight on for another 50 yards and lay up in some very dense stuff. I wasn't exactly hankering to plunge in after it, so after a little interval (which it employed in furious grunts and clattering its tusks together) I sent Ipsi Naw over to a tree some yards to the right, to climb up and see if he could get a view. He had just started up it when the boar rushed past the foot (I didn't see it) and made off. It had gone through some fearful stuff, so we didn't try to track it, but made a détour and tried to cut its line further along. In this we were highly successful as we found its tracks about 5 yards from where it was lying in a bush. It shot out at speed & gave us a fright, but it wasn't feeling like charging and ran off in the other direction. Neither Jim saw it this time, and as it hadn't gone very far I told Ipsi Naw (who only had a knife) to stay behind, and stole along after it myself. Presently I heard it grunting, and soon after that I caught a glimpse of some part of it; but I couldn't see what part and decided to creep closer to make sure of it. All of a sudden it was up & away, and then discovered that I had seen it from 5 yards. Peering through chinks in the undergrowth I found it impossible to judge distance. However it didn't go far, and I set off after it again and soon found it. I lay in a bush while it tore up the earth in front; occasionally getting a glimpse but never enough for a shot shot, and preferring to wait this time rather than start it off again. Besides I couldn't help thinking that if it did take it into its head to charge if it saw me, I was in a poor position, hemmed in by bushes all round. I thought I was about 20 yards off. Suddenly there came a great kicking in the bushes and then silence. I reckoned it had died; waited a little more, and then emerged. It was dead all right, but I wasn't more than 7 yard

from it. My 20 was a myth. Not a very big boar, it stood about 3 feet at the shoulder and weighed about 200 lbs. We cut a path through the jungle and presently brought along coolies to carry it in. I gave most of the meat to them, as it would only have gone bad on our hands. It was simply covered with hundreds of ticks, all over. I wouldn't be a jungle animal for a lot! In the afternoon Willy went out fishing and came back with a catch of 6 of between ½ and 2 lb, so that it's been a good day altogether. The goats have increased to 15, owing to 3 brought in as presents by various headmen.

N'Changyang. Wednesday June 21st, 1939.

A fine day on the whole though cloudy, & with some showers in the evening. I got up at 3.30 a.m and went back along the road and over the N'Chang Hka with Ohpi Naw to try for a sambhur. The jungle is much lighter down there, and it was quite easy going as soon as it became light; but though we disturbed a small sambhur we didn't see it. We came back about 9, and shot a macaque. When we got to the ford again there were four sets of sambhur tracks, made since we had first crossed this morning; and going down stream a little further to investigate I put up another sambhur, which was lying up near the bank, but didn't get a shot. There is plenty of game about. Later in the day a sambhur was brought in, shot by a small boy of about 12! I bought it for Rs 6/-. It was a young male ¾ grown about. Willy had another successful day's fishing I'm glad to say, getting about 6 lbs. I start set up early to-morrow. I gave a leg of sambhur to the school here; kept one for ourselves, and handed the rest of the meat out to the locals.

N'Changyang. Thursday, June 22nd 1939.

The day was entirely cloudy, with heavy nimbus, and a light wind force 2. During the night and until 9.30 a.m. there was moderately heavy rain; and for the rest of the day frequent heavy showers. Snakes & frogs are coming in quite well now, and I had a certain amount of work on them to-day. I got on two, with the place names from the last trip, and in the evening I went out fishing with Willy. Or, rather, he went downstream and I up; but we set out together. Casting the fly storm, I was in such bad form that I got the line all knotted up about me in four times, and I didn't deserve to get anything; but in the event I landed one Red fish of about 1¾ lbs. Willy got about 6, including a grand 3-pounder. He says he found

it just as difficult as I to cast with the fly-spoon for the first 2 or 3 days, so there's hope yet. What with fish, pork + sambhur, eggs + chicken, there's no lack of food in the Camp, even if we had not brought stores along. It's going to be difficult to eat them, as far as I can see, but we must do our best. I don't want to have to carry them back again.

N'Changyang. Friday, June 23rd 1939.

A fine sunny day (with plenty of cloud) till 3 p.m. after which there were heavy showers. I didn't go out at all to-day, but got on with reptiles and saw to the building of shelves in my room. By taking both doors off + fitting them all round the wall I shall have room enough to put things out — especially things like insect collecting stuff. A man brought news to-day of 2 or 3 tigers in the ridge immediately to the north of this place. He said they were not in the least afraid of men and was so sure of getting one that he said if I'd lend him a gun he'd bring one in. However I'd rather we got them ourselves. I thought of going out to-morrow to try my luck, but then considered that I'd already got one on this trip while Lilly hadn't; so he's going instead. If he doesn't find me by day (and assuming they really are there) he'll spend the night over one of the "Sharaw Kai ai Lam". I'll probably go out the day after if he has no luck. Vague news of the Mashang Jawoi too. One was seen near here 20 years ago, and 2 10 years ago; and a woman swears she saw one last year, though I don't think she did. I've offered a reward of Rs 20/- for definite news of any which leads to my seeing or shooting one myself. Lilly is quite keen on the flowers, but I haven't yet started insects again. I'm feeling very slack these days, I don't know why; and I'm worried by a crop of boils which is coming out on me. There was a big one on my left arm which I got Lilly to burn out with the soldering iron on the 19th; and now I've got little ones on my right thigh (1), my nose (1), and my back (4). I hate anything like that.

N'Changyang. Saturday, June 24th 1939.

Heavy rain during the night, and until 6 a.m. Then light rain till about 9.30 a.m after which the day was fine, though cloudy. Lilly pushed off about 11 a.m after that tiger, with Htoi Naw and a local guide, and I did frogs all the morning. Then I got down to place names again, till about 3 p.m. I was invited to a communal fishing just below the school. It was real fun this time, much more than at Chatikka, and we collected about 120 lbs of fish all told.

There were some good big ones of about 3½ lbs, and Ernest caught quite a few, and several by diving. They didn't use walnut leaves for poison, but a reddish bark from a tree which looks rather like a big mountain ash. In the morning I sent off one of my followers to Myitkyina with mail and orders for various supplies including tinned beer. Hpri Naw came back this evening to say that they had found no fresh tiger tracks, but plenty of leopard and that Willy was sitting up for that. I hope he gets it. If he doesn't I shall go out to-morrow and try my luck.

N'changyang. Sunday, June 25th 1939.

Heavy rain in the night and until 5.30 a.m. Then fitful noon frequent moderate showers. The afternoon & evening fine with some sun. A cloudless night. Wind S.W 1-2.

I thought sympathetically of Willy in the machan during last night's rain, and hoped that he had some shelter besides his cycling cape. In the early morning (about 6 a.m) I went out with Hpri Naw into the jungle beyond the right bank of the N'chang Hka. We had taken due notice of the wind and hunted up the valley, going carefully. All of a sudden the wind dropped completely (there was never very much) and then started to blow in the opposite direction; and immediately a sambhur got up from about 20 yards in front of us and darted away. We didn't get a sight of it. A pity, as we should probably have got it if it hadn't been for the breeze. As it was, since it was obviously useless to go on up the valley, we spent a little time hunting across wind, on the track of a pig, and then came back. Willy was here on our return having been awake all night and seen nothing; so about 1 p.m. I took a goat, and with Hpri Naw and one of the locals, set off to sit up myself. There were no fresh tracks of panther on the ridge that we could find, and the only hope was that the goat would make enough noise to attract it. My conscience pricked me a lot about tying up the wretched creature, which screamed all the way from the camp; but in the event, once it was fastened, it was perfectly calm and lay down chewing the cud all night like any old cow, without uttering a bleat. The machan was very small and high up in a tree. Willy had got up to it by swarming the trunk; but that was beyond me, and I had witches cut — even then not finding it too easy. Mosquitoes were very bad indeed, and otherwise there was no sign of life.

N'changyang. Monday, June 26th 1939.

Heavy rain from 2 a.m till 6 a.m; and light rain from

then till 8 a.m. There were frequent showers for the rest of the day which was uniformly cloudy. Nothing turned up last night at all, and the boat has been returned for good after a courageous performance. I dozed most of the time with my head in a balaclava turned back to front to discourage the mosquitoes; and even when the rain came I was damp but not uncomfortable, my top half being in Willy's invaluable cycling cape. I heard this morning that the panther had moved to the next village, a couple of miles off, where it had killed a dog at midday yesterday. If I'd known that before I wouldn't have sat up. I shall wait for more news before trying again. In the evening Willy and I went fishing; but the fish weren't moving and we caught nothing. In fact the only thing that happened was that he got the hook imbedded in his finger, over the barb, while freeing it from a snag. I cut it out later, having first frozen it with Ethyl Chloride. A sambhur was shot in thick bamboo forest above the school at 5 p.m., and brought in alive but ~~paralysed~~ paralysed, one of the shot having hit its spine. It must have been a good bit of stalking, as the hunter came up with it while it was still lying up. It didn't arrive here till about 7.30 p.m., so I shant take it till the morning, as it doesn't seem to be in pain.

Willy cut my hair this evening. A great event, because, since 1933, I have never dared let my companion do such a thing, for fear of being mistaken. Actually he made a damn good job of it!

N'Changyang. Tuesday, June 27th 1939.

Heavy rain last night until about 6 a.m., the remainder of the day being showery. I shot the sambhur this morning, and gave the hunter Rs 8/- for it. It then appeared that we were out of Alum + Saltpetre. I ought to have been told before; and more than that I ought to have made certain that it wasn't at Sumprabum (where I think it is) before leaving there. The only thing now is to send another man in to Myitkyina with a note to de Souza's for a further stock. Anyway he can bring out some lemon squash as well. I spent some time sewing up snakes + frogs, and did a good deal of the Place Names; and in the evening I tried my luck at fishing. I got a small one (¼ lb) almost at once, and then lost my only spoon in a big fellow. They seemed to be taking so I hurried back for another spoon, and Willy came out too. However after that I got nothing at all, though he caught a couple.

N'Changyang. Wednesday. June 28th 1939.

Rain during the night, and heavy showers most of the

morning; but the afternoon was pretty fine until 6.30 pm when there were showers again. I was working indoors all day till after tea when I went fishing. Fishing up stream I didn't get anything till about 7. Then, having missed a couple of small ones I saw that the point had gone and also that my trace was too short. I remedied this and caught a 1/4 pounder, a 1/2 pounder and one of 1 1/2 pounds in about five minutes.

N'Changyang. Thursday, June 29th 1939.

Heavy rain during the night and until about 4.30 a.m. From 10 a.m on there were frequent heavy showers. Wind S.W 2-3. About 5.30 a.m Hpoi Naw and I went down the valley after sambhur. We couldn't find the N'Chang Hka to get to our usual hunting ground, so we separated and moved down the left bank. There were some very fresh tracks about and I followed one up. Carelessly I popped over a bank crowned with a clump of bamboos, and at once a sambhur 'titted' and dashed out of them. 'Tit' is really a very poor name for the call, which is more like a long-drawn 'Peek' on a high note. I continued on its tracks, through very thick jungle with lots of leeches & some ticks, partly to see how far it would go, and partly because that was as good a way as any other. It only ran about half a mile, and then waited in the game path in the shelter of a thicket. I came upon it unawares; it 'titted' again, and was off. Next time I shant be so careless, but will expect it to stop in a fairly short distance. That 'Peek' is the most irritating sound. It always means you've been spotted first! I followed up various tracks after that, but they didn't lead to anything (I think they were all of the same animal wandering around in the night) and all I got were leeches and three powerful stings from Sum Mat Lap. I hadn't a watch with me and the time went fast. It was 11.30 a.m before I got back. I thought of going out again this evening, but finally decided not to as I want to go back to to-day's place about 4 a.m to-morrow, so it's early bed to-night. No hope of fishing, of course; the river far too high. I feel we ought to be getting a mail soon, unless the Ning Chang Hka's impassable. I gather the N'baw Hka must be as our coolie hasn't got back yet from Myitkyina. There's a terrible shortage of snakes here. So far I've only got Natrix piscator, Trimeresurus albolabris, & Dendrophis pictus.

N'Changyang. Friday June 30th 1939.

Very heavy rain during the night, and heavy showers throughout the day until about 4 pm when the sky half cleared. Wind S.W 2-3. I had been going out

early this morning after sambhur; but when Hpsi Naw called me at 3.30 a.m the rain was coming down in buckets and he said the path was entirely flooded. I reckoned I'd never get over the rice fields at that rate so I didn't get up and slept till 6 a.m. After that failure I didn't go out at all, but spent a large part of the day in sewing snakes in their shrouds. By the mercy of Allah, Willy had a yard or two of the stockinette which made the job easy; but I finished it all by dinner time and will have to go on with the ghastly calico to-morrow. I sent Htingnu Gawng Hka off to Weshi to-day to meet our goods from Myitkyina, which ought to get there to-morrow unless the road is very bad. Whether he'll get there to-morrow or not is another matter, since our first Myitkyina Jane Wallah has still not arrived. I feel a bit livery as the result of no exercise.

N'Changyang. Saturday, July 1st 1939.

Heavy rain during the night until about 2 a.m. At 3.30 a.m light rain began again, increasing to heavy by 5 a.m., and continuing until 9 a.m. The remainder of the day was comparatively fine with a few light showers. Wind S.W 2. I was up at 3.30 a.m and off, with Hpsi Naw, by 3.45 down to the N'chang Hka ford. There we separated and I moved slowly downstream. At about 5 a.m I came to a good spot on the bank of the river — a kind of glade with quite decent visibility for about 30 or 40 yards in 2 directions — so I decided to stop there for a while. I stood behind a tree and waited. All might have been well, and I could have remained there, if it hadn't been for the sandflies, which were very bad and which concentrated on biting my eyelids. I had just about made up my mind to move on, after 5 minutes hell, when a sambhur called from some tall bushes about 30 yards off. I'm not at all sure that it had seen me (and the wind was in my favour) as it wasn't the usual piercing 'Peek', but a rather broken one (reminiscent, in a way, of a powerful bleat); and if it hadn't been for the sandflies I would have waited on events. As it was I moved down under cover of a bank to take it in the flank, and was seen as I came over the top. There was no mistake about the 'Peek' that time. I assumed it had moved off, though I didn't hear it, and after a short chukker round I came home. I believe there is only one sambhur about here now, and that's the one I've been seeing — a wily bird. I shall have another go at it in a day or two. In the evening I took out the 12-bore to try for jungle fowl. I saw 3

not far from the camp, but didn't get a shot. They flew off, and I thought I'd marked the tree they'd gone into; but when I eventually reached it, after an earnest stalk, I could see no signs of them, and came back in the dark. I think we will leave this place before long. There doesn't seem to be anything here either in the game line or reptile.

N'Changyang. Sunday. July 2nd 1939.

Light rain during the night and until 9 a.m. The remainder of the day fairly fine with some sun between 11 a.m. & 1 p.m.; and a few light showers during the afternoon. Wind S2. Beetles have got into the sambhur skin, in the ears, feet & tail, to such an extent that I have had to scrap it. This is the second I've scrapped from here, damn it. It was odd that we didn't get them at Pangnamdim. Here flies were the only bother, and they were easy enough to deal with. I spent the morning typing out the list of specimens in Tin No 5; and in the evening I tried the fishing. The water was too high though and the only amusing thing which happened was when I got caught up in a tree overhanging what is usually a good pool. In pulling to free the hook, naturally the branch shook a good deal. The line was invisible to Mischa who was much excercised in her mind about the squirrel which must be on that branch. At last she could bear it no longer and swam boldly out. In mid stream (just under the branch) she could just keep her position against the current by furious effort; and it was a magnificent sight to see how, every few seconds, she chanced her head up and peered fixedly into the leaves. By the time I'd got the hook free she was exhausted, and came ashore again; but, still unconvinced, she only waited till she was rested, and then repeated the performance. I gave up fishing and was coming home when I saw 4 jungle fowl (a cock + 3 hens) and that decided me to take the gun out instead. It was no good coming back after those because Mischa (who received a beating for disobedience) rushed after them and drove them miles away; so I went to where I had seen them yesterday. I only had 6's, and the first thing I saw, of course, was a barking deer, though I doubt if I could have got it even if I'd been carrying S.G. I'm rather slow off the mark, I'm afraid. However, now comes the shameful thing. There were 5 or 6 jungle fowl in a tree just at that spot. All flew off except one which remained on a branch about 10 yards from me — and

I only winged it, and slightly at that! I couldn't find it and went after the others, eventually coming back to where they'd started from. There was another, some 15 yards off, perching in another branch, and I missed that altogether! This business has filled me with so much gloom that I believe it's hardly worth my going into the jungle at all if I'm as incompetent as all that. The first man we sent to Myitkyina arrived back to-day, having been delayed on the return journey by fever. I can't remember whether I told Barnetts, in my wire, to send the things passenger or not; but Smiths point out that if I didn't it is unlikely that the stuff will reach Weshi until the 6th or so. I had a conference with Makaw Du this morning about another base. He recommends moving up the east road and trying out Sumka Hma for a week or so, where the people aren't so degenerate and useless as they are here, and where there is generally more game. Will go in about a fortnight.

N'Changyang. Monday. July 3rd 1939.

No rain during the night, and no more than a few light showers in the day. All the same the sky was uniformly covered with heavy cirrus and moderate nimbus cloud. Wind SW 1-2. In the early part of the morning I did snakes, and then took down the 12-bore completely for cleaning. It took me 4 hours to get it down, clean + oil it, and put it together again, and I could not have done it without some of Willy's tools. All things considered (it has spent a whole year out here) it wasn't too bad. I did the two rifles yesterday, so now they're all in a good state. In the evening I took it out to try for Jungle fowl, determined to atone for yesterdays. I didn't see any (nor the barking deer, for which I was carrying S.G.) but I got a Kalij cock and missed an owl. Better than yesterday anyway. A very tiny macaque with a bright tail was brought in, and I have taken him on to balance Martha. His name is Ichabod (or Ikey, for short), and if he lives he'll be an ornament to his race. He's so young though, with a most depressed expression, that he may easily die. I sent a man off to Kajihtu to-day to enquire about our mail.

N'Changyang. Tuesday. July 4th 1939.

Light rain during the night, and a heavy downpour lasting from 9.45 a.m. until 12.30 p.m. After that there were frequent moderate showers + the day was wholly cloudy. Wind S.W 2. I felt pretty rotten all to-day.

with a considerable headache behind my eyes; so I stayed in and wrote a few letters. Anyway it wasn't much of a day to go out. In the evening, about 4 pm, our mail arrived at last, sent by coolie direct from Sumprabum as there was no Pyada going to Kajihtu. It was a good mail, with a letter from Mother, one from Joan, from Erik & Elsa, and my shirts from Rangoon (Watsons). Also the new Bensusan from Mammy for my birthday, and a Reader's Digest. Bless her for both.

N'changyang. Wednesday, July 5th 1939.

Some rain during the night, but the day was fine & sunny with a S.W wind force 2-3. About 3/10 covered with light strato-cumulus. Not much news to-day. I went out in the afternoon to try for a pig, but though I found its tracks of early this morning I didn't see anything else. Ichabod died to-day, of sunstroke. He had to have a bath, owing to general unsavouriness, and was put in the sun to dry. I'm not particularly grieved, as he was becoming a damn nuisance. One monkey is enough for a house I reckon.

N'Changyang. Thursday, July 6th 1939.

Moderate rain during the night and this morning until about 9.30 a.m. After that the day was mainly fine, with some intervals of sun and a few light showers.

I went out about 10.45 a.m. with a local hunter (name N'bang), up the valley and on to the hills to the south of the N'chang Hka. We were out from then until shortly before 6 p.m., and saw the tracks of a bear, a pig, several sambhur and 3 or 4 barking deer — but only the tracks. We followed the pig for some hours; but it had been travelling and we couldn't catch up. The next fine day that comes, we are going up on to the top of the ridge on that side to try our luck a bit higher. It's got to be a fine day though, because there were plenty of leeches even where we were to-day, and they're said to be much worse higher up, where they drop off the trees on to you. Willy was out fishing this evening and caught 5 or 6 pleasant fish the largest 1 3/4 pounds. Htingnu Gawng Hka got back this evening, though without the goods from S.P. Singh. The bridge below Chyinghkran has gone and no carts can get through. I'll be sending him the day after to-morrow with 14 coolies to bring the stuff along — from Myitkyina if necessary. Lashu ha went down with fever yesterday, and Ah Sin has followed suit to-day. I am injecting them with atebrin and will follow with a ~~dose~~ course of Quinio.

plasmoquine.

N'changyang. Friday, July 7th 1939.

Rain at night and most of the day. Little news. I did not go out but got on with one or two odd jobs and sent a man to Myitkyina to bring back more Atebrin & Quino-plasmoquine. He took a letter to Erik & Elsa as well.

N'changyang. Saturday, July 8th 1939.

Light rain last night and this morning until about 9 a.m. after that the day was fine though the sky was wholly covered with clouds (stratus) until 5.30 pm. After that it rapidly cleared until by 6 pm it was 6/10 cloudless. Wind S.W 1-2. I went out after a pair of jungle fowl which were cackling close to the camp this morning; but they were both up in trees and I couldn't get within range. They're wary fowls! I got an owl instead, just so as not to come back empty handed. About 10 a.m the hunter with whom I went out the other day shot a barking deer doe about a mile south of the camp; and in the afternoon I took out the 12-bore and shuffled off in hopes of a jungle fowl or two. I didn't see any, but I got a langur (♂) in a tall tree with S.G. That ruined my evening, as a matter of fact, because it didn't fall and I couldn't get up to get it. In the end I had to come back a mile and a half (collecting a parrakeet on the wing on the way) to fetch Hpsi Naw. We returned together, and even then had a fearful time with the monkey. After sweating blood lugging an immense bamboo about (the theory being that we could prod it down with that; but it was a good 60' up) we found the weapon too heavy, and Hpsi Naw had to do a brilliant bit of swarming up a thin tree to where he could poke it with a lighter stick. He swarmed about 50'. On the way back I heard what I thought was a hornbill croaking in a tree not far from the path. I went after it and it turned out to be a ruddy squirrel, of the commonest sort. They have an amazing variety from sounds, from shrill squeaks, through loud chatterings, to these hoarse croaks. Htingnu Gawng Hka went off this morning to pick up the stuff from Myitkyina. Both Martha & Mischa are off their food, and have eaten nothing to-day.

N'Changyang. Sunday July 9th 1939.

No rain during the night. A few showers in the morning between 8 a.m & 11 a.m; but after that the sky was about 5/10 clear, with light stratus clouds and a S.W wind force 2. Work on snakes & skins till tea, and after that Willy and I went fishing. I had no luck at

that (beyond fine-looking a ½-pounder, which got away)
so I came back early to find one of the locals waiting
for me with news that 3 Sambhur had been eating his
rice for the last 2 nights. So I am going out with him
to sit up in the field; and I only hope it's moderately
comfortable, and not too wet.

N'Changyang. Monday, July 10th 1939.

Very heavy rain between 1 a.m & 4 a.m, followed by
drizzle till 5.30 a.m. The remainder of the day fine, though
the sky was entirely covered with heavy strato & some
nimbus cloud. Wind S.W 2. The mournful crop-owner
stayed with me in a little shelter he had in his field
last night. It was about 3 miles up the valley from
our camp. We slept at intervals and watched at
intervals from 9 p.m till 5 a.m without seeing & hearing
a thing except the mosquitoes, which were numerous &
ferocious. At 5 a.m. we sallied forth to see if anything
had been at work which we had missed; and we
were peering at the havoc they had wrought yesterday
when all of a sudden there was a sudden 'Peep' from
the jungle 20 yards away! We didn't see anything;
and the Sambhur made off into the hills at once. It
must have been the heavy rain which put them off
during the night, and they were coming to feed late. I shall
go back to-night and hope for better things. Lanan La
is complaining of wind, so I went to find the Soda
Bi-carbonate to dose him this afternoon. After an immense
search I found it had been used on a sambhur skin by
accident in place of the alumn & saltpetre! That doubtless
explains why the said skin went bad! I think the
school-master has dysentery, though I'm not quite sure.
Anyway I'm dosing him with Bacteriophage to be on the
safe side.

N'Changyang. Tuesday. July 11th 1939.

No rain last night or to-day. Throughout the day the sky
was 6/10 covered with light strato-cumulus cloud. Wind S.W 2.
I slept in comparative comfort in another small shelter in the
field last night; but no Sambhur turned up at all, and
the whole thing was a wash-out. This morning, however, one
of the Coolies sent to Myitkyina turned up, with the
alum & saltpetre for the skins, so we are all right
as far as that's concerned now. I went out this afternoon
about 5 p.m. to the south to try for a barking deer or
Sambhur (or even a monkey — so low am I reduced!)
and had an energetic time of it. There were a good
many fairly fresh tracks of both Sambhur & Gyi, and

after wandering around for a while I sat down (much bitten by mosquitoes) in a favourable spot and waited. I'd been there about ten minutes when the breeze must have swung round a bit — there was very little anyway — for a sambhur suddenly started off about 20 yards behind me, and crashed away in a panic. It can't have seen me, because for one thing I was completely screened on that side, and for another, I wasn't moving. It was just beginning to get dark by then, so I started to come back; but a barking deer began to call had a quarter of a mile away or so, and I started after it in the faint hope that I could make the grade before it was too dark to see. I did get to within some thirty yards of where it was; but it was pitch black by then and I couldn't move quietly enough. Even if I could have done I couldn't have seen to shoot. As it was, the barking deer heard me and moved off. Then came the problem of getting back. The jungle was very thick, and for a good time I had been moving up a small stream, which wound about all over the place, as being easier going. What with this and the dark, my sense of direction had got a bit mixed. However I thought I knew more or less which way things lay, and climbed down a very steep slope towards what I thought was the south so as to reach, in due course, one of the bigger tributaries of the N'chang Hka which I could follow right down to our camp. At the bottom of the slope I came to a small stream, and waded along that, not finding it very much easier than if I had been in the jungle away from it, as it was likely overgrown, and frequently blocked by fallen bamboos. What was more, the current was very slight (so that I could only tell which way it was flowing now and again, when it ran more swiftly for a foot or two) and time after time I found myself wandering up other streams which joined it. Not being able to see anything at all, and having to follow the bank, this was only too easy. Moving at all was a sweaty business, and I would have stopped where I was and slept in the jungle if it hadn't been that the mosquitoes were so bad. Time went on and I didn't seem to be getting any nearer to the tributary I wanted; and it was only then that I realized I must be going wholly in the wrong direction. At first I could hardly believe this and wondered if I hadn't managed to cross the N'Mai divide during my wanderings after the gyi; but further thought soon corrected that idea, as I hadn't climbed more than 1000' at that time, (if as much), and

I should have had to have gone at least twice as high to have crossed the Divide. So that was all right, and at least I knew that wherever I was heading, as long as I followed down my stream I must eventually reach the N'chang Ukan one of its tributaries. At last, by a process of elimination, I realized that, far from heading south, I was going almost due north, and would probably reach the main path not far above the camp. In the last hour or so of my Odyssey, life was complicated by frequent deep holes in the stream into which I ravished unfailingly, generally having some difficulty in getting out again as both the sides & the ends of the holes were steep slippery clay. Eventually I did hit the path about 500 yards above the camp, and got in at a few minutes before 11 p.m. pretty hungry and very wet.

N'changyang, Wednesday July 12th 1939.

A fine day with some sun until about 6 p.m. when heavy nimbus clouds came over, with some thunder, and there was very heavy rain until 8 p.m. with light rain from then on. I stayed in to-day till the evening when we both went out fishing. I got a half pounder fairly soon, but then a heavy thunderstorm broke and the fish stopped rising, so I came back. Lilly got a couple — one of about 1½ lb. The goods from Banretti, including our BEER, came this evening! 4 dozen tins of good lager

N'Changyang. Thursday, July 13th 1939.

Rain during the night and some showers to-day; but on the whole it was fine, if very cloudy. This morning 'my' hunter came along early to say that some sambhur had been feeding in the rice fields beyond the village last night, so we went along to inspect the terrain preparatory to going out to-night. There were two fields, in one of which he said they were accustomed to feed about 9 p.m., and in the other about midnight. It was only at the latter that they had recently fed (the mud was still in suspension in their tracks), but we felt that that was all the more reason for their turning up to the early one to-night. Having inspected we came back for shot guns and then returned to bag some plovers. We did, in the end, get one each out of 4, but I shot wildly and must have used a dozen cartridges. In the afternoon I sat up in a tree near a fruiting fig for a couple of hours in hopes of a barking deer; but it didn't materialize. At 9 p.m. the hunter and I started out, armed to the teeth, my .256 having been fitted with a torch by Lilly just before we went. We took through the flooded rice fields in the dark (no easy task for me at least) to the early feeding

place; found nothing there except frogs; and went straight round to the midnight spot. There was nothing there either, and back we crept to wait till twelve. Sharp at the hour we started out again, going straight to the Cota place, but slowly and very quietly. As soon as we got to the edge of the field my hunter signed to me that they were there (I could neither see nor hear anything myself), and we switched on the torches. There were two of them, a stag about 30 yards away and a hind perhaps 20. The stag started off at once, so I took a shot; missed (it was very hard to see the backsight); took another, and hit it, I think, though I can't be sure. Then swung on to the hind and brought it down with a shot in the chest, but too high. It got up again and made for the jungle. I hit it once more, rather far back, and we came up with it some minutes later when I brought it down for good. We couldn't find the stag's tracks, so we are leaving that for to-morrow morning. We were back by 12.30 a.m., and I'm feeling grand after having got my first sambhur — even though it was a hind and got by some poaching methods. However I need specimens, and it was destroying Cusps, so I feel justified on both counts.

N'changyang. Friday July 14th 1939.

No rain during the night, but the morning broke with the sky wholly covered with heavy nimbus clouds, and between 9 a.m and 1 p.m. there was heavy rain. Light rain until 2 p.m., after which no more; and by 4 p.m. the sky was 4/10 clear. Wind S.W 2. At 5.30 a.m I went out with my hunter to see about last night's sambhur. We found the hind, of course, but there was no trace of blood along the tracks of the stag, which had been going at a good pace, so I think I must have missed him both times after all. However even one is worth having, and actually the effort of skinning two in one day would have been tremendous. I stayed in after coming back and worked on snakes mainly. I was terribly sleepy for one thing, and the only exercise I took was an hour's application of alum & saltpetre. Then we went out again at 9 p.m. to the early feeding place; but there was nothing there, so we came home and went to bed.

N'changyang. Saturday, July 15th 1939.

No rain either last night or to-day. The sky about 1/10 clear; the remainder being covered with moderate strato-

cumulus cloud. Wind SW 1. This afternoon my hunter came along to say that a sambhur was lying up in the forest between the main path and the N'Chang Htka, just above the school. We started off at once and had a most enjoyable stalk for about an hour. We found where it had been lying; but it had started to move about 5 minutes before we got there. We followed hard on its track to where it had come to a stream and taken to the water. We decided it had probably gone down stream, and waded along for 50 yards or so till we saw where it had climbed out. We got on to the bank and were just starting off again when it dashed off not 7 yards from us, but the wrong side of a dense clump of bamboos. Then came the tragedy. My hunter said he knew where it would go, and told me to go down to the river and bear right to near the small "gădawng" in the path, while he followed quietly behind the sambhur to keep it on the move. I'd never heard of "gadawng" and thought he said "gahtawng", so off I went. I got to the river bank and bore right as directed; and when I was in sight of the "gahtawng" (village) I found a hide built at an obvious ford across the river. There I waited, expecting to see the sambhur cross over at any moment.

After an hour my hunter turned up, full of woe, to ask why I hadn't followed his instructions, because if I had I must have shot the beast. He took me with him (continuing the right handed detour I'd begun) till we came to the main path; along that, still right handed, and there were the tracks of the sambhur wandering down it for 30 or 40 yards with the "gădawng" just beyond. "gădawng" is "steep", and he meant the sudden dip in the path. Why oh why don't I speak Chingpaw better than I do? I'm very disgruntled this evening; but he was most comforting, saying that I'd know another time anyway, and that the sambhur would probably come back again in a day or two, when we could have another go. Htkawng Htpung has gone down with fever. Injection atabrin.

N'Changyang. Sunday, July 16th. 1939.

No rain during the night, and this morning the sky was 6/10 covered with shato-cumulus cloud. At noon nimbus began to come over, and by 1 p.m. the sky was wholly covered. Between 1.30 and 1.45 p.m. there was heavy rain, followed by light rain until 2.30 p.m. The day remained cloudy but it was fine after that. Wind S.W 2.

Work on snakes all day, and I did another sketch at last — the first Smie Pangnamdim. I gave Htkawng

Hpung his second injection to-day. The skull of my sambhur has been burnt, once in me. It must have been tied stupidly close to the fire.

N'Changyang. Monday, July 17th 1939.

Early this morning I went out with my hunter to try for a pig in the jungle up the tributary to the south. It was entirely my fault, but we didn't start out till 7 a.m, and though we found fresh pig tracks in one place under a fruiting fig, and followed them for some distance, we were too late. There were a number of macaques about on the outward journey; but at that time I didn't want to disturb anything else there might be and didn't shoot. A good many leeches. To-night he and I went out at midnight to the rice fields towards the river to try for a sambhur. There was nothing doing at all however, and no fresh tracks. I had been going out early to-morrow, but in view of this late night we won't after all.

N'Changyang. Tuesday, July 18th 1939.

Work in most of the day. In the afternoon a Kachin turned up to say that sambhur had been eating his rice last night in a field half way up the ridge to the north, so at 10 p.m. he and I started out. It never struck me that he might be no hunter, and I gave him a torch so that he could act like 'my' hunter and help to illumine the scene at the right moment. We got to the field, when to my horror he dashed off ahead of me flashing the torch about madly. There was at least one sambhur there, which he saw; but that wasn't much good, as I never caught a glimpse of it, though I heard its derisive toot as it made off into the jungle. Altogether a wasted evening. I shall try again to-morrow night; but he won't have any torch and will have to keep well back.

N'Changyang. Wednesday, July 19th 1939.

I pushed off early this evening for the scene of last night's frisco, and was in position behind a large fallen tree by 8 p.m. with my guide. The wind appeared to be very steady, blowing from us straight down the side of the valley, while the sambhur were due to come out of the jungle immediately opposite; and as I didn't expect them till about 11 p.m. we sat down and dozed. About 10.30 p.m. I suddenly came to, hearing a stick snap close by; and just as I reached for my rifle there came a loud snort and a crash, as the sambhur shot off into the jungle again. I never saw

it, and my guide didn't even hear the damn thing. It couldn't possibly have seen me, and though it might have seen him (as he was a little further on) I think it must have been an eddy of wind which brought our scent to him. We waited till midnight, but ~~nothing~~ nothing else showed up; and then I had a look for its tracks. It was only about 6 yards away when it took fright. Yesterday I had on my corduroy trousers, but never again for hunting. They make a most fearful rubbing noise with every step, and nearly drove me mad.

N'changyang. Thursday July 20th 1939.

This was a really fine hot day. I started off at 6 a.m. with my hunter to go on to the west end of the north ridge to look for a panther. It was an interesting day, if unproductive, because we so nearly got one. We got on the crest of the ridge and very soon walked almost on top of a barking deer which was feeding off some fallen figs. It got away without our seeing it though. Then we came to an old village site where there was a Jack fruit tree with ripe fruit (Mungkung si), so we sat down and demolished one between us. Delicious, but messy eating. Not long after that we found a panther scrape, and, probing around, we discovered the regular Shäraw tai ai tam, with lots of scrapes along it, running on the top of a very narrow, steep sided ridge. We followed that and presently picked on a tree as being a good one to use for a machan; and while my hunter went up it to find a good branch, I went a little further along the ridge by myself. Suddenly, from 10 yards off, there came a crash in the bushes, and a barking deer darted off barking wildly and very jerkily, while the screams of a panther followed it up for some distance. At the time I was standing still behind a big tree, and it wasn't me that started the guy off. What must have happened was that the panther was stalking the deer, and got very close when it was seen. The tragedy was that if only the barking deer had fled in my direction, I couldn't have failed to have seen the panther (even if I had missed it). We hurriedly built the machan, screened it, and sat up there till 6 p.m. in hopes of seeing the panther come back; but we had no luck and came home, eating another Jack fruit on the way. I'm going to tie up a goat to-morrow and hope for the best.

N'Changyang. Friday, July 21st 1939.

Another fine hot day, without rain. A mail came in this morning, consisting chiefly of a grand parcel of

delicacies from Mother, as an extra birthday present. Lobster, anchories, tunny fish, smoked salmon, 2 tins of cheesy biscuits, a tin of Chicken à la King, and a tin of Barley Sugar. Couldn't have been better; and there was a surprise connected with it too, because, on the Customs declaration on the parcel, the anchories were described (rather flatly) as 'sardines', and the smoked salmon just as 'salmon'. When we opened up and found what they really were our joy was great, bless her. About 1.30 p.m. my hunter + I and Hpsi Naw and Ah Sin set off with the goat for the machan. We were in position by 3.30 p.m. and Hpsi Naw + Ah Sin ~~performed~~ fulfilled their sole raison d'être by making off home with much talk + laughter. Once again the goat failed us. Far from yelling + attracting the panther it lay down + went to sleep; and though we sat in various cramped positions until about 9.30 p.m. nothing turned up. The goat failed on the way back through the dark jungle (mainly, I think, because it couldn't see the path) and we took turns to carry it, like the good Shepherd. Our beer is a great standby, and I had a tin when I got back. We leave here to-morrow en route for Sumka Uma, where I hope hunting will be better.

N'bawn Ga. Saturday, July 22nd 1939.

A fine and very hot day until about 6 p.m. when there was a heavy thunderstorm, lasting about an hour, followed by light rain. Wind S.W 2-3. We left N'changyang rather late, owing to shortage of coolies (needing 69), and made a march of 6¾ miles to this village on the side of a ridge. The climb up to the top of the north ridge was very sweaty indeed (done at mid day) but after that 1500' effort the path ran gently up & down for the rest of the way, and was only complicated by mud. Beer at the end of the march was wonderful. The old headman here has very bad double cataract and a weak heart. He wanted me to deal with both, but I couldn't, of course; so I have given him a note to Major Lloyd Stile, the doctor at Myitkyina, and money for 4 coolies to carry him, so that he can go down there in the cold weather and see if anything can be done. He's not a bad old man, but talks like a house on fire. We both had to move our beds, owing to the roof leaking this evening.

Sumka Uma. Sunday, July 23rd 1939.

A fine day without rain, till 6 p.m. when light rain began to fall. Wind S.W 2. A march of about 8 miles

without any steep climbs to this bungalow on the crest of a ridge, a couple of hundred feet above the village. Now that we've left the plain round N'changyang, the houses in the villages are no longer the ramshackle sheds of lower down, but the genuine Kachin article; and even though a good many of them are in a poor state of repair, many others are excellent. A fair amount of tea is grown round these villages, and it is a common sight to see a man taking a swig from a gourd flask. There were a lot of green pigeon about this evening, and I shot three. I also caught what may, I think, be a new Ahaetulla this morning on the road. It's very like A. prasina, but is a uniform yellowish on top instead of bright green, with bright yellow on the ventrals, and only one postocular. Hpsi Naw thinks he is getting fever; but 9 boxes have not yet arrived from N'bawn Ga, including the medicine chests, so he will have to wait. The stream ahead of us is impassable, they say, for the present. Willy has given me a pair of giant stockings for my birthday. We haven't yet eaten Mother's dainties because they also are on the road somewhere.

Sumka Uma. Monday, July 24th 1939.

Light rain + some mist in the morning; and light rain without mist for most of the rest of the day. Wind S.W 2. I went out early this morning with the headman to see what the jungle was like. The leeches are very bad indeed; but apart from them I only saw a jungle cock, and a bamboo partridge, and some old barking deer tracks. Willy did much better, because he, (having only a .22 with him) saw a bear on the other side of the ridge, and heard a barking deer. With all these leeches, hunting isn't going to be any fun at all. Later in the day I shot another couple of green pigeon. The baggage has not yet arrived, but 5 men have gone back from here to help.

Sumka Uma. Tuesday, July 25th 1939.

A wet miserable day, brightened by the arrival of a mail from Sumprabum. A letter from Mother, one from William, and one from the F+P — the latter to say that it will be all right if we cross from Burma into the Sadiya Frontier Tract, provided full details are sent, and an undertaking not to go into Tibet. Still no word from Relman of Calcutta, so I shall write and cancel the order, on the grounds that if their system, which is supposed to produce such efficiency in

others, cannot produce mine in the very Temple of the Faith, it can't be much food. I went down where Lilly saw the bear yesterday, in the morning, but found no signs of it — though there were a few barking deer tracks about. I started bat shooting this evening, and did badly, with only one out of 6 shots; but that one was one of the variegated ones I got at Pargranadim, so I'm very pleased. We had my birthday dinner tonight (the baggage having arrived) of Lobster salad hors d'oeuvre - the 'salad' was only sliced onion — soup, Chicken à la King (most excellent), Haggis (provided by Lilly), and pineapples + cream, followed by coffee. Ritz standard!

Sunka hma. Wednesday, July 26th 1939.

A filthy wet day. I didn't go out in the morning, but Lilly did (again with a .22 only) and walked into a barking deer at 8 yards when the rifle was only loaded with dust-shot! All the luck is on his side these days. In the evening I shot a green pigeon (which I couldn't find), + a dove, and missed a dove; and I ought to have got a partridge, but at the critical moment my shot was sucked off by the wind, and that disconcerted me. That bloody Ape Martha, not content with chewing up my toothpaste yesterday, ate the tail of the good bat today. Blast her, I gave her a tremendous beating. Shooting at bats this evening I was on form. getting 4 and bringing a fifth out of six shots.

Sunka hma. Thursday. July 27th 1939.

Rain most of the day. In the early morning I went down the ~~east~~ north side of the ridge through some old fields into the forest at the bottom, taking a small youth of the village with me, as he said he had seen a couple of Sambhur down there on Tuesday, and I wanted him to show me where. We didn't see any Sambhur tracks fresher than at least two days; but there were new bear tracks, and we followed them up with great difficulty for about half a mile when they vanished completely. Makaw Du being down with malaria we will have to wait till he is better before moving on.

Sunka hma. Friday. July 28th 1939.

Some rain in the morning; but the rest of the day was fairly fine. I went out in the jungle again early, by myself; and saw nothing whatever except leeches. I am now wearing Zip fastener dungarees as a protection, with ankle putties — the dungarees having been given me by Lilly. very nobly. They are pretty

effective, but they don't altogether abate the nuisance because the leeches, baffled lower down, climb steadfastly upwards till they get onto one's neck. However you soon notice them there, and they're not hard to pull off. The real drawback is that the dungarees are so hot to walk about in — at least made in this thick khaki or brown drill. They might be very good indeed if we could find some strong yet thin cloth to have them made in. I wonder how balloon fabric would do. Too airtight, I think. Probably the best would be a coarse, hard spun linen, such as afternoon tea cloths are sometimes made of. That would be close enough to defeat the leeches, and yet let ventilation play; and it should stand up to thorns all right in moderation. We tried a Kachin delicacy to night in the shape of bee-grubs, boiled with matured (i.e. decayed) bamboo shoots. Very good indeed. I hope we get some more.

Sumka Uma. Saturday, July 29th 1939.

A fine day on the whole, but I didn't go out at all except in the evening, when I took the 12-bore out for pigeons and got a brace. Otherwise no news, except that the Primaflex Camera has gone wrong again. I've lost heart now, and will send it back to Smilaris for good, telling them to sell it and the Telephoto lens if they can and credit the money to my account. It's been packed in one of my boxes with clothes ever since Sumprabum too, so it couldn't have been more carefully treated.

Sumka Uma. Sunday, July 30th 1939.

A fine day and very hot with little cloud. Wind S.W 1-2. I went down the north side of the ridge again this morning, and pushed right along for about 3 miles, seeing no fresh tracks of anything at all. However I found where the bear had been sleeping (in a willow tree on the bank of a stream) and that was something. I felt desperately tired when I got back (about 11 a.m) and didn't do very much for the rest of the day beyond writing letters. One of our unfortunate nanny goats has been attacked by what I take to be a kind of bot fly; and this afternoon Ah Sin brought her to me for treatment with the whole of the ~~[illegible]~~ posterior portions of the urethra & vagina eaten away by maggots. I syringed the cavity out with corrosive sublimate to try & kill the maggots; but that didn't do any good. Then I tried Flit, which wasn't much better; and finally, (on the advice of the servants, who said that that was what they used themselves when the cattle were afflicted) paraffin. This was highly successful. Maggots came crawling out right & left, and Ah Sin, with the aid of a pair of forceps, was able to extract more than 100, close on ½ inch long. This needed two or three syringings and

much painful probing; and the treatment was so drastic that the goat (poor devil) more or less passed out for a while. After an hour or two it recovered though and was able to walk off and even to eat some grass. I hope we've got them all out, but I have my doubts. The original cavity, exclusive of tunnels, was almost big enough to get an egg into.

Sunka Hna. Monday, July 31st 1939.

A fine hot day with no rain and little cloud. Wind S.W.s. Early this morning I went out down the south side of the ridge, and was away for 6 hours. There were some fairly fresh bear tracks, & fresh tracks of Sambhur & barking deer; but the nearest approach I had to anything was when a Sambhur was set off by a covey of partridges which I put up. The Sambhur was over the crest of a ridge & couldn't have seen me; but as, even if it had stayed put, I equally could not have seen it, and as there were no tracks on my side of the ridge, it didn't make much difference. I should have missed it anyway. It didn't 'Peep' when alarmed, but stamped its feet hard several times before dashing away. I got back to find that a grand Draco had been brought in — nearly 13 inches long. It's not unlike blanfordii in general appearance; but the throat is spotted, and on the wings there are 3 concentric deep tomato red bars. I'm hoping it's a new one. One of the typical ~~fights~~ events of our camp these days is a sudden turmoil in the bungalow followed by Martha, the ape, scampering madly into the jungle; with Billy (red & furious), myself, and half the servants in hot pursuit. After 5 to 20 minutes crashing around in the undergrowth, the procession re-emerges, more slowly, headed by Billy with the captured Martha; and all of us more or less stung by nettles & pricked by thorns. This because of Martha's frequent misdemeanors, for which she has to be smacked — criminal acts such as persistently stealing our bananas & figs. Tonight I went down to the fields with the headman to try for the bear which has been eating his maize. We got there about 11 p.m. and I went down near to where it normally comes out of the jungle and waited till 12.30 a.m., hideously bitten by mosquitoes and sand flies. It didn't turn up. It was a clear moonlight night (full moon & thereabouts) and perhaps there was too much light. I shot 3 green pigeon and a dove this evening — one of the pigeon with a rather nice shot as it was going high overhead.

Sumka hma. Tuesday, August 1st 1939.

A light shower lasting about an hour at midday; but apart from that to-day was very fine & sunny. Wind S.W 1-2.

I didn't go out into the jungle this morning, as I was rather weary after last night. Willy did, but saw nothing.

I worked indoors most of the time, and went out with the 12-bore in the evening, getting 4 green pigeons. It was a bad show though, because I wounded a partridge (I think very slightly), and 2 other pigeons, none of which we could find. Mahkaw Tu went off to-day to collect coolies; and all being well we leave here on the 3rd. To-night Willy and I went down to the field to try for that bear again. He sat where I was last night, and I waited about 150 yards to his left; but nothing turned up, and at half past twelve we came back.

Sumka hma. Wednesday. August 2nd 1939.

A fine hot day with no rain. I was very sleepy to-day, with that hot feeling behind my eyes, and failed completely with pigeons. I couldn't see straight apparently and missed six sitters. Very depressing. I've got several good bronze axes lately round here, and to-day a fine Draco was brought in, which I think is new.

Sumka hma. Thursday, August 3rd 1939.

A fine hot day, after a heavy (though short) storm last night with a high wind. We didn't get away to-day after all, but were able to send 12 loads off in advance; and we start ourselves in the morning, without fail. I had a good sleep last night, but still I couldn't hit the birds and there must be something fundamentally wrong with my shooting now. All I succeeded in doing was to wound three which is worse than useless; and I'm getting a bit gloomy. I got a big bat this evening though, and that has cheered me a bit; and another of those Dracos was brought in, with a fine bronze axe.

Dinghpuryang. Friday, August 4th 1939.

A fine day though cloudy and with little sun. Wind S.W 2. A march of 6½ miles over the main mule track. The path drops fairly steadily from Sumka hma for about 1000' to the Chingma Hka, which it reaches at 3½ miles. Then turning up the left bank for a further ½ mile to the ferry of 2 bamboo rafts, very well built. The river is about 30 yards wide at this time 4'05" deep & with a fairly strong current. There is then a moderate climb of 2½ miles to this camp.

close to the village, and perhaps a couple of hundred feet lower than Sumtsa Hka. The jungle round here seems to be very thick indeed, and I don't think it's going to be much good for hunting. I went out this evening to try for green pigeon too. There aren't many. I saw three or four, and had a shot at one which I missed. I shot about a foot to the right, and that looks as if I'm pulling, so it may be that I have found out what's wrong with me. This is a good little camp in a flat cleared space on the top of a ridge; but I have said we will leave here on the 6th, as I don't think we're going to get much out of the place. Eight houses here: Six Maru and 2 Kachin.

Dinghputyang. Saturday, August 5th 1939.

Some heavy rain last night, and throughout the day there were light showers. I spent most of the time writing letters. Lilly went down to the Chingma Hka, with a gillie, and came back with an 8½ lb red fish, and one of about 1 lb. In the afternoon I went out after pigeon, getting one. What was much more important was that Hpai Naw pointed out Captain West's grave. I had promised Leyden to clean it up, and had forgotten all about it. It needed it too, being very much overgrown. It's just below the village, a simple little grave, fenced round with wood and bamboo, and with a short wooden cross at the head. I had it thoroughly cleaned up this evening. West was shot in an ambush a few miles away, on the South Triangle column. We leave here to-morrow.

Hkandan. Sunday, August 6th 1939.

A fine hot day, with no rain. Wind S.W 2. There were some light shallow clouds during the day, but to-night was cloudless. A march of 6 miles, with some fairly steep bits up and down, to this good camp on a ridge close to the village. It was pretty hot on the march, and wrung about half a cupful of sweat out of my shirt at the finish. They say there isn't much game in the jungle (which is thick) until the cold weather, when pig & sambhur turn up; but I heard a gyi barking on the way in, and found some fresh tracks this afternoon further along the ridge. I shot a couple of pigeons this evening, feeding in a fig tree. A good snake was brought in too. I don't know what it is at all, so I'm full of hope that it may be worth having. We are not stopping here. Eight houses here, all Kachin.

Sumtsang Mäda. Monday, August 7th 1939.

A fine hot day until the evening, when there were some light showers. Wind S.W 2. A march of 5¼ miles over a good mule track. The path starts off running up & down, and

then drops moderately steeply to the Htiyi Hka, a river about 20 yards wide by three feet deep, reaching the left bank after 2¼ miles. It runs down this bank for a further ¼ mile to a ford, a few yards above which a raft had been built to take us and the baggage over. The raft was not poled but was manhandled across by six or seven coolies all wading. From 2½ miles to 3 miles the path climbs very gradually; from 3 to 4¼ miles pretty steeply; and for the remainder of the way quite easily, to this good camping ground on the top of a ridge close to the village of about 20 houses, all Kachin. It was devilish hot coming up the hill (a climb of about 1800 feet) and I sweated gallons. I started off too fast, for one thing. The bungalow here is uninhabitable owing to a plague of caterpillars, or something, which has eaten away all the roof till it looks about as flimsy as lace; so we are installed in one of the servants' quarters, which isn't very much more weatherproof. All depends on whether we have a packet of rain or not. A barking deer started calling about 1 p.m. quite close to the camp, so I went out after it at once. I got within about 10 yards when it either heard or saw me (I didn't see it) and stamped like a Sambhur before moving off. I continued to scour the forest until 4 p.m., finding a good many fresh gyi tracks (probably all the same beast) and one of a sambhur hind; but not seeing anything to shoot at. This would be a good jungle to hunt in the cold weather, as there's a watering place quite close; but in the rains the deer get enough moisture from the grass & leaves and don't seem to drink from streams at all, which makes hunting more difficult. The most amazing thing is that I only got one leech, and I'm hoping that we are in a more or less leech-free district now. In the evening a 3 foot cobra was brought in in a bamboo, and we had some excitement trying to get it out. It wasn't at all pleased, and hissed so furiously that it could be clearly heard 12 yards away. In the end Willy suggested that I try to poison it in the bamboo. I got the faintest touch of nicotine on to its tongue, and it died in about a minute, to my great surprise. I'm very pleased about it. It's the first cobra I've got. Sand flies very bad here.

Mahtum. Tuesday, August 8th 1939.

A fine morning, though without much sun. In the afternoon moderate nimbus clouds came over on a S.W wind, force 3, and there were frequent showers. A march of 4½ miles with no steep climbs to this excellent camp on the top of a broad ridge by the village. The bungalow is the best we have met since Kajihtu, and the roof is first

class. There is a superb view to the north + west over a deep valley and several ridges, and I feel very cheerful.
Mischa was delivered of twins at mid-day (both bitches) choosing for her confinement the fireplace in the bungalow. I attended as ~~bad~~ midwife, but I didn't have to do much beyond open the canl, which was rather tough. She is a devoted mother and hates to leave her offspring even to have her meals. I hope there's some game round here, because the jungle doesn't look too bad; and if there aren't any more leeches than there were at Sumtpang Mäda it will be good fun.

Mahkum. Wednesday August 9th 1939.

A fine day, with some sun, though the sky was covered most of the time with moderate shallow cloud, 8/10. Wind S.W 2-3. Makaw Tin is leaving us to-morrow to go on leave for 4 months, and I spent all morning writing to Mother so that he can take the letter with the rest of our mail to Myitkyina. In the afternoon, about 2.30, I went with the local Duwa about 2000 feet down the hill to the N.W to investigate news of bison there. They certainly are there, including one big bull, but the stuff they're in is simply fearful. Mainly tall reed-like grass, about 5' high and very thick, with plenty of old sticks and things on the ground to make a good crackle as you move. I don't think the place is really huntable, but I shall certainly try once or twice more, in hopes of a fluke. There are leeches there, but not very bad. I only got bitten 42 times, and I was down in all that muck from about 3 p.m. till 6.30 or so. I'm rather weary, because it was heavy going all the time. I gather that the Duwa who came with me is under a charge of manslaughter! Seventeen days ago he went out in the early morning with his Kachin gun to shoot pigeons, going to the next village, some 2 miles up the nage. On the way he saw a barking deer (he says) and changed the shot in his gun for ball, in case he should see it again. Well, on the very edge of the village, and not more than 10 yards from the path, is a big fruiting tree. The Duwa approached this cautiously to have a crack at any bird there might be, when he suddenly caught sight of what he took to be a bear in the branches — though what a bear would be doing at that time of the morning, almost inside the village, is a bit of a mystery. He let fly, and down tumbled one of the villagers, stone dead! He also had been out after ~~pigeon~~ bison, and was working with his gun in the tree to make certain of things. The Duwa has paid

a buffalo, a pig and God knows how many fowls to placate the Nats; and is being taken off with Makaw Tu to-morrow to interview La Doi who is now at Tara Hka. Mischa is doing well with her daughters.

Mahtum, Thursday August 10th 1939.

A foul day, with constant rain (very heavy from 12.45 p.m. till 2 p.m.) much mist and continual thick nimbus. Wind S.W 2-3. I was in most of to-day, finishing off letters in the morning for the mail, and doing odd jobs for the rest of the day. We have had to kill the wretched goat that was assailed by maggots. It had gone very septic inside and wasn't getting any better; and it was so thin that there was practically no flesh on it at all. About 6 p.m. A Sin saw a barking deer hind not 200 yards from the camp. Unfortunately it saw him too, and though I searched for it for an hour with him we didn't see it. Judging from what tracks we found (and there weren't many) it had made off down the hill.

Mahtum. Friday, August 11th 1939.

Another depressing day, with mist, low nimbus, and light rain until 5 p.m. Wind S.W 2. I made rather a good sketch of a Caltrop in the morning, and spent the rest of the day writing to Tubby. A terrible tragedy has occurred. All my negatives were in one of my watertight boxes; but continually opening it to get things out, damp must have got in because they're all inclined to stick to their cover slips, and some of them are mouldy. Furthermore, unless we get a fine hot day I don't see how I can dry them out, and I'm very much afraid most of them will be ruined. This is the second biggest blow of the trip. Lilly thinks if I had used a hardener they might have been better (acetic acid & alum). I've got the acid, but no alum. I must send for some to use on any others. I wandered a short way into the jungle this evening in case yesterday's barking deer had come back; but I didn't see anything. I shan't go after the bison till we get a good fine day.

Mahtum. Saturday. August 12th 1939.

A foul day, with mist, low nimbus & almost continual rain. I didn't go out at all until the evening, when I wandered down the hill to look out for a barking deer or something. I didn't see anything though. The rest of the day I spent mainly in writing letters. We dried out my films in the flower drying box, with the lamps turned to its lowest, and they're so infinitely better that most of them may be all right in the end. I must be able to deal with them properly, though, till we get a fine

day.

Maktum. Sunday. August 13th 1939.

A fine sunny day until 3 p.m., when heavy rumbles came over on a S.W wind, force 2-3, and there was a fierce rainstorm lasting 1½ hours. After that the day was drizzly and gloomy. I went out early-ish this morning with Htpi Naw to have a look at the spot where Hert was ambushed (in 1927?). I had an idea – in fact we both had – that it was only a couple of miles off; but it turned out to be a good 5, so we have had our exercise. We would never have found it if we had not been joined by a Kachin working in a big communal field close to the spot. It was a grand spot for an ambush, with a thickly overgrown gulley running just beside the path; and if the man was right about the tree from behind which the actual shot was fired, it wasn't more than 3 yards from the path. There wasn't much chance of a miss. Piz had been raiding that field at night; but it's too far to go out for a night show I feel. On the way back I heard a very faint rustle in the grass by the side of the path. I took it for a bird, and wandered on without caring; but almost at once an old barking deer called and made off up the hill. I went after him but there wasn't much hope.

The place was all thick grass, and I didn't see anything.
Went to take with Chimlem again, the servants & I. No skill but much keenness.

Maktum. Monday, August 14th 1939.

Not a bad day. The morning and afternoon were fine, though very cloudy; and there was no rain until 7 p.m. after which it has been pretty steady with much thunder & lightning. We were joined yesterday by another Pyada to take Makaw Tu's place. Htpung Make his name is, and I know him from of old. He's not a bad chap at all, though at the moment he's got fever. So has Laman La, and they're both being dosed with Atebrin. Htingnu Gaung Htka arrived back from ~~Kaj~~ Kajitku this morning, with 2 rents; and a mail came at the same time. Two letters from Mother, and 4 books from her, so it's been a great day. I don't know what the devil Sayer thinks he's doing though. I wrote to him in Sumka hma and sent the note off on July 26th, asking him to push along my cartridges. There's not even an answer yet, let alone the ammunition. In the afternoon I was persuaded to go out with a couple of boys who reported fresh sambhur tracks. The tracks were there all right, but in impossible jungle so there was nothing doing. However we wandered on to a ridge where there were a lot of fairly fresh barking deer tracks, and where the jungle

wasn't too bad. I prospected along that for a couple of hours, and I even think I might have seen something, still hunting, but for the boys. They made an immense amount of noise on the move, and couldn't sit still when I was waiting. I shall go out again to the same place by myself sometime.

Mahtum. Tuesday, August 15th 1939.

Heavy showers throughout the day. Low nimbus, and wind S.W 2. I spent the morning getting on with Tibetan place names, and have now only Y + Z to finish, thank God. In the afternoon I pushed off to yesterday's place, and still hunted the top of the ridge pretty thoroughly; but there was nothing moving. We had the heaviest rain of the day while I was out, and by the time I came back I couldn't have been wetter if I'd had a bathe. Incidentally I lost my way on the return journey, and spent a considerable time ploughing about in dense jungle + swamp before I struck a track made by the village buffaloes and could follow that to the path. My chair was under the Primus lamp this evening, and, getting up to show billy something, I knocked it down with my head. The glass was smashed, of course, and the mantle, but otherwise the damage was negligible. They're very strongly built.

Mahtum. Wednesday, August 16th 1939.

A wet and filthy day with mist, low nimbus, and rain almost the entire time. Wind S.W 1-2. I didn't go out at all to-day, but worked indoors, on one thing and another. I've begun doctoring again, doing an abscess in a woman's foot, and heating a bad case of scabies in an old man.

Mahtum. Thursday, August 17th 1939.

Some rain in the morning, but the afternoon was very fine until about 6 pm. When there was a heavy thunderstorm. It is raining fairly heavily to-night. I got on with some work in the morning, and went after the bison again in the afternoon. I found fresh tracks of a moderate bull and followed them down the side of the valley for some way until they came to a point criss-crossed with many other bison tracks of varying ages. I lost them there, and did some fruitless still hunting instead. I found the old tracks of the big bull though, and saw where he'd been amusing himself with a couple of trees. He'd ripped one up with a horn for a distance of about 2', and 2" deep; and had used the other to rub himself against. The rubbing marks were a good 5' high. Apart from birds I didn't see anything living. There were fresh bear tracks though.

Maktum. Friday August 18th 1939.

A fine day on the whole, with some light showers, till 7 pm when a heavy thunderstorm broke. Since then rain has continued. Doctoring this morning. At noon I started off with a couple of hunters to try for the bison again, and I came back more or less exhausted. We didn't do more than about 12 miles altogether, but it was all through long heavy grass and up & down steep slopes. I've frequently walked 20 miles over an ordinary mountain path without feeling anything like so weary. We found the tracks of a bull (made yesterday sometime, we thought) quite early on, and followed them up for ages in the hope of running into him sometime. We didn't see a thing though, and it was an altogether blank day except for the exercise and the leeches. There were a good few of them, but I didn't get bitten more than 10 or 12 times. Hunting isn't easy at this time of year, and I haven't seen any game now since N'changyang. Lashu La left us yesterday. No trouble from our end; but apparently all was not well in his village and he wanted to go back and see to it. He says he will come back if we want him when he returns to Sumprabum. He took off quite a mail with him, mostly for the B.M. Htingun Gaung Htoo is doing his work. I'm getting very few snakes or lizards here which is a disappointment.

Maktum. Saturday August 19th 1939.

Rain throughout the day. I didn't go out at all, but worked indoors, and cursed the stiffness which is on me from yesterday. I thought I was so fit that anything of the sort was a thing of the past, and it is a shock to find I was wrong.

Maktum. Sunday, August 20th 1939.

A fine, hot day with no rain until about 7 pm. when there was a light shower lasting five minutes. There was a thunderstorm which moved all round us during the afternoon. I went out at 8 a.m with my Friday's hunter (a very good one, called Nban Naw, the son of the Headman of Nban Ga) to a place about 6 miles west of here, where he had been told there were bison & serow. It was desperately hot, and though I had meant to spend the whole day out, when we found no new tracks (except of bear) I beat the retreat and we got back at 1 p.m., simply dripping. Some work on snakes after that. In the evening a pyade turned up on his way from Sumprabum to N'changyang, with a cartful bringing our mail. A most miserable mail too. The Pembroke Magazine, the K.H. news letter, a note from Bhendiman Rai to say that our house had been broken into again (though nothing,

he thought, had been stolen); and a letter from La Doi thanking me for the Air Rifle and saying that he had sent a youth called Kaiji Gawng to me as an expert snake catcher. I don't quite know what to do about Kaiji Gawng; but I think I shall take him on on the understanding that I don't fix his wages until after he's been with me some time. I can work them out more or less by the current value of the reptiles he brings in, if any.

Mahtum. Monday. August 21st 1939.

A fine hot day with no rain. Wind S.W 1-2. almost cloudless. This morning Sing Nan La, (yesterday's mail coolie) asked if he could be engaged as permanent postman, to go backwards & forwards between our camp (wherever it might be) and Sumprabum. It's quite a good idea, so I've fixed it up, much to his joy. He's a good man, tall and nice looking, from the Upper Hukawng valley. I've been doing doctoring (sores & abscesses mainly) for some days past; and after that was over this morning I went out down into the valley beyond Mainon (Mairawn?) with a comic little man called Maran Gam, who is quite a good hunter. That was at 10.30 a.m. He said there was a Sambhur lying up there, on the far side of the valley. Down by the Mahtum Hka we almost walked into a biggish Hamadryad (about 12 feet) but it made off at once, and I didn't get a chance to capture it. We came on the fresh tracks of 2 Sambhur (a stag, & a hind) and a fawn, and we worked out exactly where the stag was lying up; but we couldn't do any more about it, as it was in very thick cover which we couldn't get into without waking the whole place. Then we followed the hind for an hour or so; but we didn't get much forarder. It had gone round and round all over the place; and finally we gave up. There were fresh bear tracks, and on the way back we saw two bears' "nests" in trees, though they were unoccupied. Each was a little platform of sticks some 2' in diameter or a little more, and 20' or so off the ground. We got back about 4.30 p.m. Willy is sick of hanging around here he says, so I suggested that he go to Tāra Hka to-morrow and spend a few days there. If this weather holds, the fishing might be quite good; and in any case it will be a change for him. The thought of going as soon as to-morrow seemed to take him aback; but in the end he decided on it, and will have Hpai Naw & Laran La with him.

Mahtum. Tuesday. August 22nd 1939.

A fine hot day, practically cloudless and with little or no wind. Willy pushed off this morning for Tāra Hka,

and I began a long overdue letter to Aunt Joan. I had a large and early tea to fortify myself, because I am off at 4.30 pm. to go down to a salt lick close to the Chingma Itka, and about 10 miles from here. Nbau Naw is conducting me, and we will spend the night there in hopes of sambur or bison, both of which are said to frequent the place.

Mahtum. Wednesday. August 23rd 1939.

Very heavy nimbus clouds all round this morning, with almost continual thunder; but apart from a light shower of half an hour's duration about 9 a.m. we had no rain by the Chingma Itka; and there was not even that at Mahtum. About midday the sky was nearly cloudless, and has remained so since. It's a good 10½ miles, and a drop of ~~3500~~ 3000' to the salt lick, which isn't really a 'lick' at all, nor 'salt' either, for that matter, but a mineral spring, slightly effervescent, with a taste like Vichy water. There was a well-built hide close by, and that was a relief to me, as the surrounding jungle was swarming with leeches; but it had one drawback, which was that it was only 5' square, and with 2 of us in it, I found it a bit cramped. We got there just after dark. We heard at least three sambur moving in the thick jungle close by, but nothing came to the spring; and at last (we were watching alternately) it was my turn to sleep. The next thing I knew it was 12.30 a.m and torches were approaching through the forest. It turned out to be the headman of the nearest village and 2 retainers, full of apologies for not having been on hand to greet me the previous evening when I passed through. It was a damn nuisance his turning up then, as it effectively ruined all hope of any game that night; but the damage was done and there was no point in beating him. He took Nbau Naw's place, saying that he could give me a hunt in the morning, and Nbau Naw and the two retainers went off to spend the night in a hut in the fields a couple of miles away. I slept, in a cramped sort of way, till 5.30 a.m after that, and then we moved out into the jungle together. One great thing about that spring was that there were no sand-flies or mosquitoes to make the night a misery. The jungle was pretty thick, and though it wasn't hard to get through it was very difficult to see more than 10 yards or so at a time; and though we put up a barking deer early on, and I caught a flash of chestnut as it went, I didn't get a shot. A little later we started a sambur too, but I didn't even

see that at all. About 9 a.m we went along by the Chingma Hka to the field where Nbaw Naw had slept, and there we sat while a meal was prepared. I shared it, and it was remarkably good, though we had to wait some time for it, as cooking didn't begin till we arrived. Rice, of course, was the mainstay; but apart from that there were baked roots (Nai Kadawng) rather like yams but thinner + smaller, and coming from a plant about 10 or 12 feet high; large roasted nuts (Kahpai Si) full of oil; chopped sambur meat (killed the day before) cooked in very little water with chillies, garlic, and sour herbs; and a soup made of sambur meat, chillies, garlic and brinjals. All excellent. At 11 a.m we started the weary climb home through the heat of the day. After 2000' or so we were all but dead, so we stopped and all had a bath under a stream of water flowing from a bamboo tunnel. It did us a lot of good. Then, arrived at the village a little further on, we rested for an hour in the Headman's house, and drank Kachin tea (green) which is bitter but very good. The head of the Sambur was presented to me, smelling to high heaven, and I can't imagine how it was that the meat we ate earlier on seemed all right.

We finally got back about 3.30 p.m. I am going down again the day after to-morrow, in hopes of better things.

Maktum. Thursday, August 24th 1939.

A fine, hot day with no rain and little cloud. Took no shakes and things in the morning. In the afternoon (about 2 p.m) I started off with Nbaw Naw to try for those bison again. We went about 4 miles down the path before striking off into the long grass; and we plodged through that until about 6 p.m. without finding any new tracks, gradually making our way up the valley, and hoping to be able to climb directly up to Maktum. We had given up any idea of more hunting for the day when suddenly we came on a fresh track, and the flattened grass where a bison had lain this very afternoon. That revived our spirits, and I decided, late though it was, to follow the track in case they weren't far off. We went about half a mile and were suddenly assailed by a host of cattle-flies, biting like the devil. I was just pondering whether that meant that the bison were at hand, when we heard a crackling of twigs + swishing of grass close at hand, and knew that they were feeding. I told Nbaw Naw, who had nothing more lethal than a knife, to stop behind, while I crept on down the track, tense with anxiety in case they should hear me. The wind was good, and I had no fears on that score. With that long 5' grass I couldn't see a single animal; but I could

make out where some of them were at least by the waving grass and bushes being pulled about. I stole on till I was not more than 10 yards away from three of them, with a fourth about 25 yards off down the hill; and there I waited, hideously tormented by the cattle-flies, for a sight of the bull. I waited 20 minutes, being several times on the point of raising my rifle as a beast seemed about to show itself; and then suddenly there was a stampede from above me, and I counted eight backs galloping in single file down the hill. What had happened was that Abau Naw, depressed at being left out of the fun, had climbed a tree to see as much as he could, choosing, for the same reason, one which was nearly leafless. He roosted in that like some fearful ape, and of course was spotted in the end by a bison. I had my rifle up as soon as the stampede started, but there was nothing to shoot at in the occasional flash of a back above the grass; and I had more or less given up hope when the last bison of all stopped 30 yards from me and looked back, I imagine to see what the fuss was about. It was either a cow or a young bull (I could only see its head) but whatever it was, and the big bull having presumably led the rout, I wasn't letting it go. It gave me about 2 seconds. I aimed at the eye (the head was 3/4 on) and let fly. It fell and remained down, kicking a good deal for a minute or so, and breathing very heavily. Then it got up and stood (though out of sight) still breathing hard. I waited a quarter of an hour or so, and then began to creep down towards it, when it dashed twenty yards further down the hill and stood again. I couldn't move quietly in that long grass, and, as I could never see more than 5 yards or so (apart from that lucky spot I was in when the stampede took place) I felt that the odds were too heavy on the bison getting in first if I went on — especially as the light was going — so we left it till the morning and started back. It was a long and sweaty climb up, cutting nearly all the way, and it was dark long before we arrived. In fact, we didn't get back till nearly 8.30 pm. but we were helped a lot by the half moon. I'm terribly pleased, even if it is only a cow, more especially as there aren't any game laws here.

Mahtum. Friday, August 25th 1939.

Some moderate showers between 8 am & noon, and the morning was cloudy on the whole. After noon the sky cleared, and the remainder of the day was nearly cloudless. We started off at 8 am. with a whole train of the local men & boys and made our way down to where the

bison was. Then Nbau Naw (who insisted on coming) and I left the others and went down to finish it off. It was easy to find where I had shot it. It had kicked up the ground a lot and there was a good deal of blood; but not so easy to tell where it had got to after that, as there was no more blood and the ground was criss-crossed with their tracks made in feeding. I didn't want to go blundering about with no visibility, just asking for a charge, so I sent Nbau Naw up a tree. It said he could see the bison from on top, so I went up too. It was standing under a tree 20 yards off, giving a sideways view of its head and no more. I waited, and presently it looked round, when I shot it in the middle of the forehead. It fell with a crash and rolled 15 yards down the slope, dead as a door-nail. My first shot had hit it 2" below the right eye, and had been deflected and travelled through the bone to the cavity of the ear where we found it. The bison was probably deafened and suffering from very severe concussion. It was a big cow, so my worst fears were realized! The hill was too steep to skin it on, so the coolies were mobilized and built a large platform onto which we rolled it, measured it and skinned it. Then we cut it up for transport. The skin, skull and meat took 22 men and 4 boys to carry. The skull was a load for 2 men and the wet skin weighed more than 120 lbs, though 2 men managed to bring it along, arriving 2½ hours after the rest in camp. I gave Nbau Naw Rs 10/- as a reward and a haunch. He was so thrilled that he will never be satisfied until he has got me another. But the next must be the bull! I gave almost all the meat away, keeping a little for the Camp and sending 6 or 8 pounds down to Lilly at Tara Ukha. The potatoes arrived from Sumprabum this morning, and with them a mail and a note from him to say that fishing was fair. He also sent a snake.

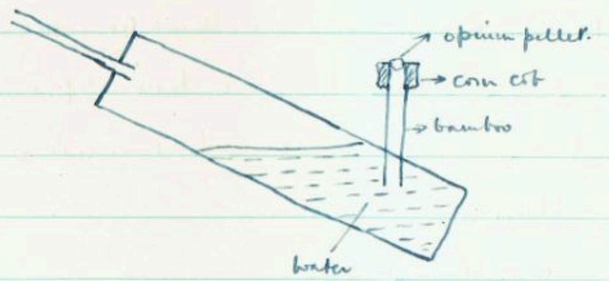
Mahkum Saturday August 26th 1939.

A fine hot day, with little cloud & less wind. Work indoors in the morning, and also largely in the bison skin, removing yesterday's alum & saltpetre and putting on new. If only we have a few days fine weather it will dry out well, but it's taken all the powder I had and I am sending a man in to Myitkyina tomorrow with a note to de Souza's for more. I am leaving here at 3 pm. with Nbau Naw to go down to the salt lick again.

Mahkum. Sunday. August 27th 1939.

Heavy thunderstorm last night from about 11 p.m. on till

about 2 a.m; and then till 9 a.m. frequent showers. After noon the sky cleared and by 2 p.m. was 4/10 covered with thats cumulus. Wind S.W 2-3. Nban Naw and I went straight down to Ngawn Ga yesterday afternoon, and drank tea in the headman's house while he smoked a dozen pellets of opium to hearten him. Then we pushed on down into the valley, the three of us, Nban Naw presently leaving us at a fork, as he was to sleep in one of the fields. The headman & I spent the night by the salt lick, and heard a barking deer and three or four sambhur quite close; but the rain came on then and that prevented anything from coming to the spring. In the morning we hunted from 7 a.m till 10.30 a.m but saw nothing; and eventually we rejoined Nban Naw in the hut in the field to have breakfast. Another good little meal, like the last, and after it both Chinpaws smoked opium for a while. The opium was home-grown in their villages, & carried in cloth. That is to say ordinary homespun cotton cloth had been soaked in the opium till it was the consistency of canvas, and then dried. A piece of this cloth was cut off and boiled with a little water for a few minutes in a roughly made copper spoon (kept very clean on the inside) till the liquid was quite black. It was then taken off the fire and the cloth carefully squeezed dry, after which the liquid was poured into a small bamboo cup. The cloth was then reboiled with a little more water; wrung out again and put to dry (for the sake of the little opium which probably still remained in it); and the liquid from the cup was added to the second brew in the spoon and boiled down till it looked like black treacle, when it was set on one side. A piece of banana leaf was finely shredded and dried on an iron plate by the fire, till it was like tobacco; and this was then rolled and kneaded into the opium till the mass was slightly sticky & nearly solid. Bits were pulled off and rolled to the size of a large pea for smoking. The pipes were mainly of bamboo, like this:



Each pellet was lit with a piece of charcoal and burnt for about 20 seconds, while the smokers drew the fumes deeply in. When the pellet was burnt out, they breathed back into the pipe, and the cinder was blown out of the top to make room for the next pellet. They smoked about a dozen each.

On the way back we had another refreshing dip under the waterfall; had more tea in Ngawn Ga, and so home.

I had been very nervous as to how the bison skin had been doing in last night's rain; but all was well. To me thing there had been practically no rain at Mahtum; and, for another, Hkawng Hpung had managed to get it under the high porch of one of the village houses — the only place big enough for it — so that it was drying well. Agnith guards it by day from flies & dogs; and Kaiji Gawng sleeps by it at night to keep off dogs & cattle.

Mahtum, Monday August 28th 1939.

A fine day without rain, though the morning was cloudy. Lilly came back to-day from Tinsukia. He had only caught 2 fish (one of 4 lbs & one of 3/4 lb) both on the day before he wrote to me; but he seems to have enjoyed himself all the same.

Not much news otherwise. I did some bat shooting in the evening, and wrote some letters.

Mahtum. Tuesday. August 29th 1939.

Some rain in the morning, but the afternoon was mainly fine. Work in camp all day, at one thing and another. Bat shooting in the evening. Otherwise no news.

Mahtum. Wednesday. August 30th 1939.

Some rain in the morning, but the afternoon was fine & hot. Fate has struck me a heavy blow. The neck of the bison is going bad, and the ears, although it is all right everywhere else. It's this infernal damp. If I'd only got it in the cold weather it would all have dried perfectly; but as it is I think I shall have to scrap the head & neck altogether. And the big porcupine skin has got fly maggots into it. I may be able to save that though I think. Anyway, as though in compensation, I saw Bill's name twice in the London Gazette as Captain. I didn't know he'd got his promotion and I'm most awfully braced. The army's looking up!

Mahtum. Thursday, August 31st 1939.

A fine morning though cloudy. Rain began at 1.30 p.m. & continued — and off for the rest of the day. Work indoors, sewing snakes largely. I haven't given up hope for the bison skin yet. It may improve to some extent, and be worth sending entire.

Mahtum. Friday, September 1st 1939.

A fine morning, though cloudy. Rain from 1.30 p.m. on, in showers. Still no exercise, and still the bison skin isn't dry enough for us to leave here. I spent a good part of the day sewing snakes into their shrouds, and the rest in writing letters.

Mahtum, Saturday September 2nd 1939.

A fine morning though cloudy. A heavy shower began at 2.30 p.m., after which the day was showery.

Re very interesting things about to-day were (a) that a man turned up from Gumpawng Ga to say that he'd shot a serow in his field + did we want it. He hadn't brought it along though, so I told him he'd better hurry: I certainly wanted it (as I did every sort of skin) if it was good, but if it went bad on his hands I vowed not take it. He has not turned up since so I imagine the worst has happened. And (b) the headman of Hpawa (Hpawa?) came in and offered some Cumps of metallic iron as a gift. He said that lots of them were dug up near the next village to the east at top of the ridge — not mined, but found in the earth generally when digging the fields. The Cumps took meteoric to me, but if so it must have been a big meteor, as the pieces brought in to-day alone weigh a couple of pounds. They are not apparently used to make anything, which seems strange. He also said that near the same place there is an old silver mine which was worked by Chinese "more than 100 years ago". The Chinese all died suddenly, after which the Duwas blocked the entrance to the mine with rocks, since when no one has ever been in it. He is going to take us to see the place sometime during the next day or so. It is about 8 miles away.

Maktum. Sunday, September 3rd 1939.

A fine morning, with rain from 2.30 p.m. on.

I got to bed last night about 10.15 p.m, and at 10.30 the serow arrived! There was nothing for it but to give up any idea of a real beauty sleep and start to work at once. Lilly came out to have a look at it, never having seen one before; thanked God piously that he was the botanist of the party, knowing no more of skinning than he did of the mating habits of the whelk; wished me luck; and retired again to bed! The rest of us were at work on the beast (a good male) from then until 3.30 a.m, when we tottered to bed. The alum + saltpetre having been finished on the brain, we used wood ashes for the skin; but by keeping it in the shed, with a fire going, I think we may be able to dry it out properly. A mail came in to-day. Sing Nan to having only left Sumprabum yesterday morning. It was a poor mail though, with no personal letters at all.

Maktum. Monday, September 4th 1939.

A fine day without rain.

I had meant to go and see the silver mine to-day, but just when we were on the point of starting the market opened, with a spate of stones + bronzes and a fair number of snakes + things. So we both put it off, and

deal with them instead. The brown skin is drying very well indeed, and I have decided to leave here for Bwi Sam on Thursday.

Mahtum. Tuesday, September 5th 1939.

A fine day until 3.30 p.m when there was a heavy rain storm lasting until 5 p.m. Showery then on showery.

Snakes & things in the morning, and about noon we started for the silver mine, picking up the headman at Hpawa. It was just about 8 miles, up to the top of the ridge and then along; but though he swore he knew where the place was, and had been it himself only a few years ago when hunting, he couldn't find it today; and so we returned gloomily. I've told him to look for it while we are away, and that we will go again with him when we come back. The most serious thing is that I think there is a fair chance that Mischa is going mad. After 6 miles she suddenly got into a frenzy (looking, as Willy said, as if she had a devil) and leapt round me screeching for half a minute or so. Then she returned to normal, until 10 minutes later she did exactly the same, except that this time she finished by tearing off down the path the way we had come. Two minutes later she passed us yelping and vanished into the jungle, and we never saw her again until she came into camp about 7 p.m. I have tied her up for observation.

Mahtum. Wednesday, September 6th 1939.

A great day packing, and very little else, except that a big cobra (5'5¼") was brought in alive in a basket. This makes the second I've got. I think Mischa is all right, though God knows what was wrong with her yesterday. At least she seems perfectly normal now.

I gather from a pyadu that Sayer is due here on the 29th, coming with the Triangle from Sinitan. He's a mannerless swine. Not only has he never answered my letter of six weeks ago; but he can't even be bothered to let us know his movements. Leaving skins here to finish drying, under the care of the cook.

Htingnaw Ga. Thursday, September 7th 1939.

A fine day till 4.30 p.m. after which there was continuous light rain. A march of 7 miles over a good mule track. The path runs through Hpawa, moderately up & down for the first 4 miles, after which there is a steady climb of ¾ mile. The remainder is moderately up & down. To our surprise there was a bungalow here, just above the village; but it is said to be the only one in repair on this road. A Lanyu was brought in dead. The headman says that there are serow and bison quite

close to the village, so we will try to stop a couple of days here on the way back & have a crack at them. This is a Chingpaw village.

Lyawun Uka. Friday, September 8th 1939.

A fine day, though cloudy till about midday when there was a slight shower lasting half an hour. At 2 p.m. moderate rain set in and has since continued, with few intervals.

A march of 7¼ miles, over a good mule-track. The first 2 miles are moderately level; but there is then a fairly steep & steady descent of about 2000' to cross a moderate stream at just over 3 miles, followed by an ascent of rather more than that distance, quite steep to 3¾ miles, and irregular to 4¼ m. The remainder of the way is very much up & down, though without any long climbs. The village & camping ground are just over the north crest of the Htiyi Hka valley, within 50' of the top. We are in tents now, on a small but quite good level space immediately by this Marn village. A good little hut had been built for kitchen & servants, and, by enlarging one end of it a little, we have made a dining room. There is the usual 'bathroom' made of screens of plaited bamboo. There doesn't appear to be any game round here, which is odd, because the jungle looks all right for it, though thickish for hunting. The headman of Mairawun is with us, as he can speak Marn and knows the route well. He says that Bwi Sam itself (now that the bungalow has fallen down) is a bad camp, and that it would be better to push on to the next place Nalan (rocks?) down the valley. That being so, since to-morrow's camp is good, with good hunting (usually) there doesn't seem to be much point in going beyond it. It's within 2 or 3 miles of the Kabang Hkyet, so we can easily go up and look into the Nmai valley. However will decide finally when we get there. When I was drying myself after my bath to-night, a large green Hawk moth (like a Lime Hawk) hovered in front of my face; and, when I stood quite still, it shot out a long tongue and drank saliva from my mouth for about a minute before flashing away again. Quite pleasant but very tickly! Mischa's last puppy is not! This morning it was eating a sock of mine, and when remonstrated and removed the remnant, it bit me deeply in both hands. I lost patience and commanded the servants either to kill it or to give it away in the village. I don't know which they did and I don't greatly care. It was becoming a devilish nuisance. Mischa herself was very

bred with it. and deserted it whenever she cried, so that it was always screeching.

Hyawum Hka. Saturday September 9th 1939.

Heavy rain most of the night, and light rain most of the day, until 4 p.m. after which the sky began to clear slowly. By 8 p.m. it was 5/10 clear. The place was thick with mud this morning and the coolies sent round to say that they couldn't make the grade on the next march, which must have some very steep bits on it. Accordingly we stopped in camp, and did some snakes & lizards & wrote to Mother. In the evening I went out with Hpri Naw after green pigeon. We eventually found some, in frightfully high trees. I did try a shot, but it was too high and I didn't score. On the way back I got a couple of the parti-coloured bats with two shots; but it was getting dark by then and we were only able to pick up one. The other fell in 10' grass and was a dead loss. The jungle here is pretty thick, and there are no paths in it at all. The villagers never go into it, which seems to me extraordinary. Hyawm Hka is half Kachin and half Marm. The camp is by the Marm half, and the Kachin half (with the same name) is about 1 mile to the S.E. on the crest of a ridge. The Kabang Hkyet is in full view from this camp, about 5 miles away in an air line. Sharpe thinks that it is 1½ miles off!

Hkaung Gaw. Sunday September 10th 1939.

A fine sunny day until 2.15 p.m. when nimbus cloud came over in a S.E. wind, force 2, and a heavy shower began, lasting till 2.45. By 4 p.m. the sky was 6/10 clear (shaken) & so it has since remained. A march of 8¾ miles, fairly steeply up & down the whole way, & finishing with a climb of some 2000'. At 2¾ m Sampum is passed and at 6½ m Bumlang, both Marm villages. On the way I ran into a brace of partridges roosting in a tree just over the path, but I was carrying the rifle at the time, and by the time I changed it for the 12-bore they were off. Latest shot a Langur, about 300 yards from the camp. They have done this camp very well for us, by the way. There is a good hut for the servants & kitchen; a genuine bath hut with roof; and a dining hut as well (though that roof leaks badly), so we will be well off during our stay here, sleeping in tents. The headman brought in a specimen of a very rich ore (Willy thinks its silver & antimony, while I have no opinions) this evening. He says there is a lot of it in the bed of the Hkrigi Hka at the bottom of the valley, and that must mean a heavy rein somewhere very close. He is going to bring me a handful tomorrow, and I shall send a bit to Leyden to see what

he has to say about it. I don't know whether hunting is going to be any good here or not. A bear was feeding in the crops last night, but we neither of us felt energetic enough to sit up for it this night. As for the salt springs, they are down at the bottom of the valley and no one has ever shot anything there because there are no hunters in the village. That means I shall have to do everything from scratch, finding out where the game is and everything all for myself. There ought to be serow about here, but I haven't got any news of them. There's a great difference in the Mahtum water and that we have been getting since leaving there. At Mahtum it is so very soft that it's difficult to wash soap off; but in the camps since then it is very much better. Not so hard that you can't get a lather, but hard enough to be pleasant. I only hope we get good weather while we're here. It gets very nice & cool in the evenings anyway.

Hkawng Gaw. Monday September 11th 1939.

Mist in the morning at camp level until noon, although 500' below there was sunshine. Moderate rain from 3.30 p.m. onwards, increasing to heavy after 9 p.m. Wind force 2 (S.E?)

Willy went up to the Kabang Hkyet this morning. He says it's only about 1/2 miles from here and not more than 100' above the camp; covered with tall trees so that from the pass itself one can't get any sort of a view. I went out in the morning to try for Imperial pigeons; but I only heard one and that was in a very tall tree. I didn't see it. In the afternoon I went down to have a look at the salt springs. I was told that the path went first to the fields and that there I could ask. This I did, only to find to my gloom that no one there understood a single word of Chingpaw, and that I was foiled. I went down no less than 6 paths from there, each steeper than the last, and each ending in blank jungle; and finally I gave up & toiled wearily back a couple of thousand feet to camp. Mischa put up a partridge on the way and at once a big hawk stooped from a long way up, coming down like a stone with a tremendous rushing noise. It missed, however, and made off disgruntled. Only one snake has been brought in here — an Anaetulla prasina — and that was yesterday. It doesn't look as if it will be worth while hanging on very long in this camp, good spot though it is otherwise.

Hkawng Gaw. Tuesday, September 12th 1939.

Heavy rain all night, and moderate to heavy rain throughout the day with few intervals. Low nimbus & mist. Wind apparently S 2. I stayed in all day and didn't do much. The headman of Bumlang came in with a report of a herd of

bison having moved up the valley to a place not far from here. I have told him to look for fresh tracks and then to come and tell me again. A good mail arrived this morning, with 3 books and a letter from Mother, one from Erik & Elsa, and one from Joan Walker to say that she's engaged to Bob Rumsey, who, I think, is the young doctor at Crowborough. I am sending her a cable. It appears, from Bhudiman & Ladoi combined, that Hkawng Hpung, Hpsi Naw, and Hpung Male are all wanted urgently in Sumprabum on a matter of 'verification' as ex-riflemen. I imagine it is to find out whether they will serve again in the event of an emergency. They can all go to-morrow. Otherwise no news.

Hkawng Gaw. Wednesday, September 13th 1939.

Heavy rain all night and until 3 p.m. after which it cleared, though the sky remained covered with nimbus clouds until 6 p.m., when a few clear patches began to show. By 10 p.m. the sky was 8/10 clear. A filthy day, and I did practically nothing but read. Hkawng Hpung, Hpsi Naw & Hpung Male left about noon for Sumprabum; but unless they are held up badly by the Sinan Hka or other streams I think they (except Hpung Male, who won't be coming back) ought to be able to join us before we leave Mahtum. The headman of Bumlang came in with a langur he had shot close to where I got mine on the day we arrived here. He says the herd of bison is still about, and I have told him I'll go out with him to-morrow if the weather's a bit better and have a crack at them. There are apparently about 10 in the herd. Paraffin is getting short owing to using the stove for drying flowers, so we have taken to Summer Time for a while to save daylight, and to candles in our tents rather than lamps.

Hkawng Gaw. Thursday, September 14th 1939.

A fine sunny day until about 2 p.m., after which light nimbus clouds came over on a S.W. wind force 2-3. By 3 p.m. the sky was 9/10 covered, and at 3.45 p.m. there was a heavy shower lasting 20 minutes. After that the sky cleared slightly to 4/10 light nimbus; but no more rain fell. I went out this morning at 10.30 a.m. and walked over to Bumlang where I picked up the headman. Together we set off after that herd of bison; and we were out on the hills until 6 p.m.; but we didn't do any good. Their tracks were there of the day before, but a party of men had been up (cutting grass apparently) and the bison had left in a hurry. Towards the end we picked them up some 3 miles away in an air line, over the Htiyi Hka valley. It was no good going after them, as the ground distance would have

been at least 8 miles. Instead we went after a panther for a short time. Tracks of that morning, and, as the earth was very soft, it was easy to follow. The jungle was very thick though, and our progress through the tangled bamboo brake was so slow that I gave up. I was astonished to find that the headman would have nothing to do with the panther game. He said he hadn't come out to be nibbled by cats, or words to that effect, and stayed at a very respectful distance behind me. I got back to camp (after repairing the Bumlang bamboo aqueduct with him) at about 7 p.m. Just in time to have a few words with Willy before he pushed across the valley to spend the night in a field waiting for a bear which had been eating the maize last night.

Hkawng Gaw. Friday September 15th 1939.

Light rain most of the time until about 2 p.m., after which it was fine but cloudy. Wind S.W. 2. I stayed in, doing odd jobs to-day until 3.30 p.m. When I went up to the Kabang Hkyet. You can't see anything from the pass in either direction, owing to the trees, and I wasn't able to get a view of the Nmai valley, even from well down the other side; but there's a grand view right back to Sumprabum, with Hpunlumbum and Shagri Bum in the foreground, from a little distance this side of the pass. When we got back (Willy had joined me up there) we found a mail runner had just arrived with, among other things, an urgent letter from Dunant to say that we had declared war on Germany on September 3rd; that the French had broken the Siegfried Line; and that the Germans were making hay with Poland and were on the point of taking Warsaw. Also that London had been raided, but apparently without much damage. Well, that finishes this trip. We leave here to-morrow for Sumprabum, and, failing some really useful job out here, will make tracks for England by whatever means we can manage. I shall have to borrow my fare back from Willy. He has only had a short run with me so I have told him to take all the cash that remains when we get to Myitkyina. It's all his, as my money is all in kind, sunk in the paraphernalia of the expedition. I only hope Mammy is all right in London. I imagine she will not evacuate to Sycamore House with Vi there. As light relief, I adopted a very young langur to-day, called Amelia. She has the most amazing face, and regards me very seriously.

Lyawun Hka. Saturday, September 16th 1939.

Fine + sunny until 4 pm. When moderate rain began; increasing to heavy between 4.30 + 5 pm; and stopping about 6 pm.

No particular news. We only did a single march on the stage is not only longer than usual but pretty steep.

Mahkum. Sunday, September 17th 1939.

A fine sunny day until about 4 pm after which there was a slight shower. A long + exhausting march, doubling the stage, and both Lilly and I were very glad to get in. It is his birthday to-day, and we cheered ourselves with caviar beforehand with our gin + lime; and a dinner of soup, White bait, haggis + raspberries + cream. We are stopping here to-morrow to pack up, and will be sending some loads direct to Myitkyina.

Amelia is still doing well. An attractive creature.

Mahkum. Monday, September 18th 1939.

A fine sunny day, with thunder round about but no rain. Earnest packing all day long, and no other news.

Tāra Hka. Tuesday, September 19th 1939.

A fine, cloudless + very hot day. Wind S.W. 1. Night cloudless. A march of about 8½ miles, mainly downhill, to this good camp on the left bank of the Tāra Hka. I sent off the bison skin (packed with a porcupine), a big box of skins, a box of native clothes, a box of stones + bronzes, a Marshall case of mine, and 1 of Lilly's to Myitkyina; and we came here with 49 coolies ourselves. We had a bathe in the river as soon as we got here, and after tea Lilly fished for a while without any luck; but it's been desperately hot down here and I stayed in, doing typing and odds + ends. I'm taking Mairawn Tsan Tawng with us to Sumprabum. He's invaluable at collecting, and is besides that a pleasant soul.

N'Sankawng. Wednesday, September 20th 1939.

A fine hot + sunny day with no rain at all. Wind S.W. 1. A march of 10 miles, up + down, but climbing on the whole to about the same height as Kajitku. I started before the coolies, with Mairawn Tsan Tawng, and didn't hurry. It was much too hot for that. About halfway we met Sing Nan La + another with the wireless and the latest mail, including a letter from Mother. I stopped and read it, and then came on here where they were just having a sacrifice and general tamasha. The Mūdai had not yet arrived when I got here, but he did so shortly after to volleys of shots and much beating of gongs + cymbals. I didn't go along to see, but the whole show was being put on by the

local Duwa, who has failed so far to get any Htoung at all. I must say I think this sacrifice business shows extreme faith, because he is getting on in years now, and nothing short of a miracle would be any use to him.
This is a pleasant camp on top of a ridge & close to the village. About 6 miles back we passed through Gumlao where the rebellion started. Amelia is no more. I think she must have got sunstroke (like Ichabod) on the road. She took her breakfast quite normally, but suddenly popped off shortly after arriving here. Just as well I suppose, though it's a pity. I don't know what I'd have done with her, if, as I suppose, I'm now on my way home. There is likely to be some difficulty about getting coolies between Kajikhu and Sinan Hka. I'm offering Rs 4 extra per day to all coolies who work 2 or more days with us, in the hope of keeping a large nucleus till the barren area is past. The Sumprabum people say that very little news is coming from Darenthy. That seems bad to me. There is a censorship of course, but it is only bad news which is censored after all.

Kajikhu. Sunday, September 21st 1939.

Moderate rain during the night and until 10.30 a.m. The remainder of the day was fine though cloudy. Wind E.N.E.
A march of 9 miles over a very level path, except for the last mile climbing up to Kajikhu. Htawng Hpung & Hpe Naw both reached here shortly after I did, and I am discharging Kaiji Sawng. I took him on originally on La Doi's recommendation as Snake Catcher in Chief, and said I'd give him a month's trial. He's been with me six weeks now, and caught nothing till this morning when he achieved a Naja Subminiata kelloei. Htawng Hpung, on the other hand, has done brilliantly. He caught 2 on the way between Htawng Saw's & Mahkum, and arrived here with 3 more, including one new to the collection and a young Cobra. A great piece of work. La Doi's wife has been having fever. I gave her an intramuscular injection of Atebrin this evening, and I'll give her another shot to-morrow morning, just before we go.

Nbum Dawn. Friday, September 22nd 1939.

A fine sunny day until 1 p.m. when there was a short heavy shower. During the afternoon there were several others. By a miracle and some excellent work on the part of the Myoda and Mairawon Tsan Tawng, we got all the 67 coolies we needed (we arrived here with 49, most of whom went back though), and turned up here without any trouble. After we got here there was nothing whatever to do unfortunately. I had meant

to push up the river bank and see if that panther was still lurking; but the Mali Hka is too high and what path there was is well under water. The coolie bandobast to-day was almost too good to be true. There is bound to be difficulty here to make up. Gibbons have been howling and yelling over the river this afternoon. It's fun to hear them again. There are very few in the Triangle, and the only place I have heard them, in fact, is near Ningma.

Sinan Hka. Saturday, September 23rd 1939.

Fine and hot until 4.30 p.m. when there was a heavy shower lasting about 1 hour. Frequent light showers afterwards. Great difficulty over coolies to-day, and a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. Lilly went off fairly early, when things looked brighter; but I stayed on till 4 p.m. By that time there were 39 loads without coolies and no prospect of getting any men, so the five of us (Gawng Hka, Hkawng Hpung, Mairawn Tsan Tawng, A Sin, and myself) took a load each and started hopefully off. There were no proper yokes & headshaps available, so we just had a bamboo band over our heads, and the strain was terrible. I got my load the 1/2 mile to the ferry, and I might have taken it further; but there a couple of chaps said they'd take half each, so I was spared. The other four of us could only manage a further half mile before they too had to give up. Odd really, because the Himalayan hillmen only use the headshap as a normal thing; but all these people are so used to the yoke as well that they couldn't do without it. It was our necks which suffered. I left the four loads at Tam Gahtawng with the servants, and got to Sinan Hka at 9.45 p.m.

Sumprabum. Sunday, September 24th 1939.

Light rain most of the day. More coolies turned up than we wanted this morning, and we were able to send back 13 men to pick up loads from Nbun Darn. A muddy march, and I suffered to some extent from my feet. Yesterday both chaplis I was wearing came to bits, and, as all my other footwear is still at Nbun Darn I had to come along in leather socks only. It's surprising how many pebbles there turn out to be when you're more or less defenceless. Went up to see Dunant straight away. He's in good form and gave us all the war news, which he gets on his wireless. Providing our baggage arrives in time I want to leave here on Saturday next. Bhudiman is arranging for coolies to go all the way through with us. We dined with Dunant this evening.

Sumpaburn. Monday September 25th 1939.

Moderately heavy rain at night and all today. Two more coolies arrived this evening, and I'm full of hope that the Mess may get in tomorrow. I went down to see Bowrey (Lucy Perkins) this afternoon, and Willy, Durant and I are to go down for tea tomorrow. We are going to be able to sell most of our stores and things I reckon. Durant will take a lot, and perhaps Bowrey too. I sent off a cable to Bill telling him that I'm making tracks for home and enjoining him to pull strings that I get out to the front quickly.